MARCH

THE LABOR PROBLEM
By J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE - *Illustrated*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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Vol. LXVII. No. 3 MARCH 1920

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY. PRICE, 35 CENTS A NUMBER; $4.00 A YEAR

Roosevelt and Royalties

IN all the Roosevelt Letters there has been nothing more striking than this correspondence with the Kings of the earth. Here are Roosevelt's own letters to them and their remarkable, cordial letters to him. Facsimiles are shown in their own handwriting of letters from the Emperor William, King Edward, the Emperor of Russia, King Alfonso, the Mikado, and Albert of Belgium.

There are also reproductions of the photographs presented by the Kaiser to Colonel Roosevelt showing them both on horseback at the great review in Colonel Roosevelt's honor. On the back of each the Kaiser has written a facetious inscription which is reproduced in facsimile. The photographs themselves were published at the time in Germany.

Henry James and **Edmund Gosse** were friends for many years, and Mr. Gosse has taken the occasion of the early publication of Mr. James's Letters to review in an intimate manner his whole career. It is a sympathetic presentation of the man and the author. The first paper appears in this number.

General Charles H. Sherrill has recently visited the Philippines and expresses his dissent from the view of those who would make it an independent Republic.

"What the Peace-Makers Have Done on the Danube" is explained by *Major E. Alexander Powell* in his trip along "The New Frontiers of Freedom."

Maitland Armstrong, known so many years as an artist and maker of stained glass, left a volume of interesting Reminiscences soon to be published. His account of artistic life in Rome a generation ago is here published.

Henry van Dyke's subject this month in "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" is "*Sympathetic Antipathies*"—a defense of certain reasoned prejudices.

John Fox's serial, "*Erskine Dale—Pioneer*," increases in dramatic interest. It is a tale of patriotic fervor and real romance

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Short Stories — "Devilled Sweetbreads," by *Maxwell Struthers Burt*, a story of a ranch near the Three Tetons; "A Chinese Interlude," by *Harriet Welles*, the story of the subtlety of the Chinese as opposed to American hustle; "His Job," by *Grace Sartwell Mason*, the story of an engineer and his responsibilities.

In **The Field of Art:** "Our Money and Our Medals," by *Adeline Adams* —**The Point of View.—The Financial Situation,** by *Alexander Dan Noyes*.

SCRIBNER'S *for* April

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The Fifth Avenue Section *of* Scribner's Magazine

(Pages 4 to 20 following)

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Shopping Service of Scribner's Fifth Avenue Section. Miss Walton will buy anything you wish. No charge for her services. **To purchase any article,** give page on which article is shown, if illustrated, enclose check payable to Charles Scribner's Sons, and mail to Miss Virginia Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Literature from the Fifth Avenue Shops

Booklets and information on any of the subjects listed may be obtained from the following firms, or tear out page and send direct to Miss Walton, checking the subjects desired.

Objects of Art

Sculpture by American Artists: *Gorham Galleries, Fifth Ave. at 36th St.*
New Edition of Art Notes: *Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Ave.*
News of the Art Galleries: *Milch Galleries, 108 W. 57th St.*
Paintings by Old Masters: *Satinover Galleries, 27 West 56th St.*
Authoritative Brochure on Old English Silver with Some Reproductions: *Crichton Bros., 636 Fifth Ave.*
Lamps: *The Herter Looms, Inc., 841 Madison Ave.*
Old and Modern Paintings: *Schultheis Galleries, 425 Fifth Ave.*
Sporting Prints and Paintings: *Ackermann & Son, 10 East 46th St.*
Artistic and Oriental Jewelry: *D. Z. Noorian, 607 Fifth Ave.*
Ancient Porcelain: *John Sparks of London, 707 Fifth Ave.*
English Antiques: *Frank Partridge, 6 West 56th St.*
New Series of Prints: *Klackner Galleries, 7 West 28th St.*
Early American Portraits: *Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Ave.*
American and Foreign Paintings and Prints: *Ralston Galleries, 567 Fifth Ave.*
Chinese Porcelain: *Getz Galleries, 14 East 45th St.*
American Paintings: *Howard Young, 620 Fifth Ave.*
Paintings in Oil and Water-Color: *Dudensing, 45 West 44th St.*
American Paintings: *Arlington Galleries, 274 Madison Ave.*
Paintings by Dearth and Others: *Folsom Galleries, 560 Fifth Ave.*

For the House

Furniture of Character: *Hampton Shops, 18 East 50th St.*
The Gift Book: *Ovington's, 312 Fifth Ave.*
Illustrated Booklet of Decorative Furniture: *MacBride, 3 East 52d Street.*
Unconventional Furniture of Distinction: *New York Galleries, Madison Ave. at 48th St.*
Danersk Decorative Furniture: (*Booklet T-5*), *Erskine-Danforth, 2 West 47th St.*
Antique Furniture and Correct Reproductions: *Emil Feffercorn & Co., 126 East 28th St.*
Lamps of Rare Distinction: *Irwin Post, 12 West 47th St.*
Distinctive Furniture and Decorations: *Vincent Collins, 780 Fifth Ave.*
Sale of China and Crystal: *Gilman Collamore, Fifth Ave. at 30th St.*
Ancient and Modern Rugs: *Costikyan & Co., 12 East 40th Street.*
How I Would Photograph Your Child: *Walter Scott Shinn, 569 Fifth Ave.*
Re-creating Daguerreotypes and Other Old Pictures: *Bradley Studios, 435 Fifth Ave.*
China and Crystal: *Higgins & Seiter, 9 East 37th St.*

Clothes

Smart Clothes: *Gidding & Co., 568 Fifth Ave.*
Gifts for Men: *A. Sulka & Co., 512 Fifth Ave.*
Hat and Scarf Sets: (*Booklet 9-T*), *Youmans, 581 Fifth Ave.*
Fitting the Narrow Foot: *Shoecraft Shop, 27 West 38th St.*

(Fifth Avenue Section continued on following pages)

SCRIBNER'S
Fifth Avenue Section
Reg. U. S. Patent Off.

CALENDAR *of* CURRENT ART EXHIBITIONS

Klackner Galleries, 7 West 28th Street: Exhibition of Mezzotints and Etchings.—Gorham Galleries, Fifth Avenue at 36th Street: Exhibition of Sculpture by American Artists.—Schultheis Galleries, 425 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by a Group of American Artists.—Arlington Galleries, 274 Madison Avenue: Exhibition of Paintings by Robert Spencer.—Macbeth Galleries, 450 Fifth Avenue: Group of American Paintings.—Dudensing Galleries, 45 West 44th Street: Paintings of Auvergne by the Modern Impressionist, Victor Charreton.—Montross Gallery, 550 Fifth Avenue: Water-Colors by Paul Cézanne, to February 28.—Knoedler Galleries, 556 Fifth Avenue: Exhibition of Paintings by Caroline Locke.—Folsom Galleries, 560 Fifth Avenue: Exhibition of American Paintings.—Ralston Galleries, 567 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Horace Brown, through March.—Arthur H. Hahlo & Company, 569 Fifth Avenue: Exhibition of Etchings and Drypoints by Whistler.—Ackermann Galleries, 10 East 46th Street: Exhibition of Old English Sporting Prints.—Scott and Fowles, 590 Fifth Avenue: Exhibition of Eighteenth-Century English and American Portraits.—Ferargil Galleries, 607 Fifth Avenue: Paintings in Oil and Water Color by W. L. Carrigan.—Babcock Art Gal-

(Continued on page 9)

SCRIBNER'S
Fifth Avenue Section
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CALENDAR *of* CURRENT ART EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 7)

leries, 19 East 49th Street: Antonio Barrone, to February 14; Eugene V. Brewster, to February 29.—Kennedy and Company, 613 Fifth Avenue: Etchings and Lithographs by Whistler, Haden, Meryon, and Cameron, to March 17.—Ainslie Galleries, 615 Fifth Avenue: Canvases by Inness.—Yamanaka Galleries, 680 Fifth Avenue: Exhibition of Oriental Arts.—Ehrich Galleries, 707 Fifth Avenue: Paintings by Early Spanish Masters.—Satinover Galleries, 27 West 56th Street: Exhibition of

(Continued on page 11)

Edward G. Getz

14 East 45th Street, New York

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Crystals

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PAINTING
INTERIOR DECORATIONS

CALENDAR *of* CURRENT ART EXHIBITIONS

(Continued from page 9)

the Works of Old Masters.—Frank Partridge, 6 West 56th Street: Antique English Furniture.—Warwick House, 45 East 57th Street: Exhibition of French Objets d'Art of the Eighteenth Century.—Mussman Galleries: 144 West 57th Street: Etchings by Philip Little.—Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street: Figures and Landscapes by Ossip Linde.—Metropolitan Museum of Art: Exhibition of Chinese and Japanese Brocades, Floor 2, Room 6; Exhibition of Prints by Albrecht Dürer, Print Galleries.

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TO find a certain print or perhaps paintings of a certain type—do not hesitate to call on Miss Walton. No charge for her services. Address her at SCRIBNER'S FIFTH AVENUE SECTION, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Ave.

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Louis Paul Dessar's "The Wood Cart."

A beautiful water-color by J. Alden Weir.

IN THE ART GALLERIES

For addresses of galleries where these paintings may be seen, or for prices, address Miss Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FLOWER paintings are so established in their value as decorations that they are in great demand. The important flower group shown, however, by Jean Baptiste Monnoyer, known as Baptiste, has value not only as a decoration but as a work of art. Baptiste (1634–1699), of the Flemish School, is well represented in the Louvre by his flower and fruit pieces, and his work is listed as being in the museums of Arras, Lille, Montpellier, Rouen, etc.—a veritable list of destroyed towns. He decorated Lord Montague's house in England and executed numerous orders for Louis XIV. This flower group is on exhibition in one of the galleries which specialize in old masters.

A typical Pannini which is on view.

Flower painting of the Flemish School by Monnoyer, known as Baptiste.

Canvases by Pannini, who painted many remains of ancient edifices in and around Rome, are on exhibition. This old master's work, 1695–1768, is strikingly effective.

Shown above is a complete and beautiful little water-color of J. Alden Weir's. Since Mr. Weir's death there has been an even greater demand for his work, but happily he is already well represented in our museums. This work, both from its size and beauty, would be an admirable choice for a collector whose walls could not conveniently accommodate a larger canvas.

Eugene Speicher's portrait, "Girl in Pink Sweater."

Louis Paul Dessar's canvas, "The Wood Cart," is on view farther down the Avenue, a lovely thing with all the charm and mysticism of the woods in autumn. An interesting portrait is this by Eugene Speicher. Mr. Speicher's canvases, on view at one of the large galleries, include both landscapes and portraits, delightful in quality.

A Man's Room of Today at the Hampton Shops

WHETHER the architectural setting suggests the sturdy oak of Tudor England or a more adaptable treatment of Georgian influence, a man's room should reflect his own personality in its furnishings. The Hampton Decorators are peculiarly qualified to offer you able assistance in developing such a comfortable yet dignified masculine interior with its convenient lighting, roomy writing table and deep seated chairs.

Only by a personal visit to the spacious Hampton Galleries of interiors can you appreciate the vast resources and equipment which we put at the command of our clients, in the assemblage of fine antiques and worthy reproductions with harmonious fabrics and unusual incidentals.

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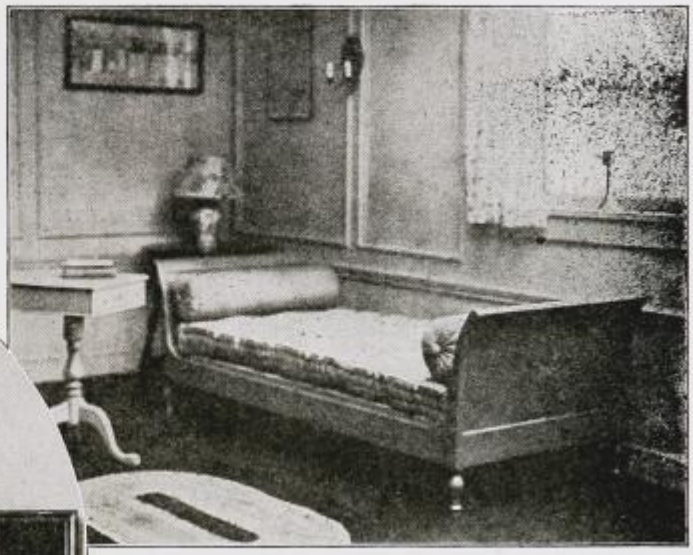
FROM IMPORTANT PIECES TO AMUSING TRIFLES

For further information about these pieces, addresses of shops where they can be obtained, or to purchase articles, address Miss Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York. Make checks payable to Charles Scribner's Sons if a purchase is desired.



It is refreshing in these days to find a shop specializing in special-order furniture—furniture finished in any particular tone or decoration desired. This low Empire day-bed in a tone to harmonize with your chosen fabric would be a delightful choice.

A delightful room with deep, book-filled shelves, comfortable chairs, a great, inviting sofa before the glowing fire—can't you picture a library where a desk of this character would be at home? Mahogany Georgian flat-top desk with a fine William and Mary mirror with bevelled, bordered glass in carved wood frame above. Two antique floral paintings flank the mirror.

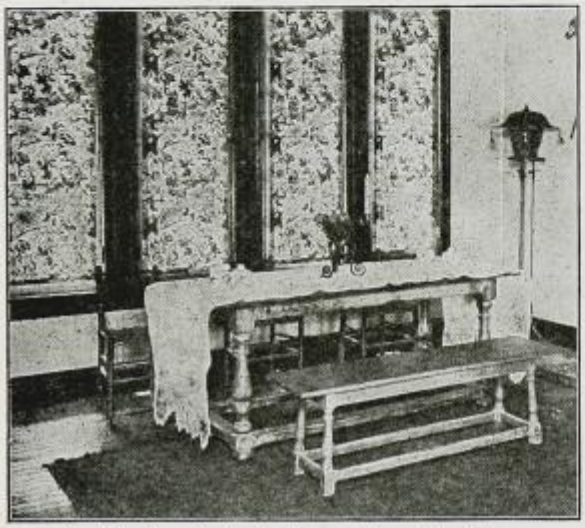
Bidding high for favor at five dollars for a bridge prize is this cracker-and-cheese dish (below) with sterling-silver bands and knob. The wise old man of Japan (below at the right) nods his head and waves his hand to encourage his owner—who perchance may acquire him as a booby prize. Five inches high. $1.

Hand-illuminated parchment makes an interesting little framed decoration. With a variety of decorations and quotations suitable for varied occasions. "Flanders Field," in two upright panels, $4; the one illustrated (10 inches long), $2.

THE NEW CHINTZES AND HANGINGS *for the Summer Home**

ONE of the newest things used by the exclusive decorators is a wool-embroidered linen. This, while termed new, is much like the old crewel-work and is adaptable both for hangings and for upholstery fabric on important pieces.

In large, bold patterns the soft colors of the wool—the one illustrated is in gray green, yellow green, dull



Sunlight through glazed chintz window-shades brings almost a literal garden of flowers into the room.

rose, and blues—are blended by the neutral-toned linen background. These are very lovely in living-room or library, particularly if the room is old English in character.

Glazed chintz is delightful used in many ways, for chair and sofa coverings, hangings, etc., but used in a sun-room, enclosed porch, bathroom, or simple living-room for window-shades it gives great charm. With the sun shining through it literally brings a garden of flowers into the room. In the seaside bungalow illustrated above, whose windows on either side of the room look out on water, the glazed chintz shades act as delightful glare-subduers—the sunlight, mellowed and softened

The new wool-embroidered linen.

*** For addresses of shops where these can be obtained or for samples, address Miss Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York, or she will purchase them for you direct.**

Hand-blocked design on real linen.

giving charming panels of color. In this instance the color was repeated in the lamp-shades in the room which were of the same glazed chintz.

A variety of designs are available from $1.75 per yard upward.

Hand-blocked linens are always in demand and now are very scarce. The one shown in the new large pattern is very good and suitable to use in various rooms, with its mulberry blue, soft green, and tobacco brown coloring on a warm tan background.

SCRIBNER'S

Fifth Avenue Section

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FOR THE COLLECTOR

WHETHER HIS HOBBY BE ANTIQUE CHINESE PORCELAIN OR OLD ENGLISH SILVER

Addresses of shops where these may be obtained sent on request to Miss Walton, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Made in the time of George II, in 1743, for one of the Jacobites, to commemorate the Stuart reign, this rare old silver box was the work of Richard Williams, a maker of fine boxes. The design in relief shows King Charles hiding in the oak-tree—the historic event even now celebrated in parts of England as Oak Day. Two horsemen represent the pursuers, Royalists and Roundheads. Box 3¼ inches by 2¼ inches.

Garniture of three pieces, comprising pair of clubs and one plate, in powder-blue porcelain with the five-color Famille-Verte panels in reserve. Kang-Hsi dynasty. Extremely rare and choice quality, mounted on carved teakwood stand. Height of clubs, 18 inches.

This interesting old silver dish-cross—a holder for hot dishes adjustable to any size—was made in 1775. Either this or a slightly later one with a lamp can be obtained. These are much used in England for hot dishes at breakfast.

WATCH THIS PAGE FOR SPECIAL VALUES

To purchase these special "finds," send check or money order (payable to Charles Scribner's Sons) to Miss Walton, Scribner's Fifth Avenue Section, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Rickrack braid adds a wonderfully smart new note to this dimity shirt with its becoming, well-cut collar, tucked bosom, and turn-back link cuffs. $3.95. With knife pleating in place of rickrack, same price. Or if you prefer silk, of good quality habutai silk, $9.75.

Smart straw sailor in any color to match suit and all head sizes. $8. Regulation shirt with new club collar, in habutai silk, $10; madras or cheviot, $5.

This blouse would be at home under the smartest street suit worn into the Ritz for tea, for it has the earmarks of the lovely French blouses, entirely handmade of sheer batiste, daintily put together with veining and real filet lace in rose design, yet the price is $9.75.

Only after looking through the shops with the utmost care have we picked this suit as one of the best values obtainable. Of worsted jersey, and the wearing qualities and "staying" powers of this jersey are not to be compared with others; thoroughly shrunk from seventy-two to fifty-four inches so that it will not stretch, it will stand up wonderfully for hard wear over the golf course, tramping, or for wear in town. In heather mixtures, with brown, blue, green, gray, or copenhagen predominating, or in plain colors, $42.50.

With the present shortage of small boys as caddies during the week at many of the clubs, these English automatic golf bags, now obtainable for the first time since the war, are greatly in demand. The tripod legs automatically extend when the bag is put down and fold back when taken up. $10.

As waterproof as ever a shoe can be made and comfortable is this moccasin shoe of oiled mooseskin which water will not stiffen. A fine value for the man who plays golf. $6.75.

Ease in walking, comfort on slippery ground, a sure stance in playing golf—all these are yours if you put these English rubber soles and heels on your walking shoes. Any cobbler will adjust them—and they do away many times with the necessity for rubbers. $1.50.

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SMALL THINGS WHICH GO FAR TO MAKE A ROOM

To purchase any article or for further information, write Miss Walton, of Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

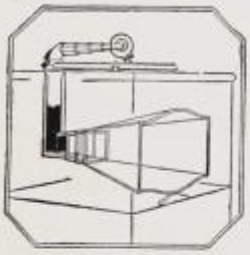
Lacquer Mirror, $24.

WHEN entering a room for the first time, hasn't your eye been caught by some small trifle—unimportant, perhaps only a colorful bit, a happy arrangement, a bit of reflection in a mirror? Such details assume an importance all out of proportion to their cost.

It was as suggestions for this purpose that the various small pieces shown here were selected. The odd-shaped mirror (18 inches long) will perhaps solve the treatment of the narrow panel between two doors, while the larger mirror below (21 x 36 inches)—an exceptional value at $35—Italian gold carved-wood frame, could be used over a refectory table of walnut (illustrated), a reproduction

of a fifteenth-century Italian design. 54-x-19-inch, a wonderful value at $55.

The pair of apple-green Chinese pottery lamps with green silk shades are really lovely, delightful in color and workmanship. 18 inches high. Lamp with base, $20; shade, $15. Chinese ginger jar, $25.



The Cheney Acoustic Throat gathers tones and releases them under perfect and calculated control.

Like a Violin, exquisite with its first rich tone, and day by day becoming seasoned and mellowed by the throbbing melodies it helps to create, so with The Cheney—"THE LONGER YOU PLAY IT, THE SWEETER IT GROWS."

Dulcetly appealing with the first record you play upon it, it enhances in sweetness and quality of tone with use. It is the gift of original acoustic principles, evolved and perfected in The Cheney.

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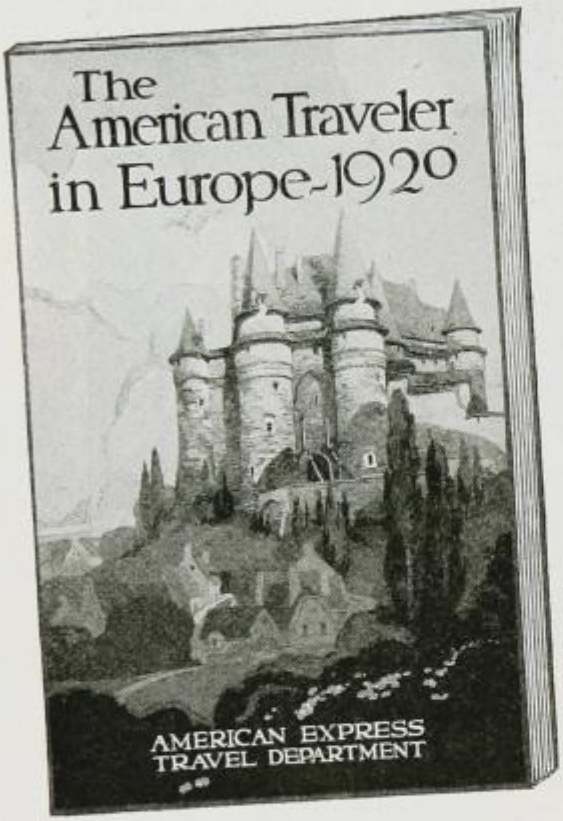

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MAGAZINE NOTES

JOHN FOX, JR., whose untimely death during the past year ended the career of one of the most successful and popular of American novelists, will be remembered by readers of this magazine especially as the author of "The Heart of the Hills," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." He was the author of many other stories that have won equal fame.

BADGER CLARK says he has never been east of Chicago. He writes verse "cadenced by unshod hoofs and sung to a lyre strung with rawhide and bailing wire."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Born, 1858. Died, 1919.

JOSEPH BUCKLIN BISHOP is a journalist and author, for many years a close friend of Colonel Roosevelt.

E. ALEXANDER POWELL has served as a war correspondent in various parts of the world and seen active service overseas as a major in the United States service. He is the author of a number of books, the most recent being "Italy at War and the Allies in the West" and "The Army Behind the Army."

RALPH D. PAINE is known to every Yale man as one of its famous crew men. He has also won fame as a newspaper correspondent and is the author of many books. Short stories by him have frequently appeared in this magazine.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN is one of the most noted professors of political economy and authorities on finance in the country. He is the author of a number of books on these subjects.

GEORGE MEASON WHICHER is a professor of Greek and Latin in New York. His verses have previously appeared in the Magazine.

LEONARD WOOD, JR., is the son of General Leonard Wood of the army. He was in the service himself during the war.

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD is Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He is well known as the author of several volumes of poems.

HORACE D. ASHTON, F. A. G. S., has been an extensive traveller and had some interesting adventures in Haiti making photographs of the United States Marines in action.

SIR SIDNEY COLVIN is a noted English author, a lifelong friend and editor of Robert Louis Stevenson.

GORDON ARTHUR SMITH is the author of the novels "The Crown of Life" and "Mascarose" and a volume of short stories. Readers will remember previous stories in the Magazine.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY is a lawyer of Greenville, Miss. A volume of his verse is to be published in the spring by the Yale Press.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL is General Sherrill of New York. Among his books is "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine." He has only recently returned from an extensive journey in the Orient.

HENRY VAN DYKE needs no introduction to Scribner readers. He has been for years one of its most admired and popular authors.

LUCIA FAIRCHILD FULLER, A. N. A., is one of the best-known woman painters in the United States. She was a student of William M. Chase and Siddons Mowbray, and has won medals in Paris, Buffalo, and St. Louis. She is a member of the Society of Miniature Painters.

Warren's
STANDARD
Printing Papers

How do You Read?

"WHAT are you reading?" asked Aliquis.

Hamlet replied:

"Words, words, words."

We suppose that this answer meant that the mind was not intent on the book. But even complete concentration on the message does not quite give that fullness of reading which the sage says "maketh a full man."

There are charms in a good book other than those which flowed from the pen of its author. There are the arts of binding, of cover design and color, of fitting the hand in size and weight, of type-arrangement giving subtle aid to vision. These are all matters pregnant with interest to the student.

And then the body of the book—paper. Three thousand years have toiled to perfect for you that surpassing gift. We make good paper for good books, and we wish that you would add to the pleasures of reading the pleasure of knowing books.

For instance, in that altogether delightful volume, Strachey's "Eminent Victorians" (Putnam), you will see the graciousness of our Olde Style paper. It exemplifies what good paper can add to "words, words, words."

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BOOK NOTES

ONE of the most interesting literary events in years, and a book of letters which will undoubtedly take its place among the greatest of all published correspondence, is presaged by the announcement that the letters of Henry James are in preparation for publication. Persons who have been fortunate enough to have had a glimpse of some of these letters say that they are so remarkably entertaining and so thoroughly delightful, both from a literary and a human point of view, that they will undoubtedly stimulate enormously the interest in James which has been growing so steadily since the war.

IN the preparation of the book, "Foch: the Winner of the War," the confidential files not only of the French but of the English and American armies as well were open to Captain Recouly, and because of the large amount of authentic material never before made public and the skill of Captain Recouly in presenting the personality of the general, "Foch: the Winner of the War" has already achieved the remarkable sale of over 20,000 copies in France. It has just been brought out in English and published in America.

LADY BUTCHER, in her "Memories of George Meredith," gives the world not a little new information about the novelist which is both significant and extremely entertaining. Here is one of the passages she quotes from her diary which shows his amazing power to paint with words:

"Mr. Meredith went with father and me to see Irving and Mrs. Crowe (*née* Bateman) in 'Macbeth.' During supper he explained the acting of the sleep-walking scene to mother, and wishing to describe the way that Lady Macbeth pushed the palms of her hands from nose to ear, he said: 'My dear Mrs. Brandreth, I assure you that she came through her hands like a corpse stricken with mania in the act of resurrection!'"

AMONG the papers in Katharine Fullerton Gerould's collection of essays, "Modes and Morals," which will be published in February, are "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling," that brilliant critical comment which has so amazingly awakened a fresh interest in Kipling, and "British Novelists, Ltd.," Mrs. Gerould's daring and incisive criticism of modern English fiction.

AN amusing story comes from the publishers' editorial rooms about the proofs of "Basket Ball and Indoor Baseball for Women," which has just been published. The authors, discussing a play in baseball, quite innocently spoke of "the man on third." This offended the sense of verities of the proof-reader (probably a suffragist), who suggested a change to "the woman on third." The editors, however, feeling that the book was a manual of athletics and not for women's rights, played safe with "the player on third."

BECAUSE of the tremendous popularity among children of "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," a great many people have gotten the idea that it is a book of interest only to children. This is not so, and the publishers have taken occasion to point to the tremendous significance of this book which Roosevelt himself said he would rather have published than any other book that had ever been written about him. Speaking of it, the *Outlook* says: "The reader will lay down Mr. Roosevelt's letters to his children with a knowledge that he has been privileged to have had in his hands a great biographical document. We do not think its like can be found in the whole range of literature."

"LA MALQUERIDA," one of the most powerful plays from the pen of the noted Spanish author and dramatist, Jacinto Benavente, whose selected plays have been published in two series, was produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre in New York under the title "The Passion Flower," with Nance O'Neil, a celebrated American dramatic actress, in the rôle which was created in Madrid by Marie Guerrerro, to whom the author affectionately dedicates this play. The American version was made by John Garrett Underhill, representative of the Spanish Society of Authors in the United States.

"A BOOK OF R. L. S.," by George E. Brown, is the sort of book all Stevenson lovers have been waiting for. The volume has listed in alphabetical order the names of all the people and the places mentioned in Stevenson's books and letters that played a romantic part in his career. It gives the important facts about each one and is invaluable to the intelligent lover of Stevenson.

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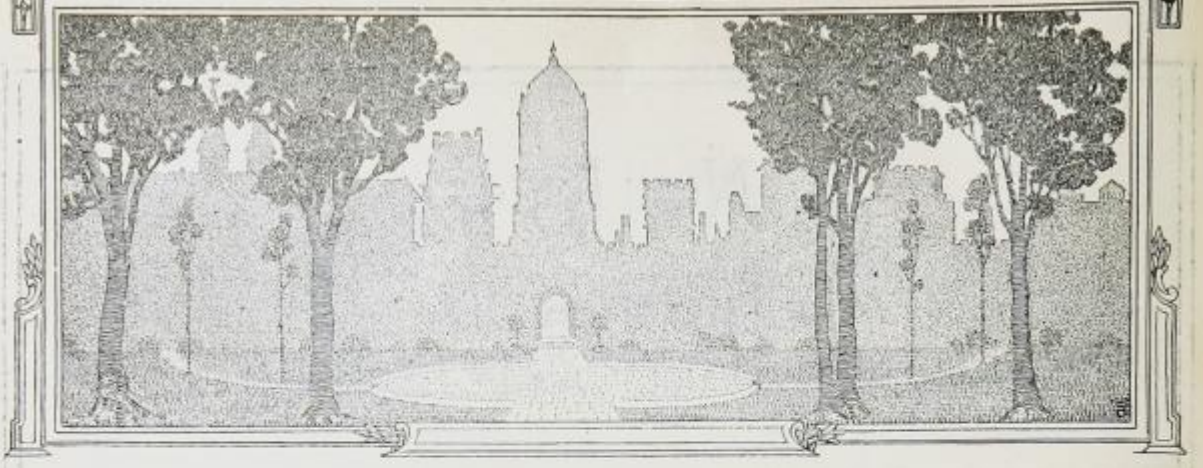

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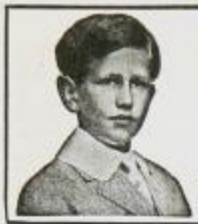

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"FOUR MORE DAYS," HE CRIED, "AND WE'LL BE THERE!"

—"Erskine Dale—Pioneer"—page 263.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVII MARCH, 1920 NO. 3

ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY F. C. YOHN

VII

IT was a merry cavalcade that swung around the great oaks that spring morning in 1774. Two coaches with outriders and postilions led the way with their precious freight—the elder ladies in the first coach and the second blossoming with flower-like faces and starred with dancing eyes. Booted and spurred, the gentlemen rode behind and after them rolled the baggage wagons drawn by mules in jingling harness. Harry on a chestnut sorrel, and the young Kentuckian, on a high-stepping gray, followed the second coach—Hugh on Firefly champed the length of the column. Colonel Dale and Dave brought up the rear. The road was of sand and there was little sound of hoof or wheel—only the hum of voices, occasional sallies when a neighbor joined them and laughter from the second coach as happy and care-free as the singing of birds from trees by the roadside.

The capital had been moved from Jamestown to the spot where Bacon had taken the oath against England—then called Middle-Plantation, and now Williamsburg. The cavalcade wheeled into Gloucester Street and Colonel Dale pointed out to Dave the old capitol at one end and William and Mary College at the other. Mr. Henry had thundered in the old capitol, the burgesses had their council chamber there, and in the hall there would be a ball that night. Near the street was a great building which the colonel pointed out as the governor's palace, surrounded by pleasure-grounds of full three hundred acres and planted thick with linden trees. My Lord Dunmore lived there. Back at the plantation Dave had read in an old copy of *The Virginia Gazette*, amid advertisements of shopkeepers, the arrival and departure of ships and poetical bits that sang of Myrtilla, Florella, and other colonial belles, how the town had made an illumination in honor of the recent arrival of the elegant Lady Dunmore and her three fine, sprightly daughters from whose every look flashed goodness of heart. For them the gentlemen of the burgesses were to give a ball the next night. At this season the planters came with their families to the capitol and the street was as brilliant as a fancy dress parade would be to us now. It was filled with coaches-and-fours. Maidens moved daintily along in silk and lace, high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings. Youths passed on spirited horses, college students in academic dress swaggered through the throng and from his serene excellency's coach, drawn by six milk-white horses, my lord bowed grimly to the grave lifting of hats on either side of the street.

The cavalcade halted before a building with a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh over the main doorway, the old Raleigh Tavern, in the Apollo Room of which Mr. Jefferson had rapturously danced with his Belinda, and which was to become the Faneuil Hall of Virginia. Both coaches were quickly surrounded by bowing gentlemen, young gallants, and frolicsome

students. Dave, the young Kentuckian and Harry would be put up at the tavern, and, for his own reasons, Hugh elected to stay with them. With an *au revoir* of white hands from the coaches, the rest went on to the house of relatives and friends.

Inside the tavern Hugh was soon surrounded by fellow-students and boon-companions. He pressed Dave and the boy to drink with them but Dave laughingly declined and took the lad up to their room. Below they could hear Hugh's merriment going on and when he came up-stairs a while later his face was flushed, he was in great spirits and was full of enthusiasm over a horse-race and cock-fight that he had arranged for the afternoon. With him came a youth of his own age with daredevil eyes and a suave manner, one Dane Grey, to whom Harry gave scant greeting. One patronizing look from the stranger toward the Kentucky boy and within the latter a fire of antagonism was instantly kindled. With a word after the two went out, Harry snorted his explanation:

"Tory!"

In the early afternoon coach and horseman moved out to an "old field." Hugh was missing from the Dale party and General Willoughby frowned when he noted his son's absence. When they arrived a most extraordinary concert of sounds was filling the air. On a platform stood twenty fiddlers in contest for a fiddle—each sawing away for dear life and each playing a different tune—a custom that still survives in our own hills. After this a "quire of ballads" was sung for. Then a crowd of boys gathered to run one hundred and twelve yards for a hat worth twelve shillings, and Dave nudged his young friend. A moment later Harry cried to Barbara:

"Look there!"

There was their young Indian lining up with the runners, his face calm, but an eager light in his eyes. At the word he started off almost leisurely until the whole crowd was nearly ten yards ahead of him, and then a yell of astonishment rose from the crowd. The boy was skimming the grounds on wings. Past one after another he flew and laughing and hardly out of breath he bounded over the finish with the first of the rest laboring with bursting lungs ten yards behind. Hugh and Dane Grey had appeared arm in arm and were moving through the crowd with great gayety and some boisterousness, and when the boy appeared with his hat Grey shouted:

"Good for the little savage!" Erskine wheeled furiously but Dave caught him by the arm and led him back to Harry and Barbara who looked so pleased that the lad's ill-humor passed at once.

"Whut you reckon I c'n do with this hat?"

"Put it on!" smiled Barbara but it was so ludicrous surmounting his hunter's garb that she couldn't help laughing aloud. Harry looked uneasy but it was evident that the girl was the one person who could laugh at the sensitive little woodsman with no offense.

"I reckon you're right," he said and gravely he handed it to Harry and gravely Harry accepted it. Hugh and his friend had not approached them for Hugh had seen the frown on his father's face, but Erskine saw Grey look long at Barbara, turn to question Hugh and again he began to burn within.

The wrestlers had now stepped forth to battle for a pair of silver buckles and the boy in turn nudged Dave, but unavailingly. The wrestling was good and Dave watched it with keen interest. One huge bull-necked fellow was easily the winner, but when the silver buckles were in his hand, he boastfully challenged anybody in the crowd. Dave shouldered through the crowd and faced the victor:

"I'll try you once," he said, and a shout of approval rose.

The Dale party crowded close and my lord's coach appeared on the outskirts and stopped.

"Backholts or catch as catch can?" asked the victor sneeringly.

"As you please," said Dave.

The bully rushed. Dave caught him around the neck with his left arm, his right swinging low, the bully was lifted from the ground, crushed against Dave's breast, the wind went out of him with a grunt, and Dave with a smile began swinging him to and fro as though he were putting a child to sleep. The spectators yelled their laughter and the bully

roared like a bull. Then Dave reached around with his left hand, caught the bully's left wrist, pulled loose his hold and with a leftward twist of his own body tossed his antagonist some several feet away. The bully turned once in the air and lighted resoundingly on his back. He got up dazed and sullen but breaking into a good-natured laugh, shook his head and held forth the buckles to Dave.

"You won 'em," Dave said. "They're yours. I wasn't wrastling for them. You challenged. We'll shake hands."

Then my Lord Dunmore sent for Dave and asked him where he was from.

"And do you know the Indian country on this side of the Cumberland?" asked his lordship.

"Very well."

His lordship smiled thoughtfully.

"I may have need of you."

Dave bowed:

"I am an American, my lord."

His lordship flamed but he controlled himself.

"You are at least an open enemy," he said and gave orders to move on.

The horse-race was now on and meanwhile a pair of silk stockings, of one pistol's value, was yet to be conferred. Colonel Dale had given Hugh permission to ride Firefly in the race, but when he saw the lad's condition he peremptorily refused.

"And nobody else can ride him," he said, with much disappointment.

"Let me try!" cried Erskine.

"You!" Colonel Dale started to laugh but he caught Dave's eye.

"Surely," said Dave. The colonel hesitated.

"Very well—I will."

At once the three went to the horse and the negro groom rolled his eyes when he learned what his purpose was.

"Dis hoss'll kill dat boy," he muttered, but the horse had already submitted his haughty head to the lad's hand and was standing quietly. Even Colonel Dale showed amazement and concern when the boy insisted that the saddle be taken off, as he wanted to ride bareback, and again Dave overcame his scruples with a word of full confidence. The boy had been riding pony races bareback, he explained, among the Indians, as long as he had been able to sit a horse. The astonishment of the crowd when they saw Colonel Dale's favorite horse enter the course with a young Indian apparently on him bareback will have to be imagined, but when they recognized the rider as the lad who had won the race, the betting through psychological perversity was stronger than ever on Firefly. Hugh even took an additional bet with his friend Grey who was quite openly scornful.

"You bet on the horse now," he said.

"On both," said Hugh.

It was a pretty and a close race between Firefly and a white-starred bay mare, and they came down the course neck and neck like two whirlwinds. A war-whoop so Indian like and curdling that it startled every old frontiersman who heard it came suddenly from one of the riders. Then Firefly stretched ahead inch by inch, and another triumphant savage yell heralded victory as the black horse swept over the line a length ahead. Dane Grey swore quite fearfully for it was a bet that he could ill afford to lose. He was talking with Barbara when the boy came back to the Dales, and something he was saying made the girl color resentfully and the lad heard her say sharply:

"He is my cousin," and she turned away from the young gallant and gave the youthful winner a glad smile. Just then a group of four men stopped near, looked closely at the little girl and held a short consultation. One of them came forward with a pair of silk stockings in his hand.

"These are for the loveliest maiden present here. The committee chooses you."

And later he reported to his fellow members:

"It was like a red rose curtseying and breathing thanks."

Again Hugh and Dane Grey were missing when the party started back to the town—they were gone to bet on "Bacon's Thunderbolts" in a cock-fight. That night they still were missing when the party went to see the Virginia Comedians in a play by one Mr. Congreve—they were gaming that night—and next morning when the Kentucky lad rose, he and Dave through his window saw the two young roisterers approaching the porch of the hotel—much dishevelled and all but staggering with drink.

"I don't like that young man," said

Dave, "and he has a bad influence on Hugh."

That morning news came from New England that set the town a-quiver. England's answer to the Boston tea-party had been the closing of Boston harbor. In the House of Burgesses, the news was met with a burst of indignation. The first of June was straightway set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer that God would avert the calamity threatening the civil rights of America. In the middle of the afternoon my lord's coach and six white horses swung from his great yard and made for the capitol—my lord sitting erect and haughty—his lips set with the resolution to crush the spirit of the rebellion. It must have been a notable scene, for Nicholas, Bland, Lee, Harrison, Pendleton, Henry, and Jefferson, and perhaps Washington, were there. And my lord was far from popular. He had hitherto girded himself with all the trappings of etiquette, had a court herald prescribe rules for the guidance of Virginians in approaching his excellency, had entertained little and unlike his predecessors, made no effort to establish cordial relations with the people of the capitol. The burgesses were to give a great ball in his honor that very night, and now he was come to dissolve them. And dissolve them he did. They bowed gravely and with no protest. Shaking with anger my lord stalked to his coach and six while they repaired to the Apollo Room to prohibit the use of tea and propose a general Congress of the colonies. And that ball came to pass. Haughty hosts received their haughty guest with the finest and gravest courtesy, bent low over my lady's hand, danced with her daughters, and wrung from my lord's reluctant lips the one grudging word of comment:

"Gentlemen!"

And the ladies of his family bobbed their heads sadly in confirmation, for the steel-like barrier between them was so palpable that it could have been touched that night, it seemed, by the hand.

The two backwoodsmen had been dazzled by the brilliance of it all, for the boy had stood with Barbara who had been allowed to look on for a while. Again my lord had summoned Dave to him and asked many questions about the wilderness beyond the Cumberland, and he even had the boy to come up and shake hands and asked him where he had learned to ride so well. He lifted his eyebrows when Dave answered for him and murmured with surprise and interest:

"So—so!"

Before Barbara was sent home Hugh and Dane Grey dressed with great care came in, with an exaggeration of dignity and politeness that fooled few others than themselves. Hugh catching Barbara's sad and reproachful glance did not dare go near her but Dane made straight for her side when he entered the room—and bowed with great gallantry. To the boy he paid no attention whatever and the latter fired with indignation and hate turned hastily away. But in a corner unseen he could not withhold watching the two closely, and he felt vaguely that he was watching a frightened bird and a snake. The little girl's self-composure seemed quite to vanish, her face flushed, her eyes were downcast and her whole attitude had a mature embarrassment that was far beyond her years. The lad wondered and was deeply disturbed. The half overlooking and wholly contemptuous glance that Grey had shot over his head had stung him like a knife-cut, so like an actual knife indeed that without knowing it his right hand was then fumbling at his belt. Dave too was noticing and so was Barbara's mother and her father who knew very well that this smooth, suave, bold young daredevil was deliberately leading Hugh into all the mischief he could find. Nor did he leave the girl's side until she was taken home. Erskine, too, left then and went back to the tavern and up to his room. Then with his knife in his belt he went down again and waited on the porch. Already guests were coming back from the party and it was not long before he saw Hugh and Dane Grey half stumbling up the steps. Erskine rose. Grey confronted the lad dully for a moment and then straightened.

"Here's anuzzer one wants to fight," he said thickly. "My young friend, I will oblige you anywhere with anything, at any time—except to-night. You must regard zhat as great honor for I am not accustomed to fight with savages."

And he waved the boy away with such an insolent gesture that the lad, knowing no other desire with an enemy than to kill in any way possible, snatched his knife from his belt. He heard a cry of surprise and horror from Hugh and a huge hand caught his upraised wrist.

"Put it back!" said Dave sternly.

The dazed boy obeyed and Dave led him up-stairs.

VIII

DAVE talked to the lad about the enormity of his offense but to Dave he was inclined to defend himself and his action. Next morning, however, when the party started back to Red Oaks, Erskine felt a difference in the atmosphere that made him uneasy. Barbara alone seemed unchanged and he was quick to guess that she had not been told of the incident. Hugh was distinctly distant and surly for another reason as well. He had wanted to ask young Grey to become one of their party and his father had decisively forbidden him—for another reason too than his influence over Hugh: Grey and his family were Tories and in high favor with Lord Dunmore.

As yet Dave had made no explanation or excuse for his young friend, but he soon made up his mind that it would be wise to offer the best extenuation as soon as possible; which was simply that the lad knew no better, had not yet had the chance to learn, and on the rage of impulse had acted just as he would have done among the Indians, whose code alone he knew.

The matter came to a head shortly after their arrival at Red Oaks when Colonel Dale, Harry, Hugh, and Dave were on the front porch. The boy was standing behind the box-hedge near the steps and Barbara had just appeared in the doorway.

"Well, what was the trouble?" Colonel Dale had just asked.

"He tried to stab Grey unarmed and without warning," said Hugh shortly.

At the moment, the boy caught sight of Barbara. Her eyes filled with scorn, met his in one long, sad, withering look, and she turned noiselessly back into the house. Noiselessly too he melted into the garden, slipped down to the river bank and dropped to the ground. He knew at last what he had done. Nothing was said to him when he came back to the house and that night he scarcely opened his lips. In silence he went to bed and next morning he was gone.

The mystery was explained when Barbara told how the boy too must have overheard Hugh.

"He's hurt," said Dave, "and he's gone home."

"On foot?" asked Colonel Dale incredulously.

"He can trot all day and make almost as good time as a horse."

"Why, he'll starve."

Dave laughed.

"He could get there on roots and herbs and wild honey, but he'll have fresh meat every day. Still I'll have to try to overtake him. I must go anyhow."

And he asked for his horse and went to get ready for the journey. Ten minutes later Hugh and Harry rushed joyously to his room.

"We're going with you!" they cried, and Dave was greatly pleased. An hour later all were ready and at the last moment Firefly was led in, saddled and bridled and with a leading halter around around his neck.

"Harry," said Colonel Dale, "carry your cousin my apologies and give him Firefly on condition that he ride him back some day. Tell him this home is his" —the speaker halted, but went on gravely and firmly—"whenever he pleases."

"And give him my love," said Barbara, holding back her tears.

At the river gate they turned to wave a last good-by and disappeared in the woods. At that hour the boy far over in the wilderness ahead of them had cooked a squirrel that he had shot for his breakfast and was gnawing it to the bones. Soon he rose and at a trot sped on toward his home beyond the Cumberland. And with him, etched with acid on the steel of his brain sped two images—Barbara's face as he last saw it, and the face of young Dane Grey.

The boy's tracks were easily to be seen in the sandy road and from them Dave judged that he must have left long before daylight. And he was travelling rapidly.

They too went as fast as they could but Firefly led badly and delayed them a good deal. Nobody whom they questioned had laid eyes on the boy and apparently he had been slipping into the bushes to avoid being seen. At sunset Dave knew that they were not far behind him but when darkness hid the lad's tracks Dave stopped for the night. Again Erskine had got the start by going on before day, and it was the middle of the forenoon before Dave, missing the tracks for a hundred yards, halted and turned back to where a little stream crossed the road and dismounted leading his horse and scrutinizing the ground.

"Ah," he said, "just what I expected. He turned off here to make a bee-line for the fort. He's not far away now." An hour later he dismounted again and smiled: "We're pretty close now."

Meanwhile Harry and Hugh were getting little lessons in woodcraft. Dave pointed out where the lad had broken a twig climbing over a log, where the loose covering of another log had been detached when he leaped to it and where he had entered the creek, the toe of one moccasin pointing down-stream.

Then Dave laughed aloud:

"He's seen us tracking him and he's doubled on us and is tracking us. I expect he's looking at us from somewhere around here." And he hallooed at the top of his voice which rang down the forest aisles. A war-whoop answered almost in their ears that made the blood leap in both the boys. Even Dave wheeled with cocked rifle and the lad stepped from behind a bush scarcely ten feet behind them.

"Well, by gum," shouted Dave, "fooled us after all."

A faint grin of triumph was on the lad's lips, but in his eyes was a waiting inquiry directed at Harry and Hugh. They sprang forward both of them with their hands outstretched:

"We're sorry!"

A few minutes later Hugh was transferring his saddle from Firefly to his own horse which had gone a trifle lame. On Firefly Harry buckled the boy's saddle and motioned for him to climb up. The bewildered lad turned to Dave who laughed:

"It's all right."

"He's your horse, cousin," said Harry. "My father sent him to you and says his home is yours whenever you please. And Barbara sent her love."

At almost the same hour in the great house on the James the old negress was carrying from the boy's room to Colonel Dale in the library a kingly deed that the lad had left behind him. It was a rude scrawl on a sheet of paper, signed by the boy's Indian name and his totem mark—a buffalo pierced by an arrow.

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam plantashun Barbara."

Thus read the scrawl!

IX

Led by Dave, sometimes by the boy, the four followed the course of rivers, upward, always except when they descended some mountain which they had to cross, and then it was soon upward again. The two Virginia lads found themselves, much to their chagrin, as helpless as children, but they were apt pupils and soon learned to make a fire with flint and even with dry sticks of wood. On the second day Harry brought down a buck and the swiftness and skill with which Dave and the Kentucky boy skinned and cleaned it greatly astonished the two young gentlemen from the James. There Erskine had been helpless, here these two were, and they were as modest over the transposition as was the Kentucky lad in the environment he had just left. Once they saw a herd of buffalo and they tied their horses and slipped toward them. In his excitement Harry fired too soon and the frightened herd thundered toward them.

"Climb a tree!" shouted Erskine dropping his rifle and skinning up a young hickory. Like squirrels they obeyed and from their perches they saw Dave in an open space ahead of them dart for a tree too late.

The buffalo were making straight for them through no purpose but to get away, and to their horror they saw the big hunter squeezing his huge body sidewise against a small tree and the herd dashing under them and past him. They could not see him for the shaggy bodies rushing by, but when they passed, there was Dave

unhurt, though the tree on both sides of him had been skinned of its bark by their horns.

"Don't do that again," said Dave, and then seeing the crestfallen terror on Harry's face he smiled and patted the boy on the shoulder:

"You won't again. You didn't know. You will next time."

Three days later they reached the broad, beautiful Holston River, passing over the pine-crested, white-rocked summit of Clinch Mountain, and came to the last outlying fort of the western frontier. Next day they started on the long, long wilderness trail toward the Cumberland range. In the lowland they found much holly and laurel and rhododendron. Over Wallen's Ridge they followed a buffalo trail to a river that had been called Bear-grass because it was fringed with spikes of white umbelliferous flowers four feet high that were laden with honey and beloved by Bruin of the sweet tooth. The land was level down the valley. On the third day therefrom the gray wall of the Cumberland that ran with frowning inaccessibility on their right gathered its flanks into steep gray cliffs and dipped suddenly into Cumberland Gap. Up this they climbed. On the summit they went into camp, and next morning Dave swept a long arm toward the wild expanse to the west:

"Four more days," he cried, "and we'll be there!"

The two boys looked with awe on the limitless stretch of wooded wilds. It was still Virginia to be sure, but they felt that once they started down they would be leaving their own beloved State for a strange land of unknown beasts and red men who peopled that "dark and bloody ground."

Before sunrise next morning they were dropping down the steep and rocky trail. Before noon they reached the beautiful Cumberland River, and Dave told them that below it ran over a great rocky cliff tumbling into foam and spray over mighty boulders around which the Indians had to carry their bark canoes. As they rode along the bank of the stream the hills got lower and were densely thicketed with laurel and rhododendron and impenetrable masses of canebrake filled every little valley curve. That night they slept amid the rocky foothills of the range, and next morning looked upon a vast wilderness stretch of woods that undulated to the gentle slopes of the hills, and that night they were on the edge of the blue-grass land.

Toward sunset Dave, through a sixth sense, had the uneasy feeling that he was not only being followed but watched from the cliffs alongside, and he observed that Erskine too had more than once turned in his saddle or lifted his eyes searchingly to the shaggy flanks of the hills. Neither spoke to the other, but that night when the hoot of an owl raised Dave from his blanket Erskine too was upright with his rifle in his hand. For half an hour they waited, and lay down again, only to be awakened again by the snort of a horse, when both sprang to their feet and crawled out toward the sound. But the heavy silence lay unbroken and they brought the horses closer to the fire.

"Now I *know* it was Indians," said Dave, "that hoss o' mine can smell one further'n a rattlesnake." The boy nodded and they took turns on watch while the two boys slept on till daylight. The trail was broad enough next morning for them to ride two abreast—Dave and Erskine in advance. They had scarcely gone a hundred yards when an Indian stepped into the path twenty yards ahead. Instinctively Dave threw his rifle up, but Erskine caught his arm. The Indian had lifted his hand—palm upward. "Shawnee!" said the lad, as two more appeared from the bushes. The eyes of the two tidewater boys grew large, and both clinched their guns convulsively. The Indian spokesman paid no heed except to Erskine—and only from the lad's face, in which surprise was succeeded by sorrow and then deep thoughtfulness, could they guess what the guttural speech meant, until Erskine turned to them.

They were not on the war-path against the whites, he explained. His foster-father—Kahtoo, the big chief, the king—was very ill and his message brought by them was that Erskine should come back to the tribe and become chief as the chief's only daughter was dead and his only son had been killed by the palefaces. They knew that in the fight at the fort

Erskine had killed the Shawnee, his tormentor, for they knew the arrow which Erskine had not had time to withdraw. The dead Shawnee's brother—Crooked Lightning—was with them. He it was who had recognized the boy the day before and they had kept him from killing Erskine from the bushes. At that moment a gigantic savage stepped from the brush. The boy's frame quivered, straightened, grew rigid, but he met the malevolent glare turned on him with emotionless face and himself quietly began to speak while Harry and Hugh and even Dave watched him enthralled; for the lad was Indian now and the old chief's mantle was about his shoulders. He sat his horse like a king and spoke as a king. He thanked them for holding back Crooked Lightning's evil hand, but—contemptuously he spat toward the huge savage—he was not to die by that hand. He was a paleface and the Indians had slain his white mother. He had forgiven that, for he loved the old chief and his foster-mother and brother and sister, and the tribe had always been kind to him. Then they had killed his white father and he had gone to visit his kindred by the big waters and now he loved *them*. He had fled from the Shawnees because of the cruelty of Crooked Lightning's brother whom he had slain. But if the Indians were falling into evil ways and following evil counsels his heart was sad.

"I will come when the leaves fall," he concluded, "but Crooked Lightning must pitch his lodge in the wilderness and be an outcast from the tribe until he could show that his heart was good." And then with an imperious gesture he waved his hand toward the west.

"Now go!"

It was hard even for Dave to realize that the lad, to all purposes, was actually then the chief of a powerful tribe and even he was a little awed by the instant obedience of the savages who without a word melted into the bushes and disappeared. Harry wished that Barbara had been there to see and Hugh was open-mouthed with astonishment and wonder and Dave recovered himself with a little chuckle only when without a word Erskine clucked Firefly forward, quite unconsciously taking the lead. And Dave humored him; nor was it many hours before the lad ceased to be chief, although he did not wholly become himself again until they were near the fort. It was nearing sunset and from a little hill Dave pointed to a thin blue wisp of smoke rising far ahead from the green expanse.

"There it is, boys!" he cried. All the horses were tired except Firefly and with a whoop Erskine darted forward and disappeared. They followed as fast as they could and they heard the report of the boy's rifle and the series of war-whoops with which he was heralding his approach. Nobody in the fort was fearful, for plainly it was no unfriendly coming. All were gathered at the big gate and there were many yells and cries of welcome and wonder when the boy swept into the clearing on a run, brandishing his rifle above his head and pulled his fiery black horse up in front of them.

"Whar'd you steal that hoss?" shouted Bud.

"Look at them clothes!" cried Jack Sanders. And the women—Mother Sanders, Mother Noe, and Lydia and Honor and Polly Conrad—gathered about him, laughing, welcoming, shaking hands and asking questions.

"Where's Dave?" That was the chief question and asked by several voices at the same time. The boy looked grave.

"Dave ain't comin' back," he said, and then seeing the look on Lydia's face, he smiled: "Dave—" he had no further to go for Dave's rifle cracked and his voice rose from the woods, and he and Harry and Hugh galloped into the clearing. Then were there more whoopings and greetings, and Lydia's starting tears turned to smiles.

Healthy, husky, rude and crude these people were, but hearty, kind, wholesome and hospitable to the last they had. Naturally the young people and the two boys from the James were mutually shy but it was plain that the shyness would soon wear off. Before dark the men came in: old Jerome and the Noe brothers and others who were strangers even to Dave, for in his absence many adventurers had come along the wilderness trail and were arriving all the time. Already Erskine and Bud had shown the two stranger boys around the fort; had told them of the last

fight with the Indians and pointed out the outer walls pockmarked with bullet-holes. Supper was in the open—the women serving and the men seated about on buffalo skins and deer hides. Several times Hugh or Harry would spring up to help serve until Polly turned on Hugh sharply:

"You set still!" and then she smiled at him.

"You'll spile us—but I know a lot o' folks that might learn manners from you two boys."

Both were embarrassed. Dave laughed, Bud Sanders grunted and Erskine paid no heed. All the time the interchange of news and experiences was going on. Dave had to tell about his trip and Erskine's races—for the lad would say nothing—and in turn followed stories of killing buffalo, deer, panther, and wildcat during his absence. Early the women disappeared, soon the men began to yawn and stretch and the sentinels went to the watch-towers for there had been Indian signs that day. This news thrilled the eastern lads, and they too turned into the same bed built out from the wall of one of the cabins and covered with bear-skins. And Harry, just before his eyes closed, saw through the open door Erskine seated alone by the dying fire in deep thought—Erskine, the connecting link between the tide-water aristocrats and these rude pioneers, between these backwoodsmen and the savage enemies out in the black encircling wilderness. And that boy's brain was in a turmoil—what was to be his fate, there, here, or out there where he had promised to go at the next falling of the leaves?

(To be continued.)

IN THE HILLS

By Badger Clark

The shadow crawls up canyon walls; the rim rocks flush to pink.
A sleepy night hawk lurches up between the pines to soar,
And we can hear a thirsty deer tiptoeing down to drink
Among the glimmering birches on the hazy canyon floor.
Sister, sister, it seems a staring pity—
Somewhere there is a city, and one time there was a war.

Around the bend the thickets end at field and garden spot,
And little ranches lifting smokes that make the twilight sweet.
Beneath the smokes the women folks are watching pan and pot,
While joking men are drifting in to smell the sizzling meat.
Sister, sister, and is it truth or lying,
That somewhere folks are dying for the want of things to eat?

Along the hill the winds are still, and still, blue shadows rise,
And quiet bats are winging out, but down the canyon floor
The swift creek purls in dusky swirls that mind me of your eyes,
And keeps the stillness singing here for ever, evermore.
Sister, sister, and is it true, I wonder—
Somewhere the loud streets thunder, and one time there was a war.

PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF HIS TRIP FROM KHARTOUM TO LONDON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WRITTEN TO SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

SEVENTH PAPER IN "THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HIS TIME—SHOWN IN HIS OWN LETTERS"

Edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop

THE concluding portion of Roosevelt's personal account of his travels in Egypt and Europe, written in the form of a letter to Sir George Otto Trevelyan, on October 1, 1911, the first half of which was published in the February number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, is given herewith. Writing about the passages in it which refer to the Kaiser and to the tour of the American Navy around the world in 1908, Sir George said in a letter to Roosevelt, on October 21, 1911:

"I own to be rather alarmed by what you saw and heard in Germany. The whole account of the relation of the Emperor to his people is most exceedingly important, and quite bears out my own outside conclusions. He acceded to the throne at the age of 28—the age of Frederic the Great; and, before three months were over, Frederic had all Europe in a blaze, and William has kept the peace already for above a quarter of a century. There is a very serious tendency in the German mind; and I await with real anxiety the forthcoming election for the Reichstag. A *very great* weakening of the Junker predominance might have a good effect; but the powers that are may stick at nothing to avert that result.

"We were extraordinarily interested by your policy about the sailing of the United States Fleet. It was a glimpse of '*la plus haute politique*' which told much of your methods as a ruler."

THE LETTER (*Continued*)

There was a sequel to my visit to Vienna which was rather amusing. By appointment I called on the Prime Minister. He was a statesman and diplomat of the old school, very polished and cultivated, with real power, and entirely cynical. Down at bottom he had no more sympathy with me than Merry del Val, but unlike Merry del Val he recognised the fact that the world had moved; and went out of his way, as did the Emperor, to thank me for what I had done at Rome, saying that it made their task a little easier; and I think he was instrumental in having the Papal Nuncio call on me when our Ambassador, who is himself a Catholic, gave me a reception at the Embassy—a fact which drove the ultras of the Vatican nearly crazy. He speedily brought the subject round to the question of universal peace and disarmament, and cautiously tried to draw me out as to what my attitude would be on these subjects when I saw the Kaiser in Berlin. Carnegie, personally and through Root, my one-time Secretary of State, had been asking me to try to get the Emperor committed to universal arbitration and disarmament, and had been unwary enough to let something leak into the papers about what he had proposed. Root was under obligations to Carnegie for the way that Carnegie had helped him in connection with the Pan-American movement, and he had also helped the Smithsonian in fitting out the scientific people who went

Ex-President Roosevelt, General Gallieni (later the defender of Paris in the Great War), Kermit Roosevelt (behind Gallieni), and Ambassador Robert Bacon, in Paris, 1910.

with me on my African trip; and Carnegie's purposes as regards international peace are good; and so I told him that I would see whether I could speak to the Emperor or not, but that I did not believe any good would come of it.

From America, I suppose through some inadvertence on Mr. Carnegie's part, it got into the newspapers that I was to speak to the Emperor about peace; whereupon all the well-meaning and unspeakably foolish busybodies who, partly from sincere interest and partly from fussiness and vanity, like to identify themselves with large reforms, and whose identification therewith always does damage to the said reforms, began to write to me and to the papers. Evidently this had much alarmed the German foreign office people, and probably the German Kaiser himself. Those responsible for Germany's policies at the present day are most ardent disciples of, and believers in, Frederick the Great and Bismarck, and not unnaturally have an intense contempt for the mock altruism of so many worthy people who will not face facts—a contempt which Bismarck showed for Motley when Motley very foolishly thrust upon him advice about how to deal with conquered France. Having been trained to believe only in loyalty to the national welfare, and in the kind of international morality characteristic of one pirate among his fellow pirates, they are unable to understand or appreciate the standards of international morality which men like Washington and Lincoln genuinely believed in, which have been practised on a very large scale for two or three generations by your people in India, and latterly in Egypt and which are now being applied by our own people on a smaller scale in the Philippines and the West Indies.

Evidently the German foreign office availed themselves of the very close relations between Austria and Germany, and got the Austrian Prime Minister to sound me as to my intentions. He took advantage of a question I put to him anent a remark to me by the Duke of Abruzzi, who had told me that in Europe they firmly believed that two wars were certain, one between Japan and ourselves, one between you and Germany. After repeating this remark, I said that I did not believe war would ever come between Japan and ourselves, certainly not if we kept up a sufficiently efficient navy, and fortified Hawaii and the Canal; and I asked the Prime Minister whether such a calamity as a war between England and Germany would really be provoked by Germany. He at once answered that he had first-hand information which made him sure that Germany had no intention whatever of provoking a war, but that she did not intend to be at the mercy of any power; and that as her trade was growing, and her overseas interests growing, she believed it necessary to build up a big fleet. I mentioned that while President I had sounded, unofficially and informally, Germany and England as well as other powers to see if we could not limit the size of armaments, at least by limiting the size of ships; but had found that while all the other powers were willing, Germany and England would not consent; Germany taking the ground that the *status quo* put her at an improper disadvantage, and England saying—as I believe quite properly—that naval superiority was vital to her existence and that if Germany intended to alter the *status quo* she could not agree under any consideration to refrain from a policy of shipbuilding which would prevent such alteration from coming into effect. I added that while I had no proposition to make myself I did wish that the German authorities would seriously consider whether it was worth while for them to keep on with a building programme which was the real cause why other nations were forced into the very great expense attendant upon modern naval preparation.

The minister asked me if I intended to speak about this in Berlin. I answered that I did not know, that I could not tell whether or not the chance would arise. I of course expected him to inform the Berlin foreign office of what I had said, and indeed desired him to do so; but I had not expected what followed. Two days later the Berlin papers came out with semi-official statements to the effect that the Berlin foreign office had been informed that I wished to talk to them on the subject of universal peace and disarmament, but that they did not believe for a moment that I would be so lacking

in understanding of the requirements of the situation as to take advantage of my friendly personal visit to broach a subject which would be very distasteful and which the government authorities would have to refuse to discuss.

I was really grateful, not only to the Austrian for what he had done, but to the Berlin Government for taking such public action. Not only Mr. Carnegie, but a multitude of well-meaning and ignorant people, had wrought themselves into the belief that if I chose I could do something with the Emperor for peace; and I was glad to be able to point out to them this announcement from the German foreign office in advance of my visit, which saved me the necessity of trying to explain why I could accomplish nothing. On the other hand it did give me exactly the chance that I wished with both the Emperor and the Chancellor in Berlin. To each of them I pointed out these statements in the German papers, and stated that I had had no intention of broaching the subject unless it had become evident that they were willing to have me speak; but after such a publication, obviously inspired by my conversation with the Austrian Prime Minister, it was due to myself that I should tell them at first-hand just what that conversation had been; and I accordingly repeated it to them, ending by saying that I knew perfectly well not only from what had appeared in the press but from other information I had received, that they were reluctant to discuss the matter, that I hoped they understood that I was a practical man and in no sense a peace-at-any-price man, and that all I had felt was that the subject was of such importance as to warrant consideration as to whether or not it was feasible to do something practical toward limiting expense and putting difficulties in the way of war.

The Emperor was very courteous, and said that he really had no control over the matter, that it was something which affected the German people, and that the German people, or at least that section of the German people upon whom he relied and in whom he believed, would never consent to Germany's failing to keep herself able to enforce her rights either on land or at sea. The Chancellor was obviously a good deal taken aback at my remarks, and at first started to deny that they had inspired the articles in the press, whereupon I laughed and told him not to bother about denying it because I had not minded in the least. He then laughed too, and said that he had become sorry that the articles were ever published, and had not personally approved of their being published. The Austrian Ambassador in Berlin was very anxious to see me and was wholly unable to resist asking whether I had spoken to the Emperor and the Foreign Office about peace and disarmament; so I replied by asking him whether the publication in question had been made by him prior to communicating the matters to the German Foreign Office, or by the German Foreign Office after he had communicated my conversation with his chief; and I added that I did not mind in the least, that while I thought the publication in the papers unnecessary, it had given me the chance to say what I had to say, a chance which otherwise I probably would not have had. He nearly choked in trying to invent some appropriate remark in response; but failed.

INCIDENTS OF THE PARIS VISIT

From Vienna I went to Paris, where I joined Mrs. Roosevelt at the Bacons. Bacon, old college friend of mine, was then, and is now, Ambassador to Paris. He and his wife are dear people, and staying with them was an oasis in a desert of hurry and confusion. I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Paris, but by the end I began to feel jaded. Jusserand had come across the ocean to meet me. We are very fond of him. Frenchmen, thank heavens! do understand a liking for the things in life that are most interesting, and though official deputations accompanied me round to the three or four museums or picture galleries which I insisted on visiting, the officials differed markedly from the corresponding type in most other countries and were pleasant companions. The Royalist press, being Catholic, was inclined to receive me coldly because of the Vatican incident, but my Sorbonne speech delighted them; and, curiously enough, it also delighted the Republicans who were getting very uneasy over the

Socialist propaganda, or at least over the mob work and general sinister destruction in which Socialist propaganda was beginning to take practical form. Accordingly, all the Republican leaders hailed what I said because it came from a radical republican, whose utterances they could applaud and hold up as an excuse for strong action on their part, without its being possible for their foes to taunt them with being royalists and reactionaries in disguise.

Besides various formal functions such as dinners and receptions by the municipal government and by the Institute (of which I had been made a member and where, by the way, I genuinely enjoyed myself), I was also given two or three private breakfasts and dinners at which I met Briand, and various other members of the Government and the Opposition, in intimate and informal fashion. These I especially liked. Neither the President nor the ex-president was interesting; they were good honest respectable figureheads; but the members of the various ministries were thoroughly competent men, of much ability. It shows my own complacent Anglo-Saxon ignorance that I had hitherto rather looked down upon French public men, and have thought of them as people of marked levity. When I met them I found that they had just as solid characters as English and American public men, although with the attractiveness which to my mind makes the able and cultivated Frenchman really unique. I speedily realized that it was not they who were guilty of levity, it was the French nation, or rather the combination of the French national character with the English parliamentary system; a system admirable for England, taking into account the English national character, the customs and ways of looking at things inherited generation after generation by both the English people and their public men, and especially the fact that there are in England two parties; but a system which has not worked well in a government by groups, where the people do not mind changing their leaders continually, and are so afraid of themselves that, unlike the English and Americans, they do not dare trust any one man with a temporary exercise of large power for fear they will be weak enough to let him assume it permanently.

Of course in talking with these French republicans, who are absorbed in the questions that affect all of us under popular government, I had a sense of kinship that it was impossible to feel with men, however high-minded and well-meaning, whose whole attitude of mind towards these problems was different from mine. With the French republicans I could on the whole, and in spite of certain points on which we radically differed, feel a sympathy somewhat akin to that which I felt in talking with English Liberals. Of course there are plenty of French republicans, just as there are plenty of English radicals and American progressives, with whom I am as completely out of sympathy as with any ecclesiastic or royalist reactionary. But fundamentally it is the radical liberal in all three countries with whom I sympathise. He is at least working toward the end for which I think we should all of us strive; and when he adds sanity and moderation to courage and enthusiasm for high ideals he develops into the kind of statesman whom alone I can whole-heartedly support. In France I also met a number of men of letters whom I had really wished to see, men like Victor Berard and De la Gorce and Boutroux. What a charming man a charming Frenchman is!

There was one incident which interested me. The French were bound that I should see some of their troops. I had at first refused to accept a review, simply because I did not have the time; but Jusserand finally told me that they understood that the German Emperor would have a big review in my honor, and that the French people would take it amiss if I so acted as to give the impression that while I believed France had charm and refinement, so that it was worth while seeing her museums and picture galleries, her salons, her doctors of the Sorbonne and the Institute, yet I did not take her military power seriously, nor deem her soldiers worth seeing; for, said Jusserand, the French pride themselves upon being a military nation, and admit no military inferiority to any people, no matter how much they may also pride themselves upon proficiency in all that tells for

the grace and refinement of life. Of course I hastily withdrew my declination, saying with entire sincerity that I was a very great admirer of the French soldiers; and so off I went and saw a sham battle.

I was in the usual dreadful dress of the "visiting statesman," with frock coat and top hat; but when the colonel of the cavalry regiment asked me if I would not ride I said I would if they gave me a pair of leggings, having first hastily consulted Jusserand to find if there would be objection. For reasons which I never quite clearly understood, they were all, officers and men, very much pleased at my riding, and a couple of days later I received a letter written by the senior non-commissioned officer on behalf of the enlisted men of the squadron to which the horse belonged, thanking me and saying they would always take special care of the horse and commemorate in their company records the fact that I had ridden it. I wrote them back telling them that when I got back home I would send them a photograph of myself in my uniform as colonel of the cavalry regiment with which I had served in Cuba; and this I accordingly did, and they hung it in their caserne. I was a good deal struck by the fact that this was done by the enlisted men, as I found out, without consultation with their officers. It was the kind of thing that our own enlisted men would have done; the kind of thing that the men of the battleship *Louisiana* did when Mrs. Roosevelt and I went down to Panama, when, after our return the Jackies, purely on their own initiative, subscribed a fund with which to have Tiffany make a huge loving cup, which they then sent to Mrs. Roosevelt by a deputation of four of their number. All bursting with pride and so clean that they looked as if they had been holy-stoned.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

From Paris I went to Brussels, where we were only able to stay twenty-four hours. I made an address at the Brussels Exposition, the king presiding over the meeting. The American Minister had made a point of my accepting the invitation to make this address because he was heartily ashamed, as was I, of the fact that Congress had failed to make any appropriation for an American exhibit—one of the many exasperating features of Congressional action being a tendency continually to pass resolutions asking nations to send exhibits to our own Expositions, and a bland disregard of requests sent by foreign countries for us in return to make exhibits at their expositions. The Belgian officials and leading men whom I met impressed me very favorably, and their women seemed to me to have the domestic qualities developed much more like our women in England and America than was the case in France, and yet to have the charm and attractiveness of the Frenchwomen. The king was a huge fair young man, evidently a thoroughly good fellow, with excellent manners, and not a touch of pretension. I slipped off for an hour or two to see a couple of things which I wished to see, and at one place he suddenly came across me and instantly took me in his carriage, driving me through the streets as if he had been one of his own subjects, and being greeted by the people in cordial democratic fashion. He afterwards drove me out to the palace, where I dressed for dinner, as he wished to show me some things beforehand. The queen proved really delightful, really cultivated and intellectual, so much so that we made especial inquiries about her; it proved that she was the daughter of a German prince, who was a great oculist, a man who had done first-class work as such; and evidently she had inherited her father's ability. Every evening, as she informed us, she read aloud to the king books in which they were both interested; and altogether they led a thoroughly wholesome life.

Next day we went to Holland, and on our way to The Hague stopped for lunch at Het Loo with the Queen Wilhelmina. The Hollanders had shown so strong a feeling of pride in having a prominent American President who was of Dutch blood visit them that I had naturally appreciated it.

I thoroughly enjoyed my stay in Holland, both at The Hague and Amsterdam. The people were charming, and the crowd behaved exactly as if I was still President and home in America; and we got a few hours to ourselves in which to see one or

two of the picture galleries, one or two villages, and the tomb of William the Silent and de Ruyter. I was surprised to find how widely English was understood and even spoken. I had to make a speech in a church, which was crowded, and evidently a very large proportion of the audience followed me carefully and understood practically all that I said, not only applauding but laughing at the points I made. There was one thing I found really consoling about Holland. After the beginning of the eighteenth century it had gone steadily downhill, and was very low indeed at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Since then it has steadily risen, and though the nation itself is small I was struck by the power and alertness and live spirit of the people as individuals and collectively. They had completely recovered themselves. When I feel melancholy about some of the tendencies in England and the United States, I like to think that they probably only represent temporary maladies, and that ultimately our people will recover themselves and achieve more than they have ever achieved; and Holland shows that national recovery can really take place.

A CLOTHES INCIDENT IN DENMARK

From Holland we went to Denmark, where we stayed at the palace. This much upset all the diplomats, and especially the Russian representative, who complained to our representative — a close friend of ours and a delightful fellow, Maurice Egan—"Why! they have never before had a private citizen in the palace. I understand Mr. Roosevelt is now nothing in his own country. He is not even an Excellency; and yet he and his family are staying in the rooms the Czar occupied last Summer." The king was somewhere in South Europe, and I did not meet him until I went to London, but his son the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess received us, and also a couple of delightful brothers or uncles, really fine old gentlemen. Through some mistake our trunks did not come on the same train with us. By wire we found they would reach us at about seven thirty. The crown prince then came to Mrs. Roosevelt and said that they had asked some people to dinner (it was a formal court dinner) at seven, and there was to be a reception immediately afterwards; that if we waited for the trunks and then got dressed, instead of getting dressed for the reception as soon as the dinner was over, everything would be delayed; and so he wished to know whether she would mind our all coming in our traveling clothes—fortunately we had clean linen in our handbags. The Hof-Mareschal, a Baron somebody, described the incident afterwards to Egan, who wrote to us: "The baron was immensely impressed with Mrs. Roosevelt's indifference on the subject of clothes. He said: 'His Highness asked her if she would mind coming in her traveling dress, and she said certainly not, and came at once, and evidently never thought of the matter at all.' Then, holding up both hands, *'C'Etait vraiment royale!'*"

I was interested in the Old Age homes, and in the co-operative farming, although I could only get a glimpse of both; but I was rather puzzled to find that the very great growth of what I should call the wise and democratic use of the powers of the State toward helping raise the individual standard of social and economic well-being had not made the people more contented. It seems to me that the way Denmark has handled the problem of agricultural well-being, and the problem of dealing with the wageworkers who do manual labor, and of securing them against want in their old age, represents a higher and more intelligent social and governmental action than we have begun to have in America; yet I encountered much bitterness towards the national government among the large and growing Socialistic party. This party had control of the municipality of Copenhagen, and the mayor, or official corresponding to the mayor, who sat by me at the municipal dinner was a Socialist. He was a Jew banker, and I was much interested in finding such a man occupying such a position; he stated that as long as individualism persisted he would be foolish not himself to be a banker or other business man, but that he hoped for the advent of Socialism in such form as to destroy the very kind of individualistic business in which he was engaged.

SIMPLE ROYAL LIFE IN NORWAY

At Christiania we were taken at once to the palace, where we stayed; and I could hardly speak too strongly of King Haakon, Queen Maud, and little Olaf. They were dears; we were genuinely sorry, when we left them, to think that we would never see them again; if ever Norway decides to turn Republic we should love to have them come to live near Sagamore Hill.

Of course Norway is as funny a kingdom as was ever imagined outside of opera bouffe—although it isn't opera bouffe at all, for the Norwegians are a fine, serious, powerful lot of men and women. But they have the most genuinely democratic society to be found in Europe, not excepting Switzerland; there are only two or three states in the American Union which are as real democracies. They have no nobles, hardly even gentry; they are peasants and small townspeople—farmers, sailors, fisherfolk, mechanics, small traders. On this community a royal family is suddenly plumped down. It is much as if Vermont should off hand try the experiment of having a king. Yet it certainly seemed as if the experiment were entirely successful.

I was interested to find that the Norwegians in America had on the whole advised a constitutional kingdom rather than a republic, on the ground that the king would not in any way interfere with the people having complete self-government and yet would give an element of stability to the government, preventing changes from being too violent and making a rallying point; one philosophic leader pointing out that this was not necessary in America, where people had grown to accept the republic as a historic ideal, in itself a symbol and pledge of continuity, but that in Norway the republic would not stand for any such ideal of historic continuity, and moreover would be looked down on by its monarchic neighbors—the last being a touch of apprehension on the score of possible international social inequality which was both amusing and interesting.

For such a kingdom, constituted of such materials and with such theories, the entire royal family, king, queen, and prince, were just exactly what was needed. They were as simple and unpretentious as they were good and charming. Olaf was a dear little boy, and the people at large were immensely pleased with him. The King was a trump, privately and publicly; he took a keen and intelligent interest in every question affecting his people, treated them and was treated by them, with a curiously simple democracy of attitude which was free from make-believe on either side, and therefore free from the offensive and unpleasant characteristics that were evident in, for instance, the relations of Louis Philippe and the Parisian populace, and while he unhesitatingly and openly discussed questions with his ministers, never in the slightest way sought to interfere with or hamper their free action.

In such a monarchy formal state and ceremonial at the court would have been absurd. Staying at the palace was like staying at any gentleman's house with exceptionally charming and friendly hosts. On the first afternoon, shortly after arriving, I was in the sitting room, when in came the King and Queen with Olaf. Mrs. Roosevelt was in her room, dressing. I gave Olaf various bits of blood-curdling information about lions and elephants; and after a while his mother and father rose, and said: "Come, Olaf, we must go." Olaf's face fell. "But am I not to see the wife?" he said. We assured him he should see the wife at tea. He was not a bit spoiled; his delight was a romp with his father, and he speedily pressed Kermit and Ethel, whom he adored, into the games. In the end I too succumbed and romped with him as I used to romp with my own children when they were small. Outside of his own father and mother we were apparently the only persons who had ever really played with him in a fashion which he considered adequate; and he loudly bewailed our departure.

When we reached London, where he had been brought by his father and mother to attend his grandfather's funeral, Princess Beatrice brightened up for a moment as she told me that Olaf had announced to her: "I would like to marry Ethel; but I know I never shall!" Later, after the funeral, when I called to

pay my respects to Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, after being received by her I was taken to see her sister the Dowager-Empress of Russia. She was a very intelligent woman, and kept me nearly an hour discussing all kinds of subjects. Towards the end I began to hear little squeals in the hall, and when I left the Empress, there was Olaf patiently waiting outside the door. He had heard I was in the Palace, and had refused to go down to his dinner until he could see me—with the obvious belief that I would have a game of romps with him. I tossed him in the air, and rolled him on the floor while he shouted with delight; then happening to glance up, I saw that the noise had attracted the Empress, who had opened the door to look on; I paused for a moment, whereupon Olaf exclaimed with a woe begone face "but aren't you going on with the play?"

At Christiania I saw Nansen the arctic explorer; he reminded me that a dozen years before, when he had dined with me while in America, he had told me that Peary was the best man among the living arctic explorers, and that he had a first class chance to reach the pole. I had to speak to the Nobel Committee, at the University, at a huge "Banquet" of the canonical—and unspeakably awful type—and thoroughly enjoyed seeing the vigorous, self-reliant people; they lined the streets in dense masses, and had a peculiar barking cheer, unlike any I ever heard elsewhere. But we enjoyed most the family life—it was real family life—of our host and hostess; it was not only very pleasant, but restful, in the palace; we felt as if we were visiting friends, who were interesting and interested, and who wished us to be comfortable in any way we chose. They both frankly commiserated us because we were to stay in the palace at Berlin, for they looked back with lively horror to the way the Kaiser had drilled them when they were at the palace. Said Queen Maud: "I was so frightened that finally I grew afraid to speak to any of them; and when I tried to speak to the servants, I found that they were just as much afraid of me!" They were much interested when I told them my experience about the invitation the Emperor had sent me. This was at Cairo; and the invitation to stay at the palace was to me only. I saw Count Hatzfeld, the German diplomatic agent, an old friend, and told him that I was sure that this was a mistake, and that the Emperor did not know that Mrs. Roosevelt was with me; because of course I could not accept if Mrs. Roosevelt was not included. A couple of days later he came to see me, told me that he had cabled to Berlin, that, as I had supposed, it was simply a mistake, and that we would at once receive an invitation for both of us; which came immediately afterwards.

In Norway I got an attack of bronchitis, which nearly destroyed my voice, and I had to do a good deal of doctoring for the rest of the trip; but I managed to meet every engagement, though in Sweden and Germany I had some hard times.

SWEDEN AND THE GRAND DUKE BORIS INCIDENT

Sweden was delightful! We stayed at the Palace, and the Crown Prince and Princess were our hosts, as the king was in the South of Europe. There was a serious-minded uncle, a very strong Y. M. C. A. man, and another uncle, of the hussar colonel type. The Crown Prince himself was a thoroughly good fellow, very serious and honest, the kind of man who, if he were in England, would have made a good, rather radical, Liberal Member of Parliament, and I am sure would on the whole have backed up your son. His wife was physically, mentally and morally a thoroughly healthy and charming woman, and their three little children were evidently being brought up well in all respects, and were as attractive, busy, vigorous small souls as one could wish to see; the elder couple playing with steam-engine-like energy, and the baby crowing with lusty delight. We lunched with a younger brother, Prince Wilhelm. He had lunched with me in America, but as at that time there had been nothing specially to identify him, it had entirely slipped my mind, and I nearly got into a scrape by asking his wife if I had not met him before. She, by the way, was a Russian princess, rather a young girl with a pretty mutinous face, very fond of her baby. She was a curi-

ously Russian type; one of the things that amused me with all these royalties was the way that they resembled the types of their respective countries, although of course they were all of mixed blood, and, in all of them, the predominant strain was German—this quite as much out of Germany as within it. The princess in question was intelligent and cultivated.

There was one little incident in connection with our host and hostess which quite amused me. We breakfasted and dined with them either alone or with only other members of the family present, owing to the court being in mourning for the King of England. This was a great relief to us. They were thoroughly nice people, and we enjoyed being with them, as it was interesting to get their ideas; although we found that there was no use trying to talk of books with these or any other of the royalties, excepting the Italians and the Queen of Belgium. At dinner the Crown Princess turned to me and said: "Will you let me ask a question which I have no right to ask?" I answered: "Certainly," and she said: "Is it true that Mrs. Roosevelt would not meet the Grand Duke Boris when he was in America; and why?" I laughed and told her I had not the slightest objection to answering; that the Grand Duke in question had led a scandalous life in America, quite openly taking women whose character was not even questionable to public places, and behaving in restaurants and elsewhere so that the police would have been warranted in interfering. We were not at the White House but at Sagamore Hill at the time, and the Russian Ambassador asked permission to bring the Grand Duke to see me, coming over from Newport in a yacht. The request, coming in such a way, I did not feel I could refuse, and told the Ambassador to bring the Grand Duke to lunch; but I made up my mind that I would make the meeting as obviously formal as possible; and Mrs. Roosevelt who more than shared my feelings, and regarded his presence in our private house as both a scandal and an insult, said that she intended to go out, as she saw no necessity why she should meet him, and her absence would emphasise the entirely formal character of the reception. Accordingly out she went. The Ambassador and the Grand Duke were both disturbed by her absence and the former asked me if she would not return in time to meet the Grand Duke, and when I did not answer, repeated the question, whereupon I merely said: "Mrs. Roosevelt has gone out to lunch and is not in the house, Mr. Ambassador." Neither Mrs. Roosevelt nor I ever said anything on the subject; but apparently the Ambassador and the Grand Duke were not able to conceal their feelings, and expressed their chagrin to a sufficient number of people to insure the matter getting into the papers, which it accordingly did. The Crown Princess listened with great interest to my story, and then called across the table to her husband, speaking to him by his first name, which I forget, and said: "There! I was right. I told you that Mrs. Roosevelt had refused to meet Boris because of his conduct," and then turning to me said: "I was so pleased that Mrs. Roosevelt would not meet him because my father and mother would never allow him to be presented to me, his conduct had been so disgraceful." I rather wished that the Newport set who had entertained the Grand Duke could have heard her; mean snobbery, and worship of a title where the bearer is worse than unworthy, are unattractive in any society, but they are especially so in a society which is supposed to pride itself on being part of a democratic Republic.

Stockholm was a delightful city, and the Swedes fine people. Sven Hedin was among the many interesting people whom I met, and I went to the museum and saw the collection of battleflags—German, Danish, Spanish, Russian—gained in the great days from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles the Twelfth, when for a century this little nation stood on the perilous heights of greatness and waged war on equal terms with the Titans of the day. I was saddened to see how Socialism had grown among the people, and in a very ugly form; for one of the Socialist tracts was an elaborate appeal to stop having children; the Socialists being so bitter in their class hatred as to welcome race destruction as a means of slaking it. Personally, as Sweden practically has not

only free but almost democratic institutions, I could not understand the extreme bitterness of the Socialist attitude, and in view of what at that very moment the Russians were doing in Finland, I felt that any weakening of Sweden in Russia's face came pretty near being a crime against all real progress and civilization. In Sweden, as in Hungary and France, the reception given me was not merely one of general friendliness, but a reception coming from people who felt that they were jeopardized alike by the apostles of reaction, and by the preachers of license under the guise of liberty, and who clutched at any leadership which could be regarded as genuinely popular and yet genuinely sane.

GERMAN DISLIKE OF AMERICA

From Sweden we crossed to Germany. The Emperor had been much upset by the King's death, and I found was very much concerned as to whether, if he had me at the palace, it would not look as if, while the king was still unburied, he was showing levity and lack of consideration; and yet was afraid he might hurt my feelings by withdrawing his invitation. I had guessed this and made inquiries by wire through our ambassador, and, evidently to the Emperor's relief, asked him whether in view of the circumstances he would not permit us to stay at the Embassy; which he accordingly did.

At Berlin and in Germany I was well received, that is, the Emperor and all the people high up were more than cordial. So were the professors and the people of the university and the scientific men generally; and the crowds were civil. But it was curious and interesting to notice the contrast between my reception in Germany and my reception in the other countries of Europe which I had already visited or visited afterwards. Everywhere else I was received, as I have said, with practically as much enthusiasm as in my own country when I was President. In Germany I was treated with proper civility, all the civility which I had a right to demand and expect; and no more. In Paris the streets were decorated with French and American flags in my honor, and when I went to the theatre at the Français every one rose and applauded so that I had to get up in the box and bow repeatedly, first to the actors, who had stopped the piece, and then to the audience. In Berlin the authorities showed me every courtesy, and the people all proper civility. But excepting the university folk, they really did not want to see me. When I left Sweden I left a country where tens of thousands of people gathered on every occasion to see me; every station was jammed with them. When I came into Germany a few hundred might be at each station, or might not be. They were courteous, decorously enthusiastic, and that was all. It was just the same on our trip from Berlin to London. We were given the royal carriage, and every attention shown us by the officials; at each station there were a few score or a few hundred people, polite and mildly curious. Late in the evening we crossed into Holland; and at the first place we stopped there was a wildly enthusiastic mob of ten thousand people cheering and calling. The Swedes and Hollanders, and indeed as I have said the people of all the other countries I visited, felt a quite unwarranted feeling of interest in and liking for me, because to them I symbolized my country, and my country symbolized something that stirred them.

The Germans did not like me, and did not like my country; and under the circumstances they behaved entirely correctly, showing me every civility and making no pretense of an enthusiasm which was not present. I do not know quite what the reason of the contrast was; but it was evident that, next to England, America was very unpopular in Germany. The upper classes, stiff, domineering, formal, with the organized army, the organized bureaucracy, the organized industry of their great, highly-civilized and admirably-administered country behind them, regarded America with a dislike which was all the greater because they could not make it merely contempt. They felt that we were entirely unorganized, that we had no business to be formidable rivals at all in view of our loose democratic governmental methods, and that it was exasperating to feel that our great territory, great natural resources, and strength of individual initiative enabled us in spite of our manifold short-

comings to be formidable industrial rivals of Germany; and, more incredible still, that thanks to our Navy and our ocean protected position, we were in a military sense wholly independent and slightly defiant; and they felt that I typified the nation they disliked, and, more especially, that as a volunteer soldier and an adventurer who had fought for his own hand and had risen in irregular ways, I typified the very qualities to which they objected.

Moreover, the German upper classes, alone among the European upper classes —so far as I knew—really did not like the social type I represented. All the other people of the upper classes in Europe whom I met, even the extremely aristocratic Austrians, seemed eager to see me, just because I did represent something new to them. They regarded me as a characteristically American type, which however had nothing in common with the conventional American millionaire; to them it was interesting to meet a man who was certainly a democrat—a real, not a sham, democrat—both politically and socially, who yet was a gentleman, who had his own standards, and did not look down upon or feel defiant toward, or desire to offend, them, but who did not feel that his standards or position were in any way dependent upon their views and goodwill. For instance, the different sovereigns, and the men like the Austrians whom I met in the Vienna Jockey Club, were very anxious, so far as good breeding permitted, to make inquiries as to my life and the lives that my sons were to lead. They thoroughly understood the part I had played in politics, my having been the colonel of a good cavalry regiment in a war, and my finding amusement in hunting big game during a year's trip in Africa—all of this they would have much liked to do themselves. They would have much liked to have held such positions as I had held. Also they all of them immediately fraternized with Kermit, feeling at home with him at once, and much admiring the fact that before he was twenty he had killed lion and elephants, that he could ride and shoot, that he was very quiet and modest, and yet entirely self-confident, and had his own ideals, which were alien to theirs.

Men who had done these things they could understand; and they also understood men who did the things that their own bourgeois class did; but what puzzled them was to find the two characters combined. They would often write to one another from one capital to another about this, and ask in one place questions as to what I had said in another. I told them, for instance, that Ted was a better shot and rider than either Kermit or myself, and if any war occurred I should start him to raise a cavalry troop at once, and would guarantee that he would acquit himself well in handling his men on the march and in battle; that as soon as he had left Harvard he had gone into a mill, had worked with blouse and tin dinner pail, exactly like any other workman for a year, and when he had graduated from the mill had gone out for the same firm to San Francisco, where he was selling carpets; and I added that after finishing his course at Harvard Kermit would do something precisely the same kind, and that I should regard it as an unspeakable disgrace if either of them failed to work hard at any honest occupation for his livelihood, while at the same time keeping himself in such trim that he would be able to perform a freeman's duty and fight as efficiently as anyone if the need arose.

All this, while very puzzling, was interesting to most of the people whom I met outside of Germany, and while they would most certainly have objected to their own sons having such ideals they were rather attracted by the fact that my sons and I had them. But in Germany, while of course there were exceptions, most of the upper classes regarded such theories of life as irregular, unnatural, and debasing, and were rendered uncomfortable by them. The lower classes, on the other hand, were Socialists who felt that I was really an enemy rather than a friend, and my ideals were just as alien to them as to the upper classes. The middle class looked on me as a representative of an America which was all middle class, and which consisted of their business rivals, whose manners of life and ways of thought they regarded with profound dislike, and whose business rivalry was irritating and obnoxious.

Of course I do not mean that this was the universal feeling. I never had a pleasanter experience than with Schillings, the African naturalist and explorer, and a number of other African explorers and scientific men whom I met while in Berlin. I thoroughly enjoyed being at the university, and meeting the professors there; and I became much attached to Major Korner, who was specially appointed as my aide because they knew how fond I was of the poet Korner, his collateral ancestor; and I thoroughly enjoyed meeting the able men who were at the head of politics and the Administration.

INTERESTING VIEWS OF VON TIRPITZ

Von Tirpitz, the Secretary of War, I had seen when he was with Prince Henry in America. He is an exceedingly able man. He remarked one night at dinner to Mrs. Roosevelt that he had always heard that the Emperor and I were alike, that he now saw the resemblance, but of course I had had to take responsibilities and win my own way and do things for myself, which naturally made much difference between us! Indeed I was not a little surprised to find that the Emperor was by no means as great a character in Berlin as outsiders supposed him to be, and that both the men highest in politics and the Administration, and the people at large, took evident pleasure in having him understand that he was not supreme, and that he must yield to the will of the Nation on any point as to which the Nation had decided views. Von Tirpitz was particularly interested in the voyage of the battlefleet round the world, and he told me frankly that he had not believed we could do it successfully, and added that your (the English) Naval Office and Foreign Office had felt the same way—which I told him I knew. He then said that he expected that Japan would attack us while the fleet was on its way round, and asked me if I had not also expected this. I told him that I had not expected such an attack, but that I had thought it possible; in other words, that I thought the chances were against it, but there was a chance for it.

My point of view at the time the fleet sailed, was that if the Japanese attacked it, it was a certain sign that they were intending to attack us at the first favorable opportunity. I had been doing my best to be polite to the Japanese, and had finally become uncomfortably conscious of a very, very slight undertone of veiled truculence in their communications in connection with things that happened on the Pacific Slope; and I finally made up my mind that they thought I was afraid of them. Through an ex-member of the Dutch Cabinet, and, rather curiously, through two of the Austrian secretaries of Embassy—all at or from Tokio—I found that the Japanese war party firmly believed that they could beat us, and, unlike the Elder Statesmen, thought I also believed this. Then Ian Hamilton (whose "Staff Officer's Note Book" I think particularly valuable) wrote me congratulating me upon my efforts to keep the peace, and adjuring me by all means to do so, and not under any circumstances to let America get drawn into war with Japan until industrialism had had time to eat out the Japanese military fiber. On receipt of this letter I definitely came to the conclusion that, if this was the way a friend of ours felt who had ample opportunities of knowing, the Japanese undoubtedly also felt that they were our superiors; and that it was time for a show down. I had great confidence in the fleet; I went over everything connected with it and found that the administrative officers on shore were calmly confident that they could keep everything in first class shape, while the officers afloat, from the battleship commanders to the lieutenants in charge of the torpedo boats, were straining like hounds in a leash, and the enlisted men were at least as eager, all desertions stopping and the ships becoming for the first time overmanned as soon as there was a rumor that we might have trouble with Japan, and that the fleet might move round to the Pacific. I felt that, in any event, if the fleet was not able to get to the Pacific in first class shape, we had better find it out; and if Japan intended to have war it was infinitely better that we should gain two or three months necessary to prepare our fleet to start to the Pacific, instead of having to take those two or three months after war began.

Accordingly, in answer to the question of Von Tirpitz, I told him that when the fleet had once started, it meant that we had gained three months anyhow, and that the fleet was doing what it would have to do in any event if the Japanese went to war; and so that if they did make war it would be proof positive that I had followed exactly the right course; and that if they did not go to war, but became peaceful, it would also be proof positive that I had followed exactly the right course. The latter was what actually happened; and every particle of trouble with the Japanese Government and the Japanese press stopped like magic as soon as they found that our fleet had actually sailed, and was obviously in good trim. As I told Von Tirpitz, I thought it a good thing that the Japanese should know that there were fleets of the white races which were totally different from the fleet of poor Rodjestvensky. He said to me, as did the Emperor, that he regarded this voyage of the battlefleet as having done more for peace in the Orient than anything else that could possibly have happened.

I enjoyed meeting the various other ministers—the Chancellor, the Minister of War, and others. I hope it is not ungallant of me to say that the North German women of the upper classes were less attractive than the corresponding women of any country I visited. They have fine domestic qualities, and if only they keep these qualities, then the question of their attractiveness is from the standpoint of the race, of altogether minor importance. But these domestic virtues seem to have been acquired at the cost of other attributes, which many other women which are at least as good wives and mothers as the German women, do not find it necessary to sacrifice. Perhaps they are cowed in their home life. Their husbands, who also have fine qualities, not only wish to domineer over the rest of mankind—which is not always possible—but wish to, and do, domineer over their own wives. Whether because of this, or for some other reason, these same wives certainly did not seem attractive in the sense not only that their more southern neighbors were, but their more northern neighbors, like the Swedes.

TALKS WITH THE KAISER

Of course my chief interest at Berlin was in the Emperor himself. He is an able and powerful man. The first day we went out to take lunch with him. Afterwards he drove us to Potsdam, and showed us over Sans Souci. He also held army manœuvers at which I was present. On this occasion I rode with him for about five hours, and he talked steadily; and on another afternoon we spent three hours together. He was much interested to find how he was looked at by outsiders, and finally put a practically direct question to me as to how he was regarded in America; and I answered: "Well! your Majesty, I don't know whether you will understand our political terminology; but in America we think that if you lived on our side of the water you would carry your ward and turn up at the convention with your delegation behind you—and I cannot say as much for most of your fellow sovereigns!" Of course this needed a little explanation, but he was immensely pleased and amused with it when he understood it. He has a real sense of humor, as is shown by the comments he wrote on the backs of the photographs he sent me, which had been taken of us while we were at the manœuvers by his court photographer. Moreover, he is entirely modest about the many things which he thoroughly knows, such as the industrial and military conditions and needs of Germany. But he lacks all sense of humor when he comes to discuss the things that he does not know, and which he prides himself upon knowing, such as matters artistic and scientific.

In the fundamentals of domestic morality, and as regards all that side of religion which is moral, we agreed heartily; but there is a good deal of dogmatic theology which to him means much and to me is entirely meaningless; and on the other hand, as is inevitable with a man brought up in the school of Frederick the Great and Bismarck—in contrast to any one whose heroes are men like Timoleon, John Hampden, Washington, and Lincoln—there were many points in international morality where he and I were completely asunder. But at least we agreed in a cordial dislike of shams and of pretence,

and therefore in a cordial dislike of the kind of washy movement for international peace with which Carnegie's name has become so closely associated. The Emperor, as was natural and proper, took a certain sardonic amusement in the fact that the Czar had started the two international peace congresses at The Hague, and between times had fought a needless and unsuccessful war, had seen his country indulge in most revolting massacres of the Jews, had kept Poland under his heel, and had shamefully broken faith with, and prepared for the infamous subjection of, poor little Finland. I do not wonder that cynics take unalloyed enjoyment out of the antics of those professional peace people who have discovered in Russia their champion and ideal.

The Emperor, as everyone knows, talks with the utmost freedom with almost everyone. I especially desired to talk with him about the relations of Germany with England, and these he discussed eagerly and at great length. Moreover, I believe he spoke exactly his mind. He is not down at bottom anything like as hostile to England as his brother Prince Henry, of whom he is rather jealous, by the way. Prince Henry is, I believe, a more really powerful man than the Kaiser, and a more cold-blooded man; and talking with him afterwards I was by no means sure that he did not have clearly in mind the chance of some day using the German fleet against England if exactly the right opportunity arose, simply on the theory that might rules, and that the one capital crime in international matters is weakness. The Kaiser, however, I am confident, never postulates to himself such an idea as the conquest of England. This does not mean that I regard his attitude toward England as free from menace. I do not believe that Germany consciously and of set purpose proposes to herself the idea of a conquest of England, but Germany has the arrogance of a very strong power, as yet almost untouched by that feeble aspiration towards international equity which one or two other strong powers, notably England and America, do at least begin to feel. Germany would like to have a strong navy so that whenever England does something she does not like she could at once assume towards England the tone she has assumed towards France. The Morocco incident shows how far Germany is willing to go in doing what she believes her interest and her destiny demand, in disregard of her own engagements and of the equities of other peoples. If she had a Navy as strong as that of England, I do not believe that she would *intend* to use it for the destruction of England; but I do believe that incidents would be very likely to occur which might make her so use it.

THE KAISER'S FEELING TOWARD ENGLAND

I said to the Emperor that it seemed to me that a war between England and Germany would be an unspeakable calamity. He answered eagerly that he quite agreed with me, that such a war he regarded as unthinkable; and he continued: "I was brought up in England, very largely; I feel myself partly an Englishman. Next to Germany I care more for England than for any other country." Then with intense emphasis: "I ADORE ENGLAND!" I said that this was a stronger statement than I myself would be willing quite to make, but that I was very glad he felt so, because I believed that the English, Germans and Americans ought to be fundamentally in accord; and that nothing would so make for the peace and progress of the world. He answered that he entirely agreed with me; and then continued to speak of England with a curious mixture of admiration and resentment. From an experience I had had with him at the time of the Russo-Japanese peace, of which I think I wrote to you, I had grown to realize, very much to my astonishment, that he, the head of the greatest military empire of the day, was as jealously sensitive to English opinion as if he were some parvenu multi-millionaire trying to break into the London social world; and this feeling was evident in his talk. He complained bitterly that Englishmen of high social position never visited Berlin, but, when they came to the Continent, always went to Paris, or some watering place, or else to the Mediterranean. I could not well answer by telling my real thoughts, which were that Berlin, though admirable in the same sense that Chicago and Glasgow are admirable, was not much more attractive than either to the people of whom he

spoke. I am convinced that it would make a real difference in the Emperor's feelings if occasionally some man like Londonderry, who has done something, at least, titularly, in politics, and possesses great wealth and high social position, would take a house in Berlin for six weeks during the season. Evidently the Emperor, and indeed the leaders of the North Germans generally, feel towards the English and at times even towards the French, much as the Romans of the Second Punic War felt towards Greece—a mixture of overbearing pride in their own strength, and of uneasiness as to whether they really are regarded by cultivated and well-bred people as having the social position which they ought to have. The Emperor actually listens to gossip as to what is said of him in the London clubs even to what he is told quite untruthfully, that King George says of him.

I was especially interested in the Emperor, at seeing developed in him, to a much greater degree, what I had already seen traces of in some of the kings, that is, a kind of curious dual consciousness of events, a dual way of looking at them in relation to himself and his fellow sovereigns. Down at the bottom of his heart, he knew perfectly well that he himself was not an absolute sovereign. He had never had a chance to try. Taking into account the curious combination of power, energy, egotism, and restless desire to do, and to seem to do, things, which his character shows, it is rather interesting to speculate on what he would have done as a really absolute sovereign, a Roman Emperor. On the contrary whenever Germany made up its mind to go in a given direction he could only stay at the head of affairs by scampering to take the lead in going in that direction. Down at bottom he realized this, and he also knew that even this rather shorn power, but still a genuine power, which he possessed was not shared by the great majority of his fellow sovereigns, and that they really had no marked influence in shaping the action of their respective countries in spite of their great social importance and prestige. But together with this underlying consciousness of the real facts of the situation went a curious make believe to himself that each sovereign did represent his country in the sense that would have been true two or three centuries ago. In speaking of the late and the present kings of England, he would alternately show both of these attitudes. He evidently had a real affection and respect for King Edward, and also a very active and jealous dislike for him; first one feeling and then the other coming uppermost in his mind, and therefore in his conversation. He complained bitterly that King Edward had always been intriguing against Germany, and hated Germany. He spoke of King George, however, in entirely different terms, saying: "He is a very nice boy. He is a thorough Englishman and hates all foreigners; but I do not mind that at all, as long as he does not hate Germans more than other foreigners, and this I do not think he does. He is merely like other Englishmen and dislikes all people who are not Englishmen, and I don't object to that." This, by the way, amusingly illustrates what I think I have already spoken to you of; the way that each sovereign somehow felt himself of the same stock as his subjects, although of course all the sovereigns were of practically the same stock, and none of them of the blood of their countrymen. Moreover, I think that the Emperor was quite right in the idea he had of King George's attitude, although it was a little exaggerated.

I spoke with the Emperor as to the possibility of putting a stop to the ever-increasing naval expenditures of the nations. This, however, he said, there was no use of his discussing, because the element in Germany which he represented was bound to be powerful on the ocean. I told him that if I were an Englishman I should feel that naval supremacy was a vital matter to England, and that under no circumstances would I permit the fleet to sink to such a position that its mastership of the ocean could be threatened. A little to my surprise he at once answered that he entirely agreed with me, and that if he were an Englishman he would feel just as I had said I would. He went on to say that he did not object at all to England's keeping up her fleet relatively to all other powers, but that he did complain because English Statesmen kept holding up Germany as the nation against whom they were to prepare; and he was particularly bitter about Balfour's having

taken such an attitude, because he said that Balfour "was a gentleman" and not the ordinary type of politician, and that he knew better, and ought not to be willing to excite national hostility for partisan ends. I asked him if he did not think that some of his German statesmen had acted in similar fashion, as American politicians I was sorry to say frequently acted; he admitted that this might be true. He earnestly asked me to say to any of the British leaders whom I had a chance to meet just what he had said to me, namely, that he was not hostile to England, and on the contrary admired England and did not believe for a moment that there would be war between England and Germany, that he did not in the least object to the English keeping their Navy supreme above all other navies, but that he did very strongly feel that it was wrong for Englishmen publicly to hold Germany up as the power against whom they were building their navy, because this excited the worst feelings both in England and Germany.

I talked with him over the agricultural conditions in Germany, over Germany's extraordinary industrial progress, and especially over what Germany had done to protect its wage-workers in old age, and when they are crippled by accidents, and when through no fault of their own, they are thrown out of employment; and on most of these matters he was most intelligent and took advanced views. He kept saying that he thought it was the business of those who believe in monarchical government to draw the teeth of the Socialists by remedying all real abuses. I went over the problems at length with him from this standpoint. Of course it was not necessary or advisable that I should speak to him about one thing that had struck me much in Germany, namely, that the discontent was primarily political rather than economic; in other words, that the very real unrest among the lower classes sprung not from a sense that they were treated badly economically, but from the knowledge that it rested not with themselves, but with others as to how they should be treated, whether well or ill, and that this was galling to them.

The Emperor showed an astonishing familiarity with all contemporary and recent history of the political and economic kind. The Japanese were much on his mind. This I was rather glad to see, for I have always felt that it would be a serious situation if Germany, which, industrially and from the military standpoint, is the only white power as well organized as Japan, should strike hands with Japan. The thing that prevents it is Germany's desire to stand well with Russia. The Emperor was sure that Japan intended to organize China, and then, at the head of the Mongolian race, threaten the white dominance of the world. I told him that I thought it very possible that the white race had hard times ahead of it, and that there were evident movements of hostility among the peoples alike of Africa and Asia, but that at this moment if China did develop an army her first use of it would be against Japan, and this Japan well knew. I could not forbear asking him why, as he felt so keenly that the Christian powers should stand as one against the Yellow Peril, he did not feel the same way about Turkey; of course he could make no real answer, except to say that in the past England also had encouraged Turkey against Christian powers, for her own purposes; which I had to admit.

I liked the Empress and the Princess Royale and the Crown Princess, and I thought the family relations of the Emperor's family good. But it is very possible that the same spirit which makes the Emperor like to hector small kings also makes him dictatorial in his family. In public affairs, experience has taught him as far as his own people are concerned that he must be very careful in going too far in making believe that he is an all-powerful monarch by divine right, and I think he likes to relieve himself by acting the part where it is safer. In international affairs he at times acts as a bully, and moreover as a bully who bluffs and then backs down; I would not regard him nor Germany—as a pleasant national neighbor. Yet again and again, and I think sincerely for the moment at least, he dwelt to me on his desire to see England, Germany and the United States act together in all matters of world policy.

[The eighth instalment of Theodore Roosevelt's Own Letters will appear in the April number.]

THE NEW FRONTIERS OF FREEDOM

III.—WILL THE SICK MAN OF EUROPE RECOVER?

By E. Alexander Powell

Author of "The End of the Trail," "Vive La France!" "Fighting in Flanders," "The Army Behind the Army," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

EACH time that I have approached Constantinople from the Marmora Sea, and have watched that glorious and fascinating panorama—Seraglio Point, St. Sophia, Stamboul, the Golden Horn, the Galata Bridge, the heights of Pera, Dolmabagtche, Yildiz—slowly unfold, revealing new beauties, new mysteries, with each revolution of the steamer's screw, I have declared that in all the world there is no city so lovely as this capital of caliphs. Yet, beautiful though Constantinople is, it combines the moral squalor of Southern Europe with the physical squalor of the Orient to a greater degree than any city that I know. Though it has assumed the outward appearance of a well-organized and fairly well-administered modern city since its occupation by the Allies, one has but to scratch this thin veneer to discover that the filth and vice and corruption and misgovernment which characterized it under Ottoman rule still flourish. Barring a few municipal improvements which were made in the European quarter of Pera and in the fashionable residential districts between Dolmabagtche and Yildiz, the Turkish capital has scarcely a bowing acquaintance with modern sanitation, the windows of some of the finest residences in Stamboul looking out on open sewers down which refuse of every description floats slowly to the sea or takes lodgment on the banks, where the masses of decaying matter breed great swarms of flies; to drink unfiltered water is to shake dice with Death; the streets are thronged with women whose virtue is as easy as an old shoe, attracted by the presence of the armies as vultures are attracted by the smell of carrion; venereal diseases abound; saloons, brothels, dives, and gambling hells run wide open and virtually unrestricted, though the British military authorities, in order to protect their men, have put the more notorious resorts "out of bounds," and to take their place have opened "military gardens"; despite the British, French, Italian, and Turkish military police who are on duty in the streets, stabbing affrays, shootings, and robberies are so common that they scarcely evoke comment. The German, African, and Asiatic troops which have occupied the city for various periods during the past five years brought with them their favorite forms of vice, with

The flag of the head of Islam, the Imperial Ottoman standard.

some of which even the Constantinopolitans were unfamiliar. Should you experience difficulty in finding some particular brand of iniquity, do not get the impression that it is not practised, for it is. All you need to do is to ask your hotel porter; he will direct you. Advanced cases of leprosy stroll unmolested and unnoticed in the narrow byways of the Turkish quarter. Thievery is universal. Hats, coats, canes, umbrellas disappear from beside one's chair. The Pera Palace Hotel has notices posted in its corridors warning the guests that it is no longer safe to place their shoes outside their doors. The streets, always wretchedly paved, have been ground to pieces by the unending procession of army motor-lorries, and, as they are never by any chance repaired, the first rain transforms them into a series of hog-wallows. The prices of necessities are fantastic and of luxuries fabulous. The cost of everything has advanced from 200 to 1,200 per cent. The price of a meal is no longer reckoned in piastres but in Turkish pounds. Quite a modest dinner for two at such places as Tokatlian's, the Pera Gardens, or the Pera Palace, costs from fifteen to twenty dollars. Everything else is in proportion. From the "Little Club" in Pera to the Galata Bridge is about a seven minutes' drive by carriage. Before the war the standard tariff for the trip was twenty-five cents. Now the cabmen refuse to turn a wheel for less than two dollars. Speaking of money, in the Balkans one is always exchanging the currency of one country for that of another: lire into dinars, dinars into drachmæ, drachmæ into piastres, piastres into leva, leva into lei, lei into roubles (though no one ever exchanges his money for roubles if he can possibly help it), roubles into kronen, and kronen into lire again. The idea is to leave a country with as little as possible of that country's currency in your possession. It is like playing that card-game in which you are penalized for every heart you have left in your hand.

When I was in Constantinople I was very unfavorably impressed by the great number of young Americans, both men and girls, wearing the uniforms of the various relief organizations operating in the Near East, whom I saw strolling in the streets, dining in the gayer of the restaurants and summer gardens, or joy-riding in the environs. A few of these youngsters saw service with the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., or the A. E. F. in France or Italy, but most of them have come straight out from the United States, attracted, I imagine, quite as much by the adventure and excitement of a trip to the Orient, to say nothing of the pay they receive, as by any sense of duty. Some of them have been sent into the provinces to assist in relief work and are rendering excellent service, I understand. But an entirely disproportionate number of them remain in the capital, where they are not needed, where they are performing no useful service, and where they are exposed to temptation in almost every form. Many of them are temperamentally unfitted for relief work and should be sent home at once; all of the younger ones, particularly the girls, should be removed from the artificial and unwholesome atmosphere of Constantinople with the least possible delay.

The very high order of efficiency which made the American Red Cross the admiration of every nation in Europe has not, I am sorry to say, characterized the work of certain of the American relief organizations which are operating in the Near East. I am speaking not merely as a result of my own observations which were necessarily more or less limited, but on the authority of those in whose judgment I have implicit confidence, when I assert that the vast sums which have been raised in the United States for relief in the Near East have been expended in a fashion which has provoked wide-spread criticism, to put it very mildly, by the Europeans as well as the Americans resident in Constantinople. The American people have made countless sacrifices in order to raise the enormous funds which have been asked for to carry on this relief work, and for that reason, if for no other, the operations of the relief committees should be conducted with the same intelligence, efficiency, and caution as the affairs of a business house or a trust company. It is one of our boasts that we are an open-handed, easy-going people, but we likewise pride ourselves on getting value received for our money, whether we spend it in commerce, in pleasure, or in

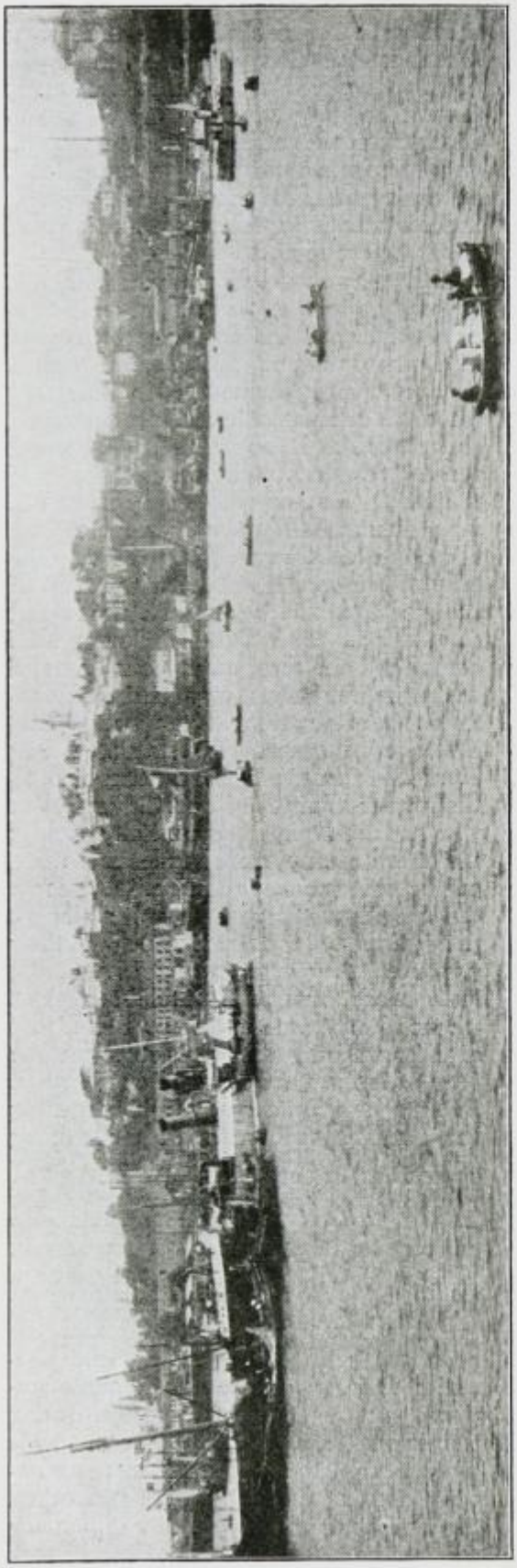
charity. By this I do not mean to imply that further funds are not needed for Near Eastern relief, *for they are.* More than that, they are needed desperately. Indeed, I feel certain that the American people would give even more generously than they already have if they could see, as I have seen, the misery and hunger which prevail throughout these regions. Nor am I questioning in the slightest degree the integrity and conscientiousness of the persons who have been intrusted with the administration of these relief funds. But I am questioning whether the organization for the distribution of relief is as efficient in every respect as it should be and whether all of its officials possess the qualities which are required to obtain the maximum results: in short, whether the starving, shivering, homeless natives are receiving one hundred cents' worth of relief for every dollar contributed by the charitable in America. There may have been a radical improvement in the system of distributing relief since I left Turkey, but unless there are more relief workers feeding the starving in Armenia and Syria and less feeding themselves in Tokatlian's and the Pera Palace; unless the scores of big gray touring-cars are being used for delivering supplies instead of for excursion purposes, then my attitude toward further appeals for funds for Near Eastern relief work will be that of a hard-headed American business man who was once a fellow passenger on a P. & O. boat going out to the East. A missionary who was on board made a fervent appeal one evening for funds to carry on his work in India.

"Here is a dollar for your heathen," said the American, when the hat was passed around. "And here are five more dollars to get that dollar there."

"But how is the Sick Man?" I hear you ask.

He is doing very nicely, thank you. In fact, he appears to be steadily improving. There was a time, shortly after the Armistice, when it seemed certain that he would have to submit to an operation, which he probably would not have survived, but the surgeons disagreed as to the method of operating, and now it looks as though he would get well in spite of them. He has a chill every time they hold a consultation, of course, but he will probably escape the operation altogether, though he may have to take some extremely unpleasant medicine and be kept on a diet for several years to come. But he has remarkable recuperative powers, and his friends expect to see him up and about before long.

That may sound flippant, as it is, but it sums up in a single paragraph the extraordinary political situation which exists in Turkey to-day. Little more than a year ago Turkey surrendered in defeat, her resources exhausted, her armies destroyed or scattered. If anything in the world seemed certain at that time it was that the bloody empire, whose very name has for centuries been a synonym for cruelty and oppression, would disappear from the map of Europe, if not from the map of the world, at the behest of an outraged civilization. The Turkish Government committed the most outrageous crime of the entire war when it organized the systematic extermination of the Armenians. The utter callousness of its attitude is well exemplified in the remark attributed to the former minister of war, Enver Pasha who has been quoted as cynically saying: "If there are no more Armenians there can be no Armenian question." A people capable of such barbarity ought no longer to be permitted to sully Europe with their presence: they ought to be driven back into those savage Anatolian regions whence they came and kept there, just as those suffering from a less objectionable form of leprosy are confined on Molokai. But the fervor of a year ago for expelling the Turks from Europe is rapidly dying down. In the spring of 1919, Turkey could have been partitioned by the Allies with comparatively little friction. No one expected it more than Turkey herself. Whenever she heard a step on the floor, a knock at the door, she keyed herself for the ordeal of the anæsthetic and the operating-table. But the ancient jealousies and rivalries of the Entente nations, which had been forgotten during the war, returned with peace, and now it looks as though, as a result of these nations' distrust and suspicion of each other, the Turks would win back by diplomacy what they lost in battle. How history



Constantinople from the Marmora Sea.

"Each time that I have watched that glorious and fascinating panorama unfold, I have declared that in all the world there is no city so lovely as this capital of the caliphs."—Page 283.

repeats itself! The Turks have often been unlucky in war, and then had a return of luck at the peace-table. It was so after the Russo-Turkish War, when the Congress of Berlin tore up the Treaty of San Stefano. It was so to a lesser extent after the Balkan wars, when the interference of the European concert enabled Turkey to recover Adrianople and a portion of the Thracian territory which she had lost to Bulgaria. And now it looks as though she were once again to escape the punishment she so richly merits. If she does, then history will chronicle few more shameful miscarriages of justice.

If the people of the United States could know for a surety of the avarice, the selfishness, the cynicism which have marked every step of the negotiations relative to the settlement of the Near Eastern question, if they were aware of the chicanery and the deceit and the low cunning practised by the European diplomatists, I am convinced that there would be an irresistible demand that we withdraw instantly from participation in the affairs of southeastern Europe and of western Asia. Why not look the facts in the face? Why not admit that these affairs are, after all, none of our concern, and that, by every one save the Turks and the Armenians, our attempted dictation is resented. In the language of the frontier, we have butted into a game in which we are not wanted. It is no game for uplifters or amateurs. England, France, Italy, and Greece are not in this game to bring order out of chaos but to establish "spheres of influence." They are not thinking about self-

determination and the rights of little peoples and making the world safe for Democracy; they are thinking in terms of future commercial and territorial advantage. They are playing for the richest stakes in the history of the world: for the control of the Bosporus and the Bagdad Railway—

in Asia Minor, there is in British politics a shrewd and powerful element which is strongly opposed to a complete dismemberment of Turkey or the expulsion of the Sultan from Constantinople. This is a complete *volte face* from the sentiment in England immediately after the war, but

Going back to Blighty.

British soldiers in Constantinople stocking up with Turkish cigarettes before embarking for England.

for whoever controls them, controls the trade routes to India, Persia, and the vast, untouched regions of Transcaspia; the commercial domination of western Asia and the overlordship of that city which stands at the cross-roads of the Eastern world and is the political capital of Islam.

In order better to appreciate the subtleties of the game which they are playing, let us glance over the shoulders of the players and get a glimpse of their hands. Take England to begin with. Notwithstanding the assertions of Lloyd George that Constantinople is to be internationalized and the Turkish capital established

during the interim she has heard in no uncertain terms from her 100,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India, who look on the Turkish Sultan as the head of their religion and who would resent his humiliation as deeply, and probably much more violently, than the Roman Catholics would resent the humiliation of the Pope. British rule in India, as those who are in touch with Oriental affairs know, is none too stable, and the last thing in the world England wants to do is to arouse the hostility of her Moslem subjects by affronting the head of their faith. England will unquestionably retain Mesopotamia for the sake of the oil-wells at the head of the

Persian Gulf, the control which it gives her of the eastern section of the Bagdad Railway, and because of her belief that scientific irrigation will once more transform the plains of Babylonia into one of the greatest wheat-producing regions in the world. She may, and probably will, keep her oft-repeated promises to the Jews by erecting Palestine into a Hebrew kingdom under British protection, if for no other reason than its value as a buffer state to protect Egypt. She will also, I assume, continue to foster the policy of Pan-Arabism, as expressed in the new Kingdom of the Hedjaz, not alone for the reason that control of the Arabian peninsula gives her complete command of the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf as well as a highroad from Egypt to her new protectorate of Persia, but because she hopes, I imagine, that her protégé, the King of the Hedjaz, as Sherif of Mecca, will eventually supplant the Sultan as the religious head of Islam. (It is interesting to note, in passing, that, as a result of the protectorates which she has proclaimed over Mesopotamia, Palestine, Arabia, and Persia, England has, as a direct result of the war, obtained control of new territories in Asia alone having an area greater than that of all the states east of the Mississippi put together, with a population of some 20,000,000.) Though England would unquestionably welcome the acceptance by the United States of a mandate for Constantinople, which would insure the neutrality of the Bosporus, and for Armenia, which, under American protection, would form a stabilized buffer state on Mesopotamia's northern border, I am convinced that, even if the United States refuses such mandates, the British Government will oppose the serious humiliation of the Sultan-Khalif or the complete dismemberment of his dominions.

The latest French plan is to establish an independent Turkey from Adrianople to the Taurus Mountains, lopping off Syria, which will become a French protectorate, and Mesopotamia and Palestine, which will remain under British control. The Sultan should be permitted to remain in Constantinople, according to the French view, though, of course, the freedom of the straits would be assured by some form of international control. France is not particularly enthusiastic about the establishment of an independent Armenia, for many French politicians believe that the interests of the Armenians can be safeguarded while permitting them to remain under the nominal suzerainty of Turkey, but she will oppose no active objections to Armenian independence. But I doubt if France would consent to a campaign against the Turkish Nationalists who are operating in Asia Minor, as such a move would almost certainly result in Nationalist massacres of Greeks and Armenians and possibly in disorders in other parts of the Moslem world. And the Sultan must retain the Khalifate and his capital in Constantinople, for, according to the French view, it is far better for the interests of France, who has nearly 30,000,000 Moslem subjects of her own, to have an independent head of Islam at Constantinople, where he would be to a certain extent under French influence, than to have a British-controlled one at Mecca. The truth of the matter is that France is desperately anxious to protect and increase her financial interests in Turkey, which are already enormous, and she knows perfectly well that her commercial and financial ascendancy on the Bosporus would suddenly wane if the empire should be dismembered. That is the real reason why she is cuddling up to the Sick Man. Being perfectly aware that neither England nor Italy would consent to her becoming the mandatary for Constantinople, she proposes to do the next best thing and rule Turkey in the future, as in the past, through the medium of her diplomats and her financiers. Sophisticated men who have noted the friendly tone of the articles on Turkey which have been appearing in the French press, have been aware that something was afoot, but only those who have been on the inside of recent events realize how shrewd and subtle a game France is playing, and how enormous are the stakes.

Strictly speaking, Italy is not one of the claimants to Constantinople. Not that she does not want it, mind you, but because she knows that there is about as much chance of her being awarded such a mandate as there is of her obtaining French Savoy, which she likewise covets.

Turkish soldiers taking up their positions for the ceremony of Selamlik.
In the foreground are the lancers of the Imperial Guard, at the right Anatolian infantry.

Under no conceivable conditions would France consent to the Bosporus passing under Italian control; according to French views, indeed, Italy is already far too powerful in the Balkans. Recognizing the hopelessness of attempting to overcome French opposition, Italy has confined her claims to the great rich region bordering the Gulf of Adalia, on the southern coast of Asia Minor and while the peacemakers at Paris have been discussing the question, she has been pouring her troops into this region, having already penetrated a considerable distance into the hinterland. Italy's sole claim to this region is that she wants it and that she is going to take it while the taking is good. There are, it is true, a few Italians along the coast, there are some Italian banks, and considerable Italian money has been invested in various local projects, but the population is overwhelmingly Turkish. But, as the Italians point out in justifying their military occupation of this region, Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations

expressly states that the wishes of people not yet civilized need not be considered. So far as the best interests of the inhabitants are concerned, there can be no question they are far more certain of justice and progress under the rule of Rome than under that of Constantinople.

Let us now consider the claims of Greece as a reversionary of the Sick Man's estate. Considering their attitude during the early part of the war (for it is no secret that General Sarrail's operations in Macedonia were seriously hampered by his fear that Greece might attack him in the rear), and the paucity of their losses in battle, the Greeks have done reasonably well in the game of territory grabbing. Do you realize, I wonder, the full extent of the Hellenic claims? Greece asks for (1) the southern portion of Albania, known as North Epirus; (2) for the whole of Bulgarian Thrace, thus completely barring Bulgaria from the Ægean; (3) for the whole of European Turkey, though she generously offers not to press her claims to the Dardanelles and Constantinople; (4) for the province of Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, the Greek inhabitants of which attempted to establish the so-called Pontus Republic; (5) the great seaport of Smyrna, with its 400,000 inhabitants, and a considerable portion of the hinterland, which she has already occupied; (6) the Dodecannessus Islands, of which the largest is Rhodes, off the western coast of Asia Minor, which the Italians occupied during the Turco-Italian War and which they have not evacuated; (7) the cession of Cyprus by England, which has administered it since 1878. The modesty of Greece's demands remind me of a song which was popular in the United States a dozen years ago:

> "All I want is fifty million dollars,
> A champagne fountain flowing at my feet;
> J. Pierpont Morgan waiting at the table,
> And Sousa's band a-playing while I eat."

I will be quite candid in saying that I have small sympathy for Greece's claims to these territories, not because she is not entitled to them on the ground of nationality—for there is no denying that, in all of the regions in question, save only Albania and Thrace, Greeks form a majority of the Christian inhabitants—but because she is not herself sufficiently advanced to be intrusted with authority over other races, particularly over Mohammedans. The atrocities committed by Greek troops on the Moslems of Albania and of Smyrna, to say nothing of the behavior of the Greek bands in Macedonia during the Balkan wars, should be sufficient proof of her unfitness to govern an alien race. In the second article of this series I have spoken in some detail of the Greek outrages in Albania. But this was not an isolated instance of the methods employed in "hellenizing" Moslem populations. In the spring of 1919 the Peace Conference, hypnotized, apparently, by M. Venezelos, who is by far the ablest diplomat the war has produced, made the mistake of permitting Greek forces, unaccompanied by other troops, to land at Smyrna. Almost immediately there began an indiscriminate slaughter of Turkish officials and civilians, in retaliation, so the Greeks assert, for the massacre of Greeks by Turks in the outlying districts. The obvious answer to this is that, while the Greeks claim that they are a civilized race, they assert that the Turks are not. The outcry against the Greeks on this occasion was so great that an interallied commission, including American representatives, was appointed to make a thorough investigation. This commission unanimously found the Greeks guilty of the unprovoked massacre of 800 Turkish men, women, and children, who were shot down in cold blood while being marched along the Smyrna water-front, those who were not killed instantly being thrown by Greek soldiers into the sea. High-handed and outrageous conduct by Greek troops in the towns and villages back of Smyrna was also proved. I do not require any further testimony as to the unwisdom of placing Mohammedans under Greek control, but, if I did, I have the evidence of Mr. Hamlin, the son of the founder of Robert College, who was born in the Levant, who speaks both Turkish and Greek, and who was sent to Smyrna by the Greek Government as an investigator and adviser. He told me that the Greek attitude toward the Moslems was highly provocative and overbearing and that the Allies were guilty of criminal negligence

Yildiz Kiosk, the favorite palace of Abdul-Hamid and his successors on the throne of Osman.

The building in the foreground, known as the Ambassador's Pavilion, is only a small portion of the great Palace which in Abdul-Hamid's time housed upward of 10,000 persons.

when they permitted the Greeks to land at Smyrna alone.

Though they know that their dream of restoring Hellenic rule over Byzantium cannot be realized, the Greeks are bitterly opposed to the United States receiving a mandate for Constantinople. The extent of Greek hostility toward the United States is not appreciated in America, yet I found traces of it everywhere in the Levant. A wide-spread Greek propaganda has laid the responsibility for Greece's failure to get the whole of Thrace at the door of the United States. To this accusation has been added the charge that Americans were foremost in creating sentiment against the Greek massacres in Smyrna, which, the Greeks contend, was merely an unfortunate incident and should be overlooked. All sorts of extraordinary reasons are advanced for America's alleged hostility to Greek claims, ranging from the charge that our attitude is inspired by the missionaries (for the Orthodox Church has always opposed the presence of American missionaries in Greek lands) to commercial ambition. As one leading Greek paper put it: "Alongside of America's greed and schemes for commercial expansion since the war, Germany's imperialism was pure idealism."

And now a few words as to the attitude of Turkey herself, for she has, after all, a certain interest in the matter. The Turks are perfectly resigned to accepting either America, England, or France as mandatory, though they would much prefer America, provided that European Turkey, Anatolia, and Armenia are kept together, for they realize that Syria, Mesopotamia, and Arabia, whose populations are overwhelmingly Arab, are lost to them forever. What they would most eagerly welcome would be an American mandate for European Turkey and the whole of Asia Minor, including Armenia. This would keep out the Greeks, whom they hate, and the Italians, whom they distrust, and it would keep intact the most valuable portion of the empire and the part for which they have the deepest sentimental attachment. Most Turks believe that, with America as the mandatary Power, the country would not only benefit enormously through the railways, roads, harbor works, agricultural projects, sanitary improvements, and financial reforms which would be carried out at American expense, as in the Philippines, but that, should the Turks behave themselves and demonstrate an ability for self-government, America would eventually restore their complete independence, as she has promised to restore that of the Filipinos. But if they find that Constantinople and Armenia are to be taken away from them, then I imagine that they will vigorously oppose any mandatary whatsoever. And they could make a far more effective opposition than is generally believed, for, though Constantinople is admittedly at the mercy of the Allied fleet in the Bosporus, the Nationalists have recruited a force said to total 300,000 men, composed of well-trained and moderately well-equipped veterans of the Gallipoli campaign, which is concentrated in the almost inaccessible regions of Central Anatolia. Moreover, Enver Pasha, the former minister of war and leader of the Young Turk party, has recently proclaimed himself King of Kurdistan and has raised a considerable force of Turks, Kurds, and Georgians for the avowed purpose of ending the troublesome Armenian question by exterminating what is left of the Armenians. Enver has a far greater scheme in mind than the extermination of the Armenians, however, for he is working to bring about a union of the Turks, the Kurds, the Mohammedans of the Caucasus, the Persians, the Tartars, and the Turkomans into a vast Turanian Empire, which would stretch from the shores of the Mediterranean to the borders of China. Though the realization of such a scheme is exceedingly improbable, it is by no means as far-fetched or chimerical as it sounds, for Enver is bold, shrewd, highly intelligent and utterly unscrupulous and to weld the various races of his proposed empire he is utilizing an enormously effective agency—the fanatical faith of all Moslems in the future of Islam.

I have tried to make it clear that there is nothing which the Turks so urgently desire as for the United States to take a mandate for the whole of Turkey. Those who are in touch with public opinion in this country realize, of course, that the

people of the United States would never approve of, and that Congress would never give its assent to, such an adventure, yet there are a considerable number of well-informed, able and conscientious men—former Ambassador Henry Morgenthau and President Henry King of Oberlin, for example—who give it their enthusiastic support. And they are backed up by a host of missionaries, commercial representatives, concessionaires, and special commissioners of one sort and another. When I was in Constantinople the European colony in that city was watching with interest and amusement the manœuvres of the Turks to bring the American officials around to accepting this view of the matter. They "rushed" the rear-admiral who was acting as American high commissioner and his wife as the members of a college fraternity "rush" a desirable freshman. And, come to think of it, most of the American officials who were sent out to investigate and report on conditions in Turkey are freshmen when it comes to the complexities of Near Eastern affairs. This does not apply, of course, to such men as Consul-General Ravndal at Constantinople, Consul-General Horton at Smyrna, Doctor Howard Bliss, president of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, and certain others, who have lived in the Levant for many years and are intimately familiar with the intricacies of its politics and the characters of its peoples. But it does apply to those officials who, after hasty and personally conducted tours through Asiatic Turkey, or a few months' residence in the Turkish capital, are accepted as "experts" by the Peace Conference and by the government at Washington. When I listen to their dogmatic opinions on subjects of which most of them were in abysmal ignorance prior to the Armistice, I am always reminded of a remark once made to me by Sir Edwin Pears, the celebrated historian and authority on Turkish affairs. "I don't pretend to understand the Turkish character," Sir Edwin remarked dryly, "but, you see, I have lived here only forty years."

It is an interesting and altruistic scheme, this proposed regeneration at American expense of a corrupt and decadent empire, but in their enthusiasm its supporters seem to have overlooked several obvious objections. In the first place, though both England and France are perfectly willing to have the United States accept a mandate for European Turkey, Armenia, and even Anatolia, I doubt if England would welcome with enthusiasm a proposal that she should evacuate Palestine and Mesopotamia, the conquest of which has cost her so much in blood and gold, or whether France would consent to renounce her claims to Syria, of which she has always considered herself the legatee. As for Italy and Greece, I imagine that it would prove as difficult to oust the one from Adalia and the other from Smyrna as it has been to oust the Poet from Fiume. Secondly, such a mandate would mean the end of Armenia's dream of independence, for, though she might be given a certain measure of autonomy, and though she would, of course, no longer be exposed to Turkish massacres, she would enjoy about as much real independence under such an arrangement as the native states of India enjoy under the British Raj. Lastly, nothing is further from our intention, if I know the temper of my countrymen, than to assume any responsibility in order to resurrect the Turk, nor are we interested in preserving the integrity of Turkey in any guise, shape, or form. Instead of perpetuating the unspeakable rule of the Osmanli, we should assist in ending it forever.

And now we come to the question of accepting a mandate for Armenia. In order to get a mental picture of this foundling which we are asked to rear you must imagine a country about the size of Wyoming, with Wyoming's cold winters and scorching summers, consisting of a dreary, monotonous, mile-high plateau with grass-covered, treeless mountains and watered by many rivers, whose valleys form wide strips of arable land. Rising above the general level of this Armenian table-land are barren and forbidding ranges, broken by many gloomy gorges, which culminate, on the extreme northeast, in the mighty peak of Ararat, the traditional resting-place of the Ark. Armenia is completely hemmed in by alien and potentially hostile races. On the northeast are the wild tribes of the

The Commander of the Faithful goes to prayer.

Mohammed VI, Sultan of Turkey (seated in carriage, at right), attending the ceremony of Selamlik.

Caucasus; on the east are the Persians, who, though not hostile to Armenian aspirations, are of the faith of Islam; along Armenia's southern border are the Kurds, a race as savage, as cruel and as relentless as were the Apaches of our own West; on the east is Anatolia, with its overwhelmingly Ottoman population. Before the war the Armenians in the six Turkish vilayets—Trebizond, Erzeroum, Van, Bitlis, Mamuret-el-Aziz, and Diarbekir—numbered perhaps 2,000,000, as compared with about 700,000 Turks. But there is no saying how many Armenians remain, for during the past five years the Turks have perpetrated a series of wholesale massacres in order to be able to tell the Christian Powers, as a Turkish official cynically remarked, that "one cannot make a state without inhabitants."

As just and accurate an estimate of the Armenian character as any I have read is that written by Sir Charles William Wilson, perhaps the foremost authority on the subject, for the Encyclopædia Britannica: "The Armenians are essentially an Oriental people, possessing, like the Jews, whom they resemble in their exclusiveness and wide-spread dispersion, a remarkable tenacity of race and faculty of adaption to circumstances. They are frugal, sober, industrious and intelligent, and their sturdiness of character has enabled them to preserve their nationality and religion under the sorest trials. They are strongly attached to old manners and customs but have also a real desire for progress which is full of promise. On the other hand they are greedy of gain, quarrelsome in small matters, self-seeking, and wanting in stability; and they are gifted with a tendency to exaggeration and a love of intrigue which has had an unfortunate effect on their history. They are deeply separated by religious differences and their mutual jealousies, their inordinate vanity, their versatility, and their cosmopolitan character must always be an obstacle to a realization of the dreams of the nationalists. The want of courage and self-reliance, the deficiency in truth and honesty sometimes noticed in connection with them, are doubtless due to long servitude under an unsympathetic government."

It seems to me that it is time to subordinate sentiment to common sense in discussing the question of Armenia. I have known many Armenians and I have the deepest sympathy for the woes of that tragic race, but if the Armenians are in danger of extermination their fate is a matter for the Allies as a whole, or for the League of Nations, if there ever is one, but not for the United States alone. To administer and police Armenia would probably require an army corps, or upward of 50,000 men, and I doubt if a force of such size could be raised for service in so remote and inhospitable a region without great difficulty. My personal opinion is that the Armenians, if given the necessary encouragement and assistance, are capable of governing themselves. Certainly they could not govern themselves more wretchedly than the Mexicans, yet there has been no serious proposal that the United States should take a mandate for Mexico. Everything considered, I am convinced that the highest interests of Armenia, of America, and of civilization would be best served by making Armenia an independent state, having much the same relation to the United States as Cuba. Let us finance the Armenian Republic by all means, let us lend it officers to organize its gendarmerie and teachers for its schools, let us send it agricultural and sanitary and building and financial experts, and let us give the rest of the world, particularly the Turks, to understand that we will tolerate no infringement of its sovereignty. Do that, set the Armenians on their feet, safeguard them politically and financially, and then leave them to work out their own salvation.

Though prophesying is a dangerous business, and likely to lead to embarrassment and chagrin for the prophet, I am willing to hazard a guess that the future maps of what was once the Ottoman Dominions will be laid out something after this fashion: Mesopotamia will be tinted red, because it will be British. Palestine will also be under Britain's ægis—a little independent Hebrew state, not much larger than Connecticut. Under the word "Syria" will appear the inscription "French Protectorate." The Adalia region will be designated "Italian Sphere of Influence," while Smyrna and

On the wharves of Galata.
Unloading woolly waves of sheep from Anatolia.

its immediate hinterland will probably be labelled "Greek Sphere." Across the northeastern corner of Asia Minor will be spread the words "Republic of Armenia," and beneath, in parenthesis, "Independence guaranteed by the United States." The whole of Anatolia, save the Greek and Italian fringes just mentioned, will be occupied and ruled by the Turks, for it is their ancestral home. The fortifications along the Dardanelles and the Bosporus will be levelled and they, with Constantinople, will be under some form of international control, with equal rights for all nations. But, unless I am very much mistaken, the Turks will *not* be driven out of Europe, as has so long been predicted; the Ottoman Government will not retire to Asia Minor, but will continue to function in Stamboul, and the Sultan, as the religious head of Islam, will still dwell in the great white palace atop of Yildiz hill.

Yes, I think that the Sick Man is going to live, but he will never be his old self again.

[The fourth of Mr. Powell's articles, "What the Peacemakers Have Done on the Danube," will appear in the April number.]

MRS. TREDICK'S HUSBAND

By Ralph D. Paine

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. AYLWARD

HE vastly admired his wife and was even more afraid of her. This, in a word, was the situation whenever Captain Charles Tredick came home from sea and briefly tarried between voyages in the neat white house on an upper reach of the Penobscot. He was a little man, shy and reticent, who had plodded up and down in the coastwise trade for years as master of schooners owned in Bath. They were old vessels, of no great size, but he sailed them on shares and managed to earn a modest profit even when freights were low.

At forty he had offered himself and his worldly goods to a blooming, vigorous spinster, somewhat younger, who was tired of teaching elocution in the endowed academy. She regarded the mariner as a proper husband because he was so seldom under foot. Contentedly she lived alone and dominated the Civic League and the Ladies' Aid of the highly organized village community.

A meeting of which she was chairman had detained her one autumn afternoon when Captain Tredick swung briskly into a quiet street from whose arching trees the last brown leaves had drifted. This vista was never bleak to him and he gazed in hope of seeing his wife, who was too busy, no doubt, to come to the station. Scrupulously well dressed, the clipped mustache just turning gray, he suggested rather the competent merchant than the veteran seafarer as he turned in at his own gate and set down the suitcase.

At finding the door locked he trudged around to the wood-shed, methodically raised the lid of the ice-box, and discovered a key with which he entered the kitchen and passed through into the front of the house. It was so immaculate and so lonely that he retreated like an intruder, lighting his pipe and strolling in the garden until he sighted the stately Mrs. Tredick in the offing. His bronzed face glowed with the ardor of youth as he kissed her cheek, homage which she graciously accepted as her due.

"Your telegram from Portland came at noon, Charles," said she, in her measured manner, "but an election of officers made it necessary——"

"Of course; I understand, Sadie Marion," he interrupted, a little nervously. "A fine run from Norfolk, with a regular snoozer of a fair wind, brought us in two or three days earlier than I had reckoned."

"Isn't that nice! I must rest a few minutes while you tell me about it. You are looking *so* well, Charles."

"Why not? Just twiddled my thumbs and let the *James K. Haskell* jam her cargo of coal along. You are a very handsome woman, my dear, and growing more so. This being away from you makes me mighty unhappy."

This was an unusual display of feeling, but Sadie Marion ignored its tragic aspect, responding with a shade of criticism.

"But you cannot retire and live ashore. That is out of the question unless you can lay up money faster than this. With more push and ambition, Charles, would you be so resigned to remaining in a small four-master?"

This silenced him, and his wife relaxed to recover strength in a favorite chair. He had often tried to persuade her to live aboard the vessel with him, or at least make a voyage now and then, but her refusal was absolute. He followed a life apart, solitary, detached, of which she had not the slightest comprehension, in which she manifested no sympathetic interest. With a sigh he went into the kitchen and filled the wood-box, swept up the chips, and performed other routine tasks with habitual deftness.

At supper Sadie Marion, her mood refreshed, talked of her own engrossing af-

fairs while he listened with reverent attention. Social aspirations disquieted her. She desired a house more pretentious, a hired girl, and had visions of driving her own runabout.

"I have done pretty well with the *James K. Haskell*," observed Captain Tredick, in mild extenuation; "better than the other skippers that had her. But she can't earn us a fortune, that's a fact. I own a sixteenth of her and I guess I can sell it to raise ready cash if you really need it."

"That is an investment, Charles, and I do not propose to spend our capital," she curtly replied. "You say the schooner is slow and leaky, and needs repairs so often that it seriously reduces her earnings. Have you honestly tried to find another position?"

"Owners know me and my reputation," was the patient answer. "They don't seem to tumble over themselves to snatch me out of the *Haskell*. So you are actually invited to read a paper at the woman's State convention, Sadie Marion! Well, I call it wonderful, and I am prouder of you than ever."

"I consider it *my* duty to grasp at opportunity," she roundly informed him, again the elocutionist. "My subject is to be 'The Problem of the Home.' I shall be writing until quite late this evening, Charles. If you will get breakfast——"

"Certainly, Sadie Marion," he replied with a smile. "Eggs and toast and coffee? And I plan to tackle the wood-pile and rake up the yard while I'm home."

"Thank you. Please run over to the post-office before it closes. You will have to go right away."

He bolted a cup of tea, caught up his hat, and vanished at a trot, a zealous, unresentful errand-boy who expected no thanks. As a problem of the home he was the negligible factor. The postmaster, greeting him warmly, hastened to add:

"Your 'phone is out of order, Cap'n Charles, tho' mebbe you don't know it yet, and central has been ringin' up the line off an' on since sundown. I was about to step over and tell you that Portland seems powerful anxious to get hold of you."

"Portland?" cried the shipmaster, instantly alert. "Something wrong aboard my vessel?"

"Better ask for a connection from here," advised the other.

Behind the partition Captain Tredick cocked his head and blinked incredulously when, at length, there came to his ear a resonant voice which announced itself to be that of Marvin Ellsworth, the patriarch of coastwise shipping, managing owner of the Ellsworth fleet of great schooners, the noblest sailing craft that survived to fly the Stars and Stripes. He was saying:

"Can't you hear me, Captain Tredick? Her master has quit to go in steam. Get that? The *Fannie Ellsworth!* Yes, she is here now, discharging. What's the matter? Repeat it? I want you to take her, customary wages and primage, five per cent of the gross freight. We can talk details if you will be in Portland to-morrow morning."

Captain Charles Tredick backed away from the instrument, still clutching the receiver, and mopped a dripping brow. He was breathing hard with excitement and needed a moment's respite. The *Fannie Ellsworth*, six-master, one of the finest of the fleet, stowing five thousand tons of coal beneath her hatches, the envy of a hundred skippers! Honestly believing himself unworthy of this singular distinction, he returned to the interview and unsteadily exclaimed:

"Are you sure it's me you have in mind, Mr. Ellsworth? Tredick of the *James K. Haskell?*"

"What kind of a fool do you think I am?" shouted the lord of sail. "I know all about you and your record for twenty years. Oh, damn the rotten old basket of a *James K. Haskell!* You are too conscientious. You won't be leaving her in the lurch. I fixed that up with your owners to-day. They are delighted to see you shove ahead and they've found a man to go in her. You accept? All right. At my office, nine o'clock sharp to-morrow. Good-night, Captain Tredick."

Disregarding the curious postmaster, he hurried into the darkness and halted to collect his thoughts. This would be great news for Sadie Marion, but his native

"If you have finished eating, Mr. Staunton, suppose you relieve the second mate."—Page 304.

caution warned him to withhold it until confirmed beyond a chance of doubt. Marvin Ellsworth was a tyrant with a sudden temper and there were matters to discuss. Already, however, it was like a revelation that he was a better man in the eyes of others than he had ever dreamed possible. It colored his feeling for Sadie Marion, who held him in such low esteem. When he entered the house with less timidity than usual, she spoke up.

"You knew I was waiting for the mail, Charles. Where have you been all this time?"

"I stopped to talk. I have friends who are glad to see me ashore," he answered. "There were no letters."

"Are you sure? Where is *The Lewiston Journal?*"

"By George, I clean forgot it, my dear. I am afraid Silas has shut up shop."

With an impatient gesture she turned to the desk in the sitting-room, while Charles tiptoed into the kitchen and washed the dishes. Later he sat by an open fire and meditatively sucked at an empty pipe, for smoking annoyed Sadie Marion. The bonds of his loving servitude chafed him and the sensation was so novel that it painfully absorbed his attention. He perceived a glimpse of the

truth—that the most admirable of women, whose companionship he craved, had never tried to understand him.

At daylight next morning he stole down-stairs without awakening her and wrote this note:

"I have to catch the early train for Portland to look after some business. Very sorry about breakfast, but the fire is ready to light. Hope to be home again before sailing.

"Your loving
CHARLES."

With an hour to spare when he reached the city, he steered for the coal wharf where the six topmasts of the *Fannie Ellsworth* soared skyward. A boyish elation made his heart beat faster as he climbed aboard and surveyed three hundred feet of deck that swept in a mighty sheer from bow to stern. All her proportions seemed colossal. Undismayed, however, he walked aft and encountered the first mate, a tall, deep-chested figure of a sailor with a powerful voice. He was in the prime of middle age, ruddy and genial, and his smile suggested a tolerant amusement as he looked down at little Captain Tredick and exclaimed:

"Good morning! What can I do for you? The old man has gone ashore. Something from the office?"

The visitor stiffened and his chin went up as he crisply replied:

"Show me the ship, if you please. I expect to go as master. Your name?"

The mate stepped back, his rich complexion mottled with angry surprise, his disappointment betraying itself as he ejaculated:

"*You* take the *Fannie Ellsworth?* This is the first I've heard of it. I—I am Mr. Staunton."

"Figured on getting her yourself, did you, Mr. Staunton? Well, you guessed wrong. You can stay if you like. I'll try you out for a voyage, anyhow."

Slightly dazed, the mate gulped and rubbed his cheek while Captain Tredick entered the after-house. The cabin, with its mahogany finish and leather chairs, the cosey dining-room, the spare staterooms, the tiled bath and steam heat, his own spacious sleeping-quarters and carved four-poster fairly dazzled his simple tastes and instantly appealed to him as a home afloat fitted for and worthy of his queenly Sadie Marion. In a daydream he forgot the presence of the crestfallen mate and reluctantly went on deck to scrutinize the sails and rigging.

At nine o'clock old Marvin Ellsworth, rumpling his white beard and roaring at his clerks, clapped a hand on Captain Tredick's shoulder and rammed him into a chair, inquiring:

"Dodged aboard to look her over, did you? I saw you cross the street. Sure you can handle such a walloper of a schooner?"

"Yes, sir," quietly said the shipmaster, "but you will have to spend some money before she goes to sea—new canvas and running-gear."

"Humph! So that's your style," snorted the owner. "I am hiring you to *make* money in her. The other man found no fault."

"He let her run down, Mr. Ellsworth. Winter is coming on and I take no chances with worn-out stuff. Quick passages mean dividends, and I understand she hasn't been earning them."

"What if I tell you to go to the devil with your extravagant nonsense, Captain Tredick?"

"Then you can look for another skipper, sir," was the sharp retort.

"You'll do," boomed Marvin Ellsworth. "A bantam with spurs, hey? Just between us, coastwise freights will soon feel this European war. They're bound to jump, and you'll see two-dollar coal from Norfolk before Christmas. So go to it, and clean up six or seven hundred a month for yourself. Married, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Ellsworth," pensively answered Charles. "I wish I could coax my wife to go with me. Any objection?"

"Not a bit. Now let's get things under way as fast as the Lord will let us. I have a charter-party waiting."

Anxious to supervise the work, Captain Tredick remained three days with his vessel before he was satisfied to return to Sadie Marion. He wrote, but reserved the glad tidings as a surprise. It was strange how his buoyant spirits ebbed and his courage lost its fine edge as the

train drew near the village. With the old timidity he walked into his own house and found his wife at the piano. The crashing chords subsided and she said abruptly:

"You made such a mystery of going to Portland, Charles, that I hope you are ready to explain. Why didn't you tell me the night before instead of leaving that silly note?"

He beamed with honest delight as he laughed and replied:

"It sounded too good to be true. I really didn't dare give it away. You can have the hired girl and the automobile, my dear. I am promoted to the *Fannie Ellsworth* and there's no Yankee skipper afloat that has the best of me. What do you think of that?"

"Why, how perfectly absurd it is!" she started to exclaim, but repented of the cruel slur and lamely concluded: "I mean, I took it for granted you would have to stay in the *Haskell* and—and I couldn't believe my ears. I have heard you mention the Ellsworth vessels, of course. How in the world did it happen?"

This thoughtless assumption that there was no merit in him, that his splendid fortune was undeserved cut him to the heart. It was the saddest moment of his married life. His lip quivered and his eyes were suffused as he gently told her:

"A man in my trade has to win such an honor without any pull or favor. I was hoping you'd like to run down with me in the morning and look the ship over. And she is so elegant and comfortable that a trip to Norfolk would be a regular holiday for us."

"Go to sea in a coal-schooner? Why, Charles, how can you suggest it? Think of the discomforts!"

"This isn't a bit like the *Haskell*," he persisted. "It's more like living aboard a liner. And we are liable to have a fine spell of weather in November."

Stubbornly unheeding his affectionate argument, Sadie Marion exclaimed:

"I dislike the sea, Charles. As for going to Portland to-morrow, have you forgotten the State convention and my paper?"

"Sure enough! 'The Problem of the Home,'" murmured the skipper unconsciously ironical. "Well, it seems as if we had charted separate courses. Too bad; I'll say no more about it."

He drifted out and sauntered to the post-office, where a dozen neighbors shook his hand in congratulation. The evening mail contained a letter for Mrs. Charles Tredick which he regarded with some slight curiosity before tucking it in his pocket. It bore a Portland postmark and was addressed in a masculine hand, legible but raggedly scrawled. Sadie Marion's correspondents were mostly women, but he saw no cause for comment when he gave her the letter in her own room and returned down-stairs to wind up his accounts with the owners of the *Haskell*.

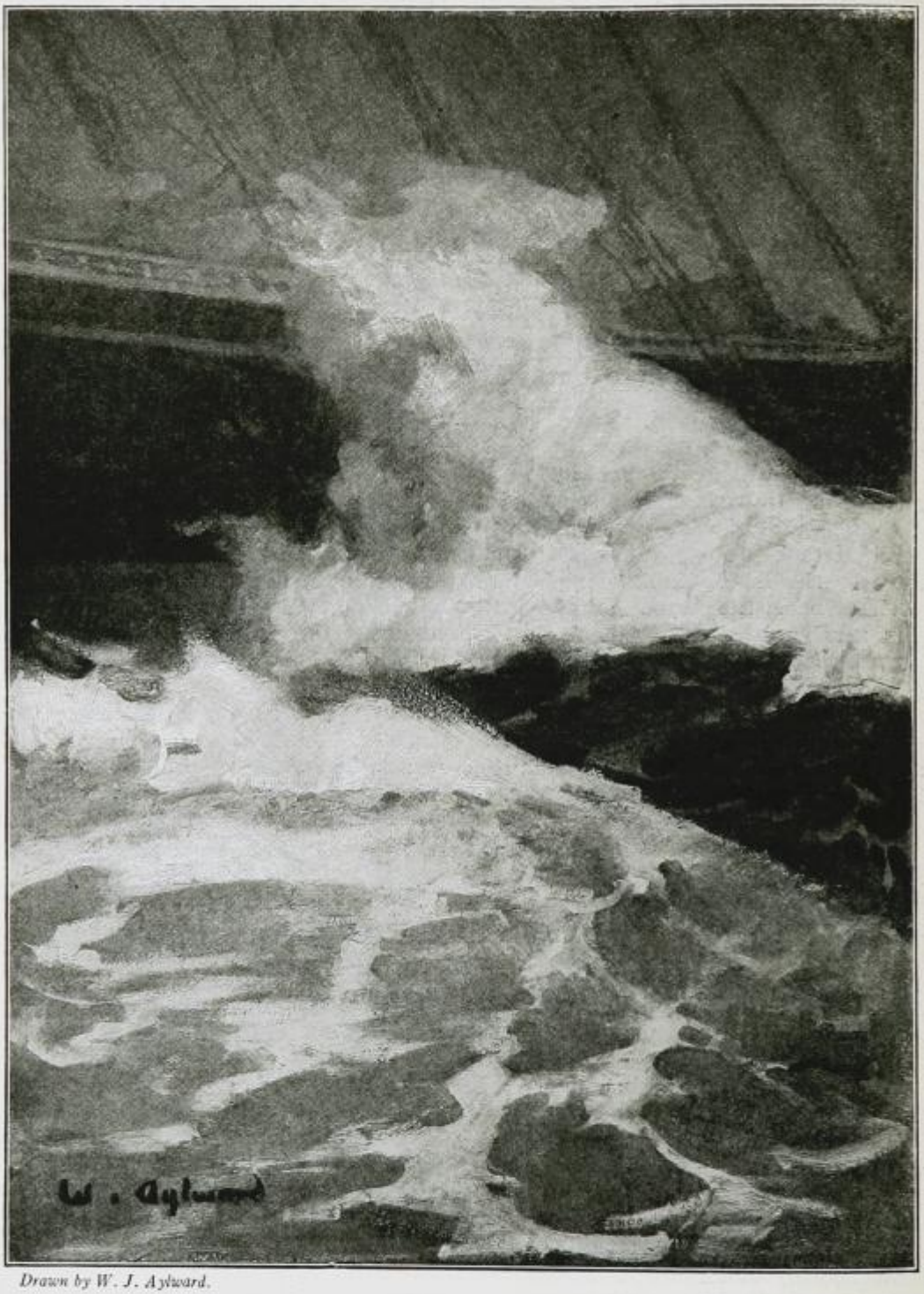
Mrs. Charles Tredick was singularly robust, a stranger to hysteria; but her bosom heaved and her glance was wild as, for the third time, she read the disclosure blazoned on a page of cheap note-paper. *An anonymous letter!!* She whispered these sinister words and moved quickly to bolt the door. The message ran:

"*A friend warns you to be careful of your husband. There is a woman in the case. He has been devoted to her for some time. That is where his money goes. She may meet him in Norfolk next trip. He sees her as often as he can and you are foolish to keep your eyes shut.*"

The unselfish single-mindedness of Captain Tredick was utterly forgotten. The serpent of suspicion reared its horrid head. His urgent invitation had been a ruse to mislead her. Some other woman had tricked and flattered his simple wits and he might be planning to run away with the—with the "wretched paramour"—that was the phrase. Perhaps they had been together in Portland no longer ago than yesterday. The elocutionist, whose readings from Shakespeare had been so warmly applauded, was capable of dissembling emotion in this crisis. Pale but superbly calm, she descended to find her erring husband, who looked up from a bundle of vouchers to inform her:

"I'll be on deck to get breakfast without fail, my dear."

"No more sneaking off to Portland on



Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

Before nightfall the *Fannie Ellsworth* . . . was . . . within two miles of the Virginia beach.
—Page 306.

mysterious errands while I am asleep?" she searchingly demanded.

"Well, I turned the trick, didn't I, Sadie Marion? It looks like good-by if you have to go to Augusta for the convention. I shall be ready for sea some time to-morrow."

In a flash she read her duty clear, but delayed announcing it until she had asked:

"Did you make any enemies while you were in the *Haskell*, Charles? There is no one who might cause trouble between you and your new owner? It's natural to wonder, you know. There is apt to be jealousy, isn't there?"

"Barring a sailor or two that needed the toe of a boot, the docket is clear," he innocently assured her. "I don't like the mate in the *Fannie Ellsworth*. I sized him up as a counterfeit and he took a prejudice to me. But first impressions may be wrong."

Sadie Marion bit her lip and made use of her superior intelligence. This hostile mate might have heard the scandalous story and used it for his own ends. At any rate, she had discovered that Charles had an enemy with a grievance. True or false, she could not afford to be indifferent to the ominous warning. As a devoted wife and helpmeet she proposed to safeguard her own interests in saving her husband from himself. In a softer voice, almost caressingly, she astonished him by saying:

"May I change my mind? Would it please you very much to have me go to Norfolk with you?"

"Thunder and guns! You bet it would!" he cried, leaping to his feet. "I was set all aback when you even refused to consider it. Why, my dear, it would be a honeymoon! I'll sign on a cabin-boy as an extra hand and you will think you are aboard your own yacht."

His eagerness was so genuine that her doubts seemed base and she blushed for shame, but a poisoned mind is hard to heal.

"Perhaps my problem should begin at home, Charles," said she. "Isn't that how you have felt about it? But you were too kind to hurt me by telling me so. I can send my paper to the secretary and let her read it to the convention. Shall I pack a trunk to-night?"

This was to him an event more momentous than taking command of the *Fannie Ellsworth*. The puckered lines of care beneath his eyes were magically erased. Of course, she had not meant to wound him. He must have misunderstood. Until midnight they toiled in preparation and Captain Tredick's wife found that she was not altogether pretending a youthful zestfulness. The excitement of the adventure caused her to forget herself. They were ready to close the house, leave the cat next door, and depart for Portland in the earliest morning train. The shipmaster gratefully reflected that his luck had turned.

The stately six-master had finished discharging coal, and the negro sailors, with hose and broom, had cleaned the decks and the white houses of dust and grime. In the cabin the elderly steward had scrubbed and polished, making up the beds with fresh linen. Everywhere the ship displayed the painstaking attention and order of the nautical routine, and it came as an amazing discovery to Mrs. Tredick, who had hitherto disdained to set foot on one of her husband's vessels. He had telephoned certain instructions from the office and there were bowls of roses upon the tables, a row of new books, a pile of magazines. The luxury and convenience of it all, the realization that she was the mistress with servants to wait on her, made the village home seem poor and shabby.

"But I didn't know, Charles," she tremulously reiterated.

"You wouldn't listen, Sadie Marion," he smiled, an arm about her waist.

He left her below and sent for a tug, for the wind had suddenly shifted to the westward and he was anxious to take advantage of it. Mr. Staunton, the mate, was in a surly humor and his breath smelt of liquor, but he kept the men busy and Captain Tredick refrained from comment. Riding high and empty, the towering bulk of the *Fannie Ellsworth* floated through the narrow fairway, seeming to shoulder smaller craft out of her path. Off the red light-ship the tall sails began to creep up the masts as the steam-winches gripped the halyards. Standing near the wheel, Mrs. Tredick, expecting much bustle and confusion,

saw a few sailors moving without haste and her husband idling, with hands in his pockets. Very quietly the *Fannie Ellsworth* dropped the tug and filled away on her course to the southward.

Mr. Staunton lived aft, according to custom, and he joined them at dinner, his burly presence making the captain appear oddly insignificant. His manner toward Sadie Marion was floridly gallant, his stories well told and ranging over many seas in deep-water ships before he had sailed coastwise. She was impressed. He was the ideal sailor of romance. Captain Tredick glumly looked on, fingering his clipped mustache. At length he suggested:

"If you have finished eating, Mr. Staunton, suppose you relieve the second mate. He may be hungry, too."

With an injured air the officer obeyed, while Mrs. Tredick frowned at her husband's marked discourtesy. He had nothing to say until she observed:

"Mr. Staunton was a captain himself until square-rigged ships went out of fashion. I think you ought to be more careful of his feelings."

"If I don't like his manners he can get his grub in the mess-room for'ard," was the emphatic rejoinder, which so disconcerted Sadie Marion that she gasped for breath. Never before had he asserted himself. The afternoon was warm and clear, the breeze steady, and with topsails set the schooner did her six knots. The last traces of disorder were removed and Captain Tredick seemed to have nothing whatever to do. This perplexed his wife, who had imagined him as drudging through laborious days and nights. He strolled with her, read a magazine aloud, took a nap, and operated the phonograph.

"But you are more like a passenger, Charles," she uneasily expostulated when darkness closed down and the chill air made the warm cabin inviting. "You have not commanded as large a ship as this and some of the duties must be new to you. I should think you ought to be on deck at night."

"In good weather? What are the mates hired for? Oh, I run up now and then and take a look around. That's the dickens of it—a loafer's job—too much time on my hands. It explains why I wanted you as a shipmate, my dear."

It was too soon for her to discern that his was the master mind, disciplined, profoundly experienced, which ruled this complex fabric and its turbulent men. What new respect he had gained in her sight was due to his affluent environment. The impressive Mr. Staunton was far more convincing as a figure of authority.

For several days the voyage was placidly uneventful. It was, indeed, more like a yachting-cruise. Punctually a black sailor took another's place at the wheel, the meals were served at the stroke of the bell, and the watch on duty trimmed the sheets or worked at such odd jobs as splicing, painting, carpentry. Occasionally Captain Tredick consulted his charts, pencilled a straight line with ruler and dividers, or squinted at the sun through a sextant and covered a sheet of paper with figures. He gave the mates almost no orders, besides the courses to steer, and seldom went forward of the quarter-deck.

It was otherwise with Mr. Staunton, whose activity was incessant. His voice thundered in the bullying accents of the rough old school as he tramped to and fro. In the cabin, however, he was rather subdued, watching Captain Tredick from a corner of his eye and trying to fathom what kind of man he was. Sadie Marion thought him fascinating. In her heart was the instinctively feminine worship of physical strength and courage. She could fancy this hale, broad-shouldered viking amid peril of wreck and storm or beating down a mutinous crew. Continually tormenting her was the anonymous letter, but now it seemed impossible that the heroic Mr. Staunton should have employed so cowardly a weapon. It was evident, nevertheless, that he bitterly disliked Captain Tredick, scarcely veiling his contempt.

At the first opportunity she had furtively ransacked her husband's room for sign or token of another woman, but, baffled, she resolved to ply the mate with adroit hints. They often walked together on deck during the daylight watches, his breezy loquacity contrasting with the skipper's contented silences.

"A sweetheart in every port, they say of you sailors, Mr. Staunton," she began, with heightened color.

"Are they always to blame, Mrs. Tredick? It's a lonely life and we are a sentimental lot. A married man, now—that's another matter, but I've known the best of 'em to slip the tow-rope."

"How shocking!" she exclaimed. "I can't believe it. When they are young and reckless, I presume."

"Not always, ma'am. There is a soft streak that sometimes shows when a man passes forty. I have known cases of it. They sort of forget their bearings and tack into trouble. Then it's time for their wives to stand lookout. Nothing personal intended, Mrs. Tredick. I am stating a general proposition."

She could not help glancing at the master of the *Fannie Ellsworth*, who stood at the taffrail examining the dial of the log. The mate smiled to himself and waited until she said:

"Wouldn't it be a kindness to warn a wife, Mr. Staunton?"

"Perhaps so," he gravely answered. "Excuse me, while I slack off the foresheet."

That night the pleasant wind which had carried the vessel beyond the capes of the Delaware veered uncertainly, then died to a calm obscured by fog. A long swell heaved in from seaward and Captain Tredick frequently noted the barometer. During these visits below he seemed preoccupied, almost unaware of his wife's questions. When he delayed to put on oilskins she nervously insisted on knowing why, but he merely advised her to stop worrying and go to bed. Wide-eyed, she was rolled to and fro in her bunk, while the deck above her head resounded to the banging of blocks, the thump of boots, and the harsh noise of the winches. The untroubled monotony of the voyage had not prepared her to face an emergency.

The northeast gale, presaged by Captain Tredick, swept down at dawn in blinding clouds of sleet and spray. Its devastating violence found the schooner with canvas reduced to three of her unwieldy lower sails and a couple of jibs. With no ballast in her cavernous hold she was the more difficult to handle. Little Captain Tredick peered rather sadly into the gray murk, reflecting that this was apt to be an unpleasant experience for his wife. It threatened to be what he called a "hoister" of a storm, such as strewed the coast with wreckage and had wiped two big schooners from the Ellsworth list during the preceding winter.

All his knowledge of tidal currents, soundings, drift, and leeway, added to the sailor's sixth sense, was brought into play to conjecture the position of the vessel since he had last seen a shore light. It was vital to know how many miles she was from the beach. Clinging to the rail, benumbed with cold, he watched the seas rear and break across the deck amidships. He had no fear of foundering, but to have his sails blown away was another matter.

The negro sailors, unfitted for such an ordeal as this, had fled into the forecastle and were isolated by cataracts of water. A little while and the reefed mainsail split and was whirled away in streaming tatters. The wind was steadily increasing.

There was no getting aft with breakfast and Captain Tredick dived below to munch bread and cheese in the cabin pantry. His wife had managed to dress and was huddled upon the divan, deafened by the creaking and groaning of the woodwork, trembling to the shock of the hammering seas. To the unspoken appeal in her white face he shouted, tenderly holding her hand:

"A hard blow for you to be caught in, but we'll weather it, my dear."

She shook her head despairingly, with small faith in his ability to do the right thing at a time like this. He stood swaying to the giddy motion of the floor, the yellow oilskins dripping, a taut, reliant figure whose composure was flawless. He was absently staring at Sadie Marion, his mind engaged with a crucial decision, when Mr. Staunton tumbled down the stairs and announced in his stentorian voice:

"She will never work offshore at this rate, sir. We must get more sail on her somehow."

"I was trying to hold her where she was up to now," snapped Captain Tre-

dick. "Work her offshore? What do you think you're in? I am going to let this vessel drive straight for the beach and anchor her in thirty fathom of water."

The mate's jaw dropped. His bewilderment was comic. Then he laughed derisively and bent over to shout in the captain's ear:

"Pile her up on a shoal? Drive for the beach instead of standin' off to get sea-room? That's one sure way to send us all to hell. If your ground-tackle don't hold——"

"It was made to hold," interrupted the skipper, without heat. "You don't know what to do with a big schooner like this, Mr. Staunton. You have only sailed a few fair-weather voyages in her. It's sure disaster for one of 'em to be blown offshore in a gale like this."

"You never set foot in an Ellsworth schooner until this trip," truculently boomed the mate. "Anchor in thirty fathom? I'll have my say about that. All these lives at stake——"

Captain Tredick raised a warning hand. It was an imperative gesture. He pursed his lips as though whistling softly. At this moment his distracted wife intervened. The habit of dominating Charles compelled her to speak. Clutching the table, she cried imploringly:

"Oh, you must listen to Mr. Staunton's advice! He knows best, I am sure. Please don't——"

It was a transformed Captain Tredick that whirled to face her and brutally exclaimed:

"Not a word, Sadie Marion, not another word or I'll lock you in your room."

She babbled something, but he cut it short by seizing her arm in a bruising grip and pushing her ahead of him across the threshold. Turning the key, he thrust it in his pocket and returned to the mate, whose indignation provoked him to say:

"Mishandle a woman as well as a ship, eh? My turn next for giving you the plain truth?"

"Your turn next, you big, ignorant lubber," challenged Captain Charles Tredick. "Jump on deck. Go for'ard and drag out enough men to wear ship and steer the course I set. Shall I show you how?"

"Anchor with the lee shore under our bow, in a murderin' gale of wind?" growled the other.

A light chair was lashed against the wall with twine. The sinewy hands of Captain Tredick plucked it loose and, as a bludgeon, he swung it in a sidelong blow. It crashed and splintered against the head of Mr. Staunton, who fell sprawling. Slowly he scrambled to his knees, blood trickling from a cut above the ear. He was sick and dizzy. Captain Tredick stood over him, a leg of the chair in his fist, and declaimed:

"Do you want any more, you drunken tramp? I took your measure the first day out. Get a bandage-roll from the medicine-closet and tie yourself up. Then come a-running."

A wail from the imprisoned Sadie Marion punctuated the cowed silence of the mate. Captain Tredick raced on deck and the two weary negroes at the wheel turned their eyes to him in pathetic hopefulness. He stretched a line forward as far as he dared venture unaided and waited for Mr. Staunton, who presently emerged from the hatchway. Together they fought the cruel weight of water that poured over the smashed bulwarks, and, tumbling into the forecastle, they pulled sailors from their bunks and tossed them on deck to sink or swim.

It was the intrepid soul of Captain Tredick waging a contest against tremendous odds. Before nightfall the *Fannie Ellsworth*, with no more than a rag of canvas left, was riding to her ponderous anchors within two miles of the Virginia beach. Her cables had been forged and welded for such peculiar stress as this. The gale screamed in the rigging and the combers broke over her bows, but it was with a sense of serene security that Captain Tredick went below to change his clothes. Mr. Staunton had found lodgings at the other end of the ship. With this discord removed, the husband of Mrs. Tredick attempted reconciliation. It was a task to dishearten a mariner less indomitable. The print of his fingers was black and blue on her arm. The insult was even more poignant. To

Drawn by W. J. Aylward.

"Do you want any more, you drunken tramp?"—Page 306.

make it absolutely unforgivable, he expressed no regrets.

His demeanor was affectionate, solicitous, but never humble. Until the gale spent its force, two days later, she stayed in bed, watching him through the doorway as he read and smoked with his heels on the table. It dawned upon her, as a curious phenomenon, that she was afraid of him. Certainly she had learned to respect him. This gave her much to think about.

There was still a barrier of constraint between them when the *Fannie Ellsworth* set her spare sails and resumed the voyage to Norfolk over an ocean sparkling and friendly. Mrs. Tredick sought a sheltered nook on deck, with rugs and pillows, and the buoyant air revived her. With vision no longer blinded, she studied her husband, the ship, the crew. And little by little she came to perceive that his quiet personality was all-pervasive, his mastery of his trade implicitly acknowledged. He was wiser and stronger than all the rest, and old Marvin Ellsworth had not blundered in choosing him.

During the last evening at sea they sat in the cabin together. The swinging lamp cast a cheery illumination. The room was very homelike. Sadie Marion was loath to forsake it. Was her companionship really dear to him? What about the other woman? She was in a mood to make confession, but would he be as frank with her? Timidly she exclaimed:

"I was greatly mistaken in the character of Mr. Staunton, Charles. I believe he would stoop to tell a lie to satisfy a grudge."

"That cheap hound?" was the careless comment. "I intend to throw his duds on the wharf as soon as we make fast. He fooled you, Sadie Marion, but women are built that way. He is a grand-looking object, no doubt about it."

"Supposing he had lied about *you* in a letter to me," she bravely resumed.

"In a letter? Well, I'd make him eat it, for one thing. But you would take no stock in such nonsense, so what's the difference?"

"But perhaps I did, Charles, and it has made me too dreadfully miserable for words. I have been a selfish, stupid, unfeeling woman."

"You are an angel and always were," devoutly exclaimed Captain Tredick. "It makes me blue to feel that you won't care to sail with me again, after that gale o' wind and the rumpus in the cabin."

"In all weather, fair and foul, if you will only ask me," was the wistful response.

"I'm perfectly delighted. You see, my dear, your only chance to get really acquainted with me was aboard my vessel."

"You are a very wonderful man afloat," was her final surrender. "But you will be angry, and maybe abuse me again, when you know the motive that changed my mind about coming in the schooner. I—I will get the letter and read it to you, and will you look me right in the eyes and say whether it is true or false?"

"I'll swear it on a stack of Bibles as high as the cross-trees if that will be any comfort to you," declared her husband.

She fumbled in her hand-bag and produced the sheet of paper, which was creased with many readings. Captain Tredick's countenance was austere and inscrutable. Unsteadily she recited, halting between the hateful sentences:

"*A friend warns you to be careful of your husband. There is a woman in the case. He has been devoted to her for some time. That is where his money goes. She may meet him in Norfolk next trip. He sees her as often as he can, and you are foolish to keep your eyes shut.*"

Silence followed the indictment. The very sound of it moved Sadie Marion to tears. Captain Tredick shifted in his chair, drew a long breath, gazed up at the skylight, and deliberately affirmed:

"It is all true, so help me, Sadie Marion."

"All true?" she faintly echoed.

"Of course it is. There was no other way to budge you. *I wrote it myself.*"

THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR PROBLEM

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

Author of "Money and Prices," etc.

THE wag who said of Boston, when it was threatened with bombardment during the Spanish War, that it could not be bombarded because it was not a geographical area but a state of mind, really made a distinction that has a much wider application. In these materialistic days it is the fashion to suppose that social unrest, or, to be more specific, the labor problem, can be reached or solved by physical allurements, more money to spend, more luxuries to consume, or automobiles in which to ride to the factory. Indeed, the whole socialistic philosophy is but a system of thought aiming at the possession of larger materialistic rewards. Strangest of all, in church circles, where one would expect an emphasis on things spiritual, too often is found a warm sympathy for socialistic theory that is supported by a pure materialism. And yet, out of all the ruck of heated discussion about labor unrest and Bolshevism, there is beginning to emerge the conviction that what we have to deal with is, after all, not a matter of wages and a larger consumption so much as it is a state of mind. The study of economic history has been in vain if it has led us to think that men are ever content with what they have. Wants are limited only by the production of satisfactions. Wants, in bacterial fashion, multiply out of other wants indefinitely.

II

WORLD-WIDE discontent among the working classes has been regarded even in high political quarters as something so threatening that, if it is not removed, the very foundations of society may be shaken; that, unless certain demands of a very advanced order are granted to these classes, a revolution is at hand. So sure are the prophets of disaster that definite dates of from two to five years have been confidently announced for its advent. And yet every economist knows that discontent with his lot has in it a quality of divinity by which every man is given the capacity for progress. Without discontent there could be no progress upward. The most disheartening thing that could possibly happen would be the existence of inert, ambitionless, ignorant content with conditions of life which we all know ought to be changed. No live, pulsing race could be content to remain what it had always been. The expectation of improvement is the very secret of a happy, busy life, the motive that keeps us all eagerly striving to get on in the world. Discontent we shall always have with us so long as human nature remains what it now is and always has been.

If this innate prompting for improvement, however, when awakened, finds itself choked and restricted, then there is reason for concern. Human aspiration is too powerful to be repressed. With certain of the lowest classes of men, sunk in stupid misery and ignorance, the trouble has often been to awaken in them a series of wants that would give them a motive for so increasing their productive efforts as to bring them the decencies of a larger consumption. Discontent is divine that leads men to self-control and industry as a means of improvement; but it is a very different thing if it leads to a state of mind which, avoiding productive effort, prompts to wilful violence, robbery, and murder as a means of taking away the results of another's sacrifice and effort. This is the human element, of good and bad in every man, that enters into the economic determination of progress. As we shall soon see, it throws a flood of light on the social unrest now ob-

served in so many countries. "The evidences of world-wide unrest," says the President, in his December message to Congress, "which manifest themselves in violence throughout the world bid us pause and consider the means to be found to stop the spread of this contagious thing before it saps the very vitality of the nation itself." Nevertheless, is not discontent a very necessary element of progress?

III

We may as well make up our minds sooner or later to the fact that no "solution" of the labor question can be found which will eliminate a perennial discontent. On the contrary, all of us who wish to see a higher standard of living for the mass of the laboring classes do not wish it eliminated. It is necessary to more effective productive effort and to a larger share of satisfactions. In this connection there has arisen a demand for certain "rights" of labor which, it is supposed, must be granted if we are to have what is known as industrial peace. If these rights have been formulated on the basis of a correct analysis of the operations of industry, then discontent will gradually force their acceptance by the factors of production other than labor; but if demands are made which are impossible of satisfaction without the disintegration of industry, then there is no hope of their acceptance now or in the future. If unrest is based on such demands, made without regard to productive effort or skill, then there will be no progress. To claim a share of the world's accumulated wealth without having proportionately contributed to its production, simply to take because of wants, leads to the quick disappearance of the world's resources and inevitable chaos. A limelight exhibition of this process has been actually before our eyes on the Russian stage for two years. The Russian programme at least has been ruled out of court by universal condemnation.

Without a question, labor has rights—the rights of a factor absolutely necessary to industry. But just as truly is capital essential to all industry, and it has its rights. It cannot be blinked that, as a central fact in this whole matter, we have at least two factors which are absolutely necessary to all industry, but which are radically different in kind. Moreover, in the past century, as industry has grown complicated, technical, extensive, and international, management has come to be a special factor of prime importance. The possession of capital does not imply the possession of managerial capacity. The manager, conforming to the definition of all labor, is a human being contributing effort to the productive process; only he is a scarce and highly skilled laborer. Then again, risk has come to be a potent factor. The perils of success or failure in industry are as obvious as the dangers to those who go down to the sea in ships. On whom does the risk of failure fall? In the usual forms of private or corporate industry it falls on capital and not on labor; but only in the exceptional form of co-operation, in which labor furnishes the capital, does it fall on labor, and even then on the laborer as a capitalist. In primitive industry it was man against the field: labor alone facing nature in the struggle for satisfactions to his wants. Soon the devising mind of man created aids to his labor in the form of capitalistic tools and implements. Later, as division of labor and of employments spread, management came to its place, and risk had to be assigned its function. The rights of all these factors in modern production have to be recognized or the whole fabric of industry disintegrates.

IV

Our modern labor problem has mainly to do with the chances for progress of the one factor of labor in its joint working with all the other factors—capital, management, and risk. Labor does not star alone on the field. It is a part of the team. It can get within kicking distance of the goal, not by individual isolation, but by accepting helpful interference and co-operation against all opposing difficulties. Labor can no more get on in these days of engines, cranes, hoists, and machinery without the capital embodied in such things than can these aids to production take on life and efficiency without the co-operation of labor. Both are as necessary to a final productive result of

goods for consumption as are the parts of hydrogen and oxygen to making the drop of water. It is bootless to waste time on discussing whether the hydrogen or the oxygen is solely responsible for the drop of water. As it cannot be said that capital alone is the cause of production, neither can it be said that labor is. It cannot be claimed that labor occupies a "key" position any more than capital. The reason that a wage system exists, in which some are employers and some are employees, is simply because some men have been thrifty enough to save capital and able to employ others. If all men were equally thrifty there would be little discussion of a wage system, and practically no wage problem would exist.

Nevertheless, economic literature has been burdened with voluminous theorizing to show that labor is the sole cause of value, that it is labor which, being the producer of the finished product, should have all the proceeds, and that a payment for the use of capital is robbery. In connection therewith it is proposed that the state should take over the capital now in private hands. It is this theory in essence which Soviets in Russia—and Bela Kun in Hungary—have tried to fasten on to industry. It is described as a war against capitalism, or a process by those who have not of taking by force the wealth as well as the capital of those who have. The theory when applied shocked the world by its insensate disregard of humanity and innate economic falsity. Such a theory, however, is the fundamental stock in trade of the Socialists, no matter how many variants of doctrine they now cultivate. In a word, Bolshevism is Socialism plus force. It has been demonstrated in cruel fashion that it furnishes no outlook for the aspirations of ambitious workers for the longed-for progress in well-being.

V

THERE can be no practical means of helping the poorer laborers to a higher level of life which war against the fundamental functions and co-operation of labor, capital, management, and risk, as already mentioned. To discriminate against the function of capital, after the socialistic fashion, is the acme of theoretical folly. And yet sentiment has gone so far from common sense that it has been thought not quite tactful in discussing labor problems to mention the words "capital" or "capitalistic." It may not be modest for a prude to speak of legs, but we all know just the same they are the only means of walking.

Although an average manual laborer—as has often been shown—may obtain comfort and content on a humble level, nevertheless, no one of ambition can rise far, solely as a receiver of wages. Yet, men being what they are, a wage system does not imply that once a laborer always a laborer. There are always two outlets for a laborer's upward progress: (1) through his becoming the owner of capital and himself taking risk, and (2) through the development within himself of any latent managerial capacity.

In regard to both these methods of progress it is surprising how little value is assigned to the human element. This may seem a strange statement to make in the face of the stereotyped cry that labor should not be treated as a commodity but as a human being. Nevertheless, the human element belonging to all laborers (as well as to all employers) has been notoriously neglected in most discussions of the labor problems. It involves not only the desires of men to gain additional comforts but also the difficulties the average man has in bringing his mind and body under control in obedience to a new discipline.

We are at once faced with the bigness of the human element in shaping the improvement of the working classes (even though there is no such class in the sense of all people except idlers). It comes out in the first of the two methods just indicated when it is suggested that laborers should gain the aid that comes from becoming the owners of capital. The habits of thrift are not so uncommon as cynics in the labor discussion would have us believe. It is foolish to sneer at the suggestion on the assumption that most of the poor cannot save. It is merely a question of a state of mind, a point of view. Saving arises from the ability to set a future gain above a present indulgence. It depends on whether there is a human mo-

tive strong enough to enforce saving, not on the mere margin from which savings can be made. David Hume found a situation very like that of to-day when he told us that:

"In the year 1740, when bread and provisions of all kinds were very dear, his workmen not only made shift to live but paid debts contracted in former years that were much more favorable and abundant."

It has long been known that the possession of land provides the stimulus to saving. A man's own home is his savings-bank. And there are many other motives. In essence, this creation of a new habit not before in existence comes hard to a rigid or to a wasteful nature; it is as uncomfortable as a cold bath to a torpid nature. Capital can be saved by any one who will follow the rules of the game set by our own human qualities and our external environment.

This insistent human element has to be kept in mind, also, in touching upon the second suggestion for progress through the display of managerial capacity. A friend described to me the recent attempts of a journeyman barber in a New England city to set up for himself. Painfully, and at great sacrifice to himself and his family, he finally accumulated three hundred dollars. His first attempt, due to mistakes of judgment, ended in complete failure. It was not easy to find a good location at low rent, to draw to him a clientele attached by habit to established shops, to make his rooms clean and attractive, and to do exactly the thing that appealed to each customer's caprice. Again he painfully saved three hundred dollars, and, having heeded some of the lessons of failure, began as manager the second time. Again he failed. Fortunately he persisted. A third time he tried, and at last succeeded. That is, he illustrates the principle that a laborer may, if he has the qualities, add to the rewards of ordinary labor the gains of management. The significant thing in this homely example is that it penetrates to the very marrow of the human character of the labor problem. We see that the solution lies not in abolishing discontent but in directing it into a hopeful channel; and, above all and chief of all, in recognizing that the solution is to be found not so much in conditions outside of ourselves as in a stirring of qualities of mind and character within ourselves. It is, as said, a state of mind. The human element is pre-eminent. A man can rise if he can develop the necessary qualities; but to many men this is a hard saying. They often wish for higher returns without going through the disagreeable process of restricting habits already formed.

It is to be remembered, too, that managers are such, not because they are capitalists but because they are highly skilled laborers. The labor problem is not so much a conflict between labor and capital as it is a competition of laborers against each other, of the unskilled against the skilled. Here is where the recognition of the human element enters. By the very fact of being human beings, some cannot give the qualities needed for industrial success. The rise of a man's wages from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars a year is due to the scarcity of highly skilled labor, not to the possession of capital. Moreover, an inquiry into the source of managerial ability both in Great Britain and in the United States shows that the great majority of managers now in control of great industrial establishments have come up from the ranks. The so-called capitalistic classes do not, as a rule, provide the great managers. They come out of what are known as the laboring classes.

It follows from this analysis, however, that the highly skilled are scarce and that the unskilled are numerous. But they who do not rise—apart from misfortune, ill health, and the like—are distributed up and down the scale by virtue of their own human qualities. That seems to be the nature of the life in which the Creator placed us on this globe: we succeed in a material way only if we show the homely virtues of sobriety, industry, thrift, knowledge of human nature, good judgment, common sense, persistence, intelligence, integrity, self-control, foresight, and prudence. Those who do not have these qualities inevitably remain lower down in the industrial scale (no matter how high they may rise in spiritual grace). But they are there not because of

any social system but because of their own limited human qualities.

Noting the industrial unrest of to-day, a noted divine urged that it would be justice to eliminate from the present social system whatever was causing the wrong. We cannot exclude the human element of labor, nor the functioning of capital, management, and risk. These factors are not in themselves moral or immoral. Ethics enters the economic field only in the acts and relationships of human beings in connection with the inevitable workings of these factors. The place of ethics is in humanizing the selfishness of the man behind the factors, especially the man who furnishes the management and the man (not having capital) who furnishes the labor (skilled or unskilled).

VI

It is true that many employers have been so absorbed in money-getting that they have been selfishly indifferent about the sanitary conditions of their shops, the arbitrariness or brutality of foremen, the effect of the number of hours at work on efficiency, the housing of their men, and, above all, to the need of giving the workers an interest in their work so as to avoid the deadly monotony of modern repetitive machine processes. To-day, however, a new spirit is rising among employers; they are showing themselves willing to go much farther to meet the aspirations of their workmen than is generally recognized. On the other hand, there has come over the attitude of laborers a very distinct change. In the interdependence of men and occupations they have come to feel their power to stop industry, if new demands are not granted.

To what limit, however, can their demands go? We are living under a wage system, as we have seen, simply because all men are not capitalists, and, therefore, those who are not must enter industry as the receivers of wages. In any particular case there must always appear the inevitable higgling of the market between those seeking employment and the management that can give employment. This is the point of contact and friction where a lubricant is most needed. But, so far as we know, there is no way of escaping such contact, no way of escaping a wage system, until all of us become capitalists. Hence, the tendency of aspiring minds to devise a means of escaping capitalism. Here's the rub. As a consequence we have had a persistent teaching of Socialism for decades which is largely responsible for much of our social unrest and for the radical tendencies of most programmes of organized labor. So-called conservatives among labor leaders try to obtain merit by declamations against Socialism, but the concrete demands of most unionists are thoroughly socialistic.

In these modern days when industry has been organized on the existence of uncounted billions of capital in the form of factories, docks, ships, buildings, railways, mines, machinery, horses, materials, and the like, capital is as necessary to the present relative cheapness of the prodigious mass of goods consumed by all, high and low, rich and poor, as are rain and sunshine to our crops. Yet the very centre and core of the philosophy of radical doctrine to-day is hostility against capital, or, as it is expressed, against the *bourgeoisie*, or capitalism. But to destroy capitalism, and the world's slowly developed principles of ownership, is to go back to the low productivity and high labor costs of primitive man. That, of course, is absurd. But, in groping outward and upward for causes outside of themselves, the lower ranks of labor find themselves carried away by plausible leaders into a war against capitalism. They are thus led to assign all the ills of human nature to a thing which, strangely enough, is necessary to their very existence. That is, they ascribe all the wrongs of to-day which spring from imperfect human nature to an external form of society which happens to be capitalistic. The bad qualities of human nature would show themselves just the same under a socialistic form of society. Russia is the proof of it to-day. Nevertheless, the great mass of men do not reason; they follow leaders who appeal to their prejudices. Thus the aspirations for progress, inherent in men of all classes, and which fortunately produce discontent, have led them in great numbers to accept leaders who hold before them the alluring millennium of a rainbow Socialism.

In a soil thus leavened a crop of further beliefs is soon propagated. They appear in a graded series of steps leading down to very amazing depths. First, the demand for higher wages without regard to productive efficiency is put forth on the ground that laborers must be treated as human beings and not as commodities. Of course, out of slavery, they could not be treated as commodities even if it were desired. The purpose residing in this claim is a relief from the law of demand and supply so that labor may be paid wages irrespective of what it contributes to industry. Such a method, however, directly increases production costs and prices and defeats the purpose to obtain a higher standard of living. Or, a demand for a share in the management is made, not for the purpose of increasing productivity at lower costs, but to put organized labor in a position to assign a larger share of the product to labor at the expense of capital or management. That is, if men do not rise because of the display of industrial qualities, they set themselves to demand a share of the results due to the possession of those qualities by others. Then, since this method strikes directly at the fundamental rights of property by each man in what he has himself produced, the very institution of private property is destined to the social scrap-heap. Thus we are logically brought to what is reported to have been said by Lenine to the farmers:

"A peasant owner who has a margin of grain is accustomed to regard it as his own property, which he can sell freely. To sell the margin of grain in a hungry country is to convert oneself into a speculator and an exploiter. The peasant who exploits is our enemy. Not all the peasants, by far, understand that free trade in grain is a crime against the state."

Or, if the agitator can impress his following with the socialistic belief that capital is not essential to industry, and that labor is the sole cause of value, the claim is easily advanced that in "justice" the workmen should take over the industrial plant and run it themselves. Further, not content with the slow economic processes based on the essentials of production, the workers are appealed to by professional agitators to secure what they would like to have by direct action, that is, in one form or another, by force. The last step is then a short one to the revolutionary teaching that economic progress can be had only by destroying the existing forms of government and inviting pillage, robbery, and murder.

The effects of all this propaganda have appeared in a lack of efficiency by slackers among the weaker-minded. Less desirable types, moreover, show the direction of the wind. A well-to-do woman in a New York shop demurred at paying one hundred and fifty dollars for a fur coat. Just then a working woman came in, passed such a coat by disdainfully, asking: "Haven't you something more expensive? Us is in the saddle now." She bought one costing over four hundred dollars.

VII

To cap the climax, another cause of discontent of large importance has been added through the interjection of politics into what must always remain an economic problem. Labor agitators have been able to convince themselves that their wishes may be given supremacy even over governmental policy. As a consequence the most truculent demands are made, as if refusal were unthinkable. Politics has much to answer for. Instead of striving for a change of mind, the tendency of repeated concessions is to create an attitude which insists on submission, or the alternative of revolution. There should be but one answer to such demands: a sturdy refusal by all the forces of law and order, as in the case of the Boston policemen's strike. Nor do the great majority of workmen want the radicalism of their leaders, as was shown by the heavy vote in manufacturing towns of Massachusetts for law and order. The bane of our working men to-day is not their discontent but the qualities of their labor leaders. Agnes Repplier in a discourse on conservatism found literary material in a labor leader who had connived at the dynamiting at Los Angeles, and had even supported Fitzpatrick and Foster. In what strange motley conservatism conceals itself!

So long as the impossible theories of the leaders of organized labor are absorbed by

our working men, there can be no solution of the labor problem. The chief remedy is in a change in the state of mind on the part of representatives of labor. Shop committees, collective bargaining, tribunals (especially if fixed for a given decision beforehand), arbitration, form merely the mechanism through which essential forces work. There can be no solution of the labor problem which is not based on the larger principles which permit industry to function normally. We may expect too much, but we must await a change in the state of mind of the workers. At present it makes accommodation impossible between well-intentioned employers and the leaders of organized labor.

AN EPISTLE TO STEPHEN

By George Meason Whicher

"Their sons they gave, their immortality"

Little hands that vainly grasp!
Little feet, so soft to clasp!
Downy head and yielding form;
Let me hold thee close and warm.

Hold thee close . . . a little space . . .
Heart to heart and face to face.
Then I pass, and thou wilt be
Mine earthly immortality.

For in thy body, thy brain, thy heart,
I who vanish have a part;
Good or ill the gifts I give,
In thy living they shall live.

Little hands, I leave to you
All the deeds I could not do.
Little feet, 'tis yours to fare
In the paths I did not dare.

Little eyes so heavenly bright,
Purge my dim and doubting sight.
Little heart, endure . . . endure,
Till we are wise and good and pure.

When thy flame of youth aspires,
I shall renew my perished fires;
My regrets and faults and fears
Shall be salt among thy tears.

When men's lips shall praise thy name,
I shall slake my thirst for fame;
When love dawns in those dear eyes
I shall know all of Paradise.

Thou wilt answer what I ask,
Finish my unended task.
I must pass, and thou wilt be
Henceforth my immortality.

THE HILLS OF TO-MORROW

By Leonard Wood, Jr.
Author of "Until To-Morrow"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

THE most annoying suspense experienced is usually undergone while one is awaiting the time set for an appointment with somebody who has played a big part in one's life, and whom one has not seen for quite a period. Memories of things said and done surge through the brain—incidents are all there under a new perspective and receiving a merciless x-ray.

In just such a state of suspense was Robert Hudson, owner of a cocoanut plantation on Basilan, in the southern part of the Philippine Islands. It was nine o'clock at night and he was standing on a little bamboo pier, a lantern at his feet, looking absently across the straits at the string of tiny, bright lights, which marked the comparatively large town of Zamboanga, on Mindanao. Nervously, he would take a pose, then switch into another, or light a cigarette, take a few puffs off it, and toss it into the water. He had been waiting nearly an hour and as yet no sign of the light from a launch headed his way. It was hard to believe it would ever come, anyway, for it was all so preposterous, so impossible! Then, to satisfy his doubts, he would crunch the note he held in his left hand. The time stated in it was half past eight.

Suddenly, with a startling effect, shrilled a voice in Spanish from the shore:

"Roberto! *Dios mio*, what in the names of all your children's saints are you doing out so late? And standing out there like one crazy, with not even a moon to look at! Away all day—never take *siestas*—and your *pobre* little wife at home, suffering, but not daring to take off that foolish corset until you come home, because your *Americana* women wear them!"

It was Donna Pipa, his mother-in-law, big and fat and quarrelsome—the only one in whom he had never been able to instil the slightest bit of respect. The pier was a half-mile from the house and protected from view by a jut of palm-covered land, so she could not have seen his lantern and must have trailed him there; and he was in no mood for any of her annoying tricks.

"Pipa," he said hotly, "what business is it of yours where I am at any time? I am going to send you back to Tanuay *mañana!* I have had enough of you! *Anda!*"

"But you are always on the porch by eight," she explained, angrily.

"Well, I shan't be back at all to-night!" He was thoroughly annoyed.

"Then I shall wait to see what you do, *hijo mio!*" she said, maliciously. "Awaiting a boat, eh? Some *Americana* school-teacher from Zamboanga, eh?"

He started toward her, his patience gone, for she must not be there when the launch arrived. Upon his approach she sat her cumbersome frame upon the beach, and, as he towered over her, defied him:

"Now make me go!"

"You *go!*"

"Oh, you *Americanos*, always want to go, go, go! Pah!"

At that, he dropped his lantern, seized old Donna Pipa under the arms, dragged her, protesting and calling in the same breath upon the saints, a few feet out on the pier and gently but forcefully shoved her off into about four feet of water.

"Now you'll go!" he predicted.

She came up sputtering but wiser. Muttering all sorts of oaths, she waded ashore and started back along the beach to the plantation-house, stopping ever so often to curse him with renewed energy amid her shuddering—for a refreshing off-shore breeze was blowing. . . . A white man in the tropics must see that his

command is obeyed; when he weakens in this he has lost.

Disgusted with the fate that had ever placed him in his present position, Hudson looked eagerly again for the light from the launch—and there it was! . . . "It'll be here in fifteen minutes," he mused, and his heart beat faster. It was

"Grace!" he murmured to himself. "Grace. . . . Grace. . . ."

The launch was docking; he must go forward; try to be natural; pretend to be just awfully glad to see her, which in some ways he was, yet in others . . . He stepped forward, holding high his lantern.

She was the first to speak, and in a

Gently but forcefully shoved her off into about four feet of water.—Page 316.

almost torture now, this suspense of waiting.

As the launch approached his eyes remained fixed on the lighted cabin. He swung his lantern once to signal the steersman, whereupon the launch headed directly toward him. He could not see into the cabin, which was aggravating, for he felt that if he could just get a glimpse of her he could control his emotion better when they met—and this he must do.

Suddenly the launch swung around broadside and he saw her standing by the cabin door, waiting for the launch to dock.

very strained, unnatural voice at that: "Bob! Oh, Bob, it's really you!"

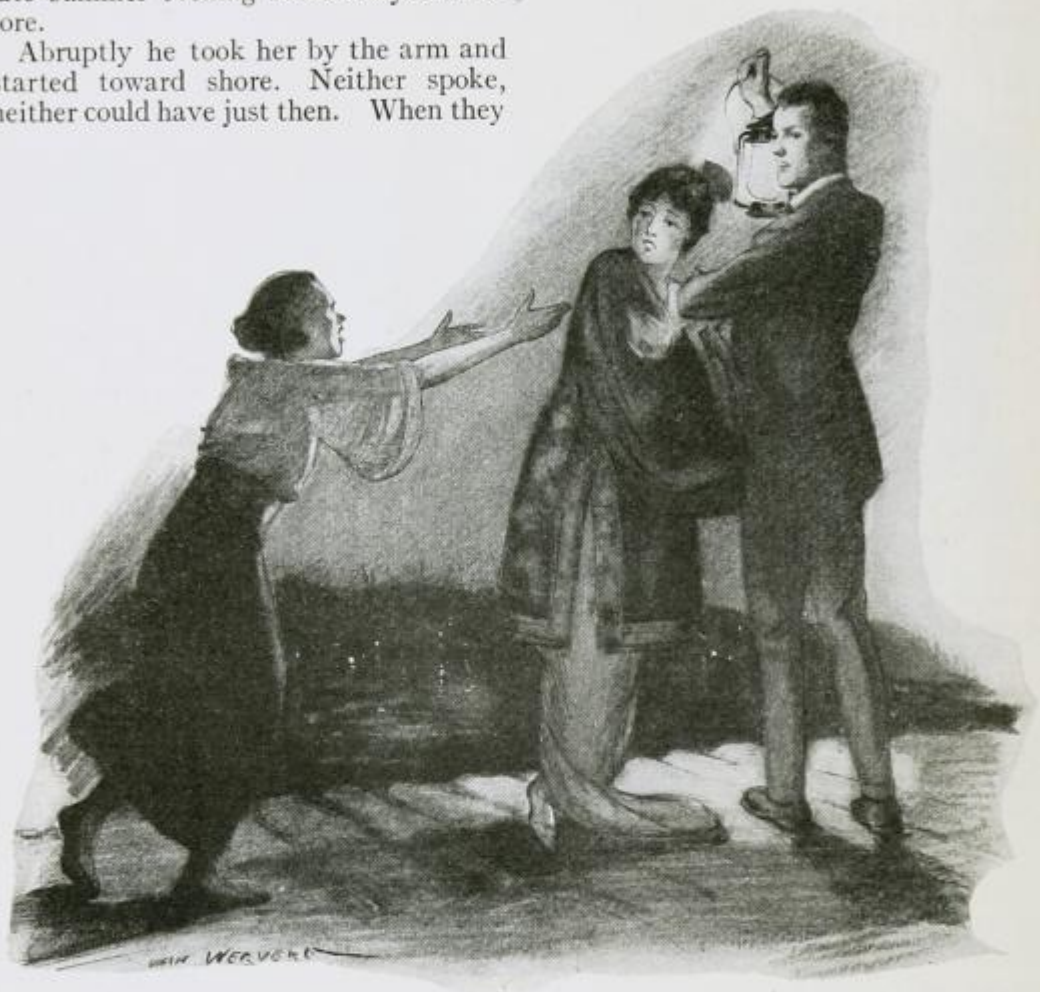
"Yes, Grace, the same old Bob," he replied, his throat seeming to tighten and his heart to beat fiercely as he gave her his hand to help her on to the pier. Then for a few moments they stood looking at each other in the lantern light. Neither could speak, but both smiled and breathed uneasily. Each noticed the changes in the other. To him, she was as striking as ever: clad in a filmy, white evening gown, over which she wore a Chinese jacket of beautiful pattern, she made thoughts of

home and her sort of women kaleidoscope through his brain. The same kind blue eyes looked up into his: she was Grace—Grace Downs, of Townsley, Illinois—perhaps just a trifle older Grace than the one to whom he had said good-by one late summer evening some six years before.

Abruptly he took her by the arm and started toward shore. Neither spoke, neither could have just then. When they reached the beach they sat down on that end of the dock, and Hudson ventured, a bit stiffly:

"This is certainly a knock-out surprise, your coming here; I imagined you in the midst of one of Chicago's gayest seasons. A wonder your husband would let you come way out here?"

"I simply told Max I was fagged out and wanted a good, long sea trip," she replied hurriedly. "I knew nothing would or could budge him from his business, with a war with Germany threatening, so I took my maid—and here I am." She paused, waited a moment for him to say something, then continued. "Of course, my excuse was not genuine. . . . You received my note?" She knew well that he had, but she felt she must make him say something so she could lead the conversation into channels she wanted.



She was going to get him—her *hombre*—before the *Americana* took him away.—Page 320.

"Yes. It was a bolt from the blue," he answered slowly. "And from it, or rather in it——"

"I said I *had* to see you, didn't I?" she interrupted, opening and shutting her fan nervously.

"I didn't know what could be the matter," he said, "what you would come

to me for—'way out here at the end of the world." Their eyes met and hers made him rush on. "Your hour to arrive—eight-thirty at night! It's all been wonderfully mysterious; and, well, I am just so glad to see you! I had imagined you had almost forgotten me. . . ."

There was another one of those strained silences. He noticed Grace was staring grimly ahead of her, tapping her knee with her fan. Then in a moment she was on her feet; she glanced quizzically at him several times before she spoke:

"Forget you? . . . Oh, Bob!"

"Not exactly," he fumbled, a deep emotion sweeping his senses away. He reached out and seized both her hands tightly. Once again they looked into each other's eyes and they saw again that old love, their first love, the love of their youth. Fencing words were out of place; he drew her to him; then, with what almost sounded like a sob, Bob sought her lips, while her arms slipped up around his neck and her pretty little white hands—bedecked with Max Deardon's jewels—pressed down his head with all of their tiny might, as if she never wished that kiss to end.

There at the end of the world, there on the beach of Basilan, each belonging to some one else—she to Deardon, the "big" business success; he to Linda, a little tropic butterfly of the islands—let love reign for one half-minute.

"Bob," she said a moment later, locked in his arms and looking up at him, "I have come for you! To take you away—anywhere! To start all over again, and we will meet to-morrow hand in hand, won't we? *Won't we?*" she queried, almost pathetic in her intensity.

He did not answer. So this was what she had come for! It staggered him for a moment, and gently he removed his arms from about her. What was his answer to be? Did he want to go? Good Heaven, yes! Slow stagnation had been facing him for two years; the tropics had drowsed him. . . .

"Kiss me," murmured Grace.

And as he kissed her a low to-oot came floating in over the waters—some native seaman praying to Mohammed for a stronger breeze; far away down the beach could be heard the distant throbbing of a tom-tom in a Moro village; the breeze rustled softly in the tops of the cocoanut trees fringing the shore. . . .

"But, Grace . . ." he hesitated. Evidently she did not know about Linda and the youngsters. "Isn't it too late?"

"Never!" she said emphatically, now a different woman. "I've plenty of money—oh, not exactly his money—investments made with my allowance. Plenty of it: he gave me a huge allowance. . . . You are unhappy, so am I; we both made mistakes. Don't let's live a mistake simply because of what people might say."

So she knew all about him, he realized. He wondered who could have told her, and she, as if reading his thoughts, explained:

"It was at a dinner, Bob, in Chicago. Somehow the conversation turned to the tropics, and an army officer on my left used you—it nearly killed me—as an example of what the gay, free life in the tropics can do to a man. How, after the scandal in Manila and your discharge from the government service, you took to drink, and went down, down—how you bought the cocoanut farm, where, as he put it, 'Hudson fell for a pretty little native and is going to the dogs.'

"I hardly could say a word during the rest of that dinner party, except carefully to ask him more about you. I felt I was partly to blame; for if I had married you and had been with you—" She paused reflectingly, then continued: "You see I had been one of seven girls, and dad was only a small-town physician; then you and Deardon came along—and Deardon had money, could give me the things I always wanted, but never could afford. . . . Oh, if you had just turned back that evening and asked me once again!" Here she stopped and rested a hand on each of his broad shoulders. "But this old world is made up of ifs, and I'm through with them, and so are you!"

Hudson stepped back. "No, I can't go," he declared, almost desperately.

"But you will!" A woman of passion spoke, a woman who did not care for but one thing—the love of her man.

"I've made two big mistakes," Bob said doggedly, "that affair in Manila and marrying poor little Linda. Now I'm trying to make good, to make the best of things. I won't play the fool again.

You've got to live up to the rules in this old world—always—I've learned that!"

Grace was silent a moment, as if astounded; then she said bitterly:

"I thought you really cared. . . ."

"Care!" he exclaimed. "That's just the trouble, I care too much. I love you more than any one, Grace, but I have responsibilities."

"Responsibilities!" she repeated; "and so have I: my husband! But as for yours, Linda and the children, we can send them money; they'll be better off."

"No! No!" he said, resolutely.

She could see he was using every atom of his will-power. She must break it, and accordingly she changed her tactics.

"Very well," she sighed, "I've brought this up too suddenly. I should have written you first, given you time to have thought it all over. . . . I'm going back now to Zamboanga, where I'll wait two days. Dearest, think it over, and when you decide you'll find me waiting for you. I know you'll come. You love me, I know!"

She had spoken evenly; her whole manner had changed. . . . She was going to leave him—perhaps for always. He longed to take her in his arms, to never let her go; for now that she had spoken of going—so abruptly—she had non-plussed him. He began to feel lost, desperate. Here was love and happiness. Then, he wondered, would it be happiness? Could he ever forget Linda and the youngsters? And the wrong he would be helping her—Grace—do?

"Good night," she murmured.

"Good night," he replied, weakly: then kissed her more or less perfunctorily, and arm in arm they started down the pier to the launch.

At that moment a cry startled them—a cry that had in it the notes of despair, anguish, love. Looking around, they saw a figure in the dark running toward them. He recognized it as Linda's. In a moment she was within the radius of their light. Wild love had called a warning and she was going to get him—her *hombre*—before the *Americana* took him away.

"Who is she?" questioned Grace, startled. "Linda?"

"Yes. She thinks I'm going off with you. Get into the launch!"

Hudson then faced Linda. He pointed a finger at her and commanded as if ordering an animal to obey: "Stop! You little fool!"

She obeyed, and with a cry fell sobbing, a little heap, at his feet.

Turning toward the launch, he called: "Good-by!"

"Good night," replied a voice amid the chugging of the launch's motor.

II

"SUNNY France . . ." I mused, as I rested a moment from the censoring of my company's letters home and looked out of the orderly room window at the dirty, cobble-stoned main street of centuries-old La Ville-sur-Seine, where the battalion had been billeted since a few weeks after the armistice. It was raining as usual. "Rainy France would be much more appropriate," I thought, for it was now April and such damp, rainy weather we had had for the past six months! With a bored sigh, I picked up the nineteenth letter. It read:

"DERE FOLKS AT HOME,

"That at home exprasion sure does sound beaucup tre bonn, and say, once I've given that old Madamiselle Liberty in New York bay a good look in the eye, I'll be always willing to look at her back for the rest of my life, and——"

I was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in!"

The door opened and in stepped my top sergeant—Sergeant Hudson. While he saluted and was saying: "Sir, may I interrupt the captain for a few minutes?" I noticed a certain joyous light in his eyes that I had never seen there before. He had always been extremely serious, almost gloomy, but one of the finest men I had met in the army; and strangely enough had refused all chances to go to an officers' training-camp. He had no end of energy, carried out whatever particular task was assigned him most competently, yet he seemed to have no strictly personal ambitions.

"Sure enough, sergeant, what is it?" I replied to his question.

"Captain, I'd like a five-day pass to go to Tours. I want it awfully badly, sir."

"If you knew that my whole future rests on that chance . . . would you let me go?"

My company, like all other companies in the A. E. F. from December, 1918, until May, 1919, was badly depleted, due to schools, discharges, and men on leave, and I felt I could hardly spare Hudson—especially with a manœuvre to be "pulled off" shortly; furthermore, only last month he had been on a fourteen-day leave to Nice. I reminded him of all this.

The most hopeless expression crossed his face, and for a moment that old, world-wise look of his, of having seen and experienced all the unhappiness there is, came into his eyes. He gazed steadily out of the window for several moments, then asked a direct question:

"Sir, if you knew that my whole future rests on that chance to go to Tours—and

to go there *toute de suite*—would you let me go?" Then, before I could answer, he questioned again: "Can you spare me ten minutes? I want to tell you the whole story."

I was interested; he had always interested me, and, besides, I liked the man immensely. I told him to sit down and to "let her go."

Hesitatingly, he began to tell me his life's history, and knowing that he was sending an allotment to his Filipino wife, I was extremely interested to hear all about him: he was different. When he got as far as that night he had refused to take the easiest way out and go with the woman he loved, Hudson said:

"Well, I never went to Zamboanga; never heard from her again. . . . Then, just last week, I met Mrs. Deardon over here—right here in this mud-hole! She is quite a musician, you know, and she was doing her bit in a Y. M. C. A. unit, entertaining the men.

"I met her after the show. It was all very matter-of-fact—considering. . . . We had a long talk during which she told me she was divorced. Said that after she had left me and had a chance to get a perspective on that little scene on the island, she thought—" and here he laughed deprecatingly—"I was the biggest hero she ever knew. And then when the war came on she felt she wanted to 'redeem'—as she put it—herself. . . . She has been over here ten months now, and is in Tours this week." He looked up at me suddenly and smiled—it was a boyish smile that only love can put on a sombre face. He had won! He could go anywhere. "And here, captain," he continued, as he took a letter out of his pocket, "just to show you it's all on the square, is something I received in yesterday's mail from a missionary I used to know out in the Islands. Linda never would believe that when I left I was not leaving her to go to Grace."

I glanced at the letter, and this was what I read:

"My dear Sergeant Hudson:

"It pains me deeply to write you this letter, but I think you should know the facts—however bitter:

"Your wife, Linda, has been living in your home with that half-breed pearler, Simon Lacazar. He has complete control over her and she worships him. She says you left her and argues what's the difference. Furthermore, she says she is through with you. All of this her mother, Donna Pipa, heartily agrees with.

"I've taken the children to Zamboanga, where my wife is caring for them. Your wife—due to Lacazar's influence—was quite willing I did this.

"Now that the war is over, I expect you will be back shortly. Anything I can do, I shall—aside from feeling it my Christian duty—be only too glad to serve you.

Sincerely yours,

David Adams."

No wonder Hudson had had that troubled, far-away look in his eyes so often, I thought, as I returned the letter, saying:

"Too bad, sergeant; but I've been in the Islands and I think it will be all for the best."

"You mean, sir?"

"That you will get rid of her—divorce her," I explained.

"She wasn't bad for a native," he said, grimly. "How we fall for them, I'll be darned if I see now. . . . Of course, it's all over between us. . . . She'll be happy with Lacazar—in some ways her sort, you know. *And* I expect to be the happiest fool in the whole A. E. F."—the "boy" was talking again—"for I must let Grace know, and when I return from Tours, that is, if——"

"Never mind that 'if,'" I grinned, "I'll have a pass issued you at once. And why don't you put in for an immediate discharge? I'll be only too glad to give it the first O. K."

"Captain, I thank you!" The words were simple, but sincerity itself.

When the door closed behind him I breathed a bit more freely, and through my memory slipped a few lines from a poem which had once caught my fancy:

"The hills of to-morrow are waiting for us—
a little bit farther to go—
And now as we stand on the peaks of to-day
a hint of their beauty we know,
We catch but a glint of the splendors to be
with the birth of another new day,
And the joys we shall claim and the goals we
shall reach, if only we keep on the way."

THE COLLEGE A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR PUBLIC SERVICE*

By Wendell Phillips Stafford
Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia

WHEN Wycliffe earned the proud title of heretic by giving Englishmen a translation of the Bible, he would not use the word *church* to signify the great body of Christian believers. He chose the word *congregation*. And this was one of his chief offenses. That choice marked the whole difference between ecclesiasticism, the hierarchy that had ruled Europe for a thousand years, and the reign of the people, which was even then beginning. Wycliffe was wise enough to know that the word *church* would conjure up for his readers a picture of cathedrals, croziers, mitres, and all the pomp and paraphernalia of the priests. We are always having to do what Wycliffe then did—to get back to the original idea, the impulse and inspiration which has clothed itself in the visible form and institution. When we come upon the word *college*, have we not instantly before our eyes a picture of such a group of buildings as surrounds us now—of laboratories and classrooms, of campus, gowns, and processions, and all the equipment and ceremonial of academic life? What we have to do is to forget all these, to strip our minds of everything external, and try to find the spirit itself that makes a college what it is. For there must be something at the heart of all we see that could suffer the loss of all and yet keep on its way, making for itself new instruments to work with. That spirit, as I conceive it, is, *A bold and hardy determination to cultivate and discipline our powers, with the aid of all that men have learned before us, and then to pour the whole stream of our power into the noble tasks of our own time.* Its voice is not the subdued murmur of the cloister: it is *vox clamantis in deserto*, sane, wholesome, invigorating, as President Tucker has described it—the voice of a hermit, perhaps, but a hermit who has trained and strengthened himself in the desert, and now returns to be the leader and prophet of his people. That is the spirit that puts forth institutions as a tree puts forth its leaves, and when they fall can put forth others without end.

That spirit has shown itself in men who never knew how the inside of a college looked. When Lincoln jotted down the main facts of his life for the *Congressional Directory*, he wrote: "Education defective." And yet, tried by the test we are applying now, he was college-bred. The question is not, whether you studied Euclid in a classroom or stretched out on the counter of a country store. The question is, whether you mastered it. Lincoln did. And the thews and sinews of his mind, which he developed so, stood by him in the day when he threw Douglas down. John Keats was as innocent of the Greek language as the new curriculum assumes all men should be; yet out of some stray book on mythology the "miserable apprentice to an apothecary" contrived to draw into his soul the very spirit of Hellenic art, until he left us poems which Hellenists declare to be more Grecian than the Greek. He, too, was college-bred, as we now mean it, for he was impelled by that determination to subdue and fructify his powers, with the aid of all the past has left us, until they yielded something glorious and undying for his fellow men. His spirit was not the spirit of the dove, but of the eagle:

> "My spirit is too weak! Mortality
> Weighs heavily on me, like unwilling sleep;
> And each imagined pinnacle and steep
> Of godlike hardship tells me I must die,
> Like a sick eagle looking at the sky."

If I am right, there lie wrapt up in this determination those three aims: (1) to discipline one's powers and make them fruitful; (2) in order to accomplish this,

*An address at the Sesqui-Centennial of Dartmouth College, October 20, 1919, in Webster Hall.

to make use of all that men have gained before us; and (3) to devote these powers and acquisitions to the common weal. The advantage the college has is this: that here the determined spirit finds the tool-shop and the arsenal. That spirit itself the college can foster and encourage but cannot create. It can and does lay open to its use the weapons and the tools. It can and does teach, in a fair, general way, what men thus far have done. It leads the newcomer to the point where they left off, and says: "Begin here, if you would not waste your time. This territory has been conquered. Go forth from this frontier." It also shows the worker of the present day what other men are doing. It brings him into touch with them, that he may put his effort forth where it will tell the most. Better still, it can and does help him to find out himself—not by telling him what he can or cannot do, as the president of Harvard told Phillips Brooks that he could never hope to preach, but by giving him the chance and means to find out for himself. And, above all the rest, if it is true to its high calling, it can and does prompt the determined spirit, disciplined by toil and taught its fitting place, to look on every gift that it possesses as on a sacred trust with which to serve its time.

Now, it is the glory of Dartmouth that in an eminent degree it has been the embodiment of this spirit. Whenever men hear this name they have a very clear and definite conception of what it means. Dartmouth has succeeded in creating or manifesting a spirit by which it may be known, something that may be said to belong to it. Without neglecting, certainly without despising, the graces and refinements of scholarship, it has laid its emphasis upon a certain virility, a masculine vigor of intellect and effort—what soldiers sometimes call "grit and iron." It is not afraid of difficulties. Rather it asks for something hard to do. When Othello is summoned from the bridal bed to undertake the Turkish wars, he exclaims:

> "The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
> Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
> My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in hardness!"

He finds in it something akin to his own nature, and embraces it as a brother. Dartmouth does not exactly stand for the Montessori system in higher education! It has always harbored a suspicion that one of the principal things to be gained in a place like Dartmouth is the ability to hold the mind to a disagreeable but necessary task. It may find itself a little old-fashioned herein; but the entrance list would indicate that there are still a considerable number who share the suspicion. There is a sense in which those celebrated lines in the Prophecy of Capys belong to "the cloisters of the hill-grit plain":

> "Leave to the soft Campanian
> His baths and his perfumes;
> Leave to the sordid race of Tyre
> Their dyeing-vats and looms;
> Leave to the sons of Carthage
> The rudder and the oar;
> Leave to the Greek his marble nymphs
> And scrolls of wordy lore!
> Thine, Roman, is the pilum!
> Roman, the sword is thine!"

Of course, when I lay claim to lines like those I am not speaking of what Eleazar Wheelock would have called "carnal weapons." I have in mind an intellectual temper, an ideal of education as a discipline devoted to the state—every power trained to the utmost and then given unstintedly, used religiously, for the public good. That temper, that ideal, I do claim for Dartmouth; and I vouch the history of the nation, a few years younger than the college itself, to make good the claim.

If I were asked to make clear to a novice in American history the main course of its stream, I would try to make him understand, first of all, the conflict between two ideas, two hostile conceptions of the nation and its organic law—on the one hand a conception that looked upon the Constitution as a mere compact between sovereign States, on the other a conception that looked upon it as the body in which one whole people's life was to be lived. He would trace the course of that struggle through debates and decisions. He would see the minds of the country divided into two hostile camps; and finally he would see the same contending hosts with arms in their hands, and behold the triumph of the national idea upon the field of blood. I would try

to make him understand, next, the relation of this struggle to the institution of slavery. He would see in one section a civilization based upon that institution, essentially feudal and looking toward the past. In another he would see a civilization essentially free and looking to the future. He would see the doctrine of States Rights adhered to by the one, the doctrine of an indivisible Union adhered to by the other. He would observe that the real strength of slavery lay in the Constitution itself. There was its citadel, from which, for generations to come, it might have defied the friends of freedom. He would see the possessors of the citadel foolishly leave it and bend all their efforts to destroy it. And when the strife was over he would see a new Constitution, dedicated to freedom. And, lastly, I would try to make him understand that the mighty force working its way through these tremendous events is the spirit of man determined to be free, the conception of human rights embodied in the Declaration of Independence; that the real struggle throughout had been a struggle between the Declaration and the old Constitution—between the live spirit of man and the dead weight of institutions that did not give it room; and that the same mighty force is still at work, remoulding the laws and institutions of our own time. Thus there would be three chapters.

No higher praise could be bestowed on Dartmouth than to say that the story of that first chapter might be told in the biography of her greatest alumnus, her Olympian son, in whose hall we are gathered now. But the story of the second chapter could be told in the biography of another of her sons, Thaddeus Stevens. Webster's devotion to his college, his work in saving and refounding it, his massive service to the nation in expounding its Constitution and inspiring the coming generation, so that it was said with no less truth than eloquence that his voice was heard "in the deep roar of Union guns from Sumter to Appomattox," his supreme place in your annals as the representative of your culture, your strength, your public zeal—all these have been celebrated, and there is nothing left for me to say. But with Stevens it is otherwise. Caricature and vilification have followed him in death with a malignity even greater than they showed him in his life. And yet I believe it is capable of demonstration that in his time none of all Dartmouth's sons was more true to her traditions, none wielded a more terrible weapon, or did a more noble and enduring work. I can think of no better use that could be made of this occasion than to paint in clear outline and true color the figure of that giant son. Of course I cannot tell the story of his life. The strokes of the artist must be few and strong. Stevens was born in 1793. He was graduated in Dartmouth in 1814. He practised law in Pennsylvania. When he died, Jeremiah Black declared he had not left his equal at the American bar; and Black was a rival, a political opponent, sometime attorney-general of the United States, himself accounted by many the greatest lawyer of his time. Stevens had two periods of service in Congress, but it is the second that concerns us now. All his life he had been the bitterest hater of the slave power. He had lived upon its border, and knew all its darkest traits. He had not expected to come to Washington again: when he had retired a few years earlier, he had delivered his valedictory; and now as he reappeared he sadly confessed the consciousness of failing powers. It was December, 1859, and Stevens was on the verge of threescore years and ten. Age had bent his frame, deformity had crippled his gait; suffering had blanched his cheek; thought and care had ploughed deep into his forehead; strife and passion had left the mark of bitterness and scorn upon his sunk and withered lip. But with the clear vision of a prophet he saw that one of the crises of the world's history was at hand, and denying to himself the comfort and quiet of age he gathered up all the remains of his ancient strength to strike his last and heaviest blow for freedom. Thereafter for nine years he stood forth in that arena the unequalled champion of free principles. For the greater part of that time, and up to the very last, he ruled the House of Representatives with a rod of iron, the greatest parliamentary figure, with the possible exception of John Quincy Adams, that ever dominated its debates. Keeping steadily before his eyes, all through

the war, the problem of reconstruction that would confront us at its close, he prepared the way, he marshalled his forces, and finally he succeeded in pouring the lava of a nation's thrice-heated love of liberty into the enduring moulds of its fundamental law. When all deductions have been made, the candid historian of the future will be compelled to say that his was the hand, his the indomitable will, his the uncompromising zeal for the Declaration of Independence, that, more than any other single man's, harvested the fruit of those bloody years and made the Declaration and the Constitution one. He refused even to be buried in any ground from which the meanest of his fellow men could be excluded, and so he sleeps to-day in an obscure graveyard in western Pennsylvania, among the children of the despised race which he had given all his dying strength to lift to the fair level of equal and impartial law. I ask if that was not the work of a true Dartmouth man?

Proud as we are of Webster, and highly as we must always rate the work he did, we cannot deny that the Union of his day was almost completely in the hands of the slave power, and the only blemish upon his fame was his failure to rise to the height of his opportunity, especially on the 7th of March, 1850, and become the trumpet at the lips of a free North. As Whittier mourned in "The Lost Occasion":

> "He should have lived to feel below
> His feet Disunion's fierce upthrow,
> The late-sprung mine that underlaid
> His sad concessions, vainly made.
> He should have seen from Sumter's wall
> The star-flag of the Union fall
> And armed rebellion pressing on
> The broken ranks of Washington.
> No stronger voice than his had then
> Called out the utmost might of men
> To make the Union's charter free
> And strengthen law by liberty."

But if *he* could not be here for that great service, the nation was not without the needed son, nor yet was Dartmouth.

Shall they ever, ever want such sons to lead them? Has there ever been a time when the need was more than now? Who shall meet the problems that confront us here upon the threshold of the coming age? For we now stand face to face with a new riddle of the Sphinx. You all know the old Greek story that relates how a strange monster, having the body of a lion, the wings of a great bird, and the head of a woman, sat beside the road that ran to the city of Thebes, and every one who passed that way was accosted with her riddle. If he gave the wrong answer, he must die. If he gave the right answer, she herself would perish and the people would be free. The condition that confronts us now is such a Sphinx. The question it propounds is one that *we* must answer if free government is to survive. That question is, How are the masses of men and women who labor with their hands to be secured out of the products of their toil what they will feel to be and will be in fact a fair return? Until we can answer that question we shall have no peace, and if we fail to answer it we shall have a revolution. The question is not one that faces America alone: it faces Britain, it faces France, it faces Italy; it has torn Russia into pieces. The Sphinx sits by the road that every modern nation has to pass. Shall we despair? In the old story a man appeared one day who solved the riddle. Thebes offered him her throne if he could answer the question, and he answered it. The Sphinx was destroyed and Œdipus became king. Let us hope that our own country may be the one to find the true solution of the riddle, and thereby bring safety and freedom to the people of all lands. If that shall be the fortunate result the parallel will be complete; for America will take her seat upon the throne of power, not to rule the world in the ordinary ways of political control, but by the might of truth and the influence of her example. The riddle the old Sphinx proposed was this: What creature is it that goes on four feet in the morning, on two at noon, and on three in the evening? The answer was: Man. In the morning he creeps. At noon he walks upright on two strong feet. In the evening he limps along with cane or staff. "Man! Man!" cried Œdipus, and the Sphinx was slain. So now, whatever the formula may prove to be, the answer is still, man—the dignity, the honesty, the intelligence, of man. Our safety can only be found in a policy that treats all men as brothers, all equally

entitled to the fruits of their labor, all equally entitled to raise themselves as high as possible, each in his own place, without doing wrong to any of the rest. It is the spirit of justice and fraternity that must be our guide. And where are we to look for leadership if not in institutions such as this—especially in this, whose just and democratic spirit is its most distinctive sign, the very hall-mark by which it is and always has been known?

Strong-hearted Mother of the North,
Counting thy many-colored years,
And holding not the least in worth
Those that were cast in want and fears—

Great Mother, thou art still the same,
Whether in rags or purple drest—
To-day as when thine eaglets came
To thy dark pines as to their nest.

We bid not *thee* to look abroad—
Thine eyes have never sought the ground—
But us—oh, let our feet be shod
Where *thy* thought flieth to be found!

Give *us* thy vision, us thy strength,
To spread the truth which makes men free
And dying leave a land at length
Worthy, O mighty heart, of thee!

HAITI TO-DAY

By Horace D. Ashton, F. A. G. S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

HAITI to-day is the scene of the most interesting experiment in government that may be found in this hemisphere. Strange as it may seem, what the United States is doing in Haiti and Santo Domingo is far better known throughout South and Central America than here in our own country. There isn't a doubt, either, that, amidst all their talk of the rights of small nations, those opponents to the views of our representatives at the Peace Conference were well posted on every move we have made in that turbulent island.

This is due, in a great measure, to the efficient work of the late Committee on Public Information in giving wide publicity to those things which they deemed it wise for the American public to know and putting the "soft pedal" on activities which did not come under this category. As a result, there are surprisingly few Americans who know where Haiti and Santo Domingo are, not to mention our almost absolute control of the affairs of both republics.

Lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, directly in the path of steamers plying between New York and the Canal Zone, Haiti is at our very doors; so close, in fact, that in March, 1919, three seaplanes alighted in the harbor of Port au Prince, having left Charleston, S. C., the same day. A moderately fast steamer can make the run between New York and Port au Prince in less than four days.

Although for a hundred years the country, torn by civil strife and bloody revolution, has gradually crumbled to financial ruin, it was formerly known as one of the richest colonial possessions on the globe.

To quote from the report of an expert recently sent there to look into its agricultural and industrial possibilities:

"A conservative estimate of the total value, at the present market prices, of the products of Haiti in the year 1791 would be not less than $30,000,000, as compared with $12,000,000, the value of the exports of Haiti for the fiscal year 1913–14."

While in 1914 there were only three or four plantations in Haiti worthy of the name, employing only a handful of negroes under any semblance of intelligent supervision, the exports of the French colony in the year 1791 were produced from over 7,000 plantations under scientific management, and over half a million blacks were actively employed, under expert supervision, in these industries.

True, these were all slaves, but how much better off they were under their French masters than under the tyranny of their military dictators, who overthrew the French and proclaimed Haiti's independence on January 1, 1804!

Having secured their independence only after years of the most bloody and savage warfare, with massacre upon massacre on both sides, is it strange that the survivors, finding themselves free, should demonstrate their freedom by a general rebellion against anything like labor, and return to the savagery of their ancestors?

The magnificent plantations, which had already been wrecked in the long conflict, were allowed to go to ruin, and the next generation of free Haitians degenerated into a people content to glean from the wild crops of these ruined plantations sufficient to maintain them in a semi-civilized existence.

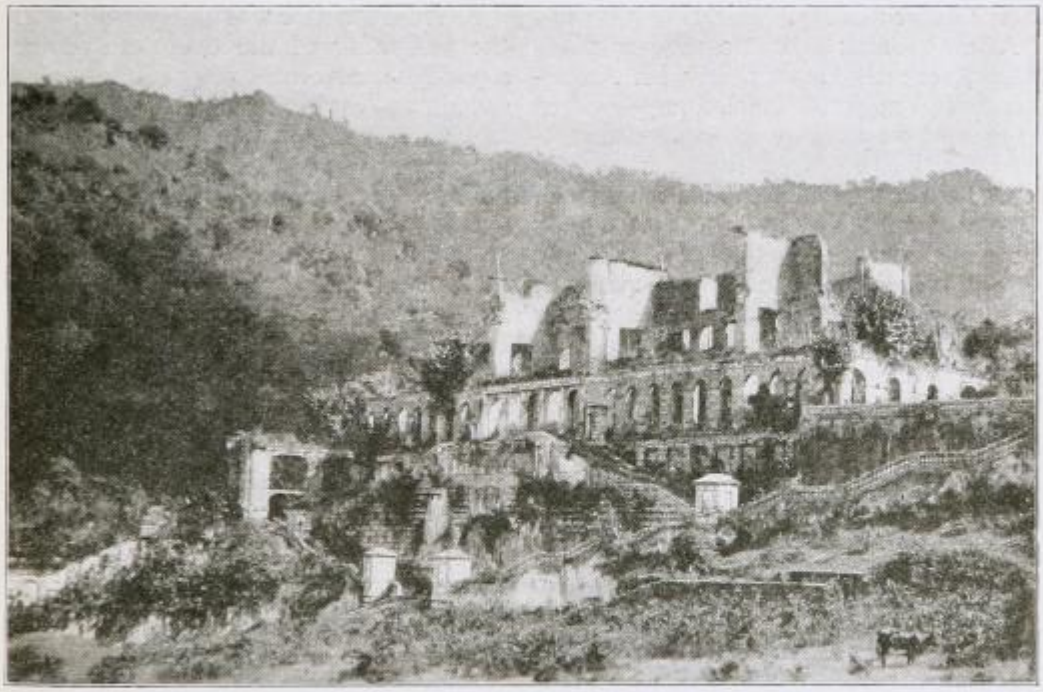
Doubtless few Americans are aware that there are 2,500,000 people in Haiti—240 to the square mile—"a population seven times as compact as that of the United States." This population is composed of two distinct classes: the upper, or educated, class—the Haitian gentleman—and the densely ignorant and poverty-stricken black, the latter probably numbering more than 2,000,000. The educated Haitian, scorning work, aspired to the professions, becoming doctor, lawyer, or politician. The natural outgrowth of this state of affairs was the politico-military class, which bled and tyrannized the masses for over one hundred years.

An unimproved Haitian road in the south—what might be termed a "flowing road."

Article 59 of the Rural Code of Haiti, issued in 1865, throws some light on the civil rights of the Haitian at that time; it reads:

"The number of workmen necessary for repair work on the roads will be taken from each rural property in proportion to its inhabitants. Any farmer selected for such work and not appearing at the place designated will be obliged to pay a fine of ten gourdes for this act alone; in default of this payment, he will be imprisoned for eight days, by order of the commandant of the commune, and required to work on the roads during these days at forced labor."

The famous citadel of Christophe, first emperor of Haiti, situated on the very top of a 3,000-foot mountain. The most imposing ruin in the West Indies.



Dignified ruins of Sans Souci, Christophe's famous palace near Cape Haitien.

House set afire by Cacos in interior of Haiti.

Quite naturally the unscrupulous official interpreted this, as he did most other laws, to his own advantage, with the result that these poor, ignorant people were made to work almost continuously, without pay; a condition infinitely worse than their former slavery.

A few months ago at a modern plantation, recently established with American capital at San Michel, I happened to be present on pay-day when several hundred Haitians received their first wages. It was curious to note the effect on these people of actually receiving real money for their work. These workers could hardly believe their eyes; for many of them it was the first money they had ever received for their labor. It is safe to say that these men are in favor of the "American occupation."

When Christophe built his famous citadel atop a 3,000-foot mountain in the north, he commandeered thousands of workmen. Every stone in that vast fortress, and every cannon—there are hundreds of them—were carried up the almost vertical sides of the mountain on the shoulders of these wretched men. It is told of Christophe that he'd set a crew of one hundred men to carry one of those huge bronze cannon, weighing several tons; if they were unable to do so, he would shoot five of them and force the rest to go ahead; if they failed, he'd kill five more, and frequently he would murder an entire crew. History tells us that in the construction of that one building more than 2,000 men lost their lives.

A recent writer has aptly said: "By the beginning of the twentieth century a definite revolutionary etiquette had sprung up"; it became the accepted order of things for a party of malcontents to gather in the north, usually in the neighborhood of Cape Haitien, and, sweeping in a southwesterly direction, "recruiting" as they went, to meet and generally overpower the small garrison of loyal troops at Gonnaives. By this time the President would start to pack up. He'd usually await the outcome of the next battle, which would nearly always follow at St. Marc, and if the northern army was victorious here, he would bow to the inevitable, grab all the loose money in the treasury, and board the first outgoing steamer for a healthier clime. The victor would then, with due pomp, install himself as President and get all he could "while the getting was good."

In the midst of all this turmoil Haiti gave little heed to such mediocre things as foreign debts or the interest thereon, until in 1914 France demanded a settle-

ment. Arrangements for the arbitration of the French claims had actually been concluded when, once more, the government was overthrown. This was followed shortly by another revolution, and in July, 1915, by a third, and the massacre of over one hundred political prisoners by President Guillam Sam. As these were representatives of many of the oldest and best families in Haiti, Sam, in signing the order for their execution, had signed his own death-warrant. The entire populace of Port au Prince instantly became a howling, bloodthirsty mob. They marched mid the glare of many torches to the French legation, where Sam had taken refuge, and dragged him out. In the shadow of the statue of their great liberator, Dessalines, on the Champs de Mars, he was literally drawn and quartered. They wrecked and burned the palace, and, nailing one of his arms to the wall of a public building, marched down the main street to the water-front and threw to the sharks what remained of Sam's hacked and bleeding body.

Then followed a night of which the least said the better, for the savage instincts of these people were unfettered. Lashed to insane frenzy by the weird chant of their ancient voodoo tunes, and dancing to the fast and furious cadence of a thousand tom-toms, there followed a night-long orgy of pillage, arson, and rape.

The next morning the first detachment of United States Marines was landed, and in a short time order was restored in the capital.

One of a set of the only pictures ever taken at a Haitian voodoo dance. Made in the heart of the forest at night.

Continued revolutionary uprisings made necessary further active intervention, and, with several European nations threatening to take a hand themselves, unless some immediate steps toward a settlement of their claims were taken, the treaty was signed with the United States, August 24, 1915, which stands to-day as one of the most remarkable documents ever drawn up between two independent republics.

This treaty includes sixteen articles, the first of which recites:

"The Government of the United States

will, by its good offices, aid the Haitian Government in the proper and efficient development of its agricultural, mineral and commercial resources, and in the establishment of Haiti on a firm and solid basis."

The treaty further provides that the customs duties shall be collected by a general receiver, and that the finances of the country shall be under the general supervision of a financial adviser, both appointed by the President of the United States.

Two distinguished prisoners.

Left—Pierre Rameau, Minister of War under four Presidents; Governor of two provinces; leader of insurrection in 1915; imprisoned at Port au Prince; escaped in 1918 and recaptured; studied law in Paris.

Right—Charles Zamor, ex-President of Haiti, Minister of War, and twice Governor of provinces of the North; leader of Cacos in 1915; most popular man of North Haiti; in prison at Port au Prince; educated in Paris.

Under the provisions of this treaty the financial adviser, in co-operation with the minister of finance of Haiti, is empowered to reorganize the finances of the republic, devise an adequate system of accounting, aid in increasing the revenues, inquire into the validity of the debts of the republic, recommend improved methods of collecting and applying the revenues, and make such recommendations to the minister of finance as may be deemed necessary to the welfare and prosperity of Haiti.

Article 10 of the treaty provides for the organization of a constabulary which, officered by Americans, appointed by the President of the United States, shall have control of arms, ammunition, and military supplies and the enforcement of law and order throughout the republic.

Article 16 provides that this treaty shall remain in force for a term of ten years, and, further, for another term of ten years if "for any specific reasons presented by either of the high contracting parties the purpose of this treaty has not been fully accomplished."

This treaty has already been extended to May, 1936.

From the foregoing it will be seen that not only do we exercise financial control of the republic but military and political control as well. In speaking of this arrangement, Secretary Lansing plainly referred to it as "this protectorate."

The actual operation of this arrangement can best be understood by visiting those portions of the republic more or less remote from the capital. At Port de Paix, for instance, the commandant of the gendarmerie is Captain Homer Howell, of Kentucky, U. S. A. He was a non-commissioned officer in the detachment of Marines which landed to quell the uprising of 1915. Assisted by Lieutenant Stewart Taylor, a young Virginian, and a small garrison of native troops, he administers the military, and often the civil, affairs of his district in a manner conforming to the highest American ideals.

By his fair-mindedness and impartial justice and humanity, qualities unlooked for by these people in one in authority, he has not only won their highest respect

Council of war in front of the abandoned house of a Caco chief.

Left to right—Colonel Walter R. Hill, Captain Daggett, H. D. Ashton, and Lieutenant Powell. The three officers are the American officers of gendarmerie.

and confidence but their genuine affection as well. The children love him, and whenever he goes about the streets unofficially he can be seen with several little black kiddies trotting along by his side.

He is only one of a large number of young American officers of the gendarmerie who, by their keen insight into the psychology of the Haitian people, have won their respect, not only for themselves but for the American occupation. The educated and thinking Haitian cannot help but see that our intervention saved his country from utter ruin. Charles Moravia, Haitian minister to the United States, recently wrote:

"Now that the United States has extended its hand and offered to help the young republic, the hope may be entertained that its progress will be rapid, that the Haitian masses will be educated, their standards of life bettered, and that when the country becomes prosperous the American people will be doubly paid —in money, by an increase of their commerce, and in glory for having made another Cuba."

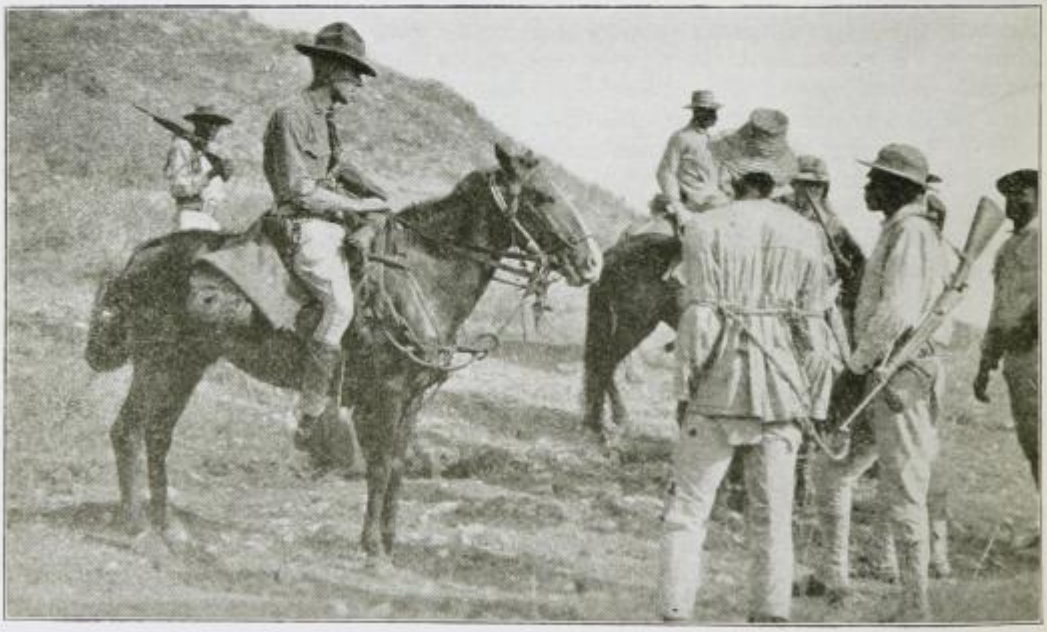
But there are exceptions to every rule. No plan for the reformation and betterment of any people has ever been attempted without its opponents. In the winter of 1918 a leader, with the traditional lust for political power, went about in the north and stirred up a small following, who openly declared themselves "Cacos," in opposition to what they termed "the white invasion." Marines were quickly despatched on his trail, and he and his followers were driven to the rugged, mountainous interior, where they are still giving us considerable trouble.

So brazen had the activities of these Cacos become by March, 1919, that Port au Prince began to show signs of unrest. The Cacos had ambushed a small detachment of gendarmes, all native soldiers,

and killed all but one, who escaped and reported the fight. In another place they had murdered three gendarmes, who constituted the garrison of a small interior village, carrying off several rifles and considerable ammunition. They had cut the government telephone and telegraph lines, and were reported in possession of one or two interior towns. To strike fear into the hearts of the loyal native troops and destroy their morale, the Cacos had adopted a policy of brutality which rivalled that of the Hun. They used machettes on the body of any gendarme captured or killed, and sent pieces of the unfortunate victim to his friends as a warning of what to expect.

Various rumors of their strength began to filter into Port au Prince with the daily news of the burning of interior villages by bands of raiders. One town, less than thirty miles from the capital, had been seized and all the male inhabitants forcibly recruited. In their march they had liberally applied the torch, and their trail was one of pillage and arson. Reports stated that they were all well armed, and conjecture became rife as to the possible source of their supply. Some said they must be getting arms from the neighboring republic of Santo Domingo; others scoffed at this theory and believed that they were being supplied and financed by prominent politicians in the capital and elsewhere who were opposed to the "occupation." Extreme measures had to be taken immediately. Colonel Walter N. Hill, of the gendarmerie, was put in charge of field operations, and under his masterly direction a large portion of the interior was placed under martial law. Messengers were despatched to all parts of the territory affected, giving the law-abiding citizens a limited time to come in and report. On the day following the expiration of this ultimatum patrols were sent out with orders to open fire on any bodies of armed men encountered and to comb the country clean. The magnitude of this task can only be realized by those who actually took part in that "campaign," for it led through the roughest part of that rugged island, where any organized transport was out of the question.

These patrols consisted of one or two white officers, three or four Marines, and about twenty gendarmes. No supplies could be carried; they had to "live off of the country." This proved serious where the Cacos had burned every house, destroyed what gardens and cane-fields there were, and had driven off all cattle



Caco run down and captured by gendarmes.
Captain Daggett of gendarmerie at left.

and horses. In fact, they had swept the country as clean as did Sherman in his famous march to the sea.

I was allowed to accompany Colonel Hill and Captain Daggett on one of these patrols, which lasted for ten days. During that time we travelled several hundred miles through the most rugged and desolate but most beautiful regions in all the West Indies. Our food consisted of the flesh of an occasional stray beef which we would shoot, and our bed was the hard ground. In Las Cahobas we were surrounded by Cacos, and twice reports came in that we were to be attacked and the town burned. Their camp-fires could be seen in the hills on all sides, and at night the weird call of their conch-shells would echo down the valleys; but they didn't come. One night one of our patrols, bivouacked in an old chapel in the woods, was mistaken for Cacos by another patrol, and some damage was done. Had it not been for an officer's recognition of the familiar crack of a Springfield rifle, this might have proved much more serious.

When we started out there was some conjecture as to what might happen should one of our patrols run into a really strong body of Cacos. Would the gendarmes stand by their white officers? Weren't they, after all, really fighting their own kind? To observe these men closely one could not help but think of their dark history, and wonder.

A street in Cape Haitien, paved by the "Occupation" (Americans).

As the days went by we had frequent encounters with the enemy, but the gendarmes still stood by. True, these were always running fights, for the Cacos would never stand up to a fight; they'd gather on the crest of a hill, 2,000 yards away, blow their conch-shells, and yell defiance at us, but when we would get there they would be either on the ridge of the next chain of hills or on the one we had just left. This sort of thing kept up until Cacos became rather scarce, and we thought we had about discouraged their efforts, when something happened which upset all our theories. A young lieutenant of gendarmes, who had gone into the hills to pay off a small detachment of men whom he had stationed there

as an outpost, had lined them up for inspection, and was about to hand out their pay, when they were fired upon from ambush. The first volley killed one gendarme, wounded two, and a bullet struck Lieutenant Moskoff under the right arm, severing his spinal column and paralyzing him instantly. As he fell, his men surrounded him, outnumbered ten to one, and there followed a fight which rivalled those of the old Indian days in the West.

From a motion-picture film made for C. L. Chester, Inc.

Actual photograph of Marines at the moment when they were fired upon by Cacos in ambush. The group in the centre is getting a Lewis machine gun into operation.

One wounded gendarme was captured and beheaded by the Cacos; the others fought until Marines came to the rescue, and then brought in their wounded and dying officer and all the money. Since that day there has never been any question of the loyalty of the gendarmes; that was their first test.

Immediately following this another regiment of Marines was rushed over from Cuba and sent out into the hills. Unused to the rigors of such rough hiking, they were used principally to garrison the towns and relieve the gendarmes for further patrol duty. A few days after their arrival Major Mayer was shot from ambush. Other skirmishes followed, but no large bodies of Cacos were ever found together.

One man was killed who wore an old black coat with small pieces of a pink damask table-cloth having the fringe on it pinned to his shoulders with safety-pins, to represent epaulets. In his pocket was found his "commission," for he was a general—a chief of division, if you please.

Practically all of the Cacos killed or captured were found to be of the poor, ignorant class, underfed and but partly clothed. With very few exceptions they were armed with rusty Grau rifles, which evidently had been buried for a number of years. Their ammunition consisted of heavy lead slugs of about fifty caliber and miscellaneous other shells made to fit their guns by a wrapping of goatskin. Of course these arms were not dangerous at long range, but from ambush inflicted cruel and dangerous wounds.

Those prisoners who were willing to talk all maintained that they had been forcibly recruited, having been given the choice of becoming Cacos or being put to death and having their property con-

fiscated and their houses burned. One old man claimed that he had been hung by his feet for many hours before he had agreed to take up arms against the "blanc," as the Americans are called.

A serious phase of this Caco warfare was its paralyzing effect on the commerce of the interior. The market-women, who constitute the life of rural Haiti, were afraid to risk robbery and bodily injury on the roads, and ceased to bring their produce into market. As a result, famine threatened in some localities.

When I was in Port de Paix several months ago a code message was received by Lieutenant Taylor, then in command, in the absence of Captain Howell, in which he was ordered to place under arrest two men, who proved upon investigation to be prominent citizens of the town. Letters from Charlemagne, the Caco leader, addressed to them but still undelivered, had been found on the body of a slain Caco. The text of these letters was believed to establish a connection of a very intimate nature between these two men and the rebel chieftain—so their apprehension seemed advisable.

In a truly American manner this young officer, with two native soldiers, went out and took these two prominent men into custody. They were placed on a sailing vessel and sent to the Cape for examination, and, I believe, ultimately released. But that event brought home to me, in a very forcible manner, the unquestioned authority of the "occupation."

These Caco troubles are not yet at an end, and it would be difficult to say how long it will take to put a stop to their menace. The problem is somewhat similar to that of the Apache Indians under old Geronimo, or the Filipinos under Aguinaldo, except that the Cacos have no such great leaders, and seem never to gather in any great numbers. They still go about the country robbing market-women, burning houses, and occasionally murdering their own countrymen.

These developments are, of course, very interesting to watch, but the matter of the greatest importance to Haiti is the reorganization of her finances, and the awakened interest of foreign capital in the future possibilities of the country, which followed closely the adoption of the new constitution, June 19, 1918. For one hundred years no foreigner or foreign corporation could own land in Haiti, but Article 5 of the new constitution reads:

"The right of landed property is accorded to the foreigner living in Haiti, and to companies formed by foreigners for the needs of their dwellings, of their agricultural, commercial, industrial and professional enterprises," etc.

I cannot but concur with the opinion of James M. Callahan, professor of history and political science of the University of West Virginia, who recently wrote:

"The new American responsibility in Haiti—whose government is an engine without a fly-wheel, threatening its own destruction by its own energy—is far greater than that assumed over other weak governments in the Caribbean region, and may raise problems far different from those of the other territories in which the American Government exercises supervisory control."

From a country whose treasury was empty and whose creditors were clamoring at her door for their "pound of flesh," Haiti has risen under the wise provisions of the treaty to a state actually bordering on prosperity. For the first time in its life Haiti is paying its debts, with an assurance that it can meet all its obligations in due course. Crops are being harvested, public works undertaken, business enterprises entered upon, foreign capital is coming in, and the government is being administered with the welfare of the people always in view.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN

III—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE

READERS and lovers of Stevenson, in my experience, are generally to be divided into two sorts or classes. One sort care most for his stories, delighting in the humorous or tragic vitality of his characters and the thrill of the situations in which he puts them. The other sort are more interested in the man himself, and prefer the essays and letters, the books of travel and reminiscence in which he takes you into his own company and confidence. Readers of this latter class would rather paddle with Stevenson in his canoe down the Sambre and Oise, look out with him from the tower of Noyon Cathedral, or join in his farewell greetings to the three Graces of Origny,—they would rather sleep under the stars with him and the she-ass Modestine in the woods of Gévaudan, or hear him moralize on the life of the Trappist monks in the Convent of Our Lady of the Snows,—than they would crouch in the apple-barrow with Jim Hawkins on board the *Hispaniola* and overhear the plotting of the mutineers, or lie sick with David Balfour in the house of Robin Oig while the host and Alan Breck challenge each other to their match upon the pipes. It pleases such readers better to learn from Stevenson in the first person how his Brownies, as he called them, furnished to him in dreams the most shudderful incidents in the parable of Jekyll and Hyde than to read these incidents themselves in the pages of the book. The fortunes of Prince Otto and Seraphina and Gondremark and Countess von Rosen interest them, it may be, less in the tale itself than in the letters in which Stevenson tells his correspondents of his delighted toil over the tale and of the high hopes that he has built upon it. They may be less moved—though that I find it hard to conceive—by the wonderful scene of the torn hymn-book and the birth of passion between Archie Weir and Kirstie Eliot in the little Pentland church than by the note of acute personal emotion which a thought of the same church arouses in Stevenson writing to a friend from exile. An essay by him on the art and principles of romance and the relation of literature to life,—say for instance that luminous piece which is essay and parable in one, and which the late Professor William James declared should be immortal, —I mean "The Lantern Bearers,"—such an essay attracts readers of this class more than his own romances written in conformity with the principles it sets forth.

In some this preference for Stevenson's personal and critical work is due to the reasoned opinion (which I do not myself at all share) that it is really better and more accomplished of its kind than his creative work. Others, I think, feel in this way because they regard the man himself with so much affection that they want to keep in direct touch with him and do not like, from a kind of jealousy, to let the characters of his creation come between them and him. My own view is that both sides of him—the creative artist and the human personality—are interesting and admirable alike. But what I am now about to write will concern the man himself rather than any phase of his work. I shall dip a random bucket into the well of memory, and try whether the yield, from our fourteen years of close intimacy, may be such as to supplement and complete to any purpose the image which readers may otherwise have formed of him. And first, to wipe away some false impressions which seem to be current:—I lately found one writer, because Stevenson was thin, speaking of him as having been a "shadowy" figure; another, because he was an invalid, describing him as "anæmic," and a third as "thin-

Daguerreotype of Stevenson and his nurse, Alison Cunningham, and probably the earliest picture of Stevenson in existence.

It shows him, a merry baby in Cummie's arms, registering the first impression of the rare Stevenson smile, a smile so roguish and infectious, so full of the promise of the later and beloved Stevenson, as to make it one of the most precious association items possible.

Daguerreotype on copper, made about 1852, when Stevenson was 13 months old and at the time Alison Cunningham came as his nurse, when they were known in the family as "Smout and Cummie."

[*Reproduced by the courtesy of the present owner, Mrs. Roland Hopkins, Chestnut Hill, Mass.*]

blooded." Shadowy! he was indeed all his life a bag of bones, a very lath for leanness; as lean as Shakespeare's Master Slender, or let us say as Don Quixote. Nevertheless when he was in the room you were hardly aware of anybody else. The most robust of ordinary men seemed to turn dim and null in presence of the vitality that glowed in the steadfast, penetrating fire of the lean man's eyes, the rich, compelling charm of his smile, the lissom swiftness of his movements and lively expressiveness of his gestures, above all in the irresistible sympathetic play and abundance of his talk. Anæmic! thin-blooded! the main physical fact about him, according to the doctors, was that his heart was too big and its blood supply too full for his body. There was failure of nutrition, in the sense that he could never make flesh; there was weakness in the throat and lungs, weakess above all in the arteries, never in the heart itself; nor did his looks, even in mortal illness and exhaustion, ever give the impression of bloodlessness, scarcely even of momentary pallor.

If you want to realize the kind of effect he made, at least in the early years when I knew him best, imagine this attenuated but extraordinarily vivid and vital presence, with something about it that at first struck you as freakish, rare, fantastic, a touch of the elfin and unearthly, a sprite, an Ariel. And imagine that, as you got to know him, this sprite, this visitant from another sphere, turned out to differ from mankind in general not by being less human but by being a great deal more human than they; richer-blooded, greater-hearted; more human in all senses of the word, for he comprised within himself, and would flash on you in the course of a single afternoon, all the different ages and half the different characters of man, the unfaded freshness of a child, the ardent outlook and adventurous day-dreams of a boy, the steadfast courage of manhood, the quick sympathetic tenderness of a woman, and already an almost uncanny share of the ripe life-wisdom of old age. He was a fellow of infinite and unrestrained jest and yet of infinite earnest, the one very often a mask for the other; a poet, an artist, an adventurer; a man full of fleshly frailties, and despite his infirm health of strong appetites and unchecked curiosities; and yet a profoundly sincere moralist and preacher and son of the Covenanters after his fashion, deeply conscious of the war within his members, and deeply bent on acting up to the best he knew. Henley tried to sum him up in a well-known sonnet:—

"Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered: in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion and impudence and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist:
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Anthony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the Shorter-Catechist."

In that sonnet Henley has drawn up a brilliant—well, at least a very showy and lively—catalogue of the diverse qualities and contradictory aspects which he recognized in his friend. But the pity is that as there described those qualities lie like spillikins, unrelated and disconnected. Henley has missed what gave its unity to the character and what every other among his nearer friends soon discovered to be the one essential, never failing and ever endearing thing under all that play and diversity of being. This was the infinitely kind and tender, devotedly generous, brave and loving heart of the man.

I first saw him at the beginning of August, 1873, that is all but forty-six years ago, when he was twenty-three and I twenty-eight. I had landed from a Great Eastern train at a little country station in Suffolk, and was met on the platform by a stripling in a velvet jacket and straw hat, who walked up with me to the country house where he was staying and where I had come to stay. I had lately been appointed Slade Professor at Cambridge; the house was Cockfield Rectory, near Bury St. Edmunds; the host was my much older colleague Professor Churchill Babington, of amiable and learned memory; the hostess was his wife,* a granddaughter of the Rev. Lewis Balfour

* As I write the death of this lady leaves her friends sorrowing and makes a new gap in the very small group of those who can remember R. L. S. in early youth.

of Colinton, Midlothian; the youth was her young cousin by the mother's side, Louis Stevenson from Edinburgh. The first shyness over, I realized in the course of that short walk how well I had done to follow the advice of a fellow-guest, one graciously gifted beyond others to discern and draw out the best whether in man or woman, who had preceded me in the house and had written to me about this youth, urging me to come if I could before he went away, as she was sure I should find him interesting. Interesting he was with a vengeance. He sped those summer nights and days for us all as I have scarce known any sped before or since. Youngster as he was, he seemed already to have lived and seen and felt and dreamed and laughed and longed more than others do in a lifetime. He showed himself moreover full of reading, at least in English and French,—for his Latin was shaky and Greek he only got at through Bohn's translations. Over wide ranges of life and letters his mind and speech ran like the fingers of a musician over the keyboard of an instrument. Pure poetic eloquence (always, be it remembered, in a strong Scottish accent), grave argument and criticism, riotous freaks of fancy, flashes of nonsense more illuminating than wisdom, streamed from him inexhaustibly as he kindled with delight at the delight of his hearers.

Strange to say, this brilliant creature, though he had made one or two close and appreciative intimates of his own age and sex, had not been thought good enough for the polite society of his native Edinburgh. In most of the few houses which he frequented he seems to have been taken for an eccentric and affected kind of Bohemian *poseur*, to be treated at best with toleration. In a book, or if I remember rightly in more than one book, on his early Edinburgh days, a member of one of those houses, and sister of one of his special friends, has since his death written of him in a fine superior tone of retrospective condescension. In new and more sympathetic company his social genius immediately expanded and glowed as I have said, till all of us seemed to catch something of his own gift and inspiration. This power of inspiring others has been noted by many of those who knew Stevenson later as an especial and distinguishing mark of his conversation. As long as he was there you kept discovering with delight unexpected powers in yourself. You felt as if you had taken service with some wonderful conjuror whom you supplied with balls of clay and who took them and turned them into gold, and sent them whirling and glowing about his head, making you believe all the while that they were still truly yours.

But on further acquaintance it soon became clear that under all this captivating, this contagious gayety and charm there lay a troubled spirit, in grave risk from the perils of youth, from a constitution naturally frail and already heavily overstrained, from self-distrust and uncertainty as to his own powers and purposes, and above all from the misery of bitter, heart-and-soul-rending disagreements with a father to whom he was devotedly attached. It was only when, after a brief return to Edinburgh from Cockfield, he came south again in the next month that we discovered so much concerning him. He spent his time partly in London and partly with me in a cottage I then inhabited in the southern hill-suburb of Norwood. With various types of genius, and of the charm and power of genius, among my elders, I had already, as indicated in a former paper, had fortunate opportunities of becoming familiar. In this brilliant and troubled Scotch youth I could not fail to realize that here, among my juniors, was a genius who might well fail on the threshold of life, but who, if he could only win through, had it in him to take as shining a place as any of them. No wonder if we, his new friends, were keen to do all we could for him in the way of help and sympathy. It was no surprise to us when toward mid-October, after a second return to Edinburgh, his letters brought news of threatening illness, nor when, having again come south to be examined, as had been agreed with his father, for admission into one of the London Inns of Court, he had perforce to change his purpose and undergo a different kind of examination at the hands of Sir Andrew Clark. That wise physician peremptorily ordered him a period of rest in the soothing climate of the French Riviera, out of reach of all occasion or

possibility of contention with those he loved at home.

The recollections of him that remain with me from the next few years are partly of two visits I paid him in the course of that first winter (1873–74) on the Riviera; partly of visits he paid me in the Norwood cottage, or in another cottage at Hampstead, or later in college rooms at Cambridge; partly from his various descents upon or passages through London, made sometimes from Edinburgh and sometimes from France, after his return in 1874 to his now reconciled home. The points in his character these stray recollections chiefly illustrate are, first, the longing for a life of action and adventure, which in an ordinary youth might have passed as a matter of course but in one already so stricken in health seemed pathetically vain: next, his inborn faculty—a very much rarer gift—as an artist in letters, and the scrupulous self-training by which almost from boyhood he had been privately disciplining it: then the intensely, quite exceptionally, observing and loving interest he took in young children: and above all, that magical power he had of winning the delighted affection, the immediate confidence, of men and women of every sort and condition, always excepting those hide-bound in starched propriety or conventional officialdom, whom he had an equally unfailing power of putting against him at first sight.

At the Suffolk rectory he had been neatly enough clad: most of the images of him that rise next before me present him in the slovenly, nondescript Bohemian garments and untrimmed hair which it was in those days his custom to wear. I could somehow never feel this to be an affectation in Stevenson, or dislike it as I should have been apt to dislike and perhaps despise it in anybody else. We agree to give the name of affectation to anything markedly different from common usage in little, every-day, outward things—unconcerning things, as the poet Donne calls them. But affectation is affectation indeed only when a person does or says that which is false to his or her nature. And given a nature differing sufficiently from the average, perhaps the real affectation would be that it should force itself to preserve an average outside to the world. Stevenson's uncut hair came originally from the fear of catching cold: his shabby clothes came partly from lack of cash, partly from lack of care, partly, as I think I have said elsewhere, from a love of social experiment and adventure, and a dislike of being identified with any special class or caste. Certainly conventional and respectable attire, when by exception he wore it, did not in those days sit him well. Going with me one day from Hampstead to the Royal Academy Exhibition, he thought such attire would be expected of him, and looked out a black frock coat and tall hat which he had once worn at a wedding. I can see now the odd figure he made as he walked with me in that unwonted garb down Regent Street and along Piccadilly. True, he carried his tall hat, not on his head, but in his hand because it chafed him. Also, being fresh from an enthusiastic study of the prosody of Milton, he kept declaiming to me with rapturous comments as we walked the lines and cadences which chiefly haunted him:—

> "His wrath
> Burned after them to the bottomless pit."
> "Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved."
> "All night the dreadless angel, unpursued."
> "Oh! how comely it is and how reviving
> To the spirits of just men long opprest!"

It was upon this opening of a famous chorus in "Samson Agonistes" that the gates of Burlington House, I remember, enfolded us.

More characteristic of his ordinary ways was his appearance one very early morning from London at the Norwood cottage. He presented himself to my astonished servant, on her opening the shutters, wearing a tattered sleeved waistcoat over a black shirt and weary and dirty from a night's walking followed by a couple of hours' slumber in a garden outhouse he had found open. He had spent the night on the pad through the southern slums and suburbs, trying to arouse the suspicions of one policeman after another till he should succeed in getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond and thereby gaining proof for his fixed belief that justice, at least in the hands of its subordinate officers, had one pair of scales for the ragged and another for the

respectable. But one and all saw through him, and refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal classes. Though surprised at their penetration, and rather crestfallen at the failure of his attempt, he had had his reward in a number of friendly and entertaining conversations with the members of the force, ending generally in confidential disclosures as to their own private affairs and feelings.

Foreign officials and police, not to speak of *attachés* and bank clerks and managers, were not so clear-sighted, and he sometimes came in for worse treatment than he bargained for. Readers remember, I dare say, his account of his expulsion by the hostess of La Fère in the "Inland Voyage," still more that of his arrest and temporary imprisonment by the Commissary of Police at Châtillon-sur-Loing, which is one of the most delectable pieces of humorous narrative in English literature. Troubles of this kind had their consolation in that they gave him matter for the entertainment of his readers. Not so the rebuffs he sometimes underwent when he visited embassies or banks on business concerned with passports or letters of credit. I have known him made actually ill by futile anger at the contumelious reception he met with in such places. He lacked the power, which comes only too naturally to most men sprung, as he was, from a stock accustomed to command, of putting down insolence by greater insolence. He could rage, indeed, but usually his rage was ineffectual and only brought a dangerous rush of blood to his head and eyes. Once, however, he had his revenge and his hour of triumph, of which to my deep regret I was not myself a witness. On the way from Nice to Royat he had stopped at Clermont-Ferrand, the old provincial capital of Auvergne. He went to a bank to cash some circular notes of the British Linen Company in Edinburgh. His appearance had the usual, almost magical, effect of arousing in the business mind suspicions, amounting to conviction, of his dishonesty. The men in office roundly told him that there was no such firm among their correspondents; that he was plainly there with intent to defraud; that they saw through him perfectly, but as an act of kindness would give him a quarter of an hour to make himself scarce before they sent for the police. For once he kept his head and temper, outwardly at least; sturdily declined to leave the premises; and insisted that the police should be sent for immediately. Presently his eye was caught by a rack of pigeonholes containing letters and documents which by some intuition he saw or divined to be from foreign correspondents of the firm; dashed at it in spite of all remonstrances; rummaged the papers before the eyes of the astonished clerks; drew forth in triumph a bundle containing correspondence from the British Linen Company, including the letter of credit for himself; demanded that the partners and men in authority should be brought down, and when they appeared, exposed to them with a torrent of scornful eloquence their misconduct of their business, and drew a terrifying picture of the ruin that they must inevitably reap from such treatment of distinguished foreign clients. His triumph was complete: the whole house, partners and clerks, abased themselves in regrets and apologies, and escorted him to the door with fawning demonstrations of respect. This was his day of victory; *strages bankerorum* he called it, and went off and at once designed a medal—never, I believe, executed—in its commemoration.

But this story belongs to a later date: and to go back to my own memories of the early days,—I went twice to see him during that invalid winter on the Riviera. He had been staying at Mentone (I should properly say Menton, but those of us who remember the place before the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France cannot bring ourselves to spell or pronounce it except in the more euphonious Italian manner). I proposed that he should move to meet me as far (some six miles) as Monaco; the aspect of that tiny capital, with the exquisite capricious charm of its situation on a high peninsular rock between the harbor and the outer sea, having strongly caught my fancy as a boy in driving round the coast with my father, and made me desire to explore it from within. There we accordingly spent four or five days, and then four or five more in one of the quieter hotels at Monte Carlo. My memories of the time have

merged for the most part into a generalized impression of sunlit hours spent basking in a rowboat about the bay and sped by endless talk which ran forward beyond the present days of illness to ardent schemes both of literature and adventure, the one as vividly imagined and worded as the other. Stevenson has brought home to the senses of his readers, by a magical phrase or two, the pungently delicious mingled scent of pine and juniper and myrtle and rosemary which in sunny weather comes wafted from the Cap Martin over the shoreward waters of that sea: I believe this scent was already carrying him in imagination on voyages to far-off spice-islands of the East. Of the literary projects broached between us the only one I remember was a spectacle-play on that transcendent type of human vanity, Herostratus, who to keep his name from being forgotten kindled the fire that burned down the temple of Ephesus. Psychology and scenic effects as Stevenson descanted on them come up together in my memory even yet in a kind of vague dazzle and flamboyance.

There was one sort of excitement and one form of risk which at no time had any lure for Louis and which he hated alike by instinct and principle, and that was gambling for money; and into that famous and fascinating cosmopolitan hell, the Casino of Monte Carlo, he never entered. Once or twice I looked in by myself to watch the play; and the last time, hearing a sudden sharp "ping" from near the wall of the room over my right shoulder, I turned and saw that a loser having left the table lay writhing on the floor. He had shot himself, fatally as I afterward learnt, in the stomach. The attendants promptly came forward, lifted him on to an armchair, and carried him out of the room with an air of grave disapproval and outraged decorum. When I told Louis of the scene he took a disgust at the place, and we left it together for Mentone. After I had seen him installed in fresh and comfortable quarters in the Hotel Mirabeau, now defunct, at the eastern end of the town, I left for Paris, where I had a few weeks' work to do. Returning in January, I found him enjoying the company of two Russian sisters living in a villa annexed to the hotel, ladies some twenty years older than himself, to whom, and to the children of one of them, he had become quickly and warmly attached. ("Il s'est attaché à nous, nous nous sommes attachées à lui," I can hear across the forty-five years the gentler of them saying to me.) Both were brilliantly accomplished and cultivated women, one having all the unblushing outspokenness of her race, its unchecked vehemence and mutability in mirth and anger, in scorn, attachment, or aversion; the other consistently gentle and sympathetic, and withal an exquisite musician. For Stevenson this sister conceived a great quasi-maternal tenderness, and one of the odd tricks my memory has played me is that my nerves retain even now the sense of her sharp twitch of pain as I spoke one day, while she was walking with her arm in mine, of the fears entertained by Stevenson's friends for his health and future. It was the younger of her two children who figures so much under her name Nelitchka in his letters of the time. No one has written of young children with such yearning inwardness of love combined with so much analytic intentness and subtlety of observation as he. I make no exception even for the illustrious Victor Hugo with his "L'Art d'être grand-père" and his "Les Enfants," and repeat, no one. But the objects of this passionately delighted study were not always at first won or attracted by it. Rather they were apt to feel discomposed under the intensity of the beaming gaze he fastened upon them; and it was with a touch of womanly affront at feeling herself too hard stared at that the baby Nelitchka (aged two and a half) addressed him by a word for "rogue" or "naughty man" she had lately picked up in Italy, "Berecchino!" Parental interposition presently reconciled her, and they became fast friends and playmates; but the name stuck, and for Nellie, throughout those weeks when the child's company and the watching of her indefatigable tottering efforts to dance, and dance, and dance to her mother's music were among his chief delights,—for Nellie, Stevenson was never anything but Monsieur Berecchino. But of this more anon.

Another memory of the time illustrates the hopeless incompatibility that existed

between this young genius and the more frozen types of bourgeois conventionality. There was at our hotel a young or youngish, well-groomed Frenchman of this class, the quintessence of respectable nullity and complacent correctness, who sat at the same long table with us for nearly a month. At our end of the table, besides Stevenson and myself with the Russian ladies and their children, there sat also a bearded French landscape painter, Robinet by name, in opinions a violent clerical and reactionary, but an artist and the best of genial good fellows. Day after day Stevenson kept this little company in an enchanted atmosphere of mirth and mutual delight with one another and with him. But the glow which enkindled the rest of us stopped dead short of the correct Frenchman, who sat a little apart, icily isolated, annoyed, envying, disapproving. Stevenson, I think, was hardly aware of his existence at all, more than of a wooden dummy.* Finding himself thus left out in the cold, not rudely or on purpose, for Stevenson was incapable of a conscious rudeness, but nevertheless left out, from a company which included obviously attractive ladies, my Frenchman could not bear it. One day, on the occasion of some commonplace civility I showed him, he confided to me, with no breach of correct manners, the extreme distaste and resentment he had conceived against my friend, and even indicated that he would like to call him out if he could find an excuse. There was nothing to be done, no possible point of mutual contact or understanding between them. I could but affably suggest that he would be likely to find more appreciative company at another hotel; and he took the hint.

I have related elsewhere† how, when Andrew Lang came to call on me in those days at Mentone and met Stevenson for the first time, it seemed as though something like a similar antipathy might spring up between these two young Scotchmen, the fastidiously normal and even slightly donnish Oxford scholar and the piratically cloaked and long-haired nondescript, so sharply contrasted in their outward guise and bearing while inwardly in mind and culture having so much in common. Happily, however, such a result was averted at the moment, and later they learnt to appreciate and like each other to the full.

After his return from the Riviera in 1874 Stevenson was elected to the Savile Club, then quartered in the house in Savile Row from which it takes its name and which it afterward outgrew. (It had previously led for a few years a precarious kind of chrysalis existence, under the title of the New Club, in Spring Gardens off Charing Cross.) This little society had been founded on a principle aimed against the stand-offishness customary in English club life, and all members were expected to hold themselves predisposed to conversation and liable to accost without previous introduction. Stevenson's earliest friends in the club besides myself were Fleeming-Jenkin, the most versatile and vivacious, most pugnaciously minded and friendliest-hearted of men, the single one among his Edinburgh seniors and teachers who had seen what the lad was worth, truant pupil though he might be, and made a friend of him; and my Cambridge contemporary, Professor W. K. Clifford, that short-lived genius unequalled and unapproached, as those aver who can follow him, in the rarified region of speculation where the higher mathematics and metaphysics merge into one. In spheres of thought and study more accessible to the rest of us, Clifford had a beautiful lucidity of mind and mastery of style, and in ordinary human intercourse was extremely striking and attractive, with his powerful head and blunt Socratic features, the candid, almost childlike, upcast look of his light gray-blue eyes between their dark lashes, the tripping and easy, again almost childlike, simplicity of speech and manner with which he would debate the profoundest problems, and the quite childlike pleasure he took in all manner of fun and nonsense and surprises and fairy-tales (I leave out his freaks of prowess and daring as an athlete and a dozen of his other claims to regard and

* R. L. S. was drawing more or less consciously from himself when he wrote of one of his characters, Dick Naseby in "The Story of a Lie,"—"He was a type-hunter among mankind. He despised small game and insignificant personalities, whether in the shape of dukes or bagmen, letting them go by like seaweed; but show him a refined or powerful face, let him hear a plangent or a penetrating voice, fish for him with a living look in some one's eye, a passionate gesture, a meaning or ambiguous smile, and his mind was instantaneously awakened."

† Art. "Stevensoniana," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, November, 1912.

admiration). That such a man, having met Stevenson once or twice in my company, should be keen to back him for the club was a matter of course. Nor did the members in general, being for the most part young men drawn from the professions of science or learning, of art, literature, journalism, or the stage, fail to appreciate the newcomer. On his visits to London he generally lunched there, and at the meal and afterward came to be accepted and habitually surrounded as a radiating centre of brilliant talk, a kind of ideal incarnation of the spirit of the society. Comparatively rare as they were, I believe that both his presences in those days and his tradition subsequently contributed as much as anything toward the success and prosperity of the club. Mr. Edmund Gosse, who joined us a couple of years later, has given a pleasantly vivid picture of the days when an introduction at the Savile, renewing the memory of a chance meeting on a Highland pleasure-steamer six years before, laid the foundations of his and Stevenson's friendship. One signal case of failure remains indeed in some of our memories. A certain newly elected member of some social and literary standing, but unacquainted with the spirit of the place, sat lunching alone: Stevenson, desiring to welcome him and make him feel at home, went over, introduced himself, and opened talk in his most gracious manner. His overture was received with a cold rebuff and the intimation that the stranger desired no company but his own. Stevenson came away furious, and presently relieved his wrath with the lampoon which is included in his published works and begins (the offender being made to speak in the first person)—

> "I am a kind of farthing dip
> Unfriendly to the nose and eyes."

But to turn from such social memories, which will be common to a dwindling band of survivors from the middle and later seventies, to those private to myself:—it was in the early summer of 1874, soon after the appearance of his second published paper, "Ordered South," that he spent a fortnight with me in a lodging on Hampstead Hill. One morning, while I was attending to my own affairs, I was aware of Stevenson craning intently out of the side window watching something. Presently he turned with a radiant countenance and the thrill of happiness in his voice to bid me come and watch too. A group of girl children were playing with the skipping-rope a few yards down the lane. "Was there ever such heavenly sport? Had I ever seen anything so beautiful? Kids and a skipping-rope—most of all that blessed youngest kid with the broken nose who didn't know how to skip—nothing in the whole wide world had ever made him half so happy in his life before." Scarce any one else would have given a second look or a thought to the little scene; but while it lasted it held him thus entranced in the eagerness of observation, and exclaiming through all the gamut of superlatives. From such superlatives, corresponding to the ardor and intensity of his being, his talk at all times derived much of its color. During ill-health, had he a day or an hour of respite, he would gleefully proclaim himself a balmy being and a bird of Paradise. Did anything in life or literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so too*—unless, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humor against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally (but not quite always, if the current of feeling was too strong) receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. Sometimes indeed, when he meant something stronger even than usual, he would himself disarm the critic, and at the same time heighten his effect, by employing a figure not of exaggeration but of humorous diminution, and would cover the intensity of his feeling by expressing it in some perfectly colorless, flat hack phrase. You would propose

* My wife reminds me of an incident in point, from the youthful time when he used to make her the chief confidante of his troubles and touchstone of his tastes. One day he came to her with an early, I think the earliest, volume of poems by Mr. Robert Bridges, the present poet-laureate, in his hand; declared here was the most wonderful new genius, and enthusiastically read out to her some of the contents in evidence; till becoming aware that they were being coolly received, he leapt up crying, "My God! I believe you don't like them," and flung the book across the room and himself out of the house in a paroxysm of disappointment, —to return a few hours later and beg pardon humbly for his misbehaviour. But for some time afterward, whenever he desired her judgment on work of his own or others, he would begin by bargaining: "You won't *Bridges* me this time, will you?"

something you knew he was red-hot to do, and he would reply, his eyes flashing with anticipation, "Well, yes, he could bring himself to do that without a pang": or he would describe the horrors of a visit to the dentist or of a formal tea-party (to one or two of which he was about this time lured), by admitting that it hadn't been quite all his fancy painted it; which you knew meant a degree of tribulation beyond superlatives.

Nothing proved to my mind Stevenson's true vocation to literature, or encouraged me more to push him under the notice of editors, than the way in which he exercised from the first a firm artistic control over his own temperament, suppressing his tendency to exaggerations and superlatives and practising a deliberate moderation of statement and lenity of style. This was very apparent when the little scene outside our lodging-house window, mingling in memory with the pleasure he had lately experienced at Mentone in watching the staggering evolutions of his Russian baby friend Nelitchka, suggested to him the essay, "Notes on the Movements of Young Children," which was printed in the *Portfolio* (then edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton) for the following August. The little paper, which he did not think worth reprinting in his lifetime but is to be found in the posthumous editions, seemed to me an extraordinarily promising effort at analytic description half-humorous, half-tender,—and promising above all in as far as it proved how well, while finding brilliantly effective expression for the subtlety of vital observation which was one part of his birthright, he could hold in check the tendency to emotional stress and vehemence which was another. This was in itself a kind of distinction in an age when so many of our prose-writers, and those the most attractive and impressive to youth, as Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dickens, were men who, for all their genius, lacked or did not seek the special virtues of restraint and lenity in style, but were given, each after his manner, to strenuous emphasis, to splendid over-coloring and over-heightening: dealers in the purple patch and the insistent phrase, the vehement and contentious assertion.

The next scene which comes up with a special vividness in my memory dates, I think, from a year or two later. Of very young children his love was not, as I have said, always at once returned by them; but over growing boys of whatever class or breeding his spell was apt to be instantaneous. City arabs felt it just as much as any others. One day, as he and I had just come out of St. Paul's Cathedral, we found ourselves near a little ragged troop of such. With one of his characteristic smiles, full of love and mischief, he immediately, at a first glance, seemed to establish a roguish understanding with them. They grinned back and closed about him and clung to him as we walked, fastening eager looks on his, held and drawn by they knew not what expectation: no, not by the hope of coppers, but by something more human—more divine, if you like to put it so—that had beamed upon their poor little souls from his looks. The little crowd of them kept growing and still surrounding us. As it was impossible for him at that place and moment practically to provide adventure or entertainment for them, it became a little difficult to know what to do. At last I solved the situation tamely, by calling a hansom cab and carrying my friend off in it. More by token, that same hansom horse, I remember, presently got the bit between his teeth and bolted hard for near a mile along the Thames Embankment; and while I sat with stiffened knees and nerves on the stretch, expecting a smash, I could see that Stevenson actually enjoyed it. Few of us, chiefly because the build of the vehicle kept the driver's hands and hold upon the reins out of sight, were ever truly happy in a bolting hansom; but Stevenson was so made that any kind of danger was a positive physical exhilaration to him.

Of the visits which he paid to me at Cambridge in these years, the retrospect has again generalized itself for the most part into vagueness, a mere abstract sense of forgotten talk ranging from the most red-blooded human to the airiest elfin. One impression which was always strong upon him there, and I think is recorded somewhere in his letters, is the profound difference between these English universities, with their beauty and dignity of

aspect, their venerable college buildings and fair avenues and gardens, and anything which exists in Scotland, where residential colleges form no part of university life. Such surroundings used to affect him with a sense almost of unreality, as something romantically pleasurable but hardly credible; and this sense came most strongly upon him when I left him alone for some days in occupation of my rooms, with gyps and porters at his beck, while I went off on business elsewhere. Of personal relations which he formed there the only one I specially remember was with that interesting character, the late A. G. Dew-Smith. Dew-Smith, or Dew, as his friends called him for short, was a man of fine tastes and of means to gratify them. As a resident Master of Arts he helped the natural-science departments by starting and superintending a workshop for manufacturing instruments of research of the most perfect make and fashion; and he was one of the most skilful of scientific photographers,—a certain large-scale carbon print he took of Stevenson to my mind comes nearer than any other to the original in richness of character and expression. He was a collector of rare prints and other treasures, including precious stones, of which he would sometimes pull a handful out of his pocket. He was tall, with finely cut features, black silky hair and pointed beard, and a peculiarly soft and silken deliberate manner of speech. Considerable were our surprise and amusement when some dozen years later we found his outward looks and bearing, and particularly his characteristic turns of speech, with something of mysterious power which his presence suggested as lying behind so much polished blandness, evoked by Stevenson in his creation of the personage of Attwater in that grimmest of island stories, "The Ebb-Tide." But the other half of Stevenson's Attwater, the ruthless taskmaster, the man of stern Calvinistic doctrine and iron fatalism, is alien to all that we knew of our friend and not, I think, made in the story convincingly compatible with his looks and manner.

Stevenson has interpreted the aspects and the thrill of outdoor nature as magically as any one in written words, but was not prone to talk about them. "No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time," he declares in his essay on "Talk and Talkers": and I cannot remember that he used ever to say much about the Forest of Fontainebleau or the other scenes in France which he loved so well and frequented so much in these years, or even about those excursions which he was busy turning to such happy literary account in the "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey." Literature and human life were ever his main themes; including sometimes, but of course with his closest intimates only, the problems of his own life. By and by came the journey to California, with its risks and hardships, and with results as damaging to his health as they were needful and fruitful for his happiness. After his return in the late summer of 1880, it was under much more positively invalid conditions than before that his friends—whom his new wife made quickly her own and always gladly welcomed so far as was consistent with due care for his health—found themselves obliged to seek his company. My chief special recollections of him during the next few years date almost entirely from places where he had gone in hopes of recovery or respite from his complicated and crippling troubles of nerve, artery, and lung. Just as little as the restrictions of the sick-room, galling to him above all men, had power to hinder his industry and success as a writer, so little did they impair his charm as a talker when he was allowed to talk at all. Occasionally, and oftener as time went on, hemorrhages from the lung, or the immediate threat of them, enforced upon him periods of absolute silence. But in the intervals his friends had the happiness of finding life and letters and art, experience and the possibilities of experience, once more irradiated for them as vividly as before, or even more vividly yet, in the glow and magic of his conversation.

For the first two years after his return Stevenson spent the winters (1880–81, 1881–82) at the Swiss mountain station of Davos, which had just begun to come into repute as a place of cure, and the summers at one resort or another in the bracing climate of the Scottish Highlands. The Davos of 1880, approached by a laborious seven hours' sledge-drive and

vastly different from the luxurious and expanded Davos of to-day, consisted of the old Swiss village of Davos-Platz, clustered round its high-spired church, with one central group of German hotels in or close adjoining the village, and another smaller but more scattered group of English hotels at a little distance beside the open road in the direction of the minor village of Davos-Dorf. The Stevenson quarters for this first winter were at the Hotel Belvedere, then a mere miniature nucleus of its latter-day self. I shall never forget his first reception of me there. It was about Christmas, 1880; I arrived late; and the moment dinner was over he had me out and up the hill at the back of the hotel. There had only lately fallen enough snow to allow the sport of tobogganing to be started: there was a short zigzag run down from a hut on the hill to near the hotel: he got me into the toboggan by moonlight, we started down the run, capsized at a corner, rolled over and over with our mouths and pockets full of snow, and walked home in tearing spirits. Nothing could have been more like him, and nothing (of course) worse for him. My impression of the next few weeks at Davos is one of high tension of the soul and body in that tingling mountain air, under the iron moonlit frosts or the midday dazzle of the snow-fields; of the haunting sense of tragedy (of one tragedy in especial which touched us both to the heart) among that company, for the most part doomed or stricken, with faces tanned by sun and frost into masks belying their real plight: of endless bouts of eager, ever courteous give-and-take over the dark Valtellina wine between Stevenson and John Addington Symonds, in whom he had found a talker almost as charming as himself, exceeding him by far in range and accuracy of knowledge and culture, as was to be expected in the author of the "History of the Renaissance in Italy," but nothing like his match, I thought, in essential sanity of human judgment or in the power of illumination by unforeseeable caprices of humor and fantasy. The reader can if he pleases turn to Stevenson's own impression of these conversations, whether as generalized afterward in the essay "Talk and Talkers," where Symonds figures as Opalstein, or as set down in a letter at the time:—"I like Symonds very well, though he is much, I think, of an invalid in mind and character. But his mind is interesting, with many beautiful corners, and his consumptive smile very winning to see. We have had some good talks; one went over Zola, Balzac, Flaubert, Whitman, Christ, Handel, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne; do you see the *liaison?*—in another, I, the Bohnist, the un-Grecian, was the means of his conversion in the matter of the Ajax."

Neither from the first of the two Highland summers nor the second Alpine winter do I retain any impressions as strong and definite as these, though I was with him for a part of both, and though the August and September weeks of 1881 at Braemar were marked by the excitement of the first conception and discussion of the tale of "The Sea-Cook," which afterward developed into "Treasure Island." They were rememberable also for the disgust of the patient at being condemned to wear a specially contrived and hideous kind of pig's-snout respirator for the inhalation of pine-oil, as related in a well-known rhyming letter of the time to Henley. But from the second Highland summer dates another vivid recollection. While his wife remained with his parents at Edinburgh, I spent two or three weeks of radiant weather alone with him in the old hotel at Kingussie in Invernesshire. He had little strength either for work or exercise, but managed to draft the tale "The Treasure of Franchard," and rejoiced in lying out for hours at a time half-stripped in the sun, nearly according to that manner of sun-bath since so much prescribed by physicians in Germany. The burn or mountain streamlet at the back of Kingussie village is for about a mile of its course after it leaves the moor one of the most varied and beautiful in Scotland, racing with a hundred little falls and lynns beside the margin of an enchanting fir-belted, green and dingled oval glade. The glade, alas, has long ago been invaded and annexed by golfers, enemies to peace; and even the approaches to the burn from the village have been ruined by the erection of a great modern distillery. But in the year 1882 we had these haunts to ourselves.

Stevenson used to spend hours exploring the recesses of the burn's course, musing, sometimes with and sometimes without speech, on its endless chances and caprices of eddy and ripple and back-set, its branchings and reunitings, alternations of race and pool, bustle and pause, and on the images of human life, free-will, and destiny presented by the careers of the sticks and leaves he found or launched upon its course. One result of these musings occurs in a dramatic scene familiar to all who have read his fragment, "The Great North Road." Of other talk what I remember best is the entertainment with which he read for the first time Leigh Hunt's milk-and-water dilution of Dante in his poem "Francesca da Rimini" (or "Niminipimini," as Byron rechristened it), and of the laughing parodies which bubbled over from him on those passages of tea-party sentiment and cockney bathos that disfigure it. Some kind of play, too, I remember which he insisted on starting and keeping up, and wherein he invested his companion (that was me) with the imaginary character of a roystering blade in a white greatcoat and knobstick making scandal in the Highland village, and himself with that of a sedate and friendly burgess hard put to it to save me from the hands of the police.

The following winter took the Stevensons to the Provençal coast, but to haunts there at some distance from those he had known ten years before. After some unsuccessful attempts to settle near Marseilles (a city Stevenson always loved for its rich color and character as a mighty Mediterranean and cosmopolitan trading-port), they were established by March 1884, in the Châlet la Solitude on the hill behind Hyères; and on that enchanting site he enjoyed the best months of health and happiness he ever knew, at least on the European continent. His various expressions in prose and verse of pleasure in his life there are well-known. For instance, the following from a letter to Mr. Gosse:— "This spot, our garden and our view, are sub-celestial. I sing daily with my Bunyan, that great bard,

'I dwell already the next door to Heaven!'

If you could see my roses, and my aloes, and my fig-marigolds, and my olives, and my view over a plain, and my view of certain mountains as graceful as Apollo, as severe as Zeus, you would not think the phrase exaggerated." One or two sets of verses dallying with the notion that here might be his permanent home and anchorage have only lately been published. I give another set written in a somewhat homelier strain, which I think has not yet found its way into print:—

"My wife and I, in our romantic cot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot,
High as the gods upon Olympus dwell,
Pleased with the things we have, and pleased as well
To wait in hope for those which we have not.

She burns in ardor for a horse to trot;
I pledge my votive prayers upon a yacht;
Which shall be first remembered, who can tell—
My wife or I?

Harvests of flowers o'er all our garden-plot
She dreams; and I to enrich a darker spot,
My unprovided cellar; both to swell
Our narrow cottage huge as a hotel,
That portly friends may come and share our lot—
My wife and I."

The first friend to come was one not physically corresponding to the adjective, namely myself. It was the moment when the Southern spring was in its first flush and freshness, and the days and evenings sped gloriously. Everything, down to the *dèche* or money pinch to which recent expenses had reduced him, or the misdeeds of the black Skye-terrier Woggs, the most engaging, petted little thoroughbred rascal of his race, was turned by Stevenson into matter of abounding delight or diversion. No schemes of work could for the time being seem too many or too arduous. A flow of verse, more continuous and varied than ever before, had set in from him. Besides many occasional pieces expressing intimate moods of the moment with little care or finish, and never intended for any eye but his own, those of the special "Child's Garden" series were nearly completed; and they and their dedication, as in duty bound, to his old nurse Alison Cunningham had to be canvassed between us. So had a much more arduous matter, the scheme and style of "Prince Otto," its general idea having gradually, under much discussion, been evolved from an

earlier one where the problems and characters would have been similar but the setting and date Oriental and remote. So had a scheme to be put in hand next after that, namely, a new tale for boys; this time a historical tale, which duly took shape as "The Black Arrow," to be slighted later on, quite unduly as I have always thought, by its author and his family as "tushery."

One day, looking from one of the hill terraces from near his house at the group of islets (the isles of Hyères) in the offing, we had let our talk wander to famous and more distant archipelagoes of the same inland sea. I spoke of the likeness in unlikeness which strikes the traveller between the noble outlines and colors of the Ionian group, as they rise facing the coasts of Acarnania, Elis, and Epirus, and those of the group of the Inner Hebrides over against the shores of Ross and Argyleshire. We ran over the blunt monosyllabic names of some of the Hebridean group,—Coll, Mull, Eigg, Rum, Muck, and Skye,—and contrasted them with the euphonious Greek sounds, Leucadia, Cephalonia, Ithaca, Zante or Zacynthos ("*Jam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos*" had been Stevenson's favorite line of Virgil from boyhood, and he goes out of his way to make occasion for one of his characters to quote it in almost the latest of his sea-tales, "The Ebb-Tide"). And we speculated on a book to be written that should try to strike the several notes of these two island regions, of their scenery, inhabitants, and traditions, of Greek and Gaelic lay and legend, and the elements of Homeric and Ossianic poetry. I think the idea was a good one, and that such a book has still to be, and will some day be, written. But Stevenson, with his lack of Greek and of the Greek scholar's special enthusiasm, and the unlikelihood of his being able to work much in libraries, would perhaps hardly have been the man to attempt it. Nevertheless, having frequented the Hebrides group and drunk in its romance from youth in the lighthouse yacht, and again on a special excursion with Sir Walter Simpson in 1874, he was much attracted by the scheme. And when some eight months later, by what I believe was a pure coincidence, he received a proposal from a firm of publishers that he should take a cruise in the Greek archipelago with a view to a volume that should tell of his experiences in a manner something like that of his former small volumes of travel in France, our talk of the spring, recurring to him, made him take warmly to the notion. He wrote to me at once on the question of introductions, and went to Nice, partly to make inquiries about Mediterranean steam-packets and partly to ask medical advice. The latter confirmed, I believe, what was the judgment of his wife that the risks of the trip would be too great; and the idea was dropped.

In my next glimpse of him there were elements of comedy. I had gone for a few weeks' travel in Southern Italy, and meaning to return by sea and across France from Naples, with a very short time to spare before I was due back in London, had asked the Stevensons if they would come and meet me for a day or so at Marseilles. They came, and it was a happy meeting. But I discovered that I had miscalculated travelling expenses and had not enough cash in hand to go farther. He found himself in the proud position of being able to help me, but only at the cost of leaving his own pockets empty. He had to remain in Marseilles until I could reimburse him from Paris, and amused himself with some stanzas in honor of the place and the occasion:

"Long time I lay in little ease
Where, paced by the Turanian,
Marseilles, the many-masted, sees
The blue Mediterranean.

Now songful in the hour of sport,
Now riotous for wages,
She camps around her ancient port,
An ancient of the ages.

Algerian airs through all the place
Unconquerably sally;
Incomparable women pace
The shadows of the alley.

And high o'er dock and graving-yard
And where the sky is paler,
The Golden Virgin of the Guard
Shines, beckoning the sailor.

She hears the city roar on high,
Thief, prostitute, and banker:
She sees the masted vessels lie
Immovably at anchor.

She sees the snowy islets dot
The sea's immortal azure,

And If, that castellated spot,
Tower, turret and embrazure.

Here Dantés pined; and here to-day
Behold me his successor:
For here imprisoned long I lay
In pledge for a professor!" *

Seven or eight months later a violent and all but fatal return of illness dashed the high hopes which had been raised by that happy Provençal spring and summer. An epidemic of cholera following made him leave the Mediterranean shore for good and sent him home to England. He arrived to all appearance and according to all medical prognostics a confirmed and all but hopeless invalid. His home for the next three years was at Bournemouth. He was subject to frequent hemorrhages from the lung, any one of which might have proved fatal and which had to be treated with styptic remedies of the most violent and nerve-shaking kind. Much of his life was spent on the sofa; much in that kind of compulsory silence which up till now had at worst been only occasional. Once and again a few weeks of respite enabled him to make cautious excursions, once as far as Paris, once to Matlock, once to Cambridge, but chiefly to London. Here his resort was now not to hotels, but as an ever welcome guest to the official house I had lately come to inhabit within the gates of the British Museum. His industry, maintained against harder conditions than ever, showed itself all the more indomitable and at last had its reward. The success of "Treasure Island," published before he left Hyères, was by the time he settled at Bournemouth beginning to make his name a popular one: two and a half years later "Jekyll and Hyde" raised it suddenly into resounding fame, and was immediately followed by "Kidnapped," which was by common consent acclaimed as the best Scotch tale since the Waverleys. For part of the Bournemouth time he was also much engaged in joint work with Henley on the plays "Admiral Guinea," "Beau Austin," and "Macaire": and upon this, the lustiest and not always the most considerate of guests and collaborators, Mrs. Stevenson found herself compelled in the interest of her husband's health to lay restrictions which were resented, and sowed the first seeds, I think, of that estrangement at heart of Henley from his friend so lamentably proclaimed by him in public after Stevenson's death.

Ill as he was in these years, Stevenson was able to bind to himself in close friendship not a few newcomers, including two eminent Americans, Henry James and the painter J. S. Sargent. I went down myself from time to time, and enjoyed his company not less, only with more of anxiety and misgiving, than of old. Sargent's little picture shewing him indescribably lean in his velvet jacket as he paces to and fro twirling his mustache with one hand and holding his cigarette in the other as he talks,—St. Gaudens's bronze relief of him propped on pillows on the sofa (the latter a work done two or three years later in America),—these tally pretty closely in their different ways with the images I carry in my mind of his customary looks and attitudes in those Bournemouth days. Always except once I found him as cheerful as ever, and as vivid a focus of cheerfulness. The sole exception remains deeply printed on my memory. He was leaning with his back to me looking out from his garden gate: as he heard me approach, he turned round upon me a face such as I never saw on him save that once,—a face of utter despondency, nay tragedy, upon which seemed stamped for one concentrated moment the expression of all he had ever had, or might yet have, in life to suffer or to renounce. Such a countenance was not to be accosted, and I left him. During his visits to my house at the British Museum—"the many-pillared and the well-beloved," as he calls it in the well-known set of verses, as though the keepers' houses stood within the great front colonnade of the museum, which they do not, but project in advance of it on either flank,—during such visits he never shewed anything but the old charm and high courage and patience. He was able to enjoy something of the company of famous seniors who came seeking his acquaintance, as Browning, Lowell, Burne-Jones. With such visitors I usually left

* In the recent volume, "New Poems," this little piece has unluckily been published with the misprints "placed" for "paced" in the first stanza, "as" for "an" in the second, and "dark" for "dock" in the fourth; the last stanza, which gives the whole its only point and *raison d'être*, being left out. The allusions concerning Dantés and the Château d'If point, of course, to the *Monte Cristo* of the elder Dumas.

him alone, and have at any rate no detailed notes or memories of his conversations with them. What I remember most vividly was how one day I came in from my work and found the servants, who were devoted to him, waiting for me in the hall with scared faces. He had had a worse hemorrhage than usual, and lay propped on his pillows in his red dressing-gown with pencil in hand and foolscap paper against his knees. He greeted me with finger on lip and a smile half humorous half ruefully deprecating, as though in apology for being so troublesome a guest; handing me at the same time a sheet on which he had written the words from Falstaff, "'Tis my vocation, Hal." Then, with a changed look of expectant curiosity and adventure, he wrote, "Do you think it will *faucher* me this time?" (French *faucher*, to mow down, to kill, make an end of.) I forget how the conversation, spoken on my side, written on his, went on. With his intimates and those of his household he held many such, and it would have been interesting to keep the sheets on which his side of the talk, often illustrated with comic sketches, was set down. So would it have been interesting to keep another record of the same illness, namely, the little lumps or pats of modellers' wax which he asked me to get for him and with which, when he could not talk, read, or write, he amused himself moulding little scenes with figures and landscapes in relief. These were technically childish, of course, but had always, like the woodcuts done to amuse his stepson at Davos, a touch of lively expressiveness and character. Some dozens of them, I remember, he finished, but no vestige of them remains. They were put into a drawer, dried, cracked, and were thrown away.

My next vision of him is the last, and shews him as he stood with his family looking down upon me over the rail of the outward-bound steamship *Ludgate Hill* while I waved a parting hand to him from a boat in the Thames by Tilbury Dock. From our first meeting in Suffolk until his return with his wife from California in 1880 had been one spell of seven years. From that return until this fresh departure in 1887 had been another. Yet a third spell of seven had passed when on one gloomy, gusty, sodden December day in 1894, I came down from lunching with Sir Harry Johnston, the African traveller and administrator, in the upper floor of a government office in Westminster, and saw newspaper posters flapping dankly in the street corners, with the words "Death of R. L. Stevenson" printed large upon them. The Pacific voyages and the island life had effectually healed his troubles of nerve, throat, and lung; but the old arterial weakness remained, and after so many years of unsparing mental toil the bursting of a blood-vessel in his brain had laid him low at the critical moment of his fully ripening power.

During that third and last period the day-dreams of the Mentone days had after all and in spite of all and against all likelihood been realized for him. Fame as a writer even beyond his aspirations had come to be his: of voyaging in far-off oceans, of happy outdoor activities and busy beneficent responsibilities in romantic circumstances and outlandish scenes, he had had his fill. Withal his love of his old friends had amid his new experiences and successes never weakened. Of this no one had ampler or more solid proofs than I. That amidst all his other absorbing interests, and in spite of his ever-growing passion and assiduity in literary work, he should never once have failed in writing to me his regular full budget of a monthly letter would have been proof enough in itself of such steadfastness. On the side of his friends at home, speaking at least for myself, I fear that our joy in the news of his returning strength and activity had been tempered by something of latent jealousy that so much good could befall him without help of ours and at a distance of half the world away from us. I know that I was inclined to be hypercritical about the quality and value of the work sent home from the Pacific. I thought the series of papers afterward arranged into the volume "In the South Seas" overloaded with information and the results of study, and disappointingly lacking in the thrill and romance one expected of him in relating experiences which had realized the dream of his youth. (I ought to mention that a far better qualified judge, Mr. Joseph Conrad, differs from me in this, and prefers

"In the South Seas" to "Treasure Island," principally for the sake of what he regards as a very masterpiece of native portraiture in the character of Tembinok', King of Apemama.)

Again, I thought it a pity that Stevenson should spend so much toil in setting out, in the volume "A Footnote to History," the details of a piece of very remote and petty recent history in which none except perhaps a few international diplomatists could possibly be expected to take interest. Of his work in fiction dealing with the islands, I thought most of "The Wrecker" below his mark, and "The Ebb-Tide," at least the first half of it, a rather dull and brutal piece of realism. True, these were collaboration pieces; and of island stories there was "The Beach of Falesá," and of Scottish tales "Catriona," which were all his own and of which the quality should have fully reassured one (the master-fragment "Weir of Hermiston" was of course unknown to us till after his death). But thinking as I did, I said so in my letters with the old frankness, causing him for once a shade of displeasure: for he wrote to me that I was being a little too Cockney with him, and to a common friend that I was getting to be something of an auld wife with my criticisms. Well, well, perhaps I was, perhaps not. But at any rate I have proof in full measure, including those treasured lines "To S. C." which the reader knows among his printed poems, that his affection for and memory of me were unchanging. As concerns mine for him,—there has been hardly a day in the thirty and odd years since he left us on which I, like others who loved him, have not missed him. His cousin Bob Stevenson, in some gifts and brilliancies almost his match, used to vow that the chief interest of anything which happened was to hear what Louis would say about it. World-events in the last five years have been too tremendous in themselves for so much to be said of any man without absurdity. But want him and long for him one does, to hear him talk both of them and of a thousand lesser things: most of all perhaps of those writers who have stepped into fame since his time. If we could have him back among us, as one sometimes has him in day-dreams, how we, his old friends and comrades in letters,—but alas! with what gaps among us, Henry James gone, Andrew Lang gone, and so many others,—how would we make haste to gather about him: and when we had had our turn, how eagerly would he look round for the younger fellow craftsmen, Sir James Barrie, Mr. Kipling,—not now indeed so young,—whose promise he had recognized and with whom in his last years he had exchanged greetings across the ocean. Of those who had not begun to write before he died the man I imagine him calling for first of all is the above-mentioned Mr. Conrad. How Stevenson, self-trained from boyhood with incessant labor to handle aright his mother tongue, would admire the aptness of this foreigner, who, beginning to think of writing in English only when he was well on in the thirties, had through some natural affinity of instinct and genius learnt to handle it with such power and distinction, making the soul of things pass into the soul of words in a language not his own by birth, but of which even in its subtlest rhythms and euphonies, its most intimate fibres of association and shades of suggestion, he had become perhaps the first of living masters. Some time about 1888–90 these two seafarers, the Polish gentleman turned British merchant-skipper and the ocean-loving author cruising far and wide in search of health, might quite well have met in life, only that the archipelago of Mr. Conrad's chief experiences was the Malay, that of Stevenson's the Polynesian. Could my dream be fulfilled, how they would delight in meeting now. I can see Stevenson kindling with pleasure and admiration over sea-tales like "Youth," "The End of his Tether," "The Typhoon," "Chance," and over sea characters such as Lingard and Captain Beard and Captain Whalley and Captain MacWhirr and Captain Anthony. What endless ocean and island yarns the two would exchange; how happily they would debate the methods and achievements of their common art; and how difficult it would be to part them!

THE BOTTOM OF THE CUP

By Gordon Arthur Smith

Author of "Mascarose," "The Pagan," "The Return," etc.

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

DIANE NICOLAS, having run away from home and thus, on an impulse, upset all her own and other people's plans for her future, found that Paris was not quite the radiant city of lights and romance which one brief former visit had led her to expect. The lights were there, to be sure, and doubtless the romance, but two are necessary to achieve romance even of the most tawdry sort—and Diane was alone. It is not gay to be alone in Paris, especially when one is young and a girl, and has been bred to be shy in the presence of strangers.

Why, then, she asked herself, had she come? Why had she abandoned Evremont-sur-Seine and her mother, and the little shop where her mother sold the crucifixes and the images of saints, and, above all, why had she abandoned her sister, Véronique, whom she herself had brought back, tear-stained and wretched, from the City of Lights?

Diane, I repeat, posed these questions to herself, but she could not answer them, nor can I. Certainly that one amusing, rather riotous night in Paris had had a great deal to do with her returning to live it again; and certainly she had been well aware that if she were to return ever to Paris, it could not be with the consent of Madame Nicolas. Psychologists and students of heredity would no doubt claim that her action was the result of the presence in her character of some strain of wilfulness and passion inherited from a remote rake of an ancestor—an excellent solution, of course, but pure nonsense. Had she taken the veil instead, these same authorities would just as convincingly have credited it to the presence of a strain of asceticism and mysticism inherited from an early saint or martyr.

In any case she had run away from everything that she loved and reverenced to come to Paris, of which she knew next to nothing. She did not know why she had done it, and she knew many reasons why she should not have done it, and yet I do not believe that at first she regretted at all having done it. That makes the action almost comprehensible. You see what I mean? The impulse was so powerful and so dominating that it left no room within her for regrets. She was able to rise above her disappointments. Also Paris, experienced even at its worst, was a change from Evremont—and Diane belonged to the restless sex.

On the occasion of her previous visit to Paris, she and Véronique had dined with some young Frenchmen at the Taverne du Panthéon. There had been a man—a young zouave and a friend of Véronique's friend—who had danced with her three times and who had assured her ardently that for him she was a glimpse of Paradise. She remembered with some confusion and a certain unavowed but very real pleasure, how closely during the dances he had held his Paradise. . . . So for three days in succession, at the end of her search for employment, she went to the Taverne du Panthéon. Besides, she argued, she had no reason to go elsewhere.

On the third day she encountered him. It was in the late afternoon, and she was alone at a table drinking a *sirop*. He came in laughing with two friends, stared at her a moment, and, when she blushed and smiled, went over to her and shook her cordially by both hands.

"But it is the little sister of Véronique!" he cried. "The little sister from the country; what does she do here alone, the little sister from the country?"

Diane was immensely and tremulously pleased.

"She drinks a *sirop*," she explained, with a gesture.

"Excellent," he laughed, "we shall all drink together, if you permit. I will pre-

sent to you my two friends—an artist called Bruno and a would-be architect called Ro-been-son. He is an American—the passionate-looking one with the beard. And you—you are Mademoiselle Diane, are you not?"

"Yes," she agreed, "you have a good memory, monsieur."

"One does not forget Paradise," he murmured, looking her in the eyes. "As for me—my name is——"

"Your name," she interrupted, "is Monsieur Raoul."

"I thank you a thousand times for deigning to remember," he said magnificently, with a slight smile and his eyes ever on hers. Then he motioned to Bruno and Robinson, and they made places for themselves around the table.

Bruno was a large man with a large mustache and a fatherly manner toward little women. Robinson was a gaunt, long American, who spoke French slang freely with a good accent and bad grammar, and who during the six months that he had studied for the Beaux-Arts had grown a beard and learned to neglect his nails and use a toothpick. Also he had learned to *tutoyer* every one—especially little women.

Over the glasses the conversation became rapid if not sparkling. They discovered that Diane had come alone to Paris; that she was seeking an opportunity to earn money in some dressmaking shop; that she embroidered, she had been told, with considerable skill, but that thus far she had found no employment.

"Why not pose for Bruno?" suggested Robinson. "He is doing a sort of imitation Chabas at present. Green, still pool; large tree; young girl shivering underneath."

But Robinson received no encouragement; for Raoul scowled at him disapprovingly, and Bruno resented hotly the imputation that he was copying Chabas.

Diane, not being an authority on art, did not venture to intrude in the discussion that ensued. Indeed she scarcely understood a word of what they said—no great loss to her, for she would without doubt hear it all repeated as often as she should be in their company.

Raoul, being a good deal of a materialist, took advantage of the argument to whisper an invitation for dinner to Diane. Just the two of them, of course. She neither refused nor accepted; and she was amused and a little perplexed when both Robinson and Bruno followed suit at short intervals, the former holding out a truly regal entertainment as his bait, and the latter suggesting a very modest dinner over which they should discuss her future and devise means for securing her employment. This he offered her in his most paternal manner, and, as it happened, the paternal manner won the day. Of Robinson and of Raoul she was afraid. As for Bruno—why, Bruno was almost as old and therefore almost as harmless as Monsieur Silvestre who kept the inn at Evremont.

And so she dined with Bruno, not only that night but several nights thereafter.

And he pretended to find work for her in the quarter, but never somehow succeeded. When her small capital was exhausted and she was starving, he fed her. And gradually her gratitude turned to affection and, as he had patiently planned, to what she thought was love. When that moment arrived Bruno pointed out to her how they might economize if she gave up her room and came to live with him. She could not deny the reasonableness of his argument, so she packed up her few little belongings and moved into his studio, where for a while she was very happy.

II

Bruno was always kind to her, and there is no reason to doubt that he loved her as well as he knew how. She, knowing nothing of men, was filled with a great respect for him and his work and his friends and, above all, his conversation. He talked a great deal of things she did not understand, but with such a profound air of conviction that she came to share his belief in the brilliancy of his intellect. This, of course, was gratifying to him, and tended to increase his affection for her. All males like to inspire a certain amount of awe in their womenfolk, and, when they succeed in this, they credit the woman with a comprehending nature and she rises correspondingly in their esteem.

So when Bruno discoursed in his studio to three or four of his disciples, Diane sat

quietly in a corner, all eyes and ears—and, moreover, very pretty eyes and ears. Bruno would smile kindly upon her if she ventured to intrude a remark, wave his pipe and answer her in words noticeably of one syllable. Then he would murmur half aloud, "*Elle est gentille*," or "*Est-ce qu'elle est mignonne!*" and resume his harangue. She was referred to constantly both by him and by his friends as "*la petite*," and his friends were very polite to her and in no way surprised at her presence in the studio. Later she suspected from this that she had had predecessors, but later she asked herself who had not?

For the time being her happiness depended entirely on Bruno's affection—on its manifestation and on its prospect of enduring. Quite naturally, no doubt, once she had committed herself, the thought of another man never entered her mind. And, so firm was her faith in Bruno that the possibility of his leaving her seemed out of the question. They were not married—that, of course, was very regrettable—but they loved each other and would grow old together and never separate. That, to her, was a certainty. She often made plans for their old age, so sure was she that they would reach it together—plans that comprised children and a possible marriage to legitimize them. Included among these plans was a triumphant return with her husband to Evremont and to her mother and her sister. There would be Monsieur le curé and Monsieur Silvestre, the innkeeper, rushing over to Madame Nicolas' shop to greet her, and Monsieur le curé would baptize the children in the little church on the square. Probably there would be three children. Two would be old enough to walk, and the baby she would carry in her arms. It would be summer, so she would be dressed in white with a crimson belt at her waist and a broad straw hat with roses in it. Bruno, who, of course, would receive a tremendous welcome, would lay down the artistic law of an evening to the wide-eyed curé and Monsieur Silvestre, and he would paint charming landscapes of the clean little red and white village and of the murmuring Seine with the poplars swaying in line beside it. These, after they had been exhibited at the Salon, he would doubtless sell for fabulous sums to rich Americans. . . . She was young, you see, and a dreamer of dreams, which made her less able to support the blow that reality was to deal to her. It seems strange (and yet such strange things happen continually) that she who had seen her sister Véronique disillusioned should have had no fears for herself.

Meanwhile her ménage with Bruno had not gained her the friendship either of Raoul or of Robinson, both of whom considered themselves to have been shabbily treated. Raoul thought she should have been his by right of discovery, and Robinson was unpleasantly surprised that she should have scorned him in spite of his offers of expensive entertainment.

Now it was unfortunate that at the time that Bruno offered Diane a share in his possessions and in his life he had been assiduously courting (always in his paternal manner) another. It was equally unfortunate that Bruno, who detested a row, had not had the courage to inform this other that her seat on the throne beside him had been very adequately filled.

The girl whom Diane had supplanted was called Madeleine Brissonet, and was known by those who knew her as Madelon. Living with her father at St. Cloud, she was not either by birth or by residence of the quarter; but she came daily to draw in an atelier off the Boulevard du Montparnasse. There Bruno had met her and had condescended to criticise her work, which was deplorable. He had assured her, however, that she showed promise, and had given her several dinners at the Closerie des Lilas, during which he had wooed her with his eloquence and a rather heavy Burgundy. Madelon, a little flaxen-haired hypocrite, had played him like a fish until she had reduced him to a condition where she had but to reach for the landing net. Very demure and saint-like she was, and as hard as nails. Accordingly, men admired her, and the women students at the atelier disliked her intensely and consoled themselves by telling one another that she was knock-kneed (which was not true) and that, of course, she dyed her hair. The latter accusation she admitted, offering them the recipe.

It is obvious, then, that Raoul, Robin-

son, and Madelon were a formidable trio, each with a spoke ready to thrust into the wheel of Diane's happiness. That the three of them met one afternoon at Lavenue's was not, however, the result of a conspiracy—it was an event that sooner or later was bound to occur. Poor Bruno would have trembled had he seen their three heads together over the foaming bocks.

"Have you ever seen her, Madelon?" Robinson began maliciously.

"Whom?" asked Madelon.

"The little friend of Bruno," said Robinson. "She is quite lovely—young, slim, graceful, adorable and, I believe, adoring. Old Bruno is most fortunate. He appears to know it and is as happy as a cat before the fire. Have you met him recently and noted his rejuvenation?"

"You are always disagreeable," said Madelon—"even when you do not try to be. So why, I wonder, do you try?"

Robinson smiled like a man of the world and blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke.

"I am trying to arouse you," he said languidly. "I am bored and I should like to see a little action in the quarter. Life is dull, isn't it, Raoul?"

"Life is very dull," agreed the zouave. "I could have loved that girl. Indeed, I am not sure that I did not and do not. What eyes—like those of a saint giving in to temptation! I wish I had married her."

"Imbecile," observed Madelon briefly, and sipped her beer.

Raoul smiled at her a shade pityingly.

"You do not understand," he said. "You have not seen her."

"But yes, I have seen her," she retorted impatiently. "And what then? I saw a thin little provincial in an abominable gown and hat of the early Fallières period. Do you think I allow myself to be perturbed by such a competitor. Bruno will tire of her in a week, and if he does not, —order me another bock, Robinson, you who are rich."

"It is just as well that you are not jealous," said Robinson, giving the order —"it is just as well that you are not jealous, because I have never before seen a ménage that promised to be so enduring. I understand that Bruno intends to marry her shortly. That, at least, would be a marriage made in heaven."

Robinson leant back in his chair to witness the effect of this, his supreme blow. Machiavelli would, I think, have been pleased with Robinson.

That Madelon was perturbed was instantly apparent to one who knew her. Her childish little mouth lost something of its childishness, the eyelids narrowed over her large blue eyes, and suddenly she ceased to be pretty. Framed by her coy yellow curls, her face seemed for an instant almost old. . . . She pretended to be busy with a cigarette.

"Who told you about the marriage?" she asked at length—"or are you lying?"

His point gained, Robinson could afford to feign indifference.

"Naturally," he said lazily, "I am lying. I always lie. But if you don't believe me, my dear Madelon, there is nothing to prevent your finding out for yourself."

Raoul, who was hampered by certain decent sentiments, interposed.

"Come," he said, "leave her alone. It is not Diane's fault that she made us miserable, and at least she has made old Bruno happy."

Meant well, it was nevertheless a most unfortunate speech and put Madelon into a rage that she made no attempt to conceal.

"Happy!" she said. "That little fool from the country that dresses herself like a chambermaid on Sunday—that ignorant little toy doll make Bruno happy! Bah! *Je m'en fiche d'elle comme de ma chemise!*"

She went on to say even more—phrases, I fear, that she had not learned from the good sisters in the convent. Robinson listened in silent approval.

"You do not understand human nature, Madelon," he interposed at length. "This little Diane does not dress expensively nor does she act expensively. She is simple and natural in clothes and actions. That is why Bruno will marry her. The contrast. . . ."

"The contrast with me, I suppose," sneered Madelon.

"Precisely. What are you going to do about it?"

Madelon clutched tardily at her lost dignity.

"I will beckon with my finger," she said grandly, "and Bruno will come."

"Very well," said Robinson. "Beckon and good luck."

III

MADELON lost no time in beckoning with her finger. Arming herself with a "Manual for the Writing of Letters of Passion," which she procured from a book stall on the Quai, she retired to a remote table in a café and set to work. The result was the following masterpiece, of which the phrases were culled from the book, but of which the many and elaborately formed capital letters were her own.

"MY LOVE:

"It is a long time that one has not seen you. Is it that you have tired of me so soon—of me whom you swore to Love for always. I cannot believe it, and yet I am frightened at your Coolness. During these three weeks I have waited with Patience for a word from you, and my Heart is broken and torn with a Supreme Anguish. What have I done to you that you scorn the Bleeding Heart I have placed in your hands? Am I then nothing to you but a Toy which you have broken and thrown aside? One time you called me Beautiful and all that was adorable. Is that time so long ago that you have forgotten, or is it that I have ceased to be Beautiful and adorable? Come to me once more that I may prove to you how Beautiful and adorable I yet can be. Your Madelon who forgets not."

And then she added, of course, a postscript—and this without the aid of her manual.

"Meet me Thursday at five at the Musée du Luxembourg. If not, I shall kill you, dirty pig!"

She reread the letter with deep satisfaction. It seemed to combine passion and dignity, and the postscript robbed it of a certain humility which to her mind had rather marred the letter from the manual.

"Now," she said, when she had stamped and mailed it—"now, we shall see."

But as a matter of fact she saw nothing resultant for several days; for during those days Diane had been guilty of a dishonorable act: she had opened the letter and read it before it reached the hands of Bruno. And this, again, had been the result of Robinson's Machiavellian touch.

The day after Robinson had sown the seed of jealousy in Madelon's fertile brain, he had decided that Diane ought to be aroused to her danger, lest the combat be too one-sided and Madelon steal Bruno away without a struggle. For complete vengeance a struggle surely was necessary—a three-cornered struggle in which each of the combatants should be rendered thoroughly miserable. Such men as Robinson exist, but as a rule they are not allowed to reach their prime.

Accordingly, in order that Diane might have her fair portion of misery, Robinson presented himself at the studio at an hour when he knew Bruno was away. Diane received him, clad in a long apron. She was preparing to cook the dinner, and had just finished polishing the floor.

"The perfect housewife," said Robinson, eying her with open admiration. "Spotlessly neat, cool in spite of the heat, and no trace of that unbecoming flush so often bred of the kitchen stove. In you Bruno has a jewel. I can but hope that he knows it."

"Come in," answered Diane, "and sit down. Or, no—help me rather with the coals, if you will be so kind."

"I can stay only an instant," declared Robinson quickly, for he had no desire to help with the coals. "Postpone the dinner preparation for five minutes, my dear, as I have something of great importance to tell you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "let me guess! It is that you have been admitted to the Beaux-Arts?"

He shook his head, smiling, watching her.

"No; not so cataclysmic as that."

She pondered and finally said tentatively: "You have perhaps bought that pipe you so admire in the shop of the Rue de la Paix?"

Still he shook his head.

"More epoch-making than that."

"I know, then," she cried— "it is that you are to be married?"

He ceased smiling and laid his hand on her arm.

"No," he said, "but it is that you are in danger of being divorced."

The shot was too abrupt for success. She did not at once grasp his meaning, and so she looked at him to ascertain whether or not he was joking. One never knew with that Robinson. But no, he was not joking. On the contrary, he was very grave. Then, slowly, the color left her face, and she turned her head away and pretended to busy herself with the kettle. He watched her without pity, while she fumbled about aimlessly and blindly, and he did not relent when she secretly put the sleeve of her apron to her eyes.

"What do you mean?" she whispered at length. "Tell me what you mean."

"I mean that Bruno is meeting Madelon almost every day, and that soon he will leave you for her."

"Who—who is Madelon?"

It was Robinson's turn to be astonished. It had not occurred to him that she knew nothing of the existence of Madelon. Every one else in the quarter knew of Madelon—every one at least who knew Bruno.

"Come," he said harshly, "do not pretend ignorance. Madelon is—was—well, Madelon will soon be cooking old Bruno's dinner, just as you are doing now—only better than you are doing now, for you appear to be doing it very badly."

"Ah," said Diane, "I understand what you mean. I detest you!"

"That, I suppose," murmured Robinson, "would undoubtedly follow. But a kind action is its own reward, so I ask for nothing more. I can but urge you to keep your beautiful eyes open—his correspondence, for example. Watch it closely. Open it, if it appears suspicious. It is often done, and a woman in your position should and must defend herself. Men are brutes—untrustworthy brutes. I am one, myself."

"You," cried Diane—"you! You are shameful, you are ignoble! Go away—you have made me miserable."

"I am sorry," said Robinson, "and I go. Only remember—watch the letters he receives, and if some day you should need the air, follow Bruno on one of his walks. You will doubtless find it interesting and—er—illuminating. Dear madame, I say to you adieu."

His work done, he left her. Magnificent Robinson!

When he had gone, she threw herself on her bed and cried, and for the first time wished that she was back home at Evremont-sur-Seine. And then, gradually, she ceased to cry, and since she was very human, her dismay turned to anger. As I have said, there was always the trace of a devil lying latent in Diane; and if any woman has within her a latent devil it can most easily be aroused by the whip of jealousy.

It was unfortunate that at this moment the elderly bearded lady who served as concierge panted up the stairs bearing Madelon's letter to Bruno.

Diane took the letter, studied the writing on the envelope, turned a little white and breathless, and went slowly to the kitchen where the kettle was steaming on the stove. The kettle, the steam, the insecurely sealed envelope, and a jealous devil within her—the combination triumphed and the angels wept.

She read Madelon's literary effort grimly and scornfully, and as Madelon had been contemptuous of her, so now she became contemptuous of Madelon. An illiterate little creature who culled her phrases obviously from a Manual!—all except the postscript, of course, which might have been the work of the daughter of a cab-driver.

Surely Bruno, the great artist, the intellectual, the wise man of his circle, could not be lured by such a one. Her reasoning, of course, was fallacious, for she did not understand the inconsistencies of men, and, moreover, she sadly overestimated the refinement of Bruno's nature. But an older, more sophisticated woman might have well made the same mistake, for few women can see any virtue in their rivals. . . .

Before resealing the letter, she hesitated. Should she destroy it, should she deliver it to Bruno apparently intact and unread, or should she frankly confront him with it? Determining on a compromise, she took pen and ink and, in carefully executed block letters, added one more postscript:—"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Madelon will soon be cooking old Bruno's dinner, just as you are doing now—"—Page 360.

Then she resealed the envelope, placed it on Bruno's desk and hastened to cook the dinner.

IV

THE two days that intervened between the receipt of Madelon's letter and the Thursday for which had been set the rendezvous with Bruno, were for Diane days of indecision, of despair, and of wrath.

Bruno's reception of the letter had been a trying moment. He had glanced at the address and had retired immediately to the bedroom to read the contents unseen and undisturbed. On emerging from this seclusion, he had cast her a sharp, inquisitorial glance from under his deep brows. She had simulated unconcern and nothing had been said; but the postscript must have intrigued him—must have unsettled him a little. Still, there was no means by which he could be certain that it was Diane who had added the challenging phrase: "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" The fact that it applied in no way to Madelon's position would not have prevented that borrower of phrases from having appended it as a gem of purely rhetorical value. So Bruno, wisely, or unwisely, had decided that the less said the better. He, at any rate, would not broach the subject.

Thursday, at five, at the Musée du Luxembourg. Madelon was there, of course, and Bruno, looking furtively behind him, arrived at five minutes past the hour. And Diane, hating herself for spying, but hating Madelon more, saw them meet. She saw Madelon throw her arms around Bruno's neck and kiss him; and then she went home, hating not only herself but all the world.

This time there were no tears. There was, rather, a blinding rage, a hot rage that flamed in her cheeks and that burned her tears dry. A man in her mood would probably have committed murder and been acquitted, but she, being a woman, planned a more subtle revenge.

The information she needed was easily obtained. Madelon Brissonet lived with her father at St. Cloud and came daily to an atelier in the quarter, supposedly to paint. She was seemingly a respectable little bourgeoise daughter of a respectable old bourgeois—a government employee. Now, no one in France is so eminently respectable as a government employee, especially one who holds a minor position, and no one is so proud and so careful of his respectability. Employment by the government is for the honest bourgeois the ambition of his youth, the glory of his prime, and the solace of his age.

Diane, consulting a Bottin in the nearest tobacco-shop, read:

"Brissonet, Adolphe—Clerk in the Bureau des P. T. T., 8 bis rue Legrand, St. Cloud."

That made it very simple. She would go to St. Cloud and call upon Monsieur Adolphe Brissonet, and suggest that his daughter, Madelon, hie herself to a convent for her soul's sake. True, Monsieur Brissonet would doubtless be heartbroken at the revelation she would make, but—well, other hearts were being broken with impunity, and Diane was in a rage. For the time being hell had no fury like unto her.

Late on the following afternoon she dressed herself in her Sunday clothes—black with a white lace collar—and boarded a tram for St. Cloud. Alighting at the square by the Pavillon Bleu, she inquired the direction of the rue Legrand, and was informed that it was ten minutes on foot, up the hill to the right.

"It is wet and the road is muddy," added the gallant *sergent de ville*, "but madame will find taxis opposite the Pavillon."

"Thank you," she answered, "but I prefer to walk."

The preference was pretense, for her purse contained only a franc and some coppers.

The rue Legrand was a neat enough little street that ran at an acute angle from the main road along the side of the hill. It was lined with detached villas, fenced off carefully from each other and from the street by stone walls and by iron grilled gates, on each of which hung a plaque bearing the grandiose name of the villa to which it gave access. Number 8 bis was called Villa Marie Antoinette—a strange name for the habitation of an employee of the Third Republic. Doubtless Monsieur Brissonet had purchased the name-plate along with the villa and had been too thrifty to buy a new one.

Diane rang the bell beside the iron gate. She was a little frightened and her heart was beating overfast, but rage had not left it. Moreover, once her mind was made up to a project, it was her nature to see it through. Witness the fact that she had run away from home—surely a far more daring adventure than this.

After an interval, a thin, neat old woman came down the gravel path to admit her.

"I desire to see Monsieur Brissonet," said Diane firmly—"on a most urgent matter."

"If mademoiselle will enter," replied the neat old woman.

She stepped aside to let Diane through the gate, and then preceded her up the walk between the closely clipped hedges. When they reached the house—it was at no great distance—the neat old woman said: "If mademoiselle will be so kind as to give her name, I will inform monsieur. He is in the garden at the back, watering the geraniums."

"Say that it is Mademoiselle Nicolas. I—I know his daughter."

Instantly the neat old woman's face brightened, and she broke into a kindly smile.

"A friend of Mademoiselle Madeleine," she said. "Monsieur will be so rejoiced to greet you."

Diane answered nothing.

They traversed a narrow hallway which led through the house to the garden in the rear. It was a symmetrical little garden, laid out with precision on geometrical lines. A bed of geraniums on one side balanced a bed of geraniums on the other. A path ran down the middle and, exactly in the centre of the garden, made a circle around a small pool of water where floated six lily-pads, three on a side. Admirers of the pool were supposedly accommodated by six green iron chairs, also three on a side. At the far end of the garden, in the corners of the wall, Monsieur Brissonet had planted two plum-trees, one of which was not doing well and caused him much anxiety. It probably caused him more anxiety than anything else in his life at that time. The year before, of course, had been different: he had been greatly upset and very much excited, for it was that year that he had determined to have new tiles put on the coping of the garden-wall. True, the new tiles were not yet in place, but at least the decision had been made. That and the death of the cat had made of it a very feverish year.

When Diane stepped into the garden Monsieur Brissonet was, as the neat old woman had foreseen, watering the geraniums. His back was turned at the moment, so all that Diane could see of him was a thin stooping figure in a brown linen duster and a broad-brimmed, black felt hat.

"Monsieur!" called the neat old woman shrilly, and obtaining no response, again: "Monsieur! There is a lady!"

The stooping figure straightened up and turned inquiringly, and then Monsieur Brissonet, rather reluctant to leave his task unfinished, advanced toward Diane.

"It is Mam'selle Nicolas, a friend of Mam'selle Madeleine," explained the neat old woman.

Monsieur Brissonet immediately quickened his pace and came to Diane, his face beaming, his two hands outstretched. He was short and slight and agile as a restless bird. He had a round red face and a smart white mustache, and, when he removed his hat, Diane saw that he was quite bald save for a scant semicircle of white hair like a beard put on the back of his neck. His gray eyes sparkled alertly behind a pair of spectacles. In short, he appeared to be a very kindly old man.

"I come, Alphonsine," he cried. "I come!" And come he did, so effusively that Diane feared he was about to embrace her. Instead he took her hands and drew her to a bench near a round table.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I am greatly honored. Any friend of my Madeleine is welcome to whatever I have. Give yourself the trouble to sit here and Alphonsine will bring us some cakes and a glass of wine. Alphonsine, the *old* port, and whatever cakes there are. We will sit here where we can see the garden, and mademoiselle and I will talk a little and become acquainted while we wait for the return of Madeleine."

Alphonsine, greatly excited, hurried off to obey.

"But, monsieur—" began Diane, and stopped.

"I expect Madeleine at any moment," he pursued when he noticed her hesitation. "Sometimes she is detained at the atelier with her painting-lessons. But I do not complain. She has talent—undoubted talent—all her professors say so. And I think it is good to encourage it. And she loves the work, does she not? Ah, that must be wonderful—so wonderful—to be an artist and to have the means to study. But you, yourself, mademoiselle, doubtless you are also an artist. Tell me about yourself and your work—Madeleine tells me so little. She is very modest and will not talk. But I know she is doing well—perhaps you will tell me all about it. You see, I am so far away from everything here at St. Cloud, and all day long I sit at my desk, so that I never, except on Sundays, have an occasion to go down to the city. But mine is good work, I think. It is steady work and it is for the country and the Republic. Ah, yes, for the Republic! I served under the Empire when I was a lad—but I am a staunch republican. The Republic has given me my little house and my garden and my daily bread, and I am grateful to it, for what else does a man desire? And more, it has given me the ability to set aside a little money for Madeleine. But the Empire—" he stopped and smiled wistfully—"the Empire gave me only a bullet in my arm and this to wear in my buttonhole."

He drew back the collar of his linen duster and pointed proudly to a red ribbon in the lapel of his coat.

"The Legion!" murmured Diane.

"Yes," he said. "And yet we surrendered to them. I wish we had it to do over again with the First Napoleon to lead us. It would have been different—very different. . . . But I am talking about myself, and that I can do any time to the old Alphonsine. It is you who should talk and I who should listen. Tell me, now, do you study in the same atelier with my Madeleine?"

"There is a mistake, monsieur," stammered Diane. And then she steeled herself and continued:

"I do not work in the atelier with Madeleine. I am not a painter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Brissonet, "a sculptor, of course. What a wonderful art! Three dimensions instead of two. I have a friend here in St. Cloud who is a sculptor, so you perceive I am well acquainted with your profession. He has done some excellent work at Père-Lachaise. Urns and wreaths and torches and even, in one instance, the complete figure of an angel bearing a wreath of laurel. That was for the grave of a soldier—a poor old fellow who died four years ago and left nothing but a rusty sword and dented cuirass. He had been in the cavalry under MacMahon. My friend the sculptor did the monument and charged nothing. He has such a big heart that I tell him he will die in the poorhouse. Now, I—I am very selfish. What I do not give to Madeleine or set aside for her *dot*, I spend on this little house and garden. Of course I do not earn very much, but it is a good steady work and it is for the Republic. . . . So you are a sculptor?"

The arrival of Alphonsine, bearing port and cakes, saved Diane a reply. The neat old woman served her with a friendliness that was unmistakable; and when she had poured the wine and passed the cakes, it was only too evident that she nourished the idea of lingering to listen to the conversation.

"It is of Mademoiselle Madeleine that one talks?" she inquired pointedly. "Monsieur permits that I remain?"

Monsieur Brissonet laughed.

"There is the adoring old servant who speaks," he explained to Diane. "That little Madeleine of mine—how she wins every one! It is but recently that she was chosen as 'L'Enfant de Marie' for the village. But perhaps you do not know what it signifies to be chosen 'L'Enfant de Marie'? It means that you are the young girl of the community who has the most blameless character and displays the greatest influence for good."

"I know, monsieur," said Diane. "My sister was once an 'Enfant de Marie.'"

"Ah, that is good—that is very good. I am sure that you, yourself, mademoiselle, were a close competitor for the honor. And so you are Catholic? They tell me it is old-fashioned under the Republic, but I persist. I think it is greatly out of respect for the memory of my wife, Madeleine's mother. Poor Madeleine

has had no mother for a long time—except Alphonsine, here, who has looked after Madeleine and me ever since my wife died. How many years ago was that Alphonsine?"

"Sixteen," replied the neat old woman gravely. "Monsieur knows as well as I. Does not monsieur hang her picture with crape at every anniversary—may the saints cherish her in heaven."

"*Ainsi soit-il*," said Monsieur Brissonet, and blew his nose loudly with a red handkerchief.

"I wish you could have known Madeleine's mother," he continued. "She would have been so pleased to have welcomed you here, and she would have done it so much more gracefully than I. She was brought up with the saints. That is what I always told her. It was my little joke. You see her family used to keep a little shop here in the village, where one bought images of the saints and crucifixes and missals and funeral wreaths. So I would tell her she was brought up with the saints. . . . But, mademoiselle, a thousand pardons. I am very stupid, I have made you cry. My poor child, what will Madeleine say to me when she sees I have made you cry. Never shall I forgive myself to have talked along about these sad things—I who in my stupidity fancied I was telling you my little joke. Will you pardon me, my dear child?"

He leaned toward her with real concern clouding his round red face, and his eyes pleaded behind the spectacles. Timidly he ventured to pat her hand.

"The poor darling is tired," said Alphonsine, forgetting all formality.

"Yes," agreed Diane. "Yes, I think that I am very tired. It is you, monsieur, who must pardon me. I have, perhaps, been working too hard at—at the atelier."

She sat up and dried her eyes; but her resolution had left her. Never could she bring herself now to shatter this simple old man's pride and peace. Madeleine she could have struck at, but not Madeleine's father. And it was such a trivial thing that had brought her to this conclusion—the mention of a shop where were sold wreaths and crucifixes and little figures of saints. Trivial! But was it trivial? Of a sudden it became to her all of life. For it was in just such a shop that she had lived with her mother and sister, and it was such a shop that she had left behind her on the night that she had stolen away to Paris. That shop became no longer a shop but a symbol—a symbol of what she had so lightly abandoned, but which from her birth had been bred deep within her. I do not believe that as yet it was sense of guilt that urged her, it was rather a transcending desire to return to the hearth—to familiar and loved faces—to her mother, and Véronique, and the curé, and to her mother's shop and the curé's church on the square, and to Evremont and the soothing murmur of the Seine whispering to the poplars.

"I must go," Monsieur Brissonet, she said, rising. "I ask pardon, but I must go. I cannot wait."

"I am sorry," said he, and meant it. "It is too bad—Madeleine should be here long ago. Do you care to leave some message, perhaps?"

"Yes," said Diane, and hesitated. Then, holding out both hands to Monsieur Brissonet, she said: "Tell Madeleine that I am very glad I came. And tell her that to have seen you has done me a great deal of good."

V

When she returned to the studio that evening, Bruno was sitting by the stove, smoking a pipe, impatient for his dinner.

"Bruno," she said, "you will have to cook your own dinner to-night and eat it alone."

"What is that?" said he.

"I am leaving you," she answered quietly.

"Leaving!" he exclaimed, setting down his pipe in mild surprise. "Where are you going?"

"Home—to Evremont."

"Come," he said kindly, "what—what is the trouble?"

"The trouble is with me. You have not changed. I have. So I am leaving you."

He opposed the resolution sincerely and vehemently. He swore to his fidelity—he denied all others but her. It was in vain.

With a franc and a few coppers in her purse and a slim bundle of clothing under her arm, she went out of the studio, leaving him too dazed to remonstrate further.

That night she procured a bed at the cost of the franc. The next morning she procured food at the cost of the coppers. But the following night she sat on a bench by the river in a thin drizzle of cold rain. She had not enough in her purse to pay for the journey home.

Once again she tried to find employment, and earned four sous for scrubbing a floor in a bookshop on the rue du Bac. That was all.

When she had gone without food for two days she had only the strength left to sit on a bench and dream. She visioned the red roofs of Evremont, shining clean and bright in the morning sun; the square where the sparrows fought around the watering-trough; the fields sloping down to the poplar-lined river.

But it was nearly thirty kilometres to Evremont by the road, and it was by the road that she must go if she were to go at all.

She said to herself. "I shall not have strength to reach it, but I will start. If I die on the way they will know I tried my best to come home, and perhaps they will forgive me. Yes, it is better to make the effort. Besides, the river is very cold."

When she reached this decision it was night, and she slept once more on a bench by the Seine. She was aroused by the voice of Paris—the shouts of the teamsters, the whistles of the river boats, the singsong of the peddlers. She shivered for the dawn was cold and damp. When she stood up she swayed dizzily and clutched at the bench to steady herself. Before her the Seine flowed smoothly, gray and sullen save where a pale shaft of sunlight penetrated the haze and shone on the ripples like dull copper. She stood contemplating the river for a while. Then she shook her head and said aloud: "The roadside is nicer than the river." So she turned her back on the river and started for home.

AUTUMNAL

By William Alexander Percy

To-night the tumult of the autumn wind
Rushes between the ragged gray of heaven
And earth's autumnal gray—swift, swift and loud—
Filled with the wings of wild birds southward blown
And with the wings of leaves that only fly
Their red and golden flight when they are dead.
And we, who keep the earth unwillingly,
Are caught, are caught, up with the birds and the leaves,
Are whirled above the spare unblossoming fields,
Along the pallid torrents of the air,
Far from the earth we know, past the dead moon,
Beyond the blue-lit scattered spheres of night
That flicker down the dark like shaken leaves,
On, on, with the rushing winds of autumn,
Out to the stark, last outpost of creation—
Where nothingness surges. . . .
From that wan strand where breaks that ebon tide,
Could we behold, were spirit vision ours,
The blowing legions of the homeless dead
In wraithy phosphorus against the void?
A little while, O winds that rush and call,
A little while, O leaves, and we shall know!

KOREA AND SHANTUNG VERSUS THE WHITE PERIL

By Charles H. Sherrill

Author of "French Memories of Eighteenth-Century America," "Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine," etc.

THAT amazing Venetian, Marco Polo, who returned home from "Far Cathay" in 1292, after a sojourn there of nearly two decades, amazed Europe for many a long day by his account of the wonders of the Far East. His alluring remarks concerning Zipangu, later called Japan, were destined to have striking results. Marco Polo died in 1324, and more than a century and a half afterward one of his readers, also an Italian, inspired by his narrative and by other stories to win a sight of glorious Zipangu, resolutely set his face against all accepted geographical beliefs and sailed for the fabled island in a westward direction instead of following the eastward path of the earlier adventurer. This later Italian (his name was Christopher Columbus) by his epoch-making voyage toward Zipangu transformed the earth from a flat plain into a globe. He did more—his addition of the two new continents to the known world led the way to the white man's overrunning the earth. Columbus died ignorant that he had discovered a new hemisphere but believing he had found lands near to the Zipangu he so earnestly longed to see. Never since his successful venture to new continents has the relentless expansion of the white man's dominion ceased. Nor has he been contented to expand until his flags covered not only the two American continents but also those of Africa and Australia as well as most of the "isles of the seas." Equally persistent has been his enthusiasm for adding Asian territory to his dominions. Russia pushed steadily across its northern half until the Pacific Ocean alone checked her eastward march, and then turning southeasterly she began to swing downward through Manchuria until she reached the Gulf of Pechili and the Yellow Sea and was firmly seated at Port Arthur, which she turned into the Gibraltar of the East. Meanwhile in southern Asia England had taken all the great territories of India, and then, for elbow-room, had spread west and east and northeast, reaching out along the Malay Straits, Singapore way, and over the lofty Himalayas into Thibet. East of her France took a huge piece of China, Tonkin, with its 80,000,000 of Chinese inhabitants. The English, by formal notice, warned all other Powers out of that central and best portion of China loosely called the Yangtse Valley. The French issued a similar taboo notice covering all Chinese territory south of the Yangtse Valley. The Russian took even stronger steps throughout Manchuria and Mongolia, so that when the Germans raised their standard over Shantung, the white races had omitted little of Asia except the province of Chihli, around Peking, in which city they maintained armed bodies of men as legation guards, who together dominated that neighborhood.

Now let us suppose the reader is himself an interested Japanese geographer, wonderingly observing these advancing waves of the White Peril, ever approaching nearer and nearer to his island home off the Asian coast. Assume that, being such an observer, he is as patriotic and intelligent as the average American would be under similar circumstances. What would he think?—silently at first, until such time as his growing exasperation made him burst into action at seeing these white men from far-off Europe, not content with annexing all the rest of the world, finally engaged in absorbing the near-by lands of his (the Japanese's) neighbor and fellow Oriental, China. Of all these Occidental invaders of your neighbor (for remember, gentle reader, you are Japanese for the while) not one has a crowded homeland like yours, needing more territory for the annual population increase of 700,000. Not a single one of them!—and yet they have finally ad-

vanced until the White Peril which has overrun the world has arrived at your very door. To quote from President Cleveland, it "is a condition and not a theory that confronts" you, and that condition insistently presents the question of the famous Tammany chieftain: "What are you going to do about it?" Are you going to leave Russia in Manchuria with her great stronghold of Port Arthur as convenient to your coasts as is Wei-hai-wei across the gulf for the British or near-by Tsingtao for the Germans? And while you are turning this condition over in your Japanese mind, don't forget that Russia replaced you in the Liao Tung peninsula after you had handsomely won it in the Chinese war, because, forsooth! the Russian, French, and German Governments by a polite joint note expressed their fear that its continued occupation by you would be a menace to international peace! It was all right for a white man to hold that strategic Chinese port—any white man, but not you! But let us get back to the Tammany man's practical inquiry: "What are you going to do about it?" Why, exactly what you did do about it—attack the Russian, throw him out of Manchuria, take and hold the menace of Port Arthur, and then eliminate his influence from Korea, where he not only stood for the lowest form of inefficient and unsanitary burlesque on government but actually encouraged the persistence of the ignorance and filth that made the Hermit Kingdom in every sense a stench—a land of but two classes: the robbers and the robbed. The American people openly sympathized with the Japanese cause in their Russian war and President Roosevelt approved and formally recognized the annexation of Korea by Japan.

One of the chief causes of our Spanish War was our inability longer to tolerate the constant yellow-fever danger from Cuban ports which the Spaniards neither could nor cared to control. And yet Cuba in her worst days was as an antiseptic hospital ward in comparison with what Korea always meant to Japan—just across Tsushima Straits. Now are you, kind sir or madam, at last and for the first time, beginning to see the Far Eastern problem through Japanese eyes, and therefore in a new light? Shantung and Korea, the two sore points of Japanese aggression, as some Occidentals call them; yes, but how do the Japanese feel about them? That is something never considered by the "rocking-chair fleet" of internationalists at home who have never seen the Far East but have talked so incessantly of the Yellow Peril bogie that they cannot realize the swallowing powers of that real dragon, the White Peril, and how he is regarded by the other fellow.

We have seen that, to the Japanese, Korea, always a dangerous pest-breeding neighbor, would, if left to the Russian, afford a handy spring-board for a leap upon near-by Japan. The Russian was defeated and Korea has been cleaned up. And what does Shantung mean to the Japanese? It means an eleventh-hour decision to prevent the passage into white hands of that last remnant of Asia which fronted on the Japan dominated waters, the waters so vital to the island race living in their midst. The Japanese cannot, for the life of him, understand America's excitement over Shantung province when the French holding of the far greater provinces in Tonkin, etc., excite him no more than does England's or Russia's takings from China! If the reader still has on his Japanese spectacles, can he see why Japan should give up Shantung while the French, English, or Russians retain their lots of broken China?

If I were Japanese I would loosen my hold on Shantung at the same time that the French, English, and Russians relinquish their acquisitions of Chinese territory, and not a minute sooner. But—I would not have agreed to restore Shantung to China, as Japan did in her 1914 ultimatum to Germany, nor would I have promised to support the sovereignty of the Korean royal house only a few short years before August 29, 1910, when Korea was incorporated into the Japanese Empire. But that remark brings us round a sharp corner into a subject far wider than the Far East—it brings us face to face with the long-established usages of European diplomacy.

In the Japanese formal assurances just cited, whereby she seemingly gave definite outlines to her future policies regarding those two moot points of Far Eastern discussion, Shantung and Korea, Japan was

but following a well-understood and commonly accepted system of verbiage employed by European diplomacy. Some ill-judged friends of Japan claim that she was only giving expression to an Oriental's desire to say something pleasant whilst waiting future events to shape themselves conveniently for the speaker. There is no use, and certainly no common sense, in advancing that sort of explanation which does not explain. Frankness is best and therefore wisest, and the frank fact is that Japan's early statements and later acts are nothing more or less than parallels of England's concerning Egypt. England went into Egypt hand in hand with France and under the soothing fiction of allegiance and support to the Khedive representing the Turkish Sultan. Presently the French found themselves firmly but very, very gently disengaged from the Egyptian situation and England remaining alone in the saddle, with, of course, the allegiance-to-Khedive fiction still out in the show-window. The English did wonders in Egypt. They cleaned up an Augean stable, they harnessed the once dangerous Nile so that its floods became uninterruptedly profitable, they gave good government to a downtrodden people; indeed, nowhere has the justly praised colonial rule of the English borne sounder fruit. But—and note this, you critics of Japanese verbiage anent Shantung and Korea—it was all done under the diplomatic fiction of promising allegiance to a ruler not allowed to rule, of seeming subordination of the real and acting power just like the Japanese phraseology regarding the Korean royal house. Nobody ever calls England's treatment of Egypt an example of Oriental duplicity—they approvingly style it a splendid undertaking of the White Man's Burden! If Japan seeks a European model for her diplomatic action she need not go so far back as the beginnings of English rule in Egypt. She has only to make use of English phraseology in her dealings this year (1919) with Persia. Russia has gone to pieces, and so has the old understanding dividing Persia into two spheres of influence, the northern, Russian, and the southern, English. Does England now take over all of Persia outright? Certainly not!—no more (in words) than Japan did Korea—and no less! All she does is to bind Persia to purchase all military and other government equipment from England and to take from her also all "advisers" of any and every department and to borrow from her all moneys needed, whether for railroads or other improvements advised by the English "advisers," and also to let them "advise" in the revision of her tariff. That is all; and, further, the English Government, with small sense of humor, goes on to agree in the same documents "to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia"! This of course puts Persia to-day under the same sort of British domination that was exercised over Egypt until the action of the Sultan in the war necessitated dropping the outworn fiction of allegiance to his sovereignty. This is not written to criticise England but to readjust the view-point of those who criticise Japan for using the same diplomatic formulas and methods before taking over Korea as England used in Egypt and is this year using in Persia. The Korean episode was not "typical of Oriental diplomacy"—it was only European diplomacy applied by Orientals in the Orient, that is all.

As for Shantung, when you view it from the Japanese point of view and realize she is not taking all that her 1915 treaties with England, France, and Italy permitted, you will see that the Japanese have a right to flatter themselves that they are showing far more moderation than has ever been shown in the Far East by her three European predecessors and instructors in China-partitioning. The very fact of the negotiation of those treaties indicates that those three European Powers would have made some disposition among themselves of Germany's loot in Shantung if they had not approved the status quo of Japanese occupation. And what proof, say you, is there for such an implication that they would not have given Shantung back to China? This: Did England fail to grasp Wei-hai-wei when, in 1895, the European Powers forced Japan to relinquish her war-won Chinese prizes? Certainly not; when Japan was forced out, England took it herself and holds it to-day. Did China get back Manchuria that same year when

Japan was forced out? No, Russia moved in. That which is all right for a white power is all wrong for Japan. What unfair bosh! If Japan had not taken over Germany's rights in Shantung (against whose taking by Germany there was no American or other protest), then one of the usual European annexers would surely have stepped in, just as England did into Wei-hai-wei, or Russia into Manchuria after the Japanese defeat of China, and annexed it.

All men of common sense, of whatever nationality, regard England's control of Egypt as having been a blessing for the land and its people. England will surely perform for Mesopotamia and for Persia the same miracle of irrigation, transforming a desert into a paradise, that Egypt shows, and we look forward with keen interest to that certain result. Well and good; but now let us use these same eyes of benevolent approval for another people blessed and another land improved, but not by directing them upon an Egypt of to-day or a Mesopotamia or Persia of to-morrow, but upon Korea. What will the visitor there see?

There were in December, 1918, 336,872 Japanese in Korea, of whom 66,943 were in Seoul. What are they doing for the country and its 18,000,000 people? Its range on range of bare hills remind one travelling from the seaport of Fusan to Seoul of New Mexico and Arizona, or Spain, or Algeria. This is because the improvident Koreans nearly denuded the country of its splendid forests. The Japanese (successful foresters, as their own pine-clad hills show) have set out no less than 473,195,796 trees in Korea and are still pressing on with its reforestation. They are employing as many Koreans as possible; over three times as many as were so employed in 1910. In 1911, April 3 was selected as Arbor Day and six years later over 750,000 participated in its beneficent exercises. The output of the Korean coal-mines has been nearly trebled since 1910. Her foreign trade went up from 59,000,000 yen in 1910 to 131,000,000 in 1917. Her railway mileage has doubled under Japanese control. Savings are being encouraged, as appears from the last available report (January, 1917), which shows 827,215 Korean depositors and an increase of 177,687 individuals during the preceding year. The telegraph lines have been doubled in length by the Japanese, and the 1910 telephone lines of 302 miles have grown to over 3,000 miles. Both highways and street extensions show even handsomer increases, and Seoul with its many broad avenues is, thanks to the Japanese, one of the best-paved cities in the Orient. Extensive harbor improvements have transformed the old-fashioned Korean ports into models of modern embarkation points. Especially have the Japanese encouraged agriculture in their new province and thereby secured constantly increasing benefits for the inhabitants, of whom 80 per cent are normally agriculturists, producing 70 per cent of their land's exports. Model farms, experimental stations, and training stations have been set up in many centres, and over a million yen is thus annually expended to uplift the Korean farmer. Left to himself he would cultivate nothing but rice, and when it was harvested wait until next season for the same crop, but the Japanese are teaching him new side-lines —fruit-trees, cotton, sugar-beet, hemp, tobacco, silkworms, sheep-breeding, etc. An increase of several hundred per cent in wheat, bean, and barley acreage has thus been achieved. The cotton acreage increased from 1,123 cho in 1910 to 48,000 in 1917, and the number of fruit-trees more than trebled. Numerous factories, something hitherto unknown in the land, have been introduced, affording occupation for thousands of Koreans. Startling improvements in health conditions have been effected by means of hygienic inspection and government hospitals and by new water-works everywhere. The schools, especially industrial schools, are vigorously and successfully combating the old Korean ignorance and shiftlessness. This hurried glimpse of Japan's efforts to better Korean conditions doesn't read like the selfish efforts of an oppressor, does it? The foregoing is a fair picture of Japanese rule in Korea, and it richly deserves to be hung alongside of the one depicting England's service to Egypt, nor need it fear comparison.

As for Japan's governmental administration in Korea since 1910, the fairest comment is that the military government there was not successful. Few military

chiefs are of the type affording successful colonial governors, while their subordinate officers, especially those of the lower ranks, are almost always tactless. The Japanese themselves, from their experiences in Formosa as well as in Korea, found out this fact, and in the summer of 1919 the mistake was corrected by Imperial rescript and civil governors replaced the military ones in both those provinces. No matter what nation undertakes it, military government for a dependency proves unsatisfactory. We found this out in the early days of our Philippine experiments, where there occurred several unpleasant episodes of drastic "water cures" and the like tyrannical exercises of power by under-officers. It would have proved equally true in Cuba if in General Wood we had not happened to have an administrator of unusual ability and tact as well as a soldier gaining the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry when it was harder to win than of late. Even the worst instances of unwisdom cited against the Japanese military rule in Korea were as beneficent blessings in comparison with the consistently continuous misrule by Koreans which it succeeded.

American readers will be interested to learn that Baron Saito, lately appointed governor-general of Korea, although now for twenty years out of the active naval service, was in 1898 the commander of the Japanese cruiser *Akitsushima* which put into Manila Harbor just after Admiral Dewey's great victory. Admiral Von Diederich, bent on making trouble for the Americans, sent his flag-lieutenant, Von Hintze (years later Minister for Foreign Affairs), to persuade Captain Saito to join him in resisting Admiral Dewey's regulation requiring an American officer to visit every incoming vessel, even if a war-ship, on the ground that it was "visit and search," and as such illegal and improper. Captain Saito's reply was that if he were in Admiral Dewey's place he would act just as he was acting, and that so far from joining with Von Diederich, he accepted the visit from the American officer as a welcome act of courtesy! The selection of such a man by the Mikado in the summer of 1919 to be his governor-general superseding the military government, and the appointment as consul-general by our State Department of Mr. Ransford Miller, one of our best-equipped men in Far Eastern matters, augurs well for a better mutual understanding at that difficult post.

After reading a number of the attacks upon Japan's behavior in Korea, alleged or actuated by American missionaries in that field, I happened upon some incidents and facts which aroused my suspicions, so I went to Seoul and investigated upon the ground. One of these incidents was my happening to notice that in a photograph sent from Korea and published in a reputable American magazine the uniforms worn by Japanese soldiers who were shooting a Korean victim were not the uniforms of to-day but those worn in 1895 during the Chinese-Russian war. The photograph proved to be one of an execution in 1895 of a Chinese spy caught in Korean costume! Those who sent this photograph to America for publication intended to deceive the American publisher (which they did) and through him his American readers; people who will thus deliberately deceive once, will not stop at one deception!

The perusal of Doctor Robert Speer's report on the missionary situation in Korea afforded another reason for my desire to see for myself that which was being so severely attacked by the very missionaries whom the fair-minded secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions describes. I am a member of the Foreign Mission Committee of a Presbyterian church in New York City, and therefore certainly not prejudiced against the movement, but, on the other hand, I believe strongly that work in the foreign field should always be conducted with proper respect for the government there existing. A member of an American missionary family who had lived twenty years in Seoul told me they there generally believed that the Japanese were trying to drive them out of the country because American teaching of Christianity was subversive of the Imperial Government! Such men and women, earnest, hard-working Christians though they be, should remember that when attempt was made to draw from our Saviour a criticism of Roman taxes, the reply began: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

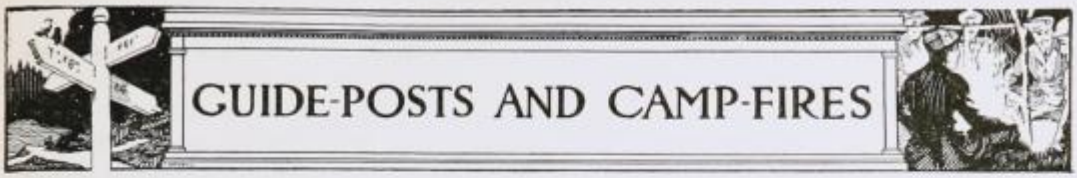
Missionary methods that are subversive of foreign governmental systems are un-Christian and need changing—and so do the missionaries!

The only comment or suggestion made to me by the Japanese authorities regarding American missionaries in Korea struck me as sound common sense. They said: "Why don't you send to Korea (a Japanese province) missionaries who have worked at least a year in Japan and thus, understanding the Japanese, do not begin work in Korea with the prejudice of ignorance against everything Japanese?" Could anything be fairer than that? There are too many of our missionaries who have lived so long in Korea as to think they own the country, and they can countenance no changes therein, even improvements. In that connection it is discouraging to note that in that flourishing missionary field, with hundreds of missionaries and over 300,000 Korean converts, Christianity seems to have left its converts about as ignorant and filthy as before their conversion and nothing like so advanced in civilization and decency of life as the near-by Buddhists and Shintoists of Japan. Why? Perhaps some light on the answer can be gotten from Doctor Speer's official report, a perusal of which hardly inclines one to select as broad-minded guides for shaping American public opinion toward Japan some of the men he there describes. They are doing faithful work according to their lights, but they are hardly qualified for advisers upon international affairs, in which calm judgment must go hand in hand with a constant desire for good-will among men.

Reverting to the danger of foreigners unthinkingly abusing a nation's hospitality by acts or teachings subversive of its authority, I must confess to believing before visiting the Far East that democracy was the best form of government for all peoples. A study on the spot of the contrast between the excellently functioning Imperial Government of Japan, on the one hand, and, on the other, the disheartening venality of many officials of the Chinese Republic plus the situation in Siberia made too free for democracy, has readjusted my point of view. Democracy for peoples like the Anglo-Saxons—decidedly yes!—but for the Far East, no! Kipling remarks that Russia is an Eastern and not a Western nation, and of Siberia especially is this true.

Mr. Alfred R. Castle, a distinguished Harvard graduate, of Honolulu, who served in Siberia with the American Red Cross, states that of the 380 Bolshevist Commissars constituting their government in all parts of European Russia and Siberia, 286 were Russian Jews who had lived in America, and nearly all in New York City's lower East Side. With grim humor, thus did "chickens come home to roost," for the Russian people at large and the awful tragedies of their Jewish pogroms were amply revenged. Trotzky was evidently not the only viper we warmed at our national bosom. Russia's experiments in democracy are even less encouraging than China's. No, neither missionaries nor American commercial pioneers, nor any other decent forward-looking men, are faced the right way when they speak or act, even unintentionally, so as to make trouble for such a preserver of order as the ancient Japanese governmental system daily shows itself to be, least of all while living in lands under the Japanese flag. That system suits its people, and if it doesn't suit any of our people it would be well if they came home, for better relations between our country and Japan are of the first importance.

If a readjustment of the situation in California could be effected, and if American public opinion will consent to enlightenment upon the Shantung and Korean questions, not only will a long step be taken toward restoring feelings similar to those of 1905 between our two peoples but also two objects will be achieved, important alike to the Japanese and to American labor and American capital. Japan has been placed alongside Asian markets by the "act of God" but she needs American capital to develop them. Our capital, seeking outlets to Asian markets (thereby giving added employment to American labor), needs the advantages of Oriental co-operation which China's neighbor, Japan, controls for geographical and racial reasons. The best international "deal" is that which benefits both parties thereto, and here is such a combination.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SELF, NEIGHBOR, AND COMPANY

[THE THIRD OF TWELVE PAPERS]

IN every one of those ambulant firms doing business in life, which we call human beings, there are three members: the irreducible individual, the social colleague, and the divine silent partner.

The last, it appears, may sometimes be excluded from participation in the affairs of the firm,—frozen out, or fired out. But in that case there is always a danger that the remaining two, (being by nature as inseparable as the Siamese Twins,) will come to the calamity of a falling-out, in which the interests of one or the other will suffer, or, as more frequently happens, they will decline together towards a common bankruptcy.

This, you will readily perceive, is a metaphorical statement which demands some exercise of the imagination to bring it within the rubric under which the editor of SCRIBNER'S announced these monthly papers,—"comment on *current events*." You can fancy him shaking his head, or (if you do not know him personally) even tearing his hair, over such a stretching of the familiar phrase. But he is more likely to smile tolerantly and let his wayward contributor run on. Of this amiable license I propose to avail myself, not only in this paper, but also in the others that are to follow. It is a roving commission, and the arm which I carry on this trip is not "loaded for bear," with the powder and ball of strenuous argument and fierce invective. That weapon belongs to economists and politicians. My implement is milder. It is more like a search-light than a gun.

The "current events" that interest me most are not those which glitter upon the surface and attract publicity, nor those which can be "head-lined," nor those which emerged yesterday with a splash and are likely to disappear to-morrow or next day amid impermanent ripples; but those which began long ago and promise or threaten to continue a long time, those which are unmarketable as news, those which run beneath the noise and turbulence of clashing waves. In short, I propose to find my themes in *undercurrent events*, and my illustrations as Providence may send them floating along.

Daily happenings can best be understood through a knowledge of human nature. The key to public problems is in the custody of private life.

That is what I want to talk about, and that is why I invite consideration of the fortunes of the old-established, much-imperilled, indispensable firm of Self, Neighbor, and Company.

I

ONE of the chief things we have to do, on arrival in this strange world, is to make our own acquaintance. The baby does not know himself at all when he begins life. He learns to know his food, his ball, his cradle, his mother, other members of the family, even the household cat, before he knows anything about himself.

> "The baby new to earth and sky,
> What time his tender palm is prest
> Against the circle of the breast,
> Has never thought that 'this is I.'"

When he begins to talk he often shows this limitation in the manner of his speech. He does not say, "I am hungry," "I want so and so." He says "Billy hungry"; "Billy wants"; as if

Billy were a simple force of nature. And this, in a certain sense, is what Billy is at that stage of his growth.

But presently he becomes aware that behind these powers of seeing and hearing, there is some one who sees and hears. Behind these feelings of hunger and cold, there is some one who wants to be fed and warmed. Underneath all these services which his mother and other persons render to the baby, there is a little person whom they love and whom they wish to love them in return. That is a wonderful discovery. The baby becomes his own Christopher Columbus. He finds himself,—his *me*.

Of course it is an unexplored continent,—boundaries, climate, contents, all unknown. But it exists. It is just as real as anything outside of it.

He soon learns to distinguish this little person from exterior things, even from the house and the body in which he lives. He says "my foot, my hand, my head," claiming ownership, but knowing that neither foot nor hand nor head is himself. He discriminates among the people and other living creatures around him,—some friendly and some hostile. He begins to grasp, rather slowly, the distinction between his own things and the things of others. He learns that the appetites and desires, which at first seemed irresistible forces of nature, are personal to himself and must be controlled in relation to the wants and needs of other persons around him, otherwise disagreeable consequences will ensue. He finds out not only that Billy *is*, but that Billy *belongs*. He exists, but not alone. He is part of a circle of life. Into this circle he must try to fit his new-found self, for joy or sorrow, for good or ill.

It is from this double discovery,—the finding of himself, and the finding of his relation to things and to other persons,—that his whole growth as a man, a thinking, feeling, acting individual, must proceed. His schooling, his pleasures, his friendships, his occupation, his citizenship, everything must be under the wing-and-wing impulse of these two facts: first, that Billy is; and second, that Billy belongs. The secret of a good voyage is to keep both sails full.

If we have no real self, no thoughts, no feelings, no personality of our own, we are not persons at all. We are mere parts of a machine.

If on the other hand we are ruled only by self-will, self-interest, we are sure to injure other people, and in the end to destroy our own happiness. We become objectionable members of the community, nuisances, if not criminals.

The most difficult problem in the conduct of life is the harmonizing of these two principles, so that they will work together.

Every one is born an individual, a self; and that self has the right (which is also a duty) to live and grow.

Every one is likewise born a neighbor; with ties and obligations and duties which spread out on all sides. Which has the higher claim? Or are they equal?

In theory it is easy to find an answer sounding well enough. But in practice, when there are only two partners in the firm, they often come to a deadlock and stand bickering in a grievous desperation betwixt the devil of Egoism and the deep sea of Altruism.

Of the two, it must be admitted, the devil has the closer hold on us, but the deep sea is by far the cleaner and less treacherous. Yet I confess to a rooted distrust of all "isms." They imply a surrender of something precious; they hint mutilation and bondage.

Is there no way of breaking the deadlock, of reconciling the apparently conflicting interests and saving the firm? The only way that I can see is through the guidance and authority of the third partner, who is so much wiser and more fair than either of the others, to both of whom, indeed, He is bound by an equal love. To believe this and to act upon it is religion.

Ordinarily, if we speak of religion at all, we use quiet tones and conventional words. But there are times when the want of it haunts us like a passion, burns us like a fever, pierces us to the marrow with unendurable cold. Out of some tragic clash of duty and desire; after some harrowing vision of the wide-spread sufferings of mankind, some poignant hearing of

> "the fierce confederate storm
> Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
> Within the walls of cities";

under some tense pressure of reproach,

regret, and fear; out of our bewilderment and urgent need, we would fain cry aloud, as a confused soul in mortal peril might shout for guidance and help.

But the answer would come then, as it comes now, not in the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire, but in a voice of gentle stillness, saying, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Here is balm of Gilead; oil and wine for the broken traveller on the Jericho road; social wisdom from the fountainhead for the individual and for society. Here is the heavenly plan of the silent partner, to be worked out through all the world's experiments. Without this, none of them can succeed, be it never so angelic. With this, none but the devilish ones can utterly fail.

II

How then are we entitled and bound to love self? That, of course, is the first question, for upon the answer to that depends the line of love which we must follow toward our neighbor.

Said Rabbi Hillel: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I care for myself only, what am I? And if not now, when?"

Everybody will agree that we must not have a foolish, fond, pampering, spoiling affection for ourselves. We ought not to indulge our own whims and passions, our sloth and selfishness. We ought to dislike and repress that which is evil and mean in us, and to cherish that which is good and generous. The only kind of love for ourselves which is permissible must be wise and clean and careful; it must have justice in it as well as mercy; it must be capable of discipline as well as of encouragement; it must strive to keep the soul above the body, and to develop both.

Precisely thus, and not otherwise, we should love our neighbors: with a steady, sane, liberating and helpful love, which always seeks to bring out their best. We and they are bound up together in the bundle of life. We cannot advance if they go backward. We cannot be truly happy if they abide in misery. We cannot be really saved if we make no effort to save them. We must withstand in them, just as in ourselves, the things that are evil and ought not to be loved. Religion does not tell us to love or to encourage our neighbors' faults: but to love *them* in spite of their faults and to do what we can to better them.

True neighbor-love, then, will not be a weak, gelatinous, sentimental thing. It will have a conscience. It will be capable, on occasion, of friendly warning and reproof. It will even accept, if need be for the protection of ourselves and other neighbors, the duty of restraint or punishment. I may have a rowdy or a thief for a neighbor, but my love ought not to embrace rowdiness or thievery in him any more than in myself. The same thing is true of malice or envy or laziness or a slanderous tongue.

But the trouble with us is that our self-reproach is commonly too soft and tender even to pierce the skin, while most of the reproof or restraint or punishment which we give the neighbor is not really animated by love, but by malice, or jealousy, or contempt. That is why it so often fails. It must have good-will back of it and shining through it.

If the people of a community who are thoroughly good in themselves would also be good for others, they would have power to lift up the whole tone of life and would be ten times more happy and more useful. Doing one's duty on the side of neighborhood leads to the best results on the side of personality.

If a man concentrates his attention and affection and effort on himself, he is not doing the best, but the worst for himself. He is going to be a smooth, self-satisfied prig, or a sour old curmudgeon. Even if he has some kind of a theology it will not do him much good. It is sure to be as narrow and hollow as an empty razor-shell on the beach.

According to the Bible, that kind of theology does not count with God. He cares more for sinners than for the self-righteous. But He cares most for the neighborly folks who try to do right. They are His salt of the earth. They are His lights in the world.

Some Christians are like candles that have been lit once and then put away in a cupboard to be eaten up by mice. How much better to stay lit and keep on burning even till the candle is burned out, so long as it gives light!

There are plenty of us who love our

self as if we were our own grandmothers. Whenever the little chap cries for more candy, or somebody else's doll, we let him have it. Dear little fellow, he is so cunning!

But the scriptural image of the divine love, which is to be our pattern, is not indulgent grandmotherhood but perfect fatherhood. Now a good father desires each of his children to grow up, to develop. He does not wish them all alike. But he wishes the whole family to have peace and happiness. He wants harmony from the different instruments.

Equality of condition is nowhere written in the Christian programme. In fact the parable of the talents implies a continuing state of inequality. Yet the real curse of the one-talent man is not the poverty of his portion, but the meanness and selfishness of his heart. He is a slacker, a shirker, a striker, a lock-out man, a parasite. His unused capital becomes a fungus.

That the rich and the poor are likely to be with us as long as men differ in ability and industry, is clearly intimated in the Good Book as well as in the dry tables of political economy. But the Good Book adds a prediction of woe to the rich if they suffer the pride of wealth to divide them from the poor.

"Go to, now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

Let the economist write this into his tables; it is essential to the correctness of his computations for this world as well as for the next.

Outward equality of goods without the spirit of neighborliness is equivalent to an inward community of evils. I cannot imagine a state more like hell, this side of Russia. Yet even in Russia the outward equality is a sham, a gross and palpable fraud. Who will assert so much as a decent semblance of parity between Lenine fattening in his stolen palace and Andreyef starving to death in exile?

Charity is scorned and derided by the modern communist. He will none of it. But who can conceive a social order, framed of the present human stuff, in which kindness will not be desirable, necessary, and beautiful?

Kindness is more than mercy tempering justice. It is love thoughtless of reward. It is that godlike impulse which gives to others not barely what they have earned, but what they need. None of us can get through life without needing kindness and longing for it; and there is much comfort in the promise that if we show it on earth we shall find it in Heaven.

III

War, with its attendant horrors, seems like an outrage upon love. And so it is, in its origin and source. "From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain."

Yet there is a war against war which is set in the very key of "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It was to frustrate a gigantic crime and to redress villainous wrong that the Allies took up arms in the World War, and America at last joined them. Had her heart been quicker, her feet more swift, she might have reached the Jericho Road in time to stop the robbers before they began their cruel work. Who can tell? At least, having arrived, she did her best and beat them off.

Great sacrifice, but far greater reward, came to America in the doing of that clear duty. Never were "we, the people of the United States," so thoroughly united as in that vast co-operation. Not only in mobilizing all our forces and resources for the urgent business of battle, but also in utilizing all the powers of sympathy and help that rust unused in men, women, and children, for the Good Samaritan work of Red Cross and Relief Commission, we learned what it means to be born a neighbor as well as a person. The self-sufficiency, not to say self-complacency, of the American temperament was absorbed and fused into something larger and better. For a while we ceased to satisfy ourselves with "paddle your own canoe," and took up the finer motto, "for the good of the ship." With all its trials, privations, and sorrows,—yes, even despite its individual exposures of greed and graft,—the war-time

was a time of elevation and enlargement of spirit for the people of America.

Why not carry these benefits of a just war well won, with us into the time of peace? Why not keep the lesson learned at such a cost? No man, no community, no nation liveth to self alone.

Joubert has well said: "To wish to do without other men and to be under obligation to no one, is a sure mark of a mind devoid of feeling." To this we may add: A mind devoid of feeling never reasons right in the affairs of life, because feeling is a vital element of human nature.

IV

Two philosophies have long contended for the control of thought. One is called Individualism, because it lays the emphasis upon the single person, his rights, privileges, liberties, happiness. The other is called Socialism, because it lays the emphasis on the community. The partisans of these two theories fight each other furiously.

It seems to me that both theories are wrong, when they are interpreted exclusively, and with damnatory clauses. Each has a ray of truth in it when it takes account of the other.

The most perfect type of individualism is the "rogue" elephant,—solitary, predatory, miserable,—a torment to himself and a terror to others.

The most perfect example of pure socialism is a swarm of bees, where personality is *nil*, every member gets the same pay,—board and lodging,—and the only object is to perpetuate the swarm and keep the hive full. But without the aid of man they never produce a better bee nor a more perfect hive. Is humanity to come down to that level?

The Talmud speaks scorn of a world where "one man eats and another says grace." It is only a shade better than a world where everybody gorges and nobody says grace.

I can see no reason, either in morals or in religion, for the perpetuation of a human bee-swarm, except for the development and perfecting of the human souls who make mankind. What real good appears in the mere continuance of any community, say New York or Nyack, unless you think of the men and women and children who live there, each one the inheritor of a spark of the Divine Life, which may be cherished and enlarged into a flame of beautiful and potent light? There is your reason for sacrifice. There is your reason for service. The community has a claim to live for the sake of the better men and women who are going to live in it and make it better.

So then, amid the confusion at the present cross-roads where the counsels of the many are so loud and divergent, we find a little neglected guide-post,—or rather let us call it a traveller's *vade mecum*, good on almost any road. Look, 'tis so old and weather-beaten that some of the letters are worn away; yet the sense of it is still legible:

SELF—LOVE—NEIGHBOR

It reads like a general order, more than a direction of route. Suppose we should try one of these roads marked "Government Ownership" or "Collective Bargaining" or "High Productiveness" or "Independence of Employers" or "Control by Employees," and find that it was leading us away from our objective. Wouldn't the general order nerve us to turn back?

Or, if the road seemed to be a right one, evidently bringing us nearer to our objective, wouldn't the general order encourage us to carry on, and cheer us through the hardships of the way?

Let no one imagine that it will be easy. A general order is far more difficult to follow than a definite programme. Most men prefer a concrete dose of medicine, however bitter, to a long course of hygienic living. To live up to a principle is harder than to obey a rule. But just for that reason it may be better.

Let us try it, Self and Neighbor, try it more seriously than we have yet done. The drop of good-will in all our experiments! The touch of kindness in all our efforts! The purpose of beneficence in all our plans! For a year, a month, even a week,—do you think we can do it?

You are my partner, and I am yours. But to tell the truth, between us we have small capital and less experience. To carry out this enterprise we shall need the help of our third partner,—the divine silent one who knows all.

I AM young, unsophisticated, and mystified. I never admitted that before. It is not normal for me to admit it now. Those are things for other and older people to tell me about. My duty is to express radical ideas, assume more wisdom than my elders, and pass through phases. When I am older I may look back and think how innocent I was. But to indulge in these confessions in my present metamorphopsychic state upsets all the convention of human life. But it is true and in this frank and intimate self-revelation I shall conceal nothing. I am mystified about many things, and most of all about youth itself.

Youth

The reason for this sudden upsetting is the conflict of two remarks of my elders. In my upstart way I broke into an argument the other day, and was suitably crushed by an ultimatum administered in some such form as this: "My boy, when you are older, you will know better." Yet the same person who thus silenced me came to me at another time and said with great earnestness: "My boy, youth is the most precious possession you have. Keep it as long as you can."

Is it then that the knowledge of advanced years which will enable me to discuss on equal terms with those who have it something to be avoided? Must I cling passionately to my immaturity, fighting to the last ditch this admittedly superior wisdom? Or must I march with the years toward a goal of sagacity, letting my precious youth fall neglected by the wayside? This is the problem which meets me, the fork, as it were, in the road.

Perhaps, as people say when they are about to be defeated in an argument, it is all relative. Some newspaper told me of a man in Ohio who attained the remote maturity of a hundred and thirty-two years. His eldest son, it seems, is ninety-four. I picture the venerable gentleman endeavoring to quiet this boy's impetuous outbursts by muttering in his patriarchal beard: "My boy, when you are older—" To which his son, admitting suddenly, like me, his mystification, replies: "But, father, must I then relinquish the blessed youth which, by your advice, I have clung to these many years, that I may discuss with you momentous things?" And the old man—has he solved the riddle in his attainment of the ultimate sophistication, or must he always sit wondering with Paul Verlaine *qu'a-t-il fait de sa jeunesse?*

A friend of mine suggested the other day that people should be born at the age of thirty-five and continue in the same until their death. This is a solution, but it is a lazy one, the premiss of a dilettante. But suppose, assuming seventy-five to be the point of omniscience, we enter this vale of tears at that age and grow, as the years progress, constantly younger. Will then some two-year-old sage chide us for our aged innocence by remarking, "Old man, when you are younger, you shall know all things," or, with tears in his voice, warn us to cherish our age while it is yet ours, for youth must come to all of us? Or in such a reversal will sagacity lose its savor and our infant fathers condescendingly advise us to defer our discussions till we have gained the innocence of immaturity?

Again, if we touch for a moment the infinite, as Descartes tells us we do in the periods of our greatest doubt, suppose that taxicab whose mud-guard recently knocked me to the gutter had veered a fraction of a turn to the right. Should I take into the next world a precious thing in my youth, or is my lack of the intellectual benefit of advanced years to be an impediment in a future phase—if phases there must be in the beyond? The greatest Teacher has warned us: "Unless ye become as little children . . ."!

Perhaps there is the solution, if solution there be (wag your heads and smile, you dear old sages), in the wonderful nearness of the child and the old man; for there is the faith of him who knows naught and of him who knows all—the faith of the open mind. And youth, that long, intermittent time, is the period of prejudice, of intolerance, of injustice, of the appearance of wisdom; yet withal the Heracleitus fire, hot, powerful, and ever-changing.

Then youth is really the time to be got be-

yond, to be relinquished easily at the call of the wisdom which will bring us to freedom and make us at the last as little children of open minds. That is what I used to think before I began to be mystified. I have progressed through this little philosophical moment in a perfect circle. And you see that I am, at the end, still a young man, impetuously intolerant of my own youth, and all this mystification and my frank and intimate confession thereof was only a phase, after all.

Thoreau on "The Kindly Relations"

THOREAU, no doubt, is still read now and then; I know some who even keep his books on a shelf of intimates and occasionally quote from him. He is read on first acquaintance in these days of much nature study, no doubt, chiefly as a naturalist, and yet he was so much more than a mere chronicler of the doings of the animals and birds and the aspects of the changing seasons. If it had not been for the reputation and popularity of his friend Emerson as the chief sage and philosopher of his time, it is probable that Thoreau would have been more widely recognized as one of the wisest of our American thinkers and commentators on life. That he was a recluse and lived like a hermit on the borders of Walden Pond is known to everybody who knows his name. To some of his contemporaries he was looked upon as something of a vagabond, a hater of his kind, an eccentric, a ne'er-do-well—"queer." But to the few who knew him and the real quality of his mind he was a sage, a thinker on life's every-day problems, with a very definite outlook, and a shrewd capacity for sizing up human beings.

Among the dreamers and idealists who made up the famous group of Transcendentalists, of whom Bronson Alcott was perhaps the best expression of the extreme type, Thoreau was conspicuous by his practicality and faculty of seeing things as they were. A man of few friendships, one who seemed to prefer solitude, the companionship of nature to association with his kind, he yet left behind him the best essay on Friendship in existence. Emerson dealt with the same subject in his characteristic way, and his essay has been printed and reprinted thousands of times, and passed along from generation to generation as a gift-book between friends. But in reading Emerson on Friendship we miss, as we do in much he wrote, as much as we may enjoy him and profit by his more or less incoherent philosophy, any strong note of feeling of the *sentiment* we associate with the thought of friend. He is pure abstraction, impersonal, aloof in his attitude. To read him is like listening to the words of an oracle seated on a throne, a being not of our real world, related to and conscious of ordinary human beings. It is a strange anomaly to come upon Thoreau's chapter on Friendship in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" and find coming from this man who was thought of as a cynic and a hater of his kind, words that summarize all that is best in the idea of friendship. Stevenson was no great admirer of the man, as witness his essay on Thoreau, and yet he owed him something in the beginning of his own work. R. L. S. says of this essay on Friendship: "No one to my knowledge has spoken in so high and just a spirit of the kindly relations." There was little of Emerson's cock-sureness and self-complacency in Thoreau's character. All through his books, and especially in his "Journal," we come upon passages of self-doubt, and he was blessed, too, with the saving grace of a sense of humor. He did not take himself too seriously. Thoreau was about the first of our writers to make an intimate of nature, to speak of her as a friend. In Walden "every little pine needle expanded and swelled and befriended me." A well-known woman friend of his acquaintance said: "Henry talks about Nature just as if she had been born and brought up in Concord." Hawthorne found him "a healthy, wholesome man to know." Some of our modern writers on Nature whose office seems to be to patronize her, to write about the "dear little flowers" and the affectionate skunk, would do well to take the time to read over "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "The Journals," etc. And no one who has come along to, or near, those middle years when life has put to the test many of its human relations will begrudge the time spent in reading or miss the value of Thoreau's thoughts on Friendship.

A FIFTH AVENUE bus is a joy forever, once you have boarded it. And boarding it is no simple matter, it is such an erratic creature. Sometimes it stops only on one side of the crossing, some-

Fifth Avenue Bus-Riding

times it stops only on the other: there seems to be no set rule. Its independence allows it to do as the spirit happens to move at the moment. Nothing is more tragic for the footsore pedestrian than to see a half-filled bus go sailing by his signal and know from the guard's supercilious expression that it is merely because the curbing which proved acceptable to other buses five minutes ago has suddenly passed out of favor. Nor is anything more hopeless than to be greeted in driving rain or blinding blizzard by the cheery statement, "Seats on top only." While between the two evils of "capacity filled" buses speeding along toward your destination minus yourself and those moving in the same direction with their utter emptiness flaunting "Reserved" placards there is no choice.

But once you have attained your aim and have, by dint of much muscular effort, pressed your dime into the grotesque-visaged machine which the guard presents, past irritation is forgotten in the comfort of the present, and interest is transferred from things external, such as buildings and parks and statues, to your fellow bus-riders. There is the lady who complains of drafts to the guard, and, receiving the unsympathetic response that "Fresh air won't hurt anybody!" scuttles to the seat farthest from the door, where she huddles in voluble martyrdom. There is the youth who ventures to argue, also with the bus-line's presiding genius, but to emerge completely cowed by that dignitary, who bends over him like an avenging spirit, bellowing, "Don't you get fresh with me now! I won't have it!" Your heart goes out to the vanquished, and to avoid the humiliation which mantles his cheek you turn toward the man and woman opposite. Their cast of countenance is unmistakable, also their too blatantly "smart" clothes, also their conversation, which has to do with the glories of "the store" and the benefits of a "swell location." Then, in the midst of how he "put one over on the wholesalers," he breaks off to ask her, "How's your little boy these days?" and her eager reply, which isn't a particle in keeping with her artificial exterior, makes you realize that, after all, there is no such thing as type.

Moreover, there is always the delightful probability that the bus has an adventure to offer you. For instance, you may be riding placidly down the Avenue on a day ablaze with Union Jacks when, not abnormally, the traffic stops. It remains static, however, so long that it arouses your curiosity and that of your neighbors. Finally a feminine voice, whose owner, apparently, is versed in the topics of the day, inquires of the guard, "Is the Prince coming?" and the guard so far forgets himself as to hear and answers, "'Twould seem so, lady."

Whereupon everybody lurches rashly to one side of the bus, there to behold a stream of outriders on motorcycles and officers and silk-hatted officials in machines, all preceding a car which contains a bareheaded young gentleman in mufti. The young gentleman's hair is very blonde (you are glad that past experience with enthusiastic receptions has caused him to discard his hat) and his smile is very broad, a smile which you join the crowd in returning with interest and incoherent cheering. Before you have finished beaming and cheering he is gone, and the bus regains its equilibrium. But somehow the smile won't fade, neither will the conversation. Somebody remarks, "He'll get pneumonia, going without a hat like that!" somebody else, "I saw him at the Horse Show last night, bless him! Such a boy!"

Of course, with its temperament, no Fifth Avenue bus confines itself to Fifth Avenue, but meanders carelessly through Broadway and Riverside Drive. A fact which should inspire due gratitude since it invests an evening "on top" with qualities of the Arabian Nights. For surely sorcery lives again in whirling, blinding, multicolored electric signs, and is there no mystery in the hooded lights of war-ships at anchor in the Hudson? There are those, 'tis true, who climb the winding stairway leading to the bus-top from no motives of impersonal enjoyment; rather, indeed, to indulge in hearty and amorous expressions of mutual affection and esteem. All of which simply goes to show that nocturnal bus-riding provides romance for every one, whatever his tastes.

A dyed-in-the-wool bus-rider always sits "outside" unless lack of space, lack of time, or the elements prevent. But be it "outside" or "inside," by day or by night, you press the little bell for your disembarkation with a keen regret, which is only lightened by the knowledge that, unlike most pleasures in this world, the chances are that you can duplicate the experience of bus-riding to-morrow.

THE FIELD OF ART

MODERN AMERICAN MINIATURE PAINTERS

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A. N. A.

RODIN is quoted as saying of the art of our country in the latter years of the nineteenth century: "America is in the midst of an artistic period as great as that of the Italian Renaissance, only the American people does not know it—yet." Presumably he said this in French; but in whatever language his actual words were spoken the substance of them remains true.

At that time Saint Gaudens was carving his immortal statues; Sargent's great portraits were becoming known to the world; McKim and Stanford White were erecting buildings of a beauty hitherto unknown in our land, while Charles A. Platt was laying out the first of his magnificent architectural gardens. T. W. Dewing, Abbott Thayer, Alden Weir, Twachtman, and Ryder were painting, one after the other, the supreme pictures, without one of which no art museum is now complete; and Whistler was already at his high pinnacle of fame.

"Portrait of My Mother." By Alice Beckington.

At this period miniature painting was practically a lost art both here and abroad. Photography, which was itself at a low ebb then, had apparently destroyed it. Clients demanded—if they demanded at all—the touched-up, stippled, boneless, and vulgarized likeness of the photographer's ideal. The gummed, shiny surfaces of French miniatures of the period suggested nothing but the slipperiness of ice; the dark, heavily cross-hatched miniatures of the English, nothing but an infinite drab dulness; our own, nothing but the cover of some bonbon box or the poor photograph from which it had been done. No lessons in the art were then obtainable.

But suddenly, spontaneously, none knowing of the others, a small number of American painters, who were already thoroughly trained artists, began to experiment with water-color on ivory, each one led to do so only by an affinity with the peculiar, limited beauties of the medium itself.

The new wine they brought was not put in old bottles. Without direct training in this craft, without even the opportunity to see old miniatures, except as they might possess, or come across, some old family heirloom, they were naturally far more influenced by the large paintings in oils which could be seen in galleries or museums. They were, therefore, guided only by the three watchwords common to all good painting—drawing, values, color—and inevitably they added a new technique as well as a new intention to the old art of the miniature. Later the English School, from Holbein, its founder and its greatest exponent, through the strong Cooper and the pale delicate Cosway to our own both strong and delicate Malbone, became familiar to them all; but when they first began to paint, examples of these masters' works were inaccessible. And soon after Malbone's time, with the coming of

photography, let me repeat that the art of miniature painting had died.

Laura Coombs Hills was the first of these new painters publicly to appear when, early in the winter of 1894, at a gallery in Boston, she held an exhibition of some few miniatures which she had painted during the preceding months. So immediate was her success that before the exhibition closed she had received no less than twenty-seven commissions for portrait miniatures.

Yet literally she was scarcely the first. A spirit which created interest in the painting of miniatures seemed to be abroad over the land.

In New York at nearly the same time William J. Baer showed a small group of miniatures the technical perfection of which brought him recognition, even fame, at once, and recompense as well. Simultaneously at Paris, in the very month when she was exhibiting her portrait in oils of Oliver Herford at the Salon there, Alice Beckington painted her first beautiful miniatures. In Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the same year, Theodora W. Thayer first struck out for herself, and with a dashing originality which has perhaps more deeply influenced the subsequent American painting of miniatures than has the work of any other individual.

The Black Hat. By Laura Coombs Hills.

From here and there other artists painting miniatures came forward, and the immediate response to their frank authoritative treatment of the craft proved clearly that the "average man" had not been so completely satisfied by the smooth characterless likenesses hitherto offered him as he had been led to believe himself to be.

Indeed, the demand for miniatures became so great—and, as must always happen, inferior painters crowded so rapidly into the field—that in 1898 Mr. Baer felt himself actually obliged to found the American Society of Miniature Painters, in order to protect the ideals of this newly revived old art.

Every year since then this society has held exhibitions: first at Knoedler's galleries; then with the National Academy of Design; recently at the Arden Studios. The exhibitions have always been what is called "open"—that is to say, any one might send to them, and if the work submitted were excellent, it was sure to pass the jury of selection and to be hung upon the exhibition's walls.

Miniatures painted from photographs were always rigorously excluded. The little group of ten which formed the society at its inception stood firmly for the principle of painting from life, of a reverence for nature and of belief in guidance by the trained and seeing eye.

Its members still only number thirty-one, for, unlike the many miniature societies which have been later formed, it has held always to its original high standard; it has never, as the vulgar saying goes, allowed the tail to wag the dog. John La Farge's exclamation on seeing the first gathered collection of their work—"Here is an art as great as the pictures themselves are little!"—remains true of them to-day, when the society as a whole is sending by request a rotary exhibition of its members' miniatures through many of the art museums of the country.

Five of the members are already splendidly and permanently represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; four of them are associates of the National Academy of Design; and among them the highest medals possible have been distributed at the large international expositions, from that held at Paris in 1900 to the recent "Panama-Pacific" held in San Francisco. There, indeed, Laura Coombs Hills was

awarded the heretofore unparalleled Medal of Honor, and Alice Beckington was given no such medal only because, as an officer of the society of which she is now the president, her work was *hors de concours*.

Little Joan. By Elsie Dodge Pattee.

death, and two of whose miniatures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art will long continue to change the former current of spineless conventionality, has probably, as I have already said, wielded the greatest influence of them all. Carlotta Saint Gaudens carries her tradition ably forward, and between them the old photographic miniature has been forced to disappear.

Betty. By Maria Judson Strean.

The new quality which these two painters, along with their fellows, have added to the old art is the naturalistic approach, which, after all, was the hallmark of their time. While they kept the delicacy and finish of treatment of far earlier days, they painted their sitters in modern dress and in their own surroundings. They broke away from the "sky background" and the floating scarf which had been imposed by Cosway, as decisively as Saint Gaudens and Rodin broke away from the Roman toga as the fitting costume for men in sculpture. After all, the present-day garments which they have depicted will become "costume" in time, as much as the "Gainsborough hat" has, or the toga itself.

Miss Gertrude Hall. By Grace Hall.

They have had a wide influence. Miss Thayer, who taught much before her early

Yet occasionally there appears a miniature painter who belongs neither to the present movement nor to the decadent period immediately preceding it. Miss Grace Hall (whose miniature of her sister, Miss Gertrude Hall, the writer, appears herewith) is one of these. Technically, it is true (especially in the fine pastel-like strokes with which the background is made), a certain modern influence is to be seen; but the representation of character, in its dignity, its loveliness, and its unaffected femininity, belongs wholly to the eighteenth century, as does the unconscious sincerity of the painting itself.

This miniature was gladly welcomed at one of the Society's earlier exhibitions, and its unusual beauty was recognized by all.

The other miniatures reproduced all belong to the new movement proper, the movement which still holds that law is an integral part of freedom, and which is to be in no wise confused with the degenerate new movement of modern art.

Alice Beckington's "Portrait of My Mother" (now the property of the Metropolitan Museum) is an excellent example of this guarded freedom. So is Margaret Foote Hawley's vivid portrait of Alexander Petrunkevitch, which was purchased by the Metropolitan in the same year as that of Miss Beckington's. It is one of the most successful likenesses of a man ever painted by a woman, and the force of character there presented would seem to call for a canvas as large as one of Goya's instead of for a space of some three inches by four. It is painted in quiet, sensitive blacks and browns.

Portrait of Alexander Petrunkevitch. By Margaret Foote Hawley.

Bought by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

Miss Beckington's use of color is less for the first comer. It is like the taste of an olive; to appreciate the one or the other requires cultivation; but once appreciated, either is felt to be a unique and perfect thing. It is, in fact, as values of exquisite subtlety that Miss Beckington sees color. Her kinship is with Dewing, with Whistler, and with Thayer.

The bright, radiant color of Miss Hills (whose masterpiece, "The Black Hat," is here reproduced) is far more easily understood. Her painting has some of Sargent's own qualities of dexterous swiftness, her likenesses an assurance and an apparent ease which are his, too. Her mastery of her medium, indeed, is beyond comparison with any other living painter except with Sargent himself. As John Alexander once said on looking at a miniature of hers, "Never since Holbein . . .!" and a silence more eloquent than words finished his sentence.

The two miniatures of children here presented, one painted by Maria Judson Strean, the other by Elsie Dodge Pattee, turn one's thoughts still farther back than Holbein's day. Both portraits, to be sure, are modern in their technique. The aerial perspective achieved by the use of broken color belongs only to our own period; although the sense of color of the two artists is very different: Mrs. Pattee's is as striking as that of a parrot's plumage; Miss Strean's as enthralling as that of dawn. Both pictures are also modern in their natural posing of the child. But as one looks at the innocent candor of "Little Joan" or at the serious, living spirit of "Betty," it is the old, old words, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," which spring involuntarily to one's mind.

From these few pictures it is idle to select any one as "the best." It can only be remembered that there is one glory to the sun, another to the moon. And who that has watched the morning star at daybreak will deny an equal glory unto her?

Each of this small group of miniature painters (and the group includes some twenty whose names, even, for lack of space have not been mentioned here) has hitched his wagon to a star. All that remains for the spectator of their works is to decide which star, or planet, is carrying the artist in its wake.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 6.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

EVERY one knew that the economic situation on return of peace would not be what it had been before August, 1914. That the war, with its far-reaching effects on production and consumption, national currencies and national credit, international exchange of merchandise and international exchange of capital, would produce economic phenomena, many of which had not been witnessed in a century, was taken for granted from the outset. The public mind, which always grasps at the obvious, directed its own attention mostly to the high cost of living, which seemed a logical result of a war conducted as this war has been; to the decline in prices of investment securities, an equally unavoidable consequence of absorption of savings, past and present, in the war loans, and to the commotion in foreign exchange, which any one could understand as an outcome of the prodigious increase in our exports when the fighting countries of Europe could not send goods in return. Watching the course of events in these directions, people had hardly observed that there were certain other economic landmarks which in actual war-time were strangely free from war-time influences; yet which, when war was over, instantly began to show signs of violent disturbance.

The Economic Landmarks

This was particularly true of the money market, the market for silver, and the market for gold. Money had commanded very high rates, and at frequent intervals, in the great wars of other days. But the money market remained so quiet and unruffled during nearly all of the recent war, that the Bank of England's discount rate, for instance, after rising to 10 per cent in the war-panic week, went promptly down to 5 per cent again and, except for a brief advance in the middle of 1916, remained at that figure until last November. The French and German bank rates did not stir from 5 per cent during the period after 1914. On the New York market, 3½ and 4 per cent were the ruling rates for bankers' and merchants' borrowings throughout 1915 and 1916; even after our own country went to war in 1917, it was rarely that the Wall Street money rate got as high as 6 per cent. Not until some months after the war was definitely ended did the world in general and New York in particular begin to talk of "money stringency." By that time, however, the money market had taken the centre of the financial stage.

HERE was one anomaly. The market for silver bullion was another. In our own War of Secession the price of silver, already fairly high, rose after 1861 along with other things, until even the silver in our dimes and quarters had become worth more as bullion than the face value of the coin, and until, as early in the war as 1862, the melting up of those coins was forcing the American people to use postage-stamps for small change. When the present war began, silver was selling in London at 23¾ pence per ounce—less than twopence above the lowest price ever reached. Even as far along as September, 1915, the London price was actually lower than that of 1914. The same was true of the American price, and the subsequent rise was gradual, almost until the date of the armistice. Yet, a few months after return of peace, the advance in silver had become one of the most spectacular movements of all the financial markets.

The Three Economic Anomalies

Finally, there was the "price of gold."

The records tell us that at the height of the struggle with Napoleon, gold sold by the ounce in England for 30 per cent above the rate at which it would be accepted at the Mint and coined into sovereigns; also that the price of gold in the New York market during 1864, reckoning its coinage value as 100, went as high as 285. In both instances, the premium on gold really meant the discount on a paper currency issued in unusual amounts and not redeemable in gold. In both, the high price for gold was paid in that paper currency. Now the excessive issue of paper money prevailed on an even larger scale in the recent European war than in 1862 or 1813, and its redemption in gold was suspended when the war began.

Yet, except very indirectly—to the extent that the depreciation of European exchange in neutral markets may have been emphasized by this change in the European currencies—no rise in the price of gold was recorded during the war. On none of the great European markets was a premium bid like that of 1809 or 1862. In the week when war was declared, as in the markets of the preceding century, the London bullion brokers reported "bar gold selling at 77 shillings 9 pence"; meaning that the Bank of England was taking for its own reserve the gold received on the market from abroad, and paying that price per ounce for it (which was based on the weight of gold in a British sovereign) with bank-notes or a deposit credit. On the day of the armistice in 1918, the market quotation was the same.

It had not changed in the four intervening years, and it was still unchanged at the opening of September, 1919. Then, suddenly, it began to rise in a very remarkable way, until gold bullion received in London was openly sold for nearly 50 per cent above the coinage price. This rise in the price of money, of silver, and of gold has not only been the outstanding economic phenomenon of the past six months, but is perhaps nearer the heart of the complicated economic problem than anything that has happened.

ON the face of things, all three movements are perplexing. The money market's action is doubly so. Why did not New York money rates advance during the actual strain of war? If this did not occur at that time, why should it have come when the strain was over? The easy money which prevailed throughout the world during the four and a half years of war seems at first consideration exceedingly strange. Belligerent governments were borrowing thousands of millions of dollars where they had borrowed only tens of millions before the war; yet even when business, which had slackened at first, was speeded up for its enormous production of war material, the low rates of money continued. Even a defeat in the campaign, a Caporetto, a rout of the Fifth British Army, did not send them up.

During and After the War

The secret lay partly in the influence of the governments themselves, but chiefly in the expansion of credit facilities at the banks. The Bank of England's loans, wholly apart from its advances to the government, increased from $168,000,000 in July, 1914, to $588,000,000 the next December and to $960,000,000 in July of 1915. By that time the English joint stock banks had also begun a great expansion. Whereas their year-end statements of 1915 showed total discounts and advances of $3,700,000,000, they reported $5,100,000,000 on December 31, 1918. The same thing went on in Continental Europe. At New York, the loans of banks and trust companies were $2,600,000,000 in the week when the war began, but $3,900,000,000 at the end of 1915 and $4,700,000,000 in armistice week. Loans and discounts of all the national banks in the United States, as reported to the Comptroller of the Currency, rose from $6,430,000,000 on June 30, 1914, and $8,712,000,000 when our government went to war in April, 1917, to $10,097,000,000 on November 1, 1918.

NOW it might be imagined that this unprecedented expansion of credit would have involved such strain on bank resources as of itself to cause high money rates. But there were powerful counteracting influences at work. In Europe the unprecedented issue of paper money, not redeemable in gold, supported private

(Continued on page 55, *following*)

TROY AND COLLARS

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

THIS is no era for industrial selfishness. A business has no right to exist unless it wields all its influences toward building up other institutions—toward the development of men who in turn will be factors in constructive Americanism.

This narrative of Earl & Wilson tells a human story, but its purpose is still bigger. It aims to present in true perspective a picture of a modern manufacturing house which believes in America and in service to its fellowmen.

In the erstwhile days of Troy—now famous as the Collar City—a young iron worker fell in love with a maiden of that Hudson River town; and thus began the story of a great industry. Melancholy sentimental interest always forms an undercurrent in the long-ago beginnings of a business that outlives its founders. So it is in this case. Though the young man and girl are gone, their romance will live; it is stamped upon the city in which they loved and struggled and built up a great industrial house, Earl & Wilson.

Jefferson Gardner was the young woman's father—one of the first collar manufacturers in Troy, operating a little shop on the lower floor of his home. Records show that in 1837 Ira Perego, a men's furnishings merchant in New York, gave Mr. Gardner a web of linen for use in making collars. Here in Troy collars were cut with shears and given out to the industrious women of the community for stitching. Jefferson Gardner then took his product to New York in bushel baskets.

In those practical days young men learned trades; toil and grime did not frighten them. Thus William S. Earl, known as Billy to his friends, had taken to iron-molding. His marriage to Miss Gardner took place in 1848. Incidentally, some years before, the girl had laid the first sidewalk in Chicago, of loose boards over which she picked her way through the mud to church.

Shortly after his marriage Billy Earl went to work as a collar-cutter in the Gardner shop, and in 1850 he and his wife started a shop of their own across the way, opening into an alley.

The business grew and in a short time young Earl was a leading citizen of Troy. But an ill fortune drew him elsewhere—into business misadventures. Almost penniless, he and his family returned to Troy. Next day, tin dinner pail under his arm, Billy Earl went to work in one of the little collar plants which were beginning to sprinkle Troy.

In New York City lived Washington Wilson—young, handsome, and a brilliant salesman; a typical city man, with rather deep knowledge of people and things in general, albeit he had accumulated four thousand dollars in debts. Perhaps these obligations represented experience destined to be of value.

Mr. Wilson was connected with a business that brought him often to Troy, where through mutual friends he fell in with the Earls. They discussed possibilities in collars, and in 1867 started a little shop under the now historic name, Earl & Wilson. Mr. Earl had saved a few hundred dollars and his partner raised a like amount. Mrs. Earl herself aided in supervising the shop.

The two partners, of opposite types, balanced each other. Earl was essentially a manufacturer. He made *good* collars because by no possibility could he make any other kind; his was the mathematical, accurate mind. Things that did not measure up to his innate standards of perfection were actual torture; *Quality* from the start was his ideal.

Wilson agreed, but turned his own energies to the selling end, where his genius was irresistible. It was he who conceived the plan of a retail price for collars based on quality. Earl & Wilson were the first to adopt the twenty-five-cent collar as a Quality product. On this basis the firm established its goods—on the principle that Service, not Price, benefits the people.

At first most of the sewing was done in private homes, but by 1869 Earl & Wilson had twenty-four machines, and employed forty women in the factory and three hundred outside. Mr. Wilson opened a sales room in New York, and that year their total sales were $98,000.

So the business grew, until in 1876, foreseeing something of their future romance, Earl & Wilson built a great factory in Troy, all of which

they hoped ultimately to occupy. For the time being they took a single floor, subletting the others to seven manufacturing concerns. People called them reckless and visionary, but to-day the Earl & Wilson plant embraces not only this whole great building but others as well—and still the crowding demands for their products ever necessitate more room.

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, a Dutch patroon, once owned the site of Troy and all the land for miles about. Later the farm where now stands the Earl & Wilson factory commanded an annual rental of three and three-quarters bushels of wheat and two fat hens.

To-day the whole world knows not only Troy but the House of Earl & Wilson.

Troy, a city of 80,000—20,000 wage earners—is one of those towns synonymous with their products. In the public mind Troy means collars—just as the name Earl & Wilson does. Some names dominate by the very force of suggestion. Incidentally, Troy means laundries, for here originated the steam laundry.

To-day Troy makes more than ninety per cent. of all collars worn in the United States, millions of dozens emanating from that city annually. Nor is this due to a collar trust—there isn't any. Troy is filled with collar factories wholly independent.

Old-timers remember the vogue for paper collars that once swept the country. Men prophesied the doom of the cloth collar; but the world always comes back to quality goods. In the Earl & Wilson plant may be seen a huge press that some concern, long since defunct, used in stamping out those funny paper collars.

Here in Troy, and throughout the adjacent country, has grown up a large community of collar-makers. For the same reason that Akron is the rubber city, Troy is headquarters for collars—and for shirts as well. It is easy for workers in these lines to find employment, and for manufacturers to get help. The collar trade descends from father to son, and from mother to daughter and granddaughter—sometimes three generations together making collars and shirts. Besides, several thousand workers stitch collars at home—the companies supplying machines and motors. They told me in Troy that many a mother puts her baby to sleep with the song of the sewing machine. Yet no sweat-shops disfigure Troy—none of the conditions that prevail in large cities.

I well remember how my Grandmother made Granddad's shirts an inch or two bigger than he wanted them; and quite distinct in my recollection are his remarks when he couldn't get his collar on. Grandmother soothed him: "Just be patient until wash day; the shirt will shrink to fit."

To-day the Earl & Wilson Test Room, on an upper floor of the Troy factory, looks after shrinkage, so that every man may have a shirt *made* not *shrunk* to fit. Here I saw the Manager of Tests measuring samples of shirting before and after washing—measurements mathematical down to decimal points. Any shrinkage more than normal foredoomed the fabric to rejection.

Later, down in the basement, I noticed great tanks of water in which collar fabrics were being shrunk before going to the cutters.

The Earl & Wilson laundry, by the way, is worth a story in itself. With its ponderous washing machines, dryers, starchers and ironers, it could easily do the laundry work of 10,000 households.

The Test Room looks after colors as well as shrinkage. Triplicate samples are taken from all shirt fabrics, and two sets of these swatches are given the third degree. I followed one set to the laundry, where for two hours the samples were swashed and soaked, and swashed again, with strong laundry soap. Then I watched the second set put through a process including not only soap and water but certain cleansing chemicals sometimes used by laundries. Both sets were then taken back to the Test Room and pasted in a great scrap-book alongside the third clipping from the unwashed fabric.

On comparison in the sunlight, one sample showed a slight fading in the purples. "Out it goes," said the Manager of Tests.

Before quitting the Test Room I witnessed the performance of a machine for determining the breaking point of cloth. In a way it impersonated Dad or Uncle Bill—or perhaps yourself—in the ceremony of struggling into a shirt.

"Men are mere brutes when dressing to catch a train," said the test man. "Their

shirts must have tensile strength both ways. Otherwise unprintable words—and lost customers!"

It is not often, however, that manufacturers of poor-grade shirtings offer their wares to Earl & Wilson. This Troy Test Room is famous among makers of shirt and collar materials.

Then we moved along to a device that was stoically untwisting thread into strands—nosing into its very make-up and inner secrets. All these machines are somewhat insolent and lacking in sentiment. Chemicals, without regret, discover whether "silk" is wholly silk or part cotton.

In these ways the Earl & Wilson Test Room—standing everlastingly for Quality and Reputation—is a Service rendered both dealers and consumers. Quality means Economy to the public, and Successful Merchandising for the dealer.

Through labyrinths of sewing machines and collar-making devices of strange varieties we went; up and down aisle after aisle where endless rows of women, and here and there groups of men, were working. On every floor new batteries of machines and fresh battalions of shirt- and collar-workers greeted us.

In one department we paused to watch an amber-haired girl who seemed to be displaying extraordinary dexterity for our entertainment. My guide declared, however, that she always worked that way.

"It's her pace," he volunteered; "she can sew on more buttons in half an hour than your wife could sew by hand in a day."

She was working with buttons that had the eyelets in a shank—using a machine which had caused the inventor sleepless nights. Yet he solved the trouble in so clever a way that workers now take it quite for granted.

"Nothing to it!" quoth she.

I've been thinking ever since of her remark—nothing to it! Marvels of mechanics and production get to be quite commonplace; yet the brains and money that have gone into this sort of public Service are stupendous.

Earl & Wilson, while not concerned directly with the development of sewing machines, have been leaders since the days of Mr. Earl himself in the invention of devices which make the present industry possible. Our great-grandfathers did not have the collars we know today; they wore stocks, or perhaps fluted ruffles. Earl & Wilson invented the high turned-down collar which worked revolution in neckwear styles. Many special machines essential to modern collar-making were originated and built at the Earl & Wilson factory—among them the stamping, turning and shrinking machines.

In the old days a vast amount of individual labor was required, for one thing, in turning and stitching raw edges; now machines do this work in perhaps a single second.

Our grandmothers used to say that the worst job in making shirts was the neckband; but this operation holds no terrors for the Earl & Wilson factory, where special machines do it without complaint or apology. One impressive thing is the swiftness and apparent ease with which each job swings along.

Farther on was an aisle of shirt-making machines, going with the gallop and gusto of soldiers on the double-quick.

Still farther along, at a sewing machine, we paused to pay respects to a white-haired woman who had been with Earl & Wilson forty-odd years. Her face brightened as she told us that Mr. Earl himself employed her. "A fine man," she said, "who always gave us girls a Square Deal!"

For many years Mr. Earl himself received the work done by outside stitchers, his microscopical eye searching out defects. He was the plan, policy and mainspring of the factory—always on guard against the slightest let-down in perfection.

Later when shirts became part of the product, the same quality trade-mark covered them. Washington Wilson created this design; his own handwriting and character live in the trade-mark

To-day the Earl & Wilson House is the lengthening shadow of its two founders. They died many years ago, but their influence is as strong as when they went away, close together, on their long journey.

In 1873 Gardner Earl, a son, was admitted to membership, and in 1881 Arthur R. Wilson, a

brother of Washington Wilson, came in. A nephew, Franklin H. Wilson, afterward became a firm member.

In 1887 Earl & Wilson once more tied the pedigree of the House to the early collar-making traditions of Troy. Edgar K. Betts, a merchant who married another daughter of Jefferson Gardner, took charge of the manufacturing. His son, Edgar H. Betts, is now president.

Thus the House of Earl & Wilson takes pride in its relationship to the men who ran that first little collar shop many years before the Civil War.

A young retail merchant in a western town, eager to increase sales, was inclined to plunge, without considering whether certain lines were adaptable to his trade. But the Earl & Wilson salesman covering this territory was conservative; he reflected the policy of the House—against selling goods that might stay on a merchant's shelves.

This is the sort of Service for which the Earl & Wilson policy stands. Its philosophy is not merely to sell merchandise. To help men to success is a bigger, more satisfying motif.

The Company has branch establishments in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco, and Los Angeles; but these are more than mere conventional branches.

Once a young executive in a Chicago department store dreamed a daring thing. He went to the senior partner and thus expressed himself: "Our store needs atmosphere." Shortly afterward began the era of "drawing room" stores.

The Earl & Wilson House wants its Branch offices to possess this same atmosphere of *men*, with red blood of fellowship. The Company is content to grow from Service rendered—not from cold, bald merchandising. It expects all members of its organization to *live* the fundamental principle that the business can never be truly successful unless it attracts—as a magnet. Customers must feel from within the impulse to buy; they must need not only the goods but the counsel, experience and merchandising information Earl & Wilson can give them.

One of the greatest services a manufacturer can render the public is to discourage soaring prices. Not long ago a certain dealer bought a quantity of Earl & Wilson shirts at a price which enabled him to retail them for $2.50—though the actual market value was over $4. The secret of this transaction was simply the consistent Earl & Wilson policy to base selling prices on the actual cost of materials, plus a reasonable profit. These fabrics had been purchased months before.

Especially at the present time does this philosophy operate toward good Americanism. By discouraging inflation of prices, lower costs of living are subserved.

The Square Deal, in every phase of the business, is the Earl & Wilson policy. In the early days the proprietors knew employees personally; they were Jim and Jack, Ann and Jane. To-day this personal touch is taken over by the Employment Manager. A Square Deal to workers means SERVICE; means bettering the product.

Foremen in the Earl & Wilson plant do not have the power of discharge. The Employment Manager is both counsellor and court of appeal. As ambassador from the Company to its workers, he irons out many of their troubles. Perhaps Jessie Stitcher wearies of doing the same work month after month. "I'm going to quit!" she says.

"Just wait a little," returns the Employment Manager, "we'll find a different job for you."

Or Jennie Starcher shows signs of letting down in the Quality Spirit. "Try it in such-and-such department," he'll tell her.

Yet it is not his policy to antagonize foremen, but to conciliate; his is the soft-pedal job—a diplomat's. In this way he keeps the labor turnover down—and maintains the spirit of the *Best Goods*. Records are kept of all individual performances, and promotions made accordingly.

Troy has still bigger business history ahead of it. The collar and shirt industry has vast markets as yet undeveloped. Nor are all these in foreign lands. The American people are dressing better and better every year—realizing that one royal path to income is the Road of Good Clothes.

Thus the Earl & Wilson ambition is to make its House count big in this Quality Service—to maintain Troy itself the Quality City for Collars and Shirts.

TIFFANY & CO.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE

EFFICIENT SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
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Let Sound Investments guard your home

WHEN you build your home, you consult a capable architect as a matter of course. In building your financial estate, for safety's sake, seek experienced investment advice. You can have it for the asking.

When we tell you that, in our judgment, certain securities are right for you to buy, we tell it only after a strict investigation of the values, products, purposes and people back of such securities.

We invite you to call at the nearest of our 50 correspondent offices and learn about the investment securities we recommend for you—you at your age, your circumstances, your purposes, your ambitions—in a word, for *your* needs. We have investment securities for every need.

Meanwhile, let us send "Men and Bonds"—the illustrated story of our investment service—together with our latest Offering Sheet. Mailed promptly on request for SB-119.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

A NATIONAL INVESTMENT SERVICE—*More than 50 correspondent offices in the leading cities connected by about 10,000 miles of private wires.*

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bank reserves, and at the same time the ratio of gold reserves to liabilities at the European state banks was allowed to fall far below habitual usage. The Bank of England, where 40 per cent had for half a century been accepted as a normal minimum, reported less than 12 per cent in 1918. In the United States the expanded bank loans were supported, first through our importation of $1,000,000,000 foreign gold in the two and a half years after 1914; then through the rediscounting, by the Federal Reserve, of loans held by private banks.

The Expansion of Credit

Those "rediscounts," which did not exist at all in 1914 and which were only $114,500,000 in April, 1917, amounted to $1,797,000,000 in November, 1918.

All this time, the governments of Europe and of the United States were using every facility of their own to avert a rise in money, which might have prejudiced the market for the war loans. They were able to do it because of the immense sums of money constantly passing through their hands and temporarily at the Treasury's disposal.

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When the Ship Came In

IN Colonial days the arrival of a ship at an American port was a great event. It meant news from overseas, and, more important, supplies of woolens, linens, shoes, and implements, in payment for which the settlers offered furs, tobacco, lumber, or whatever of value the new country produced.

For the most part, trading was mere barter, goods being exchanged directly for goods. Certain commodities, even, were used as legal tender.

Modern banking has eliminated these slow and uncertain methods. The merchant and manufacturer today has available every facility for the speedy and safe handling of his commercial transactions, for obtaining credit, and for financing domestic and international business.

The large resources and complete equipment of this Company enable us to render every service within the scope of commercial banking, domestic and foreign.

Booklets describing our various services will be sent on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

New York London Liverpool Paris Havre Brussels

Capital & Surplus $50,000,000 Resources over $800,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 55)

THROUGHOUT the war, opinion was divided as to whether return of peace would be followed by dear money because of war-time exhaustion of capital and savings, or by easy money because of reduction of governmental demands and because of slackening in trade from its war-time activity. In England and the United States, reduction of borrowings by government came as expected. But the cutting down of requisitions by the Treasuries was more than counterbalanced, so far as concerned the money market, by the actual speeding up of trade and the outburst of speculation.

Money Markets After the War

One familiar way of proving such a fact is by comparing the amounts drawn in checks on a given country's banks. Last year the checks drawn by bank depositors in England footed up a total sum greater by 34½ per cent than in 1918. In the United States the increase was 25½ per cent; in New York City alone, 32 per cent. Part of this increase was undoubtedly due to higher prices; but that would not affect conclusions as to the money market's burden.

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He Increased His *Net* Income $1,240 Through Re-investment.

The Federal Income Tax caused this client to rearrange his investments to get a greater *net* return for 1920.

Primarily because of their freedom from Income Tax, he reinvested his funds, upon the maturity of his taxable securities, in Municipal Bonds of our selection. How he increased his *net* return $1,240 is graphically shown above.

Municipal Bonds are particularly attractive at this time because of their freedom from Income Tax. Their absolute security and great stability free one from investment worry. Municipal Bonds can be readily converted if desired.

Our long experience and nation-wide facilities enable us to offer you exceptional financial service. Write us and let us show you how you can rearrange your holdings to increase your *net* income for 1920. We will also be pleased to send you our free booklet "Bonds as safe as our cities." Kindly address Dept. B-3

William R. Compton Company

GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS

"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

New York Chicago St. Louis Cincinnati New Orleans

(Financial Situation, continued from page 57)

PRODUCTION and distribution of goods for home consumers were beyond question greater in 1919 than in 1918, and they had to be financed by borrowing at banks, whereas the war production had been largely financed by governments. When, moreover, on top of these new demands from trade, the whole country plunged into speculation—not only in stocks but cotton, grain, provisions, and real estate—an extremely heavy draft on bank resources was occasioned. An eminent English economist once observed that "when people go into the market and purchase with money which they hope to receive hereafter, they are drawing upon an unlimited, not a limited fund.

Trade and Speculation

He meant that there would then be no limit except the limit of the power of the banks to go on lending. But in 1919 the banks also had unusually large amounts of credit outstanding in advances made to subscribers for the government war loans, notably the $6,989,000,000 "Fourth Liberty Loan" of October, 1918. Under pressure from the Treasury, American banks had virtually agreed to leave those loans undisturbed for at least a year, at no higher a rate than the interest rate on the war bonds. Using these loans for rediscount at the Federal Reserve, where also the rate for such accommodation was low, private banks with speculative customers increased their rediscounts on such security from $1,572,000,000 in September to $1,736,000,000 in November. The Reserve system's percentage of cash reserves to liabilities fell so low that the Reserve Board had twice to raise rediscount rates in order to check such borrowing; and a good part of the loans were thrown back on the private banks.

This was why the Wall Street rate for two and three months' loans, having begun the year at 5¼ per cent, got up to 6 and 7 last October, and at the end of 1919 stood as high as 7½ and 8 per cent. It partially explains the extraordinary fact that in January of the present year—a month traditionally marked by rapid decline in money rates—Stock Exchange demand loans ended the month at 20 per cent while three months' loans commanded 7 and 7½. These were rates which had not been seen in Wall Street at the close of January since 1873.

THE story of the silver market since the armistice is in a way dramatic. At the end of 1915, the London price of silver was 27

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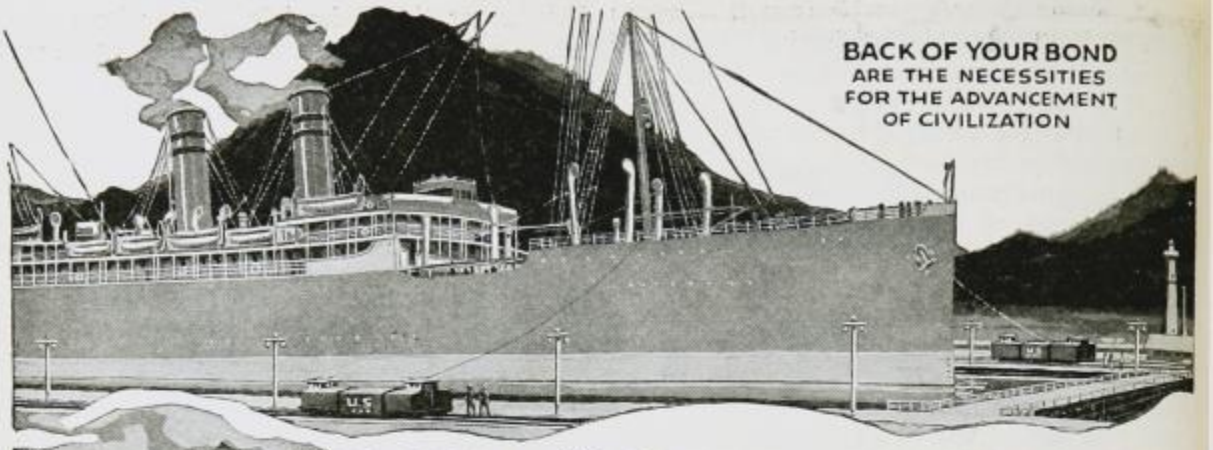

THE MASTER BUILDER

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is one of the largest builders of the day. It has accomplished what individuals and other governments have attempted and failed to accomplish. Among other things it built the Panama Canal, the greatest engineering feat of modern times.

The Panama Canal has done away with the long, weary trip around Cape Horn. It has brought Atlantic and Pacific ports in closer touch with each other. Its fulfillment was made possible only through funds raised by the sale of bonds.

The bonds of the United States have the strongest security possible—the full faith and credit of a nation to whom repudiation of a just debt is unknown. For this reason the various issues of Liberty and Victory bonds have an especial appeal to the conservative investor, who appreciates the value of government backing.

HALSEY, STUART & Co. deal extensively in all issues of United States Government bonds. We buy and sell such securities at close market figures; our numerous offices located in the principal financial centers and connected by private wires make possible a prompt and dependable buying, selling and quotation service. Send for Pamphlet S.M. 16 "Comparative Analysis of Outstanding Liberty Loan Bonds."

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pence per ounce; only a trifle above the price of 1914. During 1916 it advanced to 37 pence, and at one time in 1917 reached 55; but when the armistice was signed in November, 1918, silver was back again at 49½. With 1919, however, a new and very rapid advance began. On the 16th of last December, silver sold at 79 pence per ounce; on February 7 of the present year at the utterly unprecedented price of 89. This extraordinary movement—the rise above the 1914 price was nearly half as large again as the average advance in other commodities—is unusually interesting both for its special causes and for its special results.

When the Rise in Silver Grew Violent

Some of the causes for the rise were the same as those which, under the influences of war, drove up the price of iron and wheat and cotton. It is true, the recent belligerent states of Europe produce what is relatively only a small amount of silver; so that the interruption of their productive industry had no appreciable effect on the world's output. But production in the United States, which had been 74,961,000 ounces at the high record of 1915 and 67,810,000 even in 1918, decreased last year, in spite of the rising price, to 55,285,000 ounces. This was a consequence partly of labor shortage, as in many other industries, but largely also of the decreased output of the copper mines, from which a good part of our silver is turned out. At the same time, silver mining in Mexico—second as a producer only to the United States—was increasingly paralyzed by the political anarchy in that country.

But this reduction in new supplies was only part of the story. It occurred at exactly the moment when the world's demand for silver was increasing with wholly exceptional rapidity, and for a curious reason. While Europe was waging war and America presently joining in the conflict, Asia, except for Japan's brief campaign in the Shantung Peninsula, kept at peace. China, India, and Japan were therefore able to produce and export increasingly large amounts of merchandise as the war went on, and this at the very time when their own imports from Europe were decreasing because of Europe's inability to produce the goods.

EVEN in their trade with the United States these countries increased their exports; we bought from them many kinds of goods which we used to buy from Europe. This did not happen instantly; the full force of the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 63)

New England Industries

NEW ENGLAND INDUSTRIES for over 100 years have represented STABILITY, SECURITY and PROFITABLE OPERATION.

Since 1868 the BROWN COMPANY (Formerly Berlin Mills) of Berlin, N. H. and Portland, Maine, has grown from a small beginning to its present position of the largest manufacturer in this country of bleached sulphite fiber, pulp and kraft wrapping paper.

THE BROWN COMPANY SERIES "A" 6% DEBENTURE BONDS are a first claim subject only to $3,450,000 existing mortgages on assets in excess of $50,000,000 and earnings of nearly seven times interest requirements.

Gross sales in recent years have averaged in excess of $23,000,000 annually.

We recommend these Bonds as a prime industrial investment and offer the unsold maturities from November 15, 1920 to 1935 inclusive, at prices to yield about 6.15%.

Descriptive Circular On Request

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS

BOSTON
PORTLAND
PROVIDENCE

Investment Securities
Founded in 1888

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
DETROIT

Members of the New York, Boston and Chicago Stock Exchanges

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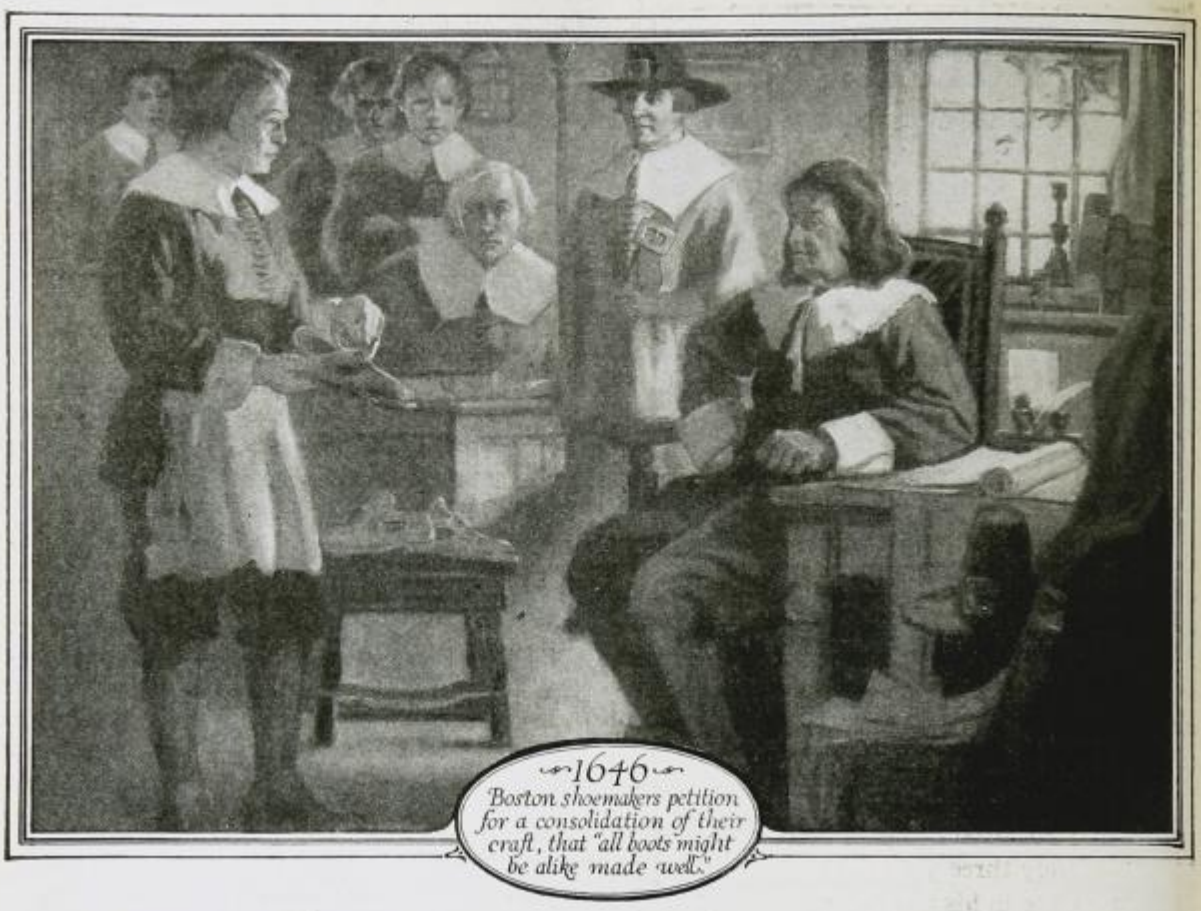
movement did not show itself until the war was nearly over. In the calendar year 1913, our own country's imports from Asia exceeded our exports to that Continent by $155,000,000, and the excess of imports was about the same even in 1916. But last year the surplus of imports was $337,000,000. The balance of trade with China and India was $119,000,000 in favor of England during the nine first months of 1914. It was $42,000,000 against her in the same months of 1917, and in 1919 the balance adverse to England was no less than $195,000,000.

The East and the Silver Market

These debits had to be settled somehow. Last year our markets settled a good part of their own trade indebtedness to those Eastern countries by sending gold, of which no less than $175,000,000 went from the United States to Asia during the twelvemonth past. England was not shipping gold; but the Asiatic markets, after their historic habit, were willing to take silver in payment. Hence the remarkable occurrence of our own country's export of no less than $204,000,000 worth of silver in 1918 and $225,000,000 in 1919—mostly to Asia and largely on account of England—whereas our largest shipment of any year before the war was the $71,500,000 of 1912.

Now last year's $225,000,000 export of silver was offset by only $80,000,000 imported (mostly from Mexico), and the net amount exported was nearly two-and-a-half times as great as the year's production in the United States. Therefore the bulk of the silver exported must have been obtained somewhere else than from new production. England obtained the silver for export to the East largely from silver coins which were sent to her from the Continent to be melted up. They were worth much more as bullion than their face value in their own countries' currency. Not many weeks ago, when the German paper mark was valued on exchange at hardly one-twentieth of its nominal value, such a mass of German silver money was received at the British Mint that the facilities for melting and assaying it as bullion could not keep pace with the applications.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 65)



THE prosperity of present-day New England is due in no small measure to the continuance of this old spirit of the bootmakers of Boston.

The policy of "good work and pride in it" has been the cornerstone of success for Lynn, Brockton, Haverhill, Boston, Manchester, Auburn and Lewiston. So that today over half the nation is shod by New England.

Not only in the shoe industry, but in other lines, the outstanding feature is soundness, and investors the country over are appreciative of this quality in New England industries — a heritage of the old "payment-in-full" spirit of the original Plymouth settlers, who bought up in seven years all the stock in the London Company which financed the colony.

New England's reputation for stability and integrity has led many non-residents to put their securities in trust with the Old Colony Trust Company, a practice which has decided advantages from the standpoint of the individual, as explained in our booklet, "*Concerning Trusts and Wills*", mailed on request.

During the coming year, New England will celebrate her 300th birthday. Visit the old historic shrines —and make this Company's office your banking headquarters while here.

OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY
BOSTON

(Financial Situation, continued from page 63)

BUT this did not help the American silver market; where the situation was met in a still more extraordinary way. When the Asiatic trade balance was rising rapidly against us and the consequent demand for silver to export had grown urgent, there lay in the vaults of the Treasury at Washington the largest pile of idle silver in the world. No less than 529,000,000 silver dollars, coined under the law of 1878, were heaped up in that storehouse. It was clear enough, in principle at any rate, that this stock of silver ought somehow to be used to adjust the trade balance with the Orient.

Melting Up the Silver Dollars

The government, however, did not own the silver dollars; they were held in trust as security for an equivalent amount of the so-called "silver certificates"—the bills for one and two and five and ten and twenty dollars which once made up the greater part of our paper pocket-money. Being held under this arrangement, the Treasury could not at once dispose of its hoard of silver. What it did, however, in accordance with a law passed in April, 1918, was to put to one side all silver certificates received in payment of public revenue; cancel those certificates after substituting equal amounts in Federal Reserve notes, secured by Treasury obligations issued to buy the silver; thereby release the silver dollars held against those cancelled silver certificates, and then melt up the dollars and sell them as bullion to exporters. Between April, 1918, and the autumn of 1919, no less a sum than $260,000,000 in silver dollars was thus turned into silver bars and sent out of the country. At the beginning of 1920 there were still $288,221,000 worth of the silver dollars in existence, of which all but $81,536,000 were in the Treasury vaults at Washington. New legislation was impending, however, whereby the remaining silver dollars might be similarly melted up.

Of all the "solutions" which the statesmen and economists of 1878 or 1890 or 1896 or 1900 could have imagined for what was known to every one as our "silver problem," this is perhaps the one which would never have been imagined. There were many careful thinkers who believed that our silver dollars—the metal in which, at the price prevalent from 1897 to 1915 inclusive, was intrinsically worth less than 50 cents for each piece—were a menace to the soundness of our currency. The only logical remedy which these experts could propose was for the United States Government to do what the German Government did after 1871: melt

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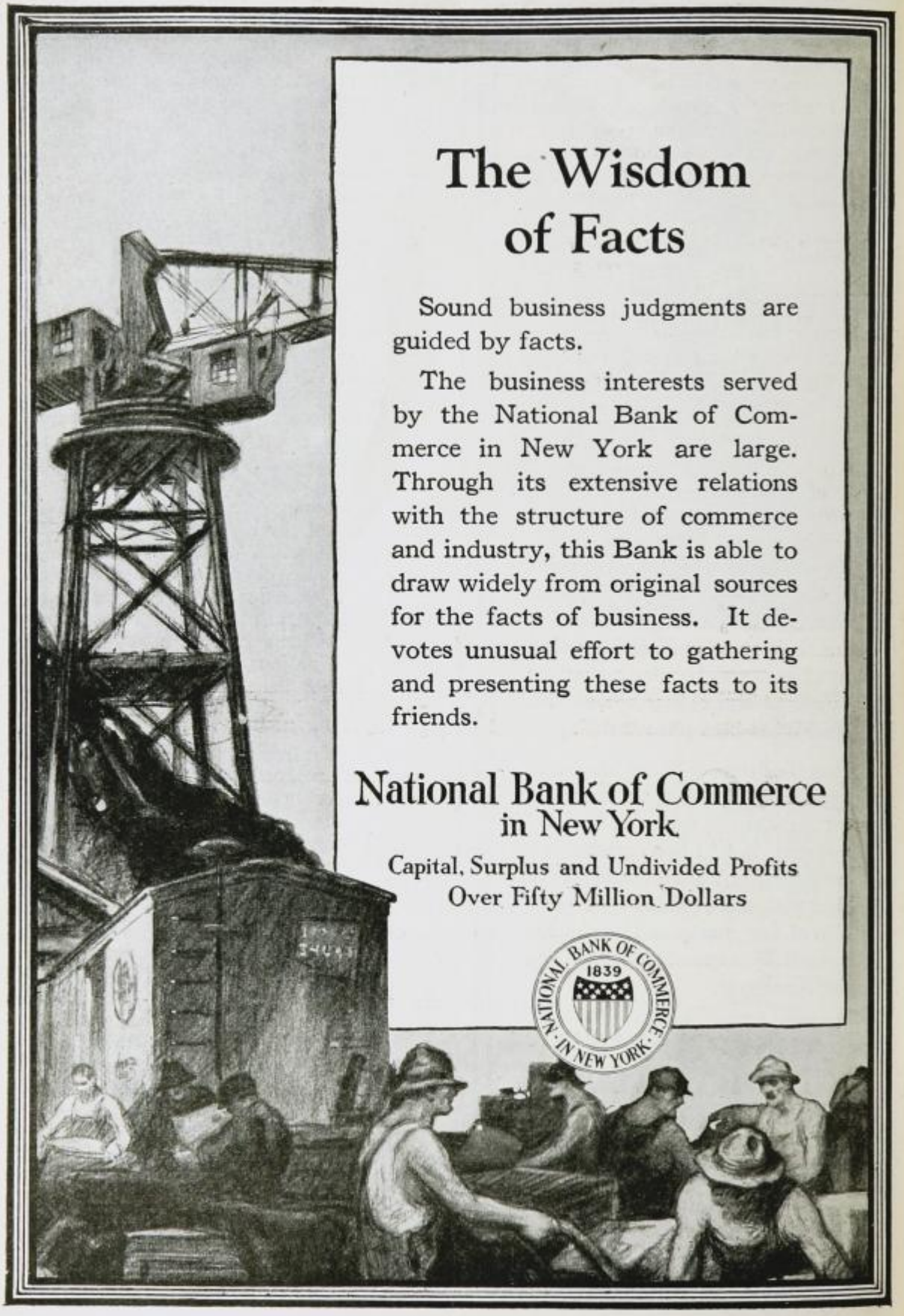

The Wisdom of Facts

Sound business judgments are guided by facts.

The business interests served by the National Bank of Commerce in New York are large. Through its extensive relations with the structure of commerce and industry, this Bank is able to draw widely from original sources for the facts of business. It devotes unusual effort to gathering and presenting these facts to its friends.

National Bank of Commerce in New York

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits
Over Fifty Million Dollars

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE · IN NEW YORK · 1839

(Financial Situation, continued from page 65)

up the old silver coin, sell it as bullion, and substitute gold or gold-secured paper.

The Solution of the "Silver Problem"

BUT in the years when this solution was discussed as a remote possibility, the immense loss which the undertaking would involve seemed an insuperable obstacle. Five hundred million dollar pieces, the silver in which the government had originally bought at prices mostly ranging from 75 cents to $1.20 per ounce, if thrown on the market when the market's existing price stood at 50 cents or less, would mean the sacrifice of several hundred millions. This would have been so, even if that price could have been obtained. But there was no reason to suppose that it could be obtained. The mere knowledge that our government purposed making such a sale would be likely to cut the price of 50 cents per ounce in half. Confronted with that probability and with the sentiment which still survived from the "silver party" of 1878 and 1896, the most courageous economists gave the problem up.

Yet here we have it settled automatically, and settled by a series of events involving in almost every other direction economic confusion, currency inflation, and financial calamity. Not only was a market opened for disposal of our whole five-hundred-million stock of silver dollars, but the sale of them as bullion was presented in the light of an expedient to relieve extremely unpleasant economic pressure, and to protect our gold reserves. Not only was no financial sacrifice imposed on the government by the sale, but it will have made a very substantial profit by the whole operation. The 260,000,000 silver dollars sold by the Treasury for the export market prior to last autumn brought by agreement $1 per ounce as bullion, or much more than the average purchase price paid for coinage purposes since 1878. If the remaining 288,000,000 of the dollars were to be sold at anywhere near the recent market price for silver ($1.39 per ounce was paid in January) the proceeds would exceed by 25 to 40 per cent what the bullion in them originally cost the government.

NOR, indeed, does the strange reversal of circumstance stop with this. The opponents of the Bland Silver Coinage Law of 1878 pointed out that the dollar to be coined under that statute would, at the then ruling price of silver, be intrinsically worth only 90 cents.

(Financial Situation, continued on page 69)

The struggle for world trade is rapidly approaching

READJUSTMENT is proceeding by leaps and bounds. Governments are co-operating with industries to regain world markets. Competition is growing more and more intense.

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Resources over $250,000,000

(Financial Situation, continued from page 67)

The fight against the free-coinage movement in the presidential campaign of 1896 pivoted mainly on the fact that the silver dollar's bullion value had fallen almost to 50 cents. But when a price of $1.2929 per ounce makes the silver used to coin the dollar worth intrinsically 100 cents, and when the New York market price had gone to $1.35 or $1.39, the silver dollar had actually become worth $1.07 as bullion. If the government had not kept the operation strictly in its own hands, the bullion dealers would have made a profit of nearly 7 per cent by collecting and melting up the silver dollars still in circulation, or which could be obtained by presenting silver certificates for redemption.

Debit and Credit During Forty Years

As a sequel to the forty-year-long "silver controversy," this was surely an amazing outcome. It was to be expected that the free-coinage candidate of 1896, still surviving politically after his series of political shipwrecks, should have asked triumphantly a few weeks ago: "Are the New York financiers paying their debts in a cheap gold dollar?" Nobody took the trouble to answer Mr. Bryan, however, whose exclamatory comment merely reminded his hearers that he is as far from understanding the silver question (or any other economic question) in 1920 as he was in 1896.

IN the case of gold, it is even more true than in the case of silver that the phenomena hitherto associated with war-time markets have appeared only after war was over. That the paper currency even of England was actually depreciated in terms of gold as early as 1915, there can be no doubt. If the governments and the banks had in this war waived restriction on the export of gold and on the buying and selling of gold in terms of paper money, there would have been some premium on gold as early as 1915 in every belligerent state of Europe. Gold redemption of the paper currencies had been suspended even before the inflation of paper money had got under way, and a non-redeemable currency usually sells at a discount. As it was, no premium was bid during war time. In Germany, such action was forbidden under a prison penalty; in England, export of gold, the only apparent way of getting a premium paid, was prohibited except under governmental auspices.

Gold Market in War Time

Therein lay the difference from our own gold market of Civil War times. No such hin-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

drance existed then. A "Gold Exchange" was established in Wall Street early in 1862, close by the Stock Exchange and for the very purpose of such trading. Gold was "at par" when $1,000 in legal tenders or in a bank check would be accepted for $1,000 in gold. When gold was "offered at 150," the thousand dollars gold could be had only for $1,500 in the paper money.

Gold Premium in Civil War Times

THE price often fluctuated wildly; there were "bulls" and "bears" on gold. Not only did the gold market rise on announcement of fresh issues of legal tenders at Washington, but the price went down from 144 to 131 in the week after Gettysburg; advanced from 168 to 181 after the Battle of the Wilderness; declined from 154 to 143 on the news of Lee's surrender, and rose from 146 to 153 when Lincoln was assassinated. Speculators and foreign markets were not the only buyers. The law required payment of American customs duties in gold, and there was nowhere except on the Gold Exchange that American importing merchants could get the gold.

None of these particular incidents has arisen in the London market, even since the war. Whether some of them would not have been repeated, with an open gold premium in war time, is a matter of conjecture; it is a fact of history that in the London gold-premium period last before that of 1919, gold fell from 100 shillings per ounce to 89 shillings on the first abdication of Napoleon, and rose from 89 shillings to 107 when Napoleon escaped from Elba. But the essential point is that there was no gold premium during the recent war.

Periodical cargoes of gold from the Transvaal mines were delivered to the Bank of England or its Canadian branch, and the Bank paid for the gold in notes or deposit credits the price of 77 shillings 9 pence per ounce—which had been the ruling price for a century. Depreciation of exchange on the European belligerents in the neutral markets may have embodied, and to an extent doubtless did embody, a discount fixed by those markets for the new paper currencies of Europe, and therefore an indirect premium on gold. But a direct and open premium it was not. All through the war, the circulars of Lombard Street bullion houses continued to quote "bar gold" at 77 shillings 9 pence per ounce. But in September, 1919, the price rose to 99 shillings;

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in December to 106 shillings; in the first week of February to 127⅓ shillings. These prices were for "fine gold," whose value for coinage at the British Mint is almost exactly 85 shillings per ounce. Using the terms employed in our own gold market of the sixties, it might be said that in September gold sold at 116½ at London, in December at 124¾, and in February at 149¾.

When London Opened the Gold Market

WHAT had happened, and why did it not happen until almost a year after suspension of hostilities? The explanation is oddly interesting. Cost of producing gold and transporting it from mine to market had gone up like the cost of producing and transporting other things. Mine labor was higher; mining appliances were higher; land and ocean freights were higher. Owners of gold mines began to complain at the unchanged price paid by statute at London for their product, in the face of these mounting expenses of production. The gold mines threatened to close down. For a while, they asked for a government bounty on gold production. This was refused for the best of reasons: that it would give an artificial stimulus, to which there was in principle no limit, to the standard of money values.

Then the gold-producers took a new position. Under British law, the price to be paid by Mint or Bank for an ounce of gold was fixed. So much in bank-notes or in bank credit would purchase so much gold. But this, as far as gold on the London market was concerned, could not apply to foreign markets. At New York, for instance, gold cannot sell for more than $20.672 per fine ounce, which is the rate at which it is coined by law into eagles or double eagles. That sum is exactly equivalent to the Mint price of gold per ounce at London, if exchange between London and New York stands at the normal parity of $4.865⅛ per pound sterling. But in September of 1919, exchange on London could be bought at $4.25 per pound, and it went below $3.60 in January, 1920. Even at the September rate, $100 paid at New York would buy a draft on London, good for nearly £3 more in English currency at an English bank than the same $100 could have bought with sterling exchange at parity. A draft purchased at the still lower January rate would give the American purchaser a London credit for £7, 4 shillings more against his $100 payment than in normal times.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 73)

THIS advantage, it will readily be seen, would permit him to bid for gold at London, in terms of English currency, far above the British Mint price, while still leaving it possible, after paying the cost of bringing the purchased gold across the ocean, for him to sell the gold to the United States Mint at the statutory price and keep a profit for himself. Until last September, the British Government had required owners of gold, delivered in London's market, to offer it to the Mint or the Bank at the statutory price. It was, however, then decided, in fairness to the gold-producers, to abandon this restriction and establish what is known as a "free gold market."

The Gold Miners and the Market

That being done, every foreign market in which sterling exchange was at a heavy discount began to bid for the new deliveries of gold in London. As sterling exchange depreciated further, the market in which that depreciation had occurred could naturally afford to raise its bid. The rising premium became all the more inevitable from the fact that different foreign markets were bidding against each other. Even when sterling at New York fell to $3.18 at the opening of February—a rate which, when compared with the normal par of $4.86⅝, embodied a depreciation of 34½ per cent, the considerably greater depreciation of sterling at Calcutta enabled the East to overbid our bankers for the gold. Out of $50,000,000 gold thus offered at London in December and January, only $3,000,000 was obtained for America. Of the remainder, the great part went to India, where the precious metals, in the words of an economist of two centuries ago, enter "an abyss from which there is no return."

Such is the present remarkable panorama in the financial markets. There may conceivably be even more surprising phenomena yet to be encountered; for no war in history has shaken and dislocated the world's economic machinery as this war has done. It was seven years after Waterloo before England's paper currency was again quoted at parity with gold, and fourteen years after Appomattox before the United States resumed specie payments. Meantime Europe has before her, on the present occasion, the task not only of reducing her inflated paper but of bringing her foreign trade to something like a normal basis; her imports of merchandise from the United States alone exceeding in 1919 her exports to us by $4,435,000,000, whereas the similar excess even in 1918 was $3,240,000,000, and in the year before the war only $634,000,000.

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PREFERRED STOCKS PRO AND CON

By Stevens Palmer Harman

FUNDAMENTALLY, what is good for a corporation is good for its security holders. Owners of a company's stocks and bonds are concerned, first of all, that the company should earn enough to pay dividends and interest, lay by a sufficient reserve or surplus to tide it over lean years, and in general that it should be honestly and efficiently managed. However, investors like other people are often short-sighted, preferring the present gain to the ultimate larger gain. For this reason, the provisions under which preferred stocks are issued are usually most carefully hedged about with stipulations as to what shall be done with the money earned, under what conditions new securities may be issued, and where the voting power of the corporation's stockholders shall lie. In these stipulations will be found the chief advantages, as well as the principal dangers, attaching to issues of preferred stock.

Such issues are a frank attempt to induce investment by people who find the income from bonds too small to suit their tastes or needs, but who are unwilling to accept all the uncertainties inherent in common stock. The income tax law, however, supplied another reason to many people for investing in stocks rather than in bonds. Under the terms of the law, net incomes of individuals received in 1918 were subject to a normal tax of 12 per cent (6 per cent on the first $4,000 of income); while for 1919 and subsequent years, until alteration of the law, the normal tax rates were fixed respectively at 8 and 4 per cent, for larger and smaller incomes. Similarly, corporations were required to pay a normal tax of 12 per cent for the calendar year 1918 and of 10 per cent for subsequent years.

The theory of the law was that inasmuch as corporate income, from which dividends are derived, paid its levy to the government, it would be inequitable to subject the dividends themselves to the normal tax; though such dividends were made liable to the surtaxes. Income derived from bonds, however, was subject to both normal and surtaxes, except in those cases where the issuing corporation had agreed to assume a part of the tax, usually to the extent of 2 per cent. A general exception to the rule is found in some of the government bonds and in issues of States and municipalities, which are not taxable under the federal tax laws.

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This freedom from tax levies has been effectively used as an argument for buying preferred stocks, which are thus, in one particular, placed in a more favorable position than bonds. In addition, great effort has been made to attach other attractions to preferred stock issues. The very nature of preferred stock, occupying as it does a sort of intermediate position between common stock and bonds, has favored this attempt. Holders of outstanding bonds have not usually been in a position to object to an offering of preferred stock, since the bonds rank ahead of preferred stock in their claim upon the company's earnings, and the security back of the bonds is in no wise impaired, since preferred stock is not based upon a mortgage of any part of the company's assets. Common stockholders, on the other hand, would ordinarily prefer to see a security issued which, like preferred stock, would not involve a fixed charge upon the company's earnings. Bond interest would involve such a charge, while preferred stock dividends would not. Where there is no bond issue whatever outstanding, preferred stock has a first claim upon earnings after wages, interest on bank loans and similar charges have been met.

In not a few instances, the agreement under which preferred stock is issued provides that the company shall always maintain "quick assets" (including cash, bills receivable, materials on hand, and the like) equal to a certain percentage of the preferred issue; sometimes a figure as high as 100 per cent or even more is specified. This is in recognition of the fact that corporate difficulties, sometimes resulting in bankruptcy, are often the result of inability to meet current obligations, even though a company's "fixed assets," including plant, equipment, sinking funds and the like may far exceed its obligations. In one sense, too, such a provision is a safeguard against improper payment of dividends even on the preferred stock, for if the stipulation is rigidly adhered to, dividends obviously cannot be paid if such payment would reduce the current assets below the minimum stipulated. This matter of the payment of dividends is something that needs to be closely guarded. Pressure from the common stockholders will often be exerted to force payment of preferred dividends, even when they have not been earned, since the common stock can expect no dividends as long as there are arrears on a cumulative preferred issue. Good management on the part of a company's officers and directors, and self-restraint on the part of the stockholders, are

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needed to see that no financial mistakes of this sort are made.

Accumulated dividends due on a preferred issue are, of course, one of the factors that may result in substantial gain for the preferred stockholder. The Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. in 1916 paid off 60 per cent in back dividends which accumulated on the preferred issue. It requires painstaking analysis, however, on the part of the prospective buyer to determine what the chances are for the liquidation of back dividends. If a company is ably managed and is gradually improving its position, the chances of payment are naturally much better than in other cases; in other words, the fact that dividends have accumulated does not mean that they will inevitably be paid. It may happen that a proposal will be made for a compromise on back dividends, usually permitting them to be cleared up through the issue of new stock rather than by cash payment. The stockholders, recognizing the hopelessness of looking for the cash to which they are nominally entitled, may accept such a compromise.

As elements in the attractiveness which corporations seek to throw around their preferred stock, the most conspicuous may include a provision permitting the preferred to share in profits equally with the common after the stipulated dividends have been paid on the former—a provision which, naturally, would not be viewed with favor by the holders of the "junior" shares, and which is not frequently encountered. Or it may be provided that in case preferred dividends are omitted, an increasing amount of voting power shall accrue to the preferred shareholders. Or it is sometimes stipulated that no bonds or other prior obligations may be put out or assumed by a company without the consent of a large majority of the preferred holders. And finally, it may be agreed that a certain amount of the preferred issue will be retired each year out of a sinking fund, the redemption price representing as a rule a handsome premium above the par value—a premium greater than would ordinarily be expected to attach to the market price of the stock.

Now, all such provisions, while they doubtless enhance the security and attractiveness of the preferred issue, must be recognized to operate in more than one direction. All may go well as long as a corporation can finance its needs by selling preferred stock, but a time may come when investors demand bonds rather than preferred stocks, and in such case it may be difficult to obtain the necessary con-

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sent for a bond issue, which would rank ahead of the preferred. While the holder of preferred shares is apparently favored by the numerous restrictions mentioned, these restrictions imply a lien upon his common sense or financial astuteness which may require him at some future time to sacrifice his immediate interest; and in a large body of stockholders it is dangerous to count upon the existence of such good judgment. Similarly, the operation of a sinking fund for the retirement of the preferred shares may work a hardship, in requiring the redemption of preferred shares at a time when the company needs its money for its current business.

In a word, those minute provisions surrounding preferred stocks, while they safeguard that particular issue, impose restrictions upon the issuing company. What is an asset from one view-point is a liability from another.

It is true that while bonds are usually protected by a mortgage upon the company's property, while preferred stocks are not, the bondholders in time of financial trouble seldom exercise their right to foreclose on the property, preferring rather to permit its reorganization through receivership. Hence it has been very truly noted that in the United States a first mortgage fails to give the protection which it ostensibly affords. Yet it should be borne in mind that in case of reorganization, the bondholder usually fares better than the preferred stockholder. While the bonds of a company may be "scaled down" or exchanged for preferred stock in the reorganization, the preferred stock will usually be exchanged for common stock.

An attempt to raise all the funds needed for a new company through the issue of cumulative preferred stock is to be regarded with great scepticism, since it is hardly probable that a new enterprise will from the outset earn the 6 or 7 or 8 per cent called for by the preferred issue. A generous proportion of the capital should be represented by common stock, which carries no definite claim upon earnings. Investigation and study are needed by the would-be investor in preferred shares, quite as much as by the buyer of common stocks or bonds. The London *Economist* recently laid down some rules for the guidance of stock buyers, which are excellent advice of a general sort for investors in preferred issues. They may be summarized as follows:

(1) Be sure that a reasonable proportion of the capital is represented by common shares; otherwise the company may be financially "top-heavy."

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INVESTMENT LITERATURE

Many instructive booklets and periodicals on investment and kindred subjects are published by financial institutions. Following is a list of literature now available. To obtain any of the booklets mentioned below, write to the issuing house, mentioning the Investor's Service Bureau of

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CURRENT INVESTMENT OFFERINGS

Analysis of Selected Preferred Stocks: *E. W. Wagner & Co., 33 New Street, New York.*

Bond Offerings for the Month: *National City Co., 55 Wall St., New York.*

Bonds of Allied Nations: *A. B. Leach & Co., 62 Cedar St., New York.*

Bond Topics: *A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.*

Booklet describing Pulp and Paper Mill Securities Yielding 6 to 6¾%: *Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Chicago.*

Cities Service 7% Debentures as an Investment with a Speculative Feature: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.*

Halsey, Stuart Investment Offerings: *Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 S. La Salle St., Chicago.*

Investments of Industrial Pittsburg: *Mellon National Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.*

Investment Recommendations: *Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.*

Investment Securities: *Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, Ill.*

Investor's Guide: *Greenebaum Sons Bank and Trust Co., Chicago.*

March Bond List: *Hornblower & Weeks, New York, Boston, Chicago.*

March Investment Guide: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.*

Oriental Navigation Company 8% Preferred Stock: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., New York, Chicago.*

Pacific Gas & Electric Co., First Preferred 6% Cumulative Stock: *Blyth, Witter & Co., San Francisco and New York.*

Preferred Stocks Exempt from Normal Income Tax: *Merrill Lynch & Co., 120 Broadway, N. Y.*

Merrimac Chemical Company 10% Capital Stock: *Earnest E. Smith & Co., 52 Devonshire Street, Boston, Mass.*

What $1920 Will Do if Invested in Four Preferred Stocks: *Bodell & Co. Providence, R. I.*

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS

Basic Principles of Bond Investment: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

Bonds—Questions Answered, Terms Defined: *Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 S. La Salle St., Chicago.*

Customer Ownership and What It Means to the General Investor, Descriptive Booklet: *H. M. Byllesby & Co., New York, Chicago.*

Electric Arc Welding, a fundamental industry of broadening scope: *J. M. Byrne & Co., 60 Broadway, New York.*

Financial Status of Belligerents: *Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall St., New York.*

French and English Government Securities: *Colgate, Parker & Co., 49 Wall St., New York.*

Getting the Most Out of Your Money: *Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass.*

Investment and Income Record: *First National Bank, Boston, Mass.*

Investment Items: *Royal Securities Corporation, Montreal, Can.*

Men and Bonds: *National City Company, New York.*

Stumbling Blocks of Finance: *Financial World, 29 Broadway, New York.*

Sixty Milestones of Progress: *Ladd & Tilton Bank, Portland, Oregon.*

The Passing of the Small Town Plant: *A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York.*

The Solvency of the Allies: *Guaranty Trust Company, New York.*

What You Should Know About Investment (Elementary). *National City Company, New York.*

REAL ESTATE INVESTMENTS

A Buyer's Guide to Good Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., 90 S. Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich.*

"Added Assurance": *Greenebaum Sons Bank & Trust Co., 9 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.*

Choosing Your Investments: *G. L. Miller & Co., Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.*

Creating Good Investments: *G. L. Miller & Co., Atlanta, Ga.*

Current Investments in 6% Real Estate Mortgage Bonds: *C. C. Mitchell & Co., 69 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.*

Guaranteed First Mortgage Participations: *Mortgage Trust Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Income Without Worry: *Lackner, Butz & Company, Conway Building, Chicago, Ill.*

Investment Steps: *Mercantile Trust Company, St. Louis, Mo.*

Questionnaire for Investors, 1920 Edition: *S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York, or Straus Building, Chicago.*

Safeguarding the Safest Investment: *Swartzell, Rheem & Hensey Co., Washington, D. C.*

The Key to Safe Investment: *Federal Bond & Mortgage Co., 90 S. Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.*

FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS

"A. M. I." Farm Mortgages: *Associated Mortgage Investors, Rochester, N. Y.*

Farm Land Bonds. } *Wells-Dickey Company,*
Farm Mortgage Investments. } *Minneapolis, Minn.*

How Forman Farm Mortgages Are Made: *Geo. M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

Mortgages Payable in Gold: *The Title Guaranty and Trust Co., Bridgeport, Conn.*

Southern Farm Mortgages: *Investors Mortgage Co., New Orleans, La.*

The Science of Safe and Profitable Investing: *Peters and Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

Unique Service for Farm Mortgage Investors: *Frank C. Williams, Inc., Newport, Vt.*

"We're Right on the Ground," and descriptive offerings of First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds: *E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.*

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Bonds as Safe as Our Cities: *Wm. R. Compton Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

Bonds That Always Pay: *Kauffman-Smith-Emert Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

How to Invest Without Loss: *Stern Brothers & Co., Kansas City, Mo.*

Investing in Municipal Bonds: *Stacy & Braun, Toledo, Ohio.*

Market Chart of Municipal Bonds: *Wells-Dickey Company, Minneapolis, Minn.*

PARTIAL PAYMENT PLAN

Cities Service Bankers Shares Offered to Investors on Partial Payment Plan: *Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall St., New York.*

Forman Farm Mortgages and the Forman Monthly Payment Plan: *George M. Forman & Co., Chicago, Ill.*

How Wealth Is Attained: *Lackner, Butz & Co., Conway Bldg., Chicago.*

Partial Payments for Investment Securities: *Herrick & Bennett, 66 Broadway, New York.*

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKLETS

American Trade Marks Abroad: *Continental and Commercial National Bank, Chicago.*

Banking Service for Foreign Trade: *Guaranty Trust Co., 140 Broadway, New York.*

Fifty Years in the Nation's Capital: *Swartzell, Rheem and Hensey Co., Washington, D. C.*

Illustrated Booklet on Travelers' Letters of Credit: *Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.*

The Income Tax and the Average Man: *Royal Securities Corporation, Montreal, Canada.*

International Investments, and Their Relation to Foreign Exchanges: *Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.*

New England Letter: *First National Bank, Boston, Mass.*

Our Public Debt: *Bankers Trust Co., 16 Wall St., New York.*

Scandinavia and Its Trade Opportunities.

Acceptances:
The Far East:
The Webb Law.
The National Shawmut Bank, Boston, Mass.

Your Financial Requirements and How We Can Meet Them: *Old Colony Trust Company, Boston, Mass.*

(Continued from page 83)

(2) Mergers of companies that have been built up by individual skill and enterprise are apt to be handicapped at the outset, in case the men who made the old business successful sever their connection with the enterprise.

(3) Shares in companies whose business is the producing of articles of luxury must be regarded in these uncertain times as speculative.

(4) Do not judge the prospects of a business solely by the profits made during the war years.

(5) Find out whether the men who are running the business are really familiar with it, or whether directors are chosen merely because of their reputation in other fields.

(6) A good record promises a sound future.

PROTECT YOUR INVESTED FUNDS

At one time or another practically every private investor requires unbiased information either regarding securities which he holds or those which he contemplates for investment. To meet this need the Financial Section of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, the function of which is to analyze securities and supply current news, up-to-date statistics, and relative information on investments and kindred subjects.

Recently a reader of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE wrote our Investor's Service Bureau a letter from which we quote the following:

"Last summer you advised me against buying some stocks I mentioned. I took your advice against my own judgment and have been saved a 100-per-cent loss. I am very much obliged.

"W. M. H."

Following is another letter from an investor who uses our investment counsel service:

"Have just received your letter giving an opinion of the bonds we hold, and I assure you of our great appreciation of the time and trouble you have taken in giving us information about each of them.

"It is a great privilege to be allowed to use the Investor's Service Bureau. D. C."

Of course, the value of investment counsel service depends on the thorough personal attention given to each investor. In order that the service may be sufficiently thorough and personal to be of practical use, a nominal fee is charged. Statistics, facts, and information about one stock or bond is furnished for $3.00. An additional charge of $2.00 is made for each additional security reported on at the same time.

Inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, should be addressed to

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BURNING MILLIONS

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA TO CURB FIRE

THIS article, and those in the series to follow, are designed as an appeal to the conscience as well as to the intelligence of the public. Everyone knows that in the matter of fire losses America has an unenviable pre-eminence among the nations of the world. Yet this knowledge has not borne fruit in the form of making a determined and universal effort to reduce these losses. A higher sense of civic duty, as well as an enlightened self-interest, is an imperative need.

America's failure cannot be laid at the doors of the agencies and firms which are waging constant war on the common enemy. On the contrary, no country can boast of more efficient means for fire-fighting, or of more able institutions formed for the purpose of awakening the nation to the seriousness of its shortcomings. Since 1893, when at the International Fire Congress, London, American fire-fighters astonished Europe with their quickness and precision, the city fire departments of this country have been acknowledged as unequalled in both equipment and personnel.

Many of the appliances now of world-wide use originated here, notably the swinging harness, and latterly American fire departments have taken the lead in motorizing. Individual firms have not been behind.

The automatic sprinkler, though long dreamed of elsewhere, was made commercially practicable by American inventive genius. Nowhere have hand-extinguishers, automatic alarms, fire-resisting materials and other features been given more intelligent thought. Further, such institutions as the National Fire Prevention Association, organized as far back as 1896, The National Board of Underwriters, The Underwriters' Laboratories, and The United States Bureau of Standards, have carried out consistently a comprehensive programme of invaluable research and propaganda. It is therefore the public's "next move." If it cannot be persuaded it must be shocked to make a fuller use of the knowledge and the weapons provided.

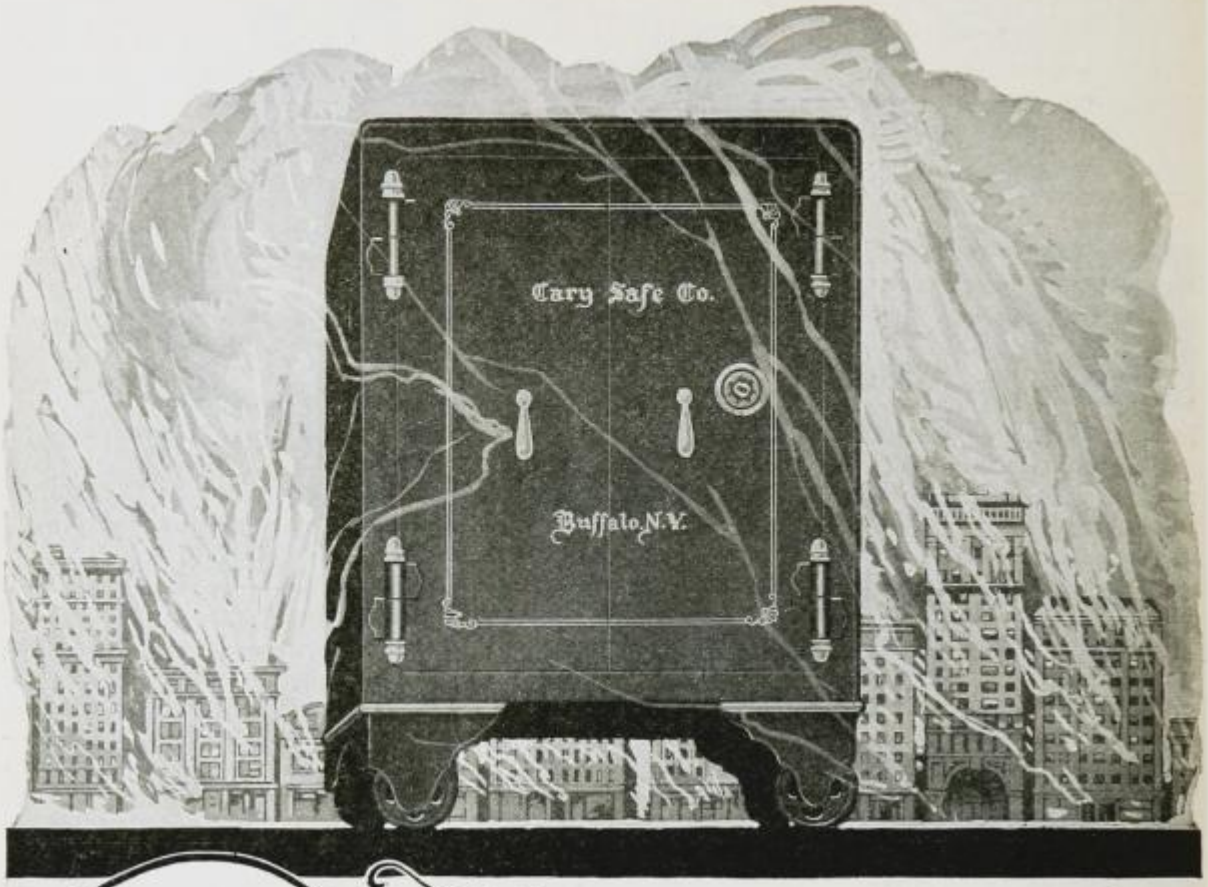
There needs no recourse to rhetoric to drive home the real seriousness of America's appalling fire losses. Bald figures can do this sufficiently. Last year, for example, the total direct money loss in the United States and Canada, considered quite apart from the indirect loss through dislocation of trade, delay and waste of energy, was not less than $317,014,385, or nearly $3 per capita for the entire population. This loss was the largest shown by any single year except one, 1906, the year of the San Francisco conflagration, when it was not less than $459,710,000.

There is a popular misconception that this fearful waste is made good, at least partially, by insurance. This cannot be. Insurance distributes the loss, but it cannot possibly restore it. Whenever the owner of destroyed property is compensated, so far as money can compensate him, every other policy holder throughout the country contributes his part of the compensation; and these individual contributions, added to the overhead charge of carrying on business, are passed on, necessarily, to every consumer.

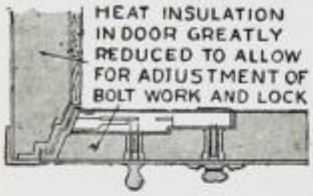
In other words, whenever a fire occurs, though in the most remote corner of the country, every other citizen, even though he never heard of it, none the less helps to pay for it by paying an increased price for every loaf of bread or pair of shoes that he buys. The fire has placed upon him a heavy and inescapable tax for which he has not a thing in the world to show. When it is remembered that this tax aggregates upward of $300,000,000 a year, it may be realized how heavily the needless burden rests upon every community.

Since every fire is thus rather a public than a private loss, it would seem that the entire country would co-operate to a man in the effort to minimize the burden. But unfortunately the "community spirit" in this matter has not been aroused. Even more unpleasantly suggestive than the aggregate annual fire loss in America is the fact that it is showing an upward trend, while in European coun-

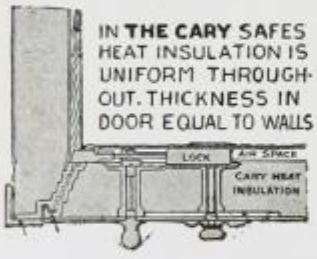
(Continued on page 89)



IN ORDINARY SAFES YOU WILL FIND HEAT INSULATION IN DOOR GREATLY REDUCED TO ALLOW FOR ADJUSTMENT OF BOLT WORK AND LOCK



IN **THE CARY** SAFES HEAT INSULATION IS UNIFORM THROUGHOUT. THICKNESS IN DOOR EQUAL TO WALLS



The Safe That Withstands Fire

—It is not an idle boast. It is fact—written large in the history of the Cary Safe Company.

Never, since the first Cary Safe was built—back in 1878—has a Cary Safe failed,—even in the test of fire. And Cary Safes have been facing this ordeal throughout the civilized world.

Fire is the test of all tests. It challenges the very worth of a safe.

The Cary Safe, with its two thicknesses of steel, sandwiching an insulated filling of superthickness, dares any fire to break its barriers of protection. Not in the walls alone is the Cary invulnerable. In the doors, where a safe is most apt to be weakest, the Cary is specially built for strength, with insulation protecting the lock and bolt mechanism.

Without such construction the Cary Safe could not fulfill the requirements of its makers — "UNIFORM STRENGTH THROUGHOUT."

"Buying Protection," a folder telling the Cary story, will be mailed on request.

Stationers and Dealers in Safes: A profitable proposition is open in localities where we are not adequately represented.

CARY SAFE COMPANY
Buffalo N. Y.

CARY SAFES *"The Safe Investment"*

(Continued from page 87)

tries it is showing a downward trend. The comparison, though not flattering to national pride, should act as a wholesome tonic.

Last year, which showed the heaviest general loss, thirty-two cities showed a per capita loss exceeding $5.00, as against twenty-nine cities averaging this figure in 1917. On the other hand, statistics for thirteen European countries, each more densely populated than American cities, and exposed to the same fire hazards, show an average annual per capita loss for the three years immediately preceding the recent war of but $0.71.

This forcibly suggests the severe economic handicap suffered by America, a handicap all the more to be regretted in that it could be removed by the exercise of greater precaution and by a more thoughtful and widespread adoption of fire-resistive materials and fire-fighting appliances.

Another comparison should be made as illustrating that this handicap on America's industrial and commercial supremacy has been increasing rather than lessening through many decades. The illustration can be made most concisely in the following table:

ANNUAL FIRE LOSSES IN SINGLE YEARS SINCE 1875

1875....	$ 78,102,285	1905....	$175,193,800
1885....	102,816,796	1915....	182,836,200
1895....	129,835,700	1918....	317,014,385

It is true that the population and the wealth exposed to fire hazards have also increased greatly during the same period, but it is not at all consoling to know that they have not increased in the same proportion. In 1900 the population of the United States as registered in the census returns was 75,000,000, while today it is approximately 110,000,000, an increase of a trifle less than 50 per cent. In 1900 the country's fire loss was about $115,000,000, while last year it was not far from three times that amount. That is, while the population has grown at the average rate of about 2 per cent for each year, with a somewhat larger increase in wealth, the havoc wrought by fire has so steadily eaten into the gain that it has become a national calamity.

It has been already intimated that the loss arising through fire can never be localized—whenever a fire occurs, and whatever the extent of the damage it causes, it involves a national loss for which each individual must help to pay. Apart from the fact that each consumer, everywhere, pays more for every commodity he buys, whether he knows it or not, the interruption of trade relations between a community visited by a fire and other communities entails an economic waste, always and inevitably.

A fire which visibly devastates one city also impairs the industrial and commercial efficiency of every other city having trade relations with it. It is only from its immediate effects, and through its spectacular features, that the fire is most keenly felt at the place of its occurrence. It so happens that in this respect no one part of the country has occasion to indulge in either recrimination or self-congratulation, though perhaps the south central states usually show a loss above the average. Taking a decade through, no one zone can claim to have escaped from a disastrous fire. To this San Francisco, Baltimore, Salem, Mobile, and scores of other cities as widely scattered, can bear witness with equal truth and equal contrition. Even in sparsely settled districts, where fire hazards are naturally much less, the loss is not materially so, as the great forest fires in Minnesota, Montana and North Carolina indicate.

Individual cities, and a few wide areas, have honored themselves by reducing the average of fire losses as compared with the average losses throughout the country at large, but there remains for them the greater honor of attaining as nearly to complete immunity—as human limitations permit.

DURAND
STEEL LOCKERS

AFTER years of use you will find Durand Steel Lockers as good as new; they are a permanent investment; they will last as long, or longer, than the building they are installed in.

We specialize in the manufacture of steel lockers and steel shelving; we have concentrated our efforts on these two lines and have built a business and a reputation upon them.

Write for catalogue of steel lockers; or of steel racks, bins and counters.

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For 128 years the Insurance Company of North America has led in efforts to eliminate loss through needless fires. It has fostered every good idea advanced for

Fire Prevention

Today it is splendidly equipped to give advice and assistance in *fire protection* as well as fire prevention. This is a public service cheerfully given.

Insurance Company of North America

Dept. W, Philadelphia

Founded 1792 *Capital $4,000,000*

SANI-CAN

"I don't need to stoop to open SANI-CAN"

"Nor take those trying trips outdoors. Gleaming-white SANI-CAN in the kitchen is a dainty ornament and especially a blessing to middle age — saves steps, energy, time, health."

Fits under sink, table. Top lifts with pressure on "Press-Toe"—you drop waste into it *immediately*, saving sink mess, drain clogging—as top drops back, contents are showered with deodorizer and disinfectant. Equally ideal for the nursery. Receiver pail (4 gals.) removes for emptying; easily flushed; round corners.

At better hardware and house-furnishing stores — or, sending dealer's name, write

Sanitary Receiver Co., Inc.
Dept. 24 Dunkirk, N. Y.

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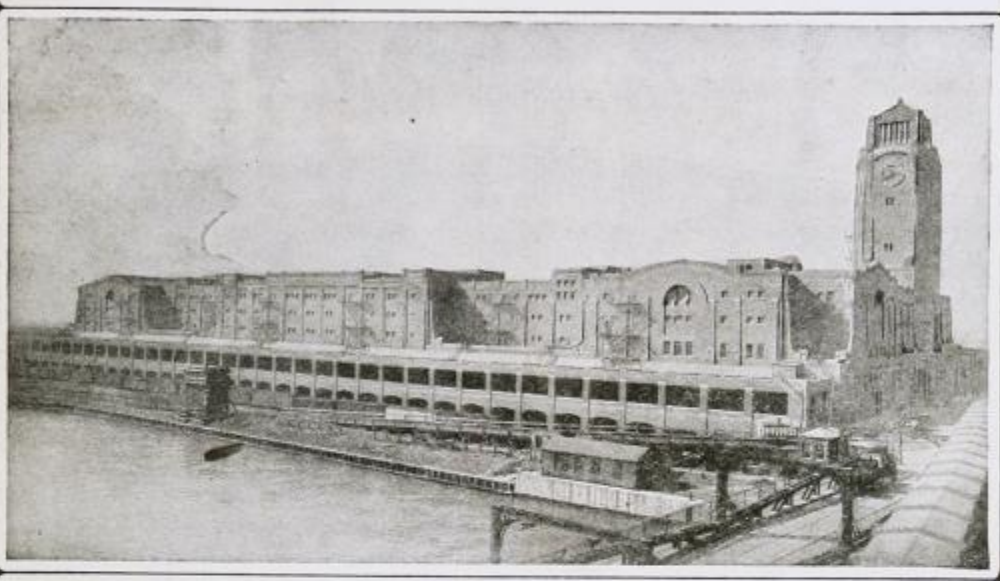

The Famous Pennsylvania Railroad Freight Terminal at Chicago

Fuller-Built Landmarks

THE successful building of a great structure like this mammoth Freight Terminal completed in record time for the Pennsylvania Railroad demands the coordinated effort of the strongest and best organized constructors obtainable.

Hundreds of millions of dollars worth of splendid structures throughout the principal cities of the United States and Canada bear ample testimony that the Fuller name on a building under construction is evidence that the job is being handled with fidelity and economy.

Our nation-wide organization with its exceptional resources for efficient performance is at your service.

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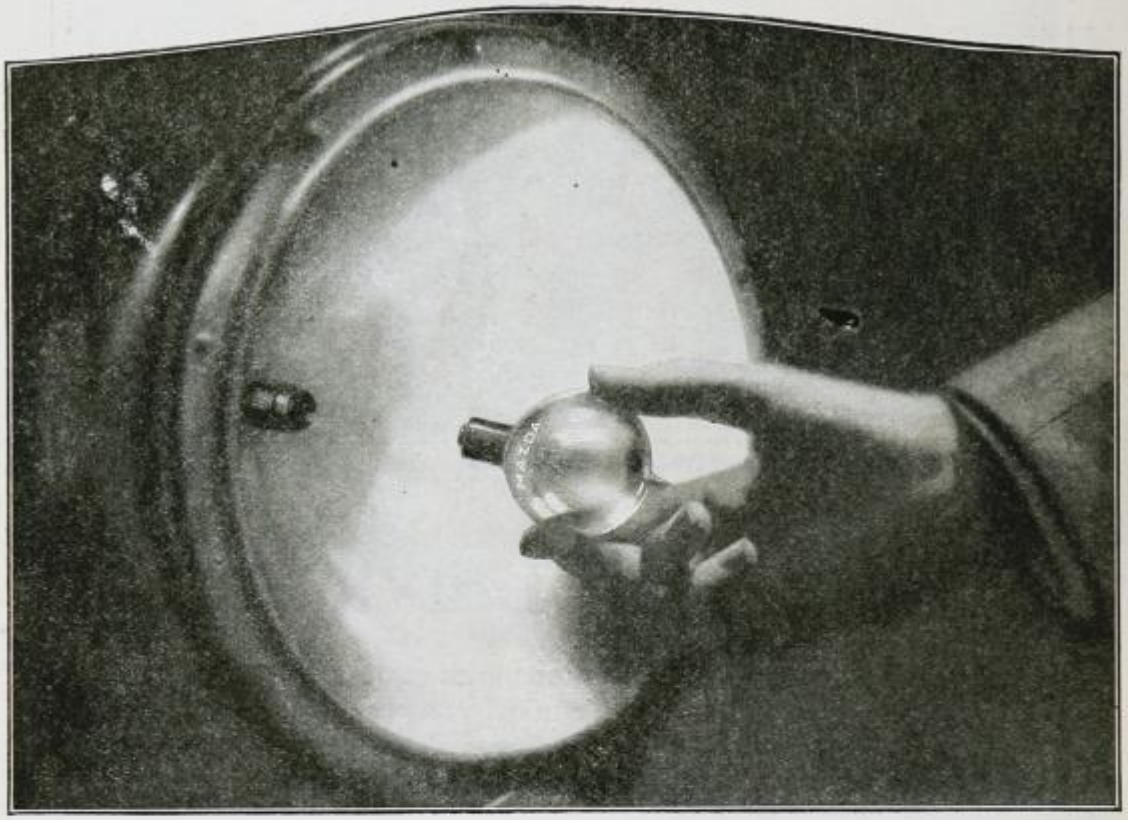
MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"



Dependability or Doubt—Which do you put in?

Headlight dependability comes only when the lamp bulb itself is dependable. With the MAZDA Lamp, sun-like safety on night roads is assured through the reliability which MAZDA Service has put into every lamp marked MAZDA. Be sure the lamps on your car are marked MAZDA.

MAZDA is the trademark of a world-wide service to certain lamp manufacturers. Its purpose is to collect and select scientific and practical information concerning progress and developments in the art of incandescent lamp manufacturing and to distribute this information to the companies entitled to receive this service.

MAZDA Service is centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. The mark MAZDA can appear only on lamps which meet the standards of MAZDA Service. It is thus an assurance of quality. This trademark is the property of the General Electric Company.

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RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

No more dragging the stair carpet out on the porch and laboriously beating it to the disgust of the neighbors and in defiance of the law.

Getting the dust and dirt out of the stair carpet and from all corners and cracks is no work at all with the easy stroking of the ARCO WAND Cleaning Tool.

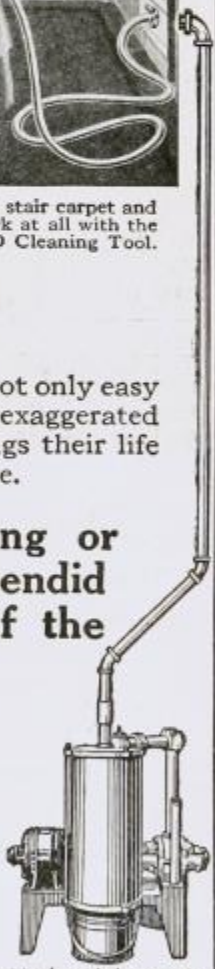
Easy stair cleaning!

An ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner makes this household work not only easy but quickly and thoroughly done. The above illustrations are not exaggerated for cleaning any carpets and rugs, the ARCO WAND way prolongs their life and removes all dust, grit and dirt without fatigue or waste of time.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

No beating, bending or straining — this splendid cleaner does all of the work—noiselessly!

A light, stroking motion of the ARCO WAND cleaning tools takes out all dust, grit, and lint and pipes it away into the sealed dust bucket of the machine. Rugs, carpets, upholstery, mattresses, pillows, clothes, shelves, corners, and mouldings are quickly cleaned without the drudgery of old-fashioned broom and duster work. All the dust is piped away — you do not rehandle it, as in clumsy portable cleaners. The ARCO WAND is *noiseless in operation.*



Machine is set in basement or side room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose, and tools are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at $195 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight. Sold on easy payments.

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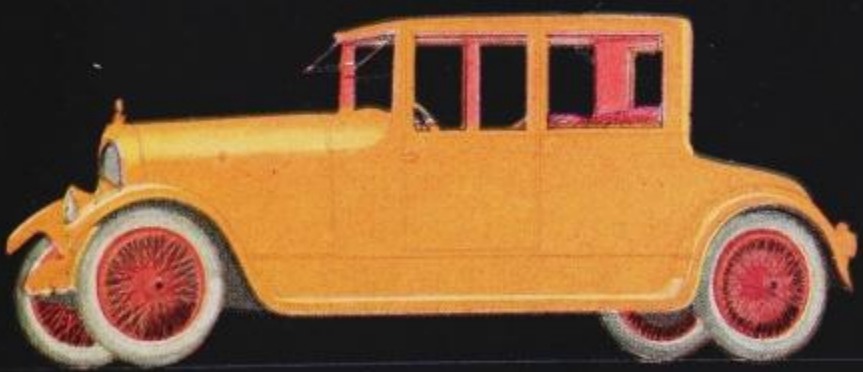
NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY
Established 1851 :: INDIANAPOLIS



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In buying Mohawk Tires, you are buying tires which for seven years have been manufactured according to the highest standard of quality known in the tire industry today. Not for a day or an hour has this quality deviated during the entire period—a fact to which any Mohawk dealer or user can attest.

This consistent quality has been achieved by the simple, sensible method of using the choicest rubber and fabric to be found in the world, and by employing the country's most careful and experienced hand tire builders.

In addition to the superior quality materials in Mohawk Tires you will also find an extra ply of fabric giving proportionately greater strength in most sizes.

Mohawks are sold by the better class of dealers everywhere throughout the country.

MOHAWK RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO

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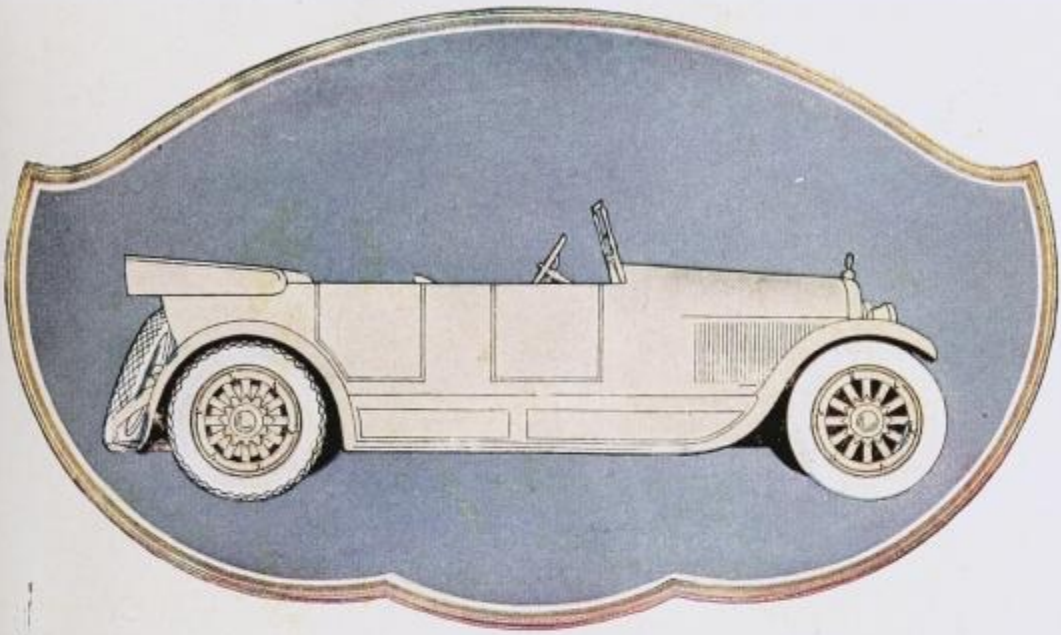
Kansas City Dallas San Francisco Los Angeles

MOHAWK "Quality" TIRES



The JORDAN *Silhouette Five*

TIME was when we bought motor cars like graphophones—large enough to entertain the neighbors. Our friends now have motor cars of their own.

Watch the endless line of motor cars moving down the boulevard. Count the average number of persons carried. It is really less than five. Occasionally, you see seven people in a car, but they all look strangely uncomfortable.

The passenger capacity of the Silhouette Five is in accord with the average size of the American family, which is five persons.

This car weighs only 2800 pounds.

The chassis of finished mechanical excellence is the lightest on the road of its wheel-base. In balance this car is supreme. It holds the road, speeding forward without a tremor, bouncing and swaying never.

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Scene in San Francisco

Once a Hero —

ONE old Civil War veteran rescued a bed-ridden comrade while fire was sweeping through the upper floors of the big picturesque Soldiers' Home.

How the town praised him!

"It was what you might expect of the old boy," they said heartily to each other. "Once a hero, always a hero!"

Thus the case is disposed of.

It isn't right always to count on heroism like that of the valiant old soldier. It is senseless and cruel.

In homes for the aged and infirm, in city and county institutions for the poor, lives are being needlessly sacrificed. It goes on endlessly in spite of the existence of a simple and sure means of preventing holocausts — automatic sprinklers.

With the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System there is always a guard on duty no matter how deserted or remote the corner where the fire starts. When the fire starts the water starts.

Learn all about this system yourself. Don't let your conscience rest because you *think* your public buildings are safe. *Know* all about them. Do your constructive thinking before the fire—not afterward.

Men have protected some five billion dollars of their business property from fire by the use of automatic sprinklers.

Meanwhile our wonderful humanitarian institutions and our fine schools continue to burn, criminally jeopardizing thousands of lives.

Read—"*Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy*"

Write for this interesting free book today. Read and inform yourself fully on this all important matter and pass the book around among your friends. Use your best endeavors to improve conditions before a fire tragedy occurs. Your efforts may help to save lives. Who knows? Write now, before you put aside this magazine. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 287 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Complete Engineering and Construction Service on Automatic Sprinklers.
Industrial Piping, Heating and Power Equipments. Fittings, Pipe, Valves.

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As in Beautiful French Chateaux!

WE picture here a Beaux Arts model Brunswick. This cabinet affords a union of art, music and utility. Hand wrought, of rich antique brown walnut with carefully matched panels in doors and ends, the Beaux Arts is unsurpassed for fine lines of rare delicacy and exquisite ornament.

The phonograph, equipped with a new and improved electric motor, is concealed.

Thousands of music lovers, critical of musical expression, have received The Brunswick Phonograph with enthusiastic approval. Two phonographic improvements of major importance have created this preference—the Ultona and the Tone Amplifier.

The *Ultona* presents to each make of record, at the turn of a hand, the proper diaphragm and needle. It brings forth tones hitherto lost. Each record is heard at its best.

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Brunswick Records contain the magnetic personality of the great artists. They are interpreted by noted directors—thus uniting the talent of the artist with the genius of the composer. Hear Brunswick Records—make comparisons.

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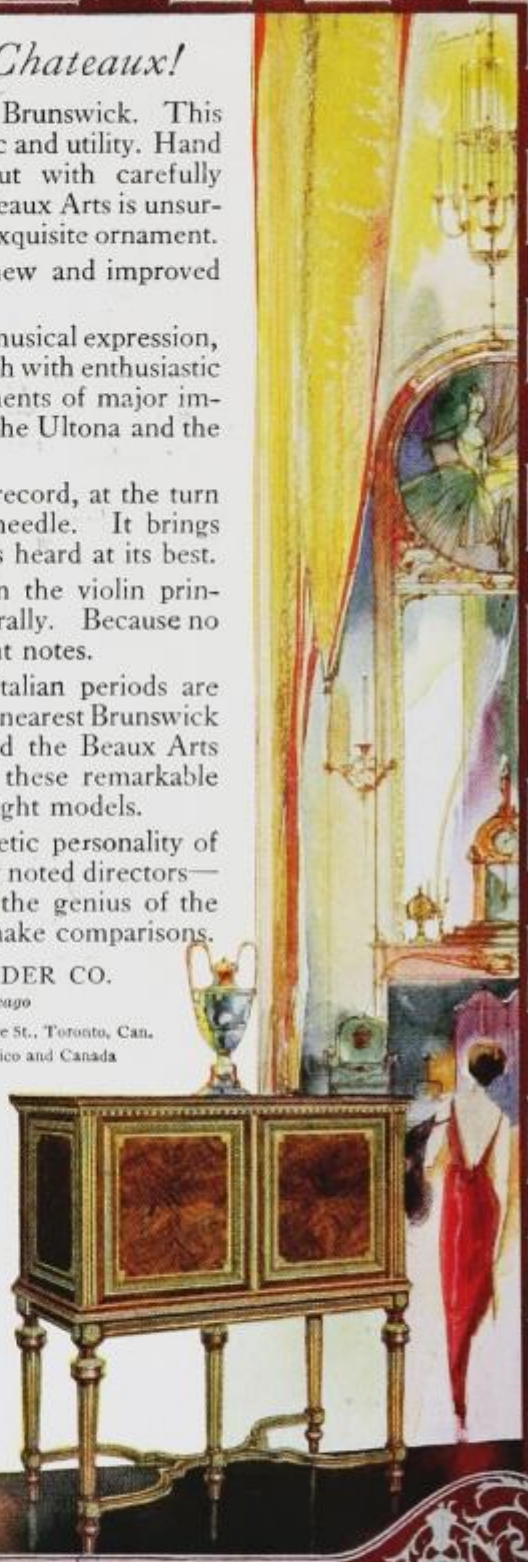
An interesting Brochure in colors treats of all models in detail. Write for it or ask any Brunswick dealer.



Dental Facts

Which Everyone Should Know

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Film is What Ruins Teeth

The cause of most tooth troubles is a slimy film. It is ever-present, ever forming. You can feel it with your tongue.

That is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Brushing Doesn't End It

That film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. Ordinary brushing methods leave much of it intact. Month after month the film remains and may do a ceaseless damage.

That is why so many brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Dentists long have realized that ordinary cleaning methods were inadequate. They have sought a film combatant. Now, after years of research, science has supplied it.

Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. And now millions of teeth are daily cleaned in this effective way.

A Trial Tube to Everyone

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to show its results, a trial tube is sent to all who ask.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But this logical method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

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See the Effects in Ten Days

Send the coupon for a 10-day Tube. Then note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

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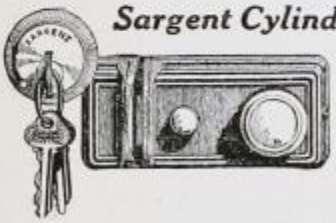

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Combine safety, security and strength. They have many special features, chief of which is the ***Push-Button Stop,*** *found only in Sargent Day and Night Latches. They are simple, convenient and safe, and there is no possibility of their getting out of order by the forcible closing of the door.*

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

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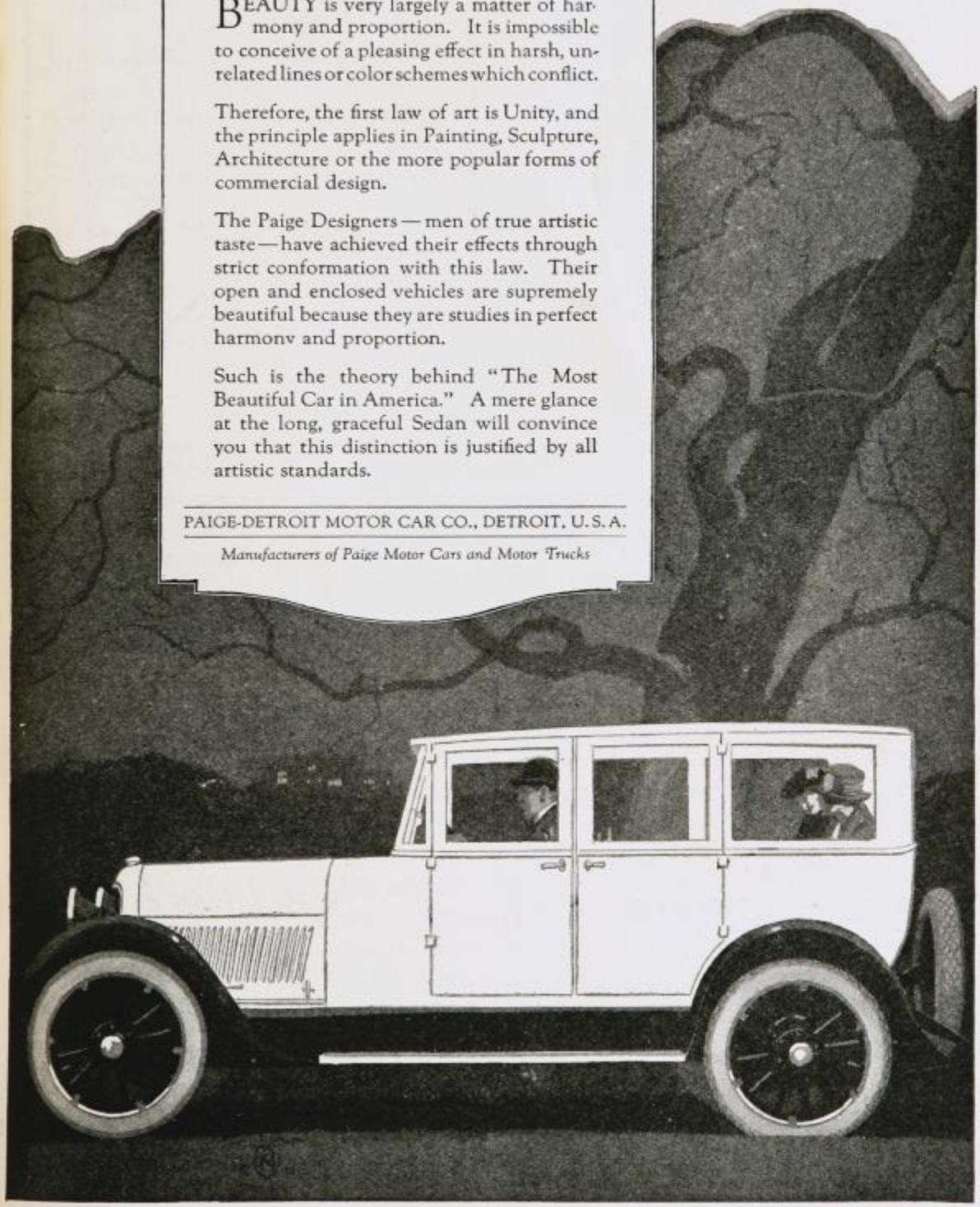
PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT, U.S.A.

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks



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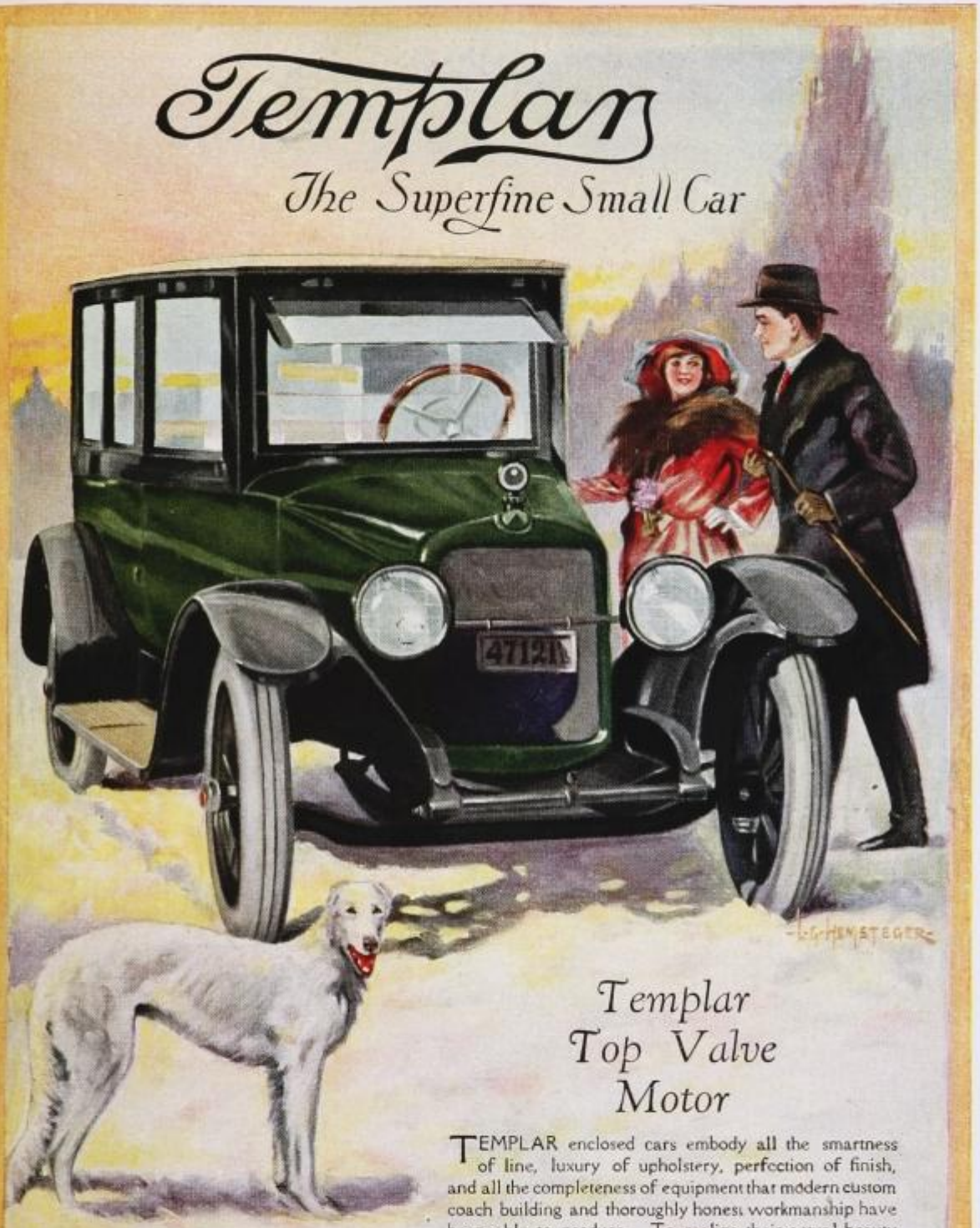

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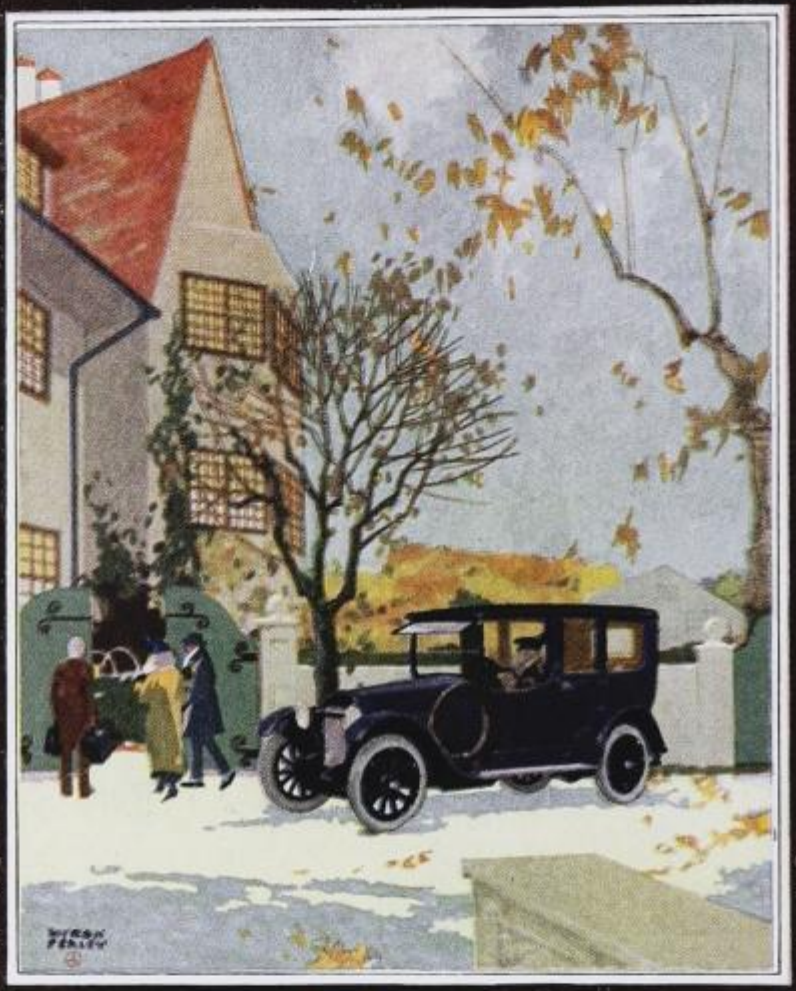

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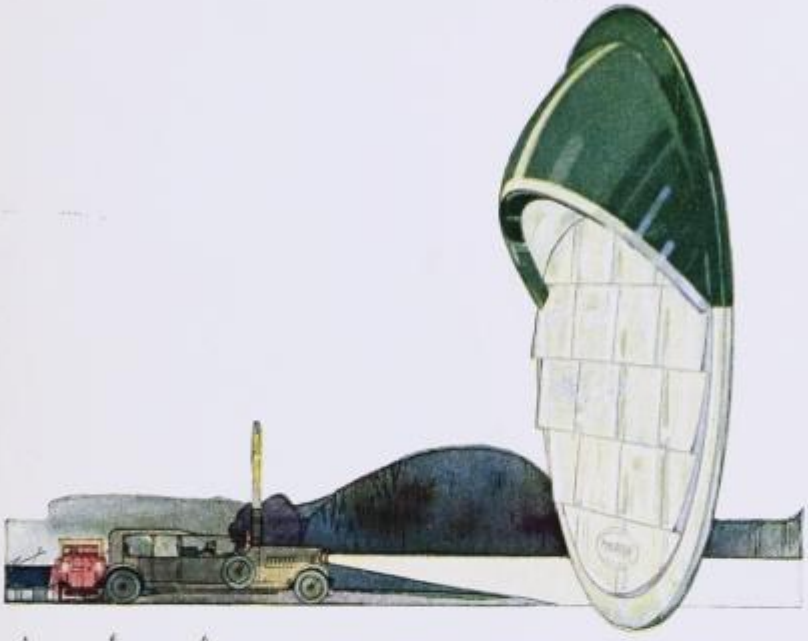

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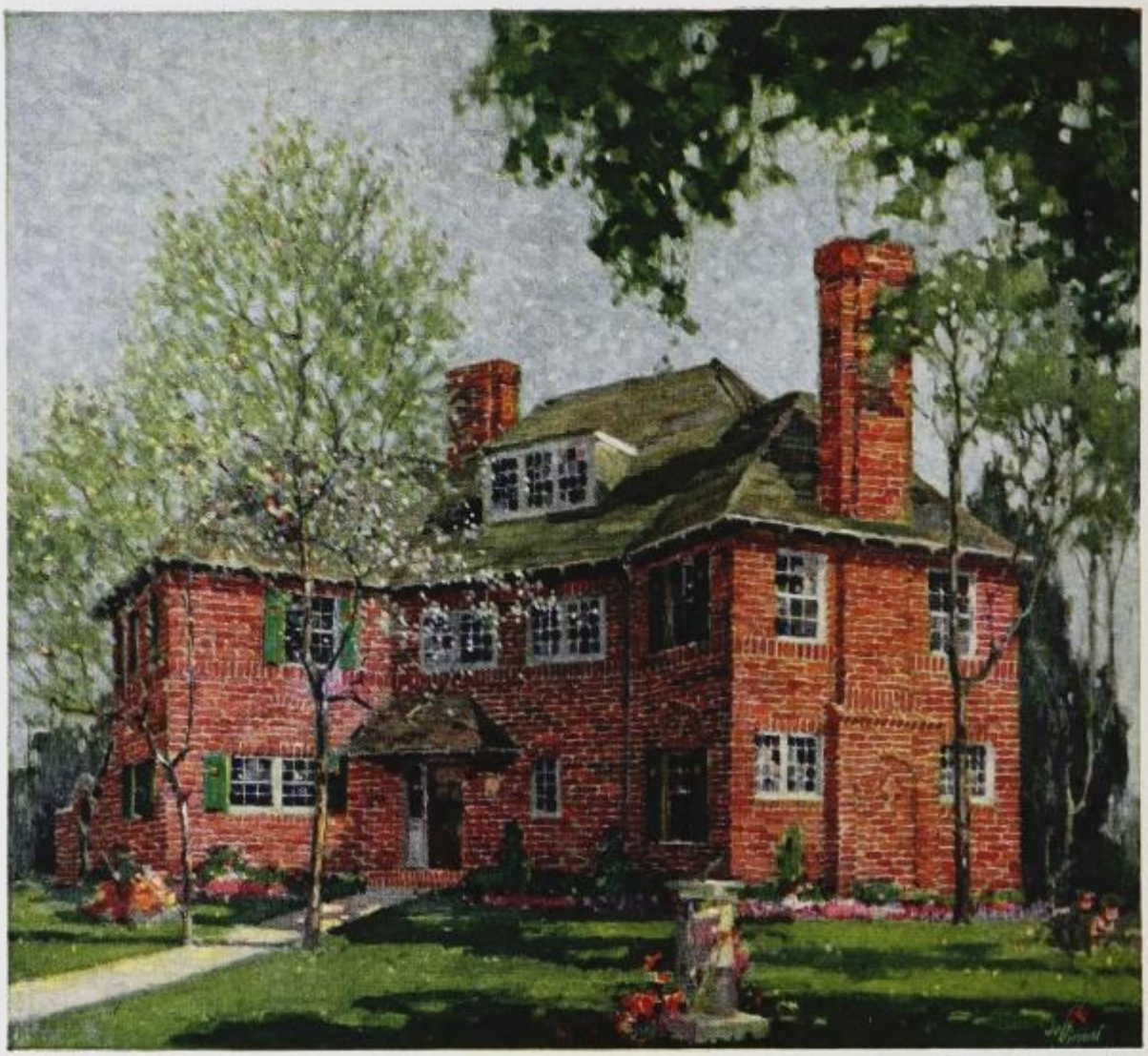

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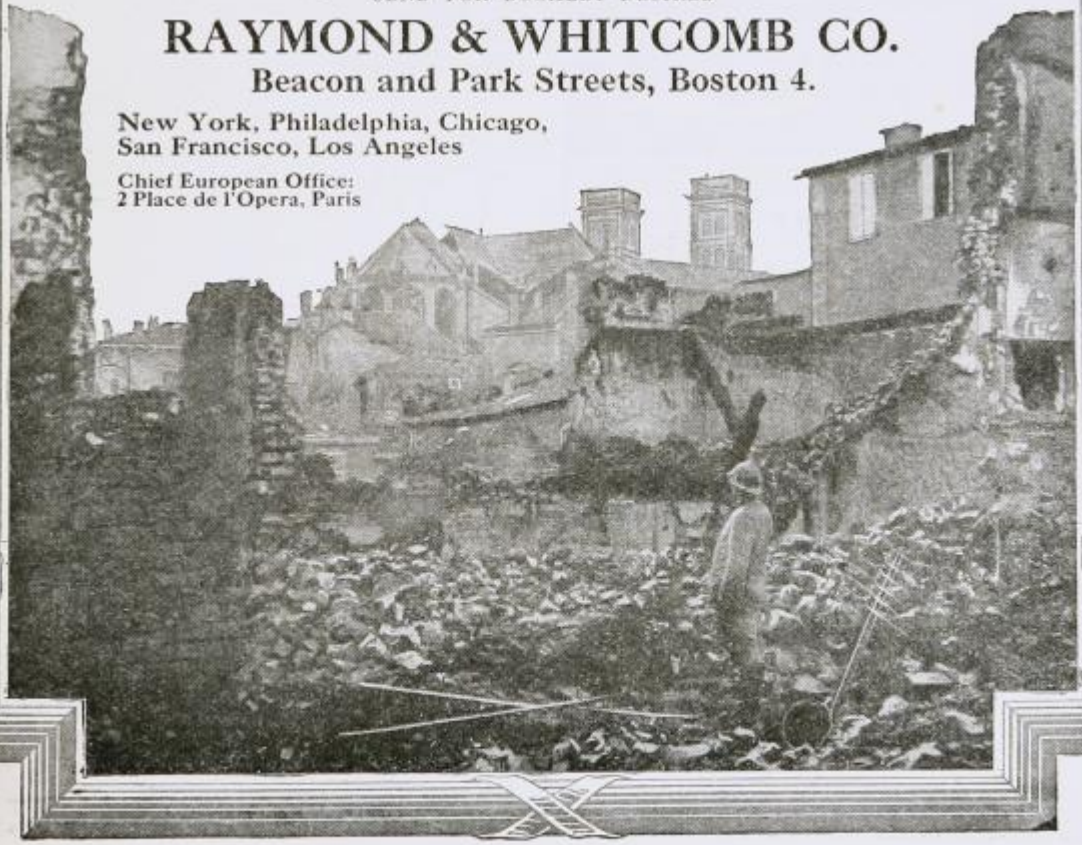


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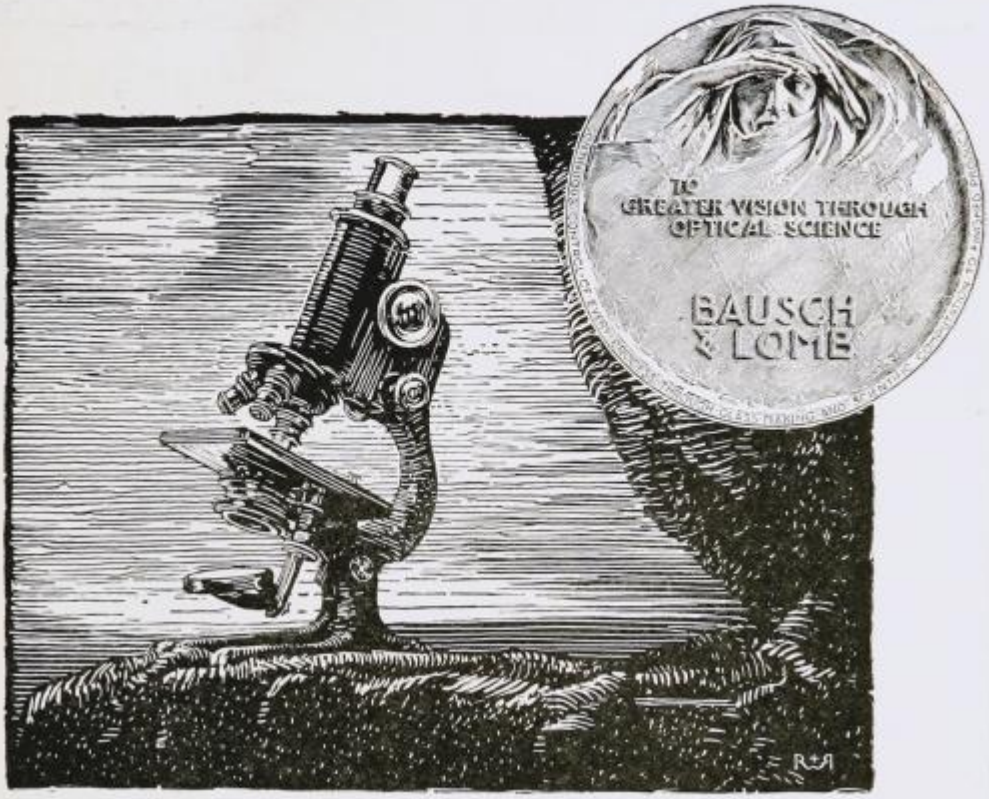

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Trypanosoma Upana or sleeping sickness parasites enlarged 500 times.

For countless years man lived in ignorance and fear of those dread scourges which devastated armies, made plague-spots of great cities, limited populations, and halted progress.

Then came the Microscope, the "Discoverer." And science detected virulent organisms, infinitely small, that attacked the human body. Invisible, they were also invincible—but once discovered and identified, science devised safeguards against infection, and commenced its patient cataloguing of these, man's ancient enemies.

Epidemics still occur, for the task is not completed. But the day will come when even the most secret of these tiny foes is identified—and mankind will owe that day to the microscope.

We made our first microscope nearly fifty years ago. It was an advance over earlier models—but it was crude indeed compared with our instruments of today, marvels of optical and mechanical precision, with perfectly-ground lenses no larger than pin-heads. In this field we have gone far. Perhaps in no other way have we served mankind better than by improving the microscope and aiding the crusade against disease.

Write for literature on any optical product in which you are interested

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY . ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of Eyeglass and Spectacle Lenses, Photographic Lenses, Microscopes, Balopticons, Binoculars and Engineering and other Optical Instruments.

Among other things about Heating— it tells of radiators, their pleasing possibilities

No one denies the *positive dependency* that can be placed on radiator heats. As for economy—the ayes have it.

Admittedly, some do object a bit to radiators.
They don't seem to quite fancy their "setting about so," as they express it.
Maybe you are one of that kind.

All right then, if you could turn to these two pages in "The Happy Solution Book," you would find some most interesting facts about "Radiators, Their Pleasing Possibilities."

You would discover that the Happy Solution is an ever ready answer for practically all your heating bothers.
Among other things, you would welcome the way it points out what a difference there is in boilers; and why those differences make such a difference in the coal bill.

To end with, you would also have found out exactly why The Burnham Cosy Comfort Heat is the all around satisfactory heat it is.
You are cordially invited to send for a copy of The Happy Solution.

Burnham Boiler Corporation

Irvington, N. Y.
Representatives in All Principal Cities

Burnham Cosy Comfort Heat BB

Canadian Offices
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March 20th Last Day!

Mail This Coupon Today

Finish these Stories for Yourself

Up from the Depths

The man had killed a man—he had met the girl—a stranger—at half-past one at Rooney's. A crisis came—and under the surface of shame, the souls of each stood forth to sacrifice—and to a better, cleaner life. It's not the truth a man tells, but the spirit in which he tells it that counts. That is why O. Henry can write of things not always told, with a clean, high spirit.

When the Gorilla Sang!

Fluttering—poised an instant—then back and forth with light and easy steps she sprang, while he leaped out at her side mimicking the uncouth bounds of a gorilla—she in her wood-nymph dress of leaves and he in the clothes of Broadway.

There in that dingy night-court—in the pale flare of the gas-jets—they did a dance which held the destiny of two lives—and yet, so strange it was that only one of all who saw it dared guess—

If you would read a tale of love different from any you have ever read before—if you would know perhaps the most fantastic dance a man and woman ever did—read this absorbingly unforgetable story of a man's love and—

It could have been written only by O. Henry.

For years you have heard of O. Henry—you have read these advertisements and thought that some day you would own a set for yourself. But you have put off the sending from month to month. The time for that is gone. Now—today—you must order your set of O. Henry to get the five volumes of Jack London with it FREE.

So great is the popularity of O. Henry—so enormous is the demand for his books—that we should like for all time to continue our present offer. But we can't. It costs 61 per cent. more to make the sets now than it did. Paper costs more—ink costs more—binding costs more. But to give you one last chance to get the London set FREE with your O. Henry, we have put off withdrawing the offer till March 20th. That is the last day. Send the coupon today and get your set of O. Henry at the low price, and the Jack London FREE.

O. Henry

With a touch that brings a lump into the throat and a stifled sob, he tells you of those poor drudges—the future mothers of America—who suffer rather than be bad—and of others. He shows you that the tired little shop-girl, smothered behind a pile of shirtwaists, is a sister to the debutante smothered in the cushions of her big limousine, with the same desires, impulses, little vices, the same tragedies and joys. He shows that though he never met you, he knows your life inside out, backwards and forwards—he has written all about you somewhere in these twelve magnificent volumes.

FREE—Jack London Five Volumes

His name has spread over the earth. Imitators have risen about him in a cloud—flatterers of his genius. He was a Norseman of the Western coast. Through him we may drop our weight of everyday fears and deal with men—for he was bolder than all his heroes. Laugh with him at hunger and convention—rage with him at injustice—fight the good fight with him—and have the time of your life. See life with him in the rough—life, palpitating—latent—real. Get his best work absolutely free of charge.

Scr. 3-20

Review of Reviews Co.
30 Irving Place
New York

AND NOW THE LAST DAY IS COME

Before Your Last Chance Is Gone Send the Coupon

Your coupon must be postmarked before midnight of March 20th.

It is a matter of hours now before this opportunity has gone. Don't let the hours steal from you this big chance. Cut this coupon out right now and send it without money.

There'll be no next month on this offer—in a few days there will be no to-morrow. To-day—now—while you're looking at it—while you have the coupon before you—act. Risk nothing. Save money. Act now.

Send me on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 5-volume set of London, bound in silk cloth. If I keep the books I will remit $1.50 in 5 days, and then $2.00 a month for 10 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the London set without charge. Otherwise I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

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New York

The beautiful three-quarter Keratol binding of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite. For a set in this luxurious binding just change the terms to $1.00 in 5 days, and then $3.00 a month for 9 months.

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CYPRESS "The Wood Eternal"

is one of the very best woods for doors, both inside and outside, because it does not shrink and swell as much as many other woods. And many persons of taste think that CYPRESS has a handsome grain, one that may be brought out and beautified in the finish. CYPRESS is growing in popularity, both with architects, investors and "private citizens." *It must be because it deserves to.*

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Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable Counsel. We invite correspondence with a serious purpose in it.

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SPECIFY AND INSIST ON "TIDEWATER" CYPRESS.
IDENTIFIED BY THE CYPRESS ASSN.'S REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.
IF IN ANY DOUBT, PLEASE WRITE US IMMEDIATELY.

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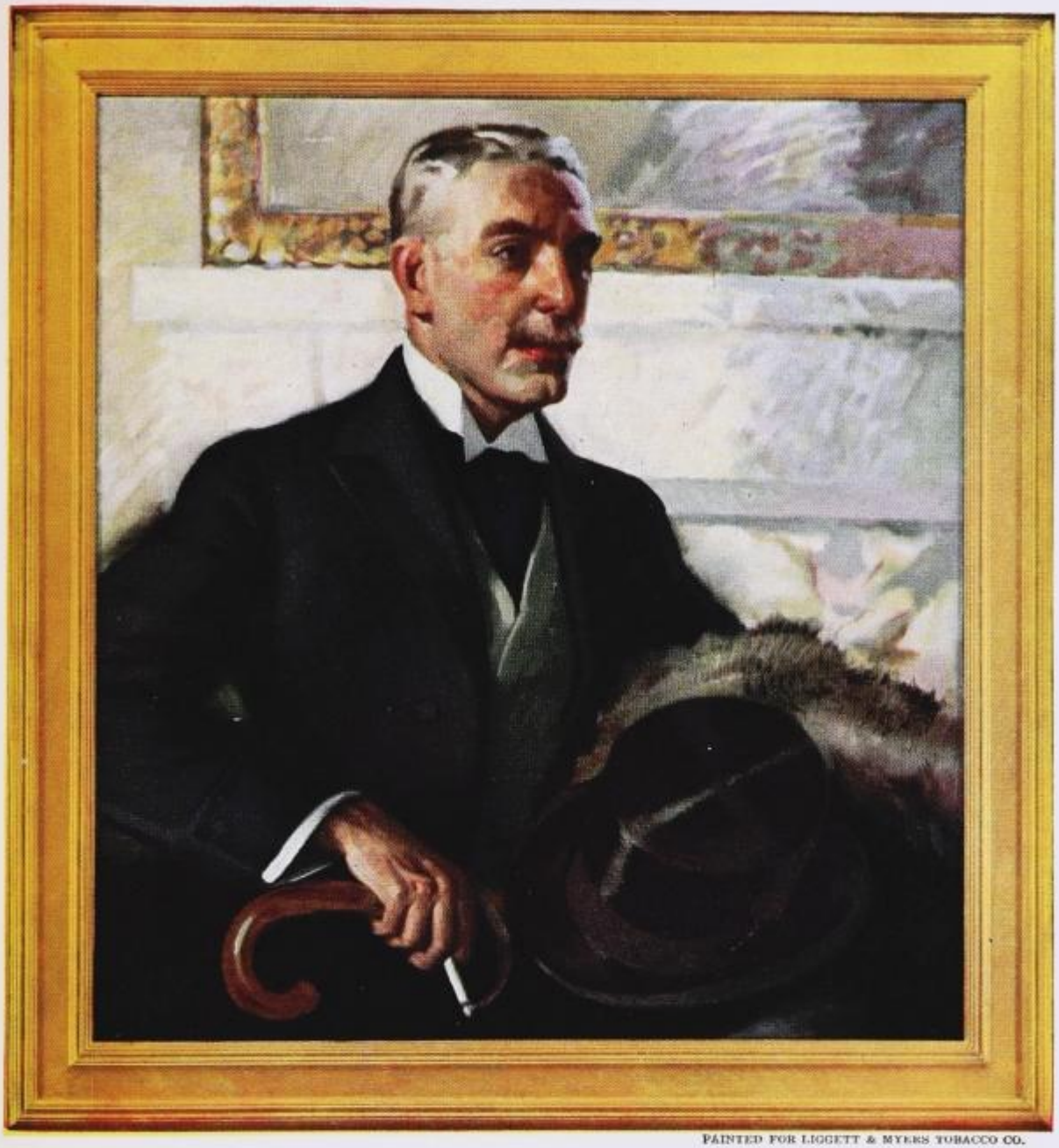


PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

To be fashionable a cigarette need not be expensive. In fact, at most exclusive clubs and smart hotels the preference is for a relatively inexpensive cigarette—Fatima.

Of course, it is only logical that Fatima should appeal to the discriminating smoker, for, not only does Fatima's "just-enough-Turkish" blend lack the oily heaviness of the expensive, straight Turkish cigarette, but it retains, at the same time, a smoothness and richness not to be found in blends less fortunately balanced. Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Clicquot Club

Pronounced Klee-Ko

GINGER ALE

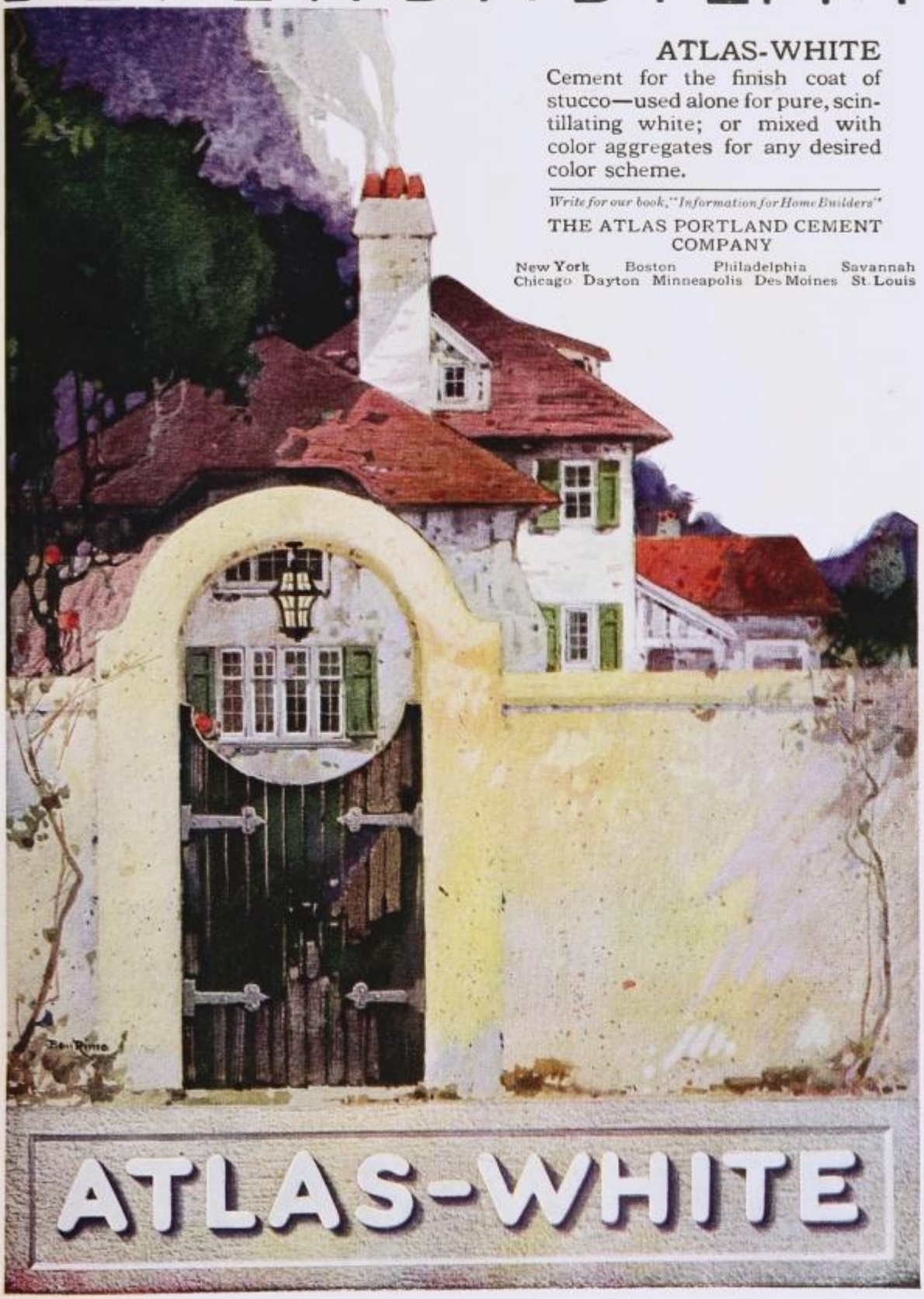
FIRST the swirl of the dance, then the rush for Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. How it dances in the glass—so golden, so bubbling, and so sparkling cold! You're refreshed from top to toe before you're half way through the bottle, for Clicquot is a rare blend of pure Jamaica ginger, real juices of lemon and lime, cane sugar, and deliciously pure spring water.

It's now the best of form to serve Clicquot on all social occasions.

Buy it by the case from your grocer or druggist, and serve on every occasion.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

DEPENDABILITY



ATLAS-WHITE

Cement for the finish coat of stucco—used alone for pure, scintillating white; or mixed with color aggregates for any desired color scheme.

Write for our book, "Information for Home Builders"

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

New York Boston Philadelphia Savannah
Chicago Dayton Minneapolis Des Moines St. Louis

The Flavor of Ripe Crab-Apples

RIPE, red crab-apples and granulated sugar — cooked to a jelly in silver-lined kettles — that's all. And every precaution used to insure *perfect crab-apple flavor*.

One rule applies to all Beech-Nut Jams, Jellies, and Marmalades—as to Beech-Nut Bacon, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, Beech-Nut Catsup, Chili Sauce, Pork and Beans, Beech-Nut Mints and Chewing Gum, Ginger Ale — the Beech-Nut rule of *flavor first*.

Try a jar of Beech-Nut Crab-Apple Jelly today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Foods of Finest Flavor

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Jams, Jellies Marmalades

GRAPE JELLY — RED CURRANT JELLY
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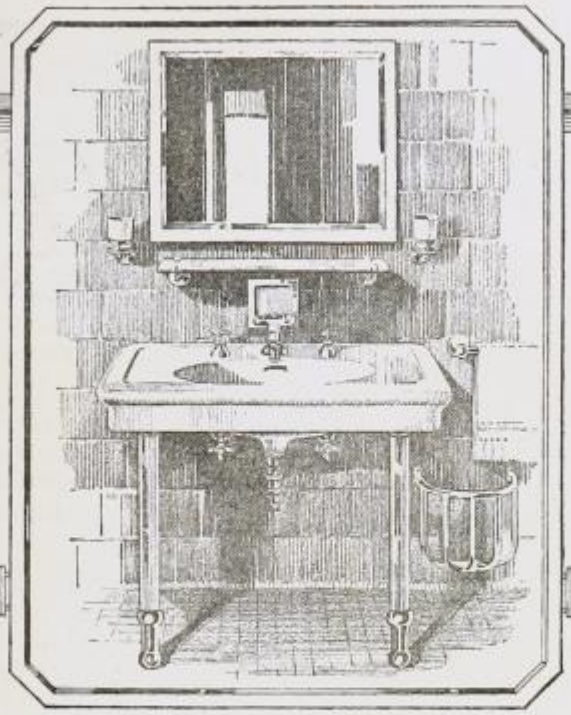
STRAWBERRY JAM — RED RASPBERRY JAM

BLACKBERRY JAM — PEACH JAM
DAMSON PLUM JAM
ORANGE MARMALADE
GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE
PINEAPPLE PRESERVE — CHERRY PRESERVE



Protection for the Homebuilder

No features in a home contribute more to year-'round satisfaction than the heating, plumbing and sanitary installations, when they possess the reliability of design and manufacture which for sixty years has characterized all such fixtures bearing the name of

CRANE

It is not too much to say that the factors of heating, plumbing and sanitation largely control the success of home-building. When judged by Crane standards, they insure comfort; safeguard health; promote contentment. And through extra durability they prevent undue depreciation in the value of the property.

Crane installations would be the logical choice of the home-owner even if they were difficult to obtain. With a national service system everywhere alert to supply them, their selection ought to be a matter of course.

Literature on Crane bathroom and kitchen fixtures, heating, ventilating and vacuum cleaning systems and associated products will be sent on request

THERE IS A NEAR-BY CRANE BRANCH TO RENDER CRANE SERVICE

Boston	Baltimore	Knoxville	St. Louis	Grand Rapids	Fargo	Portland
Springfield	Washington	Birmingham	Kansas City	Davenport	Watertown	Pocatello
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CRANE CO.

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VALVES-PIPE FITTINGS-SANITARY FIXTURES

CRANE EXHIBIT ROOMS

25 WEST 44TH ST., NEW YORK CITY

TO WHICH THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED

BRANCHES: FIFTY-SIX LEADING CITIES • WORKS: CHICAGO, BRIDGEPORT

A typical Crane drainage pipe line showing the fittings ordinarily required in a 2-story dwelling. Risers are shortened in the illustration because of limited space.

AMHO NO. 1742
PROTECTS YOUR HEALTH

AN accusing finger points directly to the source of many of the ills of late Winter and early Spring; men change abruptly from heavy winter underwear to thin summer cotton garments.

Style Number 1742 of AMHO Body Clothing protects your health through March and April weather. It has none of the discomfort of heavy winter suits; none of the dangers of thin summer garments.

AMHO No. 1742 is a Merino fabric—a mixture of cotton and wool. But the yarn is finer and lighter than the yarn in our heavy winter garments, although its quality is the same.

Indeed, such quality of yarn is rare in domestic underwear.

In Unreliable Weather Wear Reliable Underwear

Australian lamb's wool—acknowledged the finest obtainable—provides the long, strong wool staples in AMHO No. 1742.

And the Nile Valley, the Peruvian plateaus, and the cotton belt of America provide the choicest cotton for this fine garment.

The processes of scouring and cleansing, and of knitting these yarns into fabric, necessarily take considerable time; but then the finished fabric is many times better than usual.

Wear AMHO No. 1742 Shirts and Drawers the next few months, as a safeguard to your health; as a comfort to your body; and as a complement to your satisfaction in being well dressed.

AMHO
Body Clothing
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Means Better Underwear

AMERICAN HOSIERY COMPANY
NEW BRITAIN (Established 1868) CONNECTICUT
Makers of fine knitted underwear for men, women and children

TRAVELERS who value luxury, comfort and quiet distinction place their certain dependence upon the Hartmann Wardrobe Trunk.

Be sure the Hartmann Red X is on the trunk you buy.

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY
Racine, Wis.

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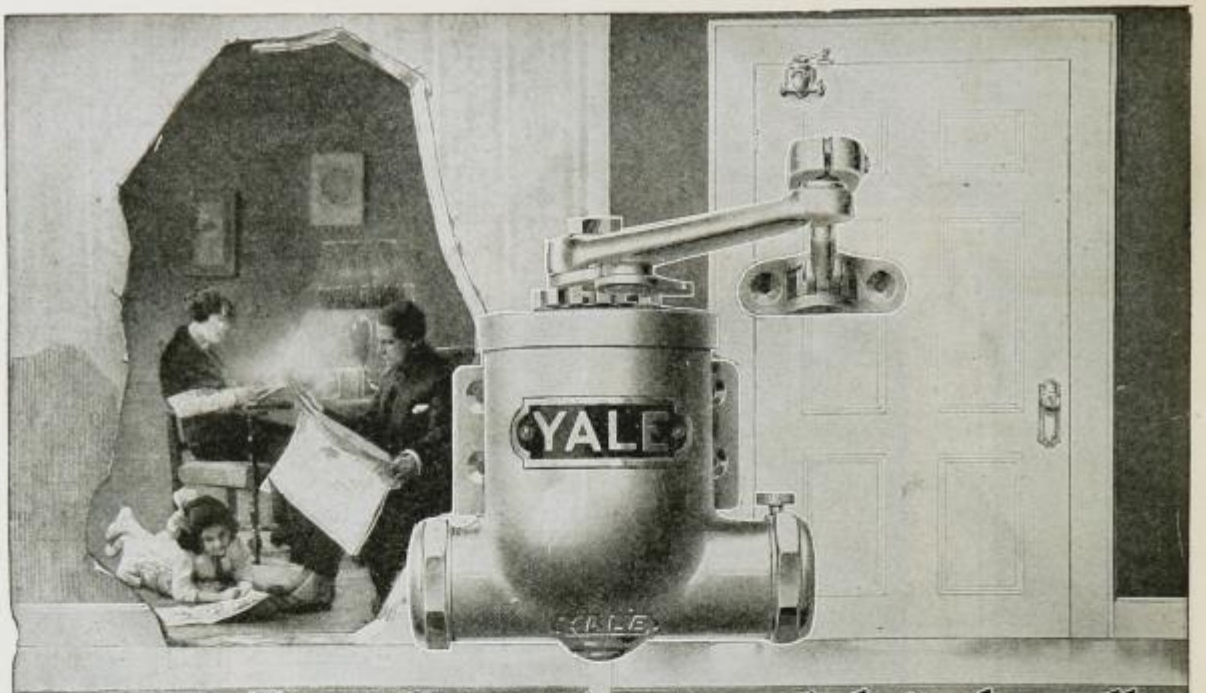
TRADE - MARK
WARDROBE TRUNKS



The difference between a hole in the wall and a real door —

A DOOR that doesn't always close and stay closed is no better than a hole in the wall.

The door that has a Yale Door Closer is a real door. It closes *every time* — quietly and softly; closes automatically, without any help.

If you are tired of harassing, nerve-jostling doors that slam and bang and shatter, and seem to shake the whole house—if you are weary of perverse doors that *will* stand open, or make you go back and close them —

You will instal a Yale Door Closer—and insure peace and comfort and better health; while saving fuel by keeping out cold and drafts. To say nothing of preserving the door itself.

Give your door a Yale Door Closer and it will close as "Soft as cotton."

The Yale Reversible Door Closer is a really wonderful mechanical device. You cannot see the insides of it—the compact, perfected mechanism that enables it to give you years-long, constant service. And you don't need to. You know its trade-mark "Yale" is the best guarantee that into it has gone the conscience of its makers—the pride in leadership that has made "Yale" the universal standard for half a century—whether it dignifies Yale Cylinder Night Latches, Padlocks, Builders' Locks and Hardware, Bank Locks, Chain Blocks or Electric Hoists.


Yale Builders' Hardware


Yale Cylinder Night Latch


Yale Chain Block

Yale Padlock

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., *Makers of the Yale Locks* ------ 9 East 40th Street, New York City
Chicago Office 77 East Lake Street — Canadian Yale & Towne Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario

Columbia Records

Exclusive Columbia Grand Opera Artists

Barrientos

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Hackett

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Romaine

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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
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The Columbia All-Star Exclusive Opera Cast

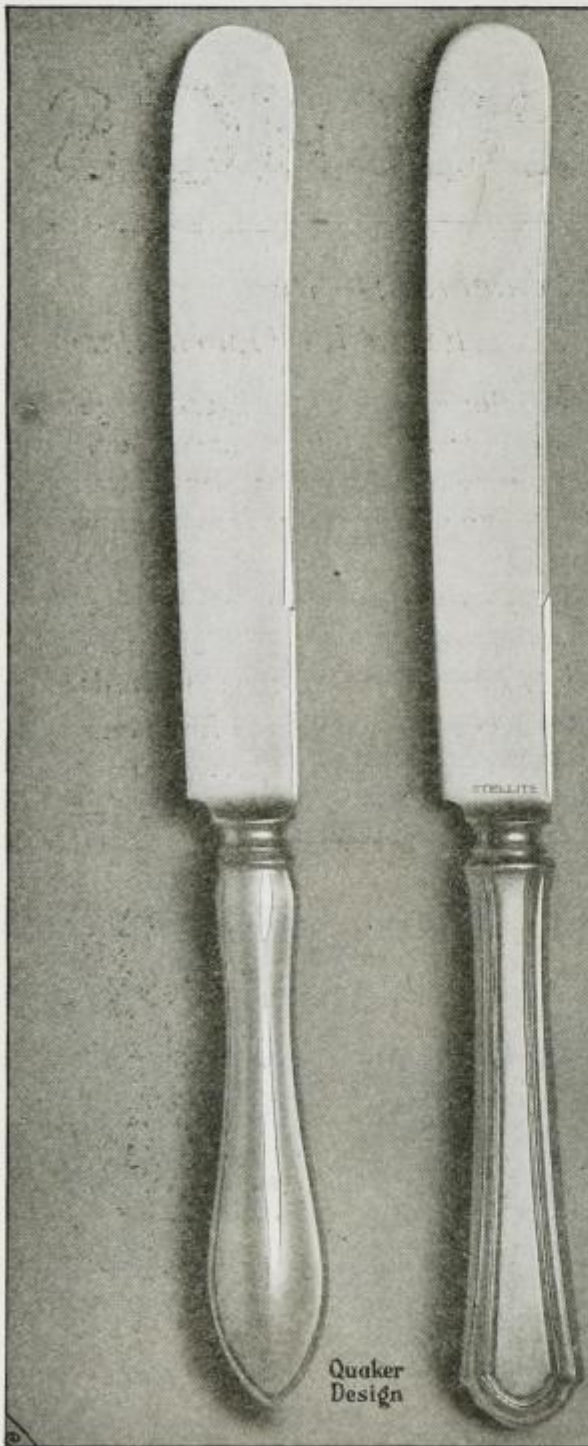
All the efforts of the managers to get great opera casts together have never equalled this combination of world-famous opera stars who make records for Columbia exclusively.

All that's entrancing, all that's inspired in the whole enchanted realm of Grand Opera is yours upon Columbia Records.

They give you the music of many lands, arias, duets, quartettes and choruses, sung by the operatic stars whose singing has made this music immortal.

STELLITE

Not Steel—But Its Master



Quaker Design

Flanders Design

. . . Heirlooms

It is good to know that Stellite table knives will be bright and beautiful, lustrous and unmarred, not merely for a few years, or a few decades, but for generations.

Such knives possess unusual distinction. They are offered in chaste designs, with silver handles and blades of pure Stellite, to the woman who seeks a more expressive table service

Stellite is more beautiful than the finest silver, harder and more lasting than steel, and as rustproof as platinum and gold. Stellite knives will never rust, tarnish, stain or corrode, and fruit acids will not affect them.

They are guaranteed forever.

The Haynes Stellite Company

Kokomo, Indiana

Send for the Story of Stellite

Prices, Knives only, either Quaker or Flanders design, $25 the dozen, $13 the half dozen. To be had only from The Haynes Stellite Company

STELLITE

Not Steel~But Its Master

...Through All the Years

Pocket knives of Stellite, the most beautiful and durable of metals, are now offered in four attractive designs.

Stellite is an alloy of semi-rare metals, containing no iron. Knives made from it are harder than the hardest steel, have a richer and more beautiful luster than silver, and have the rust resisting properties of platinum and gold. Fruit acids can not affect them, and they will never lose their temper.

They will be sharp, stainless and beautiful for many generations.

To obtain one of these diamond hard, rustless knives send order and check to

The Haynes Stellite Company
Kokomo, Indiana

Send for the Story of Stellite

Pearl handle, metallic ends	$8.00
Pearl handle, plain	6.00
Stellite handle, stippled	7.00
Stellite handle, plain	7.00

AMERICAN
WALNUT

"The Cabinet-Wood Superlative"

No "Jimmies" Needed

In *W*alnut furniture, no matter how old or how new, the drawers slide smoothly and the doors open and close without jamming. If the workmanship is good, give the cabinet-maker the credit. He in turn gives *W*alnut most of the credit—because often he has done just as careful work in other woods and then has been blamed, perhaps, because the moving parts "stuck." So *he likes Walnut.* ("It gives his skill a real chanst.")

The supreme beauty of *W*alnut, in addition to the above qualities (and plus its "workability" and its "carvability"), accounts for the world-old supremacy of *W*alnut as a cabinet-wood—and its price permits its use in *every grade* of furniture that the careful buyer is likely to ever consider.

It will help you in your furniture buying to *know all about* American Walnut. (The furniture man will respect your discrimination. He knows the facts—and is glad that you do.)

Don't fail to WRITE NOW for the WALNUT BOOK—edition de luxe—which will come by return mail with our compliments—and our confidence in your appreciation of its value.

AMERICAN WALNUT MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
Room 1017, 616 South Michigan Boul., Chicago

"Henry Wilson! How can you use such perfectly awful language? It's your own fault anyway for starting out with that cheap tire when you had a Kelly-Springfield in the garage."

SERIES 20

Studebaker

SPECIAL-SIX

THE mechanical excellence, ease of control and remarkable riding comfort of the SERIES 20 SPECIAL-SIX can only be appreciated when you sit behind the wheel and feel the responsiveness of its flexible motor to your slightest touch.

50 H. P. detachable-head motor; intermediate transmission; 119-inch wheelbase; five passenger capacity; cord tire equipment; outside and inside door handles; improved windshield with bullet-shaped cowl lamps; extension tonneau lamp.

Studebaker quality, dominant for sixty-eight years, is reflected in this SPECIAL-SIX.

How many men in *your* line of business are represented in this list?

Over 110,000 *men, classified by industries, who are using the Modern Business Course and Service*

Manufacturing

3,713	Automobile and Vehicle Manufacturers
786	Bakers and Confectioners
945	Boots and Shoes
586	Brewery, Liquor Dealers and Distillers
2,125	Building Materials
1,964	Clothing and other Wearing Apparel
1,020	Dairy Products
698	Foundries
2,396	Drugs, Chemicals and Toilet Preparations
3,819	Electric and Lighting Appliances and Supplies
1,022	Farm Implements and Supplies
1,128	Furniture and other Household Goods
745	Glassware
654	Millers and Grain Dealers
1,304	Hardware
1,032	Heating Appliances and Plumbers Supplies
3,668	Iron, Steel and Wire
414	Jewelry
463	Leather
1,706	Lumber
4,088	Machinery
1,001	Metals
568	Music and Musical Instruments
2,230	Office Devices and Supplies
2,145	Oil
1,158	Optical Goods and Photo Supplies
903	Paint
1,424	Paper
340	Pottery
1,218	Powder
772	Printers and Stationers
1,201	Publishing and Periodicals
594	Railroad Equipment
468	Refrigerating and Ice Companies
3,172	Rubber
469	Smelters and Refiners
467	Sugar
1,445	Textiles
703	Tobacco
51,554	

Financial

4,029	Banks
478	Insurance—Fire
1,235	Insurance—Life
936	Insurance—Others
1,578	Stocks and Bonds
1,277	Trust Companies
9,733	

Public Service

943	Electric Railroads
872	Express, Forwarding and Transportation Companies
1,344	Gas Companies
2,518	Power and Light Companies
2,236	Steam Railroads
608	Steamship Companies
2,124	Telephone and Telegraph Companies
468	Water Companies
11,113	

Trading

898	Advertising Agencies
1,753	Automobile and Supplies Dealers
948	Builders and Contractors
917	Commission Merchants
1,985	Department and General Stores and Mail Order Houses
776	Dry Goods and Notions
1,578	Groceries and other Food Stuffs
563	Insurance Brokers
980	Packers and Canners
469	Produce Brokers
1,828	Real Estate Companies and Brokers
12,695	

Mining

1,178	Coal
1,361	Copper
1,482	Other Mining
4,021	

Professions

406	Architecture
1,305	Education
2,825	Engineering
748	Law
683	Medicine, Surgery, Dentistry
1,122	Public Accountancy
7,089	

Miscellaneous

240	Amusements
607	Commercial Organizations
545	Farming
2,992	Government, State and City Officials and Employes
454	Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs, etc.
550	Students and Educational Organization Employes
5,898	Men in other Business Activities
11,286	

Total to date 110,491

WHATEVER your business may be, run your finger down the columns in this panel. You will find your business listed there; and with it the number of men in it who are moving to larger success with the help of the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Modern Business Course and Service.

If you feel that your business is different, that what may help others cannot help you, see how many men in your own business are already subscribers to this Course. They have realized that the fundamentals underlying all business are the same. They want to know these principles—and how to apply them.

Some of the men whom you have envied are there. Some of the men of whom you have said: "I know as much about our work as he, why is he lifted into an executive position while I stay here?"

And this is the answer:

Executive responsibility demands more than knowledge of one department of business; it requires the all-round knowledge of all departments, which is so rare that the men who have it are *always* in demand.

For years the Institute has specialized in just one thing. It has only one Course.

It takes the man who knows just one department—whatever it may be, and adds a knowledge of all departments of business. It puts at his disposal training and experience that would otherwise take years to acquire.

The test:—Your ability to act

This is a tragic fact about life—that most men have good resolutions, but only a few have the capacity to act.

Today, the opportunity is open to you to act. Of any two men who will read these words, one will act, the other will delay. And in that moment each man will—unconsciously—have passed judgment on himself.

"Forging Ahead in Business"
—a book for men of action

The Institute has prepared a 116-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It has proved immensely valuable to over 110,000 men; it contains information of value to any man who is earnestly asking himself: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

If you are such a man; if you have in you the serious purpose to put yourself among the successful executives of business, there is a copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" for you.

Only *you* can decide the question. The coupon gives you the opportunity; send for "Forging Ahead in Business" now.

Alexander Hamilton Institute

417 Astor Place New York City

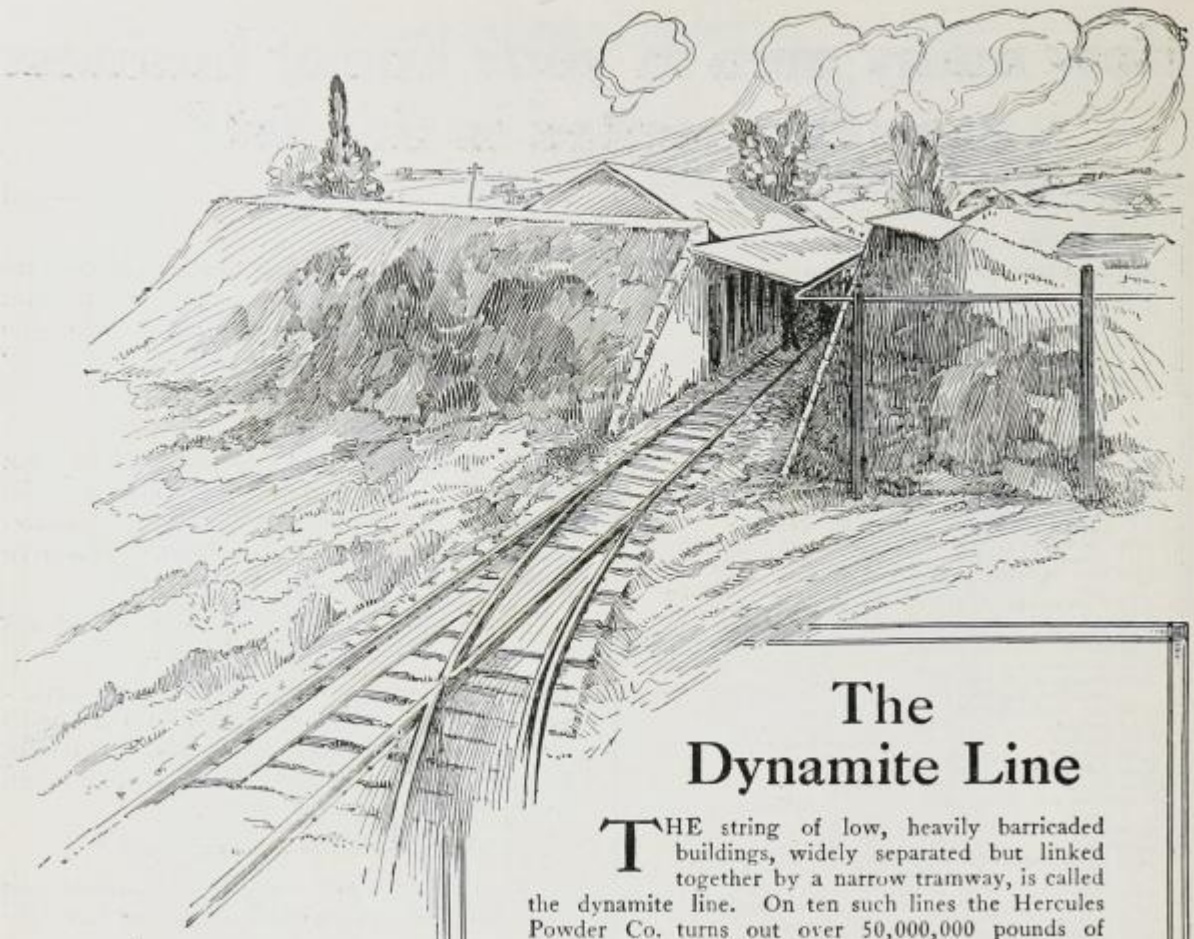
Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" without obligation.

Name .....
Print here

Business Address .....

.....

Business Position .....



The Dynamite Line

THE string of low, heavily barricaded buildings, widely separated but linked together by a narrow tramway, is called the dynamite line. On ten such lines the Hercules Powder Co. turns out over 50,000,000 pounds of dynamite in an average year.

The absence of noise and bustle, of whirring wheels and clanking steel, makes a striking contrast to the usual accompaniment of manufacturing production on a large scale. In little rubber-tired buggies the nitroglycerin is delivered to the mixing house just as it is needed, and with equal precision and dispatch the other ingredients arrive via the tram line. From here the dynamite is forwarded in bulk and passes from one small building to another until the last process is complete and the finished product reaches the storage magazines.

* * * * * *

A spark, a sputtering fuse, and the energy stored in these little cartridges of dynamite springs forth with a mighty roar to do our bidding, whether it be to remove a mountain or a stump; to provide copper for our pennies or for our miles of electric wires, steel for our pen points or for our railroads; to mine coal for our factories and hearth fires or jewels for our adornment.

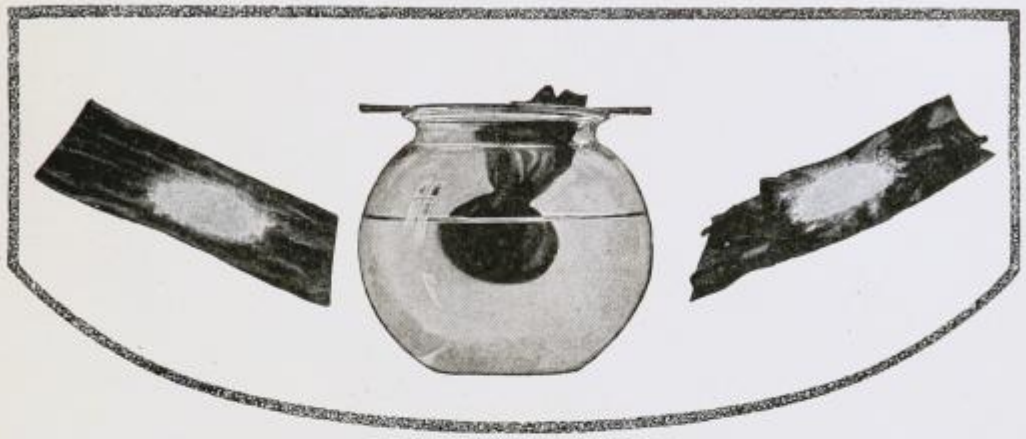
The power supplied to our industries by the makers of explosives, these deft and careful workers on the dynamite line, will produce enough materials to build a city every day.

HERCULES POWDERS

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	Chattanooga	Salt Lake City	Hazleton, Pa.
Pittsburg Kan.	St. Louis	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joplin
San Francisco	Denver	New York	Wilmington, Del.

Lowe's



It touches your pocketbook This paint film test

Touches it, because it touches on paint lastingness, the thing that most of us are the most touchy on, when it comes to paint and painting.

It happens that even two coats of paint, form a film of protection less than one one-hundredth of an inch thick. The necessity of that thin film being the best possible, presents itself to you most forcefully.

One of the vital requirements of a good paint, is that it be water and moisture proof. To prove that Lowe's High Standard Outside Paint is water and moisture proof, we took a two coat film of it and made this test.

Being flexible like a sheet of rubber, we poured some granulated sugar on it; tied it up and suspended it for weeks and weeks in a water filled globe. When we took it out, the sugar was just as dry and granularly free from moisture as the day it was put in.

To this test we could add any number of others, just as conclusive.

Write for a piece of paint film; see for yourself. Send 10c. for our Happy Happening Book, which tells you just the things you want to know; and others you ought to know, about paint and painting.

The Lowe Brothers Company

473 EAST THIRD STREET, DAYTON, OHIO

Boston New York Jersey City Chicago Atlanta Kansas City Minneapolis Toronto

Paints

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THE SUN ---

The time and patience involved in making fine embroidery demands good material for a foundation—so that the finished work will have a *lasting* value.

"OLD BLEACH" pure Irish Linens are excellently adapted for embroidering, both on account of the extraordinary long life of the fabric, due to its gentle 'Sun-bleaching' method—and to the high valuation that is set upon these famous linens.

"OLD BLEACH" damasks, table cloths, napkins and towels, with their exclusive patterns, make priceless family possessions—especially when individualized by an initial or monogram.

"OLD BLEACH" linen for Summer Dress has a value woven into it which makes it worthy of the finest embroidery work.

All these famous linens are pre-shrunk at the mill so that no allowance need be made afterwards for shrinkage due to wear and washing.

BLEACHED BY THE SUN

GUARANTEE

We unreservedly agree to replace those goods with which for any reason whatsoever the purchaser is dissatisfied, provided they bear, when sold, the registered Trade Mark "Old Bleach" or woven brand as above.

"The OLD BLEACH" LINEN Co LTD
Regd Trade Mark
23-25 East 26TH Street New York
J.R.LAMONT MANAGER

Feathery hot biscuits and Libby's Apple Butter—one demands the other. Try this combination the next time you want to impress your guests. And try Libby's Apple Butter in place of jam, jelly or marmalade—it's a whole year 'round favorite

Hot biscuits and apple butter!

A real breakfast joy

WHAT a treat to start the day with—golden-brown biscuits, piping hot from the oven, and Libby's Apple Butter! Just the thought of it makes one hungry.

Spicily sweet, with the tang of cider, the fragrance of apple—you've got to taste Libby's Apple Butter to realize how exceptionally good it is.

Apples brimming with tart juices—pungent spices from the far-off Orient—cane sugar and sparkling cider—all blended together with Libby's consummate skill into this rich conserve.

Hot biscuits and apple butter is just one of many tempting breakfast combinations—try Libby's Apple Butter with toast, waffles, corn bread or pancakes—see how wonderfully different it makes them all.

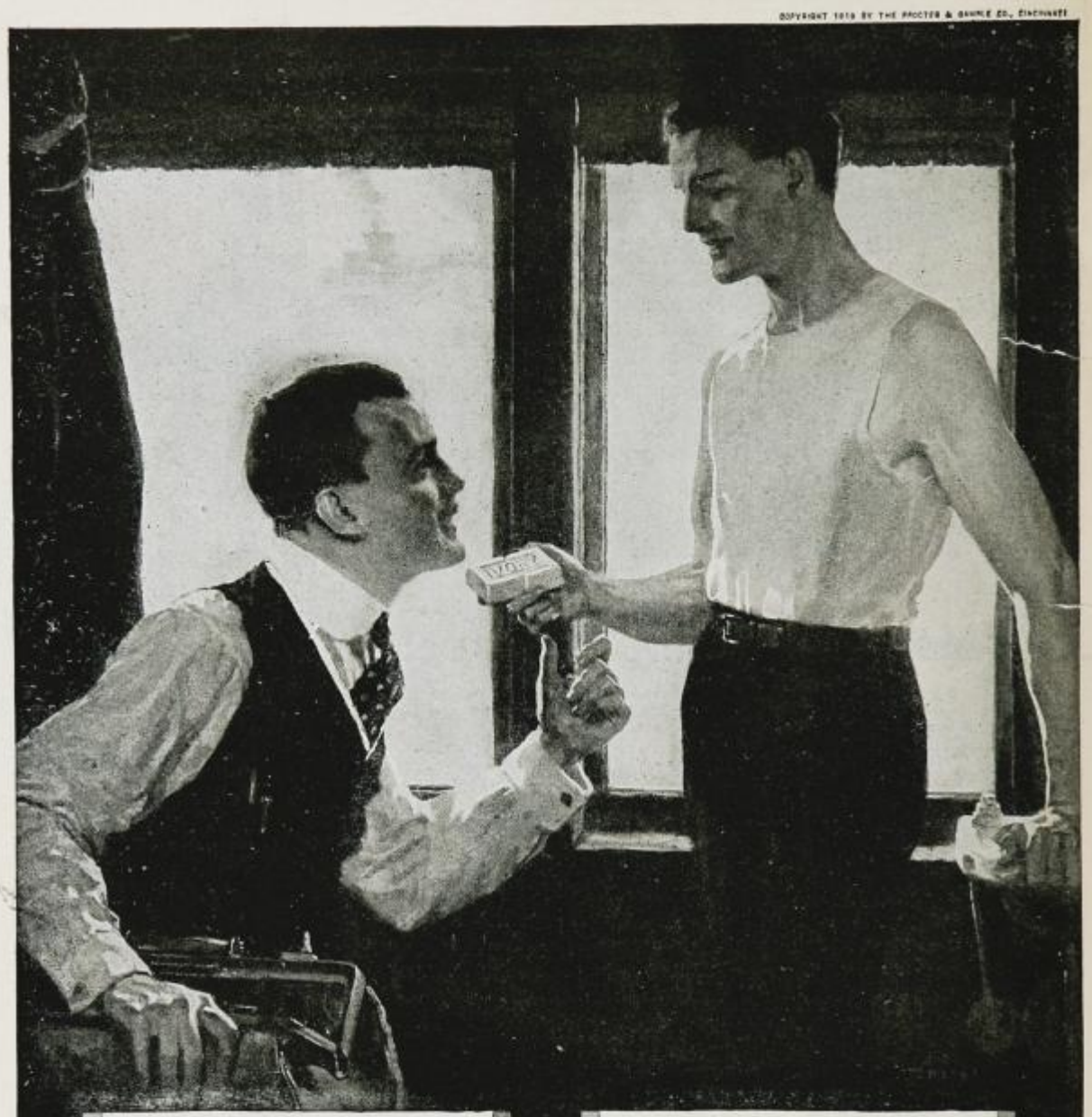
And if you like it for breakfast you will find it equally ready to brighten the flavoring of lunch or dinner dishes. Use it as a filling for tarts, or cookies—see what a fresh, spicy flavor it will give a pie.

Today—tell your grocer to send you this package of many possibilities—Libby's Apple Butter. He has it or will get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
1103 Welfare Bldg. Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby of Can., Ltd.
45 E. Front Street, Toronto, Ont., Can.

Libby's



The man speaks:

"One of the reasons I always carry Ivory Soap in my grip is because it makes my skin feel clean, even after a night in the sleeper. There's no dirt so sticky that it can't be washed off with Ivory Soap. It is surprising how many of the traveling men I know carry it, too."

The youth:

"You can't tell me anything about Ivory Soap. I learned to appreciate it in the army. Getting hold of a cake of Ivory was like getting a letter from home. Used it for everything, when I had it—shaving, teeth-cleaning, shampoo, bath and laundry. There is no other soap that satisfies me now."

IVORY SOAP

IVORY
IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS
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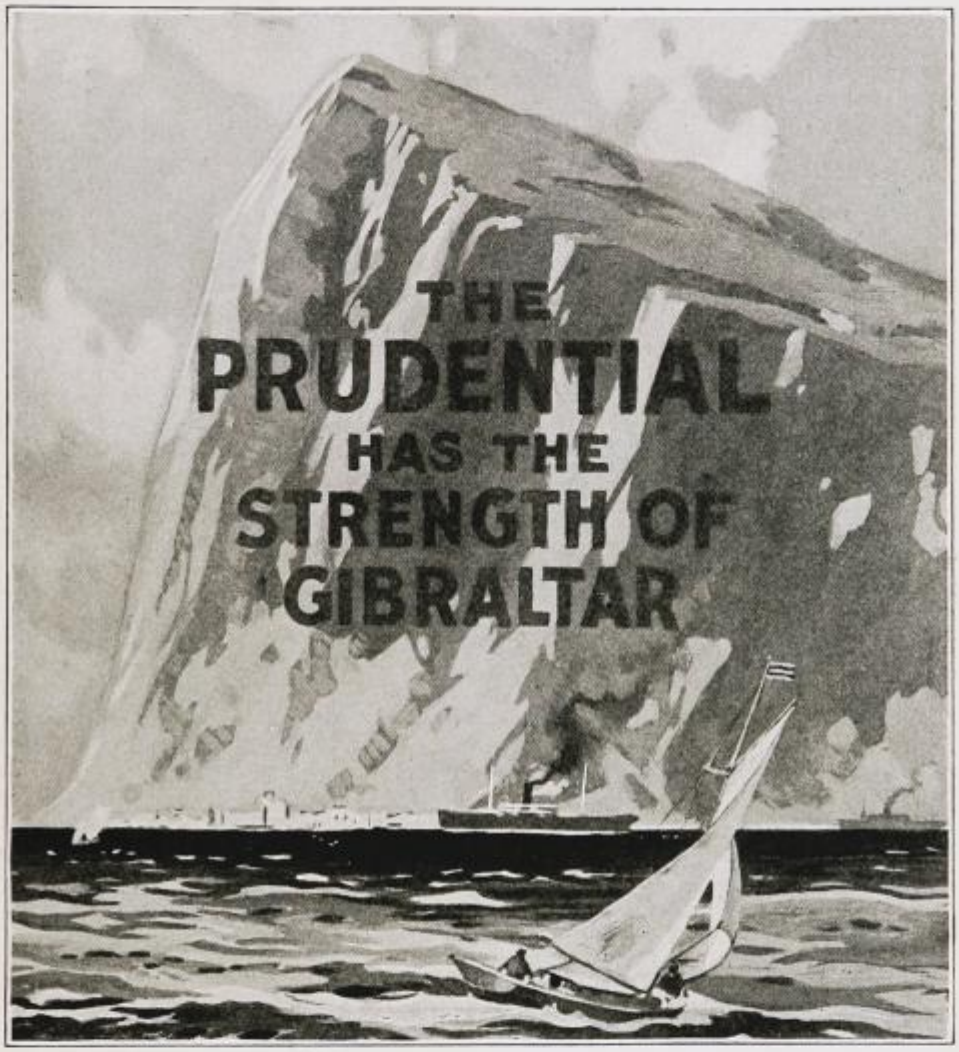

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