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THE COSMOPOLITAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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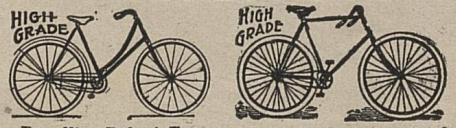

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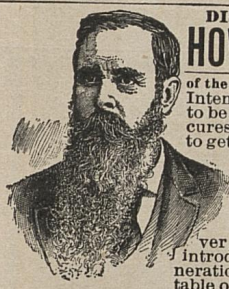

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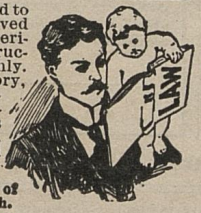



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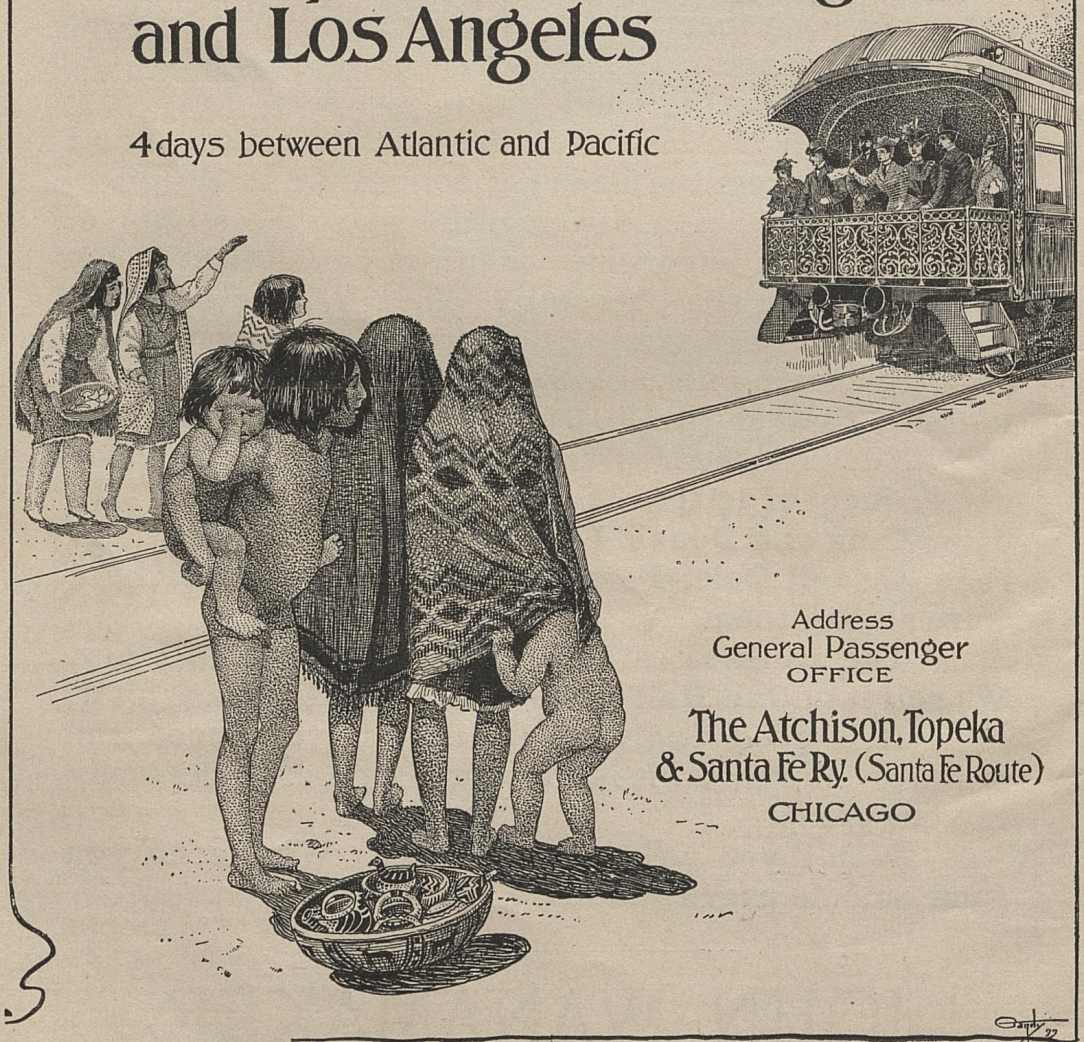

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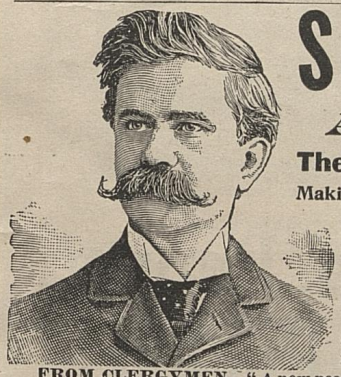

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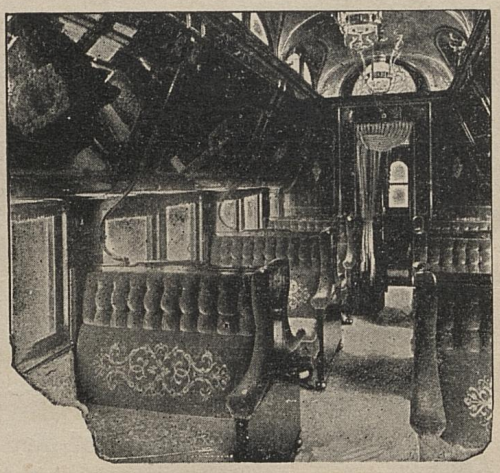

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Drawn by Eric Pape.

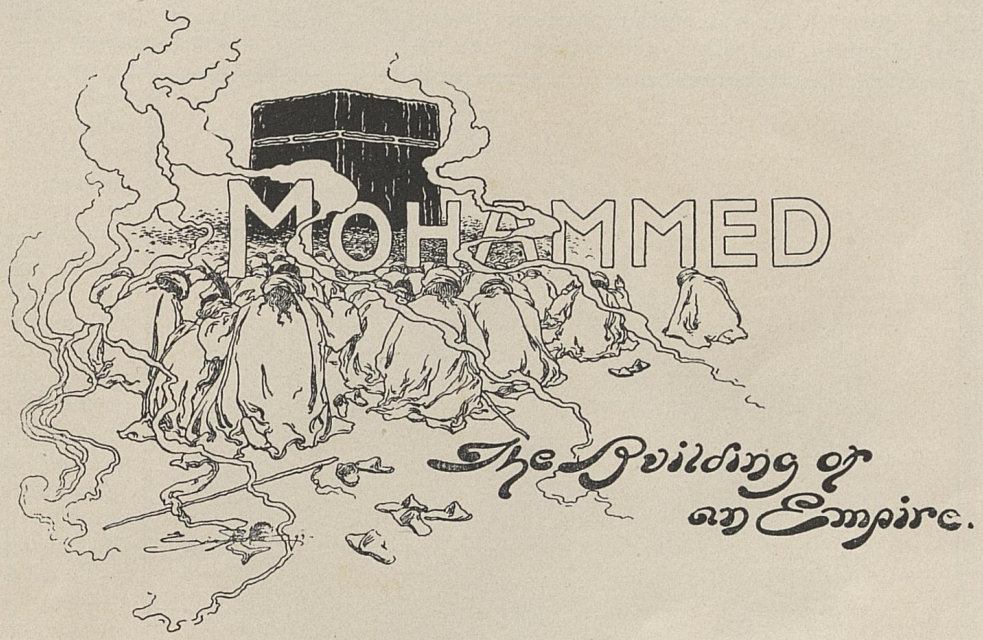
THE ANGEL GABRIEL INVITING MOHAMMED TO MOUNT AL BORAK.

(*See page 478.*)

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his needs.

VOL. XXVI. MARCH, 1899. NO. 5.



PART I.—*Continued.*

BY JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

THE impossibility of determining the mainsprings which actuate even the least complex of lives has left the world destitute of literature as to what a real human life is. The simplest events are described by eyes which see with varying interests, from the most widely differing and contradictory standpoints. The story of one human life, as it was really lived, has not been told in five thousand years. There are many so-called autobiographies and a few confessions; but they are all superficial and indeterminate, and insufficient from whatever direction we undertake to consider them. It follows, then, that notwithstanding the immense mass of material which has been given to the world with reference to Mohammed, we have no assurance of anything like historical accuracy.

The present generation, however, does not take the word history so seriously as did its great-grandfathers. It is not so very long ago that "history" was handed down through the schools as recorded truth; but in modern days we have had some object-lessons with regard to historical narrative. With dozens of reporters on the fields of battle between Union and Confederate forces, with eye-witnesses and generals commanding giving their testimony immediately following the close of hostilities, there was found to be the widest divergence of views as to what had actually occurred.

If this be true of the latest events, what can we know of ancient politics and ancient battles, when there were no war correspondents, when there were no subsequent printed reports, and when oftentimes the participants had been in their graves a century or so before the so-called

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historian took up his pen—not unfrequently taking it up for the very purpose of proving that all tradition up to that time had been in error?

It would be difficult to make a definition that would do justice to the term "ancient history"; but it might run something in this order: A confused jumble of traditions, distorted to suit special pleaders; then rejumbled, and mixed, and confused, and redistorted according to the design of each new writer—the story of noble actions of big-minded men recast in the crucible of petty intellects, untrained in public life and unfit to grasp even the commonplace—the story of petty actions seized upon by enthusiasts and exalted into a nobility which would have been beyond the recognition of the original actors—all sorts of stories attempted to be told by weak, incapable men without purpose, or by unconscientious men or wilful liars with a purpose—obscure acts twisted into curious shapes in the brains of industrious writers—truth taken by well-meaning men and so changed by ignorance and lack of comprehension and unfitness to judge that it loses all semblance of its original self and becomes a misshapen, irrecognizable, utterly twisted and contorted thing, without much more than a vestige of the fact up-



Drawn by Eric Pape.

MOHAMMED'S AËRIAL JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.



Drawn by Eric Pape.

THE MIDNIGHT VISION.

on which it is supposed to be based. This is ancient history.

Both those who wrote during the life of Mohammed and those who wrote in the succeeding caliphates were actuated by interested motives. The European writers of the succeeding centuries were inclined piously to distort the information which had come down to them, in order to support their theories. Finally, the investigator of an age when prejudice is less rampant and the desire for truth is greater, finds himself amidst contradictions and uncertainties. According to the testimony of all, Mohammed lived for fifty years a life, first of business integrity, then of philosophical study, and finally that of a man with a mission who endures patiently loss of fortune and friends while inspired with lofty ideals of benefiting his people.

Then came his flight from Mecca to Medina, when apparently his fortunes had reached their lowest ebb, and his assumption of both spiritual and civil leadership in his new home. From this time out we must study him as the politician, surrounded by forces which permitted no direct action, but required compromise and cunning at every turn as the price of leadership.

Not many months had been spent in Medina before philosophy and high motives were found to be insufficient to control the masses. The inhabitants of the town were a thoroughly superstitious people. Reason could play but a small part in their daily lives, and Mohammed soon found that he must appeal to the supernatural if he were to hold the confidence of the public. Judging him by the first fifty years of his life, we can believe that he would have infinitely preferred to make no appeal to the baser interests of his followers. But he had now arrived at the parting of the roads, where it was absolutely necessary that he should determine whether he would attempt to carry out his ideals, even by sacrifice to men's passions, or abandon the enterprise altogether. Mohammed did what men who have swayed their kind have done in all ages. He wove a harness of the superstitions, the pride, the jealousies, the vanities—all of the passions—of those about him, and fitting it to their minds and bodies, thereafter drove them, under thorough control, as suited his every purpose.

As the strengthening of his authority progressed, Mohammed recognized that it would be a valuable aid if his prophetship could have the intervention of heaven. His poetical and imaginative mind made the accomplishment of this an easy task, and he presently gave out that the angel Gabriel had appeared to him at midnight, and commanding him to arise, had accompanied him before the throne of God. In subsequent years pious Moslems lent circumstantial detail to this momentous event by describing the night on which this took place as one of supernatural calm.

Arising from his bed, Mohammed found the angel accompanied by a steed of extraordinary proportions and indescribable swiftness of flight. Al Borak had the face of a man, the cheeks of a horse and the wings of an angel, and, when Mohammed, with the aid of Gabriel, had succeeded in mounting, sped away through space with a swiftness which justified his name of "the Lightning."

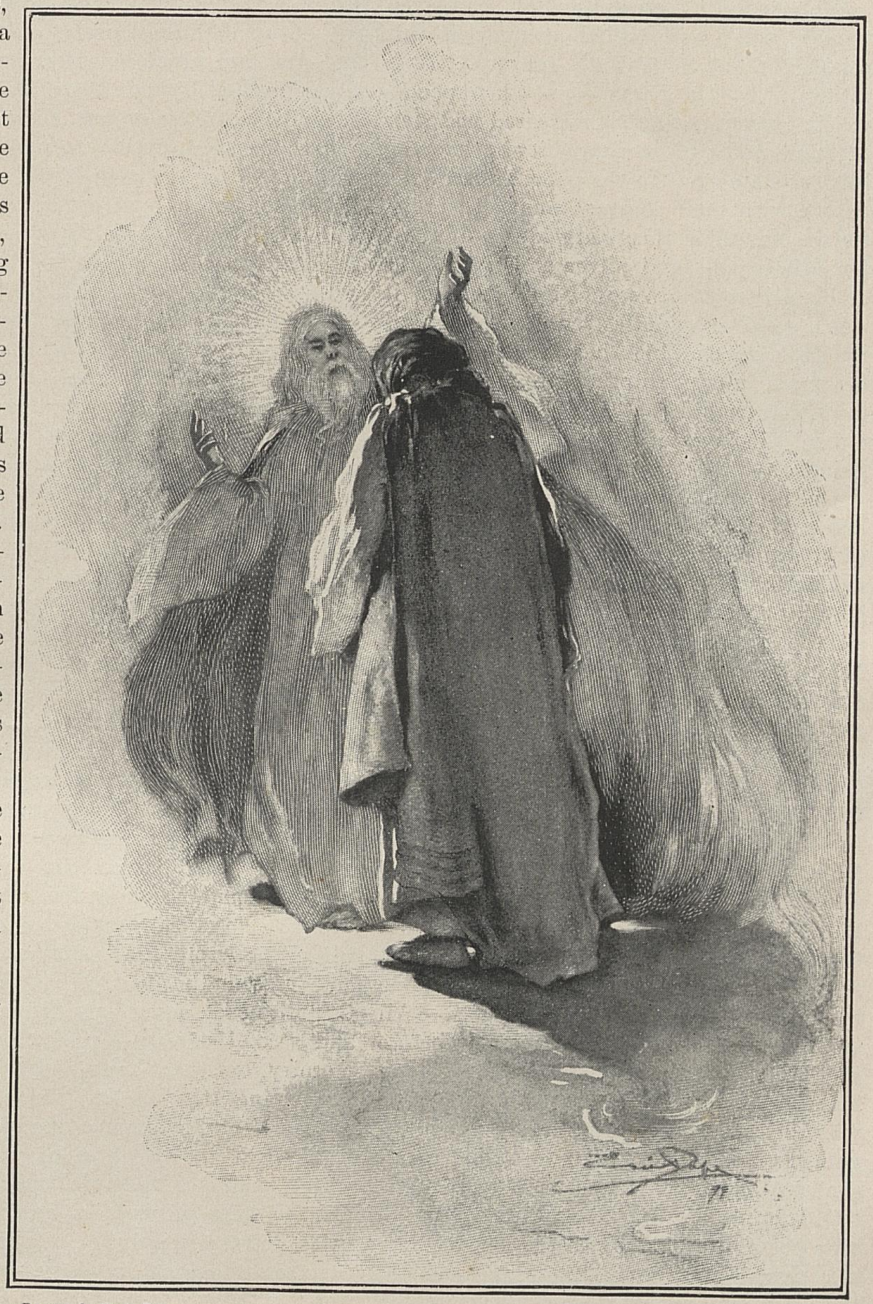
Many biographers describe this visit of Mohammed as having occurred before his departure from Mecca; but some of its incidents incline one to the belief that it was of later origin. Three times in their aërial trip Mohammed and the angel were halted by voices. The first said: "Tarry, O Mohammed! that I may speak to thee. Of all created things, I am most devoted to thee." But the angel Gabriel commanded him to hasten on. Again a voice commanded him to tarry, claiming to be of all things the most devoted to him. Again the angel would not permit him to stop. The third voice was that of a woman of ravishing beauty, adorned with the luxury and the riches of the earth. Beckoning him with alluring smiles, she threw herself before him, saying, "I, of all beings, am most devoted to thee."

"What voices are these?" asked Mohammed of the angel. "The first, O Mohammed!" answered Gabriel, "was the voice of a Jew. Hadst thou listened to him, all thy nation would have been won to Judaism. The second was the voice of a Christian. Hadst thou listened to him, thy people would have turned to Christianity. The enchantress was the world with its riches, its vanities and its allurements. Hadst thou listened, thy

nation would have chosen the pleasures of this life rather than the bliss of eternity, and all would have been doomed to an eternity of woe.''

When Mohammed was in Mecca, the problem of Jew and Christian had not yet presented itself. In Medina he found great numbers of both Jews and Nestorian Christians, and for a considerable time every effort was made to unite these to his followers, feasts being adapted almost without change from the Jewish services, and concessions made to the Christians. Subsequently there occurred an absolute rupture between these two allies and Mohammed, and the story of the three temptations just related bears evident impress of having been designed after the departure of the Jews and Nestorians from Mohammed's camp.

The aërial journey found its terminus at the Temple in Jerusalem. Within the sanctuary a ladder had been let down from heaven, and up this Mohammed was conducted by the angel Gabriel. In creating a heaven for the benefit of good Moslems, Mohammed had departed radically from the conceptions which had prevailed up to that time. He was



Drawn by Eric Pape.

MOHAMMED MEETING ABRAHAM IN THE SEVENTH HEAVEN.

not content with a single heaven—probably this did not coincide with his idea of the relative merits of men; but he created seven, each with a constant attention to detail that must have been an inspiration in subsequent centuries to Dante, to Milton, and finally to Doré in his illustrations of an inferno.

Mohammed's conception of a heaven sounds petty and foolish enough at this closing of the nineteenth century. It is rather pitiful in these days when people roll in luxury until they are tired and sick of it all, and turn to simplicity as the more blissful state; but to the poor Arabs of the desert, with their constant wants, their little wealth, their imaginary ideals of what boundless gold and silver and rich cloths and precious stones would do for them, it was a good enough heaven. As pictured by Mohammed, his heavens would not be much more tempting to the modern man than would the Icelander's heaven of eternal sun be inviting to the native of the Orinoco.

One especial thing is noticeable in all the revelations to Mohammed, and that is the easy confidence of the man, and what moderns would call his tremendous egotism. He did not hesitate to rank himself above all the prophets, including Abraham and Moses. Notwithstanding the fact that the angel Gabriel appeared rather suddenly, and that he had had no premonition of his coming, Mohammed seems to have assumed an easy certainty of his position. "O Gabriel!" said Al Borak, when Mohammed had mounted to his back, "is not this Mohammed the intercessor and author of the profession of faith?" "Even so, O Borak!" Mohammed makes the angel Gabriel reply. "This is the chief of the sons of Adam, the greatest of the divine legates, the seal of the prophets. All creatures must have his intercession before they can enter paradise. Heaven is on his right hand to be the reward of those who believe in him; but the fire of gehenna is on his left hand, into which all shall be thrown who oppose his doctrines." "O Gabriel!" entreated Al Borak humbly, "by the faith existing between thee and me, prevail on him to intercede for me at the day of resurrection." To which Mohammed replied confidently and patronizingly, "Be sure, O Borak! that through my intercession thou shalt enter paradise." And the same recognition of his own position seems to have accompanied him as he ascended upward through the various heavens, meeting in turn Noah, Moses, Abraham, and the celestial guardians.

The heavens as invented by Mohammed are of a metallic character that is suggestive of uncomfortableness to the modern. The first into which he entered was of pure silver, lighted by stars suspended on chains of gold. Each star was the abode of an angel, placed as sentinel to prevent demons from ascending to the realms of bliss above. Here Mohammed was presented to Adam, and the latter, embracing him, called him the greatest among his children and the first among the prophets, confirming the estimate of himself already received from the angel Gabriel. Angels under the form of animals of every kind and description occupied this silver heaven, interceding with God for the animals upon the earth. A cock of dazzling whiteness, his crest five hundred years' journey above his feet, saluted the ear of Allah from this first heaven each morning with his melodious chant, the fowls of the earth joining in chorus with him.

The second heaven was of polished steel. Noah was found ruling over this celestial department, and he also saluted Mohammed as the greatest of the prophets. The third was of precious stones, and was the abode of Azrael, an angel of immeasurable height, whose eyes were seventy thousand days' journey apart. A hundred thousand battalions of armed men were at his command, though for what purpose was not specifically described. In a vast ledger he wrote the names of those born and erased the names of those dying. Opposite each name was the hour, minute and second of death predestined from all eternity for each man and woman, thus supporting the belief which made the followers of Mohammed ready to seek the battle-field in the days of the Prophet, which marched them in unbroken ranks against their adversaries during the centuries, and which only recently in Egypt sent over ten thousand dervishes to be mowed down without a tremor before the machine-guns of General Kitchener. The hour of



Drawn by Eric Pape.

AZRAEL THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

death is irrevocably fixed for the Moslem. Nothing he can do to avoid danger will change it by one second of time, and this belief has been implanted more deeply than any other in the creed of Mohammed. Why, then, should he bother about keeping himself in a place of safety? Bed, table and battle-field present to his imagination exactly the same dangers. Should he not go forth unhesitatingly to meet the foe?

The fourth heaven seems to have been rather a lachrymose affair. The angel who was its chief guardian, and who stood five hundred days' journey in height, bore a troubled countenance, and rivers of tears ran everlastingly down his face; the angel of tears having been appointed to weep over the sins of men and to foresee and predict the evils awaiting them.

In the fifth heaven, made of the finest gold, the avenging angel presided over the element of fire. Hideous and terrific of mien, his body of copper covered with wens and warts, his eyes flashing fires, his right hand grasping the lightning, he sat on a throne surrounded by flames, at his feet a heap of red-hot chains. To him God had assigned the execution of his divine vengeance on infidels and sinners.

The sixth heaven was of carbuncle. Here was another great angel composed half of fire and half of snow, the snow melting not and the fire never being extinguished. To him was assigned the duty of sending his servants to the peoples of all nations to incline them to listen to the mission of Mohammed. Moses, who was found in this heaven, seems to have beheld Mohammed with a feeling of jealousy. Instead of welcoming him as one who was to work out the law of the Almighty, he shed tears of pique, and when Mohammed questioned replied, "I weep because I behold a successor who is destined to conduct more of his nation into paradise than ever I could of the backsliding children of Israel." All of which we would call, in these modern days, an unsolicited testimonial.

In the seventh heaven* God sat on his throne. Here, for the first time, the pen of Mohammed failed, the effulgence of divine light, the transcendent glow, being such that the tongue even of a prophet could not describe it. Among the celestial inhabitants were angels with seventy thousand heads, each head having seventy thousand mouths, each mouth having seventy thousand tongues, and each tongue speaking seventy thousand different languages, in which they incessantly chanted the praises of the Most High. On the right hand of the throne on which Allah sat, his face covered by twenty thousand veils lest the brightness of his countenance should annihilate the beholders, was a tree whose branches extended over a space greater than that between the sun and the earth. About it, angels were more numerous than the sands of the sea-shore or the beds of the streams, and rivers rejoiced beneath its shade. The leaves resembled the ears of an elephant, and immortal birds flying amidst the branches repeated the sublime verses of the Koran. The fruits were milder than milk and sweeter than honey, and all the creatures of God if assembled there would find sufficient sustenance. Each seed inclosed a houri provided for the felicity of true believers, and from the tree itself issued four rivers, two flowing into the interior of paradise, and two issuing beyond it and becoming, one the Nile, and the other the Euphrates.

Beyond this place even Gabriel was not permitted to go, but Mohammed, passing quicker than thought first through a region of dazzling light and then through one of profound darkness, found himself in the presence of Allah "but two bow-shots from His throne." When Allah placed one hand upon Mohammed's breast, the other upon his shoulder, a freezing chill penetrated his heart, immediately followed by a feeling of ecstatic bliss, accompanied by a sweetness and fragrance which none can understand who has not been in the divine presence. Here Mohammed received from God the doctrines contained in the Koran, and fifty prayers were prescribed for the daily duty of all true believers.

(*To be continued.*)

* The account here given of Mohammed's visit to the seventh heaven is drawn chiefly from the pages of Washington Irving.

THE REAL "ARABIAN NIGHTS."

By Anna Leach.

TO the majority of people who read "The Thousand and One Nights" in the nursery, and who know it only in the translations made from Galland's French, it is a book of enchantments and adventures and nothing more.

When Galland discovered the Arabian manuscripts, it is doubtful that he realized the value of his find. It is certain that the Arabians themselves put no great value upon the collection. The Arabian critics were as sober a lot of gentlemen as are found in the same class to-day, and sometimes overlooked human interest. When, once or twice during the lapse of centuries, they mentioned the romances, it was as a "corrupt book of silly tales."



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HASAN OF BASSORAH.

"Out came ten afrits, with their feet in the bowels of the earth and their heads in the clouds."

But when, about ten years ago, an Arabic scholar discovered the story of Aladdin among the Persian manuscripts in the Louvre, there was rejoicing among the Orientalists and the critics generally. They felt that something had been added to human history, so thoroughly had the value of the collection come to be known.

The two definite Arabic references to the "Nights" occur in works of the tenth century. In these we are told that the tales come from a Persian book called "Hizār Afsāna" ("Thousand Tales"). But they are Mohammedan through and through, and according to the best scholars belong to the eighth or tenth century of our era.

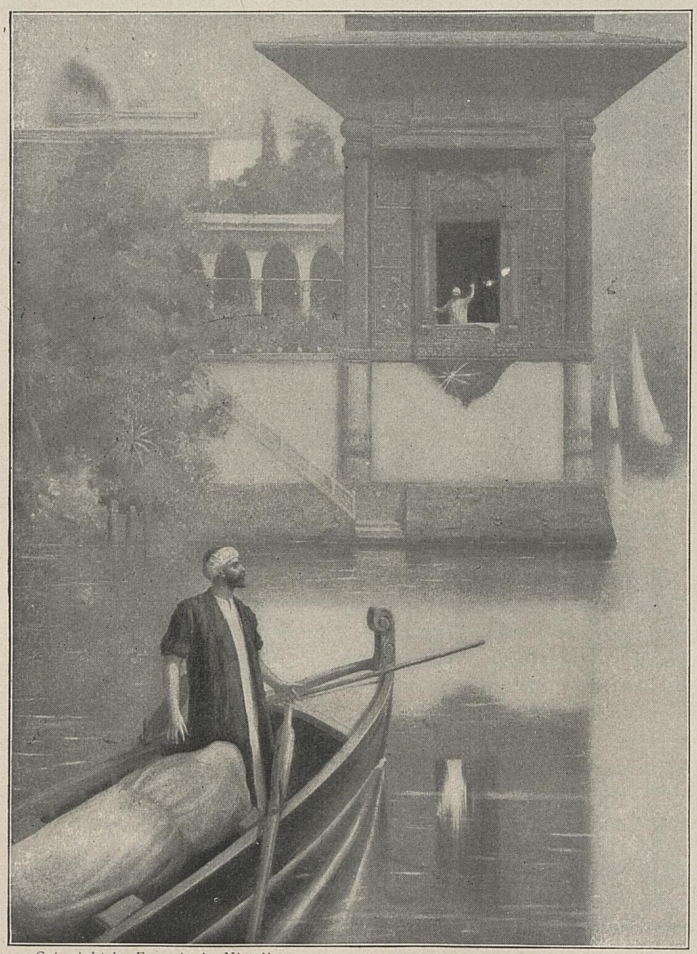
Upon this collection has been embroidered all the folk-lore of the Eastern story-tellers. These story-tellers still tell their tales in the coffee-houses and camps of the East, and Richard Burton, to whom we owe the perfect translation, made himself into one of these raconteurs on his journey to Mecca, and learned the spirit of the tales so thoroughly that he was able to tell them to his Arab friends as they sat about their camp-fires without his companions once suspecting that he was not an Arab and a Mohammedan.

Before he and Lane took up the work of making English translations, Europe used entirely the work of Antoine Galland, and even to-day our popular "Arabian Nights" is full of Gallicisms which necessarily came

from the French through which it was strained.

Galland's first edition appeared in Paris in 1704. He was a poor boy who came to Paris and rose to be antiquary to the King. He traveled extensively in the East, officially, and during his lifetime it was supposed that he gathered the tales there, but it is now generally believed that he discovered them in the Paris libraries.

The tales instantly became so popular that no other book was talked of. The French people were tired of philosophy and the chill of the classics, and the tales were full of imagination, humor and strange charm. But below their wit, and their interest as stories, lies something deeper. Like the folk-lore of all countries, they are full of history, religion, and profound, if unconscious, studies of the inner life of the people. These tales are an epitome of the life of the Arab in Asia during his best days, and give a more perfect picture of him than any historian has ever given of any people in any time. We see the gorgeously colored life of a brilliant period moving as if living before us. It would have been impossible for any one author to do this in any one tale. During the centuries in which the stories came down by word of mouth, they were revised a thousand times by the critics who listened to them. When experience proved any point unnatural—untrue to the life of the people—it was eliminated, and the stories were polished as they were passed along. Those which were not worth keeping naturally dropped out on the way.



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ABU KIR THE DYER.

"So the captain set the sack in the boat till he came to the palace, when he saw the King seated in the lattice."

The stories are almost as full of religion as of love. First and foremost they are love stories. The enchantments, the afrits, the jinn, the flying horses, are all for the bringing together of the lovers—or for separating them that after incredible dangers they may at last be happy.

Almost the only one of the stories which is entirely taken up with war is that of Gharib and his brother Ajib. This is full of ridicule of all that is not Moslem, and runs over with exaggeration. Those who read between the lines of all folk-lore stories tell us that Gharib is the sun-god Ra of the Egyptians. The four-headed king of the jinn, and the mar-



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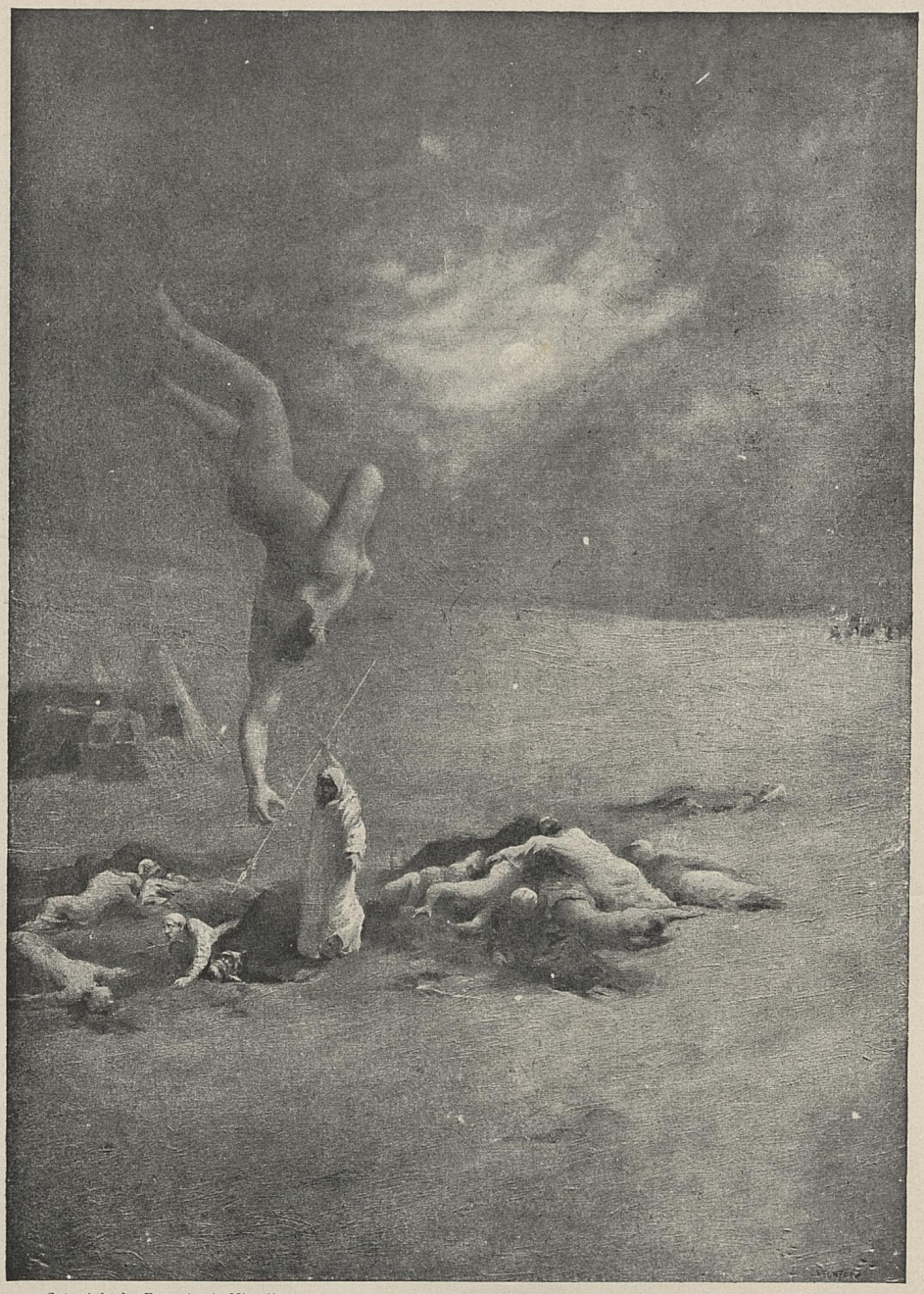
ABU MOHAMMED, HIGHT LAZYBONES.

"So I mounted on his back and he flew up with me into the firmament."

ids, the giants Kaylajan and Kurajan, who were able to carry human beings in their hands like toys, are all symbolic of the universal mythological characters, according to the accounts of the folk-lore students.

We are also driven by these enthusiasts to finding symbols and gods in almost every one of the stories. The queen of



Copyright by Francis A. Niccolls. ALA-AL-DIN ABU AL SHAMAT.

"One of the Bedouins leveled his javelin . . . and behold! he saw a hand turn the lance away from his breast."

the serpents is Ka, the mother-goddess of India, who received from heaven the seed of life. But it is much more entertaining to put these theories aside and take the stories for what they are to all of us. "The Queen of the Serpents" was left out of Lane's translation. He regarded it contemptuously, as made up of extravagant



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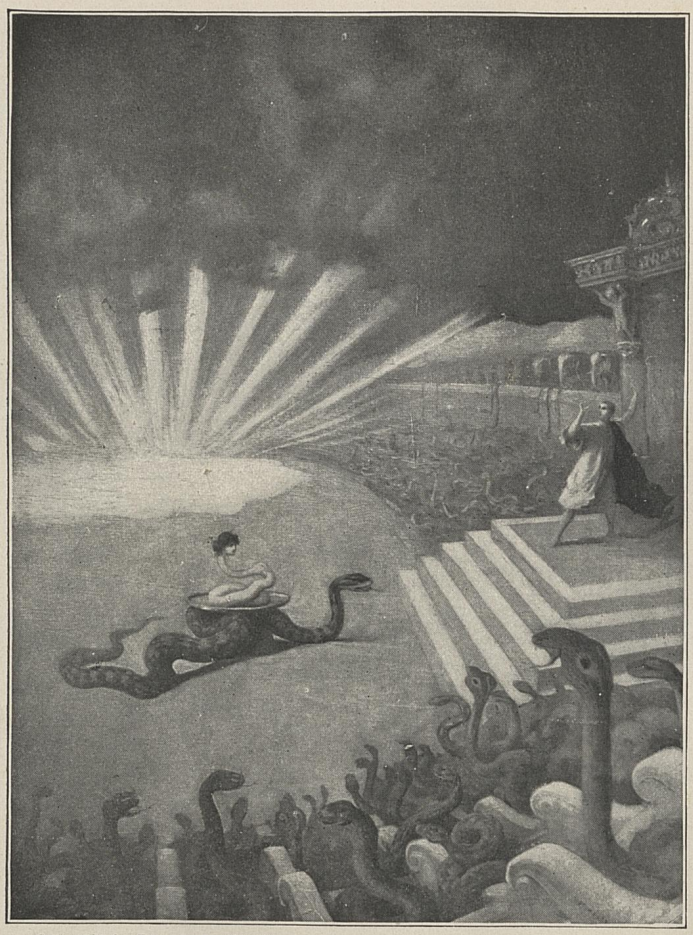
ABDULLAH THE FISHERMAN AND ABDULLAH THE MERMAN.
"In came the merman's wife, who was beautiful of form and favor, and with her two children."

absurdities. Burton, who was much more learned in Orientalism, set great value upon it.

Hasib Karim al Din, a good young man, was shown a door by a scorpion. Going through, he found a hillock, surmounted by a golden throne studded with wondrous gems. This throne was surrounded by



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THE QUEEN OF THE SERPENTS.

"There came up to him a serpent as big as a mule, bearing on its back a tray of gold, wherein lay another serpent which shone like crystal, and whose face was that of a woman."

seats of gold and leek-green emeralds. Hasib took the time to count these seats and found that they numbered twelve thousand. He had already mounted the throne, and, bewildered by his counting, he fell asleep.

Presently he was aroused by a loud hissing and rustling, and opened his eyes to see all the seats occupied by enormous serpents, their eyes blazing like twenty-four thousand living coals. After a while a serpent as big as a mule came up to him, bearing on its back a tray of gold, wherein lay another serpent who shone like crystal, and whose face was that of a woman, and who spoke with human speech. She saluted Hasib, and then a great serpent came and lifted her from her dish, while the other serpents fell down to do her homage.

Burton tells us that these are the Naga, the Hindoostanee gods who guard the earth treasures. The queen feasted Hasib, and took occasion to tell him her adventures. These naturally ran into the tales of Bulukiya and Jaushah.

Bulukiya seems to come near to us and our history, for he was the son of a King of Israel. When his father, who was a learned sage bent double with much poring over books, died, Bulukiya reigned in his stead; and after the sacred offices were performed he went to the vaults to investigate the treasures of his kingdom. He found himself in a little closet, wherein stood a column of white marble. On this lay a casket of ebony. In the casket the young King found an account of the prophet Mohammed, which his father had carefully concealed from him. The account told how Mohammed should be sent in the latter days to be the lord of the first prophets and the last.

On reading the personal description of him, Bulukiya's heart burnt with love. He assembled all the notables of the children of Israel, the priests, the cohens or diviners, and acquainted them with the book. With the zeal of a new convert, he wished to destroy the body of his father, but the cohens pointed out how unfilial such conduct would be, however great the provocation.

The narrative tells us that the old King

had cut the account from the Book of Abraham, concealing it from all living men. But destiny brought it to convert his son, who set off to learn more of the Prophet.

In his journeys Bulukiya found the serpent queen, who told him of a wondrous herb which would take him dry-shod over the sea. Later, Bulukiya told this to Affan, a sage in Jerusalem, who wished to cross the seas to the tomb of Solomon, who lay with the signet-ring on his finger. The tale, in the original, makes no mention of this ring's meaning the circle of months forming the year, or of its bearing the signet stone on which were inscribed the two triangles intersecting one another and making the masonic sign of the Temple-builders; but the Orientalists so interpret it.

The sage and the convert trapped the serpent queen, and carried her cage aloft through the forest while the plants called out their virtues to her. In this way they discovered the plant they sought, and were able to reach the tomb of Solomon in the midst of the seven seas.

Solomon lay in his robes of green on his bed of gold, the ring gleaming like fire on a finger of his right hand. This was the ring which would give dominion over the earth. Affan directed Bulukiya to say incantations while he took the ring, but as it was touched a terrible serpent sprang out, blowing a blast of fire before which Bulukiya fled, but which reduced Affan to a heap of ashes.

The story of Jaushah is accompanied by jinn, who, we are told, represent rain-clouds.

But the average reader cares nothing for the minor meanings. He follows Jaushah and his wife, who can fly in the air, through their perils and loves until the jinn finally conquer their enemies by the simple expedient of lifting them—elephants, troops of horse, and all—up into the clouds and dropping them to the earth again.

The tales have been condemned in some quarters for their frankness. Sir Richard Burton points out that the Oriental has a plainness of speech which resembles that of the time of Shakespeare. He is naïve in his simple rendering of facts. But all



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THE ADVENTURES OF BULUKIYA.

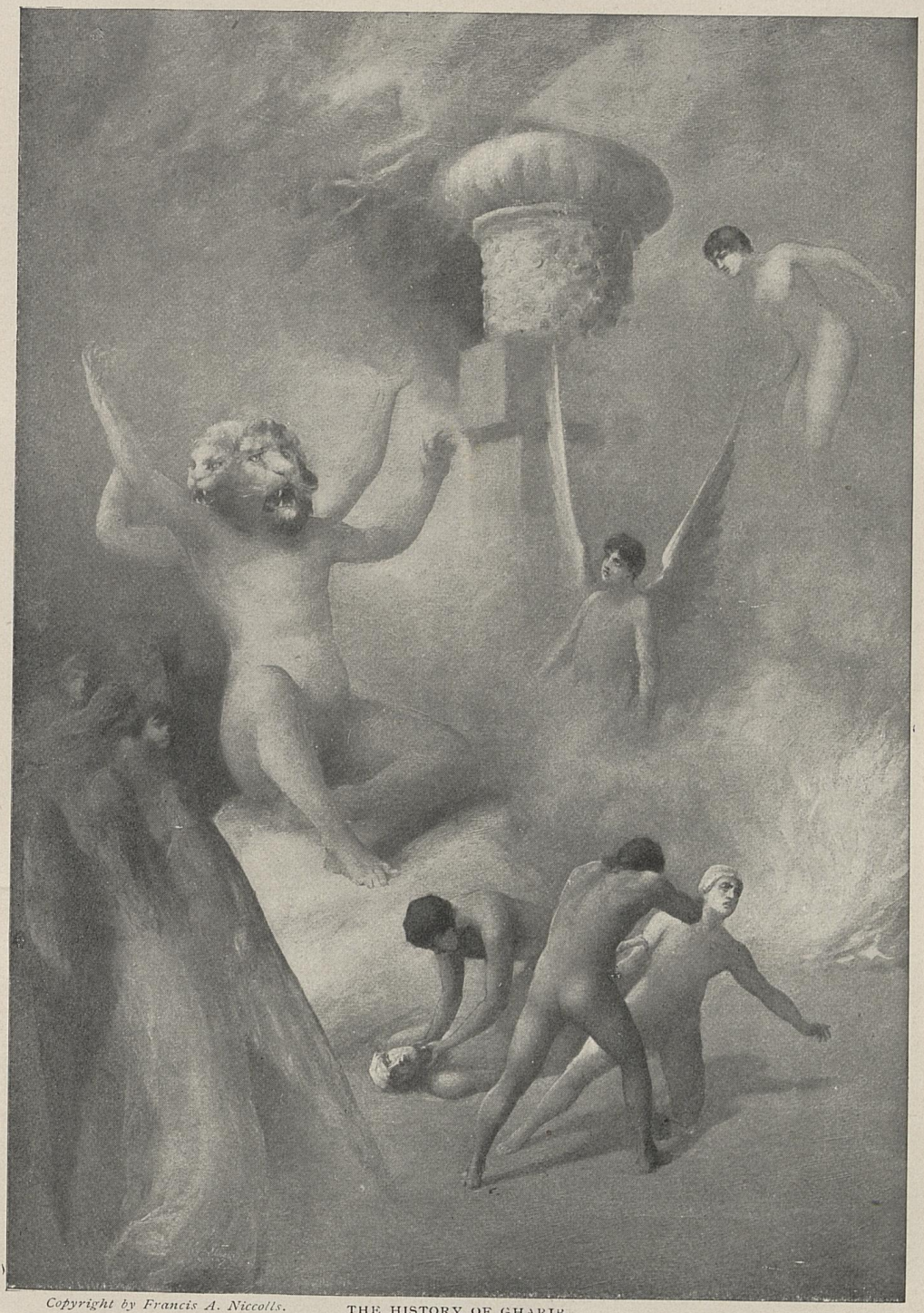
"A mighty serpent came forth from beneath it and cried out to him with a terrible cry."



Copyright by Francis A. Niccolls. JUDAR AND HIS BRETHREN.
"Behold the water disappeared and uncovered the door of the treasure."

through the tales we never find a case where vice is condoned. Their manners and customs are not ours, but when the core is reached they are moral. Many times great events turn upon an unexpected appreciation of what even our civilization recognizes as a spiritual truth.

In the story of Abdullah the fisherman



Copyright by Francis A. Niccolls. THE HISTORY OF GHARIB.

"The king of the jinn, whom they saw seated on the throne, with four heads to his body."

and Abdullah the merman, of whom the former had once caught the latter in a net, we find this.

The two became great friends, and through the treasures of the sea brought up by the merman, Abdullah the fisherman became rich and great. He was finally granted the boon of visiting the bottom of

the sea. But the earth-man was not happy there, and was taken home again. As he started upward to the air, he was given a purse of gold and told to place it as an offering to the Prophet.

As the two friends were on their way to the shore, Abdullah the fisherman saw a great company of the sea people gathered together eating and drinking and holding high festival.

"Is there a wedding among you?" he asked.

"Nay," replied the merman. "One of them has died."

The astonished fisherman turned to him and asked, "Is this the custom when one dies?"

"Why should you wonder?" the merman asked. "What happens when one of you die?"

Quoth Abdullah, "When one dieth amongst us, we weep for him, and the women beat their faces and rend the bosoms of their raiment in token of mourning for the dead."

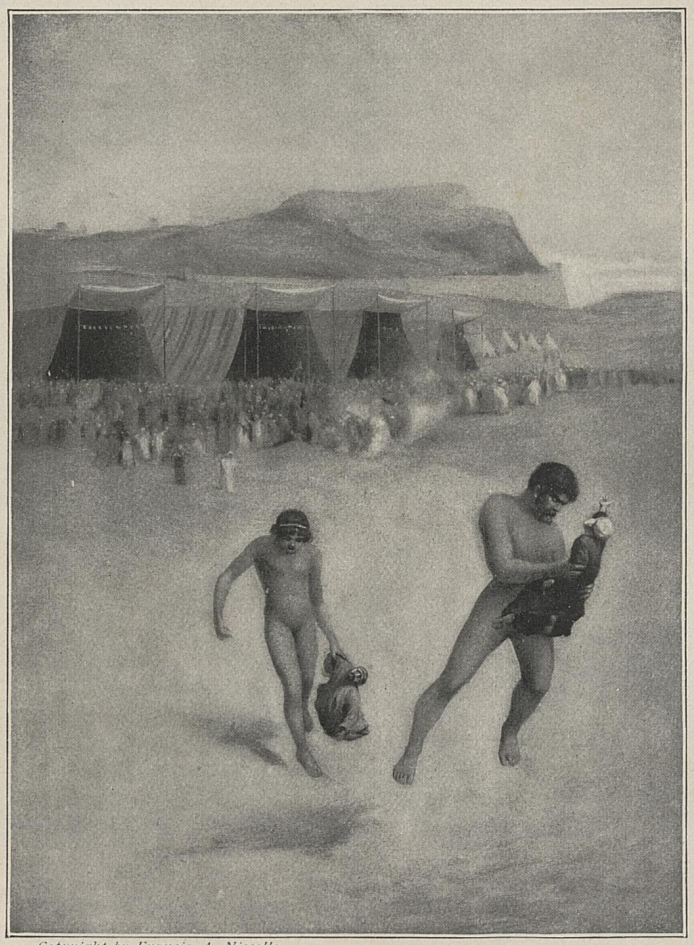
Abdullah the merman stared at him, and then said, "Give me the purse." After a moment he added: "I have broken our friendship. From this day we shall no longer see each other."

"Why?" asked the bewildered fisherman.

"Are you not of Allah?"

"I am."

"Why, then, is it grievous to you that Allah should take back his own, and why should you weep over it? How can I trust thee with an offering to the Prophet, seeing that when a child is born to you you rejoice, albeit the Almighty setteth the soul there as a deposit, and yet when he taketh it again it is grievous to you, and you weep and mourn? Since it is hard for thee to give back what belongs to Allah, how shall it be easy to you to give up what belongs to the Prophet? Therefore I need not your companionship."



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THE HISTORY OF GHARIB.

"Kaylajan came forward and snatched up the Prince and Kurajan caught up the King and the twain flew back to Gharib."

These tales prove again that the beliefs and ideas of certain portions of humanity are much the same in all parts of the earth at all times. Throughout them we find a belief in the "kiramat," or saint's miracle. In many of them men tell how they were saved by their "pir," or patron. Mr. Letchford, who worked long with



Copyright by Francis A. Niccolls. THE STORY OF JAUSHAH.

"Hung him high in the air over his camp that he might witness the slaughter of his men."

Sir Richard Burton, and from whose seventy paintings accompanying the tales these illustrations are taken, was directed by the great Orientalist to paint the picture of Ala-al-din Abu's being saved in this way, according to the popular ideas of such interventions.

Ala-al-din was the son of a merchant

who went off with a caravan. The Bedouins had slain many of his companions, but when a spear was presented at Ala, a hand turned the lance.

In the Galland edition there was no poetry, and it is astonishing when one first sees the real work to find it so largely metrical. Here are preserved the poems of the people, full of that fatalism which we have learned to know in the Rubaiyat. In "The Ladies of Bagdad" we find:

"We trod the steps appointed for us;
And the man whose steps are appointed must tread them.
He whose death is decreed to take place in one land will not die in any land but that."

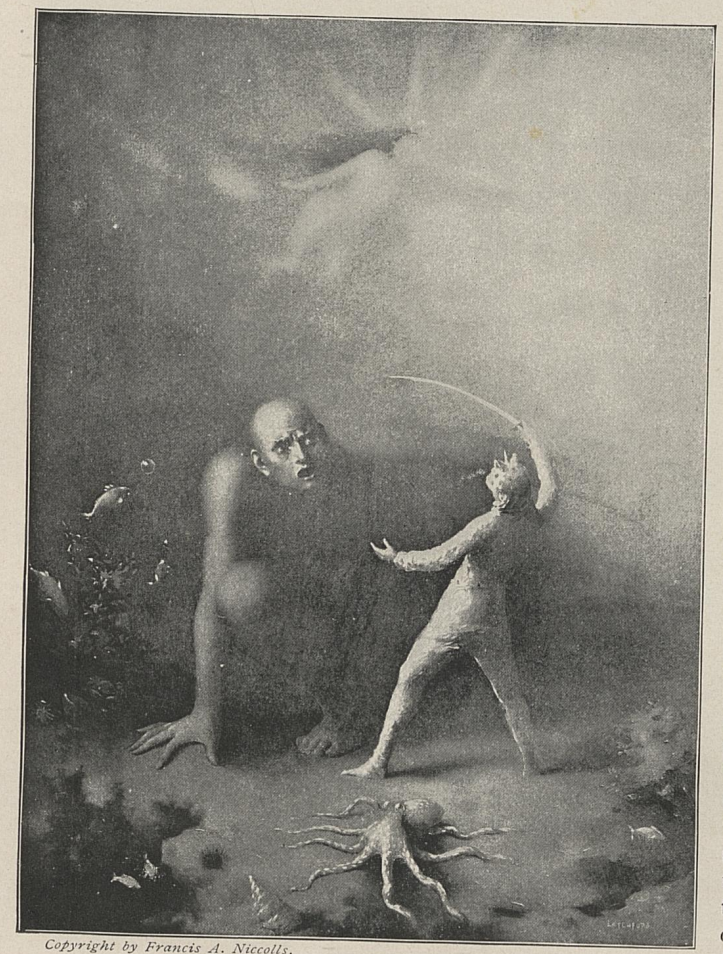
And again:

"When Allah willeth an event to befall a man endowed with reason and hearing and sight,
He deafeneth his ears, and blindeth his heart, and draweth his reason from him as a hair,
Till, having fulfilled His purpose against him, He restoreth him to reason that he may be admonished."

This fatalism takes the form in all the stories of the absolute invincibility of love. Love can open any door, can conquer any enemy. However the lovers are separated, and no matter how long, they will come together again and live in happiness until the coming of the "Separator of Companions and the Terminator of Delights."

We who confine our historical studies to Europe have little idea of the life of the East during the centuries which are pictured in the "Arabian Nights."

Bagdad, in the ninth century, was the Paris of the world's civilization. Her population was enormous. Sir Richard Burton calls our attention to the fact that in a war in 1258, two centuries later, eight hundred thousand of her sons fell. By a system of waterways and roads, and a great postal service of mounted couriers, she was able to bring in great tribute from the world outside. The Caliphs realized more and more the need of education, and each mosque had a library, and learned professors who gave lectures to classes daily. Learning was universal.



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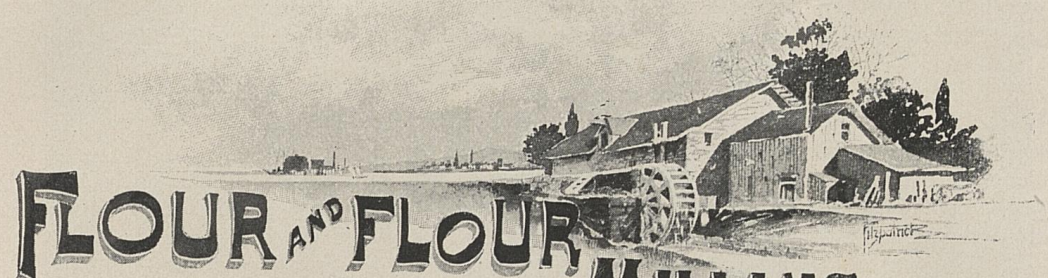
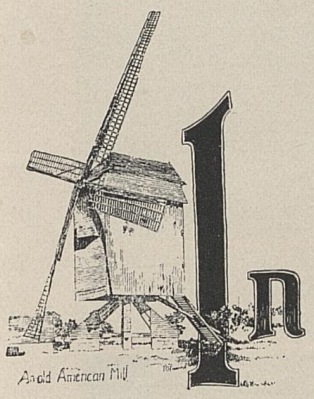
HISTORY OF PRINCE HABIB.

"As soon as he touched the bottom he was confronted by an afrit."

Sir Richard Burton devoted thirty years of his life to making an ideal translation, and his friend, Albert Letchford, has done almost as great a work in his pictures, giving, as Burton declared, the only real illustrations to the "Nights" ever made, picturing the people's spirit as well as surroundings.



FLOUR AND FLOUR MILLING



(GREAT PROBLEMS IN ORGANIZATION.—VII.)

By B. C. Church and F. W. Fitzpatrick.

In the time of Father Abraham the extraction of nutritious meal from wheat, corn and other cereals was a personally conducted affair; then, little by little, it was deputed to certain individuals in the different communities. From pounding, people took to grinding their grain, and in the days of ancient Greece and Rome the whole work of preparation was allotted to slaves. This naturally brought the calling of miller into discredit, and the mark did not entirely disappear until, in the thirteenth century, with the introduction of large water-mills, the magnitude of the business led to the establishment of the millers' guild, with a voice in municipal affairs.

The process by which, to-day, wheat passes into flour, involves several distinct departments of industry.

From the farm, the wheat is carried to the elevators along the lines of railroads, there to await shipment to the big centers of trade. There are vast elevators at Buffalo, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and St. Louis (the latter the chief center of the winter wheat milling district). Naturally these elevators often store other grains, for their capacities are enormous. One company, with ninety-two elevators in Dakota and Minnesota, has a capacity of four million two hundred and fifty thousand bushels. Another company possesses elevators in Chicago that can hold thirteen million five hundred thousand bushels of grain. One of these elevators has a capacity of three million four hundred thousand bushels and was built in forty days. Another stores two million five hundred thousand bushels. And these are about the largest in the world. Twelve thousand miles of railroad are tributary to them; the largest can unload five hundred cars a day, and its adjacent yards are spacious enough to keep a supply of cars sufficient for four days' run, and it can deliver one hundred thousand bushels per hour to cars or boats. The grain is dropped from the car into a pocket under the floor; in this pocket, or boot, is the lower end of the line of belts armed with steel buckets that scoop up the grain and carry it to the top story, emptying it there into receiving bins one hundred and fifty feet above the car. From these receiving and separating bins, or hoppers, it passes down to a series of hoppers on the floor below by simple gravitation. In these

hoppers it is weighed, and passes down, by an ingenious revolving device, into whichever of the huge storage bins it is directed to. From these, when needed, it is simply spouted into boats or cars for shipment.

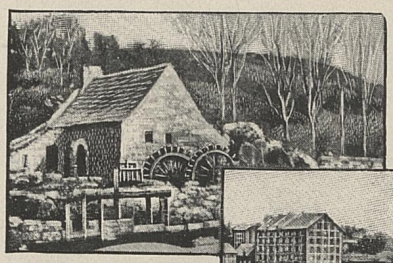
At the elevator, wheat is inspected and graded by state officials and is marketed on their grading. Little importance is attached to the agitation for a uniform grading by all the states; the grain is identified by its primary market and sells accordingly.

From the mill elevator, to which the wheat has been shipped as needed from the "market elevators," it is "conveyed" to the mill.

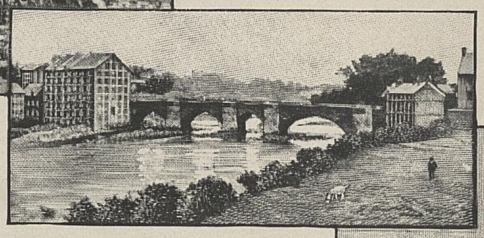
Millers, from the very nature of things, have to deal with the various boards of trade operators, and largely in "futures"—not with speculative intent, but, on the contrary, in self-defense and to avoid speculation.

When wheat was at one dollar and eighty and flour sold for eight dollars a barrel, people ate less bread, and the bakeries made as little as they could. Many mills shut down, and happy was the miller who had his bins full of wheat.

To-day wheat is at sixty-five cents and patent flour sells at three dollars and fifty cents a barrel, which represents about five cents a barrel profit. Small wonder that attempts have been and are being made at consolidations, for the profits, of late years, have not been commensurate with the very large capital invested; in fact, one system in Minneapolis lost this last year two hundred and forty thousand dollars.



A CURRENT MILL IN BRITTANY.



"THE MILL ON THE DEE."



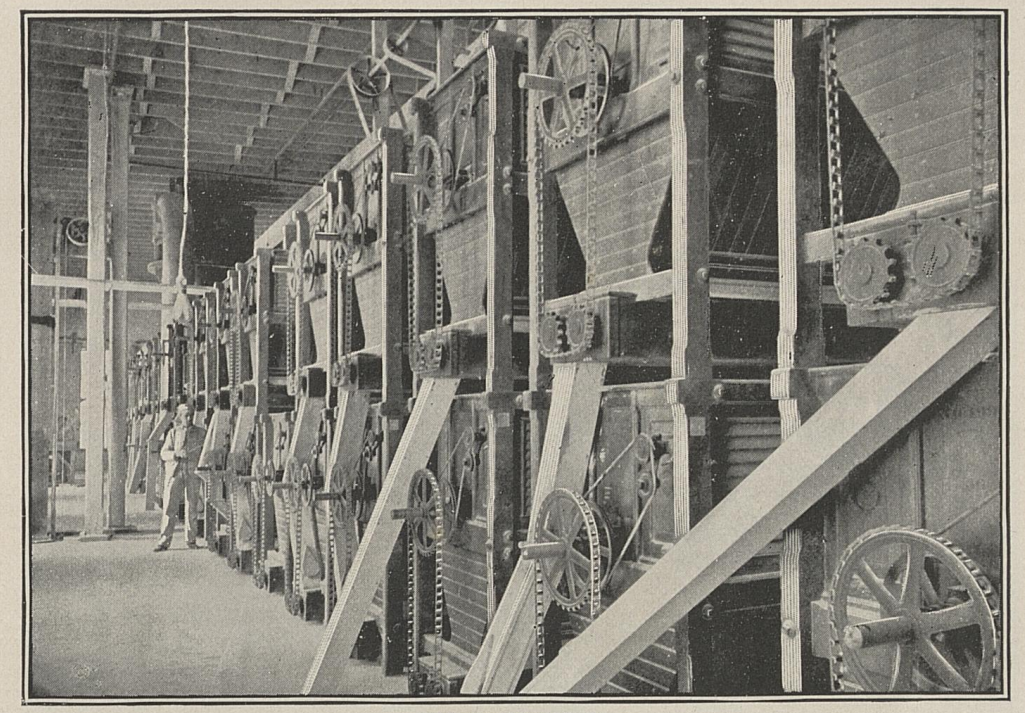
AMERICAN FLOUR IN LONDON.

Before passing to the mill, it will be well to recall to the reader just what part of the grain of wheat passes into flour.

The wheat berry consists of an outer skin, composed of elongated cells, terminating at their points in numerous hairs, a "beard"; then there is a layer of short transverse cells which, with the outer skin, constitutes the pericarp, on the inside of which are the episperm cells containing the brown cerealin. All of these coverings form the husk, absolutely void of nutriment, so much straw, or weather protection, the removal of which is the prime object of milling. Under these coverings are the gluten cells, forming another and last cover to the body of the berry, the starch cells. These gluten cells contain nitrogenous and flesh-forming matter and add to the flour the life-giving qualities that the purely starchy meat of the berry lacks.

Northern wheat—spring wheat—is rich in gluten, and the Red River valley wheat is especially so, making it the most prized wheat in the world. Spring wheat is naturally a hardier product than winter wheat, and while the latter variety, which contains the greater per cent. of starch, is the more desirable for pastry flour, the spring wheat, ground mostly in Minnesota mills, is unequaled in bread-making qualities.

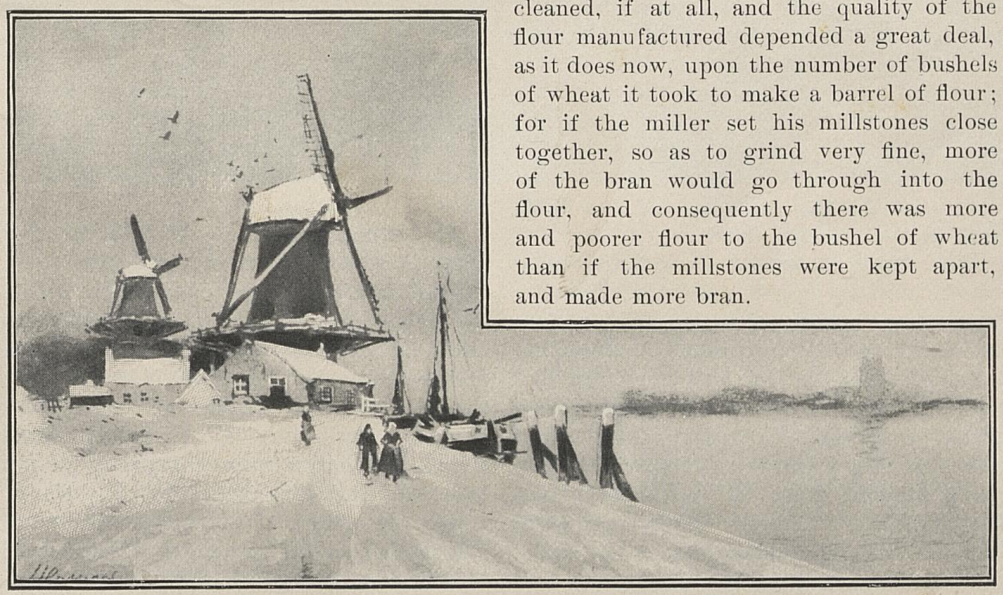
Spring wheat flour makes from twenty to forty pounds more of bread to the barrel than does winter wheat, and yields three hundred and twenty-five pounds of bread to the barrel. Four and a half bushels of wheat make a barrel of flour; or two hundred and seventy pounds of wheat yield two hundred pounds of flour, with four pounds of "invisible waste," that is, net one hundred and ninety-six pounds of flour to the barrel and seventy pounds of "offal," which used to be spouted into rivers and dump-piles, but to-day, under the various names of "bran," "shorts" and "red-



BOLTING MACHINERY

dog,'' is all sold for feed. Of that one hundred and ninety-six pounds of flour a certain percentage is ''patent,'' more is ''clear'' and some is a ''low grade''—all depending, of course, upon the qualities of the different lots of wheat ground. Even the dust about the mill—which used to be a dreaded cause of spontaneous combustion fires—is gathered up now in collecting machines, recleaned, and becomes a low-grade flour and feed.

Up to 1870 the manufacture of flour was an exceedingly simple process. Wheat was ground between millstones and the meal was then strained, or ''bolted.'' The wheat, before grinding, was but partially cleaned, if at all, and the quality of the flour manufactured depended a great deal, as it does now, upon the number of bushels of wheat it took to make a barrel of flour; for if the miller set his millstones close together, so as to grind very fine, more of the bran would go through into the flour, and consequently there was more and poorer flour to the bushel of wheat than if the millstones were kept apart, and made more bran.

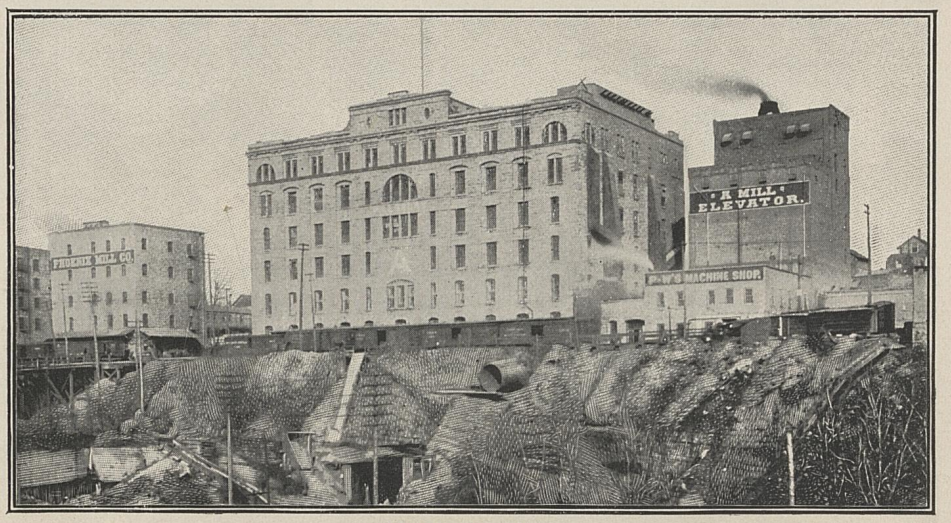


DUTCH MILLS.

In 1870 what is known as "patent" flour was made through the use of "middling purifiers" and the "gradual reduction process." This last, as the term would signify, is a gradual reduction of wheat to flour, by running it through the millstones many times instead of grinding it fine enough at the first grinding.

These purifiers were invented in 1865 by a man in this country, named La Croix, and consisted merely of a sieve laid horizontally, over which the ground product was passed. A blast of air coming from under this sieve carried off the chaff and bran into a tube, and the heavier meal continued on its way undisturbed. The machine to-day is much improved, of course, but the principle remains the same. Middling purifiers constitute the third most important part of a mill's machinery, preceded only by the rolls that do the grinding and the bolts that do the bolting, or sifting.

The wheat is carried from the elevator to the mill by a belt conveyer, virtually a moving trough that dumps it into cleaners, sometimes into a washing machine (the latest and most perfect cleaner there is), where it is carried with great force against a stream of water and then quickly dried by a blast of hot air. It is spouted down to the rolls or grinding machines after passing through eight separate cleaning processes. The rolls, set wide apart, give the wheat the first break, or grinding. It is then conveyed up to another floor to the scalpers, or purifiers, where, by the process first described, the flour from the first grinding is separated from the rest. The offal is carried away and the middlings are spouted down again to a second grinding through finer rolls. The first flour is bolted in its several qualities, and the middlings go over the rolls again, then over the purifiers and the bolting machines, through five series of grindings, or sixty-one separate and distinct processes before reaching the spouts, from the ends of which the packers fill the barrels and bags, and nail up the former and sew up the latter, ready for shipment.



MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS.

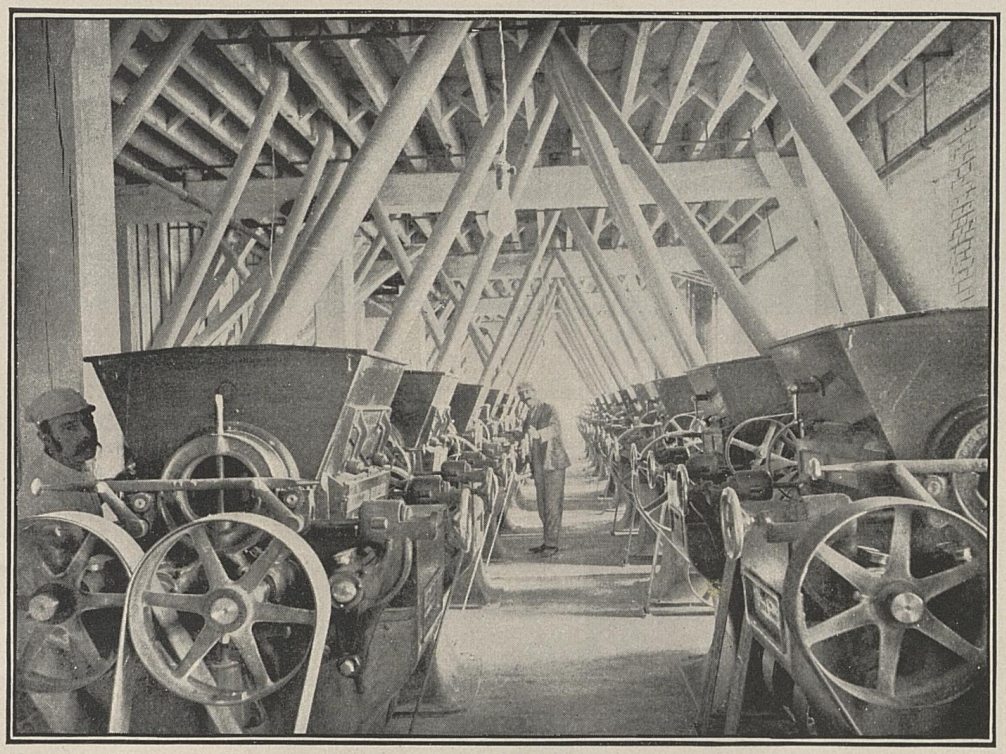
This packing is really the only handwork performed about a great mill; few men are employed about the machines, which grind and carry and sift by themselves, and are self-lubricating.

The capacity of one of these monster mills is something hard to realize. In Duluth there stands one of the three greatest mills of the world. This one began in 1889 by grinding one thousand five hundred barrels a day. In 1890 it had risen to two thousand five hundred, and since 1894 it has been grinding eight thousand barrels a day. It has a storage capacity of six hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat, grinds six million seven hundred and fifty thousand bushels of wheat a year into one million five hundred thousand barrels of flour, which it would require three

hundred and twenty-one trains of thirty cars each to carry away.

In the making of all this flour but two hundred and fifty men are employed, yet they handle the product of three thousand five hundred and fifteen farms of one hundred and sixty acres each.

Such is one mill. Think of the others at the head of the Lakes. Combined, the nine mills there manufacture twenty-two thousand barrels a day. Then think of just one system of mills in Minneapolis with a capacity of twenty-five thousand barrels a day. The annual production from its



GRINDING FLOOR.

five mills is about five million barrels a year; they grind twenty million bushels of wheat, and export one million two hundred and fifty thousand barrels, and, in addition to the flour, produce about one hundred and forty-five thousand tons of feed. To move the total output of this system of mills, would require a solid freight train six hundred miles long; or if the barrels were placed in a line they would extend from New York to Salt Lake City.

All the Minneapolis mills together produce about thirteen and a half million barrels annually, of which there is exported thirty per cent. The spring wheat millers, in fact, count upon milling about thirty per cent. more flour than home consumption requires, and they can place flour in Liverpool at a rate of fifty cents a barrel added to what we pay for it.

But one must think, too, of the bread-eaters, and of them more anon. We know, however, that, man, woman and child, they consume, on an average, one barrel of flour per capita of population per year.

The census reports, the kindness of the statisticians of the Department of Agriculture, and the close observations and calculations of such authorities as the editors of the "Northwestern Miller," have supplied many facts and figures anent wheat, mills and milling, that, in this condensed form, take but little time to scan and cannot fail to interest even the most casual reader.

In 1880, there were twenty-four thousand three hundred and thirty-eight (known) flour mills; in 1890 there were eighteen thousand four hundred and seventy in this country, and our 1900 census will show a still further decrease to about fifteen thousand six hundred.

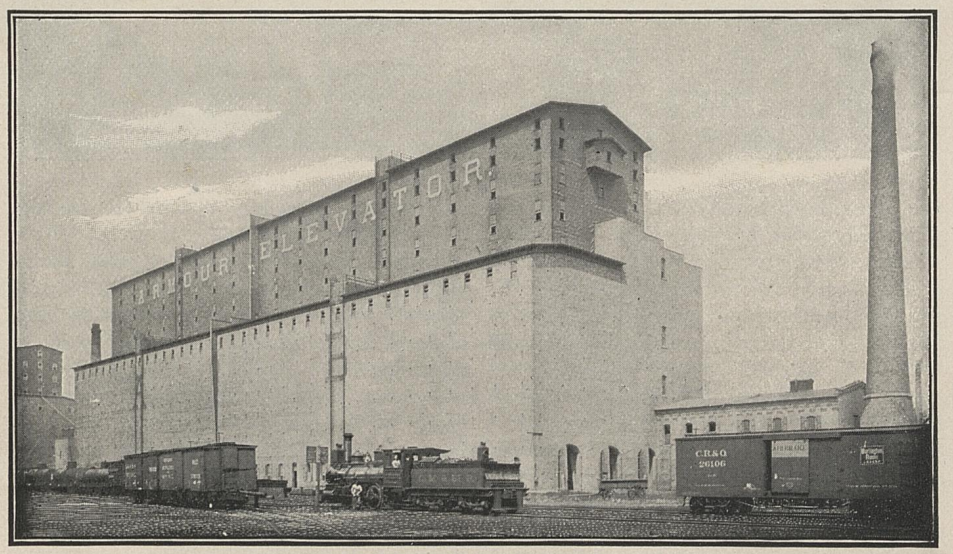
This reduction in numbers is simply the weeding out of the very small mills, the ten- to fifty-barrels-a-day affairs of the back country. As against this reduction in numbers, there is an increase in capital invested in mills, of over forty-six million dollars since 1880; and seven thousand more men are employed, in spite of the labor-saving machinery introduced in the last twenty years.

Since then, stone milling has been superseded by the new process, and the era of large capacities has been inaugurated. Previously to that time, even the largest American mills shipped but little beyond their own territory, and hardly any abroad. There have been consolidations of many mills; mill-owners from being artisans themselves have developed into managers and executive officers of a vastly more complex and extended business than they had even dreamed of; economy in production has been reduced to an exact science, and, as Mr. Edgar puts it, "the details of selling and competition have been worked out to an exceedingly fine point."

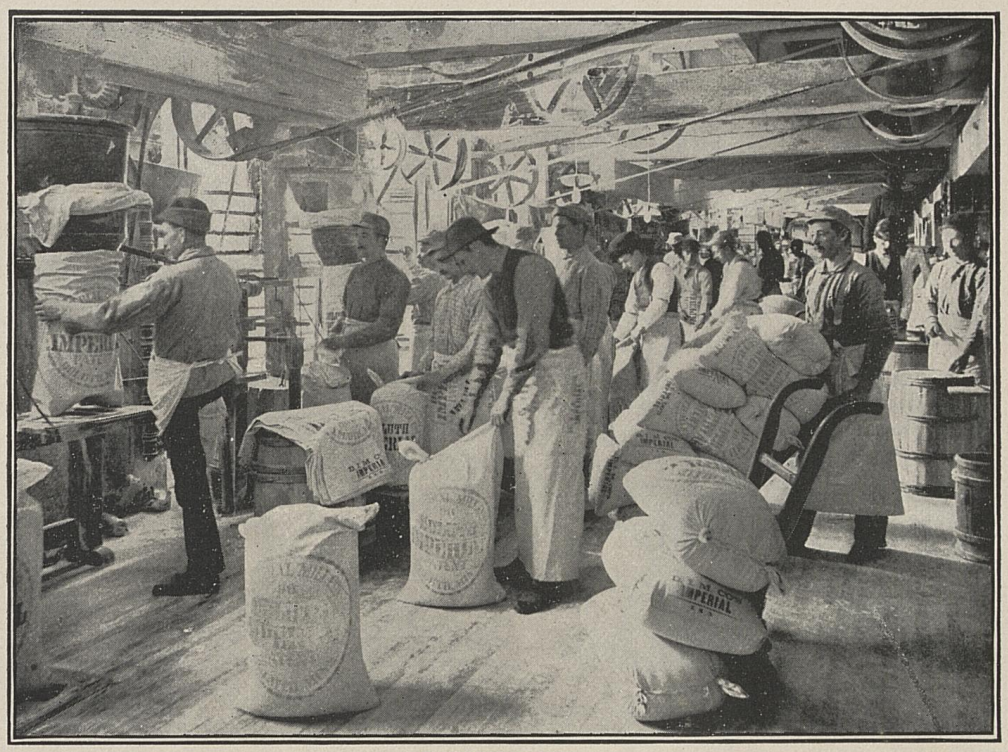
The numbers of mills mean but little, however; their size is the figure that tells the story. Minnesota, for instance, in 1890 had only 307 mills; these were monsters, and so well equipped that, while they employed fewer men than did those in several other states, and cost less in capital invested, their output was the greatest, and its value was $7,600,000 greater than even that of New York with its 1,238 mills.

The greater number of mills average 25, 75, 100 and 200 barrels a day, then a smaller percentage are 500- and 600-barrel mills, and only 88 have a capacity of over 1,000 barrels a day.

Of the great milling states, California has mills with a combined capacity of 13,300 barrels a day. Steam predominates as a motive-power, and she has two mills of about 2,500 barrels each, and one of 1,800 barrels. Illinois makes 67,989 barrels a day, mostly by steam, too; has four 2,000-barrel mills and four 1,000-. Indiana makes 54,304 barrels; has one 2,000- and three 1,000-barrel mills; Iowa, 22,877 barrels, with but one 1,000-barrel mill; Kansas makes 41,725 barrels, and has but one 1,000- mill also; Michigan, 49,147 barrels, with one of 1,400 and one of 1,200 as the largest; Minnesota, 118,464 barrels a day, and has ten mills of 1,000 and 1,200 barrels capacity, eleven of 2,000 to 4,000 and five of 4,000 to 10,000 barrels a day; Missouri makes 59,937 barrels and has one 4,000-barrel mill, two of 2,000 and five of 1,000 barrels; New York makes 57,749 barrels and has two in New York city that make 8,000 barrels each, three 2,000- and two 1,000-barrel mills; Ohio makes 66,971 barrels, has



A CHICAGO WHEAT ELEVATOR.



PACKING FLOUR.

three mills of 2,000 and 2,500 capacity and five of 1,000 barrels each; Pennsylvania makes 33,606 barrels, and has one 2,000 and one 1,000 mill; Tennessee makes 19,827 barrels a day, has one 3,000, two 2,000 and three 1,000 mills, and, finally, Wisconsin makes 59,068 barrels, and at the head of the Lakes has in Superior and West Superior one mill of 3,000, one of 2,500 and two of 2,000 barrels, at Milwaukee two of 2,500 and one of 1,800, and there and elsewhere two others of 1,000 and 1,400 barrels.

St. Louis—with Missouri generally—is the great center and distributing-point for winter wheat flour, and, of course, Minnesota stands out preëminently as the great center for spring wheat milling. She not only supplies our own country with its best flour, but exports to Europe, mostly to England, and even to Turkey. Within three years she has built up a splendid business with South Africa, and there is beginning a lively demand for her product in the Orient, particularly in China, but most surprising of all is the shipment of Minnesota flour this year to Australia—ordinarily a wheat-exporting country.

On an average, we export annually seventy-five million bushels of wheat and fifteen million barrels of flour. Together with Russia, we practically supply western European markets. India's average, thirty-five million bushels export, finds its way mostly to England, for it has no mills of its own of any account. The Argentine in 1895 shipped away sixty million bushels, chiefly to Brazil and the United Kingdom, for she, too, has but scant milling facilities. Russian wheat finds its way not only into England, France and Germany, but even into Turkey.

Budapest, Hungary, is the great milling center of Europe. This last year, owing to the poor crop, most of the mills have been running but half-time. Her largest mill is a four-thousand-five-hundred-barrel one.

Marseilles, France, is quite a milling center, but there, as elsewhere in Europe, the tendency is to smaller mills and more of them, none anywhere equaling the huge American mills.

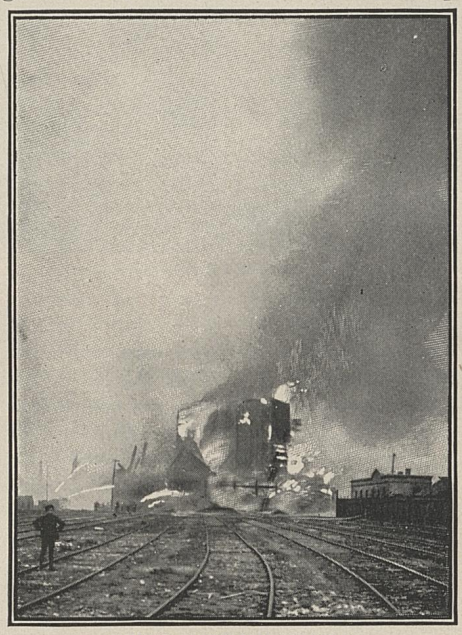
Liverpool, Glasgow, London, Hull, Newcastle, Bristol and Cardiff in the United Kingdom, are the chief milling

points, and, as to capacities, stand in about the order named. Their mills operate principally upon imported wheat, but the total product barely suffices to feed London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

Canada is forcing her way to the front. She grinds a goodly part of her crop; and one system has three mills in Montreal, one in Winnipeg, one in Seaforth and one at Goderich, producing nine thousand barrels of flour a day.

All told, the mills of the world will grind out, as this year's completed reports will show, about three hundred and sixty-one million barrels of wheaten flour. Of that amount the Anglo-Saxon race will have used one hundred and eighty-nine million; the Latins, ninety-five million; the Germans, sixty million, and the Slavs, seventeen million.

To supply the raw material to all the mills that furnish flour to the five hundred and ten million bread-eating people of the world, is one of the most interesting phases of this great problem, and the one that, according to such distinguished authorities as Mr. C. Wood Davis and Sir William Crookes, comes nearest being unsolved of them all.



WHEAT ELEVATOR ON FIRE.

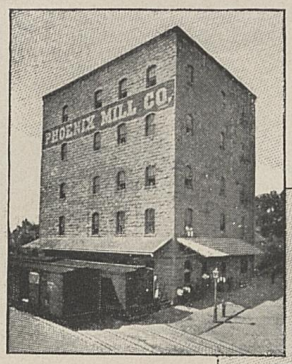
Our total American wheat crop for 1897, reported by the Department of Agriculture statisticians—and allowances must be made for at least eight per cent. more of unreported products — was 530,149,168 bushels, valued at $428,547,121, and raised upon 39,465,066 acres; or an average yield of thirteen and four-tenths bushels per acre.

Minnesota comes at the head of the list with nearly sixty million bushels. Kansas is next in mammoth yield, with forty-eight million bushels, and Ohio next, with thirty-eight million. Connecticut carries off the tail prize, with but three thousand bushels.

The 1896 world's wheat crop was: North America, 476,493,000 bushels; South America, 66,000,000; Europe, 1,484,301,000; Asia, 339,397,000; Africa, 38,400,000; Australasia, 25,906,000—a grand total of 2,430,497,000 bushels.

Sir William Crookes, by elaborate tables, attempts to show that while the bread-eating population of the world is ever increasing at an enormous ratio, the wheat-yielding territories are in no wise keeping pace to supply it, and, that, with the annual deficits of wheat always increasing, by 1931 most of us will have to begin cutting down upon our bread-eating proclivities and the poor will have to try something else.

His argument, though plausible and well put, loses weight by his statement that "practically there remains no uncultivated prairie-land in the United States, suitable for wheat-raising," which we know to be without foundation. There are vast available and untouched lands in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Washington, Oregon, Kansas and Iowa, and thousands upon thousands of acres in the South that have not lately produced wheat simply because they could yield something more profitable. Let there be a noticeable deficit one year and wheat go up to a paying price, and we shall see the farmers planting that grain on their present acres and acquiring virgin soil in which to plant more. To us it seems simply a case of demand and an adequate supply, and not even a remote possibility of an inadequacy of supply for any demand. Note, for instance, one farm that is being planted now in California—twenty-five thousand acres, or forty square miles, of wheat in one field, near Clovis—a farm that will employ one thousand horses, and that is being



A SIX-HUNDRED-BARREL MILL.



A TYPICAL SMALL ELEVATOR IN THE WEST.



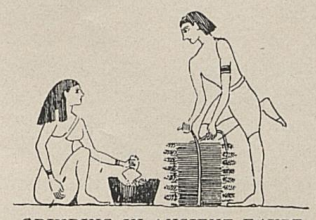
A FIVE-HUNDRED-BARREL MILL.

turned into wheat simply because there was a good demand and a prospect of fair price near by.

During three weeks' time, a month or so ago, we shipped 20,300,000 bushels of wheat and 12,265,000 bushels of corn, as against 17,300,000 bushels of wheat and 11,700,000 of corn during the corresponding time last year. It will be remembered that the 1897 crop in Europe was the smallest for many years and that the 1898 crop was above the normal, yet Europe is getting more wheat from us now than it did in 1897, and that, too, without materially advancing prices here—which would tend to show the marvelous grain-producing capacity of this country.

But while we know that there is land enough in our own territory to supply all our demands and still permit us to export our usual quota of food grains, and that the same conditions obtain elsewhere, we must admit that there is at present a growing decrease in wheat acreage and supply, and that concerted steps should be taken, the world over, to wrestle with that problem and to solve it.

Mr. J. R. Dodge, a long-time statistician of the Department of Agriculture, says, in refutation of Sir William Crookes's arguments, that the present annual requirement for bread is 2,324,000,000 bushels, and that the total crop this year, the smallest of seven years, is 2,214,000,000 as against Sir William's figure of 1,921,000,000 bushels. Further, that the average crop since 1890 has been 2,477,845,000 bushels, leaving 150,000,000 excess bushels for other than bread purposes.

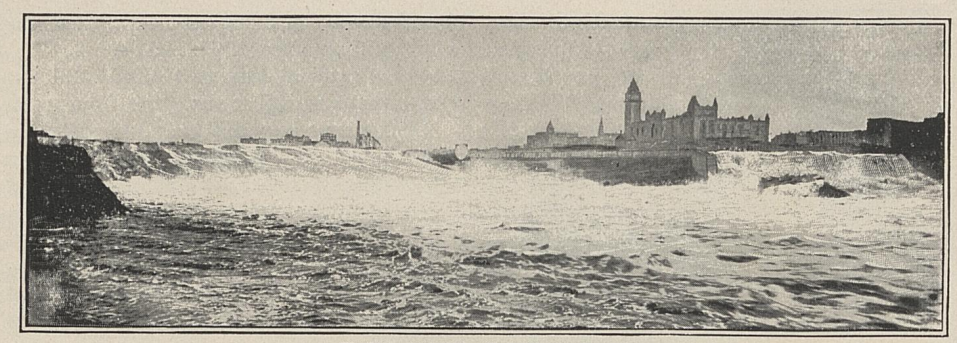


GRINDING IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Diplomacy and statistics run hand in hand, however. It would appear that in either, the plain, seemingly tangible facts can be arranged to suit the purposes of the individual handling them—and with perfect truthfulness. Take, for instance, Mr. C. Wood Davis's facts and figures. He has spent over ten years in gathering them, and they are vitally interesting, even if somewhat alarming. He shows us that in 1877 there were 397,000,000 bread-eaters in the world; that there was an available supply of wheat from that year's crop and remainders from former harvests of 1,892,000,000 bushels, and that there were needed for food and seed only 1,744,000,000 bushels. In 1897, with 510,000,000 bread-eaters, there were required for food and seed, at the same ratio per capita, 2,310,000,000 bushels, while there was a supply from all sources of only 1,999,000,000 bushels. In 1894, with 490,800,000 bread-eaters, there was a supply of 2,571,000,000 bushels and a demand for 2,234,000,000 bushels. Mr. Davis furthermore tells us—and, unlike some other statements experts have made,



MILLERS OF BRITTANY.



WATER-POWER AT MINNEAPOLIS.

his averments are borne out by facts that are accessible to any one who takes the trouble to inquire—that so great has been the increase in bread-eaters in these latter years that it necessitates annual additions to the bread supply nearly one-half greater than sufficed twenty-five years ago, and yet, despite this, no additions have been made to the aggregate wheat-bearing area since 1880, and not an acre has been added to the combined area under wheat and rye since 1884; and in the United States alone there are some 5,400,000 acres less of wheat in 1897 than there were in 1884. The most significant thing about this exhibit is the fact that even the enormous crop of 1894 would be 70,000,000 bushels less than the requirements of the coming harvest year, and an average crop, plus possible imports from Asia and North Africa, would be quite 300,000,000 bushels less than the requirements of 1898-99.

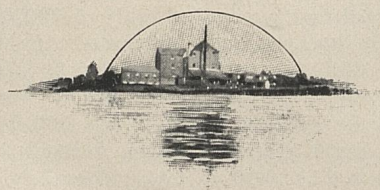
The 1897 reports of other cereals, some of which may be classed as breadstuffs, are worthy of note.

There were 1,902,967,933 bushels of corn, valued at $501,072,952, raised on 80,095,051 acres, or twenty-three and eight-tenths bushels per acre; Nebraska in the lead, with 241,268,490 bushels, and Illinois and Iowa close seconds, raising, respectively, 232,928,085 and 220,089,149 bushels.

Of oats we raised 698,767,809 bushels, worth $147,974,719, from 25,730,375 acres. In this grain Iowa was the banner state, being credited with 103,721,100 bushels.

We raised 66,685,127 bushels of barley, valued at $25,142,159, from 2,719,116 acres, and California carried off the palm with 20,277,927 bushels. We had 27,363,324 bushels of rye, worth $12,239,647, from 1,703,561 acres, Pennsylvania yielding the most among the states, 5,355,226 bushels. And of buckwheat we raised 14,997,451 bushels, valued at $6,319,188, from 717,836 acres, New York, at the head of the list, furnishing 5,667,310 bushels.

These figures are not at all reassuring, and we Americans should give our closest attention to that one unsolved phase of the problem, the assuring of a bread supply for future generations—on whose account our foreign cousins so often accuse us of being *rather* unsolicitous.



FOR MAIDS AND MOTHERS.

II.—HOW MISS MIGGS FITTED HERSELF FOR MATRIMONY.

By Frances Courtenay Baylor.

SARAH was the daughter of John her father; and John Miggs was a man with a history. He had been born to one fortune, through which he contrived to run before he was thirty. He had married another, of which he also disposed before he was forty. He had made a third, and was living in handsome style, when his daughter's twenty-second birthday came around. It was an important day for Sarah for more than one reason. Richard Cobb, who had been attentive to her for a year, addressed her on that very day, and was accepted. And when Sarah got back to her own little den that evening, she sat herself down to think of all that had happened, as was only natural. She continued for a month to come to think of all that it involved, not with the romantic and, it must be confessed, selfish day-dreams of most girls—not at all—but in her own independent, strong fashion, all her honest, humble heart bent upon making Richard happy, and doing her full duty by Richard's twins—little girls of four.

When she came to examine her qualifications for the office to which she aspired, she became aware of one fact which, with startling clearness, presented itself at every turn, and that was that she was not fit for it at all. She told Richard so, the next time he called. But the man was very much in love and he pooh-poohed the idea.

Before a man marries he requires so little of his sweetheart, "but after he is married he will need so much from his wife," argued Sarah to herself, after he had gone. "And I am not going to be a failure, a fraud, as a wife. I am going to keep my contract. I am going to do my duty. I am going to look this thing square in the face, and live up to it. And when I am married I am going to take charge of Dick and his house and his children just as if I were a lawyer taking a case, or a merchant setting up a store, or a captain taking command of a ship. Marriage is a business when one comes to think of it. And a pretty serious business most people find it, unless I am much mistaken. I am devoted to Richard. Richard is devoted to me. But that isn't enough. Dick has got to be an insurance agent—a successful one. I have got to be a successful wife, a mother, a seamstress, a housekeeper, a cook, a lady, a nurse, a housemaid and a half-dozen things besides, like all American women.

"Now what am I to do? Set out, start, enlist, contract, just as I am? Impossible! Nonsense! I know what I shall do. I shall make what my Catholic friends call a novitiate. I shall learn how to be every one of these things, the lady excepted, before I marry Dick.

"Poor darling! His first wife lived in wrappers and novels, and let everything go to the bow-wows. I dined there once and his dinner would have killed an ostrich. The twins have tumbled up and 'growed' like Topsy. The cook helped herself and all her relations. The tradespeople sent what they pleased, and charged what they liked. And now the poor fellow has taken it into his precious old head and heart to marry me. And I don't know a thing!

"Father was poor once, and I might have learned to be of some use in the world if that state of affairs had lasted, but I was a child, and though he is now rich, he speculates, I know; therefore I can't count on inheriting a cent. I don't mean to look forward to being anything but poor—comparatively—for the rest of my life. Father has retired to a back street and a clerk's place twice already. Some day he'll go for the third and last time, and all this luxury will go with him. Well, I know what I shall do. We can't be married for a year. I am going to qualify. How shall I do it?"

This was as far as Sarah got that time. But she returned to the subject that day, and the next, and the next, until at last she had fully made up her mind and had planned her campaign.

"Let me review the situation. I'll take the *cans* first. I can row, play golf and tennis well, fence, dance, skate. Much

good they'll do me or Dick, or the twins either, for that matter! I can dress well—extravagantly—alas, poor Richard! Well, I give up all idea of having my things from Paris and London from this moment. I can play the piano well, and music is a kind of mild, mitigated noise for Richard, and where am I to get three hours a day for practising?—and if I don't practise I can't play a bit, for I am not a natural musician at all. I can paint (atrociously) on china, and bad art is like bad music. I can speak French and German, but Dick talks good American only, like the good American that he is, and there is nothing better in the shape of *a man*. I can flirt—every woman can; but my heart never was in that kind of thing, and Richard is not the man to allow it for one moment; besides, the twins will grow up after a while and I've got to be an example. I can lead the german, but I never expect to go to another after I'm married: the German (cook or maid) will be leading me if I don't look out—a pretty dance, truly. I can ride and drive, but we can't afford horses.

"Now for the *can'ts*. I can't dress myself. My maid attends to all my buttons and strings, puts away my things, does my hair, does my dresses over. I'll discharge her to-morrow. I don't even take care of my hands; the manicure woman will have to look elsewhere for another customer after this. I can't cook a *thing*. I have no idea of how to make coffee even or fry eggs—nice that for poor Dick. I can't keep house—I have never kept my keys, and I have no idea this minute how much of anything to give out for any meal, and as to the care of glass, silver, china, linen, Dick's children are quite as experienced—how admirably American girls are all educated, to be sure—so *practically*.

"I can't sew, either on the machine or with my fingers. I never made a garment for myself or anybody else in my whole life. I can't even direct servants, for I have no idea what they ought to do, how they ought to do it, how long they ought to be accomplishing it. I can't take care of children, big or little—at least—I could try. But I am sorry for the children! It is something awful to become the head of a household out of hand on a moment's notice! Well! I'll go to school and learn how. I've got some money of my own. I'll spend it in that way.

"I shall postpone my marriage for one year, no matter *what* Dick says. I shall take the family into my confidence. I shall begin as a cook—my great novitiate—and go to a cooking-school. Well! isn't it a great thing to be a good wife and mother? Is anything more worth while, I'd like to know? Not society, college, athletics, professions—no—*nothing*. I don't want to have a Work with a capital W. I don't want a Mission with a capital M. I don't want to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or a trained nurse, or a society leader, or a globe-trotter, or a tea-trotter, or an author, or an artist, or a Sorosis, or a reformer. I love Richard. I am going, please heaven, to marry Richard. I was born old-fashioned, I suppose. If I've got to have capitals, I shall be a Wife—a Mother. I am going to stay at home and mind my own business strictly. It is as fine a business as there is, and I've got the best sort of partner in it, and a good, if unenlightened, mind to give to it.

"Now then—*first* a cook. 'We can live without love, we can live without books, but civilized man cannot live without cooks,' and Richard is eminently civilized. I hope I shall be an improvement on mama's cousin's Bridget, who has had eight years at a public school and on being asked to cook crabs, said she knew the habitat of the crab, but had no idea how to *cook* one, or like Susan Mallory's colored specimen in Charleston, who, when rebuked for failing to get the simplest dinner in five hours (another public-school graduate), flourished her dish-cloth fantastically and remarked: 'Well, as Longfellow says, "art is long and time is fleeting."' I've laughed over such stories often. I now see that most women, myself included, are not educated at all. No woman is who does not know everything that a woman ought to know, and can't do all a woman ought to do, be she young or old, rich or poor, black, white or copper-colored! As for me, I shall disappear from society for a year. I shall take lessons for three months in a cooking-school and go out for a month in service to see what a cook's life is, what her duties are, how she ought to be treated. Then I shall, I think, go next to an or-

phan asylum and learn the care of healthy children; then to a hospital to take care of sick ones; then I shall apprentice myself to a dressmaker and learn how to sew, and go as maid to the housekeeper at one of the big hotels and learn all about household management. And then I shall marry my Richard with a clear conscience and be happy ever after!''

She unfolded her little plan to her parents, and, having led them around by the nose for the past twenty-two years, she finally, after some brisk skirmishing and strong debates, secured their consent—on certain conditions. She was to report to them every week. She was to fall back upon them if she got into any trouble; she was to ask them for help whenever she needed it.

On hearing this, Sarah rose up from a dainty breakfast-table, napkin in hand, and embraced them both, called them ''sensible dears'' and ''perfect ducks,'' swore them to absolute secresy, and sat down again delighted. ''Not a word to Dick, mama, above all! That would ruin everything! Remember, I rely upon you. I shall be here every Saturday to see him as usual—he can run up from Trenton only once a week, you know. And I shall write to him every day to keep him quiet. And I shall tell him all about it when I have graduated! Oh! you dear, delightful things! What a fuss most parents would make about it! Parents always do make a row when their children strike out for themselves. I never loved you so much. You know that I can take care of myself perfectly. You see what I mean and why I want this experience, and you just let me go ahead and take my own way, without a regular flare-up. I'd take it anyway, if you did; but this is so much nicer,'' declared this strong-minded and strong-willed young person, with enthusiasm.

''When do you go, Sarah?'' asked Mrs. Miggs, with great meekness and mournfulness.

''To-morrow, my dear mamsey. And don't you be blue about it. You'll get stout and cheerful over my adventures yet. To-morrow—off comes all this finery, these diamonds, this watch, this fine gown, these frills and laces, these ribands and fallals—all the whole lot—and you will see Bridget the cook instead of Miss Sarah Anastasia Miggs.''

Sarah was not one of those who hesitate and look back. She was knocking at the door of a Sixth avenue cooking-school by ten next morning, arrayed in a neat print dress and a sailor hat, a bundle under her arm containing a new checked apron, into which she whisked as soon as she was registered, had paid her fees, and been sent to join a class.

Even in this guise she was a strikingly handsome girl, and the teacher at once observed her—noticed her intelligence, her alertness, her memory, her earnestness as she rolled up her sleeves, knitted her brows, and took her first lesson in bread-making. The habits, the manners, the cachet, of good society clung to her, of course, and though she said little and



worked like a Trojan, taking two lessons morning and night, daily for three months, the clever woman in charge often said to herself, ''That girl is a lady.''

''Are you going into mission work?'' she asked Sarah once, unable wholly to subdue her curiosity.

''Well, yes. When I can afford to, in my own family. But I don't know enough yet. And when I get my certificate as a good plain cook I mean to take a place until I can go home, and do you know of any one who wants one? And will you recommend me?'' replied Sarah, who fully believed that truth is always the thing to be told, and far more baffling than falsehood—adroitly worded.

The lady did know of a place, at her boarding-house in Brooklyn — a small

boarding-house, she said, full of the most respectable people. She would recommend Sarah, and she did. But Sarah drew the line at a boarding-house, and scanned the papers.

The result was that, her course finished, the next day saw her installed as cook in "a small private family," in Harlem. Sarah had found out that the family consisted of an old gentleman, an old lady, and their widowed daughter. "There were no men about and I took it," she said to her mother the following week. She regarded the old gentleman as a sentimental and domestic non-combatant.

It was a sight to see Sarah back in her own room, which represented a small fortune, arrayed in a costly tea-gown, clasping her hands around her knee and discoursing of her adventures.

"They keep a maid—another Sarah, if you please—Sarah Clancy, from Cork, with a sweetheart in the north of Ireland. We share the same room."

"You *don't*, Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Miggs, in horror.

"Oh, yes, we do. And a neater, sweeter, prettier girl you never beheld, mama. She does me all sorts of good turns. And she is a dear, good girl. And much more of a lady than lots of girls I know, and I positively love her. Her brogue is so delicious, her ignorance so refreshing, her heart so good. She cleans my kettles for me when I am busy, and calls me a darlint, and has told me all about herself."

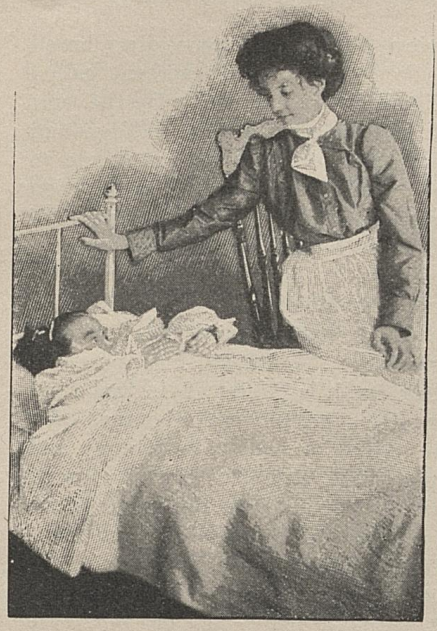
"Cleans your kettles, Sarah?" gasped Mrs. Miggs.

"Yes, of course. I clean them myself like anything, with a chain. And I carry up three meals a day to my old lady, and two a day to my old gentleman, and answer the bell every afternoon, and sweep out front, and do four bedrooms, and cook the meals, and keep the furnace going, and do fifty things besides. And that cat of a widow says I'm lazy—I heard her!—and rings her bell for me to bring her up an envelope, and sends me on errands and makes me wash out her stockings and handkerchiefs for nothing. And she grumbles from morning till night. An angel couldn't satisfy her. And she objects to the other Sarah's going to church, and hates to have me sit down five minutes.

"I wonder how we've been treating *our* cooks, mama, all these years. I've only been there a week and my back is almost broken, and my legs, oh, how they ache! And all for fourteen dollars a month. Think of it. Of course, I shall be off at the end of the month. I guess I've learned how to treat a cook already. But think of living that life for years and years—just drudge, drudge, drudge—no presents, no play, no pay to speak of, and that for a mistress who doesn't care a pin whether you live or die. If you get sick, she sends you to the hospital, and that if you have lived with her fifteen years and done your full duty. If you die, the city buries you; if you live, she repeats the charming experiment. Yes, I think I know what it is to be a servant now. I'll not expect mine to have brass backs, and as many legs as a centipede, to eat the scraps from the upstairs dinner, to lodge in a bare garret, to sleep on a knobby mattress, to rise at five o'clock, sick or well, winter or summer, with small wages, and scant thanks or no thanks for a service that extends from then until 10 P.M. and embraces a dozen kinds of work.

"I looked around my room this morning in perfect disgust, for I am in a rich family; and I registered a solemn vow to make my servants both comfortable and happy. The truth is that, in order to have common sense and common feeling and common humanity and decency, no one, in my opinion, should be allowed to be either rich or poor for more than two years running, *by law*. Capital and labor would lie down together like millennial lambs from that moment. The poor would know what it is to be rich. The rich would know what it is to be poor. And everything and everybody would be the better for it. You don't enjoy your bed, mama, a bit—you are used to it. But when I get into mine to-night it will feel like heaven." She yawned prodigiously and retired after this.

The following week she took up the thread of her adventures. "We have elaborate Sunday dinners, you must know—my old people are spiritualists, and they ask their friends and talk table-tipping and appearances and knockings and tappings and rappings until poor Irish Sarah



almost has a fit. And the work is twice as hard as on week-days. I counted eighteen interruptions between breakfast and dinner. And if there is a thing that flesh and blood cannot bear, it is to be called off in that way, when busy. We have got a medium staying with us now, and she has all *her* meals taken upstairs—three sets now. How delightfully kind and considerate employers can be when they try!''

The third week it was: ''I gave notice to-day, in grand style. I very nearly laughed out. I said I was sorry to leave such a good place, where I had so little to do, and people made so much of me, and paid me so well, and treated me so considerately, but that my mother was sick—you are always sick, you know, mama—and so on. And do you know, 'The Cat' never suspected that I was chaffing her. She evidently thinks herself a model mistress. She only said: 'You are quite right. But, of course, you can't expect to be paid if you leave like this.' Take my word for it, mama, my plan is the only one. Two years a servant; two a mistress: result, satisfaction all around. I have learned my little lesson, and I will be home next week.''

She arrived in due season.

''Well,'' said her mother, ''I hope you have had enough of your famous scheme by this time, Sarah.''

''Not I, mama. I am only going to stay with you a week, and get some working clothes. *Our* clothes are no good. Got enough? Why, I've just begun! Here ends the first chapter only. And I have learned a lot, I can tell you. I can bake and roast and stew and boil and fry with anybody. I can make delicious coffee and good bread. My pastry is admirable, my soups are excellent, my puddings toothsome, my omelettes worthy of France. Why, I am twice the woman I was when I left home. *That* girl was a wax doll, a child, a gump—I mean to be, first and before all things, a woman, and a capable woman at that. And I have learned a great deal besides of life. I never shall be able again to respect the woman who can do nothing—no matter how beautifully she does it. When the lily of the field tells me she can neither toil nor spin—she can't even hem a pocket-handkerchief—I shall long to slap her. I am like Bernhardt—'J'adore les gens qui travaillent.' ''



''What would be thought of you in our set if all this were known—if society knew where you have been and what you have been doing?'' said Mrs. Miggs. ''Really, Sarah, you are too eccentric.''

''Don't talk to me of a set, mama. A set to me is worse than a coffin. I like to know everybody. I am just as much interested in a laundress as I could possibly be in a duchess. I like the Atlantic better than any artificial lake that was ever made. I wasn't born to be rich and exclusive. It is so vulgar—especially here in New York. And if society never had anything worse to talk of than *my* escapades, I for one should be thankful. Anyway, I have got my own ideas and plans. I have to get ready to be Mrs. Richard, you see. And next week I go to

an orphan asylum as assistant. I must be in at nine. I can't have any followers or flounces. I can't have a bang. I must go to the Swedenborgian church. I am expected to wear a cap, and to say 'Ma'am' to the matrons. I am to take charge of a ward containing twenty-five orphans — all too small to wipe their little noses or shut the door. Congratulate me, mama,'' replied Sarah, running her hand wildly through a curly, beautiful fringe which was Richard's especial admiration. ''I have all the amusement without any of the publicity of an actress's life. I shall have to dress the part, too. Where is the bandoline? I'll ring for Marie.''

''Oh, you absurd child! What will you do next?'' commented Mrs. Miggs, while Marie began operations by fetching a peignoir for mademoiselle. ''Your father ought not to allow this. As for me, I can do nothing.''

The following Monday saw Sarah installed in her orphan asylum, and all day long she was trotting after her little charges with brisk good humor, giving this, refusing that, ordering the other, under the direction of the matron.

So Sarah went flying here and there. She had to answer hundreds of questions every day. She had to learn how many buttons and strings go to a child's make-up, and sew them on as well. She had to keep the children amused by telling them stories. She had to stop fights, and mediate in quarrels. She had to learn how fatal dirty bottles are to teething babies, and had to walk them and sing to them, and dress and undress them, all day long. She had to wash the little faces without getting soap in the long-lashed eyes, the round, open mouths. She had to keep them out of the fire, to drag them back from staircases, to watch that little fingers were not jammed in doors, that little shoes were properly blacked and laced. She had to learn all about drafts, and screens, and coverings, and shaded night-lights. She had to see the children were not overtired, or overexcited, or feverish; that they ate enough, but not too much, and regularly. She had to repair rips and holes and put on patches; to clean one garment, and sponge another, and turn a third. She had to learn to love all the ''tiresome, dirty brood of brats,'' as the second assistant called them. And she did it, too. By the time a month had gone by, all the toddlers and prattlers turned to Sarah as flowers do to the sun. And great was the satisfaction of the matron, and great the amusement of Mr. and Mrs. Miggs, when Sarah related her experience in this new field.

''I told Mrs. Harrington-Brown that you were studying hard,'' said Mrs. Miggs. ''And she said: 'Sociology, I suppose. I know dear Sarah is interested in that kind of thing. Or is it ethnology or botany? My girls are taking a course in zoology and philosophy with Professor Zweitbraunen, at Munich, now, and are delighted to be putting in their time so usefully and making the best of themselves.' ''

''That is just what I am doing, mama. I've got through roastology and boilology and bakology, and now I am taking a course of patchology and darnology and childology. And you can't think how fond I've grown of my brigade, as I call them. I have the green uniforms, and Miss Mufflin has the red, and you should see the difference. That woman is a greedy, lazy, selfish wretch, and she just hates those poor little things. I mean to report her when I leave. I am not supposed to have anything to do with the reds, but half the time I go to their rescue, she is so coarse and careless. But we need ten women in each of those wards. And when I think of all the girls I know who are looking for Missions and Work, and praying not to find them, and sitting around all mopes and discontent waiting to marry somebody—almost anybody—I just wish I could send a couple of policemen and march the girls all down and put them at work in that ward, and give them *one* year of usefulness to remember, anyway, forever after. Those fifty children to wash and dress, and button and unbutton, and feed, and watch and tend, would take the nervous prostration and society nonsense and sentimental jimjams out of them sooner than anything else. I am going to be a true woman.

''I heard of a nurse's place in Bellevue this morning, and shall apply for duty next month. Of course, I haven't time to take the full course. But I can learn *something*,

I know. You don't know how queer it feels to be nobody, mama. I mean, nobody in particular. I used to bridle up when our matron called me 'Sally' or 'Miggs,' and told me to scrub off a table or do the grate, and look sharp about it, too. But I remembered Dick and my beloved novitiate, and that always pulls me up in time and keeps me from being a fool. Our matron is good enough to say I am one of the best help she has ever had; I feel more flattered than I can say by *that*."

"But it must be awfully hard work, Sarah," remarked Mrs. Miggs. "I can't think how you stand it."

"But you seem to thrive on it, old girl. I believe your head is level in all this; hanged if I don't. Let the good work go on, by all means!" exclaimed Mr. Miggs, laying down his newspaper. "You are like me, Sarah; you've got boldness, fire, dash."

"Well, I don't want to be bold, and I object to being a cat's-paw, and I want to see where I am dashing," replied Sarah, not without intention. "I am sure I am right in this, though. When I was at home, I always had a headache or indigestion or blues or something. And now, look what a color I've got. And I sleep like a top, and eat potatoes—peelings and all—and handle a broom like a good one, and if I were a fashionable doctor I should make all my society patients do their own work, up to forty, certainly. Work doesn't hurt a woman a bit—it is worry that kills us out in no time. One month, mama, and then I am off to a hospital. I was paid off to-day. Here, I will show you. Fifteen dollars. Only fifteen dollars, but it is all honest money. It doesn't go far, though. Not many tailor-made costumes in it, are there?"



"O! it is all too perfectly absurd for anything, Sarah. I don't care to discuss it. Is that all they gave you?"

"Yes. And you know I promised myself not to be tacking back to you and father for everything, but go the whole business. Well, I must be off. We shut up at nine o'clock, you know," concluded the indomitable young person.

"Won't you have Marie to go with you?" said Mrs. Miggs.

"Call a cab," suggested Mr. Miggs.

"Not I. I belong to the masses now, thank you. And the masses don't need, can't afford, Maries and cabs. I am not afraid."

Sarah the enterprising next apprenticed herself to a dressmaker. She confessed her ignorance, and was told that she looked "smart" and set to learn to use a sewing-machine and to bind dresses, at Miss Todd's. Not a fashionable dressmaker, in spite of a sign that distinctly insisted on this fact, Miss Todd yet had plenty of work, and was a kindly, cheery, capable young woman, good to her force of eight young women and very patient with Sarah, whom she put through her course of cutting, fitting, lining, braiding, buttonhole-working, sleeve-making, skirt-hanging, trimming, with great energy and much skill.

"I knew you were smart," she said to Sarah one day, as they all sat in the back parlor behind closed doors, partaking of the weak green tea, alum-bread and butterine, so calculated to fit them for nine hours of hard, continuous labor. "I told you so when you first came. And you are real good-looking, too. You can set up for yourself some day, maybe, and perhaps I'll give you some fine dresses to make. I never have time to do them. I'm disgraceful now—just look at my elbow, all out."

"Thank you," remarked Sarah. "But I'm not going to set up for one, but for two. I'm going to be married."

"*Married*—how disgusting! What do you want to get married for? That is the way of it. The moment I get a good hand, she either becomes my rival and sets up across the way or goes and gets married. I'm done with them. And you with such

nice taste, too! I could better spare any of the others. I can't think wherever you learned how to combine colors and trim up as you do. Don't go. I'll raise your wages to three dollars a week if you'll stay,'' cried Miss Todd.

But Sarah, who had begun at two dollars a week and her lunch, only smiled and thanked her, saying: ''You are awfully good. And you've taught me a lot, and I'm very much obliged to you for being so patient with me when I cut two sleeves out for one arm and ruined your stuff, and got such poor fits after cutting from a chart, and put bindings on all drawn up and ruffles twice too full, and worked awful buttonholes, and sewed crooked seams, and broke the sewing-machine. I've eaten for three, and did shameful work at first.''

''But you are first-rate now,'' exclaimed the two consumptives and the stout Jewess who shared the sumptuous repast before them. ''You sew beautifully. You can make any dress.''

''You must bring your young man to see us when you are married!'' cried Miss Todd. ''What's his name?''

''Richard,'' said Sarah, and blushed like any other girl.

''My beau is named Reginald Huntington,'' said the thinnest and palest of the consumptives, with pride. ''It is a very high old name. The family has seen better days.''

''And mine's named Ezekiel Moses,'' said the stout Jewess, ''and we are going into the furniture business soon.''

''Well, that is the highest old name of all,'' cried Sarah gayly, as she rose from the table. ''I wish you joy, Miriam.''

''Come, girls—when you get talking of your beaus the work gets hours behind,'' remarked Miss Todd, leading the way into the front parlor, ''and dark comes so soon these days.''

''I've learned not only how to be a dressmaker, but a customer, at Miss Todd's, mama,'' was Sarah's comment on this episode at home. ''Of all the trying, selfish, undecided, exasperating, maddening things on the face of the earth, give me a vulgar middle-class woman having a dress made. I didn't mind working that nine hours a day for a few months on starvation wages and fare. But the intense exasperations I've stood for hours with a mouth full of pins trying to pinch in a human meal-bag! I've taken out a sleeve six times to please her—or rather to please Miss Todd. I've altered the cut and the fit and the skirt and the body and the trimming and everything else that could be altered, until I was nearly crazy, and worked overhours, and taken incredible pains, and then had to rip up the whole thing and begin all over again, to save Miss Todd from loss. There was one woman who would only give her six dollars for making a dress, and got six hundred out of every one of us. Finally I glared at her so, and scared her so, that she dared say no more and went home as meek as a lamb. And, O mama! those poor girls over their lunch will just haunt me. Miriam's sister works at a sweater's and gets twenty-eight cents apiece for men's ulsters and a dollar fifty a dozen for ladies' wrappers, and Jenny's evenings are often spent in making men's shirts at seventy-five cents a dozen. This is an awful world—awful. I felt almost ashamed to be so well and happy and well-to-do there. And won't I astonish them some day by paying them *properly* for their work. I've sent Miss Todd a black silk for Christmas anonymously. And I've ordered the nearest grocer to send them something toothsome and nourishing for luncheon every day for six months from 'a lady patron.' Don't talk to me about charities. Give me common Christian honesty and justice. Six dollars for a whole suit, lined and braided! I'm going to make you a dress, some day, see if I don't. I am awfully glad to know how to do anything I want to with a needle, I tell you. And now that I know the poor, I don't know how to treat them 'like a lady' at all. I just love them, and treat them exactly like other ladies—which, of course, is shocking. Dear Jenny! Mama, when I think of her patience, her labors, her unselfish sweetness—of her life altogether, from childhood up—and think of mine—of the lives of most people of my class—I can't help wishing that all the rich would at some time of their lives make a novitiate like mine. And then, let people say what they will, there could not be

such lives as Jenny's—it would be an impossibility. We should understand *values*—the essential coldness, narrowness, pharisaism, selfishness, of our standards, creeds, habits—they would be able to form some intelligent idea of God and heaven by the goodness of His creatures. I have thought and thought of these things. And I did say I wouldn't have a Mission—that Dick was enough for me. But I must do something for working-girls—I *must*. I shall—*burst* if I don't.''



''Good heavens, child! How you talk! I've seen a great many poor people, and they seemed all right enough,'' said Mrs. Miggs, quite alarmed by such earnestness in her impulsive daughter, hitherto the gayest of the gay.

'' 'Right enough!' Oh, you haven't heard the stifled sighs; you haven't seen the pale cheeks, the sordid homes; you haven't known the gentle, patient creatures, that I have. Milly Moore thanking God for the death of the mother she adored, her only living relative, because she couldn't support her any longer. The poor ask us for bread and we give them a stone; they come to us for love and encouragement, and we give their dying hearts *our* charity, icy, critical, scanty—never give a loving word, never give a tear, hardly ever a prayer. They pour out their heart's blood in ill-paid toil, that sweaters may make millions and rich women revel in what they call 'bargains.' We employ the poor, patronize them, lecture them, ridicule them, despise them, misunderstand them—but we do not love them. Ah, no! I have learned to do so and I thank God for it. You see, our lives are so thoroughly artificial, so restricted by customs and conventions, that we know nothing of the wonderful millions around us, the great heart of our kind.

''I never thought much of the pink tea and the horse show and the cotillion business. It was neither work nor play; it had no *reality* about it; and the fools so flourished and delighted in it that, young as I was, I never really liked the life of the idle-rich, the selfish-rich, the snobbish-rich, only the dear and lovely-rich people like Mrs. Nichols. But since I have known what love is—what work is—what life is for the many, why, I should as soon think of playing jack-straws and leap-frog all my life as of devoting it exclusively to *that* kind of thing. A rattle is a lively thing for a baby, but after thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy——? Falling in love with Dick has been my salvation. It makes me sick to see Mrs. Donsall at threescore and ten rouged and wigged, and showing all her false teeth, and talking like the frivolous old imbecile that she is, at an afternoon tea or reception. I dare say I'd have been just such another, but for Richard. She said at the Wares's yesterday that in spite of the blizzard she was determined to come in that Olympe gown if she had to be taken there in a coffin—nice speech for a great-grandmother. An English Lady Kew is bad enough, but an American one is infinitely worse—worlds sillier and more godless.''

Miss Miggs's concluding experience was taken, not at a hotel as she had at first planned, but in the house of a notable New England housekeeper with a superb place in Massachusetts, who innocently and ignorantly engaged her and put her through ''a course of sprouts.'' As house- and parlor-maid Sarah stayed with her for two months. ''And what she doesn't know about cleaning paint and washing windows and mending linen and giving dinners, housekeeping and cleaning and

furnishing, is not worth knowing,'' she said. ''I've always known of her socially, but you should see her in her own house. That woman could govern a kingdom. She would grace a court. She is all that is good, too, as well as all that is charming. And she has taught me no end. She was both strict and indulgent, economical and liberal, aristocratic and democratic, this-worldly and other-worldly—you must know her.

''And now my story's done, as Jack a Nory remarked. I've finished the great novitiate, and learned a thousand things that I did not set out to learn, and all that I did learn I wouldn't take a fortune in exchange for it—it *is* a fortune, indeed. I can now conscientiously consent to marry the best man, and mother his children, and I've just sent Dick a line to tell him that I am at home again for good, which, being translated, means that he can make me Mrs. Richard just as soon as he likes.''

As Mrs. Richard, rather than Mrs. Cobb, Miss Miggs that was is well known and heartily admired to-day in New York. People say of her that she has made Mr. Cobb ''*such* a capable, helpful, sensible wife''; that she is making him rich as well as happy—she brings and keeps such friends about him; that she is a most level-headed and warm-hearted, delightful friend herself, which is probably the reason. Men especially affect her society. A certain working-girls' club is a model for all such institutions, so hearty, so human is it. And Mrs. Richard numbers among her truest friends some of its members. And she has, she declares, the best servants in New York.

OF THE GOLDEN AGE.

By Louise Imogen Guiney.

From all known life apart,
A youth prayed, sick at heart:

"Recall for me, recall
The time more true and ample;
The world whereon I trample,
How tortuous and small!
Behold, I tire of all.

"Once, gods in jeweled mail
Through greenwood ways invited;
There now the moon is blighted,
And mosses long and pale
On lifeless cedars trail."

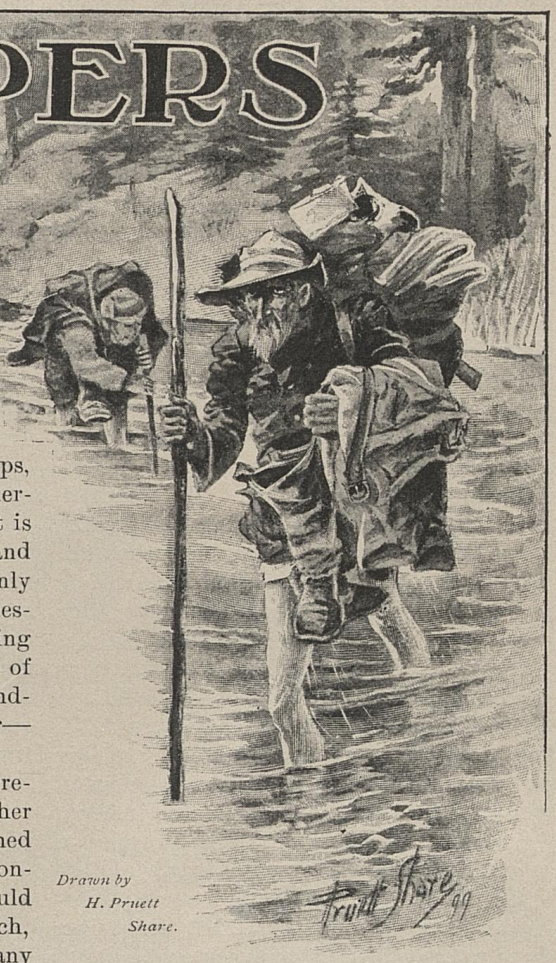
Then They who lent him ear
Whispered a word austere:

"Child, keep this good unrest!
But give to thine own story
Simplicity with glory;
To greatness, dispossessed,
Dominion of thy breast.

"In abstinence, in pride,
Thou, who from Folly's boldest
Thy sacred eye withholdest,
Another morn shalt ride
At Agamemnon's side."

TRAMPERS ON THE TRAIL.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.



Drawn by H. Pruett Share.

THERE were men on foot who dared the trail. They were not tramps, but trampers. A tramp would not undertake such desperate business as this. It is a thousand miles (as the trail doubles and twists) from Ashcroft to Glenora, with only one "eating station" after leaving Quesnelle. Therefore the man who is willing to start on foot with only thirty pounds of grub on his back, a blanket and a hand-ax, either is of exceptional hardihood or—"has wheels."

I wish to express a certain respect, therefore, by calling these men trampers rather than tramps. The stage road swarmed with them, but that was mere commonplace. Hotels abounded and food could be begged or bought at almost any ranch, but when, on the trail ninety miles from any wagon roads, hotels, farmhouses or other sort of feeding station, I overtook two men on foot, I was impressed. They had just taken off their boots and trousers to wade a rushing little creek, and I remembered with sudden start the number of streams I had crossed on horseback that day which these men had been obliged to wade. The day was frostily cold also, and the water merely melted snow.

I figured, then, the days these men must be on the road before they could purchase supplies. About sixty miles farther on, a store was said to be open, but beyond that it was all of two hundred miles before Hazelton could be reached. Each man had a pack weighing about thirty pounds. Of this, ax, dishes, clothing and blankets could be set down for fifteen pounds, leaving about fifteen pounds of "grub" for each man. Yet here they were pushing on into the wild country with only one chance of getting food.

The mosquitoes were beginning to be very savage, and one or two heavy rains had made the trail soft, but the trampers were in fair condition. They asked me how far it was to Fort Fraser. I told them, and added, "I believe there is a store there where you can buy some supplies." It did not occur to me then that these idiots had dared the road also without money. This, however, I found to be the case, for while I halted my pack-train

[During the summer of 1898, Mr. Garland, in company with one man, an old classmate, led a pack-train from the Thompson river, B. C., to the Stikeen river, B. C., a distance of nearly one thousand miles as the trail ran. This was called "the overland trail" to the Yukon, and for five months was filled with toiling prospectors, mainly on horseback, but the trail was attempted by men on foot; it is with these characters that this article has to do.]

on account of rain, the trampers pushed on, and when I arrived at the fort the trader told me of their visit.

"They were hungry," he said, "and had no money, and I helped them to some grub. They ought not to be helped. Such crazy men are a nuisance to any country. But there are worse fools than these on this trail. One man left Quesnelle in April without even a blanket or an extra shirt. It seems as if Providence helps such critters. That fellow inside of two days found a couple of blankets that some other man had lost—fact!—and then he picked up an ax and some shirts. Now, that sounds like a fairy story, but it's true. All the same, he would have died if the Siwashes hadn't fed him. He came on here half starved and looking like a crazy man, but after we fed him he pushed on. Nothing could stop the cussed lunatic."

When I overtook the two men again, they were staggering down the Bulkley valley. They were thin, their legs making sharp creases in their trouser legs—I could see that as I neared them. They were walking desperately, reeling from side to side with weakness. There was no more smiling on their faces. One man, the smaller, had the countenance of a wolf, pinched in round the nose. His bony jaw thrust forward resolutely. The taller man was limping painfully because of a shoe which had gone to one side. Their packs were light, but their almost incessant change of position gave evidence of pain and great weariness.

I drew near to ask how they were getting along. The tall man, with a look of wistful sadness, like that of a hungry dog, said, "Not very well."

"How are you off for grub?"

"Nothing left but some beans and a mere handful of flour."

I invited them to a "square meal" a few miles farther on, and in order to help them forward I took one of their packs on my horse. I inferred that they would take turns at the other, but when we camped at noon the small man came into view first. He had not once relieved his fellow-traveler, who was lame in addition to his other troubles. This angered me, and I was minded to cast the little sneak out of camp, but his pinched and hungry face helped me to put up with him. I gave him a smart lecture and said, "I supposed you intended to help the other man, or I wouldn't have relieved you of a pound."

The other man turned up soon, limping, and staggering with weakness. When dinner was ready, they came to the call like a couple of starving dogs. The small man had no politeness left. He gorged himself like a wolf. He fairly snapped the food down his throat. The tall man, by great effort, contrived to display some knowledge of better manners. As they ate, I studied them. They were blotched by mosquito bites, and tanned to a leather brown. Their thin hands were like claws, their doubled knees seemed about to pierce their trouser legs.

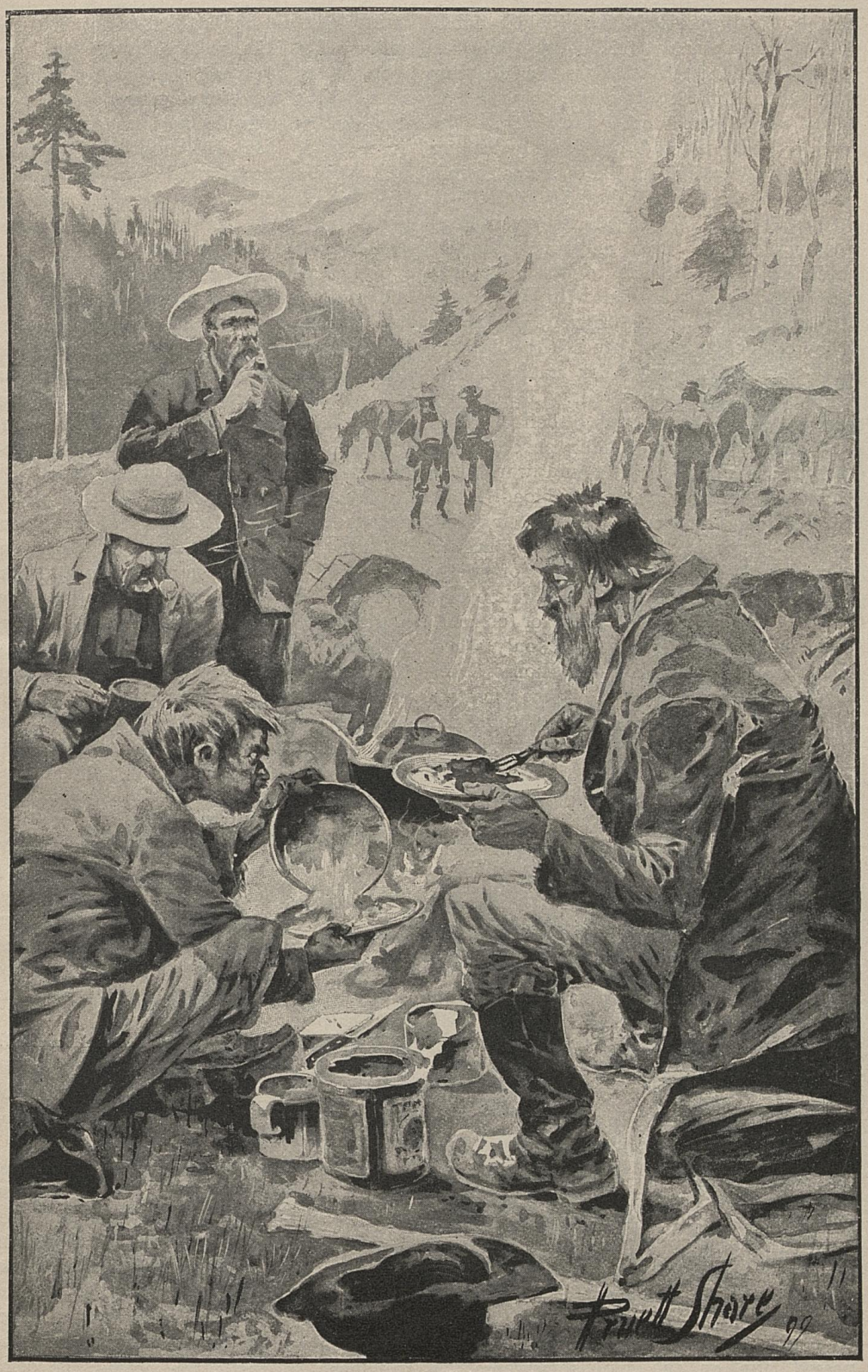
"Yes," said the taller man, "the mosquitoes nearly eat us up. We can only sleep in the middle of the day or from about two o'clock in the morning till sunrise. We walk late in the evening—till nine or ten—and then sit in the smoke till it gets cold enough to drive away the mosquitoes. Then we try to sleep. But the trouble is, when it is cold enough to keep them off it's too cold for us to sleep."

"What did you do during the late rains?" I inquired.

"Oh, we kept moving most of the time. At night we camped under a fir tree by the trail and dried off. The mosquitoes didn't bother us so much then. We were wet nearly all the time."

I tried to get at his point of view, his justification for such senseless action, but could only discover a sort of blind belief that something would help him pull through. He had gone to the Cariboo mines to find work, and failing, had pushed on toward Hazelton with a dim hope of working his way to Teslin lake, and to the Klondike. He started with forty pounds of provisions, and three or four dollars in his pocket. I learned he was now dead broke, and his provisions were gone.

Meanwhile, the smaller man made no sign of hearing a word. He ate and ate, till my friend Babcock looked at me with a comical wink. We fed him staples—beans, graham bread and coffee—and he slowly but surely reached the bottom of every dish. He did not fill up, he



Drawn by H. Pruett Share. "AS THEY ATE, I STUDIED THEM."

merely "wiped out" the cooked food. The tall man was not far behind him.

As he talked, I could see the life they had led. At first the trail was good. They made twenty miles each day. The weather was dry and warm, and sleeping was not impossible. They camped close beside the trail when they grew tired—I had seen and recognized their camping-places all along. But the rains came on, and they were forced to walk all day through the wet shrubs with the water dripping from their ragged garments. They camped at night beneath the firs (for the ground is always dry under a fir), where a fire is easily built. There they hung over the flame, drying their clothing and their rapidly weakening shoes. The mosquitoes in the shelter and warmth of the trees swarmed upon them bloodily, for they had no netting or tent. Their meals were composed of tea, a few hastily stewed beans and a poor quality of sticky camp bread. Their sleep was broken and fitful. They were either too hot or too cold, and the mosquitoes gave way only when the frost made the trampers' bones ache. In the morning, they awoke to the necessity of putting on their wet shoes and taking the muddy trail, to travel as long as they could stagger forward.

In addition to all this, they had no maps, and knew nothing of their whereabouts or how far it was to a human habitation. Their only comfort lay in the passing of outfits like mine. From such as I, they "rustled food" and clothing. The small man did not even thank us for the meal; he sat himself down for a smoke and communed with his stomach. The tall man was plainly worsted. His voice had a plaintive droop. His shoe gnawed into his foot, and his pack was visibly heavier than that of his companion.

We were two weeks behind our schedule and our own flour-sack was not much bigger than a sachet-bag, but we gave them all our rice and part of our beans and oatmeal, and they moved away. A couple of mornings later, hearing the sound of an ax, I looked out and saw in the early morning light the smaller of the two trampers building a fire beside the trail near an old Indian cabin. We had passed him on the trail somewhere. I went back to bed and did not see him again. Later in the day the tall man overtook us, for we were delayed by losing a horse. We fed him once more, and gave him all that, considering the losing of our horse made life uncertain, we dared to part with. I comforted him by assuring him that Hazelton was not more than two days' walk away. He went on, leaving us still searching for our horse.

Afterward I saw him in Hazelton. The Indians had fed him again and again, and finally taken him in and nursed him when he staggered into the village of Hagellgate. He was still limping a little, but looked well otherwise. He asked me how far I thought it was from Hazelton to Glenora, and reading in his eye the insane determination to try that trail, I said:

"You stay right here till you get a chance to reach the coast. No one knows anything about the trail from here on. The trail you've been over is a turnpike compared with the one before you. You might just as well jump into the Skeena and try to swim to the ocean, as start for Glenora on foot without money or provisions."

He was aggrieved. He asked: "What am I to do? There's no work for me here and no way of getting to the coast."

I was irritated. "You should have thought of that at Quesnelle. Certainly you can't expect a man on this hard trail to carry you through. It is going to be a fight for men with good horses to get through. You are making a living here and you'd better stay right where you are. When the next boat comes up, go to the captain and tell him your situation, and he'll help you down the river."

Nevertheless, I knew that all I had said was of no avail. I never saw him again, but I've no doubt he tried the trail. The whole movement was a craze, and he was merely an extreme development of it.

Another similarly minded adventurer was picked up starving, high in the cold green mountains, by an outfit ahead of me. The man was fed and carried along, on condition that he help about the pack-train. As his stomach swelled out he grew loath to do any disagreeable task. He grumbled at being sent out into the wet bush to rustle the horses; he com-

plained of delays and spoke often of the greater speed he could make if unencumbered. All this the good Samaritan with the outfit bore with singular patience. "If you eat with me, you work," was his only comment.

When the tramp (he *was* a tramp) came to the crossing of the Third South fork of the Stikeen, he examined a number of Indian canoes cached there and at once grew insolent. When asked to bring the horses in, he replied: "Oh, go to hell. I've got done with you."

The owner of the outfit said quietly, "You get out o' here *quick*, or I'll kick you into a loose bundle."

The tramp moved his small pack to one of the best canoes, and as he was about to push away, the half-breed guide of the outfit asked, "You know where you go?"

"I'm goin' to Glenora a-whoopin'."

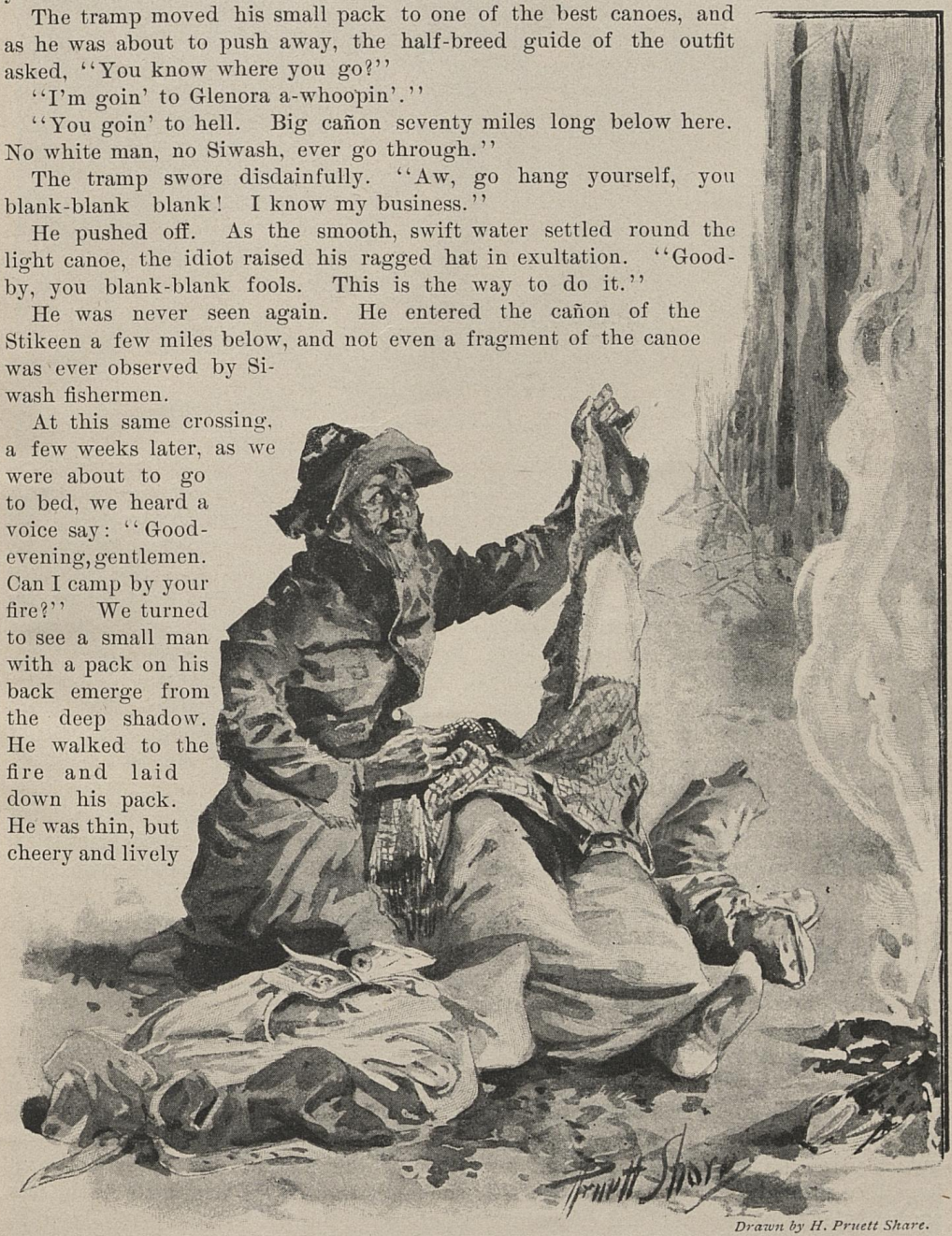
"You goin' to hell. Big cañon seventy miles long below here. No white man, no Siwash, ever go through."

The tramp swore disdainfully. "Aw, go hang yourself, you blank-blank blank! I know my business."

He pushed off. As the smooth, swift water settled round the light canoe, the idiot raised his ragged hat in exultation. "Good-by, you blank-blank fools. This is the way to do it."

He was never seen again. He entered the cañon of the Stikeen a few miles below, and not even a fragment of the canoe was ever observed by Siwash fishermen.

At this same crossing, a few weeks later, as we were about to go to bed, we heard a voice say: "Good-evening, gentlemen. Can I camp by your fire?" We turned to see a small man with a pack on his back emerge from the deep shadow. He walked to the fire and laid down his pack. He was thin, but cheery and lively



Drawn by H. Pruett Share.

"HE HELD UP THE OTHER TROUSER LEG."



"THE RAINS CAME ON."

as a cricket. As he warmed up on coffee and beans, he told a dramatic tale. He had been trying to kill squirrels all that day, for he had eaten his last crumb.

He was hairy and ragged, but neat, and his face showed a certain delicacy of physique. He, too, was a marked example of the craze to "get somewhere where gold is." He broke off suddenly in the midst of his story to exclaim with great energy: "I want to do two things, go back and get my boy away from my wife, and break the back of my brother-in-law. He made all the trouble."

Once and again he said, "I'm going to find the gold up here or lay my bones on the hills."

In the midst of these intense phrases he whistled gaily or broke off to attend to his cooking. He told of his hard experiences with pride and joy, and said, "Isn't it lucky I caught you just here?"

In the morning I went over to the campfire to see if he were still with us. He was sitting in his scanty bed before the fire, mending his trousers. "I've just got to put a patch on here right now or my knee'll be through," he explained. He had a neat little kit of materials and everything was in order. "I haven't time to turn the edges of the patch under," he went on. "It ought to be done—you can't make a durable patch unless you do. This housewife, my wife made me when we was first married. I was peddlin' then in eastern Oregon. If it hadn't been for her brother—oh, I'll mash his face in, some day"—he held up the other trouser leg: "See that patch? Ain't that a daisy?—that's the way I ought to do. Say, looks like I ought to rustle enough grub out of all these outfits to last me into Glenora, don't it?"

We came down gracefully—we could not withstand such prattle. The blacksmith turned in some beans, the boys from Manchester divided their scanty store of flour and bacon, I brought some salt, some sugar and some oatmeal, and as the small man put it away he chirped and chuckled like a cricket. His thanks were mere words, his voice was calm. He accepted our aid as a matter of course. No perfectly reasonable man would ever take such frightful chances as this absurd little man set his face to without fear. He hummed a little tune as he packed his outfit into his shoulder-straps. "I ought to rattle into Glenora on this grub, hadn't I?" he said.

At last he was ready to be ferried across



Drawn by H. Pruett Share. "HE AT ONCE GREW INSOLENT." 35

the river, which was swift and dangerous. Babcock set him across, and as he was about to depart I gave him a letter to post and a half-dollar to pay postage. My name was written on the corner of the envelope. He knew me then and said, "I've a good mind to stay right with you; I'm something of a writer myself."

I hastened to say that he could reach Glenora two or three days in advance of us, for the reason that we were bothered with a lame horse. In reality, we were getting very short of provisions and were even then on rations. "I think you'll overtake the Borland outfit," I said. "If you don't, and you need help, camp by the road till we come up and we'll all share as long as there's anything to share. But you are in good trim and have as much grub as we have, so you'd better spin along."

He "hit the trail" with a hearty joy that promised well, and I never saw him again. When we crawled down to the Stikeen without flour enough to blind a cat, we heard that "the Cricket" was cooking on a Hudson bay boat. His trials were over for the time. He was the only man, so far as I knew, who made the whole distance from Quesnelle to Glenora on foot and alone. His cheery smile and unshrinking cheek carried him through a journey that appalled old packers with tents, plenty of grub and good horses. To me he was simply a strongly accentuated type of the gold-seeker—insanely persistent, blind to all danger, deaf to all warning and doomed to failure at the start.



COLUMBIA'S MOTTO.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

From Liberty's uplifted hand
New light seems shed upon our land—
New light whose penetrating rays
Reach distant shores and future days.

The lofty purpose which unfurled
Old Glory's colors to the world,
Has led that banner's conquering host
To lands that need its message most.

Not freedom only, but the birth
Of better precepts for the earth
That message means: for all men see
How generous may victors be.

Time into triumph turns defeat,
Where progress follows victory's feet.
Across Columbia's sword is writ:
"We conquer but to benefit."



Drawn by Peter Newell.

THE VERDICT IN THE RUTHERFORD CASE.

By Walter Barr.

ALL interest centered in the convention at the court-house that day. The county-seat had that air of being a prosperous town which came to it but four times in the year—when circuit court met in February and in August, and when the county conventions assembled in June.

Nobody knew or cared about the delegations to the state and congressional conventions. Those names had been chosen on the night before in the office of Doc Watson, and just before the convention adjourned would be brought in on a slip of paper by a committee appointed by the chairman, on motion of the man from Pleasant Ridge township, who got his turn in the center of the stage a brief moment for this purpose.

But the nomination of a county treasurer, sheriff and superintendent of schools was a matter that had been the talk of all the people for weeks. Each candidate for a place on the ticket had driven over all the townships to the farmhouses by day, and had slipped out on secret expeditions at night to unholy councils with the men who set up the delegations from the outlying precincts. One was a good fellow whose barn had burnt just after he had to pay three hundred dollars as security on a note, and he needed the place; another had been school director, road supervisor and county commissioner in turn, and had demonstrated his extraordinary power to attract the votes of the opposition party; one of the rest had held the office for four terms, and it was impertinent for a little whipper-snapper school-teacher to try to dislodge him from his place after he had given the best years of his life to the service of his fellow-citizens.

In the court-room, on the second floor, the wooden benches were partly filled with delegates, who felt somewhat overcome by

the importance of their first official attendance at a county convention, and around the walls and sauntering through the aisles were the delegates who had been there before and composed the sophomore class in that school of politics. Up in front, around the bench and desks of the clerk and sheriff, were the men who managed the whole affair surely but unobtrusively.

But the tramp of feet was heard on the stairs outside, and fifty men pushed their way into the room and filled it to the walls. There was a noisy changing of seats as each delegation grouped itself together, each township in the portion of the room which had been allotted to it by precedent for thirty years. The chairman of the county central committee was well up behind the judge's desk, and stood patiently waiting for the comparative silence that came after two or three minutes. He used his most orotund voice as he said:

"Gentlemen, the convention will please come to order. What is your pleasure?"

The county committee chairman always used these identical words on such occasions, just as he always said, "No, I don't wish for any," in declining the butter at the hotel dinner-table.

About two-thirds of the way back, on the right-hand side, sat the delegation of fifteen from Sugar Creek township. They were there to nominate Dickinson for treasurer, and how they would vote for the candidates for other offices depended entirely upon the exigencies of the situation at the moment. Next the aisle was their chairman, Noel Shacklett, who had been doing some confidential work for Dickinson, but had not been trusted with anything of supreme importance. Something in his eye attracted the attention of Fletcher, the prominent lawyer from the next county, who sat inside the railing in front; and the attorney, whose success depended much on juries, asked his neighbor who was the man at the end of the Sugar Creek delegation.

"That's Noel Shacklett. He's a son of old Sammy Shacklett that used to live on Bogard prairie. He's a good fellow, and everybody likes him. He'll be up for sumpun some o' these days, but I dunno if he'll be very strong or not. We're talkin' some o' havin' him run for town clerk next spring to see how he'll pull votes.

"He's been livin' here ever since he was a little boy, when his father come from 'Hier. He's not very smart, but he's sharp, an' he's like the ole man in never goin' back on a friend. There's nuthin' stuck-up about him, and I reckon he'll run all right. He's runnin' the farm for his mother now, an' he gets some new-fangled idears in his head once and awhile. Jest now he's foolin' with some racket about havin' one crop foller anuther in ro-ta-tion."

There were three men who wanted the nomination for sheriff, and neither was able to get a majority of the convention in the beginning. The secretary at the desk of the clerk of the court sonorously called each township in turn, and the chairmen of the delegations replied as loudly as the importance of their action deserved.

"Flatrock," called the secretary.

"Flatrock: eight for Lawson, nine for Bergman, two for Gillespie," came from the little man with a squeaky voice back in the convention.

And so on down the list alphabetically to the last:

"Sugar Creek."

"Sugar Creek: five for Lawson, five for Bergman, five for Gillespie," in a voice with a slight rasp but clear and distinct enough to be heard over any commotion.

Then an interval of ten minutes while the secretary, assisted by the teacher in the Frogeye district, laboriously added the figures twice and announced the result with no nomination. It was evident that Gillespie had the balance of power without the ability to realize upon it, and that Sugar Creek was determined to treat the candidates impartially until a treasurer was nominated, at least.

Between the fourth and the fifth ballots a shaggy dog gave a yelp, and all eyes followed his rapid retreat into safety outside. That dog nominated Bergman, though nobody ever knew it except Shacklett himself.

The dog had a black spot on its side, and that recalled to young Shacklett an incident of his earlier days. He had then a coon-dog with a spot on its side, and it was with him the night the big limb caught him in the creek bottoms. With Shacklett's bloody mitten in its mouth the dog had gone to Bergman's house, and what

Shacklett remembered now was that Bergman had drowned his horse on the way to town for a doctor.

There was a gleam in the young fellow's eye that nobody but his mother had ever seen there before.

Down the roll the secretary was traveling again like a lumbering stage-coach, with many breakdowns, and nobody was paying much attention to the vote. There was a little straightening in seats when Goodhope township changed four votes from Lawson to Bergman, but everybody knew that the latter needed three more in addition to succeed, and that Goodhope was only relieving the monotony in a spirit of benevolent good nature. But the young fellow at the head of the Sugar Creek delegation slipped behind the benches on which it sat, first the front row and then the next bench back, and whispered quickly and casually to each. Some from all parts of the room looked at him curiously, but the careless expression on his face reassured them, and the talk went on as it was seen that there was no indication of change in the poll of the township delegation.

In the general conversation nobody heard the secretary call Sugar Creek, and they could not believe their ears when the keen, rasping voice replied, somewhat more languidly than before:

"Sugar Creek: four for Lawson, eight for Bergman, three for Gillespie."

Bergman's friends started a cheer that lasted for several minutes.

Dickinson, with a red face, forcibly pushed his way toward his home delegation, but he met young Shacklett well down the aisle. The young farmer spoke first.

"I know it was a dirty trick, but what could I do? The men that changed have it in for you hard for some reason or other, and swore that if I tried any monkey business, they'd butcher me. They said, too, that if I ever told who they are, they'd lay for me. I'll tell you that, though, later on the quiet. But I can't do it now. Don't go back there or they'll hit you worse yet; tell Lawson and Gillespie you've been sold out and act as mad as you please before them. But let our crowd alone if you want to stand any show at all."

Dickinson took the advice and was so genuinely furious that Lawson and Gillespie forgave him, and he got his own nomination on the second ballot when treasurer was



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"FLETCHER TOOK HIM FAMILIARLY BY THE ARM."

reached. Two days later, Shacklett gave him the names of the alleged recreant delegates, in the strictest confidence and only after he had solemnly promised to let the whole thing drop.

Up within the bar, Lawyer Fletcher, who had asked about Shacklett at first, looked amazed and then smiled to himself. Then he kept his eyes on young Shacklett for full fifteen minutes; he turned to his neighbor again and remarked in the penetrating low tone which he was accustomed to use in court-room consultations:

"That Noel Shacklett seems kinder bashful, but when he does run he'll get there all right."

After the convention had adjourned and the crowd had come down into the square, Fletcher detained Shacklett a moment and asked him when he was going home. The young politician from Sugar Creek had to wait until his grist was done, he said, and Fletcher took him familiarly by the arm and walked up the sidewalk with him where there were no pedestrians, but in full view of the many people on the other side of the street.

"You're one of the coming men of this county," he said, "and I want to be one of the first to take you up, for, I'm frank enough to say, you'll be useful to your friends later on, and before long. You ought to run for county clerk next time. You can make it all right. I'll promise to have my friends for you, and I'll see that the church is for you all right. You'll have to pay a little attention to some of the men that run things, but you can do that easy enough. Now, there's old Uncle Tommy Rutherford; he can throw two or three townships to you, and I'm going to speak to him about you. Don't lose an opportunity to do him a favor, and when I come down to court come in and see me. I don't often take up with young fellers as I've done with you, but the delightful way you turned that trick for Bergman was after my own heart.

"Oh! that's right; stick it out to the bitter end and swear on the gallus that they did it; that's the only way, and you can do it all right. When the racket comes, stick right to it that the three other men are liars, and pick out three that ain't very solid anyhow when it comes to truth and veracity; but don't think for a minute that I don't know all about it. That's what makes me like you." And the lawyer laughed deeply, but not loudly. "That's what makes me know that you're coming up in politics. They're not used to that kind of thing here, and you're ahead of the times. You see, I know all them men on your delegation and know eggsactly what they'll do on a jury. I know they never changed to Bergman, but how they're goin' to find it out in time, I don't see. The way you asked each one of them was the best thing I ever saw, and of course everybody thought eight of them said Bergman to you, but I know better. They said Lawson—five of them—and Gillespie—five of them—and it was you that said Bergman eight, and nobody else. Don't say a word—I don't want to talk to you about it—but you get a little stand-in with Uncle Tommy Rutherford and you'll be the next county clerk." And Fletcher left Shacklett at a corner.

Shacklett told his mother that night what Fletcher had said about his going after the clerkship, and she was pleased with the castles she built on that foundation. He did not tell her why Fletcher had made him a protégé, except that it was because of the way the chairman of the Sugar Creek delegation attracted him.

"I believe I'll try to get to be county clerk," he told her, "and then we won't have to work so hard, and can move to town, and you can have an easy time. With Fletcher and Uncle Tommy Rutherford to start with, I ought to have a good show for the place, it seems to me. You're getting too old to work the way you do, and I want to have you live more comfortable. I'll jest take good care to keep on good terms with the people that run things, and who knows what may happen? It's a pretty big job for me to tackle, but I believe I can make it."

"I believe you can, Noel," his mother said, with some of the pride left to her as a residuum by a line of Kentucky ancestors. "I know you're as smart as any of them, and I don't see why you shouldn't have it as well as any of them. Start after it right now, but be careful, Noel, how you work for it. Your father was a man of good judgment, and he said it never paid to do

things that you had to keep secret, for chickens are sure to come home to roost. So, my boy, I want you to be honorable, whatever you do, and I'd rather work here on the farm the rest of my life than to feel ashamed to hear people talk about you. It'll be awful nice to live in town and not have much work to do, and to think that my boy is a county officer, but I feel that my duty is to keep you straight first.

"Your father used to tell me often about fighting the devil when he saw a chance to take a short cut, as he called it. He used to tell me everything, so I could hold him back when he got started wrong. I wish you'd do the same thing, Noel, for you are growing more and more like your father was."



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"NOEL SHACKLETT WAS GENUINELY SURPRISED."

Here Noel thought of how Bergman was nominated, but his eyes smiled into hers as he answered:

"If I stay as good a man as father was, or one-tenth as good as you are, that'll do, won't it? You mustn't be squeamish in politics, you know, but, mother, I'll promise you that I'll never get myself in the pen when I'm trying to get into office."

August court had been in session three days. In the decade following the civil war, the only thing comparable to August court in the county-seat was February court. The judge came from the next county on the first Monday in the month, and the trials began the next day. This was a particularly interesting term on account of the Rutherford murder trial, and the attendance was greater than for years.

Nobody expected young Tom Rutherford to be convicted, but everybody had a lively interest in seeing how he would be acquitted. The family had withstood the inquisitorial schemes of the community for seven months, and the attorneys looked so excessively important and secretive that it was evident that something new was being hatched. The ordinary way was for Lawyer Fletcher to go on the bond of the prisoner, take a deed for several farms, find some way of escaping judgment on the bond when the prisoner disappeared, and credit the value of the farms to his legal earnings. But this time the prisoner had not run away, and preparations for the trial had proceeded as if it was nothing but a case of carrying concealed weapons or assault with intent to kill. All the county had been talking for three weeks of nothing else than various suggested cards which Fletcher had up his sleeve this time.

"Mr. Fletcher, Tom is my namesake and my favored nephew; he is going to get all that I have when I die," had been Uncle Tommy Rutherford's words that day in the dingy law office. "I don't want him to skip out, for I want him to live on the old place after a while when he settles down. I want you to clear him at a trial. I've got plenty to pay you, I guess, and leave plenty for Tom, and I stand good for what you charge. There'll be no kickin', if you get him off, but you're to get him off without fail. Anything you say I'll do,



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"A YOUNG DOCTOR WITH FLATLY BRUSHED HAIR AND A SILK HAT."

and everybody knows my word is as good as the bank, I guess."

The astute lawyer of many parts had smiled confidently, but said that it would be about the hardest job he had ever tackled. It could be done, he thought, but it would take not only money but influence, and it might be necessary to promise all sorts of things for Uncle Tommy to do.

"Anything—anything at all," Uncle Tommy had replied; "anything you say I'll stand and back up. I think a thousand ought to be plenty, but if you must have fifteen hundred, I'll give it if you get Tom clear. If you don't, I'll feel sore at payin' you so much."

As a matter of fact, it was a pretty hard task that came to Lawyer Fletcher. Tom had always been much in evidence in the neighborhood and the surrounding towns. He had been fined innumerable times in the courts of Squire Watson and Squire Ross, besides having been indicted twice for disturbing the congregation at Fairview church. When he killed Sam Bronson he got a strong influence down on him. The Bronsons were intermarried with the Robertses, and Bill Roberts had been county treasurer so long that he knew some tricks himself when it came to court business. He was determined that Tom Rutherford should be convicted, and besides crossing the palm of the state's attorney to put more energy into the work of that officer and incidentally to prevent the defense from buying him off, the shrewd and practical man had retained to assist in the prosecution a bright young lawyer whose fortune was made if he once beat Fletcher in the circuit court.

Then the girl's family was against Rutherford, too. The girl whose smiles and frowns had caused the ill feeling between Rutherford and Bronson, resulting in the fight which terminated fatally, suddenly found herself in a different kind of prominence from that which she desired. Her folks felt that the fight over the girl was to be considered as something of an impertinence, and the killing of Bronson was little less than impudence to themselves. Lawyer Fletcher had been worried about the case, but when he beheld Bergman nominated he saw his way out.

As the county had been talking of the case ever since the murder, the regular venire was soon exhausted, and the sheriff was duly directed to summon a special venire. That official went out with a piece of paper and a handful of blanks, and in half an hour returned with a list of names gathered as he saw the men in town, in the court-house square and on the sidewalks. Not that he took people indiscriminately as he met them. The man who had scratched the sheriff's name off his ticket at the last election lost an opportunity of hearing the trial from a box seat and receiving a dollar and ten cents a day during its continuance. The man in the other party who had held a conference with the sheriff at eleven o'clock one night during the last campaign, had his name placed near the top of the list and was duly grateful. Two places at the very top, however, were left blank for some time, and one of them was finally filled with the name of George Peyton. When the list was complete except for the other blank, the officer wandered around into stores and blacksmiths' shops, and up to the vacant lot where teams were hitched, apparently so preoccupied that he

saw nobody. Noel Shacklett was genuinely surprised when he was tapped on the arm and had read to him a summons to appear forthwith to serve as a juror in the case wherein the state of Illinois was plaintiff and Thomas W. Rutherford was defendant.

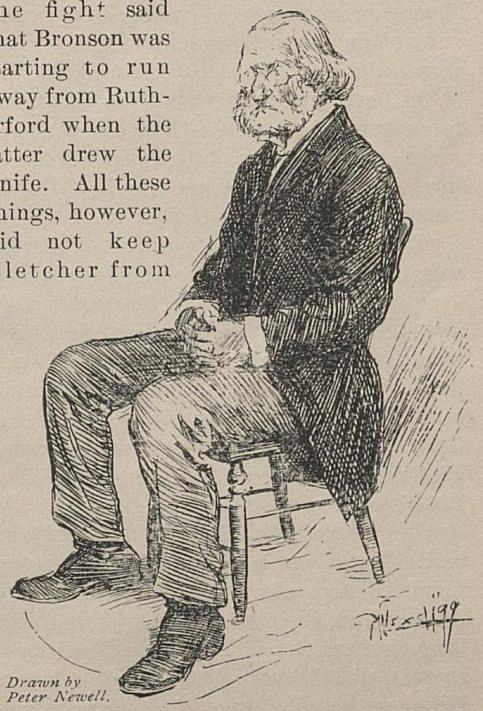
Shacklett went at once to the court-room, but before he reached the top of the stairs he heard his name loudly called three times from an upper window. He hurried in and advanced inside the bar, looking around expectantly.

Fletcher was absorbed in some writing at one of the tables and did not glance up. Uncle Tommy Rutherford looked at him keenly as he came down the aisle, and wondered how he felt toward Tom. The state's attorney impressively and suavely motioned him to the kitchen chair which served as a witness-box, and the little clerk with a white shirt and no collar raised his own right hand as a signal that an oath was to be administered. Shacklett swore to answer truthfully any questions asked him, and sat down.

In reply to the interrogatories of the state's attorney, he said that he had heard of the killing, but had not talked about it much, for he did not like to meddle in the business of others; besides, he felt that the truth would not come out until the trial. He had formed no opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant, and was not opposed to capital punishment. Lawyer Fletcher put him through a long and detailed examination, and nobody noticed that while Shacklett was asked about his whole past life, relationships and religion, nothing was said about his acquaintance with the Rutherford family, nor his opinion of them. Both sides accepted him, and in the middle of the forenoon the jury was completed, Shacklett sitting between George Peyton and a man from the farthermost corner of the county, in the front row.

The opening statement of Fletcher developed self-defense as the main reliance of his side, and the testimony began. The cross-examinations were the really interesting points. Seven young men were the principal witnesses, and they detailed the quarrel at Racoon church, ending in Tom Rutherford's stabbing Sam Bronson with a big pocket-knife. Two of them at first said Rutherford pulled the knife from his pocket but on cross-examination testified that he might have got it from the outside of his trousers over the pocket. Six of them could not remember whether it was moonlight, and the one who did remember that the moon shone brightly had his forehead beaded with perspiration before he admitted that he was not sure in what part of the heavens the moon was at the instant the blow was struck with the knife. On such occasions Fletcher looked triumphantly at the jury, and Uncle Tommy nodded his head with satisfaction after glaring at the witness vindictively.

But the fight was over what Sam Bronson was doing at the time. A young doctor, with flatly brushed hair, and a silk hat in discord with his heavy boots and sack coat, testified that the wound was through the posterior part of the chest, in the sixth intercostal space, and had penetrated the pericardium. He was disappointed that he was not cross-examined. An old doctor, with frowzy whiskers, long hair and a paper collar, bore witness that the wound was in the back of the chest, between the sixth and seventh ribs, and went into the heart-sac. Seven of those who saw the fight said that Bronson was starting to run away from Rutherford when the latter drew the knife. All these things, however, did not keep Fletcher from



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"AN OLD DOCTOR WITH FROWZY WHISKERS, LONG HAIR AND A PAPER COLLAR."

asking each whether it was not possible that Bronson was whirling around with a club when the knife-thrust was given. The old doctor was treated with great consideration of manner, as being the family physician of three of the jury, but Fletcher put him through a long cross-examination:

"You say, doctor, that the heart-sac was cut: is it not possible to cut the heart-sac from the front?"

"Yes; but this one——"

"One moment, doctor; please answer my question by yes or no and stop there. If a knife were to be stuck into the chest at the proper point from in front, would it not puncture the heart-sac, too?"

"Yes; but it wouldn't——"

"I thought so; now, doctor, in all your wide experience did you ever know the heart-sac to be cut with a knife from behind?"

"I never——"

"Doctor, it's a scientific fact, isn't it, that most stabs that reach the heart are given from the front?"

"Yes, sir."

"That will do, doctor. I thank you for the light you have thrown on this case," and Fletcher turned to Uncle Tommy with a smile of intense satisfaction, and to the jury with a look which was the very quintessence of triumph.

But everybody in the crowded court-room knew that the stabbing of Sam Bronson was a cowardly, premeditated murder long before the defense reached its last hours with a long procession of witnesses.

When the arguments began, the room was jammed full to the doors and windows. The young lawyer made the first speech, and people were interested in discovering what quality of speaker he was. He confined his attention to the law points chiefly, for in Illinois confidence in general education is so high that the jury is the judge of the law as well as of the evidence. Then Fletcher's turn came.

He was surrounded with law books and had a glass pitcher full of water near at hand. The heat of the room was sweltering, and he had taken off his coat some time before; now he pushed his shirt sleeves tightly up nearly to his elbows. His handkerchief was laid, bunched, on the corner of the table. His voice was large enough to be heard in the square outside before he had completed the first sentence.

He spoke of inconsistencies in the testimony, and the trifling character of the evidence given by the men who could not remember whether the moon was shining or not when this was going to be a most important point in court later. He talked for an hour on the text that the defendant must be proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt before he could be convicted. Fletcher knew the full value of this doubt maxim in the jury-room in the hands of a conscientious man.

"Gentlemen, can you say that there is not the least chance of Tom Rutherford's being innocent in the eyes of the law? Can you listen to the evidence given by Dr. Harris, an old physician of experience and that education which comes from the school of experience, a man of high attainments in the medical profession, respected all over this county"—and Fletcher turned to the three men who employed the doctor regularly—"a man who is so honest as well as intelligent, that although he was subpœnaed here by the state, he gave the strongest testimony for our side—because it is the truth"—and Fletcher's voice rose to the proportions of the thunders of Jove. "Can you recall his evidence that the wound might have been made from in front while Bronson was in the act of swinging a murderous club to strike the defendant in this case—can you do this and say that the defendant is guilty *beyond a doubt?*" Fletcher's voice was as loud as a country lawyer with a big chest can accomplish.

The state's attorney became confidential and fraternal with the jury in the beginning of his speech, and waved his arms frantically as he swam through a sea of blood in philippics against the ruthless destroyer of a happy home, but Shacklett did not hear much of his address to the jury. The first thing the state's attorney said to his young confrère after he closed was:

"We've lost it; that damned Shacklett will hang the jury till next Christmas if they don't come his way or agree to disagree."

"Yes," the young attorney replied; "he paid no more attention to what you were



Drawn by Peter Newell.

"CLEARED HIS THROAT AND READ IN HIS BEST ELOCUTIONARY STYLE."

saying than you did to the birds outside. Fletcher's got him solid.''

The bustle in the court-room and the sheriff's calling out, ''O-o-r-rder in the court!'' brought Shacklett back to his surroundings when the state's attorney sat down. He tried to remember what the lawyer had said, and could not recall a word, nor a thing that had happened since he had caught sight of his mother over by a window.

He had thought it an easy way to earn the county clerk's office to keep a man from serving the rest of his life in the penitentiary. He had wished that Fletcher had not dwelt so much on the reasonable doubt proposition, and had spent more time in picturing the horrors of the state prison to a young man sent there for the rest of his days. There was no reasonable doubt of the cowardly and complete guilt of Tom Rutherford, but there were objections in the breast of a warm-hearted young man to sending another to prison for unnumbered years. This thing of inexorable law was something of an abstraction anyhow, and what good would it do the Bronsons to have Tom Rutherford punished so severely? He had been scared into being a better man anyhow, and would never kill anybody else. All Shacklett's good-hearted feeling of the brotherhood of man urged him toward voting acquittal and sticking to it; and the fact that it would make him county clerk was an example of being paid well for a pleasant service. He would stand out for acquittal if he hung the jury, and that would be just as well, for nobody ever had a second trial in that county, because public sentiment considered that one failure to convict made it useless to put the county to the expense of another trial.

But when he saw his mother, the thing took on a different tone. He knew what she would say if she knew what Lawyer Fletcher had spoken to him the day of the county convention; for now Shacklett understood that conversation thoroughly. That she was in the court-room showed that she was interested in the case at least to the extent of desiring a righteous verdict. He would have given a horse, he thought, to know which side she was on. But a second thought decided that question. There was but one side under the law and the evidence in the case.

All the time the state's attorney was going through the latter two-thirds of his speech, Shacklett was trying to decide what to do. He wondered what his father would have done. He suspected that he would be arguing the same question with himself, for his father had been morally strong only with second-hand strength received from his wife. Shacklett almost wished that his mother was not such a thoroughly and sincerely good woman.

In the jury-room, the first ballot showed ten for conviction and two for acquittal. It was after five similar ballots that it developed that the two for acquittal were Shacklett and George Peyton. Then an hour was taken up with arguments by the ten against the two, without result, for the seventh ballot still had ten slips of paper marked ''Guilty'' and two marked ''Not guilty.'' The others noticed that while Peyton was good-humored and inclined to be jolly in his fixedness of purpose, Shacklett was grim and had little to say.

After the entire night had been spent in fruitless argument and balloting, and the jury was still out, people who came downtown early began to agree that the jury would hang. Fletcher walked along the street to the court-house square with his head a little higher than usual, and with a slight exaggeration of his usual dignity. The state's attorney remained in his own office, and his young temporary assistant walked quickly from his boarding-house to the court-room by the back streets. Several came in to ask the state's attorney who he thought was doing it, and for once that representative of the law told the truth when he said he had no idea. Fletcher, when appealed to for information about what caused the delay in the verdict, said he supposed there was a rascal on the jury that had it in for the Rutherfords.

When the sheriff could be heard calling names from the window again, showing that another day's session of the court was under way, the foreman of the jury proposed that two more ballots be taken, and then if no verdict was reached that they go in and report a disagreement. The first of these ballots came out ten to two like the preceding ones. Then Shacklett took

Peyton over in a corner and spoke in his ear for less than a minute, after which he placed the hat on the table again ready for the ballot and tore a corner off a sheet of paper, while the rest looked for the only other pencil in the room.

As the jury opened the door of their room, the word flew through the square and into the streets that they were coming in. Before they had traversed the forty feet to the door of the court-room, a crowd was on the stairs. As they marched into court, one of the lawyers stopped in the middle of a sentence, and the sheriff ran from behind his desk crying out for order. By the time the jury had taken their seats in the chairs to the left of the judge, the room was packed to suffocation, and when the foreman arose, the people were so still that the chattering of a tame squirrel could be heard in a tree outside. The judge put on his most geometrically judicial manner:

"Gentlemen, have you a report to make?"

"We have," replied the foreman.

"The clerk will read it."

And the little clerk had the chance of his life as he bustled over and received the folded piece of paper, which he opened and perused through twice, with a face from which nothing could be made, before he cleared his throat and read in his best elocutionary style:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty as charged in the indictment."

The face of Tom Rutherford grew first red and then ashen. Uncle Tommy's head fell to the table, and he did not move for ten minutes. When Fletcher touched his arm and spoke in his ear, he raised a face that had grown aged in the time in which he appreciated what the verdict meant. Fletcher had risen and sauntered over to the judge's bench in easy confidence that the foreman would report a disagreement, and now he stood transfixed first, and then glowering at Peyton and Shacklett in the front row of the jury.

The people began to crowd out of the room, despite the perfunctory efforts of the sheriff to keep order while the jury was being discharged. Sam Bronson's father pushed through the dense mass of men surging toward the door and clasped the hand of each juryman as the twelve came without the railing, uttering disconnected words of thanks. Shacklett avoided him by going up a side aisle, and noticed that Peyton went a little out of his way to greet Bronson and talk to him about doing only his duty. At the gate of the court-house square Shacklett found his mother waiting for him.

"I came in this morning thinking you would get out last night and would want an early start home. What kept you so long in the jury-room after you went out?" she said, as soon as she saw him.

"Two men wanted to free Rutherford," he said, "and it took some time to talk them over."

Fletcher found Peyton first. To his recriminations, Peyton replied:

"You thought you had played a nice game, but it didn't work. You told me that you and Uncle Tommy would elect me sheriff next time, didn't you? Well, I swallered the hook and line, but before I got the pole down, Noel Shacklett pulled them out again. He told me all about it in the jury-room; he said he heard you promise the sheriff's office to Lawson just two days before court opened. You came near making a damn fool of me, but you didn't. That Noel Shacklett is the whitest man in the county, and I'd advise you to rub up against him some. He's white clear through."

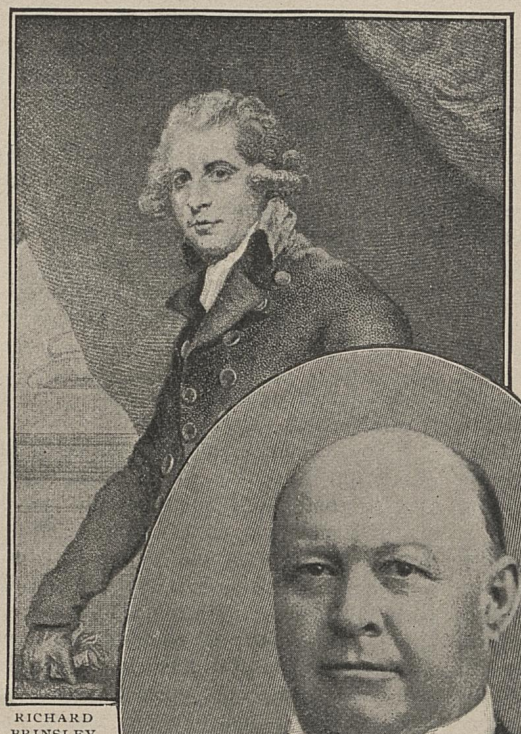
"The devil you say," rejoined Fletcher.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

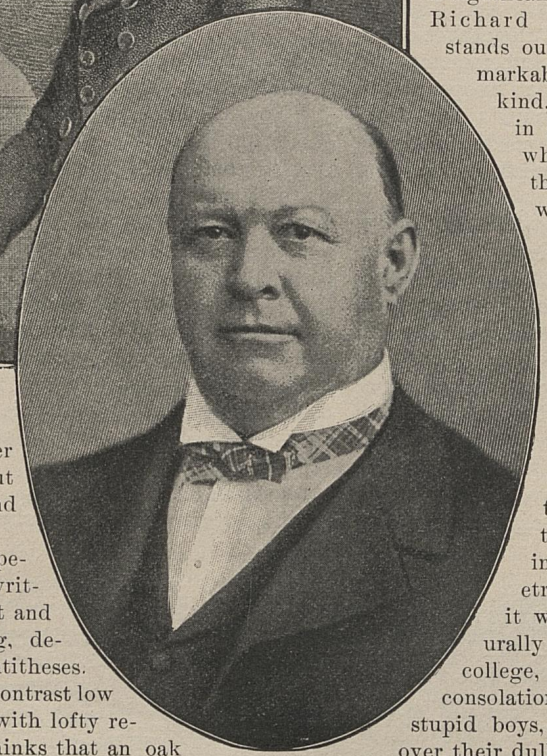
By Thomas B. Reed.

HE is a very silly man or a very young man who believes that in practical life there is any genius except the genius of hard work. Nevertheless, hard work alone will not make a man famous. The most vigorous efforts at polishing will not make oak or mahogany out of punky palmetto, and in their turn the oak and the mahogany will never shine without much toil and patience.



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

History, especially that written for light and easy reading, delights in antitheses. It likes to contrast low beginnings with lofty results, and thinks that an oak grown in a day is a finer spectacle than those oaks which the druids used to worship which had put forth foliage and bloom for centuries. But no real oak is ever grown in a day, and whoever pictures it bursting from the soil and spreading its branches abroad to the astonished heavens under the heat of a few revolving suns, is depicting a dream and not real history. When Erskine himself, that most fortunate of lawyers, the most eloquent and skilful advocate who ever adorned the forum, declared that one famous appearance lifted him to the heights of his profession, he simply compressed into the first marked success the results of a much slower progress. The effulgence of the success of maturer years throws itself back upon the earlier struggles and lights them up into a significance not at all their own. Richard Brinsley Sheridan stands out as one of the most remarkable of the myths of this kind, and has taken his place in men's minds as a genius who accomplished great things without labor, and who might have compassed the world had he but submitted himself to harness and taken the common roadways to fame. On account of a careless humorous phrase in a letter by his mother, who did not dream she was writing either history or fact, he was thought to have been in his boyhood an "impenetrable dunce," from which it was inferred that he naturally became an idle boy at college, and therefore a great consolation to parents of really stupid boys, who comfort themselves over their dull children with the hope that they will blossom into the flower



THOMAS B. REED.

and fruit of a new "School for Scandal" or a fresh Begum speech. Of course, men develop differently, and the accidents of life are numerous. William Pitt could not have been so early in life the commanding statesman that he was but for the singular good fortune of his opportunity, nor could he have remained the great power he was in England and on the Continent had he not had the remarkable vigor and strength and adaptability which kept him in the front during the greatest period of modern history. Cromwell was only captain of horse, and for the first time soldier when he was forty-two, and Blake was for the first time a sailor at fifty-one, and yet both did their work more than well. While both Cromwell and Blake hardly appeared in the eyes of men in their respective roles before these years of maturity, yet they had not led idle lives, nor were they without preparation for any work; for they stood high in the respect of those with whom they lived. This last is of no small account. There are few battles in life whereof character is not the better half. The trust and confidence of those who follow will outweigh a great superiority of skill alone. It would be almost a truism to say that results are proportionate to work if the material be the same. But the element of luck in human life is so great that in comparisons of men with each other it obscures and perplexes our best judgment to such a degree that we have no satisfaction therein. Chance and opportunity play such a part in human affairs that we cannot measure their proportion in what happens, and so cannot compute except very roughly the man's part.

The ordinary story about Sheridan is that as a young fellow of twenty-three, not himself an actor and heretofore reputed to be an impenetrable dunce, he evolved out of his own consciousness one of the finest plays in our language—a play remarkable for being able to furnish parts which in one tour, of at least thirty performances, absorbed the best part of the theatrical genius of this country. Think of a play in which Jefferson, Crane and Nat Goodwin could all distinguish themselves in the midst of the delightful blunders of Mrs. Malaprop; where, in a servant's role, Francis Wilson could display no small part of that skill and brightness which has lifted a whole comic opera, and where Miss Rice could, as lady's maid, add to a reputation already high, and still leave ample room for Julia Marlowe and her husband. Yet that play, which has kept its place for over a hundred years, was actually written by a young man not yet twenty-four. But if any one supposes that it was the result of genius without labor, he knows very little of the world. It was the result of five years' work, and perhaps much more. It does not follow because a boy does not study at school and makes an indifferent appearance on the rank book, that he is idle, dull or indifferent. It is almost a proverb that the head of a college class will not be the head of his class in the world, even if the comparison be limited to the men he has beaten. To many men the college curriculum is not attractive. To spend hours in studying a language that the professor cannot speak or even read with facility, to go through the puzzles of mathematics in order straightway to forget them all, may be and doubtless is good training, but it is a wonder that more young men do not leap over the fence to browse in the rich fields of the literature of their own and other languages. In point of fact, not a few, and those among the brightest, do this very thing and so get credit for being bad scholars when they may be on the way to be good ones. Still, in the long run, and for the great majority of students, the world is right. The training is worth more than the knowledge—the power of acquiring than the thing acquired.

"The Rivals" is certainly a remarkable play, but in no way the work of an unstudious boy. Sheridan's father was an actor, and the son had been brought up in the atmosphere of the theater. Its traditions and methods must have been part of his daily life at some period. When, therefore, he sat down to the work, he was not unprepared. Instead of studying at school, he had been studying outside, and the years after he left school were all occupied by literary pursuits. The published work, and a play half finished before "The Rivals" was begun, attest not an impenetrable dunce but the laborious man Sheridan actually was. Nor did he ever lose this industriousness. Though "The Rivals," "The

School for Scandal,'' ''The Duenna'' and ''The Critic,'' with ''Pizarro'' and ''The Trip to Scarboro,'' sum up his work as a playwright, he must have done all his life a man's full share of work. After he and his friends had bought Drury Lane, his occupation as a manager alone left no chance for an idle man. The management of a property well worth half a million of dollars; the acquirement of fame as a writer of plays, albeit but half a dozen in number; an active and studious Parliamentary life, where his speeches always commanded respect as well as admiration; an oratory whose display in Parliament and at the trial of Warren Hastings suffered no loss by comparison with the speeches of Burke or any orator of modern times, left to Sheridan no possibility of a dawdling and lounging life such as we are wont to ascribe to him. It is probably true that his reputation has had the benefit of his fall from competence to poverty, and men praised him more freely because he was, by reason of misfortune, no longer a rival. The world is always generous where generosity is not expensive. His theater was twice burnt, and he had to stand up under losses which made his old age uncomfortable. It is true that he was a jolly boon companion, the light and life of joyous company, and that all the charming characteristics which lighted up his plays sparkled in his daily talk. Therefore he was under perpetual temptation to a wasted life. As wit is more easily comprehended than calm, deliberate sense, many a man sacrifices a sound reputation for a brilliant one, only to find that easy victories do not climb the hill where Fame's proud temple shines afar. That Sheridan only measurably yielded to this subtle temptation, was due to the really strong basis on which his character rested. Notwithstanding all the strange positions into which his love of fun led him, and all the exaggerated stories related of him, he was an independent, self-respecting man who did his work, and deserves a fame more substantial than has yet been accorded to him. Even to those of us who can see how what is called history is made, it is a matter of astonishment that there should be so wide a contrast between what Sheridan actually was and what he has been represented to have been. If such a thing can happen to a man who had so many bright descendants and relatives who might long ago have given a proper measure to his fame, it is no wonder that we should be hopeless of getting the truth about other men. Other men, however, do not all have Sheridan's misfortune. Wit is condensed wisdom which the world always suspects, and the very faculty which enables a man to say in one unforgetable sentence the pith of a paragraph is never quite comprehended by common men. Perhaps the world is not altogether wrong, since the tendency to epigram may get to control the man and teach a trick of saying things because they are bright instead of because they are wise. Whoever reads the speeches of Sheridan will find them full of wisdom and sound sense, the reasons well put and the points closely argued. Most of those who read will be astonished. So also will they be astonished when they read the works of Sydney Smith to find a wisdom unsurpassed in his time. The trouble is in both cases the same. The bright things they said are on every one's tongue, and the serious words they said are about things long dead and gone.

It seems a fate to which one can hardly reconcile himself, that a dramatist whose plays are fresh after a hundred years, having compelled the admiration of three generations of men; an orator who commanded the unstinted applause of the great men of his day, among whom was Edmund Burke; a statesman of the first rank in the days of famous men; one who sleeps in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, and who might well have slept under the same honored roof beside William Pitt and Charles James Fox, should be chiefly remembered for what was but the bubbling effervescence of abounding life.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN OF TO-DAY.

By George Bird Grinnell.

WITHIN the last twenty years the Indian has changed, and it may be doubted whether the change is altogether for the better. He has lost his picturesqueness and has become commonplace; where he was once keen and active he is now slow and inert. We have taken from him his old free life—the life which he loved because it had been his father's and was his own, and because he knew nothing better—and we are trying to make him live our life with all its restraints and limitations. We are trying to force this wild creature, who once was free, into the hard, rigid mold of civilization, and we do not find him plastic. He does not fit the mold; he will not go into it. Why should he? It is asking much to expect that the Indian shall at once become a civilized man, and we should not forget that we are insisting that he shall accomplish in a generation a measure of advancement which it took our own race some thousands of years to attain. We require, too, that his child mind shall at once accept, even though it does not assimilate, our modern ideas.



WHITE CRANE—CHEYENNE.

When the white men first set foot in America, they found it inhabited by a people who were absolutely primitive, and whose development had been slow; for although man had inhabited the continent at least since preglacial time, his culture had progressed no further than that of the Neolithic age, so called. Some tribes practised agriculture, and all gathered the natural fruits of the earth, but they depended for food chiefly on the abundant fish and game which swarmed in the rivers or on the uplands, and which yielded them an easy subsistence. The animals were trapped and snared, and were killed also with arrows



JACK BULL BEAR—COMANCHE.

[The interesting collection of Indian portraits here presented has been obtained through the courtesy of Mr. Edward Rosewater, to whom Omaha owes such a debt in connection with the success of the Exposition of 1898.]

—tipped with points of stone and bone, for the Indians had no knowledge of metals. While many of the tribes occupied permanent villages, in which the dwellings were made of dirt or grass or poles, yet the conditions of their lives obliged them to make frequent extended journeys far from home; all used movable tents or lodges, consisting of a framework of slender poles covered with skin or bark. These lodges were of similar type over almost the whole continent. The population of North America was sparse in these pre-Columbian days, and we may suppose that the people lived a contented life, usually unbroken by wars and devoted chiefly to gaining a subsistence.

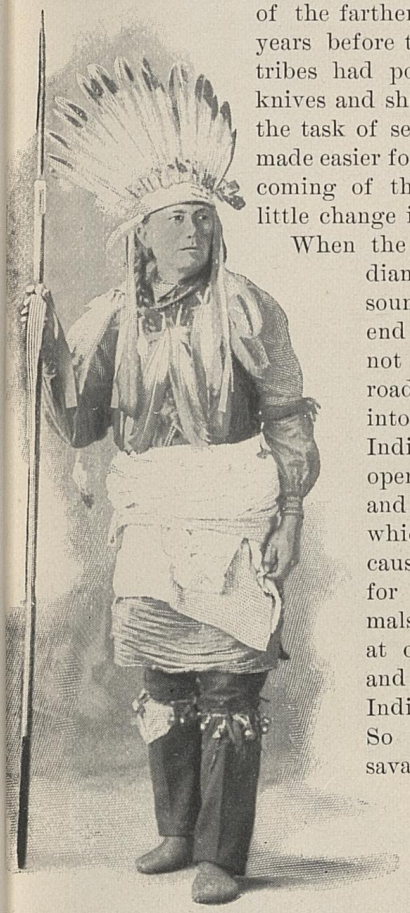


OMAHAS.

The white people had not been here long before they began to speculate on the origin of the Indian; but to this day no one has reached any definite conclusion as to his origin. Some authorities are quite certain that his home must have been Asia, while others, with greater probability, believe that he came from Europe; but of when or how he came nothing is positively known. Of one thing, however, we are certain. The Indians constitute a well-differentiated race of very great antiquity—as men view time. Throughout the different tribes the physical characters of these people are everywhere the same. These physical likenesses, together with the extraordinary diversity of language found among them, are very suggestive of the great length of time that these people have occupied America. To say nothing of languages which have become extinct without leaving any record, we know of between fifty and sixty distinct linguistic stocks in North America, north of Mexico; groups of languages which appear to be as different from each other as the Semitic is from the Aryan or the Turanian. Within a single linguistic family we may have a number of tribes speaking different languages: as in the Algonquin family, the Ojibways, Blackfoots, Cheyennes and Arapahoes speak four different tongues, each uncomprehended by the others; just as four Europeans of Aryan family might speak

English, Spanish, German and Russian. It must have taken a long time for these different linguistic stocks to become developed.

When the white man had come, it took him but a short time to teach the Indians that he was an enemy, and for four hundred years they learned and acted on this lesson, fighting bravely in their own fashion until overwhelmed by numbers. For a long time the settlement of the country made but little impression on the tribes that lived far from the seaboard, and it is only since the completion of the Union Pacific railroad that the power of the white man has been brought home to the tribes that wandered over the great plains and the mountains of the farther West. For one hundred years before that, the Indians of many tribes had possessed horses and metal knives and sheet-iron arrow-points, and the task of securing food had thus been made easier for them, but beyond this the coming of the white man had worked little change in their ways of life.



CROOKED NOSE—CHEYENNE.

When the railroad entered the Indian's country, its whistle sounded the beginning of the end of his old life. This was not so much because the railroad brought the white man into actual contact with the Indian as because it at once opened a market for the hides and furs of the animals on which he subsisted, and because, to supply the demand for the skins of these animals, white hunters proceeded at once to exterminate them, and thus soon deprived the Indian of his natural food. So within a few years the savage found that the prairie no longer yielded him a living, and that if he would escape starvation he must present himself at the agency to receive his weekly ration of beef. This, then, was the beginning of the Indian problem as we know it to-day—a problem of assimilation, of civilization, wholly different from the old war problem, which was settled once and for all with the disappearance of the buffalo.

Up to that time, the Indians of the Western plains had followed the buffalo herds from place to place, in the earliest times capturing the game by means of surrounds, or by leading them into traps, in which numbers might be taken at one time. After they ob-



MOUNTAIN CHIEF—BLACKFOOT.



CASIMIOO—SANTA CLARA PUEBLO.

tained horses, they ran the buffalo, the rider forcing his steed close to the animal's side and driving the arrow into it with his powerful



BLACK HORSE—ARAPAHOE.

bow, or thrusting his lance deep into its vitals. The meat of the buffalo was dried in the sun, and served to tide the Indians over those periods when no fresh game could be had.

Perhaps no event has ever happened to a people that worked a greater change in their method of life than did the acquisition of horses for the Indians. Until these strange beasts came to them, all their journeyings had been on foot, for their only domestic animal was the dog, on which they used to pack light loads, and which dragged the primitive Indian vehicle—the travois. Most of their possessions, however, were transported on their own backs, men, women and children alike carrying packs proportionate to their strength; but when the horse came, all this was changed. On a sudden, they had a beast of burden which would transport not only their possessions, but themselves, and which enabled them with slight effort to cover distances that before they had not dreamed of. Here was at once a freedom which they had never known. If they had enemies, they could swiftly ride long distances to attack them, and as swiftly ride away. Therefore, as I have elsewhere said, the possession of horses stimulated the Indians to war with their neighbors, and wrought a most important change in the character of the people.

In his old wild life the Indian was one of the most active of beings. He was forced to work hard to obtain his desired food from day to day, or if food were abundant, his ambition—a desire for the approval of his fellows—led him to go continually on the warpath. Thus he was lean, sinewy and tough, living a wholesome natural existence, and always in the best of training. Those who reached maturity were literally the fittest of their race, for no weakling child survived the hardship and exposure of the primitive life. When the Indian was obliged to cease his wanderings and to become sedentary, a change took place in his physical condition. He ceased to be a worker, and sat about doing nothing. He no longer had any ambition, but brooded over the past. New conditions of life arose. He began to live in houses, and he and



HENRY WILSON AND WIFE—MOJAVE (APACHES).



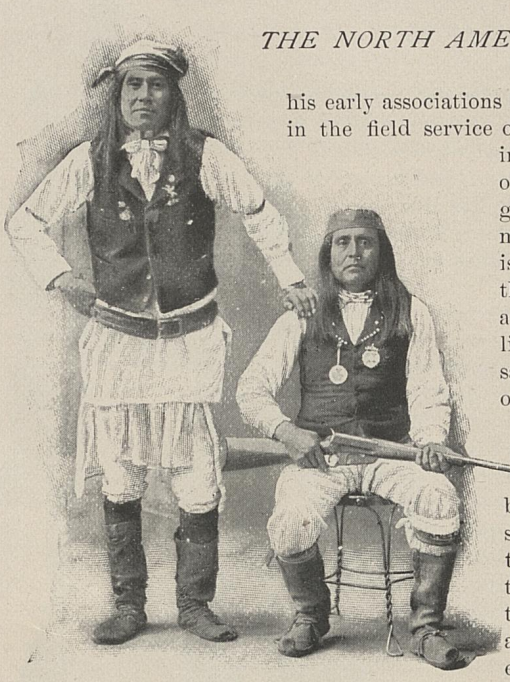
WHITE BUFFALO—ARAPAHOE.

his children no longer subsisted on the flesh of the buffalo, but were obliged to accustom themselves to a diet which was largely vegetable. The changed conditions had a marked effect on his health. He became less able to resist disease, and contact with the whites brought to him new maladies a thousand times more fatal than those he had formerly known. In the transition stage between a life passed wholly in tents and one altogether in houses, and between a diet exclusively of fresh meat and one largely vegetable, the race suffered severely, and the death-rate became far heavier than it had been under ordinary conditions in the old time. But when the Indians had become thoroughly habituated to the new mode of life, the death-rate again became lower, so that now some tribes are increasing in numbers.

Among the many Indian tribes which are now cared for by the government, there are different degrees of progress. Some are as untaught to-day as they were twenty years ago; others, who have had their well-being looked after and who have had more intelligent guidance, have made long strides toward self-support. All are wrestling with problems of which they know little or nothing, and are perplexed and discouraged. While marked improvement has taken place in the Indian service of late years, the same old methods, long known to be inefficient, are practised in caring for them. It is not enough to furnish a tribe of Indians subsistence, an agent to look after them, and a few white employees to assist them. Unless they have more than that, no Indian tribe will ever make much progress toward self-support. As Indians are only grown-up children, they must be taught, as children are taught, all the knowledge which is unconsciously absorbed by the white man from



HIDING WOMAN—ARAPAHOE.



SAN CARLOS APACHES.

his early associations and his reading. Until the men employed in the field service of the Indian bureau shall be sufficiently intelligent to understand the mental attitude of the Indian, and sufficiently interested to give special attention to this, his advancement must necessarily be slow. And if it is slow, this is only because we do not see that men are chosen for this service who are competent to teach the Indians how to live in our way, and to convey to the savage man of the stone age the intelligence of the civilized man of the present day.

To-day Indians understand that they must work to live, but in many cases it is demanded of them that they shall make bricks without straw. They are asked to support themselves, but are given no tools to work with. Some tribes have had cattle issued to them, but little has been done to teach them how to care for these cattle, and the work with them which the agency employees are supposed to do is frequently altogether neglected. We blame the Indians



ARAPAHOES.

for not being civilized by this time, but in fact the fault is ours and that of our representatives in Congress, for assenting to a system which places the Indians in charge of men some of whom are unintelligent, inefficient, careless and sometimes criminal.

In many respects conditions are much better now than they used to be. The Indian Bureau struggles hard to improve matters, but is hampered by old methods and traditions, and above all by the manner in which a large number of the Indian agents are chosen. The condition of the Indians will not greatly improve until the agents are selected by reason of actual qualifications for their work, instead of receiving the position as a reward for political services performed.



ASSINIBOINS.



STANDING ELK—CHEYENNE.

There is probably not an Indian tribe in the United States which could not, under the direction of the right kind of man, become entirely self-supporting within ten years, but it would be necessary that those tribes which to-day are absolutely without property—as the Northern Cheyennes—should be given a start in some way. Thus these Cheyennes—to take a specific example—who live in a country which is too dry for farming yet is a good stock range, ought to have issued to them as their individual property one thousand five hundred head of cattle, and to be taught how to manage this live stock. The continual agitation by the neighboring white population of the question of this tribe's removal to some other part of the West, ought to be put an end to, and the title to their lands to be confirmed. In the same way the condition of each individual tribe should be studied, and it should be treated according to its needs.

Usually no prejudice exists against the individual Indian when he is brought into contact with white

people, but against a body of Indians—as a tribe located on a reservation—there is almost always a very strong antagonism among the adjacent population. As a rule, this prejudice is not felt by such Western people as have had dealings with the Indians, and so know them, but only by those who, though their neighbors, have never been brought in direct contact with them. I believe that this prejudice is less strong than it was a few years ago, and that ultimately it will cease to exist. Thus, in the future—provided intelligent effort is expended in teaching the Indian how to think like white men, how to work and how to labor to the best advantage—these people may become a self-supporting and self-respecting part of our population.



CLEVER WARDEN—ARAPAHOE.

When I walked through the Omaha Exposition grounds one hot Sunday last September on my way to the encampment of the Indian Congress, I found it difficult to realize that fifty years ago the ground where Omaha now stands was a camping-place for Indians, while twenty-five years later Nebraska, only one hundred and fifty miles west of Omaha, was a dangerous country to pass through, because it was the home and the hunting-ground of hostile Indians. All this has been forgotten now, except by those who took part in the old life of those times, and it was well that this past should be recalled, and that the former wild inhabitants of this fertile state should be seen by the



OWL—OMAHA.



CHIEF WOLFROBE—CHEYENNE.



LITTLE CHIEF—ARAPAHOE.

much interested in the Indians, and as I sat there that afternoon in Mountain Chief's skin lodge, many visitors looked in at the door and asked questions which showed how little they knew about the race; and as I listened to these questions, and answered some of them, I hoped that the interest thus manifested might lead some of these visitors to endeavor to learn more about what Indians really are, and what, under proper direction, they might become.

The history of the intercourse between the white race and the red, if studied, will lead the thoughtful American to feel that some consideration is due from us to them. If we can divest ourselves of prejudice—a hard thing to do—we must acknowledge that the Indians ought to be treated honestly, and therefore justly, as they have never yet been treated. Our prejudice against the race is merely that of an enemy. In fighting, in massacres and surprises, in the treatment of the dead who have fallen in battle, we who are civilized have little to boast of over those who are savage. The stories of the Chivington fight, of the Dull Knife outbreak at Fort

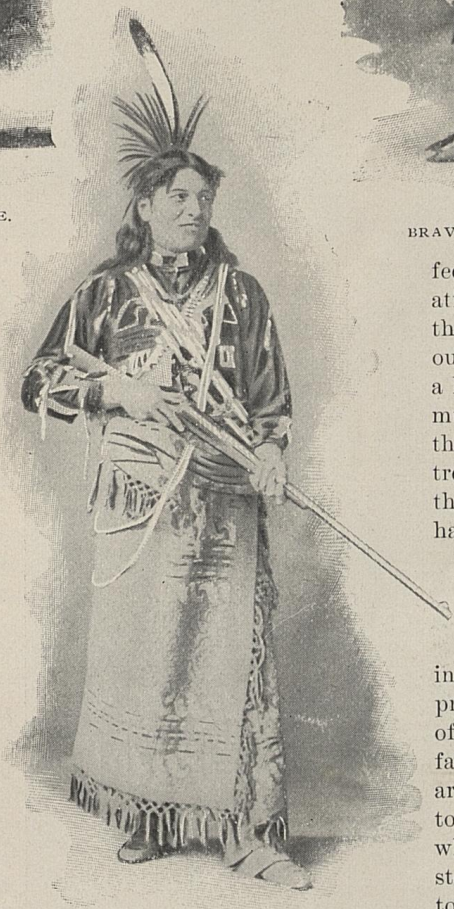
sturdy farmers who till it now.

There were many Indians there, and Indians of all sorts. Some were the pure-blooded people of the old wild days, while others were men of white skin with brown hair and long mustaches and goatees, who could perhaps boast an eighth or a quarter of Indian blood.

The sight-seers at the Omaha Exposition seemed



BRAVE PANTHER—ARAPAHOE.



STANDING ELK—OMAHA.

Robinson, and of the Baker affair in Montana, where of the one hundred and seventy-six unoffending Piegan Indians killed in the surprised smallpox-stricken camp only eighteen were fighting-men and the rest old men, women and little children, show that there are two sides to the history of Indian warfare.

We may say that all the ill treatment of Indians could not have been avoided, that savagery must yield to civilization, that the fittest will survive and the weakest go to the wall. If all this be true, it is also true that this nation is now old enough to lay aside the prejudices of its childhood and, with the beginning of the new century, commence to treat the Indian intelligently, which only means fairly. A few years of such treatment and a moderate investment to enable the poorest of the tribes to make a start at gaining a livelihood, would soon pay for itself in the reduction of appropriations for Indian support. From all points of view, we should have a change.



RUSTY FOOT AND NEVER AFRAID—OMAHAS.



The Indian population of the United States to-day is undoubtedly much less than it was at the time of the last census, in 1890. The total number of Indians in the country then, exclusive of those in Alaska, was reported to be two hundred and forty-nine thousand two hundred and seventy-three. This figure, however, included some thirty-two thousand taxed or taxable Indians, ninety-eight per cent. of whom were not on reservations. The number on reservations or at school was put down as one hundred and thirty-



SAN CARLOS APACHES.

ing to official data, the Indian is now making toward becoming civilized and self-supporting, can be determined by the curious by comparing the reports of the next census with that of 1890. The self-supporting Indians then consisted of the five civilized tribes, that is, the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, the Creeks and the Seminoles, numbering fifty-two thousand and sixty-five.

In New Mexico and South Dakota the Indian population is the largest, numbering about twenty thousand in each. Arizona and California contain about fifteen thousand each. No other state or territory has over ten thousand except Montana. Perhaps there is no better illustration of how rapidly enforced civilization exterminates the Indian race than the case of the tribes in Maine. The once numerous and powerful Penobscots were vigorously civilized and watched over until now there are but a handful of them left, only about a hundred on their river island at Old Town. Other tribes, to be sure, have become absolutely extinct. It is more than likely that the Penobscots, despite the benefits of civilization, the protection of the government and the advantages of peace, will be the next tribe to exist only in memory on the North American continent.

three thousand three hundred and eighty-two.

It is an interesting fact to note that out of the grand total of nearly a quarter of a million only one hundred and eighty-four were incarcerated in state or territorial prisons, showing conclusively that, in the eye of the law at least, all live Indians were not "bad Indians." Of course, those who had been captured in arms against the government were prisoners of war and not included.

Just what progress, accord-



YELLOW SMOKE—OMAHA.



ARAPAHOES.

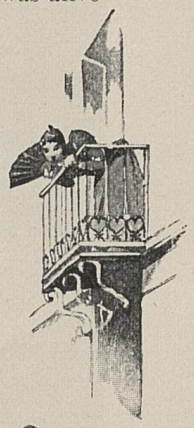
The annual appropriations by Congress for the Indian service are usually between eight and nine million dollars. This sum is disbursed for current and contingent expenses, treaty obligations, miscellaneous support and gratuities, the support of schools, payments for land, interest on trust funds, and incidental expenses. It costs about two million dollars a year to maintain the Indian schools and about three million dollars to fulfil the treaty obligations. To a careful student these figures furnish considerable food for thought.

At Omaha, while the Exposition was in progress, there were contingents from the various tribes of Sioux, Omahas, Crows, Blackfoots, Winnebagoes, Sacs and Foxes, Piutes, Apaches, Cheyennes, Zunis, Navajoes, Moquis, Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Comanches, Poncas, Delawares, and Digger Umatillas, all encamped on the vast fields back of the Transportation Building. This gathering was not a show; it had no connection with the Midway, some of whose most interested and amused visitors were the red men themselves. The government's Indian Bureau undertook the establishment of the encampment or "Congress," as it was called. The director of the project was Capt. W. A. Mercer, U. S. A., of the Omaha reservation, assisted by Professor James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology.

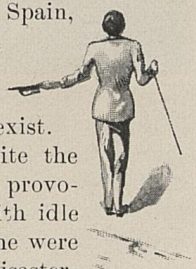
IN SOUTHERN SPAIN DURING THE WAR.

By Grant Lynd.

MALAGA at the middle of April was like June in England. But war-clouds were looming, and the blue of sea and sky mocked the distress of the people. For was not the fine harbor almost empty and were not paupers swarming, stocks falling and francs at fifty-five per cent.? The principal street, the Calle Larios, was alive with newsboys crying "el Heraldo," of Madrid, and crowded with readers looking like huge white butterflies with outspread wings. The fountain in the square had a black rim of illiterates listening to prophecies of victories spelled out by others who could just read. The big club, el Mercantile, hummed with politics as I sipped my coffee in the immense white patio. One jostled merchants, clerks and commercial travelers, idlers, foreigners, and barristers —whose name in Spain is legion and who are briefless.



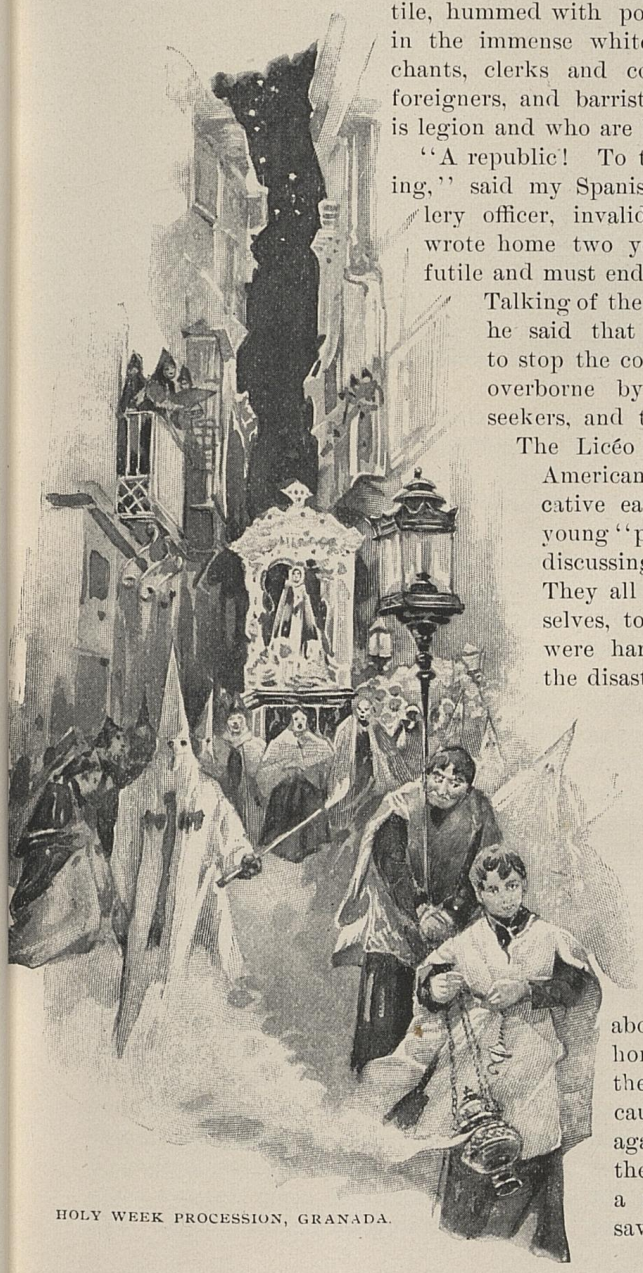
"A republic! To that we are gradually drifting," said my Spanish friend. He was an artillery officer, invalided home from Cuba. "I wrote home two years ago that the war was futile and must end in American interference."



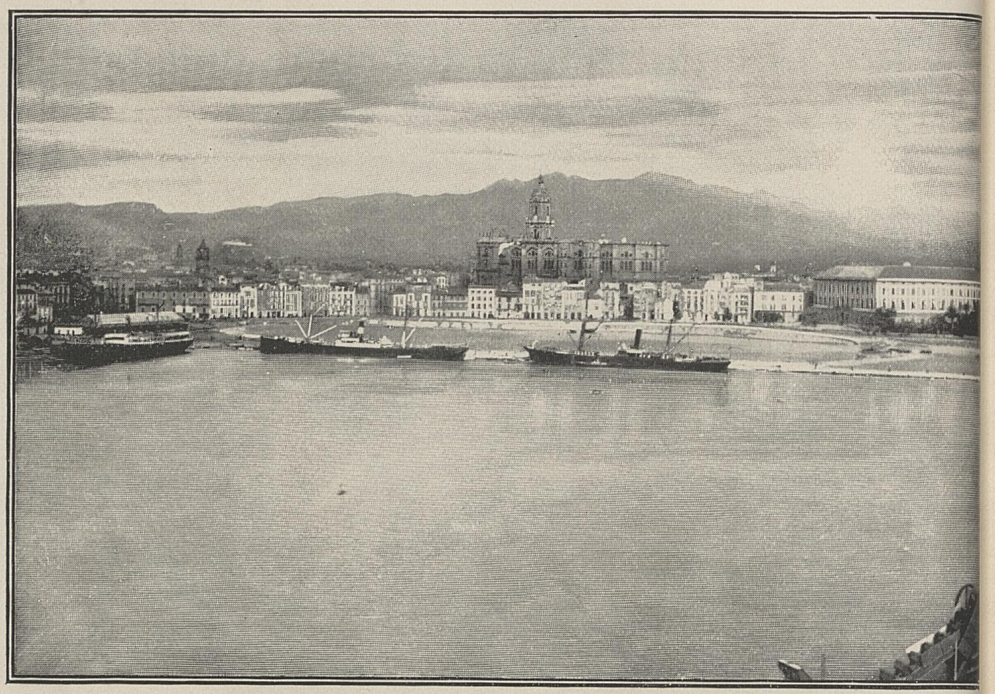
Talking of the maladministration of Spain, he said that the few who tried to stop the corruption were quickly overborne by the wave of self-seekers, and that justice did not exist.

The Licéo Club, exactly opposite the American consulate with its provocative eagle, was crowded with idle young "pollos"—bloods. Some were discussing the "Maine" disaster. They all said the Americans caused it themselves, to provoke a war. Some printed cards were handed round as the true solution of the disaster. In one corner were some pigs in naval uniform, carousing on the deck of a ship. In the opposite corner was the "Maine." You touched the wine-glass of the nearest pig with a light and the paper scorched across in a thin line to the "Maine," which blew up with a sulphurous sputter.

None of these people seemed capable of clear thought. Nothing was known about the States except through newspapers, which talked about "vile traders who want to sully the honor of noble Spain, the mirror of all the gentilities, who would represent the cause of civilization and progress against the retrogressive barbarism of the encroaching Yanquis—we Spaniards, a nation descended from heroes who saved Europe from Napoleon, and may



HOLY WEEK PROCESSION, GRANADA.



MALAGA.

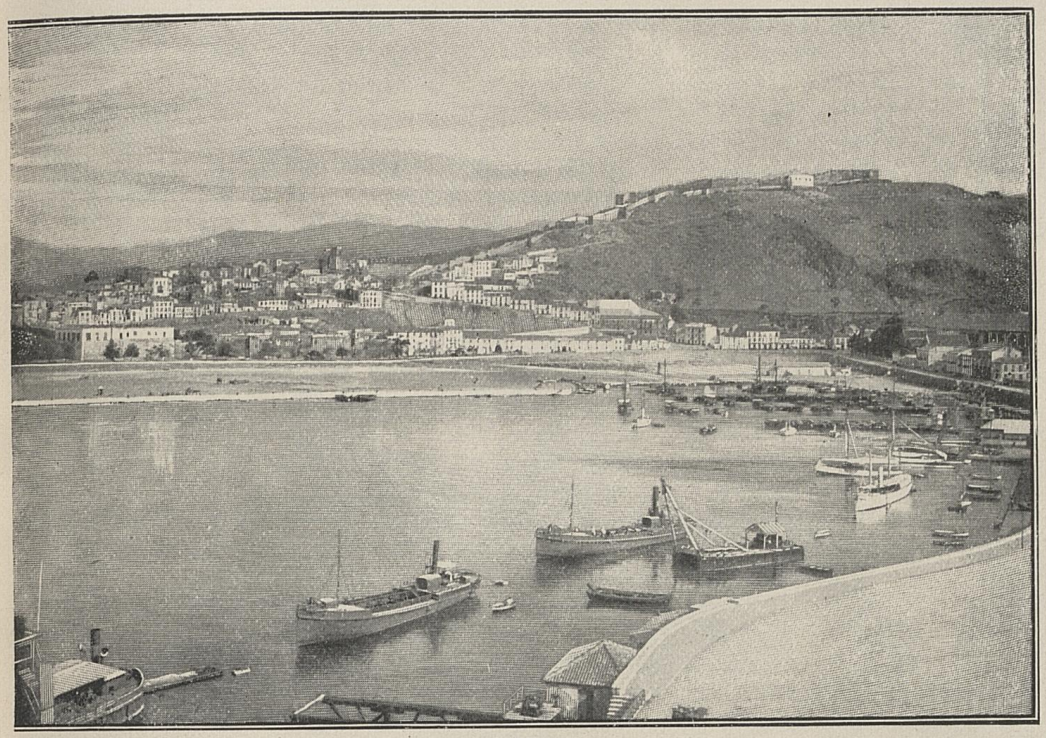
be fated to be the champions chosen to check the invading Americanos—qué gloria!'' Out of seventeen millions of Spaniards eleven millions are illiterate. Latin only in language, they are really Visigoths under many layers of Orientals, saturated with Mohammedan fatalism. Unchanged since the days of Cervantes, they still war upon windmills with fruitless heroism and childish bravado.

Malaga society is anything but typically Spanish. There is a great mixture of English and German blood. The Empress Eugénie was a Malagueña, the granddaughter of an English merchant. Malaga is the most cosmopolitan city in Spain. The town was full of idlers—taking the sun—and seemed paralyzed and dull.



A tailor told me a lamentable story. No one had bought a suit of him for a month except a municipal clerk, who, not having been paid for two years, had the clothes on trust. ''Even the ladies comb their own hair for economy!'' He added that landlords were being ruined because tenants ''eat their rents'' instead of starving, and five hundred thousand dwellings had been confiscated in Spain because the owners could not pay the taxes.

The night before I left for Cadiz, there was much excitement at the club. War was expected to be declared. The young fellows scanning the telegrams seemed, from their constant whisperings, and glances at the American consulate, to have some deviltry on hand. The consulate showed no light. It was long past midnight when I started home. I had not got far down the Calle Larios when, turning, I saw a small crowd issue from the Licéo. It crossed the street to the American consulate. Then, with hoots, and shouts of ''Viva España!'' a ladder was run up, and the consulate shield hacked down and kicked to bits along the street. Hostilities had evidently begun and this was their declaration of war. A design on the wall was pointed out to me with great glee. It was a black figure of a pig wearing a top-hat and standing on its hind legs. This



MALAGA.

represented the departure of the consul. Next day's paper, reporting "Last Night's Events," remarked that "the best blood of Malaga" might serve the country more usefully than by insulting foreigners. The last thing I heard was that the harbor lights would be extinguished, and no smoking allowed on the quays, for fear American "corsairs" might be guided in.

I shall not soon forget the splendor of that night between Malaga and Cadiz. The water was as calm as the sky. The only sound was the cutting of it by the ship's sharp bow. My dream of peace had a rude awakening, for on a sudden the moon went out in a dazzling stream of light, shot into my eyes from a poignant point, then after the yellow flash a dull crash came across the water, and the steamer slowed. A small boat rapidly neared us, only to return, disappointed of a prize, to where the lights of a Spanish gunboat glowed dimly in the haze off Gibraltar. I dozed again, and awoke at five in sight of Cadiz, "la Perla del Oceano."

The company at the table of the hotel were army and navy officers, a few civiles, and a German commercial traveler. The latter was loud and bitter against the Americans, and said his Kaiser would never let them annex Cuba—had he not sworn it over his sword? The paper that morning told me that Dewey was on his way to Manila, and that the poorer classes subscribed well to the war fund but the rich held back.

The Cadiz Club seemed quiet after the Malaga Licéo. Spain is full of fine clubs, to which a foreigner gets admittance through his consul or some good-natured Spaniard. Club and café life seems a necessity to the Spaniard, who has few distractions in a home which much resembles the harem of his Moorish ancestors. Hospitality, as we know it, does not exist. The house is ruled by the feminine element, much addicted to embroidery and similar occupations. The women are, as a rule, poorly educated. As they go out little and read less, their ideas lack interest except as petty scandal. No man dreams of working if he has just enough to live upon. All the men want to be "caballeros." The retired tradesman







with a man-servant talks depreciatingly of merchants, for is he not now a "rentero"? Half the young bloods starve themselves for a diamond pin, and emerge from attics as dashing "sportsmans" of the "higg-leafy"—i. e. high life.

One night at dinner, there was a new arrival who talked little Spanish and questioned too much. Finding that he was a newspaper correspondent, I warned him to be careful, and showed him a newspaper cutting about spies in Cadiz dressed up as priests, and taking notes of the fortifications. But, of course, he laughed incredulously, though I told him he would get us both suspected.

War enthusiasm was not lacking. That night, at the close of the performance at the theater the company waved flags, and the Spanish national air, "Cadiz," was sung en masse by players and audience with indescribable enthusiasm. Some Germans sang the loudest. In the Calle Alta, where stood the empty American consulate, there was a patriotic procession of students and much cheering, but these university youths looked pigmies and the cheers sounded very weak.

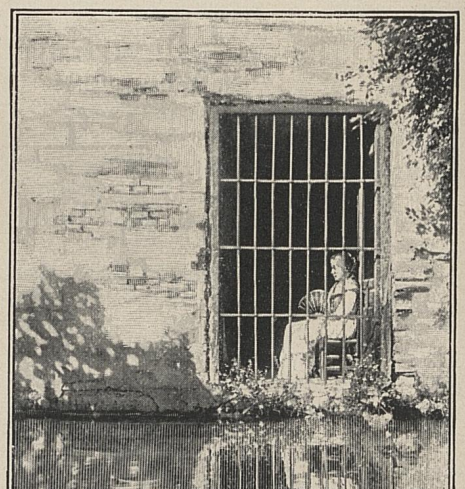
The next day was one of mourning. News of the Cavite disaster had arrived. Fearing a tumult among the people, who all expected a brilliant victory, the Alcalde had posted up a proclamation:



"GADITANOS: The telegrams circulating are true in only one thing, that our forces have maintained our honor at the height it reached in the great deeds of the past. Knowing your brave hearts, I give the official telegram in all its nakedness. Notwithstanding the bravery of our soldiers, the squadron of the Philippines has suffered gravely by reason of the superiority of the American ships. The 'Reina Cristina' and 'Castilla' are on fire, and some of the smaller ships have been sunk to escape the enemy. There are grave losses, notably that of Captain Cadarso, gloriously dying for his country. Let us be resigned to this misfortune, assured that the blood of our brothers raises the nation's honor, and spurs all Spaniards on to a triumph which, if necessary, may call for our own lives and those of our children. Cadiz has made titanic struggles, saving the flag and sacrificing her sons, and was the rampart of our liberty in adversities more tremendous still. I doubt not you will continue to exhibit your well-known civil virtues, following the noble history of your town. Gaditanos! Live the King! Live the forces! and above all our beloved country!

"FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS.

"Cadiz, May 2."



WINDOW OVER TANK, RONDA.

In the club I saw the newspaper correspondent in a corner writing notes from a Spanish journal. The members evidently resented this, and I felt that I too was an object of suspicion. A telegram was brought in and seized upon—a white-haired member read it out with tears in his eyes, amid a deathly silence. Minutes passed like hours. Then, the heart-rending impression passing, a storm of wounded patriotism broke out, and feeling myself in

the way, I went out. I could not but feel for this mistaken, Quixotic people. That they suspected me, I knew, but these were exceptional times and excited imaginations saw spies in every corner. English consuls were suspected because they acted for America, and Englishmen generally because they spoke the same language as Americans.

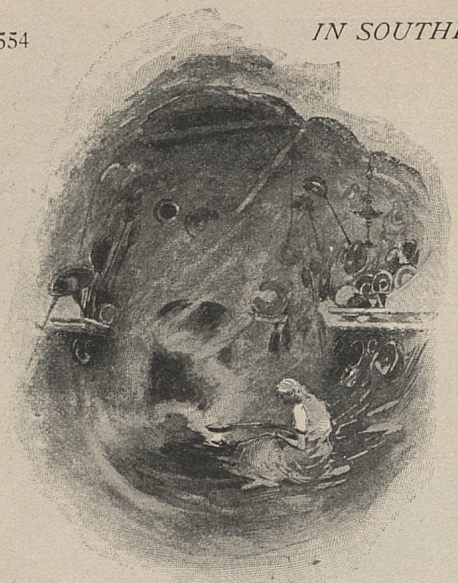
me to take the train to Granada forthwith, and on the way thither I read in the "Diario de Cadiz" the fate of my imprudent acquaintance, who proved to be a retired British naval officer, invalided by a sunstroke, and acting unofficially for a London paper. He was sent back to England at the earliest opportunity, being strictly watched in the mean time lest he



MOORISH CASTLE AT GIBRALTAR.

The next day, the expected happened. My friend, the correspondent, was arrested as a spy. Evidently a further stay in the second-rate hotel would be uncomfortable for me, and Cadiz too small. My harmless note-taking, and even writing in my room, would be sure to attract suspicion. In fact, I found that some of the pages of my diary were missing. This determined should commit any more extravagancias.

Granada struck me as chilly after Cadiz. Men were going about in the capa—half cloak, half toga. Here one seemed a long way from wars. The "Americanos Yanquis" would never come here except as peaceable tourists to the Washington Irving Hotel in the Alhambra. The old fortress-palace looked peaceful in its somber greenery,



THE GIPSY CAVE.

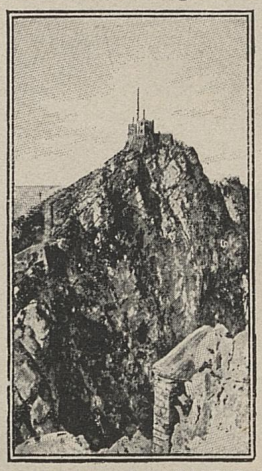
asleep since the wars of the Moors four hundred years ago. I knew it all so well. Not as the gadding tourist knows it—a tottering Arabic monument, fit for the photographing of grinning groups, but I liked to dream in it of evenings when the sun died on the Nevada ice-peaks, and the stars were reflected in the somber Alberca, and the Comares gates were closed.

Fired by the wild deeds of chivalry of Castilian and Moor, I wanted to ride forth across the plain on some hired hack with a modern Panza, but hearing that I could go in the coach for Lánjaron, drawn by eight galloping mules in the moonlight, I booked a seat. This was more practical, if less Quixotic. To an extraordinary vehicle squatting upon huge springs, with a protruding hood into which one climbed by means of a ladder, the eight animals were attached by an infinity of knotted ropes and chains. We started on our way. A Moorish mosque soon flashed by, with green-tiled pointed roof, in a dusky garden. The moon lit up the tiny arched ventanas so that one could see the delicate tracery within. Long white walls lined the road. Black cypresses, like giant sentinels, guarded gardens that must be haunted by Moorish houris. The coach rolled on through the dim vega, which looked like a sea of olives, with here and there a light.



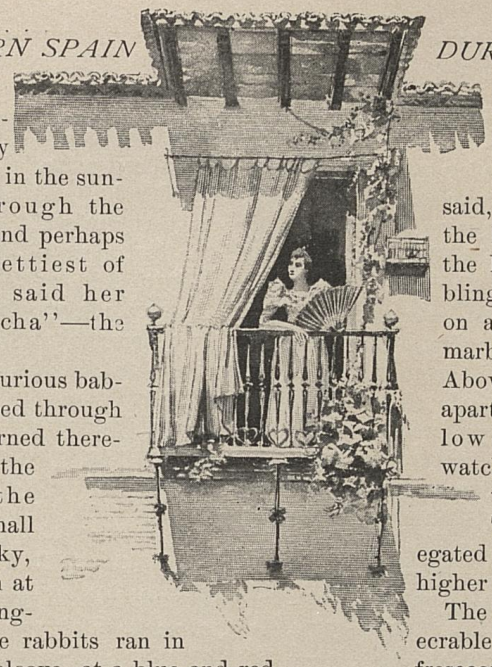
A RONDA DOORWAY.

Mule coaching is certainly exciting when one goes at a breakneck pace. You sit between two unmitigated savages, called drivers. The way one fellow jumps from and back to the rushing vehicle, picks up a stone and hits a mule behind the ear with fell aim, then smites another on the rump, dodging kicks and howling insults in return, is as good as a circus. The poor animals have rhinoceros hides from everlasting thumping, but many have sores that are eagerly sought for as more effective for prodding. In many parts of Spain, mules and donkeys receive their names in a baptism of blows. The novice is led into a corral, each man takes a stick, and at a signal all give the animal simultaneous blows—shouting its name. The straw-stuffing and sewing up of horses slit in the abdomen at bull-fights is being stopped, but no one condemns the terrible treatment of draft-animals, and if he did he would promptly be called mad.



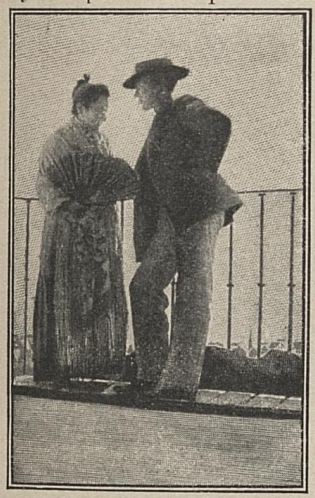
THE PEAK OF GIBRALTAR.

The dawn broke as we neared Lánjaron. With its Moorish castle, the town looked very picturesque among the purple mountains. You might fancy Lánjaron a gray pack of card-houses sewn together on a green slope at an angle of 45°. But within the rickety maze are some quaint patios and charming tiny gardens whose presence you guess by a vine trail or a gold orange peeping over a wall. One I found with real Arabic azulios tiles and delicate filigree about its arches. High up was a



tiny Moorish window, whose fairy column glimmered in the sunlight filtering through the vines. In it sat, and perhaps sits now, the prettiest of muchachas, who said her name was "Concha"—the Castilian for shell.

Attracted by a curious babbling sound, I peeped through a doorway and learned thereby something of the education of the masses. In a small patio, open to the sky, sat two old women at enormous spinning-wheels, while tame rabbits ran in and out. In the alcove, at a blue and red table, sat a prepossessing young woman flourishing a red fan with a bull-fight depicted on it. Great black eyes, enhanced by the pallor of a painted face; blue-black hair plastered up to a comb on top; a crimson Manila shawl, embroidered with yellow flowers, gave a startling aspect to this school-mistress—for such she was! Around her, on stools, sat some fourteen boys and girls, ranging from tiny tots to youth of twelve years. Beside her was her own baby, rocked by one foot in a coffin-shaped cradle. Undisturbed by my intrusion, one old woman gave me a chair, while the girls stitched, and the boys spelled out their lessons together. The señora del collegio explained the situation to me. Her husband, a shoemaker, had gone off on foot to Lisbon to seek his fortune, leaving her to exist upon the pittance the day-school brought her.



Leaving the school, my eye soon caught a most picturesque house. At the front I met the owner, who proved to be an old acquaintance. "Su casa de usted," he said, and dragged me in. Once the home of a wealthy Moor, the house was large and rambling. Below, the rooms opened on a columned patio with a marble fountain in a tank. Above were the original harem apartments, which once had low partitions, enabling a watchful eye to take in the whole zenana at a glance. The uglier ladies were relegated to the story above, and higher still the slaves.

The drawing-room was in execrable taste. Painted with crude frescoes, the ceilings startled one until he was sobered by black-framed saints and martyrs. Maddening colors are voted joyful, and tasteful shades triste. Few rooms were papered. The window-panes rattled painfully in their sockets. They are never puttied. Doors have an affinity for ancient cracks, old locks and wondrous keys. Latch-keys are rare in Spain. Like David of old, each man carries an enormous ten-inch affair—often two or three. There are no fires. People cuddle round a table under which fumes a charcoal brazier. They inhabit the house-top in winter, and come down lower in summer. A caballero rises late in summer to take a cup of coffee, and dines from 3 to 5 P.M. on peas, onions and potatoes, chopped in a kind of salad, and bits of meat of which soup has previously been made; then perhaps chicken in vinegar, or some very dried-up oily meat, and a dessert of cheese and fruit. After a very scrambly sort of supper at any hour, he goes to his club and makes the best of a long, cool night. About half-past four, the señora appears in peignoir, with unkempt hair, to tidy up. For the morning ab-





lution she rubs her face with cold cream.

Lánjaron is a typical Spanish watering-place. It possesses sulphur springs, which supply the baths, but anything less like the modern idea of that term would be hard to imagine. They are a medieval arrangement a mile out of the town, whither you walk or ride on a panniered donkey.

The Switzerland of Spain, called the Alpujarras, is an unknown land to most people. Its interest lies in its primitive Moorish villages. Stone- and pebble-built, and flat-topped, they are scarcely distinguished from the rocks, for these also are gray. To reach the Nevada peaks you ascend the picturesque Pogueira ravine. The Moors called the mountain el Zolair—the Sun mountain—because down in Granada they saw the first sun-rays glitter on the ice above. Though covered with snow in winter, the slopes are almost bared by the August sun. Instead of damp valleys and Swiss log huts, you see gleaming white cortijos—homesteads—on the Granada side, and on the other, stone huts on terraces, carved by centuries of Moorish toilers. The ascent by the Gemil gorge is most picturesque; the Alpujarran side is full of valles al abismo, with dells where people cultivate oranges and lemons, overlooking plains where there are palms and pink-blossoming almonds and sugar-cane planted by the Moors. The range is sixty miles long, and the Alpujarras covers forty square leagues, wherein are about seventy-six villages and towns. Here the rebel prince, Aben Omeya, was crowned king of this romantic little realm. He was the last of the Emirs of Spain. This sierra ought to be a rich mining country. It is full of old shafts of the Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans. Hannibal got his "sinews of war" here when he marched on Rome.



The Moors got copper, lead, antimony, jasper, serpentine, silver and gold. At Huecar you can still see the remains of their silkworm industry. So far, Paco, my muleteer, had spoken only once, to assure himself that I was an Inglés and not an Americano. Some aguardiente made him talk of bandits, who mostly exist in the imagination of boulevard Frenchmen's "voyages." But there was a band in 1893, when Antonio Lopez de Ecija was shot by his own men. His personal effects were found to be a charm against the evil eye, a package of poudre de riz, a mirror in a tin box, some cigarettes, a knife, a revolver and a curling-iron, all in his sash.

The ascent of the Sierra Nevada is a long, tiring ride. Pepe, the guide, was quite yellow, and wanted only a wreath of asphodels to look like Death himself. But he was of royal blood, for his uncle is King of the Gipsies.

Quercus and shrub soon gave way to



IN A CADIZ CAFÉ

GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH FRONTIER.

GIBRALTAR FROM THE SPANISH FRONTIER.



spiny shrubs, prickly as porcupines, as we made the ascent. The smooth and luxurious were left below. Grim walls of ironstone, with jagged pinnacles and battlements, seemed tottering to overwhelm us. The sun went down behind the cerro, leaving us in a world of stone beneath a golden dome. We pegged our mules and slept like mummies. At dawn the mist rose like shrouds. Black peaks emerged like islands from the sea of fog. Lands unfolded. There wound the Mediterranean, miles of coast, away to where Gibraltar lay a menacing speck. Behind Veleta peak Granada blushed pink above the vega.



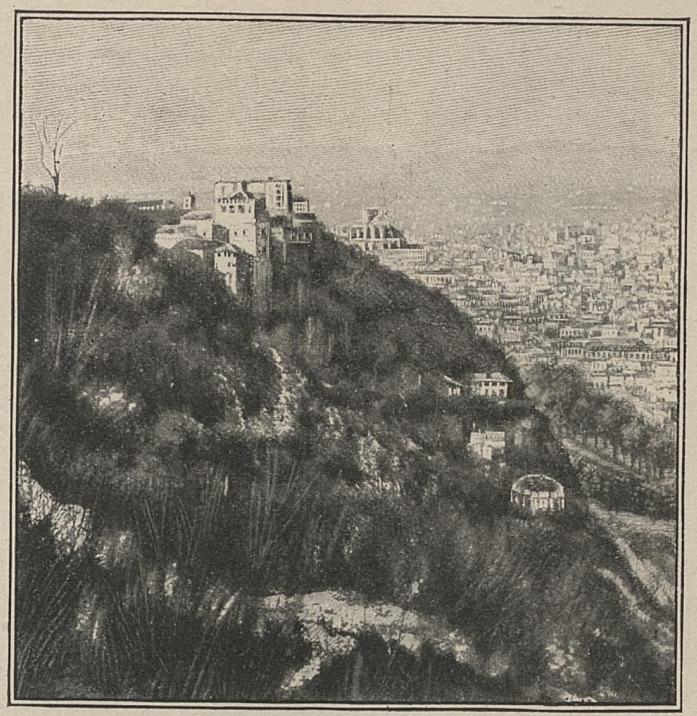
ALPUJARRAN PEASANTS.

We gained the top of Mulahacen, called for the fiery old Emir, father of King Boabdil, who, tradition says, lies buried here. He had married a lovely Christian, Zoraya. Jealousy arose between her and Aixa, Boabdil's mother. Tired of the ensuing feud, which placed Boabdil on the throne, the old King retired to the Sierras, and his dying wish was to be buried on the topmost Nevada peak beyond the reach of the ungrateful world.

The Spanish Nevada may disappoint Alpinists, but it is a world of matchless romance. The country abounds in the rarest of wild flowers, and wolves and chamois are found in large number. Pepe had many tales to tell of these animals before Paco and I parted with him at Pitres on the way to Lánjaron, where I found myself called back to Granada.

Every one said that commerce was dead in Granada on account of the American war. Beggars swarmed in myriads, respectable artisans were starving, and everywhere you saw black-coated, knee-breeched peasants holding out their hats for alms. All over Spain people had mutinied against the impossible imposts, and sacked corn and grain stores and bakers' shops, and had burnt the government tax huts. Even the newspapers complained that paper was so dear that journalism meant ruin. One felt the consequences of an impossible war boastfully undertaken with scandalous ignorance. Men smiled away their country's heritage, inanely gibing at caricatures of pigs in American uniform, for were not Yanquis swine? General Augusti had said so, and here was his proclamation posted up at the club: "We are at war with the United States. The moment has come for routing those who have abused our hospitality. The American people, made up of the social detritus spat out from the Old World, provoked the war with perfidious machinations and outrages on international rights. The struggle will be short and decisive. The god of nations will give us as brilliant a victory as the cause of justice merits. Spain counts upon the world's

sympathies, and will humiliate the adventurers of this nation without cohesion or history, which offers to humanity only low traditions, and the spectacle of a parliament where alone are shown insolence, defamation, cowardice and cynicism,'' etc., etc. All this, and much more, was devoutly believed by the Granadinos—the most boastful and ignorant people in Spain. The club was crowded with the youthful ''higg-leafy.'' The noise was astounding. Every one shouted politics, while nobody listened. In a corner a smirking and self-satisfied Frenchman was flattering the Spaniards' amor propio by talking about ''corsaires charcutiers'' and ''épiciers conquérants,'' and generally depreciating Americans to the glory of France. Upstairs there was gambling at monte. Although this is forbidden by law, each club buys up the governor of the town.



GRANADA.

One evening I attended a party at which some of the town aristocracy were present. Most of the men wore an antiquated type of evening dress—some very long tails, and some very short—and had much befrilled shirts. The evening began stiffly. One was constrained to talk only with the gentlemen, at one end of the room, while the women huddled like sheep at the other. Slightly bored by this mutual distrust society, I noted that the ladies all wore very high dresses—the effect of much jealousy and centuries of zenana seclusion and Moorish inheritance.

Granada is still old-fashioned. You often see the capa—last vestige of the Roman toga. It is the only shady town in Andalusia. There are three or four alamedas of fine trees. That called the ''Promenade of the Sad'' earns its poetic name, for, situated on the Douro torrent beneath the Alhambra towers and the heights of the Albaicin, it possesses charms enhanced by its loneliness. Society walks along the river Genil at the other end of the town.

But the gipsies in Granada are most interesting of all, for their habits have not changed since King Ferdinand's day. The men do a good trade in donkeys, and, as they steal half of them, make a good profit. The women's occupations are witchcraft and fortune-telling. The Sierra Nevada side of the Alhambra plateau, and Sacramonte to the left of the Douro, are honeycombed by their caves, to which they were relegated centuries ago. The red earth is scooped out for an outer and an inner cave, which are whitewashed. The inner one serves for sleeping; the outer is hung with a burnished array of pots and pans and bronzes of every age. The women are not pretty as a rule, but there are singularly beautiful exceptions. Gipsy girls dance harmless boleros at hotels, but to see the real thing





(probably hailing from the Nile, with something of the Moorish zambra in it) you must order a dance in the caves. The dance begins quietly with gentle movements and discreet undulations, until, worked up by the excitement of the frantic cries and handclappings of the "chorus," it degenerates into unconcerted erotic wriggles, ending in a climax of contortion. The gipsies infest the old Albaicin quarter, which is nothing but an artistic hive of misery. Vice stalks, through excess of poverty and ignorance, but under all lurks much kindliness and goodness. These people simply want humanizing, and, although dirty of habit and lazy by nature, would soon improve if decently educated.

As I took my ticket for Ronda, the Granada railway station was full of artillerymen going to Malaga, which everybody said might be attacked by the Americans. The little brown soldiers seemed full of enthusiasm to fight the "Yanquis." At Boabdilla the car was invaded by a batch of officers of the Philippine expedition. All the way to Ronda, subalterns passed around comic war cartoons of Americans as pigs in uniform. Ronda was disagreeably hot, so I packed for Algeciras. At the station the booking clerk refused to accept a hundred-peseta note, and I had to threaten to go first-class for nothing to make him give me change. Mistrusting the government and thinking silver better than paper, shopkeepers will not accept bank-notes except at a discount. But the unfortunate tobacconists, being under the government monopoly, have no redress, so if they refuse, you just seize what cigars and cigarettes you want and walk off. The English railway to Algeciras passes through San Roque, the frontier town, with a view of Gibraltar across the bay. I confess to glad feelings as the dim silhouette of the old lion couchant brought me a vision of the Union Jack. But it had quite a different effect on the noisy Spanish soldiers. Songs ceased as if by magic. The officers crowded to the window for a first view of the "enemy." For was not England a usurper of Spanish soil and the ally of the Americans?



COURTSHIP.



AN ALGECIRAS WASHERWOMAN.

Algeciras was full of soldiers for Admiral Camara's fleet, and alive with gunboats continually darting into the straits to catch stray American yachts. Under these conditions one's chances of quiet and a little harmless sketching seemed nil. Besides, I knew that I was under surveillance. So I took passage for Malaga, and was rowed to the steamer one afternoon at five o'clock. No sooner was I comfortably on board than I was touched on the shoulder by a herculean officer, who demanded my papers in a honeyed voice. Nothing incriminating was found. But I was told I must go ashore, where the "General" would decide. The upshot, of course, was that nothing culpable was found against me, and, a Spanish gentleman having come forward to say that I was a harmless caballero Inglés whom he had previously known, I was told that I was free—in fact, that I was "innocente" and a "persona decente."

The next day I went to Gibraltar to complain of my arrest.

SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS IN SCIENTIFIC MIND-READING.

By Edmund Willson Roberts.

THE average individual is prone to look upon the subject of "thought transference," popularly known as "mind-reading," with more or less derision. It is nevertheless a fact that the majority, perhaps all, of the human race possess the faculty of reading the thoughts of others without recourse to speech or to outward signs. That the statement is strictly true, each reader may readily prove for himself by means of the experiments outlined in this article.

Before taking up experiments in detail, it is necessary to caution the experimenter against permitting zeal so to blind his judgment as to allow mere chance or coincidence to be mistaken for actual results. No one is so easily deceived by mere coincidence or by trickery as one inclined to attribute such phenomena to supernatural causes—for instance, to the "denizens of the spirit world." And, although the writer offers neither explanation nor theory regarding these phenomena, he feels confident that once the laws of thought transference are thoroughly established they will be found analogous to those physical laws accepted for electricity and light.

The following general rules apply to all experiments in thought transference.

The receiver—he who receives the impression from the mind of another—must, first of all, learn to bring his mind to a state of absolute rest. In other words, he must learn to think of nothing but the fact that another's mind is trying to impress a thought upon his own. Experience has proved that the more perfect the state of rest and the less the effort employed, the easier it is for the transmitter—he who seeks to impress the thought—to produce the mental effect desired. The success of the experiments depends, in a great measure, upon the ability of the transmitter to concentrate his mind upon the particular thought with which he wishes to impress the mind of the receiver. The measure of success appears to vary inversely with the extent of the effort employed. Merely to think of a word or phrase, without allowing the mind to wander, is *all* that is required of the transmitter. The circumstances surrounding the experiment are sufficient for the transmission of the thought in the proper direction, and that portion of the experiment is certain to take care of itself.

The experiment should never be attempted by those either mentally or physically fatigued. Under no circumstances should a novice practise the experiments continuously for any length of time, for the reason that, until an experimenter learns to operate entirely without effort, he finds the work very exhausting. Do not become discouraged at failures upon first attempts. The experimenter finds that by perseverance he soon acquires sufficient skill to be successful in the majority of experiments. If he keep a careful record, he soon perceives that there is no other explanation of the phenomena observed, than thought transference.

The first experiment considered is that popularly known as "pin-finding," dubbed by wiseacres "muscle-reading." The customary procedure is as follows: Several persons having assembled in a room, one of the company leaves for a few moments, and during his absence some object is hidden. The hiding-place is known to every one but the person outside. The exiled individual then comes in and, taking the hand of another of the company, attempts to find the hidden object, ostensibly by reading the minds of those present. I say ostensibly, because there is no denying that the experiment is materially assisted by slight, though usually unconscious, movements on the part of the leader.

The one doing the seeking—let us call him the operator—experiences an inclination to go in a certain direction, and moves as he is inclined. He usually walks slowly, but surely, to where the object is hidden, the leader, of course, walking by the side and still holding the hand of the operator. On arriving in front of the hiding-place, the operator is inclined to pause, and his free hand seems to be led

directly to the hidden object. The experiment may be varied by the company's choosing some task which they desire the operator to perform. Thus they may wish him to walk across the room and lay his hand upon some particular object, or, perhaps, to take a card from a tray and hand it to some one present.

The foregoing experiment is ordinarily successful, no matter who the operator may be. If, however, the experiment be attempted without the assistance of the leader, i. e., without bodily contact with any one, the failures are more frequent and the performance of the experiment is often exhausting to the operator. The reason for the larger percentage of failures in this case is that the operator here depends upon thought transference alone, since he no longer has the aid of unconscious muscular action on the part of an assistant. By practice, however, the operator gradually gains confidence in his own ability, soon finding not only that bodily contact is entirely unnecessary, but that if he resorts to it he is apt to become confused.

To gain more quickly the necessary confidence, the following intermediary step may be taken. Procure a piece of copper wire, about eight or ten feet long. Employ a leader, as in the first experiment, but instead of taking hold of his hand, have the leader grasp one end of the wire, while the operator takes hold of the other; allow the wire to lie upon the floor, and make sure that no movement of the leader can be transferred to the end of the wire which the operator is holding; then proceed as in the first experiment. In a short time the wire may be discarded altogether, and impressions received when those present are several feet away.

A very good procedure to follow, when making the experiment without contact, is first to blindfold the operator securely before he enters the room. The company having chosen the task to be performed, the operator is led in, taken to the center of the floor, and turned about several times, so that he cannot tell in what direction he is facing, then left to his own devices. The others should now keep their minds fixed upon the task to be performed. Perfect quiet is absolutely essential. Whispering, half-suppressed laughter, or moving about are especially annoying to the operator.

Once placed in the center of the room, the operator should, to begin with, bring his mind to a state of rest. In a short time—it may be a few seconds, or it may, perhaps, take as long as two minutes—the operator finds himself seemingly drawn, in some one direction, by an unknown force. He should follow this inclination and do anything he feels impelled to do. The result quite frequently is that he performs the task as laid down for him.

In the first experiments of this nature, simple tasks should be chosen. For example, take some object, as a bunch of keys, lay it on a chair or shelf, and decide that the operator is to pick it up. The task may be increased in difficulty as the operator improves.

In the remaining experiments, thought transference proper comes into play. In other words, the impression of an actual thought by the mind of one person upon that of another, is the principal feature. The sequence in which these experiments are here described, is also the order in which they should be taken up by the novice.

In the first experiment of this series, the receiver takes a position with his back to the transmitter and at a distance of ten feet or more. For convenience, the transmitter should be seated at a table. The message or thought to be transferred, may be the mental image of any familiar object. The transmitter chooses the object and lays it before him on the table, with a background of contrasting color beneath it, so that the outlines of the object may stand out clearly. The transmitter should gaze at the object continuously, without permitting his thoughts to wander. No effort need be made toward impressing the thought upon the mind of the receiver, but all efforts exerted in keeping the thoughts upon the message.

The mental efforts of the receiver should all be directed toward keeping his mind as devoid of thought as he possibly can. The mental image of the message appears slowly at first, the distinctness of the vision depending upon the degree of concentration exercised by the transmitter. It is sometimes difficult to perceive the image; and several

objects may crowd themselves forward before the mind's eye, making it hard to choose the right one. The most persistent image of all usually turns out to be the message, while it frequently happens that the others are thoughts that have crowded themselves into the mind of the transmitter.

The novice should, at first, employ several transmitters, say as many as can conveniently be grouped about a small table. A further aid to the beginner, is to choose four or five objects which the receiver knows of beforehand, and from which the transmitters are to select their message. Suppose the five objects are five numbers. The receiver is told that the message is to be one of the numbers two, four, six, seven and eight. The receiver now takes his station, say in an arm-chair across the room, and covers his face with his hands or shades his eyes, his back, of course, toward the transmitters.

The number chosen is now laid, face up, in the center of the table, and the other numbers laid aside so as not to be in view. Each transmitter gazes intently at the number. In the course of a few seconds, the receiver perceives the numbers two, four and seven crowding forward; six and eight, perhaps, are far in the background. The numbers two, four and seven file slowly past, each lingering a moment to be crowded out by another; after a short time he finds that four is the most persistent of the three, and on naming it, is told that four is the chosen one.

If the first guess is not correct, a new set of figures should be chosen and the experiment repeated. Figures cut from an ordinary wall calendar are very convenient for this purpose.

The number of figures used should be gradually increased as the receiver improves, until he finally discovers that he succeeds quite well, when the transmitters are at liberty to choose any number of one or two digits, i. e., any number from one to ninety-nine, inclusive.

The next step is to reduce the number of transmitters until one is finally found sufficient. This gradual tapering down, as we may call it, gives both parties confidence—a most necessary qualification for continual success.

A great obstacle in the path of success is the tendency of the transmitter to permit his thoughts to wander from the message. In order to obviate this difficulty as much as possible, the writer devised an instrument which he has named "teleposcope." This is nothing more than an oblong box, one end larger than the other, fitted with a removable slide at the larger end, and at the smaller with a flexible hood, so shaped as to fit the head closely about the eyes. For convenience when in use, it is supplied with a handle on the under side. The slide contains an aperture for the insertion of a piece of paper, having upon it a figure or any character chosen for the purpose.

When the instrument is placed to the eyes of the transmitter, he has nothing in view but the message. Thus, the liability of his mind to wander to subjects other than the message, is considerably decreased. The efficiency of the instrument was proved in the first three experiments made with its assistance. Two of these, the first and the third, were completely successful. In these experiments the distance between the transmitter and the receiver was no less than two hundred and twenty-five miles.

Not only is it possible to transmit disjointed numbers, but the operator may, by practice, reach such a degree of perfection as to be able to read a complete series of thoughts. No better illustration of this can be given than the relation of an actual case, one from the writer's personal experience. The particular instance in question is selected more because of the circumstances surrounding the case, than because the results were unusual.

The transmitter was a young lady, to whom the operator had been introduced but three days previous to the experiment. He knew little of her family, and absolutely nothing of her history prior to the introduction; he had, furthermore, no knowledge of her home but that it was in the neighborhood of New Orleans, knowing nothing whatever of its exact location. He was likewise ignorant of the topography of the surrounding country, having never been within one hundred miles of the city.

The operator sat facing the transmitter and placed the palm of her hand against his forehead. After requesting her to keep her mind upon some event of which she could form a distinct mental picture, he

was silent for perhaps thirty seconds before he began a relation of his impressions.

Without entering into minutiæ, it may be said that he was able to describe her thoughts, briefly as follows: The young lady had, some years before, been driving with a young man and during the drive they had had a violent quarrel. He drove her through a wood to a stream much too swollen to ford, and, after some protestation on the part of the young lady against going farther, he drove her home.

The operator described her home, narrated what she did after the young man left her, and even told many characteristics of the country surrounding the house. When he had finished, the young lady exclaimed: "Every word of that is true. Now do you think you can tell me his name?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "George Gardner." The transmitter sank back in her chair, overcome with astonishment. The answer was right.

Although this experiment was performed when the transmitter was touching the operator, subsequent experiments were successfully performed by the same parties while seated at opposite sides of the room.

It is not necessary for the receiver to place the transmitter's hand against his forehead, a light grasp of the hands doing as well. But with a little practice, contact may be abandoned altogether and the parties seated anywhere in the room. It is advisable for both experimenters to cover their eyes with their hands, or at least to shade them, better to prevent distraction from the subject in hand. The methods are otherwise practically the same as those previously described. Experiments of this kind are seldom successful with more than one-third of those acting as transmitters for the first time. By persistent practice, however, all seem able to acquire the necessary acumen.

When making experiments in thought transference over distances greater than those within the limits of an ordinary room, the plan outlined below has given good results. It is possible that some other system might give an equally good, if not a better, chance of success, but the following scheme has the advantage of having been tested in a series of some one hundred and twenty-five experiments, made during the spring of last year.

The receiver and the transmitter should set apart some hour for the work, when neither is likely to be disturbed. It is obviously essential that the hour chosen by each individual should be the same. If there is any difference in time, as, for instance, when one party is in New York and the other in Chicago, proper allowance should be made. The hour chosen is to be divided into six intervals of ten minutes each. During the first ten minutes both experimenters should rest, to give their minds sufficient time to clear themselves of extraneous thoughts. The transmitter should devote a portion of this interval to the preparation of the message, or the object, the mental image of which he wishes to impress upon the mind of the receiver. During the second ten minutes the transmitter should gaze steadily at the object constituting the message. The receiver should at the same time be seated in a comfortable position, his eyes covered with his hand, and should note any image which may appear to him, making a careful record of his impression at the close of the interval. The following ten minutes is a second period of rest, and the first ten minutes at the second half of the hour is devoted to a second message. A third period of rest ensues, and the last ten minutes is devoted to a third message. The periods of rest are essential, especially to the beginner, as they not only help to avoid confusion of the messages, but give a chance for rest to the novice, to whom the work is tiring.

In order to facilitate the keeping of records, it is well to prepare beforehand a set of blanks, to be kept in duplicate, the transmitter recording the messages sent and the receiver the impressions received.

The original copy should be, at the earliest opportunity, mailed by each experimenter to his collaborator, to insure the confidence of each party in the other. Each receiving the other's report after he has mailed his own, will be satisfied that such results as are apparent are genuine.

Systematic and conscientious work, such as is required in any scientific experiments, is certain to produce astonishing results. The experimenter should not, however, expect too much at the start.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

By A. J. Gade.

I.

OLIVER CROMWELL was neither very poor nor of obscure birth. This man who was destined to become the greatest figure in English history could trace his ancestry back on his mother's side to the royal Stuart family of Scotland; and according to the genealogists who have taken the trouble to follow the connection, Cromwell was distantly related to that unfortunate monarch, Charles I., for whose execution in later days he was chiefly responsible.

His father, Robert Cromwell, was the younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and Carlyle claims that there is no doubt that the family of "Oliver the Protector" was related to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Putney Blacksmith's or ironmaster's son, the "Mauler of the Monasteries" in Henry VIII.'s time. Be that as it may, it is undoubtedly true that Cromwell's family was of the "substantial gentry," and had been such for several generations back.

Oliver Cromwell was born in St. John's parish, Huntingdon, England, April 25, 1599, and was the only boy among seven children who came to maturity.

Of his boyish days there exists no authentic record; as far as can be discovered, there was nothing to distinguish him from any other boy. Evidently he was not at all precocious, or studiously inclined, for in the public school he attended at Huntingdon he made but moderate showing as a scholar. He was taught all that was usually taught the sons of gentlemen in such places, and doubtless conducted himself much the same as any ordinary healthy boy would do; studying no more than he had to, playing all the games popular among boys in those days and indulging occasionally in fist-fights with some of his companions, just as boys always have done and always will do. Cromwell entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, when he was seventeen years old, but owing to the death of his father, which took place in June, 1617, he remained there but one year, as it became necessary for him to fill his father's place at home. He afterward went to London to gain some knowledge of the law—not in order to be a professional lawyer, but only to enable him to fulfil whatever duties he, as a country gentleman and a citizen, might be called upon to perform.

One of his biographers has claimed that he led a very wild life while in London, that he gambled and drank and conducted himself in a way that reflected great discredit upon a young man in those days; but there seems to be no actual proof for such an assertion. To-day it would not be thought amiss for a young man to "sow his wild oats" before settling down, but at that time the moral standard was entirely different; the majority of the people were deeply religious and looked with great severity upon any wild and riotous living.

The next event of importance in Cromwell's career was his marriage to Elizabeth Bourchier, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, August 22, 1620. It would be interesting to know when and where Cromwell first met the lady of his choice, and how he carried on his courtship, but unfortunately there is nothing to enlighten us on this point, and all we have is the bare record of the marriage in St. Giles's church, London.

For almost ten years after his marriage Cromwell lived quietly and obscurely in Huntingdon, farming, and attending to his various duties in the ordinary way, little dreaming that in a few years he would possess greater power than any English sovereign before or since his time. Here some of his children were born, and here it was, no doubt, that he first recognized and embraced the Calvinistic Christianity and joined the ranks of the Puritans. There is nothing strange in Cromwell's piety. It was but the natural outcome of the times he lived in and the training he had received. His father and mother were both very religious, and his childhood and

youth were passed in an atmosphere of religion that could not fail to make an impression upon his mind. At this period many of the strongest and most serious minds of England had declared themselves, either openly or secretly, for Puritanism, and Cromwell soon identified himself with the same party, and distinguished himself by his sagacity and earnestness.

He has been called a hypocrite, but we of the present day are not fully competent to judge of the moral character of the man. We should first consider the times he lived in, the training he received and the people he associated with. The practice of religion evidently became a habit with him, and it seemed only natural for him to refer to the Lord upon all occasions.

In his case it is very hard to distinguish between true religious fervor and cant. In the beginning of his career, at least, he seems to have been sincere, and actuated only by pure motives, though later on, there is no doubt, he made use of his religion to make an impression and to further his interests. He himself, on his death-bed, admitted that, while he had once been in a "state of grace," he feared that he had fallen therefrom.

The human heart is a strange compound of good and evil; the proportions are unknown even to ourselves, but one thing we may know with certainty, no human being is altogether good or altogether bad. There is apparently much to condemn in the conduct of Cromwell, but we may judge him leniently, not forgetting that he was the means of doing more good than harm for his country, even though his methods do not meet with unqualified approval.

Cromwell first appeared in Parliament in March, 1628. This was the third Parliament of Charles I., and with the exception of the Long Parliament that met in 1640, it was the most remarkable. It was in this Parliament that the celebrated Petition of Rights was framed.

The Parliament was prorogued the 29th of June, and did not reassemble until the January following, and it is during that brief session that Cromwell's first speech was made. He was very indignant at the encouragement given to the preaching of "flat Popery," and did not hesitate to express his opinion about the matter, though history does not show that he accomplished much by doing so.

In two weeks more, this Parliament was dissolved, and Cromwell returned to his home. For the next eleven years he devoted himself to farming on an enlarged scale, by the Ouse river, and his next appearance in public was in 1640, when he was again sent to Parliament as member for the town of Cambridge.

It was at this time that Sir Philip Warwick first noticed Cromwell, and described him as "of good stature, but with a swollen and reddish countenance and a sharp, untunable voice, though full of eloquence and fervor; very ordinarily appareled in a plain cloth suit, poorly made, his linen plain and not very clean," and Warwick seemed greatly surprised that the members of Parliament listened with attention to such a common-looking and poorly clad man. In those days of gold lace and frills, Cromwell must have looked rather out of place among his richly dressed associates, but it is not to be wondered at that they listened to him with attention, for he was in earnest in everything he undertook, and earnestness, even though rough, commands attention.

It was when the Commons decided upon a "Grand Petition and Remonstrance" to set forth their griefs and necessities and the remedy therefor, that Cromwell said if the bill did not pass he would sell all he possessed and go to New England; and at this distance we cannot help wondering what effect such a man as Cromwell would have had upon this country. If, in those days of hardship and privation, Cromwell with his indomitable will and courage had been among the Puritans that settled in New England, the history of this country might have been a far different story from what it is. To be sure, circumstances had much to do with Cromwell's advancement, but he was the one man among millions who was capable and daring enough to seize and utilize every opportunity as it presented itself, and there is no telling what opportunities he might have seen had fate decreed that he should emigrate to America. However, this is but vain speculation. The Grand Petition and Remonstrance was passed and Cromwell remained in England to make himself famous.

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO FARMING ON AN ENLARGED SCALE."



Drawn by R. West Glenfield.

"HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO FARMING ON AN ENLARGED SCALE."

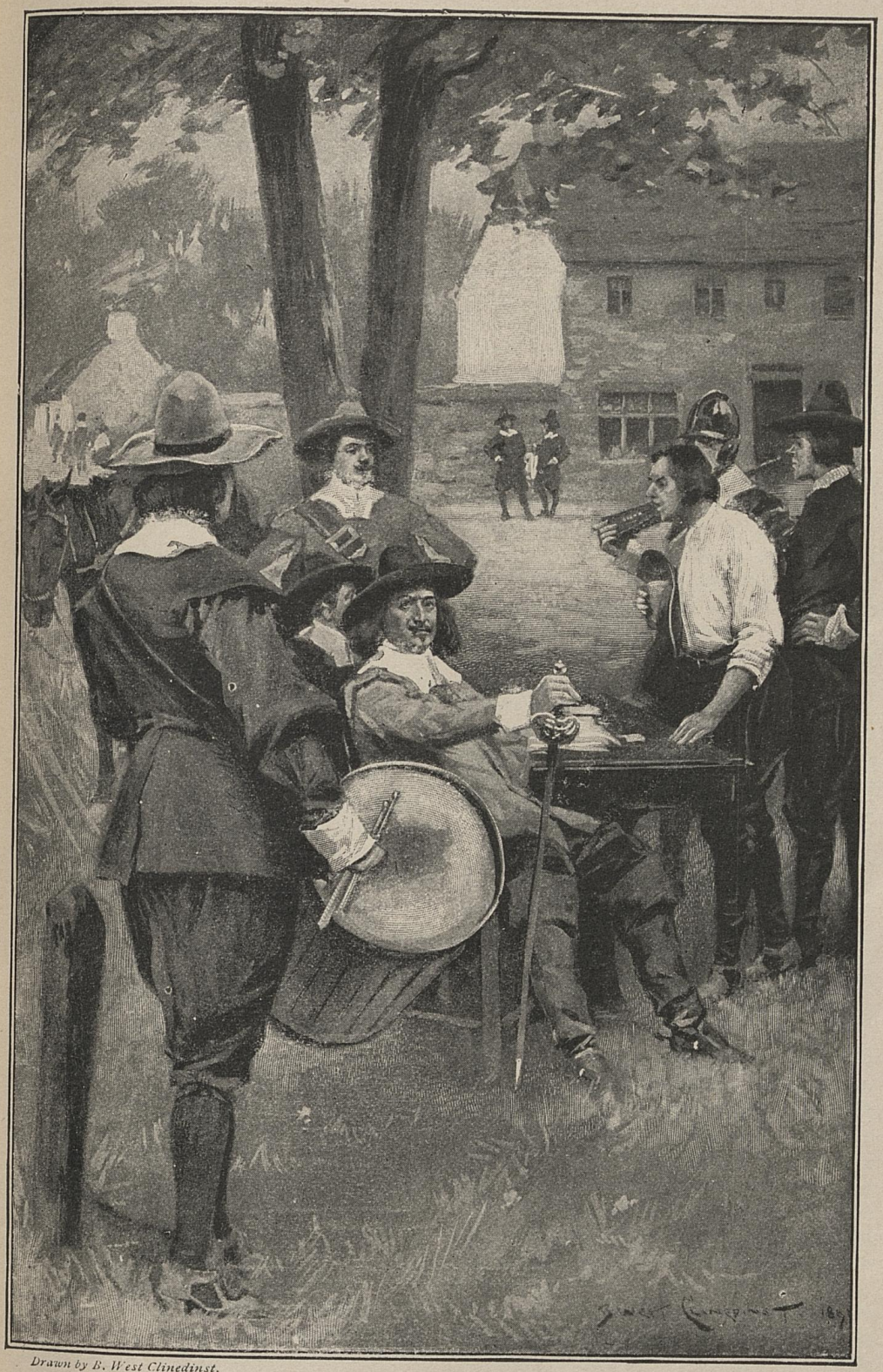
Tired of religious persecution and sickened by the misrule of a king whose great ambition was to make England an absolute monarchy, like France and Spain at the time, the people now began to be less timid and more clamorous for their liberty and rights, and thus the great double struggle against the church and the King began.

When all hope of reconciliation between Charles I. and the Parliament had failed, through the perfidy and duplicity of the former, Cromwell was among the first to contribute toward the defense of the state. At this period he first began to display that astonishing sagacity and clear-sightedness which characterized all his actions later on. This was in the spring of 1642; as yet Cromwell was without reputation in the House, but he was already engaged in the plots of the Revolution. He was watching the Royalists closely and giving valuable information concerning their movements; he was constantly exciting the people out of doors, and had gained an influence over the boldest and most enthusiastic which he put to good use afterward. He had the ability to inspire confidence in his associates, and they willingly followed his lead.

Zealous, active and tireless, he suggested first one thing and then another, showing his resourceful mind and genius in every step he took.

In July, 1642, he asked and obtained permission of Parliament to raise two companies of volunteers in Cambridge, and with his usual foresight took care to supply the necessary arms beforehand at his own expense. In August he went to Cambridge and assumed the leadership. Shortly afterward, he seized the magazine in the castle at Cambridge, and prevented the Royalists from carrying away the plate (valued at twenty thousand pounds) from that University. From this time onward, Cromwell's influence gradually but surely increased; satisfied at first to make use of anything and everything to obtain the ends he had in view, he rose upward step by step till at last he commanded those he had formerly served, and finally reached the highest pinnacle of earthly ambition. At first his desires and ambitions were unselfish; religious fervor, love of liberty and of the rights of the people, had their share in actuating his movements. And, judging by some of his letters, Cromwell was as much astonished as any one else at his brilliant and continued success. He invariably ascribed it to a divine providence, but the true secret of it was his ability to see all sides of any question that might arise. He saw things as they actually were, and not distorted by a one-sided or prejudiced view. He was never blinded for an instant by conceit or false hopes; his imagination never got the better of his judgment: for he was too intensely practical to have any visionary ideas, and before deciding upon a course of action, he first looked at a matter from every standpoint and took into consideration all the possibilities of failure: the result was a succession of triumphs in everything he undertook.

With the insight of genius, Cromwell realized that to fight victoriously against the men of honor who were enlisted in the royal cause, it was necessary to have better material than the poor-spirited "town apprentices and tapsters" that the army then consisted of, so he proposed to Colonel Hampden (Cromwell was then captain of a troop of horse) to raise the quality of the troops by levying men who were religiously inclined—in other words, fanatics, who would willingly fight for their religious liberty, men who feared the Lord and would fight with the fierce determination to conquer or die in His cause. This idea met with Hampden's approval, but he doubted that it could be carried out. Cromwell assured him to the contrary, and proceeded at once to reconstruct that part of the army according to his own ideas. He went through the eastern counties raising recruits among the class of people to which he belonged himself—all more or less known to him, men who, though obscure, were for the most part wealthy, and who willingly engaged in the war for conscience's sake; hardy, country-bred, fierce enthusiasts, who would scarcely know when they were beaten, and who would fight till their last breath. Cromwell knew that if he secured an army composed of men of this kind, success was certain, for the Royalists, all fine gentlemen, raised in idleness and luxury, could never withstand the powerful onslaught of men so greatly their superior in physical strength and endurance.



Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

"HE WENT THROUGH THE EASTERN COUNTIES RAISING RECRUITS." 38

In making recruits Cromwell did not hesitate to talk plainly to the men. He said: "I will not deceive you, nor make you believe, as my commission expresses it, that you are going to fight for the King and Parliament. If the King were before me, I would as soon shoot him as another, and if your conscience will not allow you to do the same, go and serve elsewhere."

The recruits were subjected to the most severe discipline. Cromwell was determined that they should be the hardiest and firmest soldiers ever known, and to-day that army is considered the most remarkable in the history of the world. From military duties the soldiers passed directly to religious exercises. No opportunity was neglected for hardening and strengthening these men, and at the same time their religious fervor was kept at the highest pitch by the moral stimulants that Cromwell understood so well how to administer.

When the campaign opened, fourteen squadrons, forming a body of about one thousand men, were enlisted under Cromwell. In July, 1643, the levying of another army in the eastern counties was ordered. In the mean time Cromwell had risen from the rank of captain to colonel; and now this army was to be placed under Manchester as lord general, and Cromwell as lieutenant-general—another step upward in his career.

His wisdom and sagacity were proved by the events of the year 1644. In the south, where the army had not been remodeled and Essex held the command, the Parliamentary forces were shamefully defeated, but in the north, where Cromwell's fanatical and well-disciplined troops gave battle to the Royalists at Marston Moor, their victory more than compensated for Essex's defeat. Cromwell was in favor of short, sharp, decisive battles to bring about the desired results, and it did not take him long to find out that Manchester was not the right kind of man to have charge of the army, so he determined to get him out of the way as soon as possible.

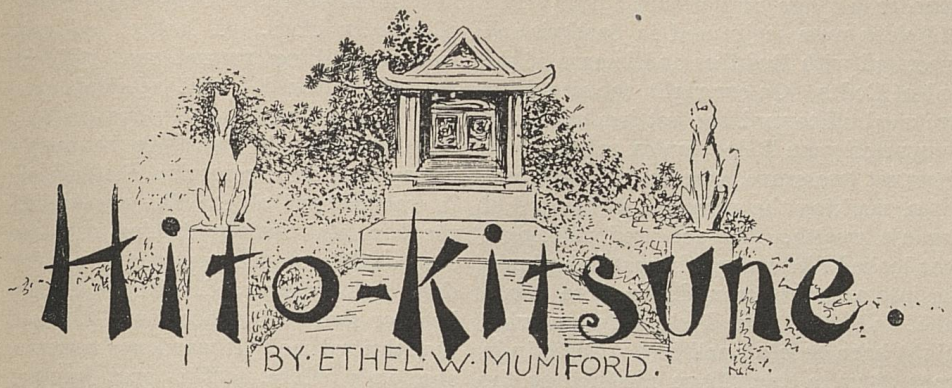
With this end in view, he accused him of letting the King march off unmolested at the battle of Newbury when he might easily have prevented it. He furthermore accused him of being afraid to conquer, and quoted Manchester as saying, "If we were entirely to disperse his army the King would still be King and could soon find another, while we, if we were beaten, would no longer be anything but rebels and traitors executed and forfeited by the law."

The result of Cromwell's effort in this direction was the removal of both Essex and Manchester, and the army was placed under Lord Fairfax, though Cromwell was the real head of it. Fairfax was a brave soldier, but he lacked the executive ability which Cromwell possessed and knew how to use. At first it had been understood that Cromwell should take an active part in the war only for a short period, but he had shown himself such an able commander and made himself so indispensable to the army, that at first his command had been renewed from time to time and finally Parliament decided that he should retain it altogether. In addition to this, he had gained the love and admiration of his soldiers to such an extent that they grew mutinous at the prospect of serving under any one else, and he alone had the power to quiet and control them. Cromwell now made haste to reconstruct the entire army on the same principles he had used in organizing his own portion of it; he realized that with such an army behind him he would soon be in possession of a power that in time would dictate laws to the King and to Parliament also, and it would then be possible for him to carry out even his most audacious hopes and ambitions.

It is not possible in an article of this length to give a detailed account of the many battles Cromwell and his wonderful army were engaged in. The particulars are all more or less known, and it is sufficient to say that as a commander he was invincible. Failure was unknown to him, and his army gained victory after victory under his glorious leadership with such uniform regularity that it ceased to think of the possibility of defeat.

Hypocrite Cromwell may have been, but coward he assuredly was not, and his earnestness, enthusiasm and bravery were a constant inspiration to the men who fought under him.

(To be concluded.)



Hito-Kitsune

BY ETHEL W. MUMFORD.

JACK SHORT was as slick a Yankee as ever breathed. None of us liked him particularly, but he was amusing and quick, a good poker-player, a formidable but frugal liar, and had lived pretty much everywhere.

Being a practical chemist and an expert mining engineer, he came to the East with a development company that opened a mine in Corea. After his contract had expired, he took a walking tour through Japan. He learned enough Japanese to get on, and took up with a native who was quite as much of a scamp as he.

Short told us frankly that he hoped to discover a good mineral spring that he could buy; something, perhaps, like the famous Herano well that supplied all the islands with as delicious a table-water as could be found the world over. He argued, reasonably enough, that in a land abounding with geysers and medicinal waters, sulphur and mud baths, there must be a plenty of excellent springs wasting their properties on the unresponsive earth when they might put millions in the pocket of an active gentleman who would properly bottle and advertise them. I wondered why he should tell his plan so freely, and asked him if he did not fear to give some one else the idea.

He laughed. "Oh, no," he said, "they don't know enough; and you wouldn't believe how much information I get by telling what I'm after. I've been told of lots of springs that are very little known. Then I go up and make analysis, and sometimes it's good and sometimes not; but I've made quite a little out of it already—started two Japanese companies; one for a splendid sulphur water, and another for a beastly-tasting thing that will cure dyspepsia, if anything will. You see," and Short winked, "I own the land—I'll be a millionaire yet."

"But," I objected, "you can't own the land; no European can."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied. "I own it, but it's in Nagari's name." Nagari being the companion of his trips. "I can't manage to do the business end without him, and he can't do without me, for I make the analysis and put up the capital—we're a team you can't beat, you can bet your boots."

Shortly after our conversation, he went off again on one of his expeditions and was unheard of for more than two months, then he returned on business. His health had not been of the best, he said, and he had been unable to do much, but he had found a charming spot near Kioto, whither he was about to return to rest for a while before taking another trip, this time toward Karaweisawa. Nagari, he told us, had gone to Yezo, and would not be back till the fall. Again he disappeared from our ken.

It chanced that my interests took me to Kioto, and once there I was struck by the fancy to look Short up in that paradise of his, so glowing had his description been. Accordingly I secured a rickshaw and two runners, and one fine morning saw me whirling across the spreading green rice-fields on the narrow road that topped the dike. All day we spun merrily along, stopping from time to time at a tea-house—where my dripping men ate boiled rice and raw eggs—or pausing while they took turns at standing under some little waterfall to cool off. Toward evening we

came to a ridge of volcanic hills, whose cliff sides were sculptured in Sanskrit and decorated with Buddhas and images of the god of Rodes. On our right, the rice-fields stretched off toward the setting sun; and everywhere were little temples, before whose doors sat two grave, graceful, sinister stone foxes, marking the presence of the god of Japan's wealth. We followed the ridge, that looked like a rugged coast-line plunging into a sea of emerald, for more than a mile, and then turned abruptly up what might have been a small bay. Directly in front of us, a tiny village clustered at the cliff foot. This, my kurumya told me, was the town of my destination. It remained to locate the house. We reached the hamlet and inquired the way. We were answered civilly enough by the landlord of the house, but with evident distrust. The crowd that gathered about us showed no desire to approach, which was odd. As we turned to go in the direction indicated, the people broke into a suppressed hum, through which I caught the oft-repeated word, "Kitsune."

My runners trotted stolidly on for ten minutes and then drew up at the entrance to a garden. I descended, paid the men, and told them to await my orders at the village. Then turning, I entered the grounds. A spacious house showed itself, embowered in green. To the left lay a path of tea-shrubs, to the right a series of terraces terminating with a temple of Inari San, that commanded a wonderful view of the verdant patchwork of rice paddys below. There was no one about. I walked to the house; it was empty. There was plenty of evidence of European occupation, however. Short's pipe lay upon a table with a tobacco jar and a tumbler; a chafing-dish and an alcohol jug were on the floor, with a litter of papers and watermelon peel—disorder which would certainly not exist if there were native servants about. It was now quite dusk, with the slender crescent of the new moon hanging low in the sky. The evening was balmy and delicious, but I was getting hungry, and began to wonder if I should have to walk back to the town for supper and a night's lodging, cursing my lack of foresight in sending my rickshaw away.

Strolling toward the road, which was hidden by a luxuriant azalea hedge, I turned into the highway, and heard the clap-clap of wooden clogs. I looked, and saw a woman walking toward me. We were mutually amazed. She wheeled quickly and disappeared in the direction of the little temple. It would be impossible to convey the eerie sensation she gave me—it was indescribable. She was dressed in the beautiful antique fashion now rarely seen outside of the yoshiwara; her headdress was ornamented with huge pins of bone or shell. But her face—it was this that thrilled me. It was long, narrow and absolutely white. The eyes lengthened toward the temples with an upward slope that was uncanny. She reminded me of something, I could not quite tell what, but I was infinitely troubled. She was tall for a woman, and on her high wooden clogs she seemed supernaturally long and lean, though every movement was lithely graceful. I stood still gazing after her, when I heard other steps, and, turning, was confronted by Short in person.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he shouted, unnecessarily loud, I thought. "If it isn't good of you, Langdon, to come down here. Come in, come right in," and he fairly drowned me in the warm flood of his welcome. "Hold on till I light up, old man—there," as a soft radiance flooded the room from the paper lantern supported like a flower on a wooden stem. "Well, it is good to see you. Awfully pretty place this, but lonely—confoundedly lonely; and as you see"—he stopped to collect the rubbish on the floor—"I can't get a servant to stay with me—not one—they have the craziest notion about some fool legend or other—but, say, aren't you hungry? I'll cook something right off."

He bustled about, opening tins and setting plates. I offered help, and was permitted to make some of my justly famous "eggs en beurre noir" on the chafing-dish. No supper ever tasted better. We laughed, chatted and ate heartily. Short made a charming host, and it was late when he pulled out the "futons" and let down the mosquito netting, and we turned in. The next morning at breakfast I spoke of the extraordinary woman I had seen. Who and what could she be?

Short looked suddenly grave. "So you've see it, too?" he said.

"It?" I repeated. "Why it? Isn't she a woman?"

He shook his head. "Ask me an easier one," he said; "I give it up. Didn't the people down there," and he waved a spoon villageward, "make any fuss about directing you here?"

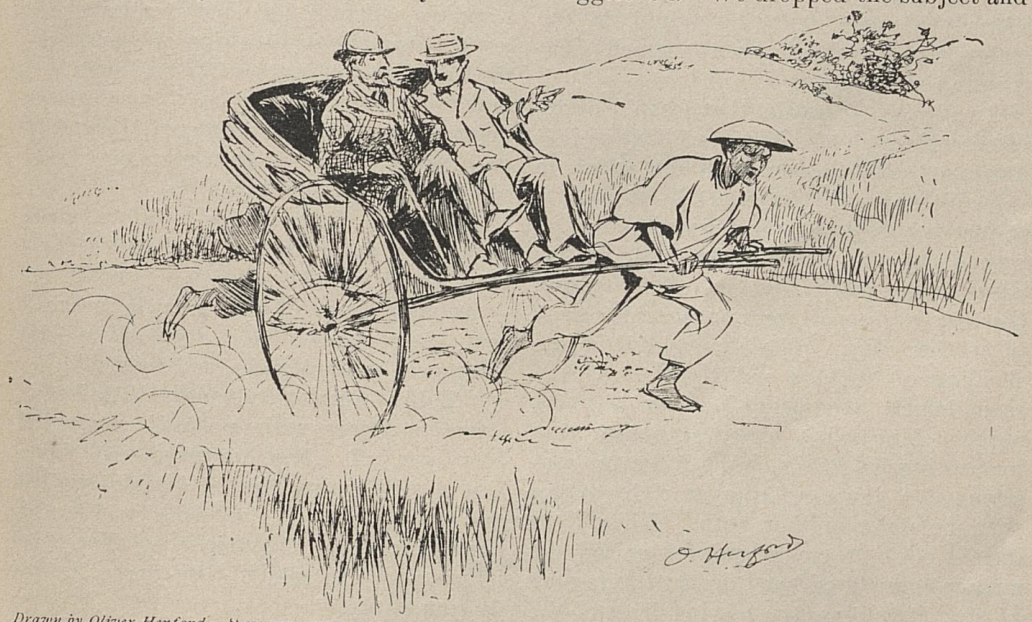
"Not exactly; but they did act sort of off. Say, what does Kitsune mean?"

"That's it," said Short. "Kitsune—well, it's the foolest thing you ever heard of. I knew you must have heard them talk—that's why I can't keep a servant. Kitsune—always Kitsune. They wait on me fast enough in town, because they are afraid not to. I might send some of my invisible retainers to hurry them—that's why."

A vision of that long white face and the cunning, oblique eyes rose before me. Certainly the face of a white fox—the very human image. "A very graceful kind of goblin, you must agree," I said.

"Perhaps, but a deuce of a nuisance. And what's strange, too, Langdon, I can't keep any food in the house—not a scrap—it all goes. I don't know where; the peasants say my followers eat it. But isn't it just the irony of fate that a crazy legend like that should wrap itself about me—I who never believed a fairy story when I was a child, or anything but cold facts after I grew up?"

I couldn't help laughing, Short looked so aggrieved. We dropped the subject and



Drawn by Oliver Herford. "WHIRLING ACROSS THE SPREADING GREEN RICE-FIELDS."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, they are. Why, see here, Langdon, it's that absurd, I'm ashamed to tell you—but as to that, you're no better than the rest, with your visions of tall, white-faced women. The people around here are persuaded that I possess foxes—that's what Kitsune means. You saw that little temple at the foot of the terrace, didn't you? Well, all about here they believe that the guardian foxes have attached themselves to me. And that woman—now that's queer, I must own—they think she is a fox in human form. I've never seen her, but every servant has, and all the town people—and now you——"

went for a walk through the hills. The country was certainly delightful. There were waterfalls and brooks, and wonderful cryptomeria woods with temples stowed away in their dim depths. I enjoyed every moment of it. We took cold tiffin with us and tramped all day. Everywhere we were respectfully avoided by the farmers.

"You see," said my companion, "they don't want to be impolite, but they are scared blue just the same."

We returned at night, tired and hungry.

I liked the place so much that I spent nearly a week with Short, but I did not see his goblin visitor again until the night before I left. How clearly I recall it all.



It was near midnight when the beauty of the moonlight drew me out of doors. Short slept soundly, so I slipped from under the netting noiselessly, pushed back the shoji and stepped out. The mist hung over the rice-fields, a frosting of vaporous silver, the moon swinging bright in the empty sky, for there was too much light for the timid stars.

I made for the hamlet that I could dimly discern through the haze, walking as in a dream of enchantment. When within a stone's-throw of the inn, I turned to retrace my steps. Soon I was picking my way along the dike, waist-high in the silver mist, which was pierced here and there by clumps of trees or the ridge back of another dike. The air was full of the shrilling of crickets and the clear note of some insect, like sleigh-bells on a frosty night. I neared a group of houses that loomed big before me, when I became conscious of a figure walking at right angles with me along another path. I heard the distant click of clogs, and recognized the strange convoluted head-dress with its rows of spreading pins, the flowing folds of the ancient dress, and the lean, white face and slanting eyes, of the fox-goblin.

My heart thumped, but I made up my mind to penetrate the mystery. I advanced—she retreated along the way she had come. Both of us were compelled to follow the dikes or plunge into the unmentionable bog of the rice paddys. Foxes, I had heard, had a special delight in leading people into quagmires. I thought of that and quailed; but as she kept on, hurriedly flying before me, I gathered courage. I gained upon her—she turned and waited for me. The moonlight shone full on her gaunt, sinister face. With one hand she held the folds of her dress, the other she raised with a supple gesture to the long pins of her head-gear. I was quite close. She smiled a little—a smile with a strange upward turn of the mouth, showing long, white teeth, that glistened. A strange, sharp, dry sound issued from her lips—*the bark of a fox!* It affected me like a shock of electricity. I shook all over. A great terror caught me—swept me back. I take no shame at my fear; the grotesque terror of that menacingly graceful figure was something not to be withstood—not there at least, in the loneliness of the mist-covered plain, with the bare white moon overhead, and midnight in my brain.

I fled, stumbling blindly. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw the fox-woman standing where I left her, laughing violently—and the dry barking of her laughter came to me across the stillness. I never stopped running till I reached the house, and crept in panting. Short did not wake. Nor in the morning did I tell him of my adventure.

I returned the next day to Kioto, much puzzled by my experience and still nervous with the shock of it.

Another lapse of six months before I saw Short again. He dropped in one afternoon, radiant with good spirits.

"Hello, Langdon; thought I'd find you. Come to dinner with me, will you? I'll blow you off. It's happened, old chap; I'm a millionaire, just as I said; but I'll tell you all that while we feed." Then he burst into a roar of laughter. "You'll be interested," he said. "By-by; I'll stop for you at six."

He did, in a gorgeous European landau, with a driver in white livery. I stared.

"Come on," he said. "How's this for high? Let me reintroduce myself. I'm the president of the 'Inari Spring Bottling Company.' "

We found a table by a window in the dining-room of the Grand, and Short ordered a most ostentatious meal. When the waiter had left us, he looked at me a moment, and then laughed again. I was getting rather tired of this, and told him so.

"What's so funny? If there is a joke going, I don't want to miss it," said I.

"There is a joke, a beauty, and it's on you—some of it. Here, have some cham-

pagne, or shall we begin with Chablis? I always start champagne with the soup myself.''

''What's the joke?'' I insisted.

''It's a whole yarn; better wait till we've reached the coffee.''

''Oh, begin now.''

But Short shook his head and plied me with indigestibles of all sorts. Then he tried to look unconscious as he ordered ''a bottle of Inari.'' The waiter brought in a quart of delicious water that winked and sputtered in the glass, sending up a perfect froth of tiny bubbles.

''How is it?'' he asked, proudly.

''Splendid!'' I enthusiastically commented. ''There's nothing better on the market anywhere!''

I took the bottle by the neck and turned the label toward me. It was a plain green and white shield, ornamented with two fox heads and having inscriptions in Japanese, French and English.

''Where did you find it?'' I asked.

''Tell you about it later,'' was the only satisfaction I got out of him, until we pushed back our chairs a trifle, lit our cigars and began absorbing green mint. Then he suddenly remarked, as he knocked a cigar ash into his saucer:

''You remember what trouble I was in with the foxes when you yisited me last fall?''

I nodded.

''Now, I happened to find, very near Takone, in fact just below that little temple, a spring of the most wonderful sparkling water you ever saw—a regular gold mine—thousands and thousands of gallons a day, and nobody touching it because it was right by the temple, and there was some fairy story or other about its belonging to Inari—you see we've kept the name in the company. We, Nagari and I, found it in May last, quite by accident; and when we made quiet inquiries about the land we found it was held at an absurd price—way beyond anything we could pay, because that very spring was irrigating a lot of blooming rice-fields. Think of that! A beautiful, twenty-two-carat table-water fertilizing a lot of bally old vegetables.



''Then Nagari and I sat down and did some thinking. Good gray matter that Jap has, I can tell you, and between us we thought we could bring that land down within reach of our purses. Of course, we could have gone around and raised money, but we should have to tell about our find and prove what we said, and that old beggar who owned the place would have been sure to get wind of it somehow. So we settled on a plan that was simpler than four aces. The upshot of it was that I went off and hired a house for the summer, and Nagari was supposed to be in Yezo; but he wasn't—just got out of sight in



Drawn by Oliver Herford.

''YOU REMEMBER WHAT TROUBLE I WAS IN WITH THE FOXES?''

Kioto and waited for his cue to come over. You wouldn't believe how easy it was. The first servants I took down left inside of a week, because the food disappeared in such an unaccountable way and I scolded like thunder about it. Then I had some toba and midgu-awé sent down; the foxes are supposed to love it, and that went faster than anything else. I had a hole in the floor, and used to drop a lot through, to get it out of the way. In about two weeks it got all over the town that the foxes of Inari had attached themselves to me, and were eating me out of house and home.

"My next relay of servants were all taken ill. I put a little simple medicine in their rice, and they left so fast you couldn't see 'em for the dust they kicked up. Then word went forth that they'd offended the goblins.

"After a while the old Jap who owned the place came to see me. He was a regular wayback old hayseed, wore his hair in a cue tied on the top of his head. He was most wonderfully polite—and so was I. He intimated that he'd like to have me move on, and I said, 'Why, certainly'; and I asked



Drawn by Oliver Herford.

"SHOWED NO DESIRE TO APPROACH"

him in and gave him tea that I made myself. I dosed that up nicely for him, and the poor man spent such an awful night, he sent over the next day to beg me to stay. Evidently my followers were offended because he wanted me to go, so I consented to remain just to please him. By this time the imaginations of the peasants were helping us along at a great rate. We had three cases of fox madness—epileptic fits, with frothings and barkings—beautiful cases! Now, thought I, is the time for the grand display. So I sent for Nagari. No servant or any one would come within forty yards of the house, so we were safe from detection. The Jap appeared one night, and with him he brought the darnedest rig!—a kimono that hung about him like a wadded bedquilt, lacquered clogs and a theater wig with pins a yard long. That evening we tried some experiments in make-up. He just regularly whitewashed his face and painted his eyes out long and narrow; he even put in two long false teeth, like the eye-teeth of the brutes.

"Well, 'pon my honor, I really felt uncomfortable myself when we had the whole thing done. He was certainly the most rummy goblin that ever was invented, and he turned out a perfect contortionist. The way he curved himself about and put on airs was a caution—for all the world like a woman—and a fox too.

"He went out about twilight and took a little constitutional. The effect was immense; the whole town was on the point of moving the next day.

"I don't blame 'em. Why, whenever I ran into that masquerade, I'll be gosh-durned if it didn't upset my vitals—I who had helped him fix up, too! But he knew just when to turn on the horrors and green lights. Well, when the tea-party was at its height, in you fall, without so much as a note of warning. I oughtn't to have told anything about the place, or have given a wrong address when I was in town. However, it didn't make much difference, and I always did like you, Langdon.

"As I was saying, you came along and fell over my fox-maiden there in the roadway. Of course, he knew you, and made a break for cover. Then I came up. I didn't know whether Nagari knew you were there or not (he had gone just ahead

of me, you see), so I just bawled out your name. I wonder you did not think I was crazy. That week you were there we had to do a dust to keep you from getting on to us. You see, Langdon, old man, you're one of those sentimental fools who don't know what business is, and as like as not you'd have thought we were playing a mean trick on the landlord—you might have busted up the show. So we lay low about it——''

Here Short broke off and laughed.

''Oh, Lord! man, what a joke! That last night when you went out to poetize in the moonlight, and ran into the goblin—I thought Nagari would split when he told me. He says that he laughed so when it happened that he lost half of his hairpins. It was funny—you must own it was. Nagari was as badly scared as you at first. If you hadn't funked at the last moment, you'd have had him sure. You're three times his size, and he couldn't run in his robes of state.

''Well, I guess you thought his bark was about as bad as it could be, without experimenting with the bite.

''The price of that property,'' he went on, after a pause, ''went down as the result of all this, and after a while Nagari comes along in his real shape and buys it in. In



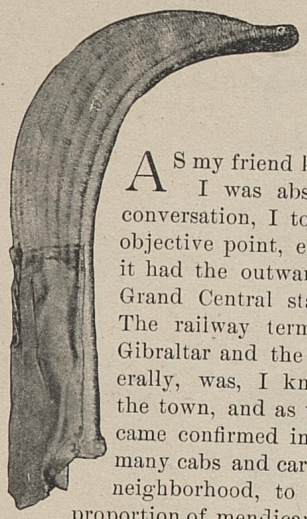
Drawn by Oliver Herford.

Takone they don't know that I've anything to do with it even now.''

I looked out of the window in silence. The Bund was bright with glowing rickshaw lanterns bobbing ceaselessly along. But what I saw was the dim, mist-flooded rice-lands of Takone, and the moonlit, unearthly face of the fox-woman. Unconsciously I spoke aloud—''And *that* was Nagari——''

''Yes,'' said Short. ''Here—let's drink to the Inari Bottling Company!''

NOTE.—Kitsune-mochi means ''fox-possession,'' an affliction peculiar to Japan. Foxes play a conspicuous part in the legendary lore of the country as retainers of Inari San, the god of rice. So important have these followers become, that they almost obscure their lord, and have usurped his worship and his temples. All over Japan one sees their images, of all sizes and ages, funny and grotesque, but often menacing. In the popular fancy the fox is endowed with great powers. He can be invisible at will, or can assume human form, though his imperfect speech will often betray him in spite of his disguise. He brings good fortune, but is so punctilious in his etiquette that he is easily offended—and then woe unto him who offends! He will suffer endless misery, for the fox never forgives. Moreover, the beasts are rapacious and need a deal of feeding; and as all fox families are seventy-five in number, it is nothing short of ruinous to have them attach themselves to a human household, which is their uncomfortable habit. Consequently, a man said to possess foxes is shunned. His friends hesitate to visit his house for fear of incurring the enmity of the invisible animals. Even the land loses its value and cannot be sold, however rich it may be, for where once the fox has been foxes will go; and whoever occupies the place must feed the hungry seventy-five. So deep-rooted is this belief that intermarriage among the possessed families is almost compulsory, for the unafflicted would think not once but many times before allying themselves to the mysterious Kitsune. Besides, he is mean enough to enter the form of his human benefactor, and cause him to yelp and bark, frothing at the mouth, and fill him with a most undesirable form of madness.



PELOTA IN MADRID.

By Poultney Bigelow.

As my friend knew Madrid well and I was absorbed in interesting conversation, I took little note of our objective point, except to observe that it had the outward appearance of the Grand Central station at New York. The railway terminus of the line to Gibraltar and the south of Spain generally, was, I knew, in this part of the town, and as we drew nearer I became confirmed in this view by seeing many cabs and carriages waiting in the neighborhood, to say nothing of the proportion of mendicants suitable to a place of much resort. A roaring sound issued from the glass-topped building which suggested a national state convention improvised during a change of locomotives. There was an absence of whistling, to be sure, but aside from this everything pointed to my having been brought to a railway station in a time of great excitement, possibly the departure of a battalion to the Philippines or Cuba.

It should have made me suspicious to note that my companion bought tickets from one of the many peripatetic speculators in the crowd outside, but then on the second day in a strange country, we are disposed to accept everything for granted and reserve our judgment.

"Now come along," said he, "and I'll show you a good game of pelota."

As my previous reading about Spain had taught me that cock- and bull-fighting were the national sports, I was naturally curious about pelota—particularly at being brought to a railway station for this purpose. The roaring became louder and louder as we passed through the entrance, and by the time we had reached our seats in the gallery upstairs I had completely changed my original opinion, and concluded now that "pelota" was Spanish for stock exchange. Highly excited individuals in blue tam-o'-shanters stalked up and down on the floor of this vast building, vociferating with uncommon energy, and waving in their hands little note-books on which they occasionally made a spasmodic entry with a big blue pencil. Had they remained for only a few minutes in one place, I should have concluded that this was a Carlist overflow meeting, because of the distinguishing "boina," or Carlist cap, which may be styled almost the uniform cap of the Basque provinces.

I was prepared to admit that pelota, or stock exchange gambling, was a highly exciting game, even without knowing exactly whether the betting was on wheat futures, or the chances of war with the United States. A people so courtly as the Spaniards show that even with them all barriers of rank, sex and profession melt away before the inflammatory demon of gambling. These furiously gesticulating book-makers with bulging eyes and tongues of brass shouted and shoved their way as reckless of whom they elbowed as a cyclone amid herring-smacks. I felt myself in the midst of a national intoxication so complete that all the usual conventions of artificial society became as nothing, and for the moment the whole world was of one heart and mind—one brotherhood—one genuine democracy—a proletariat of gamblers.

On my left sat a beautiful elderly lady with exquisite lace drapery over her head and shoulders, one whom in normal times a Murillo would have painted as the embodiment of charity, or heavenly self-denial. Now her eyes were dancing from side to side watching the book-makers; and her whole face was distorted by the unholy excitement roused by the screams and gesticulations of the men in Carlist caps. On my right sat two benevolent-looking priests. One of them had that charming serenity which characterized the faces of Benjamin Franklin and Fénelon. It is from the pen of such a man that I should have expected a commentary on Thomas à Kempis or Seneca. His picture would have made a good portrait with which to illustrate the Vicar of Wakefield.

My companion nudged me and said, "Do you see that old priest there?"

"Yes," said I; "what a fine face he has."

"Oh, yes," continued my companion; "he is the most accomplished man—at this game. He is always here, and bets heavily."

When I turned to look again at my Vicar of Wakefield, indignantly protesting against the calumny of my friend, that venerable prelate was winking knowingly to a book-maker on the floor, and another of my idols was shattered.

In the midst of the hurly-burly incident to transactions with the betting brokers, my friend found time to point out to me the social notabilities of the capital—financiers, opera singers, warriors, men of learning, people with sounding titles—altogether a glorious gathering of classes and masses.

When I had become accustomed to the monotonous violence of the gambling fraternity, and had also adjusted my vision to the glare from the glass roof, and the hazy vapor created by thousands of little cigarette puffs, I commenced to take note that this counterpart of the Grand Central station in New York had one side of it converted into a long and lofty blank wall of Portland cement, marked off at short intervals by numbers, which suggested the distribution of baggage according to custom-house regulations. This smooth wall was about as long as an ocean steamship, and the cement was carried on to the ends of the great building so as to give three blank walls. During the stock exchange excitement little white balls bounded against this wall repeatedly, and naturally a New York visitor had a right to conclude that this was a means of relaxation and skylarking for those who had no particular momentary interest in the quotations under consideration. It seemed a capital idea, I thought, that in the intervals of stock-jobbing our brokers should relieve their overworked nervous organizations by a little handball or court-tennis at such corners of the exchange building as were not required. In this manner the Spanish brokers gave us, I thought, a beautiful example. They did not neglect their business, but took their recreation within sound of the ticker, and in the very presence of their customers.

This was so beautiful in theory, and seemed carried out so magnificently in practice, that in a lull of book-making I nudged my companion and asked him if there was any particular name given to the ball-tossing indulged in by these athletic brokers.

My companion made a gulp as though suppressing some emotion, and with the faintest look of pity about his eyes said, rather dryly, "That is the game of pelota." I saw that I had made a bad impression, but thought I might live it down because he knew that I was a stranger, and therefore not expected to know a pelota from a policeman.

My Spanish friend made me now ashamed of my gross ignorance, and pointed out beautiful features of this game which had hitherto been lost to me, owing to the smoky mist and the confusing movements of the screaming and gesticulating brokers. A great light rushed in upon me now, for he explained to me that pelota did not apply to the stock exchange, but exclusively to the four men who were apparently seeking relaxation by tossing a little ball, over on the other side of the great building. Of course, I saw at once that he was right, and this again illustrates the danger of hasty generalization. The four ball-tossers were not brokers at all; they were from the Basque provinces, where the game of pelota had its origin, and where now the best players are found. They were professionals, and there were thousands of dollars depending upon the success of one side or the other. A novice at grand opera might on his first night imagine that the performers sat in the boxes and that the people on the stage were inclined to interfere with the program. In my dense ignorance, I had looked upon the noisy audience as the principal feature of pelota and had been inclined to wonder that they tolerated the ball-tossing in their midst, even though it appeared to be carried on unobtrusively.

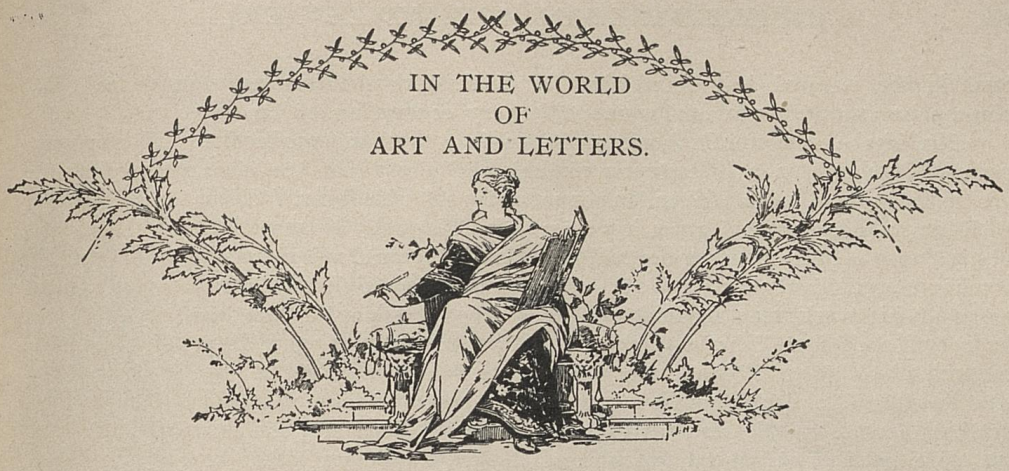
Those of us who know court-tennis or handball have no difficulty in appreciating the charm of this Basque game which is rapidly finding favor all over the Peninsula. There are two on a side, as in tennis, and the ball is served against the wall by a member of one side and returned against the wall by a member of the other side. Thus alternately the sides fight to place this ball so swiftly and dexterously as to make its return

impossible. Of course, the ball must strike within certain limits, as in our tennis, and there are three judges to determine possible disputes. The ball is in feeling much like a baseball, though it is smaller, seeming to me about the size of the one used in tennis. It is covered with white leather, and rebounds from the asphalt of the wall, and the stone of the pavement, with surprising elasticity, considering its hardness and weight. I can imagine its doing very well as the substitute of a golfing ball. The idea struck me.

The ball, at that moment, struck a broker, and he was carried out by two men. Golf is one of the merciful instruments designed by Providence to check inordinate growth of population in England. The attraction between golf balls and baby carriages is as striking in England as that between gold mines and Jameson raids in South Africa. Pelota seems to have been sent on earth with a mission related to the Malthusian doctrine, though as the population of this peninsula is only sixteen millions the divine purpose might appear superficially less clear than it would be, say, in Holland or Hong Kong. There were very few killed and wounded during the game of which I am speaking. It was a lucky day. But my Spanish friend told me of games he had witnessed when the list of casualties would have done credit to a first-class football game.

It would be a good baseball man who could throw the length of a modern steamship and have the ball travel swiftly enough to cause a rebound the whole length of the ship. These pelota players could not do this with the bare hands. Each wears a leather glove, to the back of which is laced a long basketwork scoop somewhat similar in form to a boomerang or one of those wickerwork instruments which are made to fit over the wheel of a dog-cart in order to protect a lady's dress from mud. In this rounded trough, which reaches almost to the ground, the player receives the rebounding ball, and hurls it back against the wall with the force of a sling. The leverage is, as one can readily see, enormous, and the ball strikes with the sound of a musket-ball. These basket boomerangs seem, of course, clumsy compared with a long tennis racket, but the one I weighed seemed only about three or four ounces—in fact, appeared to be a mere trifle. Each side can bring twelve balls from which to play, but each ball must be offered for approval to the other side before it can be used. A little boy is employed for nothing but carrying these balls about in a tray before him. The boy I saw could not have been long in the business, for he looked ten years old. I suppose they kill a boy now and then, and the boy who lives longest is the one whose head can do the quickest dodging. This particular boy looked as though he might live to grow up, for he could keep his eyes in several directions at once, and dodged the pelota bullet with a fluency which not even a chicken could have surpassed, and we know that a chicken's head can wag better than a lamb's tail. It is a maxim in pelota to keep your eye on the ball if you value your life. Nobody but a suicide can afford to be absent-minded. The ball is intended to fall within prescribed limits, and it sometimes does. But the rest of the time it describes tangents, effective when unexpected. Baseball I used to think a lively game. Since I have seen pelota I feel toward the former as to something harmless and therefore tasteless. The proportion of killed, missing and wounded in the course of a baseball season is considerable, but it cannot hold a candle to that of pelota. To see this Spanish projectile come shooting through a column of book-makers, priests, toreadors, duchesses and hidalgos, offers a spectacle of acrobatic animation unsurpassed except by a shipwreck or a house on fire. I had not a dull moment all the time that I watched my game of pelota. Having survived an appointment as short-stop on a baseball nine many years ago, when my agility was rewarded by retiring with considerable local glory and a broken finger, I found it comparatively easy to watch the ball of the Spanish players and remain alive. In fact, I was conscious of slowly regaining the good opinion of my friend—at least, I judged so from the fact that at the close of the game, in which he had won twenty dollars, he treated me with much consideration, and a glass of sugared water.

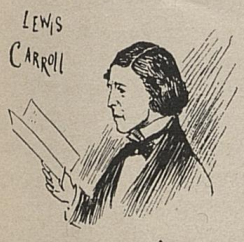
Which side won I do not know, but it was a splendid victory.



THE Month in England.—Following close in the footsteps of Busch, Bismarck himself seems to have fallen a little flat. The visible fever of preparation has not been followed by any commensurate excitement or enthusiasm. Left dramatically by the German agent with the chief houses, to whom no delay is granted, the public meanwhile breathlessly speculative as to the tens of thousands to be bid for the prodigious manuscript, these "Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto, Prince von Bismarck, written and dictated by himself, after his retirement from office," were promptly secured by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., given out hurriedly to several hands for translation, and finally made ready for the booksellers in wonderfully short time. Outwardly the book has been treated with all respect, and a due sense of its importance has been fully maintained. It has had its regular four or five columns in the newspapers—grave, formal, ponderous, routine columns. The days pass and—one begins to wonder how the colossal sum paid by the publishers for the English rights is going to be recouped. What that sum precisely is, outsiders, of course, do not know. Stated in definite prosaic figures, it might possibly appeal less to the imagination. Still, the German agent armed with a unique manuscript generally thinks in large units of value, and so one cannot help being concerned as to the outcome of the publishers' enterprise. If results do not justify a publisher's confidence in his own judgment, what encouragement is there for him to pay big sums when one's own copyrights are in question?



Less notable biography has been much in evidence of late. Certainly people of distinctly less public importance than those who were wont to be so honored of yore, come in nowadays for their volume or two. But if interest and readableness be the chief object, there is really no reason why any limit should be set in the selection of a subject. Of this month's batch, there can be no difficulty in pointing out "The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll" as the one to which people will turn with most eagerness. But the record proves to be rather a commonplace one. There are men who have the habit of putting little of themselves into their letters, or even who allow little to appear on the surface of their daily lives. The creator of "Alice in Wonderland," indeed, scarcely lives at all in this book, though he shows himself at moments. It is a biography, not of Lewis Carroll, but of Charles L. Dodgson, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford; stiff and starched; symbolized by his tall hat; influenced by the notoriously snobbish tradition of his college, and loving the approbation of people with titles; with ninety-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-one letters, all noted in précis, and perfectly pigeonholed; with a diary full of commonplace entries; and with a love of exercising his mental energies with petty puzzles and acrostics.



A man of letters

Such is the inspired but uninspiring figure that rises before us, even though his biographer expressly protests against this very conception of the man.

Mr. Marion Crawford's book on Rome is a welcome production. It is purely personal in character, a litterateur's rendering of a city that the circumstances of his life have given him so unique an opportunity of absorbing. Rome is a passion with him, and he has here given full voice to it. Naturally his treatment of his theme is rather imaginative and esthetic than learned and dry with much archæologic detail; yet scholarly the book certainly is. The scope of his work may be indicated in his own words: "Unless one have half a lifetime," he says, "to spend in patient study and deep research, it is better, if one come to Rome, to feel much than to try and know a little, for in much feeling there is more human truth than in that dangerous little knowledge which dulls the heart and hampers the clear instincts of natural thought. Let him who comes hither be satisfied with a little history and much legend, with much warp of fact and rich woof of oldtime fancy, and not look too closely for the perfect sum of all, where more than half the parts have perished forever." And so the book is a well-ordered and harmonious mélange of history, myth, description, art, and social portraiture, set forth with a living touch, and with an imaginative enthusiasm that occasionally soars beyond all restraint in a glorious flight of rhetoric. History goes into a wonderful four chapters; to each of the fourteen regions of the city is allotted a chapter of grand or terrible drama; and the social pictures have all the color and reality that the skilled novelist could bestow. In fine, a book to mingle with one's personal impressions of the Eternal City.



Among new novels, "The Mess Deck," by W. F. Shannon, is being singled out for mention just now. A fact that could scarcely escape the observation of any one who took close notice of the contemporary book world, is that a work which, from its nature, may be easily ticketed, has, on that account, the more chance of finding recommendation. Mr. Shannon has already been credited in some quarters with doing for the navy what Mr. Kipling has done for the army, and his name is consequently well on the way to notoriety. I do not say his work is without merit; on the contrary, he is evidently master of his material, and he has vigorous and entertaining qualities. But work every bit as good falls week after week from the press, is noticed, after much delay, briefly, perfunctorily and often incompetently, and sooner or later goes back to the paper mills for pulp without ever having had a fair chance. It does seem a strange dispensation that the success of a book should depend to any extent on the ease with which it may be grouped with work already notorious and the relation between the two put into words. The resulting "catch statement" repeated on every side, is unsurpassable as effective advertisement. Of course, my lamentation is not at Mr. Shannon's success, but at the phenomenon in general, which, I suppose, must be set down as one of life's little vagaries. Which reminds me that the artist who has dealt largely with these has just served us, by way of dessert after the more solid fare of his Wessex novels, with a volume of "Wessex Poems." Novelists are not usually included in the same thought with poets, though it is really quite the fashion for the former to indulge in a little verse-making, and not a few of them are giants—Meredith and Kipling, for example—equally in prose and verse. But is not the line between novelist and poet a somewhat artificial one? A man who has really felt life and nature and has given exquisite literary expression to his perceptions in one form, is surely able to express them in another if he is so minded. Besides, I am not sure whether the form ought to be counted so material as to constitute in itself a vital distinction. Mr. Hardy's versification is undeniably open to much criticism on purely technical grounds; nevertheless I am inclined to think his poetry is great in the same degree as his prose romances. At any rate, they must stand or fall together, ac-



cording to the particular judgment passed, by reason of the one and the same spirit we feel behind them, and of the similarity of impression and emotion caused by both. This shows how truly individual is Hardy's work; for these verses are the product of different periods of his life, some of them having been kept by him unpublished for thirty years. Obviously it would be wrong to take them in a routine sort of way. Rather should we look upon them as something very special helping us to affirm and complete our vision of the man. He gives us true poetry, even when the metrical structure is of the rudest; there is a big sense of life, naked and unrelenting yet distinctively tinged, surging through the simplest stanza. Before such poetic reality, technical criticism must be silent. The drawings from Mr. Hardy's own pencil that accompany the poems—"rough sketches," he calls them, "inserted for personal and local reasons rather than for their intrinsic qualities"—strangely enlist attention, and of course invite friendly interest rather than criticism. They are richly varied from landscape to decorative design, and, while displaying an evident aptness in the handling of the pencil, are more notably characterized by an interpretative quality that is rare even in finished draftsmanship.



LOUIS ZANGWILL.

SOME Suggestions to Young Writers.—The editor of THE COSMOPOLITAN has frequent demands made upon him by young writers, and by those taking the English course of the Cosmopolitan University, for critical estimates of manuscripts. It is manifestly impossible to make personal reply to these, especially in view of the fact that from fifteen to twenty thousand man scripts are submitted each year to THE COSMOPOLITAN magazine alone. But with a view to being of service, perhaps, to some of the more youthful writers, he offers here some general remarks and suggestions, in the hope that they will be found not altogether without value to the beginner. He has put these in the form of a letter to what probably constitutes the largest class of writers of indifferent MSS.—namely, those who select subjects almost devoid of interest and who write with but little study and carelessly.

Dear Sir:

Two chief defects seem to present themselves in your manuscript:—First: Its uninteresting character. Second: A rambling, disconnected style. Both arise, in a great measure, from the same cause. You failed, in beginning your manuscript, to think out clearly just what you desired to do. On the contrary, you evidently took up your pen and proceeded to put on paper such things as might chance to come into your mind while in the process of writing.

The first essential for good writing is clear thinking. If you do not know what you want to say, the chances are strongly against your saying it. Consequently, before beginning your description, you should have taken a sheet of paper and jotted down in regular order what seemed to you the important points of interest at your disposal.

The chief labor in writing is *thinking*. This must be done before you put the result on paper. If you had made any effort to find the points of interest in the subject chosen, you would probably have discovered that you had taken a theme that was of trivial importance and of little interest to any one. You cannot make soup out of stones alone. There are, in this world, an endless number of subjects of the widest interest. You must be familiar with some; and certainly can become familiar with many more. Select something that is worth while. If you find, after thinking it over, that your information is insufficient, visit a library, make a thorough study of the matter of which you are about to treat, and then, with the fullest information in your possession, set about a careful analysis of all the points connected with it, using large brackets

against the main heading, dividing it into such general headings as the subject seems capable of, subdividing these headings into minor ones, and these minor ones into still further ramifications of the subject. You will then have before you a bird's-eye view of your theme. You may now proceed to select what seem to you the chief points of interest, rejecting those which are unimportant or trivial.

Your next thought will naturally be how to build up this information in a manner best calculated to attract and hold the attention of the reader. You will accordingly make a new group, marked 1, 2, 3, etc., in the order in which you purpose to treat them. Then proceed to write your composition. You will find the labor a comparatively easy one, because the work of preparation will have been done thoroughly.

When the last sentence of your composition has been written, go back over the work and make a study of the faults of rhetoric, looking carefully to see if you have duplicated your ideas. Cut out unsparingly unnecessary words and phrases. Study how to express yourself with greater force, with more grace and elegance. Above all things, seek clearness of expression.

After you have done this, read your manuscript over again in order to get an idea of the general impression it would make on the mind of the average reader. Determine whether you have omitted anything of importance to your argument or description; and see if by any new arrangement a better effect might be produced upon the reader.

Then go over it to correct any faults of grammar or spelling. Finally, if you have the perseverance necessary for really good work, you will lock up your newly completed essay in a desk so that it will be hidden from view, and sit down and make a new analysis of the subject without regard to the old one, repeating all the processes that have been described for your direction. You will be surprised at the marked improvement that your second paper will present over the first. Then, if your work is part of your Cosmopolitan University course, send both papers, including the analysis, to the professor in charge, who will endeavor to cover in his criticism the defects in your methods of thought and expression, and to make some suggestions with the view of having you treat the theme a *third* time, upon broader and still more careful lines.

It is a tenet of the instruction given in this department, that a man may make much greater progress in writing on one subject ten times, than he may achieve by writing on ten different subjects once each.

Successful writing means *work*. Thus men like Balzac and De Maupassant have been hard workers, revising their manuscripts endlessly. Great geniuses do not have the power to throw off masterpieces. They are men who labor patiently, sometimes developing one thought through weary months. Upon one occasion, Daniel Webster, after an apparently extemporaneous speech in the United States Senate, was congratulated upon the genius that enabled him to use an expression which seemed to his auditors to be particularly felicitous. "Extemporaneous?" he replied. "Why, that was the work of my three weeks' fishing trip last summer;" thus illustrating the saying that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.





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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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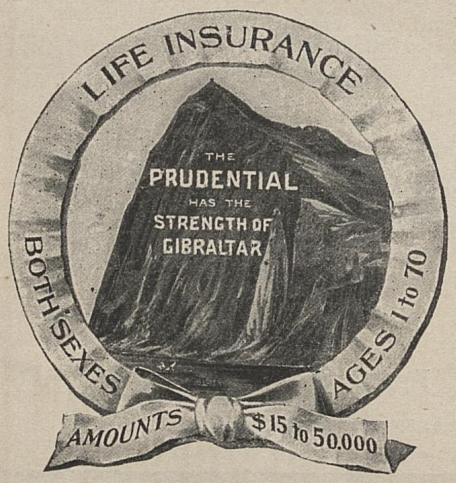
Twenty-third Annual Statement of

The PRUDENTIAL

January 1st, 1899.



ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$10,489,318.6
Real Estate	3,557,234.2
Railroad Bonds (Market Value)	9,054,906.2
Municipal Bonds (Market Value)	3,167,718.7
U. S. Government Bonds (Market Value)	111,000.0
Cash in Banks and Office	1,311,107.0
Interest and Rents, due and accrued	308,243.0
Loans on Collateral Securities	30,000.0
Loans on Policies	225,570.5
Deferred Premiums in course of collection	632,097.9
Total	$28,887,196.4

LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies	$22,877,071.0
Capital and Surplus to Policy-holders	5,888,894.7
All other Liabilities	121,230.6
Total	$28,887,196.4

The Prudential's Record for 1898 shows remarkable gains in those De partments of its business which add Strength, Progress, and Prosperity

ASSETS . .	increased to nearly	29 MILLION DOLLARS
SURPLUS . .	increased to nearly	6 MILLION DOLLARS
INCOME . .	increased to over	17 MILLION DOLLARS
INSURANCE IN FORCE	increased to over	414 MILLION DOLLARS
POLICIES IN FORCE	increased to nearly	3 MILLIONS
CLAIMS PAID DURING 1898	on over	43 THOUSAND POLICIES
PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	during 1898 over	5 MILLION DOLLARS
TOTAL PAID POLICY-HOLDERS	to date, over	36 MILLION DOLLARS

THE PRUDENTIAL wrote during 1898 over ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR MILLION DOLLARS of Insurance.

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The positive cylinder stop, the automatic hammer block, make accidental discharge impossible.

YOU MAY NOT NEED IT OFTEN, BUT—!

Every household should have one, if only for the feeling of protection which its possession gives.

BY MAIL { A CATALOGUE FREE, OR A REVOLVER FOR $4.00.

If your dealer does not have them, SEND FOR ONE.

The catalogues are beautifully illustrated, and show numerous styles of our revolvers and shot guns. The finest line in the world.

Particular attention is called to our "PERFECTION AUTOMATIC," 32 caliber, 5 shot, 3 in. barrel, S. & W. cartridge **$4.00**

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THE AGE OF HUMANITY, SCIENCE
AND INVENTION

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

INDISPENSABLE IN THE KITCHEN AND THE SICK ROOM

INVALUABLE TO THE ARMY AND THE HOSPITAL



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Tailor-Made Suits, $5.



THE costumes and skirts which we make are exclusive in style and distinctly different from the ready-made garments. When wearing one of our styles you do not run the risk of meeting other ladies wearing garments which look exactly like yours. There are hundreds of firms selling ready-made suits and skirts such as you see everywhere, but we are the only house making fashionable goods to order at moderate prices. Our new Spring catalogue illustrates an exclusive line of suits and skirts selected from the newest Paris models, and the materials from which we make our garments comprise only the very latest novelties. We will mail our catalogue *free*, together with a choice line of samples to select from, to the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost.

Tailor-made Suits, $5 up.
Duck, Pique and Linen Suits, $4 up.
Duck, Pique and Linen Skirts, $3 up.
Separate Cloth Skirts, $4 up.
Bicycle Suits, $4 up. Bicycle Skirts, $3 up.
Riding Habits. Golf Suits.
Rainy-day Suits and Skirts.
Capes and Jackets for Spring wear.

We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. **We pay express charges everywhere.** If, when writing to us, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you a full line of exactly what you wish. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second-mourning. Write to-day for catalogue and samples; we will send them to you, *free*, by return mail.

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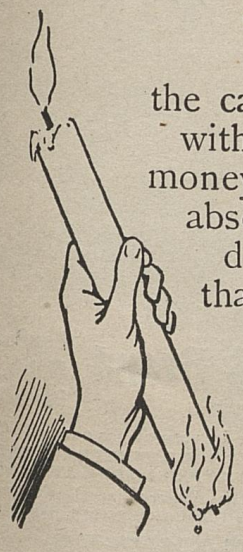

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the candle at both ends, when you use soap with **Pearline**—throwing away some of the money that **Pearline** saves. The easy work, the absence of rubbing, the quickness, is all due to the **Pearline**. **Pearline** does all that the soap is meant to do or can do and more besides. Soap doesn't help and isn't necessary.

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THIS SKIRT IS FINISHED WITH
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GUARANTEED to wear as long as the skirt.

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Send No Money, but mention this magazine, state the number of the garment desired and give us the necessary measurements, if a suit, give bust and waist measures, inside sleeve length and length of skirt, if a skirt, give waist measure and skirt length, and we will forward the garment **C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Examine and try the garment on** at your nearest express office and satisfy yourself that it is exactly as represented **before paying** the express agent our special advertised price and charges.

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No. 110. A handsome ladies' reefer suit of high-grade black or navy blue twilled broadcloth. Jacket is extremely well lined with a very good quality satin; skirt is made full width, overlapped seams, plaited back and lined with percaline, extra stiffening at bottom. **$6.95.**

No. 190. This magnificent **pure black brocaded grosgrain or taffeta silk skirt** is made in the very latest style, is very full in sweep and is well lined and interlined. Best workmanship throughout. Special advertised price, **$4.25.**

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The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress, $15.



Compressing Felt Sheets. Binding and closing the tick by hand.

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The best $50.00 hair mattress made is not its equal in cleanliness, durability or comfort. **We pay all express charges,** and sell on the distinct agreement that you may return it and get your money back (without question or dispute), if not all you have even *hoped* for, at the end of

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Patent Elastic Felt consists of airy, interlacing, fibrous sheets, of snowy whiteness and great elasticity; closed in the tick by hand, and *never* mats, loses shape or gets lumpy. Is perfectly dry, non-absorbent, and is guaranteed absolutely vermin proof. Tick may be removed for washing without trouble. Softer and purer than hair *can be;* no re-picking or restuffing necessary.

2 feet 6 inches wide, weight 25 pounds,	$8.35
3 feet wide, weight 30 pounds,	10.00
3 feet 6 inches wide, weight 35 pounds,	11.70
4 feet wide, weight 40 pounds,	13.35
4 feet 6 inches wide, weight 45 pounds,	15.00

All 6 feet 3 inches long, or any length desired.

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Yours truly, E. H. Gregory. M.D.

Warning! Not for sale by stores. A few unscrupulous dealers are trying to sell a $5 mattress for $10 and $15 on our advertising. Patent Elastic Felt Mattresses can only be bought of

OSTERMOOR & COMPANY, 111 Elizabeth Street, New York.

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Sample Pair, 25c.

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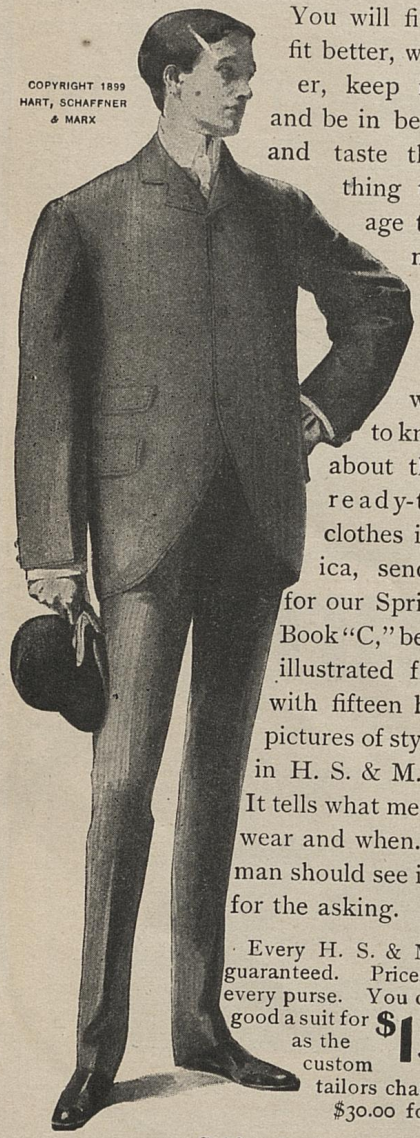


COPYRIGHT 1899 HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

If you would like to know more about the finest ready-to-wear clothes in America, send to-day for our Spring Style Book "C," beautifully illustrated from life with fifteen half-tone pictures of stylish men in H. S. & M. clothes. It tells what men should wear and when. Every man should see it. Yours for the asking.

Every H. S. & M. suit is guaranteed. Prices to suit every purse. You can get as good a suit for as the custom tailors charge $30.00 for. **$15.00**

Be sure to look for this trade-mark

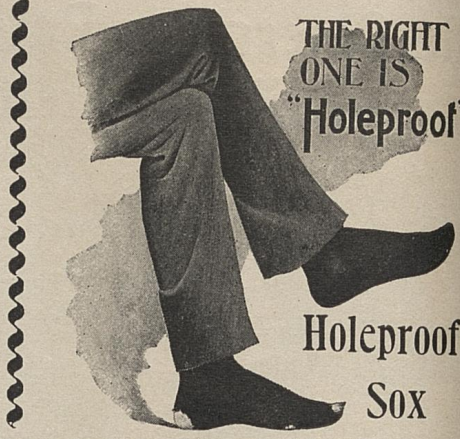
H.S.&M.

inside the collar of the coat.

Sold only through the dealer. Ask for "Hart, Schaffner & Marx Guaranteed Clothing." If your dealer does not keep it write to us for the address of one who does. Send to-day for our **NEW STYLE BOOK "C,"** showing what well-dressed men will wear this Spring. It is free.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX, Chicago

Largest Makers in the World of Fine Clothing for Men



Holeproof Sox

Are made of a specially twisted hygienic yarn, on spec machinery, to resist hardest wear. They are a boon bachelors, men away from home, married men whose wi and daughters are tired of that weekly mending job, a every one that wants that satisfactory kind.

SOLD UNDER A GUARANTEE NOT TO NE MENDING FOR SIX MONTHS if four pairs are wo alternately.

Ask your dealer for Holeproof Sox.

If not obtainable don't accept any others (none are cheap at any price), but send us **50** cents—better, send $1. bill for two pairs—we will fill your order, prepaid. Made solid colors and all sizes. Satisfaction guaranteed or mon refunded.

Convincing Booklet Free.

KALAMAZOO KNITTING CO., Dept. D,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.



WHITE LAUNDERED SHIRTS

LONG BOSOMS
SHORT BOSOMS
OPEN BACK
OPEN BACK AND FRONT
COAT SHIRTS
FANCY BOSOMS
AND CUFFS

Price $1.00 each

IN ALL STYLES.

Sold by first-class dealers throughout the United States. If you cannot buy these shirts of your furnisher, the manufacturers,

Cutter & Crossette

CHICAGO

Will deliver free of expense to any address in the United States, Six Shirts on receipt of Six Dollars.

Send Size Neck-band and Sleeve, Also Style Bosom Desired.





Skirt-Binding Problem Solved.

Star Alpaca Braid

is wide, lustrous, durable and economical.

Dyed in the wool, it cannot fade.

Well made, it does not shrink and it outwears the skirt.

Unlike velveteen, it won't rub the shoes.

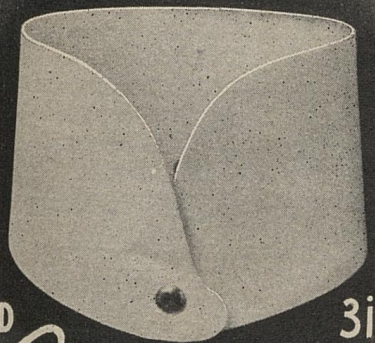
Without the objectionable brush feature, it does not sweep the street.

You can get a better notion of it by asking, in any dry goods store, for the five-yard piece. Price, 10 cents.

FLEISHER'S, PHILADELPHIA, MFRS.

ALWAYS IN FRONT

Wilbur's TRADE DOUBLE WEAR MARK



25¢

FIVE FOLD

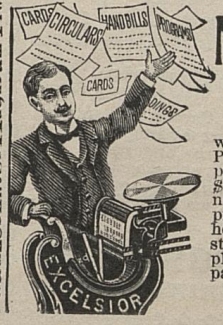
3 inches high

Onset

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WE WILL.

WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO. TROY, N.Y.

TsLnDR.YocTrstLamnm;SdceoKwO,SsCvTe?3:mY



Money Made and Saved

with a **$5 PRINTING PRESS.** Print your own cards, etc. Big profits printing for neighbors. $18 press for circulars or small newspaper. Type setting easy; printed rules. Fun for spare hours, old or young. Very instructive. Send stamp for samples and catalog presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

KELSEY & CO.,
Meriden, Conn.

OR3NrsRysmcnrmnsL5

BEST & Co

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

This Pretty Dress for **85c.**

Is an example of the economy and satisfaction of clothing children at the Children's Store.



Made of fine nainsook, with yoke of narrow tucks and three insertions, each insertion finished on both sides with a dainty ruffle of embroidery; full skirt, deep hem, neatly made. Sizes, 6 months to 2 years. By mail, 5 cents extra.

We publish a catalogue showing what **New York Boys and Girls** will wear this year. **Over 900 Illustrations.**

Mailed for 4 cents postage,

60-62 West 23d Street, New York.

TRI-ON-FA

LADIES SHOE



$2.50

This shoe is making a great sensation among women and among shoe dealers, on account of the stylish shapes, the fine workmanship, and the remarkable leather of which they are made.

Shoe dealers have only to show them to sell them. Women always buy a second pair. The leather used in all Tri-on-fa Shoes is the "COMMONWEALTH," made by the American Leather Company, whose name is a guarantee.

We are placing them with good shoe men everywhere, but if yours does not have them, we will send you a pair on receipt of $2.50, and will refund your money if you wish. Our shoe book shows over twenty styles. Shall we send you one?

THE HURLEY SHOE CO., Lynn, Mass.

FOR 50 YEARS



Carpets, 29c. to $1.00 a yard.

Our make of Carpets have been the Standard of Quality the world over. Many Carpets that we sold 25 and 30 years ago are in use today. We have testimonials from every corner of the civilized world.

We publish an exquisite 16-color lithographed Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Portieres and Lace Curtains, showing all designs in their actual colors, and from these colored plates you can make as satisfactory a selection as though you were here at the mill.

By dealing direct with the manufacturer you buy at dealers' prices. Here are specimen Bargains:

Best Axminster Carpets, 85c

Balto. Brussels Carpets, 52c

Ex. Sup. Ingrain Carpets, 29c

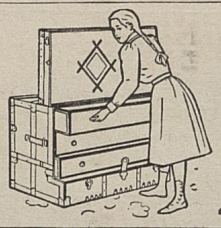
And further, we sew Carpets free, furnish Carpet Lining free and prepay freight.

We also issue a Furniture Catalogue.

Do you think we would spend nearly a million dollars yearly advertising these Catalogues if they were not worth having? Address this way:

Julius Hines & Son,

Dept. 525, BALTIMORE, MD.



A New Idea in Trunks

The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
47 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

SOLID SILVER MANICURE SET



No money required. Send us your name and address, and we will send **FREE** you, all charges prepaid, 18 Packets of **Everlasting Sachet Powder** (*Sweet Breath of Violets*), to sell among your friends and acquaintances at **10c. each.** When sold send us the $1.80 and we will send you this **Elegant Solid Sterling Silver Manicure Set** consisting of 3 pieces, i.e., **Glove Buttoner, Nail File, Cuticle Knife,** all of best **Imported Steel,** handles of **Sterling Silver** 925-1000 fine, beautifully engraved. This is handsomely mounted in a substantial Case, and we will forfeit $100 if not found exactly as represented. Write us at once for particulars.

OXFORD CO., 151 Clay St., Pawtucket, R. I.

$1.95 MEN'S PANTS

SEND NO MONEY Cut this advertisement out and



to us, state your **HEIGHT and WEIGHT,** number **inches around body at waist** (pants waist), **around body at hips, largest part, also length of leg inside seam, from tight in crotch to heel,** whether you wish **LIGHT, MEDIUM or DARK GOODS.** We will send you these pants (for measure), by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, examine them at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory, and equal to **PANTS THAT OTHERS SELL at $4.00 to $6.00,** pay your express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $1.95** and express charges. **THESE PANTS** are made on the latest 1899 patterns, by expert tailors, from high-grade special, wear-resisting, pants fabrics, in **LIGHT, MEDIUM or DARK** shades, finest trimmings, patent never-to-come-off buttons, silk and linen sewing, finest work throughout; 2,600 to go at **$1.95. Order at Once.** Don't delay.

WE SEND FREE Cloth Samples of Men's Pants, Measure Pants, $1.50 to $4.00. **Suits $5.50 to $12.00;** also tape measure, fashion plates, etc. Write for Free Sample Book No. 5 E.

Sears, Roebuck & Co. (Inc.), Chicago.

GUARANTY COUPON

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER is Guaranteed to the dealer and user against imperfections. Look for the Name on every loop.

THIS GUARANTY GOES WITH EVERY PAIR

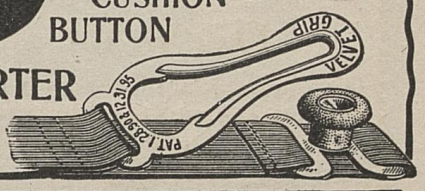
No Stitching in the Elastic.

NEVER SLIPS OR TEARS

Velvet Grip

CUSHION BUTTON HOSE SUPPORTER

Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Catalogue free.



GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "VELVET GRIP" ON EVERY LOOP.

SCHLESINGER MAYER
CHICAGO

$100,000 worth of New Spring

DRESS GOODS

at 47½c on the Dollar

The fabric feature of the decade—a half-dollar-half-price Dress Goods Sale with no peer or parallel. It's a phenomenal purchase of a Roubaix weaver's stock of over

$100,000 worth of the nobbiest novelties of '99— at 47½c on the dollar

50c for real Dress Goods

Write for samples.

SCHLESINGER MAYER
CHICAGO

44-in. Lyons Black Silk Grenadines,

Something Extraordinary in small, medium and large brocades, scrolls, dots, figures, etc.

50c

Write for samples. Real honest value $1

SCHLESINGER MAYER
CHICAGO

44-in. Camel's Hair Covert Cloth,

Wonderful Valuc for Man-tailored Suits, for Cycling Suits, for Golf Suits. Manufactured exclusively for Schlesinger & Mayer for the whole U. S.

59c

Real honest value $1

Write for samples.

Handsome Illustrated Fashion Catalogue for Spring and Summer, 1899, ready March 20th—**free.**

O'SULLIVAN'S



"Next to Wings."

Rubber Heels—of course, comfort-lovers and economy-seekers now concede them to be a necessity, but

WHICH?

Shall it be the heel that is founded on redeemed rubbish and plausible bluff? That gives the dealer four additional cents profit? That costs you the same as

O'SULLIVAN'S,

the leader, the true cushion for the foot, the original "Next to Wings"?

When you say "O'Sullivan's" to your dealer he will say "fifty cents" and think you a good judge. Should he attempt substitution, mail price in stamps and outline of heel to O'Sullivan Bros., Lowell, Mass.

We want to send our booklet to you.

FOR BELL SKIRT, FLARE SKIRT OR ANY KIND OF SKIRT

Use HAIR CLOTH

Ask for our Trade-mark of horses.

IF YOU WISH the DESIRED STYLISH EFFECT and a satisfactory stiff interlining; it is **PRACTICAL,** therefore **SENSIBLE.** Nothing Has Been or Can Be Substituted with any degree of satisfaction. It is **"The Survival of the Fittest."**

ITS FURTHER USES: Lower edge of Skirts and Basques, Basque Pieces, Collars, Collarettes on Children's Cloaks, Epaulets, Flat Vests, Flat Yokes, Habit Basques, Jacket-Skirts, Muffs, Revers, Small Capes, Small Jacket Fronts, Bustles, and any other purpose requiring an interlining.

Not less than a ten-inch facing gives the stylish set to a skirt, holds out a petticoat from the feet, and acts as a safety guard in a bicycle skirt. Send for "Hair Cloth and its Uses" Free. The high-class dressmaker and ladies' tailor will use Hair Cloth.

Use Black, Grey, or White in Styles.

Herringbone, 10|3, 16|3, 10|4. French. 146|3, 200|3, 206|3. French Imperial, 206|4.

American Hair Cloth Company. PAWTUCKET, R.I.



AMERICAN HAIR CLOTH COMPANY, - PAWTUCKET, R. I.

CHARLES B. PERVEAR, Agent.

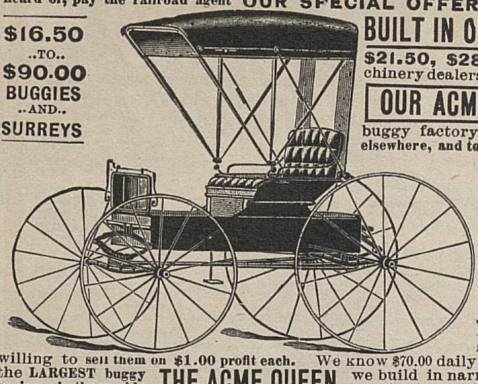
Largest Manufacturers in the World of French and Herringbone HAIR CLOTH

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

SEND ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad out and send to us and if you live east of the Rocky Mountains we will send this **HIGH GRADE TOP BUGGY** to you by freight C.O.D., subject to examination, you can examine it at your freight depot and if you find it equal to any $100.00 top buggy you ever saw, perfectly satisfactory and the **GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU HAVE EVER SEEN OR** heard of, pay the railroad agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $55.00** and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order

$16.50 ..TO.. $90.00 BUGGIES ..AND.. SURREYS



BUILT IN OUR OWN FACTORY

in Chicago, on honor, from the best materia money can buy. While in our **Free Buggy Catalogue** we show top buggies, made by other makers at **$21.50, $28.75** and **$34.75,** the exact same buggies that are being sold by machinery dealers at $45.00 to $75.00 and are being widely advertised by many at $35.00 to $60.00.

OUR ACME QUEEN at $55.00 Is the most wonderful value ever offered. The lowest price ever quoted on the best buggy that can be built. We maintain our own five story buggy factory for the sole purpose of building and selling a better buggy than we can buy elsewhere, and to save our customers manufacturers' profit. The material and labor in our **ACME QUEEN** costs more than double that in the ordinary factory buggy. We use a $2.50 cushion cloth, some use 90 cent; we use a $1.50 head lining, some use 40 cent; we use a 23-cent leather, some use 9 cent; we use $3.50 colors and varnishes, some use 75 cent and $1.00. **We pay almost double** the price most makers pay for **Wheels, Axles, Springs, Dashes and Sockets because we want the best.** Our wheels, gears and bodies are **water rubbed and the material and labor in painting our Acme Queen would paint 3 cheap buggies.** **$55.00 BARELY COVERS COST** of material and labor, leaving us the smallest profit imaginable, but we are building **70 buggies a day** and to advertise our buggy factory we are willing to sell them on **$1.00 profit each.** We know $70.00 daily profit on 70 buggies will satisfy us, advertise us everywhere and build up the **LARGEST buggy business in the world.**

Every buggy we make is..... **GUARANTEED TWO YEARS....** and they will outwear..... **Five Ordinary Factory Rigs.**

THE ACME QUEEN we build in narrow or wide track, cloth or leather trimmed, end springs, buffed leather quarter top, solid panel back, springs in back, leather covered bows and nuts, rubber steps, velvet carpet, body 24x54 inches, **No. 1 Sarven's patent screwed rim wheels,** painted in 16 coats, body black, gear dark green with very delicate modest striping, complete with shafts, side and back curtains, boot, storm apron and anti-rattlers and shafts. **Pole, neckyoke and Whiffletrees in place of shafts, $1.75 extra. Buggy weighs 400 lbs. and the freight will average for 200 miles, $2.00; 300 miles, $2.75; 400 miles, $3.25; 500 miles, $3.60; and 1000 miles, $6.00.**

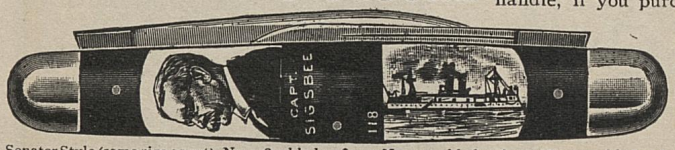
SEND ONE DOLLAR with your order, **we guarantee the buggy to reach you safely,** and if satisfactory, pay the railroad agent balance, $54.00 and freight charges, otherwise pay nothing and the agent will return buggy at our expense and we will return your $1.00. **DON'T BUY A CHEAP FACTORY BUGGY** now sold almost exclusively by all machinery dealers and catalogue houses. **Buy the best buggy money can build direct from the maker at the lowest price ever known. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY. Write for our Free Buggy, Carriage and Harness Catalogue.** Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc.) CHICAGO, ILL.

YOUR NAME IS SECURE

under a perfectly transparent and indestructible handle, if you purchase

A NOVELTY KNIFE

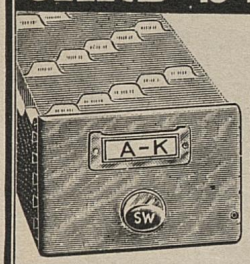


On the other side, photos of celebrities: Dewey, Schley, or anybody; yourself or friends if you send the photos. A written warranty given with every knife. Best of materials and workmanship make Novelty Knives perfect. *Excellent novelty for high grade advertising.* Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO.,
7 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio.

Senator Style (same size as cut), No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20; No. 120, 3 blades, $1.60; No. 122, 4 blades, $1.85.

CARD SYSTEMS



MANUFACTURERS.

The "Shaw-Walker" Card Systems are the result of our constant labor and study as specialists in putting in card systems. They help you to get **more** business, fill orders promptly and manufacture and buy economically. The expense is **less** than with cumbersome book systems.

Our catalogue illustrates the "Shaw-Walker" systems in **actual** use by manufacturers, merchants, bankers, lawyers, etc. Sent free

THE SHAW-WALKER CO. MUSKEGON MICH.

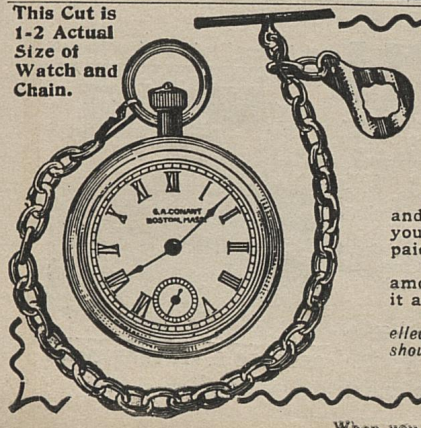
The Gateway to Europe is H. Gaze & Sons Tourist Agency.

Forty programmes now ready—say where you are going, Individual trips. Escorted parties, Palestine, Egypt, Round the World. Tourist Gazette, 100 pp. free. 113 Broadway, New York; 220 So. Clark Street, Chicago; 201 Washington Street, Boston. Estab. 1844.

TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS,

102 Fulton st., New York, sell all makes under half price. Don't buy before writing them for unprejudiced advice and prices. Exchanges. Immense stock for selection. Shipped for trial. Guaranteed first-class. Dealers supplied. 52-page illustrated catalogue free.

This Cut is 1-2 Actual Size of Watch and Chain.



Watch and Chain
FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 1½ dozen packages of **BLUINE** at 10c, each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid.

This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Bevelled Crystal. It is guaranteed to keep Accurate Time and with proper care should last Ten Years.

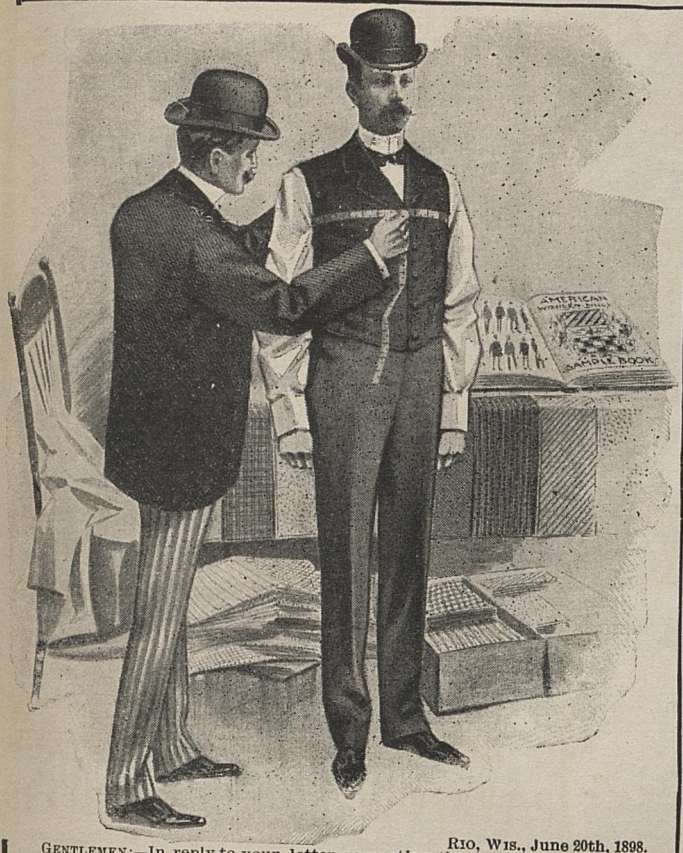
BLUINE CO., Box 453, CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

...Clothing Salesmen Wanted...

$150.00 PER MONTH AND EXPENSES MADE BY ALL OUR ACTIVE MEN. WE PAY MANY FAR MORE.

We want men in every County in the United States. If your reference is satisfactory we will start you at once. No experience necessary. No capital required. We furnish a full line of samples, stationery, etc. A tailor's-for-the-trade complete outfit ready for business. No commission plan. You regulate your profits to suit yourself. No house to house canvass. This is not one of the many catchy advertisements for agents, but one of the very few advertisements offering a rare opportunity to secure strictly high-grade employment at BIG WAGES. **We are the Largest Tailors in America.** We make to measure over 300,000 suits annually. We occupy entire one of the largest business blocks in Chicago. We refer you to the Corn Exchange National Bank in Chicago, any Express or Railroad Co. in Chicago, any resident of Chicago. Before engaging with us, write to any friend in Chicago and ask them to come and see us, then write you if it is a rare opportunity to secure steady, high-class, big-paying employment. **BETTER STILL**—come to Chicago yourself and see us before engaging and satisfy yourself regarding every word we say. You can get steady work and big pay. Work in your own county 300 days in the year, and you can't make less than $5 every day above all expenses. **WE WANT TO ENGAGE YOU** to take orders for our Made-to-Order and Measure Custom Tailoring. (Men's Suits, Pants and Overcoats). We put you in the way to take orders from almost every man in your county; a business better than a store with a $20.000.00 stock. You will have no competition.



RIO, WIS., June 20th, 1898.

GENTLEMEN:—In reply to your letter requesting the use of my photograph for advertising purposes, and asking how I am pleased with the work, would say I do not object to your using my photograph, as your prices are very low and garments so exact to my measurements that I gladly recommend you. I would add that I have never made less than $80.00 per month since I received your first outfit, and in the best months have made as high as $350.00 per month.

Very truly, E. J. DOYLE.

Should you write Mr. Doyle, be sure to enclose a 2c stamp for reply.
We have hundreds of letters similar to Mr. Doyle's.

We are the Largest Tailors in America

of Fine Custom-Made Garments. We buy our cloth direct from the largest European and American Mills. We control the product of several woolen mills. We operate the most extensive and economic custom tailoring plant in existence, thus reducing the price of Suits and Overcoats made to order to $5.00 and upward; Pants from $1.50 to $5.00. We show a large line of Suits at from $5.00 to $8.00. Prices so low that nearly every one in your county will be glad to have their Suits made to order.

WE FURNISH YOU a large, handsome, leather bound book containing large cloth samples of our entire line of Suitings, Pantaloonings, etc., a book which costs us several dollars; also Fine Colored Fashion Plates, Instruction Book, Tape Measure, Business Cards, Stationery, Advertising Matter, and your name and address on rubber stamp with pad complete. We also furnish you a Salesman's Net Confidential Price List. The prices are left blank under each description so you can fill in your own selling prices, arranging your profit to suit yourself. As soon as you have received your sample book and general outfit and have read our book of instructions carefully, which teaches you how to take orders, and marked in your selling price, you are ready for business and can begin taking orders from every one. At your low prices business men, farmers, and in fact every one will order their suits made. You can take several orders every day at $1.00 to $5.00 profit on each order. Everyone will be astonished at your low prices.

YOU REQUIRE NO MONEY. Just take the orders and send them to us and we will make the garments within 5 days and send direct to your customers by express C. O. D., subject to examination and approval, at your selling price, and collect your full selling price, and every week we will send you a check for all your profit. You need collect no money, deliver no goods, simply go on taking orders, adding a liberal profit, and we deliver the goods, collect all the money and every week promptly send you in one round check your full profit for the week. Nearly all our good men get a check from us of at least $40.00 every week in the year.

THE OUTFIT IS FREE. We make no charge for the book and complete outfit, but as each outfit costs US SEVERAL DOLLARS, to protect ourselves against many who would impose on us by sendingfor the outfit with no intention of working, but merely out of idle curiosity, as a GUARANTY OF GOOD FAITH on the part of EVERY APPLICANT, we require you to fill out the blank lines below, giving the names of two parties as reference, and further agreeing to pay, merely as a temporary deposit, ONE DOLLAR and express charges for the outfit when received, if found as represented and really a sure way of making big wages. The $1.00 you agree to pay when outfit is received does not begin to pay the cost to us but insures us you mean business. WE WILL REFUND YOUR $1.00 as soon as your orders have amounted to $25.00, which amount you can take the first day you work.

Fill out the following lines carefully, sign your name, cut out and send to us, and the outfit will be sent you at once.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., West Side Enterprise Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, your Sample Book and Complete Salesman's Outfit, as described abov I agree to examine it at the express office and if found exactly as represented and I feel I can make good big wages taking orders for you, I agree to pay the express agent, as a guarantee of good faith, and to show I mean business (merely as a temporary deposit), One Dollar and express charges, with the understanding the One Dollar is to be refunded to me as soon as my sales have amounted to $25.00. If not found as represented and I am not perfectly satisfied I shall not take the outfit or pay one cent.

....
Sign your name on above line.

....
Name of Postoffice, County and State on above line.

Your age .....

Married or single .....
Address your letters plainly to

....

On above two lines give as reference, names of two men over 21 years of age who have known you one year or longer.

....
In above line give name of your nearest express office.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., West Side Enterprise Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

SPRING WEDDING

Invitations and Announcements

Engraved on Copper Plate

Latest Styles. Finest Papers. Full set of samples on request

* * * * *

DIE-STAMPED MONOGRAM PAPER . . . We will engrave your monogram (two or three letters) in any one of five different styles, and furnish you two quires of finest quality WRITING PAPER (white or tinted), die-stamped with same, in a neat box, with envelopes (not stamped).

With Monogram Stamped in Plain Colors, . $1.25
With Monogram Stamped in Gold or Silver, 1.40
With Monogram Illuminated (two colors), . 1.50

Elegant sample book, including set of Fan Monograms, mailed for 10c.

* * * * *

Finest Quality Engraved Visiting-Cards

Including Copper Plate. Latest Styles.

75 cents for 50. $1.00 for 100. Samples Free

ALL MAIL AND EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID

ARTISTIC ENGRAVING COMPANY,

149 North Sixteenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Monroe

Porcelain-Lined Refrigerators

White, everlasting porcelain, moulded into one piece, lines every food compartment.

The whiteness makes every corner light as day, so you can see anything spilled there.

The glaze enables you to wipe it up with a cloth. That's about all the cleaning ever necessary.

HEALTHFUL Because they are never uncleanly

The only refrigerators that are absolutely **ODORLESS**

Durable because the porcelain never breaks. Nothing can craze, crack, nor peel it. The whole construction is so skillful that ice lasts till you wonder at it. They save their cost over and over in the ice that other refrigerators waste. The first cost is more than of some kinds, but it goes into making them economical. We save you the dealer's profit by selling direct, freight prepaid. Nobody who could see one of these refrigerators would want the food of a lifetime kept in a poorer kind. We therefore sell on approval.

Our new catalogue, with pictures in colors, shows how dainty they are; write for it.

MONROE REFRIGERATOR CO.
BOX P, LOCKLAND, OHIO.

Samples on exhibit in Boston, New York, Syracuse, Buffalo, Detroit, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Toledo, Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha Write us for address.



When the Shade Roller refuses to work properly.

It's your fault Had you paid a few cents more when you bought it, and seen to it that you received a GENUINE

IMPROVED

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER

with the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn on it, there now would have been no trouble and you would be money in pocket.

The "Improved" Hartshorn roller is the result of 50 years' experience in the manufacture of shade rollers. It has unbreakable brackets, new end fittings and requires no tacks. Ask for, and see that you get, genuine Hartshorn Rollers.

WOOD ROLLERS. **TIN ROLLERS.**

SUN

DINNER SET or GOLD WATCH FREE

with 30 lbs. S. S. Chop Tea. Lace curtains, Watches, Clocks, Tea Sets, Toilet Sets given away with $5, $7, $10 and $15 orders. Send this "ad." and 15c., and we will send you a sample of S. S. Chop or any other Tea you may select. *Cosmopolitan.*

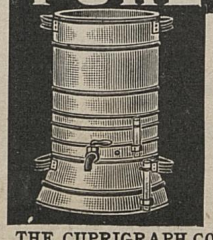
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 and 33 Vesey Street (Box 289). New York.

HARTSHORN FLOORS

In ornamental designs at from 5c. to 30c. per foot.
PHELPS BROS. & COMPANY, Manufacturers, Wellington, Ohio.
Eastern Office:—No. 332 Main Street, Springfield, Mass.
O. S. DICKINSON, MANAGER.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is seeking reliable men and women in all parts of the country who have leisure to take in hand THE COSMOPOLITAN'S subscription work. Send references and your address to the Subscription Department, COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

PURE WATER!



What is so important as Health—impossible without pure water! It postpones age and its infirmities.

THE SANITARY STILL

is simple, economical, and effectively produces distilled (the only pure) water. Our $10.00 Still has twice the capacity of others, and is only Still recognized by U. S. Government. Send for booklet.

THE CUPRIGRAPH CO., 105 North Green Street, Chicago.

...THIS CHAIR IS COVERED WITH...

PANTASOTE.

EXACTLY RESEMBLES FINE MOROCCO,

but will outwear it, and costs half as much.

Waterproof, Grease-proof,
Stain-proof, Germ-proof.



This wonderful material does not crack or peel, does not rot, never gets sticky, never moulds, has no odor, is difficult to deface, contains no rubber or cellulose, will not burn, is always handsome.

Tested for six years by leading railways and steamship lines, carriage builders and furniture makers, with unqualified success.

The Prince of Wales's yacht, "Britannia," the German Emperor's yacht, "Meteor," are upholstered throughout with Pantasote. Neither salt water, fresh water, sun or frost affects it. The United States Government has adopted it for all ambulance upholstery.

Made in all standard colors, in plain leather grains or richly embossed patterns.

Enough to cover a dining-chair seat sent for 25 cents in stamps. State color.

Sample free. 16x5 inches, sent for 2-cent stamp and your upholsterer's name and address.

CAUTION!—The success of Pantasote has produced many imitations. Don't allow dealers to substitute inferior and often worthless and dangerous goods that they make more money on. The word "Pantasote" is stamped on the genuine article.

THE PANTASOTE CO., 29 Broadway, Dept. D, NEW YORK CITY.

No Flies





In a house with our

Wire Screens

100,000 Houses Screened in 45 States. Send for References.

SPECIALTY: SCREENING HOUSES TO ORDER.

WE PAY FREIGHT. Write for Catalogue.



THE E. T. BURROWES CO.,

OFFICES IN ALL LARGE CITIES.
SALESMEN TO GIVE ESTIMATES.

Portland, Maine.

Largest Factories in the World.



To those interested in buying the better grades of Fine China and Rich Cut Glass, at prices always averaging "¼ less than elsewhere," we mail on request our illustrated catalogue No. 9 (E), issued especially for out of town residents. **50-54 West 22d Street, New York.**



How to Paper a Room

effectively is not so much a matter of skill as judgment—judgment in selecting the paper. And good selecting depends on good things to select from. The best selection that any wall paper dealer in the country can give will not compare with the beautiful assortment of designs found in the new sample book of

KAYSER & ALLMAN'S

WALL PAPER

It is the choicest of its kind ever issued. Every page is a revelation in good wall paper effects. Why not try selecting wall paper from the manufacturer's stock of 3,500,000 rolls? Prices from 5c. to $3 00 a roll. Send for our sample book now. Free for the asking. AGENTS wanted in every part of the country. Discounts to paper hangers and local dealers. **Kayser & Allman, 1214-1216 Market St., Philadelphia, Penna.**



WERNICKE ELASTIC BOOKCASE

"A SYSTEM OF UNITS."

Always complete but never finished. Small enough for 10, large enough for 10,000 books. Varieties to suit every taste and requirement. Dust proof glass doors, and every feature of a perfect and beautiful bookcase. Sent anywhere on trial and approval.

Wernicke pays the freight.

THE WERNICKE CO.,
185 Bartlett St.,
Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.

FREE BOOKLET AND LIST OF DEALERS FOR THE ASKING.



WE LEAVE IT TO YOU

The beautiful couch shown in this illustration we offer to ship **on 30 days' trial** to all who give satisfactory references, and if after that time you are suited with the couch send us..... **$14.90**

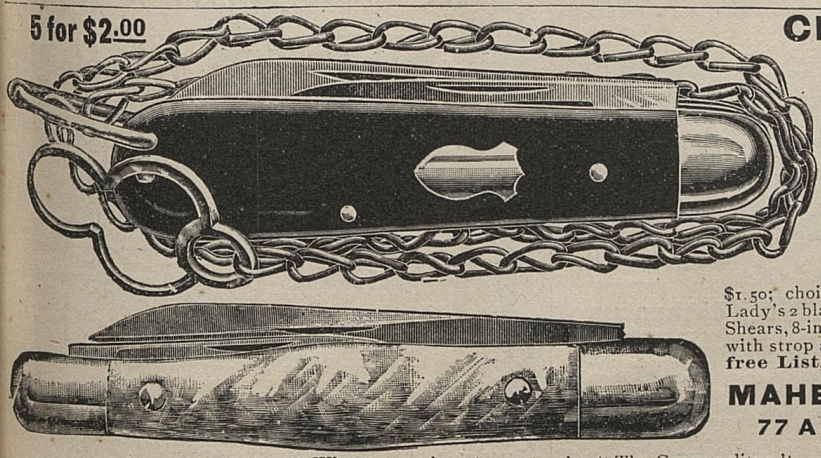
If it does not come up to your expectations, return it at our expense. This couch could not be bought in a retail store for less than $27.50; we offer to send it to you and let you judge. Surely we must have confidence that what we claim is true when we are willing to make such a liberal offer. This couch is extra size and extra quality. It is 6 ft. 5 in. long, 30 in. wide. **Full gondola shape,** as shown in illustration. Is upholstered in 3 toned Kaiser Plush. **Seventy Springs** in seat, head and edge. Hand deep biscuit tufted (not machine). Buttons guaranteed not to fly out. Stuffed with fine tow and moss. **Samples of material and coloring free on request.**

A $4.00 PRESENT. The handsome silk down pillow, with wide hemmed border, shown in illustration, and easily worth $4.00, we will **send as a present** to each purchaser of a couch. This represents a big rebate

We have couches of all prices. Last year we sold over 10,000 of our **$9.75** couches. **Our new spring 1899 catalogue of all kinds of couches and general furniture free on request.**

E. LOUIS SCHULTZE'S SONS, 1051-1053 Milwaukee Avenue, CHICAGO. Established 1857.

5 for $2.00



CHAIN A BOY TO HIS KNIFE

AND IT WILL BE THERE EVERY TIME. Knife has 2 razor steel blades; cut is exact size; ebony handle, with 18-inch nickel plated chain to attach to any button, and there it is! Price by mail, 50c.; 5 for $2. The lower cut shows **"Our Masterpiece;"** nothing better in cutlery on this earth; 3 cutting blades; for light or heavy work; by mail, with ebony handle, $1.25; ivory $1.50; choicest pearl with highest finish. $2. Lady's 2 blade, 50c.; 2 blade **Camp Knife $1.** Shears, 8-inch 75c. **Hollow-ground Razor,** with strop and brush, $1.33. Send for 80-page **free List,** and **"How to Use a Razor."**

MAHER & GROSH CO.,
77 A ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.

When you write please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

SEND NO MONEY

if you live within 400 miles of Chicago, but send this adv. and we'll ship this **our latest improved High Arm 7-Drawer Sewing Machine** by freight C.O.D. and allow you to examine it carefully before you pay one cent. If you find it just as represented, **an unparalleled bargain** and the handsomest machine you ever saw, then pay the agent our special price, **$15.90** and freight charges, take it home and **give it three months' free trial.** If unsatisfactory in any respect return it to us any time during that period and we'll instantly refund your money. If you live over 400 miles from Chicago send us $1.00 deposit and we'll ship on above conditions.





AT $15.90 OUR 7-DRAWER CLAYTON is beyond compare, it's built by expert sewing machine mechanics, possesses the good points and improvements of all high grade machines with no defects, and is adapted to sew the lightest or heaviest cloths. **A binding 20 year guarantee sent with each machine.** Made with piano polished solid oak cabinet, beautiful bent cover, rests on 4 casters, adjustable ball bearing treadle, artistic iron stand, positive foremotion drop feed, highly nickeled draw pulls, **the best and most scientific high arm head made,** the latest needle bar, adjustable presser foot, self-threading perfect tension shuttle, adjustable bearings, nearly noiseless shuttle carrier, latest improved tension liberator and loose wheel, new patent automatic bobbin winder, patent dress guard, **23 attachments free** with which you can do any known kind of plain and fancy work. **Our free instruction book** tells how to do it.

AN ELEGANT $4.50 SEWING CHAIR FREE with each machine. There's absolutely no extra charge. **$15.90 pays for both. The price of the machine is $15.90; the chair is free.** Its a work of art and an ornament to any home. Furniture dealer's bargain price is $4.50 for the same chair. Made from choice selected quartered oak to match machine, highly polished, beautifully ornamented, best handmade cane seat, elegantly finished. **The chair is free** with every order for our 7-drawer **Clayton** sewing machine at $15.90. Its a wonder offer. **Machines from $8.50 and up are fully described in our big free sewing machine catalogue. Write for it today.**

THE B. LOUIS VEHON CO., 155-157 W. Jackson St., CHICACO, ILL.

LARKIN SOAPS

AND PREMIUMS.—FACTORY TO FAMILY

The Larkin Idea fully explained in beautiful free booklet. Free sample Soap if mention this magazine.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Larkin St., Buffalo, N. Y.

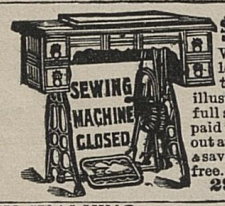
OUR OFFER FULLY EXPLAINED IN THE COSMOPOLITAN OCT., NOV. AND DEC.

DO NOT SEND US ANY MONEY.

LOOK

This **Magnificent Solid Gold**-plated Bracelet. Don't send any money—just your name and address. We will send you, postpaid, 10 Large, Handsome Stamped Linen Doylies; different designs. Sell them among your friends at 10 cents each. Send us the $1.00 and we will send you by return mail the magnificent Bracelet. Address, **ACME JEWELRY CO., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.**

FREE



$9.00 Buys A High Arm Sewing Machine

With stand & table complete. Makes lock stitch, has self-threading shuttle, 10 year guarantee. Machines like illustration or with 3, 5 or 7 drawers and full set of attachments sent freight prepaid to your home on 30 days trial without any money in advance. Buy direct & save agents & dealers profits; catalogue free. **SHEPHERD MFG. CO., 292 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.**

EASY WALKING, INCREASED HEIGHT, ARCHED INSTEP, BETTER FITTING SHOES, EASE AND COMFORT.



Simply placed in the heel felt down. Do not require larger shoes. Are scientific and healthful, and recommended by physicians. Can be raised or lowered by adding or removing the layers of cork. ½ in., 25c.; ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. per pair. Ladies' or Men's. **READ.** Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c.-stamp for pair on 10 days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 66 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR

and this ad. and we will send you this big 325-lb. new 1899 pattern high grade **RESERVOIR COAL AND WOOD COOK STOVE,** by freight C. O. D. subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the **Greatest Stove Bargain** you ever saw or heard of, pay the freight agent our **SPECIAL PRICE, $13.00,** less the $1.00 sent with order, or $12 and freight charges. **THIS STOVE IS SIZE No. 8, Oven is 16½x18-x11, Top is 42x23;** made from best pig iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel-plated ornamentations and trimmings, extra large deep **Genuine Standish Porcelain Lined Reservoir,** handsome large ornamented base. **BEST COAL BURNER MADE,** and we furnish **FREE** an extra wood grate, making it a perfect **Wood Burner.**



Write for our Big **FREE STOVE CATALOGUE**

We Issue a Binding Guarantee with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer would charge you $25.00 for such a stove; the freight is only about $1.00 for each 500 miles, **so we save you at least $10. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL**

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE have an interesting proposition. It will pay you to send for particulars at once.

Amateur Photographers' Exchange, Bourse, Philadelphia, P

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.

ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 670, DETROIT, MICH.



Hereafter (to save postage) that portion of our wrappers (shown in cut above) is all that need be sent to secure the souvenir we offer. Catalogue and information how to obtain **Historic** Souvenir Coffee Spoon Set **Free of Charge,** furnished on receipt of postal. **THE WRIGLEY MFG. CO., 44 Green St., Germantown, Pa.**



$1.95 BUYS A $3.50 SUI

3,000 Celebrated "Kantwearout" DOUBLE SEAT AND DOUBLE KNEE. REGULAR $3.50 Boys' Two Piece Knee-Pant Suits going at $1.95.

A new suit free for any of these suits which do not give satisfactory wear. **SEND NO MONEY.** Cut this Ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and size whether large or small for age and we will send you the suit by express, **C. O. D.,** subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for **$3.50,** pay your express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE, $1.95** and express charges.

These Knee-Pant Suits are for boys 4 to 15 years of age, and are retailed everywhere at **$3.50.** Made with double seat and knees, **LATEST 1899 STYLE** as illustrated, made from a special **wear-resisting, heavy-weight, all WOOL Oakwell cassimere,** neat, handsome pattern, **all** serge lining, **Clayton patent interlining,** padding, stays and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, **fine tailoring throughout,** a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. **FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing** (suits, overcoats or ulsters), **for boys 4 TO 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 90C,** contains fashion plate, tape measure and full instructions how to order.

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS MADE TO ORDER FROM $5.00 UP. Samples sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, I

FREE—EDISON'S GRAPHOPHONE

Furnishes an evening's amusement for the family.

51 lbs. Best Granulated Sugar $1.00



This unequalled offer is a part of our great $14.75 **Family Combination Grocery Order.** **Send $1.** with order.

Edison's Graphophone sings as Melba; plays Sousa's and Gilmore's Operas, Marches and Orchestrations, delivers Orations, relates jokes—in short it is a whole show in itself. Two records Free if cash accompanies the order. Send $14.75 and receive the groceries, including 51 pounds best granulated sugar and the celebrated Edison Graphophone; or send **$1.** and the goods will be sent subject to examination. This is the list of groceries with the regular and cut prices compared:

	Usual retail price
51 lbs. best Granulated Sugar,	**$2.55**
3 lbs. Mocha & Java Coffee ..	.90
12 Cakes Toilet Soap (10c size)	.50
1 lb. Pure Ground Pepper....	.30
10 lb. Pail White Fish, new and latest catch, wooden pail with bail and handle,	1.00
10 bars Santa Claus Laundry Soap (none better).....	.40
¼ lb. Whole Nutmegs.....	.35
1 lb. cleaned English Currants	.11
1 lb. Pure Ground Ginger....	.40
3 lbs. Tea (any kind wanted).	2.10
2 lbs. Rice (Japan)	.20
1 box Enameline Stove Polish	.05
2 lbs. Best Corn Starch	.17
1 lb. Pure Ground Cloves....	.40

	Usual retail price
5 lbs. Silver Gloss Starch..	.45
2 lbs. Best Baking Powder.	.80
1 qt. Bottle Best Blueing...	.15
1 lb. Ground Cinnamon..	.40
1 box Shoe Blacking.....	.05
12 boxes Parlor Matches...	.20
1 lb. Pure Ground Mustard	.50
1 pt. Bot. Triple Ammonia	.10
10 lb. bag Best Table Salt..	.12
1 lb. best Shredded Cocoanut	.40
½ pt. Triple Extract Lemon	.80
" " " Vanilla	.80
1 lb. Best Quality Raisins..	10
5 gal. Golden Drip Syrup..	2.00
	$16.30

Our Price with Graphophone $14.75

AT OUR EXPENSE. If the groceries are not as represented return them at our expense and we will refund your money and **YOU MAY KEEP THE GRAPHOPHONE. FREE** Our big catalogue of everything to eat, wear and use sent free.

JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY, 150-166 W. MADISON ST., Established 1867. CHICAGO.



Over $1,000,000 in Residences Alone!

were built after my designs during the year 1898. My work is in evidence from the Atlantic to the Pacific and even in foreign countries. I can save you money in your home-building. Send for one of my books.

The $1,500, $1,700 and $2,000 models published in the *Ladies' Home Journal* are also examples of my work. My books contain hosts of others with new, original features, unique interiors, ingle-nooks, etc.

50 Ideal Summer Cottages, Bungalows, etc.....	$0.50
25 Studies of Brick and Combination Houses.....	.50
15 Practical Stables of Moderate Cost.....	.50
50 Studies of Cottages Costing to build less than $1,500	.50
100 Studies of Homes costing mostly from $1500 to $4000	1.00
10 Model School Houses [1 to 4 rooms]	1.00
20 Modern Churches of Moderate Cost.....	2.00

Plans, sizes, views, etc., in all books.

"The Building of It" 128-page book, illustrated; enabling you to supervise the erection of your own home; to recognize and remedy faulty work. Language simple, technical terms avoided..... **$1.00**

"Quarter-Acre Possibilities" by F. H. NUTTER, Engineer Minneapolis Park Board, and W. J. KEITH, Consulting Architect. **25 plates,** showing how to embellish small suburban lots in an economical, artistic and effective manner, with full descriptions and suggestions..... **$1.00**

"Keith's Home-Builder" A magazine illustrating *monthly* **ten** of the *latest* and **best** examples of *Moderate Cost Homes*, with exterior views, floor plans, descriptions and practical hints on construction, ventilation, decoration, etc., also *Churches, Schools*, etc. *Costs guaranteed* by bona fide *bids*. Invaluable to those who contemplate building. All news stands **10c;** year **$1.00**

My *personal attention* reserved for *special studies* of bright, original, attractive homes, incorporating your *own original ideas* as the *keynote* of the design. First and second floor plans & water-color sketch of exterior. **$5.00**

Select Your Architect Don't spend your money to carry out an inferior design when, by a *wise selection* of your architect, you can get, at the same cost, the artistic touch that will *double the value* of your property.

W. J. KEITH, Architect, 134 Lum. Ex., Minneapolis, Minn.

1899 - 35th - 1899

Annual Statement

OF THE

TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANY.

Chartered 1863. (Stock.) Life and Accident Insurance.

JAMES G. BATTERSON, Pres't.

Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1899.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000.

ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$2,009,684.43
Cash on hand and in Bank,	1,510,090.17
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate,	5,785,923.99
Interest accrued but not due,	261,279.62
Loans on collateral security.	1,182,327.64
Loans on this Company's Policies,	1,175,489.24
Deferred Life Premiums,	324,697.95
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies,	251,120.97
United States Bonds,	14,000 00
State, county, and municipal bonds,	3,614,032.58
Railroad stocks and bonds,	6,658,373.37
Bank stocks,	1,066,122.50
Other stocks and bonds,	1,462,300.00
Total Assets,	$25,315,442.46

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department,	$18,007,596.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dep't,	1,399,372.80
Present value Instalment Life Policies,	507,044.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers,	430,101.55
Losses in process of adjustment,	220,243.33
Life Premiums paid in advance,	35,267.68
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.,	110,000.00
Special Reserve, Liability Department,	100,000.00
Reserve for anticipated change in rate of interest,	400,000.00
Total Liabilities,	$21,209,625.36
Excess Security to Policy-holders,	$4,105,817.10
Surplus to Stockholders,	$3,105,817.10

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force,	$97,352,821.00
New Life Insurance written in 1898,	16,087,551.00
Insurance on instalment plan at commuted value.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,382,008.95
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	14,532,359.52

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1898,	16,260
Whole number Accident Claims paid,	324,250
Returned to policy-holders in 1898,	$ 1,254,500.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	22,464,596.75

Totals.

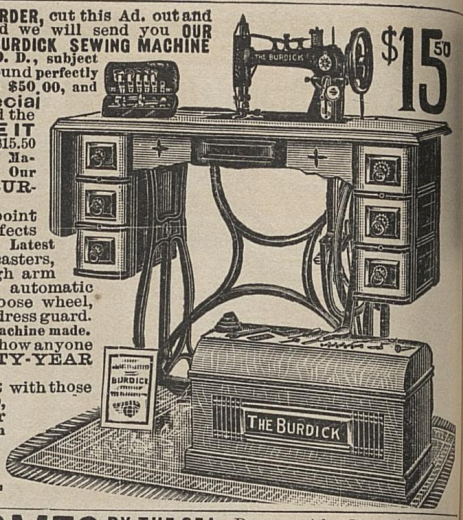
Returned to Policy-holders in 1898,	$ 2,636,509.76
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864,	36,996,956.27

SYLVESTER C. DUNHAM, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN E. MORRIS, Secretary.
H. J. MESSENGER, Actuary.
EDWARD V. PRESTON, Sup't of Agencies.
J. B. LEWIS, M. D., Surgeon and Adjuster.

New York Offices, 31 NASSAU STREET.

SEND NO MONEY

WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this Ad. out and send to us, and we will send you **OUR HIGH-GRADE BURDICK SEWING MACHINE** by freight C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your nearest freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented, equal to machines others sell as high as $50.00, and THE GREATEST BARGAIN YOU EVER HEARD OF, pay your freight agent **Our Special Offer $15.50** and freight charges. The machine weighs 120 pounds and the **Price** freight will average 75 cents for each 500 miles. **GIVE IT THREE MONTHS' TRIAL** in your own home, and we will return your $15.50 any day you are not satisfied. We sell different makes and grades of Sewing Machines at $8.50, $10.00, $11.00, $12.00 and up, all of which are fully described in Our Free Sewing Machine Catalogue, but **$15.50** for this SEVEN-DRAWER BURDICK is the greatest value ever offered by any house.



THE BURDICK has every modern improvement, every good point of every high-grade machine made, with the defects of none. Made by the best maker in America. SOLID OAK CABINET, BENT COVER. Latest 1899 Skeleton frame, piano polish, finest nickel drawer pulls, rests on 4 casters, ball bearing adjustable treadle, genuine Smyth iron stand, finest large high arm head made, positive four-motion feed, self-threading vibrating shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, adjustable bearings, patent tension liberator, improved loose wheel, adjustable presser foot, improved shuttle carrier, patent needle bar, patent dress guard.

GUARANTEED the lightest running, most durable and nearest noiseless machine made. Every known attachment is furnished and our Free Instruction Book tells just how anyone can run it and do either plain or any kind of fancy work. A TWENTY-YEAR GUARANTEE IS SENT WITH EVERY MACHINE.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING to see and examine this machine, compare it with those your storekeeper sells at $40.00 to $50.00, and then if convinced you are saving $20.00 to $35.00, pay your freight agent the $15.50, WE TO RETURN YOUR $15.50 if at any time within three months you say you are not satisfied. ORDER TO-DAY. DON'T DELAY.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago.



$2.75 BOX RAIN COAT.

A Regular $5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH for $2.75.

Send no Money. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your HEIGHT and WEIGHT, state number of inches around body at Breast taken over vest under coat close up under arms and we will send you this coat by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of and equal to any coat you can buy for $5.00, pay the express agent our special offer price, $2.75, and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1899 style, made from heavy waterproof, tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth; extra long, double breasted, Sager velvet collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for either rain or overcoat, and guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Free Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes up to $5.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits and Overcoats at from $5.00 to $10.00, write for Free Book No. 80 C. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

TAILOR MADE SUIT $4.98

SILK LINED JACKET

ALL WOOL MATERIAL



Jacket elegantly silk lined, skirt superbly finished; made from Lamb's Celebrated Fast Color All-wool fine Twilled Serge, equal every way to others' $10 Suits. Choice of electric blue, navy blue or black colors.

SEND NO MONEY but send this advertisement with color desired; give bust and waist measure, length of skirt (down front) from skirtband to bottom and we'll send suit by express C. O. D. and **allow you to try it on before you pay a cent.** If found just as represented, a perfect fit and worth every penny of $10.00 then pay the express agent $4.98 and expressage. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

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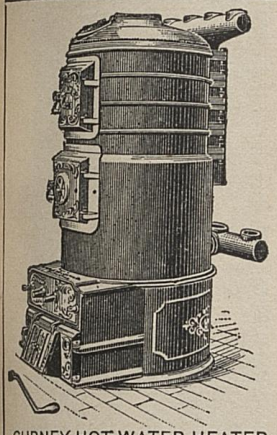

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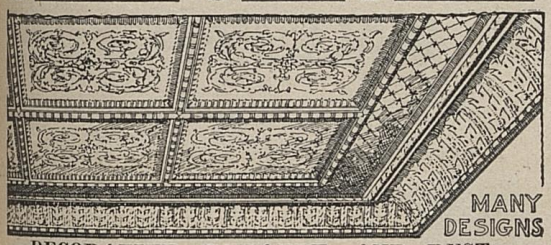

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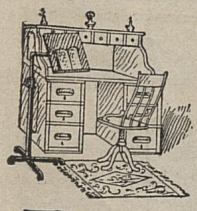

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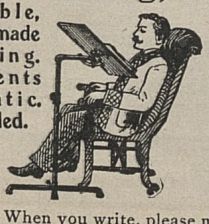

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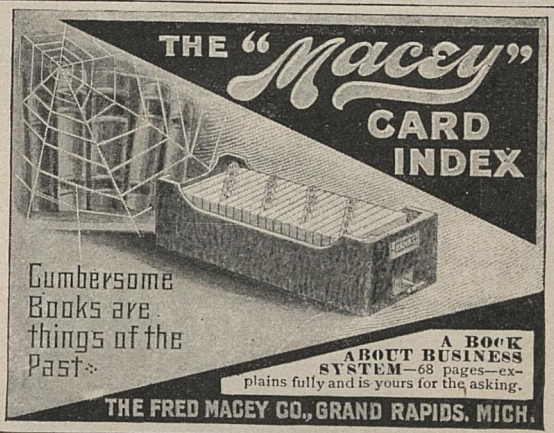

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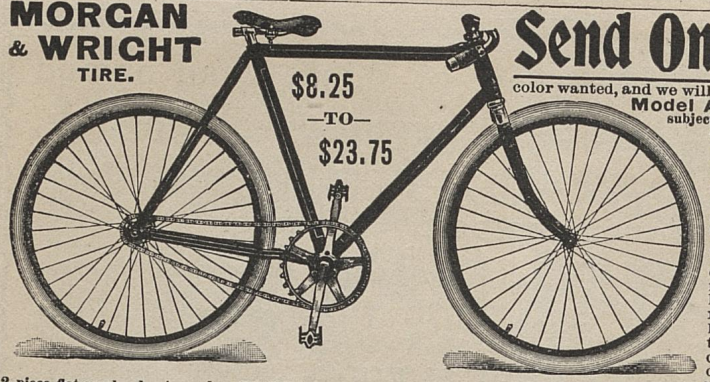

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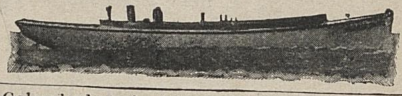

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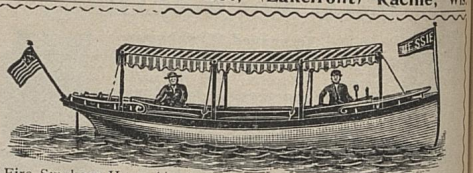

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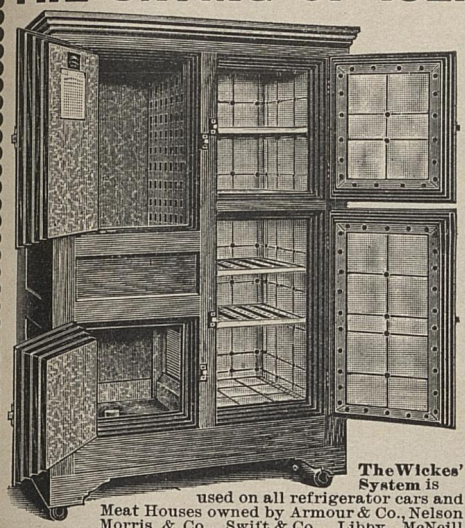

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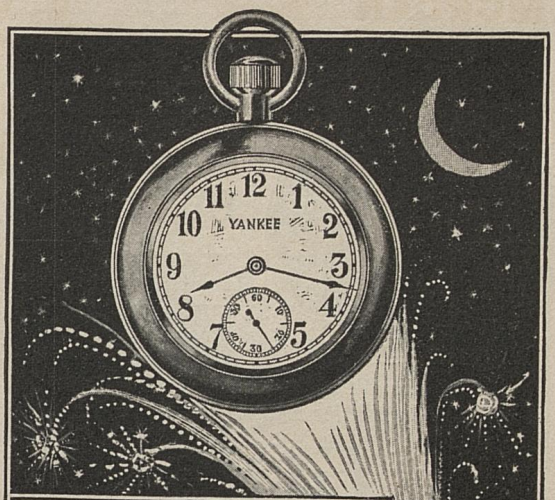

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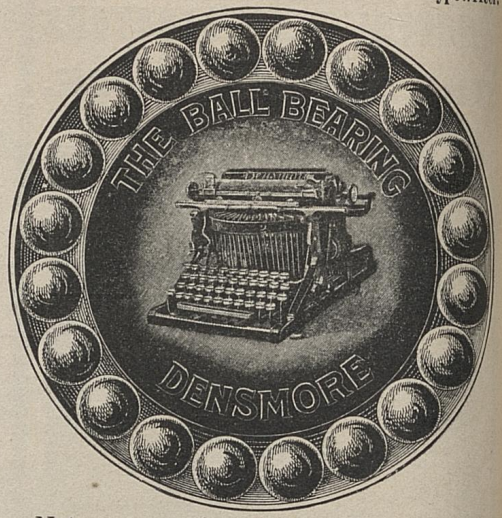

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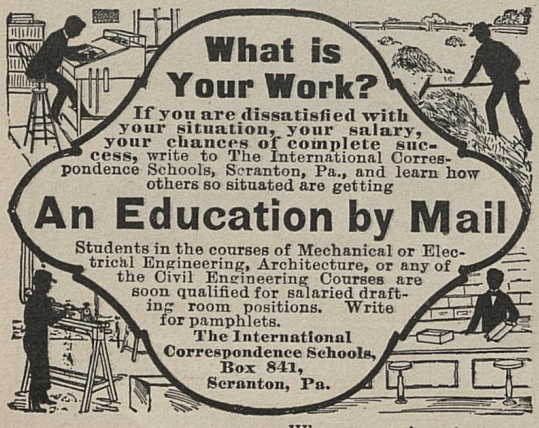

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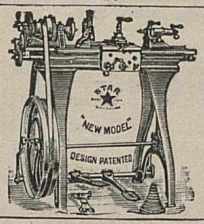

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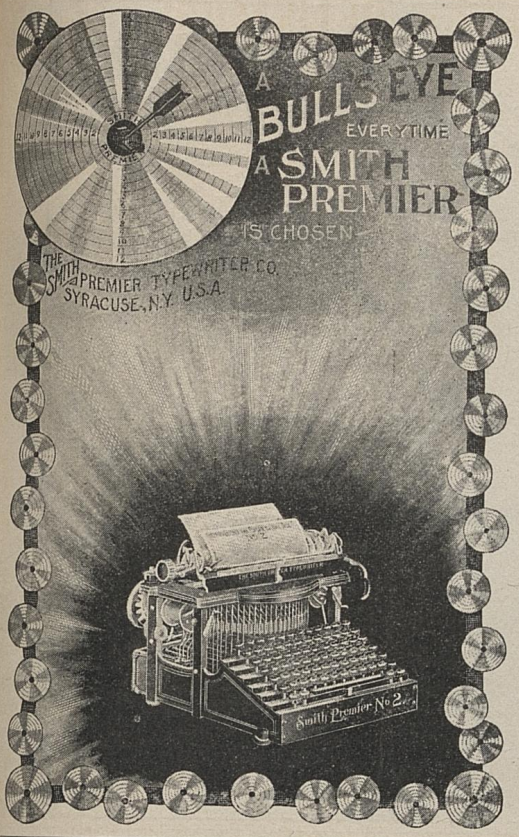



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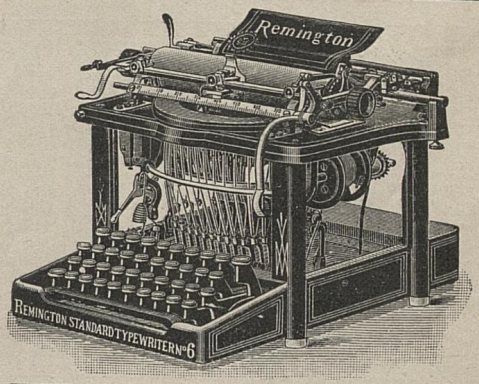

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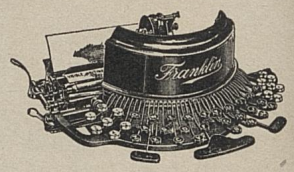

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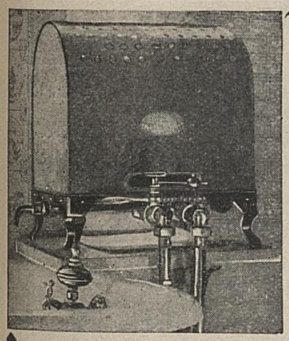

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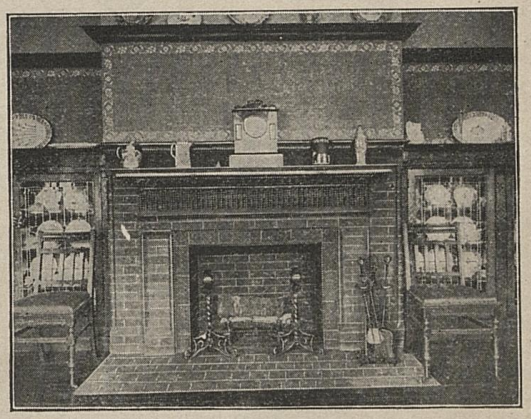

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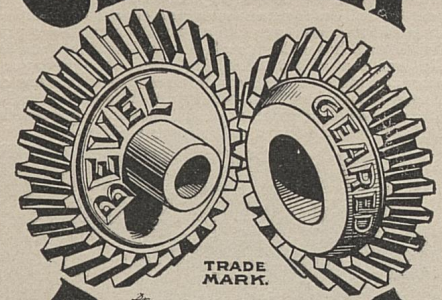

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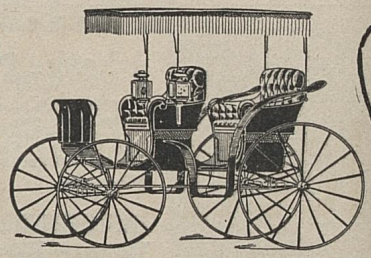

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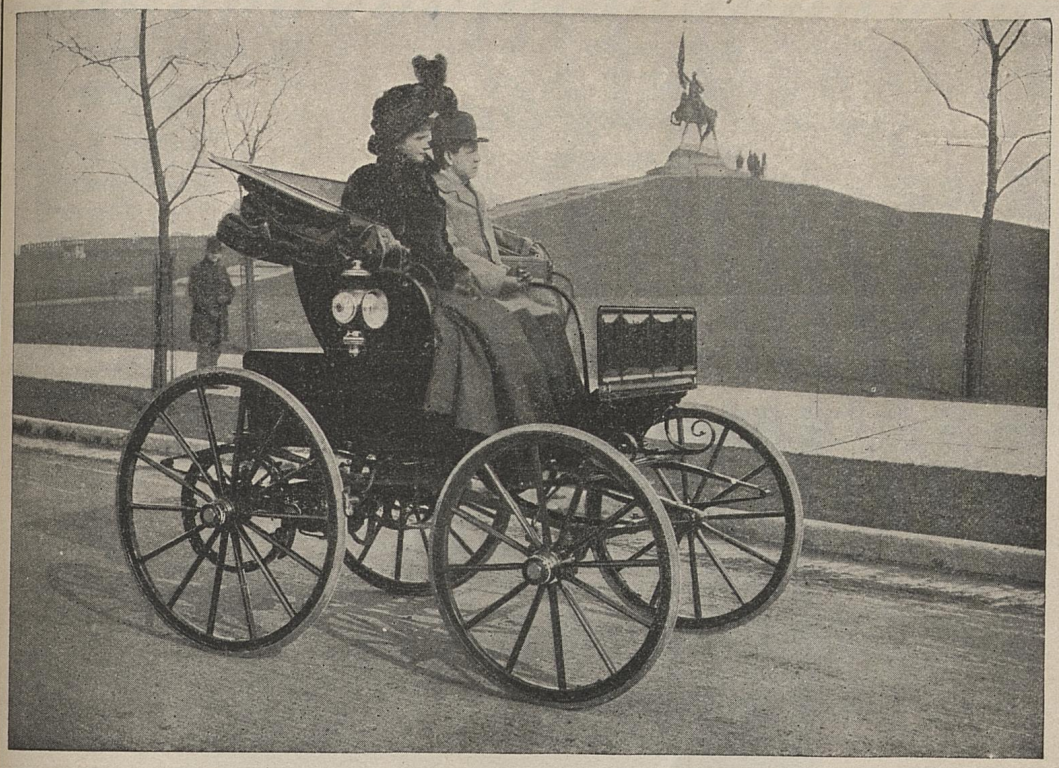

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When it is desired that deeds be recorded before being forwarded to the buyer, the recording fee of $1.00 should accompany the purchase price of the property. Our service charge in such transactions is made against the account of Mess. Foster & Woodson.

We say in advance, and positively, too, that our regular banking business precludes the possibility of our entering into general correspondence with the public concerning "Maywood Colony." We can, as before stated, be used only as an agent through which to transact the business specified, but in no other capacity in connection with the "Maywood Colony."

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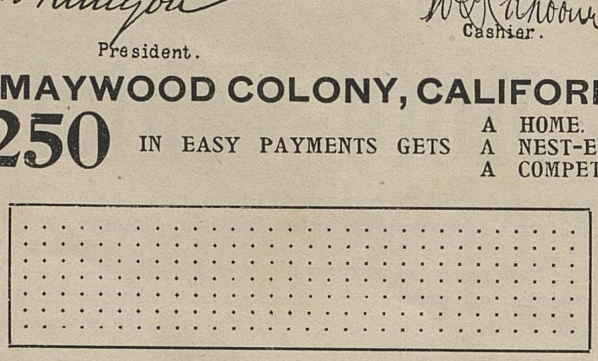

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SOME PLAYS AND THEIR ACTORS.

WITHOUT PREJUDICE.

THE STAGE CHILD.

Elsie Leslie has been the only one of the whole lot of Little Lord Fauntleroys who has returned to the stage and given promise of fulfilling the predictions made from infantile exhibitions. Elsie's yellow curls were seen later in "The Prince and the Pauper," and recently, after a period of studious retirement, in the part of Lydia Languish supporting Joseph Jefferson in "The Rivals."



Photograph by Schloss. MARY MURPHY.

In Elsie's young days she was as sweet and as unaffected a child as any one could desire. Flattery did not harm her. When she was practically the star of "The Prince and the Pauper," no more inveterate "guyer" existed in the organization than the little heroine herself. Such veterans as E. H. Vanderfelt, Frank Tannehill, Sr., Daniel Gilfether, Arthur Elliott, all of whom were up to stage etiquette in its observance as well as its breaches, were frequently so disconcerted by Elsie's side remarks that the severe stage manager was forced to reprove her gently more times than one.

She extracted a ridiculous rag doll from her costume one night and exposed it to Arthur Elliott with such effect that he closed the act by shouting, "If I am to die, let me die the death of a dog, not that of a soldier," instead of saying "the death of a soldier, not that of a dog."

Her sister Dora was the juvenile woman of the company, and Elsie's greatest prey. Dora had some impassioned speeches, and a habit, as well, of clinching her hands saying them. Elsie would creep close to her sister and whisper, "Now, Dora, hold on to it—that's right—pinch it hard," together with similar remarks that gave their hearers all they could do to preserve the semblance of acting. Elsie's long yellow curls were her protection, as with a single shrug of her shoulders she could throw them over her face, from behind which screen she would say the audacious things that "broke up" every one within hearing.

Elsie was allowed one dollar weekly for pocket-money, although her salary was three hundred and fifty dollars weekly,

with carriages and Pullman fares for herself, mother and sister besides.

In Detroit, Elsie's mother, Mrs. Lyde, was ill, and the manager of the company took the little girl for a walk. She had requested his society, but refused to give the reason until they were far away from the hotel; then it came out.

"Colonel," she said, "mama is very ill, and says that she cannot eat. I think if I bought her a nice cup and saucer, and brought her some tea that I made myself, she would take it. I've got my allowance, now come along and I'll get the cup and saucer."

The pair strolled into one of Detroit's swagger jewelry shops and Elsie interviewed the salesman. She told her story to a sympathetic ear and the best was shown her.

"This one will do; how much is it?" asked Elsie, producing her diminutive purse and eagerly extracting the coins.

"Fifteen dollars," was the bland reply.

Elsie was staggered; she looked at the cup, then at her purse and contents. Thoughts of the mother relieved by refreshment from the daughter's own hands and own dishes, alternated with fell pecuniary necessity. She brought the embarrassing situation to a close by saying with dignity:

"Come on, Colonel, mama isn't as sick as that."



Photograph by Fowler. JESSIE MILLWARD.

The Disappearance of Favorites.

What becomes of the favorites of a day? Every now and then some man, like Walker Whiteside, is welcomed as a marvel, the successor of Booth, the only interpreter of Hamlet, and so on. After a season he disappears from the metropolis and is heard of only in the provinces. A new singer or actress is described as a marvel of beauty, and a brilliant future is bespoken for her; but in a year or two, where is she? Married, belike; faded, possibly; grown vain and quarrelsome, and so confident in a sudden ability to command a large salary that no manager can afford her services. If an actor disappears from the big cities, it is as if the sea had swallowed him. Idols do not stand long on their pedestals. The case of George Rignold may be recalled by readers of middle age. He played Henry V. in this country twenty years ago or more, and played it well, with a kingly port, a correct enunciation, a brilliant surrounding of people and properties, and with an interesting revival of the Shakespearean chorus. There was a Rignold cult. He was pursued almost as if he had been a Paderewski. He was called the handsomest actor. His portraits were everywhere. Albeit in private life he looked like a butcher, he was effective on

the stage, where everything must be drawn and painted large, for daintiness is lost in the big spaces and yellow light of the theater. Well, Rignold wearied of America and went to Australia. America has forgotten him. What a many there are like him!

In a Soldiers' Theater.

In Hampton, Virginia, they have a soldiers' home, and attached to it is a theater to which the veterans are admitted on payment of a small fee, the space they do not require being filled by townsmen who pay the more usual sums. It is affecting to see the rising of these battle-scarred men when the flag is flung out from the governor's box and they stand in their old attitude of "Attention," and salute. This honor to the flag precedes every entertainment that is given at this theater. Usually the inmates form an attentive and appreciative audience, albeit some of them have impaired sight and hearing. During a recent appearance in this theater, the members of Otis Skinner's company had some ado to keep their faces straight, for in the gallery sat an ancient soldier sweeping the stage, not with the usual opera-glass, but with a long telescope that he aimed at them as if it had been a rifle, and that was dreadfully suggestive of something loaded. He apparently had no idea that this was unusual, for he preserved the gravity and dignity of a general exploring the lines of his adversary by means of a field-glass.



Photograph by Byron. NAT GOODWIN AND MAXINE ELLIOTT IN "NATHAN HALE."

A Plethora of Actors.

A star actor says there is no difficulty in gathering a company nowadays, at any time of the year. There are actors galore, he declares, in all the leading cities, but especially about their old haunts on Broadway, and enough of them are good actors to fit one out with anything, whether he was playing "Hamlet" or "McGinnis's Flats." He cited a number of players of

high rank who, he said, were willing to take positions for almost nominal sums, having failed to secure engagements at the beginning of the season; for it is commonly supposed that if one is not placed by October he will not be placed at all. Though we have good times again, the stage profession is as precarious as ever. A play is what actors describe as a "gamble," and merit does not determine its success or failure. If it does not attract the public, the actors in it are thrown out of work and resume their weary travels up and down the Rialto, attempting to obtain interviews with managers and agents, and pouring forth tales of evil fortune to excite the sympathy of other actors who are drawing salaries.



Photograph by Sarony.

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND MAY BUCKLEY IN "CATHERINE."

Prime Donne at Home.

What do grand opera prime donne talk about when they are among their familiars? That is a question which exercises the extra-operatic mind seriously, although it is not a serious question. The private life of the artist is a sealed book to the greater number of those who sit on the hither side of the footlights and see only Juliet with her sleeping-draft, Isolde with her love-potion, Gutrune with her drink of forgetfulness or Sieglinde with her nectar of love. It is, perhaps, not wholly frivolous to suppose that the frequency with which the agency of drink is employed in opera is partly responsible for the fact that imaginative opera-goers picture to themselves a prima donna as a lady whose mind is continually soaring in the ether of the poetic drama while her lips are either lingeringly closed upon the crystal rim of a champagne glass or briefly opened that she may try experiments with her voice.

There are others who conceive the life of the prima donna to be one perpetual course of hygiene, her home a sanitarium, and her daily walks abroad beset with vain longings for pure air unpeopled by bacilli. The sentence, "She takes very good care of herself," so often spoken of a prima donna, calls up visions of blackdrafts and fur robes. The fact is that prime donne differ, a good deal as other people do, and that few of them run to extremes. Mme. Emma Eames told me recently that she had outlived the period of worriment as to whether she would be in good voice on a given night, and since she had done so she had had less vocal as well as less mental trouble in this world. Mme. Nordica has also reached that happy stage of experience when she keeps herself out of such drafts as other wise persons avoid, and lets her voice take care of itself.

Marcella Sembrich is not afraid to go out on a cold night to visit a friend, and riding a mile or two in a carriage at one o'clock of a winter morning does not cloud the silver of her lovely voice.

It is not about the care of their health, nor is it about the poetic content of their parts, that the great singers talk when at home. It is first, last and all the time the purely technical side of their art that animates their tongues. You may sit all day with any one of the three I mentioned and hear nothing about the passion of Isolde, the sorrow of Juliet or the mischief of Rosina; but you will hear volumes about the proper direction of the column of air, the anticipation of consonants, the stroke of the glottis, the pose of tones, and the position of the chest or the palate. You will ask, "Have not these great singers settled all these matters?" I must answer that they have not. And herein lie some ponderous tomes of suggestion to all self-satisfied young singers; with which I humbly take my leave.



I was a "states man" when this was made
Chas. Hoyt



Photograph by White.

VIVIAN TOWNSEND IN "THE VILLAGE POSTMASTER."

Belasco's Trials and Triumphs.

When the author of "Zaza," or, perhaps, rather the adapter, was led before the curtain of the Garrick Theater, in New York, on the night of January 9th, the greater part of the audience received a shock.

The mental estimate of theatrical people is apt to be very different from the reality. In the midst of her greatest artistic triumph Mrs. Leslie Carter pulled from the wings a rather undersized and shrinking man, who, although nearly deafened by shouts of praise, could but lamely express his feelings. This man had put every note that the human heart is capable of sounding into the adaptation of a French play. Mrs. Carter had resonantly rung every chord in perfect harmony. In the midst of this, David Belasco could hardly speak. The shrinking little man had black hair sprinkled with gray, parted on the side, wavy

and long. Not too long; as its luxuriance was principally on the top of his head. His dark eyes were sentimental, and his entire face showed a tenderness that is hard to reconcile with his sworn statements that he dragged Mrs. Carter across the stage by her magnificent red hair and beat her head against the planks, in order to make an actress of her. His clothes consisted of a Prince Albert coat, a trifle dingy; trousers of a doubtful fit, and an invisible waistcoat, all of black. A necktie of the obsolete type once known as the Stanley, did not quite conceal a low stand-up collar. His face was cleanly shaven and the facial muscles twitched in response to the emotions that Belasco not only can arouse in others but can experience himself.



Photograph by Ye Rose Studio. OLGA NETHERSOLE.

The spectacle of Belasco's triumphs recalls his trials: after a period of successful authorship, he spent months writing "The Heart of Maryland," and years trying to convince managers that Mrs. Carter was an actress. His manuscript of "The Heart of Maryland" was read, and praised, by all the theatrical magnates.

"We will produce your play," they chorused, "but we must select the cast."

"Unless Mrs. Carter is cast for Maryland Calvert, you can't have the play," answered Belasco.

"Then we don't want it," was the unanimous reply.

Somewhere between two and three years, Belasco tramped Broadway with his play under his arm and Mrs. Carter under contract. Those were hard times.

It took a man who knew nothing of theatrical affairs to furnish the money necessary to produce "The Heart of Maryland" with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the principal part. How the backer raised the money, for he was not rich, may never be known, but it can be guessed at from a remark that he made as the curtain rose on the first act in the Herald Square Theater four years ago:

"If this play isn't a success there will be a dead Jew in the North river to-morrow morning and his name will be Max Bleiman."

How much money "The Heart of Maryland" made will never be known, but it must have been something enormous. Bleiman, originally a picture speculator, made a gigantic profit on his investment, and stayed in theatricals just long enough to lose what he had gained, in coin and prestige, in other amusement ventures.

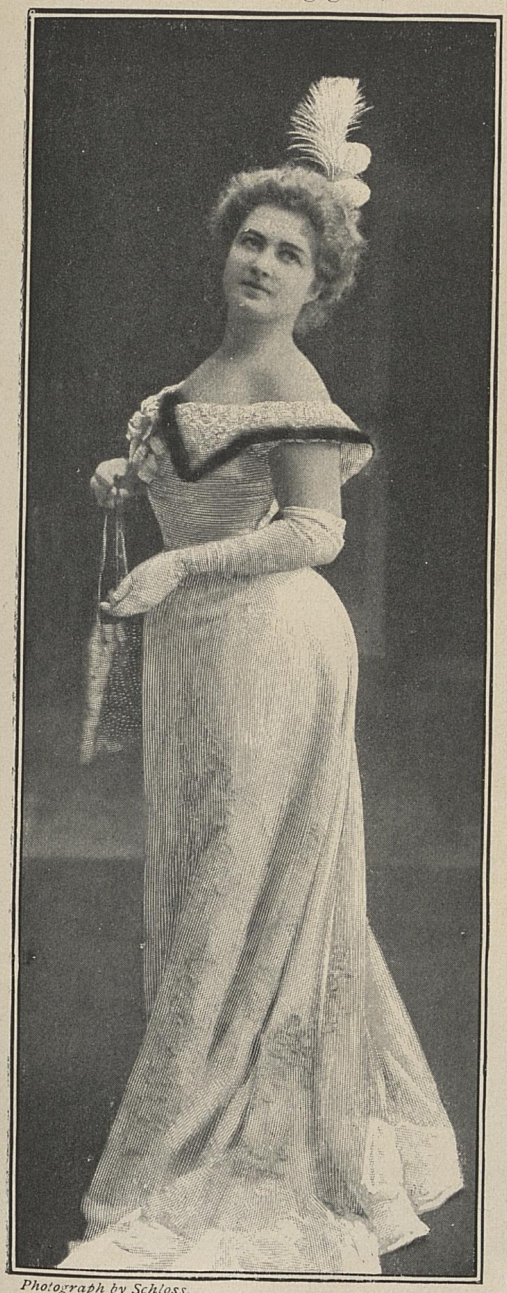
Mrs. Carter's success in the play is too recent to recount.

David Belasco is counted by well-posted

people as the best theatrical property in existence. With his great receptiveness, he is naturally impressionable, and being impressionable, he is consequently superstitious. Could the contents of his pockets have been exhibited on that Monday night at the Garrick, there would have been seen fragments of coal, rusty nails, horse-chestnuts, bits of looking-glass, a rabbit's foot, a knife handle minus a blade, and the lapels of his dingy frock coat would, if turned over, have shown themselves honeycombed with pins of all sizes, shapes and heads. If he didn't have a horseshoe concealed about him, it was because the automobile cabs are helping to break up one of his pet superstitions. If Belasco finds a rusty nail, no matter where he may be, it is immediately transferred to his pockets, and if he discovers it with its head toward him he considers his luck as great and the nail becomes a cherished trophy.



Photograph by Thors.
DAVID BELASCO.



Photograph by Schloss.
ALICE JOHNSON.

"I pick the nail up, just the same, even if the point is toward me," Belasco frankly admits. "But in that case I always carry it around a few days so as to get on good terms with it before I throw it away."

To run across a bit of coal will send Belasco's spirits to blood-heat, to drop a mirror would bury them deeper than the Boston subway. He nearly drove old Isaac B. Rich, of the Hollis Street Theater, Boston, into a deeper mental excavation than the subway.

On the first Monday that "The Heart of Maryland" was to be given at the Hollis Street Theater, Belasco actually and accidentally broke a mirror before the curtain went up.

Mr. Rich is not superstitious, but is simply a spiritualist, and he was almost as badly broken up as Belasco. Those who were present when the mirror was broken will never forget the dull despair exhibited by manager and playwright.

"The Heart of Maryland" had eight weeks to stay at the Hollis, which meant a profit or a loss of twenty thousand dollars. In spite of the fact that Mr. Rich is not superstitious, his theater is plastered with horseshoes. In the midst of the deep gloom that prevailed, it was discovered that the three that decorated the private office were nailed to the wall with the points down; without waiting for hat or

apology, Belasco left the conference on a lope, returning in a few minutes with his hands full of nails and a hammer that he had just purchased.

"It's all right, Mr. Rich," he ejaculated joyfully, as he yanked the horseshoes from the wall and proceeded to nail them up again, this time with the points up. "You see, Mr. Rich, those were all wrong. Now I have got them where the luck can't run out of them. We'll do a big business."

And Belasco disappeared, still armed with his hammer, to correct the positions of the rest of the horseshoes that adorned the aristocratic Hollis.

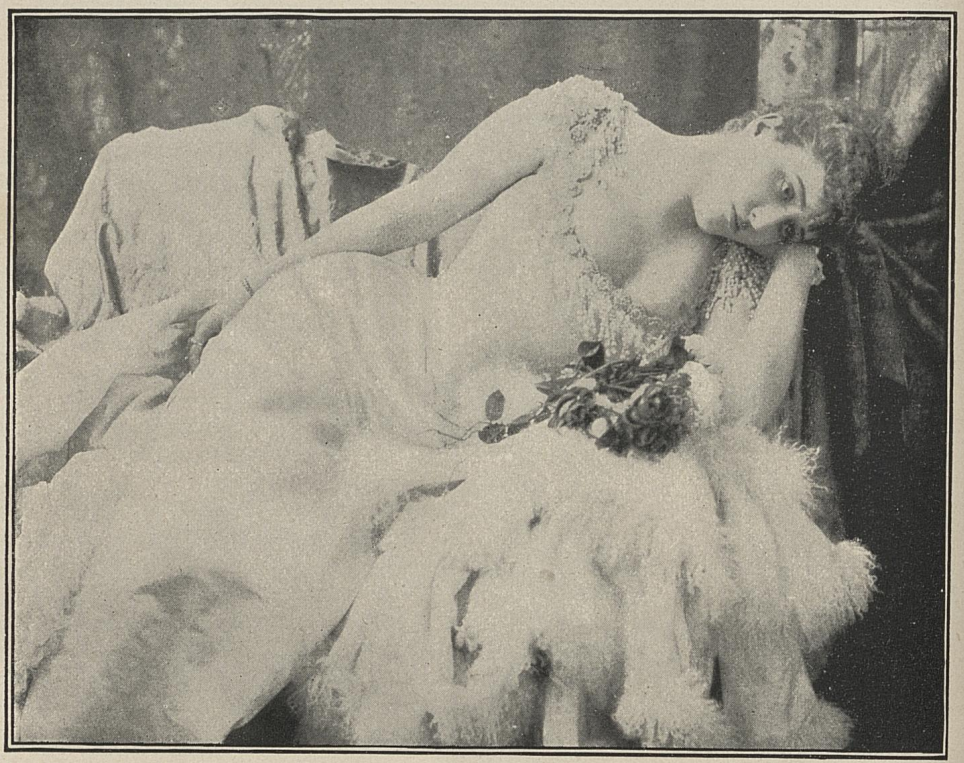
There was a time when Belasco would not wear a starched shirt or even a collar. It was when he was endeavoring to convince managers that Mrs. Leslie Carter was an actress. He wore then only negligee shirts and there was no function sufficiently swell to cause him to appear in a more conventional dress. These shirts were of silk and most expensive.

One of Belasco's favorite dishes is pie. One night in Philadelphia, the writer, Daniel Frohman and Belasco ate supper together in a little all-night restaurant in a Penn square cellar. From the moment of descent, Belasco became fascinated with a huge apple-pie exposed in a glass case.

"Bring me that pie, waiter, and a glass of milk," he ordered. Mr. Frohman argued that pie at 3 A.M. would be fatal, but with no avail, as Belasco at once assaulted it. After several mouthfuls, he pushed his plate away, and said, "Dan, I don't like that pie."

"Why don't you 'adapt' it, then, David?" quickly replied the manager. As Belasco had been accused of "adapting" plays and taking all the credit, the retort was excellent.

What Belasco's next production will be is unknown, but the indications are that before "Zaza" ceases to draw he will have sufficient time to prepare a dozen.



Photograph by Sarony. CATHERINE LUCILE FOOTE.

CHAPTER IV

After the Mexican natives have brought the green Vanilla beans to the towns where they are cured, the beans are exposed to the sun. Each bean requires to be handled from 90 to 120 times. This great care prevents the beans from being spoiled in transit.

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The Story of Vanilla — *Chapter 4*

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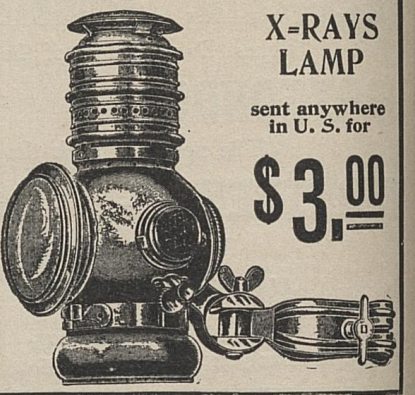

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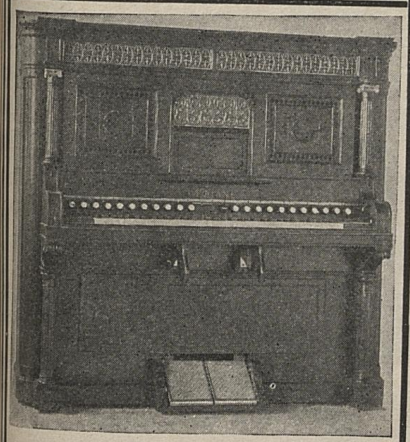

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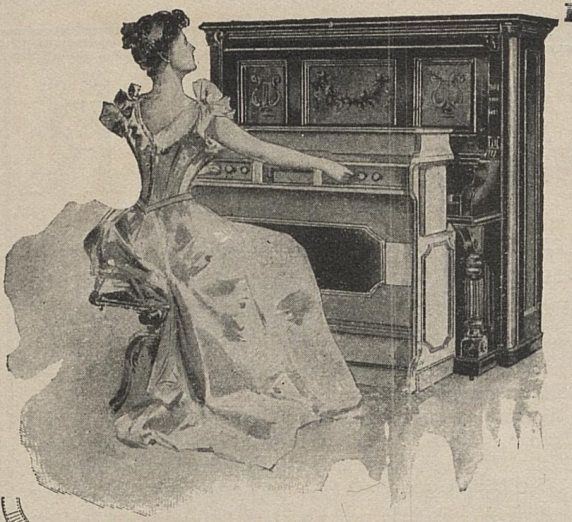

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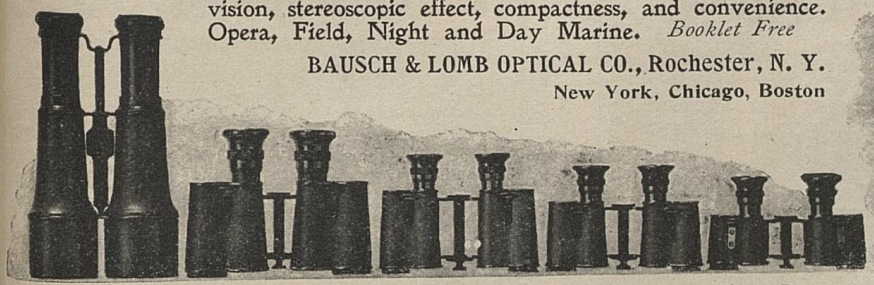

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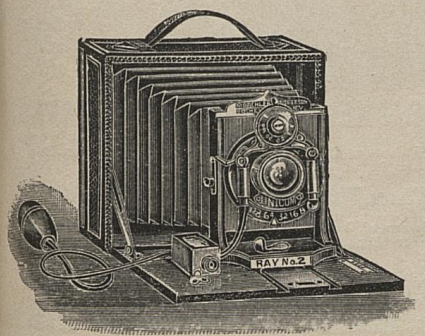

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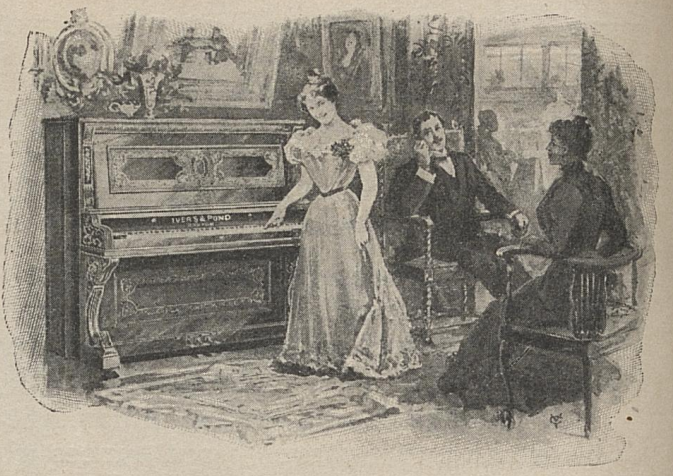

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are made of small delicately-flavored MANZANILLA OLIVES. The pits are removed and the space filled with sweet red peppers and preserved in a delicious sauce.



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(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

are the finest, largest QUEEN OLIVES prepared in the same manner as BABY PIM-OLAS, the only difference is in size.

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is the newest, most unique condiment. A combination of QUEEN OLIVES rare herbs, spices, and an exquisite sauce.

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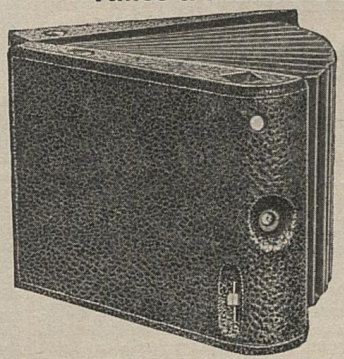
FITS YOUR POCKET.

Takes a Picture 3 1-2 x 3 1-2.



Is the one which has the greatest number of points adapted to your special use.

Our goods are made up from the latest ideas and best stock, and are

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100 in wood box prepaid anywhere for **$1**



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An exquisite clean Long Filler —A Filler never before equalled in a short smoke —and it is rolled by hand.

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They are made of ***a most highly choice*** **LONG FILLER,** —they're cleaned, dust-blown leaves, hand-rolled, in a wrapper. It is a genuine Porto Rico leaf—a virgin loam soil stock, the choicest grown, and the pride of the Island's planters.

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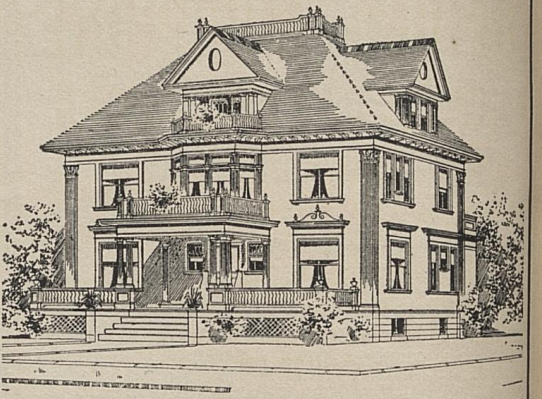
Extensive Makers of Choice Special Goods.

LUCKE BLOCK, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

"A HOME AFTER YOUR OWN HEART."



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$2.95



OUR 1899 MACKINTOSH

SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, bust measure, length of garment from collar down back to waist line, and waist line to bottom of skirt; state color wanted and we will send you this mackintosh by express C. O. D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office, and if found exactly as represented and by far the greatest value you ever saw or heard of, pay your express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $2.95** and express charges.

THIS MACKINTOSH is made of **BLACK** or **BLUE genuine RAINGLEY double texture, waterproof SERGE CLOTH,** with fancy plaid lining, velvet collar, double detachable cape, extra full sweep cape and skirt, guaranteed latest style and finest tailor made.

FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of everything in ladies' mackintoshes, write for free Sample Book No. 85C. ADDRESS

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., (Inc),

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When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."



The Utmost Richness of Stock.
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The Advanced
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A well-known practitioner of Cincinnati, O., after many years' close study has discovered a remedy that permanently cures the morphine, opium, cocaine, laudanum and similar habits. In order to let the sufferer realize how easily he can be cured at home, without any suffering, detention from business or loss of time the doctor sends a six days' treatment on trial to anyone who actually desires to be cured.

The cure is complete and permanent and leaves the patient in a condition of perfect health.

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"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

A CHILD'S ALL-WOOL SUIT $1.90



Made from remnants of our fine $2.00 & $3.00 a yard cloth which was left over from our Great Tailoring Department. $1.90 don't pay for the cloth, to say nothing of the making and linings. Order today before they are all gone.

REMNANTS will accumulate in our large tailoring store—do what we will we can't avoid them. Upon taking stock recently we found on hand over 1,300 remnants, in each of which there was enough material to make a child's suit. The cloths consisted of genuine **imported all wool English cassimeres** and **Scotch cheviots**—all medium & dark shades, in beautiful mixtures and neat check patterns. None of the cloth cost less than $2.00 and up to $3.00 a yd. We made every remnant into knee pants suits (like cut) **to fit boys from 4 to 15 years old,** and now offer them for the wonder price of $1.90. The suits are splendidly tailored, perfect in fit and style and are guaranteed fully worth double our price.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with choice of shade and pattern; give age of boy, state if large or small for age and we'll send the suit C.O.D. by express, and allow you to try it on the boy before you pay one cent. If just as represented and worth double our price then pay the express agent $1.90 and express charges. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory. **Write for free cloth samples of suits** for boys from 4 to 19 years old.

$1.90

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Porto Rico's Richest Leaf. **Hand Rolled Native Style.**

A Grand, FULL Smoke

50 in stout wood **BOX**

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Box of 100 sent prepaid $2.25.



Guaranteed equal in flavor, aroma, draft and satisfying qualities to any 2 for 25c. cigar now on sale. ***They settle the question of cigar-extravagance for connoisseur smokers of high-grade goods.*** **They have the delicate, nut-like richness of taste for which almost prohibitive prices, 15c. straight—3 for 50c.—20c.—and 25c. straight—have always prevailed.**

The man to whom the doctored-up flavor of an uncertain cigar-made weed, is pleasing,—the man who finds satisfaction in the flat, straw-flavor kind of cigar,—and the man who can enjoy the virulent rankness of the majority of the inferior Havana Cigars of this period,—these are not the class of smokers whose trade we want; because they are not the men who can appreciate ***the Lucke Rolled Cigar.***

THEREFORE WE SAY—to the man with a cultivated cigar taste—we want *you*, and only your kind, to try these goods. We're willing to take all the chances to make you one of our consumers and friends

We will fill your order under positive agreement to refund your money in full if these goods are not all we claim for them. We prepay delivery cost (and if you are dissatisfied the return cost also).

Surely this is fair and merits the responsive action of any man.

The Lucke ROLLED CIGAR.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
Extensive Manufacturers of Fine Special Goods.
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When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

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THE CLINTON SAFETY PIN

Not Cheapest, but Best.

It has the largest sale of any Safety Pin in the World because of its

Absolute Superiority.

Fastens on either side, is almost automatic.
Super nickel-plated, doesn't turn brassy.
Made in 9 sizes, from ¾ inch to 4¼ inches.
Finished in nickel, black enamel, gold and silver.

A Perfect Guard
Prevents Clothing
Catching in Coil.



Send six cents in stamps for 12 Clinton Safety Pins (assorted sizes) and a card of our new Sovran Dress Pins. They will demonstrate the inferiority of their imitations.

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Exact outside measurement of Camera, which takes 4 x 5 pictures, is 5¼ inches by 6 inches by 2¼ inches thick.



Price $25.00

Tan Cover is waterproof; no fear of rain.
Extension Cone Bellows;
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If not satisfactory money refunded

Cameras from $5, $8, and upwards

28 STYLES

Send 2-cent stamp for Catalogue.

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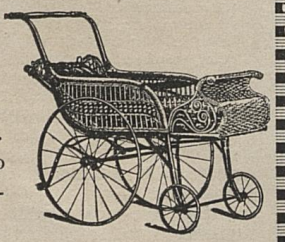
The Dann Patent Adjustable Go-Cart.

The Most Popular Child's Vehicle Made. Allows child to change positions, either sit up or lie down and be comfortable all the time. Suitable for young babe or five-year-old child. Two vehicles in one; when reclined it is a baby coach, when not reclined an up-to-date Go-Cart. Construction simple; nothing to get out of order.

LIGHT, STRONG and DURABLE.



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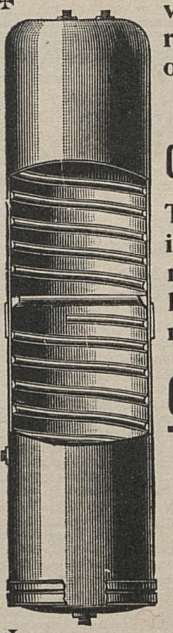
the filth that gathers on the rusted inside surface of the ordinary galvanized-iron kitchen-range boiler, you would at once put in a



Brown Brothers' Seamless Copper House-Range Boiler,

The heavy block-tin lining is absolutely smooth and never rusts. There is no lodging-place for sediment, and you get

CLEAN HOT WATER

No Seams; No Rivets; No Leaks

Boiler Booklet on request.

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$2.50 FOR THE BEST SHAVING OUTFIT



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IT CONTAINS a full concave, fully warranted "FOX" Razor; a "FOX" double swing strop, porpoise leather and prepared hose; a Nickel Collapsible Badger Hair, lather Brush; a "FOX" Shaving Stick; a box of Fox Razor Paste; a cake of Magnesia, an Astringent Pencil, and a stick of Rose Cosmetic. All put up in a plush-lined leatherette case. Every one of our razors honed up, stropped and tested, when we send it, WITH OUR GUARANTEE. State if you wish a narrow, medium or wide razor; also whether square or a trifle rounded at the point. We are manufacturers and can suit you. WE PREPAY ALL EXPRESS CHARGES.

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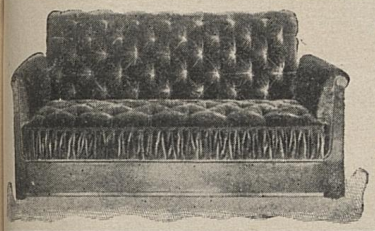

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$4.95 buys a MAN'S ALL WOOL SUIT

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THE MATERIAL is **Mali's Best All-wool Blue Serge,** famous everywhere for its perfect weave, soft feel, and rich, deep blue color. The cloth was woven by America's best woolen mill from fine **picked wool yarn, dyed by a new process and cannot fade.** It is medium weight and suitable for year around wear; is firmly woven, will positively not fade or wear shiny, and will wear like leather. It's exactly the same cloth used in the serge suits that retail everywhere for $10.00. Remember we will sell only 1800 suits at $4.95—after they're gone the price will be $9.00. Don't delay, but order today before they are all gone.

EXPERT SUIT TAILORS will make the suit in the latest sack style to fit perfect; line it with Holman's celebrated farmer satin, pipe it with Skinner's AAA satin, pad it extra well, use best grade of canvas & sew every seam with pure silk & linen thread.

SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with your height, weight, chest, waist and crotch measure. We'll send the suit by express C.O.D. and **allow you to examine and try it on before you pay one cent.** If exactly as represented, the greatest bargain on earth and worth double the price we ask, then pay the exp. agent $4.95 and expressage and take the suit. Pay nothing if unsatisfactory.

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WE MAKE other suits from $5.95 to $13.95. Write for free samples of cloth.

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7 Kinds, 350 Seeds

Of truly enormous size. Magnificent in coloring. Thick velvety petals. Both form and substance perfect. No loose, irregular flowers in the Mixture. Rich red bronze and copper colors. Many delicate rose and pink shadings. Highest awards at Chicago and Omaha. We mail

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Total, 7 pkts. 350 seeds, for only **25 cts.** postpaid.

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250 Seeds, 35 Kinds in the pkt., only 20 cts. postpaid ; 3 pkts., 50 cts.

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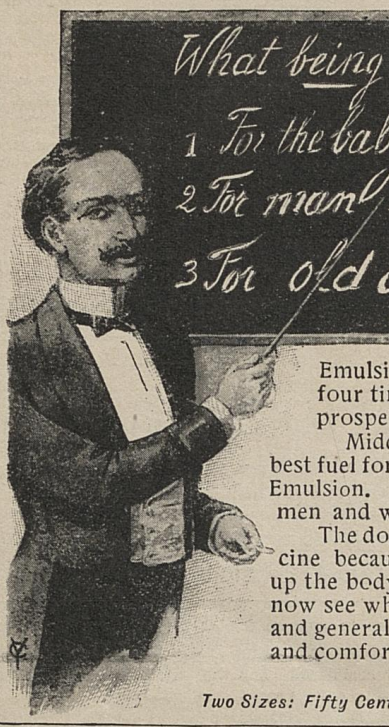
Our 1899 Catalogue, a Mirror of American Horticulture, **free** with every order. It contains the largest variety and "BEST FLOWER SEEDS IN AMERICA."

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

Scott's Emulsion Chalk Talks



HOW is the baby? Is he plump? Do the dimples show? Then he laughs, is happy, for he is comfortable. Not so with thin babies. Never comfortable, they are unhappy, restless, easily made ill, causing constant worry and care. It's astonishishing, if you have never seen it, what a change Scott's Emulsion will bring about; just a little of it three or four times a day. The weight increases, happiness and prosperity return.





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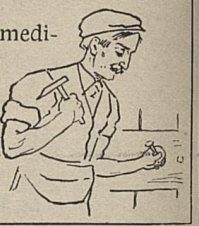
The doctors call Scott's Emulsion a medicine-food; a medicine because it corrects disease, a food because it builds up the body—prevents consumption, even cures it. You now see why physicians prescribe it in wasting diseases and general debility. And you know why it brings rest and comfort to old age.



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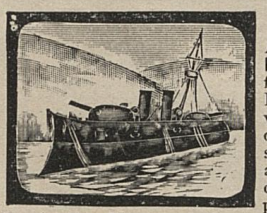

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Plain and Figured Drapery Silks, Embroidered and Printed East India Fabrics, French and English Cretonnes; Bagdad Embroideries for Curtains, Table Covers, Scarfs and Mantel Draperies; Damascus Stripes for Piazza Cushions and Wicker Furniture; Ruffled Muslin Curtains, English Printed Cotton Materials, suitable for Wall Coverings and Curtains, Bed Spreads and Table Covers; also Rugs and Rug Carpets.

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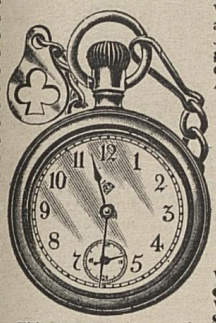
TO BRIGHT GIRLS AND BOYS.



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We give a boy's watch and **chain** and **charm** *for selling 20 Packages*, or a **girl's watch** and **chatelaine pin** *for selling 40 Packages* **Sawyer's Best Blue Crystals,** at only 10 cents each. *Each package makes a quart* of **Best Liquid Blue,** and our goods sell *easily* to *every housekeeper.* **No money required.** Send your *full address* and we will send the **Blue** *all charges prepaid.* When sold send us the money received and *we will send watch promptly.* We allow **liberal cash commission** if preferred. Write us for particulars. **SAWYER CRYSTAL BLUE CO., Dept. F, 27 Broad St., Boston, Mass.** *Estab'h'd 40 years.*



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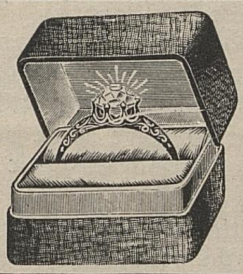
THIS ELEGANT RING FREE.

SOLID GOLD PLATE SET WITH GENUINE SPARKLER



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NEW GRAPHAPHONE OUTFIT..... $8.45

...Will Earn its Cost in 1 Day...

The World's Greatest Singers, Speakers and Players at your own home! Like a living thing, with a thousand voices. **YOU** can now have it: so low is our price



This wonderful **GRAPHAPHONE** is the **only** perfect talking machine. It produces Songs, Speeches, Band-Pieces, Etc., Equal to any

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We offer this latest Genuine Graphaphone complete with Horn and Hearing Tubes at **$5.00**—just ½ the lowest market price: Our Grand

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will enable you to coin money giving exhibitions at your house, public hall or school house.

It consists of:	Value,
1 Graphaphone.	$10.00
6 Assorted Records.	3.00
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100 Posters.	1.00
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$8.45 IS OUR PRICE!	$17.00

Or with 12 Records, **$10.45** Graphaphone Concerts are everywhere the rage and very profitable at **5c.** to **25c.** admission.

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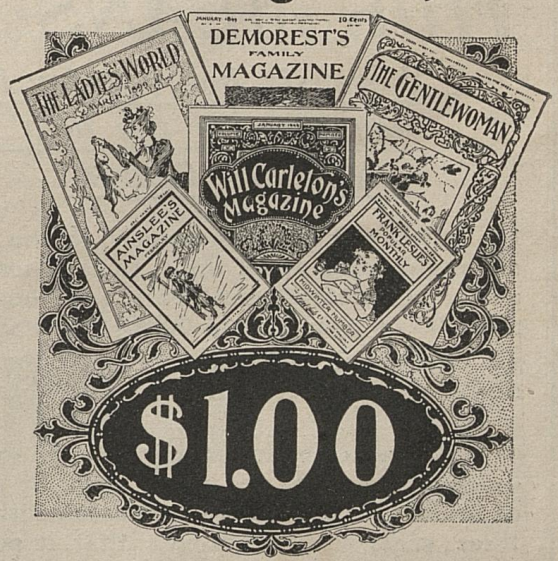

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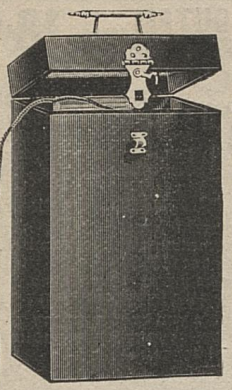

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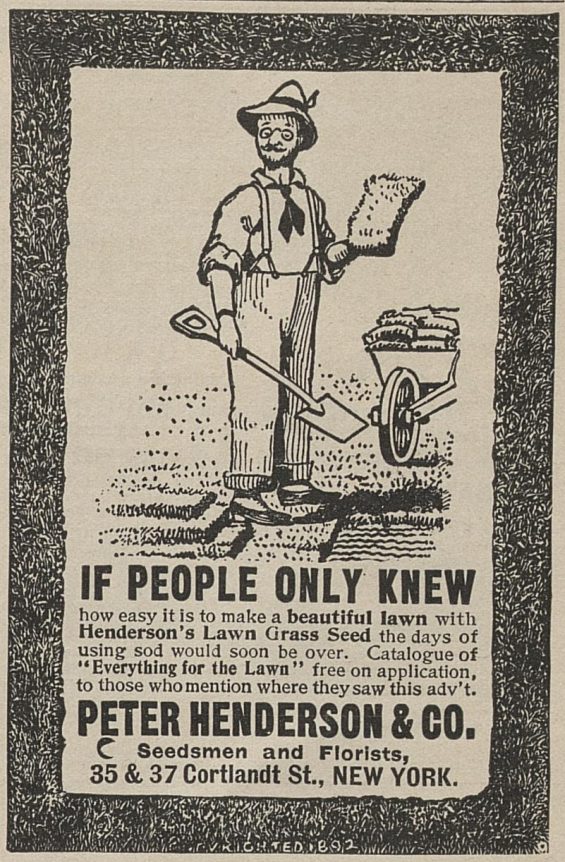

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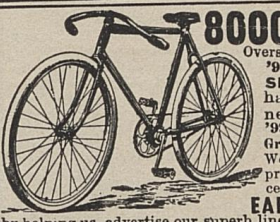

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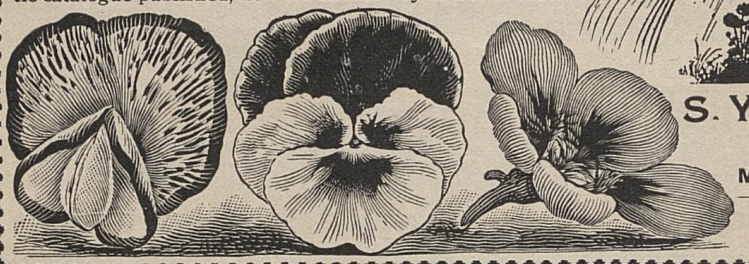

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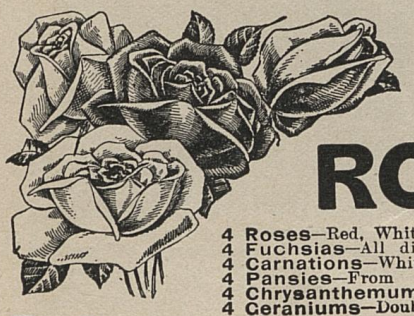

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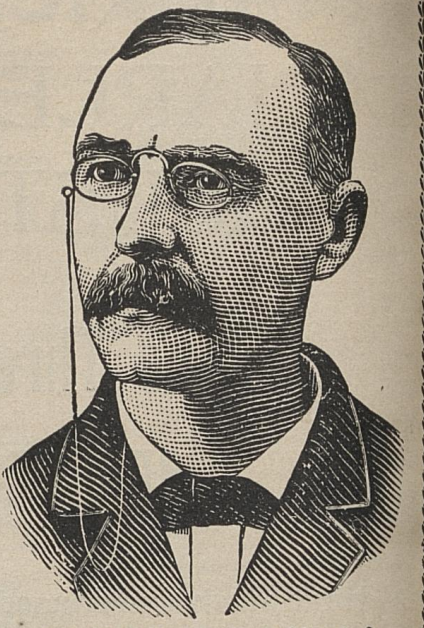

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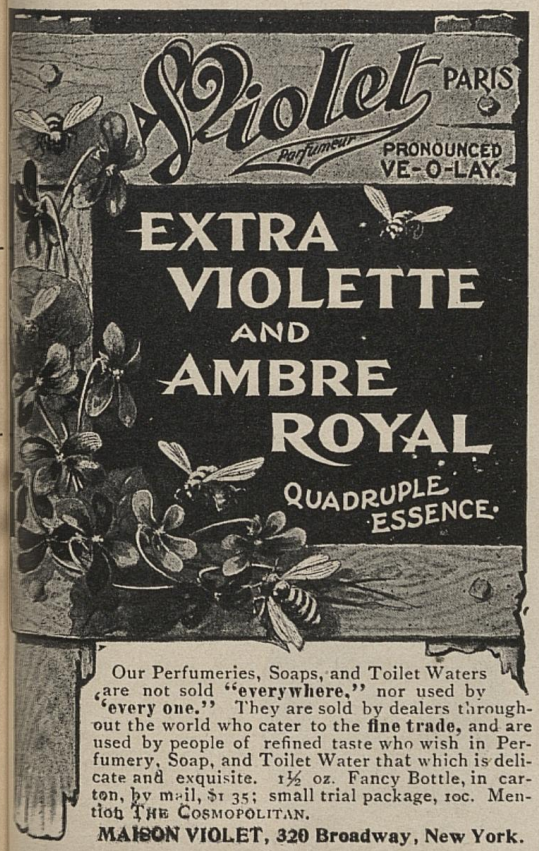

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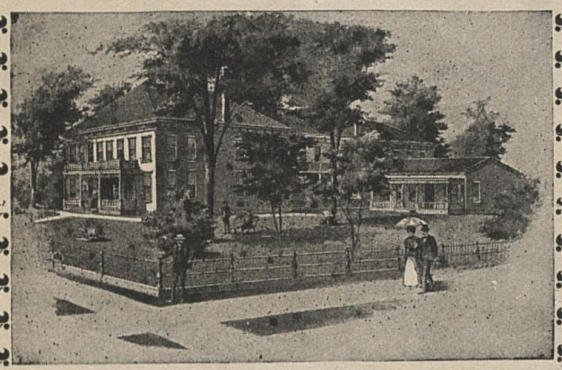

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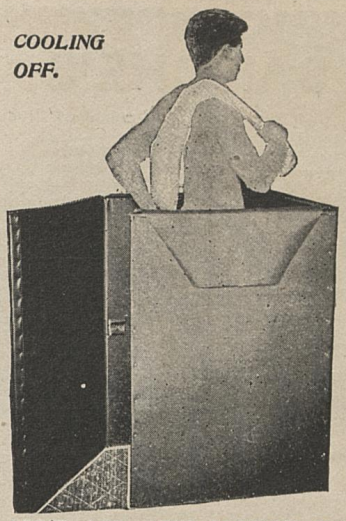



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The Robinson Cabinet is the ***only*** genuine Folding Cabinet with door. It folds like a screen into six inch space. Spurious imitations crush together and ruin the goods.

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just to prove how effective, pleasant and safe this remedy is to reduce weight. If you want one, send us your name and 4 cents to pay for postage. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. Each box is sent in a plain sealed package with no advertising on it to indicate what it contains. Correspondence strictly confidential. Large box, $1.00, postpaid.



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It is not intended to compete in price with the improperly constructed, complicated contrivances that are high priced as a gift. Made on merit by a responsible concern. Sold on merit at as reasonable a price as high class material and workmanship will permit. Send for descriptive circular, free, to

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STIMULATES THE MIND.

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You feel its drawing, soothing, strengthening power at once.
APPLY HEAT IF NOT SUFFICIENTLY ADHESIVE.
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If the cloth adheres too firmly, it can be easily removed by
Put the Plaster over the Pain.
Takes Away Soreness in the Chest.
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Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder cause Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Bladder Disorders, difficult or too frequent passing water, Dropsy, etc. For these diseases a **Positive Specific Cure** is found in a new botanical discovery, the wonderful KAVA-KAVA Shrub, called by botanists the *piper methysticum*, from the Ganges River, East India. It has the extraordinary record of 1,200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts **directly** on the Kidneys, and cures by draining out of the Blood the poisonous Uric Acid, Urates, Lithates, etc., which cause the diseased conditions.

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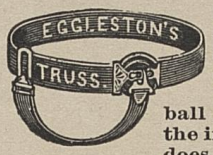
That you may judge of the value of this **Great Discovery** for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail **FREE**, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. **It is a Sure Specific and cannot fail.** Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 409 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.

This New

Elastic Truss



Has a Pad different from all others, is cup shape, with self-adjusting Ball in center, adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the **ball in the cup presses back the intestines, just as a person does with the finger.** With light pressure the Hernia is held securely day and night, and a radical cure certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free.

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JAMES W. THOMPSON

Trinity Med. Coll., TORONTO, Canada, Nov. 8, '98

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Yours sincerely H. S. Johnston.

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To place our new improved Thermal Vapor Bath Cabinet in every home, we send them complete for 30 days, with alcohol stove, directions, formulas, to any address, upon receipt of $3.50 each. Head steaming attch., 75c. extra. ORDER TO-DAY. **Ours the best Cabinet made. Rubber-lined. Latest improvements. Cures without drugs a hard cold with one bath, rheumatism, lagrippe, female troubles, all blood, skin, kidney and nervous diseases. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Recommended by best physicians. We're responsible. Ship promptly. Descriptive book FREE. Special wholesale prices to agents.**

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Produces Cleanliness, Health, Strength, and a Beautiful Complexion.

DON'T BE DECEIVED—Other so-called Cabinets are simply a Sack or Skirt, pulled on or off over head—**Dangerous to use.**



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OUR NEW 1900 STYLE. PERFECT AT LAST. BEST MADE. CHEAPEST.

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Every home should have our Cabinet for bathing purposes. It opens the 5,000,000 pores of the skin, sweats out all the impure and poisonous matter which causes disease, makes you clean, keeps you strong, vigorous and healthy. You enjoy at home or when traveling for 3c. each all the invigorating, cleansing and purifying effects of the famous Turkish, hot air or medicated baths. **This wonderful invention** tones every organ and nerve in the system, makes your blood pure, your sleep sound. **Prevents disease. Cures the worst cold, and breaks up all symptoms of fevers with one bath. Reduces obesity. Cures rheumatism, neuralgia, lagrippe, malaria, dropsy, bronchitis, female complaints, all blood, skin, nerve and kidney troubles. Immediate relief guaranteed in worst cases.** Our head steaming attachment makes clear skin, removes pimples and blemishes. **Invaluable for catarrh and asthma. Description:** Cabinet weighs only 5 lbs. Folded, is 3 in. thick, 15 in. wide, 16 in. long. **Has a door. Has self-supporting steel folding frame. Covering best antiseptic cloth, rubber-lined.** Not a cloak or barrel to rest on your shoulders or pull on or off over your head. Such are dangerous. Shun them. **Quaker complete with frame, stove, valuable formulas and directions sent anywhere on receipt of $5.00.** Head Steamer $1.00 extra. Order to-day. You won't be disappointed. **Guaranteed as represented or money refunded.** We are responsible, capital $100,000.00. **Largest manufacturers of Bath Cabinets in the world.**

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For Dry Thin and Falling Hair

Itching, Scaly, Irritated Scalp, and Premature Baldness, there is no treatment so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients.

This treatment will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothe irritated, itching surfaces, stimulate the hair glands, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and thus produce luxuriant, lustrous hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

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SAVE YOUR SKIN For golf rash, heat rash, inflammations, itching, irritations, and chafings, undue or offensive perspiration, and many other sanative uses, nothing so cooling, purifying, and refreshing as a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, followed in the severer forms by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the great skin cure. CUTICURA SOAP is beyond doubt the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as the purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

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THE HOMESTEAD, COTTAGES AND CASINO, constructed and furnished throughout in accordance with the latest designs and modern improvements.

Most Curative Baths Known

For Rheumatism, Gout and Nervous Troubles.

Every bath from flowing springs of natural hot water. No contagious or infectious diseases treated.

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The Unrivaled Hair Tonic
The Only Dandruff Cure
Sure Preventive of Baldness

Invented by the well-known authority on diseases of the scalp, **Dr. P. J. Eichhoff,** Professor of Dermatology, **Elberfeld,** Germany.

Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures.

Send for circular.

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My Assertion.

An undesirable growth of hair on the face, neck or arms can be removed quickly and future growth prevented. I know whereof I speak, being a **regular physician** and having had **years of experience** with women's troubles. **My success** has led me to publish this announcement for the benefit of those living remote from New York who are suffering the untold annoyance of superfluous hair, and many of whom have wasted time and money in useless preparations.

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If you will sit down to-day, write me, I will reply to you telling you of the best treatment of superfluous hair I have ever used, and, if desired, will not only **promise to keep the** undesirable **hair from your skin forever,** but will give the same attention to your matter by **correspondence and proper treatment** as if you were to come here to my parlors. Being a woman, I know the delicacy of matters like this, therefore **give you my assurance** that correspondence will be held strictly confidential. **Address,** enclosing two stamps for sealed reply and brochure. Mention COSMOPOLITAN in writing.

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Quality guaranteed by an annual business of over $150,000,000. Six immense packing plants; 300 branch distributing houses. Everything under United States Government inspection. Swift's Products are for sale in every town and city. Made in hygienic cleanliness, in sanitary workrooms.

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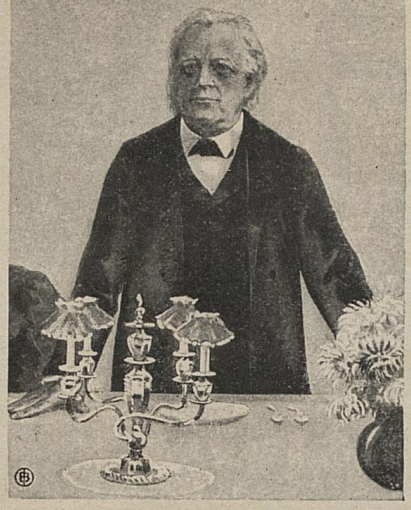

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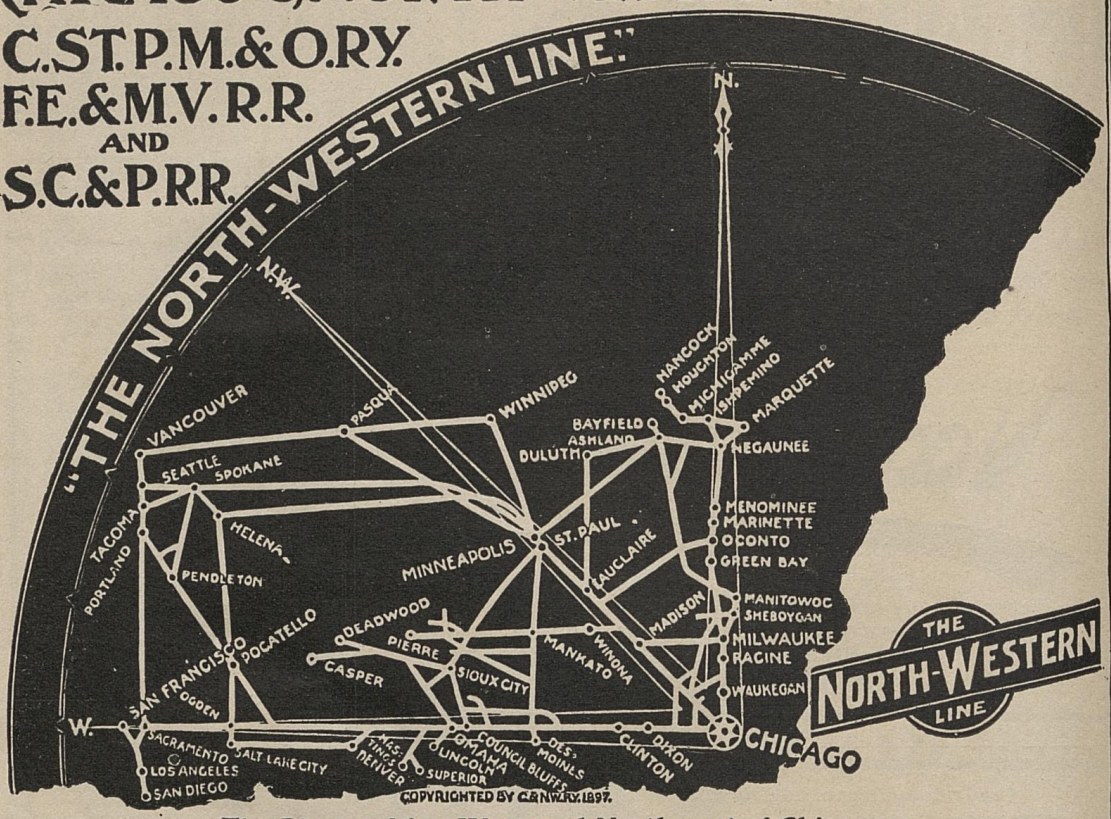

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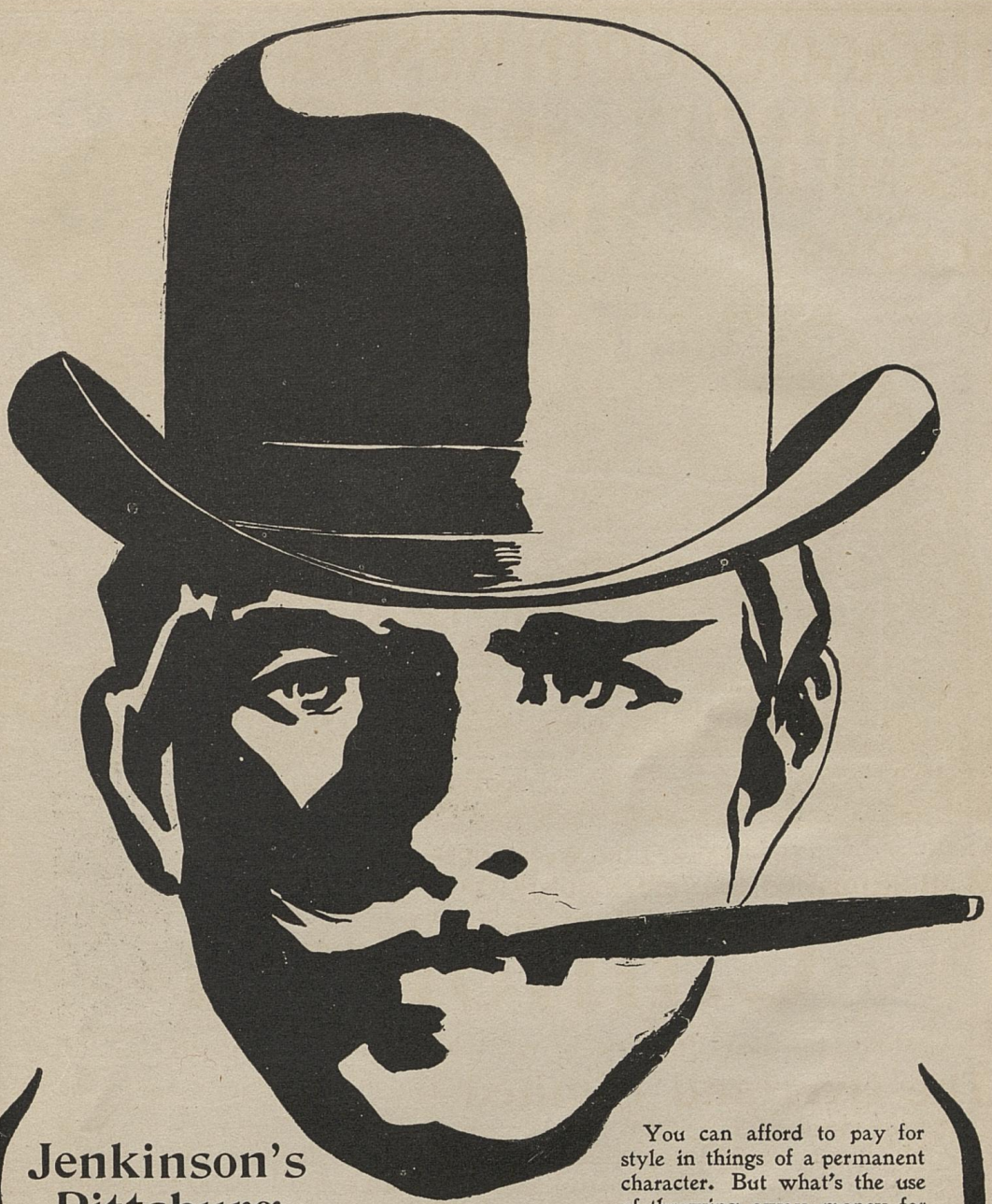

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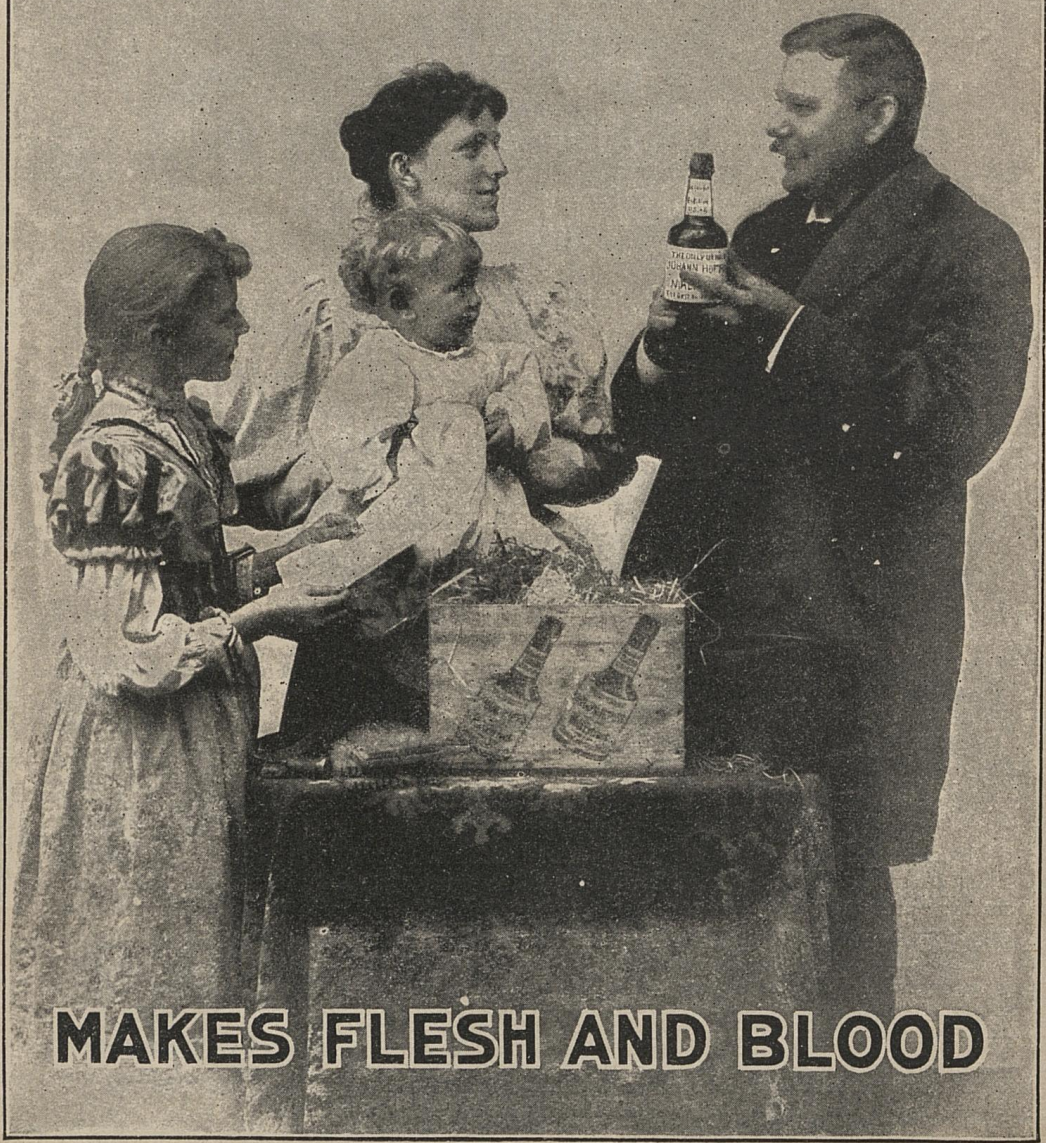

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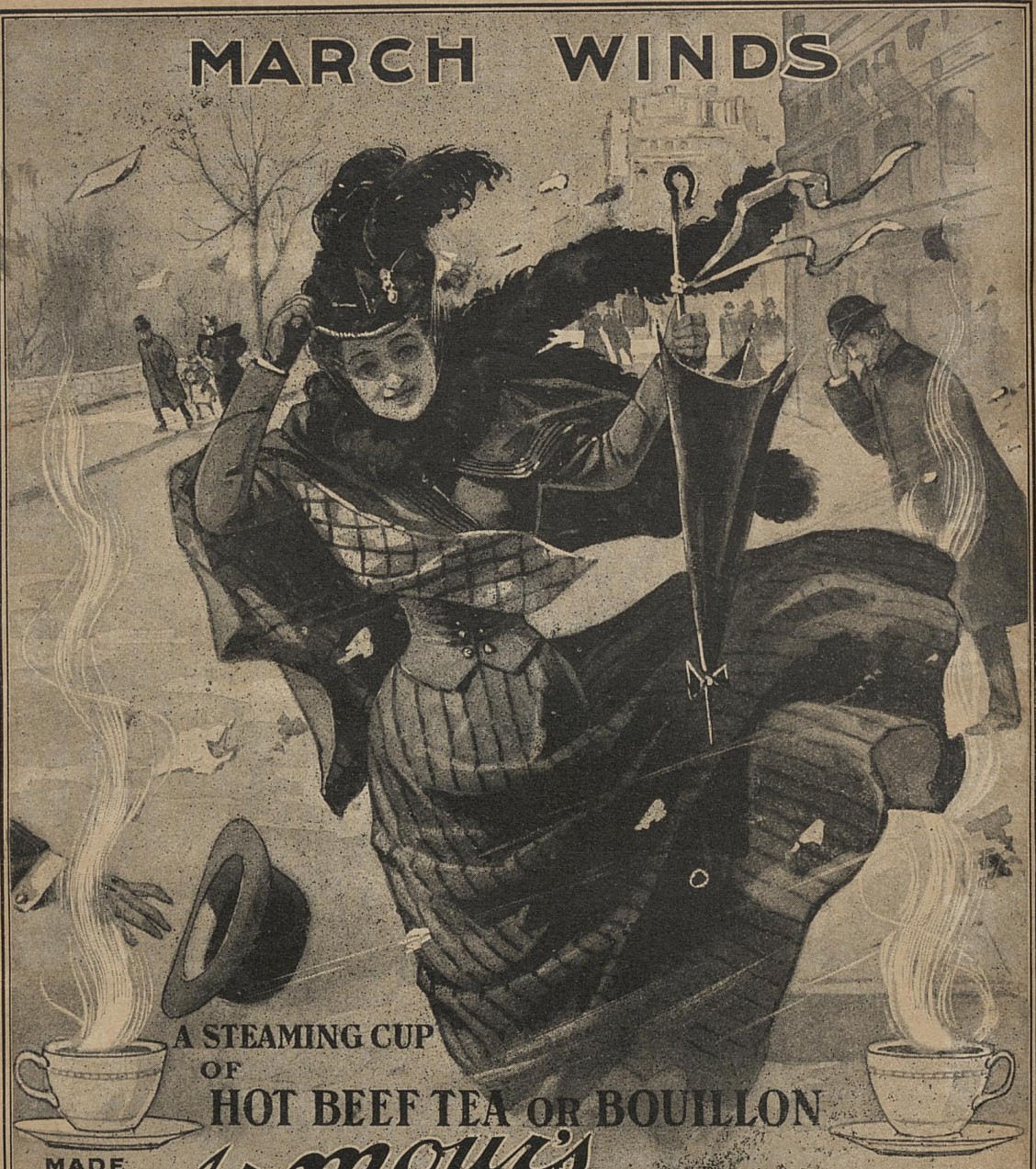

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