Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Containing:

Personality and the Player

By WALTER P. EATON

The Art of "Getting It Over"

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Two Stories of Stage People:

"Gustibus"

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

and

The Artistic Development of Philip Bites

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

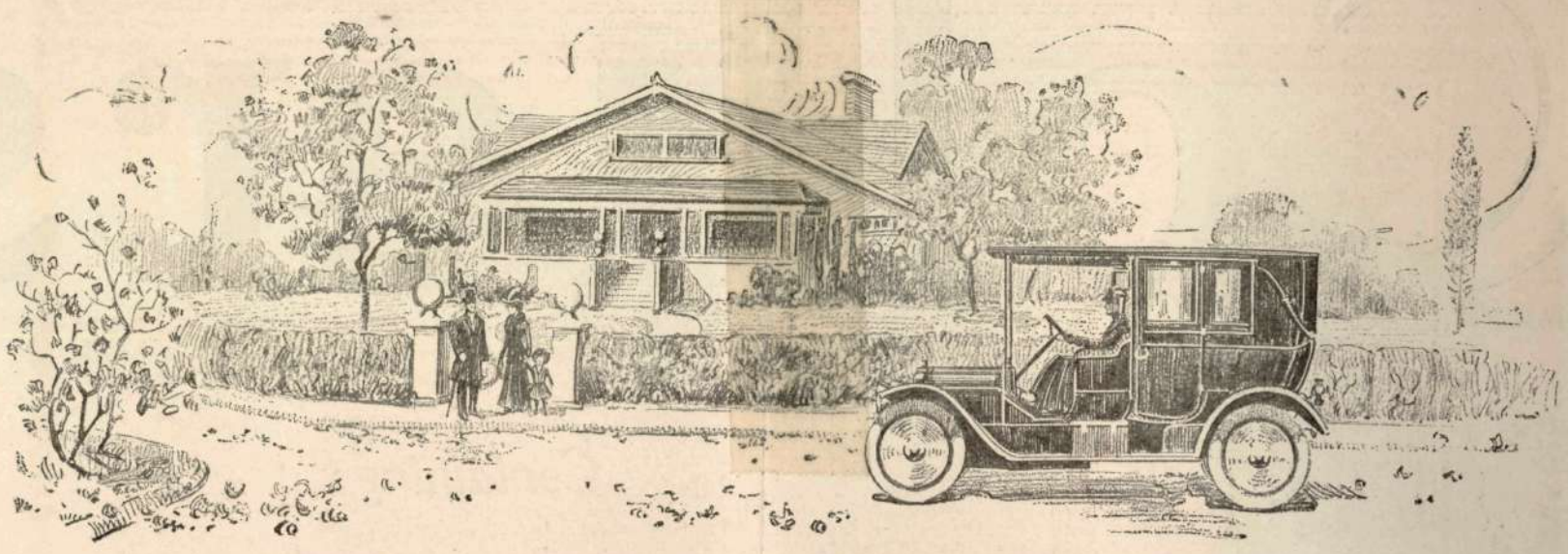
Illustrations by:

GEORGE WRIGHT, LOUIS FANCHER, JOHN SLOAN,
MAY WILSON PRESTON, PHILLIPS WARD

And Many Photographs

VOL XLVI NO 5

OCTOBER 22 1910



The White Landaulet

(Gasoline Car)

A Perfect Equipage for Town or Country Use

Those who prefer the landaulet body to the limousine for fall and winter use will find the utmost of style in this type of body in the White Landaulet Gasoline Car.

Everything about it is of the class that appeals at once to people who know and appreciate artistic finish and furnishings.

The best way to describe it is to say that the usual White Excellence has been perfectly expressed in every detail.

The size of this landaulet is one of its greatest advantages.

It is easy on tires—is always in commission—threads in and out among the larger vehicles of the city without the usual waiting and delays—is convenient to enter and leave—in short, it is just the car for shopping, theater, calling and trips to the suburbs.

You never feel that it is too large when occupying it alone nor too crowded when it is filled to capacity.

The upholstering, in almost any shade or design desired, is supplied and guaranteed by us to be the finest possible to produce.

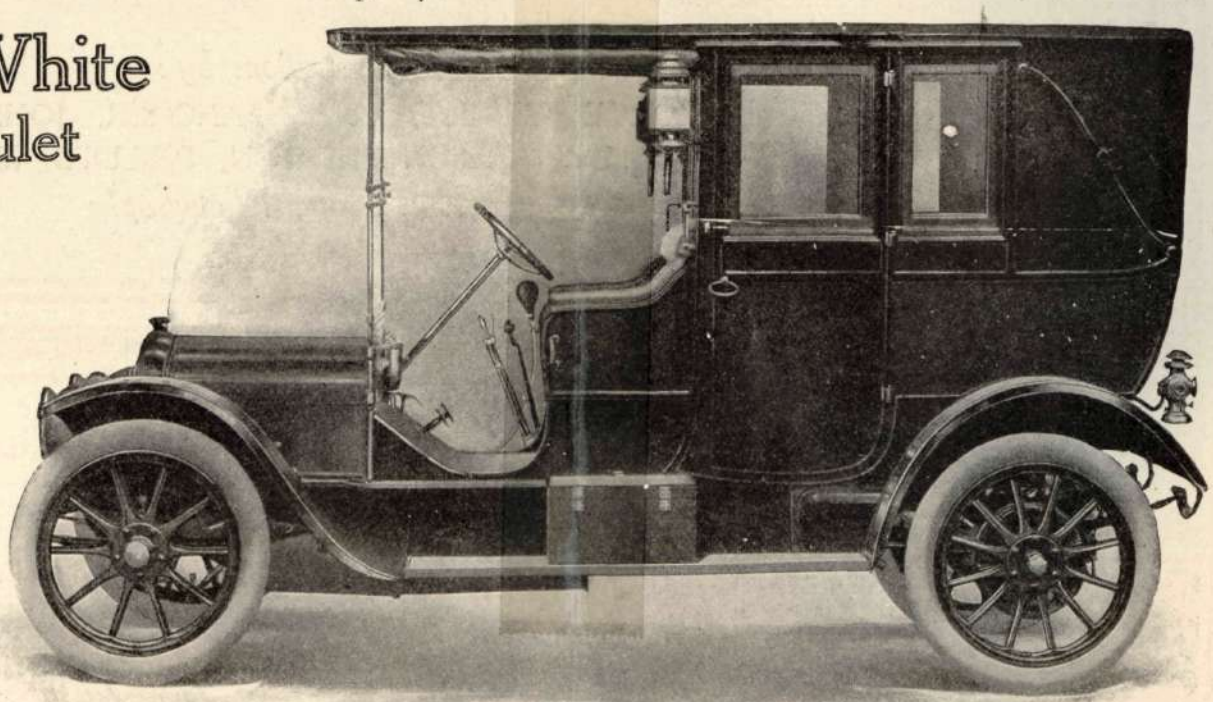
The richest leathers, the handsomest imported broadcloths, cords, tapes, etc., are the only kinds that meet with our approval, hence the only grades used.

There can be today nothing finer or more efficient than the White Gasoline Landaulet.

The catalog describing it more in detail will be sent on request.

The White Company, 888 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

The White Landaulet



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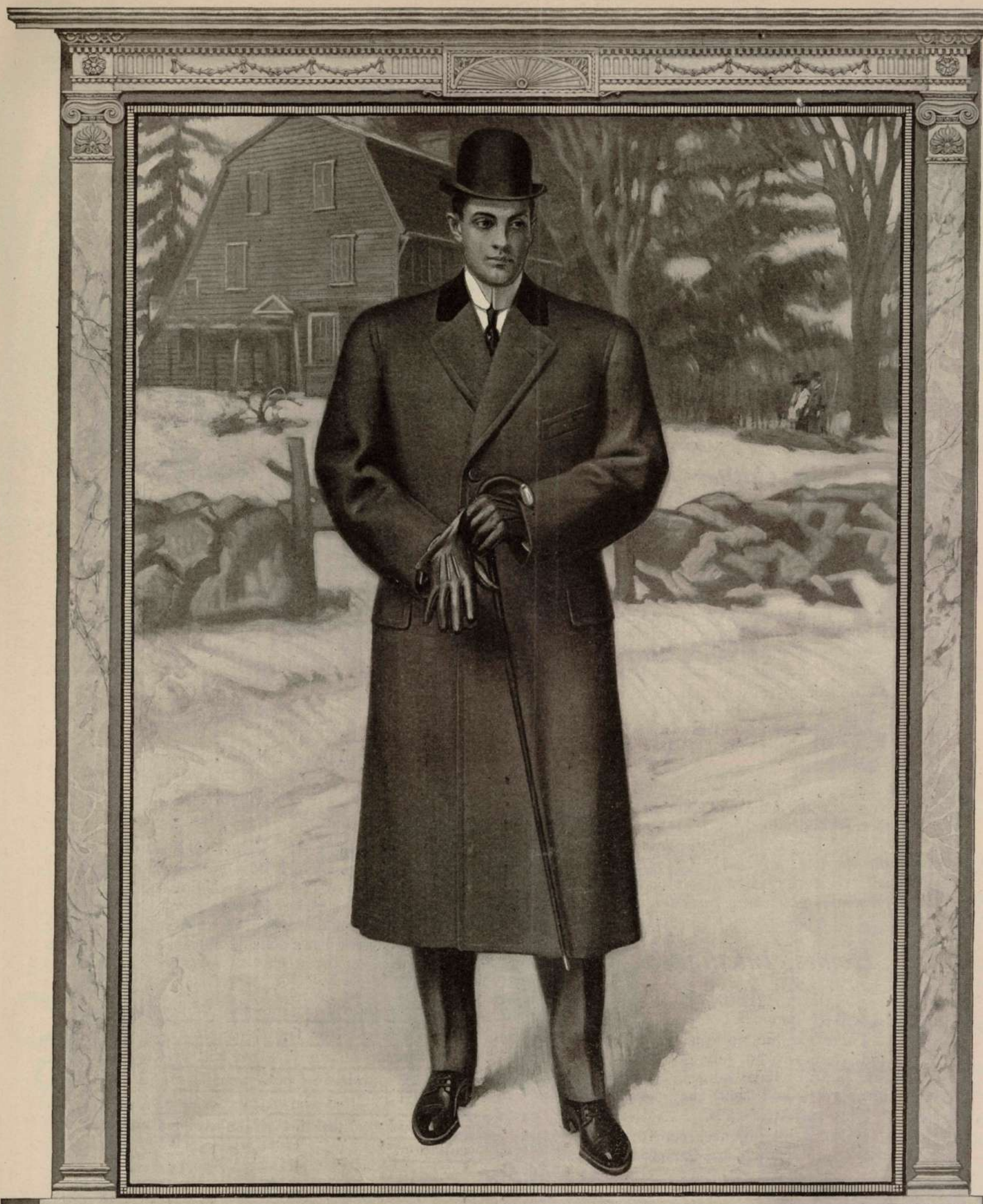

The Old Manse, Concord, where Emerson and Hawthorne wrote

HERE'S one of our overcoat models made especially for young men; button-through front, three buttons; form-fitting back. It's certainly as smart a model as you'll ever see.

See it wherever our clothes are sold. Our mark in it is your guide to quality. The fall Style Book shows many others

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers

Chicago Boston New York

8

Discounts—Cash and Otherwise

Not infrequently an advertiser who does not understand the Collier plan will ask why Collier's subscription department offers standard books, or portfolios of art prints, in combination with the Weekly.

The Collier Plan

The answer is that these standard books or art prints take the place of the cash discount usually allowed by periodicals for yearly subscriptions. For instance, the price of a periodical may be 5 cents per copy on the news stand. This would amount to $2.60 a year. But the yearly subscription price will be only $1.50 or $1.75. The difference is a cash discount.

The yearly subscription price of COLLIER'S—$5.50—is the same as if you bought each issue separately at the news stand (*Christmas and Easter Numbers 25 cents each*).

In place of a cash discount, subscribers have a wide choice of standard books or pictures—products of the COLLIER plant—*which they could not duplicate for twice the discount in cash.* COLLIER'S *shares with them the benefits and savings of its enormous publishing facilities.*

Homes, Intelligence, and Money

There can be no question that men and women who buy good books and fine pictures have homes, that they are intelligent, and that they have money to spend.

Homes, intelligence, comfortable incomes—these then are the characteristics to be expected in COLLIER'S subscribers as a result of the COLLIER plan. The policy of combining the standard book and art print products of its immense plant, instead of giving the usual cash discount for yearly subscriptions, is not a device for securing circulation, but is a sound, logical business policy which the better class of people, generally, have for years endorsed with their acceptance.

The proof of this is found in the specific statement, showing the occupations of 92% of those who receive COLLIER'S every week. Their class and standing speak for themselves.

If you hear any one talking against COLLIER'S circulation methods, ask him, and ask yourself, these questions:

1. What is his motive?

2. Does he, or do you, know of any national publication which does not give, either in the form of cash or merchandise, some discount for a yearly subscription—in other words, make its price on the yearly subscription basis considerably less than the price on the weekly or monthly basis?

3. Can he show you from the publication he represents, or from any other, a definite circulation analysis that will show an average purchasing power surpassing—or equal to—that shown by COLLIER'S specific and certified list of subscribers' occupations?

Collier's

The National Weekly

Collier's

Saturday, October 22, 1910

VOLUME XLVI NUMBER 5

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1910 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, $5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, $6.80 a year, Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Take it from the Ad-Writer

Here we are again—sales upon sales of Twin Oaks—and before I forget it, I want to thank you fellows who saw my last "ad," and bought it. Wasn't it fine?—all I said it was? Do you blame me for going into raptures. Now just keep up that buying habit, and I'll get a raise in salary. The boss pats me on the back now every time he sees me—but that's a detail, I'm still on the job, for there's nothing like whooping it up once you get a good start. I can't reach everybody right away—so that's why I'm telling you *again* that Twin Oaks is the greatest thing in the smoking line that ever grew in fertile soil.

Now honestly, where can you find a blended mixture of Latakia, Turkish, Virginia, Burley and Perique, selling in such a convenient, generous can for the sum of 10 cents—think of it—10 cents. Why, I'll gamble the first pipeful will be worth the price—let alone the dozens to follow.

You can buy a *blend* now for a reasonable price, and it's name is Twin Oaks. It's got body and richness and sweetness just crowded into it.

Just look at the way it burns—even and firm—draws easy—no effort at all—doesn't go out—doesn't bite—doesn't do anything but afford absolute smoke satisfaction.

But I *must* speak of the can. I can't pass that, it's a beauty. Slips into your pocket so easy—feels so light—makes you proud to be seen using it—and presto, you open it with a gentle thumb pressure—with one hand.

Wait a minute till I fill up a pipe—there—Ye gods, what an inspiration. Well, so long boys, till next time. Don't forget. Get a box right off.

Fits the pocket—Fits the pipe—Fits the purse.

Risk 2 cents for a sample.

"Friend! The Blend's the Thing!"

10c

TWIN OAKS

Smoking Mixture

Monopol Tobacco Works, Lockbox S, Jersey City, N. J.

Enclosed **2c.** to partly cover postage. Please send me special trial can of Twin Oaks Mixture.

Name.....

Addres.....

.....

Good only in United States

Metz Special Delivery Package Car

Can also be converted into pleasure runabout

Will do your work for less money than any other means of conveyance. Designed for the business man who knows that the success and upbuilding of his business depends upon the prompt delivery of his orders.

We want live, progressive dealers everywhere.

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

You Have a RIGHT to Independence!

You have a right to independence, but you must have an *honest* purpose to *earn* it. Many have purpose, ambition and energy, but thorough direction and intelligent help must be supplied. My instruction supplies the first, and our Co-operative Bureau fulfills the second. Large numbers have availed themselves of both, succeeding to a remarkable degree. Investigate without prejudice, this opportunity to

Learn the Collection Business

and escape salaried drudgery for life. If you have an idea that the collection business as I teach it is not as safe, sure and dignified as a bank, or any other profitable business, you are mistaken, and I will prove it, if you earnestly desire to get ahead. No essential branch of business is so limitless, nor less crowded. No business may be built so large without investment of capital. I will gladly send you, for the asking,

"POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS"

It may mean comfort for life, if not a great deal more. Write for it *now.*

W. A. SHRYER, Pres. AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE, 50 State St., Detroit, Mich.

$513 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $150

Is the result from operating one American Box Ball Alley. Two others cleared over $2,000.00 first year. Four others over $1,200.00 in two months. Four others took in $3,200.00 in nine months. Go in this business yourself. You can start with $50.00. Nearly 7,000 alleys sold to date. More popular today than ever. These alleys pay from $30.00 to $75.00 each per week in any town. No gambling device, but the best thing on earth for clean amusement and physical exercise. Patronized by the best people, who form clubs and bring their friends. No expense to install or operate. No special floor required, no pin boy needed. Receipts nearly all profit. We sell only one customer in towns of moderate size. Write today for booklet and easy payment plan.

[39] **AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 355 Van Buren Street, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

The Frontispiece,

The Pool in the Desert.

painted by Frederick Remington,

has been torn out of this copy.

Apologies.

Collier's

The National Weekly

P. F. COLLIER & SON, *Publishers*

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

October 22, 1910

Plums and Principles

THE HON. CHARLES F. MURPHY knows what he wants, and gets it; otherwise he could not hold the bag. BENSEL is a regular Tammany man, and the fat which can be distributed by the State Engineer is rich. The Comptroller watches over a fertile orchard, and MURPHY chose WILLIAM SOHMER, treasurer of Tammany Hall, to pick those plums. The nominee for Lieutenant-Governor has long been in politics for what he could get out of it. Almost all the other candidates are of the cheap professional type. The head of the ticket succeeded Fingy CONNERS as State chairman only last June and is little known. He has no record to compare with that of his opponent. STIMSON has proved beyond doubt his ability, his independence, his character. That he would be a first-class Governor we have no doubt. Every question that came before him would be decided upon its merits. No machine could control him, and no individual. He would do nothing for show, but when he made up his mind no influence could stop him.

The Only Talk

JUST ONE ARGUMENT is pushed against STIMSON—that his election would help ROOSEVELT. The Colonel used his influence toward putting Mr. TAFT in the White House. He did it because he saw the money powers grooming other candidates, and he wished the forward movement to continue. This procedure was against his own personal advantage, since he believed Mr. TAFT would be a successful and enormously popular President, whereas if somebody like CORTELYOU or FAIRBANKS or CANNON had been nominated, the country in four years would have cried out for ROOSEVELT. He went away for over a year, to leave the President free. He came back to find many aspects of the situation unsatisfactory to a democratic mind, and he has tried to lend vigor to the movement toward self-government, without giving up his willingness to help the Administration if it wishes to do right. The Colonel is a citizen of the State of New York. He might have sat at Oyster Bay, like a combination editor and sage, and allowed Destiny to work in his behalf. Instead, when he saw the gang about to step easily into control as HUGHES stepped out, he came into the open and fairly challenged Duffy's-malt-whiskey SHERMAN for the leadership. He won it, and he threw his weight for an anti-boss slogan, in favor of direct primaries, and for a candidate who, as he well knows, will be absolutely master of himself. For this conduct of a good private citizen, many prominent persons, especially in New York City, crammed with financial or social conservatism, would punish him, even at the cost of handing the State over to Tammany and the Republican organization back to BARNES. We are not afraid of THEODORE ROOSEVELT. He is powerful because he has represented the majority. If they ever lose confidence in him, they will turn him down as definitely, and almost as rapidly, as they turned down DEWEY. What we do fear is the great god Money, who is forever on his job, usually on the quiet. To be afraid of ROOSEVELT, because his popularity with the masses enables him to strike telling blows against government by plutocracy, seems to us a pitiful blindness to a real evil, and an equally pitiful invention of an imaginary devil. With the whole world moving rapidly toward democracy, is there anything more childish than to decide a State election wrong for fear that an American citizen may one day try to imitate CROMWELL, CÆSAR, and NAPOLEON?

T. R.'s Opponents

CHARLES H. YOUNG, president of the Republican Club in 1907–1908, resigned from the club and announced his intention to support the whole Democratic State ticket. He said STIMSON was dangerous because he was backed by ROOSEVELT, and added:

> "We need more economy in State management and the abolition of useless and extravagant frills. For example, the Public Service Commission costs the taxpayers more than $1,000,000 a year and does nothing."

Now listen, patient reader. Mr. YOUNG belongs to that class of easily ambidextrous men who can further their fortunes as well in one party as another. High in Republican politics, he gets the referee's fee in the case of the richest divorced couple in the United States; high in big business, he appears before Legislatures and other public bodies in behalf of fire insurance companies and railroads.

No wonder he thinks STIMSON, ROOSEVELT, and the Public Service Commission are no good.

No wonder he votes for DIX and Tammany control.

Let Mr. YOUNG answer this: Is it not a fact that at this very moment the Public Service Commission is taking a position hostile to certain secret desires of Mr. YOUNG'S railroad client?

What Tammany Wants

GOVERNOR HUGHES, in his message of last January, said: "The contracts in force for the barge canal improvement amount in total price to $48,229,467." Regarding contracts already let, there is great value to Tammany in having the State Engineer in its hands, because by its well-known methods honest contractors can be destroyed and other contractors forced to pay a rake-off. This crowd of predatory politicians selected FREDERICK A. SKENE for this position in 1906 and elected him. SKENE was recently indicted. JEROME, who was his counsel, admitted that *fifty per cent or more of the bids for good roads had been fraudulently raised after they were received by the State Engineer*, but argued that this was done by a man named O'NEIL, who was appointed confidential man to SKENE at the instance of MURPHY. *This is the statement of* SKENE'S *own lawyer.* JEROME also said that toward the close of SKENE'S administration he wished to discharge O'NEIL, but *kept him until after election at the request of* CHARLES F. MURPHY. Nor should the voter overlook the office of Attorney-General, for which Tammany has selected a true and tried man of its regular stamp. There are in New York City about 426 miles of street covered by street-car franchises which have not complied with the railroad law and are therefore forfeitable back to the public. During the days, however, when the traction syndicate controlled Albany the law was changed by the insertion of the word "may" before "be forfeited," so that the public will not be protected unless the Attorney-General is on its side. What CARMODY will do is sufficiently indicated by his record and by the startlingly dirty work which he did at the State Convention in New York a few years ago. O'MALLEY, his opponent on the Stimson-Roosevelt ticket, on the other hand, is one of the men who got out on the floor of the Assembly in 1902 and helped to defeat some of the atrocious bills which GOODSELL and BEDELL were pushing. Another instance of the fact that the Stimson-Roosevelt group of men stand for honesty and the Murphy group for something else, is that the anti-Tammany platform contains a condemnation proceeding plank which if enacted into law would cut off a large part of the rake-off now prevailing in real estate condemnation. The Murphy Convention refused to insert this plank. We use other phrases in describing the two parties and the two tickets because the words "Republican" and "Democratic" are absurd words as applied to State affairs, and it ought to be in any State a mere question of getting the straightest men into control of the local government.

More Collier Humor

OUR JOKES ALWAYS FAIL. A few weeks ago we printed a baseball nine, sent in by a violent anti-Roosevelt reader, in which the Colonel caught and famous malefactors filled the other posts. Howls of rage from every corner of the land. Our sense of humor surely is a fizzle.

Portugal

REPUBLIC OR MONARCHY can not matter greatly, in immediate effect, where ignorance and poverty have the hold they have on Portugal. Ultimately a republican form of government might make progress a little easier. Financial and economic intelligence in the ruling few, under either form, is what the country needs at once; and diminution in the terrible amount of official peculation. It was from her rulers that impulse and guidance came when Portugal had her brief career of splendor, and a sad thing about backwardness to-day is that it leaves the many at the mercy of the few who rule. Doubtless it was unfortunate that the young King failed to win an English bride, for such an alliance might have helped the modern movement as decidedly as did the similar one in Spain. The most encouraging aspect of the present situation is the rapid movement of the general world, for the Peninsula, isolated and backward as it is, can not, in these days of newspapers and telegraphs and schools, fail to be influenced by the rest of Europe and the world-spirit of our time. It is not conceivable that Portugal, half a century hence, shall be medieval still. She will before then be struggling honestly with the problems of existence, as they are seen and studied by a whole people, acting for itself, for its own daily well-being, and for the future knowledge, power, and happiness of the artisan and peasant.

The Farmer's Point of View

THE USUAL CRY when all the city folk have gone away from the country is that the farmer and his family at last have peace, free from the nuisance of the boarder. Our own experience is the opposite. It has struck us that the farmer and his family usually enjoy their intercourse with the city people and the opportunity it gives to take up subjects and conversation which they do not have during the long winters. Quite apart from the question of money, therefore, the farmer and his wife and children are usually sorry when the summer season ends.

Remington's Beginning

ALONG ABOUT 1884 FREDERIC REMINGTON landed in Kansas City, after spending the summer on a ranch at Dodge City, Kansas. It was his first visit to the West, and his mind was full of Indians, cow-punchers, and soldiers. He did not tell the men whom he met that he was an artist. At least he did not mention it in the shop where he bought his art materials, as we are informed by GUY SHORT of Yonkers, who was a youngster working in the shop at that time. REMINGTON was around the place a good while before he ventured to bring out any pictures. Two of the three that he submitted first were about twelve by fourteen inches and the third about fifteen by thirty inches, the largest one showing an attack on a wagon train, one of the smaller ones picturing three Indians peeping over a hill at a wagon in the valley, and the third presenting three trappers standing in front of their horses, looking at a skeleton in the grass, which was pinned to the ground by an Indian arrow. A few moments after these three pictures were put in the window there were about one hundred persons trying to get a look at them. Some came in to make inquiries, others thought they were a joke. The men in the shop told inquirers that "Remo," as he then signed himself, was really an Eastern artist, whose business it was to paint gondoliers and Spanish gentlemen, but that he had just been spending his summer on a Kansas ranch with this result. The first purchaser was finally found, and he took all three pictures at a total price of $150.

Waking Up

THE ARMY OF JUDICIAL and legal reformers is moving slowly but surely on the ancient entrenched technicality. The Ohio Supreme Court has recently turned another alleged murderer loose on a technicality, but Wisconsin's excellent Supreme Court has joined the ranks of the reformers. The State Bar Association of Illinois is aroused. Always it has been the rule that before you could put a prisoner on trial, you must first ask him whether he is guilty or not, and he must say "yes" or "no." It made no difference that he hired a lawyer and went through other forms of innocence in the attempt to defend himself—he must be asked and he must answer. For many years it was the rule in Wisconsin that if the prisoner had not been asked before trial if he was guilty, and he was found guilty, the omission of the prisoner to say he was not guilty, though twelve men later found him guilty, was fatal, and a new trial was granted:

"The ancient doctrine," says the court, "that the accused could waive nothing was unquestionably founded upon the anxiety of the courts to see that no innocent man should be convicted. It arose in those days when the accused could not testify in his own behalf, was not furnished counsel, and was punished, if convicted, by the death penalty, or some other grievous punishment out of all proportion to the gravity of his crime. . . . A man now charged with a crime is furnished the most complete opportunity for making his defense. . . . The reasons which in some sense justified the former attitude of the courts have therefore disappeared, save perhaps in capital cases, and the question is, shall we adhere to a principle based upon conditions no longer existing?"

The rest of this interesting and convincing opinion any lawyer may find for himself by referring to Hack *vs.* The State, 124 Northwestern Reporter, page 493.

Law and Sense

HIS VIEWS on the Bakeshop case are among the objections raised to Mr. ROOSEVELT. In our own opinion even the conservative crowd will soon fully accept those views. Section 110 of the New York Labor Laws definitely undertook to limit the hours of work in bakeries to sixty hours in any one week, and the same act covered drainage, plumbing, wash-rooms, sleeping places, and other conditions affecting the health of laborers. The highest court in New York State upheld this statute. Then along came the Supreme Court of the United States, and by a majority of one overturned the statute as unconstitutional. We are frank to call this decision a stupid outrage. As Justice WHITE, perhaps the soundest judge on the Supreme Bench, pointed out, it is ridiculous, when some of the highest authorities and investigators are convinced that more than sixty hours a week in a bakeshop are deleterious, to pretend that there is not even a scintilla of reason for holding that belief. It is admitted that a court has no right to interfere with legislation in such a case as this, unless it can say, not that it disagrees with the Legislature, but that the Legislature had absolutely no ground whatever for believing what it said. The late Mr. Justice PECKHAM, in a sheerly foolish opinion, observed:

"It is unfortunately true that labor, even in any department, may possibly carry with it the seeds of unhealthiness, but are we all on that account at the mercy of legislative majorities?"

At whose mercy would Mr. Justice PECKHAM have preferred to have us? Would he have preferred to have us all at the mercy of a majority of one, in a court which, by the concession of the judges themselves, knew almost nothing about the actual facts? Mr. Justice PECKHAM also said:

"This interference on the part of the Legislatures of the several States with the ordinary trades and occupations of the people seems to be on the increase."

It is on the increase, because the people wish to have it on the increase, and who was Mr. Justice PECKHAM that he should have undertaken to legislate on every subject for every State in this broad country? The Supreme Court Justice is put on the bench to overturn statutes when they, beyond all possible doubt, conflict with some provision of the Constitution. He is showing dangerous arrogance, likely to have bad consequences, when he interprets his duty to be the overthrow of every enactment which he, in his all-embracing wisdom, does not happen to approve.

At Least Peculiar

WHAT IS CONSIDERED by Ohio lawyers a remarkable precedent has been established by the Supreme Court of that State in the case of Goodlove *vs.* The State, recently decided. JAMES F. GOODLOVE was charged with the murder of "one PERCY STUCKEY, *alias* FRANK MCCORMICK." After GOODLOVE'S trial and conviction it was discovered that while the evidence proved the killing of "FRANK MCCORMICK" by the defendant GOODLOVE, it failed to show that the correct name of the deceased was "PERCY STUCKEY." The omission was a mere oversight on the part of the prosecutor, to which his attention had not been called during the trial. There is a section of the Ohio code which provides that "a variance in the Christian or surname, or both the Christian and surname, or other description, of any person therein [that is, in the indictment] named or described shall not be deemed ground for an acquittal of the defendant," unless the court before which the trial is had find that such variance is material to the merits of the case, or may be prejudicial to the defendant. The Supreme Court of Ohio reversed the judgment of the trial court and the judgment of the Circuit Court against the defendant, and decided that this variance was fatal. Lawyers disagree about this decision itself, but the action of the Supreme Court that has shocked the bar and public of Ohio was the discharge of the prisoner without remanding the case for another trial. Was there any peculiar reason for this act?

Vivacious

A PROMINENT POLITICIAN sends us a letter about conditions in his State and in the nation generally from which we reprint paragraphs, not because we necessarily agree with all the judgments, but because almost anybody is sure to find them entertaining:

"The difficulty in BALLINGER'S case is that, however carefully cautious men may hesitate about holding him to be corrupt, everybody believes he was pressed into the Cabinet to get those lands for the G.'s, and that was as bad for the public as if he had been intentionally dishonest.

"BRANDEIS was bold and also wise.

"WICKERSHAM was also pressed in, for purposes. Why could TAFT not see it? Or did he? But W. has extricated himself fairly well and will become a Reformer. I like him personally.

"The B. & M. has gone to the New Haven and the New Haven has gone to the Penn. Where will be the end?"

We regret that we are unable to use the writer's name and must ask our readers to believe that he has long been known as one of the shrewdest politicians in the United States.

Sticky

"WHY DOESN'T some enterprising mucilage concern get out the Ballinger brand?"—The New York "Evening Mail."

Many Agree with Him

"SIR—Your editorial on GLAVIS has just fallen under my eye. Why wait for Congress or a Good Government Club or anything else? I can't understand why the subscription as a testimonial to GLAVIS is not already under way. Does patriotic appreciation of such service as GLAVIS has rendered need to wait for any organization or institution? Is it not conceivable that a single subscription can start the expression of appreciation? I am a man at present earning less than a thousand a year, but I am more than willing to detach one dollar from my earnings to make a concrete beginning for anything so palpably logical as this call for the patriotic recognition of the courageous patriotism of GLAVIS. And surely there are fifty thousand others, or one hundred thousand others in this graft-fighting land who are sensitive enough in appreciation to follow suit with a like amount. To be sure, that wouldn't make GLAVIS a millionaire, but it would be the substantial testimony of that many thousands of his fellow countrymen that they approved of his course sufficiently to insure him against unjust treatment from Congress or the Interior Department or what else. And if my lonely little dollar isn't enough, why, make it five dollars, if that will the better get the dynamo in action, and I'll see if I can't in some subtle way quiet the other demands on my earnings. Please refrain from giving me any publicity in this matter. X. Y. Z."

Our correspondent, whose name we conceal at his request, does not seem to get our point, which was merely that, on account of our close association with GLAVIS in the Ballinger fight, we did not think it quite seemly to be the one to whom subscriptions should be sent. It would be too much like receiving subscriptions for ourselves. Why should not X. Y. Z. stir up some prominent man or substantial organization to act as recipient of subscriptions? We will then gladly give what publicity we can to the undertaking, and so, no doubt, will the other progressive papers of the United States.

What the World Is Doing

A Pictorial Record of Current Events

The Wreck of the Los Angeles "Times" Building

Fifteen people dead or missing, fourteen injured, and half a million dollars' worth of property destroyed was the result of a dynamite explosion at one o'clock on the morning of October 1. An attempt was also made to blow up the "Times" auxiliary plant in another street. Fully 100 people were in the main building when the bombs were set off. For many years the Los Angeles "Times" has been carrying on a war against organized labor, and the wreck of the plant was charged by the paper to be directly due to the labor unions; and as one of the incidents of the conflict a union leader had General Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the paper, arrested for libel

THE revolution in Portugal, resulting in the overthrow of King Manuel II and the establishment of a republic, is chronicled in pictures and text on another page of this department. The new government had scarcely been established when serious anti-Church riots began. The expulsion of ecclesiastics, which began on October 9, with the exile of several clerical leaders, the return to their parents of the children in the monastery and convent schools, and the gathering together for expulsion of over two hundred nuns, was accompanied by mob attacks, especially directed against the buildings occupied by Jesuits.

The press, generally, while granting the sincerity of the group of men who swept the Braganza régime from power, hesitated to view with much optimism their chances of success in dealing with the practical and immensely difficult problems of establishing a Portuguese republic. A brief biography of himself written by President Braga for Paris newspapers was one of the things quoted as showing his naïveté. It reads in part:

"At the age of three he lost his mother. He was tormented by a terrible stepmother until 1861, when he left his father's house and went to Coimbra, the only university in Portugal, with a small sum which he had received for a volume of verses. At Coimbra his life was an obscure struggle, for lack of all means of existence. He bore up in this struggle with unconquerable pride.

"In 1872 he presented himself as a candidate for the professorship of modern European literature at the higher Lisbon classes. What a terrible battle! All the conservative elements were opposed to him—Catholics, monarchists, metaphysicians, ultra romanticists, and journalists in the Government's pay; but the public forced the Ministry to appoint him.

"It is only by his fees as a professor that Braga lives, devoting his existence entirely to intellectual work. All the books he has published he has given free to the booksellers in order to conquer the boycott organized against him. Braga is considered an enemy by the conservative classes because he is a republican in politics, a free thinker and as regards philosophy introduced positivism into Portugal. That suffices to make him detested."

Colonel John S. Mosby

Chief of the Virginia Guerrillas during the Civil War. This is the first time he has worn the Confederate uniform since the close of the war — putting it on a few days ago at the request of his two grandchildren to pose in a moving-picture drama in which he was the central figure

¶ One death from cholera in the port of New York has been announced by the Health Officer of the port. The victim was a steerage passenger arriving from a Mediterranean port and detained at Quarantine late in September. The announcement was made in explanation of the strict precautions which have been taken of late in admitting ships to New York even from North Atlantic ports. A steerage passenger on another Mediterranean ship came down with the disease on October 9, after the ship had been detained nearly a week.

¶ Justice William H. Moody of the United States Supreme Court has announced that he will resign on November 20 next.

¶ The forest fires in northern Minnesota, the second week in October, were the worst through which that State ever passed—worse even than the Hinckley disaster of fifteen years ago. Estimates of the dead varied from 50 to as high as 300, and the property loss went into the millions. One lumber company, alone, at Spooner, lost 50,000,000 feet of mill stock. The fire zone covered a territory 85 miles in length, from the Gravel Pit Spur west of Warroad to Stratton, the fourth station east of Rainy River, and 3 miles in width. Several thousand people were made homeless. Spooner, Beaudette, Pitt, and Graceton were destroyed. Fire companies came to the rescue from as far away as Winnipeg.

¶ Professor Herschel C. Parker, formerly of Columbia University, has returned from an unsuccessful attempt to climb Mount McKinley, convinced that the Lloyd party, which professed to have climbed the mountain last April, did not reach the summit. According to Professor Parker, this expedition got no nearer than did Dr. Cook. Professor Parker and his party stood on the very peak labeled "The Top of the Continent" by Dr. Cook, and it was so far away from the real summit that they had difficulty even in finding it.

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

The Queen Mother,—and the Palace Which Was Bombarded by the Revolutionists

THE revolution in Portugal was comparatively pacific, costing the lives of but a few hundred people, and inflicting little damage to property. The people as a whole remained non-partizan until the army rallied under the republican standard, and then came out enthusiastically for the new régime. The palace was bombarded on the night of October 4, and the royal family fled. A complete provisional government was formed with Theophile Braga, a scholar of international reputation, as President; and the Cabinet is an intellectual rather than a military or political body. The city quickly returned to its ordinary routine, and the new Government announced its establishment to the world. King Manuel, his mother, and grandmother hastened to Ericeira, from which place they were taken by fishing boats aboard the royal yacht "Amelie," after which they proceeded to Gibraltar, where they remained under British protection. The King is the last of the House of Braganza, which was established by Alfonso V in 1442. His father, Carlos I, and his older brother were assassinated in 1908. As a curious incident in the revolution President-elect Fonseca of Brazil was in Lisbon at the time as the guest of King Manuel—he is the son of the revolutionist Fonseca, who overthrew the Braganza empire in Brazil in 1889 (the year that Manuel was born) and established the present republic

Hermes de Fonseca
President-elect of Brazil

Manuel II
The exiled King of Portugal

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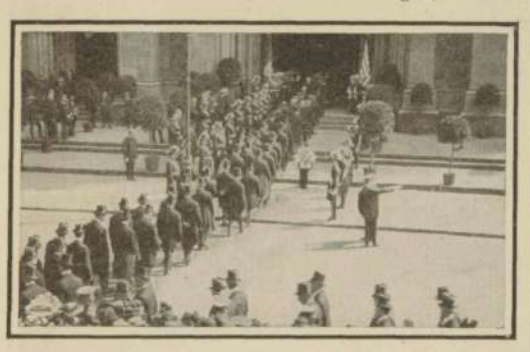
The Opening of the Constitutional Convention of New Mexico

One hundred delegates assembled October 3 for a sixty days' session in the Hall of Representatives of the Capitol at Santa Fe. The body consists of seventy-one Republicans and twenty-nine Democrats. Thomas B. Catron, former Delegate to Congress, called the convention to order, and Charles A. Speiss of Las Vegas was elected President

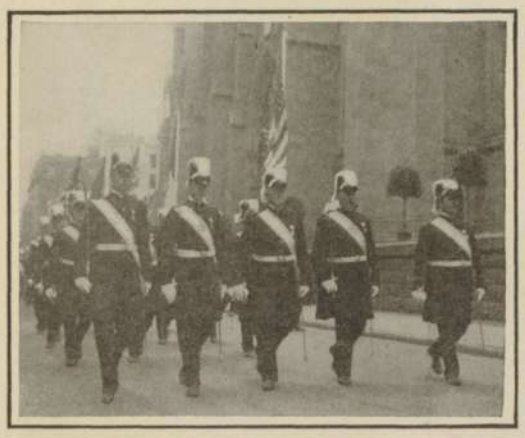
What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, Cardinal Gibbons, and Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate, marching to mass on October 5

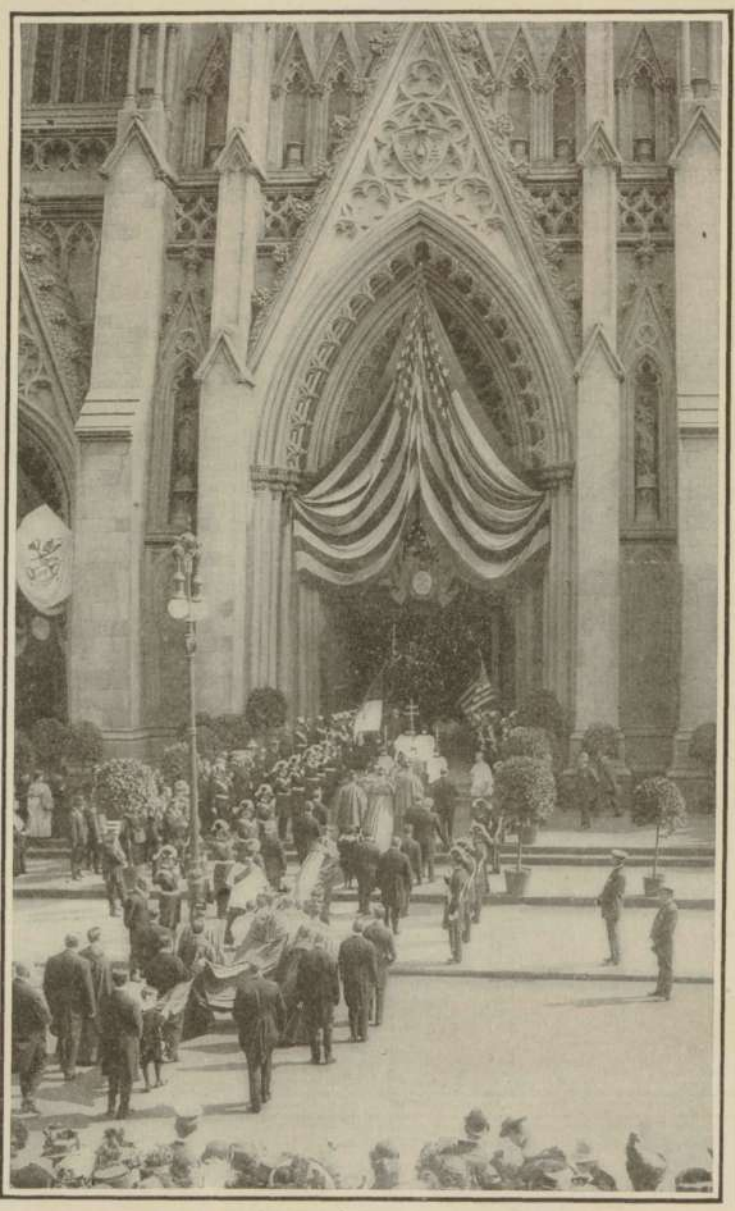


Members of The Catholic Club

Admitting the crowd to the Cathedral



The Knights of Columbus



The three Cardinals entering the Cathedral

Visiting prelates in the procession

The procession of altar boys

The relics of the martyrs

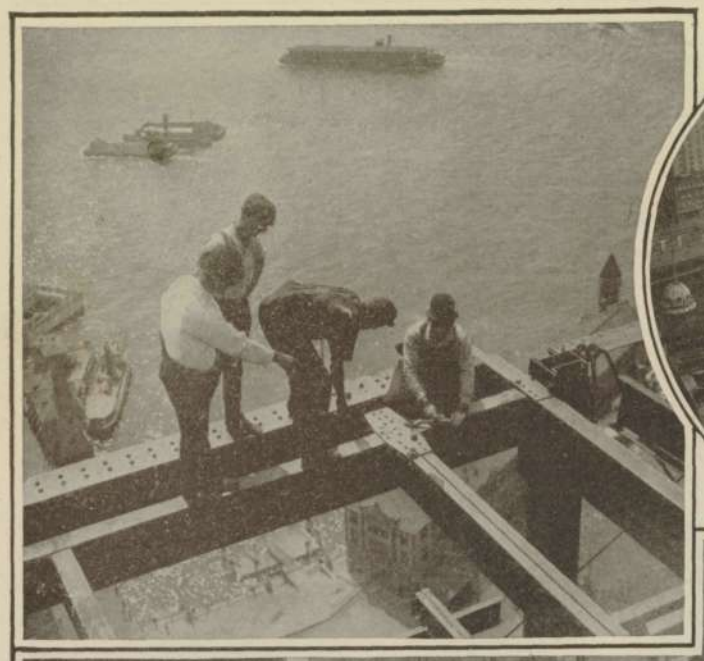
Archbishop Farley sprinkling holy water on the walls

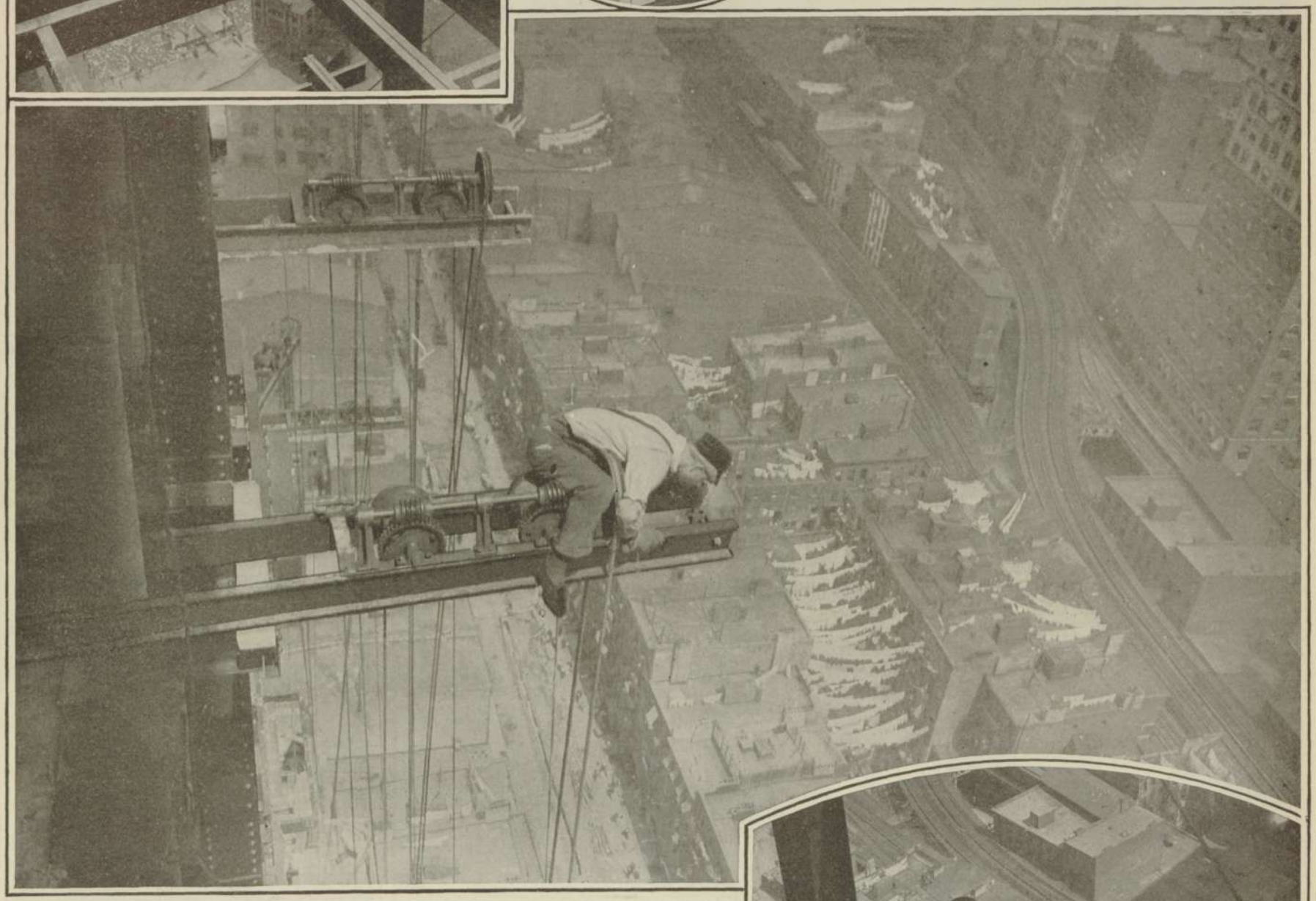
The Consecration of St. Patrick's Cathedral

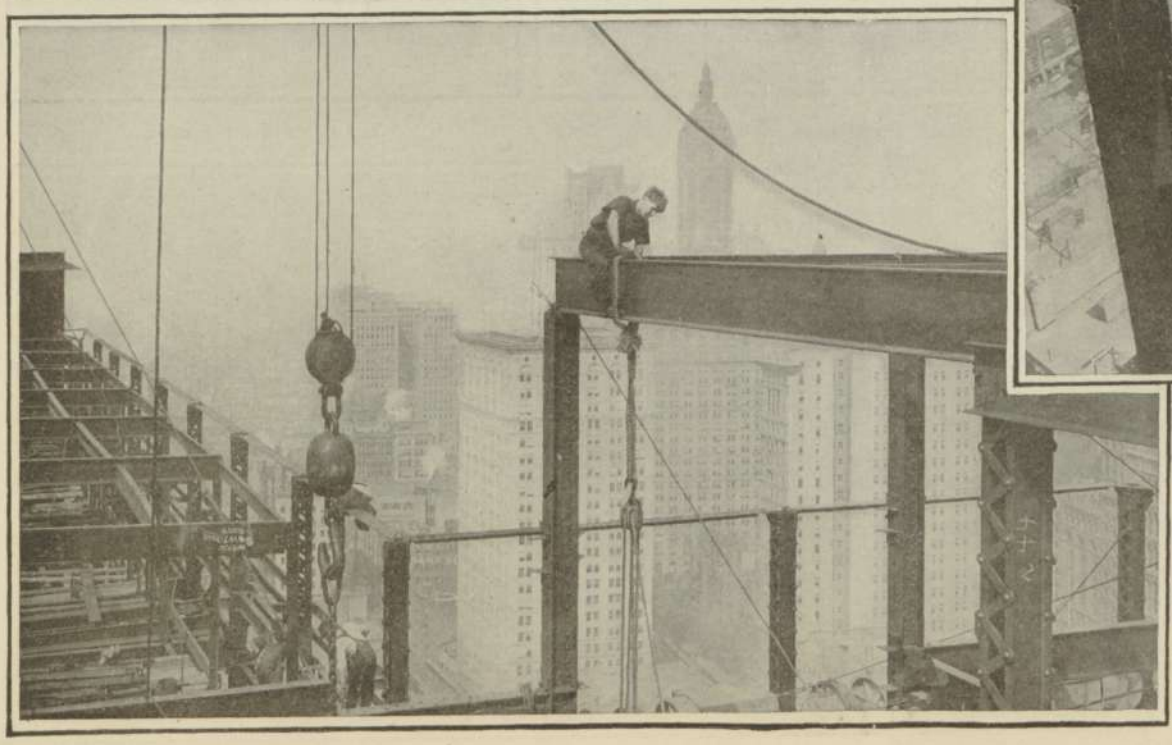
THE consecration of this edifice gathered together in New York the most notable assemblage of Catholic dignitaries ever seen in America. There were three cardinals: Cardinal Vannutelli, the Papal Legate; Cardinal Logue, Primate of Ireland, and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, twelve archbishops, forty-one visiting bishops, and eleven bishops of the Province of New York. The consecration service took place a little after dawn, on the morning of October 5, when Archbishop Farley of New York, with a procession of assistant priests and acolytes, marched three times around the building, sprinkling the marble with holy water and salt —a rite which dates not only from Apostolic times, but to a Jewish custom instituted by Solomon. St. Patrick's Cathedral was begun in 1858, and completed in 1902, but on account of the regulation that no Catholic church shall be consecrated until freed from debt, this ceremony was deferred until the remaining $850,000, out of the entire cost of $4,000,000, had been made up. A hundred thousand persons are estimated to have visited the Cathedral on the day of the consecration

The three Cardinals leaving the Archiepiscopal residence

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



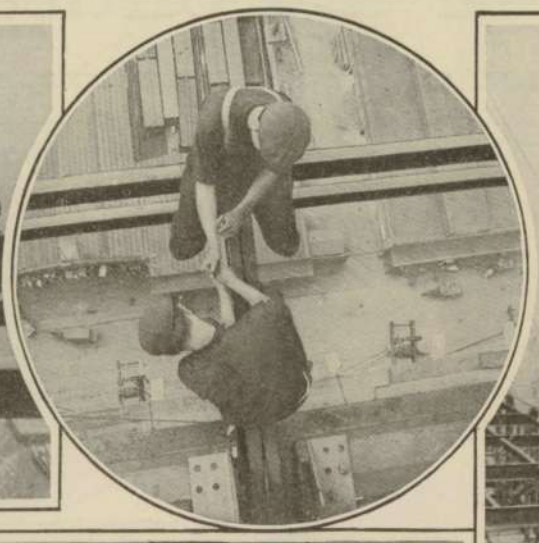


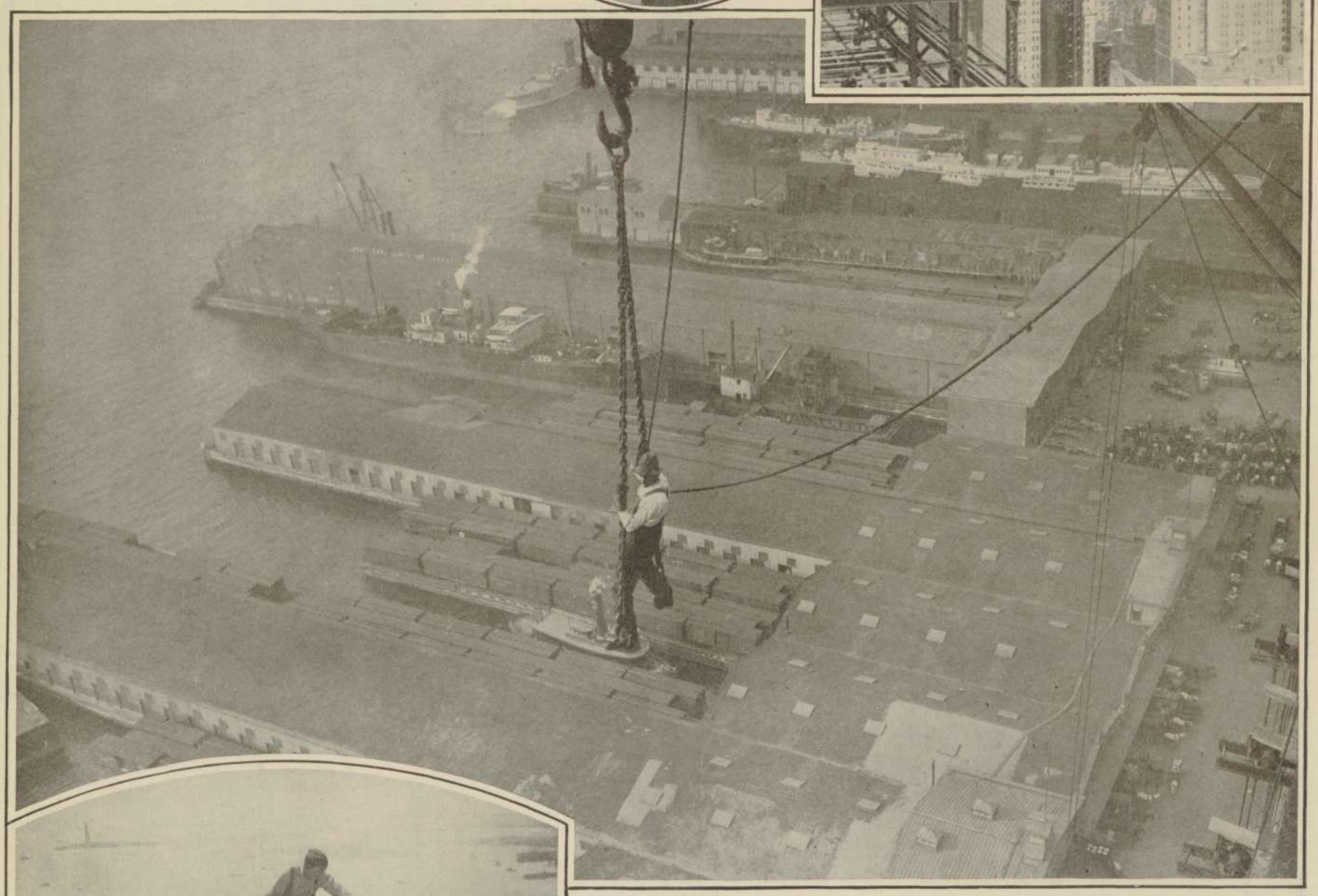


Up in the Air with the Men

THESE unusual photographs were taken in the steel skeleton of a new skyscraper now going up near Bowling Green, New York. The tower, in the distance, in the upper right-hand corner, is the Singer Building, the second highest building in the world; the round, low building surrounded by grass plots is the Aquarium, formerly Castle Garden; and in the others may be seen the wharfs, the "L" tracks, the tenement roofs (and even the washing on the lines) of lower New York. The structural iron-workers, who combine the skill of intelligent mechanics with the agility of birds or high trapeze artists, form a sort of aristocracy in comparison with

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events





Who Make Skyscrapers Possible

the more plodding workmen down below. They get high wages, work shorter hours, and they are here to-day and there to-morrow, with an adventurous streak not to be wondered at when one sees the sort of work they feel at home in. Many of them are sailors who used to clamber about on the spars of the disappearing square-rigged sailing ships. This sort of work is said to have much the same lure for country boys that the circus used to have. Railroad contractors say that every time they build a bridge in an unfrequented neighborhood, farmer boys are attracted, first to watch, then to carry water perhaps, finally to get a job and leave when the iron-workers go

The History of a Political Revolution

March 13, 1909

Collier's Congressional Record

The Purpose of this Announcement is to Get in Touch with All the Readers of Collier's Who Are Interested in the Work of Congress and the Government at Washington

Collier's

March 27, 1909

The Fight Against Cannonism

The Twelve Men Who Voted Against Cannon, and the Thirty-one Who Defeated the Old Rules

Collier's

May 12, 1909

Shall We Have an Insurgent Congress?

Whether the Insurgents Are to Control the Republican Party Will Be Determined Between Now and November

July 3, 1909

Collier's

Who the Insurgents Are

Collier's

August 14, 1909

Comment on Congress

"Tariff reform will not be settled until it is honestly and fairly settled, in the interest and to the benefit of a patient and long-suffering public."—GROVER CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE CONCERNING THE TARIFF OF 1894

August 28, 1909

Collier's

March 13, 1909

The Aldrich Senators

How the Senators Voted on the Tariff

This Is a Picture of Congress in Session

December 25, 1909

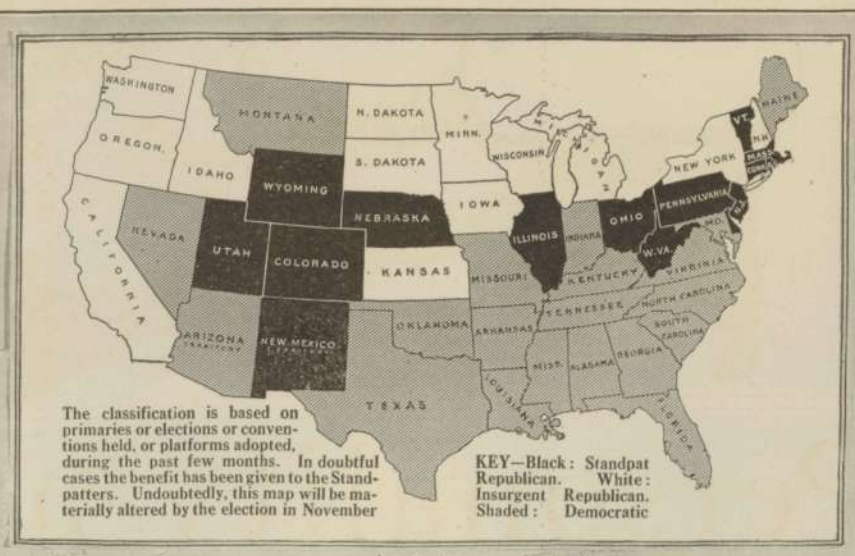
Collier's

The First Battle

Collier's

February 12, 1910

Comment on Congress



The classification is based on primaries or elections or conventions held, or platforms adopted, during the past few months. In doubtful cases the benefit has been given to the Standpatters. Undoubtedly, this map will be materially altered by the election in November

KEY—Black: Standpat Republican. White: Insurgent Republican. Shaded: Democratic

June 12, 1909

304 Days

December 4, 1909

December 25, 1909

September 10, 1910

January 8, 1910

February 12, 1910

March 26, 1910

Collier's

For or Against Cannon

Some Republican Congressmen Who Seek Reelection Go on Record as to the Next Speakership

April 9, 1910

Collier's

Next, Aldrich!

April 16, 1910

Collier's

The Next Seven Months

June 4, 1910

Collier's

The Deciding Days

Twenty Months

THE INSURGENT MOVEMENT began with the action of twelve Republican members of the Lower House of Congress who voted against Cannon for Speaker, March 15, 1909. On the same day, these twelve and nineteen more — thirty-one in all — broke away from the Republican majority and voted against the old rules of Congress. In the Senate, the Insurgent movement began when a group of Republican Senators from the Middle West, never less than seven in number and sometimes as many as fifteen, began to vote against Senator Aldrich and the machine on various tariff schedules. Until the early part of the present summer, the movement was confined to Congress, for there were no primaries or elections at which the people could show their sympathy. From the time the Republican primaries began, the movement has had practically a continuous triumph. More recently, in Georgia, Tennessee and Florida, a spirit exactly analogous to the Insurgent movement has begun to manifest itself in the Democratic Party, and in those States has been triumphant at the Democratic primaries for several high offices

Personality and the Player

The Matter of Individual Charm and Technical Efficiency

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ONE of the most annoying things in this world, to those of us who plod, is the ease with which certain favored souls achieve ends we reach only after sweat and toil. We work and work, they bask in the smile of the gods. They have a kind of conquering charm which makes up for all deficiencies—or seems to make up for them. Everybody likes these people, everything seems to come easy to them, they are honored, happy, successful. Envy is not a beautiful trait of character, but sometimes the patient plodder can hardly be blamed if he indulges in it. Is it his fault if the Lord has left charm out of him and so given him a tremendous handicap in the race for favor? Charm is not a quality which can be acquired.

It is just this quality of charm to which we more or less unconsciously refer when we speak of an actor's "personality." We like some players for their histrionic skill, for their powers of impersonation, for their ability to sway our emotions. But others we like for their sheer personal charm; and when this charm is combined successfully with considerable technical ability such players reach a position in public favor which is the envy of their no less skilful but less favored fellows.

Perhaps David Warfield is one of the best present-day examples of a player who combines extraordinary personal charm with great skill as an actor. The enormous popularity of "The Music Master" was due to his delicately true impersonation; but it was hardly less due to his personal charm, which exactly fitted the character. The mellow tenderness of that character was utterly convincing because it seemed never mechanically assumed, because it belonged to the actor himself. The gods have smiled on David Warfield. They have endowed him with a conquering charm.

Some Ingratiating Examples

ANOTHER player over whose cradle Fortune smiled is Miss Maude Adams. As an actress, Miss Adams is very far from faultless. She not only has her distinct limitations, but within those limitations she makes grave errors of impersonation. Her Juliet was ridiculous, her Viola petty, her Maggie, in "What Every Woman Knows," so far from a true impersonation of the author's character that the first act almost lost its point. Yet Miss Adams remains one of the most popular players on the American stage, because the public loves her as a woman and forgives her the artistic shortcomings, if, indeed, it notices them at all. The public is probably so interested in watching Miss Adams that it forgets to reflect what the character in the play actually is like. The public loves Miss Adams for her quality of almost elfin charm, the half-playful, half-wistful tenderness of her voice and manner, the elusive mischief of her eye, and the motherly droop of her mouth. She is irresistibly alluring, and this personal allure is her greatest asset as an actress.

Let us turn to quite a different example of personal charm. William Collier was never known to impersonate a character. He is one of those actors who actually does "play himself." Indeed, he seldom pretends to do anything else. Yet he enjoys great vogue, especially in New York, where his style of personality is particularly appreciated. He has a crisp, smart, native wit; he has a quick, self-assured manner; he is pleasant to look upon, and he abundantly satisfies the American love of repartee. In his plays he devises situations where he can indulge in this repartee to the full; and because he tosses back his ready answers so smartly and even audaciously the average American takes a whole-souled delight in watching him do it. You enjoy William Collier on the stage exactly as you would in the grill room. He permits you, for $2, temporarily to join the Lambs' Club. That is the secret of his success as an actor.

There is a small group of younger men players on our stage just now who are blessed with ingratiating personalities and sufficient skill to make them effective in the theater who will probably never scale the heights, but whose positions in the regard of the public are assured. John Barrymore is one of them. Coming from a long line of players—his father, especially, having been an actor of brilliant ability—Mr. Barrymore acts almost by second nature. There is none of the bungling amateur about him. Nevertheless, the charm which he most exerts is not that of a carefully wrought and sustained impersonation, but of an ingratiating and fun-loving and physically attractive young man named Jack Barrymore. He is too skilful to oppose himself to the demands of the character; he makes the drama clear, as in "The Fortune Hunter"; but he does not make you forget him for the character. To be successful and popular he does not have to. That toilsome road of the player striving for technique he has short-cut. He has conquered by his charm.

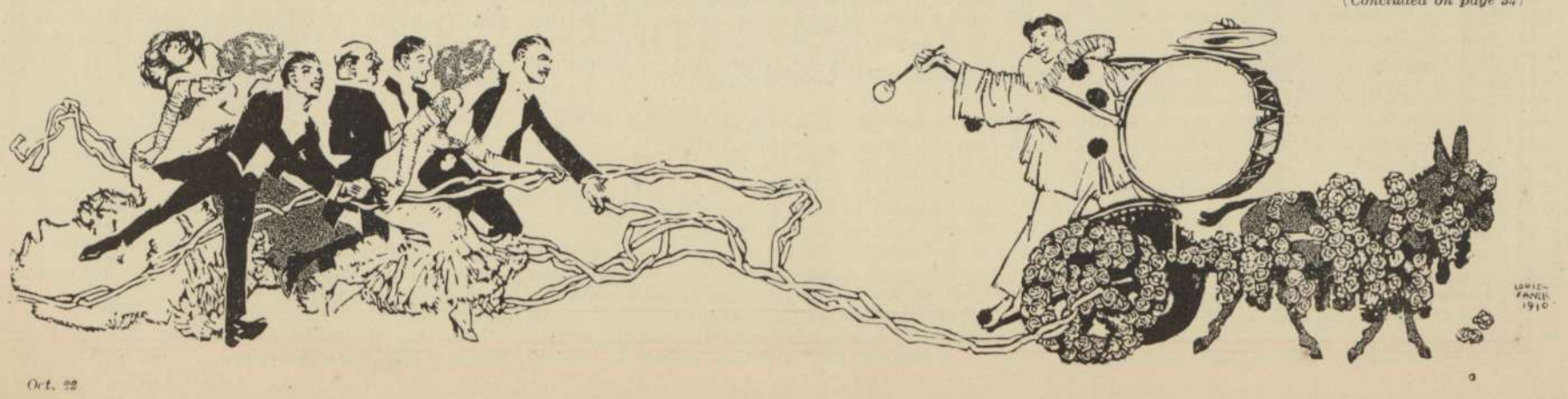
What delightful, gentlemanly heroes Charles Cherry and Bruce McRae always are in a play! They are so unexceptionably the sort of people you would like to meet! They have technical skill, too. Charles Cherry, for instance, can recite lines of stilted exposition so naturally that they sound quite like human speech. If these actors lacked such skill, of course, the public would soon find them out. But is their skill sufficient to account for their added popularity over other leading men? Is it sufficient to enable them to assume other rôles than gentlemanly heroes, and convince us? No, it is their quality of clean and wholesome masculine charm which has placed them so high in popular estimation. They are favored sons.

A Fresh, Attractive Manner

TWO such others, in lesser degree (and less, too, in the element of technical skill) are Douglas Fairbanks of "The Gentleman from Mississippi" and Donald Brian of "The Merry Widow" and "The Dollar Princess." Mr. Fairbanks is young in years and experience; he is very far from an accomplished actor. Yet he has reached a position of prominence on our stage because he possesses what, for a large portion of the public at least, amounts to charm—a breezy, good-humored, unashamed "freshness" of manner. The same manner which has carried him to success on the stage, actually, as a Washington newspaper correspondent or private secretary to a Senator, would perhaps cost him some setbacks. But stage correspondents and stage secretaries are forgiven much, and Mr. Fairbanks goes on his conquering way, one type of the young man we Americans theoretically admire.

Donald Brian, on the other hand, came into promi-

(*Concluded on page 34*)



The Artistic Development *of* Philip Bites

He doubled up with joy, both hands across his wide mouth

Kindling the Dramatic Instinct in an Urchin of the Streets

By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SLOAN

BATES was his name—we found that out afterwards—but 'im being a cockney, we were misled, at first, by his own admission: "Yes, ma'am, Philip Bites," he smiled.

We leaped upon the opportunity—we Americans. "You don't look as though you would, Philip." Obvious stuff, one might say.

And at this he smiled again, not that he understood us, but that the theater and its component parts—scenery, properties, even players—stood for unceasing mirth. The fun might be as intangible as American humor, or as plainly delicious as the slap sticks of the clown, but at any rate when one went to see a plye, one went to laugh. It never occurred to Philip that he was part of the fun, at least it didn't for a while—but this artistic development is my story.

On the day of our first rehearsal, he was conducted through the insignificant door to the gloomy pretentiousness of the London theater by a bearded man, whose profession it was to seek out children playing along the street, and introduce them to the great game of the stage. Many were passed but few were chosen in his amblings through the city; only those whose stunted growth and impoverished appearance bore evidence of their eligibility for the dramatic profession. In England the child actor must be over ten, no matter what his rôle, and there must be dire necessity in the household before the courts allow him to upset social conditions by supporting his family.

The bearded gentleman admitted to me that his heart jumped up into 'is throat when 'e set eyes on Philip. Though ragged he was rosy, though fully of age he was very short, and, crowning gift to all comedians, nature had atoned for his lack of height by a width of smile.

Further investigation proved that Father Bates was a stone-mason—not steady work—none o' that now-a-d'yes—jobs 'ere and there—enough to keep the color in Philip's cheeks for a little while longer, yet not enough to make a pound a week and the child's board anything but a tempting proposition. There was some talk from the bearded man of a governess, a lady who would myke a gentleman of 'im before the year was out, but that was put down as pure guff.

So papers were signed at the police court, and questions put to Philip who didn't have to go unless he wished. But the little boy couldn't say fast enough that he wanted to go. And what child who has ever seen the Christmas pantomime, which had once been Philip's portion, would lose the chance to see a pantomime again! "Again," did I weakly say? It would be more than that—the bearded one had spoken—it would be a week of pantomime, a hundred thousand nights of pantomime, and he, Philip, was to receive money, food, washing, and—what else was it—Oh, yes, a whole governess just for attending these performances. *Would he go!*

THE police officer waxed sentimental. "You'll have to leave your mother, Philip," he reminded.

"Plenty more at 'ome," was the cheerful answer.

In that frame of mind he came to us, and entered our sedate comedy, still smiling although he found no fairies, and still under the impression that he was a spectator. I do not know by what gradual process of reasoning he accommodated himself to the fact that he was now in close relationship with the clowns, and harlequins, and columbines, or how he felt about our wearing different day and night time faces. I suppose the situation soaked in unconsciously as a child learns a language. It seemed no blow to him that the scenery wasn't real, although he found it puzzling.

Once I caught him on the stage before the curtain rose eying the gay front to my cottage stealthily. It was as though he would rather the cottage didn't know that he was looking. After a minute of this he suddenly darted behind it, hoping he could arrive before the interior had cunningly turned itself into mere canvas and backing. But dash back and forth as he would, he could never see the front and the rear at the same time.

With the adaptability of his confrères even this mock display grew natural to him. The chair behind the canvas door represented the interior of a home good enough for anybody, and, being slightly compensated, it became his custom to run nightly to my dressing-room with the comforting information that "my house was built" when the stage hands had finished setting the scene.

This house of mine served a double purpose during the salad days of Philip's professional career. I could peep out through the window and watch him when he was appearing, quite unconsciously, in the performance ("seeing the plye," he called it) and, when his scene was over, I entertained him "out of his rôle," within my canvas walls.

A backing, which is a twofold screen, was placed behind the window, thoroughly representing to the audience a wall with paper on it, and affording Philip a sort of seclusion. Most little boys do not court seclusion, nor did he save for a space of time. But there came a week when, in those narrow confines, Philip found his Gethsemane. Found it, endured it, survived it, while I tried not to see.

One day the governess reported that he hadn't eaten. She knew the signs as homesickness, she

said, and the disquieting word went round. We had all been homesick in our lives. It is an ailment which forms an early part of the stern early training for the stage. Pennies reached Philip's hand, though knowing the futility of them. He did his little duties; said he wasn't hungry; made no moan.

We talked among ourselves about this sickness which had come so late that the governess had hoped he would not get "it." But there had been much to engage him: the trains; three meals a day; lessons; the governess (who turned out to be a lady, not a cruller, but one was really glad); the glorious play-time at night with the grown-ups, and the romping play-time by day with the older children. Then, it began to pall upon him, for he had not yet learned the Consolation of Art.

THE night following the futile offering of the pennies, I made my exit through the canvas door, and found that he wasn't there to greet me. My red portfolio lay ready, which he always carried from the dressing-room, that, during my wait, I might write 'ome. But he was not by my side askink wot I would sye to 'em.

A sound so small and indescribable that it might be termed the heaviness of the silence, caused my eyes to rest upon him. He was in the far corner of the screen, sitting on the floor, with his face to the wall. There was no word from him, no cry, beyond a long quiet sob which wouldn't down. But the little shoulders heaved continually, rising and falling, rising and falling.

It was the more grim, in that he felt himself securely hidden from us all, yet he was in plain view of the gallery and balcony. Only, the spectators of our merry comedy would never have believed that the amusing little fellow crouching there could be sweating out his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. Occasionally he lifted his hand to his face, and I knew that the rain of tears must be terrible. I cried too—all my make-up off—and waved away those who came to ask. Once I went over and made as if to love him, but he shook himself free. Then, fearful that I was hurt, he caught my dress, although he didn't turn. "It's all right, it's all right," he choked.

I went outside to talk ways and means with the others. There were many stage waits that evening. A picnic was devised which he gently enjoyed, but at night came the fight in his little Garden. On the fourth day he asked the governess to go home, and she had sought to quiet him by the formula which had never failed with all her earlier charges.

"In the far corner of the scene with his face to the wall"

He would be beaten by those at home, beaten if he left and sent his father no more money. "And the God's truth," she had added to me awfully.

To try to dull the terror of that word we filled his day with poor distractions, even his lessons were suspended, but at bedtime he begged that she would send him home—and he would take the beating.

We were mad creatures in the theater when this news came to us. With our natural intoleration for all moderate measures, we decided that one of us should go with him, stay in the house, shield him from punishment, make up the weekly pound among ourselves, "break up the show if necessary" to make Philip Bites himself again.

The manager, a just man, looked at us coldly; the governess asked us to wait. I strode into my canvas shelter, hoping that a sight of Philip would lend me some of his control. He had reached the wiping away stage, the small handkerchief, an implement new to him, was receiving steady employment. It was the period when I dared speak.

"I am sending away money to-night," I whispered to him loudly as I picked up my portfolio.

He came and stood beside me. "Do you send it every week?" he gulped.

"Yes," I answered.

"So do I."

"Then you're a grown-up, like the rest of us. All the grown-ups help. Why, you're a regular man." Tentatively I offered him the straw.

Philip caught the straw. The sweetness of responsibility stole over him. "I keep 'em all alive," he lisped.

I blessed the governess for the wisdom of that line to him. "If that is so, you're more a man than any of the other actors here. All of them help, but you alone 'keep 'em alive,' Philip."

KNEE high, he remained quietly by me while the weight of it settled down upon his little shoulders, never to lift again. But the sobs stopped, he accepted a lime drop, and in a few days the smile came back.

Step by step, he learned the lessons of the stage which must be suffered—and enjoyed. All but himself he learned, himself and the player's relation to his work. At the first rehearsal he had nearly split his little sides over the antics of the older children in the play. He esteemed it a privilege to be allowed to run upon the stage with them, and asked each day if he could go with them again. To be sure he was surprised when Sarah tipped the bench over every time they met upon the stage, but it was a good game and very funny. When the first night came, he was not nervous to find that there were people on both sides of the footlights—on the side where he had been when he had seen the panto.

In the first place the newcomers laughed as hard as he did, and somehow the older children with him didn't laugh when Sarah tipped the bench up. They p'tended they were angry. Philip looked out in a friendly way when he heard the first quick roar, and, knowing little boys must not be noisy before their betters, he put his hand over his mouth and endeavored to still his own shrill crowing. Those others across the footlights laughed all the louder. Why should they not, thought Philip, could anything be funnier than Sarah tipping up the bench! He walked down to the proscenium, now doubled up with joy, both hands across his wide mouth. The house, all eyes upon him, rocked with contagious mirth. The stage hands and the actors clustered

(Continued on page 30)

My Wife's Good Enough for Me

A Song You Haven't Heard in Vaudeville—By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Illustrated by
MAY WILSON PRESTON

NOW, there was a man, a married man, with all that the term implies,
And there was a maid, a vaudeville maid, with the goo-goo in her eyes.
By chance they met and the maiden said: "I've nothing just now to do,
So, if you don't mind, I am rather inclined just to fall in love with you."
But the married man wig-wagged his head, and said with a smothered yawn:
"I'm sorry, indeed, to see you go, I'm sorry you're almost gone.
You are *chic* and bright and you're very all right, as far as I can see;
But, I'm sorry to say, I'm not going your way, for my wife looks good to me!"

CHORUS. (Sung with almost incredible sincerity.)

Really, my wife's good enough for me—for me!
Really, my wife's good enough for me.
Strange as it may seem to you;
Though it be a scream to you,
Really, my wife's good enough for me-ee-ee-ee-ee.
I don't care for Merry Wids,
I've no use for oh-you-kids,
For really my wife, yes, my wife, really, my wife is good enough for me!

NOW all the moralities this maid knew she had learned on the modern stage,
Where the problem play and the Frenchified farce and the vaudeville heathen rage;
And the rule of three she had figured to be the rule of the social life,
And she never had heard of a married man who thought very much of his wife.
So when that married man spoke those words, they had to put her in hock
In the Entomological Institute, for her mind couldn't stand the shock,
And the words of that wretched married man, which destroyed her reason's rule,
You may hear her tell from her padded cell; you may hear her drivel and drool:

CHORUS. (Sung with almost impossible melancholy.)

"Really, my wife's good enough for me—for me!
Really, my wife's good enough for me."
Horrible and strange to her,
These words brought this change to her:
"Really, my wife's good enough for me-ee-ee-ee-ee!"
These the words which thus betrayed
This poor, simple vaudeville maid:
"Really, my wife, yes, my wife, really, my wife is good enough for me!"

"They had to put her in hock"

The Art of "Getting It Over"

The Most Elusive and Essential Element in the Acting of a Play

By CHANNING POLLOCK

John Drew

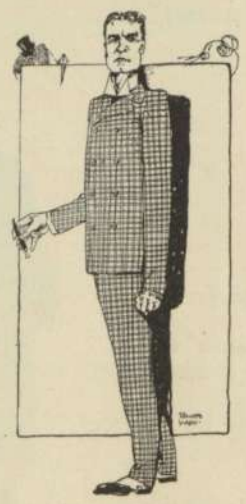
EVEN in a dictionary of slang, inquisitive reader, you will not find the phrase, "getting it over." "Art has its own language," and the language of dramatic art sometimes is fearful and wonderful to contemplate. In this particular idiom, "it" stands for an impression or expression, and the precise boundary that the impression or expression "gets over" is the footlights. Do I make myself clear? As to the art of "getting it over," that is a thing about which no two people are likely to agree. When, on the first night of F. Ziegfeld's "Follies of 1910," a lady named Lillian Lorraine, ensconced in a swing and two gorgeous silk stockings, was projected into the tobacco smoke above the third row of orchestra seats, a great many star-gazers united in the idea that her manager had solved the problem.

Paul Potter's comedy, "The Honor of the Family," was a melancholy failure at 8.40 o'clock on the evening of its première in the Hudson Theater. At 8.42 Otis Skinner, in the character of Colonel Philippe Bridau, his aggressive high hat tilted at an insolent angle, his arrogant cane poking defiance, had walked past a window in the flat, and the piece was a success. Without speaking a word, without doing the least thing pertinent to the play, Mr. Skinner had reached out into the auditorium and gripped the interest of sixteen hundred bored spectators. This is so fine a demonstration of the thesis that my article really should be advertised as "with an illustration by Otis Skinner."

The Material Thought

"IN THAT instant," the rescuer said afterward, "I knew I had them." Any actor would have known. "Getting it over," vague as the phrase may be to a layman, is almost a physical experience to the man or woman who accomplishes it. The thought sent out seems as material a thing as a handball, "and," once remarked Richard Mansfield, "I can see it go smashing past the footlights and into the brains of my auditors, or striking an invisible wall across the proscenium arch and bouncing back to the stage."

The ability to send the thought smashing is surprisingly separate from the art of acting. Many schooled and skilled performers, whose names are omitted from this chronicle because I don't want to swell the waiting list of my enemies, have never got into an auditorium without coming through the door back of the boxes. Knowledge may be power, but it isn't propulsion. Nothing is more brainless than a mustard plaster, yet it draws. George W. Lewes wrote several illuminative works on histrionism, and we have the word of A. B. Walkley that his Shylock made tender-hearted persons glad that Shakespeare died in the seventeenth century.



William Gillette

On the other hand, there are mediocre mimes who possess the faculty of establishing immediate communication with an audience. All of us have applauded the chorus girl who, while endeavoring conscientiously to put her best foot forward at the exact moment and in the precise manner that thirty other best feet advanced, has scored a distinct individual success. A young woman did that on the first night of Peter Dailey's "The Press Agent" at the Hackett. She was fined $5 for it, but another chorister, whose name is Elsie Ferguson and who attracted attention in "The Girl From Kay's," is starring this year under direction of Henry B. Harris.

Call it art, truth, intelligence, personality, magnetism, telepathy, hypnotism—Edwin Stevens, in a recent interview, called it hypnotism—or the *wanderlust* of a personally-conducted aura, the fact remains that there is a something by which some actors, without visible effort, convey a distinct and emphatic impression. We have seen John Drew step upon the stage, and, even while the applause lingered over his entrance, shed a sense of elegance, manner and mastery. We have responded to the charm of John Barrymore and A. E. Matthews before they opened their mouths to speak. We have absorbed the radiance of May Irwin's good humor, we have felt unbidden the piquancy of Marie Tempest, we have laughed at a look from Bert Williams, and we have been awed when William Gillette, walking on as though there were nothing in the wind, has portentously and with sinister purpose flicked the ashes from the tip of his cigar.

Gripping the Audience

NO, friends and fellow dramatic critics, this is not acting. The art and experience of acting may go into it, but acting can not be held to account for what happens before a man begins to act. The curtain rising on the second act of "Such a Little Queen" discloses two girls, a telephone operator and a stenographer, chatting obliviously while a clerk, at the other end of the office, robs the mail. It is important that the robbery should register, else much that follows can not be understood. For a long time, when we were rehearsing, it seemed impossible to get this theft over the footlights. The girls were pretty, their dialogue was breezy, and, for catching the mind, a word in the mouth is worth two conveyed by pantomime. Our clerk, a capable enough young fellow, simply could not get the attention of the audience. After he had failed to do so at several trial performances, Frank Keenan, who was staging the play, mounted the rostrum and took his place. Mr. Keenan did exactly what had been done by his predecessor. His movements, like the other man's, were according to the book; his facial expression was the same, and, of course, he did not speak. But he held us: Heavens, how he held us! Every eye was on him the instant the curtain lifted, and, for all the notice they got, the girls might as well have been painted on the proscenium arch. Even after that, the original couldn't do it. While he was robbing the mails, we had to rob the females of every distracting line of dialogue. Wherever Frank Keenan sits is the center of the stage.

John Barrymore

If you ask me—and we'll assume that you *have* asked me—what is responsible for this sort of an achievement, I shall answer "self." I don't mean personality. I mean that, whether he wishes it or not, what "gets over" isn't so often what a man thinks or desires, but what he *is*. The same thing is true of painters and sculptors and novelists—"For," said Walter Bagehot, "we know that authors don't keep tame steam engines to write their books"—and how much more likely is it to be true of the artist who is himself the expression of his art. In the footlight trough of a burlesque theater in the Bowery, invisible to the audience but staring the performers in the face, is the legend: "Smile, ladies, smile!" Yet these ladies, thus perpetually reminded, never spread the contagion of merriment and good humor for which a Puritan community would have quarantined Blanche Ring. Don't tell me Miss Ring is an artist. She isn't, but she's jolly!

The Importance of Character in the Actor

THE board of governors, or the house committee, or whatever it is that directs the destinies of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau isn't far wrong, if, as is reported, it insists upon purity in its Madonna and beneficence in its Man of Sorrows. Imagine a woman of notoriously evil life, or even of evil life that wasn't notorious, impersonating Sister Beatrice in the marvelous miracle play of Maeterlinck's. A gentleman who had driven four wives—tandem—to death or the divorce court would have been an offense as Manson in "The Servant in the House." Mr. Forbes-Robertson is an admirable artist, but it was his spirituality, his asceticism that "got over" in his delightful portrayal of The Third Floor Back. Contrarily it isn't the frankness of lines, verbal or anatomical, that makes the difference between a musical comedy and a salacious "girl show." It's the intention; the character of producer and produced.

"Robert Loraine isn't a good actor," William A. Brady said to me once, "but he's sure to be a popular star, because of the vigor, the virility, the fresh young manhood, the breath of out-doors that he sends over the footlights." Consider the lilies in the cheeks of Billie Burke, and then, if you can tear yourself away from that floricultural exhibition, consider the box-office value of the youth that spills itself from the lips of Wallace Eddinger and Douglas Fairbanks. All the genius of Mrs. Fiske couldn't make an audience believe in her motherhood in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch"—"I wouldn't trust her with a baby of mine," whispered a woman in the first-night audience at the Manhattan—but how we felt the maternalism of Jennie Eustace in "The Witching Hour," and, in another way, of Jessie Millward in "The Hypocrites." Hedwig Reicher is a capital actress, but she is also a self-reliant woman, and her skill couldn't win sympathy for her supposed helplessness in "The Next of Kin."

Two years ago I was trying terribly to make prospective audiences sense the pitiful plight of poor little Anna Victoria in "Such a Little Queen." I wrote a dozen lines as to the discomfort of starvation, the inconvenience of being put into the street. They were things that a woman might say under the circumstances, I thought, and then I remembered that, when I came to New York with nothing but my "cheek" and two dollars in money, I used to look out of the windows—the window—of my top-story room and think: "In all this great city there isn't a human being who cares whether I live or die." These very words I put into the mouth of Anna Victoria, and, of all my fine speeches, that was the only one that really "got over."

Being, Feeling, Believing

IT "GOT OVER" because it was true, and because, whatever else truth may be—has any one ever satisfactorily answered Pontius Pilate?—it is the best bullet one can shoot across the footlights. Vicarious experience sometimes does the trick, but only for persons of highly developed mimetic faculty. I remember a woman in a play who was supposed to receive her death blow with an "Oh, my God!" She was particularly requested not to scream it, or to groan it, or to do anything else conventional with it. It was to be a helpless "Oh, my God!" a hopeless "Oh, my God!" an "Oh, my God!" that sounded like the thud of a hammer at the heart. One night she got the tone. "How?" we asked. "I heard a woman say it in the street. An ambulance surgeon had told her her baby was dead."

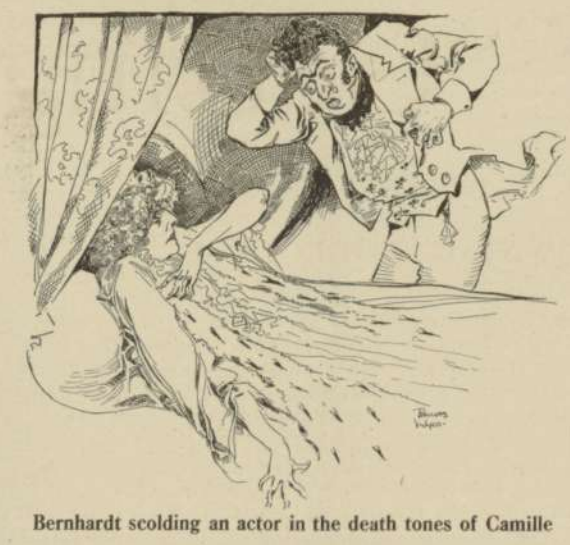
The first principle of "getting it over," then, is being, feeling, believing. It is a principle that draws interest. Believing is very important. Do you think John Mason could have held his audience through the episode under the electrolier in "The Witching Hour" if he hadn't believed in it? I don't. Perriton Carlyle, in "The Little Gray Lady," made a mistake. It was a bad mistake, composed chiefly of a hundred dollars that didn't belong to him. I never knew any one in my life who hadn't stolen something sometime, and many of my friends are pretty respectable now. I believed that Carlyle's foot had slipped, and that, in spite of the accident, he might walk straight the rest of his days. I couldn't get an actor to believe it. Edgar Selwyn didn't, and Eugene Ormonde didn't, and, while they played the part, nobody did. John Albaugh, Jr., an actor inferior to both of them, felt sure of the inherent goodness of Carlyle, and so made possible the success of a piece that could not have succeeded without universal sympathy for its hero.

Hedwig Reicher

Well, we've ridden a long way astride of a hobby. Let's get back, and admit that we like sugar on our strawberries, which is to say art with our nature. For, after all, a generous admixture of skill is required in the expression of instinct, just as the peach-bloomiest complexion, displayed in the high

light of the theater, must have rouge upon it to seem what it really is. Every stage manager knows the genuine society girl who is engaged to lend verisimilitude to a drawing-room drama, and who, at rehearsals, regards her teacup as though it were some strange and savage animal.

Edwin Booth's Othello was the triumph of an artist. He made audiences forget that his embodiment of the Moor was a thin-chested, undersized student of sensitive face and dreamy eyes. Charles Kean's first appearance in London was as Macbeth, and his Lady Macbeth, a great woman in both senses of the word, refused to play opposite a leading man who "looked like a half-grown boy." Afterward, she swore that he grew during the performance. Salvini drawing tears from an audience ignorant of his tongue by counting from one to an hundred; Bernhardt scolding an actor in the death tones of Camille; Margaret Anglin repeating "Poor little ice-cream soda" until her hearers broke down sobbing—these are examples of pure artistry, of "getting over" impressions without even a thought behind them. No one who knows the first thing about the theater can underrate, be it never so slightly, the



Bernhardt scolding an actor in the death tones of Camille

value of training, of experience; the effectiveness of carefully-thought-out "business," of inflection, of nuance, of pitch, of rhythm, of all the things that require years of study, labor, and perseverance.

Tully Marshall, whose Hannock in "The City" was the finest, and seemed the most inspired, acting of last season, tells me that he worked out, almost mechanically, every thrill in his big scene at the end of Act III. Mr. Marshall made so convincing the degeneracy, the besottedness of the character that I have heard laymen insist he must be a drug fiend. Yet this actor knows exactly how he produced his effects. Ethel Barrymore, on the other hand, knew only that she had striven for years, and had never quite felt herself "go smashing past the footlights and into the brains of her auditors."

Then, on the first night in New York of John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," when, as Mrs. Jones, charwoman, she stepped down from the witness stand, silent, but thinking with all the force that was in her of the wretched, squalid home to which she was returning alone, and the curtain fell between her and the vast stillness of the awed audience, she knew that at last she had "got it over."

"And, oh!" says Ethel Barrymore, "I found the knowledge sweet."

"Gustibus"

The Story of a Country Editor, a Railroad, and a Vaudeville Comedienne

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

JIM HANDS, the foreman of the upper leather room, rolled a sticky piece of tobacco around between his hardened hands, vainly endeavoring to separate it into particles with which he might fill his much-caked pipe.

"You didn't know I was a publisher?" he said, throwing the stubborn roll out the factory window. "I was a stockholder in a publishin' company anyhow. It was the Imperial Press and Printin' Company. You never heard the name, but you know the newspaper. It's the Marden County 'Argus,' right here in this little factory town. It had a printin'-press with the hip disease or something like that, eight shelves of old advertisin' cuts, a stack of cardboard, an' an inch an' a half of gray, mossy-looking dust over everythin', an' over the files of the paper in particular.

"Old Edward Knowles was the editor an' I guess about the sole asset. He had got a kind of a pursy look to his mouth from blowin' dust off things. I don't know how old he was, but he could sit on a box an' blink his old eyes at the dirty ceilin' an' talk kind of personal about the election of Lincoln, though he was a journeyman printer then, an' tell what the platforms an' majorities were fer every year, I don't know how far back. An' then he'd go down to the station with his big trousers flappin' on his little legs to see who come in on the train an' maybe get a couple of items, as he always called 'em, fer the Local News and Personal Mention.

"Somehow I never think of the old man without thinkin' of Mazie Marcon an' her smile an' her high heel shoes an' her yeller hair. It's that easy to be fooled about people! An' it come to me as I was goin' down from the noon meal at home to-day, how I got into the scrape with them two myself.

"I remember well enough what a time I had waitin' fer my money. I'd sold the old man a lot of land up on Maple Street fer two hundred an' fifty dollars, an' he paid me along two or three dollars at a time an' then wait an' then fifty cents. You know there's some folks ain't got enough money sense to buy a nickel cigar an' come away with the right change. They ain't to blame an' I couldn't take the land away from him. I couldn't find the courage. The old man had built a cottage on it an' he an' his old lady lived there an' liked to sit on the steps evenin's in summer an' bow to folks, an' in a case like that I guess I ain't got a lot of money sense either, mortgage or no mortgage.

"HE SAYS to me: 'Jim, I'll tell you the truth. I never had subscribers so hard to collect from as this fall,' he says. 'They've never been so complimentary about the paper before,' he says, 'an' that's a bad sign sure,' says he. 'I took twenty of 'em out on the Camden Road fer potatoes an' wood, an' even them is slow. You know I'd like to pay you, but somehow I guess you better take a couple of thousand shares of stock in the Imperial Company,' he says. 'I own the whole thing now,' he says, 'an' never did understand much about corporation finance anyhow, though enough to know how bad Joe Burton rolled me out when I bought the company.'

"'How much is a share worth?' I says.

"'I'll tell you the truth, Jim,' says he, 'I don't know. I never give it no study like I give the railroad company's figures. I got my suspicions,' he says, 'an' I've had 'em fer twenty years,' he says, 'but I ain't done nothin' to confirm 'em, fer the paper is an old friend, an' I love it an' I ain't goin' to do nothin' to reflect on it no way.'

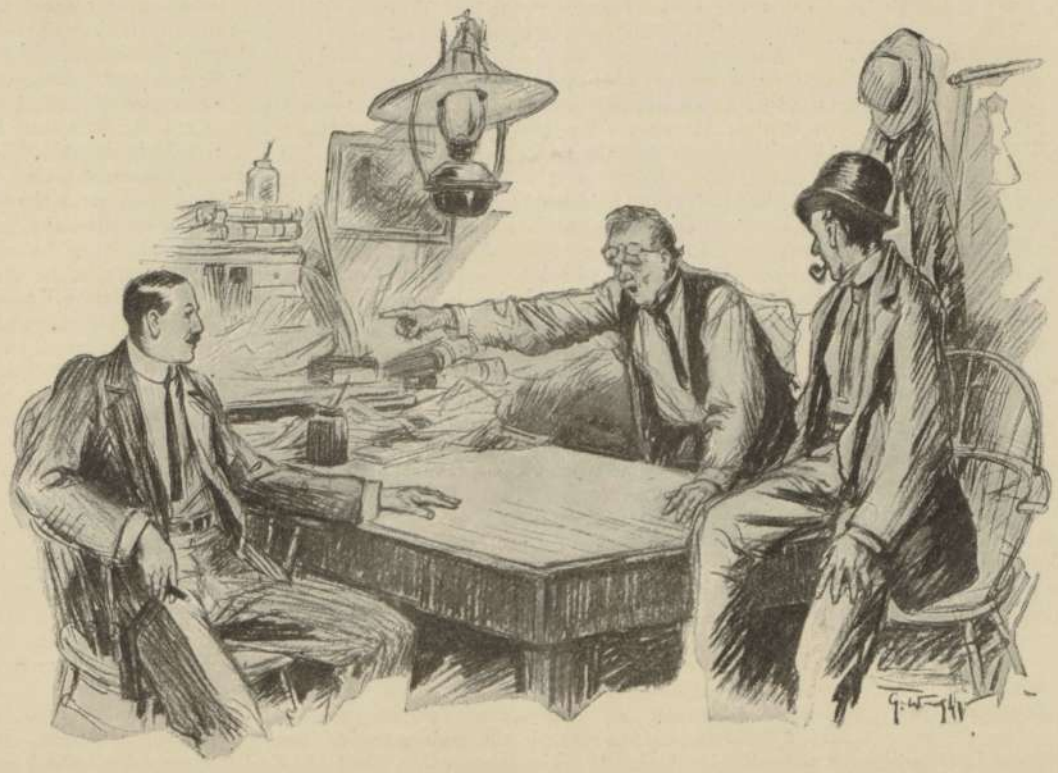
"Well, of course, I had to laugh. It was worth standin' a loss to see the wrinkles on the old man's face an' his fingers scratchin' in his gray hair, an' find an honest feller like him, who meant to pay his bills an' almost never got around to it.

"YOU know how them things work in yer mind. Why, I thought of fifty things in a minute. I remembered how my Annie had noticed a picture of the old man's son hangin' over his desk in the printin' shop—a picture of a young feller with a big tie an' a sheepish smile an' hair all brushed up an' greased maybe. An' how she'd found out that the boy was drownded when he was twenty-one. An' I remembered them editorials I'd read in the 'Argus' sometimes. They had a lot of long words, but even some of the men at the factory read 'em an' would say: 'That's right!' or 'That's goin' some!' or 'That's slingin' the words all right!' An' I thinks to myself how the old man was always writin' hardest fer the under dog an' how he must have put himself to it. There was sweat in them editorials—especially when he was writin' about some man in town who'd died. It didn't make any difference who, either. You could see that the old man felt as if every feller who died had been just as straight an' good an' smart as the greatest man that ever lived. An' he'd make you half believe it too, even if it was a feller like Dave Pierson.

"SO, as I say, I looked at old Ed an' remembered how he used to talk about the power of the press, as he called it, an' the sphere of a writer's influence an' the like of that an' go without a summer suit of clothes just so's he could see his way clear to buy a new set of type which he never paid fer. So I come to the conclusion that I'd take the stock, an' even if the 'Argus' weren't a money-maker there'd be some satisfaction bein' connected with a 'molder of public opinion,' as old Knowles used to say. An' that was the way I got into it.

"There was a lot of guyin' here at the factory when the boys found it out. 'Don't ferget the Sunday edition with the colored pictures,' says Ben, an' Nellie Conroy in the stichin' room was always stoppin' me to say: 'Mr. Hands, I hear ye have a new correspondent at Turner's Four Corners where the saw-mill is closed down,' or maybe Joe Bent, who's boss of the packin'-room an' mean as burnt rubber, would yell at me: 'They say you've got a new subscriber, Jim. That ought to double yer advertisin' rates, old man,' an' the like of that.

"But I didn't care. The old man was happy an' the paper was comin' out and had a circulation of seven or eight hundred or somethin' around there, an' the folks that got it in an' around this muddy little factory town used to read it right through, includin' cards of thanks an' 'in memorium' notices an' the plate matter inside that come from Chicago all set up with blurred pictures an' the medicine testimonials an' the stories written by women with names like actresses. An' they read the 'Personal Mention' first an' old Knowles's editorials afterward, an' they bowed to him a little lower than they would to most folks because he seemed to know somethin' about almost everythin', an' say it was very profound at that.



"You're bought by somebody—I ain't bought by nobody," he says, shaking his finger

"I REMEMBER it was along about the end of the summer that the 'Argus' came near sudden death. It must have been four years ago come this September, for that was the year my little Mike got dogwood poison an' they had the big election an' row over the railroad in this State. We expect to be gettin' cool weather up in the hills here by that time, an' usually the frost has turned them maples over there across the river fifty-seven dif-

ferent colors, an' there's a kind of snap in the air that gets into the balls of yer feet. But that year it was hot. I can just see the heat risin' off them railroad tracks! The time I speak of was Saturday afternoon, an' you could hear 'em cheerin' up at the field where our boys was playin' the team of college fellers from a camp over at the lake.

"I FERGOT to tell yer that I'd bought a chair from a mail-order house. It was one my Annie had picked out from a catalogue, an' we was waitin' fer it an' wonderin' how well it would be made an' how it was goin' to look in our sittin'-room, an' havin' all them feelin's about ownin' somethin' new that I sometimes think them who is rich don't know anythin' about. I'd gone down to the station to see if it had come on the noon freight, an' bein' as it was late an' the four-ten train comin' up from the Junction 'most due, I met old Knowles, tightenin' up his old blue necktie, as he always did whenever he was goin' to speak to strangers or meet a train fer 'items.'

"He had a way when anythin' was on his mind of never sayin': 'How are yer?' or nothin', but just walkin' up to yer an' lookin' at yer from under them gray, bushy eyebrows an' then firin' off almost like a gun. An' that day he walks up, moppin' his forehead with a big silk handkerchief, an' he hauls a folded paper out of his pocket from among the bunch of bills an' receipts an' fire-alarm cards an' advertising copy, an' he shook it out an' says: 'There! I've got somethin' to say in the paper that comes out to-day about that!'

"'WHAT'S the matter?' I says. 'It ain't anythin' but a poster fer a theatrical troupe,' I says, grinnin'. 'An',' I says, pointin' with my finger, 'it says the Mazie Marcon Company presents Mazie Marcon, the Kohinoor Soubrette, together with eight high-class acts, includin' the New York Comedy Four in the screamin' farce, "The Door with the Keyhole." An' here's a picture of Mazie herself, lookin' happy an' well set up, if I do say it. Ain't it proper,' I says, 'considerin' the age we live in?' I says.

"'It's proper enough,' he says. 'That ain't what I'm talkin' about. But these shows come here to town an' they ain't any good an' they pervert the people's taste an' haven't got any dramatic merit. Now I can remember seein' Booth—an' anyhow I saw this Marcon show down at the Junction when I went last Wednesday. It's awful poor. A woman like that ought to be ashamed. Her voice is awful. She ain't so graceful a dancer as Jenny Wilder, who sorts the mail at the post-office, an' Jenny's the worst I ever see to step on men's feet an' wrestle with wall chairs or tip over the lemonade. We're moldin' public opinion,' he says. 'An' the power of the press ain't got the backbone of a tomato worm,' he says, 'if it can't speak out what I think. So I've wrote an editorial an' told our people what they're gettin'. I've run it right under a red-hot one about the way the M. U. and R. Railroad is tryin' to own this State an' corrupt our representative form of republican government,' he says. 'We'll have a great issue this time!' he says. 'It'll be out in half an hour,' he says, 'in time to catch the R. F. D.,' and with that he pulled out one of them slips he called galley proof. 'I always write best under pressure,' he says. 'Read that!'

"WELL, I oughter remember that editorial from beginnin' to end, hide, hair, an' shoe leather. It's funny how little things will raise a big stew that you never expect. But I can't think of it all just as it was written. It said that there was plenty of reasons why people ought not to go to these cheap one-night stand shows, but the chief of all was that it lowered the standard of the drama, an' if any proof was wantin' of the fact, all yer had to do was to go to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' an' see how it was growin' poorer an' poorer every year. An' then it sailed off an' turned a couple of big circles like a hawk an' then it dived down onto Mazie Marcon. An' them words I remember as plain as if I had 'em before me. I've learned 'em since.

"'Let's see. 'The pièce de résistance of this grotesque aggregation,' it says, 'which for the foolish mortals whose vapid tastes are so whetted by tawdry posters that they would pay out their inheritance for tickets (which are not freshly printed, but used over an' over again, carryin' germs of disease from hand to hand—nay, from city to city) is Miss Marcon'—it starts, or somethin' like that. 'We are well informed,' it says, 'that dramatic criticism is not libel or actionable at the bar of justice, but even were it so, we would not hesitate to say that we would hate to have been hangin' since Miss Marcon come of age. Her claims to art,' it says, 'are as false as her multitudinous an' poorly concealed aids to beauty. The modest peacock, who never advanced a boast of sweet voice, produces by comparison with this songstress a heavenly melody, and the dancin' which attends the outburst resembles the antics a hen makes dancin' on asphalt when it's soft, sticky, an' maybe hot. Of course, some may like to see this. We don't! We never attend such exhibitions. *De gustibus non est disputandum!*' it says.

"'I thought you said you seen the show,' I says.

"You could see the wet places in the corner of her eyes, an' in the calcium light they was just like them glass diamonds"

"'Oh,' he says, 'twas only as a dramatic critic,' he says.

"'An' are you goin' to show this to the lady when the train comes in?' says I, hearin' the engine whistle at the covered bridge. An' with that a funny smile come onto his face, an' he says: 'No,' he says. 'But it's not because I'm discreet or cautious or nothin',' he says. 'To tell yer the whole truth, Jim,' he says, 'I'm sorry that editorial is in the "Argus." Maybe she's bold. Maybe she's bleached her hair. Maybe all I've said is true. But the "Argus" hasn't never attacked the gentle sex before, whether they were gentle or not,' he says. 'I guess I must have been inspired,' he says. 'Inspiration is the big danger in bein' literary,' says he.

"AN' YET when I first set eyes on Mazie, as she got down from the train, I didn't think he'd done her any injustice or nothin'. You could tell she was leader. The other members of the troupe seemed like last year's bird-nests, but she looked like one of them lace valentines. She had a dress covered with ribbons an' this an' that an' a pink umbrella an' a smile that was fixed like the look on the face of one of them bold figures in the window of a department store. Her expression was kinder hard, I thought. An', as I say, she had that faded daisy appearance. I thought there wouldn't be no sympathy lost between me an' her, unless she lost it. An' that goes to show how much you can tell.

"I suppose I'd noticed more about her if it hadn't been fer a feller that got off the smoker. Sometimes I think the way things is fixed in this world is like it is on a real stage, with somebody you don't see thinkin' up them plots an' makin' us jump through the hoops or anythin' that comes into the plot-feller's head, though I'd not like to have yer tell Father Ryan I said so.

"This new feller weren't no ordinary specimen to get off the train at this town. If the Old Boss hadn't left the factory fer a trip to Europe with the missis an' his youngest daughter, I'd have thought it was somebody come up to see him. You know how it is—this feller was maybe thirty-five or forty, an' his hair was brushed just so an' a little gray at the corners, an' he had a kind expression, an' his clothes weren't flashy none, but they fitted him good-natured, an' his travelin' bag was the kind that cost money. You've seen them mustaches cropped off—he had one of them. Nobody knew him either. Old Ed Knowles asked everybody at the station. He was crazy fer an 'item.'

"'WELL,' says the old man at last. 'I guess I've got to give it up. He certainly looks like a Congressman, an' I ain't sure I ain't done him an injustice even then. He's goin' to the Phenix Hotel anyhow. This is vegetable hash an' batter cakes night there,' he says. 'I'd have a good mind to eat there an' set at his table. The only trouble is that I have to go to the shop to-night an' knock down the forms,' he says. Little he knew what was in the air when he said it.

"I didn't know myself, of course. I didn't know when I came down onto Main Street after supper. I remember the stores were all lit up an' a new display in the window of the New York Emporium, an' wagons in from the country drawn by horses with their heads bowed down, an' thunder soundin' off in the hills up the valley, an' boys shoutin' an' people sayin': 'Ain't it hot?' to each other, an' the fans goin' in the ceilin' of the barber shop. I remember that night.

"AN' I SEEN a light in the shop of the Imperial Press an' Printin' Company an' so I dropped in. I had a sort of sense of ownership on account of them two thousand shares of stock. If you've ever been in there you know there's an outer office—a kind of waitin'-room with an old station bench in it an' a round stove that hasn't known a fire since anybody can remember, an' colored pictures of steamboats with advertisin' frames. Then there's a thin partition of wood an' a door. Well, the door goes into what old Ed used to call his Sanctum. There's an old brass lamp that hangs down from a beam over the table an' a steel engravin' of Abraham Lincoln an' a desk with Agricultural Reports on the top, an' papers piled on it so's nobody could ever write there without usin' a rake an' a shovel first. An' when I opened the door there sat the slick-lookin' feller with the cropped mustache that we saw get off the train.

"The minute he heard the door he got up as if he'd been caught shakin' money out of a child's bank, an' he looked at me, sizin' me up in his sharp-eyed way.

"'Jim,' says old Ed, 'come right in,' he says. 'You own a part of this paper, an' there ain't any reason why you shouldn't sit down. This gentleman is Mr. Paul R. Otis, an' he represents the M. & U. Railroad,' he says.

"Before I could say a word the feller's face bust into a smile. He seemed to have sized me up as if I weren't nothin' to be afraid of. An' he stuck out a warm fist an' was very hearty.

"'Yes, yes,' he says finally. 'This is very pleasant. An' I suppose I ought to explain to you, Mr. Hands, that I'm in a sort of confidential capacity an' act for the management of the road in a general way. Yes, yes,' he says, fer it seemed to be a habit with him when he was tryin' to be agreeable. 'Yes, yes,' he says, 'I come up to this town especially to see the owner of the "Argus" an' Mr. Knowles, the able editor of the paper.'

"ED KINDER SMILED at that. He was pleased. 'Why, we don't have a very large circulation,' he says.

"'No?' says Otis, pluckin' at his mustache. 'But apparently the little paper has some influence—a great deal of influence. An' the political situation is such that we are especially anxious that no mistake be made in sendin' the right representative from this district. These editorials I've been readin' in the "Argus" are pretty severe,' he says, an' touched all the finger-tips of one hand with all those of the other. 'Yes, yes,' he says, 'I know that there

(Continued on page 35)

The Simplest Form of Dramatic Entertainment

Punch and Judy shows are no doubt of the earliest form of theatrical display. In Europe they know how to do these things much better than we in America; Paris, in her Champs Elysées, has a dozen or more of these puppet theaters, some of which might almost be called pretentious. They are in the open, under the park trees, with rows of seats and benches in front to accommodate the little folk who pay a penny or two to witness the comedy of Pierrot or the tragedy of Punch. Stretching across this page at the top are the "dramatis personae" of the little plays which are given again and again every day. Below are pictures of the workshop where the dolls are made, and of the interior of the theater showing how the puppets are managed. The other photographs serve to reflect the interest and delight which these simple performances invariably afford to their juvenile audiences

"The Blue Bird" and Other Plays

The New Theater Opens its Second Season with Maeterlinck's Fantasy

By ARTHUR RUHL

Mytyl and Tyltyl

MAETERLINCK'S "The Blue Bird" was first produced in Russia, played all last year with enormous success in London, and it now appears for the first time in this country at the New Theater. It is a play about two little children, written for grown-ups, a fairy play; and yet those unacquainted with it—and to such naturally these remarks are principally addressed—might readily, from such a description, mistake its quality and fail to suspect its full charm.

For although its underlying thought is mature and even opens mystical vistas which there is no opportunity to explore here, it might all be told, like Puss in Boots, to the wood-cutter's little children, Mytyl and Tyltyl, in front of the fire on a winter's night. And, although a fairy play, it is packed with wisdom and tender humor, and through its shimmering substance is always felt the tang of simple, sane, every-day things. It is these, indeed, of which it is made—love of parents and children, the relations between people and the domestic animals and things, all the sane, sweet stuff with which the Western world has built up its idea of home.

The Story of the Play

MYTYL and Tyltyl are sound asleep in their beds when the Fairy Berylune comes to ask them if they have the bird that is blue. Her own little girl is ill—nobody knows quite what the matter is except that she wants to be happy—and she must have the blue bird. The children have a bird, but the Fairy, after putting on her glasses and examining it carefully, decides that it isn't nearly blue enough. She can't go off in search of one because she has left the soup on the fire, and naturally there is nothing for the children to do but get dressed and start at once.

So Berylune gives Tyltyl the little green cap with the diamond on top of it, which you have but to turn in different ways to see the past and the future and the souls of things. Tyltyl turns the diamond and at once everything changes. The little brown bread loaves jump out of their pans; Light, a beautiful lady, comes out of the lamp; the clock winks and opens and the lovely Hours, hand in hand, dance into the room. Fire, Water, Milk, all take their proper shapes, and Tylo, the Dog, is able at last to speak.

Sugar

"My little god!" he barks, jumping round and bumping against everybody. "Good morning, good morning, my dear little god! . . . At last, at last, we can talk! . . . I had so much to tell you! Bark and wag my tail as I might, you never understood! . . . But now! Good morning, good morning! I love you!" . . .

Throughout the children's adventures he is their guardian and friend. "There is Man, and that's all!" he says later on. "We have to obey him and do as he tells us! That is the one and only fact! . . . Reasons? . . . There are no reasons! I love Man, and that's enough! . . . If you do anything against him I will throttle you first and I will go and tell him everything." . . .

The Bird That Couldn't Be Caged

THE Cat, who goes up and shakes hands with the little girl with much ceremony, is a very different sort—treacherous, a shifty egotist, flattering whoever can help him, but in his heart walking "by his wild lone," as Kipling said. Bread is a fat old fellow, solid, platitudinous, and terribly afraid of anything dangerous and strange—anything from a cinnamon bun, if you will, to a reactionary Republican. Accompanied by these, by simpering, sanctimonious Sugar, by Milk, Water, Fire, and Light, the children start out to find the Blue Bird of Happiness.

The Dog, and Light

They go to the Land of Memory to visit their grandparents, whom the children supposed had been dead many years, but as the Fairy asked: "How can they be dead when they live in your memory? The dead who are remembered live as happily as though they were not dead." And so, indeed, the children find, and they have a fine time with Grandpa and Grandma Tyl and their little brothers and sisters who had disappeared from the earth. They think they have found the Blue Bird, too, but no sooner have they said good-by and left Memory Land than the bird turns black again.

Then they visit the wonderful Palace of Night, where, behind somber bronze doors are kept all the ghosts (not allowed out very often nowadays, and bored since man ceased to take them seriously); and all the sicknesses (unhappy and discouraged, except lively little Cold-in-the-Head, with doctors so unkind to them); all the glowworms, dews, nightingale songs, and evening perfumes; and, behind the biggest doors, a beautiful dream-garden, bathed in moonlight, and so full of blue birds that they seem almost its azure atmosphere. The children fill their hands with them, but no sooner have they left the garden and met Light again than they find the blue birds dead.

Bread

They visit the Kingdom of the Future, where all the children not yet born wait for Time to open the great opalescent doors and take them down to earth. Each must bring something before he can pass, even though it be but a great crime or an interesting sickness—indeed, they find a little brother-to-be of theirs, who has nothing to take with him but three little illnesses—scarlatina, whooping-cough, and measles—and then he is coming back again. They see another little fellow who has got to be a hero and fight injustice on earth, hanging back, reluctant to go, and others with the models of wonderful machines which they will invent after they are born.

Light brings them back to the wood-cutter's cottage at breakfast-time. Everything is somehow brighter and more radiant than before, and, most remarkable of all, their own old bird is almost blue. And when they give it to Madame Berlingot, who lives next door and looks strangely like the Fairy Berylune, her little sick daughter is cured at once. And it begins to appear, although there may be no blue bird absolutely blue, or none at least which can be caged, that you can find a pretty good blue bird right at home, and that the more he is shared with others the bluer he gets.

It will at once be plain, even from such a partial outline as this, as it increasingly is to any one who reads the play, that here are unlimited—and often unrealizable—opportunities for stage-management and for acting which combines naturalness with imagination. The stage directions themselves are poetry, often quite as potent as the lines.

That "prolonged, powerful, crystalline vibration, heard to rise and swell as Time comes to open the gates for the unborn children"; "the cerulean whirl of wheels, disks, and as yet unnamed objects" as the unborn inventors set their ideal machines going—phrases like these, powerfully as they may stir the reader's imagination, are essentially undramatic and more or less impossible to express on the stage.

Milk

Drama—Acted and Read

THEN, again, there is the practical difficulty that the burden of the play rests on the necessarily unauthoritative acting of two little children. Take the graveyard scene, for instance; the reader feels the creepy terror which seizes the children as the moment comes for the dead to rise from their graves.

"MYTYL (*cowering against Tyltyl*)—They are coming out! They are coming out! (*Then from all the gaping tombs there rises gradually an efflorescence, at first frail and timid, like steam; then white and virginal and more and more tufty, more and more tall and plentiful and marvelous. Little by little, irresistibly, invading all things, it transforms the graveyard into a sort of fairy-like and nuptial garden, over which rise the first rays of the dawn. The dew glitters, the*

(Continued on page 29)

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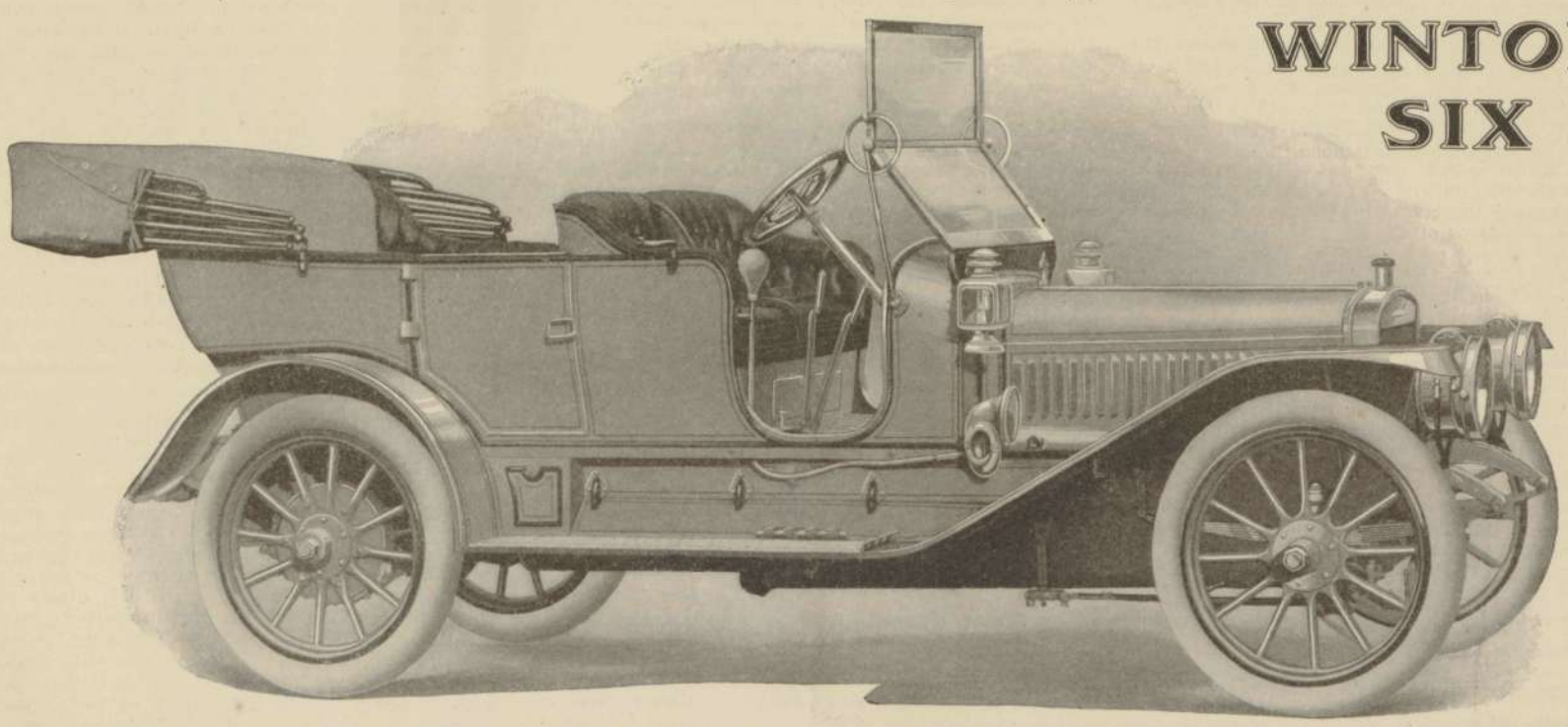

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Reply to the Article

"THE MEN HIGHER UP" in "The OUTLOOK"

of August 6, 1910

In "The Outlook" of August 6th, 1910, is an Article—"The Men Higher Up," which refers to the recent trials of certain employes of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, Mr. E. W. Gerbracht its Superintendent, and of myself as the Secretary of the Company. I have no desire, and I am really not competent, to enter into the details of Mr. Gerbracht's case; but I wish to answer the several statements made in regard to myself.

The writer throughout the article endeavors to magnify my position, and particularly to exaggerate its importance in reference to the company's raw sugar transactions and the operations of its refineries. I think it will be best if I give an outline of my duties as Secretary of the American Sugar Refining Company.

1st: I called the meetings of the Directors, and of the Executive Committee, of the American Sugar Refining Company, and of the other companies. I was present at all the meetings and kept the minutes.

2nd: I attended to all the transfers of common and preferred stock of the company, and signed the stock certificates,—formerly as Acting Treasurer; since 1899 as Secretary. This was my most important work, for which I alone was responsible. The transfers were very many, for it appears that during the nineteen years commencing January 10, 1891, there were transferred in average 987,065 shares per year, so that more than the whole capital stock of the company was transferred annually. Connected with it was a large correspondence with the stockholders, whose number now exceeds eighteen thousand. The Transfer Department paid the quarterly dividends, which also necessitated a great deal of correspondence.

3rd: I attended to all the fire insurance of the company.

4th: As Secretary, I was the general letter writer of the company, on many subjects, including the whole correspondence in reference to the company's investments in beet sugar factories.

I was also the Secretary of the Great Western Sugar Company and transferred its stock.

5th: In accordance with the By-Laws, I was in charge of all the books and accounts of the company. I did not examine them personally, however. This was done by the Auditor, Mr. Foster, and several assistants.

I had nothing directly to do with the

RAW SUGAR DEPARTMENT: The purchase of sugar; its unloading and weighing at the refineries.

CUSTOM HOUSE DEPARTMENT: The making of entries, the paying of duties, and liquidations of entries.

REFINERY DEPARTMENT: The management of the refineries, and the technical work which is done there.

At the end of every month I prepared statements for the President and the Directors, which showed the financial results of the operations of the several refineries during the month, and it was on account of these statements that I have had to do with the Raw Sugar Department and the Refinery Department.

These statements gave, on the credit side, the total of refined sugar sold, and the unsold stock on hand at the end of the month, (less the stock on hand at the beginning of the month); and, on the debit side, the quantity and cost of the raw sugar melted, and the expenses of manufacturing and selling. "The difference between the two was the profit or the loss of the month, as the case might be."

To facilitate the comparison of these monthly statements of the several refineries, and thereby to increase their usefulness, I arranged with Mr. Niese of our Refinery Department (in 1900), that all the items which enter into the statements should be prepared on the same plan for each refinery:

(a) The expenses, in their subdivisions.

(b) The raw sugar melted, its weight and price.

All raw sugar purchased by the company was charged to what was called "Import Account." The quantity of raw sugar melted at the refinery was credited to this Import Account, and debited to an account called "Melting Account."

Payment for imported sugar is made on the invoice weight, which is the weight of the sugar at the shipping point. When sugar arrives at New York and is reweighed, it generally shows a loss, which varies in accordance with the quality and grade of the sugar, and the distance from which it came. Of course, this loss in weight on raw sugar is a loss to the company, and it is one of the expenses of the manufacture of refined sugar

The plan adopted in 1900 provided that the loss in weight was to be divided between the import account and the melting account. The customary or expected loss was to be borne by the import account; any excess was to be debited to the melting account, and thereby to the cost of making refined sugar.

The melting books of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery and the Jersey City Refinery were kept at the New York office by raw sugar clerk Montgomery, who would enter in them, in black ink, the pounds of sugar actually received and melted at the refinery as reported to him, and their cost at a fixed price per pound. He would enter, in red ink, the pounds representing excessive losses in weight, as calculated for him by import clerk Schmelter, and also their cost at the same price per pound. The total of these two amounts—the one in black ink, and the other in red ink—would be the value of the raw sugar to be debited to the melting account of the refinery, and which would thereby enter into the calculation of the cost of manufacture. This arrangement, to divide the loss in weight between the two accounts, suggested by Mr. Niese and myself, was first submitted to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer for approval. No one could have made such an important change without his sanction.

The article in the Outlook attaches much importance to the technical statements of the refineries. It will be well therefore to give a description of them to the reader.

Each refinery keeps a book, or several books, in which are entered the daily operations of the refinery:—the quantity and grade of the raw sugar melted, and the quantity and grade of the refined sugar and syrup produced. At the end of every month the details of such operations are entered in a statement which shows:

1st. The raw sugar melted during the month, giving of each kind or grade of raw sugar, separately, the pounds melted, and their complete chemical analysis.

2nd. The refined sugar produced during the month; namely, the pounds of each kind or grade of sugar made, and their chemical analysis.

3rd. The syrup produced, namely, the pounds of syrup made, and their chemical analysis.

4th. The stock of "Sugar and Syrup in Process" at the end of the month, which means the unfinished product in the refinery that has ceased to be raw sugar and has not yet become refined sugar or refined syrup.

5th. The loss in refining, as represented by the percentages of crystallizable sugar, grape sugar, water, and the impurities.

The statement giving this information is called the "Technical Statement." A copy of it is sent by each refinery to Mr. Niese of the Refinery Department at 117 Wall Street, New York. This Refinery Department is the most important department of the company. Its members receive the largest salaries the company pays. Mr. Niese and Dr. Hooker each receive $50,000. annually. Mr. J. O. Donner, who died in 1900 or 1901, and whose name was mentioned at the trial, was a member of this department. He received an annual salary of $100,000.

As Secretary of the company I had nothing to do with the operations of the refineries, and their technical statements, as such, were of no interest to me. But in the monthly financial statements which I prepared, and which have been explained above, I noted the percentages of hard sugar, soft sugar and syrup produced by each refinery. These figures I formerly obtained from the technical statements which I borrowed from Mr. Niese for that purpose. The statements also gave to me (or to my clerks) the number of pounds of Crystal Domino sugar produced, which are used in calculating the advertising expense of that brand. They also proved useful for the checking of the pounds of raw sugar melted as reported by the refinery to the raw sugar clerk, and they gave the total of the refined sugar produced. As the borrowing of the statement from Mr. Niese was inconvenient, (he might want to refer to it just when my clerks were using it), I arranged a number of years ago to have a separate copy of it sent to me. There were consequently three copies made at each refinery. One retained by the Superintendent of the refinery, a second sent to the Refinery Department—to Mr. Niese, and the third sent to the Secretary's office, to me. Except as mentioned, I was not really entitled to the information contained in the statement, (considered to be of a confidential nature, as an index of the efficiency of the refinery and the skill of its Superintendent), and Mr. Niese asked me at the time to have my statements destroyed after I had finished with them.

The company permitted the District Attorney to examine all my books and papers. Mr. Frankfurter and one or two of his assistants spent the larger part of six months at my office; they read all my letter books from 1893 to 1909, containing copies of letters on all subjects imaginable—about 15,000 in all, but which did not include the larger correspondence with the stockholders and that in regard to the transfers of stock. Mr. Foster, who looked over these letters at my request, found, that in the correspondence of seventeen years, there were about forty to fifty letters which had reference to raw sugar—some to differences in weight and some to Custom House weights. Among them was a letter to Mr. Frank G. Turner in Boston, of December 24, 1904. It had been suggested by Mr. Niese of the Refinery Department, that the system adopted at Brooklyn and Jersey City to charge excessive losses in weight to melting account—which means to the cost of manufacturing sugar—should be extended to the Boston Refinery. Instructions in regard to it were given in the letter to Mr. Turner above mentioned, and which has been copied in the article in the Outlook, but with several important omissions. The first of these is the opening sentence:

> "I spoke to Mr. Thomas the other day in reference to a change we wish to make in your melting account, in order to have it conform to the melting account of the other refineries, and which will facilitate the comparison of the workings of our several houses."

The importance of the sentence lies in the fact that the proposed change had been mentioned to Mr. W. B. Thomas, who is now the President of the American Sugar Refining Company and who was at that time its Vice-President and the Manager of the Boston Refinery. It was necessary to obtain his consent to such an important change, and all the details were explained to him. It is evident that the system adopted in New York, and to be introduced in Boston, could have had no reference to fraudulent practices.

The letter continues:

> "The change was made in New York several years ago, when it was found that cargoes of sugar melted at our refineries showed larger losses in weight than it was reasonable to expect. That the difference was not due to actual losses was shown by the technical statements, which frequently gave large gains in the percentage of crystallizable sugar."

Again there is an important omission, for the question will occur to everyone, what did our Refinery Department, which furnished the information to me, consider large gains? The writer of the article would have you suppose that it referred to two or three per cent., which Mr. Waters, the government accountant, showed in certain technical statements reconstructed by him. The answer is: 0.34, 0.37, 0.58, an average of less than one-half per cent.

Mr. Keppler, a sugar refiner of long experience, who was called as a witness by the Government, testified that operations at refineries showed at times a gain as large as 0.60, so that the percentages mentioned as large in the letter were in reality nothing extraordinary.

The writer of the article in the Outlook continues his criticism of the letter under the heading:

"SOME UNGUARDED ADMISSIONS!"

> "Second, to the liberal weights and tares which we receive from the Custom House." Frank admission that the Custom House weights are too low, coupled with the usual hypocritical intimation that the "liberality" of the Government weighers furnished the reason.

What is called "liberal Custom House weights" has been recognized by the Sugar Trade for the last forty years, and it is for that reason that importers do not sell cargoes on Custom House weights, but have the sugar reweighed by a city weigher. The difference in no case however, is very large, just as the gain in crystallizable was not two or three per cent., but less than one-half per cent.

> "Which, of course, we do not undertake to correct." Of course they didn't want to pay more duty than they had to, especially after taking so much trouble with holes and springs to keep the weights low.

Returns made by the Custom House are supposed to be final, and correction of them cannot be made, whether they are too high or too low. The reference to holes and springs is of course absurd, as the letter was written to Boston, in regard to the weights and tares of sugar received there, and with the consent of Mr. Thomas, who would never have approved of fraudulent devices of any kind.

> "I compare the number of pounds reported as melted with the actual number for which we paid." Another frank admission—they sometimes paid for more sugar than they paid duty on.

Of course, not only sometimes, but practically always, we pay for more sugar than we pay duty on, because duty on sugar is levied on the pounds landed at the United States, and not on the pounds lost during transit. Muscovado sugars have lost as much as ten per cent., and in such cases we paid duty on only ninety per cent. of the invoice weights. To explain further: Duty is always paid on the full number of pounds for which we have paid to the seller, in accordance with the original invoice which we file with the Custom House. After the sugar has been weighed, the duty on the shortage—the pounds not received—is returned to the company in a Treasury check. There is nothing secret about it.

> "If there is any difference I charge the melting account as follows." The number of pounds of sugar paid for is obviously right. When this weight disagrees with the refinery weight, the latter is the one to be corrected.

As already explained, the number of pounds paid for is not obviously right, but obviously wrong, as it includes the loss during the voyage, but as the amount cannot be recovered, it is charged to the melting account, as a part of the cost of making sugar.

> "If the refinery weight would show a loss of two per cent. I add the one per cent. to the meltings." Where the refinery weight, otherwise the Custom House weight (otherwise, the false weight found in the seventeen scale houses), was more than one per cent. less than the invoice weight, the refinery is charged with the difference, for it really got the sugar.

The same explanation—the refinery really did not get the sugar, but as the company paid for it, it was charged to melting account—the cost of making sugar.

> "I make these changes at the New York office." That is where they wanted the real figures showing the true efficiency of the refinery.

The efficiency of the refinery is determined by the Refinery Department, and is based on the refinery weights, viz: the pounds which the refinery had actually received, and not on the weight charged to melting account.

> "It does not seem to me desirable that there should be two sets of weights on the books of the Refinery." That's too close to the field of operations on the dock. Besides, the fewer people know that there are two of figures, the safer the secret will be.

The books at the refinery had nothing to do with the melting account. They showed the refinery weights, namely, the pounds received by the refinery, and it was the duty of the Superintendent to obtain from them the best possible results. The loss in weight on the voyage to New York would be of little interest to the refinery employes, and it might have confused them.

> "One set, for instance, representing the Custom House weight on which duty is paid, and another set representing melting weights, giving a larger number of pounds." Here is the final confession. The Custom House weights were lower than the real weights, they knew it, and took steps to keep the true and the false weights apart.

It has been explained over and over again that the Custom House weights represent the landed weight; that the refinery weight, which may be the Custom House weights, represents the number of pounds actually received at the refinery. This is called "The Final Confession!" It is nothing more, however, than the repeatedly stated fact, that the refinery weight is the actual weight of the sugar as received at the refinery and for which may be taken the Custom House weight, if the Superintendent chooses. The weight in the melting account, however, contains in addition to the pounds received, the pounds lost in transit, and which had been added to it, because the company had paid for them, and they were included in the cost of the production of refined sugar.

Spitzer testified at the trial that frauds in weighing at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery were practiced as far back as 1880. I had nothing whatever to do with the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery until after the organization of the American Sugar Refining Company in 1891. I became Secretary in 1899, when I had some control over the books. The whole bookkeeping of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery concealed the frauds, if there were any, by keeping the results of the meltings in one account. The system proposed by Mr. Niese and myself in 1900 showed the differences in weight and called attention to them. The pounds representing losses were marked in the melting account in red ink, in order to make them conspicuous. If I had believed that the differences were due to frauds, is it conceivable that I should have started and continued a system of bookkeeping which called particular attention to them?

Several of my letters on raw sugar show that I was constantly in search of information in order to explain the excessive losses. A very interesting letter is one to the Manager of the New Orleans Refinery, Mr. Witherspoon, written on September 19th, 1907, just two months before the discovery of the springs at H. & E. It was read at the trial, but of course the writer of the Outlook did not mention it. It is as follows:

> NEW YORK, September 19, 1907.
>
> MR. J. T. WITHERSPOON,
> The American Sugar Refining Co.,
> New Orleans, La.
>
> DEAR SIR:
>
> I notice that among your meltings of August was nearly 54 per cent. Java sugar. Refinery weights compared with the invoice weights show a loss of a little less than ½ per cent. I shall be obliged to you if you will let me know how the Custom House weights compare with the invoice and refinery weights. It is our experience in New York that Custom House weights of Java sugar show frequently great differences, which is due I believe chiefly to the difficulty in ascertaining correct average tare for the baskets.
>
> Yours very truly,
> C. R. HEIKE,
> Secretary."

To understand it, it has to be remembered that the meltings of the New Orleans Refinery are chiefly of domestic Louisiana sugars, and it is only when sufficient quantity cannot be obtained that we go outside—generally to next door, so to speak—to Cuba or Porto Rico.

It seems, however, that during the summer of 1907 the company had purchased for New Orleans a large quantity of Java sugar, and that fifty-four per cent. of the meltings of the New Orleans house in August were of that grade. There was an unusual opportunity to obtain information, and I availed myself of it at once. The letter was written for details of the weights, which might help to explain the large differences found in Brooklyn. Is it conceivable that the letter would have been written if I, or anyone in the office, had known that the differences in Brooklyn were due to frauds?

I have been referred to as the "General Manager of the office," and the man "close to President Havemeyer." This is not true, however. I was neither the one nor the other. When the American Sugar Refining Company was organized, Mr. Havemeyer appointed for all the prominent clerkships in the office at New York employes of Havemeyers & Elder, in preference to any from the other Companies which had entered the Trust. I think I was retained principally because I attended to the very important work of the Transfers of Stock and which I had done since the Sugar Refineries Company had been formed in 1887. Mr. Havemeyer never discussed matters with me nor did he take me into his counsel. A very interesting fact was brought out through the testimony of John H. Thompson, an old Havemeyers & Elder raw sugar clerk, who testified that he had been selected by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer to make claims for shortages of raw sugar cargoes, and that he had done so for more than ten years, a fact not known to me, who was theoretically in charge of the books, nor to Auditor Foster, who was in reality so.

So many confusing statements have been made in regard to "liberal Custom House weights" that I think it well to give an outline of the manner in which import duty on raw sugar is collected by the Custom House; also, in regard to the selling by the importers on the City Weigher's weight. It is from a letter which I wrote a year ago in answer to an inquiry from a stockholder:

> "When a vessel arrives from a foreign country with a cargo of sugar consigned to us, we make at once an entry at the Custom House and we surrender the original invoice sent to us by the shipper, to the correctness of which the American Consul has certified. We pay duty on the number of pounds stated in the invoice, and the sugar is then unloaded under the supervision of C. H. Officers and is weighed (and tared) by C. H. weighers. The sugar is also sampled by C. H. samplers, for polarization by C. H. chemists. The results of the weighing and sampling are afterwards sent by the government employes to the proper department in the Custom House, where the original entry is then liquidated. If it is found that the Custom House weight is larger than the invoice weight, for instance,—if the invoice weight had been 5,000,000 lbs. and the Custom House weight is 5,050,000 lbs., a notice is sent to us to pay duty on the additional 50,000; but if the Custom House weight is smaller than the invoice weight, say 4,900,000 lbs., then the duty on the 100,000 lbs. is returned to us in a Treasury check. Similar adjustments are made in regard to the polariscopic tests. The Custom House weights are assumed to be correct; moreover, the department has for comparison the original invoices and the landed weights of all cargoes of sugar imported here by all the refiners and all the merchants, and if at any time an unusual discrepancy is noted, the liquidating clerk has the opportunity, *and it is his duty*, to investigate it at once. For the importer, however, the Custom House weights are final and there is no appeal."
>
> "If a cargo of sugar is weighed twice and by different weighers, the results are never the same; there is particularly a considerable variance in the tares. It is understood that the government weighers weigh correctly, but rather liberally, and on that account their weights are not used by merchants in making sales. A good deal of sugar which arrives at New York is consigned to merchants, who pay their own duty, and who afterwards sell the sugar to refiners. They always sell on landed weights. The sugar in such cases is landed either at the dock of a refinery, or at a public wharf or warehouse, and it is weighed there by C. H. weighers; such weight is landed weight and on it the duty is paid. Although the importer receives a statement of that weight from the Custom House without charge, he does not use it for the invoice to the refiner, but he hires another weigher, called the City Weigher, who, at considerable expense, rehandles and reweighs the sugar, and the importer does so, because he knows that the city weigher weighs the sugar more closely, and that the value of the additional number of pounds is greater than the additional expense. On the city weigher's weights the invoice is rendered to the refiner and paid. I will add that there is no case on record that an importer ever went to the Custom House Collector and said, 'I have had my cargo of sugar reweighed by a city weigher who has found it heavier than your weighers, and I will pay the additional duty on the additional number of pounds.'"

At the trial my counsel offered a large number of original Custom House entries, of sugars which the company had purchased on landed weight, but on which the importers themselves had paid the duty, and some of which showed large differences between the Custom House weight and the weight charged to the company. These entries however were not permitted to be put in evidence.

The Outlook article makes much of a letter written by the late H. O. Havemeyer to Mr. Gerbracht on November 15th, 1906, and in which he stated to Mr. Gerbracht, that I had called his attention to liberal Custom House weights. I do not remember at all that I had spoken to Mr. Havemeyer on weights at that time, and I so testified, and Mr. Havemeyer never told me that he had written such a letter to Mr. Gerbracht. I do not know that it had anything to do with the rebate cases.

The letter was found in Mr. Havemeyer's letter books which Mr. Horace Havemeyer, the son of the late H. O. Havemeyer and who is himself now a director of the company, handed to me some time in March, because he thought that they might be useful in the preparation for the trial. I had never seen these books, and I found that, in addition to the letter mentioned, they contained a great many letters to Mr. Gerbracht, giving orders in regard to the details of the operations of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery. I showed the books to Mr. Stanchfield, the attorney who conducted my case, and he thought it well to offer this letter in evidence, because, as he said, it would confirm in a way my statement that I had called Mr. Havemeyer's attention to differences in weights. I have done so on various occasions, perhaps not particularly to Custom House weights, (to which I gave no special attention), but rather to the differences between the invoice or settlement weights and the refinery weights. I did so in 1900, when the proposed change in bookkeeping was presented for his approval, and several times since. It is to be noted that after the new system of bookkeeping had been put into operation, I myself did not make comparisons of weights regularly; for the monthly statements I generally took the last figures of the accounts in the books without further inquiry.

The Outlook article states that there was offered in evidence "a set of tables first originated by Mr. Havemeyer, then extended and supplemented by Heike, the only conceivable use of which would be in showing the difference between the true weights and the false on all kinds of cargoes."

Mr. Schmelter who prepared these tables testified that they had been made by instructions of Mr. Havemeyer, but that once a year he had shown them to me for a few minutes. They were Statistics for the use of the Raw Sugar Department in buying sugar. They contained the invoice weights and refinery weights, to enable the calculations of the loss in weight. At one time I suggested to Mr. Schmelter to add the Custom House weights, because for comparison it is always desirable to have as many sets of weights as possible.

It must be remembered that the company purchases during the year three billion pounds of raw sugar, and that the loss in weight is an important item which enters into the cost. The buyer compares the quotations at which sugar can be purchased at any part of the globe. He carefully calculates what the cost of the sugar will be when it is received at the refineries, and which includes the original price, freight, insurance, etc., and the expected loss in weight which is based upon former years' experience. To illustrate: Java sugar, showing a loss of three per cent., may still be cheaper to buy than Cuba sugar losing only one-half per cent., or Porto Rico sugar, losing nothing at all. It depends entirely upon the price to be paid for it. The company's raw sugars are bought by the Head of the Raw Sugar Department, after consulting with, or under instructions from, the President. Mr. Schmelter testified at a previous trial that Mr. Havemeyer had not seen these tables, although he had ordered them to be made. If so, he must have received the required information from another source, for he could not have directed purchases without it. I as Secretary was not interested in it.

It has been asserted that the saving of duty on sugars imported at Havemeyers & Elder's should have been noticed by the large profits, which that refinery must have shown when compared with the other houses. It is the remarkable fact, however, that its profits were very much smaller. Tables showing in detail the manufacturing profits of all the refineries during the eight years from 1901 to 1908, inclusive, were submitted at the trial. The last figures were as follows:

MANUFACTURING PROFITS FOR THE 8 YEARS, 1901 TO 1908 INCLUSIVE, PER 100 LBS. OF RAW SUGAR MELTED, OF THE A. S. R. CO.'S FIVE REFINERIES, CALCULATED ON SAME BASIS AS TO WEIGHTS AND TESTS.

Havemeyers & Elder Refinery	8.842	cents
Jersey City Refinery	22.758	do.
Boston Refinery	24.443	do.
New Orleans Refinery	17.067	do.
Spreckels Refinery, Philadelphia	17.988	do.

If the loss in weight at Havemeyers & Elder had not been debited to melting account, but had been borne by import account, the results would have shown an additional gain of 4.084 cents, making a total of 12.926 cents. But even with this addition, for which of course there is no justification whatever, Havemeyers & Elder's manufacturing profits were very much smaller than those of the other houses.

On the last page in the Outlook the writer speaks of another letter "on an unimportant subject," in the course of which Heike wrote "as there are no duties paid on these sugars, there could under no circumstances be any harm in showing the weights, *as there could be no comparison with the Custom House Weights.*"

The subject, however, is not unimportant at all, and the letter should have been given in full. It is one of a number of letters written in 1897 in reference to Sandwich Island sugars shipped to New York. These sugars were consignments for which the company paid on landed weights and tests. Mr. Searles, who was the company's Secretary at the time, requested me to take charge of the matter. I showed to our raw sugar clerks the method of rendering account sales and I asked them to call my attention to anything extraordinary. The letter is as follows:

> Sept. 24th, 1897.
>
> DEAR MR. GERBRACHT:
>
> "The clerk of the insurance inspectors who went over to your refinery to see the weight books of the INDIANA came back with the report that the weight books had all been destroyed and when he expressed surprise that they could not be seen by him he was told that it would require a special annex to be built if we were to keep the weight books for inspection. As the INDIANA did not arrive until Sept. 13th, which was ten days ago, it seems, at best, that the annex would be very small to keep weight books for ten days; and as there were no duties paid on these sugars there could under no circumstances be any harm in showing the weights, as there could be no comparison with Custom House weights.
>
> "It is very unfortunate that so little attention is paid to the things required to collect insurance claims, and it is extremely difficult to get a settlement under the circumstances. The insurance inspector is always entitled to see the ship and you should not have allowed the INDIANA to go away until the man had been there to inspect her and see the cause of the damage. It is true that you sent word at once to the office, but it seems that the young man had gone on his vacation and the one in charge of his work had not been properly instructed, but under the circumstances you might have sent even a second or third request for the inspector to come over, or you could have telephoned me to send him. It is particularly necessary with these Sandwich Island cargoes, because there is always a considerable part damaged by what we call 'sweat-damage,' so that the mere presence of damaged bags on the dock does not show that the underwriter is liable for them.
>
> "I may say that I was well aware that an attempt had been made to scuttle the ship at Hilo, but the Captain particularly stated in his letter sent from that port that the sugar was not damaged, as the water did not reach up to the dunnage, and the protest which he filed here in New York to account for the damage stated that it was due to extremely rough weather on the passage to New York, and that the water got in through the hatches and along the masts. It was to verify these statements that the insurance man ought to have seen the ship. They asked me to see the weight book because they thought some of the drafts might have been lighter than others, which would indicate that some of the bags were empty or slack and washed out, which is always a good evidence of salt water damage.
>
> Yours truly,
> C. R. HEIKE."

It will be seen that the letter is in reference to an insurance claim. Shipments had been insured against loss in weight and damage to the sugar. In the letter I took Mr. Gerbracht to task for not having preserved the weight books for examination by the Insurance Inspector. The claims for loss in weight are based upon the differences between the invoice weight, as shipped from Honolulu, and the landed weight, as taken at the refinery. *The smaller the landed weight, the larger the loss and the claim.* In order to be able to check the refinery weights, on which the claim is based, the Insurance people always like to get, if possible, another set of weights, taken by another weigher. If the second weights are lighter than the refinery weights, there is a prompt settlement of the claim, but if they are heavier there will probably be a dispute.

On sugar subject to import duty there is always a second weight, namely, the Custom House weight. Now if the Custom House weights were the same as the refinery weights, or even lighter, there would be no trouble with the settlement, but if the Custom House weights

(Continued on next page)

were heavier than the refinery weights—if it appeared that duty was paid on a larger number of pounds than the refinery weights showed as having been received—the Insurance Company would very likely dispute the claim.

As Sandwich Island sugars pay no duty, there could be no Custom House weights for comparison, and that is what I stated to Mr. Gerbracht. I have no idea at present, why I should have written this thirteen years ago, but it clearly establishes the fact that I held that *Custom House weights were or might be heavier than refinery weights.* Perhaps at a previous time Mr. Gerbracht had made a claim on a cargo of dutiable sugar, and he had found difficulty in collecting it on account of the heavier Custom House weights.

The remainder of the letter is very interesting, for it shows how careful I was that no unjustified claim should be made.

The damage to raw sugar on a voyage is of two kinds: "Sweat-Damage," caused by deterioration of the quality due to the long voyage in hot climates (the shipments from Honolulu cross the Equator twice); and secondly, "Marine-Damage," caused by salt water. The Insurance Company is only liable for "Marine-Damage"; but after the discharging of a cargo and the placing of the damaged bags on the dock, it is practically impossible to ascertain to which of the two causes the damage is due.

As a rule people are not very particular in the rendering of claims against Insurance Companies, and I may say that one who is as conscientious as the writer of this letter, is not likely to be a party to a scheme to defraud the Government, as has been alleged. The letter was certainly not written for effect. Who could have imagined at the time that it would be read at a Trial in Court 13 years later!

Now, a few words about myself. I have been convicted of conspiracy. But with whom did I conspire? Certainly not with Mr. Gerbracht. He did not make any reports of the operations of his refinery to me, but to the Refinery Department in the New York office, of which department he himself was a member, and which he and the Superintendents of the other refineries visited regularly.

My guilt seems to have consisted in changing the mode of bookkeeping of the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery and in introducing a uniform method for all the refineries, which was done to facilitate the comparison of their operations. The losses in the weights of imported cargoes were entered in red ink and debited to melting account, so that their value, being one of the expenses of the refinery, could be added to the cost of making sugar. I arranged this method with Mr. Niese; and obtained the consent of Vice-President Thomas to extend it to the Boston Refinery. Was the conspiracy with these gentlemen? It could have been with no one else, and yet merely to state such a theory is to refute it.

Now, what should I have done? Continued the old style of bookkeeping, which was crude and concealed many essential facts needed for a proper understanding of the results? If the differences between invoice weights and Custom House weights were large, had I any reason to believe that they were wrong? And what reason had I to assume, that the liquidating clerks of the Custom House and of the Naval Office, who had before them the original invoices of the cargoes and the statements of their Custom House weights, and who saw the differences between the two, had been negligent when they ordered a refund of duty? What could I have done anyway? Those matters were handled in our company by the Custom House Department and the Raw Sugar Department, over which I had no control. The only thing which I could have done, was what I did, viz: to call the attention of our Refiners and of the President to them; but at no time was there any suspicion in my mind that these differences had anything to do with frauds committed at the refinery. It must also be remembered, that my various duties as the company's Secretary kept me extremely busy, and that I gave but little time to raw sugar matters.

It is a most remarkable fact, that in the whole investigation there has never been shown, or suggested, a proper motive for the alleged frauds at Havemeyers & Elder. It is true, that that refinery did very poor work, if compared with the other houses, particularly Matthiessen & Wiechers at Jersey City, and it is not altogether inconceivable, that some of its employes might have encouraged very liberal Custom House weights and low tests for raw sugar in their technical statements, in order to make a better showing. But it is absolutely impossible to suggest a motive for me, the Secretary; I do not see how I could have received the slightest benefit, either directly or indirectly, in money, position, or otherwise. My salary was not large, if compared with other salaries paid by the company. It amounted to $20,000 in 1907, after thirty-three years' service in the present company and its predecessors. It had been very small at first, but it was increased from time to time, and the increases were always made by the Board of Directors and noted in the minutes. I have held but little stock in the company. I am not rich, but having always lived economically, I am sufficiently well off to be financially independent, and I can think of no reason, (even when leaving aside all ethical considerations), why I should have consented to fraudulent practices, or even remained with a company where frauds were practiced.

Finally, I will confess that, being an officer of the American Sugar Refining Company, I felt deeply humiliated, when at the several trials was revealed an almost incredible mismanagement at the Havemeyers & Elder Refinery, which had made these frauds possible. I myself, however, had nothing to do with it, and I knew absolutely nothing about it.

CHARLES R. HEIKE.

New York, August 12, 1910.

flowers open their blooms, the wind murmurs in the leaves, the bees hum, the birds wake and flood the air with the first raptures of their hymns to the sun and to life. Stunned and dazzled, Tyltyl and Mytyl, holding each other by the hand, take a few steps among the flowers while they seek for the trace of the tombs.)

MYTYL (*looking in the grass*)—Where are the dead?

TYLTYL (*looking also*)—There are no dead. . . ."

Lines like these boom and rumble, as it were. It is hard for an unprepared audience to get their real import from two squeaky-voiced little girls standing among some none too lifelike canvas lilies.

Adult actors, otherwise excellent, are often unsuited to fantastic parts. The wholly matter-of-fact—even snippishly cynical—Fairy Berylune of the New Theater's cast is an example. Berylune had a hooked nose and a humped back, but everybody knows that good fairies are lovely princesses underneath. Naturally, Berylune insisted on her beauty.

"And my hair, do you see that?" and she holds out two lean gray wisps. "It's fair as the corn in the fields; it's like virgin gold! . . . And I've such heaps and heaps of it that it weighs my head down. . . . A little? Sheaves! Armfuls! Clusters! Waves of gold!"

This isn't joking. It is the very battle-cry of idealism—a mere way of expressing the children's own brave gift of make-believe. Wonder and mystery and beauty—the beauty of Melisande herself leaning from her window in the moonlight—must be thrown into it, hinted at somehow. Mrs. Hale snips off the whole scene exactly as if she were playing a dry, satirical, old-maidish part in realistic comedy and these children were the proper target for humorous irony—exactly, as far as point of view goes, as she used to play Prossy in "Candida." It was just this necessary note of tenderness and wonder which made Miss Wycherly's Light so pleasing.

A Real Service

BUT this is no time to insist on the perfect cameo. Any adequate presentation of this beautiful fantasy must, in comparison with the usual Broadway play, furnish an entertainment which it is an unusual privilege and pleasure to see, and the New Theater's production is genuinely satisfactory. If the handling of mechanical and decorative problems occasionally seemed somewhat uninspired—as in the Kingdom of the Future, for instance—others, like the Palace of Night, were beautiful and impressive. And the Land of Memory, where atmospheric beauty and tranquillity were given substance by the mellow and exquisitely modulated acting of Mr. Robert McWade and Miss Eleanor Carey, as Gaffer and Granny Tyl, could scarcely have been improved on. Mr. Jacob Wendell had the rich and by no means simple rôle of the Dog, and Mr. Cecil Yapp's impersonation of the Cat was a veritable masterpiece. "The Blue Bird" is something that grown-ups and little folks will both enjoy and that no one should miss who is at all interested in the theater.

"Anti-Matrimony" and "The Little Damozel"

IBSEN'S ironic genius flung itself against the walls in which, it seemed to him, conventional society often imprisoned the individual—walls of cant, fossilized ideals, specters of dead things that cramped and embittered the lives of the living. It was destructive criticism and it had its purpose and place. The difficulty is that it is so powerfully done that people often accept it wholly and literally as if it were a complete picture of life itself.

It is this tendency which Mr. Percy Mackaye satirizes in his new piece, "Anti-Matrimony," in which a young couple come back from Paris full of new-fangled notions of free love, supermen, and so on, and try to convert their old New England village to their own iconoclasm. They have caught the Continental influenza, as the genial young wife who carries the burden of the argument explains. To Europeans all this sort of thing is no more than a pinch of snuff. It is our simpler young Americans who lose their Yankee sense of humor and let the terrific notions go to their heads.

It was time for some such good-natured reaction against the Ibsen-Shaw-Nietzsche wave—there was a pleasant if undeservedly short-lived attempt of this sort in Mr. W. A. McGuire's "The Heights" last winter—and so far as reactionary criticism is concerned, Mr. Mackaye acquits himself with intelligence and humor. And Miss Henrietta Crosman as the genial young wife does about all that could be done to help the piece out. Unfortunately, it is better as literary criticism than as drama, and the result is a curious mingling of rather frail comedy, burlesque, and something scarcely more robust than parlor charades.

"The Little Damozel," which comes to New York from a long run in London, is

Marion Harland
Joins the Duntley Crusade
for Cleaner, Happier, Healthier Homes

I want you to help me accomplish a mission that is very near and dear to my heart.

It is a great crusade for every woman who has a home and I want you to work with me, both for your own sake and for the great good of the loved ones in your home.

When I first heard of the Vacuum Cleaner, that marvelous invention appealed to me instantly as the most wonderful benefit to women that had been produced in centuries. I have watched its development with unceasing interest for years but it was not until I saw and used the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner that I felt an irresistible impulse to tell you what it would do for you.

Acting on that impulse I wrote Mr. Duntley last May, telling him of my belief in his Vacuum Cleaner—telling him also that I wanted him to make it possible for every woman to have one in her home.

I asked him to make a Duntley Vacuum Cleaner which would do perfect work and still be light enough in weight for any woman to handle comfortably—to sell that Vacuum Cleaner at a price within reach of the woman who does her own housework and has to count her pennies, for she needs it most. I asked him to sell it on easy monthly payments so small that she could meet them out of her pin money.

To my delight Mr. Duntley replied that my plan was not only possible but practical—that he would at once get out a Vacuum Cleaner such as I suggested.

True to his word, he has perfected the new Duntley No. 6—just the size and kind I hoped he would make. It is only a trifle smaller than the famous No. 1 Duntley Cleaner, but weighs much less, and is exactly right for a snug, cozy home or apartment.

Mr. Duntley has also made it possible for you to pay for your Vacuum Cleaner out of your pin money, and never feel it a burden—just as I asked him to.

Best of all—he has set aside one hundred thousand dollars for me to spend in my own way to tell you how you can make use of the Vacuum Cleaner to escape the drudgery of house cleaning; how you can, to a great extent, insure the lives of your loved ones; and to tell you about his generous offer of a free trial, a special price and special terms on this new Duntley No. 6. I can tell you only a little of this here, so I want to write you a personal letter, telling you of the ways I have found for using this wonderful machine in my own home—ways which I believe are not usually known. How I have found that it is a prevention from the terrible White Plague and from so many of the worrysome home problems. Write to me and give me this opportunity.

I want you to read here what Mr. Duntley so kindly calls the "Marion Harland Special Offer." Read how you can have his Vacuum Cleaner on trial in your own home for twenty-four hours without one cent of expense. If you do not want to keep it, you will be under no obligation whatever.

I know that you can depend upon what Mr. Duntley says. Accept his offer with perfect confidence. I ask you, for your own sake, to help me in my crusade by mailing the coupon to me in care of Mr. Duntley.

Won't you fill it in and mail it now?

Sincerely your friend,

Marion Harland

Domestic Director

Use the Duntley Vacuum Cleaner 24 Hours FREE

$3.00 Keeps It in Your Home

The new Duntley No. 6 will not only save money for you, but it may be made to pay for itself and produce a steady income without labor on your part.

Let Marion Harland Tell You How

This new Duntley No. 6 should be known as the Marion Harland Vacuum Cleaner. You are indebted to her for this remarkable offer and for her Pin-Money-Payment plan. The No. 6 operates noiselessly, is light and easy to carry from room to room; costs but a couple of cents an hour to operate.

It is fully equipped with all the necessary tools for cleaning the entire home perfectly. **Send the Coupon to Marion Harland.** Use the address on the coupon and you will hear personally from Miss Harland without delay.

J. W. DUNTLEY, President.

For MARION HARLAND, Domestic Director
Duntley Manufacturing Co.,
498 Harvester Bldg., Chicago. Date_____

Dear Miss Harland: Please tell me how to get the Duntley Cleaner on Pin-Money-Payments, and how it can be made to pay for itself and produce an income.

Name_____

Address_____

I have electric current in my home.

Philip Bites

(*Continued from page 19*)

in the wings. The manager urged them back. "Don't let him see you—he's perfectly unconscious—that's the best of it."

Sometime later, order was restored and the play continued. Tommy stubbed his toe, Mary broke the jug, Philip put on his hat again when his mother snatched it from his head to teach him manners. It was a piece of business that Philip had been told to do. He did it because he must obey, but there was no significance to Philip in the action, there was no "playing on the action."

"Remarkable," I whispered to the manager, who was peeping through the window with me. "That ought to get a laugh."

HE SHOOK his head. "They laugh at him, not at what he does. Until he knows which side the footlights he is on, they'll never laugh. He'll sop it up somehow or other—all in good time."

All in good time, Royalty, who had been laying a corner-stone in the town where we were playing, came to the theater. They were late, and the manager uneasily kept the curtain down. The good Briton didn't fear the anger of the audience, which would wait hours complacently for the remotest royal person, nor yet was he concerned with the inconvenience to the company. It was the vision of the man with the little star on his cap which rose before him, the "children's man," who always came when he was mightily not wanted, to see to it that the juveniles had left the theater before the hands of his watch pointed to half-past ten.

He was a kindly man, of the same type in every city, but the law of England is not to be dodged or bought off with a draft of ale. When he of the little star was seen about, word came back from the keeper of the door, and the governess rushed her family to the street, boots unfastened, coats flying, that the officer of the juvenile court might find them on the sidewalk before the hour had struck.

To-night they would be late, unless they hurried through their scenes. "You must be quick," the manager admonished them, keen not to lose the children's license. "Everything you say, everything you do must be quicker. Understand, Philip?"

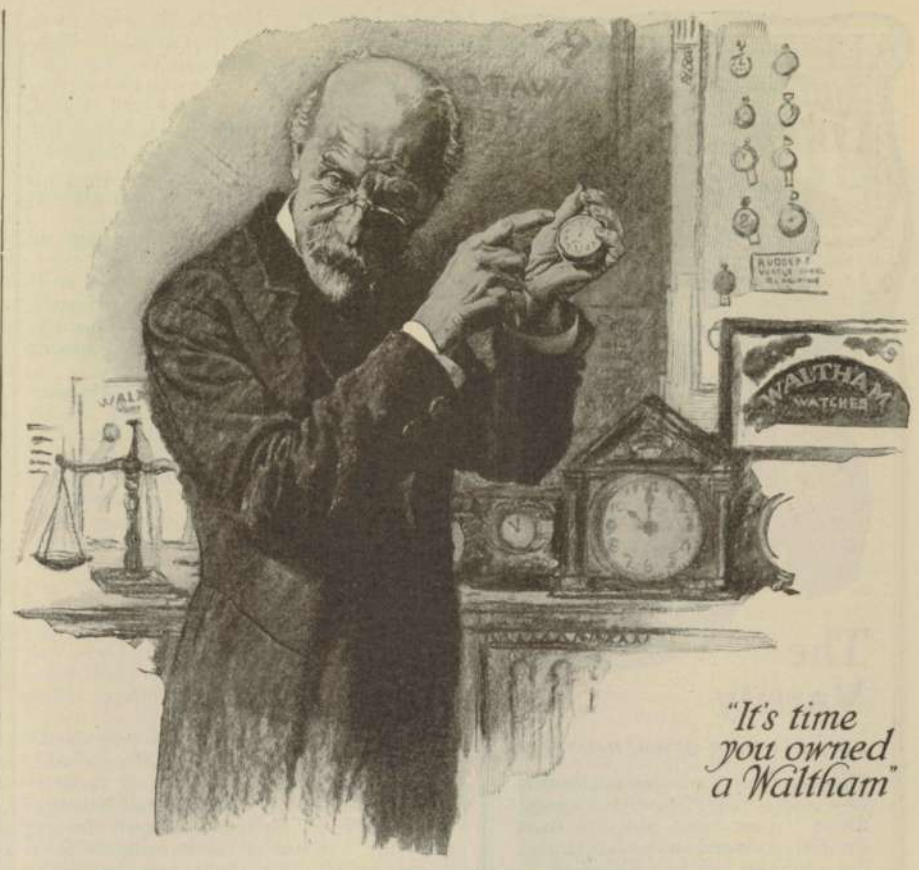
"Yes, sir," said Philip, smiling at the joyful possibilities of racing with the others through all the games. He, too, would help. His little bowed legs described rapid semicircles as he ran. He assisted Tommy when he stubbed his toe, he scooped aside the broken jug. All his duties, as he called them, he dashed through with great celerity. Even he put on his cap the second, the very second mother turned her back; as though he felt,

one of those delightfully refreshing pieces in which conventional stage types are so vitalized by authoritative acting and author's wit that the spectator, feeling restfully comfortable and at home, yet enjoys the illusion of seeing something quite fresh and new; his theatrical feelings are affected without the slightest danger that his real feelings will be hurt.

Here we have, in his top-hat and frock-coat, smooth and wicked Captain Partington, the accomplished villain of old-fashioned melodrama; Mr. "Recky" Poole, the discredited son of a fine old English family, a tall, beautiful, bored young man who would "pull" a race-horse, marry for money, or give up his life for a friend with the same thoughtless good humor; Mr. Poole's friend, the Hon. Fitzroy Lock, the apparently simple-minded, humorous butt, who will, of course, become the god from the machine in the end.

All these interesting gentlemen gather at the Café Angelique, in the Bohemian quarter of London; the Angelique, with its engagingly wicked proprietor, sentimental German band-leader whom everybody calls Papa, and—adored of every one—black-eyed Julie Alardy, the harpist, who begins as an adventuress and ends by loving really—in a black dress, pale, with black rings under her eyes—and after terrific heart-wrenchings is made happy just as the curtain falls.

There is not, perhaps, a better-acted play in New York. You should see Mr. Cyril Keightley as "Recky," gracefully fit and guardsmanlike, doing the most abominable things with a winsome seriousness which makes them seem for the moment not only plausible but mournfully inevitable; the wicked captain of Mr. Frank Lacy and Mr. George Graham's "Fitz." It was young Mr. Graham who played the cheaply flippant clerk in "An Englishman's Home" two years ago, and very neat and clever he is in such parts. Miss Amy Buckley is the little Damozel, and although she isn't as good as the men, the whole is very unusually entertaining.



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as though the audience felt there would be very little time for all this naughtiness, lest mother might turn round again.

Then a wonderful thing happened: a laugh shot up from the house—a laugh they hadn't counted on—a "new" laugh—and the play weeks old! The mother turned to look at Philip, but by then his hat was off again—the children looked at him. For an instant he stared out at the audience, bewildered. It was not the tipping bench at which they laughed. It was not the broken jug. It was—the color ran over his face—it was his cap, the business with the cap, his work which they applauded. He swam around the stage in a sea of bliss. For some beautiful reason or other they had laughed at him!

BUT alas! there was more to learn. For two weeks Philip put on his cap quickly, easily, and scored his point. Then one night it must have come to him, in simpler phrasing, that he might squeeze a little more response out of that business, if, well, if he could work it up a bit. Philip pulled his cap down over his left eye. It was Saturday, and he reaped a harvest of guffaws from pit and gallery. The sound was music in his ears.

Night after night he worried that poor cap. Over both eyes it went, over both ears, down to his nose, even engulfing his mouth. Delighted with himself, his ears were muffled to the decreasing laughter. Then on one sad occasion his face disappeared entirely, and, listening through the window for Philip's laugh, I heard it not. I peeped out and saw—with the audience—a Smart Alec of a little boy engaged in overacting.

Once more a flush came over Philip's face, and his mouth quivered. He had lost it, that sweet applause, and he had given them his best, "me brain, me personality, me soul."

For a week he tried to force the laugh as we have often done ourselves. Every inhuman way that a small boy could don a cap, he tried. The audience were politely bored. He glared at them, he'd make 'em laugh. But they did not heed him. At one performance he laughed aloud as he went through the mechanism. Vague thoughts, familiar to us all, of outlining to the fools just what they ought to do must have passed through his baby mind. The fools would not be taught.

AT LAST, baffled and quite confused with the vagaries of this capricious world, Philip gave up the laugh. He was just a little boy again, a little boy getting what reflected fun he could from the fun of others. Mother tossed the cap into his lap, turning up stage, and Philip put it on, quickly, simply, to get it over with.

And the laugh came back—the beautiful mellow sound from the throats of the men and women who make or mar us quite. But Philip, even through his shy happiness, put up his hand to find just where that cap was resting on his head. Then he was surprised some more, for it was perching there quite ordinarily, where the cap would be of any little boy playing in the street—instead of on the stage.

On a Certain Propensity of Bootblacks to Toy with the Shoelaces of the Shinee

By

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

POLISHING *little rapscallion,*
Shining away at my shoes,
Be thou or Greek or Italian,
Thou art the one I accuse.
Ruin my tans with thy tarnish,
That were a crime to condone;
But, when thou smearest the varnish,
Leave thou my laces alone!

UTTERLY *spoil and demolish*
All of the calfskin I wear,
Wreak, with thy poisonous polish,
Ruin—'tis little I care.
But, an thou needest thy nickel,
Listen to me as I moan:
"Cease thou my ankles to tickle!
Leave thou my laces alone!"

FIEND, *how thou watchest me wriggle!*
Ghoul, how thou watchest me wince!
Whiles that thou hidest a giggle
Under thy Genoan squints.
Hark! I shall—be this a warning,
Final and straight from my throne!—
Kick in thy features some morning
An thou leav'st not my laces alone!

Downing the Meat Trust

THE city of Paris, Texas, was dissatisfied with the conditions under which the local slaughter-house business was carried on. As is the case in most small cities where this is left entirely to private enterprise, there were unsanitary conditions and no proper inspection. A municipal plant was finally established, which has been so successful as to attract attention all over the country. From a letter from the Mayor of Paris, E. W. McCuistion, describing the plant, we extract the following:

"Our first efforts were toward enlisting the cooperation of all the local meat-cutters and inducing them to form a joint stock company and both build and operate the plant, leaving the city to furnish only the inspector. At that time we did not believe that such a plant was just the proper subject for municipal ownership. Our minds have undergone a complete change on this point—but competition and business rivalry among the interested parties thwarted our purpose, and gave us no option. We found that we must both construct and operate the plant.

"Our plant is a combined abattoir, cold storage, and reduction plant. It is located on one of our principal streets near the corporate limits, with dwelling houses on all sides of it, and one of them within four hundred feet of it."

After describing the construction of the killing-room, refrigerating, reduction, and other rooms, and the method of inspection, which is the same as that used by Government inspectors in the larger packing houses, the Mayor continues:

"It was not our design to make money, but to be self-sustaining. Accordingly, after two months' experience, we determined that we would charge one dollar and twenty-five cents for each beef, and seventy-five cents for each calf, hog, sheep, or goat.

"These charges cover the two inspections, slaughtering, five days' cold storage, and delivery on the hook in the meat-cutter's shop.

"If any carcass is left in the refrigerating rooms longer than five days a charge of ten cents per day is made.

"Tallow, which is the first product we obtain from our rendering tank, we sell at from five to five and one-half cents per pound, and it is readily purchased by laundry men and soap-makers.

"The next product, tankage, is worth by chemical analysis as a fertilizer twenty-three and one-half dollars per ton.

"In many places chops and grain are mixed with it and it is sold as a chicken feed.

"The tallow has always a ready market value, but the tankage is sold principally at planting time, and must be stored at other seasons.

"We have demonstrated to the satisfaction of every local butcher that we can hang a carcass upon the hook in his shop cheaper than he can, and, further, that there is no sort of legitimate comparison between our system and the old one he formerly employed.

"However practical and beneficial our present plant and system has proved to be, it is still susceptible of further development. We expect later to require the inspection and slaughter of chickens and other fowls sold or offered for sale on the local market, to be both inspected and slaughtered under our supervision. We expect also ultimately to grind sausage and render lard and tallow at our plant.

"Our plant cost us complete $10,000. Our estimated population is about 15,000. Our capacity is ample for present needs, only the time must come in the next very few years when our capacity must be further increased. The skilful handling, the inspections, and the good general sanitary features are not by any means all the strong points in municipal abattoirs.

"The equipment of a plant so small as the Paris plant has every facility for producing pure and wholesome food that is possessed by the largest packing house in the country. Multiply the Paris plant by a thousand, and scatter them among the cities of the United States, and you have by so doing dealt the Meat Trust a blow from which it can never fully recover. If these thousand abattoirs were owned by individuals the trust could buy them, and shut them down, but they can not do this when they are owned by the municipalities."

A

B

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(Read center article)

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"Pompeian Beauty" (A) by Turner. Size 17 in. by 12 in. Turner's "Pompeian Beauty" smiles straight at you. She is irresistible with her feminine softness of contour and bloom of healthy happiness. Art value $1.50 to $2.50. Price 15 cents.

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Personality and the Player

(*Concluded from page 17*)

nence in "The Merry Widow" because he possessed certain personal qualities of physical grace and romantic charm too infrequently met with on our lyric stage, where the slangy, the "breezy," the self-assertive native type had long held sway. Mr. Brian cannot sing. He dances gracefully, to be sure, but still his technical equipment as a lyric artist is of the slightest—save for his romantic charm. That conquers because, in such a work as "The Merry Widow," it of course peculiarly fits the ingratiating lilt of the music and the romantic flavor of the fable. Real operetta belongs to the realm of music and shares its sensuous appeal. It may go merrily, but it is somehow sincere about it, and not devoid of sentiment. Mr. Brian has youth and sentiment and sincerity; he has the charm which belongs to operetta, not to the ordinary traffic of musical comedy. And so he fits.

A number of these younger players had a booth at the Actors' Fund Fair last spring, and the women crowded twenty deep around it, like cattle around a salt lick. It showed plainly enough how much of a player's popularity may depend upon youth and attractiveness, upon a charming personality. Charm is an asset almost of definite pecuniary reckoning to many a player.

Triumphant Artistry

WHEN we deal with so accomplished an artist as Mrs. Fiske, an actress whom Réjane has said is one of the greatest alive, it is a trifle insulting to speak of personality, because Mrs. Fiske so thoroughly sinks her personality in the part that it counts but as the salt to the feast. Like Mr. Warfield's, her personality has greatly aided her, because of its pronounced flavor; but even more than Mr. Warfield she has conquered by triumphant artistry. When we come to Nazimova, however, it is harder to say whether this "tiger cat in the leash of art" is more interesting to the public for her brilliant theatrical skill or her dark, exotic, smouldering charm. Each reader will have to decide that question for himself! And when we come to Billie Burke and Marie Tempest and Mabel Taliaferro and Marie Doro—to name a few only—it is not difficult to decide that some personal quality of attractiveness has more to do with their popular success than any theatrical skill, certainly than any powers of sustained and effective impersonation.

Miss Marie Tempest, to be sure, has a great deal of theatrical skill, of a kind. Once she was an operetta star of no mean musical attainments. More recently, in comedy without music, she has won much success because she possesses, together with an arch, piquant and perversely mischievous natural manner, a rare skill in "making her points" clearly and effectively, a fine power of clear-cut, rapid speech, and the ability to take an audience into her confidence which is truly Gallic, frequently indeed suggesting Réjane. But Miss Tempest never truly impersonates. She is incapable of serious suggestion. She never truly begets sympathy for a character; she only rouses mirth for a situation. She could not, therefore, enjoy the popular favor she does were she herself less piquantly alluring, less darting, saucy, birdlike. Ultimately, she conquers by her charm.

Conquering by Sheer Acting Ability

MISS TEMPEST is a much better actress than Miss Billie Burke, however, or Miss Mabel Taliaferro, or Miss Marie Doro. Merely to watch Miss Tempest's craftsmanship in farce comedy is a pleasure. There is little pleasure to be found in watching the technical performances of these younger women. Each has her following, but each gains it chiefly by her personal qualities. Like Kipling, you may ask, perhaps, "It's pretty, but is it art?" Miss Doro's large, gazelle-like eyes and flower face on the slender stem of her body, Miss Taliaferro's small and girlish fragile sweetness, Miss Burke's saucy and piquantly sophisticated youth and prettiness, are what capture our fancy and move us, so far as we are moved, by a process of absorption into the stage story, which our own imagination supplies.

Compare with the success of these young women the success of Miss Helen Ware. Miss Ware has worked hard and faithfully for years perfecting her technique. She has studied, in many parts, to sink her own identity completely in the character. Few people who have enjoyed Miss Ware's acting on the stage could ever recognize her on the street. Miss Ware has conquered by sheer acting ability, by her powers of impersonation. So far as these other players enjoy popular favor, they have conquered rather by their natural gifts of personal charm. Their road, in a sense, has been much easier. But Miss Ware, if she is wise, need not feel peevish about it. What becomes of the young favorite when youth is past and the charm gone, unless he—or she—has acquired meantime true technical skill and power of impersonation? Miss Ware can play many kinds of parts; Miss Burke or Miss Taliaferro only one kind and that kind only so long as youth and beauty last. After all, the player who thrives too largely by personal charm is mortgaging the future.

That excellent artist, Ferdinand Gottschalk, for many years played eccentric parts on Broadway, played them very well; but he was rapidly becoming the victim of his quaint personality; he was rapidly being relegated to a rut. Then he joined the New Theater Company. There the opportunity was given him to break out of his rut, to assume other characters than the petty comic personages of drawing-room comedy, and the ripeness of his artistry surprised many people.

But a still better example of the player who has used personality only as a stepping-stone is that afforded by Miss Ethel Barrymore. For many years this beautiful young woman needed to do little, in order to attract the public, but display her supremely attractive personality in plays which more or less fitted it. So far as she had to act, she seemed to command the tools of her trade; but the necessity was not great, and it can hardly be denied that the majority of theatergoers went to see her rather than the drama or the particular impersonation which she contributed.

But last season Miss Barrymore appeared in Pinero's "Mid-Channel," a play which by its acid outlines and serious import dwarfed any mere display of personality in any of the performers. Miss Barrymore rose to the occasion; "came the power with the need." Without making herself one whit less attractive, she aimed directly to show what kind of a woman Zoe Blundell was; and an astonished public suddenly flocked to the theater for the pleasure not alone of looking at Miss Barrymore, but of being caught up into the spell of a moving story and of being stirred by the picture of a woman's sufferings.

Personality Without Skill

THIS, of course, when all is said, is a vastly more substantial success than the success of mere personal charm. John Barrymore and Charles Cherry have won deserved popularity without the labor that such a man as E. H. Sothern has undergone. But they have not won, without the labor, the varied and resourceful technique to assume a variety of characters, to suggest the depth and range of great drama. They can, of course, act. Personality without any acting skill would not be charming—it would be ridiculous. It requires as much technical expertness to "play yourself" as to play any of the minor character rôles of drama. Even Miss Maxine Elliot's dusky beauty would soon pall if she lacked any acting skill. But the danger of charm is to minimize the need of study and practise; it is ultimately to restrict the actor to a narrow range of parts, and to leave him useless when the years have robbed him of his youth. It is only with patient practise that acting becomes true impersonation, becomes self-effacing and significant.

Edwin Booth and Joseph Jefferson both had conquering charm, of a widely different sort; but both had a deep and painstaking technique and ample imagination. David Warfield has charm, but he has a minute mimetic sense and a faithful eye for the details as well as the large outlines of character impersonation. Miss Ethel Barrymore has the charm of youth and beauty and mental alertness like almost no other, yet she has achieved a sound technique as well, and the ambition to track down the deeper things of the heart.

The Higher Pleasure of the Drama

THE greatest artist will be greater for charm, if indeed, greatness is possible without it; the least artist will be tolerable if he possess it. But it can never be a lasting substitute for the ability to impersonate, and the young men and women of our stage who are blessed with this gift of the gods doubly owe it to themselves and us to make the most of their boon, to add to their charm all the skill they can achieve by patient practise, and so to increase the range and the depth of impersonations in which they can give us both the pleasure of their own personalities and the higher pleasure of the drama for its own sake—which is, after all, the ultimate pleasure of the theater.

"Gustibus"

(*Continued from page 22*)

have been some things to criticize in corporation management in the past. I'm the first to admit it,' he says. 'But, on the other hand, too much agitation,' he says, 'especially when founded upon a misrepresentation of the facts— Yes, yes,' he says. 'An' I don't like to see you makin' mistakes, Mr. Knowles,' he says. 'I thought we could talk it over,' he says.

"The old man took his glasses out of his case with its purple linin' an' he wiped 'em on his ink-spotted silk handkerchief an' he set 'em on his nose an' kinder bent down under the old brass lamp to look at the other feller.

"'Go on,' he says.

"'Yes, yes,' says Otis. 'It pains us very much to have you adopt the policy you have written into your editorials, Mr. Knowles. It makes us feel that perhaps we haven't carried enough advertisin' in your paper,' he says. 'It makes us feel that we ought to come to some business arrangement, perhaps. Couldn't you see your way clear to give us a chance to show you that your editorials are not only hostile an' dangerous to our welfare, but also unjust?' he says.

"HE WAS a slick-talkin' feller. His voice was soft an' sweet like water runnin' over pebbles, an' he had a smile that looked as real as Father Ryan's. Old Ed leaned forward again, an' he smiled too, but I seen his hand on the table shut so hard the veins stood out, an' all the old rheumatism joints were shiny, an' I knew what it meant.

"'I believe we could come to some kind of an understandin',' he says, kind of whisperin'.

"'Oh, yes, yes,' says Otis, lettin' his finger-tips slide out an' rubbin' his hands together. 'We would not expect a hostile attitude from the "Argus,"' he says, 'an' we would expect to pay fifty dollars a month fer a year an' you could give us any space that was convenient. Naturally enough we wouldn't want to do this with a hostile, agitatin' paper,' he says. 'You would understand that,' he says. 'We'd rely on a verbal agreement. Fifty dollars a month.'

"At that old man Knowles let out a kind of a sigh, an' he leaned back in his chair till it creaked an' he began to rub the arms of it.

"Finally, he says, beginnin' in a kind of a whisper: 'Mr. Otis,' he says, 'I ain't a young man, an' I've been editor of this paper fer a good many years. I never had no such advertisin' contract as that before. It would almost double the income of the "Argus,"' he says. 'Yes, Jim,' he says, lookin' at me, 'that's what it would do, sure,' he says. 'But,' he says, standin' up an' puttin' his hands behind him, 'there ain't been a word I've ever written fer the "Argus" that didn't come from my heart. If anybody seen it there they might not believe it, but, by Jingo! they knew I believed it. They knew I wouldn't drive up to their door an' lie to 'em in the face, an' they knew I wouldn't do it in the "Argus." The paper ain't made any money,' he says. 'Neither have I. My wife's had to get along sometimes without a dress to go to the strawberry festivals or the like of that,' he says. 'She didn't mind, I guess,' he says, thoughtful an' puttin' his hands in his pockets. 'Anyhow,' he says, 'I've run this paper, an' if I did it fer money I ain't got any. I ain't got much of anythin' except the influence the "Argus" has. I ain't even got any children now, except the "Argus." It ain't much. It ain't large. But it's a virtuous daughter, Mr. Otis, an' I ain't goin' to sell her. I love this paper.'

"An' with that he brought his finger down as if he had a charge of powder an' shot loaded in it. 'Mr. Otis,' he says, 'I know you. You are one of these accelerators—one of these public opinion agents. You're somebody's dog. You smile. But it's a fake,' he says. 'There ain't any smile in your soul,' he says. 'You're bought by somebody. I ain't bought by nobody,' he says, shakin' his finger. An' I seen right then that old Ed weren't short an' bowlegged an' bothered with bills. I seen he was the goods.

"'So,' he says, 'there's some distinctions,' he says, 'even in a democracy,' he says. 'Mr. Otis, this is my sanctum. There ain't a piece of mahogany or ten dollars' worth of furniture in it. But it's my sanctum an' you ain't welcome in it,' he says.

"The feller must have had a hide like an oak-tanned engine belt. He got kinder red an' his smile kinder turned onto one side of his face, as if it hurt him, an' he was tryin' to get rid of it. Perhaps he was used to takin' slaps in spite of his fine clothes an' nice parted hair. It ain't necessary fer a slave to go barefoot in these days. He stuck his hand into his pocket an' pulled out a fountain-pen an' twirled it in his fingers, an' when he spoke it was just as soft as ever.

"'I'm sorry you take that attitude,' he says. 'Especially as you're fond of the "Argus." Maybe I can make you see the matter in a different light, Mr. Knowles. I don't want to do anythin' that would cause you or Mr. Hands any hardship. But as you know you put up your stock in the "Argus" at the bank last April. You endorsed it over an' gave a contract fer a forfeiture of your equity in case you failed to pay fer four hundred dollars of notes when they came due. An' they're due before noon to-morrow. In this State the forfeiture is good,' he says.

"'Well, the boys at the bank will renew fer me,' says old Ed.

"The Otis feller grinned. 'Yes, yes,' he said. 'The boys, as you call 'em, have been pretty nice to you, haven't they? But you see the railroad has some influence, too. We do a lot of business with this little bank here, an' I just bought yer notes an' I've got the majority of your stock in my valise at the hotel. An' I ain't goin' to renew the contract. I guess you've got the last of yer credit,' he says. 'Perhaps I'll own the "Argus" to-morrow,' says he, slow an' smilin'.

"I tell yer I never see such a look as come into old Ed's face. The paper was the only thing he had in the world. He was rooted right into it. An' what he heard turned him white as yer collar.

"'Well,' says Paul R. Otis. 'Can't you see your way clear to a change in policy, Mr. Knowles? Of course, in that case we'd let the little debt go fer a while.'

"I seen the old man open an' shut his hands. He kinder looked around the office as though he was seein' it fer the last time, an' he picked up a copy of the paper an' looked at one side an' turned it over an' looked at the other.

"'No,' he says. 'You can buy the press an' the name an' the files,' he says. 'An' you can kill the "Argus." You can bury it. But you can't buy the "Argus." Fer the "Argus" is me,' he says, an' put his head in his hands.

"'Is that the way you feel, Mr. Hands?' says the other feller, turnin' to me.

"'No, it ain't,' I says. 'My feelin' is different. His is mental. But my feelin' is all in my body,' I says. 'I'm itchin',' I says, 'I'm itchin' to wipe the floor with you.'

"I think I frightened the feller. He got up, an' just as he took a step, the door from the outer office opened an' in come a flash of blue ribbons an' pink hat. It was Mazie Marcon as sure as you're a foot high!

"'Well,' she says, smoothin' her yellow hair with one hand, 'I'm a lady,' she says, 'but you can tie a can to me if I ever saw anythin' to beat this,' she says. 'It's funny what you can see when you ain't got a gun,' she says, 'even in a little burg like this,' she says. 'You're Mr. Knowles, the editor an' dramatic critic?' she says.

"THE old man looked up and nodded.

"'Well, say,' she says. 'When I come in an' heard voices an' sat down outside I was loaded with some emotional actin'. I had a speech,' she says, 'with class to it. You roasted our show. I ain't fussin' about that. We like that talk about our not bein' a high-brow show. It draws the crowd. We've sold out the whole house to-night on what you wrote,' she says. 'It's somethin' more personal,' she says, 'an' I want you to know I don't care whether I sing like a peacock or dance like a hen on hot tar. Them things is nothin' to me. I've been married twice an' I've heard 'em before, especially from the last one. But there's one thing,' she says, 'that troubles me,' she says, 'an' it ain't the peacock business. No,' she says, 'I come in fer an explanation. You called me somethin' that don't sound good to me. It sounds like an insult an' I don't stand fer insults from no dramatic critic.'

"'What was it?' says old Ed, looking like a man who has been shot full of trouble from first one barrel an' then the other. 'What was it?' he says.

"'De Gustibus,' says Mazie, flushin' red. 'The orchestra leader's an Eyetalian, but even he, who has got an awful long string of them abusives, couldn't answer fer this Gustibus,' she says.

"I saw old Ed reach fer a book as if he was goin' to show her, but she stopped him.

"'Some other time, old man,' she says. 'I'll take yer word fer it. An' from what I could hear sittin' outside, you've got a swell lot of trouble already,' she says. 'I heard this gent here, I heard what he said,' she says, giving Otis a look an' turnin' up her nose, full of contempt—'I heard him blackmailin' you,' she says. An' then she

turned again to Otis, an' says: 'Do you think you can get away with it?' says she.

"Otis puts his thumbs in his vest pockets an' whistled. 'Well,' he says, 'I can't understand how you can take that view of it,' he says. 'My dear madam,' he says, 'do you want to advance the four hundred dollars?' he says.

"'Do you think I'd be workin' on this circuit if I had four hundred dollars?' she says. 'Oh, no,' she says. 'Not this particular Mazie Marcon. But,' she says, lookin' toward old Knowles, 'seein' you say there ain't no harm in this "Gustibus," let bygones be bygones,' she says. 'I like you, Mr. Knowles,' she says. 'I think you're on the level, an' anybody that's on the level these days has got me pushin' a button on their time-clock. So enter Mazie Marcon playin' title part in the "Power of the Press." Villain thwarted by harmless hands of womankind. There's the scenario.'

"'The what?' I says.

"'Scenario—plot,' says she. 'Come with me,' she says, pointin' to me. 'I'm late now. My act goes on at eight-thirty. You an' I are goin' to pull off a sketch. We're goin' to show this feller Otis that this squeeze-out business won't go in a good old U. S. town.'

"'What you goin' to do?' I says, half gettin' up.

"'Ask no questions an" follow the old breeze,' she says in a queenly fashion, an' rustled out the door with her blue ribbons flyin'. She said somethin' to the man at the door of the Opera House an' he pushed me in, an' says: 'Sit down anywhere, old scout,' like the way the fight promoters talk to the chief of police.

"THE hall was full, just as she said, an' everybody was hot an' fannin' themselves with hats or programs. I seen Dave Pierson an' his wife in the front row, fer he is the kind that always comes an hour beforehand with a newspaper an' a package of chewin'-gum, so's he can get the best seat an' read an' chew an' watch the hall fill up. There was a feller on the stage jugglin' with Indian clubs all covered with tinsel, while the musicians were keepin' time with him playin' the 'Anvil Chorus.' An' then finally the feller on the stage runs off light an' easy an' graceful on his toes, an' when they clapped, he come out again an' bowed this way an' that, just as if he really cared, an' maybe he did. An' then they turned the lights out an' threw a calcium circle on the curtain the way they do when it's goin' ter be a woman in a swell dress.

"I kinder knew it would be Mazie, an' it was. She didn't look half so tired, an' she looked a heap younger. She had on a costume about the shade of them Baltimore orioles you see in summer—a kind of an orange an' black—an' a diamond necklace, which explained the calcium light, I guess. It made 'em look real. She certainly looked fine. An' she sang a song about a picture on the mantelpiece or over the parlor stove or somethin'. That was sad, an' dragged, you understand. An' then back she come walkin' on springs an' bouncin' around an' snappin' her fingers an' singin' a song with lots of ginger, called 'Aviating Anna,' about a black girl who wanted to fly, till you was movin' yer feet in time to it an' every hair on yer head was a jew's-harp. Maybe she was better than usual. Maybe her heart was light, so to speak. Anyhow she got the factory boys. They seemed to catch her feelin' an' they just hollered fer more.

"AN' SHE come out smilin' the same as ever, an' she put up her hand fer quiet an' her face changed, an' you could see she weren't an actress any more, but just a woman. An' she began to tell 'em the story of old Ed Knowles, an' I hung over the back of the chair in front of me just listenin' an' listenin'.

"She told it good—how the old man had always been workin' to make the paper go an' writin' what he believed was true, an' sittin' up late maybe to turn out somethin' the best he could do, an' how he was on the level. I couldn't see how she knew so much about old Ed. An' she couldn't. It was just that she knew things like my Annie does. An' she told 'em of how she'd gone to the 'Argus' office. An' she told right out about this feller from the railroad an' how he weren't satisfied with corruptin' politics, but wanted to make public opinion rotten, too. An' she told about how he threatened to take the paper fer a debt of four hundred dollars, an' how it would leave the old man without anythin' to do, an' she said the paper was his baby, an' he'd always brought it up an' nursed it an' sweated fer it an' got wrinkled fer it.

"She certainly handed it out. An' she didn't seem to be much educated either. It was a surprise to me. I guess it don't take education. At first, of course, everybody thought it was goin' to end in a joke—somethin' funny. But by an' by when she had come forward an' was talkin'

strong an' hard an' worked up, you could see the wet places in the corner of her eyes, an' in the calcium light they was just like them glass diamonds—only real. So everybody was still like the woods is at night. They listened to beat the band.

"'Well,' she says finally, with a kinder laugh, 'you wonder what I'm talkin' fer. I'll tell yer,' says she. 'I'm bettin' on you,' she says—'you who sit out there—every one of you. I'm bettin' that men an' women'll do the right thing. The ticket man counted you when you came in. There's four hundred an' seventy-five of yer. An' I want four hundred an' seventy-five new subscriptions to the "Argus,"' she says.

"She waited a minute, and then she walks to the front of the stage an' pointed to a boy, an' smiled enough to take the chill off Joe Bent, who's the meanest man in the factory. 'Do you want to help me?' she says.

"'Sure,' says the boy, an' everybody seemed kinder glad to stamp an' whistle.

"AN' THEN she picked out Dave Pierson, an' then an old man whose name I ferget, but he lives out on the road to Turner's Corner.

"'Boys,' she says to 'em, 'the people here is goin' to write their names an' address on a piece of paper an' hand 'em in with the money. Nothin' but cash goes to-night. Them that ain't got it can borrow. An' now, boys, do yer see this rose I've got here? The one that brings in the biggest list gets that rose. Go to it!' she says.

"Well, the funny part of it was that that rose was made of tissue paper. You could have bought ten of 'em fer a quarter, an' yet Dave Pierson an' the boy an' the old man was all sweatin' when they got through an' outer breath an' red an' anxious an' tryin' to separate money from paper an' lookin' sheepish. The rose weren't worth anythin'. It only goes to show, don't it?

"An' finally they were through, an' Mazie told 'em Dave had won, an' she leaned down an' pinned the rose on him an' put her arms around his neck an' made everybody laugh except Dave's wife, who was mad. An' Mazie asked the people if Dave was to be trusted to give the money to old Ed, an' they laughed some more, an' so she gave the cash an' the pieces of paper to Dave. Everybody just let loose, laughin' an' happy an' noisy like people get once in a long while.

"An' then she come forward again, an' she couldn't seem to speak so loud or steady. She just said: 'I'm much obliged. This is the best sketch I ever put on,' she says. 'You see I was right,' she says, 'about people,' she says. 'They're the goods!' says she. 'I like you all,' she says, an' them words gagged her. So she ran out. An' the man had thrown the circle of light on again. Great guns! Didn't it look empty!

"Well, sir, Dave come over to the 'Argus' office with the money. An' there was four hundred and seven names an' addresses an' four hundred an' eighteen dollars!

"WE COUNTED it out on the old table, an' had to begin all over again two or three times, fer Dave was always tryin' to tell old man Knowles how it happened an' old Ed was asking questions, an' starin' like he couldn't believe much of it, an' then Dave would tell it all over again an' tell about how he won the rose and lie very strong about how pretty this Mazie Marcon was. When he'd told it enough to us, he run out to tell it an' show his paper rose at the barber shop, where they was just closin' up.

"An' after a while he come back. 'Well,' he says, with a kind of a sigh, 'the train's gone. She's left town.'

"That seemed to wake up old Ed. 'Gone!' he says. 'Ain't I goin' to see her?'

"'No,' says Dave, 'I guess not. They're goin' clear through to New York, I hear.'

"Old Ed studied fer a while. 'My God!' he says. 'If she died, what a chance I'd have fer an obituary!' he says.

"But he didn't say any more fer a long time, an' when he spoke again Dave had looked at his watch an' gone out. So the old man put his hand on mine, across the table, an' he says: 'If we can elect Barnes instead of the railroad candidate, it will be the "Argus" that done it—the power of the press, eh?'

"'It will not,' says I. 'It will be "Gustibus."'

"The old man laughed, but he didn't say anythin'. After a while he got up an' looked at the engravin' of Lincoln an' straightened it on the wall, an' blew the dust off some old books an' walked around the room, lookin' at everythin' as if he'd been away fer ten years an' just got back. An' finally he sat down at the table an' gave a sigh the way a kid does when he's put to bed, an' he kinder leaned forward with his head on his arms. That's the way I left him—leanin' over the table under the old brass lamp—in the Sanctum."

The World's Workshop

News and Comment About Business and Industry

Conservation

A Business Man's Hint

MR. W. D. SIMMONS of St. Louis is president of one of the biggest businesses in the country—one that advertises extensively, and uses an army of salesmen. He was one of the speakers at the Conservation Congress at St. Paul last month. In his speech he said something that the promoters of any big movement should read:

"I have a suggestion to make which I ask you to take to the Governors who appointed you to attend this Congress; that is, that each one (I mean each Governor) summon to his Capitol, for consultation, say six of the leading business men of the State—selecting those who in their own business have, by successful use of modern advertising, demonstrated that they have learned from experience how to reach the individual—how to tell him something they want him to know. Knowing how to do that is just as much a matter of education and experience—in fact, education from experience—as are the methods of the forester or of the politician who is a 'past master' at the game.

"Give the people of your State the benefit of this experience. It can be had for the asking. The business men can be depended on to help whenever called upon. They will be particularly ready in this matter which, in proportion as it is successful, will make for good trade and stable business conditions.

"Ask such a group of successful advertisers to formulate a scheme of reaching the public generally with the kind of information they want, and should have about conservation. Enlist the cooperation of the army of commercial travelers within the State—there are no more loyal American citizens anywhere—none who can do more in such a campaign—none who will more gladly lend a hand when once they are advised along proper lines, and know how great a factor the conservation of our natural resources can be in the upbuilding of business everywhere, and through it the general prosperity of our people.

"Ask this business council to formulate ways of making known not only the facts about the forests and water supply, and the importance of these facts to every individual man, woman and child in the nation, but why we in the United States average 13½ bushels of wheat per acre, instead of 23½ bushels, as they do in Germany, and 30 9-10 bushels in the United Kingdom of Great Britain; how this is making homestead lands scarce, and prices high, because we only get half the amount of crops we should get from the land we have under cultivation, and consequently the supply is getting less every year in proportion to the demand. When we find our production less to the acre each succeeding year and more mouths to feed, it is time everybody knew why.

"Write up a short story of what reclamation has done and can do in relieving the situation by opening up to us millions of acres of land which can and will add greatly to our food and meat supply; tell them what has already been accomplished, for instance, in Florida, and the progress that is still being made by reclamation work, to the great benefit of the people of that State.

"Point out to them the lessons which we should get from cases of individual effort along the lines of modern methods in farming; how, for instance, Mr. Claude Hollingsworth—a farmer near Colfax, Washington—raised this year 45 bushels of wheat to the acre, averaging 62 pounds to the bushel; and of barley 72½ bushels to the acre—when his neighbors, with the same conditions of soil, climate and rainfall, averaged only half as much; or in South Carolina, where Mr. E. McI. Williamson, a planter, has by the proper application of fertilizers, modern methods, and little additional expense, increased his production of corn from 15 bushels per acre to an average of nearly 60 bushels; and of cotton from less than one-half a bale to an average of a bale per acre.

"You, of course, recognize that this suggestion is based upon entire confidence in having the cooperation of the daily press—I have no doubt about that whatever. The newspapers are not only most potent factors in spreading enlightenment, but they can always be depended on to take enthusiastic hold of any movement that is honestly and disinterestedly for the general good.

"This whole subject of conservation is fundamentally a business proposition—a question of managing the people's business with the same care and foresight that we put into private business—a question of using the nation's capital in a way that will produce a regular, steady and proper income year after year, and at the same time so safeguard the principal that the people of these United States may go on as a nation in business indefinitely."

New York's New Liability Laws

NEW YORK STATE has taken a forward step in regulating the relations between employer and employee. On Sept. 1 two new acts, radically altering the old laws as to liability for injury, went into effect. They are the result of the investigations made by the Wainwright Commission, appointed by the New York Legislature in 1909.

Besides extending the liability of the employer, both under the Common Law doctrine and the statutes, one of the new acts shifts the burden of proof of contributory negligence from the workman to the employer. The new law makes the employer liable for the negligence of any one with authority to direct workmen. This is an extension from the old provision that only the superintendent's negligence made the employer liable.

A Compulsory Compensation Law is one of the two. It stipulates that in eight certain dangerous employments the amount of compensation in case of death, when the workman leaves anybody wholly dependent, shall be 1,200 times the daily earnings of the worker. Total or partial incapacity for work shall be met by weekly payments of one-half his regular full-time wages, but in no case must the payment exceed ten dollars a week or be continued longer than eight years.

In a general way, the New York Legislature followed the provisions of the employers' liability laws of Germany and England—perhaps the most carefully constructed of any. Now will come the testing of this new legislation in the courts. It is not possible to predict the date of that test—for the sake of both employers and workmen, it should come soon.

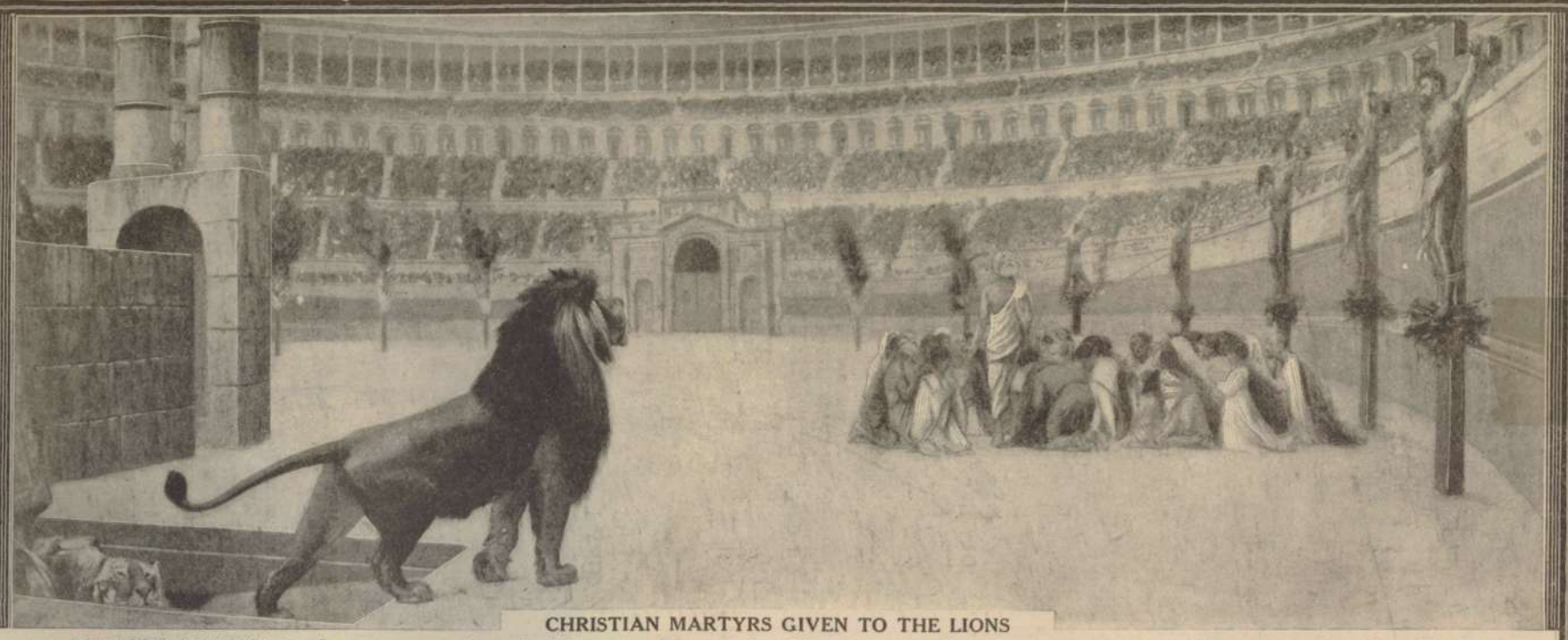
"Getting Together" in Boston

IN THE September number of the Boston Chamber of Commerce magazine appears a little story of how the retail merchants got together and what they gained by it. A year ago there existed only suspicion of one another—retailers strove to keep rivals ignorant of what they were doing. Now, when they meet, which they do frequently in committee rooms, at luncheons, and dinners, the usual query is: "What can we all do together to improve retail trade in Boston?"

A retailers' committee from the Merchants' Association looked over the situation a year ago, and decided that the first step was to get the merchants acquainted with one another. "So," says the story, "they got up a couple of dinners, one in June, 1909, the second in October, 1909, and imported speakers like H. G. Selfridge, Robert W. Ogden, Hugh Chalmers, and Arthur Brisbane. Those merchants who have been for years spending a lot of their energy hiding their secrets from one another—watching, suspecting, knocking—came to the dinners in droves. They sat down together, ate and smoked and talked and shook hands, and went home to think it over.

"Two months later a group of over one hundred of them met in the library of the Chamber of Commerce and formed the Retail Trade Board, a subordinate organization within and under the authority of the Chamber of Commerce."

Since then a sizable list of things done stands to the credit of the Retail Trade Board of Boston. A campaign to save money on fire insurance was one undertaking; another was to have the route of street parades changed by city ordinance in order to prevent the shutting off of people from the shops during the celebrations. Obviously, the work can be extended. Perfectly feasible for any city is this one idea worked out in the general "Advance New England" campaign that is now on.



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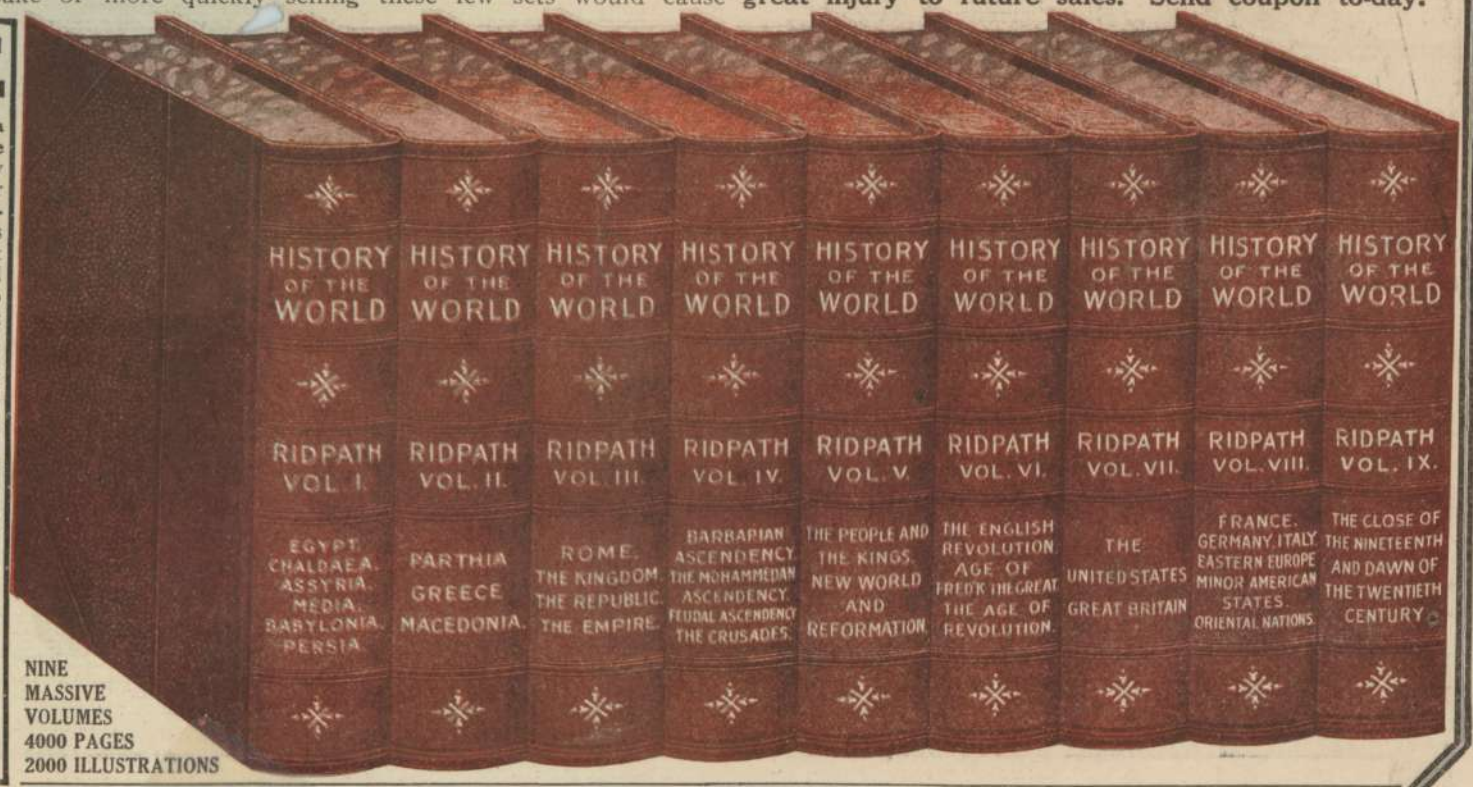

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