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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly About People

An Illustrated American Monthly

$\frac{112}{37-33}$



Volume XLIX:
March, 1920, to March, 1921

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
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Vol. XLIX

MARCH, 1920

New Series No. 1

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MRS. WILLIAM J. CHALMERS

President of the Board of Trustees of the Country Home for Convalescent Children at Prince Crossing, Illinois. This institution, under the inspired direction of Mrs. Chalmers, is doing a wonderful and beneficent work in alleviating the bodily ailments of crippled children, and by carefully devised courses of education and training in manual employments, fitting them to become useful and happy members of society.

(See article on page 22)



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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EVERY four years the individual American voter has the exhilaration of being asked many times "Who for President?" The list this time will include not only the men but women as well, and the subject of "Who for President" will be more generally discussed in the United States of America in 1920 than ever before. This is the appropriate and fitting year for women to take their full part in selecting a president.

This is leap year, and it is the tercentenary of the Landing of the Pilgrims, when the ideal of representative government was crystalized in the compact on the *Mayflower*, and then, too, if we are to believe it, Priscilla coyly commented "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

The quadrennial national conventions of the various political parties mark the milestones in history; schoolbooks naturally divide periods of four years which are curiously enough always leap years. Leap year now it must be borne in mind involves the exercise of woman's prerogative in matters political, as well as matrimonial. Even the coy and blushing young maid may approach man and sovereign voter and say: "Will you be mine?" emphasizing political prerogative with traditional leap year's privilege.

Presidential year is the one time when the sovereign voter feels the stirring compliment of being a component part of the government. Students of government insist that the electorate inventory every four years in the United States is a process that keeps the average American citizen alert to his opportunity, if not always wise in his choice. France, Switzerland and other republics choose their president thru legislative bodies. Paul Deschanel, who presided during the war over the Chamber of Deputies in France, was named for president by the men whom he had faced day after day during war times—while Clemenceau and Orlando, the Peace premiers, were retired, with President Wilson and Lloyd George waiting for—next?

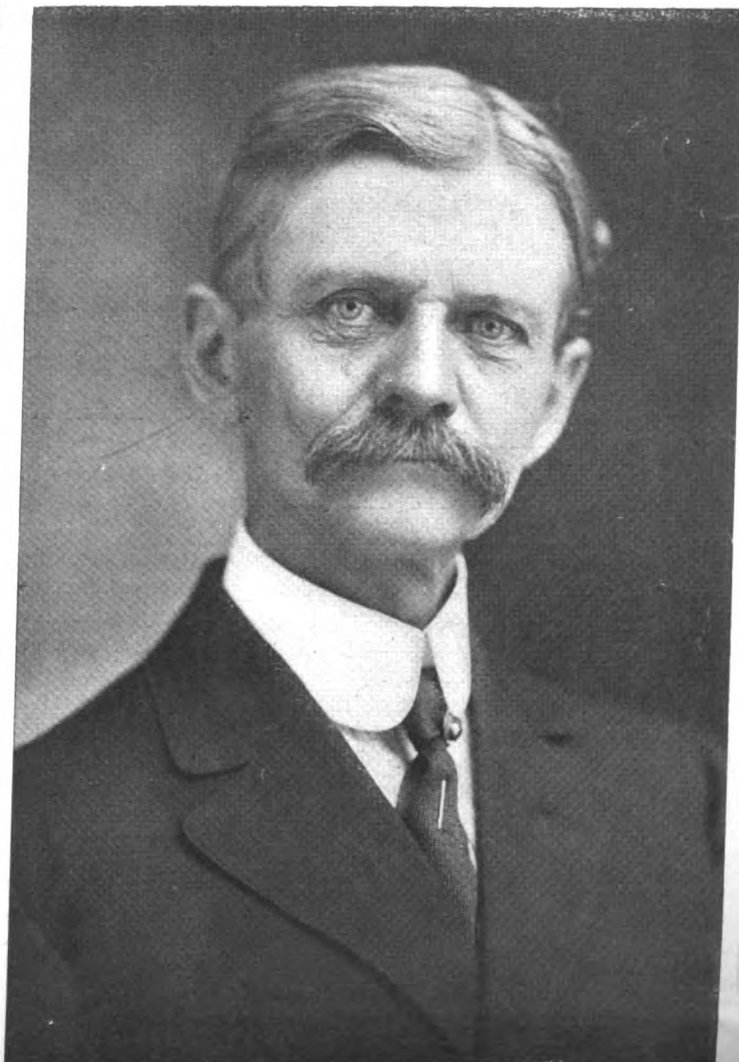
With this question confronting the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, as well as all Americans, why not have an expression on presidential candidates direct from you? The "Lamps of Experience," as Patrick Henry declaimed, are a safe guide, and Experience shows that public sentiment is the blossoming conviction of many minds, and the editor is going to throw out the lead and take a sounding chance of election. Name your choice for president and give a reason why.

The Vice-president is a Real Human Being, with a Quaint Personality

IF you have an eye for human types, you recognize Vice-President Marshall at first glance for a Hoosier. If you listen for five minutes to his conversation with a group of friends your first judgment is doubly confirmed. Indiana hallmarks her sons before she sends them out into the far corners of the earth, and in Thomas Riley Marshall's case the hallmark is graven deep. He is so completely human, so likeable—even lovable in character and personality—and displays such quaint conceits of humor and depths of philosophy that one might easily fancy him a character stepped bodily out from the pages of one of Booth Tarkington's masterpieces.

Before being inducted into that "honorable sepulchre of the political dead," the vice-presidency, he had attained the highest honor in the gift of the citizens of his native state, and became the gubernatorial choice of the people of Indiana in 1909, not by being advertised "like a circus, a breakfast food or a sure cure for small pox," but in consequence of his own unconventional, candid, man-to-man style of campaigning, in which he disregarded all the accepted formulas and precedents and broke all the political rules of procedure in such case made and provided. His astute and canny and experienced campaign managers were scandalized and amazed—not to say completely flabbergasted by his unconventional behavior, but in spite of their most earnest efforts in his behalf he brought home the political bacon.

He proved to be so popular a governor that Tom Taggart, who has perched at the political ringside for a quarter of a century, and knows the inner workings of the mind of every Indiana Democrat, has pledged the solid support of the Hoosier



VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL
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state to Mr. Marshall in the not unlikely event of his being entered in the presidential race.

It is likely that as presiding officer of the Senate, Vice-President Marshall gets more real satisfaction and enjoyment out of his work than any previous incumbent of that somewhat obscure position. Certainly he brings to it a greater fund of saving humor and a deeper philosophy. When in the midst

Washington diet kitchen. The boy, now known as Morrison Marshall, is a bright and attractive child. The life of the Marshall household revolves around him as its orbit, and the Vice-President has admitted that he knows more about baby food than he does about the League of Nations.

*He's from Missouri, and You Have to Show Him
if You Think You Can Beat This Record*

CONGRESSMAN ROMJUE, of the First District of Missouri, thinks that he has more to brag about in his district than any other man at the Capitol. He says that within a radius of thirty-five or forty miles of his home town, Macon, have lived more celebrities than you can shake a stick at, and that but for those distinguished Missourians, maybe the United States wouldn't have won the last two wars.

And since he starts the list off with General John J. Pershing, there isn't much room for dispute! Next on the list comes Major General Enoch H. Crowder, Judge Advocate General and Provost Marshal of the Army, recently decorated by the Prince of Wales, and justly so, because as head of the draft he started all the boys over here over there. Then follows Admiral Robert E. Coontz, head of naval operations, and, lastly, Captain Willard of the United States Navy, who planted the first American flag on Cuban soil during the Spanish-American war.

Remarkable to relate, all four of these men who played so large a part in the making of history, lived in the same town at the same time, and in 1877 were fellow-students at the Kirksville State Normal, which school Congressman Romjue, himself, afterwards attended.

Incidentally, Jesse James also lived in this famous district, and when I inquired what other characteristics it had except celebrities, Mr. Romjue replied: "Cyclones. In 1899 I was blown sixty-five feet in the air by a cyclone, and came down for dead. But here I am."

Which goes to prove that when a man is headed for Congress, not even a cyclone can stop him.

*Moral—If You Want to Meet Your Next-door
Neighbor, Go to New York*

THE chairman of the Republican National Committee, Will Hays, says he doesn't think New York is such a big town after all!

The other day he was "coming down" on an elevator in the Equitable Building when his attention was attracted to a rather quaint old gentleman—a fellow-passenger—who was distinctly out of his element in New York, but who seemed to be quite alive to the importance of being there.

So strong was the appeal of his back-home appearance to Mr. Hays, that when they stepped off the elevator together he spoke to the stranger, offering him a lift in his machine.

"Thanks," quickly accepted the old gentleman, "I was just on my way to see Will Hays. I have never met him, but I wanted to show him a statement of Theodore Roosevelt's that I think he ought to lay special stress on in the campaign," at the same time holding up a book of Roosevelt's which was tightly clutched in his hand.

His surprise can be imagined when he was told that he was then talking to "Will Hays," and both were equally surprised when it developed during the conversation that years ago they had lived in the same town and their back fences had almost touched. Truly has it been said: "Roosevelt, tho dead, yet speaketh!"

*One Touch of Nature Vibrates the
Heart Chord of All Humanity*

A GROUP of Senators were discussing the vernacular of children and how out of the mouths of babes oftentimes came wisdom. The child naturally develops his own way of saying things. There was a touch of tenderness in the Senator's voice as he said, "There is no other name that seems so dear to me as 'Muzzie.'" That was the name my childish lips lisped in calling my mother, and she always loved that salutation, but the dignity of maturity never made me ashamed of calling her 'Muzzie'."

A Congressman began musing and insisted that the one thing he loved as a child was to eat the scraped apple that his



Copyright
Clinedinst, Wash. CONGRESSMAN MILTON A. ROMJUE

*(Democrat) of Missouri, who believes his district has produced more
great men to the acre than any other place in the United States*

of a serious Senatorial debate upon the subject of "what this country needs," he leaned over his desk to whisper audibly to the assistant secretary of the Senate, "Rose, what this country needs is a really good five-cent cigar," his humorous utterance expressed a profound philosophy.

He is a natural manager of men and guides the restive Senatorial team with a firm yet kindly hand.

But it is the domestic side of the Vice-President's life that best exhibits his fine human qualities. The home life of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall is a beautiful thing—indeed, a true romance. Apparently a confirmed bachelor, at the age of forty-one Judge Marshall met and promptly fell in love with and promptly married Miss Lois Kimsey, the daughter of the clerk of the court at Angola, Indiana. This was in 1895, and since the day of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall have never been separated for as long a period as twenty-four hours.

Having no children of their own, they have virtually adopted a little boy, now three years old, whom Mrs. Marshall in the course of her charitable activities discovered as a baby in a

grandmother used to furnish. "To this day I never eat an apple that I do not think of 'Nannie' and the way she scraped that apple."

A page of the Senate entered and he was asked "what did you first call your mother?" "Mumsie Moma," he replied with a flash in his bright Irish eyes. Then a Senator from the West began making a collection of the childhood salutations to mothers.

"I never got over calling my mother 'Mumpsie.' No matter how ridiculous these names may sound they are sacred, in their associations with the name of mother," commented a Cabinet officer. Just then someone noticed the little stenographer overhearing the comments. She had fainted. On the typewriter was an unfinished letter addressed to "Mother Dear." On the desk beside her was a telegram announcing the death of her mother in the far West.

*At Least, the Admiral Couldn't be Accused
of Verbosity in Orders*

DURING the late war, Admiral Sims made a special effort to cultivate initiative in his younger officers. If the following story is not a fair illustration of how well he succeeded, then at least it throws an interesting sidelight on the Admiral's methods.

One day a wireless was received by the Admiral from one of his junior officers, worded like this: "Lost in a fog. What shall I do; return to port, or proceed to destination?"

Back to the floundering young officer came the terse answer—"Yes."

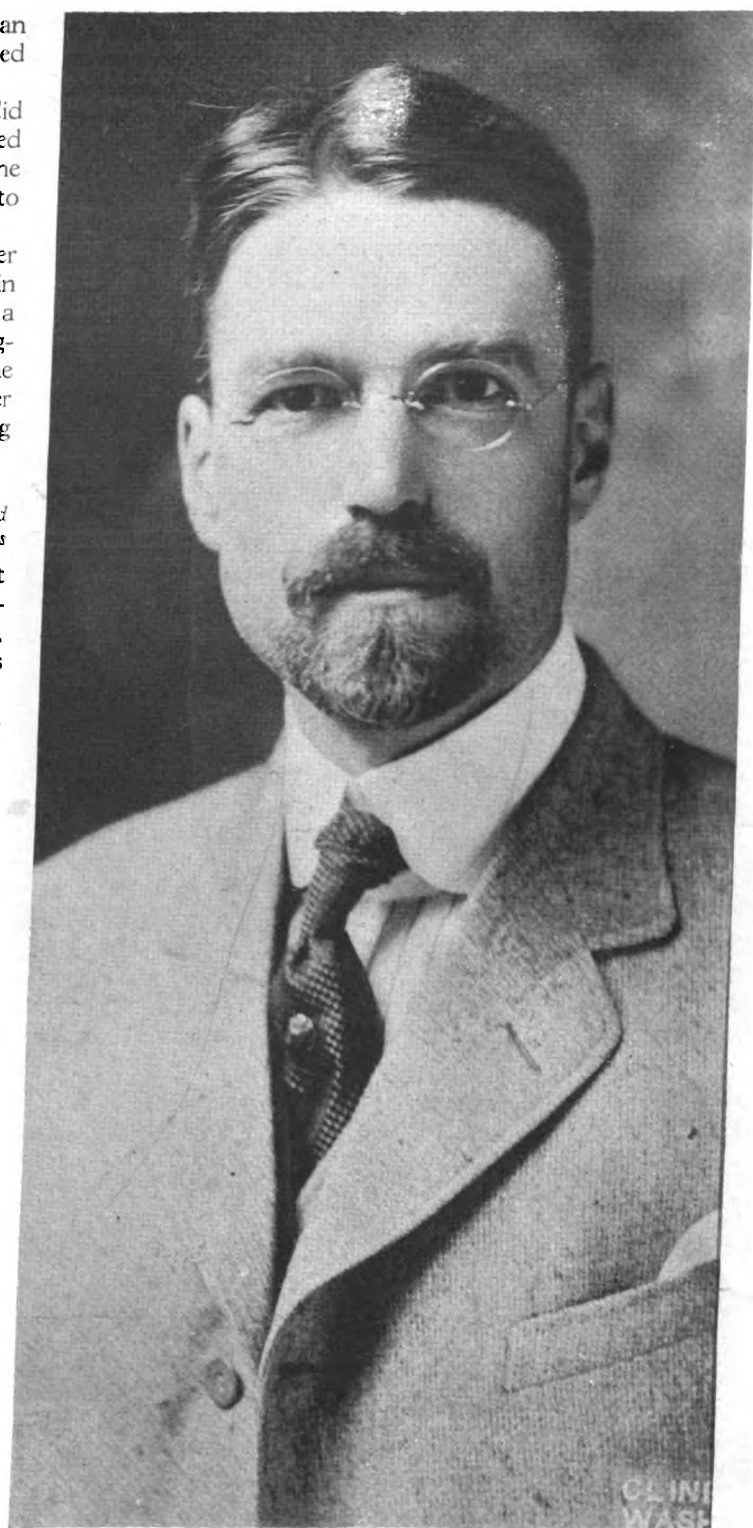
Thinking that the Admiral had misunderstood his message, the aforesaid officer had it repeated word for word.

This time the answer came back—"No."

*The American Council on Education for
More Efficient National Education*

BY his election as administrative head of the reorganized and expanded American Council on Education, Samuel Paul Capen will at once become one of the most important personalities in the field of national education. His father was Elmer H. Capen, for many years president of Tufts College, Massachusetts, and an important member of the State Board of Education. Graduating from this institution, young Capen studied at Harvard University, the University of Pennsylvania and Leipzig University, Germany, specializing in modern languages. Called to Clark University on his return from Europe, the young scholar taught there until 1914; but during the latter part of this period he had come to be a specialist in pedagogy, school administration and the larger phase of educational development in the United States and thruout the world. So distinct was his superiority in this field that in 1914 he was called to Washington to join the staff of the Federal Bureau of Education, where he has had much to do with the expansion in activity of that important arm of government and in raising its standard of technical knowledge.

When the United States entered into the world conflict he at once was drafted for a most important official service in connection with the national policy on its educational side, and became executive secretary of the commissions on national education of the Council of National Defense. It was an important, large task, and he performed it well. Quite naturally, therefore, he has been chosen to be the first director of the organization that plans to co-ordinate, synthesize, and make efficiently co-operative the universities, colleges, and many educational associations of the country in a campaign for more efficient national education. Mr. Capen is a modest, quiet-spoken, professorial-looking sort of person, who would much rather do things than talk about doing them or having done them. His father was a good deal of a politician in his day. The son is not so inclined. His job is to know "what is what" in education, to mediate between rival policies, personalities and institutions, and get the best outcome that can be had. Part of his new job will be to conciliate, and part will be to veto. Part will have to do wholly with conditions at home, and part with establishing closer relations with educators in Europe among America's allies in the war. He will have to marshal



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SAMUEL PAUL CAPEN

Newly elected administrative head of the American Council on Education

about him a staff of aids who can gather and assort material, statistical and theoretical, and in due time create a clearing house for all sorts of information about American education accessible to all legitimate seekers for facts.

*Nathless a Rose by Whatever Name
Would Smell as Sweet*

THERE is an unwritten law that onions and a United States Senator cannot ride on the same elevator at the same time at the Capitol.

The other day in the Senate Office Building one of the elevators had just started the ascent from the subway with a Senator aboard when the subway bell rang insistently again, and fearing that it was jeopardizing the nation's welfare too much by leaving a United States Senator a few seconds off the job, the conscientious elevator man glided his car back a step or two so as to take both statesmen up at the same time.

But what was his horror to see standing at the door one of the black waiters from the Senate cafe balancing neatly in the

air a large dish of sliced onions. With a glance that would have annihilated this "common carrier" but for the aforesaid, the elevator man slammed the door in the face of such odoriferous desecration, and shot his passenger up to the regions above, the Senate floor, in unpolluted peace.

*American Consular Agent Believes We Should
Extend Helping Hand to Russia*

WHEN Howard D. Hadley, Consular Agent, who spent eighteen months in Russia, visited Washington, there was a group of interested Senators and Congressmen gathered about him in the corridor to hear his comments on the Russian



HOWARD D. HADLEY

Who was one of the American Consular officials in Russia during the eventful days of 1918-19. He was arrested by the contending forces five times, but was always promptly released

situation. It was felt that his information ought to be included in official records. When he had finished, I took Mr. Hadley by the arm and we walked over to the statue of Kosciusko and under the shadows of this mute effigy, I asked him to tell me the real truth of the Russian situation. Closing his eyes as if reminiscing, he began:

"It was my firm belief and the belief of every American consular official in anti-Bolshevist Russia at that time, and still is my belief, that just a little real help from the Allies and America—forty or fifty thousand troops—would have easily sufficed to enable the sixty thousand Czecho-Slovak troops, the ten thousand Polish troops, the four thousand Serbian troops with the Russians to sweep right thru European Russia, from the Ural Mountains to the German and Austrian frontier, carrying the then straggling Bolshevik army ahead of them back into Germany, the country that enabled Lenine and Trotzky to seize and hold power in Russia. The war was then on and the Allies could not then have been accused, as they

are now, of 'interfering' in Russia. We could have removed the Bolshevik millstone which Germany managed to hang around the necks of the Russians and enabled them to elect and convene a constituent assembly, the one thing the Russians have been struggling, suffering and fighting for for decades.

"Shall we go on indefinitely spending \$1,500,000,000 annually for an army and navy and next to nothing to help the seven hundred million people in Russia and China, making enemies of nearly one-half of the human beings on this globe, or shall we plan to split it up, say fifty-fifty, and spend \$750,000,000 for the army and navy and \$750,000,000 annually to help Russia and China and thus retain and strengthen the warm friendship of nearly half the people of the world?"

*Politicians Beware! The Suffragettes Will
Get You if You Don't Watch Out*

IDAHO, Kentucky, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Arizona and New Mexico can be added to the list of States having ratified the Federal Suffrage amendment, bringing it up to thirty-two.

"Thirty-two ratifications in seven months is a wonderful record," said Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt when seen at the headquarters of the National American Woman Suffrage Association. "The Federal Suffrage amendment promises to break all records in speedy ratifications. Already we have more than three-fourths of the States necessary to the approval of a constitutional amendment."

Rhode Island ratified almost unanimously and on the first day of the regular session of the Legislature. Kentucky is the first state of the solid South to break away from the old state's rights tradition and recede to the righteousness of suffrage by the "Federal route." Oregon and Indiana have named early dates for special sessions of their legislatures to enact the suffrage resolution.

*Nine Tailors to Make a Man—
How Many to Make a Soldier?*

THE United States Army uniform is to undergo radical changes if the judgment of the division commanders and general staff officers is accepted by the War Department in behalf of the improvement.

The officers are practically unanimous for the adoption of the famous Sam Browne belt—that symbol of overseas service which all returning officers discarded with reluctance. The belt proved to be an essential adjunct to comfort and convenience, and certainly it adds a touch of leniency to the formal aspect of our present uniform. The recommendation of officers for this addition is easy to comprehend.

The unbending formality which the Sam Browne belt tends to alleviate should be further softened. The service dress of our army, evolving with the succession of military periods, has kept a decade or so behind the spirit of the times. Its stiff and unrelenting atmosphere would be remedied by banishing the rigid turn-up collar and substituting an open collar similar to the British and Canadian fashion. That uncomfortable and stiff turn-up collar deserves to be proscribed.

It is fitting that we should reflect, so far as practical, the informal spirit of our democracy in the uniform of our army, which has often been in the past and undoubtedly will be in the future predominantly a citizen force.

*The New Year Brings Still More
Changes in the Cabinet*

CABINET changes have been the order of the day these last few weeks. Carter Glass, appointed Secretary of the Treasury in December, 1918, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Mr. McAdoo, was sworn in as Senator from Virginia at the beginning of February to succeed the late Thomas S. Martin.

David Franklin Houston of St. Louis, Missouri, who has been Secretary of Agriculture since the beginning of the Wilson administration, was given the treasury portfolio, and Edwin T. Meredith of Des Moines, Iowa, was named to succeed him as head of the Department of Agriculture.

In selecting Mr. Houston to succeed Carter Glass as Secretary of the Treasury the President ran counter to all guesses

of administration officials, most of whom had expected Assistant Secretary Leffingwell to be given the office.

The resignation of Franklin K. Lane as Secretary of the Interior, so long impending, also became an accomplished fact early in February, when the President accepted his resignation, to become effective March first. John Barton Payne, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, has been chosen by the President to succeed Secretary Lane.

Robert Lansing, who has been Secretary of State since 1915, relieved the tension of the strained relations existing between the President and himself by tendering his resignation on February 12. Under-Secretary Frank Polk was made Secretary *ad interim*, pending the appointment of a successor.

*Democratic Congressmen in Caucus Declare
Against Universal Military Service*

THE fate of any measure for universal compulsory military training, during the present session of Congress, seems definitely settled by the decisive vote in opposition at the caucus of the Democratic members of the House on February 9.

In open defiance of the express wish of the President, the House Democrats went on record as opposed to universal military training by the overwhelming majority of 106 to 17, despite the fact that earlier in the day the President, in letters to Democratic leaders, had asked that action on the question be withheld and left to the Democratic National Convention in June.

"It is the sense of this caucus," declared the resolution adopted by the Democrats, "that no measure should be passed by this Congress providing for universal compulsory military service or training."

While the vote of the caucus is not binding on the Democratic membership of the House, it is interpreted as precluding any possibility of universal training being incorporated in the army reorganization bill that will shortly be brought before Congress, as it is quite apparent that there are not enough Republicans who favor universal training to force its inclusion in the reorganization bill. As Mr. Mondell, the Republican floor leader is violently against the proposition, together with many other Republicans in both branches of the government, the measure can hardly be said to come under the head of party politics. Nevertheless, it is anticipated that both Senate and House will have to vote on the universal training proposal, for it is included in the Senate bill, and Representative Kahn (Republican) of California, chairman of the House Military Committee, which is framing the House bill, has expressed his intention of pressing adoption of the plan.

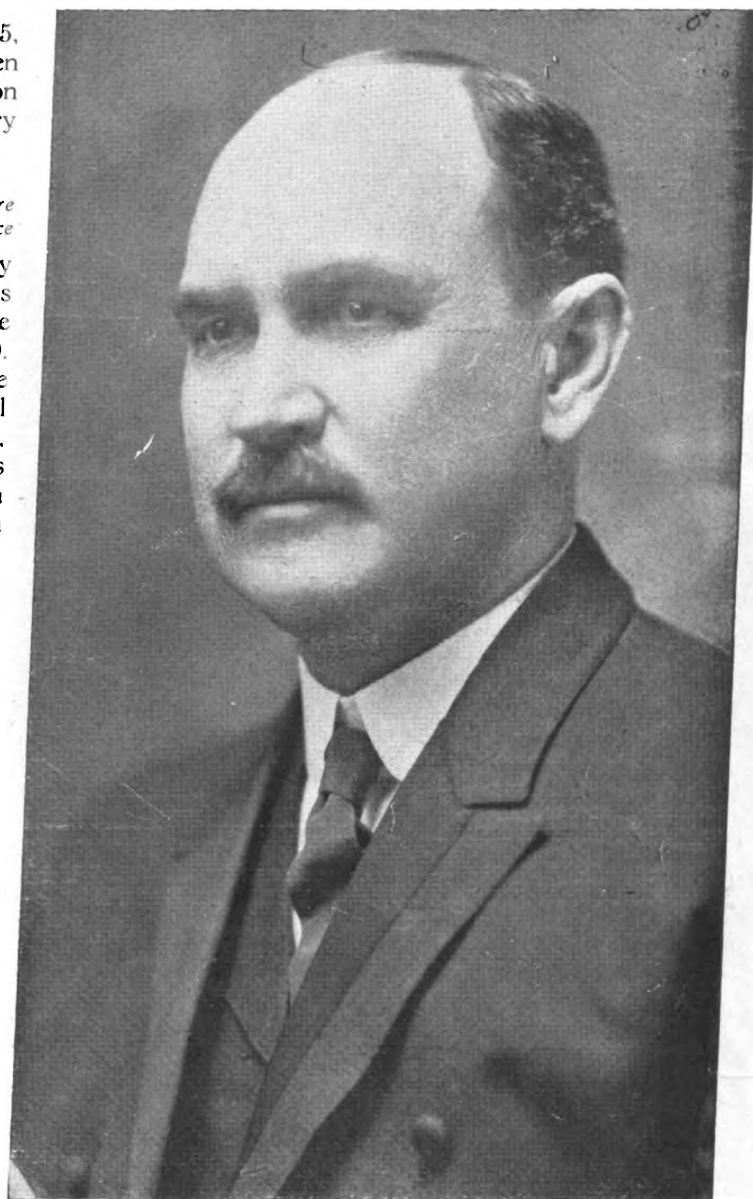
*New Secretary of Agriculture Will be
Popular Among the Farmers*

WHEN Edwin T. Meredith was appointed Secretary of Agriculture, an honor was bestowed upon the state that had already done so much for the department thru Secretary James E. Wilson, of Iowa, who might well be called "father of the department." Iowa is distinctively an agricultural state, and Edwin T. Meredith, as publisher of a farm paper, has long been recognized as a potential leader in that field. He made campaigns for Governor and Senator that were not successful, but with editorial persistence he went right on doing his work as if some day he expected something and was going to get it.

Edwin Meredith at forty-three is one of the youngest members of the cabinet, but his life activity has covered more ground than many of five score. His early struggles in building up his paper, *Successful Farming*, is an adventure story in itself. He foreclosed on success by using the name. His level-head, sound judgment and matchless qualities of leadership soon brought him to the front in other fields of activities. As a member of the Federal Reserve Board, as a member of the Labor Mission sent abroad by the English government, and as president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, he was equal to every demand. The appointment is not only merited thru service to his party, but one that will find hearty approval from a legion of personal friends outside the Democratic party. While the choice may have had a political

purpose to indicate a number of other choice appointments to be anticipated as "favors to come," it cannot help restoring confidence in the department by the farmers who were not enthusiastically drawn to Secretary Houston's academic ideas.

Edwin Meredith is a real farmer in thought and training. He sees things in the practical way of those who till the soil.



DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON

Secretary of Agriculture since the beginning of President Wilson's administration—lately appointed to the Treasury portfolio in place of Carter Glass, who retires to become Senator from Virginia

Born in Iowa—educated in Iowa—living in Iowa—he knows cattle, hogs, and the successful phases of modern agriculture. His wide travels over the country and abroad has found him an observer who applies observations. I have seen him wrestle with French in Paris, stutter with Italian and gurgle with the British accent, but he knows how to clearly say just what he means and he means what he says at all times. A genial and considerate man, the Wilson administration may have some degree of popular favor for the party in the sunlight of Meredith's popularity and recognized ability.

*Article X Remains a Fruitful Subject
for Illuminative Discussion*

BATTLEDORE and shuttlecock is a good old game recalled by the conferences of Senators on the League. First it was, and then it wasn't. The "Battalion of Death" stood pat and rode bravely into the valley of criticism without even a suggestion of "Half a League, Half a League," to paraphrase Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." There were the mild reservationists, and the other classification, with temperaments not defined as "fair and warmer." In and out of the

conference rooms passed Senator Hitchcock, the administrative burden bearer of messages, with his brow wrinkled as if trying to solve a knotty problem and get a satisfactory answer. Senator Lodge, with his Republican cohorts, found the path thorny with threats of bolt and defect. The patriots appeared with "petitions by the ton" which were *enbloc*, representing organizations of large membership, signed in bulk, with little flavor of



JUDGE JOHN BARTON PAYNE

General Counsel for the Railroad Administration and Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, who has been chosen by the President to succeed Franklin K. Lane as Secretary of the Interior

individual determination. Never mind—it was called the voice of millions, and *vox populi* was again entwined as the sovereign ruler supreme. In the meantime Article X went a-glimmering—even the William Howard Taft version was refused by the intensified Americans—and the more people think about it the more certain they are that Article X should be marked with two cyphers instead of one. History will record a brave fight to save American Nationalism in the Peace barter.

*Pretty Tough on Kentucky Colonels—
What? We'll Say So*

AFTER meeting William Jennings Bryan on another of his historic "come-backs," I saw one of his friends and devout admirers coming from the Supreme Court, and he commented: "Old John Barleycorn is having a hard road to travel these days. The decision of the Supreme Court sets forever at rest the constitutional right of the people to banish the liquor traffic. There has never been an unfavorable decision by the Supreme Court on the liquor question, and the unanimous voice of the highest tribunal of the land leaves little ground for hope that the saloon will ever again become a legalized American institution. Foreigners are amazed at the manner

in which the United States adjusts itself to the radical revolutionary sweep of prohibition. Some of these are returning to their native shores in disgust, counting liquor the important part of life in America. But Americans go on and take it as a matter of course, as they did during the war."

Future generations will grow, scarcely knowing just what baneful influence the liquor traffic has had in previous years, and a cocktail will soon seem to be a relic of pre-historic ages. Other evils may take its place. The wholesale slaughter thru wood alcohol, and adulterated products, will have a tendency to make people shun whiskey and alcohol as they would a poison, and alcohol is being eliminated in medical use and for the preparation of extracts and other commercial uses.

The records of the courts, prisons and the alms houses, to say nothing of the steady reduction of crime, tells the story emphatically. The pre-eminence of America in the industrial activities is more fully assured thru a sober nation. Savings deposits increase and social problems are solving themselves.

Prohibition did not come wholly thru agitation of the Anti-Saloon League, as slavery was not abolished wholly thru the work of abolitionists. The bettered condition of the workingmen and of the average American is coming not wholly thru wild and radical agitation, but rather because of an evolution providing conditions for each one to better work out their own destiny according to their ability and industry, and tyranny, whether in monarch, creed, race or class, must meet the fate of all tyrants.

*Hoover Says Government Operation
of Railroads a Failure*

HERBERT HOOVER, in his inaugural address as president of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, at New York, expressed his opinion that the return of the railroads to private ownership on March first will mean the placing of private ownership on its "final trial."

Mr. Hoover attacked government operation of either railroads or shipping as "experiments in socialism necessitated by the war," to which there were many fundamental objections.

"No scheme of political appointment," he said, "has ever yet been devised that will replace competition in its selection of ability and character. Both shipping and railways have today the advantage of many skilled personnel, sifted out in a hard school of competition, and even then the government operation of these enterprises is not proving satisfactory.

"Therefore, the ultimate inefficiency that would arise from the deadening paralysis of bureaucracy has not yet had full opportunity of development. Already we can show that no government under pressure of ever-present political or sectional interests can conduct properly the risks of extension and improvement or can be free from local pressure to conduct unwarranted services in industrial enterprise."

After referring to the handicaps imposed upon business thru the failure of transportation facilities to grow with the country, Mr. Hoover said: "The return of the railways to the owners places private operation upon its final trial. If instant energy, courage and large vision in the owners should prove lacking in meeting immediate situation we will be faced with a reaction that will drive the country to some other form of control."

*United States Will Not Accept Pact With
Adriatic Plan Attached*

THE President has informed the allied supreme council that if the proposed Adriatic settlement to which the American government is not a party is put into force the United States might have to consider withdrawing the treaty of Versailles from Senate consideration.

The President's communication was not in the nature of a threat, but was merely a statement of a situation in which the United States might find itself if asked to subscribe to agreements it had no hand in making and to which it is opposed.

The explanation was made in official quarters that the League of Nations was to be the instrument for enforcing various agreements as to boundaries and the like and that if the United States became a party to the treaty of Versailles it thus would be subscribing to the enforcement of agreements to which it had not given either its approval or consent.

Who for President?

Why Not Coolidge

*The Question Answered by New England People with
a Logical Candidate Representing a Dominant Issue*

NATURALLY we look back to the things that have happened, to vision what may happen again, in the theory that history runs in cycles. In 1896 Marcus A. Hanna, a business man, became a president-maker. He felt William McKinley should be the nominee of the Republican party, to assure the prospects of electing a Republican candidate and relieve the distressing industrial conditions thruout the entire country with a practical, constructive business administration.

His first move was to inquire of the people "Who is the logical candidate?"—and then he proceeded to answer it. William McKinley was pointed out as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and father of the McKinley bill as the tried and tested leader in the campaign for a tariff to protect American industry. He was declared as "the logical candidate" to represent the paramount issue. Hanna was the original "campaign of education" political leader. He also helped the people to observe that nearly every successful nominee on a presidential ticket were state governors elected by overwhelming majorities, indicating the turning of the political tides. McKinley had been elected Governor of Ohio after he had been gerrymandered out of Congress, which emphasized this particular point.

The campaign for nomination was analyzed in the following order:

First, the logical candidate representing the paramount issue.

Second, the home endorsement as governor of an important state represented the candidate's pace in a political race.

Third, capacity for talking to people in brief, lucid and clear speeches, reiterating convincingly the basic principles of Americanism.

Fourth, that the people should come to the candidate rather than that the candidate should go to the people.

With these four propositions, Marcus Hanna proceeded to direct his campaign for William McKinley. With characteristic energy and concentration of purpose—he succeeded. The nomination marked a turn of the fortunes of the Republican party in a situation similar to that of the present time. Roosevelt, overwhelmingly elected Governor of New York, had presidential hopes. He, in turn, named William Howard Taft as his successor. Taft, however, was defeated for a second term by Woodrow Wilson following his victorious election as Governor of New Jersey. Grover Cleveland was discovered after he had been elected Governor of New York with a sweeping majority.

The thought comes to mind again, where is a good winning Governor?

Presidential campaigns open with a presentation of favorite sons which continues hopefully until the process of elimination begins, and then all eyes turn to "the logical candidate" in the decisive moments of the national convention.

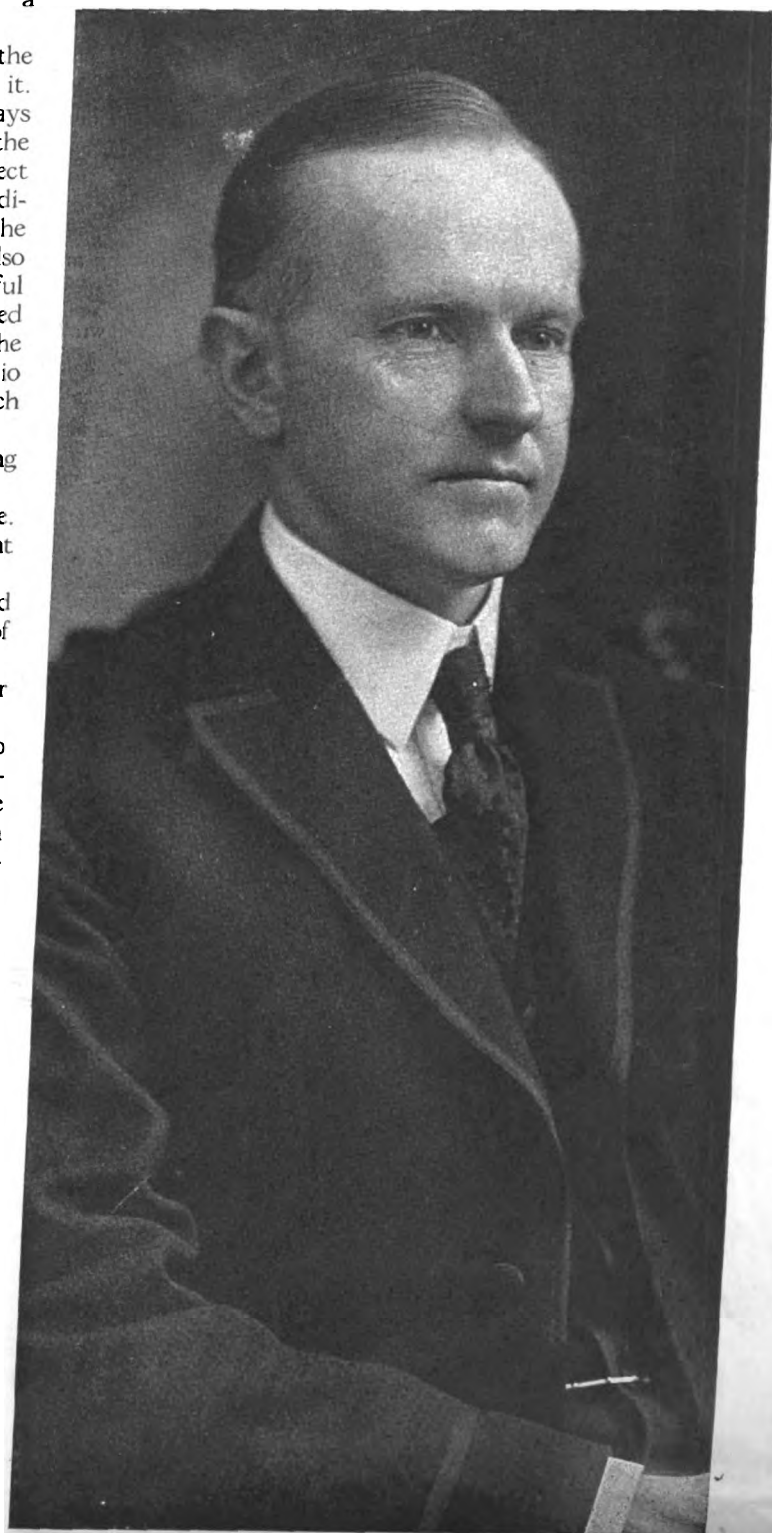
Residents of New England are met with the question, "who is the logical candidate?"—and New England's reply is Calvin Coolidge. He boxes the compass on the four points required for a successful nominee.

First: He is the logical candidate, and represents the dominant issue of the country in his firm stand and action in the police strike as a leader for law and order and true Americanism.

Second: Elected Governor of Massachusetts by the largest majority ever given a governor in a state, swinging from one party to another, qualifies as a vote-getter.

Third: His speeches and addresses are expressed in a language that the people understand, and clarify the pre-eminent issue of the hour in a way that suggests McKinley's famous front porch addresses.

Fourth: The modesty of Governor Coolidge in all his epoch-making deliberations indicate that the people will come to him. Altho living in New England, (Continued on page 38)



GOVERNOR CALVIN COOLIDGE OF MASSACHUSETTS



Bing's Bubbles

By RALPH BINGHAM

Home-made Epigram

TIPPING the hat to a girl makes her smile, but tipping the hat girl makes the proprietor smile.

High Society Note

SIGN in window of women's-wear store: "All dresses one-half off."

"Second Coach in de Reah"

WHAT'S become of the o. f. mathematician who could figure out a meal on a diner inside of two bucks?

The Village Cut-ups

AT a small town on the Wabash, in Missouri, they are using an old passenger coach, built 23 B. C. as a station.
"Where's your depot?" I asked the agent.
"We used to have one," he replied, "but the boys whittled it down."

Indoor Sport

HE'D tramped the whole world over,
And now he'd ceased to rove
And sat with his feet in the oven
Of the dear old kitchen stove.
His mother stood beside his chair,
His pal since he was born.
"Are you warming your feet," she whispered,
He said: "No'm, just popping corn."

—*Rhyming Rufus.*

One of the Flock

IN Huntington, West Virginia, Lady Bing and I were out sleuthing for Uncle Sam's mail store. Seeing a bright and intelligent-looking boy acting as a pillar to Huntington's skyest scraper, I said to him, "Where's the postoffice?"
He expectorated a yellow flood, and replied slowly, "Thar's one right over thar."
And so thar war.

Famous Sayings of Famous Men

WILLIE JEFFERSON: "Like a movie queen, she was blue-eyed, true-eyed and peroxide."

Put Your Spoon in Your Saucer

THERE was a young Reuben from Zoar,
Whose actions at table were poar.
His coffee he'd sup,
With his spoon in his cup,
Nor thought once of "shipping his oar."

—*Limerick Lew.*

Finigan Still at Large

DEAR STRICK. GILLILAN: Flanagan is now the C. & O. depot master at Logan, West Virginia. Y're welkim.

Art is Art

"NO," said Uncle Henry, the one-armed fiddler, "it may not be 'zactly watcher call a elevatin' job, but no movie ticket seller is as bad as she is painted."

Moving Picture Notes

THE Cataract Film Company will soon release a new club serial in twelve episodes, entitled: "The Posted Toastie," or "Back in His Dues," by Straight N. Upp.

The Favorite Feature Films of Flushing will shortly produce a five-reel terpsichorean play featuring the famous French dancer, Mlle. Fulle R. Peppe, entitled: "She Shakes a Nifty Douglass." (Passed by the Ouiji Board of Censors. Directed by Glass I. Brow.)

The Biteagraph is soon to release a mystery serial, entitled: "The Missing Spark Plug," or, "Hitting on Three," by Flax C. Doyle.

Bugracious

THEY must have cooties in Russia,
Quoth little Rita Rich.
For every day the war news speaks
Of General Yudenitch.

—*Oscar Driver.*

Bubbles' Temple of Fame

FRANK PEA JOHNSON of Cedar Rapids nominates for the Temple to handle all funds of the Temple, and to pay all bills:
"Will De Lay" of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Elected without a Murmur.

A New Heart Throb

THIS here now Ed Vance Cook, the pote, is at work on a timely song entitled: "She Was Only a Moonshiner's Daughter, But Oh How I Love Her Still."
This here now Al Sweet will decompose the tune.

Pharmaceutical Phollies of 1920

THE St. Louis drug stores are putting up the best cabarets, tho the Kansas City pill emporiums have a shade the best dance floors. Both have "side doors for ladies."

For Sale Cheap

AGENTLEMAN expecting to leave Washington shortly, wishes to dispose of "House" and "Lodge" cheap. Address W. W. Adv.

Will Do It Every Time

AWAIL of toe just received from a friend of mine, a bank cashier in Texas, says: "And I was elected superintendent of our Sunday School, and it started a run on the bank, etc."

At the Grand Central Station

THIS the train for Chicago?"
"All Pullman?"
"No, sir, New York Central."

Just Suds

For Sale: One bartender's guide, almost new.
General Sports: Knocking Wood.
Optimistic Observation: There wasn't room in my cellar for coal anyhow.
Detour: The most heart-breaking word in the language.
Many a man has traded an engagement ring for a yellow clarinet after tasting lip paint for the first time.

*Feminine Political Trail-blazers***Pioneer Women of Democracy**

Altho a Woman to the End of Time, a Woman is Now a Vote. And with the Vote She Comes Into Full Citizenship, into the Enjoyment of Equal Rights of Person and Property

By MAYME OBER PEAK



EXT to a new bonnet, I don't believe there is anything more pleasing to a woman's vanity than being the "first woman" to do so-and-so!

When the Democratic National Committeemen came on to Washington in January to attend the Big Meet, and incidentally, the famous Jackson Day Dinner, in getting a "close-up" of these pioneers of national politics, I found this pride in trail-blazing standing out head and shoulders above the final victory.

There was Mrs. Teresa Graham, associate national committeewoman from Idaho, for instance, enjoying the distinction of being the "first woman" in the United States to sit officially with the National Committee of the Democratic Party to launch a campaign resulting in the re-election of a president. She was the "first woman" from Idaho to be sent as a National Delegate to a convention of the Democratic Party, attending that held in 1916, and was appointed a member of the committee to notify President Wilson and Vice-President Marshall of their re-nomination.

Having always taken a prominent part in the public affairs in her native state, however, also serving as a member of the Minimum Wage and Industrial Welfare Commissions, the National Council of Defense and Executive Board of the Red Cross, Mrs. Graham is used to leadership, and carried off her honors gracefully.

Running her a close second, was Mrs. Gertrude Lee, associate national committeewoman from Colorado, who waged a successful fight for the election of precinct committeewomen in the primary, and who was in 1912 elected a Presidential elector. Mrs. Lee was not only the "first woman" elected to that position from her state, but the "first woman" in the United States to be appointed as associate national committeewoman.

* * *

Miss Florence Allen, associate national committeewoman from Ohio, was the "first woman" ever asked to address the Ohio Bar Association, and the "first woman" lawyer who appeared before the National War Labor Board, in behalf of the women street-car conductors of Cleveland. She was also appointed last spring to sit as arbitrator in a dispute between the Cleveland Railway Company and its employees, having been chosen by the men for this most important mission. Miss Allen is now Assistant County Prosecutor. She was admitted to the Ohio bar in 1913.

Her sister committeewoman, Mrs. Maud Murray Miller, of Columbus, Ohio, president of the Democratic Woman's Council, who has served her state in official capacity under the administration of five governors, both Republican and Democratic, and who was instrumental in securing municipal suffrage for the city of Columbus two years ago, also occupies a unique position. In 1913, Ohio passed a law creating a moving picture board of censors—the first state to enact such a law, and Mrs. Miller, appointed by Governor Cox as a member of this board, is the "first woman" who ever served as a moving picture censor. She has been re-appointed continuously since that time, and has rendered striking service to the state of Ohio in this capacity.

Mrs. Miller is also a woman of marked literary attainments, having been a member of the editorial staffs of both the *News* and *Columbus Dispatch*. Altho "bawn and raised" in Alabama, she has not nursed the traditions of the South in regard to woman suffrage, but has broadened her vision to



MRS. GEORGE BASS
Chairman of the Women's Bureau of the Democratic National Committee



MRS. PETER OLESON
Associate Democratic Committeewoman from Minnesota

take in the whole field of woman's opportunities and aided in its cultivation and development.

Mrs. John W. Troy, associate national committeewoman from Juneau, Alaska, wife of the editor of the *Alaskan Daily Empire*, and conceded to be one of the handsomest members of the committee, was the "first woman" known in her immediate locality to kill a bear—and it happened to be a big twelve-foot Kadiak.

Mrs. Troy doesn't look any more like a bear-killer than the average suffragette looks like the bold, aggressive type man has been wont to paint her, but that bear just naturally got in her path one day when she was in a hurry, and she couldn't stop to argue. Think you that a woman who can sweep out of her path obstacles like that would ever have let a little thing like the vote stand in her way!

Mrs. Ellis Meredith, of Colorado, in charge of organization division of the woman's national headquarters at Washington, and also an authority on legislative procedure, was the "first woman" hat-raiser. She it was who, shortly after suffrage was granted her state in 1893, suggested that women should take off their hats in the theatres, and not only was the suggestion carried in Colorado, but was taken up by other states and enacted into law. It is this little woman who has made it possible for all men—long and short—to see the stage without committing the old offense of "Madam, would you mind removing your hat?" when every man jack of them knew that madam would indeed mind nothing quite so much as doing this very thing!

Mrs. Meredith was also the "first woman" and the only woman to serve as election commissioner of a big city, to which position she was three times elected in Denver.

Miss Charl O. Williams, associate national committeewoman from Tennessee, conspicuous among the Southern contingent, stood out as an educator of national reputation. She has served as secretary of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, is state director for Tennessee in the same organization, and secretary of the Department of Rural and Agricultural Education.

Miss Williams is also vice-president of the Tennessee Public School Officers' Association, and chairman of the executive committee of the West Tennessee Teachers' Association. She served with great success as the County Superintendent of Shelby County, and was appointed by Governor Roberts a member of the Text Book Commission of the state. Seems to me those are enough positions for any one woman to hold, but, as somebody has wisely said, it is only the busy woman who can find time to do things!

Mrs. Peter Oleson, associate national committeewoman from Minnesota, bears the distinction of being the only woman who



MISS MARY E. FOY
Associate Democratic Committeewoman from California



MRS JOHN W. TROY
Associate Democratic Committeewoman from Alaska

been a force in the Democratic Party, serving as presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1912 and as delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis in 1916.

Over all these associate national committeewomen presides Mrs. George Bass, of Chicago, chairman of the Woman's Bureau of the Democratic National Committee. Mrs. Bass has not only taken a most prominent part in the suffrage cause, but on account of her activities in every phase of civic life—clubs, courts, social settlement work and schools—is known



MISS CHARL O. WILLIAMS
Associate Democratic Committeewoman from Tennessee

spoke at the Jackson Day twin dinner, her subject being the significant one of "Ideals in Action." She has taken an active part in club life ever since she left college, and for a number of years was president of the Minnesota Federation of Woman's Clubs.

At the club meetings, Mrs. Oleson began her public speaking career, which developed into such prominence that when the war broke out and women speakers were in demand, she was called on to speak for many of the war organizations. On the occasion of a big bond drive at Springfield, Minnesota, this little mite of a woman spoke one night to an outdoor audience of fifteen thousand people, making a most tremendous hit.

Miss Mary E. Foy, associate national committeewoman from California, and a native of Los Angeles, is also something of a speaker, for 'twas her silver tongue (and I have no reference to that hundred-thousand-dollar bonus either), that painted the glories of her state so vividly that she had the members of the Democratic National Committee basking in the glorious sunshine tempered by ocean breezes, smelling the roses that bloomed the whole year 'round, and vowing that under none other than California's perpetual blue dome would their national convention be held.

I'll say that Miss Foy was keenly alive to the advantages of her state, and even more than the usual booster, but she brought a good bit of the charm of her wonderland with her and had a face like a sunbeam herself. She, too, is an educator of note, and was a leading figure in the campaign which gave the vote to the women of California nine years ago. She has



MRS. MAUD MURRAY MILLER
National Committeewoman from Ohio

as a second Jane Addams. She has furnished a large part of the motive power for the enactment into law of much beneficial legislation for the betterment of women and children; was instrumental in securing the passage of the Juvenile Court law, and was one of the original group of women who financed and organized the Juvenile Court of Cook County. She stood back of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young in the Chicago school fight, championed the municipal playground system and free bathing beaches, and was the first agitator in the successful movement to open the public schools to the people for evening meetings.

Mrs. Bass was also one of the originators of the civic music movement; served as president of the Chicago Women's Club, and was one of the big factors in the passage of the suffrage act by the Democratic Legislature of Illinois. So prominently did she stand out, not only by reason of her broad activities and courageous leadership, but by a forceful personality and an intelligence that was described as "grasping the whole significance of a situation while other people were merely glimpsing the edges," that in 1916 the Democratic Party placed her in charge of the Woman's Bureau in the presidential campaign of that year. This bureau, with headquarters in Chicago, directed the organization of the woman's vote in the suffrage states, and with the lady of Illinois at the head of it, "unafraid of man, devil or anti," the vote in these particular states showed such increased strength as to bring showers of congratulations to the hand that had so capably taken hold of the wheel and helped steer the old ship to victory.

So did the Woman's Bureau become a part of the permanent organization, and the woman's vote an important factor in the political campaign now being waged. Altho a woman to the end of time, a woman is now a vote. And with the vote, she comes into full citizenship, into the enjoyment of equal rights, of person and property.

No wonder those who chopped thru the thick undergrowth of tradition and prejudice to clear the way for this newcomer feel proud to see the light shining thru at last! I take off my hat to these "first women." "What 'o! But they're a bit of all right, I s'y!"

EXPEDITING BOSTON'S MAIL DELIVERY

WHILE in London during the war the expedition of mail delivery was a marvel to Americans, even in the days when there was a shortage of help, a large amount of the mail matter being handled by women and elderly men. The largest city in the world divided itself into postal stations, and fashionable traditional localities submitted to a numerical division that threatened to blot out endeared names. No matter whether it was Hyde Park or Cheapside, the number was the reason for delivery of mail.

The confusion in the delivery of mail in Boston has worked a hardship and a great loss to individuals, as well as merchants and manufacturers. Over one-half of it is received by a thousand firms, indicating that the co-operation of these firms must come first to do much to facilitate the new plan proposed of adding a number, which indicates a district, rather than changing to distinguished Brookline or charming Chelsea. Putting on the numbers requires a second of time—but it saves hours in delivery. Some dignified firms have felt that it was humiliating to have their address identified with a mere number suggesting a police station, or feeling that it might suggest a mail order address, but the sentiment generally was favorable. These are times when we have to consider everybody as well as ourselves alone, and, as far as I am concerned, I feel it is much easier for our correspondents to put on "Boston 25," than "Upham's Corner," for at Upham's Corner some far-distant correspondents fancied we were located at a

historic cross road. The matter of mail deliveries made us think so, too, for we are as far from Upham's Corner as we are from the Boston Post Office, and have no street car facilities for getting there, and a walk of ten or fifteen minutes to the post office is a suggestion of village days.

The postal authorities have certainly indicated the right kind of spirit in taking this matter up and pushing it thru. The Chamber of Commerce, thru its special committee, soon reconciled business houses to having their letter heads emblazoned with numbers that cannot easily be forgotten, indicating their postal station in Boston life. It will soon become a habit. The exhilarating activities of today are made possible because of the use of numbers. The constant use of telephone numbers, hotel registers, pay rolls, car numbers and voucher numbers indicates that everything to be properly systematized must be numbered. We have reached the age of numbers, and the Book of Numbers is popular during rush hours at telephone booths.

Co-operating heartily and actively with the effort of expediting the delivery of mail matter will save time worth millions. The distinction of being the first city in the United States to adopt the numbered system only follows out the tradition of Boston as a source of initiative impulse of business men to cheerfully accept their part assigned thru the suggestion of the Boston Chamber of Commerce to give the "Hub" the best mail service of any city in the U. S. A.

*Makes Walking a Pleasure***Fitting Shoes for Millions***Boston Shoeman Helped the A. E. F. March on to Victory
by Applying His Knowledge of Correct Shoe Fitting*

WHEN Elmer Jared Bliss was awarded a Distinguished Service Medal by the War Department in recognition of his work in equipping the troops with shoes, it was an honor well deserved. It was Napoleon who said that one of the first essentials of a victorious army was that they must be well shod. In the haste of equipping the millions of soldiers, the question of a fit was not always of first consideration. During the war I chanced to come in contact with Mr. Bliss and his activities. It was then that Mr. Bliss, coming in touch with the crying necessities of the situation, invented and developed the Resco foot-measuring and shoe-fitting device, which altho representing an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars, he presented gratis to the Government. He prevented many a limp in the line of march in France, a fact well known and appreciated by our soldier boys.

During the days when every step forward counted in those last drives, he was sent for by the War Department and urgently requested to go to France and help train army officers in the science of correct shoe-fitting. The selection was a most fitting recognition of a man known the world over as a shoe expert. Nearly thirty years ago Elmer J. Bliss initiated a new era in shoe architecture as well as shoe merchandising. As a traveling man he observed customers as well as dealers. No where could ready-made shoes of assured style be obtained. Customers desiring to have distinctive footwear had to have their shoes made. This was the beginning of the world-famous Regal Shoe.

The first store was opened on historic Church Green on Summer Street in Boston. The second store was opened in Washington, D. C., and now over sixty stores in all the large cities utilize the standardized service and efficient methods begun in that first store under Mr. Bliss' direct supervision. From these stores radiated a tremendous mail order business until there was scarcely a city, town, village or hamlet that did not have a wearer of Regal Shoes.

Some years later Mr. Bliss realized that he must produce as well as sell his goods in order to carry out his ideals, and factories were established at the towns of Whitman and Milford, Massachusetts, and Toronto, Canada, that have become famous for their creations in footwear.

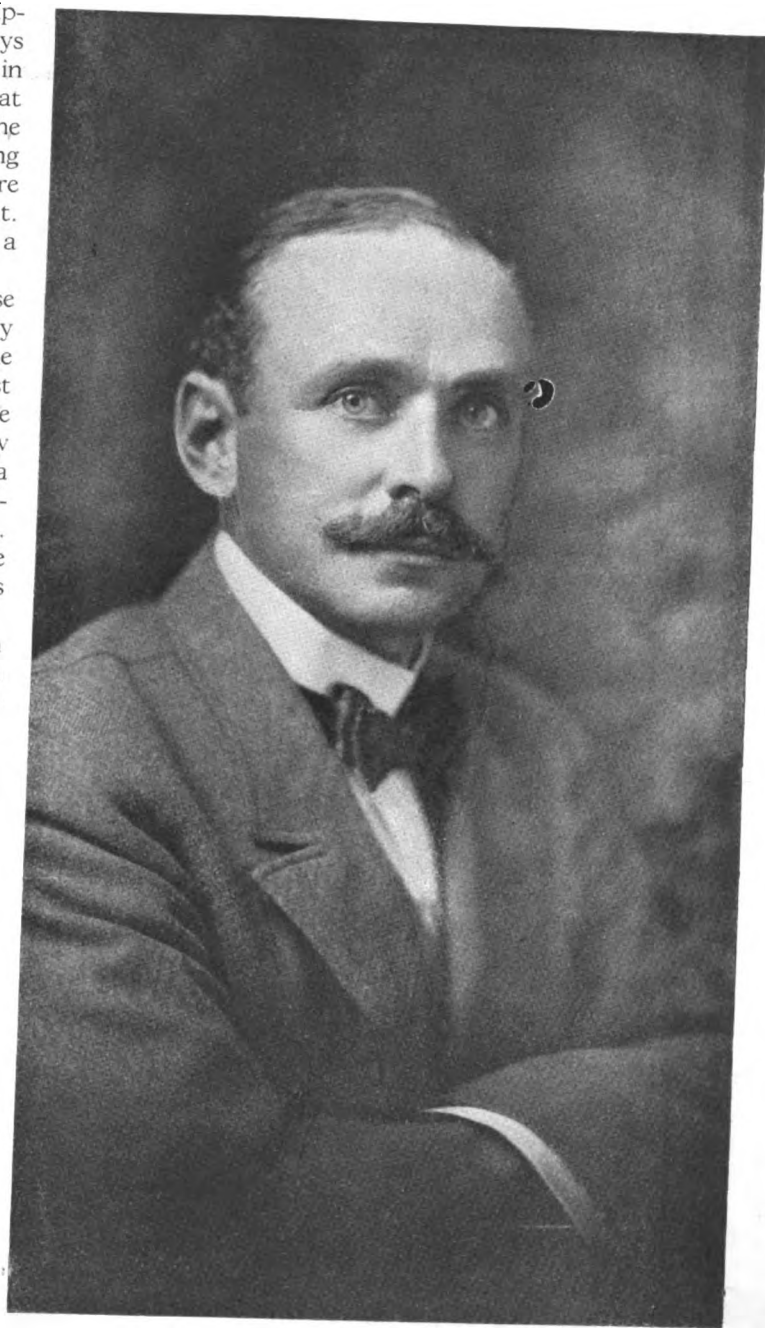
The methods and plans adopted in the Regal Shoe business foreshadowed the era of merchandising efficiency that followed in other lines of business building up a chain of stores. Mr. Bliss is the personification of initiative. He has truly the inherent Yankee inventive genius carried in the *nth* power, co-ordinated with a sales ability unmatched. He invented the famous "Nature Doctor Shoes," and was the first manufacturer to apply scientific study of the foot in its relation to the shoe, and many millions who have escaped corns, bunions and fallen arches rise up to call him blessed.

While always attending closely to his business, few men have given more of their time and energy to outside interests. As president of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, he put the organization on a thoroly systematized and effectively organized basis. As president of the Massachusetts Society of Industrial Education, he applied the same aptitude as in his business for obtaining results, and shoe education is no longer a mere tradition of the cobbler's bench.

Born on Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, he naturally loved the sea, and his love of yachting and trim clipper ships was revealed in the genius that planned the stylish Regal Shoes. He not only owned the yachts but he sailed them,

and his thrilling race to Bermuda and return is a chapter of adventure in the annals of the Eastern Yacht Club.

When he was called to France after the Armistice, he was soon able to solve perplexing problems and accompanied the



ELMER JARED BLISS

World-known maker of the "Regal" Shoe

Army of Occupation to Germany, watching and observing the soldiers as they marched, and his genius alleviated the sufferings of many a footsore soldier. There seems to be no emergency that Elmer J. Bliss is not equal to. It was under his direction that the sufferings of the unfortunate people were alleviated after the great earthquake in San Francisco. In all civic duties and responsibilities, he has displayed the same alert and aggressive ability as in the

(Continued on page 45)

Musique Picturesque

The Like Not Heretofore Produced

By ROBERT BERTON



FIFTY years before Queen Isabelle was convinced by Columbus that an America was waiting to be discovered, printing with movable type was begun by one of four contestants for that honor, whose names are too long and irksome to remember. After that, movable type was used in printing literature and music.

In 1459, one publisher of music was indicating melodies by placing stave lines in the proper positions on the staves, but without notes—his idea being that each user could pen in the notes to suit his or her (mostly his, no doubt), own taste.

I saw a piece of music that was published in 1473, in which the melody was marked by square black blocks arranged in succession on the proper staff lines and spaces. These notes had no stave lines. The publication had never come into the possession of anyone who cared to complete the notes by inking in the staves.

If you want to know what the tenor in Queen Isabelle's quartette contended with, take a song like "The Rosary" and write it out in black squares with no dissimilarities to indicate its rhythm, and see how effectively you lose a majestic melody.

Long after type-printed literature was on its first laps to the present age of enormous editions, type-printed music was still trying to gird its loins.

So Thomas Cross shot his business forward with a bound, when in 1683 he began to print music from engraved plates, incidentally, revolutionizing England's music publishing trade.

Since Cross, the greatest bulk of music has been printed by the process of engraving. And this method has remained exactly the same for over two hundred years.

Artists talked thru the medium of pictures long, long before Moses delivered the Ten Commandments. And they have been talking more copiously thru that medium ever since.

People like pictures. For that reason they pay the costliest talent in the country to appear continuously before them in the "movies." And they bend their attentions late into the night reading modern illustrated literature.

Printed word matter of the past two or three decades has abounded in illustration. The mediums of the artist and the engraver have been used to interpret pictorially (and thus to humanize as no other medium can), the contents of books, magazines, periodicals and newspaper supplements.

Meanwhile, the music lover has been living with lines and dots on blank white pages. The appearance of printed literature has improved in attractiveness decades ahead of the appearance of printed music.

There are some exceptions in printed music books, especially for children. Moreover, publishers of sheet music have availed themselves of the designers and engravers in preparing the title pages of their publications. (And some beautiful covers have resulted.) But heretofore they have stopped there.

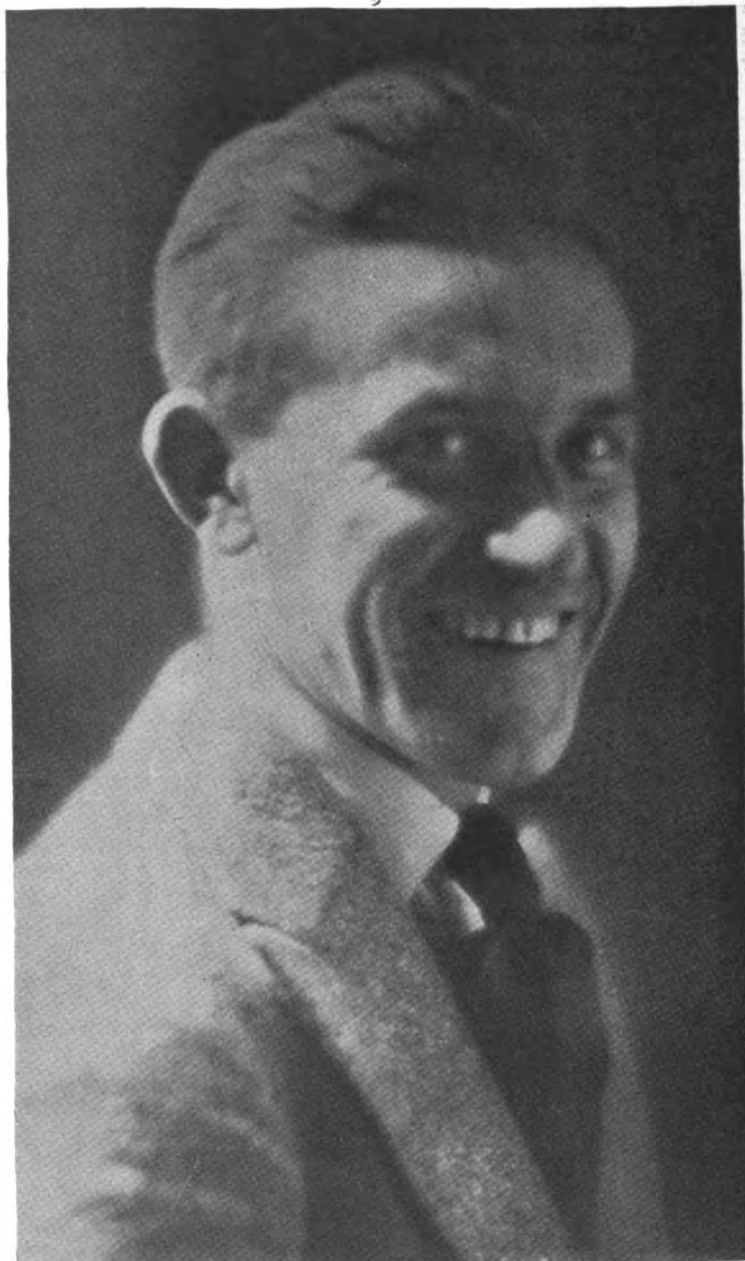
Two songs have just been placed on the market, which are illustrated, inside and out, by Jessie Gillespie, the magazine illustrator. Printed in colors, they establish a new standard for sheet music publication.

These songs are "I Never Knew" and "Maybe." They are from the pen of Bertrand Brown.

It is pleasing that the first use of illustrations in sheet music are in connection with ballads like these—so simple and human in their sincerity. They rise to a high plane of emotional expression and would have succeeded on their own merits without the illustrations. But published as they are in this

attractive manner, they are certain to find their way into the repertoire of all ballad lovers.

"Music achieves expression which is outside the realm of verse; verse, expression which is outside the realm of music; and design, expression which is outside the realm either of music or of verse. *Musique Picturesque* (which is the trade name for this new series of publications), blends these three arts—music, verse and design—aiding them to combine one with the other on



BERTRAND BROWN

The composer who believes that sheet music should be illustrated inside in the same manner as magazine articles. And his new songs, "I Never Knew" and "Maybe," put his theories into pleasing practice

a common plane of artistic expression, where *ensemble* they create emotions beyond the reach of either alone or of either in combination with an other."

"*Musique Picturesque*" is being distributed by Harold Flammer, New York.

Where Druggists are Trained

Triumph of Modern Pharmacy

The Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, one of the Oldest and Best in the Country, in its Palatial New Home, the Generous Gift of George Robert White

IT is a far cry from these days when Pharmacy trips blithely along the path of progress ever guided by the torch of Science and alleviating the troubles of mankind, back to those days when, ages ago, Pharmacy first tried to push past the forbidding barriers of the charlatans and alchemists who enslaved the people of the earth with their fanciful antidotes, prescribed thru ignorance and begotten of superstition. Such thoughts are impressed upon one as he approaches the portals of the magnificent new building which houses the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, for the massive bronze doors, the gift of George Robert White donor of the building, are masterpieces of the sculptor's art, and depict these stages in the progress of Pharmacy, with the finest details exquisitely wrought, and they create in the visitor a receptive mood for the wonders which a tour of the building will reveal.

Pharmacy, tho it travels in cycles, has progressed far thru the ages. Its fashions change as surely as do those of milady's wardrobe. Science rejecting the elements of no value, and, with an increase in knowledge, retaining and improving and remodelling the parts of worth. So it is that we find *materia medica* starting when remedies were made from parts of animals which possessed the desired traits. This fanciful use of the lower classes of the earth's population has long since ceased to be in the civilized world, but knowledge has brought the realization that these same animals can furnish invaluable remedies, for we have derived from them our present day biological products such as the vaccines, anti-toxins, and serums. The cycle is complete, but now Science guides us instead of superstition.

In olden times there was no distinction between practitioners of medicine and of pharmacy, and such crude surgery as was practiced was done by barbers, but as the *materia medica* increased in variety and complexity to include animal, vegetable, and mineral products, the art of procuring and preparing medicines came to be recognized as a separate branch of medical work, and its practitioners came to be called apothecaries or pharmacists.

This occurred at or near the end of the middle ages when there was a great revival of learning, and pharmacists were soon recognized among the leaders in the development of several branches of science. One of these, Carl Wilhelm Scheele, a Swedish pharmacist, was probably the greatest chemical discoverer of all time.

In the new world, Pharmacy was soon established, for in 1633, as the public records of Boston show, Giles Firmin, Senior, apothecary from Sudbury, England, came across the water in the same ship with the Reverend John Cotton. The earliest shop mentioned in the records is that of William Davis, in 1646, near which four years later the town pump was set up on Washington Street just north of the head of State Street. On December 20, 1721, Dr. William Douglas wrote that there were fourteen apothecary shops in the town. When the stirring days of the Revolution overtook the town of Boston, Dr. Sylvester Gardiner had the most extensive druggist's trade in all New England. When his stock was confiscated for the use of the Continental Army after the evacuation of the town by the British, it is said to have filled twenty-five wagons. In those days practitioners dispensed their own medicines, and it was not until November 8, 1786, that the first known effort to improve pharmacy by law was made by the action of the Massachusetts Medical Society in petitioning the

Legislature to prevent in every possible way the sale of bad and adulterated drugs.

Owing to the increased interest in pharmaceutical science excited among physicians and apothecaries, incident to the preparation, publication and general adoption of the first United States Pharmacopœia in 1820, a committee was appointed in Boston in 1822 to draft a constitution and by-laws for the formation of a pharmaceutical association. Their report was adopted at the formal institution of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy in February, 1823. The assigned objects of this association were:

... to provide the means of systematic education, to regulate the instruction of apprentices, to promote a spirit of pharmaceutical investigation and to diffuse information among the members, to discountenance the sale of



ANCIENT EMPIRICAL PHARMACY MODERN SCIENTIFIC PHARMACY
THE IMPRESSIVE BRONZE DOORS



JOHN G. GODDING
Senior trustee and treasurer



C. HERBERT PACKARD
President of the corporation



THEODORE J. BRADLEY
Dean and executive officer

OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY

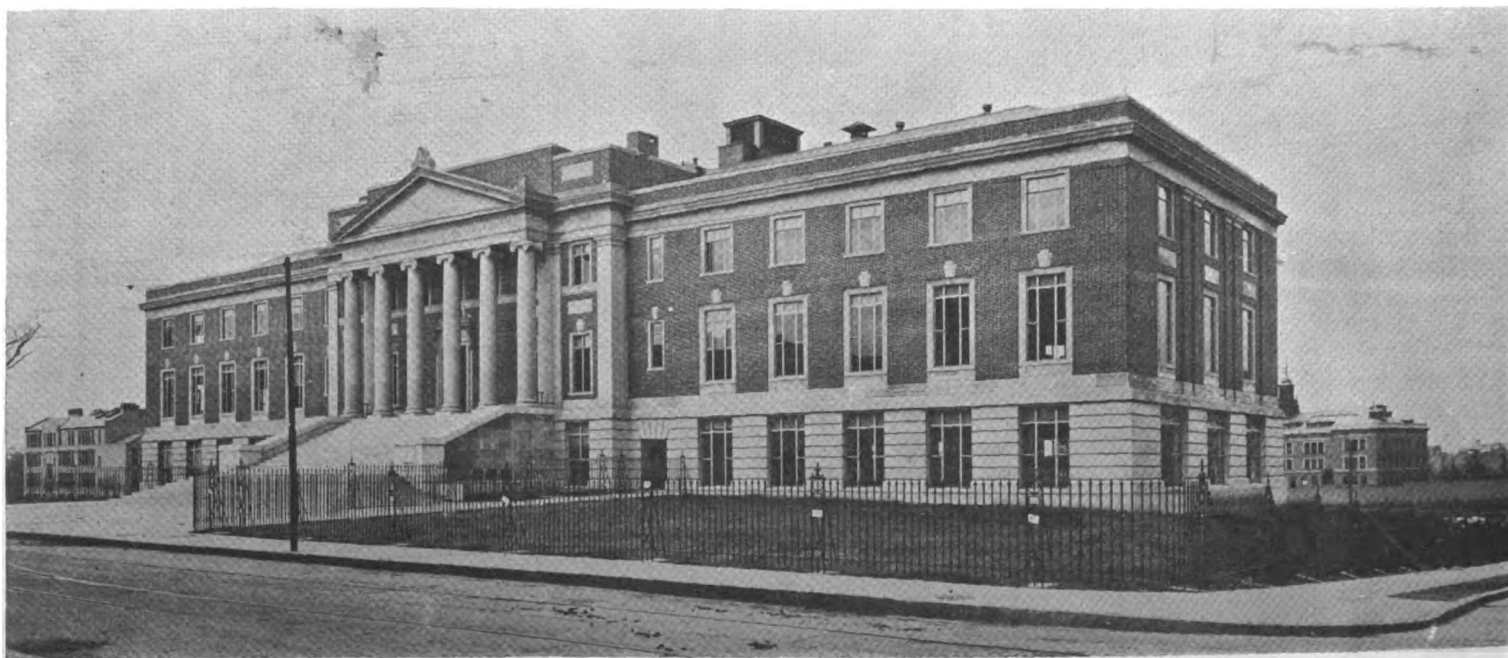
spurious and inferior articles, to regulate the business as far as practicable and consistent with our social institutions, to cherish habits of friendly intercourse, and, in general, to advance the character and interests of the profession."

Meetings of the College were held semi-annually at first and then quarterly, and appropriations were made for the library and for cabinets, and collections of books and of specimens were begun. On April 24, 1851, the College was thoroly reorganized with a membership of about sixty, composed about equally of old and new members. Courses of lectures especially prepared for the needs of pharmacists were delivered before the members of the College during the winter of 1853 and in several subsequent winters, but they were attended by but few of the clerks. Several years later the Board of Trustees authorized a committee to ascertain if a sufficient number of young men employed in Boston drug stores could be enrolled to warrant the formation of a class. About twenty responded to the invitation and were formed into a class by George F. H. Markoe, who inaugurated a course of nine free lectures on practical pharmacy. This informal beginning promised so well it was decided to establish a permanent school: this was done in 1867.

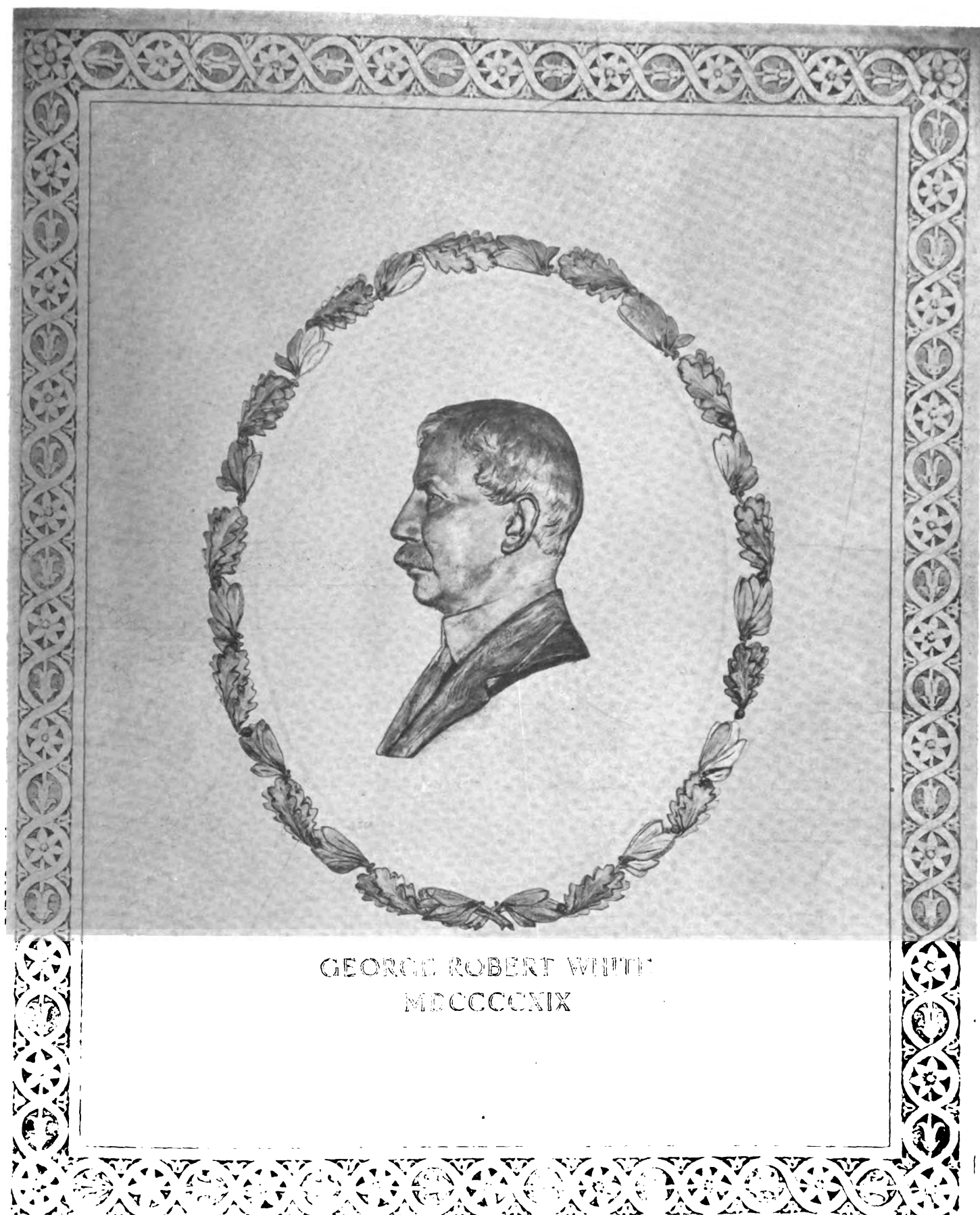
During the first session of the school the course in Chemistry was given in the building of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, while the other courses—*Materia Medica* and Practical Pharmacy—were given at the College rooms on Temple Place. The class numbered thirty-five students.

Today the classes number three hundred and ten students, two hundred and sixty being men, while the school has a capacity in its new building for five hundred, with ground room for extensive additions. The roster of the school includes students from various parts of the United States, altho nearly seventy-five per cent come from Massachusetts. About twenty per cent come from the rest of New England, and the remainder from other states and foreign countries.

Ten years ago the school had an attendance of about two hundred students, and the need for a new and larger building was keenly felt. In 1912 a site for the new building was purchased on Longwood Avenue, in what has become a centre for fine institutions of many kinds. Soon afterwards a building committee was appointed, and this committee worked over the requirements for the new building for nearly three years before engaging an architect. The plans were, however, accepted by the Board of Trustees and a well-known firm of architects noted as having had special experience in the



NEW BUILDING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY



GEORGE ROBERT WHITE
MCCCCCXIX

DONOR OF THE NEW BUILDING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF PHARMACY (Bas-relief by Daniel C. French)*

planning and erecting of school buildings was selected to complete the plans and supervise the erection of the building.

The elaborateness of the building is due largely to the interest of Mr. George Robert White, a prominent Bostonian. In the past, Mr. White was associated in business with Warren B. Potter, who was a member of the Board of Trustees of the College for a number of years. After the death of Mr. and Mrs. Potter, the College received a legacy from their estate, of which Mr. White was an executor, and in this way he became intimately acquainted with the financial policies of the College.

In his factories he had employed several of the graduates of the school, and had carefully watched their progress, thus satisfying himself as to the merits of their training. All of these things made him a willing contributor when the project of a new home for the College was first broached, and his interest grew to such an extent, as the project developed, that he finally presented the new building to the College, with the understanding that the other funds secured for its erection should be used to increase the endowment of the institution. Mr. White has been in close touch with the architects during the

whole of the time required for the erection of the building, and has contributed far more than its cost in the interest and good taste he has shown in developing many artistic details.

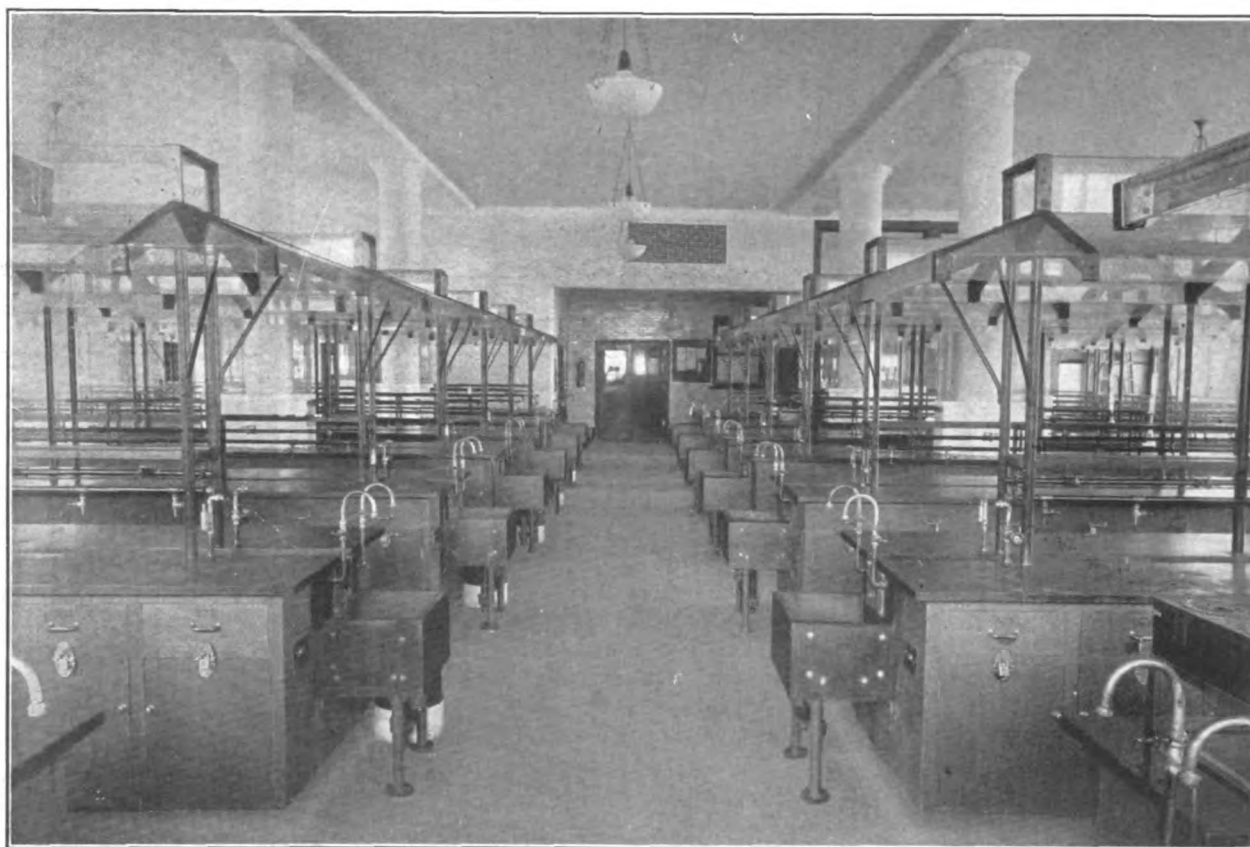
and pharmacy, where the students engage in practical work, applying the principles learned in the lecture rooms. Each laboratory is fully equipped with the latest devices and is

complete even to a stock room where the students may purchase at cost the necessary supplies, which are charged against a deposit made at the beginning of the course. Each desk in these laboratories has a generous equipment of apparatus. All the fumes are carried away thru the latest ventilating devices, the light gases which rise being taken care of thru glass hoods and overhead pipes over the desk, while heavy gases can be drawn off thru the floor. In this first story also are the men's study and locker rooms, where individual lockers are provided, and where students may study while awaiting classes.

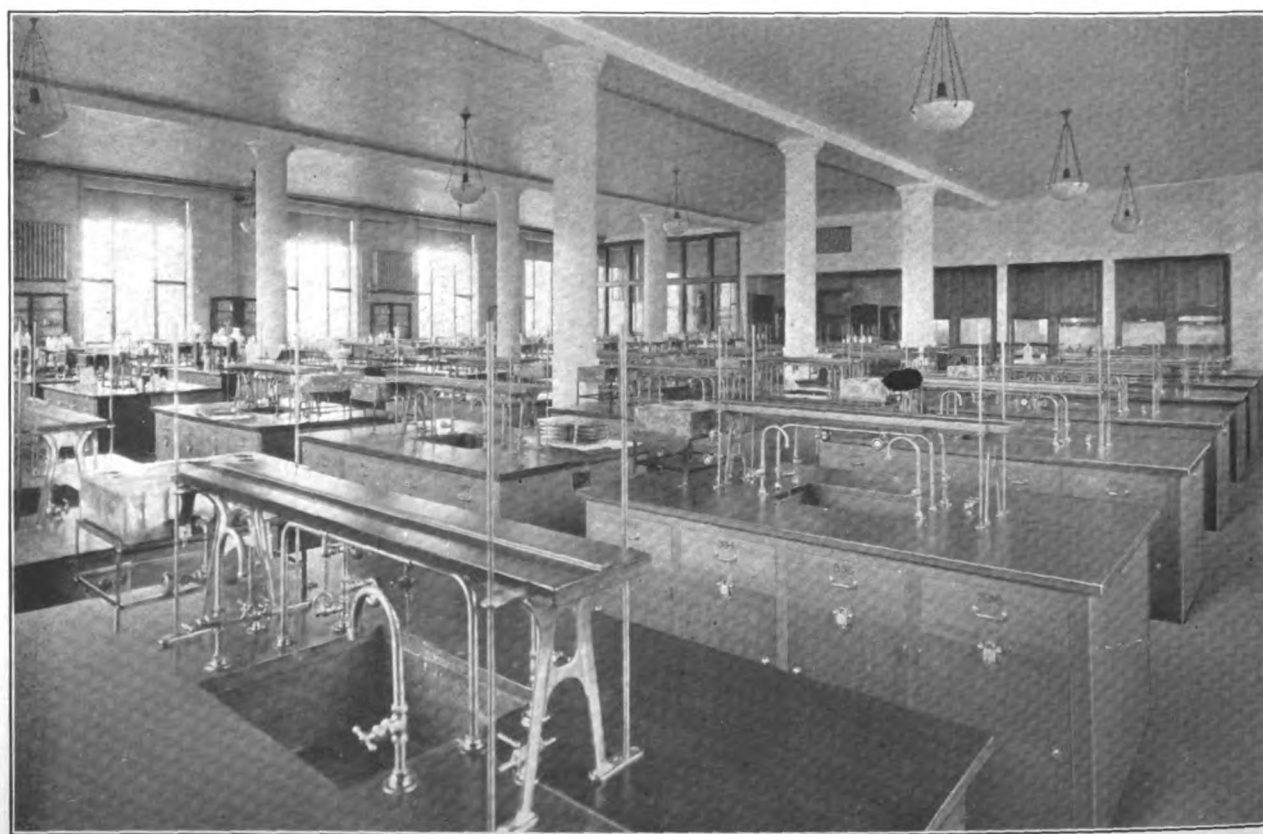
The building has many features which were not included in the original plans, for when Mr. White had become thoroly interested he quietly suggested improvements of details which greatly increased the beauty and also the cost of the building. The lobby, high ceilinged with a beautiful staircase at the back, is finished in travertine, an Italian marble. The lights are the last word in indirect illuminating. The offices are on the main floor which is reached from the outside by an impressive flight of great granite steps, which rise to the pillared portico and the main entrance with its wonderful bronze doors. The main floor is the middle floor of the three-story building, and so easy access is assured to the administration rooms. On the same floor are the two main lecture rooms, one at each end of the building. Here the classes are heard and work is laid out to be done in the laboratories. On this floor, too, each professor has an office and private laboratory, where his lectures may be prepared.

On the first floor are the big laboratories, for chemistry

and pharmacy, where the students engage in practical work, applying the principles learned in the lecture rooms. This assembly room has been named the George Robert White Hall in honor of the benefactor who has endeared himself to every



CHEMISTRY LABORATORY



PHARMACY LABORATORY

member of the College. It is wainscotted in quartered and fumed oak and has some fine carving about its giant fireplace and proscenium arch. The ceiling is a large expanse of frosted

glass and the lights are above this, diffusing a soft even glow all over the room—not a corner is left in darkness. There is a fine, large stage, and this hall makes an ideal assembling place for conventions of the craft, especially as connected with it are a complete kitchen and an extra room for serving buffet

Returning to the main floor we had a glimpse of the handsome rooms on each side of the main entrance. The one on the left is called the Alumni Room, and here small meetings may be held by professional organizations. On this particular day a club of druggists' wives was holding a social

meeting in it. The opposite room is for the trustees. Beautiful finish and rich furniture make it a most impressive meeting place for the men who are in a way responsible for the conduct and success of the school.

Near these rooms is the Sheppard Library, named in honor of the late Samuel A. D. Sheppard, a former trustee of the College, who, many years ago, presented about three thousand volumes to the library, including what is probably the most valuable collection of pharmacopœias in this country.

The library is really a gem in itself, having the



SHEPPARD LIBRARY

luncheons. A special stairway gives ready access from the street to the kitchen, and this part of the building is as complete as the rest.

The west wing of this floor contains the *materia medica* laboratory and its stock room, where an air-tight, insect-proof stock cabinet is one of the interesting furnishings. Here in small steel drawers, each with a tight cover, are kept the various crude drugs used for study in the laboratory, where the desks are fitted with compound microscopes and other necessary instruments.

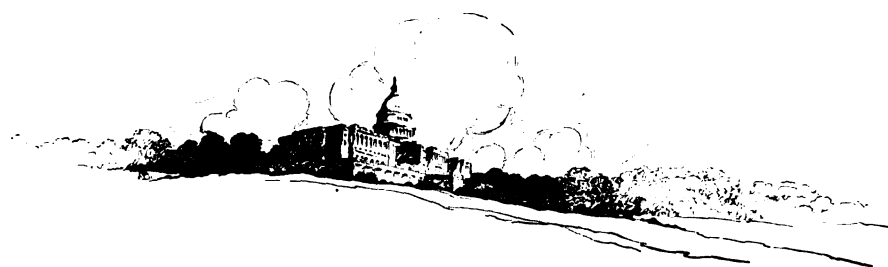
A table was covered with grotesque apparatus which investigation disclosed to be greatly enlarged flowers and vegetables. These were working models and their many parts were so constructed that they could be opened and the complete structure of the plant studied. A strawberry as large as a man's head lay there, with the seeds, so tiny in the fruit, enlarged to the size of half dollars. A long-stemmed white daisy was next to it on the table. The petals lifted up, the center opened wide, and the stem unwrapped, so that without the use of microscope or glasses, the whole detail of Nature's handiwork lay revealed to the examiner. Vegetables and lilies lay there side by side awaiting the call to use in the lecture room.

In the east wing of the upper story are the bacteriology laboratory, recitation and other rooms, and ample quarters for the women students, including a large study.

most up-to-date equipment, including book stacks and fumed oak furniture especially designed for it, and with a work room adjoining and a stock room below.

So thru the interest of a kindly disposed man, a man whose careful observations under excellent conditions proved to him that the training derived from such an institution was worthy of perpetuation, this magnificent building has been erected in Boston, the city where the profession received much of its early impetus in the United States, and all Bostonians have reason to feel proud of this school and of its very efficient governing board and faculty, and even more so of their fellow citizens whose interest and generosity have made such perfection possible.

The College is dedicated to the study and advancement of pharmacy and is devoted to the service of the profession and the public. It prides itself on the fact that it gives to each student much more than is paid for. The students are nearly all self supporting and the tuition fees are very moderate. In effect the College says to a young man or woman: "If you are prepared to do this work and will do it and pay half of the cost, the College will pay the other half." This generous policy is possible because of the income received from an endowment which has been provided by Mr. White and other friends who know of the good work that the institution is doing and are seeing to it that it shall continue.



Where Crippled Children Make Merry

With Nature, the Miracle Mother

The Convalescent Home-farm Where They are Taught While Being Cured, and Have Trees, Grass and Birds to Help Bring Them Back to Health and Strength



WHEN I found myself in a room filled with crippled children displaying their handiwork, at the Annex Hotel in Chicago—I forgot all appointments. There were a number of generous-hearted women working with the children, helping sell their wares. In the center of the room was a toy house, the work of one little boy who stood and looked at it proudly with the bliss of creation aglow in his smile. It was his work. He told me about the porch, and how he planned the stairway—a perfect reproduction of a Colonial home. Furnished from kitchen to gar-

ret, it won the admiring glance of many a little girl as she passed, longing for a big really, *real* doll house. A little crippled girl was proudly showing her embroidery, another her knitted triumphs, and so on around the room. It was not an art gallery, nor an exhibition of industrial triumph, but it was a picture in craftsmanship of genuine heart interest. The happiness of the children in the Convalescent Home for Crippled Children, reflects even more happiness back to those who are doing such wonderful work for the little cripples.

Now comes the real story. Mrs. W. J. Chalmers, in charge of the work, thru her enthusiasm and love for the children, reflected the same cheery glow of welcome that soon brought the children and visitors together at the sale, as in the days at the farm home. Their work was an influence that impressed every visitor to that room with the one desire to help in this work. The cash register in the corner merrily rang the chimes as the sales proceeded—for Christmas Day was coming.

Among those whom I saw chatting with the children was Mrs. Phillip D. Armour, the mother of Mr. J. Ogden Armour. She had her arms filled with purchases, and the tribute I heard from this mother to her son indicated the all-pervading spirit of mother love for other sons and daughters that seemed to permeate this work. The institution is the great life work of a wonderful woman—Mrs. Chalmers, a daughter of the late Allan Pinkerton, who formed and was head of the secret service, United States government, during the Civil War. She has her father's keen process of analysis in judging human nature, but her dominant genius lies in her gift for making children happy, and teaching others how to do the

same thing. Naturally the institution began in a modest way: taking crippled children and giving them an education while they were being cured. The work grew so rapidly that it was almost impossible to meet the demands for help for the little folks.

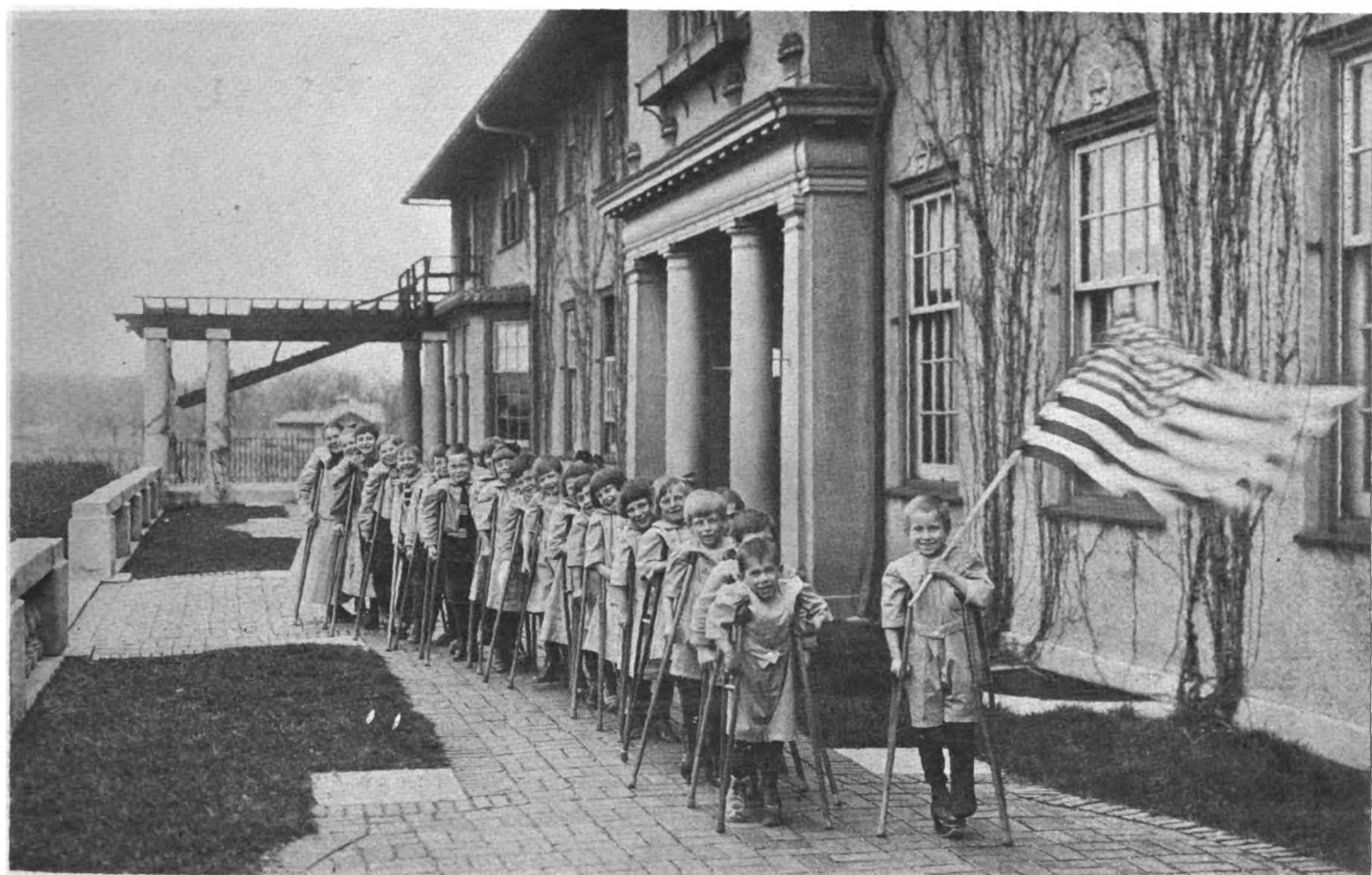
The Association of Commerce of Chicago joined in a hearty endorsement of this crusade for educating and curing the crippled. In this incomparable farm home at Prince Crossing, Illinois, the little children cured were given that all-important thing in life—the affection and influence of real home life—and every moment of that little life is conserved for health-building and character-making. There is not a teacher, nurse, doctor, matron or employee in that home who does not love the children as their very own. It was told me by one who had been there for years that they had only heard two children cry, and that there was always someone there to make them happy. The reflection of this happiness was radiated in the product of their little hands.

The work enlisted the aid and the keen personal interest of leading men of Chicago. Located on a ninety-six-acre farm, the home is a picture of pastoral content, with its broad fields, flowers, grass, cows and chickens, all those things for childhood. The daily life reflects the spirit of the beautiful Scripture phrase: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me;" for the one purpose there is to benefit the little ones; to cure the children, educate them in the meantime, and the harvest has been many precious, useful human lives saved.



Christmas Festival at the Country Home for Convalescent Children at Prince Crossing, Illinois

Nestling in the arbor of green and trees, the children romp and play and have a real childhood where they are cured, while cared for and taught those things that make life worth while. Nearly a hundred crippled children here have a "home"



THE GREAT PREPAREDNESS PARADE

No beat of drum or shrilling fife is heard, but Old Glory is waving proudly in the air, and smiling faces attest the brave hearts beating in the bosoms of this little band apparently so handicapped at the very beginning of Life's race. Yet, who could venture to say that among the number there may not be some embryo statesman; or inventor, or some healer of the human soul, or brain, or body, whose services to Humanity shall repay a thousand-fold in his single lifetime the few hundreds of dollars that are needed each year to carry on the beautiful and beneficent work of the Country Home for Convalescent Children. For, by the mysterious workings of the law of compensation, a seeming physical handicap is often such an incentive to effort to overcome it as to result in the end in being at least a negative blessing rather than a positive curse. So long as the spirit of achievement soars above the trammels of physical disability all is well with the soul; and the education and training that these little ones are receiving is planned along the lines best calculated to ensure their usefulness and happiness in life



Group of convalescent children in front of the main entrance to the beautiful and perfectly appointed Country Home which is maintained entirely thru the generosity of those persons who feel it to be a privilege rather than a duty to contribute toward its support

that provides everything implied in that one sweet word. To see them so happy at work or play pulls at the heart strings and makes you want to do something for them. From tiny tots on crutches to boys and girls grown rugged under the curative force of fresh air, good milk, food and care, it makes a living picture of good deeds.

* * *

Even the reports of this institution have a glow of good work done, and reflect the affection bestowed upon each little one that is not attained in the average printed record of institutions.

One cannot be long there with Mrs. Chalmers without feeling that her whole soul and energy is bestowed upon this institution with the unreserved force of mother love. Members of the advisory board would stop in their busiest work-a-day hours in the city and tell me of this work with a twinkle in their eyes and the enthusiasm of lads longing for a vacation time, to go out and see the children. This made me feel that there was



In the school room of the Country Home for Convalescent Children, where mischief and lessons are mixed in about the same proportions as in any school room, and where the children are given a public school education and manual work, training their minds and hands, and preparing them to help themselves to lead happy and contented, because useful lives

—something here that the people ought to know more about. The influence and example of this institution has a more far-reaching influence than merely the benefits bestowed upon the happy children at Prince Crossing. It emphasized how children grow, like flowers, in God's air, with the trees and grass on which to thrive, in an atmosphere of love and affection.

Who can compute the value of the work? The age of miracles has not passed, for here have been cases taken that had been given up as hopeless yet have been restored with the help of the vitality of youth to sound bodies and healthy minds. Some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons find their most gratifying delight in giving their services to this institution, working out the triumphs of modern surgery.

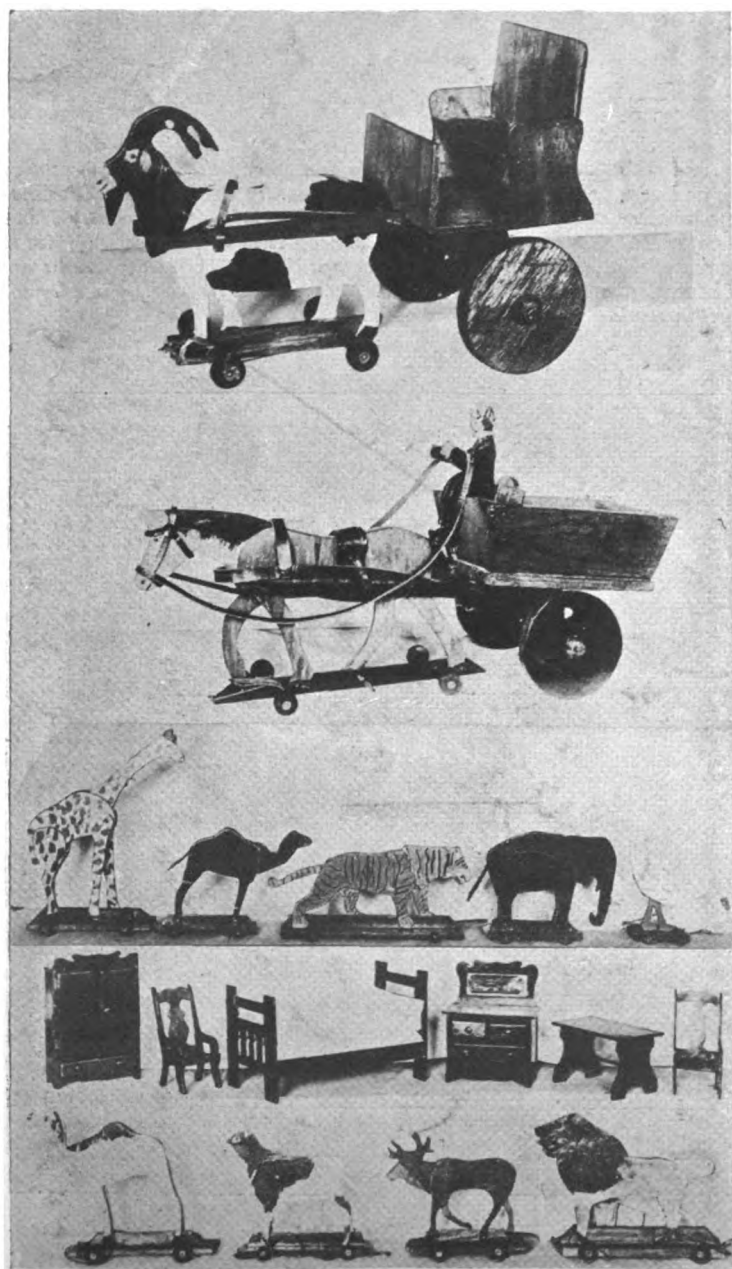
Not only is the institution taking care of the bodily ailments of these unfortunate children, but it is giving them good health by free open-air and sun treatment under the care and watchfulness of trained nurses and skillful physicians, and in addition to all this is giving the children a public school education and manual work, so training their minds and hands, and preparing them in health and education to help themselves.

The story of magic is here surpassed in what the miracle mothers and nurses are doing at this Country Home for Convalescent Children. Nearly seventy per cent of the families in America have in its small circle some little crippled one. The Christ-like spirit in man and woman is more quickly aroused and awakened in the care of the crippled, as exemplified in the work of the Master. In the battles and accidents of everyday life, we know not when our loved ones may fall crippled and maimed, and as the spirit of mercy is meted out, so it shall be returned.

* * *

America stands pre-eminent before the world today, because of this spirit of mercy in looking after and curing the helpless. It is not only the soldiers who wore the khaki, but the little ones coming along after, who will be the men and women of tomorrow, that must be given help that they may grow strong for the battles of life.

Before I left the room at the hotel that day, every article had been sold at a premium, which indicated how the generous heart of America places a higher value upon noble impulses, than upon market quotations. With such institutions as the Country Home for Convalescent Children scattered over the nation and supported by the voluntary contributions, which, after all, represent the real spirit of individual constructive helpfulness, rather than state institutions, the future of our country is assured. It reflects the soul of America in its spirit of helpfulness to the helpless. Conserving human beings—even the frail buds of humanity—is the greatest blessing and service that can be rendered mankind.



These are some of the toys made by the pupils in the manual training course of the Home

Real Leader Quelled Chicago Riots

Colonel Anton F. Lorenzen once took "strong boy's job" away from twelve competitors, and formed life-long habit of victory

By HENRY ISHAM HAZELTON



ND I can lick any one of you, too!"

A stocky little lad of twelve years, with blue eyes and determination hiding under a ready smile, was talking. Seated around the room on benches against the wall were twelve other boys larger and older.

On the door outside hung a cardboard sign inscribed "Strong Boy Wanted."

The challenge so readily flung out was indicative of the character forming under the stress of constant struggle. The assumption in applying for that "strong boy" job had been ridiculed, yet no one moved to resent the quick retort, and in the hush of hesitation his steady eye won the day. In this manner Colonel Anton F. Lorenzen won his first job as a boy in the city of Chicago.

His development of that attitude toward the difficult things of life has carried him thru to success where most men would fail. His personality invariably wins the love and admiration of all, from the bell hop to the man high in authority and power. Many men command such love from others, but few win it without sacrifice of personal opinion or in some way letting down the bars of reserve and self-esteem. Yet Colonel Lorenzen is known as a disciplinarian, clear minded, discerning, and interested in doing the thing that is right in the most efficient and logical manner. His advertising firm has been built to unusual success out of the raw material of imagination, energy, smiling personal aggression, and the magnetism of strong and kindly human contact.

Governor Lowden recently said to a friend, "Why have I not heard more of Colonel Lorenzen before?"—a pertinent question, and one that many others are asking today.

This occurred during the recent race riots in Chicago. It was followed with the remark, "I don't give a d—n what his politics are, he is a regular he-man, and has saved me many sleepless nights."

Many men give us sleepless nights, but the man who can save us one is rare. The results achieved are well described by Captain La Mar Miller, the Colonel's adjutant and a graduate of West Point.

"I had been commissioned in the regiment for one hour when we were called out for riot duty. The promptness with which the men assembled and the evidence of co-operation and discipline surprised me, but I had little time to give the matter much thought until we had started down Michigan Avenue toward the 'Black Belt.'

"It was then that I realized the magnitude of the undertaking—a regiment of business men gathered from all parts of Chicago and Evanston in two hours, armed and equipped, moving down the boulevard in one long line of a hundred and thirty yellow cabs to the scene of disorder. The whole result spelled complete co-operation and that evidence of response which is only shown in the presence of a real leader. And when the regiment detrained and moved into black territory in riot formation, stretching from house to house across the street with fixed bayonets, the colonel still lead—by a hundred yards—a gray-haired boy, and I followed behind him, amazed at the irregularity of such an act on the scene of recent sniping, while enjoying its human side." (Captain Miller painted the portrait of Colonel Lorenzen on this page at his studio in Chicago.)

The First Infantry had the most difficult section of the city to control, and it handled the job in such a manner that military authorities are agreed it is the finest regiment of state



Portrait of Col. Anton F. Lorenzen, painted by Capt. La Mar Miller

troops Illinois ever has possessed. The Colonel's personality is contagious and he draws men to him like a magnet, to serve without reward, except the pleasure of watching him work. His chauffeur, Wilkenson, formerly an officer of the Royal Flying Corps, drove him day and night and desired only a picture of the Colonel as he saw him one night loading two companies on trucks for an emergency and getting them away from sound sleep in the record time of nine minutes. The pictures were never taken, for the colonel, hatless, with his shirt wide open, knocked over one camera and pushed the rest aside, that his men might move the faster.

It is interesting to know that during the entire tour of duty there was not one breach of discipline in his regiment. The boys all liked him too well, and they had strangely drawn lines of association with him. One morning the father of a private appeared before the colonel at headquarters. He seemed to be very proud of something and drew from his pocket an old card, embossed with roses, which said:

*A Merry Christmas
Remember the Newsboy
A. F. Lorenzen*

The colonel had left it in his house with the Christmas paper thirty years before.

One reason why the First Infantry made such a splendid record was the unusual training they received during a tour of instruction at Camp Logan three weeks before. The excellence of the tour as planned was to be expected, but what interests his admirers most is the unusual, the astounding amount of hard luck which seems to be the colonel's lot, and which invariably lays the foundation for a moral and material victory.

Blankets shipped from Springfield did not arrive the first day in camp, and the men were without covering for a cold night beside the lake. The colonel began to use the wires, and finally discovered that his blankets had been sent to the wrong part of the state. The regiment was assembled in a semicircle on the parade ground for talks which were instructive, and at the same time served to take their minds off the situation, and hour after hour they continued, while a cold moon rose higher and higher over the lake and began to set in the west. The colonel had been extremely fluent and active over the 'phone, but in the early morning it became his turn to talk.

The confidence and belief which he placed in the morale of his regiment found an electric response. The boys rose as one man, cramped and chill, and cheered him as tho he had won a ball game. Just as the regiment was dismissed to its stone barracks, a long whistle from the railroad indicated the arrival of the lost cars. But investigation disclosed only enough blankets for half the regiment.

The colonel was not convinced. With his usual activity he plunged into a freight car, ransacking every corner, piling equipment behind him as he progressed, until in the last box he discovered what he sought—the remaining blankets. It was now only an hour till reveille. Should the men start work as scheduled?

To anyone who knows Colonel Lorenzen the question is superfluous—of course they should. But in his own particular way he made them like it, and his solution was the band. Shining in the morning light, it swept the length of the barracks twice and stretched one hour of sleep over the span of eight, bringing to their feet a thousand men who smiled and danced at five o'clock in the morning.

Every day there was a different orderly for Colonel Lorenzen,

chosen for his smart appearance. One was sent to buy a cigar and brought back fifteen cents in change.

"That's all right, keep it," said the colonel.

The orderly saluted and withdrew.

The next day the colonel complimented the orderly's captain upon the man's soldierly bearing.

"Yes," said the captain, "he is vice-president of the ——— Bank and Trust Company."

Of such material is the regiment made and such silent acceptance of the colonel's every act is the consideration the boys invariably show him.

When the Spanish War broke out, Colonel Lorenzen went to Cuba with the Illinois troops. He was given command of La Vento fortress, originally occupied by twenty-two hundred Spaniards. This fortress controlled the water supply of Havana and the Seventh Army Corps.

Colonel Lorenzen was a lieutenant in those days, with a habit of walking around the white walls of his fort in the moonlight. One night a chip of the wall flew out and hit him in the cheek, followed by several other little round spots that spread close beside his silhouette on the bastion.

The colonel dropped to the grass and began a one-man barrage on some red spurts that came out of the jungle across the valley. The next morning a detachment searched the hillside for clues as to the identity of the snipers.

The clue was easily found—about six feet long, of a Latin cast of countenance, decorated with a neat hole in the middle of his forehead.

The Colonel is a good shot. As company commander he had the honor of leading the state of Illinois in rifle practice, and was the first man in his regiment to win the expert rifleman decoration when it was founded.

A threatening letter, similar to the one received a few days before by Governor Lowden, was received on New Year's Day by Colonel Lorenzen, commanding officer of the First Regiment, Illinois reserve militia.

The letter, written on Auditorium Hotel stationery and signed "Reds and I. W. W.," was mailed December 31, 1919. It was turned over to Postoffice Inspector James E. Stuart, Colonel Lorenzen said, and Chief Garrity has ordered an investigation of its source by the anarchist squad.

The letter follows:

COL. A. F. LORENZEN:

We know your ability as a soldier and leader of troops, and your opposition to us and determination to destroy our aims and plans. We followed you closely during the recent Chicago race riots and also know that you can handle an automatic.

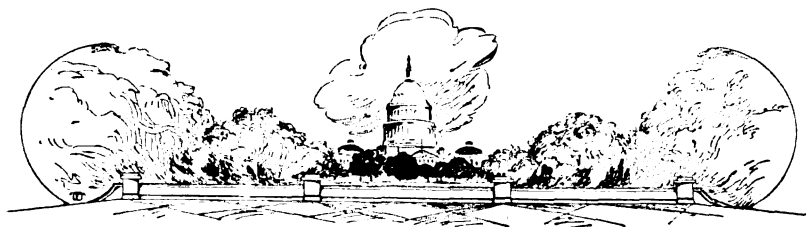
So to make sure our success and red course we will get you and some others. Yours in our faith,

REDS AND I. W. W.

"It was obliging and courteous of them to give me this warning," said Colonel Lorenzen. "I have no idea who the sender is and I did not know that I made any enemies of this kind during the riots. The note does not worry me in the least, but I would like to exchange New Year's greetings with the sender."

Charges have recently been made that workmen in the stock yards had threatened men who joined a company of the Third Illinois reserve militia. The report has been under investigation by members of the anarchist squad of the police department. Detective Sergeants Egan and McDonough reported that they had been unable to identify any persons in the stock yards district who are supposed to have made the threats.

Colonel Lorenzen was in command of the First Regiment during the riots and was stationed near the yards.



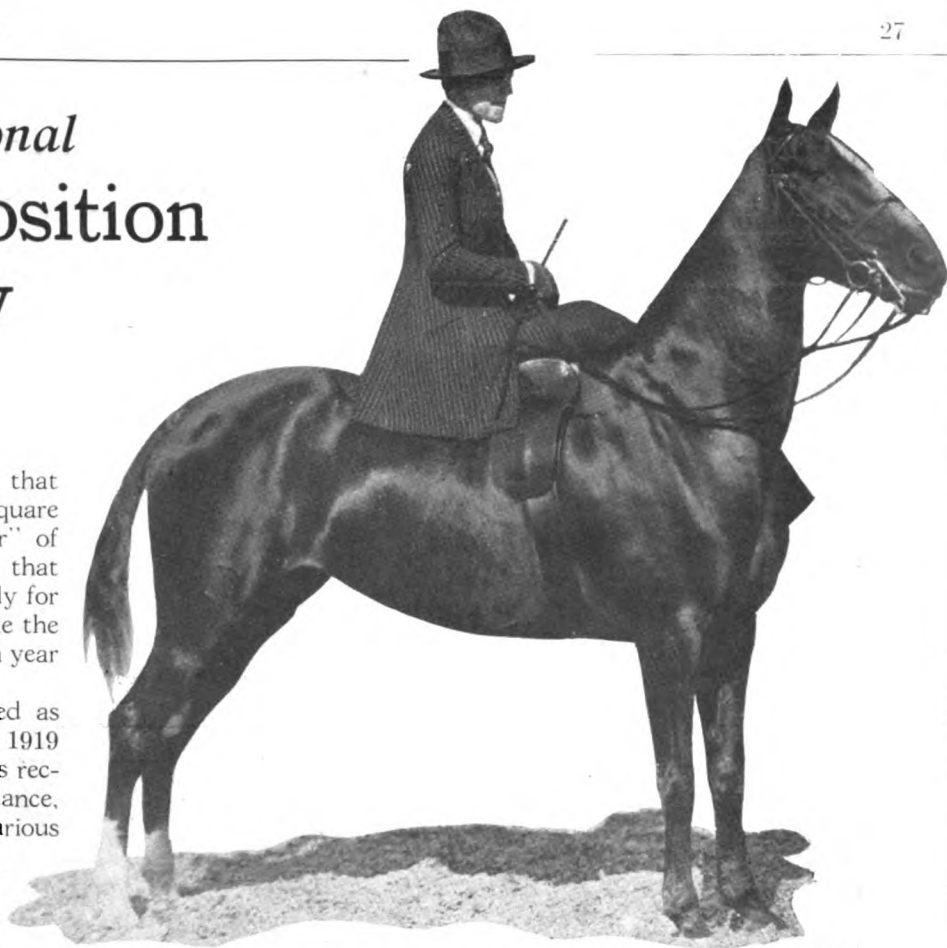
The 1919 International Live Stock Exposition and Horse Show

By HARRY E. HOLQUIST

THE thrills of a real circus—a horse show that easterners who boast of their Madison Square classic might well envy, and the “flower” of the country’s production, from the grain that fattens the live stock to the animals ready for market, are some of the pertinent features that make the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago each year resemble a miniature world’s fair.

While each succeeding exposition has been hailed as the “greatest” one in its history, it remained for the 1919 International and Victory Show to break all previous records, not only from the standpoint of public attendance, but for the quality and numerical size of the various exhibits as well. Virtually every part of the United States was represented in its own particular line of agricultural production or stock raising, and the scope of interest manifested reaches over the line, even to Canada, which was represented by some high-quality entries in the live stock classes.

The most recent International marked the twentieth anniversary of the exposition. How well it has succeeded in its



Mrs. Walter H. Hanley of Providence, Rhode Island, riding “Powder Puff”

part to promote agriculture and increase the standard of breeding of beef cattle is evident to the casual observer when he partakes of a choice steak or cut of roast beef. To the producer it has meant more money for his live stock as the realization that “scrub” cattle are as costly to feed as their better bred brothers, and do not bring nearly so much money in the market, has been brought home to a great extent thru these expositions.

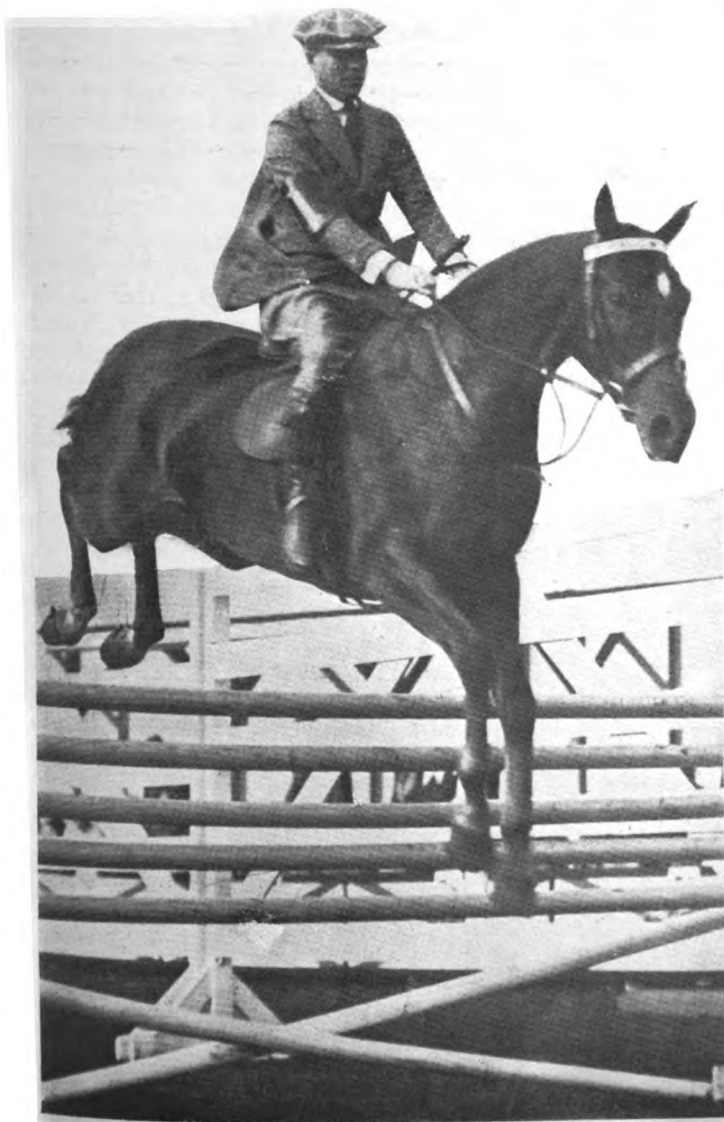
While the tanbark ring in the main building was well surrounded with “railbirds” when the judging of cattle and heavy horses was in progress during the day, the special horse show each evening drew an attendance that packed the building to its capacity. Many prominent eastern exhibitors sent their crack horses for the show and bumped up against the stiffest kind of competition from the West.

An unusual spectacle in connection with the horse show each evening was the parade of prize-winning cattle and draft horses. To the strains of a Kiltie Band, hundreds of these animals, the aristocrats of their element, with hair marcelled and shiny hoofs, formed a monstrous and inspiring procession. There was the fat shorthorn with its varied color, and the dignified black Angus, that looked as like to the average spectator as the proverbial peas in the pod. Red Polls, shaggy-haired Galloways, and the red and white Herefords were also present in numerical abundance and quality. The draft horses, with their groomed sides and brightly-decorated manes and tails, added to the impressiveness of the parade.

The classes in the horse show were well filled, particularly the saddle classes. Of special interest was the Chicago equestrienne class, which indicated clearly that the miles of local bridle paths were being put to good advantage.

Among the prominent out-of-town exhibitors were the well-known stables of such horse fanciers as R. Lawrence Smith of New York; John L. Bushnell, Springfield, Ohio; F. M. Townsend, Marysville, Missouri; O. B. Brown, Berlin, New Hampshire; Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, New Jersey; R. P. Ralston, Colorado Springs, Colorado, and a host of others. Chicago itself provided considerable competition for the visitors from the stables of John R. Thompson, Guy Woodin, Edward J. Lehman, Robert C. Wheeler and Mortimer’s Riding Academy.

Draft horses aroused much interest and were plentiful in number and quality. Judges H. W. Pew of Ravenna, Ohio, Andrew McFarlane, Palo, Iowa, and Harry McNair of Chicago



Guy Woodin riding his famous jumper, “The Master”

discovered they had no sinecure in awarding the ribbons. This, in spite of the fact that there have been virtually no recent importations of big horses.

The field and quality exhibited is taken as evidence that the American breeder has plenty of confidence in the future of

and is doing much to increase the interest among the young farmers of the country in pure-bred live stock. Members of the Iowa and Indiana boys' and girls' Baby Beef Clubs were present, combining in a way pleasure with education.

The highest honor and most coveted prize, the Grand Champion of the exposition, is the ambition of every producer. In this contest, champions from the East meet champions of the West, and after a series of elimination judgings, a Grand Champion of the year is picked. Junior Lad, a yearling Angus, fed and shown by M. Armentrout, a breeder of Botna, Iowa, won the enviable position of Grand Champion, topping the "Blue Book" of cattle aristocracy. When auctioned off, the prize animal netted his owner the splendid price of \$2.62 per pound, live weight.

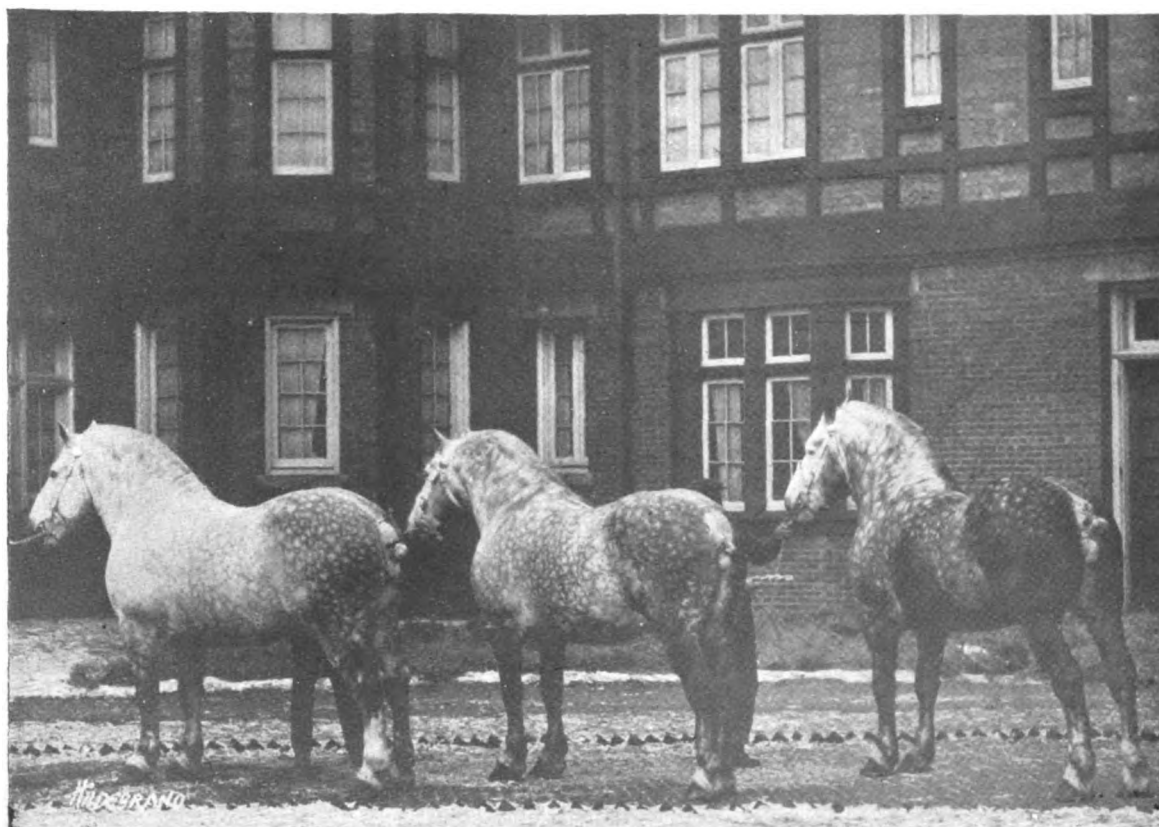
The championship carload of steers, Angus, were purchased by Swift & Company at forty-five cents per pound.

All the different breeds of sheep and hogs were at the International. These were kept in pens on the second floor of the building and attracted a good-

ly crowd of metropolitan spectators to whom hogs and sheep seem, after all, to mean mostly pork and mutton.

One of the outstanding features of the exposition is the educational exhibit put in by various state departments of agriculture and agricultural colleges. These displays are a practical lesson in agriculture, and also afford information concerning the crops raised in the several sections of the country. Products from the far South and from northern Minnesota and the Dakotas are on display as well as the products from the East and West. The various states are awarded prizes on their exhibits much in the same manner that the cattle and horses are judged.

The true significance of the International Live Stock Exposition is only apparent when one is personally on the scene to see all the things of interest. That (Continued on page 45)



Three of the prize-winning stallions—"Mercier," "Milord" and "Jasmine"

big horses. The argument advanced is that the big horse has his place on the modern farm along with the tractor and other machinery that threatened to replace him. Those who are in a position to know claim that there is room for both, and that when combined, the highest form of power is resultant.

How motor trucks have replaced horses for heavy work in the big cities was revealed in the six-horse teams exhibited by Swift & Company, Wilson & Company, and the Union Stockyards Company. The teams won the hearty approval and plaudits of the audience. This form of power, now practically obsolete, was once a common sight. It is now looked upon as a novelty.

Gone are the days of the sorry-looking angular bovine with the coat-hanger hips. To replace him is the fat and smooth pedigreed beef animal that furnishes choicer meat and costs no more to feed than his undersized brother. "Judgment Day" on the bovine clan at the International told the tale of years of faithful effort on the part of the breeders to develop high-class herds. Those old-timers who have attended the exposition from year to year are emphatic in their declaration that at no previous time has the breed of cattle attained a higher state of perfection and quality. This opinion is not made of any particular breed, but is general and goes for all classes.

As usual, there was an ample representation in the collegiate judging contests. This form of competition is becoming keener each year



Mrs. Ruth Thompson Owen driving "Glenavon Orchid"

Everybody Takes an Interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip About People who are Doing Worth-while Things in the World



THE story of the literary achievements of Roy L. McCardell reads like the scenario of a two-reel movie entitled "The Prize Winner." Away back in the dim ages of the 1890's, while working on the New York newspapers, he acquired the prize-winning habit by winning many first and second cash prizes offered to the staff of the *World* for the best stories and ideas, including the \$2,000 cash prize and \$1,000 silver trophy in the "Leaders of the World" advertising ideas competition from over ten thousand contestants, also short-story prizes offered by the *Herald*, *Collier's* and *Black Cat* magazines, and was one of the winners of the *Evening Sun*-Vitagraph moving picture scenario contest, when his scenario of "The Money Mill" was accepted as among the ten best scenarios submitted in 1914.

In 1916 he won the *Puck* prize for the best humorous story of the year. Feeling that he needed a new car, he won the Cadillac automobile, new model of 1909, offered by the Cadillac Company for the best account given of the performance of his car by the owner of an old model Cadillac.

In 1914 he won the \$1,000 first prize in the New York *Telegraph*-Flamingo Film Company scenario contest, and in 1915, from nearly twenty thousand contestants, the \$10,000 prize in the Chicago *Tribune*-New York *Globe* and American Film Manufacturing Company contest for the best moving picture serial with the famous film story of "The Diamond From the Sky." This serial was in thirty episodes of two reels each, sixty reels in all, and was the biggest moving picture ever produced. The complete continuity embraced over four hundred and fifty thousand words, and it took six months to write it. After a tremendous run in this country it went to Europe, and is still going strong in China, Japan, India, South America and darkest Africa. After Mr. McCardell novelized the story it was syndicated in one hundred large newspapers, and as a continued story was featured by the Western Newspaper Union in over a thousand newspapers supplied by its service.

Since 1907 Mr. McCardell has been identified with the inception and development of moving pictures as a photoplay author. He began writing moving pictures for the American Biograph Company some fifteen years ago, and was the first salaried moving picture author. He wrote many of the comedies that made John Bunny famous, for the Vitagraph Company of America, the screen version of "A Fool There Was," that made Theda Bara a star and established moving picture "vampires."

Mr. McCardell has written five- and six-reel features for almost all of the leading moving picture stars and moving picture companies, and is at present writing a fifteen-episode melodramatic serial of metropolitan life, with a bond and bank robbery background, entitled "The Evil Eye," in which Benny Leonard will be the star.

Lest our readers rush in a body into the profession of scenario writing, we might mention that writing moving picture serials means intense application and drudgery, especially where the author insists on writing his own continuity, as Mr. McCardell does. He furnishes his manuscripts in duplicate to the director, one hundred scenes to the reel. As each serial episode consists of two reels, this means the writing of the action of three thousand scenes to a serial, together with descriptions of characters, of scene sets and location, costumes and "props." A fifteen-episode serial, in the comprehensive manner in which he writes, contains upwards of three hundred thousand words.

At different times Mr. McCardell has been editor of the

Metropolitan Magazine, and the New York Sunday *Telegraph*, and on the editorial staff of *Puck*. Since 1902 he has been on the editorial staff of the *World*. He is the author of a number of books, and in his leisure moments contributes prose and verse to the leading American publications.

He has also—but what's the use? If this brief resumé of Mr. McCardell's activity in the garden of literary accomplishment has intrigued your interest look him up in *Who's Who*.

* * * *

EVERLYN HERBERT is a charming Brooklyn girl of twenty, who has won signal honor in Chicago. She was recently engaged by the Chicago Opera Company for four years, the late Cleofontaine Campanini having seen wonderful possibilities for her with his organization. Mr. Campanini's death



ROY L. MCCARDELL

Journalist, author, editor, poet and writer of moving-picture thrillers

prevented the well-known conductor from seeing Miss Herbert become a popular idol among Chicago musical enthusiasts, a distinction she attained as a consequence of the brilliant manner in which she sang the principal woman's role in "Rip Van Winkle," the new De Koven-MacKaye opera which had its world premier at the Auditorium on January 2, 1920.

"Rip Van Winkle" is the first American legendary opera, and comes nearer to being like "Haensel and Gretel" than any other opera. Its theme has been made familiar by Washington Irving's poetic novel and Dion Boucicault's play, but the author has added something of his own to the legend. It is a fanciful, poetic and picturesque story, and its children and its fairies, its phantom Dutch sailors, its suggestions of the supernatural, and its bubbling melody all combine to make a strong appeal to every lover of music, whether young or old.

Miss Herbert made her debut before a Chicago audience as Mimi in "La Boheme" on November 25, 1919, and it was generally conceded that the Chicago Opera Company had "picked a winner." Her success that evening was definite in itself and it held out the promise of something especially delightful before the season ended. The young lady demonstrated that her success was not an accident, but that she has the genuine talent for the stage. Her voice is lovely in quality and always pure and true. It has been stated that she is the most gifted of any young singer that has ever made a debut with the Chicago Opera Company.

Altho scarcely in her twenties there is in her performance no trace of nervousness, uncertainty or immaturity. Her voice is a splendid youthful soprano, lyric and sweet, yet possessed of good power and fine carrying qualities. It has been schooled sanely and logically, and when we realize for one so young possesses exceptional beauty and nobility.

In her first rendition of Peterkee in "Rip Van Winkle" Miss Herbert completely won the hearts of the immense audience in the Auditorium. Her child-like trust in Rip was particularly pleasing and her winsome demeanor was the subject of many favorable comments.

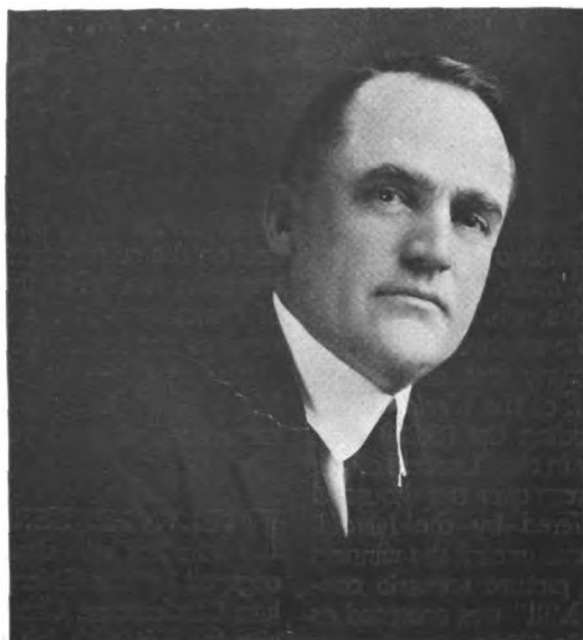
Miss Herbert traces her musical career to one night when her father came home from a fair at the Ansonia Hotel, New York, with a great big

doll for her. She was then nine years old. The doll had been donated by Caruso and she felt so happy over receiving it that she sat down and wrote him a letter saying that she had become the fortunate owner of the doll and that she could sing. Caruso answered the little girl's letter and invited her to come to the Savoy to see him. She sang for him on this

occasion and the noted tenor hummed the tune along with her. She had sung with Caruso, she told her friends with great pleasure immediately afterward.

Ever since that day Caruso has taken a deep interest in Miss Herbert's musical career. He has heard her sing on many occasions when she was studying under Madame Viafora and has contributed toward the cost of her education.

* * *



THOMAS E. MATHIS

Active vice-president and cashier of the State National Bank, San Antonio, Texas, who at the age of thirty-nine is regarded as one of the ablest live-stock credit bankers in the Southwest. Mr. Mathis is essentially a self-made man and one of the notable successes among the banking fraternity of the Lone Star State

THOMAS E. MATHIS was a successful banker when he was twenty-one years old. He was born in Rockport, Texas, on October 2, 1880. His schooling consisted of having reached the ninth grade in the public schools, and attending Bingham's School, in Asheville, North Carolina, 1895-96. He removed to Dallas, Texas, at the age of sixteen and has been self-supporting ever since. At the age of nineteen he was called home by the death of his father to assist his mother in the management of the business of his father's estate, consisting of live stock, ranching interests, etc., and, to meet the legal requirements in assuming this responsibility, had his disabilities removed. At the same time he was elected a director of the First National Bank of Rockport, Texas, and his success in the banking field

since that time has been a series of promotions and personal achievements along the line of his chosen career.

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Mathis was appointed cashier of the First National Bank of Rockport, Texas, and was later appointed first vice-president and cashier. He remained the active and principal executive of that institution until July, 1913, when he resigned his offices with the bank, disposed of his interests and removed to San Antonio to seek a larger field of opportunity. On January 1, 1914, he was elected a director and the cashier of the State Bank and Trust Company of San Antonio, and assisted in the organization of the State National Bank of San Antonio, which opened for business on October 25, 1915. This last named bank became the purchaser or successor of the Commercial banking business of the State Bank and Trust Company, and as active vice-president and cashier of the latter bank, Mr. Mathis has been an important factor in making it one of the larger banks of southwest Texas. Because of his experience, knowledge of general credits, and individual interests in live stock, his opinion of cattle paper and other credits is highly regarded by bankers and cattlemen. Aside from his active banking connections, Mr. Mathis is extensively interested in live stock on his own account.

In any important live stock center, all bankers are called upon to finance the live stock industry extensively, and in this respect the State National Bank of San Antonio is looked upon, mainly, as "The Cattlemen's Bank," its president, Mr. R. R. Russell, being one of the larger individual cattlemen in Texas, and its directorate being composed of men who are either largely interested in and successful in live stock and ranching, or closely identified with the situation.

Mr. Mathis acquired his knowledge of the cattle business at first hand. His father, T. H. Mathis, coming to Texas in 1859, was one of the pioneer developers of southern Texas, and did much to promote the live stock interests of "The Lone Star State." However, at his death, in 1899, his estate was so badly involved that the best friends of the family advised Mrs. Mathis, who had qualified as independent executrix, that the situation was all but hopeless, but Thos. E. Mathis did not agree with these business advisers, and the result of his efforts was that the estate was divided among the heirs in 1910



EVELYN HERBERT

Popular young member of the Chicago Opera Company

with a very creditable showing, and by the successful handling of this estate Mr. Mathis was brought in touch with big business affairs which stamped him as an able financial manager and executive.

In addition to Mr. Mathis' interests in the State National Bank, he is a director and secretary of the Russell-Coleman Oil Mill, of San Antonio, Texas, a \$300,000 corporation; secretary and director of the Beeville Oil Mill, of Beeville, Texas, a \$100,000 corporation, and secretary and treasurer of the State Bank and Trust Company, a subsidiary of the State National Bank.

Mr. Mathis does not look upon his successes as extraordinary, but attributes it all to making the most of his opportunities and hard work.

* * * *

DOWN in Philadelphia is a man who has achieved a unique success. His name is Robert Ruxton. His only tools are a desk, a pad of paper and a pen, but with those tools he sells more goods than scores of salesmen put together. With those tools he has built new factories, doubled and tripled the sales of struggling businesses, and in some cases made independent fortunes grow almost over night. He is a rare combination of business man and business writer.

Almost anybody can put words together. Almost anybody can dish up phrases, sentences and paragraphs. But very few have solved the mystery of how to put behind the words and phrases that subtle, vital something that makes words and phrases get results. Very few have learned the secret of putting in between the lines of business letters those things that make people want the goods and want them bad enough to send their orders in.

But Robert Ruxton puts those things in every letter that he writes, and into every piece of direct mail matter that he writes. He puts them in so effectively that the results are oftentimes astounding. And in a most interesting book he tells what those vital things are, and how he puts them in.

In this book he tells how he builds his thoughts, one on another, and then transmits them into words in such a way that men three thousand miles away will see the thing exactly as he sees it.

He tells how he overcomes the handicap of distance, and how he overcomes the handicap of cold and lifeless type and paper. He tells how he overcomes the lack of personal, human contact, and puts a selling magnetism in his letters that formerly was thought to be inherent only in personal salesmanship.

He tells how he visualizes what he wishes to accomplish, and how, while sitting at his desk, he sees great factories and

mills grow up on vacant land; he sees the sales of business enterprises doubled, tripled and quadrupled; he sees great fortunes made from meager capital; he sees all this with his mind's eye before he touches hand to pen—and then he writes and makes them all come true.

* * *

NOT all busy men are happy—nor all happy men busy, but Will H. Brown, who lives out in Oakland, California, is both busy and happy. He is happy because a large portion of his busy life is devoted to a work which he thoroly enjoys and which is visibly accomplishing good among the youth not only of the United States, but of the world.



WILL H. BROWN
Newspaper man, author, and
founder of the world-wide
Loyal Sons Movement

Mr. Brown was born in Ohio, and resided at Cameron, Missouri, for many years, where he was a reporter, and later, for ten years, city editor of the *Daily Observer*. He was superintendent for twelve years of the Christian Sunday School, where he instituted annual rallies that drew an attendance



ROBERT RUXTON

Has reduced the art of business letter writing to an exact science

of from five hundred to one thousand. The Cameron school became known as one of the best in that state.

Mr. Brown moved to Oakland, California, in 1902, and was given a class of boys from eight to twelve. The class soon had an enrollment of over thirty. In August, 1904, he was asked to take a class of four youths of about fifteen years of age. After a number of others had been enrolled, the class was organized, and adopted the name "Loyal Sons." This proved to be the beginning of the great Loyal Movement which is now world-wide. There are about nine thousand classes in the United States alone, and before the war the movement had reached fourteen other countries.

Soon after moving to Oakland, Mr. Brown again went into newspaper work, following it until the Loyal Movement became so large as to require most of his time. In addition to his classwork and the voluminous correspondence growing out of the movement, he has many other responsibilities—being a member of the Boys' Work Committee of the Y. M. C. A.; teacher of a Bible class of high-school boys, meeting weekly during a portion of the year, and is frequently called on to make public addresses in different parts of the country.

Mr. Brown's long experience in touching elbows with his

fellowmen has given him splendid opportunities for the study of human nature. In his newspaper work, human-interest stories always appealed to him, and there were but few days that he did not find somewhere a new episode of lowly life to



FRED L. SHAW

State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of South Dakota

weave into print. Notwithstanding the innumerable demands upon his energies, he has found the time withal to write two charming books of western life, "The Call of Service" and "The Legacy of the Golden Key."

* * * *

WHEN Fred L. Shaw was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of South Dakota he resolved that the rural schools of the state should have a real place in educational betterment. To this end he conferred with educational leaders within and without the state, with the result that a state-wide educational campaign is now being carried out.

Mr. Shaw is being ably assisted in this campaign by Governor Norbeck, who is aiding the cause by his personal influence to the extent of delivering lectures thruout the state on the importance of the work.

At the opening of the school year, last September, Professor P. G. Holden's rotation plan for vitalizing the teaching of agriculture was adopted for the state. The Short Course for county superintendents and teachers, supervised by Professor Holden, was held during the month of July. The state educational campaign is an out-growth of this work.

The present campaign is to be carried into every county. Among the prominent speakers are Governor Norbeck, three ex-governors of the state, Dr. Winship, editor of *Journal of Education*, Boston, Massachusetts; Professor P. G. Holden, Agricultural Extension Department, International Harvester Company; R. H. Wilson, State Superintendent of Public

Instruction, Oklahoma; Uel Lamkin, former Superintendent Public Instruction, Missouri; T. J. Walker, Supervisor of Rural Schools, Missouri, and A. E. Duke, Supervisor of Consolidated Schools, Oklahoma.

F. L. Shaw is English by birth. He came to this country ten or twelve years ago. He taught first in the rural schools, then in villages, and later became County Superintendent of Beadle County, South Dakota, occupying that office for a term of two years; he then became associated with a business firm of Chicago, Illinois, selling school supplies in the state of South Dakota; later he was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction of South Dakota.

Following his induction into office he was successful in getting the Legislature to see the advantages of a very strong school program, in getting appropriation for state aid for consolidated schools and the one-room rural schools, also for high schools, and a large appropriation for his own department sufficient for maintaining the inspection of high schools out of the appropriation made his department, and maintaining a strong department of Americanization.

* * * *

FIFTY years of faithful and efficient public service is the remarkable record of Miss Medora J. Simpson, librarian of the Public Library of Chelsea, Massachusetts, whose half century as head of that institution was officially recognized when the trustees and the citizens generally tendered her a reception.

Miss Simpson, who has the distinction of being the longest in the employ of the city, has also the honor of being the longest in service of any librarian in the Commonwealth. She is the first and only librarian of the Chelsea Public Library, beginning her work on November 1, 1869, altho the library was not formally opened till January 1, 1870.

The librarian of 1870 and of 1920 are the same in almost everything but years. She is older by half a century, but she has remained young in spirit because her absorbing interest in her work will not allow her to grow old. In appearance also she seems to give the lie to old Father Time. She carries her seventy-two years with the grace of one many years her junior, yet she answered truthfully all the questions of the census-taker.

The Public Library, ablaze with light, its beautiful interior enhanced with flowers and potted plants, was a scene of inspiration on the evening of January 7 at the reception to Miss Simpson, who for fifty years has guided its destinies, and who is responsible for its present high standard of today.

Coming to the library as a girl of twenty-two, she has applied her fine executive ability from the beginning until today. On this night, her many friends, including librarians of Boston and many other cities gathered to congratulate the dean of them all. Mayor Breath of Chelsea, leading clergymen, public men and prominent citizens came to congratulate the kindly lady, and wish her long life.



MISS MEDORA J. SIMPSON

For half a century librarian of the Chelsea Public Library

Asked as to the changes that have taken place in the character of reading and readers during her long term as librarian Miss Simpson said that at the outset the patrons of the library were mostly "Americans." She did not use this term in any narrow sense, for tho she can trace her ancestry back to Revolutionary stock, she boasts of her Irish descent. Her father's mother was a Sullivan and the line goes away back to the early days of our republic, for among her ancestors are to be found General and Governor Sullivan of New Hampshire, after whom the town of that name in the Pine Tree State was named.

Reverting to the book demand Miss Simpson said that about seventy-eight percent now, as then, is for fiction. Altho today they have a real, practical, working library. A lot of standard books were lost at the time of the great Chelsea fire and they have not been replaced, because, we are told, there is no demand for them.

When asked if the library had any Bolshevik propaganda, or literature, Miss Simpson replied, "Not if we know it." She would be likely to know, for she herself makes all the monthly purchases of new books, and others intended to replace the ones no longer usable.

* * * *

THE hotel men of America and Canada will be the guests of San Antonio and President Percy Tyrrell when the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association holds its annual convention in San Antonio, April 12 and 13. At the Chicago convention last year Mr. Tyrrell was elected president, and it was thru his efforts, perhaps, more than anything else, that San Antonio was chosen for the 1920 convention.

The membership of the association numbers more than two thousand leading hotel owners and managers of America and Canada. The San Antonio convention will be one of the first to be held in the South and is a compliment to Manager Tyrrell of the far-famed Gunter Hotel, one of the best resort hotels in America.

Manager Tyrrell came to San Antonio seven years ago from the Stratford Hotel, Chicago, and has popularized the Gunter until it is one of the most successful hotels in Texas. Mr. Tyrrell is a native of Detroit.

* * * *

ISAAC THOMAS PRYOR was born in Tampa, Florida, in February, 1852. He is one of the world's cattle kings: one of the class who, with the passing of the pioneer West, are now more often seen in romance than reality. He came to the Texas grass plains in 1870 after the Civil War and rode the plains when they were open from Texas to Montana. He was himself one of the men who made the character of the cowboy rank as one of the most loved American traditions, because his own nature was a summary of all his picturesque and sturdy virtues.

At the age of nine (1861), young Pryor ran away from relatives in Tennessee and went along with the Federal army of the Cumberland, selling newspapers to the soldiers. He was present at many desperately fought conflicts between the North and the South. During one of these battles he had his pony shot from under him. In the fall of 1863 an army surgeon became so much interested in the sturdy little lad that he had him sent to his own home in Ottawa, Ohio. In 1864 President Johnson had him returned to his relatives at Nashville, Tennessee.

He came to Texas in 1870 and took employment on a farm at fifteen dollars a month. In 1871 he became a trail hand at sixty dollars a month, driving cattle to Coffeyville, Kansas. In 1872 he helped drive a herd of cattle from Texas to Colorado. In 1873 he went to work on a ranch in Mason County, soon becoming ranch manager. In 1874 he drove cattle to the Indians, filling contracts at Fort Sill, then Indian Territory. In 1875 he was driving and selling cattle to the butchers of Austin. In 1876 he bought a ranch and cattle in Mason County and in 1877 drove a herd to Ogallala, Nebraska, in which herd he had 250 head of his own cattle. In 1878 he drove three thousand head on his own account; in 1879 drove

six thousand, and in 1880 drove twelve thousand. He then formed a partnership with his elder brother in Colorado and by 1884 had increased his drive until in that year he drove forty-five thousand head to the North and Northwest, selling them in Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming and Dakota, placing his

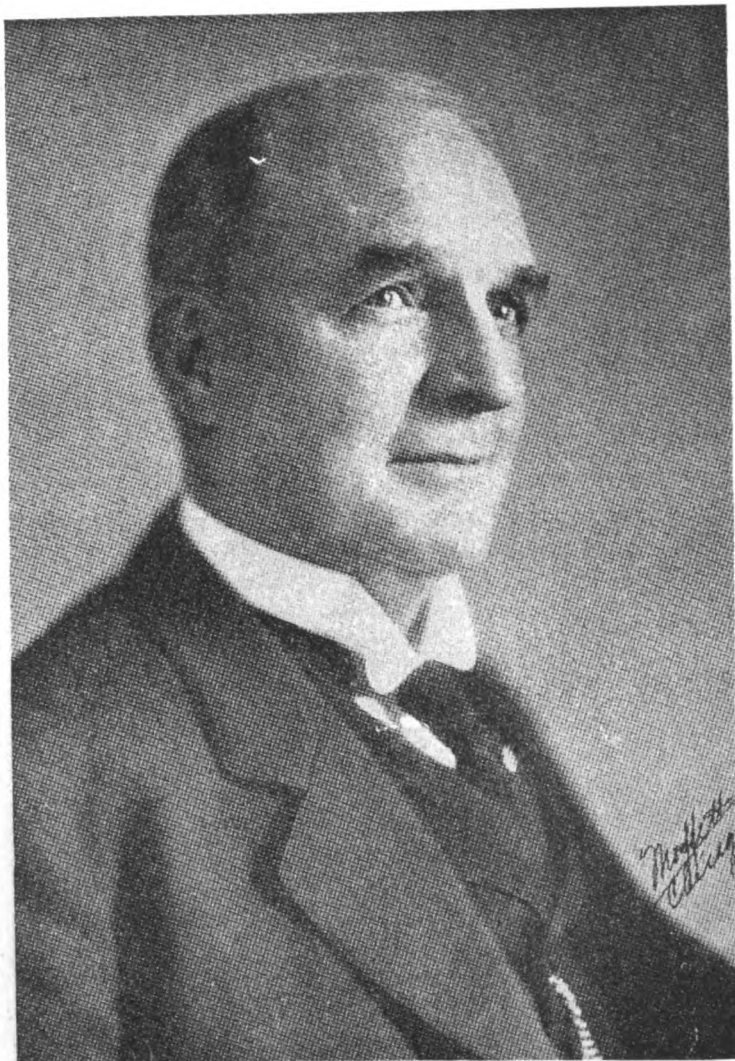


PERCY TYRRELL

President of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association, and manager of the Gunter Hotel, San Antonio, Texas

profits, from three dollars to five dollars per head, on his ranch in Colorado. The severe and disastrous winters of 1884 and 1885 caused a loss to Pryor Brothers of over \$500,000, which resulted in their liquidation.

The innovation of railways and barbed wire fences precluded continuation of driving cattle to the North from Texas and Mr. Pryor confined his operations to Texas and joined the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas. In 1878 he was elected a member of the executive committee and served in that capacity for a number of years. In 1902 he was elected first vice-president, and in 1906 was elected president. Considerable opposition developed in this election, owing to the fact that he was one of the heads of one of the largest live stock commission companies in this country (Evans-Snyder-Buel Company), but during his administration in 1906 the members of the association were so convinced by his fidelity to their interests and ability to fill the position, that at their annual meeting in 1907 he was unanimously elected by a rising vote to succeed himself. The membership in the meantime had grown to two thousand and these two thousand men represented an aggregate of about five million cattle. So satisfactorily did he serve the association that they amended the by-laws which prohibited the



COLONEL IKE T. PRYOR
Banker and Cattleman of San Antonio, Texas

presidency from being given to any one individual more than two successive terms, and elected him for a third term. In 1909 he was importuned to stand for a fourth election but declined.

In 1908 he was elected president of the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congress at Denver, Colorado, and was largely instrumental in having the congress hold its 1909 meeting in San Antonio. In the meantime he had been elected president of the Texas Live Stock Association, which association included within its scope the interests of all classes of live stock. He served one year at the head of this association, later declining re-election.

In 1909 he organized and accepted the presidency of the City National Bank of San Antonio and was at this time vice-president of R. E. Stafford & Co., bankers, at Columbus, Texas, and also vice-president and one of the managers of Evans-Snyder-Buel Commission Company. When the Texas Industrial Congress was organized he was the first to serve as chairman of the congress.

When the Spanish-American War was declared he sent a special agent to Cuba to keep him advised as to the condition of the cattle market on that island, which resulted in his shipping the first shipload of beeves to Cuba after the blockade was raised. This was followed by other shipments until more than seven thousand head were unloaded at the wharves of Havana, bringing fabulous prices.

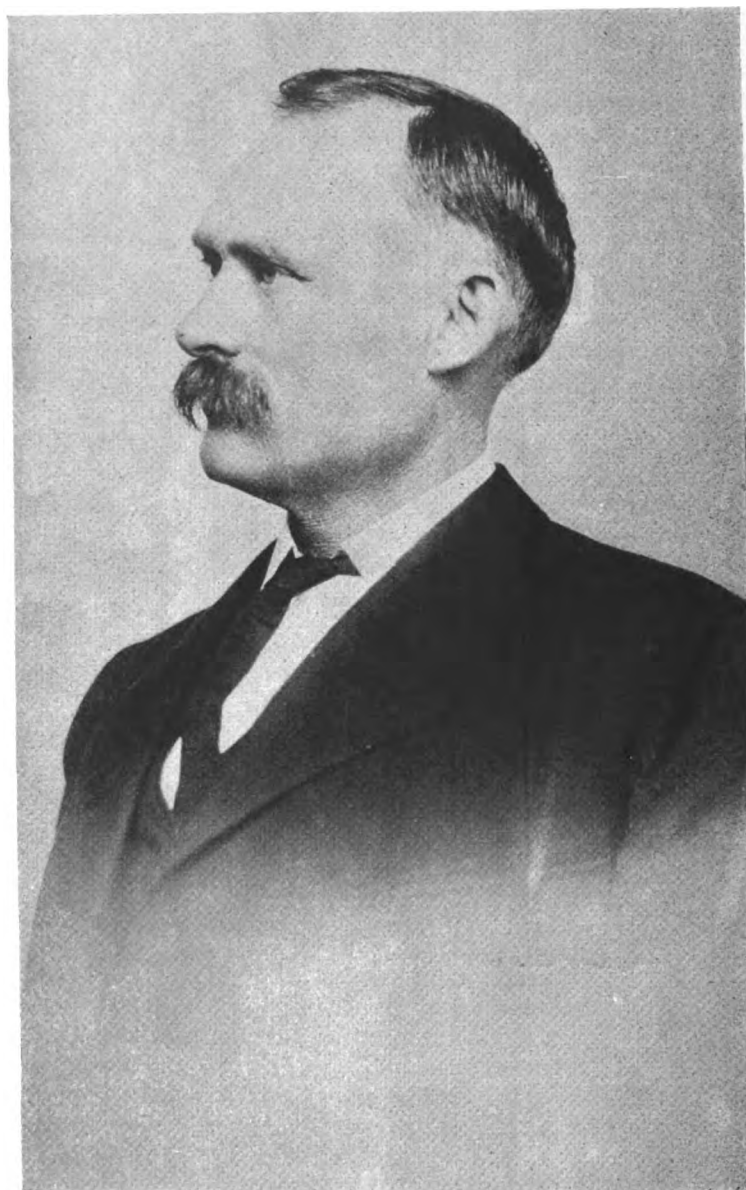
Mr. Pryor was later elected at Chicago president of the National Live Stock Shippers' Protective League, organized for the especial purpose of protecting shippers of the United States in all matters pertaining to their interests. Mr. Pryor has been president and director in many banks and cattle companies and land and irrigation companies. He takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to the live stock business and goes on frequent trips to Washington in the interests of the cattle industry.

He is reputed to have large interests in Mexico, New Mexico

and Oklahoma. He is Texas director of the Kansas City Life Insurance Company, one of the largest companies doing business in the state. He is also an ex-member of the Welfare Commission.

On January 8, 1917, at Cheyenne, Wyoming, Colonel Pryor was elected president of the American National Live Stock Association and was elected to succeed himself in January of 1918, at Salt Lake City, Utah. Of especial interest with respect to his work in this capacity were the recommendations made to Congress in a speech before the last annual convention which was given wide publicity thruout the state and nation. In this address Colonel Pryor touched on the cattle industry at length and also the meat and packing situation thruout the country.

The investigation of the meat packers was largely thru the recommendations of Colonel Pryor given in his address before the January convention in which he dwelt at length upon the meat supply of the nation. Colonel Pryor also went to Washington to confer with the Congressional Committee appointed to look into the condition of the meat supply of the country.



RICHARD R. RUSSELL

Once a cow-puncher and later a Texas ranger and frontier sheriff, who now owns one hundred and sixty-seven thousand acres of land, fifteen thousand head of cattle and thirty thousand head of sheep. Tho a native of Georgia, Mr. Russell went to Texas when a young man and thoroly exemplifies all the qualities of the Western cattle kings. He has ranches scattered over Texas, but makes his home in San Antonio, where he is president of the State National Bank

THE Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, with nearly six thousand members, probably has a greater number of millionaires than any organization in the world of anything like equal membership. From the standpoint of financial strength this organization represents more potential wealth than any other Texas organization, whether it be bankers, lumbermen

or oil operators. At least two members of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association are reputed to be worth fifty million dollars; at least one of the two recently refused an offer of fifty million dollars for his land holdings; the other controls more than a million acres of lands and no estimate has ever been put on their value. There are hundreds of millionaires among the Texas cattle kings—and almost without exception these men are graduated cow-punchers who have come up from the ranks to positions of financial pre-eminence and power; many of them are leaders in the affairs of Texas, and many of the largest benefactions to education, charity and philanthropy made in Texas have been the gifts of cattlemen. They are noted for their liberality of thought as well as of action; and the word of a cattleman is as good as a government bond.

One of the pioneer members of the Texas Cattle Raiser's Association who, as a member of the Executive Committee for many years, helped to mould the working policy of the organization, is R. R. Russell, known to cattlemen thruout the country as "Dick" Russell. Going to Texas from Georgia when a young man, Mr. Russell engaged in the cattle business in Menard County, where he served in turn as a member of the Texas Rangers and later as Sheriff of Menard County. Starting in a small way, he has since accumulated 167,000 acres of land and thousands of cattle and sheep. He is one of the largest individual operators in Texas and one of the most successful. There are six of the Russell brothers in Texas and Oklahoma, all cattlemen and all equally successful. They are born money-makers and traders. The famous "Big Canyon Ranch" in Pecos and Terrell counties, Texas, is a Russell property and embraces nearly one hundred thousand acres.

The average successful ranchman believes in extracting a large share of comfort and happiness from life as well as making others happy. Several years ago R. R. Russell removed to San Antonio, where he built a magnificent home and accepted the presidency of the city's leading financial institution—the State National Bank. Either as director or stockholder Mr. Russell is identified with many other financial enterprises, including banks, loan, live stock and commission firms, insurance and trust companies. But his hobby is the "Big Canyon Ranch."

* * * *

NO romances are more entertaining than those of the range and the winding cattle trails where the courageous cattlemen, big in body and big in heart, have wooed and won the favor of fickle fortune.

As if to compensate for the hardships, the dangers and the vicissitudes which she compelled her devotees to face, she has crowned the winners who have met the tests with a success greater perhaps than in any other field.

To these who never became faint-hearted in days of peril and misfortune there has come the double satisfaction of having builded not alone for themselves but for the advancement of the country in which they strove.

Development of the Southwest has gone hand-in-hand with the development of the cattle industry. It is to the pioneers in that industry that the one-time frontier post owes its opportunity to have achieved its present greatness.

Their lives and their struggles are at once an inspiration and the source of tales of indomitable will and dogged perseverance, which marked their early days and helped them later in achieving success. Of these stories, that of the success carved out by a mere boy is one of the most interesting and convincing in the annals of the cattle country.

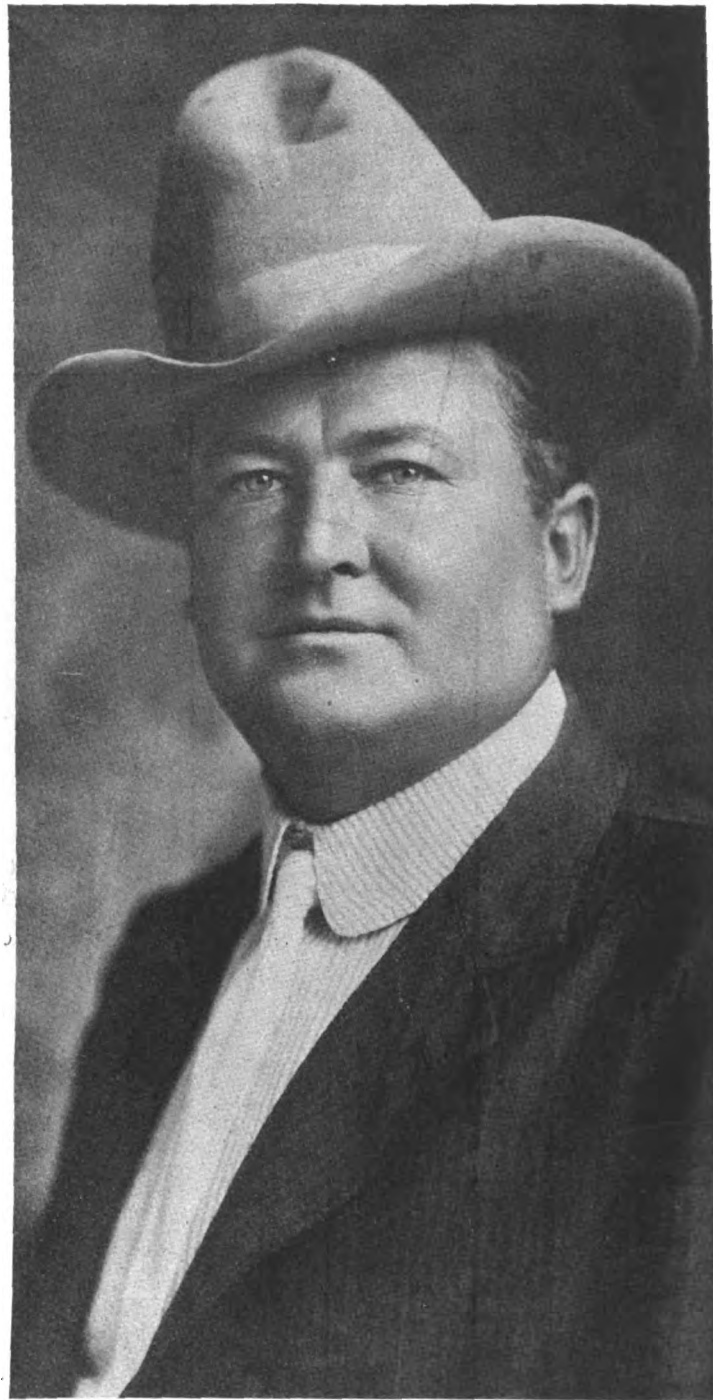
When thirteen-year-old William Schweers began dealing in cattle on an independent basis for himself, no one could have foreseen the place this self-reliant, sturdy Medina County lad was to take in the development of the great cattle industry of Texas and Mexico.

Today one of the recognized big factors in the cattle industry he can look back upon a career that has taken him from the ranch and cattle trails and the drives of the olden days to a leadership in the modern systematized method of handling this, the most far-reaching industry of the world.

Still a young man, he has risen to the head of the well-known

Schweers-Kern Live Stock Commission Company and extends his dealings into all sections of the cattle country of North America—reaching both the dealers in the United States and in Mexico.

Mr. Schweers was born in Medina County in 1879. His father, Henry Schweers, had come to America in 1846, and had at once come to Texas, settling in Medina County in the same



WILLIAM H. SCHWEERS

Texas cattleman who at thirteen years of age began dealing in live stock on his own account

year. With his keen judgment he was quick to see the great possibilities of the cattle industry in the new home of his choosing and at once engaged in ranching and stock farming. Always a leader in the movements for the development of the country in which he had cast his lot, it was not surprising that he had within a short time become noted for his efforts toward improvement of the stock industry. His efforts for the general welfare brought him prosperity along with the community and as a retired business man he now lives a life of peace and plenty in San Antonio.

Today the Schweers-Kern Live Stock Commission Company is among the largest commission companies of the country, and its trade territory extends into every section of the state, as well as into adjoining states and Mexico. A number of buyers



L. J. HART

Capitalist and man of affairs who, judged by his achievements as a city builder and developer, is easily San Antonio's first citizen. A type of the successful business man who still finds time to promote the interests of his home city and state. For many years Mr. Hart has served as a member of the board of directors of the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College and is vice-president of the board. He is a former president of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce

are maintained by the company at all times and make frequent visits to the cattle raising sections of the state in the interest of the commission house.

During the three years just preceding the war, Mr. Schweers operated extensively in Mexico. During that time, with the

assistance of his private buyers, he imported more than two hundred thousand head of cattle from the neighboring republic. He devoted much of his time personally to the Mexico business at that time and was in Monclova, Mexico, on the date of the assassination of President Francisco Madero. Unsettled conditions in that country interfered temporarily with the development of the cattle industry, but Mr. Schweers takes the view that within a very short time it will be possible to again engage actively in the cattle industry in that field.

During the past year Mr. Schweers has been shipping extensively from Oklahoma into southern Texas, the shipments consisting both of grade cattle and of range cattle. In this as in the other fields that he has entered he is engaged on a comprehensive scale. Mr. Schweers markets a large portion of his cattle in and out of immediate San Antonio and is active in supplying ranchmen of Texas with both range and improved stock cattle. All fat cattle handled by him are sold either in the San Antonio market or shipped to Fort Worth.

* * * *

WE are accustomed to think of the lawyer in terms of his "legal mind" or "judicial temperament," the doctor for his ability as a diagnostician, the minister for his power to convert; but it remained for the modern city builder to furnish what might aptly be called the genius of creating values, the ability to instinctively and intuitively see a better and more profitable use for a given piece of property or real estate. So accurate is this judgment in some instances that there are cases on record where the entire building or development trend has been changed because a certain real estate man purchased certain property in a certain part of a town. Of this type of city builder we cite L. J. Hart of San Antonio, Texas, of whom it is said that immediately he buys property in his home city all the surrounding property doubles in value almost overnight.

The reason for this is that L. J. Hart is San Antonio's greatest builder and developer, and much of this city's progress during the past ten or fifteen years has been due to his efforts and vision in fore-seeing San Antonio's future as one of America's leading resort and tourist cities. Coming to San Antonio from Denver in 1890, Mr. Hart gave to the city Laurel Heights, one of the finest local residential additions. Later he turned his attention to the development of down-town business property, beginning with St. Mary Street, then an obscure and uninviting street, and making it one of the principal business streets of San Antonio. With the late Jot Gunter, Mr. Hart projected and built the Gunter Hotel; but as a matter of fact he was the moving spirit in this enterprise.

UNCLE ABNER ON POLITICS

By NIXON WATERMAN

YES, politics is boom'n' now and 'twon't be long until
The candidates will all be out a-shoutin' fit to kill.
And neighbors who have been so good and lovin', day by day,
Will sort o' hate each other if they vote a different way.
The women-folks 'ill have to quit a-tradin' pies and cakes
Which now they're always samplin' round when any of 'em bakes
A nice fresh batch. The children, too, 'ill have to fuss and spat
'Cause some of them's Republican and some is Democrat.

Now there's Elnathan Tuttle, lives across the road from me;
He's 'bout as good a neighbor as a mortal man can be;
And hot or cold or wet or dry he's willin', night or day,
To help a neighbor when he can, in every sort o' way.
Well, me and him's the best o' friends, week in, week out, until
A big red-hot, hard-fought campaign comes rollin' 'round to fill
Our breasts with patriotism, then we both begin to spout,
And 'fore we know it me and him has had a fallin' out.

Now take it in religion, and altho we don't agree,
For I'm a Baptist clear plumb thru from head to heels while he
And all 'o his is Methodists, I don't blame him a mite
For goin' wrong since I'm convinced he thinks he's goin' right.
And when it comes to medicine, well, when his folks complain,
He always calls an allopath. He's wrong, fer I maintain
The less you dose the better. But, fergettin' all o' that
If 'twasn't fer his politics we'd never have a spat.

Sometimes I get to thinkin' mebbey we could still pull thru
Without a fuss if 'twasn't fer the blamed spell-binders who
Come 'round a-speechifyin' till they make you think you know
The man who votes the other way is your pernicious foe.
You hear the band a-playin' and you see the torches gleam
And when the great spell-binder starts to make the eagle scream,
You find yourself a-shoutin' and a-jumpin' up and down,
Just like the other feller does when his man comes to town.

Well, when you get your system full o' that campaign disease,
O' course, it's more than likely then that when a feller sees
A voter from the other side that's got the fever,—whew!
Why, there'll be somethin' doin' sure as fate, betwixt the two.
You've got to save your country, it's your duty, first and last,
And so you sort o' whoop 'er up until election's past,
And when the smoke has cleared away, well, if you lose or win,
The nation settles down to 'bout the same old gait ag'in.

In our last big election me and Nate was just that mad
That neither of us couldn't think of anything so bad
But t'other one would fit it. But about that time my wife
Took sick, and for awhile we feared we couldn't save her life.
I felt so plumb played out there wa'n't a thing that I could do,
But Nate and his good wife come in and somehow nursed her thru.
And when I seen the way they worked and prayed and all o' that,
Says I, "Nate, you're an angel, if you be a democrat!"

Carrying a College to Its Students

An Agricultural School on Wheels

*International Harvester Company, Thru Its Extension Department,
Carries Direct to the Farmer Demonstrations of Scientific Farming*

By MARY ELEANOR MUSTAIN

THE United States has witnessed all sorts and kinds of schools in the last decade, perhaps the most unique of these being the agricultural and farm machinery demonstration school, which has been literally traveling on wheels over the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia within the past seven months, and which is now enroute to Florida.

This unique campaign was the thought of Prof. P. G. Holden, director of the Agricultural Extension Department of the International Harvester Company, the purpose of the campaign being to assist the farmer, his wife and family, by carrying to him, directly, useful information thru actual demonstration, on the proper methods of preparing seed beds, crop cultivation and lectures on all phases of farm life and work.

Professor Holden unfolded his plan to the equipment and sales departments of the Company. They quickly realized the practicability of the plan, and were ready to accord hearty co-operation in the furnishing of machinery, tent, and a quota of machine demonstrators.

It was agreed at the outset that nothing should be sold, nor sales solicited, that the work was to be purely educational, as is all work of the Extension Department.

The southeastern field work was just opening, and it was decided to try out the plan here. Mr. H. S. Mobley, being in charge of the Short Course in this particular field, became the manager of the first agricultural and farm machinery demonstration school on wheels.

This tour is being made by a train of eight monster motor trucks, carrying a crew of ten men, two special lecturers, and all equipment necessary for a complete all-day demonstration. There are tractors with all the various attachments for deep plowing, harrowing, discing, pulverizing, manure spreading, etc., apparatus for testing soils, charts of various kinds showing concretely the applied efficiency the lecturers so strongly urge, and a complete motion-picture outfit with eight reels of agricultural pictures.

The meetings are held in a big tent that will accommodate four hundred people. There are comfortable chairs to seat them, while the tent is lighted by electricity generated right on the spot.

Mr. Mobley thus describes a day's work:

"Generally the day's program begins at 9:30 A. M., with tractor plowing, the land being plowed to break the sub-soil as deep as possible to permit most of the top soil to be kept on top.

"The manure spreader is then hauled over the fresh ground with the tractor, horses seldom being available. The manure is spread at the rate of five or six tons to the acre, care being taken to beat the manure fine and distribute it over the whole surface of the ground.

"Following this, the ground is disc-harrowed with the tractor to a depth of about two and one-half inches, the clods being pulverized and the manure mixed with the top soil.

"After that the disc-harrow, with the small set of discs, followed by the pulverizer, is run over the ground to give it a final touch or finish. This, we teach them, is a seed bed.

"At eleven o'clock the audience is called into the tent, where an explanation of what we have done is given. Literature is distributed, and announcements of the afternoon and evening program are made.

"At 1:30 A. M. Mrs. Addie F. Howie, dairy expert, the second lecturer in the party, gives a talk on the dairy cow—

using a cow chart. This is followed at three o'clock by a demonstration of the belt work of the tractor operating the corn mill and chopper.

"At 3:30 another seed bed is prepared with the tractor for the benefit of those who did not see the morning demonstration.

"Beginning about 4:15 lectures are given on soil, alfalfa, and better rural schools, charts being used to better bring out the points. These lectures continue until time to adjourn, generally between six and seven o'clock.

"In the evening at 8:30 moving pictures are shown in the tent. Eight reels are carried, as follows: Sheep on Every Farm, Tractor Farming, The Evolution of Farm Machinery, Corn is King, Making Mother's Work Easier, Cold Pack Canning, Milk, and the Chicago Garden Bureau.

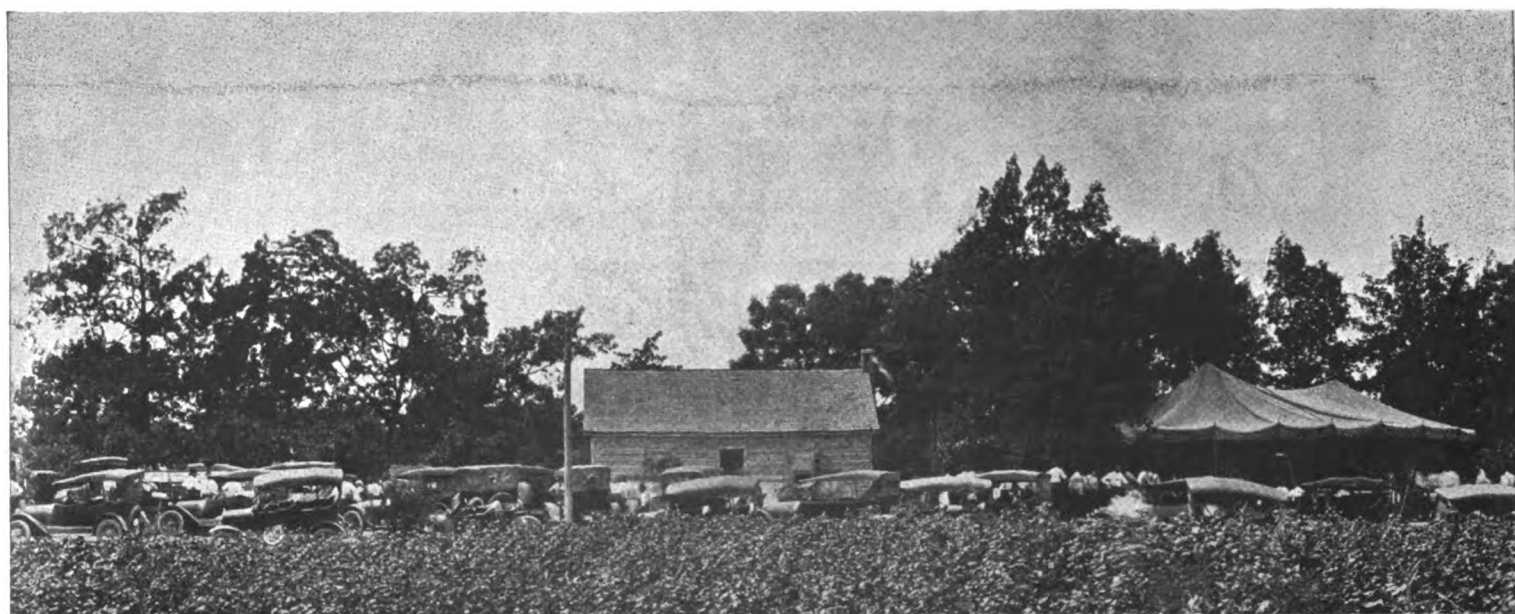


H. S. MOBLEY

Agricultural Expert, Lecturer and Educator

"Mrs. Howie delivers a lecture on the Home following the reel 'Making Mother's Work Easier,' and after the tractor reel is shown, I give a talk on power farming."

An observer says: "These tent meetings are a revelation. Plain, simple, no frills, no formality, there is about them an atmosphere of sincerity that rings true—of helpfulness that does not patronize."



Farmers gathering for a demonstration meeting

Mr. Mobley is a great advocate of practical, rather than theoretical, education. As president of the Farmer's Union of Arkansas, and as president of the Agricultural Board of Education of Arkansas, which board erected and directed four agricultural colleges, he had ample opportunity to test his practical educational theories, giving to the student such instruction and valuable information as would be useful in his everyday life and work.

In 1915 he became a member of Prof. P. G. Holden's force in the Agricultural Extension Department of the International Harvester Company, in the capacity of Agricultural Short Course lecturer. His name is known thruout the United States, perhaps his greatest achievement being the present splendid and practical demonstration school on wheels, a novel way of reaching the farmers.

Mr. Mobley is a direct, convincing speaker and has the great gift of holding his hearers' interest from beginning to end. His idea first, last and always is to *help* the farmers who hear him, not to *show* them how to run their farm, but to offer them the benefit of practical knowledge and long personal experience, for Mr. Mobley is a farmer of the most practical as well as progressive type.

He has himself actually been practicing for years on his own Arkansas farm the things that he advocates in his talks to farmers. He has made a scientific study of soils and crops and everything pertaining to farming, and has put the knowledge thus gained into actual practice, and it has been a real benefit to the farmer who should profit by his excellent advice. So he really *knows* what he is talking about; with him "to preach" is "to practice."

WHO FOR PRESIDENT?—WHY NOT COOLIDGE?

Continued from page 9

these days of rapid communication and annihilation of space eliminates all the inconveniences of the geographical location of a candidate in a country unified such as ours has been by the war, in the discussion of national issues.

If these four points are vital in the selection of a candidate, it will be plainly seen by the people that Governor Coolidge is the logical candidate.

When he entered public life young Coolidge won admirers among business men for his cool-headed and sound views. They believed in him without hope or thought of reward, political or otherwise, and made up their minds that Calvin Coolidge was the man for Governor of Massachusetts. The results have more than verified their estimate of the man. These are the times for leaders of judgment, and Calvin Coolidge stands pre-eminent as a man of common sense and sane views in all matters pertaining to our government.

His clear understanding of the business and industrial needs of America and sympathetic appreciation of the interests of all the people without indulging in perverted platitudes or the wiles of a demagogue has established a confidence among his own people without a parallel. Thousands who had never voted his party ticket felt that Calvin Coolidge was a leader to be trusted in a crisis. They broke party ties because they believed in Calvin Coolidge, the man, equal to meet the issues

of the hour—defiance of law and order—and register thru him their expression and faith in Americanism which they realized meant so much to us as a nation.

Massachusetts responded nobly to the test and verified the tribute of Daniel Webster when he declared "Massachusetts, there she stands." The old Bay State presents not only her favorite son but a candidate personifying the fundamental ideals of the Republic, conceived and born in the struggle for freedom. Evidence is accumulating that the mere mention of Calvin Coolidge appeals to voters in states far distant from New England because they recognize that presidential timber must first of all be measured by the requirements. The one thought of the people of his party is to put the country on a sound basis of Americanism, with law and order thoroly established, and then to follow a plan of practical business and industrial development that guarantees for all time life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness without favor to race, class or creed.

There never was a time when a level-headed, Lincolnesque and common sense candidate was needed more than today. From all parts of the country the answer comes with enmity toward none and fairness toward all—choose a leader whose acts and deeds are four-square to the issues of the campaign.

Why not Calvin Coolidge?

The World's Jersey King

Ed C. Lasater and His Three-hundred-thousand-acre Kingdom

Texas ranchman is also state's biggest farmer, most successful dairyman and breeder of prize-winning cattle. How he practically built the town (and community) of Falfurrias, Texas, by making it possible for his neighbor-farmers to purchase pure-bred dairy cattle on the pay-with-one-half-the-butterfat plan. His hobby has resulted in financial prosperity for the farmers and has given Texas one of the most profitable dairy and creamery centers in the United States

By EVERETT LLOYD



WHEN Ed C. Lasater, millionaire Texas cattleman, decided a few years ago to abandon his intention of becoming a lawyer and set about to develop the largest and finest herd of pure-bred Jersey cattle in the world, he added millions of dollars to the wealth of Texas. No doubt Ed Lasater would have made a great lawyer, a great engineer or great banker, because he is a natural student with a positive genius for details and mastery of big problems. As a ranchman, agriculturist, economist, able business man and builder he is one of the real big men of Texas and of the nation; and his knowledge of live-stock and marketing problems has made him an important figure in the live-stock industry. But this story has to do with Mr. Lasater's ideas and success as a breeder of Jersey milk cows and the relation of dairying to farming, the value and importance to every farmer—whether landlord or tenant—of acquiring a small herd of pure-bred Jerseys and engaging in the dairy business on a limited scale. Now this is really one of the principal ideas in the Lasater plan which has been responsible for developing the Falfurrias community and making the town of Falfurrias a great dairy center.

In a state famous for its big ranches it is a distinction to be classed as one of the big cattlemen of Texas, yet the three-hundred-thousand-acre ranch of Mr. Lasater would entitle him to this distinction. He is not only one of the largest ranch operators in Texas, but is also the largest farmer in the state—and that is saying a good deal.

Operating a ranch of this magnitude is a man's job in itself, what with all the cattle to be looked after, the shipping and dipping, the round-ups and branding; but running a farm of ten thousand acres is also a part of Ed Lasater's job, and he is as good a farmer as he is a ranchman. The Lasater farm does not limit itself to the growing of food stuffs for live-stock purposes, but is a large producer of cotton and grain, and the success of the Lasater farm is cited as an example of what can be done in the Falfurrias country. Then comes the dairying and creamery business, or the Falfurrias Creamery Company, which is really Mr. Lasater's hobby and has been his means of developing the Falfurrias country.

Before giving the details of the creamery venture of Mr. Lasater and some account of his other varied activities it is fitting that we know something about the man himself—the man of whom it can be said that he built, not a mere house or town, but a whole community, including the town.

Mr. Lasater is a Texan, tho with the keen blue eye, soft voice and mild manners of a Kentucky cavalier. Ordinarily we are accustomed to picture the Texan with the "bandit" mustache, dark eyes and rather stalwart figure. But Ed Lasater is the refined type of a Texan and could easily pass for a university professor or banker.

But from this description we should not get the impression that Ed Lasater is not a fighter and a stickler for justice. Living near the Mexican border, where political feuds have been frequent, he has had to run the gauntlet of every possible danger, and no one ever succeeded in putting anything over Ed Lasater and "getting by" with it. He has gone to the mat with crooked politicians and political bosses until every man in the Rio Grande Valley knows him and respects him for his courage, his bravery, his sense of fair dealing and honesty. He has great influence in his section of Texas, but he has never sought to exercise it except in the interest of decent politics.

Mr. Lasater was born near the town of Coliad, Texas, just a little more than fifty years ago. His father was a ranchman



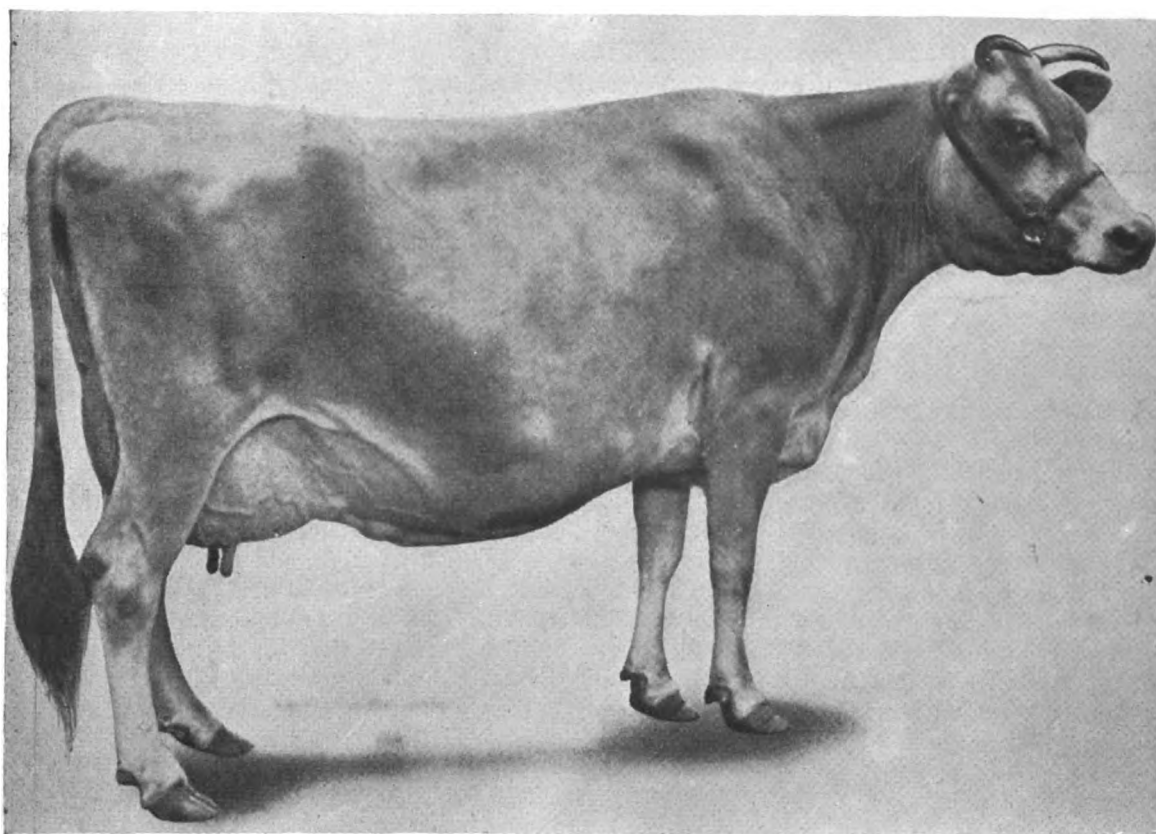
ED C. LASATER, FALFURRIAS, TEXAS

Who operates the largest Jersey-cattle farm in the world, in connection with his three-hundred-thousand-acre ranch

who removed to Texas before the Civil War, when Texas was an open range. Losing his cattle interests during the readjustment period, the senior Lasater engaged in mercantile business at Goliad, immediately across the San Antonio River where the battle of La Bahia was fought and where the subsequent massacre of Fannin's men took place. Young Lasater

lending money to the Mexican grantees desired to have the land worked or otherwise utilized.

He knew the lands and what they would produce, provided the water supply was assured, and was enough of an engineer to ascertain that by making the wells deeper and installing pumps he could have an unlimited supply. He put his propo-



"Great Scot's Champion," owned by Ed C. Lasater. Grand champion cow at National Dairy Show, Chicago, 1911. Register of merit record: 11,138 pounds of milk and 774 pounds of butter in her thirteenth year

grew up in an atmosphere of independence and with a love for freedom. The wide open range of the prairies afforded him time to think, so he decided to become a lawyer. A suggestion of future ill-health caused him to abandon his studies and he engaged in the sheep business with his father. A little later he was called upon to assume charge of his father's herd, and with Mexican sheep-herders for his assistants and companions he began his career as a sheep raiser, which continued until the passage of the Wilson bill when wool was put on the free list, killing the industry for many years.

We next find Ed Lasater operating on a large scale as a cattle buyer, tho still a very young man, but with fine personal credit. He bought cattle from the Texas ranchmen and shipped them to Chicago markets, but all the time he was making a close study of grazing lands which had at one time been so valuable for sheep raising.

During the panic of 1893 Mr. Lasater had bought heavily of Texas cattle; in fact, he had nearly thirty thousand head on his hands. A drouth hit Texas, and the cattle could not winter on the range. It was necessary to feed them thru the winter; then the bottom dropped out of the cattle business and fat steers sold for \$2.70 a hundred on the Chicago market, and Mr. Lasater was \$130,000 loser on his cattle. He lost everything he had except his credit, and says himself that all he has accumulated since his failure has been done as a result of his financial disaster. He kept his contracts, paid for all the cattle he bought and accepted his losses. About this time something happened in Lasater's favor. Practically all the land was owned by Mexicans thru grants from the Spanish and Mexican governments. In 1893, the great drouth year, the ranchmen lost all their cattle. The cry for water went up everywhere. The Mexicans depended on shallow wells which were no more than trenches; and while they were no worse off than Lasater, who had also lost all his cattle, he had what they did not have—credit, and confidence in his ability to provide an adequate water supply. He investigated the situation and found that the English companies which had been

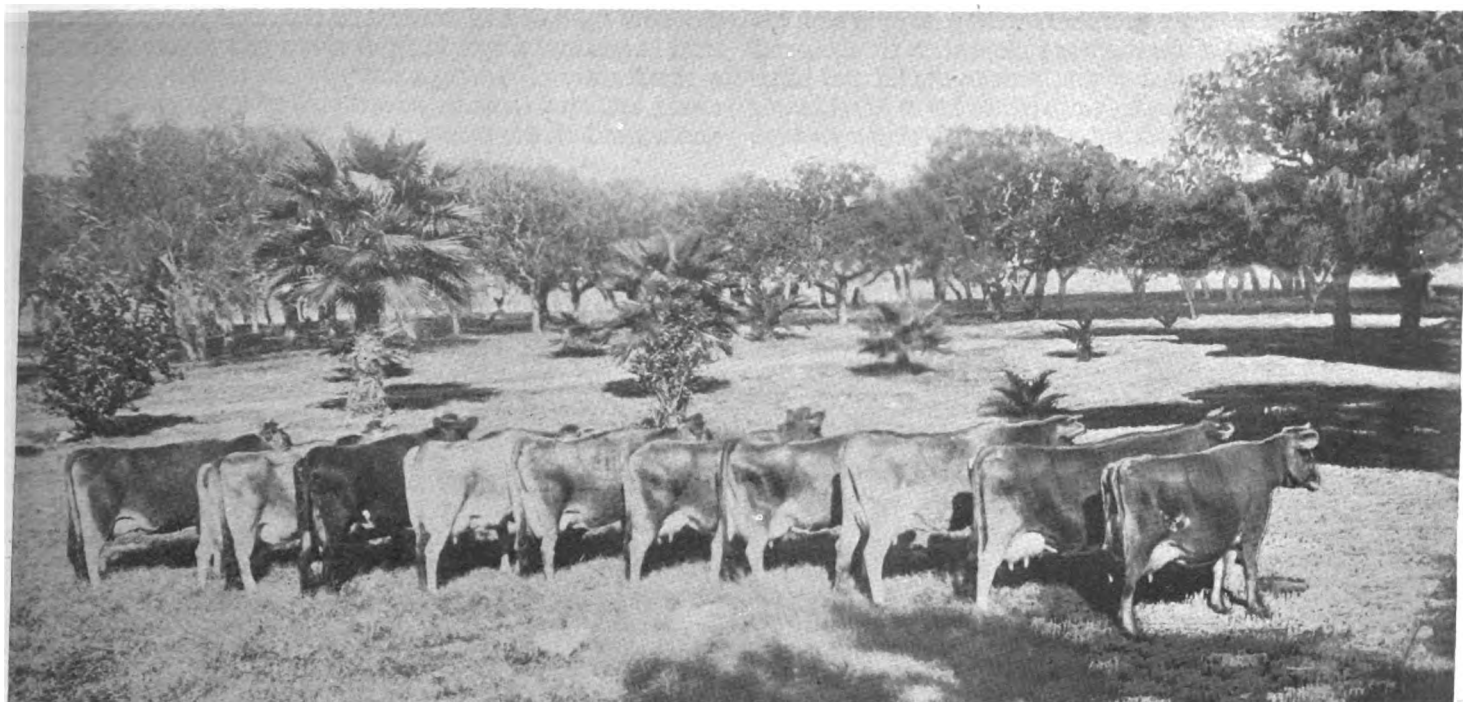
lending money to the Mexican grantees desired to have the land worked or otherwise utilized. He knew the lands and what they would produce, provided the water supply was assured, and was enough of an engineer to ascertain that by making the wells deeper and installing pumps he could have an unlimited supply. He put his proposition up to some bankers who knew his ability and honesty. With this assistance he contracted for thirty thousand head of cattle to be delivered the following spring. At the same time he began buying up all the land he could get from the descendants of the Mexican grantees, making small cash payments, the balance on long time, which was handled thru the loan companies. He had faith in the country. The water was there all the time, and its lack was due to the inefficient methods of the Mexicans. In time Mr. Lasater became the owner of three hundred and sixty thousand acres in Duval, Brooks and Willacy counties, comprising now the Lasater ranch, known as "La Mota" at Falfurrias.

"Falfurrias" (the name given by the Lipan Indians to a tree crested motte or knoll, and translated means "Heart's Desire"), is a prosperous and thriving little town of possibly a thousand people, many of them Mexicans. Before the coming of the railroad in 1906 it was a typical Mexican border town. Now it has modern schools, churches, city conveniences, an empty jail, the finest creamery in the South and many modern homes. The palm trees and orange groves and the balmy atmosphere strongly suggest California. But this was far from the condition of the country a few years ago when Ed Lasater first dreamed of establishing a great dairying industry and the largest and finest herd of pure-bred Jerseys in the world.

Since 1906 Mr. Lasater has sold to actual settlers and farmers sixty thousand acres of his original ranch tract of three hundred and sixty thousand acres. This would probably represent five hundred families or twenty-five hundred people—thrifty and industrious farmers from Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Nebraska, Indiana and other states. Practically all of the ranch land adjoining or near the town of Falfurrias is suitable for cultivation and capable of maintaining a large population. Among this number of Falfurrias farmers there are 126 independent dairy farmers—farmers who have small dairy herds and sell their surplus butterfat and milk to the Falfurrias Creamery Company.

To encourage settlement Mr. Lasater made this proposition to prospective farmers, and the same proposition is still open: To sell the land for one-fourth cash, balance in ten years, but no payments for the first two years. The future installments payable in three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine and ten years. To sell the farmers high-grade dairy cattle without any cash payment—to be paid for with one-half of the receipts from butterfat sold to the creamery. In this way the cattle soon pay for themselves, besides providing a regular income for the owner. Mr. Lasater has sold several hundred cattle on this basis and has never lost a cent. More than \$100,000 worth of cattle have been sold to the farmers in this way and paid for.

By developing the land, installing permanent systems of water supply, and changing from the antiquated methods of the



Scene on the lawn at "La Mola," the Lasater ranch home near Falfurrias, Texas

Mexicans a large part of the Lasater land is being purchased and cultivated. This land is as productive as any in Texas and can be bought for one-eighth the customary price.

As an agriculturist, Mr. Lasater has done what has never been done before. He has developed a large section of a great state during the first generation of settlers. His theory is that the history of land development has been this: Three generations have been required to open land to permanent settlement; the first generation struggles to obtain a foot-hold; the second generation carries out the dream of the first; the third generation brings the land under permanent cultivation. Kansas underwent such a period or series of development periods. But in the Falfurrias country the first settlers have brought the land under permanent cultivation—and this has been done thru the development of dairying as a part of farming.

Mr. Lasater reasoned after this fashion when he first dreamed of the character of farming which would enable the first generation to stick. He discovered that one dairy cow has earning capacity equal to five or six beef cows, so the problem was to create a market for the product of the dairy cow and enable the first settler to hold on. Then he began a study of the dairy industry and found that everywhere Wisconsin was cited as an illustration of its profits and success. He found that the average Wisconsin dairy cow produced one hundred and eighty pounds of butterfat annually, but on this basis it would require eight hundred cows to operate a creamery successfully. He believed that by getting the proper kind of dairy cattle even the Wis-

consin record average could be increased one hundred points which would mean fifty dollars more per cow than the Wisconsin dairymen received, or \$500 on a herd of ten cows, which is double the average wage income of the ordinary farmer.

Now bear in mind that Mr. Lasater was not a professional dairymen, but he was a scientific and practical agriculturist, cattle breeder and ranchman. He knew that the Texas climate, water and grass were favorable to dairy cattle, but many told him "it couldn't be done." He selected the best breed of Jersey cattle to be found, buying only a small number at first. Then it became his ambition to give his community the benefits of the best Jersey herd in the world, costing on an average \$600 each. With these as a start he has continued breeding up his cattle until today he has the largest herd of pure-bred Jerseys in the world, and time after time has won both the Breeders' Diploma and the Exhibitors' Diploma at the National Dairy Show, Springfield, Massachusetts, and the Dairy Cattle Congress, Waterloo, Iowa. The Lasater herds are now the outstanding features of all the leading stock shows in Texas, Kansas City and Chicago, and have won more blue ribbons and championship prizes than any other herd. The town of Falfurrias is synonymous with Jersey cattle and good butter. Every farmer in the community is a dairymen on either a large or small scale, with a ready market for his surplus product at the Falfurrias Creamery, which ships daily nearly two thousand pounds of butter, that commands a premium everywhere, and is paying the farmers of the Falfurrias section more than three



Herd of prize-winners on the Lasater ranch

hundred thousand dollars a year for butterfat. Within a radius of forty miles of Falfurrias there are more than six thousand Jerseys, twenty-four hundred of which are in the Lasater herd. Yet the industry is only eleven years old as far as Mr. Lasater is concerned. He made the experiment in a new country, where

thousand head of beef cattle, two thousand Jerseys, one thousand horses and a sprinkling of sheep and goats. It requires a small army of cowboys, dairy hands, milkers, bookkeepers, clerks, auditors, foremen and superintendents to operate the various industries, requiring an annual pay-roll of \$125,000.

Headquarters of the ranch are at La Mota, the home of Mr. Lasater, four miles from Falfurrias. About forty thousand acres have been set aside for the dairy herds, and scattered over this forty thousand acres there are eight dairies, equipped with every modern convenience and sanitary device. Eight hundred cows are milked daily at the eight plants and the milk sent to Falfurrias to the creamery. State and government inspectors are in constant charge and every precaution is taken to insure the highest standards of cleanliness. The demand for Falfurrias butter is greater than the supply—in fact, more than twice as great—and another year will see substantial enlargements in the present plant. All the cattle at the Lasater dairy are tuberculin tested and a careful record kept of each cow's production of milk and butterfat. The Falfurrias dairymen have an organization thru which they cooperate with the local bank, merchants, farmers and town people.

It is difficult to fully appreciate the magnitude of the work accomplished by Mr. Lasater, the obstacles he has overcome and the part he has played as a developer of a large section of country without seeing the Lasater ranch and the other Lasater interests at Falfurrias. And what is most important and significant is that the Lasater enterprises are on a permanent

basis, capable of being carried on, expanded and operated during his absence or without his personal supervision. Few men who inaugurate original enterprises are seldom successful to this degree. In too many instances the enterprises disintegrate with the passing of the founder. But the Lasater interests will run now on their own momentum and because of their merit will constantly enlarge themselves.

Long before he engaged in the dairy business on a large scale Mr. Lasater had given the question of farm economics serious thought and has many sound ideas. He knows that the one-crop system of farming is sapping the vitality of the soil; that diversification will force the farmer into dairying (which will fertilize the soil), and will mean the planting of feed crops. He will feed his skimmed milk to his hogs and instead of having money coming in once a year he will have something to sell every month. He knew the experiences of Wisconsin, Illinois and Minnesota farmers who ran down the value of farm lands by planting wheat year after year, and that they adopted dairying to save themselves. In these states the dairy cow is supreme and the dairy sections will be found to be the most prosperous sections of the United States.

Among other things Mr. Lasater knew that the chief obstacle in the way of the average farmer was the shortage of money with which to buy a herd, long distance from market for cream and milk, and lack of knowledge of the dairy business, so he decided to remove all these obstacles at once as far as the farmer who moves to Falfurrias is concerned. He sold the land on long time, a herd of Jersey dairy cattle on credit, agreeing to accept payment in the form of one-half of the butterfat produced by the cattle until they paid for themselves. Sixty thousand acres of land and hundreds of fine dairy cattle were sold on this basis—and all paid for.

Considering that dairying is new at Falfurrias, and the large number of prizes won by the Lasater herds at various state fairs and stock shows, no description of the Lasater ranch would be complete without some reference to some of the most famous bulls and milkers owned and used at La Mota.



"McDonald," type of American saddle horse on the Lasater ranch

commercial dairying was unknown, and today the forty-mile radius or area of Falfurrias is one of the greatest dairy centers in the United States.

In order to gain definite information of actual development at and near Falfurrias we must take into consideration that up to a few years ago this section was practically unsettled; and that only within the past eleven years was dairying attempted. At that time Mr. Lasater had his hands full as a cattleman and farmer—at least his work would have required all the time and ability of any man, yet he branched out in an entirely new business, making it the largest of any of the so-called "Lasater interests," which include the ranch proper, the Lasater farm, the Falfurrias Mercantile Company and the Falfurrias Creamery Company, the four doing an annual business of more than \$1,500,000; or expressed in terms of actual sales and receipts or volume of business of each as follows:

Falfurrias Mercantile Company.....	\$600,000
Falfurrias Creamery Company.....	500,000
Sale of live stock from ranches, etc.	300,000
Farm products, cotton and cotton seed	120,000

Falfurrias is not a one-man nor a one-firm town, and the above list relates only to Mr. Lasater's activities. The Mercantile Company is owned jointly by Mr. Lasater and B. T. Henry, the latter being in charge, while the various lines are handled by separate organizations, with a manager in charge. Mr. Lasater is familiar with all the details of each and is the busiest man in Falfurrias. He never appears in a hurry and is never too busy to be courteous or grant a visitor an interview. He served during the war as a member of the Food Administration, and attends the meetings of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, of which he was president in 1910.

Politically, Mr. Lasater is a Republican. He was a close personal friend of the late Colonel Roosevelt, and at one time a candidate for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket.

On the Lasater ranch there are during normal times about twenty thousand head of live stock, among them seventeen

The show ring performances of the Falfurrias Jerseys have brought a series of well-earned victories in competition with the best herds in America. Beginning in 1911 when "Great Scot's Champion" won the Grand Championship at the National Dairy Show, each year the herd has come back to Texas covered with blue and purple ribbons. In 1918 a Falfurrias bred bull, "Raleigh's Oxford Prince," was made the Grand Champion at the National Dairy Show. Only twice before in the history of the show had the Grand Championship been won by a bull of the exhibitor's own breeding. In 1917 the breeder's young herd was undefeated, securing the most coveted of all prizes, and gave Mr. Lasater an international reputation.

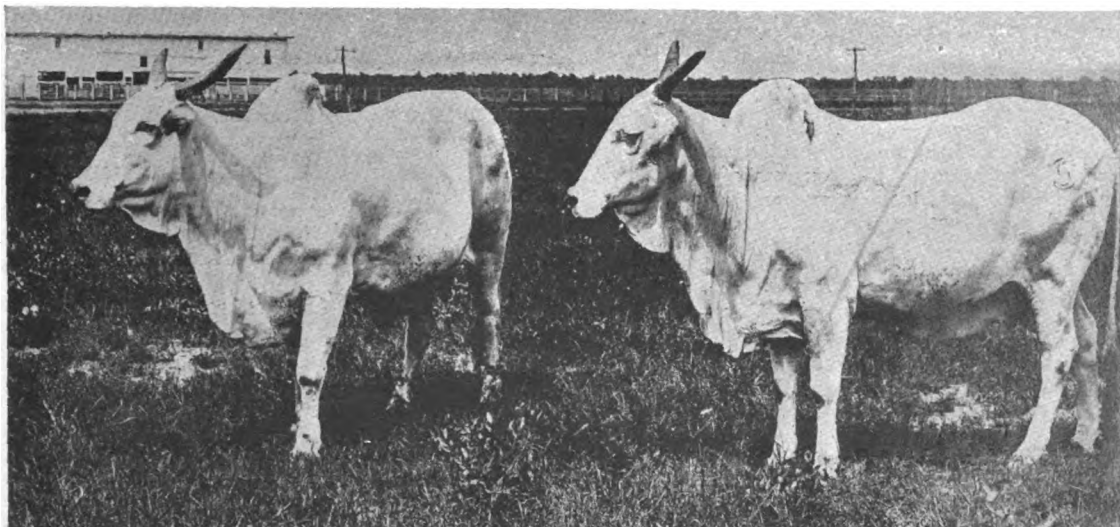
The bulls selected for the first Lasater herds were of popular blood, of families whose outstanding merits had been tested.

Chief among them were sons of "Royal Majesty," "Noble of Oaklands," "Champion Flying Fox," "Eminent" and "Car-nation's Fern Lad." Later purchases were sons of "Gamboge Knight," "Combination of St. Saviour's," "Sophine 19th Tormentor," a son of "Sophine 19th" of the Hood Farm, Springfield, Massachusetts, holder of the world's championship for cumulative butterfat production for all breeds.

By buying the best for a foundation and improving them each generation Mr. Lasater has been able to develop a com-

munity of Jersey herds unequalled anywhere in the world. This is only a small part of what has been accomplished at Falfurrias in the short space of eleven years, in selecting and breeding a large herd for type, beauty, production and utility.

As a development enterprise where one individual assumed



Brahman, or "sacred" cattle, originally imported from India. Many of these are among the beef herds on the Lasater and other Texas ranches

all the risk, made many experiments, improved a large tract of territory and quadrupled its value, demonstrated the profits of dairying and started hundreds of other men on the high road to independence and built up a prosperous town and community, the case of Ed Lasater is probably without a parallel. The value of his contribution to the material welfare of Texas and the Southwest could hardly be expressed in dollars. He is responsible for giving Texas what in a few years will prove to be its most profitable industry.

THE EVOLUTION OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

FROM the small beginning in 1851, in a single room, the Tycos Thermometer industry in Rochester, New York, has grown to be one of the most promising of Rochester's great industries.

The business was established in 1851 by David Kendall (whose father was the first maker of thermometers in this country), and George Taylor under the firm name of Kendall & Taylor. In 1859 George Taylor retired temporarily from the business of manufacturing thermometers. Sometime along in the middle sixties the business was operated very successfully by Frank Taylor and H. F. Richardson under the firm name of Taylor & Richardson.

In the early seventies Mr. Richardson retired, and George Taylor and Frank Taylor became associated under the name of Taylor Brothers and continued under this name until 1890 when they incorporated as Taylor Brothers Company.

In time the Watertown Thermometer Company, making a similar line of weather instruments, was consolidated with the Taylor Brothers Company.

The Davis & Roesch Manufacturing Company owned valuable patent rights on temperature and pressure regulation and control for domestic as well as industrial purposes, and a corporation was formed under the name of the H. & M. Automatic Regulator Company to take over the Davis & Roesch business.

In 1900 the old established business of Short & Mason, Ltd., located for nearly fifty years at 40 Hatton Garden, London, England, was purchased and immediate steps were taken to

enlarge the business on the American continent. Eventually the R. Hoehn Company, of Brooklyn, was purchased.

In 1907 the Taylor Instrument Companies, composed of the above companies, merged and took over the American business of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, Limited, of Cambridge, England.

The Taylor Brothers Company for years used on scale plate thermometers the symbol of a flag in connection with the word "Accuratus" and the initials "T. B." and on clinical thermometers their monogram. The Hohmann & Maurer Manufacturing Company used as a trademark the monogram H. & M. The Watertown Thermometer Company had a very artistic symbol, the "Flying Mercury." The R. Hoehn Company had adopted the symbol of a Red Cross. Short & Mason, Ltd., of London, used an arrow in connection with their initials "S. & M."

It was manifestly desirable not to discontinue any of these abruptly, so a new trade name was cast about for, which would harmonize with all of those which were older established, but which would identify all of them with Taylor Instrument Companies. The word Tycos was coined, the first two letters taken from the proper name Taylor, and the last three an abbreviation of the word companies. This word is used with the older trade names such as "H. & M. Tycos," "S. & M. Tycos," to indicate the association of the interests.

The use of the word is well expressed in the slogan of the Taylor Instrument Companies, adopted in 1910. "Taylor Thermometers Tell the Truth. Tycos Is Their Sterling Mark."

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

The Revolutionary War Governor of Connecticut

Every American who is interested in the history of this country—every student of the causes leading up to the unique position which America now occupies in the congress of the nations, will read with interest and enjoyment the biography of Jonathan Trumbull, governor of Connecticut 1769-1784, written by his great-grandson of the same name.

This book is more than a biography—it is a history of a critical period in the life of the nation—perhaps the most critical period in that the eventual outcome of the tremendous struggle from which it triumphantly emerged determined its freedom from the domination of the mother country.

The Jonathan Trumbull of whom this book is a biography was the Revolutionary War governor of Connecticut, a friend and intimate of Washington, and one of the outstanding figures of the troublous times in which he lived.

In 1727, at the age of seventeen, just graduated from Harvard, he returned to his home town of Lebanon, to prepare for the ministry. At the age of twenty-two family reasons compelled him to abandon his chosen profession and he become a merchant farmer. He was always an ardent Whig and so thoro a patriot that he quickly became a leading participant in all acts of public import in his state, and soon in those of national import as well.

His place in history has long been assured, and this new account of his sterling qualities, and his busy, useful and significant life, "full of deeds of quiet heroism," has been prepared by the author in a spirit of reverence for the memory of a worthy ancestor.

The book moreover sheds an illuminative light upon the heroic part which Connecticut, as a state, played in the struggle of the newborn nation for independence.

Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut (1769-1784). Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$4.00, net.

* * *

There never was a more patriotic and exciting occupation devised for boys not old enough to go to war, than chasing German spies. With this idea in mind, Brewer Corcoran, author of "The Boy Scouts of Kendallville," has written a thrilling tale of adventure about "The Boy Scouts of the Wolf Patrol," which the Page Company, Boston, will publish this month. The incidents which lead the "Wolves" a merry chase are all the more startling because they happen in a quiet little New England town. Boys who read this will want to be Boy Scouts, and if they are already Scouts they will want to start right out and do some of the things which the "Wolves" did. This book has been officially approved by The Boy Scouts of America, as was Mr. Corcoran's first book about Boy Scouts.

* * *

William J. Locke's new novel, "The House of Baltazar," published late in January, by John Lane Company, New York, promises to break some sales' records. The first edition is the largest ever printed of a Locke novel and was practically all sold over a month in advance of publication.

* * *

"Our Little Czecho-Slovak Cousin" will soon be added to the tales of childhood in many lands, as the fifty-third volume in the "Little Cousin Series," published by The Page Company, Boston. The tragic struggle of the Czechs and Slovaks under the tyranny of the hated Magyars, the rest of Austria and all of Germany, forms a striking background for the story of little Jozef. He goes to school in Bohemia and learns why the

Why Women Grow Old More Quickly Than Men

Greater Percentage of Anaemia—Lack of Iron in the Blood—Among Women Makes Them Lose Much of Their Youth, Beauty and Former Attractiveness, And Become Fretful, Nervous and Run-down

What Women Need Is Not Cosmetics or Stimulating Drugs But Plenty of Pure Red Blood, Rich In Iron

Physician Explains How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron, Enriches the Blood, Strengthens the Nerves, Builds Up Physical Power and Often Makes Weak, Pale, Careworn Women Look and Feel Years Younger.

Look for the woman who appears younger than a man of the same age and you will find the exception to that vast majority upon whom anaemia—lack of iron in the blood has fastened its grip and is gradually sapping the health, vitality and beauty which every woman so longs to retain. In most cases men safeguard their health better than women by eating coarser foods, being more out-of-doors and leading more active lives, thereby keeping their blood richer in iron and their bodies in better physical condition. The very moment a woman allows herself to become weak, nervous and run down she is placing a drain upon her whole system which overtaxes the power of the blood to renew wasted tissue and keep active the natural life forces of the body. There are thousands of women who are ageing and breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying that perfect bodily health which comes from plenty of iron in the blood, simply because they are not awake to their condition. For want of iron a woman may look and feel haggard and all run-down—while at 50 or 60 with good health and plenty of iron in her blood she may still be young in feeling and so full of life and attractiveness as to defy detection of her real age. But a woman cannot have beautiful rosy cheeks or an abundance of strength and endurance without iron, and physicians below have been asked to explain why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help supply this deficiency and aid in building a race of stronger, healthier women.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital says: "Many a woman who is run-down, easily tired out, nervous and irritable, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated



Iron might readily build up their red corpuscles, increase physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. I consider Nuxated Iron one of the foremost blood and body builders—the

best to which I have ever had recourse." Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the springtime of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Czecho-Slovaks should be proud of their race, and he hears of the sufferings of his uncle Jozef who goes to war compelled to fight with the Austrians under a Magyar officer. Parents will want to read the story to their boys and girls, that they may share in this clearly presented information about a people so little known today.

* * *

"Within My Horizon," by Helen Bartlett Bridgman (Small, Maynard & Company, Boston) gives an interesting picture of the really delightful explorer, Stefansson.

Nearly dead of typhoid fever, Stefansson was brought on a sledge from the Arctic fastnesses to Port Yukon, and his first letter to me closed with this characteristic paragraph:

"I hope you will ask me to your house more than once when I come back, but once must be in the corn-on-the-cob season. I like it for its own sake, for association going back to childhood, and because of the evening we had it together,

now nearly four years ago. Tell Anna I like it a trifle more ripe than common, and that a double ration for a civilized person would be about right for me. At least I feel so now."

* * *

John Philip Sousa is represented on the Spring list of Small, Maynard & Company by his third novel, "The Transit of Venus," which is described by the publishers as "a social satire." Incidentally, he makes known to his readers the romantic Kerguelen Island, that little known land in the Indian Ocean midway between Australia and Africa, which when first discovered in 1772 was thought to be the great Southern Continent. Captain Cook named it the Land of Desolation, which deterred later voyagers from visiting it for more than a century. It is now a valuable center for whale fisheries and raising sheep, as well as for the sport of shooting the sea elephant, a diversion that plays an important part in Mr. Sousa's novel.

The 1919 International Live Stock Exposition and Horse Show

Continued from page 28

Chicagoans are interested in the exposition is shown by the fact that more than two hundred and fifty thousand persons visited the International amphitheater during the week of November 29 to December 6. Of course in this number were included many visitors, college professors, students, stockmen and breeders; but the fact remains that there are few attractions that draw as large crowds each year as does the International Live Stock Exposition.

WHAT?

The days are long—
The nights so dark—
As on I plod,
Without a spark
Of light, to guide me on my way.

What weary souls
Beside me trudge?
Their faces seem
A smile to grudge
So drawn, so pallid, haggard they.

What distant goal
Do we all seek,
That spurs us on
From dawn's first peep
'Till night birds sing their last sweet lay?

Is there great wealth,
Or fortune—fame,
At the rainbow-end
Of this our lane—
That sends men groping—eager to pay?

Or is it just
The fond belief,
That o'er the hill
One finds relief
From dreams that were—on yesterday?
John W. Falconnier.

Fitting Shoes for Millions

Continued from page 15

building up of his own business, and has proved himself a thoro business man.

When Boston entertained the retail shoe dealers of the United States at the largest convention of that organization ever assembled, Mr. Bliss was chairman of the reception committee. At the banquet on that occasion a course dinner was served to over three thousand at one time in Mechanics Building. With Governor Coolidge and the other distinguished guests he graced an occasion that had a national significance far beyond the matter of buying and selling shoes. It was a gathering of business men grappling and discussing the dominant problems of the republic, as citizens first, and merchants that hold fast to the tenets of all that good citizenship means.

When the officer of the United States Army pinned the medal on his breast in New York, at a meeting of the National Association of Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, it was a distinction well earned. His associates in this organization also presented Mr. Bliss an engraved testimonial of their appreciation of his services. What more

could man desire than to have served his country and fellowman with those things that have added to human comfort and welfare?

BOOK NOTES

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York, announces the following for early publication:

"The Open Vision"—A study of psychic phenomena, by Horatio W. Dresser, author of "The Power of Silence."

"You Can, But Will You?"—An inspirational book, by Orison Swett Marden, author of "Peace, Power and Plenty."

"The Man of Tomorrow"—A discussion of vocational success with the boy of today, by Claude Richards.

"The World Beyond"—Passages from oriental and primitive religions, edited by Justin Hartley Moore.

"Duruy's History of France"—New revised one volume edition with colored maps. Continued to 1919, by Mabel S. C. Smith, author of "Twenty Centuries of Paris," "The Spirit of French Letters," etc.



The Human Side of Service

More than a year has passed since the signing of the Armistice, yet all the world still feels the effects of the War. The Telephone Company is no exception.

More than 20,000 Bell telephone employees went to war; some of them never returned. For eighteen months we were shut off from practically all supplies.

War's demands took our employees and our materials, at the same time requiring increased service.

Some districts suffered. In many places the old, high standard of service has been restored.

In every place efforts at restoration are unremitting. The loyalty of employees who have staid at their tasks and the fine spirit of new employees deserves public appreciation.

They have worked at a disadvantage but they have never faltered, for they know their importance to both the commercial and social life of the country.

These two hundred thousand workers are just as human as the rest of us. They respond to kindly, considerate treatment and are worthy of adequate remuneration. And the reward should always be in keeping with the service desired.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



Said a little waif from Belgium
To the little boy from Maine:
"You live in a land of sunshine—
"I come from a land of rain;
"Your days have been filled with pleasure,
"While mine have been filled with pain"—
Yet the little waif from Belgium
Is kin to the boy from Maine.

—George Blake

POSSIBLY two hundred
makes of tires are adver-
tised as "best." We rest our
case on the verdict of the man
who uses Kellys. *Ask him.*



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



HORSES galloped down Pennsylvania Avenue, with cavalymen astride. A United States Senator, fresh from the battledore and shuttlecock struggle on Capitol Hill, pointed toward them, commenting: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse! We may have to look in museums to find the species in a few years to come, but the allegory of the four remains."

Automobiles passing in quick succession honked a mocking response as he continued:

"These horns may herald a new era, but the horse will always be associated with one event in history—secure for all time—for Paul Revere's midnight ride could never be associated with a honking Claxton."

There was a light in the Capitol dome, indicating a night session. It brought to mind a picture of the belfry tower in the old North Church, where hung the lantern, signifying "one if by land and two if by sea." Out of the shadows of the Capitol grounds came the tall, lank form of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. He was walking home, to get a breath of pure air, after a weary day. He had hung the lanterns in the Capitol tower in his fight to preserve American sovereignty and stem the threatened invasion of internationalism that had shown its hoary bloody head in Article X. For long weary months the sturdy descendant of Paul Revere's associates had faced one of the most delicate and trying battles that ever confronted a party leader. With reservationists, mild-reservationists, and reactionists—the three R's in his own party, to say nothing of the Democratic rank, he faced a most crucial situation in American history. Again and again he hung out the warning lights with reservations and re-reservations, with patience and fortitude meeting each subtle phase of the contest for Americanism, with the dauntless spirit of a Paul Revere.

Conference after conference crumbled as far as the time of a decision approached. Down and up the roll calls continued, to no avail. The sixty-fifth Congress was dealing with a question as vital as the Declaration of Independence. Exasperating delays continuing month after month in the discussion of the League of Nations, which clung like a parasite to the Treaty of Peace, Senator Lodge stood firm, four-square for the fundamental principles of the republic, representing Americanism free from the entanglements, without thought of surrender to the swirling impulse that imperilled the flag preserved by Lincoln. Then came the vote of ratification, and the Treaty was sent back to the White House.

Peace Treaty Likely to be Issue in the Presidential Campaign

IT has been well said that there are only three forms of government—autocracy, democracy and anarchy. The decision for democracy was made in 1776, and autocratic bolshevism, or imperial anarchy under the cloak of internationalism, will find no favor on the free soil of America.

The approach of the presidential campaign brought out the searchlights, revealing the most wanton display of partisanship by the chief executive of the nation during and after the war that has ever been known in history. An autocratic peace treaty

without right of amendment has never prevailed and never will. The White House and the Senate heard from the people. Cold facts stalk forth. An issue that should never have been made may have to be squarely met in 1920—the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of individual, representative government in the compact on the *Mayflower*. The lure of a League condition that might perpetuate the traditions and conditions of people in countries from which the Pilgrim Fathers fled to the New World in 1620 cannot sway the intrepid spirit of 1920 for the union of sovereign states.

The anniversary month of the battle at Concord Bridge and the drum beats at Lexington would have been appropriate for a final and decisive vote upon a peace treaty ratified that would proclaim America free from the entangling traditions of conquest for other nations as well as for ourselves.

This Young Woman Knows All About Our New National Beverage

IN these days of highly developed community life, when the village and suburban dweller is restive unless the conveniences and home appliances are on a parity with his city cousin, perchance you will be introduced to the terms, "Little Landers." It describes a convenient water supply system for a group of families constituting a community of interests, expanding in a most marked degree the idea of the windmill as a source of waterpower for the home.

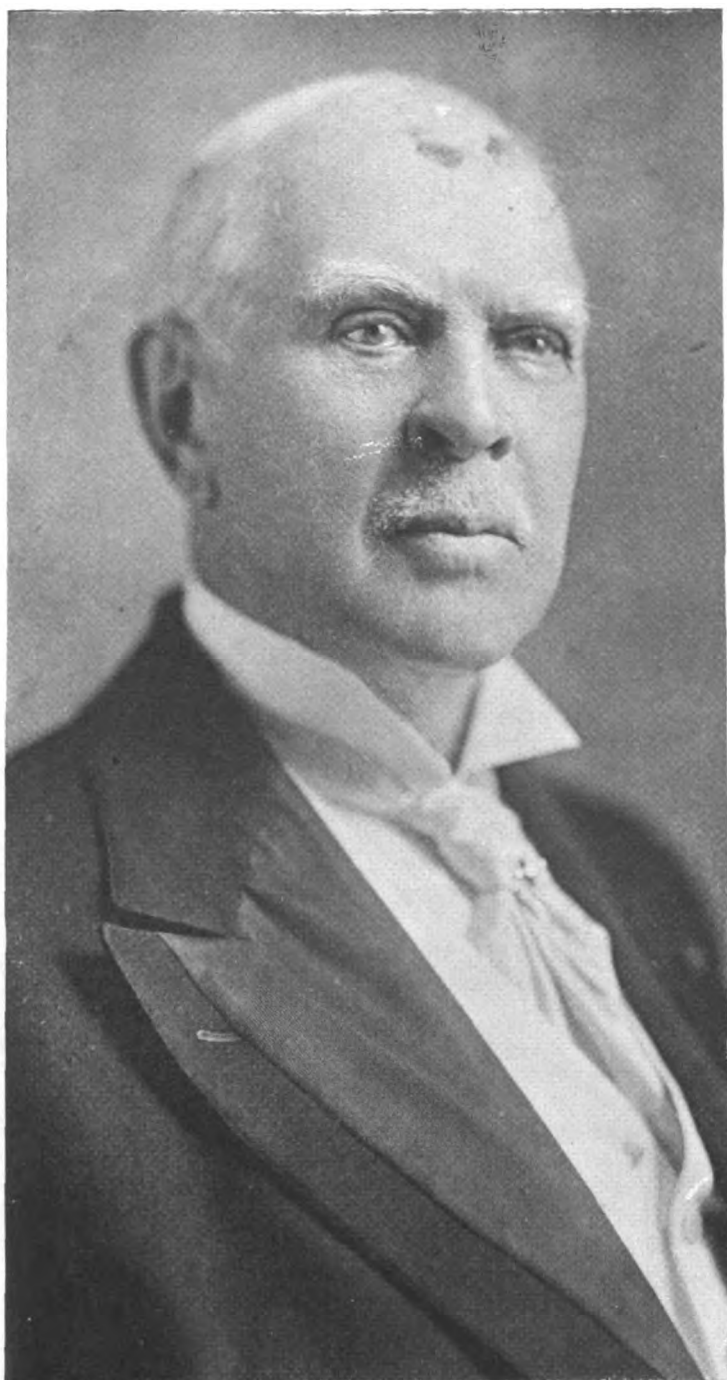
Unwittingly, no doubt, credit for the practical introduction of the plan will be misdirected and the labor-saving plan little



MISS MARGARET D. FOSTER

The only woman chemist employed by the Department of the Interior

associated with feminine accomplishment. Hence this story relating to Miss Margaret Foster, the only woman chemist employed by the United States Department of the Interior. She has official status with the Water Resources Laboratory of the



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HON. ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

(Republican) Congressman from Ohio, author of the "Sherwood bill,"
editor, writer, and gallant soldier in the Civil War

United States Geological Survey, and whether you are a resident of Chicago or far-away Virgin Islands (the newly-acquired insular possessions from Denmark), the work of this woman is not remote or foreign in its application.

Note the diversity and unbounded range of the microscopic eye of Miss Foster: She has inventoried all the water systems of Mississippi, the technical study being valuable to industrial enterprises as well as a ready fund of information for the Geological Survey. When the water supply of the Virgin Islands was in a deplorable condition, and the distribution pipes of Port Au Prince, Hayti, were choked with sediment, her analytical studies proved constructive in suggesting and executing remedies.

Born in Chicago in 1895, Miss Foster as the daughter of a circuit rider formed acquaintance with widely varying portions of the United States. She early developed fondness for out-of-door life and her adeptness in horseback riding won for her first honors at a county fair. Her educational equipment was corraled in fragments from practically every modern-day institution—ranging from the one-room rural school to the Illinois College, from which she was graduated. Miss Foster, an even-tempered and kindly gray-eyed girl, perhaps was a bit peeved when her teacher insisted on Latin and manual training as her major studies.

She dissented from the clearly-defined outline of studies,

choosing chemistry as a text and guide to a profession—withal, a life work. With an emphasis on Latin and allied subjects she foresaw the profession of teaching, a calling she loathed to follow. Opportunity banged at her door as she left college walls for enlarged activities. Upon the night of her graduation, she left for Washington to take a position as chemist in the Department of Interior, an assignment vouchsafed for her three days before.

The survey and study of the construction and analysis of the water supply of the United States and insular possessions seem unsurmountable for this girl, weighing only one hundred pounds, and twenty-four years old! The characterization of the chief chemist may be taken literally: "Miss Foster has the head of a gray-haired woman, but the gray is inside the head rather than on top."

*Some Little Pleader for the
Lost Cause—We'll Say*

GENERAL Isaac R. Sherwood, member of Congress from Ohio, and one of the oldest and most beloved men in the House, received from Toledo during the agitation on national prohibition a "wet" petition, numerous signed, and with the following commentary:

"With this petition I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever inspired the lips of man. This whiskey has been confined within its oaken casks for ten eventful years, awaiting the opportunity to promote the best efforts of human statesmanship.

"It is the most inspiring of any liquid tonic that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes on the brain of man. It is the mingled soul of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine that chases the flowers over the billowy fields.

"Imbibe this whiskey in moderate quantities and you will dream dreams that you never dreamed before. Drink it and you will feel within yourself the sunny dews and the starlit dusks of many happy days.

"As for cold water, it rusts iron and rots leather. Think of taking such a damnable fluid into the human body!"

The General says that during his twenty years in Congress this is the most powerful argument he has ever received against prohibition or any other measure pertaining to the welfare of the nation.

*Americanization and Rehabilitation of Hawaii
is Urged by Senator John H. Wise*

WHEN Senator Wise, a member of the commission from Hawaii, headed by Governor C. J. McCarthy, brought his scheme of rehabilitation to Congress and conferred with several members of the Senate and House regarding its merits, they politely informed him that he was having a dream. However, after several opportunities to present his plan to the members of the Territorial committees, he was so earnest in his appeal and so strongly supported by Prince Kalaniana'ole, the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, and Representative Henry J. Lyman, that he thoroly convinced them he had a tangible plan that would work toward the good of his people, and save the remnant of his race—which once numbered one hundred and fifty thousand souls and has dropped to a bare twenty-five thousand.

According to Senator Wise, there are in the Islands thousands of acres not under cultivation, but capable of yielding abundantly with some work and care. It is proposed to allow every person to take up a home on such land, with the wooded hills behind him and the sea in front, each homestead to be leased from the government for a period of nine hundred and ninety-nine years at a rental of one dollar per year. From government lands now under lease to sugar growers and cattle raisers comes a generous revenue, and it is further proposed to set aside thirty per cent of that money for a "revolving fund," out of which the Hawaiian might be loaned enough to construct a small house, buy a cow, a pig or two, and get established on his "farm." This loan could be paid in instalments covering a period of thirty years, and would place only a nominal burden on the natives. If Congress authorizes this experiment, Senator Wise is sure the Hawaiians will turn again to the life of their ancestors, modified and made more pleasant by contact with



Members of the Hawaiian Commission in Washington to secure an amendment to their organic act, obtain better shipping facilities and look toward the rehabilitation of the Hawaiian race. (Left to right) Representatives Henry J. Lyman (the Duke of Kapoho) and William T. Rawlins; Harry Irwin, Attorney General; Governor Charles J. McCarthy, and Senators Robert W. Shingle and John H. Wise

civilization. Representative Albert Johnson of Washington, who was inclined to be skeptical as to whether the Hawaiians would be glad to "go back to the soil," questioned the members of the Hawaiian quintet who furnished the music at a charming concert given by the members of the Hawaiian Commission recently at the Shoreham. As soon as the concert was finished, Representative Johnson rushed up to the boys and said: "Boys, if this scheme of the Senator's goes thru, what would you do?" "Go back home, you bet!" they responded. There are probably one thousand Hawaiians at present scattered over the United States, employed in different capacities, who would be glad to go back to their native land if they could be the possessor of a small farm and raise their own "poi."

"People who think that the grass skirt and ukulele are the two predominant factors in Honolulu are mistaken," asserted Senator Wise. "Honolulu is like any other American city, with churches, theaters, country club, Y. M. C. A., shops, stores, automobiles, hotels, homes, etc.," he went on. "The islands were brought to the attention of the world during the time of the American Revolution by Captain Cook, and named the Sandwich Islands after his patron, the Earl of Sandwich. The following year, 1779, Captain Cook returned to the islands, and was killed in a fight with the natives. The last royal ruler, Queen Liliuokalani, a gifted song writer, and the author of 'Aloha Oe,' was dethroned by revolution in 1894. On July 7, 1898, the islands were annexed to the United States. They became the territory of Hawaii by the Organic act passed by Congress June 14, 1900. The governor is appointed by the President of the United States. Sugar is the crop of first importance in Hawaii, more sugar being produced to the acre than anywhere else in the world. Rice is the second field crop in importance, and the annual exports of pineapples to the United States are valued at \$6,000,000.

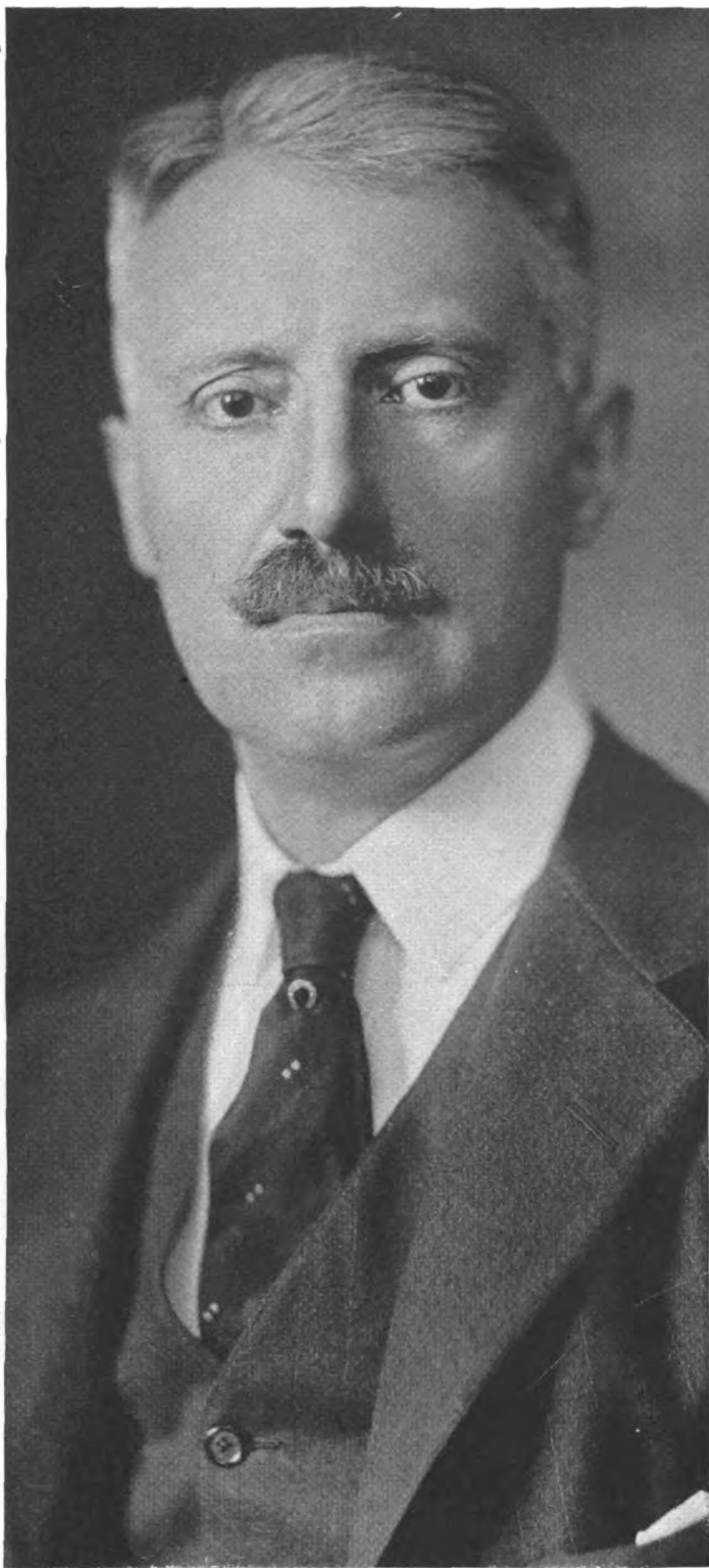
One of the most ardent Christian Scientists on the islands is Princess Kalaniana'ole, wife of the delegate to Congress, who has been an earnest Red Cross worker during the war, and is president of the maternity hospital in Honolulu. There are approximately four hundred Mormons on the island, but the

native religion, with its host of gods and goddesses, is most interesting. The deity most feared was the Goddess Pele, the queen of fire. She, traditionally, dwelt in the active crater of Kilauea and showered hot lava down upon all who neglected her. Her five brothers and eight sisters assisted her. Moho had charge of steam, others had control of thunder, explosions, rains of fire, etc. Pele had several priests who exacted tribute to appease the goddess. Animals, fruits, fowls, and, it is said, even human beings were thrown into the crater to avert a threatened overflow of lava. This crater of Kilauea was especially sacred as the shrine of the priests.

"Kahumaiism" (spiritualism) in Hawaii has always been believed in. Unlike Sir Oliver Lodge and his demand for proof that the spirit returns, these people see their departed in dreams, which are entirely different from "everyday dreams," and the Hawaiians regard the command or desire of the departed spoken in a dream as most sacred, and would not think of disobeying.

"American school teachers are in great demand in Honolulu and the other large cities in Hawaii," asserted Governor McCarthy. "Since 1820, when the American missionaries first went to Hawaii, the American language has been the only language taught on the islands. Even the native tongue is not taught in the schools, and the last century has seen the transformation of a race of island natives from paganism to a modern, Christian civilization comparing favorably with that of their white brothers on the mainland. This marvelous development is credited in part to the intelligence and unusual adaptability of the Hawaiian native, and in part to the faithful educational work and Christianizing influence of religious teachers of many sects and creeds, who have worked shoulder to shoulder in the common cause of human progress.

Young men and women school teachers who have a longing to travel and take a look at these beautiful islands, need only present a certificate issued by their state, in order to secure a position. The minimum salary is \$1,020, payable in twelve monthly instalments, and a vacation of two months and a half. The first year must be spent teaching on some of the outer



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BAINBRIDGE COLBY

Former Roosevelt campaign manager. Recently appointed Secretary of State by President Wilson

Islands, but the second year a school can be obtained in Honolulu, where the salaries range from \$100 to \$125 per month for regular teachers, and as high as \$300 for principals or professors in the colleges. The "trial" year spent on an outer island is not so bad, as small bungalows, partly furnished, are allowed each teacher, rent free.

Hawaii has been represented in Congress in Washington for eighteen years by Prince "Cupid" Kalaniana'ole, of Waikiki, district of Honolulu, who was created prince by royal proclamation in 1884.

Suffrage Injects New Complication Into Presidential Controversy

STANDING *en thron*g before a picture in the corridor of the Senate at the Capitol, the tense days of the Hayes-Tilden presidential controversy were brought to mind. In the group assembled in this painting were the men who took part in the electoral commission that met a crucial situation. One woman present dreamed of the possibility of a contested

presidential election this year. The introduction of woman suffrage has brought with it complications. The legality of a presidential election may again be challenged. This suggested the idea of meeting the problem before, rather than after election—meeting the issue calmly on a legal basis. The figures in that group seem to move with even the suggestion of another Hayes-Tilden controversy precipitated.

Miss Kilbreth has pointed out the three-fold menace which involves the possibility of an illegal presidential election. She insists she is not prompted by an argument against woman suffrage, but cites the fact that the Ohio ratification of the federal amendment for woman suffrage is now pending. The validity of the process is sustained by the Supreme Court of that state. If the Supreme Court of the United States concurs in this decision, Ohio will have to be withdrawn from the list of ratifying states until after the referendum is taken next November. The state sovereignty issue has presented itself in Maryland. In four states where women are to vote on the presidential ticket, the state constitution affords a basis for challenging the validity of their vote.

New Secretary of State Has Ambition to Write Detective Fiction

THE appointment of Bainbridge Colby by the President to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Lansing as Secretary of State has caused a furore of comment and speculation in official circles. To the political layman familiar with the more outstanding facts of Mr. Colby's somewhat spectacular political career, there would appear at first glance any number of perfectly cogent reasons why the President should not select him for that important post—but scarcely any apparent reason why he should.

Bainbridge Colby is distinctively an individualist—an insurgent of insurgents. He is by way of being a very brilliant man, and original almost to the point of being erratic. Like all men of strikingly brilliant mentality, he has a well developed penchant for going his own gait. He will not submit to being led, and chafes even at any suggestion of being guided. His brain is sufficiently developed to enable him to do his own thinking and to form his own conclusions upon any subject with which he may be engaged. It is difficult to believe that his "mind would go along" with any man's—even the President's—unless that man's mind followed the same channels as his own.

Then, too, he is a political chameleon. His first affiliation was with the Republican party, and until the famous Bull Moose convention in 1912, he had always remained a Republican. He was actively identified with the candidacy of Roosevelt for the Republican nomination for president in that year, and was in charge of contests to seat the Roosevelt delegates in the Chicago convention. When Colonel Roosevelt bolted the convention, Mr. Colby helped to found the Progressive party, in which he remained an active leader until the last presidential campaign, when he transferred his support to the candidacy of Mr. Wilson, declaring that Colonel Roosevelt, in backing Hughes, had broken his pledges to the Progressives. In 1914 and again in 1916 he was a Progressive candidate for Senator from the state of New York. He became an office holder under the Wilson administration in 1917, when he was appointed as a member of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation. It was rumored at the time of his retirement from the Shipping Board more than a year ago that the reason for his resignation lay in the matter of difference of opinion between himself and Chairman Hurley. Mr. Colby at the time, denied a report to that effect, alleging that a desire to return to private business interests was his only motive.

Mr. Colby's appointment to the portfolio of state is hardly calculated to further the cause of political harmony. Quite naturally it may be presumed that the Democratic members of Congress will look askance upon the appointment of a "renegade" Republican to this important post, while Republicans generally will consider Mr. Colby's preferment as a deliberate "slap," intended for their complete discomfort.

In one respect, however, it is undeniable that Mr. Colby possesses a qualification that should commend him to the President's distinguished consideration: He has a genius for

felicitous expression that may well argue a greater literary distinction in our state papers than has for some time previously been observable.

When you are with Bainbridge Colby you feel that he radiates radio waves of enthusiasm. I have seen him despatch business in his law office, handle a political campaign, and navigate the Federal Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation, and he is always Bainbridge Colby, whether in office or running for office. His great ambition was to be the author of a detective story, but he may be content with a cabinet position for a while until the lure of "Stealthy Steve" gets him again.

*Representative from Montana a Farmer
as Well as a Politician*

PIONEER days, however remote and fanciful to the average person, will always remain America's offering of opportunity, so long as "A last, best West remains." There is a man, now very much in the public eye, who nine years ago, after making good in his own home town and in his native state of Indiana, elected to burn his bridges and become a pioneer in the great state of Montana. This man is Carl W. Riddick, member of Congress from Montana, and circulation pusher of the *National Republican Weekly*. Mr. Riddick's career is interesting, original and inspiring.

His father was a Methodist minister, which insured a fair educational start for the boy. He learned the printer's trade while he was attending college, and after graduating connected himself with an Indiana newspaper, became its publisher, and attracted the attention of the entire state by his editorials, which were both masterful and vigorously Republican. His talent could not be hid under a bushel. His brilliancy radiated into the inner circle of the Indiana Republican state committee. One day he received a telephone message from State Chairman Goodrich requesting him to come immediately to Indianapolis, as he had been selected as secretary of the state committee.

A protest from Mr. Riddick was brushed aside. He was firmly told that his election to the secretaryship amounted to a command from the party, and that it was expected that he take up his duties. He accepted and proved a "whirlwind" in the job. Fascinated with the political game, he worked night and day in two campaigns for Republican success. He made such a fine record that the Republican leaders, anxious to give him deserved recognition, began figuring on what reward he should have.

He was offered a splendid Federal appointment, but all his life the idea of being a farmer had thrilled him, and fortified with the enthusiasm of his family, Mrs. Riddick and two sons, thirteen and fourteen years old, he decided that the lure of the simple life was calling them. So they went to Montana as homesteaders and took up the government six hundred and forty acres of land. To obtain this land they had to live upon it five years.

Carl Riddick started on his homesteading with just \$2,000 as his total cash resources, an appallingly small sum with which to start farming. However, the land was taken up and the ranch started. In a year or two the railroad came along. The Riddicks took a contract for grading and earned enough to build a barn and send the two boys to the University. In 1914 the eternal question of tax discrimination came up in the county. Wealthy non-resident land owners were dodging the tax and putting it on the homesteaders. Farmer Riddick grasped the situation. There was a wrong to right. It had to be done by the ballot and it had to be done thru a political party, and that party, the Republican party. Mr. Riddick was proposed for nomination for County Assessor. He jumped into the arena with his oldtime Indiana vigor. The betting was ten to one against him. But he won with a plurality of ninety-nine, and only one other Republican candidate pulled thru, Fergus County being Democratic by a good majority. So there he was as deep in politics on his ranch in far-a-way Montana as ever he had been in Indiana, and indeed much more so, for he became known as the farmer who reduced the taxes, and twenty-six other counties of his district, which is the largest in the United States, sent him to Washington as a member of Congress, one of the few working farmers elected.

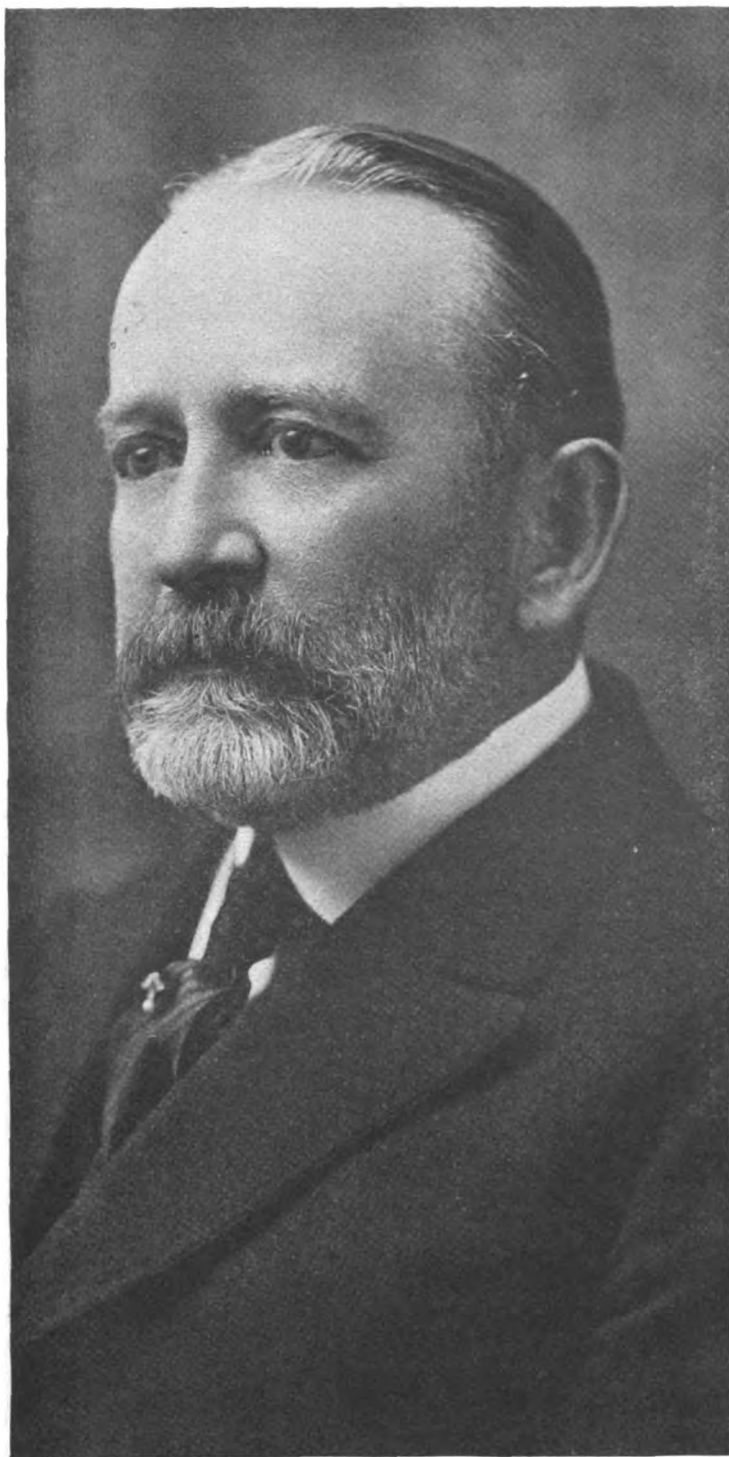


HON. CARL W. RIDDICK

Member of Congress from Montana, farmer, and circulation manager of the "National Republican Weekly"

The story of the Red Cross yarn is worth telling as it illustrates the difference between the price received by the producer and that paid by the consumer. The Red Cross paid \$4.50 per pound for yarn, the Montana rancher receiving fifty cents per pound. The business men and Mr. Riddick became interested, sent the wool direct from the ranch to the mill, and the yarn came back to the Red Cross at \$1.49 per pound.

The notable quality in Mr. Riddick's work and career is that he gets tangible and lively results. He has been called to the staff of the *National Republican* to push its distribution. Already he has challenged the attention of men and women voters in every part of the Union who appreciate the information sent out thru the columns of the paper. He looks upon Will H. Hays, National Republican chairman, as the most popular and efficient chairman the party has ever had in all its history, voicing the opinion of every committeeman working with Mr. Hays. He regards the *National Republican* as a paper of tremendous influence and wonderful national service. With him, the toasting is a labor of love and he is inspired by the undeveloped possibilities before it, in the information and enlightenment it gives to the American people. Mr. Riddick is on the Agriculture Committee of the House and is a live wire who knows the farmers' needs. He had two sons in the army, and these, with two young daughters and Mrs. Riddick compose



HON. JAMES D. PHELAN
Senior United States Senator for the state of California

his family. It is quite possible to predict greater things for Congressman Riddick because of his honest qualities and sterling ability.

*California Senator Studies First and Always
 the Good of the People*

SENATOR James D. Phelan was elected Mayor of the city of San Francisco at the age of thirty-five, having been chosen by groups of citizens looking for good government, and was three times elected, each time by an increasing majority. During his administration as Mayor, he gave to the city its first charter, and helped rid the city of much of the corruption with which it was infected. Soon after he retired actively from political life, always, however, maintaining a keen interest in civic and governmental affairs. At the time of the fire, which devastated San Francisco in April, 1906, Mr. Phelan, a Democrat, was selected by Theodore Roosevelt, then President, to administer the funds which were sent to the stricken city from every corner of the earth, and which amounted to ten million dollars. This Mr. Phelan did, accounting in a report which was later certified by public accountants, specifying in detail expenditure of the entire fund for relief of his fellow citizens.

At this same time, when the city lay in ruins, and when it was found that the municipal government was again in the

throes of a corrupt reign, Mr. Phelan, together with Rudolph Spreckels, financed the prosecution of this gang and again cleaned the city of its corrupt influences. When President Wilson was elected in 1912, he offered Mr. Phelan the Ambassadorship to Vienna, which he declined, saying at the time that he desired to submit his name to the voters of California in connection with the first direct election of United States Senators in that state, and his decision was later justified because he was consequently elected to the United States Senate by a plurality of about thirty thousand votes, carrying thirty-nine out of the fifty-eight counties in the state.

While a Senator-elect Mr. Phelan was asked by the President to investigate the fitness of Minister Sullivan, minister plenipotentiary of this country to the Dominican Republic, and prior to that was named by the President to personally present the President's invitation to the crowned heads of Europe to participate in the Panama-Pacific International Exposition held in San Francisco in 1915.

He has long been an ardent opponent of Japanese immigration in California, and is the author of a proposed amendment to the Constitution which would deny citizenship to children born on the soil whose parents are ineligible to citizenship. This would deny the rights of citizenship to Japanese children born in the United States. As "citizens" they will in a few years control the territorial government of Hawaii, and as "citizens" they are now taking land in their names in evasion of the state law of California.

In 1913 Senator Phelan on returning from Washington, and while passing thru the state capital, Sacramento, was met at the train by a delegation of directors of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, who told him there was some legislation pending before the Legislature which was about to be passed denying the ownership of land in California to persons ineligible to citizenship. Being directly aimed at the Japanese, the delegation argued that its enactment into law would result in the withdrawal by Japan as a participant in the Exposition. They asked Senator Phelan if he would leave the train and appear before the Senate committee that night in opposition to the bill. He told the committee in no uncertain terms that while the Exposition would be in California for only a year, the white population would be there forever, he hoped, and if he left the train it would be to urge favorable action upon the pending legislation. He continued to San Francisco, but returned the following day to plead for the enactment of the legislation which subsequently was passed.

*Our Idea of Heaven is a Place Where
 There are no 'Phones*

THE times seemed "out of joint that day," as Hamlet would say it. I missed every street car connection; trains were late; the sun did not shine and the slush under foot seemed to reflect a frown in the face of every passerby. The people at the station and in every corner were gravitating toward telephone booths. "Line busy" expressions followed exit. Everyone seemed to want to telephone that day. I happened to catch a glimpse of an elderly man smiling. I approached and made bold to challenge "Why are you smiling?"

"At you," he replied, "you and all the other species with that hurried, harried wish-I-could-get-a-number from—"

"But why—"

"It's a telephitis epidemic we're having today. Everyone seems to have forgotten something—and forgetfulness swells telephone tolls. Then, too, it's a gray, gloomy day overhead and people are lonesome and just call up—and call up—they don't know what for, but it brings the chime of a nickel and a prospect—a prospect. I said—of hearing a friendly voice, if you get by the rasping tones of Central trying to talk to seven people at one time. In the old days there were women who loved to talk—too much; but along came the telephone and absorbed the species. A telephone operator ought to make a quiet, demure wife—if she can overcome the talk habit. The time of waiting one day at telephone booths for comparatively useless calls, occasioned by laziness and carelessness, would be time enough utilized in the sunny days of spring and summer to produce enough food for at least one hundred thousand.

The Nestor of Political Leadership

Political activities of William Jennings Bryan foreshadowing events that lead to Constitutional Amendments—A chat with the veteran of American political life



THE political horoscope reveals William Jennings Bryan as the veteran leader in public life today. Two years before Roosevelt was Governor of New York, four years before he was even Vice-President; twelve years before Taft was President; sixteen years before Woodrow Wilson made the race, and twenty years before Hughes entered the presidential list, William Jennings Bryan was a national leader and in 1896 a candidate for the presidency of the United

States. There is no one personality in the history of the country that stands out more clearly and strongly in personal leadership than William Jennings Bryan. Today he is younger in years than all the presidential candidates who came afterwards, except Hughes. In the full flush of his thirty-six years, William Jennings Bryan enjoyed the distinction of being the youngest candidate for President. His public career began in Congress in 1890, and it is said that even in his early years he begun discussion of public questions with people and has kept at it ever since.

As I sat with him at his winter home, "Villa Serena," at Miami, Florida, I thought of those days in Chicago when he lead the Nebraska delegation in the convention hall and made his classic address that set ablaze his leadership and influence in national campaigns. It has never dimmed in the councils of his party. The visit inspired a retrospect of political history. Many important events in history have been recorded since William Jennings Bryan entered public life. Many of the things he has advocated amid jibes and jeers have become the statute law of the land. Enumerated they reveal a fascinating evolution of political events. First, Tariff Reform; second, Election of Senators by the People; third, Silver; fourth, Income Tax; fifth, Campaign Against Imperialism, with the Promise of Independence of the Philippines; sixth, Anti-trust Legislation; seventh, Eight-hour Labor Day; eighth, Currency Reform; ninth, Prohibition; tenth, Woman Suffrage; eleventh, Initiative and Referendum.

In the Currency bill Mr. Bryan was alone responsible for the important and vital feature of the measure which provided for the issue of government instead of bank notes, returning to the government its sovereign right to issue paper money.

Three of the great constitutional amendments made in these eventful years were incorporated in the program of William Jennings Bryan. First, Election of Senators by the People, second, Income Tax; third, Prohibition. The two more that he expects to see incorporated in the constitutional amendments during his lifetime are the Suffrage Bill, almost here, and Initiative and Referendum, on which he is training his guns for coming political battles. All this has been accomplished without the usual process of political backing or the support of large corporation interests. He launched his career without official influence or a hereditary name of national fame.

When credited with having contributed largely to these reforms he insisted upon saying: "No, it is the ideals that have won and not I. The ideals have given me what strength I possessed. Movements are not strong because of individuals, but individuals because of ideals." As he said this his lips closed firmly showing that dominant quality—determination.

In his latest address "Obstructions to Progress" Mr. Bryan has used a startling and most impressive illustration, representing Civilization as a swift running river, and the higher the dam, the higher rises public sentiment against the obstructions. His passionate address in Boston at the City Club, recalled the early-day speeches when he aroused public sentiment to the point of removing many of the obstructions to progress, and letting the rivers of civilization run free without the damning dams that threaten the rights of the people.

Three times William Jennings Bryan has made the race for president, and has been a powerful influence in every convention of the Democratic party since he entered public life. While the reactionaries in his party have charged Mr. Bryan with leading the party to defeat, they forget that in 1896, 1900, and 1908, he polled over a million votes more than President Cleveland when he was elected president in 1892. In 1900 and 1908 he polled a million and a quarter more votes than Mr. Parker in 1904—but the startling revelation is that in all the three campaigns which he made, he polled more votes than Woodrow Wilson, elected President in 1912, whose nomination he made possible at the Baltimore convention.

Viewing his career as a Cabinet officer, he has the record of having negotiated more treaties than any other Secretary of State in the same length of time in the history of the nation. There were thirty treaties negotiated and signed by him, and these embodied his great plan of having all causes of war investigated before resorting to

arms. On September 15, 1914, the representatives of nine hundred million people, one-half the population of the world, gathered at his desk in Washington and joined in signing treaties, which was between the contracting parties a remote possibility. His Peace Treaty plan as he negotiated is regarded as one of the most important provisions of the League of Nations. It is the one thing in which there is no disagreement or contention, and this was the dominant idea embodied in Mr. Bryan's unparalleled collection of treaties.

In public or private life William Jennings Bryan continues on his way without a press bureau or personal plans for running for office. Without employing the usual methods in political propaganda or holding office, his leadership remains unchallenged as a vital force in party deliberations. There are millions of people ready to hear from the Nestor of American political life whenever he has a statement to make.

When I asked him what name or distinction in American history he would appreciate most, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Governmental Machinist."

"I have always felt," he continued, "that the Government is a good deal like any other machine—it needs adjustment and changes to meet conditions, but principles are eternal."

Continuing he narrowed his eyes, and viewed the fronded palms in front of us: "I have personally criticized few public men in my utterances or writing, but when a public man gets in the way of an idea, I am ready for the fray. I first opposed Mr. Cleveland in my own party. I opposed Mr. Parker in the campaign for the nomination—the election which followed was one of the most disastrous defeats our party ever met. I opposed Mr. Harmon and Underwood in 1912. I opposed Tammany and Wall Street domination which I felt imperilled the party. Even the interests that opposed him have now come to realize that he is needed to protect them from the indignation of the people, aroused by acts of usurping their rights, more than he needs them for his own political advancement. As Mr. Bryan quietly remarked, toying a stub lead pencil, "I am not trying to recover stolen property, I am simply trying to prevent wrongdoing, and in this I believe I am stemming the tide of radicalism, because after me may come—the extremist."

Other public men have used the prestige of office to accomplish their reforms and ideals and many have been in office continuously during their public career. Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Calhoun, and other men in history similar in temperament to Mr. Bryan were powerful wearing the official halo. They held public office when dealing with public questions, but Mr. Bryan has gone on, in office or out of office, with the work that absorbed his life energies, never depending upon mere official power to win for his principles.



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
From his latest and favorite photograph

Mr. Bryan regards the prohibition question as closed, for prohibition is now in the Constitution. The adoption of the amendment by more than three-fourths of the states and the decisions of the Supreme Court supporting the law at every step would seem to make it as final as the abolition of slavery. Opposing prohibition is simply lawlessness, the same as opposition, to any other law. A President elected on a wet platform, pledged in advance to oppose prohibition is pledged to violate his oath of office to support the Constitution and the law of the land. Mr. Bryan did not regard a pledged candidate of the "wets" or liquor interests as a legitimate candidate for the presidency any more than a representative of the burglars, pickpockets or firebugs would be in leading a campaign and making a political issue of violation of the Constitution.

In his Miami home, located in a sequestered woods far up Brickell Drive, Mr. Bryan continued his usual activities during the winter. He had a Sunday school class, sometimes attended by fifteen people. He speaks frequently and never lacks a large audience whenever he appears. He says, "I feel

the greatest privilege of an American is to discuss public matters with fellow citizens." Mrs. Bryan also had a class on Sunday, and the helpmate partnership of those early days continues on. Mr. Bryan insisted that he did not know of any other person to whose judgment he would defer more than Mrs. Bryan's. This was the sweet and honest tribute of a devoted husband. Mrs. Bryan was then seated at a desk with a typewriter near at hand, indicating that she was keeping in close touch with the varied activities of her husband.

Some years ago, Mr. Bryan's cousin, Governor Jennings of Florida, helped him to select some land at Miami. With their own hands Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have helped to build up their beautiful home in the South. Located on a picturesque spot fanned by waving palms it is a haven for rest. But-tressed in the coral reef the shore line is festooned with rich tropical foliage of varied hue. The trees, flowers, and shrubs seem to sing of the glories of nature in this spot. Here Mr. Bryan continues his work as arduously as if in his office at Lincoln. Telegrams were then coming from all parts of the country from his admirers and friends, renewing the pledge of their loyalty to his ideas and leadership and even suggesting his nomination for another race for the presidency. The house, simple and unpretentious, with its artistic court yard has the atmosphere of home life. Here was a royal palm grown to great stature in seven years. Every species of palms was represented in the grounds. There was foliage suggestive of the temperate North blending with the luxurious leafage of the tropics. On the bay the water view, with an island directly in front, seemed to focus the vision on a scene ever changing but restful. The languor of the tropics was absent, for in this home Bryan activities were continued at the lively tempo characteristic of Mr. Bryan's career. On the walls in his home were the mementos of travels far and wide when Mr. and Mrs. Bryan made their trip around the world.

Having met and mingled with kings and emperors and the leaders of many nations, Mr. Bryan's life and ambition centered in the problems of governmental machinery as it relates to the people, protecting and carrying out definitely and concretely the purposes of a government by the people. A cosmopolite indeed, for there is scarcely a city in any state that has not heard the clarion notes of Mr. Bryan's voice. Almost every town, village and hamlet has had Bryan as a speaking visitor. His leadership has been a spoken eye-to-eye and word of mouth leadership. While others have planned political campaigns with tons of literature distributed and circuited within the cloister of four office walls, William Jennings Bryan has looked into the faces of the people. He insists that from them he has drawn the inspiration for his hopes and ideas in the adjustment of governmental machinery.

In searching carefully thru the biographies of famous men of our country, it is difficult to find a personality in public leadership who is a counterpart to William Jennings Bryan. When he hung out his shingle to practice law, he found in the study of law how much was needed to rectify the law as it applied to modern needs and government. Then and there he concentrated himself to a life work as a publicist, unconscious at first, but more conscious as the work proceeded. As he insisted, "When I started, I had no idea of entering public life so early, except possibly that I might serve for a term or two in Congress." The experience in Congress and the political situation as presented in 1896 led him on to his life work in pushing forward ideas rather than his own candidacy. When I met him in Chicago, after the Republican Convention adjourned in 1912, a gleam in his eyes indicated something was going to happen to the slate that proclaimed Alton Parker chairman, and things did happen—the nomination of Woodrow Wilson resulted.

Whatever may be said about Mr. Bryan politically, none can gainsay his clean-handed, highminded, conscientious, Christian character and manhood. Unswerving in his principles, he has held the confidences of a large following thru the ups and downs of a political career and has always "come back." The consistency and purity of his personal life has always held for him a legion of devoted admirers. The history of these stirring times cannot be written without taking cognizance of the activities and achievements of William Jennings Bryan.

Selling Sweetness and Sunshine

By P. J. CAMPBELL

BORN on St. Patrick's day, with a smile, Patrick R. Mahaney has dealt in sunshine and sweetness all his life, with phenomenal success. In the smokiest city west of Pittsburg, he has scattered sunshine and sold candy with such skill and diligence that in a few years he has graduated from a street corner popcorn stand to a chain of confectionery stores, covering his native town, Terre Haute, Indiana, with branches in Richmond, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky.

Everybody in Terre Haute knows "Patsy," as he prefers to be called. In fact you can't remain long in the metropolis of the Wabash Valley without knowing him. The genial sunshine merchant is a vital part of the life of the town, and somehow or somewhere you are bound to encounter him. You may be walking down the street when your attention is attracted to a group of citizens gathered about a distinguished looking gentleman, dressed like an English lord, whose ready wit and fluent tongue have charmed and fascinated his hearers. If you manifest curiosity or interest, some obliging Hoosier will volunteer the information: "That's Patsy!" Or perhaps you are buying stamps in the post office, when a lusty noted Swiss yodle stirs the cobwebs on the ceiling, and you look around to see a genial Irishman in a checkered suit and brown derby buying war stamps and coaxing the girl behind the wicket to stick them in his book for him, and somebody at your elbow remarks—"Patsy's back from California!"

Across from the interurban station is the "In and Out" store where Patsy has his office and where Mrs. Patsy presides over the daylight candy kitchen, with its yards of plate glass windows and rows of bright copper kettles; its tables laden with sweetmeats and its busy, white clad workers. Under the big sign across the front of the building which proclaims "Patsy's Candy Shop," is the characteristic Hoosierism: "Patsy sez his milkman keeps a cow." Inside the store on the walls over the glass cases filled with the "U-kno" brand, are such philosophic orphics as: "You can always tell what a man has not, by what he most admires"; "Patsy sez, it's all right to save a dollar for a rainy day, but don't think every day will be rainy"; "When sowing wild oats young men should be careful not to mix old rye with them"; "Some folks spend enough crying over spilled milk to buy a cow"; "I would have been a self-made man if I hadn't been interrupted"; "Patsy sez, I wish they would abolish prohibitionists and drunkenness."

Patsy began his business career as a news agent on trains, and his first ambition was to be a railroad man. The lure of the footlights, however, distracted him from this goal, and at the age of twenty-one he joined J. Moy Bennett's stock company and made a tour of the South. As an actor Patsy was not a success, and he came back to Terre Haute penniless to work in a restaurant where the verbal embellishments he gave the "bill of fare" when repeating it to patrons, became the feature of the place. The spirit of restlessness and the "call of higher things" finally caused him to break his apron strings one Saturday evening and quit the restaurant business with his accumulated savings which amounted to fifty cents. He embarked on a freight train in the Vandalia yards and arrived in Indianapolis the next morning, somewhat poorer, having expended half of his money in allaying conscientious scruples of a brakeman.

After a ten-cent breakfast he strolled forth into the early Sunday morning stillness of the Hoosier capital and met an old friend of his news agent days. This friend persuaded him



"PATSY" MAHANEY

This is the smile upon which an Irish newsboy has built a flourishing business in Terre Haute, Indiana, starting with a popcorn stand and ending with a chain of confectionery stores

to invest the remaining fifteen cents of his fortune in an excursion ticket speculation scheme, which made good, and the pair peddled song books and souvenirs at many street fairs and carnivals until one day, at Connersville, Indiana, Patsy's attention was attracted by a village-blacksmith-sort-of-person, clad in calico and blue jeans, who was making a popcorn confection which he called "Cracker-Jack." He was at once struck by the commercial possibilities of this new sweet. Dissolving partnership with his news agent friend, he hired out to the originator of Cracker-Jack, and they made the circuit of the carnivals, street fairs, county fairs. (Continued on page 89)

The New England Industrial Roll of Honor



MEMORIES of those stirring days in the Toul sector were recalled when I saw General Edwards presenting the various manufacturers and business men of New England with citations awarded them by the War Department for their services during the war. This occasion was a reflection of the splendid spirit of America during the war, and revealed the real soul and high purpose of business when the emergency arises. There were many presidents and representatives of these organizations present. They were keen-faced men, diligent in business and keen in competition, but there was a happy glow in their faces on this occasion that no large order or profit could inspire. It proved that there is something to business outside of mere profits, for there was not a firm cited that did not glory in the sacrifice they had made during the war. When people come to understand that every man who has the American spirit is equally inspired with the ideals of his country, we will be more ready to be tolerant in judging men.

As General Edwards stood before them in all the impressive dignity of his military bearing, we did not wonder that every soldier in the 26th Division loved their commander. Here was indicated the same appreciation and admiration from the business men and manufacturers, many of whom had sons in the service, and thru these sons they knew the commander of the Division of "heart and guts." Few men have a more happy faculty of expressing themselves in terse and practical phrase than General Edwards. With all the stirring surety of army life, Clarence R. Edwards is first of all a great, big-hearted,

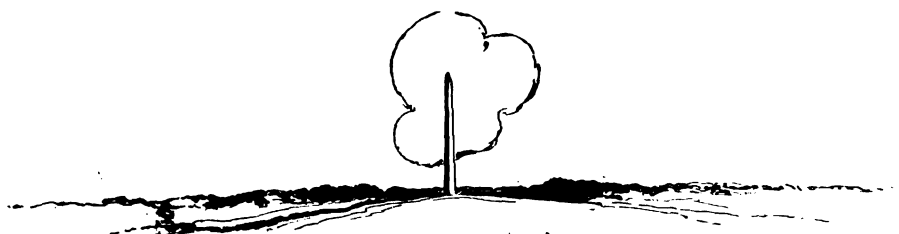
generous, broad-minded citizen of America. Well may the firms treasure in their archives these citations and certificates of service to their country presented by the U. S. A. It is something that money cannot buy. It not only indicates service, but it indicates the quality and character of their institution. The fact may not appear on their balance sheet as assets, but when people know that here was a firm that stood four-square to the wind during those dark and trying days of war, the value of this recognition by their country cannot be computed in dollars and cents. The list covers industrial New England from the southwest corner of Connecticut to the top of Maine, and from the border of Vermont to the tip of Cape Cod. The list of manufacturers represents a roster that has preserved inviolate the traditions of the New England forefathers. No wonder the little section of land known as New England has made its impress not only upon this country, but the world, with its history of push and purpose, and the ideals back of the products of the factories speak as well. This spirit of integrity, characteristic of New England since the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, is something that furnishes an inspiration for the future. Thoughts along this line were alluded to by General Edwards in his remarks to the men who met face to face the man who commanded men in battle. They received their citations with the same deep appreciation of some of their sons who had been decorated for facing death on the field of battle. That little bit of ribbon or citation, eloquently tells a story that words cannot express. The Roll of Honor of New England manufacturers is as follows:

Acme White Lead & Color Works, 266 Border St., E. Boston, Mass.
 Allen Fire Department Supply Co., Providence, R. I.
 American Brass Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 American Chain Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
 American Crayon Co., Waltham, Mass.
 American Mills Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 American Pin Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 American Screw Co., Providence, R. I.
 American Steam Gauge & Valve Co., 208 Camden St., Boston, Mass.
 American Thread Co., Willimantic, Conn.
 American Woolen Co., 245 State St., Boston, Mass.
 Amoskeag Mfg. Co., Manchester, N. H.
 The Albert & J. M. Anderson Mfg. Co., 289 A St., Boston, Mass.
 Ansonia O. & C. Co., Ansonia, Conn.
 Armour Leather Co., 242 Purchase St., Boston, Mass.
 Arrow Electric Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Ashland Knitting Co., Ashland, N. H.
 Atwood & Morrill Co., Salem, Mass.
 Austin & Eddy, 115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
 Automatic Refrigerating Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Badger Fire Extinguisher Co., 34 Portland St., Boston, Mass.
 Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.
 Barber Electric Mfg. Co., No. Attleboro, Mass.
 James Barrett Mfg. Co., 115 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Barstow Stove Co., Providence, R. I.
 Berlin Brick Co., Berlin, Conn.
 Berkshire Hills Co., Great Barrington, Mass.
 A. J. Bird Co., Rockland, Me.
 Bird & Son, East Walpole, Mass.
 Birmingham Iron Foundry Co., Derby, Conn.
 Harold L. Bond Co., 383 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Boston Plate & Window Glass Co., 261 A St., Boston, Mass.
 Boston Woven Hose & Rubber Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Bourne Mill, Fall River, Mass.
 Geo. E. Boyden & Sons, Providence, R. I.
 Bristol Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 Brockton Last Co., Brockton, Mass.
 Brooks Brick Co., Bangor, Me.
 Brown & Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.
 Brown-Wales Co., Fargo & Edmont Sts., So. Boston, Mass.
 Edward Bryant Co., 23 Central St., Charlestown, Mass.
 Bryant Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Buffalo Iron Foundry Co., Providence, R. I.
 Bullard Engineering Works, Bridgeport, Conn.
 E. T. Burrows Co., Portland, Me.
 Butterfield & Co., Inc., Derby Line, Vt.
 Samuel Cabot Co., 141 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
 Campbell Electric Co., Lynn, Mass.
 John Carbo, Kensington, Conn.
 Carr Fastener Co., Cambridge, Mass.
 William Carter Co., Springfield, Mass.
 C. C. Fire Hose Co., Canton Junction, Mass.
 Central Supply Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Chandler & Barber Co., 122 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
 Chandler & Farquhar, 32 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
 Chapman Valve Co., Indian Orchard, Mass.
 Charter Oak Brick Co., Hartford, Conn.
 L. C. Chase Co., Watertown, Mass.
 Chase Metal Works, Waterbury, Conn.
 Chase, Parker & Co., Boston
 A. W. Chesterton Co., 64 India St., Boston, Mass.
 R. C. Clark & Sons Brick Co., E. Berlin, Conn.
 George Close Co., Cambridge, Mass.
 Coburn Trolley Track Mfg. Co., Holyoke, Mass.
 Coffin Valve Co., Neponset, Mass.
 Colonial Can Co., 120 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
 Colts Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Combination Ladder Co., Providence, R. I.
 Conant, Houghton & Co., Littleton, Mass.
 Condit Electrical Mfg. Co., 838 Summer, cor. E. First St., So. Boston, Mass.

Conn. Brick Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Conn. Tel. & Elec. Co., Meriden, Conn.
 Contocook Mills Corp., 78 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.
 E. L. Cook, State Farms, Mass.
 B. A. Corbin & Son Co., Marlboro and Webster, Mass.
 P. & F. Corbin, New Britain, Conn.
 Corbin Cabinet Lock Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Corbin Screw Corporation, New Britain, Conn.
 Cousens & Pratt, 274 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
 Cox Confectionery Co., 142 Orleans St., E. Boston, Mass.
 C. & P. Electric Works, Springfield, Mass.
 J. A. Creighton Co., Thomaston, Me.
 Curtis & Curtis Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Cutter & Wood Supply Co., 68 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Daly Plumbing Supply Co., 93 Cummings St., Roxbury, Mass.
 W. E. Davis, New Haven, Conn.
 H. F. & F. J. Dawley, Norwich, Conn.
 Dexter Bros., 105 Broad St., Boston, Mass.
 Dodge, Haley Co., 212 High St., Boston, Mass.
 W. & B. Douglas Co., Middletown, Conn.
 The Draper-Maynard Co., Plymouth, N. H.
 The G. Drouve Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Dutton Lbr. Corp., A. C., Springfield, Mass.
 Eastern Brick Co., E. Berlin, Conn.
 Eastern Clay Goods Co., 73 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
 East Bridgewater Brick Co., Westdale, Mass.
 E. Windsor Hill Brick Co., E. Windsor Hill, Conn.
 Economy Automatic Damper Co., 294 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
 Edson Mfg. Co., 255 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.
 Ensing-Bickford Co., Simsbury, Conn.
 Everett Knitting Works, Lebanon, N. H.
 Everlastik, Inc., 52 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.
 Exeter Brass Works, Exeter, N. H.
 Farnum, Frank S., Brockton, Mass.

- Fiske & Co., 25 Arch St., Boston, Mass.
 Fitz Dana Co., 110 North St., Boston, Mass.
 The Flintkote Co., 88 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.
 Foxboro Co., Foxboro, Mass.
 Fulford Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.
- Gallaudet Aircraft Corp., Lockport, R. I.
 Gamewell Fire Alarm Telegraph Co., Newton
 Upper Falls, Mass.
 Matthew Gault, Worcester, Mass.
 General Fire Extinguisher Co., Providence, R. I.
 General Radio Co., Cambridge, Mass.
 General Sheet Metal Works, Bridgeport, Conn.
 Gilbert & Barker Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.
 Gillette Safety Razor Co., 41 W. First St., So.
 Boston, Mass.
 W. S. Goodrich, Epping, N. H.
 Gorham Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.
 Jos. E. Greene, 111 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
 Gurney Heater Co., 188 Franklin, cor. Pearl St.,
 Boston, Mass.
- The Hart & Cooley Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Hart & Hengemann Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Hart Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Harvey Hubbell, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Haverhill Box Board Co., Haverhill, Mass.
 Haydenville Co., Haydenville, Mass.
 Hazard Lead Works, Hazardville, Conn.
 Hendee Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.
 Herman Shoe Co., Joseph M., Millis, Mass.
 Hersey Mfg. Co., 314 W. Second, cor. E, So.
 Boston, Mass.
 Hewes & Potter, 65 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.
 Holtzer Cabot Electric Co., 125 Amory St.,
 Roxbury, Mass.
 Hope Webbing Co., Pawtucket, R. I.
 Household Granite Tub Co., New Haven, Conn.
 The Howe Scale Co., Rutland, Vt.
- Ideal Coated Paper Co., Brookfield, Mass.
- The Joslin Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.
- Keith Co., George E., Brockton, Mass.
 Kile & Morgan Co., Providence, R. I.
- Lamb & Nash Co., 131 State St., Boston, Mass.
 Lamson Co., 100 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
 Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.
 Lawrence & Co., 89 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
 Lawrence Pump & Engine Co., Lawrence, Mass.
 Lewis Electric Supply Co., 121 Federal St., Bos-
 ton, Mass.
 Lewis Mfg. Co., Walpole, Mass.
 Liberty-Durgin, Inc., Haverhill, Mass.
 A. E. Little Co., Lynn, Mass.
 Lincoln Webbing Co., Campello, Mass.
 Lockwood Mfg. Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.
 Locomobile Co., Bridgeport, Conn.
 R. H. Long Co., Framingham, Mass.
 The Walter M. Lowney Co., 427 Commercial
 St., Boston, Mass.
 Lumb Knitting Co., Pawtucket, R. I.
- The Macallen Electric Co., 16 Macallen, cor.
 Foundry St., So. Boston, Mass.
 Magee Furnace Co., 38 Union St., Boston, Mass.
 Mass. Chocolate Co., 197 Norfolk Ave., Roxbury,
 Mass.
 Mass. Electric Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.
 Marcus & Co., Inc., 50 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Marlin-Rockwell Corporation, New Haven,
 Conn.
 Mathieson Alkali Works, Providence, R. I.
 McLane Mfg. Co., Milford, N. H.
 S. C. McIntire, 137 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Medford Woolen Mfg. Co., Medford, Mass.
 Mianus Mfg. Co., Coscob, Conn.
 Millers Falls Co., Millers Falls, Mass.
 Mills Woven Cartridge Belt Co., Worcester,
 Mass.
 The Montowese Brick Co., New Haven, Conn.
- Moore & Burgess Webbing Co., Concord Junc-
 tion, Mass.
 Frank K. Moore Co., 49 Federal St., Boston,
 Mass.
 George C. Moore, Westerly, R. I.
 Morris-Skinner Co., Wakefield, Mass.
 Moulton Co., C. W. H., Somerville, Mass.
 Mt. Hope Finishing Co., North Dighton, Mass.
- Nash Engineering Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.
 National Co., 167 Oliver St., Boston, Mass.
 National Scale Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass.
 Nashua Machine Co., Nashua, N. H.
 Naugatuck Malleable Iron Works, Naugatuck,
 Conn.
 New England Brick Co., 18 Post Office Sq.,
 Boston, Mass.
 New England Lime Co., Danbury, Conn.
 New England Maple Syrup Co., Somerville,
 Mass.
 New England Spruce Emergency Bureau, Bos-
 ton, Mass.
 New England Structural Co., 110 State St.,
 Boston, Mass.
 New England Westinghouse Co., Chicopee Falls,
 Mass.
 New Haven Electric Co., New Haven, Conn.
 The New Haven Saw Mill Co., New Haven,
 Conn.
 New Haven Switch Co., New Haven, Conn.
 North & Judd Mfg. Co., New Britain, Conn.
- O'Bannon Corp., West Barrington, R. I.
 Osgood-Bradley Car Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Ostby & Barton Co., 118 Richmond St., Provi-
 dence, R. I.
- Parker Wire Goods Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Parry Brick Co., 166 Devonshire St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Horace Partridge Co., 49 Franklin St., Boston,
 Mass.
 J. C. Pearson Co., 63 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 The Peck, Stow & Wilcox Co., Southington,
 Conn.
 Penn Metal Co., 65 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
 Penn. Cement Co., 161 Devonshire St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Perrin Seamans & Co., 57 Oliver St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Pettingell-Andrews Co., 160 Pearl St., Boston,
 Mass.
 James Phelan & Sons, Lynn, Mass.
 Pierce Mfg. Co., New Bedford, Mass.
 The Plume & Atwood Mfg. Co., Waterbury,
 Conn.
 Plymouth Cordage Co., Plymouth, Mass.
 Portland Stoneware Co., 49 Federal St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.
 Pratt & Cady Co., Hartford, Conn.
 The G. E. Prentice Mfg. Co., New Britain,
 Conn.
 J. C. Pushee & Sons, 3 Randolph St., Boston,
 Mass.
- Renim Specialty Co., 170 Purchase St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Rhode Island Tool Co., Providence, R. I.
 Rockland & Rockport Lime Co., Rockland, Me.
 Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Meriden, Conn.
 Ruggles Co., Walter G., Salem, Mass.
 Russell & Erwin Mfg. Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Rising & Nelson Slate Co., West Pawlet, Vt.
- Samson Cordage Works, 88 Broad St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Sargent Co., New Haven, Conn.
 Saylesville Finishing Plant, Saylesville, R. I.
 Scoville Mfg. Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 Henry D. Sears, 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
 F. I. Shares, New Haven, Conn.
 Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Silver Lake Co., Newtonville, Mass.
 Simplex Electric Heating Co., Cambridge, Mass.
- Simplex Wire & Cable Co., 201 Devonshire St.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Skinner Chuck Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Smith Co., The H. P., Westfield, Mass.
 Smith & Dove Mfg. Co., Andover, Mass.
 W. A. Snow Iron Works, 32 Portland St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Somerville Iron Foundry Co., Somerville, Mass.
 Spalding & Bros., A. C., Chicopee, Mass.
 Spencer Regulator Co., Salem, Mass.
 Springfield Aircraft Corp., Springfield, Mass.
 Springfield Gas Light Co., Springfield, Mass.
 Standish Worsted Co., Plymouth, Mass.
 The Stanley Rule & Level Co., Stanley Works,
 New Britain, Conn.
 Starrett Co., L. S., Athol, Mass.
 Stevens & Sons, J. P., North Andover, Mass.
 Stewart & Sons, C., Worcester, Mass.
 The Stile & Hart Brick Co., North Haven, Conn.
 The Stiles & Sons Brick Co., North Haven, Conn.
 The Stiles & Reynolds Brick Co., North Haven,
 Conn.
 Stone & Webster, 147 Milk St., Boston, Mass.
 Stuart-Howland Co., 234 Congress, cor. Pur-
 chase St., Boston, Mass.
 B. F. Sturtevant Co., 120 Franklin St., Boston,
 Mass.
- Sulloway Mills, Franklin, N. H.
 Traut & Hine Co., New Britain, Conn.
 Tremont Nail Co., West Warcham, Mass.
 Trumbull Electric Mfg. Co., Plainville, Conn.
 Trumbull-Vanderpoel Electric Mfg. Co., Ban-
 tam, Conn.
 Try-Me Mfg. Co., Springfield, Mass.
 Tubular Rivet & Stud Co., 87 Lincoln St., Bos-
 ton, Mass.
 The Turner & Seymour Mfg. Co., Torrington,
 Conn.
 Tuttle Brick Co., Middletown, Conn.
- United Electric Supply Co., 579 Atlantic Ave.,
 Boston, Mass.
 United Shoe Repairing Machine Co., 4 Albany
 St., Boston, Mass.
 United States Cartridge Co., Lowell, Mass.
 United States Column Co., Cambridge, Mass.
 United States Finishing Co., Providence, R. I.
 Universal Safety Tread Co., 40 Court St., Bos-
 ton, Mass.
- Wade Machine Co., Boston, Mass.
 Wadsworth, Howland & Co., 139 Federal St.,
 Boston, Mass.
 Waldo Bros., 45 Batterymarch St., Boston, Mass.
 Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., 31 Union St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Wallace & Sons, R., Wallingford, Conn.
 Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.
 Walworth Mfg. Co., 142 High St., Boston, Mass.
 The Waterbury Buckle Co., Waterbury, Conn.
 Waterbury-Farrell Machine Co., Waterbury,
 Conn.
 F. W. Webb Mfg. Co., 50 Elm St., Boston, Mass.
 West Boylston Mfg. Co., Easthampton, Mass.
 Wetmore-Savage Co., 76 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.
 Wheeler Reflector Co., 156 Pearl St., Boston,
 Mass.
 Whitcomb-Blaisdell Machine Tool Co., Worces-
 ter, Mass.
 White Co., O. C., Worcester, Mass.
 Whitlock Coil Pipe Co., Hartford, Conn.
 Wm. Whitman Co., Inc., 78 Chauncy St., Bos-
 ton, Mass.
 Wiley, Bickford, Sweet Co., Hartford, Conn.
 The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
 Wilson & Silsby, Inc., Rows Wharf, Boston,
 Mass.
 Winchester Brick Co., Winchester, Mass.
 Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven,
 Conn.
 Wire Goods Co., Worcester, Mass.
 Wright Wire Co., Worcester, Mass.
- Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., Stamford, Conn.



His Monument, the North Pole

The sturdy, adventuresome life of Robert E. Peary an inspiration for American achievement

THE North Pole irresistibly attracts not only the needle of the magnetic compass, but the mind of man as well. The lure of the White Silence is a very real and insistent urge to force the barriers with which Nature guards her great secret. Many men, impelled by that insistent urge, have braved the hardships and privations, the isolation and loneliness, the dangers and discouragements, inevitably incident to Arctic exploration. The graves of many of these men are marked by tiny cairns of stones in the midst of the eternal solitudes of the great ice fields that surround the Pole.

Others have struggled to the very limits of human endurance of cold and hunger and toil, only in the end to be inexorably thrust back by the repellant forces of Nature.

Robert E. Peary, alone of all the more than seven hundred daring leaders of exploring expeditions, who during nearly three hundred years have sought to penetrate the Polar mystery, succeeded in attaining the object of his quest, and that only after eight invasions of the frozen North, the expenditure of nearly half a million dollars, the endurance of unspeakable hardships, and the absolute devotion of nearly twenty of the best years of his life to a persistent, unfaltering determination to reach the Pole.

When on the sixth of September, 1909, Peary announced that he had at last reached the North Pole, his message was flashed to every corner of the civilized world as an assurance of the crowning achievement of three centuries of ceaseless effort.

By the irony of chance, when Peary's message came, the whole world was, quite unknown to him, acclaiming Dr. Frederick A. Cook as the discoverer. Only four days previous to Peary's announcement, Cook, who was on his way back to Copenhagen on board a Danish steamer, had telegraphed the claim that he reached the Pole on April 21, 1908, nearly a year ahead of Peary.

While Dr. Cook's claim was not unquestioned from the first, he had for four days at least been widely acclaimed as the discoverer of the Pole. With receipt of Peary's message, there arose one of the greatest controversies of all ages over the honor of actual first discovery. Peary's assertions were not seriously questioned, but there came to be two great parties, for and against Cook.

Peary, with his record of seven successful trips to the Arctic, his official standing in the United States Navy and in scientific circles, easily held the commanding position in the controversy. But it was only after the scientific bodies one by one had sifted the evidence and pronounced Cook's claims unfounded, that Peary's title as discoverer of the Pole was really won.

The bitterness of this episode was only one item in the price which Peary paid for the immortal fame that is now acknowledged to be his. He spent practically all his money, gave all that was in him for hard work and suffered all that the human frame could endure from hunger, cold

and hardships, and several times barely escaped the death which in various forms has been the fate of many explorers before him.

The first step that led Peary toward the Pole was taken in Washington one day when he walked into a bookstore and picked up a fugitive account of Greenland. This so aroused his interest that he became an insatiable reader on the subject of the Arctic.

He was then thirty years old, having been born in Cresson, Pennsylvania, in 1856. His early boyhood was spent at Portland, Maine, roaming about Casco Bay. He went to Bowdoin College, won fame there as a runner and jumper and stood in the honor column of scholarship. Later he went to Washington to work as a draftsman in the Coast and Geodetic Survey offices. While engaged as a draftsman in Washington he



THE LATE REAR ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY
Last portrait taken of Peary before he started on his successful Polar trip

spent his spare time studying civil engineering and passed in that branch into the naval service.

Eventually he became assistant engineer of the Nicaragua Ship Canal under Government orders, with the rank of Lieutenant. Returning to the United States, he became interested in Arctic exploration, and thirty-four years ago he made his first trip to the North, making a reconnaissance of the Greenland inland ice cap east of Disco Bay.

Two years thereafter he was engineer in charge of the Nicaragua Canal surveys, and invented rolling lock gates for the canal, but the lure of the Arctic was on him and he again turned northward. In June, 1891, he led his first big Polar expedition, being head of the Arctic expedition of the Academy of National Science, Philadelphia.

He led the expedition into Greenland to determine the extent of this mysterious land. He determined its insularity, discovered and named many Arctic points which today are familiar names, such as Independence Bay, Melville Land and Heilprin Land, and on one of his later voyages he discovered the famous meteorites, which he brought back to civilization. One of them, weighing eighty tons, is the wonder of visitors to the Museum of Natural History in New York.

Between voyages Peary resorted to the lecture platform to raise funds for further explorations, in one instance delivering 168 lectures in ninety-six days, by which he raised \$13,000.

Peary's first dash for the Pole began on July 26, 1905, from Sydney, Cape Breton, on the steamer *Roosevelt*, which had been especially built for the undertaking by the Peary Arctic Club of New York. At Etah the difficulties with ice began. Only the peculiar construction of the vessel, built for a continued struggle with ice in the Arctic, enabled the party to proceed.

On this trip, Peary reached the most northerly land in the world at the tip of Greenland, which he named Cape Morris K. Jesup, but with his pack of dogs decimated, his sledges all but empty, and his feet frozen, he felt that he could not in common prudence push on.

Cutting his flag from the summit of the highest pinnacle, he left in a bottle a short record of the expedition and a piece of the flag that he had carried around the northern land of Greenland six years before.

Following this expedition, Peary gave way to despondency and despair. He wrote in his diary: "The game is off. My dream of sixteen years is ended. I have made the best fight I knew. I believe it was a good one. But I cannot accomplish the impossible."

By the time Peary had reached civilization, however, he had decided upon still another trip. With the specially designed ship, *Roosevelt*, he drove farther into the frozen ocean than any navigator had ever been before. On foot he advanced until his record for this seventh trip stood at 86.6, where starvation and cold again checked the party.

Peary was fifty-two years old, when in July, 1908, he set out on his eighth and successful invasion of the Polar region. Captain Bartlett, the veteran navigator for Peary, shouted to Colonel Roosevelt as the ship was leaving its wharf at New York, "It's the Pole or bust, this time, Mr. President."

The strategy of advance toward the Pole was in five detachments, pushing north in the manner of a telescope. At the eighty-eighth parallel Peary left the party, accompanied by Captain Bartlett, in charge of the fourth detachment. He,

with one member of his crew and four Eskimos, made the final dash, covering the final 135 miles in five days.

The party remained about the Pole for thirty hours on April 6 and 7. It was a great tract of frozen sea. The weather was clear and cloudless, and the temperature from thirty-three below zero to twelve above. Where open places permitted soundings, nine thousand feet of wire—which was all that Peary had—failed to touch the bottom.

When he got back to civilization, Peary was surprised to find such a fierce controversy raging over him and his rival, Dr. Cook, but he easily established his claim before scientific bodies thruout the world. He was raised to the rank of Rear Admiral of the United States Navy and retired on pay. Congress voted him its thanks in a special act, and gold medals and decorations and honors of many kinds were therefore showered upon him.

He wove a scientific and popular narrative of his success into a book called "The North Pole," while his other expeditions are described in detail in his "Northward Over the Great Ice" and "Nearest the Pole." Turning his attention to aviation, Admiral Peary became a strong advocate of aircraft develop-

ment by the Government, and persistently urged adequate coast patrols in this country, especially during the period of the war.

Peary's closing years have been spent in well-earned rest, living for a large part of the time with his family of three—wife, daughter and son—on Eagle Island, off the coast of Portland, Maine. Mrs. Peary frequently accompanied her husband on his northward journeys, and on one of these trips Marie Ahnighito Peary was born

and bears the distinction of having been born farther north than any other white child in the world. She was popularly known as "The Snow Baby."

Tho it had been known to his family for some weeks that the great explorer was about to depart upon a journey from which he would never more return, the news of his death at his home in Washington on February 20, came to the public as a distinct shock.

Unusual military honors marked the funeral of the discoverer of the North Pole. The body was placed in Arlington National Cemetery, on Virginia Heights, across the Potomac, and a last tribute paid by a naval firing squad and a naval bugler.

The services were conducted by Capt. Carroll Q. Wright, chaplain at the Washington Navy Yard, and artillery and cavalry formed the regular escort under command of Colonel Reed on the long march from the explorer's home to the cemetery, where a company of blue-jackets joined it beside the grave.

As a special tribute to the active interest Admiral Peary took in the development of aviation, seaplanes and army airplanes hovered above the cemetery during the services. The casket was draped in the United States flag which Peary raised at the North Pole. Thruout the hardships of the Polar expedition the emblem had been carefully guarded to signify the sovereignty of America over the new territory to be discovered, and when the goal was reached the Stars and Stripes was unfurled to the breeze on the "top of the world."

So went to his final rest a dauntless and intrepid spirit, a true American, who set the honor and the glory of his country above any personal reward, a man who suffered untold hardships and the extremity of toil and hunger and privation to set the flag he loved at the apex of the world as a token of American achievement.

There was something in the steady open frank gaze of the late Admiral Peary that reflected his sturdy character. The first and last time that I met him revealed the same indomitable spirit. The first time was when he was preparing for the second dash to find the pole. The last time when he was urging a department of the government to look after aeronautics. His life from first to last was that of an adventuresome but honest soul seeking and discovering, and with the discovered North Pole as his monument his fame rests secure in the hearts of his countrymen





Bing's Bubbles

By RALPH BINGHAM

Home-made Epigram

WHEN Greek meets Greek—they open a shoe shining parlor.

Mack Senate Comedy

NORMAN MACK threatens to gum shoe into the United States Senate.

Lid On In Oklahoma City

AT the Lee-Huckins Hotel lamped an "oil king" having his nails "did," by a blonde manicuress while wearing his hat.

Slogan for Hoover

HE kept us out of the pantry.

Presidential Timber

WOOD.

All Kivered or Cross Bar

AT the famous Harvey Eating House at Salpula, Oklahoma: "Any custard pie?" I asked. "No," answered Ima Vamp, "We ain't gotta open-faced pie in the house."

Poultry

SHE was cute; tho only a little slip,
But she stuck her lip.
Her sister was nice, tho inclined to be flip,
She stuck her lip.
And after they drank,
Or after they ate,
Or missed a car,
Or kept a date,
Or chewed some gum,
Or tennised a set,
Or smoked a Turkish cigarette,
In a movie show,
Or church, or school,
Or even in bed,
Each little fool
Opened her Vamp case
And stuck her lip.

—Rhyming Rufus.

Bubbles Temple of Fame

AS we shimmy to press a letter comes from "Bob" Timmons of Wichita, Kansas, District Rotarian Governor for Kansas, Oklahoma, and Missouri, nominating as custodian of the keys to the Temple Cellar, Sheriff Abner Booze of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Elected without a murmur.

The Days of Real Sports

WHAT'S become of the o' f' sport who wanted to swap knives with you "sight unseen?" He's probably with the o' f' sport who carried his watch in a chamois skin bag. Ah hum!

Advice to Children

ONE gargle a day,
Keeps the old Flu away.
—Dr. Cass Teroyle.

Poor Father

EDWARD AMHERST OTT, the noted lecturer, sends in this peachy sign that he lamped on a ranch house recently, while on an auto trip thru Arizona:

"Drink oUR sWeeT mIlk sLeeP in
Our SpRing bEds And PoP On Ice."

Running After a Hearse

THE New Jersey legislature passed a bill the other day legalizing the sale of three and one-half per cent beer. Haw! Haw!

Help!

ARE you the woman that wants a lady to cook fer her?"
"Yes, thank you, I advertised for a cook."
"Phat are yez payin'?"
"Whatever you consider right."
"How many afternoons off do yez expect?"

Goshallmeity!!

DEACON Leity
Full of feity,
For the up-lift,
And the reity.
Went to York,
To see the seity,
Bevoed round,
Stayed out all neity,
Saw "Zig's Follies,"
Aphrodite
Clothed in nothin'
But her neity. Oh heck!!
—Knight Byrd.

Which Reminds Us

WE attended a low-neck, backless, dress ball in Oklahoma City recently and know now what is meant by, "The Cherokee Strip."

Real Estate Stuph

HEY, Chonnie! What did Sandy Klaus bring yer fer Christmas?"
"He brung me a black-board an' a book. What did he brang you?"
"Oh, he brought me a full set of drums an' traps."
"Yas, but that's cause your father is trying to buy the house next door to yours."

A Musical Trage

A TRAP drummer once named Bowdell,
He played sixty traps oh "Sow-well,"
One day "Bowdy" died,
Some said: "Susancide,"
Because some one swiped his cow-bell.

—Limerick Lew.

Service Discontinued

IN the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the other day the "Shooting of Dan Magrew" was credited to Rudyard Kipling.

Forgot Cloves, Uncle Henry

YES," yessed Uncle Henry the one-armed fiddler, "tho I've noticed pertickler that wall paper and umbrellas iz still a-going up that rain iz still a-coming down—choose yer podners fer the Chill Tonic Shiver."

Just Soap Suds

THERE is only one word in the language that is sissier than Sissy and that is "Kiddies."

Partly bald toothbrushes can be sold to shoe shining parlors.

Mrs. Spankshurt, the English woman sufferer, does not believe in corporal punishment.

We'll miss our "goat" this spring—no Bock Beer signs—Ah hum!

Saturday Matinee and Night in this Theatre the powerful temperance drama: "Ten Nights in a Drug Store."

The Clearing House for Service Men

The Door of Opportunity

How the Young Soldiers, Sailors and Marines are cared for by the Bureau established in Chicago by General Leonard Wood



WHAT!"

The young soldier startled the group of officers. He wore the overseas service cap and shabby khaki, and the red arrow of honorable discharge. His face was tanned and battle-scarred, his hair unkempt.

The officers chosen by Major General Wood to find places for men out of work were examining the stalwart, engaging youth when his answer brought them to their feet.

"A what!" they ejaculated.

The boy never winced. To the question, "What did you do before the war?" he answered the third time unflinchingly:

"I was a hold-up man!"

"A hold-up man?" Colonel Dorey queried blandly, his interest in the daring youth being aroused to the full.

"That's right," the boy repeated, "I was a hold-up man." His name was Tony. "I was a hold-up man. I belonged to a gang that lived by holding up clerks returning from the bank with their pay rolls, and stole automobiles," he repeated.

The officers in the little group swallowed their astonishment. The boy at least had courage, and his courage won the respect of brave men now as it had done in France. The boy had fought at Chateau-Thierry. He was without fear. He had won a battle, a victory over men. The officers in the group about him had been made his friends. They would henceforth take an interest in him, almost a brotherly interest.

"What do you want to do?" was asked him.

"Well," said Tony, "I'd like a job like my brother's. He has put three hundred dollars in the bank."

The group included Colonel Halstead Dorey, Colonel John S. Bronner, and First Lieutenant W. Eugene Stanley, directors of the Bureau for Returning Soldiers, Sailors and Marines, established in Chicago by General Leonard Wood last spring. They drew close around Tony and multiplied their questions. He stood the ordeal well. He satisfied them that he was sincere in saying that he wanted to turn his back upon his past forever.

"Good for you, Tony!" Colonel Dorey exclaimed when the examination ended.

"We'll be with you, we'll stand by you; but you must keep in touch with us, and let us know how you are getting on. We mean to see to it that you go straight hereafter."

"All right," said Tony, "I'll keep in touch with you gladly if you will help me go straight and keep me from the gang."

A job was found for Tony in an office; but he did not last long. He was back at the Bureau in a few days, saying he had thrown it up.

"What was the trouble?" Colonel Bronner asked him.

"Well, you see," said Tony, "it was like this. A clerk asked me to move a desk and I refused. I told him I had not been employed to move furniture; besides the clerk was not my superior. So I quit."

"Sorry for that," Colonel Bronner said, "but we'll see what we can do. First of all, Tony, your point of view is wrong. To work for others and keep your place, you must be willing to do what they ask of you, not what you want to do. Just as in the army you must learn to obey, not because you are obliged to, but just to oblige. You were in the wrong, Tony, but we'll give you another chance."

"I want to keep away from the gang," said Tony. "Me pals are after me to get me to go back with them. They call me 'Mamma's boy' and 'Sissy.' I want to keep away from them."

Tony's second job was with the telephone company. He has had one after another since, but the patience of Colonel Dorey

and his assistants is of the kind that knows no weariness. It is typical of the bureau, and the doughboys, one and all, feel grateful for it down in their hearts to General Wood.

When the young soldier first returned home, Chicago was about the toughest problem he encountered. It took the heart out of him; but six months had not passed before it was putting new heart right into him. In this work of utility, General Wood has had the support of the war work organizations of Chicago. Before the General arrived in the Windy City, hundreds of credulous doughboys were being exploited by the vultures of the great town, and brought down to disgrace. Even in khaki were men of few scruples who took advantage of the confusion in dispensing aid. Some of them, none too eager for hard work, saw how easy it was to work the charities. They might live off the Red Cross for a while, turn to the Salvation Army, and from there seek the Jewish Welfare League.



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LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN S. BRONNER

ample enough to open a store. The same was true of meal tickets, which they sold at a lively rate.

General Wood saw that the work must be co-ordinated and simplified. He is greatest as an organizer, and here was an opportunity to give free scope to his peculiar genius. He sent for the heads of all the war work organizations, and told them of his scheme; told them what their mistakes were and how he purposed to rectify them. They assented without demur to the changes he suggested and offered to raise funds thru a joint committee, of which Mr. Merrick is the head. Thus the Bureau was organized and the building at 120 West Adams Street was leased. It has been familiar to Chicagoans as the home of the Edison Company, and afterwards of the State Council of Defense.

When General Wood makes up his mind to do something, he decides on the general outline of the scheme; picks out men he knows are adapted to carrying out the details, and says: "That is what I want, go to it."

He chose Colonel Halstead Dorey to head the Bureau and gave him as assistant Lieutenant W. E. Stanley, who won his attention at Camp Funston. He placed Colonel John S. Bronner over the employment part of the work. Colonel Dorey wears a double rainbow of service stripes on his blouse and saw valiant service in France. He was wounded and crippled, and barely escaped death. He has the sympathy with the men and the executive ability needed to head the Bureau.

There is something about its mechanism suggestive of a great mill where the grain goes in at one end and comes out at the other floor. It has elevators, bins, and hoppers. The human wheat passes in at the ground floor, after which it is hoisted to the top and sifted thoroly as it returns downward to the bottom again.

Number One, the largest hopper, is for unskilled labor; another is the office of the Red Cross; another that of the Salvation Army. Others are for the Jewish Welfare League, the Knights of Columbus, the National Catholic War Council, the Federal Board for Vocational Education, the United States Shipping Board and the Fort Sheridan Association.

Should the applicant need medical attention he will receive it in the Bureau free of charge. There is a hospital ward on the top floor and adjoining it the Chicago Woman's Club runs a small kitchen for the weary and exhausted stragglers who need immediate care. An illustration is furnished by Lieutenant Stanley.

"The 'phone on my desk rang," he said. "I picked up the receiver and was informed by an examiner in the Labor Department that a man was downstairs seeking a job, but was in no condition physically for any kind of work whatsoever.

" 'Send him up,' I replied.

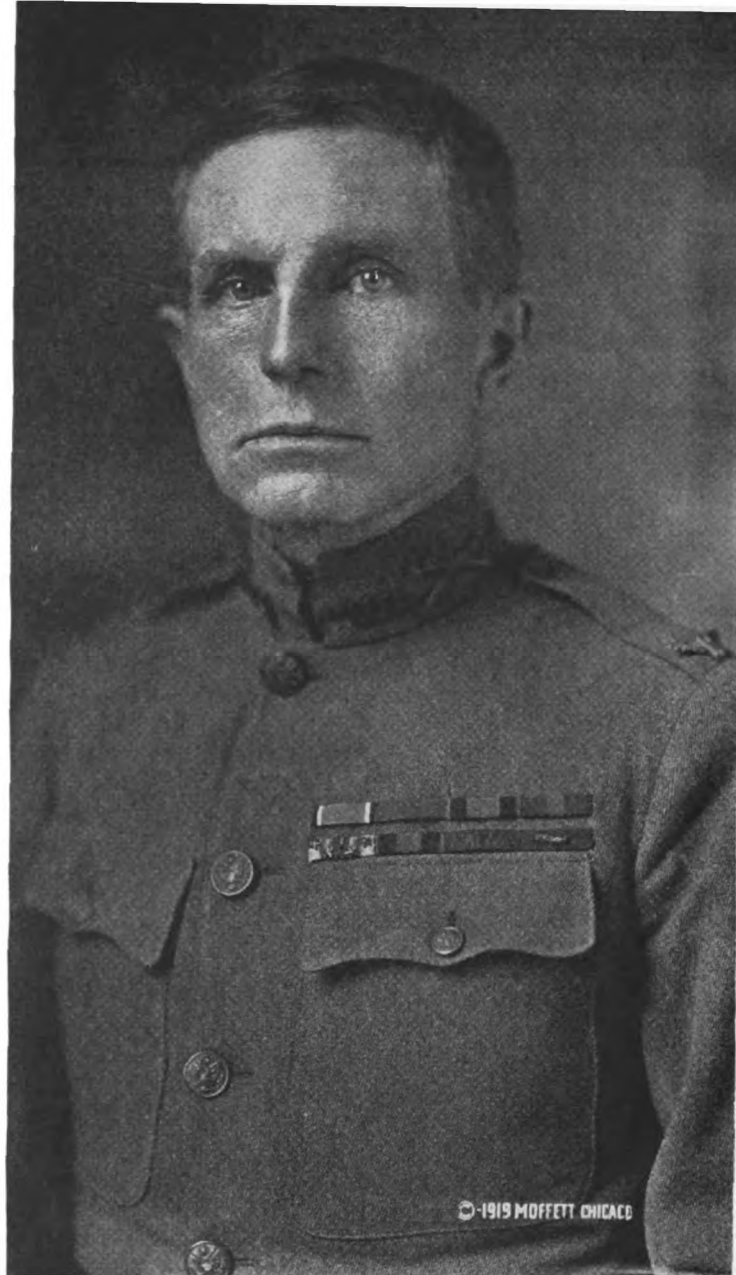
" 'He is very weak—has just fainted, and you will find it impossible to talk to him in his condition,' came back.

" 'Take him to the rest room, and I will see him there,' I directed.

"When I reached the rest room on the top floor, hot coffee had been made on the electric stoves, which are kept ever ready for such emergencies. He was eating sandwiches also, and feeling better, for food was one of the things he needed most.

"He told me his troubles. He was ill and had had nothing to eat for two days. He had wandered from one place to another; but as his case was out of the ordinary he was told to see someone else. Exhausted and utterly discouraged, he found the Bureau for Discharged Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines.

"His discharge told me he had left the army with fifty per cent disability due to tuberculosis. As all men with ten per



COLONEL HALSTEAD DOREY

cent disability who cannot carry on successfully are entitled to vocational training, I applied to the agents of the Federal Board for Vocational Education in the Bureau. They said vocational training was out of the question until the man had been cured, and a medical examination was needed.

"The medical staff of the Central Department Headquarters is at our service in such an emergency. Medical care and treatment were held necessary, but the man was not eligible to enter an army hospital, as he was discharged from the service.

"However, the Red Cross took care of him and placed him in a hospital, where he received the attention he required.

"Thus within twenty minutes from the time his case was called to our attention, this discharged soldier, who had been wandering about the streets for two days till he was ready to 'hunt the lake,' was taken care of. And his case is only one of hundreds which might be found in any of the larger cities."

General Wood's work in this, as in other employment matters pertaining to soldiers, sailors and marines, has set the pace for the whole country.



It's a long, long trail from Farm Boy to Secretary of Agriculture

But Edwin T. Meredith, who in his youth did chores on the home farm in Iowa, now holds highest honor the agricultural world can bestow

By C. A. GOSS



WHEN telegraph wires hummed with the news that E. T. Meredith had been named Secretary of Agriculture, the country buzzed with comment. To many the announcement was a great surprise. But out in the corn belt, in the great food producing heart of the country, where people know him best, they just grinned as they chuckled "Just what we expected," or "Just the man for the job."

Secretary Meredith is a striking example of a successful, self-made man. His life history reads like a novel. Born December 23, 1876, near Atlantic, in the middle of the great corn field of Iowa, he attended the "little red school house," while working on his father's farm. He was a farm boy with experiences similar to thousands of others. His early life was the usual routine of up early and work late, helping father do the chores morning and night and spending the long days in the fields plowing, cultivating and harrowing. Like other farm boys he had the intense longing to have something "his very own" to care for and feed, and, when sold, to enjoy the fruits of his labor; but there were several in the family and it was necessary that young Ed hustle for his education.

At the early age of sixteen he went to Des Moines, where he started working his way thru college, "slinging hash" for his board and doing roustabout work in his grandfather's print shop during such time as he could spare from his studies.

An old proverb says, "When one gets printer's ink on his hands it never comes off." Young Meredith got it all over himself in the rough work in the little old print shop, and he is still in the game. At the age of seventeen he was made bookkeeper and office manager in his grandfather's employ.

The grandfather was radical and hot-headed at times, while the youth was a chip off the old block. One day in a fit of temper the senior member of the firm fired the foreman. The young manager handed in the key and walked out also. The two friends went fishing to celebrate the occasion while the old man repented at leisure. In the evening he took them both back.

The grandfather was not a success as a publisher—too conservative the young man said—and finally tiring of meeting deficits, offered the paper to Edwin T. Altho only twenty-three, our young printer had a vision of a paper to stand at the top in farm journalism. He bought out the plant with a very little cash and a very big note. His mother nearly fainted when she read his letter of the bold plan. Something must be done, overwork was going to the boy's head!

It is an interesting story of a struggle against hardship and poverty. Uncle Sam doesn't trust for postage and at times there were not enough stamps to mail an issue. So he carted as many down the back alley in his little dump cart as he could pay the postage on and waited to see if the next day would not bring money enough to send the rest.

"I was always broke," said the publisher. "I never knew what it was not to be broke; but I never lost any sleep over it. I lived for the day, and let the morrow take care of itself."

The newly-appointed Secretary of Agriculture, the youngest man who has ever held that important office, believes that farming is at the top of all sciences. He believes agriculture to be the basis of permanent prosperity in the nation. His own farm life, his early struggles, the fight he made to get an education—all left their marks on him. He is vitally interested in the development of farm life, and his youthful heart causes him to remember his own aspirations when a farm boy. He is trying to make the farm a better place on which to live for the whole farm family

By hard work the first paper was kept going. It grew some, but not fast enough to satisfy E. T., and in three years he sold his little farm paper, starting a monthly magazine for the farm family, calling it *Successful Farming*, and from the beginning "Successful" was well named. The first issue was a thin little sheet of sixteen pages, scanty in reading matter and scantier still in advertising. But it had a policy, which in brief was to uphold the interests of farm families, and that policy rang true. That was in 1902. Now at the age of forty-three he looks about over all he owns—a million-dollar publishing plant, which turns out the largest farm paper in the world.

Integrity, industry, imagination, are the three "I's" Secretary Meredith credits to his success. "Imagination," he says "Spells the difference between little success and big success." Mr. Meredith believes agriculture to be the basis of permanent prosperity in the nation. He believes that farming

is at the top of all sciences. His own farm life, his early struggles, the fight he made to get an education, all left their marks on him. He is vitally interested in the development of farm life, and his youthful heart causes him to remember his own joys and aspirations when a farm boy. He is trying to make the farm a better place on which to live from the standpoint of the whole farm family.

No man lives who has a greater sympathy for the American farm boy or girl who is trying to get "somewhere." No man is more willing to prove that interest by actually helping boys and girls to the ambitions of which they dream. It was this sympathy which led him three years ago to start a loan department thru which he announced his willingness to loan \$250,000 to boys and girls of the Middle West, on their own notes, with which they could buy live stock, chickens, seeds for garden or field crops for their very own. The letters daily coming to his desk from every state in the Union—letters of appreciation and gratitude which reveal the very hearts and aspirations of the writers, are pay enough to his youthful heart. "But will it ever come back?" you ask. "I trust the average farm child. Most children are born honest; dishonesty is an acquisition of later life," is Mr. Meredith's reply.

In civil life the Secretary's business is more than publishing a farm paper—it is service. His very publication has more service departments than any other business or any other newspaper or magazine would consider profitable. There is a service thru which 25,000 inquiries from farmers on practical farm topics are answered each year. There is a service for rural school teachers to help them in making agriculture a workday topic for the country schools. There is a service whereby country newspapers can better serve their fields and still another which shows the salesmen of large advertising concerns the possibilities in the farm market. As Secretary of Agriculture, his first thought will still be that of service to the great food producing interests of America.

Mr. Meredith is a firm believer in the rights of the working people. In his own institution he aims to give workers "one hundred per cent plus" in advantages, and he has faith to believe that such principles return one hundred per cent plus

in efficiency. In addition to the ordinary advantages such as safety, sanitation, good wages, and fair treatment, he maintains that some of the "extras" are due those who help him. Altho large in the agricultural publishing field, his is the smallest industrial plant in America known to maintain a full time personnel department. Seven years ago a community dining room was added where employees obtain hot meals at below cost. A library, girls' rest room and recreation room are other "humanizers." More recent additions are free medical and dental service. During the summer, cottages are maintained at a convenient summer resort where all employees are given a two weeks' outing at less cost than the lowest employee would receive as vacation pay. It is his belief that healthy bodies and happy minds are requisites to efficiency. The "family spirit" makes boosters of the employees for the institution which gives them a square deal and for the man who heads the family.

Aside from his own affairs, Secretary Meredith has found time for his home, his city, his state and his nation. At the age of twenty he was married, and has a son and daughter for whom he is never too busy to give the best of his thought and time. He was a pioneer in the cause of honest advertising. In his first edition he guaranteed all advertising and offered to adjust questionable differences between advertisers and farmers—a previously unheard of thing in the advertising game. The campaign which finally cleaned up advertising, resulted in the choice of E. T. Meredith as president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. When the twelve federal reserve banks were established by the government thruout the country, Mr. Meredith was made director of the Chicago district. For several years he has been an active advisor and director of the United States Chamber of Commerce.

In 1914, his friends prevailed upon him to accept nomination for United States Senator, and later in 1916 he ran for governor. Both times he lost; as a matter of fact all democrats have lost in Iowa except once when the Republicans quarreled among themselves. Later inquiry showed that Meredith's defeat was due to his program for good roads thruout the state which was at that time too long a step for the layman mind. Since that time the state legislature has enacted into law the very road program Meredith originally proposed and upon which he was defeated. Results were all he was after, so he is content.

At the beginning of the war, Secretary McAdoo appointed Meredith on the excess profits board of review of the United States Treasury. In that capacity he served as a dollar a year man thruout a large part of the war period. In 1918 he was a member of a commission appointed by the President to visit Great Britain and France for the purpose of advising in the industrial and labor policies of our allies. The following year he was appointed, along with twenty-one other prominent men, to represent the public in the labor conference called by President Wilson.

It is peculiarly true that the element of chance has played little part in Secretary Meredith's success—thruout all has been the element of good sense, determination and adherence to ideals. No brilliant streak of luck came to him, no theatrical turn of a card brought him in so short a time from bed-rock

poverty to a millionaire publisher and a member of the President's cabinet. He is not only one of the biggest business men of the West, but he has devoted his entire life to the



EDWIN T. MEREDITH
Newly appointed Secretary of Agriculture

interests of agriculture whose people are his people and whose ways are his ways. At the age of forty-three he is the youngest member of the present cabinet—he is the youngest man to ever hold the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, the highest honor the agricultural world can bestow.

A SONG FOR APRIL

(FROM HEART THROBS)

IT isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

*It isn't raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where every buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room;
A health unto the happy!
A fig for him who frets!—
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.*

By permission

—ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Making his Native Place his Hobby

Putting the "Go" in Chicago

Ferdinand W. Peck, a native-born pioneer citizen of Chicago, who has watched it grow from a small village to one of the foremost cities in the world

THERE are very few men in the great and wonderful city of Chicago who are better known or held in higher esteem than Hon. Ferdinand W. Peck, who was born in that city in 1848, and is now its second oldest native-born citizen.

Mr. Peck practiced law in the courts of Cook County in his early career and has been a central figure in all the important affairs of his native city. Conspicuous among his achievements are Grant Park, the Confederate Monument at Oak Woods, the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893, and the conception and creation of the great Auditorium, of which Mr. Peck is prouder than of any of his many successful works. He made it possible for grand opera in his native city, making his first attempt along that line in the Opera Festival held many years ago in the old Exposition Building on the lake front, and was appointed United States Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition of 1900 by President McKinley.

Mr. Peck still occupies his magnificent home at 1826 Michigan Avenue, where he is so often styled by his friends as living on the plebian South Side among the proletariat.

Mr. Peck is very proud of the fact that he is the original advocate of Major General Wood for President of the United States, and says of him: "He is the Abraham Lincoln of the hour."

When General Pershing and Commodore Peck met recently upon the former's arrival in Chicago, the commander-in-chief of the Yanks said, referring to a banquet held there some years ago: "You're the only man who ever compelled me to make a speech. You grabbed me by the collar and forced me to my feet."

The general's expression on this occasion was a most fitting tribute to the well-known and determined character of Chicago's second oldest native-born citizen, who has been a conspicuous and compelling factor in building the greatness of the city since the eventful days of '71.

General Pershing is by no means the only man who has been compelled to do Mr. Peck's bidding. European monarchs have yielded to the compelling sway of the Commodore's winning ways, and acceded to his wishes in important matters that concerned American prestige abroad, and particularly that of Chicago—as was notably illustrated when Mr. Peck

went to Europe in 1891 to secure exhibits for the World's Columbian Exposition.

The account of Peck's unique adventures in interviewing European rulers in the interest of the exposition was brought out when the surviving members of the board of directors of the World's Columbian Exposition met recently at the Union League Club, at a reunion feast given by Commodore Peck, who served the exposition as first vice-president and chairman of the finance committee and who is now president of the board.

Commodore Peck related how he ventured forth to do missionary work as the spokesman of the commission assigned to visit Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Scandinavian countries in behalf of the fair. His *modus operandi* in exploiting the exposition was to keep away from "mice, ants and fleas" in foreign officialdom. He decided that he would keep on the trail of "lions and elephants."

Czar Alexander III, father of the late Nicholas, was the first lion that Commodore Peck started out to hunt. Red tape, petty officialdom, guards and cossacks, clogged every pathway.

Charlemagne Tower, the American Ambassador, told Mr. Peck that it was practically useless to attempt to see the Czar. He couldn't be seen and that was all there was to the matter. Mr. Peck did not agree with the Ambassador. He told Mr. Tower that he would see the Czar before he left St. Petersburg, and explained that he was going to get the Czar to indorse the World's Columbian Exposition by the issuance of a royal proclamation urging Russian manufacturers to exhibit at the fair.

Commodore Peck had heard that the Czar and Czarina were to attend a religious function in the cathedral on a certain Sunday, and betook himself to the great bridge which spans the Neva, and over which he knew the Czar's entourage must pass on the way from the cathedral.

Dressed in frock coat and wearing the white silk hat that later attracted much interest in various European capitals, the Commodore introduced himself to the Cossack chief of police who, with his mounted aids, stood guard on the bridge. The chief surveyed Mr. Peck with an occult eye and then proceeded to search him, lest he might prove to be a new



FERDINAND W. PECK

Chicago's second oldest native-born citizen, and one of its best known and most highly esteemed residents

the chief was shown the Commodore's credentials, bearing the official seal of the United States and the signature of President Benjamin Harrison, he became tractable.

When the royal party approached the bridge in their carriages, the Commodore was standing beside the chief of police, who sat astride his horse. The bridge, which was a half mile long, had been cleared of all traffic. Mr. Peck was the only civilian on the bridge—and was expecting every minute to be ordered away. He saw plainly that the chief was struggling with conflicting thoughts as the vehicles rolled forward.

Suddenly without awaiting any signal from the chief, Mr. Peck stepped out on the middle of the bridge and raised his hand. Czar Alexander's carriage stopped.

The chief of police dashed forward in an attempt to intercept the persistent Yankee, but it was too late. Mr. Peck had gone around quickly to the side of the carriage and was shaking the Czar's hand. The Emperor of all Russia was very affable. He had fallen a victim to the compelling force of Mr. Peck's character. Mr. Peck presented his credentials and stated his business apropos of the World's Columbian Exposition.

"Certainly I'll issue the proclamation. It will be published in all the Russian newspapers," he said.

Then the Czar laughed and appeared greatly amused.

"Tell me?" he ejaculated. "How did you ever manage to get on this bridge?"

Mr. Peck was about to explain when the Czar interrupted: "Let me present you to the Czarina."

The latter occupied a carriage directly behind the Czar's vehicle. She extended her hand, smiling graciously, and the Commodore engaged her in conversation for fully ten minutes. He referred to the friendly relations between Russia and America and concluded with an eloquent tribute to the beauty and grace of Russian womanhood, which greatly pleased Her Majesty.

He then bade the Czar and Czarina adieu, and the royal party went forward.

The chief of police offered Mr. Peck a cigarette. "You are one wonderful American!" he exclaimed.

* * *

Commodore Peck's will and persistency were well illustrated when he went to Sweden after his Russian trip. He proceeded to Stockholm, intent upon persuading King Oscar to endorse the Columbian Exposition among Swedish and Norwegian business men, and have the royal endorsement published in the newspapers of Sweden and Norway.

Arriving at the Swedish capital, Commodore Peck and his party found that the King had left for Gothenburg, preparatory to going on a two weeks' cruise on the royal yacht.

Mr. Peck took the next train for Gothenburg, where he called upon the Mayor, who received him very cordially.

"I am sorry, Mr. Peck, but I don't think you'll see the King," the Mayor said. "His majesty is now on board the royal yacht in the harbor and may sail this afternoon. The orders are that he is not to be disturbed."

Mr. Peck smiled his compelling smile, full of the Yankee persistency.

"Mr. Mayor, I realize the importance of your remarks, but, nevertheless, would you like to see the King?"

"Well," laughed the Mayor, "I am always happy to see King Oscar."

"If you'll come with me," declared Mr. Peck, "you will see him. I'm going out to that yacht. I have official business of vast importance—too important to permit of delay. It means millions of dollars to Swedish industries. I shall see your splendid King within an hour from now. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"The naval officers on board the yacht will not let us go aboard," said the Mayor, "but just to please you, Mr. Peck, I will accompany you."

The Peck party and the Mayor climbed into an electric launch and were conveyed to the yacht. The chief officer of the deck was hailed, and addressed by the Mayor on behalf of Mr. Peck, but the officer shook his head gravely, declaring that the King's orders were that he would see no visitors, and besides he was asleep.

if he would permit them to see the upper deck of the yacht.

The officer finally assented. Once on board, Mr. Peck proceeded to ingratiate himself with the officer and impressed him with the importance of his mission to Sweden.

"And now," said Mr. Peck, drawing out his credentials signed by the President of the United States, "I want you to take this to His Majesty."

The officer went below. In a few moments he returned and announced that the King would see Mr. Peck at once.

"Come on, Mr. Mayor," laughed Mr. Peck, "I told you you would see the King."

King Oscar and Commodore Peck became friends instantly. The King extended royal Swedish hospitality to him and his party, including, of course, the Mayor of Gothenburg. The rarest wine was quaffed and the finest cigars were smoked in the King's cabin.

The King and Mr. Peck chatted together for several hours and King Oscar was so pleased with the American who had defied rules and regulations and come aboard that he invited him to remain and enjoy a cruise in Baltic waters, which extended thru the greater part of the afternoon and evening.

"King Oscar, as I remember him," said Mr. Peck, "stood over six feet tall, and was one of the finest specimens of manhood I ever saw. He was a king, every inch. He spoke twelve languages fluently, including English. Needless to say, I got his indorsement for the Columbian Exposition, and his proclamation was duly printed in the newspapers of the Scandinavian peninsula."

* * *

King Christian of Denmark, who was called the grandfather of Europe, was the next lion Mr. Peck started out to hunt. This monarch's moral support in exploiting the exposition among Danish business interests was essential. Commodore Peck secured the hearty co-operation of Hon. Clark D. Carr, the American Minister at Copenhagen, who arranged for an audience with the King. His majesty immediately caught the import of his mission and its relation to the industrial interests of the kingdom, and promised his unqualified indorsement, which was soon afterward published in the Danish press.

King Christian invited Mr. Peck to be his guest for a week at the Royal Palace. The invitation was accepted. The royal host and his American guest grew to be boon companions. They dined, wine, smoked, walked and rode together. They discussed current events, touched on affairs of state and exchanged jokes and anecdotes.

On the day when they went partridge shooting on the royal preserves, Mr. Peck soon discovered that he was a better shot than his host. The King would blaze away and hit one bird to every three by the commodore. The latter had previously learned the King prided himself on marksmanship.

"This won't do," thought Mr. Peck. "I'm the King's guest and it wouldn't be the polite thing to take his shooting reputation away from him on his own preserves."

And so the gentleman from Chicago missed enough of the birds to let the King catch up.

At the end of the day's sport King Christian had killed a dozen more partridges than his guest. Thus his shooting prestige was saved and held intact by Yankee diplomacy.

* * *

Mr. Peck upon concluding his work in the Scandinavian countries visited London, where he was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House. A garden fete at Hatfield House was given in honor of Mr. Peck and his party by Lord Salisbury, then Premier of Great Britain, and Lady Salisbury.

These exploits helped to make the Columbian Exposition, and the Columbian Exposition gave Chicago a push toward becoming one of the foremost cities. The heart of the greatest farm products center of the world has become one of the world's greatest market centers, and it is the spirit of Chicago, expressed in the motto "I will," that has inspired her citizens, native-born and adopted, to claim and win for Chicago the distinction that was dreamed of by the sturdy pioneers who declared "In this swamp a great city shall be builded."

Everybody Takes an Interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip About People who are Doing Worth-while Things in the World



LD newspaper men—more especially the Washington correspondents—are fond of telling of the remarkable energy and vitality displayed by the late Theodore Roosevelt in his speeches, executive work and everyday life.

Now they have a new idol placed before them in no other than the latter's closest friend, admirer and follower, Leonard Wood, who is seeking the Republican nomination for president.

"I've followed them both in their hikes, but give me Roosevelt every time!" said a veteran journalist, who has campaigned with presidents and presidential candidates for more than thirty years, and who is about ready to take life easy.

He went on to illustrate how at one of the Plattsburg camps during field exercises a heavy storm came up during the next to the last day of the hike. General Wood rode along the column and informed all unit commanders it had been decided to terminate the exercises and the command would march to Plattsburg that day.

Every one expected to see Wood drive away in his car, but on reaching the head of the column, he dismounted and dismissed the machine.

"I'll set the pace," he declared.

He led the march of fourteen miles thru the mud and rain. The pace he set was a killing one. The column was "all in" when led back to camp. But General Wood, as far as outward appearances were concerned, was as fresh as when the long march started. He immediately plunged into some other important work that demanded his attention.

His ability and willingness to get out and do the same disagreeable task that his men were forced to do was another point that endeared him to those serving under him.

This same correspondent, who is now touring the states with General Wood, incident to his campaign, is authority for the statement that he has seen General Wood work eighteen hours straight, without a stop, lie down on a cot for two hours' sleep and then resume his labors where he left off, displaying the same amount of energy and vitality that marked his work twenty hours previous.

Only recently on a tour of South Dakota, General Wood had undergone a strenuous day, visiting several cities and making speeches "between stops." He was on his way to the hotel at Sioux Falls to get some much needed rest, preparing for his evening speech, when a soldier on crutches approached.

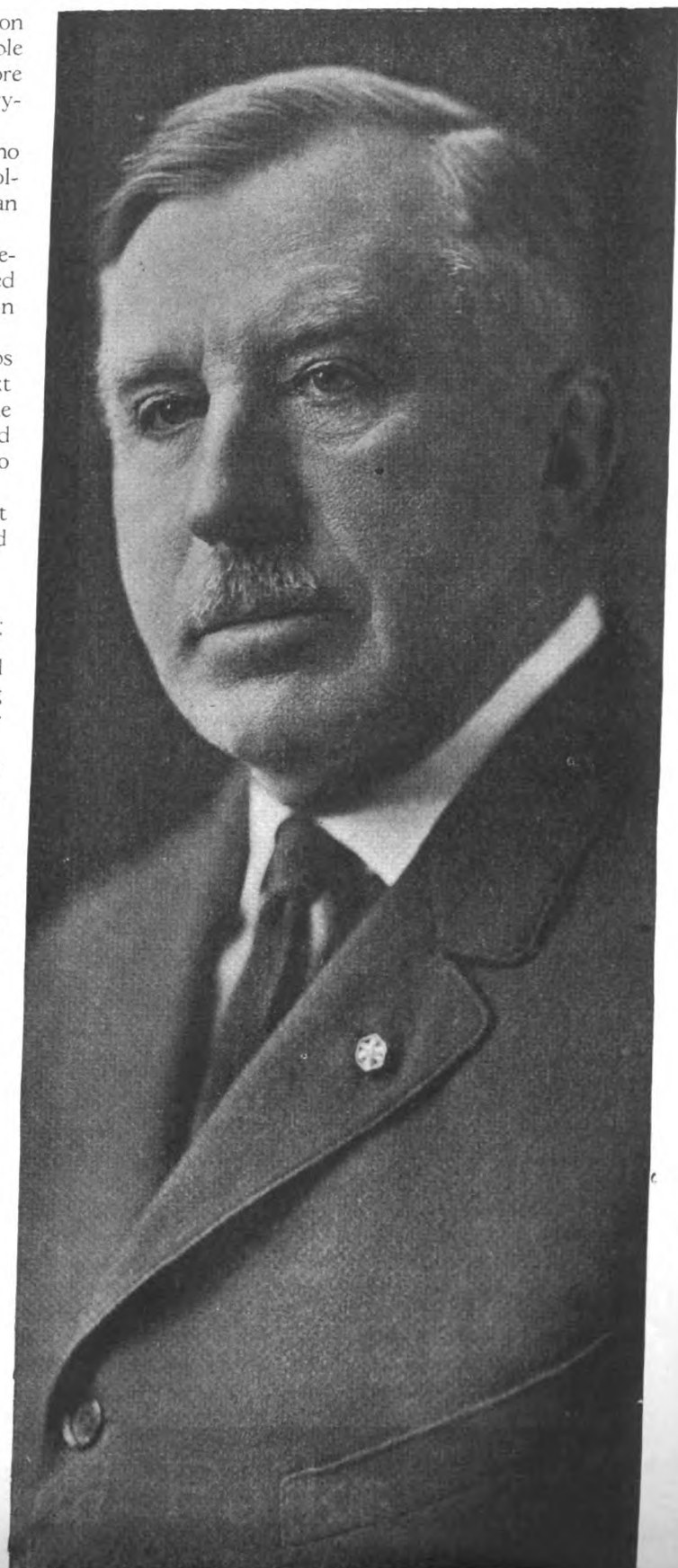
"General," said the soldier, after he had stopped and saluted, "There are twenty wounded soldiers in the hospital here and we would like to have you visit us before you leave the city. Do you think you can arrange it?"

"There is nothing to arrange," was General Wood's reply, "I'll go right now."

General Wood invited the soldier into the machine with him and ordered the driver to go to the hospital, where he spent more than an hour, going from there direct to the hall where he made his speech.

Altho an indefatigable worker, General Wood is very considerate of the men with whom he is associated. Members of his staff say that he is "kinder to his aides than his aides are to him."

During the war, while Wood was traveling in France as an observer, he was in a little compartment in a railroad car. It was crowded. Everyone had had a hard day. A youngster on the seat with the general fell asleep and slipped down until



Copyright Wainwright, Chicago MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

floor. In his sleep he raised his feet and put them on the seat against the General.

An aide started to awaken the boy, but Wood checked him. He lifted the youngster's feet into his lap and then went to sleep himself.



DR. F. L. THOMSON

Texas oil magnate and organizer of the Grayburg Oil Company

Dealing more with the humane side of General Wood's life, the following story is told by members of his party during a recent trip east. There had been a blizzard and the train was more than eighteen hours late. A civilian, who was traveling with General Wood wandered thru the car and sat down beside a despondent looking soldier boy.

"This storm is sure going to put me in the guard house," the soldier confided. My pass has expired and it will be several hours more before I can get to camp."

The passenger took the boy up to the other end of the the car where Wood sat and explained the situation.

"Give me your pass, sergeant," the General requested, and wrote on the back of it: "The same storm has delayed me thirteen hours, too. Leonard Wood."

"Perhaps they'll think you're fooling them, sergeant," General Wood said, "and so when you turn in your pass, give them my card, too."

The sergeant went back to his seat and for an hour grinned out at the driving snow-storm. His troubles were over.

General Wood is credited with having prepared the only American division—the eighty-ninth—that needed no further training after reaching France. He was in tears when the members of the division left, leaving him behind to continue his work of preparing other units for service overseas. His farewell address to his officers and men is still remembered:

"You are going 'over there,' " was his preface. "So live that you go over clean and sound. You will feel a lot better when you go up against Death some day, if you have been a clean and decent man.

"Do not forget this: Respect your uniform. Do not take it where you would not take the women of your family. It is the uniform of your country. Thousands of our men have died in it. Thousands more will. Keep it clean."

A magnate as one might think. Oil is a fickle and whimsical element and showers favors on rare individuals in all walks of life, occasionally going out of the way to enrich some already comfortable engineer, lawyer or doctor. In Texas, oil has made millionaires multi-millionaires, and placed thousands of the well-to-do on the high road to financial independence.

Years ago when the Spindle Top field at Beaumont was tossing liquid gold into the lap of operators and investors, Dr. F. L. Thomson was interested in a little company known as the Grayburg Oil Company—a small company and of short life, but one that made money "hand over fist" as long as it lasted. Dr. Thomson could never quite shake off the sentimental attachment for the name "Grayburg," which would just as easily fit a fine bird dog or a winning race horse; so when the Somerset field near San Antonio was discovered Dr. Thomson was among the first to get in, and organized the Grayburg Oil Company with a capital of one million dollars. In 1917 he started drilling shallow wells until today the company has about thirty producing wells and is operating its own refinery. The Grayburg Refinery has a daily capacity of eighteen hundred barrels, and in addition to utilizing the oil from its own wells, is the largest buyer in the local field from other operators. Grayburg oil is also distributed thruout Texas by modern filling stations bearing the distinctive trademark of "Santone" products. The company has a large casing-head plant with a capacity of two hundred and fifty million cubic feet a day, and two gallons to each thousand cubic feet of gas.

Recently the Grayburg completed a four-inch pipe line from the Somerset field to San Antonio, and with a fleet of about thirty tank cars is able to transport its own products to the oil markets of the world.

The Somerset oil field near San Antonio is the newest Texas field, and, according to experienced and successful oil men, the most promising. The life of the wells in Somerset, which is a shallow pool, is practically interminable, and Dr. Thomson believes it will yet prove one of the largest pools in Texas. His company is now preparing to make a deep test on their Somerset holdings, which is expected to result in deep oil. Other large companies have entered the field since the development pioneered by the Grayburg, and hundreds of wells are now being drilled. With the bringing in of deep oil, which is almost a certainty, San Antonio bids fair to become one of the world's greatest oil fields.

* * * *

AMONG the women who have recently been brought into prominence in political life, Mrs. Susan W. FitzGerald of Boston is especially distinguished and fitted by her training to be of real service to the party of her choice. Mrs. FitzGerald first came into prominence as a leader in the Democratic party campaigning in the far West for President Wilson, and again at the recent Democratic National Committee Meeting at Washington, where she served as Associate Democratic National Committeewoman from Massachusetts and was present at the Jackson Day dinner.

Shortly after her return from Washington the State Democratic Committee appointed her chairman of the Women's Division of the Democratic Committee of Massachusetts.

The daughter of Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N., Mrs. FitzGerald was born in Boston in 1871. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr College in 1893, and then spent several years in educational work, being during a part of that period head of Fiske Hall at Barnard College, and afterward head resident of Richmond Hill Settlement House in New York City.

Mrs. FitzGerald has always been interested in industrial conditions, was on original New York Child Labor Committee, and active in the passage of the first Child Labor legislation and a cognate Compulsory Education law. She has for years been on Executive Committee of the Boston Women's Trade Union League, and is chairman of the Massachusetts Committee on Industrial Conditions of Women and Children.

An ardent suffragist, Mrs. FitzGerald has been among the leaders of that cause both nationally and in Massachusetts.

She was recording secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association for five years; executive secretary of the Boston Equal Suffrage Association for three years, and of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association for one year. She has done active suffrage campaigning in all the New England states, also in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Iowa. A leading outdoor speaker, her campaign work has always been brilliant and effective.

Mrs. FitzGerald has always been greatly interested in school affairs and made a spectacular run for election to the Boston School Committee, which, tho not successful, resulted in the placing of a woman on the committee for the first time since its reorganization. As a sign of the times, the selection of women like Mrs. FitzGerald to fill important political offices, indicates the desire of men to bring into politics and government without delay women who can give effective council.

* * * *

SHADES of the centuries past seemed to appear when I held in my hand a copy of a daily paper published in Palestine. In the very month that claims the birthday of Christ, the first daily newspaper in the English language was launched in Jerusalem, edited and published by Americans with the co-operation of the British authorities. It was known as the *Jerusalem Daily News*, published on every week day—respecting the Sabbath of ancient Israel. Five of the twelve pages contain the announcements of American business firms which is an indication of the purpose of American business not to lag in effort for export trade. What a contrast to the manner and method of heralding news from that of centuries past! Events now recorded in the book of books was at one time daily news for the people of Jerusalem. Thru this newspaper and the direct line of steamers plying between New York and Alexandria, Egypt, we may find Palestine restocked with hardware, machinery, leather, books, cloth and clothing coming from the New World—a turn of the tides since Columbus steered his caravels to the West in search of a new trade route to India. The caravans from the East that lazily swung thru the gates of Jerusalem are now supplanted by the screeching locomotive—and the forerunner of trade is advertising and exploitation as embodied in this unique American enterprise.

* * * *

QUITE the most wonderful of all aviation achievements is the recent exploit of Major R. W. Schroeder, chief test pilot of the Air Service, at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, who on February 27 attained an altitude more than five thousand feet higher than the world's record.

The imagination of the layman, unversed in the mechanics of aviation, and unacquainted with the physical and mental strain attendant upon such an undertaking, can scarcely grasp the meaning of the terrific struggle with the elements from which Major Schroeder miraculously emerged alive.

The mere recital of the bare facts of his journey above the clouds to a greater distance from the earth than any other



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Harris & Ewing

MRS. S. W. FITZGERALD
Prominent Massachusetts suffragist

human being has ever been, as recorded by the scientific instruments upon his machine, reads like a chapter from Jules Verne's "Journey to the Moon."

Major Schroeder's duties as chief test pilot require him to go to great altitudes for scientific data, and modern inventions unthought of in the early history of aviation not only made his record-breaking flight possible, but enabled him to return to earth with an accurate scientific record of his accomplishment.

Wearing an oxygen tank of his own invention, and dressed warmer than any Polar explorer ever was, in fur-lined, electric flying suit, helmet, gloves and moccasins, Major Schroeder battled for more than two hours against changing air currents and in a bitterly cold atmosphere until he reached an altitude of 36,130 feet (nearly seven miles above the earth), where, in a Polar climate registering sixty-seven degrees below zero, buffeted by the wind Peary encountered, that blows at the rate of a hundred miles an hour or more, his physical senses numbed and his eyes frozen and closed, his oxygen tanks became exhausted and he suddenly lost consciousness, due to the carbon monoxide poison from the exhaust gases of the engine.

Out of this great void of frozen silence, never before entered by man, his machine, in a comet-like flight toward the earth, fell in a nose dive a distance of more than five miles in the space of two minutes (part of this drop at the rate of three

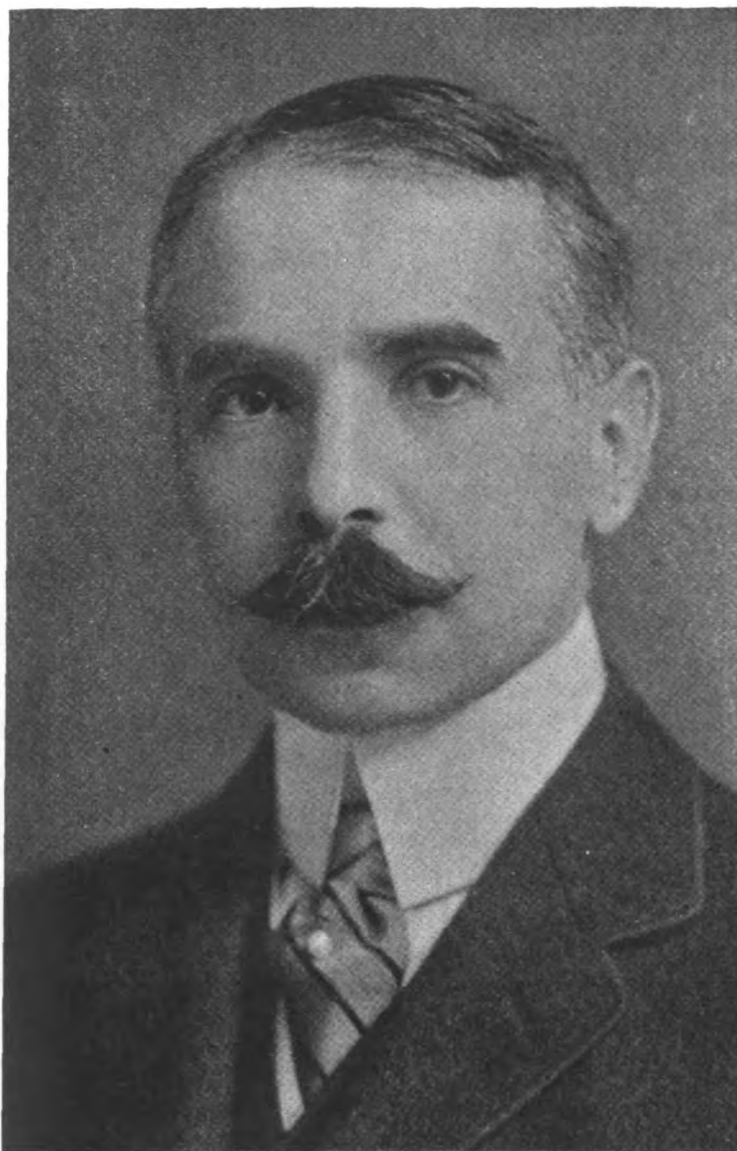


MAJOR R. W. SCHROEDER

Chief test pilot of the United States Air Service, who, at McCook Field, Ohio, broke the world's record for altitude

tor. Thousands of spectators watching the fall of the plane from the heavens, indeed believed for a time that they were witnessing the flight of a comet toward the earth because of the trail of grayish vapor escaping from the machine.

At a distance of two thousand feet above the earth the sudden change in the air pressure, from less than three pounds at



OTTO H. KAHN

One of world's greatest authorities on banking and problems of taxation

an altitude of thirty-six thousand feet, to 14.76 pounds at sea level, crushed the gasoline tanks on the machine and jolted Major Schroeder into momentary consciousness.

With the instinctive movements of the trained aviator he righted the plane, regained control, and after a few moments before relapsing again, he was able to maneuver the machine and finally landed it with the plane as it settled gracefully upon the ground. Major Schroeder sitting erect with his numbed hands grasping the control levers, and apparently lifeless. After lifting him from the machine and administering first aid treatment, he was taken to the post hospital and received all the care that medical science could devise. A letter recently received by the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE from Major Schroeder states that he has recovered sufficiently from his thrilling experience to sit up, and can see a little, which encourages his friends to hope that the intrepid aviator will soon be able to go in search of other secrets of the air.

* * *

IF there is one man in the United States who understands "Taxation" from every angle, that man is Otto H. Kahn, and his recent address in New York is a revelation of the inequities of modern taxation. He is not the one to advocate a plan which shall spare wealth from its full share of bearing the burdens, but he does recognize the teaching of history, economics and practical experience in devising systems that will

commented for its equity rather than its drastic qualities. He has pointed out the three factors that brought about economic disturbance: First, the urgency of the world's demand for raw materials; second, inflation; and, third, faulty taxation.

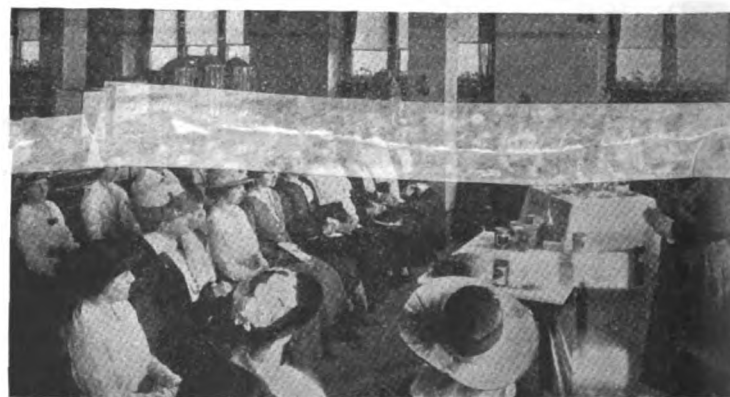
There are about fourteen billion dollars of tax bonds outstanding, apart from the partially exempt Liberty Bonds, and it is not feasible in any way to remove the tax exemption from such bonds. Why exempt securities of the favored class? It shows that a person having bonds in the high taxable class would have to make seventeen per cent in order to equal the four and one-half tax-exempt bond. This is not taking account of the excess profit tax. In other words, it seems to strangle the initiative impulse in the securities that are building up and placing a premium on those that represent dead wealth. The unparalleled system of taxation at this time is bound to kill the goose that lays the golden egg; for it supports the flow of capital and we cannot return to normal conditions until the investment market also becomes normal. The aspiration to become the greatest financial market of the world, Mr. Kahn points out, has been strangled in its cradle, because a broad, active and representative investment market is indispensable, and under our present income tax, private capital cannot be expected to invest in foreign securities to any extent, and banks will also be unable to. Consequently, enterprises are hampered and production is retarded. Steady, reasonable and active enterprises are, after all, the only guide. Government greed, like private greed, is apt to over-reach itself, and to see millions of dollars squandered by the government is not apt to inspire people to invest in government securities, especially when tax exemption is unfair to all enterprises creating the wealth that will be depended upon to ultimately pay taxation that is even exacted from the tax exempt securities.

* * *

JEAN PRESCOTT ADAMS of Chicago knows every calorie and food unit by its first name. When the Savings Division of the United States Treasury Department sent out its call to the women's organization to "keep books" on the kitchen from January 1 to June 1, Miss Adams immediately called the Chicago members of the National Woman's Association of Commerce together, and, as a result, her knowledge of food values is at the disposal of any woman in the land who needs it.

Miss Adams is widely known, and one of the first moves was the giving of demonstrations to club women of Chicago.

"The greatest big business on earth," says Miss Adams. "Nothing else is so important for the correct operation of the American home, the greatest bulwark we have against unrest.



Chicago club women getting "thought for food" from Jean Prescott Adams (on right of picture), noted food economic expert

The American home is the greatest force in the campaign for Americanization. The National Woman's Association of Commerce long recognized this and it will be fully discussed at our annual meeting at Columbus, Ohio, in July."

* * *

WHEN I saw the annual report of the American Sugar Refinery, I thought of the man who signed it, Earl D. Babst. If there ever was a time when the sugar question was uppermost in the minds of the people, it was during and since

the war, and when I talked with him about sugar, I felt I was very near the source of real information. It seemed, indeed, like passing thru the eye of a needle to realize that the refiners' profit means a ten-penny nail for every half pound of sugar, that a blotter thrown away equals the profit on three-quarters of a pound, that a stenographer's notebook will pay the refiners' profit on eighteen pounds of sugar, and that a ball of twine will equal ninety pounds of sugar. These facts made profits look so infinitesimal that I asked for a microscope before reading the report, which indicated that the refiners' profit for 1919 was three-tenths of a cent per pound, for the company had to refine five pounds of sugar to make a refiners' profit equal to a refiners' margin on one pound. But when it comes to the volume of business, that is another story.

The increase in volume of business from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 as compared to 1918 made the operating profit on each dollar a margin so narrow as to be an even break of three cents on every dollar. The company's share of the sugar business in the United States fell from sixty per cent in 1900 to twenty-seven per cent in 1919. For the first time the consumption in the United States exceeded four million tons, which was two hundred thousand more than 1915, the highest previous year. Half the sugar consumed in 1919 came from Cuba, one-fourth from Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and one-fourth from domestic cane and beet in the United States.

Mr. Babst as president represents over twenty thousand stockholders with average holdings of forty-four shares each. All of the employees of the company are insured with policies aggregating nearly \$6,000,000, one of the largest single policies ever written. The Pension fund pays out nearly \$600,000 and over \$150,000 in sick benefits.

The reports contain not only the figures, but the charts that illuminate the processes of sugar refining and make it look like a real geography or text-book, even showing a map of the United States revealing competitive conditions.

The original plant in Boston, built during the Civil War by

Seth Adams, who later sold to Captain Joseph B. Thomas, father of Washington B. Thomas, at present a vice-president of the company, is to be increased, making this institution one of the largest, as well as the oldest, industrial plants in New England.

It will be a difficult matter to convince the average housewife that there is not a "nigger in the woodpile," for she knows that the price is nineteen cents now and was four or five cents more during the war. Altho it is a small fraction of the grocery bill, it is the one thing that stands out in a barometer of prices, altho it may represent but five per cent or ten per cent of the grocery or living expenses, but it is the particular per cent on sugar on which the average housewife keeps her eye. It is doubtful if Mr. Hoover is any more popular with the housewife than my friend, Earl Babst, and yet Mr. Hoover aspires to the nomination for



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EARL D. BABST

President of the American Sugar Refinery



DR. LOUISE M. INGERSOLL
Physician of American Red Cross Hospital
on Russian Island

president with women voting in the United States, but to my mind Babst has the figures and the facts that would win the commendation of the housewife if they only knew who is getting the money represented in the boost of prices that seem all out of proportion.

The increased demand for sugar was occasioned by the adoption of prohibition, for men who cannot get liquor naturally turn to sweets and the confectioners are having their harvest. But price or no price, the American will have and is entitled to his sugar, but the increased consumption does not seem thus far to have sweetened or soothed the public mind to any great extent. In political dentistry the sweet tooth remains a problem and a perplexity for Uncle Sam.

* * * *

WOMEN have already proved the merits of their claims for participation in the medical science. Whether giving firstaid on the battlefields or ministering to wounds of soldiers and sailors in hospitals, the unselfish and sympathetic service

her achievements in the recent world war.

An illustration, distinguished by its unusual aspects, is that of Dr. Louise M. Ingersoll who, as a physician of the American



MISS ETHEL TERRELL
*County Superintendent of Public Instruction of Buncombe
County, North Carolina*

Red Cross Hospital on Russian Island, ministered to nineteen different nationalities, including patients from the camps of the common enemy.

After contributing to the partial recovery of the maimed, Dr. Ingersoll accompanied one thousand and fifty crippled and invalided Czechs from the Russian Island Hospital to Prague, making the trip via the United States.

"Naval officers in charge of the transport," says this woman physician, "who had heard we were bringing a lot of Bolsheviks, found instead of the dreaded "Reds" well-behaved, peaceful, singing groups of soldiers."

* * * *

DREAMS of the old days in Greece are awakened every time I view a bit of sculpture that seems to speak. When I looked upon the bronze bust of my friend, Samuel C. Dobbs, unveiled by his daughter, Miss Mildred, at Dobbs Hall in Emory University, he seemed to have a word of greeting. The bust, presented by his business associates, evoked a most expressive tribute from the university for the help he has given this institution in assisting boys to an education which he was denied.

Now many years ago I met in Atlanta a young business man. He could blend philosophy and business in conversation. Travelling about the country night and day with the flush of a crusader upon his cheek he not only sold his product, but inspired high ideals in business activities. As president of the American Advertising Association, his administration marked

ready with his message of ideals. His eyes reflected a reminiscent glow when he told me of the early struggles of the farmer's boy and paid his tribute to his dog—his companion during the lonely, hard-working days as a boy on the farm, and his tribute to his mother was an eloquent indication of the source of his idealism. Since that time Samuel Dobbs has become a national character. In season and out of season he was an ardent advocate of clean advertising, which has come about since he took up the work.

The statue was accepted by Bishop Warren A. Candler, chancellor of Emory University, who commended the example of Mr. Dobbs for his help in the up-building of an institution of learning, and emphasizing that, altho denied the opportunity of education for himself, he was anxious to provide it for others, and he still lived to see the good that it would bring. Mr. Francis E. Getty of Boston, paid a tribute to Joseph Pollia, who modeled the bronze bust. It was altogether an occasion that indicated how the works of art and the ideals of education have come close to the hearts of the successful business men of America today. Samuel Dobbs has certainly left his impress upon his day and generation, and carried out without reserve



MISS MILDRED DOBBS
Unveiling the bronze bust of her father at the Emory University

the ideals and dreams with which he started in the days when he was building up a great business—a business in which he proved himself not only a success but an inspiration to others.

* * * *

MISS ETHEL TERRELL of Asheville, has recently been appointed county superintendent of Public Instruction of Buncombe County, North Carolina. She is the first woman in the state, and probably in the South, ever elected to fill this office. Miss Terrell has been assistant to W. H. Hipps, the superintendent, for the past six years. For the past few months she has been supervisor of rural schools, doing creditable work. Miss Terrell is thoroly familiar with all phases of the school work in the county in which she received this appointment.

No Stormy Winter enters here

The New Texas Wonderland

How silt-soil Valley of the Rio Grande has been transformed by irrigation into a perennial Eldorado, where every day is a day of seed-time and harvest and all seasons summer

By EVERETT LLOYD



HAT and where is this new Texas Wonderland—this magical and fabled Eldorado which we thought existed only in the minds of the early Spanish conquerors—this California in miniature which has recently undergone the most intensive and diversified development ever witnessed in American rural life, and is attracting vast hordes of the most progressive and successful farmers from the middle western and eastern states?

The magnitude and variety of this development is almost inconceivable, and it is by way of answering some of the foregoing questions and in anticipation of others of a similar nature that this is written, and, it might be added, after a second trip to the Rio Grande Valley, where the writer had every opportunity to interview representative farmers and business men. On my first visit to the valley I was inexpressibly surprised—it was almost too wonderful to be true. It was only after a second visit that I could get the proper perspective and realize the truth of all I had heard and seen. And now for the truth of what has aptly been described as the "Magic Valley of the Rio Grande."

Geographically and historically, the Rio Grande Valley consists of the extreme southern and southwestern part of the state of Texas, and contains about five thousand square miles. The Rio Grande (Big River), which divides Mexico from Texas, has created the valley and its boundary on the south and west. Rio Grande City, 105 miles northwest from Brownsville, is the apex of the delta and the Gulf of Mexico is what may be considered its base. This is what is known as the Rio Grande Valley proper.

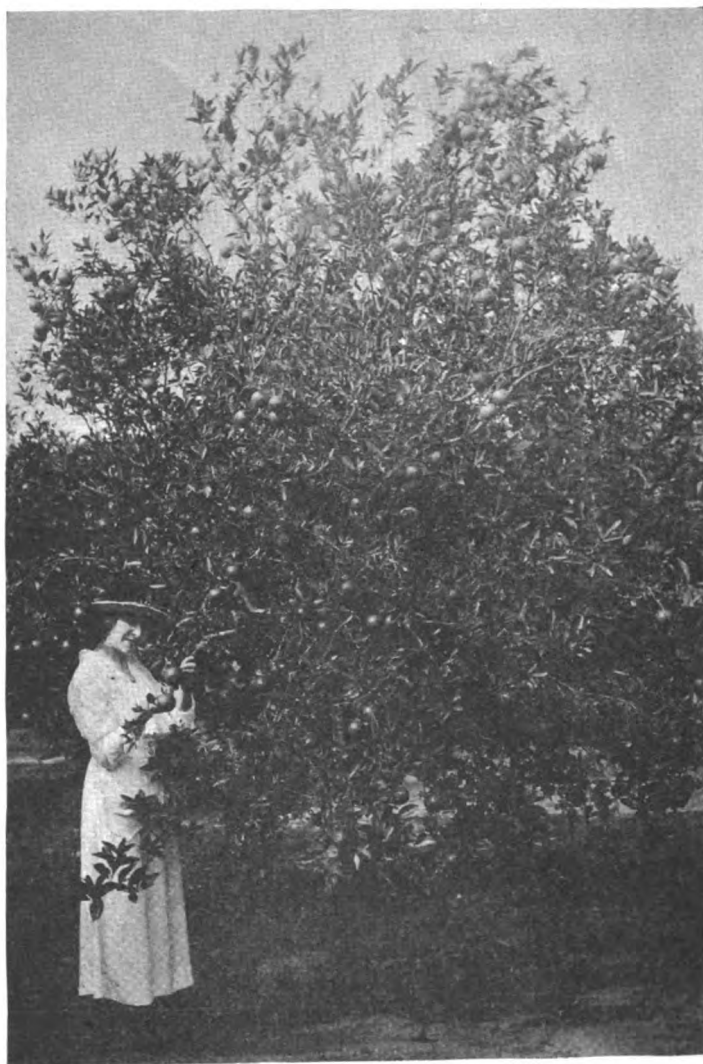
But that part of the valley with which we are here concerned is an area of 840 square miles lying in Hidalgo and Cameron counties, and which today presents the appearance of the most permanently and highly developed section of the citrus region of California—a section of country claimed by citrus and agricultural experts to be superior to any land in California or Florida for the purposes selected. But we should bear in mind that the part of the Rio Grande Valley about which I am writing was a barren wilderness a few years ago—uncleared, uncultivated, practically abandoned. Now—thanks to the magic of irrigation—some of the improved lands are being sold for two thousand dollars an acre, and unimproved lands are selling for from one hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars an acre. Owing to the wonderful fertility of the soil and its almost perennial productivity, many predict that improved lands in the Rio Grande Valley will sell for five, eight and ten thousand dollars an acre within five years. No such fabulous advances in land values within such a brief period have ever been known before, with the possible exception of certain rare instances in California.

Picture a large self sustaining, self supporting and independent citrus, farming, dairying and agricultural community, peopled by the best orange and grape-fruit farmers of California or Florida, the most expert dairy farmers of Wisconsin and Iowa, the most successful farmers of Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois and Indiana, with a liberal sprinkling of alert and progressive business men also from these states and you will get a good impression of the class of people who have bought homes and developed the Rio Grande Valley. It is about the most heterogeneous population that could be imagined. It would be impossible to assemble a group of farmers and expert agriculturists more representative of the states and industries mentioned than the sixty thousand population now represented

in that portion of Hidalgo and Cameron counties embraced in what is now the New Texas Wonderland.

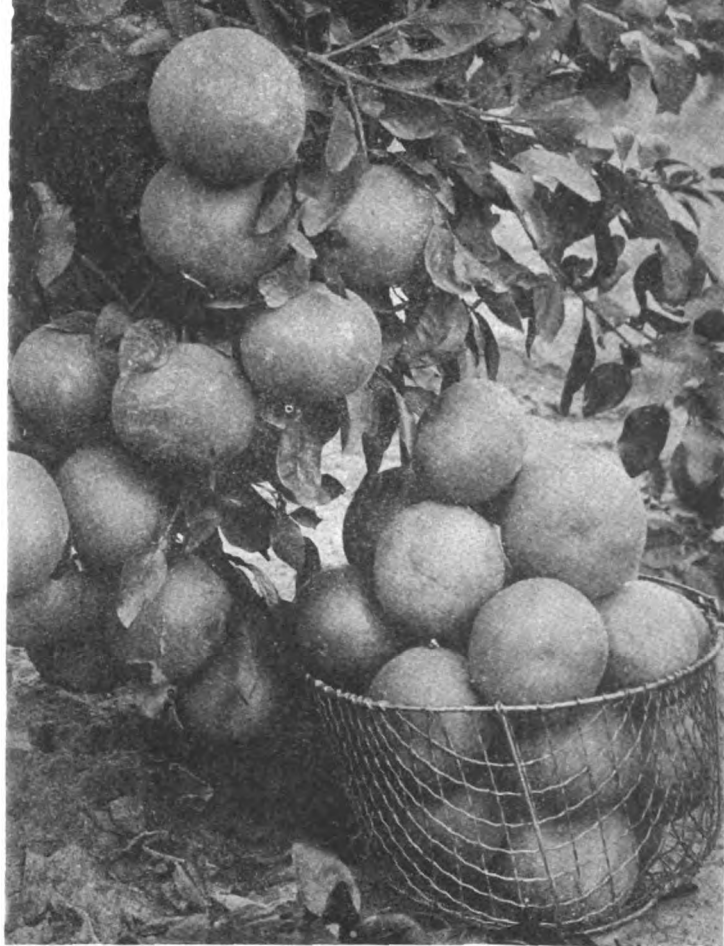
No matter what state one happens to be from, when he lands in the Rio Grande Valley he will not be among strangers. There he will find his friends and former neighbors from Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Oklahoma, Texas, Illinois and Wisconsin. These are the great farming and dairying states, and by them has the Rio Grande Valley been populated. This explains in a way the high type of citizenship, culture and enterprise one finds in this new Eldorado.

It requires more than climate or picturesque scenery to lure the average American farmer away from the moorings of a lifetime, where he has friends and acquaintances, financial



In the Kalbfleisch orange grove in the Rio Grande Valley

and social standing, sentimental ties and kindred. But in the Rio Grande Valley one will find the most successful farmers of the United States, some young, some old, who have sold their homes in the Middle West to live in this balmy and prolific valley where four crops a year are made, where every day is a "season" of seed-time and harvest and marketing a part of the day's routine.



Grape fruit raised in the Rio Grande Valley

What then is the answer to this great influx of prosperous home builders to Texas? Unquestionably it is the money possibilities of increased land values. Nowhere else in the United States are such fabulous prices paid for improved farm lands in a new country. No other section offers such a variety of soil, climate, products, water, transportation facilities, nearness to markets, cheap labor, rapid increase in values. To see lands selling for one and two thousand dollars an acre that a year or two ago could be bought for one hundred and fifty to three hundred is a common experience in the valley. Recently one Rio Grande Valley orange grower sold his fifteen-acre orchard for thirty thousand dollars. This land has been in cultivation less than ten years, the orchard being about eight years old. There are hundreds of other instances where the owners have been offered and refused a similar price per acre for their citrus orchards.

The greatest attractions of the Rio Grande Valley are not its wonderful climate and balmy spring-like atmosphere three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, tho these are attractions; it is not the fact that the land is so rich that any kind of commercial fertilizer is unnecessary; it is not because oranges, grapefruit and lemons are indigenous to the soil; that palm trees abound as prolifically as in Florida or California; that an unlimited supply of cheap labor is to be had the year round; that cold blizzards and extreme heat are unknown. These are all vital factors, but the great allurements are the opportunity to witness and experience an almost unheard of advance in land values. For unimproved land to jump from one hundred and fifty and three hundred dollars an acre to one and two thousand dollars an acre within two and three years is the reason. This is what is actually taking place, and the reason these lands are so valuable is that they will produce three and four crops a year. Given these advantages, combined with an ideal climate, modern cities, fine roads, beautiful homes, schools and churches, good hotels and a high type of constructive citizenship working in harmony toward common ends, and you have the highest civic achievement. Tho new, the towns in the Rio Grande Valley are the most beautiful, the most permanently built, the most modern in Texas. The schools and churches are larger and better built, and teachers

in the Rio Grande Valley are far ahead of other Texas towns of the same size, and the citizenship of a higher intellectual calibre and more liberal culture. Added to this the people are successful and prosperous—they have to be because it requires money to buy land in the valley, then some to improve it.

The tillable part of the Rio Grande Valley embraces probably a half million acres, three hundred and fifty thousand of which are capable of the most intensive cultivation. In and near the eight or ten towns from Harlingen to Mission, lying along the Brownsville Road, there reside now probably seventy-five thousand people, practically all new comers. They have bought and improved tracts ranging from twenty to two hundred acres, putting a part of the land in citrus groves, part in fruit and vegetables, reserving the other for the staple crops such as broom corn, cotton, sugar cane, Rhodes grass, alfalfa and dairy crops. Everything grows in the valley and everybody diversifies and practices crop rotation. The growing of grape fruit has assumed the proportions of a great commercial industry, and the soil seems perfectly adaptable for this purpose.

The farmers and citrus growers of the Rio Grande Valley enjoy many advantages—namely, they are eight hundred miles nearer the markets than the California farmer; their crops mature earlier and they are thus able to get top prices for their products. They have an abundant water supply at the minimum rate; they get cash prices for their products at point of shipment and have ample and adequate transportation facilities. They have cheap Mexican labor and a shortage of labor is almost unthinkable. They are near the markets of Houston and San Antonio.

The soil of the Rio Grande Valley is of the nature of silt, having been formed by the waters of the Rio Grande before the present course of the river was determined. This stream is fed by innumerable mountain rivers and affords a perpetual water supply. The American Land and Irrigation Company, which supplies water to the valley farmers, is the second largest irrigation project in the United States. No limit is put on the supply of water used; and the facilities of the company are sufficient to irrigate a section three times the size of the entire



Hotel Casa De Palmas, McAllen, Texas, the Rio Grande Valley's invitation to the tourist and home-seeker. There is no more modern hotel in Texas. Observe the palms in the foreground



Club House of the W. E. Stewart Land Company at Mercedes, Texas, where visitors are entertained on trips to the Rio Grande Valley

valley. Provision has been made to prevent damage by floods and overflow.

The development of the Rio Grande Valley dates from the building of the St. Louis, Brownsville & Mexico Railroad by B. F. Yoakum and associates from Houston to Brownsville. This road is known as the Gulf Coast Lines. The transformation of the valley has been brought about by irrigation, which we all know now to be the scientific way of farming—making the rain fall when and where it is needed. With an ample supply of water, and three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine in which to plant and harvest, the Rio Grande Valley farmer has reduced the drudgery of farm life to the minimum. By being able to diversify his crops he is able to sell something nearly every day in the year, these products in turn being rotated to other crops. In this way the land is brought to a stage of permanent development and kept at its highest peak of production thruout the year, and without the use of fertilizers.

Next to the railroad itself the most important factor in developing the Rio Grande Valley has been the work of the W. E. Stewart Land Company of Kansas City, Missouri.



"Ponderosa" lemons in grove of H. P. Hansen, Pharr, Texas

the largest and most successful land company in America with a sales record to its credit during 1919 of more than \$21,000,000. This amount represents improved and unimproved farm lands in the valley. W. E. Stewart is a former Texas banker who was among the first to see the possibilities of the Rio Grande Valley. He organized the W. E. Stewart Land Company and later the Stewart Farm Mortgage Company, the latter with a paid-up capital of \$1,500,000. He has sold and developed about seventy-five thousand acres. He maintains a payroll of fifteen hundred workmen, engaged in clearing and making ready for cultivation the lands he is selling. With offices in Kansas City, Chicago, Minneapolis and Dallas, his company operates two weekly excursions from these points to the valley, giving home-seekers an opportunity to see the country before buying. The prospectors are the guests of the company and are made up of high class farmers and business men from the middle western states.

The itineraries of the Stewart excursions are so arranged as to furnish relaxation and amusement for the home-seekers and break the monotony of the trips which are made in the company's private cars. Starting at Kansas City the parties

are taken either via Galveston or New Orleans, where a day is spent in sight-seeing. Arriving in the valley, the prospectors become the guests of the company at its club house near Mercedes, the club house being in all respects a modern hotel. Three days are spent in the valley seeing the country. The



The H. P. Hansen farm. Mr. Hansen was a photographer in North Dakota, and was inexperienced as an orange and grape fruit grower. He has made a remarkable success and accumulated a fortune in five years. He recently refused \$2,000 an acre for his place

return trips are usually made by a different route, and in this way the parties are given an opportunity to see practically the entire state of Texas. The excursions are open to any home-seeker who has the means to buy land and is desirous of bettering his condition. The general offices of the W. E. Stewart Land Company are in the Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Chicago branch of the business is handled by DeWitt, Herzog & Sommer, Incorporated, with offices at 25 East Jackson Boulevard. This firm is composed of R. A. DeWitt, William Herzog and A. Sommer, all experienced land men and believers in the future of the Rio Grande Valley. The company operates in Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and half of Illinois, and has hundreds of salesmen in these states.

For the benefit of those who have gained their knowledge of Mexican affairs from the newspapers it should be added that in the valley there is no "Mexican problem." As a matter of



The Ware home, one of the most beautiful in the valley

fact one can hear more about this question in the north and east than the people on the border or in the Rio Grande Valley section. The Mexican is a law abiding and conscientious worker, and as a solution of the labor question is one of the great assets of the Texas farmer. Everybody can afford servants in the valley, and farm labor can be had for a dollar and a quarter to one dollar and a half per day.



The Depreciation of the Dollar

Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip former President of the National City Bank insists that the people must know the technical side of banking to understand why the value of the dollar goes down

THESE are the days of asking questions. The mental attitude of the world is one of inquiry. Leaders of the future are going to be the men who can clearly and lucidly answer questions and offer constructive plans. The Sunday forums springing up all over the country, as if by magic, are an evidence of the new order of things. People still want "to know," and the man who knows is the man they want to hear to gain the power of knowledge. In every city, village, and hamlet over the country, public discussion reflects the spirit of the old New England town meeting where the Yankee ejaculation of "I want to know" became American vernacular.

In the historic Old South Meeting House in Boston, near the spot where Benjamin Franklin was born, where the British officers stabled their horses, where the eloquent voices of Adams and of Otis rang out in their appeals for freedom from the tyranny of taxation without representation, forums are held every Sunday afternoon. High up in the pulpit of this historic shrine Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip faced a throng that filled every foot of space and overflowed into the street. His message,



FRANK A. VANDERLIP

Former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and president of the National City Bank, New York, who is now on his way to personally study financial and social problems in the Orient, as he has in Europe, in reference to future conditions of the United States

delivered in a simple direct manner, riveted the attention of every auditor with even more intensity than the fiery eloquence of Revolutionary heroes.

His subject was "The Depreciation of the Dollar," and the interest reflected in the faces of that audience indicated that the dollar and economic relations have much to do with the spiritual welfare and aspirations of the people. With few gestures, maintaining colloquial contact, he presented the technical side of finance and banking as it has never been presented before, with the grip and continuity of a moving picture in which all were taking part. With almost impassioned emphasis he insisted "you *must* know and learn something of the technical side of banking in order to understand your own necessities and not misjudge those who do understand."

As simply as if he were relating a fireside story, he portrayed the world situation and brought home its relation to every person in that assemblage, from gallery to the man peering in the half-opened door from the street. Summed up, the situation was declared a question of production. Inflation was the red-light danger signal to be watched. He urged, not so much help for other governments, as help for the manufacturers with raw materials to resume activity and relieve the stagnation that comes with inflation. His closing sentences will never be forgotten. From this pulpit a business man delivered an appeal that went to the hearts of his hearers. When he insisted that the solution must come from the spiritual awakening of the people to a measure of sacrifice in peace as well as in war times, he sounded the high note of future progress.

Hundreds who had remained standing during the hour of his address remained for another hour to ask questions. From the remotest corners of the galleries to those directly below he replied to every interrogation as if he were sitting down and talking the matter over face to face with his interrogators. Many of the questions indicated that the misinformation which he kindly corrected and which some people had used in discussing these all-important questions was working mischief among sincere people. There was a serious, sober atmosphere about this gathering that comported with traditions of the Old South Meeting House. As the gray twilight shadows of that Sunday afternoon came thru the windows one was reminded of similar gatherings in centuries past. It was altogether one of the hopeful signs of the future.

If millions of people could hear addresses like the one delivered by Mr. Vanderlip that Sunday afternoon, there would be a transformation of public sentiment even more startling than the spirit of unity and self-sacrifice manifested during the war. There was even a suggestion among these inquirers of people giving up their government bonds if necessary to relieve the strain and stress of our government in protecting itself and continuing to help other struggling nations. But Mr. Vanderlip did, after all, prove to be the greatest optimist in the room, despite the fact that he had dealt in cold and unwelcome facts. He always seems in advance of the prevalent public opinion in surveying accurately cause and effect, without depending on spasmodic impulse or emotion to accomplish what rugged common sense will do. His faith in America and in humanity at large was unswerving, but not expressed in words of trite flattery.

Many a man and woman in that audience thought that if there could be a man of the vision and executive capacity of Mr. Vanderlip directing the financial and economic policies of this nation it would inspire a spirit of (Continued on page 91)

San Antonio, Where Nature Plays

Quaint and historic city internationally famous
as the "world's playground," now looms to
the fore as one of the most productive oil fields

Spendthrift

By EVERETT LLOYD

"San Antonio, the Sweetheart of the South and West, with Lovers from the North and East."—MACLYN ARBUCKLE



SAN ANTONIO—the most beautiful and euphonic name ever given to an American city—is steeped in tradition, patriotism, history and romance. It is a blend of six civilizations, retaining a dash of the old with all the modernity of the present. One could love San Antonio for its name alone, without its sunshine and flowers, the bracing air, the parks, rivers, and freaks of nature, and the almost perfect climate. To hear a native pronounce the name properly—"San An-ton-ee-o"—is a thrill unforgettable and a memory; but to say "San Antone" is the mark of the provincial and the jayhawker, whose crime is equal to the small town visitor who speaks of his visit to "New Orleans."

When all other remedies fail, "Go to San Antonio" has been the last resort and favorite prescription of the medical profession since the tubercular bug was discovered. But here let



Residence of Claude Witherspoon—a typical San Antonio home

me interpolate that San Antonio is not a land of lungers—far from it! Health is contagious in this city of perpetual sunshine, with a B. V. D. climate three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; a climate surpassing or at least equal to Colorado in summer and California and Florida in winter. San Antonio is one of the greatest tourist centers of the world, and has probably been visited by more native Americans than any other city in the United States, save, of course, New York, Washington, Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco. "We are speaking strictly from the tourist and health-seeker standpoint."

San Antonio is a world composite. It has the gallantry of Spain, the chivalry of France, the suavity and urbanity of Italy, the ruggedness of Normandy, the dash, spirit and bravery of the pioneer. It has all the independence, freedom and fellowship which enter into the making of history. The story of San Antonio is history itself, and before one of its shrines, the Alamo, the world lingers. It has missions, temples, cathedrals, parks, homes, hotels, restaurants, antiquities, curio shops, museums, and a heterogeneous population, representing practically every race on the globe, with somewhat of the traits of all. In short, San Antonio is Texas in miniature—the most typical city in Texas; and to be representative of Texas means a variety of things. And remember this: anything one wants can be had in San Antonio. There is a whole literature about the place—books, stories, plays, novels of realism and romance, melodramas and movie settings. San Antonio has been immortalized in fiction. Words, now a part of the English language, have had the honor of being coined in memory of a San Antonio

citizen—notably the word "maverick," in celebration of a well-known Texas ranchman. San Antonio is the home and workshop of sculptors, authors, musicians, artists and students. From the standpoint of downright human interest it is unique, with an infinite variety of material for the writer and artist. As a final close-up it has a distinct military atmosphere, and army officers, from Robert E. Lee to Generals Funston and Pershing, have left their impress there. What more could the writer want? And just across the way is Mexico, with all its intrigue, plottings, insurrections and international politics.

To recount the history of San Antonio would be to confuse ourselves in a mass of dates and places. The Alamo, the birthplace of Texas liberty and independence, before which millions of pilgrims have bowed their heads in admiration and reverence, is a classic shrine. From Conner's "History of San Antonio" we learn that the first permanent settlement of San Antonio was made at the head of the San Antonio River in 1692; that the first charter to the city was made by the King of Spain in 1733, but that the city proper dates from 1715. From the same book we gather the further significant information that the Menger Hotel was built in 1858; that Joseph Jefferson refused to keep an engagement to play "Rip Van Winkle" a little later because of the lack of railroad accommodations; and that B. F. Yoakum was general manager of the "Sap" lines in 1885. Alex Sweet and J. Armory Knox first launched the inimitable "Texas Siftings" in San Antonio, and later came Brann and O. Henry. The register of the Menger Hotel shows the boyishly scribbled signature of Theodore Roosevelt when he arrived to organize the Rough Riders in the first flush of the Spanish-American war. Celebrities of all kinds, soldiers, sculptors, and writers have called San Antonio home. Here McIntyre and Heath, the comedians, started their careers; Maclyn Arbuckle was born here. J. Frank Davis, the story writer, lives in San Antonio. George Roe, translator of the "Rubaiyat," and one of the great living Persian scholars, runs a book store in the town. Genius thrives in San Antonio.

Famous as a health and pleasure resort, and with a climate that is the envy of all other southern cities, San Antonio did



The Menger Hotel, of historic and hospitable memory. Operated by T. B. Baker and M. B. Hutchins. Here Roosevelt organized the Rough Riders. The Menger is one of the famous hotels of the South

not need an oil discovery boom. Nature had already been too prodigal with this sun-kissed city. Ordinarily oil is found only in those sections wholly unsuitable for any other purpose. The discovery of oil seems to be an Act of Providence



N. H. KING

President of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, a fine type of constructive business man and city builder. Mr. King is the active head of one of San Antonio's largest business establishments, a prominent Mason and Elk

to save the people from starvation, a condition which could not exist here. If ever a country needed oil, it was the other two Texas oil fields—Ranger and Burkburnett. San Antonio is a modern city, with beautiful homes, parks, boulevards, hotels and the center of a rich and prosperous farming, livestock and dairying industry. Then, too, San Antonio is an important manufacturing and wholesale center. It serves as the gateway to Mexico and is the chief distributing point for this country. San Antonio has factories of every kind and is going after more. A half-million-dollar cotton mill is now being built by E. A. Dubose and J. O. Chapman. Large irrigation and reclamation projects are under way; and with the bringing in of deep oil in the Somerset field San Antonio is more than a health resort and tourist point. Millions of dollars are being expended for public improvements by the city and county; another hotel to cost a million dollars is to be built during the

year, a great investment almost an annual event; and with the adjustment of Mexican affairs, San Antonio promises to become one of the most prosperous cities in the South. The United States Government has always recognized the supreme importance of San Antonio, where it has maintained its largest army post at Fort Sam Houston.

According to the 1910 census, San Antonio led all Texas cities in population; and the 1920 census is expected to show a population of approximately two hundred thousand, and still the largest city in Texas.

Public service in San Antonio has kept pace with the rapid development and growth of the community in a very satisfactory manner. Genuine service has been the keynote of public service policy. This, combined with broad-minded management, and a cheerful willingness on the part of the company to assume the inherent duties and obligations of public service has been a potent factor in the upbuilding of a greater San Antonio.

No city can attain normal growth without adequate and efficient public



ELLIOTT JONES

Young oil magnate, who was one of the pioneer operators in the Somerset field

within the last decade has been almost abnormal, and in meeting their responsibilities, public service executives have faced a problem of considerable magnitude. A steady ingress of tourists and



JOHN B. CARRINGTON

Secretary-manager of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce, and an able journalist and business executive

health seekers; a gradual awakening of latent industrial activity and the establishment of several large military cantonments, bringing more than one hundred thousand soldiers into the Texas metropolis, all tended to create maximum demands upon public service facilities.

New equipment, increased capacity in gas and electric plants, and rapid construction work were essential to meet these unusual conditions. And, above all, service was imperative. Shortage of material, shortage of labor, and the general unsettled and chaotic conditions that preceded and accompanied the war period, aggravated the situation and made the solution doubly difficult.

That the public service people were able to meet these unusual requirements and continue to maintain their high standard of service to attract industry and homeseekers, reflects considerable credit upon the senior vice-president of the San Antonio Public Service Company, Major W. B. Tuttle, and the junior vice-president and general manager, Mr. E. H. Kifer.

The San Antonio Public Service Company, a subsidiary of the American Light & Traction Company, controls the gas, electric, and street transportation service of the city. San Antonio has

developed from a quaint border town to a flourishing business center, and the splendid and whole-hearted co-operation between the public and the Public Service Company has contributed liberally to this development. There are almost forty thousand consumers of gas and electricity in San Antonio, and the street cars carry about four million passengers a month.

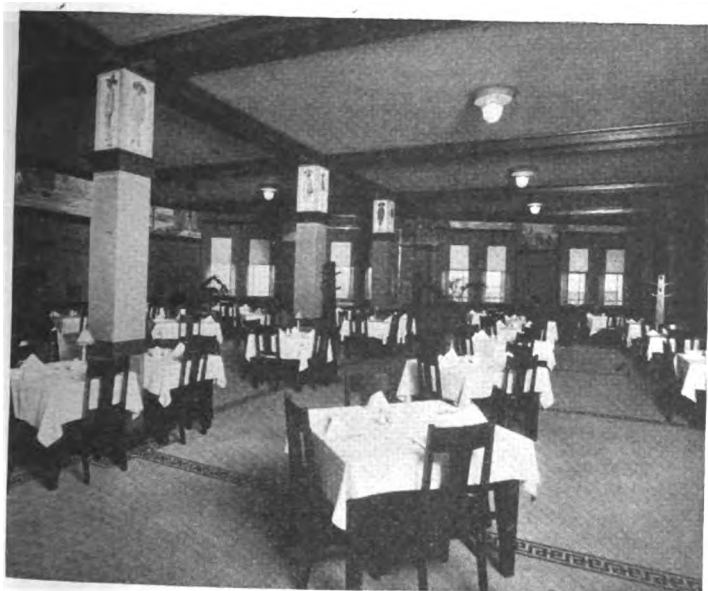
During the war, rates for gas and electric service were increased, but in line with the usual policy of the management, with the conclusion of hostilities, a better fuel contract was obtained, and rates were promptly put back to a pre-war basis. Until very recently street railway fares have been maintained at five cents, but with little hope of lower costs, the company has now established, at the suggestion of the city, a zone system eliminating transfers, in an attempt to obtain relief. The system is being given an equitable trial, and the management earnestly hopes it will not be necessary to increase fares.

San Antonio has one distinct advantage over any other American city—and this is cheap Mexican labor, of which there will never be any shortage, and a class of laborers among whom strikes and labor troubles are unknown. It is strange that more American manufacturers have not realized the importance of this economic factor and established branch factories in San

retail basis, and San Antonio and southwest Texas has been quick to respond with its patronage. The institution has not only been the means of guaranteeing pure milk to San Antonio, but has stimulated the dairy industry among the farmers.



The fashionable and aristocratic St. Anthony Hotel, operated by T. B. Baker, who also operates the Menger. The St. Anthony is famous for its "Peacock Alley," its concerts and hospitality



The original Mexican restaurant, established twenty years ago by O. M. Farnsworth—an institution which has had many imitators, but few competitors. No tourist should miss this quaint place, which was described by President Eliot of Harvard as one of the most interesting restaurants in America. It is the rendezvous for army officers, literary and artistic people, and lends to San Antonio a tint of Bohemia with all the high seasoning of Mexico. Mexican dishes have long been popular in the Southwest and in Mexico, but it remained for an American to give them national popularity

Antonio. With deep oil and gas will come cheap fuel. San Antonio has an unlimited water supply, railroad facilities and a world market almost at its doors. Mexico will some day be Uncle Sam's largest buyer of American-made goods, and San Antonio firms are simply waiting until political conditions adjust themselves. San Antonio is the home of the Open Shop Movement, and organized the first Open Shop Association in the United States. The Chamber of Commerce, and other business organizations of the city have gone on record as favoring the Open Shop idea; and the principle is being successfully worked out and applied in San Antonio industries.

Industrially San Antonio is thoroly alive to her opportunities. From the standpoint of local service rendered, San Antonio's most outstanding institution is the Alamo Industries, a combination of four enterprises, the chief of which is the largest and most sanitary creamery and dairy products factory in Texas. The Alamo Industries represents an investment of \$2,500,000 and pays out to the farmers of the community more than \$4,000 a day, or nearly \$2,190,000 a year for dairy products. San Antonio looks to the Alamo Industries for its supply of pure milk, and is fortunate in having a clean, sanitary and scientifically operated creamery, where all dairy products are thoroly pasteurized.

The Alamo Industries is one of the few successful attempts to operate a scientific creamery and dairy on a wholesale and

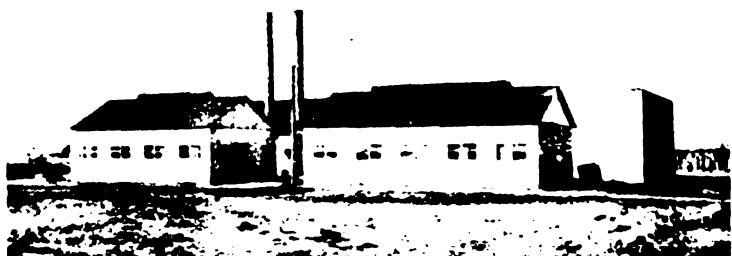
San Antonio's greatest industrial acquisition during the past year was the \$2,000,000 plant of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, with Sam W. Stroud, well-known Texas banker and business man, as president and organizer. This company will soon be making Stroud Tractors in quantity production, and with one exception will be the first tractor factory in the South to enter the manufacturing field on a state-wide and national scale. The demand of farmers for tractors and other automotive farm equipment has so far exceeded the supply that local factories are a necessity, and their production is already pre-empted in advance of production. Hundreds of bankers, business men, farmers and stockmen are back of the Stroud factory, which should be an industrial asset to southwest Texas.

NOTABLE SAN ANTONIO CITY BUILDERS

San Antonio has its share of big men, many of them great men in certain respects; but from the standpoint of civic



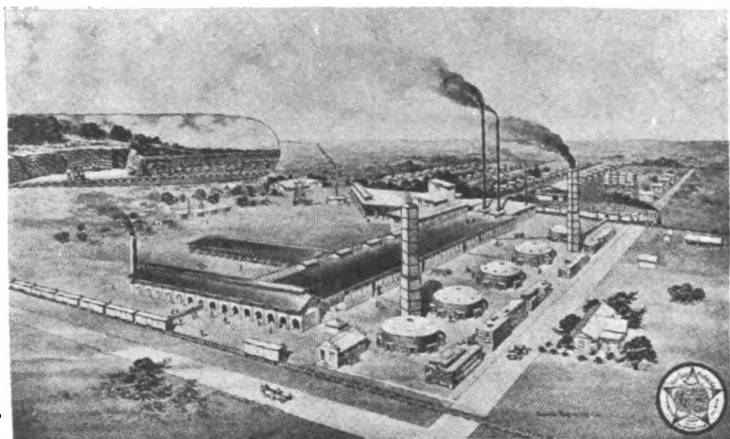
The Gunter Hotel is the history-making center of San Antonio, and occupies the same relation to San Antonio that the Waldorf occupies to New York. Percy Tyrrell, manager of the Gunter, is one of the most widely-known and successful hotel managers in America, and has popularized his hotel until it is nationally famous. Here the cattle kings, oil men and politicians gather



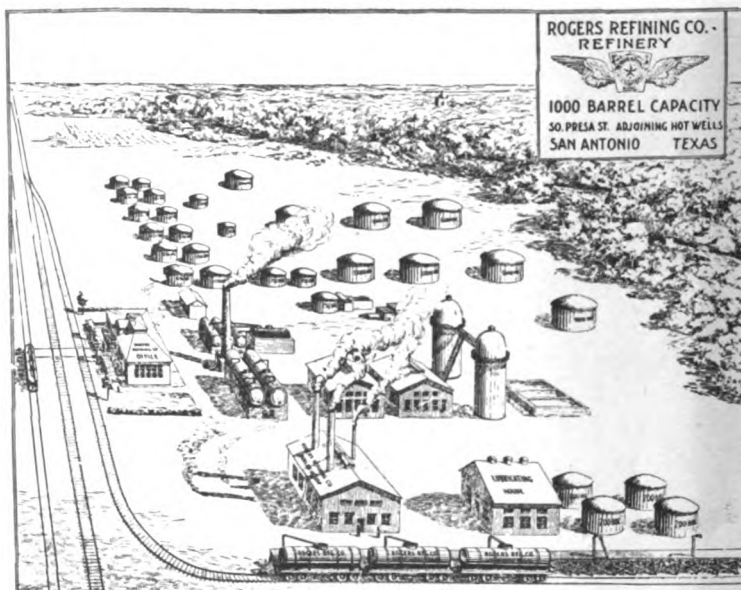
Plant of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company



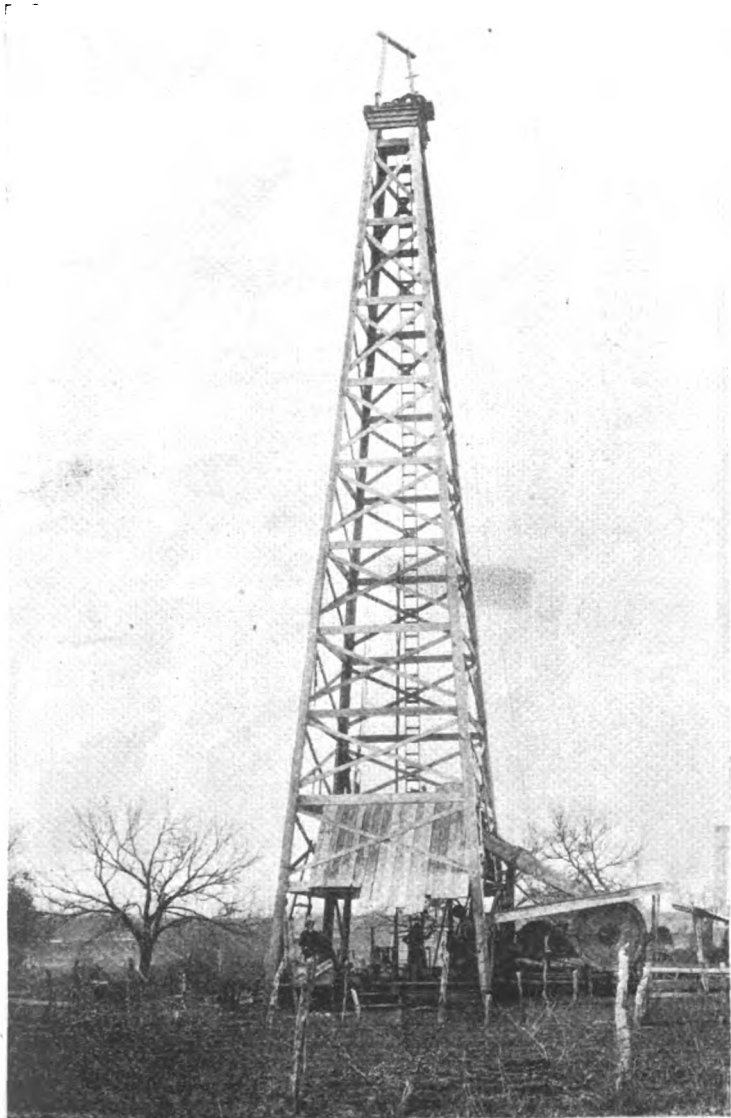
The Alamo Industries, a \$2,500,000 creamery and dairy products firm; the largest and most modern creamery ever built in the South. It furnishes San Antonio its supply of pure milk, and is the pride of the city



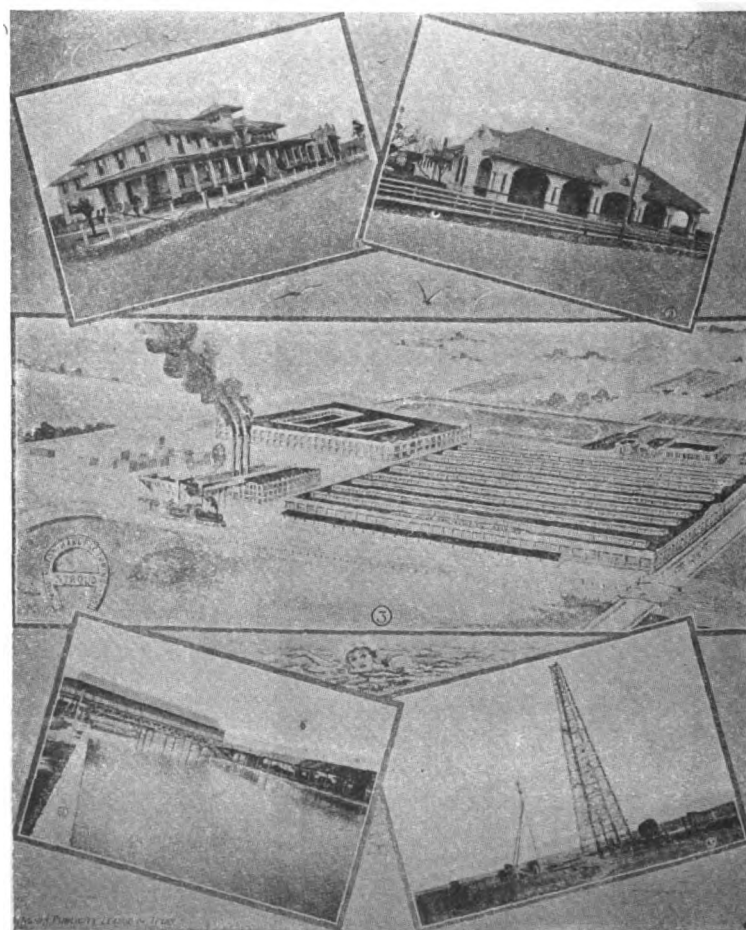
Plant of the Star Clay Products Company, San Antonio, manufacturers of hollow building tile, standard and interlocking. The success of the company proves the popularity and superiority of tile over brick for building purposes, being cooler in summer and warmer in winter. The Star Clay Products is a \$150,000 corporation, organized in 1908, with Adolph Wagner, president; C. T. Priest, vice-president; R. D. Harry, manager. The use of tile is rapidly replacing lumber and brick as building material, and is practically indestructible. The men at the head of the Star Clay Products Company are among San Antonio's most progressive and substantial business leaders



Plant of Rogers Refining Company, a million-dollar corporation, projected by J. M. and H. M. Rogers, of Chelsea, Oklahoma, who have had many years successful experience as refinery builders and operators, and who are well known among the business leaders of Texas and Oklahoma



Deep-test well No. 5 of the Southwest Texas Oil and Refining Company



San Jose addition. San Antonio's new residential and industrial addition, where the \$2,000,000 plant of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, is located

usefulness and general resourcefulness as a town builder, the distinction of being one of San Antonio's first citizens belongs to L. J. Hart, the type of city builder who does things, the man who, more than any other, has developed San Antonio's



SAM W. STROUD
President of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, Limited, who successfully launched a \$2,000,000 enterprise

business district; was one of the builders of the Gunter Hotel, developed one of the city's finest residential districts, and made Houston Street the town's principal thoroughfare. L. J. Hart has the ability and vision to create values where they did not exist before. In fact it is said of him that when he buys real estate all the surrounding property advances because property owners know that his ownership spells improvement. Just now Mr. Hart is developing an entirely new street; that is, his promotion of St. Mary Street has caused it to be reclaimed and developed from an obscure side street into a new section of the business district, lined with new hotels, office buildings and apartment houses. Mr. Hart is probably San Antonio's largest owner of business property, and many of his holdings are in the very heart of the city where future developments are sure and certain. College Street owes much of its development to Mr. Hart's splendid effort, which has been the most important single factor in building and promoting San Antonio's skyline.

L. J. Hart is not a native Texan, but was born and reared in Iowa, and was graduated from Dubuque College, when he was nineteen. His first business venture was in Denver, where he located

during the real estate boom of 1887. He was among the first to foresee San Antonio's advantages as a great national resort. He induced other progressive men to come to San Antonio, notably Colonel Jot Gunter, and together they planned and built the Gunter Hotel, an institution that has meant more to San Antonio than any other.

DISCOVERY OF THE SOMERSET FIELD

Some say that the discovery of the Somerset oil field near San Antonio is the last stand of the fickle goddess of Fortune—but *quien sabe?* The days of '49 are gone. That much we know. The days of the Leadville boom, of the Klondyke and gold, of Goldfield and Tonapah are gone. Then came oil, that subtle and liquid something which finds expression only in terms of millions, and thinks and computes only in larger terms. Spindle Top, Beaumont and Humble are only reminders of better days to come. We are speaking now of Texas only. Recently we have had Ranger, Burkburnett and other booms—now San Antonio finds itself in the midst of an oil boom with shallow oil at the end of every drill and deep oil recently tapped. What will this old town do? Certain eminent geologists who are supposed to know say that the Somerset field will be the world's next greatest deep oil pool. Some say it will,



J. H. KIRKPATRICK
World traveler and orator, who has been one of the real builders of San Antonio

and others say it will not. All we know is this: there has never been a dry hole or well "brought in" or drilled in Somerset. Deep oil is somewhere near—near San Antonio; and with a hundred deep rigs working overtime, somebody is going



J. N. KINCAID
Of the A. P. Ford Company, developers of the San Jose addition, and an expert authority on Texas land values

to make a strike soon. Prominent oil men from California, Oklahoma, Wyoming and Texas believe this and are on the ground. They have put their money at work developing the field, which is always the best evidence of faith. From all the oil centers of earth have the oil boys foregathered, with the firm belief that at Somerset there is deep oil—probably the greatest pool ever discovered.

Any number of companies are now operating and making money in the Somerset field. The Grayburg Oil Company is a million-dollar affair, with its own fleet of tank cars, filling stations, pipe lines, refinery and producing wells. It has a cool million dollars invested, twenty odd producing wells, as many more being drilled; it has daily production of six hundred barrels, and the refinery has a daily capacity of nearly three times this amount.

Dr. F. L. Thomson is the organizer and president of the Grayburg Oil Company. He is an eminent geologist, practical oil man, an able business executive and financier. The Somerset field is largely a monument to Dr. Thomson, Claude Witherspoon, A. B. Slimp and Elliott Jones. These men invested their money

in wells and refineries long before the field was advertised to the oil fraternity—or at least before San Antonio people even believed there was any oil at Somerset.

The Somerset field is famous for the long life of its wells, the high gravity of oil and assurance of production. There are at present probably two hundred producing wells on the pump, and as many more being drilled. Right now San Antonio is awaiting the thrill that follows the discovery of deep oil which is momentarily expected.

Realizing these possibilities all big operators of Wyoming, California, Oklahoma, and Texas are on the ground with rigs. Personally I do not know, but practical and successful oil men tell me that the Somerset field will be the next great oil bonanza—that here deep oil will be found in larger quantities and underlying a greater area than in any other field. To lend an element of truth to this one will find now in San Antonio many of the most famous geologists of the country, and they are usually the vanguard of a real oil find. The big companies—the Texas Company, the Grayburg, the Magnolia, the Gulf, the Crosbie Oil & Producing Company, Claude Witherspoon, the Sanantex Oil Company, the Hobson & Voorhees interests and their Texas Southern Oil & Development Company, the Willis & Thomasson Texas subsidiaries, the Helvetia Copper Company, C. D. Harlow, former editor of the *Oil and Gas News*; J. H. McDonough and associates of the McDonough Ore and Mining Company of Birmingham, Alabama; L. M. Morehead of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company; Colonel A. B. Slimp of the Slimp Oil Company; the Tampico Oil and Refining Company; Dr. A. A. Luther of the Southwest Oil and Refining Company, and the other companies which have recently leased large holdings from the A. P. Ford & Company at San Jose are all in the Somerset field working overtime. Millions of dollars are being expended for development in this field, with every assurance and indication of deep oil. And there is this notable fact in connection with the oil industry—when the big companies get in, it is a safe bet they know what they are about. Deep oil, insofar as the Somerset field is concerned, has passed the speculative stage, and the Grayburg deep test is expected to tell the tale. Should this well jibe with predictions, San Antonio will experience the wildest stampede any oil town has ever known—because San Antonio has the accommodations to take care of the operators, and the field is so large that development will include a large area of southwest Texas supposed to be in line with the Ranger and Tampico fields.

Claude Witherspoon, a pioneer in the Corsicana and Beaumont fields, and Dr. F. L. Thomson of the Grayburg Oil Company, are two of the most practical and successful operators in the Somerset field. Next are A. B. Slimp and Elliott Jones. The Grayburg Oil Company, which Dr. Thomson organized, is a million-dollar concern with about thirty producing wells, a refinery of eighteen hundred barrels daily capacity, and casing head plant of 250,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily. The Grayburg has its own pipe lines from the Somerset field, which is twenty miles south of San Antonio; but in addition to this has production in the north Texas fields and fillings stations all over Texas. Somerset oil is a high gravity oil and commands a premium in all the oil markets.

Another large company to start operations in the Somerset field is the Texas Southern Oil and Development Company. Mr. A. W. Hobson, of the firm of Hobson & Voorhees of Fort Worth and San Antonio, who is president and general manager of the company, has opened offices in San Antonio. This company's holdings consists of one hundred and forty acres adjoining the Helvetia Copper Company on the north.

Mr. Hobson states that the company will start operations at once, and continue drilling until fully developed. Their first well will be put down in the southeast corner of the O. L. Avent tract and will be designated as the Texas Southern Oil and Development Company's Avent No. 1.

This company has been financed entirely in California, having received a permit from the Commissioner of Corporations of California to sell stock in that state.

The officers and directors of the company are men who have long been identified with

large oil and railroad interests in that state, and it is their intention to make the Texas Southern a permanent producing organization.

Late developments on the Helvetia Copper Company's tract indicate better production as they come north, and Mr. Hobson feels justified in saying that his company should get equally as good production, and with the proper kind of work will have fifteen barrel wells. On a recent trip to Fort Worth, he found a good many of the Desdemona operators who had not met with the success in that field they had anticipated, and were much interested in the development going on in Somerset.

SAN ANTONIO AS A REFINERY CENTER

With an established local market, immediate transportation facilities, abundance of water and plenty of cheap labor, San Antonio promises to become one of the oil refinery centers of the Southwest; and it was probably due to these conditions that the Rogers Refining Company selected San Antonio as the most favorable location for a modern one-thousand-barrel refinery. This plant is being built on the company's thirty-five-acre tract near the city limits of San Antonio, and when completed will be one of the most complete and modern refineries in the Texas fields.

The Rogers Refining Company is a million-dollar corporation, projected by J. M. and H. M. Rogers of Chelsea, Oklahoma, who have had many years successful experience as refinery builders and operators, and who are well known among the business leaders of Texas and Oklahoma. Associated with them is a strong board of officers and directors, composed of F. L. Jordan, J. G. Taylor, E. N. Canada, and Judge Ellis C. Williams, the latter being president and general counsel of the company. These men are all highly successful in their respective professions, and their connection with the company is an assurance of its merits and profitable operation.

When completed, the Rogers refinery will represent an investment of approximately \$500,000. The business of the company will be to produce, manufacture, and market as wholesalers and jobbers crude oil products, such as gasoline, kerosene, lubricating oils and by-products.

The modern one-thousand-barrel refinery of the Rogers Refining Company, San Antonio, is nearing completion. The plant is

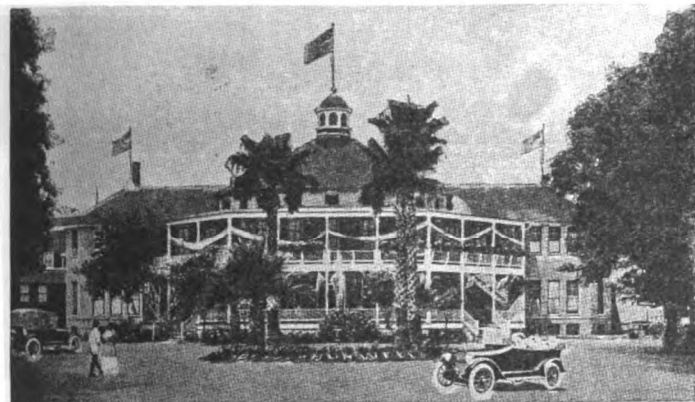


TOM CROSBIE
Of the Crosbie Refining Company



L. M. MOREHEAD
Of the North Texas Oil and Refining Company

located near the city and will have unexcelled transportation facilities to the local as well as the Ranger and Burkburnett fields, where the company is now drilling. This is the third successful refinery to be built by J. M. and H. M. Rogers.



Bathing pavilion, Hotel Wells, San Antonio. The hot sulphur water used for the baths is said to surpass the baths of Carlsbad, Bohemia, or Hot Springs, Arkansas, in curative qualities and as an elixir of youth. For many years the New York Giants have maintained their training quarters here

who are known as conservative and practical oil and refinery operators. Their investment of nearly a half million dollars in the San Antonio refinery is evidence of their faith in the Somerset field.

The Slimp was the first refinery built in the Somerset field, and has been run continuously since its erection. It was recently reorganized with the Messrs. Sheets taking over an interest in the industry, and Mr. Slimp will remain with the company as general manager.

Within a few miles' radius of the refinery is located a large number of the many producing wells of the Somerset field. On the Evans farm, of 1,059 acres, one mile from the refinery, the lease of which was secured the first of December by Willis and Thomasson, a firm of eastern oil operators, there is one producing well, the derrick up and the outfits being assembled to start active drilling to fully develop this property. Willis and Thomasson are new operators in the Texas fields. They are opening up the San Marcos district, with a branch office at San Marcos, Texas, and have secured over sixty thousand acres in Hays and the surrounding counties.

The entrance of this firm into San Antonio and their activity in the Somerset field is but a forerunner of the development work that will take place during the coming spring and summer. Willis and Thomasson recently closed a deal for two hundred

acres joining the Evans tract, on which there are now forty-two producing wells.

Geologists, representing some of the largest operators in the oil industry, have been making surveys of this territory during the past year, and from their reports it is summed up that what is now regarded as one of the best shallow producing fields of Texas will, upon deeper drilling, bring forth another gusher field in the state.

T. S. Crosbie, veteran oil operator, and head of the Crosbie Oil & Refinery Company, owns two hundred and six acres in fee in the Somerset field adjoining the Grayburg holdings. This company now has a number of producing wells, but is preparing to develop its holdings on a large scale, and their immediate development plans call for fifteen wells, including a deep test. When production warrants, a refinery is to be built which will mean the fifth refinery for San Antonio.

The McDonough Ore & Mining Company of Birmingham, Alabama, large operators in coke and ores, have entered the Somerset field as the Sanantexas Oil Company, with a capital of \$200,000. This company has two hundred acres in Bexar County, eight hundred in Medina, sixteen hundred in Kinney, and six hundred and forty in Terrell County. The first development work will be done on the company's Bexar County lands in the Somerset field, where forty wells will be drilled. Associated with President J. H. McDonough of the Sanantexas Oil Company are R. H. McDonough, C. H. Nesbit, Clarence Reese and G. T. Wofford, all well known Alabama and Texas business men.

Probably there is no other man in the southwest Texas field who is able to furnish more accurate information than Dr. A. A. Luther of the Southwest Texas Oil & Refining Company, a \$500,000 Texas and New York company. The main office of the company is at New York, but Dr. Luther is in active charge of the San Antonio office, as well as being field manager. With two wells on the pump, five being drilled, forty contemplated, including four deep tests and the building of a great refinery, this company is one of the well-managed and liberally financed companies in the San Antonio field, with acreage in Bexar, Frio and other adjoining counties of proven territory, and from all appearances will be a success. The company's refinery will be on a fifty-acre site in South San Antonio.

The North Texas Oil and Refining Company, Limited, operating a large refinery at Greenville, Texas, is a recent addition to the local oil group. This company has a capital of \$1,000,000, and is managed by successful oil operators and business men of integrity. The company is building a five-thousand-barrel refinery in San Antonio on the co-operative plan. L. M. Morehead, an experienced oil man of Shreveport, Louisiana, is the



MACLYN ARBUCKLE

Famous American actor and native of San Antonio, where he is now successfully directing a large motion picture corporation, an industry that finds its natural home in San Antonio



New \$500,000 cotton mill now being built in San Antonio by J. O. Chapman and E. A. DuBose. With Mexican labor, this will be one of the most profitable enterprises in San Antonio. The Mexican is naturally a manual craftsman and a trained textile worker. The mill will specialize in the manufacture of osnaburgs, and will have an annual output of nearly \$200,000. The mill is being constructed by the McKenzie Construction Company of San Antonio, one of the most reliable engineering and construction firms in the South, and one with a long line of public achievements to its credit. A. J. McKenzie is a professional civil engineer and graduate of the University of Missouri. Associated with him are Thomas McCroskey of Knoxville, Tennessee, and E. W. Robinson of San Antonio, also a graduate engineer. This firm has built a great number of large viaducts, subways, and other public works in Memphis, Fort Worth, San Antonio, and Ranger. Camp Travis at Fort Sam Houston, which cost \$2,500,000, was built by the McKenzie Construction Company, and is one of the most substantial and attractive army camps in the United States



Somerset Oil Field, near San Antonio, the world's newest oil field

active vice-president and general manager of the company, and is in charge of the San Antonio branch.

A story about the Somerset field would not be complete without some reference to A. B. Slimp, who built the first refinery in San Antonio, and under the firm name of the Slimp Oil Company is a leading factor in local circles. He developed the Dixie Oil and Refining Company, which was recently sold to the Humble Oil Company, a branch of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Slimp and his associates now control some of the most valuable acreage in the Somerset field, where he has substantial production and many new wells being drilled.

The company has constructed a modern five-thousand-barrel capacity refinery at Greenville, Texas. It is one of the most modern and up-to-date refineries in the South. It will use the Davis process, the most modern known to science of refining, having lease rights on same covering a period of ninety-nine years. By this process of refining finished products can be turned out in fifteen to twenty minutes from the time fire is started under the stills, while under the old process of refining it takes from eighteen to twenty-four hours to accomplish the same results. The Davis process eliminates the use of sulphuric acid with which to remove the dirt from oils. Under the old process, the sulphuric acid is never entirely recovered from the oils, thereby rendering them very injurious to all machinery, and is the common cause of pitting of cylinders and rings of a gasoline engine. Refined products made under this process are of the very highest grade. The gasoline is of highest gravity, contains less carbonizing properties, and is practically free from odor. Lubricating oils are of the highest viscosity and retain their lubricating properties longer, as no sulphuric acid or other injurious chemicals are used in refining. One of the largest independent pipe lines in the state, that of the Gulf Pipe Line Company, runs thru Greenville, thus assuring the supply of crude oil with which to supply the refinery. The refining plant site covers thirty-four acres and is located between the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and Midland railroads. Pipe line connection with that of the Gulf Pipe Line Company will be owned outright by the company, also the pumping station. The company will duplicate the Greenville refinery at San Antonio on ground already purchased at Terrell Wells.

OPPORTUNITIES AT TAMPICO

The greatest oil wells in the world are at Tampico, Mexico, where some of the gushers are flowing 190,000 barrels a day. Mexico is probably the last bonanza field in the world. There

was recently organized in San Antonio the Tampico Oil and Refining Company, a \$700,000 corporation, owning large and valuable holdings in the Tampico territory, which the company expects to develop. This company was organized by Sam H. Howell, a well-known oil man of San Antonio and member of the famous Howell family of Georgia. Associated with Mr. Howell are C. B. Martin, the secretary and treasurer of the company; Judge J. T. Dickerson of Oklahoma, president of the American Pipe Line Company, and former judge of the United States District Court of Oklahoma, and a practical oil operator; W. W. Todd of Wichita Falls; Edward H. Lange, prominent San Antonio business man and member of the Texas legislature; W. A. Harmon, Drumright, Oklahoma, and Fred V. Burns, Tampico, Mexico. Mr. Burns and Vice-president Howell will have charge of operations in Mexico, and Secretary Martin will manage the San Antonio office.

The Tampico Oil and Refining Company owns 1,359 acres near large production in the Tampico district, where the smallest well is ten thousand barrels a day. Tampico is one of the greatest oil fields in the world, and since the change in the oil laws of Mexico, American capital operating from San Antonio and other American cities will seek investment in the Tampico field, where it is assured of large production and unlimited financial returns.

The famous Hot Wells Hotel and mineral baths, San Antonio's invitation to health-seekers and tourists, is one of the leading resort hotels of America. An institution which combines all the attractions of the country with the advantages of the city. The Hot Wells Hotel is located in a magnificent twenty-acre pecan grove and on the banks of the San Antonio River, easily accessible by car line from the city.

The Hot Wells hotel property is owned and operated by W. G. Walters and Joe Kunze, successful Texas business men, who have recently completed a large number of improvements. The hotel is operated on both the American and European plans and caters largely to tourist and family trade. In appointments, furnishings, equipment and surroundings, it is one of the most desirable resorts in the South. In addition to the hotel proper, nearly every form of recreation has been provided. Fishing, golf, bathing, rowing, motoring, swinging and walking in the beautiful pecan grove are included. To give some intimation of the value and importance of the mineral baths at the Hot Wells it might be mentioned that for several years the New York Giants have had their spring training quarters there.

Creed of Abraham Lincoln

LET every American, every lover of liberty, every well wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of "Seventy-Six" did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and the laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe in her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling books and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political slogan of the Nation.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Selling Sweetness and Sunshine

Continued from page 59

and state fairs that season, making and selling the delightful confection which was just being introduced to the public. Patsy's singing and yodling attracted the crowds and the Cracker-Jack satisfied their sweet tooth.

That winter Patsy returned to Terre Haute to work in a restaurant and to marry a Terre Haute girl. He saved his money, bought a Cracker-Jack outfit in the spring, and set up a stand at one of the principal street corners. He gave away his first two batches of Cracker-Jack to give the crowd a taste of its quality, and he gave them away in his inimitable free-hearted Irish way. He greeted his fellow-townsmen with a cheery "Good morning, everybody!" and when anyone thanked him for the sample helping of Cracker-Jack he was passing out, he would reply, "Oh, that's all right—this is my birthday!" He wore an elaborate costume of white linen that cost twenty-five dollars, for he was convinced "It takes something nifty to catch the ladies."

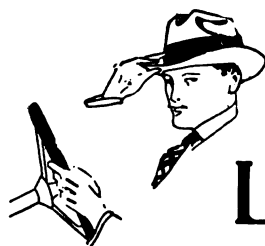
Patsy and his Cracker-Jack found favor with the Terre Haute palate and the venture was a success from the very first, netting the vender from ten to twenty dollars a day. After some missionary expeditions to Cuba, Mexico, Florida, Texas, and California, where he expounded the virtues of Cracker-Jack and introduced it to many communities, Patsy evolved from the migratory stage of his career and rented his first store in Terre Haute. It was a small room in the corner of a livery barn, but on the main street. He paid seventy-five dollars a month for it. He opened with a fifty-dollar stock of Cracker-Jack and taffy, and spent one hundred and fifty dollars on newspaper advertising, and the opening day found Patsy well launched on the road to success. Patsy's cheerfulness was contagious; people were pleased with him and pleased with themselves for being pleased. Patsy and his products, sweetness and sunshine, were needed in smoke-begrimed Terre Haute. They supplied a fundamental need, so the enterprise has prospered and grown until it now occupies three stores scattered over the down-town section of the city, and instead of the seventy-five-dollar rent which he paid at the beginning, Patsy now pays nine thousand dollars rent.

The atmosphere of all of Patsy's stores reflect that genial Irishman's pleasant temperament. To impress the importance of politeness on some new clerk, he will frequently telegraph from California or Florida to inquire: "Did you say 'Thank you' to all of your customers today?" Patsy's employees radiate the sunshine spirit. He still goes to fairs and Chautauquas and peddles from a basket, for the fun of it—stopping at the best hotels, dressing in the height of style, and driving his Pierce-Arrow coupe. He is a unique character in business life, and a demonstration of the fact that good humor is the most appreciated commodity in the world.

Better Than Pills For Liver Ills.

NR Tablets tone and strengthen organs of digestion and elimination, improve appetite, stop sick headaches, relieve biliousness, correct constipation. They act promptly, pleasantly, mildly, yet thoroughly.

NR Tonight, Tomorrow Alright



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Men's Seasonable Attire

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

COMBINING THE APPEARANCE OF CUSTOM CLOTHES. THE CONVENIENCE OF READY-TO-WEAR AND THE EXCLUSIVENESS OF RESTRICTED MATERIALS.

FOR THIRTY YEARS THE STANDARD OF QUALITY: TO-DAY THE BEST IN AMERICA YOUR STYLE IS HERE. BECAUSE EVERY GOOD STYLE IS HERE.

"NEW MEN'S CLOTHES SHOP"

BOND BREAD

The word bond means much. It signifies the most sacred contracts of life. BREAD is *the Staff of Life*. BOND BREAD, tested, tasted and tried by expert Housekeepers over the entire country is pronounced a triumph in the baking art.

Wherever you may be—see that BOND BREAD is served you and you will be assured of a basic good food. For BOND BREAD is made, baked and sold with an obligation.

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YOU'RE glad to roll up your sleeves and hear the water running when you wash with Lifebuoy. You know how "fine" your face and hands will feel in a few minutes.

The big creamy lather of Lifebuoy Soap carries down into the pores of your skin a mild, healthful antiseptic—keeps your skin glowing with health. Its pure clean odor tells why it benefits your skin.

Start using Lifebuoy today for your face, hands and bath. See your skin grow clearer and fresher every day!

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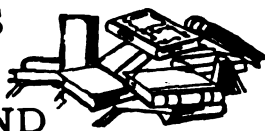
LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

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RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

Habits That Handicap

Of all the habits that hamper success there is none so fatal as an addiction to narcotics, alcohol, nicotine or hypnotic drugs. The effect inevitably is to decrease efficiency, lower the mental and nervous tone, inhibit moral responsibility, and invite physical depreciation, disease, and an earlier death.

While all these might be held to be problems for individual solution, they yet remain questions that vitally concern the entire social fabric, for their ramifications extend into every asylum, hospital and charitable institution, every police court and prison in the land. Their results are manifested in the relations between every human being and those who are bound to them by ties of love, relationship or law.

Now that national prohibition has become a fact, we, as a nation, stand in the anomalous position of being in greater danger of becoming drug addicts than ever before for, unquestionably, thousands of victims of alcoholic abnormality, suddenly deprived of their accustomed stimulant, will turn to any substitute that offers surcease for the craving that afflicts them.

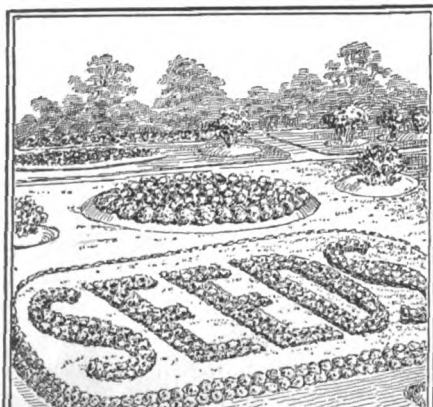
The result will be that anything and everything that tastes or smells like alcohol will be poured into the systems of alcoholic addicts like street slush into the city sewers, and every form of narcotic, hypnotic and sedative drug will be eagerly sought.

We are already consuming more habit-forming drugs than all Europe combined. Since the year 1869 there has been an increase of 300 per cent in the importation and consumption of opium in all its forms in America, as against 133 per cent increase in population. During the past ten years there has been an annual consumption in this country of four hundred thousand pounds of opium, fifty-seven per cent of which is made into morphine.

A vigorous and arresting presentation of the truth regarding the growing menace of the drug evil in the United States is set forth in "Habits That Handicap,"* the author of which book, Charles B. Towns, is one of the most successful fighters against this blight upon our civilization.

The author deals with his subject in a way that

*"Habits That Handicap," by Charles B. Towns. 12 mo., cloth, 233 pages. Funk & Wagnalls Company, N. Y. Price \$1.50, net; by mail, \$1.62.



LAWN-FLOWER-GARDEN
GARDEN TOOLS AND UTENSILS
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124 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

How Signs of Old Age Creep Into Your System When The Iron In Your Blood Runs Low

For Want of Iron, You May Be Old At Thirty—Nervous, Irritable and All Run-Down—While at Fifty or Sixty, With Plenty of Iron in Your Blood, You May Be Young in Feeling and Brimming Over With Vim and Energy

IRON IS THE RED BLOOD FOOD

That Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restores Wasted Tissue and Aids in Giving Renewed Force and Power to the Body. Physicians Explain Why Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Run-down People in Two Weeks' Time.

Old age has already sunk its talons into thousands of men and women who ought still to be enjoying the springtime and summer of life simply because they have allowed worry, overwork, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poisons to sap the iron from their blood and thereby destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. You will find plenty of people



YOU ARE AGEING
If the enthusiasm for tackling your daily problems has waned



YOU ARE AGEING
If your skin is shrinking and your face looks wrinkled, careworn and old



YOU ARE AGEING
If you have lost the spring of your step and your movements are cumbersome



YOU ARE AGEING
If you are wearied by the activities of your daily life

breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying perfect health because anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—has fastened its grip on them and is sapping their strength, vitality and energy. But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy

rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron.

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

at 40 who are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay while others at 50 are strong, active, alert and seemingly growing younger every year. One class withers and dies like leaves in autumn while the other by keeping up a strong power of resistance against disease may pass the three score and ten mark with surprising health, strength and vigor. But you cannot expect to look and feel young and vigorous unless you have plenty of iron in your blood, and physicians explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency in the weak, nervous, and run-down so as to build them up into stronger, healthier men and women.

"Many a man and woman who ought still to be young in feeling is losing the old time vim and energy that makes life worth living simply because their blood is starving for want of iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "Thousands are ageing and

grips the reader's close attention. He points out how the habit of taking headache powders, of using veronal or trional for insomnia, or of resorting to palliative cough mixtures or cold cures, as well as other seemingly innocent practices, may ultimately lead to mental and physical shipwreck.

Physicians, social workers, clergymen, nurses, educators, heads of families, and those persons interested in sociological problems, will welcome this informative and extremely interesting book.

That indefatigable traveller, Isaac F. Marcossan, whose book of personalities, "Adventures In Interviewing," has just gone into a second edition, is off again. He has gone to England and after a brief stay in London and Brussels will sail for the Belgian Congo, after which he will visit General Smuts, the Premier of the Union of South Africa. Shortly before his departure Mr. Marcossan was the guest of the faculty and students of the school of Journalism

at Columbia University, before whom he delivered an address on "Adventures In Interviewing." This book, by-the-way, is now being used as a sort of text by Professor R. D. James in his courses in Journalism at the University of Pennsylvania.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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The Depreciation of the Dollar

Continued from page 80

confidence that would hasten the days of readjustment and obviate the dangerous shoals of inflation thru which the world is passing. His life career, including work on a farm as a boy, at the mechanic's bench as a young man, a newspaper man who developed an unparalleled genius for finance, his experience in the Treasury Department, and as the head of one of the greatest financial institutions in the country, is one that stands out pre-eminent in the history of his times without the glamor of political preferment.

The utterances of Mr. Vanderlip, tho altogether too rare, invariably present technical knowledge of finance, great and small, to the complete understanding of the average person, as that of no other contemporary. He focusses world conditions to the understanding of the individual. When he has finished speaking, his hearers know just what he has said and just what he means, which, in these days of glittering generalities and nebulous theories, is refreshing and reassuring.

The Cleveland Convention

By FRANCES GARSIDE

HAVE you not observed that a convention held by women attracts more attention than one held by men? Not because of its rarity, tho that may have been the reason some years ago, but for the reason that women are doing things these days, and when they meet in convention it is obviously with the result of doing more.

To the credit of the sex, let it be known that they do not pass resolutions, pigeonhole them for the dust to cover—and forget them. A certain housewifely instinct intervenes.

Perhaps the most important convention of the

year, and undoubtedly the most important in the history of the organization, will be the Sixth National Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association, held in Cleveland, Ohio, April 13-20. Important, because it will be the first in five years, and in that period every woman has felt the topsy-turviness of the world more than any man. Her interests and status have been gravely affected.

The five preceding conventions held in New York, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Richmond and Los Angeles made history, but important as were the issues brought before them, never before has the Association faced so many problems involving the whole future of the movement as will be brought before it in April. For this reason, it is hoped, and assured, that the attendance will be far beyond that of any previous convention, and that no Association, however small, will be without representation. Nor will any Association, city, student, town or country, be content with less than its full quota. There will be no less than two thousand voting and visiting delegates.

The convention will assemble on the afternoon of April 13. All morning and afternoon sessions will be given to the presentation and discussion of the business of the convention. At the evening sessions addresses will be given by men and women who are leaders in Christian thought in this and other countries.

The issues to come before the convention are important. Two sections, the student and the industrial, are facing specially serious problems. The readjustment to a peace basis requires careful thinking; there must be close attention to the financial outlook, and never in the history of the world have so many problems concerning women arisen, due to the economic and social conditions which inevitably follow war.

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THE VERY FINEST
DRINKING COFFEE YOU
CAN POSSIBLY OBTAIN,
"WHITE HOUSE," IS IN
A CLASS BY ITSELF—
INCOMPARABLE,
UNAPPROACHABLE,
SPLENDID

Showing the new, up-to-date style of package, which perfectly protects its contents, and delivers to you the same splendid quality that has made "White House" Coffee famous (1-3-5 lbs.)

*After Three Hundred Years the American Priscillas
Win the Right "to Speak for Herself"*

Celebrating the Suffrage Victory

Ratification Qualifying over Twenty-Four Million American Women as Voters assured in 1921. Thirty-Five States have Sealed the Compact on the Mayflower for the Women of America



WITH woman suffrage as fashionable as alligator pear salad and emerald anklets, the great victory convention—the fifty-first and final—of the National American Woman Suffrage Association ran its seven days' course in the Congress Hotel in Chicago, with one event and session after another majestically moving along to make it the most distinguished gathering of women the nation over that has probably ever been held in these United States.

The convention lasted from February 12th until the 18th. In the course of the sessions, which were attended by about eight hundred women from all parts of the country as delegates, and by a thousand visitors, there was much serious, intelligent debate, frequent sparkles of fun, events that were charmingly entertaining, hours of rare fellowship and sociability, laughter and the comfortable enjoyment of the peace that comes with the realization that a long-sought-for goal has been reached.

For, of course, the goal is reached. For more than a century women in this country have been exercising all their powers of strategy, of wit, of organized effort and even of gentlest persuasion to convince the men in this country that there is no sex in citizenship. And now, by the action of Congress that fact has been officially conceded, and the states are one by one speaking thru their legislatures to express their agreement (mostly) and their disagreement (rarely), with this decision. When thirty-six states have ratified the Federal suffrage amendment, it will become a part of our Constitution, and a mighty song of victory will be sung by the women. That time is almost in sight, hence the air of triumph in the bearing of all those who attended this victory suffrage convention.

There were two kinds of delegates at this convention: there were the splendid women who for years have been the fighters, the ones who have not been afraid to listen to jeers and still go on with their speaking, who have known the days of mobs and eggs, and have been the high-spirited councillors in spite of every discouragement, thankful for every slightest advance in their cause. And there was the younger group of active suffragists, many of them strangers to the pioneer workers, and numbers of them—this in the tiniest whisper—who were remembered by some as hasty recruits to the cause in recent years when martyrdom and stern self-sacrifice were no longer demanded of disciples of woman suffrage.

There was even a masculine delegation—of one—coming from Georgia; there was a niece of Susan B. Anthony there, a daughter of Lucy Stone, many namesakes of the famous old suffrage pioneers; the "oldest living white child" in Wyoming, that first state in the Union to give women their rights (in 1869); a daughter of Brigham Young, the Mormon, who told of the example set by her state of Utah in its support of woman suffrage, and a daughter of William Dudley Foulke, one-time governor of Indiana, and first president of the National Woman Suffrage Association.

There were six all-day conferences which were held simultaneously on the opening day of the convention, each one of them on topics of immediate importance to women, especially when they shall have the privilege of voting. Mrs. Raymond Robins of Chicago, president of the National Women's Trade Union League, presided over the conference on "Women in Industry," and later reported to the convention recommendations of her committee for legislation to secure to woman workers a minimum wage, the abolition of night work, an eight-hour day and other fundamental reforms. Compulsory

education which shall include adequate training in citizenship, the education of aliens before bestowing upon them citizenship, and direct citizenship for women, independently of their husbands, were among the reforms recommended by the conference on American citizenship, of which Mrs. Frederick P. Bagley of Boston, was chairman.

Adequate education in the matter of health, laws requiring physical and mental fitness for marriage, and abolition of commercialized prostitution were urged by the committee on social hygiene, of which Dr. Valeria H. Parker of Hartford, was chairman. A severe indictment of the meat packers was made in a vote by the convention endorsing the report of the committee on food supply and demand, presided over by Mrs. Edward P. Costigan of Washington. "The high cost of living in the United States is increased and the production of necessary food supplies diminished by unduly restrictive private control of the channels of commerce, of markets and other facilities, by large food organizations and combinations," read Mrs. Costigan's report. "And if our civilization is to fulfill its promise, it is vital that nourishing food be brought and kept within the reach of every home, and especially of all the growing children in the nation."

The child welfare conference endorsed measures for the public protection of maternity and infancy; the regulation of child labor; an appropriation of \$472,220 for the coming year for the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, and endorsed the principle of a bill for physical education about to be introduced into Congress, to be administered by the Bureau of Education of the Department of the Interior.

The unification of laws concerning women was urged by the committee in charge of Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, with a plea for uniform marriage and divorce laws in all the states, independent citizenship for married women, a wife's control of her own wages, joint guardianship of the children, mother's pensions, establishing the legal status of the child born out of wedlock and other progressive steps in legislation affecting women.

At each of the conferences held on that first day of the convention, speakers from all over the country, noted in their own line of thinking as advocating most advanced measures, were on the program. A resume of the conference proceedings and recommendations were made to the general convention by the leader of each conference, so that all those attending could enjoy the benefits of each of the six important sessions. With guiding policies thus suggested to the women who are about to become full citizens of the United States, and who will report back to their local groups the material obtained at the convention, it ought to be an enlightened electorate in petticoats that will proceed to the polls in every state of the Union when full suffrage is proclaimed!

The League of Women Voters, the logical present-day outcome of the dissolution of an organization formed years ago to secure woman suffrage, was explained in a speech made by Mrs. Catt in the course of the convention, which proved one of the high spots of the entire seven days' meeting. After pointing out the necessity of women's working thru political parties to secure the ends for which they are to use their votes, and the folly of remaining outside of such parties with the present power which political parties have, the great suffrage leader showed how hitherto the women in the various parties have been little more than a sort of "ladies' auxiliary."

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Photo by Chambers, Chicago

GROUP PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REGIONAL DIRECTORS OF THE LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS

Mrs. Trout and Mrs. Catt, while not on the Board, are two figures of great importance at the National Suffrage Convention. (Left to right, standing): Miss Katherine Ludington, Mrs. Richard E. Edwards, Miss Ella Dortsh, Mrs. George Gellhorn, Mrs. James Paige, Mrs. C. B. Simmons, Mrs. Solon Jacobs. (Left to right, sitting) Mrs. Maud Wood Park, Chairman League of Women Voters; Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout, President Illinois Equal Suffrage Association; Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President National American Women Suffrage Association

"As I read the signs of the present political progress of women within the parties, you are going to have within those parties a continuation of the old familiar strife," said Mrs. Catt, "and that is to make men believe and have confidence in the capacities of women. You must stimulate other women to self-respect—goad them out of their timidity, and show them that they are not emancipated until they are as independent within the party as the men are."

And then the great leader launched forth. "You can not carry on that struggle on the outside," she warned. "You can only do it on the inside. You must go into some political party, as that is the trend of the time. Within every party, and probably in every state, there is an inner struggle between the progressive elements and the reactionary elements within that party; the candidates, very likely, are a sort of a compromise between these two extremes. Sometimes the progressives get the best of it; sometimes the reactionaries do. When you get into those parties, you will find progressive elements there. And you should make your connections, provided you are a progressive, with that element within the party, and you will not find it all easy sailing. You will be disillusioned; you will discover that having the vote is not bringing the millenium in one election. Perhaps when you enter the party, you will find yourself in a sort of political penumbra, where most of the men are, and they will be glad to see you, and you will be flattered, and you will think how nice it is. And perhaps if you stay there long enough, going to dinners, hearing grand speeches, going to the big political meetings, and whooping it up for your candidate and platform, you will think how charming it is to be thus placed. But perhaps if you stay long enough and move around enough, and keep

your eyes wide enough open, you will discover there is a little denser thing there, of the *umbra* of the political party—and you will not be so welcome there. Those are the people who are planning the platforms and working out the candidates and doing the real work that you and the men, the masses of them, sanction at the polls. You will not be welcome there, but there is just the place to go. If you stay there long enough and are active enough, you will see the real thing in the center, with the door locked tight, and you will have a long hard fight before you get inside of the real thing that moves the wheels of your party.

"It is to be hoped that the members of the League of Women Voters thruout the country will so do their work that they will teach this nation there is something higher than the kind of partisanship that 'stands pat,' no matter what happens, no matter what is right or wrong within the party. They must not be too timid or too conservative; they must be five years ahead of the political parties, or their work will be of no value. And I believe that the league is coming to a glorious success."

Ten regional directors were voted upon for the new League of Women Voters, and these ten elected their national chairman, Mrs. Maud Wood Park of Massachusetts. The others are Mrs. Richard E. Edwards of Indiana, Mrs. Solon Jacobs of Alabama, Mrs. George Gellhorn of Missouri, Mrs. F. Louis Slade of New York, Miss Katherine Ludington of Connecticut, Miss Ella Dortsh of Tennessee, Mrs. James Paige of Minnesota, Miss Elizabeth Hauser of Ohio and Mrs. C. B. Simmons of Oregon.

According to the plan, the national board of directors of the league will meet annually in each of the seven regions of states. There is to be a national manager, to be selected by the board;

the presidents of state auxiliaries and chairmen of standing committees shall form the executive council. Representation in the national league shall be in accordance with population and on the same basis as the representation of a state in Congress.

Among other memories of the convention are those of the hilarities of the notable suffrage fashion-pageant, when all the laughs and tears of the long years of struggle to gain for women the vote in this country were on parade in the form of lovely figures wearing the garments of the periods they represented.

Down a wide flight of stairs came one quaint figure after another, each group labelled by the leader carrying a standard showing the year represented. There were the staunch pioneers, Lucretia Mott, Abigail Adams, Lucy Stone, in their billowing farthingales, and many others down thru the years, all in the procession—their modern impersonators wearing gowns that were actually the garments worn in the days which they represented.

Among those who came were demure Quakers in gray, who lost their reticence when they were called upon to defend the rights of their sisters; the staunch pioneers of Wyoming, a frontier state, in the days when Wyoming could boast of being the only state in the Union where women could vote unqualifiedly in the late sixties, and finally the group of women who proved to the nation their value as war workers, in their Red Cross uniforms, their motor corps garb and their other service dress, and a group of this season's debutantes in their charming chiffon gowns—the years of the victory of suffrage.

A memorial service of impressive beauty was held on Sunday, February 14, for the late Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, who died last year; another celebration was that of the Susan B. Anthony centennial, held during the convention, when the suffrage cycle was reviewed, beginning with the ten years from 1820 to 1830, the "Age of Mobs and Eggs," to the present time of victory.

The victory convention was a fitting meeting to celebrate the triumph. Especially so because in that splendid hour the women did not rest with their accomplishment, but began the preparation of themselves for assuming adequately the duties which they will undertake when, within but a few weeks, the Federal suffrage amendment will be made a part of the Constitution of the United States.



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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



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MRS. A. M. DIKE

Commissioner in France of the American Committee for Devastated France — the organization that has come closest to the lives of French people in the devastated region

(See article on page 111)



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WITH the blossoms of May-time and the roses of June comes a change in the trend of thought at Washington. The tensy of feeling incident to the approach of the political conventions to select presidential nominees is softened in the glory of Nature's happy mood. Each one of the twelve months appears to have a distinctive influence in the coloring of events. Following April, with its turbulent history of declarations of war in 1861 and 1917, and the tragic death of Lincoln, comes May-time. The "Red" May first, with its threats of world-wide revolution once passed—then followed the reaction. The peace resolution of Senator Knox to terminate war was introduced. The activities about the Department of Justice in 1920, anticipating the bloody threats of May-day, indicated that vigilance is still the price of liberty in the three hundredth anniversary year of the Landing of the Pilgrims.

The Attorney-General, recalling the bomb experience of 1919, in the attempt to wreck his own home in Washington, was determined that the Government should be prepared this time, and the searchlight was turned upon the cesspools and haunts of the enemies of the flag. Every citizen was on the alert to assist the secret service men in scotching the snake of anarchy. There may have been wild rumors and exaggerated reports, but America was awake on May-day, 1920.

The ringing response of Governor Calvin Coolidge to the threats on his life indicated one thing in which every presidential candidate seeking American votes must qualify—there will be no compromise with revolutionary blood lust.

One great concern of Senators and Congressmen in these days is to secure tickets to the national conventions for the faithful. The intrinsic value of a free ticket to a circus, or a national political convention has never been determined. The events of the times is divided into administrations; and administrations are decided at these gatherings where presidents are named. The conventions present the great moving picture in national history, and actors come and actors go, but the play goes on! New stars appear in the political firmament; the meteor falls; comets come and go, but the one thing in which all the people join every four years is the election of a president—finding the common denominator of leadership preference.

*"Alice" Longworth a Faithful Attendant
at all Treaty Debates*

MEMBERS of Congress and their wives who believe in spiritism are of the opinion that Roosevelt's fighting spirit has been "operating" during the Treaty fight, thru the mediumship of his daughter "Alice" Longworth. It is true that there is not a more earnest and faithful listener in the galleries of the Senate Chamber than Mrs. Longworth, who has been in her seat in the front row of the members' gallery at

practically every debate on the Treaty since the fight began. Dressed in a simple mourning gown, of soft black silk, made low in the neck, and with sleeves above the elbows, she sits with her cheeks buried in her hands, leaning forward—her white arms braceleted with black ebony bands, completely oblivious to everything except the debate going on between the Senators.

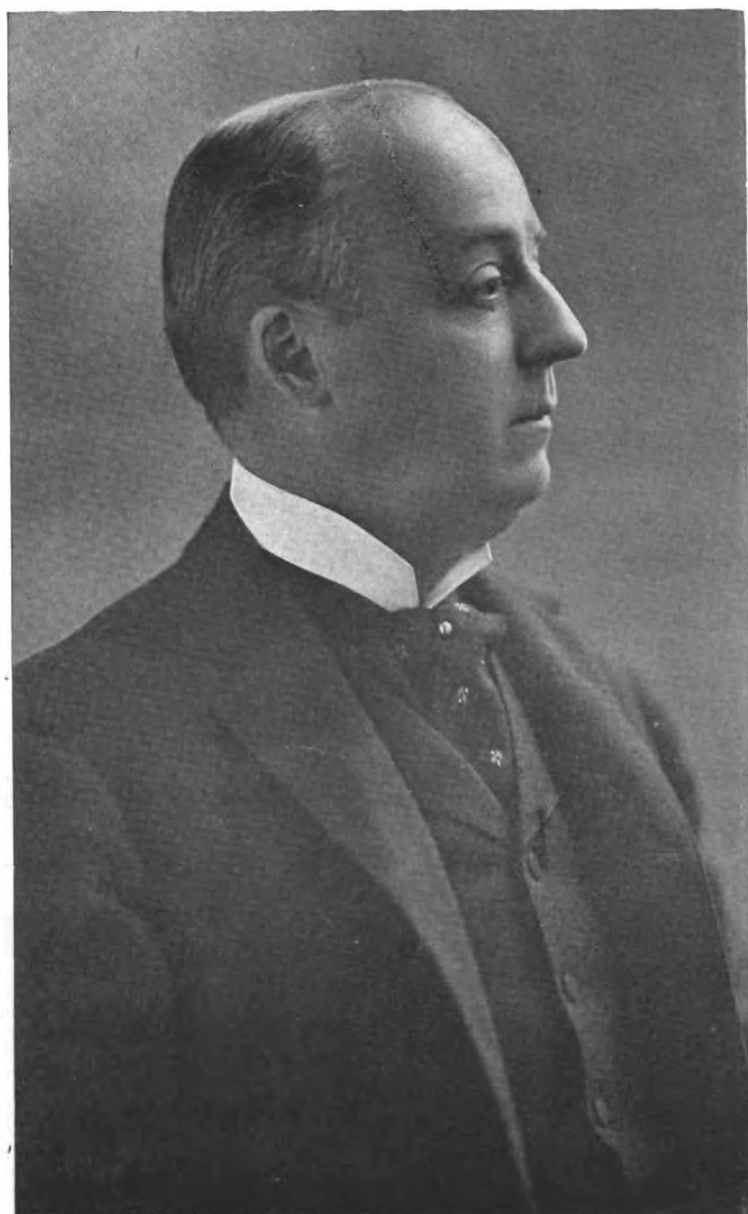
Does "Teddy" impress her to be on the spot every minute, in order to give him the opportunity of "coming thru" to



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ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

Wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth



SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX
Former Attorney General and Secretary of State, one of the "57"
presidential possibilities

Lodge and his other admirers and friends? At times it would seem that this is true, for Lodge is ever on the alert, and at times almost retorts in a Roosevelt manner.

As soon as Mrs. Longworth enters the gallery, off comes her hat, and down on the floor it goes. Her hair, which is a sort of chestnut brown, is arranged becomingly in a soft knot at the back, and there is one rather prominent streak of gray which she does not try to hide. She is usually with some friend, but has very little to say.

People were crowding in and out of the gallery, and it was necessary for her to get up frequently to allow them to pass. Presently her husband, Representative Longworth, stepped into the Senate Chamber, looked up in the gallery for her, she caught his eye, grabbed her hat from the floor, picked up her wraps and flew to meet him—probably to go for a ride and get some air, after several tedious hours of listening to filibustering. She had evidently concluded that there would be nothing of importance take place and that she was safe in leaving, even tho the clock pointed only to four.

Altho dressed modestly and more simply than any other woman in the gallery, she is perhaps the most distinguished looking woman to be seen. Usually the women who spend the afternoons in the gallery wear their most striking afternoon gowns and bright-colored millinery. Mrs. Longworth is still wearing a large velvet picture hat.

But the question which the ouija board will have to answer

is: "Does Alice Roosevelt-Longworth force herself to attend every session of the Senate during the Treaty fight to enable her father to 'come back' and accomplish his purpose?"

*"Knox and he Shall Enter!" Slogan of the
"Little Giant" from Pennsylvania*

SCHOOLBOYS never longed more for recess time and vacation days than the Senator sitting in a rocker in the terrace leading out of the marble room, viewing the leafy billows of foliage unfolded in the bird's-eye panoramic view of Washington parks and circles. There is no direct ventilation of air in the cloak room, or Senate Chamber. Real fresh air brings dreams of home and the political hedges that need repairing. There is more hope of a recess when the chill days of March and April have passed and the lilacs bloom, and youth's fancy turns lightly to love dreams. This longing was strong enough to upset plans for a filibuster on the Knox resolution, which came at the time the "little giant" Senator from Pennsylvania was announced as a candidate for the presidency. If the Peace Treaty and League of Nations is a dominant issue, the friends of Senator Knox feel that he is a logical leader of the party. "Knox and he shall enter" quoted Senator Penrose grimly, thinking aloud on presidential possibilities.

*"Hoosier" Senator an Ardent Believer in
Protection to American Industries*

BECAUSE of the illness of Senator Penrose, chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance, he selected Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, a member of that committee, as chairman of the sub-committee to hear and determine upon the merits of a large number of important bills affecting industry. Among these was the Longworth Bill to regulate the importation of coal-tar products, etc., otherwise known as the "Dye Bill," which was passed by the Senate some time ago. This bill has for its purpose the protection of the great



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UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON
(Republican) from Indiana, a worker for legislation to protect
home industries

American dye industry which sprung up during the war. The sub-committee held hearings daily for many weeks on this question, which is very technical in its nature, because it goes into abstruse problems of chemistry and its functions not only in the production of dyes, but medicines and technical scientific research problems.

Senator Watson has been quoted as saying that the dye industry has been, on the one hand, the backbone of German commerce; on the other hand, it has been the method of German skill as a military power in the development of poisonous gas in warfare.

Work of this kind, of course, is the grinding labor of the committee room; it does not have any of the embellishments which ordinarily come to the man in public life who is a gifted speaker. The correct solution of the dye problem, however, is of tremendous importance to present and future American business. As an ardent believer in the policy of American protection, Senator Watson hopes to see the American dye industry established on a firm basis which will, in the future, give this business to American industries and not to German interests as it existed prior to the war.

This same sub-committee on Finance has had extensive hearings on a large number of other bills affecting American industries which require an immediate tariff protection for their continued existence. These bills include measures placing special import duties on tungsten, which is an important product in the manufacture of steel; on zinc produced in several mining centers of the United States which are now depressed because of the absence of adequate import duties. Magnesite, laboratory glassware, pearl buttons and other like commodities are also affected by special tariff bills considered by the sub-committee of which Senator Watson is chairman.

While the Indiana Senator has the reputation of being one of the most attractive and engaging public speakers, it is not so well known that he is a vigorous worker in the committee rooms of the Capitol, where legislation is actually framed and drafted and where there is little chance for publicity to be attracted to those who are thus engaged. The Senator was the right-hand man of Senator Lodge in the management of the Peace Treaty fight. Senator Lodge has given public expression to the effective work of the Indiana Senator and has called him "his right arm" in the successful handling of the delicate and involved complications of the Peace Treaty on the floor of the Senate.

As a member of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, Mr. Watson has given extensive study to the railroad problem and had an important hand in drafting the Cummins Railroad Bill.

How a Moot Point of Senatorial Procedure Was Finally Decided

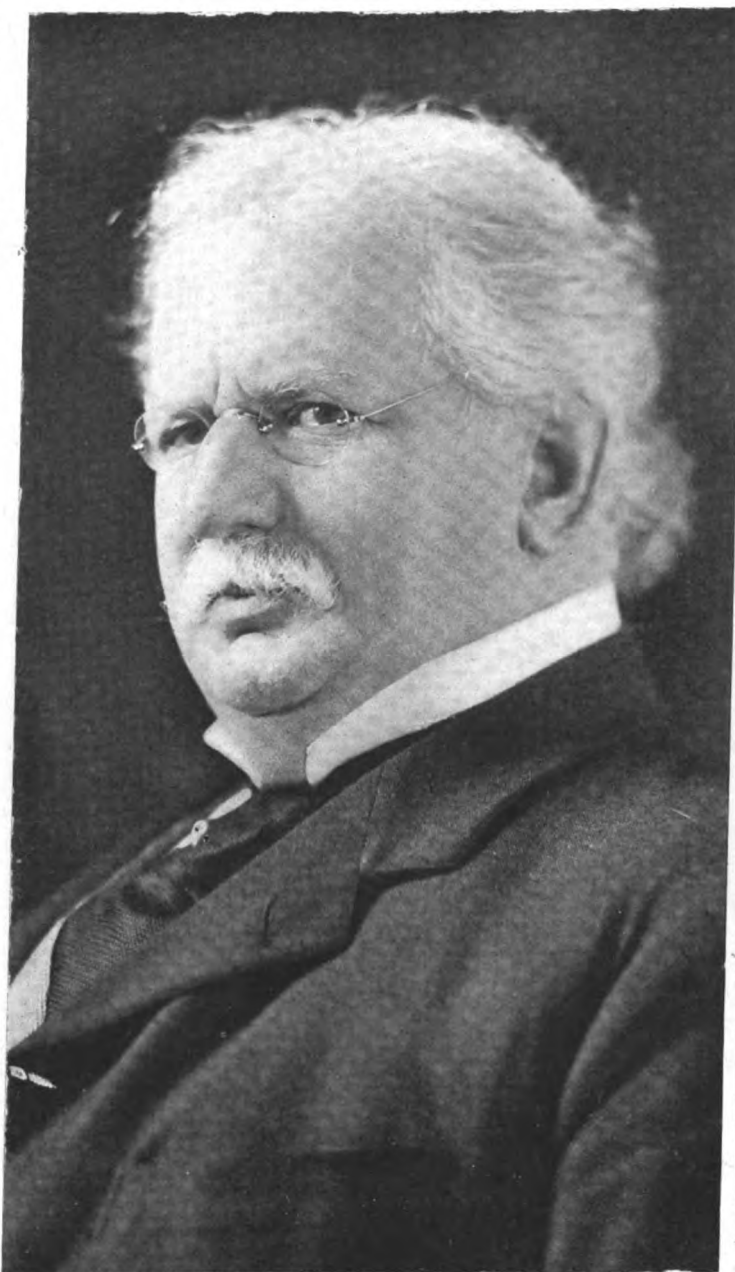
THERE has been much discussion about the order in which Senators and members of the Cabinet go out to dinner when they meet in a neutral house.

Senator Phelan of California tells the story that he was discussing this with Secretary Lansing the night before the day the President exploded, and a bystander asked how the point was decided. Phelan answered:

"Lansing went out first."

A Great Public Servant Who Never Held Public Office

A GREAT national character—a towering American type of his times was the late Theodore N. Vail. There should be a monument in Washington to his memory—for he made Alexander Graham Bell's telephone a world institution. It was while superintendent of the United States Railway Mail Service in the seventies that young Vail established the first efficiency in mail service, and proved his capacity for organizing the great telephone service which became the wonder of the world. He worked and pleaded to have Congress help with the telephone as with the telegraph. They sneered and



THE LATE THEODORE N. VAIL

The business genius who built up the world's greatest telephone system

called it a "toy." He relied solely upon private resources and initiative. He talked his vision of the telephone and the scope of its possibilities with all the eloquence of a prophet, and lived to see more than all of his prophecies fulfilled. He blazed the path with the fervor of a pioneer in his career. Theodore Vail was never elected to public office, but served the public with all the concentration of his genius.

President Appoints the First Woman Civil Service Commissioner

ALL Washington was interested in the recent announcement that President Wilson had chosen Mrs. Helen Hamilton Gardener as the first woman Civil Service Commissioner in the history of the United States. It has long been argued that there should be a woman on the Commission because of the great number of women in the government service. During the war nearly three-fourths of the appointments made were of women, as anyone who has seen the "war-workers" in Washington could well imagine.

It is in suffrage circles that the new commissioner is best known today. During the course of the long agitation in Congress, she was an active worker in behalf of ratification, and her conservative methods gained the respect of friend



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MRS. HELEN HAMILTON GARDENER

The first woman to be appointed a Civil Service Commissioner

and foe alike. She held the position of vice-chairman of the Congressional Committee of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, known as the "non-militant" wing of the Suffrage party. It has been repeatedly declared that if it had not been for the work of Mrs. Gardener, the national amendment could not have been passed when it was. In suffrage circles in Washington it was stated that "no appointment that could have been made would have met with such universal satisfaction."

To Mrs. Gardener herself the selection came as a complete surprise. Her feelings are voiced in her letter of acceptance to President Wilson when she said: "All our lives we have heard of the office-seeking man, but it is something quite new in the history of the world for the office to seek the woman."

The new commissioner was born in Winchester, Virginia, on June 21, 1858. A graduate of the high school and normal school of Cincinnati, Ohio, and a post-graduate in biology and medicine, she has added to her education by many years of foreign travel in more than twenty countries. Her father was a Methodist preacher and an ex-slaveholder of Virginia who was compelled to leave his native state because of his views on the slavery question.

Mrs. Gardener's activities as a writer cover an unusually long period. "An Unofficial Patriot" was published in 1895 while Theodore Roosevelt was a Civil Service Commissioner, the post for which she has just been chosen. The book was dramatized after going through several editions. She wrote

"Is This Your Son, My Lord?" in 1890 as a contribution to the fight for a single standard of morals.

A writer in the *Arena* in June, 1895, says of Mrs. Gardener's influence, "A large part of the wholesome agitation which has recently taken place for the promotion of a higher morality and in particular for the preservation of the young girls of the poor, has sprung from the fearless and powerful assaults made by Helen Gardener. On this subject she writes as one inspired. Mrs. Gardener's first efforts along this line met with considerable opposition, but legislation for the protection of minors has since been obtained in the majority of the states of the Union.

She also became interested in the department of women from the universities on the grounds that they were mentally inferior to men and that higher education might unfit them for the duties of home-making, arguments that she was to meet later in her suffrage work. After considerable research she wrote "Sex in Brain," a scientific analysis of the subject, which did much to eliminate the prejudice against the education of women.

Mrs. Gardener's conception of the significance of her new duties is expressed in her letter of acceptance to the President: "I shall most earnestly, and with all the ability and energy I possess, strive to do credit to you, to the Senate, and to the women of the country, who, I feel keenly, will be on trial until I have proved myself efficient in this important and vital work."

*Blind Woman is the Oldest Employee
in the Postoffice Department*

ALTHO blind, Miss Pattie Maddux is one of the veteran members of Uncle Sam's force employed in repairing "bum" mail bags that have been incapacitated for service by the wear and tear in hauling letters and parcel post. Her job is replacing new cords in salvaged mail containers, for which she is paid \$3.60 a day. Miss Maddux is sixty-two years old, and has been in the employ of the government for thirty-two years.

She is only one of an organization of two hundred and eighty-five men and women assigned to the task of manufacturing and repairing the mail bags and locks used in the postal service thruout the United States. The Postoffice Department is in the manufacturing business, as witnessed by the output of the mail equipment shops in 1919: Made 472,350 new sacks at a cost of \$80,000 under the lowest bid received from



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MISS PATTIE MADDUX

*Sixty-two years old and blind, who has worked for Uncle Sam
thirty-two years*

commercial concerns; produced 10,368 pieces of equipment and attachments for other government departments and for the postal service in the Philippine Islands; repaired 2,532,632 bags at a cost of 7.4 cents apiece, and salvaged 13,900 old pouches by fitting them with new heads.

Then, too, Uncle Sam manufactures and repairs his own mail locks. The cost of repairs has been reduced from eighteen cents to less than eight cents apiece. Approximately one million locks of lighter weight have been placed in the service. Manufacturers formerly rented the Postoffice Department various parts of machines, the rental amounting to \$300,000 a year. Today, housed in a new \$200,000 fireproof, concrete building, the Mail Equipment Shops is a complete manufacturing establishment—from a carpenter shop to automatic, labor-saving machinery. And, finally, did you know this shop consumed seventy carloads, or 2,100,000 pounds of twine, during the past fiscal year?

Trade Union Woman Appointed to Important Government Position

THAT wage-earning women should participate in the honors of governmental representation, as well as share the just rewards of their industrial efforts, is the belief of Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson. He gives expression to that faith in the appointment of Miss Mary Anderson as director of the Woman in Industry Service of the United States Department of Labor, a distinction that for the first time recognizes a trade union woman as the chief of a Federal government bureau. As an emigrant, Miss Anderson cast her fortunes with America when a young girl, and for thirteen years toiled in a shoe factory. Thus by practical training as well as theoretical teachings, she is equipped for the executive industrial duties, involving the formulation of standards and policies looking to the welfare of wage-earning women, improvement in their working conditions, increasing their efficiency and enhancing their opportunities for profitable employment. Miss Anderson is a member of the executive board of the International Boot and Shoe Workers' Union.

Sugar, Sugar, Who's Got the Sugar?

WHO, indeed? "Not I!" says the housewife. "Not I!" says the refiner. "Not I!" says the corner grocer. Remaineth then only the jobber (in some folks' minds synonymous with robber).

Visions of the empty and deserted Hoover Food Administration offices haunt the uneasy dreams of the nation's housewives when the spectre of the sugar bugaboo prowls in the pantry in the still watches of the night and rattles the empty sugar bucket.

With the succulent "pie plant" in full bloom, with anticipatory yearnings for early strawberries, with the annual canning season less than three months away, what's a poor bewildered woman to do without sugar?

With that necessary concomitant of the rhubarb pie and the strawberry shortcake practically unattainable, or at well-nigh prohibitive price, the housewife is "looking backward" to the one-pound-per-week-per-person war-time regulation at a restricted price with tenderly longing recollections.

Prohibition, with its corollary of an increased national candy craving and its "57" times "57" new varieties of "soft" beverages, is undoubtedly partly (perhaps largely) responsible for the existing sugar situation—that and the removal of all governmental fair-price regulations, which allows the festive profiteer to gouge the helpless and unhappy public to his sweet content.

The refiners stand helpless to avert practices which they deplore. Their margin of profit remains at its customary level. Once the refined product is in the hands of the jobbers, however, the fun (for the jobbers) begins. Jobber Adams buys, say, a quarter million pounds of the little white crystals and to his good friends Briggs, Carter, Dodge, Evans and Ford sells each



Copyright, Harris & Ewing MISS MARY ANDERSON

A trade union appointee to the Department of Labor

a fifty-thousand-pound lot. They, in turn, each sell ten thousand pounds to five other jobbers. Each of these, in turn, bisects the melon into thinner slices and peddles it to five more lesser lights in the jobbing firmament. Eventually the sugar reaches the ultimate consumer—the public—the "bearer of the white man's burden." But why all this complicated division and subdivision of the original unit? asks a bewildered reader who does not vision clearly in the higher realms of "frenzied finance." The answer can be given in words of one syllable: "To make money!" There you have the bold and brutal truth! Sugar, for the past few months, has ceased from being a food product and has become a counter in a gambling game. To each pair of itching hands through which it passes a little profit must stick and "every little bit added to what you have to pay makes just a little bit more."

So, dear Mrs. Housewife, instead of paying eight and a half cents a pound for refined sugar—which is all you *should* have to pay to return the refiner's regular profit, a profit to the jobber and a profit to the grocer from whom you buy it—you are paying anywhere from twenty to twenty-four and a half cents a pound in order to provide a profit for each of the half dozen or more unessential jobbers who have dipped their unclean hands into your pound of sugar before it reached your sugar bowl.

The terminology of the foregoing business transaction is "re-sales." A single unit of a sugar purchase, it has recently been stated by an authority in the trade, has been traced thru seventeen hands in this unconscionable "re-sale" game, thus adding sixteen separate and unnecessary profits to each

pound of sugar involved in that particular transaction to be mulcted from the public.

Could Hun hellishness devise a more devious means of camouflaged robbery?

The sugar profiteering evil has reached an almost unsupportable stage and the information that comes from official circles that the government is about to take decisive steps to stop this bare-faced despoliation is interesting—if true.

Watch for the Heart Throbs Pictures

PICTURIZED with the faithful care that attended their compilation by the founders and sponsors of the Heart Throbs books, the famous songs, poems, and soul-stories that swept their way into the hearts of millions of Americans are now to take their place in the cinema world, becoming, as it were, the very soul of the great motion-picture industry.

Heart Throbs Pictures have materialized! With the final work on Joe Chapple's story of James Whitcomb Riley's Sweetheart, "Casey Jones and Mary," and "Home, Sweet Home," the first three productions of the Heart Throbs series will shortly be offered to the American movie public.

Far more than a mere series of photoplays does the accomplishment of Heart Throbs picturization mean to the picture world and those millions of theatergoers that make it possible. Carrying the same relation to the motion picture world as to the book world years ago, Heart Throbs pictures stand for the sweet, the simple, the sincere, the old-fashioned, the wholesome and the pure. And it is a pleasure to note that the young but giant cinema industry opened wide its arms to Heart Throbs, according them the honor that goes only to that force conceived and dedicated to the cause of unselfish betterment.

Heart Throbs Pictures will not be presumptuous productions. They will be so produced as to bring out the sentiment that inspired them, portraying humor or pathos as the case demands, but everlastingly striving for the human touch that alone placed them in the hearts of our people.

And just as the Heart Throbs books were fashioned—"they were not planned, they grew"—so it is hoped that Heart Throbs Pictures will fare. Each of the hundreds of subjects placed in Heart Throbs books by the people who *loved* them, is a probability for motion-picture production. Without heralding and fanfare, steps were taken to produce Heart Throbs pictures. No announcements were made. It was decided to see if motion-pictures as a visionary element had any place in its sphere for Heart Throbs sentiments. And the answer has been plain and clear and gratifying. It is an unqualified and enthusiastic "yes."

* * * *

Despite the absolute silence that has characterized the previous steps taken toward motion-picture production, the news has spread that Heart Throbs gems are to be seen in the movies. And already scores of requests for various screen interpretations have been received.

The sponsors of Heart Throbs pictures found no difficulty in finding motion picture interests glad to bring their wares to the market—or rather before the people who had virtually elected those heart throbs. The popularity of such pictures is assured, has been assured for years, and will forever be assured. The literary and musical gems of days gone by have not been

forgotten. They dwell in a plane of eminence and appreciation that defies reproach by reason of its own loftiness. The same melodies played by Heart Throbs in book-form on the heart-strings of past generations will now cheer future generations in even wider terms through the medium of the motion picture.

Technical difficulties in the producing of Heart Throbs make information as to release schedule a bit indefinite. To keep pace with the willingness of various distributing firms and offer a Heart Throbs production each week is hardly possible on account of the decision of the producers to make each production a gem of entertainment. Present-day manufacturing methods now employed in the making of motion pictures cannot and will not apply to Heart Throbs Pictures. Each must come forth, conceived, budding in its elementary form, and then blossoming forth in the finished production, a credit and a tribute to its author and the hundreds of people who requested its appearance in the Heart Throbs volumes.

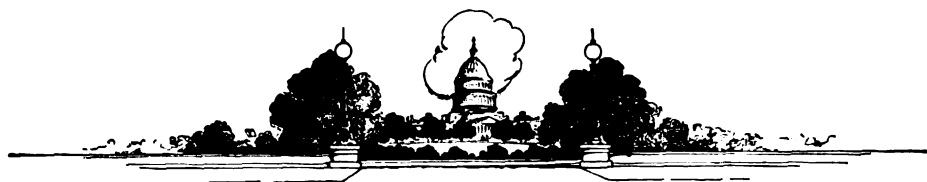
* * * *

It is reasonably supposed that there will be a minimum of one and a maximum of two Heart Throbs pictures released every six weeks. The majority will be two-reel subjects, altho in some instances it may be decided to offer the screen interpretation in shorter length. But regardless of its footage or its manner of presentation, a Heart Throbs picture will always faithfully adhere to the song, poem, or story from which the picture version is taken, and will under no circumstances suffer the interpolation of modernized melodrama in the interests of commercialism.

Is there a place on the American screen for Heart Throbs pictures? This was the question that Joe Mitchell Chapple pondered over. Will the average motion picture exhibitor recognize the invincible stability of picturized Heart Throbs that are as much a part of this nation as the life blood of its inhabitants? Is the screen powerful and mighty enough to father the interests of a new-born idea in the motion-picture world—the development of beloved thoughts justified only for their beauty and wholesomeness and lofty idealization?

The question has been answered. Not only by exhibitors, contemporary producers, distributors, and motion picture favorites themselves, but by the American people whose sympathy and patience in the prospects of motion pictures made the great industry possible.

Yes, Heart Throbs Pictures are here—here to stay—here to live on and on; spreading their cheer and sunshine, their tears and hopes and humanisms. And the greatest satisfaction in their making is the fact that not thoughts and schemes for mercenary advancement inspired them; but that the host of Heart Throbs lovers wanted them, asked for them—and are going to get them.



A story of popular political interest

Concerning James Cox, Ohio's Governor

Presidents usually come from the gubernatorial class, because of vote-winning power—Why Governor Cox may be the Democratic nominee for President

IT all suggested a scene in a realistic American political novel. There I sat in the executive office at the State Capitol in Columbus, Ohio. At the big desk in a room redolent with memories of many governors of national fame, sat James M. Cox, governor of his native state. The Grand Army encampment was in full swing, and he was meeting all the official exactions. With clear-headed purpose and energetic actions, he had won his way to the confidence of the people of Ohio. The bands were playing outside, the drum corps sallied forth and serenaded—and they kept on serenading until the Governor responded—just as in the story books. Then there was an address to be made, and it was an address you don't read in novels. It was just James Cox himself talking to the people in their own language without Websterian rhetoric or Calhoun epigram. He was really glad to see them and said so in words that rang with the sincerity of welcome.

The record of Governor James M. Cox is one that includes concrete achievements. Reared on a farm, he knew what "chores" meant at 4 A.M. and 9 P.M. No wonder he wanted to get out in the world. He began his life work in a print shop, then he taught the country school and learned how to teach others. As a newspaper reporter, he covered an assignment to the last detail, and later when he served on the editorial staff of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* he began to write as one who knows what he is writing about. Like many energetic young newspapermen, he dreamed of the time when he would have a paper of his own to express himself without restriction or "policies of the paper." He purchased the *Dayton Daily News* and later the *Springfield Press-Republic* and formed the News League of Ohio and became a power in Democratic politics. His papers have reflected the virile personality of James Cox as a leader. Elected a member of the sixty-first and sixty-second Congresses, he proved a live-wire Congressman and was a natural representative with his quips and epigrammatic speeches. His address at the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg attracted widespread attention. He was naturally promoted to the highest office within the gift of the people of his own state.

There was more permanent, remedial legislative work put on the statute books during his administration as Governor than that of any other state. He is never happy unless he is doing things. He said to me that afternoon:

"In the cross-currents of public opinion, sweeping over the country for legislative reform, the traditional conservatism of the East here met the buoyant and enthusiastic initiative of the West. The state of the Western Reserve, located where the currents met, sensed the golden mean between the ultra-conservative and radical. That's why we look upon Ohio as a national balance wheel in progressive legislative achievement."

As the Governor spoke, the bands were playing outside, and comment was interrupted by salutations and tabloid addresses to visiting delegates. The only Democrat elected in the Republican landslide in Ohio indicates that James M. Cox is more than a partisan. First of all, he is an American to the core, and plays the game. He is one of the few men who have held the power of the editorial chair in official halo and carried out the ideas, tested in paragraphs and banner-head appeals to the

people. He is one of the men whose name is mentioned, and that means that something is to be done. He has never been afflicted with inertia, for ever since he graduated from high school he has apparently had an objective purpose in mind for each day's activities.

The supreme delight of his life is his home at Dayton, Ohio. It is called "Trail's End," and is one of those many new magnificent homes in the state of Ohio that have carried on the traditions of the plantations in old (Continued on page 130)



HON. JAMES M. COX, GOVERNOR OF OHIO



Bing's Bubbles

By RALPH BINGHAM

Home Brewed Epigram

MANY are called, but few have "bettered."

Which Reminds Us

THAT a news item says "Jake Daubert will not be able to begin the season with the Cincinnati Reds on account of a bum hand;" some people do take their poker so to heart.

Famous Sayings of Famous Men

OPIE READ: "Gimme a match."

Same Old Story

"— and just at the moment he was about to cross the tracks, and he could see the head light of No. Forty-six not over nine miles up the track, something 'killed his engine.' "

"What was it? Did he have Wood Alcohol in the radiator tank?"
"No—his car was painted ripe olive."

(From the testimony of Eye Witness.)

Everybody's Didding It

THE new hotel Pennsylvania in New York (Statler Runs), has 2,393 rooms—all filled with presidential possibilities and their booms.

The Hotel Profiteer

A "SKIN" you love to "touch."

Erin Go Braugh

AS Lady Bing and I tried to pry a meal "offen" the Bill of Air on an Ill. Cent fudless diner, April 7th, we noticed: "Lettuce with Frinch dressing, 40." Later we diskivered that the train conductor was named "Tom Quinlan" and the Superintendent of dining car service was "Dugan."

Hold Your Liberty Bonds

THE Railway trains are crowded nowadays with human beings—and phoney stock salesmen.

Things Seem to be Looking Up

"YES," said Uncle Henry, the one-armed fiddler, "them tight sweaters the gals is a'wearin' is fast takin' the place of the high-water skirts, as the cause of automobile kelisions."

Horrible!

AND then did sweet Percy De Lams
Give the laundry some terrible slams.
"Because," he did moan,
"My 'cleanies' came home
With no creases in pants of pajams."

—Limerick Lew.

Famous Heights Past and Present

HI BALL, Hi Cost Living, Hi Johnson, Hi Henry, Hi Lee, Hi Lo, Hi Schools, Le Hi Valley, Hi Bernia, Hi Diddle Diddle, Hi Low Jack.

Jewelry Note

WALT HOBAN ("Jerry on the job"), asks feverishly: "What's become of the o. f. gent who wore a horse hair watch chain, and for a charm, a gold tooth pick?"

He's probably playing checkers with the o. f. avis who got a "neck shave" Saturday nights.

Spring Has Sprang

OH the Spring!
The gentile Spring
That springeth in the Spring;
And brings us birds and mud and slush
And ev'ry darned old thing.
But heed ye all this maxim rare,
Because it's tried and true.
Stick to your seal skin underwear
Until it sticks to you.

—Rhyming Rufus.

Don't Laugh

THE leading Real Estate Agent at Soo Centre, Iowa, is "A. Slob." Honest!

Brew Your Own Captain

AT Soo City, Iowa, the other day, the marriage was solomnized of Bena Good and Will Cook.

Bubble's Temple of Fame

CLAY SMITH, the well known composer, proposes as Cellers for the Temple, the names of three Lyceum Course committeemen: "Mr. Goodbar of Charleston, Ark." "Mr. Rye of Fort Smith, Ark," and from Louisiana, "Mr. A. Souse."

Do I hear a second? Rev. Beers of Concordia, Kan., catches the chair in the eye.

The Old Hi Costa Gain

She: "S'much the brown hose?"

He: "Four fifty."

Her: "Kinda high."

Him: "You're pretty tall."

—Crash.

Our Tiogy Correspondent

HI HOLLER has quit eatin' onions as he now has the job of breath inspector for the Anti-Saloon League.

Ezra Blimp named his new cow "America," and the darn thing went dry.

Cy Hawkins is sore on Burleson. After goin' to France and gettin' gassed and his leg shot off, a letter has just arrived from the draft board informing him he's exempt from war duty.

Old Abner Chew, our Tiogy Filosofher says: "It'll take a old-fashioned circus ring to hold all the presidential bonnets this year."

—Bill Gerhab.

In the Foyer

THERE'S (clawss to that' caption). This is only to notify Strick Gillilan, author of "Finnigan to Flannigan," that at the Met. Op'ry House in N. Y. on March 24th, they produced a new Grand Op'ry written by another Irishman named TSCHAIKOWSKY, entitled, "Eugene Onegin."

Girdling the earth with the screen

A Master Manager of Movies

The story of J. D. Williams, who has furnished amusements for the people the world around—The film speaks the common language of all peoples



HIS is the story of a man whose achievements have affected fifty million men, women, and children in the United States. He is a leader in one of the greatest commercial wars in the history of modern industrialism, rightfully entitled to designation as an emancipator whose supreme confidence in a practical and sane application of the creed that "In Union there is Strength," has developed an idea, until today it represents the one great, formidable weapon in defense of independence against the powerful moneyed interests which have recently descended upon the industry of which he is a part, determined to create a monopoly and realize an autocratic domination of the so-called Fifth Estate—the motion picture.

His name is James D. Williams, familiarly known thruout the film industry as "J. D." Williams, manager of a co-operative organization of independent theatre owners, who severally control and operate upwards of two thousand of the biggest and best motion picture houses, located in every important community in the country.

There are few localities which have not, at one time or another, felt the spontaneous enthusiasm inspired by the obvious possibilities of collective buying as a means of outwitting the profiteers who deal in staple commodities. It is an enticing and electric bit of genuine evolution. It has been attempted, with success, in England. Boston has experimented with it; in fact, there are but few places in this broad land where it has not been attempted, in some one of many ways, in the last few years.

It is a nationalization of the basic principles of collective buying, with the automatic elimination of the profits of non-productive middlemen, which has brought "J. D." Williams to the fore in the motion-picture industry as one of the most practical and capable of all advocates of the principles of business revolution implied in the idea of direct contact between producer and consumer.

In the industrial development of this radical and controversial epitaph to monopoly of the American motion picture screen, Mr. Williams had directly and indirectly changed the entire complexion of the film business to an extent which personally affects every screen fan in America. In addition to this he has demonstrated various concrete facts of business and social relationship so elastic and broad in outline that with very minor modifications they can be made to fit any business, any community or any industry wherein usurpation of personal privilege and personal rights has reached the point where unification of consumer interests is the only loophole to freedom from producer and middleman domination.

Perhaps you can recall your own innocent wonderment, as recently as three years ago, at the varying quality of screen entertainment you found at your favorite motion picture theatre. Do you remember that usually on a Monday, a Thursday, or a Friday you were reasonably certain to see a popular star in what appealed to you as better-than-average screen action? Then, when you went to the same theatre on Saturday, or Wednesday, you paid your admission money for entertainment which struck you as being far from good.

The reason for this condition of affairs, briefly stated, was that certain of the big producing and distributing companies

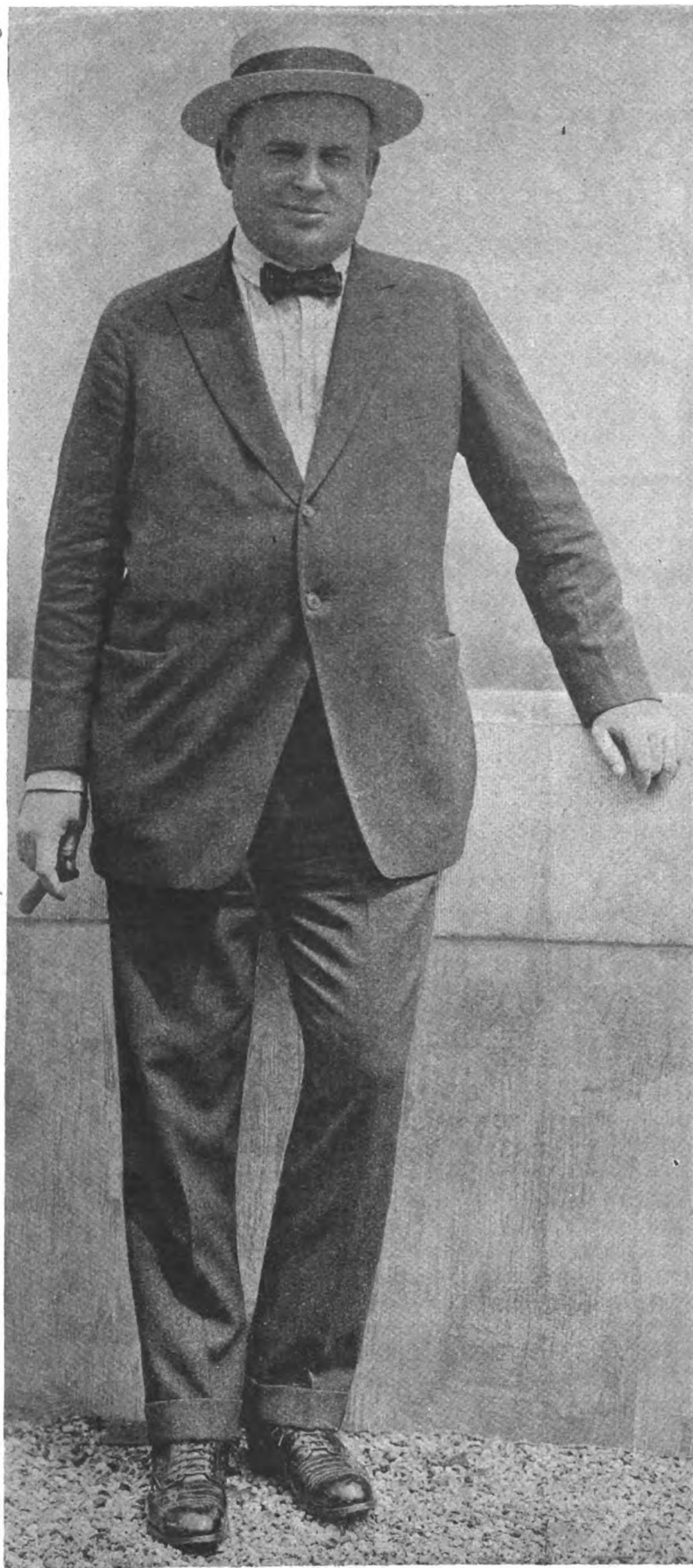
of that time had a virtual monopoly of the productions of really popular stars and directors. To reach that point where they could supply any theatre which changed its program two or three times a week, with the quantity of new pictures it needed every seven days, these certain producers and distributors were obliged to contract with actors and actresses of only mediocre ability, and who had little, if any, public following.

Nor was the movie-goer the only person who lost out under this arrangement. The man who owned and operated the theatre, known technically as the *exhibitor*, had very little choice in the selection of pictures he offered his patrons. In order to get productions of real merit, he was almost forced to also offer pictures that had no such merit. He was in very much the same position as the blind fruit-dealer forced to pay in advance for his crate of apples and given no liberty as to their selection or return provided they did not suit him. And just as the movie manager discovered about his pictures, under the existing arrangement at that time, so did the fruit-dealer discover about his apples. Some were good, while others were decidedly rotten. And the rotten pictures meant nearly as much loss as did the rotten apples.

Motion pictures were progressing, it is true, but the rate of advancement was materially hindered by the persistent number of pictures, many of which represented nothing more than attempt to provide the exhibitor with a change of program almost as many times a week as he might desire. Just why such an arrangement existed is uncertain. The men and women who acted before the camera, were dissatisfied; for in order to turn out their pictures in factory style, their art became practically mechanical. Yet, their protests were faint and the making of factory pictures continued unsatisfactory and unloved. Neither were distributors pleased with the existing arrangement; for each mellow picture brought them more heartaches than dollars. But their objections took no definite form, and as a result the scheme of things remained unchanged. Exhibitors disliked the arrangement; for the friends and patrons they might make on good pictures were no longer friends and patrons after a succession of poor pictures. But their complaints also remained in the class of the unheard. Patrons resented the unreliable occurrence of good pictures. Some evenings were well spent at the local movie house, but others were as good as lost. And still no disapproval took tangible form.

And it is not at all unlikely that the motion picture industry might have groped along for some time in the same pioneer paths that led to its previous defects had not an engaging and energetic personality brought forth a solution. The owner of this idea, which from its first application to the present day has remedied the ills of the picture business, came to the United States, fresh from the history-making amusement conquests in Australia. And, as the picturesque career of this man previous to his entrance into the motion picture world brought forth the experiences that in a great way moulded his intensively human insight into the baffling question of profitable and acceptable amusement, a glance back at the preparatory courses studied by J. D. Williams in the College of Achievements is timely.

So far as the very early years of Mr. Williams are recalled, there is but one outstanding note. Back in Parkersburg, West Virginia, where the *man of movie-men* was born forty-three



JAMES D. WILLIAMS

years ago, he was given the magic initials of "J. D." They have clung to him from boyhood.

In his knee-pants days in Parkersburg, when he entered the theatrical profession as a peanut-boy, it was "J. D." whose genial smile, energetic ways and aptitude for basing his peanut supply on his own judgment as to the popularity of various attractions, brought him into popularity. A few years later, when he was made ticket-taker, it was "J. D." whose natural

inclinations for knowing just how amusement-seekers liked to be treated, became an expert at his branch of the business. And when his first triumph came—promotion to managership of the theatre in his own home town, it was "J. D." whose everlasting attention to the pleasure and comfort of his patrons resulted in bringing him to a position of local eminence.

It was in Vancouver, British Columbia, about fourteen years ago, and when Mr. Williams opened his first combination penny arcade and picture show, that a significant conversation occurred between a group of friends who were watching him supervising the handling of the crowds that attended the opening of his first movie-arcade.

"What's the psychology of 'J. D.'?" asked one of the group. "He's as natural in the amusement business as a duck in water. If a fellow was ever born with talents, 'J. D.' was certainly pre-destined for the amusement business."

There was a brief silence. Finally, one of the elder men spoke up. "Of course, I'm no criterion," he began, "but there's one thing that you've got to consider about 'J. D.' Whatever pecuniary motives he may have aren't his greatest reasons for being in the business. From a child he was happy and cheerful and liked to see other people that way. He grew up that way. He's an optimist and he likes optimists. There's so blasted much sorrow in the world anyway that he contrived devices to make people cheerful. With his knowledge of human nature and executive ability he could make much more money for himself. But he couldn't make as many people happy."

The brief paragraphs quoted in the foregoing give a striking caricature of J. D. Williams. Happy, optimistic, friendly, modest and ever helpful. An untiring worker, a human dynamo, known the world over as "the man who gets what he goes after," and yet as affable as a popular Parson at Christmas time.

The combination penny arcade and picture show idea of Mr. Williams' soon brought him half a dozen such establishments. But it was in Spokane, Washington, upon his meeting and hearkening to the stories of a man from Australia, that he made up to that time the greatest decision of his life. He would sail for Australia—a land that had previously been overlooked so far as the "J. D." idea of amusement was concerned.

And within two years the sound—"J. D."—meant as much on the sidewalks of the towns of Australia, and stimulated as many kind thoughts as it did in Parkersburg.

To Australia Mr. Williams gave the most wonderful motion picture houses of the day. He was the first to begin using large newspaper space to advertise his product. Two years after he had set foot in Australia, he was the managing director and large stockholder in a company operating six newly-constructed theatres, the peer of any picture theatres in the world at that day. The gorgeous-carpeted aisles and artistic interior designs, rest rooms for ladies and comfortable smoking rooms for men, opera chairs with soft leather seats—all were the innovation of J. D. Williams. Is it any wonder that Australia hailed him as almost a virtual emancipator of their amusements?

The days spent by Mr. Williams in Australia looking after his enterprises there brought him the knowledge that today stands as the keynote to the success of the photoplay the world over. And what he learned there from his own experiences, with the faith in humanity has been the guiding force that directed ever progressive American steps in the interest of the motion picture. The first thing that Mr. Williams proved to his satisfaction was the fact that beautiful motion picture edifices were desired and appreciated by the public despite the dire predictions of many Australian managers who said the people were not used to such luxuries as he instituted in his picture houses—that they preferred wooden benches to soft leather seats.

But when the time came to check the results, wonderful instantaneous success was found that sent his fame flying over the southern hemisphere and even to London and New York. And while the general opinion among film men in America and England attributed Mr. Williams' success to his theatres,

he knew with the deepest conviction that there was also something else responsible. This was his absolute freedom and exercise of his personal discretion in the selecting of motion pictures for his houses. Picture-booking in Australia at that time was an open-market proposition. His selection was not dictated by producing and distributing firms. When he liked a picture he showed it at his theatres. And those pictures that did not merit the attention of his audiences were never flashed on a J. D. Williams screen.

After a period of months in Australia, Mr. Williams returned to America with the determination of entering into film enterprise over here. He came East, bringing along with him an idea—and the idea took shape in the promotion of what is now the Paramount Company. J. D. Williams was the original promoter of this organization. A disagreement forced him out of the organization.

During the next few years that followed, Mr. Williams traveled widely and studied the motion picture situation in America and all parts of Europe and India. As a film broker he was in a position to ascertain the likes and dislikes of producer, distributor, exhibitor and the public. Back of what he found out in this capacity was his own experiences in conducting theatres in Australia. From Europe he went back to Australia where he married. Supplimenting his promise to "love, honor and cherish," Mr. Williams made another pledge. This took the form of an assurance to his bride that if his plans worked out she should have a limousine within a year. So the couple packed their trunks and landed in America three years ago with a wealth of experience, unbounded confidence, and a unique plan.

His idea was to form a circuit of motion-picture theatres in the various states. It was intended that the organization embrace influential, successful and wealthy theatre owners. In a limited way the plan had been attempted before, but no previous undertaking of this nature had ever been conceived in the comprehensive and detailed manner that characterized the plan of J. D. Williams. Nor had any previous effort aimed at the high calibre of business men desired for the new theatre organization. It was a gigantic task. It meant an expression of unqualified faith and trust in one man on the part of the leading theatre men in the United States. The very bigness of the plan would have made many men falter. But not "J. D." He unfolded his idea in straight-from-the-shoulder style and thereupon became one of the world's greatest salesmen. He sold the idea upon which the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, today the greatest distributing firm in the history of the show business, is based.

The firm of Turner & Dahnken, of San Francisco, was practically the first to accept Mr. Williams' idea for the organization of the Circuit, and were so enthusiastic over the idea that they agreed that E. B. Johnson of the Turner & Dahnken firm should tour the United States with "J. D." signing up twenty-three of the most strongly-entrenched theatre owners in the country. When the job of organization was completed "J. D.'s" idea was a reality. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit, comprising several hundred theatres and representing investments of many millions of dollars, was an intrinsic force. The idea he had conceived in Australia, fathered thru a period of months, pondered over, studied, and cherished with every ounce of courage he possessed had been turned into a powerful theatrical factor. A wonderful dream had come true!

The attitude of Mr. Williams thruout the formation and practical functioning of the Circuit is well shown by the recounting of an incident that occurred at the first meeting of the franchise holders of the new company. The members were discussing the various stars that merited the Circuit's support. The name of Charlie Chaplin was mentioned.

"Chaplin!" exclaimed somebody. "Why he would want a million dollars."

"He is worth it," quickly responded J. D. Williams. We can give him a million."

And how many are the thousands, almost hundreds of thousands, of motion picture fans who well remember the sensation that spread from coast to coast one bright day when thousands of newspapers carried the tidings that Charles Chaplin had signed contracts that would give him a million dollars for a series of pictures. At that time no mention was made of either Mr. Williams or First National Exhibitors' Circuit. But when the Circuit continued to sign such stars as Mary Pickford, the Talmadge sisters, Anita Stewart, Katherine MacDonald, Olga Petrova and Charles Ray, Marshal Neilan and D. W. Griffiths, then, in truth, did a nation and its business men begin to take notice.

The work of engineering the details of the world's foremost exclusively distributing organization, dealing with temperamental stars and hard-headed business men and acting as the medium between the many forces that may arise to disrupt a mammoth company has never become too heavy or involved for "J. D." And the present day finds him at the dawn of the supreme achievement of his life—the perfection of his plan to expand First National Exhibitors' Circuit from several hundred theatres to many thousands.

Indications show that the next few months will see J. D. Williams at the helm of a co-operative organization of size and scope that can not be duplicated in all history.

Nor has its accomplishment carried him only along the path of roses. Obstacles of every size and nature have impeded him. And his determination bids fair to make the screen continue not as privately controlled method of reaching the public but a medium thru which independent producers with messages in the form of motion picture entertainment can reach the peoples of this earth. And the keynote of his efforts in behalf of independent producers and exhibitors as opposed to invading attempts on the part of big capital, with schemes for joint production, distribution and exhibition is taken from the standpoint of fairness to individual enterprise, for tolerance with the efforts of men who have given their life-savings to the building of picture houses only to find that great financial interests with its grasp on production and distribution can ruin them financially. Moreover, he insists, that like literary workers, the producers of motion pictures can only give freedom and motive to their art when they are unhampered by the barriers of capital and narrow-minded greed.

And so far as the thousands who know "J. D." are concerned, there is no doubt as to the culmination of the industrial war he is leading against producer-distributor-exhibitor combinations. At the time of this writing his victory is as good as assured. Freedom of the screen the world over is his demand that has been ratified by thousands of independent theatre owners. And American movie audiences can rest assured that no stone will be left unturned to procure for them the highest possible entertainment in motion pictures.



Only woman army commander

Evangeline Booth

As commander of the Salvation Army in the United States carries on the great work of this noble organization for good

THEY called her the "Christmas Package," because she first saw the light of day on Christmas morning of the most momentous year of their lives. They said that the little pink and white bundle of humanity was a good omen for the success of that new organization which had come into being during the same year, but they did not even thus suspect the important role that she was destined to play in shaping the future course of that organization, which they were caring for and watching over just as tenderly as they did their infant daughter.

That baby was Evangeline Booth, the fourth daughter of General and Mrs. William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army. She is today the Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States, and the only woman commander of any army in the world. And there isn't a soldier or officer anywhere who is any better trained for office than the Commander of the Salvation Army is for hers.

It was way back in the nursery days that she first showed her aptitude for leadership. Collecting her dolls together, she would hold miniature Salvation Army meetings lasting hours. And what meetings they were! Surely there wasn't a doll among them who had the heart to resist the impassioned pleading of the serious-eyed, auburn-haired, fervent little girl.

When she outgrew her dolls, the neighbors' children and her own little playmates served her purpose as well. It was not an unusual sight to see her preaching salvation in her own school room to groups of little boys and girls of her own age. And in spite of her lectures and her religious meetings, she was the most popular child of them all, for she could play just as well as she could preach.

While she was still in her early teens she dressed herself in rags and went out on the cold, foggy streets of London to peddle matches. She learned to talk as the beggar girls, to live like the beggar girls, and she soon won their confidence and their love.

And it was from her experiences as a London match girl that she learned to take hardship, disappointment and heart-ache with the stoicism and fortitude that she has shown thru her life. It was from them that she learned to know the underdog, to whom she has devoted her life. And all these lessons stood her in good stead when she came to accept her first appointment as captain in the Salvation Army.

Old City Road was then famous in song and story for its utter disregard of morals, laws, and property rights. Nevertheless before Miss Booth was eighteen, assisted by a pitifully small group, she started a Salvation Army Corps in the midst of the most disreputable resorts the world has ever known.

Hoots, jeers, and stones greeted the efforts of the brave little band. The hoodlums of the sections were diabolically clever in the new torments they devised, but they were not quite clever enough for the girl captain. Gathering the leaders of the gangsters together, she appealed to them personally for protection from her tormentors. From that night on, the leaders of the desperadoes formed themselves into a voluntary bodyguard, and woe betide the unwary hoodlum who dared to insult "Miss Eva." Those very men who were once the terror of the city, of the police, and of the Salvation Army, are now among the Commander's most earnest supporters.

After she had won out in Old City Road, she tried East-

bourne, where the authorities were throwing the Salvationists into jail for holding street meetings. There she conducted the biggest meeting she had ever held, and, strange to say, she spoke unmolested.

"The jails were overcrowded and they had no room for me," was her explanation; but there must have been other reasons, for the following morning the jail at Eastbourne was opened wide and all of the Salvationists were given their freedom.

Then followed year after year of service in the slums, amid poverty, disease, squalor and vice. She knew the most notorious characters, and seemed in a way to exert a great influence over the most abandoned.

As head of the Salvation Army Training College, she rendered

excellent service for several years, until the call came from America. As leader of the forces in Canada she did much for the advancement of the organization, even going up into the Klondike in the midst of the gold fever and preaching salvation to the men who had deserted homes and families in the wild stampede for gold.

In 1904 she left Canada to become Commander of the Salvation Army in the United States. And from that point the story of the Salvation Army under the leadership of the Commander is known to all. It is a story of growth in every direction until now it comprises one of the most extensive systems of social relief work that the world has ever known.

In every emergency, in fire, flood, famine and even in war, it has been able to meet the catastrophe and face it squarely. Many times during the last fifteen years that same little organization that was so misunderstood and persecuted in its early years, has been the first to bring aid and relief.

From May 10 to 20 a public appeal will be made to the people of the United States to support the Salvation Army in its everyday peace-time activities. The public at large will be called upon to feed the hungry child, to give shelter to the homeless woman and another to "the man who is down, but never out." The Home Service fund will give the men and women of the United States a chance to register their approval of the organization which, under the leadership of Commander Miss Booth, is working night and day to relieve the suffering and misery.



Foundations of friendship

Battle-Scarred Fields Abloom Again

Close to the daily life of the population of devastated France, the American Committee is doing more to cement bonds of friendship than is accomplished by diplomatic exchanges

IN the good ship *Espagne* sailing for Bordeaux during the darkest days of the war, zigzagging across the seas and dodging submarines, I met Miss Anne Morgan and other members of the American Committee for Devastated France returning to continue their work among the French wounded.

This committee was organized even before America entered the war to provide relief for the civilian population of the devastated districts in France. Its work was done under the immediate supervision of the French armies, and it early began a systematic effort to counteract the destruction wrought by the German invaders. The morale of the French army was largely dependent upon the well-being of the civilians, and whenever and wherever possible they were encouraged to return to their homes and to cultivate the soil, and thus continue the cohesive fabric of their community life.

An intensive survey was made of each family as it returned, with reference to its status before the war. In a district as barren as Sahara this committee started furnishing food, clothing, trade-tools, agricultural implements, livestock and seeds, and the population began again raising crops on the very battlefields sanctified by the blood of those defending their homes. Thru a well organized motor service and a corps of hearty volunteer workers each family was re-clothed and encouraged to begin life anew with supplies sent direct from America.

Even a minute history of every family, together with commercial records were printed. Over one thousand families were provided with help until they could secure some means of livelihood.

In this area, containing the richest farming lands of France, the work of restoration was well under way before the armistice was signed. The needs of the individual French farmer in providing him with implements was studied. Even before December, 1917, nearly eight thousand acres of land had been ploughed and sown to crops and a million vegetable plants and two hundred pounds of seed distributed. The fruit trees hacked down so ruthlessly by Germans, to prevent their grafting, were replaced, and nearly eight thousand fruit trees supplied by this committee to be planted in France will remain an impressive monument to their work.

There were no cows in this region and milk was impossible to obtain. With great difficulty cows were brought from Normandie and a model dairy established for the purpose of starting again the dairy industry. Milk was given to those who could not afford to buy it, and sold to others at a nominal price. Cows were loaned or sold to responsible parties in some of the remote villages, with the understanding that they should care for the cows and distribute the milk to the people in their villages.

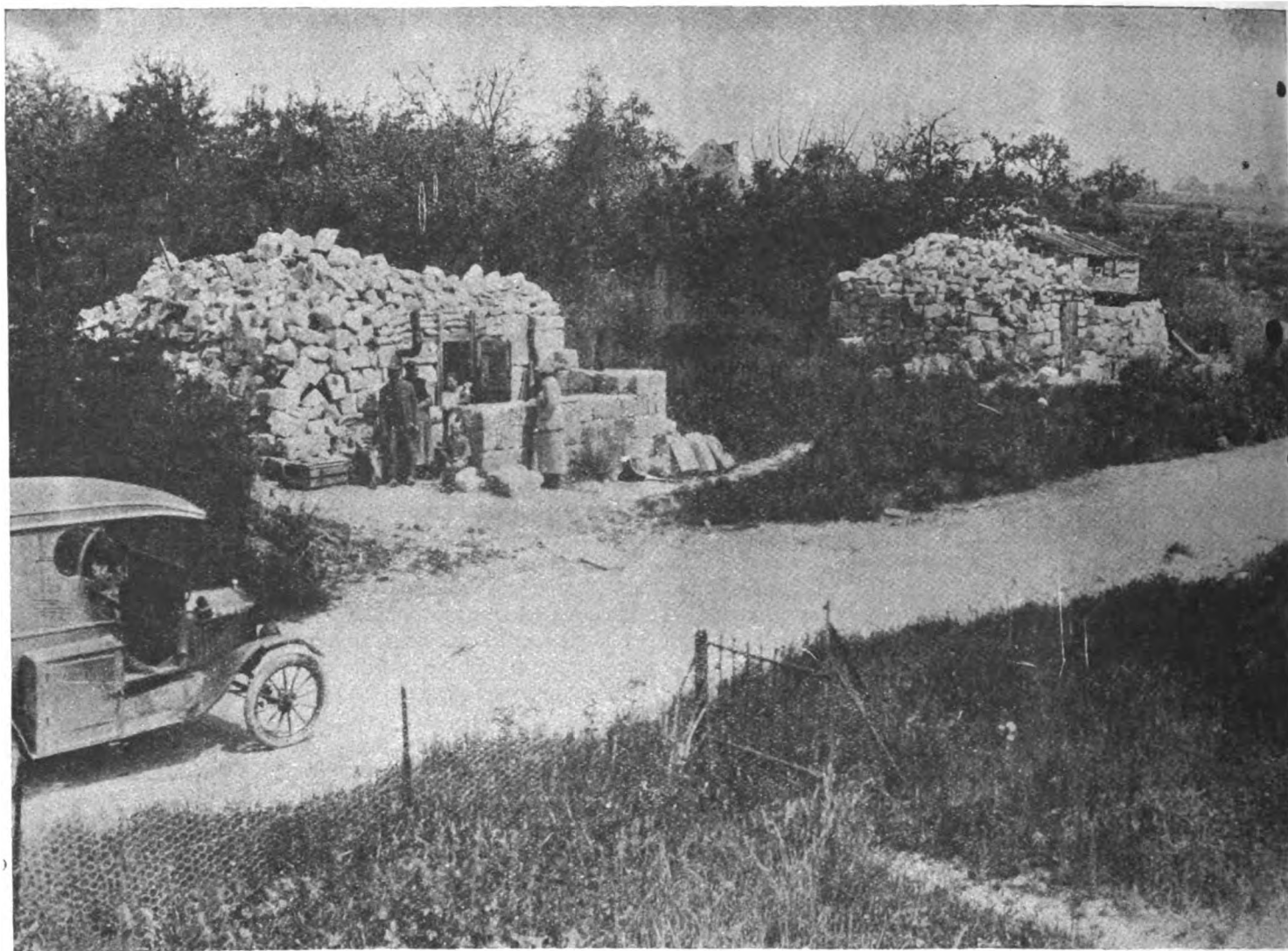
The first care was given to the children. School buildings were repaired, and temporary buildings put up, so that schools could be re-opened, for most of the schools in France had been closed for over three years.

A firm foundation was laid by this committee in their work, which has done more to hold fast the relations of the Allies than all diplomatic procedure.

On March 21, when the German offensive started, this little band of workers were under the direct orders of the army, as the swiftness of the invasion had destroyed communication



American tractors working on the fields at Blerancourt



These stone piles are the homes of repatriated refugees

with the civil authorities. They remained and assisted in the evacuation of villages, as the lines of German troops swept on. Refugees by the thousands were cared for and many hundreds of lives saved. As hostilities increased, the work intensified and every effort was made to save as many human lives and as many supplies as possible. Good Friday and Easter Sunday in 1918 were ironic days—days of fighting and horror, only relieved by the aid given to the sick, wounded and exhausted, and the moral encouragement given to the hopeless victims of German barbarity.

In addition to the responsibility the committee bore toward the civilian population the circumstances of war forced them in April of that year to assume a new charge. They became an *œuvre de guerre*. The needs of the French and British soldiers, who were suffering physically and morally, were met by establishing a canteen, where from six a. m. till midnight they served hot soup, chocolate and coffee to thousands of soldiers. They were also at the same time meeting other emergencies, the most important of which was helping the many refugees who optimistically clung to the region occupied by the American Committee in the hope that a second invasion would not occur, and that they might quickly return to their homes.

The villages were swamped by soldiers and refugees, and much discomfort and illness followed. To alleviate this condition, dispensaries were established by the committee, and large stocks of medicines as well as supplies for the canteens were necessary. All transportation had been requisitioned by the army, and it devolved upon the committee to keep part of its motor service moving back and forth from Paris with these supplies.

Every possible effort was made by the committee to meet the demands made upon it by the circumstances of the tragic

retreat—demands that could only be met by an organization which had its own transportation service, its devoted workers, and its own supplies at the very front.

The possibility of a second German invasion had not entered the minds of anyone up to May, 1918, but late in that month disturbing rumors reached the American Committee, and for ten days it was occupied in the sole business of evacuating civilians and tending wounded soldiers. On the thirtieth, the nomadic career of the committee began, and for sometime its work was divided between small parts in the field for canteen or civilian service, and the greater work that devolved upon it of taking care of its refugees in the interior.

At Coyalles they were within six kilometers of the Germans, and established canteens on the side of the road. At this time, when the passage of troops was continuous and all avenues of approach to the front were crowded, such canteens were a road-side necessity, for there the weary poilus might be refreshed with a cup of hot chocolate or coffee and his coveted cigarette. To meet this need, cannons filled with the necessary supplies and equipment and usually carrying two girls of the canteen unit, would take a given route, stop at an advanced center, and serve refreshments without pause to a ceaseless line of soldiers. In this fashion, at some of these road-side canteens, as many as seven thousand men in a single day were given a warm drink, a cigarette and a word of cheer for the long march.

Adhering to their aim of assisting the civilian population, the committee continued to look after the living conditions of the inhabitants and refugees in the few remaining non-invaded villages, where the people, knowing that the committee were under the protection of the army, regarded them as a barometer of safety. Their calm residence in a locality prevented



A traveling store of the American Committee on its rounds of devastated villages

any panic, for the people realized that if danger came too close to them the committee would surely get them quickly to a place of safety.

Henceforth the activities of the American Committee were divided between war service, such as road-side canteens for troops on an itinerary indicated by the army, fixed canteens of the hospital service designated by the Medical Inspector-General of the army, and civilian posts, for the relief of the population and refugees in the southern limits of the Department of the Aisne. As the army advanced the American Committee followed with their posts of succor, as their work directly concerned the welfare of both the troops and of the refugees who followed closely upon the heels of the troops in order to reach their fields in the hope of being able to reap some of the still standing crops.

At the time of the retreat the refugees left smiling fields. Returning, they were met with the problem of harvesting their crops in fields full of dangerous explosives, where it was impossible to use mowing machines. Bands of men and women in each community were encouraged to cut the grain with scythes. This meant a long and tedious task, working to the very limit of strength, with improper nourishment. The American Committee organized harvest canteens for the civilians in place of the military canteens which they had up to that time been operating for the army. These rolling canteens, going from village to village, were able to supply the harvesters with hot food.

As the Germans began their retreat the American Committee followed upon their heels, arriving at a town as soon as it was liberated, with supplies of condensed milk, sugar, rice and shoes.

By the eleventh of November, Armistice Day, the French army had moved to the very limits of the department, opening up an enormous territory. Lines of communication were cut and the government possessed no means of making a proper survey of the needs of the liberated villages. The American

Committee undertook this service and became the official courier for the government. In addition to this work, when the armistice was signed, vast numbers of returning civilians and military prisoners passed thru this region, and they again opened canteens at which about five hundred starving men were fed daily.

Shortly before the armistice, under the committee for the co-ordination of works under the ministry of the Liberated Regions, the American Committee was officially asked to continue and expand its work in the Department of the Aisne. The cantons of Soissons, Vic sur Aisne, Coucy le Chateau and Anizy were the four cantons given to the committee. The district covered two hundred thousand acres, comprising one hundred villages, and representing a pre-war population of fifty thousand inhabitants. In addition, the committee was asked to establish a transportation and relief center at Laon.

In the four cantons one hundred women are now carrying out the work of the committee under what are still pioneer conditions, with no expense to the committee other than the house or land rent of each center. Each center of the four cantons has a general store in which are sold, at about one-third the cost, articles needed by the inhabitants. Twenty-five store keepers have been re-established by the committee which furnishes them with stock at regular prices and allows each proprietor to make for himself a ten per cent profit.

The French Government has sent back to this region sixty-nine teachers, supplied temporary school buildings, which have been equipped and furnished by the American Committee.

The American Women's Hospital, which began its life at Neufmontiers, in 1918, for the relief of the refugees who had fled from the north, has been moved to Blerancourt and contains fifty beds, besides a number of outlying dispensaries co-operating with the few civilian doctors who have returned to the region. Child hygiene work commenced in April, 1919, and two trained nurses are employed from the Florence Nightingale training school at Bordeaux

Herbert Hoover at Close Range

MEMORIES of meatless days awakened in the minds of many when they first looked upon Hoover in the flesh. The mingled emotions and comments that follow in the wake of a personal appearance is most interesting. With all the recollections of sacrifices ordered by the Food Administration during the war, many of the women are still Hooverized with the thought that he was the man who *made them do things*.

The psychic impulse of femininity may have something to do with the selection of a President when the vote of two million women are concerned. The Hoover campaign for the Presidency is altogether a paradox. In the first place, there was uncertainty as to his political affiliations, and when the New York Democratic newspaper oracle, reflecting Administration side glances, delivered a broadside for Hoover, the Democratic political leaders jumped sideways—and Mr. Hoover was found on the doorstep of the 1920 campaign a sort of political orphan.

This very paradox explains the why of the Hoover campaign. It finds response in many people tired of politics, wear with war, and longing for a change in the manner and methods of choosing presidents. Their sincerity cannot be doubted, altho they realize that he was the product of the war—paradox again—a civilian rather than a military leader carries off the popular fervor of war-times.

He was a creature of emergency and met it. Clothed with the autocratic power of war-times—an authority even recalling that of President Wilson—he dealt with the all-important vital question of food. His success in handling the situation in Belgium, from England where he was living, was another case of "The Man from Mars" or "Male and Female"—he made them do things by a subtle authority that defies analysis. With a government appropriation almost equalling the annual budget of a nation, he organized, and was one of the few that started with centralized and concentrated control, with one name to say yes or no.

That was Hoover.

Every town, city, village, and hamlet, every isolated home was reached with the messages of Hoover, coming with all the force of a Presidential mandate. Early and late he worked

perfecting the organization, selecting men, and exercising his training as a mining engineer to find the mother lode among men, and incidentally acting a cave man's role with woman. It worked as usual.

In every kitchen, or where sugar bowl, frying pan or kettle existed, Hoover's proclamations were the law of the land. The power of these orders was not in written law, but in an appeal to patriotism to the millions who wanted to do something in the war—and save for the soldiers.

The result was unbelievable. Out of their own resources, and with an obedience to authority seldom surpassed in statute law, Hoover found himself master, with posters and proclamations plastered over the United States that rivals Barnum's output at its zenith.

"Hooverize" became a part of the vernacular, and public interest centered in that quiet man who couldn't talk, but who could act and think. He went on with his work despite gibes and jeers—smoking long cigars and passing around smiles and gentle words with commands that revealed a mailed fist. His organization has become the reaction of a Presidential boom. He had some ideas on the industrial situation and eschewed purely political questions, and this made him still stronger with those who had excavated both old political parties with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet phrase: "A plague on both your houses." The modest violet disposition of Hoover fits the case.

When I ventured to repeat some good things about the progress he was making, he turned his head, ruffled the front of his hair, and said, "I'm not thinking of what you are thinking. I rather throw brickbats than build with political rose-water."

He made many addresses, but few could hear him. He knew his limitation of voice, and one lady admirer said to me: "Some men with big voice do little, and others with little voice do big things." In her mind the Bryanesque qualification of voice in a presidential candidate was disposed of forthwith.

As the storm center of early warfare privations, holding prices in check, with the autocratic power of a czar—he reached the "over the sugar bowl" discussion stage in every household. He thrived on opposition (Continued on page 131)



HOOVER—Himself

A New Idea in Political Campaigning

ORGANIZATION is today the dominant energy in the Republican party in Massachusetts. What the Republican party stands for is well understood. To make that party all-powerful, not only in this State, but in the United States, is the directing purpose of the men who are charged with the responsibility of its success this fall.

Attracting especial notice by reason of its far-reaching possibilities as a means for propagating the principles of the Republican party is the Commercial Travelers Republican Club of Massachusetts. Charles W. Morrill of Winchester, one of the master-salesmen in the shoe trade of the United States, is the president of the Commercial Travelers Club. William S. Briry, director of the State Board of Registration of Medical Pharmacy, Dentistry and Optometry, is secretary of the club.

Founded in October last, the Commercial Travelers Republican Club today counts the names of more than one thousand well-known salesmen of various lines of products on its membership roll. A great drive to bring up the membership of the club to five thousand wide-awake, energetic, up-to-date commercial travelers before its next annual meeting is on, and the names are coming in to Secretary Briry from all over the State by scores every day.

The Commercial Travelers Republican Club held its first annual meeting at the Boston City Club on Saturday, April 10. It was the guest of the Republican State Committee, and nearly five hundred men were present. The officers for the year were announced, and, amid scenes of remarkable enthusiasm, the club prepared to go out into the state this year and sell the wares of the Republican party.

Every man of the one thousand and more members today is acting as the personal representative of the club and his gospel is that of the Republican party. Politics has a direct effect on the business of the country. Traveling men knew that before the party leaders realized it.

Most traveling men today believe in the Republican party. Their opportunity to discuss public affairs and disseminate information is greater than that of any other group of men. To take advantage of this fact, the Commercial Travelers Republican Club was organized.

Governor Coolidge told the commercial travelers at their annual meeting at the Boston City Club of their capability of doing telling work for the nation and for the Republican party. He told them to sell, or to dispense, Republican doctrines wherever they went. The Governor told the traveling men what the Republican party means to the country. He told them its success is vital to the success of the United States. In part, here is what Calvin Coolidge said to the Commercial Travelers Republican Club:

"Now that the ordinary difficulties of salesmanship have so much decreased, there is a larger opportunity for salesmen to turn their attention to the selling of Republican principles. These principles are not new. They are seasoned. They have the sanction both of time and of reason.

"Although the present Republican party does not go back to the time of the Revolution, the principles that it represents had their representatives and supporters there, and they stood in those days for the creation and support of the national

government. This is represented in the Constitution of the United States and in the Federal laws.

"The Republican party is always a national party and has never adopted or supported sectional prejudices. It wants to see the welfare of the planting interests of the South, the agricultural interests of the West, the manufacturing interests of the North and East alike encouraged and supported. It does not believe that one part of the nation can prosper if another part declines.

"The people today are taking up anew the study of economic questions, both those that relate to private business and those that relate to government expenditures. In both instances it is necessary to realize that while some individual may escape his obligations, the nation and the public can never escape.

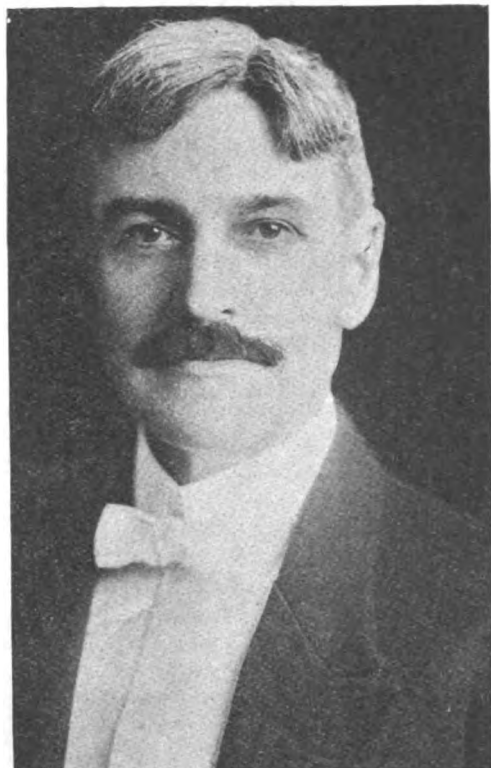
"Parties do not maintain themselves. They are maintained by effort. The government is not self-existent. It is maintained by the effort of those who believe in it. The people of America believe in American institutions, the American form



CHARLES W. MORRILL
President of the Commercial Travelers Republican Club

of government and the American method of transacting business. The Republican party believes in it. It has an abiding faith in the saving common sense of the American people. You know that men do not act without knowledge. They do not purchase your wares unless you bring them to their attention. Knowing the worth of Republican wares, go out and bring them to the attention of the public you meet in order that the success of those principles may continue the success of the American nation."

The inception of the Commercial Travelers Club of Massachusetts is rarely interesting. It illustrates strikingly how the most powerful movements spring from the smallest groups of men who are actuated by high principles. The Commercial Travelers Republican Club owes its present promise and influence to the ideas of Secretary Briry and Attorney William F. Garcelon, a member of the executive committee of the modern organization.



WILLIAM S. BRIRY
*Secretary of the Commercial Travelers
Republican Club*

Some five years ago Mr. Briry organized the Boston Druggists Association. As its first president he enrolled about seventy-five druggists salesmen in 1915. Mr. Garcelon, who was doing effective work for the Republican party in Maine at the time, sought out traveling men in the Pine Tree State. To them he explained the influence they could wield as they traveled about the country, and they caught the enthusiasm and began to spread the ideas of the Republican party wherever they went. The result was the substitution of a Republican Senator for a Democrat.

Then Attorney Garcelon and Mr. Briry began to work as a team in Massachusetts to make permanent the plan of campaigning they had found by experiment to be so successful. The Druggists Association in Massachusetts enrolled more and more members, and Senator John W. Weeks, the then Lieutenant Governor Coolidge and Frank W. Stearns saw the real value as a political asset traveling men's organizations proved to be.

Meetings were held from time to time, but little publicity was given to the new movement, nor was it desired, for the men behind the organization saw that still greater things would be accomplished in time if the work proceeded without general attention being called to it until the movement was ripe for greater development. That time came last October, and the Commercial Travelers Republican Club was formed.

When the Commercial Travelers Club was organized it had one thousand members. Since that time the work of enrolling the commercial men has been proceeding rapidly. The idea had so developed as the original Druggists Association grew from seventy-five to many hundreds of members that it was decided to throw down the bars and admit traveling salesmen of every craft and industry that employed men on the road.

The accession of membership has proved to the founders of

the idea that most men interested in the business of New England are Republicans, for they believe that the Republican party is the business men's party. The club is devoted to the commercial and financial interests of Massachusetts, and believes that it can bring about better conditions thru the political success of the Republican party than thru any other party organization.

The commercial men's club seeks to build up the Republican party, but it takes no part, as an organization, in the nomination of candidates. It is aimed to elect rather than to select Republican candidates. Of course, its membership being composed of active, energetic, believing Republicans, takes part as individuals in the primaries. Each man seeks to nominate those he believes to be the best men of the party, but the club, as such, has no interest in the primaries.

No membership fee is required. The club works as an adjunct to the Republican State Committee, and Chairman Frank B. Hall of Worcester and Executive Secretary Benjamin F. Felt of Melrose have both been of great assistance to President Morrill, Secretary Briry and the club's executive committee.

Other states are manifesting their keen interest in the Commercial Travelers Republican Club of Massachusetts. Senators and Congressmen from other states who have visited Massachusetts have been favorably and deeply impressed by what the new organization has already accomplished, and still more so in the work it has blazed ahead to accomplish. Letters have been received by Secretary Briry from many state organizations asking to define the principles and the methods of organization of the Commercial Travelers organization in the Bay State. Secretary Briry has visited New York and helped put on its feet a similar organization in the Empire State.

The Republican National Committee, under the guidance of that human political dynamo, Chairman Will H. Hays, is preparing to see to it that every State in the Union is equipped with a Commercial Travelers Republican Club, and Massachusetts is leading the way. The fact that the Massachusetts club was held back rather than urged into the limelight was the outgrowth of a careful plan of its leaders. They wished to note the sentiment of the traveling men themselves. The enthusiasm developed at the April dinner was such that all doubts as to the effectiveness of the organization vanished, and its value as a practical political asset strongly attested in the address of Governor Coolidge.

According to Secretary Briry, the club will complete its state organization and its great drive for five thousand and more members. Later, it is very probable that local organizations, co-operating with the central state club, will be formed. However, that matter is in abeyance.

It is the purpose of the officers and the executive committee to issue Republican party literature. The members are all to be kept fully informed as to the work of the Republican party in the state, the legislation pending and passed, and all other matters vitally connected with the aims and development of the party.

Similar bulletins are to be issued from time to time descriptive of the work of the Republican party thruout the nation. The members of the Commercial Travelers Republican Club of Massachusetts are to be well-drilled party preachers and party organizers. Each man is to be a trained and posted man. He will know just what the party stands for in state and in nation, and why it takes certain positions on all the great public questions of the day.

In no sense will it conflict with the great work the Republican League of Massachusetts is doing. The Commercial Travelers Club will be a well-educated band of trained and devoted party workers, who will sell the wares of the Republican party and explain its principles in the course of their everyday work. Both organizations are proving and will prove themselves indispensable adjuncts to the Republican State Committee.

So we really don't hate anyone

Closeup on Scenario Peers

By
JIMMIE MAYER

When Anita Loos first met John Emerson, she "just hated him," but now she's married to him, and they're not fussing about fame—nor anything else



ANITA LOOS

Anita Loos almost grew up with motion pictures. Born in California, she was waiting there when Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and other great directors were putting movies on the map. She first won fame on her sub-titles for Triangle Pictures.

The screen's most famous woman-writer, ninety-eight pounds in weight, little more than a girl in years, pioneer of the scenario writers, daintily fingered her fork that crushed her salmon salad in mouthable portions and looked across the table at her smiling husband.

Mr. and Mrs. John Emerson were an excellently suited couple. It wouldn't take a "love expert," which happens to be the title of one of their latest collaborations, to tell that.

"Oh, but how I hated him the first time I saw him," said Anita Loos (Mrs. John Emerson). "I was out on the lot when he sauntered over and we were introduced. I remember how he came over and said:

"I'm sorry, but I didn't understand your name. Anita Loos. H-m-m. Don't believe I have. I suppose you do characters—midgets and the like."

"Like fun," I told him. "I'm a scenario writer. You must not know much about the film business if you haven't heard of me."

"We didn't get along very well at first," smiled Mr. Emerson. "Anita couldn't understand why I hadn't heard about her wonderful sub-titles and I would not apologize for my ignorance."

"Ignorance," repeated Mrs. Emerson. "Why, dear, you wouldn't apologize for anything. You sugared your coffee first the other night. And you haven't apologized for that yet."

Mr. Emerson hastened to express regrets.

"But how did you happen to become engaged?" the interviewer queried.

"It was this way," said Emerson. "We worked together on pictures so much and we received so many contracts for more work that she didn't have time for any other man except me, and I didn't have time for any other woman except her."

"And we're both glad of it," said both in unison, almost as though trained.

"And so am I," concluded the interviewer.



JOHN EMERSON

When John Emerson left Broadway's bright lights to help Douglas Fairbanks produce great feature pictures, the former little knew that he was to find his greatest aid in a slip of a girl who took a violent and immediate dislike to him. And he would have ridiculed the person who told him this same girl was to be his inspiration—and wife. But Fate's an awfully funny thing sometimes.

'Round the block with "Wes"

In addition to being the screen's premier juvenile actor, Wesley Barry, who flew to fame on his freckles in conjunction with the release of "Daddy Long Legs," is likewise quite an inventor. The accompanying photograph shows Master Barry in his two-foot power racer, which makes the sidewalks around his Los Angeles home unsafe for democracy and pedestrians.

Despite the fact that his weekly salary check from Marshall Neilan runs into three figures, "Wes" has no higher financial ideas than an ice cream cone or some appliance for his own machine. His latest appearance is in the Neilan production "Don't Ever Marry."



Because they make us happy

Everybody's Favorites



CHARLES RAY

"The most lovable 'boob' in the world"—Charles Ray, who has taken his profits from his past productions and formed a company of his own. At present he is working on the screen interpretation of George M. Cohan's great success, "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway." Charlie's place in the hearts of movie-goers has never been questioned. He nestles in a spot all his own, and a million eyes are looking to him to bring them his wonder picture in the play that brought forth the beautiful ballad, "Mary is a Grand Old Name."



CONSTANCE BINNEY

"Love at first sight" became more than an excuse for married people when the charming Constance Binney entered the photoplay world. Practically unheralded, the little star found her way into the hearts of thousands of movie fans in the Realart picture, "Erstwhile Susan." And while "The Stolen Kiss" is not as gratifying a picture as Miss Binney's admirers would like, the youthful star is as captivating as in her first appearance—and this is saying a great deal.

A quintette of movie stars whose art strikes human heart chords—and maybe that's why they're popular

Directly below is a photograph of The Heart Throbs Girl. It's just a pretty, natural, human little picture—one that probably brings some sweet memory to you.

The picture wasn't posed. And we wouldn't have it re-touched. We print it to show you a natural likeness of the girl who will interpret the motion pictures to be produced from the famous "Heart Throbs" books.

Maybe the picture suggests something to you.

The NATIONAL is offering a prize of a copy of the "Heart Throbs" book to the ward or high school boy or girl under seventeen years old who writes us the best letter suggesting a Heart Throbs song, story or poem which he wants Miss Harding to interpret on the screen.

Please have your letters mailed to the Chapple Publishing Company, Boston, before June 1.



LORRAINE HARDING

Lorraine Harding, "the Heart Throbs girl," whose interesting, though unthrilling, preparatory steps for motion-picture work are related on another page. Miss Harding will appear in a series of Heart Throbs pictures exclusively, having signed her contracts with the American Picture Associates, who rightfully consider they have a wonderful star possibility, especially in view of the fact that Lorraine will be called upon to star in Heart Throbs pictures for a period of years.

Thus far Miss Harding has completed the story of James Whitcomb Riley's Sweetheart, as related to Joe Mitchell Chapple by Mr. Riley; "Home, Sweet Home," and "Casey Jones and Mary." The privileged few who have seen advance screenings of these pictures predict great popularity for the little star as well as the productions.



MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN

When Dean James Cope of St. Matthew's Cathedral, Laramie, Wyoming, married Anna Parsons Foote and Henry R. Harris, on April 23, 1900, he little realized that he was uniting a couple that would bring a little girl of international fame into existence.

The girl is none other than Mildred Harris Chaplin, photoplay star and wife of the world's most famous comedian.



KATHERINE MACDONALD

According to Howard Chandler Christy and Neysa McMein, Katherine MacDonald is the most beautiful woman in motion pictures, because "a splendid character" is represented in her face. When the famous artists reached their conclusion they did not know that Katherine had experienced a life event that corroborated their belief. As manager of the MacDonald household in Pittsburgh the girl spent her pre-movie days stretching a thin purse to provide for a big family.

A voice from the heart

When Griffith Made His Speech

By

GOLDYE MIRIAM

At the little Mt. Vernon picture show where "Griff" was trying out his latest production, the manager insisted on a speech, and Griffith said—

HAT would he say?

Everybody wondered. A queer, uncanny silence fell over the house while he braced himself a bit, drew his hands in a grasp to his back, and gave an almost shy glance toward the rear of the audience. He moistened his lips. A nervous twitch of his mouth plainly showed that he was uncomfortable. The greatest motion picture genius in history, just as nervous as though he were a child in the family parlor, stood before the small-town audience. The man who made "The Birth of a Nation" was frightened! Why? The audience paid him a near reverence. Muscles of the chewing-gum contingent had ceased. Even the affectionate arms of Mt. Vernon's Romeos had been untangled from the backs of the movie-chairs. The operator, interested beyond description, had forsaken his booth for standing room in the first row of the balcony. The foreign violinist, hardly able to understand what the great producer might say, ceased applying the rosin to his bow. Ushers, ticket-seller and door-man had abandoned their posts. And now, in a voice deep, abashed and faltering, words of wisdom were coming from the great D. W. Griffith.

"My friends," he began, "it is kind of you to receive me in this way. But I fear that my friend who introduced me has exaggerated when he speaks of my greatness. We are not great; we are just a tiny, insignificant part of the great enterprise meant for your enjoyment. We are so small. We hardly deserve the honor that you pay us."

He paused a moment. Faint, brief, whisperings fluttered over the audience. No, Griffith would never have become famous as a speaker. His method of audience-approach was lacking. Had it not been for his eminence, it is doubtful that anything near profound attention would have been found. His voice, while in a uniformly low tone, was uneven, and he hesitated frequently, even in the first few words he had spoken. But he had continued.

"But we do try so hard to please you," he said. His earnestness was remarkable. This particular sentence tuned so well to his attitude. "We do try hard," he repeated. "One little scene that receives your casual glance takes us into unknown parts and places. And we risk much to get for you those scenes that will bring you pleasure and entertainment. But whatever risks and chances we take in securing them are more than justified if you are pleased."

There was no doubt as to what Griffith referred. Even those who maintained a most indifferent attitude toward the motion-picture field recalled in a flash the sensation that swept the world some three months back with the announcement that Griffith and a party had been lost at sea. Moreover, it was during the filming of this production, "The Idol Dancer," that the famous motion-picture authority almost went to a watery grave. And this was the picture to be shown for the first time to the Mt. Vernon audience.

Griffith's speech was as unheralded as the showing of his latest picture. It has always been his custom to first try out his picture before an average audience with fitting musical accompaniment before turning it over to his distributors. Such proceeding was

not new to him, and usually when he pleaded long enough, the manager of the house agreed not to call on him for a talk. This time an enterprising exhibitor, rightfully making the most of the appearance of D. W. Griffith at the theater, insisted on a speech. And Mr. Griffith reluctantly complied.

"Please bear with us and have faith in us," he said in almost a



D. W. GRIFFITH

pleading tone. "Be sympathetic in your reception of our work, and just remember that before the finished product which you see is in such condition that it may be brought before you, details untold must be perfected, a multitude of little things each individually big enough to spoil the comprehensive whole, must have faithful attention. So be patient with us and with our efforts for your pleasure. If you only knew to how much difficulty we go to in obtaining our little pictures for you, you could realize why I ask for your sympathy. We are not great. But we are conscientious in our work for your entertainment. I thank you."

The speaker concluded his few words with far more vigor than he began. He had broken the seal of formality which had previously stamped his attitude and spoke toward the latter part of his short address as though he were addressing a few of his intimate friends. And this brought about an unintentional insight into the thoughts and methods of the man that showed very clearly to the audience that D. W. Griffith's accomplishments can be traced in part, at least, to the dynamic will power that evidenced itself in the concluding words of his short talk.

Other than that, only one impression stands out. And that is what seemed to me as the most striking characteristic of the great producer. It is his *modesty*. If the motion-picture fans of the world took Griffith's word for it, he would not be in his present state of eminence. But it is just as well that he is as he is, for being so gives us something more in him to admire. And gracious! What a relief it is to find a modest man!



THE HEART TH

MISS LORRAINE HARDING, the "girl of a thousand faces," the Ethel Barrymore of the screen, sweet, simple and sincere—as natural as the air she breathes—as unaffected as the flowers she loves. Cradled as a child in the romance-breathing Southland—an out-of-doors girl, with horses and dogs for her playfellows and friends, a lover of all



TOPS GIRL OF 1920

out-door sports—Miss Harding brings to her work before the camera a rare enthusiasm, intelligence and painstaking thoroughness and love of the art of Motion Pictures.

The essential humanness of her character portrayals already gives promise of her becoming the best loved moving picture star in America.

The Famous Corner Grocer of Boston

DISTANCE seems annihilated in these times. During war days when in far-off Rome I heard the name of S. S. Pierce Company mentioned by an American who called at the Embassy. The pronunciation was "Purse" and then I knew there was someone from Boston nigh. The mere mention of the name called to mind the story of a corner grocery in Boston. It was as complete as if the intersection of Beacon and Tremont Streets had been flashed upon the screen. The visitor was very much worried over a shipment of goods that had not arrived. It was during war times and food problems were uppermost in the minds of nearly everyone.

"We feel we could not have lived thru the war had it not been for these parcels of groceries from America. You cannot imagine what a feast they furnished. We used very sparingly and fairly sipped the edibles that came from overseas."

These war times encouraged a wholesome respect for tinned goods and made the can-opener a weapon of defence, necessary to army camp and home equipment. An incident of a similar nature occurred in the West Indies and in Mexico. The Rome

incident made me reflect as to whether New England people are peculiarly clannish, or was there some reason for this world-wide demand for certain products from Boston that involved a basic principle in business today, as a half century ago.

Here are results of my reflection and investigation.

Upon my return I determined to know more about the S. S. Pierce Company than looking over bills and telephoning whenever the impulse that we wanted something especially good for guests. A chat with the late Mr. Wallace Pierce revealed to me in one sentence why this firm has become an international institution.

"My father's first and last passion in business was *quality*. As a young boy I recall how he often sold goods for less than their cost in order to maintain quality, and could get better prices for the same products in a sharply competitive market. He felt that if he had the quality he would have quality customers. He loved the business with the passion of an artist, and my father often said he could not remember the time when he was not a grocer. He was born in Dorchester, and from early childhood he wanted to be the groceryman. When sent for articles at the corner store he was a sticker for the best.

"After my schooldays I took up my life work in my father's business in 1876—the centennial year. Naturally, I was proud of him, for he commanded as full measure of respect and esteem, as any man in public life, and never outgrew the desire to be known as the best 'corner grocer' in America.

"His dream has been fulfilled in building up one of the greatest 'corner groceries' in the world. Over seventy thousand individual accounts and a business of eleven million dollars has developed from the watchword of 'quality first.' If it was tea, it must be the best and every detail thoroughly known from the fields where produced to the table of its consumer."

In the old days they sold more indigo than oatmeal, for those were the days when oatmeal was only used for gruel for the sick. Sugar in bulky brown paper packages, crackers by the barrel—those were the bulk days, but it was the S. S. Pierce Company who early insisted on a package to mark the quality and distinction of their products. In the old days they used to use isinglass for gelatine—they sent to Russia and got the best. The changes in the foods of the world in the past forty years indicates that a grocer has to be in vogue as well as a style shop. The coffee "Boeket Gompong," must measure to the supreme test of quality—and they knew the flavor of that coffee before it left the plantations, and over night it must be kept right.

In early years Mr. Pierce began making a feature of specialties imported from all parts of the world to meet the most fastidious demands of the epicure; in fact, that is one reason for naming the magazine they publish *The Epicure*, and epicures never had more devoted disciples than those included in preparing and making the quality goods of this organization. Whether pickle, Russian caviar, Swansdown flour, or spices, the reputation of the New England housewife depends on the grocer for the ingredient that has worked out the alchemy charm and fame of New England cooking.

A short time before his death I spent an afternoon hour with Mr. Wallace Pierce at his home. Here was revealed the story. It was shortly after he received (Continued on page 131)



THE LATE WALLACE PIERCE
Head of a famous Boston Grocery Concern

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing
worth-while things in the world



THE Supreme Court of the state of New York, at the session of its Appellate Division in New York City on January 19, 1920, duly admitted to practice as an attorney of all the courts of that state, eighty-four applicants, one of whom was Ruth Lewinson.

This new Portia is the youngest of the four daughters of Mr. Benno Lewinson, a well-known lawyer of New York City and the treasurer of its County Lawyers' Association.

Miss Lewinson, after passing thru the public schools in New York City, entered Hunter College (for women), from which she was graduated in June, 1916, as an "honor" student with the degree of B.A. During her senior year at college, she was the editor of the *Weekly Bulletin*, the leading college paper. Subsequent to her graduation she took extension courses in English literature and story-writing at the New York University, and in the fall of that year matriculated in the Law School. While pursuing her law studies she taught English literature at Hunter High School, and continued literary and journalistic work. These verses, from her pen, were printed on the editorial page of the *New York Times* after the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

THE NATION'S HONOR

The cause—the nation's honor—summons you
To give your best, to seek no selfish gain.
Not writ in heroes' blood this document
Which calls to combat our America.
Still prizing peace in honor's name maintained.
This call from turgid waters surges up,
Writ by the cold white hands from underseas
Of men and women bound for war-racked lands
To carry help as ministers of God,
Who from the waves' crest to the deep were swept,
Unwarned, by instruments of hell dragged down.
Awake! and to a man stand by the cause,
The beckoning of the sea's white hands to still.

During the summer vacations of her law studies she was a councillor in one of the prominent summer camps for girls.

Miss Lewinson graduated from the New York University Law School in the fall of 1919 with the degree of Dr. juris, which was conferred upon her by the University; and subsequently passed her bar examinations.

Miss Lewinson has entered upon the practice of law with the distinguished firm of Reeves & Todd. She has already had very considerable experience as an official receiver, having had a number of appointments as such from judges of the New York courts. She has become a member of the New York County Lawyers' Association, and should find an abundant field of service in her profession as a representative of her sex.

* * * *

WHEN I called at the Steinway office in New York some years ago, inquiring for data in reference to the history of my mother's old piano, I met the late Charles H. Steinway. There was a sparkle in his eyes as he pored over the documents and papers that related to the workmanship or craftsmanship of his kinsman on the piano my mother played. The record was found complete in the handwriting of Senior Charles

Steinway. The way in which Mr. Steinway showed me the record of his father's workmanship indicated the inherent spirit of the House of Steinway—in craftsmanship that had built a character for Steinway—industrially and musically world-renowned.

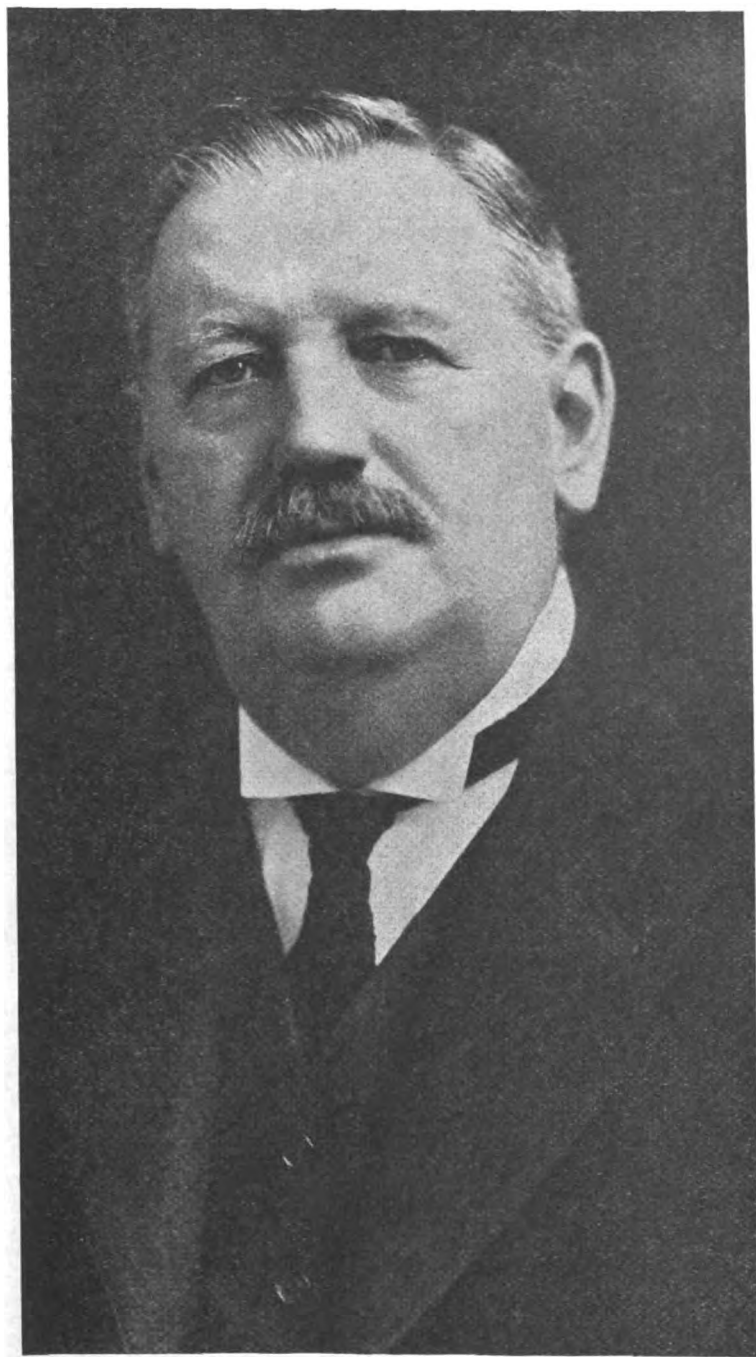
In 1896 Mr. Charles H. Steinway became the head of the firm. He was of a retiring disposition and disliked personal publicity, but was always keen for anything that had to do with the promotion of musical education. He was soon recognized as a leader of the piano industry, not alone by his own employees among whom he worked day after day, but by competitors as well.

There was no exclusive private office or raised rostrum to indicate where sat the head of the House of Steinway. He was accessible to every employee and there was no process required to reach him but simply to walk to his desk. On the walls



MISS RUTH LEWINSON
Recently admitted to the New York Bar

of this outer office were the medals, degrees and decorations bestowed on the product of Steinway, and these medals always indicated the highest award. By the same token there were many universities that conferred on him degrees for his activities in musical culture and aid to young artists. For many



THE LATE C. H. STEINWAY
A world-known leader in the piano industry

years he spent four months in Paris, four months in London and the rest of the time in the United States. He was a musician to his finger tips, having studied music both here and abroad, and was an accomplished pianist; in fact, when he played a Steinway, it seemed he was fondling every key he touched.

There never was a truer friend of musical culture and education, whether choral society, orchestra, opera, concert, or young artists who needed help, his interest was always quietly and graciously bestowed. The cause of music in America owes much to Charles H. Steinway, for he not only carried on the traditions of the House of Steinway, but kept pace with the progress and development of the musical world, and reached the head of the firm thru sheer executive ability.

The corporation represents the artistic, executive and mechanical talent of a single family. The great-grandchildren of Henry Engelhard Steinway, who built the first piano in

New York, in 1853, has been followed by four generations, direct descendants of the founder of the house. Each one of these in turn has served an apprenticeship in the factory and counting house, and settled into his position by natural aptitude and ability rather than right of birth.

Mr. Steinway was in every way one whom all his associates loved and honored. He was considered the best amateur billiard player in New York, and the true eye and steady hand required in playing this game was manifested in business operations. He was born in New York in 1857, and his life activities mark a memorable chapter in the House of Steinway. He has been succeeded by Mr. Fred T. Steinway, who was similarly trained in the craftsmanship of building pianos.

There is something substantial in the name of Steinway, because it represents a piano that seems almost a part of the family. That piano usually has a story in itself full of human interest associated with thousands of homes. The piano would be missed as much as one of the family were it removed.

Sixty-seven years of Steinway history touches not only the home life of the country but the brilliant spotlights of the concert hall and opera. Even in the White House at Washington there stands in the East Room a piano supreme in its triumph of craftsmanship. The piano at the executive mansion has furnished music for many administrations as they come and go. Whatever other piano may be possessed, the Steinway is the standard, and the little girl with her five-finger exercises dreams of the time when she may see emblazoned over the keys before her as she plays the name of Steinway—the inspiration of many a famous artist.

* * * *

IN a country dedicated to business, ideas have a practical commercial value. It is generally conceded that business is today attracting the best brains of the nation, whereas, in a former age the majority of people possessing superior talent entered the so-called learned professions—law, theology and medicine. But business, owing to its more alluring rewards, is now attracting the brightest minds—in fact, the greatest engineering, constructive and resourceful minds in America are to be found among our business men. It is admitted that next to ability itself, the greatest factor in American business is the power of publicity, otherwise known as the cumulative effects of advertising.

The idea that has been largely responsible for the great success of Ed S. Fomby and his establishment in San Antonio may not have been original with him, but he has prospered by it, prospered to an extent undreamed of by himself a few years ago when he opened a store on borrowed capital.



ED S. FOMBY
Prominent San Antonio business man who has introduced a new idea in business

Fomby's success is a compliment to advertising and to goods made famous by advertising, because this is the only kind of goods he will handle, and herein lies the secret of his success.

When Mr. Fomby opened his store a few years ago he reasoned that the public would demand the best, that certain nationally known and nationally advertised lines of merchandise are the best, so why not handle these lines exclusively? Certain lines of men's apparel have stood the test, so why should he introduce new lines? He decided to handle only those lines which are guaranteed, and which he in turn could guarantee. In other words his customers know that anything he offers for sale is the best of its kind, and this assurance, combined with a Golden Rule Service has lifted the Fomby store from a strictly commercial enterprise and made it into an institution.

The success of Ed S. Fomby is a tribute to advertising and to the best known lines of nationally advertised merchandise. It shows that in order to be "repeaters" merchandise, even if widely advertised, must be of superior quality. He staked his own reputation and chanced his business career in the genuine quality of certain lines and when he engaged in business for himself he put his theory to the test. Fomby went to San Antonio a few years ago a country boy from Homer, Louisiana, armed with credentials from his home people. He found a place with one of the largest and most reliable San Antonio firms, and because of his ability as a salesman and judge of human nature soon became a big drawing card for the store. But to try out his own pet ideas he had to go into business for himself. That Fomby's theory was correct is shown by the fact that today he is the sole owner of an establishment as large as the one he first worked for, and within a little more than six years.

With success assured, Fomby married Miss Harriet Simmons, the daughter of Dr. C. F. Simmons, a St. Louis capitalist and manufacturer. A prominent club and lodge man, an active member of the Chamber of Commerce and various civic organizations—not a bad record for a Louisiana country boy!

* * * *

PROBABLY few of even the more prolific writers of this generation can equal the literary output of Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D., editor of *The Christian Endeavor World*, who during the past thirty years, in addition to his regular editorial work, has produced between sixty and seventy volumes of prose and verse, including books of essays and fiction, besides writing an average of about a half million words a year for his own paper and for other periodicals.

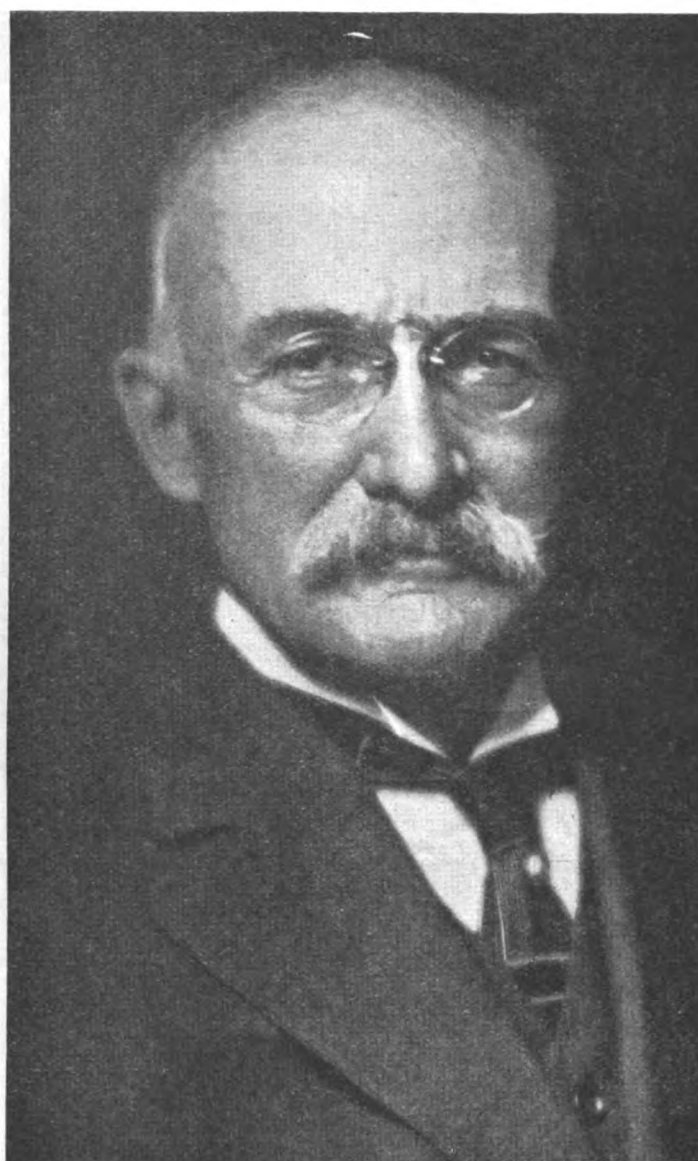


AMOS R. WELLS, LITT.D., LL.D.
The managing editor of "The Christian Endeavor World"

Following his graduation, Mr. Wells taught for nine years in Antioch College, being during that time full professor of geology, astronomy and Greek, besides at times teaching French, zoology and history.

In addition to this remarkable record, he has, during the nearly three decades of his editorial service, written a large part of the manuals used in the Christian Endeavor Societies all over the world.

Mr. Wells was born in New York state in 1862, and educated at Antioch College, Ohio—made famous by its first president, Horace Mann, who left his imprint upon all the college life and his-



HARRY BATES THAYER

President of the greatest telephone company in the world

Mr. Wells was called to his present position as editor of *The Christian Endeavor World* (then *The Golden Rule*), in 1891, and under his inspired guidance this publication has been a veritable banner of light, carrying the teachings of Christianity to the far corners of the earth, and being an incalculable influence for good thruout the world.

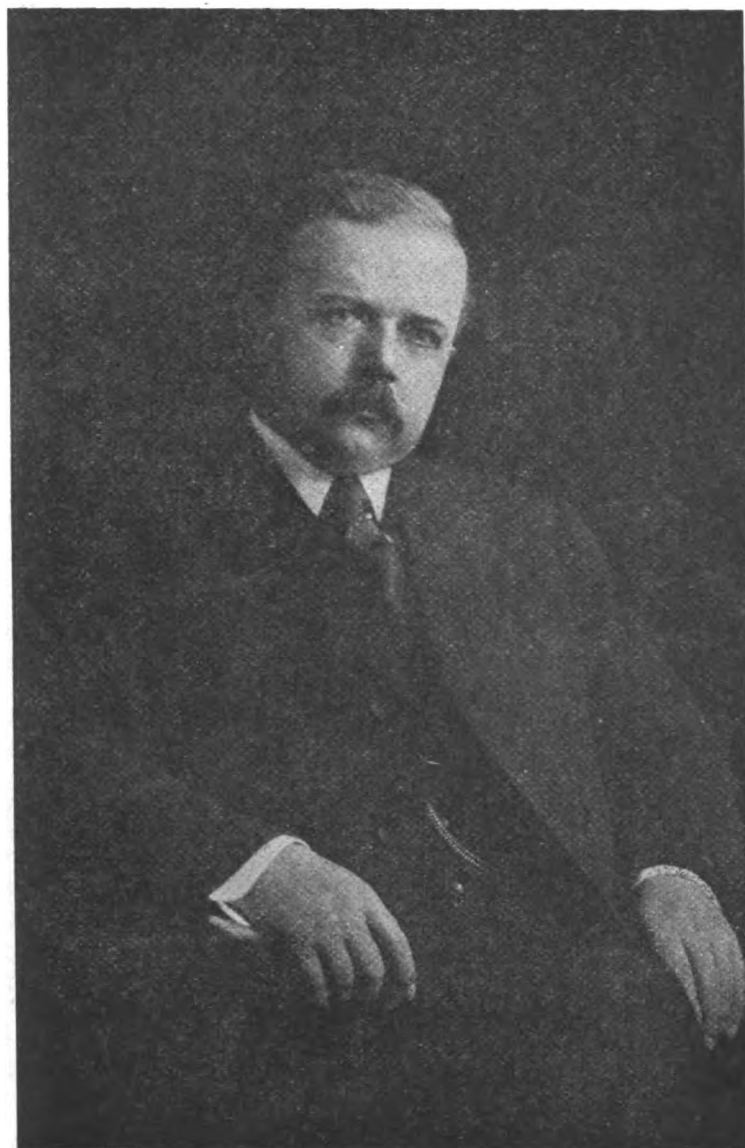
* * * *

THE mantle of responsibility as president of the greatest telephone company in the world, held so long by the late Theodore N. Vail, has fallen upon the shoulders of a man who was associated closely with him for many years. The man chosen has devoted his life to the work with Mr. Vail, and his first executive report points the way for the great future of the telephone visioned by Mr. Vail.

Harry Bates Thayer was born August 17, 1858, at Northfield, Vermont, the son of James Carey Barrell Thayer and Martha Jane (Pratt) Thayer. Both parents were born in Vermont of stock that came to this country in the earliest days. Of his ancestors, some came on the *Mayflower*, and none is recorded to have come to this country later than 1650. They were hardy people, settling in the towns bordering on Massachusetts Bay, good citizens, keen merchants and successful men.

Mr. Thayer attended the public schools of his native place and graduated from Dartmouth College in 1879. He began his business life in a savings bank in Northfield, Vermont, in that same year, and two years later entered the employ of the

Bell Telephone System as an employee of the Western Electric Company at Chicago. Within three years thereafter he was made manager of the company's business in New York, a notable distinction for a youth of twenty-six, and his progress



FRANK A. SEIBERLING
President of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company

in the company was continuous. From 1884 to 1902 he was manager at New York; from 1902 to 1906 he was vice-president. In 1907 he became vice-president and general manager, and in 1908, president. In 1909 he was elected to the vice-presidency of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and in 1919 became its president.

Mr. Thayer is a trustee of Dartmouth College, a director of the National Bank of Commerce and a director of various telephone and telegraph companies.

Mr. Thayer during practically his entire business life has been associated with the development of the telephone, having entered the business when the telephone was in its infancy. During all these years he has had an important part in this development of a great industry, particularly in solving the engineering and manufacturing problems, both in this country and abroad.

Mr. Thayer is a man of wide reading, progressive thought and broad human sympathy. These qualities, with his indefatigable industry, combine to make him a successful administrator and executive who has won the loyalty and friendship, not only of his subordinates, but of all of his associates in the Bell System.

Mr. Thayer is a member of the Metropolitan, Engineer, Lotus, Automobile, Union League, University and Delta

Kappa Epsilon clubs of New York, also the Union League of Chicago, Chamber of Commerce of New York, and the New England Society.

He was married April 26, 1887, in Ransomville, New York, to Carrie M. Ransom, who died May 26, 1916. He has three children, Dorothy (Mrs. Floyd Noble), Ruth (Mrs. Webb W. Weeks), and John A. Thayer. He resides in New Canaan, Connecticut.

* * * *

TO "think big things is to do big things." This is the philosophy of Frank A. Seiberling, president of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, and a business man whom I could wish every other business man in the United States might know. Quiet, clear, contained, concise and ready, he believes in the business doctrine of measuring up to the mark. The organization of the Goodyear institution is notable. Personal initiative and personal interest are included in the potential "company assets," and Mr. Seiberling has been the chief factor in making this so.

In speaking of his doctrine, he says: "As engrossing and exacting as business is, I try always to work to scale; I try to keep the pace." Those who know Mr. Seiberling will underwrite his statement at par.

Born in Akron, Ohio, Frank A. Seiberling was early instilled with the belief that Akron was just as good a place as anywhere else, and so he stayed with the town and has helped materially in making Akron the king-pin town of northern Ohio. His business genius lies in his obedience to the law that when a thing is no longer growing it has begun to die. The Seiberling mind accepts this fact and sees to it that the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company contrives to create and evolve original ideas, advance new principles and improve old ones, as its president demands that it must and shall grow.

My visit to Mr. Seiberling was in the forenoon, and as I sat in his office pondering the thoughts awakened by an oil portrait of the original Goodyear, the man who accomplished the impossible by making rubber manufacture a commercial fact, the whistles blew, and I stepped to the window to watch the men. There was something of elation in their bearing I thought. Grim smiles, and now and then a hearty slap on the back and a look of victory in their faces evidenced that suppressed keenness of expression which is often the outward token of unusual gratification within. Upon asking Mr. Seiberling if I was not right in my judgment, he informed me with jubilation that I was, that the plant had scored a new record, the goal of a campaign begun months before had been reached, and a maximum production of twenty-nine thousand tires a day had been achieved. The work of years had culminated in this great industrial victory, and well might Mr. Seiberling rest upon his present laurels, but those who know the man are merely awaiting the indication of his next stride.

* * * *

A MAN of dynamic sales genius, but who attributes his success to his ability to find sentiment in his business is Earle P. Charlton, the youngest member of that wonderful organization known as the "Woolworth Stores." Despite his many commercial interests, Mr. Charlton has always taken an active interest in public affairs, and so was a logical candidate for the War Industries Board when the United States entered the war. For many months he rendered valiant service to the government in that capacity, later being called into the War Department as one of the heads of the purchasing staff.

Upon his retirement from his work at Washington he was allowed no respite from his public duties, as Governor Coolidge, looking for an able man to handle the complicated affairs of the Bay State Street Railway Company, appointed him as a trustee. This work he attacked with his characteristic energy, determined to find a solution.

As all great men have a "hobby," so Mr. Charlton's hobby

is his summer home, "Pond Meadows," down on Cape Cod. Here Mr. Charlton has given full sway to that desire for the beautiful and the picturesque which makes his personality so delightful. With a sincere love for the beauties of Nature, not the cultivated kind of love, he has proved as much of an epoch-maker himself as the phenomenal commercial success of the organization with which he is connected proved in the business world. The profusion of flowering plants and apple trees laden with fruit in season are mute testimonials to this man's ability to accomplish the unusual or unexpected.

* * * *

FOR heroism displayed under shell-fire and in recognition of distinguished service as a nurse thruout the world conflict, Mrs. Mortimer Hancock, a daughter of Dr. S. Westray Battle of Asheville, North Carolina, is the recipient of five decorations from foreign governments. The wife of a brigadier general in the British army, the example of this American woman is perhaps without duplication, and the numerous awards granted express a gratitude rarely bestowed so lavishly.



MRS. MORTIMER HANCOCK
War nurse awarded many decorations by foreign governments for heroism and distinguished service

for her the coveted distinction of being knighted by King Albert as a "Chevalier of the Order of the Crown." Likewise she was honored with the decoration of the "Order of Elizabeth." Three times the English government has officially recognized her services as a nurse by the award of decorations—"Order of George V," "Mons Star," and "Croix Civique." According to unofficial reports, France has approved the award of two decorations, to be presented upon her return from this country where she is visiting. This would bring the number of decorations to a total of seven.

* * * *

AMONG the first of American women to invade the sharply-drawn battle lines and the last to forsake the war-torn areas of Europe, Miss Cora Van Norden of New York City has returned home after four years service. As a Salvation Army worker with the First Division she shared the varying fortunes of the troops on their unchecked march to Seicheprey, Cantigny, Buzancy, St. Mihiel, Argonne and finally into Germany. Whether by trucks, by trains, on foot, or whatever the mode of transportation, this welfare worker found companionship with the First Division in her efforts to alleviate suffering humanity. She opened a Salvation Army hut in Coblenz after the signing of the armistice, where six hundred of our soldier boys were served daily. A Croix de Guerre from the

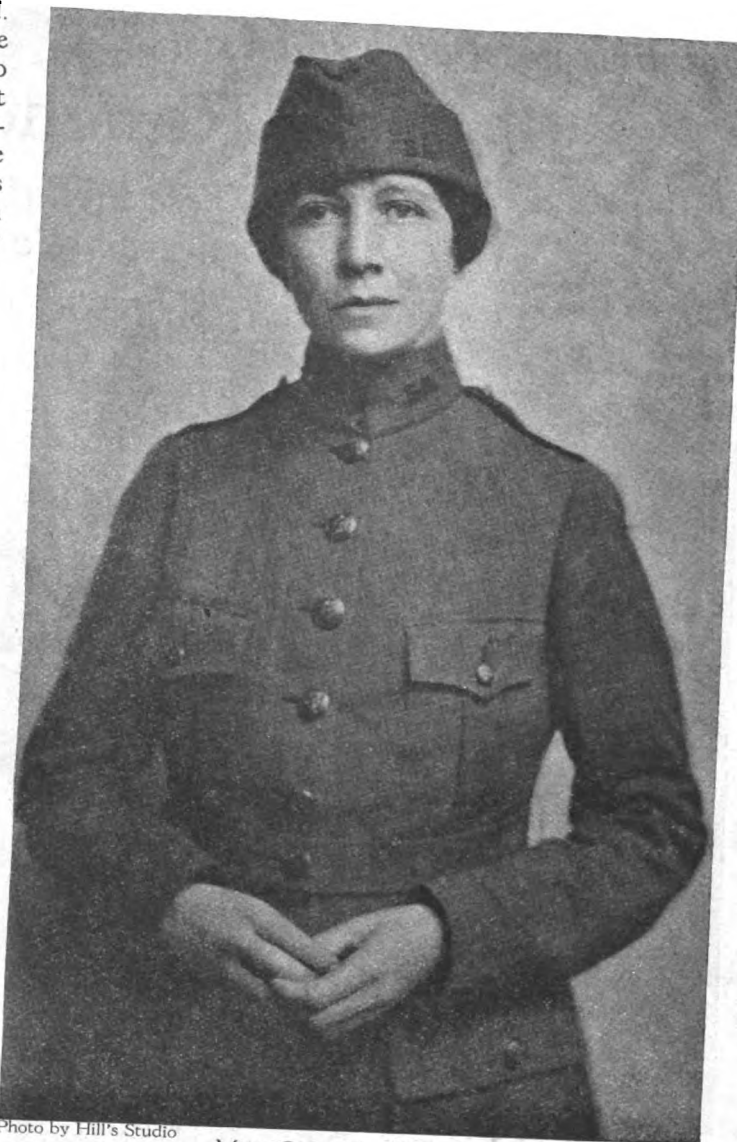
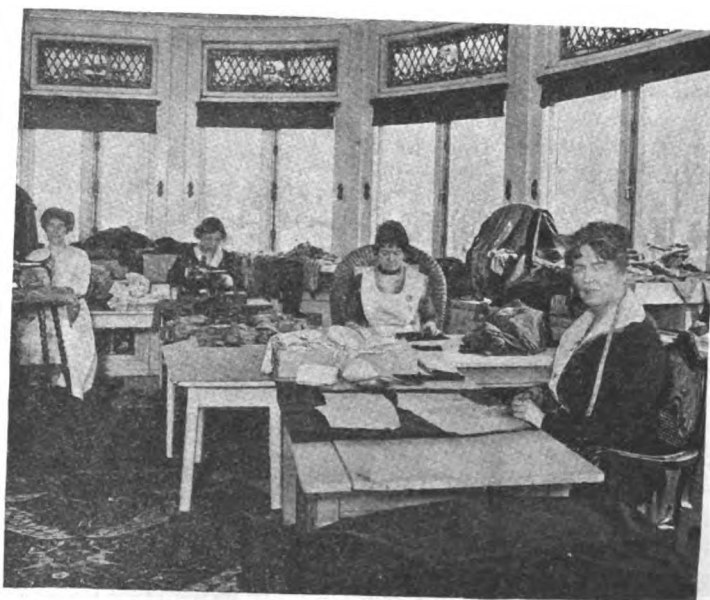


Photo by Hill's Studio

MISS CORA VAN NORDEN
As a Salvation Army worker she won well-deserved recognition for long and faithful service overseas

French government and recommendations for the American Distinguished Service Medal are merited honors for long and faithful service in a fearful struggle in the interest of humanity.



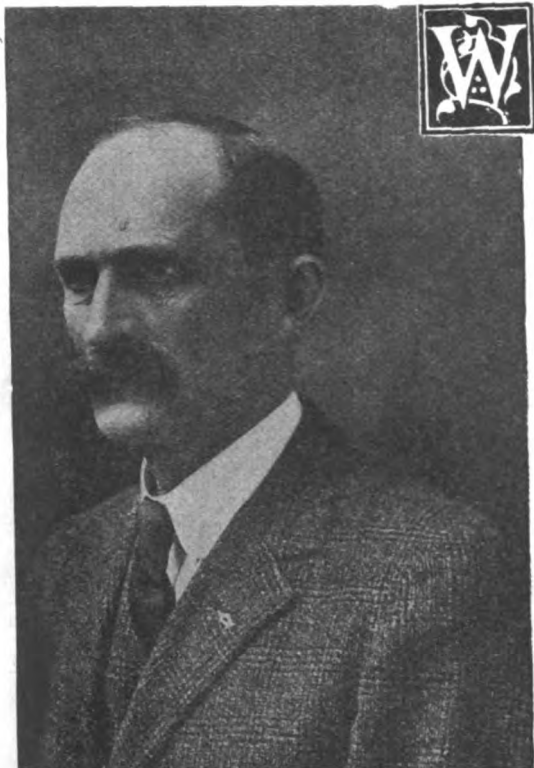
Making garments for the poor in the home of Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, Washington, D. C. Mrs. Walsh keeps a staff of experienced sewing women at work, and is also assisted by many volunteer workers whose names are well known in social circles at the capital

Old-time hospitality still exists

Famous Ranches of the West

Where the latch string is always out, and everyone is welcome to a meal and a bunk without price

By EVERETT LLOYD



SAM MOSES

General manager of the "Flying V" ranch, near Birney, Montana, one of the most successful cattlemen of the West. Mr. Moses came to Montana from Texas during the early days with United States Senator Kendrick, and has been closely identified with the development of the cattle industry both in South Dakota and Montana

HO and where is the ranch historian? We have long since evolved the cowboy poet, the cowboy this and the cowboy that, but we are shy of the man who can tell the story of the famous ranches of the West—institutions that have been responsible for the most interesting and picturesque phase of American life, and given us some of the finest men the country has ever known. Here is a rich field for the writer gifted with the power of descriptive writing and the ability to interpret the most distinctive type

of the United States will this friendly custom be found to exist to the same extent. To offer a ranchman money in return for accommodation would be at least bad form, if not a mild insult.

THE SPEAR-FADDIS INTERESTS

THE distinction of being the largest operators in Wyoming probably belongs to Willis Spear and R. M. Faddis, who operate twelve ranches, embracing nearly one million acres, with herds totalling twenty-five thousand head of well-bred cattle.

Willis Spear came to Wyoming in 1875 from Missouri and has lived in the state ever since. He did not come from Champ Clark's famous Pike County region, but in physique and bearing he is Champ's equal. Following in his footsteps are his two



WILLIS SPEAR

One of the largest cattle operators in the West

of American citizenship—the pioneers who blazed the trails of Texas, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, Oklahoma and the Dakotas, and invested life with a romance and actuality impossible in any other country.

Probably from the standpoint of personal honor, courage, and the sterling qualities of character, the cattlemen of the extreme West will out-measure any other class of business or professional men. Their lives have not been molded by rigid laws or puritanical customs, but by an unwritten code that seeks expression in square dealing and friendly man-to-man consideration. They are men to whom the petty things of life are more despicable than anything in the criminal category, and to be "on the square" is the one recommendation a newcomer needs.

This is the spirit of the West as reflected by the cattlemen in any western state, and it is as much alive today as it was when the first pioneer located his outfit and headquarters a few miles westward or northward of his neighbors. The West is a free country, intended for big men. Cattlemen are accustomed to think in big and generous terms and to them the irritating things of life are unknown. Strangers and neighbors go and come as they please, knowing that the latch string is always on the outside and that everyone is welcome to a meal or a bunk without cost and without price. In no other part

*Driving cattle to the Chicago market*

sons, Philip and Willis, Junior, both eminently successful and now in charge of large ranching interests of their own on the Powder River and in the Arvada country. Willis Spear is probably the most representative and distinctive character the cattle industry has produced. His name and the name of Spear has become a part of the traditions of the West. At one time Mr. Spear was associated with his brother, "Doc" Spear, with large interests on Clear Creek, Powder River and in the Crow Reservation. The Spear Brothers interests were later separated and W. H. (Doc) Spear went in business with R. M. Faddis.

The Spear-Faddis interests established financial connections with H. C. Bostwick, a prominent Omaha banker. With the exception of a few of the pioneer cattlemen, no one has done more to promote the cattle interests in the Northwest than Mr. Bostwick, who still believes that Wyoming is the greatest cattle country on earth. The Spear-Faddis connection with Bostwick has continued for many years and is still in existence.

FLYING V RANCH

THE Flying V Ranch was established by C. M. Taintor of New York in 1911-1912. As a young man and soon after his graduation from Yale as a civil engineer Mr. Taintor was influenced by friends to go West. He spent some time on various western ranches working as a cowpuncher to learn the practical side of the cattle business, which at that time was very profitable. But that day has passed from the standpoint of the cattle grower.

Mr. Taintor's first venture in the ranch business on his own account was a partnership which was of short duration. Having large land interests in the West, he started with several thousand acres and a few thousand cattle and established the Flying V. He has gradually added to his land holdings and increased his herds until now he is probably one of the largest and most successful ranchmen in Montana at the present time, with extensive leases running from the ranch

headquarters at Birney, Montana, to the Cheyenne Indian Reservation.

Mr. Taintor is a New York business man and manufacturer, being the active head and principal owner of the H. F. Taintor Manufacturing Company, No. 2 Rector Street, New York, the largest manufacturers of whiting and paris white in the world, and the principal exporters of these products in this country. As a business man he had spent his vacations hunting in the West and had become thoroly familiar with the cattle business from Canada to the Rio Grande River.

In selecting a location and being fully acquainted with the possibilities of the cattle business at that time, it was but natural that Mr. Taintor should select Montana. His selection was a site of a few thousand acres overlooking a bluff on Four Mile Creek and Tongue River, sixteen miles from Birney, Montana, and approximately fifty miles from Sheridan,

Wyoming, the latter being the nearest railroad point.

The Flying V proper represents an investment of several hundred thousand dollars, the ranch house, bunk houses, stables, corrals, cattle sheds and other improvements being the last word in ranch equipment. Other improvements include an irrigation system and water works capable of irrigating necessary farming lands adjoining the ranch and of watering from fifteen hundred to two thousand cattle during the winter season. The number of cattle on the Flying V and other Taintor ranches varies from two to five thousand head, the major portion of the herd being on the Cheyenne Reservation.

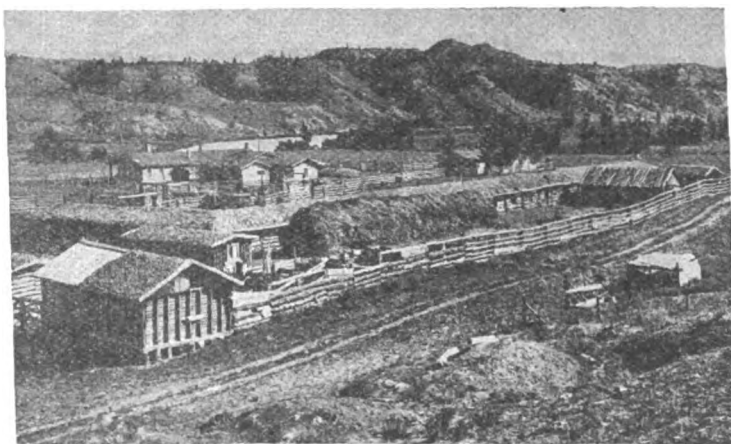
While the Flying V Ranch is controlled by C. M. Taintor of New York, the management for five years has been in the hands of S. N. Moses, known thruout the West as Sam Moses, and one of the most successful and universally liked cattlemen in Montana. The success of the ranch has been largely attributable to his efforts and ability as a practical cattleman who knows the business from every standpoint.



UNITED STATES SENATOR J. B. KENDRICK
Old-time cattleman

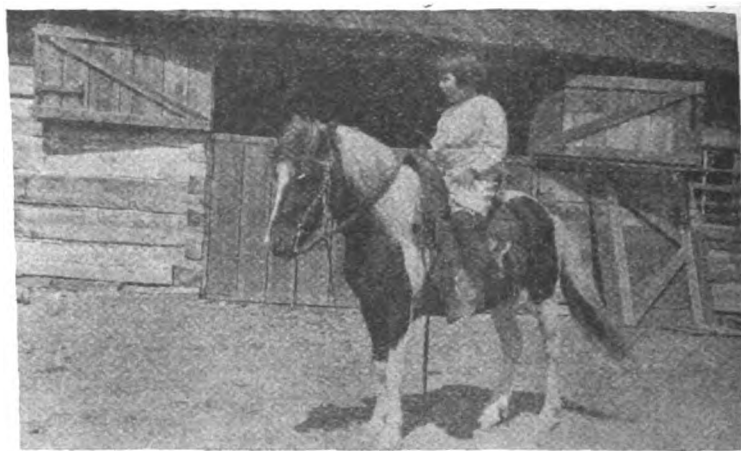


Scene on Tom Reavis' ranch near Birney, Montana



RANCH HEADQUARTERS OF THE FLYING V

One of the best improved and most modern ranches in Montana. The property is owned by C. M. Taintor of New York, who has made a close study of the cattle business from Canada to the Rio Grande



A FEARLESS COWGIRL OF THE WESTERN PLAINS

Miss Ruth Reavis (five years old), daughter of Tom Reavis of Birney, Montana

Sam Moses is a Texas product who, as a cowpuncher, came to Montana with United States Senator Kendrick in 1878. He was born and reared near the little town of Burnet, Texas, and has been identified with the cattle industry since his early boyhood. One of his brothers, the Hon. Dayton Moses of Fort Worth, Texas, is the general attorney of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, another brother being General Andrew Moses of the United States Army. His first experience in the cattle business was as an employee in Texas of Dudley and J. G. Snyder, pioneer Texas cattle men. He rode the trail to Montana, making the trip by the way of the old Doan's Crossing and Dodge City, Kansas. As before stated, one of his companions on the trip was the present Senator from Wyoming, J. B. Kendrick, and the two found employment on the C. W. Wulfjen ranch. Later Mr. Moses went with the S & G outfit in the Black Hills where he remained until 1882, when he took charge of the T O T outfit as foreman. The latter property having been purchased about this time by the Harry Oelrichs' interests of New York, Mr. Moses was left in charge.

It was at this time that Mr. Oelrichs went to Europe and with the T O T, the B-T and the T A N ranches as a nucleus organized the Anglo-American Cattle Company, merging the three properties in the latter corporation, which continued for many years with Mr. Moses as manager. When the Anglo-

American Company was finally dissolved Mr. Moses worked for various Wyoming and South Dakota cattle interests until he was elected sheriff of Hot Springs, South Dakota, in 1888. On retiring from office in 1890 he was employed in special work for prominent stockmen until 1895, when he engaged in the cattle business on his own account in Butte County, South Dakota. From 1891 to 1911 he continued in business for himself, selling out in 1903 to become special agent of the United States government in Wyoming, in which capacity he remained until assuming the management of the Flying V in 1912, and in this enterprise he is financially interested with C. N. Taintor.

Both as a cattleman and as a citizen Sam Moses is as highly regarded as any other man in Montana, and his friends are only limited by the number of his acquaintances. Being prominent and active as one of the leading Masons of his state he has a wide acquaintance in Montana and South Dakota. The boys on his ranch and others who have worked for him in days past swear by him as the best "boss" in the West, and one who treats his men right. Mr. Moses has led a busy and eventful life and is now enjoying the fruits and success of his early efforts while still in his prime. He is simple and democratic in his tastes and manner, and at home in any company. His creed is to be a friend to all.

CONCERNING JAMES COX

Continued from page 105

Virginia. These homes express individuality of men who have succeeded. "Trail's End" occupies a historic site, marking the spot the old Indian trails meet and end—one could almost feel the plaintive refrain of "The Long, Long Trail" transferred into a joyous "Te Deum" in the superb environment.

Born in Jacksonburg, Ohio, on March 31, 1870, James M. Cox in the remarkable year of 1920 approaches the sunlight of fifty, with a legion of enthusiastic admirers all over the country insisting that he is the best presidential material that the Democratic party possesses at this time. He knows how to do things and do things in a way that will win the approval and votes of the people. His all-around experience with men and measures has qualified him for a leadership.

In his address before the Iroquois Club in Chicago, Governor Cox hit straight from the shoulder, and ardently advocated "junking" most of the institutions devoted to the war. The hysteria in reference to bolshevism did not alarm him as much as the action of the Senate in failing to ratify the Peace Treaty. He advocated the repealing of the excess profits tax, which he considered a considerable fact in the high cost of living, and insisted that at least one-quarter of the four billion dollars

required to operate the government could be obtained by a tax of from one to one and a half per cent on the volume of business done by one concern. "This tax," he insisted, "would be neither cause nor alibi for excess prices."

Thruout the country it is recognized that James Cox has the happy faculty of converting the incisive phrases of newspaper paragraphs into executive edict and legislative programs, batting his points over the plate into statute law with the full force and power of the Fourth Estate. Altogether, Governor Cox is the living example of an editor utilizing newspaper genius in the realm of public service, stimulating discussion of public questions lip to lip as one of the essentials of democracy. In his work he seems to bring his readers face to face with the problems that concern them. He inaugurated the plan of having the readers of his papers meet in person at public gatherings, assembling first as citizens of the republic, and developing a cohesive, almost fraternity spirit among the readers that crystallized the expression of individuals into that all-powerful and subtle force that controls democracies, called "public opinion." Governor Cox has been a real interpreter and leader of "P.O." in all the swift-moving activities of these stirring days.

HERBERT HOOVER AT CLOSE RANGE

Continued from page 114

and continued his work as he would an engineering problem—keeping in mind that two plus two equals four and that two halves are one. On this he won.

People saved money and also bettered their health in the obstemations, and Dr. Hoover won his degree of H.B. (Household Boss).

* * *

As I was born in the same state and a nearby town, I began studying him in these later days as one of our own species. True, he left Iowa when a young lad and went West; still he played marbles on the imperial soil of the Hawkeye State—then plastered with mortgages—apprised at \$10 per acre, now \$500 in some cases. So the earth has "moved" in price since Herbert Hoover's childhood days. His years in mining experience in California and Europe may have lost him something in knowledge of ward caucus, but it gave him a world-view early in life. He dealt with geological theories, but his first contact was the human equation. He knows how to discuss the dear old platitudes in a new way, but always in simple words. Monosyllables are more to him at motor pace than rhetoric at the speed of scholarly leisure. He has met the want for "something new," and the old-time politicians are puzzled. While Hoover holds his head down habitually, his ideas seem to read with a head-up-and-at-'em spirit. As only a few of the millions of voters can see a Presidential candidate in person, in these accelerative days, candidates may win in statements and speeches that read well—for the orator seldom finds a

warm place in an executive chair. He wants to stand up too much and chairs are made to sit in. With a twinkling smile and a modest, almost boyish appearance, as one of the outstanding figures of the war, Hoover has an appeal.

Is he of Presidential calibre? This is the question; there is a shaking of heads. But timber may be a phrase outgrown in this age of steel. He has appeared in various cities, apparently impervious to public favor, but they make him stand still while he is having his picture taken. His frankness in disavowing a letter written to President Wilson on the Peace Treaty and insisting he had changed his mind was not overlooked with the people seeking an honest man with an electric searchlight. His joining with President Wilson in asking that only Democrats be elected during the war is still remembered, and while it will not warm the hearts of Republicans toward him, it indicated his sense of loyalty to President Wilson and may explain some sources of his support in the Presidential race that do not square with his inverted political predilections. As an engineer he naturally knows how to engineer things, and whatever may be his ambitions, Herbert Hoover at close range bears inspection, and in the wake of his visit to various cities there is concrete evidence of Hooverized sentiment that insists, without party machinery or platform, "Hoover is the man," for production and food is one of the supreme issues. After the country is "treatyed" into a League, why not have the great Food Administrator become the nation's administrator in the White House?

FAMOUS CORNER GROCER
OF BOSTON

Continued from page 122

a letter from the late Major Henry Lee Higginson, from which I am permitted to quote this beautiful tribute:

While the opportunity still lies open before me, while still there can be an exchange of confidences and confessions among those of us who have been friends for many years, I want to say how high a place you seem to me to hold in the list of the few men of this world who constantly give to others and yet neither ask, nor seek anything for themselves.

The big, broad, human sympathy, concerning himself always with the good of others, making almost every hour of every day of his a record of doing something for others—and never sought or asked for himself. As he sat he talked of friends and never was the sunset of a career more glorious than that of Wallace Pierce, whose life activities brought him a tide of remembrances from appreciative friends. His quiet, unobtrusive work in public service, the varied scattered personal kindnesses covering over fifty years, was reflected in the institution he builded. It is as much to the welfare of mankind to build up an ideal business as to found a university or endow a public charity. He pursued the career of a merchant, but his service to the public in concrete results covered more than that of many men directly identified with the responsibilities of official life and achieving fame as public leaders.

There is the oft-repeated reason: He was sincere and lived by the quality of act rather than quantity of intentions.

Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current; no sooner is a thing brought to sight than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.

—Marcus Aurelius.

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Rambles in Bookland



By ALLISON OUTRAY

An Instance of Holiday Planning

"When I was at the Foreign Office and Mr. Bryce was Ambassador in London, we got word from Mr. Bryce that President Roosevelt intended to travel when he was out of office, and that he intended to visit England; that he intended to come to England in the month of May, because he wanted to hear the songs of the English birds. That is a pretty good instance of planning a holiday in advance. We were also informed that he wanted to have it arranged to go to walk with somebody who knew the songs of the English birds, would tell him the songs as he heard them, and give him the information which he wanted. Here was the executive head of the greatest country in the world planning what he would do when he was out of office and having this nice, simple, interesting taste of



VISCOUNT GREY
Author of "Recreation"

wanting to hear the songs of English birds, and I wrote back to Mr. Bryce and said that when President Roosevelt came to England I would be delighted to do for him what he wanted, that I knew the songs of English birds and should be delighted to go for a walk with him and tell him the songs as we heard them. Some time passed, and when President Roosevelt was out of office he went to Africa and had much big-game shooting, and then he came to Europe, and all the leading countries of Europe were eager to do him honor, and England was eager to do him honor, and there was a very large program of a very stately and dignified nature. I had never seen him, and I thought that this little trip to hear the songs of English birds was forgotten, but before he got to England, his friend, who was to be his host in London, wrote to me, saying that his plans had been made and that he ex-

pected my promise would be fulfilled and that he wished the time to be found for it. The time was found, and we started to go from London into the country. We had to ask the newspaper

Ellis Parker Butler Celebrating his Fiftieth Birthday

Ellis Parker Butler, many of whose whimsical stories have entertained the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, says:

"At fifty a man should feel younger and stronger and more fit than he ever felt before. I do. Most men do, I believe. Younger fellows do not even play properly. They make a sort of work of it. It is not until a man is fifty that he knows that golf and fishing and poker and pinochle are play, and that work is play, and that life itself is kind of an interesting big game, too.

"At twenty my life was a feverish adventure, at thirty it was a problem, at forty it was a labor, at fifty it is a joyful journey well begun."

From "How It Feels To Be Fifty":
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston



reporters not to go with us; not because it made any difference to him or me, but because the birds are not so tame or perhaps they are more self-conscious than public men and do not like to be photographed, and it was necessary, not only that we should be alone, but that we should make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible. So we went alone, and for something over twenty hours we were both of us completely lost to the world."

From "Recreation" by Viscount Grey: Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A Wall Motto

A rainy day!—well let it rain:
I have a book and an ingle-nook,
And here I stay!

—D. H. Verder.

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A "Close-Up" of Miles Poindexter

By MAYME OBER PEAK

FORTHRIGHT—is the good old word one's mind seizes upon when searching for phrases that best describe Senator Miles Poindexter, of the state of Washington.

It fits him snugly. It fits the manner in which he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for President. It fits his attitude on public questions; his fashion of speech-making; his political methods.

In the more or less bright lexicon of politics, forthright may be set down as the antithesis of pussyfoot. When Senator Poindexter determines upon and announces a course of action on any public question, he goes forthright along that particular course and none other, no matter which way his political fortunes swing.

Of course, this is contrary to traditional political practices. But then, Miles Poindexter never has been wedded to precedents in politics. His policy has been a general "mixtry" of old-line Republican, Progressive and Independent—mostly the latter—which is a combination that doesn't work in hide-bound circles.

This westerner, with his ancestral roots in the South—having been "bawn" in Tennessee and "raised" in Virginia, is a fighter. He comes from a French-Huguenot, Scotch-Irish fighting stock, and once the ire of this ancestry gets aroused, Miles Poindexter isn't afraid of man, devil, or voter, as was witnessed, for example, by his performance in the celebrated Mooney case. Right in the middle of the war, certain radical leaders on the Pacific Coast, where a great number of needed ships were being built for the Government, threatened to tie up the shipyards in a gigantic strike unless Thomas Mooney, convicted of dynamiting a patriotic parade in San Francisco, was "unconditionally freed."

The Central Labor Council of Seattle, speaking purportedly for organized labor there, demanded that Senator Poindexter support its proposal. Incidentally, a great many thousand votes hung in the balance, and, according to political precedent, provided an opportunity for the Senator, who had always been friendly to organized labor in its legitimate activities, to do a little pussyfooting.

But not so; Senator Poindexter came out with a public denunciation of the proposition, making a ringing speech on the subject in the Senate. He denounced the proposed Mooney strike as treasonable and as an effort to cut off supplies from our soldiers in Europe by stopping production. He stated that it was an attempt to blackmail the Government in its hour of need, and proceeded to show the connection between the anarchistic "direct action" movement in the United States on the one hand and Russian bolshevism on the other, declaring that traitors back of the Mooney strike proposal were tools of that conspiracy. And he forthwith set to work to clear the country of these traitors—the Reds, anarchists, bolsheviks, communists—by the introduction and passage of special legislation for their deportation.

In the League of Nations debate in Congress, Senator Poindexter has been equally forthright in leading the opposition side. The high-sounding, so-called Constitution of World Government—"the merging of our fortunes with the fortunes of men everywhere"—has no fascination for him. He is opposed to a reunion with Europe, and sees in the proposed covenant merely a surrender of the independence fought for and secured by our forefathers in the Revolutionary War.

"We want this government established on an American basis," he says forthrightly, "and European racial and domestic politics eliminated from American domestic affairs. We have no national concern in them. The attention and

resources of the American government should be concentrated upon the interests of the American people in preference to the concerns of Europe. In this country today there are millions of undernourished, uneducated people, suffering for lack of food and opportunity. Let us first look to them!"

So, in his forthright fashion and according to the dictates of his old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience, does Miles Poindexter settle these

assortment, to interfere with his daily exercise. Chief Justice White and Mr. Justice Holmes, of the Supreme Court, may be famous for their feats of pedestrianism, but they will have to go some to beat the record of the long-legged Senator from Washington!

The Senator always has liked to walk. He says that he remembers very well an incident that occurred when he was a small tad of eight years, and his parents, both of whom were native Virginians, were living on a farm at Greenlee, Virginia, near Natural Bridge. There were no school facilities there, and Miles was sent to Lexington, Virginia, fifteen miles distant, to stay with his grandfather, Francis T. Anderson, and attend the grammar school there.

As the summer approached and the hay ricks



SENATOR MILES POINDEXTER IN HUNTING GARB

vital questions, and while the rest of the statesmen are probably lying awake nights worrying over the uncertainty of their constituents' views in regard thereto, the Senator, having gotten the thing "off his chest" as aforesaid, is reading a thrilling Indian tale or attending a movie with his wife.

And the next morning, when he reaches his office, having used no other locomotion to cover the two miles which separate his home from the Capitol than his seventy-three-inch pedal extremities, he looks as fresh as a rosy-cheeked schoolboy, and pitches into the day's work with an energy that keeps a force of five assistants puffing like steam engines to keep up with him. No matter how busy nor long the day, however, the Senator walks the two miles back at night. He is the Senate champion pedestrian, and in the eleven years he has been a member of Congress—first in the lower house and for the past nine years in the upper—has never allowed the weather, of which Washington has a large

began their tantalizing call, Miles got pretty homesick. But his grandfather didn't approve of a return visit before the end of the school term, so Miles forthrightly ran away and walked the entire distance home, along an unfamiliar road at that! He arrived without mishap, however, none the worse for wear, and ever since then, when he wants to get anywhere in a hurry, he walks.

During summer vacations, when he wasn't working on the farm, he was chain carrier for a surveying party, or helping around the Government Fish Hatchery at Wytheville, Virginia. It was always the outdoors that called, and when Miles Poindexter was cramming a double law course into three years at the Washington and Lee University, where he graduated in 1891, he was as good an athlete as a student, playing right guard on the football team and filling in on the baseball team wherever needed. This outdoor exercise kept him in fine trim and helped him to pull thru his hard mental work.

From college, it was straight to the breezy West that he went, where "the world was in the making." Here, at Walla Walla, Washington, he literally grew up with the country, practicing law, and serving as prosecuting attorney of Walla Walla County, and later as assistant prosecuting attorney of Spokane County, and also a four-year term on the Supreme Court bench. It was this latter position he resigned when nominated on the Republican ticket for the House of Representatives, where he served one term before being elected to the Senate.

Today Senator Poindexter's colleagues know him as a rather serious man. Tall, broad-shouldered, big limbed, always immaculately groomed, he has developed rather a commanding dignity, which might over-awe but for a strong personal magnetism and an unmistakable twinkle behind his eyeglasses. In reality, the Senator is fifty-two years old and, maybe, on the floor of the Senate he looks it—account of cutaway, pronounced baldness, and general air of Senatorial dignity, but when he dons his old hunting clothes and pulls a soft cap over his bald pate, he doesn't look a day older than his son, a young lieutenant in the Navy.

For, of course, being a Senator and, perhaps, a future President, doesn't "change a man's skin." Senator Poindexter still loves the great outdoors; the boy in him that has never grown up still likes to hunt and fish. He is an ardent sportsman, and it keeps him sane in the Congressional grind, just like football and baseball did at college.

And by the way, this proclivity of the Senator's reminds me that no sooner do the White House secret service get to be adepts at tennis, or golf, as the case may be, than along comes some new outdoor sport on their horizon; somebody else moves into the Executive Mansion. But when the next "moving day" rolls around, if it happens to be Miles Poindexter who hangs the White House latchkey on his keyring, I'll

wager he will be the most popular President with the secret service men who has ever come under their guardianship.

There'll be no more early morning turning out of motorcycles country clubward, for Senator Poindexter doesn't care anything more about chasing a white pill over the green than he does about motor cars. *But guns and fishing tackle will be the order of the day; and where the sheep now graze on the White House lawn, a hound or two will hold undisputed sway!*

Hunting and fishing are the Senator's favorite recreations. When the bird season opens in the fall, he is always one of the first afield. He knows where to go for ducks on Chesapeake Bay, for reed birds along the lowlands of the Potomac, and partridges in the rolling fields of Maryland and Virginia. A steady, consistent shot, rigidly observant of game laws and true sportsmanship, he unfailingly has a good bag, but never puts himself in the class of the gamehog. In other words, the etiquette of the shooting field is as the laws of the Medes and Persians to him, sportsmanship being so bred in him that he is intolerant of all amateur sportsmen whose greed runs away with their consideration for others.

Those who have been with him in the field, whether after feathered game or in the more arduous task of stalking the fur-bearing creatures, pronounce him an ideal hunting and camp companion. He meets this severest test of a man's qualities of manly companionship, where, in a hunting camp, as all sportsmen know, the real character of a man comes out. He is either a good fellow or a nuisance, and Poindexter's friends say he is never the latter, but always bears his share of the work, whether it be cooking, washing the dishes, or bringing in firewood.

"The only kick I've got coming on him," remarked one of his camp cronies not long ago, "is that he is always the last asleep and the first up. Five hours' sleep seem enough for him, and he is always fresh, too; when the rest of us,

worn to a frazzle, roll into bed, Poindexter is usually wide awake. His favorite trick is to rustle a candle somewhere and go to reading until midnight or thereafter. He is a most omnivorous reader. Always he has a book or a Government report or a public document of some sort tucked away in his kit, and when the rest of us are snoring, he is digging into it. But aside from that, he's the best pal I ever went to camp with. He is never sick, or sorry, or ill-natured; just even-tempered, happy, enjoying everything, kidding everybody—a big, husky, healthy man having the time of his life."

Also the Senator is popular with his fellow-fishermen. All down the Potomac, and clean to Harper's Ferry, is he known—not as a Senator, but as a pleasant, democratic, kind-faced man, willing to swap bait and fish lore, and skilled in camp cookery. And if Miles Poindexter is elected President, many a native of the Potomac Basin on his pilgrimage to Washington to witness the inauguration, will gasp with amazement when they see the old familiar figure in flannel shirt and duck trousers, whose most serious business seemed to be to lure fish to his line, looming up in his Presidential habiliments as the captain of the "Ship of State."

"Gosh and fish-hooks!" they will say. "Is that President Poindexter? Why, that's the fellow who has been fishing down near my place off and on every season for ten years. Him and me are good friends, but he never told me he was the man who was running for President!"

And there you have Miles Poindexter, the man—just the same big, healthy, wholesome, strong, courageous man who campaigned for his first political office out in Walla Walla with a cayuse pony and a sulky. These qualities characterize both his mind and his body, and for all his fame as a student, a lawyer, a jurist and a legislator, if he wins to the White House, will be the qualities that forthrightly landed him there, his geography notwithstanding.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Offers Exceptional Industrial Opportunities in

1. Abundance of labor that is little affected by the modern unrest, and is willing because fairly treated.
2. Open Shop conditions maintained by a united business community.
3. In Texas are great oil fields, and near San Antonio, now under development, are some remarkable shallow oil fields. Natural gas wells flowing 40,000,000 to 60,000,000 cubic feet daily, have recently been struck. It is only a matter of months when cheap natural gas for manufacturing purposes will be obtainable.

As a result of these favorable conditions, the American Tobacco Company has established a factory at San Antonio. So, too, has The Mendelsohn Company, who are also national distributors of cigars. A big Tampa, Florida, Cigar Company also announces it will locate at San Antonio. Another industrial, a half-million-dollar cotton mill, has just located here in order to utilize the abundant Mexican labor.

THE GATEWAY TO MEXICO

San Antonio is also the gateway to Mexico and is the American city best known in Mexico. The Mexican Trade Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce can give you interesting information about Mexico and its great possibilities.

A GREAT DISTRIBUTING CENTER

San Antonio is also the distributing and banking center for a territory in Southwest Texas covering fifty-five counties with an area equal to Ohio, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Delaware, with a population of a million people. Oil being discovered in new localities almost weekly gives this territory a buying power out of the usual ratio to its population, offering opportunities for new business on every hand. For full particulars, write to

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

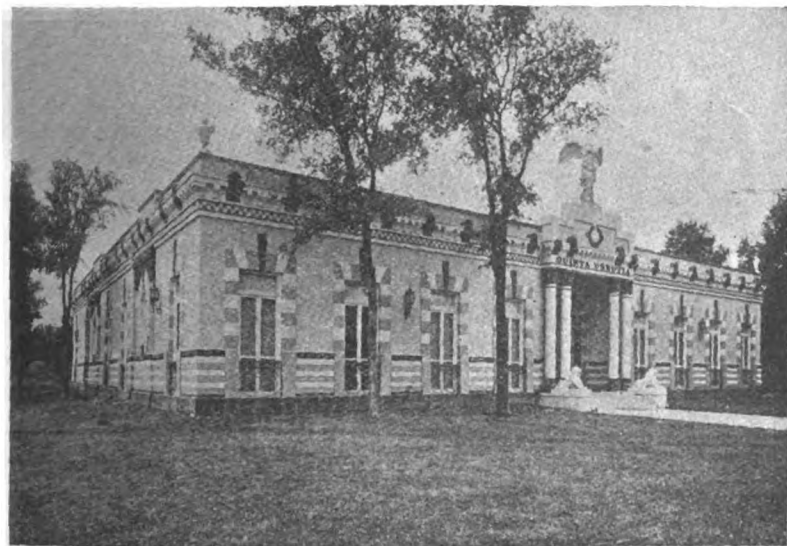
New Truths Concerning Mexico

Based on an Interview with a Distinguished Refugee

PROGRESSIVE and constructive thinkers of Mexico, and all that class of useful citizens who are really striving for a sensible and humane solution of Mexico's internal problems, look upon the United States as a friendly neighbor. They reason that of all nations no two should be on more friendly terms than the United States

and classic contributions to art, music, road building, sculpture, architecture and the crafts should lag behind in government.

No other American city affords a better opportunity to study certain phases of the Mexican situation than San Antonio, which has the largest and most representative Mexican colony of any



"Quinta Urrutia," in Alamo Heights, San Antonio, the quaint home of Dr. Urrutia, suggestive of Mexico and symbolical of many Spanish traditions. The home occupies four acres of ground near San Antonio, and with furnishings and fixtures represents an investment of \$150,000. It is one of the show-places of the city



DR. AURELIANO URRUTIA

Mexico's most noted surgeon, now a resident of San Antonio. Dr. Urrutia represents the most liberal and progressive thought of the republic of Mexico and the Mexican capital, where he was a popular figure for many years. He believes that a free interchange of commerce, ideas, good will and mutual understanding will help Mexico solve her internal problems

and the republic of Mexico, and they welcome a liberal interchange of ideas, of commerce, and good will. Patient and long-suffering, tired of being disappointed in one political leader or self-constituted savior after another, many of Mexico's most useful citizens have sought and found in the United States the political freedom they desire for their own country. They still believe that a new leader or Moses will yet arise and solve Mexico's problems. They believe and desire that the occasion will evolve or develop a leader from within, but if not from within, they are quite willing that he should come from without; but they all agree that Mexico's troubles are from within and must be solved accordingly.

Next to their own country, Mexicans love the United States. It is their haven, their one Big Brother. Divided only by the Rio Grande, the people of Mexico at heart feel a kinship for the United States, especially for Texas. No one ever heard of a Mexican emigrating to Canada, France, Italy, England, or Germany. The sons and daughters of prosperous Mexicans are in all the big colleges and universities of the United States, and are becoming thoroughly Americanized. Mexico is rich in minerals, agriculture, and livestock possibilities. She is almost dependent on the United States for her manufactured goods, but has many things to offer in exchange.

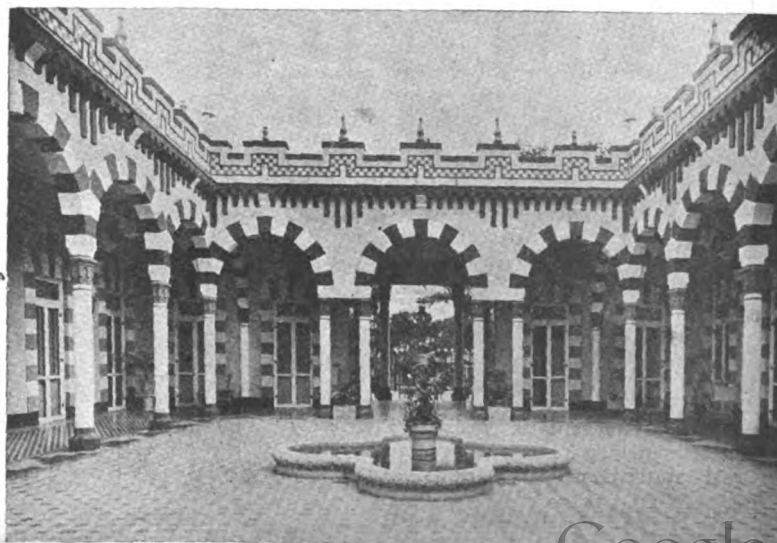
An American editor, familiar with conditions in Mexico, and lamenting the ignorance and illiteracy of the Mexican people, is advocating a campaign of education as the best solution of Mexico's troubles, going so far as to suggest and recommend an exchange of professors and teachers, a system similar to the one in vogue a few years ago between American and European universities. Surely the United States could undertake a humanitarian campaign of this kind with little trouble, and it is believed Mexico would graciously reciprocate. The real leaders of Mexico, not necessarily the political or military leaders, realize that the menace of Mexico is illiteracy; and it is a strange paradox that a nation which has been able to make permanent

American city, made up somewhat of recent refugees from Mexico, who only four or five years ago were prominent in the political and financial affairs of the republic. Among these are business and professional men of the highest standing who, for political reasons purely, were forced to make great sacrifices, give up their homes and business, and seek new fields in the United States, particularly in San Antonio, where they have invested their money, bought homes, entered business or the professions, and where they are educating their children and contributing their best efforts as good citizens should. Many of Mexico's most aristocratic families are residents of San Antonio and members of the local Mexican colony.

The most distinguished member of the San Antonio Mexican colony is Dr. Aureliano Urrutia, who, during his long residence in Mexico, occupied the same relative position in his home city and country that the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, occupy in this country; and at the solicitation of friends, accepted a cabinet position as Secretary of the Interior under former President Huerta, a post, which had he been allowed to fill it according to his own ideas,

would have resulted in many reforms for Mexico. Mexico recognizes Dr. Urrutia's ability, honesty, and courage, but it was inevitable that he should lose friends and make enemies under any of the political regimes since the days of Diaz. Patriotism urged him to temporarily abandon his medical practice and assist in untangling Mexican affairs. He had position, social and financial prestige, unrivalled professional fame and unlimited practice, yet he sacrificed everything to help save his country—for no one understands Mexico and the Mexican people better than Dr. Urrutia. No one is more in sympathy with their hopes and aspirations. No one has worked harder to bring about friendly feeling between the United States and Mexico than he; and it is his opinion that the border troubles do not represent the real thinking people of Mexico, who are for law and order, and if given a chance will work out their own salvation. In other words, Mexico must save herself. Her troubles

Court of "Quinta Urrutia," showing locations of rooms, reception hall and dining room. All bedrooms have private baths. All material, including the furnishings, were brought from Mexico

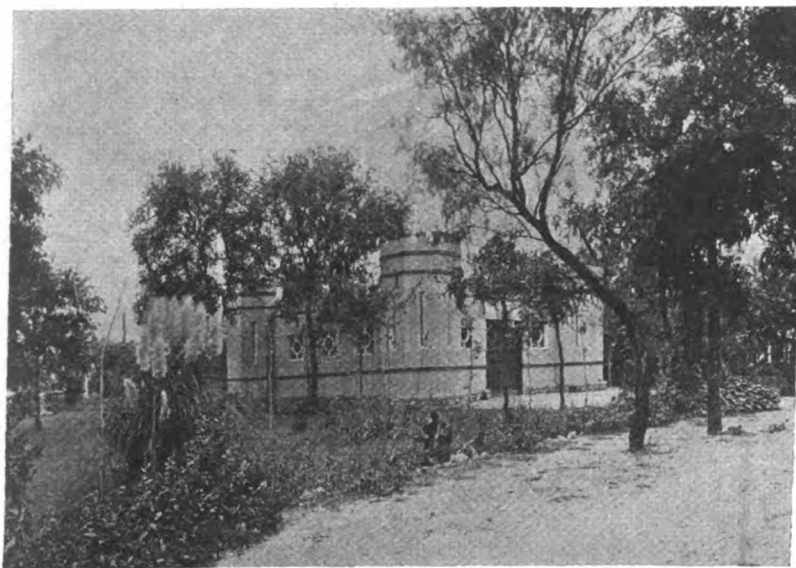


are internal and must be solved from within. It is doubtful if any outside interference will accomplish the needed reforms. The trouble with Mexico is illiteracy, and not until Mexico's educational facilities are made to respond to the needs of all—until a great and permanent middle class of citizenship is created, will Mexico have a stable government. As conditions are now, there are only two classes—the very, very poor (possibly ninety per cent of the people) and the very, very rich.

Owing to unsettled conditions in Mexico, thousands of wealthy natives are leaving the republic for the United States—many of them never to return. They are to be found in San Antonio, Houston, El Paso and other cities in the Southwest. Some have gone to New York. They are taking up their work in this country, investing capital, educating their children, and building homes. They do not care to remain in a country where there are constant recurrences of civil war and general demoralization; and in this way Mexico is losing some of its most substantial elements. Higher wages in the States are proving a powerful magnet for Mexico's surplus labor. Mexico is its own worst enemy. With the most wonderful climate on earth, scenery surpassing anything in Europe, resources offering boundless opportunities for wealth and development, Mexico could become, with a little well-directed publicity, one of the



Dr. Urrutia and family at "Quinta Urrutia," San Antonio. Three sons, studying medicine at Tulane University, New Orleans, are missing from the picture. The daughters shown in group are attending American colleges in San Antonio



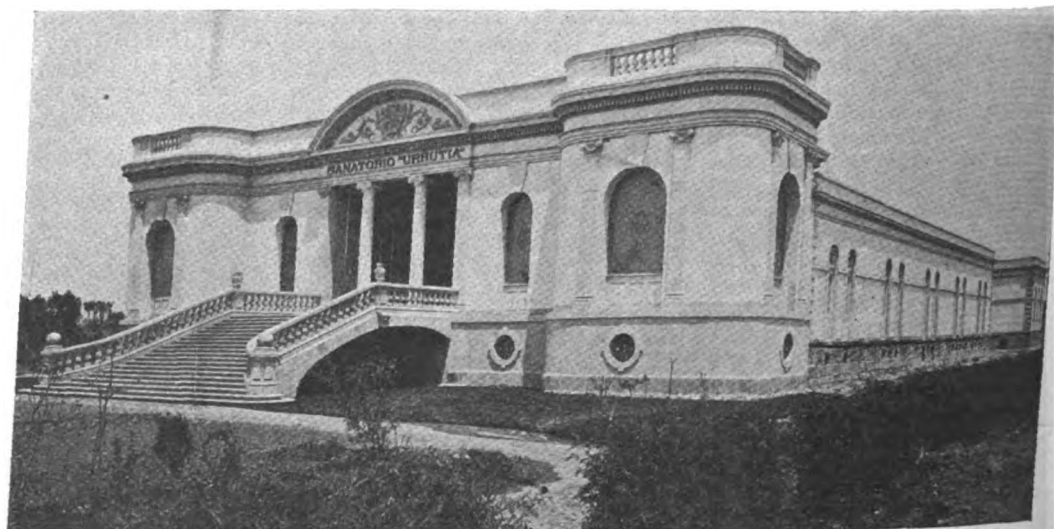
capable, honest, and patriotic citizens, who have made sacrifices in the past and will again when called upon. What Mexico should do is to induce men like Dr. Urrutia to return to Mexico and profit by his experience. Sooner or later he is

Even the garage seeks to preserve the traditions and history of Mexico. It is a replica of the palace of Cortez. This picture does not do justice to the building as it is

going to return, and the sooner the better for Mexico. Since locating in San Antonio he has established a practice almost equal to his work in Mexico. He maintains one of the most elaborate homes in the city and has three sons in Tulane University studying medicine, preparatory to taking up practice either in San Antonio or Mexico. As director of the National School of Medicine of Mexico City, Dr. Urrutia made an international reputation, and he is repeating his professional successes in San Antonio, but he could be induced to return to his native country. Mexico needs his services, his ability, and experience. If called to leadership in Mexican affairs, no man would be more acceptable to the United States and to the business interests of the world than Dr. Urrutia. His honesty and ability are unquestioned, and he could render his country and the people of Mexico valuable service at this time. It is unfortunate that the people of Mexico are denied the opportunity of profiting by his experience and business success. He is the man Mexico most needs today.

greatest nations in the world; and why Mexico can't see this itself is one of the wonders of the present century. If Mexico could officially advertise to the world that capital and enterprise would be protected and encouraged; that life and property would be accorded every protection and care; that foreigners would be as safe in Mexico as in their native states and countries; that Mexico was going in for an era of constructive development and extend the invitation to all countries, there would be such a rush of population to Mexico as no other country has ever known. Wages in Mexico would be doubled overnight, new railroads would be built, the natives would become rich and Mexico would suddenly be transformed from a No Man's Land into a new land of Canaan. Schools would be called into being, the natives would get a taste of civilization, commerce would be the order of the day; illiteracy, priest rule, and self-appointed dictators would soon disappear, and Mexico would blossom forth a new nation, conceived in intelligence and dedicated to progress.

At heart Mexico does not want intervention—does not need intervention. Mexico is perfectly capable of managing its own affairs and developing real statesmanship. Mexico has many



"Sanatorio Urrutia," the million-dollar sanitarium, built and owned by Dr. A. Urrutia in Mexico City, generally regarded as the most beautiful hospital in the world. When conditions became unstable and unsafe a few years ago, Dr. Urrutia closed his sanitarium and removed to San Antonio. The building will probably be converted into a museum or library. Many of Dr. Urrutia's former patients in Mexico come to see him in San Antonio for professional attendance

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT
CIRCULATION, ETC.

of National Magazine, published monthly at 952-956 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass., required by the act of August 24, 1912.

Note—This statement is to be made in duplicate, and both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General, (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post-office.

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WILL H. CHAPPLE, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 1st day of April, 1920.
Chas. D. M. Bishop, Notary Public.
(My commission expires June 14, 1923.)

[Seal]

The American Committee

Continued from page 113

under the direction of an American child hygiene graduate nurse.

Domestic Science classes have already been established in four different villages. Thru the generous co-operation of the Kindergarten Unit, kindergarten classes have been held in three villages. Aided by the Hoover Commission, the American Committee has served a school lunch of hot cocoa and biscuits daily to 2,500 children in the government schools. Libraries for children have been opened with a goodly supply of books, and with a simple equipment of indoor and outdoor games.

Next to the children's work, the most important is that of agriculture. The committee has specialized on the purchase and distribution of seeds, agricultural instruments, cows, chickens and rabbits.

The Children's Colony in the interior still continues, where one hundred children whose homes are not yet habitable are cared for by a Franco-American staff and given the best educational and domestic training, medical care and proper upbringing under home conditions.

During the summer of 1919, by request of the French Department of Agriculture, and with the co-operation of the United States Department of Agriculture the American Committee sent four expert home demonstrators for canning and preserving to give courses at the Government Agricultural School at Grignon in American methods of economically conserving foods and vegetables.

The American Committee has both a great opportunity and a great responsibility. A small corner of France has been given it as a sphere of Franco-American influence and sympathy. The work has been well started and its roots are deep. The committee desires to complete its work into a rounded whole and to develop it gradually into five community centers, and a French Agricultural School. The former will consist of small buildings suitable to French village life which will house the various social activities, which are becoming an integral part of the daily life of the region. It is not intended to endow these centers but to turn them over to the communes or to the local committees which will carry out the work in perpetuity.

The Agricultural School is to be organized in close co-operation with the French government which has asked the committee to establish such an institution in the Aisne. It will consist of a demonstration farm of 375 acres, with sufficient housing capacity for eighty boys and eighty girls—war orphans—who, but for this opportunity, would necessarily enter into the industrial world. The purpose is also to make this school an educational and demonstration center for the young farmers of the district, many of whom have been deprived of educa-

Get Back Your Grip On Health

Physician Gives Practical Advice On What to Do to Help Build Up Your Strength, Power and Endurance—Explains

How Organic Iron—Nuxated Iron—Helps Put Renewed Vim and Energy Into the Veins of the Weak, Nervous and Run-down—

Thousands of men and women are impairing their constitutions, laying themselves open to illness and literally losing their grip on health simply because their blood is thinning out, and possibly starving, through lack of iron.

To possess the power, energy and endurance that win, the blood should be rich in strength-giving iron. For this purpose physicians below explain why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood

You can tell which people have a firm Grip on Health—Strong Vigorous Folks with Plenty of Iron in their Blood

cells often quickly transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues and pallid cheeks of weak, anaemic men and women into a glow of health. It increases the strength of delicate, nervous, rundown folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

In explaining why he regards iron as absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power, and discussing the probability of building up a stronger race of people by increasing the supply

of iron in their blood, Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Refined foods and modern methods of cooking have robbed us of much of the iron which Nature intended we should receive, and for supplying this deficiency and increasing the red blood corpuscles I know of nothing more effective than organic iron—Nuxated Iron. From a careful examination of the formula and my own test of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results. The fact that Nuxated Iron is today being used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, is in itself an evidence of tremendous public confidence, and, I am convinced, that if others would take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak and run-down it would help make a nation of stronger, healthier men and women."

Commenting on the use of Nuxated Iron as a tonic, strength and blood-builder, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said:

"Thousands are held back in life for want of sufficient iron in the blood. A weak body means a weakened will power, and like the race horse beaten by a nose, many a capable man or woman falls just short of winning because they don't back up their mentality with the physical strength and energy which come from having plenty of iron in the blood. That irritable twitch, that fit of despondency, that dizzy, fearful feeling—these are the sort of signals nature gives to tired, listless folks when the blood is clamoring for strength-giving iron—more iron to restore the health by enriching the blood and creating thousands of new red blood cells.

tional advantage for five years, and yet who are beyond school age.

The American Committee, of all agencies for the relief of stricken France, has perhaps come closest to the real heart and the daily life of the French people. It has labored zealously and unselfishly since 1916, for the amelioration of misery and the restoration of France to the French. During five years of war, men and women have been uprooted from their homes, living from day to day under cruel conditions and the most heartrending anxiety. As a result these victims of the war are exhausted. The American Committee feels that its responsibility will not have ended until the marvelous energy and courage of the French people have found the solution of the rehabilitation of France.

"In my opinion the greatest curse to the health and strength of American people of today is the alarming deficiency of iron in their blood. It is through iron in the red coloring matter of the blood that life-sustaining oxygen enters the body. Without iron there is no strength, vitality and endurance to combat obstacles or withstand severe strains. Lack of sufficient iron in the blood has ruined many a man's nerves and utterly robbed him of that virile force and stamina which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life.

"Therefore I strongly advise those who feel the need of a strength and blood builder to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had, in some cases, been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the old inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

The Little Colonel Outlives her Generation

The Little Colonel has outlived her own generation; it is now twenty years since Annie Fellows Johnston began writing the stories about Lloyd Sherman, the "Little Colonel," which are published by The Page Company of Boston. And the daughters of the women who knew her when they were girls, are reading about her now and loving her as their mothers did twenty years ago. There has been no lapse in the steady demand for these stories during the two decades, and about a million copies of the twelve books in the series have been sold. "The Little Colonel's House Party," evidently the one most in demand, has gone into its thirty-second printing. "The Little Colonel Stories" have reached their twenty-eighth printing.

Speaking of Adventure—How About the Petroleum Engineer?

FOR real adventure and variety, the life of the professional oil and mining engineer is entitled to first place; and it is strange that magazine writers and correspondents who likewise know the thrills of long distance travels and hurry-up assignments to all parts of the world, have never discovered more human-interest material in the engineer or geologist who is here today and there tomorrow. This week he may be in Mexico, exploring a mining property where his clients are contemplating the expenditure of millions of dollars, and next week he will be in the Texas or Wyoming oil fields or on his way to Canada, Australia, or China.

Few of us ever realize the importance of the work of the modern geologist or engineer—and that tremendous investments hinge on his report—whether favorable or unfavorable. His clients may live in New York, but desire a report on certain properties in Mexico, Texas, Canada, or China. Probably he has never seen and is not personally acquainted with his client, but it is up to him to board the first train or boat for an exploration trip, and this may mean hardships, privations, overland trips thru rough country and among strangers, and sometimes enemies; he may and frequently does land in jail, and particularly if his itinerary includes certain portions of Mexico. He may have to sleep outdoors and do without comforts and conveniences, but his clients, sitting back snugly in their well-furnished offices, and we, who read that the life of an oil geologist is a snap because of the large fees, seldom think of this phase of his life. Large fees they may sometimes charge—but who wouldn't?

The magazine or newspaper correspondent who is suddenly ordered to cover some important news event in another country, or two thousand miles from home, has a picnic compared with the globe-trotting engineer whose success depends upon being in different and widely-separated places and countries as fast as he can get from one to the other. Also the engineer must know the language and customs of the people; he must know geology, chemistry, mineralogy, surveying and drafting; he must know values, for upon his report investments and expenditures running into the millions hinge. His word is final as far as his clients are concerned. With all his technical skill and ability he must be an able business executive and diplomat. So it is not surprising that the engineer and geologist should be a great business man, as Herbert Hoover proved to be when the United States needed his services.

Great engineers and geologists are scarce, even despite the remarkable development and discovery of oil and gold. Hoover heads the list, and next come F. J. S. Sur, Ralph Arnold, Dorsey Hager and a few others. These are internationally known and their services are hardly obtainable at any price. They have clients all over the world among the big oil and mining companies, by whom they are retained the same as a corporation retains its legal adviser. Being thus engaged, they are subject to the call of their clients. But when a geologist or engineer gets into this class, he maintains a half dozen offices and a staff of expert assistants, who are sometimes as capable as their chiefs, and who are entrusted with making examinations and conducting the affairs of the office.

Of the small group of well-known geologists and petroleum engineers who have played conspicuous roles in mining and oil development, none have had a more interesting career or achieved greater fame than F. J. S. Sur of San Antonio, with offices in Denver and other mining and oil centers. Sur is still a young man, being only thirty-seven years of age, and rose from a boy in the mines, working for a dollar a day, to an engineer and geologist who now gets one hundred

dollars a day for his services. He was born in Yuba County, California, but grew up in San Francisco, the friend and associate of Jack London. From his thirteenth year he worked in the mines of California and Nevada, studying in the meantime, and became an expert assayer. During the gold rush he went to Alaska and tried



F. J. S. SUR

Famous geologist and petroleum engineer of San Antonio, Texas, whose explorations for large mining and oil corporations have taken him thru thirty-two different countries. Mr. Sur is one of a small group of famous California geologists who have been largely responsible for the huge oil development in Wyoming, California, Montana, Texas and Mexico. He is the author of three notable books on geological and engineering subjects, a leading contributor to various technical publications and an engineer whose services are in wide demand by oil and mining companies. His opinion frequently determines the investment of millions of dollars in development projects

his fortunes as a mining prospector. Returning, he entered the Van der Naillen School of Mines in San Francisco and graduated in 1903. His first practical experience came with a trip to Newcastle, Australia, and later to South America as an engineer for a mining company, visiting Chile, Peru, Argentine and Bolivia. After some special work in mineralogy under Professor John Preston of San Francisco, Sur went to Goldfield and Tonapah, where he followed his profession as an engineer until 1908. From that time until now he has been sent all over the world on inspection trips for various large mining and oil companies—trips that have taken him thru thirty-two countries and have brought him in contact with many of the foremost people of the time.

Despite a busy professional career, Sur has found time to write two books on geology, and is working on a third. He has three hobbies. It might be expected that at least one of them related to his work—chemical research; but the other two are music and psychology. He has one of the largest and most complete chemical laboratories in the country and a whole library devoted to his favorite subjects. He is a mem-

ber of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the American Seismological Society and prominent in Masonic circles. The big oil development in Texas and Mexico caused Sur to move his general offices to San Antonio two years ago from Kansas City. Much of his work is in Mexico, which is quickly accessible from the quaint Texas metropolis and health resort. He is considered the greatest international authority on cretaceous and Pennsylvanian formations.

As an explorer and oil geologist, Sur's work has been notably successful. He is the discoverer of the only producing oil field in Alberta, Canada, and did much of the original work in the Louisiana, Wyoming and Texas fields. He knows the oil industry of the world as few experts know it, and much of the present big development in Mexico and Texas is the result of his early exploration. Though engaged in the business of finding oil wells for others, Sur has been too busy and on the jump too much to take a flyer at the business himself until he came to San Antonio.

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FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Is the "Thompson Treatment" a Cure for Tuberculosis

OF nothing is the world more skeptical or dubious than the announcement of a "cure" for any of the so-called "incurable" diseases, notably cancer and tuberculosis. So much down-right fraud has invariably attached to a majority of these announcements in the past that they are now hailed with suspicion and distrust. With reference to all such achievements or near-achievements the world is "from Missouri," boldly demanding to be shown; and so deep-rooted is this suspicion that all wonder-working discoveries are discredited in advance. But this does not mean that all widely-heralded "cures" are fakes and impossibilities, because with all the new evidences of the advancement of science we are prepared to believe anything. What is meant is that in order to get a respectable hearing nowadays the inventor and discoverer must be prepared to defend himself and to furnish irrefragable proof—not blanket testimonials—but concrete, living proof. Anything new in the scientific world must run the gauntlet of prejudice and the established order of things.

A specific for tuberculosis, whose annual death-toll is probably a half million, has been the dream of medical science since the days of Hippocrates. Millions of dollars have been expended in research and investigation, and millions of lives sacrificed on the altar of our ignorance and our inability to cope with the situation.

The American people are more inclined to credit the discovery of a miraculous cure when made by a foreigner than by a native American. This was clearly demonstrated recently when a French doctor announced he had discovered the long sought Fountain of Youth and Elixir of Life by a simple grafting operation of the interstitial glands; and the announcement was cabled to the four corners of the world as a news item of transcendent importance. No sooner was this item printed in the American newspapers when a Chicago doctor came to the front with the announcement that the Elixir of Life discovery was his and was made nearly twenty years ago. Here we have an instance of the subtle power of the foreign trade-mark of which we are all more or less victims.

The war has somewhat changed this regard for imported ideas and foreign discoveries; and if actual, living witnesses pronounced by every test to be cured of tuberculosis are good and sufficient evidence, then the distinction of discovering a genuine specific for this dreaded disease belongs to an American. This statement is made advisedly and after seeing and talking with the cured victims themselves. They are in San Antonio by the dozens and from all parts of the United States; easily accessible and perfectly willing to talk about their cases and cure. Clergymen, both Protestant and Catholic, are preaching the "Thompson Treatment" from their pulpits; doctors have investigated and are sending patients to the discoverers, who have suddenly found themselves famous even in their own country. Last October the Thompson brothers had a hard time to convince their best friends of the merit of their discovery; but it was tried out and gradually won its way despite opposition.

While the Thompson brothers actually made their discovery four years ago while carrying on research work in Detroit, the fact was not generally known, tho a great many tuberculosis victims were successfully treated in Detroit. The war intervened and H. B. Thompson was sent overseas, and not until last October was the discovery revived. San Antonio is a famous health resort, annually visited by thousands of tubercular patients who seek the benefits of the

Continued on page 140



HENRY BASCOM THOMPSON AND ANDY KENNA D. THOMPSON

Two young American chemists whose discovery of a specific for tuberculosis is attracting the attention of the medical world. The treatment is a chemicalized vapor, administered by an inhaling device recently perfected and patented by the discoverers, whose cures apparently substantiate their claims

Come fresh and vigorous from your bath

A bath with Lifebuoy soap is like a tonic. Its thick, bubbling lather envelops your body, penetrating and cleansing every pore. It refreshes and stimulates you from head to toe, and you step from the bath with a sensation of health and vigor all over.

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Use Lifebuoy for your next bath. Get a cake today, at your druggist's, grocer's or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

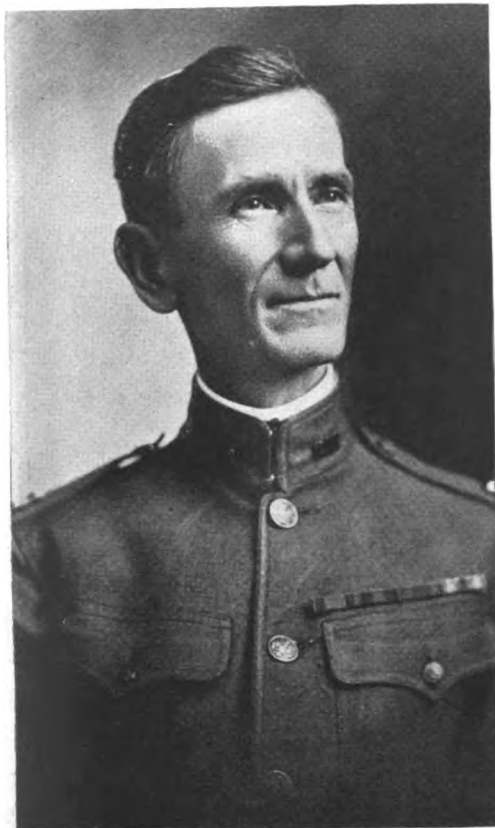


LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

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climate. San Antonio was an ideal place to give the treatment a test and one of the first and most pronounced cures was that of Captain A. F. W. MacManus, United States Army, retired, stationed at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio. Given up as hopelessly incurable and after a fifteen-year battle with tuberculosis, having several times, within a few months before taking the treatment, been at death's door, he was cured in a matter



CAPTAIN A. F. W. MACMANUS, U. S. A. (RETIRED)
A well-known army officer whose cure by the Thompson Treatment of tuberculosis was made after being pronounced hopeless. Captain MacManus is now vice-president and general manager of the Thompson Treatment Company, San Antonio

of months and now enjoys perfect health and is at his desk early and late handling this immense business. And his case is only one of hundreds of others in varying stages who have been pronounced cured.

What is the "Thompson Treatment?" It is a very simple method, the secret of which is a chemicalized vapor inhaled thru the lungs—not smoke, but vapor, chemicalized in such a way as to kill all tubercle bacilli and heal the wounds in the lungs. This vapor is produced by burning certain kinds of hard wood in the Thompson machine which has recently been patented by the discoverers.

The discovery of a cure for tuberculosis by the Thompson brothers is similar to the work of the Wright brothers in the field of aerial navigation. The Thompson brothers have worked together on their theory for many years, one perfecting the vapor-producing machine and the other the treatment itself. It will be recalled that Orville Wright developed certain phases of the air-plane while his brother Wilbur solved other but entirely different problems.

The case of Captain MacManus referred to is probably one of the most notable cures effected by the Thompson brothers. His condition was well known to army officials and doctors, who had pronounced the case as hopelessly incurable; but the fact of his being cured has caused widespread interest in the treatment, and one Brigadier-General of the United States Army is making an effort to have the War Department adopt it. Altho the Thompson Treatment Company was

Continued on page 141

A CORRECTION

Our attention has been called to two inaccurate statements in the reference to the Tampico Oil and Refining Company, which appeared on page 88 of the April number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. First, the company is *not* a corporation, but is operating under a declaration of trust. Second, instead of owning 1,359 acres, as stated, they only possess an option on thirteen and fifty-nine one-hundredth acres. We are glad to take this opportunity of complying with the request of the Tampico Oil & Refining Company that we correct the unintentional misstatements that appeared in the article.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MONEY IN GRAIN; \$25 invested in grain stocks or cotton on our plan gives opportunity to make \$250; no further risk; market active; act quick. Merchant's Brokerage Co., 900 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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From that day to this the Steinway has been the piano which the world has chosen to interpret the compositions of the great. The music of the Immortals and the instrument of the Immortals live on together. They are inseparable. In homes where you find the one there also is the other.

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organized only in May, 1919, the success of the treatment has been such it has been necessary at the invitation of other cities to open branch offices and laboratories in other states, until today the Thompson brothers have branches thruout the United States. They are timid and modest about their own success and discovery, because they understand better than anybody that the public frequently condemns before



COLONEL LAWRENCE J. FLEMING
District Manager of the Thompson Treatment Company

investigating; and their policy has been to let the world find out for itself whether their claims are true or false. One of their patients, Captain MacManus, was the first to see the world-wide humanitarian benefits and possibilities of the discovery, and when he had satisfied himself that he was cured he conceived the idea of forming a company known as the Thompson Treatment Company, and advertising his cure to the world. Starting a few months ago with a small office and laboratory at 121 South Olive Street, San Antonio, the company is now on a business basis, conducted much in the same manner as the Mayo Brothers' institution at Rochester, Minnesota. Like most scientific discoverers the Thompson brothers are not business men. Operated in any other manner than now conducted the Thompson treatment would not be available to the thousands of tubercular victims whom it is designed to save.

William MacLeod Raine on Cattle Brands

Born in England, but an emigrant to this country in childhood and an adopted son of our plains, William MacLeod Raine knows the West as do few living authors. A quotation from a recent article by him on cattle brands shows something of the intimate background on which such stories as his "Oh, You Tex!" (recently published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), are based:

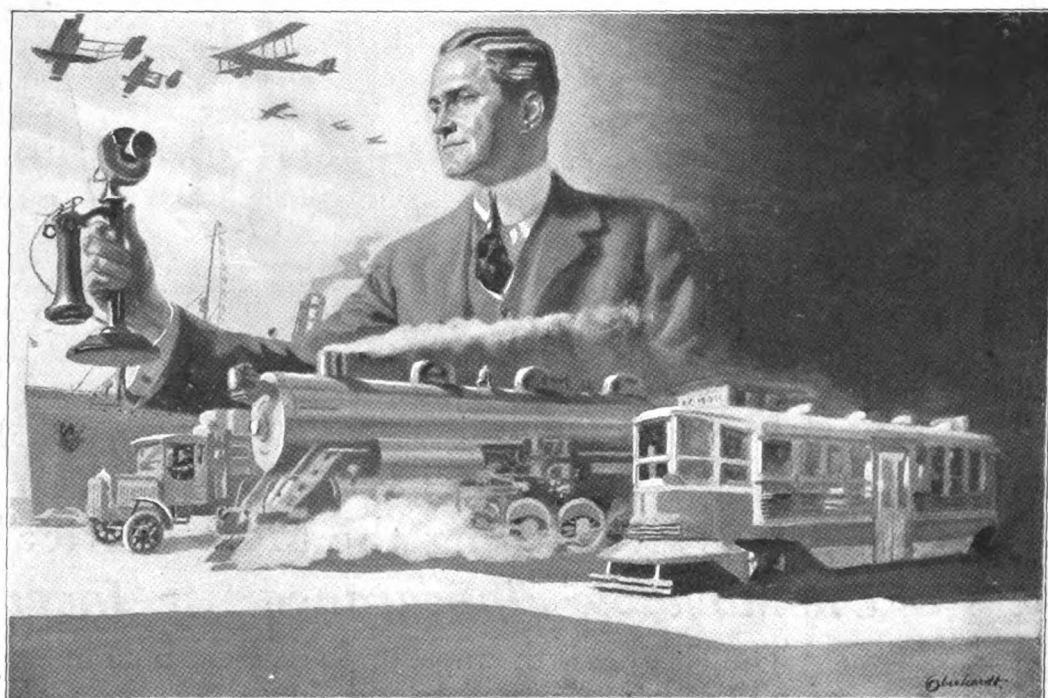
"The hunter, the cattleman, the farmer, and the townsman, this is the order in which the West has been settled. The hunter disposed of the buffalo, and as a corollary of the Indian who fed upon the buffalo. In Texas, after the Civil War, thousands of cattle ran the hills without visible mark of ownership. Their herders had been for years in the Confederate Army. An enterprising man, with three or four broncos and money enough to pay a couple of riders, could start in the cattle business with no other equipment than a running iron.

"Line riders rode their beat to keep cattle from wandering too far. After the line rider came the drift fence. But cattle were forever breaking thru. Those of a dozen brands ranged together. Usually this brand was a letter or combination of letters connected with the owner's name, to which might be added a bar, a circle, a quarter circle, or some other device. Sometimes the brand was a combination of figures. Or it might be a representation of a rocking-horse, a hashknife, a pair of scissors, or the map of Texas."

A very unusual type of book is "The Natural History of the Child," by Dr. Courtenay Dunn, which John Lane Company will publish. It is full of out-of-the-way and curious facts dealing with the history of the child from many points of view. The contrast between the up-bringing of the child of by-gone centuries and the child of today is very interesting to contemplate.

The Southwest Again in the America First Series

During the present year The Page Company, Boston, will add two more volumes to their important "See America First Series" which has become exceedingly popular in the last few years with lovers of travel and of books of travel. The first one will be "New Mexico, the Land of the Delight-Makers," scheduled for early publication. Dr. George Wharton James, a frequent contributor to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, who has already contributed volumes on California and Arizona to the series, is also the author of this volume which is written in his usual attractive and pithy style. Dr. James calls New Mexico a "land of sunshine, solitude, silence, serenity, saints, sinners, salubrity, sand, scoriac, scorpions, snakes, seduction, squabbles, segregation, shame and sacrifice" and enlarges on this in his own inimitable fashion presenting the historic past and the picturesque present of the people and the land.



The Measure of Progress

The progress of the past, as well as that of the future, is measured by criticism—for criticism exists only where there is faith in ability to improve.

We do not criticise an ox cart or condemn the tallow dip, for the simple reason that they are obsolete. During the reconstruction period through which our country is now passing, if the public does not criticise any public utility or other form of service, it is because there

seems little hope for improvement.

The intricate mechanism of telephone service is, under the most favorable conditions, subject to criticism, for the reason that it is the most intimate of all personal services.

The accomplishment of the telephone in the past fixed the quality of service demanded today; a greater accomplishment in quality and scope of service will set new standards for the future.



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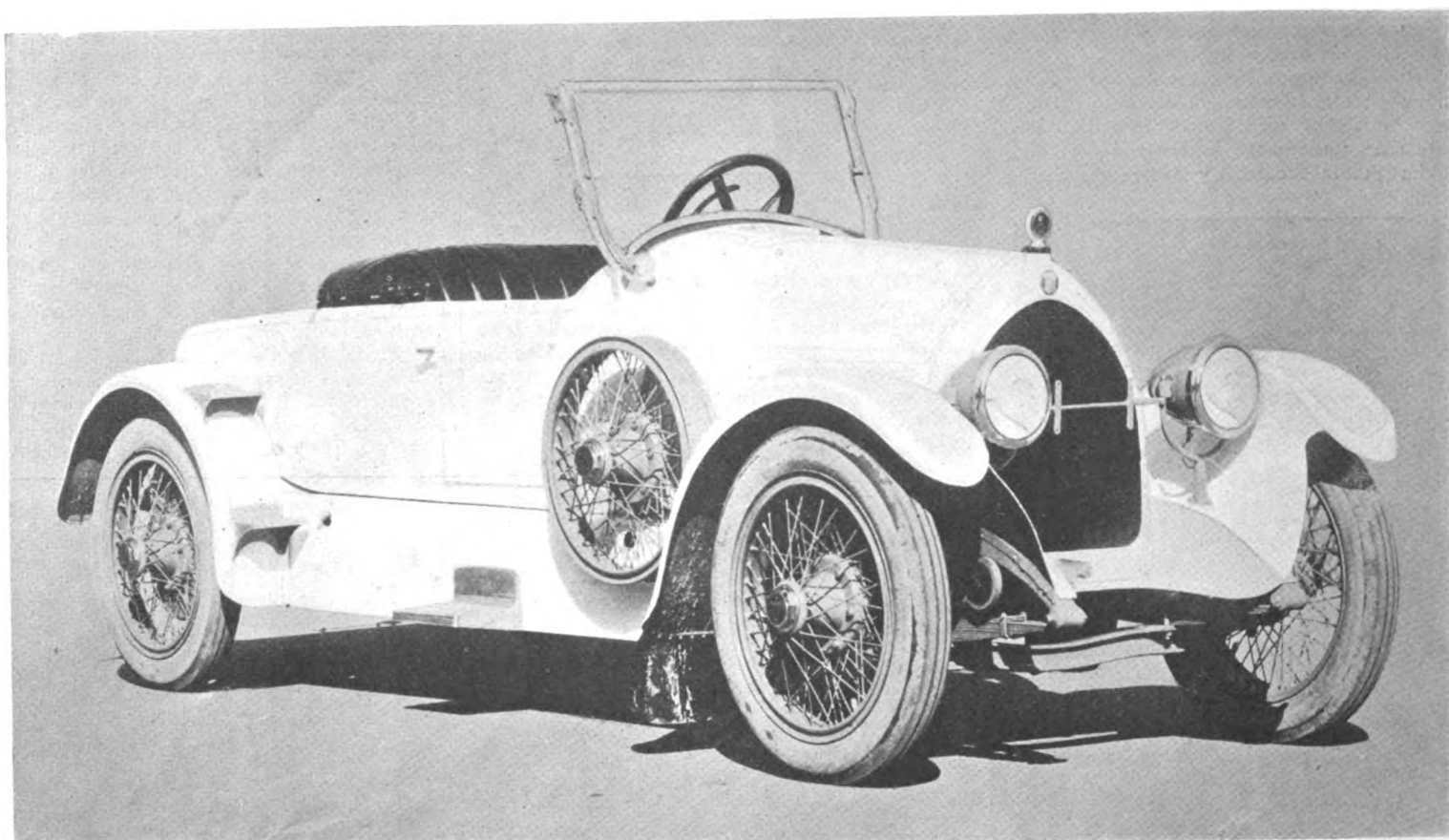
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Forty-three representative addresses by Governor Coolidge have been gathered into a book under the title

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE *Mostly about People*



Vol. XLIX

JULY, 1920

New Series No. 4

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What Is It We Want?



HE world is on its last delirious drunk of materialism. Inflation-prosperity and revolutionary license and strike epidemics have sent us reeling, gasping, groping for a something which deifies the pursuit and possession of money as the solution of all problems. Yet the illusion of the dollar as the Alpha and Omega of life has been dispelled as completely as the divine right of kings' theory. C'est la guerre!

Many are looking back, like Lot's wife, hoping for a return to pre-war conditions and pre-war policies. And just as inevitably will those who lack vision be turned to salt. For a greed-intoxicated world is sobering up.

How can we get the most out of life? Is not that the supreme question which comes to you time and time again?

The feverish pursuit of the illusive Golden Fleece of the present day stifles the still, small voice. But listen! . . . initiative, not lust; fellowship, not greed; above all, sincerity . . . The voice, ever ready, ever neglected, is speaking.

In a pause from routine work, in a thoughtful breathing spell, an indefinable longing creeps into the heart. The lie that happiness is reflected in Dunn and Bradstreet's ratings loses its subtlety. Then comes a mocking emptiness. You have sensed it?

When Socrates propounded the doctrine "Know Thyself," he was waging war against a selfishness similar to that of the present day. Unconscious selfishness, largely. And therefore, when recognized, uprooted. Happily, Americans are beginning to know themselves.

Lurid advertising, siren-like, beckons to youth with the promise of sure quick riches. And quack literature shows how—for a dollar. The price is paid in, too. . . . Little wonder at the trail of warm, human initiative burnt to ash.

Disillusioned, we turn back to cultivate our own fields, no more to strain restlessly toward the more distant scene, while weeds grow up about us. Pride in our work, true sociableness, sincerity, now almost at a discount, are again in a bull market. The world, as the "red liquor" burns itself out, will snatch them at a premium.

Sincerity is the soil of life, happiness the flower. And through service to friend and to community, it is ours to be creators of happiness. The reward is a greater happiness, that of he who gives with no thought of return.

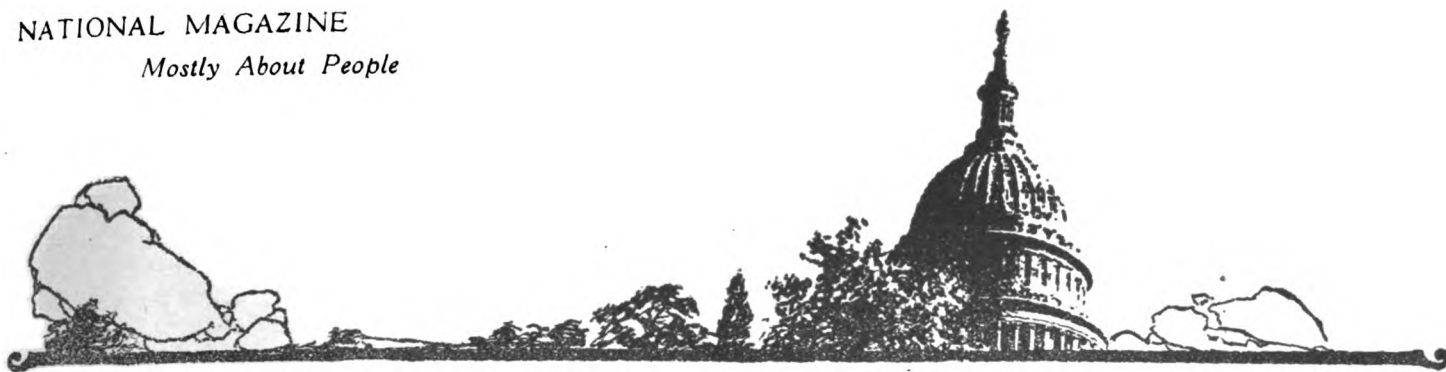
The ragged tramp who beats your carpets for a meal, if he be rightly deserving of the trust which little children (best of judges) put in him, has achieved a greater end than the master of millions who leaves behind a husk of shallow friends to buy flowers, and forget.

Yes, our intoxicated world is beginning to sober up. Communism—applied selfishness—has exploded among intelligent people. An occasional flare remains, as the popping of a dying ember on the coals. A festering sore, unsightly, but proof that the poison is being eradicated by the system.

Community-ism waits on the threshold of this—the new age. Materialism bred wrecked aspirations and unsatisfied longings. The new order leadeth into the green pastures and beside the still waters of a more sincere civilization.

The promise of content replaces the specie-mark as emblem on the flag of nations, unfurled anew.

The march is on! Catch the step?



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



It seemed like shifting the scenes of a great play when senators and congressmen were hustling about after recess in the early days of June to prepare for the great political convention. Bags and boxes were filled with papers and documents that might have weighty effect on determining the destiny of conditions. It was all one swirl of political excitement. Investigation of the funds used by the various candidates was conducted with a purpose—in some ways with the sinister purpose of affecting the fortunes of various aspirants. It was the last move in a desperate game.

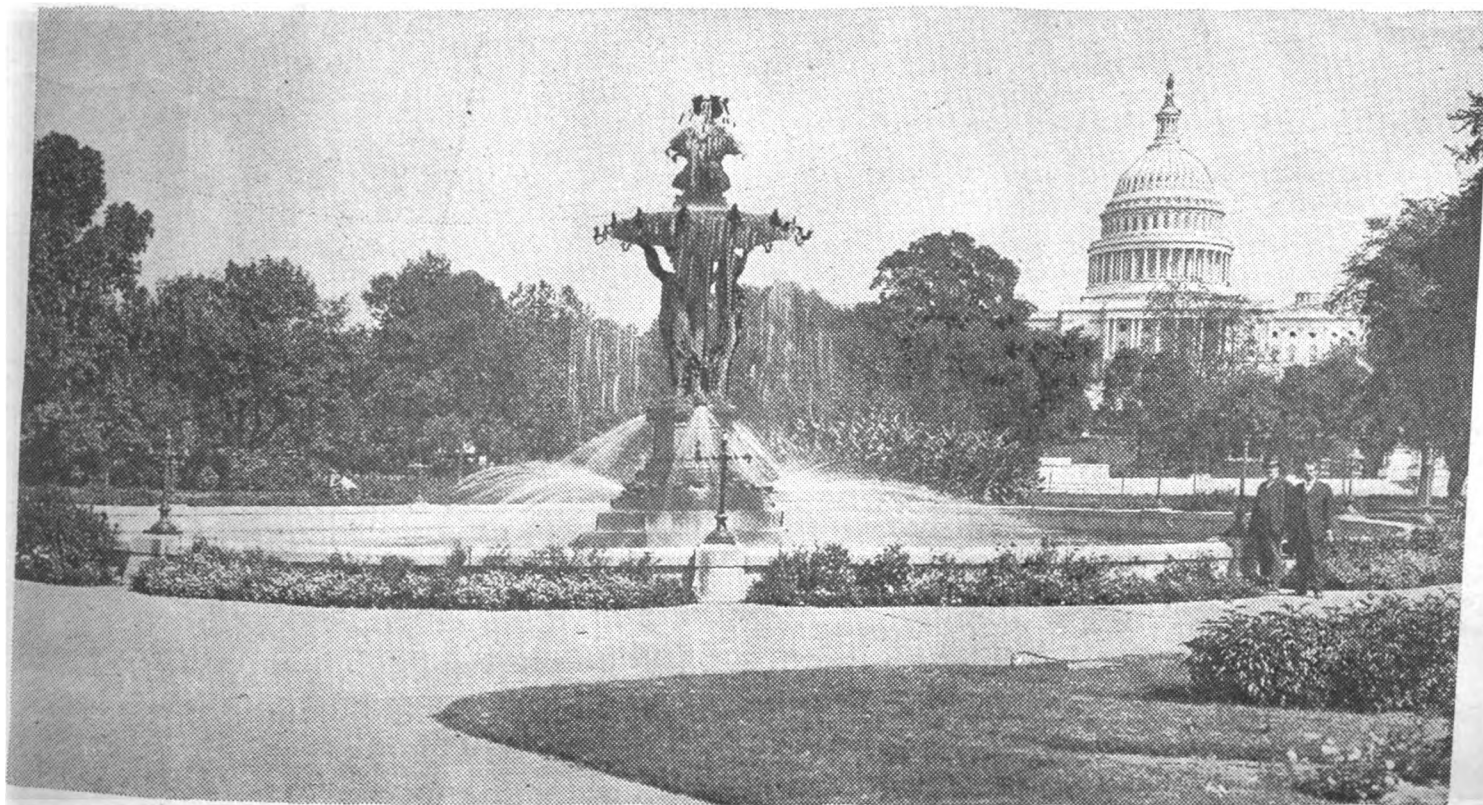
The likelihood of the success of the election of the Republican candidate naturally focused interest on the Chicago convention. Even the Democrats seemed more intent on what would happen there than what might happen at San Francisco. The scenes may shift back again to Washington when the campaign is under way, with the lights burning long during the night in the various headquarters.

It was a startling revelation to the American people that the high cost of running for President had gone up with all other activities. There was a hurry and scurry in auditing the books, and the senatorial tribunal investigation and pri-

mary nomination funds made one long for the old days, when the expensive luxury of primaries was unknown, and when leaders made themselves by force of contact rather than by exploitive publicity campaigns.

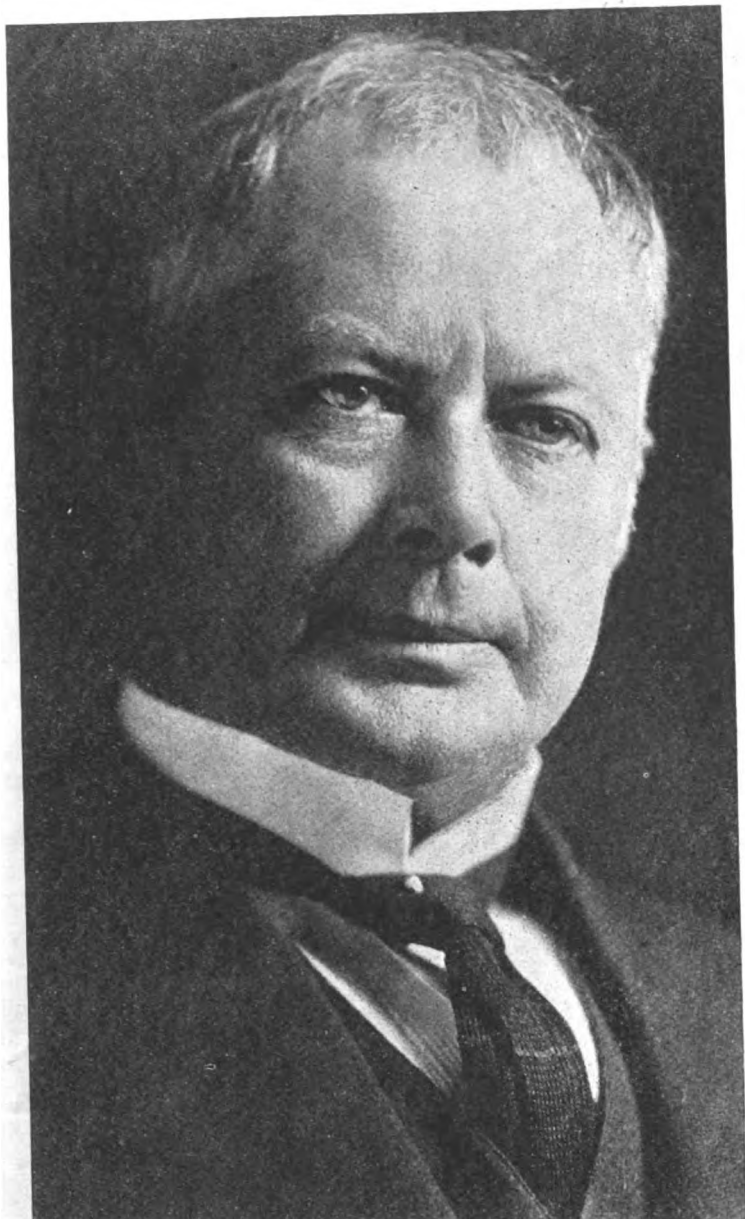
When the vote was taken on the Knox resolution, at four o'clock in the afternoon, I chanced to walk through the corridor of the Marble Room and caught a glimpse of the faces of the senators on the Republican and Democratic side as they were meeting the crisis. Senator Knox, unperturbed, walked out after the resolution was passed, with a smile of satisfaction on his face that could not be disguised. Senators Hitchcock and Pomerene had made the last desperate fight to save the late lamented League. But the die was cast and the resolution was sent to the president for the inevitable veto, and in this moment one great issue of the campaign was clearly defined. The vote was passed by 43 to 38. At that very moment there was passing over the Capitol dome the great, dark hulk of a dirigible that cast a grim shadow as it passed by, suggesting war days overseas—in far-off Myers field the drone of the aeroplanes indicated that interest in aviation is not wanting.

What a spectacle of history was presented as we stood on the very spot where Abraham Lincoln had taken the oath of office



VIEW IN THE UNITED STATES BOTANIC GARDEN LOOKING TOWARD THE CAPITOL

and uttered the immortal words that crystalized into the preservation of the Union, and on looking aloft, as he looked, to evoke divine help and guidance, to see the air filled with throbbing, living, breathing, messages of cloud-land overhead.



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ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON, POSTMASTER-GENERAL

Generally accredited as being the direct spokesman for the President on many important issues. Mr. Burleson's pre-convention statement demanding a repeal of "drastic and absurd" provisions of the Volstead act, and his pronunciamento upon the Democratic attitude toward organized labor were regarded as inspired utterances

One distinguished personage, looking out upon the clouds then gathering in the west, threatening a storm, remarked to a bystander: "Looks like a wet day."

The bystander was from Wyoming, an errant student in soil and stature, and, moving the cud in his mouth from one side to the other, remarked:

"Don't believe it. Them clouds are only empties coming back. There's no hope for a thirsty soul these days."

Indeed, Yes! "Politics Make Strange Bed-fellows"

THE self-same psychology that holds good in seat-mates at school, applies to seat-mates in the United States Senate. The wheel of fortune decreed that Senator Philander Knox, ultra-conservative, of sedate Pennsylvania, should sit beside Hiram Johnson, ultra-radical, of erratic California.

The natural inclination to "whisper in school" was indicated in the furtive conferences on the Senate floor—while the

Vice-President was trying to preserve order, some colleague was endeavoring to enlighten the world on liberty or some other profound subject. In the galleries sat spectators, demurely with arms off the balustrade, looking up each senator according to the number indicated on the diagram. There does not seem to be any "high peak personalities" in the Senate nowadays. Visitors know much more about stars in the base-ball league than they do about stars in the Senate. Many new names have appeared in the Congressional firmament, and events have moved so swiftly that there does not seem to be an opportunity for reputations to crystalize. Seniority counts in the Senate. The years of public service of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge represent a lifetime. He has risen to the heights of statesmanship and did very little whispering in school—just worked.

After the political conventions, another round of debates on the League, Peace Treaty, Jove-like or kindred subjects, names of the Senators may become more familiar to the people. In these days a leader of a lively presidential boom, commanding a few barrels of supplies, has a fame more eminent, than one wearing a United States Senatorial toga.

*The Old Order Passeth, and is Known
of Men No More Forever*

A TEAM of horses dashing down the avenue toward the Agricultural Department attracted as much attention as elephants in the circus parade years ago. These horses were from the United States Morgan horse farm, which is located at Berry, Vermont. Fifty or sixty horses are at this farm, and the government is fighting valiantly to save these



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CARTER GLASS

Former Secretary of the Treasury, now Senator from Virginia, recognized as the dependable wheel horse of the administration, with his usual garbularity resembling the babblings of a tongue-tied clam, was eagerly but vainly listened to for some formal expression of the President's views upon the construction of the party platform

horses. This team was sent to the Secretary of Agriculture from Vermont as an exhibition of what could be done in breeding these horses in these days of brooding over the price of gasoline. There may come a time when the children will be taken to a museum and circus and shown horses in confinement, the same as camels are now displayed, and told:

"My child, this is a horse, once familiarly known to mankind as 'the beast of burden'."

Then he may be taken to the chemical laboratory. On a shelf there may be bottles labelled in Latin. From one of these shelves a specimen will be taken up tenderly and looked upon as a rare gem of a glorious past and told in accents tinged with sadness of voice by the grandfather: "This, my child, was a cocktail, known to your forefathers as an exhilarator, a comfort and joy, but now only belongs to the ages."

The hope of the wets seems to be evaporating as the decisions come from the Supreme Court, and the edicts come from Congress and legislative bodies. One thing is certain: The saloon will never come back, and while there are bottle routes available for allaying thirst, also private stills blossoming here and there, it is too much trouble, and to deliberately violate constitutional law is not a proud achievement for any American citizen, whatever that law may be. Many millions of men have found out that liquor is not a necessity, and that personal liberty, after all, must ever bow to the welfare of the many. While everybody talks about wet candidates, they vote and they decide dry. They recall that twenty million women



HON. JAMES M. COX, GOVERNOR OF OHIO

Next to the ex-Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. McAdoo), the Governor of Ohio may safely be called the "strong man" of the Democratic party. But for the positive and outspoken opposition of the "dry" forces, led by Mr. Bryan, his chances for securing the nomination would have been exceedingly bright

voters have now entered the political body of the United States and they are going to keep the country dry, and have something to say about the high cost of living. While woman suffrage has not yet changed political usages, the average husband and wife are likely to agree on politics. There's no doubt that woman suffrage has cleaned up the political cesspools and transferred the balance of power from the bar room to somewhere else. Those who are looking back to pre-war times and ideals are likely to be turned into pillars of salt. Too much salt brings on a thirst that can only be quenched by the purling waters from the hydrant that God provided for satisfying human thirst.

*Like a Cuttle Fish
Hiding Behind a Cloud of Ink*

IT has always been agreed that President Wilson is a scholar, and his veto of a bill because of grammatical errors is quite consistent and in keeping with his record. The errors were corrected and the bill grammatically returned, escaping further



WILLIAM GIBBS MCADOO (WITH FRANK A. VANDERLIP)

In Mr. McAdoo's ninth-hour decision to withdraw from the nomination contest, the Democratic party undoubtedly lost its one big chance for continued control at Washington. The President's evident intention to remain in control of the party and to dictate the organization of the convention is believed to be responsible for Mr. McAdoo's withdrawal

veto displeasure. This had its influence upon the committees preparing the platform for the various political parties, for whatever else is done, we must have, together with all other important features concerning it, a grammatically correct

and still like to cling to the good, old monologue expression which Thomas Jefferson inaugurated in the Declaration of Independence.

*An Encouraging Portent
of Advancement in Liberalism*

THE West Point Military Academy has always, and for good reasons, been considered the most exclusive (not to say snobbish) institution of our glorious Democracy. That some special cachet of aristocracy should attach to any graduate from its sacred portals has been an anomalous condition existing in a governmentally administered training school, supported by the tax-payers of a Republic.

All this aside, it is gratifying to note that under the system now announced by the War Department the doors of this exclusive institution, supported by the people, should be opened a trifle wider for the admission of the sons of the people. The age limit for entrance at the academy is raised to twenty four years for any applicant who has an honorable record of not less than one year's service in the armed forces of the United States or the Allied armies in the World War. The applicant for admission must be, at the time of his selection, an enlisted member of a National Guard organization recognized by the Federal government.

How many such prizes are to be awarded will be made known soon, with their apportionment among the several States according to the enlisted strength of the National Guard, after which the governors will institute preliminary examinations and make their selection. This new order of procedure has much to commend it.

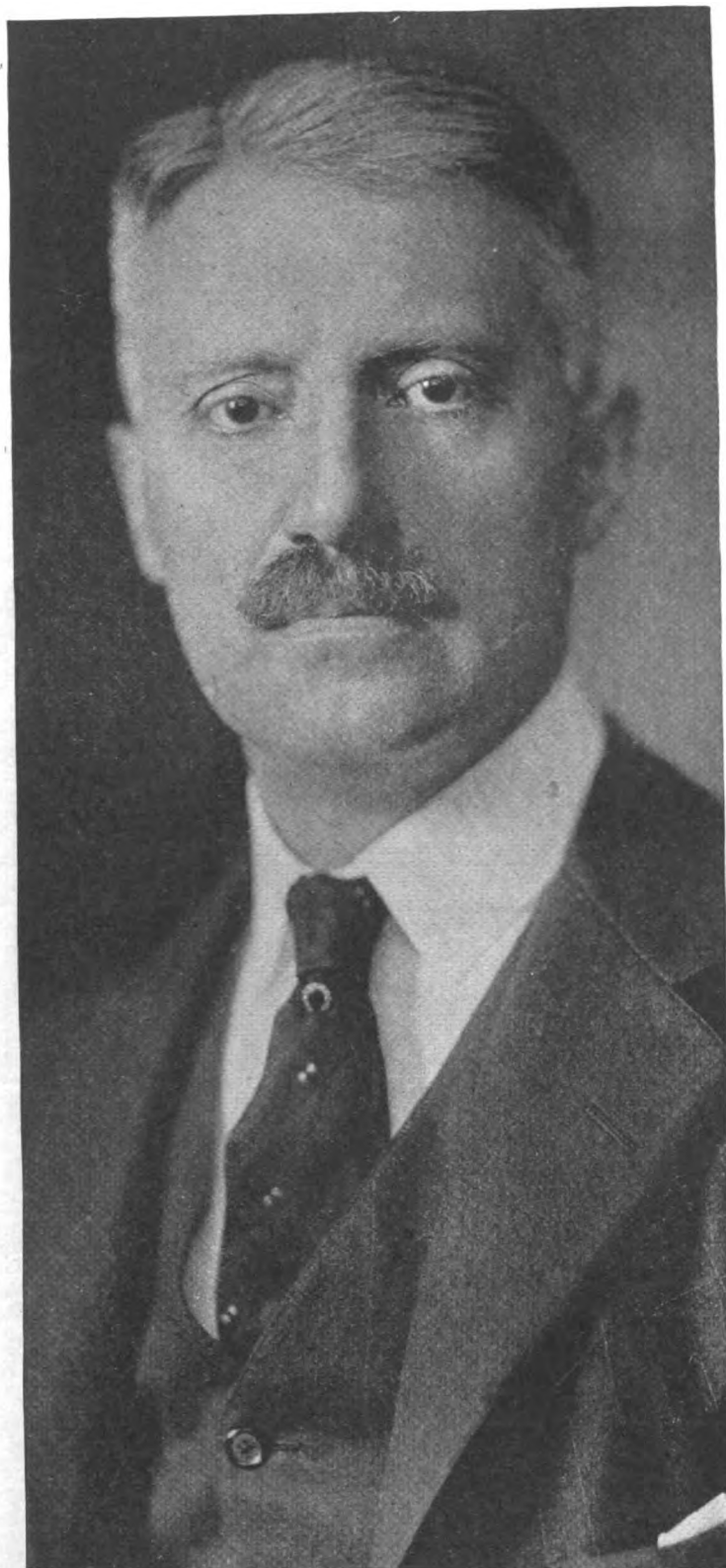
*In Other Words
There's a Lot of Froth on Top*

THIS is an age of expositions. The power of gasoline is but a succession of explosions, and, perhaps, that is the reason why explosions must come thick and fast in all campaigns to keep the people awake and alive to the issues. There is a Gatling-gun activity these days, and things must go pop, pop, poppity, pop, or else they will not be popular. There must be statements and declarations that will read in the headlines that, "so and so flays this one and that." There must be a vigorous denunciation and tensivity of feeling that must be indicated in the head, no matter what may be in the heart of the subject. It is the same old struggle between men, only with a few variations speeded up. The old-time cry for the poor laboring man, poor farmer, tax on railroad corporations and a lot of the old bunk has been exploded. The fact of the matter is that everyone is profiteering in a greater or lesser degree, and keeping an eye on everybody's business except their own—the same as nations are doing today. The solution will come when everybody settles down and finds their own little area of work and produce something for the joy of producing it, and not worry about what the other fellow is getting. It would seem some times that it is not the big corporations, but the little corporations and the individuals that are playing havoc on the profiteer proposition. Where are you going to place the blame? Self preservation and self interest is now as it has ever been—the cohesive element of society.

*John Bull's Canny Suggestion
for Wiping the Score*

DURING the past year numerous "feelers" have been thrown out with a view to ascertaining American sentiment on the proposition that we cancel the \$10,000,000,000 of loans made to the allied nations during the war. Premier Lloyd George says: "Our position is well known. We will wipe out the debt owed us by our allies, if our creditor, America, will do the same. We are sorry to occupy position of creditor, but we must as long as we are also debtor with respect to America."

Although not stated specifically, it is implied that the sacrifice by England would be the same as by the United States if a general cancellation of debts were made. Let us consider if this is so.



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Harris & Ewing BAINBRIDGE COLBY, SECRETARY OF STATE

As delegate-at-large from the District of Columbia, Mr. Colby disclaimed any implication of a second-place boom in his own behalf, and expressed himself as "for the League of Nations without reservations"

platform. President Wilson was pronounced by one of his critics as a man who could bury ideas in words and phrases better than any president that had given out state papers, and these papers, aglow with interest during war times and in the fever heat of the hour, did not seem to stand the test of re-reading no matter how correct or classic they may be in word and phrase. The people seem to understand

America has loaned roughly \$10,000,000,000 to the allies. England has loaned about \$8,700,000,000. Of England's total loans about half were made to France and Italy, the other half going to Russia, Serbia and other allied countries. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer has admitted that only half of England's loans can be considered good.

By cancellation, therefore, England stands to lose \$4,800,000,000, which is approximately the amount she has borrowed from us. If we cancel, then England loses nothing, while we lose \$10,000,000,000. At the same time the allies are talking about their poverty and the necessity for cancelling their debts to us they are imposing an indemnity of \$30,000,000,000 on Germany.

If Germany can pay \$30,000,000,000 in her present condition, is it unreasonable to expect the allies, who are to receive this money, to pay us one-third of that amount?

*1920 Republican Organization Resembles
a Fraternal Order*

IN his conduct of the 1916 Republican campaign Chairman Will H. Hays never hesitated at an innovation, and he has done much to establish the conduct of political campaigns on a business basis in forgetting that acquaintance plays a large part in all human activities.

There was a little week-end gathering at Atlantic City of authors, artists and editors—all interested in the Republican cause—that proved a notable gathering. It was under the direction of Owen Johnson and seemed like a reunion of the old periodical days. They went down on the train together and got acquainted. Here were assembled the cartoonists, the authors and the editors. While they had all heard of each other, and corresponded with each other, many of them had never met face to face. The dinner was a brilliant affair. With Job Hedges as toastmaster how could it be otherwise? Senator Beveridge made a wonderful talk and Senator Lodge gave a rather colloquial address concerning his wrestlings with the League of Nations. The Governor of Kentucky was the last to speak. When he had finished he left a beautiful picture in the minds of all as to what the real duty of the League was, illustrating it with a touching story of simple folks in the mountains of his native state. Harry West in the presence of Washington newspaper men could not resist the gridiron impulse and interpolated at the dinner a number of skits that carried effective campaign lessons. It was a get-together meeting which indicated that the Republican party in 1920, more than ever before, is a great fraternal organization.

People are finding out that it is pleasant to gather together with men of kindred political beliefs and conviction and pull together for a common cause and exercise the rights of citizenship. There are only two ways of expressing it—either as a Democrat or a Republican, and the determination of the Republicans this year is to make it the best party and best deserving of the support of the people. Much depends on knowing each other, as well as knowing the issues and knowing the responsibilities that must be faced.

*And Yet There Are a Lot of People
Yapping for Government Control*

THE government has "handed back" the railroads—physically, yes; morally, no! For they will never be the same again. The blight of government operation has done its work—their morale is hopelessly shattered. The glorious traditions of an epic-century wherein men bound the North and South, the East and West with bands of shining steel are all forgotten, or linger only in the memories of those that remember the old days, when to be "a railroad man" was a mark of distinction because of the high ideals of devotion to their duty that animated the knights of the rail. From president to track-walker, the spirit that animated the entire organization was the same—intense loyalty, unflinching industry, indifference to danger and disregard of discomforts made for an *esprit de corps* that set railroading in this country on a pinnacle of achievement

never attained elsewhere. This was an asset of incalculable value, not to be reckoned in dollars and cents, that once squandered, can never be replaced. The physical neglect and waste that obtained under government management may



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

Contrary to somewhat general expectations, Mr. Bryan did not "shy his kelly in the ring." He was nevertheless a very busy person during the preliminaries prefacing the big bout. As he said himself, "I am too busy fixing planks for the Democratic party to think of running for President, and I am doubtful of third party expediency." The prohibition plank hewed out by him was, as might be expected, bone dry and iron bound

be repaired, the shortage of equipment can be made good, and financial credit can be gradually restored, but there is no alchemy in legislative enactment that can restore the broken morale of the railroad organizations, evidences of which greet us on every hand.

Under temporary government ownership the most perfect telephone system in the world fell to pieces like a house of cards. Once again under private control trained executives are laboring day and night to build it up again, but it seems to be a slow job. Any rebuilding job is slow.

The postal service is another example of what government ownership means. Wm. A. Law, president of the First National Bank of Philadelphia, says of it in the bank's bulletin for June:

It was never more difficult to do business than it is today. The mail service between Philadelphia and New York is so unreliable that special delivery matter mailed in the afternoon is not sure of delivery

to Wall Street banks in time to get the items into the clearing house the next morning. This seems incredible, for the distance is only ninety miles and two splendidly equipped railroads furnish as fine and expeditious train service as anywhere in the world. In order to save a full day's interest charge in the collection of an enormous volume of

suburban towns around New York, while distribution within New York City limits is sometimes almost as slow.

The fallacy of the doctrine of government ownership lies in the fact that "competition is the life of trade." Take away competition and you take away the main incentive to excel, and reduce all human effort to the dead level of mediocrity.

*A Splendid Tribute from
Fellow Craftsmen*

AS evidence that the Republican presidential nominee is in good standing with the craft, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by Marion Typographical Union, No. 675, subsequent to the announcement of his candidacy:

Be it resolved by Typographical Union, No. 675: That we most heartily endorse the candidacy of Warren G. Harding for the nomination of President of the United States, on the Republican ticket. That we always found him fair and considerate of all his employees; always paying more than the established scale of wages in his plant at Marion, Ohio. He has never known any strike or lockout or any dispute with his employees. He himself, in his younger days, was a practical printer, and knows, from actual experience and long hours at the case, the trial and cares of a fellow craftsman, and we are proud of having one of our fellow citizens and fellow workers as a candidate for this high office, especially when we know, from our being associated with him, that he preserves the personal traits and business qualifications essential to this high office.

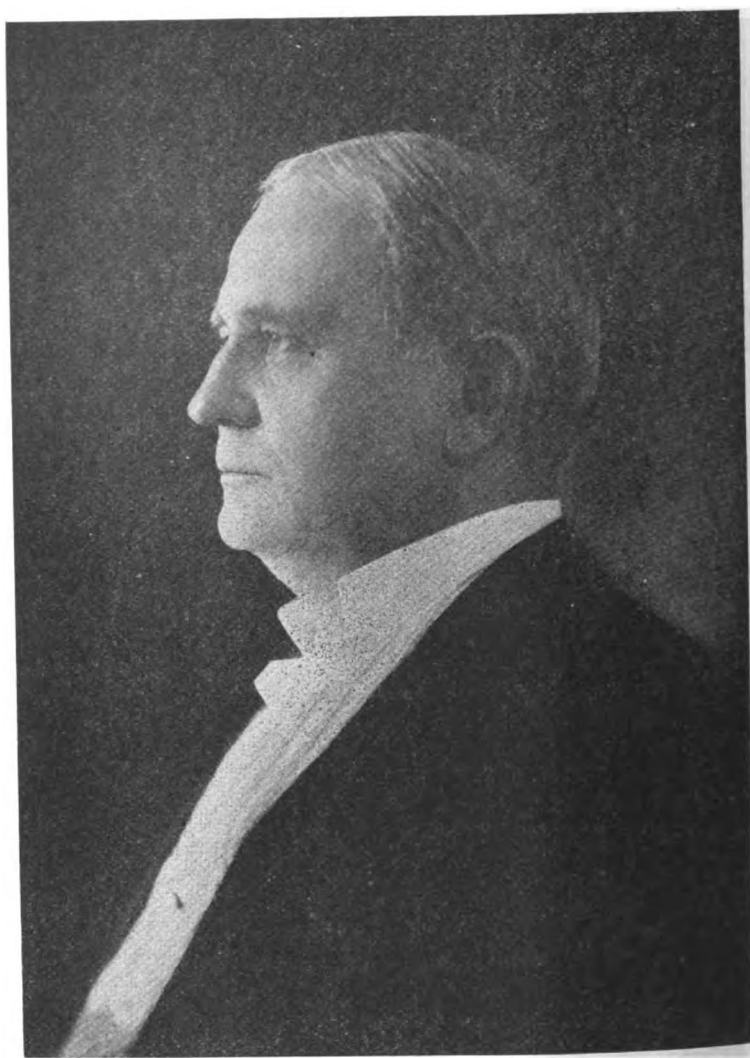


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A. MITCHELL PALMER, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES

The laboriously constructed and carefully nurtured Palmer boom, lacking the open support of the President, and contending against the opposition of organized labor, met the untimely fate to which it was predestined from the first

exchange, therefore, some of the large Philadelphia banks now send over these checks every day by special messengers. That this should be necessary in a highly developed railroad territory would be ludicrous were it not for the light it throws upon the low efficiency of the postal service in a densely populated area. It may be doubted if any similarly located cities produce more valuable mail than is carried between Philadelphia and New York 365 days in the year. Why, then, should it be necessary for the banks to undertake the work that the government is paid to do in a territory of enormous business activity? The incident is suggestive of the things which are bearing heavily upon the people at the time when the greatest need exists for the quickest transmission of intelligence and business mail between the great centers of trade activity. Day to day operations show that it takes from thirty-six to forty-five hours to deliver Philadelphia mail in



HON. CHAMP CLARK

The one eminent Democrat who might look upon the Convention this year with some bitter memories was Hon. Champ Clark, former Speaker of the House. Four years ago he had a majority of all the delegates for the nomination as President, but the two-thirds rule deprived him of the nomination that he would have had if the same rule had prevailed as at the Republican Convention. There were strong and enthusiastic supporters of Champ Clark, but the steam roller power of the administration was early shown at San Francisco, where William Jennings Bryan, with his dry plank, and all others in sympathetic relations with Woodrow Wilson, were invited to sit two seats outside the circle. How fickle fortune plays strange tricks at political conventions, deciding careers and destinies with the turn of the hand. Champ Clark's loss of the nomination, with a majority vote at Baltimore, foreshadowed the fact that the majority does not always rule in the councils of the Democratic party under the regime of its present leader

To celebrate 300th anniversary of the Mayflower landing

The Coming Pilgrim Peace Jubilee

Congressional committee to consider plans for world exposition to be held in Boston as a continuation of the Plymouth celebration

THE "Landing of the Pilgrims" is accorded by the historians as the greatest event in American history. The Congressional committee, consisting of Senators Harding of Ohio and Underwood of Alabama, Congressmen Walsh of Massachusetts, Whaley of South Carolina, McArthur of Oregon and Doremus of Michigan, appointed to formulate plans for the participation of the United States in the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims, have held a conference with the members of the Tercentenary Commission of Massachusetts, consisting of Louis K. Liggett, chairman; Charles B. Barnes, Arthur Lord and George H. Lyman. At



Senator Oscar W. Underwood (Democrat) of Alabama, from whose brief and casual remarks we gather the impression that he favors a tariff only to protect the profits of labor



Louis K. Liggett, President United Drug Company, Boston, a public-spirited business man, nationally known thru the Rexall Drug Stores

this conference the plans for a proposed International Exposition were considered—the Exposition to be held in Boston as a continuation of the Plymouth celebration. The people of Plymouth are naturally very enthusiastic over the plans for the celebration of one of the most important events in American history—right in the very spot where the Pilgrim Fathers landed three hundred years ago.

The proposed International Exposition in Boston must not be confused with what is commonly known as a World's Fair—for it is to take the form of an International Exhibit representing the greatest development in science, education, religion, art, industry and commerce.

Articles manufactured by New England manufacturers are being sold all over this country. Products from other states are being bought in New England. The idea of having permanent buildings representing the various states will naturally appeal to the different commercial organizations located in



Arthur Lord (Republican), well-known Boston lawyer, former member Massachusetts House of Representatives, prominent in historical and antiquarian societies



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Congressman Clifton N. McArthur (Republican), Oregon, has had a varied career as reporter, breeder of registered cattle, lawyer and legislator

these states, as well as the individual manufacturer to the extent of bringing them to Boston, where they will find something worth while. They will be made welcome—and will learn from actual observation what New England has been trying to tell them for years—the result will be increased business and development for New England and the country at large.

An international exhibit such as is planned will attract hundreds of thousands of tourists from all over the world, as well as from every part of our own country. Thousands of New Englanders now located in every state of the country will enjoy a home-coming.

The most attractive feature of the plan is that it is not to be a temporary affair—to be built up—torn down—forgotten—but to be a lasting monument in recognition of the most important events in American history, to the Pilgrim Fathers and to New England industries, constantly growing, and expanding, a wonderful incentive for the young man of today and the future.

United States Senator Walsh expressed his views of the proposed exposition as follows:

"A great exposition properly planned should prove a great benefit to Massachusetts and New England, and do much to stimulate our industrial activities. We have a great deal to be proud of in New England, and much to display to the peoples of the world, and the three-hundredth anniversary of the Landing of the Pilgrims provides an opportunity for us to entertain and instruct our fellow-citizens from every quarter of the world."

Mr. Louis K. Liggett, chairman of the Tercentenary Commission in speaking of the international celebration said:

"It would seem to me that our Pilgrim Fathers are entitled to have the world know what thru their pilgrimage the Americans have accomplished. In what better way can we do it than by having a sane exposition in the city of Boston, and combine with it a wonderful Peace Jubilee; something that will have as its foundation the fundamentals upon which a Peace League will finally be made, even going beyond that, bringing home to New Englanders that which we seem to lack—the knowledge of what we produce in our own community.

"There can be built in this city between now and 1921 an exposition that will do away with all the bizarre that has surrounded previous expositions held in this country, and that will thru its religion, education, art and industries show to the world at large what has been accomplished in the three hundred years of America; that will show to New Englanders in particular the products with which we are unfamiliar:

(Continued on page 185)



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Senator David I. Walsh (Democrat), Massachusetts, former governor, a lawyer, confirmed bachelor, and a dignified exponent of sartorial elegance



Senator Warren G. Harding, Republican nominee for President

Henry Ford's industrial policy

"Give Men a Chance—Not Charity"

Of all the failures and ex-convicts whom he has employed only two men has disappointed him. He has taught the English language and citizenship to thousands

By SARAH TERRILL BUSHNELL

FIVE years ago a rainbow of promise with a bag of gold at each end hung over a great industrial plant. When the rainbow appeared it was called by calamity howlers a myth and a menace. Instead of fading away under the charge the rainbow grew brighter and clearer; some of the colors became obscure; three came out stronger than all the rest, and behind them the stars formed two words—Americans all. At each end the bags emptied an endless stream of gold. With the gold came freedom from old industrial conditions, and with the freedom came the privileges and obligations of American citizenship.

Henry Ford, the great manufacturer, made automobiles to defray the expenses of his main business, which was the making of men. He took wise men and good men, the successful and the unsuccessful. He took Americans of good old colonial stock and laborers from every nook and corner of obscure foreign lands. He took untried men and men who had tried and failed. He took men with the stigma of wrong-doing upon their lives. Thru one great system he put them all to determine the number who would come out pure gold. He thrust aside labor organizations and paid his workers wages at that time considered fabulous. He had his own dreams and he worked them to fulfillment. Beyond a few brief newspaper reports of the venture the white light of publicity never disclosed the inner workings of his mind, yet the spirit of it permeated the

country from Canada to the gulf, from the eastern shore of the Atlantic to the far-flung Pacific coast, where other plants have used the ideas on a smaller scale. The pioneer who began the movement has been assailed and held up for ridicule, yet he was the first advocate of Simon-pure Americanism in industry. What would his critics have said had they known that he took the dean of a great cathedral, made him head of a vast educational system and gave him power that a clergyman never before had in the history of business—entire authority over the living conditions of his workmen and real influence in the case of labor difficulties. Labor difficulties, however, refused to arise.

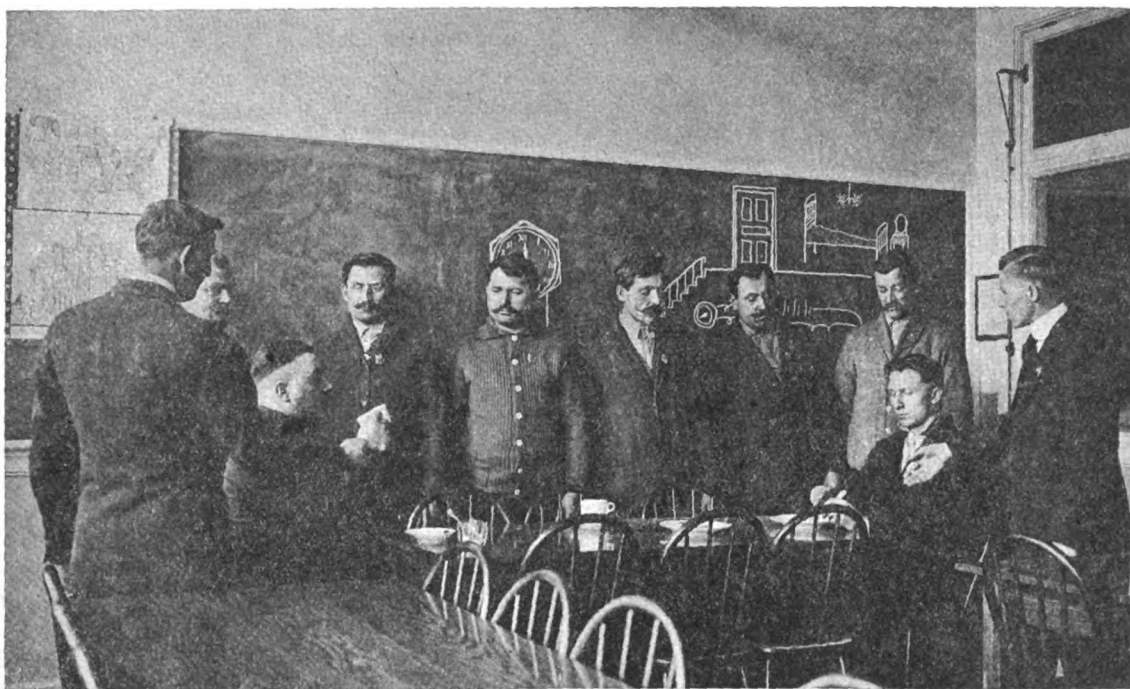
During strikes at nearby plants the Ford workers remained at their posts performing their daily labors in contented prosperity.

The great mechanical genius had evolved a system so unique and so remarkable that his plans and dreams blend together, making a practical whole which has actually benefitted over

fifty thousand homes. They are based on a foundation of education and Americanization. That it has paid commercially is only a side issue, but one of tremendous importance—marking the ideal adjustment of capital and labor, and proving beyond doubt that the experiment is overwhelmingly correct. The assistants in this department are called advisors, and the welfare work they are doing is as helpful as it is novel. What they do and how they do it will be explained later.

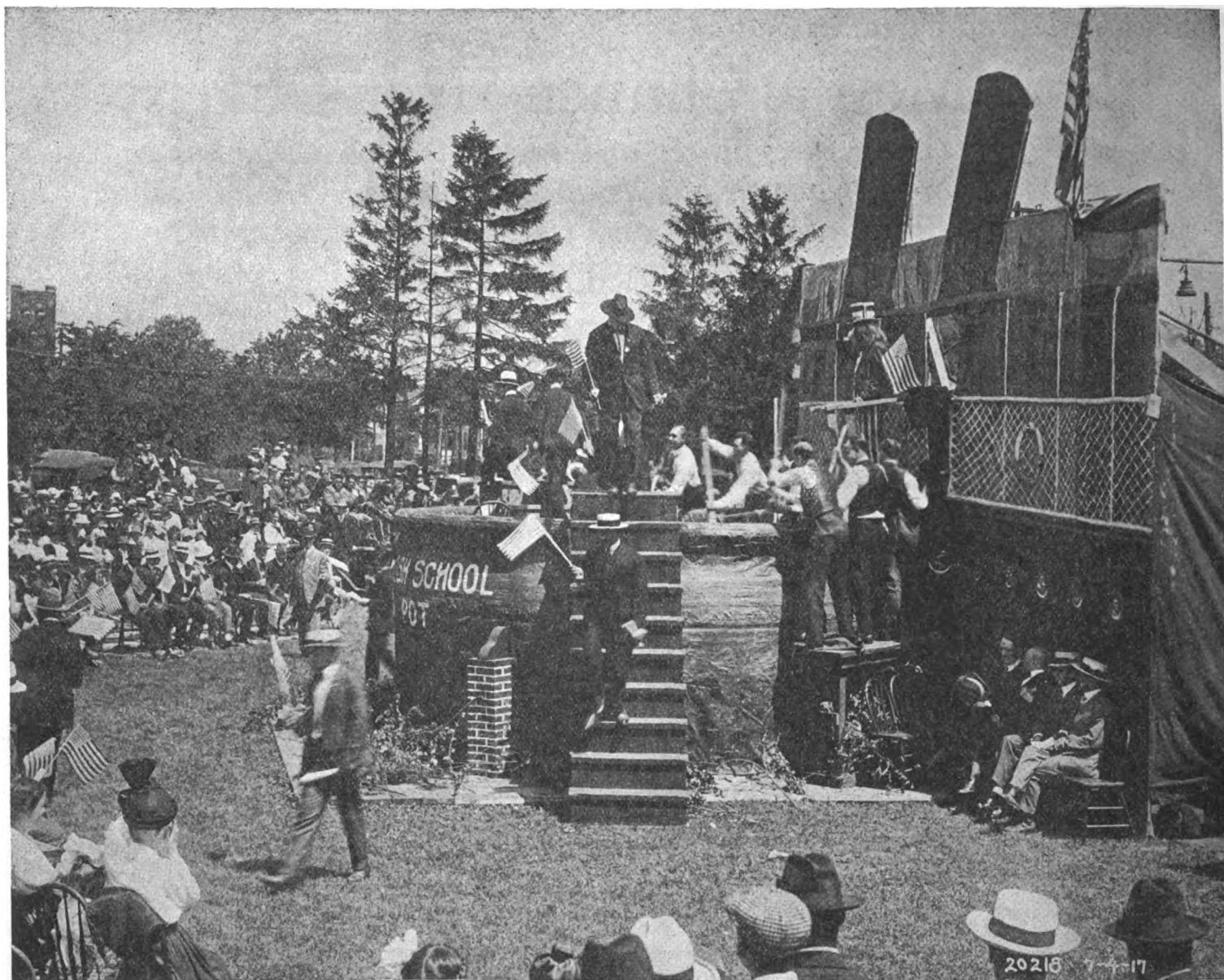
Mr. Ford scorns the cloak of self aggrandizement. He prefers to state his position frankly: "If I can make men of my employees I need have no fears for my business," he says. "Everything I do to help them ultimately benefits me; the more money I spend on them, the more enthusiasm they will have for my interests, and the more money they will make for themselves and for me."

Hence he uses all possible labor-saving devices, for he says: "The less fatigued a man is when he leaves his work the more self improvement he can gain during leisure hours." This is the message Henry Ford flashes to mankind—"Be your brother's helper." The Aladdin-like way in which he made his millions has been told correctly and incorrectly in every household thruout the land. There is not sufficient space in this article to mention that phase. Suffice it to state that in his plant Bolshevism, which is a camouflage name for anarchy, has not dared to rear its serpent head.



Teaching good table manners at the English School of the Ford Motor Company

The Ford plan is not to build elaborate libraries, gymnasiums or lunch rooms for the employees, but serviceable and substantial ones. The difference in the expense is given the workmen for their homes, their living and their families. It is not the possession of money but the right use of it which is emphasized. Mr. Ford holds that the system of education



THE "MELTING POT" OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY AT DETROIT

This scene represents the result of nine months' teaching in the Ford English School. Six teachers are stirring the pot with ten-foot ladles. Out of the pot is emerging one nationality, composed of newly-made Americans carrying an American flag in one hand and a diploma in the other. Uncle Sam now stands behind them. This is believed to be the first "melting pot" used in an industry

which increases, thru the so-called cultural studies, the capacity for happiness: and fails to develop the financial power for gaining the same is a cruel, not a kindly one. It increases human misery and failure. The Ford idea, while increasing a man's capacity for happiness, at the same time increases his efficiency, his earning capacity, his home conditions, his knowledge of the laws of the state and nation, making him a more valuable citizen, more worth-while to society, giving him a broader vision, all of which enables him to enjoy the things he has been taught. This system develops a man's mind while training his hands.

The factory has two slogans: "Be a Good American" and "Help the Other Fellow." You find these signs in the working section of the plant. The workmen are taught self-application of these slogans—even beneficently coerced into adopting them as life standards.

* * * *

For five years foreign-born laborers have received diplomas symbolic of nine months' training in citizen making.

I sought the man to whom Mr. Ford had said: "The Bible is the most valuable book in the world. If it could be written in the language of today, I would scatter a million copies among the people who never read it and who fail to grasp its worth and beauty."

I asked Mr. Brownell this question: "How has this great

millionaire made the educational department of this plant the very dynamo of its success, and why has he given a clergyman such wide and sweeping authority?"

Mr. Brownell took off his glasses, laid them carefully on his desk.

"He does it by dispersing practical Christianity, interpreted thru dollars and cents, in the sharing of profits with employees, in opening the doors of employment to maimed and crippled men, and to men who have unfortunately run into debt to society, but who have paid such debts in full. His has been the humane recognition that all men are of common clay and that all, barring none, are entitled to a helping hand.

"You shall meet Dean Marquis, head of the Educational Department, and Mr. De Witt, head of the English school, which should really be called the American school, for its scholars are from fifty-eight countries, and they speak one hundred different dialects. They have been taught one language and have been trained to become citizens of our own American nation. But first let me tell you an incident that will illustrate how men have been reclaimed in this factory:

"One cold night in December an official of the company was called to his front door. Outside was a half wreck of a man who plunged into a complaint without formality.

"They say Henry Ford gives the fellow who is down a chance, that he thinks there is some good in the worst of us.

but it is a lie—a black, barefaced lie. I have stood in line at his plant trying to get work and never been given a look-in. I'm at the end of my rope and I've got to go back to my old ways.

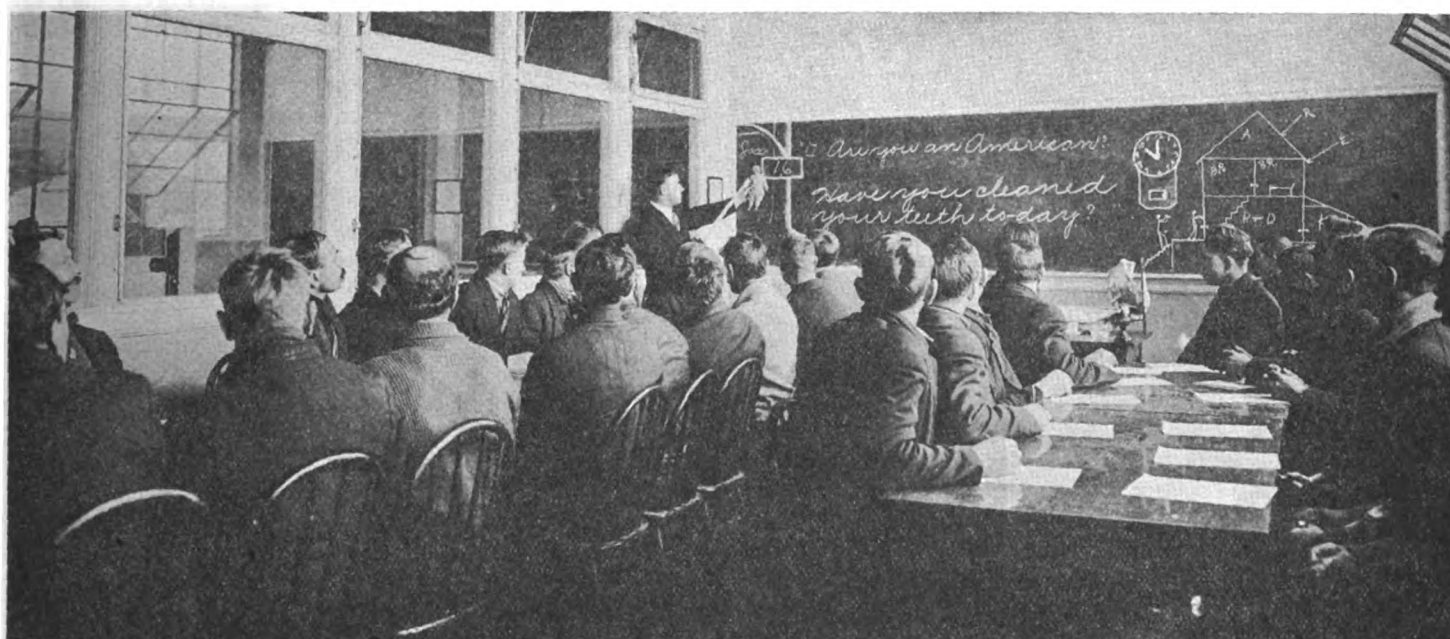
"The official put his hand on the chap's shoulder and stopped the flow of his words. He looked him in the eye. 'Mr. Ford desires to give every man who deserves it a chance,' he said.

"The man shivered. 'Ever since they turned me loose, two years ago, I've tried to go straight, and every time I get a job a blue-coat passes the word and I'm fired. If I can't get steady work, I'll have to be a crook again. Tonight they—'

"Don't worry about tonight," said the man, whose salary was equal to that of the President of the United States, 'come to the factory tomorrow and a place will be found for you. We have more than five hundred men who have served sentences, only two of whom have disappointed us. When you

who believed in a happy-go-lucky existence, and who made expenditures out of all keeping with her husband's salary. That she was a woman of sense was proven when she grasped the idea that this sort of thing could not continue. A scientific housekeeper was sent to instruct her in up-to-date economics. She welcomed her suggestions. Today the bills are paid, they own their own home and have money in the bank.

There is another rule on which the corner-stone of right living must be laid—an employee, if it be thought justifiable, is required to produce his marriage license. No recognition is given to socialism or free love. This is mentioned because a case of this sort was recently made an issue. An important ruling of the Ford Company in 1913 covers such questions. The legal department aids the workers by examining deeds of property they wish to buy, assessing its value and passing on the validity of the contracts.



C. C. De Witt, head of the English School, demonstrating the care of the teeth with a doll for an object lesson

begin work no one can be prejudiced against you as long as you do what is right.'"

Somewhere in that great factory that man made good and is still working.

The probation period, formerly six months, has been reduced to thirty days. The minimum salary raised from five dollars a day to six. There have been no strikes, nor is there any labor discontent. The power of discharge has been taken out of the hands of superintendents and foremen. They can discharge from their departments, but not from the factory. The employment office investigates and places the laborer in that other part of the plant to which he is better adapted.

The Educational Department, thru the advisors, or helpers, has a record of the living conditions of each employee. They know his habits, good or bad. They know what money he has saved, if any. They know what insurance he carries. They consult with him as to his bank savings. They have taught him how and why to save. In rare cases they have moved his family to Detroit, and provided a home in which to shelter them. There is nothing of the spy or detective methods in their visits. They go in the spirit of helpfulness and interest. They teach him hygienic living and how to buy food. While teaching him how to earn money they also teach him—which is more important—how to spend it. They have taught him that debt is the result of poor management or misfortune.

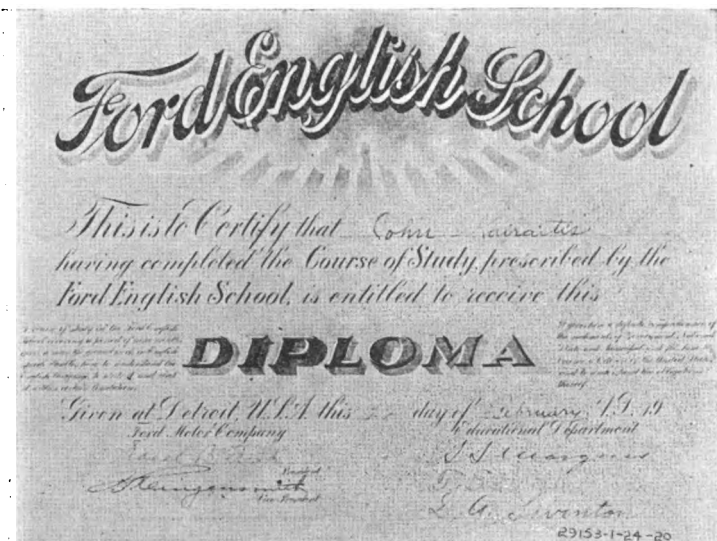
Take for example the case of an employee whose wages were garnished month after month. He was industrious and hard working; the bills were not of his making. An advisor was sent to his home. He met the wife, a nice little woman

In the Ford English School are natives of Arabia, Persia, India, Poland, Armenia, Turkey, Chaldea, Abania, Servia, Korea, Macedonia, and other innermost places of Asia, Europe, and obscure sections of the world. Each of these foreigners speak two or more dialects, but have no knowledge of our own language. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar according to the modernized method of Francois Guoin, who lived in 1710. The everyday problems of life are the keynote of each lesson, and a new psychology of goodfellowship and interest accents the instruction. Mr. De Witt was recently borrowed by Pennsylvania to demonstrate to the teachers of that state his original experiments. Mr. Ford watches the lessons. The one on birds, which emphasizes the good American bird, the soaring eagle, the emblem of freedom, is his favorite. There are other lessons which Mr. Ford personally supervises—for this department is the child of his brain and is near his heart. The foreigners are taught cleanliness, table manners, courtesy in public places and and also when possible, they are instructed in gardening. As an evidence of the eager earnestness of the pupils the case may be cited of a Macedonian who learned the Constitution of the United States, verbatim, in four days.

The nine months' course has been turning out annually between three and six thousand graduates. The diplomas, signed by Henry Ford, Dean Marquis and Mr. De Witt, state that "the holder has been given ground-work in English which enables him to understand the English language, to write it and to read it within certain limitations. It gives him a definite comprehension of the rudiments of government, national,

state and municipal, and fits him to become a citizen of the United States and to understand the obligations thereof."

The day war was declared Mr. Ford instructed the chief of his medical staff to ascertain accurately the exact number of positions that might be filled with disabled soldiers. Every wheel and cog of the factory was devoted to winning the war, and openings have been made for those who served. Dr. Mead reported that four thousand maimed and injured could be used. The factory was then using thirty-seven deaf men, two hundred and seven civilians blind in one eye, sixteen who were deaf and dumb and one totally blind. Peace was signed June 7. By the



Fac simile of diploma awarded graduates from the Ford English School

end of May the Ford factory had employed seven hundred and eighty-three disabled soldiers. These I saw at work, in various capacities. Before me is a memorandum stating the exact disability of each. Positions have been given to five thousand four hundred and eighty returned soldiers and sailors. Since that date many more have been added. Direct instructions have been issued that soldiers are to be given preference over all other applicants.

A great problem in every factory is tuberculosis. It has been demonstrated in the salvaging section that tubercular patients are as productive as any class of workmen. Hospital treatment is given free. The state laws of compensation allow ten dollars weekly to a bedridden man. The Ford Company gives eighteen dollars or twenty dollars. Mr. Ford believes that regular wages and light work will chase away worry and expedite a man's recovery. Hence handwork is taken each day to patients able to sit up and they are enabled to earn full wages.

* * * *

Mr. Ford has attended church since his boyhood. With Mrs. Ford he is a member of a well-known Episcopal cathedral. He laughingly claims to have lost interest in churches since the morning his automobile was stolen while he was attending services. He is fond of saying that he "believed in religion but doesn't work at it much."

Just as he conceived the perfection of his tractor, while on a vacation, by watching the propelling movement of a horse's legs, so his alert mind reaches out to help humanity. Indifferent to the usual amusements and hobbies of men of the world, he has his own interests and recreations. He believes in practicing the gospel—"Give a man the chance he deserves, not charity." The following incident is so unusual as to seem almost improbable, yet it is true.

As Mr. Ford was driving one day he passed a much bedraggled tramp to whom he gave a lift. The tramp claimed to

be penniless and without work and for that reason was walking to his sister's home in Connecticut. The next day he was given a position. The employment office was instructed to have him bathe, to equip him with necessary clothes and report his progress to the office. All moved smoothly for a while, but, unlike the usual fairy tale, the end of the month found a restless worker instead of a diligent one. He was moved to another department. Yet when pay day came his restlessness had grown to loud protests, and to Mr. Ford was brought the news that wanderlust was beckoning his protégé, who had threatened to quit.

"What's this I hear?" asked Mr. Ford, when the prodigal came to his office.

Into his ear was poured a homesick story of a yearning for the far-away sister that would have done credit to an artist. Mr. Ford listened patiently.

"See here, Bill," he said, "you haven't any idea of going to Connecticut. You're hunting trouble. You don't want work or a home; you want to quit so you can be a plain shiftless tramp."

The ex-hobo studied the carpet; "yes, that was it," he admitted. "A factory is no place for me; I'm lazy. I've lived my own life so long that I like it."

"All right," said the quiet, kindly man, "you can quit. I've told them not to bother with you any longer. I liked you and believed in you, but if you won't stick you can go. But remember one thing: I am not going to let you slip back into your old ways. I'm going to employ a man to follow you everywhere you go and watch everything you do. If you ever feel sorry for the way you have treated me you can come back to your old place, provided you are willing to work. Until you do, I am going to watch you every minute. Perhaps you will decide to brace up and be a man."

"Gosh," said the surprised man, "gosh! If you're going to do that I might as well give in right now."

This tramp now works faithfully over his tasks; he is an earnest toiler. Again the theory succeeded.

* * * *

The next five years will witness the most important readjustment period of our nation's history. It will be the time when capital and labor must throw off their shackles and meet on a middle ground of consideration, recognizing the rights of each to the other. Organized labor will have to make great concessions. Capital will have to make even greater ones. Neither group can strangle the other, if the principles for which our boys fought and died are to live.

Is it right that the soldiers who fought to save this country shall be assailed by food profiteers, by rent pirates, by selfish capitalists and dictated to by labor organizations? What is to be the ideal solution? Will practical education be incorporated into the new order of industry? Is real Americanism going to be the foundation stone of the nation, or will the country wait until the serious conditions of today become a menace?

Henry Ford has again raised wages and again curtailed profits. At the same time he is reducing the price of his car. Yet he makes a fabulous amount of money. Are his theories and their practical workings for the last five years worth while? Many factories, industries and department stores are putting the interest of their workers above the volume of their profits. They are doing their utmost to benefit their workers, to pay them fair wages and to maintain helpful welfare departments, somewhat similar to the Ford Educational Department. There are still some concerns where women and girls are paid wages that are disgraceful and shameful and utterly destructive to the morale of the country. Is it right or even necessary? Or, is it better to give labor a square deal and to do it on the basis of honest-to-goodness Americanism?

Strickland Gillilan

By HIMSELF

THAT'S right. If he weren't by himself he wouldn't write at all. I do all my writing by myself. So anything of mine you see written you may, even if it is not so labeled, safely add "by himself."

I did as all persons who are asked for an autobiography ought to do—I waited for the psychological moment when egotism was at its very lowest ebb before tackling the job. Last night I spoke at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, waited from 10:50 till 12:05 for an 11:15 train, slept with my Tuxedo for a pillow, awoke frozen and dejected in Harrisburg, had indigestion from a fried egg sandwich and a glass of milk I had desperately inhaled at Shippensburg (oh, if I had merely put in the time instead of those other things), finally got to sleep and was awakened at daybreak by a band playing in the street under my window. Had a good friend disappoint me for breakfast that he was going to buy, had to buy my own—is there a time when a man can feel worse than when all these things have happened to him and he has slept cold in the bargain? All right. Now let's autobiog. awhile.

I think Taurus was regnant when I was born. But maybe it was Sagittarius. For I am fond of "the bull" and am a rank Prohibitionist.

Yet in my early life I exhibited advance indications of the splendid judgment that was to characterize my later career. This judgment showed itself first in my selection of the best pair of parents any lad ever had. Later it was evidenced in my keen foresight in never having any money when phony stocks were floating on the market. Father was a red-whiskered farmer of unlimited physical and moral strength. Rivaling him in these other things, my mother had the most remarkable mind I have ever come into contact with. She did things mentally that no one else in the community could do. She thought I was handsome. She should have been a healer.

Father loved his children very much, but would have died rather than tell them so. He belonged to the school whose chief tenet was that it was a sign of weak-mindedness to show a symptom of affection toward another member of the family. Scorn, dislike, pity—these were permissible according to the code. But affection? Never! Mother wasn't so averse to emotional displays. The female of the species is more several things than the male.

I have said the foregoing to bring out adroitly, without saying so in so many words, the significant fact that my parents were a man and a woman.

I loved school devotedly in my youth. There was a lot of particularly hard farm work to do just when school was about to open each fall. Having started to school, I found I really did like it, and never missed a day I could attend. Books did not greatly interfere with my regular work there, which was largely social and athletic. Teachers used to dislike me. They would go to my puzzled and apologetic parents with the tearful story "If he *couldn't* learn, it would be different." However, I found, each fall, that I somehow knew a lot of things I hadn't known the fall before. This led me to believe those were the things somebody had repeated to me the year before with a view of teaching them to me. Later I have become convinced that this theory of mine was right. In an idle moment I once looked into a text-book and found that much of the matter in



Photo by Bachrach

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

it stirred faint memories. Yes, these things must have been mentioned frequently in my presence.

I once won a prize in school. It was a one-cent red-cedar lead-pencil awarded for the memorization of "Thanatopsis." I was the only contestant. I still have the poem, but the pencil is either lost or misplaced. A pencil can get a lot of misplacing in forty-two years. The poem has recurred to my mind every time, at the end of a tiresome night trip in a day-coach, I have gone "like a quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon—"like room by the cold looks of a haughty night clerk. Bill C. Bryant must have lectured.

I deserted the country-school via the teaching route, went to college awhile, escaped diplomaless, but was Hugh Conwayed (called back) after twenty years, and anointed with an honorary master's degree while I vauntingly wore a mortar board and a mamma Hubbard. This was at Athens, Ohio-notgreece.

I had dabbled with newspapers since I was out of short trousers and money. If I had kept on, I should have been out of not only short, but other kinds of trousers. I was not a success as a newspaper man. I was a fine bluffer and showman, but

never really delivered the goods. With the best intentions in the world, I was grossly inaccurate in my statements as to what happened and what was said. I have never met a newspaper man who was not ditto. So while I am discouraged, I am not lonely. Every newspaperman who interviews me is like I was. Even if I write it out myself, they take out words like "not" and all such words as make the meaning negative or positive instead of the opposite as I said it. Every newspaperman is an involuntary liar except a few who are not involuntary.

I overlooked the fact that I taught school. I do this because of the negative results thereof, both educationally and financially. Newspaper ranks are recruited often from school teaching because after a fellow has taught school awhile, he is not afraid even of becoming a newspaper man. He has nothing to lose and maybe something to gain.

I worked on papers in Jackson and Athens, Ohio, and in Richmond, Indiana. In the last-named town I fell upon great good fortune by versifying "Finnigin," which became a vogue, I might say. It was the first vogueing I had done, and it confused and pleased me greatly. No man who is not confused a lot can ever be pleased with himself. My mind has clarified since.

Troubles came to me—every kind but disgrace. I was in luck that way. I knew a lot of things about myself—still do, in fact—that I wouldn't tell for anything. So do you about yourself—but it isn't you I'm writing about, is it? The world was always inclined to spoil me and let me do as I please. This was because nobody could ever tell what I'd do next. I recommend this as a means of becoming a privileged character. Keep 'em guessing. I have had more unselfish kindness unloaded on me than has many a far more deserving person. Not that I really think anybody is more deserving than I am, but I like to pretend to be modest. There was always an impression abroad in my vicinity (I must have been sort of smooth in some ways after all) that I was honest. Honesty was so eccentric that I may have been led into it thru desire to be different. Who knows?

I worked years and years on newspapers in Los Angeles,

Baltimore, etc. They kept me about for one of three or four reasons: That they couldn't get the sort of writers they wanted; that they believed, or hoped, I would make good some day; that I was a confiding, affectionate pup they liked to have around. Never because I made good—and that's gospel. I defy anybody to do any worse work than some I did while in "journalism," and it wasn't all in my 'prentice days, eye-ther.

After "Finnigin" became generally known, I began reciting it in public. This led straight down to the lecture platform. I have talked face to face with several millions of my fellow-beings since that time. I have been intensely busy when not on the platform. I am on the payrolls of some fifteen publications. I market some twenty to thirty-thousand words per month. I address about one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred audiences per year. Yes, I am right busy. I love to play bridge with my wife and two other folks and have not trumped my partner's ace for three years, almost. I love to play ball with my eleven-year-old boy and have got him so he can send 'em thru a rigid groove in the air over an improvised home plate. I tell him of my wonderful pitching in my youth, omitting (because he loves me) the things that were said to me by fellow-members of the team while I pitched. I am mighty careful of his feelings. Some day he will be a very fast hundred-yard man. That was one of the things I could not do well, when I was making fair marks in jumping, throwing, etc., at college. My prayer for a ten-second son has been answered, I verily believe.

Why say anything further, except as to my beliefs, etc.? I believe with Darwin that mankind came from monkeys—I go Charley one better and believe we have a round-trip ticket. In religion I have never unraveled any mysteries and don't want to. I am still in a now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep stage of theology and don't find anybody who has really got further and feels better about it. Until the brows of the deep religious "investigators" grow less corrugated, me for the sweet, simple, childish faith that really is faith in a God I understand as well as the "investigators" do.

This is "all the news that's fit to print" about me.

A Vision Along the Battle Front in France

MILE after mile, and hour after hour, on and on we went thru scenes of horror, desolation and desecration. Where once there had been happy homes, blooming gardens, and fertile fields, were now only sagging roofs and falling walls, great stretches of barbed wire, shell holes half filled with water, piles of ammunition, and gaunt skeletons of trees, standing out against the sky, amid the wreckage of war; hideous remnants of happier things!

The many zigzag trenches, filled with white chalky soil, stretched like great livid scars across the face of beautiful France, once a perfect garden, glowing with beauty and color, now a barren waste. On and on we sped, thru village after village, or to be more exact, thru ruin after ruin, not a sign of life to be seen, nor a sound to be heard except occasionally the voice of a child at play among the ruins, or the sight of a woman standing in the desolate street looking at us with listless or tragic eyes.

When it seemed that the end of endurance had been reached, suddenly our spirits were uplifted and our hearts eased of the well-nigh intolerable ache by—a miracle—nothing less! In the place of upturned, tortured earth, smooth greenness and peace; of shell holes and ugly barbed wire, graveled paths, bordered with flowers of such beauty and fragrance—and thousands of gleaming white crosses!

In the center of this veritable garden spot, high above those sacred white crosses, Old Glory, proudly waving, keeping guard over our boys, notifying every passerby that here was the home of our heroes.

The graves of these soldiers were cared for tenderly and reverently by the French, before they were taken over by Uncle Sam, and soldiers are detailed, often comrades of the dead, who see that all respect is paid them, and that the graves themselves, and the grounds, are kept in perfect order.

In the cemetery near Soissons, we took a picture of the grave of a brave boy from Tennessee, and as we laid a wreath of immortelles upon the soft green grass, we were told by one of his comrades, who now had charge of his last resting place the story of his valor and bravery in meeting death with head up and courage high.

Is it not fitting that the bodies of these heroes should become a part of the land for which they gave up their lives? Should they not honor France, and be honored, by remaining where they so nobly fell, while their souls bloom forever radiant in the heavenly gardens prepared for them by the angels of God?

LILLY C. MOREHEAD MEBANE.

Do you agree with the majority?

The Pulse of the Movie-public

By
NASH A. NALL

Believing individual criticisms of photoplays are as meaningless as ridicule of the painting Mona Lisa, the NATIONAL sets forth a monthly motion picture review based on popular opinion

STRANGELY varied and fast are the movie impressions engendered by the three-score film productions sent into the theaters of the world during the past four weeks. But, above all, there is an outstanding force in the form of a popular trend on the part of authors, directors and producers. This is nothing more or less than the sudden popularity of the thesis of *faith* as subject matter for the average picture.

Exact accounting is difficult. But the general sentiment leans toward the belief that the very successful "The Miracle Man" caused the sudden centering of the plot-guns at the theme of *faith*. So well have the producers and story-pickers covered the field that today a picture built on such lines is nothing out of the ordinary. And there is good reason to believe that the photoplay constructed on such lines will not fare well in the future.

Following close on the heels of "The Miracle Man" came D. W. Griffith's "The Greatest Question," plainly a picture about the supernatural, dealing with the "way of destiny with just plain folks." In quick succession have come "The Family Honor," "When Dawn Came," "Polly of the Storm Country," "The Scoffers" (an Allan Dwan picture slated for early release), and "Jes' Call Me Jim," in which the likable Will Rogers probably scores the greatest success of his career.

"Jes' Call me Jim," at its initial showing at the Strand Theater, New York City, is undoubtedly one of the month's brightest bits of entertainment. The natural mellow quaintness and wholesomeness of Will Rogers has in this case been applied to a story of a kindly woodsman instinctively religious, but unknowing of the most elementary teachings of the Bible. The character portrayed in Rogers' picturesque style is strikingly truthful, the story has its pathetic and humorous incidents, and the general atmosphere is well carried out. It has been months since as generally fine a production as "Jes' Call Me Jim" has graced a Broadway screen, and it is likely that many future months will pass before another feature with as much entertainment and human interest will be offered.

And speaking of authors and their work, it is not out of place to mention that the greatest and most progressive strides among all photoplay writers are being made by one James Oliver Curwood, whose "Back to God's Country," "The River's End," "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," have literally brought him fame and fortune. Each of the three efforts is a decided success. Within the next few months "Nomads of the North" will fill out the quartette of Curwood attractions that will win for the author an almost unapproached place in film authorship.

A like honor, but applied to a different branch of the picture industry, is due another history-maker. In this case one Cecile B. DeMille is the man deserving of praise and tribute. During the month that has elapsed since the last issue of the NATIONAL, "Why Change Your Wife?" has

found a place for itself in the admiration of critical and casual movie-goers.

Without exception "Why Change Your Wife?" meets with approval. There are those who frown with disfavor at some of the typical DeMille touches that at times smack of the risqué. But, on the other hand, there are thousands of theatergoers who contend that this very element is the secret of the picture's success.

In all events Cecile DeMille has sounded a note that deserves consideration. Is it not a fact, so his production contends, that man's admiration for the girl he marries is caused to some great or small extent by the romance that surrounds sweethearts and courtship and marriage? Granting that such is true, is it not entirely logical that the removal of such embellishments after marriage reduces the voltage of a husband's love? "Why Change Your Wife?" drives home a moral that could hardly be taught in any other way, shape, or form. *The successful wife must forget sometimes that she is her husband's wife*, is the lesson pointed out. Also, a man marries a woman because he wants her for a sweetheart, not a teacher.

There is nothing so characteristic of "Why Change Your Wife?" as its all-around merit. "Why Change Your Wife?" is unquestionably Cecile DeMille's greatest screen triumph, and there is but little doubt that Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan never appeared to better advantage. If there is or ever was a better story of married life screened on Broadway, New Yorkers apparently do not believe it. In the estimation of the writer, "Why Change Your Wife?" is the finest accomplished in the picturization of married life and divorce in the history of the motion picture.

History-making in the picture business is not as easy as it might seem. For instance, not long ago there came to light (and the big billboards) a little girl named Constance Binney. With the sweet charm of practically every girl of eighteen years or thereabouts, this little lady made an instantaneous hit with theatergoers. Presented in "Erstwhile Susan," a pretty little picture, but hopelessly unsuited to her, Constance Binney was acclaimed. The eyes of the movie world were then fastened upon her; eagerly was her second picture awaited. And then came "The Stolen Kiss."

If there is anything within reach of the camera omitted from "The Stolen Kiss," the writer doesn't know exactly what it might be. A conglomeration of melodrama, nursery-maids' squabbles, puppy love, rescuing hero, Quaker girl, school days, innocence and stage aspirations kept Miss Binney unpopular and in hot water. "The Stolen Kiss" as a story element is supposed to be a sweet memory, but as a picture it is a bitter disappointment. Many are the hearts that long to see captivating Constance Binney in a picture that will do her justice.

Perhaps the most agreeable surprise of the month came with the appearance of Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Just why a splendid picture like "Alias Jimmy Valentine" should

not have been presented at one of the more pretentious theaters in New York City is perhaps a matter which the moneyed theater interests can best explain. It is a most commendable production. Its truthful adaptation from the play, Mr. Lytell's greatest acting in his career, its masterful exposition of the plot and the general makeup of the entire picture place it in a class apart from ninety per cent of the attractions being shown today. To the motion picture fan who wants to spend an hour and a half with a production of sterling worth, the NATIONAL heartily recommends "Alias Jimmy Valentine." The most critical will be charmed. The once-in-a-while theatergoer will be delighted.

Another delightful picture issued recently is "Don't Ever Marry," an independent production sponsored by Marshall Neilan and in which Marjorie Daw, Matt Moore and Wesley Barry appear. Fundamentally, "Don't Ever Marry" was made for laughing purposes. The producer has certainly achieved his ambitions. The picture is a rapid-fire mixture of laughs and chuckles, brightly interpolated with satire and unfolded in a most pleasing manner. The five reels begin and end so rapidly that the audience is left wanting more. "Don't Ever Marry" is one picture that will not be featured by the number of people who remember appointments just about the time the fourth reel starts.

A rather interesting and novel play was brought forth recently in "Romance," in which Doris Kenyon, star of the stage play, is again featured in the screen version. The picture is appropriately titled and should make especially good entertainment for spring lawn festivals staged under a silvery moon. There is no doubt but that "Romance" is going to be a most successful picture. Fans who favor lively action are apt to be a trifle surprised, however.

"A Lady in Love" makes a good picture to mention directly following "Romance." This production makes its appeal rather to the comedy than the dramatic sense. It has many moments of humor, some very nice human touches, and runs along gracefully for five reels. Harrison Ford and Ethel Clayton are the chief members of the cast and both carry out their roles in splendid style. This is one of Ethel Clayton's most pleasing of recent productions.

Also appearing to advantage in a release this month is Olive Thomas in "The Flapper," the story of a small-town, sixteen-year-old-girl who tried to act mature. The fashionable boarding-school miss who finds adventure in a sleigh ride with a boy from a nearby military school is the gist of the plot. Miss Thomas' personality can well be mentioned as a strong factor in the picture's success.

All in all, movie fans did not suffer in the slightest from a lack of fine pictures this month. With all frankness, however, popular favor centers around "Why Change Your Wife?" "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Don't Ever Marry," and "Jes' Call Me Jim."



Back-porching with the Kelso Family

Out of a manicure parlor in Los Angeles came lovable Bobby Kelso and his mother, Mrs. Lillian Kelso. In the studios of King W. Vidor, producer of "Better Times," and "The Family Honor," they found congenial employment. They started as "extras," smiled through many

disappointments, made it happier for those about them and found a pretty Blue Bird as a reward for their sunshine. Bobby's latest appearance is in King W. Vidor's "The Jack-Knife Man."



CECIL B. DEMILLE, the man who produced "Why Change Your Wife," in our estimation the greatest treatise on married life ever seen in motion pictures.

If there is one man in filmdom who can present the problems of matrimony in an entertaining and truthful way, it is Mr. DeMille. Seasoned with the spice of sarcasm, built on the foundation of truth, tempered with the thought and fads of the day, unfolded in a way that brings the intensity of situations to the heart of his audience, and plotted with such cleverness that even the simplest questions of our every-day life are fairly teeming with interest, his productions bear the stamp of the genius.

Broadway has not yet recovered from the pleasant surprise of "Why Change Your Wife," and likely this laudable DeMille production will still send a Mazda glare down the "Great White Way" when the autumn leaves begin to fall.



Movie directors need Henry Walthall for dramatic parts so much that they don't usually give him an opportunity to look pretty and sit gracefully at the piano. This is a scene from Allan Dwan's "The Splendid Hazard," in which the screen's greatest dramatic actor has his greatest role.



When Doris May smiled her baby-smile eighteen years ago in Seattle, Washington, her mother predicted a stage career for the child. Everybody laughed—laughed just like people laughed at Thomas Edison and Henry Ford. But mothers are always right. After an education at Sacred Heart Convent, Doris met Thomas H. Ince and began shooting toward stardom. Here's Doris all dolled up in her golf togs, resting between scenes in which she co-stars with Douglas MacLean in Paramount pictures.

**Watch for the
Heart Throbs Pictures
on the Screen**

*Watch for the picturization of
your favorite Heart Throbs
poem in Filmiland*

*His heart in his work***King Vidor, the Director**

By WILLIAM
EDWARD
MULLIGAN

Blazing his own trail, here is a motion picture genius who aims for happier, better people as a result of the photoplay; he is achieving his aim

THE eyes of youth penetrate deeply into the soul, fathom the mysteries and longings of human hearts, and see the happiness that belongs to mankind.

That is the conclusion most anyone would reach after a talk with King W. Vidor, for he is young, being but 26 years of age, brimming over with enthusiasm and energy, and possessed of an ideal which has for its object the making of his fellowman happier.

No, Mr. Vidor is not a preacher. He is just an artist—a motion picture director and producer.

While other motion picture directors are devoting their energies and resources to the turning out of super-dramas of love and hate, amid lavish surroundings and gorgeous society settings, King Vidor is assiduously studying human nature and getting that "back to the soil" atmosphere into his productions. And how often has this been left out of the reckoning by producers.

In doing so, Mr. Vidor finds that he has struck a responsive note—a happy chord—in the hearts of the public. And he is today striking the most melodious chords on the keyboard of popular approval.

All of which is no doubt due to the fact that Mr. Vidor is a very human sort of person himself. Consequently he is always seeking that elusive thing called human interest, ferreting it out in stories, meeting with it in everyday life and applying it to the screen with great success.

The human interest which Mr. Vidor seeks is not the sort of interest that takes one via the screen or stage through the gilded palaces of millionaires, the sham of society and the hypocrisy of international intrigues. It is the sort that takes one to the strangest nooks and corners, to the little, quiet southern town with its quaint old-fashioned ways or to the banks of the Mississippi or to any place where the work of man can stir a heart throb. And the field which Mr. Vidor has invaded is virtually a virgin field, almost untouched by the motion picture. While other directors are soaring in the heights of their dazzling society picturizations, making daring sex plays, comedies or satires on love, he has, figuratively speaking, "come down to earth" and is working close to human nature in its most natural environments.

For example, there is Mr. Vidor's production

of "Better Times," a story of a small-town girl, daughter of the proprietor of a run-down hostelry. The wholesome romance which follows the arrival of a baseball champion, whose training and diet causes the heroine to fear she has an invalid on her hands, his rejuvenation of the hotel, the tragic end of her father and the happy culmination of the story are worked out with a

climax followed by a demonstration of what family honor really means in Dixieland. The story is a refreshing variation from the average type of motion picture seen nowadays, and this no doubt accounts for its great success.

Mr. Vidor's most recent work was the production of "The Jack-Knife Man," for release thru First National Exhibitors' Circuit, and it is without doubt his crowning achievement. It is from the pen of Ellis Parker Butler, the humorist, author of "Pigs is Pigs" and other well-known bits of American literature.

The story of "The Jack-Knife Man" is well suited to Vidor's distinctive style of production. It deals largely with the wonderful love inspired by a little waif in the hearts of two remarkable and fascinating characters, a Mississippi river shanty boatman, and a philosophical singing tramp. The boy's mother, driven from the town by indignant citizens who feel that her life and character are a disgrace to their civic honor, seeks refuge from the blinding snow-storm in the shanty boat of Peter Lane. Though old Peter does his best to care for her with his scanty resources, augmented by the aid of the sharp-tongued but kind-hearted Widow Potter, she goes on the Long Journey, leaving little Buddy behind.

The story that follows deals with Uncle Peter's struggle to care for the small mite, to give him a chance in life.

For a full two hours King Vidor's earnest way of describing his ideas with respect to motion pictures enthralled me. I found myself almost enchanted

under his steady and reasonable argument that supported his contention that "the pictures that carry messages to humanity are the pictures worth while." With the assistance of a stenographer, the following is quoted nearly word for word from the mouth of King Vidor:

"The day is fast coming when the screen will make its appeal to the mind and not to the physical senses. Authors of vision are observing the signs of the times. Others, however, in writing for the screen, seem to be suffering from a sense of self limitation, fearful to put forth really worth-while stories about people who live and breathe even as you and I.

"Speaking now in a spirit of constructive criticism of authors, I cannot help but feel that they are not looking to the little things in



KING W. VIDOR

skill and an atmosphere of which only Vidor is capable. "Better Times," like its title, was an optimistic production, having absorbed the spirit of its maker, and proved in every way to be one of the most successful of last year's screen attractions.

More recently Mr. Vidor has injected this homely yet humanly interesting "back to the soil" atmosphere in another picture, "The Family Honor," a romance of the southland, in which beautiful Florence Vidor, his wife, was starred. Again the story deals with life in a rural community, corrupt, but ludicrous small-town policies which cause the arrest of the heroine's wayward but innocent brother, a romantic

life for their big themes. Yet, in this is their salvation.

"Never having been an adventurous American, trapped by a band of bewiskered, bloodthirsty Bolsheviks, I cannot feel any specific sympathy for one when I see him in a similar predicament on the screen. I have, though, experienced the joys and regrets of a ride across the state of Texas in a Ford. And inasmuch as there are quite a few million people in these United States who have shaken hands with Henry, I am convinced which of the two is the more interesting theme.

"It is not necessary, either, for us to look abroad for stories. Off-hand I would be inclined to say that none is so blind as that author who seeks inspiration in foreign travel books.

"There are many themes here at home and they are not laid in ball rooms either, for there are more stories to be written about the patched shirt of a working man than the starched bosom of a society idler.

"Suppose, for the moment, you were an author in search of a theme. Providing you are sufficiently successful to own an auto, jump into it and ride out on one of the principal thoroughfares in any large city. Choose one of those streets lined with the homes of the wealthy, show-places, broad expanses of stucco, verdant landscapes studded with prim cypress trees, and all that sort of thing. It is all truly beautiful—to the eye—but there are no signs of life about. If you want to call at the home of any of these families, you must wait till 2 P. M., the third Wednesday of every month, at which time you will be received with smug formality. Possibly, being an author, a gentleman of an analytical turn of mind, you may speculate with some sense of curiosity as to just what those people do on the other Wednesdays of the month. Possibly, if you are like most authors, you will vow that if you ever own one of these mansions you will want the world to call on you.

"Travel on, then, beyond this solemn paradise. A turn to the left and a jog to the right brings you into a less prosperous neighborhood. The day is Sunday. You are in front of the cottage of the Jones family. A flivver, loaded down with grandma, mother, father and the two children, is just stopping. The occupants of the cottage, father, mother and little sister, Sue, are joyfully rushing out to meet the visitors. (There's a picture of Bobby in the album in the living room—he would be eight years old next month had he lived.)

"Mother is drying her hands on her bungalow apron. Father is coming from the rear yard with a garden hoe. 'Come right in and take off your things!' Every day is calling day at the Jones house. Which of the two homes is of the greatest story value?"

King Vidor has perhaps the most promising future of any motion picture director in the business. His youth—for he is the youngest of directors—coupled with his genius for knowing how to satisfy the public, gives him a decided advantage over brilliant directors who have already attained the pinnacle of their achievement. Vidor's talent is still in the process of development and he is constantly improving, while others are at a standstill or have even begun to retrograde. He is engaged in exploiting a new field and has already enjoyed gratifying results. What will the condition of his talent be in five years from now when he will have had ample opportunity to gain the benefits of his rich experience in this new field? The writer is but one of the few who confidently believes that King Vidor will reign as the word's premier motion picture director, the most finished artist of his kind, and at least the most popular.

"Heart Throbs" Pictures

Carry you back to the days of childhood. Watch for them on the screen.

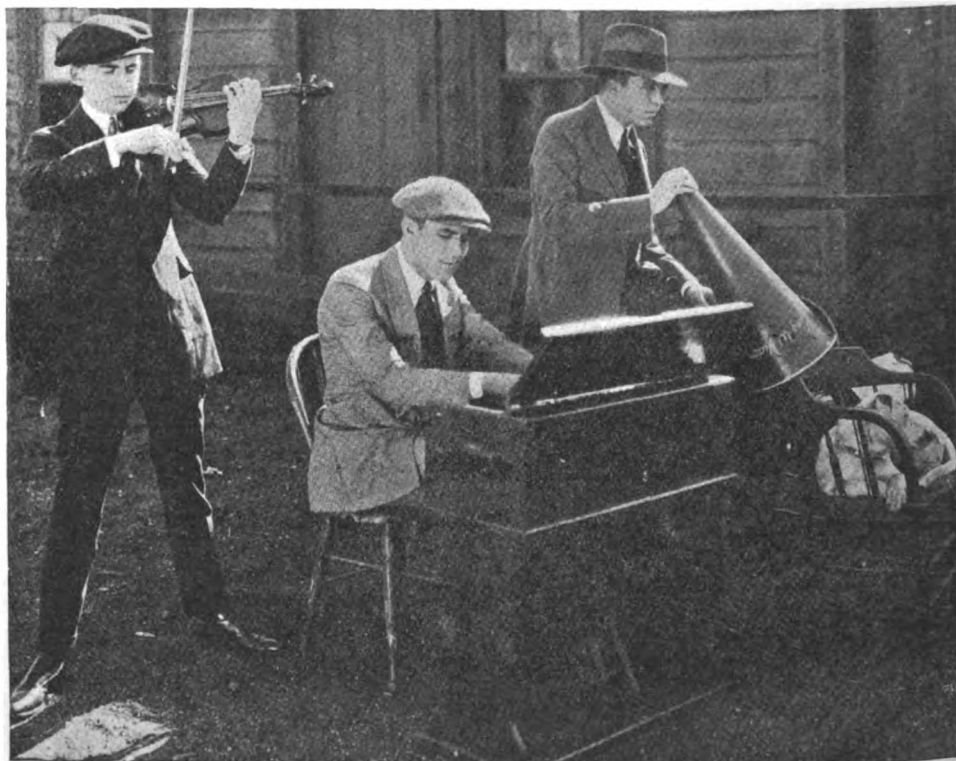
KING VIDOR AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Doug" is discovered
wearing his famous
"smile that won't
come off"



KING VIDOR

Directing an exciting scene
with the aid of 6-8 tempo



Goldye Miriam Nibbles Bon-bons

With Constance Talmadge

By
GOLDYE MIRIAM

While the screen's premier comedienne talks about subjects that are never mentioned in interviews—little things that little girls babble about in the attic on rainy afternoons—

WITH so much gossip about her engagement to Irving Berlin, her ten thousand dollars-per week salary, her wonderful automobile, and the diamond ring given her by an English Lord, I'm not ashamed to admit that I was nervous even before I entered the studio. Interviewing great people is a queer proposition. I didn't tremble when I asked Samuel Gompers some personal questions that made him grit his teeth; I wasn't bashful when Mme. Schumann-Heink, in the seclusion of her hotel suite, sang a ragtime song for me exclusively; I didn't pant when ex-President Taft submitted to my questioning; nor was I stricken with a case of stage-fright when Irvin S. Cobb asked me to dine with him. But when Constance Talmadge smiled at me and passed the box of bon-bons I couldn't help it. I just lost my breath. It was a full minute before I was composed. Then I looked at her—and I certainly stared.

Constance can't be over five and a half feet tall. She appeared a trifle slender—she must weigh about one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is a pretty golden and she has dark brown sparkling eyes. I won't attempt to describe how she was dressed. Anyway, our photograph editor is a young man and he wouldn't appreciate it. How well I remember what he said as I left the NATIONAL offices and set out for the studios. Said he:

"Now don't rave about her clothes. Find out about her. See if she likes olives and pickles and hard-boiled eggs. Just talk about what occurs to both of you at the moment. And by all means don't ask her about motion pictures. Just spend an hour with her as you would spend it with a college chum. You know what girls talk about when they're together. Just talk to her that way and then come back and write all about it."

So I began the interview by saying:

"I saw the prettiest baby in the subway. I almost fell in love with him. He was just beginning to say cute things and he even made the guard smile. Don't you just love baby-boys?"

The famous Miss Talmadge settled back in her chair. Evidently it was a relief to her that I didn't ask for some advice to young girls who want to enter the movies.

"I love all babies," she said. "The sweetest thing in the world is a baby's smile—from a boy baby especially. There are two times when the male sex is really cute—when very young and when a little bit elderly. I'll never forget some of the cute babies I saw in the surf while at Palm Beach. They were just darling."

"But don't you think the young man in his 'teens' is cute?" I asked Miss Talmadge.

"Well," she hesitated, "I think you are stretching the word. Cuteness is innocence. When a boy reaches the trousers stage, the majority are

no longer innocent. The average boy knows how to rifle the pantry at six; how to fool his teacher at nine; how to propose at sixteen; how to correct his parents at twenty and how to manage chorus girls at twenty-one. So you see, men are only really cute when they are too young to know anything and old enough to know everything."

"Connie" watched me speed my shorthand



CONSTANCE TALMADGE

in the effort to write down her clever epigram. I looked up almost exultant when I had completed entering the last word.

"You're quite expert at that, aren't you?" she commented.

I'll admit my heart beat a little faster. Praise from Constance Talmadge is a new sensation.

"How would you like to be a stenographer?" I blurted out, forgetful of how the question might sound.

"Fine," she responded. "But I don't think anyone would have me. I'm not efficient. But it sounds like interesting work to me. What are most stenographers paid?"

"About twenty to thirty-five dollars per week," I estimated. "And they work pretty hard too. I have some friends that type, type-type, and they never seem to get any farther along. I suppose they're just waiting until they get a chance to marry."

"H-m-m-m-m," mused Constance. "That's a funny thing isn't it? Girls are born; they go to

kindergarten, ward school, high school; maybe to college, maybe to business offices; and then—they wait for marriage. Do you wonder why some girls don't get any farther than thirty-five dollars a week? It's because they take up work as a temporary pastime. Their hearts are not in their work. You can't make good at anything unless you go at it with the firm determination to surpass. Those girls and women who do take work as a permanent proposition, get farther along. I know lots of them and admire them too."

We each ate another piece of candy.

"Don't you love candy?" she said.

Here was my opportunity to find out about the olives and pickles.

"OOoouggg yes," I said. "And olives and pickles too."

"So do I," said Miss Talmadge. "Ripe, green, sweet, sour, Dill or any kind. When I was a little girl I used to dream of castles chuck full of barrels of sweet and sour pickles. And I probably thought Heaven was paved with green olives."

There was one more question I just had to ask. It was about the hard-boiled eggs. I was having awful difficulty trying to find an appropriate opening for the question, when Constance said:

"I love to play billards. We have a table out at Long Island and—"

"Oh," I interrupted with a blush. "Those balls look so much like hard-boiled Easter eggs that I'd be afraid—"

"Don't you just love hard-boiled eggs?" she quickly spoke up.

I could have shouted for joy.

—the hotel clerk

looked up from his book of registrants.

"You want to see Miss Lorraine Harding?" he repeated. "She's working on a Heart Throbs picture and I think she's just getting ready to go out on location."

The Heart Throbs girl stepped off the elevator.

"Hello, Goldye Miriam," she greeted. . . . "Why, I'd be delighted to be interviewed."

Goldye Miriam's interview with Lorraine Harding will appear in next month's NATIONAL.

Two hours before curtain time

At Georgie Price's Home

By
MIRIAM
SAFFIR

While Mother Price is making "luckshun" soup, while Alex Price is checking the song royalties and Bertha Price is playing dolls, the lad who brought his family from poverty to riches—

THE world's highest paid eighteen-year-old boy brushed aside the plush-lined curtain that bordered the window in his New York apartment. A few seconds previous he had arisen from his chair, his movement taking place, it seemed to me, on account of mental reaction against a question I asked. He gazed out into Broadway. The street was aglow. Headlights on countless vehicles made the pavement and sidewalks bright as day. Electric theatre signs, poised high in the air illuminated the tops of the highest buildings. But standing out in brilliant fashion was one particular sign that held our joint attention. A block away it gleamed, in pure white lights that stood out against all competing brilliancy, blazing forth the name:

GEORGIE PRICE

A full minute he gazed in silence at the giant sign. Then he turned and said in a voice just a tiny bit uncertain:

"Abraham Lincoln didn't try to hide his past. But he wasn't in the show business. But—I guess it'll not hurt my standing or decrease the number of people who like me. I'll tell you. Twelve years ago I lived in one of Brooklyn's near-tenement houses. I used to run ahead of my brother who sold newspapers and yell the headlines on his papers to get a few pennies for food. I always had a loud voice. Something to eat and wear and a roof that didn't leak was my idea of luxury. Why, there were times when—"

"But how many autos have you now, Georgie?" I interrupted.

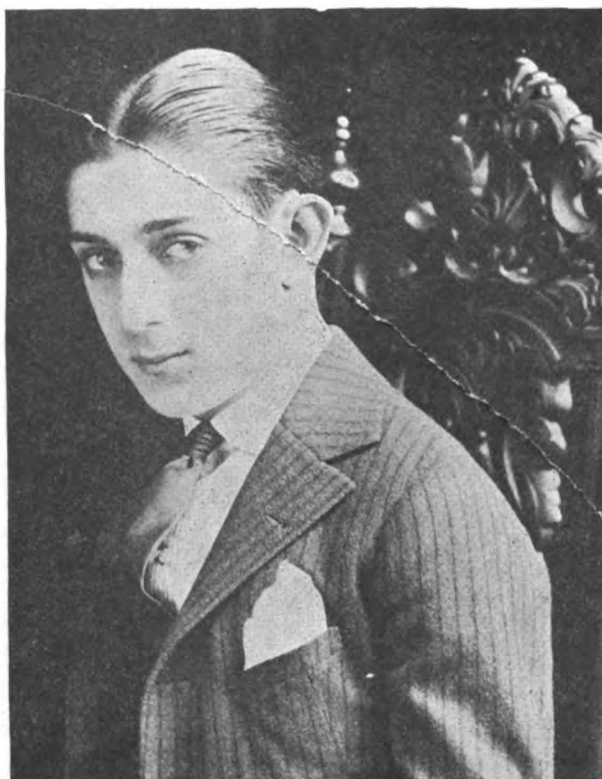
The lovable lad who has danced, sung and laughed his way into the hearts of a million American theater-goers proceeded to tell me his story—for the first time in his life—so he said.

* * *

Seated opposite each other for the second time, and while George Price was studying his method of introduction, I had a chance to take a close observation of the boy's features. His face, a little long; his eyes, clear and penetrating; his mouth, well formed; his high cheek bones and strong jaw indicated firmness—all in all, the lad looked not like an actor, but a strong-willed business man. His clothes were modest to the extreme. The low collar, despite a neck that would have justified a handsome one of high width, showed quite plainly that a flashy personal appearance was his least desire. Dark hair and eyes further strengthened my belief that Georgie Price's success on the stage would have attended his efforts directed toward other lines. His very appearance reminded me of a synonym of success.

A question was on my lips when the boy began: "I don't know whether this has anything to do with the story, but my going on the stage was like almost everything else the family did at that time, on account of necessity. They say 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' That's more of a truth than an epigram. In our case, my mother was the inventor, too. Why,

in order to help us get along—you see my father was lost for nearly three years, or maybe we were lost; at any rate, he couldn't locate us—why my mother invented some stove blacking. She



GEORGIE PRICE

found that by mixing ashes with grease she made a fine stove polish. She put this in tin cans and carried it all over Brooklyn. And many's the can she sold, too."

Taking advantage of interviewer's license, I'm going to tell you about an incident that George's sense of modesty asked me to treat very lightly.

Shortly before the youth became six years old he obtained a ticket to one of the cheaper Brooklyn theaters as a reward for distributing handbills. This show was a four-performance-per-day affair, featured songs and dances, risqué stories and ragtime, which at that time was just becoming an art. George sat all through the performance, could repeat almost every "gag," knew the words of all the songs, and had a fair knowledge of what the actors did to put their lines across. He immediately attempted to capitalize his newly-found ability. A visit to the fire station on the way home was his first step. The husky Brooklyn firemen gathered in a circle about the six-year-old entertainer while he put on a hour of entertainment for them, and George went home with nearly two dollars in nickels and pennies. It was then his mother found out he had ability.

"Georgie," said his mother, upon the child's return home, "here your mother slaves for you, walking her feet off with stove-blackening, and

you making yourself a tramp. You should get a good licking. Where have you been?"

And Georgie took out his first stage money and spread it on the table. Then he went thru his show. The good licking turned out to be a good hug.

"He shouldn't sell papers when he can make theater," said Mrs. Price. "My boy is going to be an actor. I see it in his face. Look, Alex. Look how he walks. I tell you we have an actor in our family."

And Alexander Price, four years Georgie's senior, also thought it would be a great idea. He was ten years old. Today he is Georgie Price's manager—with as much work as he can attend to, taking care of the great juvenile's salary, song royalties, and various other forms of revenue.

The first public appearance on a stage made by Georgie was quite an event in the Price household. Georgie tells it this way:

"Mamma scrubbed my face till it was red as a beet. She had previously invested as much as the family could stand in a new suit for me. I was all diked out, knew my lines and songs backwards. Everybody in the family, including all the neighbors that lived in the same house, kissed me before I left. I have to laugh every time I think of how Alex kissed me and looked at me when I left with mamma for the theater, which happened to be eighteen miles away. The family had nearly exhausted its resources buying me a suit, a hair cut, new shoes, blouse and tie. It was some tie, too—black silk. Mamma spent about two hours trying to tie it just right. Alex wasn't old enough to say what he meant, but I felt it just the same. He wanted something to come from that investment."

When Georgie and his mother returned home from the amateur show, the family purse contained about thirty dollars in nickels, dimes, and dollar bills, the majority of which had been thrown from the audiences. The big hit on Georgie's part was his song "Come Back to Old Manhattan, Nolly."

Then followed several weeks of doubt on the part of the entire Price family. Provided there were enough amateur shows, Georgie's talent could be capitalized in a most helpful way. But such shows came once every six or eight weeks. Georgie was ready and willing to go on the stage, but where was the opportunity? It came in a most unexpected way.

Among the smaller merchants maintaining their shops in the vicinity, about which the six-year-old Georgie Price played, was a tailor. This tailor had a rather varied clientele, among which was a young man named Herman Timberg. The latter was a good customer, by virtue of the fact that he was on the stage and appearing in Gus Edwards' act, "School Days." The tailor knew Herman Timberg as well as he knew Herman's mother. Moreover, this tailor had an inkling that little Georgie Price had a talent that merited development. So he took it upon himself to invite Mrs. Price and Georgie up to the Timberg's house for Herman's birthday party.

Continued on page 187

A sterling silver-sheet picture

Making Married People Happier

With a sound philosophy, that is based on the everlasting truths sweetened by master entertainment-makers, "Why Change Your Wife," should go into screen history as a classic



The average man would rather wear skirts than enter a modiste's establishment. The odor of the place nauseates him. The swish of chiffon and silk bristles his feelings like a frightened porcupine.

... And yet, here we find a doting hubby bravely swallowing his dislikes, buying his temperamental spouse a surprise dress. They've been quarrelling, you see. And he's going to bring home quite an expensive "olive branch."



He could please everyone except wife. And how she nagged at him. He smoked too much; he didn't appreciate classical music; he liked an occasional drink; he persisted in letting his bulldog roam the house; he did everything to anger a wife and please a sweetheart.

... Of course, the model helped bring about the separation that caused both of them outward laughs and inward tears.

... Nor could hubby keep from freeing his heart. What he told wife would have made Aristotle wrinkle his forehead and start thinking.



So different from his wife was this clinging little model.

... Moreover, he had known her years ago; had carried her books home from school in the old home town, from which both had migrated to New York.

... This little model liked this rich, young, curly-haired married man. She thought she had as much right to him as the girl who made him sigh, and fret, and worry—even if that girl did happen to be his wife.



... Naturally he married the model.

... While the ex-wife tried to look chic and happy, but used up more tears per day than any other woman in the world.

... Then came a trip to Atlantic City, a renewal of acquaintance and the logical thing happened—the spark of sweetheart love was fanned. It flamed.

... And when the big test came with an accident that cast a black shadow across the further life of hubby, it was wife No. 1 whose love held true.

... But she came back to him as wife and sweetheart, instead of his official affliction.



President Hadley's Heritage to Education

Democracy and public service, Yale traditions, strikingly exemplified in the life of her leader. His resignation comes after a score of eventful years



CRITICISM is often the best kind of commendation. When John Corbin, a Harvard graduate, writing in "Which College for the Boy," said that one might gain "a pretty clear idea of Yale's failure to produce men of advanced ideas or of originality in the arts, and of her success in producing substantial men of business and in the professions," he was paying that institution an unconscious compliment. "Yale is," he went on, "the typical American university . . . its failures and successes are those of the nation at large."

The book was published nine years after Arthur Twining Hadley had been elected president, so it applied as equally to the Yale of today as to the Yale which Nathan Hale attended.

After two decades of this typically American and inspiring service, President Hadley has offered his resignation in order to devote more of his time to economic research. He will continue in office, however, to the end of the next school year. That he has succeeded in his work is shown by the profound regret of student body, faculty, and alumni alike at his resignation.

President Hadley has been far more than a college president. He is the embodiment of Yale's traditions of democracy and public service. He has attained nation-wide fame as an economist. State and national administrations have called on him to aid in the solution of knotty problems. To these summons he has responded nobly, without once neglecting his primary duty as leader of a great educational institution. And, in the spare moments not occupied by these various and exhausting activities, he has written treatises on such varied subjects as education, railroads, public morality, philosophy, and politics. Such is the versatile nature of the man who for twenty years has guided Yale, and who for more years than that has given his best in the education of thinkers rather than the production of mere thoughts alone.

Of his achievements, more presently. Let us turn now to the man himself. President Hadley's father was a Yale professor of Greek, a famous philologist, and one of the keenest minds America has ever produced. His

grandfather as well was a teacher of men, having for a number of years been professor of chemistry in a New York medical college. And so it was natural that Arthur Twining Hadley should have a literary bent of mind, and more natural still that he should make Yale the college of his choice.

While he was still a freshman, the untimely death of his father occurred, and a career which had promised untold value was cut short. Three years later the young Hadley received his degree. He was then twenty years old. His studies were continued at Yale and later at Berlin. Upon his return to this country he acted as tutor, lecturer and professor, giving freely of his time to public causes.

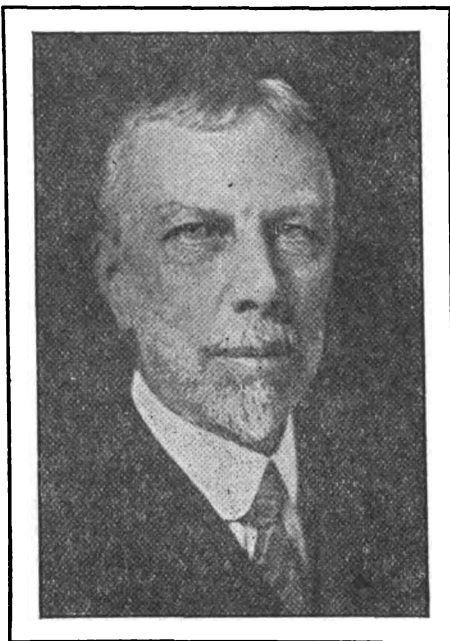
At the close of the last century the Yale Corporation chose him for the presidency, and they did so because he had already proven his ability. He had been a professor of economics and political science for thirteen years. He had lectured for three years on railroad administration, and had acted as associate editor of a well-known railroad periodical. He had been commissioner of labor statistics for the state of Connecticut. He had been president of the American Economic Association.

He was *expected* to succeed in this larger work.

Now, it is quite common for an untested man to be placed in a position of responsibility and achieve success. And it is not strange for a man of

proven ability to undertake a new task, and fail to measure up to it. The cases that are rare are those of great men who go on achieving greatness, continue in overcoming obstacles and making accomplishments only the foundation stones upon which to rest still greater works. This is what President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale University has done.

In keeping the university over which he presided true to her ideals of democracy, of public service, or valuing men for deeds rather than for social or financial prestige, President Hadley has performed an inestimable service. It was one thing, back at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when student body and faculty alike earned their subsistence by toil and attended classes when the time could be spared, to be democratic; it is quite another to



ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

President of Yale University since 1899, who has offered his resignation in order to devote himself to economic research. He has been instrumental in conserving the school's traditions of democracy and public service

maintain that same virile spirit in an age of rapidly ascending fortunes and of marked differences in social strata. This in itself has been a great accomplishment.

"Yale is intensely democratic," President Hadley said in a baccalaureate address several years ago. "Every man is encouraged to feel himself in the fullest sense a member of a community."

The spirit which he has been inculcating into the thousands of men who have come under his supervision is the same spirit which social idealists see as the ultimate goal of community life. It is the goal which looks "beyond both animal passions and human selfishness" to a service which is of benefit to all. He has lived this principle in the countless times he has given of his time and energy to public problems.

This is President Hadley's view of democracy:

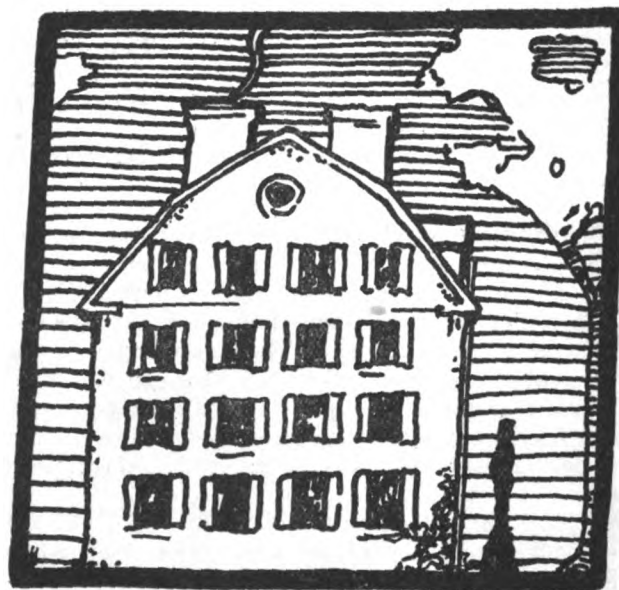
"Democratic communities have always been in danger of accepting the will of the majority as a sufficiently good test of what is right. However good conditions may be, they are *never so good* as to relieve us from the responsibility of making them better.

"We must learn to take the lead—not simply to accept public opinion, but to do our part in moulding it."

"Athletics have been strongly favored by him," says *The Graphic*, a Yale undergraduate publication, in eulogizing President Hadley. "He has favored their growth," it continues, "because the development of college athletics has been of great service in counteracting some of the dangerous tendencies of the day. As he states, they promote the democratic spirit, give the needed moral training, and, if properly managed, have still another advantage in training the students to honor a non-commercial standard of success."

President Hadley has co-ordinated the various schools which made up Yale in 1899, and from them has been evolved the present university. Financial resources have in the same period been increased four-fold. The construction of additional quarters to provide for some of the scores of students who are yearly turned away because of lack of room was begun during his term of office, and the Harkness quadrangle of dormitories, now nearing completion, will fill a long-felt need.

It was the morning after the resignation had been announced to the college world. The last note of the doxology had sounded in chapel. As the president walked down the aisle, receiving the bows of the senior class in



HISTORIC CONNECTICUT HALL

what is one of America's oldest college traditions, there was a significant hush. At the conclusion, there would be the customary rapid shuffling toward the exits. *But no!* For a brief second all classes remained standing, stationary. Then the spell broke and lines of men poured forth to breakfast at Commons, to the campus, postoffice, to classes.

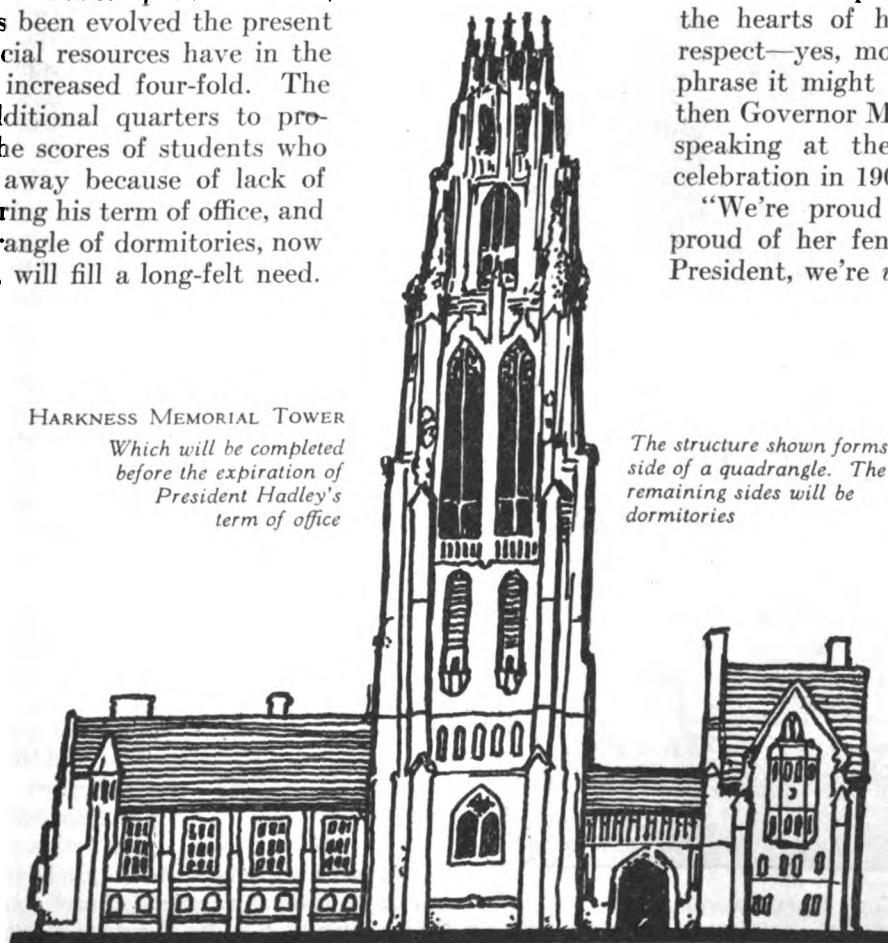
In that brief second's pause was a silent tribute of respect to a leader who has won the hearts of his followers. A tribute of respect—yes, more than mere respect. To phrase it might be to use the words of the then Governor McLean of Connecticut, who, speaking at the university's bi-centennial celebration in 1901, said:

"We're proud of Yale's elms and ivy; proud of her fences and faculty; and, Mr. President, we're *very* proud of you."

HARKNESS MEMORIAL TOWER

Which will be completed before the expiration of President Hadley's term of office

The structure shown forms one side of a quadrangle. The remaining sides will be dormitories



The mantle falls on worthy shoulders

Warren G. Harding—The Man

By logical processes of inevitable progression the Republican presidential nominee has advanced to the leadership of his party

HAVE you ever heard a friend who rises to public prominence discussed by people from random impressions? From a photograph, from a glimpse in public life, from stray paragraphs, the picture of the man is formed. Then you begin to realize how few public men are really known by the people. The true proportions may not always prevail in the perspective of an admiring friend, any more than in the hazy, indistinct notions that enhalo a new leader whom destiny has thrust into the foreground of world activities.

Four years ago I stood on the platform of the Coliseum at Chicago after the Republican Convention had adjourned *sine die*. As Warren G. Harding laid down the gavel, a group of admiring friends gathered about and chorused the remark: "You will be nominated here four years hence." The

remark passed as one of the casual political prophecies, but events recall events.

Eight years ago Warren G. Harding first addressed the delegates of the Republican Convention. It was not a brilliant or pyrotechnic speech. It was too conservative to suit the temper of the times, and he, like many others, was consigned by political wisecracks to the large expanse of oblivion that envelopes passing figures in the political field. There was something in his bearing and presence on the platform, however, which indicated to keen observers that he was in an environment he understood, and for which he was fitted. The whirlwind of political discussion was not new to him. At that time there were rivals and opponents who felt a respect for this well matured young star in the political firmament, and who insisted, just as the "home folks" did, that here was a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word. He looked, acted and spoke the part of the typical American, concerning whom admirers might venture the conviction:

"Some day that man will be President!"

When he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, his friends felt there was a Governor-in-the-making, but alas, political tides ebb and flow, and he was defeated, but two years later he was elected United States Senator by one hundred thousand majority—one of the first in this country chosen by the direct vote of the people. The senatorial toga came to him as a state tribute of his fitness to deal with national problems, as revealed first of all, in his address at the Republican National Convention eight years before, and his presiding genius in the turbulent days of 1916—four years later.

When the list of presidential nominees for the Republican party, with its high prospects of success were reviewed in 1920, his name was in the background.

"He came from behind," as they say in real sports.

His primary campaign was so modest that two-thirds of all the funds was contributed by the "home folks" at Marion. Every dollar carried the conviction of the "home folks"—those who knew the man—that he should be President. Some of the campaign funds were returned.

The unpretentious way in which his campaign was conducted was indicated in the cards used in the Republican Convention in Chicago. They were the very same as those used in the state primaries a month previous, with the word "primaries (May 4th)" blotted out. The same printed likeness of Mr. Harding was carried by the delegates, as by the voters of Ohio. The whole appeal was so simple and modest at Chicago, that the Harding men could easily wear the cards, like a miner's torch in their hats. All of which recalled the simplicity of Lincoln's campaign in 1860.

From the time Chairman Will H. Hays opened the proceedings by declaring it the greatest free-for-all national political convention ever held, it was anyone's guess as upon whom the great honor of the nomination would fall.

Bossless, leaderless, the delegates found themselves in a haze of speculation. They queried each other:

"Well, who is it going to be?"

And nobody could answer.

The time for a new leader had come. The delegates were there. It was a great moment in history. The one time in



MRS. G. T. HARDING

Mother of Warren G. Harding (died May 29, 1910)

which the voice of every one of the millions of sovereign voters directly shape and influence the destinies of our own country in choosing a President for this great republic. Future world politics are foreshadowed in the decision of the great

mother's passionate fondness for flowers was communicated to the son, who, in all the after years, whether at home or across the seas, whether alone or among the multitudes, had flowers for her every Sunday morning as long as she lived; and since

she passed away, in 1910, still clings to the custom of having flowers in his room on that day, no matter where he may be located, to recall the sacred memory, thus observing "Mother's Day" every week of the year.

Those first five years of life at Blooming Grove have left their mark. During that time the father and mother were busy with their patients and responses to calls from far and near. They were the days of agues, chills and fever, due every other day—demanding from the doctor and his wife time and absence from home,

even to sitting up nights with the sick and the sorrowing, adding forever to the luster of the services of the country doctor and the spirit of neighborliness.



Site of the birthplace of Warren G. Harding (election day is his birthday)

balloting tribunal in November, which will prove the greatest referendum ever known in history.

A BLUE-EYED BABE IN BLOOMING GROVE

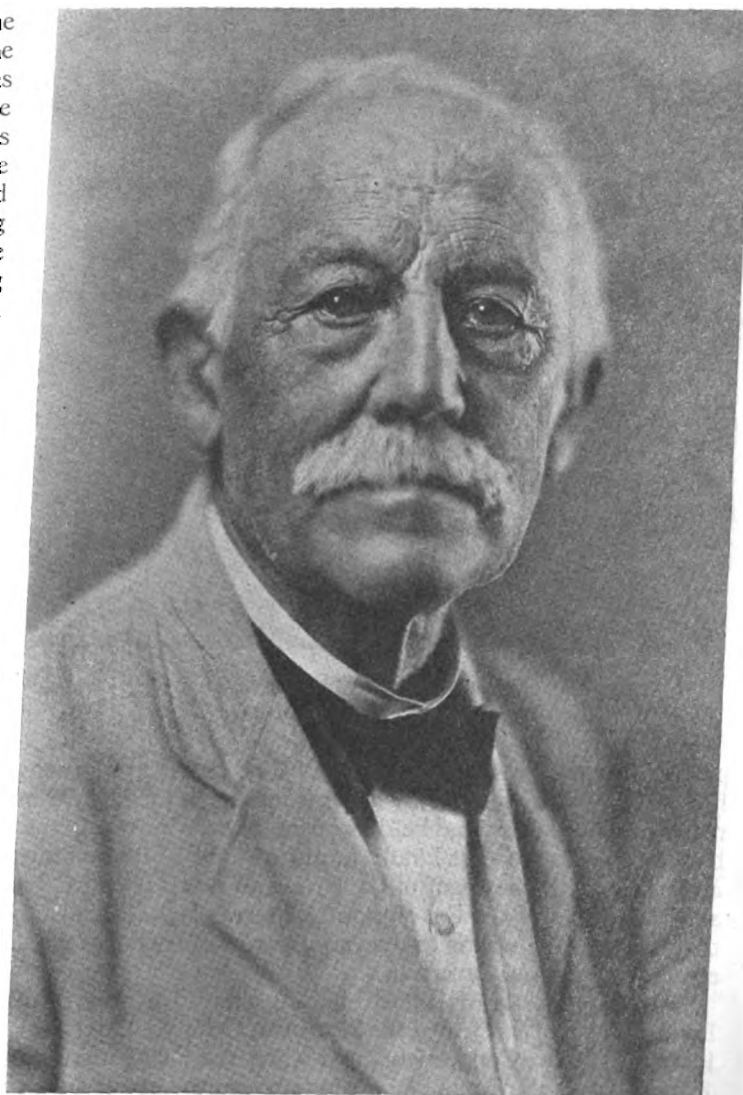
Years ago the little hamlet was called Corsica after the birthplace of Napoleon, but the flowers of the woods and the prairie suggested the name of Blooming Grove to which it was changed. Just one hundred years ago, on a little eminence outside the village, the Hardings located. Midway in this century, plus six years, a blue-eyed child was born, in a simple farmhouse clustered by cribs and barns. The mother rejoiced that her first-born was a boy, for she had dreams concerning his destiny. The old Daguerreotypes, still in existence, show the serene Nancy Crawford and Tyron Harding in a charming romance at sweet sixteen. This picture reveals the unusual charm of young Harding's mother.

These were the days of large families; yet it is striking to note how near to extinction this branch of the Harding line came. Owing to the Indian massacres, only a single Harding remained, yet like the Nile, almost disappearing at times, the family strain broadened in the next generation to generous proportions—no less than nineteen names appearing in the next family record.

This blue-eyed baby boy born in Blooming Grove was named for the husband of Aunt Tillie, whose name was Warren Gamaliel Bancroft, the latter being a Methodist preacher who lived a long life of usefulness in active service, and after retirement to the superannuated relation really began and lived another life of usefulness. The story of this aged minister's life shows him to have been a remarkable personality, whose smile and kindly presence radiated happiness and joy.

The middle name which the child bore was of Bancroft origin. Its significance is important, carrying the inference that the old clergyman not only believed in Biblical names, but, as in the case of Paul who boasted that he had sat at the feet of Gamaliel, that the name itself might influence his life.

True to the name he bore the child was an early student at his mother's knee, listening to Biblical stories, and always "hungry for more." Before he could read, he was committing to memory the great sentiments and truths of the Scriptures, and following the path of the immortal Lincoln in this respect. Before he knew even his alphabet his mother read him many books. During these formative days there grew up such a beautiful intimacy with his mother that it was never broken, continuing with tender devotion to her last sunset days. The



DR. G. T. HARDING

Father of Warren G. Harding. Dr. Harding was seventy-six years old on the day his son was nominated for President

During all these years the unstinted and chivalrous praise of Dr. Harding to his wife's untiring and unselfish service acted as an alchemy to bind the family into bonds of closest affection, and became a potent factor in sending forth sons and daughters to follow in the parental footsteps of doing good in the world.

THE HARDINGS A HARDY RACE

In the early struggles of rearing the family, the definite plan of father and mother was to educate their children. Little was said of ancestors. They were too busy with the



MISS ABIGAIL HARDING
Sister of Warren G. Harding

problems of the present, and realized that the Harding name had to be made a name by their efforts. In moving about, many of the old relics and heirlooms and records were scattered, but relatives in the East kindly furnished the Harding brothers and sisters with the proof of their right to be enrolled as Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. It seems logical to assume that Warren G. Harding to the very marrow of his bones should represent a typical American.

In 1630 John and Richard Harding arrived at Weymouth Landing, Mass., and joined the Plymouth Colony. Later, Amos Harding left for Connecticut, and when the Revolution came it found his descendants had again removed to Orange County, New York. Thus many of the Hardings enlisted and fought in the Continental Army with the New York troops. The restless adventuresome Harding spirit prevailed, and the family pushed,

on to Pennsylvania and settled in Wyoming Valley. They were there when the tragic massacre described in the poem occurred. The Slocum families, related to the Hardings, were scalped and wiped out in the massacre, with the exception of a little girl of three years of age, who was captured and carried off by the Indians. She was given up for dead after years of search, but the story of the lost child was handed down year by year. A vagrant paragraph in a newspaper relative to the probable fate of this child, came to the attention of Colonel George Evans, an Indian trader in Loganport, Indiana. While among the Indians one day he observed a squaw who did not seem to act or walk like the rest of the tribe. Her sleeves were rolled up, revealing the white skin of her arm, which immediately aroused his suspicion. He addressed her in the Miami tongue, calling her a white woman, and she started, saying, "Yes, I was a white child, but I can remember nothing of my people."

She was married to the chief of the tribe which captured her, but had left him to become the bride of the chief of the Miamis. When implored to return to her people she refused. Two grown daughters and a lifetime spent with the wandering savages had completely weaned her from her own. The spell of the wild was stronger than the call of civilization, and a monument to her memory was erected, commemorating her as "The White of the Miamis."

This story was received from the lips of Dr. Harding in his home. Although he was seventy years of age the day his son was nominated for President, he is still making his daily rounds of calls on patients. His step is sprightly, his eyes are not dimmed, nor his vigor abated. His memory is unerring on past, as well as on present events. He seemed especially well informed on all the current political topics, as well as the political history of the country during his long and active life. One could see the influence of the brain power and tenacious memory of the father who had trained his son.

The Hardings are a hardy race.

During the visit to the Harding home, a modest structure with maple trees in front, and a narrow, vine-covered porch, I immediately felt the homelike hospitable atmosphere of the place. I had knocked several times before the door was opened by the handsome and stately sister of the Republican nominee, who has maintained the traditions of the family as a teacher in the high school for many years. As she ushered me in, she seemed truly a queen in gingham. She had been busy about the housework. Her name is Abigail Harding, but she is called "Miss Daisy." Another sister, Mrs. Votaw of Washington, D. C., entered later, having returned from her work as an officer in the Juvenile Court in Washington, to the old home. She is the baby sister who spent ten years as a missionary in India, and established missions and dispensaries in Burmah. It was of her and her son—the last and the first born—of whom the mother had said: "These are consecrated to some God-like service to humanity."

How beautiful it was to hear this family speak of each other in such terms of affection, lending a new halo to the meaning of the American home. There was the other son, Dr. George Tyron, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio, who had chosen his father's profession, in which he has achieved marked distinction. They spoke of Charity (Mrs. E. E. Remsberg) the sister now in distant California, who was a great chum of the distinguished brother, who called her by the pet name of "Chatty" because of genial companionship.

What large family is not blessed with the name of Mary? A few years ago Mary Harding passed away in the years of blooming young womanhood, leaving to the family a great heritage. Though having only very limited vision she made golden minutes and precious hours of life, and she saw things not revealed to the physical sense, and her contribution to the enrichment of the family was a marvelous spirituality. For years her brother had read to her, hour after hour, books and papers, discussing the great questions of the day and the

philosophy of life and politics, for which her enlightened soul gave her a keen insight. When this sister, and her mother passed beyond the sight of mortals, the family circle was bereft of two choicest spirits, and the heart of the editor and growing statesman had received its deepest wound.

While I was there the moving picture men came to transform what seemed a sacred picture into one to be gazed upon by curious and interested throngs everywhere. The Doctor and sisters good-naturedly complied with the camera man's request to "keep on talking and don't look into the camera," as Mary Pickford would to a moving picture director. With true Harding hospitality, the neighbors and I were invited to come into the picture, but the circle was too select, and the camera man frowned, as did we all, for this was the day of the Hardings.

Then we were off to the Doctor's office. The way was long, and the day was hot. Closed cars were running, but the sprightly young man of seventy-six led me off at a merry clip down the tree-lined

avenue. It made "the fat guy" puff as we paddled along, while the Doctor kept up a cheery chat, telling me of his horse, and why he did not like automobiles.

"I had two—one I ran into a wire fence trying to dodge a load of hay, and the other had a meaner disposition than any balky horse I ever owned. No, I like to walk or ride behind a horse."

Up one flight in the *Daily Star* building and I found myself in Dr. Harding's office. On the open door was a printed pasteboard sign, that had been there for many years, evidently printed in the *Star* office from wood type, reading:

"DR. HARDING'S OFFICE."

There was the desk with letters torn open—open but still in the envelope, a bible and a mass of bills uncollected. Over the door was another pasteboard sign reading: "Office Patients Must Pay Cash." There was an old-fashioned rocking chair, with a pillow cushion; calendars showing Betsy Ross and the flag; a portrait of his son Warren; a group picture of Dr. Harding and his boys at the county fair in the front row of the grand stand. One window was decorated with flags, and another with flowers. The linoleum on the floor made a simple foreground for the portrait of Lincoln. The old slate with a pencil was there upon which to leave a message if the sign indicated "Doctor Is Out." The room at one side contained the medicines, and the other was filled with instruments and relics indicating the activities of his career. A gas fireplace made it seem homelike. It all presented a wonderful picture of a country doctor's office.

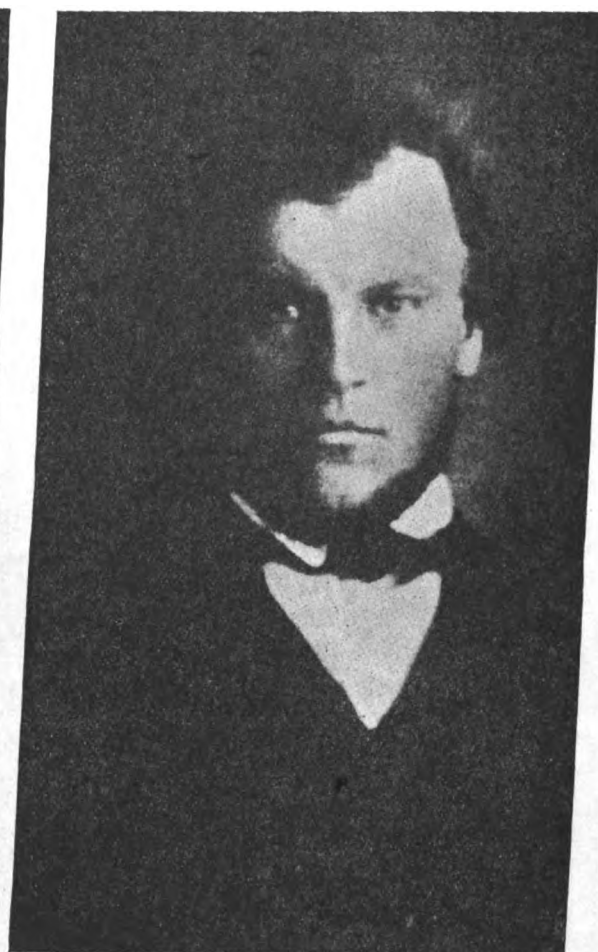
The doctor insisted that we go to Vail's, the photographer, and have our pictures "took" just for ourselves. Everyone

greeted the cheery soul, who was even as welcome in health as in sickness. He is a man of medium height, stubby gray mustache and keen gray eyes. He is very energetic in manner.

"Yes, I did try to have it dyed once—like Uncle Warren's—



Mary Ann Crawford Harding



Charles Harding

THE GRANDPARENTS OF WARREN G. HARDING

but it all turned pink, so I had to lose my mustache and begin all over again."

Open-hearted and frank, there is a wholesomeness that makes the visit with Dr. Harding one long to be remembered.

Across the hall is his son Warren's editorial den, and together father and son have been real pals, although following different professions.

In the editor's office he proudly pointed to the picture of James G. Blaine and the Napoleonic picture. There was the degree of LL.D. from Ada, Ohio; a cartoon and a clipping framed of an article written by a newspaper reporter sent out to hound him on a tour. Instead of this he paid tribute to the sturdy campaigner from Marion and lost his job. The pictures on the wall tell a story and the affectionate regards of the newspaper men for "W. G."

The Doctor left me to finish my notes upon the editorial desk of his son. It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and a little later I peeked into the Doctor's office. The woman attendant said: "The Doctor is taking a little nap after the vigorous rush of making calls."

I tiptoed quietly down stairs. He was just the sort of a dear old dad we all love. He seemed to belong to everyone.

THE BROADENING FIELD OF PUBLIC SERVICE

The unfolding of the public career of Warren G. Harding was as natural as the processes of evolution in the physical world. He was born to lead, trained for destiny, measured up to responsibility, and just naturally grew to presidential timber.

The home town of Marion is for him today, to a man, irrespective of party, because from the beginning he has been the

highest exemplification of civic responsibility and leadership and champion of sound government. The growth of the town from 6000 to 30,000 has had no more important factor than the work of Warren Harding. He has always urged his reporters to "boost" any man who ever lived in Marion and who has made



Residence of Warren G. Harding at Marion

any sort of a success on the highway of life. He has always taken the keenest pleasure in seeing his fellow-townsmen get on, and has put the strongest support possible back of them.

Whatever pertained to the public good of his home town found in him an ardent advocate and worker. Because of this the "home-folk" are for him. They know him, believe in him, love him.

This describes the man! As he is loved at home, so he has been abroad, as the horizon of his activities and as his career has broadened.

The qualities which have most to do with the creation of a strong personal following—a following which is not political so much as friendly—are first of all a rugged honesty, Lincoln-esque in its directness and simplicity. It is no small tribute in a large town to have mixed with Tom, Dick and Harry—and Warren G. Harding, by common consent, is a companion, a man sought—and yet to have retained through a period of thirty-six years the trust and respect of all. Through his newspaper he knew everybody, called them by their first name; knew their relatives and their family history. Long service in a growing American town is a supreme test of a public man. One of his favorite mottos is, "Honesty Endures," and his home people declare him sincere as Roosevelt; flawless in reputation as Washington; affable as McKinley, poised in judgment as was John Hay. He has not only made friends at home and found new ones abroad, but has kept both.

His first public office came as the natural result of his unconscious friend-recruiting. His friends expressed their views from various angles.

"We want him for the state senate; for he looks like a senator." "We will not nominate him for any office until we can nominate him for a senator; for he speaks like a senator, and he is a man who will keep right on going."

This was in 1889. In the campaign, his enthusiastic father took his picture from the wall and put it in the window of his office. This was too much for the modest Warren. Going in he took it down saying: "Let the other people put up the pictures. Dad; they all know where you stand."

He served for four years in the turret-towered capitol at Columbus, where his work on committees, his insight into state and national questions, his team-work and conference

genius, soon marked him as a man destined for wide fields of usefulness.

From this time his editorials on public and national questions began to attract wide attention. Here, if anywhere, he shows strong and big. The files of his paper are an open book. His every mood and whim was day by day through a long period of years put to the test. Here he stood four-square to all questions and discussed them in a fearless forum with his own people.

His ripe judgment, graceful speech, polished manner soon drew him to Chatauqua platforms and on the circuit.

His service in the state Senate won for him the Lieutenant-Governorship of his state in 1903. And in 1912 he first addressed a National Republican convention. In the thick of the fight he was a towering figure.

His election to positions of public trust was now a succession of data. In 1914, he was elected to the United States Senate from Ohio by over 102,000 majority.

Now the broadening career had begun in earnest. The world-war conflagration had just broken out. His coming was contemporaneous with the advent of a new world order. Here his long daily study of national and international questions found scope. He was made a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, had much to do with the document declaring a state of war, and later with the conduct of the great combat.

In all the exacting questions which had to be met, he soon proved the good judgment of his home state in sending him to the Senate. All the legal acumen of long study at home, the point of view gained even from the days when he sat in the home court room listening to the arguments of local attorneys, the ripe experience of long grappling with great questions of national import, came to flower.

He was recognized as the man of balanced brain and heart. His judgment was sound, having in it the vision of the statesman together with the common sense of a trained business man. Perplexing judicial and diplomatic questions were submitted to him, and in all his careful, well-poised, balanced point of view clarified the most complex questions.

In a pre-convention address before the Home Market Club in Boston, he spoke from the same platform with Governor Coolidge, the vice-presidential nominee, and little did they, or any one present, dream that this combination of brain, power and leadership would be combined on one ticket. Here Warren G. Harding paid a tribute to Roosevelt as the one who had brought the awakening of the American conscience and closed with this prayerful prophecy:

FACE TO THE FRONT

"I like to think that we in the United States of America have come nearer to establishing dependable popular government than any people in the world. Let us cling to the things which made us what we are. We are eminent in the world, and self-respecting as no other people are. Yet America has just begun. It is only morning in our National life. I believe there is a destiny for this Republic; that we are called to the inheritance, and are going on to its fulfillment. Let us have our faces to the front. Let us cling fast to the inheritance which is ours, never fearing the enemy from without, but watching the enemies from within, and move on to the fulfillment of a splendid destiny."

Added to his other gifts was a rare sense of humor, which, to the delight of the hearers, crept into even the driest discussions, and made him a favorite speaker. The story of a hat bought in Paris, illustrative of how the tariff works, may be cited from the traditionally dull pages of the Congressional Record:

HE CARRIED THE HAT HIMSELF

"Now, what were facts? Bear in mind that I had given \$40 for this hat in Paris, and the tariff is a tax, and the tariff is 60 per cent. Well, this hat was a very beautiful specimen. It was a large one, and I, as the head of (Continued on page 185)

*Harding and Coolidge—***The Choice of an "Unbossed" Convention**

How the Republican nominees, one a Senator who worked his way through college to his present position in the Senate, and the other the master of the Boston police strike, were selected at Chicago



AFTER being a witness of eight Republican National conventions, nominating eight presidents, I am wondering whether to view the Chicago convention of 1920 as a veteran, looking through a perspective of thirty-two years—or to consider this the first time that I have fully appreciated the processes of nominating a president. Well, here goes, resisting all temptations of reminiscences.

Badged as an assistant sergeant-at-arms on the floor among the delegates, I had a closer view in 1920 than when sitting in the seats of the mighty in the press gallery beside William Jennings Bryan, or looking over the shoulders of the National Committee, sedate and stately, on the platform. Dignity soon sweltered under the hot-house roof. It was a shirt-sleeve event.

The thrill of expectancy as the throngs gathered under the waving dome of flags, the buzz and chatter, the greetings and the chase for seats, is a spectacle that preserves the traditions of the Republic—for presidential year is the one time when every individual feels it his or her inherent right, to express directly personal choice for president of the United States. The discussions and expressions of preference cannot be quelled in the tingling excitement of the convention.

The scene was inspiring. Rows upon rows of faces, eager and expectant, in the galleries surrounding; ripples of cheers and good-natured chaff. On the floor, within the square, surrounded by a railing, were the delegates rallying about the guerdons or signs indicating where the various state delegations were assembling. This was the tribunal, located on one level, to give expression to the voice of the people.

An impressive distinction here was viewed. Among the delegates and among the alternates directly behind them, with a simple rail dividing, were many women—the first women who have ever directly participated in a national political convention.

The full and complete American citizenship as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was here revealed. The hats added a tone to the baldness of the convention picture, and the dress and beaming features of the mothers, wives and sisters in that forum seemed to make the arc of the family circle complete as the bulwark of the nation.

The faces of the delegates and alternates were aglow with the light shimmering from above and each one seemed to feel the importance of the event.

Moments of reverent attention to the prayer and to the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, were fitting expressions of the two things on which all agreed, no matter what struggle might follow—God and country were the real keynotes.

When Chairman Will H. Hayes came down the flying bridge onto the platform, he found the circle marked indicating where the speaker should stand, and read the words blazing in front: "Stand within the circle and speak slowly."

He greeted a convention that was as unbossed and leaderless as baseball bleacherdom, and hailed the fact as an omen of triumph for Republican institutions as conceived and founded by the fathers. His slender form and uplifted arms and ringing

voice started a swift succession of demonstrations for the party and the intrepid organizing genius of its national chairman.

When Senator Henry Cabot Lodge came forward and took the gavel, the lights flashed on the scene. The sounding board device gave a metallic ring to the voice, but everyone heard what was being said.

In the delivery of the rather lengthy keynote address Senator Lodge followed with phrase after phrase, with gesture emphatic as if he were handling the gavel.

The first battle on the platform in the committee on resolutions indicated a victory for the Hiram Johnson forces and gave hopes to his followers.

The address of Senator Chauncey M. Depew, who has attended thirteen conventions, including the one that nominated Abraham Lincoln, was a masterpiece. His voice rang out in the great convention hall with all the sturdy resonance of early years and as in the past, was a stirring note that brought together the delegates and audience in an expression of party unity. His good nature and optimism of achievement was a cheering sign, and the Grand Old Man further endeared himself to his party associates.

In the corridor at the rear of the platform, was the "marble room," where the real work and direction of the convention began. As the leaders came out from the convention hall there were hasty conferences. All seemed at sea during these first hours and none could venture prophesies.

The Wood and Lowden forces were ready to lock horns for the final test. Talk of getting the dark horse out of the stable began when the poll of the "light horses" indicated a neck-to-neck contest.

The long report of the Resolutions Committee, read by Senator James E. Watson, was really a triumph in dramatic art and recalled the time when he presided as chairman on that same platform eight years ago and stood with Hadley, of Missouri, the hope of the hour in a compromise. The platform seems to satisfy everyone and stood four square on the dominant issue—Americanism.

The real game was to begin as the flood of nominating speeches followed. It was a race for the prize. Everyone was on tip-toes, expecting that Governor Allen's nomination of General Wood might start a dark horse in the person of the Kansas governor. It was long and had been loaded up by the publicity committee and missed the target.

The nominating speech for Hiram Johnson was his undoing. It was pathetic and tragic to see a candidate massacred by a bungling orator. The Hoover demonstration in the galleries indicated support among many admiring and discriminating people, but it lacked foundation and organization, so much so that the demonstration for Hiram interfered with the body trying to secure his nomination.

The speech that stands out was when former Governor Frank Willis of Ohio, whose big voice has been heard before in this convention hall, named Warren G. Harding. He was good-natured, paid tribute to all other candidates, turned around to let everyone see and hear him, and then drove home his sledgehammer climax to his fellow delegates in earnest. Harding

immediately became the dark horse favorite, and among the delegates it was whispered:

"With Harding we can sleep nights. He's the safe man on a compromise."

Even before the balloting began it was felt that the slush fund investigations would eliminate Wood and Lowden, but the shower of red feathers falling on the delegates gave Wood followers new hope. The demonstrations were allowed to run their course—in the meantime, there were examples in arithmetic quickly solved as a summary was made of the first ballot.

With paper and pencil, thousands awaited the first roll call, revealing the actual strength. The game was on and the leaders pulled hard for their full strength. Lowden hopes reached high watermark when the Wood vote was tied.

* * *

Then came one of the adjournments that decides a fate. All night the struggle continued. Two hundred uninstructed delegates were sought in hotel rooms and headquarters, which were strewn with banners, cards, pictures, buttons and some hopes.

When I greeted Senator Harding some time before the balloting began he said:

"Joe, do you remember your prophecy on that platform four years ago when the convention adjourned?"

I replied with a country-editor salute:

"I do, but I am afraid it's gone a-glimmering."

It did not look to me as if Harding would be nominated, and I then and there lost my standing as a latter day prophet and an original Harding man.

For when Warren G. Harding had dropped the gavel in the Coliseum four years ago we prophesied he would be nominated there at the next convention. He had always seemed to be the logical successor of McKinley as Ohio's candidate, and Ohio always has a winning way in furnishing presidential candidates.

He was then becoming prominent in state politics, and the editorials of *The Star*, of Marion, were widely read and quoted. He has been a printer's devil and lived on potatoes and butter brought in to pay subscriptions. Ever close to the people, Warren G. Harding is a safe, sane man—just a human fellow-American whose judgment and cool common sense is required in times like these. His first suggestions were to make a snappy campaign and go to the people with the message of the hour, without wavering or pandering.

Twenty years ago in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE Marcus A. Hanna predicted that in 1920 the campaign would be for "Sound Government" in its fight against anarchy, as in the '96 campaign "Sound Money" was the dominant issue.

Since the 1920 convention the primary system has shown glaring weaknesses that must be remedied to give a poor man a chance to serve his people, for a real campaign now makes the high cost of living look like low tide.

Action was taken to have the National Committee arrange a plan for more equitable representation in conventions based upon the number of Republican votes cast and to eliminate the rotten borough representation from the southern states that has always been a bad factor in nominations.

The issue was squarely drawn without truckling to class or race threat. The world war has revealed that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, and in the fight for American liberty and an Americanism sound to the core. Theodore Roosevelt, in the last triumphal days of his career—proving the real leader in awakening this country to its duty, selected Warren G. Harding to fight the battles in Congress when executive autocracy sought to throttle the will of the people.

* * *

A pathetic scene of hopes deferred was revealed in the various candidatorial headquarters at the hotels. Banners and pamphlets were strewn about. The few Harding buttons were at a premium, but all seemed to agree that in the last analysis the people will choose the right man for the responsibilities of the hour.

The home of Warren G. Harding, at Marion, will recall the front porch campaign days of McKinley at Canton. The home of Calvin Coolidge, at Northampton, Mass., will be another spot from which the words of a candidate vice-president will be more than an echo going to the people in the remotest sections of the land. The world war has brought the country closer together, and geographical location is an incident, rather than an essential.

This is a U. S. A. campaign. In person Warren G. Harding is tall, dignified and kindly. He loves people and is modest to a fault. Calvin Coolidge's quaint Yankee drawl and power of expression and action will make him a help-mate rather than a tail to a presidential ticket. The candidates can both talk and write in language which the people can understand, and they know how to square their deeds with their words.

THE ALL-AMERICAN CREED OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

(From his notable address, "Have Faith in Massachusetts")

Men do not make laws. They do but discover them. Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundation of righteousness. That state is most fortunate in its form of government which has the aptest instruments for the discovery of laws. The latest, most modern, and nearest perfect system that statesmanship has devised is representative government. Its weakness is the weakness of us imperfect human beings who administer it. Its strength is that even such administration secures to the people more blessings than any other system ever produced. No nation has discarded it and retained liberty. Representative government must be preserved.

The people cannot look to legislation generally for success. Industry, thrift, character, are not conferred by act or resolve. Government cannot relieve from toil. It can provide no substitute for the rewards of service. It can, of course, care for the defective and recognize distinguished merit. The normal must care for themselves. Self-government means self-support.

Man is born into the universe with a personality that is his own. He has a right that is founded upon the constitution of the universe to have property that is his own. Ultimately,

property rights and personal rights are the same thing. The one cannot be preserved if the other be violated. Each man is entitled to his rights and the rewards of his service be they never so large or never so small.

History reveals no civilized people among whom there were not a highly educated class, and large aggregations of wealth, represented usually by the clergy and the nobility. Inspiration has always come from above. Diffusion of learning has come down from the university to the common school—the kindergarten is last. No one would now expect to aid the common school by abolishing higher education.

It may be that the diffusion of wealth works in an analogous way. As the little red schoolhouse is builded in the college, it may be that the fostering and protection of large aggregations of wealth are the only foundation on which to build the prosperity of the whole people. Large profits mean large pay rolls. But profits must be the result of service performed. In no land are there so many and such large aggregations of wealth as here; in no land do they perform larger service; in no land will the work of a day bring so large a reward in material and spiritual welfare.

The Spirit of Christian Brotherhood

The Only Hope of the World

Dr. Francis E. Clark, the distinguished founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, writes his conclusions after visiting war-torn countries of Europe

In world movements the Christian Endeavor Society was one of the first to make a survey and begin work under the personal direction of Dr. Clark, the founder of the society, a world traveler and observer. Long ago he urged with all the force of his convictions that churchmen must interchange work in the vineyards of the world to make mankind understand the real Brotherhood of Man

I HAVE just returned from four months of constant travel, mostly on the continent of Europe, going as far east as Belgrade in Jugo-Slavia, and was greatly impressed with the fact that the one crying need of the world is the spirit of brotherhood and fellowship.

Never were there so many enmities, jealousies, and heart-burnings rife among the nations. Every stranger is regarded as a possible enemy; hence the intolerable difficulties of travel arising from the necessities of obtaining passports for every national border; hence the high prices arising from embargoes and restrictions of trade; the nearly worthless currencies of many nations which cannot re-establish their industries and commerce; the strikes, the revolutions, the universal unrest.

I see no hope of real peace or world-stability and prosperity until something of the spirit of mutual trust and good-will which the war has shattered is restored. Conditions are likely to go from bad to worse, with possible world anarchy in the background, unless a real peace is made, not at Versailles, but in the hearts and tempers of men, founded upon the principles and teachings of the Prince of Peace.

To promote this spirit of goodwill every international and interdenominational organization should exert itself to the utmost. Good international commercial relations will help. Travel and exchange of teachers in schools and universities is of value; but, above all, the churches and religious organizations of all the denominations must do their part in bringing about the new era.

To this end such organizations as the Federal Council of Churches, the World Alliance of Churches, the Interchurch World Movement, the Church Peace Union, the Young Men's Christian Association, Sunday-schools and Christian Endeavor Societies should work together. All are international and interdenominational in their scope.

In my recent journey to Central and Eastern Europe, I was glad to represent several of these organizations: the World Alliance of Churches, the Federal Council, the Church Peace Union, but especially the Christian Endeavor Societies of the world. These societies are found in every land and seem to have recovered their full vigor and have largely increased their numbers since the war. The many conventions I have attended in Great Britain, France, Switzerland and Jugo-Slavia, and reports I have received from many other lands show that the spirit of fellowship and goodwill is not dead, though it has been sleeping, since Mars turned the thoughts of men to warlike deeds.

The hope of the world for generations yet unborn is in the survival and re-establishment of the Spirit of Brotherhood, which is the Spirit of Christ.

Francis E. Clark

"No more the Deluge"

Mastering Dayton Flood-tides Forever

How modern engineering science is harnessing rivers that water fertile farm lands of Miami Valley in Ohio

By BENNETT CHAPPLE



GIANTIC engineering projects are usually pictured in a setting of rugged mountains and roaring gorges. This is one reason why the Miami Conservancy work in the state of Ohio, which is expected to safeguard the cities of Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton from a repetition of the disastrous flood of 1913, startles the imagination by contrast. Fertile farm lands made up of meadow-swept hills or covered with golden grain for a century past have yielded their birthright and are now the scene of a colossal engineering undertaking. The total to be expended will amount to more than twenty-five million dollars.

The flood waters of 1913 had hardly receded before plans were laid to see that it should not happen again. Because of the many vital interests at stake, a great amount of preliminary investigation was necessary, and to Mr. Arthur E. Morgan, well known for his work on drainage and flood control projects in the South, was given the task of building up an engineering organization, as well as an industrial organization, to carry out the Miami Valley project.

To select the best men for the job was a matter of great importance. Thousands of applicants were studied, sorted, and the best prospects selected after personal interviews. The result is a body of engineers carrying out the many different

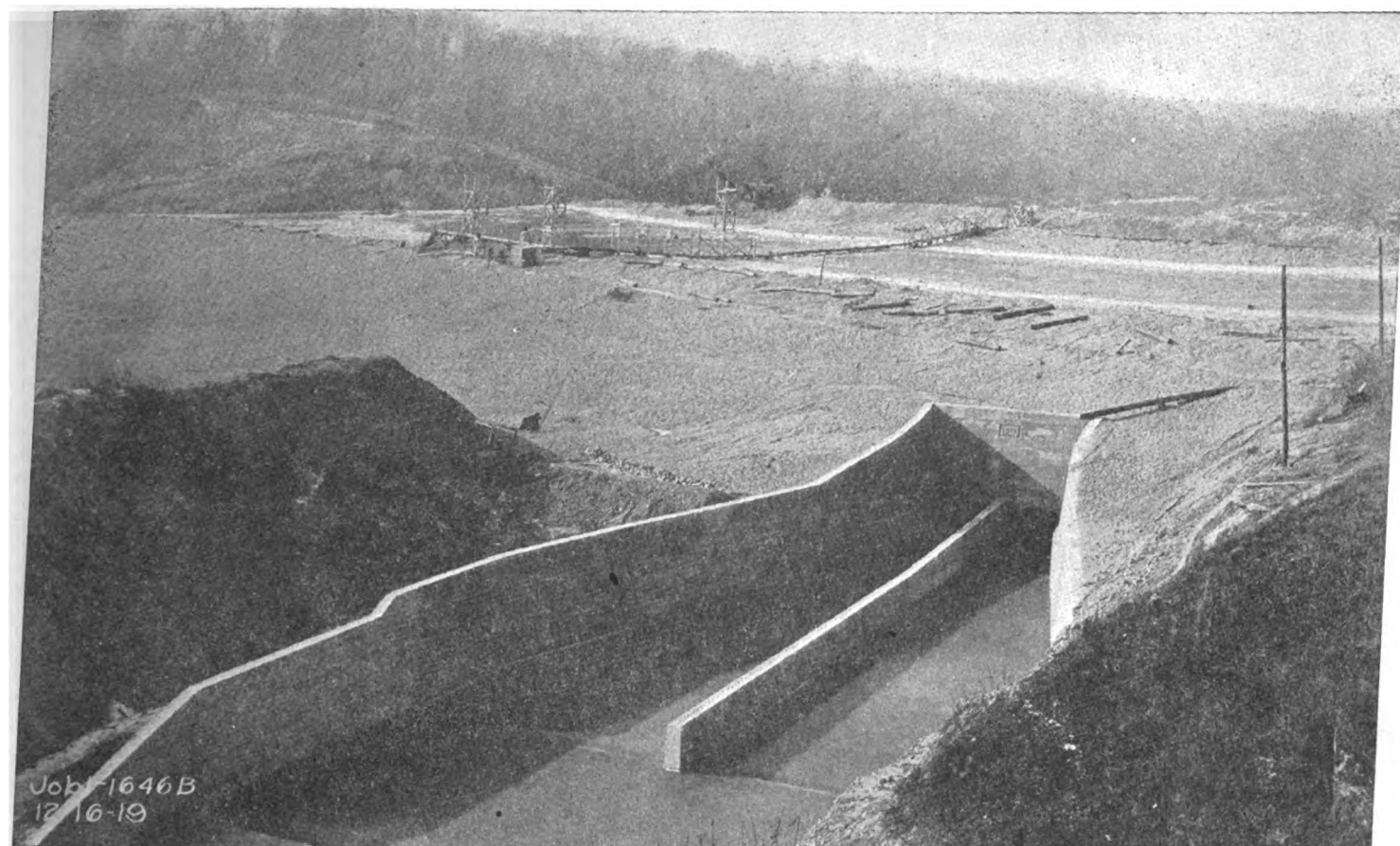
phases of the great Miami Conservancy project that is at once unique and interesting.

There are on the project men of many different countries, including the United States, Holland, Canada, Norway, England, Ireland, Austria and China. They come from twenty-six states of the Union. They represent forty-one different universities, colleges, and technical schools. Their previous work has carried them into many countries other than those mentioned. One has been in South America, where he built the highest railway in the world across the Andes Mountains. Another has worked in the East Indies. There are men who have designed and built dams and tunnels and pipe lines in Arizona deserts, and others who have built dams and tunnels along the New England hills. There is a man who assisted in designing the spillway of the great Ashokan Dam, and who also had an important part in the designing of the Kensico Dam at Valhalla, New York. There is a man who has designed and built drainage systems in the Philippine Islands for the United States government, and there is a man who designed and built the highest dam in the world at Arrowrock, Idaho.

These men were picked by Chief Engineer Morgan because of their special fitness for the job in hand, and all the wealth of education and experience which they had gained on other



Excavating for outlet structure at Taylorsville Dam. Dragline machine excavating a rock sixty feet in depth. Following up excavation with concrete work (extreme right)



Hydraulic fill in progress at the Germantown Dam. Outlet conduits are to be seen in the foreground. Whole valley is closed and total floor of the river is confined to outlets. This view is taken looking up-stream

great undertakings has been brought into this one great organization, whose effort is to free Miami Valley for all time from overwhelming and disastrous floods.

The task logically divided itself into five great dams properly located on the five rivers that feed the Miami Valley, and each had to be worked out as a separate and distinct engineering problem. The largest dam is at Englewood on the Stillwater River. This dam will be 4,660 feet long and will rise 120 feet above mean low water. Except for conduits and spillways of concrete, the dam will be built entirely of earth and gravel fill.

At Taylorsville on the Miami River, the length of the dam will be 2,980 feet and it will stand seventy-three feet above mean low water. This dam is also built of earth and gravel "sluiced" from the adjacent hills. In addition to the work on the dam site at this place, it is also necessary to remove several miles of tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad from the valley to the hillside.

At Lockington, across Loramie Creek, the longest dam of the group measures 6,400 feet, or more than one mile. The height of the dam is seventy-five feet above mean low water. Here, as elsewhere, the work is done by what is known as a "hydraulic fill."

The dam at Germantown on the Twin Creek offered new problems, and it was found necessary to built an entirely new channel for the stream. While the dam is only 1,210 feet in length, it is one of the most spectacular in the group, as it is one hundred and six feet high, situated between the rugged cliffs of a narrow valley.

At Huffman, on the Mad River, well named because of its sudden rises and floods, the length of the dam is 3,340 feet, with an almost uniform height of seventy feet in its entire length. In building this dam it was necessary to divert the river in order to build the concrete spillway and outlet conduit in the original bed. The work here has required the re-location of three railroads—the Erie Railroad being brought from the left to the right bank of the river where it is joined by the Big

Four—and the Ohio Electric Railway Company in a massive cut thru the side of the hill that reminds one of the famous Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal.

In all, it has been necessary to re-grade and re-lay twelve miles of railway track of four different railroads to place them above the back-water of the dams.

For the same reason that made it necessary to move the railroads, it was incumbent upon the Conservancy District also to purchase thirty thousand acres of fertile Miami Valley land. This included, among other things, hundreds of farms and one whole town, the village of Osborne, this latter consisting of about four hundred deserted houses, which are for sale to the highest bidder for house wrecking materials, as all will be obliterated by the flood waters of the dams.

In addition to the building of the dams and as a further preventative of destruction, the Conservancy District is widening the Miami River and increasing the height of the levee thru Dayton and other large cities so that it will carry seventy per cent more water than would fill the old river channel to the tops of the levee. The flood of 1913 was equivalent to a mass of water half a mile wide and ten feet deep rushing at a velocity of ten feet per second thru the cities of Dayton, Middletown and Hamilton; it was fully three and a half times greater than the old channel and levees could take care of.

From an engineering standpoint, the outstanding feature of the Conservancy work is the utilization of the hydraulic dredge pumps in building the dams and embankments. The method is very simple. The earth, together with about ten times its volume of water, is brought up by the suction pipe of the dredge pump and the mixture pumped thru dredge pipes to the point desired where the water is permitted to run away, leaving the earth and gravel behind it. As applied to dam construction, it has not only the advantage of making a cheaper dam, but a better one. The possibilities of the dredge pump and the dredge pipe for this kind of work is being greatly widened as a result of the Conservancy work, because of improvements that have been made. In one item alone, that of dredge pipes,



Railroad cut at Huffman Dam to carry the Big Four and Erie railroads around the dam and retarding basin. This is a view of the excavation looking toward the east

thousands of dollars have been saved. Metallurgical engineers studied the problem and recommended a special analysis steel for such pipe. The next thing was to find some concern who would attempt to make what was wanted. The question was put up to the Research Department of The American Rolling Mill Company of Middletown, Ohio, and as a result this concern, which had already established a world-wide reputation for the manufacture of Pure Armco Iron, succeeded in making a special analysis steel dredge pipe that is giving three times the service of former pipe, thus reducing the cost of hydraulic filling to a very great extent. Every detail of the colossal undertaking has been planned and worked out with the same infinite care.

One of the most interesting phases of the work, and which has required careful planning, is the disposition of the valuable farm lands which the Conservancy Commission has taken over. It is a big problem in itself. The fertile fields have not been allowed to remain idle, but have been planted to crops and handled as one gigantic farm, with superintendents at each of the five basins. Taken together, it comprises perhaps the largest farm in the United States under one management, and the yield in wheat and corn and other farm crops has been tremendous.

Upon the completion of the dams, these lands will be thrown open for purchase subject to overflow in wet seasons. Such farm houses and barns as lay along the river valley have been moved up the slope so as to be out of danger from submergence by flood and will be safe for occupancy.

The farms have been re-divided and re-adjusted to suit these re-located dwellings. Except during seasons of flood, the retarding basins will be dry—as dry as they ever have been, and only except at rare intervals do they act at all; they are

hardly more than what they have always been—extensive river bottoms of very fertile and long cultivated land, the stream winding thru them just as formerly, with conduits at the base of the dams large enough to accommodate the ordinary stream, or even moderate freshets.

Experts believe that these lands will be greatly enriched by just such overflows, in a way similar to the river Nile. Rivers in flood always carry large quantities of silt, that is, mud, fine sand and organic material which slowly settles to the bottom greatly enriching soil; it is one of the best fertilizers known.

At each of the dam sites, attractive suburban villages have been built for the workmen and their families with modern sanitation and conveniences. The days of tents and shacks of unsightly, unsanitary appearance in a construction camp are gone. It is believed that these camps will remain as villages following the completion of the work, for they lie in picturesque and beautiful settings and might well attract home makers. Mess halls, first-aid hospitals and stores, a community hall for public meetings and entertainments, and a schoolhouse for children help to make up the attractive life of the camp.

The task of buying all the materials for the Conservancy project is not a small one. It is in charge of Fowler Smith, formerly purchasing agent for the city of Dayton under the Waite administration. Mr. Smith's energy is boundless, and it needs must be, for upon him falls the duty of buying endless things, big and little, from a "spool of thread" for the Conservancy's stores to the most modern equipment for so gigantic an engineering project.

Four years more will probably be required to complete the work, but even today the great Miami Valley is safe from further disastrous floods. It has cost considerable money, but the feeling of security is worth all its costs.

Famous American Ranches and the Story of the Cattle Kings

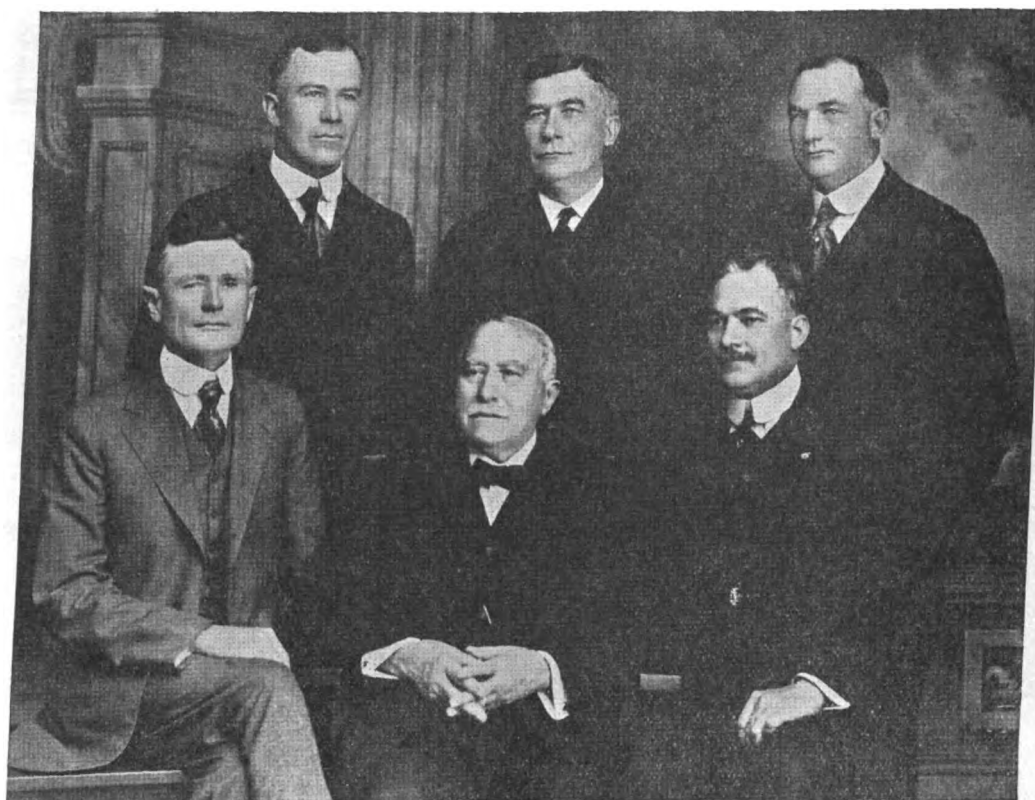
By EVERETT LLOYD

Captain Charles Schreiner of Kerrville, Texas—ranch and wool king, banker, merchant, philanthropist and benefactor—whose rise from a poor French immigrant youth to a commanding position in finance and empire building is one of the most appealing chapters in Texas history. One of Captain Schreiner's ambitions was to leave his eight children—five sons and three daughters—one million dollars each. But he was able to do more than this. He celebrated his eightieth birthday two years ago by retiring from active business and donating a site of one hundred and forty acres of land near Kerrville and \$250,000 in money to be used as the nucleus for building the Schreiner Preparatory School for Boys.

MONEY has a way of gravitating to those who can use it wisely. So accurate and unerring is the law of success that every man gets all the money he can safely handle—no more and no less; and the measure of a man's usefulness is his ability to make his money do service for others. Above a certain amount, wealth is excess baggage.

Captain Charles Schreiner, benefactor, philanthropist and millionaire Texas ranchman, was not unlike thousands of other boys of foreign birth who came to this Land of Opportunity; but from the standpoint of achievement—handicapped as he was in the days following the Civil War—Captain Schreiner is one of a small number of the most notable successes in American history. We mention Captain Schreiner first as a benefactor and philanthropist, because he was and still is essentially a benefactor—first to his family, his town, his state, his country. Though born in France and in love with the sentiment and traditions of his native country, Captain Schreiner is first of all an American.

The little city of Kerrville is seventy miles from San Antonio, and it was to this little city that Charles Schreiner walked the entire way from San Antonio in 1865 rather than part with his last five-dollar gold piece. At eighteen young Schreiner joined the Texas Rangers, later he joined the Confederate forces, was mustered out after four years of service and returned to his little ranch cabin in Kerr county; and here started over anew a business romance and successful career that is without a parallel among the cattle kings of the Southwest. Starting with a small herd of sheep and cattle, Captain Schreiner



(Bottom row reading from right) Gus F. Schreiner, Captain Charles Schreiner, L. A. Schreiner (top row) Charles Schreiner, Jr., A. C. Schreiner, Walter R. Schreiner

THE BUSINESS ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN CHARLES SCHREINER

Who Rose from Immigrant to Multi-Millionaire

IN THE YEAR 1852 there dwelt in the little village of Riguewihir, France, Gustave Adolph Schreiner and his wife, Charlotte, and their family of five children. The call of the New World, the land of opportunity, had come to them often, so that—finally yielding to the Western "urge"—they embarked from Sunny France for the shores of America. Landing in America, they ultimately removed to Texas, where they took up their residence in the city of San Antonio de Bexar. Here the sons and daughters grew into staunch citizens and acquitted themselves honorably.

It remained for one, however—Charles Schreiner—to emblazon the family name on the records of the great Southwest. Though but a lad of fourteen when the family took up their residence in Texas, Charles Schreiner soon distinguished himself for his energy, ability and creative genius.

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the Texas Rangers, in which he served with distinction. Then, in 1857, having married in the meantime, he removed to Kerr County, then a frontier wilderness infested with Indians and wild animals.

Here he located a ranch, dividing his time between attending his flocks and fighting Indians. However, the little ranch house had hardly become well established when the call to arms was sounded throughout the nation, and the young ranchman—joining the Confederate Army—fought with distinction thruout the Civil War.

The war over, he returned to his little ranch and his wife and one son, who were awaiting him in the blue hills of the Upper Guadalupe. On the homeward journey he walked the seventy miles from San Antonio to his ranch in order to save the one lone five-dollar gold piece that constituted his financial strength on that April day of 1865. However, he was undaunted and at once set to work to rehabilitate his fortune.

In 1869, foreseeing the future of Texas, Captain Schreiner—in company with the late August Faltin—entered the mercantile business at Kerrville, which was at that time but little more than a shingle camp on the upper reaches of the Guadalupe. At this time Captain Schreiner was also a county officer, having been elected County and District Clerk in 1866. Two years later he was elected County Treasurer, a position he held for thirty years, finally resigning in order to do justice to his large business interests.

Shortly after Charles Schreiner had entered the mercantile business, he bought the interest of his partner and set himself to the task of building a mercantile establishment and banking house that would stand at the very top. This was done so successfully that the Charles Schreiner private bank is now one of the strongest in Texas and having a banking home that would be a credit to any city in the State.

While amassing a great fortune in a country where there was apparently not much money, Captain Schreiner always found time, despite his multiplicity of business affairs, to take an active interest in public affairs, and has participated prominently in practically every worth-while movement. He has also been an enthusiast in the matter of building good roads, and has recently donated to Kerr County Road District No. 1 \$150,000 maintenance fund for the roads in that district.

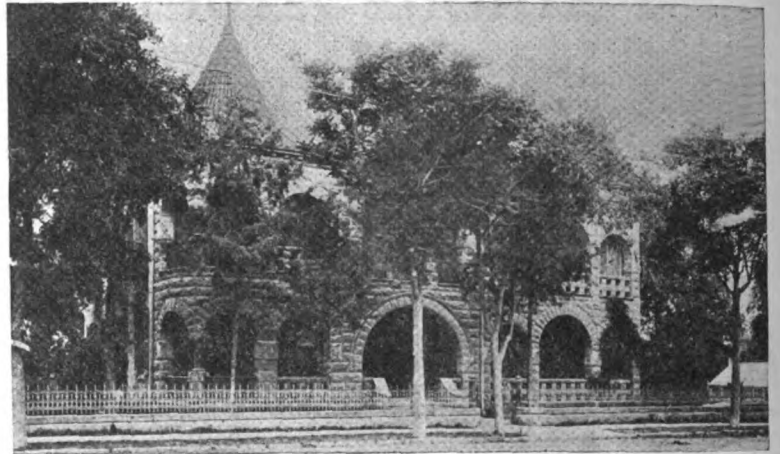
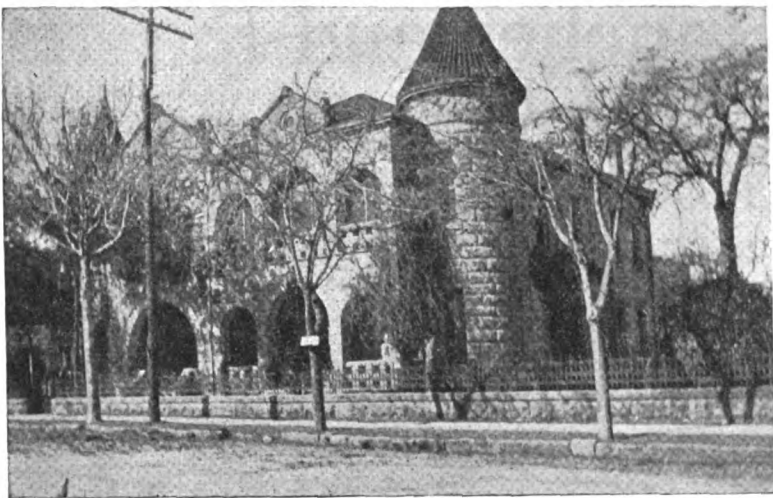
Now, after fifty years of business experience in Kerrville, Captain Schreiner celebrated his eightieth year—for he was born on February 22, 1838—by giving a fortune to build a preparatory school for boys near Kerrville.

The bequest includes 140 acres of land and \$250,000, and construction will begin one year after the signing of peace between the United States and the Central Powers, a stipulation that was made in order to take advantage of the lower prices of building materials which will then obtain.

The new preparatory school is to be located on the land bequeathed, which is on the north bank of the Guadalupe River near Kerrville, and will be a fitting monument to the business sagacity, patriotism, and generosity of this self-made American.

acquired large tracts of land; he became a merchant and banker, furnishing supplies and money to the neighbors throughout a half dozen counties. Many of these early pioneers are still customers of the Schreiner store and the Schreiner bank. He became an operator in cattle on a large scale and at one time owned five hundred thousand acres of land in Kerr and adjoining counties. He became a large buyer of wool and mohair, and the Schreiner interests are the largest shippers and exporters of these two products in the Southwest, handling several million pounds annually. Along with his other business activities, Captain Schreiner turned his attention to the development and settlement of his section of the country. He sold homes and farms and small ranches to the people on long time, accepted their notes, and to his credit it is said never foreclosed on a creditor.

Captain Schreiner is now past eighty years of age. One of his early ambitions was to give his eight children a million dollars each—but he has done more than this. He has done what few rich men have done before. He has reared eight eminently successful children, five sons and three daughters, all happy and prosperous. It was the wish of the father that the boys take up his varied business interests—the line of business for which they were best qualified, and in which they had been trained. When the estate was partially divided a few years ago, some of the boys were given ranches and cattle;



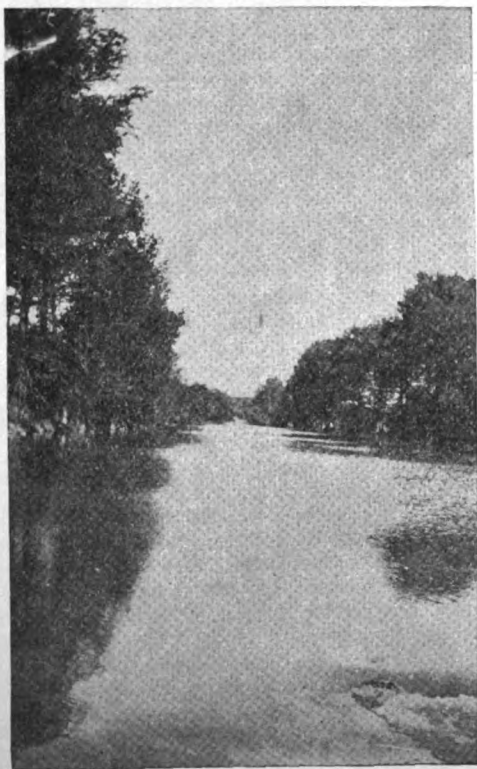
Views of home of Captain Charles Schreiner at Kerrville, Texas



Sheep and goats on the Schreiner ranch



Scenes along the beautiful Guadalupe River at Kerrville



A vista on the Guadalupe River



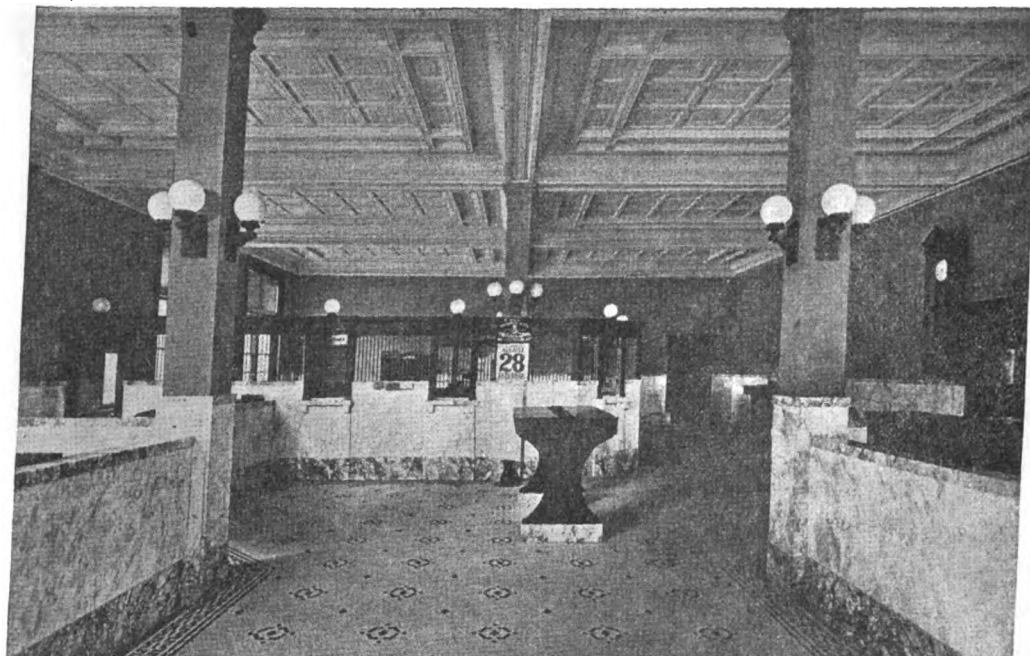
Interior of the home of L. A. Schreiner, showing native deer heads from Schreiner ranches

one was given the Schreiner store; another was given the Schreiner bank; another the wool and mohair business. To the daughters, ranches, cattle, property and money were likewise given, and in this way approximately \$8,000,000 was equally pro-rated. Each of the children received his or her favorite ranch or business enterprise, and all were satisfied. There was no squabbling or quibbling. All the Schreiner children are "favorites" in the eyes of their father, and each received according to his wishes. He had lived to see one of his early ambitions realized—striking contrast to his own start in life fifty years ago with five dollars capital.

Captain Charles Schreiner was born in the little village of Riguewih, France, February 22, 1838, the son of Gustave Adolphe and Charlotte Schreiner. He came to America with his parents when he was fourteen years of age. What little schooling he had, if any, was had in France, for at the age of sixteen young Schreiner joined the Texas Rangers. About this time or shortly thereafter, he married and took up his home in the wilds of Kerr county, dividing his time between tending his herds and fighting Comanche Indians who were a source of discomfort to the early settlers. Then came the Civil War, and the young ranchman heard the call of his country.

Kerr County could not have been an unusually attractive place after the war, but it was there that Charles Schreiner had taken his bride four years before, there he had built a cabin of hand-wrought lumber and shingles, and there he was later to become the owner of great tracts of land and vast herds of cattle, sheep and goats; the owner and operator of a great mercantile establishment and bank, provisioning and financing the entire population for seventy-five miles in all directions. He bought everything the people had to sell and in turn supplied their needs. He became the central figure in all the affairs of his own and adjoining counties. He helped his people prosper and became a rich man. Years ago when there were few large banks in Texas, the Schreiner Bank at Kerrville displayed this notice on the window: "Charles Schreiner, Banker, Individual Responsibility, Over \$3,000,000." But as a matter of fact this amount represented probably less than a third of the owner's actual resources.

In all the references and biographical sketches I have seen of Captain Schreiner, he gives much



Interior of Charles Schreiner Bank, Kerrville. Financially this is one of the strongest private banking firms in the United States, with resources running into the millions. Established in 1869 by Captain Charles Schreiner, the bank is now owned and operated by his son, L. A. Schreiner. A few years ago Captain Schreiner gave to each of his eight children property equivalent to one million dollars. L. A. Schreiner having grown up in the banking business it was but natural that the bank should go to him, the other children receiving ranches and business enterprises for which they were especially suited and trained

tal stock of the original Schreiner store, then known as Faltin & Company. Starting in a small way in 1869, this store grew to be one of the strongest mercantile establishments in Texas, with unlimited credit as well as cash resources. The first year's sales ran somewhere around five thousand dollars. The total annual business now is close to a million dollars yearly.

All the Schreiner enterprises and industries assumed large proportions. Kerrville, being one of the largest wool and mohair markets in the United States, Captain Schreiner soon became known as a large buyer and shipper, the growers consigning their output to him thruout a wide territory. They had confidence in his judgment and knew his reputation for square dealing. He had built his success largely on personal honor. The wool and mohair industry grew into a business amounting to a few million dollars a year; the store and bank grew in volume of business and resources; the ranch and cattle interests were large enterprises—all the result of the efforts of one man who had come to this country a few years before a penniless French immigrant. Yet with all the influence and power of the combined Schreiner interests, the town of Kerrville was never a "one-man" nor a "one-firm" town. The Schreiners have always headed the list for public improvements and civic betterments, whether it related to building good roads, churches, or schools. The 740-acre site to be used in building a tuberculosis hospital for returned soldiers at Kerrville is the gift of the Schreiner family. A \$150,000 good roads maintenance fund, a \$250,000 fund for building a boys' school are other Schreiner benefactions to

the people of Kerr county and city of Kerrville.

The Schreiner boys are all able and high-minded business men, content to remain in the little town where their father accumulated his wealth. The three daughters—Mrs. H. Partee and Mrs. W. C. Rigsby of San Antonio, and Mrs. S. L. Jeffers of Brownwood are the wives of well-known and successful men of affairs. The proverbial "black sheep" supposed to grace every well-regulated household is noticeably absent in the House of Schreiner.



Home of A. C. Schreiner, Kerrville

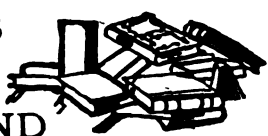
Captain Schreiner's most cherished possessions are his eight children. In the matter of rearing a family, he attained the ideal as near as it was humanly possible. Though in his eighty-second year, he still takes an interest in business affairs, and the "boys" take their turn in daily conferences and consultation. Dapper in dress, exacting of his tailor, polished, refined, and cultured, Captain Schreiner is a typical Frenchman, still retaining his affable manners and interest in life and people. An accident a few years ago prematurely disabled him, but aside from this he is wonderfully preserved and apparently good for many happy and joyous years of life. What a splendid type of man he must have been in his younger days!



Home of Gus F. Schreiner, Kerrville

of the credit of his early ventures to his first partner, the late August Faltin. Five thousand dollars of Faltin's money and Captain Schreiner's good judgment and ability represented the capi-

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

A Romance of the Sleeping Giant—China

WHOEVER has read Samuel Merwin's earlier stories of the China coast will welcome the knowledge that in his latest novel, the "Hills of Han,"* he has returned again to that land of ancient wonder.

The China that Mr. Merwin knows is the China teeming with life, shrouded in mystery, silent, subtle, with portentous undercurrent, now and again rising to the surface and threatening the "honorable" political and social structure.

Into this surcharged and superdramatic atmosphere he invites his readers, disclosing to them in his opening page a perfect familiarity and arousing an absorbing interest in what is to come.

When Mr. Merwin was in China a dozen years ago, he experienced a number of the incidents and met several of the characters that make the "Hills of Han" so absorbingly realistic. But the drama and the story is essentially dramatic—came to him only recently, when the vivid pictures and the stirring events of which he writes had, by time and distance, assumed their true color and their rightful proportions.

In this latest of his long list of notable novels



SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "Hills of Han" and earlier stories of the China coast



Illustration from "Hills of Han," the new novel by Samuel Merwin published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Mr. Merwin tells an absorbing story. From the moment when Betty Doane, the character about whom the incidents of the narrative revolve, is discovered secretly sketching the profile of the austere Jonathan Bradley, journalist, on the back of a menu card, the reader is content to forget everything else and to follow their devious and eventful wanderings on the road to the "Hills of Han"—and eventual happiness.

There are a number of unusual characters and a plenitude of thrilling situations to hold the reader's close attention to the very end.

*"Hills of Han," by Samuel Merwin. Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

A Second Pollyanna?

Will "Smiles" be a second "Pollyanna?" That "Smiles," a Rose of the Cumberlands, by Eliot H. Robinson, quoted variously as "The best-loved book of the year," "the best book I have ever read," by an editor, and "the best book I have ever illustrated," by the artist, is far more than a best-seller for one year, is indicated by the fact that large book sellers are now doubling and trebling their last year's orders for this book to The Page Company, Boston, who publish it. The call for it is as large and as steady as has been the demand for "Pollyanna" for several years, and "Smiles" is already in the eighth printing.



The Poets' Lincoln

This volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown poems written by Lincoln himself. It is profusely illustrated and includes a most complete collection of Lincoln portraits, with index and descriptive text. A valuable addition to any library. Price, \$1.50.



Heart Songs

This book is to music what "Heart Throbs" is to literature

Over 500 pages bound in cloth and gold \$3.50

CHAPPEL PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.
Boston 25, Mass.

Where Love and Calories are Intermingled

The heroine of "Outside Inn,"* by Ethel M. Kelley, is a humanitarian and an advocate of the balanced ration theory. She runs an efficiency tea room and serves suffering humanity not only what it wants, but what it needs. She brings the flush of health to the waxen cheek of



ETHEL M. KELLEY

Author of "Outside Inn" and other stories

the anemic shop girl and the lithesomeness of youth to the heavy-necked man about town. Incidentally she falls in love with one of her patrons, who proves not to be the proper Prince but in the end the right one claims her.

The story is bright and amusing, the dialogue sparkles like the silver in the tea-room, several love tangles are straightened out to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, including the reader, and it is quite apparent that Miss Kelley had as good a time writing the story as the reader has in reading it. "Outside Inn" is more than a place to dine—it is an institution—and during its career demonstrates the fallacy of certain theories and the truth of certain everyday facts.

*"Outside Inn." Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Mary Pickford to be "Mag of the Alley"

Once more Mary Pickford is going to portray the "poor little rich girl" living part of her life amidst luxury and the rest in the slums, this time as Margaret Kendall alias "Mag of the Alley," little heroine of "Cross Currents and the Turn of the Tide," by Eleanor H. Porter, author of the "Glad Books." Miss Pickford has just signed a contract with The Page Company, Boston, publishers of these books for dramatization of the story for the screen by her own company. The numerous admirers of this beloved and well-known actress will anticipate eagerly seeing her as "Mag of the Alley."

The Coming Pilgrim Peace Jubilee

Continued from page 154

that will bring to our port of Boston hundreds of thousands of foreigners who are curious to know this nation that has become so dominant in the world's affairs. Such an exposition will not only bring these visitors, but the nations of the world will gladly participate in it, particularly our allied nations, in recognition of our efforts in the World War.

"Commercially such an exposition will force the countries of the world to put their commercial cards on the table, and I am one who believes that they will be a material benefit to the United States, particularly to this community. We speak of our export business. Some of us business men dream of export business, but we do not understand it as our foreign competitors understand it. This is one opportunity for us to bring the customers of the world to our own doors. Such an opportunity has never existed before. It seems to me that we should take advantage of it."

Warren G. Harding—the Man

Continued from page 174

the family, became its special bearer and custodian. I carried that particular piece of millinery from Paris to Calais, and from Calais to Dover, and from Dover to London, and from London to Liverpool, and was bothered with it from one side of the Atlantic to the other, and when we landed in New York City, and a more or less vain woman put on her Paris hat here to go out and show it to New York, and we started down Fifth Avenue, we had not gone a block until in a show window was the identical hat that I purchased and carried from Paris.

"The tariff is a tax, and I gave up \$40 in Paris for a hat and found it in a window in New York city advertised at \$24."

* * *

The scene now shifts to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, in 1920. The time for constructive leadership in the most crucial period of the world's history has come. "Who is sufficient for these things?" Even the delegates were confused. Day after day passed. Ballot after ballot was taken. The convention was deadlocked. The long vigils and sleepless nights brought no solution, until somebody whispered: "With Harding in the White House, the country can sleep nights." Slowly, surely, the deep, sober judgment of the convention began to crystalize about the sentiment. The more the delegates thought about it, the more they came to believe it—the wonder was that they had not thought about it before. Not by sudden action, but by slow birth a great leader in American politics was born.

When Warren G. Harding, the Man, appeared, the campaign for "Sound Government" was on.

* * *

When I arrived in Marion on Monday morning, after the nomination in Chicago, the big whistles in the "shovel factory" sounded for the call to work. They sounded like ocean liner whistles, announcing the approach of a big leviathan. Here is where the steam shovels were invented and made that dug the Panama Canal. In the railroad restaurant, and everywhere, were evidences of the celebration on Saturday night when the news was received. Every electric light post on East Center Street was adorned with a cluster of flags. Crude photographs were hastily posted in the windows of homes and stores. Here were the home folks among whom he had lived, and when I asked a small boy of twelve in the restaurant if he knew Mr. Harding, "Nope, I never saw Mr. Harding, but I know his doctor, I mean his father." The girl in the ticket office told me the hotel was

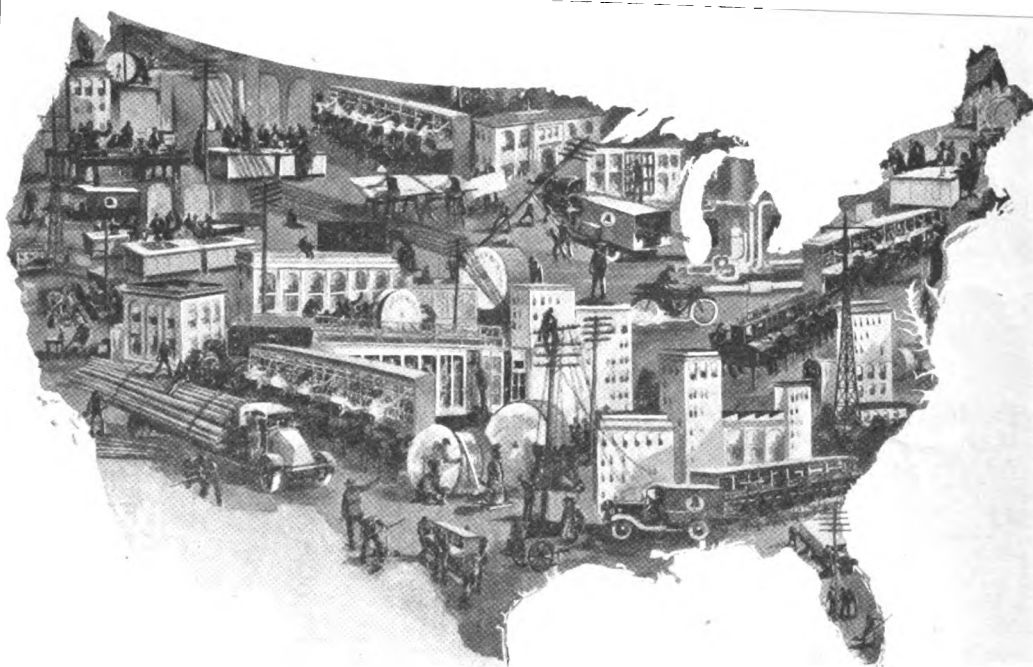
not far away, and that Mr. Harding was a fine man. The trains were coming in from all directions—Eric, Hocking Valley, Big Four and Pennsy, indicating that Marion will be another Canton for the pilgrimage of admirers and supporters of the candidate when the front porch campaign begins.

In walking down East Center street, the churches on one side and a school on the other impressed me with what the average American town considers first. There was the omnipresent Orpheum and moving picture houses, billboards, and all the appurtenances that belong to the average small city. It was a hot day, and some of the housewives were rocking on the porch under the vines for a breathing-spell after the morning work. There was the old stone courthouse from which the street cars and interurban started. On the Marion County Bank was a sign saying it was founded in 1839, so that it must be understood that Marion is a city with a

history. Everybody seemed to be mowing the front lawn and painters were busy, for Marion appreciated its responsibility in the coming campaign.

The temptation was too much, and I dropped in at the stores to find out just what they thought of Warren Harding. One of the first men I met was Curtis, the undertaker. He announced that he had always been a Democrat, but insisted that Warren G. Harding was a "live one" and this was the year that he would vote the Republican ticket. The plumbers, the bakers, the little shoe shops and the big department stores were filled with people who were eager to talk about W. G., as he is affectionately called. Already an organization has been started by Dick Crissinger, who was twice the Democratic nominee for Congress, to organize a Harding-for-President Club that would make it practically unanimous in the Marion district. Old-time Republicans rubbed their eyes as they

(Continued on page 189)



The laborer is worthy of his hire

All service is worthy of its hire and good service cannot be continuously obtained unless adequately rewarded.

From the beginning of telephone history the American public has received the best telephone service of any country in the world. In proportion to the service rendered the people have paid less for this telephone service than any other country in the world.

The reason why the American people have received the highest type of telephone service at the least proportionate cost is because the Bell System has been operated on a scientifically economic basis.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

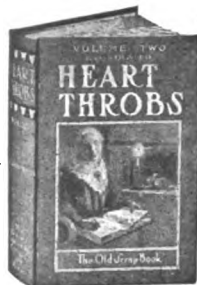
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Every device which inventive skill, engineering ability, labor and time saving talent has been able to create; every efficiency known to buying, operation, executive control and financial conduct has been employed.

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And then The Evening Star;
But Terry, whirling o'er the roads,
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And now Grandfather leads the tune
When You and I Were Young,
But, silent, turns his face away
When Bonny Doon is sung.

The baby, cuddling down to sleep,
Hums, Mary Had a Lamb,
And sister practicing for church
Pours out Just As I Am.
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To pictures in the fire;
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An open door.

A grave and somber silence
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I hate to say good-bye,
For evermore

To leave you there, but yet,
The hard roads loom

Against the darkened sky
Where paths must part,

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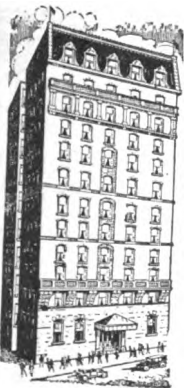
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At Georgie Price's Home

Continued from page 166

Among those present were Lillian Lorraine, all the Timbergs, Gus Edwards, the tailor, Mrs. Price, and Georgie. The party ran along smoothly. The famous Mister Edwards played over a number of his latest compositions, Lillian Lorraine, then the chorus girl in "School Days," and now the Broadway musical comedy star, danced; ice cream was served, and the tailor called on Georgie to sing.

And with all the confidence in the world Georgie broke into the strains of "Come Back to Old Manhattan, Molly." Then he told several jokes, imitated Lillian Lorraine's dance and sang Gus Edwards' pet song, "School Days." It was smooth sailing from that point on. Before the evening was over, Mrs. Price had placed Georgie with Gus Edwards. What happened afterward reads like a fairy tale.

Few children ever took as naturally to the stage as Georgie Price. With but little coaching he was able to learn songs, stories, and dances in time for a change of material at each performance. Besides, he was blessed with a clear, pleasing voice. It was only a matter of weeks before Edwards took him from a minor part and let him have the stage to himself while the child went thru a series of impersonations.

By the time Georgie reached the age of twelve he was well known on every vaudeville stage in America. And with his fame was linked that of a little girl known to the stage profession as "Cuddles," but to American audiences as Lila Lee. Both youngsters injected a youthful cheer that went far toward making Gus Edwards' many song revues popular. And when Edwards saw that both Lila and Georgie were entitled to an individual place in stardom, he placed Lila Lee in motion pictures and opened the way for Georgie Price to become a vaudeville star. This happened two years ago. Georgie has since found his way into the brightest lights on Broadway and leaves them voluntarily to star in motion pictures produced by his own company.

"If all that makes any story," Georgie concluded, "you are welcome to it. Stage fame amounts to so little when you consider the important things of the day that it seems to me I haven't much to be ashamed of, and not much to be proud of outside of my family and friends."

That's about all I found out. We were again staring in silence when Mrs. Price shoved aside the portieres with the announcement:

"Georgie, you should be licked. I should know you are sitting here waiting for supper, and me across the hall chewing the rag. Your act starts at nine-one, young man. And listen to me, you get a haircut before you go on tonight."

"All right, mamma," he replied meekly.

"Georgie, why don't you invite—"

"I did that two hours ago, mamma."

It was a dandy supper, too!

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Upon the land
As stood your soldier at his guard,
Yet graceful ye as woodland fay,
In the light wind your tall forms sway
All about my humble sward.
Lillies of France!

In every time
And every clime,
For regal hues you've journeyed wide.
Your beauteous blooms recall the tale
Of every state and every sail
That fought on land or dared the tide.
Lillies of France!

Yet Fleur de Lis
From o'er the sea,
This day I care not for that past,
It leaves me cold,
But in my hand my hat I hold,
In tribute to your patriots bold,
Who at Verdun stood fast.
Lillies of France!

—H. D. Thompson.

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Warren G. Harding—the Man

Continued from page 185

saw this wheel-horse Democrat at work for Harding.

On Mount Vernon Street, lined with beautiful maples, is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They were preparing for the homecoming, and the three-hundred feet of porch space was being polished. It was a simple, modest, but substantial home. In the early struggles with the *Star*, Warren Harding courted and won the favor of Florence Kling. The father opposed the match, and insisted that they should be married with his consent, but the young people continued right on and drew the plans for a house of their own in which to be married. In the meantime, the bride-to-be became circulation and business manager of the *Star*, and the tide soon turned towards profits to help pay off the debt and build a home.

The long-looked-for day of the wedding arrived, and in the new house, scarcely completed, a simple ceremony was performed without the presence of the bride's father, which made the young editor, Warren G. Harding and Florence Kling, man and wife. As the guests departed, they saw a picture of the young bride and groom standing in the doorway. With his arms around his wife, some of the guests now recall the expression on his face that suggested the words, "Our home, Florence," little thinking that their future home might be in the White House at Washington.

* * *

The real relations to friends at home are expressed in the instructions given to all workers and reporters on the *Marion Star*, by Warren G. Harding, "The Man," when he launched his career.

"Remember there are two sides to every question. Get both. Be truthful. Get the facts. Mistakes are inevitable, but strive for accuracy. I would rather have one story exactly right than a hundred half wrong. Be decent; be fair; be generous. Boost—don't knock. There's good in everybody. Bring out the good in everybody, and never, needlessly, hurt the feelings of anybody. In reporting a political gathering, give the facts; tell the story as it is, not as you would like to have it. Treat all parties alike. If there's any politics to be played, we will play it in our editorial columns. Treat all religious matters reverently. If it can possibly be avoided never bring ignominy to an innocent man or child in telling of the misdeeds or misfortune of a relative. Don't wait to be asked, but do it without the asking, and, above all, be clean and never let a dirty word or suggestive story get into type. I want this paper so conducted that it can go into any home without destroying the innocence of any child.

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Vol. XLIX

AUGUST, 1920

New Series No. 5

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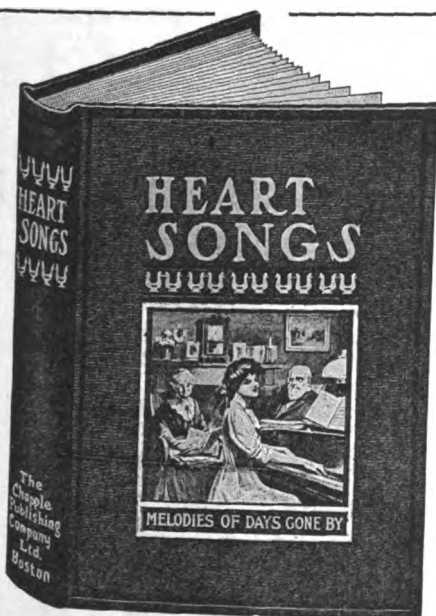
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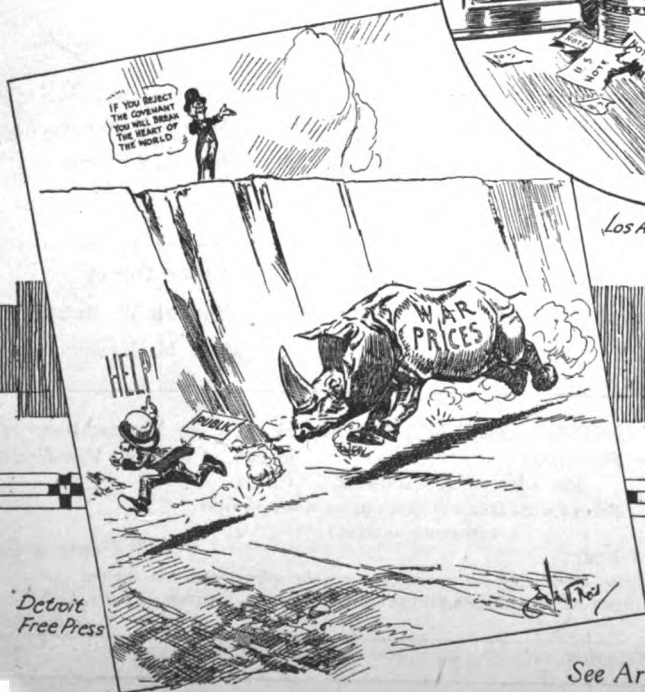
Leavenworth Post

Doughboy: "Everything paid but little old me."

INTIMIDATING SAMMY



Pittsburg Leader



Detroit Free Press

See Article on Page 221

"And the Goblins will get You if you don't watch out!"



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ECHOES of the presidential campaign reverberated in Washington during dogdays from all parts of the country. A dramatic—almost a royal—entrance into the capital city was planned by the faithful Democrats for the heir of the Wilson dynasty, with the purpose of giving him, at least, one grand entré into Washington, before the November blasts set in. They were determined to forestall the Fourth of March next, and indulge in memories, if not anticipations, of another inauguration day.

Riding in state down Pennsylvania Avenue amid the plaudits of the populace on the eventful July Sunday was a campaign prelude. The conference with President Wilson at the White House, to straighten out some of the kinks between the utterances of the administration and the candidate, was a mere incident. The Democratic candidate looked the White House over carefully and decided to take the lease for four years, provided the people would repaper and decorate it with enough ballots on November second. He agreed to furnish the red paint for a lively campaign—and forget not—James M. Cox is some campaigner—wet or dry.

THE Republican candidate, Warren G. Harding, returned to Washington on a flying visit prior to his notification speech, but there is no record of his having consulted the present landlord at the White House. Yet there was a feeling among many that he walked like a man who was on his way to the Executive Mansion, without pomp or incident.

FOR the first time in many years Congress has failed to continue in session during the good old summer time. Washington as a summer-resort city had a popular reputation with Congress spending its summers there on patriotic purpose bent. The hot pavements still remind one of the place paved with good intentions.

In these early days a stray senator or congressman has a real distinction when he comes to town. The query is raised before the ink is dry on the hotel register, "What are you here for?" The mission, perforce, must be political to report the soundings of the campaign. Some of the solons who have a red-hot fight on their hands are making the most of the time to look long, lingeringly and officially upon the capital city, for the days into November are numbered. Visitors continue to roam the corridors of the Capitol and see the sights that remain in the somber solitude of adjournment at the Capitol and with the bosses away from the departments. Foreign visitors invariably insist that Washington in its glorious green of summer-time is the most beautiful capital in the world. The Mall unfolds a panorama unsurpassed, and the new Lincoln monument looms up on the banks of the Potomac as a new landmark and popular shrine that will share honors with the Washington shaft, as the one thing that every tourist must visit before the Washington itinerary is complete.



Copyright, Edmondston, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Harding, wife of Senator Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, Republican nominee for the Presidency. Mrs. Harding was Florence Kling, daughter of Amos Kling, wealthy banker and businessman of Marion, Ohio. Mr. Kling believed in business training for women, and gave his daughter so magnificent a schooling in this line that when she married Warren Harding, editor and owner of the Marion Daily "Star," and he suffered a nervous breakdown, she was able to take charge of the newspaper office, and not only "keep things going," but developed it into a prosperous, money-making plant. Mr. Kling disinherited his daughter when she married the "poor, newspaper upstart," but lived to see the day when Warren Harding was one of the most prominent men in the state and a leader in his party.

THE President has been kept busy making the most of the time that remains to him in distributing appointments according to political charts and personal whims. No president of the United States has been more bitter in his personal and partisan display of prejudice. Seven major-generals and twenty-two brigadier-generals were appointed during



GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS
New England's beloved and honored military leader

the recess under the provision of the Army Reorganization Act. The deliberate and intentional slight of General Clarence R. Edwards is an insult to every soldier who faced death in France, and served in the Twenty-sixth Division. To those who know of the service and the bravery and heroism of General Edwards, the action of President Wilson smacks of petty cowardice. He fears to give a soldier of proven record an appointment because it would interfere with plans of the army machine. There was talk of the Senate refusing to confirm the appointments and insisting that justice is done to General Edwards and the soldiers who served under him in the most bloody service that made possible the wild dreams of Woodrow Wilson for a League of Nations, written in the blood of American soldiers.

The truth is that General Edwards has been altogether too human and too democratic and too independent in his work to suit the will and whim of the tyrannical military machine. This will have vital influence in turning the votes of soldiers who served overseas towards Warren G. Harding, with confidence that simple justice will be given the soldier, irrespective of political bias, and that executive autocracy will be smashed, as surely as was the military autocracy of Germany.

* * *

A DISTINGUISHED English clergyman was wrestling with an American joke while trying to excavate a cantaloupe and gulp ice water. The waiter had just arrived with

his fresh-laid eggs in the shell and ventured at this point to ask:

"Are dey cooked right, sir?"

"Yes, but you began cooking too soon," he grunted, dipping the spoon in, trying to find the yolk.

The beefsteak came next. There was a further expression of dissatisfaction.

"I wanted my steak underdone and tender."

"Deed, boss, it's rare and juicy, but I didn't know you wanted to kiss it."

"Return that steak at once!"

"Deed, boss, ah can't do it."

"Why not?"

"You done gone and bent it!"

The clergyman commented further on the tough hide of the colored waiters, reflected in the jokes they serve.

* * *

THE Harding home on Wyoming Avenue, so recently surrounded by a flock of motors night and day, is deserted, but the activities continue in Room 147, Senate Office Building, where Senator Harding began his first work in getting his



Mrs. Hoover, wife of Herbert Hoover, known the world over as one of the ablest living mining engineers. Mrs. Hoover was Miss Lou Henry, and was a fellow-student of Mr. Hoover's at Stanford University. She was interested in geology and mining, and took honors in her scientific studies. As an aid to her husband's nation-wide plan of conservation, Mrs. Hoover inaugurated the "kitchen garden" movement during the war, organizing the Girl Scouts into companies and battalions, and going over the top with the weapon she holds in her hands

bearings after the nomination. Except during an occasional drive, Washington sees little of President Wilson, but the telephone and telegraph wires keep the White House thoroughly informed on the position of the political weathervane. The President insists that Washington's summer weather is as delightful as the shades of Shadow Lawn, where he received the news of his re-election. The Wilson League of Nations and the Knox Resolution are still in the refrigerator of the executive desk, with the doves of peace, while the war with Germany, to all executive intents and purposes, goes merrily on.

ONE appointment made in Washington this year that is based upon merit was the selection of Dr. Frederick G. Cottrell as director of the Bureau of Mines, to succeed Dr. Van. H. Manning, resigned. Dr. Manning has made much of this bureau, and it was a recognition of merited service when his assistant director was selected to continue the work.

Frederick G. Cottrell, chemist, metallurgist and inventor was born in Oakland, California, January 10, 1877. He attended school in Oakland and matriculated at the University of California in 1893. As a university student he gave especial attention to science, particularly chemistry. After graduation in 1896, with the degree of Bachelor of Science, he was a Le Conte fellow at the University in 1896-7 and taught chemistry at the Oakland High School in 1897-1900. Then he went to Europe where in 1901 and 1902 he studied at the University of Berlin and the University of Leipzig, receiving from the latter the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy, 1902. On his return to this country in 1902, he was appointed instructor in physical chemistry at the University of California, and in 1906 was appointed assistant professor, holding this position until 1911. While at the university, Dr. Cottrell's chief contributions to science were researches relating to the



DR. FREDERICK G. COTTRELL
Director designate of the United States Bureau of Mines

electrical precipitation of fume and fine particles suspended in the gases of smelter, blast furnace or cement works flues, and he finally evolved what is known as the Cottrell process for this purpose. This invention was first utilized at the Selby smelter in California for removing fumes from the waste gases of a sulphuric acid plant at the smelter, thereby abating a nuisance that threatened to necessitate shutting down the works. Subsequently this electrical precipitation process was installed at other smelters to remove fume and solid particles



Mrs. Frank O. Lowden, wife of Governor Lowden of Illinois. Mrs. Lowden was Florence Pullman, daughter of George M. Pullman, one of America's greatest railroad men. As a young girl she was her father's chum and business adviser, and traveled with him all over the country. After spending five years at a finishing school in New York, she was sent abroad to complete her education, and although foreign titles were dangled in front of the beautiful young heiress during her sojourn there, she refused to be dazzled, and lost her heart to a clear-eyed young Westerner—Frank Lowden, whom she met on one of her ocean-bound voyages. The great master of industry, George Pullman, was not enthusiastic about his daughter's choice, Frank Lowden at that time being but a struggling attorney with small prospects in the big city of Chicago. But what love cannot overcome has never yet been discovered! In this case it overcame the Lowden opposition, tore down the wall erected by the Pullman fortune, made a brilliant lawyer, orator and statesman of a mere man, and developed him into Presidential timber. For the Pullman-Lowden match was a love match, and no executive mansion in Illinois or Washington would ever mean as much as the modest little home on the south side of Chicago where the Lowdens first set up housekeeping and which is still known as the "honeymoon house"

contained in the escaping gases, and it was also successfully used at cement plants, notably near Riverside, California, to prevent the dust from calcining kilns from damaging nearby orange groves and vegetation. Today the Cottrell process of fume and dust removal is in world-wide use, and is recovering materials heretofore wasted to the value of many thousands of dollars. One of the latest installations is at a large smelting plant in Japan; while the largest installation is at the Anaconda smelter, Anaconda, Montana. Dr. Cottrell in a desire to encourage scientific research turned over his extensive patent rights to a non-dividend paying corporation, known as the Research Corporation, a body formed for that purpose. A fundamental requirement in the incorporation is that all net profits shall be devoted to the interests of scientific research.

In 1911 when Dr. J. A. Holmes, the first director of the



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Mrs. "Wm. J.," wife of the Democratic leader, William Jennings Bryan. Mrs. Bryan was Mary Elizabeth Baird, of Perry, Illinois, and was a fellow-student of Mr. Bryan's at both the Illinois College and University of Nebraska. After their marriage she studied law and was admitted to the Nebraska courts, but never actively practiced. She has played a large part in her husband's career, taking care of his large correspondence, writing and polishing some of his "spell binders," attending conventions and Chautauquas with him by the score, and generally acting in the unique capacity of "manager for William Jennings Bryan." It is said that the great Democratic leader has never written a plank for his party without first consulting Mrs. Bryan. At Villa Serena, the Bryan home in Florida, Mrs. Bryan, despite ill health, is today engaged in another political campaign and in aiding the great Commoner in what he has set out to do. What that is, no one knows but Mrs. Bryan.

Bureau of Mines. was serving as a member of Commissions appointed by the Government to study alleged damages from smoke and fumes from the Selby and the Anaconda smelters, and the Bureau of Mines was investigating at length the smelter-smoke problem. Dr. Cottrell, because of his scientific attainments and his special knowledge of metallurgical problems, was appointed chief physical chemist in the bureau. In 1914 he was appointed chief chemist, in 1916, chief metallurgist, and in 1919, assistant director.

Aside from his work on smelter smoke Dr. Cottrell has been deeply interested in and intimately connected with work on the separation and purification of gases by liquification and fractional distillation. During the world war and subsequently thereto the development of the Norton or Bureau of Mines process for the recovery of helium from natural gas has been his special care, and it was chiefly through his efforts that a plant for recovering helium (a rare non-inflammable gas) on a large scale for military aeronautics has been erected near Petrolia, Texas.

Dr. Cottrell is a member of the American Chemical Society, Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, the American Electrochemical Society and the American Institute of Mining

and Metallurgical Engineers. He was awarded the Perkin medal by the New York section of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1919 in recognition of his work on electrical precipitation.

* * * *

ALTHOUGH he carries the family name, Jr., attached, with staid dignity, Senator James W. Wadsworth was known early in political life as "Jimmie." He had an early start in public life and knows how to complete a task in public service.

Old-time observers at Washington agree that Senator James W. Wadsworth Jr., has carried through more constructive and important legislation in his one term in the Senate than any other one of his colleagues. He seems to have been trained for the work of the United States Senate, having served in the Legislature of his native state and as Speaker of the Assembly. He proved thoroughly at home and familiar with all the details of parliamentary process.

Senator Wadsworth's work at Washington seemed to follow the natural trend of his ability for public service. He was made



UNITED STATES SENATOR JAMES WOLCOTT WADSWORTH, JR.
(Republican) from New York

chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, and his long hours of patient work at the hearings and on the floor of the Senate were further proof of his ability as a legislator who does things. The great problems that confronted this committee during and at the close of the war did not appall him. Senator Wadsworth never shirked his work. He thought things out in a clear-headed way, absorbing all the information available, and viewing every angle of the subject, and then driving through

for a definite objective. He has the distinction of being one Senator who carried a bill through Congress and was able to recognize it when finally passed. This may not seem much to the average person, but those who know the operations of putting a bill through Congress, understand only ability for leadership can run the gauntlet of Congressional shoals.

Senator Wadsworth is a student of Lincoln. In his office is an original letter written by Abraham Lincoln that seems to fit conditions today as at the time it was written. Public service is built on fundamental principles—Senator Wadsworth knows fundamentals.

During his career on the Committee on Military Affairs in the Senate, his office was the consulting and conference room for important legislation. Long after the hours of adjournment the young Senator from New York persisted in pushing on with his work. It was a fitting tribute paid him by one of his Democratic colleagues, Senator King of Utah, in his remarks during the debate on the bill to increase the efficiency of the commissioned and enlisted personnel of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and Public Health Service, which was called "The Army and Navy Pay Bill." This bill itself established Senator Wadsworth in the fore rank.

MR. KING: "I do not always agree with the distinguished chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs (Mr. Wadsworth), and yet it gives me pleasure to say that he is one of the ablest Senators in this body and brings to the consideration of the great questions that come before his committee an intelligence and a patriotism that earn for him not only the gratitude of the members of the Senate, but the gratitude of the American people."

In colloquy or debate he displays a poise that impresses the hearer with the belief that Senator Wadsworth is one who does not talk until he knows what he is talking about. The Empire State of New York has reason to be proud of the record made by the grandson of the intrepid Wadsworth who fell in the Civil War, and exemplified the ideals of patriotism that has inspired his sons and grandsons.



Mrs. Leonard Wood, wife of General Wood. Mrs. Wood was born and brought up and married in the army. She was Louise Condit-Smith, daughter of Colonel John Condit-Smith, and was born in Havana, where her father was stationed. Her life has been full of varied and interesting experiences. She has slept in a tent and lived in a palace; has pioneered in the West and queened it in the Far East.



Where the platforms must reach

In his study of homes for our people, Senator Wadsworth has shown his grasp on present-day problems. Although born on a farm and living among the rural population, he understands the problems of the crowded cities, and, best of all, has suggested practical remedies. He believes that the government should study all experiments made in this country and abroad, and inform the people as to the best methods for securing proper co-operative effort, including the initial financing of home building, and encourage and guide movements of this kind. As he has well said: "The home is the hub of the nation, and from it radiates the spokes of industrial and political life." With the appalling fact known that we have a shortage of one million homes, he insists that everything that can be done to create a happy home is the supreme work of the hour.

In his extensive investigation Senator Wadsworth calls attention to the fact that less than one-half of our people live in their own homes, while in France hardly twenty per cent pay rent.

In the widest distribution of real property in the hands of the people lies national strength and security. The failure of the small farm investment and the dangerous drift of population toward cities, where the attraction is all-alluring, indicates that something must be done to enable Americans to own their own homes. The American home should be thought of in terms other than "profits."

The homes where children and grandchildren can gather to preserve the traditions of that home still remains in the future as it has in the past—the hope of the republic.

Six years is a short time in which to make a nation-wide record in the United States Senate, but Senator Wadsworth



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Mrs. A. Mitchell Palmer, wife of the Attorney General, and their little daughter, Mary Dixon Palmer. Mrs. Palmer was Roberta Dixon, of Easton, Maryland, whose home, "North Bend," was one of the colonial mansions noted for its hospitality. Her father, Robert B. Dixon, was a member of the Maryland Senate. Both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer are Quakers, and first met at Swarthmore College, the co-educational institution established by the Friends. They sat at the same table, which grew into a habit they have never been able to break themselves of

has done this. With an earnestness and ability unquestioned, Senator Wadsworth has well earned the endorsement of his native state for re-election. He is a man of not only legislative ability, but is young, virile, broad-viewed and the sort of a man needed in the United States Senate. He is of the timber that reflects a leadership among the younger men in the Senate that is reassuring for the nation, as well as most gratifying to the state he represents.

In devoting his energies and time to public service, Senator Wadsworth has had a real helpmate in Mrs. Wadsworth, the daughter of the late Secretary, John Hay.

The women home-makers of New York, with all their problems of high cost of living, and education and public service, appreciate that Senator Wadsworth is a champion of their cause. What he has done for the soldiers and sailors, what he has accomplished in bringing order out of chaos, and justice to all concerned in the Army Bill, he is also doing for the home-makers of America and the nation, as well as his state of New York. More than ever before, we need men of the character of Senator Wadsworth to carry on the work, so well begun, in meeting four-square the problems of the times.

* * *

NOW that the "notifications" have passed, the presidential campaign of 1920 has opened in earnest. There was a reminder of the first McKinley campaign at Canton in the celebration at Marion, Ohio. The little city was beautifully decorated and a court of honor lead up to the porch of the

Harding home on Mt. Vernon Street. Ohio as a state seems to understand how to handle presidential candidates. The friends and neighbors gathered with brass bands and proceeded to parade. Many women marched with the delegations. The "dirt farmers" were there with banners adorned with mottoes made out of wisps of green hay. All Marion was happy that day. The throng at Garfield Park could not crowd into the pavilion, but heartily relayed the chorus coming from the encircled throng. When Warren G. Harding, with wilting collar, made that gesture with outstretched arms—"wholly unafraid"—it thrilled, and his sincere words of consecration at the close met a hearty response. The greensward at the Harding home had been transformed into a gravel walk, but many happy visitors have gathered under the maples.

* * *

THOUSANDS of clerks who have, like Othello, found their occupation gone, are leaving Washington for extended vacations, but the faithful remain in hopes that the exodus of 1920 will be deferred, for appointments are the summer relaxation at the White House.

* * *

THIS is a Republican year," said Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

Republicans all over the country are putting forward their strongest and best men for public office, and especially for congressional and senatorial honors. It is realized that the responsibility of Congress for the next four years will be all important, no matter how the presidential campaign may swing.

Among the men who have already made a splendid record in public life, and who have again been called for the memorable 1920, is former Lieutenant-Governor Louis A. Frothingham, who will make the race for Congress in a close district, challenging the honors that have been awarded to Congressman Olney of Democratic faith.

The various elements in the party and district agree that Louis Frothingham is the man. He has been a prominent figure in public affairs in Massachusetts for many years. He has not only been active in state affairs, but has achieved distinction in national activities. Mr. Frothingham served in the Marine Corps in Cuba in the Spanish War and in the Army in the recent war. He was also Colonel of a State Guard Regiment. Before entering the service in this war he went to France on a commission in behalf of soldiers and sailors of Massachusetts. Mr. Frothingham and his wife took a personal part in the work of establishing a bureau and recreation rooms for them, and the boys of Massachusetts will not soon forget the generous and thoughtful kindness of Hon. Louis A. Frothingham and his wife who provided this center for them in Paris.



HON. LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM

Former Lieutenant-Governor Frothingham has already made his record as a speaker and legislator, and his name, added to that of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress, will insure the old Bay State of even more strength and power in legislative affairs.

The Knox Alternative to the League of Nations

World union and peace through enacted international law

By ROBERT J. THOMPSON

THERE are two alternatives (substitutes) to the projected League of Nations; the one being a lapse back to pre-war conditions and international relationship; and the other, a course of procedure, such as is foreshadowed in the recent address of Senator Knox on the introduction of his German peace resolution, in the Senate.

It is interesting to note at this time, however, that while Senator Knox was Secretary of State under Mr. Taft, he refused to allow an American Consul, stationed at the time in Europe, and who had been chosen as a delegate of the Chicago Association of Commerce, to attend the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce at London, in 1909, to present to that Congress on behalf of the Chicago organization, the very proposal the senator now brings forward as a substitute for the League of Nations.

Senator Knox was promoting at that time certain arbitration treaties, and for this reason, it was presumed by the writer (who was the consul and the delegate referred to) that he desired no diverting thought introduced by the American representatives. Now, however, when he becomes champion of the original Chicago idea for the codification of International Law, we may justifiably make reference to the incident.

A SUGGESTION TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Someone with a good punch is going to suggest one day to the President of the United States, or to the President of the French Republic, or the King of England and Emperor of India, that proposals be made for the calling of a congress of plenipotentiary delegates from all the nations of the earth, for the purpose of enacting into a *written world charter* the leading principles of International Law; a law which, like the constitution of the United States, shall be the highest law of the contracting parties; but which shall in no wise interfere with, nor abridge the internal regulations of the countries joining in such law. I have been making this suggestion off and on and in one form or another for twenty-five years.

Why not let full-power delegates be chosen to draft on behalf of their several governments such an instrument? With its acceptance and establishment, by the nations of the earth, military and naval institutions will, we have every reason to hope, pass out of the life of man like the Walled City, Slavery, and the Inquisition.

In January, 1917, and before America entered the war, a questionnaire was addressed by the writer to some several hundred eminent personages throughout the world—sovereigns, executives and professional authorities, in the hopes of being able to prepare a symposium on the subject of this article, the creation of a written enacted international law after the war. As my enquiry was addressed to the various sovereigns of the Central Powers, as well as to those of the Entente and neutrals, a sense of fitness to the situation compelled the abandonment of the undertaking as soon as my country entered the war. Nevertheless, it may be of use in the study of the subject, to reproduce here the pertinent part of my so-called questionnaire, as well as some notes from a suggestion made to the American Bar Association at Washington at their annual convention in 1915 by Mr. Elihu Root.

The principal paragraph in the interrogatory circular was as follows:

PROPOSAL FOR STATUTORY INTERNATIONAL LAW

"It is suggested that a fixed or definite *international statutory code*, accepted by the several sovereign powers of the world would give rise, as a logical sequence, if not automatically, to the founding of world courts of law and equity, before which



ROBERT J. THOMPSON

Former American consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany

all questions, too large or too acute for diplomatic action, would resolve themselves, and that a verdict or judgment from such a world court would carry a moral force sufficient to make it effective without resort to other power; and further, that a *real* and accepted law must *first exist* as necessarily precedent to a competent court; therefore, the primary step towards the establishment of proposed international tort, and law and equity courts, would be the rendition into the *highest and most authoritative* form, of the rules, precepts, precedents and practices of the present so-called Law of Nations—even as they now exist—and which would become a law of the individual nations of the world, in the same manner as the

highest law of a nation, in its ultimate application, is the first law of the citizen, city or state."

THE IDEAS OF ELIHU ROOT

The notes from Mr. Root's address were as follows:

(1) "The proposal of a *new legal structure* (international law) that shall be *written* and enforced by all nations."

(2) "A definite code written by all the nations of the world to supplant the *present* Laws of Nations."

(3) "The nation which *violates* the law written by *all* the nations should be treated as an *international criminal*, and should be punished by the family of nations."

(4) "Concerts of Europe and alliances and ententes, and skilful balances of power all lead ultimately to war."

(5) "When this war is ended the civilized world will have to determine *whether what we call international law* is to be continued as a mere *code of etiquette* or is to be a *real* body of laws imposing obligations more definite and inevitable than has heretofore been the case."

(6) "Vague and uncertain as the future must be there is some reason to think that after the terrible experiences through which civilization is passing there will be a tendency to *strengthen* rather than abandon the Law of Nations."

(7) "While the war has exhibited the *inadequacy of international law*, so far as it has yet developed, to *curb governmental policies*, which aim to extend power at all costs, it has shown even more clearly, that little reliance can be placed upon unrestrained human nature subject to specific temptations to commit forcible aggression in the *pursuit* of power and wealth."

(8) "During all the *desperate struggle* and emergencies of the great war, the conflicting nations, from the beginning, have been competing for the favorable judgment of the rest of the world, with a solicitude which shows what a mighty power even now that opinion is."

BINDING THE NATIONS THROUGH ENACTED INTERNATIONAL LAW

The chief result expected from the League of Nations may be attained, in the judgment of many thoughtful men, by the promulgation and general acceptance of a fixed code of international law, that is, a *statutory* international law—a world contract.

This, in effect, would bind the nations of the world into a union along the lines we have already travelled for some thousands of years, and give us the spirit and the performance of a league of the peoples of the earth, without the experimental, and, perhaps, tentative structure of a League of Nations.

Not a few of the things we did in the war, as well as numerous others we propose doing now, strangely enough, we borrowed from the alleged beginner of the war—Germany; and equally now as well, we take this suggested league of nations from her.

How is this?

GERMANY A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

President Wilson in his April, 1917, Red Cross address in New York, referred to a league of nations as already existing in the fact of there being a score of countries (there were thirty in all) combined in war against the Germanic Powers. And this was undoubtedly true in a very large and important degree; but, on the other hand, and in the German Empire, so called, there existed and exists to-day, also, a league of nations which has stood the test of forty-eight years of prosperous life, and has just passed through the crucible of permanent amalgamation—a league of twenty-six sovereign states—formerly independent governments, and whose executives were recognized as sovereign heads, coequal with the former German Emperor, in everything excepting the foreign relations of those countries—a league of twenty-six governments.

In this league of the old German nations there was a logical controlling power—Prussia. Would not our proposed new league of nations inevitably follow the same course and form taken by the German federation? Would not an association

of states necessarily be led by the chief power forming the combine, the power having the greatest wealth and influence? Would the smaller states not automatically become in time, if not political, at least economic vassals of the leading state in this proposed union? Would it be possible to form a league of nations—a combination of forces—whether moral or material, without placing the strongest unit at the head? Or would it be possible to prevent the strongest, the greatest force from directing the development of such an association, whether it were placed at the head or not?

The Senate of the United States seems to think not. We will soon see what the people have to say on this subject.

GERMANY PRUSSIANIZED BY COMBINATION

Germany was Prussianized by the combination of Germanic states, and logically and inevitably so. Prussia stood to the Germanic states as the British Empire might stand to a new world combine, certainly in respect to area and population. A world league of nations, if formed under the directing influence of the Entente Powers in the late war would mean, that America or England will become the Prussia of such a combination, or that the one or the other would become its Bavaria.

The Germanic union, designated as an empire, but under its constitution, a republic of nations, with the presidency resting in the Prussian state, was the result of a dream of centuries. The community of language, economic interests, and defensive demands of the German states, made it far more natural and practical than a league of nations for the preservation of peace. We were fighting to destroy this league of German states, at least so far as it gave expression to itself through its logical leader, Prussia. It was very widely believed that the end of the war would see this result brought about in some form.

In any event, leagues are tentative, they break up, or divide in some way, and generally, if political leagues, they dissolve more readily under the mellowing influence of peace, than under the stress of war. Associations fall apart, and the parts become antagonistic. A league or an association is a temporary expedient. They do not contemplate permanency. Born out of emergencies, such as the present revulsion against war, they are calculated to bolster up conditions resulting from imperfect organization or incomplete laws.

We should start at the beginning of the proposition. In a new state, or a primitive political community (and it is in a certain sense such a condition which confronts the world to-day, especially as regards the universal peace idea) men first propose, accept, or submit themselves to certain rules of conduct and relationship with one another. The first social law of man is the law of personal property. In a broader or international sense this principle may be compared to the recognized rule of International Law of the territorial sovereignty of the state. In a primitive organization laws are formed by consent or force, and in either case their creation—the *making of the laws*—is *invariably precedent to the founding of courts of law*.

PROPOSAL TO THE HAGUE

In 1908 a suggestion was presented to the conference then being held at The Hague, proposing the submission, on the part of the conference, to the various powers, of a plan to appoint delegates to work out a practicable scheme for the creation, or establishment, of an international written statute to be founded upon the chief accepted principles of the Law of Nations. It was held that without such a fundamental fixed statute, effective international courts could not exist. In other words, if such a court could be formed, it would unavoidably become an empty, futile thing as it would be without the power to determine its jurisdiction and without the foundation precedent to competent courts—written and accepted law.

With a written statutory law, courts follow automatically. They create themselves through the necessities of the case. The law would be incomplete and no law at all without provision

for a court to determine its application. There never has been any particularly profound interest in the various international peace and arbitration court proposals because of their impracticability; and this impracticability has been synonymous with the absence of a defined statutory law of nations. The proposition of an international peace court has been approached from the rear, from the side and never from the front. No nation has seemed to dare to make the proposal in the logical, direct and usual fashion, by which the simplest justice court, the state or supreme courts of all nations are provided for, *i. e.*, by statutory or written law.

Let us avoid the vain and profitless work of hitching our horse behind this vehicle of world effort.

INTERNATIONAL LAW IS INTERNATIONAL ETIQUETTE

We know what International Law has been: a mass of precepts, precedents, courteous acknowledgments, etiquette between sovereigns, agreements and treaties of nations, the decision of local courts—all vague and indecisive when applied to new conditions and extraordinary circumstances; and invariably subject to individual interpretation according to the historical traditions and material interests of the parties involved.

It is like the gentleman's agreements and pools of the old fighting trusts, which under the stress of storm may go to pieces in a night.

The world requires a written and an enacted international law. Suitable and competent courts will then arise of themselves, and our league of nations will become a living fact without the name. Supposing the leading countries of the earth: America, England, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Russia, etc., were to place themselves under a fixed written statute of international law, what would be the result? We would have the nations of the earth controlled—so far as their relations with one another, and to all the others were concerned—in exactly the same manner as the individual member of a legally constituted and organized community or a state, is controlled in his civic relations with another member or citizen of that state.

The individual who opposes the final decision of the highest court outlaws and destroys himself. Such an action would be the performance of an imbecile. It cannot be done. It would be the same with the individual nation.

Germany was and is yet a league of nations—twenty-six German states—organized for what? The constitution of this

league of states says—defence of territory. That was the first clause of the old, imperial German contract.

Mr. Wilson's proposed league of nations is to have as its primary, if not sole object, the preservation of world peace. But a league of nations with this object uppermost must be a league of all nations; at least of all the great powers. War might conceivably bring about a league of the peoples of the world; but when based on the past conception of patriotic ideals, it could not produce a complete league of governments operating upon such ideals.

A FIXED LEGAL BLOCK OF THE NATIONS OF THE EARTH

If we use the term Prussian Militarism in its generic sense, and it can hardly be applied in any other, the whole world would have to be pretty effectively gassed before we are free from it. Having set out to destroy this Thing, our contract does not end when the operation is finished. We may have a long job of nursing and gentleness of spirit, to bring an overful clinic, with its militant patients, far more numerous than the surgeons, to a state of health. Prussian Militarism, like German music, spread far beyond the place of its origin, and was at home wherever ambitions and aggressive patriotism existed. We do not forget the doctrine of the "Big Stick" and "Speak Softly and Carry a Club" of Mr. Roosevelt.

As the result of a peace without victory, or by understanding as originally proposed by Mr. Wilson, a league of nations might have been a practicable proposal; but as an issue of war *à l'outrance*, such a creation is hardly thinkable.

Imagine France making an alliance with Prussia, or Germany, in 1871; and in that war the result was, as many people regard the thing, the disannexation of one of the conquests of Louis XIV, and the forced return of war tributes placed upon the German states, by Napoleon the First.

I suggest that we can only get at the heart of the proposition, if practical plans are laid for the building of written International Law; its codification and enactment into statutory form as the great *charterial institution of world civilization*; a joint contract which shall be agreed to by all; out of which supreme and competent courts of law and equity will arise, and against the verdicts of which no nation could maintain itself a moment without ostracizing itself from the family of nations—against a fixed legal block of the civilized states of the earth; and against which, finally, there could be no appeal, unless it were to be the flight of the defendant, like the murderer or horse-thief, into the wilderness.

TO A BUTTERFLY

WHITHER and where, Oh Butterfly?
Thy wings on journeys bent,
Nestling here and fluttering there
On a mission ever intent.

Away and anon on the wafted air
High up in yonder skies,
Soaring with lovely outstretched wings
Thy graceful body flies.

Where art thou gaily fluttering
With thy frail wings lightly cast?
Sailing away on a breath of air
With thy thoughts so truly masked?

Sailing away like a ship of state
Far out in the world to roam,
Sailing away with never a thought
Of life, or love, or home.

But then, thou art but a Butterfly
And lightly thy life is cast
Safe art thou till thy wings are singed,
Or caught in a net at last!

Aida M. Houston

Senatorial flights outside the Senate Chamber

Thrills Above the Capitol Dome

How Washington, with its spotless marble buildings set in billows of verdure, looks to the nation's lawmakers

By MAYME OBER PEAK

DID you ever see the United States Capitol upside down? I mean literally, not legislatively. If you haven't, it's worth a trip "up." For no other angle does it justice; no other way can you get its *tout ensemble*, as 'twere, nor see what a neat white playhouse the lawmakers have in which to act their national parts.

For a long time I'd been curious to know whether the imposing figure on the dome of the Capitol was an Indian or a goddess of liberty, and my main purpose in "going up" was to settle this point without recourse to the Congressional Library.

But such are the disappointments of life that, due to the Army regulation that an aeroplane must not go nearer than two thousand feet to the top of the Capitol—so, I suppose, that if the engine went dead, the lawmakers in the quiet (?) of their chambers could hear it and have time to scurry to safety before the thing came crashing down on their defenseless heads—the identity of that statue still remains vague.

Just about the same disappointment met me in the Washington Monument. "Now," thought I, "I'll see the top of you at last," as we approached it at the rate of a hundred miles an hour. But, alas! as we circled 'round and 'round, all



(Reading right to left) Lieutenant Scott, pilot; Senator Fernald, Maine; Senator Smoot, Utah; Senator McCumber, North Dakota; Senator Hale, Maine, and Senator Spencer, Missouri.

I saw was the end of a quill toothpick that looked as tho it had been dropped in the ground by some bygone prodder and grown up like the proverbial beanstalk!

Mr. Woodrow Wilson's house down on Pennsylvania Avenue seemed merely a conservatory with elongated glass wings, and the public buildings and streets of Washington were so infinitesimally small and neatly arranged that the miniature clay model of the Capital City which reposes in a glass case at the Library of Congress is a replica of the picture we got.

Bigger than the earth, however, seemed the "Eagle," the 7,540-pound Curtiss aeroplane in which we soared. The first three-motored land machine to be produced in America, this monster, with its 450 horse-power, can climb four thousand and seventy-five feet in ten minutes, carry a load of two thousand, three hundred and twenty pounds, and at an altitude of six thousand feet, with two motors cut out, glide ten miles to a safe landing. Safety, one hundred per cent; comfort,

ditto. The fuselage, the enclosed limousine body in which we sat, was fitted up as luxuriously as the interior of the modern motor car de luxe. Eight individual wicker chairs, arranged in two rows with aisle between; dome light; flat windows of triplex, non-breakable glass, at the top, with curved windows of celluloid at the side; a pilot that sat like a rock in the front cockpit, and seven passengers taking their first trip through the air completed the outfit.

We had ascended the plane by stepladder, just as you climb over the side of a ship, and, after considerable coaxing of motors, amid the cheers of the crowd assembled at Bolling Field, had risen so easily from the ground that none of the party realized we were actually in the air until, suddenly, we saw below us the waters of the basin and Potomac glistening in the sunshine, and then our aeroplane swung out for a spin down the Speedway.

It was a perfect November day, clear and still. There were no traffic cops, no "stop and go" signs, no nursemaids nor youngsters to run over. Small wonder the man at the wheel looked so calm and unperturbed, and his passengers so cool and undisturbed! But for the terrific noise of the motors, if the automobile in which we drove to Bolling Field had been lifted and driven thru the air, there would have been little difference in the sensation we actually experienced in the spin thru the clouds. More of a thrill can be had on an elevator in a certain big department store in Washington than we got on that flight in the "Eagle." And, as we came back to earth without a jar and rolled in on the four big wheels, arranged in tandem pairs, "we were seven" disgruntled flyers.

Mr. Stratton, the vice-president of the Curtiss Aeroplane Corporation, and host of the day, met the party on landing.

As we climbed down the side of the ship, he called out: "Well, what do you think of *that* for flying in comfort?"

"Who wants to fly comfortably?" I groused, acting as spokesman for the party. "In that limousine bus a lady can travel to the theater without putting on a hairnet, but when one goes out for sensations, who's looking for *comfort*? I, for one, am disappointed!"

"Do you mean that?" asked Mr. Stratton, quickly passing the buck. "If you do, the 'Oriole' is right here and will take you up, and I'll calculate will give you all the thrills you want."

Now, having heard just the day before of a certain Congressman who had insisted on carrying smelling salts and a fire extinguisher on his flight in the "Oriole," and who, upon return to *terra firma* had frankly stated: "I don't care who knows it, that got my goat," I naturally wasn't as anxious for an "Oriole" thrill as I might have been otherwise. In fact, I felt about it pretty much like the King of Belgium did on a similar occasion.

It appears that during his recent visit to Washington, the Navy Department, on the day he was to go to Annapolis, had arranged to "fly him" down. At the last moment, however, the State Department sat down on the plan, notifying the Navy that it was "too much of a risk."

So the big hydroplanes went kingless to Annapolis—for exhibition purposes only—while His Majesty rode in state in an automobile. Later it leaked out that the King wasn't very keen about flying, after all, which (Continued on page 236)

Founder of "The Thought-Balanced Technic"

American Composers' Programs

Miss Elizabeth Siedoff, the noted pianist, specializing in programs from the works of eminent native composers

IT has remained for Elizabeth Siedoff to interpret upon the piano American compositions in a way that they can be understood by Americans. Her repertoire includes the old masters and other modern schools, but her concert work presenting American programs soon attracted widespread attention. She has received recognition from the press as the pioneer in this field. The following appeared in *The Musician*: "Elizabeth Siedoff of Boston was the first pianist to specialize in American music. She plays besides compositions of the better known composers, many works that are somewhat discoveries of her own." To hear her play any one of her many American compositions indicates why she has triumphed in the rendition of American themes.

Elizabeth Siedoff also stands unique and distinctive as founder of "The Thought-Balanced Technic"* for the piano-forte. The following is a sketch of the experiences which have brought her to the place she holds in the musical field today:

Her one aspiration as a tiny girl was to learn to play the piano. Born in Lockport, New York, the native city of both parents, she received renown in her early teens as a pianist. She pursued her studies vigorously at the Conservatory in that city, and after receiving her diploma went to Europe to continue her life work under the masters. One of them conferred the distinction of "master-pupil" upon her, while another accepted her as his only pupil during his fully-planned summer. Her success in composition, as well as in other musical subjects, was also marked. While a student abroad Miss Siedoff appeared in many salon recitals and was appointed organist and choir director of the American church in Berlin for two summers, having accepted the honor of being the first woman who ever occupied this position. Her experience in this line has been upon the largest European and American organs.

She returned to America just before the war broke out in Europe and constructed programs made up of American composers and continued occasional work with the world's greatest pianists in this country. In speaking to our correspondent Miss Siedoff stated:

"After having studied with no less than six prominent masters, I set aside a period of quiet research for one principle and idea which must underlie all of the seemingly varied presentations given me by these teachers, until at last I saw that the source was entirely mental, and discovered that the result depended primarily upon the right adjustment of thought, which balances the finger tips, relaxes the body as a whole, and permits the hand and arm as well to take a natural position. I developed a most original way of imparting this idea, which I named 'The Thought-Balanced Technic.' Its simplicity has proved most interesting and unusual. The realization that the muscles are but the subservient forces of thought at work in the consciousness of the performer renders 'The Thought-Balanced Technic' the most perfectly responsive medium of expression whereby freedom, simplicity, grace, harmony and power may be manifested. In proportion to the degree that one conceives the magnitude of a single tone, octave, or chord, is he given the power to express it, and to the extent that he eliminates physical obstructions, caused by wrong thinking and tension, does he free the channel for real

expression. Never limit the student's capacity to produce all that you maintain for him. Always declare that the pupil has still greater power than he already comprehends. This brings unlimited results and much joy to the earnest seeker for truths regarding the underlying principle of piano playing; reveals a new message, and above all, a principle applicable to every activity of the pupil's daily life.

*"Each piece of music I regard as a tree which the gardener is given to attend. The branches of melodic, harmonic and



MISS ELIZABETH SIEDOFF

rhythmic expression bud, develop, and mature until they blossom into the flower and ripen into the fruit. Music is to me something more than drudgery with its trail of disappointments. It is rather an unfoldment of new ideas day by day under the inspiration of sincere and honest achievement." *

Now we know why Elizabeth Siedoff has mastered technique with "intelligence and thoroughness," as the critics write. To prove that this principle could be applied successfully in cases of others as well as her own, Miss Siedoff accepted aside from her concert engagements, a number of pupils from various parts of the country, at her studio in Boston during the winter and in Bar Harbor during the summer. She taught not only teachers and advanced students, but also beginners, with the result that it brought satisfaction and joy to each individual. She was gratified to read the following comment made from greater Boston and published by the critic of the *Musical Courier*: "Miss Siedoff has been most (Continued on page 239)

*Copyright 1920, Elizabeth Siedoff

Ask Him—He'll Tell You

By ROBERT H. MOULTON

IT is a safe bet that the compiler of "Who's Who in America" is no fisherman, otherwise he would have printed in bold-faced letters the name of Dixie Carroll, Chicago. In equally impressive type he probably would have added the unique title, "Piscatorial Adviser Extraordinary."

That's exactly what Dixie is, and if you don't believe it, ask any one of several million disciples of the original Isaak Walton in this country. You won't have to search far to find them, either. They are in Wall Street, under the Capitol Dome at Washington, in the stock yards of Chicago, behind the counters of village stores, out on the western prairies—wherever, in fact, there is a man or boy who has listened to the music of a humming reel. They will tell you that Dixie is not only some fisherman himself, but that he has the faculty of telling other people how to be so in language that is at once instructive and picturesque. Best of all, he puts no price on the advice he offers; it is yours for the asking, providing you send along a stamp to cover his reply. This is important when it is understood that some months he has received and answered no less than six hundred inquiries from perplexed fishing fans.

These subjects have covered every subject from the right way to impale a worm on a hook to the correct weight of a muskelunge forty-two inches in length and sixteen inches in girth, that had been caught at five o'clock in the afternoon on the Fourth of July, but couldn't be weighed because the lucky angler was so fussed that he dropped his scales overboard just at the moment he started to apply them to the monster.

A little poser like that is peppermint candy for Dixie. He knows what that fish *should* have weighed, because, you see, he has in a neat little indexed book the dimensions fore, aft, round about, criss-cross, and every other old way, of some hundreds of muskies of his own catching. Therefore it is merely a question of a little figuring for him to dope out the matter down to the fraction of an ounce.

In the same reliable manner he can and will advise you on any other subject that has to do with fishing. And all of his information is based upon personal experience, for, be it known, Dixie has fished from the Hudson Bay country down to the West Indies, and from the Maine woods to the Pacific Coast; in fact, he has been doing this very thing almost since he was a little shaver in knickerbockers. Furthermore, he imparts his advice in such a breezy, pal-to-pal style that you feel absolutely certain he has no other object on earth than to help you solve whatever angling problem confronts you.

Only once, it is said, was he ever known to lose his smiling good humor. This was when a so-called "game hog" sent in a bragging account of the hundred and odd ducks he had bagged single-handed one morning, winding up his letter with, "Oh, by the way, I'm having some trouble with my gun; it doesn't shoot as close as it used to. Can you tell me how to keep the shot from scattering?"

Back went the reply: "Use one shot!"

Dixie's earliest contact with deep water came when a catboat in which he and his father were fishing in Chesapeake Bay overturned, sending father and son to a cold bath. Father swam ashore with son on his back—said son having the nerve to call dad's attention to a school of fish swimming nearby



DIXIE CARROLL
*Fisherman extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the
Disciples of Izaak Walton*

while the perilous journey was in progress, and to remark that if his landing net hadn't gone down when the boat upset, he would bet he could get a dozen of 'em at one swipe.

After reaching shore and removing some of the water from his lungs and clothes, Dad gently intimated that Dixie's forte was the fishing game thenceforward (Continued on page 239)

Northeastern College: A History

NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association is one of the most broadly known and useful educational institutions in the United States, and its growth and development have attracted widespread interest on the part of educational authorities throughout the country.

Since the date of its establishment in 1851, the Boston Y. M. C. A., the first in the United States, had conducted evening classes in elementary subjects for employed men. The first course offered was known as a "Class for Intellectual Conversation"—what would probably be termed "Current Events" today—which was followed by short courses in mathematics, drawing, languages, etc. The development was gradual, no definite plan existed, and no one supervised the work.

In 1895 Mr. George W. Mehaffey was called to the general secretaryship, and the same year Frank P. Speare, now President of Northeastern College, was engaged as a teacher of English. During this year Mr. Speare was especially impressed with the earnestness and capabilities of his students and came to the conclusion that if adequate facilities were provided and a definite program set up, this work could be transformed into that of a broad educational institution. He stated his convictions to Mr. Mehaffey, who endorsed them and presented them to the Board of Directors, and in 1896 a definite school system was set up and put in operation, under the direction of Mr. Speare.

Four hundred and nineteen boys and young men were then enrolled during the evening hours, each paying one dollar a year for his instruction, it being agreed that in every case where seventy-five per cent of the recitations were attended the dollar would be refunded. The courses were largely vocational and of an elementary nature. Twelve teachers were employed, and the budget for the entire year was but twenty-eight hundred dollars.

The possibilities of the undertaking were immediately apparent. The percentage of attendance increased, the quality of the work was improved, and the second year showed a decided advance all along the line. Course after course was then added, until a large and varied program was in operation. The courses were then grouped into various sub-divisions, and the system became known as "The Evening Institute for Young Men."

Because of urgent requests for the opening of an evening law school, such a school was established in 1898 under the direction of Judge James R. Dunbar, James B. Ames, Dean of the Harvard Law School, and Samuel C. Bennett, then Dean of the Boston University Law School. A four-year course was set up, and a group of prominent young lawyers assembled as the Faculty. The success of this Law School was immediate; it quickly gained recognition, and in 1904 was incorporated and given the right to grant the degree of LL. B.

From the date of the incorporation of the Law School the evolution of the school system now known as Northeastern College and Associated Schools was rapid. In 1903 the first Automobile School in America was established by the Boston Association, being located for several years in hired buildings and finally moving into its own well-equipped shop and school

building. In 1909 the Huntington School for Boys was created and the Evening Preparatory Courses were grouped and placed on a dignified and accredited basis. The Co-operative School of Engineering, the only day school in the College, was established in 1909. The School of Commerce and Finance was incorporated in 1911, with the right to grant appropriate degrees. The Evening School of Engineering was established in 1913. Each one of these separate units evolved rapidly and became strong, vigorous, and increasingly useful. In 1915 it became apparent, therefore, that a reclassification was necessary.

The following year the secondary group was set apart, consisting of the Huntington School for Boys, a day preparatory



FRANK P. SPEARE
President of Northeastern College

school comparable with Exeter and Andover; the Evening Preparatory School, with a large student body and fitting for all the higher institutions of learning and for business; and the Automobile School, training students for the various branches of the automobile industry. In the collegiate group were the School of Law, the School of Commerce and Finance, the Co-operative School of Engineering, the Evening School of Engineering, and the School of Liberal Arts. It was determined that this collegiate group, with its high standards and remarkable product, should be given an appropriate

title, and after careful consideration the name of "Northeastern College" was selected and the secondary group became known as the "associated schools."

Under this new name and university organization the expansion and development has been truly phenomenal. The student body has grown from the original four hundred and nineteen to five thousand. The equipment is worthy of any high grade educational institution. Chemical, physical, electrical, mechanical and civil engineering laboratories fully equipped are now in operation, three large buildings are in use, the Faculty and assistants have increased from twelve to over two hundred, and the budget of twenty-eight hundred dollars of 1896 has grown to three hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars for 1920.

Such an evolution is absolutely novel in educational history. Once a grammar school, always a grammar school; once a high school, always a high school; and once a college, always a college is the usual rule. But for an institution to start as less than a grammar school, with evening sessions, no equipment, a part-time staff, and an expenditure of less than three thousand dollars a year, and emerge as a recognized Massachusetts institution of higher learning—with degree-granting power, the second largest student body in the state, modern equipment, satisfactory housing, a thorough organization, and general commendation—is an unprecedented procedure which challenges the imagination.

An interesting fact in this evolution is that with scarcely an exception every course ever offered by the School during its long journey from a grammar school to a college is now in operation and being carried on in a way worthy of its new setting.

In view of the humble beginning, tremendous difficulties, skepticism, indifference, and in some cases hostility, which this school system has experienced in the past, the commanding position which it now holds, and the well nigh universal approval of its purpose and plans, one is almost staggered in the contemplation of its future.

It has been evident for several years that the work of Northeastern College could not be confined to greater Boston or even Massachusetts, for, in spite of the fact that over a hundred towns and cities pour their young men, day and night, into the Northeastern class-rooms, thousands of others too remote for daily travel persistently demand its services.

The Northeastern College Board of Governors have now taken their most important step in projecting many of its departments and activities into a group of New England Associations. Divisions and branches are now in successful operation under a Regional Committee of prominent business and professional men. Standardized courses, co-ordinated classes, supervision and unified control enable the College to offer maximum service at minimum cost to the students in many communities. Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Bridgeport, Providence, New Haven, and Lynn are now actively participating, with a combined student body which will reach, if not exceed, ten thousand during the coming year. Ten other

cities are in line for participation, and these, when organized, will greatly increase the volume of work carried on.

The officers of the Regional Committee consist of: President Frank Palmer Speare of Northeastern College, chairman; Benjamin A. Franklin, President of the Springfield Y. M. C. A. and Vice-president of the Strathmore Paper Company, vice-president; Chandler M. Wood, President of the Metropolitan Trust Company, Boston, treasurer; Galen D. Light, Secretary of Northeastern College, secretary; and Carl D. Smith, executive secretary. The budget has been underwritten by prominent financiers and business men for a period of five years.

A Home Study Course has been established by the Educational Council of the United Y. M. C. A.'s of America, and this program covers a multiplicity of subjects of great value, which will be featured by the divisions of Northeastern College so that a great number of men and women who cannot attend resident courses may be served.

As soon as the New England zone is in complete running order it is planned to establish similar collegiate zones in other parts of the country, clearing through the International Committee at New York City, and being united in a definite system with a student body of nearly two hundred thousand men.

Northeastern has been the originator of many new and improved methods of instruction; it has eliminated non-essentials, stressed essentials, simplified methods, and, thru the co-operative form of education, combined theory and practice; it has ever been a leader in thought and action and has had a decided and valuable influence far outside of its own field of activity. It was the pioneer in America in Vocational Guidance; the school was used as a laboratory by the late Frank Parsons, and but for his untimely death Northeastern would have been the headquarters for a great development and promulgation of the vocational guidance idea.

Northeastern was the first school system of which we have any knowledge conducted and operated on the hypothesis that evening students could do college work at night, and, because of their maturity, high purpose, determination, and zeal, accomplish precisely as good results as their brothers in the day schools and colleges. This conviction has always been stoutly maintained, and the success of Northeastern graduates at the Bar, in C. P. A., Civil Service, in engineering practice and college entrance examinations, and in innumerable lines of human activity attests indisputably the fact that this school system has been of inestimable value, not only to its great student body of over five thousand men, but to an army of other men studying in similar schools which have in large measure adopted the Northeastern plans and methods.

This great work is now in full swing. Northeastern looks to the future with ever-increasing enthusiasm and high hopes, seeking in every way to benefit the ninety-eight per cent of our adult male population who, though unable to attend the regular day colleges and universities, are possessed of latent ability, ambition, and determination. The past of the College is secure, the present is rich in accomplishment, the future unbounded.



Goldye Miriam meets the Heart Throbs girl

Lorraine Harding Talks Turkey

By
GOLDYE MIRIAM

About people who ridicule the movies—About presenting the people's chosen songs and stories on the screen—About being a star without press agents, bon bons and Dill pickles

THE hotel clerk looked up from his book of registrants.

"You want to see Miss Harding?" he repeated, an inflation of his voice putting a most courteous twist to what he had said.

He thought for a moment, looked at his switchboard (this hotel was a sort of one-man proposition down near Cape Cod), and then said:

"She's working on a 'Heart Throbs' picture, you know, and she left word that she would be out on location all day if any one happened to call. I wouldn't like to disregard her wishes, miss."

A whining sort of sound was heard, and I turned around to see a lad push open the elevator door. A second later and the "Heart Throbs" girl stepped out.

I lost no time in starting toward her, and approaching, said:

"Of course I know, Miss Harding, that you will be too busy to see me this morning, but if you don't mind, I'd—"

"Why h-e-l-l-o," Goldye Miriam, she greeted. "I've been waiting to see what sort of questions you were going to ask me after reading your articles about D. W. Griffith and Constance Talmadge. Where shall we go? Anywhere you say is agreeable to me—up in my room, in the parlor, out on the porch—anywhere."

There was a fresh, wholesome pleasant ring to Miss Harding's voice. She had a way of looking sincerely sweet. Dressed in a simple morning frock, she radiated the very essence of the make-yourself-at-home spirit.

We walked over a bit of somewhat sandy lawn to a point where we caught the first glimpse of the beautiful natural setting that will form the backgrounds for "Annabel Lee," the "Heart Throb" picture on which Miss Harding is now at work. Presuming that the star was as interested in the pretty landscape as I was, I contented myself with taking a broad view of the situation, quietly making ready for an opening through which I might start off our chat about pictures. The opening came sooner than I expected.

Toward us was approaching a group of several men. One was deeply engaged in noticing the sun, the far-off rocks, and other bits of photo-

graphic novelty. Another man bringing up the rear was carrying a large motion picture camera.

"Oh, Mr. Van Buren," called Lorraine Harding, "come over here and meet Goldye Miriam."

And Ned Van Buren, a rather tall, serious-looking chap, came over and expressed greetings. "Van," as everyone called him, was extremely pleasant. In fact, the entire staff seemed inclined to treat the work as pleasure. I found none

would be too busy to see me, and that after waiting for several hours someone might tell me to call again or just make up something and write about the star. That's the usual method of picture companies."

"Well, I don't believe you could make 'Heart Throb's' pictures that way," spoke up Miss Harding. "These pictures aren't made like Ford automobiles. There's no process or blue-

print that we can follow.

Of course we have our scripts worked out to the last detail. We know what we are going to do and how we are going to do it. But we don't take the machine-made system as our policy. In order to transfer to celluloid the prettiest thoughts in song and story, we have to aim at a rather invisible object known as *sentiment*. To make people really feel the joys and sorrows of what we put before them, we ourselves must so act out those human emotions that our intention strikes home. Otherwise we are not serving our purpose. If a 'Heart Throbs' picture relied only on melodrama to make it interesting, it would not be a 'Heart Throbs' picture, and in such an event we would be doing nothing original. But there is a higher motive for our pictures. It is true that we want to present entertainment and amusement, tintured with what facts about our respective subjects are educationally interesting. But most of all we want to present humanisms, flesh and blood, the joys and sorrows, the triumphs and failures of our people. And in order to present such we have chosen 'Heart Throbs' of our people as the source of material."

I do not pretend to be able to jot down a person's statement with the accuracy of a court reporter, or a staff writer on any New York daily. I've never been called upon to do so. At Texas University my English prof., whose manuscripts were invariably

rejected by all magazines to which they were submitted, would often break into oratory with a flow of words on present literary conditions that sent me flying through my hair for a pencil, but as a general thing I've not been called upon to take much shorthand. Nor need I say that I did not take Miss Harding's

(Continued on page 233)



MISS LORRAINE HARDING

of the hustle-bustle and czarism so prevalent in movie studios and on location.

"It certainly is a treat," I commented, "to meet some movie folks who can find a little fun in their work. I had an idea that everyone

A monthly interpretation

The Pulse of the Movie-public

By
NASH A. NALL

Wherein Nash A. Nall discusses the new film features from the standpoint of audience-approval, the vitriol spattering on ye chronic critic

TO ask our dear reader to patiently scan these lines until such time as he may find a startling truth buried under the thorns and roses and box-office titles of last month's motion-picture news is not quite fair. The history of the last four weeks, so far as the motion-picture world is concerned, is written—indelibly written—with such force and clarity that qualification is entirely unfair and unjust. Which means in the main that "Humoresque," from the story by Fannie Hurst and produced under the general sponsorship of the Famous Players' organization, is probably the most commendable cinema accomplishment brought to the screen in the last thirty days.

The time specification means nothing. One hundred and three days—one thousand and thirty days, and the sentiment of the visitors and residents of New York City would probably remain the same. An entirely different production has been given the silver-sheet. A picture that relies neither on melodrama, star nor press agent has come forth in all its glory. "Humoresque" is exactly as it is termed, a story of mother love. Picture the shy, frail, sallow-cheeked lad of six. Tolerate for a second his baby desires, his foolish fancies, his faults. Sort out the good from the not-good. But it's impossible. That's why we have mothers.

"Humoresque" has the distinction of being one of the few picture plays to result in a celluloid success equal to its merit in story form. This picture certainly strikes a heart chord that makes a universal appeal despite the fact that it is forced to carry the responsibility of singling out one nationality rather strongly. This production, it is understood, will complete its indefinite engagement at the Criterion Theater, New York City, before it is shown in theaters throughout the country.

For courageousness in making his picture conform to his short-story style, Rupert Hughes deserves all medals. And for a sparkling, dainty, chic and humorous picture, his "Scratch My Back" is undoubtedly one of the brightest events of the month. Mr. Hughes apparently was determined to get inside the hard shell of present-day scenario structure and scratch. His efforts were well rewarded, and "Scratch My Back" will probably take its place in picture classification as a strictly original product. If it demonstrates only one thing, this picture at least proves that the author is permitted to be wisely familiar with his audience—as long as he steers clear of figures of speech.

Douglas Fairbanks, as he sojourns on the other side, has undoubtedly found that "The Mollycoddle" appealed to picture fans. Yet, the process of analysis will show that "The Mollycoddle" will not make as many friends for the genial "Doug" as his various other pictures. This is simply for the reason that America's strongest advocate of the smile does less in this picture to cause smiles than in any of his previous efforts. Naturally there are certain comedy incidents. But the majority of this picture fails to get across for the reason that Mr. Fairbanks' devices for laughs are generally known two or three scenes ahead of that spot at which the laugh is timed. But such small or great defects will not injure

the popularity of Douglas Fairbanks for many years to come. The laughs may be decreased, but the box-office patrons—never!

Marking her first appearance in several months, Mildred Harris Chaplin returned to the Strand Theater in "The Inferior Sex." Interesting indeed was the varied and strained efforts of the family of dramatic writers to pass opinion on this picture. All agreed that Mrs. Chaplin had undertaken a theme of momentous importance. But there was considerable difference of views relative to the picture's accuracy in presenting a story of "the inferior sex." Whether "the better half" or the other half is the inferior sex will likely require more discussion than we are at present able to give. But regardless of the answer to this question the picture is well worth seeing and can be especially recommended to young married couples or prospective brides and grooms.

Sailing high on the wings of Fashion as the result of pre-review showings atop the Astor Hotel, Georges Carpentier in "The Wonder Man" makes an interesting subject. Having never before acted for motion pictures, with little or no stage experience, the actor-pugilist has done remarkably well, and has demonstrated that he has more than the average amount of stage ability. Pretty Miss Faire Binney, sister of Constance, and just as attractive, does her bit to make the picture a success. The producers wisely seasoned this picture of a French secret service agent with just enough boxing, society, thrills and romance to please almost anyone.

To the astonishment of even her most ardent admirers, Norma Talmadge has surpassed her greatest previous performances and has produced in "Yes or No," probably the great picture in her career. Fairly throbbing with the faith, strength, and loyalty of the "no" girl, and the deceit, weakness, frailty of the "yes" girl, "Yes or No" carries the strong story of the loyal wife and the woman who had not the moral backbone to choose the hardest path. For finish and general excellence, the equal of "Yes or No" has not been seen in a long time. Miss Talmadge plays a dual role and scores a decided triumph in her portrayal of the role of the "yes" girl; but as the woman who said *no* she is superb.

Perhaps because it dove-tailed into the announcement that Harold Lloyd would receive \$1,500,000 per year, and perhaps because of the reason for that salary, the eyes of moviedom were fastened on "High and Dizzy," Mr. Lloyd's latest comedy made under the direction of Hal Roach, who is credited with having directed the comedian in all of his previous successes. "High and Dizzy" is indeed what is claimed of it—the best Harold Lloyd comedy to date. When one considers that Harold Lloyd for the last eight months has been drawing more laughs per foot of celluloid than any other comedian in the motion-picture world, this statement means a great deal. Anyone who sees "High and Dizzy" would not wonder why Mr. Lloyd is forced to accept his modest little salary of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per month. Count-

ing thirty days to the month, our Mr. Lloyd need work but two weeks and five days and he earns as much money as the President of the United States can earn in a whole year. But it is so much more difficult to make people laugh than to be a President, we suppose.

And speaking about Presidents, brings to mind the fact that Mr. Woodrow Wilson should be thanked by Mr. William S. Hart for the earnest praises of the former with regard to "Sand," the latest production of the latter. Just how many people went to see this Paramount release upon the recommendation of Mr. Wilson is hard to estimate. But there is no doubt whatever that those who did witness this production agreed with the President. Mr. Hart has been a favorite for some time, but he has never appeared to better advantage than under the President's official okeh.

Friends of Thomas Meighan will welcome the opportunity of seeing him in a starring role in "The Prince Chap," adapted by William De Mille from the famous play by Edward Peple. This is an extraordinary picture in that it follows the play to the letter, makes no pretense at interpolating some specially-improvised melodrama, and puts over its message in a sincere, straightforward way. Naturally it was severely criticized by the infallible New York critics, despite the fact that practically every audience at the New York Rivoli Theater applauded it enthusiastically. The critics found fault with it. But the thousands of theatergoers seemed to like it very well. Consequently we are inclined to believe that "The Prince Chap" deserves a crown of approval.

It is quite odd to write a monthly survey about anything as flouted as the motion picture without condemning at least one picture. But in our conscientious effort to convey to the picture-fan the opinion of the majority of persons who witness the latest productions at their premier presentations we are unable to do so. There are scores of other pictures that deserve mention, among them: "Married Life," a funny Mack Sennett five-reel feature in which Ben Turpin is starred; "La La Lucille," a Lyons and Moran comedy, adapted from the musical comedy; "The City of Masks," a most entertaining feature in which Robert Warwick is seen; "One Hour before Dawn," with H. B. Warner, Anna Q. Nilsson, a fine mystery story; and "Li Ting Lang," in which Sessue Hayakawa, as an Americanized Chinaman probably does the best acting in his career.

Again Will Rogers has scored a success with "Cupid, the Cowpuncher" a Goldwin release that delighted a week's audiences at the Capitol Theatre. Provided there is the germ of human interest in the story Will Rogers can interpret such in a manner all his own. A few more pictures like "Cupid, the Cowpuncher" and Mr. Rogers will be one of the three greatest male stars in the history of the screen.

And for our last paragraph we will refer the dear reader to our first paragraph, showing that an introduction can be used for a finale.

A popular sextette

Solid With the Movie-fans

Popular opinion, based on the number of people who follow the activities of these stars, according to our mail, results in this page of pictures



"The Man Who Had Everything," is the title of Jack Pickford's forthcoming Goldwyn release. Jack's undoubtedly the boy for the part



Titles and stories don't matter a great deal as long as Ethel Clayton plays the leading role. Here's her latest photograph



"The Thunderbolt," said "The Prince Chap," "Why Change Your Wife." All of them show the likeable Thomas Meighan to his best advantage



With the courage of the peer of artists Mary Pickford permitted a sad ending to grace her latest big four film, "Suds"



It's hard to identify Wallace Reid without an auto. But nevertheless the "Watch My Dust" chap is on his way and happy



If the Paramount Company knew how anxious are the movie fans for the next Lila Lee feature they'd certainly speed up the release of the next one

Memories of little "White Almond Flower"

Ben Grauer's Sweetheart

By
MARJORIE BELISCH

Miss Clarine Seymour and the ten-year-old stage and screen star found time to know each other while Mister Griffith directed them in "The Idol Dancer"

FADED, perhaps, from this world of cold realities, but blossoming divinely in the Soul of Youth, is the little "White Almond Flower" who has been called to the far-away, but who lingers cherished in the sweetest and saddest memories of a little boy who loved her—loved her not in the passion of romance, but as a brother would love his sister. Forgotten, perchance, by those to whom she brought the sunshine of happiness on the silver screen, but remembered with all the lustre of childish devotion is Clarine Seymour, who shares with Mrs. Ida K. Grauer the greatest place in the heart and prayers of Ben Grauer, ten years old, and the hero of this article.

Master Ben Grauer met Clarine Seymour nearly a year ago. It was just about the time that D. W. Griffith was selecting his cast for "The Idol Dancer," the production which almost cost the lives of the great director and his production staff. Miss Seymour had been selected for the leading role. Mr. Griffith was looking for a small boy, a lad with natural stage instinct, and who, in addition had a physique of such enviable proportions that he could take the part of a bright-eyed, semi-civilized urchin of the South Seas. The part would require considerable ability. Out of the many who were examined by Mr. Griffith, Ben Grauer was chosen.

Into the state of Florida toured the D. W. Griffith

appeared in comedies and finally had been asked by Mr. Griffith to appear in star roles in a number of his features. First came "True Heart Susie," brimful of the sort of sentiment that she loved so well to portray. Next was her picture "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Ben liked that picture best.

"You know," he told her, "I've been seeing motion pictures ever since I was old enough to understand the sub-titles. Mamma used to read them to me at first. Of all the pictures I ever saw, I believe I like 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home' best. There was something about it that just made everybody feel like friends of the actors."

Ben didn't express exactly what he meant when he discussed "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" with Miss Seymour. He hardly made himself clear to the writer. But I share with him the opinion that Miss Seymour appeared in one of

winning. Again Ben expressed my ideas when he told Miss Seymour:

"I liked you in that picture because the part showed you to be so like you really are."

And Miss Seymour asked about Ben's career.

Ben Grauer was almost literally born on the stage. At the age of one and one-half years he was carried about in the arms of some of our greatest dramatic stars and served nobly as the child in question—a necessary evil which most of the good dramatic plays must have. As Ben became older he was given more important parts. Up to the present time he has appeared on Broadway stages in such successes as

Miss
Clarine Seymour
in "The Idol
Dancer"

Ben
Grauer

Ben Grauer
as a "Griffith
Savage"

troupe. Into that district where palms and other signs of tropical vegetation give evidence of relation to the lands washed by the gem seas of the South. It was on that first lap of the location hunt that Ben Grauer had a chance to know Clarine Seymour personally.

While the staff was resting after luncheon one afternoon, Miss Seymour and Ben engaged in conversation. They discussed stage careers and the beloved screen star told how she had originally

her greatest and most appealing roles in that picture. The full charm of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" reposed for the main part in the faith and loyalty of a cabaret girl—a miss whose easiest and rosiest road lay just outside the Don't Care Station. But the girl who stayed at home wasn't that kind of a girl. She took an interest in the great war, wrote more letters overseas than all the rest of the girls in her block put together, plied her knitting industriously between rehearsals, and was the loyalest, sweetest sweetheart that a screen author might imagine. It is just such a girl that wins everything worth



"Penrod," "Maytime," and "Flora-dora," in which he is now a featured player in the baby-sextette.

But the hardest part Ben ever had to play was in "The Idol Dancer." His mother, Mrs. Ida K. Grauer, who lives at No. 201 West 112th

Street, New York City, tells the story in a most interesting manner: "In order to get Ben

ready for his part, it was necessary to get him out of bed by six o'clock.

Before putting on a stitch, I had to mix a solution of brown powder-paint and oil and smear this over his entire body. Then he put on a tiny strap—which incidentally was his costume for 'The Idol Dancer'—and was ready to step down into the dining room of the hotel for breakfast. He could not wear a robe this early in the morning, for the paint would smear off. Consequently, he had to appear in the beautiful dining room of the Hotel Broward in Fort Lauderdale looking like the meanest little savage you can imagine.

"When Ben walked with me on the streets of Fort Lauderdale, the majority of pedestrians would stop and ask me if I had adopted a little cannibal. It was hardly (Continued on page 233)

The month's new ideas

Joys to be Anticipated

Marshall Neilan has a very clever idea in "Go and Get It," Katherine MacDonald's latest picture, Lillian Gish's ability as a director, Edna Shipman the newest star of the Shipman family



Her uncle, Ernest Shipman, is a producer—the man who brought us "Back to God's Country," as capable and farsighted a showman as the world has produced; her aunt is Nell Shipman, the star whose name has been emblazoned in electric lights the world over; her father is the Rev. Frank Shipman, who leads his flock in the West; and she is Edna Shipman, as sweet and pretty as she appears in this picture. She will be seen in "The Foreigner," soon to be released

Lillian Gish has long been the idol of millions of screen fans. However, Lillian broke forth in a new light recently when it was announced that she had directed her sister Dorothy in a picture entitled "Remodeling Her Husband." With every trace of care and attention this picture is mighty good evidence that the woman director is going to be an important factor in picture-making. And there's very little doubt that Lillian in her initial direction effort applied some of the tricks learned from D. W. Griffith

WE take pleasure in presenting herewith an insight into how Marshall Neilan accomplished such a remarkable feat in his production of an ape-man in his latest First National release, "Go and Get It."

Bull Montana, who plays the part of the ape into whose skull was transplanted the brain of a criminal, no doubt had to undergo severe inconvenience in donning the make-up as shown in the accompanying photograph, but the result was certainly worth the pains, for in this instance Mr. Neilan has produced a picture that surpasses any of his previous efforts, including all of the Mary Pickford releases.


"Go and Get It" is a newspaper story, taking its title from the most thrilling four words in the vocabulary of the big-time city editor. There comes a time in the life of every newspaper reporter when difficulties present themselves in the covering of an assignment. It is in such cases that the city editor's battle-cry "Go and Get It" is the call that brings back the "story."

Perhaps the most novel incident in "Go and Get It" is the fact that the crimes which baffled the police of "Harbor City" were created by this ape-man. The animal-human is a product of man—a doctor who succeeds in an operation wherein the brain of a criminal sentenced to the gallows is placed in the skull of a huge gorilla. The operation is successful and within the head of the ape, the brain of the criminal functions, causing the ape-man to commit the crimes which the criminal swore to perpetrate before his death.

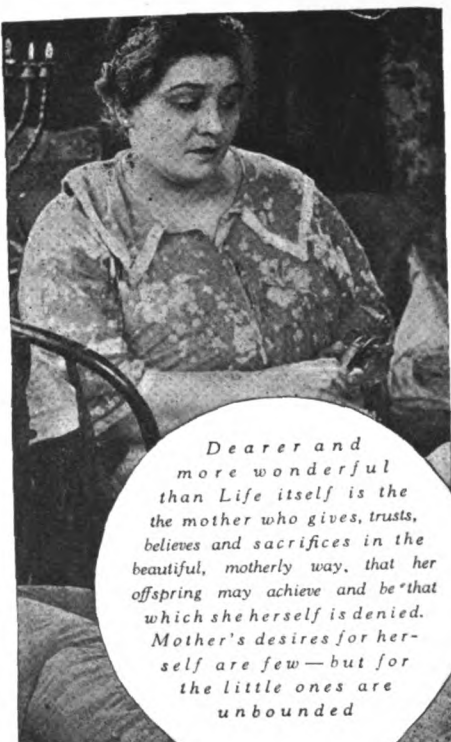
Beyond the question of a doubt, Mr. Neilan has scored a triumph in his production of this picture. For novelty of plot, action, thrills, suspense and human interest, in addition to a well-handled love story, he is to be especially complimented.




Katherine MacDonald's latest release will be "The Notorious Miss Lisle," in which she was directed by the famous James Young. In none of her other pictures has Miss MacDonald shown the histrionic ability that Mr. Young brings forth in her forthcoming production. Both she and the director are to be congratulated



Who but a mother could see into the soul of the clinging, frail little lad who begged for a fiddle? Baby desires are rarely taken seriously. But here was the lad she had prayed God to make a musician



Dearer and more wonderful than Life itself is the mother who gives, trusts, believes and sacrifices in the beautiful, motherly way, that her offspring may achieve and be that which she herself is denied. Mother's desires for herself are few—but for the little ones are unbounded



Hemmed in by barriers of the gloomy tenements, yet there blossomed this pretty flower of the Ghetto, a rose that was to outgrow physical affliction just as her family outgrew poverty


"HUMORESQUE"

—that laugh on life with a tear behind it! Who better than Fannie Hurst could write a story of human beings, of mothers who give and smile, and cry—crying to hide certain "mother's joys," and laughing to hide the tears.

Human in its treatment, stirring in its relation of the story of a mother's faith and confidence, sad at times, humorous at times, always looking for the silver lining and always finding it, this picture, which has already held Broadway audiences for nine consecutive weeks, is one of the most laudable productions in the history of motion pictures.

The story deals with a Jewish family of the tenements, a lad with a baby desire to be a violinist, a father who fails at first to understand, brothers and sisters who act natural, and a mother who trusts and believes in her "wonder boy." The lad becomes famous, is true to his baby sweetheart of the Ghetto, but finally heeds the call of war. The story ends happily.

The person who would not be thrilled and pleased with "Humoresque" is not a normal human being.



And on the wings of a mother's answered prayer there soared to fame this wonder violinist of the ages. Spellbound, listened Kings and Presidents when the genius who brought the plaintive throb of the tenements from the strings of his violin, appeared before them. Thrilled was the world—and a sweetheart and a mother—at the mere mention of his name



The bugle call formed the dominant note on the heart-strings of the lad. Farewell to public, to the Ghetto sweetheart, to mother. But there came that glorious day when the last echo of the war guns was heard, and then he came back to a mother's arms.

Time flies; and so must we

America First, or Last, in Air Travel?

An eminent authority reviews our past mistakes, and makes suggestions for future development

By GUTZON BORGLUM



THE purpose of this article is to direct attention to America's future aeronautically, with such reference to her past as is necessary to accent her potentiality and what she can and must become as a world power in this new era. What we were, what we might have been, and what, in spite of the colossal failure of our aeronautics as a service to our army, we are bound to become, will be touched upon. Avoiding unrelated detail, I shall point to the causes of our failure and show how unnecessary it was and how impossible it is that the error can be read into history as a fault of American ingenuity, national parsimony, or governmental restraint. I shall also show that had we been guided by intelligent aeronautical knowledge, available both here and abroad, we would not only have outstripped England in her magnificent performance, but would today be leading the aeronautic activities of the world. So let us state offhand that America—as we are now officially styled, with South America, the convenient islands and protected seas of the western hemisphere—will within ten years (unless revolution checks everything) become the aeronautical mistress of the world. And we will hold that lead, unless Europe becomes a republic—which alone can permit interstate traffic in the air. Then again, this too may be the best method of uniting Russia's vast natural resources necessary with Germany's efficiency and ingenuity.

Aeronautic development, in a world sense, must be encouraged by a nation of vast territorial dimensions. America possesses this in her own area of friendly peoples and her relations with Canada and the Latin Americas extend the area of her experiment literally from pole to pole. This is not by any means a fantastic imagery, but a statement of the fundamentals necessary to create extensive experiment and maintain large enterprise.

In 1907 Orville Wright flew before official America at Fort Myer. His tiny elemental biplane attained, if I remember, sixty-seven minutes in the air. I witnessed the performance. About this time Hiram Maxim, La Grange and Bleriot, in England and France, were making experiments with the glider, plus engine power—which is what the airplane is—and in twelve years it has not progressed beyond this, largely because in spite of the most intensive activity in building, invention has been fought, organized against, and in America practically strangled by an association whose legality is in question.

After Orville had flown at Fort Myer, Wilbur, who had waited to give his brother in America the first chance, sailed quietly into space in France, ahead of the European inventors. I had the honor and the pleasure, as a member of one of the aero clubs, to be chairman of the committee which presented the Wright brothers with the first gold medal, I believe, ever given for such performance.

However, Langley's studies, his experiments and his accomplishments can never be over-praised, nor even by the jealous, ignored; and I am one of those who give the palm definitely to Langley instead of the Wrights for the demonstrations he made, altho we must not forget that even Langley did not invent the plane form. This seems to have been arrived at

about 1842. But Langley did add the engine to the plane—one of his models flew about a mile in 1896—which was quite enough to demonstrate all the Wright brothers accomplished about nine years later, in 1905. But there we rest, and the greatest invention of modern times almost lapsed as far as the attention it received for development in the country in which it was conceived by Langley and made practical by the Wrights.

In May, 1917, the National Defense Committee authorized Howard Coffin, an automobile "engineer" and "manufacturer," to create a board for the purpose of developing aircraft for our army. They met May 16, organized, and by May 20 had determined upon the plan which has now with the end of the war and salvage, completed its course and practically disappeared. This board announced on June 8, 1917, that "a great fleet of twenty-five thousand planes was about to be created, would be decisive in the war, and would be in the air months before an effective army could be in Europe." In other words, in less than twenty days after organization, this board, after rejecting the experience of the world, promised to win the war with the newest and most capricious invention of modern times—a bold and commendable proposition. In November (Thanksgiving Day), they toured the country with the Liberty motor—not under the engine's own power—but wrapped in the American flag. Orders for 22,500 of these engines were placed by the end of the year, and Major General Squiers applauded the product as "the greatest invention in the history of man." Before Mr. Ryan resigned, almost a year later, just as the war was closing, he increased the orders (altho the manufacturers had not completed their original order) that these "manufacturers might not become idle."

We do not need to go into details of what was actually accomplished. The world knows our boys, as late as the battle of Argonne, fought without protection of battle and chasse planes of American make, and that General Mencher testified recently that we do not now possess a single American-made battle plane. We also know that many thousands of Hispano-Suisa, La Rhone, Lawrence and Boggatti, etc., engines were ordered. We ought also to bear in mind, in connection with this, that in 1917 two hundred and thirty odd motor manufacturers in America produced 1,600,000 motors—but they were not air motors. This statement shows the unlimited capacity of America for production in engines.

It should also be remembered that many of these factories offered—and their offer should be considered on their credit as a guarantee of performance—to manufacture any European engine then in use; that the Rolls-Royce was actually being manufactured by American manufacturers in America for England—which indicates that the American workman can build anything, if he is permitted to, and explodes completely the theory that we were incapable of using even for emergency purposes Europe's experience.

When it was determined that America must enter the war of the world, she responded in proportion to her dimensions and magnificent resources. Appropriations were made on May 12, 1917, for \$11,800,000; on June 15, 1917, for \$43,450,000; on June 24, 1917, for the famous \$640,000,000; and again, on July 9, 1918, for \$884,000,000.

Few of us realize that the aircraft program extended beyond the famous \$640,000,000. If all were counted, we would find something close to \$1,600,000,000. How many of us realize that we could build one hundred and forty-three Woolworth Buildings and still have \$600,000,000 left for genuine airplane production. Estimate how many complete subway systems for Greater New York could be built with the airplane appropriations. How many complete Panama Canals! Or how



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GUTZON BORGLUM

much it would cost to completely replace America's commercial ship tonnage, together with Great Britain's. Then we can realize how America's entire aeronautic enterprise becomes truly a fable of the "Arabian Nights."

I have stated that about two hundred and thirty odd manufacturers of engines produced in 1917 one million six hundred thousand engines. It is not generally realized that less than three per cent of these two hundred and thirty odd factories were called upon to aid in the building of the Liberty motor. And, if my records and memory serves me, only five factories were given any direct orders for complete engines. These were the Packard, the Lincoln Motor, the Marmon-Nordyke, the Ford, and the Trigo, a small factory at New Haven. It will be seen what a negligible portion of our mechanical resources for war emergency was employed.

In airplane building, that is the plane apart from the engine, the resources of the country have been even less employed. Airplane production—the building of the body and the wings—is a simple tho accurate form of handicraft. Still, it was considered "so intricate" by the board of automobile aircraft chiefs that no aircraft builders anywhere in America were included in the war plan, excepting the Curtiss Company. This plant has recently become a large company and severed its relation with its founder, whose name it bore, and its stock in 1918 advertised in Wall Street as making a million a month. Men wholly unacquainted with aerodynamics were put in charge and the institution enlarged under government aid. It developed a pay roll of some fourteen thousand, and floor space capacity with machinery sufficient to supply America with a

hundred battle planes a day, had it been organized as the little Toronto factory, an offspring of this same institution, was organized. The little Toronto factory, of four acres, with twenty-two hundred employees, eight hundred of whom were women, and with but six gigs or tables on which to form their fusilages, produced and delivered complete as high as twenty-eight planes in a single day. It holds the record as the only properly organized airplane factory on the continent during the world war. The manager of the factory was an American, the aeronautical engineer a Scandinavian, and the owner the Canadian government.

No man on Coffin's board was an aero expert, or ever had anything to do with aeronautics, and the War Department to the end of the war never put an informed or aeronautical man in authority at any point where production or design was left to his decision, with authority to definitely decide anything. Neither did they encourage, stimulate, apply or employ inventions that were constantly appearing—inventions that would have been of great use to the department—inventions that would have saved lives, given us supremacy and developed the craft. And this want, early felt, and never remedied, strengthens the well-founded belief that the presence of aeronautical ability would have destroyed the program of control.

The department had also vast depots for concentration of its vast supplies. It had vast concentrations of office forces, buildings and an army of men that exceeded the standing army of England when she entered the war. It had aviators in training. In Oregon there were also men in the forest, in the mill and the office, doing everything but delivering spruce in proportion or up to schedule to the man power employed. Still, it was ample, and there never was a "spruce famine." We had enormous hangars, receiving stations, assembly depots in France, material for planes, etc., but somehow none of it ever joined up. There is an old saying in New England of men who never complete things, that they "don't jell," which applies to everything related to aeronautics in 1917 and 1918 on this side of the Atlantic. Still, with layman ability and lack of direction, all these various departments here enumerated buzzed and hummed with newspaper energy.

It was not until January and February, when the days were being tolled off, before the certain "spring drive," that the pressure to make good rang in the ears of the Board. And yet it must become clear to anyone who followed events that America had provided everything she deemed necessary and was using lavishly of that provision and was in full belief that her factories were all working with war-time efficiency. The crash, however, had come long before America knew anything about it. The Spring Drive was seventy-five days away. It dropped to seventy and sixty. It was estimated the Germans would move April 1st. They moved ten days earlier. The call for planes had been sent to France and she agreed to build what were needed, provided we would send her material. We agreed to do it, of course, but we never kept our agreement, and France could not build without material.

At this time and all thru the forming period, over sixty well-organized, well-equipped, well-financed wood-working factories, scattered about the United States, located in centers where labor was abundant, knocked in vain at the door of our aeronautic department. None of the interests outside of the first inner group, however, were given any work until too late to help our army.

Next to this condition was the vitally wasteful policy of deliberately ignoring American aeronautics. The leading interests organized the Manufacturers' Aircraft Corporation for the purpose of controlling what has become known as the "cross license" requirement, invented to protect the Wright and the Curtiss claims on patents—and until its legality was adjudged, let us say it seemed legitimate enough. It became, however, an obstruction and a trust against which no unfavored contractor could make headway.

(Continued on page 239)

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



MANY eminent musical artists will visit the United States for the coming season. And their triumphs abroad herald their coming.

The triumph of Alice D'Hermanoy at Royal Opera, in Covent Garden, London, has awakened wide interest in this popular and beautiful singer of Belgium, who sang at the Fete Nationals given to the King and Queen of Belgium in celebrating the great peace triumph. The critics in London have written that her voice has a distinctive sympathetic quality that

tells the plaintive story of her native land during those trying years of the war.

She was born in Brussels of Walloon descent. She studied at the Royal Conservatory in Brussels under the personal direction of one of the great masters of musical art. She also studied under Madam Emma Beauck, soloist of the famous Conservatory concerts. Earlier in her musical career, Madam Alice D'Hermanoy was determined to have a well-rounded repertoire and perfect herself in speaking parts for the stage before taking up operatic work. Her debut in opera was made at Galeries. Her wonderful talent and voice won her immediate popularity as a singer with a real soul expression. For four successful seasons she appeared in opera in her native city and was engaged in the opera at Cair where she sang the entire repertoire in her favorite role of "Urbain" in the "Huguenots," and her "Mignon" is pronounced a triumphal interpretation of the French opera.

She returned to France in 1914, just before the war, and not being able to return to Brussels, decided to go to Switzerland, where she was engaged in the Geneva Opera. During her stay in Switzerland she gave her services to the Red Cross and other activities, singing altogether one hundred times to raise funds for the wounded soldiers.

While at the Geneva Opera she became known in Switzerland as the "Florence Nightingale of Song" because her singing was associated with the cheering of the wounded on many occasions.

Long ago Alice D'Hermanoy evinced a desire to come to America and build up a musical career in the United States. American managers were candid in their appreciation of the sterling qualities of her voice and her artistic achievements. She now insists that the one country in which she wants to win unchallenged laurels is America, which has done so much during the war for her people. In a recent interview before coming to America, she remarked that she was anxious to meet the American audience.

"I want them to know of the appreciation of Belgium in my voice when I sing in America."

She will appear in a number of recitals and concerts during the fall and winter. While her repertoire includes more than thirty-seven operas, she insists that she is going to present in her concert work the cream of arias and selections of her career. She insists that she will master a number of English songs, though they have given her more trouble than opera.

"I am determined to be a real American while in America," she said with a stamp of her foot that indicated why she has succeeded as a prima donna.

Madam D'Hermanoy is a woman through and through, a



MADAM ALICE D'HERMANOY

A beautiful and popular Belgian singer, who has scored many musical triumphs both in this country and Europe

woman's woman. Enthusiastic about her art, she has a charming personality, and freshness and purity. Madam D'Hermanoy certainly knows how to make the voice express emotions and feelings. Although she has appeared in concert programs and operas all over Europe with the very greatest singers of her time, she insists that she will not count her artistic career as really begun unless she has won the heart of America—as America has won her heart.

* * * *

OUT in Springville, New York, lives a man who for fifteen years has made boys his hobby. This man is Alfred J. Westendorf, who is known thruout the country as "The Thrift Man," because he has started thousands of boys and young men on the road that leads to financial independence. "Thrift" is the practical religion that Mr. Westendorf preaches from the



ALFRED J. WESTENDORF
"The Thrift Man"

lecture platform, and in every community where he appears he puts his ideas into practice by opening twenty-five one-dollar bank accounts for that number of twelve-year-old local boys.

Mr. Westendorf has been a lifelong resident of western New York, and is a product of the country "white school house," supplemented with a thorough course in the "University of Experience." About fifteen years ago he began to make "boys" his hobby. At first confining himself to personal work only—of which he does a great deal yet.

His experience has been that if we are willing to dig for it, we will find "something good" in every boy. That if we develop that "goodness" and treat that boy as a human being and a friend, the undesirable elements will soon vanish of their own accord.

During the war Mr. Westendorf carried on a thrift scheme that attracted the favorable attention of many prominent people interested in the problem of better citizenship. Strickland Gillilan, the famous platform moralist, himself a profound student of citizenship-in-the-mould, says of the Westendorf Plan of Thrift: "You have worked out in your own original and unimprovable way, the details of the most helpful plan I have ever heard of." He has also found "ways and means" that permitted young men dependent upon themselves to enter and finish college.

Of late Mr. Westendorf has been intimately associated with the Boys' Brotherhood Republic of Chicago, giving generously of his time to further the aims of that organization.

During the past few weeks four or five boys of the Chicago organization have carried on a (speaking) educational campaign covering the states east of Chicago.

For two months before the beginning of the war Mr. Westendorf was paving the way for those boys by writing personal letters to nearly every Chamber of Commerce, Rotary and Federation of Women's clubs, east of Chicago.

Not content with this, he has been almost as active in as many states located north, west and south of that same city. New organizations are being added frequently. Recently they have been concentrating on Lincoln, Nebraska. A sixteen-year-old boy has charge of the local organizing, and although he has been there but a short time, he has already brought about some really worth while results—something that would make a "grown up" feel he was entitled to a compliment of "well done."

Not only have the hundreds of inquiries come from cities located in every part of the United States, but they have also come from Canada, England and far-away China!

Mr. Westendorf is preparing a lecture to be given from the lyceum platform dealing with the moral, social and economic values of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic.

* * * *

IT is fitting that Pelham Anderson Barrows, Lieutenant-Governor of Nebraska, born in Plymouth County, Massachusetts, should be the coming commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans of America. He was born almost in the very month that Fort Sumter was fired upon in 1861. He was given his middle name in honor of the heroic Major Anderson, commander of the fort.

Mr. Barrows is a direct descendant of Captain Miles Standish, through Sarah, the daughter of John Standish, the son of Miles Standish. The father of Governor Barrows, Pelham W. Barrows, served during the Civil War as a sergeant with the 18th Massachusetts Volunteers. His mother, Priscilla Shaw, known all over Massachusetts as the founder of the Carver Old Home Day, has been a loved and conscientious leader in patriotic work for many years.

Lieutenant-Governor Barrows went to Nebraska from Massachusetts in 1878 and lived on a homestead, driving cattle. In 1881 he located in the town of Albion and learned the newspaper trade. Since that time he has been active in newspaper work, having charge of the Lincoln bureau of the Omaha *Daily Bee*.

In 1891 Pelham Barrows was unanimously elected commander of the Nebraska division of the Sons of Veterans, having been an active member of the organization for more than thirty-three years. Elected lieutenant-governor of Nebraska by one of the largest majorities ever given a state officer, he was renominated in the 1920 primary. Presiding over the Nebraska State Senate for two sessions, Lieutenant-Governor Barrows has the sense of justice so well developed that it has not been necessary to make a single



PELHAM ANDERSON BARROWS
Lieutenant-Governor of Nebraska

appeal from any of his rulings. Again, too, in the absence of the governor he has acted as the chief executive of Nebraska for a considerable time.

For ten years Mr. Barrows served in the Nebraska National Guard, and retired with a commission.

Mr. Barrows was married to Miss Leonora Poppen, a native of Ohio, in a sod house on the homestead of her father, and knows what pioneer life on the prairie means.

It is such men as Pelham Barrows, coming out of the East, who have carried the ideals of the Pilgrims to the West. His active and successful public service will give to the Sons of Veterans a commander-in-chief who will build up the organization with an enthusiasm born of a love of its principles and purposes which Governor Barrows has maintained for many years, believing that filial devotion and remembrance to worthy soldier sires is the tie that binds and maintains inviolate the fundamental principles of the republic.

* * * *

CARL STEPHENS ELL, the Dean of the Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College, Boston, and Professor of Civil Engineering, was born in Staunton, Indiana, November 14, 1887.

He spent his boyhood on a farm near the village and attended the village schools. After graduating from DePauw University in 1909, he immediately went East to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. While in the Institute, he became interested in the co-operative plan of engineering education and the idea of the linking together of theory and practice. While pursuing his post-graduate course,

he was engaged by President Frank Palmer Speare of what is now Northeastern College, to assist in developing the Co-operative School of Engineering which was then being established under the direction of the Y.M.C.A. Immediately upon receiving his Master's Degree from the Institute in 1912, he became the head of the Department of Civil Engineering in the Co-operative School, and later he became dean of the school.

Dean Ell has been an ardent, enthusiastic supporter of the Co-operative Plan of education, and has given his entire time to the development of the Co-operative School. He has been the most



JAY E. HOUSE

Who writes the daily column entitled "Second Thought" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

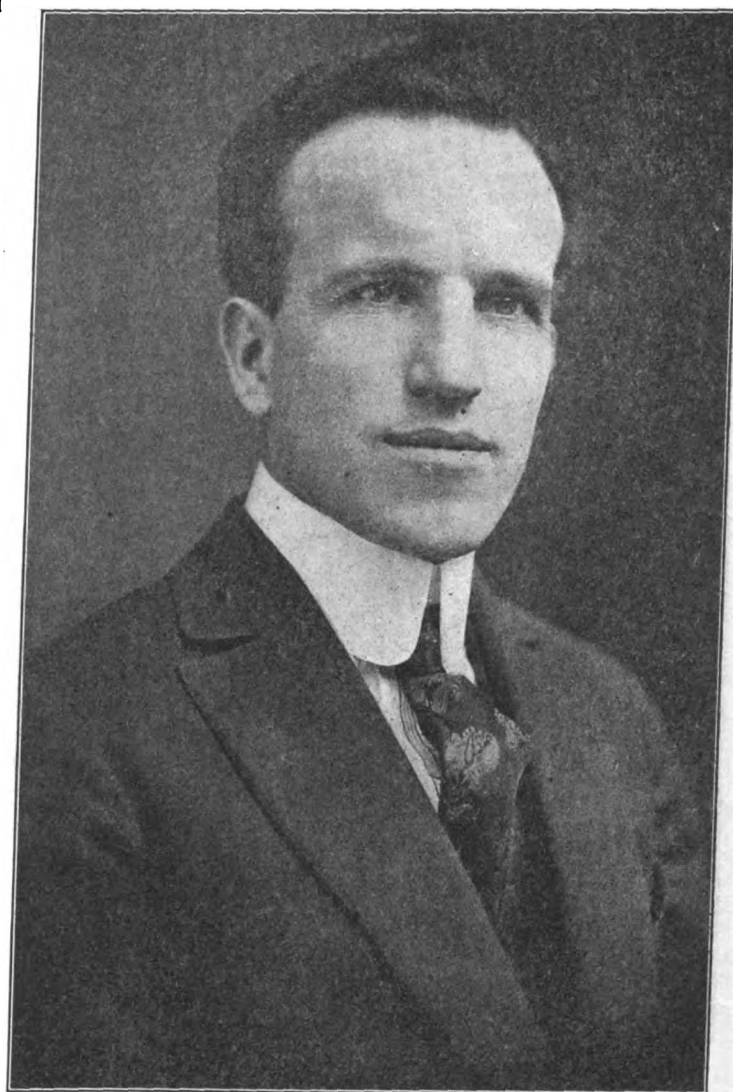
instrumental factor in building up an experienced and able faculty and a completely equipped school with the customary degree granting privilege and an enrollment of over five hundred students.

* * * *

THERE is not a newspaper column printed in the United States, day after day, with more real homespun and soothing philosophy than that written by Jay E. House, entitled, "Second Thought," in the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia.

The charm of his work is enhanced when you know the man

who makes his "Second Thought" makes it the "first thought" when the readers of the *Public Ledger* pick up that paper. Jay E. House is a publicist and premier paragrapher and philosopher. Quiet, modest and self-effacing, he has a subtle virility that suggests a positive electric current.

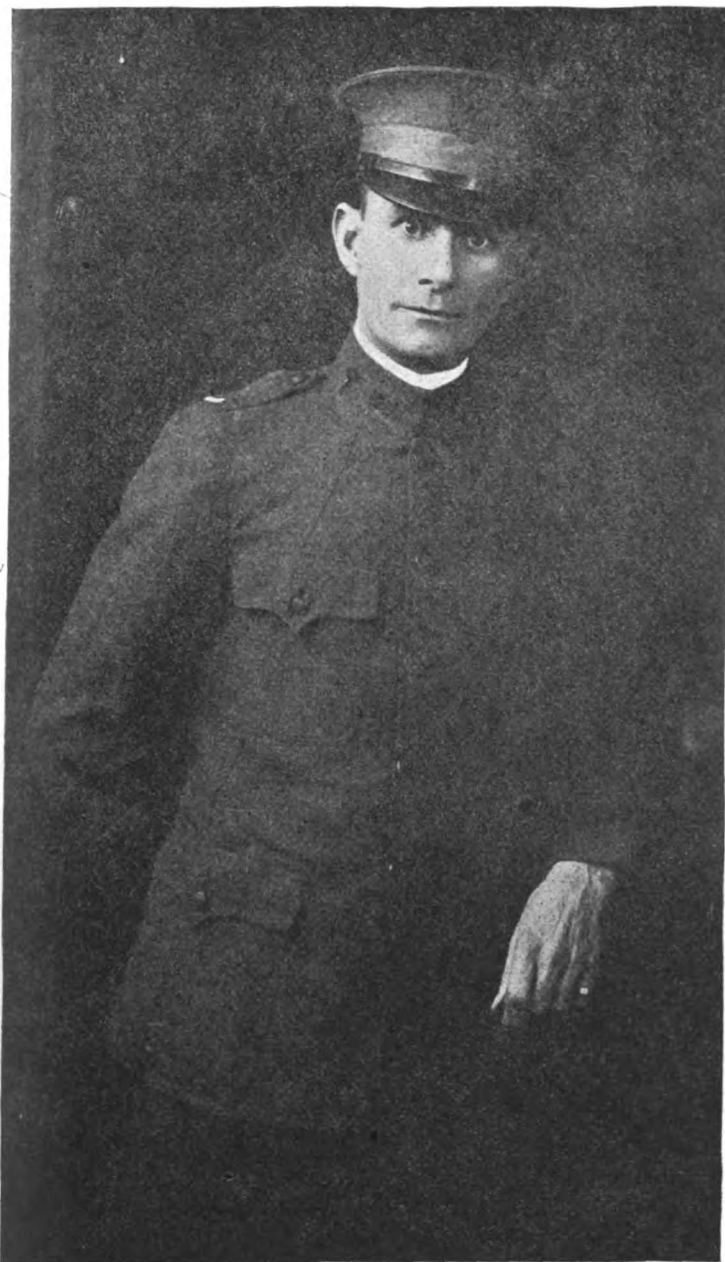


CARL STEPHENS ELL

Dean of the Co-operative School of Engineering, Northeastern College

Jay E. House gives to his readers the cream of a rich life experience, for he has had a notable public career. He hails from Kansas, and was born in the small town of Erie, which figures in his work as Grigby's Station. After years of newspaper work in Topeka, his friends insisted on him being a candidate for mayor. He did so, and with all the newspapers lined up against him he ran the gauntlet of a bitter fight, and with his personality won the day, and he became mayor of Topeka, the capital of Kansas. He was a real mayor in act and deed. It was apparent, after the enthusiasm of inauguration day, that he was going to be a real mayor. No amount of pressure, cajolery, or intimidations swerved him from carrying out his own determinations. They insisted upon re-electing him. More than ninety-five per cent of the business men of the city signed a petition urging him to run for a third term, and they presented it *en masse*. Jay E. House has a sort of determination that can't be broken, and he declined firmly the lure of a third term. He had read American history and felt that three terms were too much for any one man, and with a consciousness that he performed his duty as a citizen he declined. They knew from his acts and deeds as a mayor that the decision could not be broken.

The great heart of Jay E. House has always been in his



DR. HARRY HALSTEAD
Who combines dentistry with railroading

newspaper work. Telegrams from Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Philadelphia, kept coming to him with vivid pictures that his career might find its full fruitage in the city where the Declaration of Independence was first declared. After a succession of telegrams Jay E. House made his way to Philadelphia, and Philadelphia has found in the erstwhile Kansas mayor an appreciative resident and citizen.

Jay E. House has a direct way of saying things that is startling and pricks the human vanity with fine pointed wit. Nothing is sacred to him if, in his estimate, it lacks genuineness. And nothing frightens him or heads him off. Even in the test of running for office he did not alter his custom of writing what appeared to him to be real facts, although it might interfere with the diplomatic plans of his friends. He takes keen delight in watching public men feed the public with what they want to hear, and then he proceeds to tell the truth whether they want to hear it or not.

His description of early days and of a Fourth of July celebration in a Kansas country town is not only interesting as a bit of newspaper literature, but it indicates the source of sterling virility of citizenship nurtured in the small country towns.

The denizens of the East never tire of the quaint philosophy that comes of the experience of the man who ran the gamut of life by beginning in the small town and living among pushing, swirling throngs; he just sees human nature in all its phases.

To see Jay E. House on the board-walk in Atlantic City, with his keen blue eyes glancing with interest as he picks up here and there the stray comment and finds it the same good old notions that people have had in years past, is a sight for sore eyes. Whether the environment be a country town or the swirling maelstrom of a seaside resort, or a pushing subway throng, it is all the same to Jay E. House—they are just people—and people are always interested in people. If he were to be given distinction as a result of his busy career, it would be to christen him "Jay E. House People."

* * * *

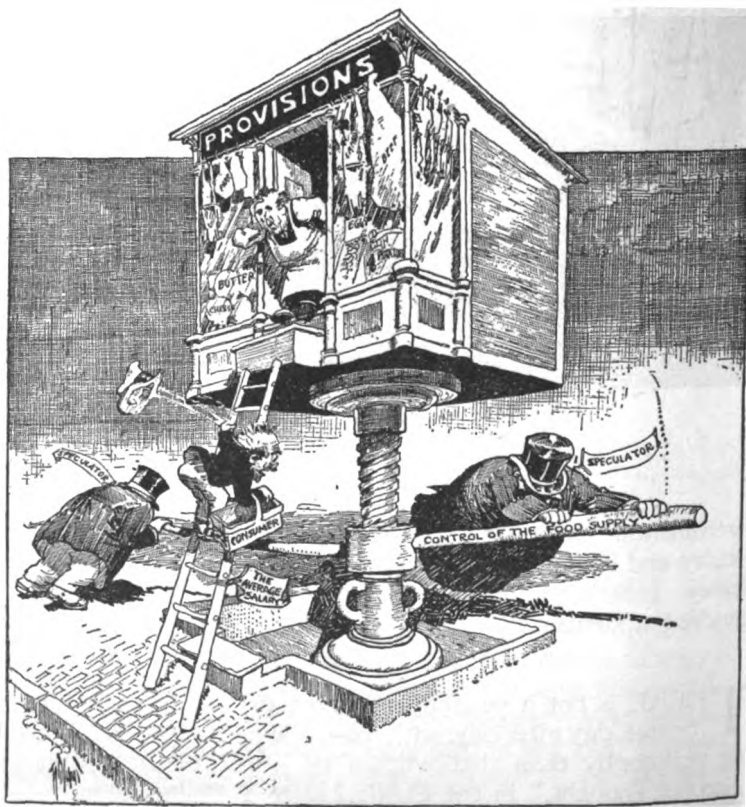
RETURNING from seven and one-half months' service overseas, Dr. Harry Halstead found his practice as a dentist in Huntington, West Virginia, gone glimmering—his offices occupied! Before graduating from the Ohio College of Dental Surgery in 1913 he was a full-fledged conductor on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and his official status with the company was unchanged through the lapse of years.

So today Harry Halstead plays a singularly double role—perhaps, one unparalleled in the history of railroading. He pursues the profession of dentistry in Mallory from 8 a. m. until noon, and then takes charge of a train leaving Mallory at 12.45, operating to Huffsville, a distance of eleven miles. Stranger still, his forceps constitute a part of his regulation equipment as a railroad man. Passengers suffering intensely from toothache need not defer the painful business of extraction—simply consult the conductor-dentist.

Harry Halstead relates the incident of being on the verge of departing on his three-hour railway journey when hailed by a citizen of Mallory suffering with toothache. The patient was requested to wait until the train had made the round trip, but the agony of the aching tooth would not permit. While the engine consumed twenty-five minutes in taking water, the conductor-dentist extracted the decayed tooth. Then the train hove ahead on its eleven-mile assignment along Huff Creek.

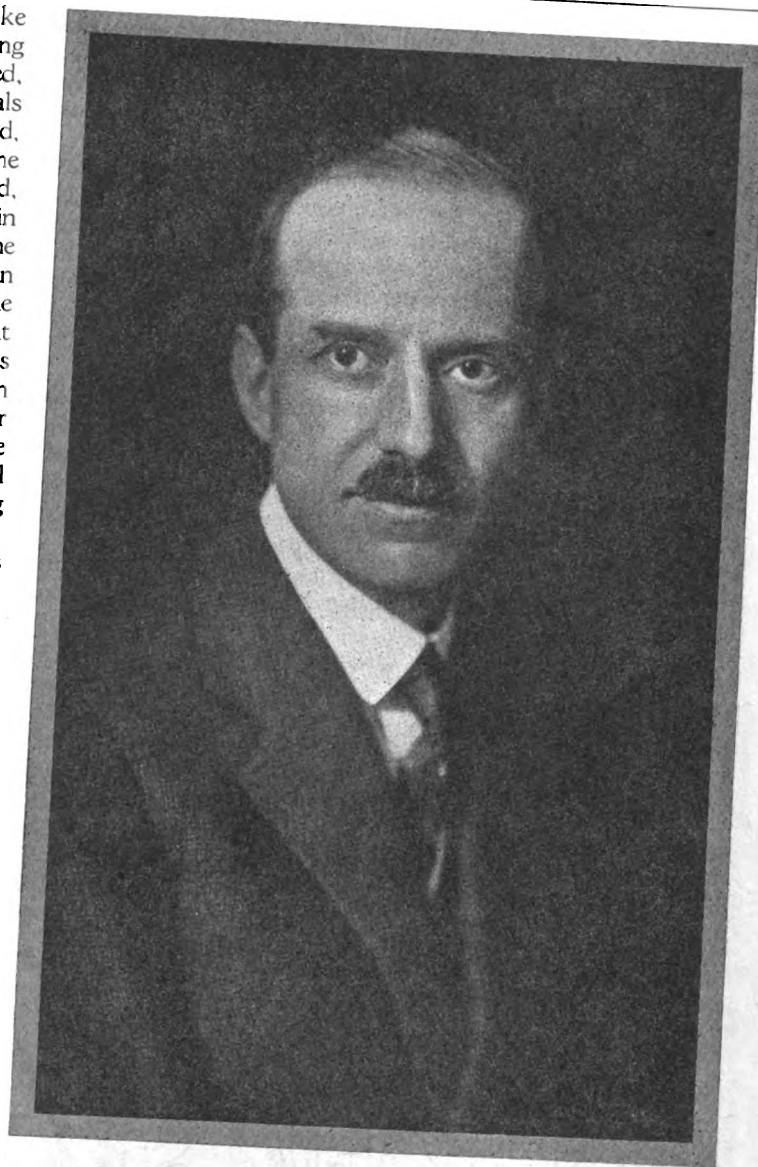
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THE fifteenth anniversary year of the founding of Rotary by Paul Harris in Chicago has been most fittingly celebrated by the Rotary clubs all over the country. The Rotary wheel has become an emblem of progress. Rotary clubs are



Something's going to drop

the leaven in the loaf that makes other organizations wake up and do things. One phase of the work of Rotary during the past year, in which marvelous results have been achieved, is the Boy Movement. This is a work that peculiarly appeals to Rotarians, for while their motto sounds rather dignified, "He profits most who serves best," their procedure is to become boys again. They call each other by their first names, and, naturally, they get into the spirit of being real boys again with all the enthusiasm that youth carries. This explains the buoyancy of the organization and the success they have in getting hold of boys. The work in the Boston club for the past year was in charge of Frank A. Countway, vice-president of the organization. He has given his executive and business genius that built up the Lever Brothers business full play in the work. The report of the Great Idea Committee on their work was altogether most impressive. It revealed that the same genius that had built one of the best known industrial and business organizations in the country had a hand in directing the Great Idea Committee. If there is anything Frank A. Countway knows, it is the human equation. His dealings with his own organization was reflected in the splendid achievement of the work with boys. The Rotarians have given an impetus to the understanding that first of all men are only grown up boys, and women are grown up girls. To conserve



ALBERT T. REID
All-American cartoonist



FRANK A. COUNTWAY
*Vice-president of the Boston Rotary Club
President of Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Mass.*

this enthusiasm and direct the energies of boys in the right direction makes for greater enjoyment of life in the being, giving that service to youth which is their rightful and just heritage.

* * * *

AMONG the American cartoonists none have ever had a record more consistent than Albert T. Reid, whose work is familiar to millions of readers of Republican newspapers. The cartoons that appeared before the campaign of 1920 opened seemed a presentment of what was to follow. His

cartoon of General Democracy the Southern "Kuhnel," will become famous. One cartoon that left a deep impression is "Cabinet Meetings Resumed," where President Wilson saw his face mirrored in the other personages sitting around the table in attitudes of intense interest in what he himself was saying.

The genius of Albert T. Reid is best revealed in his clear conception of the shadow of events and further shadowing events to come. Where he has secured all the ideas represented in his book of cartoons, which is already a book pretentious in size to a dictionary, is a mystery to his closest friends and associates. Everyone who meets him or drops in his office seems to contribute to his work indirectly. A chance remark or an expression in talking, or a scene in the street, in the theatre—the active brain is ever alert and at work.

The cartoons are not confined to any particular scene or setting, but encompass the widest range of activity. For instance, the cartoon "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," representing Miss Democracy sitting at a piano, in tears, with extravagant sashes labeled "Recklessness," "Waste," and "Extravagance." The songs "He Kept Us Out of War," "Watchfully Waiting," and "Open Covenants Openly Arrived At" lie unopened before her, while the grand piano furnished by Bunk Company is as silent as a tomb, and only the wails of Democracy are heard instead of the melodies sung so gleefully these eight years past.

The cartoons are cohesive and have a continuity that reflects almost every shade of public thought and opinion during these memorable days before and after the campaign opened. Little wonder is it that Albert T. Reid is considered the "Father of

Cartoons," for have not many other cartoonists who have attained fame, studied with him in early days? He has proven himself a master, and that his work is an education in itself. There is a strong note of Americanism, sound patriotism, and good business sense in his cartoons.

The elephant and the donkey with the adaptation of facial expressions, reflects the cast of characters appearing in the political drama of 1920, which is portrayed with as much ease as if he were writing a hasty note ordering a ton of coal. His open-eyed observations have made a record of at least one side of political history. His "America First" cartoon has already proven a campaign slogan, epitomizing the creed of Warren G. Harding and the Republican party.

Albert T. Reid is a Kansas product and is the founder and president of the Leavenworth *Daily Post*. He was invited to join the staff of the National Republican Committee by Chairman Will H. Hays. The foundation work for the Presidential campaign was begun a year ago, in keeping in touch with the trend of thought, and making Republican policies known to the people. The sketchful pen of Albert Reid has followed his keen observations and have flashed a pictorial message that strikes deep.

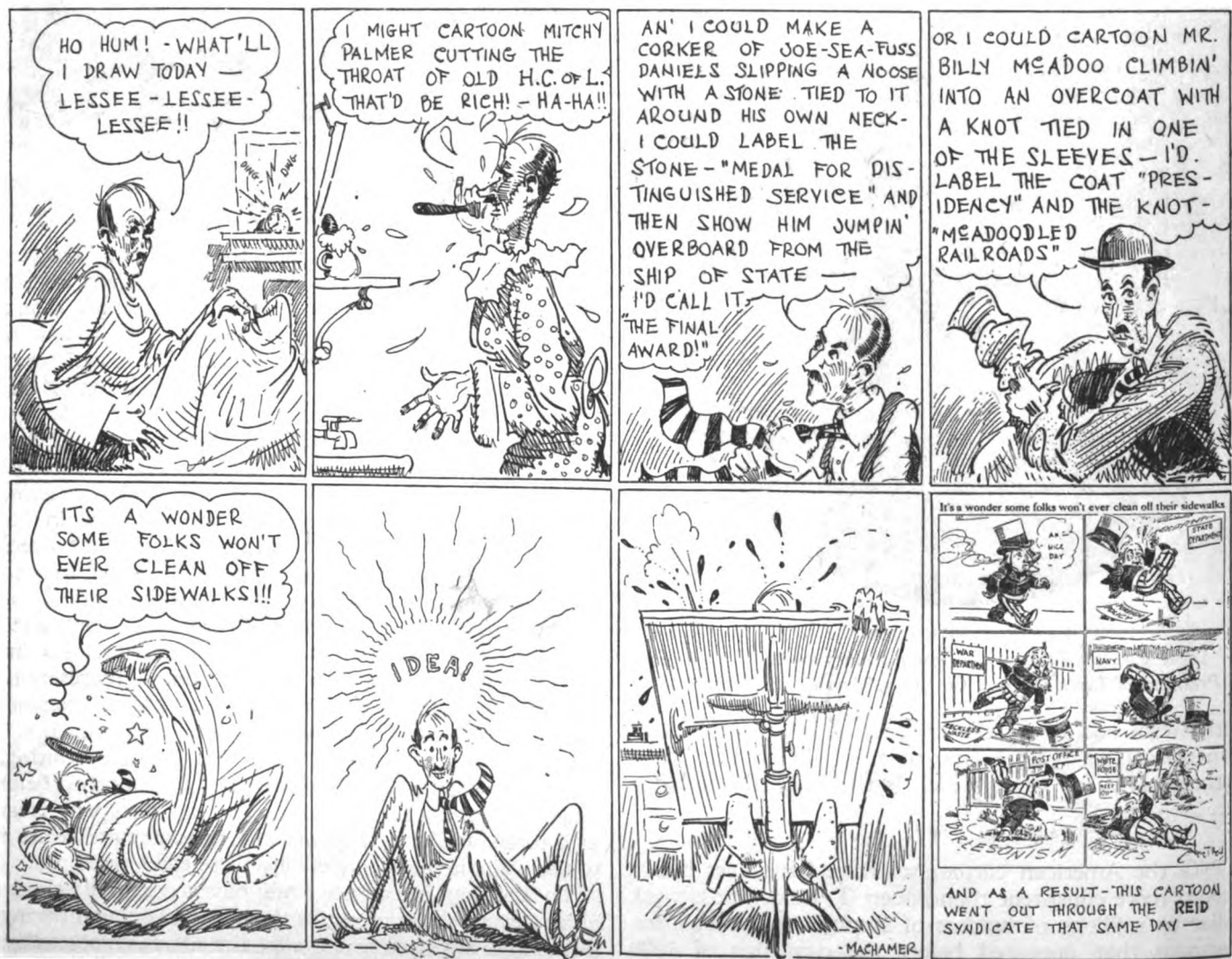
Statements made day by day by Warren G. Harding from his Marion porch are the same sort of sledge-hammer blows he was accustomed to deliver in editorials that foreshadowed a public career of large proportions in the making. The words now read by millions of people were epitomized in a slogan of "America first," by Albert T. Reid, the cartoonist, who has sensed the constructive, as well as the destructive and satirical phase of the cartoon. The challenge made by the Democratic party on the Wilson issue of internationalism has been met. The Republican party presents a solid front on this issue, and

HARDING'S CREED



Uncle Sam: "Shake, Warren,—My idea exactly!"

the Democratic party, divided, is seeking cover, to explain its respective battledore and shuttle-cock voting records in Congress.



A DAY WITH ALBERT T. REID, CARTOONIST

Where Boys Rule

THEODORE ROOSEVELT said, "The Boys' Brotherhood Republic is the heart of America's boyhood." In these words of the great American we find most fully expressed the underlying idea that animates the activities of this unique boy-governed republic.

Some years ago a boy who had known no home except a public institution, found that it was to be his home no longer. He was sixteen years of age and "old enough to take care of himself," so the authorities said, and with the gift of fifty cents in his pocket and a ticket to Chicago he was launched upon a strange world.

Strange it seemed, indeed, as the train deposited him in the big and bustling city. He knew nobody; he had not the faintest idea how one went about to secure work, where one lived on fifty cents, what to do or where to go. Just sixteen years old!

His is a long story and only he can tell it, but he slept upon doorsteps and went hungry and desperate and forlorn, and through all his misery and hunger and privation there stirred a wonder that the world did this with its boys—boys who wanted to be good. And out of that wonder grew a dim resolution that when he was a man he would see that boys had a better chance.

Over on the West Side, and over near the Stock Yards of Chicago, and over on the Northwest Side, are three buildings which are the outgrowth of that resolution. For Jack Robbins, the boy of the doorsteps and the hard knocks and the friendless days, grew to be a man, gathered about him the boys who found street corners the only place to meet, who formed themselves into gangs and got into mischief for want of healthful activities—and with these boys found at first a bare little meeting-place with the motto, "Wherever a boy is in trouble, we are in trouble;"

then as more and more boys came, found a larger place, until now these three overflowing buildings bear testimony nightly to how well Jack Robbins has realized his dreams.

Jack Robbins believes that there are very few, if any, bad boys; that there are only boys without opportunity for proper self-expression. With an innate love of order and a feeling

that a city ought to be a place where boys had something to say, the very first little group of boys that he brought together shortly resolved itself under his guidance into a miniature city. There was a mayor, a chief of police, a city council, and all the departments of an ordinary municipality.

This was the beginning of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, and out of the first little group have grown in Chicago three flourishing "cities," numbering each two hundred and fifty citizens, while other communities have sent representatives to Chicago to learn how to start similar "cities" for their youth.

The principle of these little cities is self-government, and the working of that principle makes fine, responsible citizens of irresponsible neighborhood gangs. The boy who is out of a job can find one through the Boys' Brotherhood Republic; the boy in trouble can find friends and counsel and a new start



These two boys—Senator Hamilton (left) and Prosecuting Attorney Mack (right)—just returned from a trip around the country, covering seven thousand miles, preaching a fair chance for chanceless boys, spoke in twenty-seven cities and organized five Boys' Brotherhood Republic cities

in life; the boy who has just been discharged from an institution can find a place to stay while he looks about him, friends to help, clothes to wear, and finally a job. For while the Boys' Brotherhood Republic is a meeting-place for boys, not a permanent home, there is always a dormitory for emergency cases.

The Boys' Brotherhood Republic is governed according to a



Institutional Committee of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic. These four boys form the committee that meets boys released from "reform" schools and makes Boys' Brotherhood Republic citizens out of them

municipal form of government. It has a Mayor, City Council, City Clerk, City Treasurer, Chief of Police, State's Attorney and its various departments and committees, such as the Board of Education, Board of Health, Employment Department, Investigating Committee, Police Staff, etc.

As in the city the mayor is the chief executive, is chairman of the council meetings, vetoes or passes laws that have been passed by the city council and performs the other duties of a mayor and chief executive. The city clerk keeps the minutes of the meetings, keeps the corporate seal and attends to all correspondence incidental with the affairs of the Republic. The city treasurer has charge of the financial affairs, signs checks and takes general charge of the financial end. The city council is the law-making body of the Republic.

Chief of Police is in charge of the law and order of the Republic, investigates conditions in poolrooms as to minors playing there, looks for slot machines in candy stores, and reports all violations of city laws to the police of the city, and in a general way co-operates with him. The city judge hears all cases of dispute between the citizens and the Republic and passes on them. The state's attorney represents the Republic in all legal matters. The business manager executes all business deals in behalf of the Republic.

The different committees and departments in the Republic do practically the same work as in the city, but on a smaller scale. The citizens (members) pay taxes and the taxpayers are the rulers of the organization.

In this way the citizens of the Republic grow up into prominent and successful citizens of the City of Chicago (or any other city). They are not told how to govern a city, they are not shown how to govern a city; they actually govern it and they do it better and more seriously than most citizens of the city.

The responsible head of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic are not reformers. They do not stand to reform anybody. That is not the purpose of the organization. Of course, they

help boys that are in trouble. They give them a proper chance to make good.

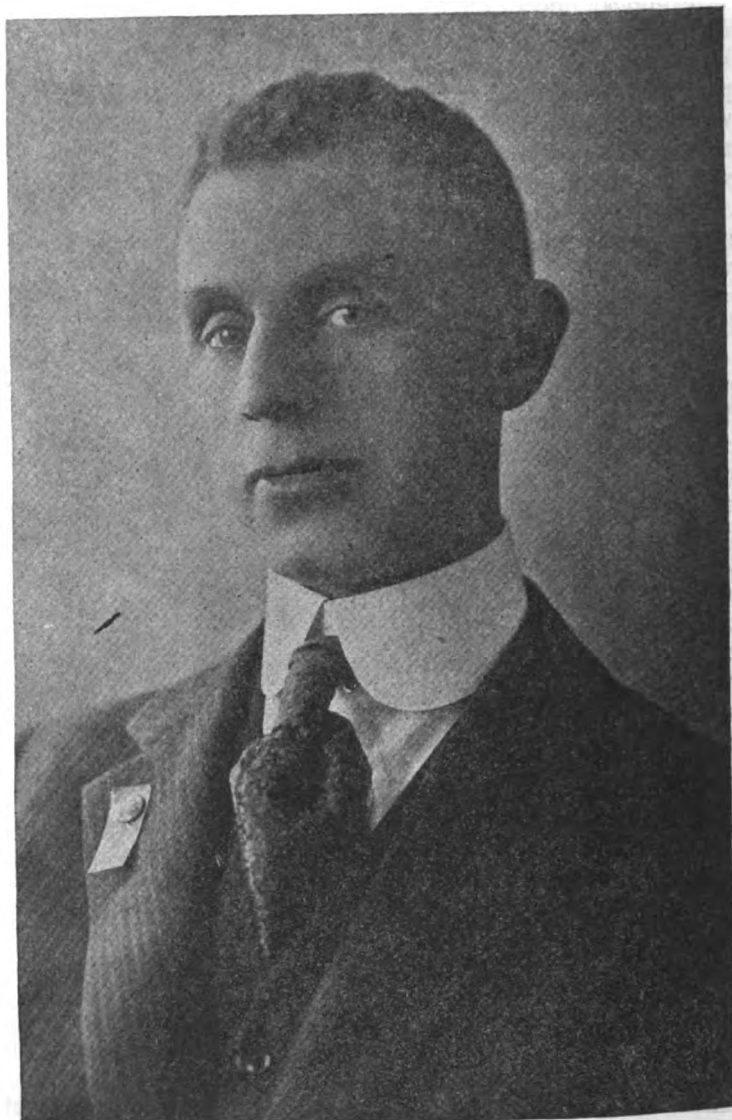
But the main purpose of the organization is to do preventative work, to prevent boys from getting into trouble. They go down into the bottom of things, to find the causes of boys going wrong and remedy these causes. They remove the causes for a boy going wrong.

They maintain that lack of clothes, a position, money and encouragement cause a boy to commit some sort of crime. They maintain that a few words of encouragement will go a longer way towards helping a boy than five dollars given in charity. They supply the boy with these needs, these necessities. They give boys a fresh start in life. If the boy has had bad companions, bad environment or bad ideas, they remove them. They take him from these bad companions and make him a member of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic. They take him from bad environments and surroundings and place him in a good home. They give him the opportunity of supporting himself, encourage him to go to evening school, help him to start a bank account, and he does the rest.

Therefore, they are not reformers, they are preventative workers. They get a boy when he is discharged from an orphan home or reform school and start him right. That is all that is necessary.

When they abolished the finger-print system for boys they prevented boys from going wrong. They prevented the city from branding a boy for life. They prevented the city from branding boys as criminals.

Neither race nor creed nor color nor politics has anything to do with Brotherhood as the boys (Continued on page 238)



JACK ROBBINS

Founder and supervisor of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic

The United States National Botanic Garden

By WILL P. KENNEDY

THE United States National Botanic Garden, which nestles at the foot of Capitol Hill, and which has spread a knowledge and love of plants throughout the states of the Union, was one hundred years old on May 8th. The garden comes directly under the jurisdiction of Congress through the joint congressional committee on the library, and so Director George W. Hess co-operated with Congress for observance of the centennial.

The location of the garden, practically within the Capitol grounds and in the very foreground of the beautiful vista from the Capitol plaza looking toward the White House and the Washington Monument, is appreciated by hundreds of thousands of visitors to the national capital each year. The garden, which only a few years ago was little better than a dump, is now one of the beauty spots of Washington, and a constant source of delight to tourists and residents, and especially to members of Congress, who spend many hours walking about the garden in relaxation after strenuous legislative duties.

The centennial celebration will probably mark a new era for the Botanic Garden, as it is proposed to extend it for several city squares toward the White House. This long-contemplated improvement, imperatively necessary on account of the cruel congestion in the one large exhibition conservatory, has been delayed on account of controversy as to the desirability of removing the garden. The Fine Arts Commission has been insistent that the garden should be removed. The desirability of carrying it out to Rock Creek Park has been extensively debated. The latest project was to take it to Mount Hamilton on the road to Baltimore.

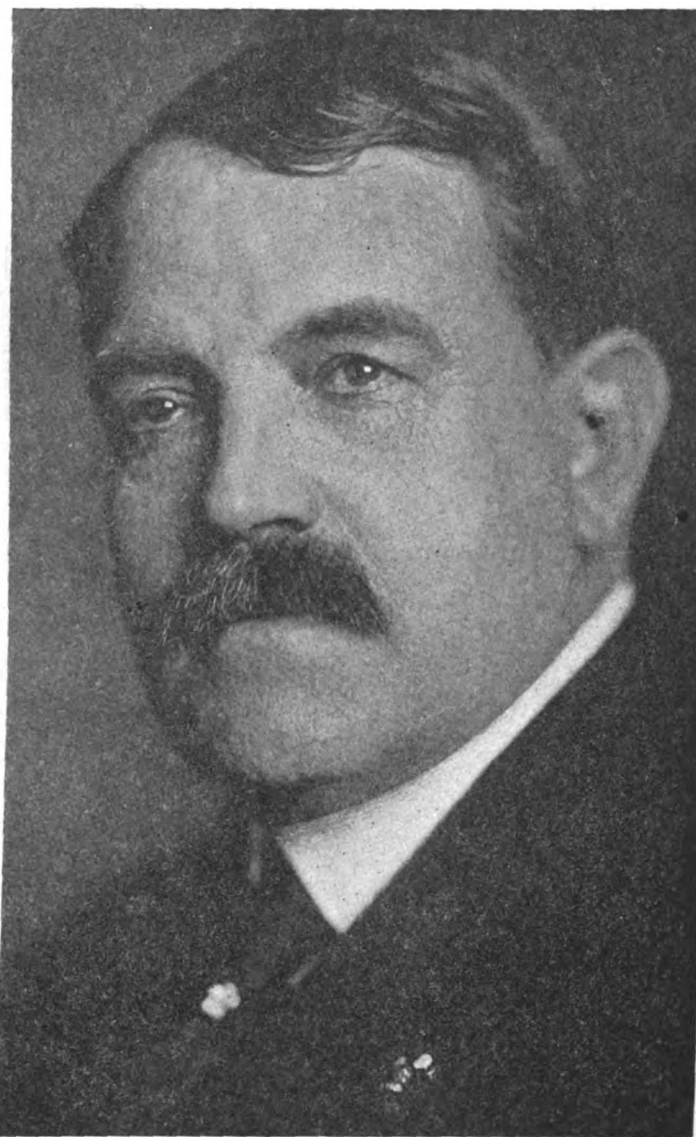
Members of Congress, however, have just as stubbornly opposed removal of the garden from its present location because personally they enjoy it just where it is, and because they realize that many hundreds of their constituents will visit it in its present site each year who would never see it if removed to some outlying tract.

Leaders among the Republicans and the Democrats alike in Congress are in favor of extending the area of the garden and making it the finest in the world, and an æsthetic as well as utilitarian and educational branch of the government. Members of the House and Senate Committees on the Library and other leaders have been in conference with Director Hess looking to a great broadening of the scope and influence of the garden.

On account of the great improvements made in the Botanic Garden during the last few years under the direction of Mr. Hess, the members of Congress have come to take a far greater interest in the garden than ever heretofore, and are desirous of seeing it developed as a model for all the world.

A plan has been outlined, in appreciation of the growing interest in botanic gardens throughout the country, whereby the United States would establish and maintain botanic gardens with the parent garden right where it is under the shadow of the Capitol, which should rival the great Kew gardens of London and outclass the great gardens at Rome, Geneva and Paris and those that skirt Berlin and Munich. It is appreciated that these great foreign gardens have been of the utmost scientific value to their respective nations as well as beauty spots.

The value of such gardens from the three standpoints—social, educational and scientific—have been considered at length. Preliminary to such a program, it is the intention of Director Hess to make the garden of increasing value to all the state institutions and schools co-operating by propagating



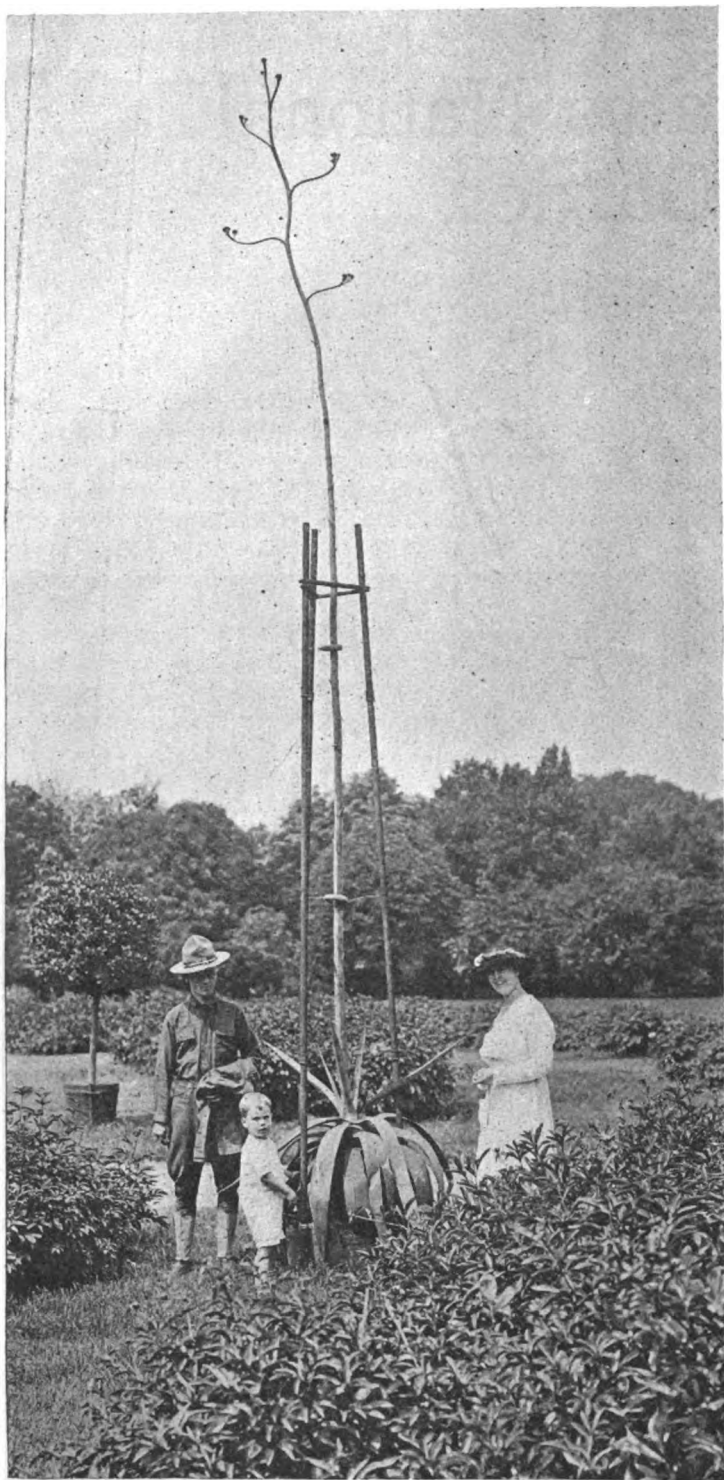
Copyright, Harris & Ewing

GEORGE WESLEY HESS

Director of the United States National Botanic Garden, Washington

there and systematically and scientifically grouping every form of plant life that can be made to grow in this climate or in a forced hot-house atmosphere.

One of the first steps to develop the educational facilities, Director Hess has had in mind for some time. He intends to make it an adjunct to the present public school system. This would include exhibits of useful plants, of medicinal and drug plants, of plants used in manufacturing, of food plants, etc. These exhibits would show the growing plant and the product



A century plant in the United States National Botanic Garden, about to bloom, as it appeared on June 5th

finished in manufacture. A master exhibit would be installed in Washington and traveling exhibits would be loaned to schools throughout the country. This is but one of the many ways in which the garden can be made to serve a valuable purpose that Director Hess has in mind.

Heretofore Congress has been parsimonious with the Botanic Garden, and it has been one of the most neglected branches of the government activities. But with his heart in the work of making it a real garden, Director Hess has gradually improved it, aroused the interest of prominent members of Congress, and has won the confidence of the leaders so that they are ready to support him in his plans for extensive development. Director Hess has declined three tempting offers, in order to remain in Washington and carry out the plans of Congress for enlarging the garden and broadening its influence.

It was as long ago as May 9, 1820, that the use of five acres of land was granted by Congress for a botanical garden, and four years later, on May 26, 1824, the area of this grant was extended.

Authoritative account of the early dates of the Botanic Garden has been made by Richard Rathbun, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, who is in charge of the United States National Museum, in a bulletin regarding the Columbian Institute for the Promotion of Arts and Sciences, a Washington Society of 1816-1883, which established a museum and botanic garden under government patronage.

A botanic garden was among the first projects considered by President Washington for the Federal city, and he discussed its location with the commissioners of the Federal district. The site then proposed was used subsequently for the Naval Observatory, and is now occupied by the hygienic laboratory of the public health service. Away back in 1801, a writer in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE described in detail the proposed development of fifty acres for a botanic garden with five distinct branches.

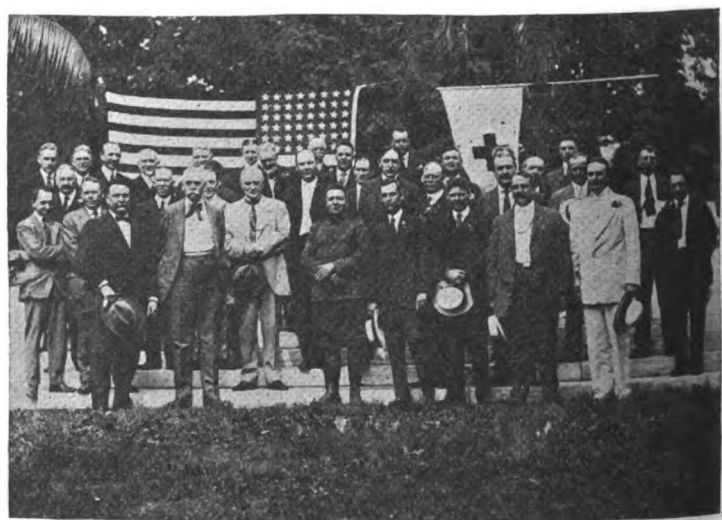
EARLY HOMES OF GARDEN

Under the act of Congress of May 8, 1820, the Botanic Garden was started on the city square between 7th and 9th and F. and G streets, where the Patent Office now stands. Here the greenhouses for the living plants brought to the United States by the exploring expedition to the southern hemisphere, 1838-42, commanded by Capt. (late Rear Admiral) Charles Wilkes, were first located. Some of those plants are still living and many of the plants in the present garden are descendants of those brought to this country by the Wilkes expedition.

During the latter part of 1820 and the early summer of 1821, the present site of the Botanic Garden was prepared under authority from the President.

As early as January 21, 1829, Charles Bulfinch, architect of the Capitol, recommended to the House committee on public buildings and grounds, the improvement of grounds directly west of the Capitol, including the site of the present gardens, which comprise ten acres.

From the earliest days of the National Capital, the Botanic Garden has been an important institution. It is now co-operating with State institutions, with colleges and universities. Through the members of Congress, these gardens distribute various plants throughout the states as the founders of the garden proposed to do. There has been collected a very valuable museum of plant life, including every known plant that can be induced to grow in this climate.



Meeting of the American Rose Society and Red Cross in the United States National Botanic Garden

The Botanic Garden is a constant source of delight to visitors to the capital and especially to the thousands of school children who come in large groups to see the wheels of government go round.

The main conservatory was commenced in 1867 from designs by the architect of the Capitol. The feature of the garden is the famous Bartholdi fountain, the only memento in Washing-

ton of the centennial celebration in Philadelphia. The fountain was purchased by Congress in 1876. The basin is ninety-three feet in diameter, and throws a stream to an altitude of sixty-five feet. There is also a large stone vase brought from St. Augustine, Florida, and taken from the first house built in the present United States.

MANY HISTORIC TREES

The garden contains many historic trees, including one planted by Abraham Lincoln. The botanical collection received some valuable contributions from the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan. An old date palm in the conservatory, which has repeatedly thrust its head through the skylights, was planted before the Civil War.

The office of superintendent was created in 1850 and the first incumbent was W. D. Breckenridge, who had been horticulturist and botanist to the Wilkes expedition. He served two years and was succeeded by William R. Smith, a devoted friend and admirer of "Bobby" Burns. Mr. Smith was superintendent for sixty years. Charles Leslie Reynolds was superintendent 1912-13, and George Wesley Hess, formerly connected with the Boston public gardens, and who has spent his entire life in the profession, has been in charge for the last seven years. His title has been changed to "director," and he is an officer in all of the horticultural, florists, gardeners, and parks superintendents' organizations throughout the country. He is also an honorary member of several international horticultural societies.

The Botanic Garden is now under the jurisdiction of the joint congressional committee of the library, of which Senator Brandegee of Connecticut is chairman.

The design of the projectors of the national city contemplated the location of a botanic garden upon one of the extensive reservations set apart for public use. In 1798 there was considerable discussion as to its location. A deputation waited upon the commissioners of the city and urged that it be developed on the south park of the President's grounds, but as the object was the enjoyment of the public, it was seen fit to establish it in its present desirable situation near the Capitol, where it is easy of access for all visitors.

OVERFLOW FROM THE POTOMAC

In the days when that site was selected it was far from the beauty spot it is today. The Tiber flowed across one end of it,

and most of it was low and marshy and exposed to the ebb and flow of the tides of the Potomac. There is a tradition that this was the early execution grounds of the city and that no less than five criminals were hanged there.

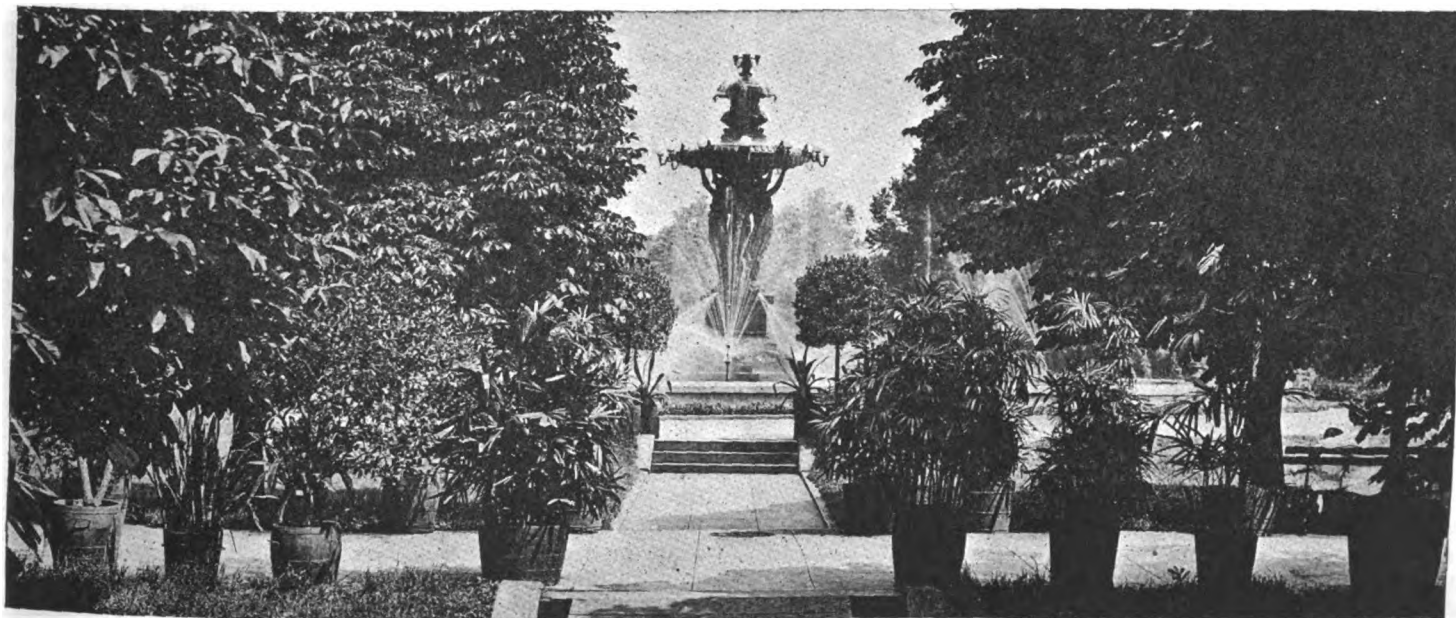
In 1822 the Botanical Society of Washington was incorporated by Congress. The society, prior to its incorporation, through the individual efforts of those interested in botanical researches and investigations in the District of Columbia, had prepared a full list of plants, and as early as 1817 had arranged them according to the Linnean classification and the more fashionable arrangement of Jussieu.

Under the auspices of the society, the marshy portions were dredged and converted into a small lake, into which the tide continued to ebb and flow. After the society's discontinuance the garden was neglected and for some years became the depository of rubbish.

In 1850 the management was assigned to the joint committee of Congress on the library. The first buildings were then erected and the office of superintendent created. A systematic course of improvement has since developed the garden to one of the important educational branches of the government.

During the early days of the World War, when the importations from Germany were stopped, many American industries suffered for lack of dye materials previously imported from Germany. One of the great American benefactions from the war has been the establishment of a domestic dye industry, which the House has recently pledged itself to protect through the passage of a dye-tariff and licensing measure.

Yet an entire century earlier, on January 11, 1817, Dr. Cuthbush, the first president of the Columbian Institute, in an address in Congress Hall, in urging the establishment under government patronage of a museum and botanic garden, had said: "How many plants are there, native of our soil, possessed of peculiar virtues, which would supersede the necessity of importing those that are medicinal, or necessary for the operation of the dyer?" In that same speech he said: "Through the scientific citizens and foreigners who visit this metropolis, we may reasonably expect, not only valuable communications, but various seeds and plants; hence the necessity for a botanical garden, where they may be cultivated, and as they multiply, distributed to other parts of the Union. The numerous grasses, grains, medicinal plants, trees, etc., which are not indigenous to our country, should be carefully collected, cultivated and distributed to agriculturists."



View of the Bartholdi fountain, looking north from the main conservatory, United States National Botanic Garden

He's the "Daddy of the Bunch"

A Soldier with Seven Soldier Sons

The boys of General Willis J. Hulings, U. S. A., during the Spanish-American and World Wars served in the army, the navy, the aviation, submarine and munition corps, while mother and three daughters served at home

By M. W. RICHARDS



YOU are the greatest father in the whole United States," wrote a young and enthusiastic soldier whom General Willis J. Hulings, member of Congress from the 28th Pennsylvania District, had befriended during some war-time emergency. "You had one son in command on the sea; one son in command under the sea; one son in command on the earth; one son in command in the air; one son serving as expert in high explosives; one son rejected on account of wounds received in the Spanish War, and still another son

with the query—"Isn't it enough to be daddy to that bunch?" Think of it! Five sons in active oversea military service at the same time; the sixth held back on account of wounds received in the Spanish War; the seventh kept from France to serve in the United States as an expert chemist in high explosives. And as if that is not enough military glory for any one family, General Hulings, who talked but little of his own achievements, was a member of the Pennsylvania National Guard for thirty-six years; Colonel of the 16th Regiment Pennsylvania National Guard twenty-two years, and its commander during the Spanish American War. He was promoted to brigadier general for meritorious conduct in action, thus crowning a military career which begun way back in 1876 when he enlisted as a private in the Pennsylvania National Guard, later filling all grades from private to major general of that organization.

Here is the war-time military record of the father and seven sons of that remarkable family:

In the Spanish-American War: Father, Brigadier General Willis J. Hulings. Son, Marcus, wounded.

In the World War just ended:

Sons: Major Courtland M., infantry; Captain Joseph S., captain of the great transport *Westland*; Lieutenant Norman McD., Aviation Service; Lieutenant Commander Garnet S., Submarine Service; Captain George S., Transport Service; Willis J., Jr., rejected for oversea service to be held in the United States as expert on high explosives; Marcus, rejected on account of Spanish War wounds. Courtland, who went over as a private came back with a citation and the rank of major.

As the sons became of suitable age, the General promptly entered them in his beloved National Guard. They were taught by him to fight for all they were worth when need be, but in time of peace reverence for home and uprightness in the business world came first.

True to their teaching, the Hulings boys fought like tigers during the war, but when demobilization came, returned at once to business life, except Garnet, who remains in the Navy.

An instance of the wonderful family devotion which marks the Hulings was shown some years ago, when temporary financial reverses threatened the General, who by profession is both a civil engineer and a lawyer, but whose operations in oil lands and mining have sometimes led Dame Fortune a lively chase. Courtland and Norman were in college, Courtland a year or so in advance, when they learned of the impending trouble. Courtland at once wrote his father, "I know you can't now afford to keep us both here, so I am going home and go to work. Norman is younger than I, and we must see to it that he has the chance to get an education." The same mail brought the General a letter from Norman saying, "I am going right home and go to work. Courtland is older than I and has made such a splendid start that we must see to it he can keep on here." Each begged the father not to let the other boy know of the letter. But the crisis was bridged over, and both boys finished the course. It is safe to say, however, that no promotion or citation his own war services may have brought the General is as highly prized as those two letters, showing the intense and unselfish devotion to him, and to each other.

"Playing soldier" was General Hulings' (Continued on page 238)



BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIS J. HULINGS

Member of Congress from Pennsylvania and "Daddy of the Bunch" on the opposite page

in the Navy. And besides that, all we fellows here think of you as a second daddy to us all!"

And when asked to point out some of the high lights of his own career, General Hulings, father of that splendid septette, and with an enviable war record of his own, modestly countered

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CAPTAIN JOSEPH S. HULINGS (Below)
Commander U. S. Transport "Westland"

(At left)
MAJOR COURTLAND
M. HULINGS
312th Regiment, A. E. F

(At right)
LIEUTENANT
NORMAN McD.
HULINGS
Pilot, Aerial
Squadron, A. E. F.



GARNET S. HULINGS (Below)
Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy



"Lucky" Cox, the Texas Oil Wizard

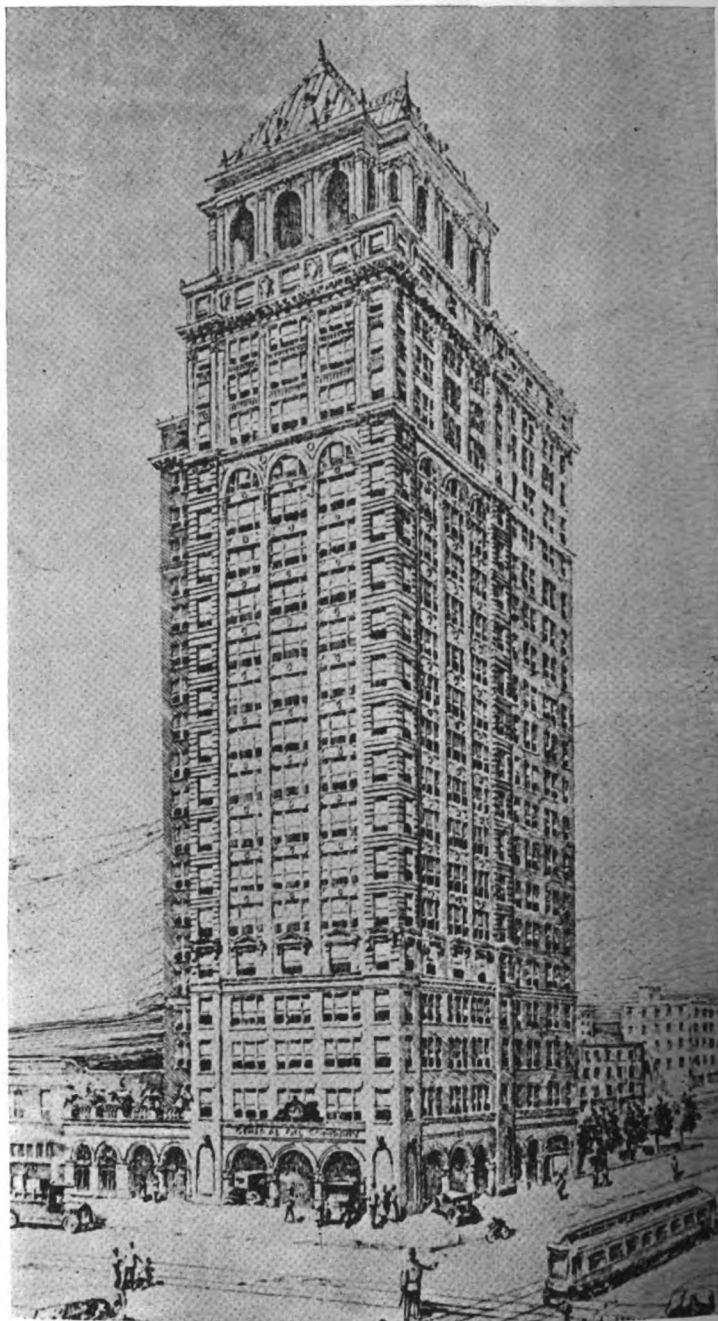


YEARS ago—not so many years ago at that—S. E. J. Cox was a picture salesman, and he sold so many pictures and picture frames that his factory had to enlarge the plant to take care of the orders. In ninety days he sold \$85,000 worth of pictures. Seymour Ernest J. Cox, president of the General Oil Company, and with the exception of Harry Sinclair the most notable success in the Texas oil fields, was born in Michigan thirty-five years ago. His first job was that of a bell-hop, and we have it



S. E. J. Cox

President of the General Oil Company, Houston, Texas, probably the most conspicuous success in the Texas oil fields. At thirty-five he is president of a twenty-million-dollar corporation, with seven thousand barrels daily production of oil, and employs 1,500 people. He landed in Houston two years ago with a raincoat and suit-case, and one of his first acts was to acquire some leases in the proven Texas fields



Home office building of the General Oil Company as it will appear when completed. This company and building will be a monument to the vision of S. E. J. Cox, whose successful operations in the Texas fields have won for him the title of "Lucky" Cox

on good authority that he was a good one. His next job was with the Illinois Moulding Company of Chicago, first in the factory and later on the road. Every Saturday night as he called for his pay envelope he would ask his boss to give him a job as a traveling salesman. He kept up this practice of making this request for six months, and finally one day his boss agreed to try young Cox out on the road—with the result above mentioned.

Cox came to Texas in 1917 to get acquainted with the oil

business. He had conducted a successful brokerage firm in Chicago, and more or less oil business was passing through his hands. Before advising his clients whether to buy or not buy, Cox wanted to be able to give them first-hand information.

After landing in Texas, one of Cox's first acts was to buy a large number of oil leases in the proven fields. He lived in the oil fields and underwent all the hardships and privations of the prospector. He studied the practical phases of oil development and became an expert driller. His knowledge of oil property and the possibilities of oil acreage is almost uncanny. His first lucky strike netted him two of the largest gushers ever brought in at Burkburnett, Texas; and to take care of the business the General Oil Company was organized with an authorized capital of \$20,000,000, one-half of which has already been subscribed for. In 1919 he paid his stockholders a cash dividend of 17 per cent; this year he has paid the stockholders a stock dividend equal to 900 per cent. The General Oil Company is now a live, solvent and going concern, and will soon have a steady production of 10,000 barrels a day if the prospects of the company are realized. Based on the present high price of oil, one can readily see what this means to the company. The present production is 7,000 barrels a day.

At the present time the General Oil Company utilizes an entire building of seven stories, where more than two hundred employees handle the business of the firm. When the company's new home office building is completed, it will have one of the largest and finest structures in Houston. The site for this building has already been purchased, and actual construction

will start as soon as the labor and supply markets get back to normal.

With the possible exception of Harry Sinclair and J. S. Cosden, Tulsa millionaires, Cox has made the most phenom-



Mr. and Mrs. S. E. J. Cox in their airplane, in which they make regular trips to the oil fields

enal success in the Southwest. People in the oil fields will tell you it is luck; Cox will tell you it is hard work. An impartial observer who makes a study of Mr. Cox and his methods will come to the conclusion that his success is due to concentration. When he organized the General Oil Company he established a rule that no officer should receive any profits until the company was on a dividend-paying basis. Cox does not care for money for money's sake. What he is intent on doing is building up one of the largest and most successful oil companies in the country, and if he keeps up his present gait, another year or two will see him well "over the top." Everybody who works for Cox will admit that he is the hardest worker connected with the General Oil Company. From early morning until late at night he will be found at his office when he is not in the oil fields personally supervising drilling operations. He dons his working clothes, and even many of his employees do not know of his presence. For all many of them know, he is simply a new driller added to the crew. He knows how to handle machinery and to stop the leaks of expense. He goes about his work quietly and without any megaphone attachments; and the only noise he ever makes is when he attempts an airplane trip to the oil fields. The distance from Houston to the North Texas fields is approximately five hundred miles, and Cox makes the trip in less than four hours.

Personally Cox does not take any credit for his success for bringing in 7,000-barrel gushers, or for organizing the General Oil Company; this, he says, all belongs to Mrs. Cox, a little dynamic woman of rare charm and personality. But be that as it may, S. E. J. Cox is the most potential figure in the Texas oil fields, and has a list of achievements to his credit unequalled in the history of oil.

In less than two years' time Cox has built up one of the largest organizations in his home city of Houston, his company giving employment to hundreds of people. He has contributed his part to the work and wealth of the world by creating values where they did not exist before. Not a bad record for a man of thirty-five who started in life as a bell-hop.



Group of the "Cox" children. With only one child himself, Mr. Cox's hobby is adopting and educating unfortunate children. During the past year he has adopted and started on the high-road to success twenty-five deserving boys

Joe Lincoln's story—

"Shavings"

Evokes smiles and tears from blasé metropolitan theatre-goers as this simple Cape Cod story is presented by Henry W. Savage at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York



GROUP of "just home folks" gathered in the lobby of a theatre on Broadway. It was not necessary to read the flashing electric sign overhead to denote the character of the play. It could be determined

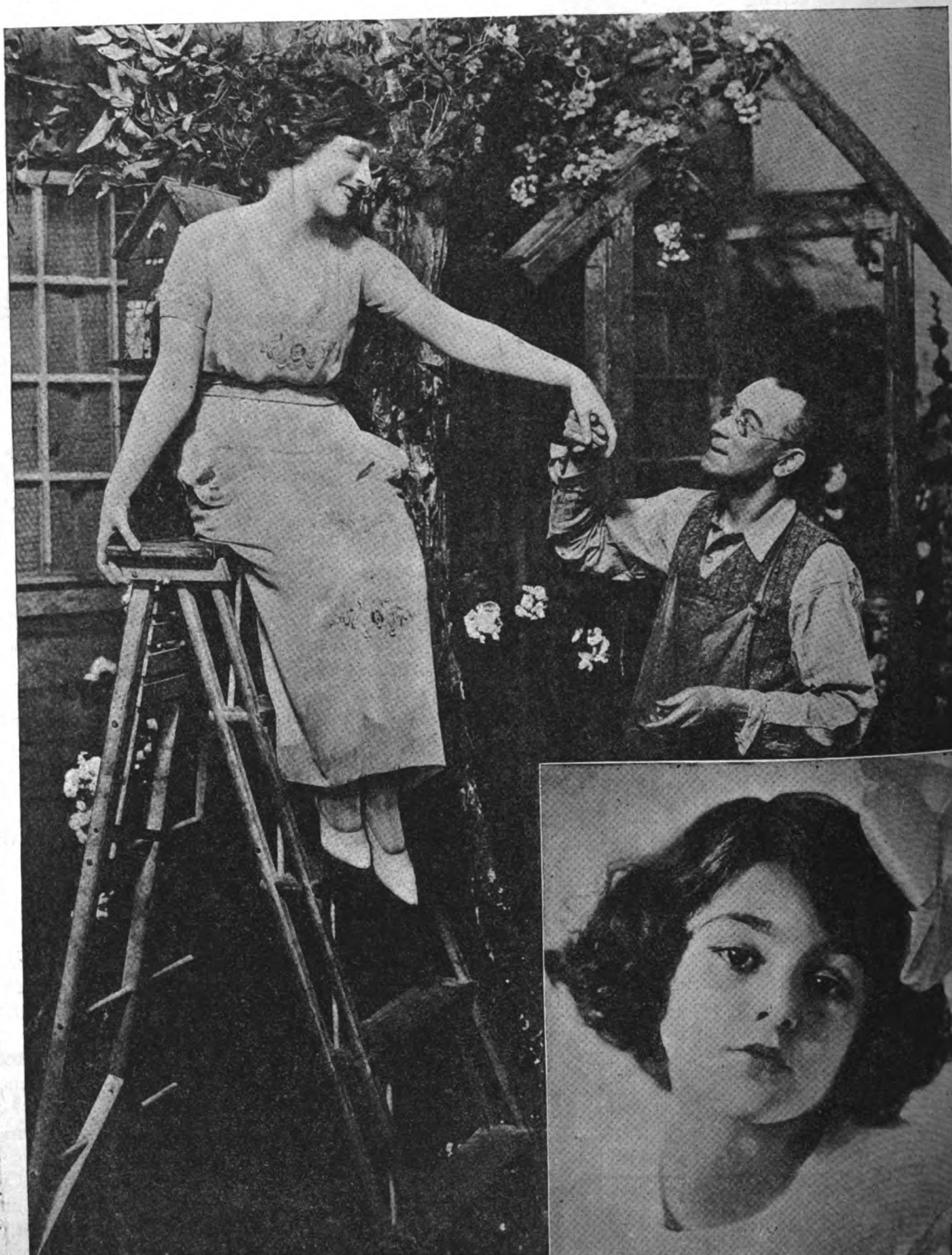
without glancing at the picture that another great home play had arrived.

When Joe Lincoln, poet, novelist and native Cape Codder, began writing verse about home folks, he got into hot water, but a new cast of characters had arrived. Joe Lincoln's poetry was copied widely, and he was criticized for describing the characters too literally. Lincoln took his pen boldly in hand and began writing short stories and then novels, keeping very near the Cape Cod shore line, and keeping an eye on the life buoys along the shore. His vacations were one exhilarating pastime of explaining to neighbors and friends that they were not by any means the characters indicated in his various stories. He called them literary composites and figments of his imagination.

With the breezes of the Atlantic sweeping his brow, Joe Lincoln works in summer like a harvest hand. He writes and rewrites paragraphs day by day as the story proceeds, and the completed yarn evolves on a system of keeping his literary entries completed day by day.

It was natural that Mr. Henry W. Savage, with his penchant for material distinctively American, should be the producer to thoroughly understand how to bring out a distinctively American production. With the same enthusiasm that has made the name of Henry W. Savage distinctive in theatrical productions, Mr. Savage proceeded in his alert way to bring out

the play "Shavings," based on Joe Lincoln's novel, with a thoroughness that carried conviction of a long and enduring run. The blasé first-nighter and the satiated New York theatre-goer were there with the home folks that night, and the verdict



Clara Moores and Harry Beresford in "Shavings" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York

Lillian Roth in "Shavings"

was on their faces as they came out facing the glare of Broadway. Eyes half dried of tears gleamed from happy faces. "Shavings" will live longer in the memory of folks than any play that has been produced in New York within a decade." It has the endearing qualities that make dark days endurable and the sunny days even more enjoyable, for it runs the gamut of wholesome emotion.

Uncle Jed, the village nut or crank, soon wins the love of the audience as he does the little girl in the play. His shop is a treasure trove of his Yankee genius. He makes windmills and animals and other things that children love to play with. His devotion to an invalid mother kept Jed at home when all the other boys went off for an "edification." His toy confidant was the prophet Isaiah, who, with whirling arms, would indicate as the ancient Delphic oracle, answers to his queries.

The returned doughboy, finding himself hopelessly crippled, generously gives up his sweetheart, while the family feud rages. The village gossip is there and every phase of Cape Cod life is touched upon in the bright lines of characters portrayed.

When Uncle Jed sings in quavering voice "Pull for the Shore," and later is suddenly kissed by a woman in an emotion of gratitude, Uncle Jed promptly goes over and gilds the Prophet Isaiah, feeling that the supreme joy of his life has come—and then the shadow. He was only an uncle, only playing a part in the life of the woman he loved.

Every scene scintillates with keen Yankee humor, and every situation quivers with dynamic interest. When the whirling windmills are set in motion, one can feel the thrill when, as a child, you saw that little toy really "go." It brought to mind

a vision of these old windmills on Cape Cod, and the tang of the sea-salt air comes sweeping in upon the audience.

The "shavings" in the shop of Uncle Jed are forgotten as that shop develops into a temple of love and self-sacrifice. The simplicity of the setting reveals Uncle Jed's character, which will live in American drama. The well balanced and symmetrical cast of characters seem to be welded together with the comrade and community spirit of Cape Cod folks. One cannot resist the impulse to prophesy that "Shavings" will live far beyond the time suggested in the title. It is good. It is a wholesome play. You feel better when you have seen it and you never will forget it. What more can be said about a play?

Governor Savage, on his yacht, or in his Cape Cod home near Marshfield, where lived Daniel Webster in his days of greatness, may well greet his friends with a smile of satisfaction in the summer days. He has perpetuated in a loving, tender and wholesome play the thought, impulse and sturdy idealism of Cape Cod folks—a refreshing relief in these strident times from the jag and jazz plays. The soothing, sweet memories and influence that will ever be associated with Joe Lincoln's "Shavings" showered on the stage under the pitiless spotlight in a real heart-glow, will mark the beginning of another epoch of heart plays, that have kept the productions of "Old Homestead," "Shore Acres," and "Way Down East" historic events.

In the three hundredth anniversary year of the Landing of the Pilgrims Fathers, the sand dunes of Cape Cod have been glorified in a play that promises to live, inspire and endure with the rock on which the forefathers landed.

Lorraine Harding Talks Turkey

Continued from page 209

statement word for word. But I've repeated it just as she said it. Because I remember it. It struck me as one of the most logical and forceful utterances that ever came from the mouth of a motion-picture star.

"I believe you really love motion-picture work," I said.

And Lorraine Harding replied, "I do. Ever since I can remember I have always liked motion pictures. At home in Tennessee I watched for them, studied them and dreamed about them. To me, the motion picture is the most wonderful thing in the world. And there is but one person in this world that I can't understand. To be real frank, I mean to say that there is just one type of person that I don't like."

"And what is that, Miss Harding?"

"That is the type of person who makes a specialty of everlastingly finding fault with motion pictures, condemning them, picking out their weaknesses, expressing himself as entirely out of sympathy with them—and then winding up his remarks by saying, 'But you know I never go to see one but twice a year—they're so disgusting.'"

If there were nothing else about Lorraine Harding to make me like her, the foregoing paragraph would be quite enough. How often have all of us met just such persons—those who know what's wrong with motion pictures; those who flout their mistakes, ridicule their entertainment qualities, sneer at their good intent, and then wind up by stating that they never go to see a movie. Perhaps I've had the misfortune of meeting more than my share of just such persons. Thank goodness that there are enough honest people in the world to admit their dislikes! But please spare me from the chronic movie grouch who derives his justification to kick about movies by virtue of the fact that he sees only two a year. It's not entirely unexpected, though. The person who sees only two movies per year couldn't be expected to be exactly normal.

"I'm not going to ask you about personal likes and dislikes, Miss Harding," I said.

"Oh," she replied, "you must. I've made a bet that you are going to talk to me about pickles, hard-boiled eggs and bon-bons, just as you did with Constance Talmadge. You know, I couldn't be a real movie-star without being interviewed about such things."

Know Her?



"It's" Norma Talmadge at the Age of Twenty-Seven Months

WATCH FOR
Goldye Miriam's
Interview With
Norma Talmadge
IN
Next Month's NATIONAL

And she smiled very sweetly.

We didn't talk about "such things." We spent the rest of the hour chatting about "Annabel Lee" and how Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem would be picturized, and the nature of Miss Harding's role.

It was following that chat that I discovered that a motion-picture actress can be a star without discussing hard-boiled eggs and Dill pickles with girl interviewers.

Ben Gauer's Sweetheart

Continued from page 212

possible to tell that he was a full-blooded American boy, because his wig took all the Americanism out of his appearance. And though his body was shiny, most people thought it was on account of perspiration." Ben became quite popular with Mr. Griffith, who on one occasion said:

"Your originality is dandy, Ben. But you are a little too dramatic. Remember that you are supposed to be a little savage, awkward and not one bit graceful, and not possessing any manners whatever—and whatever manners you have are supposed to be bad ones. Some day you are going to play 'Hamlet,' Ben, but not in 'The Idol Dancer.'"

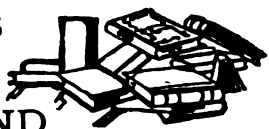
Master Grauer wore his tan-colored disguise until six o'clock or later every evening. By the time Mr. Griffith has termed the day's work as completed, and Ben was ready to attire himself in the garb of civilization, the mixture of brown powder-paint and oil had become well stuck to his body.

"It required three cakes of soap each evening for me to get Ben clean," said Mrs. Grauer. "If making a white boy out of a savage was such a job, even from the surface, what a task it must be when a mental process is involved. Yes, I do believe that this was the hardest part Ben ever had in his life."

"Yes, but—I'd—gladly—go—all—through—it—again—if—Miss—Seymour—would—be—with us," spoke up the lad.

"I saw a tear in his eye as he mentioned Miss Seymour."

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

AGAIN KYNE BATS 300

Doubtless Peter B. Kyne could write an insipid, uninteresting tale about commonplace people if he really tried, but doubtless he will never try. Certainly the author of that classic of the Redwoods, "The Valley of the Giants," and creator of the lovable old business buccaneer "Cappy Ricks," has presented his admiring readers with an evening of solid enjoyment in the perusal of his latest offering, "Kindred of the Dust."*

To say there is not a dull word in the whole three hundred and seventy-six pages of the book



PETER B. KYNE

*Late captain of Field Artillery U. S. A.
and the little French boy he adopted*

is too faint praise. Kyne somehow steers clear of any obvious effect of "padding." His readers read every word he pens, because every word is worth reading. His characters are understandable; they have the quality of humanness, and

* "Kindred of the Dust." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. \$1.75.

one is compelled to love them even for their faults.

In "Kindred of the Dust" three notable personalities stand forth clearly portrayed—those of old Hector McKaye, Laird of Tyee, the hard-fisted, hard-headed Scot, who drives his way irresistibly from lumberjack to millionaire lumber king, and hides a heart filled with human kindness and understanding behind a dour exterior. Donald McKaye, the young Laird, a straight-grained chip of the old block, who looks the world and the world's opinion fearlessly in the eye and follows the dictates of his heart and chivalrous manhood when he marries "Nan of the Sawdust Pile," the outcast of Port Agnew, and adopts her fatherless child. The latter character, the third notable personality of the story, wins and holds the reader's sympathy and respect throughout the tale as eventually she wins the sympathy and respect of the sternly upright old Laird.

"Dirty Dan" O'Leary, who fights for the pure love of combat, and Andrew Daney, staid manager of the old Laird's great business interests, who rises to great heights of picturesque profanity when his soul is shaken by a cosmic cataclysm, also engage the reader's profound interest throughout their variegated and troublous careers.

Mr. Kyne works upon a large canvas, and his characters stand forth boldly. Their frailties and their virtues alike are human and call for human love and understanding.

* * *

A TALE OF REINCARNATION

When bad luck reaches a climax and Old Man Trouble perches on your shoulder and gives evidence of wanting to stay, then is the time to take a header into a new personality.

Mr. Horatio Slipaway did that little thing, and "The Nut Cracker"* tells how he did it. Mr. Slipaway was a poorly-paid clerk in a New York brokerage office. His wife was afflicted with a New England conscience, unpaid bills pressed him, and a pale passionate siren tormented him. How he cast off all these troubles and drawbacks and became "Mr. William Carter" could be told convincingly only by the man who wrote "Nothing but the Truth."

One suspects that under Mr. Slipaway's commonplace exterior there lurked the germ of histrionic talent; otherwise "Mr. William Carter" could not have sprung into life so successfully.

* "The Nut Cracker." The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.



FREDERICK S. ISHAM

Author of "The Nut Cracker"—The Bobbs-Merrill Company

How Horatio sidesteps his past, and Mrs. Horatio encroaches on the insurance money which is a sacred legacy from the departed saint, all enter into this highly amusing comedy.

* * *

ELEANOR H. PORTER'S LAST BOOK

So hard is it to realize that the beloved author of "The Road to Understanding," "Just David," "Pollyanna," and the long list of other delightful stories has laid down her winged pen for the last time, that the reader of "Mary Marie"* is inclined to linger over the quaint conceit of the dual personality of its heroine to the utmost—to prolong the pleasure of its reading to as many quiet evenings as possible. For once the story has been finished, one cannot indulge the lively anticipation of a sequel.

Though Mary Marie is a "cross-current and a contradiction," she could not be otherwise than a lovable character if she tried, because all of Mrs. Porter's characters are lovable and always human.

"Mary Marie" is more than a wholly readable story. It is a lesson in human understanding and humility, and teaches in a not too obvious way that the sacred ties of family life may not be lightly severed without far-reaching effects upon individual character. Only consummate skill of authorship, such as Mrs. Porter possessed, could straighten the "cross-currents" of Mary Marie's life, so that in the end they run true and deep and tranquil.

It is a deep satisfaction to the reader who lays down this book to feel that the gifted author's last work so well sustains the high level of finished artistry that she always displayed.

* "Mary Marie." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

* * *

COST ACCOUNTING, by J. Lee Nicholson (Ronald Press), is a thorough treatise on the science of cost accounting, with full explanation and illustrations.



"NAN OF THE SAWDUST PILE"

From a painting by Dean Cornwell of the appealing heroine of Peter B. Kyne's latest novel, "Kindred of the Dust," which has just been issued by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation



DR. FREDERICK A. COOK
Noted Arctic Explorer and Geologist

earned. He is one of the original pioneers in the oil business, as well as being one of our most daring and persistent explorers. He is also a scientist and lover of nature and is on intimate terms with many of her secrets.

The Texas Eagle has some production now, and in a fair way to have a great deal. More than seventy-five thousand acres are included in the company's holdings, which represent some of the choicest acreage to be had. The company will have its own refinery and reap the profit of the refined product. With proven acreage, production and a refinery, the company will have a strong advantage. Many of the other big companies started with far less in the way of actual or potential assets. There is nothing of the spectacular about Dr. Cook or any of his associates. He has much scientific attainment to his credit, and had he cared for money for money's sake alone, he could have amassed a fortune as a writer or lecturer. He is a quiet, methodical and sincere man, devoid of the spectacular and theatrical.



EUGENE SPITZ
Who puts the "Moves" in the "Movies"



CLARENCE A. WORTHAM
Carnival King of the World

THE Texas oil fields long ago demonstrated their productivity and possibilities. Of course no one knows for sure, but the successful oil men who have invested large sums in the Texas fields tell us that the industry is in its infancy. What with all the increased demands for oil, and a constantly rising market in the face of new uses for oil, it would seem that the so-called oil speculator has the edge on the situation. Propaganda against oil men and oil companies seems to be the order of the day, but much of it is inspired by sinister motives. A careful investigation of the industry will reveal that of the many companies organized, nearly all made good where experienced oil men were at the head of the companies. Following the discovery of oil in the new Texas fields, professional promoters imagined that by acquiring a few leases, limited production and new wells under contract, they were in the oil business. They did not take into consideration the fact that the big companies control the pipe lines, storage tanks and tank cars, and that the little fellow is at the mercy of the so-called interests.

But there are any number of independent companies that are making money. Dr. Fred A. Cook who, as far as the world will ever know, actually discovered the North Pole and carried old Glory to the farthest point north, knows the oil industry from every angle. His company—the Texas Eagle—with an authorized capital of \$5,000,000 and with holdings all over the open fields, has a fine chance to develop into second Texas company, the success of which oil history. Texas people like Dr. Cook and give him credit for being a man of unquestioned personal integrity and rare business judgment. Whatever may eventually come to him in the way of financial success he will certainly have

WHEN a motion picture studio is mentioned in New York, the name of Eugene Spitz comes to mind, because Spitz is the word "Studio" personified when applied to film production. The picture industry has developed many experts, but Spitz is an all-round constructive genius, familiar with every detail that enters into a screen production—that is why "Studio" is a comprehensive word as applied to him.

New York City produces more pictures than any other one city in the world, and the Estees Studios, established by Spitz, are noted in this great picture metropolis. Here the Drew comedies, Hobart pictures, "Erstwhile Susan," and a long list of pictures of world-wide fame were produced.

To observe Spitz at his best, watch the little man with an eagle eye here and there, everywhere, knowing just what is needed for that one supreme moment when the "shooting" begins. He drives toward the objective, and many a producer has reason to be grateful for the genius of this quiet, quick-deciding man, who crystallizes ideas into screen visions. He transformed the old Turnverein Hall, a derelict of other days, into a model studio, as if by magic. He soon had this great hall, redolent with memories of convivial days, transformed into a birthplace of churches, cities, palaces, huts and even prairies of the West and deserts of the East.

"Heart Throbs" pictures were first made in

CLARENCE A. WORTHAM, the carnival king, has achieved his ambition—at least one ambition. He didn't particularly try to corner the carnival business, but his attractions have been of such a character that he made the carnival business respectable and placed it on a higher plane than the industry ever knew before. He deserved to succeed because he has made a substantial contribution to American outdoor amusements.

Mr. Wortham was born at Paris, Texas, thirty-seven years ago and still calls Paris home, although his business affairs are handled from the general offices of the four Wortham shows at Danville, Illinois. Four big shows represent quite a business affair, and more than fifteen hundred people are on the payroll. Wortham dabbled in several things before he finally found himself. He thought of becoming a baseball magnate and managed a few teams in Illinois and Oklahoma. Then he promoted and booked attractions on his own account. Along about this time an important event occurred—he was married to Miss LeBelle Snapp, June 30, 1903. The roller-skate craze had just struck the United States, and Wortham built a large pavilion at Danville. He encountered all the reverses, and then some, known to the amusement business. He played up and down the McKinley Inter-urban lines in Illinois, then begun playing the railroad towns. Seven years ago he and his partner, Tom Allen, dissolved their joint arrangement. About all he had to show for his efforts were some cars of sickly lions and a carload of Texas pecans—which he used as legal tender to pay off his workers; but since those uncertain days Wortham has added a new show to his organization and now he has four separate and

(Continued on page 236)

Eugene Spitz *Continued from page 235*

this studio. There never seemed to be an angle or process that escaped this little Napoleonic studio general, or a golden moment lost.

Mr. Eugene Spitz produced the famous War Relief Pictures and secured the co-operation of the eminent men of the country and the famous theatrical producers and actors. A wizard who knows how to turn the wheel from loss to profit, he stands on the bridge of his "studio ship" and steers through shoals and into safe havens.

If a title is needed, or even a scenario requires repairing, Spitz is on the job. He is at home with all of the personnel connected with motion picture activities. Whether it is entertaining Lord Leverhulme, or an East Side waif seeking a position, lords of the realm, or the roustabout seeking a job, Spitz always remains Spitz. Generous to a fault, he has a business prescience and instinct that keeps the camera grinding.

Still in the prime of life, there are great things for the great Spitz to do in the realm of filmdom. It is no wonder that his studios are sought by those who have expectations for the screen. He has seen his own work produced at the leading theatres on Broadway. As he marches by with his hands in his pockets, he looks up at the great

electric signs and notes with a smile of satisfaction that his work hits the bulleye with the movie fans, altho his name does not appear on the screen.

Though born in a foreign land, a more typical or patriotic American never lived, which was demonstrated in his War Pictures. He represents the genius of business as applied to motion picture studio operation of making pictures. He thinks quick, and operates a camera mind. There's not a detail in the operation that seems to escape his watchful and alert mind.

Clarence A. Wortham*(Continued from page 235)*

distinct shows playing in different parts of the United States and Canada—the C. A. Wortham World Shows, Wortham Brothers Shows, The Great Alamo Shows and Clarence A. Wortham World Best Shows are the four organizations. Wortham owns his own cars—one hundred and twenty of them. In other words, Mr. Wortham has several hundred thousand dollars tied up in his various attractions. The Wortham shows spend the winter in San Antonio.

Thrills Above the Capitol Dome*Continued from page 204*

was substantiated by one of the naval aids in the party who told the story.

After the big planes had performed their stunts and were unmistakably getting in formation for their return to Washington, the King looked up and inquired about them. When told they were homeward bound, a merry little twinkle came in his starboard eye, as he said: "Well, we could have flown back to Washington, couldn't we?"

And that's the way I felt about the "Oriole." I could have flown in it, but, being a little shy on life insurance, I didn't exactly crave the risk.

Senator Smoot, of Utah, standing in this group of Senators toggled out for a ride, likewise takes no chances when it comes to flying. He won't "go up" because he is a Republican and he says there is a Democratic Governor in his state! Perhaps he was influenced in his decision by the fact, or rumor, that Senator Lodge, the Republican leader, during a recent important debate in Congress, wrote a special letter to the Bolling Field authorities, urging that the Republican majority in the Senate be not jeopardized by "taking up" two Republicans at one time.

MY AUTO, 'TIS OF THEE

My auto, 'tis of thee,
Short cut to poverty,
Of thee I chant.
I blew a pile of dough
On you two years ago,
And now you refuse to go,
Or won't or can't.

Through town and countryside,
You were my joy and pride,
A happy day.
I love thy gaudy hue,
The nice white tires so new.
But now you're down and through,
In every way.

To thee, old rattle-box,
Came many bumps and knocks,
For thee I grieve.
Badly thy top is torn,
Frayed are thy seats and worn,
A whooping affects thy horn,
I do believe.

Thy motor has the grip,
Thy spark plug has the pip,
And woe is thine.
I, too, have suffered chills,
Ague and kindred ills,
Endeavoring to pay my bills,
Since thou wert mine.

—Hood Arrow.

WORK

Whether this world
Shall rise or fall,
Work is the answer
After all.

When all is said,
And all is through,
The world depends
On what we do.

—Detroit Free Press.

All things come to him who waits,
But here's a rule that's slicker:
The man who goes for what he wants
Will get it much the quicker.

—Service.

What You Will Be Tomorrow Depends Upon What You Do For Your Health Today--

**You Must Keep Your Blood Filled
With Iron to Stand the Strain of
Modern Day Life Says
Physician—Explains How**

**Nuxated Iron
Helps Build
Red Blood
Strength and Endurance**

Have you ever stopped to look yourself squarely in the face? Are you getting anywhere?—or just drifting—a little weaker, a little more nervous, a little more run-down every day? Nothing slips away so easily as **HEALTH**. Unless YOU hold fast to **HEALTH** by your own efforts—by keeping your blood pure, red and rich in iron—the day may come when all you can do is **WISH** you had acted sooner. Physicians explain below how to help make rich, red blood and increase strength, power and endurance, through the health-giving, strength-building power of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which is now being used by over four million people annually.

"Success is in the blood," says Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of the City of New York. "There are men whom fate can never keep down. They triumph over difficulties and ill-fortune because they have within them the never-failing source of courage, confidence and power—pure, red blood, rich in stamina-building iron. Where others hesitate and

stumble, these men march forward with a firm step and take the best prizes of life. Their brains are keenly alive, their bodies are fortified with the strength and energy that enables them to take and keep the best the world has to offer. But in the rush and tear of modern day life, many a man and woman neglects to keep their blood filled with strength-building iron, and as a result they find themselves on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown at a time when they should be enjoying their best years. In my opinion, physicians cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of keeping the blood pure and red with plenty of iron, and I believe, they should at every opportunity prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, in commenting upon the foregoing statement says: "Every keen, active successful man and woman of today recognizes that a sound, strong body is the basis of all real achievement and they leave

*Talk It Over
With Yourself*



no stone unturned to safeguard their health. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. I strongly advise every man who is fagged out by worry, work and other strains to build up his strength, energy and endurance by taking some form of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for I consider it one of the foremost blood and body builders; the best to which I have ever had recourse."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

A MAN WHO HAS MADE DREAMS COME TRUE

How Mr. George W. White, a Texan, has earned for himself the title of "The Southwest's Best Business Man" in five years

By NORMAN W. RALSTON

FROM a small shoe store with a capital stock of \$3,500 to a chain organization of five stores and a capitalization of \$150,000—in only five years' time.

That one statement would spell "Success" for George W. White, of Fort Worth, Texas, who accomplished the above. That is, if Mr. White were an ordinary business man. But he is not, for a number of specific reasons. First, if he were an ordinary man, he would never have accomplished or built up the big shoe business in the



GEORGE W. WHITE

Head of the Famous White Shoe Houses of Texas

Lone Star State that he has. Secondly, because he is a man of—what shall we say?—principles, ideals, and, lastly, dreams.

And now just a short sketch of the early life of this man who has attained the reputation of being one of the biggest—and by the majority he is called the biggest—business man of the Southwest.

Fifteen years ago a young man started out to make his way in the world, just as thousands of other youths are today leaving their homes and home towns to seek broader fields of endeavor, thinking they will find in the great area outside of their one little wall, the "chance" that will make them rich and famous. But before Mr. White, the young man we are writing of, started out in this manner, he began to dream. He dreamed of a wonderful organization—a shoe organization—built on sound business principles. He dreamed he would be head of it. He kept on dreaming, but, meanwhile he began to master the little details of Better Business. It was truly an ethereal dream, but the young man mixed plenty of hard work and facts in with it, which is the reason so many dream bubbles burst—they do not have these qualities, or the dreamers

do not. Five years ago Mr. White had saved enough money to start a small shoe store with a capital stock of \$3,500 at Temple, Texas. It was a small beginning compared to the wonderful organization he has built up today. In the first year of its existence the little store did a business of \$19,000, which is the weekly goal of the present organization.

Then came the European war, and with it a continuous four-year drouth in Texas. People became poor in the state; banks would not loan very much money; it was a "hand-to-mouth" struggle for everyone, and business men especially suffered. The second year of the little store at Temple was brought to a close with a much greater volume of business than the first, in spite of all these trying conditions. Then a branch store was opened at Taylor, Texas, and then at Waco. In January, 1919, a great headquarters plant was established at Fort Worth, and in June of the same year another store was opened at Austin, the state capitol.

Today there is a chain of five stores, and Mr. White, once the boy dreamer and now president of this big organization, may sit back and contemplate with a satisfied air the work he has accomplished. But as I said before, he is not an ordinary man. And so he still continues to dream, and his dream is a large one. It embraces a large chain of stores thruout the Southwest.

How did Mr. White attain his wonderful success? Listen to what he has to say:

"It has been my dream," he said, "to so standardize and so operate that each executive, buyer, manager, keyman, and all men in my organization, after having proven themselves worthy, could be taken in and made a part of the business. I wanted to set aside a portion of the stock of the company for them, even though they didn't have a dollar to invest. That we have succeeded in accomplishing this is proven by the fact that stock set aside for two of our men five years

ago has now been paid for entirely by the dividends, and is now earning enough money that should these two men be stricken blind, the income from the stock would still insure them a good living."

And then Mr. White added what I think is the keynote of his entire plan. He said:

"To my mind a successful institution or organization means one that develops men and makes them successful and good American citizens."

And that latter is what has spelled "success" for Mr. White. It is his men—first, last and always—that he thinks about. He is constantly looking after their welfare, and the result is they are always ready and willing to give him their best. He has fostered co-operation and secured greater production with it. And these two qualities, he urges, are what makes success for business.

Mr. White believes that the ill of the world today is the lack of production and it has become his hobby to urge in every way he can that greater production in all lines of industry is the solution of the high cost of living problem. He believes that the co-operation of employer and employed will, in a great measure, secure this.

Heart Songs This book is to music what "Heart Throbs" is to literature

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Even on hot
summer mornings
it leaves you
fresh and cool

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To start the day right, wash your face and hands or bathe with Lifebuoy Soap. Its satisfying lather will wash that damp, sticky feeling from your skin and leave it cool and clean. On the hottest mornings it will make you feel stimulated and refreshed. Get a cake today, at your druggist's, grocer's or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

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Where Boys Rule

Continued from page 224

practice it. But most of the boys in the Chicago organization are children of the foreign-born and in large part, of the East Europe races. Many (if not most) come out of homes where the parents speak little or no English. They are boys of ardent idealism. The world about them is (putting it mildly) not very lovely. They want to make it better—the hot desire to do so is in their blood. Wrongly directed, that hot desire becomes a menace to all social institutions. Rightly directed, it becomes the hope of the world. There are hundreds of thousands of boys like these, on the eve of United States citizenship; hundreds of thousands of them on whose shoulders the industry of tomorrow must be borne, and through whose commands the social order of tomorrow will be immeasurably directed.

They are going to do something about everything that seems wrong to them. What they shall do depends on what "gets them" between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. The madness of East Europe may get them, and, through them, us. Or the sound Americanism of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic may get them and, through them, rear a safer, saner world for our self-occupied young folks to live in.

The tomorrows of our Democracy are very largely in the hands of these multitudinous youths. The attitude they take toward work, wages, government, social responsibility, human progress, will be the determining factor in all those things. They are the majority. We shall all dance as they pipe. That is Democracy.

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subways, "I,"
roads, surface
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Write for descriptive booklet and rates
N. JOHNSON QUINN, President

A Soldier With Seven Soldier Sons

Continued from page 228

greatest delight when a small boy. "Back in those days," said he, "we did not have the ready-made toy guns one can find anywhere now, so my father made me a little wooden gun as soon as I was big enough to tote it around. I used to strut up and down the street with that gun on my shoulder and a rooster's feather stuck in my hat, at the head of a crowd of youngsters, and I studied military tactics with my A B C's—and liked it much better. While still a mere kid I remember drilling a company of boys bigger than myself, and a little later those boys were fighting in the Civil War, while I had to content myself with marching up and down the street, with a wooden gun, leading a crowd of boys my own age, waving small flags."

General Hulings is a Republican and has been the political choice of his city and district many times. He was state Senator 1906-1910, and is now serving his second term in Congress. He is a fearless advocate of what he believes best for the country—and the district he represents.

General Hulings is a self-made man. It is something like this: His father was well-to-do, perhaps better off in this world's goods than that implies, and when young Hulings was only fifteen his father "tried him out" by letting him complete certain business transactions and ship oil to Pittsburg on his own account. That was in 1865. But a short time afterwards the Hulings oil well didn't spout, or something of that sort happened, and the family resources were at low ebb. Then young Willis left school and for three years hammered steel oil well derricks twelve hours a day.

Later on the time came when he could return to school, which he promptly did, and followed it up with a course in civil engineering, and was admitted to the practice of law.

General Hulings has two hobbies. One is military affairs, and the other wanting everybody to get a square deal. He was a pioneer in blazing the Square Deal Trail, and has never wobbled from it. It is the keynote of his entire political life, and his slogan is "A fair show and a fair deal for every one, whether rich or poor." He is strongly opposed to anything that savors of class legislation.

General Hulings will not talk much about himself. He prefers to tell about his own seven boys, and those many other boys whom he has helped in peace—or commanded in war—and who now regard him as "Daddy of the Whole Bunch."

SOME USES OF LEMONS

The lemon is not sufficiently appreciated from a hygienic standpoint; for instance:

Lemon juice removes stains from the hands.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust stains.

A dash of lemon juice in water is an excellent tooth wash; it removes tartar and sweetens the breath. Allays irritations caused by insect bites, etc., etc.

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AMID BEAUTIFUL ENVIRONMENTS

American Composers' Programs

Continued from page 205

successfully established in Boston, where she is prominent in musical circles through her wide activity."

Miss Siedoff soon won distinction as a teacher, but her work as a pianist was the real fruitage of her life studies. Through her instruction to others she developed a practical interpretation of piano playing. When Elizabeth Siedoff plays she seems to plumb the depths of the pianoforte. "Her individuality reflects a musician with a wide range of tone-color and well-graded climaxes." "Each finger seems to denote its own personality," and whether it is the weird minor of "The Indian Rhapsody," or Chopin's "Militaire Polonaise" or "Nocturne," or a Beethoven Sonata, every tone seems to have warmth and vitality.

She has had repeated engagements in some of the most distinguished salons in this country. She has been the only artist engaged five successive seasons at the National American Festival, preparing each year a new set of American numbers. Publishers have sent her proof copies for an early reading of some of the American novelties. Manuscripts have been accepted for a premier presentation. She has received autographed copies and letters from American composers expressing their appreciation of her powers of interpretation, of what she has done to stimulate composition, and to promote the cause of American music. She has been guest of honor at functions given by some of these composers, but her humanness and geniality has not permitted the success that has followed years of perseverance to turn her head.

Miss Siedoff loves Boston, her home center since returning to America, and friends gathering at her studio find the hours pass swiftly while listening to her varied and masterful comprehension of both the old and new things in musical literature. It was after one of these recitals on a rainy day that an eminent musical critic insisted that few pianists surpassed her in the lucid elaboration of a musical score, bringing the hearer closer to the composer by discovering through her playing new beauty and new power in a selection often heard before. She brings out every subtle phrase with the touch of an artist and the virility of youth. She seems never to tire after hours of practicing or playing for her guests.

When absorbed in her playing she presents the picture of a musician glorified in her work. Her whole being seems to be thrown into the spirit of the artist eager to tell a story that cannot be expressed in words or color, but must

come in measured tone. We now see why her concert work held audiences by the same genius that made her worthy of the term "master-pupil," for she understands the reason why in music.

"To be able to play as this young lady of American birth is a God-given privilege, and Miss Siedoff proves the ability of the American girl to excel in music as well as in other arts." Her concerts are more than a mere performance of musical numbers. She carries the message of American composers and awakens those who love music, and especially those who are students, to receive such inspiration as will illumine their lives and touch the lives of others.

Ask Him—He'll Tell You

Continued from page 206

and forever. Whether Dixie took the hint or not is unknown, but the fact remains that practically ever since that time he has been fishing and telling other people how to do it, easily, successfully and economically. The result is that he holds a position unique in the annals of sport, being the trusted counselor of innumerable veterans of the rod and reel, and the tutor-in-chief of countless youngsters just graduating from the bent-pin stage of the game.

It is as president of the American Angler's League, a mid-west organization which he started a good many years ago, that Dixie has become so well known to the fishing fraternity. In this capacity he not only gives valuable advice to all who seek it, but looks out for the welfare of generations of anglers yet unborn by exerting a powerful influence in the re-stocking of lakes and streams, the strict observance of all game laws, and the "throw-the-little-fellows-back" habit.

America First, or Last, in Air Travel

Continued from page 216

So, it seems, by some strange ill fortune, this wonderful country, with its facilities for engine, metal and wood production, its equally vast supplies, its vaster wealth, transportation conveniences, and inventive genius; this country that has provided the world with the airplane and the submarine, the machine gun, the revolver, the telegraph and the telephone, with barbed wire and the automobile—even with trench warfare (Civil War)—armored battleship turret guns—has for no defensible reason failed in this great opportunity in its airplane program.

It should also be remembered that there is no single item required in design, labor, factories, material, that we have not in abundance, available at a moment's call; and that we could have put in the air at any time after war was declared, in ninety eight-hour days, a respectable number of machines of any class in use by the Allies. And that our capacity in the country, very easily demonstrable by statistics I have, would have made it equally possible for us to deliver three, five, eight hundred or a thousand planes per day, with the funds and authority so freely given. This brings us back to the first statement of this article: That with these potential conditions and the logical march of world events, America's aeronautics will inevitably come into the hands of informed men, and with this, plans and programs and encouragement to the legitimate builders of aircraft will again be given and she will again as certainly become the mistress of the air of the world. There are at this moment plans in hand routing the western hemisphere. There are the Atlantic Coast lines, the Pacific and the Mississippi lines; the east and the west cross-country lines, including the lake districts. But these are difficult to establish, as the air line has ceased to run "as the crow flies" along a ruled mark drawn between two points. Cuba will become the center of a complete system of her own, controlling the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf

of Mexico. South America naturally becomes a field by itself. The United States with its great coast squadrons and its inland land systems, will develop to dimensions hitherto unknown.

The Government should follow the advice Assistant Secretary Crowell brings back from Europe of a Cabinet position for aeronautics. And, as the first creative work, it should utterly ignore the past two years' activity and those responsible for it, and begin with a new slate. It should, with American sources of information and foreign experience available, establish a new department for aeronautic inventions. It should appropriate generously—let us say as much as it would cost to put up one Woolworth Building—and in the completest way audit the aeronautic experience of the world, and lay hands, friendly hands, on everything that gets into the air and help it. In the course of a year of this auditing by experts, I mean experts in aeronautics, the department would find itself prepared to make a budget and a program. Some such thing *must* be done, or we shall find ourselves, not in ten years, but eternally, as we have been in the war—dependent laggards trailing behind the rest of the world.

The Little Helps are Often the Biggest

This is true of house-keeping and home-making more than any other task.

A wealth of personal knowledge in homemaking. Contributed by 20,000 American housewives, who helped each other in suggesting hints about the home. Bound in cloth and gold. Price, \$2.00.



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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Says:

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NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

SEPTEMBER, 1920

New Series No. 6

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Albert T. Reid

WHO! ME?

SAY, DAD,
THIS NICE
WANTS YOU
TAKE CARE
THIS LITTLE
A WHILE

THE TIGER HUNT IS ON!

WHAT MAKES THE SUFF. RAGE

SUFFRAGE

STATE LEGISLATURES THAT HAVE
RATIFIED THE AMENDMENT,"
DEMOCRATIC"

RATIFIED
REPUBLICAN

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1 CALLING SPECIAL

GOVERNORS CALL
SESSIONS TO RATIFY AMERICAN
DEMOCRATIC

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16

HUNTING ANOTHER VOTE CATCHER

NOW, - THINK! FELLOWS, -
ONE OF THEM SLOGANS LIKE
"HE KEPT US OUT OF WAR"
BEATS ALL OF YOUR OLD
PLATFORM BUNK TO DEATH.

I'LL SAY
IT DOES

THAT ONE
SURE WORKED

Conference with the bosses on a very important matter

NO SKELETONS

I CAN'T FIND A THING. - AIN'T IT

WORSE
IN THAT,
LUTHER
EITHER

TO GET THE BOYS OUT OF THE TRENCHES

They may not be able to do it before Christmas, but they will shortly after March 4th

Kansas City Journal



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE listlessness in Washington in the midsummer months was a sharp contrast to the scenes of previous years. The lull was altogether refreshing and the excitement of a presidential campaign touches lightly upon the capitol city. The President coming and going from his rides affords interest to his admirers and the curious. Remaining in Washington during all the summer months, President Wilson has at least established Washington's claims as an all-the-year-around residential city—in defiance of Atlantic City slogans. Aside from the usual summer vacation exodus, there are many thousands of clerks doing war-work who will have permanent leave, and the dormitories erected for war-time emergencies may yearn for tenants.

Already there are preparations being made for the eventful fourth of March and Inauguration Day, for whatever may be the result of the November election, Washington will welcome a new face at the White House, and Pennsylvania Avenue will be ablaze with the quadrennial pageant. Paradoxical as it may seem, politics is little discussed in Washington these days. With the American women added to the poll lists in the various states, casting initial ballots for president in many cases, the women of the District of Columbia, together, with the members of the male sex, are denied the right to vote for the president and congressmen, who represent the ruling power of the District. Why this persistent disenfranchisement of the people living in the city founded by Washington on the Potomac, has never been fully explained. No president has ever lived in Washington among people who voted for him.

*Military Affairs Committee
Uses Wireless Telephone*

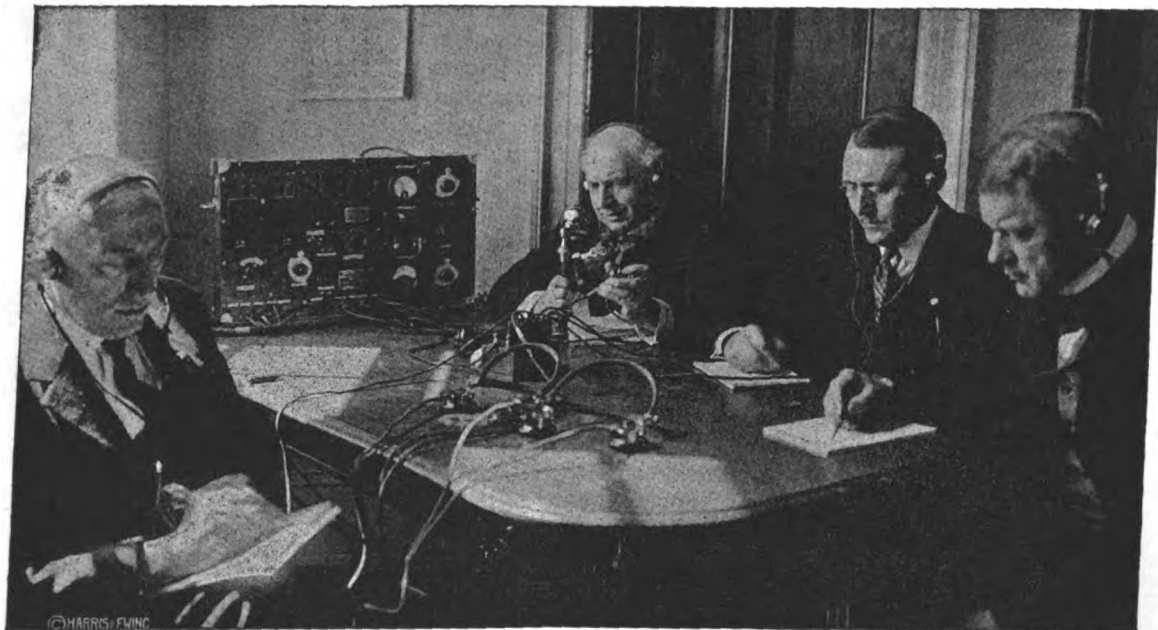
WHEN Congress has threatened to use the pruning knife in appropriations in the administration of government affairs, the War Department has made a decided departure in providing an "up-to-the-minute" service of informing the lawmakers why such-and-such an item should be included in the military appropriation. For the first time in the history of the government, a wireless telephone apparatus has been rigged up connecting the Military Affairs

Committee of the House of Representatives and the finance division of the War Department, whereby constant communication is maintained with Brigadier General Lord, chief finance officer of the army.

The accompanying photograph shows Representative Julius Kahn of California, and other members of the Military Affairs Committee, applying the radiophone apparatus. Sufficient headgear is available for all members of the committee to hear the messages communicated from the War Department. An expert in finance in the War Department can easily advance reasons why any particular item should not be lopped off from the appropriation. Is the wireless telephone a thriftless device, or is it operating in the interest of economy? It depends upon the viewpoint.

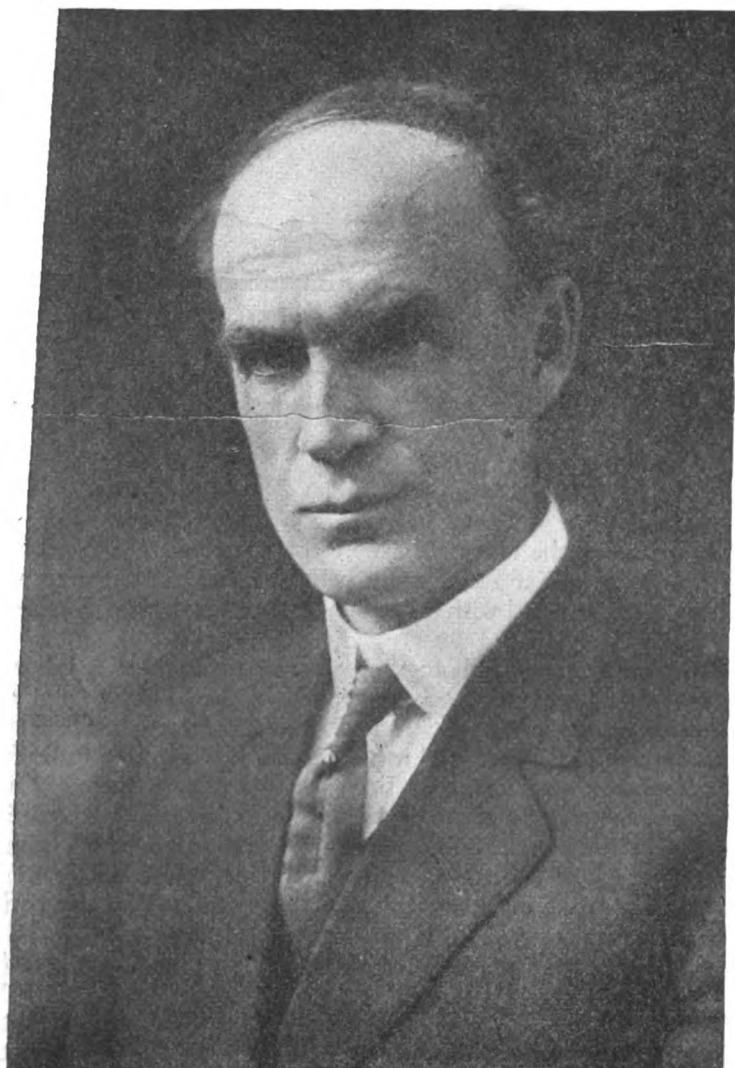
*Chairman of Republican Congressional
Committee is a Man of Varied Attainments*

THERE are few men in Congress who do more straight thinking than Simeon D. Fess. He is called Doctor, not only because of college degrees, but because he just naturally knows more about straightening out kinks in debate and making a clear-cut, lucid diagnosis of an involved situation, politically, than any of his colleagues—even veterans in the service. In



Representative Julius Kahn of California and members of the Military Affairs Committee using wireless telephone apparatus to keep in minute-by-minute touch with the chief finance officers of the United States army

short, he is a leader in Congress whose advice is sought, because it stands the test of being sound. In the dark days of the Democratic landslide and the Republican ructions, Dr. Fess came upon the scene. He was soon chosen chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, because he knew how to state issues



DR. SIMEON D. FESS
Congressman from Ohio and chairman of the Republican
Congressional Committee

clearly and argue convincingly. Fearless and unafraid, he has proven the type of Congressman that other districts covet, because he thinks and acts on broad national lines. As a speaker he is in great demand, because he knows his subject and knows how to tell it from the viewpoint of an eye-witness—one who speaks direct, and not by hearsay. In his own district the people know more intimately the caliber of the man. He attended a country school—a real distinction these days—and then began a life of unceasing work and activity. He graduated from Ada University and was at once selected for a place in the faculty, taking the chair of American history, and he certainly does know his history of the United States and the world of government. He was later admitted to the bar and practised for a time, but the love of teaching was too strong and he was called to the University of Chicago, and became editor of *World Events*. In his study of political history, he understands the point of personal contact. As vice-president of the Ohio Constitutional Convention he was the author of the amendment creating the department of State superintendent of public instruction, which has since become a model of its kind. He helped to frame the initiative and referendum amendment. He revealed here a genius for constructive statesmanship—put to a practical test. While president of Antioch College, in 1912, he was elected to Congress in a district that had been Democratic in politics. His re-elections were a series of pyramided pluralities and majorities. His leadership in the House of Representatives has been characterized by the same thoughtful intelligent conviction of the "man who knows." In his extended lecture and speaking tours over the country, he was soon recognized as a man of the proportions required in handling national affairs.

There is an element of consistent courage in his make-up that

long ago lifted him from the ranks of a sail-trimming politician. He puts conscience and human interest into his work. In supporting the nomination of Warren G. Harding he was guided by the same consistent logic that has given him some fame as a political prophet. He deals in fundamentals, and the Seventh District of Ohio is naturally proud of the little giant of brain-power and constructive genius that has given to their state and district a Representative of national proportions whose services mean much to them as well as the nation. They have faith and confidence in Dr. Fess, and this has extended far beyond the meandering meter and bounds of the district which he has so long and ably represented.

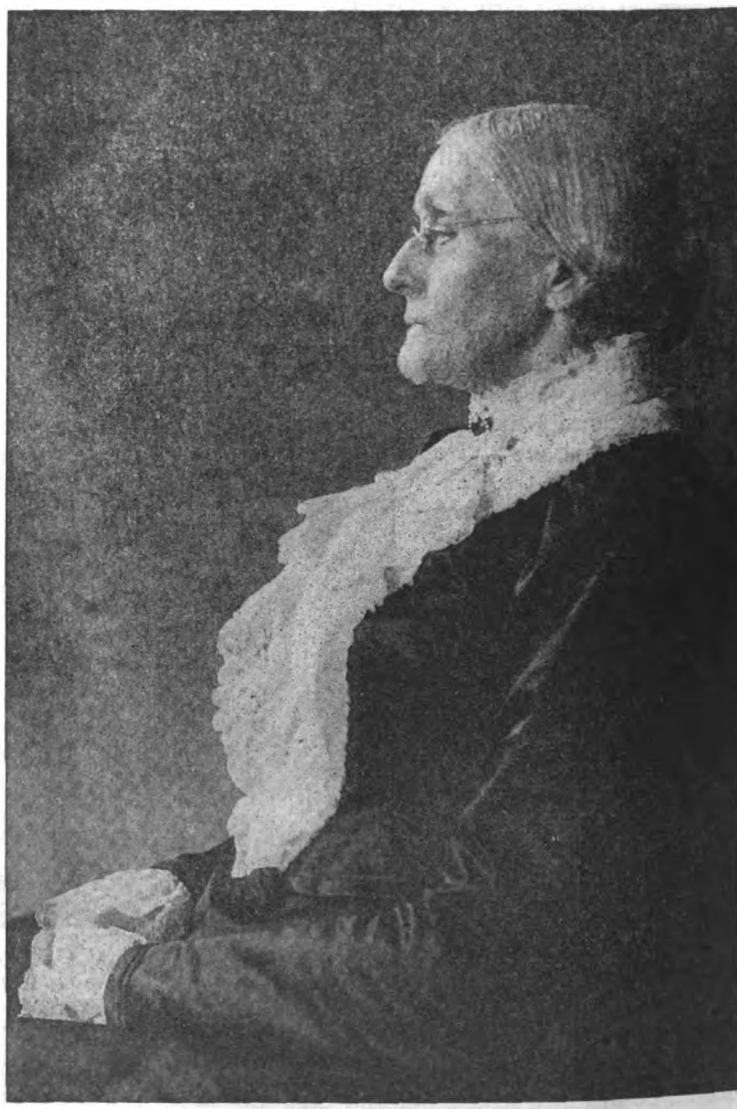
*Long Fight for Ballot Ends When
Tennessee Ratifies Amendment*

RATIFICATION of the suffrage amendment to the Constitution ended a struggle begun in this country even before the colonies had declared their independence. Eventually this amendment will enfranchise twenty-five million women.

Woman suffrage was first heard of in America in Maryland in 1647, when Mistress Margaret Brent demanded a place in the legislature of the colony as an extensive property holder. In the days of the Revolution Abigail Adams wrote her husband, John Adams, at the Continental Congress, which was framing the laws of the infant nation that "if, in the new laws, particular care and attention are not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion and will not hold ourselves bound to obey any laws in which we have no voice."

* * *

Organized work for woman suffrage began in the United States with the Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls, New



SUSAN B. ANTHONY
Who assumed the leadership of the cause of woman suffrage in 1852

York, in 1848, which was called by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, early leaders of Massachusetts and New York, in response to the indignation aroused by the refusal to permit women to take part in the anti-slavery convention of 1849. From the date of that convention the suffrage movement in the United States began the fight that lasted seventy years and ended with victory. At the convention held in 1852 at Syracuse, New York, Susan B. Anthony assumed leadership of the cause to which she devoted her life.

The National Woman Suffrage Association, with Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton at its head, was formed in New York in 1869, and in the same year the American Woman Suffrage Association was organized in Cleveland with Lucy Stone and Julia Ward Howe as its leaders. At first differing widely in policy, the National Association working to put a suffrage amendment through the federal Congress, and its sister organization bending its efforts to convert the country, state by state, the two associations later united under the name of the National Woman Suffrage Association. The association's drive for the vote was led in turn by Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the latter of whom is now its president.

The amendment, which bears her name, was drafted by Miss Anthony in 1875, and was first introduced in Congress in 1878 by Senator A. A. Sargent of California; and it is in the same language that the new principle of the national law reads:

ARTICLE—, SECTION 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

SECTION 2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article.

The amendment holds the record of being before the country longer than any other successful amendment to the Constitution.

It was introduced as the sixteenth amendment, and has been successively the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth, and has been before every session of Congress since its initial appearance.

For thirty-five years after its introduction into Congress the amendment made practically no progress, and until seven years ago it had not been debated on the floor for thirty years. But the campaign for the movement was slowly but steadily gaining ground in the separate states.

In the meantime Miss Anthony made a test of the right of women to cast the ballot by going to the polls and voting. She was



MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT
President of the National Woman's
Suffrage Association

arrested and convicted, and though she refused to pay her fine, was never jailed. She became, however, the forerunner of the "militants" who adopted the forceful tactics of later days.

State after State gradually enfranchised its women citizens. Beginning with Wyoming in 1869, by 1919 sixteen states had given women the right to vote, and fourteen states had presidential suffrage previous to ratification of the amendment.

Militancy in the fight for suffrage in America made its appearance with the formation of the National Woman's party in 1913. On the eve of President Wilson's inauguration,



DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW
Noted leader of the suffrage cause

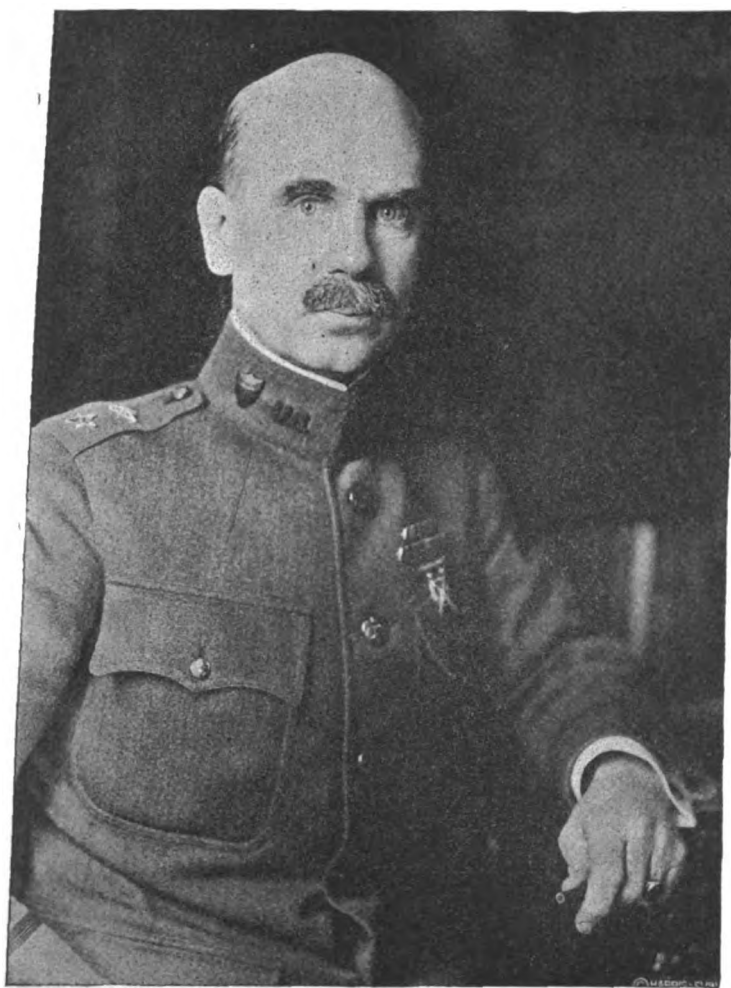
eight thousand women, led by Alice Paul, now chairman of the party, attempted to march from the Capitol to the White House. They were harassed by a hostile crowd which overran an unsympathetic police, and the capital of the United States had its first experience with suffrage riots.

Continuing their demonstrations over a period of seven years, members of the women's party picketed the White House with banners in their hands and served terms in jail for the disturbances of the peace which grew out of their parades and blockade of the Executive Mansion. Several demonstrations were held on the steps of the Capitol, and on New Year's Day, 1919, watch fires were lighted in front of the White House, in which every speech made by President Wilson in Europe, on democracy and self-government, was burned. The acts, however, were disavowed by the national association.

Promptly with the passage of the amendment by Congress the suffrage forces turned their attention to ratification by the necessary three-fourths of the states. More special sessions of the state legislatures were called to act upon the nineteenth than upon any other amendment. Wisconsin and Michigan on June 10 were the first states to ratify, quickly followed on June 16 by New York, Kansas and Ohio; other states ratified in the following order: Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Texas, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Montana, Nebraska, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Utah, California, Maine, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Rhode Island, Kentucky, Oregon, Indiana, Wyoming, Nevada, New Jersey, Idaho, Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, West Virginia, and Washington.

McAdoo Insists on Presenting Smiling
Exterior to Public View

WHEN former Secretary McAdoo called on President Wilson for the first time after the Democratic National Convention he was halted by the ever-alert photographers as he entered the executive offices. He did not like the first snap.



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MAJOR-GENERAL PETER C. HARRIS

Seated at his desk in Washington from which he delivered his address to the school children in New York City

"That was too solemn," he said. "Get one while I am smiling. I don't want anybody to think I am unhappy over the outcome at San Francisco."

Mr. McAdoo is a very astute individual, and during all the hectic flurry of the campaign, carefully preserved an appearance of disinterested detachment.

*Trained Women Executives are Now
Filling High Federal Office*

MISS Mabel T. Boardman, who gained more than national renown for her remarkable executive abilities displayed as chairman of the National Relief Board of the American Red Cross, has recently been appointed president of the Board of District of Columbia Commissioners by President Wilson. This post, which carries a salary of \$5,000 a year, is the highest Federal office filled by a woman. Mrs. Helen H. Gardner, a member of the Civil Service Commission, probably holds the next highest national office filled by a woman.

*A Notable Achievement in Long-distance
Speech-making by Telephone*

BY amplifying his voice 160,000 times, Major-General Peter C. Harris, Adjutant-General of the United States Army, recently delivered a four-minute speech to five thousand school children of New York City while seated at his desk in Washington. Long-distance delivery was facilitated by the use of a magneto-megaphone attachment devised by the United States Signal Corps.

The audience, composed of children who recently participated in the nation-wide army essay contest and their friends, received the message from Washington while assembled in the Capital Theater of New York City. The voice of the Adjutant-General was audibly distinct, and as his brief address concluded with the statement: "You are the young heroes

of this great educational movement, and we all honor and congratulate you," vigorous applause followed which swept through the capacious theater.

Although frequent attempts have been made to transmit an address of some length by magnifying the speaker's voice, it is claimed that the mechanical device of the Signal Corps is the first to successfully achieve the feat. General Harris spoke with natural ease, mechanical ingenuity being entitled to the credit for transmitting the message when the speaker was unavoidably detained in Washington.

*Has Done Much to Finance Expansion
of New England Industrials*

AJOLLY soul is J. P. C. Batchelder of Boston town. An unusual number of the letters of the alphabet are utilized in his initials, but he is an unusual man. He resembles the late Thomas Brackett Reed, the eminent son of the State of Maine, in appearance. Although born in Peabody, Mass., it was in the State of Maine that Mr. Batchelder lived for many years, manufacturing shoes at South Berwick. His grandmother, Nancy Batchelder, was an aunt of the great Daniel Webster.

Some years ago Mr. Batchelder met Mr. J. C. McCormick, treasurer of the United Drug Company, on the golf links at Belmont. They had a regular golf chat, and when Mr. McCormick discovered that Mr. Batchelder was enthusiastic on the subject of the United Drug Company, there was a real bond of interest, for J. P. C. has lived United Drug details and plans since its organization. This chat took place before the stock was listed. He started right there and then to talk and kept on talking about United Drug stock. When the larger companies were organized his vision kept pace with the plans.

Mr. Batchelder specializes in handling New England securities, and now points with pride to the fact that the largest corporation in New England is the United Drug Company and its allied corporations, with a capitalization of one hundred million. He has handled over four million dollars of the United Drug securities, and has over three thousand customers in this stock alone.

When you see J. P. C. Batchelder you know you are looking at a man who knows things. He is one man who believes in industrial stocks and business development. Individually he has done much in helping to finance the expansion of many industrials in New England. He is much interested in the Liggett International Limited, the United Drug Company



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MISS MABEL T. BOARDMAN

A woman executive of remarkable ability, who was recently appointed by President Wilson to the highest federal office ever held by a member of her sex

having control of the famous chain of "Boot Drug Stores" in England, which gives them an European retail trade that would have taken years to build up.

Every one of the eight thousand Rexall stockholders and druggists know "J. P. C. B.", the jolly "batchelder" of Richardson, Hill & Company. He is a regular attendant at Rexall conventions, and if there's any psychological, economical, or even physical phrase of the company with which he is not perfectly familiar with he will find it out, because a real believer and an enthusiast does things when he is backed up by facts and an unflinching faith.

"Baby Tanks" Make Simply Gorgeous Playhouses for Children

A NOVEL form of playhouse for children will soon come into fashionable use in scattering communities throughout the United States when the "baby tanks" have been distributed as memorials to a cause that ultimately proved victorious. The photograph on this page shows Florence Crowell, daughter of Assistant Secretary of War Benedict Crowell, and Jack Baker, son of Secretary of War Newton Baker, inside of one of the fighting tanks in use during the recent war. Obviously, these children are happy in having discovered a new way of amusing themselves.

Out of Detroit Comes Tidings of Great Joy

WELCOME news comes from Detroit in the announcement that the Ford Motor Company is reducing the selling price of its trucks, tractors and pleasure (?) cars, by approximately thirty per cent—especially welcome, because it is the first notable instance of a voluntary effort on the part of a manufacturer of a staple necessity to put the country back upon a pre-war basis.

Already, as an echo of the movement initiated by the Ford Motor Company, comes the news that the largest cotton manufacturing concern in New England will reduce the price on all the cotton goods it manufactures by thirty-three and one-third per cent, and the announcement of the two largest mail order houses in Chicago that radical price-reductions in their goods are being made, followed by a substantial decrease in the price of one of the most expensive automobiles on the market.

The broad ground upon which Mr. Ford takes his stand is that the time has come to put the country back on a pre-war basis of living costs, and he calls on other big business men to do their part toward putting an end to the era of profiteering that has so grievously affected us.



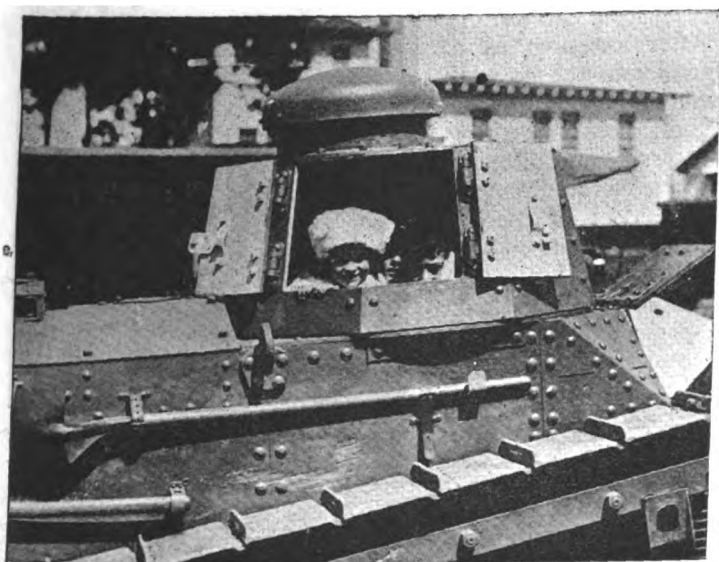
HENRY FORD

The world-famous manufacturer, who voluntarily raised wages and reduced prices

The slashing of prices of the Ford cars has a national significance, in that it affects about one-half the entire production of one of our largest industries. It is believable that the entire automobile industry will, willingly or unwillingly, follow the lead of the Ford Company in a reduction of prices. And nothing is so contagious as example. If automobiles are to be cheaper, it follows that the prices of the staple articles entering into their manufacture, such as steel, copper, brass, aluminum, leather and various other fabrics, rubber in a multitude of forms, and electrical equipments must necessarily be reduced in price, which will in turn reduce the prices of the hundreds of "accessories" whose use is predicated upon the popularity or necessity of the "horseless" vehicle.

The humble but ubiquitous "flivver" has insensibly become a very real business index, and if Mr. Ford, who is a far-seeing and sagacious individual, as well as a great manufacturer, has correctly interpreted the existing industrial situation, the time has arrived for a stabilizing of business upon a sound and normal basis, and a re-adjustment of the price level of the necessities of life is apparently imminent. If the price level of shoes, clothing and manufactured articles generally begins to recede, the price level of food staples — always the first to rise and the last to fall—may confidently be expected to decline.

The truth is that the country has been indulging in a mad orgy of reckless spending. High wages in many basic industries have induced a supernormal demand for luxuries. It has been a silk-shirt era for the proletariat—but the underlying sound sense of the plain-living, plain-thinking people of the

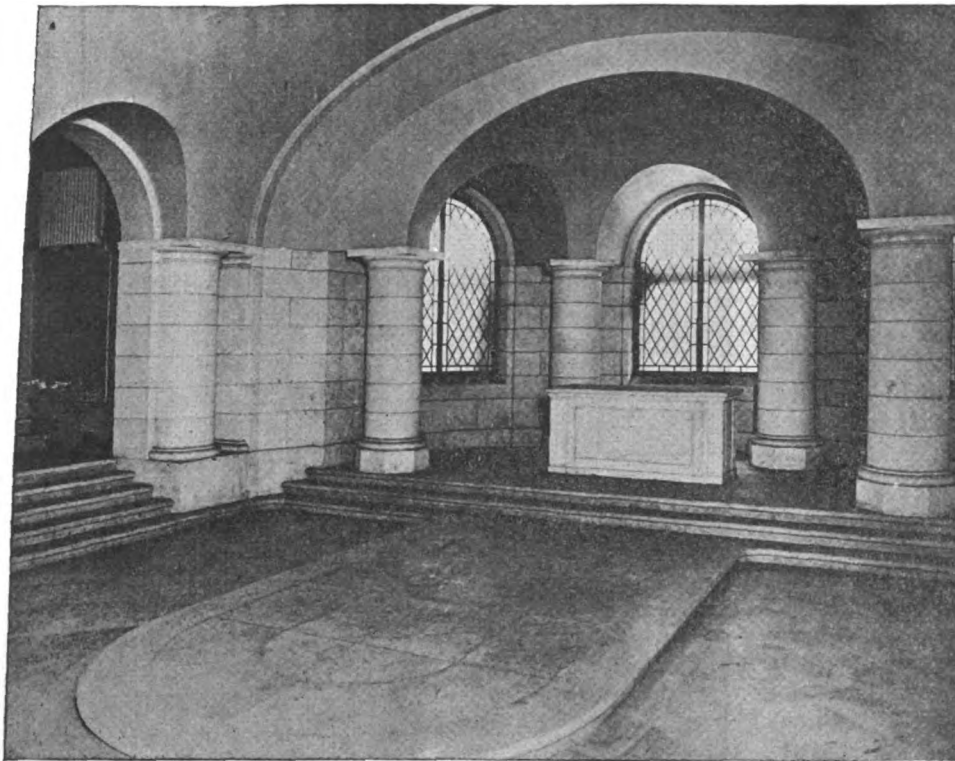


New kind of "play house," extremely popular among the "kiddies" of the official set at the national capital

country, upon whom the general prosperity and progress of the whole depends, dictates a return to sanity and moderation.

The civic melting pot has been boiling furiously for four years—the scum has risen to the surface, and it is high time

farmers the right to form co-operative associations to market their products. Put an end to unnecessary price fixing and to ill-considered efforts arbitrarily to reduce farm product prices. Administration of the farm-loan law to help men own their farms and extension of the long-term credit plan. Revise the tariff in order to protect labor, agriculture and industry from lower foreign standards.



Chapel of National Amphitheatre where space is provided for burial of distinguished personages

that the froth that has been bubbling upon the top should be skimmed off.

There are encouraging indications that a readjustment of the ratio of living costs to the earning capacity of what, for the lack of a better designation, may be called the "middle class" is imminent. Mr. Ford, apparently, has the vision that enables him to foresee its coming and the courage to initiate a movement that cannot ultimately fail to re-establish the entire fabric of our industrial and social life upon a safer, saner, and more secure foundation.

All hail! Henry Ford—the apostle of a business regeneration.

*Harding Tells Minnesota Farmers
Agricultural Handicaps Must be Removed*

SENATOR Warren G. Harding, speaking at the Minnesota State Fair, mapped out a definite program of agricultural policies to which he committed himself and the Republican party if elected in November.

America, the Senator declared, has reached the fork in the road with regard to agriculture. From a distinctly rural nation sixty years ago, he said, the United States has turned into an industrial nation wherein seventy per cent of the people dwell in cities and the other thirty per cent produce the food.

"The time has come," said Mr. Harding, "when we must decide whether we shall undertake to make the United States a self-sustaining nation or whether we shall continue to exploit our agricultural resources for the benefit of our industrial and commercial life and leave to posterity the task of finding enough food, by strong-arm methods if necessary, to support the coming hundreds of millions.

"I believe in the self-sustaining, independent, self-reliant nation, agriculturally, industrially, and politically. We are then the guarantors of our own security and are equal to the task."

Senator Harding asserted that he hadn't thought of the government working out an elaborate system of agriculture, but some things ought to be done along the following lines:

Give farmers a representation in governmental affairs. Grant

an atmosphere of ancient grandeur, transplanted from the old designs of like structures in Rome and Greece. Space in front and on the sides of the building will accommodate twenty thousand people, all of whom can view any ceremony that may be conducted at the front of the central portion of the amphitheater.

*John Barrett Retires from the
Pan-American Union*

IN accordance with his announcement made nearly a year ago, John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, retired from office September 1, 1920, after having given nearly fourteen years to that organization and over twenty-five to official international service.

After assisting, as a courtesy to the government of Panama, in the organization of the new Pan-American College of Commerce at Panama, as president of the administrative council with headquarters located in Washington, he will, in response to both governmental and unofficial requests, establish connections in Washington, New York, Chicago, some city respectively on the Pacific Coast and in the south, and possibly in Mexico City and Buenos Aires, as a general counselor and special adviser in international, economic, commercial, financial, and cultural relations, based on his twenty-five years' experience in foreign and home service.



JOHN BARRETT
Who has retired as director-general of the
Pan-American Union

The Jungfrau Railway

By MARIE WIDMER

IN a smiling, blossoming valley, between the turquoise, shimmering lakes of Thun and Brienz, and in an artistic setting of pine-clad mountains lies Interlaken, perpetually happy in the blissful knowledge of its own enchanting loveliness and the incomparable grandeur of its surroundings. For Interlaken is indeed a favorite of Nature, a veritable jewel reposing in an earthly paradise, dominated by the queen of mountains, the Jungfrau.

The Jungfrau! There she rises in the background of the village, a virgin of snows, mated with sunlight, stars, and heaven, silent, serene. Even the most frivolous visitor regards her with reverent wonder, she is so high above trivial earthly cares, so divinely beautiful. It is only a little more than a hundred years ago when the first human beings, the brothers Johann Rudolf and Hieronymous Meyer of Aarau, succeeded in climbing this formidable peak, which has an elevation of 13,668 feet, and then during forty years only four more successful ascents were made, until the conquest of the Jungfrau became the ambition of every mountain climber. But not every lover of Alpine scenery is able to endure the strain, fatigue, and countless dangers which the scaling of such peaks requires, and these less fortunate persons were thus obliged to continue their worship of the Jungfrau from a distance.

True, wonderful railways were already ascending the heights of the Rigi and Pilatus, but the idea of building a line up to the Jungfrau seemed altogether preposterous. Yet projects were contemplated and concessions were sought for no less than three Jungfrau railways, but none of them could be carried out. Then in 1893 a fourth project made its appearance, and its own merits, as well as the genius of its author, seemed to assure its future realization. It was Adolf Guyer-Zeller, a Zurich manufacturer, and a man of superior intelligence and energy, who conceived this latest plan while he was paying a visit at Murren.

The Wengernalp Railway, leading from Lauterbrunnen over the Wengernalp to Grindelwald, had been opened on June 20, 1893. A few weeks later Mr. Guyer-Zeller arrived at Murren, and while he sojourned in those lofty regions above the Lauterbrunnen valley, he watched the gallant little trains puff up the mountain-side opposite, right to an elevation of 6,771 feet at Kleine Scheidegg Station, and he at once decided that the future Jungfrau Railway ought to start out from the valley of Lauterbrunnen (2,644 feet) as the other projects had planned, but from the point at which the Wengernalp Railway attains its greatest elevation, i. e., at the "Kleine Scheidegg." In this manner, he calculated, the difference of altitude which had to be overcome in order to reach the summit of the Jungfrau (13,688 feet), would be reduced

by more than 4,000 feet. This course was necessarily longer than those which had been previously planned, but it was so ingeniously devised that, by the establishment of several intermediate stations on the north and south sides of the Jungfrau chain, it afforded a number of new and wonderfully magnificent views, and they constituted, as it were several mountain railways and these in connection with one another, forming the whole of the Jungfrau Railway.

With far-sighted policy, the originator of this ingenious plan asked and obtained from the Swiss government the right of constructing and working this railway section by section, as the same were ready for traffic. This system helped to materially lighten the financial burdens, which were, of course, very



The Jungfrau Railway with view of the Eiger, Switzerland

heavy, it being estimated that about \$2,400,000 have already been expended on the enterprise.

The various sections have been completed as follows:

Section I—Kleine Scheidegg—Eigerletscher (started in 1896)	2,187 yards—1899
Section II—Eigerletscher—Eigerwand	4,810 yards—1903
Section III—Eigerwand—Eisneer	6,230 yards—1905
Section IV—Eisneer—Jungfrauoch	10,700 yards—1912

and the project plans that the line from the Jungfrauoch will ascend a twenty-five per cent gradient to Jungfrau Station, a point directly beneath the summit of the Jungfrau, to which the visitor will be lifted through an elevator shaft, two hundred and sixty feet deep.

The Jungfrau Railway is an electric cogwheel line, and the journey from Kleine Scheidegg to Jungfrauoch, the present terminal, requires one and one-quarter hours. Only the first section is above ground, and immediately on leaving Eigerletscher Station the line enters the great tunnel. Eigerwand Station and those following consist of a spacious room hewn out of the mountain, with natural rock pillars supporting its roof. As each station affords an altogether different outlook,

the journey provides a continuous series of surprises, and everyone who has been fortunate enough to indulge in this trip describes it as "an experience of a lifetime." It is, therefore, only natural that every visitor to Interlaken includes in the great variety of tours he can make from that point, an excursion to Jungfrauoch.

From Interlaken the so-called Bernese Oberland Railway takes us through a pleasant orchard country to Wilderswil, a delightful summer resort of diminutive size, which is the starting point for the Schynige Platte, one of the most celebrated natural observatories of this region. A milky glacier stream flows with youthful buoyancy at our feet and sombre stretches of forests accompany us, past luxuriantly green meadows on which the dearest little chalets are dotted in bewitching fashion. At Zweilutschinen, so-called because it is the junction of the Black and White Lutschine, the former descending from Grindelwald, the latter from the Lauterbrunnen valley, the railway branches off in both directions, and the travelers separate according to their plans. Choosing the White Lutschine as our guide, we now proceed into the poetic valley of Lauterbrunnen. As we advance and notice on all sides the waterfalls leaping from the cliffs, we under-

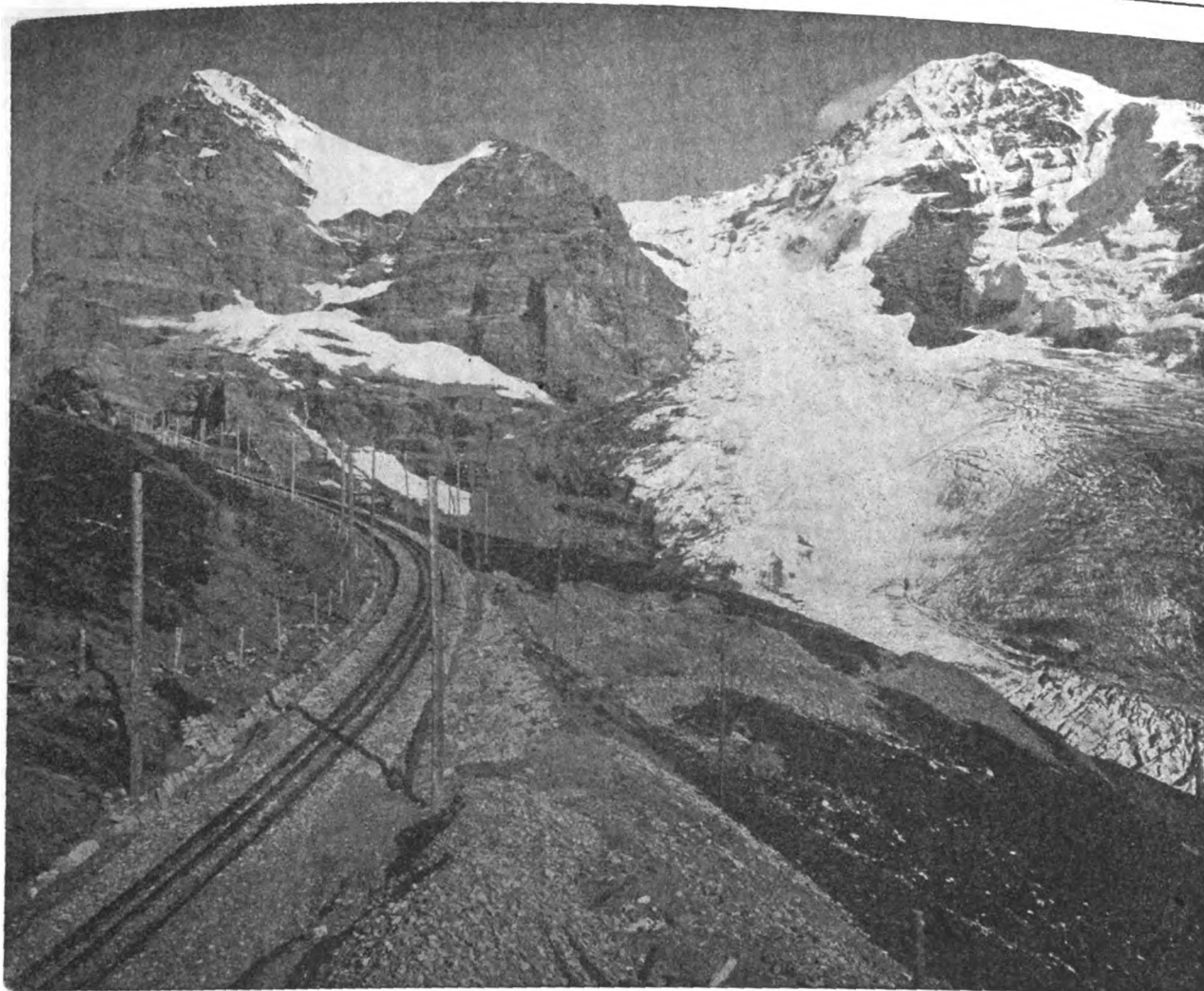
stand why this district was given the name "nothing but springs." The valley itself is extremely narrow, but of wondrous beauty, and as the train approaches the village of Lauterbrunnen itself, there is hardly a passenger who attempts to conceal his excitement, for there, in all its overwhelming beauty, is the Fall of the world-renowned Staubbach, which throws itself from a perpendicular precipice, one thousand feet high, into the valley below. A glittering silver ribbon at first, it swiftly disperses into a filmy cloud of spray in which, as if by magic, is now reflected a rainbow in all its bewildering riot of colors.

Lauterbrunnen is the terminal station of this branch of the Bernese Oberland line, and the starting point of the Wengernalp Railway. Comfortable open cars permit of an uninterrupted view of the sublime Alpine scenery for which this region is justly famous. From a realm of warmly colored scenery we are now gradually transported to the threshold of the lofty summer palace of winter. The tender green of the pastures is hidden with a delicate mantle of pure driven snow, and shrubs and bushes are covered with the glittering array of jewels which Jack Frost bestowed upon them over night. A vision of the Alpine winter in August which vanishes, however, very quickly as the sun begins to announce himself victor of the day.

Kleine Scheidegg Station, Wengernalp! It stands on a velvety pasture facing the Jungfrau, in a position of unparalleled grandeur. Well-kept herds of cattle are peacefully grazing on its vast expanse, and the tuneful tinkling of their bells creates soft music in the air. Everybody becomes enthusiastic and excited, and with avidity we devour the bewitching scenery unfolded before us. Alpine flowers! In spring their variety is legion, and even in the height of summer we discover such a floral wealth that we long to divide it with our far-away



The Wengernalp Railway with view of the Jungfrau, Switzerland



The Jungfrau Railway; section after the starting point from station Kleine Scheidegg of the Wengernalp Railway, Switzerland

friends. Suddenly we hear a distant rumbling, a roaring like thunder. It is caused by falling avalanches, and serves as a reminder of the perils which threaten the courageous mountain climbers.

"Eigergletscher, Eismeer, Jungfrauoch!" Some twenty-five years ago this announcement would have been ridiculed as the mania of a lunatic; today everybody takes it as a matter of fact. The luxuriously-appointed, comfortably-heated railway carriages receive unanimous approval, then everybody settles down in quiet contemplation of the scenery. Through verdant pastures the train climbs noiselessly uphill, while the spacious plate-glass windows afford a unique view of the Bernese Oberland Alps. There is but one short tunnel in this section, and as we emerge from the same the huge glaciers seem to have descended to meet us.

Eigergletscher Station, 7,624 feet above sea level, from which the direction and work of the line is carried on, appears before us. It has a spacious station with a good restaurant, a store for eatables and other necessary supplies, buildings to accommodate the officials and workmen, several workshops, a locomotive shed, etc. The engineers and workmen employed in the construction and maintenance of the tunnel live here all the year round. Cooking and baking is done by electricity, and the necessary water supply between November and May has likewise to be produced by electrically melting ice and snow. As the Jungfrau Railway now also maintains a reduced traffic during the winter sport season, the colony at Eigergletscher has practically become a resident population of those snow-bound regions.

From this point the Eiger Glacier is easily accessible to good walkers, and those make it naturally a point of visiting the celebrated Ice Grotto first of all. It is said that these grottos

are a much more accurate weather forecaster than the average weather bureau. If their ice is of a clear, turquoise blue or a dark sapphire shade, the weather will be fair next day, but if it shows a dull green color, snow may surely be expected, and probably rain in the valley. The Eiger Grotto is about eighty-six feet long and four feet wide. The roof is arched and about seven or eight feet high in the center. The Glacier at this point is said to be a solid mass of ice, one hundred and fifty feet thick.

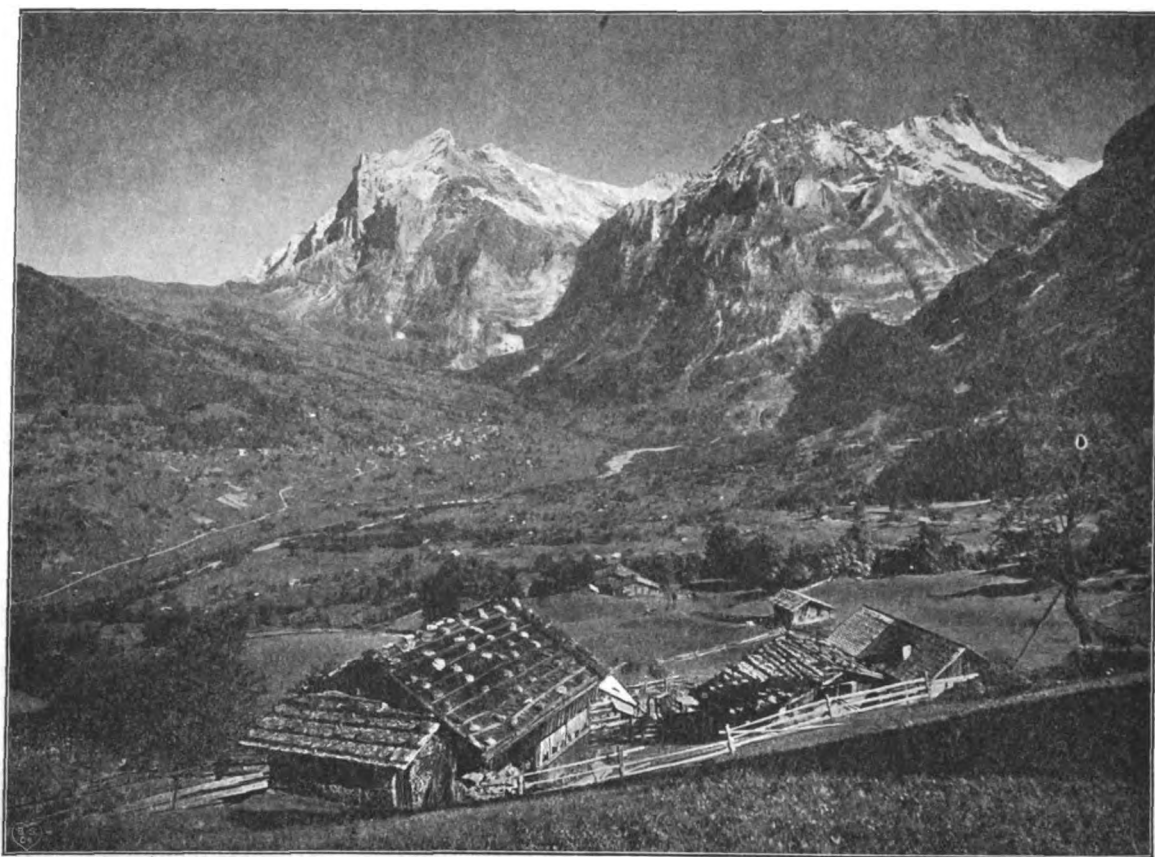
Leaving Eigergletscher Station, the train enters the big, brilliantly-lighted tunnel cut into the colossal bodies of the Eiger and Monch. After a scarcely perceptible climb lasting seventeen minutes, we make the first stop at Eigerwand Station, 9,410 feet above sea level, a spacious room hewn out of the mountain with natural rock pillars supporting its ceiling. Three large windows on the north side afford a magnificent view of the lower peaks beyond which the distant ranges of the Jura, the Vosges, and the Black Forest become visible. Grindelwald, in the valley below, appears like a toy village, indicating the lofty altitude which we have already reached.

From Eigerwand the tunnel winds round to the south side of the Eiger and within a brief ten minutes we reach Eismeer Station, 10,370 feet above sea level, a veritable masterpiece of technical skill. It is also entirely cut out of solid rock, and contains a wonderful restaurant for two hundred people, an electric kitchen, and a real post-office. The restaurant, to continue with the description of these material attractions, is as handsome and comfortable a dining room as one finds them in good American hotels, and the products of the adjoining spotless kitchen have from the beginning enjoyed a most enviable reputation. The tiny post-office distinguishes itself by its enormous sale of picture-post-cards and five and ten centimes

stamps, and it would require someone familiar with high figures to estimate the legions of post-card greetings which it has already dispatched.

From the main portion of the station, the rock windows, which are similar to the apertures on the Axenstrasse along the Lake of Lucerne, open out on the mountainside,

of the lower stations in the glorious panorama visible from here: To the north are seen the verdant central Alps and extensive plains, to the south Europe's greatest glacier, the Aletsch Glacier, fifteen miles in length, framed by countless pinnacles of rocks and ice. An excellent telescope permits of a closer view of this gigantic frozen river and enables us to gaze at



A general view of Grindelwald, in the Bernese Oberland

temporary balconies being erected outside, which can be taken in and stored away during winter. Below and directly in front of the station, with a flight of steps leading down to it, lies the Grindelwaldfiescherfirn, a glacier with deep crevices and fissures, extending over several kilometers, until it joins the Grindelwald glacier in the "lower Eismeer."

Emerging from the semi-darkness of the tunnel, we find the views offered by those rock stations doubly striking and imposing. Eismeer, as its name implies, is, in truth, a sea of ice. So-called sérace, rocks of ice of fantastic form, tower one above the other and between, sometimes hidden with a light cover of snow, are the treacherous crevices whose location is only known to the experienced guides. While the outlook from Eigerwand is on mountains of moderate height, the view from Eismeer embraces a region where ice and snow reign absolute—a contrast unique in its kind, which never fails to fascinate the tourist.

In another, still more handsomely appointed train, we start on the last section of our trip, to Jungfrauoch, 11,480 feet above sea level, requiring fifteen minutes. The line leaves Eismeer in a straight line westward. First comes an adhesion section one and seven-eighths miles in length, with a gradient of 6.6 per cent, changing to the cogwheel system, with twenty-five per cent gradient shortly before Jungfrauoch is finally reached.

While every stopping point of the Jungfrau Railway has a distinctive surprise in store for the wondering traveler, Jungfrauoch, the present terminal, certainly forms the crowning glory of the whole enterprise. It is situated in the glaciated ridge between the Jungfrau, 13,668 feet above sea level, and the Mönch, 13,460 feet above sea level. Flanked by these two great peaks, the station affords a combination of the advantages

the Concordia Hut and the celebrated Marjelen Lake at the foot of the glacier. A narrow gallery leads us to the vast snow plateau of the Jungfrauoch, which has become a regular playground for its visitors. Here in these lofty regions which are bathed in glorious sunshine, we can enjoy a variety of interesting walks, snow-balling and such-like fun. Jungfrauoch is also a magnificent territory for ski-runners and an advantageous starting point for glacier excursions and mountain ascents in the Jungfrau-Finsteraarhorn section. From this point the summit of the Jungfrau may be reached within three or four hours.

Jungfrauoch, with refreshment bar, sleeping quarters for thirty persons, and post and telegraph office, is at present the highest railway station in Europe. In time to come a hotel will be erected in proximity of the station, to accommodate the multitude of tourists who are eager to spend a night in this lofty paradise, and the line itself will, of course, be continued to its final destination—Jungfrau summit.

Reluctantly we tear ourselves away from this scene of enchantment. We return to little Scheidegg station and by way of picturesque Grindelwald we reach Interlaken in time for evening dinner—just as the crowds of visitors gather on the Höhweg to watch the evening glow. Again we behold the majestic form of the Jungfrau, her flowing bridal robe bathed in an ethereal fire, and everybody watches this glorious spectacle silently and reverently, until the last rosy tints have vanished from her brow. And as we consider that the Jungfrau Railway alone makes accessible to all that innermost shrine of Nature, those wonders of creation which could hitherto be enjoyed only by a few, we involuntarily voice our gratitude and admiration for Mr. Adolf Guyer-Zeller, the genius who originated the marvelous enterprise of the Jungfrau Railway.

The world's premier emotional actress

Norma Talmadge, the Divine

By GOLDYE MIRIAM

Asked by a nation's girlhood for advice as to screen careers, Norma Talmadge has always counseled conservatively—Goldye Miriam learns why

WITHIN five minutes after Norma Talmadge had suggested tea and wafers, I felt reasonably certain that I could point out the secret of her popularity. The solution was easy. No special training in analyzing human nature or the reaction of an unknown personality to a famous personality was needed. The answer spread open before me just like the morning glory vine on the front porch of my Texas home. My first conclusion, I believe, was correct—it's the humanness of Norma Talmadge that makes for her steady climb in the favor of almost every motion picture fan in America.

As a general rule, you'll find that the average motion picture patron has his unfavored along with his favored. There are staunch lovers of the silent art who refuse to see Charles Chaplin; there are those who do not appreciate Mary Pickford; scores and scores of movie fans who are prejudiced against others of our best and most admired picture stars. But I have yet to find the person—and I've discussed this particular movie matter from the Rio Grande river on the Mexican border, to the Rhine—who fails to appreciate Norma Talmadge. Why, I used to wonder. What was there about her that brought only friends? And it was until I had occasion to interview her in her studio on East Forty-Eighth Street, New York City, that I understood.

Probably the reader, and undoubtedly the editor, is more anxious that I should tell about Norma Talmadge and my visit with her than what others think of her. There is even a chance that this paragraph will be eliminated from the story. But, providing the blue pencil passes it by, the reader will know that I think Norma Talmadge the most charming personality it has ever been my pleasure to meet and that she is even more lovely in life, than on the screen.

In the first place, Norma Talmadge doesn't need a camera, grease paint, and back lights to be beautiful. She has a natural complexion that takes one wonder why Heaven bestows such unusual favors on a person whose facial features are also perfect. The ordinary interviewer and story writer is compelled to look twice to make sure whether he is enjoying a reverie—a closeup of the leading character in his favorite brain film, or whether he is looking at a real person. At the minute Norma Talmadge speaks, the aliveness of the woman is no longer a matter of estimation. Norma Talmadge is about the most lively, sisterly, flesh and blood motion picture star I ever saw.

"I read your interview with Constance," she told me, as we waited for the tea and wafers. "I'm a little afraid I won't be able to say as many witty things as my little sister. However, I'm quite willing to try."

"Well," I hesitated. "I won't ask you to give advice to girls who want to go into the movies—I understand from Miss Livingstone that you don't like to undertake such responsibility."

meant for you. You have everything—and a happy home as well as Fame, Fortune and millions of admirers."

"If it came to the question of a happy home or a career, I would take the former," declared the star. "And that is the reason I hesitate to advise girls about going into pictures. There can be no real happiness, no success without the home. And before I would advise one girl to forsake a home, or a home she might have, for a motion picture career—well, I simply wouldn't do it."

We ended the discussion about movie careers for girls by mutual consent. I was tempted to ask my favorite star about her culinary ability; but decided to discard that question for one asking how she kept in such perfect health. And I found that the three Talmadge girls, providing climatic conditions are right, maintain a most remarkable sort of military-training system at their home at Bayside, Long Island. Before the sun peeps through the trees outside the beautiful summer home, the girls are out on the lawn doing "setting up" exercises.

"More exercise and fewer lobster suppers," replied Norma Talmadge when I asked her what she recommended to girls for a health-building suggestion. It almost seems like a crime to add my weak opinion to Norma Talmadge's; but I do agree with her, and if I didn't say so, who would know it?

"The tea was splendid and the wafers delicious," I told my hostess as I prepared to go. I was still nibbling one of the cookies (Miss Talmadge was doing so—why shouldn't I?)

"I'm glad you liked the refreshments," she said prettily.

"By the way, Miss Talmadge," I asked, "who is your favorite motion picture star?"

"Constance Talmadge," she answered. "Who's yours?"

"Oh," said I. "Mine's Norma Talmadge."

"You better stay for supper," she smiled.

But I didn't. I was afraid she was just joking. But if Norma Talmadge was in earnest about that invitation, and if she gets this far through my interview with her, I might say my address is in care of this magazine, that I am simply wild about breaded pork chops and sauté potatoes.

Watch for GOLDYE MIRIAM'S
"The European Movie Fan"
in an early NATIONAL



NORMA TALMADGE

"I suppose it's natural that girls should come to me for advice though," she said modestly. "Our family is pretty well represented. There are three of us, Constance, Natalie and myself." She hesitated a moment. "But don't take that to mean that I feel qualified to give advice; because I don't. For instance, if a thousand girls a month wrote you, asking you how to become an interviewer or a story writer, how would you feel?"

"Rather important," I admitted.

"Yes," she confirmed. "But you would also feel a trifle anxious as to whether you were capable of advising that number of girls regarding their careers—and the shaping of their lives. It's a great deal to ask of any one person. Stage ambition has meant the handicap of many and many an American girl who might have made a happy wife and a happy home."

"But Miss Talmadge—I mean Mrs. Scheck," I continued, "the girls who ask you about stage careers have you as their ideal. They cherish the idea that your fate may be theirs, and there is no doubt as to what your career has

Nash A. Nall throws his hat in the ring

The Pulse of the Movie-public

By NASH A. NALL

Wherein we find the big family of Mr. and Mrs. Public appreciate the chorus girl who can cram a little back-yard sense into the "grind"

JUST between you and me and the gate-post, it's probably on account of the fact that those of us who belong to that great family of Mr. and Mrs. Public are tickled to death, as it were, to find one college boy who used his *noodle* for things other than cajoling papa out of the frat dues, or whimpering mama out of a nineteen-dollar silk shirt in order that he may look nice at the sorority dance. Of course, we don't contend that there is only *one* college boy innocent of our charges. However, it remained for "The Chorus Girl's Romance" in which Viola Dana shares honors with Gareth Hughes to show the writer that there is at least that small number. Oh yes, kind reader, Nash A. Nall has been to college. He's known the ex-pugilist who took the art course the year the college needed a full-back; he's known those that flunked and those that took the honors; those that never studied and those that kept their erudite foreheads aimed at their primers. Just such a chap was Horace Tarbox, hero of "The Chorus Girl's Romance."

Everybody knows the Horace Tarbox type. He's the kind of a fellow who weeps when Christmas holidays arrive. He's the chap who feels he's cheating the world when he fails to bring home all A's. He's the boy who warps his lungs and shoulders for a seventy-five-dollar scholarship and then allows papa to put him through a thousand-dollar course at Battle Creek during the summer. Also he's the boy who usually takes a headlong tumble for the first out-of-the-ordinary girl that crosses his path. And in the case of this particular Horace Tarbox, the girl was Marcia Meadows, lady of the third-rate chorus—sponsor of lace stockings, the eye-pencil and the shimmy. What she knew about trigonometry, Latin and economics doesn't merit this sentence. But what she knew about life and love!—anyway, Horace Tarbox was ready to let her put his shell-rimmed glasses in *her* little Boston bag.

The public liked "The Chorus Girl's Romance." There was something about it that made Horace a real, live, honest-to-goodness college grind and lover—something about it that made Marcia lovable enough to be wanted as a sister, despite the fact that she owned a cigarette-holder and liked to sit on Horace's lap. The best part of the picture is the fact that on or about the fifth reel the audience began to learn that Marcia had some enviable gray matter inside that bobbed head of hers. And Lord! what a blessing it would be if more college grinds fell in love with smart little chorus girls of the Marcia Meadows type!

Following our discourse on the subject of college grinds and chorus girls, what is more appropriate than the opinion of the public on "The Right To Love," George Fitzmaurice's Paramount production that took the place of our friend "Humoresque" at the Criterion Theatre, New York?

Audience sentiment was quite divided on this production. Some said *good*, others said *fair*, some said *too long drawn out*. But the majority said: "It's a typical Fitzmaurice production." It takes a certain mood to get the most out of a Fitzmaurice picture. Providing one was bequeathed several million dollars, had just par-

taken of several Dinty-Moore-lamb-chops, had just smoked a fine cigar and had a most bewitching maid by his side, he could get one hundred per cent entertainment out of "The Right To Love." This is a picture about persons with fortunes and temperaments. It breaths romance, drama, passion. The beautiful Mae Murray garbed in the inevitable negligee, is thrown on the floor, against the walls, into the big reading lamp, against the doors—in fact against almost everything in the studio that will hold her weight. A person would naturally have to be rich to enjoy seeing a pretty girl battered about. But Mr. and Mrs. Public, who probably sacrificed pot roast for hash in order to afford the one dollar per capita admission charged by the Criterion aren't likely to have much in common with rich screen characters that have nothing to worry about except heart affairs that could be easily adjusted by a good-sized rolling pin or flat iron.

Living up to the promises made for it by two score and more press agents, "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," Charles Ray's first picture from his own studios, opened at the New York Strand amid a blaze of glory. Once more the wonderful situations that inspired such songs as "So Long Mary," and "Mary Is A Grand Old Name," were enacted and preserved on celluloid with all the force and charm of the original stage play. Standing out brilliantly from a most beautiful and polished production is the work of the inimitable Charles Ray, who, undoubtedly made his life effort in this picture. Every inch of the route Ray has put his soul in his picture. The result is that the audience sees more of Charles Ray than in any of his previous pictures, and at the same time sees a more appealing and attractive character in the person of this star than at any time during his stage career. Movie fans have but one verdict in the case of "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway" and this verdict is *splendid*.

To Eric Von Stroheim, the director who is fast mounting to universal popularity under the sponsorship of the Universal Company, is due great credit for his work on "The Devil's Pass Key." This production, shown at the Capitol Theatre made critical audiences gasp at the subtlety and deep philosophy which Von Stroheim has injected into his picture play. This director finds one nation too narrow for the proper treatment of his own stories—he has selected a background of France and an international idea as the basis for his picture. Well, has Mr. Von Stroheim succeeded. His is a picture that maintains strong interest and brings forth unusual ingenuity and care on the part of the director. It is a picture that audiences appreciate to the maximum.

Bryant Washburn is as likeable as ever in his leading role in "What Happened To Jones," the rather unusual story of a happy-go-lucky bachelor with a sweet tooth for creme-de-menthe and a sour tooth for claret—in fact almost any kind of a tooth for almost any kind of a beverage above the two-seventy-five specifications.

The humor of the picture is announced at the outset when Washburn, as Jimmie Jones, accepts

an invitation to visit the home of a perfectly logical friend who in turn is afflicted with a relative who happens to be a fanatic lady reformer. To betray the workings of the plot is not fair to Mr. Washburn or to Mr. Zukor. It is sufficient to say that the average audiences finds seventy per cent of the scenes likely material for humor, and that's batting nothing short of a Babe Ruth percentage.

The first night of a new theatrical production is always the hardest on all parties concerned in its success. The star and actors are on the verge of nervous prostration, the manager is on edge, and even the stage hands are keyed up to something like vague interest in their work. Then comes the conclusion of the performance. By this time the players and management can tell intuitively whether the "piece has gotten over." They seem to sense it in the air.

And then, if it is a go, a big celebration is in order. The best in the land is none too good for these children of the mimic world. Someone is bound to give "a party" after the show and it is here that they give vent to their mental relief from the strain of long rehearsals in a most hilarious manner. It is some party.

The motion picture producers have at last recorded this eventful period of the theatre on the screen. The picture is called "Curtain!" and it is the latest vehicle furnished beautiful Katherine MacDonald, and is said to possess the best story this actress has had in a long time.

One of the most spectacular scenes ever portrayed on the screen is incorporated in Allan Dwan's latest independent production, "In the Heart of a Fool."

The scene depicts a terrific explosion and fire in a coal mine. As recorded in the Dwan production, the scene represents a blazing inferno of falling timber, dense clouds of smoke and frenzied, fear maddened men wrapped in the pitch black darkness of the mine and blindly stumbling toward the "lifts."

"In the Heart of a Fool" is one of the most elaborate and dramatic productions of the year. Big in theme, conception and staging, it lays bare the heart of a man who blasphemes his God and ruthlessly violates the sanctity of a woman's love.

Watch!

*this space next month
for announcement of
the most enthralling
movie story of recent
times.*

Bill Scully en route

A Friend of Annabel Lee's

By EARL BELL

Our interviewer calls on St. Peter to help him do justice to a director who always passed the roses to somebody else

SOME day (I hope), Saint Peter is going to express his gratification at meeting me, following which he will look me in the eye and speak sentiments such as:

"Earl, I don't know exactly what to do with you. I'm up against the tough proposition of finding a place for you among the scribes whose hearts were in the right place, but whose adjectives, verbs and typewriters weren't. For the last five years" (this time will undoubtedly vary in the ratio of the number of stogies I consume daily) "you've been writing movie stories. It's true that most of them were never printed. But it wasn't your fault. You spared neither the feelings of editors nor postage stamps. Worst of all you went off on spasmodic sprees of movie-knocking. And the person you knocked most was the poor director. Now, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Then I intend to look earnestly at S. P. I'm going to say:

"Saint Peter—I've reformed. I've made my apologies, I found a fellow who showed me the light. He taught me what a director is and what a director is not. And you can take it from me that I've got some admiration for this boy. He's one megaphone-rider who nails direction in every inch of his celluloid. It was he who led me out of the wilderness of roast-the-director and into land of milk and honey and posies for the boys who stand behind the cameraman and offer their very hearts for the success of a picture, and in front of the board of directors and ask for the very pocketbooks of those gentlemen."

S. P. will probably interrupt me at this stage, to ask:

"Whatarya drivin' at Earl; who is this fellow that taught you so much about appreciation of direction?"

(Whether S. P. asks this or not, this is my story and he's got to ask it in this paragraph. If he doesn't Bill Scully is going to hand me the croix-de-nerve for enticing him into an interview and then talking about myself like I was Basil King or Sir Oliver Lodge.)

Then I shall reply: (and I hope the printer puts it in capital letters—I'd have a better chance if I hadn't used so many of these brackets)—"This man's name is WILLIAM J. SCULLY."

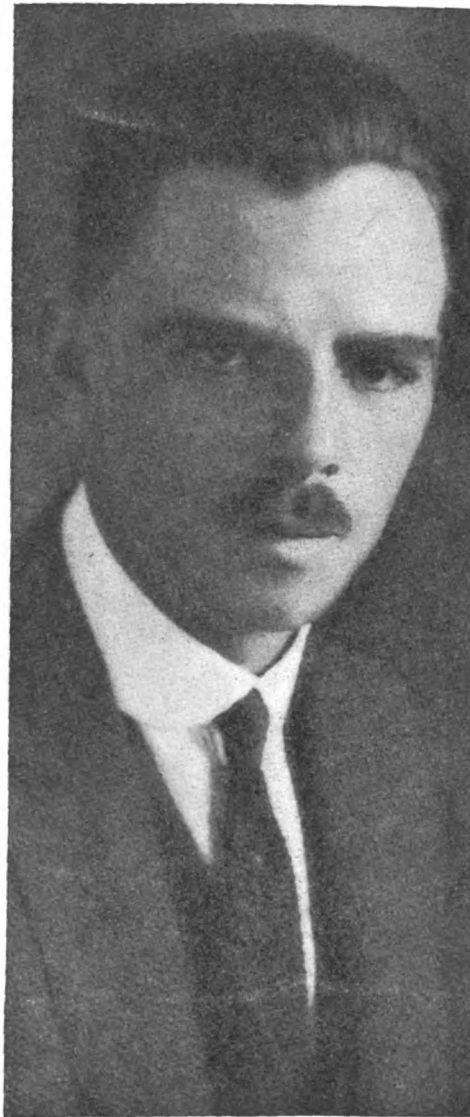
He's old enough to know the soul of the silver-sheet. He's young enough to appreciate the sunshine and folly of youth, and he's human enough to sit in the bleachers and root for Babe Ruth; to smoke black cigars and chew the ends; to express his feelings when he stubs his toe; bumps his knee or hits his finger with a hammer; to offer his lower berth to a motherly-looking woman, and spend the rest of the night in the Pullman smoker telling me about the art of motion picture direction.

In fact, most tolerant reader, I'm just about counting on Bill Scully to get me into the P. O. O. M. P. S. (past order of motion picture scribes) over which the kindly S. P. holds the gavel. There isn't a doubt in the world in my mind but that S. P. will unlock the gate and summon a Gold-and-White Taxi to convey me to the seat of honor (I'll probably get a lodge) so satisfactory will my Bill Scully alibi be.

With Mr. Line O. Type's permission I'll skip

a couple of spaces and let Bill do some of the talking.

"Gradually increasing is the responsibility for the ultimate entertainment value for the motion picture," Mr. Scully told me. "The time has



WILLIAM J. SCULLY

passed when the mere novelty of seeing characters move about was sufficient to win the approval of an audience. With the passing of the mechanical interest of the motion picture has come the penetrating gaze of the critic, ever watchful, ever seeking to find fault with the countless elements that combine to make the composite. Back of this critical inspection is the searching skepticism of the general public. The average motion picture patron is out to question, to analyze, to examine defects through his own magnifying glasses.

"With due respect to the popular appeal of the motion picture and the unquestioning spirit in

which the movie fan passes his money through the box office, I believe the cinema drama is today the most criticised, condemned, lauded and discussed factor in the world. It's reach is infinite.

"The result is logical. Popularity has brought its demands. An audience is no longer satisfied to see the customary exposition of an ordinary story. This is not new, not striking, not entertaining in this day. The motion picture audience must be entertained every single second a reflection glows before them. And what is the solution?"

"Yep,—what is the solution?" I asked, as he hesitated.

"It is simply a matter of by-play," he responded. "You'll find if you diagnose the case of the average motion picture and stage play that there are only a certain number of situations and plots that can be devised. Now, to make those plots original enough to hold interest, and new enough to be different from something almost identical, little changes are made in the theme and treatment of the story. To be sure the author would not approve of my idea of by-play. But stripped of all non-essentials the little tricks and novelties that put pictures over today amount to nothing more than by-play. And it will be found in most cases that the by-play originates while the director is on the set with his characters."

"Then you believe it's up to the director to work out the scenes in a way that will insure their entertainment qualities?" I asked Scully.

"Right," said he.

"Shake," said I. "You're the first director I ever saw that didn't shirk the responsibility of the picture. Most of them grant that the director can make the picture provided a masterpiece in the way of a script is turned over; provided the characters are well cast; provided the locations are right; provided the cameraman is a master at his work;—provided a dozen other essentials have received attention. But you are the first director I ever saw—absolutely the first to admit that the picture was up to you—the first fellow I ever saw who had the courage of his convictions and enough confidence and faith in his work to be willing to take the condemnation along with the credit."

"You'll probably want a list of the pictures I've directed," Scully said. "You can't write about a fellow without justifying your story."

"Oh, can't I?" I asked. "Well, you just wait and see. I'm going to mention one picture that you're working on now; and I'll carry the story through without another title of anything that you directed."

"So you're going to announce that I'm directing 'Annabel Lee,' the Heart Throbs Picture?" he commented.

"Yep, friend Bill. I'm going to write about William J. Scully and Annabel Lee."

"Well, there's nothing much yet to say about 'Annabel Lee.' What can you say about it?"

"I'm going to say that Bill Scully is directing it. That's all that needs to be said about any picture!" I answered.

Bill gave me one of his big, black cigars. That boy's not only one of the greatest directors I know, but he's absolutely the best judge of stogies in the world!

An All-American Composer

By ANNA GRAY BEMIS



THE boy who, in his early youth, sincerely decides what he desires to be, and then straightway arrives, makes one of the men who is the strongest and most vital factors in the life of any community. It is with a decided and seemingly temerity that the writer takes up an article on such a character; more especially when it is recalled that once when Mr. J. A. Parks was asked, "Is it not rather unusual for a *living* composer to receive so much attention?" he replied, "Would it be better, do you think, if I went down the creek and died?" The danger here is, perhaps that he may resolve upon that very course after reading this sketch.

However, life in a wholesale music house is, in any event, "two things after another," and an order to write an article for the NATIONAL is not more bizarre than hundreds of other orders received daily by the writer. For instance, from a letter written by a lady down in Oklahoma: "I understand that you have exactly the music I want, my work lies entirely with the feeble-minded." Or, take the following extract from a communication sent by the warden of a penitentiary: "Send me some good quartets for sacred ladies." One rather wonders what the crime of the sacred ladies may have been, but, on the other hand, a choir leader once wrote, "I need some good duets for two low females." Small wonder is it after all that Mr. Parks, who in the early years conducted his own publishing business, is insistent for meticulous use of English and clearness of expression.

Born in Pennsylvania during the closing months of the Civil War, he is a strictly "all-American" product, with Americanism so imbedded in his makeup that it needed not the years to foster his love for *home-made* music nor an entirely American musical education to quicken its expression.

It is interesting to know that he belongs to a fine old family, which traces back to pre-revolutionary times; that he earned his education himself, while just a boy, and is emphatically a self-made man. He went to Chicago at an early age, studied composition with Dr. Louis Falk, instrumentation with Hans Balalka and voice with Ernesto Baldanza.

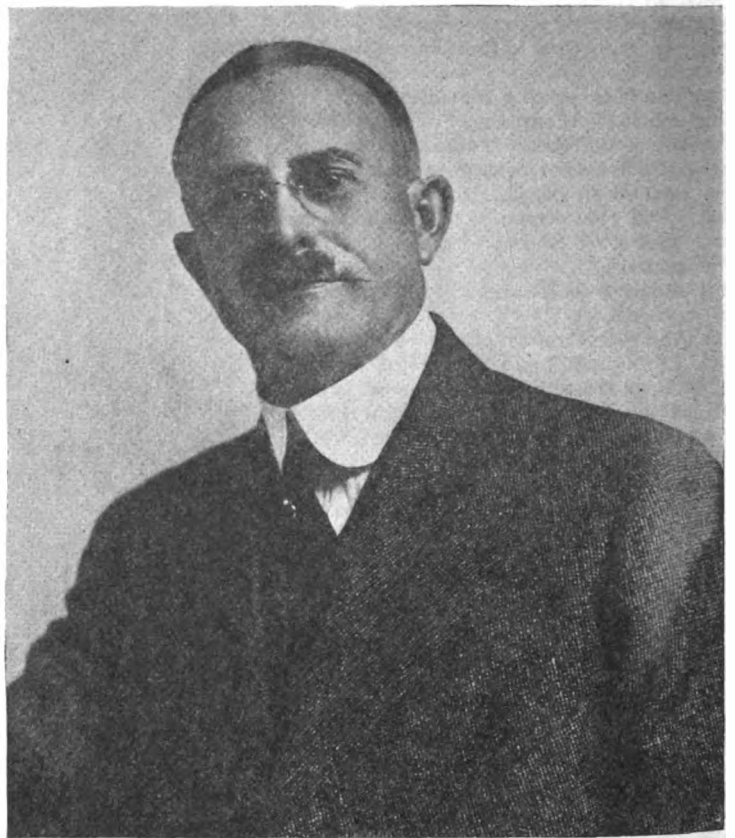
In 1887 he came to Lincoln, Nebraska, to take charge of the Voice Department of the Nebraska Conservatory of Music, during which time he was associate editor and contributor to several musical magazines, including *Werner's Voice Magazine*, New York, and *The Choir Leader*, of Dayton, Ohio.

Compositions during this period were sold to various eastern publishers, including five operettas for Lorenz Publishing Company of Chicago, New York, and Dayton, Ohio, and recently, after a lapse of more than thirty years, in a personal letter to the writer, Mr. Lorenz wrote: "They are still live wires and are widely used, and I do not believe can be equalled anywhere."

In 1896 Mr. Parks began publishing at York, Nebraska, and today the catalogue of the J. A. Parks Company includes nearly sixty book publications, close to one thousand octavo numbers, besides numerous sheet music titles, and they are shipped to every English-speaking country in the world, played as records, used by every standard professional quartet on the road in this and other countries, and in use by choruses and choirs in every large city in America, as well as thousands of foreign ones.

During the war they were used by army song leaders and carried to the very trenches.

To again quote from Mr. E. S. Lorenz, in an article published in the *Choir Leader* some years ago: "Born in the East, trained in the Central States, and filled with the spirit of the great



J. A. PARKS

Composer and publisher of songs sung wherever English is spoken throughout the world

plains, his (Mr. Parks) music shows the value of all these factors: he is strong in invention, has a clear sense of form, and withal the practical sense to body forth his ideas in a feasible way and adapted to the performers who are expected to render them. While his music is rich in harmonies, it is essentially melodious. It has the strength of much of the English music without its conventionality and stiffness, having the typically American spirit and force."

While Mr. Parks' most spectacular success has been made with his quartets for men's, women's and mixed voices, his songs for children's voices and school and choir music are equally welcomed in city or hamlet, as the thousands of choir leaders, music supervisors, and voice teachers testify by their recurring orders, and even to us in the office the versatility of the man is a source of amazement, since these compositions range from the most deeply pathetic to humorous, and the composer has supplied the text as well as music to many of them. The customer who casually writes, "Send me five each of your quartets," were he obeyed, would find himself delivered a case of freight containing more than three (Continued on page 262)



THERE'S a Waverly Wiggins in every village, city and hamlet—and this tale may mark the turn of many a life-tide.

Timid at first, but later boldly outspoken in his love, Waverly had professed devotion to Marjorie with all the pent up fire of youth. . . . And Marjorie was instinctively enough of a judge of human nature to know it.

THE INDIAN GIVER

By GOLDYE MIRIAM and PAUL M. SARAZAN

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THE restaurant at the corner of Ninety-seventh Street and Broadway was stilled by the hush that overtakes it during the interim bounded by breakfast and lunch. Harlem's business folk (we refer especially to those thousands who make delicatessens and corner restaurants profitable) had, for the most part, been scattered in groups and bunches in the low or high, dark or airy confines of the subway, elevated, surface or bus lines. All of which meant little or much to Waverly Wiggins, who mechanically turned the corner of Ninety-sixth Street, walked a block, and strolled with an easy gait into the afore-mentioned restaurant.

The reader need not expect a welcome for Mr. Wiggins. Nor need we look forward to zealous attention on the part of the trio of Italian ex-service men who had forsaken fruit vending for "inside" jobs. As a matter of fact, Waverly Wiggins did not know whether he got or wanted service. And while that gentleman is sitting with the patience of a family cat, we might aim the camera, as it were, at the group of alleged food custodians who were discussing Mr. Wiggins just on the other side of the big dish drain.

But why should we worry the type setters and proof readers (to say nothing of the reader) with an apostrophized and dialectical mass of kitchen verbage? Our intention is to merely announce that Waverly Wiggins was not popular with the trio of aproned men. In the first place, Wiggins was slow in making up his mind, slower in deciding that his first decision was correct, and still slower in deciding to decide the latter. This type of individual will never win a place for himself in the heart of a waiter—especially the foreign-born, who, though

not particularly clear and to the point himself, resents indecision on the part of the person with whom he must deal.

Waverly Wiggins ordered breakfast in much the same manner that he did everything else—very half-heartedly. The originators of ideal breakfast combinations unconsciously aided Wiggins' employer infinitely, who, nevertheless, appreciated nothing less in his life. The fact that Wiggins ordered a combination meal meant two things, to wit: That the three waiters, whom we have mentioned in the foregoing, would be saved a great deal of exasperation and that old man McGuire would frown earlier that morning. To prove the former, we need but give this instance of a typical breakfast with Waverly:

Waiter (setting grapefruit on table): "Will there be anything else, sir?"

W. Wiggins (smiling broadly): "What would you suggest, old scout?"

Waiter (remembering that tips are regulated by the current disposition of the diner): "Eggs, steaks, chops."

Wiggins (sugaring grapefruit): "How are your steaks?"

Waiter (sensing the usual long-winded conversation as approaching): "I'll be back for your order in a minute."

Wiggins: "Ham and eggs."

Waiter (with hands megaphoned over mouth in effort to lend force to his announcement): "H-A-M A-N-D E-G-G-S."

Wiggins (suspending activity of eating grapefruit): "Maybe they will be better turned over."

Waiter (with motion of impatience): "Turn 'em over."

Wiggins: "Wait a minute—if he hasn't already broken those eggs, I think I would rather have lamb chops. How much for lamb chops?"

Waiter: "Hold up those eggs—he's changed his mind."

Wiggins: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I haven't changed my mind. You ordered those eggs before I had decided what I wanted. As it is, I think I *will* have the lamb chops."

Waiter: "M-A-K-E I-T L-A-M-B C-H-O-P-S."

Voice from kitchen: "Them eggs is already smashed."

Wiggins: "All right, then, I believe I would rather have the eggs anyway."

Waiter: "L-E-T T-H-E E-G-G-S C-O-M-E."

Voice from kitchen: "We haven't any chops."

Waiter: "H-E D-O-N'-T W-A-N-T C-H-O-P-S."

Voice from kitchen: "What does he want?"

Waiter: "E-G-G-S S-T-R-A-I-G-H-T U-P."

Wiggins: "Oh, it's all right if they are turned over."

Waiter (walking back to kitchen): "Damn!"

(Six minutes elapses.)

Waiter returns timidly and places two lamb chops before Waverly Wiggins.

Wiggins eats the chops, smiles, tips the waiter, walks out of the restaurant and boards a Fifth Avenue bus for the offices of The Rational Food Company.

* * * *

Mrs. Barney Carlton McGuire was bored by the sight of Millionaires' Row. With the absence of the red, white and blue bunting that had characterized Fifth Avenue in war-time, the glamor seemed tarnished under the rough handling of commercial drays, grocery wagons, and auto trucks that lined the street on that bright morning. In fact Mrs. McGuire couldn't get interested in New York itself since the end of the war—Manhattan hadn't been the same. With no Salvation Army lassies to provide for, no mothers to sympathize with, no soldiers to amuse and be amused by, and no Liberty Bonds to sell, Mrs. McGuire indeed felt that the end of the war had marked the end of her great service to humanity and her interest in life.

This morning Barney Carlton had seemed more uninteresting than ever to his wife. Perhaps it was due to his native lack of charm, but probably it was due to her anticipating the arrival of a young lieutenant from France.

Responsive indeed had Mrs. McGuire been to this amiable person. She had first known him eighteen months ago. It was at the dance for soldiers and sailors given by the Riverside Community Servers that she had first cast eyes on this knight of the gold bar.

"You know, Barney," she had remarked to her husband several weeks after her first meeting with the lieutenant and the series of entertainments and outings that followed, "he is the most agreeable person I ever saw in my life. What a wonderful carriage, too. Big, strong, handsome—I do hope he comes back safely."

Barney Carlton made a polite but inaudible comment on such remarks. He was not disposed to favor discussions on general subjects with his rather argumentative wife. There had been a time, almost fifteen years ago, when the McGuires found their joint discussions nothing short of little bits of Paradise. That was in the day when both were bending every effort to make the Rational Food Company count for something, when Mrs. McGuire had done her share. But how carefully she now concealed the fact that the brawn of her own arms that now were such a cause of worry to beauty specialists, had gone into the kneading of Rational Food products. The success of ten years' of hard work had made Barney McGuire a rich man and Hazel McGuire a temperamental wife. Yet both were happy in the realization of success: McGuire, because industrial dealings upon which his soul, heart and mind feasted were assured; Hazel McGuire, because the riches and success of her husband gave her the right to command others in her quest of happiness.

With more than usual interest in meeting a second lieutenant, McGuire had shaken hands with the person presented by his wife as Hazel McGuire's ideal of highest manhood.

"I almost feel as though I know you," McGuire declared. "my wife has spoken about you so much. She seems to think that the war won't last much longer—after you get in France. I mean. After looking you over, I'm inclined to believe myself that you'd make pretty tough sledding for the enemy. You must be about six feet two?"

"Just about that, Mr. McGuire. I haven't thought enough about my physical prowess to connect it up with the winning of the war, however," he said, smiling.

"What do you weigh?"

"Around two hundred, I suppose."

"Young man, if I had your build and good looks, I'd be the happiest man in the world. I've always imagined that Mrs. McGuire fancied large men. Come to think about it, why shouldn't she? My hundred and thirty pounds don't add much weight to what I say. Ha-ha. Well, I've a business engagement in a half hour. I hope to see you before you leave, but if I do not, be sure and call on me when you get back. I'm going to leave my wife for you to entertain this evening. Glad I met you."

That conversation had taken place in the library of the McGuire home one evening in March, 1918. Two weeks later, old man McGuire had a vague knowledge that his wife had lugubriously imparted the information that her soldier boy had gone to France. During April of the same year the monthly bill from New York's highest priced jewelry firm itemized a platinum lieutenant's bar and assured McGuire of the knowledge.

Mrs. McGuire was still wearing the lieutenant's bar when she drove down Fifth Avenue to meet her lieutenant upon his arrival from overseas. The end of the war in November had brought her a giant glimpse of hope that he would return in time for Christmas dinner, or at least for New Year's Day. But the Provost Marshal made his own plans without taking into consideration the letters of Hazel McGuire, with the result that it was not until June of 1919 that the McGuire chauffeur was ordered to drive immediately to the Astor. For the lad of lads, after two petty engagements, a case of influenza, and four months of border duty had telephoned:

"Hello, Mrs. McGuire, do you know who this is?"

"W-a-v-e-r-l-y-!" rang the voice across the wire.

So in July, 1919, Waverly Wiggins went to work for the Rational Food Company, as old man McGuire's assistant, at a salary that made the chief swear, threaten his wife with everything except divorce, and deplore the fact that the allied generals did not see fit to keep more American soldiers on the German border.

* * * *

When Old Man McGuire imparted the information to his wife that the main thing Waverly Wiggins had done since his initial day's work for the firm was draw forty-eight weeks' salary, the chief spoke what he believed to be true. He had tried to be kind and fatherly to Waverly, favoring him with every opportunity within his reach, and, influenced slightly by his wife's belief that the same spirit in Waverly Wiggins that went a long way toward winning the war would evidence itself in increased business and success for the Rational, he opened wide the doors for ideas from young Wiggins. But the only thing that ever came out of Mr. Wiggins' private office was Mr. Wiggins himself. Upon two occasions, the Old Man called Waverly into private session for a heart-to-heart talk.

"Wiggins," began the chief at one of the conferences, "you've been here four months. How do you like your work?"

"Under the circumstances, sir, I believe I like the work quite well. The nature of it is so radically different from anything else I have ever undertaken, however, that it is difficult to say exactly how I like it. Of course, you know that I am always ready to do anything you say to help the firm."

"Yes, but what would you say if I told you that I am counting on you to originate and command instead of taking orders from me or anyone else. I want to get the benefit of your

initiative. I've already got results from my own. Do you see what I'm driving at?"

"In a way, sir. You want me to get up some efficiency ideas for the firm. If that's—"

"Not at all, Wiggins. The firm is running along on an efficient basis at present. I merely want to feel that I can count on you to make your own decisions without consulting me. Take, for instance, the proposition of co-operative bread delivery. After I asked the Reuhlinger people to take that up with you, stating that I would abide by your decision, I found the entire prospectus on my desk this morning. I wanted you to go into this proposition, study it out and make the answer to the Reuhlingers. You've passed the buck back to me without making a notation as to what you want to do about it. Why, may I ask? What is your decision on this proposition?"

"It has its good points and its bad ones, sir. I should not like to take it upon myself to decide the merits of such a big undertaking. I studied it over a short while yesterday morning and liked some features of it and disliked others. Unfortunately, I was occupied yesterday afternoon and couldn't get to it."

"I don't know of any part of your work that is more important than this special Reuhlinger proposition I turned over to you. What was the other work that you couldn't put aside in order to get our answer on this today?"

"I had an appointment with Mrs. McGuire, sir."

"An appointment?"

"Well, a sort of appointment, sir. Your wife wanted me to accompany her to the Tea Dansant at the Astor. She said it was imperative that she attend, and, of course, I couldn't disappoint her."

McGuire was silent for a moment. He reached for the telephone, but, evidently changing his mind, allowed the instrument to remain at its position on the desk. He cast a shrewd, penetrating gaze on Waverly Wiggins. Waverly's face bore no expression whatever; he was as bland as a crafty Oriental.

Wiggins broke the silence with:

"I'm quite well satisfied, sir. The majority of the force has been extremely patient with me. Of course, I am a little bit doubtful as to whether I am cut out for a bread and cake man. Miss Lloyd seems to think I am, however. I am studying our own formulas with her, and she seems to think I'm making splendid progress. Of course, I couldn't say exactly how soon I will be able to purchase supplies and direct the mixing without her."

"So, Miss Lloyd is helping you?" mused the boss.

"Yes, sir, I'm studying with her—I suppose I ought to say with her help. She's very kind and considerate, sir."

"I guess you got that 'sir' stuff in the army, Wiggins, and can't forget it, eh?"

"Yes," Waverly answered, checking the "sir" that involuntarily came to his lips.

"Well, if Miss Lloyd is working with you on the purchasing and formula end of the business, I'm very well satisfied. I don't know of anyone in the industry I would sooner trust than Miss Lloyd, with any baking secret I might own. She is certainly dependable."

"I think she is."

Waverly Wiggins walked out of the private office, neglecting to say that he was madly in love with the "dependable" Miss Lloyd. He also neglected to say that she had promised to be his wife.

It was then that the Old Man reached for his telephone.

His part of the conversation which mostly concerns Waverly Wiggins might be summed up with:

"I know, my dear" (McGuire never called his wife "my dear" except when he was a trifle angry), "but business is business, and high-priced assistants don't patronize the tea dansants with the wives of their bosses. . . . He doesn't know . . .

I've got all the patience in the world—the trouble with him is indecision—he's so damned afraid of hurting somebody's feelings that he never does anything. . . . You'd better leave him alone, or he won't be fit for anything except a social secretary. If you want to do him a favor, feed him some of that iron tonic of yours. . . . He's got about as much backbone as a hot cinnamon roll."

* * * *

Wiggins was frightfully surprised at himself when he proposed to Marjorie Lloyd. He was more surprised when she accepted in her characteristic quick manner. Still flustered from the first embrace, he had said: "You don't know how much I worried about asking you. I just couldn't make up my mind what to say or whether I had any reason to believe you'd want to marry me."

With surprising smoothness the romance had progressed. Timid at first, but later boldly outspoken in his love, Waverly had professed devotion to Marjorie with all the pent-up fire of youth—the same fire that was lacking in everything else with which he was connected. And Marjorie was instinctively enough of a judge of human nature to know it.

One night about six months after Wiggins had become connected with the Rational, they were enjoying a stroll through Central Park. It was a week before Christmas, and the late autumn sent just enough crispness into the air to enliven youthful spirit, imagination, and ambition.

"Marjorie," Waverly said, as they stopped to watch the play of moonlight across a tiny waterfall, "there isn't anything I wouldn't do for you. Somehow, I feel as though I could squeeze you until you had to gasp for breath."

Her answer was to draw closer to the boyish man whose arm encircled her waist. For a full minute both gazed with imaginative fervor at the scenic display.

"Why so pensive, sweetheart?" he asked.

"You say you love me, Waverly?" she asked, her voice a little bit tremulous.

He kissed her again and said, "I'd fight man, beast, or devil for you—anything in the world."

"Let's go home, Waverly, I want to talk to you about something."

That evening had ended in what almost turned out to be their first quarrel. Marjorie had spoken what was in her heart, and Waverly Wiggins had pronounced it "childish."

"Don't bother about that, sweetheart," he assured her. "When a fellow thinks twice before he acts, he usually does the right thing, thereby saving time in the long run. You are mistaken about Mr. McGuire also, because this very day he called me into his office to tell me that as long as you and I were studying formulas and mixing together, he was satisfied—thoroughly satisfied. How could I have been a successful army officer if I lacked decisiveness? Don't you see, dear, how foolish your intuitions are?"

"I knew it, Waverly," she sighed. "I knew you wouldn't believe it. But you are that way. Some day you'll find out, too. Just remember, though, that I'm going to love you, even if you lose your mind in addition to your nerve."

The usual assortment of goodnight hugs and kisses chased Marjorie's dire forebodings out of Waverly's head. Besides, he allowed himself to argue, Mrs. McGuire wouldn't have called him her *hero* if he had been as sadly lacking as Marjorie said. Incidentally, he had a date with Mrs. McGuire the next afternoon.

* * * *

Promptly at eleven o'clock the next morning Waverly Wiggins answered the telephone. There was no hesitancy in his voice, for he was expecting the call; in fact, he almost knew what was going to be said. After listening a moment, he replied, "The pleasure is all mine. Mr. Fieldzig was in the office yesterday afternoon, and he informed me that he will personally present you to Miss D'Aubrey. Moreover, his publicity man was here and wants to (Continued on page 284)

Philanthropist and Financier

IN the memorable campaign of 1896 a young leader from Illinois appeared, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, who was largely responsible for securing William McKinley's nomination for the presidency. Mr. Dawes had already established a reputation as a student of economics, and was a practical financier. It was quite natural that he should have been selected as Comptroller of the Currency when he had made a record in efficient public service. Since that time his advancement has been rapid, because sound judgment and common sense are essential in leadership.

Mr. Dawes was a candidate for the United States Senate in 1901. In 1902 he established the Central Trust Company in Chicago and became its first president. The record and growth of this institution tells a story of organization genius. The literature in periodicals and books on financial and economic questions since that time finds Charles G. Dawes an authority on finance and one of the country's foremost bankers.

It is not alone as a financier that Mr. Dawes has won the hearts and following that has made him a power in public life of the Middlewest. His big-hearted philanthropies are of a real, practical and concrete sort. He established the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel for men out of work and needing help as a memorial to his son, Rufus F. Dawes, whose untimely death cut short a brilliant career. Hundreds of thousands of guests—as they are called—have been cared for in these institutions in Chicago and Boston. These men will always remember the message of hope. The Mary Dawes Hotel for Women, conducted on the same broad plans, is one of the most notable and successful enterprises of the kind ever established.

Charles Gates Dawes was born at Marietta, Ohio, in 1865. The son of General Rufus R. Dawes, he had a father whose life personified the highest ideal of manhood and patriotism. His record in the Civil War for bravery, including mention as one of the ablest officers on the field at Gettysburg, brought him the promotion of brigadier-general. It was William Dawes, his earliest American ancestor, who came to America in 1635 on the good ship *Planter* and founded Boston and Salem. A later descendant, William Dawes, named "The Patriot," was with Paul Revere on his famous midnight ride.

Mr. Charles Dawes attended the common schools, later graduating from Marietta College. He worked during his vacations at civil engineering. Receiving a degree from the Cincinnati Law School, he began life as a lawyer, locating in Lincoln, Nebraska. Later he moved to Evanston, Illinois, where he still resides. It was soon after coming from Lincoln that he led the Illinois forces into the McKinley camp. The Illinois delegation were the first state delegation instructed, and the adoption of the Sound Money plank at St. Louis was an achievement that brought to the fore the executive genius of Mr. Dawes.

When a state of war was declared by the United States, Mr. Dawes was one of the first volunteers to enlist. He dropped his extensive business and responded to the call, as his father had before him.

He was commissioned as major with the 17th Engineers in June, 1917, and colonel in the following January. On October 15th, after a most notable service overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces, he was commissioned brigadier-general,



BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES

reaching the rank of his distinguished father. He was the strong right arm of General John J. Pershing during the war, and dealt directly with all the nations of Europe, as a representative of the United States, in gathering together the supplies in Europe before the shipments arrived from the United States. He was responsible for enabling the American forces to get into quick action at a most critical time in the war.

General Dawes was in the Meuse-Argonne offensive from October 5th to the 12th and received the following medals: Distinguished Service Medal (United States); Commander Legion of Honor (France); Companion of the Bath (England); Commander Order of Leopold (Belgium); Croix de Guerre, one palm (France); four Gold War Service Chevrons.

When General Dawes left the United States in July, 1917, he said it was for the duration of the war. He returned in August, 1919, long after the armistice was signed. In his service overseas he concentrated the same sound and efficient business ability as in his own business in Chicago. Every American soldier and officer with the A. E. F., in fact, every American who was overseas was directly or indirectly benefited through the services of General Charles G. Dawes. An American to the core, and a patriot in the broadest and highest sense, he has carried on the record of his family for distinguished service as a volunteer soldier. His career will remain an inspiring example to young Americans for generations to come.

A Cartoonist and a "Monk"

By V. RECTOR GRIFFITH



WE know that if we laugh the world will laugh with us, and if we weep the world will run from us. The man or woman who has learned to laugh in spite of everything, who can smile although the heart aches, who can cheer the down-hearted although discouragement is a burden heavy to carry about, is the man or woman who has a long list of friends and is welcome no matter where he or she may go. A sense of humor is a wonderful gift, and if you are not endowed with such an attribute, you should cultivate fun, since it will get you by and help you over rough places.

And the creator of cartoons and funny strips that make the comic section of the daily and Sunday newspaper possible, is a maker of fun. Fun is synonymous of laughter, and laughter, humor, and humor will instill in one the spirit of youth, will keep one young; while a sour and grouchy person will grow old and touchy and is a disagreeable companion from whom we long to flee.

Cartoons have become the delight of every normal-minded boy, be he three years old or eighty-three years young. For after the day's work is done down town and you are going home on the street car, observe the staid business man, watch him turn his attention to the funny sheet of the evening paper. Watch the smile that creeps into his face and lights it up in a strange sort of a way, as it plays about his lips and brings a twinkle to his tired eyes, makes him look like a boy who is compelled to restrain himself for fear he will "explode then and there," before all the people in the street car as he reads Goldberg's foolishness—often impossible stuff—or takes in "S'matter Pop" and the kids, or follows Mutt and Jeff in their moves over the checkerboard of cartoondom.

"I am mad," remarked a "boy," who has a boy of his own.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, thinking something serious had happened.

"Mutt and Jeff isn't in the paper tonight." He was out of humor.

The remark of this man, who refuses to grow up, and enjoys the comic sheet of the daily paper like all boys should, is the unspoken thought of many a man when he discovers that his favorite cartoonist has disappointed him.

And what Mutt and Jeff, "S'matter Pop" and the kids, and Goldberg's stuff is to any number of boys, big and little, all over the country, "Monk" is to the people of Louisville, Kentucky, to the readers of the Louisville Times.

When Paul A. Plaschke conceived that "fool thing" he calls "Monk," which, he says, is neither a man nor a monkey, he hit upon something that, as he himself puts it, became his meal ticket, which was the confession he made when I called at his studio in the Times Building and requested him to tell me all about that "fool thing," how he came to create something that was neither a man nor a monkey, yet plays the pranks of both.

"Monk," he said, "is a sort of a missing link between a

human being and an artist, whom I discovered to be adaptable to my need."

And that "fool thing" is popular with readers of the Louisville Times, although the "missing link between a human being and an artist" came into existence years before Paul A. Plaschke became a member of the art staff of the Times, since he has been the chief cartoonist of that paper only five years, while



"Monk" became his "meal ticket" when he seemed to be here and there and everywhere on the pages of the Louisville Post. That was sixteen years ago. And since then "Monk" has been a paying investment, so to speak.

But when Paul A. Plaschke started out to make his career in the world he never dreamed of turning up in "Marse Henry's town" to create that "fool thing" that became his meal ticket, and work for Colonel Henry Watterson besides. It was "Marse Henry" I called to see, and waited, sitting at his desk

where, perhaps, many of his famous editorials have been written. But after waiting some time, a gray-haired man entered the room, and when I asked to see Colonel Watterson, he politely told me that the colonel was in Florida.

It was then I found my way to the studio of "Monk's" boss, whom I found to be a man so modest that he declared:

"I-it is a-awfully embarrassing to be interviewed." This from a newspaper man! But, finally, he made up his mind it wasn't so bad after all to be interviewed when he got started talking about his work in paint and oil, the big pictures that were scattered about his studio, on the walls and tables and chairs and the floor, pictures that he exhibits at the Chicago Art Institute and elsewhere. Yet when Paul A. Plaschke was still a school boy he believed he was destined to become a great engineer, and consequently, he studied at Steven's Institute, Hoboken, with that purpose, having made up his mind to master the science of engineering, only to abandon it and take up the study of art at Cooper's Art Institute and become a member of the Art Student's League, New York, which was leading him to the goal of a newspaper cartoonist.

After leaving art school he landed a job with the *New York World*, where he devoted his time to designing and advertising features for that big daily newspaper. But he wasn't satisfied to remain a designer and decided to take Horace Greeley's advice and go West. So he gave up his job with the *World* and set out for the West.

When he reached Louisville, he decided that was the place for him to stop awhile. That was twenty-two years ago, and he has been stopping there ever since, where he landed a job as a cartoonist and took unto himself a wife. At first he drew cartoons for *The Louisville News*, until the editor took it into

his head to fire him, only to regret his rash act ever afterward, since Plaschke failed to take him into his confidence, to let him know that the cartoonist had an ambition as big as "Monk," which has made the Louisville folk roar with laughter for sixteen years. From the *News* Plaschke went to the *Louisville Post*, where, after six months association with that paper, he created that "fool thing." "And 'Monk' has been my meal ticket ever since," added Plaschke.

For Paul A. Plaschke is, in fact, so modest and of such a serious turn of mind, that you would never imagine he has all sorts of queer antics tucked away under his cap, which he works out and makes "Monk" bear the responsibility.

After remaining with the *Louisville Post* twelve years, Plaschke went to work for "Marse Henry" Watterson, who is editor-in-chief of the *Louisville Times*.

Through clever cartooning, Paul Plaschke has won a host of friends in Louisville and elsewhere, many of whom insist on presenting him with all kinds of monkeys, from a make-believe "Monk" to a sure-to-goodness little devil of a monkey. One admirer of Mr. Plaschke's cartoons, a public school teacher of Louisville, has artistically arranged and filled a book with pictures of "Monk," which has caused many a hearty laugh.

Although he confessed that "Monk" is his meal ticket, Paul A. Plaschke is a sure-to-goodness artist, for he takes a keen delight in his work in oil and pigments, which gives him a broader scope with the brush and an opportunity to paint creative works of art that will live when "Monk" is dead and buried beyond recall. He has exhibited his paintings at the Academy of Art, New York, and the Academy of Fine Art, Philadelphia, as well as the Chicago Art Institute and the Museum of Fine Art, St. Louis.

AN ALL-AMERICAN COMPOSER *Continued from page 256*

hundred books, four thousand octavos, and incidentally a bill for several hundred dollars.

It is pleasant to see the high regard in which the various concert companies and quartets which are traveling over the country hold "Father," as they call the creator of much of the music for quartet or chorus which they have been handed by the program builder. Seldom does a week pass without a letter from some of the "Boys" or "Girls," telling of some new success with a selection from a "Parks" book. And, although the working day may include nearly twenty-four hours, not one of these is unanswered, nor is his patience too small to cope with the letters, from entire strangers, who with charming consideration and no stamps for return, send manuscripts on every conceivable subject and in all known and some as yet undefined strains. Witness the following gem which was received during the late war with the succinct statement, "My price is one hundred dollars."

Uncle Sam he's the man,
He'll do the war on the run
And make them feel like
A son of a gun.

The text was ably seconded by the musical setting.

It is also a pleasure to record that his home town neighbors and friends have the highest regard for Mr. Parks' absolute integrity and high moral character, and on his birthday, under the auspices of the Amateur Musical Club, a local organization more than twenty-five years old, practically everybody in the city unites in giving him a complimentary program of his own music—all being welcome to a place either on the platform or in the audience, the last one in the York Opera House overflowing to the street, where people stood until a late hour getting what they could of the concert. One chorus of seventy voices came from a neighboring town to participate in the program. These annual Parks' programs certainly refute the adage that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and also prove

that musicians may work well together to show appreciation and fraternity for one of their own number. As a matter of fact, there is no more blessed sense of comradeship to be found anywhere than among the musical clan. A county community chorus numbering more than six hundred voices is under the supervision of Mr. Parks, and each of the six hundred will bear witness to his ability as a conductor.

His clear tenor voice is also often heard to advantage in the various musical activities of the city. Often we see a young girl or boy who is absent from their native village for a year, or so to study music, and upon return are unable to sing or play for any local event without remuneration. I have never known Mr. Parks to refuse to help in any possible way, and were I to give the keynote of his everyday living, so far as his lifetime work and education are concerned, these being at the disposal of any and all who come to him for help, I should sing Bliss Carmen's lines:

And if I share my crust,
As common manhood must,
With one whose need is greater than mine own,
Shall I not also give his soul,
That it may live,
Of the abundant pleasure I have known?
And so if I have wrought,
Amassed or conceived
Aught of Beauty or Intelligence or Power,
It is not mine to hoard,
It stands there to afford
Its radiant sweetness
Simply as a flower.

In the summer Mr. Parks retires to his summer home, "Skeeterhurst," where he may write undisturbed, and there is born much of his work. Incidentally there is a lake, well stocked with fish, and his powers in the piscatorial line are not inconsiderable. Fishing and being a good Rotarian may be termed his principal hobbies.

A dollar a week for meals, and yet

The Best Fed Family in America

Dr. Thomas J. Allen tells how it is done



HE cost of living is not high.

At least the cost of high living is not—if by “high living” you understand the same kind of living that Dr. Thomas J. Allen, noted physician and monodietist, calls good living.

Dr. Allen's family consists of a wife and two children, three and two years old. He says that during the past year the food for himself, his wife and the children has never cost more than five dollars a week. He himself made a public demonstration last spring and again during October and November, to show that he was able to live well on twenty cents a day for food while doing better work, both physical and mental (by his own assertion), than he was able to do twenty-five years ago when he was eating the fifty-seven varieties.

Dr. Allen says that he had no intention of making such a demonstration, but he was almost compelled to do it, to avoid being obliged to admit that he was making misleading statements in his public lectures and in his “Daily Health Hints” in a syndicate of newspapers, a feature that he originated in 1907. He walked from Chicago to Kansas City, making from twenty to thirty-eight miles a day, lecturing in the principal cities and inviting investigation.

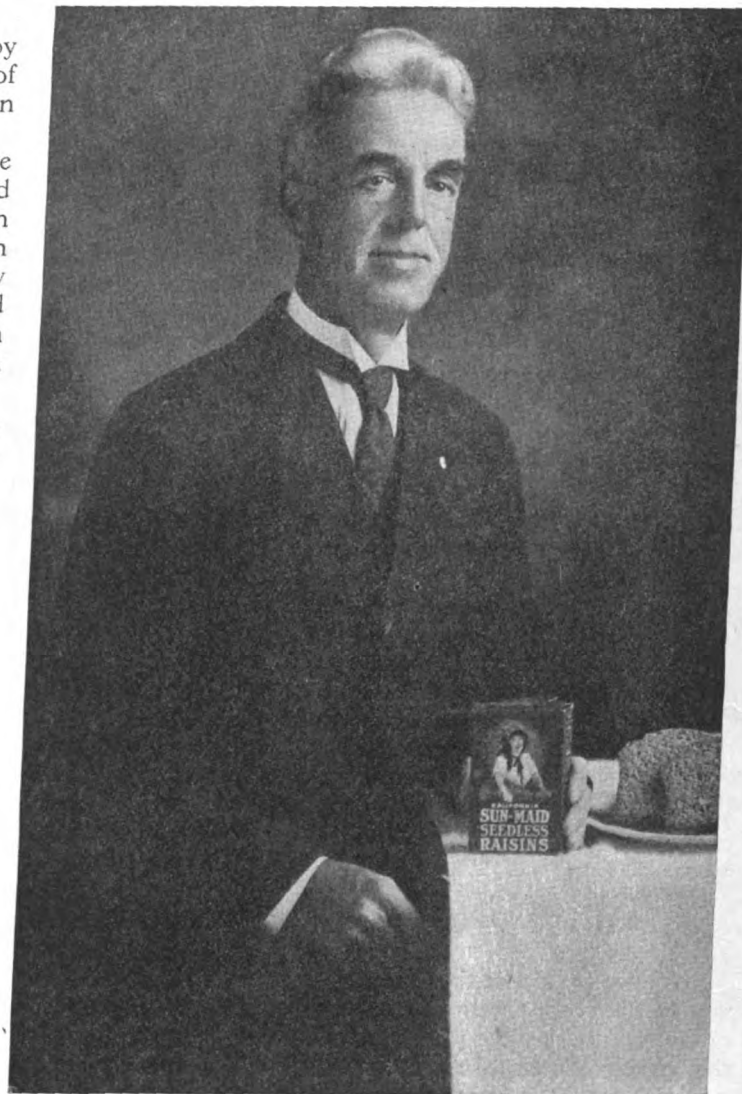
In 1907, Dr. Allen attracted international attention to a series of demonstrations he made while connected with a Chicago medical college, by which he proved that when one becomes accustomed to the change, he can live much better on one or two articles of food that contain all the elements of nutrition than on “the fifty-seven varieties.” His experimental squad lived for periods of from thirty to ninety days on all the common foods and on different combinations of them, determining the relative values of the various foods and the effects of combining them in different ways. He himself, to prove a point at issue with his associates, lived for sixty days on peanuts, which he ate uncooked, doing his usual professional work. Later three students of the University of California lived for ninety days on peanuts only, under the direction of the professor of nutrition in that institution, doing their usual work satisfactorily.

It was not Dr. Allen's intention to emphasize the value of the peanut as a food—for he says that there are several single foods that are better, and, especially, several combinations of two or three compatible foods, that give approximately the same benefits for health and working capacity—but, as the *Peoria Journal-Transcript* said, on the occasion of Dr. Allen's visit there the past fall, he “made the peanut diet as popular as Jazz music is now.”

Dr. Allen believes that if he could make the monodiet as popular as any kind of music, he would do more for the benefit of humanity at large than any man who has ever lived.

Nothing but a reasonable hope of doing that has sustained him in enduring terrible deprivation, misunderstanding and misrepresentation during the past twelve years, he says. He has been thought crazy, even by some of his best friends. He has lost professional prestige, and, like Dr. Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, “nearly all his practice.”

Now, he thinks he can see the turn in the long lane. The May, 1919, issue of one of the best known medical journals published an article of his, making a strong argument, based



DR. THOMAS J. ALLEN
America's foremost authority on diet

upon a good showing of laboratory and clinical work, to show that the fundamental physical factor in the causation of cancer is variation in feeding, which so disorganizes the nutrition as to establish a condition of the constitution favorable to its development, when the local factor, chronic irritation, is provided. Several years ago, he says, he presented this view before a national medical society of which he was formerly a member, and, altho it was not officially adopted, the discussion only confirmed him in the belief that he was right.

Early in the course of his investigation, Dr. Allen says it occurred to him that the rule should work the other way—a uniform compatible diet, furnishing every necessary element of nutrition should reduce the evidences of premature senility. So he tried it on himself, with results so satisfactory that when his children were ready to begin to learn to eat like grown folks, he took good care that they shouldn't learn the old way—or, rather, the modern way, for he maintains that excessive

variety in the mixing of foods is a civilized custom. So his children have never yet eaten anything but good bread and milk; the bread is made from wheat ground in the home, the milk the best that can be procured—goat's milk when possible.

Now as a result of their good feeding, his children are models, both physically and mentally, as shown by the Federal government report. They have never been sick, except once from poisoning due to eating a fungus that they picked off some firewood, and they were almost the only children in their city that escaped the "flu" during the epidemic. The picture of the elder child was shown in *Clinical Medicine*, in February, 1918, as a model of good feeding.

In an article published a year ago in the *Pittsburg Dispatch* and other Sunday papers, Dr. Allen explained "How I Grew Ten Years Younger." This article occupied the entire first page of his home

frequently observed his condition, and expressed surprise that he showed no diminution in weight or working capacity.

In July, Dr. Allen went to Chicago, continuing to live on his simple diet. A Chicago paper reported that he was living on bread, oats and buttermilk made from skimmed milk, with a tablet, at a cost of twenty cents a day (the cost of raisins having risen, while they were hard to get). A Kansas City paper ridiculed the idea, declaring that it was impossible. Dr. Allen asked for a correction of the misrepresentation, and on this being refused, started on a walk to Kansas City, getting his supplies on the way, at a cost never exceeding twenty cents a day, asking the newspapers to report any observed variation.

At Ottawa, Illinois, Dr. Allen delivered a public lecture on the League of Nations, speaking over two hours. At La Salle, he spoke over two hours on Child Welfare, in the High School Auditorium, showing that he was able to maintain his working capacity on his simple diet. He walked from twenty to thirty-eight miles a day on this trip, and offered, on his arrival in Kansas City to submit to a strict supervision while he demonstrated again.

Since his return home, Dr. Allen has continued to live on rolled oats, buttermilk made from skimmed milk and a little whole wheat bread. His wife lives on rolled oats, pecans and peaches, and the two children on whole wheat bread, renet, and buttermilk made from whole milk. All are in perfect condition and their food does not cost as much as twenty cents a day, each.

Dr. Allen challenges any authority on diet to contest his position, theoretically and practically. He maintains that he is "the best fed man in America today," and that it is improbable that any children in the country are as well fed as his. Neither would any observer suspect any of the family failed to enjoy their meals as well as the average.

Since obtaining from Dr. Allen the facts contained in this article, Dr. Copeland, Commissioner of Health for New York, has been quoted as saying that "one child of every five in New York is so seriously undernourished as to demand immediate attention, while at least two-fifths of the remainder are on the borderline between good health and undernourishment," a condition appalling, he says, to contemplate, and by no means peculiar to the poor.

"My stand against the professional world," said Dr. Allen, when his attention was called to this recently published statement of Dr. Copeland, "including hundreds of such able men as Dr. Copeland, has lately become much easier, despite the persistent view that the diet must be (Continued on page 286)



JOHN GILPIN ALLEN
At two years and ten months of age

daily paper—evidence that it was not largely fiction. He says that he has proof that his head has increased a full inch in circumference during the past ten years, a result, he believes, of the greatly increased mental activity due to the improved nutrition resulting from his improved system of eating.

"You can live better on fifteen cents a day than the average person lives on two dollars a day," Dr. Allen told an audience at Joplin, Missouri, in February, 1918, "if you know how to select your food as well as the average farmer knows how to feed his stock."

"The audience rather called his bluff," a local paper said, "and to show that he meant just what he said, he announced at the conclusion of his lecture that he would stay and prove it."

Dr. Allen asked for a committee who would watch what he was doing and render a report at the end of three months. He remained four months. He walked from ten to twenty-five miles every day, writing his usual output of articles for newspapers and medical journals and spending several hours daily in research work, with the aid of a local laboratory, the result of which was reported in the September issue of one of the medical journals (*The Medical Summary*).

During those four months, his food consisted of raisins, whole wheat bread, which he bought from a bakery at half price, stale, because, he says, stale bread is better than fresh, and cleaned, ground wheat. Drs. Williams and Thornton of Joplin,



VIRGINIA ALLEN
At one year and nine months of age

Everybody takes an interest in Affairs and Folks

*Gossip about people who are doing
worth-while things in the world*



It does not seem long ago that a manuscript was received at the NATIONAL MAGAZINE office from a young author whose letters bore the postmark of Muscatine, Iowa. He evidently was a temperamental young man, for he sent the sketches for a department known as "Smiles and Tears." Every contribution had a smile—and there were very few tears. On the left-hand corner of the manuscript was the name of Ellis Parker Butler. Since then world fame has come through his tale of "Pigs is Pigs," and many editors are looking for letters postmarked "Flushing, Long Island," where he now lives the life of a literary magnate.

Ellis Parker Butler has done much more than write one book or books. In his busy young life he has proven that an American can live by the flow of his pen—a pen that has nothing to do with pigs.

Mr. Butler was born in 1869—the day is now noted in *Who's Who*—at Muscatine (on the Mississippi), Iowa. He left the high school in his second year to go to work. He was first a business man—a bill clerk in the Muscatine spice mills. Being a good bill clerk he secured a better salary at the oat meal mills. Then he made things rattle in his advancement as a clerk in a wholesale and retail crockery house. For eight years he was with the firm of wholesale grocers as bill clerk and city salesman. These facts are a record that proves what can be done by a young man with determination to write—even if he began life as a bill clerk.

Ellis Parker Butler kept on writing all the time—Sundays and odd moments. He first devoted his efforts to serious poetry, diverting to humorous verse, prose and fiction, when the work days came.

During the Spanish War he arrived in New York City to try his hand at humorous fiction. He soon found that New York was not quite ready for him, except with a position with *Taylor's Review* as assistant editor. He was later with the *Wall Paper News*, after which he launched with his friend, Cawthra, the *Decorative Furnisher Magazine*, which still remains a flourishing publication.

The log-book of his life indicates that Ellis Parker Butler has written something nearly every day since leaving Iowa. There were never such long hours at the office that he did not find some time for writing. His first book, "Pigs is Pigs," brought him a lump sum of money. He sold his interest in the *Decorative Furnisher* and went to Europe with his wife and daughter, Elsie, and has continued a "free lance" ever since, doing all sorts of humorous writings, books and plays.

The neighbors insist that Ellis Parker Butler has made Flushing, Long Island, famous as the home of famous authors. Active in all the civic work of his country, Mr. Butler has proven a man of deeds as well as words. He is vice-president of a national bank; gives some time to his lecture on "Laughs is Laughs," a rambling, humorous talk, which has the charm of never growing tiresome and never being the same.

The list of books Mr. Butler has written, beginning with "Pigs is Pigs" and concluding with "Swatty," is a small library in itself. He cannot remember all the books he has written himself, but I have counted more than twenty of them. Better than all that, the people remember them. He is now at work



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

*Who achieved world-wide fame as a humorist by his fantastic tale,
"Pigs is Pigs"*

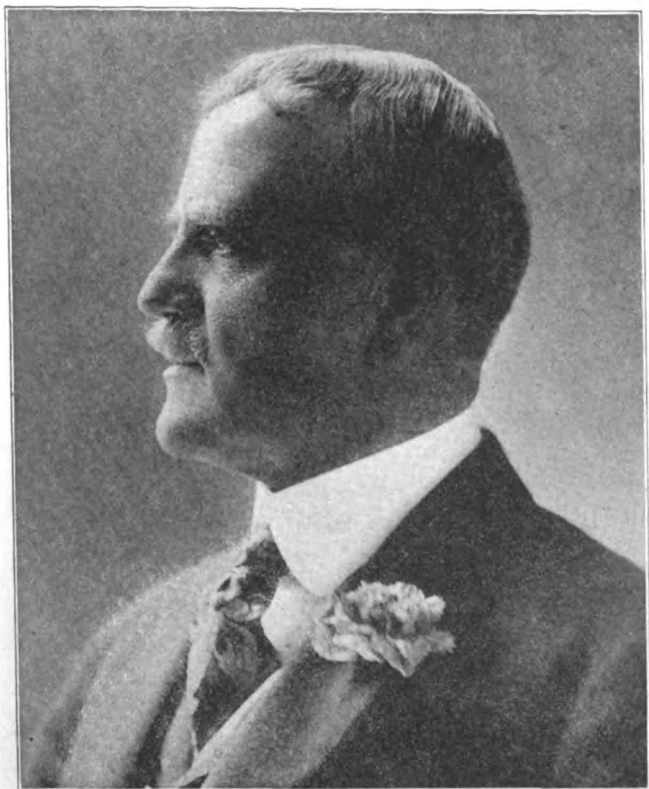
on a Mississippi novel, and will follow that with an Arkansas romance. And his myriad of admirers are still expecting greater things of this genial, wholesome soul that radiates the rollicking spirit of his writing in real life, and has made the name of Parker Butler famous in his day and generation.

* * *

WHEN the thousands of people over this country hear that popular address, "Blessed Be Humor," they realize that the talk, delivered six hundred times in the country, is a result of a real life experience.

Born in Ohio, the state of Presidents, J. L. Harbour is, essentially, a self-educated lad, for he had only four months a year in a country school till he reached the age of eighteen. He took up telegraphy, but the spirit of adventure came upon him, which found him a school teacher in a log cabin school in Leadville, Colorado, during the thrilling days of the silver boom.

It was here that Mr. Harbour began contributing to the newspapers. At the age of eighteen he sent a story to *The Youth's Companion*, and in due course received a two-dollar



J. L. HARBOUR

Has brightened the lives of thousands of people with his lecture, "Blessed be Humor"

bill, with a most encouraging letter from the late Hezekiah Butterworth, who was then the editor of that popular periodical which the boys love.

Mr. Harbour kept right on sending his manuscripts to *The Youth's Companion*, and later they commissioned him to write five stories of Western school life, for which one hundred dollars was promised. These stories were promptly written and dispatched, and later he received a telegram from Perry, Mason & Company:

"Will you visit Boston at our expense?"

He did so and has remained in Boston ever since, but at his own expense.

For seventeen years he was connected with the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion* and has written over one hundred stories for that publication. In his editorial work Mr. Harbour could not repress the bubbles of humor that appeared in his work. Here he collected material for an evening of clean and wholesome fun, for J. L. Harbour is a real humorist—he can laugh at himself.

During the course of his lecture Mr. Harbour relates many anecdotal incidents regarding himself, one of which concerns the president of a woman's club who wrote Mr. Harbour an appealing letter: "Our club is so small, and our dues are so small, that we cannot afford the best talent. What will you come for?"

He responded.

He has had a busy life, having been Treasurer of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church for a score of years. His career has altogether been an inspiration, for he has been of great service to mankind. He humorously refers to his visit to his church to make a financial statement and an appeal for an offering. This he does when a stranger occupies the pulpit. It is one of Mr. Harbour's charming customs to always wear a flower—usually a carnation—in his buttonhole. This was the case on one Sunday, when he sported patent-leather shoes. The visiting clergyman, who had not seen Mr. Harbour, was conducting

the opening exercises when the church treasurer, Mr. Harbour, entered the pulpit quietly behind him, and sat down, brilliant with a red carnation and shining shoes. The clergyman referred to Satan in the Bible passage: "The devil, my hearers, does not appear among men wearing horns and hoofs and a forked tail. Ah, no; he is far too shrewd for that. Nowadays the devil appears wearing patent-leather shoes, and has a carnation in his buttonhole." Instantly the entire auditorium became one big smile.

J. L. Harbour radiates good humor wherever he goes. His one luxury is a flower—carnation—for his buttonhole, for he feels he is not in full bloom until he adorns himself with a flower. He insists he is going to have flowers while he lives as well as when he dies.

"Blessed Be Humor" has won the hearts of many people.

* * * *

THE magic wand was waved when the pen of the late Eleanor H. Porter completed the last proof sheet of "Pollyanna." The star of "Gladness" was in the ascendant. The book was written at a time when everyone longed for happiness. It struck a chord that was long silent in many lives, and set in motion thoughts that prelude deeds. When the book appeared, the world seemed brighter and more cheerful, and many dark corners of humdrum existence were illuminated.

It was during the time that she was writing "Pollyanna" that Eleanor Porter attended one of the "round tables" at the NATIONAL MAGAZINE "Attic." Her gracious presence reflected the spirit of the heroine she so graphically portrayed. Her greetings to the young girls in the party, prototypes of her own "Pollyanna," was a

scene never to be forgotten. Eleanor Porter was the personification of certain traits of her heroes and heroines.

Being educated in music, Eleanor Porter seemed to catch not only the harmonies written on the music score, but the sweetest melodies of life and its charms. Without assuming an author's pose, she remained her own very self, and carried on the traditions of Louisa Alcott and "Little Women."

What a memory in that last telephone conversation. The voice now stilled told of her last book, "Mary Marie." She

was then finishing, as it were, a new arrival for the family library. The plans for the meeting of the Boston Authors' Club included a talk on "What the Average Editor Wants," and she was sympathetic in the embarrassment of facing the gaze of contributors whose manuscripts had been returned, and who were intent on finding out why that particular editor never seemed to know a genius in prose and verse. She was to pour the tea that afternoon, and her gracious presence was an assurance.

Born in Littleton, New Hampshire, the early life of the late Eleanor Hodgman Porter is reflected in some of her books.



ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Mary Marie," the "Pollyanna" stories, "Just David" and many others

There is a composite biographical flash in every one of them that reveals the sweet soul of the New Hampshire lass, whose ambition was to become a musical artist. She studied at the New England Conservatory of Music, and made many long trips back and forth to Boston, with her dreams urging on. She discovered that with a pencil and paper she could express these dreams—the subtle feelings of the artist. With the same diligence she pursued writing, and one time laughingly remarked:

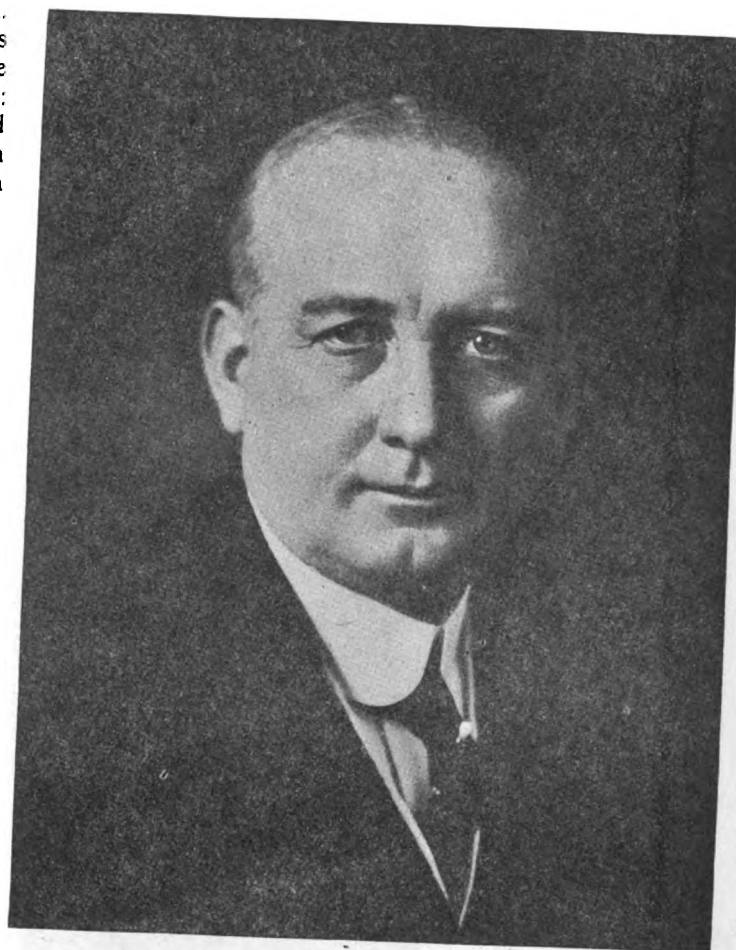
"The dreams come true so much better when you could direct the destiny of a career in the pages of a story than even to taste the bitter fruits of the realization of an ambition partially realized."

"Mary Marie" and "Just David," in fact, all the delightful characters of her books will seem lonesome without their little fairy mother, who was about to bring them other little sisters and brothers to play with. But, perhaps, heaven is happier, even with earth's heritage cut short, when this beautiful soul passed from among us in the flesh. But her spirit abides.

* * *

WHEN Harry D. Sisson, of Pittsfield, was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Sons of Veterans, his friends and comrades knew he marked the beginning of a notable administration in this order. Mr. Sisson is one of those Sons of

has heard the story of the war at his father's knee, did not respond to the full measure of his duty when the call came. Mr. Sisson has given the order a vigorous and efficient



HARRY F. ATWOOD

Author and lecturer and an agitator for sound government

service. When inducted into office he found the Sons of Veterans pledged to an Americanism. He has pushed on and will retire with the satisfaction of knowing that the Sons of Veterans will go on with their great work, which is maintaining a filial devotion as well as maintaining a patriotism, untainted, that has served the nation well in its hour of need.

* * *

AN agitator for sound government seems rather paradoxical. But these are the days of topsy-turvy doings. Harry F. Atwood, author and lecturer, was one of the prophets who cried out in the wilderness and wrote "Back to the Republic." This modest lawyer and student of Chicago felt the call and made an appeal for representative government. It sounded like a new slogan, and awakened interest.

Harry F. Atwood's book is probably one of the most widely distributed of the times, for it is one of those books you want to purchase for friends. It has an irresistible appeal to the jaded business and industrial managers of the country. It came at a time when something was needed to check the spread of bolshevism that raged in Russia. It was a sign-board, as it were, pointing to the parting of the ways and challenging the interest of Americans. In clear, forcible English the American constitution was again interpreted with more of a stir than Justice Marshall made in his day. It was read by business men, Senators, and the people. It pointed out the dangers of the flippant use of the word "democracy" and defined the United States as a republic. It was not in any sense a political document, but an appeal to fundamental patriotism. It started people to thinking rather than cheering.

Not at all content with merely writing a book, Mr. Atwood



HARRY D. SISSON

Commander-in-chief of the Sons of Veterans

Veterans who believes that the filial ties are stronger than anything else in remembering the fathers who served in the army that preserved the flag.

Mr. Sisson is a successful business man, and has a family of sturdy boys. The fact was developed in the World War that the sons and the grandsons of soldiers from whom they inherited traditions made them good soldiers, for who, who

responded to the call for lectures, and has visited many conventions and organizations, and has carried his message of the republic. Wherever he appeared there was a feeling that here is a man "who knows," and who has thought things out to a



FRANK B. WILLIS
A political speaker of national renown

finish. He turns on the searchlight and points to the dangers of "democracy," a word not used to any extent by the founders of the republic. They associated the futures of "democracy" with "monarchy" and a tyranny worse than kings.

Harry Atwood may be called a real crusader, even if he does not wear a helmet or ride a red horse.

* * * *

IN the history of national political conventions the speeches of Frank B. Willis will stand out as models and monuments of what a nomination speech should be. Frank Willis, although a comparatively young man, has served in the higher legislation, as a representative in Congress and as Governor of Ohio. He has been in many a hard-fought campaign in his home state.

It is not alone in the national political conventions that Frank Willis' greatest reputation rests. When he rises to speak there is something in the very presence of the man, and his clear, ringing voice that fills every corner of the coliseum, which wins not only the great audience, but delegates as well.

In his nomination speech on Warren G. Harding he had planned that everybody should hear him, and he turned around to the large gathering in the back of the platform who had not seen any other speaker's face and had scarcely heard their voices. They applauded in appreciation. He came down on the home stretch with the sledge-hammer remark:

"But boys—and girls!"

This immediately caught the throng. This was the first political convention in which women were addressed as girls by the gallant and chivalrous Willis.

The governor is a candidate for the United States Senate from Ohio. There will be no doubt that the voice of Frank B. Willis will fill the Senate Chamber with the same resonance as the political convention halls.

Frank Willis has a clear, comprehensive way of presenting matters to an audience. He has been one of the most popular speakers on the lecture platform; in fact, his speeches have won for him the well-deserved distinction of being one of America's most popular and foremost orators.

He still lives at Aida, the town in which he was born. He completed his education in the public schools and the university in his home town. He began life as a teacher and later took up the study of law. It was as natural for Frank B. Willis to enter a public life as it is for him to rise to the emergency on any public occasion and make a speech. He seems to know how to interpret the public mind, and his fame in his own state and the nation has grown rapidly. But it does not grow any faster than the capacity of the mind and brain of the big, stalwart, good-natured, big-brained Frank B. Willis.

* * * *

ALL the world agrees that the saving grace of the United States is its sense of humor; and the saving grace of the sense of humor in America today, which stands out illuminated, is Ralph Bingham, of Philadelphia, who so long ago was pronounced one of America's best humorists, and greatest fun-makers. He does not give a lecture, but just seems to be the host of the evening in furnishing stories. It is no less an authority than Opie Read who said:

"Bingham is a humorist of the highest order, because your soul laughs with his own. In his mind are all the bright colors of universal fancy; in his heart is the (Continued on page 270)



RALPH BINGHAM
Apostle of laughter

The Girl Who Ran Away

By J. BERNARD LYNCH

"Vir-gin-ia! Vir-gin-ia! I say, where are you?"

IAY aside the cares that beset you, and come with me, folks, where are peace and contentment at the trail's end. All ye, heart weary, despair not—I have found the true Arcadia. Draw on "Seven-League" boots and step across into the Valley of Enchantment.

This is the journey's end, so "set" you down and rejoice in the warmth of sunshine that puts laughter in your soul.

Now grim legacies of years take flight, as in your ears rings the melody of the Headwaters of Union River, while from "way up yonder" comes the drone of lumberjacks' songs.

For you a welcome is painted in glowing colors. Freedom—limitless Freedom of the wilderness is yours. Attuned, heart and soul, to the spirit that invests the open places, you're sitting, friends, in the scene of the Story's Prologue.

From the quaint sign-post at the crossroads you learn that this is "Township 31—Part of Old Bingham Purchase—Maine."

Down the road a piece, half hidden by foliage, you trace the outline of an old-fashioned farmhouse. Framed by its vine-clad doorway stands that emblem of universal love and reverence—a mother. Her anxious cry echoes from other days:

"Vir-gin-ia! Vir-gin-ia! I say, where are you?"

From the hills the call is echoed—then comes silence, and you guess the truth.

Wee Virginia, she of the golden curls and china blue eyes, has "vamoosed" again.

In the record once kept by those who tried to rule the wilful child we read that each day, after rocking dolly to sleep and feeding a pet rooster, Virginia's curly head would droop thoughtfully while she gazed with longing off to where the hills rose up to kiss the clouds. Each day eyes, wide and anxious, traced the wagon ruts that marked the road until it faded from view. Every one whom she knew to have attained fame had travelled this road; everything that delighted childish fancy had come from beyond that sky line of hills.

Imagination thrives best in the open places, and Wanderlust is the heritage of those born in the shadow of the wilderness. In fairness to Virginia we must be indulgent, but—

Those who ruled the "mansion" were living in a state known as wits' end.

Dissuasion in the form of tales of bogies dampened not the ardor of the little wanderer. Even stone bruises were to her but proud trophies of the romance of getting somewhere!

Virginia, being too frail for chains, and too genteel to be subjected to the indignity of imprisonment in the garret, the parents compromised upon an honorable plan.

So came the day when once more the little gypsy tucked her waxen prototype in bed, supplied plenty of eats to the overfed rooster, and streaked it for the hills—for the home of an aunt eight miles distant.

We purposely omit the details of that perilous journey. Enough to record that at sundown the little traveler arrived, footsore and weary, her gingham frock a mass of tatters, her curls wildly dishevelled, but through the tear stains and black smooches a brave smile shining.

Auntie made the welcome royal. Delicacies reserved for great occasions were brought forth, and between applications



Photo copyright, 1920
Small Studio, Boston WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

of soap and water nods of approval greeted the story of the Gypsy Queen's hazardous journey through her dominion. Virginia enjoyed it like a heroine, and in time fell asleep. Alas, dreams of happiness can have rude awakenings. Just as Virginia achieved the heights she was shaken and told to "Get up."

She rubbed her eyes. Had the goblins come? No, it was only Pa, Ma and Auntie, but their glances plainly evidenced disapproval. Without ceremony they gathered her up, carried her to the door, and said "Look!"

As Virginia looked she saw her Pa, his face wearing a grim expression never there before. He was unloading a doll trunk

and doll from the wagon. With these had come other things—all ready for delivery—all her own property.

"Why, Mumsey," she asked, timidly, "why is Pa bringing my playthings here?"

"Because," came the seriously spoken reply, "you are going to stay here, and never go home again."

"Never go home again," she repeated, wistfully.

Then came realization of the fearful possibilities of the penalty—evidenced by big tears and convulsive sobs.

"Mumsey, Mumsey," she faltered, "take me home. Honest and true, Mumsey, I'll never run away again."

There was something more than was just "plain human" in the plea for pity, in the pathos of the tattered figure, in the tear-wet eyes. Ma and Pa saw it and quickly gathered their little one in a fond, forgiving embrace.

Again the scene is the road, deep furrowed, winding back to the Valley of Enchantment.

Majestically occupying her doll-trunk throne sits the little Queen of All-Out-Doors; in her arms she holds the great doll image of herself, around her are grouped the "things" of her own belonging. She is being borne, in triumph, Home.

Here, friends, we draw the curtain on the prologue.

* * *

We take a giant step across the interval of years, and as we read of those to recently acquire literary fame, note the name—Winifred Virginia Jordan.

Yes, our Virginia, grown up, perhaps richer in worldly wisdom, but at heart the same Virginia, and "still traveling."

Over in New York a publisher highly respected for judgment, is arranging for a book of Miss Jordan's (Continued on page 276)

AFFAIRS AND FOLKS

Continued from page 268

glow of the cherished fireside. His evening on the platform is as clean as new leaves in the forest; and you come away as from an Arden of rest, where brooks have sweetly sung."

Those who have known Ralph Bingham for years have never found him without his keen sense and rollicking humor. He has appeared seven thousand times, and is always welcome on his return.

Ralph Bingham was born in Virginia, the Old Dominion State, and the mother of Presidents. He has had almost as many distinctions as the President of the United States, for he is a member of the Lamb's Club, has appeared in their "Gambols"; he is president of the International Lyceum Association, life president of the International Lyceum Stunt Club. Ralph Bingham has missed only two engagements in twenty years, and those two were missed through acts of Providence rather than acts of Ralph Bingham.

In good old Virginia he appeared in early days on the stage, and the people then said his appearance foreshadowed an illustrious career. Ralph Bingham loves to make people happy. He wears one of those smiles that win people and has all the varied expressions of good nature and humor in its broadest and highest sense. It is not the mere jest that he deals with, but he is a philosopher of creative mirth. He has that sense of humor that is characteristic of Mark Twain in his writings and lectures.

Ralph Bingham's home is in Philadelphia, where everyone knows him. He is a member of the Pen and Pencil Club, of Philadelphia, and no occasion in Philadelphia is quite complete without the radiant face of Ralph Bingham at the head table. His source of humor is the people themselves. In his travels he is virtually cross-sectioning the country from coast to coast. He knows the people he is talking about; he sees the radiance and glow in every scene he uses to dispel the gloom that may gather. Hearty and wholesome, he is as welcome as the flowers in May wherever he may go, and people feel, after seeing and hearing Ralph Bingham, that they have found a real friend to man—one who lives in the "house by the side of the road."

Ralph Bingham fairly bubbles with good stories, and his darky stories have stood the test of tour after tour through

the South. For fifteen years he has kept the audiences on the Redpath and Chautauqua circuits in good humor, and asking: "When is Ralph Bingham coming again?"

Ralph Bingham was born at Richmond, Virginia, in 1870. He attended the public schools in that city. He began his

career on the platform as a child. He first appeared in the United States and Canada under the management of his father. He has been the author of a number of plays and an active contributor to magazines and newspapers. In fact, "Bing's Bubbles" are well known to the readers of the NATIONAL, and his Spotlight page in the *Lyceum Magazine* has long been very popular.

* * *

ONCE upon a time, not long ago, J. Bernard Lynch found favor with editors and readers as a writer of fiction stories. Those best remembered of his fifteen years of effort were his street car and pawnshop tales, the latter built upon the always likeable quality of human interest.

Critical analysis of his work credits his success to "a refreshing individuality of effort, the gift of making his characters real and intensely human, and the subtle artifice of simple, though sometimes inelegant, words and phrases, the seeming inadvertence of which permit him to play upon the chords of human emotion."

Many of his stories have been reprinted a score of times, and at the close of the year 1917, his story "Making Good on the Props,"—a strong emotional narrative—was adjudged one of the best stories of the year.

Unlike many authors—better known—Mr. Lynch has no unsold Mss. for he has always found a ready market for his product. Because of this, mystery clings to his two years of silence and for which, therefore, only improbable theories can be advanced.

Now, Mr. Lynch breaks the silence by taking you to the home of Winifred Virginia Jordan, who has attained distinction as a writer of extraordinary poetry. Just what impression do we gain when genius meets genius and both are writers?

You can learn by reading the story of Mr. Lynch's visit on page 269.



Photo by White, Boston

J. BERNARD LYNCH

What a slogan has saved in men and money

Balancing the Books on "Safety First"

Two words that have been capitalized and are now yielding good returns on the investment in industrial efficiency

By C. W. PRICE

General Manager of the National Safety Council

SOME eighteen years ago it happened to be my lot to be employed in the factory owned by one of the wealthy families of Chicago, a family known as among the most public-spirited in Chicago. And I remember, just before I went to work at this factory that the company had completed a mill in which some five hundred girls and about one hundred and fifty men were employed. This was spoken of at that time as the first model textile plant that had been constructed in the United States.

I remember, how people, in speaking of this family, emphasized what kind-hearted people they were to provide such a fine place for those girls and men to work in. But do you know, I can't recall that anyone ever intimated that all of these things which went to make that mill not only a safe and a healthy place to work, but a pleasant place, would turn out to spell good business, make dividends, increase efficiency of the plant.

Now, if I were asked what is the most significant, and the most encouraging thing that has come to me in my eighteen years' experience in the manufacturing world, I would instantly say it is the coming of the idea, the conviction among employers that everything that makes for conservation of the human equipment makes money, spells efficiency, and therefore is good business.

Sometime ago I was in Boston, and while there I called on the proprietor of one of the finest clothing establishments in the East. I said to the owner, "I have been interested in your plant for a number of years. You people have done everything to make this plant a safe and healthy and pleasant place. You have even gone further than that. You have organized a mutual association among your employees, and that association literally makes the rules and regulations of your store. Now, all this is fine from the standpoint of good ethics; but, does it pay dividends? Is it good business?" He answered: "Mr. Price, at every step it has yielded good returns on investment."

While with the Industrial Commission of Wisconsin, I called on the president of a large manufacturing company at Kenosha. In the conversation he made this statement: "I believe the time is fast approaching when it will be no longer possible to realize the revolutionary economics that were realized when, for instance, the process of making steel was discovered, or the application of electricity was developed, or the steam engine was invented. I believe the next great field of economy in industry is the conserving of the human equipment." And this man has testified to the faith that is in him by making his plant one of the model plants of Wisconsin.

This company has an old foundry about four hundred feet square in which five hundred and fifty men were employed. The general manager told me that for years it was a common thing for men to be overcome by gas in the foundry. They were pouring those little rosette castings used on cheap beds. Then the company spent \$46,000 and raised the roof of that foundry to about forty feet in height, installed adequate window space and made it one of the finest foundries I have ever seen, from the standpoint of light and air. The manager told me that they at once decreased the number of workers from five hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty, increased the output of the foundry, and saved the \$46,000 the first year. Some months ago a professor in one of the leading universities of New York

City asked a prominent Safety engineer this question: "What is the most significant fact which stands out in the last ten years' experience in accident prevention in industry?" The engineer replied: "In my estimation the one outstanding fact is that we have absolutely demonstrated that we can eliminate three-fourths of all accidental deaths and serious injuries in industry." I think this is a good answer. Then it occurred



C. W. PRICE

General Manager of the National Safety Council

to me to line up in my own mind some of the other significant facts in this last ten years' history of the safety movement.

In my opinion, the second most significant fact is that accident prevention has offered the first legitimate common ground on which employer and employee can meet with mutual interest and understanding and with profit to both.

Perhaps ranking third is this fact: That according to the experience of hundreds of industrial plants in which accidents have been reduced from fifty per cent to seventy-five per cent, it has been found that not more than one-third of what was accomplished was made possible by any mechanical guard or mechanical equipment, anything which could be made of iron or wood or steel or purchased with money. Two-thirds has been accomplished thru organization and educational methods, thru reaching superintendents and foremen and getting them convinced and "on the job," and thru them reaching the workmen and getting them intelligently interested in protecting themselves.

The last point which should be mentioned is that every industry that has done efficient accident prevention work has found it not only pays ordinary dividends, but in many cases extraordinary dividends on the investment. And therefore, safety is rapidly coming to be recognized as an indispensable part of an efficient shop organization. It is not only good ethics, but it is good business.

Let me tell you the story of the experience of six large representative industries in accident prevention, a story which will prove the truth of the four statements which I have just made.

A few days ago I was in St. Louis, and while there I visited the great steel foundry of the Commonwealth Steel Company, employing some twenty-five hundred men. Foundries like this, in which large castings are made, are generally considered extra hazardous. The general manager gave me these figures covering their accident experience during the past three years:

In 1918—769 men were injured and lost time.
In 1917—371 men were injured and lost time.
In 1916—124 men were injured and lost time.

During 1918, with twenty-five hundred men working, there were three months during which time not a single man was sufficiently injured to receive compensation under the State laws. In this foundry, with one of the greatest eye hazards that I have seen in any industry, they have eliminated serious eye injuries by rigid enforcement of the use of goggles. The general manager states that five years ago they were spending \$35,000 annually to cover loss from accidents; during 1918 the total cost of compensation was \$4,500. He remarked: "I have made a larger dividend on my investment in safety than I have ever realized in making steel castings."

I have followed closely the experience of this company for a number of years, and I happen to know that this splendid achievement is largely the result of an organization of foremen who are sincerely interested in Safety. Thru these foremen the workmen have been convinced of their responsibility in preventing accidents.

Some time ago I visited the Omaha plant of the American Smelting and Refining Company employing some one thousand men, one of the eighteen plants of this corporation. When I entered the gate I saw a large blackboard located where the men pass on their way to and from work. The blackboard was divided into two parts. On the left hand side was the record, month by month, of lost-time accidents for the previous year, and on the right hand side was the record for lost-time accidents, month by month, for the current year. That blackboard told the story that, comparing the records of the two years, lost-time accidents had been reduced in that plant ninety per cent.

But here is the most remarkable feature of the story. They made a record of operating from September 15 to January 10, approximately four months, with one thousand men working under hazardous conditions, without a single one of these men being sufficiently injured to lose more than twenty-four hours of time. I want to say that I have visited a good many plants in which efficient Safety work is being done, but I have never visited a plant in which was such an absolute pull-together spirit between foremen and workmen as there was in that plant.

It seemed to me the day I was there that every man was doing his level best to keep his department on the banner list.

I went out of that plant with this thought in my mind: "If it can be done in this plant, it can be done in any plant," because the inherent hazards of this plant were above the average, the problem largely a human problem; not a mechanical problem.

The experience of the International Harvester Company is significant because in this great corporation are included coal mines, logging camps, saw mills, railroads, steel mills, foundries, machine shops, wood-working plants and twine mills, representing practically all of the hazards found in the industries of America. During the first five years' experience in accident prevention work in this corporation, deaths from accidents were reduced sixty per cent. In some of the larger plants, deaths and serious injuries have been reduced more than seventy-five per cent, and in the steel mill, employing thirteen hundred men, deaths and serious injuries during the first five years were reduced eighty-eight per cent. During 1915 the cost in compensation for all accidents in the twenty-three plants of the International Harvester Company was only twenty-five cents on each one-hundred-dollar payroll.

A recent statement by the United States Steel Corporation, the great pioneer in the safety movement, reveals the fact that during the twelve years ending with 1918 in this corporation, employing in its mines and steel mills over quarter of a million men, 23,195 men were saved either from being killed or so seriously injured that they were permanently maimed or lost over thirty-five days' time, compared with the record of 1906. The significance of this figure will be suggested to the mind when I say that this represents a city of approximately one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, women, and children, which city the head of every home, the father of every family, has been saved either from death or serious injury. During that twelve years, beginning with 1907 and ending with 1918, the total saving to the steel corporation in cost of accidents compared to the cost in 1906, was approximately \$12,000,000—\$1,000,000 each year.

In three of the large plants of the Steel Corporation, the South Works, and the Gary and Joliet plants of the Illinois Steel Company, located in and around Chicago, during the past twelve years they have reduced deaths and serious injuries more than eighty per cent compared with the record of 1906. In the face of war conditions and the most serious labor situation ever known, these plants made a record in 1917 of reducing accidents thirty-seven per cent over the previous year, and in 1918 made a further reduction of ten per cent over 1917. This remarkable record was made possible by an organization of superintendents and foremen who were absolutely convinced of safety, and a thoro-going campaign of education which effectively reached every workman.

A few years ago we would have said that the railroads represented one of the most hazardous industries in this country. Do you know that during the last eight years every great railroad in the United States has organized a most comprehensive accident prevention movement, and is now pushing safety with the same brains and backbone that they are pushing anything else which saves waste and makes for efficiency? A report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, covering the first five years' history of this movement ending with June 30, 1916, reveals the fact that during the five years deaths to passengers in train wrecks were reduced fifty per cent and deaths to train operators were reduced forty-seven per cent. During the year ending June 30, 1918, there were three hundred and twenty-five railroads, including some of the largest, with one hundred and sixty-two thousand miles of track, and carrying four hundred and eighty-five million passengers, that did not kill a passenger in a wreck. Now any movement which in five years can command the attention and the support of the managers of the great railroads of this country, must have in it something of unusual worth.

One of the most significant things which has happened during recent years in the safety field has happened in Allegheny County, including Pittsburgh. (Continued on page 287)

Petticoated Finance

By EDNA ERLE WILSON

"Selling big ideas is the greatest game on earth," says Miss Schooley

WHEN in this age of feminine achievement we find a woman who is pioneering in a new kind of job, we feel that we have made a discovery. Such a find is Miss Ella Schooley, who as the successful organizer of big financial campaigns, is swishing her petticoats across a field hitherto adventured in only by the masculine half of the world. Man has always viewed woman's puny efforts at raising funds with tolerant amusement, smiling at her oyster suppers and fancy-work bazaars with their dime and dollar results. But Miss Schooley's record calls forth a smile of admiration rather than one of condescension.

This woman financier deals in big sums, having raised and administered twenty million dollars last year. In discharging her work she covered thirty thousand miles of American soil, journeying from the rocky coasts of New England to the sandy beaches of Florida.

"Finance is the greatest living game," says Miss Schooley, when asked how she likes her job as Executive of the Finance Department of the National Y. W. C. A. "It may be fascinating to sell soap, books, automobiles, or bonds, but the biggest thing in the world is to sell ideas." That there is a trick about the business, or that she has a special method guaranteed to work in nine cases out of ten, Miss Schooley denies.

"One must have great ingenuity," she acknowledges, "and be resourceful. Then she must have a keen instinct for making the right approach, and be able to present her case clearly and convincingly either before a woman's club in Oshkosh or an organization of business men in San Francisco. One angle will appeal to women and another to men, and cues must not be mixed. In seeking funds, one should always paint a picture of results to be gained thru money requested, know definitely how much one wants, and what one is going to do with it."

According to Miss Schooley, psychology is the great factor to reckon with in planning and putting across a financial campaign. The human equation stands first, for one must be a human being with knowledge and understanding of people to succeed. The argument that will clinch a bargain with a Kansas farmer may fail utterly with a Louisiana cotton planter. The two men have different traditions, different resources, and different points of view about giving.

Traveling over the country discloses many things to an observant mind. One discovery of this woman financier is that there is a real geographical psychology to be considered in raising funds. This fact is also demonstrated by comparing the generosity of different sections. Miss Schooley's map of the United States has enlightening foot notes, never put there by the publisher. They indicate that "the far West is very optimistic and will undertake anything and succeed in getting it over. The Middle West has to be shown. It wants a reason. Conservative New England does not take well to new ideas. Old established forms appeal in this section. In the Atlantic States men have had generations of training in giving. They respond generously, but for all their liberality they appraise the business feature of a proposition very accurately. The South with its growing prosperity has suddenly awakened to a realization of what it can do. During the war the changed attitude of the population south of the Mason and Dixon line on the question of giving was quite startling."

The most interesting psychology of the lot is that of the business man. A man of affairs must be convinced that an investment in the nation's girlhood will yield dividends in practical results. In this connection Miss Schooley relates



MISS ELLA SCHOOLEY

The "woman financier" who directs the getting and the spending of funds for the Y. W. C. A.

an illuminating experience that took place in St. Louis several years ago when she was heading a building campaign for four hundred thousand dollars.

"One stormy March day I entered a business building and was whizzed upward to the office of one of the city's most successful men," she reminisces, with the twinkle of a pleasant memory in her eyes. "This man was able to give generously, but when I had presented my case he said frankly that he didn't believe in it. 'Show me one instance in which

your organization has benefitted a business girl in St. Louis,' he growled, impatiently tapping his shining mahogany desk with a silver paper knife.

"I hesitated just a second, and then decided to take a chance.

"Will you call in your secretary for a moment, if you please," I asked. He nodded an assent and pushed a button.

"When an energetic, capable looking girl appeared with a notebook in her hand, he explained to her the object of my visit. Then he repeated his question. The bright looking young woman who was earning a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars (which in the year of our Lord 1911 was considerably better pay than it is today), squared her shoulders and looked into her employer's face.

"Have I been useful to you here?" she inquired.

"If I were not afraid of spoiling you by telling you the truth I'd say that I couldn't run my business without you," he answered.

"Then I am the example you asked for," she smiled, "for what business efficiency I possess is due to the Y. W. C. A."

A check in five figures was her employer's comment.

* * *

When Miss Schooley is asked if men give more generously than women her answer is a quick positive "no." But she has discovered that women give more liberally to men's work than they do to women's, which fact may be verified by glancing thru the bequests in any wealthy woman's will. The largest sums will inevitably go to propositions or organizations the presentation of which was made to the donor by a man. This state of affairs is not due to the fact that women believe more in men's work than in women's, but because women present a cause in a small way. A man says "I have something big here," and the subscriber writes a check to correspond with her mental picture of the undertaking. Women as yet are timid about going out after money and place the sum asked for too low. This is a direct result of their sheltered lives and lack of experience in financial matters.

"And yet on the other hand when the presentation comes from a member of her own sex women are more apt to underwrite a salary than an idea," is Miss Schooley's experience. "A woman will be moved to tears at a hard luck story. The individual personal experience of Mary the shop girl with an inadequate wage and an invalid mother to support will call forth a check much more quickly than plans for a health center or a cafeteria in a busy section or an industrial club house, any of which projects will benefit scores of Marys."

* * *

In spite of her unusual attainments, Miss Schooley repudiates the assumption that she was ever an infant prodigy. During her early years she demonstrated a decided talent in one direction only, and that was toward play. The spirit of making work a game is strong in her, and "Playmate" is one of her favorite modes of addressing her co-workers. In her school days she never dreamed of financial adventures, but planned to teach. An opportunity to go into business knocked this idea in the head. With borrowed capital and a staff of one,

consisting of a pug-nosed, freckled-faced little office boy, she started to supply business offices with everything they should have, from a roll-topped desk to a burglar proof safe. She must have furnished quite a few business establishments, for when she sold out, twelve years later, the staff of one office boy had grown to twelve people, and there had also been a corresponding increase in the capital. It was a few years later that, close on the heels of a trip around the world, Miss Schooley became associated with the Y. W. C. A.

This financier believes in women in a big kind of way. Ideas more than personalities count with her. She violates the tradition that women do not work well in co-operation. She considers herself only one of a large selling force, not a "boss," and the wide diversity of the types of her staff, ranging from the radical to the conservative, is the keynote of her personality. Her desk chair is often empty, for this woman is an unusual example of the outdoor type of mind, pinning her faith to the direct personal contact both in sizing up and putting over a deal.

Miss Schooley also thinks that those qualities in her sex which are usually balanced against them in comparing with men are assets in finance work. Conservatism, over-conscientiousness, attention to detail, and the tendency to be personal become stepping stones, not tombstones to success in this particular field.

* * *

"Because women are apt to view life from a personal angle they see the proposition they are presenting in terms of the individual approached," she explains. "A man slaps his neighbor on the shoulder and says, 'I gave you five hundred dollars for your hospital, old man. Now come across for our Children's Milk Committee.' It is tit for tat with him. He expects a *quid pro quo*. Raising money is a business enterprise to be handled in a business manner.

"On the other hand a woman expects the donor to her project to be interested in it and believe in it just as she does. So she makes her approach in a different way, not only because of her faith, but also because of her idealism. She has not been so scarred with wounds of competitive struggle as man, for her entry into modern business came at a much later date. Her view-point is more social. It is business for service, not for profit."

Speaking of the fact that women are not good gamblers and hesitate to take a sporting chance, Miss Schooley again claims that this scores in their favor and in no way inhibits enterprise and initiative. Again and again she has been amazed in her committee work, both national and local, to observe the alertness and resourcefulness of women with no business experience.

To this native ability women are daily adding special training in statistics, economic and special aspects of business. It seems inevitable that Miss Schooley's career is only the forerunner of many others of the same kind, and that a contribution to finance as a part of the new social order will be made by women in the future.



Swing Your Partners

By JESSIE HENDERSON

BRILLIANT lights beaming from each window of a four-story brick building, hundreds of young men and women streaming through the doorway with the glow of anticipation on their faces, and a medley of sounds, piano, violin, cornet, a chorus, and a strangely familiar type of shouting—

"What is this place?" asked one tourist of another. In all the District of Columbia the building at Tenth and K Streets was one of the "sights."

The visitors entered the building and followed toward the sound of music and laughter. In the basement was a group training in orchestral music. In another room a group was being ardently coached for a production of the opera "Faust." In still another room three young ladies were serving refreshments to the numerous thirsty couples who wandered down that way in search of ice cream or soda pop.

On the first floor, information clerks were busy. In an auditorium two hundred people were dancing under kindly chaperonage. Most of the men were in uniform, while the young women appeared to be from government departments.

An entirely different state of affairs prevailed on the second floor. Here was a touch of the cultural mingled with the comfortable atmosphere of a man's club. There was a lounging room that served as a combination library, writing room, and quiet game room. A few reading chaps were here and also fellows who did not dance and preferred to write or to play chess or checkers.

In the gymnasium, on the top floor, were sixty men and women earnestly dancing the old-time square dances of the rural districts. In one end of the gymnasium were two musicians. A single glance placed them; they belonged to the thinning army of country-dance fiddlers. In their repertoires were such tunes as "Old Joe Clarke," "The Devil's Dream," "Cotton-Eyed Joe," "Soldier's Joy," and "Christmas Day"—tunes handed down from fiddler to fiddler for many years.

On the floor were crack dancers from many states. Among them circled experienced "callers-out," some of whom knew more than two hundred figures. If their calls could be taken down and collected, they would enrich the literature of the dance. The young women came almost entirely from country districts. Here and there a town girl was found who had become fascinated with the strenuous motion and complicated figures and sturdy appeal of the square dances.

A ruddy-faced soldier shouted: "Get your partners for the

next set!" He had called sets in rural communities from coast to coast.

The music struck up a few preliminary bars. The "caller" shouted:

"Four couples out—and forty more!

"Salute your partners. Corners, too.

"Eight hands up and circle to the left."

A few brisk evolutions, and the voice cried again:



The renaissance of the square dance at Carroll Institute, conducted in the nation's capital by Community Service

"Swing your partner.

"Corners, too.

"Right hand to your partner,

"And right and left through!"

"That's a West Virginia dance," explained a young woman who came up to greet the wondering visitors. If you stay long enough, you'll see dances from other sections—"

A "call" interrupted her:

"Lady round a lady,

"And the gent so low.

"Lady round a gent,

"And the gent don't go."

"That's a familiar one in north Texas," the young woman went on, "it came from the hills of the old Southern states."

"W-what is this place?" asked one of the visitors.

The young woman laughed at his look of bewilderment. "It's the headquarters for Community Service. This building used to be called 'Carroll Institute'; it was built years ago and had been empty for some time when we took it over. Now it's a community club house."

"Some institution!" commented the visitor. "We danced those square figures when I was a kid—"

So many people danced them "when they were kids," and so many other people liked them as a change from the modern jazz

steps that the renaissance of square dances in the nation's capital came with a rush. Mrs. Genevieve Turner Holman, director of social recreation for Community Service in Washington, found thousands of soldiers who knew the old-fashioned dances, but couldn't do a one-step to save their lives.

In her training class for leaders of recreation she had taught figures of quadrilles as part of the course. This led to the idea that perhaps some of the soldiers who didn't know the modern steps would like to learn the square dances or to brush up their knowledge of them. In Mrs. Mary P. Sutherland of Lake City, Michigan, she found an enthusiastic leader. Mrs. Sutherland, who gained acquaintance with the square dance while she was a rural school teacher, lives in the hope that the square dance will one day become the national favorite again. She believed many of the young people knew the square dances, because these were danced in their home neighborhoods—and the success of the first class in square dancing amply justified her belief.

While the war was still on, Mrs. Holman determined to give the soldiers from rural districts an opportunity to dance their

neighborhood dances. She advertised for an "old-time fiddler." Responses came from all over the country—replies that were picturesque and eager.

The experiment began with four soldiers and three girls—the girls saying rather dubiously that "they'd come once, anyhow." The soldiers quickly taught the young women some of the simpler dances and the movement began to take root. Within a few weeks the capacity of the gymnasium was overtaxed and it was necessary to find more space. The public school community centers were used.

And pretty soon "Swi-i-i-nnn-ng your par-r-r-rtners! L-a-a-a-a-a-adies chain—" may be as familiar a sound in the national capital as once it was in the days of hoopskirts and quilting parties.

"Say," said the visitors bashfully, "if that fiddler can play 'Turkey-in-the-Straw,' and if you would really like to see how we dance the Portland Fancy in Little Run, back of Bear Mountain—"

Which is how the advanced class in quadrilles 'n' such-like learned yet another set of steps.

THE GIRL WHO RAN AWAY

Continued from page 270

poems, selections from her many magazine contributions.

Editors, with finger-tips on the pulse-beat of public opinion, are willing to satisfy that public's demand for "more," because they think that in her verse they have found the quality that lives.

Realizing the strong thread of "human interest" in the character that achieves fame, I accepted with pleasure the editor's request to "get an interview."

The address, 20 Webster Street, Allston, had been on a number of manuscripts eventually published in the NATIONAL. I knew the place. I felt that, from reading her work, I should know the writer.

But many mishaps can overtake a truant fancy. Celebrities, I had reasoned on the journey out, were merely another species of sheep. The flock might be small and the pasture exclusive, but—sheep after all, were—sheep!

So I was not breathless nor palpitating as I rang the bell, prepared to meet a tortoise-rimmed "intellectual."

"Miss Jordan?" I inquired from the smiling vision who opened the portal.

"That's me," was the cheering response.

"Pardon," I entreated. "I wish to see Miss Jordan—the writer—Miss Winifred Virginia Jordan."

"I am Winifred Virginia Jordan," came the softly-spoken assurance.

Right here, had I worn glasses, I would have considered it time to take 'em off and remove the rose-tinted lens.

Being as how my eyes are cold, cautious, and the sort that rarely fail in showing things as they really are, I quickly recovered my lost composure.

"I regret having seemed to doubt you, Miss Jordan," I offered, "it seems I have taken too much—or too little—for granted. Are you willing to receive a visit from the NATIONAL?"

"Of course," she answered with delightful promptness. "Come right in and make yourself at home. I have reason to be grateful to the NATIONAL. 'Set' you down in this comfy chair, light one of the cigarettes now concealed in your pocket, and listen while I tell you why you doubted."

"If folks persist in calling my work psychic," she continued, "I'm a-going to start right now and live up to the reputation."

Reaching for my cigarettes, I puffed rapidly

to create a smoke screen that should conceal my amazement.

"You come," said the voice in the haze, "as others have done, with a look of wonder on your face. Why? You expect to find a somber bee, when there is but a care-free butterfly. As you paused at the door, you found it difficult to reconcile a brass head, a pink complexion, blue eyes and a Sunny-Jim smile with aught that is literary. For the moment I reminded you of others you have met—the dizzy soubrette of the wiggly chorus and the lady who adorns the tooth paste ads. with her engaging smile. Then you quickly changed your opinion, and was ready to apologize for such thinking. Since when, after retreating behind your smoke curtain, you have decided to start all over again. Well, I'm not blaming you. They're all like you—at first."

I sat up straight, took a firmer grip on my idle pencil, and stared astonishment.

Then, as if she had willed silence, I waited while her glance traveled to the window and over the autumn foliage, perhaps to find a new image in the wondrous weavings of brown and gold.

Knowing no photo would do her justice, I took advantage of the lull, and wrote:

Blonde, beautiful and real, rare as her own creations, and equally as wonderful, are the heavy coils of hair circling a small and graceful head. A veritable crown of glory it is, with lights upon it that quicken the imagination and play tricks with the fancy, as it radiates changing glows of burnished bronze, rose-hue and gold. Yes, hair capable of making any man romantic and any woman envious.

Nose, a wee bit retrouse; carmine lips that reveal teeth evenly beautiful and white; skin like alabaster with shell pink tinting, eyes indeed blue and bonnie.

Tall, graceful, with quiet dignity in every movement, a figure whose lines are marked with almost breathless precision. Good, very good to look at.

Young, quite young for one to wear the crown of literary achievement, with a vivaciousness that ever and anon proves evanescent, overcome by serious moments. Spirituelle and—oh, just the living likeness of the heroine of a million dramas and a billion books of fiction.

"Your lumberjack poems are much admired for realism," I remarked, since her eyes again invited me to speak. "The inspiration for them—"

"Came from the voice that whispers words and melodies in my ear. The messages—call them inspired if you will—are written as received, without revision. I am only the medium through which they find the light."

"But," she added reminiscently, "you must let me follow the road back to a little village of twenty-one houses, settled in 1811. Father was a lumberman, everyone was either that or a farmer. All around lay the wilderness, the nearest neighbor was a mile distant. In a corner of the little old red schoolhouse I, at the age of two, occupied a wee chair. I see Pa's hound dogs and the bear he chained to a chimney in the camp store house. I'm being taught Pa's first lesson—how to shoot a Winchester. I being so tiny, he made a 'contraption' to rest it on. Days, short as hours, are crowded with thrills. I'm camping, fishing, canoeing on Jo Merry lakes; tramping the big woods, always roaming, and always in my ears, always, 'Virgin-ia! Vir-gin-ia! I say, where are you?'"

"Lazily buzzes the cant-dog saw mill, loudly pound the logs on the river, resonant are the voices of the loggers, their sunshine and shadow are mine, too. Night glowing camp fires, their witchery heightened by a gypsy circle spinning fictitious truths. And, when the heart warmed, and the soul developed, songs of yearning came freighted with the fragrance of romance—reaching you with the incense of burning logs of pine and hemlock. No, it is not strange. The voice that whispers knew me then."

The eyes were eloquent as she completed the picture, wherein could be traced "Driftwood and Fire," "Ellsworth to Great Pond," "The Song of Johnny Laughlin," "Larry Gorman, Singer," and "Joe"—her poems of woods and lumber-jacks.

Then—the voice soft, the eyes wistful—"To you, perhaps a simple setting, without appeal. To me—home."

"There were days of disappointment," I suggested.

"Many filled with longing—only one of disappointment."

"And that?"

"Was when a good-for-nothing neighbor found me on the trail to the fishing hole and out of sheer cussedness stuffed my mouth with wriggling worms."

"I cried—cried until I reached home. That night I lay awake dreaming of vengeance."

As she spoke there crept into her eyes a fire.

Continued on page 287

Speaking of the Wild-cat

Hitting the High Spots in the Texas Oil Fields

By EVERETT LLOYD

IT is almost as difficult to find an original title for an oil story as it is to find a name not already pre-empted with which to christen a new oil company. Concerning the former so much has been written and so much perfectly innocent white paper sacrificed that herein lies at least one reason for the shortage of paper. And the latter—well, the entire animal and vegetable kingdom have been exhausted. Even the planets and all the elements have been commandeered and are now working overtime in the Texas oil fields to bolster up the ambitious plans of the "best proposition on earth—fully paid and non-assessable." Mythology has been stripped of its last hero, and Bullfinch's "Age of Fable" relegated to second place alongside of the Oil School of Literature. But at that, the Texas oil fraternity should build a monument to the bold and daring wild-catter to whom all credit for the discovery of the Texas fields is due, for prominent among the wonders of this age with regard to new fields of wealth and industry stands Texas oil and Texas oil fields. Never before in the history of the world has so much wealth been taken from so small an area or during so short a time.

The late Noah Webster of Hartford, Connecticut, descanting on the wild-cat, referred to him as "a genus of the Felidae, not easily tamed and given to preying on quadrupeds and birds, his ears being tipped with tufts of hair." But subsequent events have shown us that Mr. Webster with all his erudition knew as much about the wild-cat as Consul Kortright knew about the oil industry when, in making his official report on the Pennsylvania and Ohio fields in 1870 said:

"The oil regions are 100 wide by 30 to 50 miles in breadth, and the number of wells to be tapped so great that the supply is considered to be sufficient for a century to come at least."

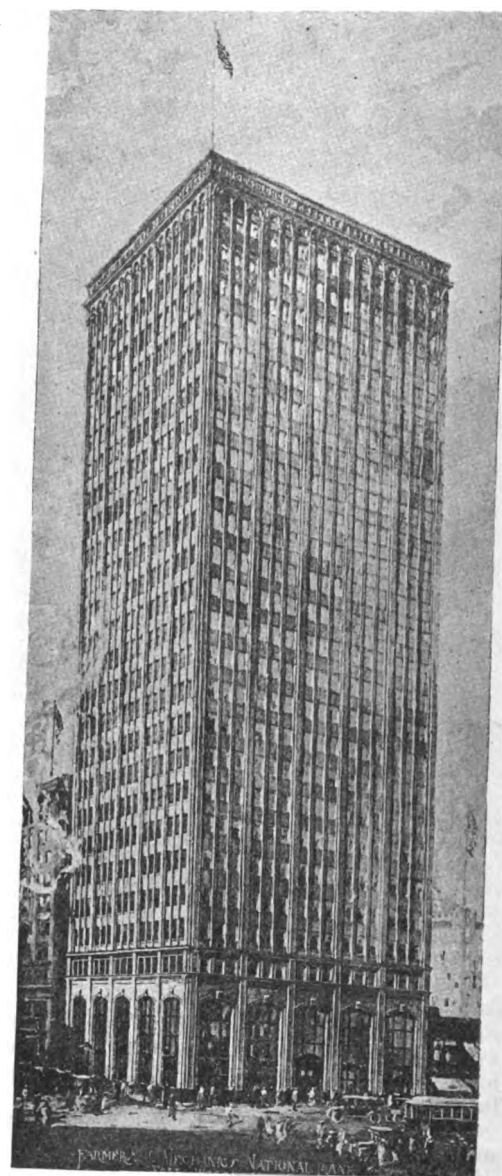
In all the propaganda circulated for and against the oil industry the wild-catter has been overlooked. He has been given an unfair deal at the hands of editors and writers, whereas, he alone is responsible for the discovery and development of not only the Texas fields, but of all other oil fields. To the oil industry the wild-catter is the same as a prospector to the mining industry.

In a general way Texas is known all over the world as one of our principal oil producing states, but few people, aside from those actually connected in some manner with the oil industry, have any well defined idea of the real value of the Texas oil fields.

It is a regrettable fact much that has been given the reading public is not calculated to lead to the formation of a true conception of the situation. People have read of Burkburnett, Ranger and Desdemona, and long ago of Spindle Top, and if they have made no personal investigation they probably believe that these are the only oil producing districts of Texas.

The earliest records of oil development in Texas date back to the eighties, when shallow sands were found in Nacogdoches county in the central eastern part of the state. At depths varying from 150 to 200 feet production was secured ranging from 75 to 150 barrels per day. The first pipe line built in Texas was for the purpose of caring for this production.

These wells were short lived, and there was



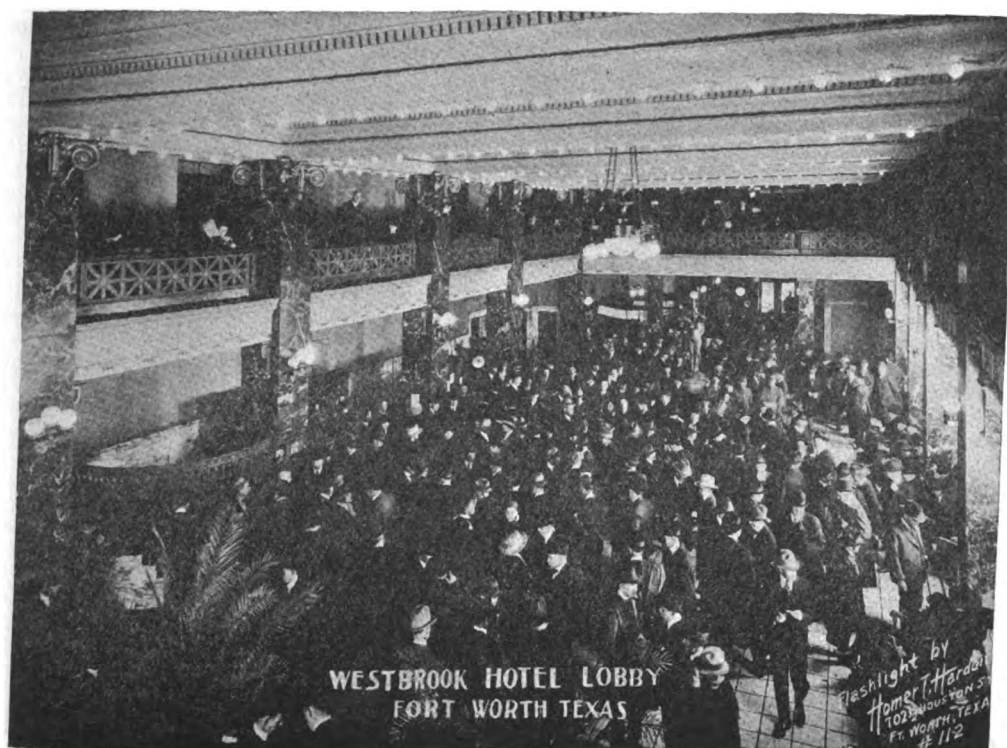
Farmers and Mechanics National Bank building, Fort Worth, Texas

little activity in the petroleum industry until 1894 when, while drilling for water, oil was discovered at Corsicana, which is about 100 miles west of the first discovery. The first shipment of oil was made from the Corsicana field in 1895, and there is considerable production there today.

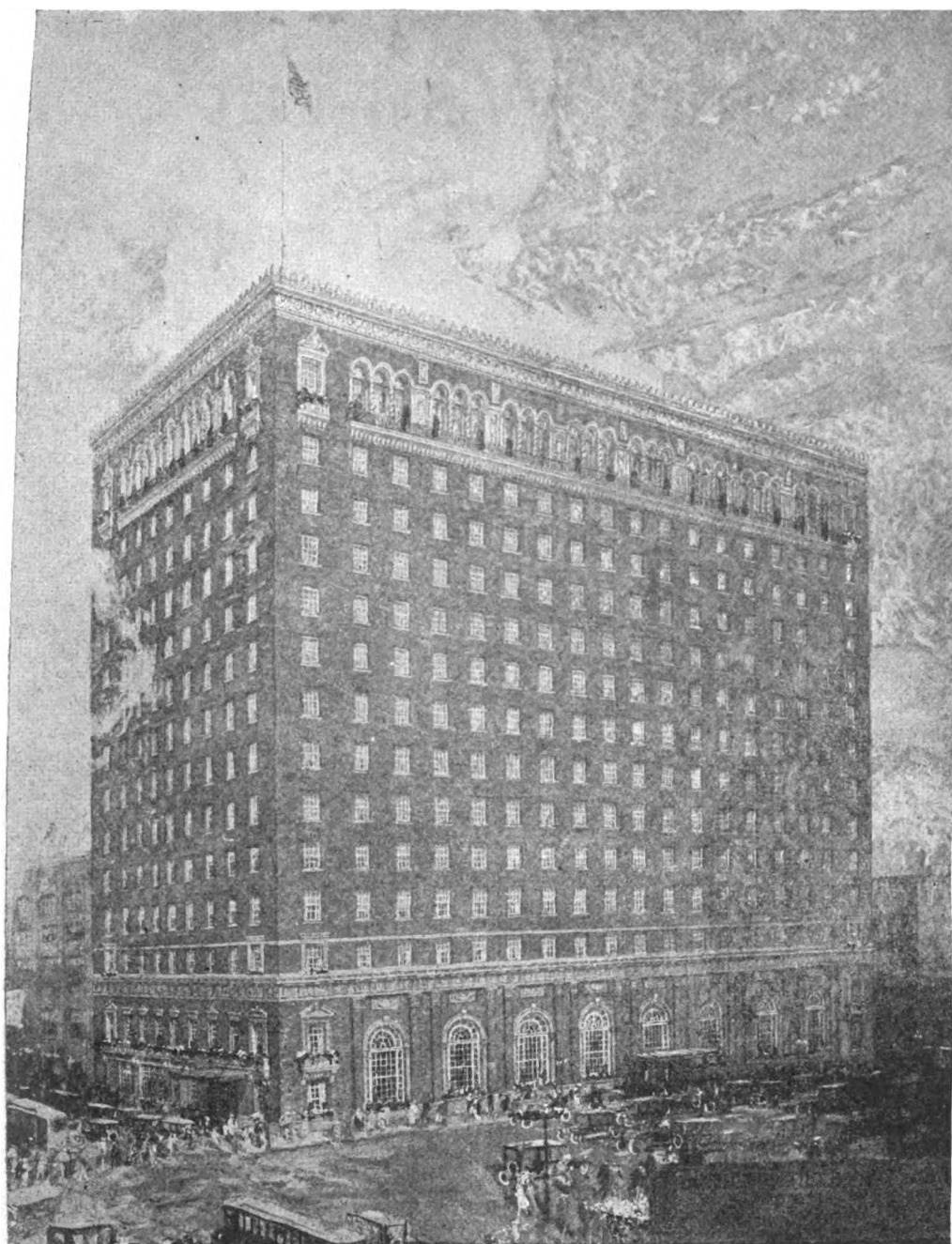
The next discovery of oil was in 1901 at Spindle Top near Beaumont, close to the Gulf of Mexico, and about 150 miles south of the first discovery.

Spindle Top opened up the Gulf Coast fields and started a boom which was possibly the greatest Texas has ever experienced, not excepting even the Burkburnett, Ranger and Desdemona booms of the past two years. Since that time there has been a steady development and substantial production of oil along the Gulf Coast.

In 1909 the first oil was discovered in north Texas on the W. T. Waggoner ranch near the



A wild oil scene in a Fort Worth (Texas) hotel lobby during the oil boom



The Winfield, Fort Worth's new three-million-dollar hotel

town of Electra, in Wichita county. Since 1909 every year has seen its share of development, some years more than others, until today oil is being produced in twenty-eight counties, and test wells are being drilled in 149 other counties, making a total of 177 counties out of the entire 245 counties of the State.

PRESENT PRODUCTION

Texas ranks second among the oil producing states, California being first. The difference in the monthly output of the two states is only slightly in favor of California.

Texas ranks first in the production of high gravity or light oil, her daily output of this grade being 215,000 barrels pipe line run.

On January 1, 1920, the total daily production of Texas was not far from 300,000 barrels, and this is approximately twenty-one per cent of the daily production of the entire United States.

Texas production is divided about one-third low gravity and two-thirds high gravity. The low gravity in this instance is produced from the Gulf Coast fields and the high gravity from the other fields.

The lighter grades of oil contain a large percentage of gasoline, naphtha, and kerosine, and from this grade is manufactured the lubricating oils, the cylinder stocks, etc. This grade of

Texas oil is now selling on the market for \$3.00 per barrel.

HISTORY AND LOCATION OF OIL FIELDS

The Gulf Coast fields stretch for many miles along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in intermittent producing districts. This field is the oldest of any importance in the state, in fact it supplied the foundation for the building of the present vast oil industry in Texas.

With the single exception of the wild excitement attending the discovery at Spindle Top the development of the Coast region has been along conservative lines.

In the early days of the development of this field the pipe line and refining facilities were very limited, and the production far outstripped the marketing possibilities, but now they have the best of pipe line facilities and many large refineries not only take care of their production but take oil from all the fields in the State.

During the Spindle Top days many companies were organized, some of which have developed into the foremost oil organizations of the country. "The Texas Company," one of the leading producing, refining and transporting companies of today, was then the "Hogg-Swayne Syndicate" named for Governor James Hogg and Judge James H. Swayne. Many other companies had

their beginning in the Gulf Coast country, among the largest of which are the Gulf Oil Corporation and the Humble Oil & Refining Company.

The Gulf Coast field is producing about 60,000 barrels daily, and the best known pools in this field are:—

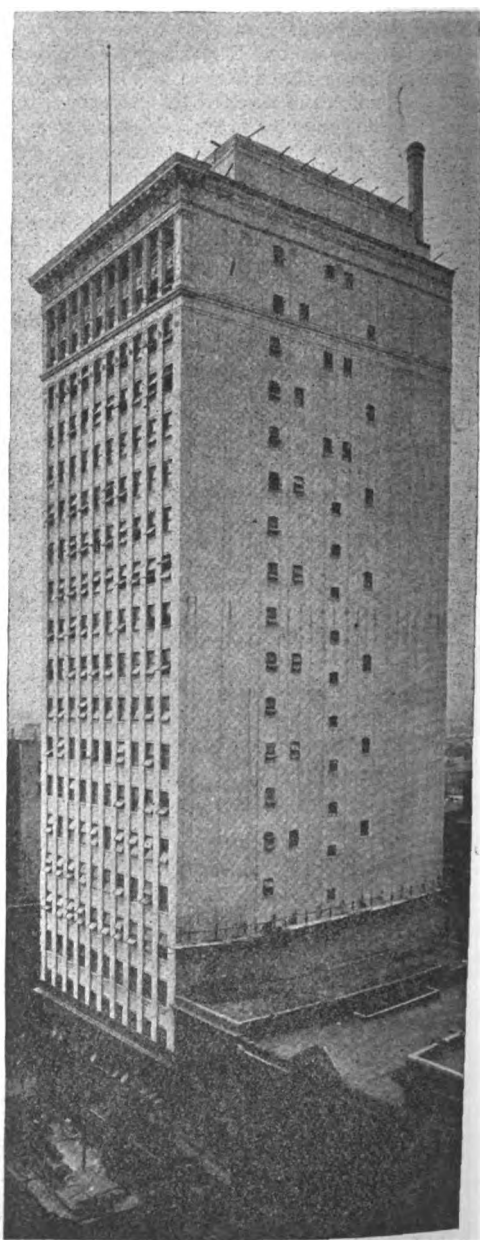
West Columbia in Brazoria county, daily 18,500 barrels; Sour Lake in Hardin county, daily 6,000 barrels; Humble in Harris county, daily 8,000 barrels; Goose Creek in Harris county daily 15,000 barrels.

The North Central Texas fields embrace sixteen counties, and while there is production in all of them the larger part of the production today is coming from three counties—Eastland, Stephens and Wichita.

One of the most important chapters in all the industrial history of Texas is that dealing with the development of the north central oil fields. This field is about 150 miles long, running north and south, and about 50 miles wide, containing approximately 4,800,000 acres. Very little of it is now actually productive, though most of it is prospective oil territory, and very little of it has actually been condemned.

The Electra Pool, the oldest in north Texas, opened up in 1909, has been producing ever since, and has today daily output of 9,500 barrels. It is located in the western part of Wichita county and the eastern part of Wilbarger county.

Burkburnett, that is, what is known now as



The W. T. Waggoner building, Fort Worth, Texas—Home of the National Bank of Commerce



W. E. CLARK

Secretary and General Manager of the Royal Petroleum Company

drilling site, and the other handicaps, the development of this field has steadily progressed until there are now a large number of producing wells with a daily production of thousands of barrels.

Stephens County field was opened up by The Texas Company about the same time as the Ranger field. A wild-cat well twenty miles north of the town of Ranger was the discovery well.

This country has no railroad and supplies must be hauled from twenty to forty miles, but this will soon be remedied, as there are two railroads now building into the county.

The development of Stephens county has moved steadily forward until today there is production in all parts of the county. New wells are being brought in almost every day, and when the new railroads are completed in the next few months this county will become one of the largest producers of any county in the State.

Burkburnett pool was discovered in July, 1918, by a well drilled on the Fowler farm, just at the edge of the town, and this opened up the greatest townsite development ever known. There was scarcely a town lot that did not have its own well, and in some instances dwellings were moved, or parts of them torn away to make room for the derrick.

Burk Waggoner pool or what is sometimes called the Northwest Extension of the Burkburnett pool, was discovered in April, 1919, and begins about three miles west of the town of Burkburnett. This pool has proved the most prolific of any in North Texas, and is today the biggest producer of high gravity oil of any one particular pool in the Mid-Continent field.

OTHER CONSPICUOUS SUCCESSES IN TEXAS OIL FIELDS

The most conspicuous successes in the Texas oil fields have not been attained exclusively by the so-called big companies; and in this connection it might be well to cite a few of the new companies, notably the Bradley Company, the National Producing & Refining Company, The Texas Eagle Oil & Refining Company, the Virginia Company, Incorporated, the Royal Petro-



CLARE WILLARD

President of the Royal Petroleum Company

"Old Burkburnett" was opened up shortly after the Electra pool, and is also in Wichita county some twenty miles from Electra.

For almost ten years Electra and Burkburnett produced practically all the oil coming from north Texas. During this time some oil had been developed at Strawn in Palo Pinto county and at Moran in Shackelford county. It is known now that Strawn is on the eastern and Moran on the western border of what is the greatest producing area of Texas, and that during all these years the oil producers just missed this rich field.

In 1916 W. K. Gordon, general manager of the Texas Pacific Coal Company, proposed to the business men of Ranger that his company would drill four deep test wells for the mineral lease on 30,000 acres lying adjacent to that village. The land was secured and the first well drilled just north of Ranger was a gas well.

The Ranger Pool was discovered in October, 1917, by the securing of oil in the second of these test wells, this discovery well being southwest of Ranger on the McClesky farm. The real development of the Ranger field began in the spring of 1918, when all the big companies secured acreage and started extensive active campaigns.

Operations in this field have been unusually expensive. According to statements of the big companies the average cost of a well is \$50,000. The heavy standard rig and cable tools are used and the oil is found at from 2800 to 3600 feet.

Regardless of the difficulty and delay attending the securing of supplies, the almost impassable roads over which the supplies must be hauled to



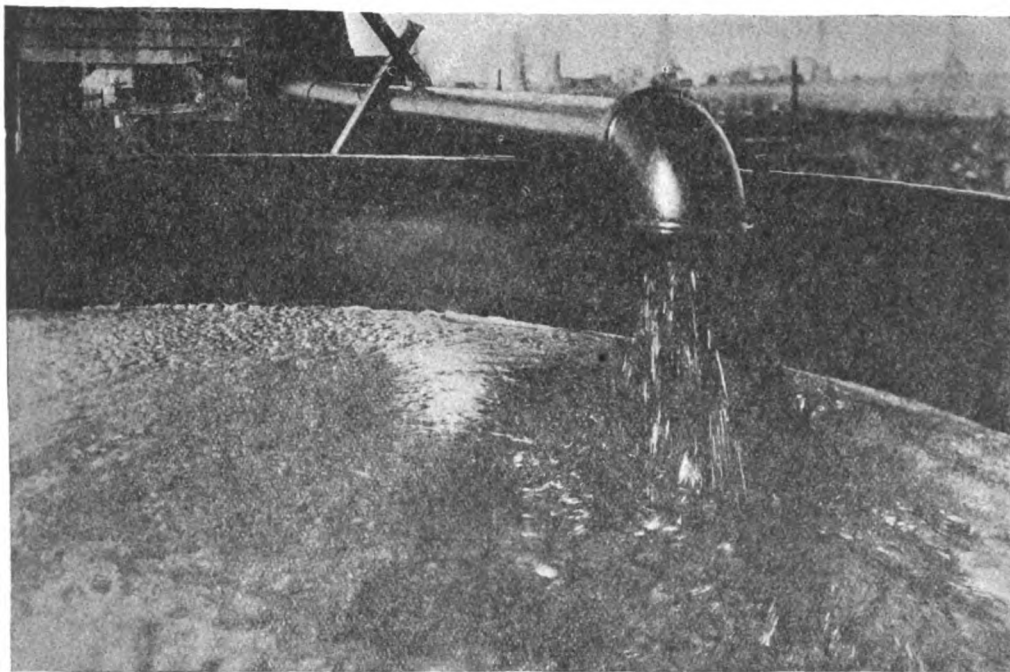
EUGENE SHANNON

General Manager of Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce

leum Company and the Buie Oil Corporation. There are other big successes in the local field, but these represent the most typical illustrations to become big factors in Texas development.

The Bradley Company, organized by the Bradley brothers—C. A. and I. M. Bradley—two of the most experienced and successful operators in the Texas and Oklahoma fields, bids fair to become a second Texas Company. In addition to being able oil operators, the Bradley Brothers are men of unquestioned character and integrity, possessing keen intellects, business courage and financial knowledge. The Bradley Company is a \$10,000,000 organization with some of the most valuable acreage in Texas, and the company is so organized as to profit by every branch of the oil business. If all the oil companies were conducted as the Bradley Company, and all oil operators were of the type and character as the Bradley brothers, the oil business would never have suffered from the evils of promotion; and no other operators have done more to invest the oil business with high business ethics than C. A. and I. M. Bradley, who deserve all the success and credit which will undoubtedly come to them and their associates and stockholders.

The National Producing & Refining Company, organized by C. S. Woods, is another notable company in the Fort Worth field, with large acreage throughout the proven Texas and Louisiana oil belts. This company now has more than four thousand stockholders throughout the United States and a directorate of able business men. President C. S. Woods has long been one of the successful developers of Texas and has always operated on a large scale. With a total of 186,541 acres in Texas, Kentucky and Louisiana, this



What a real gusher in action looks like

company has begun operations under the most auspicious conditions and should become one of the great producing and refining companies of Texas within a short time. With an authorized capitalization of \$10,000,000, this company has ample funds to develop its holdings, which, according to the law of averages, must yield large returns to the stockholders. President Woods was most fortunate in surrounding himself with experienced business men and oil operators. Charles A. Lockard, vice-president of the National Producing and Refining Co., was with the Standard Oil Company and the Prairie Oil & Gas Company for fifteen years and knows every angle of the oil business.

The Royal Petroleum Company, organized by W. E. Clark and Clare Willard, is a more recent company than the others mentioned, but one which has attracted the attention of investors since its beginning. W. E. Clark, secretary and manager of the Royal Petroleum Company, has been in the oil business for thirty years, having been one of the pioneers in the Pennsylvania, Montana and Wyoming fields. With a million-dollar capital this company owns large acreage in the Texas fields and no company has more brilliant prospects of success.

Clare Willard, president of the Royal Petroleum Company, is also president of the First National Bank of Allegany, New York, a former member of the New York State Legislature and one of the largest stockholders of the Spruce Falls Pulp and Paper Company of Ontario, Canada, and no man stands higher in his home state as a citizen and business man. We mention these men in passing in order to call the attention of the investing public to the high type of business men who are really running the oil business. There are many promoters in the business; that is, there were a great many in the first flush of the oil boom, but all the men in the oil business who are operating along safe, legitimate business lines are making money, and failures among this class are rare. Ninety percent of the failures have been due to inexperienced management. The oil business is a "business" to be sure, but from the standpoint of character we believe that the representative oil men of the country will measure up to any other business or professional class. There has been entirely too much propaganda regarding the oil industry—much of it a reflection on the men who are responsible for the development of the industry itself.

Another notable success is the Virginia Company, Inc., which was recently organized by

Judge James Swayne and Judge Gaines B. Turner, with a capitalization of \$6,000,000, divided into as many shares of a par value of \$1.00 each. There is a striking similarity between the Virginia Company, Inc., and the great Texas Company, which today ranks among the world's greatest producing companies. The Texas Company grew out of the Hogg-Swayne Syndicate, brought into being by Judge J. M. Swayne.

Starting only four months ago, the Virginia Company, Inc., now has three thousand barrels daily production and several wells being drilled. This company is one of the most sensational in Texas and will soon be a rival of Sinclair, the Texas and Gulf companies, owning as it does more than 100,000 acres.

There are any number of good companies in the Texas fields where the investor's money is safe and likely to bring quick and substantial returns. We have singled out the above companies as representative companies that have made a big success—yet they are all new and independent companies.

THE STORY OF THE BUIE OIL CORPORATION

The story of James A. Buie, a daring single-handed and independent operator who was offered a cool million dollars for his individual holdings long before the day of the big deals, can be duplicated in almost any of the Texas fields.

Tom Dees, with his Hog Creek Oil Company which he started as a \$60,000 company and sold for \$12,000,000 in less than two years, is only another of the many sensational and Midas-like examples to become a part of oil history—or shall we say oil legend?

Tom Dees was not an oil man. Neither was Buie; but he had that indefinable sixth sense raised to the *n*th power—acuteness of vision, a trait, by the way, said to be characteristic of the wild-cat.

When the oil discovery was made, Buie was a Fort Worth business man, and still is for that matter. He was a large state distributor of trucks and automobiles and was eminently successful. The oil business and its development was "water on his wheels." It meant more trucks and cars for the oil regions. In taking care of excess orders, Buie, like thousands of others, took a plunge. He had caught the fever. Here was the big chance he had been waiting for, because forsooth Buie is a combination of powerhouse and pile-driver, with more get-up-and-go than a dozen average men. He was in the field where the big wells were coming in and he plunked down his money for proven as well as wild-cat acreage—but be it remembered that all proven acreage was once "wild-cat."

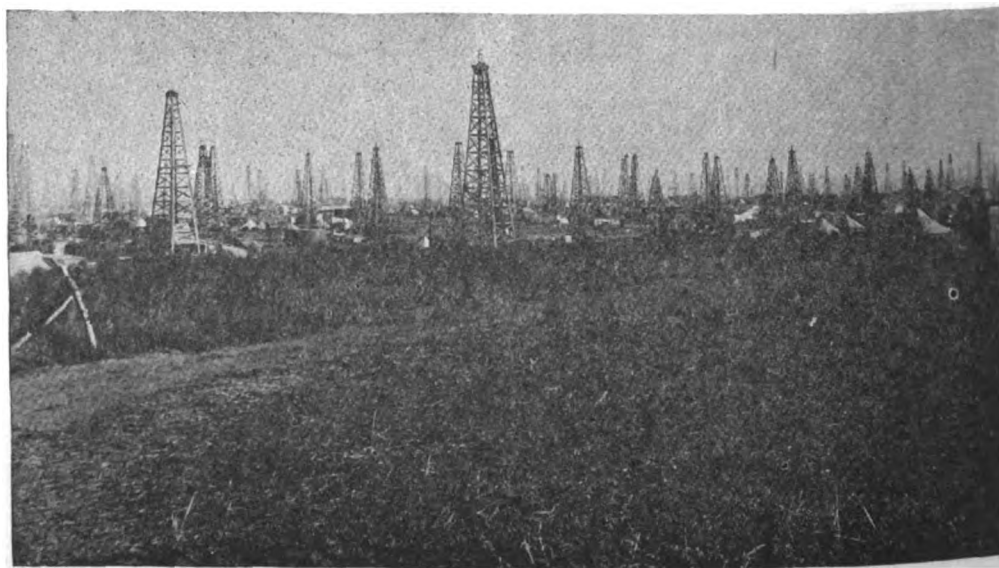
While others were running amuck in the midst of the excitement, Buie corralled 100,000 acres of leases, contracts and options and soon had production sufficient to pay a three percent quarterly dividend, and this record is being steadily maintained.

The Buie Oil Corporation is a \$5,000,000 concern, and to successfully pilot an enterprise of this magnitude over the shoals of uncertain times, which are apparently ahead, is a man's job—but Buie is the same calm clear-eyed plodder he has always been. The company now has a New York office at 299 Broadway; but the home office is in Fort Worth where President Buie lives. One day finds him in the Burkburnett fields, the next day in his office with work piled three feet high. For a week he will be away to make a hurry-up trip to New York. But such is the life of a successful oil man—a dog's life the oil men claim and it would seem this is true.

FORT WORTH NOW THE TEXAS OIL CENTER

While the distinction of being the center of the oil industry in Texas is claimed by other cities, this distinction really belongs to Fort Worth, with Houston coming second.

The most extensive and rapid development in history has drawn the attention of the world to Fort Worth and the vast oil fields lying within her trade territory. Since the discovery of the first of these fields in 1917 a production worth



Scene in a Texas oil field

\$250,000,000 a year has been attained. This oil production is worth more than three times as much as the entire gold output of the United States, including Alaska.

Almost every month since the original discovery has brought extensions of the fields or the discovery of new ones until it is now estimated that it will take at least twenty years to drill the territory already proven. While Stephens, Eastland, Wichita and Comanche counties are now producing more than the other counties in the area, extensive development operations are being carried on at the present time in sixty-five counties in the territory.

Wells brought in during the first months of 1920 point to large production in Wilbarger, Young, Callahan, Brown, Reeves, and several other counties of the area.

Fort Worth has become the operating center for these fields with about 500 oil companies maintaining offices in the city. The list includes many of the greatest companies in the oil business, among others being the Pierce Oil Corporation, Gulf Production Company, Sinclair Oil Corporation, White Oil Corporation, Empire Gas & Fuel Company, Humble Oil Company, Cosden & Company, American Oil Engineering Company, Magnolia Petroleum Company, Invincible Oil Corporation, F. S. Smithers & Company, White Eagle Oil & Refining Company, Imperial Refining Company, Transcontinental Oil Company, Skelley & Sankey and Swensendale Oil Company.

A GREAT REFINING CENTER

Prior to the oil discoveries of 1917 Fort Worth had three refineries with a daily capacity of 33,000 barrels. Since that time five additional plants involving an expenditure of \$4,700,000 have been built, giving an additional daily refining capacity of 21,500 barrels, or a present total daily refining capacity of 54,500 barrels.

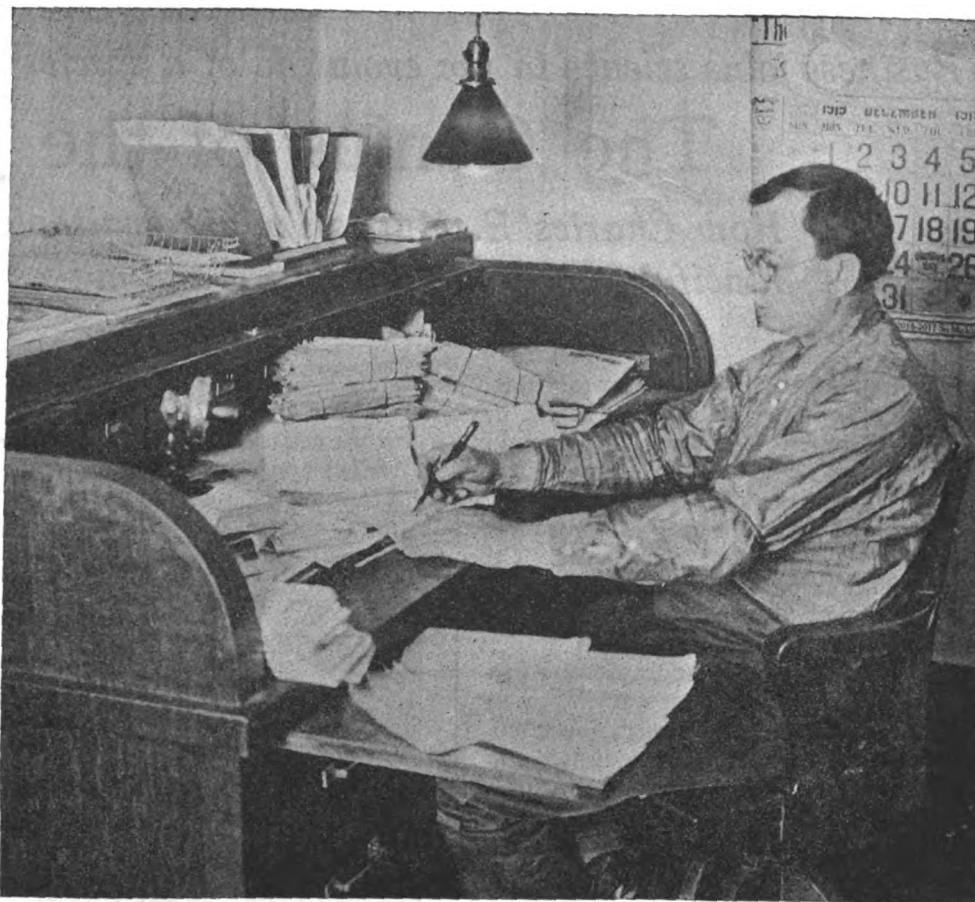
Four additional plants are under construction, at a cost of approximately \$1,000,000 and the Transcontinental Oil Company is building a lubricating and wax plant in connection with its plant at a cost of \$750,000. Several other refineries are projected. There are now employed in refineries at Fort Worth about 800 men and those under construction or reasonably assured will employ 400 more.

In addition to having more refineries than any other city in Texas, Fort Worth is the pipe line center of the State and more than eighty per cent of all trunk pipe lines in the State converge at Fort Worth.

A concrete evidence of the substantial wealth and prosperity that have accrued to Fort Worth is reflected by The National Bank of Commerce. This institution opened for business on August 25th, 1919, with a million dollars capital and a half million dollars surplus. In addition, the shareholders of the national bank own also the Commerce Trust Company with a half million dollars capital. This bank had deposits totalling \$2,124,242 on its opening day. This total has already passed the \$6,000,000 mark. On April first the first cash dividend on the capital stock was distributed, after only seven months operation, with all organization and establishment costs written off.

The rapid growth of The National Bank of Commerce can be attributed to the aggressiveness and ability of its officers as well as the prosperity of Fort Worth and the trade territory served by this city. Officials of the Commerce Bank are always at the fore in fostering every effort that tends in any way whatever to build a bigger and a better and more prosperous Fort Worth.

Temporary quarters of this bank at Sixth and Main Streets have been quickly out-grown.



PRESIDENT JAMES A. BUIE of the Buie Oil Corporation, at his desk in his Fort Worth office, signing dividend checks to be mailed to stockholders throughout the world. Here is an instance where one man starting as an independent operator, and remaining independent, has assembled some of the most valuable oil properties in the oil-producing states, disproving the argument the oil business is wholly in the hands of the "big companies"

However, by mid-summer the institution will move into its permanent banking room, occupying the main floor and first sub-floor of the new twenty-story Waggoner Building. No expense is being spared to make this the finest and best equipped counting room in Texas.

C. J. Benson, also president of the First National Bank of Sapulpa, Oklahoma is active as president of The National Bank of Commerce.

The vice-presidents are experienced and successful bankers—A. E. Thomas, formerly vice-president of the First National Bank of Bowie, Texas; J. H. Jackson, formerly president of the Hugo National Bank of Hugo, Oklahoma; J. E. Willis, formerly cashier of The Continental Bank & Trust Co., Fort Worth; C. H. Pattison and Geo. A. Lock, who were formerly in the banking business in Kansas and Kentucky, respectively.

FORT WORTH IN BRIEF

Altitude, 670 feet.
Area, 16.49 square miles.
Bank deposits, \$84,470,459.
Five hundred oil companies.
Nine petroleum refineries.
Six garment factories.
One hundred eleven churches.
Mean temperature 65 degrees.
Thirty-one parks, area 432 acres.
Fifty-two oil field supply houses.
Annual precipitation, 26.89 inches.
Bank clearings (1919), \$900,098,820.
Building permits (1919), \$18,657,654.
Postoffice receipts (1919), \$947,220.
Eleven railway systems, seventeen outlets.
Elevator capacity, 5,000,000 bushels.

Center of Mid-Continent oil fields.
Natural gas for heating and cooking.
Third largest cattle market in America.
Largest electric power plant in Southwest.
Fifty million dollars worth of produce handled annually.
Candy factories employing 700 persons.
Cold storage capacity 1,000,000 cubic feet.
Twenty-nine public schools; attendance 20,334.
Lowest insurance rate of any Texas city.
Largest furniture factory in the Southwest.
Greatest inland cotton market in the world.
Only rolling mill in the Southwest; 700 men employed.
Wholesale grocery business, \$15,000,000 annually.
Population reached by five-cent car fare, 165,000.
Four hundred and fifty million dollars worth of products manufactured annually.
Packing houses doing business of \$150,000,000 annually.
Four cotton oil mills with capacity of 4,000,000 gallons per year.
Two automobile assembling plants, capacity 120 cars and trucks per day.
Three creameries; capacity 3,000,000 pounds of butter annually.
Largest municipally-owned reservoir west of the Mississippi.
Seven flour and feed mills; capacity 2,200 barrels wheat flour and an equal amount of corn products daily.
Produce worth more than \$50,000,000 handled annually through the exchange representatives, wholesalers and jobbers at Fort Worth.

Business joins science in the evolution of a species

The Genius of the Jonteel

How Charles E. Murnan made ornithology open its doors for his fanciful creation of a new bird and makes it as well known as a robin



HADES of civilization touching Orient and Occident are suggested in marketing modern products that have to do with enhancing and preserving the beauty of women. From Helen of Troy and Shakespeare's Juliet and on to the most attractive actress of the hour the youth and beauty of women have been the dominant thought of art, poetry, and prose. Other inspirations may come and go and have their limitations, but beautiful women have held it ever since Solomon's time.

There is a basic philosophy involved in the making of articles that women buy to preserve the charm of their sex. The one item of talcum powder indicates the modern trend. The amount of the fluffy auxiliary of complexions of lily white and blushing hue used today would make the gunpowder bills of nations at peace pale into insignificance.

Years ago a young man born in Winchester, Virginia—remembered as Phil Sheridan's objective, tho "twenty miles away"—became associated with Louis K. Liggett when he launched his great Rexall idea of co-operation and standardizing drug stores. He was on the firing line in the days when the pioneer trails were blazed. He was enthusiastic, and in enlisting the interest of thousands of druggists in the idea, he came in contact at first hand with their problems and then he sensed a vision of the possibilities of the business of his company that seemed to be revolutionary in its scope.

First, there was the personal knowledge of the business and personal acquaintance. Then there was the creative idea of producing and selling things. These essentials run the gamut of business. As secretary of his company, he early began a definite plan of building up and constructing new business as the first Rexallites were recruited. When it came to evolving a new line of toilet articles, his was the receptive and creative mind that focussed the processes.

The start was made with a talcum powder—the product was tested and retested by having the definite opinion of over twenty-five thousand women. The results were carefully analyzed and tabulated. Then came the all-important subject of the container or package—in this age of packages. The trade-mark was the third of this trio of problems. The box was given a new oval shape, and then the name. As an evolution of thousands of suggestions, the name "Jonteel" was created—distinctive, and yet suggestive of the atmosphere of gentility, which naturally is associated with the product. The first thought was to have something suggesting life in the trade-mark. Then came the idea of a bird of paradise and the peacock. Out of it all was created a new species not recorded in books on zoology and even beyond the knowledge of Audubon—but this was a newly-created bird that seems to reflect in a composite way the impressions sought.

Month after month the examinations continued, with purpose concentrated on the objective—sales—and then more sales. The black box was at first frowned upon, but psychology won; the proportion and shade of colors, every curve and angle was tried under rigid optical tests, with no illusions.

Finally the "Jonteel" bird hopped from its nest and then began one of the most original and courageous campaigns backing up an idea that has ever been launched. "All sails were set"—for sales.

"Jonteel," "Jonteel" rang the refrain until one could almost hear the chirping of a bird of new and strange species as they read the announcement. The eye was pleased with the package; the little mental jolt reached; the senses were refreshed with a talcum powder perfumed with the scent of twenty-six flowers—a composite laboratory triumph as it was in the exploitation processes.

The hours of time in preparation indicated the scientific mind of Charles E. Murnan. The entire proposition was analyzed from fresh facts and data. Day after day he sat with samples of containers of the perfumes and designs of the trademark before him. As he sat at his desk he assimilated the last detail of information that had come from data that reflected the subtle workings of the mind of possible purchasers.

"Information co-ordinated with observation is intelligence," said Marse Henry

Watterson to me one time in commenting on business philosophy. If there ever was a product launched that was fortified with information, and covered a wide scope of observation, it was "Jonteel." After the basic talcum powder won its way, the by-products were the natural evolution.

Every girl and woman in America knows the scope of toilet preparations. When I saw a little miss purchase \$4.70 worth of "Jonteel" products at one time from a Liggett store in New York, I could understand these astronomical figures Mr. Murnan submitted in his plans—basing it all on facts and the natural law of averages, foreshadowed an accurate estimate for the future. The field was there; the seed was sown; the cultivation proceeded, and the harvest was ready for the reaping.

Even his close associates in business somehow cannot fully appreciate the wide range of painstaking, patient investigation and research involved in the creation of the now world-wide-known "Jonteel."

In the Rexall conventions, and at their stores, year after year, Mr. Murnan has met and discussed matters with druggists, but I never heard a more eloquent address in facts and figures than the one he delivered in 1919 in Symphony Hall, Boston. Without a written memorandum he told the story of "Jonteel" and "Klenzo," and proved that the co-operation and concentration of eight thousand Rexall drug stores upon one article sold more goods at a less total cost of (Continued on page 287)



CHARLES E. MURNAN
Vice-president and Advertising Department Manager, United Drug Company

Dr. Willard Carver—Chief Intellectualist and Exponent of the Science of Chiropractic

THE United States Board for Vocational Training in making an investigation and examination of the Chiropractic colleges of the United States paid a tribute of recognition to the new profession by recommending the Carver College for vocational training. This is one of the most significant recognitions the science of Chiropractic has received and was due in large measure to the high standards of professional efficiency and learning enunciated by Dr. Willard Carver, co-worker and counsellor of the late E. B. Palmer, the real founder of Chiropractic. When the original Dr. Palmer first announced his discovery of Chiropractic, Dr. Carver, then a well known attorney of Iowa became the attorney and advisor of the founder. Almost from the beginning of Chiropractic, Dr. Carver was associated with the senior Dr. Palmer, and it was he who classified and systemized the science which during recent years has become legally recognized in a majority of the American states as a legitimate art or science of healing or of restoring health.

Dr. Carver is probably the most prolific and scholarly writer in the United States, or indeed the world, on Chiropractic, and his works have probably done more to standardize the profession than the work of any other writer. He was the friend of the late Elbert Hubbard, who himself was an ardent believer and advocate of Chiropractic, and in his publications did much to promote the success of the profession.

In Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, and at 312 West Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive, New York City, the two Carver Chiropractic Colleges are located. Dr. Carver, dean of the faculties, spends six months in Oklahoma City and the other six months in New York, where one of the most successful colleges in America is located and where probably the most advanced work is being done. Dr. Carver himself is a college man, being a graduate of Christian College, Oskaloosa, Iowa, of Drake University and of the Iowa College of Law. For many years he was one of the most successful lawyers in his native state of Iowa, and it was in the capacity of attorney that he came in contact and association with the late B. B. Palmer, founder of the Palmer School at Davenport, Iowa.

The most exact definition of Chiropractic, and the one to be generally accepted by the scientific world is that given by Dr. Carver himself:

"Chiropractic is the science that teaches health in anatomic relation, and disease or abnormality in anatomic disrelation, and teaches the art of restoring anatomic relation by a process of adjusting by hand."

A name for the new science was necessary and a minister, Rev. Samuel Weed, was consulted. He said that as it was "hand-work" the words, "chiro" and "praxis" from the Greek supplied the name—hence the word "Chiropractic."

In one of his best known works Dr. Carver further elucidates the meaning of Chiropractic as follows:

"Chiropractic means done with the hand, and is the science and art of adjusting by hand the displacements of whatsoever character that may occur in the human body, the three hundred articulations of the skeletal frame being prominent, but especially the articulations of the vertebral column, commonly called the backbone, to remove occlusion of stimulus from the nerves which should furnish vitality, sensation and motion.

"The very important and far-reaching fact that displacement of vertebrae occludes stimulus, causing functional abnormality, and that adjusting such displacements permits stimulus to quickly restore normal function, was discovered in 1895.

"That a mechanical fact fraught with such vast

and measureless consequence, exposed in plain view on the back of each individual, proclaimed as the seat of pain by almost every sufferer, rubbed, slapped, poulticed and bandaged for relief from a time 'when the mind of man runneth



DR. WILLARD CARVER

not to the contrary,' should have remained unknown through the ages seems very remarkable, and again proves that 'None are so blind as those who will not see.'

"Chiropractic is the most exalted of all mechanical sciences, since 'The greatest study of mankind is man,' and let it be understood once for all that it is purely a mechanical science, and has absolutely nothing whatever to do with treating, healing or curing disease. Its entire purpose and object is accomplished when the displaced elements are restored to place, occlusion removed from nerves, and stimulus has had time to restore normal size and power to muscles, ligaments, and other tissues. Incidentally, when this condition has been attained, no sickness, disease or pain can exist.

"A Chiropractic mechanic is called a doctor of Chiropractic or a Chiropractor, and either of these terms rightly used with relation to the name of an individual, signifies that he knows the law of displacement, occlusion of stimulus and adjusting to remove the same.

"From the discoverer alone in 1895, this science is now in daily demonstration by about eight thousand persons scattered widely over the United States, with a few in foreign countries. The results these people are accomplishing are truly marvelous and can only be appreciated by those who take the time to familiarize themselves

somewhat with the science and follow for a time closely the demonstrations of some one Chiropractor."

Some idea of the growth of Chiropractic may be had from the fact that only twenty-four years ago there was but one Chiropractor. Now there are more than ten thousand scattered in all parts of the world, all having been trained in the United States. From the Carver Colleges have come thousands of these graduates. As a profession offering large financial opportunities, not to mention the service rendered humanity, Chiropractic is rapidly taking its place alongside of Osteopathy and other sciences of healing or restoring health. It had to run the gauntlet of medical and legislative opposition, and only during recent years has it received the recognition it manifestly deserves. No man has contributed more to the scholarship, learning, standards and ethics of Chiropractic than Dr. Willard Carver, and the profession will remain indebted to him for the best of its technical and professional literature. By all odds he is regarded as its ablest exponent, teacher and practitioner.

The Route Agent

AT the rising of the sun the Route Agent girdeth up his loins and taketh his war bag and goeth forth up and down the land, into the valley and across the plain, saying unto this one, prepare thy statement for the second quarter, the old man is hot under the collar and has it in for thee.

And to another, deliver unto the son of Abraham the goods that are his, first collecting the C. O. D. and charges.

To another he sayeth, *get thou* the business—thy showing for the last month was punk, thy competitor has thee skinned, thy speed is like unto the speed of the mud-turtle; get a move on thee, or thy hide shall be hung on the fence.

The noon hour having passed, the Route Agent drops off at a high grass town and maketh a check, and when it is done sayeth unto the country agent, Behold—thou art shy twenty-three pieces of silver.

Then is the country agent sore distressed, he frisketh his garments, and shaketh out the folds of his tunic, but the coin is not, his lamentations fill the air, saying, Lo! at yester 'een I was five piasters to the good, peradventure thy figures are bum.

Then is the Route Agent seized with wrath; he paweth the air and cheweth the rag in his rage, saying—B-E-G-O-N-E—get thee to the highway, and make hot touch among thy tribesmen, dig up the simoleons ere the going down of the sun or thy name will be mud. And it is done—even as the Route Agent commandeth.

Into the market place goeth the Route Agent among those that buy and sell, saying—chop the fast freight, order thy goods by the only express, and I will make it right with thee—listen not to the sayings of the other transportation men, their service is on the hog and the truth is not in them—take thou this smoker, and when thy wife's sister marries, I will give thee another.

And the night being come the Route Agent loadeth himself onto the local freight for the next big town, saying unto himself, now my labors are ended and I will hie myself to the big town for an evening's pleasure; but he loseth out, for the local's engine breaketh a spring hanger seventeen poles west of mile ninety-seven, and it is 12.30 at the big town; the cabarets close at 12.30. Whereupon the Route Agent teareth his beard and beateth his breast, and curseth his luck, saying, to-sheal-with-a-job-like-this, more blessed is he who abideth with the chickens and picketh his food from the soil with a wooden bill.

And the next day,

And the day after that,

Was the same,

Only worse.

THE INDIAN GIVER

Continued from page 259

take a group picture in which you and Miss D'Aubrey will be prominent figures, for the Sunday magazine section. I think it very shrewd of them to say the least. Also, your table has been reserved at the Midnight Gambol."

They spoke longer. They always did. Mrs. McGuire loved to hear the inside facts on society, and Wiggins had an almost uncanny way of finding out about society affairs, frequently relating his information in a manner that would bring a smile to the face of Hazel McGuire.

Naturally, whatever incidentals in the way of business that Waverly Wiggins had before him were left by the wayside that afternoon. Nor did he fret one tiny bit. Such was a regular afternoon practice with him, and only once was he a trifle worried.

This was on an occasion when Mrs. McGuire

had entered his office during a conference in which Waverly, Marjorie, and three importers of sugar were involved. Mrs. McGuire had almost insisted that he break off the discussion and accompany her to the Ritz-Carlton. With forebodings of pending rebuffs, Waverly had complied with a smile. Marjorie had spoken to him about it later.

"That's a funny way to do business, dear. Why didn't you assert yourself? She takes an unfair advantage of you by making you leave your work in that way. If you continue to wag your tail every time she talks, she's going to put you down as a ninny. I wish you'd assert yourself sometime," was Marjorie's reproach.

Waverly had made no reply.

The Astor was bright that afternoon. Peacock Alley was gay with its varied assortment of

Broadway butterflies, sightseers, and not a few guests who had been invited to the Fieldzigs reception in order that society could meet the charming Miss D'Aubrey, prior to her American debut at the Midnight Gambol. And Waverly Wiggins made a charming escort; he drank Mr. Fieldzig's tea with delightful daintiness, nibbled Miss D'Aubrey's bonbons with graceful composure, and danced divinely, so the ladies said. There were perhaps two hundred ladies and a dozen other men present. Waverly looked them over, but made no comment as to what he thought. He wondered, however, whether or not he agreed with Marjorie, who said: "Nobody but lounge lizards attend those afternoon pink teas. But as long as you don't get accustomed to an ivory cigarette holder and spats, I don't suppose they harm you."

Marjorie had never liked the idea of Waverly's attending the afternoon functions with Mrs. McGuire.

"It's so effeminate," she said.



ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I AM

I KNOW not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am
here

In this world of pleasure and woe.
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain.

I know that the earth exists,
It is none of my business why;
I cannot find out what it's all about,
I would but waste time to try.
My life is a brief, brief thing,
I am here for a little space,
And while I stay, I would like, if I
may

To brighten and better the place.

The trouble, I think with us all
Is the lack of a high conceit.
If each man thought he was sent to
this spot

To make it a bit more sweet,
How soon we could gladden the
world,

How easily right all wrong,
If nobody shirked and each one
worked

To help his fellows along.

Cease wondering why you came—
Stop looking for faults and flaws.
Rise up today in your pride and say,
"I am part of the First Great
Cause!"

However full the world,
There is room for an earnest man.
It had need of me, or I would not be;
I am here to strengthen the plan."

"Daddy Your Arm Feels Just Like Iron"

Physician Explains How Strong Muscles and The Robust Health of Rugged Manhood Depends Upon Having Plenty of Iron In The Blood—Tells How

NUXATED IRON HELPS MAKE KEEN, RED BLOODED SUCCESSFUL MEN

Upon Whose Shoulders Rest Lightly The Cares Of Business and Home Life

Only the father who has felt the gentle clasp of tiny fingers about his strong arm, who has seen in the great expressive eyes of his little daughter the shining light of supreme faith and has sensed her feeling of perfect confidence and child-like admiration for him—only such a man can truly know the meaning of perfect "hero worship." And what pride comes to that man who has been able to keep up his health and strength to a point where he can continue with force and courage to master the difficulties of his daily business life without being too tired and nervous for a happy evening at home.

Yet there are many who in the wear and strain of hard work and worry for the families they love allow their systems to become weakened and run-down until the iron sapped from their blood, and before fully aware of their condition they lose the role of a hero and protector to become simply a care to the ones they hold most dear.

"If such men would only realize in time that they must have pure red blood, rich in iron—to keep up their health and strength and would take a short course of Nuxated Iron, they might readily build themselves up to a most surprising degree," says Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, in commenting on how modern methods of living tend to break down the health and weaken the blood. "In the present day mad rush for Success, these men push their mental energies to the limit without the physical strength to back them up. As a result, worry, work and ill-health saps the iron from their blood and leaves them weak, nervous, and run-down. They are so anxious to get ahead that they do not realize that iron is absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power. Unless they supply this iron deficiency now, they cannot hope to have the rich, red blood that sends fires of energy through body and brain and makes men forge ahead. I strongly advise every man who is fagged out by worry, work, and other strains to build up his health, energy and endurance by taking some form or organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for I consider it one of the foremost blood and body builders, the

best to which I have ever had recourse." Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience, and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, in commenting upon the foregoing statement said: "Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men. In the wear and tear of modern business life, when the vital forces are being constantly drawn upon, many men find themselves without the sustaining strength produced by the nourishing foods and outdoor sports of boyhood days that kept up the supply of iron in their blood. As a consequence they find themselves on the verge of a physical and nervous breakdown at a time when they should be enjoying their best years. Unless strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat, it must be supplied in some form that is easily

absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend Nuxated Iron, which by enriching the blood and creating new blood cells, strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed energy into the whole system."

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not irritate the stomach. Each tablet them black, nor upset the stomach. The tablets of genuine Nuxated Iron are stamped as follows: and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Every
Strong,
Red-Blooded
Man Is A
Hero To His
Little Daughter

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Perhaps that was why Waverly felt more at ease when he also accompanied Mrs. McGuire to the initial Midnight Gambol on the L'Allegro Roof that evening. The Old Man had been called to Buffalo, and that left Mrs. McGuire without an escort—but only for a few minutes—only until she could reach Waverly Wiggins.

Waverly had a date that night with Marjorie. It is true that he almost forced himself to say he couldn't have the pleasure. But Mrs. McGuire's voice did not admit of such a thing.

"Why didn't you tell her that you simply couldn't do it?" asked Marjorie, trying to keep her voice calm.

"I don't know, dear," he hesitated. "I couldn't decide whether to take a chance and anger her or whether to ask you to please forgive me just this one time. I promise—"

"But, Waverly, you gave me your word you wouldn't let her take you away from me tonight. You gave me your word and then took it back—just like you always do."

The evening at the Midnight Gambol was interesting. And over the Honey Dew Fantasies, for which Mr. Fieldzig charged the modest price of three and a half dollars, Hazel McGuire smilingly told Waverly Wiggins that every cloud had a silver lining. She made no other mention of her husband's trip out of town during the evening.

The natural evolution of things is sometimes stranger than the most fanciful predictions. The laws of cause and effect work both ways: causative effect brings with it a result, in turn, the result can produce causative effect. Accordingly, if this were not an honest story of a business man, his rather odd wife, and a twenty-five-year-old boy who lost his decision and tenacity in his effort to oblige, we might tell how a verbal tidal-wave of wagging tongues made Barney McGuire decide to call a halt to his wife's persistent attentions to Waverly Wiggins. McGuire did arrive at this conclusion, but it was not due to gossip. The truth of the matter is that New York society people do not gossip. It's a proposition of people who live in glass houses; old man McGuire wasn't the slightest bit timid about throwing stones.

Yet, Barney McGuire was a diplomat. Whether his trip to Buffalo was motivated entirely by business or not is uncertain. It is a fact, however, that he had neither business nor social engagement in Buffalo. An odd fact about the Old Man was that he figured out his problems with ease while on a railroad train. Some people are best inspired by music or solitude, but give Barney McGuire a drawing room and a pocketful of Havana cigars, and he was in the pink of condition for grappling with the biggest of problems.

The fact that Barney McGuire was one New York husband with enough judgment about domestic matters to enable him to sense the folly of his wife without having the newspapers and scandal sheets (the movies insist that New York still has them) tell him about it is a matter of record. Also noteworthy is the fact that McGuire held no animosity for Waverly Wiggins and was not angry at his wife. McGuire was merely jealous—and he knew it.

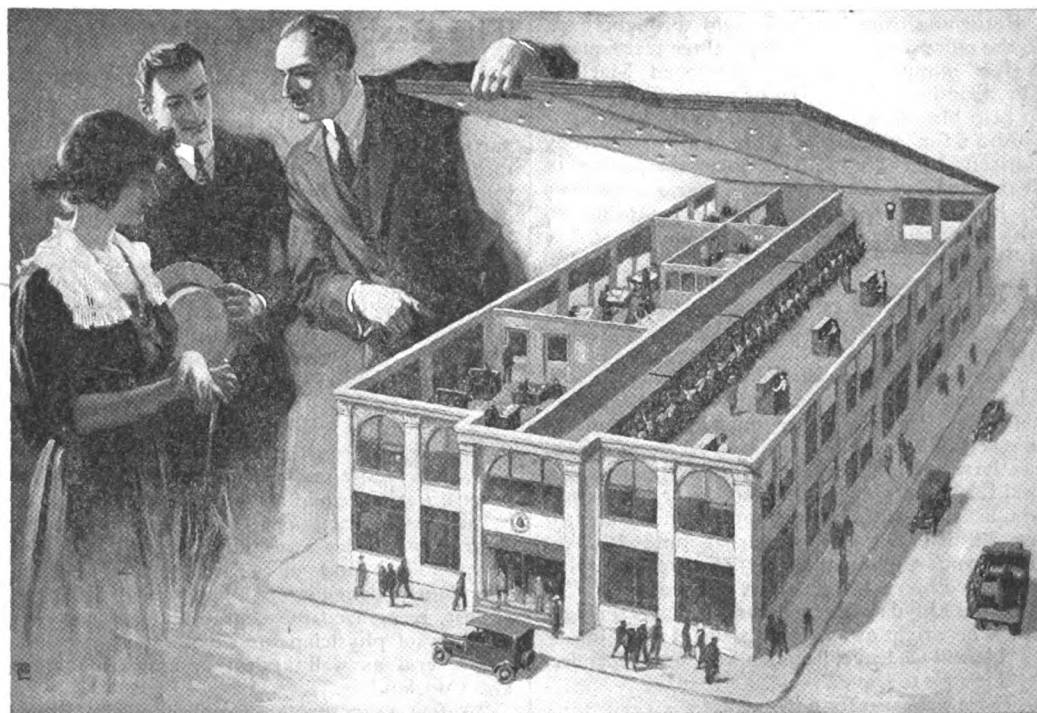
As usual, the trip over to Buffalo had provided him with just the idea he was hunting.

About a week after Waverly had accompanied Mrs. McGuire to the Midnight Gambol, the Chief called Wiggins into his office.

"How'd you like to discuss a proposition that would take you away from New York, Wiggins?" began McGuire, without asking Wiggins to have a chair.

"Why, I don't know, sir; I'd be inclined to think a great deal over it. That's a pretty big question."

"It's a great opportunity for you, Wiggins—something that means a future. It's up to you to take it or let it go; in short, I want you to go out to the Texas oil fields and see what you can



The Public Confidence

An important part of the management of the Bell System is to keep the public informed concerning all matters relating to the telephone.

We consider this an essential part of our stewardship in the operation of this public utility. It is due not only the 130,000 shareholders, but it is due the whole citizenship of the country.

We have told you of new inventions to improve service, of the growth of service, of problems involved in securing materials, employing and training workers, of financing new developments, and of rates necessary to maintain service.

You have been taken into our confidence



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

do about promoting the interests of the Rational in that territory. What do you say?" abruptly asked McGuire.

Waverly Wiggins still stood with his arms folded in back. A dozen answers, questions, and thoughts vibrated in his mind at the same instant. Of all the evils escaped from Pandora's box, *Indecision* has carried away its share of spoils. Apparently it had left a double-barrelled injection in the mind of Waverly Wiggins while he stood moistening his lips, unable to speak—while Barney Carlton McGuire sat scowling and waiting. And how Old Man McGuire loved to wait!

"What the hell's the big problem?" gasped McGuire. "Good Lord, boy, I'm offering you the chance of your life, and you stand there like a wooden cigar-sign. Surely you can't turn down that chance."

"I don't know, sir; I'll have to see what—"

"Don't worry about what my wife says. I'm

as to what we are doing, how we do it, why we do it. You have been told of our efforts to meet unusual conditions; of how we have bent every energy to provide service in the face of storms, floods, fires.

It is an enormous task today to provide adequate service in the face of shortage of workers, raw materials, manufacturing production and transportation.

Nevertheless the service of the Bell System has been improved and extended this year. Over 350,000 new stations have been put into operation. And the loyal workers of the Bell System are establishing new records for efficiency and will establish new records for service.

still running my own business, and you can look to me for your chances of advancement—not her. Besides, she shouldn't be so interested in you."

"I didn't mean Mrs. McGuire, sir; I meant—"

"Leave my wife out of the question. You're not deciding her future, you're deciding your own. For once in your life talk, and talk fast."

Wiggins continued to stare into vacancy without saying a word.

"What's the answer, Wiggins? Talk fast. Yes or no?"

"Couldn't I wait until tomorrow, sir—to decide?"

Old Man McGuire snorted a snappy oath and turned to the papers on his desk. Waverly Wiggins took this as a signal and left the room ignorant of the fact that McGuire had determined to get rid of one certain W. Wiggins at almost any cost.

The opportunity came a few days later.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

Returning from lunch, Wiggins brought back to the office a flat parcel about three feet square. A few minutes later he telephoned Marjorie Lloyd, and asked her to come to his office at once to help him decide a problem.

And a few minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Barney Carlton McGuire walked into the office of Waverly Wiggins to find the latter sitting knee to knee with Marjorie Lloyd, a ouija board covering their laps.

"Well, I'll be damned," ejaculated McGuire. "This settles it. Wiggins, you are discharged at once. Your incompetence and general attitude around the office will not be tolerated further. You are—"

"He will not be discharged," defied Hazel McGuire. "But any girl with so little appreciation of her employer's confidence will not be allowed to remain here. The best years of my life have gone into the making of this concern, and I demand a say-so in its conduct. Why don't you ask Waverly if it was not this girl's fault; if she did not ask him to work that thing with her? Then you will see that his gentlemanly spirit prompted him to forget strict business or—"

"Miss Lloyd shall remain and Wiggins shall get out of here right away. I'm disgusted with him—"

"He will not leave," challenged Hazel McGuire. "He's got to leave!"

There was quiet for a moment.

"Didn't she ask you to use my ouija board, Waverly?" asked Mrs. McGuire. Wasn't it her fault? Wasn't it?"

Wiggins hesitated. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't exactly say it was her fault, because—because—"

"See," interrupted Mrs. McGuire. "See. He's even willing to make excuses for her, the little deceitful thing. She wouldn't tell us the truth if she—"

"Don't worry, Mrs. McGuire," answered a quiet voice. "You won't have to fire me. I don't know about Mr. Wiggins, but I wouldn't work another minute in your office for anything in the world. My resignation takes effect immediately."

Marjorie's eyes were riveted to Waverly's face. Painful suspense was stamped in her expression.

Waverly's breath came in short jerks. His entire mental organism seemed to whirl, enveloping him in a daze that left only a vague intuition that a quick decision was to be made. Should he take the blame? Should he risk his financial future by offending Mrs. McGuire? Should he risk love by offending Marjorie? Unfortunately, he little realized that this was one time in his life when a quick decision would save him much suffering. He dropped his eyes to the floor. An embarrassing silence ensued. Marjorie cast one disdainful glance at the pitiful figure of Waverly Wiggins and hurried out of the room.

(The Indian Giver takes back something that leads to the unexpected in next month's NATIONAL.)

To be continued

The Best Fed Family in America

Continued from page 264

varied. The first weakening in the ranks of the variants occurred when it was announced in the medical press of the world, generally, as in an important article by an expert in child feeding, in *Clinical Medicine*, July, 1913, which was again emphasized by the editor in the following June, that the medical faculty of Rome had discovered that the fundamental cause of the world's high infant mortality was not so much improper feeding as variation in feeding.

"Every scrubwoman knows, now, that the infant's milk must be changed, if necessary, with caution.

"In the article referred to," Dr. Copeland says, "correctly, although the view is not yet generally accepted that 'raw fruit juice should not be given at the same meal with milk,' although he advises combinations far more objectionable than that—at least according to principles of compatibility and of variation that I have abundantly demonstrated and which are now, at last, recognized by a large and fast growing minority of physicians and diet experts, including several as well known and as capable as Dr. Copeland.

"A few years ago, a member of the Philadelphia Medical Society was reported in the *Medical Record*, as having discovered—independently—that chipped beef and milk are incompatible (the reasons for which I had made very clear, several years earlier), yet Dr. Copeland advises beef juice, mutton, chicken or beef broth at the same meal with milk, baked apple and rice, with which flesh foods are even more incompatible than milk with fruits, and for the older child he advises all the incompatibles that the adult uses ordinarily.

"In *Clinical Medicine*, I am mentioning, for one illustration, the fact that, during my eight years' residence at Brookfield Friends' School, Belfast, as pupil and teacher, where the children's diet was almost as uniform and almost as good, otherwise, as my own children's is now, the mortality among the pupils was less than one per cent, whereas, among the miners who ate the fifty-seven varieties at the officers' table, the mortality and sickness rate jumped a thousand per cent or more.

"To avoid serious incompatibility, it is not necessary to live on four or five articles of food, as we do, and the low cost of the best food that can be bought in America, is partly hinted in the fact that, at this writing, two barrels of pecans from Texas, and a hundred pounds of dried peaches from California, stand upon our rear porch, while, a month ago, we received, through a local grocer, ninety pounds of rolled oats, in one shipment. Buying staple foods by the pound is as unwise as buying coal by the bushel—inconvenient as well as doubly expensive."

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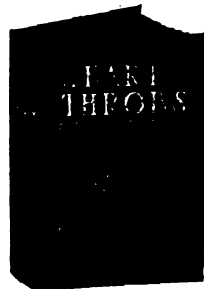
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THE POETS' LINCOLN. The volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown poems written by Lincoln himself. It is a valuable addition to any library. In cloth and gold, \$1.50.

At Booksellers or direct from CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd., Boston



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

THE GENIUS OF THE JONTEEL

Continued from page 282

advertising than had been the case of competitive articles distributed in sixty-five thousand drug stores.

This was one of the most startling achievements ever recorded in the history of sales energies concentrated on one product.

With all his genius for selling and creating, Charles Murnan is intensively human. He loves a good joke and his cheery laughter is a tonic. While still young in years he is accounted a seasoned veteran in Rexalldom. He lives it, eats it, but never seems to sleep. An occasional game of golf, but ample time to talk and discuss projects, he has certainly measured the minutes of his young life and spent them to good advantage. He maintains the buoyancy of youth and when he announces a new "million-dollar-baby," there are eight thousand associates ready to respond with a hearty cheer. Whenever the trade indicates need in the way of a product, he is ready for an investigation. It is doubtful if any other one man had led a more successful campaign in wooing customers for his project, and is so successfully striking the common denominator in working out his equations of producing, selling, and finding the consumer.

* * *

The time, money, and investigation required to launch a new product depends largely on direction for results. Nothing daunted, the success of "Jonteel" was followed with "Klenzo," a dental preparation that has the same distinction which characterizes "Jonteel." In the psychology of colors, form of package, as well as making known the basic and dominant merits of the powder, paste, or liquid—all contained antiseptic qualities that served in battles with the "flu" and other contagious diseases.

The advertising campaigns for 1920, including Langlois' latest creation of "Truflor," the condensed modern vernacular of true flowers, and the Liggett candy, to say nothing of Rexall

Orderlies, remindful of the early days, keeping step to the quick pace of the times, makes the United Drug Company the world's largest advertiser of drug store merchandise. These publicity batteries are opened for the legion—eight thousand Rexallites. With the national advertising campaign approaching the million mark, the Rexall stores are unified in get-after results in taking advantage of the privilege and potential accumulation. The Jonteel trade-mark has been made the vogue. Milliners and modistes have asked permission to use the design as a decorative feature of "Opening," where every possible strong force in the appeal to women is utilized. When theatrical managers seek to have plays carrying the title of "Jonteel," and reap the advantage of the exploitation—when vaudeville artists ask permission to utilize the unique Jonteel designs for settings, it indicates a range of advertising never reached before in a single trade-marked product. This indicates advertising as truly the initiative force blazing the path for their new triumphs and lending a luminous light of publicity to literary effort.

When the standard sign of the Rexall is seen, the banners for the United Drug products are far-flung, and every clerk selling them seems to read the message that cannot be conveyed in mere printed announcements, which Mr. Murnan seems to carry to his co-workers in the Rexall ranks.

"We must first sell to ourselves, and it will stand every test, backed by sincerity."

Then the telepathic wave passes and sales leap into the millions, establishing a foundation for others to follow.

Meanwhile Charles E. Murnan writes another letter to Hopkins, reads "Marcus Aurelius," and begins a search for another trade searchlight to make bright the pathway of Rexall dealers and patrons, and fill another niche in public needs with new ideas to exploit "new things under the sun."

The Girl Who Ran Away

Continued from page 276

her chin was firm set, her face looked grim, and living again in spirit were her illustrious ancestors, General David Cobb, Dorcass Cobb, John Rogers of Sudbury and Thomas Cobb—the line extending back to those sturdy pilgrims who came, fought and conquered.

"Next day," she continued, "I borrowed Pa's shotgun and the 'contraption.' Arrived at the same place on the trail to the fishing hole, I set both in position and then, with my finger where it could easily touch the trigger, I waited.

"That mean man proved meaner still. He did not pass that way again, the vigil kept up until the sun went down. That was my day of disappointment!"

Though fascinated, I could remain no longer. Summing up I wrote, Complex of character, with moods and vagaries as difficult to analyze as her work. An impressive personality, not easy to forget, and in which are mingled the sparkling shallows of simplicity and great depths of philosophy. Withal, delightfully refreshing, charming in manner, and true to her ideals.

The little whimsical smile returned as I arose to say good-bye. She bowed her adieu with such elegance of grace that I felt as if taking leave of an old friend—one whom I had known ages ago.

Back at the office I recalled that the name—Winifred Virginia Jordan—was more than a euphony that haunted. It was associated with big things. As one famous critic has phrased it:

"The author of these poems has escaped the contagion of the times and has been gifted with a power of song whose type is in a measure absolutely unique. If, as we have abundant reason to believe, the function of true poesy be to wake

the fancy and delight the imagination with a combination of sense and sound well adjusted in delicate harmony, then we have reason to look upon Miss Jordan as one whose claim to the title of poet is more than ordinarily strong and merited. Lyric beauty and harmony of exquisite development pervade her poetry, while the heavy commonplaces of the average versifier are notably absent."

Balancing the Books on Safety First

Continued from page 272

where an intensive educational campaign has been conducted by the National Safety Council, reaching all of the industries. Meetings for plant managers, safety engineers, and foremen have been conducted, and many thousands of workmen have been reached thru moving picture exhibits held in halls and parks. A recent report published by the Department of Labor and Industry included the statement that in this district, which probably represents the most congested and hazardous industrial district in this country, the lost-time accidents were reduced thirty-three and one-third per cent. The Commissioner states that this remarkable record is directly due to the splendid campaign which has been conducted by the local organization of the National Safety Council. I give this story because it indicates what it is possible to do thru community effort along accident prevention lines.

Heart Songs

This book is to music what "Heart Throbs" is to literature

Over 500 pages bound in cloth and gold \$3.50

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Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish. Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc. and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market. De-Lite Mfg. Co., 9 Cawfield Street, Uphams Corner, Boston.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



The Poets' Lincoln

This volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown poems written by Lincoln himself. It is profusely illustrated and includes a most complete collection of Lincoln portraits, with index and descriptive text. A valuable addition to any library. Price, \$1.50.

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and richest oil fields.

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Forty-three representative addresses by Governor Coolidge have been gathered into a book under the title

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952 Dorchester Avenue Boston, Mass.

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Chas. D. M. Bishop, Notary Public.
(My commission expires June 14, 1923.)



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

OCTOBER, 1920

New Series No. 7

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United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Marion, Ohio

October 12, 1920.

My dear Mr. Chapple:

Your letter of October fifth came to the office during my absence on a campaign tour. It seems almost impossible to snatch a moment for correspondence which is awaiting my attention.

I need not tell you that I am delighted and grateful for all that you are doing in behalf of my candidacy. You must not seem excessive in your enthusiasm, because that would tend to make me out a very different person from that which I really am. You know me well enough to understand that we are just plain folks, like so many of the American people, though we do have earnest convictions and high aspirations for our common country.

There is really nothing to be excited about, because the people of the United States are going to vote very deliberately this time, and they are not going to be blinded by the chaff of the campaign. There was never a time in the Republic when there was fuller or clearer understanding of the situation on the part of the American people.

With very kindest regards, I am,

Sincerely,

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE,
National Magazine,
Boston, Mass.



WGH-M

With the presidency of the United States assured, Warren G. Harding reflects the modest and humble qualities that Lincoln manifested in his note to a friend on the eve of his re-election



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



THE greatest mental moving picture of modern times will occur in the month of November, 1920. On November 2d an assembly of thirty million voters will have had in their mind's eye, screened on the retina of their psychological optics, a picture of the White House. It is a presentiment with only one aspect of difference in various eyes, and that is the likeness of the particular man the individual desires to see entering the executive mansion. In this respect alone the complete picture varies in accordance with the differing political color of the eyes of beholders.

Anyhow, it is bound to be a real moving picture on March 4th next, for it is absolutely certain someone will have to move to make way for the new administration. With the vision of March 4th in mind comes the usual gossip respecting who will be the members of the President's official family. This will naturally introduce the new characters that will appear upon the screen in the following quadrennium.

Every moving picture must have its thrill and combat. These are staged in the political campaign. The star actors are the rival candidates wooing Columbia's favor. Every picture must also have its heavy man or "vilyun," who may well be represented by old High Cost of Living; hence whatever else is done the "vilyun" must be vanquished. Next comes the poor little waif, left on the doorsteps, known as the League of Nations. Someone will have to care for the puny foundling against the cold wintry snows of December when it will have to be brought to Capitol Hill to await disposition at the hands of the directors of the institution. Then comes the comedian, juveniles and all the rest of the cast of characters, not overlooking the inevitable vamp, with a few automobiles and slap-stick artists chasing up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, so that the "vilyun" may still pursue the mother of the lost child, while someone is sure to get a custard pie in the face.

THIS is all contributory to the gaiety of nations, to be continued in the short session of Congress, with its many extinct volcanoes still smoking, when preparations begin in earnest for the great movie day known as March the Fourth in history books.

No matter what the fates may decide on November 2, the voters thanksgiving will be proclaimed, and preparations for the great festival go on apace. There will be something all around to be thankful for, in spite of causeful grouching over prices

and labor holdups. Mince pie and turkey have become an institution in the United States on a day in November, as immutable as if concreted into the fabric of the constitution.

Election day, November 2, is also the birthday of Warren G. Harding, and voters prone to birthday greetings are not likely to forget him. It also may be remarked that Mr. Cox has a birthday as well, but that comes later.

FOUR years ago, by the dawn's early light on a November day, I found myself sending a telegram of congratulations to Charles Evans Hughes on his (fondly supposed) election as President. Before the sun had set the missive was returned to me with the grim comment by the operator, "Not delivered." I had inadvertently sent it to the White House. There was a spot where that shadow long prevailed. But the bitter experience does not diminish the stirring and delightful memory of campaign days with Charles Evans Hughes. He left the stately chambers of the Supreme Court and made one of the liveliest and most energetic political campaigns ever known up to that time. Day after day I heard him speaking with full, robust, husky voice, but always interesting. Yet somehow there were antipathies and an unhealed division in the party which made political predictions four years ago more hazardous than today. Charles



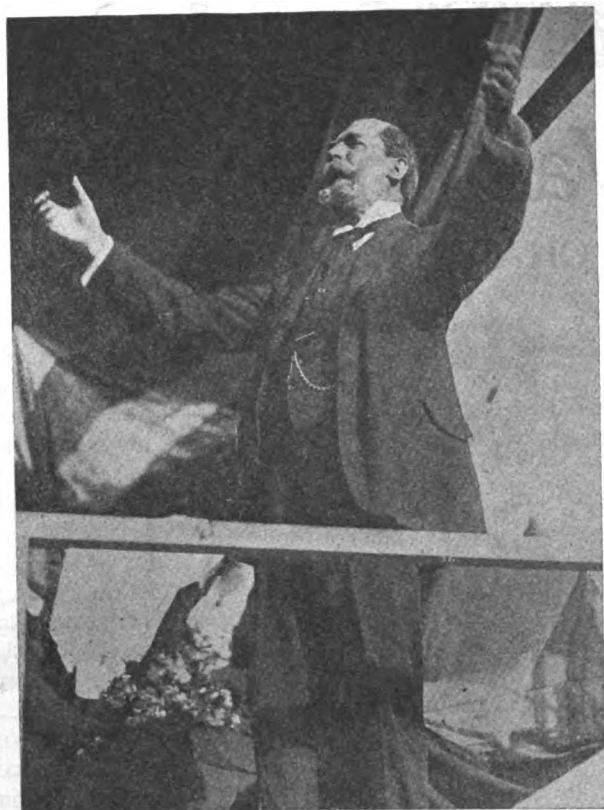
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A PASTORAL VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE

Showing the sheep which President and Mrs. Wilson bought to crop the grass out of the White House grounds and incidentally to decrease the cost of living by helping the meat supply. Never before in America have sheep had so exclusive a feeding ground. The famous flock has recently been sold, and the White House grounds have lost their most picturesque adornment

Evans Hughes made a strenuous, yet chivalrous fight, and proved to be a good loser and a good sport. It at least brought him back to public life from the cloistered shades of the Supreme Court.

His face and form were familiar four years ago to all the people, and today he stands out again as one of the conspicuous



CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

One of the commanding figures of the political campaign now closing

leaders in the campaign now closed. His great analytical mind, his terse mode of expression, his decisive and cool-headed judgment, his unimpeachable integrity, all combine to give Charles Evans Hughes permanent renown among the commanding national figures of these times.

Illinois Senator a Farmer, Banker, Builder and Cool-Headed Business Man

FIVE lines in the Congressional Directory constitute the autobiography of William Brown McKinley, contributed under the rule compelling members of the national legislature to hand in the stories of their lives. This tabloid presentation of his career is indicative of the modesty of the man, a quality often characterizing persons of like strength and gentleness.

Born September 5, 1856, in Petersburg, Illinois, he received his education in the common schools and the University of Illinois, where he spent two years. He is now a resident of Champaign, the state university seat. Mr. McKinley is a farmer and a banker, but, beyond and above these occupations, he is a builder with a genius for constructive work on a large scale. To his commanding talents Illinois is indebted for a traction company that has no superior in the world.

Being a man who inspires confidence, his re-election to Congress was always just a matter of knowing William B. McKinley. His supporters for nomination as United States Senator were the people who really knew him. None could have known him without recognizing in him the calibre required for the United States Senate. Elected six times to Congress, Mr. McKinley fulfilled every requirement and was chosen over and over again as one whose sound judgment and quality of leadership meant the good of the state and the nation. His capacity for work and power of concentration, together with

his judicious and generous estimate of those associated with him, inspired confidence that increased as his record was developed.

Personally he is a soft-spoken man, but he is yet a strong fighter for his convictions. He is the type of a man who sees the finish of things and is not easily moved by passion, prejudice, or fitful impulses.

For the next six years the problems of the Senate require the cool-headed judgment of men like W. B. McKinley, with whom the public welfare is paramount to personal ambition. Those who opposed Mr. McKinley in the primaries admit without reservation his fitness for the high office sought. The business inefficiency and the general incompetency of the Democratic regime has been on his nerves for eight years. Soon after the advent of the Wilson administration he commented on the outlook in a little chat while strolling over the Capitol grounds:

"Running the government is a business proposition, and how can you expect our Democratic friends, inexperienced in the responsibility of business, efficiently to manage public business?" Mr. McKinley asked. "The South is in control," he concluded, "and Southern Congressmen have never claimed a special genius for managing business affairs. There you are—the result is inevitable."

His prophecy has been more than verified as evidenced by taxes increasing and prices dangerously fluctuating, while the overdue reduction in the cost of living is delayed by reckless extravagance, coupled with muddling of government control of essential commodities.

Whatever the results of the November balloting may be, with regard to the occupancy of the White House and the control of the Senate, there is no doubt that Illinois will have in William Brown McKinley a Senator worthy of the distinction and equal to the responsibility.

*Hark! from the Tombs
a Doleful Sound*

WHILE passing down Pennsylvania Avenue one recent afternoon, I met an old acquaintance whom I have known since my callow reportorial debut at the nation's capital. He's a Simon-pure old-time Southern gentleman, "proud as the devil" (as they used to say), punctilious to a fault, generous as the sunlight, with a predilection for mint juleps, big black Havana cigars, and old-fashioned square dances. Politics and horse-racing have been his lifetime interests. I had not met him since the suffrage victory of August, in Tennessee, and I was curious to learn how a representative of the old regime would view the present political situation.

"Well, Colonel," I asked, after we had exchanged mutual greetings, "is or isn't the country going to the dogs?"

The Colonel stroked his snow-white goatee thoughtfully. "The answer to that question, sir," he stated oracularly.



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HON. WILLIAM BROWN MCKINLEY
*United States Senator (Republican) from
Illinois*

"depends, I take it, largely upon the personal viewpoint of the person who answers it. I cannot but deplore certain present-day tendencies—in politics and social life particularly. For a little matter of three hundred years, America has been a he-man's country—miraculously free of many of the enervating vices of Europe. With the mournful exit of the Demon Rum and the triumphant entry of the lady with a vote, it has become (almost over-night) a nice ladylike community.

"In old Kentucky, sir—where, praise heaven, I was born and have always lived—we used to say that we made the finest whisky and bred the fastest horses and raised the most beautiful women on God's green earth. I yield to no man, sir, in my deference for the fair sex, but I hesitate to express an opinion as to what influence women will wield in the years to come in American politics, whether for good or ill. We know that in all the countries of Europe, where women have through all the centuries been the real power behind the thrones, political intrigue and social scandal have been the rule.

"We have been peculiarly blessed, sir, in this great and glorious country of ours in the possession of a political system that with all its evident and manifold faults has come nearer to assuring to the individual his inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness than any other system of government devised by man. We are a great nation, sir—I do not hesitate to say the greatest nation on God's footstool—and we have come to occupy that proud and enviable position among the nations of the world because of two basic reasons—first, our fortunate geographical location has enabled us to maintain an aloofness from the family quarrels of our neighbors across the seas; second, our system of government is founded upon a solemn pact entered into by a little band of men, among whom there was not one who was a politician, but who were endowed with a God-given clarity of vision that enabled them to formulate the whole science and the whole purpose of popular government in less than five hundred words.

"Frankly, sir, I hesitate to approve too many improvements to a well-nigh perfect whole. Personally I deplore the decadence of the sport of kings, the substitution as a beverage for grown men of a fluid intended by a wise Creator for the sustenance of children, puppies and kittens, and the admittance to the promiscuous precincts of the polling booth of those fair creatures whom every man of chivalrous instincts should be alert to guard from any contact with the rougher elements of humanity.

"Time alone, sir," concluded the Colonel, "can answer the question you have asked."

Capper of Kansas is Going After the Chicago Wheat Gamblers

AFTER a generation of more or less patient submittal to robbery and extortion, the farmers of the country have inaugurated a real war upon the food speculators. The head of the Illinois Agricultural Association Grain Marketing Bureau, who has been canvassing the farming districts in the West and Middle West, declares that the farmers have resolved to put the speculator out of business.

"They feel that they have reached a place where they are little better than producing serfs, at the mercy of speculators in food," he says. "They are going to correct this, not by meddling with political parties nor by forming a party of their own, but by eliminating the speculator. They are going after the ownership and control of the grain elevators of the country."

The food speculator has long since been unanimously elected to the hall of infamy, and the movement of the grain raisers suggests that more drastic action than verbal beratings now awaits him.

Very recently the country had an illuminating exhibition of how the food speculator works. A wheat brokerage firm instructed its agent to sell one hundred thousand bushels of wheat in the Chicago pit. He mistook the instructions to read one million bushels. So he sold one million bushels and

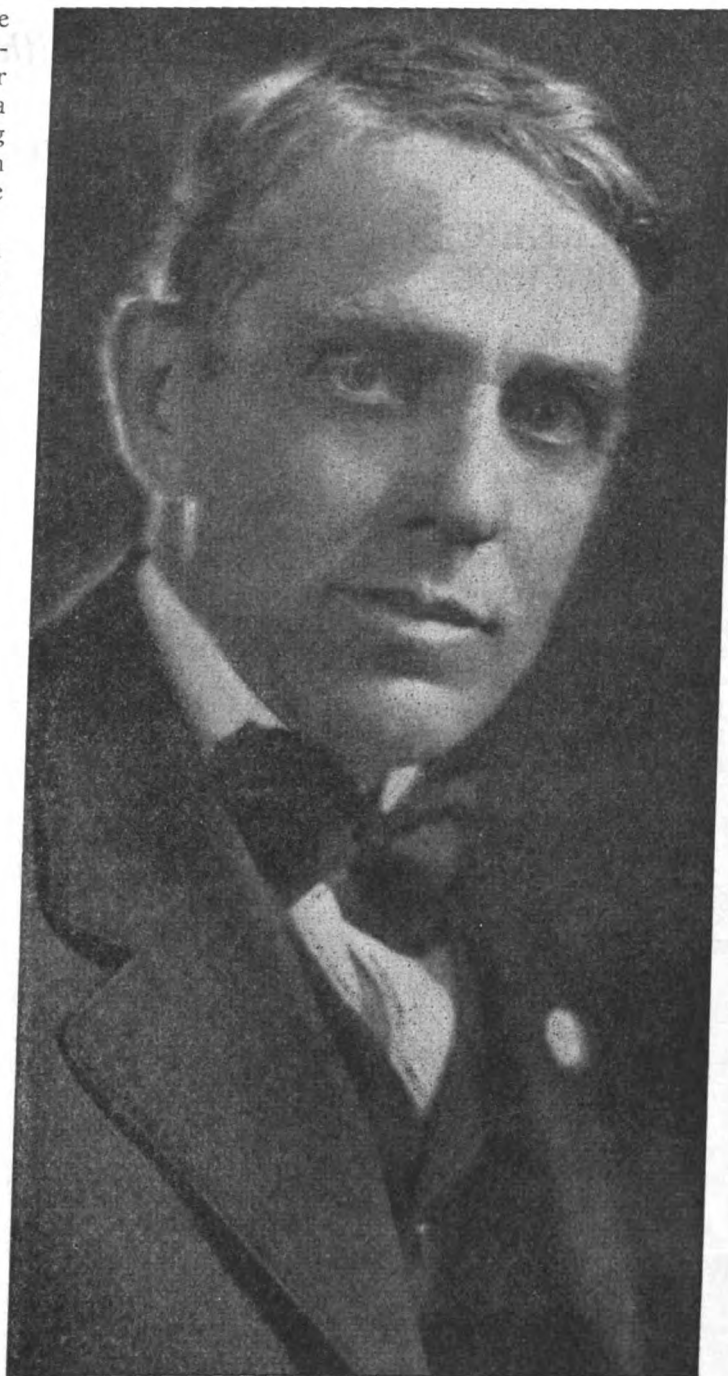


Photo by Donald Cameron Beidler

SENATOR ARTHUR CAPPER OF KANSAS

broke the wheat market and upset economic balances whose delicacy of adjustment meant much to the nation.

Senator Capper of Kansas gives warning that he is going to tackle the wheat gamblers in the next Congress—and when Arthur Capper goes after anything, he gets action. We venture to prophecy that the Chicago gamblers in wheat are in for a highly unpleasant time. In a recent speech to the farmers at Smith Center, Kansas, Senator Capper said:

"If there is anything more important than raising enough food for the people to eat, I do not know what it is, but we seem to be doing our best to drive our food raisers to the wall and entirely out of business through permitting their markets constantly to be raided and manipulated by gamblers and speculators.

"Consumers as well as producers are vitally interested in the developing of a true business system of marketing farm products and in eliminating speculation and wildly fluctuating markets, such as we are now experiencing in wheat. To this end I shall introduce a bill in the next Congress to stop gambling in futures on the big grain exchanges."

A human dynamo of Republican faith

Will H. Hays, the Organizer

By **BERNEICE
GRISWOLD**

A close-up glimpse of the little giant who organized the scattered forces of the G. O. P., and helped recruit millions of woman voters in a memorable campaign



NOT only a live wire but a live leader. That is the way in which Will H. Hays, chairman of the Republican National Committee, is summed up by Republican women.

And women know leaders. They have not been trained in the long struggle for suffrage in vain. They refuse to follow any but real leaders and strong.

Furthermore, they have entered politics with their eyes wide open and their intuitions keen. They have been somewhat skeptical. They did not intend to get embroiled with the cartoon variety of old-time ward politician. Will H. Hays has justified their faith. He is the sort of politician that they want their sons to be. Human, fair, fearless, conscientious, sincere and constructive in his thinking.



WILL H. HAYS

Chairman of the Republican National Committee

He has dignified the meaning of the word politician for them and won their faith. Women, and men as well, have discovered politics to be a partnership affair entailing co-operative management of national affairs just as is necessary in the successful management of the home. It is Will H. Hays who has pointed this out. He thinks of the United States politically in the way a mother thinks of her home. It means to him every Republican in the country, not one group of citizens such as practical politicians any more than family, to a mother, means just one of her children. It embraces the entire group, grandparents and grandchildren included. That is the quality of leadership which wins the devotion of women—openness, frankness.

Slight, rather boyish in appearance, overflowing with boundless energy, Will H. Hays accomplishes things wherever he goes. And everyone else does too. His sincerity and honest devotion to the Republican Party inspires all around him to put forth the best efforts—and so they manage to accomplish about one-fifth of what he does in a day.

His bright brown eyes see everything that goes on, watch political developments all over the country, take in an entire situation with one swift glance. They register changes of feeling and emotion with lightning rapidity and always inspire his hearers with confidence. They are quick to reflect flashes of humor and as ready in sympathy. Whatever he does is done in a minimum amount of time and at top-notch speed, yet he always has time to be thoughtful and considerate.

The elevator stops at Republican National Headquarters. A man literally jumps off carrying an ominous looking black portfolio bulging with plans, theories and ideas for the Republican National Committee. A murmur goes through the long corridor—"The Chairman." Everyone within sight clutches pencil and paper. Orders are coming and coming fast. As he dashes along he leaves a wake of instructions apparently given post-haste but really deliberate ones, involving changes of policy and plans, perhaps of national import. And in giving these instructions he manages to inquire if young Johnny has recovered from the measles, if some one else's grandfather is in good health. He is always considerate of older people and never forgets young ones.

He remembers faces and attaches the right names to them. Remembers them at the first introduction, that is. And he mentally catalogues his information about each person that he meets. That is why his business letters are so human. He always takes time to inquire about the family or to say something which shows that he is interested in the person with whom he is communicating and with that person's life. In other words he loves "folks."

In his office he works with the same rapidity. He is one of the few people who can successfully keep five or six lines of thought going at once. He can carry on a conversation with one person, a long distance telephone call with another, read letters and sign them and give instructions to a secretary all at one and the same time. And he does not get them confused. Doing just one thing at a time is a strain for his inexhaustible energy.

His passion for not wasting a second would make him a very direct person if he were not so by nature. It is his "whole-souledness" and directness which appeals so greatly to women.

He speaks the same language that they do in regard to constructive work in the community. He appreciates new ideas. Women had had somewhat the idea that politicians might not be so enthusiastic about new ideas. Again Will H. Hays dissipated their fears and won their admiration. That is why he wanted women in the party—to contribute their ideas. Therefore, way back in September of 1918, "full suffrage having been granted to women in fifteen states, and women having the right to vote for President in practically all but the Southern and some New England states," he appointed the Republican Women's National Executive Committee to act with the Republican National Committee in planning ways and means of making certain, "the fullest possible participation by Republican women in the party's affairs."

Will H. Hays wanted women to take an active interest in Republican politics. If they could not be Republican he advised them to be Democratic, but to take their share of the responsibility of deciding national affairs. So he consistently stood by his own principles and those of the party in urging the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, gaining the admiration and praise of all women, particularly of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, for his sincere efforts.

Then he announced that he believed a national political campaign should be "put over" by the people of the country, not by a few women agreed. To them it seemed logical that greater interest would be shown in politics if the layman had a share in it. Will H. Hays stood for the theory that it would be better to have a small contribution from every Republican than large contributions to the campaign fund from a small number of wealthy Republicans. Women were enthusiastic and took up the idea. They are all share-holders in the Republican Party now and feel a responsibility for the actions of the party. His advisory platform and policies committee brought party decisions to the rank and file of the party.

There again is Chairman Hays' peculiar skill in making politics a personal thing with everyone and inspiring those with whom he comes in contact to work, in bringing all factions together and harmonizing the whole. He lifts people above their personal prejudices and inspires them with his own vision of politics. It is a constructive picture and unselfish. It has harmony of design. "The great power which is the spirit of America," he says, "must not tolerate any attempt to array group against group, section against section, or sect against sect. Guard against this as you would against pestilence. Mere agitation and mere motion are not progress."

He believes thoroughly in progress. He wants the Republican party to win because it deserves the support of the people of the United States. He wants women in the party because "We trust the women voters to help the Republican Party carry out its determination to require that the highest standards of health be maintained and enforced; that there is compulsory school education; that we have proper limitation of the hours of work for women and that there be an eight-hour day; that there is proper prohibition of child labor and that there shall be adopted as speedily as possible every practical principle which can further harmonize industry."

His own resources are unlimited. No matter what the emergency his ingenuity rises to the occasion and he settles the question satisfactorily to all concerned without sacrificing one of his own principles. For one thing he is optimistic. And optimism is a great asset—in politics or without. He could not work continuously as he does were it not for this optimism and his devotion to the Republican Party. He considers twenty hours quite a normal working day and ignores vacations and holidays. He thinks better on a train than anywhere else he says. Therefore, a trip with the Chairman requires a goodly supply of stenographic note-books, well-sharpened pencils and a strong right arm—or left as the case may be. When one secretary is tired out he starts in dictating to another one. Yet he himself never seems to tire. He goes over correspondence and carries on a conversation as he is driven at break-neck speed from one place to another in an automobile.

And with it all he will celebrate his forty-first birthday next month. Perhaps his heavy responsibility as Chairman of the Republican National Committee at so early an age is because he started in national politics at the age of sixteen. He attended the Republican National Convention that year and saw McKinley nominated. He voted on the day he was twenty-one and was admitted to the Indiana bar that day. He had been a precinct committeeman before he was twenty-one and had read law in his father's office in Sullivan, Sullivan County, Indiana. In 1903 he became county chairman of the Republican party. His skill in organization was instantly apparent and he was called to Indianapolis to head up the Speakers' Bureau. He was County Chairman again in 1906. Eight years later he was made State Chairman and carried the state for Hughes by 7,000 votes in 1916 when Indiana was a stronghold for Progressivism.

During the war Will Hays organized the Indiana State Council of Defense. This was a day and night job according to Hoosiers who worked with him, for he permitted no one in the state to remain unorganized. He was appointed to the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee in February, 1918, and since that time has not stopped, day or night, in his effort to make the Republican party what he wants it to be. He has organized a working force with the skill that he has always shown in organization. He goes on the theory of assimilation *versus* elimination. And it has worked. Everyone from the oldest and highest-up politicians down to office boys and the girls who file letters signed by Will H. Hays have caught his spirit. They believe in the Republican party, but above all, they believe in Will H. Hays. It spells success.

The party has not had a captain more able and more loved since it was organized at the convention in Philadelphia in 1856. He steers by a chart with only two directions—justice and right. The millions of men and women making up his crew have no fears about reaching port safely with the G. O. P. banner flying from the top of the mast while Will H. Hays is at the helm.

They have all adopted one of his mottoes—"Live and help live."

THE NOVEMBER NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Will contain an important, extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated article on Czecho-Slovakia by Mrs. Larz Anderson, whose intimate and charming studies of the various countries of Europe and the Orient, with which she is so familiar, have delighted many thousands of our readers.

Why Harding?

*Because both of what he is
not and of what he is!*

By OCTAVE THANET

HE is *not* a superman. We have had a superman in the White House who has messed up not only these United States, but the whole world. We have noticed a big supply of supermen in other countries of supermen (particularly in Germany), and they also seem to organize ruin rather than regeneration. We are—to put it mildly—fed up with supermen.

He does *not* have Vision. We have had eight years of the Vision which sees the goal of centuries, but not the road to get it. We want to see the road before we turn on the accelerator. That type of reformer or humanitarian always speeds up the car in the dark. And the rest is silence—after the smash! He is *not* an academic meteor, a maker of winged phrases. Winged phrases, like "the self-determination of peoples," for instance, have a trick of flying in the wrong direction.

He is *not* the hero of any scandal either as regards women or wealth. This assertion makes no comparison and makes no accusation, merely records thankfully that our candidate is a man of such stainless morals and life that scandal of any kind has not smirched him.

He is *not* a plunger in reform or a mystic or a temperamental genius, or a fanatic of any breed from the mire of the Bolsheviks to the boudoir of the Committee of Forty-Eight and the Rand School; but

He is *not* in the least a coward or a time-server or a tool of any interest or any power.

He is *not* an egotist; he does not believe himself the accomplice of Fate with a passport, signed by the Almighty to every realm of human action. He does *not* believe that he is a great enough man to play a lone hand with the destinies of the world at stake.

Therefore he refuses, whatever the goadings of his political opponents, to shut himself up with God and the dictionary and come out with a complete plan of how the United States may engineer and finance the millennium! He will only promise to consult the best wisdom of his country before he offers the best plan attainable to help a maddened world to safety. He believes that our first duty of rescue is to get out of the quicksands *ourselves*, and lend a board as well as a hand to the sinking.

These are some of the things which Warren Harding is *not*. Here are a few among too many to mention that he *is*

He *is* a dignified gentleman, born of parents respected in the community and of forbears well respected and loved as are they; he is the descendant of generations of good citizens who worked in peace and died in war for their country. He and his wife will be equal to any social or political or moral demand of the great office which his country will offer him on the second of next November.

He *is*—nor is this less than a vital gift—a man of tact. In his case, as in the case of Mrs. Harding, the tact is twins, compound of a wide knowledge of the world and of a most genuine and sympathetic kindness of nature. Because he *is* a truly modest man whom his townspeople had to push and to prod into standing for the Legislature in the beginning of his career, he will get the biggest men of his party into his cabinet; and because of his tact and sympathy he will not alienate them, but will win their hearts and their respect as he has won the love and honor of the town where he has (Continued on page 331)



ALICE FRENCH (OCTAVE THANET)

The brilliant and well-loved novelist. Born and educated in Andover, Mass., a Mayflower descendant, a westerner by adoption, and a patriot and warrior with word, pen and deeds in the cause of true Americanism

Home life in a country town

Boyhood Days of Harding

Presidential candidate as a boy milked the cows, played in the band and chewed tobacco in school



WHEN I think of Warren G. Harding, the man, I love to recall those rollicking tales related of his boyhood—just the average small-town-farmer-boy career. The "moving to town" was an event—and the hay rack served as the van. Then came the days and nights too, to do chores, for even in the city, there was the doctor's horse and the cow, and school days succeeded happy vacation hours. He was early recognized by associates as a careful leader. He did not venture far out in Whelstone Creek until he knew he could swim. He had his jean trousers and his gingham shirt dipped and tied in a knot while in swimming as others had before him.

And he untied the knots.

He played Indian and Pan Pan Pullaway and played hard, but there was always a feeling among teachers that "Doc," as he was nicknamed, would pull through the examinations, although he could not be called the "model boy" in school. He loved to speak pieces, and his Patrick Henry's "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death" was at least concluded with the graceful bow then taught in schools. These eventful years from four to sixteen—milking the cows, working in the fields, painting fences, keeping the wood box filled—although not perhaps discerned at the time, is where a life career is often determined. Rather shy, big and awkward, Warren Harding was known as a serious boy with an inclination to write essays, with a flight to "poetry." He poured over encyclopedias now and then, to drink deep of the biography of his favorite Napoleon and Alexander Hamilton. In order to get his essays in type, he was ambitious to become a printer. Perched on a stool, he soon learned the case in the Caledonia *Enterprise* office. He quickly learned the printer's case, and the glory of Gutenberg was upon him when he had the privilege of "throwing in pi," that is, distributing back into the boxes the jumbled mass of type that had fallen "off its feet." Caledonia had a brass band, a real cornet band, and young Harding played an alto horn, and learned that "after beats" were as important as the slip horn or solo trombone. That excursion of the new band to Chicago, upon the occasion of the opening of the Erie Railroad, with \$2.40 expense money, was an event in the young life of the solo alto player of the Caledonia Cornet Band, who sweltered in a helmet somewhat large for him. What is life in a country town without "belonging to the band?" James Whitcomb Riley has preserved for posterity the scenes and emotions of American boyhood in the stirring seventies and eighties. Here was a "Jim" that had even made an "editor out o' him."

In those early days young Harding acquired the Ohio habit of being "elected." His biography today is a series of "elections." Yes, there may have been the days when he learned to smoke and chew tobacco, craving the solace offered philosophers and poets in their creative moods. The literary society, debates, amateur dramatics, in fact, all activities included the services of the quiet, but ever-ready American lad. The visitor upon arrival in Caledonia now hears the succession of stories of the candidate, portrayed by John T. McCutcheon in his cartoon. The same episodes that re-occur in Tarkington's "Edgar" show that boys are just boys. If the man is but a grown-up boy, it is natural that we should find in these boyhood characteristics

the key of real manhood, revealed later when stilted biographical sketches of later life activities and achievements are printed.

In these days of youth were the struggles that brought out the real stuff of the boy. Young Warren had made a trip to the circus at Marion, and had been there with "the band." But to live in the county seat, where the big stone court house was located, and where the railroads were all junctionized, looked like the strategical point for a real future. On to Marion, was the exhilarating vision of Dr. Harding and his wife and family of children in the early eighties. But Marion was only a small radius for Dr. Warren and his practice. The rugged life of the kindly country doctor, responding to calls night and day, travelling over muddy roads in all kinds of weather was a picture of pioneer struggle. Then came the loss of the little son Charles, four years of age, of the dread malaria, while the father was



WARREN G. HARDING
At the age of twenty-six

out attending other children. What this father and his wife have done emphasizes that the family unit is the bulwark of the nation's strength.

There were tears in the eyes of the girls on leaving the childhood home. Marion then seemed far away. Little groups of the chums gathered, and in brusque boy fashion bade "Doc,"

which was the Caledonia nickname for Warren Harding, good-bye, with a look of disgust at the tearful girls, with pledges to continue to keep the secrets of the "Stunners" sacred and to smash the "Chain Gang," the rival organization, at first chance.



SITE OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF WARREN G. HARDING
(Election day is his birthday)

Then they whispered confidentially that they would let him know if the girls were planning one of those deaf and dumb "surprise parties" where they served lady-fingers and salad.

Boyhood ties were broken—but boyhood memories remained.

These were the days when Caledonia boasted of eight hundred population and proved it by the census. Now it is six hundred, but there are some pessimists left who insist this is too high. There are fine, brick houses, and it is a real "home town." The history of all the famous men who have gone from the town cluster about high school traditions. They will insist upon telling the story of how the teacher thought she discovered Warren Harding with a chew of tobacco in his mouth.

"Warren, come to the desk!" she ordered.

He responded promptly, and while marching up slipped the quid from his mouth to inside his shirt. A mouth inspection was made, but no tobacco was found.

"The other boys would have swallowed it, but Warren always was smart," was the comment of an old school chum.

There is also the romance of the "Stunners" trying their first smoke of corn silk, and later bravely trying grandfather's pipe, distributing puffs like bites of an apple.

"We all laid quiet on the cellar floor, but Warren—he seemed to take to tobacco like a cereal food."

On the side of the road were waving fields of broom corn. My companion grew reminiscent.

"My mother bought a broom of young Harding, which he made in his father's barn. He sold a lot of them and beat out the "Chain Gang" for Fourth of July money when they sold old iron and rags.

Dr. Harding had taught his son to make brooms.

"It was always a clean sweep with Warren," said the proud father, "and you know a broom is an emblem of victory and a clean sweep."

Sitting in the terrace outside the Marble Room of the Senate one summer's day in 1918, I asked Senator Harding what message I should carry to young men and women of to-day in a Chautauqua talk.

"Impress them with the importance of thinking more of what they can do—have an objective and drive toward it. There are more opportunities under the new order of things than the old. The world is progressing, and the ideals of sound government will prevail. Keep in touch with older people—those

who have lived. You know I imbibed much of the philosophy of life from Harry Cooper, the blacksmith, at Caledonia. There was something alluring in the smell of that red blacksmith shop. And when shoeing horses Cooper could comment

like a sage, with the horse's tail swinging in his face. He was one of the men who made me think of what I could do, because he encouraged and exemplified strength with every blow on the anvil, and his life was a ringing call to the joy of honest labor."

Even now, at seventy, Cooper is the village blacksmith, whose shoulders are bent with a life of usefulness, and who insists that when little "Doc" Harding used to visit him nearly every day, he believed in boys, and he believes in them today.

"The self-made man who says nothing about it is usually a 'self-starter.' And

Warren was one of those boys that just naturally grow into a man."

It has always been a hobby of Warren G. Harding that every man should strive to make politics as clean as school and church activities. He is a member of the Trinity Baptist Church, and was planning to build a new office building on the site of the old Baptist Church on East Center Street. His friend, Dr. McAfee, the pastor, is one of the enthusiastic Harding men, and the schools of Marion have always been a matter of first consideration to the editor of the *Star*.

"Every man and woman ought to take some personal and direct interest in schools. There is where the seed is sown for future harvests in human progress," is one of his editorial utterances.

Naturally the school boys and girls of Marion are first-line rooters for Harding.

* * * *

When I arrived in Marion Monday morning, after the nomination in Chicago, the big whistles in the "shovel factory" sounded for the call to work. They sounded like ocean liner whistles, announcing the approach of a big leviathan. Here is where the steam shovels were invented and made that dug the Panama Canal. In the railroad restaurant, and everywhere, were evidences of the celebration on Saturday night when the news was received. Every electric light post on East Center Street was adorned with a cluster of flags. Crude photographs were hastily posted in the windows of homes and stores. Here were the home folks among whom he had lived, and when I asked a small boy of twelve in the restaurant if he knew Mr. Harding—"Nope, I never saw Mr. Harding, but I know his doctor, I mean his father." Another lad entered whom they called "Happy," and his smiling face indicated the appropriateness of his name. Another entered whom they called "Cow." Nothing escapes the brusque and frank expressiveness of nicknames in small American cities. The girl in the ticket office told me the hotel was not far away, and that Mr. Harding was a fine man. The trains were coming in from all directions—Erie, Hocking Valley, Big Four and Pennsy., indicating that Marion will be another Canton for the pilgrimage of admirers and supporters of the candidate when the front porch campaign begins.

In walking down East Center street, the churches on one side and a school on the other impressed me with what the average American town considers first. There was the omnipresent Orpheum and moving picture houses, billboards, and all the

appurtenances that belong to the average small city. It was a hot day, and some of the housewives were rocking on the porch under the vines for a breathing-spell after the morning work. There was the old stone courthouse from which the street cars and interurban started. On the Marion County Bank was a sign saying it was founded in 1839, so that it must be understood that Marion is a city with a history. Everybody seemed to be mowing the front lawn and painters were busy, for Marion appreciated its responsibility in the coming campaign.

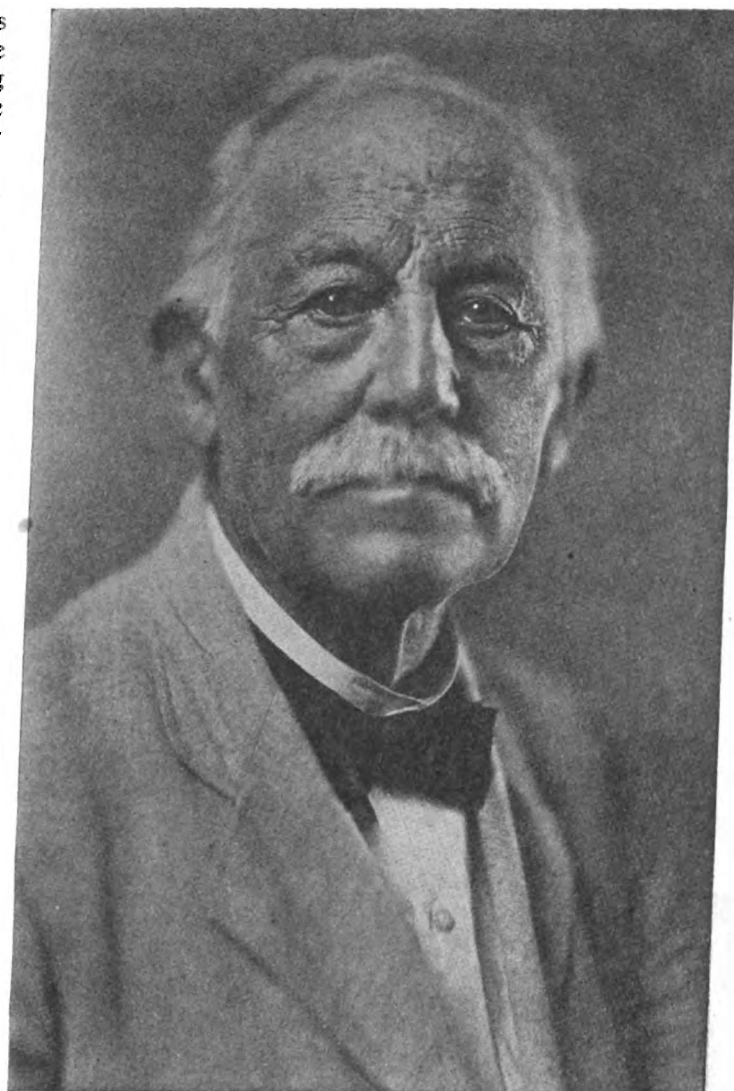
The temptation was too much, and I dropped in at the stores, to find out just what they thought of Warren Harding. One of the first men I met was Curtis, the undertaker. He announced that he had always been a Democrat, but insisted that Warren G. Harding was a "live one" and this was the year that he would vote the Republican ticket. The plumbers, the bakers, the little shoe shops and the big department stores were filled with people who were eager to talk about W. G., as he is affectionately called. Already an organization had been started by Dick Crissinger, who was twice the Democratic nominee for Congress, to organize a Harding-for-President Club that would make it practically unanimous in the Marion district. Old-time Republicans rubbed their eyes as they saw this wheel-horse Democrat at work for Harding.

On Mount Vernon Street, lined with beautiful maples, is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. They were preparing for the home-coming, and the 300 feet of porch space was being polished. It was a simple, modest, but substantial home. In the early struggles with the *Star*, Warren Harding courted and won the favor of Florence Kling. The father opposed the match and insisted that they should be married with his consent, but the young people continued right on and drew the plans for a house of their own in which to be married. In the meantime, the bride-to-be became circulation and business manager of the *Star*, and the tide soon turned towards profits to help pay off the debt and build a home.

The long-looked-for day of the wedding arrived, and in the new house, scarcely completed, a simple ceremony was performed without the presence of the bride's father, which made the young editor, Warren G. Harding and Florence Kling, man and wife. As the guests departed, they saw a picture of the young bride and groom standing in the doorway. With his arms around his wife, some of the guests now recall the expression on his face that suggested the words, "Our home, Florence," little thinking that their future home might be in the White House at Washington.



RESIDENCE OF WARREN G. HARDING AT MARION, OHIO



DR. GEORGE TYRON HARDING

Father of Warren G. Harding. Dr. Harding was seventy-six years old on the day his son was nominated for President

The distance from the High School in Caledonia, which Harding attended, to the Central Ohio College in Iberia was only seven short miles—or of easy walking distance for the long-legged farmer lad. The college no longer exists, having succumbed to institutions with larger facilities. This college, founded before the Civil War, was a famous underground railway station, pregnant with thrilling Abolition tales which have never been printed to this day. When at fifteen, young Harding appeared at this co-educational institution, he was one of only sixty students. The college was founded by the United Presbyterian Church, but it later became undenominational. Dr. Harding having the education of his children uppermost in mind, moved his family to a farm near by, where young Warren could conveniently do the milking after college hours. He gave up his college work for one term, and at the age of seventeen became a school teacher, to earn money to pay his way through college.

Young Harding in his three years at this institution maintained the traditions of school days portrayed by Tom Brown at Rugby. Although in 1910 he received the degree of Doctor of Law from this college, the one reminder which the village people point to with most pride is the door of Dr. Virtue's office painted by Warren Harding forty years ago, with pigments and craftsmanship that have withstood the ravages of time. It was good paint. All agree that Warren G. Harding could wield the gavel with greater grace than he could the paint brush.

Living on the site of the old college in a streaked knoll, is Frank Miller, an old classmate. He was a Harding delegate to the Chicago Convention and returned to the rolling green



MRS. G. T. HARDING
Mother of Warren G. Harding (died May 20, 1910)

meadows, fringed with maples, with a feeling that his old chum had at last realized some of the visions they chaffingly discussed in the moments when studies grew dull and they walked far afield.

Now came the flood of college anecdotes. Warren did not fancy chemistry as a study, but delighted in its experimental opportunities. The teacher's desk proved a living laboratory. Underneath was placed a bottle of hydrogen sulphide, which was popular because of its strong odor of addled eggs. The stopper was tied with a string attached to the drawer in the desk. This drawer when opened meant trouble. Meek and docile the chemists waited, and when the drawer was opened by the teacher everyone "just looked around" holding their offended nostrils to escape the olfactory torture. All assisted in the search, but the rotten eggs were never found to this day, for at noon the bottle was removed and the mystery remained unsolved.

The new professor was always telling the students that they were not as smart as the boys at Delaware where he formerly taught. In the geometry class one day, he remarked:

"I wish you boys would do things as they do them at Delaware."

That night Warren Harding took the challenge—he stayed up far into the morning hours studying his geometry. At the recitation the following morning he was called on and began demonstrating propositions for two solid class hours without an error until the professor fairly gasped. Young Harding just continued rolling out geometrical propositions in quick succession until he had to be stopped with a command.

"Is that as good as they do at Delaware?" asked Warren with a twinkle in his eye. The professor said: "I think it is." After that there was nothing more said about the boys at Delaware.

There were study-hour pests in those days, and Harding, while studious, was not brilliant and had to grind, so he planned with his roommate that they must rid themselves of perky Peter. The roommate was to pretend to have a fit and froth at the mouth with the aid of soap, and the pest would be left with him while Harding ran for the doctor. He was not gone long, but in the meantime the study-hour pest had received a good thrashing from the student having the fit. He never hovered about that room again, for he remembered ever after what happened during the fit.

Young Harding was early admitted to the Sons of Temperance. Although he was under age at the time, they juratrated him because of his size. The three years at college deepened the determination of young Harding to try a newspaper career and follow the impulse which had come to him when setting type in the little brick building of the *Caledonia Enterprise* which still stands in the town square. During vacations he returned to Caledonia and worked in a brickyard, a stiff job in hot weather, but young Harding was equal to the emergency and worked attired only in the lining of his trousers, for those were the days that trousers were lined, as outer and inner garments comprised the pioneer B.V.D.

There were hints of some college romance and long walks down the country road in the autumn moonlight, and sleighing parties in the tingling air of winter. Still living in this locality are some of his old college mates, some of them the co-eds that are now looking up the scrawled notes which read with classic formality, "Will you accept my company home tonight," bearing a signature that at least now has the possibility of sending out invitations to visit the White House, fulfilling the prediction of the class prophet, exercising the same right that comes to every American school and college that one day some boy of Ohio Central would be President of the United States.

They all looked at the big blushing Warren G. Harding.

Graduating from college, young Harding's eyes turned toward Marion as the "big town" to grow up in and from which to launch his "bark on the stormy seas of life"—as reads the valedictory. The railroad maps encouraged the belief that here was to be builded a great city. Always keeping in mind the interests of his growing family, Dr. Harding decided to move to this county seat. He and the mother ever remained the pals of their boys and girls. Young Warren soon decided that his star would shine in the firmament if he could work on a newspaper. He worked on a Democratic newspaper. A job secured, young Harding felt that his destiny was assured, for he was permitted to write locals and put them in type and to run the old hand-press. The father was an enthusiastic admirer of James G. Blaine, and so was his son, Warren. Those were the days of intense feeling, either for or against James G. Blaine. The editor of the *Mirror* hated the name of Blaine as poison. When he found young Harding wearing a Blaine hat, that was enough. He lost his job. The fire of determination was awakened in the youth whose dreams had been so rudely shattered. At the age of nineteen, Warren G. Harding and a brother printer bought the *Marion Star*, then a struggling newspaper, where the "ghost seldom walked" on Saturday—pay day. His father helped him, but disclaims ever having any interest, direct or indirect, in the paper, and Warren G. Harding became "Editor and Publisher" of a Blaine paper.

Now it was work in earnest. He began setting editorials directly from the case, and addressed the wrappers going to the few admiring subscribers included in the list of old friends in Caledonia—thirty miles away. The people of Marion and the farmers roundabout soon grew to admire and love the hard-working young editor in his struggles to (Continued on page 320)

Cherchez la femme

How Will Your Wife Vote?

By A. R. PARKHURST

Disturbing element of suffrage injects new equation into political problems

INTEREST in the rapidly approaching general election is divided. Hitherto all interest has centered in the opposing candidates of the two rival parties. But now the feminine equation has been thrust into the conflict, and none, not even the leaders of the two great parties, have any concrete idea as to just how the women will vote this November.

Both parties are claiming credit for having brought about the ratification of the amendment giving women the right of suffrage. But the women have very definite ideas themselves as to whom the credit is due and, unfortunately, they are keeping their own counsel, talking little, and in the vernacular of the classics, "sawing wood."

Of course, the entire nation is speculating on the outcome of the November elections. Republicans claim that it will be a walkover for Harding. Democrats are still proclaiming a Cox victory. Those women enrolled as leaders of the feminine wings of the two big parties each stoutly maintain their confidence in a landslide of feminine votes to their respective favorites. But, truth is, few know just what will happen, and there is not a leader in either party who would not give his good right arm to know just what the women will do, for all acknowledge that the women's vote in November 1920 will prove the crux of the situation.

While speculation is rife there is a way out of this maze of doubt, and this will be pointed soon. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company, in this case, will prove the Moses who is to lead us out of the wilderness of uncertainty. Intensely interested in the political situation, Mr. Liggett has enlisted the entire weight of his vast organization in order to ascertain just who is to be the next President; by just what majority he will be elected, and, better still, just how the women of the country are to vote and in what proportion their votes will be divided between the two candidates. All this will be announced through regular news channels, and it is Mr. Liggett's purpose to make this announcement, authoritatively and accurately, at least two weeks before the November elections, and maybe sooner.

The eight thousand Rexall drug stores throughout the United States are the principal cogs in the big machine Mr. Liggett has set in motion. And this is how it will be done:

In each Rexall store two ballot boxes are to be installed, one for the men voters and the second for the women. In each store these boxes will be under the watchful eye of a ballot clerk who will see that all who enter these stores eligible to vote will cast his or her ballot for Harding or Cox. At the end of each day the vote will be counted, that of men and women cast up separately, and then the total vote for that store extended into the total column. The ballot clerk will wire the result of the vote in his store to the central point of his state, where the Rexall state secretary will add it to the figures he has received from all other stores in his state. The total figures for that state will then be wired by the state secretary to each individual Rexall store in his state, as well as wiring the same figures to

the offices of the United Drug Company where these will be included in the list of figures received at this central office from all state secretaries in the United States.

As soon as the figures from all states have been received at the Boston office of the United Drug Company, the total figures for the nation as well as the vote by states will be flashed back to each individual druggist throughout the country, who, in turn, will display these figures in his store window.

The United Drug Company, through a publicity department established especially to handle this proposition, has arranged for a nation-wide dissemination of this news each night. As soon as the figures for each day's vote has been compiled a capable writer will get up a story on the vote, showing in just what proportion to the total vote of the state that cast in the straw vote campaign has been recorded.

In addition to this another story will be released each night through all the big news agencies giving the total male and female vote each day. All the big Metropolitan dailies have asked that they be supplied with this daily service, and all the various headquarters of each political party will be similarly served. Stories also will go out each night to the state headquarters of each political party and a similar story will be released through the headquarters of the National Women's Party at Washington.

Four years ago a Rexall straw vote was conducted in the waning days of the campaign. In fact ballots were recorded but nine days. A grand total of a million votes were rolled up in these nine days.

This vote showed that President Wilson would be re-elected, and so accurate was the Rexall stores' (Continued on page 331)



A VITAL FLIRTATION—WHICH WILL SHE FAVOR?

This question will be answered before election day by the national Rexall stores' straw vote

A City That Found Its Soul

By BENNETT CHAPPLE



CITIES have souls. The difficulty is to find the great denominator of civic pride and interest that will reveal the soul.

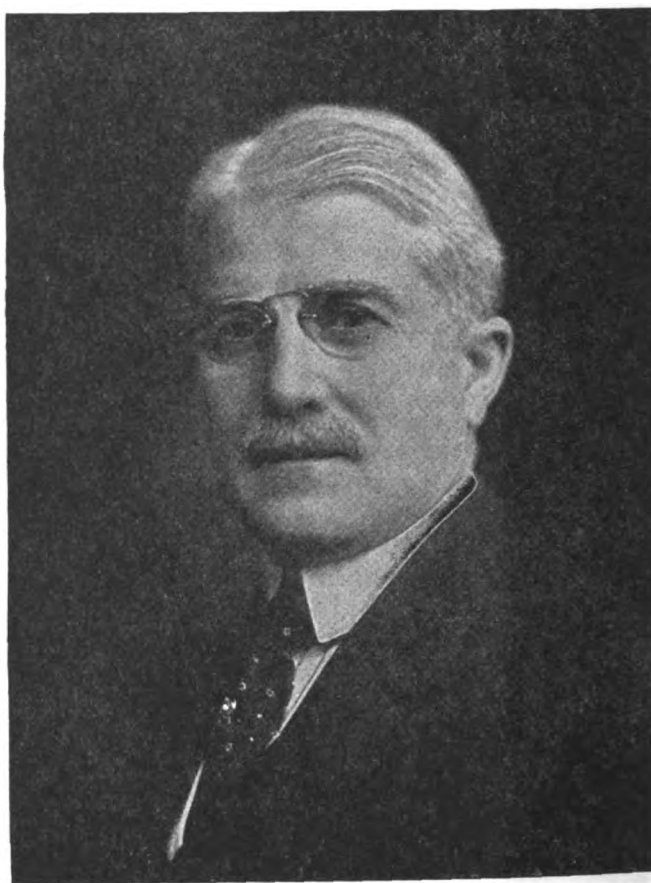
The little city of Middletown, Ohio, a place of about 25,000 inhabitants, found its soul when it decided to keep the "war machinery" which so successfully operated the "drives" for liberty loans, red cross, war savings, and kindred activities, in operation by turning its activities toward the meeting of civic needs.

The business men and manufacturers of Middletown were called together under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, and to these "Men of Middletown" the appeal was made—that the lesson of the great war should not be lost but that it should serve as the beacon light for a "Greater and Better Middletown." The speaker was Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mill Company. The pertinent needs of the city were outlined, the plea was made for generous giving of personal effort and of means, and for general unselfishness in support of all community problems, on the ground that civic and industrial stability is the product of human happiness, and human happiness is the result of human helpfulness.

"We raised millions for the winning of the war, why not raise a million for ourselves?" declared Mr. Verity. "Why should Middletown with all its flaunted prosperity have any neglected or worthy distressed poor when so large a portion of our citizenship is prosperous and happy and when there is work and wages for every able-bodied man? Why should there be any worthy unfortunate, human soul—man, woman or child—who does not receive proper human sympathy and real assistance when justified? Why should there be any human derelicts—worthy or unworthy—left to float in our beautiful community, to which the hand of the radical can be pointed in his justification of a program of destruction of all organized society?"

"Why wait for the hereafter to enjoy paradise and happi-

ness? Why not take the hills and valleys, the running waters, the trees, and the flowers that God has given us right here, and make these things a paradise on earth which, while preparing us for the glories of that Great Unknown, will develop all



GEORGE M. VERITY

President of the American Rolling Mills Company



Third Street, Middletown, Ohio

the finer traits of human life with which we are endowed, and when our work is done leave behind us a temple worthy of the vision and the effort of a people who worked together in a spirit of unselfish patriotism to create a city beautiful and a citizenship of exalted standards?"

Never had a city been more stirred—it brought on a series of "civic" revival meetings that rang with great fervor and a definite plan for Greater Middletown was laid down. Ten major objects were decided upon which would require one million dollars within the next two years from the citizens of the city.

It seemed a tremendous task. It meant an average of \$40 from every man, woman, and child, in Middletown. To match such a figure New York would have had to raise \$240,000,000, Detroit \$40,000,000, Cincinnati \$20,000,000. It looked—*impossible*.

The campaign started! Middletown set itself to the task of doing what had never before been done by a municipality. The different groups took up the work in earnest. The manufacturers met together and agreed that a (Continued on page 317)

An American princess of usefulness

Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh—Humanitarian

By LILIAN WHITING

Favored by crowned heads, sought by a nation's most charming society—behold a woman whose greatest joy in life is giving

IT was one of the historic moments when Queen Elizabeth of Belgium paused in her conversation with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, and, waving her hand to the assembled guests for silence, turned to Mrs. Walsh and said:

"I pin this decoration on you in behalf of the people of Belgium, because of your efforts to relieve the distress of humanity."

King Albert, who stood by the Queen, said:

"May every blessing be yours is the heartfelt wish of the queen and myself."

These words represented the gratitude of thousands of suffering women and children in Belgium and France to whom the marvellous work of this American woman is giving aid. For an instant Mrs. Walsh, taken by surprise, hesitated; then recovering herself, she replied, with her usual faultless grace:

"I thank your majesties for this beautiful decoration. It will always be my most cherished possession. Your people and your country—beautiful Belgium—have a warm place in my heart because of the happy days spent there in the past. I am glad to welcome your majesties to America, and am proud, very proud, to have you in my home. I pray your journey back to Belgium may be a safe and pleasant one, and I hope you may return and make us a longer visit."

The occasion was the dinner given in honor of the King and Queen of Belgium by the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall (representing the President, who was too ill to receive the visiting royalties), and for which entertainment Mrs. Walsh opened the magnificent resources of her great house in Washington inviting her friends (the Marshalls) to use it as their own. The famous gold plate of the Walsh's, the rare *Setres*, the Venetian crystal, a wealth of flowers, all contributed to the entrancing interior. These apartments were especially designed for great entertainments—salons, dining-room with the oval mahogany table seating forty guests; music-room, with the pipe organ built in, and the wonderful cabinet of minerals selected by Mr. Walsh and lighted by interior

electric lights; the conservatory—all were thrown open, *en suite*, at the disposal of the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall for their entertainment of the royal guests. There was poetic fitness in this, quite aside from the beautiful resources thus offered. For the story of "Mrs. Walsh's War Work" is something to live in the history of humanity; and that the royal head of the kingdom for whose destitute people she is doing this unprecedented work, should be brought, by the unseen magnetism of circumstances, into the home where the work was being carried on is one of the beautiful things in this mosaic of our human life.

As is well known, Thomas F. Walsh, one of the notable experts in metallurgy and a great capitalist, passed into the life more abundant some years ago, leaving Mrs. Walsh alone in this palace of a house, their only daughter being already established in her married home in Washington. Mr. Walsh was not only one of the great capitalists, but also one of the great

benefactors of Colorado in the development of the state. He organized industrial conditions for his employes in a manner to initiate a new era in labor; he was commissioned to represent President McKinley at the Paris Exposition of 1900, and so eminent were his services as to attract the special attention of the French government. All this would make a story of itself, but I must turn to the fascinating pages of Mrs. Walsh's work. Is it a natural result of the influences of her refined and lovely mother, Mrs. Reed, whose life was a benediction? The Recording Angel alone knows the beauty and beneficent sweetness of the life of Mrs. Reed; one could not write of this great international work of her daughter, Mrs. Walsh, without one word of reverent remembrance of herself. But now to our story.

"Even in a palace life may be well lived," said Marcus Aurelius. The line recurs to one's memory when seeing the use Mrs. Walsh is making of her beautiful home. The first floor was especially designed for great entertainments, while on the floor above there are a small dining-room, kitchen, etc., together with the living-room which is half a library, too, for Mrs. Walsh lives surrounded by books; with also the enchanting rose drawing room,



MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH

and with Mrs. Walsh's own morning room, and suites of guest rooms. The grand staircase, with a group of sculptured figures on the first landing, is surrounded on three floors by galleries out of which open the private suites of rooms. All family living, with the usual house guests, are thus provided for apart from the magnificence of the first floor; so it was there that Mrs. Walsh enthroned her work. Much of the choice art and other furnishings were removed; panels painted by noted European artists were covered, and in the reception room were installed four knitting-machines (on any one of which a man's sweater could be knit within twenty minutes), a long table bore small stocking-knitting machines; eighteen sewing machines, run by motor power, each with its own special electric light, shaded for work, were installed in the salon; the dining-room table, around which princes and diplomats and famous people of all orders had gathered, was utilized for cutting out the garments; a laundry and a dyeing plant were established in the basement; a staff of sewing women engaged; and their work supplemented by that of society women who drop in—ladies of the *Corps Diplomatique*, of the Cabinet, of society in general, from matron to *debutante*. The garments for women and children (up to the age of fifteen) lie about in piles, hundreds of them sent in each consignment every few months. Madame Jusserand, the French Ambassador's dress, took over a large consignment for personal distribution; the Salvation Army receive and distribute consignments. These garments include everything for indoor and out-of-door wear for the destitute women and children. Scraps of velvet and silk are ingeniously combined, sometimes with a touch of some cast-off fur, to make hoods for the women, which are so pretty as well as comfortable that the society girls laughingly petition to carry them off. Dresses for all ages; wraps, caps, skirts, stockings; comforters for bed or cradle; sweaters for infants, up to the grown-up; how can one mention all? Now a special point is this: Mrs. Walsh solicits cast-off garments of all kinds of men's and women's wear, and the ingenuity with which every scrap is utilized is a marvel. The legs of long silk stockings make infants' sweaters; the arms of women's long kid gloves line jackets for aviators; men's silk or cotton shirts make frocks for children; not even a faded necktie is wasted, for it can be dyed and made into a butterfly bow to ornament some little garment. The laundry to cleanse; the dyeing plant to produce any color, render every contribution available. Manufacturers send to Mrs. Walsh much material of odds and ends, or of bolts of cloth in which some imperfection unfits it for the market, though practically just as good for use; little jackets and caps are made from the manufacturers' samples. The ingenious conservation of material is a marvel. Mrs. Walsh does not cease her good work even now that the war is over.

The war may be over, but the destitution remains; and she plans to keep it up for many years to come. Need one point the moral of this tale? There is something suggestive of the

new and fairer civilization to which the world is tending; of the higher divineness of life which we all hold as ideal, in seeing a woman whose personal charm and accomplishments open to her every door of the loveliness of life; whose wealth would insure her leisure and all resources for travel and society—to see such a woman devote herself largely to work that can only be called that of the kingdom of heaven. By seven in the morning Mrs. Walsh is astir; her personal devotions, her light breakfast, a glance at the morning paper, and by eight she is enveloped in her white apron and downstairs cutting out and planning the details of her work. To see her daily life from day to day, the generous consideration, the exquisite dignity, the perfect mingling of gentle firmness and purpose with which Carrie Reed Walsh conducts her household, is a priceless lesson in life.

Well shows the gentle lady's mien
That courts and cities she has seen.

Mrs. Walsh does not abandon the duties and privileges of her position; she is no fanatic, and she combines her social sway, her passion for reading, her devotion to music, her love for all that is finest in art and in society, with the conducting of this remarkable philanthropy. Now that women vote, Mrs. Walsh was at once called to be the chairman of the women's Democratic committee, and to lead in other political activities; she attended the convention in San Francisco, inviting the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall (old and intimate friends) to be her guests. The great ball, last year, for the benefit of the Fund for the Washington police, was financed by Mrs. Walsh, whose box was a social center of continuous receptions. In her black gown embroidered in gold, wearing her famous diamonds, doing the same honor to the occasion that she might have offered to any European court, she seemed to embody a beautiful ideal of womanhood—the combination of all social elegances with the noble and generous helpfulness to humanity—a combination that realizes one's ideal of the Christian gentlewoman. On Christmas she entertained one thousand children of the police, at Wardman's Inn, in Washington, with a magnificently decorated Christmas tree, giving out the presents with her own hands. She had also caused to be arranged pantomimes, story-telling and various things to make resplendent for the children that Christmas day.

There needs no *apologia* for writing even so personal a sketch of a lady who (happily) is in the midst of our present life. For the beauty and charm that such an example, even an example so unconscious to herself as that of Mrs. Walsh, lends to the art of living, cannot be defined; it is as a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, and makes all the world the richer and the happier.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of weekday holiness
Fall from her, noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever learned to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

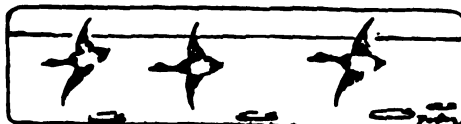
IN THE FALL

by MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

YOU can hear the partridge drumming
In the Fall;
And the wild bees' drowsy humming
In the Fall;
Then Jack Frost, with elfin touches
Of his magic hues and brushes,
Will suffuse the leaves with blushes
In the Fall.

The stars shine brighter, clearer,
In the Fall;
As the Ice King's reign draws nearer,
In the Fall.
Then will come the kitchen dances,
Where for kisses there'll be chances:
'Round some girl you'll weave sweet fancies
In the Fall.

The grain hangs ripe for shocking
In the Fall;
You can see the wild geese flocking
In the Fall.
Then the evenings will grow longer,
And the old folks will be fonder
Of the cosy kitchen corner,
In the Fall.



Where sincerity clamps the hearty handshake

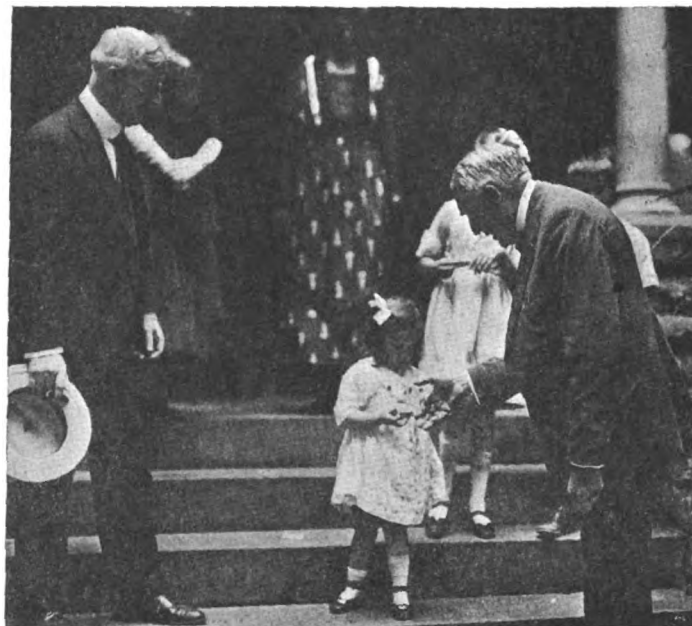
On Warren G. Harding's Front Porch

Where little girls bring their dolls—where mothers bring their knitting—where the voice of the plain people echoes in the words of the Republican candidate

MEMORIES of the 1920 campaign already bring to mind pictures of a porch campaign at Marion, Ohio, that reflect the real home spirit of the Harding administration. Immediately after the nomination this busy little city prepared for visitors. The home-coming itself, in July, was a red-letter day. The greeting by Mr. D. R. Crissinger, an old boyhood chum, and a Democrat of long standing, was one of those neighborly talks that recalled the Lincoln and McKinley campaigns. The later addresses by men of note and distinction, discussing the issues of the campaign, caught the keynote of the campaign from the simple speech of Dick Crissinger.

The front lawn was covered with gravel. There are those who still remember the greensward at Canton worn away by the feet of thousands of visitors. The approach to the home on Mount Vernon Avenue was adorned by white pillars which pointed the way to strangers. The hundreds of delegations and thousands of visitors who have passed this way include every walk in life of American activities. Day after day, rain or shine, a throng of American people have stood guard early and late, waiting for a chance to greet Warren G. Harding. Far up and down the street the automobiles were lined up waiting their turn. Tourists included Marion in their itinerary and just "dropped in" like veritable showers. There was no fence, and the curb was lined with boys and girls sitting in the shadows of the old maples waiting for a smile and greeting from the man they knew was their friend.

Through it all there was no halo of artificiality, but the simplicity and sweetness of home life. Across the street the can-



Senator and Mrs. Harding hold a reception for their young neighbors

didate would often go bareheaded to help along with the reception, grasping the hands outstretched from automobiles as they passed. The front porch, covering the corner of the house, was never without an occupant. Little girls came with their dolls, and neighbors came with their knitting. The picture of Mrs. Harding holding babies and the Senator looking gravely on with a fatherly look confirmed his oft-repeated expression, "I would rather have a house full of kiddies than anything else in the world."

Weekdays and Sundays the crowd still remained, and whether off to church or on a campaign tour they were always there to bid him welcome or Godspeed. The same automobile that brought him from Washington was kept busy carrying the friends to and fro. The artists were there, hoping for a sitting. Howard Chandler Christy even went to church to catch a glimpse of Harding in repose. In George Christian's home a few feet away the business of the campaign was carried on. There were campaign buttons and speeches carried away as souvenirs. The dining-room was adorned, with the old campaign print of John C. Fremont, the pathfinder, used in the first presidential campaign ever conducted by a Republican party. Upstairs, downstairs, everywhere was the click of the typewriter dispatching answers to the bushels of mail received every day. Adjoining this was a small bedroom which served as the office of the candidate. A plain, flat desk, bare floors, in surroundings as simple as those of an editorial office. Senator Harding corrected proofs and worked steadily at his desk every moment that he could steal away from visitors. Under the old apple trees in the rear a new special building was provided for the newspaper correspondents where they slept, watched, and waited to report almost every word and act of the candidate who lived under their keen eyes.

Not until the golden October days did Senator Harding leave his home for any extended tour. When he departed the boys



The neighborhood babies always enjoy a visit with Mrs. Harding



Mrs. Harding is always "at home" with the folks who come from far and near

were there with apples and nuts as a basket offering to see that he might have something on the train to remind him of home. Frequent visits to Marion during the porch campaign found Warren Harding just the same thoughtful and well-poised person as in the day when he was twenty-six and had his picture taken on November second, with a new-style stand-up collar.

There was no halo of added importance perceptible to the keenest observer. It was the same Warren Harding whom the people of Marion greeted when he received his first political honors.

"He wears honors well," said an old citizen with a twinkle in his eye as he followed the Senator's long strides down the walk. "Do you wonder that Marion feels unanimous these days?"

Speech after speech running into hundreds of thousands of words was prepared and delivered at home. The advance copies were sent far and wide, for every word was weighed and scrutinized for subtle shades of meaning. But the simple directness of his language under all the stress and pressure never wavered in thought or word. Think of it—every utterance was recorded as if he were living in an atmosphere of some phonograph receiver. There were only a few occasions when he escaped the relentless stenographic record. One day he slipped across the way to talk to some boys from his old home, Caledonia. They had organized a brass band and were going to try out their first quick step for public performance on the unsuspecting candidate. He listened while memories came surging back of the slip horn and solo alto and when his band won the third prize in a contest where only a few of the faithful had remained, the rest of the band having left feeling that it was hopeless to enter a contest against the big city fellows. With a dreamy look in his eye he began one of the most notable speeches of the campaign. Someone felt it coming, and a stenographer in the crowd took notes on the back of envelopes supplied by others close at hand and preserved this address. It might be appropriately entitled "As I see It." It was not sent out to the newspapers, as it was thought to be only an impromptu greeting as if talking to neighbors over the fence as they stopped for a chat on the "road to town." It rings with a simplicity that is Lincolnian, and is worthy a place in the records of a memorable porch campaign.

Addressing the group as "My friends," Senator Harding said:

I appreciate deeply your coming here to see me. I assume that your coming is in large part due to the fact that I am a candidate for the presidency. It is because I feel more deeply about it every day that I want to tell you, American citizens, and through you as many Americans as possible, my ideas of the responsibilities of a candidate for the highest office the people can bestow. The first of these

responsibilities I have borne in mind and I will continue to preserve it. It arises from the fact that my duty as a candidate, before election, compels me to put higher even than obligation to a great and wise and growing political party, my obligations to all Americans.

I have said to myself, "You owe it to the citizens of America to preserve the attitude and the mind of one who serves as well as he can."

As I see it, I owe it to the men and women of America to guard against all pretense.

As I see it, I owe it to them to state fully and clearly my beliefs with all the sincerity there is in me.

As I see it, I must not, as I seek to gain votes for my party, yield to the temptation which often comes to men who are candidates, to make false appeals, and appeals which, though they might be successful at the moment, do not serve truth or do not meet the requirements of our national dignity.

As I see it, I must not drag the attention of the American people into the mire when it is their whole-hearted desire that their attention should be centered upon the problems which we all wish to face bravely and wisely and together.

As I see it, I must concentrate my attention upon construction and not upon abuse.

As I see it, I must be patient and tolerant with those Americans who differ with me.

As I see it, I must assume an attitude which is firm, but is ever listening to the voice of the people and ever watchful to preserve our constitutional rights to representative government, rather than government by propaganda and executive powers.

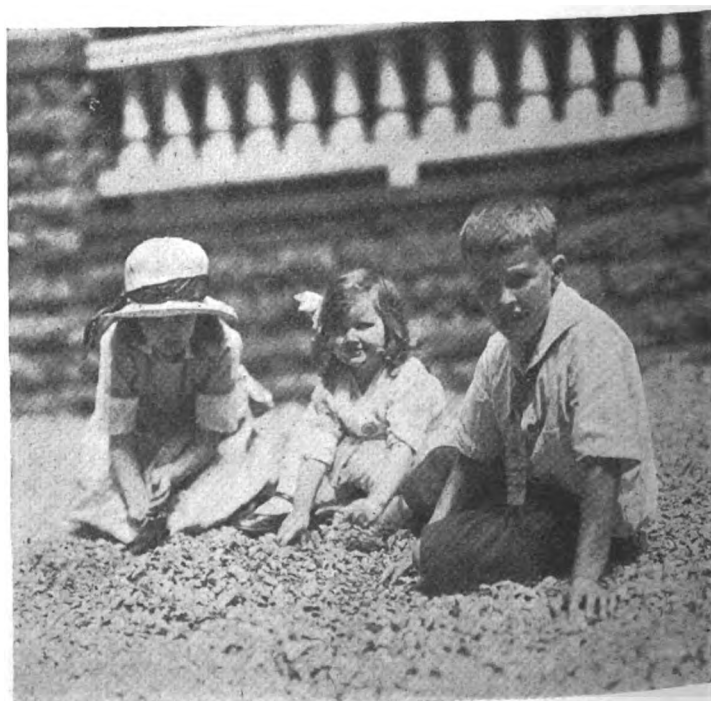
Every citizen must realize that America wants deeds rather than words and that the proper solution of pressing problems is more important than appeal for momentary favor.

As I see it, I must remember, as I have remembered today, to address myself to the whole of the American people and to keep close to my heart as well as to my head, the interest of the whole of the American people.

As I see it, if I were to stoop to insincerity, to mere clamor, to political expediency, to appeals to special classes, I would be failing in that purpose which I trust shall always be mine, not my own interest, not even the interest of my party first, but America first!

If there ever was a true exemplification of the spirit of the "house by the side of the road," it was at the home of Warren G. Harding during the campaign of 1920. The dominant thought early and late was the ideal of friendship to man. There were none who passed that way who will ever forget the kindly greeting and sincere wholesomeness of the man who could well repeat the lines of Sam Walter Foss's great poem with sincerity and truth. With all the glowing vision of the White House one could almost feel the lips of Warren Harding repeating day by day reverently and earnestly the words.

Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.



Playing on the ground at the Harding home

The spotlight on the film-fan

The Pulse of the Movie Public

By NASH A. NALL

Wherein we find an enigma that baffles Mr. Nall—When the devotees of the silent art split fifty-fifty on the cheers and hisses

GEORGE WASHINGTON himself, provided he were able to interpret this movie business for Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, would arrive at the same conclusion as the writer with reference to the pulse of the movie public during the past month. To remove the haze that our unwarranted historical reference may have caused and to come back to earth, we mean to say that the most truthful man in history would substantiate our opinion so far as the likes and dislikes of the movie public during the thirty days past is concerned. The pulse was irregular; it raced and it lagged, it beat its unmissed accents of acclamation and then dropped into an intricate tempo of some-do-and-some-don't, to wind up with a syncopated movement that defied interpretation.

Especially with regard to our originally-coined "some-do-and-some-don't" illusion do we want to clarify matters. This phrase in its broader and bigger sense could apply to almost anything. The President could use it as an alibi for the League of Nations—the heartbroken playwright could use it as a justification for the critics' trouncing, Irving Berlin could use it as the title for a song, they could paint it on the Ouija boards. So, as we said before, "Some-Do-and-Some-Don't" could mean almost anything except a good advertisement for cathartic pills. But in its specific meaning, and as we are especially anxious to have it understood, it means the Goldwyn company's "Earthbound," and nothing else.

It was with the most diligent care that we diagnosed the case and took the pulse of the public on "Earthbound." First, it was shown at the Astor Theatre, in New York City. So far as the length of its run was concerned, it might be termed a fair success. So far as the newspaper reviews went, it seemed to be a whirlwind, which in the dictionary of the show business means amazingly gratifying. Then the Goldwyn management removed it from the Astor Theatre and placed it in the big Capitol, where the world's largest and most beautiful picture house put it to the test of the great public. It is here that the writer must explain and perhaps apologize. At any rate, the test fell flat. The litmus-paper curled up and over on its side and effervesced into a razzie horse laugh. The sulphuric acid instead of answering positive, transformed itself into red soda-pop, and the stirring rod did a disgraceful muscle dance. It was heart-breaking. The feelings of the official tester could only be compared to those of the small boy who thought he was eating jam and who later discovered he had been eating red vaseline.

For instance, ask the average movie fan what he thought of "Earthbound," and he might reply:

"Fine. Positively one of the greatest pictures I ever saw. Something you see once in a lifetime. It's powerful. It was a terribly hard story to handle, and think how well they put the message across. It's the most commendable thing the screen can claim. It gives you something to think about. It's a knockout."

On the other hand, ask another average movie fan what he thought of "Earthbound," and he would, ten chances out of eleven, say:

"Terrible—positively the most tiresome and boresome thing I ever had to sit through in my life. The next time they make a picture like that they can eliminate my dime from the prospective gross."

Continuing, he might say:

"Every act and every bit of action in the entire film was too slow. If a character was supposed to open a door and enter upon the scene, it looked as though about three times as much time was required to do this in "Earthbound" as in the average movie. The whole picture impressed me as a celluloid trance. It never came to life.

There seems to be no doubt whatever but that it will make a great deal more money for Mr. Griffith than his initial movie history-making film.

Popular sentiment has it that Griffith has accomplished the impossible in this production. And when one considers what marvelous action and dramatic tensility it must take to make a sophisticated, super-critical, hard-boiled New York audience stand and cheer a celluloid hero, it is not hard to discover the reason for the unprecedented flood of praise and patronage that has attended this wonder film.

* * *

Hugo Reisenfeld, upon whom the Paramount Company places so much responsibility for the appropriate setting and presentation of its various screen plays, needed to devise no introductory prologue or atmosphere for the presentation of "The Restless Sex," in which Marion Davies is starred at the Criterion Theatre. The atmosphere was there. And it was the odor of French bon-bons, lace silk stockings and all sorts of femininity from the girl who chops the tickets at the Hoboken ferry to the lass whose honor it is to wait on such screen stars as Jack O'Brien, Ernest Hillard and Dick Barthelmess at Hotel Claridge. The title literally got 'em. That "The Restless Sex" is a great success is no puzzle. It's the proposition of giving the goils a feast for the eye. For instance, Susie, who earns a weekly stipend for opening the office's mail (she is not paid for reading the personal letters, however) can doze for at least six days of the week following the day on which she has seen "The Restless Sex," living over the moments of luxury, lingerie, telephones enclosed in doll houses, and heroines who bite heroes on the legs. Not that any such scenes are included in "The Restless Sex"; what we mentioned is merely a short synopsis of a business day-dream enjoyed by the average "Susie" who has absorbed six reels of "The Restless Sex."

* * *

Probably as a result of an unusual story—at least in one particular feature—Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "The Jailbird" seemed to strike audiences right. Fancy the notorious safe-cracker who was so honest that he returned to jail, following an escape and an escapade in which he became wealthy and fell in love. This was only one of the miracles that occurred in the picture. Another incident shows how an oil gusher was accidentally struck. Then, again, we are shown the country girl who fell in love and promised to marry the nice, good-looking, young jailbird without even asking for either a bank or a Sunday-school reference. As we said before, "The Jailbird" is strikingly unusual. Perhaps this is the reason why it was so well received.

* * *

James Oliver Curwood again came to the front this month with his "Nomads of the North," which was well received at the initial presentation at the New York Strand Theatre. Made up chiefly of the ingredients of woodland scenic beauty, splendid acting on the part of Louis Stone, a story that holds its interest well and some spectacular forest-fire effects, this film struck an unquestionable note of strong popularity in the minds of New York picture fans.

Announcing

"ANNABEL LEE"

Olive M. Briggs'

Fictionization of the Initial
Heart Throbs Production
from the Story by

ARTHUR M. BRILIANT
WILLIAM J. SCULLY
JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE
PAUL M. SARAZAN

Next Month's
NATIONAL

It was always floating in the clouds. Once in a while one of Basil King's epigrammatic subtitles caught the eye.

"Yet, there is a justification. This production took for its theme the story of life after death. It could rightfully claim that its slow movement was justified by the nature of the subject with which it dealt. Some of my friends claim it is great. I can't see it that way. Maybe it's me, maybe it's my friends, or maybe it's the picture. Anyway, I can't find any two people who agree on it."

So that's the way "Earthbound" goes. Movie fans say one of two things. Either it is splendid or terrible. The writer isn't going to express an opinion. He's not supposed to, and for once in his life he is glad of it.

* * *

But the pulse was normal and unmistakable on "Way Down East," D. W. Griffith's latest production, made for and by his own company, and which literally charmed the thousands who witnessed premier showings at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. The only matter of doubt, according to the public, is whether or not Griffith has excelled himself. There are those who claim that "Way Down East" is even better and more entertaining than "The Birth of a Nation."

A man with a mighty big job

Looking Like a Million Dollars

By JACK WHITE

Louis Stearns, portraying the role of the colonel in "Annabel Lee," must be a millionaire eighteen out of every twenty-four hours—and the result

AS long as print paper, typewriters, and high school graduates are manufactured, there shall be a plenty and more written about the influence of the motion-picture industry. Undoubtedly this chosen theme will be good for at least fifty years more, and at the end of another like period will probably be revived. At any rate, the most tolerant movie public has smilingly suffered the mountain of literature written about and at the results brought about through the picture show and its sponsors. And the worst part of it all is that the public will have to bear another burden, because this article has to do with the influence of the picture business. But, in this case, it is not an involved subject nor one that must be absorbed while the mind is fresh. It's simply the story of what the picture business has brought to one man. And his name is Louis Stearns.

Let it be placed immediately on record that the movie fan who doesn't know Louis Stearns ought not to be classified as such. For, to a certainty, such a movie fan has evidently derived his knowledge of the cinema world and its peoples through reading the divorce news of the Chaplins, the marriage notes of the Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark's secrets of youth, or William Hart's advice as to how to fire a gun and scowl at the same time. In other words, this calibre of movie fan is not thorough in his knowledge of the subject. He's not dyed-in-the-wool. The truth about the matter is that a little general information accidentally spattered on him. What we're driving at is to merely say that the so-called movie fan who only knows "the big four" (incidentally, we think this is the most ridiculous title ever coined) surely has missed considerable over ninety-nine per cent of the pleasure of being a movie fan.

But this story is about Louis Stearns and what the movies did to him. And the long and the short of it is that the movies have made Mr. Stearns a millionaire in every way except the trifling matter of really having the cold cash in the bank. No matter how he starts the picture (perhaps as the laboring Ghetto father, perhaps as the Russian seeking a living and relief of persecution in the new land) Lou Stearns always is worth a million by the time the fade-away is due.

It's really a most unusual sensation. Due to the fact that Stearns is working in various parts in various pictures most of the day and night, his whole life has practically been turned into the comparatively wretched thing of acting like a millionaire. As a matter of fact, Stearns is only himself when he is eating and sleeping—the rest

of the time he is working and doing his best to act like a million dollars.

Consider, kind reader, what might happen to your mental balance if you left your New York apartment at eight in the morning; at nine arrived at the studio, and until almost midnight did what a millionaire might do. And the most striking feature is that in order to make it absolutely clear to the public that he is a real, honest-to-goodness millionaire, Stearns is called upon not to indulge in the simple, modest methods of millionaires, but to have the best—eat the best, dress the best, and indulge in the most luxurious life that can be scraped from the brain of the imaginative script writer.

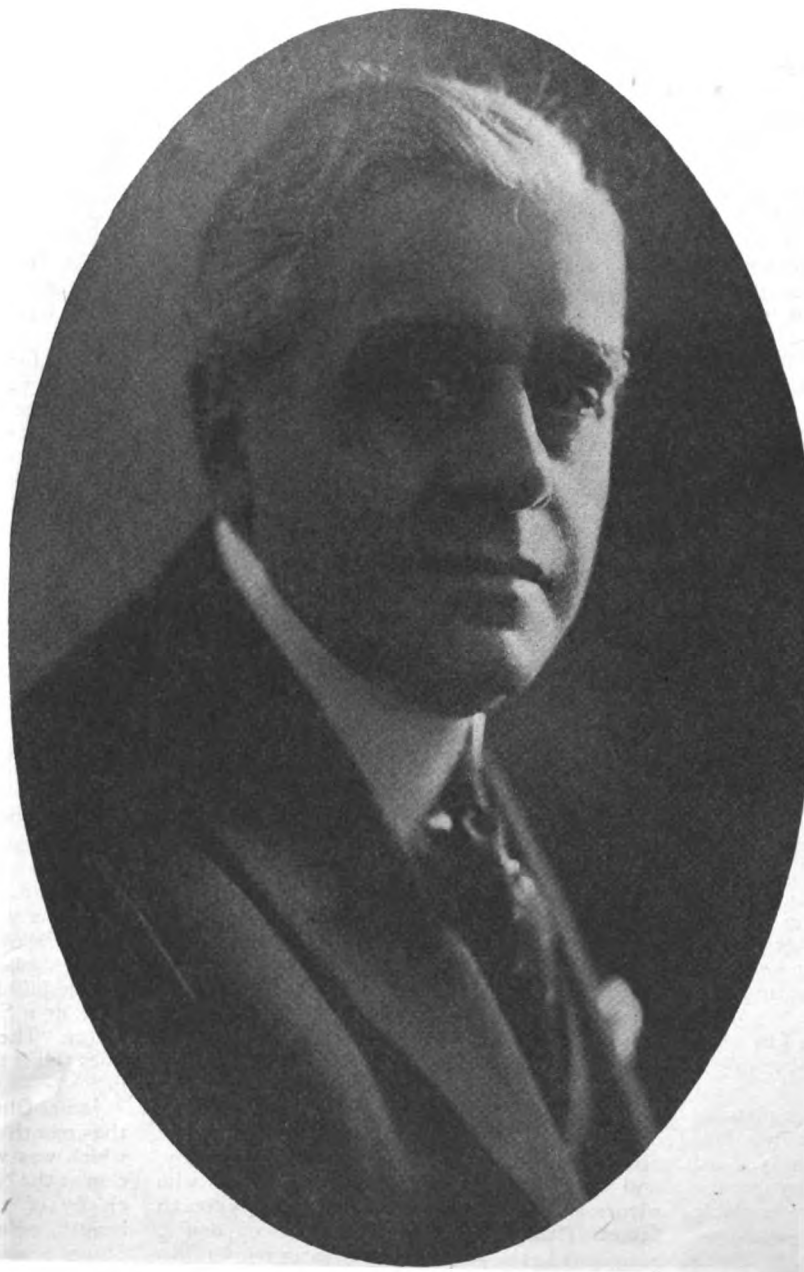
Now, one day of acting like a millionaire might not have its effect. One day of life is easy to forget. After two weeks, the average person who had acted like a millionaire for eighteen hours at a stretch would perhaps begin to forget about that remarkable day. But think it over. What if you had to be a millionaire eighteen hours every day for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. And Lou Stearns has been in the movies ever since you felt aggrieved when they raised admission prices to a dime.

To get back to the point from which we started—what has this constant life of the millionaire done for Lou Stearns? The answer, in terms of dollars and cents, bears every earmark of a most successful career. It has also brought him fame. But perhaps the most striking result can only be perceived through psychology. To illuminate this rather odd and hard-to-understand preceding statement, the picture life Mr. Stearns has been leading has really imbued him with the general appearance and characteristics of a man of infinite wealth, and the effect of this quality in the man on the people with whom he is connected is marked.

Undoubtedly, such an odd situation will strike the average reader as being almost impossible—perhaps more beyond the bounds of reason. Why should a man who merely acts like a millionaire the majority of his life be taken for a *real* millionaire? And even if he allows himself to live under that impression, how in the world are other people to know that he is anything more than an average human being?

But that is just the point. In the first place, the general makeup and facial expression of Louis Stearns is that of the successful business man. Primarily this is the reason for his being chosen to portray just such a part. In the second place, when he is on location and in and around the various hotels where the various companies in which he works make their respective headquarters, Mr. Stearns is usually dressed for his part in the particular picture in which he is working and consequently he generally looks like a millionaire.

An interesting incident is recalled concerning Mr. Stearns' impressive appearance. It was during the making of "Annabel Lee," in which Miss Lorraine Harding is starred in the initial Heart Throbs production. The Heart Throbs Company was registered at a quaint hotel in Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts. On a certain Sunday morning he wore his frock coat, equipped himself with his (Continued on page 310)



LOUIS STEARNS

A millionaire for eighteen out of every twenty-four hours

You can't beat the best

On Location with "Annabel Lee"

By STEWART
ARNOLD
WRIGHT

Where the combination of master ability in direction, faithful casting, the sublime in scenic values and Ned Van Buren's camera are making a celluloid gem

ALMOST everybody, perhaps, has at some time or other expressed the wish that he might be present during the making of movies. I don't believe anyone will question that. The assertion is made from a solid foundation based on actual knowledge of hundreds of people who wanted to know about motion pictures and couldn't hear enough about the subject, and also scores of people who fled from such discussion and couldn't be induced to even listen in while such a topic was under fire.

As a matter of fact, the writer belongs to the class of the cinema family that knows all about pictures. At least, he felt thus until almost a week ago. If there was anything new under the sun, he hadn't heard about it. And if there wasn't anything new under the sun, he probably had heard about it. At any rate, it is hoped that this paragraph has given the reader to understand that up until one week ago the writer was so deucedly *blase* that he couldn't even be civil to the people aboard the Fall River boat en route to Martha's Vineyard. And it was simply because of the fact that these people were pestering the poor writer about how movies are made.

Undoubtedly, more explanation is due. How can I expect a reader to have even a faint idea of what I'm driving at, when I've strayed so far from the theme that I'm at loss to proceed. To begin with—I knew Joe Chapple. I knew him well. And about three weeks ago I ran across him in the lobby of the Commodore Hotel, New York City.

"What are you doing, Joe?" I asked after greetings. "Lecturing, globe-trotting, interviewing—what?"

The well-known twinkle came into his eye. He led me over to a secluded corner and talked to me like a father who was describing the first step his first boy had taken.

The long and the short of it was that Joe told me he was making pictures.

"Well, if you're making pictures," I mused, finally, "I ought to run down and give you a story in some of the fan magazines. I've written under twenty different names and have worn four shift-keys off my typewriter writing movie stuff. Strikes me as though I ought to run down and look on. Maybe I can suggest something. You know, there's nothing I don't know about pictures."

That's enough for the introduction. That tells how it happened that on a recent Saturday morning I could have been found standing on the deck of one of the over-night boats, and preparing to disembark (that's a big word for a twenty-hour boat ride) at New Bedford, and then take another ship for Martha's Vineyard. I was fully equipped—portable typewriter and everything. To give another example of the enthusiasm with which I started the voyage I might as well admit that I had several sheets of manuscript which I had carefully prepared the night before. The text consisted of advice to Joe. I didn't want him to make any mistakes that could be avoided. For instance, part of my advice consisted of the following list of "Don'ts":

1. DON'T interfere with your director.
2. DON'T forget to have a bookkeeper on hand.
3. DON'T forget the value of scenic stuff.

Anyway, I had several dozen "don'ts," the majority of which were not as strong as those I quoted. I had taken pains to enumerate every possible mistake that Joe Chapple could make, and was going to present the list of mistake-antidotes to him on a silver platter, as it were.

When I reached location and saw the organization Joe had picked to produce pictures, it was then that I respectfully tipped my hat to the Heart Throbs Company, and discovered that there was a whole lot more progress being made in the picture business than I had figured on. It didn't take me long to find it out, either. I think the first person I met was Scully, the director.

Mr. Scully was just emerging from the dining room when Joe introduced me. I was a little taken back at first to find that he had a whole-souled welcome. He didn't say:

"Glad to know ya," and look at the other side of the world.

His greeting was sincere. His handshake was hearty.

"Gosh," I remarked, "you're the first director I ever saw that acted as though he were human."

Scully chuckled. "I'd have a fat chance of directing Heart Throbs pictures if I didn't appreciate the art of being human," he said. "Certainly I'm human. Everybody in this company

is human. The result is that we are making human pictures. Can you imagine anything nicer in the way of pictures, than *human* pictures?"

I looked at him for a moment. That sort of a question coming from a director was a new experience for me. I might have fancied it coming from the mouth of a president of a big company, probably as a result of coaching on the part of the publicity man; but I never thought it would come off-hand from a director.

"Nope," I admitted. "If you make human pictures you're reaching the mark—and it doesn't matter how high you go or how far away you place it."

Scully reflected a moment. "The time has arrived when the prime essential for motion pictures can be summed up in three essentials—*humanness, scenic value, and an absorbing story*. In my estimation, the motion picture public, and the New York men who prescribe the pictures for the big public, are only in a small way responsible. The person to credit with this discovery of the trinity of excellence is the man who runs the motion picture theatre. In the terms of the trade we call him the exhibitor. He's the fellow that's demanding progress. Do you know that four out of every six exhibitors in this country are today personally reviewing all prospective pictures for the essentials I named



Florida Kingsley and Lorraine Harding in conference with Director Scully. Standing, from left to right, are Joe Mitchell Chapple, Stewart Arnold Wright and Ned Van Buren. The man with the note-book on his knee is Jack Garvey, assistant to the director

before they will place those pictures on their screens? There is a strata of exhibitor responsibility alive today. And this accounts for most of the advancement being made today in the motion picture business."



The widow Higgins tells Miss Annabel Lee that the heart of the wife of a skipper is anchored with the moorings in the cove

I don't remember where Joe Chapple was when Scully said that. I think he was near the cigar counter. Regardless of where, he didn't hear it, and I was glad. I wanted to have the pleasure of imparting to him the news that I believed he had picked a director in a thousand. I told him:

"I'm learning something. It's quite a sensation. I thought I was coming out here to teach you a lot of things about the picture business, and now I've discovered that there's a whole lot that your company can teach me. I'm going to stick around for three days and see how real movies are made."

I did. I watched Scully direct Ben Grauer, the little boy who made the startling success in Griffith's "The Idol Dancer," in "Penrod," and "Floradora." I was the most interested spectator in the group when little Arline Blackburn, the tot selected for child parts in the majority of Constance Talmadge productions, went through her bit with Ben.

"You certainly deserve credit," I told Joe. "How did you know that Ben Grauer and Arline Blackburn were among the most capable, talented, and popular juveniles on the screen?" I asked. "You're a publisher. And yet you've got the faculty of getting the best, and perhaps

making the best in a new art. How the dickens did you do it, Joe?"

And Chapple put his hand on my shoulder.

"Stewart," said he, "I haven't been studying the motion picture business for two solid years just for diversion. I've been learning, learning, constantly learning the ins-and-outs, how to improve, what not to do, what to do, what can improve the business, what the people want, what the exhibitors want, and what is morally right for me to give the public. I don't in the least deserve the credit. Give it to the organization."

That's as far as Joe cared to go. I learned from one of the assistants that "Annabel Lee," the initial picture of the Heart Throbs series, will require an amount of effort seldom tendered any production under the six-reel limit. I had to gasp when I learned that in putting the two-reel continuity together, Chapple had

worked for almost a month with four of the best script writers he could procure. In addition, his director and camera man were "in" on the conferences. I further learned that the story of "Annabel Lee," from which the continuity was made, was sent back to the author six times for revisions and changes, and that when completed and published in Joe Chapple's magazine it will represent the product of three different fiction writers.

When I met the cast for "Annabel Lee," I thought I was looking over an ensemble for one of the big feature pictures—not a two-reel production. There was Louis Stearns, nationally known as the portrayer of father roles. He appeared in "Humoresque," and has contributed largely to the success of a dozen of the best known screen plays.

Florida Kingsley, selected by Joe Chapple as the mother type for "Annabel Lee," has a wonderful following throughout the nation. She is known as "the little mother of the screen." And, so help me, if Joe Chapple didn't step out and in every instance pick the best possible characters for his story.

Jack O'Brein, one of the most rapidly-advancing leading men in the business, was picked to play opposite Miss Lorraine Harding, known

as "the Heart Throbs Girl," and Ernest Hilliard, popular for his work in Goldwyn releases, was selected to complete the O'Brein-Harding triangle. I don't believe D. W. Griffith could have picked better types for this particular picture. And just to think, my old friend Joe Chapple had done the trick. And there I was—on location—with my portfolio full of "don'ts," trying to tell Joe how to make a picture.

I didn't stay three days. I stayed a week. I didn't make a cent because I didn't write a line. Moreover, the board was pretty high in Vineyard Haven. But what chance was there to write? During daylight hours I was on location with Bill Scully and learning how to make pictures. During the night hours I tried to get Joe to tell me how in the dickens he ever learned so much about making movies. That week was about the most educational in my picture career.

This story is being written on the boat, en route to New York. We're just getting out amidst the rollers as this sentence is being written. And if I thought it would do any good, I'd toss that portfolio with the "don'ts" out among the breakers. Maybe it might do the waves some good. It's a cinch they didn't help Joe. In fact, I was so ashamed of them I didn't dare open the brief case.



Arline Blackburn, known to thousands of movie fans from playing child parts in Constance Talmadge pictures, and who makes a charming little Annabel Lee at the age of six

LOOKING LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

Continued from page 308

cane and hat and proceeded to take a stroll in the immediate vicinity. He had hardly been gone for five minutes when a series of telephone calls were received by the hotel management. Interested natives were anxious to know what celebrated man was registered at the hotel.

"I've seen that man somewhere," one of the local persons told the hotel proprietress, "but I just can't place him. Is he John D. Rockefeller or Pierpont Morgan? Who is he?"

By the time Mr. Stearns returned to the hotel, several small boys were following him at a respectful distance.

An executive of one of the producing concerns,

speaking about Mr. Stearns, probably sized up the reason for his popularity with the following, which is quoted almost verbatim:

"Stearns stands out among those actors who attempt to play the roles of father-millionaires because he really looks the part through and through. He is undoubtedly the thoroughbred of all this type of screen artists. He is a graduate of Columbia University, is exceptionally well versed on business and has a wonderful understanding of human nature. This, with the thirty years he has spent in playing just such roles on the spoken stage and before the camera gives him that poise necessary to the correct in-

terpretation of the various parts which he must play."

And undoubtedly the foregoing (although it is in that doggone highbrow, technical screen language that those film executives seem to find inevitable) explains just why movie fans like Louis Stearns.

But figure it out, considerate reader! How would you like to be acting like a millionaire eighteen hours out of every twenty-four? Louis Stearns doesn't mind it.

"If a day passed that I didn't either lose or make several million dollars, I'd think it was a frameup," said he.

The Emersons find a shell-shocked Venus de Milo

John and Anita Return Home

By
ROSALIND DAVIS

With stories of a benumbed theatre, America's foremost scenario writers are glad to be back in the land of the free and the home of the motion picture

EVERYONE has heard of shell-shocked people and shell-shocked towns. It has remained for John Emerson and Anita Loos, best known of American scenario writers, to return from Europe with tales of a shell-shocked art.

It is their own art—the motion pictures—which suffers from this curious malady. Last Spring these two veteran dramatists, whose stories for Douglas Fairbanks, Billie Burke, and Constance and Norma Talmadge have made them famous, went overseas to investigate the artistic possibilities of the European movies. Summer found them back in their New York "workshop" filled with enthusiasm—for the movies of America.

Mr. Emerson is a tall, lean figure of a man, with a singularly satirical turn of the eyebrows. His wife, who still writes under the name of Anita Loos, is a petite brunette person with a retroussé nose and a weird trick of braiding her hair Indian fashion, which set a vogue among even the blasé coiffeurs of Paris. They are to be found during working hours in a large room tastily furnished with two kitchen chairs, a weary looking deal table and about nine thousand feet of snakey film—film which coils itself under the chairs and over the lamp fixtures and about the feet of the unwary. The Emerson-Loos collaborators use the table to sit on, while they put their feet on the chairs and dash off "stuff" on yellow pads held in their laps—stuff worth approximately nine dollars a word at present scenario prices.

"If the movies grow better, it will be America that improves them," said Mr. Emerson from his perch on the table. "We went abroad in search of scenery, scenarios and other adjuncts of photoplay production. We found the scenery.

"As to the rest of it, we can only say that no American movie magnate needs lose sleep over a haunting dread of foreign competition. The plays of the stage and the cinema alike, in England, France and Germany, are incredibly poor. The movies are like the archaic productions which filled our Nickleodeons some ten years ago—dim, flickering affairs with little plot and no sequence whatsoever."

And he shook his head dismally. Miss Loos put aside her pad to take up the theme.

"The troubles of the stage and cinema abroad came out of the war," she said. "Authors and directors are suffering from the nervous strain. They told us so themselves, everywhere. Some of them had been two and three years in the trenches; others had been bombarded for days on end in London and Paris. Their creative faculties had been temporarily numbed by these appalling experiences.

"Perhaps you think this is overstating the case. Let me tell you that both Mr. Emerson and myself had the same experience at the start of the war, when the excitement made concentration impossible. We were writing and directing the Douglas Fairbanks photoplays at the time, and we simply had to stop and take a long vacation. And if we could feel the effects of a war six thousand miles away, how much more nerve-racking must have been the experiences



MR. AND MRS. JOHN EMERSON

of the playwrights and scenario writers who were in the thick of it.

"During our stay abroad we visited as many studios as possible. We discovered that in all of Europe there is not a single movie plant wherein a picture equal to even a mediocre American photoplay could be produced—with the exception of one studio recently built abroad by an American firm in the face of persistent opposition from the foreign producers. It is again the effect of the war. The impresarios are still overwhelmed by the great national catastrophe; instead of starting anew to build up their industry along technical lines developed in America while they were fighting, they are deluding themselves into the belief that with a few old barns, equipped with dim electric lights and flimsy canvas scenery, they can wrest the control of the motion pictures away from America where for the past three years it has been the fifth national industry."

And she told of millions of dollars spent in importing American authors, directors and actors to teach the English, French and Italians the game, and how these artists were forced to return incontinently to their own lands when they discovered that, in Europe, they were entirely without the tools of their trade. She told of foreign governments which based their hopes of rehabilitation on the creation of a great motion picture industry—hopes foredoomed to failure because the producers will not let them-

selves be guided by the experiences of the Americans.

And while Mrs. Emerson was speaking there was not a solitary sound that rivaled her for the attention of her audience. It was her description, mingled with the expression of her personal views on the subject, that made her words unmistakably out of the ordinary. The writer listened intently for epigrams and cute sayings. But the clever little sub-titler used none. But what she said was clear and to the point.

"Europe is six years behind us in the motion picture industry," said Mr. Emerson, as his wife finished. "Perhaps she will not catch up for twenty years. Europe has the most beautiful scenery in the world and, in fact, we toured even the battle scarred areas in search of 'locations' for photoplays. But so long as the authors and producers remain in their present shaken state of nerves, there can be no advance in the European pictures. The overseas movie folk are making mistakes, and they know they are making mistakes. They make a curiously pathetic appeal to visiting Americans—sort of 'what's-wrong-with-the-world' query. It is a condition which calls for the greatest sympathy on the part of America, for if Europe is behind us in her drama, it is due to an accident, the accident of the war, and not to any —"

Miss Loos nodded and epitomized the situation in two words.

"They're shell-shocked," she said.

Twinkling Stars in the Land of Make-Believe



CONSTANCE BINNEY once more deserves the spotlight for her splendid screen performance in "Thirty-nine East," adapted from the stage play in which she scored a tremendous hit. There's many a movie fan wondering why there aren't more Constance Binney pictures.



HAROLD LLOYD is one of the million-a-year screen persons who manages to keep out of the divorce courts and scandal papers. Mr. Lloyd is declared to draw an insultingly little salary of \$1,500,000 per year, and this may account for the photographic study above.



MAY ALLISON has had much to combat along her rise to stardom—and among her greatest obstacles has been the arbitrary belief that an unusually beautiful woman is not possessed of real talent. Her recent pictures have convinced skeptics that she has remarkable ability as well as beauty.



BETTY BLYTHE is finding the road to success paved with wealth and fame. Her every appearance brings out new talents and shows that camera men are learning her best poses. She had a most appealing and convincing role in James Oliver Curwood's "Nomads of the North."



MARY MILES MINTER will always remain the sunshine girl, regardless of the screen's tendency toward features calling for feminine leads of a different type. Sweetness personified perhaps best explains just why the Minter Cinema Stock stands very high.



CORAL NIXON isn't known just now to as many screen fans as she soon will be, for to this pretty blonde has been dedicated the task of supplying *atmosphere*, so that other screen stars may shine forth in all their light. But Miss Nixon has been *discovered*.



ALICE BRADY has returned to the stage (for a short time, we hope) in a play entitled "Anna Ascends." Popular opinion has it that movie-goers will not allow Miss Brady to remain away from the screen for a very long time despite the fact that her play is a success.



ERNEST HILLIARD, nephew of Robert Hilliard, is fast becoming among the screen juveniles what his famous uncle was to the legitimate stage profession many years ago. Hilliard's latest appearance is in the role of the publisher in "Annabel Lee," a Heart Throbs production.



MAE MURRAY is undoubtedly not to blame for the parts which seem to be selected for her. Nevertheless, it is certain that safer, saner and more human roles would increase the number of her admirers. Her histrionic ability largely accounts for the success of "The Right to Love."

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



HERE was a newspaper tradition, "When I worked with Melville Stone" that carried a distinction equal to a *croix de guerre*.

Consider Melville Elijah Stone—living epistle of independent journalism—the world's greatest apostle of truth in the news—protagonist of the square deal in the exchange of information between nations.

Portly without obesity, broad-shouldered and stalwart, a sturdy American commanding respect for his country in every quarter of the globe, I can see his broad, honest mouth expanding in genial smile, accentuated with glittering teeth of golden reinforcement, now seated in the gloomy back room of a Paris hotel, judiciously canvassing the fate of nations. Again I find him ensconced in the spare chair of an A. P. member's radiant sanctum in perennially sunlit Honolulu, absorbing information regarding that paradise of the Pacific for the benefit of the colossal news dispensary so dear to his heart.

Mr. Stone had traveled all over the world before the great war, and he repeated his steps through Europe during that awful world crisis. While the struggle was in progress he was perhaps more closely in touch with international relations than was any other man. I dined with him in Paris when he was in more or less confidential contact with influential representatives of seven or eight nations. His judgment in making assignments of Associated Press workers was remarkable. They were selected with regard to more than mere repertorial qualifications. Throughout the troubled countries the Associated Press representative was everywhere probably a most active privileged personage.

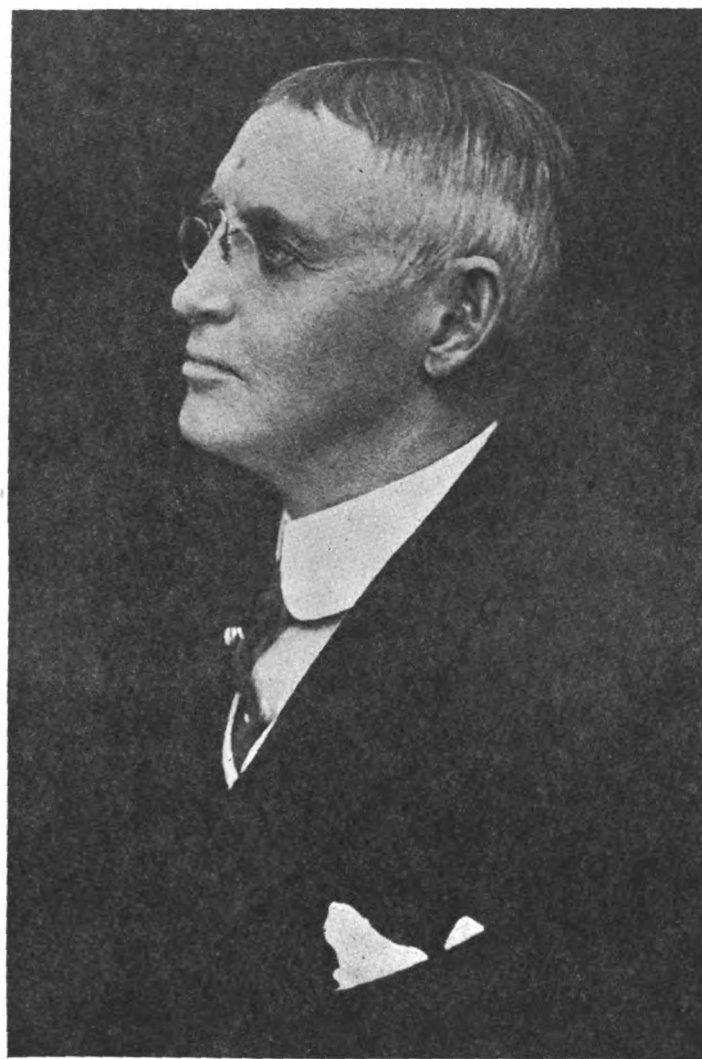
Blowitz was a great war correspondent. Melville Stone belongs to a new order of things. Handling newspapers of all political shades for many years, he came well equipped to deal with the dissonant press of those warring nations. So ably diplomatic was he in applying the principles of fairness and freedom to the difficult situation that he brought the service of the Associated Press through the severe test unblemished. This achievement is the more notable from the fact that Europe possesses few real newspapers. A journal there is almost invariably the organ of some faction or some man.

Similar undesirable conditions are here and there threatening the press of the United States, and against such demoralization the Associated Press standards established by Melville E. Stone through the Associated Press form a substantial bulwark. He has emphasized the differentiation of news and editorials. His ideals are the only protection we have for a free press. They assure the public of facts without bias or coloring.

There is no more valuable asset owned by any newspaper than the Associated Press franchise, and among the lares and penates of an editor's sanctum there is nothing more valued than the diploma that decrees "member of the Associated Press."

The biography of Melville Stone in tabloid form reveals the fact that he was born in Hudson, Illinois, August 22, 1848, the son of a Methodist minister, Rev. Elijah Stone, and removed to Chicago in 1860. Graduating from high school in 1867, he some years later received the degree of A. M. from Yale and that of LL. D. from Wesleyan University and Middlebury College. He was a reporter on the *Chicago Tribune* in

1864 in the days of Joseph Medill. Mr. Stone conducted a foundry and machine shop in 1869-71, but was burned out in the great fire of the latter year. Editing several Chicago dailies thereafter, he produced the first issue of the *Daily News*.



MELVILLE E. STONE

Super-journalist, general manager of the greatest news-gathering organization in the world

the first penny paper in the country, on Christmas Day, 1875, in conjunction with a partner, Victor F. Lawson, who shares his journalistic fame, and was one of his first newsboys. In 1881 he started the *Chicago Morning News*, which became the *Chicago Record*. He sold out his entire interest to Lawson in 1888 and spent three years in Europe to recuperate his health. He organized the *Globe National Bank* in 1891, of which he was president until its consolidation with the *Continental National* in 1898. Since March 1, 1893, he has been General Manager of the Associated Press, New York, and in this work he has achieved a world-wide reputation, that identifies him with the highest ideals of modern journalism.



JACQUES BLEVINS

Still under thirty years of age, he is the directing head of the largest automobile factory in the Southwest

PARAPHRASING Emerson a bit we might say, "Happy is the man who has found himself." This is what few of us ever do at all—seldom any of us before thirty.

Jacques Blevins did. And he did it without money, "pull," influence, or social prestige. His was the royal road of hard work and concentration. Furthermore, he did it where others had failed and when it was generally predicted he would do likewise. This thought of failure was held over him like the sword of Damocles.

Blevins is still considerably under thirty years of age—so far from thirty that he is actually timid for business reasons to tell his age. He is one of the few men in the world who is shy of his youth.

Slightly more than two years ago Blevins conceived the idea of, and put into execution, the building of a great industrial enterprise in Texas. An offer of a fifty-acre factory site in the city of Houston caused him to give Houston the factory.

Today the Southern Motor Manufacturing Association, Ltd., is a \$10,000,000 institution, with millions invested on the Houston Ship Channel, and with a plant under construction that will be the equal of any in America. Jacques Blevins is doing for Houston what Henry Ford did for Detroit, and what John Willys did for Cleveland. Houston has deep water and six lines of foreign steamship lines, going to South America, to Panama, to Mexico, and to European ports. Even if the Texas and other markets of the southern states should not absorb the entire output of Blevins' plant, he will have a decided advantage over any eastern or northern manufacturer in supplying South American trade.

While the "Southern Motors" is not a "one-man" enterprise, it is the result of one man's idea and vision. Two years ago Blevins came to Houston practically unknown. Today Houston doffs its hat to him in admiration and respect. He has given to the city its largest industrial enterprise, and is

planning a model city for his employees. Time was when he needed money and credit. Today he is a director of several Texas banks and his company has assets running into the millions. It has more orders than it can hope to fill within the next two years, though the scheduled capacity of the plant will approximate twelve thousand five-passenger cars annually; ten thousand bodies, twelve thousand tractors, and the same number of tractor cultivators and trailers. On this basis the plants will have an annual business, when running under full capacity, of approximately \$50,000,000 a year, and the profits, even on a modest margin, should run well into the millions yearly.

While securing his education, Jacques Blevins gave evidences of his mechanical and engineering genius. Like Henry Ford, he is not only a builder, but a master organizer and business executive. Business men who have come in contact with him say he is a wizard in solving financial problems, and that as a judge of human nature and a manager of men his judgment is almost uncanny. He makes few mistakes, and never makes the same one the second time. And added to all his other sterling qualities, Blevins has the gift of making people like him and trust him.

The success of the Southern Motors is due to the vision of Jacques Blevins in foreseeing the needs of the southern states, the popularity and general use of the tractor on the farm and ranch. All industries are being rapidly motorized and Blevins was wise enough to anticipate a need. He simply took advantage of a growing condition made necessary by the changing times. He knew that the tractor would supplant horse power on the farm as it has in all other lines of industry.

TO hold the presidency of the first national bank ever started in the United States is a distinction, the height of which is not diminished in the case of the ninth incumbent in a line of distinguished predecessors. This honor belongs to Albert F. Dawson, president of the First National Bank of Davenport, Iowa.

Mr. Dawson is a typical American to whom his countrymen may proudly commend the rising generation as an example to emulate. Left motherless in early infancy, his pluck—joined to talent naturally bright—speedily brought him to the front, so that before passing his teens he had won place and fame in the region of his nativity. He was born at Spragueville, Iowa, January 26, 1872. His mother dying when he was only a year old, his grandfather, Major Samuel Foster, took the little fellow in charge and saw to his good upbringing. Educated in the public schools of Preston and the University of Wisconsin, at nineteen he became publisher of the *Preston Advance*, and later city editor of the *Clinton Herald*.

From 1895 to 1899 Albert Dawson was secretary to George M. Curtis, member of Congress, and for the next six years served Senator William B. Allison in the same capacity. Evidently his secretarial experience gave him both an aptitude



ALBERT F. DAWSON

President of the oldest First National Bank in the United States

and a taste for politics, as he is found from 1904 to 1911 worthily representing the second Iowa district in Congress.

April 6, 1911, Mr. Dawson became president of the First National Bank of Davenport. During his incumbency as chief executive the bank has exceeded its average annual gains in all divisions, its total resources now aggregating more than three million dollars against \$387,809 in 1864.

On February 26, 1863, the very next day after President Lincoln approved the National Banking Act, an application for a charter for the First National Bank of Davenport was on file in the Treasury department. Then, on June 29 of the same year, its doors opened for business in the "Marble" building, a three-story structure of white limestone, at that time regarded as the most handsome bank edifice in the West, and unexcelled short of New York City.

For two days the Davenport bank was the only institution of its class, but on July 1 a number of national banks went into action. A pretty volume in blue and gold, containing biographical and historical data relative to the institution, was issued upon the fiftieth anniversary of the pioneer national bank. It contains much spicy information upon banking and currency prior to the Civil War.

The varying banking laws of thirty different states and an utter laxity of official regulation had produced an era of recklessness and imposition. In most states the conditions had resulted in flooding the country with "shinplasters," otherwise contemptuously described by such opprobrious titles as "red dog," "wildcat," and "stump tail." This much discredited paper was issued to a large extent by people with little or no capital—or just sufficient to fit up a "bank" and recompense an engraver for printing the ornate promises to pay.

President Buchanan, in a message to Congress after the great panic of 1857, said: "Such revulsions must occur when fourteen hundred irresponsible institutions are permitted to usurp the power of providing currency, thus affecting the property of every citizen." During 1860 ninety-four Illinois banks expanded their issues by an aggregate of \$1,400,000. This, even if it were ninety per cent "phony," might at the present day, in the light of Ponzi finance, be regarded as only "piking," but in those days a million looked as big as a mountain.

Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, in 1861 proposed two remedial measures to Congress—one to enable the government to sell its bonds and the other to give the people a uniform paper currency made safe by national sanction. It took two years to put the National Banking Act through Congress, but its operation made an end of paper money other than that issued by the federal government. Yet the issue of bonds and mortgage notes by agents as irresponsible as the old-time bankers, it is believed, has practically gathered as much plunder as the disreputable state banks did before the war.

The national bank system has grown in less than three-score years to colossal proportions, at a recent date having about six billion dollars of deposits and resources of twice that amount.

Reference has been made to the distinguished line of presidents of this pioneer national bank. Corbin, the first one, a splendid type of New Hampshire manhood, became the founder of financial institutions of nation-wide influence as well as a railroad magnate. His immediate successor was Henry French, a Massachusetts man, whose daughter Alice was loved by the American public as "Octave Thanet," poet and story writer. All of the eight men who have preceded him as presidents won public esteem, which Albert F. Dawson has carried on to its full fruition.

FROM shepherd to king, from tent-maker to chief apostle, from rail-splitter to President—well, from trunk-maker to Governor of Maine is not such a prodigious jump after all. Perhaps the trunk-maker had the edge on those other climbers in that his trade required him on all occasions to "get down to brass tacks."

Even considering the addition of women's names to the

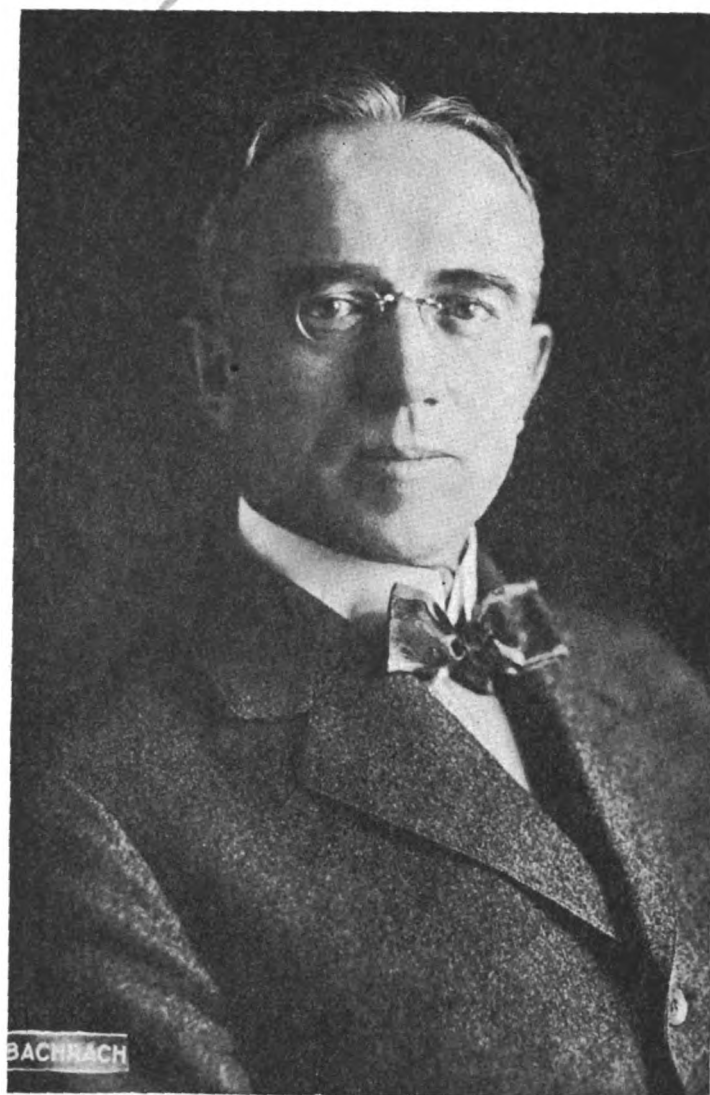


Photo by Bachrach

COLONEL FREDERIC H. PARKHURST
Newly-elected governor of the Pine Tree State

register, and giving due weight to the claim that this is a "Republican year," the record majority of more than sixty thousand votes by which Colonel Frederic H. Parkhurst was elected Governor of Maine over Hon. B. E. McIntire, his Democratic opponent, must still largely be regarded as a tribute to the victor's worth. When it is recalled that Colonel Parkhurst was defeated for the G. O. P. governorship candidacy four years ago, but turned the tables on his then opponent at this year's primary, his success is a double triumph and may be taken as the sober second thought of the electorate.

Colonel Parkhurst won the support of his own party, for one thing, through proving a good loser, having worked as hard to elect his party rival in the former contest as he would have done to elect himself. He had held important positions in both state and national councils of the Republican party, so that his chivalry under reverse merited the reward of loyalty.

He earned the confidence of the people of Maine by his steadfast championship of state improvements, his proved competency in the Bangor city council and both chambers of the legislature, his success as a manufacturer, and his admirable personal qualities. He is affable, courteous, rememberful of names and faces, an effective public speaker and an all-round good citizen.

Moreover, Colonel Parkhurst belongs to that class that never fails of winning the admiration and respect of American citizens. He is a self-made man from boyhood. Born in Unity, Maine, in 1864, he went to school in early boyhood. At the age of fourteen he entered a trunk factory as an apprentice, and in two years became a journeyman trunk-maker, after which he was promoted to traveling salesman covering the



H. S. WILDER

Musical authority and inventor of a silent piano practice keyboard

Maine field. The factory now employs about one hundred hands, turning out a large quantity of trunks, bags, valises, harness fittings, etc. Colonel Parkhurst assumed its management in 1888, since when he has disbursed more than \$2,500,000 in wages.

Before entering the business with his father, however, Colonel Parkhurst had won fame as a lawyer. Topping his public school education by attendance at Columbia University, he was admitted to the bar in 1887 and for a time was a special attorney for the Department of Justice in the French spoliation claims matter. His colonelcy was gained as a member of Governor Hill's staff.

It is generally believed in Maine that Colonel Parkhurst will make one of the best governors the state has ever had.

* * *

LONG-SUFFERING apartment-house dwellers should rise up *en masse* and call H. S. Wilder blessed! For, thanks to his inventive genius, no longer need "little Jane" torture the nerves of the entire neighborhood while practicing her scales and five-finger exercises.

Mr. Wilder, whose home is in West Newton, Mass., has for the past twenty years been a member of the faculty of the world-famous New England Conservatory of Music; his hundreds of pupils have included concert pianists, accompanists and scores of teachers. He has given over three hundred pupils' recitals, and his pupils have played in concerts and recitals all over

America. He has heard the world's greatest pianists again and again, not only for the purpose of familiarizing himself with their style, but to discover how they got their results, thus making a profound study of "cause and effect."

For years he has sought to find the most direct way for overcoming technical difficulties and producing by simple methods the desired touch and dynamic effects, and has examined and put to test thousands of technical exercises and studies, together with scores of "methods." In his efforts to find direct and sane ways for overcoming the things that have perplexed and annoyed thousands of teachers and pupils, he has developed numerous devices (including three different keyboards) and many special exercises.

For a number of years certain of Mr. Wilder's pupils used the Virgil Practice Clavier for their technical work and memorizing. During this period he became convinced that the pupil practicing upon a "dummy" actually did more musical thinking than the pupil who practiced upon the piano; nine-tenths of the pupils who practice upon the piano figuratively let the piano "think for them," whereas those who practice on a dummy very early form the habit of associating the definite pitches with the definite keys. This same principle he found applied also to the mastery of technical difficulties; not being obliged to hear what they were playing, they naturally paid more attention to the control and direction of the playing members. He fully satisfied himself that earlier results were gotten, both musically and pianistically, by those who did a portion of their work on a dummy.

The Wilder Keyboard is the culmination of Mr. Wilder's many years of study and experiment. The things that inspired its invention were the three essentials to the development of piano technic—accuracy, velocity, and finger strength—also the easy and direct acquisition of the mechanical skill necessary for producing a pure, even legato and a vigorous and vital tone. Further, it was essential that the instrument be small and light in weight in order that it might be used anywhere at any time, and that the expense be kept down so that class instruction would be practicable.

The Wilder Keyboard has standard black keys and V-shaped corrugations to the center of the white keys, and is the first radical change in a keyboard since the history of keyboard instruments began. While the idea of a corrugated keyboard was primarily intended for practice, it has already been suggested by a number of eminent authorities that slightly corrugated keys would be an improvement over flat keys for a standard piano keyboard.

It will readily be realized that a V-shaped surface depressed to the exact center of the key will make for far greater accuracy than a flat key; the fingers thus being trained always to strike the exact center of the key.

By the use of "tilting levers" at either end of the keyboard, a direct means is provided for training the fingers to produce a perfectly even legato and a full and vigorous tone. By arranging the "tilting levers" at varying centers, finger strength and lightness of finger action are early developed. Also by this device a very energetic finger stroke is demanded, which makes the fingers "alive to their very tips," which means the early assurance of a vital, even and full tone.

In working out a principle in any art, difficulties are naturally encountered at every turn, and at first Mr. Wilder had the usual discouragements from "authorities" and other "willing advisers" that radical thinkers generally have, but his belief in a better and more direct way for teaching the mastery of the piano held him to his ideal, until today the Wilder Keyboard has the endorsement of some of the best authorities in the country.

* * *

ONE of the most versatile and successful of American composers is Geoffrey O'Hara, born in Canada, but a resident of this country for twenty years and a naturalized

American citizen. Mr. O'Hara comes of a musical family, and played and sang by ear from earliest infancy. While he studied music some as a child, he was too much interested in out-of-door sports to give it serious attention. At the age of fifteen, while yet in the junior classes of the Collegiate Institute, he won the senior track and field championship, taking all first prizes in competition with seniors from sixteen to twenty years old, and for a time music went by the boards.

He first began seriously the study of music as a profession when he came to New York in 1904, but the greater part of his work has been practical from the first, he having studied composition mostly by an analysis of the methods of all the American and European masters.

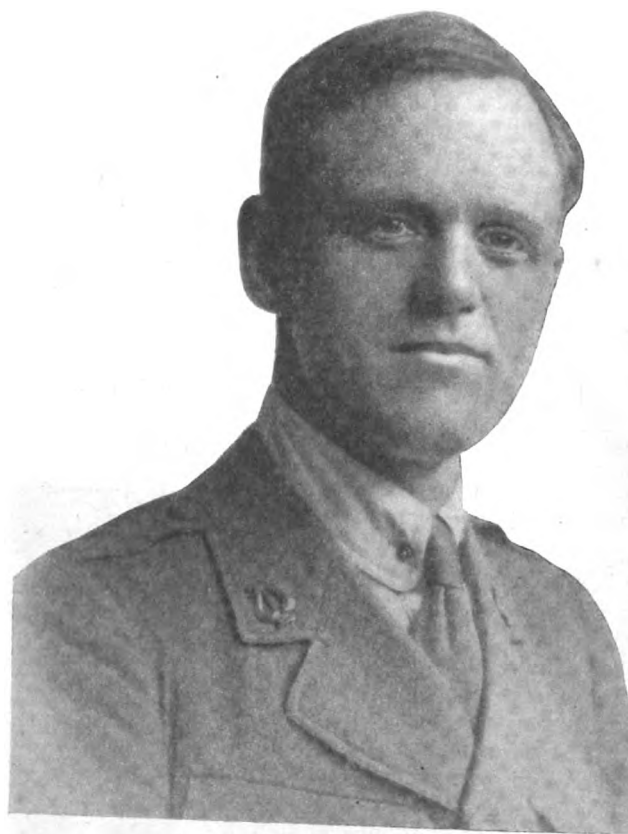
Mr. O'Hara has toured in opera, concert, vaudeville, Chautauqua, and lyceum, and has had the advantage of much travel. He was appointed instructor of native Indian music by Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior. This work, which was cut short by the war, he found most interesting, and hopes to resume it at an early date. He spent some time in Canada after the outbreak of hostilities in 1914, and when the United States entered the war, went immediately to Fort Oglethorpe to start the camp singing. His popular song, "K-K-K-Katy" came out of the war.

His songs have been sung by Caruso, Amato, Rothier, Werrenrath, Murphy, Althouse, Harrold, and many other operatic and concert stars; also Jolson, Nora Bayes, George Macfarlane, and hundreds of vaudeville people.

Mr. O'Hara is much interested (and practically so) in all music and things and persons musical, including the folk songs and tribal music of the Indians and Negroes and the haunting melodies of the French-Canadian voyageurs.

To quote his own words: "While I like these things, I love America. I have great faith in the wonderful things America is doing and is about to do in the fine arts. I expect, and that soon, to see developed on our shores, within the next ten years, the greatest composer that the world has ever known. He will do all that Europe has ever done, and then some more on his own account. He will be first a man, a MacDowell if you will; he won't wear long hair, nor will he be queer and funny, but he will be a mental genius, a Beethoven plus an Archimedes. This

sounds exaggerated. We have done these things in almost every other line under the sun, and we will do it in music. We are developing tens of thousands of musicians all over our country



GEOFFREY O'HARA

One of America's most versatile and popular composers

—singers, composers, pianists, instrumentalists, orchestras in our schools everywhere. Watch the generation that was born ten years ago. I say watch them, and don't be surprised."

A CITY THAT FOUND ITS SOUL

Continued from page 302

greater Middletown, as planned, would be worth a great deal to them in support of sound living and working conditions. They subscribed \$500,000 in one lump sum. The Middletown merchants on their part pledged \$100,000.

With \$400,000 of the \$1,000,000 yet to be raised by subscriptions from the individual citizens, the city was organized on the old Liberty Loan Campaign basis—women teams took the homes, and men teams toured the factories and business houses. Subscription cards were printed which read as follows:

SUBSCRIPTION PLEDGE

In consideration of other subscriptions made by citizens of Middletown, Ohio, for the purpose of creating a Civic Fund to

- (a) Provide the necessary additions to Middletown Hospital.
- (b) Assist the Board of Education in increasing the compensation of the teachers of the Public Schools.
- (c) Extend the present system of parks and playgrounds.
- (d) Enlarge the new home of the Girl's Club.
- (e) Provide a fund for the Public Library.
- (f) Erect a Community Memorial Building dedicated to the Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines of the World War.
- (g) Provide permanent headquarters in the Community Building for the Local Post of the American Legion.

- (h) Construct a new Y. M. C. A. Building.
- (i) Give the City Commission such financial assistance as that body may need for the conduct of its affairs, pending the proposed remedial legislation affecting taxation, and
- (j) Provide funds for such other activities respecting Community Development as the Civic Fund Campaign Executive Committee, shall hereafter designate.

I agree to pay \$..... per month for twenty-four months

Signed.....

The pledge cards which were distributed through the industries, provided that payments could be made through the employer and any subscriber could designate his pledge to certain of the projects by crossing out such activities as he did not wish to contribute to.

It was not an easy task! Before the \$1,000,000 was reached Middletown had the fibre of its citizenship tested to the very core—but still it pressed on to the goal—finally reaching it after extending the drive one additional week.

The total number of subscribers was 9,000, the total amount subscribed was \$1,055,000 or an average of \$200 for every home in the city. Middletown had "found its soul."

The chance in a million to "go straight"

Why Probationers Love Judge Young

By
JACK HYATT, JR.

A man who always finds the "spark of good," in every human being, and whose faith in humanity minimizes the cost of prison upkeep



ONCE a year what perhaps are the three greatest factors for the betterment of mankind meet in the County Court of Westchester—the county judge, the probation officer, and the probationer. County Judge Frank L. Young of Westchester bears the distinction of being the only judge sitting on the bench today in New York State who takes a really active interest in the people who are brought before him for probation on charges varying from petty family quarrels to assault and grand larceny in the highest degree, and more serious legal or criminal charges.

He has been termed by many as "the judge with a heart." And justly so. For indeed he has the interest of all at heart who come "under his wing" either on the right or wrong side of the law. On a recent Sunday the yearly meeting between these three factors was held, a few of the probationers coming at specified times during the day, so that there need be no crowded court-room—so that no one might feel ill at ease under the eyes of others.

Judge Young, with a smile on his face which would make anyone happy, extends a friendly hand, calls each man and woman by name, pats this one on the shoulder, passes a friendly word with that one, and then follows the heart-to-heart talk in the judge's private chambers, with no one present but Probation Officer Leslie Decker and special clerk Harold Bailie.

"You know," says Judge Young, "it is wonderful how these people . . . even though they have violated their parole . . . come to me with an open heart and mind and tell me all their troubles. Some of them even go so far as to express happiness in the fact that they have gone astray in the past, been given a chance, and are now proving themselves. I earnestly believe that underneath the surface of each and every one of us there is a bit of good. If I can only find that good point . . . give it life, give it a chance to expand and develop as it naturally should . . . then we have finer, better, nobler men and women."

"The physical change in these probationers is really startling. They come in eyes bright, upright, looking the perfect picture of health. All lack of manhood and signs of despondency evident months before have disappeared. They look me square in the face and unburden their thoughts and troubles. I can tell by the feel of their hands whether they are doing what they can or not to be straight. It is amazing what a change has come over them after committing some offense and being placed on their honor to go straight; they work hard, families are reunited, they are all saving money and some have good-

sized bank accounts—something unheard of by them before their wrongdoing."

Yet the judge is not to be fooled. The story is told of a woman who had heard of what she evidently thought was "the judge's soft-heartedness," and who came to the court room one day with several of her small children. Her husband was on trial on a serious charge. She sat there crying her eyes out, with a great display of grief. The judge immediately saw through her "game," and told her that she was arousing no sympathy for her husband by her actions, and ordered her to leave the room.

Prisoners, too, have come to learn that if they make a clean breast of things before Judge Young that a square deal will be forthcoming. But the judge hates a liar.

As before mentioned, every man, woman and child on probation improves according to records just made known. Probably not because of society, for they generally feel that they owe no debt to it, but have a deep-rooted hatred for wrongs punished in days gone by; but because they know they must make good after being placed on probation. He, the judge, has given some of them the only chance they ever had to go straight. The tendency of mankind is to do right if mentally able to do so.

Take the case of William X. From the time he was twelve years of age he had been arrested, sentenced, re-arrested and re-sentenced, apparently without end. He had been in nearly every reform school in several states. Finally he obtained a real record—a state's prison offense. All this poor lad could remember was the stern, inevitable hand of the law following him everywhere he went. Is it to be wondered at that he felt as though "What's the use?" and continued to go wrong? Then he came before Judge Young. The judge and Probation Officer Decker analyzed his case.

"Somewhere," said the judge, "in this young lad is a spark of manhood which has never been given a chance to grow—always smoldered and consumed itself in its own flame to a bitterness against society in general and the law in particular. The boy's father was dead, his mother and two elder brothers drank to excess. There was the cause—home. So we took the boy away from his family, secured him a position in an automobile manufacturing concern and he has made good."

Here is the case of John B. His wife told a harrowing tale of misfortune, chiefly mistreatment of herself and children, drunkenness by the husband, and finally abandonment. John B. was just naturally inclined to be (Continued on page 328)



JUDGE FRANK L. YOUNG

A good life—well lived

Winthrop Murray Crane

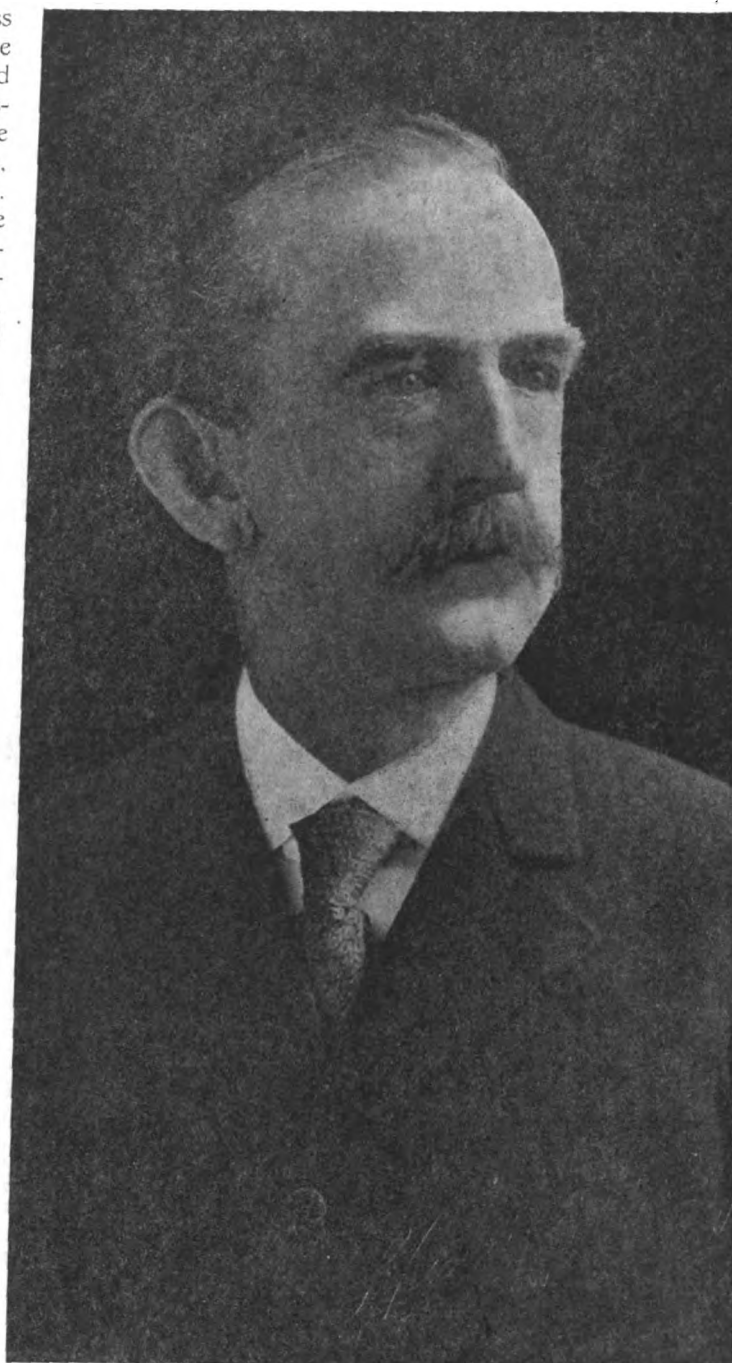
Bay State's best-loved citizen will be long remembered for sterling character and patriotism and countless good deeds he considered only a part of every day's routine

THE virtues of gentleness, goodness and greatness perfectly blended in one human soul reflects the career of Winthrop Murray Crane. His life of kind acts, of unswerving integrity and generous graciousness will remain a rich heritage for the nation he honored. It seems hard to give up a man like Murray Crane, whose every day's activities fairly glowed with good deeds. The tribute paid to him at Dalton, Massachusetts, where the simple funeral services were held, by men of eminence throughout the country, found a sympathetic setting amid the expressions of home folks, who loved him as a father and brother. It seemed incredible that sixty-seven years could have included the achievements accredited to this one man.

Who that ever met him can forget the quiet-spoken, self-effacing man whose sympathetic heart was ever attuned to a great brain. His life career was one succession of kindnesses. His devotion and self-sacrifice, his sterling character and patriotism have placed him on an eminence of American statesmanship and industrial leadership that will never be shadowed. The gleam of his big gray eyes ever radiated friendliness—even in controversy or debate. The tiny cigar he smoked, and every movement of his hands and swaying body, to say nothing of the gentleness of his voice, was soothing. His advice and counsel were not expressed in words. He acted—he did something. The thousands, and even tens of thousands, whom he individually helped over the rough places in life, remain living, breathing monuments to his greatness and goodness. With a capacity for big things in business and industrial operations, with a foresight and business vision unerring, he never drifted from the moorings of helping every one as need required. He had the happy humility of a Lincoln, and the roster of those who owe his memory a debt of gratitude that never can be repaid in dollars and cents would probably include more persons than those helped by any other one individual of his day and generation.

Incident after incident comes to light with the glow of gratitude from all parts of the country. While a wealthy man, he did not spend his wealth upon himself. He seemed always to be thinking of others. There were no yachts, private cars, or personal luxuries, no vaunting display of vanity for him. There were no imposing estates, but always a home where he could share the simplicity of his life with others. He ate little and never spared himself. He was a great political leader; he loved politics because he loved his fellowmen. He could smooth out the wrinkles and bring people to a better understanding of themselves and others. While he was not a fighter, he knew how to win a contest when others despaired. The pre-eminent high order of his ability stamped him early in life as a man of wisdom far beyond that of the average mortal. He seemed to think and act in universals, taking the large aspect of things—but honor, duty and kindness were three qualities ever found in the warp and woof of his genius for constructive work.

When the people wept tears at the bier of Murray Crane, they were tears that came from the very wellsprings of the heart, for his life and career touched the very heartstrings of his associates to an exceptional degree. The career of Murray Crane emphasizes the necessity that men of his quality and



THE LATE WINTHROP MURRAY CRANE

Loved and honored in life—mourned in death by thousands of people in all walks of life

discrimination be empowered with wealth to help humankind in emergencies and over the rough places on the highways of real progress.

As Governor of the Commonwealth, as Senator from Massachusetts, he has left his impress upon the history of the state and nation. Many times has he pushed aside public compliments and appreciation with sincere and unchallenged modesty.

The invitation to a complimentary dinner which he declined in an appreciative letter some years ago is a tribute given to few public men:

Three years ago you entered upon your duties as Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a position associated with strong characters and high traditions. During your terms of office you have conserved the traditions, added lustre to the office and gained for yourself the confidence of the whole people. Your administration has been pure and just. You have devoted your marked executive abilities to the details as well as to the greater duties of your position. You have been accessible to the humblest citizen, and you have carefully weighed the counsel of strong men. You have acted upon your decisions with confidence and courage. You have been a leader in the promotion of industrial peace and the mutual understanding of employers and employed. You have knit the whole people into a more sympathetic and united body.

Year after year since I first met him I have begged and implored that he might permit me to write an appreciation of his public services for the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Each time I would receive the brief but kindly request not to print anything of a laudatory nature. The sincere modesty of the man can be understood perhaps better in his reply to an appeal which was written in June:

June 4th, 1920.

Hon. W. Murray Crane, Dalton, Mass.

My dear Senator, you do not realize what Massachusetts and New England owes to W. Murray Crane. I want to express it, and have tried to express it many times in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, but you held me back because of your sense of modesty. Now I would like to be released to say what is in my heart concerning the services of W. Murray Crane. I have not seen much of you in person, but there has scarcely been a move made on public questions that I have not thought and considered what might be your views in the matter. It is your solid common sense that has saved the party—even the state itself—from drifting into chaotic conditions.

I trust you will pardon my writing at such length, but, Senator, it is the outpouring of sincere and affectionate regard. You have stood by me like a solid rock in all these years, and I cannot hold myself back any longer without making this personal acknowledgment of

my appreciation, although you restrain me from putting into print a review of your invaluable personal public service.

With best wishes, and hoping to see you in Chicago, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.

The reply was the same I had received year after year when I would prepare an appreciative sketch concerning some of his public work:

I appreciate and thank you for your courtesy, but I prefer not to have any sketch of myself printed.

Naturally his wishes were respected, but it seems hard that these words of appreciation should have to be written with blinding tears when I think of this friend of man, "loved long since and lost awhile." His consideration of others was revealed in a letter received after the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1920, when under the stress and strain he bore the brunt of battle that resulted in the nomination of Warren G. Harding. Even at that time he was taken from the hall in a fainting condition, but, valiant warrior that he was, he was back again at the post of duty early and late, never sparing himself, thrice armed in a cause he felt was just, as in many campaigns. Returning from the Convention, he wrote me:

I regret to learn that you were ill at the Convention, but trust that it was of but short duration. Will you please write me as to your condition upon receipt of this.

These incidents are only given to reveal his attitude toward all the thousands with whom he came in contact. A man of few words, but every word is a link of golden memory to those left behind. Rare, indeed, are such souls among mortal men. To have lived and known Winthrop Murray Crane inspires a firm faith and an abiding belief in immortality. The magic of his memory will nurture the flowers of friendship which he planted along life's pathway, in perennial bloom as long as hearts beat in sympathy and love for humankind.

BOYHOOD DAYS OF HARDING

Continued from page 300

provide for paper, ink and payrolls. The *Star* came in the ascendent and kept right on shining and growing more luminous as the crisp and earnest editorials, hearty, home-like "locals" appeared. At one time or another the name of nearly every man, woman and child in Marion appeared in the columns of the *Star*.

The common sense and balance of the young editor, with his "bushel of brains," were revealed in a well-defined policy for the conduct of a newspaper. It did not attract circulation at first, but eventually it won public confidence that endures to this day. These memorandums were made on the editorial desk of Warren G. Harding. On my right were official reports, bills and pamphlets piled criss-cross—relics of the days at Columbus and Washington—with memories of the legislative grind. In public service Warren G. Harding never dodged the drudgery of his duty. Every measure was to him a matter of thorough, conscientious, balanced judgment, just as during the time when he wrote editorials every day, which were quoted far and wide in Ohio-land, as the expression of a sound thinker. There was the spindle copy hook, the imitation cigar on an ash tray as if to suggest that there always might be one more to supplant the cob pipe. Editorials were written in longhand, carrying the splash of ink spots as important words were emphasized. It was a plain, flat top desk, with drawers filled with clippings. On the wall was another copy hook for editorials. Here was a rack on which tradition says there was a plug of chewing tobacco, to which every one helped themselves. Near this desk "Jumbo," the beloved Newfoundland dog he loved, used to lie, awaiting the time for "30" to go on the hook. On this desk was written the story of births, christenings, play-

times and funerals of the "home folks." A paper weight or two to hold down the pages as they were written, and not compel the devil to "follow copy" out the window. There was dust on the desk, for it had been several years since the editor had been called away to public service.

There was also the ponderous unabridged dictionary. One caller always insisted upon finding misspelled words in the paper. He called attention to "pacifist," when it should be "pacifist," long before that word was so commonly used and generally misspelled.

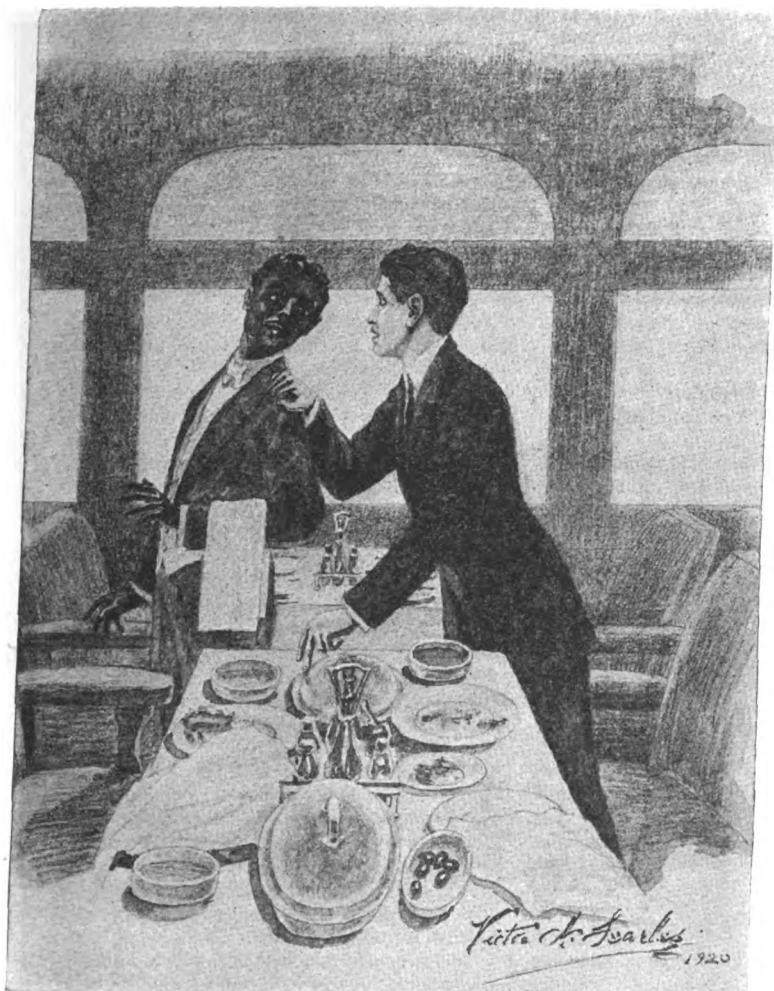
"May I not suggest that you get the meaning," grimly replied the editor, as he was correcting the word "gasoline" to the correct "gasolene," with the "e" underscored in the proof.

Although he was famed far and wide as a strong speaker, "W. G." was timid about public addresses at home. He was accustomed to speak here in public print. When he delivered his lecture on "Alexander Hamilton," and took an active part in the local Chautauqua, the home people were not thinking of him as a great speaker, but just thought the old thoughts.

"W. G." is a man. 'What more could one ask?

After the nomination the boys were kept busy sending bundles and bundles of letters and telegrams of congratulation pouring in from all cities and states to follow the candidate to Washington. The Hoo Hoos, good-natured with their black cat ensign, Knights of Pythias, Loyal Order of Moose, The Elks, the Red Men, the Odd Fellows, and every civic organization to which he belonged vied with each other in fraternal and almost affectionate greetings, for Warren Harding has always been a real "jiner."

THE second instalment of a story about the Indecision that came from Pandora's box, to land in the makeup of Waverly Wiggins



Wiggins sprang up from his seat, grabbed the waiter by the shoulder

THE INDIAN GIVER

By GOLDYE MIRIAM & PAUL M. SARAZAN

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WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Waverly Wiggins, an exceptionally handsome and well-built second lieutenant, but entirely without decision and with a near-mania for repudiating his word and judgment lest he hurt someone's feelings, steps in a swivel-chair job at the end of the war, thanks to his acquaintance with Mrs. Barney Carlton McGuire, a rather corpulent society butterfly, and wife of the president of the Rational Food Company. McGuire, short and pudgy, resents Mrs. McGuire's near-affection for Wiggins when he finds that, despite her age and Wiggins' youth, she is using the lad as an escort for afternoon dances. Moreover, he objects to paying Wiggins the unusually high salary that Mrs. McGuire demands. After Wiggins has been employed at the Rational offices for a year, he has fallen in love with Marjorie Lloyd, also an employee. Marjorie has

promised to marry him. McGuire, unknowing of Wiggins' engagement to Marjorie, is thoroughly jealous of his wife, and has determined to get rid of Wiggins. He offers Waverly a chance to build up the Rational Company in the Texas oil fields, but Wiggins with characteristic indecision fails to decide. McGuire disgustingly orders him out of the office. Later, the McGuires find Waverly and Marjorie sitting knee-to-knee with a ouija board across their laps during office hours. McGuire furiously fires Wiggins; but he is overruled by Mrs. McGuire, who places the entire blame on Marjorie. When Wiggins fails to take his share of the blame, stammers, and is entirely at a loss what to do, Marjorie casts a disdainful glance at his pitiful figure and hurries out of the room. It was a "last straw" move with her.

MARJORIE'S exit seemed to cool matters on the surface. Charitably, the boss and his lady had made a dignified departure—especially Hazel McGuire, who said, just before the door slammed:

"Rest assured, Mr. Wiggins, that our confidence in you is not shaken a particle. Now that this annoying person is eliminated, you will have a greater opportunity to make yourself valuable to the business."

Barney McGuire had bit down so hard on his cigar that his teeth had clicked. But he said nothing.

The afternoon seemed like an age to Wiggins. Several times he almost gave way to desire and reached for the telephone. He wanted to explain to Marjorie before he saw her that evening. But he had wisely refrained, for after each temptation the boss had entered the office bringing a letter to be answered, an advertising agent to be sized up, or an insurance man to be disposed of.

A slow, drizzling rain that started shortly after two o'clock and lasted until six added to the gloom of the day. With a head and heart full of mixed emotions, Wiggins closed his desk two minutes before time and sauntered out into Broadway. A lonely dinner, a visit to the barber, and it was time to call on Marjorie.

There were others in the parlor of the boarding house when Wiggins arrived. Marjorie came downstairs and greeted him warmly enough, but

the presence of outsiders deprived him of the customary kiss. He whispered a pretty comment about his loss and Marjorie made an appreciative reply. All in all, he was rather surprised that Marjorie seemed not a trifle angered by what had happened. He told the others about his experiences in France for the fourteenth time to Marjorie's knowledge, joined in the discussion about the new plays and finally the boarders took the hint and excused themselves. It was then nearly ten o'clock.

Marjorie and Waverly sat facing each other. The big settee on which they had indulged in many an evening's spooning seemed to declare a mute invitation to Waverly. However, he waited for Marjorie to be the first to change her seat. But the girl appeared to be so interested in the conversation about nothing whatever that the hour approached eleven and the big settee was still unoccupied. It was Waverly who walked over, sat down, and said:

"Let's sit over here, Marge."

His request was granted. Waverly began to breathe easier. Marjorie had seemed very pleasant, had not mentioned a word about the afternoon and had now obligingly leaned forward when he made a motion to put his arm around her. He drew her closer, kissed her and waited. The silence made things very placid. Waverly didn't speak, because the only thing on his mind was something he thought best not to discuss.

He wondered if Marjorie was quiet for the same reason. Surely, she did not feel in any way guilty over what had happened. He was in the midst of a mental debate of this last thought when Marjorie spoke.

"Waverly," she asked rather calmly, "what did they say after I left this afternoon?"

"Not a thing, sweets. They just walked out."

"Didn't Mrs. McGuire say anything?"

"O-h-h-h, she said they still had as much confidence in me as ever."

"Anything else?"

Waverly waited a moment. "Oh, what she said doesn't mean anything to us."

"What did she say about me, Waverly?"

"She said I'd have a chance to do better work now that you were eliminated."

"I don't suppose you made any reply."

"N-o-o-o, I let her have her own way."

"I thought so."

Again the silence. Wiggins waited for another question. In its absence he said:

"How do you mean, sweets?"

"Why, you usually do let people have their own way. You did that most admirably this afternoon. When Mrs. McGuire told you that I was deceitful and a liar, you very kindly let her have her own way. You were also very obliging when I took the blame. I don't suppose you have even explained to them, have you?"

"Why, there's nothing to explain, dear."

Everything's all right and they aren't going to mention it. I didn't know whether to tell them the truth about it and say that I insisted that we try the ouija or not. So I just decided to let it drop."

"Waverly, didn't you have a real reason for not speaking up this afternoon?"

"Certainly, dear; you went right ahead and took up the matter so quickly that I didn't have time to think. I didn't know what to say."

"But, Waverly, didn't you have a reason for not wanting to lose your job. Don't you know what I mean? I thought maybe you felt that if one of us had to go, it would be better for you to keep on than for me. Do you know what I mean, dear?"

"Well-I-I, that did figure in. But—oh, I don't know. The thing was so balled up that no matter what I might have said it wouldn't have helped. I couldn't decide what to say."

"That's just your trouble, Waverly. You never can decide. Ever since I've known you, you've wavered on every question. You're always on the fence. You're so afraid of hurting somebody's feelings that you let them hurt your own. And if you're not afraid of that, you can find a million and one other reasons for letting someone else decide for you. You make a statement and the minute it meets with disfavor or appears to you take it back. In politics that's called pussyfooting. And that's the best thing you do!"

Again we must allow Waverly Wiggins to express himself. Right or wrong, Waverly Wiggins must speak what he spoke on that eventful night. With what rightful indignation any sweetheart might have when his fair lady scores him as Marjorie panned Waverly, he said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it, let's call it quits."

"All right, sir. Here's your ring—just as soon as I can get it off."

Waverly sat up straight. "Oh, no, dear," he said. "I didn't mean it. Don't believe that I—"

"Oh yes you did," was Marjorie's spirited answer. "This is one time in your life that you're going to stand by what you said. This is once that you are going to stick by your decision. You can be a pussyfoot to everybody else, but not to me. You can make statements and retract them, give your word and promise and take them back so far as others are concerned, but not with me. No matter what you do or say, you're more apt to apologize for it than stand by it. You give your word, your judgment, your decisions—then you take them back. You even took back your engagement ring. And it's a good thing, I guess. Because I won't marry an Indian-Giver!"

Marjorie was standing. Waverly Wiggins held the ring as though it were a thing of horror. He looked at Marjorie and saw her looking straight into his eyes. Her jaws were set. She stood erect and threatening.

If Wiggins had been struck by a trip hammer he could not have been more stunned. A fog that had wrapped his heart and soul in a web of indecision since his birth was lifting. Slowly and faintly was vanishing the cloud that had ever hid his own opinions, his own right to say and do as he felt, his birthright, his manhood and his spunk.

Wiggins drew himself up to his full height. For the first time since Marjorie had known him, he scowled. His fists clinched and quivered with rage. He strode out of the room in four steps, took his hat from the costumer, and left the house.

Through the window Marjorie saw him walk furiously down the street, his fists still clinched, and his face still in a scowl. She wondered who felt the more wretched—she or Waverly.

When McGuire reached his private office next morning he found Waverly Wiggins waiting. The latter arose when McGuire opened the door,

said a plain and distinct "good-morning," and waited until the boss had deposited his hat and cane. Before McGuire had adjusted himself in the official chair, Wiggins was speaking. He was talking not in the manner of Waverly Wiggins, but man to man, straight from the shoulder. McGuire gasped when he heard Wiggins say:

"I'm ready to go on the Texas trip. I've got reservations and leave today at two o'clock, via St. Louis."

"Fine," said McGuire. And then he stopped short, wondering how in the world he could so sacrifice his own judgment and praise Wiggins.

"You're going on the Texas trip?" he repeated, this time with ridicule in his voice. "What the hell can you do in Texas?"

"I can get some increased business for Rational by cultivating the South. You wanted me to go yesterday. I'm going."

McGuire sat back. He reflected for a moment. His study was interrupted by more information from the now impetuous Wiggins.

"I called to say good-bye. I'll keep in close touch with the Home Office."

With that, Wiggins walked over to the boss's desk, grabbed McGuire's right hand and shook it heartily.

The boss merely mumbled good-bye. He was worried mostly that Wiggins might telephone the news to Mrs. McGuire and that the latter might prevent him from going.

"Don't say anything about it to ———" began McGuire.

"She doesn't know anything about it and won't, unless you tell her," replied Wiggins. He walked briskly out of the office, leaving the chief to stare at the desk calendar. It was the thirteenth. Well, thirteen had always been his lucky number!

To make sure that Wiggins had really gone, the boss sent the office boy to report whether Waverly had caught the train. But if McGuire had understood the change that had taken place in Wiggins, he wouldn't have done so. When Waverly Wiggins stepped on the train he was as different from his former self as his former self was different from McGuire's idea of a man. Wiggins was ready to go to battle. As he puffed in silence in the smoker, he wondered what kind of a war record he might have made if he had hated Germany as much as he hated the life he had been leading. Marjorie's words burned in his ears. In fact, their sting was as biting as it had been during the long night just past. He hadn't slept. He had missed eight hours of rest, but what he gained was worth more than any asset he might own. He was determined to be forceful. And he even surprised himself when, that night in the diner, he noticed a lack of attention on the part of one of the waiters.

Practically all others at his table had been served. But at Waverly's place there remained the unappetizing reminder of a hearty meal on the part of a drummer just ahead of him.

"Remove those dishes and bring me a glass of water," he ordered the waiter. This person promised to do so. But several minutes passed and Wiggins' instructions were not carried out. He knew exactly what he was going to say when the food-conveyor approached again. But his remarks were inappropriate when the latter stepped on his foot and passed on without begging pardon.

Wiggins sprang up from his seat, grabbed the waiter by the shoulder and a shocked assortment of travelers heard him say:

"You apologize for that, clear off that table, and get me that water in two minutes, or you'll never carry another dish!"

The amazed waiter hastened to ask forgiveness, brought water and made things spick and span in record time. Waverly inwardly wondered what the rest of the diners thought of his conduct. Personally he didn't care.

He got what he wanted and he had kept his word to himself. He was rather surprised when

a young fellow across the aisle leaned over, presenting a card.

"Congratulations," said the man, who was trying to be friendly. "I've wanted to do something like that all my life. My card."

The solicitous young man held out his hand, which Wiggins grasped very heartily.

"You'd expect that from a Texan, but not from an Easterner," the man said. Then both had a chance to read the cards which had been exchanged. Waverly learned that his friend's name was Horace Spargo and that he was a special writer for the *Dallas Dispatch*.

Afterwards, in the smoker, Wiggins and Spargo had a chance to become acquainted. Wiggins spoke cautiously and briefly of his business mission to the Texas oil fields. Spargo commented at large on the field for development in Texas.

"You're just the kind of a fellow that will make good down there," Spargo said. "It's brains, pep, and stamina. Tell you what I'll do. You stop over in Dallas and I'll run a good story about your project. Let me get your name, now. W. F. Wiggins. H-m-m-m, think we'll have to christen you 'Wild Fire Wiggins.' Of course, if you don't mind."

"No," said Wiggins. "My initials blend pretty well with my disposition, so they've been taken to stand for that." He heard only vaguely what Spargo was saying in his wonder as to how Marjorie would stare if she heard anyone call him "Wild Fire."

Wiggins was surprised later that night to hear Spargo tapping on a portable typewriter. Knocking on the stateroom door in order to call for the return of the fountain pen he had loaned, Waverly was even more surprised to read the opening paragraphs of a story about "Wild Fire Wiggins," the man who came to Texas to sell bread, not to hit oil.

Wiggins stopped in Dallas long enough to see the article in print. He penned a brief footnote and sent his one copy to McGuire, who thought it so good that he ordered it forwarded to Marjorie's home address, accompanied by a note asking her to return to work.

Marjorie replied neither to the letter nor the clipping. She was interested in what reply the Alexander Cornbleth Company would make to her letter asking for a position.

* * *

By the time Waverly Wiggins was ready to leave Dallas, he was of a radically different temperament than ever before in his life. As a result of Spargo's story, which told in detail of the easterner who came to battle his way into Texas, he found himself regarded as a man of might—brain—might backed up by physical prowess. It was rather an agreeable sensation, the four days he spent at Hotel Adolphus, while in Dallas. There he found many cliques of oil promoters, shining theatrical lights on tour, and the usual assortment of clothing drummers. He cultivated the brisk step and gave a heave of satisfaction when he heard a bystander say:

"That's the New York fellow they call Wild Fire Wiggins. *Dispatch* gave him a big write-up the other day—said when it came to scrapping, Bat Nelson had nothing on him. He's a live-wire. Don't need a magnifying glass to tell that."

And by the time W. F. Wiggins, as he now signed his name, was ready to step on the train that would take him to Grainger, the heart of the Texas oil fields, he was thoroughly convinced that he had found himself. He felt in his heart that his intuitive misgivings about his judgment and his lack of confidence were a thing of the past. There was a keen delight in his new conquest. He enjoyed the sensation of smoking his cigar, blowing a big blue cloud of smoke toward the ceiling, looking man or woman in the eye and saying "no" or "yes" just as he desired—ready to go to mat, as it were, with anyone who might question him. Moreover, there was a thrill of pleasure in giving instructions. It was true that so far he dealt only with

train porters, bell boys and those paid to serve him. But he noticed the difference in the respect he now commanded.

On the train he picked up a newspaper. He casually scanned the headlines until he noticed a large display given to a speech made by Charles Schwab. One part of the article especially struck his fancy. Over and over he read the lines: "You can have a good time in life, or you can have a successful life; but you can't have both." The idea appealed to him. He decided some day he would have those lines framed and hung in his private office. But a strange feeling assailed him. What would it profit a man? he thought. He caught himself in a reverie, and oddly enough it was the face of a girl he saw.

"Damn!" he muttered, and quickly went back into his trend of business thought. Marjorie was out of his life. She hadn't understood. She didn't want him. He was an Indian-Giver. Wouldn't keep his word. He was glad enough when a fellow traveler engaged him in conversation about building a bridge across the Hudson. It was a topic remote enough to keep other thoughts out of his mind.

He was indeed glad when the train reached Grainger. There, before him, was his seat of operations. To him was dedicated the task of bringing the products of the Rational Food Company to this forest of derricks, this land of overnight millionaires, this garden of flowing gold. In him was charged the responsibility of making good. There would be no dilly-dallying, he vowed. Straight to the point he would go. But how? This settlement with its shrewd contingent of Western business men was not waiting for him. He had barely walked a block from the station when he saw the sign:

ALEXANDER CORNBLETH CAKE COMPANY
"Bread Like Mother Bakes"

The Cornbleth Cake Company, he noticed, had a nice home. A three-story brick building, its smokestacks issuing forth puffs of black smoke, this structure looked the essence of enterprise. He gritted his teeth and walked ahead. He'd get a bite at the hotel first. Then he'd look around and formulate plans.

It was a matter of two hours or so before he set out. Then he walked into the first grocery store at hand and called for the proprietor. A middle-aged man, quite stocky and with hard features, came from around the counter and cast his gaze over Wiggins.

"You can't sell me any oil stock," he said.

Wiggins smiled. "I haven't any to sell you. I want to sell you some bread. Where can we sit down and talk it over?"

"I haven't sat down during business hours since the oil boom started," was the answer. "I guess we can get along all right standin' up. Where is your bread?"

Wiggins swallowed hard. "I represent the Rational Food Company, New York City," he replied. "We're planning to expand our interests. I thought I'd—"

"New York, eh?" mused the grocer. "How long 'd it take ya to get down here, bud?"

"About five days."

"Your bread ought to be nice and fresh time it reaches here."

Wiggins reddened. "My bread could be six weeks old and still be better than any bread you ever buy down here," he answered. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to have a bakery right here in Grainger and I'll have fresh bread twice a day. How does that strike you?"

The grocer lifted his head sharply. The twinkle had left his eye. "You're crazy," he said. "Come here a minute." He led the way to the front sidewalk. "See that building over there?" and he pointed to the bakery Wiggins had noticed as he walked away from the depot. "See that store over there?" and he pointed to another grocery store two blocks away.

"Yes, I see them."

"Well, as long as I'm alive I'll buy bread for

my two stores from that bak'ry. I happen to own what I showed you. You ain't got a chance in Grainger. These people 'll patronize home cookin'. You'll play hell baking bread here every day; you'll play worse than that tryin' to sell it, Sonny," and the man spoke slowly, "it took me thirty years to get where I've got in these oil fields. Don't let anybody else hear you say you're goin' give this town fresh bread every day. They're liable to send you to Terrell."

The grocer walked back into his store. Wiggins sauntered out the door down the street for a block, and then bought a newspaper. "By the way," he asked the boy, "what is Terrell?"

"Terrell, Texas?" asked the boy.

Wiggins nodded.

"It's a town—a small town near Fort Worth."

Wiggins got a more definite idea of Terrell when he asked the hotel clerk.

"Oh," replied that bright young man. "That's where we send the crazy people."

Wiggins' face took on a scowl. It was the kind of scowl Marjorie had seen. He turned sharply for the grocery store. The three blocks passed quickly. He entered the store.

"Lookie here," he shouted to the middle-aged man. He pointed a finger menacingly in the face of that worthy and looked him squarely in the eye. "If you haven't the common decency to treat a fellow-merchant right, I'm going to take it out of your pocket. So they'll send me to Terrell, will they? Well, when they do, I'll eat bread made in my own factory, baked fresh twice a day. But you'll never live to see the day—not if you keep eating the bread you bake."

Wiggins walked out of the store without hearing or saying another word. He didn't know what this breach of diplomacy might cost the Rational Food Company. But he had said what was in his mind and, he meant it!

The calendar on McGuire's desk showed the date to be exactly one month from the day upon which Waverly Wiggins had started for Texas. Had it been any other person in the world, we might be able to say that the chief looked at the black "13" with vague and unpleasant forebodings. But not so with the president of the Rational. It had always been his lucky day. He was born on that day; got his first big job years ago on that day; filed his papers of incorporation on that day; met his wife on that day; and had said good-bye to Waverly Wiggins on the thirteenth of the preceding month. So McGuire was unusually brisk as he entered his office on this particular morning. But he hadn't read the telegram that lay before him. Nor had he received a certain telephone call.

The length of the wire first struck his eye. It was easily a hundred words. The fact that it was a night letter and marked "paid" decreased its importance, he felt. Then he tilted back in his big chair and read:

"Drawing on you this day ten thousand Purpose construction moderate equipment plant capable turning out two thousand loaves per day Designed plant myself using excavated strip of ground covered with sheet iron for furnace and baking apparatus Entire plot to be covered with glass along lines of nursery Have option on four Fords for own delivery system Retail price to be ten cents loaf Present price is fifteen Work started five days previous must honor draft Have payroll to meet Will show profit ten days after plant is completed
Regards
W. F. WIGGINS"

When McGuire had read and re-read the telegram he stared over the top of that slip of paper. He, himself, didn't know his emotions and would not have attempted to describe them. After several seconds, he placed the message in a mahogany desk tray. Then he glanced again at the calendar. A second later he made a notation on the telegram and removed it to the other receptacle on the right-hand side of his desk.

Whether or not Waverly Wiggins had "sold" the boss on the idea is a matter of doubt. McGuire himself didn't know. The fact remained that Wiggins got what he asked for. An hour later when a cashier's report showed that the draft had been honored, the chief wasn't feeling at his best. It was then the telephone rang. Miss Lloyd was on the wire, the operator said.

"Why h-e-l-l-o," cordially greeted McGuire.

"Hello," replied a voice strange to the chief, so strange that he immediately said rather sharply, "Who is this?"

"This is Mrs. Baird," was the answer. "I'm calling for Miss Lloyd. I'm her landlady."

"Mrs. Baird," repeated McGuire. "Oh, yes. Well, how is Miss Lloyd. I've been expecting her to call me. I wrote her a week or so ago. Thought probably she was away on a vacation or taking a rest."

"Marjorie asked me to call you," continued the other voice, "to say that she thanked you for your kindness, but it will be impossible for her to return because—"

"Oh," interrupted McGuire, soothingly, "tell her not to let any little unpleasant incidents stand in the way. Let me talk to her."

"She's not here, Mr. McGuire. She left this morning for Texas. She thinks the climate will do her good. She's going to work for one of the companies down there."

"A bread company?"

"I think so."

"What company?"

"Wait a second, I have her address on the table. Just a second."

McGuire waited. He hated to hold the line for anybody.

"It's care of the Cornbleth Cake Company at Grainger, Texas."

"What's she going to do for them?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. McGuire. She took all of her files and stuff. I'm going to join her as soon as she can get settled right. I think the change of climate will do us both good. It's all for the best I—"

"Very well, Mrs. er-a, I thank you," concluded McGuire. He placed the receiver on the hook.

That's a ruse, he thought. Marjorie had gone to Texas to be near Wiggins. He had too much faith in the girl to believe that she would deliver baking secrets to a rival company—especially if Wiggins was trying to put across his own proposition. After he thought the matter over he felt relieved. It was for the best so far as the Rational was concerned, he reasoned, to have Marjorie in a position to help Wiggins. The ten thousand he had sent to Texas looked safer now that he knew Marjorie Lloyd had gone down there, even if she had presumably gone on the pretext of working for a rival concern.

McGuire might have known how to bake and sell bread, but he didn't know Marjorie Lloyd. Marjorie had no kind thoughts and no place in her heart for the Rational Food Company. She loved Waverly Wiggins, but her love was not one to be controlled by the eccentric wife of a baker, even if that baker did own limousines. She told herself that over and over again. She firmly believed that she had been insulted and mistreated at the hands of the McGuires. It cut her to the heart that Wiggins hadn't seen it, hadn't seemed to care. If his work (and she had watched it in all its laxities) was more important to him than her love and honor, well—that was a different matter. In fact, the main thing she held against Waverly Wiggins was his business connection, and the fact that he let himself hang to his trifling salaried position rather than fight with words and might for his own self-respect. Barney McGuire was to find out what Marjorie Lloyd thought of him and his food concern. He had a surprise coming to him.

(Waverly gets back his spunk and his sweetheart in the November NATIONAL—a most interesting windup of the story of an Indian giver.) To be continued

After the studio says "okeh"

Samuel Rothafel's Art

In presenting the greatest film features of the day, the Capitol's expert uses musical interpretation and human nature as his text-book

THE average motion-picture fan—perhaps even a surprising percentage of those engaged in that great industry—is wont to consider the progress of the silver screen, insofar as entertainment accomplishments are concerned, as a rather involved and complicated responsibility resting on the shoulders of perhaps Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith or Ben Turpin. As yet the infant industry is too young for the X-ray. Thus far the public glance doesn't penetrate. It flickers with the flickers or passes with the dime that goes under the wire grating.

However, with the advancement of the art of motion pictures in production, in scenic values, in casting, in direction—in a million other details and essentials—there has also been a marked line of progress in *presentation*. It is herein that the public is apt to miss the true value of the business. It is here that a hard-to-suit movie public is likely to apply the soft focus and lose the clear-cut, distinct appreciation for the work of the man who exhibits pictures.

All of which is rather a roundabout way of getting to the point. To remove the character of this article from the nature of correspondence courses in photoplay writing, be it said that the main mission of the writer is to impress the reader with the fact that the making of motion pictures is not progressing nearly so fast and gratifying as the *presentation* of pictures. And for this almost amazing stride in entertainment value, credit is due to a man who seldom allows his name to command the big-size type that it deserves. His name is S. L. Rothafel, and he is the director of presentation at the Capitol Theatre of New York—the largest, and generally considered the most beautiful motion-picture theatre in the world.

To explain just what Mr. Rothafel does would require volumes. Those publications that devote space exclusively to the business of exhibiting pictures have never as yet exhausted the subject. They are still devoting page upon page of reading matter to outlining the methods pursued by Mr. Rothafel, and they are still as far from the complete details as they were when they started. Perhaps the most easily understood explanation might be made by saying that upon Mr. Rothafel rests the duty of devising and originating the prologues, musical interpretations, proper settings and all the novelties that go to make up the average screen program. The finished performance at the Capitol Theatre bears the finger-prints of S. L. Rothafel, whereas if the same subjects were offered under the sponsorship of untrained hands the effect would be the same as in the days when motion-picture houses felt a little bit guilty for charging a whole five-cent piece

for a performance, even with the ear-splitting ranting of the electric piano thrown in.

To repeat, screen programs are not presented to the managers of movie houses on a silver platter. Film is film. Without proper understanding and dressing, ten thousand feet of celluloid is something short of two miles of film. Appropriate and striking screen presentation is as important to a motion picture program as proper coloring is to a work of art. The portrait designer might have the most remarkable feat-

ures of his subject: position, detail, effect might be striking. And yet, if the hair were colored purple, the eyes green and the teeth black, the composite would be far from effective. This, of course, is the extreme. But to apply the statement to motion-picture presentation, to play "Everybody Shimmies Now" as the musical accompaniment to a death scene would ruin the effect of that part of the picture. This, too, is the extreme. In fact, motion-picture presentation is such an art—and such a specialized art—that it can best be illustrated by extremes, for the shadings are difficult to understand. The tiny effects that produce the slightest effect on the audience are matters of human psychology that are applied to picture presentation after years of study.

Fitting music to carry out the spirit of his picture is perhaps the most characteristic Rothafel idea. A natural musician, he sees music in the same way that he sees pictures—only to the extent which both can effect the human emotions. It is the combination of pictures and music that makes the Rothafel standard of presentation stand out from amongst that of the leaders in this art of the business.

And without doubt the most interesting feature of Mr. Rothafel's work is the consistent manner in which he goes about providing his patrons and programs with fitting screen interpretations in the way of music and prologues week after week.

The story of the life of Samuel Rothafel shows that variety of living conditions and circumstances that brings about a complete understanding of human beings and the human mind. He was born of poor parents in Minnesota. He came East at an early age and entered a Brooklyn newspaper office; later he enlisted in the Marine Corps, and fired with the spirit of adventure served with the American troops during the Boxer uprising in China. After receiving promotion, Mr. Rothafel retired from the service with the determination to make his military service and experience to be of value to him in his career. And it is a rather striking fact that during the World War the military prologues and tableaux were declared by press and public to be the height of art and among the most patriotic efforts made in the interests of the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, and the various other war work enterprises.

The motion-picture public first began to know Rothafel when in Forest City, Pennsylvania, he turned a dance hall into a motion-picture house. He displayed an unusual talent in devising appropriate musical scores to accompany his feature pictures. Later in Minneapolis and Milwaukee he converted houses declared to be as quiet as Colonel House (Continued on page 331)



S. L. ROTHAFEL

Living in a Factory Building

A Glimpse of An Editor's Attic Home

*How a War Home Became a Permanent Abode
Round Tables Where Folks Talk Squarely at Each Other*

Joe Mitchell Chapple

FIVE months of the year overseas and seventeen months in war activities makes my previous life seem like a former existence. There were no plans; but, armed with letters from Washington, I found myself in France, a lone civilian, and then I wondered what I was really there for, as everyone else was in uniform. My passport read "journalistic work"—a vision of visiting all the fronts and meeting some of the generals—getting as close to the dominant personalities of the war—crystallized into a purpose. It was not to satisfy personal idle curiosity, but with the conviction that I would see the war best through knowing something concerning those in command.

One can scarcely think of the Civil War as such without the names of Lincoln, Grant, and Lee coming to mind, and George Washington is associated with almost every review of the Revolution.

When Gen. Charles G. Dawes, of the S. O. S., took me to G. H. Q. (General Headquarters) of General Pershing, I still wondered what I was going to do. It was arranged that I should go to the zone of operations and I began rehearsing with the gas mask, to get it on within six seconds. My first test was forty-two. When I heard the intermittent song of a gas shell three seconds was all that was necessary.

Passing through the gloom of the boulevard in Paris, I found myself with the American troops in the Toule sector. The experiences of those April days in 1918 during the smash at Seicheprey—the first real battle that the Germans had with exclusively American troops—made me think of the scenes at Lexington one hundred and forty-four years ago. It was on the 20th of April, a day that will never be forgotten by the soldiers of the 26th Division, the first to take over an entire sector on the Western front, while the drive at Amiens and Arras continued. These were the darkest days of the war for the Allies.

When I returned home the first time I found the gracious lady of our household had given up the lease on Mayfield Street and moved to the factory building, where the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is printed. She found a corner on the third floor used for storage, with high walls, sturdy beams and factory windows, the view overlooking the harbor of returning ships, and there, like a good skipper's daughter, she decided to locate and watch. There was sun on four sides, and east winds or sociable south winds touched the corner of this plant, so after all you can readily see the grim dust of the factory was removed. When I returned I found this apartment christened our "war home."

There were beaver-board partitions the same as she had seen in the hasty construction of buildings in Washington. There

were my own dearly-beloved books gathered in one large room, where I could touch and fondle them to my heart's content. There was a bedroom, but the giant four-poster looked lost. A kitchen with an electric range, ready for New England culinary triumphs, and the old factory water closet transformed into a bathroom that would do honor to a Biltmore hundred-dollar suite, all sang the song of "home." It was nothing but linoleum and paint—properly planned and managed. There was one large room and our "Round Table," around which had gathered twenty-seven people at one time. It looked like a salon at Versailles. Then the old mirrors from the dressers scattered about made a veritable Hall of Mirrors. The vault was screened, and I found the old melodeon on which I had first played, recalling days of childhood. There was a chance for the "garret" properties once again. There were two pianos in this hall, the old one and the Baby Grand given on our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, both tuned to concert pitch, so we began a piano duet on "Star Spangled Banner." The pictures on the wall were a panorama of every one of our ten homes from the days of the honeymoon. The great Fenestra sash windows were festooned with curtains. It was not dainty, but sturdy khaki stuff, appropriate for our war home.

Here were gathered some of the things that had been stored away in years past, and now they all seemed to fit in just right. Some of the things we felt were so indispensable were reposing quietly in the store room. It all revealed the spirit of the war, for the dominant note was essentials. It seemed like camping out the first few nights when the wind from the seven windows swept thru the spacious rooms like a sleeping porch cyclone. The Victrola was there, the old violin, and the little bits of statuary stowed away seemingly came, to life. From the bureau drawers had been brought pieces of cretonne that had been accumulated, and Dutch curtains festooned with lace made it seem like a bride's dream.

The lady insisted on calling it the "Terrace," which suggested Riverside Drive and a bridal couple, but I wanted it called the "Attic," so we compromised by calling it the "Attic-Terrace." Our friends call it the Roof Garden and some the Garret. Housekeeping was no longer drudgery. You just turn on the button and breakfast is ready on the electric range. No smoke, no matches, and I could not even find a match to light my cigar about the blooming house. The rugs we used to think so large and pretentious, in this room seemed to be gathered to gether like a jolly family of ruggies trying to look snug and comfy. In one part of the room the stairway made a projection about two feet high. That was utilized, and all the surplus mattresses and rugs put on until it looks like a Coliath divan, but we use it as a stage. It brought the





Where music, books and "comfy" chairs woo the visitors to forgetfulness of worldly cares and climatic discomfort



On the electric stove many tempting impromptu feasts are prepared, and in the ice chest is always ready a "cold snack"

feeling of camping out, and yet all the comforts and touch of luxury of home—nothing overdone to jar the nerves—just the place I wanted to retreat to from the "trouble corner" in the office. You see, I can slide down the pole like a fireman and go to work at a moment's notice, and instead of being our war home—we now feel it will remain our permanent home.

Friends began to telephone the office and ask "Where are you living now?" "At 952 Dorchester Avenue." "Why, that is the office." "Well, that is where we live," and it took a long time for our dear good Boston friends to understand that we actually lived in the large printing plant of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE. Overhead were the sprinklers, and the insurance men said there was no home better protected from fire. Downstairs is the watchman—a sentinel by night. Of course, there were a few mice now and then to make things interesting, but "Ticonderoga," the leopard-spotted cat with a yellow Hun eye, soon dispatched them, and she sleeps on the leopard rug with one eye open, inviting all comers.

Then came the clocks. First we had a clock maker come and train the entire collection, from grandfather's down, to get them all regulated. First came the chimes, with a gentle silver tinkle, reminding me of the bells of France; another with American petuosity rushing to strike the hour; another with ponderous tones, like "Big Ben"; another was grandmother's clock; and the terror of them all, the alarm clock on the kitchen shelf that would insist on exploding at 5GX.

The treasured trophies of these decades of married life were turning up occasionally, but my delight was to get out in the company of all my books at one time. My hobby is books, and the old familiar volumes seemed to tell me to "come over and sit down," especially that set of James Whitcomb Riley autographed. Then Emerson, Macaulay, even Pluto's "Lives" said "Come and have a chapter with me," and I went around and had a sort of reception with the old fellows. The dictionary on the table seemed hurt as I could fancy Webster's chauffeur-coat bound volume saying "It has been a long time since you were here." The old family Bible in its place of honor said, "Why not have a little reminiscence of sacred and holy days of the past," and that was the last thing I looked into on that first night at home.

The factory heating pipes, four abreast around the rooms—what should we do with them? I said gild them, make them like gold. "No," said the lady, "let's paint them white"; so the pipes are arrayed in wedding hues. Somehow I had not noticed it before, but the library had a golden hue, and the only portrait in the room was that of the son "loved long since

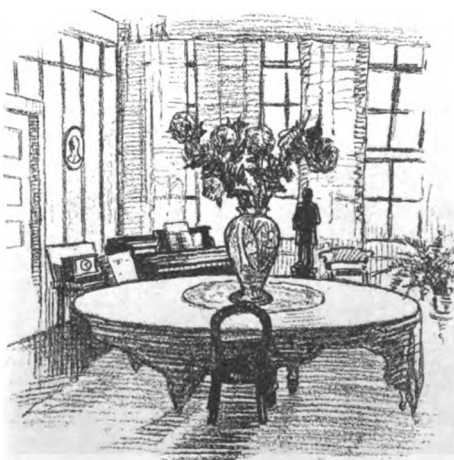
and lost a while." While I am not an artist, there did not seem to be a jarring note in color and blend, and I just said something without deliberation, but with all earnestness as I sat and viewed this home: "Why, dear, you are more to me than ever before, and no man was ever blessed with a more perfect home."

Now as to the Round Table—let's look back. When we first started the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, long years ago, we used to have little meetings, first on Newbury Street, then on Bedford Street. Authors, artists and travelers dropped in, and people that would not meet in the ordinary pursuits of life became friendly. Then when we moved into the new plant, the editorial table was covered with a board circle fastened together and made into a Round Table. From time to time many of the celebrities who happened to be in town would meet here and at a moment's notice friends gathered to give greeting.

Discussions start with the understanding that no reporters are to report, but ladies are always present. The conversation begins going around the table, no one permitted to arise, each one perfectly at ease and surprises himself with his comments and discussions. There is no repression, no conventionality, and things little dreamed of in the ordinary thoughts of life are taken up. For instance, what is the first thing you remember in life? A picture on the wall might inspire this, as it did Morris of the *Christian Science Monitor* in his tribute to Lincoln; or L. K. Liggett in his tribute to dreamers; or E. J. Bliss of Regal Shoe in his comment on organization; or H. D. Foss on the philosophy of making sweets; or Penn, the florist, on flowers; or Charlie Simons of Swift & Co., on the philosophy of how meats and viands on the table are prepared; and Bartram on how perfumes are made. Each one contributes his part to the Round Table, but the dominant note of it all was to emulate the spirit that inspired the knights of old at King Arthur's Round Table.

It was a glimpse of the realm of knowing each other and finding a common purpose and reaching into the era that has now dawned when we have found out that wealth, with all its beauty of homes, colleges, schools and parks is, after all, of little avail unless the soul of something is expressed that transcends and goes beyond anything that merely calls for material comfort and pleasure.

During the war no Round Tables were held. When I returned after the armistice was signed, after viewing all the fronts and spending fifteen days traveling the war-worn roads of Europe in an automobile, and even on one occasion standing on the deck of the sunken ships at the mole near





The famous "round table," about whose perimeter have at odd times been gathered authors, actors, artists, generals, governors, captains of industry—and people



Books! books! books! more books! Wherever you turn you gaze upon books—the world's great wealth of literature and learning is upon the shelves before you

Zeebrugge, with my mind just bulging with sights and scenes of historical interest, I wanted to have a Round Table.

When General C. R. Edwards said that he would come and see the "Attic" and the war home, the hour was fixed for five. The telephone was busy and there was a scurrying to dust up. Windows were washed and desks polished, and the girls came with white aprons that afternoon. Promptly on the dot, followed by the admiring eyes of the throng, came General Edwards. He saluted the flag at the entrance, then visited the plant with all its activities. They cheered as he passed and saluted, and he insisted that all the girls had holes in their cheeks that day, for they had on their best dimples for the occasion, and there is nothing like a uniform to focus the feminine eye.

There was Commander O'Leary sent by Commandant Rush of the Boston Navy Yard, and the singing began with the refrain of "The Army and Navy Forever." We could not keep hundreds of the people away from trampling the lawn and flower beds outside when it was whispered about that General Edwards was there, for if there is one man who is loved by every soldier of the 26th and mothers of soldiers, his name is Edwards. They climbed the fire escapes and fences for a glimpse of the General.

The "Attic" was ablaze for the occasion, and the "Terrace" too, was coming into its own. After hiking through the plant, we all marched to the third floor, turned to the left, and there in plain view was the familiar old Round Table, with white cloth and flowers, also a little Round Table. They were not quite ready for us, but we sat down. One of the girls sat at the piano and we think Galli-Curci could not sing better than Miss Marcus—and how the old rafters rang with "Long, Long Trail," and the General said, "I would go on a long, long trail to hear singers like that." Down through the plant came the echoes of the songs, and the Victrola was working overtime to keep up. This, mingled with the tooting

of the whistle, gathered the community on the lawn, where they remained for a time in the hope of catching a glimpse of the distinguished guest.

Everybody had a part in that Round Table until I felt delicate about assuming the role of host, but with General

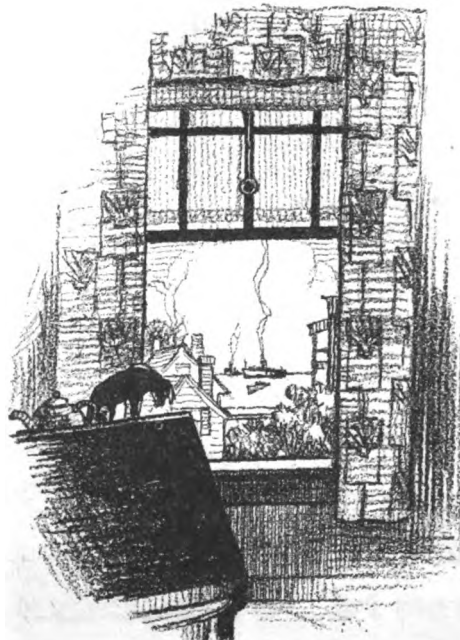
Edwards seated on the right and the naval commander on the left, the proceedings began. If the pages of history could only record the splendid and well-thought-out words of General Edwards that night spoken in the confidence of that Round Table, what a thrilling story could be told; but each eye was intent on the stalwart form of the General as he sat there modestly and quietly, but with eye flashing, with the same light seen on the field of battle—what a privilege! Even between the sips of coffee and the incense of the Blackstone cigars, each

moment seemed to intensify and draw closer together those within the encircled unity of the Round Table. Amazed, to say the least, I heard men who always insisted they never could make a speech, rolling out phrases that would perhaps adorn an address in the United States Senate. They were their own selves—everyone was natural and at ease as everyone should be at such times.

Then that wonderful entertainment provided by Mrs. Lyman with her group of talented children! As the General went into the room and saw them preparing to christen the new stage over the stairway, he said, "Here are some flowers," and the little ones courtesied. How those children sang and danced, just like the flowers of youth. From the little bud of four years to the older ones, do you wonder that the General had to kiss them as they passed by and saluted. There were military songs. The children ranging from four to eighteen, and just delighted in doing their little part in the Round Table. The climax was reached when the General was asked his favorite song. Everybody then reached for "Heart Songs," and he said, "It is the battle hymn of the 26th



Where good digestion waits on appetite, and wit and wisdom season the toothsome viands



Division—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and when Miss Marcus sang those verses from first to last there was a rousing chorus that made the very rafters tremble. Outside, two extra policemen were called, as people wanted to know what was going on. As the last verse was sung, "In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea," there was the picture of those children on the stage singing, and the General was doubtless thinking of that beautiful daughter who gave her life for her country. There was present one of the boys who had served under her father and knew of her work with the Red Cross. The tenderness and humanness of it all was irresistible.

The guests came at five and were to go when they pleased, and altho there were other meetings that night, the General insisted on staying and not until late did

he leave. It was twelve before those who gathered after the party to "talk it over" left. Every subject under discussion was vibrant with the spirit of the hour, and there was earnestness and intensity of thought among those who remained for the last words at the Round Table.

The chugging chorus of automobiles in the yard began, and one by one guests whizzed away. After they had all gone and the tables had been cleared and everything set to rights, the clocks were wound for another day. The cat "Ticonderoga" forgot to yawn as she rose to take her place as sentinel in the corridors for the night. Then somehow the watchman down-stairs turned on the Victrola, and we passed into the Land of Nod in the "Terrace" as the refrain of "Perfect Day" came floating upstairs to the land of sweet dreams and happy memories.



WHY PROBATIONERS LOVE JUDGE YOUNG

Continued from page 318

reckless and thoughtless in family matters. The hum-drum, everyday toil was palling on him. Judge Young got him another job away from associates who drank and gambled. Result—today John B. is happy, and although he had the misfortune to lose his wife a short time ago, he is so impressed by the square deal afforded him that he has cheerfully undertaken the added burden of bringing up the young children of his family without a mother. A father's love never before realized has come to the surface and overcome a weak desire for evil associates and drink. Such have been his savings since being placed on probation that he recently purchased a house and lot and is now on the road to respectability and good citizenship. If this man had been sentenced to the "pen," it would have cost the State ten times as much as it has through the probation system. Then, too, with the mother now dead, the children would have become a charge upon the county.

One night not long ago, Judge Young had occasion to call for a taxi in a city near here. After reaching his destination he was surprised when a cheerful voice at his elbow sounded "Hello, Judge," and for the instant was unable to place the man.

"I am one of your probationers," said the taxi driver. "Got my own taxi now, judge, and making good money. No more women, no more cards or booze. Believe me, it's great, and I can only thank you a thousand times for it."

And so one could go on indefinitely and tell of the most excellent results achieved in this work in Westchester County. A word as to the method with which each case is handled. When a man or woman is placed on probation, Officer Decker inspects their records back to the time they went to school. His home visits to the family and friends of the probationer are the greatest of his work and accomplish wonders. Careful analysis of each case follows, there being no set rule for any one kind of case, the cause of the wrong doing is located, if at all possible, and then if not eliminated at least alleviated to the greatest possible extent. From month to month each probationer reports, and generally tells the truth. And if they have gone wrong while on probation, they are not always denied another chance to make good.

One lad, a bit over sixteen, had broken his probation several times. The poor lad hadn't sufficient will power to resist evil companions, and from time to time brought his rather light fingers to play on articles not his own property. Finally, thoroughly discouraged, Officer Decker brought the lad before Judge Young.

"Young man," said the judge, "I am sorry for you. You

have done your best, but simply cannot help yourself. I fear that in the days to come you may commit some graver offense. Yet I do not want to send you to some penal institution." He then committed the boy to a really decent home, where he will have good surroundings and cordial, interested supervision. The judge really looks forward to the lad's release with the feeling that he may yet be able to go straight.

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Sparkling eyes and color of health; mind cleared, body refreshed—Atlantic City in Winter. Just the tempering breath of the Gulf Stream, invigorating tang of the sea, and clear sunshine.

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ON THE BEACH AND THE BOARDWALK

Prohibition, in time, will work wonders for probation, say those connected with the work. Women are the hardest cases to handle, says Officer Decker, especially those of the moron type, who are inveterate liars, who cannot resist the feeling to steal (you might call that kleptomania), and whose sexual instincts are of the lowest order, lax and uncontrollable. But the authorities in Westchester have very few women now on probation.

In 1919, twenty-four cases of grand larceny were put on probation; eighteen abandonment cases; eleven petit larceny; nine juvenile delinquency; eight disorderly persons; seven burglaries and robberies; six forgeries; one other felony. On

January first there were one hundred and eleven people on probation in the county.

Judge Young does not forget his probationers after they have been released. Every manufacturing concern of any size in Westchester, every business house and private employer is in touch with him concerning positions which are open for probationers on the judge's "say so."

So one can readily see how each and every man, woman and child who comes before Judge Young in the county court on probation learn to love and respect him even above those who are closer to them by blood ties. Truly, the "judge with a heart!"



Songs of Cy Warman

THE SUNDOWN SEA

HAVE you heard of the sundown sea, love,
With its blue and golden skies,
Where the ripples play the livelong day
And the summer never dies?
There is health and wealth for you, love,
There is wealth and health for me,
There is all that's in the golden west
On the shore of the sundown sea.

There's a tear on every thorn, love,
Of the storm-scarred locust; there
Are dripping leaves and icy eaves,
And a wail on the wintry air.
There's a song in the frozen rill, love,
But it's lost to you and me;
There's a muffled cry in the wind-swept sky,
Then away to the sundown sea.

There is frost in your raven hair, love
Your cheeks are thin and pale,
Your dark eye turns and your spirit
years
For a glimpse of the sunset trail.
I will sing a new song to you, love,
And you'll sing a new song to me,
And we'll grow young as we journey
along
On the way to the sundown sea.

How Rich, Red Blood Helps You to Dare and Win

The Man Who Dares to Make the Bold Decisions and Tackle the Big Ventures Is the Man With the Vigor, Energy and Endurance That Come From Red Blood, Rich in Iron—But Lack of Iron in the Blood Makes You Too Sickly and Run-Down to Fight for Success—Feed the Blood with Organic Iron, like Nuxated Iron, Says Physician, to Make Red Blood, Strength and Endurance.

The courage, stamina, health, and strength that bring success in life depend almost entirely upon the condition of the blood. Plenty of iron in the blood helps give you that perfect health and tireless activity which bring the prizes of life within your grasp. But if your blood lacks sufficient iron and is therefore pale, thin and watery, only half nourishing your body and brain, then ill health, nervousness, and a weakened, run-down condition will keep you from fighting a winning battle for wealth and power. If you have ever had an accident and lost a quantity of red blood corpuscles containing the life-sustaining iron, you know how weary, listless and weakened you were until your system had a chance to replenish the supply of iron by building up plenty of new red blood cells. Yet the blood of numberless people today is in much the same condition as after an accident of this kind. As a result of hard work, worry, nervous strain, incorrect food diet and lack of outdoor exercise, their blood has been drained of its strength-giving iron faster than it can be replaced by natural means.

To build up the stamina, strength and endurance to win the big rewards of life, they should aid Nature by putting iron in pre-digested, easily assimilated form—like Nuxated Iron—into the blood.

Pointing out the necessity of keeping the blood rich in iron, Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience, and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service, says: "It is the men of blood, and iron who will forge ahead in the business

See how this man reaches out to receive the Prizes of Life! Overwork, Failure, Fatigue, Worry and Discouragement have no terrors for him, because he keeps plenty of strength-giving iron in his blood. A Physician tells in the accompanying article how lack of iron in the blood may be remedied by the use of organic iron—like Nuxated Iron.

and political life of the country today. Without iron there can be no strong red-blooded men or healthy rosy-cheeked women, and unless this strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat, it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which I have used so successfully that I am convinced of its effectiveness for helping to build red blood, strength and endurance.

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power, and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time, in many instances.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

The Story of the Plymouth Colony

WHO that has wandered on a summer day in the byways of old Plymouth has not fancied himself in spirit as a member of that "fearless band" who braved the dangers of an unknown wilderness to lay the foundations of a pure democracy?

The recent impressive Tercentenary observances at Plymouth have turned the thoughts of the whole country to this Massachusetts town from which sprang so many of New England's—and thus America's—traditions. Its landmarks have been the Mecca for sightseeing pilgrims for many years, and almost every bit of the old town has its familiar associations and legends.

Dull indeed of fancy must one be to wander among the quaintly lettered stones on the summit of Burial Hill that mark the final resting places of our Pilgrim forefathers, and not feel his heart stirred to deeper appreciation of the sacrifices that they made and the sufferings that they endured in order that the generations that came after them might enjoy the priceless gift of liberty.

No one knows more thoroughly the history of the early New England colony than Miss Mary Caroline Crawford, who has delved deep into all the sources from which such information may be derived, as witness the half dozen or more books on New England already to her credit.

In her latest volume, "In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers,"* Miss Crawford has devoted herself to the Plymouth colony, its settlement and early days, its personalities and those events which have so enriched the history of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. She has linked up the past with the present so that, fortified with this book, any visitor to Plymouth will look with clear understanding and a more appreciative eye on its landmarks, and visualize the human element and the background of the Pilgrim life that went into the making of this picturesque old town.

*"In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers." Little, Brown & Company, Boston. 200 pages, 35 illustrations. \$3.00 net.

New Book of Le Gallienne's Poems

THE "Junk-man and Other Poems," which Doubleday, Page & Company, published on September 24, is Richard Le Gallienne's first book to appear since the war, and records the reactions of this distinguished poet to the most brutal of all realities.

In part, the poems are the old Le Gallienne, for they are characterized by the exquisite phrasing, the sheer beauty of imagery and delicacy of expression that have earned him the title of the apostle of beauty. But there is a new element, a deeper sincerity, a warmer sympathy with the actualities of life. There is an echo of sadness perhaps, but certainly a groping after the roots of things.

The volume is divided into eight parts, of which the first is a group of ballades, an old French form in which Le Gallienne finds a perfect vehicle for his imagery. The sixth contains "Charles Frohman," a notable tribute, and the "Ballade Against the Enemies of France."

"Office Management," by Lee Galloway. Ronald Press. A book of necessity to every business concern. Fully descriptive of office routine, departmental organization, and procedure. Price, \$6.00.

An Inspirational Volume

THE present writer has read a great number of "improving" books, only to come to the conclusion that it is not so much what is in a book that counts, as what the reader gets out of it.

Judged from this standpoint, "You,"* by Irving R. Sellers, is distinctly a worth-while book to read. Indeed, "You" is more than a book; it is a formula—a simple, easy to understand recipe for getting out of life the things you want.

The seeker after contentment will find the way in "You"—and though not written primarily for the financially ambitious, the man or woman to whom money is happiness will find the path in "You."

"You" makes life simple and happy and successful. It is like a powerful searchlight illuminating the path ahead, which most of us tread in darkness.

"You" will bear re-reading, in fact invites it, for the fullest comprehension of the philosophy of living which it sets forth.

*"You." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. 275 pages. \$3.00.

Deeds of Little French Heroes Preserved

IN "Little Heroes of France," which Doubleday, Page & Company published on September 24, are recorded deeds of courage, of patience, of self sacrifice, of sheer audacity and love of country that will endear these little French heroes and heroines to children of all ages. Kathleen Burke, the author, served during the war in the British Red Cross, and was particularly active in refugee work, so many of the stories of the book came within the bounds of her own experience. All of them are authentic.

Miss Burke's manner is straightforward, for the deeds that she records need no embellishment. The style is so simple that children may read for themselves how little Louise Haumont saved the lives of the French soldiers in a neighboring garrison; how Andre Lange ran away with the army and went out into No Man's Land twenty times with his wheelbarrow to bring back the wounded; or how baby Pierre brought sunshine to a hospital behind the lines.

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Samuel Rothafel's

Art

Continued from page 324

into profitable picture theatres, and live centers of amusement.

His triumphs in New York as managing director of the Strand, Rivoli and Rialto theatres are a matter of motion picture history. The Capitol Theatre has received the advantage of all of Mr. Rothafel's past experience and in addition has the honor of introducing his latest achievement in motion picture work—the employment of vocal choruses to give effect to big moments in pictures, or to prepare an audience for the theme and spirit of any given production.

It is a matter of general knowledge that the principles as tested and proved by Mr. Rothafel have been instituted in the majority of the first class theatres of the country.

To see him at work making up his programs indicates the alert and active mind, reflecting his newspaper training for quick decision and the discipline of the soldier.

There is something suggestive of the old Greek dramas in his way of presenting the semi-pantomimes for opening scenes. It seems to make the silver sheet breathe and pulsate with life. Speaking pictures will never be necessary as long as music can be made to carry the story of the play, as the arrangements as selected by Mr. Rothafel bring forth the exact meaning of each scene with music that cannot be misinterpreted. The orchestral triumphs which he has brought to pictures have been supplemented by choral work which gives these operatic efforts dignity and strength.

The Capitol Theatre has already become an institution for New York and with the splendid presentation feature offered by Samuel Rothafel, bids fair to become known throughout the nation as a picture palace that literally must be visited by everyone of the millions of American people who take occasion to visit the nation's mecca.

How Will Your Wife Vote?

Continued from page 301

straw vote that even in such doubtful states as California and New Hampshire it conclusively showed which way the political straws would blow. When compared proportionately, with the actual national vote cast in November, the Rexall figures showed a difference of less than one-half of one per cent. There was but one other straw vote conducted in the United States four years ago which showed a similar result, and that conducted by the writer for the New York American and featured by all the Hearst newspapers. Only doubtful states were canvassed in this poll.

Four years ago women voted in but twelve states for the Presidency. This year they will vote in nearly all states, hence the apprehension of the leaders. Four years ago the woman vote totalled 1,950,540, although 4,160,316 were eligible to vote. With the number of states quadrupled this year in which women can vote, it can be readily seen just what an important bearing that vote will have on the general result, for their vote this year means the balance of power in the electoral college.

Why Harding?

Continued from page 296

lived most of his life. Such a tribute of confidence and affection as Marion has paid to her son is seldom paid. By common consent he has been the unpaid counselor for its every venture. His time and his money and his good-will, his town and his neighbors have had at every turn.

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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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Long ago, a friend is reported to have said to him in wrath (because he would not accept a brilliant offer outside): "If you stay in Marion, you will never rise!" And he is reported to have answered that if he could not rise in Marion, then he would not rise. But he could do a good job in Marion, whether he rose or not. "I am not a superman," says Warren Harding, with his pleasant, unassuming smile, "I am just 'folks.'" He is and always has been a modest man.

Ours are times which do not demand so much violent energy of leadership as they do the even keel. There is such a thing as wisdom in compromise. Much, if not most of the trouble in this mad world—or any world—comes from misunderstandings either our own or our ancestors. Even greed, itself, is secondary to this all-pervading cause of disunion among decent folk which prevents them uniting against evil. A man of Warren Harding's mould will be of infinite value under our present conditions. He seems to me the only possibility for any kind of a real, working League of Nations and for any kind of general peace—at least for a breathing time.

Therefore for my country's sake and for the world's sake I shall vote for Warren Harding. We have had enough of appalling waste; we have had enough of inefficiency when inefficiency meant death of brave men and heart-break and loss of treasure to the country; we have had enough of splendid promises, which ended only in squalid and tragic failure; we have had enough bleeding the brains of the nation to appease the greed of false prophets of social justice; we have had enough starving the farmer to gorge the speculator; we have had enough iridescent stupidity and more than enough of graft and loot.

There is a man who will make a clean sweep of the dictatorship of inefficiency. We want him. That is "Why Harding?"

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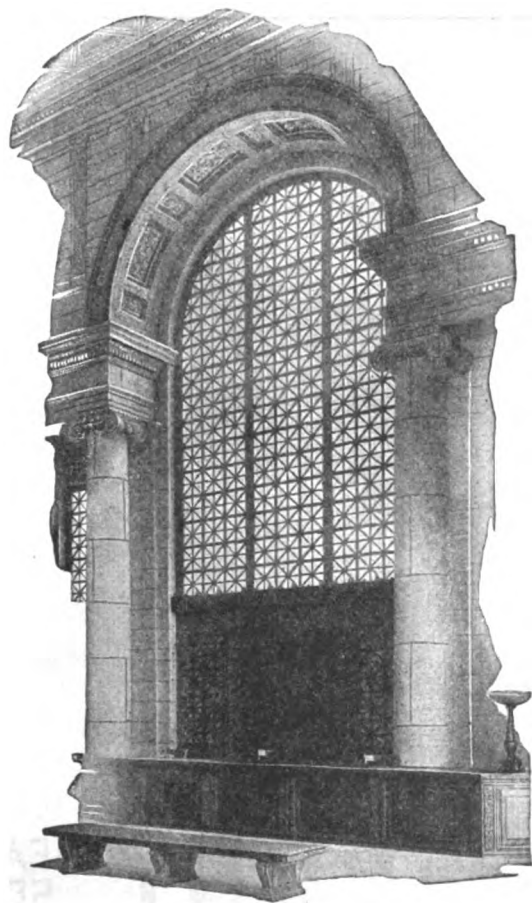
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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

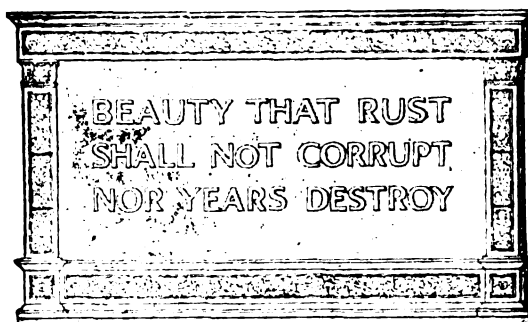


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My Christmas Wishes



WISH there were enough real joy
To go around this year,
That every heart may have a bit
Of precious Christmas cheer;
That every home might have its share
Of happy mystery—
That every face might wear a smile,
And each child have a tree.

But, most of all, I wish the World
Might find the Road to Peace,
That all this wicked, cruel strife
And bickering would cease—
That faith, and hope, and kindness
Would kindle such a flame,
That greed, and hate, and selfishness
Would slink away, in shame.

I wish distress and suffering in Ireland and Armenia
Might somehow be allayed,
That men would seek to know God's law,
And keep it, unafraid;
That poor, storm-tossed humanity
Would learn the better way—
That Love would clasp all nation's hands,
Some blessed Christmas day.

—Tunis F. Dean.

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WORKS which endure come from the soul of the people. The mighty in their pride walk alone to destruction. The humble walk hand in hand with Providence to immortality. Their works survive. When the people of the Colonies were defending their liberties against the might of kings, they chose their banner from the design set in the firmament through all eternity. The flags of the great empires of that day are gone, but the Stars and Stripes remain. It pictures the vision of a people whose eyes were turned to the rising dawn. It represents the hope of a father for his posterity. It was never flaunted for the glory of royalty, but to be born under it is to be a child of a king, and to establish a home under it is to be the founder of a royal house. Alone of all flags it expresses the sovereignty of the people which endures when all else passes away. Speaking with their voice it has the sanctity of revelation. He who lives under it and is loyal to it is loyal to truth and justice everywhere. He who lives under it and is disloyal to it is a traitor to the human race everywhere. What could be saved if the flag of the American nation were to perish?

CALVIN COOLIDGE.

From Flag Day Proclamation.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



EVENTEEN new faces in the Senate. Quite a turnover! Enough to promise a degree of novelty of personality in the sage convocation. There are thirteen Republicans and four Democrats, although of the latter Tom Watson counts only because he is against the dominant party. Anyhow, the Republicans have increased their working majority from the narrow shave of double-one to eleven. It is expected that most of the Republican recruits will take the bit without getting mouth-sore, in the event of factional troubles developing as foes forecast and friends fear.

They are all honorable men, the novitiate solons, yet it may be said that but two of them bear more than ordinary distinction. These are Professor Ladd of the majority and Thomas E. Watson of the minority. Several have creditably won their spurs in the House of Representatives. The NATIONAL MAGAZINE has noted the good records and bright promises of some, such, for instance, as William B. McKinley.

Seven of the new Republican Senators are business men: Cameron of Arizona, Nicholson of Colorado, Gooding of Idaho, McKinley of Illinois, Weller of Maryland, Stanfield of Oregon and Norbeck of South Dakota. Five are lawyers: Shortridge of California, Ernst of Kentucky, Oddie of Nevada, Willis of Ohio and Harreld of Oklahoma. Willis has been a college professor, like Dr. Ladd, and a university teacher of law.

Ralph H. Cameron (R.), Arizona, is a Maine man who, when young, went West, where he has made money in mining and stock-raising. He located and built the Bright Angel Trail into the Grand Canyon. Once he was sheriff of his county. Before Arizona

achieved statehood he was its delegate to Congress one term and afterward its Representative for two terms.

Judge Thaddeus H. Caraway (D.), Arkansas, beat his predecessor, Kirby, in the primary. He has served in the House. Kirby got his demit for voting against the war resolution and the selective draft.

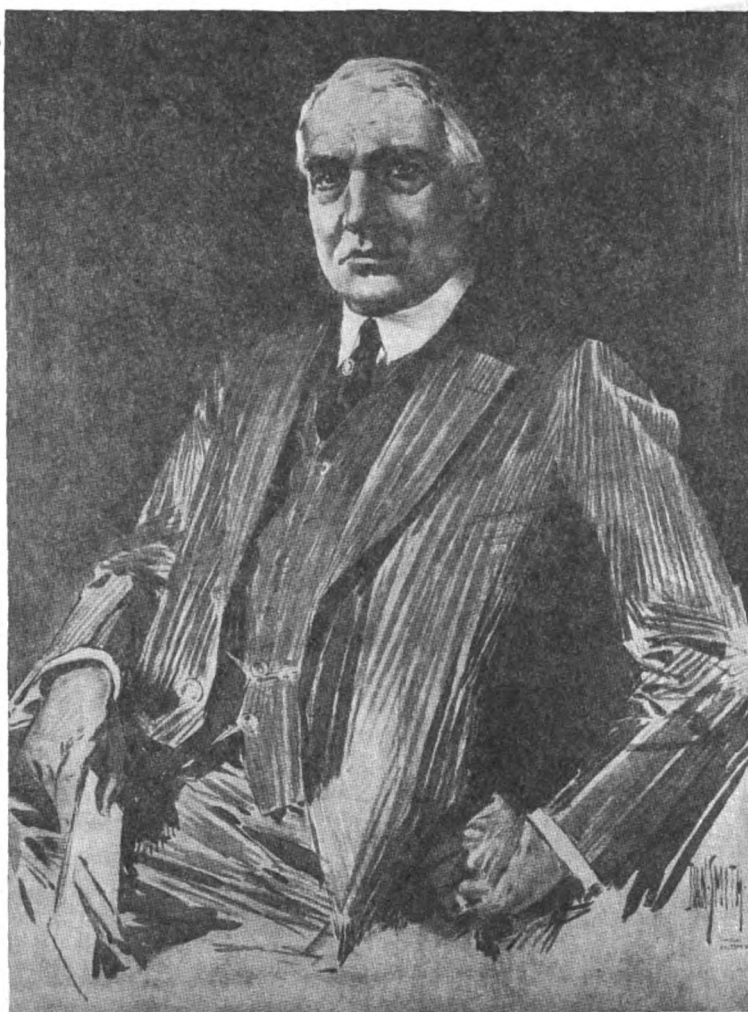
Edwin S. Broussard (D.), Louisiana, succeeds his deceased brother, and is a lawyer, planter and banker. Styled a Progressive of the John M. Parker type, it is surmised he may vote with the Republicans on tariff and perhaps other matters.

Judge J. W. Harreld (R.), Oklahoma, won a seat in the House

on a platform unequivocally against the League of Nations, as Wilson would have it, long before the presidential election. He voted for the Esch-Cummins railroad bill, the bill for a bonus to soldiers, and the bill permitting the association of farmers and producers, trust laws to the contrary, and he opposed compulsory military training.

J. Thomas Heflin (D.), Alabama, successor of Senator Bankhead, has a fad of wearing clothes, the material and make of his own district, and was one of the first Congressmen to appear on the floor in white raiment. He is a good storyteller and proficient in negro dialect.

Professor Edwin F. Ladd (R.), North Dakota, in his G. O. P. candidacy was endorsed by the Nonpartisan League. He has a high standing in his state. Taking up the movement eighteen years ago, he has proved a great champion of pure food and pure other things. It is said that during this long fight he has not gone to bed any night without a libel or an injunction suit hanging over his head. All the same he has delivered the goods. An expert chemist and a trained



Painting by Dan Smith, from photo, copyrighted by Edmonston

namy Hording

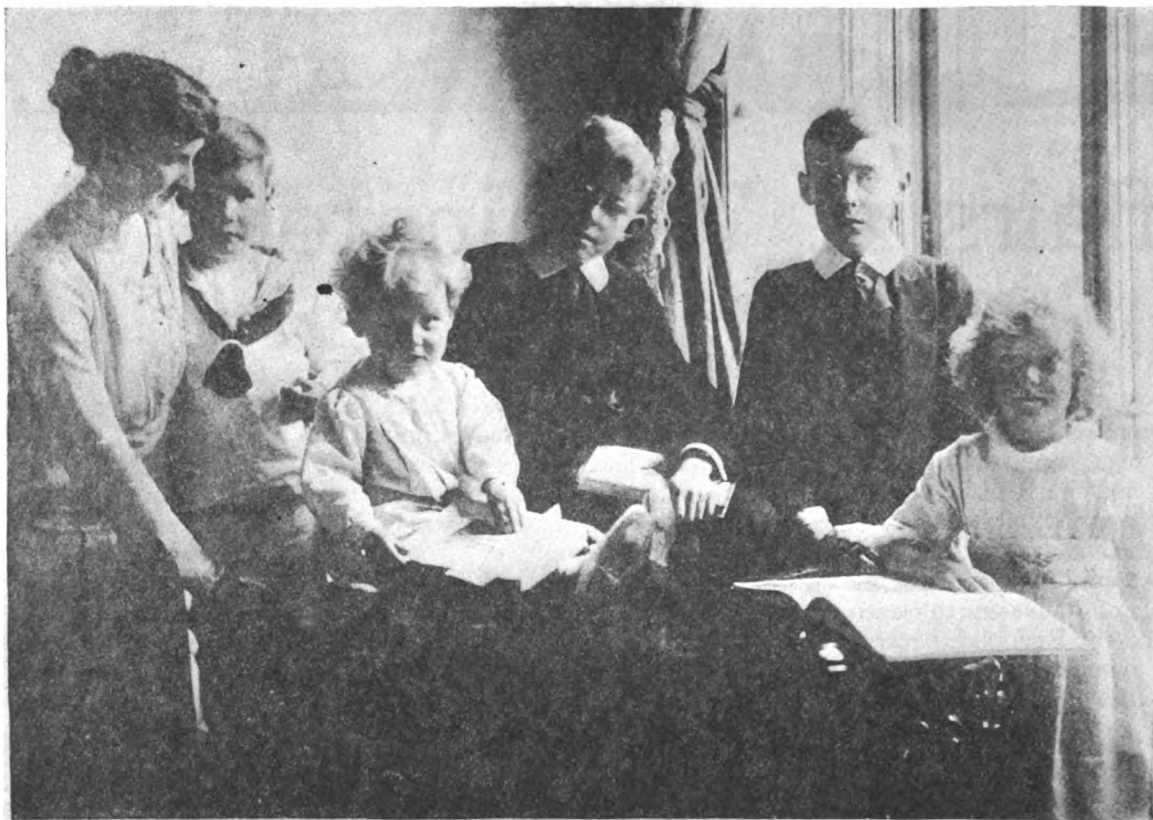
lawyer, he was well equipped for the conflict with the selfish interests he opposed. His battles for honest goods have saved millions of dollars to the farmers. Herbert Hoover telegraphed him on his nomination that his election would be "a real contribution to the ability of the Senate to deal constructively"

has militated against the due meed of admiration for his shining talents. He was prosecuted by the Roman Catholic hierarchy for published onslaughts against them, but once a judge, and juries twice, decided in his favor. During the war the mails were closed to his two publications, *Watson's Magazine* and

Jeffersonian Weekly, on account of articles opposing the draft. There will be a rustling of the mulberry bushes, to say the very least, when Watson comes into action on the floor of the Senate.

Merry Game of "Flop" as Played During the Campaign

THE close of the Presidential campaign of 1920 might have been called a game of flop, with a large number of celebrities, near celebrities, and pseudo-celebrities changing their minds. Shifting, as it were, from one party to another in the white heat of the closing days of the campaign, they fairly confounded all speculators. One cynic has insisted that this was because woman leaders possessed a real power to be reckoned with, while women's votes were an actual entity that would turn the scale—nobody knew which way. You know one of a woman's claimed rights, ever and always, is to change her mind, and the conduct of several leaders proved she was exercising



THE "INTERNATIONAL FAMILY" OF SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES, THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Lady Geddes, who was Isabella Ross, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ross, was born at Dobb's Ferry, New York, and educated there. Their oldest son, Ross, was born in Edinburgh; Alexander and Peggy in Dublin; John in Montreal, and David, the youngest, in London. Oliver Edis, London's famous photographer, who is now at work on the Lloyd George biographical pictures, made the Geddes group, which, framed, stands in a conspicuous place in the morning-room of the British Embassy at Washington. Lady Geddes has just returned to America with the children, as they were in school when she and the Ambassador left England and she did not wish to disturb them until she had made permanent schooling arrangements in Washington. It is the first time in years there have been youngsters at the Embassy, and no doubt its dignity will suffer a bit. But who cares, so long as the kiddies are happy!

with agricultural problems. Senator Ladd undoubtedly stands to become a national power for good government.

Robert N. Stanfield (R.), Oregon, was born in that state. He served three terms in its legislature, one as speaker, and had much to do with the road bond bill under which Oregon has been endowed with a fine system of permanent highways. Stanfield is a livestock man strongly favoring a protective tariff on agricultural products.

Tasker L. Oddie (R.), Nevada, is a lawyer and interested in mining. He was one of the "seven little governors" who came out for Roosevelt in 1912, but that does not say he will be an insurrecto now.

* * * *

Thomas E. Watson (D.), Georgia, succeeds Hoke Smith. A brilliant author, he will at least bring genius into the higher counsels of the nation. His lives of Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon, not to mention other noteworthy books he has written, have become classics. A member of the Georgia state legislature nearly forty years ago, he was elected to Congress as a Populist in 1890, but lost on ballot scrutinies in 1892 and 1894. While in Congress he secured the first appropriation ever made for free rural mail delivery. Nominated for Vice-president to run with Bryan endorsed for President, at the Populist convention in 1896, he took the nomination of the People's party for President in 1904, when he made a campaign to revive the party. He is a radical, notable besides as a critic of the Roman Catholic Church and an opposer of the Jews. His prominence in these roles, obnoxious to powerful elements,

the privilege—but the joke is that after all the men greatly outnumbered the women in the shifting and flopping game.

In the superheated finish of the contest many "undecided Democrats" and "wobbling Republicans" swayed this way and that to the strident notes of opposing war cries. Every move on the chessboard counted in the closing days. Every word of the candidates was scrutinized with microscopic intentness for some prismatic hue or shade of meaning that might win or lose votes. The candidates, under strain of tours and speeches, were subjected to pitiless spotlight scrutiny, while every cartoon and utterance had as many interpretations as the most bitterly disputed theological dogma. No wonder the soothsayers and the diviners of riddles were at their wits' end. They were mostly wrong all the time. Governor Coolidge had revealed the mystery of the end of the campaign at its very beginning, in his keynote speech at the opening rally of the Republicans in Massachusetts. It was simply this:

"The sovereign American voters wanted a change, and were insistent upon bringing down the high cost of government."

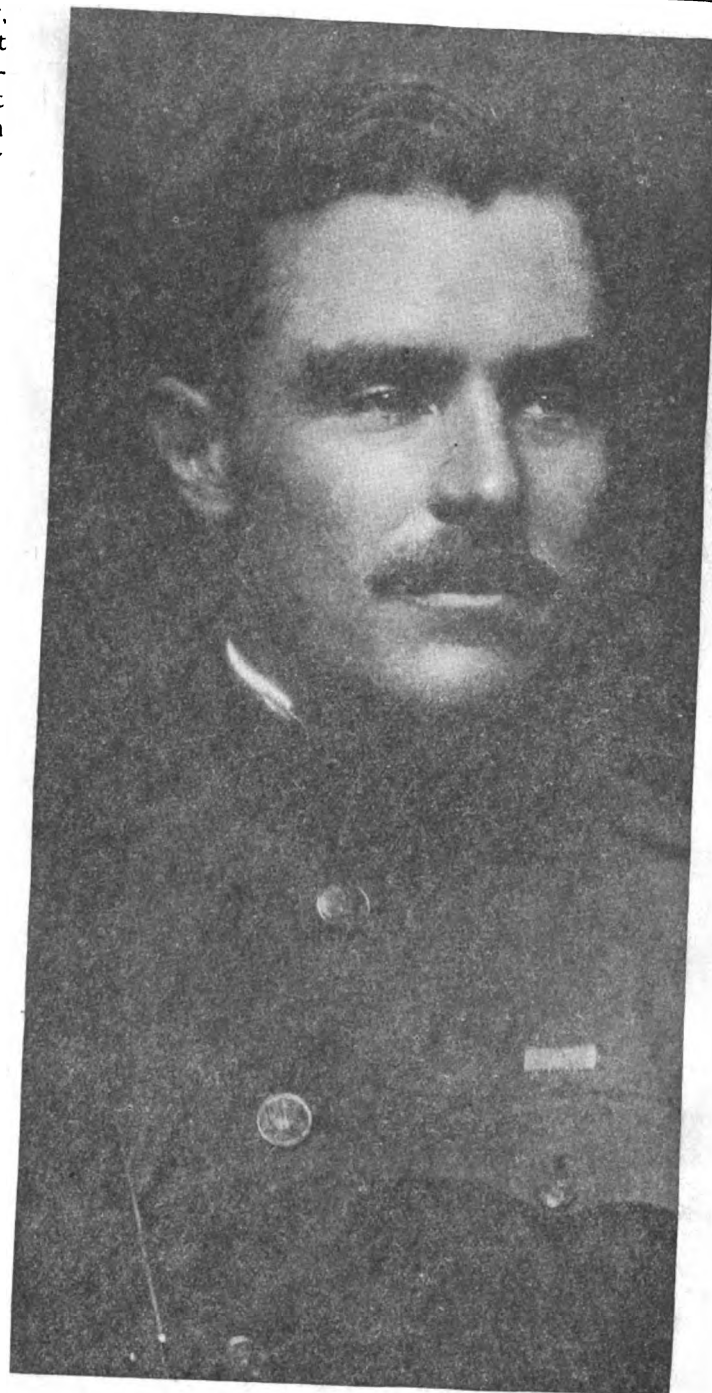
New Assistant Secretary of State a World War Veteran, a Lawyer and a Diplomat

VETERAN of the World War, lawyer, diplomat and former private secretary to the Secretary of State—such a description briefly characterizes the career of Major Van S. Merle-Smith, the new Assistant Secretary of State. He succeeds Breckenridge Long, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Missouri.

Major Merle-Smith is a native of Seabright, New Jersey, his home is in Oyster Bay, New York, and he was educated at Princeton and Harvard Universities. He was formerly associated with the legal firm of Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft of New York City. His military career involved service with the 69th New York Infantry on the Mexican border, he saw active duty as an officer with the Rainbow Division overseas, and during the peace conference was military aide and private secretary to former Secretary of State Robert Lansing. The new Assistant Secretary of State won the Distinguished Service Cross.

Wide Practical Business Experience and Training Fits Maine Representative for Congressional Career

IN the pages of the Congressional directory, which appears at the beginning of every Congress, is a biography of each member of Congress and of the Senate. These records contain matter that might be gathered into a compendium of individual life histories covering almost the entire range of American industry. Despite the fact that the biographies are formal and, at first glance, as dry as geological treatises, some of these

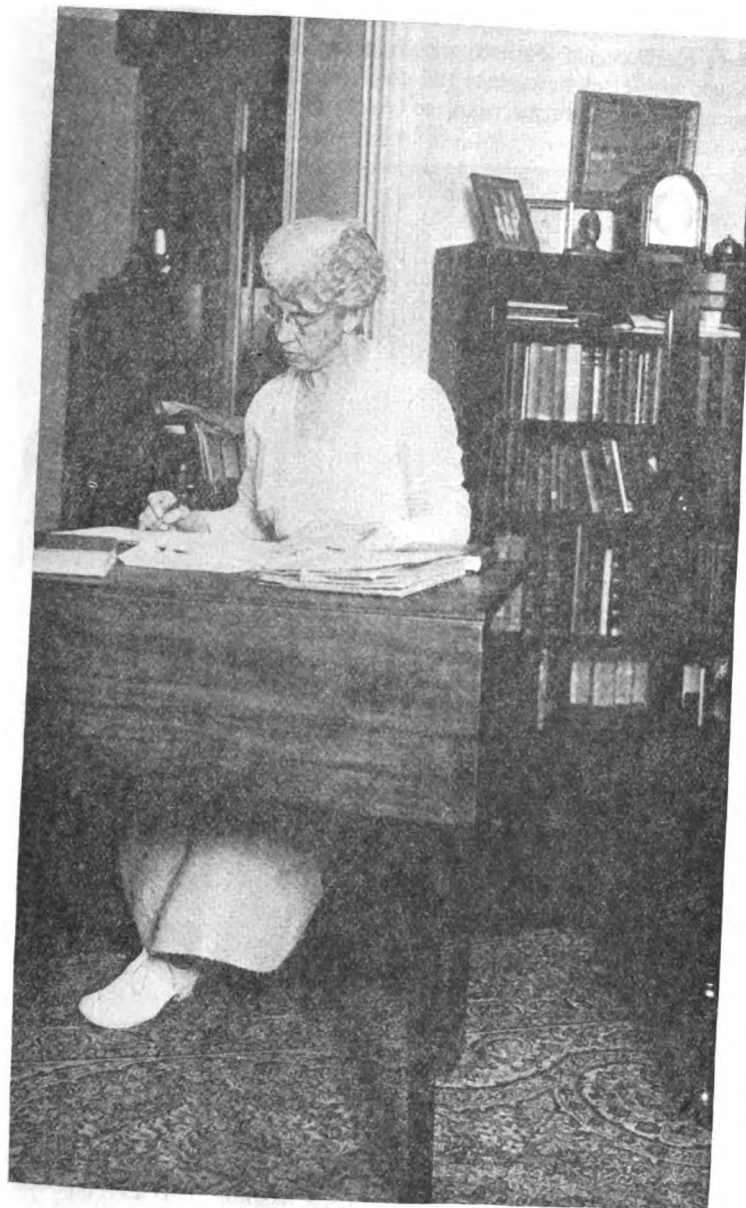


MAJOR VAN S. MERLE-SMITH
New Third Assistant Secretary of State

personal sketches indicate the trend of industrial development. More and more in recent years it has been felt that, to ensure efficient service in the legislature of the United States, a large proportion of the membership of both chambers should be men of business education and training.

The recorded facts in the life work of Louis B. Goodall, Republican Representative from the 1st district of Maine, furnish an illustration of the practical experience that should precede a Congressional career.

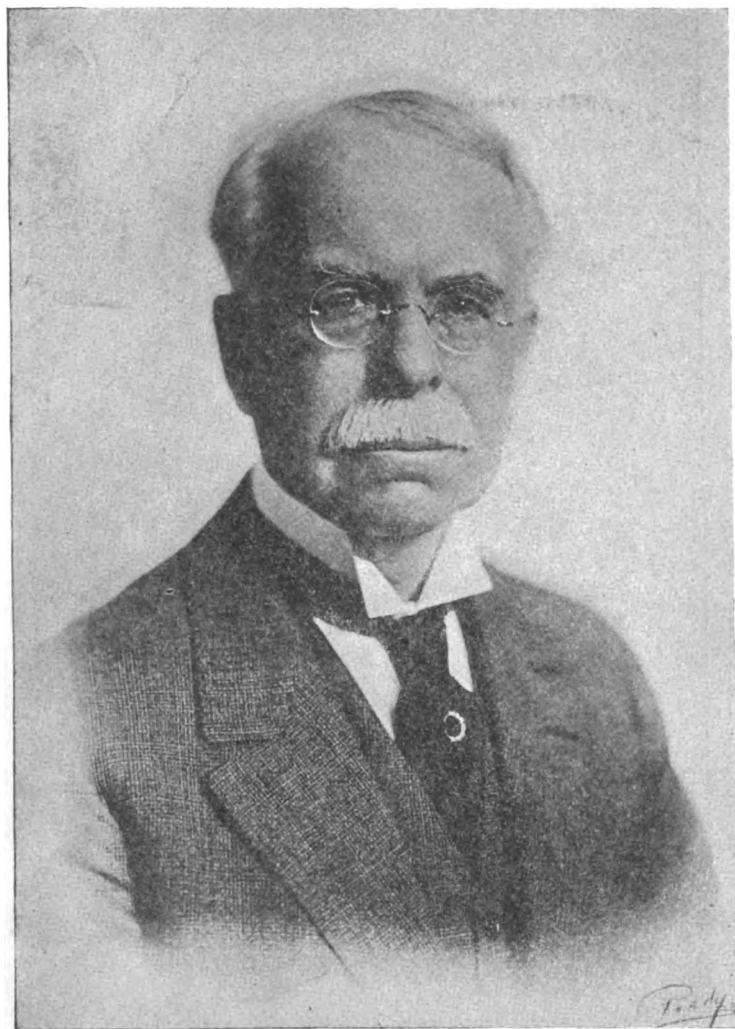
Born in Winchester, New Hampshire, of Flemish and English ancestors who engaged in the manufacture of woolen cloth, Louis B. Goodall's education was begun in the schools of the village where his father had established the Troy blanket mills. He prepared for college at the Kimball Union Academy, but was called home to take active part in the Sanford, Maine, mills that his father had established in 1867. Beginning as a common hand to learn the business, then serving as bookkeeper and paymaster, he mastered the trade from the bottom up. So he was well equipped for every practical detail when, in 1874, he established the Mousam River mills in Sanford. Here



MISS ELIZABETH PEET

The newly-elected president of that unique organization, Columbian Women, who is well known through her connection with Gallaudet College—the only college for the deaf in the world. Miss Peet was the first, and, for a long time the only, woman on Gallaudet faculty, where she is now Professor of Latin. She comes from a family famous as educators of the deaf and dumb, and is the third generation who have devoted their lives to this work. She is considered an authority on the sign language, and is said to have learned signs before she could speak, making them literally her mother tongue.

he began the manufacture of mohair plush and organized the Goodall Worsted Company. It was this company which originated the now familiar Palm Beach clothing. Every wearer of a Palm Beach suit on summer days is indebted to



LOUIS B. GOODALL

Republican Representative from First District of Maine, a well-known manufacturer and executive in large business interests

the genius of Congressman Goodall and his company for the comfort and distinction derived from that light and neat apparel.

Mr. Goodall was the treasurer of the Mousam River Railroad and the Sanford National Bank, besides which a score of other large business undertakings engaged his attention. He was vice-president of the American Association of Wool and Worsted Manufacturers and a director in the Home Market Club.

With his life training concentrated upon business affairs, it was natural that his service in the committee rooms of Congress should have been invaluable. The adoption of the budget system by the government is an indication that business men and methods will become more and more required in meeting the problems of increasing expenditures to be met by taxation.

As in private affairs one man can take an enterprise and make it pay, which another man loses money in operating, so, no doubt it will be found the same in government matters. With the business genius of the country well represented among the Republican members of House and Senate, in each of which the party has a working majority and to spare, to say nothing of the comprehensive experience in private and public capacities which endows the executive branch of the government, the new Congress ought to be equal to all demands of the nation.

That, too, is saying a great deal. To distribute the burden

of taxation equally and to distribute the tremendous load of debt fairly between the present and future generations will impose a responsibility upon our lawmakers in Washington greater than the legislators of this or any other nation on the face of the earth have ever before encountered.

Widow of Naval Hero Gets Distinguished Service Medal on Armistice Day

INCLUDED in the personal presentation of Distinguished Service Medals by Secretary of the Navy Daniels on Armistice Day was that of one awarded posthumously to the late Commander Frank R. King. The medal, together with a copy of the citation for the gallant officer, and a letter from Secretary Daniels, was mailed to the commander's widow, Mrs. Frank Ragan King, whose home is in Albany, Alabama. The story of how this heroic officer, in observance of tradition, "went down with his ship," is told on another page of this number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

Democratic Leaders Marking Time While Discussing Plans for Reorganization Meeting

DESPITE the numerous informal conferences between Democratic leaders, which have been going on in Washington and elsewhere since the debacle of November 2d, nothing resembling a definite plan of party action has as yet been



MRS. FRANK RAGAN KING AND BABY

Widow and daughter of Commander King. The baby is named after her father, who lost his life by the sinking of his ship while sweeping mines in the North Sea more than six months before she was born

evolved so far as we know. There are as many nebulous plans in the air as there are leaders to advance them.

One or two thoughts, however, are beginning to take shape, which may materialize into something positive later on. Up to the present time there has been no formal conference of Democratic leaders competent to speak for the party either here or

elsewhere. The Democratic luncheons at the Shoreham Hotel, which have been daily features of the political life of Washington since the beginning of the war, have continued as usual, shrouded in a little more gloom, perhaps, but otherwise about the same as before. Over the afternoon coffee the only conferences that have been held have taken place.

There has been some talk of calling a meeting of the party leaders before Congress convenes, but thus far nothing has been done, and the only suggestion is that of National Chairman George White, who proposed a meeting of the national committee to be held in Washington in December.

Most of the Democratic leaders in Washington seem to incline to the opinion that this would be too early to get the national committee together, and a date sometime during the latter part of February is now under discussion.

This suggestion has been made in writing to Mr. White, and from present indications it will be carried out. Some members of the national committee think it might not be a bad idea for the committee to be in Washington at inauguration time, as a demonstration of their spirit of patriotism. It has been suggested that E. H. Moore, of Ohio, who was the pre-convention manager of Governor Cox, and formerly Democratic national committeeman from Ohio, might again represent Ohio on the national committee, but this presupposes the retirement of Mr. White, who succeeded Mr. Moore as national committeeman when it was decided to make him chairman of the national committee. Although Mr. White may retire from his post later on, the formulation of Democratic plans have not progressed to the point where such an announcement would be justified.

*Newly-appointed Solicitor of Department of Labor
Has Record as Conciliator*

RECONCILIATION of the butchers, bakers and candlestick makers is not outside the province of Roland B. Mahany, the newly-appointed solicitor of the United States Department of Labor. In fact, before assuming his present job he averted a threatened bakers' strike by introducing harmony between union workmen and non-union employees. A local bread famine was thereby averted.

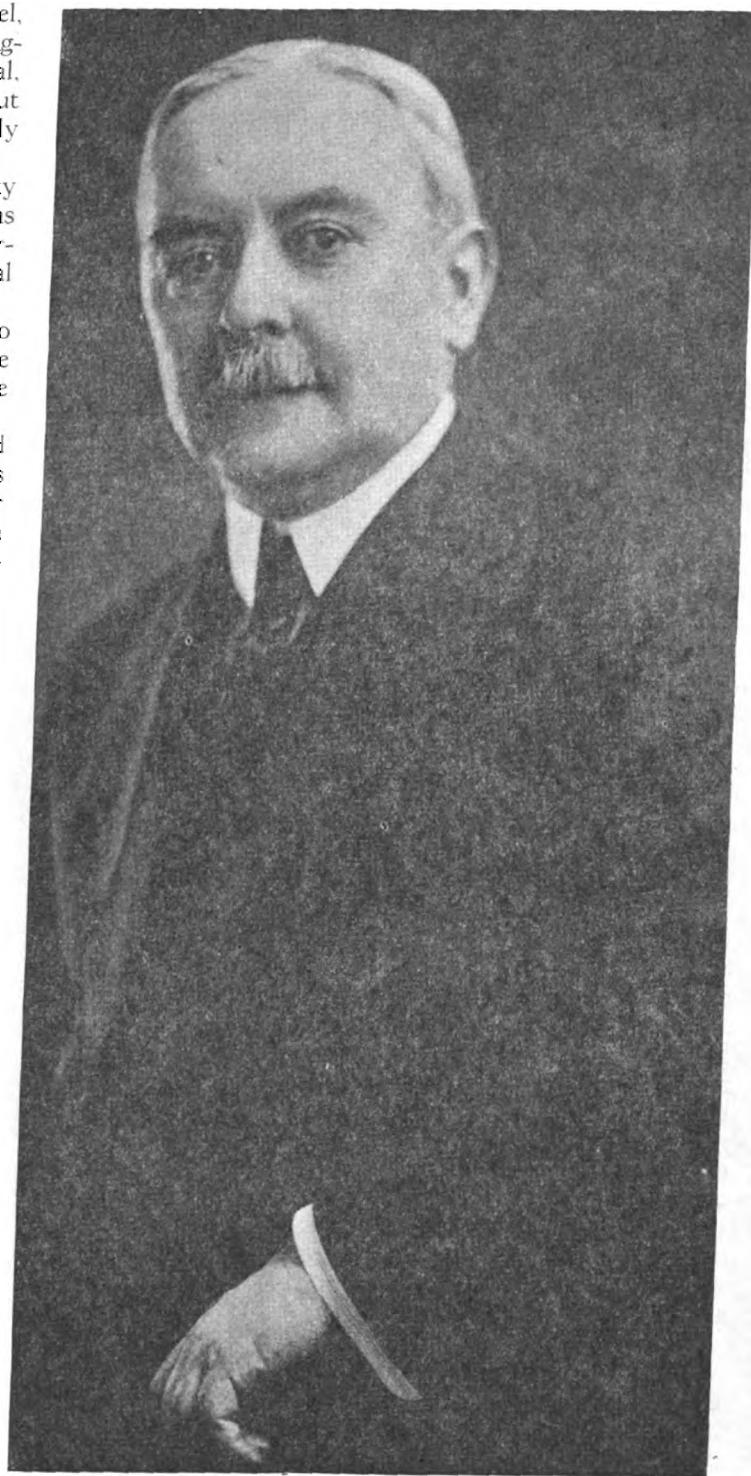
Mr. Mahany is a former representative in Congress from the state of New York, and has been conciliator for the Department of Labor for the past four years. He satisfactorily handled the textile workers' controversies in New England, and has adjusted disputes of various street car companies. Mr. Mahany is a native of New York, and succeeds John W. Abercrombie of Alabama, who recently resigned as solicitor of the Department of Labor.

*Next Senatorial Campaign in Texas May Spell
"Opportunity" for Bryan*

THOMAS B. LOVE, Democratic national committeeman from Texas, and formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has announced that he will be a candidate for the United States Senate two years hence, provided Senator Culberson is not a candidate to succeed himself. Senator Culberson is in ill health, and may not make the race. If the fight becomes an open one there will be several candidates in addition to Mr. Love, among them Governor Hobby and former Governor Thomas M. Campbell. The latter is a "Bryan man," and presumably have the support of Mr. Bryan. Some such contest as the next senatorial campaign in Texas might give to Mr. Bryan an opportunity to resume his activity in Democratic politics. While Mr. Bryan's political stock has been at low ebb since the San Francisco convention, he has an advantage over most of the party leaders in that he is a shrewd politician.

*Secretary of Agriculture
Plans to Bar Out Another Insect Pest*

EDWIN T. MEREDITH, Secretary of Agriculture, has called a public hearing to consider the advisability of quarantining Cuba, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Canal Zone, Costa



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ROLAND B. MAHANY

Newly appointed Solicitor of the United States Department of Labor

Rica, India, Philippine Islands, Ceylon and Java on account of the citrus black fly, an insect pest which attacks many plants in the regions named, and is not known to exist in the United States at the present time. The meeting will be held at the Department of Agriculture on December 20, and will be open to the public.

It is declared that there is danger of bringing this insect into the United States in shipments of fruits and vegetables, with plants used as packing material or otherwise, and in litter and rubbish from Cuba.

It is said that restrictions which may be placed on the movement of products will not necessarily be an embargo, as provision will probably be made for the entry of fruits and vegetables at certain designated ports after inspection, and, if necessary, cleaning or disinfection under the supervision of an inspector.

"Welcome to our city"

Host to 600,000 Guests a Year

President of the greatest system of hotels in the world has made life study of hotel-keeping. Knows what the traveling public wants, and how to provide it

TOGETHER with being head of the greatest system of hotels in the world—the Pershing Square group surrounding the Grand Central Terminal in New York City—John McE. Bowman is a natural-born host. "You know the glory of being a guest if you ever meet him," is what one who has had that privilege says. Mr. Bowman is young, active, aggressive and progressive. He has made a life study of hotel-keeping. His own hotel in every case he knows from kitchen to garret, from interior furnishings to front door. He is as familiar with the working of the dining room as with the duties of the desk. More than most other hotel men in the United States, Mr. Bowman knows what the traveling public wants and how to provide it.

To conduct six of the largest hotels in the world, it may easily be judged, requires executive ability of the highest order in addition to either natural or acquired technique in catering. Indeed, a newspaper writer lately concluded the presentation of some figures of the Bowman cluster by saying that the business approximated that of the municipal affairs of Augusta, Georgia, or Charleston, South Carolina. Before presenting the subjoined views of the famous "Boniface" himself, let us give the reader an inkling of the magnitude of the business handled in his sextette of hotels.

The Bowman hotels entertain 613,800 guests a year. They have 3,384,000 visitors, or more than the population of the first eighty-four American cities announced by the census reports of 1920.

Coffee enough is served, 11,404,992 cups, to fill a cup about 50 feet high and 40 feet in diameter.

Tea consumed amounts to 6,503,520 cups, or sufficient to fill a pot 50 feet high and 40 feet in diameter.

Soup, 11,647,200 portions; ice cream, more than 2,982,000 portions; eggs, 5,000,000, or the estimated product of 50,000 hens; rolls, 12,800, which if lined out would reach from New York to Milwaukee via Chicago—the aforesaid newspaper statistician further enumerates in describing the Bowman cuisine:

Moreover, there are 60,521,000 dishes washed, and of toilet and bath soaps 2,000,000 cakes are reduced to foam. Adding the laundry soap to the others the mass would weigh three-quarters of a million pounds.

In their ups and downs the elevators travel 756,000 miles in a year, which would take one 150,000 miles beyond the moon and back to earth.

Telephones number 6138, requiring 138 operators, who respond to 2,000,000 calls. It takes 510 persons to cook the

food and 935 to wait on the tables, in addition to which an average of 3000 waiters a month are called in to help out with banquets. To make the beds and "rid up" the rooms a corps of 380 chambermaids is employed.

The first thing considered by the traveler, when he strikes a strange city, is his comfort. He inquires for the best hotel. Generally, he knows it before he reaches the town. This is what Mr. Bowman had to say, recently, when seen in his office

at The Biltmore in New York. He pictured the hotel from all angles and when he was through left the impression that among other things a modern hotel, with all its comforts and conveniences, is the greatest agent for publicity that a big, go-ahead city could have.

"First impressions are usually the most lasting," Mr. Bowman remarked. "If you give the visitor a good hotel with all the comforts and conveniences of home and a few more, you have made a good impression with him for the city. The hotel is the key to the city. If it has the service, the accommodations, the attentions of a wide-awake, up-to-date caravansary, the impression is gained that it is located in a progressive city.

"Give a man a good hotel with the natural comforts as its natural resources and where any luxury may be had for the asking, his stay in the city is going to be lengthened. His interest in the city's industries is going to be the keener and he wants to do business in that city.

"And when he leaves town, if his hotel experience has been satisfactory, he is going to spread the tid-

ings near and far. He is going to talk about the hotel and the city. He becomes a natural booster for both. He will talk about them on the train. He will talk of them in the next city in which he stops and will keep on talking of them when he reaches home."

Mr. Bowman then went into the details of running a big hotel. The modern hostelry of today, in his view, was very much like a modern city. The man at the head of it was like the mayor with the various departments to aid in its conduct. Each department must have at its head a man thoroughly familiar with its duties and a capable executive. One of the chief attributes of the successful hotel man is his ability to select his subordinates to manage the various departments, to have them pull together and make them a harmonious whole, with the interests of the hostelry their interests.

Mr. Bowman observed that all the public saw were the results. The guest had little or no knowledge of the mechanism which keeps the caravansary operating like a (Continued on page 378)



JOHN MCE. BOWMAN
President of the Pershing Square group of hotels in
New York City

Czecho-Slovakia

By MRS. LARZ ANDERSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY LARZ ANDERSON

I NEVER knew just why my tongue tripped so continually over the name of this new nation, Czecho-Slovakia, and refused at times absolutely to untangle itself with Jugo-Slavia until I ran across a little poem called "A Nightmare of New Nationalities," that began with:

Czecho-SloVAK, sloVAK, sloVAK,
Over my pillow they prance in a pack,
White, red, and green maps, yellow and black,
Czecho-sloVAK, sloVAK, sloVAK!

And, indeed, almost any American might have asked a very little while ago, "What is the difference between the Czecho-Slovaks and the Jugo-Slavs, and where they live, and why are they trying to stabilize these republics of their own?" In a word, they wish to be independent nations because each of them comprises a series of districts peopled by the same race, a race scattered and suppressed for generations by Austrians, Prussians, and Magyars—that is to say, the Huns,—scattered over German Poland, Bohemia, Serbia, Hungary and Bulgaria, even as far south as the borderland of Italy. The Czechs lived mostly in Bohemia, and their persecution began with the ending of the line of Bohemian kings. The Slovaks lived just north of Hungary, so the latter were therefore in the clutch of the Magyars and their northern brothers under the dominion of the Austrians. If one looks at the map, he sees they are fairly wedged into the German block, and then clamped there on the east by Hungary. But their twelve hundred years of enchainment has been made miraculous by the survival of a secret and intense nationalism.

From the seventh to the fourteenth century the Bohemians fought against the Germans—always as defenders, never as aggressors. They bore the flag of civilization, they established the University of Prague, and they gave to Europe the reformer John Hus, who began the fight that led to his being burnt alive at Constance, and to the arising of the entire Czech nation to avenge his death and establish liberty of conscience. Since that time the struggle, both racial and religious, has never ceased.

Then came the end of the line of Czech kings. In accepting the line of the Hapsburgs, although on condition that the Czech nation should keep its independence, its doom, nevertheless, was sounded. The Hapsburgs sought immediately to destroy not only their political freedom, but also their religious freedom. So it continued, a steady grinding pressure upon a people peaceful, gentle, intelligent, but utterly isolated in the midst of their enemies. The Magyars were enlisted in the movement against the Czechs, the rights and powers due the latter bestowed upon the former in order that they might be used against the more imprisoned and defenceless of the two.

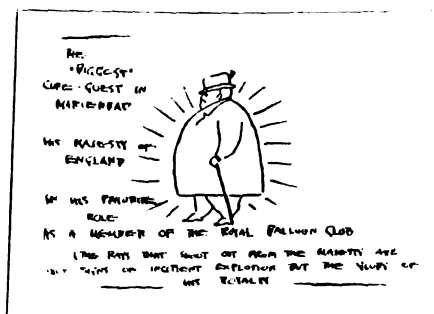
About seventy years ago, the Czech nation awoke to its renaissance, a new movement to spread once more the Czech literature and learning, and a fresh demand for autonomy. The same year was marked by a more sinister activity, the beginning of the great Pan-German drive. Although from time

to time the Austrian government seemed to be willing to consider the giving of certain concessions to the Czechs, Germany and Magyars stepped in to forbid, and so it went on until the year of the great war. When the first shot was fired at Belgrade, "a single voice rang out through the Czech countries, 'This war will at last deliver us from the yoke!'" Then it was that Bohemian soldiers, forced into the army of the Central Powers, marched through the streets of Prague bearing slogans which read, "We are sent to fight against the French and English, we know not why," and singing songs exultingly in praise of the Allies.

And I who had stayed in their land, who had wandered through the picturesque streets of Prague, who had taken cures at Frantszenbad, Carlsbad, and Marienbad, and watched the buoyant reappearance of their national colors amid their processions on fete days, not knowing then all that the banners signified to the sunny gentle folk who carried them—I went over again in memory the days I had spent there. There was the journey across France to their border, the day I stopped at Constance, where in the public square John Hus suffered martyrdom. The ancient Gothic cathedral of the thirteenth century that had looked down upon the scene still stood there. I remember the peasants in white caps and black dresses following two by two the procession of priests and choir that bore the image of the Virgin through the pretty town, past houses built of stone with thatched roofs, and bright flowers in every window and doorway, past a lovely terraced garden quite tropical with its fountains, its snake trees, and its sweeping willows.

We motored all the way from Paris to Marienbad. Not even a hen scuttled in our way, and there was no mishap worse than sitting by the roadside and watching tires repaired. On the "grand routes" we slipped along at sixty miles an hour; then striking open country, we flew along magnificent highways, smooth and true as a billiard table, and straight as a ruler for leagues and leagues. Fine rows of trees lined them and lovely country dotted with picturesque villages lay on either side. The green and gold of the crops merged far away into the dark greens and upland blues of the horizon lines. Far off little villages, with red-tiled roofs and church spires, nestled in the valleys just where they ought to have been, so that the country through which the motor sped looked as if it had all been "composed" for a picture.

It was toward nightfall when we passed over the frontier into the ancient territory of Bohemia, but we kept on to Marienbad, equally ancient, for the baths had been discovered as far back as the fourteenth century, and almost out-dated the town itself. Indeed it was still medieval in its rule, for the Abbots of Tepl owned all the land and springs. Instead of developing the place, they put away the huge amounts of money that came to them through foreign sources, investing and again investing until their wealth was said to be untold. And yet, the Abbots of Tepl would not even keep the baths and springs in repair, and ignored the immense development



that the place is still capable of. Fat monks and priests could be seen daily taking the cure for over-eating.

That evening came the Herr Doktor and, blinking his eyes under his glasses, looked wisely at us, like a gnome out of his own forests. Then he punched us all over, said we were in pretty good condition, but all the same that we should have little to eat and walk a great deal. His English, in which he took great pride, fairly tumbled out, one word chasing another with the accent usually quite in the wrong place, and all the longest and most scientific words in the dictionary at that! He moved about like lightning, declared he was astoundingly busy, and plunged off, leaving behind him an appalling regimen of walks and baths and mineral drinks. We let loose the Dogs of War through our poor systems, and began the cure that night with tea and zwieback.

"Milk days" and "dry days" alternated. One drank the waters and *walked*. There were red walks and blue ones, up over the foot hills—all marked out for the patient—rather easy at first, and with long level stretches. Then as we progressed, we were promoted to the green and yellow trails, up, up, quite high into the hills.

For weeks we kept on with our regime. When it rained, we walked under the arcade; then, for a change, beneath the dripping trees. It was as bad as a Chinese puzzle to fit in all the details of the cure—up at six-thirty, waters at seven, a short walk, more waters, more walk, breakfast, an hour's walk, bath at eleven, massage at twelve, a little rest, and dinner at one, and then again more waters, more walk, supper, and bed.

I went off by myself the first morning, for Larz walked faster and farther than I could. I climbed up through the giant toothpicks of black pines as they call them (but they were really spruce), dark and dripping after a thunder storm. The smell of earth was in the air. I watched the splashes of sunlight drifting down, and passed big boulders with wet green moss clinging to them. These forests were awe-inspiring, cathedral-like, and fairly well-peopled, unlike the wild virgin woods of America, where one could get away from tiresome human beings, and could have instead little friendly furry animals and chirping birds about.

The Rubezahl was an attractive climb, the home of a dwarf, so the story went, and here and there on the way up one could see a small elf peering out from a thicket, a little, red-capped fellow. Sometimes he was sitting on a branch and swinging his feet, or working with his anvil, or carrying a lantern. Now he trundled a wheelbarrow, now with a book, he lay sprawled out upon the ground. Again he would be lurking in some dusky nook, perched upon a rock, and fishing silently in a pool. Children loved him even if he was made of iron. Once in a while I caught a glimpse of a rabbit scurrying away, and once a curious seal-brown squirrel scolded down at me, but sights like those were rare. Up and up I went, while strains of far-away Bohemian music drifted toward me from the town below.

One day I entered a little chapel among the tall pines to rest, where an oil lamp was faintly burning, and fresh flowers stood upon the altar. I hardly expected to get in, much less to find anyone, but there were three penitents, all kneeling in prayer, a monk in a brown habit with a rope girdle, an old peasant woman, and a fashionable lady. I left them as silently as I had entered, and went on once more, climbing way up to Stephanie Höwe, passing Amalia's Ruhe, and when at last I was able to look down upon the sunlit plain, like a great patchwork quilt of many colors, I felt like an explorer reaching the very summit of his ambition.

But usually there were people everywhere, of every race, kind and condition, and in one way or another we got to know several of them. In the morning at seven, and in the

evening at six, everyone went for the waters, and for the wares displayed along the colonnade, and to hear the band play. Rows and rows of people sat there on the promenade, and some walked to and fro—short, fat women in long white jerseys and tam o' shanters, sometimes waddling along with the assistance of two canes. There were blotch-faced and conscious young officers, laced into their uniforms, purple from the effect of their

high, choking collars. There were vast perambulating beer-bubbles or balloons who looked as if they would burst if you pricked them most grotesquely dressed in knickerbockers, Bohemian capes, and green felt hats with feathers or something that looked like shaving brushes stuck in them. Others strutted along with red fezzees perched on their heads, and plenty had come from Jewry with long, black robes buttoned down in front, felt hat, and corkscrew curls, one over each ear. These were Polish Jews, I was told, and they had a fashion of their own in ringlets, one year short and another year long.

All the languages in the world seemed to be spoken, and such extraordinary languages! No wonder one felt vague in regard to national backgrounds. The community might have been called Polish or Hungarian or Hebrew or Czech—or anything. In our walks we saw *Konzert* spelled so often and so variously that by one word alone could we realize what a polyglot place it actually was.

The most numerous and conspicuous, however, were the trainloads of German officers who were continually coming over to have love-feasts with their Austrian brothers-in-arms. They paraded up and down to the music of the military band, strutting, stiff and straight as ramrods, puffing big cigars beneath their upbrushed mustachios, and generally looking as if they had been dining—well. Then there were lots of American women, many of whom had daughters who had married on the Continent, and who made that fact an excuse for staying over at some watering place or resort, and trying to think that, after all, they had the best of everything. Then there was the insistent American type, the kind who attracted your attention by invariably prefacing every remark with an "I tell you!" or the more compelling "Say!"

Up and down the highways traveled the peasant women, or else they sat in their little shops making laces. Sometimes they carried big baskets on their backs; sometimes they walked by their hard-working dogs, who dragged small carts laden with milk or fruit. Often they seemed wretched and ignorant; most of them were old and bent, and so poor that they took off their shoes and stockings to save them as soon as they got outside the town. But they all smiled and said, "*Tag! Tag!*" or "*Morgen!*" as they met anyone, or "*Küss die Hand.*" The Bohemian middle class were more independent. They thought for themselves, and were said to produce the best of doctors. Their ladies were gay and most attractive.

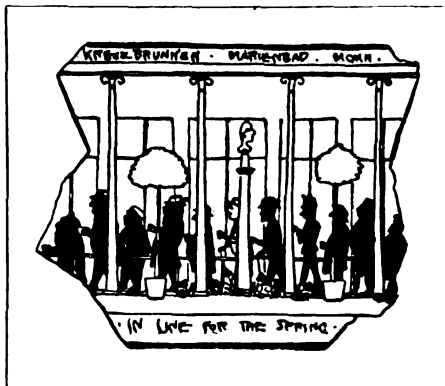
One day when I was in the woods, a lady from Tiflis, over the Black Sea, came and sat beside me. As she seemed out of breath and suffering, I asked her if she felt ill. It soon appeared that she could speak no language that I could; notwithstanding, we had a lively conversation.

"Mademoiselle? Madame?" she asked.

"Madame," I responded.

She pointed to herself and said "Madame."

Then she held out one finger and lifted it to the height of a child, so I made out that she was telling me she had one child. I made out, too, that she had heart disease and that the waters were doing her no good. She inquired tactfully if my pearl pin were real or false. She asked me if I was a Catholic, and I gathered in return that she belonged to the Greek church. Her Russian costume was orthodox enough anyway, being made of black velvet, with a lace headdress held



in place with a black velvet band and clasped in the centre by a jeweled ornament. She wore her auburn hair in a heavy braid coiled up in back, with bunches of red curls on either side. Presently, however, the sign language palled upon her, and she got up and moved heavily off, her curls still bobbing with every step.

The Khedive, too, and a mysterious lady deeply veiled were taking the waters. The station master, mistaking me for her, when I went down to meet a friend, came up and talked, finally asking me outright if I came from Cairo, and registered much disappointment when I said he had made a mistake—that I came from America. Larz wanted to know afterwards if he, too, came under suspicion of being a Bashi Bazouk or a Padisha. But the Khedive had a tremendous quarrel with his lady, and I heard her having tantrums in the next room, crying fearfully. It was reported that she tore her dresses and broke the furniture in her rage. Then the Khedive departed, leaving her behind.

Her maid and mine struck up an acquaintance. I confess I became rather curious to see the lady. Many extraordinary stories were told. One rumor said that she was the Khedive's second wife, and his favorite, and that her boy had suddenly and mysteriously died, in fact that he had been poisoned. Another declared her to be an Austrian Countess. She had in her suite an English general, with many titles given him by the Khedive—a very important person in Cairo. But English or not, he always spoke German. There was no doubt but that he was there for the express purpose of watching the Countess or Khediva. Her maid and a German lady were obviously under the same instructions.

After the Khedive left, she appeared in the dining room one night, unveiled and magnificently dressed in pale blue, with a big black hat and many diamonds. My maid reported that there were at least twenty trunks in her dressing room, and wonderful laces and jewels, beside those that the hotel office was said to harbor in the safe. So, through our maids who were friends, she sent a message asking me to take coffee with her in her room—that she was lonely. A most amusing time we had, too. She was dressed in a beautiful pink Paris creation. Rather tall, her figure was guiltless of corsets, and she wore her quantities of black hair done low in great puffs. Though she had fine black eyes, I was somewhat disappointed in her looks.

We talked casually of many things. She was interested in music, and very fond of it, practicing almost every morning. She played a little for me, rather well, on the whole, and spoke of hearing Caruso years earlier when he was singing nightly in a hotel in Cairo. Although her English was excellent, I imagined she was Austrian, and a good many people believed she really had been born a Countess, and that the Khedive had fallen in love with her when visiting Vienna in his youth, and made her his second wife—the first having to be, of course, an Egyptian. Her French, too, was very good, and she said she was writing a book in that tongue.

Before I went away, she confessed she didn't like her life in

Cairo. Egyptian women she had no use for; though some were very pretty, they were very dull and knew absolutely nothing. She told me she had just thrown all her emeralds into the Danube, for she believed they had brought her bad luck. Indeed she was very superstitious and constantly consulted a



The vast palaces of the brooding citadel of Prague

various array of fortune tellers. The whole affair was quite diverting. Soon the Khedive returned and took her away, and I never saw her again.

The King of England's presence at the cure of course brought plenty of English along, many of them quite distinguished. But there was not much entertaining, for all were under treatment, and when one couldn't eat anything but a bit of chicken and some spinach, it was hardly worth while to give parties. Out of respect to King Edward, the music began an hour later in the morning, and His Majesty could be seen stumping up and down every day on the promenade in his knickerbockers and green Bohemian hat. Very popular and democratic he was.

About the middle of August came the old Emperor Joseph to meet the King, and decorations were put up everywhere in honor of the occasion. He had reigned longer than any other monarch of modern times, and poor little Marienbad outdid itself and was quite gay for a time—though by ten o'clock the lights were out, as was proper at a "cure," where all, including the poor musicians, have to be up again early the next morning. During the day there were the most active goings-on, and men really working, putting up small decorated stands along the promenade, from which later in the evening they sold the saucy confetti, and stringing innumerable lanterns and electric lights, wreathing the columns of the spring houses with greens and banking with plants a bilious, yellowish-white plaster bust of His Apostolic Majesty. A band stand was erected in the circular terrace, and one could feel the excitement in the air.

Graciously it cleared and was a very pleasant evening, calm and warm enough. Even the staid old hotel-keeper placed candles in all the windows, notwithstanding the danger of conflagration. Banners and flags began to flutter out all over the town. Of course they got tangled up and twisted awkwardly, as banners always do, but Marienbad was pleased.

The Austrian colors were red, yellow, and black—now, happily enough, seen there no more. Here and there you saw the British flags. From the houses of all true Bohemians streamed long pennons of yellow, blue and white, their official, national color.

The Emperor had not been in Marienbad for thirty years, but in spite of his misgovernment of Czecho-Slovakia, he was still a popular old man, and there was much enthusiasm. He had come officially to see the King of England, and to compliment each other, the King in Austrian uniform, and Emperor Joseph in the British, met at the station and drove together to the King's hotel. The streets were lined with small and dirty-looking Austrian soldiers in badly-fitting military dress, standing at attention while the victoria, with only a coachman and footman, rolled past. A woman created a furore of excitement by running into the street to throw flowers into the carriage. It might just as well have been a bomb, for all the protection afforded to the monarchs. The men of their suites followed them in carriages and then came a magnificent bishop in white robes, an enormous diamond cross, and a black top hat. After the Emperor had called on the King, he went to his villa; soon after the King made a return call, so all that day the streets were full of people and military bands. In the evening the King gave a dinner to the Emperor, and as every house had lighted candles in the windows, little Marienbad was a very pretty sight.

It was, indeed, a gala night on the promenade. The parade was crowded with a gay throng of folk of all nations and every degree. It was a pleasure to hear the splendid old Viennese waltzes, the haunting strains of Smetana played by a band of fancifully-dressed Slovaks, and Dvorak's Slavonic dances. As the darkness came on and the lights began to twinkle and glow and blow upward, the two bands began to play in turn, and then, their rivalry getting the better of their taste, to play at the same time. Oh, how the people came out in cohorts and phalanxes, into the promenade and the streets, while the acme of excitement was to buy confetti and throw it into each other's faces.

After dining together, Their Majesties both left Marienbad. The next day, as if by magic, the streets were carpeted with pink and blue and white feathery layers. Down, as if by a stroke of the wand, came the decorations, and it was risky even to stroll along the street, for greens and flags descended unexpectedly on one's head. And then, just in time to drench any high spirits that remained, came the rain.

Rain, rain, rain!

Soon it was pouring, pouring all the time. Mists were clouding into the high places, and wisps of fog crept up from the valley and clung to the tree-tops along the promenade. Twelve hundred people went away the day after the celebration, but the rest of us went on a-plodding through the wet. Then more rainy days, but we couldn't begrudge Bohemia, for only a little earlier some of her reservoirs had run dry. They were full enough now, however, and even some of her drinking springs were badly roiled by the heavy downpour.

All of a sudden the weather changed, the sun came out, everybody cheered up, and another fete day was upon us. It was the Sokol, their great national organization that stood for discipline, and physical and mental soundness—Sokol meaning falcon. Again there fluttered forth the canary yellow and pale blue and white of Bohemia.

There was much animation in the town and a procession before the sports and games took place, very interesting and picturesque with its varying Bohemian and Bavarian costumes. Each group marched with its standards hung with streaming ribbons. A pretty custom was observed when the people threw

flowers upon their favorites from the draped balconies, and vied with each other in whirling wreaths onto the points of the standards, while the bearers tried deftly to catch them as they marched past. As the procession neared its end, many of the bannered staffs were quite loaded with flowers and greenery to the very tip.

Another day, all toggled out in their best, came the peasants to celebrate a mass of Thanksgiving at the octagonal church on the hill above the promenade. Tickets were sent us by the Bezirkshauptmann, and so we went. All about us were officers in uniform—in fact, all those in town who had uniforms were grouped together, even down to the postmen. The national flag with its guard of honor stood in the centre aisle, while the rest of the church was simply packed with people. The service was long, with repeated taking off and putting on of the bishop's mitre, and the taking from him with kiss and genuflection the crook, and the returning of it to him with similar ceremonial. Then came the taking off of gloves, the washing and wiping of hands,

and the Holy Offices at the altar, while up in the gallery behind, a choir sang. The ceremony might have been beautiful and impressive but for the fat priests officiating.

The days became truly golden, and in a little villa on the road that climbed toward Konigswart was a garden where goldenrod, which must once have been sent over by Americans, now began to bloom. It made me feel homesick to pass it. The phlox, poor spindling little phlox compared with our glorious varieties, had also come and gone. The warm sun and the fine air in an altitude two thousand feet high, made us feel splendidly.

The schools began, and processions of little children two by two, holding hands, the smaller always leading, went winding up to the church on the hillside. The bells began to chime, and the chapel doors were opened for their first solemn service before going to school. It was a serious but cheerful little procession. The nuns and teachers wore their best get-ups, and the little girls had on their best bibs and tuckers. Every morning that little band wended its way up to service.

Then it became really cold. The thermometer marked only thirty-six, four degrees above the freezing point. A great beating of carpets went on up in the hills, whither the portiers laboriously dragged them, and beat and beat until it was a wonder there was any carpet left. They were soon to be put away until the next year, for the season had practically ended. The chief restaurants had closed their doors, and there was only time for a few little purchases of Bohemian capes and hats, dolls dressed as peasants, embroidered handkerchiefs, Cluny lace, and some old Czech jewelry, before the shops, too, rolled down their large iron shutters.

We had fires built in the great, white porcelain stove. Out on the promenade the chilly wind was whirling down the brown and yellow leaves. The only warmth lay in the brilliant glow of the sun, and there was a bite in the air. So we wanted to go home, and soon were in the midst of our settlements, of bills and tips—all the servants had been so nice and attentive, they had all said "Tag!" to us so often—in fact as often as they had spied us anywhere within hailing distance—they had made us very comfortable, and we had had a good cure.

The last night our evening stroll was made glorious by a wonderful moon, and we thought of other beautiful moons that we had seen. The same Hunter's moon hanging in the heavens, we had seen at Venice; beneath it we had sat under the cathead of a ship on the Pacific, while she marked a silver path for us to follow; the moon on the Inland Sea flooding the Enchanted Island, Miyajima; all were unforgettable; but the thought of those glorious moonlights in our own garden at home—that thought led us to journey on.



Marienbad was on the way to Pilsen, and Pilsen on the way to Prague, so the next morning it only took us two hours. We found Pilsen was little better than we had feared. At the hotel they treated us as if we were indeed strange birds, so we fancied few travelers stopped of their own accord. We visited the famous brewery, but it was not as nice and clean and showy as Pommery's vast place in Rheims. Yet the product was of its kind quite as delicious. Pilsen had the same endless cellars underground, but not such nice ones. There was just the difference between aristocratic champagne and plebeian beer. We were glad to point the nose of our car north-east again.

It was quite a pretty journey following the ravines and river valleys with an occasional castle perched on the banks of the Elbe. As we approached Prague, the city of a hundred towers rose picturesquely in the distance, towers which in the great war became silent and lifeless, their bells confiscated for Austrian cannon. As we came near, it seemed at first a little disappointing, for part of the town at least was built up with the most modern of shops and dwellings. Nor did we meet any of the Jews we had pictured as thronging the pavements. But we reserved judgment, and finding rooms at the Hotel of the Blue Star, waited to see what the morrow would bring forth.

The next morning it still seemed a gay, lively place, with movement and cafés and thronging peoples, though even yet we looked in vain for the crowds of gaberlined Jews that we expected. We went out to the Baumgarten, a large park, and the Belvedere, a promenade neither very gay nor very interesting. We passed a morning at the Hradschine, the Citadel of Prague, and visited churches splendid with jeweled hangings and decorations, for this was one of the richest Catholic cities in the world. Into the vast library of the Dominicans we wandered, and through cathedrals where for over a thousand years had lain the tombs of the rulers of Bohemia, until the land had fallen under Hapsburg domination. Then to the huge palace of Prague with its eight hundred rooms rambling over an enormous acreage, and looking down from tower and turret into the wonderful gardens that had given Prague the name of the Rose of Europe.

Stopping at a bookstore on the way back to the hotel, I bought Marion Crawford's "Witch of Prague," and remembered that when the author had spent a winter in this city, he told people that if he had put fully into his novel the extraordinary things that really happened within its precincts, no one would ever have believed him again. But, going back, looking up at the apartment houses of recent years rising in the very worst style that Nouveau Art could devise, I came to the conclusion either that the real Prague had evaded me, or else that it didn't exist at all.

Then, at sunset, suddenly we found the very Prague that we had pictured! Up to this moment we had only reached its gates, figuratively speaking. For passing down the "Graben,"

which is built on the old wall, opposite our windows, in the square in the front of the hotel, stood a splendid ancient gate of the late Gothic period. We passed under it, not expecting to find anything different from what we had seen before, and there was the Prague we had been looking for! Narrow and



The splendid ancient bridge, lined with statues

devious streets opened into wide squares with colonnaded houses and statues. There were facades of old palaces in the rosy sunset light and quaint church spires. We came at last to the splendid ancient bridge, lined with statues, that crosses to where the citadel stands high above the city. A marble slab marked the place where Bohemia's patron saint, John of Nepomuc, was said to have been flung from the bridge by order of Wencelaus IV for refusing to betray what the Queen had said to him in the confessional.

We crossed over the purring river that long since had closed above the head of the little lean old saint, and there in the golden light was the beautiful great panorama of the city, the quais with their age-old towers guarding the approach to the many-statued span, the vast palaces of the brooding citadel, and tucked quietly away, a little bit of the old Jewish quarter, with winding, narrow, untidy streets, and with tottering houses, where hooked noses were peering silently out from cellar ways. And over it looked down the airy spires of church and cathedral, looked down the wooded heights and promenades, while through it all, gay in the oncoming twilight, were life and movement and throngs of merry people passing to and fro.

It is hard to believe that this gentle and friendly country which we left behind us was one day to be hidden from the world during a five-year war, beleaguered and gagged and throttled in the very midst of her enemies. There was no doubt of her loyalty to the Allies. As her soldiers sang songs in their praises, the townsfolk cheered and bombarded them with flowers. After that, the Austrian Minister of War forbade the carrying of Czech standards and colors. He ordered double guards of Germans and Magyars to escort the drafted men to the front. Nobody was allowed to speak to them as they passed through the streets or say "good-bye," or even smile.

We all know how some of the Czechs refused to march on the Serbians and were crushed by the Magyar artillery. Others

mutinied in the barracks and were massacred; a regiment attempted to surrender and was shot down to a man. The Thirty-fifth succeeded in crossing over to the Russians and fought for the Allies. Sometimes the Czecho-Slovak soldiery purposely created a panic on the Austrian front, and Prague openly celebrated a Russian victory in which her soldiers had taken part. The Twenty-eighth Regiment also made its way over to the Russians on the Carpathian front, and immediately turned about and began to fight the Austrians. The Emperor, hearing of it, publicly dishonored the regiment and had it dissolved forever.

Then followed a very painful and tragic occurrence. The Austrians drafted a new battalion, composed exclusively of Czech boys, the oldest of them scarcely twenty. They were sent to the Isonzo front, and without pity or regard, without the slightest scruple, were exposed to the most murderous artillery fire near Gorizia. Only eighteen soldiers survived this massacre, the rest of the thousand remained on the battlefield. Immediately afterwards, the Emperor caused a new Order of the Day to be read to the army, proclaiming that "the disgrace of the Twenty-eighth Regiment of Prague was atoned for by the sacrifice of this regiment on the Isonzo." But for ten months the Czechs had succeeded in completely disorganizing the Austrian army. After this, Bohemian soldiers were so thoroughly brigaded with Austrians and Magyars that mass surrenders became impossible. But in all, nearly three hundred and fifty thousand Czecho-Slovak soldiers surrendered to the Serbs and Russians, and a Czech legion fought heroically in the Russian ranks, while in France and Serbia there were volunteer Czech detachments.

Within the Bohemian boundaries their friends and kinsfolk were paying dearly for their loyalty to the Entente, isolated, dumb, "knowing not the glory of sacrifice, but only its bitterness." Their country lay directly between Prussian Silesia and Austria, right across the Berlin-Bagdad route, "a willing key in the shackles padlocked across Mittel-Europa." No home was free of the shadow of the spy. During the first eight months, a thousand citizens were put to death for political offenses, and nearly one-half of them were women or young girls. In the Austrian Diet a deputy arose and cried, "The gallows and the dungeon are the battlefield in Bohemia!"

But as the war increased in desperation, there came to be little known about what was going on in Bohemia, though sad surmises in regard to the suffering and deprivation proved to be only too true. But in America, however, the efforts of the Bohemians in behalf of their besieged country and the Allies were unceasing. They organized the first Czecho-Slovak regiment to go into action under its own flag, made up of Czech immigrants who crossed over into Canada and enlisted there, and were, by special act of the Canadian Parliament, allowed their own standard. In Chicago alone there were over one hundred and fifty thousand Bohemians, more than in any other city of the world, save Prague, and they had the smallest percentage of illiteracy of any non-English-speaking group except the Scandinavians and Finns. They promptly organized the Bohemian (Czech) National Alliance of America, and all parties joined except a very small pro-Austrian party, and the Roman Catholics. The latter gave as their reason that they did not wish to run the risk of violating American neutrality. But the non-Catholics said that their real reason was that they would lose control of the country if Bohemia became a land of liberty. As one Roman Catholic priest said, "Austria is a Roman Catholic country, and America is a free country."

But the National Alliance went enthusiastically to work. By means of lecturers, by means of literature, by means of their Sokols, they were constantly reminded of their national ambitions, and encouraged regarding them. In the autumn of 1915

they officially issued a declaration of Bohemian independence. As soon as we entered the war, there was no limit to their loyalty and co-operation. Immediately upon the launching of the First Liberty Loan came the following appeal, printed in the Czecho-Slovak language in fifty Bohemian papers published in this country:

"The President asks for volunteers. Prove to him that the Bohemian immigrant yields to no one in his devotion to the starry banner of America.

"Offer the supreme sacrifice. Fight for the cause we believe in and aid the land to which we owe our allegiance. Practise economy in family and personal outgo. Buy government bonds and do your share without grudging to make our cause victorious.

"When the fighting is over, we know that the voice of America, now one of the

arbiters of the world's destiny, will be heard in favor of liberty for Bohemia, freedom for our brothers, upon whom the hated German rule rests so heavily.

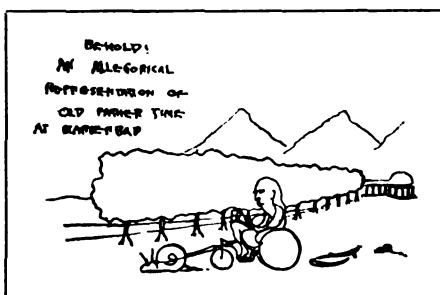
"For we ask for Bohemians the very thing which America has always championed: rule of the people, for the people, by the people."

A friend of mine who had charge of a surgical dressing group of their women in New York said they all spoke but little English and worked principally in factories. Although they appeared to be of the peasant class, she was surprised that they were so well-educated and well-informed. One night she had supper with a Czecho-Slovak family in their clean and attractive rooms. The husband was a waiter in a hotel, but thoroughly familiar with all the conditions in his own country, and equally so with American politics! During the Liberty Loan drives, they had a national booth on Fifth Avenue, which proved a great asset. They wore their own national costume, and were so sunny and enthusiastic that they drew crowds and obtained excellent results in their sale of bonds. At intervals they would dance their native dances on the pavement for the delighted crowds. And their zeal for their adopted country was equal to their devotion to the land of their fathers.

But there were other workers for the cause of Bohemian freedom besides those of their own race, notably one young American of great gifts and promise, Lieutenant Lawrence Townsend, Jr., who became deeply interested in the welfare of the Czecho-Slovaks and other oppressed peoples. He threw himself headlong into the creation of the Federation of Mid-European States, whose historic gathering at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, issued a declaration of independence for ten oppressed nationalities of central Europe, accompanied by the ringing of a new liberty bell. It was through his zealous and untiring efforts that Townsend became ill and died, during the influenza epidemic. On a great wreath that lay upon his grave were these words: "For one who gave his best, his all, in the struggle to make oppressed nations free."

Our American consul in Vladivostock, who has been staying with us, tells me of the Czechs in Siberia. He says they are a splendid lot of men for whom he has a high regard. Although rather socialistic, and their army run somewhat along those lines, nevertheless they took the city from the Bolsheviks in one day's fighting, saying that they did it for the Allies, and then turned it over to the Russian officials. Most of their "knight errant army," as our papers called them, returned home by way of America, and were enthusiastically greeted on their landing here.

But it was not until after the armistice that we could again send our helpers among the music-loving sunny folk with their quaint dances, their fetes, their Sokols, and their richly embroidered native costumes, gay and colorful. A darkness of five years had obscured them from the eyes of Americans. Only the Red Cross workers know what they endured. Most



of their belongings, all of their live-stock, and nearly all their money went for food alone, though in almost every case their national costume was saved. For years this picturesque expression of racial feeling was forbidden by the Austrian government—ever opposed to any nationalistic tendency of a subject people. But with peace, out from wardrobe, chest, and cranny have come the dearest possessions of every Bohemian family, richly embroidered petticoats, bright jackets, fluted caps and ribboned vests, hand-wrought heirlooms. And now it is pleasant to think of the streets of Marienbad being gay with them.

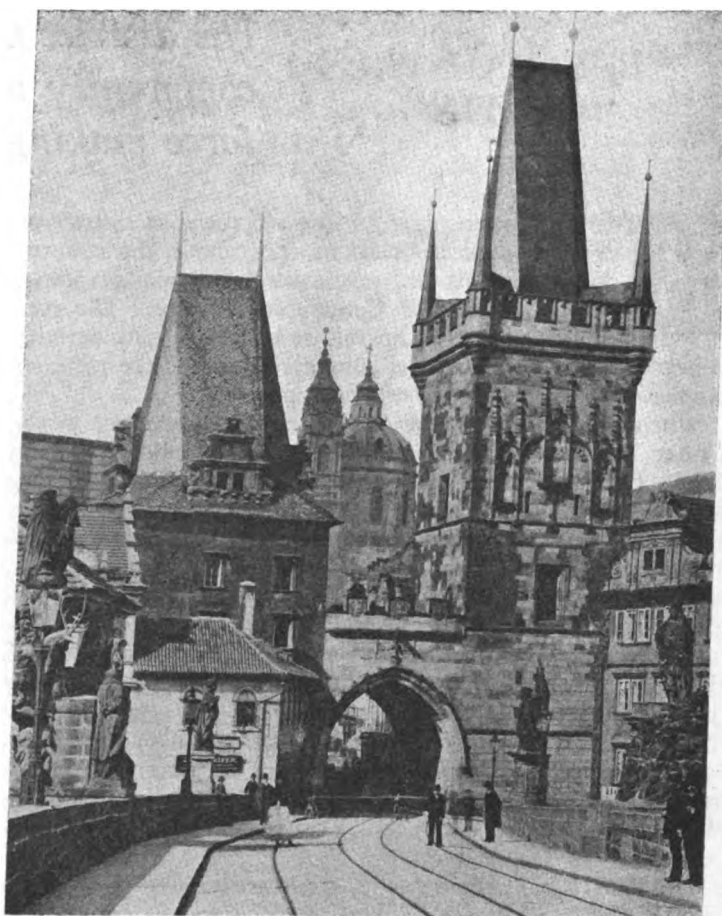
Conditions among the peasantry, of course, were not of the very best when we were there, but infinite suffering came upon the heels of war. As late as 1918 two out of every three babies in Czecho-Slovakia died from under feeding. The Hoover rations, carefully balanced and apportioned by experts, did get results. A worker told me she could actually see the children put on weight before her very eyes. Just three days would show a visible improvement. The Junior Red Cross established a health camp in the Slovak mountains that did a world of good. The problem of getting the children there was puzzling until a train captured from the Austrians proved available, and into that, gaily trimmed with greenery and Czech and American flags, tumbled the children. Its earlier load had been the wounded, transported groaning and suffering from the battlefield—a strange contrast was its later joyous burden.

The present situation, too, probably presents sharp contrasts in different portions of the country. Our Marienbad doctor writes most optimistically, "The war has changed Marienbad very little. I am sure we shall have our old patients and friends back as soon as traveling facilities are resumed. This summer there will be through trains from Paris. There is no trace of Bolshevism in this country and never will be on account of our well-established social conditions; and also the understanding between the different nationalities in Czecho-Slovakia is improving every day. We are in an extremely good position in our little corner here. There is no lack of food, and there is still good hock and claret to be had, not to speak of the good old lager. In fact there is nothing changed except that we belong to Czecho-Slovakia, which is also an advantage." But in almost the same mail there comes another letter from a less fortunate person. It is an appeal, saying that in spite of what they had endured during the long and horrible war, as yet no real amelioration had come, and begging simply for food for his family. "It wants us," he writes, "especially meal, fat-stuff, cacao, coffee, anything."

The *coup d'état* of the early fall to restore the Archduke was the cause of some large and orderly demonstrations in Prague, whose inhabitants wanted President Masaryk to send an army instantly into Austria. The threat of withdrawing American food supplies proved a greater terror. But the restlessness of Hungary seems to subside pretty slowly, though most Austrians seem to feel that the only politically good Hapsburg is a politically dead Hapsburg. At first there was a new government about every week, then only about every month, now things are tottering toward stability.

The young Emperor, when one of his statesmen advised him to turn his back on Austria and try to become the ruler of one of the smaller Slav nations, is said to have remarked indignantly, "I had rather be a porter in the Hohenzollern palace," and it would seem in the words of the old Yankee that he had got his "d'ruther." But the Archduke, judging from his restless attempts to get back, hated to be among the unemployed, and didn't care what kind of a job he got so long as he was working.

Then there were a number of socialists in Prague who were discontented with the calm and orderly administration of Masaryk, and planned the creation of a new monarchy in Bohemia under the kingship of the Duke of Connaught. But the republic stands more firmly than ever. Conditions are



A gateway to the city of Prague

steadily improving, and Czecho-Slovakia has discovered a way even to deal with profiteers.

A merchant in Prague received a large shipment of second-hand clothing which proved, of course, to be in great demand. His prices were fairly reasonable the first day and he drove a thriving trade. But the second day he raised his quotations. Then on several succeeding days he repeated the process, and not very judiciously, for he merely crossed out yesterday's prices on the big white tags and put on today's, a few kronen higher. On the fifth day a large crowd of serious-looking people assembled outside the door, and presently three wagons appeared, bearing three tall gallows, a fresh hempen rope swinging invitingly from each. The merchant was summoned, introduced to them, and informed that one was for him, one for his wife, and one for the pale little bookkeeper whose business it had been to alter the price tags. Then the crowd waited until he had summoned his bookkeeper, who agitatedly bore a brush and paint-pot. It supervised him until each ticket had been corrected, and every price reduced one-half. Then just as orderly and just as pleasantly, the crowd, the wagons, and the gallows moved politely on to their next stop—the grocer's establishment.

One wonders, after learning this, if Czecho-Slovakia needs our methods quite as much as we need hers!



*Modern disease preventive measures***Public Health and Community Service****By SARAH W.
CUTTING***The district nurse is a very important factor in community welfare—visiting nursing a strong force making for the betterment of the race*

BACK of the increase and development of district or visiting nurse associations throughout the country during the last few years stand two modern ideas, Public Health and Community Service. The conception of district nursing as a public health activity is new and has expanded the aims and modified the methods originally followed by such organizations.

When the first district or visiting nurse associations in the United States were established (Philadelphia and Boston in 1886), the district nurse had one sole duty—to care for her sick patient. Today she has a three-fold duty—to her patient, to her patient's family, to the community. The thought uppermost in her mind is health—to restore her patient to health, to protect his or her family from any infection from the sick person, and to educate them into habits that make for health—to protect the community from infection through the family. In short, it is her training in modern disease preventive measures and her ability to impart her knowledge, together with her sense of community responsibility, that makes the district or visiting nurse of today an important factor in community welfare, and district visiting or public health nursing one of the best and strongest forces now working for the betterment of the race.

In 1908, Mrs. Ernest Amory Codman became president of the Instructive District Nursing Association of Boston. The Association was at that time about twenty-two years old and had slowly increased its activities from 707 patients and two nurses the first year to twenty-five nurses and 10,237 patients in 1908.

After several years in office, Mrs. Codman and the managers began to feel that what the association needed in order to reach its full effectiveness was "a leader who shall be not only a nurse, but shall have had experience in organization, administration and co-operation." Also, they believed that if the fee idea were emphasized more people would make use of the nurses and in consequence better service be rendered both to individuals and community. Miss Mary Beard was engaged as director, and under her the association was reorganized and the system of branch stations, each with its own group of nurses—supervisor and staff—established. The idea behind these stations was neighborhood or community service, to put the nurses in the heart of the district where they worked so that mutual confidence and friendship could grow up. To illustrate: a little while ago a doctor called up a branch station and asked a nurse to go to one of his patients, a child whose only chance for life lay in good nursing. The nurse went, and worked over the little sufferer for three hours, surrounded and closely watched by the entire family including remote cousins and mere neighbors. A nurse was an unknown creature. The family had not wanted her and at first every face was hostile. Gradually, as the child yielded to the treatment, this hostility decreased, and when he finally fell into a peaceful sleep and the nurse was ready to go, the confidence of a whole group of people had been won. And because the nurse was their own nurse, a fixture in their neighborhood, to be seen daily passing on the streets, all this confidence seemed to work wonders for the usefulness of the nurses and the betterment of health conditions in the neighborhood.



Photo by Bachrach

MRS. ERNEST AMORY CODMAN

President of the Instructive District Nursing Association of Boston

Another supervisor one day noticed on the board of health report that four persons in a family in her district were ill with influenza. "Why, you are those people's nurse," she said to the nurse allotted to that particular section. "Drop in and see if you can be of any help." The nurse did so, and was welcomed with open arms. The people were strangers and had never heard of the visiting nurse. They were in urgent need of skilled nursing, and the nurse proved a godsend.

Three new stations have been opened by the association since the first influenza epidemic proved the branch system adequate in extreme emergency.

The fee charge for a nursing visit, which is now seventy-five cents, is the exact cost to the Association of such a visit. It has been raised in accordance with the increasing cost to the Association of salaries, transportation (Continued on page 374)

OLIVE M. BRIGGS'
FICTIONIZATION OF

“ANNABEL LEE”

Joe Mitchell Chapple's Initial Heart Throbs Production

Supervised by Paul M. Sarazan



"Heaven couldn't be sweeter, more tranquil," he said—and the glassy waters of the little cove reflected his thoughts

*It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.*

TODAY as yesterday we have our "kingdoms by the sea" and, all unknown and still unsung, our "Annabels."

At a quaint little fishing village, overlooked by a summer resort of wealthy folks, is a house on a hill with beautiful lawns, the home of Colonel Lee and his adored, motherless, Annabel.

Every summer Annabel had played on those sands and climbed the rocks, always with David, a sailor's son. There were fourteen wonderful summers of poor boy and rich girl comradeship. Annabel was eighteen, as gay and lovely as ever, while David was mate of a fishing smack, with a fisherman's hands, but the eyes of a dreamer. His dream was Annabel Lee.

On a balmy June afternoon Colonel Lee stood on the porch steps, looking down at his flower beds and then up the driveway. He seemed to be listening and soon he heard the canter

of a horse coming nearer and nearer. A black mare dashed in sight, ridden by the girl. Her eyes sparkling and hair wind-blown, Annabel leaped to the ground. Away to sea rose the masts of a fishing fleet. Annabel stood in the sunbeams as if petrified, her gaze on the incoming fleet.

"My dearest," her father said, "I have sent off that check you asked me for—\$10,000 for the French orphans."

Starting out of her trance she flung her arms around her father, her eyes on the fishing vessels over his shoulder, and the next moment bounded into the house. All was excitement in the village over the arrival of the fleet. First to tie up at the wharf was the craft lettered "Annabel Lee," and on its deck stood David Higgins, the proud young mate.

That night up by the lily pond, amid the oak shadows, were David and Annabel, their heads bent over a book from which David was reading. Suddenly he stopped, faltering as she trembled. Their hands stole together and their faces were approaching each other when a shadow fell between them.

On the face of Colonel Lee, as he stepped from the tree-shaded background, surprise was written and strong emotion.

His darling, the apple of his eye, Annabel, and David the fisherman. While the young man sat with set face and clenched hands, Annabel sprang between him and her father, her arms flung out half pleading, half defiant, as she broke the chilling silence:

"Father—we would have told you tonight—David and I love one another." Half turning away as if undecided the father then acted. Laying his hand on Annabel's shoulder, scanning the faces of both lovers, he drew his daughter away toward the house. Once inside the library, under the soft lamplight, the father argued with his motherless child, but to no avail. Annabel only answered:

"No, no, father; it isn't a fancy. I'm not a child now. You don't understand. David and I have loved each other since—"

Silencing her sternly the father switched his protest to David: "How can you, a poor fisherman, marry my daughter? She's accustomed to luxury." The horse she rode, the gowns she wore, even the check he had given in her name that day to charity, were mentioned as indulgences she would miss after linking her life with David's.

Again Annabel broke in: "Nothing of all that matters. Only David. I want David and David wants me. Nothing else matters."

Then her voice caught in her throat and the young fisherman stepped forward to plead their case:

"I can earn a good living. I can take care of her and make her happy." Then his voice failed and there was silence.

Colonel Lee paced to and fro distractedly. Sympathy evidently tempered despair for his daughter's future. The while the lovers stood apart, only their love-lighted eyes meeting across the gap. Annabel at length made a motion forward, when her father wheeled with a look of decision. He had, to all appearances, made up his mind.

"My doubt still is your love for each other," he addressed them. "We shall put it to the test." Turning to David: "Go away for a year and hold no communication with Annabel. When you return, if both of you are of the same mind, I will give my consent."

Annabel cried out, but her lover stilled her as he accepted the challenge.

"I accept, and one year from tonight I shall return for Annabel."

He held out an honest brown hand, which the Colonel gripped in spite of himself, forced to admiration if not complaisance. Annabel's face drooped and David went out into the night.

As he filially related his troubles of the evening to the little

gray mother at home, David caught the sight of his father's picture on the wall, and with it an inspiration. Twelve years before his father had gone to the bottom of the sea with his vessel. Jumping to the writing desk he drew forth a paper.

"Mother, I have decided. I will go after the valuable cargo of my father's vessel. Here is the map and there is the spot where the wreck lies."

In the first graying of the following dawn David took fond leave of mother and sweetheart on the shore, and was rowed

to a waiting ship outside the bar. Before the parting embrace, however, David had taken the opportunity to hand a little packet to Annabel, with the explanation:

"Here are the verses I wrote for you, dearest. Read them for love of me when I am gone."

One August evening, a month or two later, the Lee demesne was a scene of gaiety. Colonel Lee, more than fancying symptoms of melancholy in his daughter, was giving a garden fete to distract her. Annabel seemed to respond to the occasion, appearing gayest of the gay, and her father chuckled to himself that the scheme had worked. Was she really forgetting David? He smoked his cigar with some satisfaction.

The dancers had thinned out, the moon had come up. Across the turf the lily pond looked dark under the trees. David Grainger moved in that direction when Annabel halted him with her hand placed on sleeve.

"Then you'll publish these poems for me," she addressed him softly.

"If I do, will you marry me?" he countered.

Annabel started back as if struck a blow. Something in the droop of her head caused Grainger to hesitate and change his tactics.

"A book of verse, with the paper shortage and prices soaring the way they are at the present time. For no one

else in the world would I touch it. But never mind, dear," as he stooped over her, "I'll do it for you."

Grainger kissed the grateful hand she extended to him and walked away.

Annabel was combing her hair, having tossed her dancing costume on a chair. Suddenly she snatched up a kodak print of David in fisher's rig. Kissing it frantically she hid it in her bosom. Oh, Colonel, your well-laid scheme would seem to have gone "agley."

*Our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we.*

Summer, autumn and winter had sped by. Spring was here. Slimmer and paler had Annabel become. Every night—"He



His picture—memories of a year of waiting, hoping, loving while a father's love-test was served

may come before morning," and every sail on the horizon—"That may be David."

At the big house Colonel Lee was pacing the porch. He was waiting for Grainger, who was coming once more to woo Annabel. If he failed—the Colonel's heart turned cold. Had she forgotten? Or was she still dreaming of her poor fisherman? Annabel's laugh had just now rung in his ears from down the street where a boy had stumbled and got his face messed with a birthday cake he was carrying. It was David's birthday, but not his cake, and it might be questioned whether Annabel was laughing or crying.

Into the hilarious throng the car of Grainger dashed. Annabel was laughing—now she would listen to him. He held out to her an exquisite little book, in green and gold. "Poems by David Higgins." That was all she saw. As she snatched it Grainger seized her hand.

"Will you now, dearest?" he whispered softly. Annabel gave a cold shudder and then he whirled away in his car. Kissing the book she hurried away to the clematis-clad cottage of her beloved's mother.

Far off a whaler was homeward bound, laboring in a turbulent sea, a fierce thunderstorm breaking overhead.

"Cheer up, lad; a few weeks more and you'll see her," the captain spoke in David's ear with friendly hand on shoulder.

At that very moment the artillery of heaven, with loud roar and angry flash, had brought Annabel to her chamber window.



"Look deep into this crystal glass," he said wistfully, "isn't there one little gleam of hope for me, dear?"

There was a crash on board ship and the topmast came slam down on the deck.

Like a vision something dreadful came over Annabel at the window and she swooned on the sill.

Shivering from stem to stern the ship righted itself, but the wreckage from aloft had been swept into the sea—and David was clinging to the severed spar as it went over the side. Captain and crew searched for him in vain and, like a distracted father bereft of his son, the skipper peered over the side of the rail in hopeless grief. David was gone.

*But neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever discover my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.*

Next morning on a white, smiling beach something was thrown up by the waves. A broken topmast with a man clinging to it.

Annabel was alone by the lily pond. She ever and again cast her gaze seaward.

David was coming back again to consciousness.

David's mother at her cottage door was also, with hope-bedewed eyes, searching the bosom of the sea. A lad from the postoffice brought her a cablegram. Annabel came running toward her with an armful of lilies. Noting the paper in the old woman's hands scarcely sooner than she noticed the anguished look in her eyes, she gave a cry of agony and dropped the lilies.

"David will never come. He is dead."

They then went into the house together.



A product of the great outdoors—a city princess of luxury and a little, gray-haired mother who knew what Springtime does to young hearts

"Mother," Annabel whispered, "you must come with me now." And they climbed the hill together.

David came to himself on a little island—a palmleaf shack and an unfinished canoe denoting that it had once been peopled. His sailor shirt hoisted on a hilltop sapling for a signal of distress. At eventide he was solaced by a parakeet that whistled back to him the tune of "Annabel." The bird fell asleep on his breast.

*For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.*

That same night Annabel sat beside Grainger in the Lee home. They were reveling in David's book.

"Everyone now is reading David," Grainger spoke softly. "Its sale has broken all records. They call him a genius. But he has been dead now a year, Annabel," he asseverated as she snatched away her hand from his impetuous grasp.

"David is not dead. David is not—dead." Repeating these words like a chant she moved slowly, like a sleep-walker, to the fountain.

"You see how it is; it is useless," Colonel Lee said as he took Grainger's arm.

"Dear, don't grieve; your grieving won't bring him back," was the little gray mother's consolation as she joined Annabel at the fountain. The girl would hear nothing. "David—is —not—dead," the lips kept up the heart's refrain.

With the parakeet on his shoulder David walked in his solitude. As he faced the moon trail on the ocean he imagined Annabel Lee walking on the silvery beam to him and he cried out:

*So all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride.*

Then, as he stretched his arms toward the wake of the moon, he espied a sail crossing it. Leaping into the hut for his torch he raced with it to the long-prepared pile of brush. Flames sprang into the sky. The ship saw and came about.

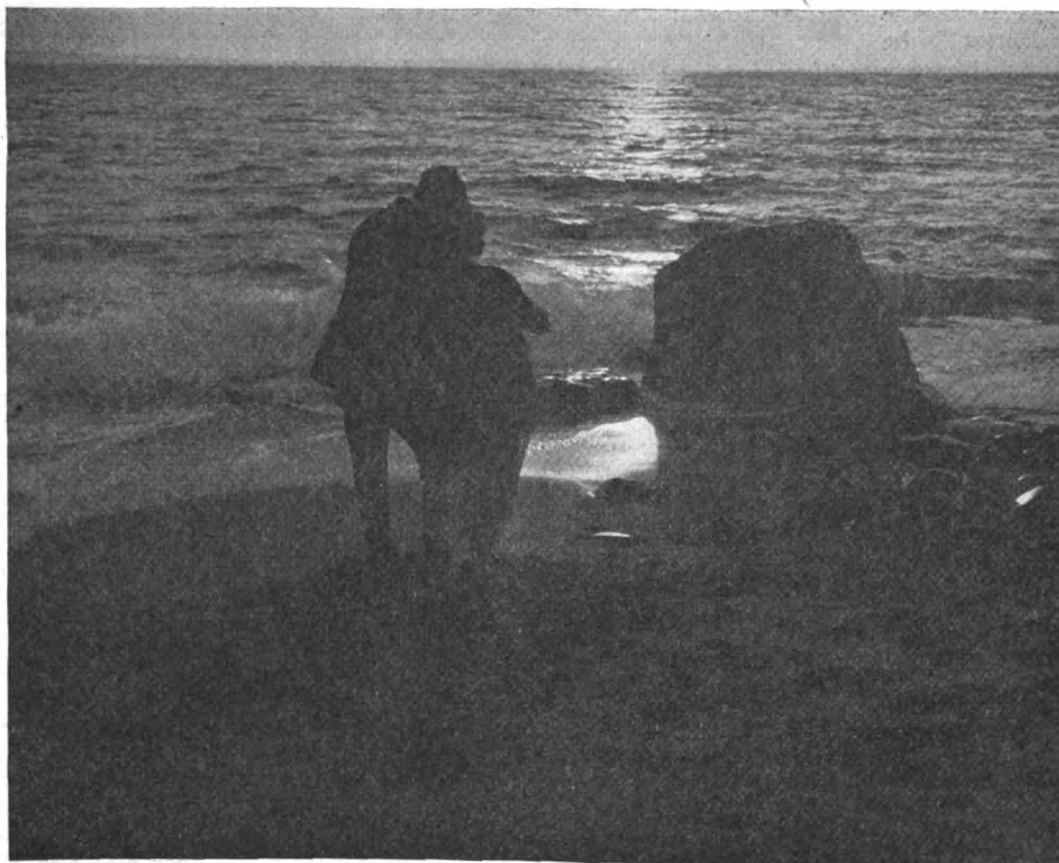
It was deathly still in the little village when the foreign bark sailed into the harbor. David, leaning over the rail, noted that the light was not in the window. Colonel Lee, reading his newspaper on the porch, at an outcry from David's mother knitting beside him, brought his field glasses to bear on the strange craft. Where is Annabel? Better not tell her.

David sprang out upon the wharf and sped down the street. Where was the light? Anything might have happened in two years. As his eyes kept turning that way the lattice opened. A hand came out. The beacon was lighted. Its glow illumined his form. He stood as if turned into stone.

Annabel Lee looked out of the window and saw him. Just as she had looked on the moon trail.

With arms upflung to her, David plunged forward to the clematis-draped doorway.

The door closed.



Moonlight, sweethearts, and the soothing lull of the sea—God's blessing for those who love and trust

The barometer of public opinion

The Pulse of the Movie Public

By
NASH A. NALL

Through the dim fog of a screen world wrapped in clouds of sex and vampire pictures, appears the writing on the wall—cleaner pictures

SIMPLE, indeed, was the simple being who thought Rex Beach was a summer resort!

We make this assertion without fear or tremor, and with all due respect to the member of the Keith family who first allowed this thought to brave the footlights. However, that matters little. The point at issue is to merely make plain the fact that Rex Beach has added another triumph to his long string of successes, and also his reputation for stories and pictures of the frozen North and Alaska in "The North Wind's Malice."

How in the world anyone could ever connect Rex Beach with a summer resort is beyond the realm of imagination. If there ever was a two-fisted, hard-hitting American novelist, it is Rex Beach. And if any writer ever *did* make his characters breathe and pulsate with rich, red, brave American blood, it is this Mr. Beach. His people are virile and his settings are rough. His are characters who fear neither bullets nor vitriol of the critics' pens. What more need be said of "The North Wind's Malice" than that it is a typical Rex Beach story and picture, as popular with movie fans as the usual Rex Beach story.

There are those who charge Mr. William Fox, producer of the *mellerest* of *mellerdramas* with turning sentimentalist. If so, it was in a good cause, for it was this change of heart, perhaps, on the part of the famous and wealthy producer, that brought "Over the Hills to the Poor House" to the screen.

Since almost the era of illustrated song—when the local boy whose baritone was as yet unnicked by nicotine, probably due to papa's promise of a reward providing said local boy did not begin saving cigarette coupons until he was twenty-one—would careen his head through a small port-hole and warble love lilt set to the whim of the stereopticon, Mr. William Fox has been the sponsor of almost everything in the vampire line, from Theda Bara to Cleopatra. Remarkable indeed! All of a sudden Mr. William Fox changes his policy and his director starts making stories of pure love. More remarkable is the way the public has greeted this change in policy.

It is safe to assume this far in advance that "Over the Hills to the Poor House" will make Mr. Fox more money than all the vampire pictures in his vampire picture career—and that's going *some*, providing the college students will pardon the slang.

Speaking about college students (and Nash A. Nall is simply wild about speaking about them) brings to mind perhaps the sweetest picture of the month—"Sweet Lavender," starring Mary Miles Minter in her latest release through the Reart Company.

"Sweet Lavender" is a story of college, and, to the astonishment of those who have really suffered several terms at institutions so named, it is not exactly off-side. For once a college boy really has trouble in getting hot water to scratch the fuzz from his face. For once the sophs try to kidnap the fresh president; for once the hero gets the measles just at that great psychological moment when he believes love is what is troubling him; for once we see a group of college students without our gaze falling on the inevitable fat lad.

"Sweet Lavender" is as sweet as its name, and

is guaranteed to cure any set of blues within two reels. There are one or two tears, many laughs, a number of chuckles, and a million and one little human touches that get in under the skin, or the heart, or something, and make the spectator feel like adding a line in his prayers for more "Sweet Lavenders."

In contrast to "Sweet Lavender" was Mr. Whitman Bennett's personally supervised presentation, as the press agents say, of "The Devil's Garden." The picture is well named. All of the joy and contentment that could be drained from "The Devil's Garden" wouldn't be sufficient to obscure vision when placed in either optic of a two-month's-old baby. Growsome, relentless, morbid—what else could you expect of a devil's garden. To be sure, Mr. Bennett made a fine picture, and his artistry in places reigns supreme. But withal, what is the mission of the picture-producer—to make art or to make entertainment that brightens lives and casts the rosy glow of sunshine over the already too dark crevices in the

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"Little Boy Blue"

By Paul M. Sarazan
and Olive M. Briggs

*A story with the genuine American
flavor of "The Indian Giver" and
the charm of "Annabel Lee"*

in an early

NATIONAL

garden of life? If Mr. Whitman Bennett can answer this question, Nash A. Nall will be in a fair way to determine just what the motion-picture public thought of "The Devil's Garden."

Probably the most debated question among New Yorkers with reference to a specific motion picture is whether or not Cecil B. DeMille, in his latest offering, has reached or excelled the merit of his previous pictures. Mr. DeMille's latest picture is called "Something to Think About," and indeed it is all of that. But whether or not it is as much to think about as "Why Change Your Wife?" is another question, and one which seems to have a majority answer in the negative.

To say the least, DeMille, like other creators of art, is always interesting, whether one agrees with his ideas of human beings or not. "Something to Think About" is a story of married life, of an almost divine happiness crushed, but most of all of a girl who did the remarkable thing of allowing her heart to induce her to marry a poor man instead of a rich man. Of course she wasn't expected to know that she was to be left alone

in a great city in the advance stages of motherhood when a surging river pushed through the walls of the subway. Nor did she realize that she would trudge her way back to the rich man who had loved her, that he would care for her, and finally marry her. To repeat, Mr. DeMille is always interesting, and "Something to Think About" certainly lives up to its title.

After trying and successfully portraying almost every imaginable role that could be devised by the most eccentric of present-day movie writers, Miss Anita Stewart has finally found in Greenwich Village, New York's far-famed Bohemian center of *c-u-l-t-u-r-e*, so hyphenated, broadened, and expanded as to make room for long- and short-haired men and women, painters, writers, rats, dirty children, offensive odors and plenty of filth—a story. This tale is termed "Harriet and the Piper," and tells what happened to a girl who unwisely allowed herself to be talked into a free-love proposition. Moreover, Miss Stewart, as Harriet, enters into the deal without even taking ordinary modern-girl precautions.

The modern girl of today is prepared, to some degree or other, to withstand almost any exigency that might arise. Very few girls, whether they hail from Riverside Drive or Oakdene, New Jersey, leave the paternal threshold without the customary dime. But Harriet did. Most girls nowadays take men as they find them, but they always have a good idea of which way the street cars run. But Harriet didn't. Perhaps it was the village that was to blame. Maybe she was out-and-out lost in that weird section of New Yawk. At least we couldn't blame her for not being able to find her way out of Greenwich Village. Any girl with nerve enough to be lost in the Village without a dime in her powder puff is a heroine, not a naughty lass. As a matter of fact, there are those who believe Harriet came away from the Village with flying colors. She got off easy, again asking pardon for the slang.

What promises to charm movie fans the nation over is "Kismet," in which Otis Skinner makes a screen appearance. This picture was given a pre-release showing at the Astor Hotel amid such surroundings as girl ushers in fantastic costumes and strong incense. Following this publicity effort, the Robertson-Cole Company loaned the picture to the Strand Theatre for a week's run and probably many thousands of dollars.

"Kismet" deals with a story of a Bagdad beggar who rises to almost the highest place in politics—vamping right and left as he climbs. There was one particular harem queen who took a strong liking to Kismet. This devotee of the silken kimono and the nine-inch cigarette found in Kismet everything to delight the heart and soul of a young harem queen. Unfortunately, there were no tea dansants; but Kismet and his harem lady rather preferred exclusive parties. Ah, to be sure—the picture is rich, dear reader.

The true-to-life and yet strikingly interesting part of "Kismet" is the fact that as soon as the Harem Hazel finds out that Mister Hajj is as shy of kale as a lizard is of hips, she suddenly becomes owner of the famous Broadway glassy-eye and tells him to go where snowballs are off the life-insurance policies.

Ernest Hilliard almost gets an interview

How Movie Dope is Written

By STEWART
ARNOLD
WRIGHT

When Messrs. Chapple, Hilliard and Wright get into a three-tongued tragedy on everything but anything connected with the subject

I TURNED slowly and gazed rather indifferently at the love scene being enacted at the other end of the studio. What was there in this bit of business to interest me? Hadn't I seen scores and scores of rather handsome males offering their attentions to scores and scores of rather striking women according to the instructions of most unromantic looking directors. So why should Joe Chapple's request have stirred my interest?

"Nope," I said slowly. "That's no good. You can't expect people to read your magazine if you fill it full of a lot of stuff that people already know. You got me out here to write some stuff for your movie section. The understanding was that I was to pick my own topics to write about; and now, so help me, you've already made nineteen different suggestions for stories and the only one you're sticking to is the one that is absolutely no good. I can't write a story about that, and no one else could. Your readers would think you were foolish for devoting good space to such a story."

Joe Chapple licked his lips, and asked for a match. That can mean but one thing. I've watched him do it too many times to be fooled. If he had hung out a sign on his chest reading, "There's an argument coming," I couldn't have been more positive of what the result was going to be.

"Now wait just a minute," he said, reassuringly. "You are getting away from the idea. In the first place, I haven't told you the idea of the story yet. I've just pointed out the fellow and told you his name."

"What is his name?" I asked. "I don't think you've even mentioned his name yet?"

"His name is Ernest Hilliard—a nephew of the famous Bob Hilliard. You must have heard of him. He's one of the—"

"All right," I interrupted, "granting that his uncle is famous, what interest is that to the readers of the NATIONAL? They aren't bothered about Bob Hilliard. What's the idea?"

"Simply this. Now, this fellow has made love to all of the leading women actors on the screen, and he always gets refused. That's the story. See? They pick this fellow Hilliard to act the part of the fellow who always is turned down by the girl. Just think of that—he never yet won a girl on the screen that he made love to. The producers always pick him to be the last side of the triangle that makes so much trouble for the hero, but who, in the end, fails to win the girl. Can't you see the possibilities? What do you think of that, now that you understand?"

"Rotten! People won't read it. You will lose fifty thousand readers by trying to cram something like that down their throats."

"You don't understand yet," argued

Joe Chapple. "This fellow is more than an actor. He is really the well-to-do society man that he impersonates on the screen. He's not a full-dress imitation of a fashionable suitor, but he really is what he looks to be on the screen. He's been to Europe almost as many times as I have, and that shows just what type of a fellow he is. He really isn't an actor at all. Come on over here. I want you to meet him."

And Joe Chapple led the way over to the other corner of the studio where a scene for "Annabel Lee" was being made. After a bit of diplomatic persuasion the producer of Heart Throbs finally secured permission from his staff in charge to speak to one of his actors.

"Mr. Wright, meet Mr. Hilliard, who takes

the part of Donald Grainger in 'Annabel Lee,' the producer-editor-lecturer-globe-trotter-author introduced.

"Donald Grainger means nothing to me," I remarked, rather coolly. "I don't know anything about your story. You introduce a man by his character name and expect me to be able to place him among the favorites of the movie magazines. Why didn't you name some of the other pictures he's appeared in? That would give me a fair chance to identify Mr. Hilliard."

"It's enough to say that he had a big part in 'Annabel Lee,' without mentioning every other film ever produced."

"That's where you're wrong again," I objected. "You cannot expect to interest the

readers of your magazine unless you tell them about movie people in terms of what those movie people have already done. You can't merely say that a man is great and expect the people to believe it. They must know exactly what he has done before."

There was a silence.

After a moment Hilliard said:

"Apple sauce!"

I looked around rather sharply.

"I thought you said he wasn't exactly an actor," I said, rather accusingly to Joe Chapple.

"Well, just because he said 'apple sauce'—" Mr. Chapple didn't finish.

Again an awkward silence.

For lack of something better, I said to Hilliard, "Well, what do you think of this 'Annabel Lee' picture?"

"It's the bee's knees," he replied. "If it doesn't knock Broadway on its ear, I'll kiss your Adam's apple in Wanamaker's display window at 12 o'clock noon."

"You're getting away from the idea, Stewart," complained Joe Chapple. "It wasn't my plan to have you interview Hilliard on what he thinks of the picture. I had in mind a story which you might write about him—his experience in Europe; about his being a millionaire's son; about his being the most favored juvenile on the screen in so far as being the unlucky side of the triangle is concerned; something like that."

"That wouldn't be a story," I protested. "That would be criminal to print something like that. Your movie section is going to look to people just like the 1902 edition of the Farmer's Almanac if you don't get more pep in it than that."

"Well, what's all this about?" asked Hilliard. "You'd think I was trying to open up a charge account from the way you fellows are arguing about my past, present and future."

"Oh, no," disagreed Mr. Chapple. "We're merely using the process of elimination to find out what would be a good theme about which to write a story about you." (Continued on page 378)



ERNEST HILLIARD

"He went down with his ship"

Naval Hero Honored

By ROSE
HENDERSON

*New destroyer is named for Commander King,
who sustained the glorious traditions of the
service in refusing to "give up the ship"*



NEW destroyer completed in the navy yards at Camden, N. J., was launched on October 14th and named in honor of Commander Frank Ragan King, who has been called "the greatest naval hero of the war." Commander King went down with his ship July 12, 1919, while in charge of mine-sweeping operations in the North Sea. His flag-ship, the *Richard Buckley*, struck a mine and sank in a few minutes. King was seen to take off his life belt and hand it to a fireman whom he helped to escape from the rapidly sinking vessel.

His service record states that "this officer exerted himself to see that all were saved and remained on the bridge until the last, going down with the ship."

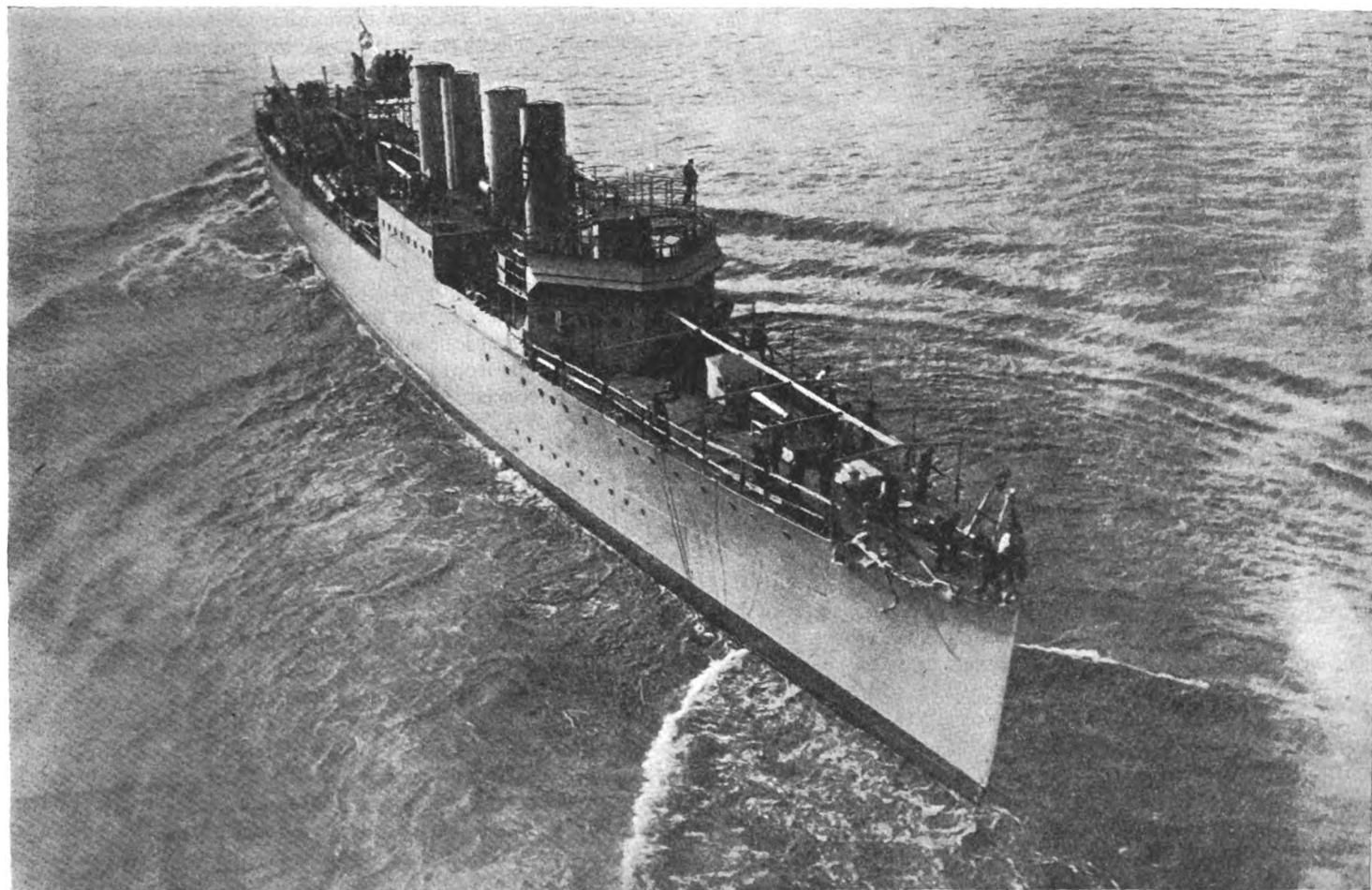
A little daughter, Frank Ragan King, born January 24, 1920, was present when Mrs. King, one of the first "war brides" of the South, christened the new ship. The destroyer will form a fitting memorial for the heroic service of a man who loved honor more than life. Commander King's unselfish death was in keeping with the high sense of devotion to trust which he had always shown. "It was like our Commander King," said one of his former men when told of the scene aboard the sinking *Buckley*.

In a note to Mrs. King, Rear-Admiral Joseph Strauss wrote: "Everything that I can say testifies to your husband's courage, unselfishness and devotion to duty, and therefore can only add to your sense of loss."

Commander King was also a vigorous writer as well as an inspiring leader. Under an assumed name he wrote many worth-while newspaper and magazine articles. Some pencilled notes which Mrs. King found among his papers show the splendid spirit of service which he himself lived and taught. Some of the notes, intended evidently for an article or speech, are as follows:

"The United States Navy has for its watchword, 'Don't give up the ship.' Those summer patriots who glorify their country with their lips but not with their lives or fortunes are deserting the ship of state in the time of peril.

"If you are a man with an ounce of manhood in you, your very blood will rise, you will clench your lips, you will give all that you possess in order that the world may not be covered with monuments of grinning skulls. Keep the faith and fight a good fight so that when you are old and death is approaching, you may tell your grandchildren that you have, in a spirit of sacrifice, prayed and suffered to the (Continued on page 377)



U. S. S. Destroyer "King," named in memory of Commander Frank Ragan King, United States Navy, who went down with his ship, while mine-sweeping in the North Sea

"Teaching them how to talk"

Boston's School of Expression

Unique educational institution has helped thousands to develop the "speaking voice" and to correct impediments of speech

EVER since the days of the "Dame School" and the "horn book," Boston has been known the world over as a great educational center. The first free school in America once stood near where the printing plant and offices of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE now stand. The fame of Harvard scholarship had already spread to Europe before the beginning of the Revolutionary War. The graduates of the Institute of Technology hold honored places as scientists and engineers in every portion of the habitable globe. Around Boston (old St. Botolph's town), and its environs lingers the choicest academic traditions of the Western World. The city of Boston itself affords a local habitation to dozens of educational institutions with more than a local fame.

In this intensified educational atmosphere that unique institution, the School of Expression, was founded more than forty years ago. Among its committee of organization were such noted persons as Dr. Phillips Brooks, Dr. John T. Duryea, Governor Rice, Governor Ames, Dr. Dickinson (State Secretary of Education), Henry A. Clapp (the noted dramatic critic), W. D. Howells, J. T. Trowbridge, T. B. Aldrich, and many other leaders in education, who were interested in the big problems which the School of Expression has attempted to solve.

From the first the School sought for endowment and equipment, and was pledged to maintain the highest standards of education, to work not for commercial or mere financial ends, but for the highest ideals in education, and it has been governed by the same laws as the leading colleges and universities.

The first money given to the institution was the result of a reading given for its benefit by Sir Henry Irving, who had become interested and volunteered his services. The second money given to the endowment fund came from Professor Alexander Melville Bell, the discoverer of Visible Speech, and father of the discoverer of the telephone. Other amounts have been contributed from time to time. These funds have never been used, not even the interest, and are accumulating, in the hope of a greater future, and to secure the confidence of men who give money on business principles, rather than from mere sentiment.

* * * *

Among the aims of the School was the investigation of the true nature of the speaking voice, and the securing of more adequate methods for its improvement, a study also of the delivery of speakers from a psychological and scientific point of view, so that mechanical methods of elocution, such as imitation, should be eliminated and true methods established for the improvement of human speech.

The aim also was to secure a deeper, truer understanding of stammering and stuttering and other impediments of speech.

There was an endeavor also to study all the arts in order to secure better platform, dramatic and stage art, and better methods of training such artists in the true spirit of the highest principles governing the best art schools.

It was the aim of the School also to study the history of pedagogical principles, and to aid teachers to better methods of teaching, reading and conversation in the public schools.

There was also an endeavor to secure unity of all artists, painters, sculptors and musicians, to study into human expression, following the cue of many art critics, that modern art eliminated expression. The School endeavored to supply to artists a study into the nature of human expression in its primary aspects thru the action of the body and the smile and the use of the voice.

There was also an ambitious endeavor to do what Professor Butcher hoped would be done, that whereas the Greeks emphasized the spoken word in education, in modern times the written word was emphasized, and that a truer method might be secured for the co-ordination of the two.

These are but a few of the high aims and endeavors of the School of Expression.

Another very important aim was not only to secure better methods, but to publish them in form for the use of teachers. Students demanded that they have better collections of selections with principles outlined for their practical use in schools. Many of the greatest and most serious endeavors have been in this direction.

* * * *

During the forty years of its activities over 10,000 persons have received training and help of various kinds at the School of Expression. It has served as a kind of experiment station for all those years. The teachers of the public schools of Boston were invited, without money and without price, to bring any pupil who had special difficulties in speech, such as stammering, stuttering, tongue tie, no matter what the difficulty, to be given free examination, advice and help. The teachers themselves, if suffering from sore throat or other conditions connected with the voice, were also invited.

Preachers and educators, among them the most prominent in the United States and Canada, have been given advice and help for the correction of their voice difficulties.

Students have come to the School from every state in the United States, and from all parts of Canada. Its graduates are performing service as missionaries, teachers, speakers of all kinds, politicians, statesmen, preachers, in all parts of the world. The books published by the School have become known far and wide, and the income from them has helped to maintain the School and preserve the same standards as institutions that are adequately endowed.

Extracts could be given from thousands of letters and messages showing how astonishing the results have been—from bishops and most prominent ministers, from senators, legislators, governors, judges, lawyers and public men in all walks of life, those who have been cured of impediments of speech, those who have been saved from sore throat, and from lives of isolation and sorrow. Vast numbers of teachers have been saved from throat trouble and been enabled to economize their strength.

There have also been special services (Continued on page 383)



Home of the School of Expression

Everybody takes an interest in Affairs and Folks

*Gossip about people who are doing
worth-while things in the world*

THERE'S a trite old saying that artists are born, not made, the truth of which is seemingly exemplified in the scintillating career of David Belasco's bright particular star, Miss Lenore Ulric, now playing the title-role in "The Son-Daughter," at the Tremont Theatre, in Boston. For surely this dainty and altogether charming little lady is (despite the heights she has attained) still far too young to have acquired all the finished artistry that she displays by traveling the long and tedious road of study alone.

To be sure, Miss Ulric was only sixteen when she began her stage career, but that was only a few years ago—precisely how many, the present writer is far too gallant to specify. So evident from the first was Miss Ulric's impelling talent for the stage that, happily, she escaped much of the drudgery that falls to the lot of the average young aspirant for fame in this most exacting of all professions. Therefore, she comes into her kingdom with the bloom of youth upon her cheeks, with the wistfulness of gaze that departs with life's lost illusions, with all the fine enthusiasm that youth alone sustains.

In the gorgeous Oriental setting of "The Son-Daughter," the play of the new China by George Scarborough and David Belasco, which ran to capacity houses for more than six months at the Belasco Theatre in New York, Miss Ulric portrays a particularly appealing part, as evidenced by the undiminished size of her delighted audiences.

And now word comes that a very great English producer, no less a personage indeed than the distinguished London theatre manager, Charles Cochrane, has recently cabled to David Belasco an urgent request that he be granted the privilege of presenting Miss Ulric at one of his London playhouses. As a consequence of this request, negotiations have been entered into looking toward her appearance before that most critical of all theatrical tribunals—a great English audience. And this despite the fact that if the contemplated arrangements are concluded, Mr. Belasco's plans for his brilliant Star will be seriously interfered with.

One of these plans was to present Miss Ulric in a new version of "Camille," which he is now writing. As Dumas' heroine died when she was but twenty-one years old, Miss Ulric's youth fits her peculiarly for the part, while her undisputed genius as an emotional actress justifies the prediction that she would be the greatest Camille who has ever been seen upon the stage.

So now Lenore Ulric, while garbed in brocade robes stiff with gold embroidery, plucking with taper fingers at a two-stringed Chinese mandolin and singing an unbelievably weird vocalization of the scrawling characters that adorn a laundry check, is torn internally between two ambitions: on the one hand to play the great role designed for her by David Belasco, on the other to realize the dream of every Star in the theatrical firmament—a London engagement.

* * * *

DROPPING into the office of my friend Alfred E. Stockbridge, president of the Magee Furnace Company, one sunny afternoon, I noticed hanging on the wall of his office a check framed and signed by Hetty H. R. Green. He caught my inquiring glance and told me the story of the check.

It is a rainy-day story. A woman with a broken umbrella,

rather plainly dressed, entered the store and bought a range. When she came to pay for it, she asked the clerk if he would accept her check. She took from the folds of her skirt a book on the Chemical National Bank, New York, and said: "I have broken my glasses, so you will have to write the check."

The clerk then wrote the check for fifty dollars and she signed it with much care, indicating a mental calculation that these few lines meant an elusive dollar leaving her account. She looked up and smiled when it was finished.

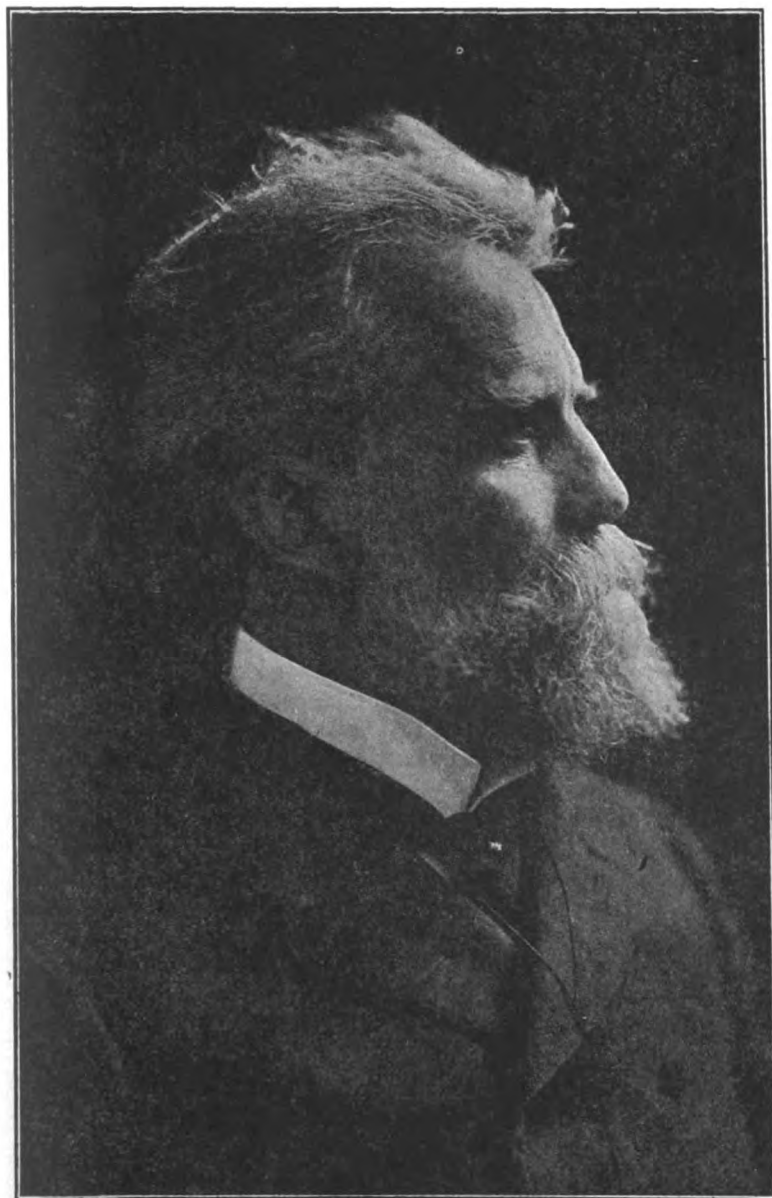
"You can inquire about me at the Parker House, but you will have to call for my maid, as I am not registered. If you have any further doubt, call my brokers."

The clerk then chatted as only a Magee salesman can chat,



LENORE ULRIC

David Belasco's young and charming star. She is now winning new laurels by the finished artistic excellence of her portrayal of the title-role in "The Son-Daughter," a play of New China by George Scarborough and David Belasco



S. S. CURRY, A.B., A.M., B.D., Ph.D.

Head of the Boston School of Expression and one of America's foremost educators

and inquisitively asked: "Have you drawn larger checks than this?"

She smiled with that glint in her eye that indicated the glamour of a love of money-making and saving it. For an answer she revealed the stubs of the check book. The check previous was one for \$2,000,000, made out to the Comptroller of New York for taxes. The salesman declared that a billion dollars outlay was represented in that little bunch of paper.

On inquiry the brokers responded: "Yes, she's in town. Her signature will look as if written with a match."

Later the clerk was called to the Parker House, where he expected to meet the pretty, chic French maid, who carried the brunt of identity. Instead of this he met his customer, a handsomely-gowned, matronly dowager, with pompadour hair and a winsome motherly smile. She did not show him any more check books, but when he was shown the door, she met his inquiry with unflinching eyes.

"What is the best way to make money?"

"Invest it in necessities, and you will never lose."

The philosophy of the Magee salesman ever since has been that a Magee range comes first on necessity investments, for did not the late, long-remembered Hetty Green, the richest business woman in America, have that in mind when she made that purchase and gave the formula.

And then my friend Stockbridge smiled.

PROFESSOR S. S. Curry was born in 1847 at Chatata, a little hamlet of southeastern Tennessee. Like that of several American "immortals," the home of his infancy was one of poverty. "Few who might have seen the lad fifty years ago," B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena* magazine once wrote, "would have imagined that he was destined to become one of America's foremost philosophical educators, a man whose fundamental work in one of the most important yet neglected fields of human development should prove of inestimable value to civilization."

In youth Curry was fired with ambition to be of use in the world, and he had the resolution to carry out his noble purpose. He is described as having the soul of a poet, the passion of an artist and the insight of a philosopher. Coming from a family of pioneers, lovers of nature among whose charms they toiled, his aspirations and the power to realize them were alike blood heritages. Some of his ancestors fought in the war of Independence and his mother was a cousin of David Crockett, the hero of the Alamo.

At the age of twenty-five Professor Curry graduated as Bachelor of Arts at Grant University, and within the next five years had annexed the degrees of A.M., B.D. and Ph.D. at Boston University. In the latter institution he came under the influence of Professor Lewis B. Monroe, a great teacher of the science of speech. Others of his American tutors were Professor Alexander Melville Bell, the discoverer of visible speech, and Steele MacKaye. At that period elocution was the rage in education. Professor Curry investigated every phase in the historical development of elocutionary and vocal training. He made exhaustive researches in quest of the fundamentals of reading, speaking and dramatic art. In this great pursuit he went to Europe, where he studied under some of the greatest masters.

Professor Curry in 1879 was appointed to a position for the teaching of "expression" in Boston University, this department being made a separate school in 1884 and later incorporated as "The School of Expression." Many eminent masters of the written or spoken word, including three governors of Massachusetts, were actively interested in founding the institution. Professor Curry accepted positions as instructor of oratory and elocution in Harvard and Yale, also the Newton Theological Seminary, besides lectureships in various western colleges, making his living from these sources. Thus he has been enabled to give his services free to the school of his own building since 1891. He has published a series of books on the art of expression and out of a library of forty volumes contemplated, a large proportion is already blocked out for the press.

He has never himself ventured forth as a public reader. It has been noted that in none of his thousands of pupils can any mannerism of tone or gesture be attributed to imitation of their teacher. Where his students seem most identified with the master is in their directness and unaffected sincerity. Shailer Mathews, in a magazine article a few years ago, said: "As a critic both of literature and of speech, Doctor Curry is one of the most sympathetic and yet one of the most severe of men. . . . His summer school is a little democracy of education."

* * * *

HOW often, oh, how often it occurs to a speaker that his real speech comes rolling into his thoughts only after he has completed his audible remarks and the applause sounds like a ghostly echo of "what might have been said."

In the presence of the members of the Boston Proofreaders' Association, greetings were presented on the twenty-fifth anniversary of that organization. It was the action of a previous speaker, who had nonchalantly tossed into a clinking glass a piece of silver for every comma, semi-colon and period. The "talents" ranged from dimes to dollars and were not wrapped in napkins. To my consciousness he made ring true the old adage that "money talks." It was the most effective

response to an anniversary sentiment that I ever heard, Frank J. Bonnelle being the "silver-toned orator" of the occasion.

In acceptance of the challenge I valorously drew my pen, wrote a check, had the hotel clerk cash it to prove that I was not a silver man, and in sixteen to one minutes I cast the folds of the five-dollar gold certificate into the glass, exulting over the fact that I had scored twenty-five cents more than the cash register chimes of the silver clinking in the glass had tallied.

There were authors, editors, printers, and the allied craftsmen of the art preservative present, paying their tributes to the patient and long-suffering proofreader who had saved many of them from oblivion and humiliation with his magic wand—the proof pencil. They are the pilots of letters who chart the course of success past the reefs and rocks of failure—eliminating errors and transforming stumbling phrases into the magic of literature. The supreme censor of the printshop has ever been my friend, and this is the speech I intended to deliver:

"Proofreaders of America! I revel as a writer in your smile and blessing. The glory of Gutenberg and movable types never would have been possible without your magic sway. Your unselfish devotion to the art preservative has served mankind. You interpret the spirit of Shakespeare so that the reader understands what the author intended to say.

"Life, itself, is a great proofsheets. Day by day it is read and its errors are marked. Day by day the revisions are made until the ultimate goal of a clean proof is reached. What more consoling reflection can imbue one in the sunset of Life, than to know that revisions have been made, that earnest efforts for a clean proof have not been in vain! This is a reward that nothing else can equal.

"All through Life, we are seeking proofs—proofs of Friendship—proofs of Love—proofs of Charity—proofs of Faith—proofs of Hope—proofs of Immortality, and the final proof comes only when the inner consciousness of ourselves attests that we have done our best, and are ready and willing to submit the proof of an earnest Life to the great Proofreader of Eternity."

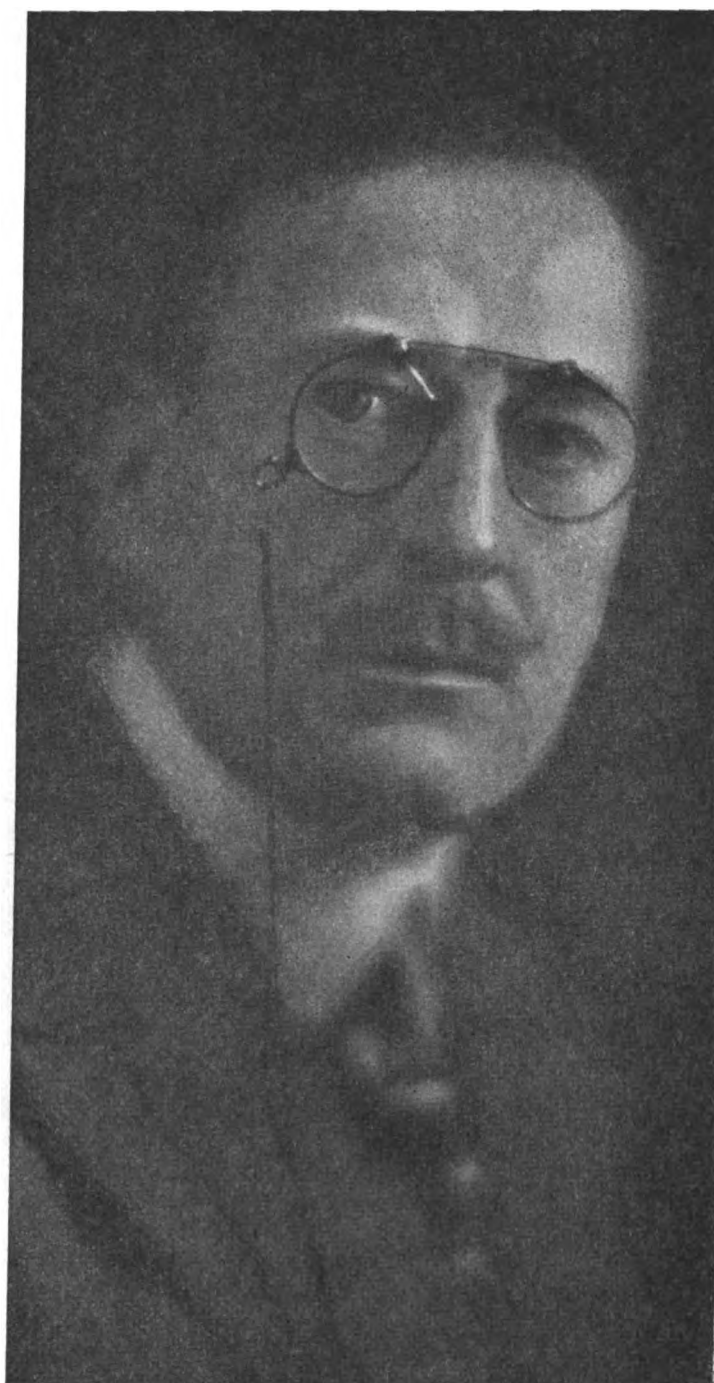
* * * *

ONE of the delightful idiosyncrasies of Tunis F. Dean is his habit of attending to his personal correspondence with a pen. In these matter-of-fact days of machine-made letters, much of the fine flavor of individual personality that was once displayed in the polite art of letter writing has vanished—wherefore, receiving one of his cordial and characteristic screeds is like a revivifying breath of ozone from the heather-clad hills of Doon.

A student of chirography would doubtless deduct many profound conclusions anent his inner consciousness from a perusal of one of Mr. Dean's unique epistles—but personally I am quite content to derive from them a pleasing consciousness of cordial sincerity.

These unique "friendship letters" of Mr. Dean possess a quaint individuality of their own, comparable to none other within my recollection, save the whimsical communications of beloved 'Gene Field. To be sure, they would scarcely serve as set models for a "ready letter-writer." The lines ramble aimlessly up and down and round about the page, and quite seldom pursue a staid and sedate "straight and narrow path." Then, too, they are stuck full of queer little quirks and oddities of chirography that are both a delight and a never-ending source of amusement, with neat little geometrical designs for periods, and startling combinations of big and little letters that express, somehow, the feelings of the writer more clearly than the most impeccable typewritten screed could encompass.

As Boston is a "state of mind," so is Tunis F. Dean an "institution" in the theatrical world. As manager and producer his activities have covered perhaps the most fruitful and important period of the American drama. Many of the

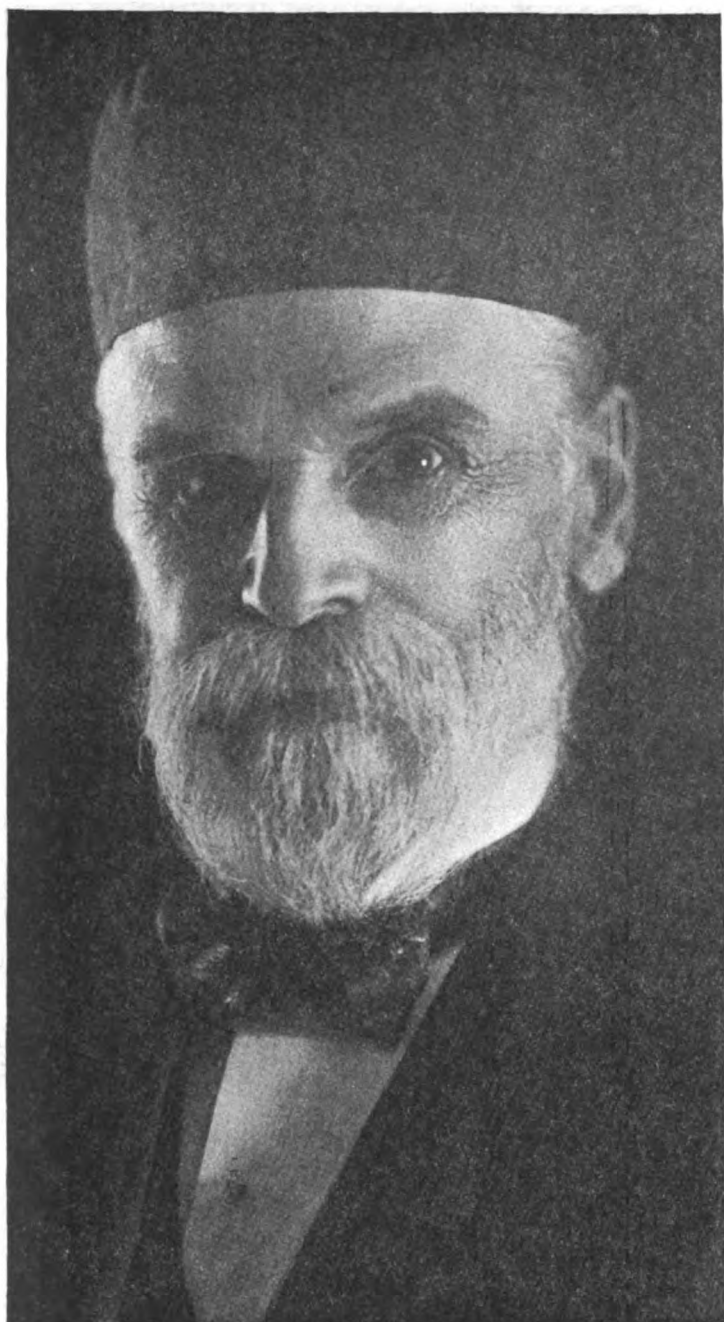


TUNIS F. DEAN

Manager for David Belasco of "The Son Daughter"

stars that have scintillated most brilliantly in the theatrical firmament during the past decade have owed a major portion of their success to his wise and indefatigable guidance.

Merely to mention some of their names recalls a wealth of memorable recollections to the minds of those whose interests center in the mimic world that lies behind the footlights. As manager *en tour* for David Belasco, he has been responsible for the infinite particularity of detail involved in the productions in which were featured such stars as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, Frances Starr and Ina Claire, in the plays inseparably connected with their names; "The Warrens of Virginia," with Frank Keenan, Charlotte Walker and Emma Dunn; and "The Good Little Devil," with Mary Pickford. As manager for George C. Tyler, he guided the productions in which appeared James A. Herne and Viola Allen, and as junior member of the theatrical firm of Harris, Britton and Dean, he was some years ago concerned in the control of a circuit of western theaters. Then too, during his busy career he has been house manager for important theaters in Washington, Pittsburg, Detroit and Baltimore.



HENRY B. RANKIN

Who studied law in Abraham Lincoln's office in Springfield, Illinois, and is one of the best-known living authorities on Lincoln's life and history

Truly a veteran is he, of an exacting profession—but a veteran who wears his years lightly and his honors gracefully.

At the present time Mr. Dean is managing David Belasco's production of "The Son Daughter," a play of new China, which has just concluded an exceptionally successful engagement of several weeks at the Tremont Theater, Boston, in which the young and dainty actress Lenore Ulric shines refulgent as the bright particular star.

* * * *

ONE of the few men living today who can claim intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln is a resident of Springfield, Illinois, the town where Lincoln built his home, where he was practicing law when elected to the presidency, and to which he was never fated to return until his body was brought there for burial.

Henry B. Rankin, now eighty-three years old, was a boy of ten when he first met Lincoln, and his acquaintance with the great Emancipator extended over a period of fifteen years. As a young man, he studied law in the office of Abraham Lincoln and William Herndon, and it was during this period that he came to know the man who afterward led the nation

through the terrible crisis of internal strife to the victory which brought peace and set free a bonded race.

Mr. Rankin is perhaps the best known authority on Lincoln living today, and his book, "My Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln," published in 1916, was given an enthusiastic reception by students of Lincoln and Lincoln's life.

"I last saw Abraham Lincoln before his departure for Washington," Mr. Rankin stated, in recalling some of his memories of Springfield's greatest citizen, "on the evening of February 10, 1861, when he and Mr. Herndon passed down their office stairway for the last time. I knew that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Herndon would want to have a talk in the office, so I left and waited downstairs in Chatterton's jewelry store until they came down.

"On the next day, February 11, Abraham Lincoln left Springfield never to return until his body was brought here for burial. But during the five years following his departure, the little swinging sign, 'Lincoln & Herndon,' was a reminder and assurance that some day the senior partner would return and go in and out as of yore, brightening our city by his presence and genial personality as none other ever had.

"Lincoln had expected to return to Springfield when his term of office was ended and to resume then with Mr. Herndon their law practice together, the same as if nothing had happened.

"On the evening I saw Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Herndon come down the stairs from the office Mr. Lincoln had just told Mr. Herndon of this intention and had requested Mr. Herndon to let the office sign remain and conduct business in the firm's name as it had been, until he should return to Springfield.

"The little sign remained there in compliance with his wish and was removed only when the bullet of the pro-slavery assassin Booth dissolved the firm and the senior partner passed beyond his strange, strenuous, sacrificial life. That day, April 15, 1865, which closed this law firm, was the saddest that ever came to Springfield, the darkest recorded in the nation's history, for in the hour of our supremest need, we had lost our First American."

* * * *

"HIT wherever you see a head," the Donnybrook Fair slogan, would appear to be the motto of Mr. Sherman Rogers, lumberjack and lecturer. About four times a week he spellbinds an applauding audience with "fiery thoughts on the present discontent," as his long-time predecessor Burke entitled his thundering essays upon the evils of a former day.

Mr. Rogers spares neither capital nor labor, business autocrat nor government bureaucrat, aristocrat nor proletarian. It is for the truth he makes his every oratorical drive for industrial peace. He tells his audiences that there are more red-blooded men willing to go out and tell a lie to the workers than there are to go forth and tell the truth that would sweep away with one blow the edifice of lies created by I. W. W. agitators, whose reliance on the workingman's ignorance of his employer and the employer's ignorance regarding the trustworthiness of his workers gives them the edge in the industrial fight.

He is glad to see women among his auditors, and says: "It is well that women are taking an interest in the situation, and they will do their share in bringing sanity and justice back into the relations between capital and labor. Women will play a good part in getting the country back again

SHERMAN ROGERS
Lumberjack and lecturer

on a sound basis, for women are fundamentally right, while man it seems is always looking for about six per cent interest for himself, first."

Mr. Rogers speaks of the democratizing influence of the war, making many men "see a sunlight they never saw before," in the radiance of which the millionaire was shown that he was just the same as the mechanic when both were in their country's uniform. And this conviction was retained by him when he returned to the activities of peace. The widening of the gulf of class separation that started eight years ago, after having been open for sixty years, makes him personally "tickled to death," for, as he says, "It will straighten things out, not with war, fighting and bloodshed, but because capital and labor are becoming sane."

In all the time he was in the woods, with lumberjacks who worked ten hours a day and gave everything they had in them, the employers took that everything and put nothing back. He never saw a copy of the constitution there, nor any literature that would show the men that they were free and independent; that they had rights and could redress their wrongs by means of the ballot box. Then came Billy Haywood and energetic men like himself and put up a magnetic argument. They worked with the men and in a short time knew more about the camp than the bosses or the workers. The different groups of the I. W. W. hated each other, but they worked together for a principle, whereas Rogers says he had never seen a district where all classes of capital worked together like that. While the agitators go before the men admitting that they get good wages, they point out how disproportionately more their employers are making out of their labor. Their talks are backed up with literature in the language of the man for whom it is intended.

In one of his lectures Mr. Rogers, by a concrete instance, showed how such disturbing propaganda can be counteracted. He told about one lumberman who prevented a strike by taking the men back to camp and spending fourteen hours laying every fact of his business freely and frankly before his men, and because he did so the I. W. W. was never able to call a strike, for the men knew that the I. W. W. arguments were wrong.

Minimizing the Bolshevik scare, Mr. Rogers says there are many thousands in this country who stir up discontent between employers and employes, and they are not all against the government either. "It is very true that many so-called radical labor leaders should be in jail," he goes on to say, "and it is also true that a lot of criminal profiteers should be there with them, and I really believe the profiteer is the more contemptible of the two, because he is better educated. The labor leader that took advantage of a nation struggling for existence should have been tried for treason, and the capitalists who criminally profited on the sacrifices of the American people should have been taken out and shot."

Mr. Rogers deprecates nonsensically condemning all laboring men for the evil-doing of a few radical leaders, as well as the denouncing of all capitalists as profiteers because a few of them are. He believes that ninety-five per cent of the employers of the country are honorable men, and that the same percentage of laboring men are right at heart.

Telling the truth on both sides, Mr. Rogers hammers into his hearers, is the sure cure for all of our industrial commotion. "Wherever there are half as many most telling the truth as there are out telling lies," he puts in, "agitation and Bolshevism will fade away like snow before a July sun."

* * * *

THAT would be a queer revenge indeed of the Irony of Fate if "votes for women" should have the result, as some predict, of dooming "tobacco next" to John Barleycorn as a victim of the Constitutional guillotine. Certainly it would be an ungrateful deal to State Senator Bloch of West Virginia, a knight errant of "My Lady Nicotine." For he was the



STATE SENATOR JESSE A. BLOCH OF WEST VIRGINIA

Blucher of the Waterloo that met the Anti-Suffragists of his state when victory was about to perch upon their banner. When a session of the West Virginia legislature was called, early this year, to consider the ratification of the woman suffrage amendment, Senator Bloch was absent from the state. Without his vote it seemed sure that suffrage would be defeated in West Virginia. Anti-Suffragists, taking advantage of the opportunity, attempted to finish matters before Bloch could arrive from Los Angeles. But their efforts were "Blocked." The hustling Republican Senator hurried homeward from the Pacific Coast. He obtained special trains. At the last stage of his journey aeroplanes were placed at his disposal. The newspapers made front-page stories of his flying trip. He arrived in time. With his assistance West Virginia was made one of the states favoring suffrage. From all parts of the country Senator Bloch received telegrams and letters by thousands. His energetic procedure made possible an earlier realization of the hopes of all believers in equality of the franchise without distinction of sex.

Hon. Jesse A. Bloch of Wheeling, West Virginia, was unanimously chosen for president of the Tobacco Merchants' Association of the United States at the meeting of its directors in New York last June. Previously he had been re-elected as president of the Independent Tobacco Manufacturers' Association. So now he is at the head of both the manufacturing and selling organizations of the tobacco industry. These

distinctions indicate that Mr. Bloch is a man both liked and respected by those who know him best in his business relations.

That he stands in equally high repute among his fellow-citizens of West Virginia is manifest from his election, in an exciting campaign two years ago, as state senator for the four-year term. Referring to this political triumph of Mr. Bloch, a tobacco trade journal, recording his selection as head of the Tobacco Merchants' Association while president of the Independent Tobacco Manufacturers Association, says:

"West Virginia is one of the states where it is not easy to obtain political success. There a man has to make good, he must prove his qualifications; he has to show energy, courage and good judgment; if he isn't a worker and a fighter, he won't get very far."



A. N. CANDEE
President for 1920 of the Direct Mail
Advertising Association

Seeing the tobacco business produces men of Mr. Bloch's stamp, the ladies who don't like the pipe for themselves might do well to go slow before driving the death tumbrel to the door of her aromatic majesty the "Queen of Pleasance."

* * * *

THIS is an unusual convention—everyone seems so serious."

Such was the common remark at the Direct Mail and House Order convention recently held in Detroit. As a matter of fact the gathering was out of the class of the ordinary. More than five hundred men and women from all parts of the United States and Canada registered at the Board of Commerce seemingly for one purpose—to give and receive ideas.



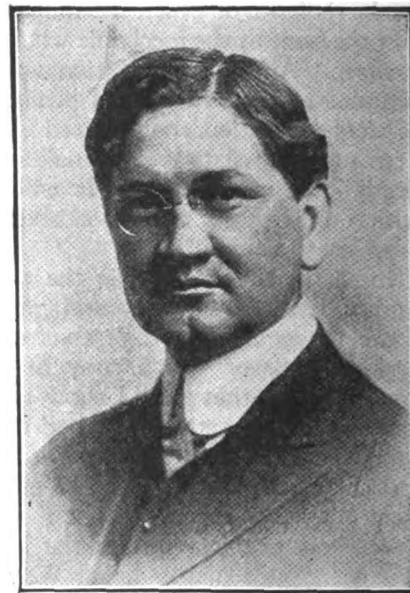
O. A. BROCK
Sales and Advertising Manager Keystone
Steel & Wire Company, Peoria, Illinois

From the opening of the convention by President A. N. Candee to the awarding of the Eagle-Attendance trophy to Charlotte, Michigan, and adjournment with the announcement of the unanimous choice of Mr. Joseph Meadon as the 1921 president, the third annual convention of the Direct Mail Advertising Association and House Organ Editors was decidedly one of the most profitable and enjoyable gatherings that the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World have ever staged.

With President Meadon, head of the Franklin Press, Detroit, the other officers elected for next year were the following: Vice-president, F. W. Hunt, Canada; secretary, Louis Balsam, Lewis Manufacturing Company, Walpole, Massachusetts; treas-

urer, Frank L. Pierce, Remington Typewriter Company, New York; directors: Robert E. Ramsay, American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Massachusetts; Robert C. Fay and Robert Smith Company, Lansing, Michigan.

The La Salle letter trophy, a work in bronze done by a pupil of Rodin and offered to the member whose business letters showed the best form and style and produced the most tangible results in dollars, was awarded to R. H. Orthoefer, Jeffrey Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. It was announced that the winning letter had "brought home the bacon" to the tune of \$75,000 in business. Prizes were also voted to Vernon E. Vining and H. J. Ditterick, Detroit; C. P. Ufford, Akron, Ohio; W. C. Kerr, Chicago, and H. H. Squires, Sandusky, Ohio, for ideas submitted in the "swap-fest" and



FRANK L. PIERCE
Treasurer for 1921 of the Direct Mail
Advertising Association

regarded as helpful to the membership as a whole. The banner for the largest pro rata delegation at the convention went to Charlotte, Michigan.

President Candee, in his speech opening the convention, stressed the value of the spotlight of publicity in the settling of labor disputes. He stated that the labor union that was right and dared advertise all the facts of the case would be adjudged right by the public, but that no union would dare advertise its side of the argument were it insincere or fighting for an unjust cause. (This sentiment coincides with the "truth" preachments of "Lumberjack" Rogers.) The principle thus stated was echoed in some of the selling maxims elicited in convention discussions. Thus: "Manager insists that literal statements and only absolute truth be told in booklets."

One of the most significant actions taken by the convention was the unanimous approval of the resolutions adopted by the United Typothetae of America at its St. Louis convention. These called for standardization of paper and all printing machinery, and pointed out the economic necessity of such if prices were to be stabilized.

A diverting feature of the meeting was the play originally given at the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and here repeated for the benefit of a packed house of convention members and Detroit citizens. It was entitled, "Putting the Sales Story Across by Direct Advertising." This little play reproduced a scene so common in many



P. C. LEFFEL
With the Chicago Mill & Lumber
Company

concerns that it seemed to hit home with every advertising man in the audience. It represented an attempt by the advertising and sales force of the Direct Auto and Tire Company to sell a direct advertising campaign to the president of the corporation, and the many "whys" and "wherefores" that had to be explained brought in a large array of specialists, each of whom elucidated his own part in the campaign. With the assistance of every individual the "idea" was finally sold to the chief executive, who then referred the matter to his board of directors—in this case the audience, which ratified the deal with one uproarious "Aye."



ROBERT E. RAMSAY
With American Writing Paper Company,
Holyoke, Massachusetts

On the second day of the three-day meeting the annual banquet was held at the Statler hotel. The speaker of the even-

ing was Mr. Harry Collins Spillman, author of "Personality" and manager of the school department of the Remington Typewriter Company. His theme was "Personality as a Basic Factor in Selling." Mr. Spillman gave an inspirational talk that must have struck home. It was indeed a plea for a more forward-looking program in business life—for the application of all that reflects good ethics to business problems, not merely because these principles are ethical but because they redound to success. Mr. Spillman referred to the Bible as the greatest sales manual ever written and to Paul as the first direct advertiser in his various epistles.

An unusually good musical program was given by the orchestra and quartets from the J. L. Hudson stores, supplemented with a number of selections by a colored quartet.



U. LYNN SUMNER
Vice-president of Woman's Institute of
Domestic Arts and Science



JUNE WALKER AND CHARLES CHERRY IN "SCANDAL"

"SCANDAL," the play by Cosmo Hamilton, which has been running at Plymouth Theater, Boston, was tested in New York and Chicago for nearly two years, and is now proving to the Bay State that it is one of the cleverest of "bed-room" comedies, with a real plot. "Practice makes perfect," and as Frank Bacon said of "Light'n,"—"On the opening night the actors were a bit shaky, every one was nervous, for they were consciously playing to the carping critic and first-night skeptics—but now being well on its third year, the mechanism is perfected and the whole runs smooth, but in no rut and with no lack of energy and interest that are wont sometimes to spoil the best play after a long run." The same may be said of "Scandal."

This vehicle provides a splendid frame for Charles Cherry, who is quite familiar to Boston audiences, and in the light drama of today there is no actor more expert. His well-trained voice, splendid enunciation and ease of manner enhance his ability as an artist. The management is to be congratulated on the happy choice of their new co-star, Miss June Walker. Although young and possibly without the stage experience of Miss Larimore, she is refreshingly free from Miss Larimore's mannerisms and affectations of speech, and in her *ingenieuite* one forgets the actress in one's intense interest in the girl.

The story, "for the benefit of the few who haven't seen it," concerns the escapades of a sprightly, wilful, and vivacious young girl. She is first discovered (by the audience) in the suite of an interesting bachelor, and when later she is found by her irate and excited parents she announces that the bachelor is her husband, whereupon their fears are quelled, and they not only take him to their hearts, but to their home as well. The second act is in the little vixen's bedroom, and after the family bids them a fond good-night, a very interesting scene ensues.

The last act, which I believe to be by far the cleverest, transpires in the bachelor's charming country home, where they are living to all appearances as man and wife, and where he has brought her to train her a bit, and make her endure a few pangs of remorse for her rash act, in the hope of bringing her to her senses. She remains tantalizingly fascinating and indifferent, until at last they both capitulate, marry, and live happily ever after.

—CARLETON HARPER.

The Story of the Texas Trail Drivers

Being a little known fragment of interesting frontier life, revealing how the brave and intrepid Texas cow-punchers made the first real conquest of the Indian and the outlaw—and made civilization, commerce and industry possible in the Lone Star State

THE Old Time Trail Drivers' Association of Texas is an organization of erstwhile Texas cowboys who went "up the trail" to the North during the years intervening between 1867 and 1895 with herds of Texas cattle and horses for which they were seeking a market. This was the beginning of the live-stock industry in the Southwest.

During the time referred to, 35,000 men made the trip, literally fighting their way through snow-storms and droughts, besides running the gauntlet of Indian warfare and possible massacre. Of the original survivors of the Trail there are a few left; but the list of those who died at the post of duty, with their boots on, is legion, concerning whose brave deeds history is silent. It was to perpetuate the heroism of those living and dead that the Old Trail Drivers' Association was organized by George W. Saunders in 1915, with only a few of the original trail drivers present. The Association now has a membership of nearly a thousand, and a monument one hundred feet high will soon be erected in honor of the men who made the cattle industry of Texas possible.

Briefly, the two preceding paragraphs tell a story of Texas history which, for valor and endurance, is without a parallel; and yet had it not been for the work of George W. Saunders, veteran cow-puncher and trail driver, the story of the Texas cowboys who died or were killed on the plains of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska or Montana would have been lost. By writing his memoirs in the form of "The Trail Drivers of Texas" he has added a chapter to American history worthy of a place alongside of Roosevelt's "Winning of the West."

Imagine, if you can, driving a herd of 1,500 to 3,000 cattle and horses fifteen hundred miles to market, against the biting wind and sleet, swimming swollen streams or almost perishing of thirst; encountering bands of hostile Indians, only to fight your way through their lines, and one can gain some idea of what it meant to "go up the trail" from 1867 to 1895. But, strange as it may seem, during those years Texas cowboys drove an average of 350,000 cattle to the markets of Dodge City, Abilene, Kansas, and Baxter Springs. During the twenty-eight years that the trail was open, 9,800,000 cattle and a million horses were sent up the trail. These figures are given simply to show that the business of going "up the trail" assumed the proportions of a great industry, yet few people realize the part played by the old-time trail drivers in the development of Texas and the cattle business.

Before the advent of railroads, the marketing of cattle was a problem that confronted the men who undertook the raising of cattle in Texas. The great expanse of unsettled domain was ideal for the business. No wire fences limited the range, and grass was waist high; and cattle roamed freely over the hills and valleys of Texas. The long-horn was in the hey-day of his glory. The limitless range, extending from Kansas to the Gulf, offered ample opportunities to the man with nerve and determination. There being no fences, he allowed his cattle to scatter over the range, but at times he would round them up and throw them back in the vicinity of headquarters. In the spring, the big "round up" took place, when all the cowmen would participate, coming together at a stated time, gather all the cattle on the range and brand their respective herds. If a cow was found unbranded, and there was any

evidence that she belonged to some cowman not present, the owner was notified and given a chance to claim his animal. There was an absence of greed and selfishness in the cattle business, for the men who chose that means of livelihood were big-hearted, whole-souled fellows; but where a man was suspected of being a thief he was given a chance to get out of the country without much delay, for every cowman was a law unto himself.

Cattle raising being the principal industry, little attention was given to farming. Beef and all kinds of game were to be had for the asking or the killing. Mustang ponies furnished mounts for the cowmen, and these horses proved their value as an aid to the cattle industry. A good rider could break a mustang to the saddle in



GEORGE W. SAUNDERS

Wearing a typical ranchman's regalia. Despite an intensely busy career, Mr. Saunders found time to write one of the most epoch-making books of his time. In addition to his cattle-commission business he manages four ranches and a seven-hundred-acre farm near San Antonio.

I HAVE seen and participated in many unpleasant things during my sixty years of active life, but I think they are best forgotten. I do not think it would be amiss, however, to mention some of the hardships and examples of self denial endured by the people of the early days. During the Civil War our family and all our neighbors were compelled to make almost everything they used or wore. All ropes were made from hides or horse hair, all of our clothing was spun and woven at home, and I have carded and spun many nights until late bed-time. Leather was tanned by the settlers with bark from oak trees and used to rig saddles and for other purposes. Our shoes were made by country shoemakers; our saddle-trees were made at home; we used water from creeks and rivers. Before the country was stocked all the streams contained pure water. We carried corn in sacks on horse-back fifteen to twenty-five miles to mills to be ground into meal, or ground the corn at home with small hand grist mills. Wagons, ox yokes, looms and spinning wheels were made at home; hats were plaited and made from Palmetto. The rich and poor in our days were on equal footing, because these necessities could not be bought. As I look back to those times I am impressed with the marvelous changes time has wrought. The people of those good old days were brave and fearless, but if a high powered automobile had gone speeding through the country at night with its bright headlights glaring, and its horn screeching, I am sure the inhabitants would have taken to the brush, thinking it was some supernatural monster.

From "The Trail Drivers of Texas"
By George W. Saunders

short order, and for endurance these Spanish ponies had no equal. Then loomed the problem of finding a market for the increasing herds of cattle that were being produced in South and Southwest Texas. In Texas there was no demand for the beef and hides of the long-horn, but in other states where the population was greater they were needed. Then it was that some far-seeing cowman conceived the idea of transporting his cattle where the demand existed, and in this way trail-driving started. A few herds were driven to Abilene, Kansas, to Dodge City and Baxter Springs; and the results were so satisfactory that everybody soon began sending their herds "up the trail." The drives were attended by many dangers, as a great portion of the route was through a region infested with Indians and outlaws, and many times the redskins carried off the scalps of the venturesome cowboys.

Trail driving continued until the coming of the railroads, and gradually the cow-puncher whose delight was to "go up the trail" was compelled to accompany his herd by train and given the privilege of "tailing them up" when the cattle got down in the stock cars.

With the closing of the trail in 1895 the long-horn gave place to the white face Hereford; the free range passed, and in its stead came the barbed-wire fence. The Texas cattlemen formed an association for mutual benefit and protection known as the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association; and it was at one of the regular annual meetings of this organization that George W. Saunders proposed an association to be composed of the men who went "up the trail," and the suggestion met with popular favor. During the first year the Association gained a membership of more than five hundred.

The ranks of the original trail drivers are getting thinner, but they are still scattered from Texas to the Canadian border and from California to New York. Hundreds of them are now millionaires, but luck has not been with all of them.

But few people realize the important part these early trail drivers played in the development of Texas and the cattle industry. Indeed it is not too much to say that without these sturdy, courageous individuals there would have been no Texas or cattle industry either.

At the close of the Civil War Texas was in a deplorable state financially, though her ranches were overstocked with cattle. It was not so much a question of making money as it was finding a market for the surplus stock at any price. There was little money in the country, and no

Continued on page 380

Not charity, but work is needed

How to Relieve Afflicted Europe

Henry P. Davison, Red Cross leader, tells of America's obligation to Europe and outlines plan for rehabilitation



WHILE under the flag of the Red Cross, Mr. Henry P. Davison has led campaigns in many countries that have given him an opportunity of observing world conditions such as few men have had.

Under the leadership of Mr. Davison the American Red Cross did its unparalleled work during the war. The one thing that European nations never forget, no matter how high political or racial feeling runs, is the work of the Red Cross, representing the voluntary contributions of the American nation for the welfare of other peoples in distress and suffering.

Several trips to Europe since the war, in connection with his duties as chairman of the World Red Cross League, have given him the opportunity of knowing conditions from personal observations. The keynote of his addresses since his latest trip abroad has been pitched to bring the American public to a realizing sense of their obligation to and opportunity to assist nations. He puts obligation beyond all else, and his work has the real missionary spirit, based on the three practical propositions of common decency, self protection, and good business, above all giving a correct understanding of the country.

The spirit of the Red Cross is basic with Mr. Davison, as he insists we cannot let the starving peoples die, but must help them to feed themselves. They need agricultural implements, seeds, and raw materials of all kinds to build up again. It is a proposition of just going on their notes, so to speak, for a number of years and helping them out.

When they make an appeal for fifty million dollars for food and provisions we respond; in other words, are ready to offer succor in their distress.

"But why not cure and prevent the conditions that cause this distress?" Mr. Davison asks. A well-ordered business proposition, free from any aspect of charity, is the essence of Mr. Davison's plan to meet present day conditions in Europe.

It is not charity, but work that is wanted and a return to normal conditions, eliminating the wild, mad delirium of profiteering that always follows war conditions.

For the people of one country to take advantage of another's condition, in securing property at ruinous discount and unfair values, will leave in its wake a feeling of hatred. As Arthur Balfour has said, "The calamity following hard on the war seems almost worse than the war itself."

Mr. Davison graphically describes his feelings, upon his return home after his last visit abroad:

Returning to the United States a few weeks ago with all these horrors ringing in my ears, I found myself once more in a land whose granaries were overflowing, where health and plenty abounded, and where life and activity and eager enterprise were in the full flood. And though I well know of a hundred disturbing problems, I heard of no hunger cries. No American children were dying in their mother's arms for lack of milk or bread.

I asked myself—What if this plague and famine were here in the great territory between the Atlantic Seaboard and the Mississippi Valley, which roughly parallels the extent of these ravaged countries, and that sixty-five million of our own people condemned to idleness for lack of raw material and whose fields had been devastated by invasion and rapine, were racked by starvation and pestilence, and if we lifted our voices and invoked the attention of our brothers in happier Europe to our own deep miseries and our cries had fallen on deaf ears, would we not in our despair exclaim against their heartlessness?



Henry P. Davison at the Geneva (Switzerland) Red Cross Conference

And even if this calamity had befallen us because of the wrongdoing of our rulers, even if we were beset by partisan wrangles and torn by conflicting policies, would we not feel that the very magnitude of our disasters outweighed our faults and constituted a claim on the Christian humanity they had in common with ourselves? In my relations with the representatives of these stricken people of Europe I heard no bitter words about America. I attempted through various relations to plumb their feelings.

Invariably the replies ran something like this: "Well, we don't understand you, and then, again, we know you are very busy."

The practical and constructive genius of Mr. Davison naturally compelled people to ask him on every hand, "What shall we do?" and in response he submitted a well-defined plan.

It provided that Congress should appropriate a sum not to exceed five hundred million for the use of central and eastern Europe, and call upon the President to appoint a non-political commission of three Americans distinguished for character and executive ability to proceed at once and survey conditions in those regions looking toward the restoration of those countries, free from all local interference and governmental politics. The plan was not to charge interest for the first three years and to make the rate six per cent for the succeeding three years, with provision that such interest might be funded if economic conditions did not approach normal, or exchange conditions were so adverse as to make payments burdensome. The maturity of the obligation he would fix at fifteen years from its date, believing that there would be no doubt as to its final payment. In the plan he would have other governments in a position to assist invited to participate in the undertaking.

He mentioned such men as Mr. Hoover, Secretary of the Interior, General Pershing, and others of like character, indicative of the personnel of the Commission.

* * *

The situation is one that goes beyond the scope of individual charity, and Mr. Davison felt confident that Great Britain, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, Spain and Japan would all unite and help in this work.

Such financial co-ordination would naturally influence every nation to help others in carrying the common burden.

Necessity of some immediate action in this matter is convincing upon the direct evidence from the Red Cross reports.

Think of 2,400,000 refugees and stricken people in Poland alone at one time, more than the total number of American soldiers in France. Detailed reports from every country would indicate that the Old World is indeed in the throes of disease, sickness and discouragement, but the sun shines the same and the yield of the fields and the product of the factories would soon equal and even surpass those of the peaceful days if something could be done to help them start.

The new free commonwealths in Europe have brought with them the hope of democracy, but they must have food and work.

Mr. Davison has always been an optimistic American. His faith and sublime confidence in the American people brought a quick and ready response in his first appeals for the stupendous work he outlined for the Red Cross. Irrespective of any obligation he insists that we find ourselves the only country possessed of many of the supplies which Europe needs and which cannot be purchased or given in sufficient volume on purchase. That is why the peoples themselves of the other countries would be willing to assume these obligations as co-partners with their governments on the condition that politics of every nature and description must be eliminated from the handling of this gigantic undertaking. It is beyond the power of private enterprise to cope with the situation, and Mr. Davison is firmly convinced that it is through the governments, that is, the people of the governments, that the tide can be turned from distress and discredit to firm faith and fraternal co-operation, man to man, woman to woman, exemplifying the old basic and never-failing plan of helping others to help themselves as a form of the greatest helpfulness to humankind.

The conditions are here, but mere theories alone will not solve the situation. The very same reason that impelled the United States to enter the war—that is, self-protection, as well as humanitarian purpose—will bring the people of the United States to an understanding of some constructive plan that will meet the problems fairly and squarely. This is no time for dodging or evading clearly-defined responsibilities, international as well as national.

The corner stone of the American Red Cross, in time of peace, is that of health service. Red Cross membership dollars mean public health nurses, health centers, classes in dietetics, classes in home care of the sick, well-baby clinics, instruction in first aid, home assistance for service and ex-

service men, work with the crippled and disabled, recreation leaders, community welfare leaders, care for the unfortunate. In common with all of the public and private health agencies of the United States, the Red Cross stands upon the following platform:

"To overcome the physical defects which handicap thirty per cent of our population.

"To prevent the 650,000 unnecessary deaths from communicable diseases.

"To save the thousands of mothers and babies that annually die because of ignorance or neglect.

"To promote health in order to maintain a high standard of physical manhood and womanhood in our country."

In 1917 approximately 1,500,000 persons died in the United States. It has been estimated that 630,000 of these deaths were unnecessary; that if medical science had been allowed to operate under conditions of its own choosing, the total number of deaths would have been somewhere about 870,000.

The records of the surgeon general of the United States show that, of every thousand men called for military service in the war, 468 were defective, and about 333 unfit for service. Again, it is calculated that half of the rejected men would have been strong and well had they been given proper medical attention in childhood, and had each been trained in personal hygiene.

Fighting the mosquito, as one of the most active propagators of disease, is among the most important functions of the Red Cross. Campaigns in Harrison county, Mississippi, in 1917 and 1918, reduced cases of malaria from 1582 in 1916 to 457 in 1919, and in the first six months of 1920 only 77 cases were reported. In the same three years typhoid was pulled down from 85 to 35, with only seven cases for the first half of 1920. This little war cost \$134,403.35 but, if it were possible to compute the monetary savings in medical attendance, medicine, burial of dead, time lost through illness, etc., a very impressive cash profit could be shown.

* * *

What of the public health nurse? Any form of community work in which the health of the public is concerned is hers. Her problem is combined in the nursing of the sick and the protection of the well against sickness. She is found in schools, homes, playgrounds, industries, department stores and factories—in the tenements of the poor and the homes of the well-to-do. Her work lies in small towns and big cities, in desolate rural districts and lonely mountain regions. She teaches mothers how to look after their babies and school children how to take care of their bodies.

One of the summer activities of the American Red Cross has been the establishment of first aid stations at big county fairs. Babies were weighed and measured and the mothers given advice about their feeding and care. Babies were left to take naps in the stations while their mothers enjoyed the racing and other attractions. Some of the stations were furnished with home nursing equipment, and books on home care of the sick and dietetics were sold.

How greatly this work is valued is evidenced by the fact that great railroad systems and many of the largest industrial corporations have taken up first aid instruction, through the American Red Cross making it part of the training of their men.

Well-baby clinics have been instituted by many towns and counties. These better-baby campaigns are not to tell people what to do for their sick babies, they are intended to discover defects of which the parents have never dreamed. Competent doctors and trained nurses go over the little bodies inch by inch. In this way the sources of incipient maladies, that if undiscovered now would in later years have fruitage of disease and mayhap premature death, are detected and remedied. Some times it has been found advisable to offer prizes for babies having the most regular attendance at the clinics and showing the greatest improvement in condition within a given time. Otherwise the clinics are not in the category of baby shows.

*Searching for liquid gold***World-famous Geologist and Engineer****By EVERETT
LLOYD***Dr. H. J. Von Hagen has located hundreds of producing oil wells—his discoveries, magical as they seem, have added millions to the wealth of the world*

THE magician with his wand finds a counterpart in the modern successful and scientific geologist. We use the term, "successful and scientific," advisedly, for be it known there are geologists and *geologists*. There are quack geologists the same as quack doctors; and of the former the Texas oil fields have had their quota; and each new discovery of oil seems to breed an entirely new volunteer crop—fakers who know as little about the structural formation of oil bearing strata as a cigar store Indian knows about the modern drama; and for this reason it is refreshing to encounter a real man of science who has devoted his life to the scientific development and exploration of the oil industry and who has made the world richer by his work.

Dr. H. J. Von Hagen, one of the world's greatest living geologists and petroleum engineers, occupies the same position in the oil industry that Herbert Hoover and John Hays Hammond occupy in the mining world. Going a little further we might add that his relation to the petroleum industry and to big oil enterprises is similar to that of Roger W. Babson's service to industrial and corporate finance. Large corporations will not make certain undertakings until they have obtained Babson's statistical service; and there are many of the large oil companies that will not undertake drilling operations until Dr. Von Hagen has either made or approved the "location." His success in locating paying producers has been so phenomenal he has acquired the title of the "wizard of the oil industry."

Dr. Von Hagen is a keen and successful business executive who backs his judgment with his money and gets in every field that he recommends as an actual producer and developer. This is notably true in the new San Antonio and Southwest Texas fields, where Dr. Von Hagen and his associates have large holdings which they are now developing, and which, according to him, will be the scene of the greatest oil development Texas has ever known. Many foresee in this activity a gradual shifting of the oil industry from North Central Texas to the new Southwest Texas fields.

Few of us realize the importance of the work of the modern petroleum engineer and what huge investments sometimes hinge on his report—whether favorable or unfavorable. His clients may live in New York or Montana, and want a report on certain properties in Texas, Mexico or China. Here is where the expert ability of the geologist comes in. On his "say so" the deal is either closed or turned down. His word is final. With all his technical ability he must be a great business man, for upon his recommendation investments and expenditures running into millions are made, so it is not surprising that great engineers like Herbert Hoover and Von Hagen should at the same time be supreme business men.

Dr. H. J. Von Hagen is a Ph.D. of Heidelberg, and since his graduation his work has taken him to every important oil field in the world. Among his clients have been some of the largest American and European oil companies, notably the Royal Dutch Shell, the Ennis Petroleum Corporation and the Atlantic Oil & Gas Company, the George H. Johnson interests and many others. Just now Dr. Von Hagen is centering his interests in the Ennis Oil Corporation and the Atlantic Oil & Gas Company, both of the companies having large acreage in the Texas fields. The Ennis Oil Corporation is a five-million-

dollar company, with thirty-eight thousand acres of select acreage and a substantial production. This company is headed by Thomas A. Ennis, a well known New York banker who is also an experienced and successful oil operator.

Associated with Mr. Ennis and Dr. Von Hagen in the Ennis Oil Corporation are Jacob C. Stines. (Continued on page 376)

**DR. H. J. VON HAGEN**

One of the world's greatest living geologists and petroleum engineers, who has the distinction of having located more producing oil wells in different and widely scattered fields than any other geologist

THE INDIAN GIVER

By GOLDYE MIRIAM & PAUL M. SARAZAN

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Waverly Wiggins, an exceptionally handsome and well-built second lieutenant, but entirely without decision and with a near-mania for repudiating his word and judgment lest he hurt someone's feelings, steps in a swivel-chair job at the end of the war, thanks to his acquaintance with Mrs. Barney Carlton McGuire, a rather corpulent society butterfly, and wife of the president of the Rational Food Company. McGuire, short and pudgy, resents Mrs. McGuire's near-affection for Wiggins when he finds that, despite her age and Wiggins' youth, she is using the lad as an escort for afternoon dances. Moreover, he objects to paying Wiggins the unusually high salary that Mrs. McGuire demands. After Wiggins has been employed at the Rational offices for a year, he has fallen in love with Marjorie Lloyd, also an employee. Marjorie has promised to marry him. McGuire, unknowing of Wiggins' engagement to Marjorie, is thoroughly jealous of his wife, and has determined to get rid of Wiggins. He offers Waverly a chance to build up the Rational Company in the Texas oil fields, but Wiggins with characteristic indecision fails to decide. McGuire disgustedly orders him out of the office. Later, the McGuires find Waverly and Marjorie sitting knee-to-knee with a ouija board across their laps during office hours. McGuire furiously fires

Wiggins; but he is overruled by Mrs. McGuire, who places the entire blame on Marjorie. When Wiggins fails to take his share of the blame, stammers, and is entirely at a loss what to do, Marjorie casts a disdainful glance at his pitiful figure and hurries out of the room. It was a "last straw" move with her.

Later, stung to the realization that something must be done to cure Waverly of his Indian-giver instincts, Marjorie scornfully upbraids him for his indecision—and their engagement is broken. His soul storming, Wiggins accepts McGuire's Texas offer, and through his determination to cultivate decision and a stern disposition, earns the name of "Wild Fire Wiggins" enroute. In the Cornbleth Cake Company Waverly meets strong and disheartening competition.

Thirty days after Wiggins' departure, McGuire receives a telegram stating that Waverly has drawn on the Rational Food Company for ten thousand dollars with which to equip a complete baking plant to compete with the Cornbleth interests. Reluctantly, McGuire honors the draft. A day later McGuire is shocked to learn that Marjorie Lloyd has left New York to accept a responsible position with the Cornbleth Company in Texas.

HOW Waverly Wiggins, in a space of time shorter than two months, erected and perfected his project is a trifle beyond realization, and just on the border line of the impossible. There were sleepless nights and catless days, moments when his triple shift of carpenters, excavators, and sheet metal workers wouldn't work fast enough, and then he would pitch in himself, digging his own furnace, nailing his own timber, cutting his own galvanized iron. And while one crew was erecting the glass walls and top over the section of the bakery that was to serve as the cooking room, another shift was busy digging into the earth. When the digging was completed, there was a hole four feet deep, two hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. A layer of cement on the bottom and sides gave the hole the appearance of a large shallow swimming pool. And while the cement was drying, workmen were bringing the natural-gas mains closer and closer to the headquarters of the Rational Food Company of Texas, W. F. Wiggins, president!

By the time the gas fixtures had been installed, the big swimming pool looked like a honeycomb with two hundred sprouts that resembled a carefully planned field of young green onions. And over this queer arrangement of cement and gas jets Wiggins placed twenty separate strips of stove iron, each section so fitted as to slide outward to the right to almost its length. On this side Mr. Wiggins ordered dug a trench, about three feet deep and ten feet wide. The result was that various "loaders" could walk in comfort between the rows of plate depositing the receptacles which held the dough from which Wiggins' product would be produced. In reality he had designed nothing more than a giant gas stove.

To say the least, Mr. Wiggins' invention was original; but even in view of the ratio of payment per word it is unfair to divulge entirely Waverly Wiggins' method of baking bread. Let the dear reader who wants to compete with Wiggins take a run down to Grainger and see the big stove in operation. A hot-house arrangement of glass makes this possible. And this unusual type of building in the heart of the oil fields would naturally obviate the necessity of a guide. At any rate, it didn't take Alexander Cornbleth long to peer through the glass walls of the baking room and see the two-hundred-jet

octopus that was being built by one Wiggins to bake "sun-kissed bread." But Old Man Cornbleth knew how to play his cards. He awaited the arrival of Marjorie Lloyd. And it was the latter who wrote the following letter to Waverly Wiggins:

Dear Mr. Wiggins: A matter that concerns both the Cornbleth Cake Company and the Rational Food Company is before me. As our mutual interests can be protected by co-operative action, will you please call at this office at 4 P.M. tomorrow.

Yours truly,

*MARJORIE LLOYD,
Assistant to Mr. Cornbleth.*

Waverly read the note almost to the end before he noticed the signature. At first he was constrained to believe that it was a coincidence; that it couldn't be possible that Marjorie had come to Texas. What if she had? The thought grieved him. It was all right for her to tell him that she didn't want him. But for her to come all the way to Grainger with the sole intention of retarding him in his purpose! He hated to think about it. Hoping against hope that the writer of his invitation was another Marjorie Lloyd, he caught himself at the same time almost cherishing the idea that it might be her. For even a glance would be a glimpse of heaven.

Marjorie almost cried for joy when the boy returned saying, "Mr. Wiggins said to tell you he'd be here."

Wiggins had a half desire about nine o'clock that night to stroll by the offices of the Cornbleth Company to see if he could see anything of Marjorie. But he refused to allow himself to grant the wish.

When four o'clock finally came, Waverly entered the office of A. Cornbleth, as it was marked on the door. To his surprise he found a young chap with a college-trained moustache sitting in a well-furnished room. This person seemed to be a trifle stouter than Waverly. If he had been born and raised in Grainger he didn't show it. He would have made a good type for the movies, Waverly thought.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Cornbleth for four," Wiggins said.

"I'm Mr. Cornbleth," answered the young man. "So you are 'Wild Fire Wiggins,' according to the Dallas Dispatch. Well, I'm glad to

Concluding our story of
an American lad who gave
and took back everything
except his heart

Copyright, 1920, by Joe Mitchell Chapple

meet you, Mr. Wiggins." With that he arose and extended his hand. They shook hands formally. "Won't you have a seat?" invited Cornbleth.

Wiggins sat down.

"Mr. Wiggins," began the other fellow, adjusting himself behind his desk, "you'll pardon me if I seem a bit personal. But in order to know how to go about what I want to say, may I ask what are your plans for Grainger?"

Waverly reflected a moment. Where is Marjorie Lloyd? he was thinking. How could he ask about her without arousing suspicion? He decided to delay his own question and answer Cornbleth's by saying:

"I'm here to bring the advantages of the Rational Food Company to the oil fields. My plant is almost ready. How I intend to go about my work is something I do not care to discuss with a competitor."

"Now just wait a moment," Cornbleth rejoined with a pleasant smile. "Let's pretend we're old college chums. Maybe we are frat brothers. Who can tell? We can accomplish a whole lot more by not getting dramatic. What I want to do, Mr. Wiggins, is to make you a proposition. It's a deal that you ought to accept for your own interests. I mean your personal interests. Are you interested?"

"Go ahead."

Cornbleth smiled again. Wiggins was almost inclined to admire his good nature. "I see you want to be New Yorkish," commented Alexo. "But, anyway, here's what I'll do. I want you to help me run this company. I'll pay you as much as you're worth. Would a straight salary interest you?"

"That's the only way I'd want it," said Wiggins dryly.

"Good line," laughed Cornbleth. "But let's say, for the sake of something upon which we can figure, ten thousand a year and six per cent of the profits. That ought to give you close to fifteen thousand a year, providing we can carry out my ideas for the expansion of the Cornbleth interests."

Cornbleth waited for a remark from Wiggins, but the latter's face was absolutely blank.

"You're a New Yorker, all right," chuckled Cornbleth. "Never saw one yet that talked—always make the other fellow do the talking. All right, I'll do the talking. I'm willing to go sixty per cent of the way any time. Here's what I

want you to do: let me take over that mass of iron, glass and concrete. I'll pay you every cent it cost you. You can return the money to your boss. You see, Wiggins, I know that you're only a salaried man. I know that you are looking out for your own ends. Moreover, listen to this: If you think you can put anything over in the way of new ideas in bread mixture, you are mistaken. I've got the person who originated the formulas for your own Rational Food Company. I've got the equipment here. Moreover, I'm going to launch the greatest advertising campaign in the history of the baking business in the South. What chance have you got to buck me? I've got you licked before you start. I've got your own formulas, better equipment, better distribution and better advertising. You can't succeed. And yet, I offer you a job at approximately fifteen thousand a year on a five-year contract. I offer to enable you to return every cent of the money you spent in building, to your boss. You've got everything to gain and nothing to lose by coming with me. And I give you my word of honor that everything I have said to you is absolutely honest and frank. Now give me a square deal and tell me frankly if you want to take up my proposition."

Wiggins reflected a moment. "You say Miss Lloyd is here and is going to help you," he mused. Cornbleth replied by rising, walking across the room, and opening a door.

"Miss Lloyd," he called.

And Marjorie Lloyd walked into the office. She looked at Wiggins with an uncertain gaze. "How do you do, Mr. Wiggins," she said with undue formality.

It was the same manner she had used in the offices of the Rational. How often had old McGuire called her in for bread-men to find her just as baffling as at present. Wiggins' impulse was to speak what was in his heart, to find out if she still cared. But he merely said:

"How are you?"

Cornbleth again took up the conversation in his easy-going way. "Yep, Wiggins," said he. "Here's Miss Lloyd, the best formula girl ever employed by your concern. You see, I know something about the baking business. I went to Columbia. I followed McGuire ever since he owned a small shop out on Third Avenue. Here's the person I've got to help me make your bread taste as bum in comparison to yours as you told my father our bread tasted in comparison to what yours would be.

"You and Miss Lloyd probably know each other. You can work together very well. She'll help you. Now won't you change your mind about your declaration of independence and all that stuff that went with it?"

Waverly looked at Marjorie. She was watching him. She was watching every move he made, waiting for him to speak, and he remembered another time when she was waiting for him to declare himself.

"Won't you be glad to work with Mr. Wiggins, Miss Lloyd?" asked Cornbleth, turning to Marjorie.

"Yes," said she. "I'd be delighted. Your proposition is very fair. Mr. Wiggins can't lose. I'm sure he will be glad to take back what he said about the Cornbleth bread and there's no doubt but that he will find it easy to change his plans."

Wiggins could have fought tigers when he heard her say "change his plans." He was enraged to think that the girl he had loved would make him the butt of a sarcastic remark which only the two of them could appreciate. But through a miracle, he controlled himself.

"Well, just what did I say, or lead you to believe that you want me to take back?" he asked Cornbleth very calmly.

"Oh," replied Cornbleth. "You said such ridiculous things as that you were going to put the Rational on the map in the South; that our bread was rotten."

"And that's all you want me to take back?" questioned Wiggins. He took a step toward the outer door. Then he turned and said: "I'll take it back to this extent. See if this will do. He took another step, and just as he was ready to walk out the door, he turned and said:

"I don't think your bread is rotten. I think it is the most putrid combination of cheap flour and water ever dignified with the name *bread*. And so far as putting the Rational on the map in Texas is concerned, I can't do that. It's already done. My bread goes on sale day after tomorrow, and I've already provided for an output of two thousand loaves per day—two hundred loaves baked fresh every two hours. Put that in your oven and bake it."

Wiggins walked out.

Cornbleth sank back in his chair, biting his lower lip.

Marjorie Lloyd made a hasty exit, got away all by herself, and cried for joy.

During the month that followed, Wiggins had seen Marjorie exactly five times. First, when he responded to her request to join in the consultation at Cornbleth's office. Then, when they had rubbed shoulders while buying stamps at the post office. The exchange of greetings amounted to a mere nod of the head. But it was the third time that hurt Waverly the most.

He had just finished a hasty evening meal and was hurrying back to the Rational offices when he saw Marjorie and her escort approaching. As the couple came nearer, Waverly identified young Cornbleth. The latter was overly polite, a little inclined to want to stop and chat, but Marjorie gazed blankly across the street. Wiggins took very little interest in Cornbleth's chatter. He was looking penetratingly at Marjorie. She turned her head, and their eyes met. She dropped her gaze.

"But the good people of Grainger will have a few more years to live now that Miss Lloyd is in charge of the kitchen," Cornbleth was saying, indulgently.

"That's the first logical thing I ever heard you say," commented Wiggins. "On behalf of the Rational, I'd like for Miss Lloyd to take charge of my kitchen," he went on, speaking slowly and very distinctly, at the same time watching the effect of his words on Marjorie's face.

A brief and awkward silence.

"Well, we'll be late for the movie," Marjorie spoke up, as if to change the subject. "Anyway, Mr. Wiggins might be inclined to take back his liking if the boss of the Rational ever came down this way." She hadn't looked at Wiggins when she spoke.

"Yes, you don't stand very well with Mr. McGuire," quickly added Waverly. "The morning's mail was very enlightening."

Marjorie looked up. "What did he say?" she asked.

Wiggins hesitated. "Among other things, he said you were the best judge of a public's taste that he knew of."

"What else, Waa—, Mr. Wiggins?"

Cornbleth laughed his refined little laugh. "I'll have that on the billboards," said he.

"He also said he'd go out of business before he ever let you back on the Rational payroll," Waverly supplemented.

The trio separated, Waverly walking in one direction, Marjorie and Cornbleth strolling off toward the picture show. It was that night that Wiggins wrote McGuire:

"Miss Lloyd seems determined to do her best for Cornbleth. But, as yet, I fail to find any difference in the bread baked by that concern. The fact stands that either they have lost the sale of 2,000 loaves of bread per week since we've started, or we've taught more people to eat bread. I think Cornbleth's got an advertising campaign

up his sleeve. I'm prepared to cover him when he starts. Week's receipts will run forty per cent over last."

Wiggins had seen Marjorie as she came out of the office of a local sign painter as the occasion for the fourth accidental meeting. They merely nodded. And the fifth meeting came two days after that, when almost every available billboard in Grainger and the surrounding territory was touting the merits of Rational bread. This time it was at the telegraph office. Wiggins tipped his hat pleasantly.

"I want to congratulate you," Marjorie said. "Your sales campaign is very nice. Who originated that 'nourishes Dixie like the dew' and 'Sun-Kist Bread'?"

"Oh," replied Waverly, off-handedly, "one of the men who laid the cement."

"They can't even speak English!" she said.

"Well, I guess the Indian Giver did it, then." She bit her lip. "That's what surprises me," she said earnestly. "Every morning I expect to wake up and find all that repudiated—at least I expect to see a red line drawn through the bread."

"That would be the bread-line, wouldn't it?" over-sweetly from Wiggins.

She gave her head a toss and went about her business.

If Barney McGuire, as he complacently fingered the neat, concise, and yet thoroughly sufficient report on his desk, thought Waverly Wiggins shared an equally gratifying feeling with respect to the success of the Rational, McGuire was far from right. It was true that Waverly's third month in Texas had seen the fulfillment of his promise to put over the Rational Food Company in the oil fields; but the elements coincident to that success had placed Wiggins in a serious mental state. As a matter of fact, Wiggins was stricken with a severe attack of heart-ache the minute he saw Marjorie Lloyd. If she had remained miles away, it would have been different. But to have her near—near enough to do her bit in thwarting his plans, and yet beyond his reach and plainly unresponsive to his love, was something that would have taxed the optimism of a stronger man than Waverly. Even when writing to McGuire he had tried to arouse his feelings against her. He couldn't do that. But he did succeed in making McGuire angry.

"For once you were right about something," McGuire told his better half upon receipt of Wiggins' letter. "Nobody could have told me that that girl would sell me out. My judgment's usually right on people. But the very one I expected to disappoint me has come across big; and the one I trusted played the traitor. So help me Lord, an ounce of loyalty is worth a million dollars' worth of cleverness, and when I get a chance to, I'm going to tell that girl—"

"Ignore her," interrupted Mrs. McGuire, with dignity. "That's the way to treat people like that. Wash your hands of her."

"But I don't like the idea of her working against 'Wild Fire.'"

"Oh, don't call him that. I don't like it."

"Well, I won't say that damn word Waverly. That name makes me want to fight."

"That's just the way you are—headstrong. You are not satisfied unless you have something to pick on. Now that you've got nothing else to dislike about the boy, you're finding fault with his name. It looks to me—"

A secretary, holding a telegram before her, entered the room in haste.

McGuire read the message. His face turned white. He handed the wire to his wife.

"God!" she exclaimed.

McGuire shook his head. "I'll go down at once," he said.

"We're both going," decided Hazel McGuire. "I believe they framed that boy. It's a plot,

and that girl is behind it. Let me see that message."

It was signed "Lloyd."

"That's her way of rubbing it in," she said spitefully. "We'll go down there and—"

"Wire them we're leaving at once," said McGuire to the stenographer.

If Marjorie had exaggerated in her telegram, the fault wasn't entirely her own. Fraught with worry, love, duty, and fatigue, the situation looked much more hopeless to her than if she had looked clearly at what had happened. But perhaps the lack of sleep had something to do with it. The night before she had barely turned out the light when the explosion reached her ears. It was nearly midnight. The oil wells were quiet. A woman's intuition and what she had heard Alexander predict led her to believe the worst. And it took but a glance out of her bedroom window to realize the truth. Waverly's plant was a mass of flames, the natural gas sending a red flame into the sky.

Her shock at seeing the form of Waverly was the most terrible part of it all. The crude ambulance, the hospital, half of the night by his side and the other half on her secret mission—all had made for exhaustion in the early hours of the morning. Had she known that outside of the broken glass framework, and the charred galvanized iron of the office, the plant was ready for operation, and the fact that Wiggins' injuries consisted only of a broken shoulder and a sprained ankle, she wouldn't have thrown such a pessimistic light on the event in her telegram to McGuire. But more than anything else, she worried about Waverly and whether he would forgive her. And what a relief it was to find that a single kiss brought them as near and dear to each other as ever before, and the love flowers bloomed prettier each of the two days thereafter.

"How did we get all this flour?" asked Wiggins, as he was rolled about the plant in the wheel-chair. "Most of it was water-soaked before that piece of metal fell."

Marjorie smiled. "Why, you bought that

almost a week ago, from the Cornbleth Company, on the night of the fire," she said. "I sold it to you. You'll find the stub in the check book in your pocket. You were afraid all the flour would burn up, so you bought some to be delivered as soon as the fire was out."

"But what does Cornbleth say?"

"He says he wouldn't have me back in his firm even if it was life or death. So I guess I'm about through in the bread world."

Wiggins grasped her hand and pressed it tightly. "As long as I'm in the bread business, you'll be there," he declared.

Marjorie looked him in the eye. "I believe you mean that," she said.

"I know damn well I mean it!"

McGuire arose from his chair. He walked over within two feet of Wiggins and pointing his finger, as if to emphasize his words, said:

"But not a ghost of a show with me as long as that girl is in any way connected with you. I gave her a chance to treat us fairly. I will not hear of her in the light of a life-saver. She wasn't working here to help you. Not a bit of it. She was here to hurt the Rational. When she saw us getting ahead, she decided to jump on the other side of the fence. You've got to—"

"Think of your own future, Waverly," interrupted Mrs. McGuire. "Don't try—"

"Pardon me if I interrupt," said Wiggins. "But my answer is ready and has been ready for twenty minutes. I am going to call in Miss Lloyd in order to be fair with her before going on record one way or the other. Please call her," he said to McGuire. "She's in the next room."

The boss hesitated a moment, went toward the door to see it open. Marjorie stepped inside the room. "I won't fool you," she said. "I've heard every word that was said and realize that I am not wanted, and am only serving to be a millstone around Mr. —"

"Just a minute," broke in Wiggins. "I can speak for myself, Miss Lloyd. Mr. and Mrs. McGuire, my reply is ready. I am ready to sacrifice for you. But I won't sacrifice the girl

I love. Miss Lloyd goes with me as wife and partner, or I don't go. And you can answer in two minutes, or I'll consider the incident closed."

Marjorie's face flushed. Her eyes glistened and a faint sob made her reach for her handkerchief.

"It's all right," said McGuire huskily, "you're in charge of the company for all territory in the South. I didn't understand about the marriage proposition, exactly—that is, well, we're going back to New York."

"And allow us to congratulate you," said Hazel McGuire. There wasn't the usual ring to her voice. But Wiggins didn't care. And neither did Marjorie. Nor did McGuire who walked beside his wife in silence as they strolled back to the hotel.

"The kid's all right," he said shortly, as if thinking aloud.

"Waverly will make a wonderful husband," said Hazel McGuire.

"'Wild Fire' is his name," snapped the old man.

The restaurant on Sloacum Street and Grainger Road was stilled by the hush that overtakes it during the interim bounded between supper and breakfast. Grainger's business folk were mostly abed when a man and woman strolled in. Evidently the couple had been working late, for they ordered lightly.

There was no doubt but that the two were husband and wife.

And had the ex-private in Villa's army, a foe-man now picketing the dish-drain in that restaurant, been able to understand English, he might have heard a smack, unmistakably a kiss, and the following conversation:

"But I'm still an Indian-giver!"

"Oh, Waverly!" protestingly.

"But I am."

"Hush, Waverly!"

"Doesn't an Indian-giver always want everything back?"

"Yes, dear, but you're not that way any more."

"The dickens I'm not! I want that kiss back."

PUBLIC HEALTH AND COMMUNITY SERVICE

Continued from page 352

and supplies. Since the reorganization the full fee or some part of it has been collected whenever possible. No call is refused for lack of money.

The wisdom of the policies adopted at the time of reorganization is shown by the enormous increase in the work: 26,789 patients, 247,268 visits in 1919—with a force of 125 nurses at the beginning of the present year.

Because the person employing the nurse enjoys the privilege of paying the full cost of a visit and because no amount of money can secure more skilled and experienced nursing, the Instructive District Nursing Association is coming to be recognized for what it is—a community service entailing no obligation, but open to all on the same basis, as universal as the public school. The nurses go into every section of the city, from Commonwealth Avenue to the smallest alley, carrying to all the same skill and the same friendly interest. The only partiality shown is to the sickest patient, who must be visited first.

The Association, however, is not a commercial but a social organization, and since a large percentage of the people who need nursing cannot pay at all, the fees do not support the work. Money to carry it on is therefore raised by private subscriptions from old friends of the work, from new friends interested in the community welfare and from those who feel

that even a mite may help make possible the care of some one less fortunate than themselves.

Some original contributions of the Association to the health of the city were tuberculosis nursing, afterward taken over by other organizations; school and contagious disease nursing, taken over by the Board of Health, and, in 1918, a demonstration in the schools of Hyde Park of dental hygiene or prophylaxis, in which ninety-five per cent of the children examined were found to have dental defects. That the school committee could not see its way to establish dental hygiene in the Boston schools, after this demonstration had shown the need, was a disappointment to the association. Dental hygiene was especially forwarded by Mrs. Codman, who had investigated the subject thoroughly before the experiment in Hyde Park was undertaken, and who was convinced of its value.

The most sensational feature of the work of the Association is its prenatal and maternity nursing service by which the infant death rate has been lowered at least sixty per cent, and which shows a maternal mortality rate of twenty-eight per 10,000 births, against sixty-six per 10,000 births for the city and eighty-four for the state.

The most cherished hope of the Association is to extend, in the near future, the maternity service now offered in only four to all its fourteen branch stations.

The great question of nations

Taxation from a Banker's Viewpoint

Leading financial light declares existing taxation measures cumbersome, vexatious and complex, and that they fly in the face of economic science, common sense and equity

TAXATION has ever been the great question of nations. Mr. Otto H. Kahn, in "Some Suggestions on Tax Revision," an address delivered in Boston on October 13, made a timely contribution to the subject of remedial fiscal legislation which is bound to occupy the attention of our national lawmakers when the new Congress assembles. This deliverance "takes time by the forelock" and is worthy of its author, who has been a leading financial light in America for twenty-seven years. A member of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Kahn learned the banking business in Germany and had experience therein, as representative of a German bank in its London branch, before adopting a permanent home in the United States, to which his loyalty was eminently confirmed by the acid test of the years 1914-1918.

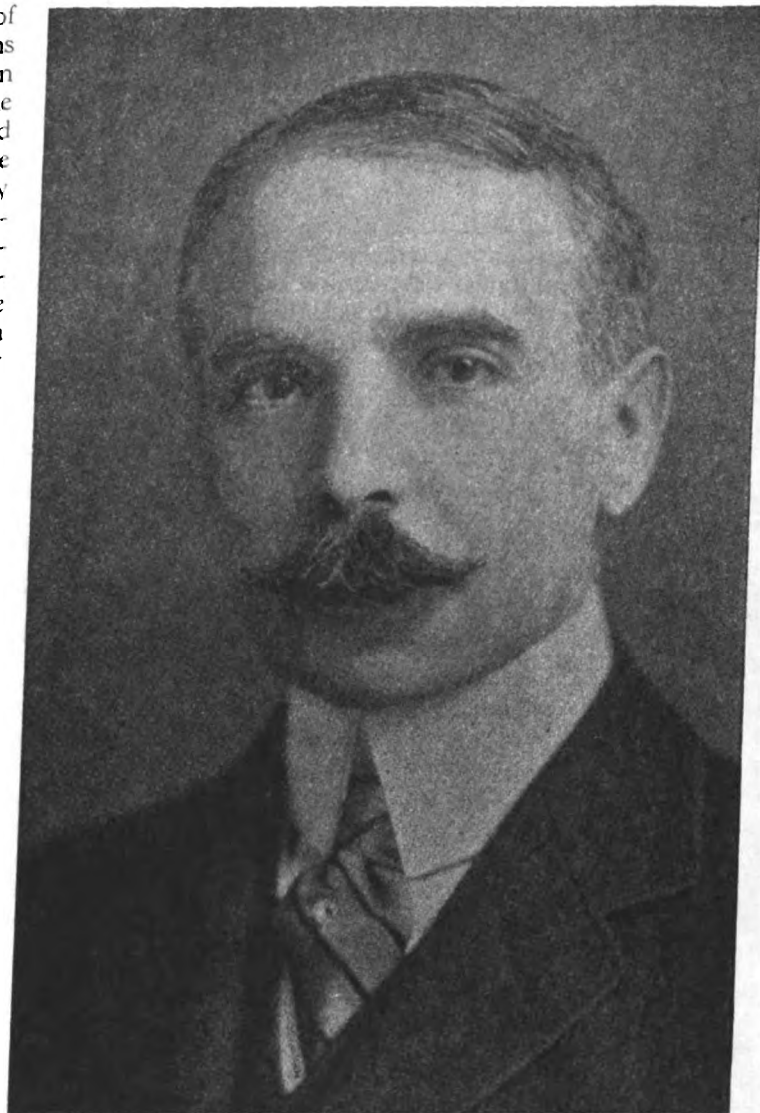
He had frequently discussed the question of federal taxation since the problem of war revenues was taken up by Congress in the spring of 1917, and his warnings of ill results from certain phases of the legislation adopted have been borne out by the facts. Conditions known to all observers certainly do not discredit his poor opinion of the effects of American war taxation. Mr. Kahn, with a strong array of proof, asserts his belief "that our existing taxation measures in various important respects fly in the face of economic science, of common sense and of equity."

"They are cumbersome, vexatious and almost incredibly complex. They bear the imprint of class and sectional discrimination. They penalize thrift and industry, and leave the wastrel and shirker untouched. They discourage, disturb and impede business, and place the American man at a disadvantage as against his European competitor. At a time when America is aiming to become a world center, they deter capital from coming here."

These tax laws throw upon the government an administrative task of such vastness and intricacy that the departments concerned cannot cope with it—tend to curtail production—are a strong contributing factor in the high level of prices, making a grievous burden upon all who live on moderate salaries. He disclaims talking from the point of view of the man of wealth. Acknowledging a heavy debt to his adopted country, he says he is anxious to repay it. While not claiming his views to be free from error, he proves that they have no bias of conscious self-interest.

While the cure for evils flowing from the war must be a slow process, Mr. Kahn holds that the remedy can be applied at once, and relief obtained as soon as it pleases Congress and the Administration to take action. He that would lead the people to believe that they are not greatly harmed by oppressive taxation of capital fools himself or attempts to fool others. A widely held impression that the income tax cannot be shifted is true only to a limited degree.

Authors of the present system claimed credit for democratic taxation, in that it was class taxation to relieve the masses. They should have known, Mr. Kahn remarks, that the whole scheme of unparalleled supertaxation was vitiated by the fact that there are fourteen billions of tax-exempt securities outstanding—bonds of various political subdivisions, farm loan and, unless otherwise provided, federal bonds. As the result the investment market is thrown out of joint and the mortgage



OTTO H. KAHN

One of the foremost authorities in American banking circles

market is crippled. The average individual subscription to new issues of taxable securities is but one-quarter of what it was four years ago. Mr. Kahn gives tables to show how much a person would have to make in his business or from investing in taxable securities to bring him the return he can get from investing in tax-exempt bonds, which can now be bought to yield $5\frac{3}{4}$ to 6 per cent. The amount ranges from 7.01 per cent on \$20,000 to 23.96 per cent on a million dollars, and a man in the higher supertax classes makes an investment yielding him from $8\frac{3}{4}$ per cent to 24 per cent if he puts that part of his income subject to the maximum tax into a $5\frac{3}{4}$ per cent tax-exempt bond, as compared to putting it to work in his business or investing it in ordinary bonds or in mortgages.

Admitting that the rich man who is made to pay three-quarters of his income in taxes still has something left, Mr. Kahn says that is not the point. The rich man can protect

himself, but what is the effect upon the country? Excessive taxes accomplish double harm—they diminish the incentive to thrift and unduly deprive trade and industry of the means essential for their upkeep and expansion. Such means are more than ever needed at present—first, because the world demands increased production, and, secondly, because more capital is required than ever before, owing to the higher cost of labor and materials.

Mr. Kahn shows how excessive government exactions dampen enterprise and obstruct commercial development. He indicates the necessity confronting many business men, especially those who have made little or no profit during and since the war, of adding to their margin of profit to make up their losses through taxation. This condition makes for continued high prices, and everything is affected by the process. Readjustment since the war has greatly increased the capital value of farms and labor, while the capital value of fixed interest-bearing investments has been largely diminished. The assertion that the great bulk of the wealth of the nation goes into the coffers of rich men is wholly false, as seven-eighths of the national income accrues to those with incomes of \$5000 or less, and only about one-eighth to those having incomes above \$5000.

Mr. Kahn shows that the British income tax is less burdensome than the American, and besides does not discriminate, like the latter, against the introduction of foreign capital.

His suggestions, upon which all that goes before converges, are here categorically summarized:

1. A non-political committee, such as the British government has recently appointed, to study the effects of the various kinds of taxes in force during the past five years and to make recommendations for legislation. He does not favor a congressional committee, or one appointed by the executive, as neither kind has been of much account in American legislation. Instead he would have a commission of well-informed men of different callings, appointed by Congress through its presiding officers, to act in conjunction with senators and representatives.

2. The excess profit tax should be abolished or essentially modified. Mr. Kahn is not opposed to its theory, but for reasons given previously he considers it not satisfactorily workable in this country.

3. The extreme scale of surtaxes, which defeats its own purpose, should be revised downward. Under the present law corporations pay no surtaxes, and individual businesses pay no excess profit taxes. "As near as possible taxation should be so arranged that corporations and individual busi-

ness are taxed to equal effect." Mr. Kahn makes it clear that he does not believe that abolition of the surtax is politically feasible, the while he considers that the political mind underestimates the integrity and the intelligence of the people. Hence he approves the suggestion of someone else that, simultaneous with abolition of the excess profit tax, the tax on corporate net profits should be raised from 10 per cent to, say, 16 per cent. Leave the surtax schedule untouched, but allow abatements on such part of individual incomes as are saved and invested each year, such abatements to be so calculated as to bring the supertaxation on individual incomes as nearly as possible on a par with the rate of taxation on corporate income. It is mentioned that the prevailing impression as to productivity of the supertax is highly exaggerated. In the first two years of operation of the schedule the total amount subject to such taxation from incomes exceeding \$300,000 fell off nearly 60 per cent on account of the possessors of large incomes finding the cover of tax-exempt securities. Mr. Kahn gives figures of cost to the public of Cuban sugar manipulation and increased railroad wages, and says "It will be seen that the deficiency to be made good by some other form of taxation, in case the supertaxes are reduced, involves but a comparatively moderate readjustment."

4. Other suggestions are: To prevent or limit the further issue of tax-exempt securities. A small tax on retail sales. Various minor taxes that may be devised. Divers stamp taxes. Inheritance taxes on size of distributive shares instead of the value of the estate—but the author thinks inheritance taxes should be left entirely to the states, which are hard pressed for sources of revenue. Consideration of the question of revision of the theory of taxation—in the sense of basing taxes not merely on income but on the social use made of income, so that the man who invested part of his income in productive enterprise would pay less than the one who spent all or most of his income in extravagant living.

The differentiation between "earned" and "unearned" increment is objectionable. The distinction is not always easy to make. Applied to people with moderate incomes from investments, it would be a great hardship.

In speaking of grave and immediate problems, which challenge our capacity for government Mr. Kahn concludes with a ringing note of optimism. "Let us resolve and unitedly strive to make fruitful, materially and spiritually, for the good of ourselves and of all the world, the boundless opportunities which the favor of Providence has vouchsafed to this land."

WORLD-FAMOUS GEOLOGIST AND ENGINEER

Continued from page 371

New York; George W. Breffit, New York; Charles A. Hartman and J. Bruce Robertson, all prominent financial and professional men who are giving their best time and efforts to the success of the company.

While the San Antonio field has had a profitable production of shallow oil for many years, it was not until Dr. Von Hagen and the Ennis Oil Corporation announced their intention of entering the field by drilling a deep test that the attention of the oil industry was focused on the Southwest Texas field. The Ennis Oil Corporation has 6,500 acres in the Somerset field, and while developing the shallow oil are making a deep test. No other single announcement in Texas oil circles has occasioned more interest or activity than this deep test, because Dr. Von Hagen is authority for the statement that a new deep oil pool will be found.

To the oil fraternity this announcement by Dr. Von Hagen is significant, for it will be recalled that he was largely instrumental and responsible for the discovery of other Texas pools,

notably the Vernon field where the Sigler well was brought in, and the Tionesta, Pennsylvania, fields.

Great geologists and engineers are scarce, even despite the remarkable discoveries of oil and gold. As a commercial mining engineer Hoover heads the list of his profession. Among geologists Dr. Von Hagen holds a like rank, and there is hardly a section of the various oil fields of the United States and Mexico that has not felt the effect of his knowledge and influence. Now that he has become identified with the development of the San Antonio and Southwest Texas oil fields, not only in a professional capacity but as an actual developer, that part of Texas will undoubtedly be heard from in the near future as one of the world's largest and most extensive deep oil pools—all largely because of one man. Heretofore, Dr. Von Hagen has served his clients in a professional capacity; now that he has picked what he considers the best bet of his life, he is getting in the game himself—which is a big thing for the oil industry of the Southwest.

NAVAL HERO HONORED

Continued from page 359

point of penance for the salvation of the world against tyranny, injustice and autocracy. The world is on fire! I call for volunteers! Don't give up the ship!"

Commander King combined expert military efficiency with rare qualities of personality. "He was my ship-mate on the



COMMANDER FRANK RAGAN KING, U.S.N.

In memory of whom the new U. S. S. Destroyer "King" was named

Wyoming, said a young officer, "and his ability and tremendous heart made him popular with all on board."

Commander Stiles observes in a letter to Mrs. King, "I see with pleasure that they are to name a new destroyer for him. Personally I should prefer such a memorial to any number of stained glass windows and bronze tablets. A ship has more personality than any other of man's works, and I hope that by her exploits the new ship may keep alive the spirit which refuses to be diverted from duty even by adverse circumstances."

Frank Ragan King was born at Montevallo, Alabama, October 15, 1884. He was left an orphan at an early age, but always cherished the memory of his father, who had been a great lawyer, and of his grandfather, who was a distinguished editor. He graduated from Annapolis in 1908, ranking second in his class. His rise in the navy was rapid. When he sailed for France with the U. S. Marines on June 9, 1917, he held the rank of Lieutenant-Commander. These were the first of our American troops to reach French soil, and the first to enter the trenches. King himself was the second American soldier to step ashore in France after the United States declared war. He was in charge of transports from this country and crossed the barred sea zone twelve times without accident, though other ships in the same convoy were sunk.

On June 18, 1918, he was ordered to the battleship *Arizona* and was soon made commander. He was in command of the *Arizona* when she convoyed the President's ship to Brest, and he finally led the long line of the Victory Fleet which later entered New York Harbor to be reviewed by Secretary of

the Navy Daniels. In June, 1919, Commander King was assigned to the mine-sweeping detachment, having under his command six trawlers and the flag-ship on which he died.

Tributes poured in from every side to show that here was a man whose heroic death came as an end to an equally heroic life. Commander King died as nobly as in his most burning moments he could wish to die. True to the watchword of the navy he did not "give up the ship." He gave his chance of escape to another, the supreme test of an ideal of brotherhood.

Such faith and loyalty inspired the most steadfast devotion in all who knew him. It should thrill every marine on the new destroyer with something of this young officer's sense of duty and chivalry. The ship can do nothing more inspiring than carry on the dauntless courage and fidelity of the man whose name she bears.

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Continued from page 344

well-oiled machine. The public doesn't care, for the matter of that, so long as it gets attention, service—gets what it wants. But let a cog in the machinery slip, and, while the whole structure may not come piling down about your head, abuse and discontent of the guests certainly will.

"The good-will of the public is a hotel's chief asset," Mr. Bowman remarked in conclusion. "It is easy to get this at the start; it is as easy to lose it. On the other hand, there is one sure way of keeping it and that is by giving the public satisfaction. But there is something else to be considered in addition to gaining and keeping your guests. A hotel is not run for the fun of the thing, not for the pleasure which may be derived from being head of one that is firstclass.

"Primarily, a hotel must be run for profits. In this it is no different from any other line of business. That's the part of it which the public doesn't see. But it is the reason for the perfection of the invisible machinery. It is why such care must be exercised in the selection of the heads of the departments, why each head must be capable and a good executive in the part of the management entrusted to his care."

How Movie Dope is Written

Continued from page 358

"Well, whose going to write the story?" I asked Chapple. "Me or you?"

"Why, you are going to write the story," he answered. "I'm merely suggesting a few things that I think would make it of more interest to movie fans."

"What do you know about movie fans? You are a producer, a magazine publisher and editor. You can't be expected to know anything about an ordinary movie fan since—"

"I am first a movie fan," he interrupted. "If I hadn't been a movie fan, I wouldn't have wanted to make pictures. I wouldn't be interested in them if I didn't have first of all the inherent and outstanding interest of the industry at heart. It wouldn't be natural—"

"Well, with all due respect to whether or not you are a movie fan first and a producer second, you are in the movie business to make money; and speaking about money, how much am I going to get for trying to write—"

"Now you're getting away from the idea," he objected. "Why bother about compensation when there isn't anything to be compensated for? What have you to write about? Everything that I've suggested in the way of a story has been rejected by yourself. And now you talk about how much money you are going to get for writing something that you say you can't write and that you won't write." (He heaved a grim sigh.) "That's like the movie business, all right," he added.

"Well, s-a-a-a-y," spoke up Hilliard. "Where do I come off on this? First I'm called out and introduced to the man who's going to write about me, and then you fellows switch on to something about whether or not Mr. Chapple knows what a story is, or whether Mr. Wright knows best; and now you're fighting about how much Mr. Wright is going to get for writing the article. I don't see where I come in on this at all."

"Well, if you want my opinion on the story," I said, "it's terrible."

"I think so, too," said Hilliard.

"It's not worth a cent, the way you've gone about it," said Chapple. "Not worth a cent."

"Would ruin the magazine to print stuff like that," Hilliard continued.

"It would take a pretty good writer to put that story over," said Mr. Chapple. "I don't believe Wright could do it."

So that's why I wrote the story.

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face of danger, tireless energy and alertness, untold deeds of action, force and power. When you see him with his men on the range you know he's boss and what he says goes. But the rugged, outdoor life of the ranchman which helps to keep his blood rich in strength-giving iron is denied many a man whose indoor existence, hard work and worries sap his energies and rob the iron from his blood. It is such men who need the sustaining health-building help of organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to increase the oxygen-carrying power of their blood and thereby aid in restoring wasted tissue, strengthening their nerves and giving greater power and endurance. Nuxated Iron is now used by over three million people annually as a tonic, strength and blood-builder.

"There are countless numbers of men today who at 40 are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay simply because they are allowing worry, overwork, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poisons to sap the iron from their blood and destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain," says Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of New York City. "Yet there are

thousands of such men who undergo a most remarkable transformation the moment they get plenty of the right kind of iron into their blood to give increased energy and endurance. Their imagined ills are forgotten, they gain physical poise and fitness, mental alertness and greater power to combat obstacles and withstand severe strains. To help build stronger, healthier men and women, better able physically, to meet the problems of everyday life, I believe that physicians should, at every opportunity, prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."

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Speaking of Adventure

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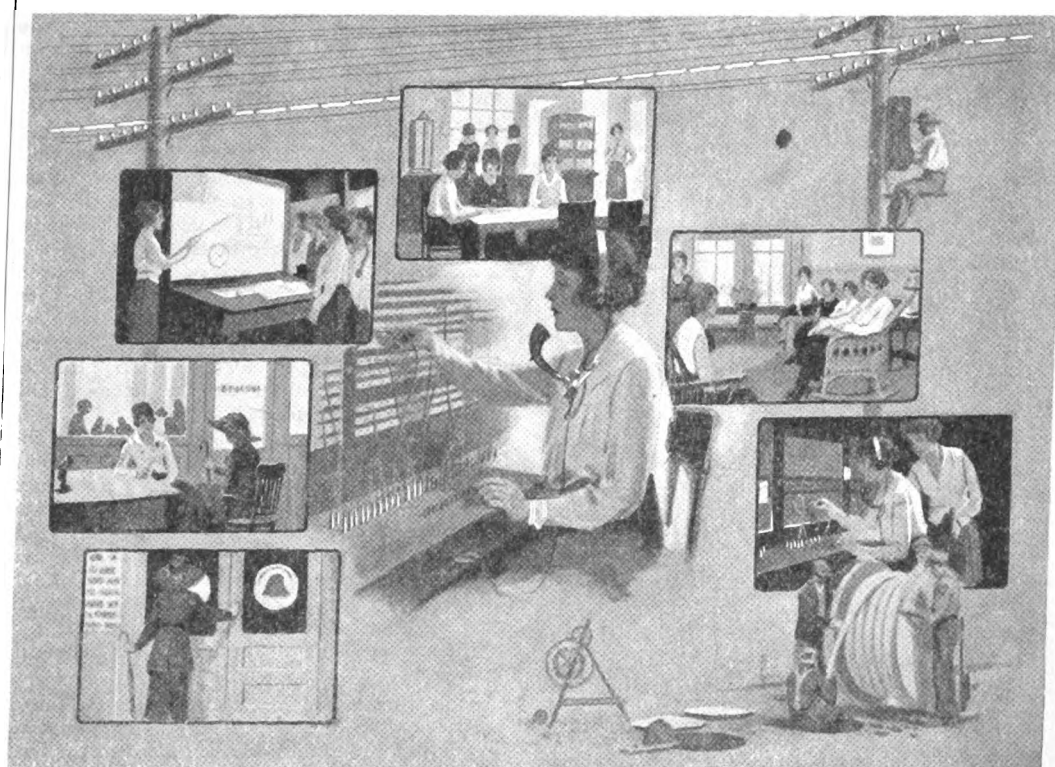
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JAMES G. McNARY

President of the First National Bank of El Paso and regarded as one of the ablest financiers in the Southwest. During the late war Mr. McNary was sent to Europe on a special mission at the request of George W. Perkins and John R. Mott. Although almost as well known as a lumberman as a banker, Mr. McNary devotes most of his time to the First National Bank of El Paso, which he has made one of the strongest and most influential institutions in the country. He has a wide acquaintance throughout the North and the East, and is universally popular among the banking and lumber fraternity.

Down in El Paso, Texas, there is James G. McNary, president of the First National Bank, financier and lumberman for whom the town of McNary, La., was named. Some day, one of the big New York banks will "call" McNary, and the offer will be so tempting he cannot refuse, though he seemingly has everything mortal man could desire—financial prestige and social position, home and friends galore; but McNary is barely turned forty years of age—forty-three to be exact.

Being young and ambitious, McNary is still growing and improving himself every minute of his life. When he was selected by the late George W. Perkins and John R. Mott as the most



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tors, wire chiefs, traffic engineers, galvanometer men, cable splicers, facilities engineers, surveyors, information operators, switchboard installers, accountants, testmen, supervisors, station repairmen, equipment engineers, directory operators, statisticians, appraisal engineers, routing operators and scores of other skilled employees are specially trained for the exacting work of providing telephone service.

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dependable man in the Southwest to be sent abroad on a special mission, El Paso awakened to the fact that it could boast a really big man in this young banker-lumberman. His executive war work in connection with the Y. M. C. A. evoked the highest praise, but the fact that he was selected by John R. Mott was sufficient evidence in itself of his real calibre.

Mr. McNary was born in Bloomington, Indiana, August 24, 1877, the son of a distinguished Civil War soldier and Presbyterian clergyman. After his graduation from Tarkio College in 1898, he entered the University of Chicago, later going to the University of Leipzig, Germany. In turn he has been professor of modern languages in the New Mexico State Normal, Managing Editor of the Las Vegas Daily Optic, Public Printer of New Mexico, and President of the El Paso Chamber of Commerce. Starting with the First National Bank of El

Paso in 1906 as assistant cashier, his banking career has been a series of promotions until he landed at the top. He is a many-sided man, with a love for music and things intellectual. In 1902 Mr. McNary married Miss Ruth Reynolds, daughter of Joshua S. Reynolds, a pioneer banker of the West. Mrs. McNary is an accomplished organist and musician. Their home in El Paso is one of the musical and artistic centers of the city.

While essentially a banker, Mr. McNary has many other corporation interests and activities, lumber being the principal one. With his friend and partner, W. M. Cady, he established one of the largest lumber manufacturing plants in the South at McNary, Louisiana, which claims a portion of his time. Next to the First National Bank, Mr. McNary's chief interest is his lumber business, and his name is as well known among lumbermen as it is among bankers.

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The Story of the Texas Trail Drivers

Continued from page 368

banks or trust companies to finance large undertakings, so the cattlemen were forced to seek outside markets. Some drove their own cattle through to the North, buying others on the way on credit, giving no security save a list of brands, the amount due and a promise to pay on the return trip. The first drives having proven successful in 1869, caused other stockmen to join the trail drivers in 1870; and by this time going "up the trail" was all the rage. The year 1870 was a banner year for cattlemen. Excitement ran high, and the drivers returned and begun preparations for the 1871 drive. Buyers were on the ground contracting for cattle for the following spring delivery, hiring cowboys and trail bosses. Many large companies were formed to handle the business and outside capital was interested. Thus opened the spring of 1871, the drivers increasing the number of herds previously driven and many companies and individuals driving ten to fifteen herds each. All the ranchmen in Texas were busy at the very first sign of the coming of spring, gathering and delivering trail herds.

This work would last from the first of April to the middle of May. The drivers would receive, road brand and deliver a herd to the foreman, supply them with letters of credit or with cash, give them instructions and bid them goodbye. Then riding day and night to the next receiving point, going through the same performance, then on to the next until all herds were started up the trail. Some of the drivers would go on the trail, others would go by rail or boat to the market and wait for their herds. Not infrequently they would journey down the trail several hundred miles with buyers to meet their herds.

* * *

The year 1871 was not a successful year, but it did not prevent a rush for the 1872 drive. Many of the drivers had made government contracts to supply the Indians, others had contracts with western ranchmen, while others drove to the open market. This was a successful year, which caused even a greater rush for the following year. Those who sold early made money, but a panic overtook many others and wiped out their assets and resources. But the losers were game, and the following year were in the market again stronger than ever. The drivers had become acquainted with western ranchmen, and even despite fluctuating markets were able to command credit. During all this time the Texas ranchmen prospered as a result of the work of the trail drivers; and with the money received for their cattle were able to improve their breeds, build new ranches and at the same time push the Indians farther west. The government maintained several posts between Eagle Pass and Gainsville, but this did not deter the Indians from making occasional raids. The soldiers did their best, but the Indians usually outwitted them; and not until the trail drivers and Texas cowboys joined the soldiers were the Indians

forced into final and permanent retreat. The capture of Geronimo, chief of the Apaches, in 1885, put an end to Indian depredations in Texas. This was accomplished only through the aid of the trail drivers, who co-operated with the government troops. They blazed each new west bound trail, each settler staking his claim westward of his neighbor.

From 1885 the drives became lighter, and in 1895 the trail was closed, but viewed in the larger sense nothing like the industry was ever known before or since. No one had any idea that the cattle business could bring such prosperity to a state as the work of the trail drivers brought to Texas. The circulation of the millions of dollars among the Texas ranchmen resulted in unprecedented wealth, which, in turn, benefitted the cowman, the merchant, and the professional man; in short, the work of those early trail drivers made civilization possible in Texas and gave impetus to the state's greatest industry.

Had these old-time trail drivers not established a market for the vast herds of Texas cattle, they would have died on the range, and the millions of acres of ranch lands would have been permanently abandoned. No one can perceive what would have happened had it not been for the efforts of the early trail drivers. They were the vanguard of commerce, industry and civilization as we understand those terms today. All material prosperity can be traced to their efforts; and it was highly proper and appropriate that their deeds should be perpetuated and immortalized. No monument can fittingly celebrate their heroic deeds, which are enshrined in the heart of every Texan youth. The memory of George W. Saunders will ever be revered for starting the movement which resulted in the organization of the Old Time Trail Drivers'.

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Association, composed of the men who actually went "up the trail."

George W. Saunders, author of "The Trail Drivers of Texas" and father of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, was born in Gonzales County, Texas, February 12, 1854, the son of a ranchman who emigrated from Mississippi in an ox cart. At ten years of age he was doing a man's work as a ranch hand, herding cattle, while his father and two eldest brothers were serving in the Southern Army. He had seen a herd of cattle float down stream before most boys are out of their swaddling clothes, and at the age of five he could saddle and ride a Texas mustang. Of books he knew little, but he early learned the meaning of a stampede and a "cow hunt." He could rope, brand and "cut" cattle with the skill of a veteran while a slip of a kid, and made his first trip "up the trail" when he was only seventeen. He was the first man in Texas to introduce roping contests in that state, but the practice was so badly abused that his conscience got the best of him and he petitioned the Texas legislature to prohibit the sport. In point of active service he is the oldest live-stock commission man in the Southwest, his two offices in San Antonio and Fort Worth doing an annual gross business of from four to six million dollars. He was one of the builders of the Union Stock Yards of San Antonio, and has probably contributed more to the development of the live-stock industry of Texas than any other man. He is the busiest man in the state, yet he found time to write one of the most memorable books of its kind in existence.

Nothing reflects the indomitable courage and perseverance of George W. Saunders more than the difficulties under which he wrote "The Trail Drivers of Texas." It recalls the story of Carlyle, whose manuscript of the French Revolution was accidentally thrown in the fire by a house maid. Carlyle had spent a lifetime gath-

ering data for his famous history, which was to prove his masterpiece, only to have it thrown into the stove, compelling him to do all the work over again. In the case of "The Trail Drivers of Texas," Mr. Saunders had spent years collecting letters and experiences from his old-time associates and acquaintances; and when he had completed the book sent the manuscript to the printer, where it was promptly lost. Having already asked the old-time cowmen for their experiences, Mr. Saunders naturally felt some embarrassment in asking them the second time, but this did not daunt him. He knew he had the "makings" of a great book, and it had to be published, so he started in once more collecting data. He wrote letters by the hundreds, and from memory finally got together much of the original manuscript and the book was issued—a book that is destined to become a classic of its kind.

George W. Saunders talked, dreamed and preached the advisability of organizing the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association for thirty-five years. Year after year the "old boys" would promise him they would attend his first meeting, and that would be the last of it. But he never let up; and in 1915 the Association was a reality, with a membership during the first year of more than five hundred. The membership is growing and the constitution was recently changed so as to include the sons of the men who went "up the trail," thus making several hundred young Texas cattlemen eligible. The Association is now a strong and virile organization, the annual meeting being one of the big state events of Texas. Representing as it does the experiences of many of the original trail drivers, George W. Saunders' book—"The Trail Drivers of Texas"—is the "Bible" of every Texas cowpuncher, and the book has now gone into the second edition. From the sale of the book and from private sub-

Continued on page 383



GEORGE W. SAUNDERS

Author of "The Trail Drivers of Texas" and organizer of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association. As one of the first Texas cow-punchers to "go up the trail" in 1871, Mr. Saunders has been a conspicuous factor in the development of the live-stock industry of the Southwest. He is president of the George W. Saunders Live-stock Commission Company of San Antonio and Fort Worth and personally known to nearly every big cattleman in Texas—all of whom are his friends.

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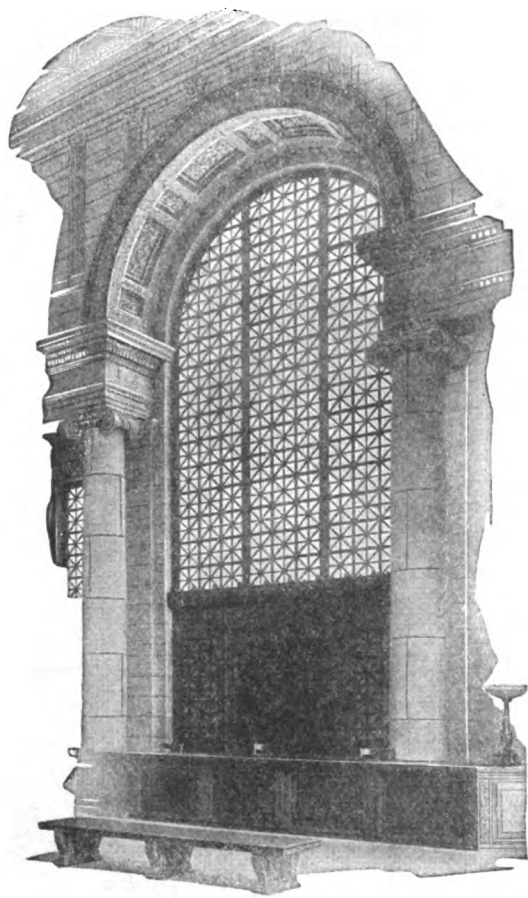
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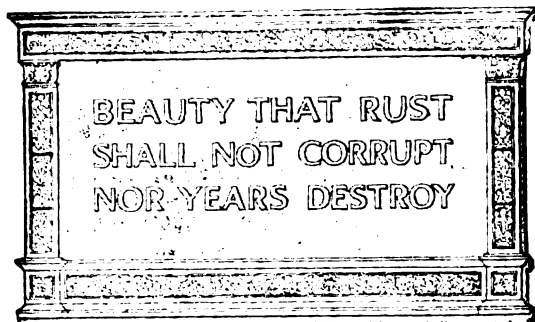
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The Story of the Texas Trail Drivers

Continued from page 381

scriptions of the members of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, a great granite monument is to be erected along the Alpine Drive in Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, commemorating the early Texas pioneers. At the base of the monument will be a statue of George W. Saunders, mounted on a cow pony, symbolical of the men who made the Trail.

In the conduct and management of his various enterprises George W. Saunders has always been associated with men of the finest character and integrity, and to this association he attributes much of his success. Ever since his boyhood he had made it a rule to follow the example of successful and upright men, and there are few men in Texas who could command more substantial or prompt assistance and financial backing than Mr. Saunders; and in all his undertakings he has made money for himself and his associates, and is willing at all times to do even more than his part if necessary.

Ten miles southwest of San Antonio he is associated with T. A. Coleman and V. A. Petty in the operation of a model irrigated farm and ranch; adjoining this property there is a seven hundred-acre farm owned by himself, R. R. Russell, T. A. Coleman, V. A. Petty, W. H. Jennings, E. D. Henry and R. F. Pipes, which Mr. Saunders manages as trustee. Though owned in partnership, his associates leave it to Mr. Saunders to manage the property. Some day this farm and ranch will be converted into an all-year-round resort, and there is no more ideal place in Texas, combining as it does a fishing and hunting preserve, mineral baths, club house, pecan grove, all irrigated and capable of the most intensive cultivation and development. There are several producing oil wells on the property; and eliminating the farming and ranching features, the mineral waters, hunting and fishing, the properties are valuable as potential oil lands.

Boston's School of Expression

Continued from page 360

rendered by the School. During the war officers were trained, and a little book published, "Hints to Officers on Giving Commands." Since the war has been over men who were gassed and who were suffering from shellshock have been helped at the School, and in every case, so far as known, the results have been marvelously satisfactory. Children's classes in the studios of graduates all over the country have been successful.

The School of Expression needs a "Mr. Smith" to do for it what George Eastman, behind the shield of anonymity, did for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The School of Expression is a unique institution, performing a high and exalted service, and the one who helps it will make his name known more effectually than by helping any other department of education, for there is no other department today where there is greater or more universal need, nor any institution which has shown greater power to serve the cause of education.

Dr. Phillips Brooks once said to the head of the School of Expression, "Theological students know more than they did in my day, but they cannot preach so well." The failure to develop preachers and help speakers is too well known to need any comment. Education in its larger understanding and comprehension of the laws of the universe has marvelously grown, but the practical power to express this has not grown in equal measure. It is honestly believed that the one who would help the School of Expression to bring out and emphasize the practical phases of education would perform one of the greatest services that could be rendered to education.



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Vol. XLIX

JANUARY, 1921

New Series No. 10

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Beautiful Snow

By JOHN W. WATSON

OH! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;

Dancing,

Flirting,

Skimming along.

Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above.
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with everyone.

Chasing,

Laughing,

Hurrying by,

It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow.
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

—*Heart Throbs, Vol. II.*



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



ALL aglow with the holiday spirit, Washington has awakened. Congress assembled according to the Constitution on the first Monday in December. The Thanksgiving proclamation had been read and turkey or its substitute duly digested. Thanksgivings come and go, and the government at Washington still lives. On Pennsylvania Avenue the faces of a number of new Congressmen have appeared. Preparations are already being made for the inaugural ceremonies, which promise to be brilliant in scope and include the traditional "Inaugural Ball." The change of an administration after eight years explained the radiant faces of the old-timers who had spent long months of waiting for this happy event.

"What a wonderful country we have," remarked a former Senator, commenting on the election returns. "Here is a government overturned and rulers changed, without so much as a ripple on the surface. An army of clerks larger by far than the standing army of the United States, with shifting party control, are not concerned as to who sits in the swivel chair at the top. Think of it! A referendum on a clear-cut issue in which an electorate of over thirty million voters participated. What a lion's mouth the aggregate ballot-box of the United States would represent if the usages of ancient Venice were in vogue. The early bird is here, but the solicitous officials-elect often change between election day and inauguration!"

* * *

WITH the opening of the new year, popular interest in governmental affairs focuses upon Marion, Ohio. The closing session of the sixty-seventh Congress will not be able to do much toward a definite decision on important problems. In the meantime, men of all shades of political belief and opinion are gathering at Marion in conference and preliminary deliberations which the people will discuss fully and nerve Congress to speed up on the pressing work at hand.

On some occasions it seems as if Washington was a veritable "boiler shop," so far as hearing the voice of the people is concerned. The interim between election and inauguration day was instituted, we are told, in the good old days of stage coaches, and now it is utilized as a preparation period for the President-elect in the flush of victory to receive congratulations,

together with the anticipations that eliminate, in a measure, the pangs of closing an election.

The defeated party has time to recover and join with hearty good will in setting its house in order or tearing it apart—as the spirit may move.

* * * *

THE meetings at Marion have been followed with more interest than the proceedings in Congress, because there discussions center upon various subjects for Congressional deliberation. The comments of Herbert Hoover, William Jennings Bryan, Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes form an illuminating symposium of opinion. Senator James A. Reed of Missouri and his old colleague in the Senate, Warren G. Harding, seem to be able to talk matters over in Marion with a better perspective than in the whirling maelstrom at Washington. Senator Shields of Tennessee, who was opposed to the Wilson League, together with Senator Hitchcock, its proponent, were among the visitors. Each guest discussed the issues which were closest to his heart—and found a good listener.

Mr. Hoover was delighted when Mrs. Harding took the lead in being an "invisible" benefactor to two hundred and fifty European children. Despite the prosperous conditions in this country, Mr. Hoover stated that there were 2,500,000 children in Europe on the verge of starvation.

* * *

EVERY shade of American opinion was desired to help construct a peace program that would endure, and it was Senator Harding's chief proposal as looking toward constructive suggestions with little time for criticisms of the past. But the people will talk.

Memories of the merry days in Paris following the armistice are recalled in the announcement that President Wilson's commission cost \$1,650,000. The amount was not at all staggering, but some of the items made the house committee on Foreign Affairs sit up and take notice when damages to the Hotel Crillon were placed at over \$125,000. This they considered nothing to the damage that had been done to the country, in which the work of the peace commission recalls extravagance of items in the bill of \$165,000 for laundry that are not read with pleasure by those who saved and sacrificed so much during the war. But this is not the time for



HON. JOHN W. WEEKS
Former Senator from Massachusetts. The first man conceded by everyone to be sure of a place in the Harding Cabinet

regretting and gossiping over the things that are past. Facing forward to the future, fearless and unafraid, with work and production uppermost in the minds of the people, will soon bring about the settling process.

The world and the country have had a prolonged delirium of reckless extravagance and are now taking the medicine that comes with the "morning after."

* *

SEVENTEEEN new Senators don their togas March fourth. Thirteen of the number are Republicans, but no one of them is superstitious enough to resign on account of this number. The overturn of Congress was the most surprising of all in the election returns. The momentum of the avalanche, which began on the day that President Wilson

ago near the present site of Andale, Kansas, and was educated for a teacher, attending first a little country school near his birthplace, then an academy at Wichita, Kansas, and afterward the Central State Normal.

After teaching for two years he decided to enter Kansas University, where he worked his way through in the office of John Q. A. Norton, a prominent Lawrence, Kansas, lawyer, and was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1901. From the University Mr. Gensman went to the law office of S. H. Harris, then practising at Perry, Oklahoma. Upon the opening of the Kiowa-Comanche country he went with Dick T. Morgan, a lawyer in practice at El Reno, afterward going to Lawton to open an office there for Mr. Morgan.

In this move he traveled in a prairie schooner a distance of almost two hundred miles, and the trip took his last dime, so that he alighted on Goo Goo avenue, on the edge of the present site of Lawton, broke. At Lawton he has stayed ever since. In the early days there he was appointed to the position of referee in bankruptcy and held the office until Oklahoma was admitted to statehood.

Mr. Gensman was elected county attorney in 1918 under the handicap of being a Republican, the county primary at that election showing 450 Republicans to 1,350 Democrats, or one to three. His majority was about 100. This office he now holds. He was elected to Congress, in what previously was admittedly a Democratic district, by a majority reaching beyond the thousand mark.

* * * *

TO be the first man of his party elected for more than a quarter of a century in his congressional district is some distinction. This honor goes to Mr. Frank C. Millspaugh of Canton, Missouri, the first Republican to be elected from the first district of Missouri since 1894. A weaker candidate possibly might have turned the trick in the Republican "landslide," for the record of Mr. Millspaugh shows him as an exceptionally strong man, who should win in the "offset" of years for any ticket. From even before coming of age, notwithstanding a handicap of poor health at the outset, he has been a "live wire." Not merely in commercial and financial enterprises but in civic and social service he has been one of the most useful citizens of Canton; known also in the state of Illinois as an eloquent and effective promoter of benevolence.



FRANK C. MILLSPAUGH
Congressman-elect from the First District of
Missouri (Republican)

L. M. GENSMAN
Congressman-elect from Lawton, Oklahoma
(Republican)

left for France to negotiate terms of peace, seemed to grow day by day into the crystallization of a conviction that Uncle Sam must continue in the future, as in the past—to mind his own business. It was self-evident to even the average man that the time had come when we should stop intermeddling in the external and internal affairs of other nations little understood. The racial chasms could not be bridged with a mere declaration of words, mighty and powerful though they might sound in print or in declamation. The great problem before the nation was to find a normal basis on which to build again and carry the burdens of the great war all together in the spirit of toleration that was exemplified in the fervor of war times.

* * * *

FROM "Out West," as that country grows older, the Congress of the United States, at the beginning of each new term, reveals that men of proved ability, and raw material for statesmen of mark, hail from the breezy plains. It will naturally be taken for granted that pioneers in the material, social and political development of the newer states must be of a go-ahead stamp, and when you see one who has fought his way up toward the "top of the heap," with the best years of expectancy of life yet before him, just watch that man. He is on the road to distinction in his generation.

Oklahoma gives the nation a promising candidate for its upper rank honors in the Representative from Lawton, Mr. L. M. Gensman. It has been onward and upward with him, but altogether by his own efforts, from school teaching to a place in the national legislative halls. He was born forty-one years

Mr. Millspaugh was born at Shawneetown, Illinois, January 14, 1872. His father, James W. Millspaugh, is now living, but his mother unfortunately passed away four years before her son achieved his latest public triumph. He was educated in the Shawneetown public schools, and in March, 1891, at the age of nineteen, he was associated with his uncle, John E. Hall, in the commission business in New Orleans. His health failing there, he went to Chicago and entered the Fort Dearborn National Bank as an accountant. In 1894, having regained his health, he went to St. Louis and assumed charge of the commission business of Goddard & Hall, leaving there the following year to establish the Fayette County Bank in St. Elmo, Illinois. In 1896 he purchased the grain and stock shipping business of J. C. Comley at Canton, Missouri, which he later sold and became the cashier of the Citizens Bank at Canton. This was afterward converted into the First National Bank, and in 1916, in order that it might properly function as an aid to the agricultural community in which he lived, Mr. Millspaugh transformed the bank into the Canton Trust Company of which he is now the secretary.

Mr. Millspaugh has served as mayor of Canton for two terms, during which time he installed a modern system of waterworks and electric light and power plant owned by the municipality and operated by a board of public works.

* * *

FEW constituencies could have done better for themselves on the second of November than did the third congressional district of South Dakota for itself, judging by the unmistakable significance of the winning candidate's welcome at the start and triumph at the finish. Not many men have obtained their certificate for Congress, the first time, with a richer variety

of qualifying experience than did Judge William Williamson of Oacoma on that occasion, when he carried the district from the Democratic into the Republican column by defeating Congressman Gandy, who for three successive terms had won the seat by majorities ranging from 3,000 to 4,300. Judge Williamson's majority of 3,500 meant a fine performance of turning the tables.

The young jurist thus giving up law-dispensing for law-enacting came up to the bench by way of the farm, the teacher's desk and the law office. He was born in Iowa about forty-four years ago, and at six years of age

migrated with his parents to Aurora County, South Dakota. Working on his father's homestead and neighboring farms until he was twenty-one, so well did he use what schooling advantages he snatched amidst toil, that, from seventeen years of age, he was able to engage as a school teacher, following that profession four years. Soon after coming of age he became a pioneer homesteader in Lyman County. Hard years of rigorous pioneering life on both sides of the Missouri confirmed his industry, fortitude and self-reliance, the qualities that steadied and stimulated his later career.

Mr. Williamson left the farm and entered the state university, where he took a leading place in debating, literary and Y. M. C. A. work, resulting in his being sent as a delegate to the convention at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and the international students' conference at Toronto, Canada. He worked his way through college, learning the printer's trade the while, and in 1904 published a newspaper in Lyman County, at the same time studying law. Before completing his course he was elected state's attorney of his county in 1904. Reelected in 1906 and again in 1910, he signalized his incumbency by ridding the county of organized rustlers and putting an end to other forms of outlawry from which the early settlers had suffered.

In March, 1911, he resigned the attorneyship to become circuit judge of the eleventh district, to which position he has twice since been elected. His work on the bench has been characterized by ability, firmness, quickness, and impartiality. Judge Williamson, always a Republican, was a delegate to the national convention of that party in 1912. During the war he gave much of his time to Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. work. A large number of newspapers throughout the state hailed his candidacy for Congressman with unalloyed gratification.

* * *

ONE of the acquisitions to Congress credited to the 1920 elections, who sold papers when a "kid," and started early to make his way in the world, is Carroll L. Beedy. His people were not very rich nor very poor—just ordinary folks like the bulk of the citizenry of Lewiston, Maine, then as now. It was the Yankee wisdom of his mother, however, to which Mr. Beedy attributes the practical bent of mind and habit which made him "do for himself" from early childhood. She taught him in mere infancy the value of a dollar and urged him to make a fight to be "somebody." A business "man" in his teens, he was able to give himself a college education, in both arts and

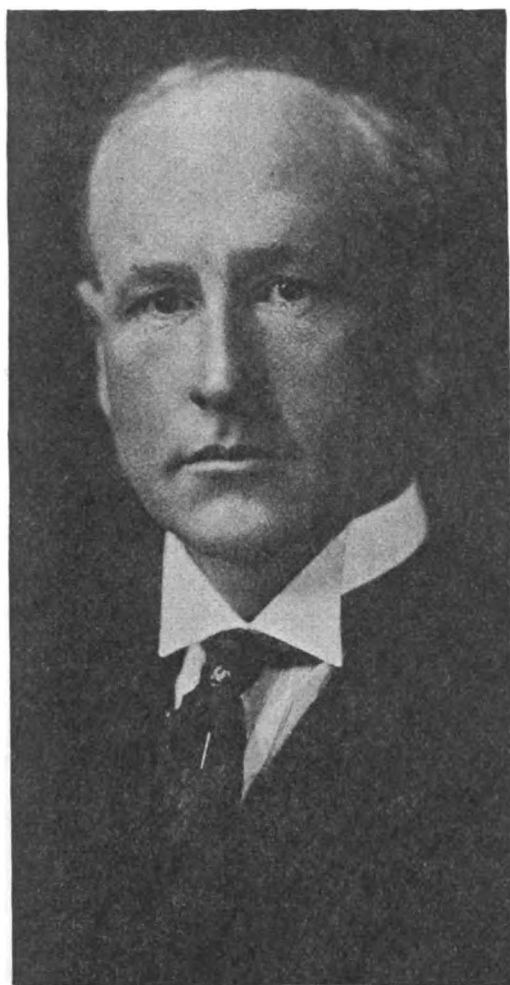


CARROLL L. BEEDY
Congressman-elect from the First District of
Maine (Republican)



WILLIAM WILLIAMSON
Congressman-elect from the Third District of South
Dakota (Republican)

law courses. Taking up the legal profession as a vocation he won public office therein, which he administered with marked



MORGAN G. SANDERS
Congressman-elect from the Third District of
Texas (Democrat)

success. Then last summer he carried the Congressional seat for the first district of his native state.

While in Bates College, Beedy was a member of the debating teams that defeated the orators of Trinity, Colby and Harvard. Graduating with honors from Bates in 1903, the same year he entered Yale Law School. Having bought his term's books he faced a three-year course with only sixty-five dollars. Yet by tutoring, work in a store Saturdays, handling the *Yale Law Journal's* circulation and taking charge of a fraternity house, he completed his law course free of debt.

Beginning the practice of law in Portland, the commercial metropolis of Maine, in the latter part of 1907, Mr. Beedy was elected county attorney in 1916 and re-elected in 1918. Against thirteen jury cases in 1915 and nine in 1916, tried by his predecessor, County Attorney Beedy tried thirty-one criminal jury cases in his first year, twenty-seven in 1918 and thirty in 1919. The term before he took office the state had two criminal cases in the law court and lost both. Mr. Beedy won ten out of eleven contested criminal cases in the appellate court in 1917, eight out of nine in 1918, and eight out of ten in 1919.

Mr. Beedy made his campaign for Congress on his record as a business man and a lawyer, which was assurance that he possessed a practical viewpoint and an understanding of what legislation the people of America need. Clear-headed, aggressive, clean, recognized for his grasp of fundamental business principles and his legal ability, Carroll L. Beedy will do no discredit to the seat once occupied by Thomas B. Reed, the distinguished parliamentarian, and other illustrious predecessors.

* * * *

MORGAN G. SANDERS, now and always a Democrat, not only taught school and practised law before his election to Congress, but had a fling at the newspaper work in his time, besides serving an apprenticeship in statesmanship as a member for two successive terms of the Texas legislature. He was born and reared on a farm in Van Zandt County, Texas, the date of his birth having been July 14, 1878. In early manhood he taught two schools in his native county and published a newspaper two years at Canton, where he now resides and practises law as a member of the firm of Stanford & Sanders. He was elected in 1902 and re-elected in 1904 as representative

to the Texas legislature, serving in both the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth terms of that body.

Elected county attorney in 1910, he was continued in that office by the voters at the election of 1912. Two years later he was elected district attorney of the 7th Judicial District of Texas, voluntarily retiring at the expiration of his first term, December, 1916, to engage in private law practice. Last spring he announced himself as a candidate for Congress from the 3rd district of Texas, securing the nomination at the primary and an election on November 2, with a gratifying majority.

* * * *

IT is fitting that a man who is of the people and has always been for the people should be honored by the people whenever, and for whatever, he places his ambition to serve them in their hands. By the people here is meant the unorganized mass of citizens who are trying to make a living and to pursue happiness without doing either at the planned expense of others. Such a man as that just indicated put this definition of the people in concrete terms in a speech that revealed him as a statesman.

Mr. Charles L. Underhill of Somerville, one of the new Congressmen from Massachusetts, addressing the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in opposition to a proposed amendment which would deprive the courts of the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes, described those whom he sponsored in these words:

"I speak for the independent worker, for the man who is trying to run a small manufacturing business, for the small tradesman, for the salesman, the clerk, the stenographer, the teacher, the doctor, the minister and the many others of various callings who make up the life of the community. I speak for the unorganized workers, and they are just as important to the community as the union workers."

It is only to be wondered that Mr. Underhill before now had not been given credentials for Washington. Long ago it was seen that he was making a splendid record as representative in the General Court of Massachusetts, where he served for ten years altogether.

Usually service such as he rendered in that office brings the popular mandate, "Friend, go up higher," much quicker than happened in his case. However, the great commonality of Massachusetts is



CHARLES L. UNDERHILL
Congressman-elect from the Ninth District of
Massachusetts (Republican)

to be congratulated upon having such a defender and protector of its interests in Congress. The platform on which Mr.

Underhill made his campaign, coming from a man of such acknowledged fidelity, is a guarantee of good service to the nation as well as to his own state. It contains only twenty-six words, but it covers the most insistent national demands of today. This is what it says:

"Law and order, a square deal for all, special privileges for none, economy in the expenditure of public funds and a business administration of public affairs."

Six cartoons on the margin of a leaflet distributed in his campaign graphically pictured the career of Mr. Underhill, showing him at

various occupations, such as a printer's devil, coal driver, blacksmith, drummer, merchant and statesman.

* * * *

IT is refreshing to hear a public man in these times declare himself for country first and party afterward. Many come near to making such an avowal when stumping a constituency, especially where there is a chance of beguiling voters of the opposite party. Here is a case where the declarant speaks after safely landing.

Mr. T. Alan Goldsborough, elected to Congress as a Democrat from the first congressional district of Maryland, was interviewed at his home in Denton by a Baltimore Sun reporter a week after the general election. "Mr. Goldsborough," he is reported, "said he thought it would not only be unpatriotic but idiotic for the Democrats to try to thwart any progressive legislation the Republican party may want to put through."

Mr. Goldsborough is in favor of any laws that will help to relieve the burdens of taxation caused by the war, with the thought of the fate of the great body of consumers in this country ever in mind. It is his opinion that it is imperative for the next Congress to bring about legislation that will make the farmers of the country more contented with their lot and check the tendency to urbanization which has been gaining ground in recent years. As evidence that the agricultural industry does not receive adequate national support, he cites the fact that, of the governmental expenditures in 1920, only sixty-two and one-half cents in every hundred dollars is applied to the whole field of agriculture and forestry.

Although the interviewer elicited nothing of Mr. Goldsborough's views on prohibition, and many thought him a

"wet" in the campaign, a letter is quoted as being authenticated by Superintendent George W. Crabbe of the Anti-Saloon League, in which Mr. Goldsborough expresses himself against a modification of the Volstead Act, unless "the modification will make prohibition more effective."

By all of which it appears that, among all the new members of Congress, none give promise of more discreet and patriotic service to the United States than T. Alan Goldsborough, who is a law practitioner of Denton, Maryland.

* * * *

MANY of our statesmen of 1920 glory in having first seen the light upon farms, but few of them seem to have liked the life any longer than they could find something to do elsewhere. Not so Congressman-elect H. S. Ward, who stayed put at hoe and scythe until past voting age, or when he was twenty-two years old. Mr. Ward was born fifty years ago (1870) in Gates County, North Carolina, in which state he has had legislative experience.

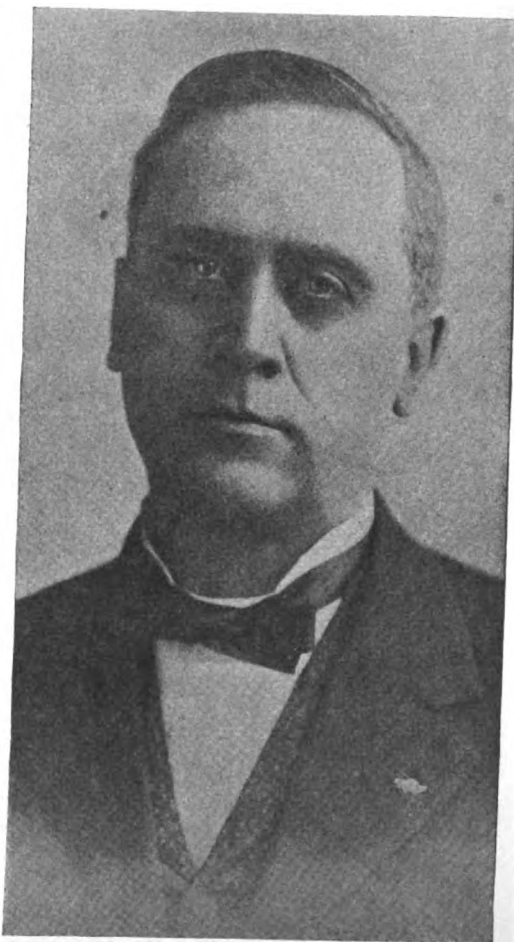
Upon leaving the farm he took a short law course at the University of North Carolina, and in 1893 obtained a license and located at Plymouth, North Carolina. He was elected to the Senate of North Carolina for two terms, in 1899 and 1901, and to the office of solicitor of the first district of that state 1904-1910. Moving to Washington, North Carolina, where he now resides, he has since been practising law there in the firm of Ward & Grimes. He was elected to Congress at the general election, succeeding Hon. John H. Small.

* * * *

FROM away down South in the land of cotton and steel comes a young man of engaging appearance to Congress. His picture herewith betokens bright mentality, modulated fastidiousness, modesty, vim and good taste. Gallant as the

traditional type of his native state, he sends a photograph showing his better half by his side. Mrs. Rankin's winsome lineaments furnish one of the reasons for placing good taste in the diagnosis of the portrait shown of Mr. J. E. Rankin, elected last November as Congressman from the first district of Mississippi.

Modesty is attributed to Mr. Rankin, not only from an amateur physiognomical reading, but because he tells so little about himself in reply to a request for information in that regard. He readily admits that he is a Democrat, but, after the many



H. S. WARD
Congressman-elect from the First District of
North Carolina (Democrat)



T. ALAN GOLDSBOROUGH
Congressman-elect from the First District of
Maryland (Democrat)

breaches in the "Solid South" evidenced at the last election, it is no longer startling to hear such an admission from below the Mason and Dixon line.

However, Mr. Rankin is to be cordially welcomed to the national halls of legislation. He gives promise of being a champion of progress, and being on the sunny side of forty, a long career of usefulness, both to his immediate constituency and to the country at large, may for him be predicted and heartily bespoken. A lawyer by profession, he may be expected to subject every open question of legislation to keen analysis and reach decisions in harmony with truth and justice. His patriotism was exemplified in the world war, in which he served as a buck private in the field artillery.



J. E. RANKIN (AND MRS. RANKIN)
Congressman-elect from the First District of
Mississippi (Democrat)

Mr. Rankin is head of the law firm of Rankin & Finley and thirty-eight years—he says "old," but the "sere and yellow leaf" we trust will not be his until he doubles his present years.

* * * *

AMONG the many farm born and bred boys to reach Congress partly by way of a schoolmaster's desk, was Harris J. Bixler. Attending school only in the winter sessions, the summers of his boyhood were occupied in teaming and farming. After teaching school, he finished his own school training and forthwith took the hardest road to a captaincy of industry.

This reference is to Mr. Harris J. Bixler, a manufacturer and banker of Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, a Republican elected to Congress from the 28th district of Pennsylvania. He was born September 16, 1870, at New Buffalo, Perry County, Pennsylvania, of Quaker parentage. In winter he went to the public school and in summer drove a team on the towpath of the Pennsylvania Canal, besides working on the farm. He taught a country school, after which he took a course in a state normal school and business college. Entering the lumbering woods as a laborer, he worked up to the position of manager.

Mr. Bixler is connected with the manufacturing and banking interests of Johnsonburg. He has served that city as councilman, president of the school board and mayor, and the county as sheriff and treasurer. The Johnsonburg Press, discussing the philosophy of election promises, refers to what Mr. Bixler has done to make Johnsonburg "a clean moral community" and concludes thus:

"Mr. Bixler is a straight Republican, and as such stands

squarely on every plank included in the Republican platform. But questions now unforeseen might come up later and, if they do, Mr. Bixler can be depended upon to stand on the question right where the best element of our solid American citizens would ask him to stand—for the right, the clean, the moral, the uplifting influences, that are the bulwark of our great state and nation."

* * * *

ESTIMATES have been made that nearly three hundred thousand candidates have already sent applications for the twenty-five thousand government positions that will be ready for distribution when President Harding takes charge of the Federal machinery.

Eleven ambassadors head the list at \$17,500, as the highest paid men. The twelve Cabinet members each receive \$12,500. Over thirty ministers to foreign nations are listed at \$10,000 each, while fifty-five United States district attorneys average \$5,000 each, together with the fifty internal revenue collectors. There are less than five hundred positions that are listed at more than \$5,000, and the other 24,500 average less than \$3,000 each, so it would not seem that there will be a great rush of victors for the spoils that began with the advent of Andrew Jackson, as one of the old-time Senators grimly predicted. As inauguration day rolls around again on March 4, with twenty-five thousand chances dangling before the eyes of visitors, the real belief is that only the heads of departments will change on March 4.

President Wilson included all postmasters under civil service regulations, and while he kept a few, it would seem as if some postmasters received life jobs from him. It may be safely predicted, however, that there will be some changes, for Postmaster-General Burleson has not found the Civil Service standing much in the way when the hopes of a Democrat were focused on a postoffice.

Just how his successor will view this situation it is not difficult to prophesy, but there will be many Democratic appointees retained in office, as President Wilson retained many Republicans in office to maintain efficiency.



HARRIS J. BIXLER
Congressman-elect from the Twenty-eighth District
of Pennsylvania (Republican)

Three stories about a great man

William Randolph Hearst has his Humor

By JAMES
MARTIN
MILLER

In the troubles, joys and responsibilities of America's prominent newspaper publisher there predominates a striking vein of human understanding



OME weeks ago William Randolph Hearst discussed some of the "Problems of the Nation" with me for publication. What the great editor said was printed in many of the big newspapers from coast to coast. During this visit at his home in Riverside Drive I saw three of his five young sons. When I asked him about them he said, "Our oldest, now sixteen, is named after my father, so his name is George. The second one was cursed with my name, so he must struggle through life as William Randolph Hearst, Jr." The two youngest Hearst boys are twins, four years of age.

Until this visit I hadn't seen Mr. Hearst to talk with him for fifteen years. He is the picture of a virile man in perfect health.

There is no better way, perhaps, of giving a glimpse into the personal traits and character of an individual than by telling of incidents in his everyday practical life, so I am going to repeat three little stories about Hearst. One of his former secretaries told me this one:

The late Tom Williams was manager of the New York Journal. One morning, as was his wont, Mr. Hearst asked his secretary if there was "anything of importance in this morning's mail that needs immediate attention?" "Yes, I have a very important letter here," said the secretary. "Tom Williams has sent in his resignation."

"Oh, that's of no importance," said Mr. Hearst, "pay no attention to it."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Hearst, that Tom Williams' resignation is of no importance?" asked the secretary in amazement.

"Why, this is the tenth time Tom has resigned," said Mr. Hearst, "and I never pay any attention to them; he'll not quit."

My friend, the late Ambrose Bierce, who was long associated with Mr. Hearst as one of his greatest writers, told me the following:

"Some years ago there was a manager of the San Francisco Examiner whom we will call George. At one time it was thought George was so indispensable (Continued on page 426)



Photo by Campbell Studios, N. Y.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, MRS. HEARST AND THEIR FIVE SONS

It's hard for talent to hide in America

Where the Job Sought the Man

Roy Carruthers thought he had earned the right to retire from the hotel business, but New York's finest hostelry needed him

SOME men achieve greatness." Of such is Mr. Roy Carruthers, who, on September 1st, succeeded to the managing directorship of the world-famed Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. Also it may be said that the "greatness" of this particular engagement was "thrust upon" Mr. Carruthers, for, having brilliantly won his laurels elsewhere, he was about to retire from the hotel business when another "captain of caterers" grasped the opportunity of securing his services. This was Mr. L. M. Boomer, head of the Boomer-duPont hotel chain, which includes, with The Waldorf-Astoria, half a dozen other hostels in New York, The Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, the New Willard in Washington and a string of cafés extending to Europe. Mr. Carruthers' selection by such a man, together with the fact that he succeeds a number of the first hotel men in the land, alone is enough to establish his title to the appellation "great". His immediate predecessor in The Waldorf-Astoria, Mr. Augustus Nulle, was in retiring promoted to be Mr. Boomer's right-hand assistant at the new executive offices of the organization.



Mine Host Carruthers has made what the theatrical people would call "an instantaneous hit" at The Waldorf. He is classed as being of the type of the late George C. Boldt, who opened the hotel in 1897, particularly in his presence on the main floor much of the day and night, contradicting the impression that the giant hotels of today cannot give the personal touch and the homelike feeling. Confronting him is the job of successfully reorganizing the hotel business to meet "dry" conditions along scientific lines of management. That he will satisfactorily meet this demand, his past career gives ample assurance.

Mr. Carruthers is said to be the highest salaried hotel manager in the country and perhaps in the world, rumor placing the figure at \$40,000 or \$50,000, with a financial interest in the hotel. Yet he has been in the business only six or seven years and is still in his forties. Although his hair is tinged with untimely gray his sprightly step and hearty enthusiasm in greeting old friends or new acquaintances fix his class as that of early prime—the age for doing big things. Indeed Mr. Boomer's entire managerial staff at his various hotels and restaurants is usually regarded as young. He has confidence in young men and women and in his own ability to train them so as to get best results from their new ideas, as well as loyalty to the establishments of which they soon feel and know they are an integral part. Mr. Boomer himself is a young man.

Roy Carruthers began his hotel experience as Manager of the popular Cliff House at the entrance of the Golden Gate, San Francisco. This was not a job big enough for the man, so he came into the city and took charge of the Palace Hotel, which had been having a spell of hard times, scattering its financial clouds like San Francisco fog before the ocean breezes. His reputation as a masterly, natural-born hotel keeper on the far Pacific shore led to his appointment as manager of the Hotel

Pennsylvania in New York, which he conducted with great success from its opening until he resigned the position with the intention of devoting himself entirely to personal business interests—a purpose thwarted, as already stated, by the eager solicitation of Mr. Boomer to accept the direction of The Waldorf-Astoria.

Anything relating to the progress of The Waldorf-Astoria is a source of public interest, as no other hotel has achieved the prestige that has attached to it since its opening in 1897. It has been the scene of many notable functions and the temporary home of the world's most distinguished travelers. Every president of the United States, from the time of Grover Cleve-

land, has been entertained there. Its list of illustrious foreign visitors includes, in recent times, the King and Queen of Belgium, the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Rumania, Cardinal Mercier, President Passoa of Brazil, President Menocal of Cuba, the Anglo-French, Italian and Japanese War Commissions, and, stretching back over the past quarter of a century, such notabilia as Lord Curzon, President Diaz of Mexico, the Crown Prince of Siam, Sir Thomas Lipton, the Duke of Veragua, Li Hung Chang, Marshal Yamagata, Baron Komura, the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon.

Built under the personal supervision of Mr. George C. Boldt, its first proprietor, The Waldorf-Astoria from the first has been conducted with supreme ability. Its different managers, and even some of its departmental chiefs, made names for themselves which will not soon fade in the annals of American hotel-keeping. Mr. Boldt gradually assembled around him a group of highly trained hotel executives and, recognized among the foremost hotel managers of the country today, there are many men who obtained their early training in his service. In the early years of the hotel Mr. T. M. Hilliard successfully filled the role of Business Manager, continuing until he retired from the field. Manager William A. McCusker, who has been with the hotel more than twenty years, is (Continued on page 429)

One of America's industrial giants

Transportation, Manufacturing, Finance

Have felt the guiding hand and brain of the man who has become the head of one of the greatest paper making organizations in the world

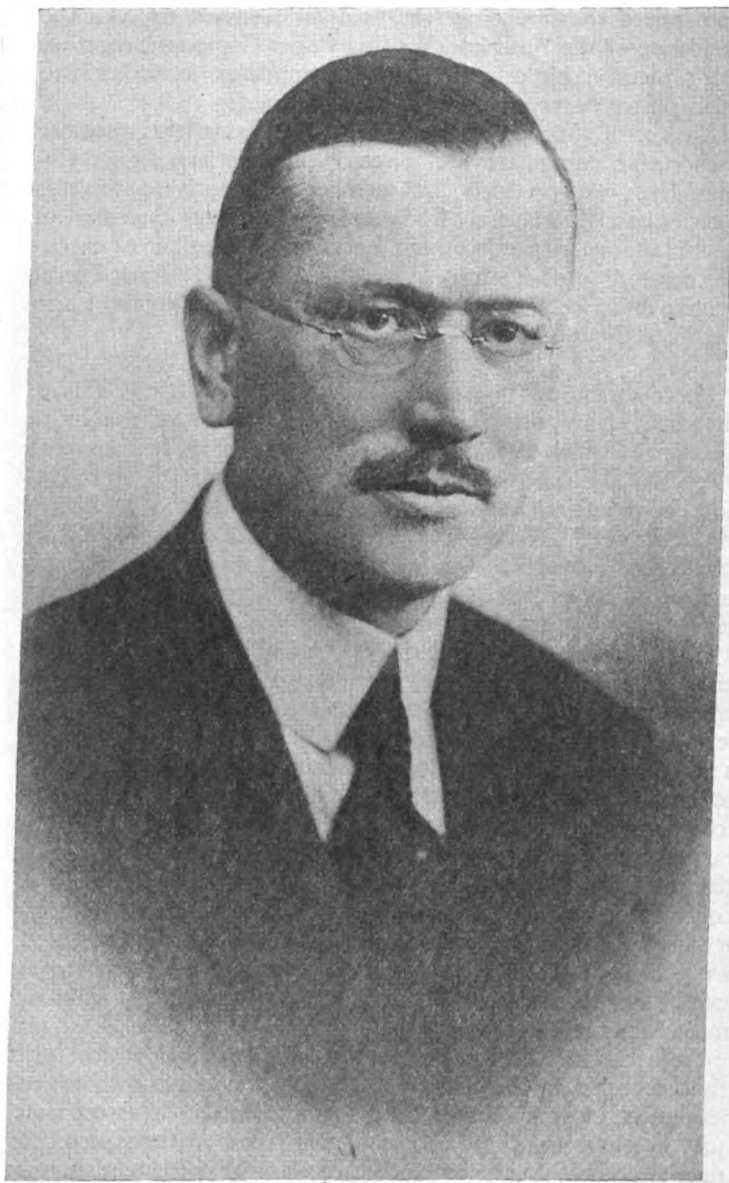
THAT a man still on the sunny side of fifty should have achieved success in scores of positions—as railroad man, manufacturer, public utilities executive, and financial expert—not only indicates a commanding personality, but illustrates, among thousands of instances, the illimitable opportunities of usefulness and distinction which this land of the free and home of doers of big things offers to the young man of ambition, initiative, courage and perseverance.

Mr. George A. Galliver, who lately resigned from a multitude of executive positions in large industrial and financial interests to assume the presidency of the big American Writing Paper Company, created for himself all of the advantages whereby he encompassed his wonderfully versatile achievements. He came of good, industrious stock, and had just the chances of the average boy of northern communities. Upon these foundations he established the eminent place that he ultimately held in transportation, industry, and finance.

Born at Ingersoll, Ontario, Mr. Galliver is now forty-seven years of age. His father was a leading cheese manufacturer in that Canadian city, and moved to Michigan when the boy was seven years old. After starting to earn a living, in an occupation requiring both manual and mental facility, of which mention will be made directly, he supplemented his rudimentary education by attending Y. M. C. A. night classes, along with the indulgence of an insatiable appetite for reading. Also he took a four-year course and won the M. D. degree in a medical college, and to his training in anatomy there Mr. Galliver has always attributed his predilection for physical analysis. He has made a special study of biology, besides which the make-up of a human being has been to him a source of fascination. For instance, he takes a keen interest in such an inscrutable mystery as the fact that, as stated in one of his essays, while the human brain contains nine billion cells, only one billion are apparently of any use to the living man. He is, with Huxley, a believer in the "five anatomies" as a ground work of education.

Mr. Galliver began his active career as a telegraph operator, the same humble role as that in which Edison first showed the capacity for mastering the secrets of electricity which made him great. At the age of thirteen he entered the service of the Pere Marquette Railroad in Michigan, at the key, the youngest operator on the job, at the meager salary of thirty-five dollars a month. Then, in successive steps, he was car distributor, yard master, train despatcher, traveling auditor, chief clerk to the general superintendent, assistant to the traffic manager, secretary to the general manager. He was associated with General Manager W. H. Baldwin, Jr., of the Pere Marquette, who later became president of the Long Island Railroad, and who was well known in New England.

His first commercial employment was as Chicago manager of the U. S. Graphite Company of Saginaw, Michigan, and Sonora, Mexico, manufacturers of graphite products. Mr. Galliver served later as scientific representative of the pharmaceutical manufacturers, the Park-Davis Company of Detroit. He organized the Chicago Paint Company, being its first secretary and treasurer. Other manufacturing and commercial concerns with which he was successively identified are named in the following catalogue: Geuder Paesche Manufacturing



GEORGE A. GALLIVER
President American Writing Paper Company

Company, tinware, stoves and furnaces; A. J. Lindemann & Hoverson Company, gas stoves; Peck-Williamson Heating and Ventilating Company, furnaces; Bellaire Stamping Company, enameled goods; Merkel & Co., produce commission merchants, which he organized and managed; Chicago Sewing Machine Company, sewing machines and cash registers, as superintendent; Monarch Cycle Manufacturing Company, as superintendent and later as sales manager; Stearns & Culver Lumber Company, operating four mills in Florida, as general manager, also as manager of four large naval-stores operations; Export Lumber Company, as director; Florida and Alabama Railroad Company, as general manager; Domestic Sewing Machine Company, as secretary and general manager; also held the same offices for the National Sweeper Company.

As a member of Harrison Williams and financial associates in New York City, Mr. Galliver held positions as follows: In the organizing and financing of the American Gas & Electric Company, also the Federal Light & Traction Company; was president of the Springfield (Mo.) Railway & Light Company, Central States Electric Corporation, Electric Investment Corporation, Utilities Securities Corporation; vice-president and member of the executive committee of the Republic Railway and Light Company, and of the Mahoning & Shenango Railway & Light Company; vice-president of the Youngstown & Sharon Railway & Light Company; vice-president and treasurer of the Federal Utilities, Inc., investment bankers, and executive committee officer of the Peerless Truck & Motor Corporation. From all of the foregoing Mr. Galliver resigned to take the presidency of the American Writing Paper Company, together with a membership on its executive committee, in addition to which offices he retains the following named:

Director of Chicopee National Bank of Springfield; member of executive committee and director of American Paper Exports, Inc.; vice-president and member of executive committee of Associated Industries of Massachusetts, being chairman of the section on finance, banking, and credit; member of executive committee of Eastern States Industrial and Agricultural League, and vice-chairman and director of New England Farm and Food Foundation.

* * * *

The doctrine of "mutual aid" is a tenet of Mr. Galliver. Humans, in his view, must rise above the law of the brute creation in which the "struggle for existence" is the supreme end. "Mutual aid" may be called the golden test. Its principle, he points out, was recognized even by Darwin in "Origin of the Species." When, in the course of evolution, the human intelligence is reached, the law of the "survival of the fittest" is superseded by the golden rule of helping one another. I get this from an article written by him.

Besides being a great organizer, Mr. Galliver is a past master in leadership. He recently conducted a trade conference under the auspices of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts—an organization of scientifically inclined men—in such a masterly fashion as to win the congratulations of all observers. Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, the eminent New York financier, told a correspondent of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE editor that he was very well pleased indeed with the proceedings, saying the point that particularly impressed him was the feeling of confidence in each other shown by those in attendance, evincing a sense of interdependence between the interests represented, as well as a desire for mutual helpfulness. For this happy exhibition the organizing and directing talent of Mr. Galliver must be largely credited.

In fact, the spirit invoked on the occasion was identical with that revealed in a talk Mr. Galliver gave to his own organization at Holyoke some months ago. He said in effect that, just in proportion as business men in their methods acted as men and not animals, advancing to the higher plane of human fellowship, in the same degree would the law of the "survival of the fittest," as exemplified in the jungle, give place to the Golden Rule with its consequent reciprocal assistance benefiting the individual, the community and the nation.

At the Republican National Convention in Chicago, where the editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE had the happy experience of shaking hands with him, Mr. Galliver displayed that active interest in public affairs which rounds out the virtues of America's best men of business. His exertions lent materially to the success of the New England delegation in placing the name of the Governor of Massachusetts on the Presidential ticket. He was the one who conceived the idea of the little

book, "Law and Order—Coolidge," which was presented to each delegate, having had it turned out over night by the Donnelly Press. Among other activities he arranged for the buffet luncheon and meeting of the New England delegates at the University Club.

May the overruling powers above send America many more men of the caliber of George A. Galliver.

I can do no better in closing than to quote some of the views of the subject of this sketch expressed in recent talks:

"One of the most significant signs of a new renaissance," he says, "is the tendency to standardize values. This is developing with great force through associative activities, such as the standardization of commodities, securing uniformity of cost accounting, zoning of areas of distribution, compiling statistics of production and consumption, and above all, through a sense of fair play, a certain *esprit de corps*, that cannot countenance haggling, bluffing, or overreaching. For at bottom all trade is built upon a basis of mutual trust and reciprocal good will. The more each party to a bargain is convinced of the other's honesty of purpose, the more willing will each be to make the venture, and thus the more will the volume of trade swell and prosperity be increased. Men will naturally prefer to deal with those who make it a point of honor to give value for value, laying all their cards squarely on the table, and offering their goods for precisely what they are. Nor will the fair-minded man of business seek to conceal his profits (not even from the men whom he employs), for the profits he demands will be in accordance with the services he has rendered and the risks he has run. There can, it is true, be no hard-and-fast canon of economic justice; but equity there certainly can be. Given sufficient knowledge, we can tell what price is fair and what unfair, what profits are reasonable, and what are not. This is a truism of today. This twentieth century has witnessed a great change in the ethics of the markets; *caveat emptor* is now a discredited motto; open dealing and frank publicity is the recognized code of all reputable traders, and generous and even altruistic efforts are now common among men of business."

In another place he has said:

"Since the fundamental power in any commonwealth is economic, emancipation, so-called, for the working class is possible only through economic power. The cant of the past regarding domineering, capitalism, downtrodden labor, strikes, lockouts, etc., is a vestige of the old order of industrialism and is not at all characteristic of the new renaissance. Capital is merely the fruit of successful labor, and can only be maintained by labor becoming increasingly successful, continuing to save, and more and more becoming investors. It is quite remarkable, but true, that inherited wealth rarely survives three generations, unless a laborer develops anew in the family. Again, employers are merely employees who get ahead. We must, therefore, as employers, serve co-operatively with our more intelligent employees in bringing about, in one way or another, an appreciation of this true form of industrialism, viz.: economic independence through thrift and diligence. What employees need to consider is not how little work they ought to do, but the quality of what is done. There is a vital energy in man which craves an outlet. Freedom of service, of both hand and capital, is the religion of democracy, and this is offered us all, employers and employees alike, in this land of service and opportunity."

The letters and addresses of many business men of today would add much to the real literature of the times. How often the wish is expressed that business thoughts and epigrams could be preserved, as are the works of the philosophers and poets, to give future generations even a more accurate survey of the thought of the times. The men who deal with business conditions are the men who think hard and fast. If every industrial organization would preserve on their library shelves and furnish to public libraries a permanent record of the earnest comment of their leaders, they would be furnishing a guide for the future, and make business ideas and discoveries as permanent as the results of scientific investigation and research. All business, after all, is builded on the same fundamentals, but the varying sidelights are always suffused with intense human interest.



The Spiritual Significance of the Pilgrim Exodus

By STELLA A. OSBORNE

THROUGHOUT this year of nineteen-twenty the eyes of the nation—nay, the eyes of the world—have been turned toward a little town whose one main street stretches along the water front of a certain harbor for a mile or two, and merges itself then with the state highway.

A half dozen or so side streets climb the hills that back the town, and lose themselves at a little distance from the shore.

There is a graveyard upon one hill, and under the trees that shade its tenants from the noonday sun are leaning stones, worn and crumbling from the touch of Time.

There is a Rock upon the shore on which, three hundred years ago, a foot-step fell which echoes still through all the world—and so will echo down the corridors of Time until Eternity.

And this is Plymouth!

The minute hand of Time has moved again—another hundred years have passed since the *Mayflower* furlled her sails in the harbor of the New World. Three hundred years in all, as men measure time, since that Pilgrim band set foot upon our shores. A long time, surely, in the history of a young nation, and yet—how short a time in the history of mankind. Three hundred years of human hopes and aspirations—three centuries of growth and progress.

One hundred years ago, in the old First-Parish Church at Plymouth, the great Webster (who was dressed in "small clothes and had buckles on his shoes," and over all wore a "flowing silk gown") began one of the most notable public addresses of his life with the simple words: "Let us rejoice that we behold this day."

The occasion was the celebration (in 1820) of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement at Plymouth by the Pilgrim forefathers, and after he had uttered that short and simple sentence he held an enraptured audience spellbound with his matchless eloquence till the close of his oration.

Prophecy surely spoke through the lips of Daniel Webster on that day, a hundred years ago, when in painting a word

picture of the observance of the occasion to be celebrated a century thereafter he declared in his peroration that:

"On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it lose itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas."

As a dramatic fulfillment of that prophecy, hardly had

Henry Cabot Lodge, in the course of his impressive address during the Tercenary exercises in the Old Colony Theatre at Plymouth on December twenty-first, reached that point in his quotation from Webster's oration, when the bell of the telephone on the stage began to ring, and it was announced that Governor William D. Stephens of California was calling.

Governor Coolidge, speaking through the telephone, said:

"This is Governor Coolidge. Yes, of Massachusetts. I am sitting in the chair of Governor Bradford.

"I wish you would say to Governor Stephens that Massachusetts and Plymouth Rock greet California and the Golden Gate. The sons of the Pilgrims, according to the prophecy, send the voice to you that reaches even to the roar of the Pacific."

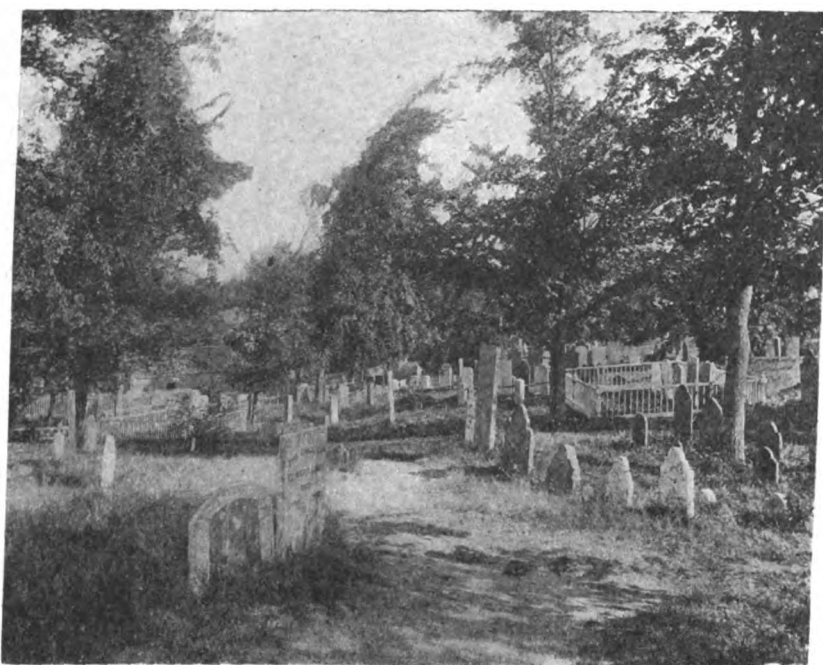
* * *

Little could those "stern men with empires in their brains," who lived through the first two terrible win-

ters at Plymouth have dreamed that such a gathering of representative citizens should assemble to do them honor three centuries after they first set foot at the edge of the wilderness that was then New England.

They were humble folk, those Pilgrims to whom so many of the rich and great are now so proud to trace their lineage—poor in the world's goods, and lowly in life's station.

They were but ill-equipped for their struggle with the rude forces of the wilderness which they came to subdue, overwhelmingly in debt to the company that had financed their doubtful enterprise, underfed, improperly clothed, and cast by adverse winds and tides upon an inhospitable shore at the



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BURIAL HILL

THE leaves that whisper softly overhead
The graves where sleep so quietly
The dead,
Can tell us nothing of the olden days
The Pilgrims lived in, loved, and
Went their ways.

The summer sunshine and the moonbeams play
Among those time-worn headstones where
The Pilgrims lay,
And brooding Peace is visioned in the sacred spot
To warn the thoughtless that they must
Disturb them not.

beginning of winter, hundreds of miles from the haven they had set sail to reach.

Why, then, was it that the sickness that decimated their numbers till there were scarce enough of them left well to nurse

personal assent by all the individuals of the community to the association, *by which they became a nation!*"

The circumstance of the Pilgrims landing at Provincetown was epochal in the world's history. Had they succeeded in reaching their intended destination, the Virginia Colony, they would have been governed by the provisions of the London patent—and the "compact" would have remained unwritten.

There was no member of the *Mayflower* company who was trained in statecraft—was it mere chance that some one of them, to meet the exigencies of the hour, composed a social covenant so brief as to be understandable by the simplest mind, yet so comprehensive as to include the whole object and the whole purpose of popular government—a thing unknown in all the world until that hour? A compact that was the basis of the laws of the infant colony, and of the republican institutions of America—a compact so admirably designed to conserve the rights of a free people that later, by deliberate action, it became incorporated into a civil form of government which was the groundwork of America's future greatness?

Was it chance that guided the hand of the author of the document that for the first time in the world's history promulgated civil government as predicated upon the consent of the governed?

If we believe the Pilgrims to have been the sport of freakish chance—blown like thistle-down before the gale—shall we not with equal reason believe that to chance alone do we owe thanks for our existence as a sovereign nation?

Was it chance that guided the Israelites during their years of wandering in the desert, and that led them at last, after the period of probation had been passed, into the Promised Land?

What a striking parallel indeed may be observed in many of the attendant circumstances between the exodus of the Israelites and the exodus of the Pilgrims—those two epochal events



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LEYDEN STREET, PLYMOUTH

The first street in New England—so named by the Pilgrims in memory of their abiding place in Holland for eleven years

the ill and dig graves for the dead, and the hunger and cold and privations that they endured, did not utterly discourage and confound them?

Why did not the ill and starving remainder of the colony flee from the scene of their disaster with the ending of the first winter? Why did they not prevail upon the master of the *Mayflower*, which remained at anchor in Plymouth harbor until April, to carry them to their original destination, south of the Hudson River, to the more hospitable country which was embraced by the charter from the London Company?

Is it not because they were guided and sustained by a purpose higher than their human wills, that they endured to the end against every ill and privation and discouragement in their intent to found a commonwealth where all men should be free and equal, and privileged to worship God as their consciences might dictate?

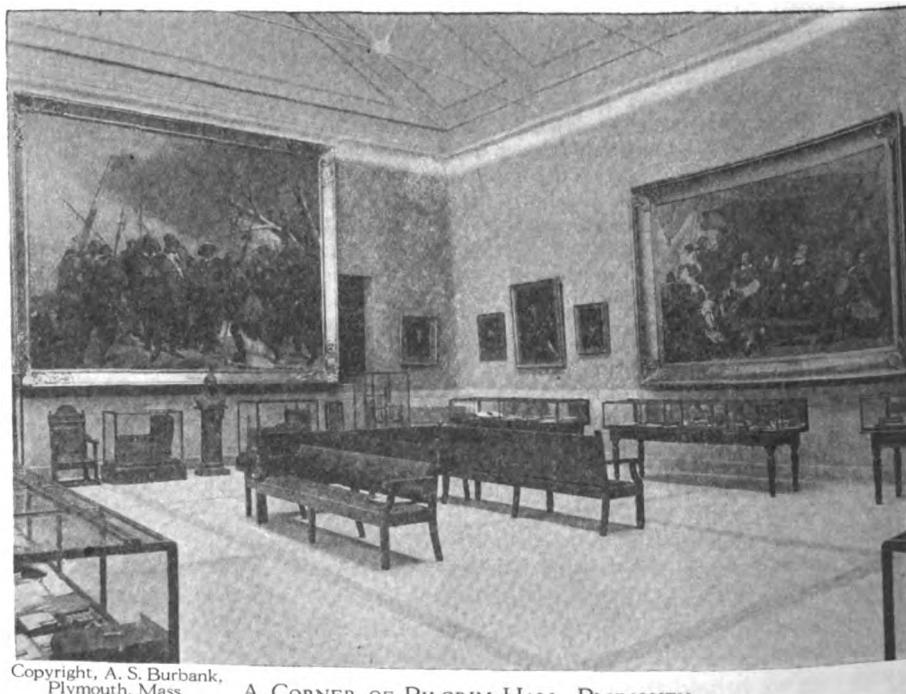
Was it not because, as Governor Bradford said, "They knew that they were Pilgrims and strangers here below, and looked not much on these things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, where God holds prepared for them a city, and therein quieted their spirits?"

Was it chance—or Divine guidance—that steered the Pilgrim bark to the New England shore? May it not have been ordained since the very dawn of creation that this band of "meek and lowly" people should pass through long trials and stern privations to a spiritual fitness for their task of setting the cornerstone of the foundation for a new nation destined to save the world from disintegration?

Was it chance that inspired the conception of the Pilgrim covenant, that compact of which John Quincy Adams wrote (in 1802): "This is perhaps the only instance in human history of that positive original social compact which speculative philosophers have imagined as the only legitimate source of government. Here was a unanimous, and

in human history—separated though they be by three thousand years of time.

Every authentic contemporaneous record that has come down to us across the centuries lays stress (Continued on page 423)



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A CORNER OF PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH

In this building are gathered many famous historical paintings and interesting relics of the Pilgrim forefathers

The "Spex" on Your Face

By CLARK SLOAN

Important that people with defective vision should consult competent sight specialists



MAN would present a strange aspect were it necessary or habitual for him to prick up his ears, dilate his nostrils and lick his "chops," after the fashion of many of the dumb animals, while exercising his respective senses of sound, smell and taste.

He "negotiates" these senses largely through the "sensory" nerves, as quite separate and distinct from muscular action controlled by the "motor" nerves. Combination of the two, as in taste and touch, may increase their sensitiveness to our fuller appreciation of whatever message they bear.

That these muscular efforts are not necessary, even though possible, to the proper functioning of the above mentioned senses, is the best evidence that the organ of sight should function with its intrinsic muscles at absolute rest. The structure of the eye indicates it was so intended to function for all objects beyond a distance of about twenty-five feet.

To illustrate, it is safe to say that few things in nature ever grow to identically the same dimensions. The leaves of a tree and the peas in a pod each closely resemble their own kind, yet give opportunity for considerable dissimilarity if subjected to scientific measurement and comparison. Similarly, our eyes are unlikely to be found either perfect in size and shape or exactly alike, even in the individual.

A photograph camera must be of the correct size and lens power and be "in focus" before it can be made to produce a clear picture. The eye, being a powerful camera, averaging less than one inch in diameter, must be normal in shape and size if vision is to be both clear and free from strain. Hence, it is possible to have only one condition known as "normal"—and that a comparatively rare one—while all others are imperfect to a greater or less degree.

The normal eye-ball is one of such diameter, curvature and density of contents that it requires no muscular effort to put and keep it in focal adjustment while seeing a clear image of the distant object toward which it is directed. The eye, however, composed of elastic, animal tissue, is not often so perfect in structure but that it does require aid of the muscles to keep it in focus.

The slightest deviation, toward undersize, necessitates constant involuntary and unavoidable expenditure of nervous energy and straining of delicate muscles of the eyes to keep the image "in focus" and thus maintain clear vision. It is this maintenance—"upkeep," if you will—of clear and binocular vision that causes eye discomfort and its resultant aches and pains in persons who "see so well" but who can't understand why they should need glasses. Keeping the eyes closed, drugging them, putting on colored glasses, or glasses that blur the vision, are some of the means of relief.

Few of us care to keep our eyes closed, drugging them is merely temporary relief like getting drunk to forget our troubles,

colored glasses are suggestive of "sore eyes" and "blurry" glasses are only "blindners." There is only one way by which defective eyes can be kept open, see everything it was intended they should see—perhaps some things that were not—and still be enabled to "go way back and sit down" entirely free from muscular and nervous strain, and that is by wearing correctly adapted glasses.

Abnormalities of one-twelfth of an inch and less in the diameter of the eye-ball—a very common condition—may require any one of many thousands of lens combinations, each of different strength or axis, to neutralize the error, render the eye normal in effect and permit of comfortable vision. When the eye-ball is so abnormal that its muscles are unable to overcome the defect, poor sight is the result, and the number and variety of lens combinations available for correct selection and adaptation to these greater deficiencies increases almost incalculably.

Measuring the optical defects of the eye accurately is a work that requires patience and skill of a high order. Notwithstanding the fact that many people find their sight improved by glasses purchased to suit themselves, or by glasses that were prescribed for other eyes, there is no other way of procuring glasses perfectly adapted to each individual's needs than by the aid of a specialist in optics. A specialist of either school may be consulted. One claims it is necessary to use "drops"

in the eyes under examination—the other says the use of "drops" is detrimental to measuring the powers and resources of the eyes. If the specialist is competent he will accomplish the work by either method. If he is incompetent he can't do it satisfactorily by any method.

Except in the states of Texas and Missouri, optometrists (eye-measurers) are required by state laws to qualify by examination before being permitted to start practicing Optometry. The customary opposition to the passage of such laws, by a few men violently opposed to anything that originates outside their own school, has been sufficient to delay action in the above mentioned states. It must come soon, however.

Columbia University and Ohio State University have two- and four-year courses, respectively, in Optometry, both in successful operation for six or eight years. Graduates are not authorized to treat medically nor operate, but are thoroughly instructed to the end that they be competent to care properly for the optical needs of their patients and to advise, intelligently, those in need of the services of medical or surgical practitioners.

Optometrists are the only sight specialists required by law to qualify themselves for the practice of prescribing glasses.

Inasmuch as ninety-five per cent of all eye difficulties can and should be remedied by glasses correctly adapted it is highly important that the specialist really be a specialist and not merely one who has adopted that appellation of his own free will.



CLARK SLOAN

Well-known optometrist of Cleveland, Ohio

The Man and his Message

By MAJOR JOHN B. JEFFERY, U.S.A.

IT was my good fortune recently to be able to obtain two sittings in the First Congregational church, San Francisco, where there was standing room only, nearly one hour before service. Still the steady stream of worshipers continued; chairs were placed

on the platform and in the choir, which were soon filled with two rows of men and women. After these folks had been seated a goodly number lined the walls and stood throughout the service.

Now what manner of man is this, whose church is crowded, Sunday after Sunday and on Wednesday evenings, nearly an hour before service time? For, let it be said, it is the man here in San Francisco that draws the crowd. One who has gained the ear and affection of the people in this way can be no ordinary man, but must have qualities of head and heart commensurate with such success. Probably the main quality making for this remarkable influence is Dr. James L. Gordon's wide sympathy and breadth of outlook. He knows the life of the man in the street. The man in the street respects that knowledge and comes to hear the preacher who can tell him something about the life he lives and the higher life he might live.

Another quality that the people like is that he has no hesitant tone and minces no words when denouncing sin, but speaks in downright terms of burning rebuke. Then he undoubtedly possesses the great faculty of being interesting. The "catchy" titles of his sermons—while naturally laying him open to criticism in some quarters—show him to be a man who knows how to arouse popular interest. There are no dull moments in his sermons, no involved argument, but each sermon is crammed with incident, chiefly gathered from books of history and biography, grouped under leading thoughts and fused with the fire of personality. This would appear to be Dr. Gordon's invariable sermonic method, and he has the skill of a great journalist in the collection and grouping of a mass of facts.

And now for the man.

Curiously enough the preacher, in speaking of his double in Winnipeg, pictured in a few touches his own person: "In height, five feet eight inches; in weight, one hundred and ninety pounds; in appearance, stout, kindly in eye, heavy of mustache,

large of ear, and kindly of expression." He speaks with a pronounced American accent and the style of the service in his church is usually American.

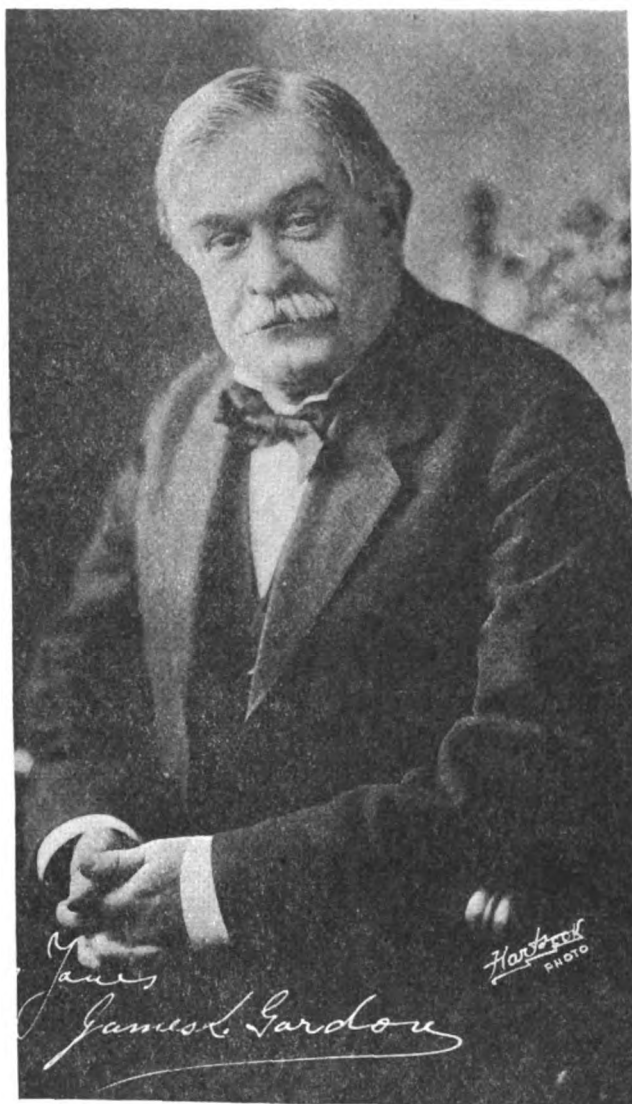
Dr. James L. Gordon has all the essential qualities of a good preacher. His action is fascinatingly interesting to observe,

but to report his discourse is exceedingly difficult, as at times his words rush out in a torrent of eloquence. He reads his sermon rapidly from large square sheets inscribed with huge characters that can be seen from the gallery. These sheets are bound together and he turns them over without the slightest attempt at concealment. To try to describe his gestures is an almost impossible task, for they are varied almost every moment under the changing stress of his emotion. His feeling comes in frequent gusts, each one a perfect whirlwind of vehement oratory. While his grasp of truth is strong, his convictions are clear and deep. His common sense is refreshed with a flow of humor that bubbles like the brook in spring. An easy delivery is coupled with a manner poised and polished. With well-chosen language his reserve power is ever-present—a valuable asset. Last but not least, Dr. Gordon has a big heart, and no man can be a magnetic preacher who has not largeness of soul, love of his fellows, for it is there that strength of character is reflected.

I was given a copy of "Dr. Gordon's Note Book" full of his epigrams and the subject-matter of his sermon on "Individuality." Some specimens of thought from this effort follow:

"Whatever you possess in common with most men attests your humanity. Whatever you possess

which is uncommon to most men attests your individuality. The only contribution which any man can make toward the true wealth of the world is his own individuality. Men long for recognition—the vital thing is to recognize yourself. The trinity of faith is faith in self, faith in God and faith in man. The foundation of individuality is self-confidence. To believe that you are right and to believe that you are right in believing that you are right. Confidence in your own confidence. Faith in your own faith. Trust in your own trust. Your judgment upon your own judgment, which judges that your own judgment is good judgment. This (Continued on page 420)



DR. JAMES L. GORDON
*The popular pastor of the First Congregational Church
in San Francisco*

Hawaii—Land of Romance

Paradise of the Pacific

By DANIEL LOGAN

HAWAII, land of romance and rainbows, combines delightful climate, magnificent scenery, strange social structure, opportunity for rest and recreation, enthralling historic interest, home-compelling charm and strategic world position, in a far greater degree than can be found in any other area of equal dimensions on the surface of the globe.

The intangible yet real "Comeback Club" of Hawaii is one of the largest fraternity units anywhere, its membership being spread throughout the seven seas. Right well is this little archipelago of Uncle Sam called the "Paradise of the Pacific."

Mark Twain, in not his first tribute to the isles he visited at the dawn of his fame, described them as "*The loveliest fleet of islands that lies anchored in any ocean.*"

Hawaii is denominated the "Crossroads of the Pacific," being situated upon the great trade routes between North and South America, eastward, and Asia and Australasia, westward. Its maritime position has been greatly improved by the Panama canal. It has frequent mails to all parts of the world. Cable and wireless systems further enhance its communicability, while the wireless brings the islands of the group itself into constant intercourse.

There is not a more balmy and equable climate in the world than that of the Hawaiian Islands. Winter there is distinguished from summer chiefly by slightly shorter days. For these islands no extremes of cold or heat, at habitable altitudes, exist.

With regard to tables of temperature, one year in Hawaii is just like another. They show for Honolulu an extreme daily range of 56 to 81 degrees for January, and 67 to 85 degrees for July. At Kealahou, on the leeward of Hawaii island, the daily mean for January is around 64, and for July, 68 degrees.

Frost is an enemy unknown to the Hawaiian husbandman. Hawaii is a refuge from both the frigid and the torrid seasons of the temperate zones, north and south of the equator, making it a winter or a summer resort for the inhabitants of those regions, according to



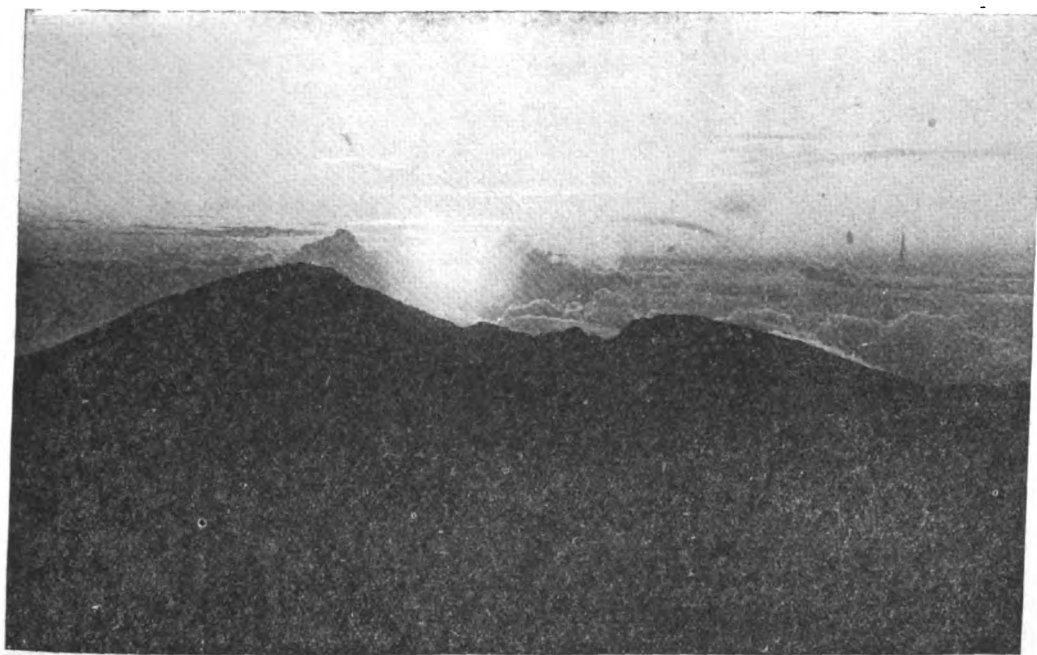
Capitol of Hawaii—formerly Iolani Palace occupied by the last two sovereigns of the islands

individual convenience and choice. Hurricanes are all but unknown there, and are of but narrow sweep when they do, perhaps once in a generation, visit the islands.

Velvety trade breezes prevail, cooling without chilling.

It is believed that the Hawaiian Islands, formerly in modern times called the Sandwich Islands, were inhabited as early as the year 500. The aboriginal people were supposed to belong to the same race as the tribes of Samoa, Fiji and Tahiti. These in turn are by some authorities held to have come from old-world regions by way of Java. One theory makes the Hawaiians descendants of the Phoenicians, which is in harmony with their seafaring skill.

Driven from their far southern homes by war, as is supposed, the tribes that first colonized this group in the North Pacific found their way to the new Canaan in the watery desert without chart or compass, their course being laid by observation of the stars. It is certain that there was much intercourse between the archipelagoes below the equator



Sunrise from the summit of Haleakala—above the clouds

and Hawaii in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. At different periods there were small accessions of Spanish and Japanese blood, leaving some permanent strains of those antipodal races in Hawaiian families, from vessels wrecked upon the island coasts.

At their discovery by European voyagers at the close of the eighteenth century, the Hawaiians were found remarkably skilled in various ways—evidenced in the fashioning of their dwellings and canoes, their well-planned irrigation works, the splendor of apparel of their chiefs, the ingenuity of their agricultural and fishing implements, their domestic utensils, their tapa cloth beaten out of bark, etc.

Withal the Hawaiians proved to be the most amiable and hospitable people that explorers in outlandish places had ever met. These fine qualities have not only remained with the Hawaiians, throughout the changes wrought by civilization, but have been stamped upon the alien society of the islands. Nowhere is the stranger in a strange land made more welcome than in Hawaii, or to experience at parting a keener home-leaving sensation.

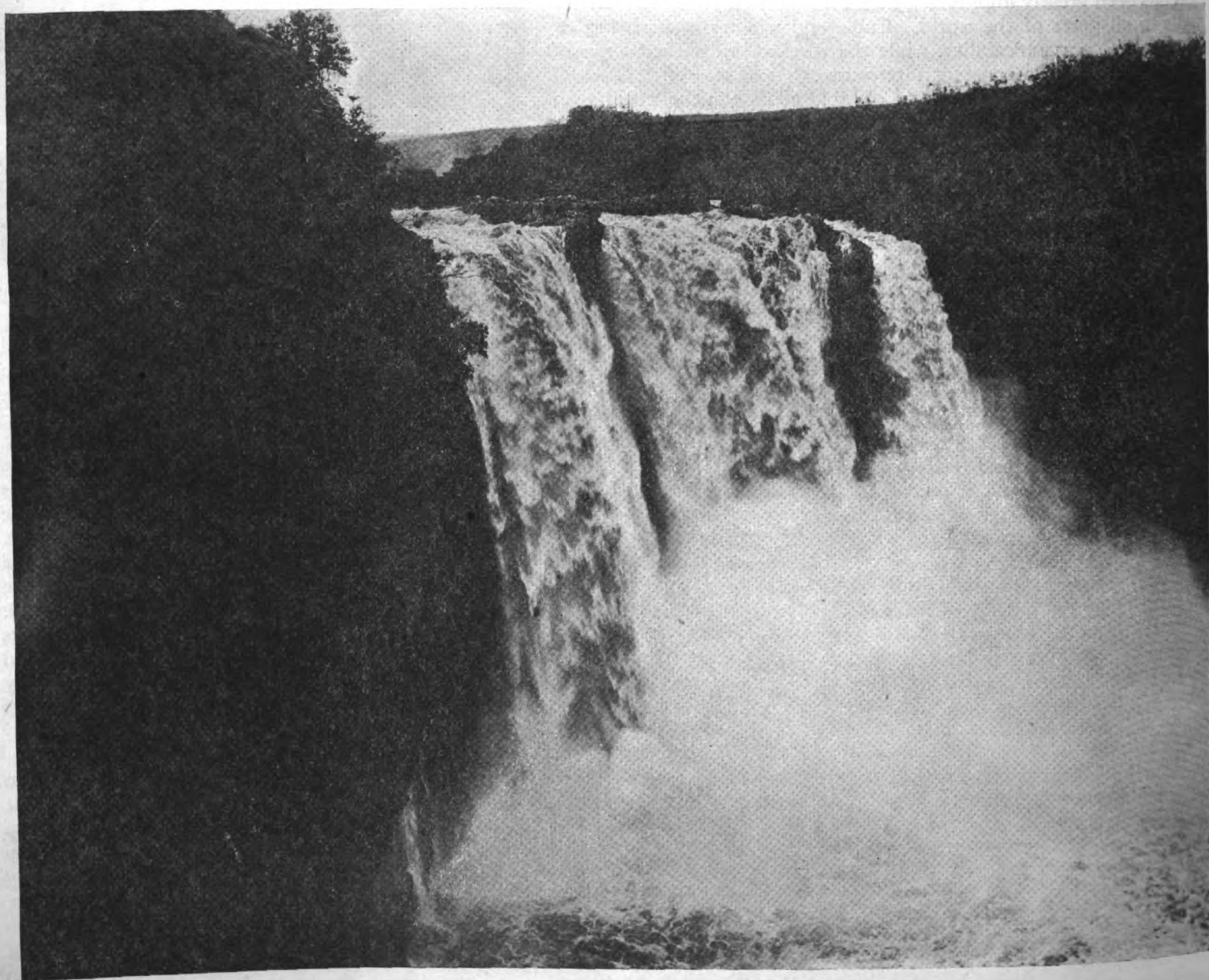
Cosmopolitanism is the outstanding feature of the Hawaiian community. Here is the "melting pot" of the Pacific. A group photograph of a girls' seminary showed 27 racial varieties. Disorderly clashes between races are unknown. Schools and playgrounds are aiding the process of transmuting the human conglomerate into pure metal of Americanism. Orientals too old to change their national traits yet rejoice at their children's opportunities to qualify for American citizenship.

As for the laughing and singing Hawaiians, they take to Yankee patriotism, with all its frills, like ducks to water. None can beat them at the great national game of politics.

Mountain scenery rivaling the grandest on the globe is found in the Hawaiian Islands. In the middle of Hawaii, the largest island, Mauna Kea of 13,805 feet, Mauna Loa of 13,675 feet and Hualalai of 8275 feet elevation are contiguous broad-based domes reared by volcanic action. This force is still in operation, Mauna Loa being the seat of two active volcanoes, besides frequently emitting rivers of molten lava from its slopes. On the north side of the same island the Kohala range boasts a peak more than 5500 feet high.

From some parts of the coast the rise to the higher elevations is gradual, while elsewhere vertical precipices of great altitude meet the proud waves of the ocean. At many points silvery cascades of water streak the faces of the cliffs. These ribbon-like cataracts are common sights upon the coasts of some of the other islands, delighting the eyes of travelers on passing steamers.

Mountain formations of great magnitude, of infinite variety in contour, are the main features of the other islands—Maui, Oahu, Kauai and Molokai, but there is not space here to detail their various charms. Haleakala, on Maui island, however, is in a class by itself. This is a sublime dome, rising gradually to a height of more than 10,000 feet. Its summit embraces the largest extinct crater in the world, with a circumference at the rim of thirty miles. Within this vast cavity volcanic cones stand up which are mountains in themselves.



Rainbow Falls at Hilo, Island of Hawaii



Hilo from the beach at Waiakea—Mauna Loa in the background

while clouds come down and drape the sunken landscape. Sightseers climb to the top over night to view the gorgeous spectacle as the rising sun dispels the rolling vapors, gilding them with its rays and filling the cavernous voids far below with rainbow hues. Haleakala means the "house of the rising sun."

Mountains, though, are but the framework of Hawaii's scenic composition. There are deep and fertile valleys, great plateaus and seacoast plains occupied by ranchers and gardeners, illimitable reaches of sugar cane rustling in the breeze, extensive pineapple fields with their purple rows geometrically crisscrossing hill and plain, quaint villages of polyglot habitation, the capital city, progressive shiretowns, well-gardened army and navy posts, orient-flavored labor camps, and, last but most impressive, Old Ocean thundering upon headlands and reefs.

Any description of the chief towns of Hawaii would occupy more room than is available in these pages on the present occasion. Enough to say that Honolulu, with a population of 60,000 or so, is much like any mainland city of equal size to a cursory view, yet possesses many attractions for a visitor which in few places on earth are even approximately duplicated. Its Oriental inhabitants, with their peculiar customs and commerce, contribute the differential elements. Hilo, the second city and county seat of Hawaii island; Wailuku, the shiretown of Maui; Lihue, that of Kauai—all are replicas on smaller scale of Honolulu in social composition and quality. Each, however, has scenic treasures of its own.

Hawaii's points of interest are well supplied with communications and inter-communications. There are railways on the

larger islands. Comfortable steamers connect Honolulu with the outports. Each island has a constantly progressing system of automobile roads. In many places the roads are part and parcel of the splendid scenery they traverse, here winding their way along the faces of dizzy precipices, and there skirting the sinuous coast line with ocean spray cooling the tourist's cheek. There are bridle trails to negotiate which is an adventure of a lifetime, also hiking paths in tropical forests for the inveterate pedestrian and incorrigible mountain climber. A round trip by steamer and auto, taking but sixty hours from Honolulu, gives one a look into the Kilauea lake of fire, which leaves a never-to-fade impression upon the mind of the beholder.

Although Hawaii has never bid for fame as a sportsman's paradise, yet there is something doing there all the year round in sports and pastimes. Horse racing is a regular holiday function at Honolulu, Hilo and Kahului, while polo is well organized, manned and equipped. Baseball has been the leader for generations, and now the Orientals are among its most ardent devotees. Chinese teams from these islands have made brilliant records on mainland diamonds, while native Hawaiians have figured creditably in major league contests. Golf, lawn tennis and football flourish in their seasons—and out of season by the calendar. What Hawaiian swimmers have achieved in Olympic contests is a national story, and their canoe and surfboard performances have made the "Beach at Waikiki" world-renowned. There is hunting of beast and bird in the open season therefor, the quadrupedal quarry being wild cattle, pigs and goats. Shark hunting is now an established sport at

Honolulu, especially for the diversion of tourists. The "hukilau" is a dragnet fishing party, usually followed by the traditional Hawaiian "luau," feast of fat things of sea and land in primitive style.

All of the familiar indoor athletic games are practised in well-equipped gymnasias, while boxing matches are common at army posts and in town.

Civilization was introduced to the Hawaiian Islands by Captain Cook's discovery in 1778. Soon after Cook, the benevolent Vancouver paid three visits to Hawaii. Vancouver, besides presenting the ruling chiefs with useful plants and seeds, cattle and sheep, had a vessel built for Kamehameha I, who was just then completing the conquest of all the islands, and moreover gave him excellent advice. He told them that the heathen tabus were all wrong, and that there was but one living and true God.

Kamehameha the Great died in 1819 without having renounced his gods, but immediately his two surviving queens, Kapuolani and Kaahumanu, deliberately broke the tabus—which had always been enforced with the penalty of death—and priests and people gleefully made bonfires of the idols and wreckage of their temples. So, early the following year, when the first band of American missionaries arrived from Boston via Cape Horn, they found a condition unique in the annals of missionary enterprise. They came to a people without a religion—in other words, a blank sheet upon which to write the creed and customs of a new nation.

Prior to the advent of the English explorers, however, there had been other discoveries by foreigners, as attested by tradition. In the thirteenth century the crew of a Japanese junk that had drifted into Kahului bay remained and intermarried with natives. Then, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, a Spanish vessel, belonging to an exploring expedition despatched from Mexico by Cortez, was wrecked on Hawaii and the captain and his sister, the only survivors, were received as welcome acquisitions to Hawaiian society. Their descendants became Hawaiian chiefs. At a later period the Spanish navigator, Juan Gaetano, discovered the islands but did nothing except to place it ten degrees too far east on the charts he made.

With the death of Kamehameha V, in 1872, the Kamehameha

dynasty ended, and, as he had failed to name a successor, the two following kings, Lunalilo and Kalakaua, were elected by the legislature. The last-named did not commit the laches of his two predecessors, but nominated his sister, Liliuokalani, to succeed him. She came to the throne in 1891 but was deposed two years later by an uprising of foreigners when she had attempted, contrary to fundamental law, to promulgate a new constitution giving the sovereign absolute power.

The provisional government then formed, with annexation to the United States as its cardinal purpose, was succeeded in 1894 by a republic—the United States having neglected to accept the proffered gift. In 1898 the United States Congress enacted a resolution, as a Spanish-American War measure, which placed Hawaii under the Stars and Stripes, and in 1900 the new possession was made a full-fledged territory of the Union.

Since that great event the development of the islands has made amazing progress. Their aggregate commerce the year before annexation was about \$25,000,000, while their trade with the mother country alone, in the calendar year 1919, amounted to \$150,000,000.

For the archeological investigator, Hawaii has something to present. There are remains of ancient temples and houses of refuge—mountainside caves where the natives used to lay their dead away—the greatest collection of Polynesian exhibits in the world, including a "million dollar" royal cloak of feathers, in Princess Bernice Pauahi Bishop memorial museum—the country home of Queen Emma, full of relics—the former palace of the last two sovereigns of Hawaii, containing portraits of Hawaiian kings and queens and illustrious foreigners—the royal mausoleum and other royal tombs—Kawaiahao church and yard, the "Westminster Abbey of Hawaii," burial place of American missionary families—missionary relics in first frame house built in Honolulu—monuments of Cook, Kamehameha and McKinley—Japanese memorial fountain in honor of the dead Mikado—the Damien monument erected at the instance of King Edward when Prince of Wales—several architectural memorials of departed local worth, besides a wealth of data too numerous to mention here in the territorial archives and historical society.



Wailuku, looking up Iao Valley

The Pilgrims in Holland

REFERENCES are commonly required in hiring service. To avoid employing villains, sluggards, or numskulls, the employer wants to know something of the applicant's character and capacity in his former employment.

So it is in history. Before we accept a hero for worship, we want to know something more about him than the bald facts of battles and sieges, of triumphs in court or senate, in which he has figured.

Also in genealogy. Before displaying our family escutcheon upon our limousine, we had better consult the genealogist and ascertain whether a gallows for sheep-stealers looms not up in our not far remote lineage.

The Pilgrims of Plymouth are the ancestors of Free America. We know all about what they did after planting their standard on the rock immortalizing their memory. Or at least we all ought to know, in this Pilgrim tercentenary year. Considerable has also been published by our enterprising newspapers on this occasion, about the antecedents of these pioneers of liberty before they crossed the ocean. Much of it, probably, has been tradition, and a good deal of tradition must be taken with a grain of salt. It has been a shock to tradition, within the past few weeks, when some iconoclast asserted that the mossy round tower at Newport is but an old an out-of-date windmill and not at all the architectural relic of the Vikings until then reputed.

"References" on behalf of the Pilgrims which come direct from their place of sojourn in Holland are timely and welcome. "The Pilgrim Fathers in Holland (1608-1620)," by Rev. J. Irwin Brown, M.A., D.D., issued recently from a Leyden press, contains such references. They are derived from original sources in that temporary home of our Pilgrim Fathers.

That these folks were not merely "a good sort," but the veritable "salt of the earth," is the impression that a reading of Dr. Brown's pamphlet gives. It enhances even their traditional glory. It swells our feeling of pride in belonging to a country that has such an ancestry. The author at the outset calls them "a small group of inconspicuous people," and then proceeds to develop their record in Holland, which of itself is enough to leave a bright mark in the history of those wretched times of bigotry, persecution and subserviency. For it is shown that, in that oasis of freedom in the European desert of intolerance, the English guests were esteemed, for character and conduct, by their Dutch hosts better than these splendid people esteemed their own kindred.

Their temporary homes were in a triangle of flattish land between the rivers Aire and Trent and Humber. At home in England they had quit the established church when they found they could not reform it to their evangelical and democratic standards, and under Elizabeth were oppressed and suppressed in the exercise of their religious convictions by intolerable enactments and edits. They hoped for something better from James I, a Calvinist and Presbyterian, when he ascended the throne. But he ruled scarcely a year until "all hopes of peaceful issue were blown to the winds. Fines, imprisonment and death were decreed against those who would not definitely submit to the church, as the king liked it. The act of uniformity made the issue clear. The Separatists had either to conform or leave England."

As the future Pilgrims would not conform, they left their home land. Although there was no full religious liberty



Thanksgiving services when the Colonists learned of the death of King Philip

anywhere, in Holland freedom of opinion and worship, so long as the privilege was not exercised to the prejudice of the state church, was frankly accorded to all men. Our Pilgrims had been organized at Scrooby in England before the apostate fury of James had begun its sway. For its first minister they had Richard Clifton, and for its second John Robinson. "Before the end of the sixteenth century English exiles had found in Amsterdam what half a century later Scottish exiles were to find in Rotterdam, their great city of refuge, where not safety alone awaited them, but the heartiest of welcomes." Seven English congregations had sprung up in Amsterdam—with memberships democratic, Puritan and reformed—before the Scrooby people found refuge within its walls. This was in the

year 1608, after they had suffered persecution at home almost to the breaking point.

In the Netherlands capital they found old friends and made many new ones. They were at liberty to keep their own creed,

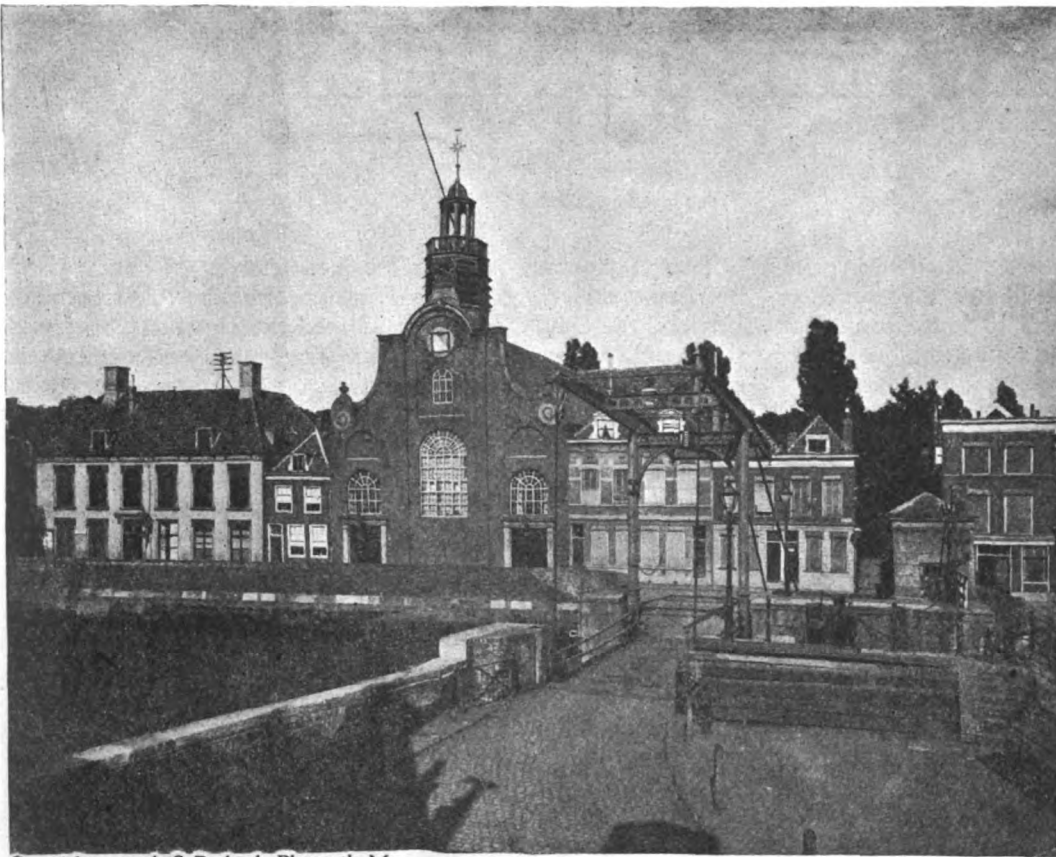
was the reprinting in Holland of a Scottish pamphlet exposing the King's chicanery at the Perth assembly. Brewer, however, like Brewster and Robinson, had joined the University, and as a member thereof he could not be legally extradited.

So the Dutch government looked after his interests in England and had him escorted back safely to Leyden.

Before the Pilgrims arrived in Leyden they had been denounced by King James through the English embassy to the council of Holland as ill-conditioned Brownists—banished men, who deserved no sympathy. The magistrates replied in a noble document, in which they held that the charge was unjust, and made it clear to his English majesty that the Pilgrims would be welcome.

"And the Pilgrims showed themselves worthy," Dr. Brown writes. "They settled down to their new callings with energy and determination. Up to this time most of them had been agriculturists; now they took up commerce and the handicrafts of a busy town. They prospered and rose steadily in the esteem of the burghers. Their diligence, their strictness of life, their devotion to religion, became proverbial." Then the author quotes the following passage from a history of Plymouth plantation by Bradford:

"First, though many of them were poor, they were none so poor but that if they were known to be of that congregation, the Dutch (either bakers or others) would trust them to any

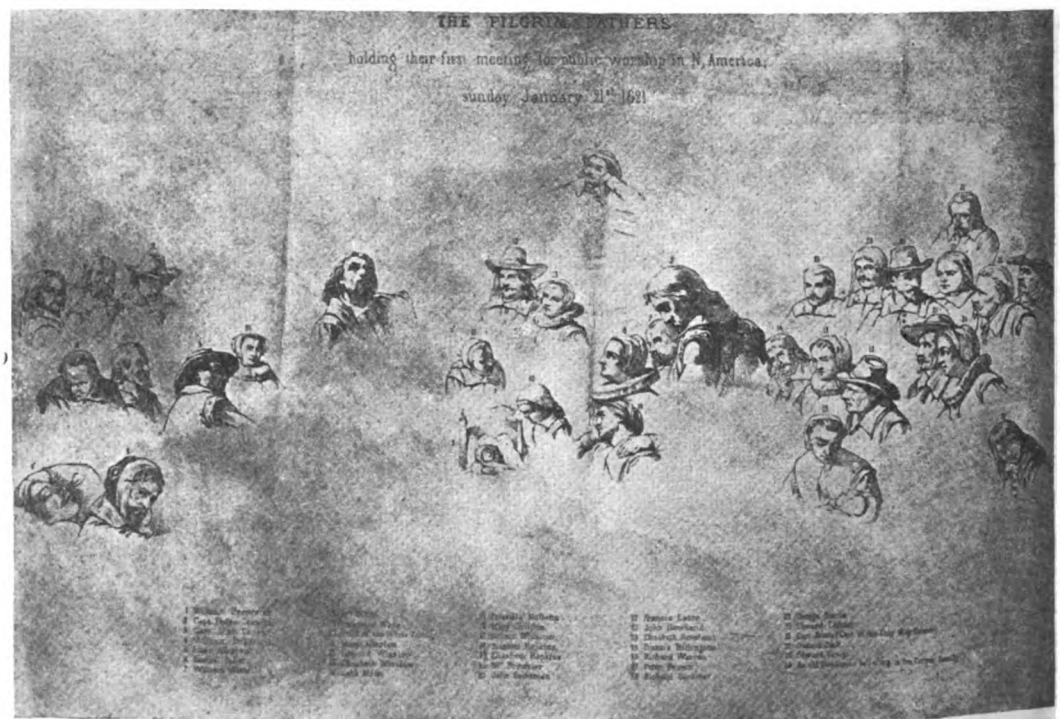


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Delftshaven, showing East India House, from whose dock the Pilgrims embarked in the "Speedwell"

and conduct divine worship as they saw fit. Their pastor was still John Robinson, a man of commanding character and unusual wisdom. He led the Pilgrims to Amsterdam, and then to Leyden, as there "was a spirit of controversy" at the capital, and Robinson was a man of peace. Too infirm to cross the ocean when his flock embarked for America, he died in 1625.

William Brewster was another eminent man among them. Educated at Cambridge, he had served as a diplomatist and he knew Holland. His services to the group were great. He is the "Elder Brewster" who officiated as preacher in New England, no minister being numbered with the pioneer band, and was the friend and adviser of all. The most famous of the community was John Bradford, who escaped from England when only eighteen years old. Studying the excellent systems of municipal government in Holland, he was well fitted to build the new colony in America on a free and representative basis. With the two just mentioned, a printer named Brewer completed a trio of leaders whose fame will endure for the ages. When the persecutors failed to catch Brewster, they seized Brewer, through the offices of Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador of King James, and had him carried off to England. The offense of the Pilgrims, for which they wanted Brewster,



The Pilgrim Fathers holding their first meeting for public worship in North America, Sunday, January 21st, 1621

reasonable extent when they lacked money to buy what they needed. They found by experience how careful they were to keep their word, and saw how careful they were in whatever their callings, in fact, so much so, that (Continued on page 408)

Ralph Waldo Emerson truly said:

"The Only Way to Have a Friend is to be One"

*Edward Holbrook Fox founded a
life success on Emerson's saying*

WHEN Sam Walter Foss wrote that beautiful poem "The House by the Side of the Road," I think he must have had Edward Holbrook Fox in mind, for "Ned" Fox—as he was for years affectionately known to thousands of business men from coast to coast—typifies the character described in the poem.

After nearly two score of years spent in traveling to and fro over this great country, making lasting friends wherever he went by the compelling quality of his personality, he has, while still only slightly past the meridian of life, retired from business to pass the friendly years that stretch invitingly before him in a "House by the Side of the Road" in historic old Duxbury, Massachusetts, where he raises the beautiful flowers that his artistic soul delights in and practices the gentle art of which old Izaak Walton wrote so quaintly nearly three hundred years ago.

Edward Fox was born in the early fifties in the shadow of historic Bunker Hill Monument, and after his school days were finished secured employment with the Mount Washington Glass Company, and in 1872 began his traveling life with that company. Later he went to the Patterson Company of New York, which was afterwards consolidated with the Phoenix Glass Company, whose wonderful exhibit (which Mr. Fox had charge of) in the center of the Electric Building of the Tower of Lights at the World's Fair is still remembered by thousands of visitors to the Fair.

For thirty-five years he traveled continuously, and in course of time became personally acquainted with the lighting fixture trade in every city in the United States. His genial personality and good fellowship made him more of a welcome visitor than a salesman, though as a salesman he stood at the undisputed head of his class in his trade. The visits of smiling "Ned" Fox were eagerly anticipated and joyfully welcomed by his customers, who, when their business had been

transacted vied with each other in invitations for him to join their family circle during the brief time at his disposal.

A true "knight of the road," Mr. Fox dignified the calling of which he was for so many years so conspicuously successful a figure by his personal uprightness, his wealth of experience, his straightforward honesty of dealing and his ripe business judgment, so that his thousands of loyal and satisfied customers sought his counsel and advice and looked upon him in the light of a personal friend and a sort of advisory partner in their business.

When, in 1915, the Phoenix Glass Company said to him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and notified the trade throughout the country that they had placed him upon their retired list, a flood of letters and telegrams of congratulations and good wishes, all breathing the spirit of true and tried friendship for the man they had known so long and so well, poured in.

Long in my memory will linger the recollection of a summer afternoon passed in his company and that of the gracious lady who orders his household with such marvelous perfection. It is an old, old house (built before 1780) in which they dwell, hallowed by tender associations with many generations of their family history. Births and deaths and marriages have happened there, and unimaginative indeed must be the favored guest who passes that hospitable portal without experiencing the feeling of unseen friendly presences welcoming him to their midst. So many little feet have stumbled sleepily up that narrow stairway, so much of human sorrow has sanctified that roof-tree—so much of human joy has glorified its every room that its very atmosphere is reminiscent of the generations that have passed.

Old houses acquire a personality of their own as the years of human occupancy go by. The house in which "Ned" Fox lives gives the visitor an impression of quiet dignity, of conscious



"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men goes by—
The men who are good, and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I—
I would not sit in the scorners' seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

impeccability, of true old-fashioned hospitality, grave, serene—yet bountiful withal. Within it has been worked a miracle—the transformation of a dwelling modeled upon the accepted tenets of typical Cape Cod architecture into the most modern

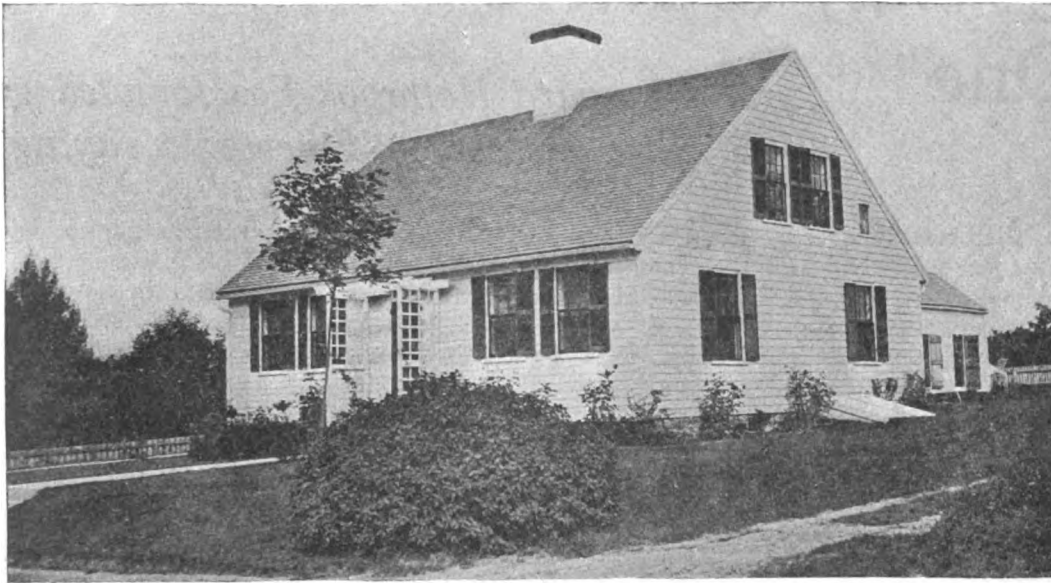
garden of which any amateur farmer might be proud, where utility and art walk hand in hand, and beholds a rustic arbor, embowered with climbing, scarlet flowering vines. An English hop-pole lends a touch of old-world seeming to the landscape, and a grotesquely fashioned blue china cat (life-size) crouched menacingly upon a pedestal, endowed by the child-like Japanese mind with a supposititious ability to scare away marauding birds, is the favorite roosting place for all the voracious feathered vagrants of the neighborhood.

"Ned" Fox calls this retreat his "Shop." It is a place in which a man can work, or read—or loaf and invite his soul. Here he indulges to the full his bent for practical mechanics. Just as that king whose name at this moment I do not recall, preferred locksmithing to affairs of state (and thereby lost his kingdom), so would "Ned" Fox rather repair clocks or renovate lawn mowers than rule a nation.

The "Shop" is more than locally famous. To it come the good people

of the neighborhood with their balky lawn mowers and recalcitrant alarm clocks as transparent excuses for a visit with its presiding genius—for they could pay somebody to fix their clocks or their lawn mowers, but the pearls of wisdom that fall from "Ned" Fox's lips are more precious than rubies. I have, too, a shrewd suspicion that as many bruised hearts as broken clocks are mended there, and that the "Shop" is confessional and sanctuary as well—for the human understanding of mortal frailty, and infinite compassion for the sorrows that bow down human hearts, that shines as a visible benediction bestowed by Time in the countenance of this "friend to man" are the real underlying reasons for his myriad of friends.

The rising moon traced a path of silver across the quiet water of Plymouth harbor, and the scent of roses hung heavy in the summer air, when after a long-to-be-remembered day I said a reluctant "good night" and departed from the sleepy old town by the seashore, with its lingering associations of olden times and traditions of Indian alarms, where "Ned" Fox lives in his age-mellowed "House by the Side of the Road."



The "House by the Side of the Road," where lives Edward Holbrook Fox

of habitations, and this without sacrificing the least of its architectural charms. Modern lighting, modern heating, and modern plumbing have been so skillfully and unobtrusively accomplished that could the spirit of the valiant Myles Standish—whose honored grave is within a mile of where it stands—revisit the scene of his doughty exploits and visit this habitation that links the traditions of Colonial days with the present century, he would feel entirely at home.

Stepping from the bright sunlight of out-of-doors into the little building that stands detached in the rear of the dwelling house, one steps across the chasm of time and space direct into Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." Here "Ned" Fox has gathered 'round him tribute of oddities from the four corners of the world, as well as books, magazines, musical instruments, pictures, old clocks, old weapons and old coins. Here also are a desk inviting to literary pursuits, a workbench equipped with all the fifty-seven varieties of useful tools, and strange mechanical devices that operate with belts and pulleys to attain their devious ends.

Looking from its windows, the visitor views a vegetable

THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND

Continued from page 406

they would even go so far as to compete for their custom, and employ them in preference to others.

"Again, about the time of their departure, or a little time before, the magistrates of the city gave this commendable testimony of them: These English have lived among us these twelve years, and yet we have never had any suit or accusation against them."

Dr. Brown adds: "These industrious artisans were, first and chiefly, men of strong convictions and of lofty faith. Robinson bought a large house in the Klog Steeg (Bell Alley), and the congregation met there for worship. Members of all other reformed churches were received into communion. Though separatists the Pilgrims were not exclusive; they intermarried freely with Dutch and French Protestants. Bradford and many others acquired the rights of citizenship of the city. With the example of a federal republic before them, they learnt much that fitted them to be builders of a new commonwealth."

Another "reference" from Holland comes in the form of a poster from Delftshaven, whence the Pilgrims embarked in

the *Speedwell* for Southampton, there to take the *Mayflower* for the New World. It is extracted from the history of Delftshaven by F. J. Klein, and is illustrated with a photogravure of the Delftshaven docks. "The fear of being pressed for the military service, on account of the war with Spain, and the painful feeling of exile," the paper says, "made them resolve on founding a colony in America." After describing the scene at the departure of the *Speedwell* on July 22, 1620, with Pastor Robinson kneeling on the pier as he offered a fervent prayer for blessings on the expedition, and those going and those staying embracing one another in farewell, the print concludes thus:

"This seemingly unimportant event is one of the most momentous in the history of the New World.

"By this fact one of the most prosperous colonies, nay, the mightiest state of the New World, was founded.

"The day on which the *Speedwell* weighed anchor before Delftshaven is to be considered as the day on which the first light glowed of that gigantic republic, now called the United States of America."

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



THE company doctor" in some instances is without honor among the people whose health he is paid to look after. Sometimes the doctor is to blame for the degree of disrespect in which he is held. If his manner in the sick room is harsh or unfeeling, if his attention to company patients is less devoted than to those of his outside practice, who pay regular fees, then he forfeits the respect not only of the company's employees but of the community.

That the ethics of the profession discountenances invidious distinctions in medical practice all who have had wide acquaintance with doctors are aware. It is not to be denied, however, that a certain proportion of "black sheep" is to be found in the Esculapian flock. In every honorable vocation, so in this, ethics has no part with some examples of human nature.

Ethics is but common decency after all, though, and among the cheering signs of the times is the fact that doctors themselves are extending the doctrine of equality between rich and poor, in the treatment of disease and injury, to include preservation of personal confidences imparted by his consultant. They are recognizing the man for the care-taking of whose health the company is paying has as sacred a right to the guarding of his disagreeable secrets as the richest pay patient has.

This phase of the newer ethics of the professional healer was forcibly revealed by Dr. C. C. Burlingame before the health service section of the National Safety Council in Milwaukee. Being manager of the service department of Cheney Brothers, South Manchester, Connecticut, he naturally spoke from experimental study of the subject. Dr. Burlingame maintained that the relation between the industrial surgeon and the employees of the plant engaging him should be the same as that between the private physician and his patients.

In order that both the employees and the management should have full benefit from the health department, the doctor said, the same degree of confidence between the doctor and the employee as between the employee and his family doctor must be maintained. "The employee must be able to realize that the doctor is working for him, and that information given in confidence to the doctor is not conveyed to other parts of the management. In this way only can the health department be a success. Make it your rule never to obtain any information from an employee or an applicant for employment which you would use to his disadvantage without his consent, except under identically the same conditions as those under which a private practitioner might be forced to use this information to his disadvantage." Examples of such compulsory divulgence of information are stated as occurring in the administration of most compensation laws and in the insurance business. In these matters the private doctor is compelled to furnish a full diagnosis of each case. Whence Dr. Burlingame proceeded, submitting just one qualification of the rule of confidential communications laid down:

"If an applicant for work was required to go to a private physician before being given employment, that physician would undoubtedly advise the applicant to accept the job or not, depending upon what he found physically. You, as an industrial physician, should do the same thing. You should advise the man whether or not to accept the job he has been

offered; and then you should not tell the employment manager what you found, what the symptoms were, or what your diagnosis was. The only thing you should tell the employment manager is that this man would be injured by work requiring heavy lifting—this girl would be injured by being put on work



DR. C. C. BURLINGAME

Who maintains that the industrial physician should observe the same professional ethics as in private practice

involving nervous strain, etc. There is a great difference between prescribing the character of work and giving out a diagnosis or list of symptoms.

"While I have probably just given you the impression that the medical department should prescribe employment but should not reject for employment, I wish to qualify this. Any private physician who came in contact with a patient would feel justified in interfering with his being placed in an industry if he thought such placement would be dangerous to the man, to others, or to property. To my mind, these are the only conditions under which the industrial physician should be instrumental in rejecting for employment."

* * * *

PERHAPS more than of any other New England state it may be said that the leaders of the bar, of business, of the ministry and of the government of Connecticut come from the country towns. This was true in the time of the Revolution—and it is equally true today. The country-side of the nutmeg



J. HENRY RORABACK

Prominent young lawyer who is a well-known figure in Connecticut political circles

state breeds a sturdy, upstanding, God-fearing and patriotic race in whom brains and brawn are happily commingled.

Away up in the northwest corner of the state, among the foothills of the Berkshires, there nestles the little town of Canaan—the history of which goes back and back to the days of the Revolution. A wealth of historic associations linger round dwellings that are still habited by descendants of men who in their day played heroic parts in the country's history. The men of Canaan have glorious traditions to sustain—and right worthily do they live up to them.

In the galaxy of names that the people of Connecticut love to honor, few stand out more brilliantly than that of the Roraback family, indissolubly connected with the history of the town of Canaan, though the family tree was rooted in the little village of Sheffield, just across the state line in Massachusetts.

The Rorabacks are a sturdy tribe, mentally and physically. They run both to brain and brawn, and are extremely personable withal. The learned professions attract them as the pole attracts the needle of the compass. The law, the ministry, and the classroom claim them at an early age, wherefore as a rule

they make a mark for other men to follow while yet their younger years are still unsped.

None there are more worthy to bear this more than locally honored name than J. Henry Roraback, younger brother of the noted judge. Looking backward along the years of his steady progression toward the goal of his ambitions, one sees a logical development of the ability and achievement that mark J. Henry Roraback as a man destined for the accomplishment of big things.

Born on the ancestral farm in Sheffield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 5, 1870, his education was obtained in the public schools of Massachusetts, being graduated from Great Barrington High School (now the Searles School) in 1888.

Beginning the study of law in the office of his brother, Judge Alberto T. Roraback, in 1889, he taught school in the towns of Salisbury and North Canaan while pursuing his law studies, and was admitted to the Bar in 1893. For a number of years following he practised law in Canaan. Inevitably attracted toward political life, he was elected a member of the Republican State Central Committee from his district in 1898, and served for several terms. Elected chairman in 1912, he is now serving his fifth term in that capacity. He was a delegate to the Republican National conventions of 1908, 1912, 1916 and 1920, being delegate-at-large to the last three. In 1916 and 1920 he was chairman of the Connecticut delegation, and was unanimously chosen by the Connecticut delegation as a member of the Republican National Committee from his state to the last convention.

Safely it may be predicted that J. Henry Roraback will go far in his chosen profession of the law, of which his brother, the Judge, is so conspicuous an exponent, and in the political life of Connecticut, in which he is already a commanding figure, and add increased lustre to the honored name he bears.

* * * *

ONE cannot think of a romance without a ballad. The revival of ballad concerts in New York by Mr. Frederick Warren was hailed with delight by music lovers. He is especially fitted for the work by reason of his wide experience in musical matters abroad and in the United States. Through knowledge of literature pertaining to music, he knows the genius and story of ballads.

The concerts given at Aeolian Hall received the most glowing praise from musical critics, and the song enthusiasts, for they touched a responsive heart-interest in melody. In the foreword of the program Mr. Warren gives the following interesting definition of ballad: "Ballad is the word used as a euphonious title to sum up in one word the various styles of song literature in the broad sense that most lyric poems set to music contain a little story of love, or of nature, a picture, or color study, and often are, in fact, miniature dramas."

The programs consisted of numbers widely varied, offering a wide range for artistic talent. Many of the rare old songs are given which serve to preserve folk songs, traditional airs and ballads, operatic arias, and songs from the old masters and the modern school—the heart gems of music.

Many noted operatic singers who participated in the ballad concert aroused a zest and interest not apparent in the heavier operatic or professional roles. These songs seemed to touch all the varied human emotions. Was it not Goethe who said that music expresses feelings that words cannot? It is a language universal, and is the one thing of human nature that breathes the glory of nature itself. The music of the woods, the songs of the birds, are felt and understood only in the realm of tonal expression.

These ballad concerts will have an influence on the musical education of the country, for Mr. Warren's work will stimulate interest in ballad singing all over the country—a refreshing relief from the syncopated jazz.

In his studio at Carnegie Hall, formerly occupied by the late Clyde Fitch, dramatist, I heard Mr. Warren and his wife, Olga

Warren, rehearsing some rare old English ballads for a concert. As they stood together rehearsing they sang together like real lovers indeed "She Will Not Talk and Walk With Me." The sincere spirit of his work, resulting from many years of experience in teaching singing and musical research has made Mr. Warren's crusade for the old-time ballad a significant indication of which way the musical winds are blowing.

* * * *

TO be elected governor of his native state for three successive terms, the last one ushering him into the seventy-seventh year of his age, surely entitles Marcus Hensley Holcomb to be venerated as the "grand old man" of Connecticut. His picture, shown herewith, would indicate, too, that many more years of usefulness should yet be his portion.

Public honors have been piled upon him so thickly, indeed, that had they been laid end on end since he began active life as a lawyer, he would need to have had ninety years over which to distribute the burden. That, in the calm evening of his days, his fellow-citizens of Connecticut should make and keep him as their chief state executive is proof enough of the value of the many public services he had previously rendered.

It emphasizes his personal merits that Governor Holcomb did not have a college education. Public and private schools gave him a start, and he traveled the upward paths of knowledge and achievement the rest of the way by his own efforts. Born at New Hartford on November 28, 1844, he was admitted to the Connecticut bar in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He practiced law at Southington for two years from his admission in 1871, and then at Hartford for seventeen years as senior member of Holcomb & Pierce.

In 1893 Mr. Holcomb was a member of the state senate, and in 1905 he returned to the legislature as a member of the House, over which he also presided as speaker. The same year that he entered the Senate he was treasurer of Hartford County, and this office he held for fifteen years. From 1903 to 1910 he was a member of the board of police commissioners, and, overlapping this position, from 1903 to 1910 attorney-general of Connecticut. For more than thirty years he was judge of the probate court, and in 1910 was elevated to the bench of the superior court. Judge Holcomb retired from the judiciary to take the governorship in 1915, in which he is now serving his third biennial term.

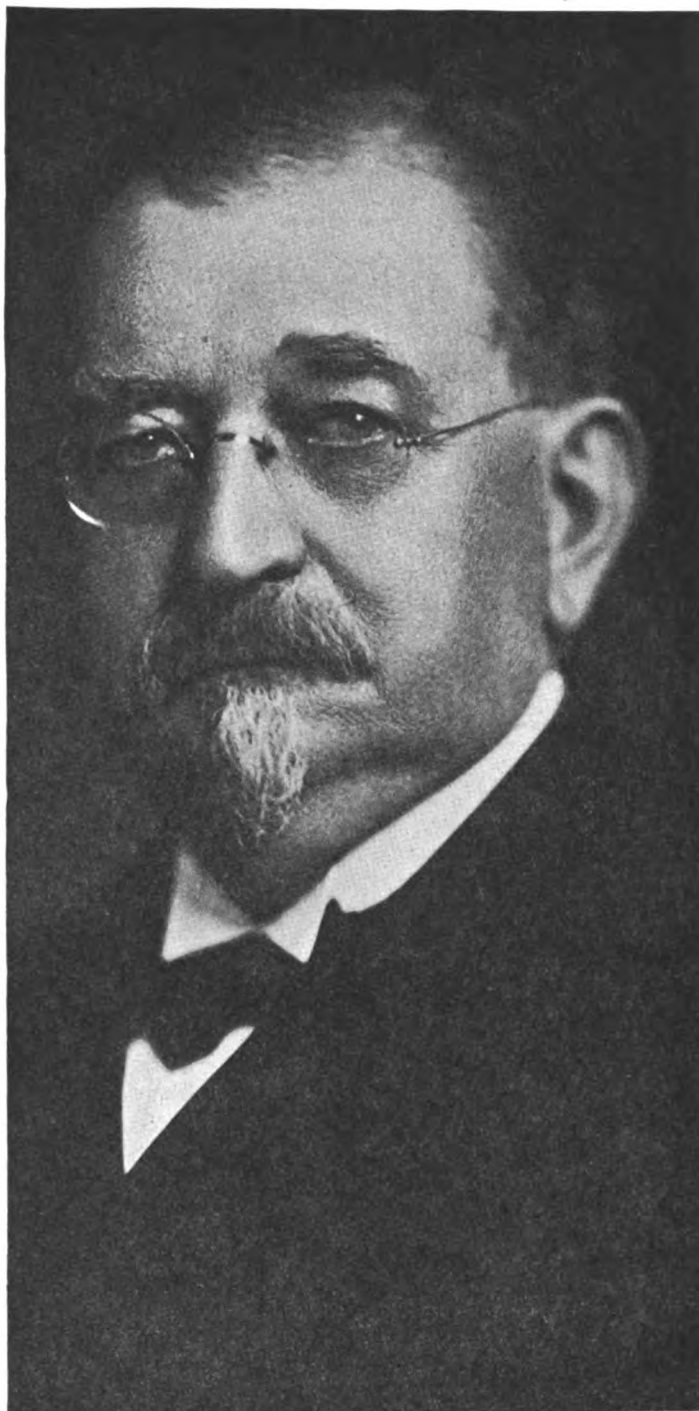
Governor Holcomb's home is at Southington. For twenty-nine years he enjoyed the society of his wife before death parted them in 1901. Mrs. Holcomb's name before marriage was Sarah Carpenter Bennett, and she belonged in Hartford. The governor is a Republican, a Baptist, and a thirty-second degree Mason.

Besides the varied public duties engaging his attention all these years, his private enterprises and engagements have been extensive. He is president of the Southington Savings Bank, and a director of Peck, Stow & Wilcox Company, Aetna Nut Company and Southington Hardware Company.

* * * *

THE secret will out. In attending a concert given at Symphony Hall, Boston, by Madam Louise Homer and her daughter Miss Louise Homer, singing the songs written by the husband and father, I felt the spirit of the occasion. It was a great triumph for Madam Homer, and the students and music lovers of Boston gave the distinguished prima donna and her daughter an ovation.

While cheering, I chanced to remark to a fellow trustee of the New England Conservatory that I had studied with William L. Whitney, the eminent master of *bel canto*, with whom Madam Homer first studied. My companion looked at me with an air of mingled doubt and derogation, but I demonstrated to him at the intermission that I was familiar



HON. MARCUS HENSEY HOLCOMB
For three successive terms governor of Connecticut

with the methods employed in building up the wonderful voice of Madam Homer.

It brought back memories of Louise Delwith Beatty, the Pittsburgh girl, who, at the old Conservatory, had her dreams of world conquest as a grand opera artist. I can remember as a student of William L. Whitney the emphasis he laid upon "covering the tone" throughout the entire register. Fortunately for the public, my vocal talent was submerged right then and there. But what a thrill it caused me, to recognize in her singing, the work of the master who helped to lay the foundation of the incomparable Homer.

While a student she married Sydney Homer, an instructor in counterpoint. After their marriage the teacher and student sailed for Paris, where in two years she made her debut, and engagements at Brussels and Covent Garden, and seasons at the Metropolitan Opera brought her to a pinnacle of fame as a contralto who will be ever remembered in the annals of grand opera.

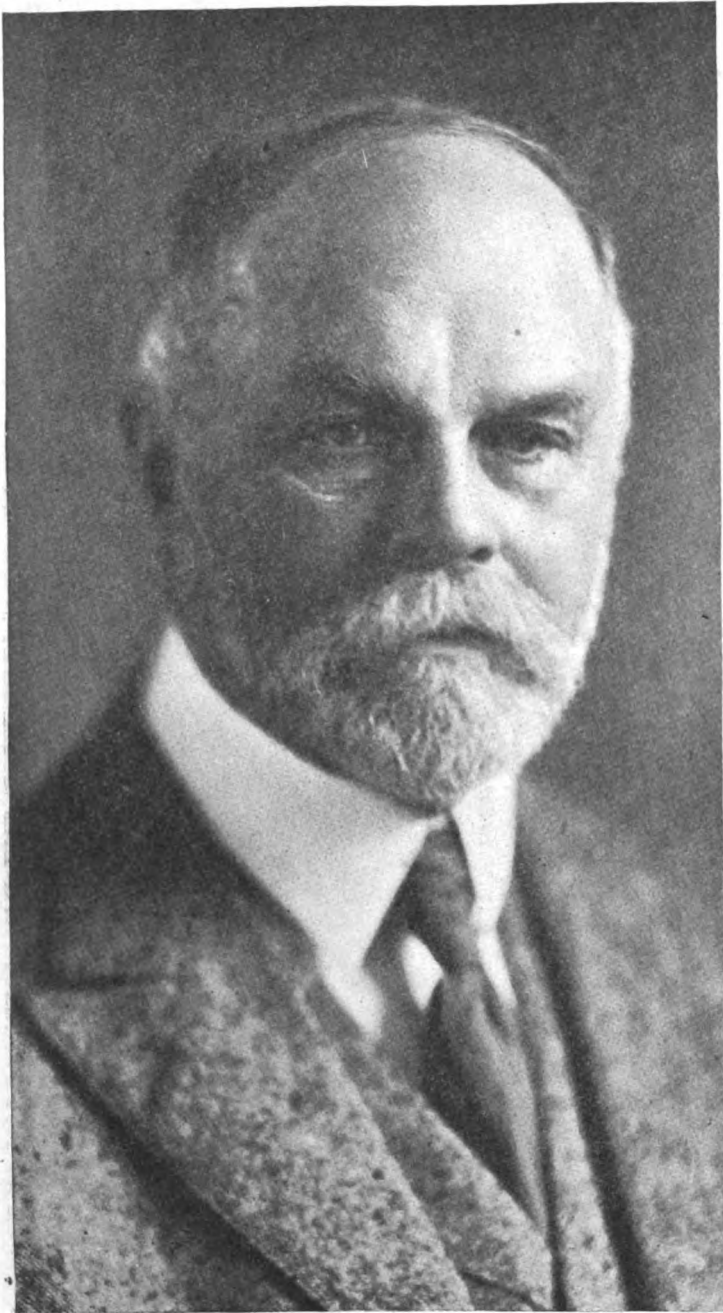


Photo by Frank Moore Studio, Cleveland

WORCESTER R. WARNER

It is not alone as a singer that Madam Homer has won the hearts of the music-loving public. She is first of all an American woman with impressive personality. More than that she is the mother of six children, who has demonstrated that art and home-making may be blended in a successful career. That is why this Sunday afternoon concert, given with her daughter Miss Louise, was to me more than a triumph. It seemed as if that great audience were being given an afternoon at home by mother and daughter with all the charm of gracious hospitality.

From the opening aria, "del mio cor" from "Orfeo" by Haydn, to the concluding Gypsy Song duet by "Brahms-Viardot," mother and daughter were a living picture in filial artistry.

When the mother and daughter sang a group of songs composed by the father, there was a reflection of the happy home life in which it seemed as though one could almost catch the vision of the crooning lullaby to the little daughter. Later came the triumphal interpretation of father's story in the popular "Banjo Song."

The poise of the mother and the grace of the daughter made a scene never surpassed in any opera. When Madam Homer sang "Mother Goose" with all the zest and aplomb of a real

mother, no wonder the daughter remained on the stage to applaud with those in the packed hall.

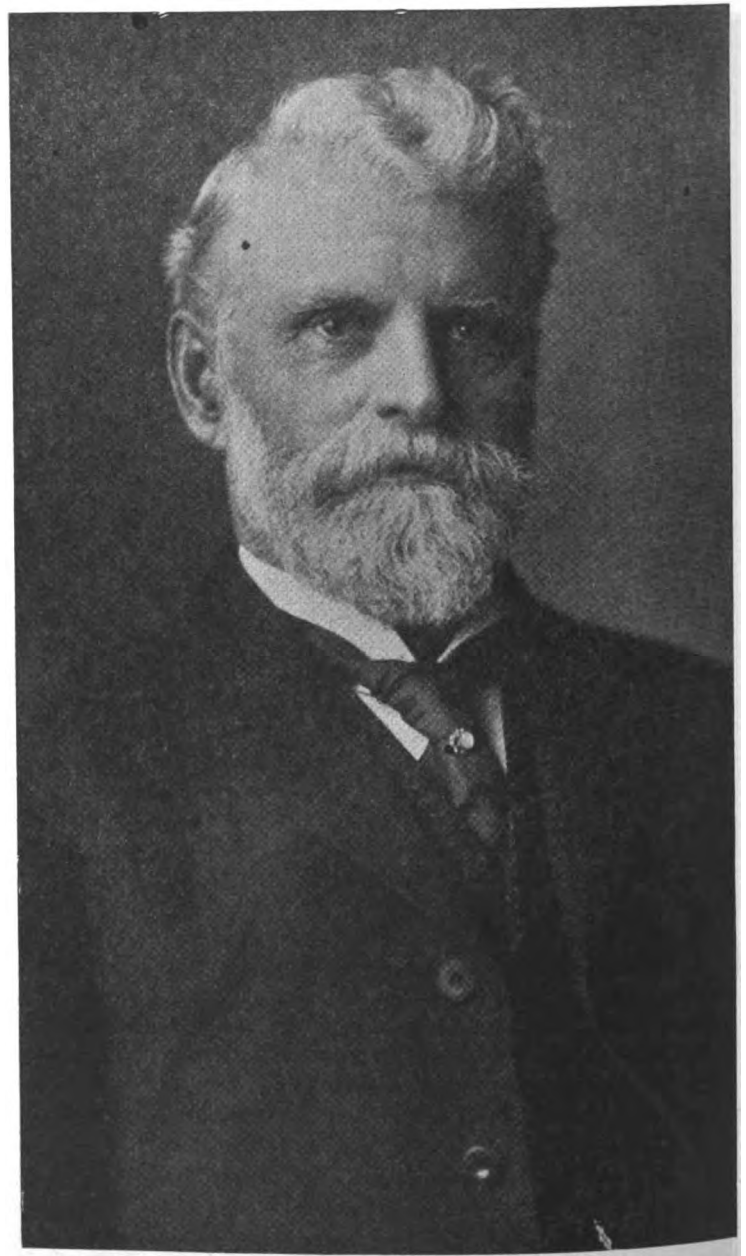
Although I have heard Madam Homer many times, the memory of that Sunday afternoon when the fibre of a mother's soul was revealed in the artist's companionship of her first-born, will always remain the magic scene associated with her illustrious career.

* * * *

THIS whole world wobbles. That the earth does not spin quite true upon its axis is a fact for some time known to astronomers. When this startling phenomenon was first observed by scientists, their natural conclusion was that their instruments must be inaccurate. Later tests proved beyond doubt that the instruments were right and that the world does wobble. Then followed observations to determine to just what degree the world wobbles, in order that variations of latitude might be calculated. It is known that at times there is a variation equal to sixty feet on the boundary line between the United States and Canada.

However, though erratic in its gyrations, the earth inevitably comes back to its appointed celestial stations so that the latitude always rights itself at some time or other. Thus maps and charts to survey by and to sail by are sure to be correct at least once in a year, and their errors at other times are susceptible of calculation.

Here is a lesson for all dwellers upon God's footstool. It



AMBROSE SWASEY

was suggested, in the course of conversation on human affairs, by Mr. Ambrose Swasey, builder of the most powerful telescopes on this continent and America's leading expert in astronomical and geometrical appliances. No matter how exact an individual may think himself—Mr. Swasey's thought ran—there are variations in his latitude. And, however one may wobble in conduct, he is capable of returning to the plane of his nobler ideals. This is a fact that should make for tolerance from which proceed friendships proof against the attrition of time.

Such a friendship is that which has existed unbroken, in a scientific and business partnership of forty years, between Mr. Swasey himself and Mr. Worcester R. Warner, a brother scientist, as well as a business partner, their mutual affairs having been for some years past incorporated as "The Warner and Swasey Company" of Cleveland, whose service to the government in the late world war forms a story in itself. In all these two-score years of intimate collaboration these two eminent Americans have never had a disagreement. It is a Damon and Pythias business partnership that forms a bright page in the industrial history of our times.

Messrs. Swasey and Warner understand the variation in terrestrial latitude, and they have simply applied its theory of immutably returning balance to the variation in human temperament. What grand results to society would accrue if their example were more widely followed than is the case.

"It is the third party that usually brings trouble between friends," so it is the third party only of which friends must beware. Wherever the eternal triangle shows its baleful presence, let the doctrine of tolerance first be applied. In many cases the evil spirit of discord would thus be exercised. A forthright attempt to reach an understanding between the parties of the first part and of the second part is the best means of putting the interloping party of the third part to ignoble flight. True friendships are immune to the insidious assaults of envy and jealousy.

Before setting down the casual offender as an enemy, give him a chance to wobble back into the plane of his better self. Perchance in the waiting time you will find that his side of the case is as worthy of defense as your own. Count ten, a hundred, a thousand—by all means, count the cost before striking back at one who seemingly transgresses upon your rights.

This is the principle for the active operation of which the nations of the world are waiting, so that if possible, wars may cease to the ends of the earth. An equitable arrangement between civilized nations, which will not compromise the real freedom of any country, is not impossible of consummation. The first requisite is provision for a waiting period in which tolerance can have her perfect work, and next a tribunal of international law for justiceable cases whose judgments all will respect.

What a wonderful world it would be if—in business, in social relations and in statecraft—tolerance could displace petty egotism and destroy the too prevalent disposition to resent every offense, imaginary or otherwise!

* * * *

VERSATILITY is the other name of the subject of these remarks. An infant prodigy in salesmanship before his teens, in his youth he skipped blithely from a cub reporter's job to editorship. Turning his unresting mind again to sales-

manship, he graduated therefrom into ownership and directorship of the factories whose products he had been selling. While barely of voting age he began to shake up the industries of a town, adjusting their organic mechanism to eliminate lost mo-



Obverse and reverse of medallion commemorating the fortieth anniversary celebration of the establishment of the original business partnership of Worcester R. Warner and Ambrose Swasey

tion, and before he was through with the place, as one of its citizens, was helping to finance its business in banks of his creation. Next he is seen organizing a trust company, a specialized bank department, and a world association of cotton manufacturers. Recently, while still under thirty-eight years of age, he was elected a vice-president of a large national bank.

W. Irving Bullard is the man. His bank vice-presidency is that of the Merchants National Bank of Boston. Mr. Bullard's hobbies are creating new departments, rehabilitating industries that have gone "on the blink," and making the business of banking more than ever a vitalizing factor in industry and commerce. Yet not alone in enterprises for profit does this diversified genius shine.

He is obsessed with the mysteries and possibilities of wireless telegraphing and telephoning, having a station at his home, 270 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, powerful enough to communicate with the Pacific Coast and Europe. Also he has written for periodicals, lectured on different subjects and preached from pulpits in Connecticut. Moreover, he is the inventor of textile manufacturing appliances.

At twelve years of age Irving Bullard was selling soap, and he has been selling things ever since, including his present offering of bank service. After some newspaper experience, from junior reporter to editor, he took up mill salesmanship. His practical imagination carried him along to ownership of the business.

Reorganizing a run-down cotton mill, he became its treasurer and financial mentor. Investing in other cotton mill stocks, his election as director of several mills ensued.

Mr. Bullard lived in Danielson, Connecticut, from 1903 to 1918, in that period becoming interested in practically all the industries of that section, many of which he re-organized. He was one of the principals in organizing the Danielson Trust Company and the Danielson Building and Loan Association. The same year that he started banking (1917), he established the textile department of the Merchants National Bank of Boston.

He is treasurer of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers, and in 1919 went abroad as secretary of the European commission for the World Cotton Conference which was held in New Orleans in October, 1919, and to assist in the textile reconstruction of Belgium and France. In the World Cotton Conference organization he is joint treasurer with Sir James Hope Simpson of Liverpool, England.

During the war, Mr. Bullard was a member of the war service committee of the American cotton manufacturers. He also enlisted in the intelligence department of the United States Navy, where he saw active service as a secret service agent. He discovered one extremely dangerous German enemy, who



Photo by Purdy

EDWARD HAROLD CROSBY

Boston's well-known novelist, playwright and dramatic critic, whose latest comedy drama, "*On the Q. T.*," has recently had its successful premier

was sent to Fort Oglethorpe. Numerous other detective stunts have been credited to his account. He also established on a business basis the system of secret service advices from various industrial centers in New England.

Mr. Bullard was recently elected a member of the Executive Committee of the American Acceptance Council of New York, and a director of several large industrial corporations.

He gives expression to another phase of his personality as a member of the Church Committee of the Old South Church of Boston, and a member of the Religious Education Committee.

All of these business accomplishments, and of public service, and of literary and scientific exercise, finds W. Irving Bullard still on the hither side of forty. It is really too soon to write the biography of so young a chap, but there is stimulation for both seniors and juniors in being made acquainted with successful men in the heyday of their careers.

* * *

OFFHAND, it might appear that a dramatic critic would, of all persons, be the best qualified to write a play—but, so far as my recollection serves me, there have been exceedingly few successful plays written by critics, as against numberless

flat failures, or at best mediocre productions. Which, to my analytical mind, would make it seem more remarkable that Edward Harold Crosby, the widely-read dramatic critic of the *Boston Post*, should produce such an unmistakably fine piece of work in the way of a "Made in America" comedy drama, were I not aware that he had scored a round half-dozen similar successes previous to his latest production, "*On the Q. T.*," which recently had its premier presentation at the Somerville Theater, where during its try-out it ran an entire week of evening and matinee performances to literally crowded houses.

This latest brain-child of Mr. Crosby's is a thoroughly American production, dealing with the unrest that is symptomatic of American life today as a heritage of the great war. While it is, to be sure, a comedy drama, with an abundance of well-conceived humor as a sugar-coating for the underlying seriousness of its theme, it is plainly evident that Mr. Crosby's aim was not so much to amuse an audience as to set it to thinking about some of the real problems that confront all classes of present-day Americans.

There is a very pretty and carefully worked-out love story in the plot, which brings the play to a happily satisfactory conclusion.

Among the popular fallacies about playwriting is one to the effect that all producers are on the *qui vive* for plays by new writers. On the contrary, the playwright who is known to have produced even one play that has stood the acid test of box office receipts has a thousand-to-one chance—against the tyro in the game—of having a new play seriously considered by a producer. Mr. Crosby's proud record is that all his previous plays have been consistent money-makers for their producers, which, in itself, argues success for his latest offering.

Admitting his ability to construct a story having coherence and human interest, which is proven by two successful novels from his pen, it is not strange that Mr. Crosby should be a playwright of parts, for his own life has been like a play—with the wide world for a stage, on which he has enacted many parts, being sometimes cast by Fate for comedy roles, and oft for heavy tragedy.

A world traveler, familiar with every country in Europe, as well as every portion of the United States and Canada, and knowing Paris, London, Vienna and Berlin as he knows the locality dominated by the golden dome of the Massachusetts State House, he has seen life in the raw in many lands, has "stood upon the burning deck" of a ship at sea, been waylaid three times, and thrown from a dock to drown, and taken part in divers strange and startling adventures in many climes. To listen spellbound to his vivid telling of the rush of gold-seekers to Skagway, in which epic invasion of the great white silence of the frozen North he took part, is to listen to an *Odyssey*. And through it all he has preserved a lively sense of humor, and a cheering optimism—and has developed a philosophy of life that places him among the elect.

In the less crowded hours of a busy life Mr. Crosby is by way of being a breeder of fine dogs, and an explorer in the field of electrical research. A number of patents for electrical appliances attest his inventive turn of mind, including one for the first practicable dry battery. Always a lover and a student of the drama, he turned quite naturally to dramatic criticism a number of years ago, and has probably known intimately more famous actors than any other member of the press.

At a professional matinee of his latest play, the Somerville Theatre was crowded with his friends among the profession, nearly every prominent actor and actress then playing in Boston seizing the opportunity to make of the occasion a gala "*Old Home Day*," with De Wolf Hopper at the close of the performance making one of his most felicitous addresses to the assembled Thespians, and Lotta Crabtree, the greatest character actress of her generation, beaming her approval as the guest of honor.

Delectaland—the land of sweets

A Model English Factory Town

Where a broad-visioned business idealist is working out the problem of individualism in industry

ARMED first with his own engaging personality, and with letters of introduction from Lord Leverhulme and other distinguished people, Mr. G. Havinden of Watford, England, made his discovery of America. It chanced that I was one of the first of the Indians that he met. There was a frank twinkle in his eye before we proceeded far that indicated "I've come to find out things—show me." He did not seem like an Englishman. He had somehow attuned himself to American ways and mannerisms on the voyage. He drank ice water, ate grape fruit. Upon arrival he attended a baseball game, saw Babe Ruth, took a fall out of the "Follies" and ate baked beans when he arrived in Boston. All the time he kept his eyes wide open and asked questions with every glance.

The first night in Boston we attended a circus—a real old-fashioned American Barnum-Bailey-Ringling-Sells-Forepaugh combination. It was as good as a circus to observe how my English friend covered the seven rings with one pair of eyes. With note book ever at hand he covered appointments as a railroad schedule. Visiting first factories and institutions associated with his line of business he made all his trips collateral and applied them to his purposes. With all his alertness in observation, he was never too absorbed for a side comment on some psychological or historical fact that revealed the scholar well read and a man well grounded in processes of thinking. While first appearing as a hard-headed man of practical affairs, I soon discovered my friend Havinden an idealist with one supreme conception of a business man's duty, to make people happy. He observed the condition and welfare of employees everywhere. There was a dreamy, longing-for-home expression in his face when he spoke of Delectaland, the name of his factory town which he has developed much on the plan of Port Sunlight, which his friend, Lord Leverhulme, has made famous. There is first a stimulus of individuality, an environment of trees, grass and flowers and entertainments with a social life at Delectaland that makes it a real homeland factory town. Despite the splendid progress he made in sight-seeing, he was still scouting for new ideas. From New York to Chicago and thru Canada, he put aside all "touristical" tendencies, seemingly to forget for the time his English habits and customs and mingled among Americans like one of them. He even desecrated his pure profound English phraseologies with the delectable American slang, if occasion required, for above all things, G. Havinden is a gentleman.

The simplicity of the processes thru which he turned a decaying industrial concern into one with a reserve of bulging proportions is so simple as to be startling. First, there was the concentration of the individuality of Havinden upon his business. With that was the co-operation of his staff, as they call them in England. He first found the soul of his business and expressed it in deeds. The care with which every chocolate or piece of goods was prepared and packed was soon discovered by an increasing number of purchasers. He looked into the physical, as well as the moral and economical well-being of his people.

Born in London and knowing the struggles he had in boyhood to obtain an education, he seems first to impress his people to think more of themselves and encourage them to attain some-

thing higher. While providing classes in physiology, hygiene and kindred subjects, he has devoted special attention to classes in citizenship and social responsibility, even evolving a study of emotions, mind, will, thought and character. The recreational classes included drawing and designing, and many a juvenile beginning work at Delectaland is proving the theory of Mr. Havinden that educated workers are worth while, and the average person will utilize his wasted moments in study of things that improve and inspire.

In his investigation it was apparent that Mr. Havinden was not actuated with the spirit of "will it pay?" but entered into



G. HAVINDEN

Head of the great institution, "Delectaland," at Watford, England

his work with the enthusiasm of a man with a mission who had decided that wealth is measured by the human standard of efficiency and goodness. The little house organ which he prints, called *Delectaland*, reflects the ideals of the founder and sounds like fairyland. It is suffused with the homely family spirit, and best of all indicates now that American ideas are worth while in an interchange of English plans and purposes.

A box of chocolates from Delectaland was received in America on Thanksgiving Day and put to the supreme test. Whether it was imagination or not, the verdict was that they tasted different, and many voted they tasted better than our own American products, although it tested (Continued on page 429)

Stimulator of soul and master of matter

The Man Who Tackled a Mountain

Gutzon Borglum by his inspired works of art and his practical achievements in science proves the existence of double-barreled genius

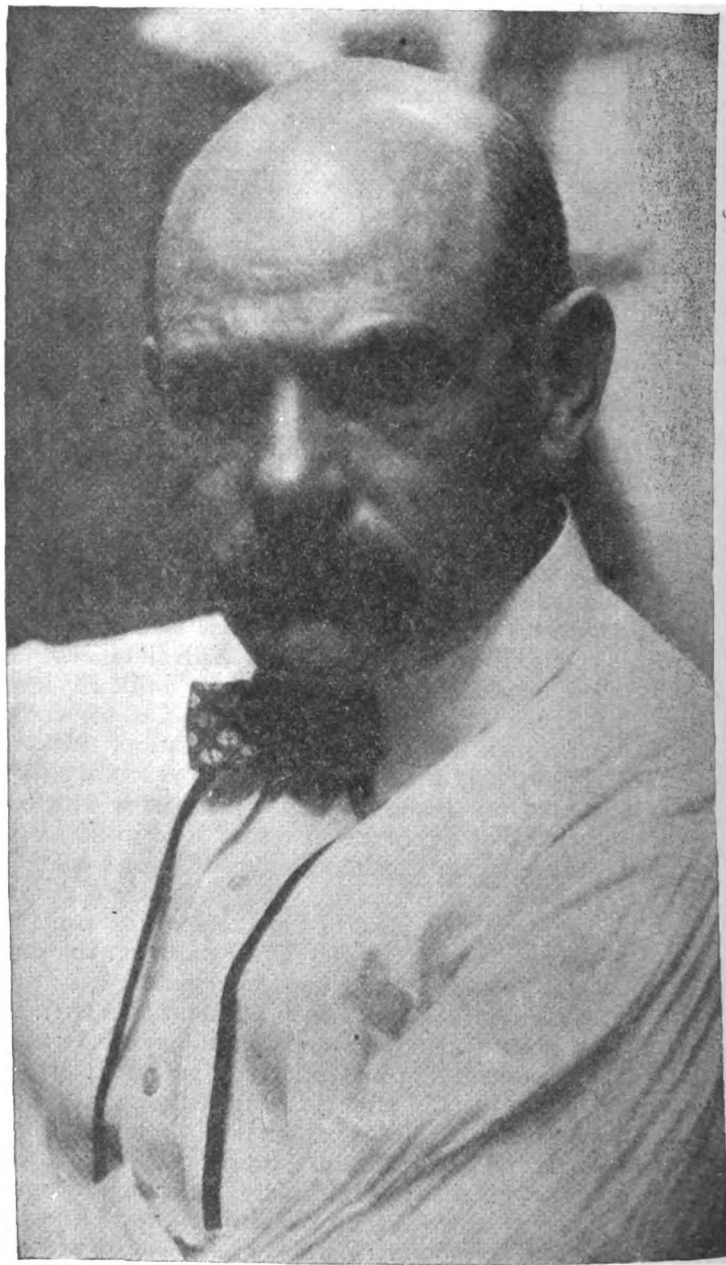
THERE is a retreat in New York that I love to seek when in need of an artistic or mental tonic. It is the studio of Gutzon Borglum the sculptor. The entrance through a gate leads to the rear of the building which is steeped with evidences of ancient and modern art. It seems like a glimpse of Rome. Here and there are bits of sculpture that have a history. The spirit of Rodin, the French master, seems to have descended upon the sturdy Borglum. Out of the rough-hewn rock comes that something which is animated with feeling and strength. In the dim-lighted but spacious rooms sculptors are at work modeling upon designs. A doughboy posing one day for a memorial statue was enjoying a "fag" during his rest moments.

At a plain flat-topped desk was a man of stalwart form and thoughtful mien, with thick mustache and firmly set jaws, an intellectual cranial dome on which only fringes of nature's covering remain, and a strong face wearing the expression of a practical business man studying ways and means for carrying on some great enterprise. There was none of the long hair, flowing necktie, effeminate picture of the Latin Quarter. Decisive and positive, it is no wonder that Gutzon Borglum created that great Lincoln head in the rotunda at Washington, probably the most popular bit of sculpture to be found in the capital city.

It is not alone the realm of art that this man dominates. He was one of the early pioneers in aviation. There are few details in the progress of the science of aerial navigation which are not known to him from a practical standpoint. He was the friend of Langley, whose conception of heavier-than-air machines led to the development of the airplane. Thinking in a broad way, the greater the problem the more easily he seems to obtain results. His conception of transportation by tubes worked out on scientific basis is meeting the congestion of carrying facilities, besides expediting the movement of goods. Tubes are already the solution of rapid transit in large cities, and pneumatic tubes constructed on practical lines will solve the problem of conveyance of express matter and parcels from point to point with the swiftness of the airplane and a surety, coupled with economy of freight rates, never dreamed of in the course of ordinary service transportation, whether by rail or automobile.

It seems peculiar that a mind tempered and fitted for artistic conception should be so absorbed in mere mundane affairs, but that is just what we find in Gutzon Borglum—he is human, and whatever is human or relates to human activities enlists his power of concentration. He may well be called the "Edison in Art."

It seemed like a realistic presentation of the famous Pygmalion and Galatea drama when I saw him negotiate with an eminent business man for a statue. There was a great block of Italian marble before them. Out of this was to be created a statue. Later I saw the same block of stone after it had passed under the wizard chisel and mallet of the sculptor. There was a look in the eyes of the sculptor as if expecting the lips to speak when the last chip had fallen. Indeed, it did seem to speak to the thousands who looked upon it when exhibited, presenting a message to them in that inanimate block of marble through the magic wand of the sculptor's



GUTZON BORGLUM

A great artist, who by strange anomaly is also a renowned scientist, and hard-headed business genius

chisel. It was not merely the outline of form or feature, but the feeling that could never be forgotten. Strength and vigor were portrayed there with more power than could be wielded with palette and brush or the printed word. It was like an oracle speaking out of the rough-hewn ledge with a voice as eternal as the ages.

Of Danish descent, Gutzon Borglum in his work evidences the virility of the Vikings. Every blow of the chisel, like his words and sentences, is positive and conclusive. The sweep of his imagination is as broad and big as the horizon of the seas which his forebears navigated (Continued on page 426)

Making Good on the Props

By J. BERNARD LYNCH

This is a strong, distinctive, emotional narrative, rich in human interest, with the added appeal of a "refreshing individuality of effort," and a happy ending

I PAUSED at the sign of the three golden balls and with curiosity surveyed the offerings of the brass-barred windows. Therein appeared a pathetic pageant of broken households whose Lares and Penates had found a way to the most obliging of custodians.

Had all my days been those of plenty I should have passed by, unheeding. But I have had my times of stress. Then (to tell the tale honestly) I have stolen surreptitiously behind the swinging doors, to take my place at the glass cage and plead for a trifling tide-over.

To-night I had a different mission, and so walked boldly in, sustained by the knowledge that my call was voluntary.

Before putting aside his acids and scales the pawnbroker shot a friendly glance of recognition.

"What is it this time!" he asked. "A story or a loan?"

"Not the latter," I answered, with a swaggering display of wealth-inspired confidence, "although," I went on, "it might be possible for both to be wanted at the same time."

His features relaxed. "Yes, I've noticed they are twin predicaments," he observed; "indeed, loans and literature seem to be affinities."

"I'm going to stay a while," I confided, drawing up a chair. "Not needing a loan, I must have a story. So go ahead and haul out a few by-products of misfortune—first, by the way, changing the atmosphere. It reeks of woe. It's murky with misery. I guess there's germs in it. It's stifling."

"Certainly, with half the petition," he responded, suiting action to words by tugging the string that opened a skylight ventilator. "Though there is nothing of what you noticed in the air, I merely keep the shop charged with camphor fumes so self-respecting moths don't visit me."

"But the story!" I gave reminder.

He inquired: "Sentiment or humor?"

"No one thinks of a pawnbroker's shop as the abode of fun," I observed.

"And no one thinks of the pawnbroker as intelligent," he snapped back. "However, for the unknown editor's sake, I'll let it be a tale of sentiment. Now for it!"

"All sorts and conditions of men," he began, like a regular prologue, "have accepted the tacit invitation of the three balls, and there are few articles rejected as pledges. In the course of a day and a night one has generally a chance to lend something on a corpulent silver watch, a highly colored meerschaum, a truncated trombone and a mangled mandolin. The women, too, come in and hold forth bits of jewelry—for Old Man Poverty is no respecter of sex."

"I mentioned musical instruments with meaning, they being the popular pledges. I suppose music and misfortune fail to harmonize. Anyway, they're good risks. Look around you, and you'll see every sort of a noise maker, including the kind that comes in a little box, its food being hard-baked in thin layers. I speak, of course, of the phonograph. For these, when they run out of pawn, there's always a generous demand. Having this fact in mind, I was glad enough to welcome a little tired-faced woman one afternoon, for I saw phonographic outlines in the bundle with which she struggled toward the counter.

"It is my habit to study customers closely. I do this partly for my own satisfaction—principally, of course, because I have to, since a detailed description of every person securing a loan must be included in my daily report to Police Headquarters. I looked carefully at the little lady with the phonograph.

"She was thirty-five 'or thereabouts.' Gray strands mingled with the golden brown of her hair. Little lines hinting want and worry hovered about the small mouth and under her eyes. Her cheeks still curved full, while through a pallor that evidenced privation a faint glow of red struggled for recognition. She was trim of figure, small of stature. Her well-worn but carefully pressed blue-serge suit told a story of 'better days' which I should have rejected if illustrated by tawdry finery.

"Say, there are two public servants who are masters in judging human nature—the street-car conductor and the pawnbroker. Some day I'll tell you why I place the conductor first. We pawnbrokers, in accepting pledges, mentally shove the pledger into one of two classifications—He—or she—is a crook, or an honest down-and-out. The little lady was accorded what honor went with the latter.

"Her agitation was keen as I unwrapped the parcel. My anticipations were rudely realized. It was a phonograph, of an early vintage, antiquated in every detail, sparse of varnish, but withal in running order. Twenty records, mostly scratched and one badly worn, accompanied the offering.

"Without a word I shook my head. Whatever she wanted I felt reasonably sure I couldn't give.

"I would like to get five dollars," she pleaded, in a tremulous tone, 'for a little while.'

"If my answer seems hard you must blame it on the business—a business built on misfortunes can't admit philanthropic emotions.

"Sorry," I answered, with a look, which I tried to make kind, into the dark-blue eyes, 'it's an old machine. Very old. It's almost worthless as a pledge.'

"But surely you can let me have something," she begged, adding: 'I brought it a long way and my arm is awfully tired.'

"In her glance of entreaty I saw what had escaped me before. It was not sorrow that looked from the blue eyes; it was patience. I don't know that I have the words to make it plain, but it seemed to me the little woman was just that one human quality, personified, and walking the city streets with a phonograph.

"Business is business' went by the board. 'I can let you have a dollar,' I said.

"This brusqueness did not blanket the light; she was patient with even the pawnbroker.

"I'll take it," she said, and then sighed; 'the phonograph would be so heavy to carry all the way back.'

"Name, please," I requested, making ready to write out the ticket.

"Anita Barnes. Mrs. Anita Barnes," she said softly.

"She took the ticket and the dollar as if she didn't care so much for the money after all, while she glanced back at the phonograph with the air of a gentle little woman taking leave of a very dear friend.



Photo by White, Boston

J. BERNARD LYNCH

Author of this story. Mr. Lynch has a strongly established reputation as a writer of human interest tales

"You'll be careful of it, won't you!" she whispered. "You'll see it's safely disposed, until I come for it?" Then she flushed, as if fearing she might annoy me, and moved out without looking back.

"I was not annoyed—only amused. Thinking of the valuables with which this place is stuffed, her solicitude for that insignificant antiquity was truly absurd. Yet, after a moment, I didn't feel a bit like smiling. I put the phonograph on a shelf cheek by jowl with a real Stradivarius, which forthwith cracked its sounding board—in disgust, I presume, at the company. And then, what with the influence of constant old gold and occasional credit diamonds, I forgot all about my lady of patience and her pledge.

"But you, my listener, will keep the phonograph in your mind's eye. In it you think you discern a symbol of the story.

A week later my little lady came again, dressed as on the previous visit, but with a deeper shade of trouble accentuating the patience in her eyes. The faint red of her cheeks had finally surrendered to pallor. Still, she had dressed up the serge coat by a white-linen collar open at the throat. Her neck had been carefully hidden before. Was it the coquettish instinct of a woman to employ one charm when another had failed? I really would like to think so, and also to applaud her for it. Her voice had a hopeful inflection as she passed me a ring.

"Will you give me five dollars on that?" she asked.

"I looked it over, then took down acid and scales and reached for my glass. There was gold, but not much of it, the band having been worn almost to breaking. Two pearls and a chip diamond were mounted in an odd setting.

"My best offer is three dollars," I advised, finally.

"But it's—!" she began, then bit her lip, while the red I had thought forever departed

flashed an instant in her cheek. 'I thought it would be worth five,' she ended, still patient.

"Your wedding-ring looks fairly heavy," I suggested, 'I can see that it is gold. If you must have five dollars why not let it make up the discrepancy?' For a moment she seemed to consider the proposition, then rejected it, with a protesting: 'No, no, not that,' and added, 'I'll take the three.'

"Name!" I asked, mechanically.

"Anita Barnes. Mrs. Anita Barnes. New address, 36 Forest Street."

"Forest Street, as you know, is near by, but it is not a place in which one would choose to live. The former address had been in a respectable suburb. She was evidently finding need for the exercise of all her patience. If ever anybody faced the buffets of Fate it was Anita Barnes—Mrs. Anita Barnes—that November evening. I could have sworn she was hungry, and needed to hasten in spending at least one of the three dollars for food, but she paused after taking the money, and looked anxiously around the shop. Then she breathed rather than asked: 'Is it all right?'

"I might have pretended I didn't know what she meant, but I'm glad I didn't. It's just the same as when you left it," I said reassuringly.

"Three weeks elapsed before she came again and laid a bulky package on my counter. It isn't necessary to add another description. You've seen the sunset pale to gray twilight, and shadows creep in where a while before there was sunshine. If this sounds too fervid for a pawnbroker, I'll put it thus—the little lady was coasting and the going was fast.

"When I had removed the wrappings from the bundle a great old family Bible was disclosed. To one who notes the various stages of human evolution downward, pledging the Bible stands for the final sacrifice in warding off the onslaught of want. Over this Bible I looked into the questioning eyes and there saw the still-enduring light of patience.

"Do you take Bibles?" she asked timidly.

"We have taken them," was my non-committling reply.

"Then how much will you give me on this?"

"How much do you want?"

"A dollar and a half will help me over the week. I expect a new position soon."

"I did not believe her. I did not believe she believed herself. A dollar and a half would not tide her over the week. She had evidently been ill; a dollar and a half was too little for all she needed that very day. She was merely repeating the story suggested to her by patience.

"Bibles are not good collateral at any price. Any pawnbroker will tell you so, while feeling the deepest respect for its highest value. My first impulse on seeing any Bible is to decline it. My second thought when looking at this Bible, was that fifty cents would be a risk. Say, did you ever have someone, with the saintly light of patience in her eyes, plead for a dollar and half over the Good Book? Call me a fool if you wish; I had to pay my paltry tribute to the light of a faith no shadows could obliterate. I gave her a dollar and a half."

The pawnbroker paused and moved his shoulders in silent eloquence. "Say, it's a bit chilly here," he remarked. "Didn't you notice the sudden cold?" I made no protest as he reached for the ventilator rope.

"When she had gone," he resumed, "I brought the Bible to my desk for closer examination. I hadn't looked between the covers; it might have been a 'Vinegar' or a 'Breeches' Bible worth thousands, but it was nothing of the kind. Just an ordinary Old and New Testament, with blank pages for the family record bound between. Here I saw that Franklin Emmett Barnes married Anita Pearl Welles in June, 1900. On another page I read a record of the birth of Henry Barnes. It was July 14, 1902. Both entries were in a fine clerkly hand, which somehow looked too masculine to be the work of my patient little lady. On still another page, blurred and blotted, in a

trembling script that surely matched a throbbing heart, I found the death story of little Henry, dated December 24, 1904. The clerkly hand had not written that!

"As I've mentioned before, police regulations require a detailed description of all pledged articles. They got a description of the Bible all right, but not the story of those three pages.

"I put the Bible on the shelf, out of sight, behind the phonograph. I didn't need it to remind me that another struggling woman had disappeared into the mists that encompass misfortune's land of shadows.

"As days passed I felt a strong yearning. I wanted that little lady with the patient eyes to come back and make good. This, mind you, for humanity's sake; and not because of 'business.' In the telling it may sound ridiculous, inconsistent with the code of my calling. We are presumed to live by lapsed pledges, but I did not want these three pledges to lapse. The haunting look of her eyes grew brighter every day in my memory. I am not ashamed to say that because of it I thought more often than usual of other than worldly things. Once, indeed, I woke myself in the night with a great wonder in my thought, and the words on my lips: 'God, please tell me how can a woman suffer like that and still be patient?'

"Five months slipped by without the hoped-for visit. Anita of the patient eyes had not made good. In checking up expired loans I found her ring. It was a fetching little geegaw, and I placed it in the window, trusting for an early sale. That alone, I mused, would rid me of some distressing dreams.

"It was now spring. Along toward evening the usual throng of possible customers viewed my display. As you know, a pawnbroker's show-window holds more than transient appeal. To most people there's a positive lure in the glittering grist. Perhaps they discern the little halo of tragedy above each golden circle.

"The store being nearly empty of customers, I took a glance out. One man, radiating opulence, lingered while two or three groups gathered and dissipated. He changed his position, walking from side to side of the window, yet he never went away. Studying his face through the plate glass I saw perplexed curiosity. Then he moved so as to get another angle on something in the show. Yes, he was looking straight at the rings!

"The next moment he came into the shop. While I waited, with a heart that pounded heavily—though I'm sure I could not have told you why—I felt a most intense dislike for the man, even though he was handsome, evidently prosperous, and presumably going to put money in the till.

"Let me see that ring in the window," he said 'the one with two pearls and a diamond chip in an odd setting.'

"It wasn't necessary for him to mention the setting. As if I hadn't known he would ask for Anita's ring!

"He fairly grabbed the trifle, as I held it across the counter. Then his jaw stiffened, a sinister look darkened his countenance. He turned the ring over and over, while seeming to have forgotten my presence. I used the opportunity to study him with care. He was something over forty, with hair quite gray. His face was strong and rugged; determination bordering on obstinacy was indicated by the squaring of his close-shaven chin and the firmness of his narrow lips.

"Suddenly he stopped twirling the ring, and favored me with a long and earnest look. Then his glance turned toward the street, but I could see that the traffic, at its height, was nothing to him. He was, I believed, looking back a good many years. It was horrible, but not surprising, what he presently said:

"O God!"

"Then, for the seeming eternity of another five minutes, he continued to stare at people and cars, as if he looked beyond them to another time and place. I grew nervous, then annoyed. I have had various experiences in dealing with

eccentrics, but I was nonplused at one who hardly spoke and who looked quite through one.

"Beg pardon, mister," I ventured, finally, 'do you wish to buy that ring?'

"He turned like one possessed, sudden fury, staring ominously from his eyes. Across the counter shot his arm, and my wrist began to burn under an iron grip. His face was thrust forward until I could see literal glints of red athwart his eyes of gray.

"His breath mingled with mine as he hissed, 'Where did you get it? Did she pawn it? Is she in want? Tell me the truth or I'll kill you!'

"Having nibbled at the classics, I have no appetite for vulgar heroics.

"Say" I protested, 'you're cutting a ridge in my wrist. How can you expect a man to talk decently while in pain?'

"His grip relaxed, then he removed his hand, but the fire in his eyes still danced dangerously.

"Who pawned that ring?" he demanded. 'Do you hear? Who pawned it?'

"As I had never really been able to forget the patient little lady it wasn't necessary to refer to the books for her name.

"Anita Barnes," I answered, 'Mrs. Anita Barnes.' And I backed against the shelves for safety.

"The fire wavered, then I noted reassuringly that the embers glowed with a softened light.

"It occurred to me that I had possibly been indiscreet in giving away her name. We pawnbrokers are sometimes conscientious, and when we are we pride ourselves on keeping sacred the history of a pledge.

"Look here," I said, resentfully, 'you can't gain anything here by showing belligerence. I don't know you, and even if I did I should hold the intimate details of a pledge quite confidential. I can give information only when an article has been dishonestly acquired, and then facts must come through the police. If this ring was stolen—'

"The red again flared and his fist shut hard.

"Hang you," he growled, 'if you mention theft and her name in the same breath I'll put you where you'll sure never draw it again.'

"From the beginning I had disliked my customer. Now I began to wonder if he was all right mentally. Feeling that safety lay in soothing his overwrought nerves, I created a diversion by reaching up and taking out the phonograph and records.

"As I had anticipated, no comment was needed.

"That phonograph melted all the stiffness from his neck. He just gave one look and crumpled up. He stared at the machine as if fascinated. Punky little box that it was, scratched and worn, with a rattling cover, and only a faded dab of varnish as a patent of former respectability, it stirred in him something that I imagine was akin to reverence. He fondled it, then he sorted over the old records as carefully as if the disks were set with diamonds. All the while his head was bowed, like that of one who pays tribute to a Cross in a wilderness—a rough Cross which leads one to worship the thing symbolized rather than the symbol.

"In his actions was the tacit eloquence that appeals to the imagination. Now, I have imagination, but I'm short on patience—that's why I admired it so much in my little lady. He had begun by vexing me, now he was playing on my feelings. I didn't think it was right. Pawnbrokers aren't supposed to have emotions, and it's true that generally when we venture from our shell of indifference we get infected with the no-profit germ and fall ill with the malady that follows imposition.

"I strayed to the door, leaving him with his memories—if they were memories that dilapidated phonograph had invoked. When I returned to the counter he was ready to talk business.

"How much for ring, phonograph and records?" he asked. I deliberated.

"Five for the ring—five for machine and

records,' I answered. I purposely made the price high to learn if he was inclined to huckster. He accepted without a protest.

"Wrap 'em up?" I inquired.

"No," he answered. "I want to leave them here, so if she—if Mrs. Anita Barnes comes back, there will be no disappointment. You'll see they are given to her without further charge?" he ended, with a suspicion that was insulting. To reassure him I made out an elaborate receipt.

"And now," he said, wistfulness for the moment obscuring the harsh egotism that I had so disliked, "won't you give me the address? I want to find her."

"I thought hard and then decided to take the risk. I told him she had lived at 36 Forest Street, and thought the better of him because he moved to the door without a word of thanks.

"When he had gone I indulged in a sigh of relief, for I had felt, while he was around, very much as if I was entertaining a nice workable bomb. Withal there was a measure of satisfaction in peeping at the gloomy top shelf, for there reposed the Bible, her last offering. There were several reasons why I hadn't told him about that. For one thing, I might have become the victim of a choking spree, for how could I judge what view his fiery temperament would take of a loan on such an article? Besides, I didn't wish him to get all the credit of helping Mrs. Anita Barnes. I wanted to make her a present of the Bible myself—if she returned.

"This was not such an outburst of generosity as you may think, since I had had the forethought to get enough for the other articles to make such a gift not a charity, but a reasonable business concession.

"When he did not return the next day I realized that my interest in the result of his quest was more than normal. The later days moved yet more slowly; for I had somehow expected time to bring them both back, but all time seemed to do was to keep them away.

"At the end of the fifth day I saw him in the street. He entered the shop—alone. From the disappointment in his face I knew, before he crossed the threshold, that his search had been fruitless.

"She—she hasn't been in?" he asked, with a faint display of hope. I shook my head in the negative.

"I have searched for five days and nights, unceasingly, everywhere," he muttered, as much to himself as to me. Then, drawing up a chair, he seated himself, with a wearied sigh, and gazed vacantly about.

"She had gone from Forest Street some time ago," he said in a mournful monotone. "It was a furnished room she had there. I traced her to four different addresses, all out of town, but at the last place the trail ended. The people did not know her whereabouts. They did not seem to care. They said she had been sick and out of work. She went away—somewhere."

"That 'somewhere' sounded like a dirge. 'Somewhere'—I had never before realized how much meaning could be crowded into one word.

"Sometime," I substituted, with an attempt at cheerfulness, 'she may come back for the pledges.'

"Sometime?" he reiterated. Then I understood it made a lot of difference who said it.

"I'd like to look over that machine," he said, with a sudden resumption of his old buccaneer manner. "Isn't there a place where I can examine it without interfering with trade?"

"He mentioned the last with a sneer, but I forgave him and offered my back room.

"It was but a moment when I heard the strains of that never worn-out melody, 'Annie Laurie.' It may seem strange in the telling, but during all my thirty years of pawnbroking I have always held the belief that music in this atmosphere is uncanny. To my thinking it lifts the shrouds from decently covered specters. I seem to see them stalk, and to hear their weird whispers of other times. Every pledge takes a shape

whereby it may add its quota to the ghostly gossip. Once treasured heirlooms, wedding and engagement rings, family keepsakes, each breathes a tale of pathos or of tragedy. Sometimes the story is one of loyal love, oftener of dishonor or desertion, and every one has the same end—in poverty and distress. Music here, where trophies of life's miseries are stored, is like incense in a Chinese temple, deadening the present, forcing one to see only the past, of disquieting perspective.

"And I never did fancy mechanical or preserved music, either. I sense the wheels and cogs. That's the artistic temperament of course! But this time, above the rasping of that phonograph, there came an impressive note. It reached within me and kindled something long grown cold. And pounding in my ears was this warning:

"'Laugh, if you must, because my spirit comes to you in shabby form, but if you are human, if you have heart-stored memories, little legacies from other days, hallowed and mellowed by Time's softening touch, you're going to feel, you are, and you're going to think!'

"In the lives of most of us there is one memory, there is one song. Think hard, now. Do you remember yours? Do you remember? That song, Mister Story-Writer, never grows old. 'Annie Laurie' wasn't my song, and perhaps it isn't yours, but I guessed it was his. To prove it I went back to see. I was right. Toward that decrepit box he was bowed reverently, his face a sunset of reminiscence, his eyes shiny and wet.

"Say, mister," I protested, "would you just as soon play something else? You've played that record five times by actual count. Can't you make the next a Virginia reel or an Irish jig—anything so long as it's different?"

"His answer was not the burst of profanity I anticipated. His long search had taken the fire and fury out of him. He only gave me a glance of reproach—the kind you give to one who does not understand—who cannot understand.

"He went away, of course; equally, of course, he came back. My pawnshop came to be his one beacon of hope, and I felt a more than sordid satisfaction in being keeper of the light. Derelicts entered and exited in a never-ending procession, but the little patient one was not among them. She had seemingly strayed where no light guided; perhaps had foundered where life-crews could not rescue. Each evening brought the man, and every night he found solace in the same melody ground out by the little old phonograph. I do not think he could have lived without that hour alone with Memory in my back room. Even when he played the song more times than was reasonable I did not object, for I wanted to show I could understand.

"Three slow months passed, each twenty-four hours marked by a visit and saddened by disappointed expectation. I knew he was winning a share of my sympathies, but the major portion was still reserved for the little lady with the patient eyes.

"Under the strain his once-rugged face grew peaked, while his athletic figure was beginning to bend. One August evening he came in shortly after supper-time. I thought he was unusually agitated, his nerves seemed to be all on edge. His eyes were streaked with red, as I had seen them once before; then the cause was anger; now he looked starved, with a hunger not to be appeased by food.

"Sick?" I asked, with real solicitude.

"No, I'm physically fit enough," he said, scornfully, "only I can't sleep. I'm tired—very tired—but I don't rest. Last night I laid awake until dawn, thinking—thinking. And what I've thought I've got to tell someone—someone with judgment." He looked me square in the eye. Much as I might have longed to penetrate the mystery connecting the man with the woman and both with the phonograph, now the moment had come I shrank from the responsibility of listening.

"Look here," I protested, "I'm in no mood for hearing a sad story. I've worries of my own. Besides, I've been thinking, too, and my thoughts navigate in a blue circle. Won't it keep till another day?"

"No," he answered, determinedly. "I must tell it tonight—now. It's about her!"

"Well, that's different," I answered. "But you must be fearfully brief. I've a report to write. I'll give you five minutes and you start right now."

"Then, listen," he began, 'to the briefest and the meanest story ever told. I don't suppose it's necessary for me to state that I am the husband of the little lady who left the pledges. As I'm making no plea for sympathy I'll pass over the sweetheating. I'll mention only one day—the joyous one on which she said Yes. We were out in the woods together, and Nature's setting made the scene truly glorious. It was summer, an evening of hush and contentment; the air was rich in perfume and vibrant with romance. My youth welled in the happiness of her presence. We had sat for hours, enchanted; then, while my heart was throbbing the old, old question was uttered, and I impatiently waited her answer. As her eyes grew grave with thought there was borne to us, clear on the still air, the sound of laughter. A party of young folks was passing, going home from a picnic. 'Wait,' she said, 'they are singing.' Then a melody from mixed voices, softened by distance, came to our ears. It was 'Annie Laurie' they were singing, and they were doing it well. I waited until the echoes clung tenderly to the last line. then I looked into her face. It was radiant with happiness, while her eyes were tender, and the answer was there.'

"You said you would not trifle with emotion," I interposed.

"And I'll keep my promise," he resumed. "We were married. I got that phonograph because I couldn't afford a piano. She bought the first record, that 'Annie Laurie' one. Even at the beginning she was looking backward. I've been told that every woman finds her greatest joy in such looking. Perhaps that is another way of saying the woman remembers longest.

"Our first year together was happy, then jealousy arose from the ashes of smoldering selfishness. Don't misunderstand—I was not jealous of any man, only of one woman. I feel the shame, I blush at the telling. That woman was her mother! I shall not offer all the evidence—it all convicts me and I am guilty.

"I accused her of giving too much time to her mother—too little to me. I did not realize that in denying her mother the hospitality of our home I was feeding the flame that finally seared my heart. Mine was a vindictive nature. In those days, if I chose a road in mad decision, I never turned. "Your place is with me, not with her." I told her often. I did not realize that a love such as hers could be divided between mother and husband and be sufficient for the happiness of both. And I did not understand that mother-love, coming first in life, is a power to be always reckoned with. Time is a wise teacher, though not always a kind one. He taught me!

"When our boy was born I forbade her mother the house. In the afterglow I see it all vastly different, but youth is youth, with hot blood, blind reasoning and all the folly of rash haste. She endured my harshness with patience. She made no protest, no complaint. That was because she was molded of finer clay than I. I knew that she sometimes saw her mother, and the idea that in these chance interviews my happiness was being alienated preyed upon me. When the boy was a year old I accepted a traveling position and went on a two months' trip West. I had expected to be miserable when away; on the contrary I was very happy. In her letters I found comfort, and it really seemed as if I was returning to the sanity of our courtship.

"My home-coming was unannounced. I

wanted to surprise her, my heart was gleeful in anticipation of the welcome she would give me. When I arrived at our apartment I found it cold and cheerless. She was away; she had, of course, taken the boy with her. From the appearance of the place I judged she had been gone some time. Yet in her letters there had been no hint that they were not written at the pretty desk I had fitted up for her. I waited until late in the evening, then I sent a peremptory message to her at her mother's. I felt sure she would be there, and I could not go to seek her, for I had vowed secretly never to cross the threshold.

"I expected her to hasten to me. What was my amazement to receive a note. I can repeat every word—I say it over like a prayer in the sleepless night watches:

"Dear Husband:

"Mother is very sick and I cannot leave her. Please come to me, as I am most anxious to see you, to welcome you home. Little Henry is asleep, but I'll wake him when you come. Please come right away, dear, as I've lots to tell you. I can't write more because I'm tired. Lovingly Anita."

"To a reasonable man, the appeal of that message is undeniable. But I was not reasonable. The old jealousy, the old selfishness, held me fast. I rushed into the street, but not to seek her at her mother's. I drank, with one fixed purpose. I'd show her! I'd make her regret forever the putting of a mother first. Three days of debauch strengthened my resolve. I resigned my position, took what money I could command, and boarded a train bound West. I was going to get satisfaction, and leave no trail behind. I succeeded!

"That was fifteen years ago. There came a time when my anger cooled, when I saw the error of my ways. Then I came back seeking forgiveness. She had gone; I could find no trace of her, nor of her mother. To-day I have a good business, a comfortable income, but there is hunger in my heart, there is remorse in my soul."

"He stopped. 'There's still another minute,' I said in a cold voice.

"Don't need it," he answered. 'You have the story. I await judgment.'

"I got up and paced the floor. The vista of pledge-filled shelves, ending in a glass case and counters loaded with clothing, faded away. I saw only the trim, weary little figure in the faded blue serge. Her face was calm, but shadowed with suffering. The blue eyes pleaded, even while they glowed with the light of patience. Something swelled in my throat, my blood coursed feverishly, as if I had plied myself with strong liquor. Yet when I did speak my voice was unemotional.

"You win the trophy as the meanest inhabitant of this side of the hot place, I observed. 'If you had told that story at the beginning I don't think you'd have enjoyed the little hospitality I have been able to extend. My companions when I choose them, are men worthy the name. You're right, women do remember longest and the little woman called Anita is no exception. You, in your vile selfishness, forgot you, too, had a mother, one who would probably have blushed with shame had she known the poison in your heart. You asked for my judgment and you shall have it. I think you are a lower animal than the swine, for its instinct does not allow it to traduce nature. You are an infamous blot on the community of fatherhood.

"I had hoped your misguided Anita would come back, but now I pray she will not. Better for her a lone journey, free from your contaminating touch, than to bear your company to the end."

"I stopped in my nervous stride and looked down on him. My anger increased when I saw on his face an expression of calm resignation, while his eyes were void of all resentment. And

then I realized what this meant. He had longed for reproaches, for a harsh judgment, for a bitter summary of his transgressions, just as the criminal with conscience awakened listens fascinated to a recital of his sins.

"You want to be rebuked, do you?" I thought. 'Well, then I will offer something that may ruffle the awful calm of your face.'

"Gently but firmly I brought down the long-hidden bundle and laid it on the counter. 'Look,' I said, exultingly. 'Here is a Bible. Did you ever see it before?'

"He leaped from his seat and came to the counter. Backed against the wall of shelves I proudly awaited the result of my act.

"He viewed the cover as one looks at the face of a friend from whom one has long been parted. Next he opened the book at the pages of the record. And then I saw that I had indeed achieved what I set out to do. Anguish and despair took up their abode with him, following a moment of excruciating pain.

"He fairly screamed. 'The boy dead—dead! Oh, Anita!'

"My heart was still hardened, I felt no pity, but watched him coldly. My thoughts of the moment were:

"Suffer, you pig, suffer! Feel, think and feel! If you ever had a soul call it back and purge it on the sacred evidence of your dishonor. With your tears flood out the dirt of selfishness from your heart. And suffer, suffer, if you can, as you made her suffer!"

The pawnbroker paused, his eyes serious and questioning. He leaned over and rested his hand on my knee.

"Say, Mr. Fiction-Writer, mere words won't tell this story—won't tell it right. No phrases set in cold unfeeling type will ever reach the depths. And your readers' gods will differ from mine. They're going to judge this as a melodrama. They'll call my philosophy pawnshop platitudes, because they won't understand."

"I think they will," I interposed, "if it gets to them. But, not having acquired fame, I must remind you that the editors come first."

"Oh, yes, the editors!" His face hardened and his eyes flashed resentfully. "Those pretending gods of omnipotent powers, who arrogate what the multitude shall read—the editors who do not know that a pawnbroker speaks intelligently.

"Well, then, if their hearts are walled in and cold, if this human document fails to pierce their impervious strata, bring it back and we'll burn it here, where it first came into being. Together we'll warm ourselves in the flare of the flames, while in the ascending smoke we'll see an incense rising in consolation. Then, should you need money, I'll make you a loan on the collateral of friendship.

"The spirits hereabouts will record your story with the many others—unwritten ones—that would have made the world better for their reading. And there will be glory, my friend, glory in giving it back to the ghosts of the pawnshop—the ghosts that speak only to those who can understand."

He stopped as if ashamed of the fervent words. I waited, for I felt that I now knew and could respect his mood. Then his face softened, his eyes grew tender, and the old expression of generous tolerance, that I had learned to admire, came back again.

"I wondered if the affair was to have an unhappy ending," he resumed in a lower tone. "Ever since I was able to absorb the ethics of pawnshop routine, and to realize that all is not gold that glitters, I have religiously avoided tales that dared to stir the emotions and leave the readers unhappy.

"The man leaning over the Bible began to sob. His moans were heartrending. I could hear his voice strained in supplication. He was praying and asking forgiveness.

"God have mercy," he moaned, 'forgive me, O Lord, and send her back!'

"I was beginning to feel a tug down where

folks other than pawnbrokers are supposed to have hearts; and to avoid the sight of him turned my gaze to the door. I saw it open slowly—cautiously. I was about to touch him in warning, when I caught sight of a little woman in faded serge. As she moved across the floor I learned that her face was wan and pale, her features pinched, as might be those of a wraith risen from ashes of misery.

"Mercy!" I breathed in a hoarse whisper, 'it's Anita!'

"She placed one of her small ungloved hands on the glass top of the counter. I saw it held her wedding-ring.

"I've got to pawn it after all," she whispered. 'My mother is ill.'

"I said nothing, only looked straight into her eyes. They looked back into my very soul. Sorrow was in them, but quite undimmed burned the glorifying light of patience.

"I tingled all over, and something snapped in my head. I made an attempt to speak, but it was useless. My tongue would not shape words. My throat was dry, and when I tried to swallow contracted painfully. She took my persistent silence as a refusal, sprung from indifference.

"Please," she said, 'won't you let me have something on it? You said once it had a value. But perhaps you don't remember. If you would only consider it—I'll take it out again when things get better.'

"I grew weak, my powers of speech and action were still dormant. But I essayed, with my eyes, to direct her attention to the man at the end of the counter, who still had his face buried in the Bible. I felt like the actor, in a big scene, who has lost his lines and also the ability to extemporize.

"At length her glance followed mine and she saw the Book.

"With an expression of alarm she exclaimed, 'My Bible—you're not going to sell it?' Then, taking note of the man, she added, 'Your customer—is he crying?'

"And then the man raised his face, all scarred with pain and tear-stains, and the recognition was instantaneous.

"The wedding-ring dropped from her nerveless fingers, and with a shriek she fell against the glass. I thought she was going to ignore him and was ready to applaud.

"Anita," he said, with a simplicity that best served his need, 'forgive me. I'm sorry, and I've suffered. Not as you have suffered, but still heaven knows with what suffering! And in this Book, I have just read—'

"Then you know, Frank?" she asked.

"Now, for the first time," he answered 'I thought of him as with you, growing to be a consolation, all this time.'

"He stooped and picked up the wedding-ring. As he placed it on her unresisting finger, the crimson flooded her cheeks, while the pallor born of misery vanished. She looked into his face, and I suppose, read penitence there. At any rate, I saw undecipherable womanly signals of forgiveness and surrender, as she moved toward his outstretched arms.

"Frank," I heard her whisper, 'you've been unhappy, dear, and you don't look well.' I saw her small hand raised, not to smite him, but to smooth away the lines of trouble in his forehead.

"Oh, what's the use? I shouldn't have expected anything different from Anita. To our shame has it been written that woman is never so attached to us as when we are undeserving. It is the woman alone who has a consolation for every grief, a prayer for every sin, a tear for every sorrow and an encouragement for every hope. And woman, mind you, will offer forgiveness no matter how long or how deeply she has been wronged.

"I felt groggy on my feet as I shuffled into the back room. On the table where I sometimes spread my noonday meal, now reposed the little phonograph. As I reviewed its shabby but friendly outlines I had an inspiration. I turned

the winding crank, adjusted the needle, and pointed the horn toward the front of the store. The favorite record, the last to be played the night before, was in position.

"Myer," I said, to myself, 'you've written plays and folks have called you clever, but as an actor you're rotten. You fell down in the big scene, but here is your chance. You boob, make good on the props!' I waited for my cue.

"It came, soon, and from him. 'I've saved the engagement-ring!' he told her, 'and we'll get the Bible, sweetheart, and the phonograph—' I snapped over the starting-lever.

"There was a little clatter, a sharp rasp, and then the old box began to vibrate with melody. Perhaps the feeling was in me, a result of that gripping tableau beyond the piles of clothing, but somehow that old song rolled out with a sweetness never heard before. The needle, as if sympathizing, jumped the scratched places, and the worn spots seemed almost to rise up for a supreme effort. Lord, how that song can stir, and what a depth it reaches when the heart is attuned and the mood is on. It was her song and her record!

Maxwilton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true.

"I pictured a summer night, and saw a pair of blue eyes even then beginning to view the world with kindly patience. I heard the melody of mixed voices, and they were doing it well. The somber specters of the pawnshop began rejoicing!

Gie'd me her promise true
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

"When I dared to look out they were standing with their arms entwined, sensing the melody with eyes moist with gratitude. It was as if I had become a God of Goodness, and the song was my benediction on their bliss.

"With the last stanza great, generous tears—the tears of happiness—came raining down their faces.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
Like the winds in summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,—
And she's a' the world to me;

And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

"Her lips seemed to be moving. She was speaking to me. I heard her voice—'The greatest of these forgiveness.' I—I—"

The pawnbroker was stumbling, his voice grew husky and broke.

"Think of it", he offered, with affected irony, "two great grown-ups sobbing like children over that punky old melody on a punky old phonograph. Why—"

Then: "Say," he bellowed, in my ear, "put up your pencil. This isn't any serial story. There isn't any more to tell."

I understood. He felt he had penetrated too deeply—had overreached.

As I rose I noted a look of apprehension on his face, a fear that I had discovered the emotion which he so often denied. He turned his back and plucked at the ventilator cord.

"I guess you're right," came over his shoulder in flippant tone. "That darned camphor fume has more power of penetration than a ton of punk in a joss-house. It plays the devil with a fellow's throat and eyes."

A FEATHERED HERO OF THE WORLD WAR

NOT all heroes of the World War were men. Horses, dogs and pigeons performed deeds of heroism entitling them to the same honors bestowed upon their human companions. One of the most touching examples of the devotion to duty displayed by the feathered carriers of messages utilized by the Signal Corps of the United States Army is found in the story of the bird that, with one leg shot away and a bullet wound in its breast, flew a distance of forty miles and delivered the message that saved the lives of a hundred and ninety-four men. Upon the official army records this bird's description was entered as "Carrier Pigeon 43678; Cher Ami; Pigeon Division Number One; U. S. A. Signal Corps; 77th Division U. S. Inf. A. E. F."

For five long days, without food, without water, exposed to steady machine-gun fire from the encompassing German lines, the "Lost Battalion," cut off from retreat, lay entrenched in shallow holes upon a hillside, fighting to the last, and stubbornly refusing to surrender.

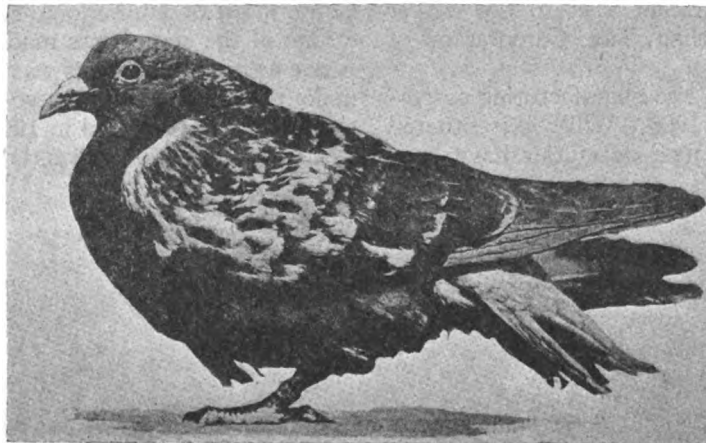
Battered by trench mortars till what had been a hill was but a mound of rent and broken earth, wounded, dying, delirious from thirst, the First Battalion of the 308th Infantry and part of the Second Battalion—four hundred and eighty men all told—were slowly being wiped out.

For five days no word of their continued existence had reached their own lines; they had been given up for lost. And then on the fifth day shell fire from the French guns began to fall upon the hill, and the invincible remainder of the heroic "Lost Battalion" were being killed by the guns of their friends.

All means of communication with their own forces had failed. Runners sent back with messages had fallen in the merciless machine-gun fire. Airplanes circling above their position had failed to catch their signaled calls for help. At this supreme moment, as their one last resort, the tiny

carrier pigeon, Cher Ami, which for five days, like his human companions, had gone without food and drink, was taken from his basket and flung into the air with a muttered prayer.

Hardly had his flight begun when, by the anxious gaze of the watchers whose lives now hung upon his slender wings, he was seen to flutter and fall, stricken by the lethal leaden hail that ceaselessly beat upon the hillside.



But the Boche bullet that struck him down did not quite reach the gallant heart that beat so tumultuously in his feathered bosom. For ere he reached the earth he had recovered from his fall, his wings took hold upon the throbbing air, and he soared steadily upward above the rolling smoke clouds from the German cannon into the blue sky.

At Ramport, forty miles from where the Lost Battalion lay fighting its last fight, Sergeant Kochler at Headquarters saw the handful of bloody feathers that was Cher Ami falling headlong from the sky. Dangling from one shattered leg was still attached the aluminum message carrier containing the first message that had been received from the Lost Battalion. The crumpled shred of tissue recorded their position and

their desperate situation, and at the bottom was scrawled the words, "Your barrage is falling on us. For God's sake, stop it!"

The barrage was stopped, and that night the 307th Infantry, whom all Hell could not have stopped, broke resistlessly through the German lines, and all that was left of the Lost Battalion, a hundred and ninety-four men out of the four hundred and eighty who had dug themselves into the hillside five days before, staggered or were carried back to the safety of the Allied lines.

And that is why a little gray bird, with only one leg, and with the scar of a German bullet upon his tiny breast, was distinguished above all the thousands of his fellows by being formally cited in War Orders and awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for gallantry in action.

To Cher Ami, American "Ace" of Pigeons

'Twas only a homing pigeon—
But he did his duty well,
Flashing back and forth the message
Through a fire of shot and shell.

Maimed and torn he "carried on"—ward,
For a glorious cause must win—
And it needed brave Cher Ami
Flying straight through thick and thin.

Gently lay him 'neath the banner
Of the land he died to save.
Comrades, may our heart-strings quicken
O'er a patriot pigeon's grave.

—Margaret Shanks.

Where Commercial Success and Individual Welfare Walk Hand in Hand

By FLYNN WAYNE

IN the readjustment of business affairs which is now going on throughout the country, those manufacturing establishments which fostered a cordial relationship between employer and employee during the recent "golden age of American industry" will encounter minimum problems and perplexities during the readjustment period.

When full confidence has been established between a manufacturing corporation and its workmen, labor is usually willing to accept reduced hours of employment without agitation or remonstrance, since the men realize that no other alternative presents itself to their employers than a temporary curtailment of production.

To build an organization of enthusiastic, energetic employees requires more than the payment of good wages. It involves an interest in the workmen and their families that does not end when the day's work is done.

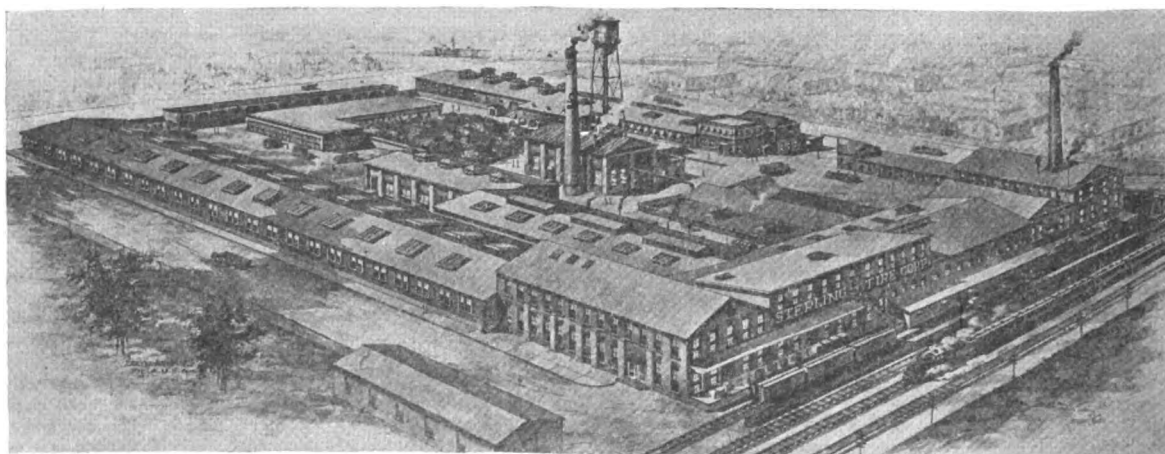
I saw the beneficial effects of splendid managerial ability combined with a high regard for the safety, health and happiness of the working people on a recent visit to the rubber manufacturing plant of the Sterling Tire Corporation of Rutherford, New Jersey.

This is one of the oldest Eastern tire manufacturing corporations, having been established in 1908. While it is situated in the midst of a region where labor difficulties have been

Then again it assisted in the formation of a Christmas Savings Club whereby employees could lay aside a small amount whenever convenient, to be returned the week before Christmas each year. The amount received by the workmen in 1919, before Christmas, was \$25,680, and this year the amount will be close to \$20,000. Interest is paid on all deposits, so there is real encouragement for every employee to save for this occasion.

And yet altruism never approaches paternalism in the Sterling Tire Corporation activities. While the officials point the way by which employees can save a part of their earnings or enjoy pleasant recreations, the workers themselves must take an active part and bear the greater portion of the expense. No bonuses are given and no extraordinary inducements are offered the men in order to make them thrifty in their habits and economical in their expenditures. The result is that nowhere in this country is there a large manufacturing institution that possesses an organization of workers more in love with their work and more loyal to their institution than the young men and women who comprise the Sterling Tire Corporation of Rutherford, New Jersey.

One of the complaints made by capital today is that labor is not as productive as it was ten years ago. Some employers make the statement that two men will not produce any more than one man produced in 1910. There may be isolated cases where this condition exists, but it would be difficult to accept



Rutherford (New Jersey) plant of the Sterling Tire Corporation

frequent during recent years, the Sterling has never had a strike nor a single day's suspension in operations because of a misunderstanding with its employees.

Even in times when the manufacturers were generally making big money, in many instances without the application of scientific management, the Sterling Tire Corporation was constantly fostering good fellowship between its officials and its men. It invited them to become shareholders in the corporation and many took advantage of the offer; it encouraged the organization of a baseball team and the formation of a band; it provided restaurant facilities whereby an employee can purchase a sixty-cent meal for a quarter, and it set apart valuable space from its office building for a dancing pavilion or handball.

the statement as a general truth. In the Sterling factory, for instance, workmen are producing much greater results than at any time in the history of the corporation.

Six years ago a given number of Sterling employees produced a certain number of tires each day. At this time, the same number of employees will produce four times that amount. This result has not been secured by the introduction of labor-saving machines, because the general methods of tire manufacturing are essentially the same today as before the outbreak of the European war. The increased output per capita comes from better arrangement of machinery, better system, and more enthusiastic effort on the part of every employee.

In but few American institutions is the science of efficiency

better applied than in the Sterling Tire Corporation. The arrangement of every department and machinery is such that every movement counts and no exertion is wasted. During the past few years, improvements and efficient operation have been constant, with the result that today, for every dollar's expenditure, a full dollar's worth of production is secured.

Always seeking efficiency, and endeavoring to eliminate waste of effort and money, lead the officials to join forces with the Empire Tire & Rubber Corporation of Trenton, New Jersey, in the formation of the selling corporation known as the Rubber Corporation of America. This corporation is amply financed, both the Sterling and Empire having contributed several hundred thousand dollars for the purpose.

Everybody knows that the cost of selling many manufactured products nearly equals the cost of the raw material and the labor involved in manufacture. The costs of advertising and selling tires have been conspicuous items on the balance sheets of all the large rubber companies for the past ten years, and it was for the purpose of reducing these items of expense that the Sterling and Empire brought the Rubber Corporation of America into existence.

The plan has already demonstrated its utility, and Sterling stockholders will reap a greatly increased dividend harvest as a consequence.

The Company has built up a magnificent business along conservative lines, and hence the enterprise has been given a foundation that will stand every test ordinarily encountered during the storms of business endeavors.

There are few American manufacturing institutions of its size that have a better credit with their bankers than the Sterling. It can borrow ample funds for continuing its business from the banks. The officials realize, however, that as a general

proposition, it is not good business policy to make credit do the work of capital, and for this reason they have considered it preferable to offer at this time a limited amount of stock to investors on an attractive basis in order to increase the necessary working capital required to meet the increased business which is in sight for 1921.

Sterling Tires are in use from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and nearly half a million dollar's worth are exported annually. The company was the first to make a large shipment of tires to France during the early days of the war, and the service rendered by those tires has been the means of securing a vast amount of government business.

A very large proportion of the company's tires are on the wheels of delivery trucks or in commercial service. This, it must be admitted, is the best proof of their goodness, because the average pleasure car owner seldom, if ever, keeps a record of the service given by tires, number of miles traveled, and time lost in changes. In the commercial field, it is altogether different. The man or concern keeps track of the expenses for every tire, so that he may know exactly how much per tire it costs him to transport a unit of weight any certain distance.

When concerns of national and international reputations, operating hundreds of delivery wagons use Sterling Tires, the fact must be considered that care has been paid to the good qualities, honest workmanship and careful inspection that are embraced in Sterling products.

The present organization of enthusiastic employees is certainly bringing the Sterling Tire Corporation to a distinctive position among American rubber manufacturing institutions. The method employed in this organization is well worth studying by every capitalist and manufacturer.

THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PILGRIM EXODUS

Continued from page 398

upon the impelling religious motive for the Pilgrim movement. "The vast and unpeopled countries of America," as Bradford wrote of them, beckoned with the promise of a land where they might found a colony in which to keep alight the flame of theology that was lighted in the house of William Brewster in Scrooby.

The experience of their eleven years of exile in Leyden had taught the leaders of the Separatists that if they hoped to continue to hold their congregation in the faith for which they had suffered and endured so much, they must get away from the atmosphere of schism that surrounded them.

Then, too, glad as the men of Scrooby and Austerfield had been to take refuge from persecution in Holland, they were beginning to fear that they would lose their identity if they remained longer among the Dutch.

They were, in spite of their differences with the Church of England, invincibly English in their ideals and their way of life, and grateful as they were to the people with whom they had found sanctuary, many of the customs of the Low Countries were a sore trial to their English habit of mind.

Europe was full of dogmas and doctrines—of churches and religious contention. If they hoped to attain independence in

ecclesiastical affairs, a migration to America seemed to be the only course that offered. As Bradford himself wrote of them:

"True it was, that such attempts were not to be made and undertaken without good ground & reason; not rashly or lightly as many have done for curiositie or hope of gaine, &c. But their condition was not ordinarie; their ends were good and honourable; their calling lawfull, & urgente; and therefore they might expecte the blessing of God in their proceeding."

Hardly the language that would have been employed to strengthen wavering faith in the project by the proponent of a commercial undertaking.

And the solemn and prophetic injunction of Pastor Robinson when the little company took their final leave of him on the dock at Delftshaven to embark on their great adventure:

"He charged us," Winslow recorded, "before God and His blessed Angels to follow himself no further than he followed Christ; and if God should reveal anything to us by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as we were ready

to receive any truth by his ministry. For he was very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His Holy Word."



National monument to the Pilgrims, Plymouth



Stage Gossip of the Month in Boston

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE



"ERMINIE" REVIVIDUS

Old friends, old wines, old books, old plays—
Like golden memories of bygone days,
And haunting echoes of the songs we sung
While we walked with Love, when the world was young—

QUITE the most noteworthy theatrical event in Boston during the past few weeks—at least for those veteran playgoers whose memory goes back to the time of its last appearance here (and for some of us old-timers to its first appearance in New York)—was the revival of "Erminie" at the Globe after a brooding silence of seventeen long years. To be delighted again by its tuneful melodic charm, amused by its sparkling comedy, and more than all to recognize certain of the original members of the cast, playing their old characters, was like drawing aside for a few brief hours the curtain of the Past.

Francis Wilson, whom we have not seen on the Boston stage for many years, apparently has solved—satisfactorily for himself at least—the problem of never growing old. That he should emerge from his retirement and forsake for a time the domestic comforts of his New Rochelle home and the lure of his beloved golf links, for the delectation and delight of those old-timers who recognized in his portrayal of his original part of "Cadeaux" no diminution of his old-time nimbleness or lack of keenness in his facial expression, is nothing short of public benevolence on his part—particularly as the urge to glory or opulence is happily lacking in his case, both of these moving considerations being amply fulfilled for him.

And Jennie Weathersby—for whom the kindly old gentleman with the scythe has at least lin-

gered, if not exactly stood still—also in her original character of the "Princess," seemed every whit as artistic and amusing as on the memorable night of the first performance at the New York Casino in 1886. Dear lady, we owe you a debt of gratitude—which we hereby publicly acknowledge—for making us for a little while feel young again, for turning back for us, if only for one evening, the creeping hands upon the clock of Time.

Also, charming Madge Lessing, who was a member of the cast in the first revival of this old favorite, seventeen years ago—this time appearing in the swaggering (and shapely) part of the "Captain," for which she is by Nature so admirably designed, and to which the fire and romance of her Celtic ancestry inclines her.

DeWolf Hopper is as good (artistically, I mean) as he is big—which is saying something. And he is as dependable as a Ford—which is also saying something. With him upon the stage, we never wonder if we are going to be amused—we have a completely satisfying assurance in advance—and so, if we compared his performance of "Ravennes" with that of Dabol, who originally played the part, 'twas not in the spirit of criticism, but merely in comparison, a balancing of the methods employed by two finished artists in their presentation of the same character.

We almost drop a tear to the memory of Pauline Hall—which to my generation at least will always be inseparably linked with the title role of "Erminie"—when we listened once again to the famous "Lullaby" song. Irene Williams now is "Erminie," and sings the "Lullaby" to the evident satisfaction of her audience. The most kindly wish I can express for her is that she may gain in time the same niche in the affections of the coming generation that Pauline Hall occupied in the passing one.

Rosamond Whiteside as "Javotte," Robert Broderick as "de Pomvert," Warren Proctor as "Marcel," and Alexander Clark as "de Brabazon" were pleasing and adequate in their respective roles, and each scored their individual hits when occasion offered.

THE latest accession to Boston's formidable list of social organizations is "The Green Room Club," recently organized, with Mrs. Edward Harold Crosby as president. The atmosphere of the club receptions is refreshingly free from any "high-brow" tendency, and avowedly its purpose is not to "uplift" the drama, but to promote a better acquaintance between the people of the stage and the people of the audience.



MAUDE FULTON

Who wrote "The Humming Bird" and plays the leading part

"THE HUMMING BIRD"

MISS MAUDE FULTON is a very versatile young lady. After establishing a reputation in vaudeville, some years ago she turned playwright and produced "The Brat," which made a hit with herself as star.

Early this past month she appeared at the Plymouth with her latest play, in which she also assumes the leading role, that of the sweetheart of a Parisian Apache, a notorious denizen of the underworld known as "The Humming Bird," from which character the play takes its name.

In one scene this precious pair perform a dance which would lead the beholder to believe that Miss Fulton is constructed entirely of rubber and steel springs, instead of flesh and bones.

Before the curtain finally falls the "Humming Bird" turns out to be a hero of the World War with a bunch of medals coming to him, and his one-time sweetheart—now reformed and everything—becomes the promised bride of an American newspaper reporter. So everybody is satisfied and happy, including the audience.

Out in San Francisco Miss Fulton has a stock company with which she tries out her plays in her own studio before taking them on the road to gather fame and wealth.

"PAGANS"

THE appositeness of the title of Mr. Anthony's first play, at the Plymouth, is so little apparent that one has the suspicion it was chosen because of its billboard possibilities—certainly it is in no way indicative of the theme, which is as old as human life itself. "The Eternal Triangle" now, would have fitted it like a glove. But is it in Ecclesiastes that we read "there is no new thing under the sun"? So why be captious (or bumptious) about the antiquity of the theme, so long as its latest presentation be in pleasing form?

As the temperamental artist, suffering from shell shock, a giddy wife and an overpowering mother-in-law, Joseph Schildkraut, new to the American stage, gives a most artistic and finished rendition of an exceedingly difficult



Photo by White Studio, N.Y.

FRANCIS WILSON AND DEWOLF HOPPER

As they appear in the notable revival of the old-time favorite, "Erminie"

impersonation. He is reported as having had a brilliant, if brief, stage experience before adventuring on these shores, and displays histrionic abilities of a high order.

Irene Fenwick, as the frivolous, utterly selfish child-wife, was so convincing in her role that one would have cordially liked to shake her. Miss Fenwick is best known to Boston theater-goers as a pleasing ingenue in various light operas. In private life she is Mrs. Jay O'Brien, the wife of a New York broker.

As "the other woman," with a dubious past history, Helen Ware holds the sympathy and the breathless attention of her audience by her portrayal of a delicate situation with an almost spiritual detachment from self. But then, any Boston audience would only expect a high order of performance from Miss Ware, who is a general favorite here.

Mothers-in-law are a much-maligned species. As the traditional sort, Alice Fischer was most enjoyably convincing, with Harold Vermilyea, who was the refreshingly natural faithful servant, she shared the honors in such humorous touches as relieved the emotional strain of the performance.

David Glassford was less unlike a real doctor than is commonly portrayed upon the stage, and succeeded in being more human than professional, even in his defiance of conventions while advising "the other woman" to save her artist lover from his lawful wife—and incidentally his awful mother-in-law.

The family friend, on or off the stage, is as inevitable as the family ice-box, and often as indispensable. Frederick Burt was a most discreet and self-effacing member of that noble fraternity.

Mr. Charles Anthony, the Boston musician and composer, who is the author of "Pagans," is indeed most fortunate in having his first stage offering interpreted by such competent and sympathetic artists.

WEDDING BELLS "OFF STAGE"

OUT of the appearance of "The Humming Bird" in Boston while "East is West" was playing at the Shubert, there arose a pleasing romance of the stage, resulting in the marriage in this city during Christmas week of Miss Fulton and Robert Ober, who is a member of the cast of "East is West."

Mr. Ober is a favorite on the Boston stage, having played here most acceptably many times. He makes his home in New York, and is a member of the Players' and the Lambs' Clubs.

QUITE the most novel Christmas card that I received this season was one from Tunis F. Dean, with an illustration depicting him as a gorgeous butterfly with multi-colored wings, and an accompanying poem with a pleasing seasonal sentiment, dedicated to Lenore Ulric, the utterly charming star in "The Son Daughter."

I knew that Mr. Dean was artistic in his tastes, and diurnal in his habits, but I had not previously suspected him of being a member of the family of *Rhopalocera*.

"East is West" terminated a sixteen weeks' engagement at the Shubert on Christmas night. Boston theater-goers set their enthusiastic approval on this pleasing play on the opening night, and Miss Fay Bainter, in her dainty impersonation of Min Toy, will be long and pleasantly remembered here.

It seemed like old-times to see Chrystal Herne again in Boston with "The Acquittal" at the Hollis, recalling as it did fond remembrance of "Shore Acres" at the old Museum, with the late James A. Herne holding the breathless attention of the audience with his silent pantomime for several minutes after the last line of the play had been spoken.

RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

ACTUALITY THAT RIVALS FICTION

THE newspaper stories of the thrilling adventures of three American airmen whose balloon recently came to earth near Moose Factory, Ontario, give readers some understanding of the perils of nature that must be faced by those who adventure into the white silence of the great wilderness of the North.

Few people, aside from those who of necessity are familiar with the north country, can have a realizing sense of the vast extent of this untamed wilderness that stretches beyond the furthest edge of civilization to the Arctic Circle—untrodden save by the feet of Indians and trappers and the intrepid riders of the Canadian mounted police.

It is like a book—this great north country—a book with uncut leaves, on which are written a thousand stirring tales of danger and adventure, of heroism and tragedy and high romance. Some of its leaves are turned for us by the author of "The Valley of Silent Men," James Oliver Curwood, who from his own experience knows the beauty and the dangers and the compelling lure of the primeval wilderness of the North.

Curwood has, in his previous books, amply demonstrated his ability to paint enthralling word



James Oliver Curwood is no "front porch" fictionist. He knows the country which furnishes the setting for his latest "best seller," "The Valley of Silent Men," as well as we ordinary mortals know Main Street.

pictures of the background of the stage upon which he sets his characters in action, and to people the stage itself with real red-blooded human beings.

His latest tale of the great North is a gripping romance from start to finish, in which a tender love story is woven into an Odyssey of wild adventure.

*"The Valley of Silent Men." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation: New York.



From the striking cover insert in colors by N. C. Wyeth for the Cosmopolitan Book Company's illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe."

THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SAND

THERE comes a time in the life of every real boy when he feels the call of the wild—the stirring of the primal instinct that has come down to him through the centuries that have passed since his remote ancestors lived in a tree top or a cave, and clothed themselves with the skins of wild beasts that they killed with clubs or stones for food.

At this period of his life he craves literature of a certain sort—tales of adventure that paint for him in language that he can understand word pictures of strange lands and far-off seas with islands where the palm trees wave and naked savages dance upon the shore. To his young untrammelled imagination these tales seem very real, and he is prone to fancy himself as being the principal actor in the thrilling adventures about which he reads.

Strangely enough the classic of boyhood literature was written for grown-ups, and not until long years after its first appearance did it come to be recognized as peculiarly the book of books for red-blooded boys.

No book of modern times has attained such world-wide fame as "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Indeed, no other book save the Bible has been translated into so many languages and gained such universal esteem as this simple narrative of a shipwrecked sailor cast upon a lonely island.

Written more than two centuries ago, this monumental human document still lives and breathes with the spirit of adventure that never grows old, and possesses for its readers today the same enthralling fascination, the same appeal to the imagination of old and young alike as it did when Daniel Defoe penned its inspired pages.

All true book lovers will joyfully welcome the superbly-printed, sumptuously-bound and magnificently-illustrated edition recently produced by the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation of New York. Thirteen remarkable full-page drawings in vivid colors by N. C. Wyeth illustrate the text, together with a large cover insert in colors, and cover linings depicting Crusoe in his garb of skins, with his axe slung at his belt, his gun and umbrella, walking upon the shore of his lonely island, just as so many hundreds of thousands of readers of the tale have pictured him in their imagination.

*"Robinson Crusoe." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation: New York. 368 pages.

THE MAN WHO TACKLED A MOUNTAIN

Continued from page 416

when a world was yet undiscovered. Every hour that I have spent with Gutzon Borglum has revealed something new of human nature from the sculptured figures. In his productions are glimpsed the glory of Greece and the art of Athens which have been the inspiration of ages, perpetuating the thought and emotions of the human race in the very stuff of which sepulchers are made.

We stood gazing at "fragments," "sketches," "suggestions," Borglum called them, of the great Confederate memorial. "Who could, who would dare to tackle a mountain but this man?" Borglum heard us and laughed: "Well, it was harder to dare to do the Stone Mountain memorial than it will be to complete it. It will be the only thing of the kind in history," and Borglum showed us a marble horse, a three-foot model; "this is how it will look, carved, literally stamped into the side of the mountain. I shall carve the horses like no horse in America. They must outrank those on the Acropolis—they must be better than the Greek. Everything is ready—the designs, the stone, poem-perfect. Yes, it is flawless."

Borglum paints, and he showed us a drawing. "The fun of art," he ruminated, "when it reflects life! It beats everything. Load up a line, a pencil line, with power; charge a canvas with tragedy, comedy, or both—and put into marble, bronze, silver or gold the more closely thought-out incidents of our wonderful life—that, that is art."

John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum was born in Idaho the 25th of March, 1867. Educated at St. Mary's college, Kansas, he studied art in San Francisco and went to Paris in 1890, where he worked and studied in the Academie Julien and Ecole des Beaux Arts. He exhibited as painter and sculptor in the Paris Salon, also held exhibitions in Paris, London, Spain and New York. In 1909 he received the honorary degree of A.M. from Princeton university. The catalogue of an exhibition at Columbia University, in 1914 contained forty subjects of his chisel and two drawings, the latter being of Auguste Rodin and Alexandre Charpentier. Since 1902 New York has been his art headquarters, his home being at Stamford, Connecticut.

Borglum received a gold medal for sculpture at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. Among his works are the colossal head of Lincoln in the Capitol rotunda in Washington, the colossal figures of the twelve apostles for the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, the Sheridan monument in Washington, the Mares of Diomedes in the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), gargoyles (about sixty pieces) on Princeton University dormitory, memorials in different cities and statues of Lincoln, Beecher and many other famous persons.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Continued from page 393

that the *Examiner* could not be published without him. One day Will (as Ambrose called Hearst) asked me to meet him at the *Examiner* office to go to lunch with him," said Ambrose.

"When I arrived I found that a new manager was in George's place, and I asked, 'Will, how's this? I see a new man in his place—I thought the *Examiner* could not exist without George.'"

"Well, I'll tell you, Ambrose," said Hearst, "the trouble with George was that he had the habit of long standing of taking the large bills that came into the office for himself and leaving only the small ones for me. I thought that was very unfair and selfish of George, so I let him go."

"In about three months," said Ambrose, "I met Will again at the *Examiner* office for a luncheon engagement. To my surprise, George was back in his old position as manager. I said to Hearst, 'Will, I thought George an embezzler and now you have him back in the same responsible position. I'm surprised.'"

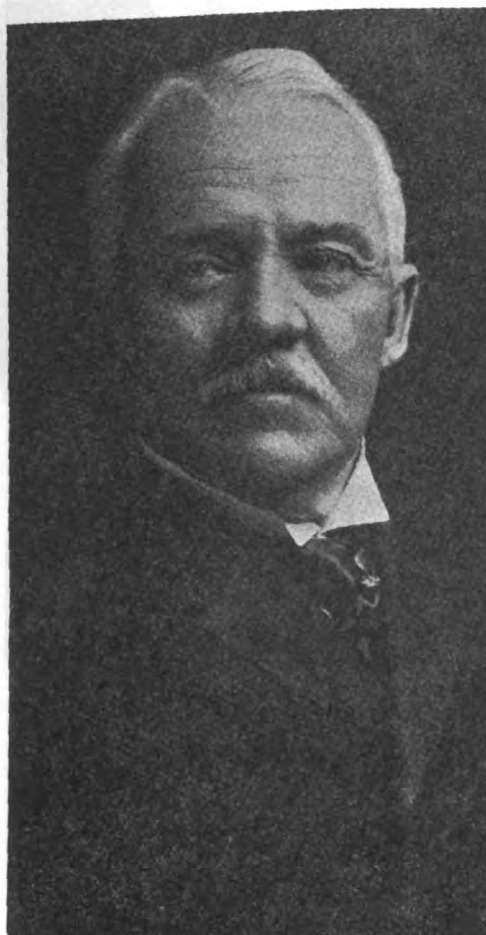
"I'll tell you about that, Ambrose," said Hearst. "George came to me the other day. After we had talked the matter over he promised me most solemnly if I would take him back he would hereafter take only small bills for himself and leave the large ones for me, so I have taken him back."

During my conversation with the great newspaper publisher the late Mark Hanna's name was mentioned. The late Homer Davenport, cartoonist, had for years cartooned Mr. Hanna with the dollar mark. Speaking of this Mr. Hearst said: "I was going up in the elevator at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, one day when Mark Hanna was in the same elevator. The same day I was introduced to him. When I looked into his kindly and strong face and talked with him, he appealed to me. I at once sent word to discontinue cartooning Senator Hanna with the dollar mark, and they never appeared again."

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

JAMES LOGAN—ENVELOPE KING

FLIPPANT thinkers may place the envelope in the category of "unconsidered trifles" among commodities. Yet it is an article that has created a revolution in business, social and political intercourse. No doubt it has had a great deal to do with the boon of cheap epistolary postage now universally enjoyed. Its history indeed runs parallel with the record of progress for the past threescore years. That period about covers the age of the envelope. Men aged around the psalmist's limit of the years of useful human strength can barely recall seeing letters without covers received in their homes. These missives were ingeniously folded so as to leave a blank rectangle for the address, and sealed

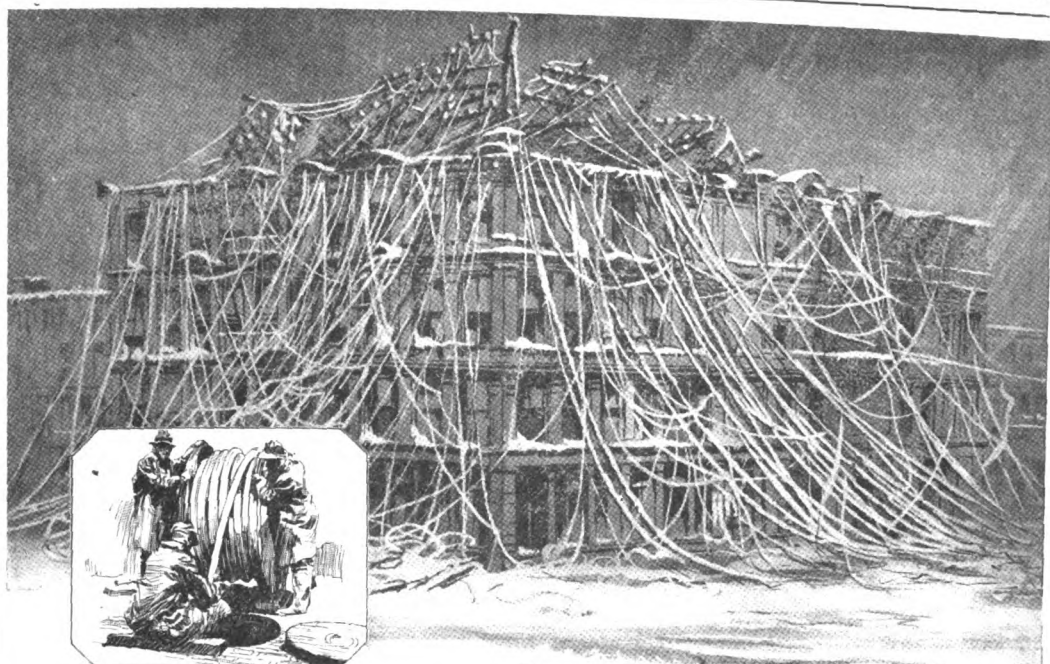


JAMES LOGAN
General manager of the United States Envelope Company

with daubs of wax so that the message within should not be ruptured in opening the sheet.

As great oaks from little acorns grow, so, in America particularly, are great lives fashioned in developing the little things entering into the multitude of conveniences that go to the comfort of the human race. A brilliant illustration of the truism just uttered is found in the career of James Logan, the envelope king. Born in Glasgow on May 8, 1852, he was brought to America when three months old by his parents. A braw Scots lad was Jamie Logan, as his career in his adopted home land, from early boyhood to past his sixty-eighth anniversary, has richly proved.

It is fitting, since his business success has been bound up with envelope-making, that James Logan should embalm his benevolent genius in the preserving fluid of literature. The definitive word benevolent here does not refer to the benefit of the envelope to humanity, in the large degree in which it has come from his hands—although it well might, as the man is envelope-maker-in-chief to the world—but it has reference to the philanthropic virtue in rich content which his works prove he possesses. "The Red Envelope" is the title of a semi-occasional periodical edited



The Contributions of Science

The greatest material benefits the world has received have come from the laboratories of the scientists. They create the means for accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Science, after years of labor, produced the telephone. From a feeble instrument capable of carrying speech but a few feet, science continued its work until now the telephone-voice may be heard across the continent.

In February of 1881 a blizzard swept the city of Boston, tearing from the roof of the Bell telephone building a vast net-work of 2,400 wires. It was the worst

wire disaster the Company had sustained.

Now through the advance of science that number of wires would be carried in a single underground cable no larger than a man's wrist.

As the fruit of the effort of science greater safety and greater savings in time, money and materials are constantly resulting.

And never before as now, the scientist is helping us solve our great problems of providing Telephone service that meets the increased demands with greater speed and greater certainty.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

And all directed toward Better Service

and published by James Logan. Before reviewing the latest number thereof at hand a brief sketch of the author's life, in addition to the foregoing data, should be given. He was mainly self-educated, but of the knowledge he thus acquired he made such use that Dartmouth College about sixteen years ago conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Logan worked in a woolen mill from the age of ten to sixteen, was clerk in a dry-goods store 1869-70, kept the books successively for a woolen mill and a bookstore between 1870 and 1878, then was salesman in an envelope factory till 1883, and now jumped into the membership of Logan, Swift & Brigham Envelope Company, Worcester, Massachusetts, where he "stayed put" until 1898, when he became first vice-president and general manager of the United States Envelope Company, Worcester, a consolidation at the time of ten leading factories.

He was connected with the Massachusetts

militia six years. Four terms covering 1908-1911 was he mayor of Worcester. In politics Republican, in religion Congregationalist, he is a trustee of Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Mr. Logan is the author of many articles on economic, civic and industrial subjects, and a lecturer at Dartmouth, Harvard and Wellesley, as well as his own Worcester "Tech." His natural bent for philanthropy had large play in the management, for the New England district, of the big drives for war benevolences.

Benign of demeanor, his "sonsy" air set off with blue eyes and gray mustache, James Logan makes the rounds of the fourteen plants of the corporation, with cheery countenance accentuating the inspiration of kindly greetings to the workers. He knows his plants as well as the brightest tragedian does his Shakespeare.

A beautiful flower, with stem of benevolence and blossoms of literature, may *The Red Envelope* be likened to. Originally intended to instill the

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poetry of the envelope into the minds of those fashioning it, the periodical was diverted to enshrining the patriotic response of the envelope makers and sellers to their country's call when the "alarum" bells rang out in Washington. Although it was Mr. Logan's conception and creature throughout, I searched its pages in vain, after picking up the first number one Saturday afternoon, for Logan's name anywhere upon or between the covers. He identified himself solely with the initials "G. M." (general manager). It contained on the design of a bronze monument the names of the entire roster of world warriors from the various plants and offices of the great industrial organization, and was enriched with all the portraits of the boys which could be obtained in time for the press. The author's son is in the list—Captain Donald Brigham Logan, former treasurer of the Taylor-Logan Company, papermakers, now thirty-nine years of age, who, starting in the first Plattsburg training camp, completed his war record in the secret code department of General Pershing's headquarters in France.

Number 11 (August) of the magazine is before me as I write. Upon its red cover page "the mission of the envelope," from an inscription on the new postoffice building in Washington, D. C., is reprinted as follows:

Carrier of news and knowledge,
Instrument of trade and industry,
Promoter of mutual acquaintance,
Of peace and good will among men and nations.
Messenger of sympathy and love,
Servant of parted friends,
Consoler of the lonely,
Bond of the scattered family,
Enlarger of the common life.

On the inner title page is D. M. Henderson's verse, "On the Road to France," and on the reverse page the poem "America," by Katherine Lee Bates. "A word of explanation" by the G. M. states that the primary purpose of *The Red Envelope* "was the preservation of the early history of the envelope industry, which meant searching the musty past, but the present has had so many insistent problems that thoughts on the past have had to be made secondary and set aside for the time being while we dealt with the vital problems of the living present."

He goes on to enumerate the several large philanthropies started or extended to mitigate the sufferings of humanity from the war—the "G. M." being the New England manager for both the National War Work Council campaign for funds for the Y. M. C. A., producing more than \$50,000,000, and the United War Work campaign for the seven organizations engaged in work for our soldiers and sailors, yielding contributions of almost \$200,000,000. His activities in these money-raising movements compelled him to the decision that things that could wait—must wait—hence there had been no issue of *The Red Envelope* for three years prior to the appearance of the memorable number eleven.

Taking up the story where it was broken off in 1917, this war number of the magazine—we were going to say "the little magazine," but that would be miscalling a booklet of 119 pages of fine type—gives the record and, as far as possible, the face and form of the envelope boys who responded to the call to the colors. Enough copies were to be printed so that the members of "our industrial family" might have as many as they wished.

Together with apt selections in prose and poetry, besides those already mentioned, the eleventh number contains an eloquent article by James Logan himself on "The United States of America." In this are given his boyhood reminiscences of the Civil War, the spirit of patriotism it evoked being shown as being revived when the call to the late world struggle was sounded in the ears of the greatly increased nation. For the rest the booklet contains the "Roll of Honor" of the United States Envelope

Continued on page 429

IS YOUR BLOOD HUNGRY FOR IRON?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made An Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

NUXATED IRON Helps Make Red Blood

The Kind That Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Forces Strength and Courage Into Veins of Men.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin, and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally go hungry for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood—and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. But in my opinion, you can't make strong, sturdy men and women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the packages. If you have taken

**Who Should Take
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**The Elderly
Inactive Man**



**The Tired, Nervous
Housewife**



**The Run-down
Business
Woman**

**The Exhausted
Business Man**

preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have increased their strength and endurance in two weeks' time, while taking iron in the proper form.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without muss.

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Company's central office in Springfield, Massachusetts, and the fourteen associated companies whose plants are located, eleven in New England, and one each in Illinois, Indiana, and California; followed by the war records, with 176 individual and group portraits of the Envelope contingent scattered among many commands.

Man of action, man of worth—
Men like Logan bless the earth.
Commerce builder, yet withal
Philanthropic, friend of all.
Love of doing things his spur,
Not mere duty bids him stir.
He makes duty, not it him,
Needs of mankind give him vim.
Love of country, too, we find
Great in him as love of kind.
As more useful years develop
Joys of life let him envelope.

Where the Job Sought the Man

Continued from page 394

continuing in charge of the reception of distinguished visitors. Manager Nulle, as above stated, goes up higher. In fact there is no "shake-up" among the tried personnel of the caravansary in connection with the change of its headship.

And, speaking of personnel, a whole paragraph is due "Oscar." He is an institution. The annals of banquetry reveal nothing to compare with the record achieved by the Waldorf-Astoria under the direction of this culinary genius. Oscar has been continuously in charge of everything that pertains to food and service at the hotel since its opening. He is still there, looking after his guests like the great "Mine Host."

The Man and His Message

Continued from page 400

may be getting the thing down fine, but the individual is the finest of the fine—the indivisible—and the indivisible is scarcely visible—only one remove from the invisible.

"Self-faith is the saving faith of a man's individuality. It is more important that you should believe in yourself than that others should believe in you. It is more important that you should believe in yourself than that you should believe in anybody else. The supreme moment in a man's life is not the moment when the world crowns him as successful, but the moment of doubt, uncertainty and perplexity, when, in one splendid act of self-faith, he stakes his life, his reputation, his future, his capital in individuality, on some cherished thought, idea or conviction, which finally opens the door leading upward to the calm heights of conquest and achievement."

From the foregoing it will be seen that Dr. Gordon himself possesses a fine individuality.

Through Europe with Roosevelt FROM THE JUNGLE

By John Callan O'Laughlin

Paper, 175 pages, seven full-page illustrations and frontispiece. Price, 40 cents, postpaid
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A Model English Factory Town

Continued from page 415

pride. It brought to me visions of that large show window at Selfridge's, where I had seen the sweets displayed, and the very sight of the package seemed to suggest an atmosphere of Delectaland, an industrial oasis during the stress of war times when English women met the responsibilities of the times.

In commenting upon American crowds, Mr. Havinden won my heart. The throng was pushing and laughing as they made their exit from the circus. One little woman with three babies was struggling against the tide when three good-natured young fellows took them on their shoulders and sailed through with the little mother in their wake.

"This is my first impression of American democracy, and it surpasses anything I ever dreamed of, for here there seems to be no exclusion, but rather, in all respects, all are included as distinctive individuals even in this swirling mass of people."

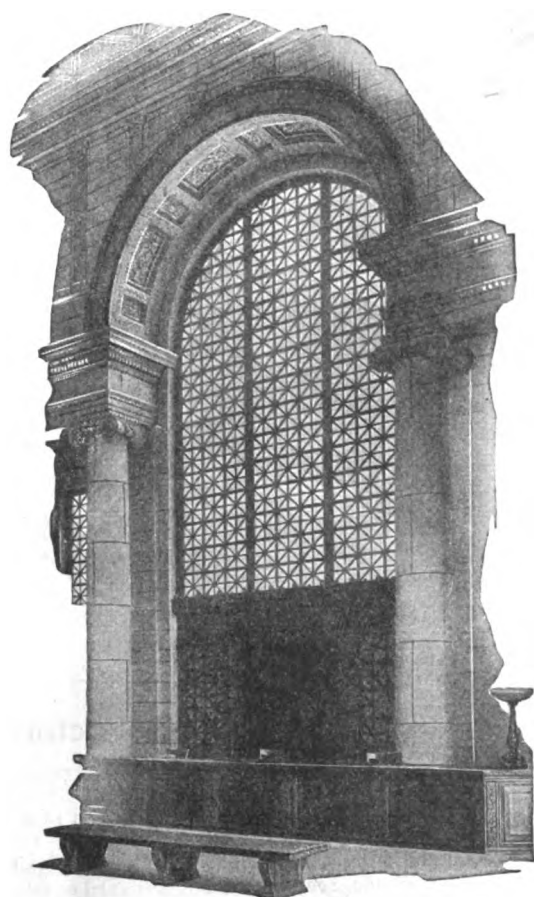
G. Havinden & Co., Limited, is the modest name of this firm handling cocoa, chocolate and confectionery, and Freeman Foods, Limited, produce the soups, jellies, custard powders and other foods.

Going as far back as during those summer days when he visited Roycroft, the shrine of Elbert Hubbard, he was experimenting with a lemonade powder to furnish "lemon squash," as they say in England, as expeditiously as the fountain spouts Coca-Cola in America.

Altogether it was delightful to meet an Englishman like Mr. Havinden on his tour of discovery, and his appreciation was so earnest and genuine that it made every day with him a delight and pleasure. He returned with notebooks well filled and so much information crowded into his head that he said it was necessary to purchase a new hat before sailing. His visit suggested that if English and American business men would visit oftener there would not be so much necessity for the quibble over a League of Nations and international compacts as to details. For, after all, it is the spirit of the relationship between the two nations that will bind them together rather than the ambiguous phrases of diplomats.

Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish. Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc. and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market. De-Lite Mfg. Co., 9 Cawfield Street, Uphams Corner, Boston.

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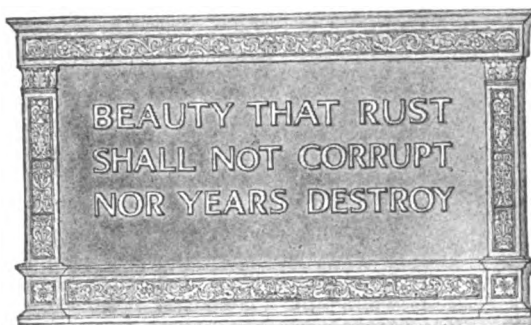


Detail of Carnegie Library, San Francisco, with Armco American Ingot Iron window grill.

ARMCO

TRADE MARK

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THIS iron comes as a new inspiration to the metal craftsman.

It says to him that the beauty he has created and the work he has fashioned with infinite care will endure for many times the life of other similar metals.

The purity of "Armco" Ingot Iron is a strong defence against rust. Exposure to rain, snow, cold and heat—the natural foes of iron—proves that "Armco" withstands the severe attacks.

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This purity also makes it most suitable for welding, for receiving enameling coats, and for the transmission of electric current.

Our research and engineering departments will be glad to tell you whether or not you should use "Armco" Ingot Iron.



Carnegie Library, San Francisco; all sheet metal and iron grills on windows are of Armco Brand. Geo. W. Kellam, Architect.



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The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U.S. Patent Office.

**THE AMERICAN
ROLLING MILL COMPANY**
Middletown, Ohio

What's the Use?

By O. BYRON COPPER

WHEN one has labored hard all day—
Has done the best he could
To finish up the tasks of life,
But simply can't "make good"—
When ev'rything's just gone dead wrong,
As if Old Nick were loose,
'Tis then one feels like crying out,
"Oh, piffle! What's the use?"

But, energy one thus may spend
In striving for the right
Just gives one muscle and the grit
To wage another fight;
For him who whines when troubles come
There's simply no excuse—
Right then's the time to ask oneself,
"Now, silly, what's the use?"

When one starts forth upon crusade
For just and moral cause,
In fight for man's enlightenment,
Or truer, better laws,
One's friends are apt to say to one:
"Now, John, don't be a goose;
Just drop this grand-stand play of yours;
Old fellow, what's the use?"

When that Great Soul of Galilee
His life did first enlist
In cause of all humanity,
What would the world have missed,
If he had harkened to his doubts,
And voiced the same excuse
Which modern folks are prone to give—
That hackneyed "What's the use?"

When Christopher Columbus got
His passion to explore
The unknown seas, and voyage far
To Indies' distant shore,
Instead of finding this New World,
He would have played the deuce,
If he had listened to his friends,
Who said: "Oh, what's the use?"

Would these United States today
Be nation free and great,
If th' "spirit of seventy-six" had been
Of such a feeble state?—
If Washington and his brave men,
In fear of British noose,
At Valley Forge had given up,
Exclaiming, "What's the use?"

Had Field and Fulton let their dreams
Go by as idle play,
There'd no Atlantic cable be,
Nor steamboat yet today;
Had Grant at Richmond fallen back
On that despis'd excuse—
What then, my friend, I pray, if Grant
Had whined, "Oh, what's the use?"

And what about Old Abe, my son,—
That grand, illustrious name!—
Who from the lowest station rose
To everlasting fame—
What of the slaves, if Lincoln then
Had turned his ideals loose
And listened to those evil tongues
That whispered, "What's the use?"

And so, my dear, whene'er you get
An inspiration fine,
Just dig right in and do your best
To win out on that line—
Pay no attention to those friends
With vision more obtuse,
Who aim to cheat you of success
By carping, "What's the use?"



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A Mark of Distinction to guide the appreciative purchaser. For yourself and your friends. They express the true sentiments manifested by thoughtful selection.



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INSTEAD of waiting until your skin needs attention—until it has lost its freshness and health—keep it always radiant and active.

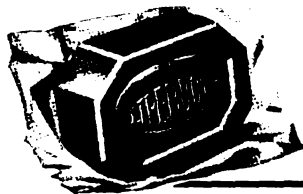
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Begin to use Lifebuoy Health Soap today for your face, hands and bath. See how thoroughly its rich, creamy lather stimulates and



cleanses the skin—keeps it glowing with health. The pure odor of this health soap tells you why it benefits and protects.

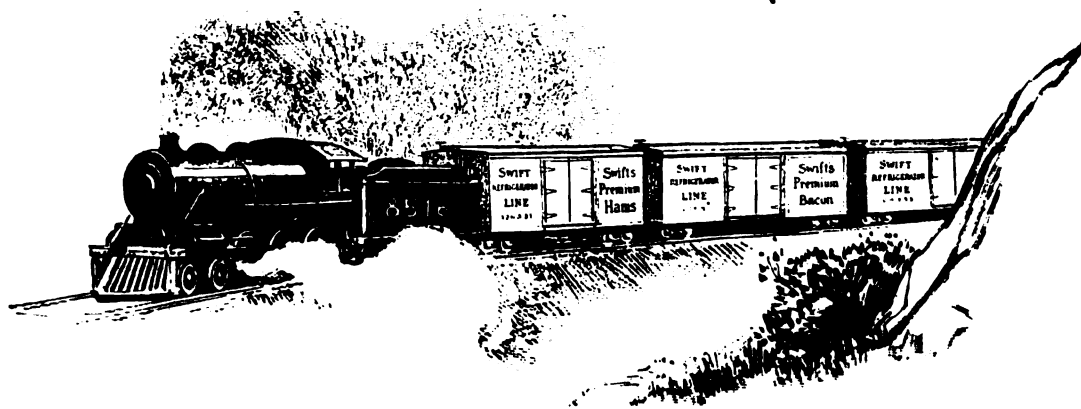
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LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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Clean ice-boxes

No housekeeper takes better care of her house or her refrigerator than we take of our refrigerator cars.

You are so used to having your meat come to you clean, fresh, and wholesome that you take it as a matter of course. But every refrigerator car that you see go rolling by represents scientific, painstaking care in preparation for its journey.

Every time a car is returned it is washed out thoroughly with scalding water.

When the car is thoroughly cleaned we put 2 or 3 tons of ice and 500 to 750 pounds of salt in the ice bunkers. The salt forces the melting of the ice, which in turn cools the cars.

By the time the car is ready to receive its load, this first ice has largely melted and 2 or 3 tons more of ice and salt have to be put in to keep the car and its contents cool.

The meat is then loaded into the car, great care being taken to see that the quarters of beef and cases of other

products are properly spaced to insure a free circulation of cold air. Each 24 hours thereafter more ice and salt have to be put in at icing stations along the way. There must be no failure to keep the ice-boxes filled.

Swift & Company's inspectors keep close check of the cars as they move toward their destination, to see that each one is properly iced. Only through such scrupulous care and attention will meat arrive as it leaves our plants, clean, fresh, and wholesome, unaffected by seasons, weather, dust or contamination.

This is only a part of what Swift & Company has to do in its task of transforming animals into meat products and putting the products in the hands of retail dealers close to your residence.

The importance and magnitude of this work is out of all proportion to the minute recompense which Swift & Company gets, the profits from all sources averaging only a fraction of a cent per pound—less than a nickel a week to the average family.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders



I SHOULD SAY SO!

A PENNSYLVANIA fire bug got an eighty-five-year term last week. That ought to hold him for a while, if they put him in a fire-proof cell. Even with time off for good behavior, he won't be as young as he used to be when he gets out.

†

And now they are proposing a temporary tariff. Oh Piffle! Let's have the real thing and get used to it.

†

Why all this holler about excess profits tax? If they'd only get it all out of the excess profit birds, there are seven hundred and ten million of us who would get off easy. What's the row?

†

A sad-faced Washington waiter, whom we gave a ten-cent tip the other day, was sued by his wife for divorce, and it developed in the testimony that his income was \$300 per month. That dime was sure wasted.

†

A Mr. Mellon is to head the Federal Reserve Board. Who says there's nothing in a name? From the amount of dough Uncle Sam has been getting from victims the past few years, there ought to be a melon around somewhere.

†

Bill Bryan called on Warren Harding at Miami the other day. They say they are old friends. We hope they didn't discuss the League of Nations. That would destroy friendship quicker than borrowing money.

†

We heard from Atlantic City last week that a fond papa eloped with a merry widow the same day that two of his daughters eloped with sweetheart and swain. Must run in the family. A touring car trip from Atlantic City to Reno will probably be the next step.

†

The Cloture Rule is to be adopted for the tariff question, we hear. There is still a God in Israel. The silence, like a soft hat, will be plainly felt.

†

Congress says: "Taxes before duties." Where's the difference? They both prevent an ingrowing bank account.

†

Warren has gone fishing. He is making the trip in the yacht *Shadow*. A case of jumping to one shadow to escape a few thousand others of the office-seeking variety, perhaps.



The Poets' Lincoln

This volume contains the tributes of the greatest poets, together with several practically unknown



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

FEBRUARY, 1921

New Series No. 11

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Lincoln

UNLEARNED in the cant and quip of schools,
Uncouth, if only city ways refine;
Ungodly, if 'tis creeds that make divine;
In station poor, as judged by human rules,
And yet a giant towering o'er them all;
Clean, strong in mind, just, merciful, sublime;
The noblest product of the age and time,
Invoked of God in answer to men's call.

—Wilbur Hazelton Smith.



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



PEEDING up was the usual order of the day in the closing days of the sixty-eighth Congress. Inauguration day was approaching, bringing with it a lively anticipation of appointments to come. All agog with the vision of the usual inauguration pageant, Washington folks were naturally disappointed when it was decided to do away with the usual pomp and splendor of that occasion. The decision of Warren G. Harding was expected by those who knew him. Long ago he expressed a desire to have the ceremonies simple. He merely wanted to take his oath and go to work.

* * * *

ANTICIPATING the work of the coming Congress, there have been many busy hours in the committee rooms, with a suggestion of playtime and playthings. The Ways and Means Committee of the House has already begun the long series of hearings and notifications. Now and then the dull routine of the proceedings is broken by an incident that reveals the human side of tariff discussion.

Mr. J. O. Foote, a Pennsylvania toy manufacturer, in order to demonstrate how the Japanese people were making inroads upon the toy business, brought with him a large display of celluloid playthings. The tribunal behind the horseshoe desk looked and listened as the manufacturer made his appeal and exhibited dolls and animals that were being imitated by the Japanese and dumped by the ton into this country to compete against American labor, representing many times the amount.

When Mr. Foote had finished his statements and cross-examination, he waved his arms with the air of a real Santa Claus, and said that the committee might, if they cared to, take home the samples. There was a scramble among the Representatives as they filled their pockets with the trophies of that day's work.

It gave to one philosopher present a thought that had never occurred to him before. This hearing indicated that, after all, the ultimate vision of all tariff questions is the American home, and this little touch of toyland shows that we are not only thinking of playthings and children, but of the other things necessary to support and bring up children in peace and comfort. When is the mental attitude of the world ever coming to an age where we can realize that all is not selfishness?

* * * *

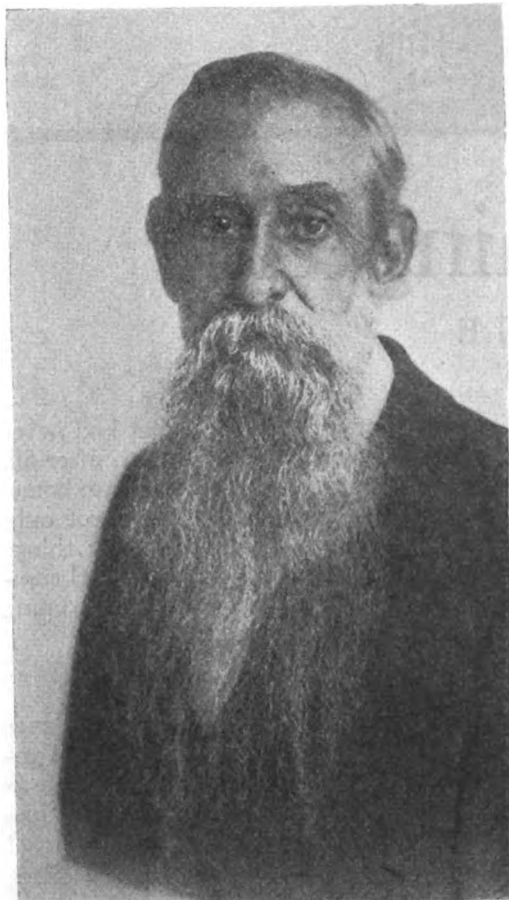
MRS. HARDING is the first wife of a Senator who ever moved to the executive mansion. The house on Wyoming Avenue where they lived while Warren G. Harding was a member of the United States Senate has already become historic. They still retain the same home in which they lived when they began their work at Washington.



These two young ladies who have been making a friendly afternoon call upon President-elect and Mrs. Harding are the Misses Betty (age five and a half years) and Dorothy (age two and a half years), the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Boyden R. Sparks of New York City

EVEN people familiar with historic buildings in Washington little realize that the famous Octagon House on 18th Street was at one time used as a temporary White House. It was here that the Treaty of Ghent was signed over one hundred years ago—one treaty that has been kept inviolate.

When the British troops sacked Washington and burned the White House, President Madison and Dolly Madison took up their domicile in the Octagon House. This structure was built at the same time as the executive mansion. In its day it was



WILLIAM O. ATKESON
Congressman-elect from the Sixth District of
Missouri (Republican)

considered one of the finest houses in Washington. Colonel Taylor, an intimate friend of General Washington, who went over the plans of the house when it was being built, was the owner. It was the scene of many a brilliant social function where the costumes of Revolutionary days prevailed, and gallant figures in buff and blue, in knickerbockers and buckled shoes danced the minuet to beautiful music—sweetly soft and melodious. The thought of it brings back memories of the old-fashioned gardens.

There was a tunnel that led underground to the canal a short

distance away, which was used for transporting cargoes direct to the house. This, perhaps, assisted in the later tradition that the Octagon House was haunted. These stories of the haunted house add piquant interest to the picture.

Dolly Madison's escape from the White House when the Redcoats were coming is the most interesting of her experiences. In the list of President's wives, her adventure furnishes a romantic halo to the history of the first ladies of the land.

* * * *

EDITOR, lawyer and educationist are roles that should provide first-class training for a legislator. With literary authorship and service as a labor commissioner added, the qualifications are surely enhanced. All these things, together with unexceptionable reputation as a citizen and neighbor in the community where he lives, commended William O. Atkeson to the voters of the Sixth district of Missouri and accordingly they elected him to Congress in November. His campaign card announced him as "against the Wilson covenant," "for Harding" and "for enforcement of the Volstead Act."

Of benevolent and patriarchal aspect, wearing a flowing beard, Mr. Atkeson will be a conspicuous figure on the floor of the House of Representatives. A native of West Virginia, he migrated to Missouri in 1882 and settled at Rich Hill, but seven years later removed to Butler, where he has since lived. In 1890 he was elected prosecuting attorney for Bates county. He served for seven years on the board of education, all of the time filling the office of its secretary. Resigning that place on being appointed deputy labor commissioner, he held the latter office for two years.

Mr. Atkeson was owner and editor of the *Butler Free Press*

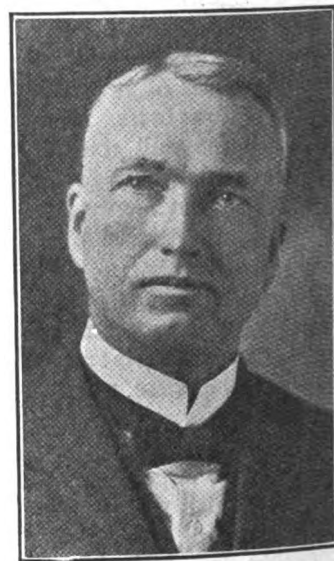
for nine years, and thereafter of the *Bates County Record* for three years, the plant of the latter burning down in 1916. Mr. Atkeson wrote the chapters on road building for the 1912 Red Book. In 1918 he wrote the "History of Bates County" and in 1920 published "From the Maraia des Cygnes," a historical romance. He has a grown family—a married daughter and three sons, two of the latter holding good positions in Kansas City and one finishing a course in journalism. One of the boys served overseas in the war. Mr. Atkeson is highly esteemed by the people of Butler as a quiet, even-tempered, companionable man, and no doubt he will make many friends in Washington.

* * * *

FOR clean and clear statement of principles, and for dignity of expression, the campaign literature of Mr. John J. McSwain, elected to Congress from the fourth district of South Carolina, was a model worthy of imitation by any candidate for elective office. That his methods of campaigning were also excellent is incidentally shown in the printed matter he distributed. His liberal use of printer's ink to make his position "known and read of all men" was in itself the best kind of electioneering. Mr. McSwain had published his platform broadcast six months before the last guns were fired, when he issued a more elaborate *pronunciamento* of his leading principles.

Congressman-elect McSwain was born at Cross Hill, Laurens county, South Carolina, forty-five years ago, his father being Dr. E. T. McSwain and his mother a daughter of Captain John J. McGowan. He had the hard but healthful life of farm boys, and he worked one year for wages on his grandfather's farm. Those were the trying days of recovery from the Civil War. Having attended the county schools and Wafford College fitting school, the latter under a scholarship won in competitive examination, he next won the Laurens county scholarship to South Carolina College, from which he graduated in 1897. He had earned all his college expenses except the scholarship fund. After teaching school in three counties, reading law the while, Mr. McSwain studied at the state college law school. Being admitted to the bar, he located in Greenville, where he has practiced continuously since, except for the time spent in training camp and army (1917-1919), attaining, without any previous military training, the command of Company A, 154th Infantry. He was chairman of the Democratic party in Greenville County in 1916, and publicly thanked by all candidates for his fairness. He helped to organize farm loan associations in several counties—has exposed and fought profiteering in coal prices—has

worked for good roads, better schools, higher pay for teachers, more liberal compensation for discharged citizen soldiers—has never been the attorney for such public service corporations as railroad, street railway, gas and electric light companies. This record was elaborated in his campaign literature.



JOHN J. MCSWAIN
Congressman-elect from the Fourth
District of South Carolina
(Democrat)

worked for good roads, better schools, higher pay for teachers, more liberal compensation for discharged citizen soldiers—has never been the attorney for such public service corporations as railroad, street railway, gas and electric light companies. This record was elaborated in his campaign literature.

* * * *

THE large increase in number of government positions that came with the war will be ruthlessly scaled down, but even then the wage increase of all on the payroll will make a startling comparison with the days before the war.

The numerous commissions will gradually begin to change their personnel as the heads of the various departments are

appointed. Every effort is being made to avoid the tragedy of former days when office seekers continued their hopeless and patient siege in Washington against hope and hung on until their money was exhausted, even sleeping on the steps of the capitol, dreaming of the time when they might have a coveted government position.

The war and increased wage scales have served to make government positions less alluring than in the old days.

* * *

DESPITE the fact that the inaugural ceremonies have been abandoned, the tide of visitors in Washington, including many who are going to and from the South, is increasing. Washington is becoming more and more the center of interest.

* * *

AT the various embassies and legations, the telephones echo the salutations of the country represented. The "Are you there?" and "Righto" at the British embassy has a cheery ring in contrast with the staccato "Hello!" of American brusqueness and brevity. The liquid "Alloa" of the French preceded with a polite "Who is there?" *a la part de sui*. Then comes the Swedish "Here's Jones," which gives information with the greeting and in a way suggests that Sweden in his combined trumpet and ear piece, generally adopted in Europe, endorsed a more lively telephone development in that country than many of the others in Europe.

* * *

THERE is something of the sturdy spirit of the old whaling days in Joseph Walsh, Representative in Congress, who lives in New Bedford, the whaling capital of the world. The qualities of Joe Walsh were recognized by Speaker Gillette when he called him to the chair. His work on the floor of the House naturally familiarized him with all the intricacies of parliamentary law, but it was not only there and in the committee room that "Joe Walsh" made his reputation as one of the most virile congressmen that responded to the roll call. In his work on the committee investigating Shipping Board expenses he proved a real investigator, with a direct and incisive way of getting at facts.

He was born in Boston, but removed to Cape Cod at an early age, where he was educated in the Falmouth public schools and completed a course of law at Boston University.

He began his career as a moderator of town meetings and then served later as town counsel. In his work at the United States Bureau of Fisheries he served as a laborer, and later as a pilot, and later still as fish culturist. While securing an education he did clerical work.

He has four times been elected to Congress. His home folks know him and trust him through and through, for Joseph Walsh has the qualities demanded in high class efficient public service.

The hearings on the Shipping Board have been resumed and continue at airplane pace, something that is ironically significant of the airplanes that were never produced by the air board.

Joseph Walsh has been more than a figure-head in Congress, and his constituents know it. When he was a member of the Tercentenary Committee and visited Boston with Warren G. Harding, the latter little dreamed of Presidential possibilities. It was then Mr. Walsh made the prediction to Senator Harding he would be back in the summer of 1921 as President.

He was the first New England Congressman to employ a woman secretary, and in that way anticipated the entry of women into the political life of the nation. At the convention in Chicago, before the balloting began, one of Lowden's men held up five fingers, indicating that on the fifth ballot Lowden would be nominated. "No, it will not be Lowden. It is Harding," said Walsh, and immediately a wager was made by Walsh, with the result that when Congress reconvened in December he was presented with a new hat of latest style.

When Senator Harding met him after the nomination he



JOSEPH WALSH

The popular and efficient Massachusetts Congressman, now serving his fourth term

said, "Hello, Joe! I have heard all about your prediction, so you can take your place as one of the original Harding men."

Right after election he packed his little portmanteau and began committee work, and has fulfilled the statement of Chairman Fess of the Congressional Committee that "little Joe Walsh may be a wasp to the opposition, but he knows how to make honey for the hive," or, to change the simile, when he sets out to do anything, he brings home the bacon, and think what bacon costs these days!

It is no wonder that New Bedford is proud of its Congressman, who knows how to make the mills of the gods grind slow and exceedingly fine!

* * *

BUSINESS men in Congress have a notable recruit to their ranks from Tennessee—another farm-bred boy, moreover, with the distinction rare nowadays of birth in a log cabin—who, although only thirty-one years of age, is not only a graduate of three seats of learning above high school, with a post graduate course in a fourth to his credit, but has been a university director.

Major B. Carroll Reece, elected last November as M. C. for the first Representative district of Tennessee, besides the scholastic experience just mentioned, comes to Congress with a war record of particular brilliance. That, carrying the

Republican standard, he was triumphant in the heart of the "Solid South" Democracy by a majority of approximately 48,000 is a fact of itself indicating that he is a man of more than common mark in his own community.



MRS. JAMES WILLIAM GOOD

Wife of the Iowa Senator, one of Washington's most popular hostesses

specializing in economics and political science. Before 1920 he was a director of the day division, school of commerce, accounts and finance of New York University. He is now in Butler as a member of the firm of Reece Brothers, general merchants.

Mr. Reece enlisted for the world war in May, 1917, and was in France twenty-one months. He was on the firing line two hundred and ten days, and went "over the top" twenty times. In the latter part of the war he commanded the 3rd battalion, 102nd Infantry, of the famous 26th Division, under General Clarence R. Edwards. Major Reece was decorated with the D. S. C., D. S. M. and Croix de Guerre with palm, and was cited for valor by Generals Petain and Pershing.

* * *

OVER a mass of figures Chairman James W. Good pondered thoughtfully in the appropriation room. The figures running into a brilliant array, did not seem to bother the Iowa Congressman at all. Yet it does not seem so very long ago that he arrived in Washington, as a new member, somewhat dazed on account of his surroundings.

In his old home town of Cedar Rapids, when he was first elected to Congress, his enthusiastic friends insisted that he would "make good," and now it is perceived by his colleagues that he has truly "made good." He has grappled with a strong and clean mind the stupendous problems as if he liked them. No Appropriation Committee in history had more gigantic, yet delicate deductions to perform upon the national budget.

James W. Good has been a student and a worker, and when he talks on national finances his words fall upon listening ears. He speaks as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

* * *

IN the Treasury Department a banker was telling a story that illustrates real business genius. A Jewish friend desired a loan of \$5 for one year with interest. The banker naturally, from force of habit, asked what the collateral was. "A one-thousand-dollar Liberty Bond," he was told. The banker raised his eyebrows, but had the note made out in due

form with the bond as collateral. He could hardly repress a smile of smug satisfaction at doing business on such a safe basis. When the papers were all signed and the one-thousand-dollar Liberty Bond transferred, the banker could not resist the temptation to inquire of his Hebrew friend, as he leaned back with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, "Now that the transaction is completed, I am curious that you should do business in this way. Why do you ask for so small a loan on so much collateral?" "Vell," said Isaac, "five dollars is all I need. The interest on five dollars for one year is only thirty-five cents." "All right," said the banker, "but why did you do it?" "Vell, you got my bond. You keep it all right for one year. You charge five dollars a year to take care of it in a safe-deposit box. Now I pay thirty-five cents. See?"

The banker was beaten, and high finance had won. The shades of Ponzi faded into oblivion as the banker contemplated how much revenue the thousands of safety boxes would yield him if everybody were as shrewd as the unsophisticated Isaac!

* * *

KNOWING there can be no going back to a pre-war basis altogether, the problems of adjustment, increasing of production and efficiency to equalize the natural and logical increase of wages and living demand our attention. As one old philosopher said, chewing his cigar and squinting his eyes in reveries, "If it costs more to live than ever before, it ought to mean that people work harder or more efficiently to meet that cost. More people get tired dodging work than doing it. Flagrant wastefulness was revealed in the war period. People scattered rubbish on the streets, tore papers and threw them to the winds, wantonly destroyed anything not their own, carried off soap, lifted lead pencils, stole towels and other little incidentals that mount far into the millions. The worst of it is, this profligacy does not help anyone in the long run."

* * *

WHEN the first edition of the *Congressional Directory* for the next Congress comes out, some space writer might

find it worth his time to make a list of the members born on farms. A separate chapter, if not a story, would be interesting if showing how many of the national lawmakers made school teaching a stepping stone to the profession of law. In the preparation of biographical sketches of some of the members returned at last election, both farmer boys and lawyers who had taught school are found in considerable proportion. Two reflections are suggested by these facts. One is that the American farm still holds its place among the best breeding stations of character and stamina, the two essential qualities we are glad to



JAMES WILLIAM GOOD

Congressman (Republican) from Iowa and chairman of Congressional Appropriation Committee

believe are sought in these days by the people for legislative and executive positions. The second thought is a wish that men of education and talent could be retained in the profession of teaching the rising generation, the most important matter today in the development and progress of the nation.

After a very strenuous contest with two opponents, Mr. I. Clinton Kline, attorney and counsellor at law, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, was nominated for Congress on the Republican ticket. This was for the sixteenth district of Pennsylvania, where President Wilson had a majority of about 4000 in 1916, and Mr. Kline elected with a majority of 3563.

Born at Mt. Pleasant, near Sunbury, his father was a teacher and a farmer. Clinton was educated in the district schools, Bloomsburg Normal, Bucknell Academy and Lafayette College, receiving the degrees of A. B. and A. M. from the last named institution. He taught school five years, the last year being principal of the first ward schools in Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania. Then, having read law with Hon. John B. Packer of Sunbury, he has practised in that town since 1894.

Mr. Kline is one of the favorite orators of his bailiwick, having delivered many public addresses on Memorial Day, Fourth of July, at college commencements, etc. In 1898 he made a stumping tour of Pennsylvania for the Republican party. During the world war he was chairman of the home service committee of the Red Cross, which made hundreds of visits into homes of soldiers, rendering aid wherever needed.

* * *

TEACHING the young idea how to shoot, and tapping the desert for water to make it bloom like the rose, ought to be good preliminary training for statesmanship. Being "a minister's son" may be only a doubtful qualification, if the old saw about ministers' sons and deacons' daughters is heeded. But when we hear of a descendant of the Vikings in high station, we instinctively think of physical prowess and moral strength. And among all positive, negative and speculative credentials the fact that a state chooses "a native son" for preferment indicates, *prima facie*, as the lawyers say, an American citizen to whom all his countrymen may safely tie up.

Peter Norbeck, at his election last November as a United States Senator for South Dakota, was the governor of his state. From his election in 1909 as a state Senator from Spink County he never missed a rung in the political ladder on which he essayed to plant his foot. Twice more he was elected, in 1911 and 1913, to the upper house of the legislature, leaving it in 1914 to serve as lieutenant-governor, from which the people elevated him to the governorship in 1916, giving him a second term in 1918.

Born near Vermillion, Clay County, South Dakota, August 27, 1870, of Norwegian ancestry, his father being a minister, Peter Norbeck was educated in the common schools of his native state and at the state university, Vermillion. In his earlier days he taught school. Later he became interested in the drilling of artesian wells and formed the company of Norbeck & Nicholson, the largest concern of its kind in the northwest. He now has large oil and farm interests.

Mr. Norbeck is married and has three daughters and one son, his family home being at Redfield, South Dakota.

* * *

LAW and Order" seems to have been adopted as a motto by the right-thinking citizens of this country, judging by the favor they accord to candidates for office who have made a name for themselves in battling against crime and disorder. It is sometimes hard to say which they like the more, the fighter or the things he is fighting for. It is certain that to get the confidence of the people not only must his battles be righteous, but he must prove himself a good fighter. There is no sadder failure than that of the man whose duty makes him the antagonist of evil, but whose courage and capacity fail on the firing line.

If popularity with those who have had opportunity of knowing a man and his work means anything, the support given to Mr. William C. Hammer in his election as a member of the sixty-seventh Congress for the seventh congressional district of North Carolina indicates that he will be a power to reckon

with in national legislation. His own county was practically unanimous for him in the primary, giving him more than two thousand votes against half a hundred as the combined vote of two rivals. At the general election he received nearly 40,000 votes, beating his opponent by 4,287.

It has been as a public prosecutor that Mr. Hammer achieved fame and won the people's favorable regard. Beginning his career in this role as solicitor for the old tenth judicial district, in that position he appeared for "The People" in the Superior Court of eight counties. When the Democratic party came into power in 1913, Mr. Hammer was promoted from a state prosecuting officer to the position of United States attorney for the western district of North Carolina. For a score of years prior to entering the lists for congressional honors, he prosecuted wrong-doers and chased crime and crookedness from their lairs.

Among many newspapers hailing his advent to the ranks of national lawmakers, one describes him as "a veteran seasoned in a thousand battles on the side of even-handed justice, public safety and civic righteousness." It was a common saying, in the election campaign, that he never had a superior as a prosecutor in the state. He is credited with having secured the first conviction ever made of a white man for lynching. He brings to Congress a high order of speaking ability.

From all accounts Mr. Hammer is a progressive Democrat, without leaning to extremes, and it is predicted that he will stand for economy in public expenditures. And it will only be second nature for him to be a champion of "law and order" upon every occasion when that cause is in question.

* * *

THEY will slip away once in a while for a glimpse of the movies. I met several Senators emerging from a popular moving picture house, drifting along with the crowd as it ambled away from the exits. There is something about going to the movies that delivers one from concentration, notwithstanding the distractions of watching chewing gum, bonnets, ribbons, costumes, and expecting to find gum stuck under the seat, on the seat, and all over the seat. For all the other tricks that boys are up to, commend me to the movie house, the mecca of the American boy.



WILLIAM C. HAMMER
Congressman-elect from the Seventh District of
North Carolina (Democrat)

The Science of Costfinding

How the pioneer in cost engineering originated and developed the system that solves the problem of cost determination

IT makes no difference to me whether you agree with me or not, the important thing is that I am right." This is the slogan of Robert S. Denham, founder and chief engineer of the Denham Costfinding Company of Cleveland. And that his cost system is right has been proved in many exhaustive tests.

"Anybody can make money at a time of rising prices," Mr. Denham says, "but when prices begin to fall one must know absolutely where expense ends and profits begin. The first line of defense is a knowledge of cost."

It is this knowledge that Mr. Denham is engaged in the pioneer work of making available for every manufacturer. In his elucidation of the rightness of his methods, Mr. Denham incidentally throws interesting sidelights on his struggles to make the system "go" among those for whose benefit it was devised.

"Ninety per cent of the manufacturers who believe they

know the cost of their product are depending upon misleading methods of calculation. Cost accounting as commonly practiced is a relic of the days of hand labor. The practicability of using an overhead percentage applied to direct labor was destroyed by the introduction of the first labor-saving machine.

"The object of the labor-saving machine is to reduce the wage element in cost. In adopting machines the manufacturer is compelled largely to increase his investment, making it embrace added expenses for depreciation, insurance, taxes, power, supplies and other items incidental to machine operation. With a reduced basis for application of overhead expenses, machine production does not carry its share of machine expenses. As a consequence, processes largely performed by hand must carry the expenses rightly chargeable to the machine.

"Many manufacturers assume that if they get all of their expenses on total production it is sufficient. In this they are mistaken. If they charge too much expense on a certain article and too little on others, the overloaded product with a price high in proportion will drive business to competitors, while the lower priced article, which does not carry its due share of expenses, will attract buyers. This simply means driving away profitable business and attracting unprofitable business. It is right here that one of the greatest dangers of the traditional cost accounting practice lies.

"Some time ago, a leading official of the American Association of Public Accountants made the statement that the difference between cost accounting and cost engineering was simply one of name, but when taken up on the question, and given an hour's demonstration, he frankly admitted that the problem of cost determination, which had baffled the accounting profession for a hundred years, had been solved through engineering methods.

"A similar conversion was made in the case of the head of the cost department of one of the largest concerns in America. After delivering an address before a convention of manufacturers in Boston, he listened to a statement of the principles and procedure of cost engineering, when he rose to his feet again and confessed that, while he had been working for many years in an effort to determine cost, the new viewpoint had convinced him that he was still 'far from home.'

"How did the new idea come into my mind? While in charge of a department in a large printing house in the Middle West some years ago, I offered the manager a suggestion that I considered of value to the concern. He told me in reply that I was there to do the work he assigned to me, and that he would furnish the brains to run the business. This rebuff caused me to look for an opening that would give me an opportunity to grow. This I found within a few months, when I was placed in charge of 'betterments' in the printing department of the National Cash Register Company. There I attracted the favorable attention of the general manager, Hugh Chalmers, and other officers of the company.

"Realizing the value of the work I did in that position, I offered my services to commercial printers. It took less than a year to learn that lack of knowledge of costs, on the part of managing printers, made them incapable of appreciating my advice, and besides was the cause of the lack of prosperity throughout the industry.

(Continued on page 474)



ROBERT S. DENHAM
Founder of the Denham Costfinding Company

The Olla Podrida of Europe

To gain a clear understanding of the economic condition and political situation of middle Europe today you should read this enlightening article

By MAJOR J. L. MACSWIGGEN



SCARCELY had I touched American soil, after an absence of more than two years, when I met my friend, Joe Mitchell Chapple, my comrade in Europe in war days.

"Mack, who will be master in Europe?" was one of the first of his rapid-fire questions, as he scanned a map of Europe, "made in Germany," which, with an old map of Europe, lettered in French, I had spread upon the hotel twin beds.

What was left of the German empire on the new map was a red splotch in the center, with the semblance of a boiled lobster, or suggesting a cougar ready to leap at Russia. A great expanse of yellow indicated what remained of Russia.

On the back of this map was printed the Treaty of Peace in German, interpolated with comments that fairly burned the paper.

With his hand on my shoulder, Joe Chapple studied the map with a reminiscent glow in his eyes, the same old light of enthusiasm as under shot and shell at Verdun.

Often I had studied the map in the very regions it depicted. Mr. Chapple had been urged in vain to make the trip with me, after he had visited Germany following the armistice. He was tempted, but the call of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, together with his anxiety to place "Heart Throbs" on the screen, was too strong. I lost my companion, but started on the pilgrimage with his benediction. My object was to obtain firsthand knowledge of facts in middle Europe and of the conditions the peace had created in the territories of the beaten and broken empires.

After hanging around Paris for ten days, I got word one afternoon that there was a special train to leave that night which would carry me to Prague. On going aboard the train I found it composed of second and third-class coaches sent from Prague to gather up two hundred and fifty returning Czechs who had arrived from America.

These people were returning to Czecho-Slovakia to take up homesteads. A large percentage of them had been naturalized in America. They had slept on the floors of stations in Paris for two weeks. All of the big estates in their native country

formerly owned by royalty have reverted to the government and are being divided up under a homestead act. Five of the travelers with whom I talked were already on their way to make new homes on the very spot where their ancestors sweated as serfs.

We arrived at Delle on the French frontier the next morning and were stuck there four days. I learned that our engine

had been detached and no provision for passage of the special train through Switzerland had been made. Being the only one wearing a uniform, I was appointed leader. As such I made investigation and discovered that the Swiss government would not permit the party to pass through that country until the Austrian vise had been stamped on everybody's passport. Meantime the emigrants, tired of travel, were bordering on frenzy. Gathering up all the papers, I started for the nearest Austrian consulate. On arrival at Bayonne, as I stepped off the train to buy a sandwich, I was nabbed by a guard, who told me it was against Swiss law for a foreigner to appear in military costume. However, screened with a raincoat, I was taken in a taxicab to a hotel, where I sent my coat out to have the buttons with the American eagle replaced with plain ones.

On returning to my colony next morning I found everything in confusion. Part of the crowd had fled to Paris and others were rambling about the country. When we did get an engine from the Swiss government, our good luck proved short-lived. Arriving at Boques on the opposite frontier, we were advised that we could not proceed farther, because no engine had been sent from Austria. Under the workers' council government then running things, no work was permitted on Sunday. It was only by the liberal use of cigarettes and that kind of American diplomacy known as "salve" that I was allowed outside the gates to obtain food for the passengers. In all my European travels I have never come in contact with such impertinent officials as those controlling the Swiss boundaries.

At one o'clock the next afternoon the commandant of the Swiss Guards called out his forces and rounded up

A Recent Letter from Major MacSwiggen

VILLACH, AUSTRIA, 12-12-20.

My dear Joe —

The old globe-trotter is at work again, as you see, and this cold winter day finds me buried to my waist in snow, away down in that corner of the old dual monarchy which was or is known as Carinthia. Lately this section was a part of Jugo-Slavia, as a result of Mr. Wilson's desire to have all nationalities govern themselves. The more I see of "Mittel Europa," the more regard I have for my fellow-countrymen for the recent avalanche, which eliminated this character from public life. It is to be hoped that our new "willing to accept counsel" President, Mr. Harding, will, as soon as he can find time, inaugurate some method whereby these people can quit begging for food and go to work. It is nearly one year since I traveled over the same paths, and conditions have not improved one iota; in fact, the pinched and wan faces one encounters in Vienna and Buda-Pest seem to be multiplied. It seems to me that the American Chamber of Commerce is very much asleep concerning business affairs throughout this region, but the commercial trade organization of another great nation is very much awake. The welfare work being done by the Hoover Mission is truly remarkable. They told me in Vienna the other day that 325,000 persons were being fed daily—that is, they receive enough to hold body and soul together. This is a grand work, but it can't go on forever. America cannot continually feed Europe free of charge. Without extending individual credits in machinery and raw material to these people, the whole scheme looks to me like pumping water into a bucket with a hole in the bottom. You understand what I mean. My opinion is that it would be the real manner in which to stem immigration if these folks had tools and material and were told to go to work and straighten out their destiny rather than filling up our asylums and poorhouses in Uncle Sam's domain. It's wonderful country, Joe, and one of the regrets of my life is that your masterful mind has not pen-pictured the story of Europe's Down-and-Out-Club to the world. If you think you could organize a little party of four or five business men to come over in the spring, it would be a pleasure to tote you around. My permanent address is in Paris, Hotel Avenida, 41 Rue du Colisee, where I would welcome a line. Best wishes.

Your friend,

MACSWIGGEN.

P. S.—I am thinking of a trip to Russia. Would you like me to cover it for the NATIONAL?

my army. Away we limped across the boundary into Hungary. It was a march vying with that of Coxey's army to Washington. At Fieldkirch and elsewhere there were halts for examination of passports. At Delle my "command" had gained the impression that I was a doctor. This was because I had made them scrub the train, and had the women get out and walk with the children. Back in the country we found an old hospital that still held some convalescent people. I got two women to take all the children and give them a bath. Everything I said was law. Being afraid of pestilence I made them clean everything.

* * * *

Reaching Prague mid-afternoon, the minute I stepped off the train I was addressed in English by a young fellow wearing a metal badge that indicated his connection with the foreign relations bureau. These agents meet foreign visitors and give them tickets assuring them a hotel room.

Prague showed no evidence of war. The day we arrived some kind of fete was being observed, and the people were running around in national costumes in which red, green, and yellow predominated. The women had small lace shawls over their heads. It was raining, but the spirits of the people were not a bit dampened.

This country is divided into three states—Bohemia, Moravia, and Slovakia—and has a population of about thirteen million. Six million are Czechs or Bohemians and the balance of seven million is equally divided between Austrians and Slovaks.

German was spoken in Prague better than in Vienna, but the principal language is Bohemian. All the hotels were filled during four days I spent in sight-seeing around Prague. I did not lack food. I had already started to reduce my Parisian appetite down to bedrock. Furthermore, I was told that food was expensive. I found in the largest and liveliest restaurant in Prague that food was not only in abundance, but at a reasonable rate. As an American I was well received wherever I went. In all of the cafes there were music and dancing. There are splendid orchestras. The Bohemian music is the best I have ever heard.

The land in Bohemia is all under intensive cultivation. It is a country of villages without large cities. Prague has a population of about three hundred thousand.

My real experience with the transport situation occurred when I made a trip from Prague to the old town of Brunn, now known as Brno, two hundred and fifty kilometers (about two hundred miles) away. In Prague they are insistent that the national language be spoken, and, as I confined myself to English and French—knowing the antagonism to German—it was with difficulty that I finally made myself understood to the station master. Then he acted with precipitation. It was a crowded express train, making only two stops on the trip. The station master ordered the passengers out of a coach. He cleaned out a compartment in which people were packed like sardines, put a paper in the window, and with a nice bow took my grip, escorted me inside and closing the door, locked it.

Here was a glimpse of age-old authority which indicated that democracy has not "caught on" very deeply. Realizing what had been done, I turned the door catch and tried to coax the people back inside. There was a lady speaking a little English who said she was afraid to come in until she had permission of the controller. Having been reassured that I would take the responsibility, they poured inside to the full capacity of the place. There was no light nor heat in the car, and we tried to work up cheer with conversation. The woman had lived in Vienna and remembered friends from my home town. One of the men was owner of a large estate in Moravia and invited me to spend a week with him. Sorry, but we never met afterward.

* * * *

We arrived at Brno at midnight—two hundred miles in eleven and one-half hours—this "express" making only two stops. Brno is a hotbed of anti-German feeling. Its population is about seventy thousand. I had an awful time trying to find

a hotel, as there is no foreign relations bureau here. The place I finally located was alive with gaiety and music, and an order for food brought me a platter of ham and eggs in the good old American style—three eggs and a big slab of ham, with black bread, butter, and imitation coffee, all for ten or twelve cents in American money. Next day a Y. M. C. A. man had me catch a train at 5:38 A.M. for an excursion up country.

From Brno I went to Olomouc, the ancient capital of Moravia, with approximately forty thousand population. It is a German town surrounded with Bohemian villages. An old university and military town, it was strongly fortified against the day when Russia would pull off an invasion. While in Brno the Czechs and Germans do not get along together, in Olomouc they live and let live in amity. Everywhere I went I found busts of President Wilson—good likenesses, too. Almost everything was named after Woodrow Wilson. But that was—before. In the past six months the Wilson busts have been disappearing.

On the following morning I went to the old Hungarian town of Pressburg. This is the seaport of Czecho-Slovakia on the River Danube. It is ninety-six per cent Hungarian and four per cent Slovak. I found the Ritz Carleton Hotel crowded with Hungarian royalty and aristocracy—a king in every lounge and a queen in every chair—refugees from the Bolshevik uprising.

The husband of the lady who came to Czechy on the train with us owns the Carlton and Savoy hotels. I called on the family at their villa in the Carpathian mountains. On account of this visit I immediately fell under suspicion of the Czechs. Secret service men were placed on my trail, which I did not discover until later.

* * * *

I met President Masaryk in Prague on October 27, 1919, which was the "Fourth of July" of Czecho-Slovakia, the first anniversary of the republic. Mr. Masaryk is seventy years of age. He is very quiet-spoken, gentle, slender, of medium size, with gray eyes that seem dull except when he speaks of his country's rebirth—then the snap comes which reminds us of "Teddy." Mr. Masaryk was a professor in the University of Prague and struggled for the independence of Bohemia all his life. He was the logical man for leader when the day of liberation arrived, and he is beloved of all, the Germans included.

Everything was American on that first independence day. All the Allied flags decorated the town, but there were more of the American flags than any other. During the fete the chief railway station was named after Wilson. President Masaryk shook me by the hand as he gave me this cordial greeting:

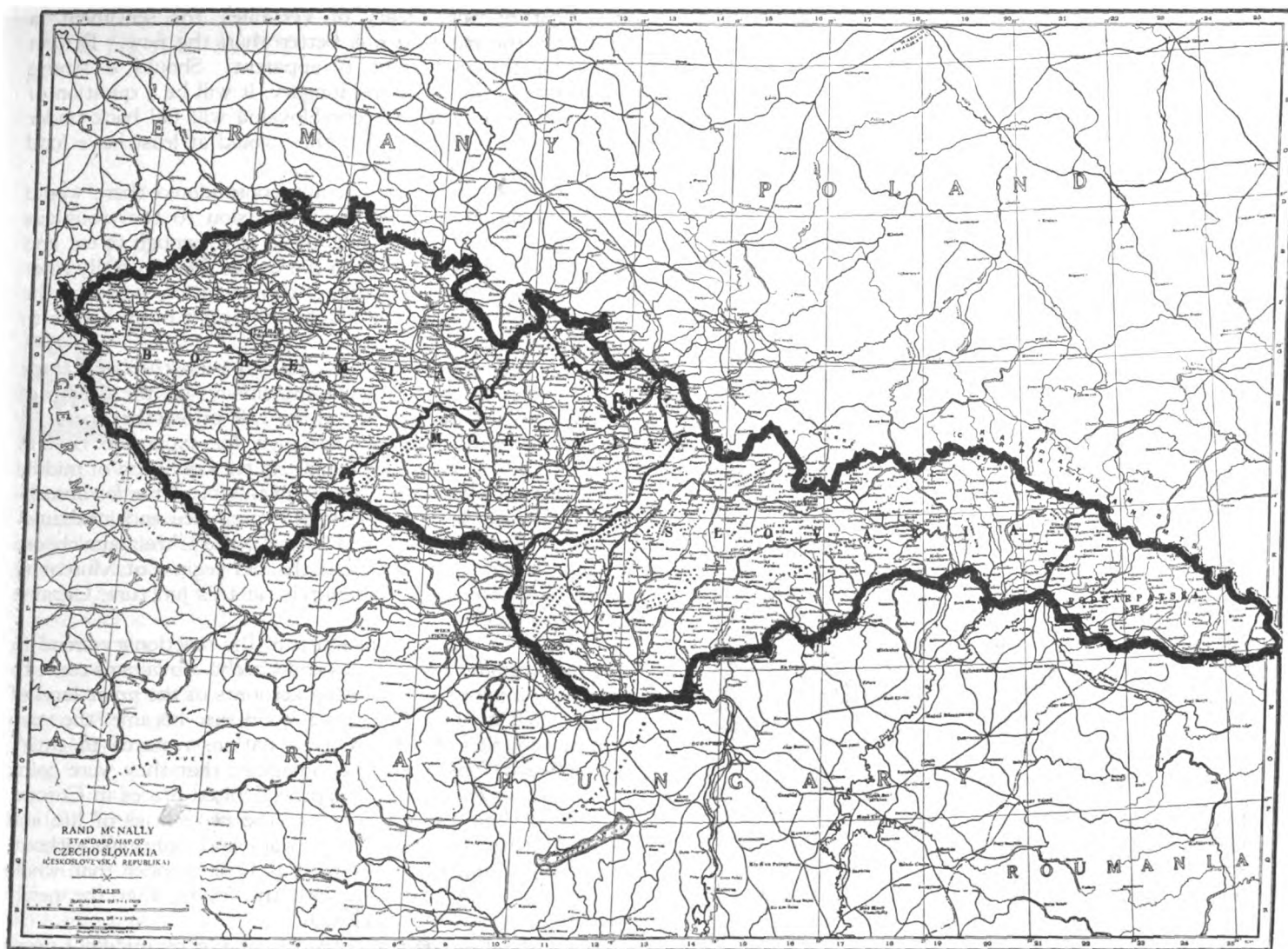
"It is a wonderful pleasure to have you come to this country and to live with us, and thereby learn for yourself firsthand what the independence of our country means to us, and to carry back the story of Bohemian customs and of our great regard for our savior—America."

President Masaryk is not an orator, nor even what you would call "a convincing speaker," but when you meet him alone in his library he impresses you as a man with a great soul and an honest desire to serve his people.

Thanksgiving Day was spent in Cracow, Poland, but no turkey was served at my dinner. In that section of Poland the armies of the new old-world republics have their guns pointed at each other.

Cracow was an old Austrian town, but is Polish now. The larger part of the population is Polish, the remainder being German and Czech. The Czechs were planning to get back into Czecho-Slovakia and the Germans to go to Austria.

Going up in the local train from Prerow to Cracow I reached the Polish frontier at night. The Polish army had got on the job here. There were no lights in the train. Each chief carried a little oil lamp against his chest, held with a strap around his neck. As one peered into my face while taking my passport, I spoke to him in English. "Ameriky," he quickly



The heavy lines indicate the border of the confederated republics of Czecho-Slovakia

exclaimed. He never looked for anything else after seeing the passport. That word "America" and a big smile carried me over many frontiers and through the inconveniences of ignorance of languages and customs.

There is a numerous Jewish population in Cracow. They have not become accustomed to the Poles. The older inhabitants feel that they were better off under the former conditions. They did not like the idea of being made a part of the new country. It disturbed the industrial activities that had grown up under the monarchy, many business men owning manufacturing plants with branch offices in other cities.

* * *

Next morning I was told there was a fast train going to Warsaw. Taking it, I traveled over Napoleon's route. At every station we had to get out and take another train. Very few of the trains had windows, evidencing the scarcity of glass. In Warsaw I found the American Red Cross doing efficient work. The hotels were well supplied with food. Here again I was on the other side of another fence and remembered that the Poles and Czechs were not too friendly.

I met Mr. Paderewski, Premier of Poland, at his official residence. Great democracy prevailed. All you needed to meet him was to go there. We had met in Paris before, and he received me with enthusiasm. He seemed perfectly contented, although at that time he had his trunk packed ready to leave for his future home in Switzerland.

Mr. Paderewski spoke of the great help the American people had given to Poland in her struggle. When he learned I was from Pittsburgh, his interest doubled, as the smoky city had furnished many men and much money for the Polish legions. As I referred to the conditions of the railway from Prague to

Warsaw, he said: "If the Pittsburgh steel companies would send on some of the cars that the Poles manufacture out there, it would not be long before things would be different."

In speaking about the future of the country he appeared to be most optimistic. After we had been conversing about fifteen minutes Madame Paderewski was announced by an orderly in a whisper to her husband and was at once ushered in. On being told I was from Pittsburgh she showed much interest, because it was there that Paderewski did some of his best work in organizing his legion. She said I should become interested in her movement for feeding the children which was receiving assistance from the American Red Cross. There is food in the hotels, but little in the country. It is so expensive that natives of moderate means cannot afford to buy it.

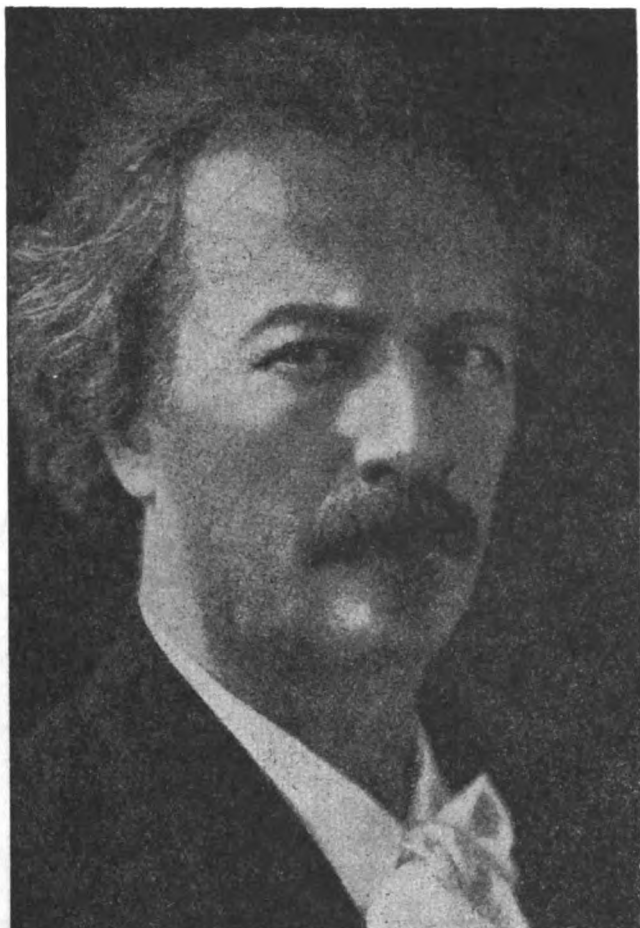
Warsaw has a population of about two hundred thousand. Its buildings are of solid construction and the public edifices elaborate in style. Russia's long domination has left many permanent imprints on the place.

My impression after being among the people of Poland was that it could not exist as a separate republic under present conditions. The great mineral resources could not be developed as long as a military menace prevailed, the Bolsheviks in the east and Prussianism in the west.

The Prussians who have dominated the situation in middle Europe comprised one-fourth of the German Empire. At the present time Germans all over Europe have a feeling of antagonism toward the Prussian.

Confederation of the new republics of Europe is an absolute necessity if they are to be prevented from dropping back into the status of imperial subject provinces. In the dual monarchy of Austro-Hungary were seventeen states and as many

nationalities, but through a political distribution of the people over the whole empire, done with deliberation, the population of every section lived in peace and harmony. So well were the racial units scattered that no great assembly of any particular one, for revolutionary purposes, could easily be held anywhere.



IGNACE PADEREWSKI

Premier of Poland. A great patriot as well as a great musician

Now, however, within the boundaries of the respective new republics are many towns containing an undue proportion of nationals of other countries. Along the northern border of Czecho-Slovakia towns are closely strung which have a large percentage of Polish or German inhabitants not in sympathy with the Czech government. Germans and Hungarians similarly form uncongenial elements in cities and towns along the southern border. Austria and Hungary have conditions of the same kind upon their frontiers—large alien elements in centers of population.

In a confederacy with one central government and state legislatures to handle local affairs, these various nationalities would get along together because they would have to. Politically, this is their only salvation from the eastern and western menaces already mentioned, as well as promising assurance of just and respectful treatment by other nations.

From an economic point of view, the argument for union is equally strong. Austria has no coal. Under the empire it received this commodity from Poland. All of these countries require oil, which Rumania and Ukraina can furnish. Hungary is the great cattle section, and supplies fruit, tobacco, etc. Czecho-Slovakia, the most fertile section in middle Europe, is the source of grain and wood, besides having glass factories. Poland, with its mineral resources, is dependent upon her neighbors for foodstuffs. Austria has immense water resources, capable of utilization in manufactures.

Already the spirit of reaction is working. Commercialism, of the type that puts itself above patriotism, is influencing public opinion. Among the Hungarian people, with their country driven from pillar to post following the ruthless dis-

memberment by the Treaty of Versailles, the sentiment is general that the old rule was better than the new. British guidance in the movement is apparent. Should a strong government be established in Hungary, it will be a question of only a short time before Czecho-Slovakia will fall back under her wing. The conviction that they would at least have food is bound to sway the Slovaks.

With all these countries federally consolidated there would be no justification for Hungary's reversion to the troublous sea of monarchism; the Slovaks would have enough to eat and all of the states be supplied with the things they severally most need. Not least of the benefits of confederation would be the boon for which the war was fought—the right of all people to govern themselves.

Austria would certainly follow Hungary on the back track toward monarchy and rapacious diplomacy, for the dearth of food has caused a distinct rise in the tide of reaction there.

Poland, with its untimely ambition for expansion beyond the bounds set at Versailles, is making the confusion of middle Europe worse confounded. Its unmistakable drive for absorbing the Ukraine, with its Black Sea commerce and inexhaustible grain resources, must tend to make the Ukrainians choose between an untried master and the old regime of Muscovite rule and protection. Unfortunately, at this juncture, Ukraine is without a leader.

Disillusion is the cause of much of the reactionary trend in the whole region. Many Poles and Czecho-Slovakians came to America and wrote back glowing accounts of the great land of liberty. When their respective countries became the two greatest republics of the group of nations restored to entity by the Peace Conference, they imagined that they were going to have a heaven on earth—another United States in Europe. As instead there came scarcity of the necessities of life and essential materials of industry, wars and fightings without, and bloody dissensions within, it is little wonder that whole populations became imbued with the feeling that the newly vouchsafed liberty was a delusion.

From personal contact with the people of middle Europe and a survey of their living conditions, I have come to the conclusion that confederation is their true destiny. Also I am convinced that this consummation must be brought about through a revision of the Treaty of Peace.

I found the situation in Lemberg—in the upper border across which Russia designed her march to Vienna—distressing in the extreme, owing to the devastation and demoralization wrought by the Bolsheviks.

* * * *

In Austria and Slovakia antagonism to the Jews is rampant. Going down the beautiful Danube from Hungary to Vienna, a few hours by boat, it is difficult to imagine anything but peace and harmony, with strains of the Danube waltz coming into vivid memory. Yet along the banks of the river nests of machine guns blazed at each other for sport.

A most awful situation prevailed in Vienna. They were killing and eating their pet birds, their dogs and cats. The famous "rings" of old Vienna, as the streets corresponding to the boulevards in Paris are called, were deserted excepting for a few stragglers here and there with hard lines of suffering in their faces. The Volkes Garden, near the imperial palace of yore, had been divested of its trees to supply fuel. One-fifth of the population of Austria was on the government payroll. When one stops to consider that the dissolving of the empire left six million people, with few resources, to work out their own salvation, two million of them concentrated in the capital without means of support, it is a sorry spectacle.

Introduced by a prominent surgeon, I met Dr. Renner, who represented Austria at Versailles, as he sat in the Volkes Garden. He spoke broken English with a German accent, but as he seemed a man who just wanted to sit and reflect I did not press any questions. It was the week before he made his famous visit to Rome. From where we (Continued on page 447)

*It's in his blood***Inherits Naval Traditions**

By
OSCAR SWENSON

*Assistant Secretary is imbued with
a love of the Navy and filled with
pride in its achievements*



PARTICULARLY happy choice of an incumbent for an important office was evidenced in President Wilson's appointment of Honorable Gordon Woodbury, of New Hampshire, August 26, 1920, to succeed Franklin D. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Woodbury came to the office with an inherited love for the navy. Coupled with this inheritance was a deep personal interest in the navy, and it has been further increased as he has taken up the problems of his office.

Mr. Woodbury's great uncle, Levi Woodbury, was Secretary of the Navy in President Jackson's administration, and his uncle, Gordon Woodbury, for whom he is named, was a naval officer on the U. S. S. *Catskill*, giving his life in the service in the attack on Fort Wagner, Charleston Harbor, in August, 1863. A cousin of Mr. Woodbury, Gustavus Fox, was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Gideon Welles, and another cousin, Captain James S. Thornton, was executive officer of the U. S. S. *Hartford*, Farragut's flagship, at New Orleans and Mobile. With this ancestry and relationship, it is small wonder that Mr. Woodbury is alive to naval traditions, imbued with a love of the navy, possessed of a knowledge of its history, and filled with pride in its achievements. His activities as assistant secretary are expressive of a spirit which has won the admiration and respect of all the officers and officials with whom he has come in contact.

The particular problems in the Navy Department in which Mr. Woodbury is especially interested, and which are engaging his constant study, are the fuel supply for navy ships, electric propulsion and operation of battleships, the revision of the promotion law for officers to a satisfactory basis, and the improvement of the Naval Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island.

The navy is unusually fortunate in its new assistant secretary, for seldom is it that any administrative officer has come to his duties so fully equipped as Mr. Woodbury.

Gordon Woodbury was born in New York City, September 17, 1863. He prepared for Harvard University at Phillips Exeter Academy, graduating from that school with the class

of 1882. He graduated from Harvard with the class of 1886, with the degree of LL.B. He completed his law studies at the Columbia Law School, graduating from that institution with the degree of M.A. in 1888. Upon his graduation Mr. Woodbury was the winner of the Seligman prize awarded to Columbia Law School students for the best essay on railway law, choosing for his subject "The Interstate Commerce Act."

Immediately upon graduation from Columbia he began the practice of law in New York, but his health failing, upon the advice of his physician, he went to Bedford, New Hampshire, where is situated the ancestral estate of the Woodburys, to recuperate. "My doctors gave me," said Mr. Woodbury, "one year to live, but I fooled them." And he did, for at the



HON. GORDON WOODBURY, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

present time he is the personification of healthy, vigorous American manhood.

Mr. Woodbury was a member of the New Hampshire State Legislature, 1891-93; a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1896, also to the Palmer and Buckner Convention in 1896; a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention in 1903; a candidate for United States Senate in 1912, and delegate to Democratic National Convention of 1920.

Mr. Woodbury was the owner and editor of the Manchester,

(New Hampshire) Union for ten years, and was a director of the Amoskeag Savings Bank of Manchester, the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Company, and a director of the New Hampshire State College. He is a member of the New York Bar Association and of the New Hampshire Bar Association. He was admitted to both the New York Bar and the New Hampshire Bar in 1888.

During the World War Mr. Woodbury was an official in the American Red Cross, conducting a party of sixty-five Red Cross workers to Paris on August 16, 1918. From Paris Mr. Woodbury went to Boulogne, where he was the legal advisor to the American Red Cross under Major Austin McLanahan of Baltimore, and later under W. E. Pomeroy of New York. His duties carried him to all the active fronts, except

enlisted as a volunteer in the 107th Regiment, 27th Division, United States Army, and saw sixteen months' service in France, being invalided home as a result of four wounds received in action, and a younger son, George, who is now at Roxby School, Cheshire, Connecticut, preparing for Harvard. Peter received a citation from the War Department, and, when discharged, was a platoon sergeant.

He is a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy and is now a freshman at Harvard.

Mr. Woodbury is the owner of a twelve-hundred-acre farm at Bedford, New Hampshire, which has been in the Woodbury family for eight generations, or two hundred years. This farm is the original grant made by the Crown in 1723 to Mr. Woodbury's ancestor, the first emigrant, although it now consists of several farms, one of



PETER WOODBURY

In uniform of a sergeant in the 107th Regiment, 27th Division, U. S. A.

Verdun and Argonne. After the armistice he was a director of the Red Cross relief work in Belgium and northern France, at Lille, Rheims, Soissons and San Quentin, with headquarters at Amiens. He returned to the United States in February, 1919.

On April 18, 1894, Mr. Woodbury married Charlotte E. Woodbury, the daughter of George Woodbury, an army officer. Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury have three children: a daughter, Eliza Gordon, who graduated second in her class at Bryn Mawr, and who was engaged, during the war, in reconstruction work in France, returning to the United States in October, 1920; a son, Peter, who at the age of eighteen



ELIZA GORDON WOODBURY

unable to take care of them with the crops from his land, and, accordingly, the grant of the five islands was made for his relief.

Mr. Woodbury's grandfather, Peter Woodbury, dug up two



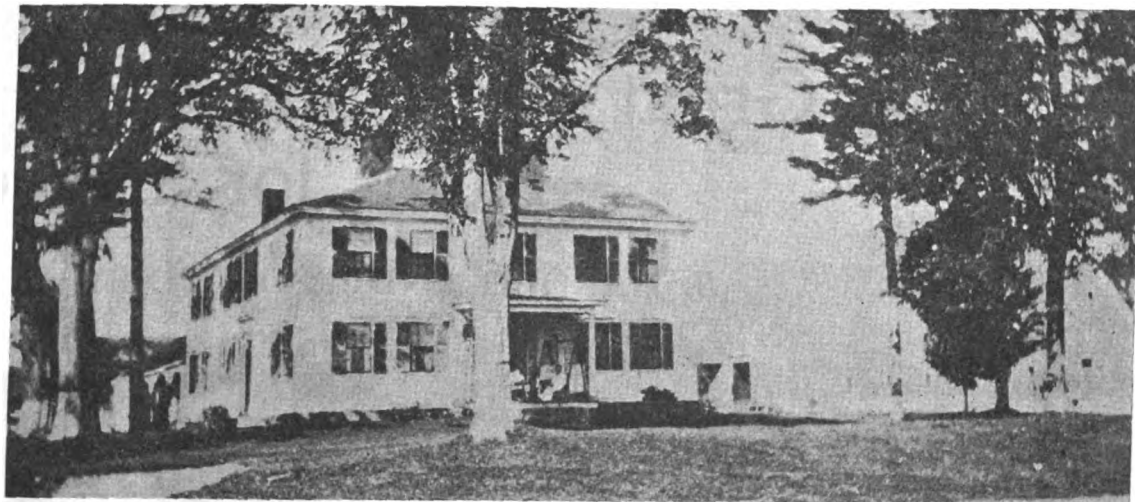
GEORGE WOODBURY

which belonged to the Gordon brothers, for whom Mr. Woodbury is named, who settled there from Ireland in 1740. Another portion of the present farm belonged to Mr. Chandler, a cousin, who settled there in 1800.

On the original Gordon farm the house built in 1740 was afterwards torn down and in 1790 a new house was built, the corner stone of which still remains. A well in the original block house which the pioneers erected against the Indians still remains in use. The property also includes a mill privilege, and one of three dams remains just as it was built one hundred and fifty years ago.

The property is located on both sides of the Merrimac Boulevard, extending two miles from Manchester, and also embraces two islands in the Merrimac River, on one of which Hannah Dustin stopped when on her way south as a captive of the Indians. The other island is one of an original grant of five islands to the Indian Chief Passaconaway. This old chief appealed to the authorities of Massachusetts, stating that he had so many wives and children that he was placed in a position where he was

THE White Horse Tavern, built in 1800. This house is now the residence of superintendent of the Woodbury farm. On the second floor the partitions of the different rooms are constructed so that they swing up to the ceilings, leaving the entire floor for dancing and other entertainments. In this house President Andrew Jackson and his cabinet were entertained when on their New England tour



Indian skeletons buried in a sand bank on one of the islands and presented them to the Museum of Natural History at Boston. They have now found their way to a Museum in Paris.

When the Indian Chief Paugus made a raid through this part of the country, in early colonial days, the settlers were gathered together at the old Woodbury house to make a counter

raid. The party started out on snowshoes to attack the Indians on January 2, 1670.

The original taker of the property was the son of Goffe, the regicide. Having remained, however, in the Woodbury family for over two hundred years, it has become a Woodbury institution and is now vested in Mr. Woodbury's eldest son, Peter.

THE OLLA PODRIDA OF EUROPE

Continued from page 444

sat we could see one of the wooden shanties where people stand in line for hours with their cards to get a little parcel of food the government has to sell them. Meat rations were stopped all through April, and there was no bread the first fourteen days.

Italians are purchasing buildings in Vienna and assisting the people in many ways to dispose of their property. The old-time enemies have apparently become reconciled.

All over Europe the industrial situation depends upon the policies of outside countries that have not felt the immediate effects of the war, in the matter of supplying them with material and credit. If they get these, they will go back to work. There is no fear that the United States will be flooded with the goods of Europe, because the people there need so much themselves. The balance of trade will always be in our* favor. Thirty-five million people have been killed in the war—thirty-five million taken from the producing forces of Europe in one fell swoop.

There is not a spot in Europe that I have not touched. People in Europe do not want American money. They want machinery and raw materials. Czecho wants raw cotton. Countless magazine and newspaper articles in the United States have called attention to the shortage of paper, while lying here in these starving countries are endless miles of available forest that could be developed for pulp. All they want is a little credit for machinery.

Before the "blow-off" every man in Germany worked eight hours a day for himself and two hours for the government. When the Ebert government retired it gave the Junkers a chance to show their hand, knowing that the great mass of German people were against Prussian rule, and if there is one country in middle Europe that will stand as an independent republic, it is the republic of Germany, because the people are industrious and are tired of military domination. At the Leipsic Fair, an ancient institution where our grandfathers went to buy choice wares, one would have a hard time to imagine that this was a country which had suffered the impact of war. There was a feeble attempt in Bavaria to cut loose from Germany and form a separate government, the failure of which gave another argument for confederation. These countries do not fear Russia, but dread Bolshevism as a plague.

The British people realize that Lenine's government is a failure, and that is the reason they are inviting trade ambassadors from Russia. Out of the impending doom of the government of Lenine and Trotzky will come a dictatorship, and the dictation will come from London not Berlin. There is part of the answer to your question of who will be master of Europe.

I can't understand why the business men of the United States can't and don't grasp the "big thing." We owe it to the children yet unborn that America should take a leading part in preventing Europe from starting another conflict of arms.

In all my travels through fourteen different countries I did not come directly in contact with a member of the United States Chamber of Commerce. It would appear that this ponderous body relies upon official channels for information on trade opportunities in Europe. But even United States consulates are lacking in many places on the continent.

When the people of middle Europe start to come back, they will come back right. There is a prevailing disposition now to get out of these countries and into the United States. This is due to the empty stomach. They love their home lands and I think that the ones that have returned will stay there. But they will not stay if their countries fall back into the old conditions. The United States Chamber of Commerce ought to have a distinctive foreign bureau to ascertain how many of these nationalities are going home, so that they might be aided in getting financial accommodations and instructed in ways of establishing closer relations between their countries and the United States.

What impressed me most? Everywhere I turned in Europe I gathered increased respect for the ideals of American womanhood. I saw women performing the meanest tasks. Scantily clothed and without stockings in the bitterly cold days, when the winds from the Carpathian mountains howled across the fields, the wife was seen hitched to the plow, dragging it up and down the Moravian hills, while the husband stood gazing unconcernedly at the performance. If a people of courage and endurance, and of virtue in everything but this unmanly trait of men, may be born of women that do the work of beasts of toil, what strength would not these nations develop if the women were emancipated from such abject slavery?

A Great Merchant's Rules for Success

By HAROLD ANDERSON BIXBY



OW shall a young man find his way?

One answer is that he should choose a path in life from the routes traveled by men who have won success. Such a choice ought to turn upon the natural bent of mind. Careers of great statesmen, merchants, financiers, captains of industry, doctors, lawyers, artists, preachers, will beckon to him and ambitious youth should respond in harmony with the mental urge of each individual. This is the prevalent view, but too often the choice of a vocation is a random venture of momentary impulse possibly determined by necessity.

There was a time in America when the boy, whether of his own motion or by parental direction, at the end of his school days would aim to learn a trade or profession, with the intention of becoming his own master in nearest possible future. Often the choice would prove to have been a mistake—the futile attempt at fitting a square plug into a round hole. Happy then indeed was the lad who was able to correct the error in time and enter a field of effort which best suited his natural capacity.

American biography is crowded with examples of boys of that older period, having only mental and muscular capital, who started to earn a living and ended in affluence, leaving records of service which men rise up to bless. Such careers from small beginnings are indeed not impossible now. Yet they tend to become more and more exceptional. Times are altered far. Commercial and industrial activities, in the twentieth century, have become so diversified and specialized, with their details consolidated over vast areas of operation, that the small independent concern, either in industry or trade, means infinite struggle and scant returns to those that tie up with it. The multiplicity of functions of big business that rules the present age, on the other hand, bewilders the boy at the parting of the ways where he faces the battle of life. Little wonder if the youths of today lack the ambitious imagination of purely individual achievement of an earlier period.

When I addressed the students at Exeter, New Hampshire, I asked how many of them expected to start business for themselves, thinking of my own youth when boys wanted to be owners of drug stores, livery stables, blacksmiths, carpenters, printers, doctors, lawyers, and so on. Only three held up their hands. The rest of them had themselves adjusted to the idea of associating themselves with big corporations. That overwhelming majority were probably on the right track, so far as the welfare of the bulk of young people is concerned.

John G. Shedd, president of Marshall Field & Company, is an illuminating example of a boy that hitched his wagon to the star of corporate potentiality. He kept so well to his chosen road, too, that the development of the corporation was accompanied by his own evolution from trailer to tractor of the outfit. Or, to adopt an analogous metaphor, Mr. Shedd, from being a little wheel in the works, became the dynamo making all the wheels go round. What he says about the boy's decision for himself, therefore, is entitled to great weight. First, however, let the reader take a passing glance at Marshall Field & Company, keeping in mind that the corporation's enormous manufacturing interests have been mostly created under the supreme direction of President Shedd himself.



JOHN G. SHEDD

President of Marshall Field & Company

The business was founded January 11, 1865, as Field, Palmer & Leiter; two years later, in 1867, became Field, Leiter & Co., and in 1881 Marshall Field & Company—the remainder being the chronology of the firm's huge commercial buildings in Chicago.

Under the head of statistics it is learned that: Marshall Field & Company premises have a total area of approximately 149 acres. The retail premises have a total floor area of approximately forty-six acres. The number of employees, in the wholesale, retail and manufacturing plants, approximates twenty thousand.

Marshall Field & Company have manufactories at Spray, Leaksville and Draper, North Carolina; and Fieldale and Roanoke, Virginia, a model factory city being under completion at Fieldale; Chicago, twenty-four factories and workrooms; Zion City, Illinois; Monticello, Indiana; New York, Philadelphia, Union Hill, New Jersey, and (Continued on page 450)

Turk's Craft and Woman's

By JOSEPH R. GOUSHA

FROM behind the veil of Turkish mystery has come, after many months, the story of an American woman who represented the governments of all the Allies in Turkey throughout the war.

In Konia of Asia Minor, on the Bagdad railroad, while Europe fought, Miss Emma Cushman of Coopers-town, New York, pitted a woman's craft against the craft of Turkish officialdom and the ruthlessness of German militarism, and came through triumphant. Only a woman would have conquered Turk and German with hospitality, and blinded the spies of the Turkish police with cups of coffee.

But the game, for Miss Cushman, was worth playing. For the stakes were the lives and comfort of Allied prisoners of war and of thousands of destitute and persecuted Armenians.

Miss Cushman went to her task well equipped. She knew the Turk from the days she first went into his country, back in 1899. Her Red Cross work in the Balkan wars, for which she was awarded the Queen Alexandria War Medal, taught her to

face and alleviate the terrible sufferings that war can inflict. And her work for refugees who fled to the district of Konia from Turkey's lost possessions in Europe prepared her for the bigger task to come.

The storm of war swept away the promise of a vacation in America. Miss Cushman gave herself at once to the direction of the Red Cross hospital set up in Konia and crowded month after month with Turks, Armenians and Greeks.

Then came the deluge of refugees—thousands of Armenians, deported, robbed, persecuted and driven like cattle toward the desert—and death. The days became a horrible pageant of atrocities. Secretly Miss Cushman gathered in as many as she could of the Armenian orphans, and fed, clothed and sheltered them.

But Miss Cushman was an American witness to things that neither Turkey nor Germany wanted America to know. So the Turks closed the Red Cross hospital, and intimated that its directress must go. What arguments, what influence she



Miss Emma Cushman and a group of Armenian refugee children

used no one knows, but in the end her woman's way won permission to remain.

The mother of Armenian orphans became the guardian of Allied prisoners of war. Men of every race in the field for the Allies, brought by the fortunes of war to Konia, appealed to her for aid. Every Allied nation was concerned. Ultimately the Dutch Legation in Constantinople, representing the Allies in Turkey, made Miss Cushman consular representative of the Allies, in charge of relief work among the prisoners of war in the province of Konia.

That post she held until America severed relations with Turkey. From a monthly budget of \$2000, the amount expended in this work rose to \$25,000. And all the while, in the midst of this responsibility, the "lady consul," as her war prisoners called her, was secretly investigating the condition of Armenian refugees in forty-four towns of the province, and distributing aid.

Meanwhile the Turk watched and waited for a single excuse to strike.

One night the summons came. A thunder at the door awakened Miss Cushman. She was ordered to the police station at once. She was a French nun in disguise, the warrant said, and a spy.

Zeah Bey, chief of police in Konia, met the little procession in the narrow street, and Miss Cushman's hopes revived. Zeah Bey had befriended her before. She had given him 50 beds, once, for sick soldiers in his charge. There was a word of explanation between chief and policeman, then the procession went on. But no sooner had the hearing begun in the police station than the telephone rang. It was Zeah Bey, ordering the prisoner's release.

Difficult days came when America broke with Turkey. Miss Cushman went again and again to the railroad station to bid farewell to American friends. Turkey ordered her to give up all relief work. The Swedish consul urged her to go back to America. But there were three Armenian girls whom she had saved in her house and she would not leave these to the Turks.

There was another diplomatic conference with the governor of the province. The governor, Miss Cushman knew, did not want her to leave Turkey, because she could tell too much in

America. And when the conference was over, Miss Cushman had his solemn promise that she should not be harmed while he was governor. In return she gave him the use of her house for a girls' school.

As an American Miss Cushman could no longer represent the Allies in Konia. The care of her war prisoners she turned over to the Greek consul. The funds for her relief work among the Armenians were almost entirely cut off. Upon all this came illness—para-typoid.

Then Greece entered the war. Her strength recovered, Miss Cushman took up again her responsibilities for the Allied governments. Money was smuggled to her from Constantinople, for the Armenians, in response to code messages of appeal.

The Turks surrounded her with spies, but these she knew how to win. When she discovered a man lurking in the vicinity of her house she sent him a cup of coffee. For coffee was rare and expensive in Turkey then. She felt the need for safety, for there were thousands of dollars in her safe. So she sent a meal to a guard at the station house across the street, and he guarded her house too, in return. Meanwhile she answered summons after summons of the Turkish police, and each time bested them in a duel of craft.

At last the Germans came to Konia. Miss Cushman knew how to meet the Turk, but she feared the German, enraged at America's part in the war. So she disarmed the German commander by placing at his disposal a room in her house, and was left unmolested while she openly aided prisoners of war and Armenian refugees.

Then came the news of the armistice. For Miss Cushman it might have meant the long-deferred vacation in America. But it found her with 160 Armenian orphans hidden in the houses of Armenians and Greeks and friendly Turks; with destitute Armenians of forty-four towns looking to her for aid.

The Germans marched away, the British came, and after them the Americans with relief supplies. Miss Cushman kept right on working for the Armenians. She became identified with the work of the Near East Relief in Konia, and she is still there, mothering Armenian orphans, helping to feed and clothe a starving and persecuted people, and still, in her woman's way, bending the Turkish officials to her purpose.

A GREAT MERCHANT'S RULES FOR SUCCESS

Continued from page 448

Manila, Philippine Islands, turning out a great variety of household furnishings, domestic supplies and wearing apparel.

In Chicago the firm has its large wholesale and retail stores, also many warehouses and garages. Buying offices and sales-rooms are maintained in New York, and foreign offices in London, Nottingham, Belfast, Paris, Calais, Lyons, St. Gall, Hongkong, Yokohama, Kobe and Manila.

And now just what does this captain of industry have to say about the question offered at the beginning of the present article?

"Work," President Shedd declares in a contribution to a magazine, is the invariable answer he gives to the question, very often asked by the employes of Marshall Field & Company, "of how a young man can make a success."

Remarking that the answer, "work," is obvious, as others would agree with him that there is no royal road to advancement, Mr. Shedd proceeds:

"Now I don't mean to say for one moment that success can be achieved by hard work alone; but I do say that work and thoroughness, good judgment and courtesy certainly ought to achieve the desired end. I also think that in most cases a young man finds his way far easier if he keeps to one line of work. Shifting from one occupation to another—I do not mean from one job to another within an organization—is apt to retard speed."

Citing himself as an instance in this connection, Mr. Shedd makes a telling argument for the opportunities big business present to the young man. He has always been in the merchandise field. Although he began on a farm his first job was in a small store in a little New England town. "After a few years' training under able merchants," he goes on to say, "I came to what I like to feel is the greatest store in the world; and here I have remained."

After reciting the successful examples of others who entered the same establishment, beginning away down and working upward, Mr. Shedd, for the benefit of young men seeking a way, rapidly sketches his own career in its earlier and more crucial stages, from stock boy at ten dollars a week to the higher responsibilities, the narrator modestly stopping short of his becoming the dominant personality of the corporation.

It was Mr. Shedd's sticktoitiveness, as well as the hard work he prescribes for all aspiring young men, which ultimately made him the creator of the present industrial enterprises of Marshall Field & Company, now represented by a multitude of factories and agencies upon which the sun never sets. Well is he justified in being a proponent of big business as the young man's best opportunity. In big or little business young men everywhere will find in the career of John G. Shedd a potent inspiration.—"Think and work" is an axiom with him. "Teach men to think—not what to think, but how."

An Organization that Marks the Progress of Humanity

By

RANDOLPH KILBY

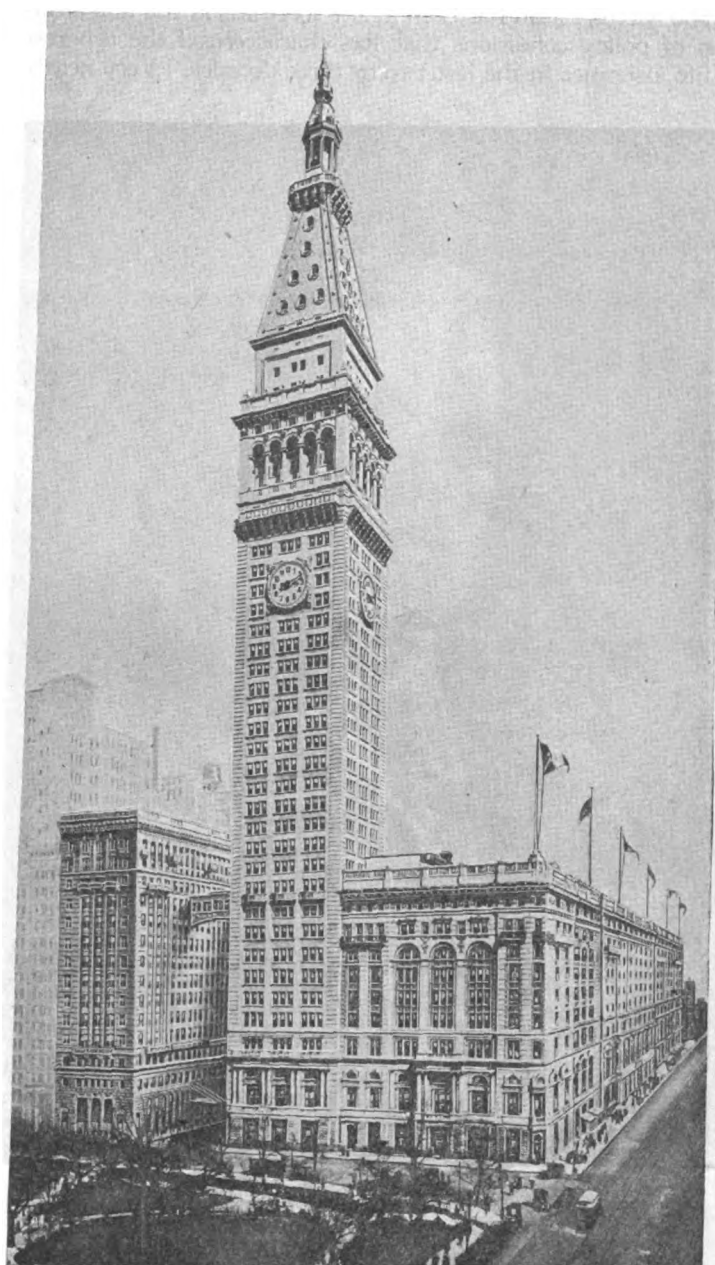
IF a single institution should be named to measure the progress of the past quarter century, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company would instantly spring into my mind as the one organization that symbolizes modern progress. It makes my own life seem long and eventful when I recall the time when I was with John Hegeman, for twenty years president of the company. At that time the great Metropolitan tower was being erected in New York. In its growth and development this organization has created figures that are staggering. Those for the year 1920 fairly strain the human imagination, requiring the brain of a trained mathematician to comprehend.

Try to think of more than six and a quarter billions—to be exact, \$6,380,012,514—the total amount of outstanding insurance in the Metropolitan at the close of last year. Ordinary life insurance, with annual premiums, and industrial insurance, with weekly premiums, written and paid for in 1920, made an aggregate of over one and a half billion dollars, the gain for the year being about \$735,000,000. The amount paid to policy holders during the year was \$81,633,835, being an average of \$561.29 a minute of each business day of eight hours. Nearly 24,000,000 policies were in force December 31, 1920. Assets of the company at the end of 1919 were \$864,821,824.55, exceeding the liabilities by more than \$29,000,000. Judging from past growth they must be nearly a billion now. The Metropolitan has over \$405,000,000 insurance outstanding in Canada, which is more than any other company has placed in that country. In return for such great confidence on the part of the Dominion the company has invested in Canada more than \$59,500,000 of its funds.

The records reveal that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company now represents a fraternity of the holders of nearly 24,000,000 policies. So as I pass, now, under the shade of that stately tower, I think of it as the temple of fraternity and I love to hear the agents speak of the plant as "Mother Metropolitan."

When recently I entered, a policeman in blue braid met me at the door, accosting me with a smile. That was a good omen. As I passed through the portals I thought of money that had been lavished in other times upon castles and baronial halls, but here I have the pleasant sensation of stepping across the threshold into my own home—a privilege shared by every one of the holders of the company's twenty-four million policies. The entrance was imposing and opening upon a dream of marble halls, yet what gripped me was the simple warmth of the guide's welcome as, when I asked for Mr. Fiske's office, he answered, "That open door in the corner." Indeed it was an open door and through that open door was the room where once sat John Hegeman. An oval portrait adorns the wall and the round table is still there, where the comrades of these days gather like the knights of old. The master clock governs the chimes in the tower—built for the ages. Lasting unto eternity would seem to have been the ideal of those who laid the foundations of the great Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Inside his own office, beyond the late president's office, was Mr. Haley Fiske, now President of the Company, whose life has been closely identified with the development of the immense



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company building, one of the most impressive structures in New York

organization almost from the beginning. There is no phase of the business which does not seem to be his particular concern, and the variety of the Metropolitan's service is amazing. Mr. Fiske believes in providing protection for everyone who is possibly insurable. His company's business includes: Industrial insurance for wage-earners and their families who can afford only small weekly premiums; Ordinary insurance, by annual premiums, for \$1000 and upward; between the two, "Intermediate" \$500 policies; "Special Class" policies for under-average lives, refused insurance by most companies; reinsurance; Group Life insurance for employers, upon the lives of their employees; annuities; old age pensions; provision for total and permanent disability; and certain forms of health insurance. Yet in the midst of his manifold problems, Mr. Fiske, with the interest of the wage-earner ever at heart, is disappointed because he has been unable to get laws passed which would permit his company to write unemployment insurance!

Geographically speaking, Mr. Fiske believes in intensive rather than extensive work. The Metropolitan has never

sought business outside of the United States and Canada. Yet it is the largest life insurance company in the world, a billion dollars ahead of any other company in the amount of insurance on its books.

The Metropolitan has been at the forefront in the liberalization of policy conditions that has characterized the progress of life insurance in the last two or three decades. Very nearly

safely and at good rates of interest, but in doing this, also has the privilege of so selecting his investments as to render a vast amount of public service. Take as an illustration the attitude of the Metropolitan toward the housing problem—one of the most acute now before the American people. The company approached this problem with sympathy and energy, and to meet the great need, made or authorized loans, during 1920, of over \$85,000,000. These loans cover over 2200 new dwellings and 117 apartment houses, providing housing altogether for nearly 5600 families. In addition, seven and a half millions of dollars were appropriated for loans for hotel building.

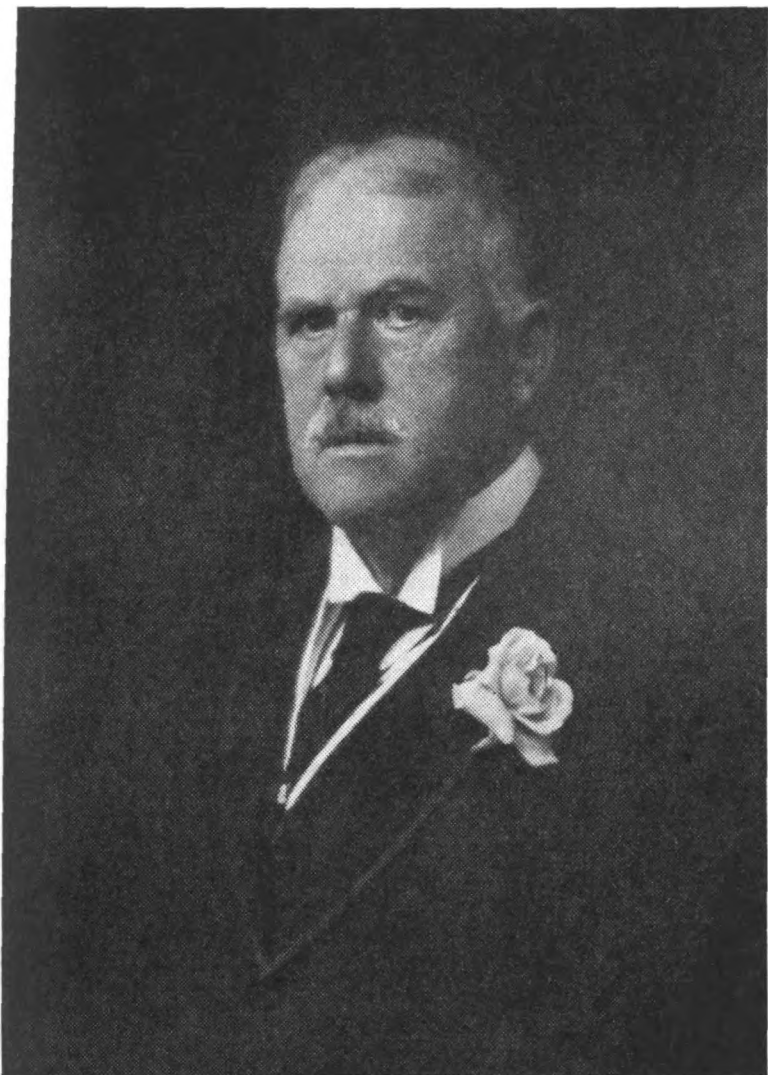
Another appeal for help has come from the farmers, and during the same period, the Metropolitan advanced nearly \$35,000,000 in farm loans, which will mean larger crops and more food for the nation. Then to help move these crops, which are piling up because of the appalling shortage of cars and locomotives, the company has invested large sums in railroad equipment bonds. During the war with Germany the primary need was for funds to enable the Government to carry on the war. Therefore, the Metropolitan subscribed for and was allotted \$122,090,000 of United States and Canadian Government bonds, temporarily borrowing, for the first time in history, large sums from the banks to complete its subscriptions.

Despite his heavy responsibilities, and his command of a large army of workers, President Fiske is the personification of simplicity and modesty. What governments have failed to do for public welfare, the Metropolitan Company has achieved. The work of caring for its employees is without a parallel. The managing heads understand, as do few business organizations, the view of humans as a unit.

The far-famed hospital and sanatorium on Mount McGregor, where General Grant passed away, after expressing the wish that a sanatorium might crown the spot where he last beheld earth's vision, has more than fulfilled the dying hero's desire.

Under the direction of Dr. Frankel, the public welfare work has been so successful that many states and towns are utilizing the methods of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in preserving and conserving human life. In keeping with the aims of this institution is the marvelous nursing service maintained for its policy holders by the Metropolitan. Last year its nurses made 1,639,938 visits free of charge to 295,933 sick industrial policy holders. In the same time over eighteen million pieces of literature on health were distributed, bringing the total distribution to over 318,000,000 pieces. As a result of this beneficent work the carefully kept records of the company show that the reduction in general mortality among its policy holders from 1911 to 1920 has been 23 per cent. Typhoid reduction was 72 per cent, tuberculosis 40, heart disease over 19, Bright's disease 27 and infectious diseases of children over 28 per cent in these nine years. In general reduction and in each case of disease, the rate of decline has been greater than that shown by statistics of the registration area of the United States.

Besides its health conservation and nursing activities in two thousand cities, the Metropolitan industrial insurance benefactions penetrate to remote villages—no call of a policy holder remains unanswered. The company also extends its health work to many hundreds of the public schools. About four years ago the Metropolitan Company contributed \$100,000 to be spent by the National Tuberculosis Association in an effort to find out whether tuberculosis could be stamped out in a given community. With the consent of its authorities the city of Framingham, Massachusetts, with 14,000 population—20 per cent foreign-born—was selected for the experiment. Framingham increased its health appropriation from 39 cents to \$2.00 a person, and a brief statement of results will suffice to show the enormous possibilities of public health conservation. Of ten thousand who submitted themselves to examination in Framingham, somewhat less than one per cent were found to be suffering from active tuberculosis, and approximately one and



HALEY FISKE

President of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

all of the old restrictions on travel, residence, occupation, etc., are gone, and special benefits and concessions have taken their place. In settlement of death claims, what a difference between the harsh practice of life insurance companies in the early days and their liberality at the present time! Only about one-quarter of one per cent of the claims presented to the Metropolitan last year were rejected.

One outstanding characteristic of Mr. Fiske is the emphasis he invariably places upon the *human* side of life insurance, in all of its phases. This is exemplified to a notable degree in the investment of the Metropolitan's funds. People little realize the great human service that can be, and is, rendered through the investment of life insurance assets. The premiums of thousands of policy-holders, ineffective for investment purposes when considered individually, because they are so small, are combined into larger amounts and their investment plays a most important part in our civilization—in the development of railways, docks, waterworks, gas and electric plants, school houses, office buildings, apartment houses and hotels, farms and other instrumentalities whose final object is human service.

The investment policy of the Metropolitan shows how keenly President Fiske has realized that the trustee of huge life insurance funds not only has the duty of investing those funds

one-quarter per cent were arrested cases. Two hundred cases of the disease are now being cared for, compared to twenty-seven at the beginning of the demonstration. During the first year 46 per cent of the new reported cases were of an advanced type, while in 1919, only 23 per cent were of this type. The death rate from tuberculosis in Framingham has fallen from 121.5 in a hundred thousand in the decade 1907-1916, to 64.5 in a hundred thousand in 1920.

One of the most constructive instruments used by the company to make come true Haley Fiske's vision of Service to the working men and women of America is Group Life Insurance.

Under this plan many hundreds of important, forward-looking employers of labor throughout the United States and Canada are automatically protecting their employees with Metropolitan Group Life Insurance. This is something that the employer does at his own expense and the worker names his own beneficiary.

But the actual insurance protection is only part of the story; for, having contracted this Group Life partnership with the employer, the Metropolitan's wonderful organization rolls up its sleeves, puts at the employer's disposal all its unique resources for Service (including its health and industrial experts, its health nurses and health literature), and goes to work with him in a thoroughly constructive campaign to improve the working conditions, the living conditions, and the health of all his employees.

While self-interest may have stimulated the fight for prevention of disease and death, this company has had to fight public opinion before proving itself a successful exponent of real democracy. Its dominant motive is that of health and happiness for the multitude. It has overcome prejudice and made industrial child insurance an earnest of equally great things to come. Every time the eloquent Haley Fiske gathers his family of representatives together in all parts of the country they pay tribute to Mother Metropolitan and her mission. If the same spirit might permeate the governments of the earth there would be less discontent. With his sympathetic understanding of crying human needs, Haley Fiske has solved many of the perplexing problems that statesmen have approached with fear and trembling.

Having such a chief executive as Haley Fiske, whose decisive action yields results, it is no wonder that the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company should have an ever-increasing number of policy holders in every state. Its perennial expansion is the greatest expression of confidence the people have ever bestowed upon any business organization. Between the public and the company there is a spiritual bond of association which complements the mutuality of the written fiscal agreements.

Every week the doors of millions of homes are opened to

representatives of Metropolitan men. Not only do they collect premiums, but they gather information of conditions. There is none of the cold-blooded spirit of the traditional collector in their activities. The agent understands his people. He looks them in the face. He takes them by the hand and becomes in fact the direct representative of his commander who sits in the tower in New York meditating new ways and means to benefit humanity through the miraculous magic of Metropolitan methods.

The history of this company in detail is the history of the times. It deals with every form and phase of life. Its tremendous resources and investments reflect the material welfare of the country and inspire never-ceasing confidence. The good will of Mother Metropolitan exemplifies the highest ideals of maternal ties. To feel the throb of affairs in the head office and come in contact with President Fiske in his pilgrimages throughout the country, when he goes out to meet his representatives face to face, is the privilege of only a few, and affords the sensation of breathing the pulsating atmosphere of progress.

Haley Fiske was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1852, and was educated at Rutgers College, being graduated when nineteen years old. After graduation he entered journalism, but later took up the study of law and became a partner in the firm of Arnoux, Ritch and Woodford. His connection with this firm brought him into close association with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, as their counsel in several important cases. When John R. Hegeman became President of the company in October, 1891, Mr. Fiske was chosen as Vice-President. He held this office until the death of Mr. Hegeman in April, 1919, when he became President. At the end of 1891, the company had \$258,707,763 of insurance in force, while at the end of 1919 the amount was \$5,343,652,434.

Mr. Fiske is a director of the Metropolitan Bank, the Metropolitan Trust Company, the National Surety Company, and the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Railway Company, a trustee of the National Railway Service Corporation, and a member of the Metropolitan, Grolier and Church Clubs of New York, Somerset Hills Country Club and the Cavendish Club of London. He served on various important committees during the recent war, and has since been a member of the Advisory Committee of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities. He is a trustee of Rutgers College and of St. Stephen's College.

President Fiske's life has been truly consecrated to, even submerged in, the great work of the institution that has proved itself a tower of strength by day and by night. In the shadows of sorrow and the full-orbed splendor of the sunlight of prosperity the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company never fails to reflect the rays of encircling happiness over an ever-widening sphere of helpfulness.

Driftwood and Fire

By WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

YOU warm your hands,
And smile,
Before the fire of driftwood.

I feel old lands'
Wan guile
That writhes in fire of driftwood.

You see the green and blue
And red
Like dartling rays in rainbows.

But I old dreams that knew
And bled
Their souls away in rainbows.

Editor Harding Talks to "The Boys"

By MRS. GEORGE F. RICHARDS

WHEN President-elect Warren G. Harding talked to the press gallery men, a few minutes after he had made his memorable farewell address to the Senate, he greeted them as comrades and referred to himself as "one of the craft." He came through the doors of that long, narrow suite of rooms smiling broadly as he recognized among the men gathered there to do him honor, correspondents who had trailed him all through the thick and thin of his campaign. "Why Jim—it's good to see you again"—"Hello, John"—"Well, well, Tom, and how are you?" he called out as he cordially grasped the outstretched hands of men who had been east and west with him, when he went before the people pleading the cause of patriotism, true republicanism, and, above all,—one flag, one country—just before the November election.

Then Mr. Harding sat down and had a long, confidential talk of more than an hour with "the boys," as he called them.

as he called them, he showed his true self; the great desire he has to administer the office of President with justice and impartiality; his determination to respect the rights of others and his insistence that others shall respect the rights of the chief executive. He made it very clear that he has a full sense of the heavy responsibility which will rest on his shoulders when he enters the White House, yet his eyes twinkled and his laugh was merry at times.

It was a wonderful scene—this mingling as brother newspaper men, of the man who will soon hold the reins of government over the greatest nation in the world, and the members of the press gallery, who as correspondents of newspapers in all sections of the United States and of foreign countries as well, will send out to all parts of the world news of the policies and acts of the incoming administration.

Mr. Harding sat at the head of one of the long tables in the writing room of the Senate press gallery as he talked with the



President-elect Warren G. Harding talking to the members of the Press Gallery, who, as correspondents of newspapers in all sections of the United States and foreign countries, will send out to all parts of the world news of the policies and acts of the incoming administration

And the pity of it is that the splendid talk he gave them, and the spirit of comradeship and good fellowship he expressed with a quiet eloquence that reached the heart of every man present, cannot even be outlined, for it showed, in a way never before equalled, the rare charm and strong personal character of the man who, for the next four years will be President of the United States.

"Put yourself in my place, boys," said he, "and you will see why I can't be quoted in what I say to you as friends, comrades, and fellow-craftsmen." And the boys saw—and thus buried the best interview the President-elect has ever granted. It's enough to say that when Mr. Harding becomes President of the United States he will have the full confidence of every newspaper man who heard him talk that day. They may differ with him—they may denounce some of his decisions—but they will never distrust him. In that hour-long talk with the boys,

two hundred correspondents grouped around him. Tying with the stub of an old pencil which some man had laid down with his "copy," as he jumped to his feet in haste to greet with cheers the President-elect as he entered the room, Mr. Harding told the men a good deal about what he believed constituted good, clean, efficient and honorable journalism. He gave many intimate personal experiences of his own as newspaper man and editor; he told them how he started that little paper out in his home town of Marion, and how later it became big and prosperous. "Why, to me it's just like a child that I have brought up," said he with a tremor in his voice, when one of the men asked him if he intended to sell the paper when he became President. He laughed over amusing incidents of his career as an editor, and talked of the debt of gratitude he owed to some of those old fellows on the *Star* who had stood by him when he most needed friends and (Continued on page 474)

Consider the ant, thou sluggard

Backing Up the Million-dollar Appetites

How scientific extension education is combating the modern tendency toward million-dollar appetites combined with thirty-cent productive capacities

THERE'S something of magic in that triangle emblem of the Eastern States League representing Industry, Commerce and Agriculture, with its slogan, "Home making and community building," filling the inner space. This organization is sowing seed that will bear fruit in generations unborn.

At the Rotary district convention in Springfield the Junior Achievement Bureau gave a practical demonstration of its work. It was a fitting sequel to the exhibit made at Camp Vail. There were the girls showing how to make sandwiches, as well as their own collars and dresses. It was a dramatic and graphic exemplification of the routine of life, as interesting to the Rotarians as a play on the stage. There were the boys racing to repair their bicycles—take them apart and put them together again. Some were showing how to sell shoes. We could scarcely realize how far-reaching this training of youth would extend in the city it touches. These boys and girls will look back upon their days of early training as the real start in many successful careers.

There was something about the demonstrations which seemed to be signally worth while. It indicated an enthusiasm for Mr. Benson and his methods of work, which revealed what could be done in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. It emphasized the fact that the world is moving and that the training of yesterday is not quite adequate for the requirements of tomorrow.

Love of the soil and outdoor work was instilled in the young people, who come to relish the useful exercise as a jolly sport. The fundamental basis of all production is the soil, and the joy of making things grow and multiply makes for replenishment of the necessities and luxuries of life. The boys on this occasion made addresses that rang with the enthusiasm of youth, while other speakers encouraged their spirit of eagerness with sympathetic appreciation.

This work of the Eastern States League was a great hobby of the late Theodore N. Vail, its first chairman. He foresaw with a vision, as he had with regard to industrial development in general, the necessity of a definite program, prescribing for that of Camp Vail a period of five years. This program was dedicated to the introduction of boys and girls to the practical methods of industry and commerce. Naturally this will lead some day to a world exposition of the enterprise, which will prove an inspiration to leaders and teachers of vocational education. Theodore Vail believed in making play of your work, insisting that everyone is more or less self-made. While teachers can point the way, and books filled with knowledge are available, results after all depend upon individual effort. It was the individuality of these boys and girls, and their spontaneous enthusiasm, which even taught their elders how much there is to learn from the little men and women. They are initiated early into the real game of life, the by-products of their play hours being crystalized into productive achievement.

In the great auditorium these boys and girls with prosaic activities held the interest of that large audience of men and women from all over New England. There was a co-ordination

of efficiency and eclat which furnished a dramatic phase to the proceedings, and the organized extension programs of the Junior Achievement Bureau were heartily supported by the Rotary clubs and other organizations all over the country, which are playing an important part in advancing public welfare.

Mr. O. H. Benson, director, has this to say regarding the objects and aims of the League:

"A big appetite indicates neither capacity for achievement nor yet a man's efficiency. The gorged reptile ceases to function until nature overcomes the load on its digestive organs. The over-fed cow is simply a cud-chewer, the surfeited dog goes to 'bunk,' even Rip Van Winkle in the long ago dozed away his usefulness by over-indulgence.

"Today the nation and the world are facing disaster at every turn of the road because of vast armies of abnormal appetites as against small patrols of producers.

On the farm and in the factory, in trades, commerce and professions, we hear the mad cry for less hours and smaller production per hour, together with increased wages, salaries and profits. On the other hand we see a scramble to satisfy the appetites of modern Nebuchadnezzars.

"A \$25-a-week stenographer walks into a store, in sixteen minutes buys \$21 worth of silk hose, and then complains that she can't make the raise for a \$35 petticoat. A high school boy purchasing a necktie for \$5.50 cusses the clerk because this bum town doesn't carry the better grade and higher priced spring ties. Million-dollar appetites and thirty-cent capacities tell our story in a nutshell. Unless we return to normal work and production the inevitable outcome is wreckage of our splendid ship of state against the rocks of famine, distress and economic ruin.

"In the good old days it was the style to achieve production by hard work. Men, women and children vied with one another in setting higher standards of real work. This was the spirit of the times when railroads tunneled the mountains, captains of industry arose, ships were built and sent out to plow the seas. Parents and teachers developed our great men and women of history, and we trust they have left us a heritage of good citizenship and leading to save the nation from the fate that overtook the gluttonous nations of old.

"Too many of our leaders and educators, however, follow lines of least resistance and avoid the trouble required to place our schools on the plane of practical usefulness the times demand. Parents are either too busy, too thoughtless or too much engrossed in heaping up wealth or making a splurge in society, to direct the children into paths of real usefulness, and to cultivate in them the pleasure of productive toil. Idle hours, fine clothes, social diversion, touring cars and movies unite in sending sons and daughters down the rapids of unsatisfiable appetite and helpless inefficiency. Through neglect, false pride or poor judgment children are even protected from work. For this parents are liable to rue the day, when their offspring turn out as street fops and painted beauties.

"It is more popular nowadays to buy overalls to parade and dance in than to work in. We must change the spirit of

Yesterday it was:

"Work and save!"

Today it is:

"Loaf and spend!"

Tomorrow it will be:

"Work or starve!"



As an illustration of the type of work promoted through the Junior Achievement Bureau of the Eastern States League, one of the many events staged before the New England Rotary Club Convention was the bicycle contest, in which ten boys participated. Two boys working on each bicycle appeared on the large platform before the twelve hundred Rotary Club delegates and demonstrated how to take a bicycle apart and assemble it. The demonstration was staged as a contest, and these boys were judged by the time, skill, and efficiency on the machine during the contest. The champion team disassembled and assembled the bicycle in just two and three-quarter minutes. These were boys from the streets, who never had learned there was so much fun in real work until they were put into the Junior Achievement work in connection with the Springfield Boys' Club.

America to one of service and production. Let every man, woman and child get behind the League program and inaugurate a national policy of popularizing hard work. Idleness, whether of poor or rich, should be considered a menace to society, a real crime against the nation. The claims for shorter hours, curtailed production and higher pay if granted will make food, clothing and shelter less available than at any time during the past fifty years.

"The antidote for the evils that threaten so gravely is to organize for production and achievement. Have the boys and girls formed into achievement clubs in every school, church and community. Give them a chance to earn and own their first property at home. Thrift education means self-help and the self-earned dollar. Youth should be helped to realize the favorite maxim of Theodore N. Vail, 'Make possible an independence at fifty.'

"Children overwork and overstrain themselves more often in play than they do in work. Organized achievement clubs with contest programs give them a challenge to work and do real things. Such organization has already made gratifying headway in the nation. We find Uncle Sam co-operating with state colleges of agriculture in organizing garden, poultry, pig, bread and canning clubs. Millions of farm boys and girls have profited by this movement during the past ten years. Unfortunately their city cousins have only been furnished leaders in unrelated play, recreation, athletics—the building of million-dollar appetites being one of the main results. 'Nobody works but father—and he is on a strike.'

"Hope for the beginning of a new era for neglected city youth, however, has appeared. Fifty of the leading men of the East have conceived and put in force the idea of organizing and financing, through the Eastern States League, Inc., the Junior Achievement Bureau. They have employed a staff of expert leaders and organizers whose services are available for this work in the ten Eastern states, including New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

"These fifty men, supporting this new type of extension education, represent thirty-nine distinct lines of industry, commerce, finance and farming, including some recognized leaders in teaching, the learned professions, banking, etc. This sort of backing insures a policy of comprehensive education such as befits our schools, boys and girls' clubs, Boy and Girl Scouts of America, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and churches, all of which will be enabled to readjust their programs to meet the new needs of the nation in making productive work popular and dignified as well. As the extension program of the Bureau comprises mechanical industry, home-making, agriculture and commerce, it has, we feel safe in saying, ample scope for producing great results.

"As showing the breadth of the programs that may be adopted by other units, it may be said that the one adopted in May last by the Springfield Junior Achievement Club includes studies through field trips, in machine shops, factories, and assembling and distributing plants. The members will also prepare exhibits with a view to competing for prizes at the industrial village at the Eastern States Exposition."



Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



THE world would be all right if we could always say "Honors are even." Harmony and balance is a sure cause for happiness. Now that we have a play titled after this philosophy, a footlight test is possible.

The new Selwyn production, in which Miss Lola Fisher and Mr. William Courtenay take the honors, is first and last a play to be enjoyed. It is altogether as refreshing in these jagless days of jazz as the very first violet in springtime.

Miss Lola Fisher has long been a favorite with playgoers. It is a pleasure to see her again with William Courtenay, battling in repartee, with suppressed love thrills, as in the days of "Under Cover." First, the play is replete with snappy lines and situations, with a tensity in the diological discussions that is Ibsenesque. Play and players seem intent on making it a pleasant evening for the playgoer who has been recommending it to his friends. And the box-office sale goes merrily on at the Park Square Theater, with a momentum indicating a long run in Boston. Even the most blase critic sits up and remarks: "Well, it has come to stay. What can you do about it?"

In "Honors are Even" there is once again evidence of real art in acting. You do not feel that you are being fooled with vaudeville *melange*. Miss Fisher has made the stage seem natural once more. The difficult exactions of her part are mastered, so that there is the atmosphere of real life reflected. The ease of poise and manner is the result of nothing short of genius—but back of it all is conscientious study and work.

The silhouettes in the opening act have the touch of the subdued spectacular picture fans applaud, and every one laughs outright with his diaphragm in action. The story of the play runs smooth as the lines that are spoken, and honors are even.

The author, modest Mr. Megrue, is to be congratulated. He has written a play with a playwright in it, and it plays right into the hearts and favor of the people. It sparkles with ideas that keeps one thinking, as well as smiling with intermittent chuckling. In short, it is a good, wholesome play. You feel better satisfied with yourself after you have seen it. Everyone in the audience has the impulse that they would like to thank Lola Fisher and every member in the cast, not overlooking the playwright and the manager, for a pleasant evening, just as you would a hostess on leaving her house after you have thoroughly enjoyed yourself.

Lola Fisher off stage is a young lady of unusual talent. She won distinction as a writer and an artist, but she preferred to be an actress, and started her public career with a grim determination to succeed. She has done so, and remains a winsome, charming young lady, free from professional exaltation.

William Courtenay is just William Courtenay. His rapid-fire talk and platonic discussions strike flint, while the tender side is revealed in a talk on "Mothers." Love and marriage is here a volume unto itself. He moves about with the quick, energetic action of a man who means business, whether he is acting or just playing. He is especially effective on the quick-trigger situations.

Every phase of a proposal, and all sorts of lovers are presented in "Honors are Even." Young people in the audience feel as if they have viewed the vogue of all the latest, and all the old-fashioned styles of love-making. The scenic effects have



MISS LOLA FISHER

The winsome little actress who is delighting Boston theatre-goers with her sprightly performance in "Honors are Even"

just enough mental jolt to bring the suppressed "Ah!" from the audience when fireworks are good. The roof garden, where the onions and vegetables grow, show traces of war ideas.

Miss Lola Fisher, although young in years, has proceeded far in her artistic career. Her personality and charm is not confined to the glare of the spotlights. She always remains the gracious and charming Miss Lola that theatergoers have already learned to know, as she proceeds up the ladder of fame. She



WILLIAM COURTENAY

Who divides the honors with Lola Fisher in "Honors are Even"

is as thorough and conscientious in her art as she is in other things. She continues a prime favorite in Boston where she made her first appearance in "Under Cover." Since that time she has come from "Under Cover" in a subordinate part to a leading role that has given her a fixed place in the firmament of American stars.

* * * *

"SAVE the pieces," the homely advice that, heeded, has conserved much wealth of household wares, is now being followed for the salving of broken units of mankind. Besides its function of the prevention of accidents and disease, human salvage has been extended to the reclamation of those incapacitated by injuries or physical deficiencies, so that they can resume productive work. This philanthropic purpose, which holds also the quality of public service, has been so successfully carried out in some large industries that now its extension to include the community as a whole is being agitated.

Dr. Harry E. Mock of Chicago promulgated this idea in an address before the health service section of the National Safety Council at its ninth annual congress recently held in Milwaukee. He described what is being done in Chicago by the Service League for the Handicapped, an organization that he offered as a model for other cities, to illustrate the practicability of training the thousands of people annually disabled by disease

and accidents so that they can remain in the ranks of useful citizens.

In order to extend human salvage to the community, this league had been organized. Its purpose was stated by Dr. Mock as being "to co-operate with all existing machinery that can be used to reclaim the handicapped individuals of Chicago, and to establish new machinery whenever it is necessary. We hope to report to the Chicago Safety Council all accidents that come into any hospital. It was hoped," he said further, "that the council would not confine itself to education, but would ascertain the causes of the great number of accidents and suggest methods of prevention."

The next step in reclaiming handicapped individuals was adequate medical and surgical care. "Most hospitals furnish this adequate care," Dr. Mock said, "but, due to the efforts of industrial medicine and surgery, and to the reconstruction work in the army, we realize now that good medical and surgical care does not end with merely curing the injury or diseased part." The physician interested in reclamation now contemplates not only a complete restoration of the incapacitated person, but his future employment, so that he can once more become a useful citizen. To this end certain adjuncts must be added to the professional treatment—for example, physiotherapy, occupational therapy and curative work. Respecting the future usefulness of the patient, there must be some connection between the hospital and industries. This connecting link the social service department of the hospital will provide. Four of the large hospitals of Chicago have installed these adjuncts along with the social service department.

"The Service League for the Handicapped is becoming the clearing house for many of these patients when they leave the hospitals," Dr. Mock said in conclusion. "The league is finding jobs for the handicapped patients, or is providing the proper environment for the convalescents, and for those needing long periods of rest before going to work. In some cases the service rendered is providing re-education, either in schools or small industries where even badly handicapped individuals can be trained in some special line of work."

"So we have our prevention, our hospital work, our employment department of the Service League. Now we have reached out and the employment managers have offered to loan to us every day one or two of their employment men to work at the Service League. They recognize that replacement has a definite part in reclamation."

"It is hoped that within the next decade we will see community health centers functioning in all communities and reaching that high attainment that our industrial health centers have in the last decade in industries."

* * * *

IN commenting on the aftermath of the war, an officer, a veteran in the service, gave his analysis of the situation:

"It is true that we did the impossible in this war, viewed from the standpoint of any well-informed official conscious of the handicaps of the smug complacency of our criminal unpreparedness. It is also true that we can congratulate ourselves that there is not a soldier returned from France, nursing even the worst personal grievances, who has yet been heard to regret his experience. One hears the statement: 'I haven't a dollar in the world, but no amount of money would make me part with my experience.' The other side of the picture, and in the same breath, we hear him state: 'Never again—never can the country get me again.' They appear to hate the whole military system and seem ready at all times to condemn as a class their treatment."

"We have watched their return; we see their carriage, their development into manhood, boys have become men, appreciative for the first time of the blessings of our institutions, determined to make this country better; they have gone to work, modestly silent as to their deeds and accomplishments."

with the one idea that the manhood standard should always prevail in these United States. They have been in every way benefited physically, morally, and mentally.

"With these experiences it is reasonable to suppose that they would have been great advocates that their younger brothers and the generations to come hereafter should have such an opportunity as peace time could afford to become the kind of citizens that these lads have become. Ninety-nine per cent should have been interested in the re-organization of the military to bring about those ends. The fathers and mothers of Regular Army men, of National Guardsmen, or National Army men, all have the identical ancestry, the same traditions, the same history, and the same culture. Why this feeling? Why this resentment? We hear that some of the Regular Army discriminate against and are hostile to our States' guardsmen, that others are intolerant of the unprofessional officer.

"It is idle to attempt to work out a sound system of defense with these invidious comparisons and these contentions. The people of the United States must know what went on in France. We have a conscious pride in the participation of America on the fields of France, and we must benefit by the lessons of what occurred. It's very important to find out the cause, especially of those who served in France, for feeling as they do before we can attempt to found a sound system of defense.

"I have pledged myself to make this effort to determine just where lies the trouble, where obtains that lack of humanity and appreciation of the American psychology that has caused this feeling."

What he hoped was that the coming administration would find just where the trouble lies and would bring the people into more sympathetic relations with the army and navy.

* * *

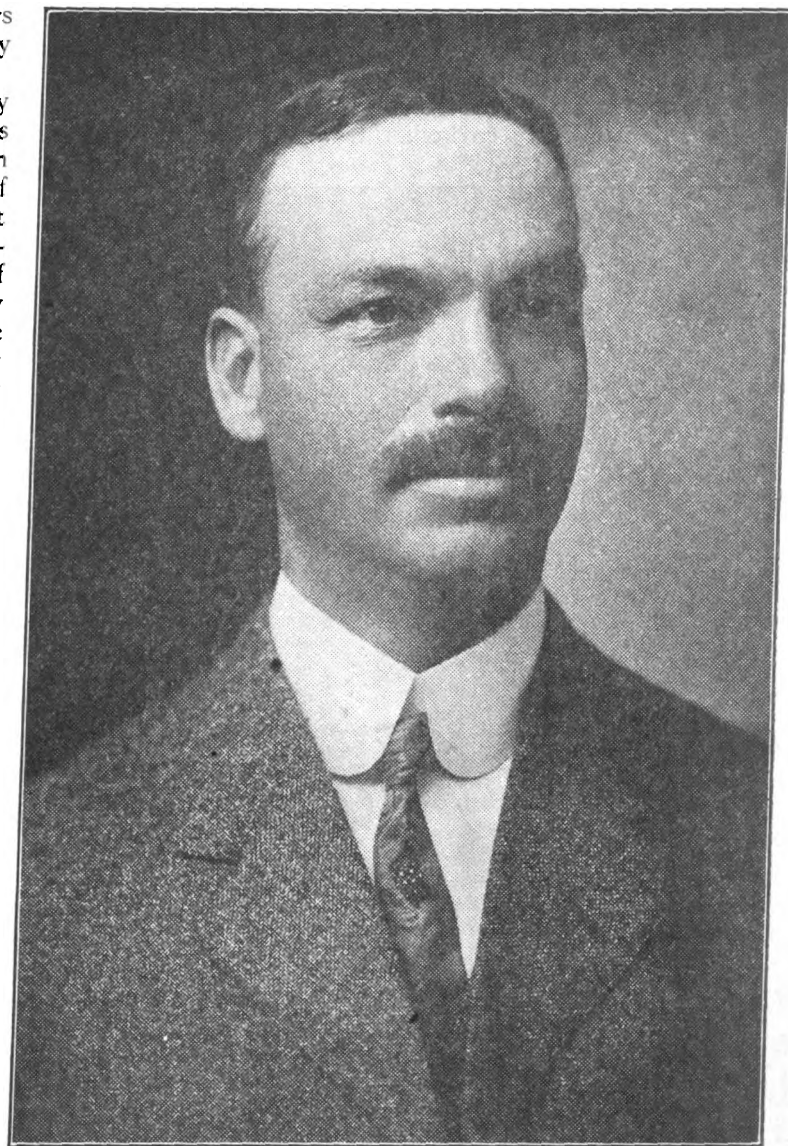
THE public career of Horace A. Carter, of the Governor's Council of Massachusetts, is one of steady and substantial progress. He is the sort of man whose judgment is sought for counsel and sound business common sense. His business career is similar to that of his political service. He does things thoroughly—works slowly, surely, and safely.

When he began his public career as a member of the School Committee of Needham, he rendered faithful and efficient service, which attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens. His desire for advancement revealed a conscience in the performance of every duty, which never fails to win confidence and esteem.

It was natural that he should be chosen as a member of the Governor's Council, for he knows what loyalty to duty means, and his work is always well done. It is no surprise that he was elected for the third term, and had no opposition in his own party. Horace Carter gives to public service all that is in him. The genius and ability that built up a prosperous business is given unreserved. When he took up his work, in a modest way he always helped the other fellow, and recognized merit wherever it appeared. In national political conventions and committee work he is always the same "old reliable." He does his work as he manufactures goods—with an idea of meeting the public want, and winning public confidence.

There are many ardent friends who insist that Horace A. Carter of Needham is of the stuff of which governors are made. No one can gainsay that he possesses the qualities and ability to meet public responsibilities, for whether it be directing schools, manufacturing plants, or working in the Governor's Council, his efforts invariably result in progress and advancement.

There is something that reflects the spirit of New England in Horace A. Carter. He was recently elected president of the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce, and is already giving to that organization the same energetic effort as to all other organizations with which he is associated—thorough and conscientious service. The name of "Carter" has long been associated with the best traditions of New England, and although



HORACE A. CARTER

A public-spirited citizen of Massachusetts who devotes his business genius to public service

his father was English born, he brought to this country the same ideals which the Pilgrim Fathers brought to these shores three hundred years ago.

* * *

WHEN Edmond Warnery, the eminent tenor, sings, a noted critic says that he always thinks of the land of William Tell. There is a spiritual ardor of youth in his appearance that indicates his Swiss forebears. To have created the title role in Debussy's masterpiece of "Pelléas" would of itself mean distinction. Edmond Warnery was the tenor chosen to first give expression to Debussy's triumph that marked an epoch in the history of opera.

Mr. Warnery began his musical education at the Paris Conservatory, and his career has been one of marked success. He has sung over ninety roles in opera, covering a range of baritone and tenor parts, such as few artists have to their credit. He studied with the famous Debussy, and the tribute of the master of the modern French school would seem to be the last word.

For four years he has been with the Chicago Opera Company and the name of Warnery on the program is a magnet felt at the box office. His ardent love of the appreciation of American people was a great incentive toward his ready acquisition of the English language. In Europe he scored a success, revealing the versatility of his genius for acting, as well as singing.

Mr. Edmond Warnery is extremely modest. His personality

unfolds as the role requires, whether in opera or private life. The picture of the slight, romantic youth on the stage is not dispelled in a personal chat.

Warnery is an artist who seems to understand how to adapt his singing to every environment, whether opera, recital or oratorio. He becomes the embodiment of what he is to render. He seems to bridge the wide space between the great stage and the audience.

"My impulse is to bring people to me or bring me to them," said Mr. Warnery with a smile. "Sometimes I can feel them coming from the farthest point of the topmost gallery and we seem to talk together."

He is an ardent lover of modern classics, being a personal friend of Debussy.

"He is my greatest heritage."

Over and over he has sung the role of "Pelias." He says, "Every time I sing it, I think of the great master composer."

In appearance, he is a perfect

type of an athlete or baseball player. His every movement has the activity of one who plays the game—while the game is on. Why not?—his service in the French Army is a record of which he is even more proud than of his artistic triumphs.

The mellow richness of Mr. Warnery's voice brings memories of DeReske. His farmhouse near Luverne in France is the one place where Mr. Warnery gathers the inspiration of his scenic dreams. Edmond Warnery might be counted as one of the most successful of the opera singers in concert work because of his ability to interpret the widely varied moods without scenery and accessories. Four years in America have convinced Edmond Warnery that he wants to become all-American. He is bringing his wife and family to the United States, and will become a full-fledged American citizen.

"While I love my profession, I have long desired for a distinction that is not alone won on the operatic stage, and that is the honor of being an American citizen. Now I hope to give to America the same loyal service I gave my native land—in being a real, helpful and deserving citizen."

* * *

ACTIVITY spanning more than half a century and half the globe has given Major John B. Jeffery, who is the dean of American newspaper men, some unique claims to distinction.

To have been the "inventor" of big headlines, to have known personally every President from Grant to Taft, to have been

one of the first organizers of the Grand Lodge of Elks, to have been a friend of Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Melville E. Stone and Eugene Field; to have printed the only newspaper in the city of Chicago on the day of the Chicago fire, October 9, 1871; to have hoisted the first American flag over Iloilo, Philippine Islands, as an army quartermaster; to have saved a Philippine town from fire and an American army from poison and water famine; and last but not least, to have served San Francisco in two critical emergencies—these are some of the things to the credit of Major Jeffery.

He was, during his long residence in Chicago, one of its best-known citizens and one of the leaders in securing the uncommon degree of public attention that the young city received. It is to him that Chicago owes the passage of the bill in the Illinois Legislature, making Michigan Avenue a boulevard. He was the greatest show-printer of the West for years, and was for a long time importantly connected with Chicago's oldest newspaper.

Major John B. Jeffery, U. S. V. retired, is a life member of the Army of the Philippines. In 1898 he was commissioned by President McKinley to mobilize the United States troops for service in the Philippines, being chief quartermaster of the Independent Division of the Eighth Army Corps at the Presidio, San Francisco, and afterwards he went to the archipelago on the staff of General Marcus P. Miller, who recommended him for brevet, being credited with hoisting the first American flag in Iloilo, P. I., establishing the brigade hospital, saving the command from a water famine which confronted it upon the landing of the troops in 1899, and saving some \$4,500,000 worth of property when the natives were about to poison the water and set fire to Iloilo.

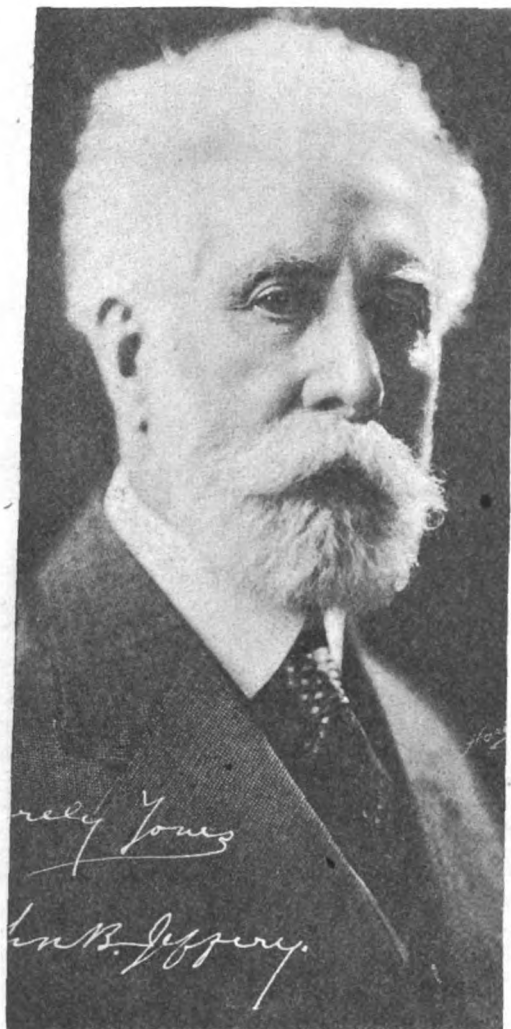
Major Jeffery, with the late Mark Twain and Melville E. Stone, the present efficient manager of the Associated Press were the founders of the Press Club of Chicago, when General U. S. Grant returned from his trip around the world forty years ago.

No man is better fitted by experience, natural bent and genial influence for successful work in the way of publicity and promotion, either local or world wide, than Major Jeffery. Aside from the force of his personality, attainments, and requirements, he has close affiliations that prove of immense value.

* * *

FRESH from a summer's sojourn in his native Italy, Tito Schipa returned in early autumn to Symphony Hall in Boston to receive plaudits that might easily have turned the head of any young tenor. For many years he has been a favorite in Spain, France and Italy, but last year was his first appearance in America. With the Chicago Opera Association he made a most favorable impression as a lyric tenor. The beauty of his voice and the purity of his art gave rich promise.

After he had completed his first season in America, I found Tito Schipa to be most enthusiastic concerning his artistic future in America. He is more than a singer. He is a composer of some note, and showed me with much delight a score of a new oratorio he had just completed. Beginning as a choir boy, his musical career is romantic. He little dreamed



MAJOR JOHN B. JEFFERY
One of the best-known figures in American journalism



TITO SCHIPA
A son of sunny Italy who has been winning American laurels as a lyric tenor

of becoming a tenor, devoting himself more especially to composition, but as he remarked with a quizzical look, "I could not find them to sing it right, so I sing it myself."

He is of a rollicking nature, is Schipa. When asked to sing, he made motions of "too much spaghetti," but the Pathephone was turned on and a rollicking Italian medley in which Schipa's voice was dominant, was heard. This was too much, and before he was aware of it, despite his "too much spaghetti," he was rolling out B natural clear and flute-like. It is his favorite note, B natural, and what a philosophy of life there is in that!

There are few operatic tenors who can shine to such advantage in concert as the little Italian, Schipa. One could not think of Caruso in a song recital, or even Jean de Reszke. The Boncis are few and far between. Schipa's singing reflects his personality. Simple and modest in the concert hall, he does not try to clothe his songs with operatic frills, nor does he try to compel applause by sensational methods. Critics agree that in his method of attack, his phrasing and expression, there is an indefinable charm. There are no yawns when Schipa sings. Cold and critical Boston gave him an ovation that must have reminded him of his Spanish and Italian triumphs.

Schipa has a little mascot, a dog he bought in Boston. He has taken the dog with him on his European tour, and they are great pals. The last time I saw him before sailing he was vigorously trying his teeth on the hem of Schipa's trousers. That last night in his apartment in New York will never be forgotten, for it was the same Tito Schipa that we saw in the glare of the footlights. There was all the jollity and the same youthful spirits. The classic simplicity of his rendition of Caccini's "Amarilla" was a test of esthetic and vocal understanding. Giordani's familiar air was especially pleasing, and the long line of the cantilena in his own "Ave Maria" will not soon be forgotten, for it was given with all the soulful feeling of the composer.

* * *

THESE are the days when people are thinking more and more of savings and investments. The tests of readjustments have become individual, showing the points of weakness in the investment judgment of people who suddenly accumulate money. It remained for the Morris Plan Bank to continue on its sound basis of character as premier collateral by pointing the way to others for a profitable education in investment and in saving.

An article in the *American Labor World* pays a well deserved tribute to this institution in its relation to the development of individuality. It is pointed out to the average man of moderate income that there is only one person who stands between him and \$50 outright given on a certain day in each year. The question is, Who is that one man? And you can have the money and change that man's habit—for that man is yourself. The average American is carrying about in his pocket five to eight times as much money as he did before the war, and this naturally means an increase of personal expenditure and habits of spending money that are hard to govern.

How about that \$50? It was all figured out by Mr. W. D. McLean, of the Morris Plan Banking System. He urged a number of the Morris Plan customers to add a tiny mite to each one of their payments. It is all done with a little coupon book, and every nickel that goes with the Morris Plan payment works overtime without extra pay. The process is about the same as that of adding the postage you would pay on a remittance or a war savings stamp in carrying on the thrift plans of war times. In this way the Morris Plan has indicated how simple it is to have two incomes. The growth of this department will approximate over twelve thousand new incomes for Morris Plan customers in New York alone for one year. Multiply this in one hundred and four branches all over the country, and you can readily realize how these tiny rivulets of savings will soon become sources of steady and substantial incomes.



ARTHUR J. MORRIS

President of the Morris Plan Company of New York, president of the Morris Plan Insurance Society, and vice-president and general counsel of the Industrial Finance Corporation

Whenever I pass 261 Broadway I just drop in, go up one flight of stairs and look upon a scene that always reassures me of the future of the country. There I see young men and young women making loans and investments. Wages and salaries are in this way converted into an auxiliary of banking where the individual is a direct and responsible party to the transaction rather than a mere hoarding automaton. The Morris Plan has developed a sense of responsibility and co-operation and made character a physical asset. As individuals they become a component part, a living breathing force as it were in the industrial activities from which they draw their weekly pay.

This is reinforcing the United States by a constantly increasing investment sense that steadily transmutes cents into dollars. It is democratizing capitalism and dissolving slowly but surely the iridescent dreams of the Bolshevik.

* * *

MEMORIES of the 1920 presidential campaign will include no more picturesque figure than that of Corinne Douglass Robinson, sister of the late Theodore Roosevelt. She resembles her famous brother in many ways. The quick, penetrating glance from her grey eyes—the aggressive and ready flow of repartee—in fact the very way she shakes hands, bring to mind memories of her distinguished brother. She knows how to carry the "Big Stick," as evidenced in her address at the

Republican National Convention in Chicago and in a stumping tour that marked her as a leader among women voters.

Her virile attacks upon Carrie Chapman Catt and other political opponents, and her qualities as a poet, philanthropist

and politician, in no way detract from her reputation as a model mother and charming hostess at the home in Mohawk, New York, where her son and daughter join in dispensing hospitality to the large number of distinguished visitors and callers. Like her brother she is a charming conversationalist, and has always been more or less thoroughly posted on current events in politics.

Her two addresses in Boston on the birthday anniversary of her brother re-



MRS. ORRA E. CARROLL

One of the first women in this country to occupy a high position in banking

vealed her magnetic qualities as a speaker. Her references to her brother were most tender and touching, and all hearers were thrilled as if a kindred soul of Theodore Roosevelt was speaking.

How fortunate it was that the first campaign in which all the women of America were permitted to vote for president, should find the spirit of Roosevelt marching on in the flesh and blood of his sister.

"After all, the home is the political center," she said in an interview. "I judge a candidate by his home life more than anything else. Women will go to the heart of things and look at the man in his own home first. My brother's domestic life was the strength of his greatness. He loved, rather than shirked obstacles, and encountered difficulties as a blessing to develop sturdy character."

* * * *

PERHAPS no act of President-elect Harding shows his unspoiled human side better than the Christmas dinner he and Mrs. Harding shared with the corps of newspaper men who were stranded in the little snowbound city of Marion over the holidays. There were about a dozen of them, and one New York man had with him his two little daughters who are two and five years old. And what did the Hardings do? Why, they asked those lonesome men "to come to dinner and bring the children." And it proved to be an old-fashioned, jolly sort of affair, instead of the formal dinner with frills and furbelows that mark state occasions. The two little girls in high chairs were the guests of honor; the President-elect carved the fourteen-pound turkey and the crimson-shaded lights of the Harding table glowed over one of the merriest dinner parties to be found in the whole country. Somebody went out and cut a little Christmas tree which the President-elect and the other men decorated with festoons of corn which they popped over the open fire. "Of course it didn't amount to much," said Mr. Harding, "but those children were happier than I can describe." And so were we grown-ups—said the newspaper man who happened to be on hand for the occasion.

THE usefulness of woman in any field of effort is only limited by her choice of participating in hitherto untried professions. So when the Commercial Trust Company of Little Rock, Arkansas, designates Mrs. Orra E. Carroll as trust officer of a bank it is but a well-earned recognition of five and one-half years of service in various capacities of the banking business.

Mrs. Carroll is the first woman in Arkansas, and one of the few women in the country, occupying such an important position in financial circles, the bank operated exclusively by women in Tennessee to the contrary. Her election to this office was but another stepping stone in a series of successive promotions to every position in the bank except that of paying teller. Mrs. Carroll, attached as she is to a business career, displays a helpful interest in civic enterprises. She is recording secretary of the State Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs of Arkansas, and holds a similar place with the National Federation. By her friendship and competent advice Mrs. Carroll has been instrumental in guiding young women to successful business careers.

* * * *

THE first of the new year saw the formal opening of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, San Antonio, Texas, which is owned and controlled by several hundred Texas

bankers, cattlemen, and representative business men. But the organization of this great industrial plant was successfully undertaken by Sam W. Stroud, and to him and Judge C. K. McDowell much of the credit is due. The company is capitalized for \$2,000,000, and begins its career under the most auspicious circumstances and conditions. One of the most valuable assets this company has is a patented "all in one" tractor, which alone could be sold for enough money to pay substantial dividends to the stockholders.

For the present the Stroud Motors will make only the Stroud tractor, but a little later will make pleasure cars and trucks. The company has many large orders already on its books. It is such enterprises as the Stroud Motors that is developing the South, particularly Texas, where the demand for tractors is greater than the supply, and where the market already exists. Practically all the large farms and ranches throughout Texas and in most of our southern states are using tractors today.



SAM W. STROUD

President and founder of the Stroud Motor Manufacturing Association, San Antonio, which began the actual manufacture of tractors the first of the year and is known as "San Antonio's dominant industry." Mr. Stroud is a young Texas banker and business man

What the Moving Picture Camera Sees

Facts, fancies, news notes and gossip about the folks who make the pictures that you see upon the screen. Some forthcoming productions

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE

ANOTHER FOX MASTERPIECE

THE great moving-picture-going public has come to look upon William Fox as a producer of masterpieces. Now he is about to release what he says himself is his greatest picture, "Blind Wives."

Built upon one of the most moving of human passions—woman's inherent love of admiration and luxury, the five absorbing episodes of the story hold the mirror up to Nature, sparing nothing that is human to graphically record the foibles, the vanity, the passion, the self-seeking greed and self-forgetting nobility of our fellow-creatures.

Beauty, luxury and drama have ever been kindred spirits. In "Blind Wives" this theme is presented in terms of today. The photo-drama revolves about the desires of a beautiful and spoiled member of modern society, who demands beautiful raiment, no matter what the cost. Blind in her pursuit of her selfish desires, this woman finds herself the center of adventure after adventure, with romance, comedy and tragedy treading thrillingly upon each other's heels.

William Fox has produced in "Blind Wives" not only the most beautiful and luxurious and richest of photo dramas as regards the story, theme and setting, but has incorporated into the drama a fashion display originated in the studios of the world's most famous costumer, "Lucile" (Lady Duff Gordon).

For the other side of the picture the action wanders into the Siberian snows, where the animals are trapped whose fur is used to trim milady's dress. It lingers in a sun-kissed villa of France, where the busy loom yields the shimmering silk for the garment, and pauses for a moment in the New York slums, where patient fingers fashion the artificial flowers that bloom for the gorgeous gown.

The author of "Blind Wives" is Edward Knoblock, who has perhaps more successes credited to him than any author now living. The story is based on his international stage success, "My Lady's Dress," which was produced in 1914.

Some of the features that made "While New York Sleeps" such a sensational screen success have been employed in "Blind Wives" by the same director, Charles J. Bradin, and the leading players in that creation, Estelle Taylor, Marc MacDermott and Harry Sothorn, have been entrusted with the more important parts in this latest Fox picture.

HOW WESLEY BARRY GOT HIS FRECKLES

WESLEY BARRY, nationally known as "Dinty," who is now a star in his own right for Marshall Neilan, recently answered an inquiry as to how he came by his freckles, thusly: "I was up on the roof one day and got my face wet and then the sun came out—and I just rusted."

Which is not bad for a thirteen-year-old.

Mary Miles Minter is planning to build a big home place in Laughlin Park, Hollywood.

ANNOUNCEMENT

IN NEXT MONTH'S Moving Picture Section of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE will appear a striking feature story of W. K. Ziegfeld's gorgeous film production,

"THE BLACK PANTHER'S CUB,"

beautifully illustrated with striking photographs.

This production is in some respects the most remarkable moving picture spectacle ever put upon the screen, and features as the star the most brilliant actress on the American stage today.

DO NOT MISS THIS

SPLENDID FEATURE

IN NEXT MONTH'S "NATIONAL"



EILEEN PERCY

Here's another Fox film star who is mighty easy to look at. When the photographer took this picture Eileen probably was thinking about that new Poiret twill street dress that May Allison of Metro flashed on a wondering public lately. It's a wistful, wishful, wondering look she's registering, anyway. Eileen is strong on that wistful gaze stuff



TOM MIX IS A REAL WESTERNER

YOU'VE all seen Tom Mix, the Fox film cowboy star, numberless times on the screen, and admired the perfect aplomb he displays when mounted astride a cavorting bronc and doing tricks with a rope or a forty-five.

Mix, unlike some screen cowboys, did not get his training in back lots in Harlem. He's the real thing—as western as they make 'em. He was born on a ranch near El Paso, Texas, and in his early days was a cow-puncher and a champion "roper" and "buster." He took a hand in the Spanish American war, mixed in with the Boxer campaign in China, and then returned to his native heath and the occupation of his boyhood. Motion picture producers watched him while he took all the honors at a rodeo and invited him into the fold of filmland. The Fox Film Company signed him up as a star for western pictures, and he has been with them ever since.

Most all real cowboys look like New Hampshire farm hands, but Tom Mix is one real "puncher" who looks the part as the effete eastern screen devotee likes to picture it.

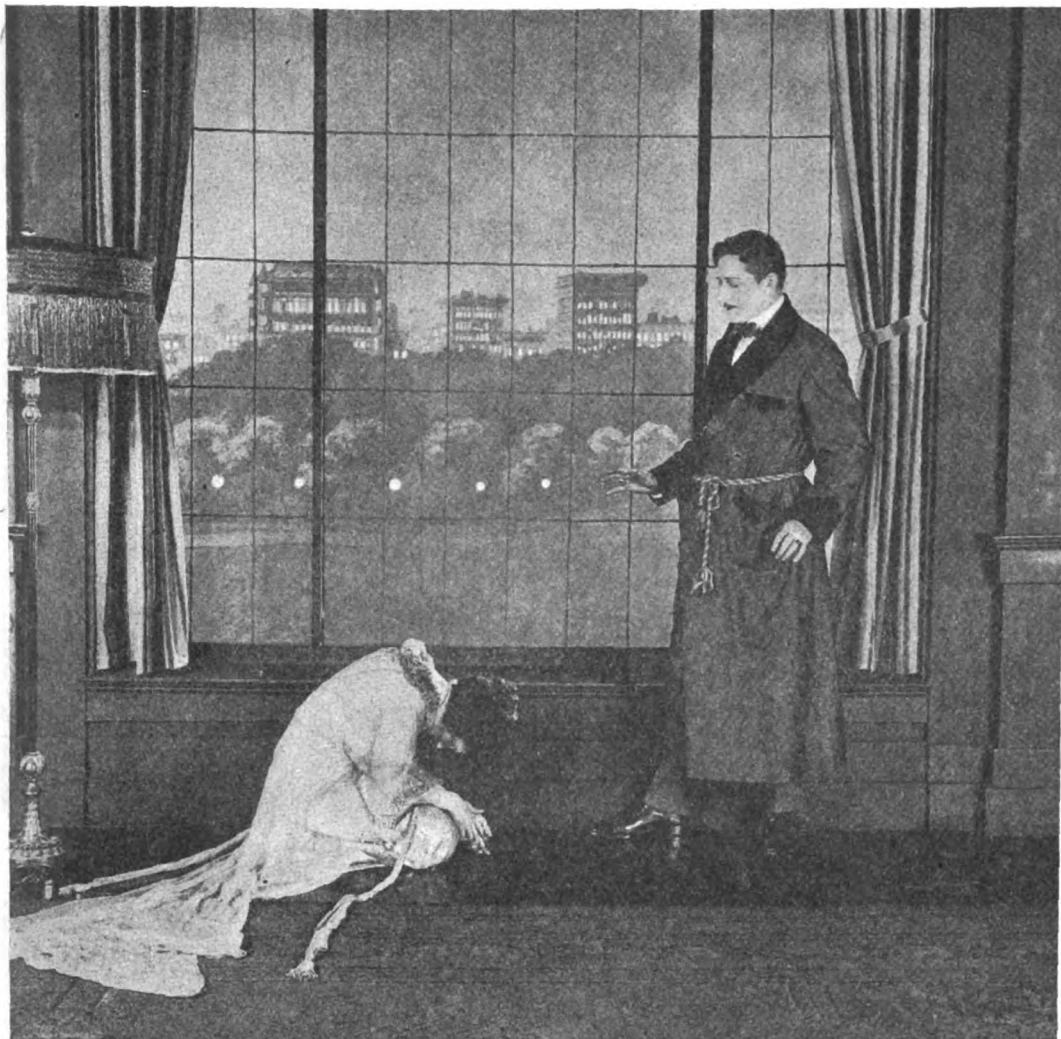
RUDYARD KIPLING IN THE MOVIES AT LAST

WE might have known it! The inevitable happening almost always comes to pass if we wait long enough for it to transpire. Rudyard Kipling, who a few years ago departed from our shores apparently in deep disgust with all American manners, customs, habits, and states of mind, is shortly to re-visit this fair land to supervise the pictures to be made in Los Angeles by the Kipling Productions Company; which is shortly to begin work at the Brunton Studios. It is understood that the first story to be produced will be "Without Benefit of Clergy."

While Kipling undeniably "wrote himself out" a number of years ago, many of his earlier Indian tales, if adequately produced upon the screen, would make smashing features.

Imagine "The Strange Ride of Morrowbie Jukes" or "The Man Who Would be King" filmed by Griffith, say—or Fox.

We hope that Mr. Kipling's "temperament" will sustain the shocks incident to the association of author and movie director.



A SCENE FROM "BLIND WIVES"—FOX FILM

Away back in 1914, Edward Knoblock's play, "My Lady's Dress," made an international success upon the stage. Now he has evolved for the screen, with that as a basis, a gripping film drama, which William Fox has magnificently produced, with the title of "Blind Wives." It is a story of human love and passion, a bewildering style show of superbly beautiful gowns, designed by the world's most famous costumer, and a tale of thrilling adventure all in one. Needless to state, it is staged, acted, and directed with all the infinite particularity of detail and artistic completeness that characterize all the Fox productions.

LILLIAN GISH LOOKING FOR A JOB

HERE'S the latest heart-rending tale of unemployment that has come to our attention. It seems that Lillian Gish, who had a perfectly good job in Mr. Griffith's moving picture studio, had an offer of three dollars a week more (or was it three thousand?—something like that, anyway) to go to work for the Frohman Amusement Company.

With the high cost of living and everything to be considered, Lillian felt that she couldn't let a chance like that for making a big piece of change get by. So she signed up with the Frohman outfit.

And now (here's where the sob-stuff comes in) her new employers have gone broke—and Lillian perforce has joined the ranks of the unemployed. Perhaps the (rumored) salary of \$400,000—count 'em—that the erstwhile star of "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" was to receive had something to do with the financial debacle—at any rate the Frohman Amusement Company has gone out of business, and now Lillian is reading the "Help Wanted" columns of the daily press, and picking out the most economical and sustaining items on the dairy lunch menu.

Such is life in this cold, cruel world—but do not despair, Lillian—Heaven will protect the poor working girl!

BIBLE SCENES ON THE SCREEN

AFTER a year or more spent in research and preparation, the Sacred Films, Inc., of Burbank, California, have completed filming the first episode of the projected Holy Bible Series, which, when completed, will be one of the most stupendous moving picture productions ever attempted.

The Pageant of the Bible will begin with the story of Adam and Eve and the tragedy in the Garden of Eden, and will end with the tremendous story of Paul and his ministry, a pageant in itself, and a work of dramatic picturization greater than anything yet done in moving pictures.

The Noah's Ark set, to be built for the "Deluge" spectacle, will be the largest single structure ever built for motion picture purposes. The actual dimensions of the Ark, as set forth in the Bible, will be carefully followed in its construction, and an idea of its immensity may be gained by comparison with a familiar standard of present-day measurements. It will be nearly two city blocks long, and three stories high. The procession of the animals into the Ark will be one of the most impressive scenes ever filmed.

There are to be fifty-four episodes in all, and it is expected that several years will be required to complete the huge undertaking, at an estimated outlay of \$27,000,000.

SOME DOGS—WE'LL SAY

MARSHALL NEILAN was using a dirigible "blimp" in filming a scene for "Bob Hampton of Placer," in which is a spectacular reproduction of the historical "Last Stand" of General Custer, staged on the actual location of the original fight in 1876.

While the "blimp" was soaring aloft and swaying at the ends of the restraining guide rope, a stiff wind arose, and, fearing that it might be blown away, Mr. Neilan called for volunteers among the colored privates of the regular army who were taking part in the production, to hold the ropes.

"Sam 'll hold it down alone," said one dinky, pointing to a lanky private shuffling by.

"How come?" inquired Mr. Neilan skeptically, as he watched ten men digging their heels into the sand to keep from being dragged across the plain by the big gas bag.

"Look at 'im—jes' look at 'im," explained the other ebony-hued warrior. "Dar ain't nothin' ever goin' to lift those feet from de ground."

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE HOME AGAIN

OUR old friend Roscoe has been week-ending in Europe—seeing the sights—and acquiring an accent. Rumor hath it that he has added several new French phrases to his vocabulary. During his absence he raised a moustache, but it would take more than a moustache, even of the walrus variety, to effectively disguise Roscoe.

Now he is back in Los Angeles, which he thinks is the only real town on the map, and all set to make faces at the camera man again.

"Three Miles Out" is the title of the next film, in which he will be directed by James Cruze. Don't fall overboard, Roscoe—three miles out is a long ways to swim back.



LOUISE LOVELY

Pretty name, isn't it? We'll say so! And a pretty girl, too! She's a Fox film star, and twinkles like a whole milky way. Have you seen her in "Partners of Fate?" She's almost irresistible in her human appeal in that example of the producer's art. Now she is working in a drama titled "The Unbeliever"

"BILL" HART TO LEAVE THE SCREEN

THERE never has been anyone else quite like William S. Hart in the movies—and probably there never will be again. He has filled a niche peculiarly his own. With a remarkably distinctive screen personality, he has built up a reputation that places him in the front rank of the best known and most admired portrayers of western characters upon the screen.

The thousands of his admirers who have come to look upon Hart as a sort of permanent institution, like the town hall or the court house of their particular local habitation, will be dismayed and shocked at the news that he is to retire permanently from the glare of the Klieg light and the glory of the celluloid film.

He is making his last picture now at his studio in Hollywood—a western story of the sort that first brought him fame upon the screen, and when it is finished he is going to devote his time to writing boys' books, in whose pages he will picture the romance and adventure of the old West as he knew it.

He has purchased a new home on the road to Beverly Hills, where he lives with his sister, and where his literary labors will engage his time. It is safe to say that he will be sadly missed by thousands of loyal fans, who looked upon him as the sublimated "bad man" of the films.



A SCENE FROM "OVER THE HILL"—FOX FILM

Will Carleton, perhaps more than any other poet of his generation, could take a commonplace happening of a prosaic existence and weave about it a poem that would pluck poignantly at the heartstrings of humanity. Carleton was essentially a poet of the people, and more tender sighs, more tears, and more hearty guffaws were evoked by his homely poems than by those of any of the "highbrow" hands of literary history.

William Fox has taken Carleton's poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and made it into a moving picture, packed to the brim with humor and tragedy and pathos. Middle-aged people, like you and I, who surreptitiously wiped away the tears when we read this poem, thirty years ago, can now sit in a darkened auditorium and cry frankly and unashamed as it flickers before us on the screen—and Dick and Mabel, in the front row center of the first balcony, in spite of all the insouciance of their eighteen years, will feel their hearts throb to the universal appeal of human love and sorrow



WILLIAM FARNUM

Before the moving picture studio began to lure the bright particular stars of the theatrical firmament away from what is known among the cognoscenti as the "spoken drama," William Farnum had risen to dizzy heights of actorial eminence and popularity. Now he is one of the most popular Fox film stars known to thousands of movie fans

MAE MURRAY—THE DANCING SPRITE

IF the chap who wrote "On with the dance—let joy be unconfined" could get a slant at Mae Murray's terpsichorean rhapsodies, he'd probably go wild with delight. For Mae dances like thistledown and moonbeams, light as an autumn leaf wafted by the wind, or a fairy joying in the springtime.

To watch her dancing before the camera at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio while the cabaret scene in "The Gilded Lady" is in process of being filmed, is like watching the embodied spirit of motion come to earth for mortal delight.

Tireless she apparently is, a marvel of lightness, of grace, of joyful abandon.

The blazing lights beat upon the polished floor like concentrated sunlight, and against the velvet background a myriad of balloons rise and fall and float and eddy about like bubbles of light in unison with the whirling, eddying vision—the white, lithe, childlike Diana, a flashing form of shimmering silver that floats before the camera.

And big, blonde, equable, capable "Bob" Leonard, Mae's husband-director, watching, directing, critically observant of every detail, patient but insistent—the force that co-ordinates the spirits of light and motion that later will flash upon the screens of a thousand theaters to delight astonished and appreciative audiences.

HOW CHARLIE CHAPLIN HATES MONEY

IT is reported that the First National practically forced \$500,000 on Charlie Chaplin as an advance payment when he recently delivered the completed print of "The Kid," and that he is to be offered another half million as the balance of his honorarium for the two years of his time consumed in making the picture.

Knowing Charlie's deep-seated aversion to sordid wealth and his exalted ideas of "art for art's sake," we confidently expect that he will refuse to accept the other five hundred thou—in which case we would like to suggest that the money be used as a fund to establish and maintain the "Charlie Chaplin Foundation for the Elevation of Moving Pictures."



LORRAINE HARDING

The charming little "Heart Throbs" girl who plays the part of "Annabel Lee"



The millionaire's daughter and her fisherman lover in "Annabel Lee"

Good Books and Poems on Films

Joe Mitchell Chapple Produces Poe's "Annabel Lee"
as First of "Different" Movie Series

ANNABEL LEE," first of a series of pictures of a new sort in the movie world, the scenes laid and photographed in New England, was shown to an invited audience in Boston recently by Joe Mitchell Chapple, its producer.

A dramatization of Edgar Allen Poe's famed poem, the scenes photographed on the island of Martha's Vineyard and about the vari-colored cliffs of Gay Head, "Annabel Lee" makes a five-reel photo play that is not only new and "different," but is a movie that thrills without annoying with sex questions or introducing crime.

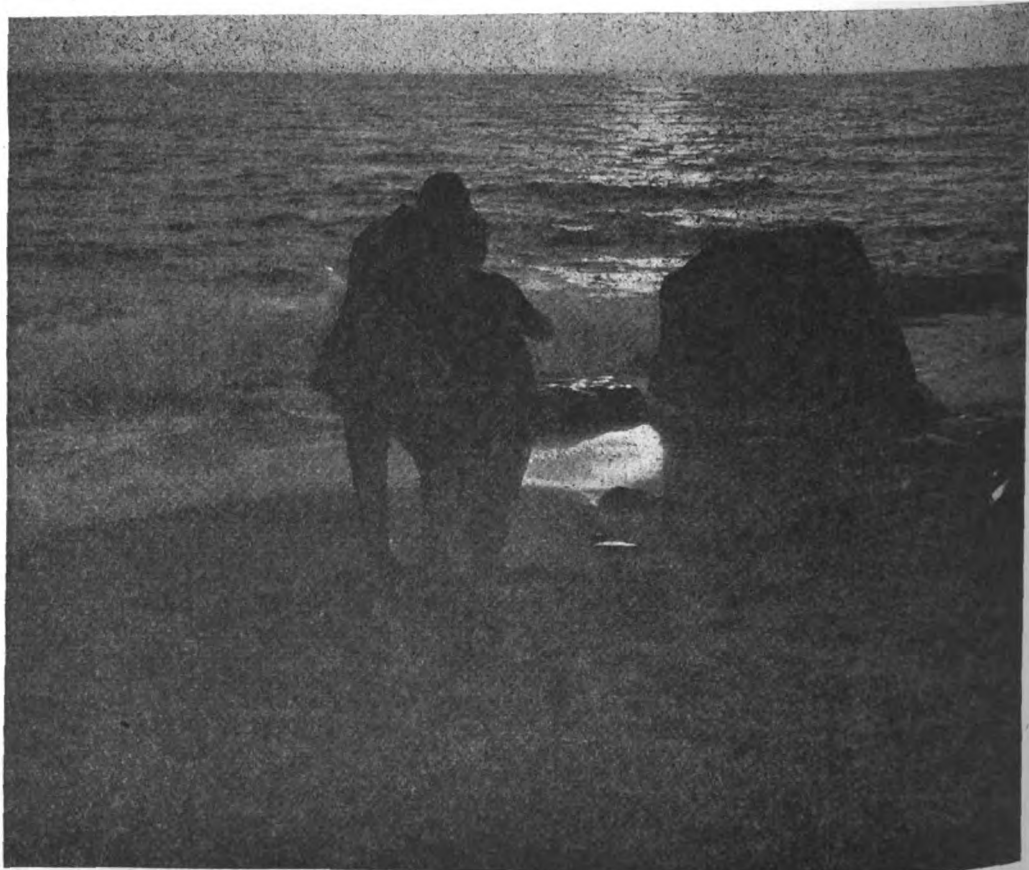
It's a clean and wholesome picture, the first of the productions that Mr. Chapple plans to give the public in his move to "photograph for perpetuation good books and poems." In "Annabel Lee" Mr. Chapple has hit upon an educational sort of picture that will familiarize thousands with Poe's poem.

While Miss Lorraine Harding, "The Heart Throbs Girl," who is to be leading lady in all the "Heart Throbs Productions that Mr. Chapple has under way, is still far too young to be a finished star, her complete unaffectedness and natural sort of playing make her even more entrancing in "Annabel Lee." As she plays it the story has a startling true-to-life appeal that grips attention from start to finish, and there is lack of yards of face working to "display emotion."

And for any of the thousands of New Englanders who know Martha's Vineyard as their summer playground, the familiar scenes have a double appeal. And to those who have never visited the island the photography gives not only a gripping play, but some marvellously natural views of historic Gay Head.

Especially is this true of Gay Head and the towering cliffs and the rocks and ledges below them, where many a ship has its grave. Several of the scenes are laid just below the lighthouse

and coast station, and these stations, known to mariners from all parts of the globe, are shown



The lovers re-united in the final scene of "Annabel Lee"

in a new and unusually striking way. A major portion of the picture is laid at Vineyard Haven.

The summer home of J. Herbert Ware of New York, in Vineyard Haven, out towards East Chop with its sunken gardens and pools, is used as the home of Colonel Lee, father of Annabel, and there she and her fisher-boy sweetheart meet. The harbor, with the fishing fleet, some striking photos of the fishing village at Menomish and other beauty spots have been woven into the photography. The historic old Proctor house is used as the home of Annabel's fisherman lover.

The audience was loud in its applause. Mr. Chapple also showed "Sweethearts," the love story of James Whitcomb Riley, as told by the Hoosier poet to Mr. Chapple himself. In this picture, which is to be changed somewhat before it is released, Mr. Chapple has also succeeded in getting the "Heart Throb," and at the same time there is just a bit of pleasing light comedy.

"Darius Green," "The Landing of the Pilgrims," which will be photographed in Plymouth and Provincetown; "The House by the Road," "Off Again, On Again, Finnegan," and "Bobby Burns" are a few of the other famed bits of literature which Mr. Chapple is having his company produce for the screen.

"My plan is to link the screen and literature," he told the audience in a bit of a curtain speech before the private showing of "Annabel Lee" and "Sweethearts." "The photograph is the natural evolution of the book and not only will 'Heart Throbs' pictures make hundreds of thousands familiar with famous literature about which they know nothing, practically, but it will give them moving pictures—real plays with real plots—that can be shown anywhere, any time, without anything offensive in them. The literary and musical gems of days gone by have not been forgotten. They dwell in a plane of eminence and appreciation that defies reproach by reason of its own loftiness. The same melodies played by 'Heart Throbs' in book form on the heartstrings of past generations will now cheer future generations in wider terms through motion pictures."

"Annabel Lee" is being released through C. A. Powers, Equity and Joan Films Sales Company, 32 West 42d Street, Aeolian Building, New York.

Lincoln's Fame, Secure in England

Many schools, streets and parks are named for him, and at Hingham, the home of his remote ancestor Samuel, a memorial has been raised to his memory

A NOTABLE event in the career of Honorable J. W. Davis as ambassador to the court of St. James was his address on Lincoln at the home of Lincoln's ancestors in England.

The American ambassadors to Great Britain, from the earliest times, have never forgotten to honor the name of the great American, and England today is proud that the illustrious son of Abraham Lincoln was once a representative of his countrymen at the court of St. James.

The address of Mr. Davis was commended highly throughout England and accounts for the fact that many schools, streets and parks are named in honor of Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln—they are not content to say merely the name Lincoln—but the ancestral associations in Great Britain prefix that distinguished title, Abraham, so that the two words are found in nearly all the countries of Europe.

Since the war the name of Lincoln is still more illumined, for has not the premier of Great Britain himself declared that one master man on whom any success was unexcelled of those who have lived, is Abraham Lincoln. Following is Mr. Davis' address:

"The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men, and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives on far away without visible symbol woven into the stuff of other men's lives." The stately words of the great Athenian echo down through the centuries. They come to us unbidden today when we meet to unveil the sculptured presentment of a great and famous man. His native earth lies far away across the seas and mountains, and his body is sepulchred in the valley of the Mississippi at the capital of the state in whose citizenship he was enrolled, but the inspiration of his life and labors extends around the globe, and this is but one of many monuments which testify to the universality of his influence.

The features upon which we gaze are so well known that they would be recognized throughout the civilized world, but there is a local significance in this ceremony which must not be overlooked. It was from this village that his progenitors set out almost three hundred years ago to taste the great adventure of the new world and to join with those bold and hardy pioneers who were carving a new home out of the trans-Atlantic wilderness. Samuel Lincoln, the Norfolk weaver, left Hingham, according to tradition, in the year 1637; Abraham Lincoln, his remote descendant, returns today in this memorial. It would be quite useless, if indeed it were not impossible, to attempt to trace from the one man to the other those qualities which shone at last in such enduring splendor. Those who puzzle over the mysterious laws of heredity pursue a trackless path. But whether to an Englishman or to an American there is cause for pride in the fact that this stock finally brought forth that rare and precious thing which men call genius.

You will not expect me at this time to repeat the familiar story of Lincoln's career, unsurpassed in its contrasts of penury and power, of insignificance and fame, of utter failure and sweeping success, of final victory and swift

martyrdom. The tale of the boy born in a remote cabin who grew to be the leader of his people and the peer of kings; of the illiterate frontiersman who became one of the greatest masters that the English tongue has known; of the village lawyer whom history acclaims as the savior of the Union and the emancipator of the slaves, has filled countless volumes and been the theme of tongues more eloquent than mine. In this place and to this audience I offer no apology for saying that it has never been better told than by an Englishman, Lord Charnwood; and that no summary of his character is more complete and accurate than that of another Englishman, John Bright. Three days after the news of Lincoln's death had stirred and shocked him, Bright wrote in his journal that:

"In him I have observed a singular resolution honestly to do his duty; a great courage—shown in the fact that in his speeches and writings no word of passion or of panic or of illwill has ever escaped him; a great gentleness of temper and nobleness of soul proved by the absence of irritation and menace under circumstances of the most desperate provocation; and a pity and mercifulness to his enemies which seemed drawn as from the very fount of Christian charity and love. His simplicity for a time did much to hide his greatness, but all good men everywhere will mourn for him and history will place him high among the best and noblest of men."

Honesty, courage, gentleness, nobility, charity and simplicity—these are indeed the qualities which made Lincoln what he was and which explain in part, at least, his lasting hold upon the imagination and affection of mankind. During his stormy life he was reviled as have been few men of women born—not excepting those who have preceded and followed him in his great but tempestuous office; but from the hour of his departure, history and the universal verdict of mankind have made John Bright's summary their own.

And now, amid these sacred surroundings, we place his bust as a gift from America, as the likeness of one whose career we claim—not without pride—as typical of those things which make our country what it is. You receive it as the image of a great man of the Anglo-Saxon race, whose stock is rooted in this very soil and in whom you have, with us, an equal ground for pride. But this monument would be out of place, even here in the home of his ancestors, if this were less truly a land where opportunity stretches out her hand to raise the humblest to the seats of might and power; where high and low, rich and poor, weak and strong stand in equal right before an equal law, and where liberty counts and has counted her thousands and her tens of thousands ready to fight, and if need be to fall, in her defense. For those who come to look upon this figure will remember that their lot, no matter how lowly, can be no more humble than was his; and that no handicaps which Fate has fastened upon them can be heavier than those which he overcame. They will recall the shackles which he struck from the bondsman's limbs and will be reminded that in his day, as in



HONORABLE J. W. DAVIS
Ambassador to the Court of St. James

ours, liberty and democracy proved their power as they earned their right to rule in the affairs of men; and so reminded, they will be ready as was he to struggle and to die in the cause of human freedom and equality.

It is the service of monuments not only to allure the memory, but to inspire the will. We erect the statues of the great not that we may admire, but that we may imitate them. If we will but listen, they speak to us with no faltering or uncertain tongue. Can we doubt what message it is that falls from these marble lips today? Cannot we hear on both sides of the Atlantic, above the babel of contending cries, the shouts of victor and of vanquished, above the clash of national ambitions and strivings, and the turmoil of domestic unrest, the familiar and deathless words of the second inaugural:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Rambles in Bookland



By ALLISON OUTRAY

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT HUMAN DOCUMENTS

IN commemoration of the Tercentenary of the Pilgrim Fathers, organized in Holland by the "Holland Pilgrim Fathers Commission, 1620-1920," it is proposed to issue a facsimile edition of those portions of the Official Betrothal-Book at Leyden, which relate to the marriage contracts of the Pilgrims during their residence at Leyden, and of such of the Colony as remained in Holland.

The documents will be of great importance for the history and origin of the Plymouth Colony; they are only known at present in the form of extracts made by Dr. Dexter, and published by him in his "England and Holland of the Pilgrims."

This memorial volume will be published under the auspices of the Netherlands American Institute by the well-known firm of Brill in Leyden, in 400 numbered copies, at a cost of \$20 per copy. It will be accompanied by a transcription, translation, and notes by Dr. Plooi of Leyden and Dr. Rendel Harris of Manchester.

The betrothal records, in which occur the name of practically all the members of the Leyden Pilgrim Colony, usually include the following particulars: The date of the betrothal; the name of the bridegroom; his residence; his occupation; whether or not it is his first marriage; the name of at least one, usually of two, witnesses; the name of the bride; her residence; whether or not it is her first marriage; the name of at least one, usually of two, witnesses; the dates of the three publications of the banns; the subsequent date of the marriage itself; the names of the officiating magistrates.

In many cases the place of origin of bride and bridegroom is indicated.

The great importance of this Pilgrim memorial volume to public libraries in the United States and to the descendants of the *Mayflower* passengers is evident. Copies of the work may be obtained direct from the publishers, E. J. Brill, Ltd., Leyden, Holland.

ON THE CHISHOLM TRAIL

FOR a period of something less than thirty years, beginning shortly after the close of the Civil War, there was conducted in the great Southwest a business of such vast magnitude—attended by so much danger and adventure—as almost to bewilder the imagination. This business was the driving of cattle from the vast ranges of Texas over the famous Chisholm Trail to the cattle market towns of Abilene and Ellsworth in Kansas. Thousands of cowboys, hundreds of thousands of horses, and millions of cattle passed over this trail during the twenty-eight years of its existence, and the hundreds of millions of dollars that were paid to the cattle men of Texas for their herds of cattle and droves of horses brought riches and prosperity to the Lone Star state.

The cattle business bred a race of men inured to danger, hardship and adventure such as were never incident to any other occupation. The cowboy of fiction, as pictured on the screen and celebrated by song and story, is a picturesque

and engaging individual. The real cowboys, the men who drove those vast herds of steers over the old trails in the days when the Indian and the buffalo roamed the plains and the only law was the law of life and death as administered by the ever-ready six-shooter that every man carried loosely swinging at his hip, were perhaps not so picturesque as the cowboy of screen and story, but they were MEN—clear-eyed, hard-muscled, rough-handed men, whom danger could not daunt or hardship weaken.

That the hardship and the dangers and privations of their daily life developed the sterling



GEORGE W. SAUNDERS

Author of "The Trail Drivers of Texas" and organizer of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association. As one of the first Texas cow-punchers to "go up the trail" in 1871, Mr. Saunders has been a conspicuous factor in the development of the live-stock industry of the Southwest. He is president of the George W. Saunders Live-stock Commission Company of San Antonio and Fort Worth and personally known to nearly every big cattleman in Texas—all of whom are his friends.

qualities of manhood that make for the highest class of citizenship is attested by the record of the scores of foremost business men in Texas still living, who went over the trail in their younger days and received their first training in the hard, rough school of the cattle business.

But the years are slipping by, the Indian lives now on a reservation, the buffalo is gone forever, and the grass is growing on the Chisholm Trail. The curtain has fallen on an industrial drama such as the world had never seen before, and never will see again. The actors in that drama

wait now for their last cue from the Great Prompter. Many of their brave company have made their last bow—have taken their last curtain call on the stage of life. Each passing year now means that they must draw closer to join hands about their ever-narrowing circle.

Therefore, to embalm the memory of brave and adventurous days, to pay tribute to the courage and fortitude of the men who brought the blessings of civilization and the rewards of industry to a great state, and to mark for the reverent attention of the generations yet to come the location of a famed highway that belongs now only to the historic past, is the task that has been undertaken by George W. Saunders of San Antonio.

In "The Trail Drivers of Texas" he has compiled the personal reminiscences of more than a hundred men still living who in the days of their sturdy youth "went up the trail," together with a great amount of historical detail concerning the early days of the cattle industry in that state.

Mr. Saunders was born on a ranch in Gonzales County, Texas, in 1854, has been a cattleman all his life, was one of the first cowboys to "go up the trail" when only seventeen years old, and owing to his prominence in the live stock and ranching interests of Texas, knows every cattleman of consequence in the state, and was the organizer of the Old Time Trail Driver's Association in 1915. No man could be better fitted to fulfill the task that he has assumed of perpetuating the memory of the old trail drivers, the pioneers, and the heroic fathers and mothers of the young and brave men who fought for proud and imperial Texas.

The book which Mr. Saunders had compiled is the only authentic history of the early days in Texas and actual experiences on the trail in existence. There is no attempt at fine writing within its covers, but the very terseness of description and infinite detail of incidents of daily life in the pursuit of a hazardous occupation during an epic period of frontier history lend a charm to the narrative that makes it of intense interest to the reader.

The book has been issued for the benefit of The Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, and the proceeds of its sale are to be used in building a monument to those old heroes in the Brackenridge Park at San Antonio. The price of the book is \$5 per copy postpaid, and orders for it should be addressed to George W. Saunders, Union Stock Yards, San Antonio, Texas.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT

WHEN Judge Henry A. Shute, the eminent Exeter, New Hampshire, jurist, wrote "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," some of our most tolerant literary critics raised their eyebrows inquiringly. They couldn't quite envision such a learned ornament of the bar as Judge Shute writing real humor, so they approached their task of reviewing his book with no more than half-hearted enthusiasm. But after reading a few pages it began to get to them, and the reviewers, as well as the reading public, woke up to the fact that we had a real humorist right here in New England.

Since "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," Judge Shute has given us a number of books, short stories and magazine serials that have incited us to merriment, but his latest book, "Brite and Fair," gives promise of attaining even greater appreciation among that portion of the reading public that likes to laugh its way straight through a book, from cover to cover, than did his first book.

"I woodent have ennybody read this diry for 2 million dollars," wrote Plupy Shute. And they never dared print this part until now. "Brite and Fair" has started a wave of laughter rolling across the country.

*"Brite and Fair." Illustrated by Worth Brehm. Metropolitan Book Corporation: New York. Price, \$1.90.

Meeting Demand Half Way

The Knox Tire & Rubber Company of Mount Vernon, Ohio, Organized Along Up-to-date Lines

By FLYNN WAYNE

IT is interesting to study for a moment the remarkable success of one of America's great industries. Twenty years have wrought a mighty change in business methods and social affairs, and indeed, have worked a mighty revolution. The last twenty years have witnessed the dawn of a new era—an era of better things, of greater prosperity.

It is not a long time since the automobile was the toy of the wealthy man. Today it is the convenience of the mechanic, the business man, and the farmer. Truly, someone has said, "To save time is to lengthen life," and who will say that the automobile, by reason of its veritable annihilation of space, has not added millions of years to our national life. Twenty years ago America walked; today America rides in kingly state on cushions of air.

And what of the future? Every year an additional million or more of our American citizens are joining the ranks of automobile enthusiasts and, as sure as death and taxes, will come the bill for tires and tubes.

To the ordinary mind that gives the subject even the slightest consideration, retrogression in the rubber industry is unthinkable. It requires no prophetic vision to see in the near future a national production of rubber products that will equal, if not surpass, some of the products that have been characterized as "Kings."

There may have been some recent miscalculations regarding the national demand for rubber products which temporarily disturbed the industry, but the fact remains that no class of manufacturing has a brighter future than the making of automobile tires and tubes and other rubber products.

As the years go by, more and more millions of cars will join the ceaseless procession, thus multiplying and re-multiplying the profit of the fortunate shareholders of America's progressive tire companies. The automobile manufacturer makes but one profit per car, while the tire builder reaps many profits per car before it is consigned to the oblivion of the junk heap.

Up to this time almost any kind of a rubber corporation has been able to show profit. The future, however, does not hold out the same degree of hope for men of inability and inexperience. The concerns that will make handsome profits for their shareholders in coming years will be those with up-to-date equipment and integrity and ability at the helm.

While traveling through Ohio recently, I visited the wealthy and picturesque city of Mount Vernon and found that a rubber enterprise had been launched in that city which stands in a unique position among institutions of its class. It was the new rubber manufacturing plant of The Knox Tire & Rubber Company that attracted my attention, the factory building having aroused my curiosity because of the many commendable features that are absent in the ordinary new ventures of its kind.

It would be difficult to find a more scientifically designed or better constructed factory than the new plant at Mount Vernon. Not only has the construction of the factory been under the supervision of a master builder, but the machinery selected is of the highest and most modern type known to the rubber industry.

The degree of efficiency in the rubber tire factory is determined by the number of tires of the ordinary size the plant will turn out daily per capita of men employed. When measured by this test, it is found that production is more than double in the modern plant over many of the poorly equipped factories that were built ten years ago and installed with the machinery that did service at that time.

Epictetus once said: "If you would be a thread in life's tunic, try to be the purple." The builders of the Knox Tire & Rubber factory must have had this safe advice in mind when they planned the new factory at Mount Vernon.

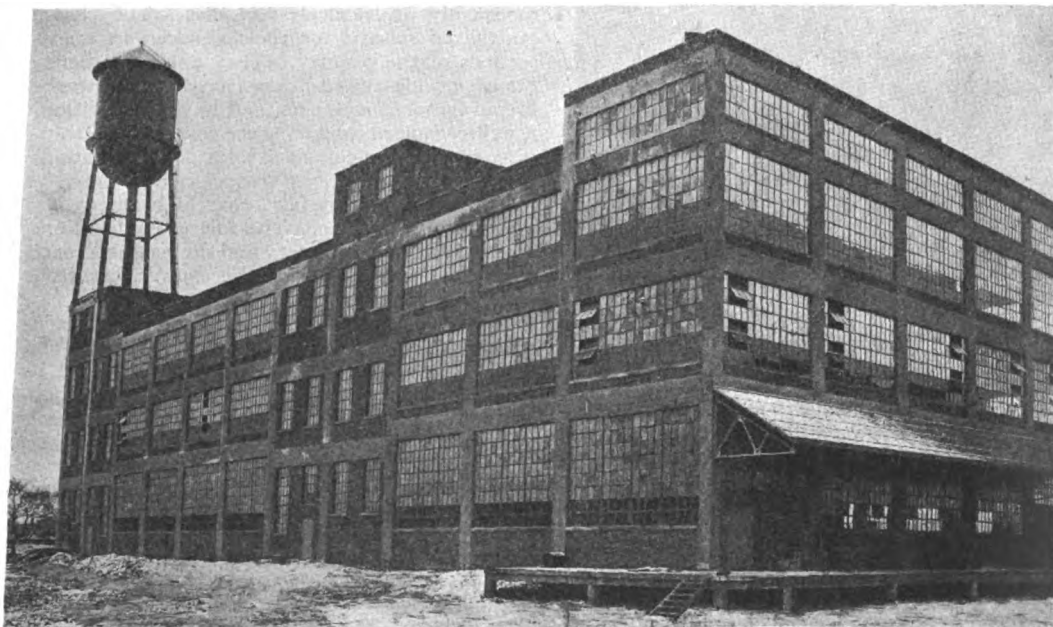
The Knox Tire & Rubber Company was organized by a coterie of experienced tire and rubber experts. It entered the tire field unheralded by the fanfare of trumpets. There were no noisy predictions of unusual accomplishments and no unreasonable promises in

The Knox Tire & Rubber Company entered the field at a time when the industry had become stabilized. The costly experiments that perplexed others are incidents of bygone days and the field is now open and opportunity inviting. With the expert ability that stands at the helm, the Knox institution should become one of the most successful enterprises of its kind in the country.

The construction of the new factory was begun January 3, 1920, and the building was completed December 15. The first installation of machinery will be ample for manufacturing 800 tires and 2,500 tubes daily. Additional machinery can be installed in the present building so that 1,500 tires and 4,000 tubes can be manufactured daily.

The organization of the company and the building of the new plant has been under the special direction of Mr. B. E. Frantz, one of the best-known men in the rubber industry. Mr. Frantz was formerly connected with the Mason Tire & Rubber Company; also the Ideal Tire & Rubber Company, in important official capacities. In former years he occupied responsible positions with the Diamond Rubber Company, the Knight Tire & Rubber Company, and others. He has superintended the construction of several plants that have been successful, his ideas of manufacture always being quality first.

In the present enterprise Mr. Frantz surrounded himself by men of experience in the rubber business, and who had won a reputation for business ability. Mr. V. V. Hendershott has had sixteen years experience in the manufacture of tires and tubes and has been Mr.



Plant of the Knox Tire & Rubber Company at Mount Vernon, Ohio. The last word in scientific design and construction

order to attract investors. It was an enterprise launched by men who do things conscientiously and intelligently. At the outset it was agreed that not a single member of the board of directors should draw salary until the factory began operation. Hence it was not the lure of big weekly pay checks that animated their endeavors, but rather an earnest desire to build an enterprise that will be a monument to their names.

The low organization expenses and business-like methods of the company have brought special comment from the Ohio Public Securities Commission, a body of men who are experts in corporate organization and finance.

The men who organized this institution and who will pilot its affairs are well known in the rubber industry, and it is certain will jealously guard the excellent reputation they have gained through several years of unqualified success.

Frantz's chief assistant in the building and installation of plants. His engineering ability is well known to men engaged in the industry.

Mr. E. Scott Cannell, vice-president, has been identified with the rubber industry for the past four years. All his business experience has shown that he is a splendid organizer and successful in every undertaking.

Mr. F. D. Spencer, secretary, was formerly in the automobile business in North Carolina, and understands how manufactured products should be successfully marketed. He is a gentleman of the highest integrity and his enthusiasm and optimism will be important factors in winning success for the Knox enterprise.

The sales end of the organization will be under the trained supervision of A. S. Hetzel and C. B. Carpenter. Both gentlemen have filled important positions with some of the large rubber

corporations and know the requirements to get a product on the market at the minimum expense.

Already the company has laid plans to secure its share of foreign trade. Mr. Joseph J. Andreoli, with offices at 205 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, is in charge of the exporting department and has already secured some very promising prospects for immediate business.

THE CITY OF MOUNT VERNON

It should be stated that Mount Vernon is the county seat of Knox County, and is located within a few miles of the geographical center of the state. It has been described as "the biggest little city in the state of Ohio," and also as the "city where agriculture, industry and the fine arts join hands in perfect harmony."



Monument that marks the last resting place of Daniel Emmett, the author of "Dixie Land"

With an official census of 9,357 persons, Mount Vernon has an economic population of twelve thousand. The city is forty-five miles from Columbus, the state capital, ten hours from Chicago, one hundred and twenty-five miles from Cleveland. It is located on the main market road of the state—connecting Cincinnati and Cleveland.

Because of its plentiful supply of natural gas, excellent railway facilities and healthful living conditions, Mount Vernon has come to be a busy city of factories.

Chief among the industrial concerns in addition to the new rubber factories are: The repair shops of the Akron Division of the Pennsylvania Railway Company; the C. & G. Cooper Company, builders of steam and gas engines; the Chapman Engineering Company, manufacturers of gas producers; the Mount Vernon Manufacturing Company, structural steel and bridges; the Hope Forge and Machine Company, castings and machine work; the Mount Vernon Foundry and Machine Company, castings; the That-and Engineering Company, milk bottles; the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, plate glass; the Superheating Boiler and Furnace Company, furnaces and steam heating plants; the Butcher Bailing Machine Company, gas well bailers and the Rich-Sampliner Knitting Mills Company, sweaters, bathing suits, and knit goods.

There are very few foreigners living in Mount Vernon, and practically all of the foreign-born persons in the city are naturalized citizens.

Approximately ninety per cent of the citizens

own their own homes. The city is built in a forest, and its streets are lined with ancient, stately native trees. It has five ward schools, parochial school and high school, an excellent first-grade public high school, ten churches, four hospitals, public library and up-to-date Y. M. C. A., and an exceptionally well-organized and active Chamber of Commerce.

A unique feature of Mount Vernon's social life is the annual May Festival, lasting three days, during which some of the greatest musical artists of the world appear, supported by a chorus of local men and women who are trained and directed by a Mount Vernon business man—Mr. William Coup.

A Community Music Club is a thriving institution in Mount Vernon and gives a series of entertainments every year, at which artists of national reputation appear.

Thirty-one fraternal orders add much to the social life of the city, as do the women's clubs, etc. The beautiful home and grounds of the Mount Vernon Country Club and its excellent golf course are particularly popular in the summer.

Mount Vernon has three banks and three building loan companies. In addition to these three is one other building and loan company in Knox County and seven other banks. Knox County is one of the richest agricultural counties in Ohio, and is a leader in the production of wool, dairy, and poultry products. Sales by the Knox County Pure-Bred Livestock Association attract buyers from all parts of the United States. The county is also a heavy corn-producing county.

The farmers of Knox County are an active and thoroughly practical class of men. They have centralized schools for their children in many sections of the country. They enjoy the benefits of a wide-awake Farm Bureau with nearly fifteen hundred members, and have, in addition, a well-organized grange, some co-operative shipping and buying concerns, livestock associations and the like.

The Knox County fair ranks high among the county fairs in Ohio. The fair grounds belong to the Agricultural Society and their exhibits each year draw not only from the county, but from adjoining counties.

The 1920 census gives Knox County a population of thirty thousand in round numbers, and an idea of the prosperity of the county can be gained from the fact that in 1920 over five thousand automobile licenses were issued to residents of the county.

One mile from the north corporation line of Mount Vernon stands the little cabin in which "Uncle" Daniel Decatur Emmett, famous minstrel and author of "Dixie," spent his declining years. "Uncle Dan" is buried in beautiful Mount View cemetery, and his grave is visited annually by hundreds of visitors to Mount Vernon, among them many of the old-time minstrel men, who tramped with him in his palmy days.

Emmett was born in Mount Vernon and returned to his old home to spend his declining years after his song had made him famous throughout the nation. "Dixie" was written in New York City in 1859.

[FROM OUR ROTARY POET] BETRAYED

The other night
I went to the theater
With a low-browed friend,
And the orchestra played
"The Little Brown Jug."
And he thought
It was the national anthem
And stood up,
And I did, too,
Darn him.

"THAT ANGLIN' FEELIN'"

SOMETIMES I want to go away and be alone; just take my reel and fishing pole, and cast a fly in some dark hole. That's when I'll think—but not atone—for things I've said and deeds not done. One chance enough to whip my line. Then feel the thrill—that speckled-pulling fine. Say, man, that's living! When you feel your rod's a-giving—now she bends—you play him in ker-splash—and then he fights like sin. Can't you see there's times a feller wants to be alone? Say, fishin' 'll take the kinks from my back-bone, and make me feel that time is lost, that's spent in business figuring cost.

I like to pitch my camp on the Indian, and lie on the bank of that stream, my head down in the sand and cones, and my feet poised "up a-beam." An old felt hat shot full of holes sits comfortably over my face: Say man, do you wonder I go off alone, when I love this sort of a place?

Then at night after "Now I Lay Me" is through, and the glow from the embers is red, I peek through those holes at God's wonderful stars; sure you see why I love such a bed! You're not alone when you can name those gems, and walk in the Milky Way; your fire will crackle and coyotes will howl, but give me the night for the day. For it's then you sleep and "ketch up" a bit; you dream of a whale on your line. Lonesome? No! Just got darn lazy! Don't you see why such solitude's fine?

I love to climb out on an old crooked limb, bend over and lap up my drink; then watch the eddies and ripples at play, as they run in and out of the brink. Just lean over the pool and take a good look and meet yourself face to face; you'll find Nature's mirror "right on the job"; and it's really the very best place for the man who is down, and worried, and blue, and don't know himself as he should; to count all his blessings—take stock, as it were—he'll find he's away to the good. God's woods and streams, the fishing and ferns, with the stars play a wonderful part in re-making the man; for he finds himself when he's lived close to Nature's big heart.

It's here where white pines grow tall, and so straight, the bark is thick, coarse and flat; they make lumber like cork, so white and so soft—each branch a cockade for a hat. The hemlock's needles are shaggy and bunched; the Norway's bark long and quite red; the beautiful birch lives dressed in pure white, by contrast the tamarack's dead. The beech bark is gray, an aristocrat cold; the maples wave welcome, you know, to the family of trees I'm speaking of. No wonder, when lonesome, I go.

Someone has fittingly, truthfully said, "Coming events cast their shadows before." The picture I want is of long shadows cast, when the woods afternoon's near o'er. The chipmunk hurries to roll up in his bunk, or a robin lifts his last sweet call, and you dreamily study the tree silhouettes. Oh, the colors of woods in night's fall. That's when quiet's supreme and your day's sport is done, you have loafed to your heart's content. Read Stevenson's and Thoreau—the best books on the woods, and O. Henry stories! hell bent.

So I've packed up my "turkey," am off for a hike. I've cut from the gossip towns, and away to the woods, where I think the thing out, and forget that life's mostly downs. I just want to fish down my old Indian stream, forget the world and its pelf, or sit midst the cones against a big pine tree, and get to know the myself. Just try it, old man; take the rod, or gun, put some grub in your stomach, to the woods for a tramp, for whatever you rear.

The Meat You Eat

How the Institute of American Meat Packers is helping to solve the big problem of feeding the nation

By R. A. STANLEY

HAPPILY, the era of muckraking seems to be rapidly fading behind the horizon of the past. It has done the country good, perhaps not so much as can be noticed, but it has left a mess of misunderstandings for judges and statesmen to clean up.

At the same time the gospel of "Get together" is being preached. The gospellers are found, too, among interests that of late were biting and devouring one another, while they themselves were being scratched and mauled by the people outside who were led to believe that all who supplied their needs on a large scale were thieves and robbers.

"Get together" was eloquently urged, a few weeks ago, upon the convention of the Institute of American Meat Packers by Frank J. Hagenbarth of Salt Lake City, Utah, president of the National Wool Growers' Association, and a large sheep-raiser of the western country. He was introduced to the assembly by Thomas E. Wilson, president of the Institute, as "a man who is a great student of the producing side of our industry, a man who is a great producer himself, broad-minded, liberal in his thought and courageous enough to say what he thinks."

Mr. Hagenbarth's plea for the doctrine of "Get together" was woven into an address in which an alliance of producers and packers was advocated, and illuminating facts regarding present abnormal conditions on the producing side of the country's meat supply, as important to the consuming public as to his audience, were succinctly presented.

He began by telling of "a time when the packer was looked upon by the livestock man as a sort of ogre," dwelling in a castle in an inaccessible place, out of which, in the dark of the night, with his myrmidons he would rush and grab what he could, and then retreat to his isolated fastness, never to emerge again until he was ready to make another swoop. A packer in those days represented "some dread thing that would take away from us that which we had and give us as little as possible in return."

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there might have been a tinge of truth in this conception of the packer. But he was not solitary in this regard. That the business ethics of bankers and railroad managements in those days was not what it should have been was a proposition equally tinged with truth.

Now he could see the dawn of a day he had been looking for, twenty years or more. It was a great day for the livestock industry when a man could come before such a wonderful representative gathering and be received with applause. This he took as a tribute to the industry he represented.

"The time has passed," Mr. Hagenbarth said, "when a man's motives will be impugned if he has the moral courage to take a stand, though there are a number of livestock men and a number of packers who don't seem to know it."

"I think that the packers, under the tremendous fights that have been made against them,

the public criminations and recriminations, have become entirely too apologetic. I think the time has come when the packer, like the producer, has got to stand up and fight."

Mr. Hagenbarth explained that he did not like the bellicose word he had just spoken, but the idea came to him at a meeting in Chicago some days previous. He had introduced a resolution there, the passage of which a big packer, while conceding it was the proper solution for a lot of things, told him would carry with it "the earmark of the packers of Chicago," and would thereby be killed. The speaker did not think that there was any occasion in the world why the packer should occupy that apologetic position.

"This is free America," the wool producer cried. "And because a man is a packer or a livestock producer does not mean that he has lost his American manhood. He has his rights, and I think the time has come, on the part of the packers, when they must demand justice and not supplicate it. The time has come when the livestock producers of this country are demanding an agricultural policy!"

Applauded for this declaration, Mr. Hagenbarth proceeded to ask if they stopped "to realize that this is the only country, civilized or semi-civilized, on the face of the earth that has nothing approximating an agricultural policy?"

Out of the total appropriations of this country, not counting war, less than one per cent was devoted to the livestock industry of the United States, he told them. From the billions of dollars of loans made, less than five per cent were devoted to agriculture and livestock. Yet, in normal times and under normal conditions, nearly forty-five per cent of the internal commerce of the United States came from agriculture and livestock. Mr. Hagenbarth asked his auditors to note the difference in policy between the "drifting" of the United States and the aggressive and constructive policies of Australia and South America for the promotion of farming and stock-raising. "What happens to the live-stock industry and what becomes of it," the speaker averred, "is no matter of concern to anybody in this government except a few individuals in the Department of Agriculture, who throw up their hands in helplessness."

He thought he could see a way of bringing about a solution of this problem, and that was right through the splendid Institute of meat packers. It was hard to organize the livestock men. "Yet the livestock man, like the packer, is human and open to conviction. And if we can only get together!" Instead of himself and one or two other producers being present there that day, there ought to be fifty. Every president of a livestock organization in the



THOMAS E. WILSON
President of the Institute of American Meat Packers

country ought to be invited by the packers, and more than invited. The livestock leaders ought to be urged to come because he believed, as while sitting there he had heard several times, directly

cheaper—wool from Australia, lambs from New Zealand, beef from South America—and just forget the livestock industry. "That is the manly way to do it," the speaker asserted. He went on to give facts of production as showing the absurdity of admonitions the stock-raiser was receiving from various sources, to increase his production while adopting limitations such as those against marketing young animals, "when that man is trying to keep his head above the waters of liquidation that are threatening to engulf him on every side."

He cited an increase of 550 per cent in 1919 against normal times for cost of hay alone in feeding sheep, an increased price of 150 per cent in corn and 130 per cent in cotton cake, and, after figuring the increased amounts of corn and cotton cake needed under present range conditions, it worked out an enhanced cost of 280 per cent. Other advanced charges he detailed comprised pasture bills over 200 per cent, herders' cash wages, 122 per cent; wages of shearers, 174 per cent; of farm hands, 125 per cent; foremen, less than 100; manager, 20 per cent; interest rates, 50 per cent; freight by the car 85 per cent; commissions (new rates not then in effect), 150 per cent; taxes, 166 per cent.

Mr. Hagenbarth proceeded to contend that they could not pay an increase of about 200 per cent on the cost of producing their commodities and then sell them without getting a proportionately higher price. From this he urged that the only way to do was to come to an amicable understanding with the consumer.

"The American consumer," he declared, "is as big a man as the American producer or as the American packer, and just as fair a man in every way. We are all fellow-Americans. And if we give him to understand that these are the conditions that afflict your industry and our industry, and we join hands and do not fritter away our resources in fighting one another, and we join hands to fight common conditions, conditions common to both of us, then we will get somewhere."

With a comment on the bootless controversies between these two related industries in the past, Mr. Hagenbarth proclaimed afresh the gospel of "Get together" which for fifteen years he had been expounding. He concluded with concrete suggestions to meet the public demand for more equable distribution of meat stock by the calendar, such as adopting the New Zealand practice of freezing lamb to carry it over from the plentiful season to that of scarcity. (A voice told him "they'd try to send them to jail for hoarding" if this plan were adopted. The voice, by the way, only gave another reason for the need of educating the body of consumers



G. F. SWIFT, JR.

Vice-president of Swift & Company, and chairman of the Public Relations Committee of the Institute of American Meat Packers

and inferentially, from Mr. Swift and various reports presented, that the interests of the producers and the packers were one and the same and indissoluble.

If they did not want a livestock industry in this country, let them be frank and say so, Mr. Hagenbarth argued. Let them say conditions are not proper. Wages, land, freights—everything is too high, and we simply can't consider it. We will buy things where we can get them



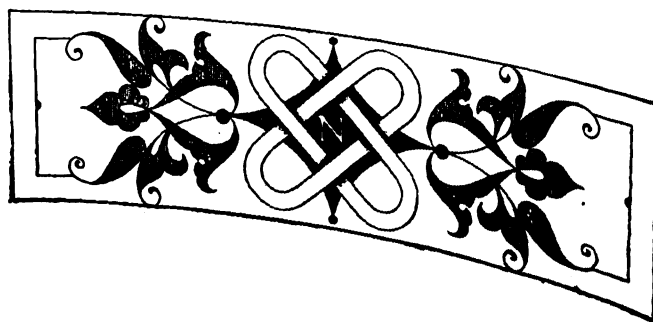
FRANK J. HAGENBARTH

President of the National Wool Growers' Association

to knowledge of conditions hedging production and distribution in all industries.—EDITOR.)

Advocating again the admission more freely of producers into the counsels of the packers, Mr. Hagenbarth ended his address, receiving prolonged applause on sitting down, with the following words:

"And when that is done (getting the producers into the packing organization) we are not only working for ourselves, but I believe we will be working for the consumer, who is the man, after all, whom we have got to consider. And I cannot conceive of any work that we can do on our part or any work that you can do on yours that will do us all more good and be of more national benefit than getting together, especially if it will result in the building up of an agricultural and livestock policy in this great, thoughtless country of ours."



The most valuable of all machinery

Girls

The tiny cogs upon the periphery of the wheels of business are, in their way, as important as the wheels themselves

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

PERHAPS there is a girl who resents being called machinery, but this does not modify the fact that she is a vital part of the big machinery that keeps the world going, and if she is as interested in the industrial life she is entering, as it is in her, she is proud that she is a cog on the wheel. The day when she was a butterfly on the wheel is past.

She is a cog, and when she does not move smoothly and efficiently in the little groove laid out for her, she interrupts the work of the entire machine. That she fails is so often due to ill health that the Young Women's Christian Association launched a new activity a few months ago which it is hoped will spread over the globe; that activity is to popularize health.

This is the method: Over the door of a building in down-town New York swing the words "Health Center," with competent women physicians in charge, and word sent to the girls employed in industrial life in that section. The girl in industry

loves pretty clothes; she buys them with the weakness of youth; she prefers the food that is rich in sweets to food more nutritious; she is a movie fan, and takes her exercise watching her screen idols get theirs. In consequence her health suffers.

Sometimes she goes to a doctor and he gives her a prescription in Latin, which the druggist fills with an inroad in her purse almost as appalling as that made by the physician. As she doesn't change her habits of life, the relief is only temporary.

She is persuaded to come to the Health Center. There the woman physician makes a physical examination so exhaustive it tells the story of the girl from the physical condition of her parents to the height of her heels. She is told in simple words where the trouble lies, and is taken by the physician to the leader of the gymnasium, in the same building, and the prescription translated into methods of exercise best adapted for the patient's needs. This, of course, is not all; the girl must promise to drink at least a dozen glasses (Continued on page 477)



VOLLEY BALL, RECREATION AND HEALTH CENTRE

Social Education Department of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association

Editor Harding Talks to "The Boys"

Continued from page 454

helpers. He didn't preach to us, but he made it clear that he stands for honesty of purpose and clean journalism, come what may.

He talked of other things—of how long ago he made up his mind that team work and respect for the feelings and opinion of others, both in business and politics, was the road he should follow—a sort of "watch-your-step" policy, and not tread on the toes of other people who have an equal right to follow the trail already blazed or to blaze a trail of their own. "No one gets big things done in this world," said he, "without friends, well wishers, and co-operation." And that's typical of Warren G. Harding. He believes in himself, he has confidence that he can "sense things out," but he believes "there are others." It is no one-man-country or one-man-government that he has in view, and when some of the men fired questions at him concerning certain much-talked-of-reforms that do not come directly under administrative power, Mr. Harding showed plainly that butting in on what don't concern him isn't one of his traits.

And so the talk ran on for more than an hour. Sometimes Mr. Harding dropped into reminiscence of his early newspaper days—for, remember, he was talking to "fellow-craftsmen," and not to the country; then again he would reply to a fire of questions on politics and policies and strike straight out from the shoulder against methods and measures which he condemns. Sitting there in a sort of informal smoke talk, with his strong, clear-cut face, sometimes stern and sometimes merry, Mr. Harding showed us the very cockles of his heart—then put us under the ban of confidence and clamped down the lid.

We cannot tell the world what Mr. Harding said that day, for his "put yourself in my place, boys, and don't quote me and make a feature story out of this," was said with emphasis, and "the boys" promised. All the same, it's certain when Mr. Harding becomes President he will see to it every citizen gets a fair deal, regardless of political faith or factions. Newspaper men know what goes on behind the scenes; they know whether the man at the top of a ladder is gold or dross; and the newspaper men whom he took into his confidence that day rate him as one hundred per cent gold standard.

The Science of Costfinding

Continued from page 440

"After this experience I began studying the subject of cost determination, but could find no possibility of applying the methods set forth in books on cost accounting to the processes of printing. My intimate knowledge of these processes led me to analyze them for the purpose of determining what expenses were involved in them. The result of this analysis was the development of the 'Science of Cost Engineering.'

"When about sixty-five systems had been installed in printing factories by my organization, the printers' international organization took up the work of cost system installation on its own account. Its officials stated that they approved of these methods, but could not give them official sanction because it would advertise my business. Their object was to develop interest in their own organization without giving credit to any outside source of information.

"At the present time there are hundreds of manufacturing concerns, in different lines of production, in the United States, using Denham methods—and the general verdict is that the longer they use them, the more thoroughly they are convinced that the value of the results is unquestionable.

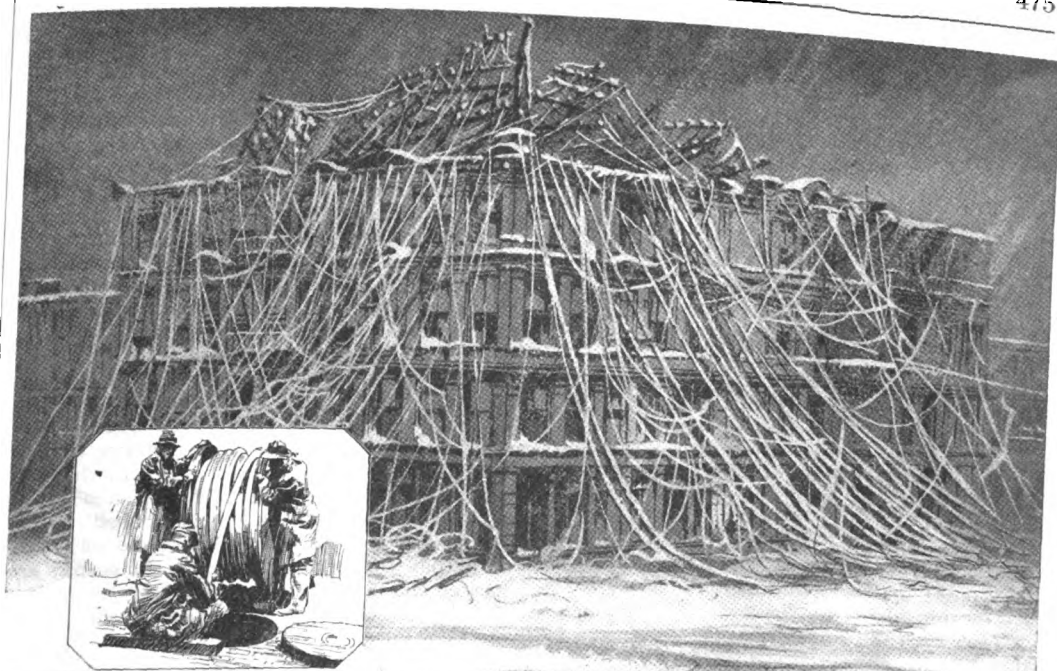
"A concern in the Middle West had experienced a deficit in its business every year for four years. It installed a Denham cost finding system, and when the first cost statement was produced, the directors were shocked at its differing so greatly from their own estimates of cost. A meeting of directors, superintendent, foremen, accountant and cost clerks was called

to deliberate on the matter. After everyone who knew anything of the inside operations had been carefully questioned, the directors were led through the various items of cost distribution and challenged to show any weakness in the methods. In the end they acknowledged that the results must be correct, though to them astounding.

"Later, the salesmen of the establishment were directed to revise prices in accordance with the cost showing. An immediate consequence was the rejection of many orders which under the old style of computing overhead expense would have been taken at a loss. In the first year the number of employees was reduced about 20 per cent on account of the smaller volume of work. Yet the total of sales was equal to that of the previous year and the amount of profit, after wiping out the deficit, was between \$50,000 and \$60,000."

EXPLAINING MR. HARDING'S TEXAS FRIEND
F. E. SCOBEY, once the trusted lieutenant of the late Senator Foraker and Mark Hanna, is now Republican leader in Texas; was clerk of Ohio State Senate when Senator Harding was Lieutenant-Governor.

When President-elect Warren G. Harding was elected State Senator from the thirteenth Ohio district in 1902, a hot fight developed between Senator Foraker and Mark Hanna over the clerkship of the Senate. The result was that F. E. Scobey, then an Ohio business man who was backed by Senator Foraker and Mr. Harding, won out. Two years later Mr. Harding was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and his campaign was managed by Mr. Scobey and



The Contributions of Science

The greatest material benefits the world has received have come from the laboratories of the scientists. They create the means for accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Science, after years of labor, produced the telephone. From a feeble instrument capable of carrying speech but a few feet, science continued its work until now the telephone-voice may be heard across the continent.

In February of 1881 a blizzard swept the city of Boston, tearing from the roof of the Bell telephone building a vast net-work of 2,400 wires. It was the worst

wire disaster the Company had sustained.

Now through the advance of science that number of wires would be carried in a single underground cable no larger than a man's wrist.

As the fruit of the effort of science greater safety and greater savings in time, money and materials are constantly resulting.

And never before as now, the scientist is helping us solve our great problems of providing Telephone service that meets the increased demands with greater speed and greater certainty.



**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
 AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

And all directed toward Better Service

At the Chicago Convention four years ago Mr. Scobey was an uncompromising Harding man, and even with the nomination of Justice Hughes, did not give up or abandon hope. He simply waited; and, about a year and a half ago, started in to bring about the nomination of his Ohio friend. And this time he succeeded. Since Mr. Harding's election Mr. Scobey's name has been mentioned for various presidential favors, but here is where he flies the coop. He is pretty much of an aristocrat, is accustomed to being his own boss, has traveled a lot, and has ample means to do pretty much as he pleases. He plays the political game for the love and the art of it and no political job could lure him into public life. That he is qualified to fill almost any official position no one knows better than Mr. Harding, because Mr. Harding knows Scobey, or "Scobe," as he calls him. The two have been together so much and so long that they have come to resemble each other, and

might easily be taken for brothers. They are both typical Ohio products, about the same size and build, with the same kind and texture of gray hair and prominent eyebrows.

Throughout the recent presidential campaign the name of F. E. Scobey was linked with Senator Harding, and his political activities. Long before the convention people were asking about him, and Mr. Scobey resented this. He could not understand why one friend could not boost another for President, especially when the friend in question had won his way to the top by his genuine qualities and was in every way qualified to preside over the destinies of our one hundred and five million people. Mr. Scobey, knowing Senator Harding, doped it out years ago that he would some day occupy the White House; he not only doped it out in this manner—he worked to that end year in and year out.

So this then is the story of Mr. Harding's Texas friend.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

F. E. SCOBEY

Malcolm Jennings. Mr. Scobey was re-elected clerk of the Senate over which Mr. Harding, in his capacity of Lieutenant-Governor, was called upon to preside. The two became warm personal and political friends, and this relationship has continued through the years. When Senator Harding was a candidate for Governor against Judson Harmon, Mr. Scobey assisted in the campaign. Next followed a trip to Europe—Mr. and Mrs. Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Scobey making up the party; and since that time F. E. Scobey has been boosting Mr. Harding for President from New York to the Pacific Coast, his latest triumph being the control of the Texas delegation at the Chicago convention.

Ten years ago Mr. Scobey removed to San Antonio on account of his health, and has been eminently successful as a business man. During these years it has been the annual custom of the Hardings to visit Mr. and Mrs. Scobey in San Antonio, where the two families are as popular as they are in Marion. It was Mr. Scobey and R. B. Creager of Brownsville who arranged Senator Harding's recent visit to Texas, when he spent two weeks at Point Isabel as Mr. Creager's and Mr. Scobey's guest.

POSTER ADVERTISING and Its Place in Business

Excerpts from an Address delivered before the
Directors of the Poster Advertising Association
at French Lick Springs

By EDWARD S. LA BART, Director of Publicity for
Wilson & Co., Packers and Provisioners

PROBABLY due to conditions too numerous to enumerate within a short time the poster as a form of advertising or publicity—while never less effective than it is today—has always been restricted by more handicaps than surround any other medium.

It has been a long step in a very brief time between highly-colored, non-advertising posters of the eight-sheet variety, plastered on barns and on fences, to the beautiful, dignified and attractively forceful twenty-four sheets of today that have become a part of the national news service.

For posters do play an important part in serving the general public, in a big, attractive manner, with latest and best information regarding the

I would like to suggest that a committee be formed; on the one side composed of members of the poster plant owners, and on the other composed of advertising managers, or those who have direct charge of this work, to meet regularly, to discuss the betterment of posters, locations, etc., that there might be brought about a substantial and beneficial understanding of this very complex problem.

Jealousies among representatives of all forms of media, of course, awaken in the minds of many certain prejudices which do and have existed and which are not being eradicated as they should be. In mentioning this, I have in mind the periodical efforts made to eliminate billboards from cities. I do not believe it is too far-fetched to say that such attacks usually are inspired, and the fact that so few attacks ever result in any action should be a matter of congratulation that our legislators see in the billboard something besides a few boards, some strips of galvanized steel and lithographed paper. Plant owners can only make our outdoor advertising pay and be effective when the posters are located where they can be seen.

Continued on page 479

ceives the idea that she must merge her soul into the body of her sister in order to assure Ruby's success in her musical career and happiness in her love affair. Therefore Pearl, who already has pulmonary tendencies, self-sacrificingly exposes herself to the noxious dampness of a London fog on a November night, contracts pneumonia and dies, thus endowing Ruby with their joint soul and all the rare qualities which both possessed.

While Miss Starr is supported by a competent cast, whose acting is in every respect admirable,



FRANCES STARR

FRANCES STARR GATHERS MORE LAURELS

THERE is a universal appeal to every human being in the mysterious. The things that we cannot understand or explain by Nature's laws as we know them set our minds to groping in the unfathomable realms of fancy. It is upon this subtle appeal to the mind to explain the unexplainable that Edward Noblock built the structure of "One," the play of immateriality transmuted into terms of the real, in which Frances Starr delighted Boston theatergoers during its four weeks' stay at the Tremont during January.

This is the third play which Mr. Knoblock has written especially for Miss Starr, and in it this popular Belasco artist again demonstrates her amazing versatility by her remarkable portrayal of the dual role of twin sisters in a psychological drama that is a distinct departure from anything she has previously attempted.

Briefly sketched, the theme of the play deals with the psychic attachment of twin sisters who share one soul between them. Physically and temperamentally they are unlike. Pearl is quiet and restrained and cherishes lofty aspirations. Ruby is volatile, light-hearted and demonstrative. Ruby plays the piano with great technical skill, but Pearl furnishes the inspiration and idealism that gives to music its real soul. So when Ruby goes to America on a concert tour and Pearl remains in England and falls in love with a young man whom Ruby already loves, their soul communion becomes short-circuited, and trouble ensues. Finally, with Ruby on the verge of artistic failure, Pearl con-

they serve merely as a background, and the burden of the performance rests upon her capable artistic shoulders; and though the play is built upon what a non-believer in the occult would term impossible premises, her consummate acting lends to the entire performance an air of verisimilitude that holds her audience spell-bound with sympathetic appreciation.

Since Miss Starr first won recognition as a bright light in the theatrical firmament in "The Rose of the Rancho," she has demonstrated her ability as an actress in many difficult and trying roles, covering a wide range of characterizations. Indeed, few actresses as young as she have successfully essayed so widely divergent and such severe tests of their dramatic ability.



EDWARD S. LA BART

best things of the best manufacturers. I believe that as much consideration is given to the merits of advertisers' messages upon the posters as is given to their messages in newspapers, magazines, or other media.

It is true, and patent, that misrepresentation has a very difficult time in getting on the posters, by reason of the fact that there is no room for words of double meaning or for flowery adjectives. The story must be told quickly, big, and above all—briefly.

There are, of course, some improvements which might be worked out most satisfactorily for all concerned, the public, the client, and plant owner. There are today posters upon the boards which should not be there, by reason of the fact that they were designed and printed to please someone whose conception of what poster advertising really is, is to say the least, very vague.

All advertising is handicapped to a certain extent by well-meaning people who profess to know more of the principles and applicability of advertising and media than do those who are and have been devoting the better years of their life to a study of this art.

BOOKS THAT NEVER GROW OLD!



Heart Throbs

A collection of rare bits of prose and poetry that have stood the test of time. Over 50,000 people joined in making this wonderful gift-book. 450 pages, bound in cloth and gold. Price, \$2.00 postpaid.

Heart Songs

A wonderful collection of music for the home—most every dear old song that lives in your memory is here—words and music, with simple arrangement and easy accompaniments. \$3.50 postpaid.



At booksellers or direct from CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD., BOSTON

GIRLS! GIRLS! Clear Your Skin Save Your Hair WITH CUTICURA



Make these fragrant super-creamy emollients your every-day toilet preparations and have a clear sweet healthy skin and complexion, good hair and soft white hands, with little trouble and trifling expense. Absolutely nothing better, purer, sweeter at any price.

Cuticura Toilet Trio

Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

SALESMEN AND AGENTS WANTED

SALESMEN: Earn \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Quickly qualify through our amazing System. Free Employment Service to Members. Send for Salesmanship Book, list of lines and full particulars. Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Dept 162B, Chicago, Ill.

York of Tennessee

THEY say his rifle, ringing
Along the valley's crest,
Made the deer spring to its covert,
The turkey steal to its nest,
And the eagle turn to the Border
Where the Smoky Mountains be,
Safe from the matchless hunter—
Bold York of Tennessee.

Yet, when above Wolf River
The Sabbath morns shone fair,
And to the church the country folk
Had come for song and prayer,
Who led the hymns with voice now low,
Now rising full and free?
Who but the Second Elder—
Brave York of Tennessee?

Then the World War! Then Liberty
Wild-eyed, with frantic breath,
Called to her sons to save her
From treachery and death!
Her cry woke town and hamlet,
From mountain peak to lea,
And heart and deed he pledged to her—
Bold York of Tennessee.

Good-bye to home and kindred,
And the girl he held so dear;
Good-bye to Wolf's bright valley
Where happiest falls the year;
"And can you fight?" the Colonel asked,
When to the camp came he;
"That's what I'm here for," firm replied
Brave York of Tennessee.

And he has sailed the ocean,
And in the battle's van
Has proved how like a god can be
The valor of a man!
The strength of the hills was in his arm
When the hot fight was on,
And right and left he hurled the foe
That day in the Argonne—

And Foch, the great commander, said
When glory's cross he won,
"No man, of Europe's armies
Has done what you have done!"
And his own country, sealing
The Marshal's proud decree,
Its highest meed of honor gave
To York of Tennessee!

Was ever such home-coming!
His joyful mother there,
And the dear girl who waited him,
With throngs his fame to share;
And lo! The Governor and his men,
In militant array,
Bring him the homage of the State
And crown his wedding day!
Ah, while the Border mountains tower,
And the Forks of Wolf are three,
And valor fires the heart—will live
Bold York of Tennessee!

—Edna Dean Proctor.



GIRLS

Continued from page 473

of water a day; she must have fresh air at night, she must eat nutritious food and eat slowly; she must discard her corset and drop from her high heels to the common-sense kind.

Nor is this all. She is prone to spend her few hours from work lolling over a book or in the movies; she is interested by the recreation leader at the Health Center in long walks, with some pleasant objective in view, the leader starting out on a pleasant Sunday afternoon with as many as twenty girls in tow.

She is to return in six months and report. That report will show no improvement if she has not done her share. If she has shirked on this job of getting well, the failure is her own fault. But she does not shirk.

"Gee," said one girl, "I just thought in the beginning I couldn't stand all this exercising, but now you can't drag me away from it. Look at my feet," showing a pair of broad, low-heeled shoes made to fit the foot, "say, the chiropodist is getting no more of my money, and what's more, I intend to keep this good work up."

Someone remarked about the red in her cheeks. "And the druggist isn't either," she flashed back. "I made that color myself by taking long walks every day."

Employers are becoming interested. They report that with better health and a real enjoyment in living, girls are doing better work; the cog in the wheel is no longer the part of the machinery that causes interruption to the work in an office; she is becoming such an efficient little cog that she will grow to be a wheel some day. At least three girls who spent the past three months in the Health Center report promotion, which they credit to improved health and improved work because they felt like working.

Other Young Women's Christian Associations in other cities have sent trained women to New York to investigate the Health Center, and others are springing up in other towns. Everything at these Centers is free for the girls. In times when there is so little that is, and one must work overtime to keep the wolf away, this alone is appealing.

School of... Expression

**Impression
Expression
Personality**
HELP
FOR ALL
**Home
Summer
Regular** } **Courses**

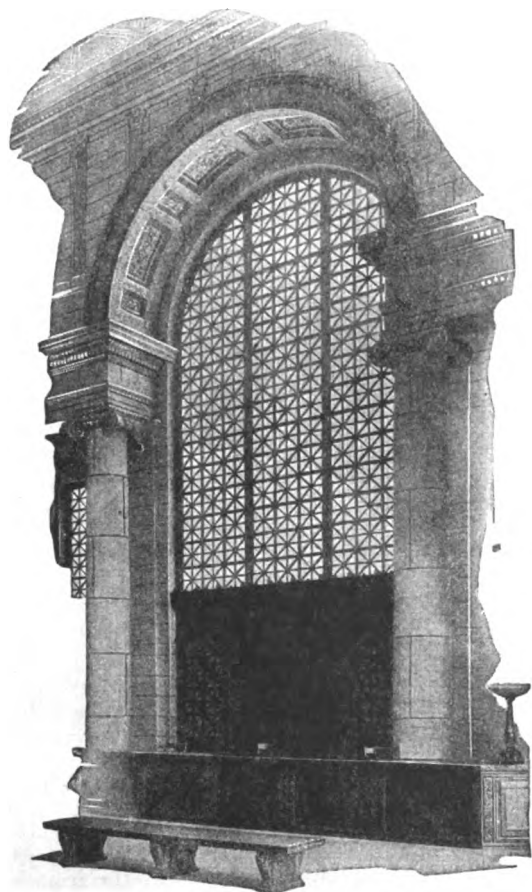
Office, 306 Pierce Building, Boston, Mass.

Methods and books have led thirty years

Write for *Expression* and list of Books, free. S. S. Curry, Litt. D., Pres., Copley Square, Boston

NEW AUTOMATIC ADDER, \$3.50
Makes adding easy. It's accurate, quick, durable and easily operated. Capacity, 8 columns. Saves time, brainwork and errors. 75,000 pleased owners. Guaranteed 6 months. Price \$3.50 delivered. With metal bands \$5 delivered. Agents wanted.
J. H. BASSETT & CO., Dept. 147, 1458 Hollywood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Live Agents Wanted, male or female, to sell De-Lite Auto Polish. Not only is it a superior polish for automobiles, but it cleans, polishes and preserves pianos, showcases, shelves, etc. and is a splendid house-to-house proposition for either whole or part time. Dries instantly—will not hold dust. As good as the best, and better than most polishes now on the market. De-Lite Mfg. Co., 9 Cawfield Street, Uphams Corner, Boston.



Detail of Carnegie Library, San Francisco, with Armco American Ingot Iron window grill.

ARMCO

TRADE MARK

INGOT IRON



THIS iron comes as a new inspiration to the metal craftsman.

It says to him that the beauty he has created and the work he has fashioned with infinite care will endure for many times the life of other similar metals.

The purity of "Armco" Ingot Iron is a strong defence against rust. Exposure to rain, snow, cold and heat—the natural foes of iron—proves that "Armco" withstands the severe attacks.

No other commercial iron is so dense in texture. Impurities separate the molecules of ordinary iron and permit the easy access of corrosive elements. Such impurities are practically eliminated by the process of making "Armco" Ingot Iron, and it is extremely difficult for rust to eat its way into and beneath the surface.

This purity also makes it most suitable for welding, for receiving enameling coats, and for the transmission of electric current.

Our research and engineering departments will be glad to tell you whether or not you should use "Armco" Ingot Iron.

THE AMERICAN
ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Middletown, Ohio



Carnegie Library, San Francisco; all sheet metal and iron grills on windows are of Armco Brand. Geo. W. Kellam, Architect.



American Ingot Iron
Resists Rust

The trade mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

Poster Advertising and Its Place in Business

Continued from page 476

Probably many attacks are directed by newly elected officers of improvement societies, who object to some forms of advertising that appear upon the billboards.

There may be some merit in their objections, and if I owned a plant, I do not believe I would continue to jam my plant with anything that might prove objectionable to any particular element in the city where the boards are located, if I felt it would jeopardize my entire business. I do not mean by that that plant owners should discard entirely profitable business, but rather that caution should be shown by the plant owners.

Certainly the poster advertising business is substantial and dignified and the owners are intelligent, alert and aggressive men, who thoroughly believe in what they are doing, and if a committee might be formed, it should prove of incalculable benefit to both plant owner and to the advertiser.

Among the things I should recommend to the plant owners would be the elimination of "catch-as-catch-can" advertisers who place orders for six or seven months showing and then on a few days notice suddenly decide they do not need the space. This usually results in someone getting an extra showing of posters for an extra thirty days in which time the appearance of the plant is affected by these old posters or the plant owners pocket a loss.

All contracts should be non-cancellable and should be given to those concerns which can place such contracts. Of course, this rule would have to be more flexible for local advertisers, but I have in mind particularly national advertisers.

Then, too, I believe the showings should be standardized insofar as the number of months to be selected is concerned. If an advertiser wants two or three months and should need more to make his expenditure good, he should be so advised by someone who knows. Many advertisers have become opposed to magazines, billboards and other forms of advertising because they did not get immediate results, when a careful investigation must have shown that the expenditure was too small to achieve anything.

These suggestions, of course, would apply to normal conditions. Just now things are in a state of chaos, and all of us are doing things that under normal conditions we would not do.

I have every faith in the future of the poster as an advertising medium, and I look to it to become even a greater force than ever before. Full appreciation of this form of advertising has been slow in coming, but even though the locations are all filled now in most plants, we still have much to learn as to the effectiveness of the poster and as to what it can do.

By keeping the trade-mark, firm name and package large, and confining reading matter to very fewest possible number of words, telling the truth in a strong, forceful manner and emphasizing only what the purchaser wants to and should know, and not what the advertiser wants to tell him, any one can make a success by intelligent follow-up, having a good product and one that sells at a fair margin of profit and one that fills a need.

THE GUEST OF HONOR By William Hodge



A powerful novel of the life of now. Mr. Hodge, who is known to millions of Americans for his inimitable characterization of "The Man from Home," is the first American actor to write a successful novel. Brilliantly written and abounding with subtle philosophy that will live for generations to come. 352 pages, in blue and gold. Price, \$1.50.

Chapple Publishing Co., Ltd., Boston



Quality AND Premiere CHOCOLATES

A Mark of Distinction to guide the appreciative purchaser. For yourself and your friends. They express the true sentiments manifested by thoughtful selection.

Hotel Atlantic

Clark near Jackson Boulevard

Chicago

450 Rooms \$2.⁰⁰ up

With Bath \$3.⁰⁰ up



Just what your skin needs to keep it healthy

INSTEAD of waiting until your skin needs attention—until it has lost its freshness and health—keep it always radiant and active.

By taking the proper care in bathing and by choosing the right soap, it is easy to keep your skin in the best of condition.

Begin to use Lifebuoy Health Soap today for your face, hands and bath. See how thoroughly its rich, creamy lather stimulates and



cleanses the skin—keeps it glowing with health. The pure odor of this health soap tells you why it benefits and protects.

Lifebuoy is sold at any grocery, drug or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Copyrighted 1920, by Lever Bros. Co.

Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

We must go on

Despite the happenings in the world of business, Swift & Company must go on with its work.

On the one side are the people; they must have meat. It is a daily necessity. It is our job to provide it for them. And we must go on preparing and distributing it from day to day, because meat is perishable.

On the other side is the live stock raiser. He must have his daily market. He must be able to dispose of his live stock at any time. For it is seasonable. And we must provide him with this market by keeping our plants in operation.

So we must go on.

In November, for instance, at a time when other industries were holding off on raw materials, reducing output, submitting to stagnation all along the line, to safeguard themselves, we handled more hogs in a certain half week than we had handled in any

similar period for ten months.

At Chicago, alone, the hogs received were as follows:

Monday, Nov. 22 .	50,658
Tuesday	61,738
Wednesday	22,928
making a total of	135,324

for the three days.

We helped to absorb this rush, as a matter of course. We bought what we could use at prices determined by the number of animals arriving and the public demand at the time for meat and by-products. We sold the fresh meat and by-products from these animals at prices determined under competition by those who use them. What we will get for the cured meats by the time they are ready for the market depends upon conditions which we can neither foresee nor control.

We may make money on these "runs;" we may lose money on them. Naturally, the balance must be in our favor in the year's averages, or we could not continue.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 35,000 shareholders



Don't fail to mention NATIONAL MAGAZINE when writing to advertisers.

HEART THRILLS

MARCH 4th will be Inauguration Day, not only for Warren G. Harding, but for the whole American people as well. We Americans, in common with the world, have been through a lot. We were inflated and our bubbles were pricked. Now we are down to rock bottom—to bed rock—to a sure foundation. A new deal is here. We're peeled to our shirtsleeves. We've spat on our hands and we're going to it with both feet and the good old head-piece of Uncle Sam collectively is working.

Don't think for a minute that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE is going to lag behind in this inauguration of these new days. The MAGAZINE is good now—modestly we admit it—but we want to make it better. It is big now, but we want to make it bigger. Every reader of the MAGAZINE seems like a personal friend. The letters show that. We want more letters. Write and tell us what you are thinking about these days. Make suggestions without limitation. What celebrities do you want us to see and talk with? Would you have more fiction? More poetry? Or what? Criticize freely as a real friend would.

There's no reason under the blue canopy why the NATIONAL MAGAZINE shouldn't become a clearing-house—a vehicle for your opinions, reflecting the aspirations and achievements of the plain people, as Lincoln loved to call us.

NOW FOR YOUR THRILL!

Speaking of pictures—now for some thrillers! Life is a mighty thrilling proposition. Peace has her thrills as well as war. Romance lurks in the most unexpected places. We turn an apparently prosaic corner and suddenly Adventure plucks us by the sleeve.

Every personality is interesting. Preserve a record of a thrill. It may make a book like "Heart Throbs." If you haven't had a thrill, borrow one that you have heard about—but be sure and join the thrillers!

What has been the most thrilling moment in your life? We want your real heart thrills. It might have been the plaintive cry of your first born, or the falling of a leaf, kissing your first sweetheart—or the first speech in school.

Write and tell us about it so we can print it. Be complete, brief, vivid. Heart Thrills—that's what we are after! Share your Heart Thrills with us. Let us share our Heart Thrills with you.

President-elect Harding and Mrs. Harding have led the way. In the April number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE we will tell you about the most thrilling moment in the lives of President Harding and the First Lady of the Land.

You're next! Let your decision be a thrill! Write and tell us the most thrilling moment in your own life. Your name withheld if desired, but let the thrill be recorded.

The camera is turned your way! Now for the spotlight of Heart Thrills!



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. XLIX

MARCH, 1921

New Series No. 12

Articles of Timely Interest

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 JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, *Treasurer*
 Entered at the Boston Postoffice as second-class matter
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Subscription, \$2.40 a Year

20 Cents a Copy

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Whatever your needs in the Printing or Publishing line, it will pay you to consider the merits of the Chapple Service.



The home of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE and the world-famous Chapple Books HEART SONGS and HEART THROBS

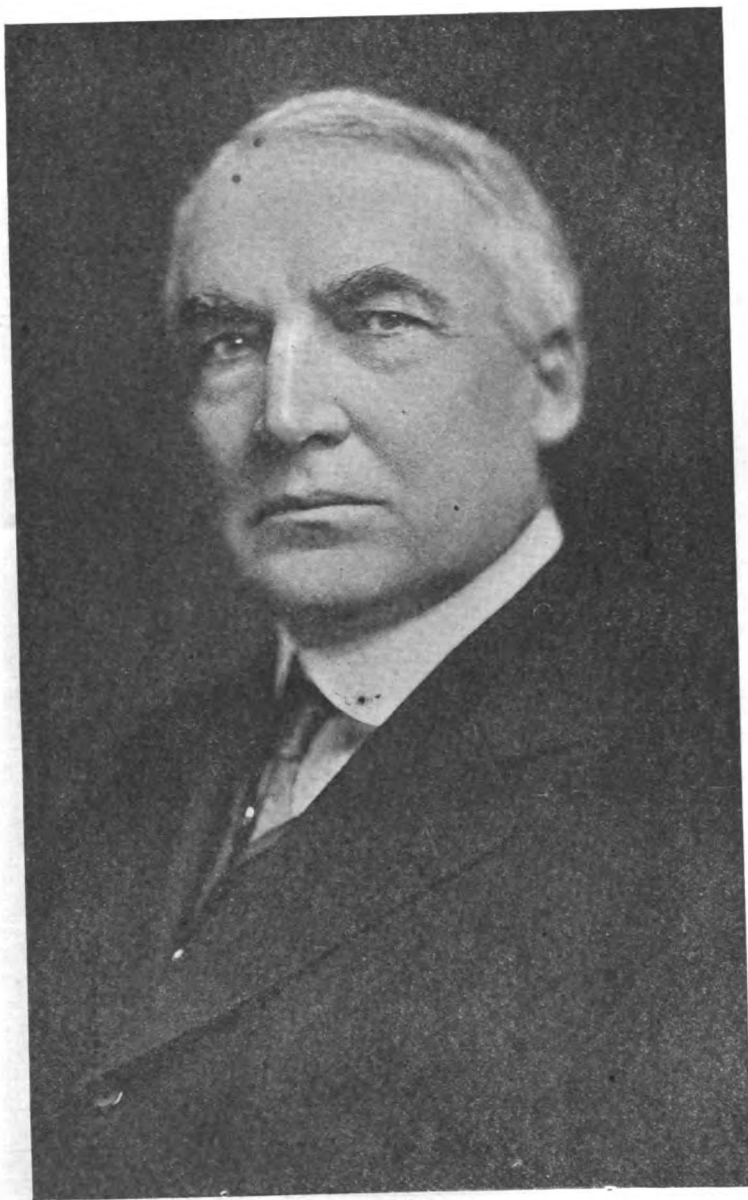
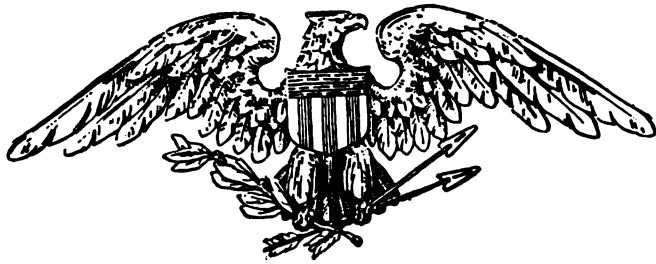
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High Quality

Prompt Delivery

Low Prices

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING COMPANY, LTD. :: BOSTON, MASS.



The Chosen of the People

I now make it my earnest prayer, that God would have you, and the state over which you preside, in His holy protection; that He would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to the government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large; and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that He would most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of the mind, which were the characteristics of the divine author of our blessed religion; without an humble imitation of whose example, in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation.

—GEORGE WASHINGTON





Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



DISCUSSIONS of approaching changes in the personnel of the Supreme Court have renewed interest in former Senator Albert J. Beveridge's monumental life of John Marshall. It reminded me of the word pictures portrayed in the biography of the great chief justice as I stood before his statue, which is under the shade of the dome of the Capitol.

Interest in the work has not abated during the years since the first volume appeared. The biography represents a real achievement in the writing of history. Its place and its popularity in libraries tells the story of its permanent value. Descriptions of Chief Justice Marshall in the work recall vividly his home in Richmond, which has become almost a national shrine.

John Marshall had a sense of humor. He says in writing to his wife, "My dearest Polly:—I had the mortification to discover that I had lost three silver dollars out of my waistcoat pocket. They had worn through the various mendings the pocket had sustained and sought their liberty in the sands of Carolina. After fumbling several minutes in the portmanteau I found that I had everything there except a pair of breeches. I hoped to get a pair made while court was delayed, but not a tailor could be prevailed upon to work for me."

The career and achievements of Marshall were in danger of being forgotten by the general public. Senator Beveridge performed a real service in quickening interest in the great jurist's life and work.

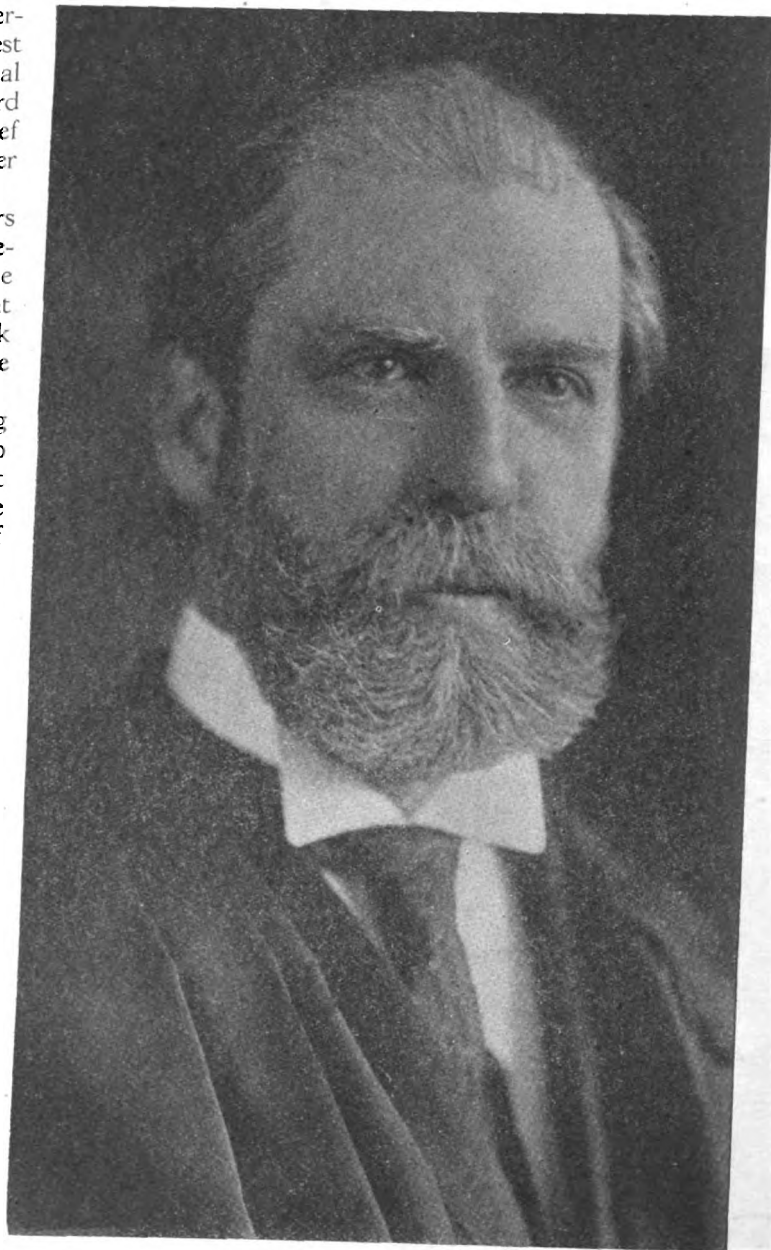
The character of John Marshall fascinated Senator Beveridge from his earliest boyhood days when he was just beginning to contemplate the study of the law. He spent much time in Boston and its vicinity gathering materials for the biography, and while doing so formed many warm personal friendships. It is interesting to note these friends have begun a campaign to return him to the Senate so he may participate in the activities of the Republican party, now it has returned to power.

* * * *

IF it is true that the two latest amendments to the Constitution are triumphs of clever minorities, it yet remains to be proved that the results from these fundamental enactments, in the course of time, will not be such as to force their opponents into the position of insignificant minorities.

Be that as it may, it can hardly be said that minority rule is more undesirable than majority inertia. When practically the entire country is calling aloud for a certain measure of governmental reform, not a peep of opposition thereto being heard, and it is something, moreover, which does not require a constitutional mandate, it is passing strange that the country cannot get what it wants.

This is the case of the budget system, a bill to provide which is hung up in Washington. Apparently the measure is stalled



CHARLES E. HUGHES
SECRETARY OF STATE

Residence, New York City. Jurist. Age 58 years. Born in Glens Falls, New York. Practiced and taught law in New York, 1884-1900. Conducted Insurance investigation in New York Legislature, 1905-06. Governor of New York State, 1907-08 and 1909-10. Associate Justice of United States Supreme Court, 1910-16. Republican nominee for President in 1916. Has practiced law in New York since then. Conducted Government Aircraft investigation in 1918.

ment. President Wilson vetoed the bill when it had passed the last Congress, on account of a provision that two new officers, a comptroller-general and an assistant comptroller-general, to be appointed by the President, should be removable only by Congress. Having upheld the veto, the House amended the bill to meet the President's objections, and sent it to the Senate, where it failed of coming to a vote. It was already on the Senate calendar when Congress re-convened on December 6th, and there it still lies dormant.



JOHN W. WEEKS
SECRETARY OF WAR

Residence, West Newton, Massachusetts. Banker. Age 60. Born in Lancaster, New Hampshire. Graduate from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1881; midshipman, 1881-83. Member of firm of bankers and brokers in Boston, Mass., 1888-1912. Member of Congress, 1905-13. U. S. Senator, 1913-19. Received 105 votes as candidate for Republican Presidential nomination in 1916. Served in the Massachusetts Naval Brigade for ten years, and in Volunteer Navy during the Spanish-American War.

"It is demanded by business as a vital part of plans for true economy in government expenditures. Evidence of this is the almost unanimous endorsement of a budget plan by the organization members of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in referendum in 1912, reiterated time and time again by delegates of hundreds of commercial organizations at annual meetings of the national chamber."

At this writing, with the end of the present Congress only a few days off, there is no indication that the bill will be raised from the calendar at this opportunity.

If the budget system measure is not made one of the first orders at the coming special session, the people may well ask themselves of what use are platforms and professions in present-day politics. And friends of the reform might look up some militant minority out of a job and implore it to put the budget system across—or at least show how the trick can be turned.

* * *

THERE was a ringing note in the address of Doctor E. Victor Bigelow, of South Church, Andover, Massachusetts, in response to the unfair and unjust charges made against the United States Steel Company by the so-called Inter-Church investigation. It was a courageous and convincing talk. It is no wonder that he had the courage of his convictions, for his life work has been one succession of convincing convictions. Doctor Bigelow believes in labor unions for legitimate pur-

In a recent statement Joseph H. Defrees, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, says: "It will be impossible to bring about, under the present wasteful appropriation system, the economy and efficiency in public business which the country is demanding at this time." He points out that both parties are committed to the budget system bill by their platforms and that the President-elect has been said to have publicly expressed his desire for this reform, adding:

lished labor unionism, as he discloses in the

Having been born in Seattle, Washington, he has the native punch of Puget Sound. Graduated from the State University of Washington in 1887, he felt the call of the East. He secured his D.D. from the Yale Divinity School in 1890, and his A. M. degree from Harvard in 1891. Ordained in 1891 he preached at Cohasset, Massachusetts, and he proved a real power. In 1898 he wrote the history of the town in which he was pastor. In 1913 he was called to the South Church of Andover, Massachusetts, and in the atmosphere of early American theological study proceeded to demonstrate religious practise.

Early in life he learned the carpenter's trade, and built houses in Seattle—with his own hands. He believes in manual toil and raised an acre of oats and forty bushels of potatoes last summer in classic Andover, besides the work of a good-sized parish. Convinced that the chief function of legislation on matters of industry is to maintain exercise of freedom of individuals and groups both on side of labor and of capital, preventing either from encroaching upon the other's freedom, he has launched a veritable crusade for honest labor that is meeting with a hearty response.

* * *

WHEN Marshal Ferdinand Foch visits America next year, he will receive an ardent and enthusiastic welcome from the A. E. F.

Madame Foch will accompany him. She has long been a prominent figure in French society. The daughter of a lawyer, she was an orphan when she met the young captain of artillery who was destined to become the world's most famous military figure.

At their home, 52 Avenue de Saxe, in the southwestern part of Paris, on the Montmartre side of the Seine, within a stone's throw of the Invalides, where repose the bones of Napoleon, Madame Foch entertains many visiting Americans.

She was actively engaged in charitable work during the war. She visited many of the welfare establishments that were installed by the Americans. Her comment on their efficiency was truly characteristic of her race:

"The Americans," she said, "have been wonderful! France will always appreciate what they have done. The adaptability and cleverness of the American women in meeting emergencies surprised the nations of Europe. Here, women have not had the opportunity to develop initiative and enterprise such as has been won by the American women. In supplying



ALBERT B. FALL
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

Residence, Three Rivers, New Mexico. United States Senator. Age 59. Born in Frankfort, Kentucky. Educated in country schools. Has worked as a farmer, rancher and miner. Has practiced law. Served in the New Mexico Legislature and as Associate Justice of the New Mexico Supreme Court. Has been United States Senator since 1912, his present term expiring in 1923. Possesses a wide and comprehensive knowledge of affairs in Mexico.

milk for the French babies, the American women touched the mother-heart of France."

Madame Foch visited the devastated regions after the war and assisted in the relief work. She does not think that France is ready for woman suffrage for the reason that the women are eager to return to the traditional home life which they left in order to do masculine labor during the war.

"If French women should demand the suffrage," she added, "I do not think they would have any difficulty in getting it. But I am not supposed to comment on political questions. Just now I am looking forward to my visit to America more than anything else."

* * * *

EACH presidential campaign brings to public attention new names. The prominence thus achieved is in no sense accidental. When the facts are known about the persons concerned, it is found that years of training and experience have peculiarly fitted them for the important parts they are called on to play.

The last campaign was of peculiar importance, because it was the first general participation of women in a presidential election. In a presidential campaign public attention is always sharply directed to the candidate and his immediate family. In the last campaign especial attention was given to the activities of Mrs. Harding. The demands made upon her during the campaign were greater than those ever before made upon the wife of a candidate. Mrs. Harding fairly divided honors with her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Harding's universally acknowledged personal charm and discriminating judgment focused attention upon her during the campaign and in turn upon those she called to her assistance. Visitors to Marion and others who desired to urge their ideas upon the attention of Senator and Mrs. Harding soon learned the important part played by Miss Kathleen Lawler. Men and women alike soon recognized her intelligent and forceful manner of handling and disposing of the great number of matters that fell to her for decision.

The NATIONAL's readers will want to know more about Miss Lawler, for she is sure to play an important part in Washington life during the next four years. Our many readers in Michigan will be interested to know that Miss Lawler is a Wolverine. She was born near Lansing. She was "to fortune and to fame



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MISS KATHLEEN LAWLER
Social Secretary to Mrs. Harding



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THE FIRST LADY OF THE LAND

unknown" when the writer of this brief sketch formed her acquaintance. At that particular period in her life she descended upon the national capital, determined on its conquest. Her purpose has been achieved.

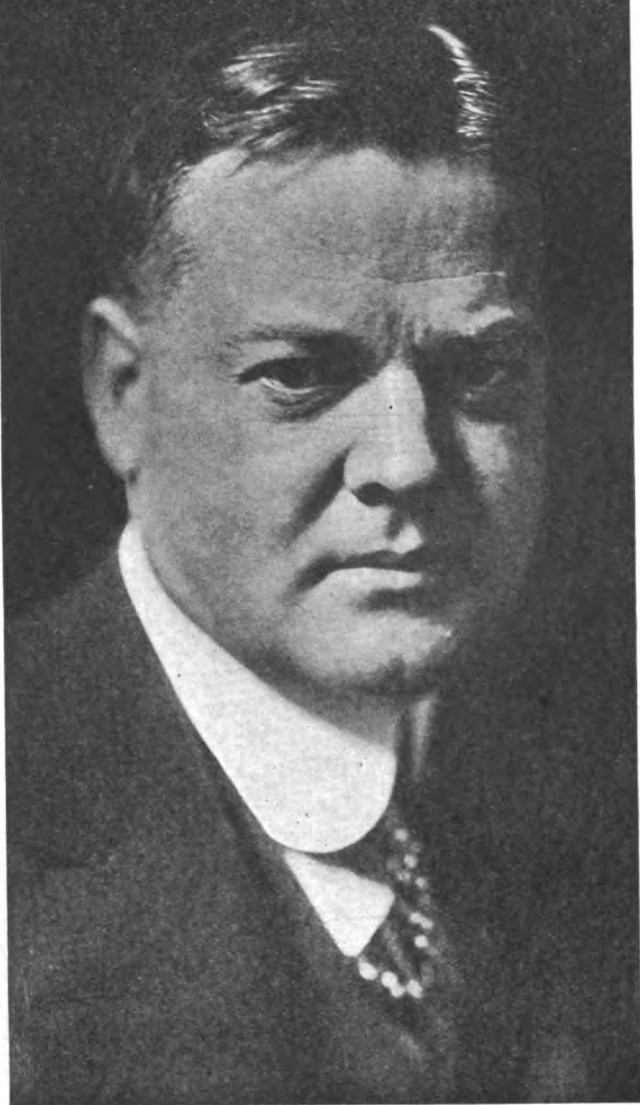
Miss Lawler's early contact with the life of Washington, her gradual and sure advancement in the esteem and confidence of its leading men and women is one of the interesting tales of the capital.

It is not an exaggeration to say that there is no woman in the United States favorably known to more influential men and women than Miss Lawler. To be the trusted friend and aide of Senator Platt of Connecticut when that distinguished man was the leader of the United States Senate is proof of her ability. This experience, however, appears now to have been but the beginning of Miss Lawler's public career.

When others were pleading for the political rights of women, Miss Lawler was demonstrating the worthiness and ability of women in public life. There are those who profess to be greatly disturbed over the possible lowering of feminine standards by reason of the contact of women with politics and politicians. Miss Lawler is a living refutation of this fear. She is much in the society of fashionable and intellectual women and, true to her sex, she loves pretty clothes. She is an old-fashioned new woman.

Miss Lawler is at her best when republican politics and policies are under consideration. Then the floodgates are open and you feel yourself partaking of an intellectual feast. Surely you have already guessed that she is of Irish origin, and on an occasion like this you are given a swing all the way from Dublin to Killarney and from Cork to Belfast; or, as the Irish themselves say, in one of their old poems, entitled "Soggarth Aroon":

Through Ulster and Munster, Leicester and Connaught
In a jiffy you will be all over them.



HERBERT C. HOOVER
SECRETARY OF COMMERCE

Residence, California. Mining engineer. Age 46. Born in West Branch, Iowa. Graduate of Stanford University. Has had wide experience in mining enterprises in this and foreign countries. Chairman of the American Relief Committee, London, 1914-15; Relief in Belgium, 1915-18; U. S. Food Administrator, 1917-19; Near East Relief, 1920-21. Received high honors and decorations from foreign nations for war services

Kathleen Lawler thinks with her head and feels with her heart. This to either man or woman connotes mental and moral equilibrium. Reason and sentiment are the wells from which she draws inspiration for her work. She has proven a faithful servant and has increased the talents that were given her.

* * * *

AFTER many strenuous political battles in his native Mississippi, Ross A. Collins appears as a brand new Congressman ready for roll-call and real work. Born in Collinsville, Lauderdale County, Mississippi, he was educated in the public schools of Meridian, later graduating from the State University. Returning to his home town to begin the practise of law, he hung out his shingle in the regular old-fashioned way, but with new ideas of things.

It was in 1911 that he became candidate for Attorney-General and was elected over a formidable opposition. Here he developed qualities of a real leader. He has a habit of being elected. He kept his pledge to the people by giving his attention particularly to the enforcement of the anti-trust laws of the State, in which endeavor he was remarkably successful in

without opposition in 1919.

As a candidate for governor on a non-factional platform, he made a spirited and effective fight. On the expiration of his second term he became candidate for Congress and won out in a political battle. He is a Democrat to the core, but is not party-blind when national interests are concerned.

Mrs. Collins is prominent in the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and takes a lively interest in her husband's political career. The work in Washington will be given all the vigor characteristic of his public services as a state official of his native Mississippi.

* * * *

WHEN Joseph Sherman Frelinghuysen entered the United States Senate in 1917 he became the friend of the new Senator from Ohio, Warren G. Harding. There's a sort of comradeship among new Senators that just grows. They chat together in the cloak room; they play together on the golf links, and they just naturally like each other, and enjoy work and play in common.

Senator Frelinghuysen was given executive responsibilities early in life, and was chosen a member of the executive committee of the Republican State Committee. It was logical that he should become a candidate for the Senate of New Jersey in 1902, and, after a series of elections and re-elections, he became president of the Senate and acting-Governor of New Jersey. A big, level-headed business man, with experience and tact, it was natural that he should be elected United States Senator in 1917. There was little to indicate at that time what the future held in store for him, but he was ready for any responsibility.

When the name of Warren G. Harding was mentioned in connection with the presidency, his senatorial friend, Joe Frelinghuysen, was an enthusiastic supporter. After the nomination at Chicago, it was a speech delivered by Senator Frelinghuysen that became the veritable basis of campaign addresses in 1920. It was a concise, and yet comprehensive presentation of the man, "Warren G. Harding," to the people, and the issues of the campaign. The speech was circulated by the millions, and thousands of young men, whose enthusiasm encouraged them to become speakers during the campaign, carried the address of Senator Frelinghuysen as their basic text-book. Many had a copy in their inside and hip pockets for ready reference. The facts were all there, and the address possessed a sort of an intimate "close-up" that appealed to the picturesque ideals of the young speakers. In many cases it



JAMES J. DAVIS
SECRETARY OF LABOR

Residence, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Age 47. Born in Tredegar, Wales. Began work in the steel mills in Pittsburg when eleven years old. Removed to Indiana in 1893, and held city and county offices in that state. At an early age developed remarkable qualities of organization and leadership. Has been for many years a member of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and has always been active in labor union affairs. Was chosen in 1906 to reorganize the Loyal Order of Moose, of which he is now the active head

even supplanted the campaign text-book as a book of ready reference.

Early in the campaign it was evident that Joe Frelinghuysen was a close friend of Senator Harding, for Senator Harding and his wife visited him at his home in Raritan, New Jersey, for a breathing spell after the convention and reveled in the atmosphere of an American home redolent with tradition. The ancestor of Senator Frelinghuysen was Rev. Theodorus Jacobus Frelinghuysen, who came from Holland in 1720. He is the fourth member of this family of the long name to occupy a seat in the United States Senate. The Senator is a veteran of the Spanish-American war, and has been for many years president of the State Board of Agriculture.

After the election it was natural that the President-elect and his wife should continue to enjoy the companionship of his colleague. Senator Frelinghuysen and his gracious wife joined the party on its trip to Texas with other personal friends, where they enjoyed the hours of recreation together and continued singing the songs "Avalon" and "Whispering," and accompanied the President-elect to Panama. They were inseparable partners in shuffle board. As a member of the Military Committee, Senator Frelinghuysen investigated thoroughly in person the military situation at the Isthmus. In the jungle, under the torrid tropical sun, he inspected the guns and the plan of defense. What was discussed by Senator Harding and his friend on this trip is not recorded, but when the Senator from New Jersey would score a 10-off in shuffle-



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HON. JOSEPH SHERMAN FRELINGHUYSEN
United States Senator from New Jersey



WILL H. HAYES
POSTMASTER GENERAL

Lawyer. Age 41. Born in Sullivan, Indiana, where he now resides. Graduate from Wabash College. Prominent in county, state and national politics during the last twenty years. Member of the law firm of Hays & Hays. Bank director. Chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1916. Has exceptional administrative abilities.

board, it was declared by the President-elect that he could not make him Secretary of the Treasury. What more charming picture can be presented of the comradeship of public men than to see Joseph Frelinghuysen talking to his friend Warren like a "Dutch uncle" when he scored on the 10-off?

There is a wholesome humaneness about Joseph Frelinghuysen. He knows how to listen, and he knows how to tell what he thinks. His speeches in the Senate are always worth while, because he has something to say and says it well. He seems to understand the varying subtle phases of each question of the hour, but, best of all, understands also the necessity of friendliness in getting things done. He is always there with the sturdy Dutch spirit and firm purpose to do things right. He presided at divine services on the Sunday aboard ship.

Senator Frelinghuysen has a charming family, and Mrs. Frelinghuysen has long been recognized as one of the most popular members of the senatorial circle. She, like her women companions on the trip to Panama, seemed to understand instinctively and clearly public questions which she often heard discussed at the family home. Joseph Frelinghuysen is a leader in public affairs, and the big, stalwart man, with wavy gray hair, is popular with all his associates. He represents the sterling ideals of his forebears, with all the quick and keen



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MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Who has been offered the post of Governor-General of the Philippines by President Harding

presumption of perspicuity (that's a hard word to pronounce, but it tells a lot). While a Jerseyite to the manor born for many generations, Senator Frelinghuysen is a close observer and a student of national affairs, and has not only the ability to furnish good material for campaign speeches, but gives in his discussion and interpretation of public affairs a viewpoint easily understood and appreciated by the people of the country.

active and energetic young congressman holds the regard of his constituents. He is a worker and represents the productive spirit of the Third District of Iowa.

His home at Waverly with its splendid herd of milch cows and cultured pastoral beauty indicates that he is also a great dirt farmer—a worker of the sod. In every nook and corner of the district I found, not only friends, but fighting friends. He does not seem to forget any of them in his congressional activities.

He hails from the district that Speaker Henderson represents, and where lived the late Senator William B. Allison, one of the stalwart statesmen of his time. The memory and traditions of Allison still remain. There is a sturdy and genuine Americanism in this district that tolerates nothing but Simon-pure patriotism with home and schools as the bulwark of national power.

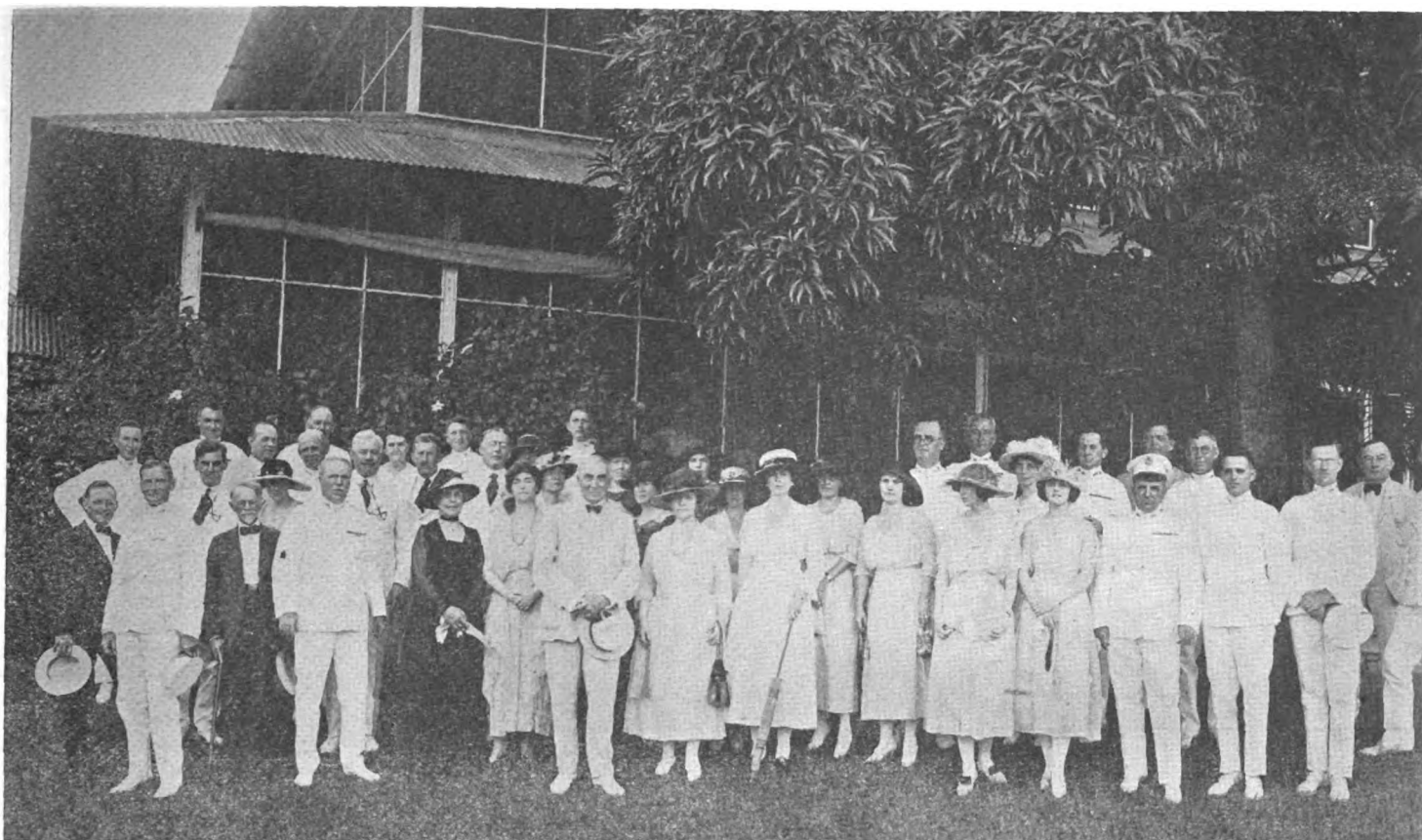
This district produces food enough to supply a population many times the number of people who live and work and play. They have their county fairs and their schools, churches, and movies, and live the ideal life of independence. They are a thinking, feeling and sturdy folk. Well may Burton Erwin Sweet be proud of his district, as the district is proud of him.



ANDREW W. MELLON

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

Born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where he still resides. Banker. Age 65. Entered the banking business in 1874. Has been president of the Mellon National Bank since 1902. Active in industrial and financial developments in his state. Trustee of University of Pennsylvania, and with his brother founded the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. Is identified with many charitable and welfare organizations



President-elect and Mrs. Harding and party on the lawn of Governor Harding's home at Balboa Heights

With Harding at Panama

By THE EDITOR

NOW it seems like a dream viewed in the perspective of reminiscence. The visit to Panama of Warren G. Harding, as President-elect of the United States, was the first move in the making of his administration, after the official call to service. Three weeks of pictures etched deep in memory, and the activities of eighteen eventful November days is the heritage of those who were with him. It was not only what was viewed through the eyes, or even discussed in words, but the spirit of it all—care-free vacation days—yet permeated with first-hand information concerning one of the questions lying midway between national and international problems. There is a magic in happy memory that emphasizes impression which crystallized into conclusions.

The days in Texas and on the border of Mexico proved a fitting overture to the tour which followed. Greeted first by balmy breezes, followed with stinging "Northerners," the climate in the Lone Star State ran the gamut of climatic possibilities. At the outset it was evident that Warren G. Harding, his own natural self, with head unturned by the sweeping popular majority of seven million votes, continued in popular confidence. His campaign with the people came after, instead of before election. Meeting the people face to face revealed the sincerity of the man whom the electorate of the country instinctively, as well as intelligently—demanded for President. Within one week after election the people felt that no mistake had been made.

The welcome given him at New Orleans and the appreciation of the people living at the veritable gate to Panama, indicated that he was to be, indeed, President of all the people of all sections of the United States, and the greetings

of the throngs in the Crescent city were not mere expressions of formal hospitality, but an outburst of confidence that had the spontaneity of real admiration.

At the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce, the response of the President-elect suggested a favorite son returning home. His salutations to Governor John M. Parker, Hon. Champ Clark, whom he named as the greatly beloved but "unsavable" Democrat, and Senator Joe Ransdell—ever keen for rivers and harbors development—suggested a family love feast more than a formal function. The National Band from the City of Mexico played a march named in honor of the President-elect. His word of appreciation to them carried a message to Mexico without the veneer of diplomatic persiflage. Although uttered in a strange tongue to them, it was understood, and the tear-dimmed eyes of the Mexicans reflected the hope of the millions at home for peace and a restoration of amicable relations in that revolution-rent land. It was more in the manner, gesture, and tone of voice than in the words spoken that his rally cry of "a forward march to peace" seemed almost dramatic in its effect.

The people lined the streets to bid their guest "God-speed." With a hearty smile Mrs. Harding shared the honors in the first acquaintance. The calliope on the excursion steamer at the wharf shrieked itself hoarse with national airs. Hundreds of vessels in the river were gay with bunting, with whistles shrieking a salute that resounded over the waters with soul-stirring effect. The tugs bobbed hither and thither, like faithful convoys, and followed the good ship *Parismina* of the United Fruit Company as if loath to leave and give the good-bye "toot."

The glorious sunset and setting of the scene all seemed to blend with the happy spirit of "A Perfect Day," the title of the favorite song of Mrs. Harding, played by the band in leaving, as the ship glided along in the river, above the buildings and plantations across the levee.

As the guests gathered for dinner, it seemed to typify the high purpose of the cause and the promise of better things on the administration of our national affairs. The first thing was observation and information, and note-books were opened with serious intent. The orchestra of Sam Koran from Washington began playing in the salon overhead. The reflection of the rising moon on the river seemed to bring out of its luring shadows fanciful romance of days gone by. At the great delta and across the bars, the good ship *Parismina* ploughed and dropped the pilots for a cruise of the Spanish Main—famous in song and story. There was just a tinge of sadness and thoughts of those at home when the last letter was passed along for the bag of the returning pilots—four in number—as they pushed away into the inky darkness.

"The next day," as they say in the movies, there were not many at breakfast. The Spanish Main had conquered. Retirements were registered one by one in the faces of passengers. One newspaper pilgrim announced sadly as he reached the top of the gangway, rushing for the rail:

"Made a mistake. Ordered four-minute eggs." Even the brace of mallard ducks, in gay plumage displayed on deck, was not an alluring picture for seaworn swains. One by one they came out as the weather moderated. The shuffle-board games began and the President-elect was soon counted a champion. He played just as he works, concentrating on getting a



Pacific Terminal of the Panama Canal, showing drydock and entrance basin from the bay

plus-ten and shooting hard to avoid the minus. It was very evident that he played to score without any pyrotechnic exhibitions of "knocking" the other fellow out or blocking the game. The score was what counted with him. When he first chose me as a partner, to represent the Press, against the Senatorial oligarchy, consisting of Senators Hale and Frelinghuysen, I got nervous and shot with ten off. The President-elect quoth—

"Sad! Very sad, Joe!" Then with a smile, puffing a Fatima, "I see that I cannot make you Secretary of the Treasury." Here is where I lost that Cabinet position.

It could not be called a party of notables, but just folks, plainly having a jolly time together—including friends and neighbors from the home town. Dr. C. E. Sawyer, his physician and old friend, kept on reading the items of the *Marion Daily Star* for six days that were sent by wireless, with more eagerness than the regular dispatches. On board there was Jesse Williams, Colonel Scobie and wife, Malcolm Jennings and wife, Colonel Craeger and wife of Texas, Senator Frelinghuysen and wife, Senator F. W. Hale of Maine without his wife—because he still remains a bachelor. It was altogether just a home-folks party. Everybody on board was soon acquainted. No visiting cards were used.

The gracious qualities of Mrs. Harding won new high favors every day with the passengers on board, because, first and last, like her distinguished husband, she was just herself, putting aside all attempts to halo her with any other distinction than that of being "the wife of Warren G. Harding." There was not the slightest evidence of the "turning head" that comes with authority.

The first sight of land revealed the mountains of La Providencia Islands. How glorious they were bathed in the southern cross star gleams, tales of pirates and smuggling coming to mind. The only diversion outside the boundary of the ship was building castles in the clouds. Here was the Swiss Alps—here the plains. The tropical moon seemed to grow more brilliant as the prow of the boat pushed on to the south. Every nook and cranny of the vessel was explored by the inquisitive and restless travelers. Walking, reading, or playing games, but always "doing something," seems to be characteristic of Americans aboard ship. All good intentions to write

and study go awry as the hours drift by. The President-elect bravely sauntered forth with books on Panama barricading his steamer chair—but no use.

The dinner given to Captain Holmes was a fitting climax of a happy voyage. Merriment prevailed that night, for the sea was smooth. The Captain slowed down the ship, but other events moved swiftly. Clad in caps of varied hues, armed with horns and balloons and weapons of percussion, the President-elect and future "First Lady of the Land" joined in the spirit of playtime. Everybody seemed to have grown young again, and vied with each other in making a noise and giving expression to the jollity of the occasion. The health of Captain Holmes was proposed by the President-elect, but the Captain insisted that first came the health of the future President of the United States. The dinner was a triumph of epicurean art, for was not Mr. E. R. Grabow, the passenger traffic manager of the United Fruit Company, a member of the party? If there was a single detail missing in the tour, it has never been discovered. Mr. Grabow knows the tropics,

never was a ship provided with more good things to eat than the passengers found on the *Parismina*. It was one time in our young lives that we all felt like the boy at the Christmas dinner—sorry we did not have more capacity.

What a floodtide of memories it awakened of two previous trips to the Canal Zone when, "by the dawn's early light," we caught sight of the low shore line at Cristobal. A fleet of airships, buzzing like monster darning-needles, were holding steady in battle formation, making the droning in the air a cheery welcome. There was the flag of the country held aloft, with the sun rising ahead where rolls the Pacific! All the world seemed turned awry for the moment, for the sun was to set in the Atlantic. The wireless towers and great cranes of the coal dock and gigantic piers marked the spot where in the cesspools of stagnant water once stood the dilapidated buildings and shacks of Colon. Alongside came the submarines, diving now and then as if in sportful glee of welcome. They seemed like a flock of happy birds and seadogs there to welcome the President-elect and his wife.

On the right, five miles from the great breakwater, were the great locks of Gatun, looking up beyond the mouth of the Chagres River. On the decks of the launches alongside were American girls in sweaters of various hues. Visions of the '49'ers crossing the Isthmus and the workers on the tragic De Lessep's enterprise came to mind, revealing achievement rather than dreams. One could not help feeling proud of the American genius that had made all this possible. The greatest industrial undertaking directed by the army and navy of a nation is presented in the work at Panama as an answer to the challenge that armies and navies only achieve things in warfare and through bloodshed. Senator Fred W. Hale took off his hat and cheered all to himself.

The bands were playing and the cheers of the Zone Americans and Panamanians greeted the President-elect. There was no formal ceremony, but just a welcome to folks from home. The school children, in military formation, filled the streets, and brought their flowers for Mrs. Harding. How gracious she seemed, not in the fore rank, but following along in the footsteps of her husband, responding to the hearty and simple actions of the people who revered the flag and all it represents. An imaginary line marks the boundary between the republic of Panama and the strip of land, ten miles wide, and covering the lake of one hundred and sixty-



Hotel Washington at Cristobal

seven square miles, which represents the "Zone." The new-made land, clean streets and shops indicate that the business spirit of Colon and Cristobal is imbued with the same thoughts and purposes that built the Canal.

In the stately Hotel Washington on the shores of the sea, the voyagers found a restful retreat. The greensward in front, touching the very waves of the Atlantic, with palm trees towering about, made it seem like a veritable fairyland. The statue of Columbus, presented by the late Empress Eugenie, was now turned about, looking out at sea toward the west, on the shores of the Atlantic.

It was not long before the musicians of the President-elect orchestra, playing "Whispering," "Avalon," and the latest hits from Broadway, started the tingling toes of tango on the ballroom floor. They were just hungry to hear American jazz celebrating the welcome of the President-elect with song. But, first of all, they just wanted to grasp the hand of Mr. Harding and look into his face and say "Hello." It was all so informal that it was difficult to distinguish, even with an array of glowing badges, who was who. One thing was certain, every one was an American that day—Panamanians, British, and all the representatives of foreign nations were gayly adorned with the red, white and blue. Later the President-elect's party was dashing for the commissary for white suits and Panama hats, and preparing for a tropical time—a hot time in the old town as well. There was no program, but everything started spontaneously and never seemed to stop night or day. How Warren G. Harding stood the physical strain of it all was the marvel. He fulfilled the ideals they had pictured of how a real President should look and act. Whether in his bathrobe, ready for a dip, or in golf suit ready for a foursome, or riding in a "cabarra" with a jangling bell drawn by a rabbit-like horse—the eyes of Panama were fixed on Warren G. Harding with admiring appreciation.

Every minute of time was measured. A printed proclamation entitled "El Pueblo Colonense al Senador Warren G. Harding," printed in Spanish, was placed in the hands of the party wearing red badges. Some pretended to read, but few understood.

The trip through lock, channel and lake in the United States mine-planter *Graham* provided Warren G. Harding with his first survey of the great Panama canal. With bands playing a welcome salute, the ship glided up to the Gatun Locks through the huge gates swung wide open. Here the Panama officials appropriately welcomed the distinguished



U. S. Transport "Northern Pacific" approaching Cuaracha Slide, en route from New York

guest with much ceremony. The "electric mules" or trolley cars on either side of the lock pulled the vessel through the successive three locks. Ascending eighty-five feet over the bubbling waters in the locks, the mine-sweeper seemed to move like an aeroplane. At the control station a single button governed the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, as they mingled with a rush in the great tunnel eighteen feet in diameter, to float the commerce passing from ocean to ocean. The little signal lights winked their approval as a tiny model indicated just the exact moment of the opening and closing of the gates. The triumph of engineering and mechanical genius here revealed was inspected with almost breathless awe. Automatically the railings on the sides of the gates would rise and disappear as the locks opened and closed. It all seemed so human as to be uncanny. An operator remarked, "Scarcely a screw or rivet was changed from the original plan. The darn

thing is as accident-proof as human mind could conceive."

At Gatun there was a game of golf on what are facetiously called "the eight-million-dollar golf links" (which included the cost of the Gatun Locks). Here Warren G. Harding "bushed" them all in a game under the topical sun. Some balls were lost in the lake and there were wits present who insisted that this caused the overflow in the lake on the spillway. The walk over the Gatun links revealed a pastoral scene with cows grazing and sheep munching, while nearby were tarpon fishing and disporting schools of sharks, as if to lend variety to the view.

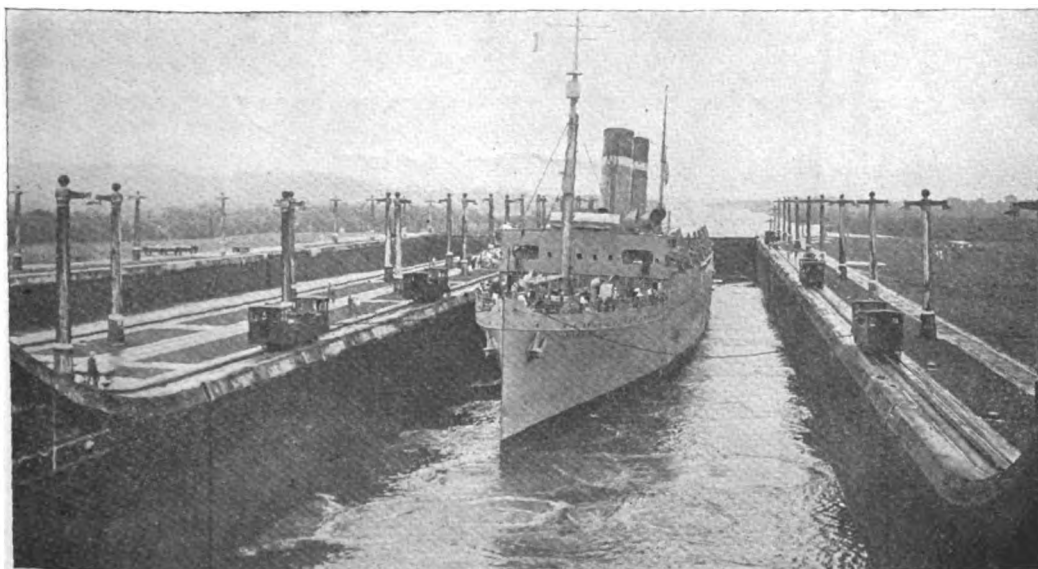
That sail across the Gatun Lake, covering an area of one hundred and sixty-seven square miles, underneath which lies buried the roaring waters of the Chagres River and many little villages, recalled to us "veterans" that first trip to the Isthmus in 1906 when we trod the prism of the Canal under an umbrella.

There was no happier man on the reception committee than "Matty Nolan," who had provided the decorations of his city and the famous "Welcome" sign which greeted the President-elect as he entered Colon and Cristobal. It read: "Welcome to Panama, Welcome to your fellow-citizens who are keeping the Canal going, and may your visit be a happy one, so that you may return to the motherland refreshed."

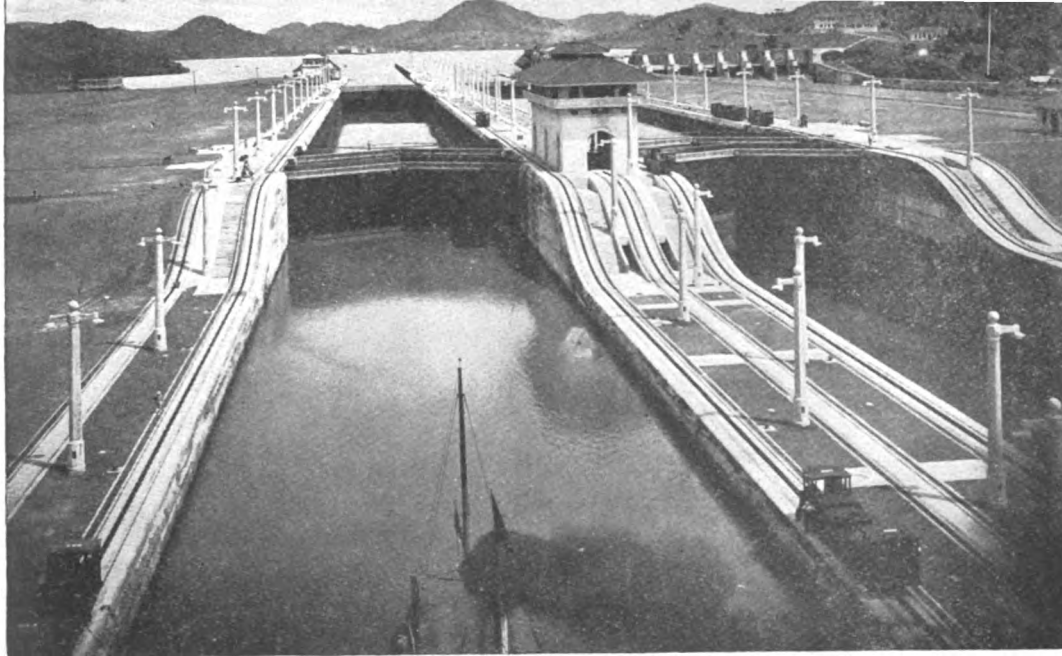
The Banda Replicana, in gay uniforms, played stirring national airs, not forgetting the refrain of "Whispering" and "Avalon."

In the cruise across the lake many steamers were seen plying to and fro, revealing why the revenue of the Canal was reaching a million dollars a month. The flag of the Peruvian line, which had taken over German steamships, indicated renewed activities of commerce on the western coast of South America. Mr. Harding stood on the bridge deeply absorbed in thought and making frequent inquiries. Even with tropical rains the umbrellas were cast aside, for all were there to "see."

The spillway is a miniature canyon. It first appeared with great brown walls, and the little streams trickling down between the great columns made it seem like a silent ancient temple. On the banks were the little sensitive plants.



U. S. Transport "Northern Pacific" in Gatun Locks, showing the water boiling up as it enters the locks



Miraflores Locks—showing Miraflores Lake and Pedro Miguel Locks in the distance

When the little leaves were touched, they closed up. It all seemed so quiet and restful, looking out over the old line of the French canal following the Chagres River. The bridge beneath, arching the rocky dry bed of the river, recalled summer scenes in New England. Then presto! A button was touched and the waters rushed forth like a roaring Niagara. Only two of the gates were open, but the silvery foam, rising a hundred feet in the air, with the tropical sun playing upon it, made a scene of prismatic beauty in noonday glory. Each one of the gates released twelve and a half thousand feet of water every second. The dry bed of the river was soon a roaring torrent below. What would it have been if all seven gates were open?

Stretching out like a silver sheet dotted with green, the lake recalled a scene of the Thousand Islands. The submerged trees in the tropical forest were dying hard. Their branches were filled with beautiful orchids, probably the most extensive and elaborate orchid display in the world. As the mine-planter entered the famous Culebra Cut, scenes of the Hudson rose to mind. Gold Hill loomed up like old Storm King. The hydraulic dredges were still at the work of "removing mountains"—with something more than faith. They were simply washing the hills away—turning on the hose. The slides come up from the bottom because of the pressure of the mountain, and the flotilla of dredges were on duty where the slides had occurred that closed the Canal from February to June one year. The slide was so complete that pedestrians walked across the Canal. The dredges and everything that had a whistle saluted along the route, and the men cheered lustily as the U. S. S. *Graham* swept on through to Pedro Miguel. Here the school children greeted Mr. and Mrs. Harding and showered them with flowers. The rain was falling, but that did not deter the little ones, clad in their paper garments of vari-colored hues. Nothing could dampen the lusty spirit of the American children on the Zone. Through this avenue of young Americans, Mrs. Harding seemed to greet each one. One little tot who was continually falling down to get her bouquet to Mrs. Harding was helped over the troublesome bumps and given a hearty kiss and hug for her persistence.

Arriving at Balboa Heights, the formal and official ceremonies began. Here is the "model city"—with an Administration Building that

looks like a state capitol. The reception and the speech by Mr. Harding from the balcony brought him close to the people. Governor and Mrs. Chester Harding entertained at the Executive Mansion, located in a beautiful palm-crested nook. The American Minister, Mr. W. E. Price, was there to give official greeting. The guests rode in the landau of President Belisario Porras. Here, again, on Santa Anna Plaza children from every school in Panama greeted Mr. Harding with waving flags. All business was at a standstill. President Porras, who had known Senator Harding in Washington, gave him a hearty personal greeting.

At the President's dinner the Americans were entertained with all the Castilian gentility of South American traditions. There was a diagram indicating the place of each guest. The Union Club is located on the banks of Panama Bay and the visions from the balcony, with the witchery of moonlight and the entrancing music, made it seem like a scene in fairyland. Then one began to understand why the early Spanish explorers were fascinated with this region of the New World.

There were speeches, surcharged with the spirit of amity and good-will. It was one of the first formal functions attended by Senator Harding after his election. As Mrs. Harding

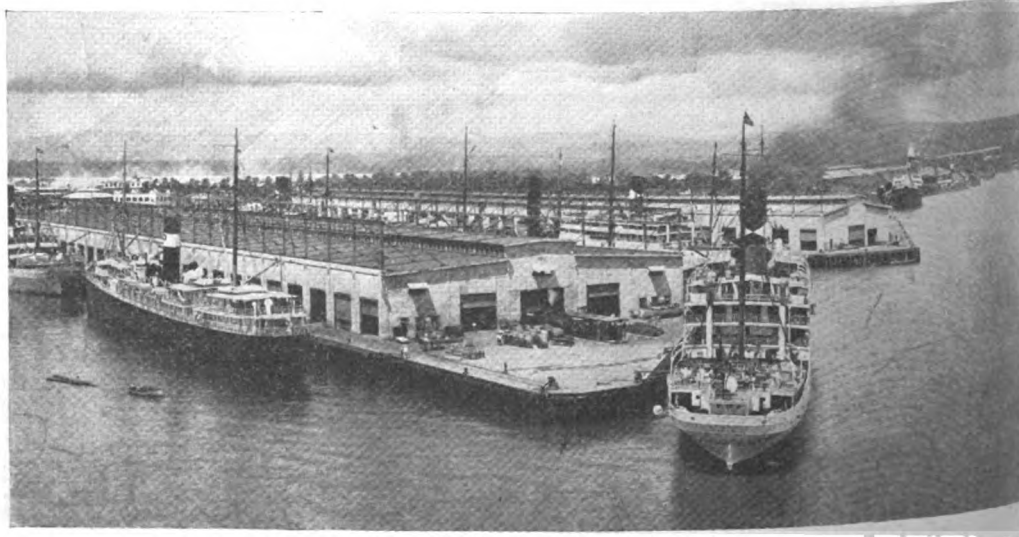
Cinderella." As the horses' hoofs clattered over the ancient pavements of Panama, everything was redolent with the traditions of centuries past, when the sturdy Spaniards were bringing back the wealth of the Incas from South America. "Best of all," Mrs. Harding added, "I had my Prince Charming with me and the beautiful dreams of girlhood days were realized in this one real picture."

Everybody on the Isthmus soon agreed that Warren G. Harding was a real fellow. He had invitations from all the civic organizations on the Isthmus. He seemed to belong to every one—more than that, he seemed to be a real active member. He attended the meeting of the Loyal Order of Moose and entered Ancon Lodge at nine o'clock, just as the services were being said for the children of Mooseheart. The great throng arose as the President entered and sang "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

It was my thrilling experience to speak in the National Theater and hear American songs and cheers mingled with Panamanian bravos. An entertainment was given in which an original local play was presented, including Miss Grantbury in the cast. She danced with the Prince of Wales when he landed, on his passage through the Canal. Thereby hangs a romance! The Prince overlooked the real society girls of the Diplomatic Corps and danced with the little girl in peacock blue, the daughter of a boiler-maker in Balboa. She was the chosen partner for dance after dance, much to the disgust of the society queens. The event shook the social foundations, but Miss Grantbury was the popular heroine of the hour. The Prince gave her a luncheon on board the battleship to prove his admiration for the little American lass, then sailed on to another port in the H. M. S. dreadnought *Renown*, which passed on through the Canal on a trip around the world.

Thanksgiving Day on the Isthmus was observed in good old American style. Senator Harding enjoyed the turkey that was sent him aboard ship by the Camp Fire Girls of Texas. There were mince pies and pumpkin pies and real cranberry sauce. The dinner given by General Kennedy at Quarry Heights brought back memories of the notable administration of General Clarence R. Edwards when in command of the military forces on the Canal Zone prior to the war. He built this house on the Heights, which was the scene of many sociable gatherings and did much to bring about an amicable understanding between the Americans and Panamanians. The great porch was a veritable assembly place where people met face to face and understood each other.

Fort Amador and the army and navy posts



General view of piers at Cristobal Terminal

about Panama were inspected. The Panama side of the canal off the Taboga Islands is a scene of inspiring beauty, but the boats push on through direct to Colon—the Chicago or commercial center of the Isthmus, called the gold city, while Panama is the silver side. The bimetallic question is not yet settled in Panama, for the rivalry is spirited. Some of the party returned to Colon, forty-seven miles away, in an aeroplane in a driving rain. Others took the train. The scene at night approaching the locks suggests Coney Island or Luna Park, radiant with white pillars surmounted by electric lights, and little light-houses along the banks. The army post at Cristobal, which Poultny Bigelow described as a mud wallow, had blossomed into scenes of tropical splendor that rivaled Palm Beach in its palmiest days. No wonder the army and the navy boys love Panama. The development of the airplane service both in army and navy has continued vigorously since the war. In the hangar was the little yellow hornet that made the trip to Jamaica and at Coco-solo (not Coca-Cola). Mrs. Harding made a flight in a hydroplane, while her distinguished husband was pushing his way through the jungle with Senator Frelinghuysen and Senator Hale, inspecting the fortifications, at which one newspaperman was heard to exclaim: "We found guns that wouldn't shoot, but these will soon be ready for real business."

Then came the "shopping day." Here is where the Chinese merchants had the inside track, for Yang Tu Fang "had the goods." It was kimonos, beads, and silk for the absent wives, and Panama hats, of course, made in Ecuador were in demand.

Tariffs were studied here with lightning calculation, for the shopping expeditions of the ladies in the party were, in every sense, international events.

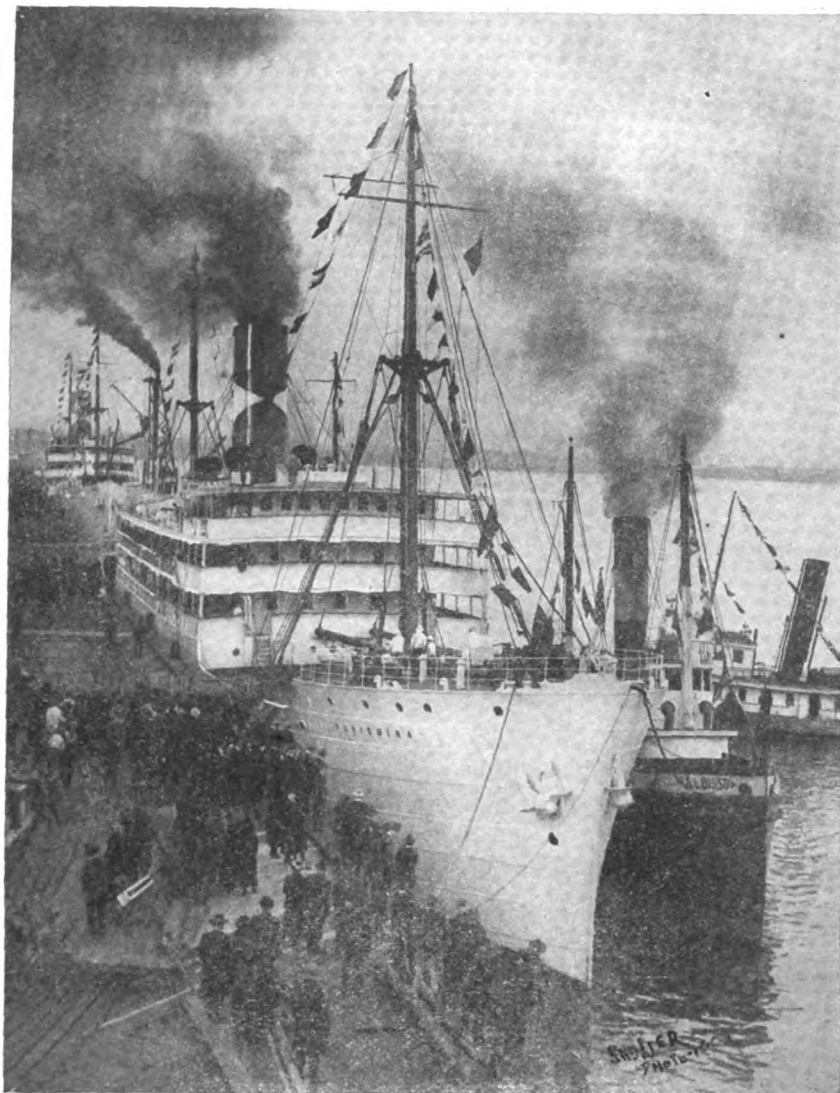
Returning to Colon, Mine Host Johnson at the Washington Hotel had everything in readiness for the farewell banquet given by the business men of Colon. The address to the people assembled on the banks of the Atlantic where De Lesseps landed with his dreams of a canal seemed to bring Senator Harding very close to the people. They insisted on a greeting and talk everywhere he turned. Under the direction of Governor Arcia, and with decorations by Matty Nolan the dinner seemed like a live Chamber of Commerce gathering, with all the zip of Kansas City.

Don Ruben Arcia, the chief executive of the Province of Colon, has the energy and activity of a hustler. He looks like Napoleon, with his forelock lying lightly on his intellectual brow. A soup that seemingly contained everything that grows on the Isthmus was a good starter for the guests present at the Panamanian lunch. Cocoanut milk and all the popular native dishes followed in succession, constituting a feast at the Strangers' Club that did credit to the memory of Balboa, and Governor Arcia's speech was a rousing address.

The Washington Hotel is not located on the Canal Zone, and there was a guest who held up a Lone Tree cocktail flavored with Bicardy, and remarked, "This, my boy, is a cocktail which was known to your ancestors at every banquet board. Now we keep them in museums as relics of a long ago."

Everyone had to take a dip in the pool on the banks of the Atlantic. It rather startled you to see signs everywhere, "Don't expectorate in the water." All this, remember, amid a scene of beauty that had blossomed on the cesspools of Colon.

The tall rows of cocoanut trees in the park and the proximity of palace and darkened caverns called homes indicated the past and present. An invisible line marks the great wall between prohibition and license—a monument to the Eighteenth Amendment.



The S. S. "Parismina" at the dock in New Orleans



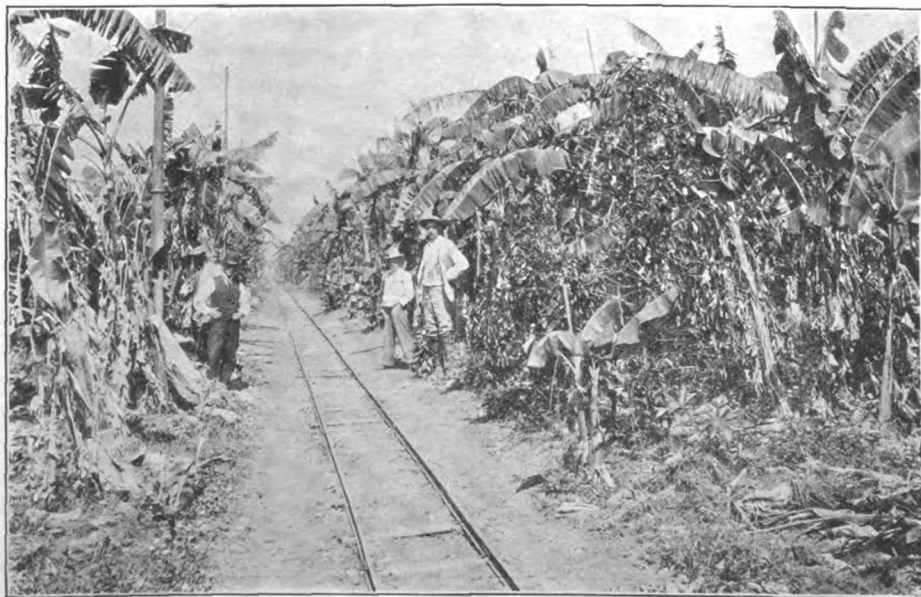
Culebra Station on the Panama Railroad



Blast in the dyke at Matachin—the first meeting of the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans



A flood scene in the Canal



Banana plantation in Panama

Mr. E. R. Grabow of the United Fruit Company were so perfect from start to finish that there was nothing left undone. The superb service called forth the hearty commendation of Mr. and Mrs. Harding and all members of the party, who on this trip had a glimpse of the great work of the United Fruit Company in developing and maintaining commercial relations with Central American countries. The *Pastores* was the first American transport to carry fighting troops to France. She was a spick and span "Biltmore Hotel" afloat, a most welcome and comfortable home on the sea.

The "goodbye" given Mr. and Mrs. Harding by the Panamanians reflected the deep and sincere affection of the people for Warren G. Harding. It was the hottest weather known in Panama in years, as it was the "worst storm" ever known in Texas when the party were there, but after all every moment of time spent on the trip was enjoyed.

The rough seas on the voyage to Jamaica did not disturb the arrangements of Impresario Grabow, with his moving picture attractions and dances on deck. Despite the high seas, the games of shuffle-board continued with a high score. The afternoon concerts and the discussion of national and international affairs came thick and fast, but never a word as to prospective members of the Cabinet. There was a chat standing by the rail with the newspaper men on occasions when counsel was sought.

The Senator's views on free tolls were not popular among the workers on the Zone, who had a feeling that it would cut down the revenues and the force, but this was faith in his sincerity and sense of justice. The reports indicate that over \$2,000,000 had been collected in excess of expenditures, with twenty-five per cent of the traffic between United States and South America and fourteen per cent between the Atlantic Coast of the United States and the Orient. The total receipts for tolls and other revenues amounted to nearly \$9,000,000, and two thousand seven hundred and forty-five vessels passed through the Canal in one year. It required the removal of nearly a million yards of material to keep the Canal open, but that is now an incident with everything in running order.

Landing at Kingston, Jamaica, the first reception to a President-elect ever given on foreign soil made it an event of international intent. A tropical breakfast was provided at the Myrtle Bank Hotel by Mine Host Grabow, who planned the itinerary. The motor trip was made across the island, stopping for luncheon on the banks of the Wag-water River, at the beautiful Castle-ton Gardens. Here every species of palms and trees growing in the tropics was viewed. The drive over the wonderful winding mountain roads, eighty miles, amid picturesque scenery with sugar-cane fields, climbing the steep incline, with picturesque little thatched homes dotting every corner, was an inspiring relief from the days at sea. His Excellency and Lady Probyn entertained Mr. and Mrs. Harding at the King's House. Mr. Harding was given the famous good-luck nut, as a souvenir, with an appropriate inscription.

Through the mist, over mountain sides and in the valleys, the Jamaicans greeted the caravan of motor cars with smiles and salutes with their machetes. The one thing that concerned the guests was that neither the machetes nor the motors skid.

Arriving at Port Antonio, the hospitable doors of the Titchfield Hotel were thrown open. Under a bower of palms in this beautiful location, the guests lingered long to look upon the lights twinkling in the harbor. Loath to leave, they passed under a special arbor of palm trees to embark for the U. S. A.

As the boat passed the Island of San Salvador, where Columbus first landed, there was a salute in honor of the discoverer of America, and everybody thought of 1492, and remembered it better than a telephone number. Then came the pitch and roll around Cape Hatteras, but even that made no difference with the shuffle board, although it interfered with the equilibrium of the piano player, but the little old talking machine did valiant service that it still might be "on with the dance."

Entering Hampton Roads, the greeting from the airplanes and hydroplanes and "blimps" was an impressive contrast to the days when the little *Monitor* sailed valiantly into Hampton Roads. The newspapers dropped on board seemed white messengers of cheer, although the wireless had been in almost constant use every hour of the voyage. The battleship *Tennessee* dipped her colors as she passed with Secretary of State Colby on board, starting on his South American cruise. Citizens of Newport News and President Ferguson of the Newport News Shipbuilding Company showed President-elect Harding a great array of battleships and battle cruisers under construction—an addition to our present naval strength.

It was all a fitting climax of the cruise to Panama. Senator Harding's speech was a ringing call for a strong navy and development of the merchant marine. He spoke in the tabernacle where Billy Sunday had held forte, and the greeting given him by the southern people in Norfolk had the same heartiness as that given him at New Orleans. The keynote of the occasion was that here was a man who would be President of the United States. It was the last day of a three weeks' vacation and a three-thousand-mile cruise away from home. In all these busy days Warren Harding insisted that at no time during the trip had he felt he was outside the inspiring and broadly enveloping spirit of America.

During his visit to the army and navy base Mr. Harding personally greeted sixteen thousand



Gatun Shipway Dam—opening of seven gates

navy boys after they had completed their exercises to the strains of inspiring music and song. The colors were lowered at sunset, presenting a picture of young American manhood in a way that cannot be forgotten. On board a destroyer the party visited the navy yards and looked over other great ships under course of construction. From start to finish, the tour was one of information such as a President might desire to have at

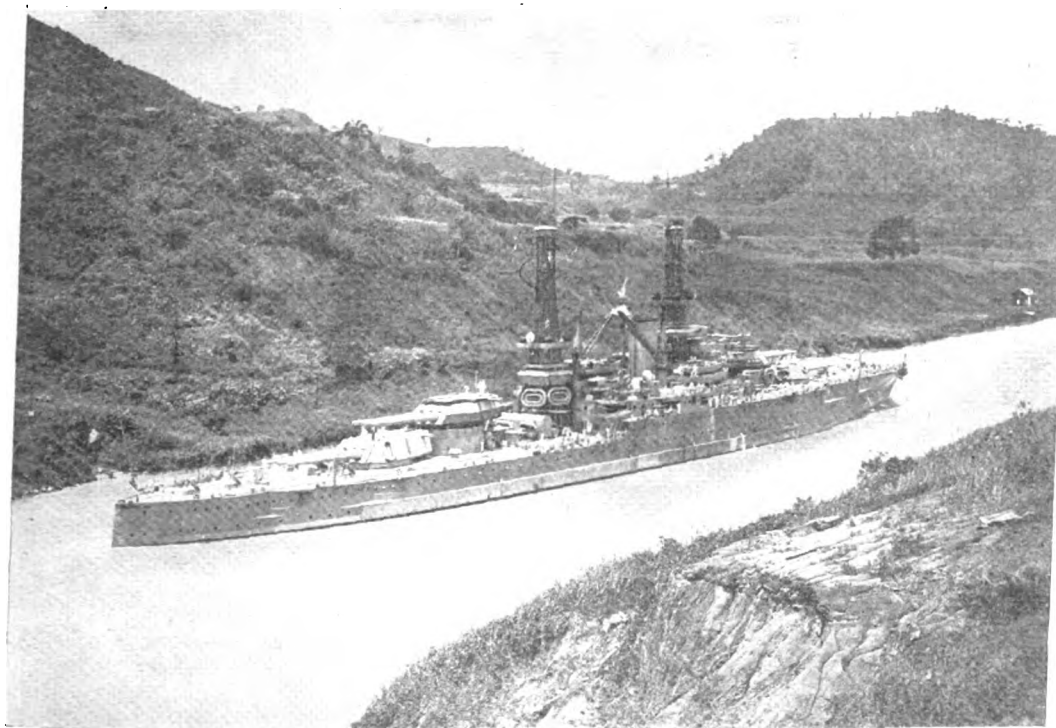
first hand concerning the activities of a great nation. With the instinct of a newspaperman, and his training in public service, he made every minute count in gathering impressions that will have an influence in giving the United States an executive who knows, understands, and reflects the spirit of the average American citizen in all his doings.

The tour ended on Saturday night. On Sunday Mr. Harding responded to the call of a blind brother of the Elks in an address at Bedford. Filled with the spirit of peace and reflecting the alchemy of love and brotherhood, it seemed to foreshadow an administration of good-nature, kindly understanding, free from the strident ego, bitterness, and suspicion that seemed to prevail all over the country in the reaction after the war.

That Captain's dinner on the *Pastores* was a climatic carnival. The menus were triumphs of art. With the perspiration dripping from his face, Warren Harding in a stuffy cabin autographed mementos for everyone on board. Here was reflected the good-natured, kindly service he is always ready to give. The personnel of the party represented just the average American folks. There was no adulation of master minds or people loving and living in public glare.

* * *

Warren Harding had his desire fulfilled. He made his honeymoon trip as President-elect, with just folks, the "plain people," as Lincoln loved to call them. There was not a member of his party who did not feel the close ties of fellowship that make life sweeter, which will make the fame and name of Warren G. Harding as a man in the full and unmeasured sense of the word. This distinction will endure longer even than the official honor that came to him in a majority of seven million votes when elected President of the United States.



Pacific Fleet passing through the Canal

The Story of an Office that Sought the Man—in Motor Boats

How James Jackson Became State Treasurer of Massachusetts

IF you were a man who had never taken a practical interest in politics—had never even thought of running for any office; if you were taking a quiet little week-end cruise; if suddenly a motorboat appeared, puffing and panting frantically in the offing, and if you learned later that other motor-boats, north, south, east and west were on the verge of nervous prostration in efforts to locate you—and if the purpose of this pursuit was to prevail on you to enter the primary struggle for the nomination for State Treasurer, what would you think and do?

If you were a red-blooded man with a keen sense of humor, you would enjoy the picturesqueness of the situation and the humor of it as James Jackson did. You would say, as he did, "Gentlemen, if the people think I can serve them, I am willing to accept."

This scene took place on a Saturday afternoon. Mr. Jackson gave up his little week-end cruise. The next day an appeal appeared in the papers signed by representative citizens of the Commonwealth urging Mr. Jackson to enter the fight. Monday morning he formally accepted. Almost immediately his opponent—who held the office of State Treasurer—resigned. The Governor appointed Mr. Jackson to the office for the interim. Mr. Jackson was nominated in the primaries in an exciting "sticker" campaign and was triumphantly elected.

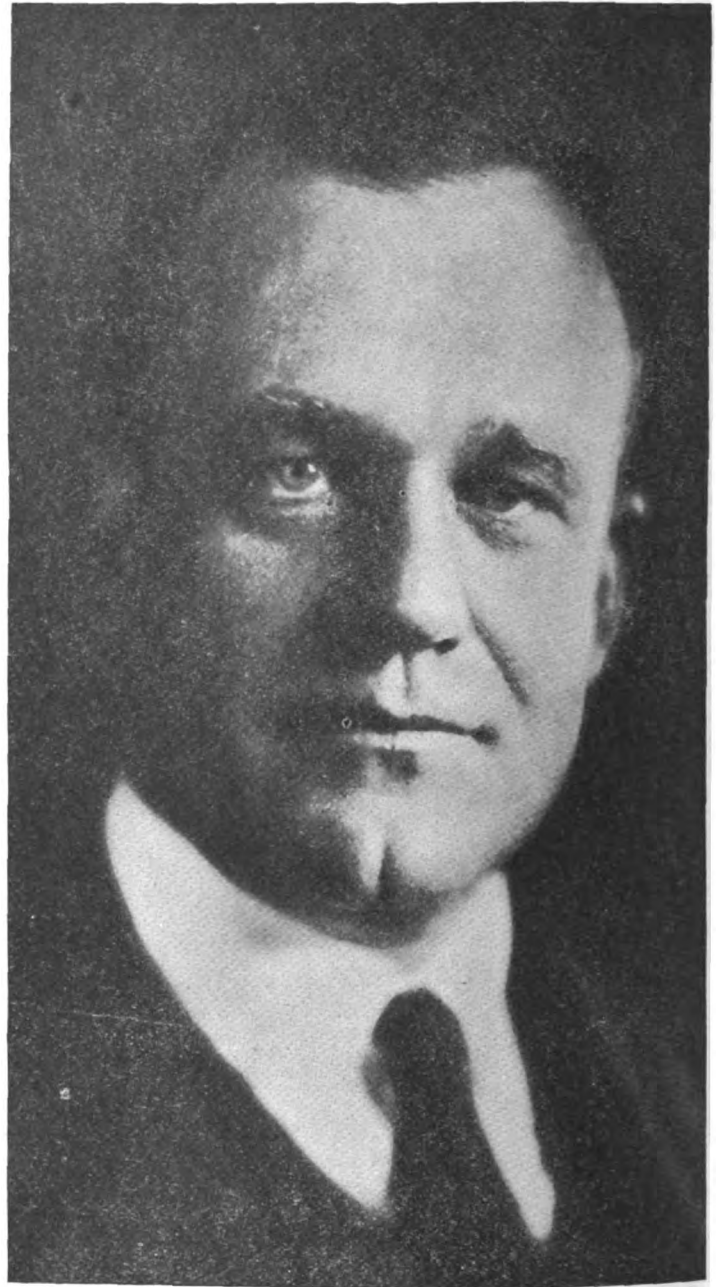
Such, in brief, is the story of how James Jackson became State Treasurer of Massachusetts. The story is significant for at least two reasons: first, as showing that the people will always get the right man in office if they are only sufficiently aroused; and, second, that no man can escape deserved honors.

As I sat chatting with Mr. Jackson in the Treasurer's office at the State House, I was reminded of the time when I was publicity man for the Red Cross, and Mr. Jackson was manager of the New England division. It was during the war, and the personnel was very large. We occupied an entire office building. But the permeating influence of Mr. Jackson was felt by everybody, down to the very humblest. I sensed Mr. Jackson's personality before I met the man, saw how he inspired affection and loyal service from everyone.

He used to come into our office late afternoons, puffing his black Italian brier pipe, to talk things over. He was seen in action at conferences of department heads. What kindness and tact, how fore-seeing and how far-seeing! How modest and open-minded! When he had determined on his course, what force and speed! Davy Crockett's motto, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!" is Mr. Jackson's. And when he's sure he's right, he goes ahead full steam.

James Jackson comes from an old New England family. His great-great-grandfather, Jonathan Jackson, settled in Newburyport. He was a delegate to the first Continental Congress and was Massachusetts State Treasurer and Receiver General from 1802 to 1806, so that State Treasuryships might be said to run in the family. Jonathan Jackson's portrait, along with portraits of other officials, is on the wall of the Treasurer's office. I remarked how pleasant it must be to have his ancestor looking down at him from the wall, and Mr. Jackson answered with characteristic modesty, "I didn't even know it was there until a few days ago."

James Jackson, Mr. Jackson's great grandfather, was a famous



JAMES JACKSON
State Treasurer of Massachusetts

physician, and one of the first physicians at the Massachusetts General Hospital. His grandfather, Francis, was interested in iron mines in New York State, and later was an architect in Boston. Mr. Jackson's father, also named James, at sixteen years of age, attempted to run away to the Civil War. He was prevented and went to China in the employ of the famous trading firm of Russell & Company. Coming back to Boston, he was given a position with Lee, Higginson & Company, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, for the family fortunes had become depleted. Mr. Jackson became a partner in the firm and was an entirely self-made man. (Continued on page 502)

Our World Situation

How America stands in relation to the social and industrial re-habilitation of war-ridden Europe

By PETER MACQUEEN

THE world is face to face today with the most terrific problems that have ever confronted the human race. The greatest and most disastrous war in history has been fought, and the end is not yet. A portion of the world lies in desolation and in ruins; hunger and famine stalks abroad. Men have even rebelled against work. Nearly every country except our own is bankrupt, and our very wealth may be a vital injury to us. Our opportunity is great; our risk is also great. We must stand by the careening and rocking ships of states and nations. We have become the crest on the tidal wave of destiny. We are the strong man among the nations, and the strong man never has the right to run away.

The new administration has many problems to meet. That splendid and unassuming man who takes the presidential chair on March 4 will have to face such questions as no man ever faced before in all the tides of Time. How shall we treat the Bolsheviks in Russia and in our own country? How shall we educate twenty million people who can neither read nor write, living under our flag? How shall we reduce the high cost of living and the cost of high living? How shall we conduct the expenses of our Government? How shall we arrange our very important foreign affairs? How shall we meet the demands of labor and capital, and give and guarantee equal justice to each and all? These are only the edges and the fringes of the problems we must confront as we enter the years of a new administration.

First, there is the question of a peace with Germany. The Treaty of Versailles is proving not quite satisfactory. For one thing, the reparations that Germany must make have not been made definite. The Germans can pay a big indemnity, and they should be made to do so. But their liabilities should be made clear and distinct to them. Then France should be given adequate guarantees of protection from another German invasion. The only powers who can do that are Britain and America. If the Anglo-Saxons do not give this guarantee, then France will hold the Rhine indefinitely, and the Franco-German war will go on into the years and generations yet to come. Also this will make certain another world war, in which by reason of our growing world interests, we will be forced to play the leading part. We should, therefore, write our peace with Germany in such a way that Germany will be able to return to normal productivity, and at the same time will not ever be able to return as a military power. We should try to induce France to reduce her army and come to some friendly arrangement with Germany that would build up trade between the two countries, and remove causes of further future wars.

If France were given to understand that she must not go beyond the frontiers of Alsace-Lorraine, and Germany were given to understand that any attack on France would be, *ipso facto*, a declaration of war upon both England and America, the ambitions of politicians in both countries would be nipped in the bud. We must watch that there shall be no possibility of Germany making a war of revenge. It has been proved that the Germans cannot be trusted with the weapons of war. Our safety and world safety depend upon a disarmed Germany. And I think that if France and Germany ever

lived together for one whole generation without threatening one another, they would not only be friendly, but they would both become rich and powerful commercial nations, and would both add an immense heritage to the world's art and literature and music and real culture.

And this brings me to the second great national question, viz.: Our relation to the reduction of armaments and a general world understanding and harmony. And I venture to say that no real universal peace can ever be made unless Great Britain and America can reach a thorough agreement and accord. This should not be difficult. Inasmuch as by far the greatest number of the American people are of Scottish and English descent, they ought by common consent to join each other in kindliness and brotherhood. The census gives the number of white people in the United States as ninety-five million, of whom fifty-five million are of Scottish and English ancestors. We have a common language, law, and literature. But we are undoubtedly, however, the two great world competitors in the markets of today. This, of course, makes a rapprochement on world questions much more difficult than it at first seems. At the present time we are financially bound to Britain as being her largest creditor. The financiers of the two nations should be able to settle the credits. We know that England has tremendous resources to pay her bills. A little moderation on each side ought to make money matters come out right.

* * * *

We will be rivals on the sea and competitors on the land with the British; but inasmuch as the two governments are peaceable, practical, and commercial, there should be no need of great navies on either side, and except Japan, the world has no other formidable navies. Japan claims that in the matter of armaments she will be guided entirely by the Anglo-Saxons. Our problem, therefore, of vast expenditure for war purposes seems at the moment capable of an honorable solution.

Our friendship with Britain is unhappily marred from time to time by the agitation of foreign groups of people in this country whose homeland may have cause of controversy with England on the other side. The strong common sense of our citizens here and of our Government should both be brought to bear down with absolute disapproval upon all such selfish attempts to embroil us with foreign friendly nations. If the United States undertook to interfere in the private affairs of every country from which she draws her virile blood she would require to have an army, navy and treasury in every land of Europe from Cape Clear to Siberia. I, myself, am a naturalized citizen, and one of the most important things we ought to understand as naturalized citizens is this—that America has given us a home, a career, and the rights enjoyed by all her other citizens; but nowhere and at no time has America ever agreed to settle for us at her expense the internal quarrels of the countries we came from. I should deem it an impertinence and a piece of effrontery for me to ask the Government at Washington to help Scotland in her internal affairs merely because I was born in Scotland. The whole of the American people will, I am sure, agree with me as soon as this is called to their attention.

extensive trade relations with France, as well as financial dealings. If there is any nation toward which our Government and people should extend a helping hand in this high hour of history, that nation is the French. Our people have

merely because of misunderstandings. Japan assumes the leadership of the Far East—and I think rightly. She declares she is not bent on war and conquest, though she admits she is bound to expand. She has the only great well-ordered government in Asia. A war between Japan and this country is not inevitable. I think all our present and future difficulties with the Island Empire can be bridged by true and high-minded diplomacy. Certainly a great and bitter war will not improve the situation in the Pacific. The watchword of the new era should be: "The world for mankind." And if we follow this motto, the time will come when all men shall say: "East is West, and West is East."

* * * *

The sunny land of Italy is almost in despair, trembling on the verge of bankruptcy. Here, too, America stands the arbiter of the future. Italian exchange is in the worst condition of all the nations who are trying to remain solvent. Surely our great bankers could help the Italians to remain standing on their feet. Our interference at Fiume stirred up great resentment all over the Peninsula, and helped to turn Italian trade toward the Argentine instead of toward our shores. It was a well-meant interference and was the result of our general ignorance of conditions in the Balkans. We must re-establish friendliness with Italy.

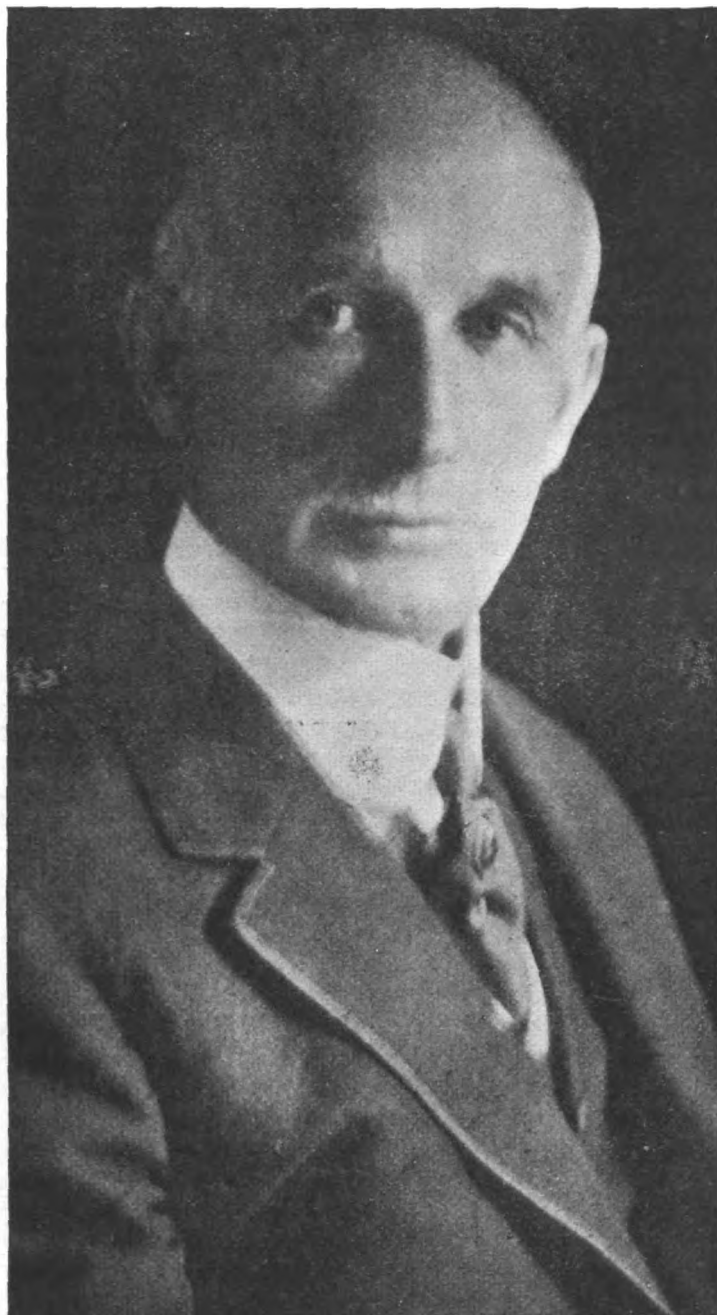
The Balkans is a boiling pot, and Turkey is the witches' brew. One fearful mistake in the Treaty of Versailles was the separating of Bohemia and Hungary commercially from Austria. Austria was absolutely dependent upon the wheat and corn of Hungary, and upon the products from the fields and mills of Bohemia. These three countries are Siamese triplets. They could easily be made independent politically. They should be forced, at least for a time, to have absolutely free trade among themselves. As it is today, they will not trade with one another. The result is chaos, and the starvation of Austria.

America stands high in the estimation of the Balkans people, and even higher yet in the opinion of the Turks. This latter because of the marvellous work of our colleges and teachers in the old Ottoman Empire. We can do a vast amount of good for the Balkans folk, and in the doing of it bring immense benefit to the American markets. The census reveals that we have become essentially a manufacturing country, and upon our foreign diplomacy will depend a great deal of our future prosperity. In any case, America must speak in the future councils of the world, and speak with a commanding voice. Our honor demands this; our safety demands it and the generations yet unborn.

* * * *

The Russian situation is the greatest of all. Russia is not a country; it is a world. The overthrow of the Czar has brought into power all the deadly malignities of anarchy called into being by long centuries of hate and of injustice. The political situation in Russia is as misty as the dim cloudland of her vast steppes. One or two things seem to outline themselves against the red horizon. One is that Russia is by and large a Soviet republic of Bolsheviks. The peasant, who had nothing to lose, gained possession of his ancestral acres. Apparently Lenin has destroyed the landholders. He has given the land to the peasant farmers, that is, he has gained to his side many of the Russian people. This seems true, and all the rest is surmise.

The radical doctrine, however, on which Bolshevism is founded, viz.: That only the workers, the soldiers, and the peasants can rule rightly, foredooms itself. This creed of government is bound to fail. I leave out the atrocities, the executions, the confiscations, the madness and 'Jacquerie.' I place my feet on the solid rock of fact and history and experi-



PETER MACQUEEN
World traveler, lecturer and correspondent

shown this in the war. France has gallantly defended liberty; and in the reconstruction of her ruined departments, even without reparations, she is showing her deathless reserve power which is a heritage of human history. In settling the money affairs of our country with the world, France has the position of the favored nation.

* * * *

The Japanese situation is a delicate and difficult one. And this for many reasons. Here for the first time in modern history is a well-equipped and powerful oriental race. "The East is east, and the West is west." We cannot follow their mode of reasoning any more than they can follow ours. But the human mind is expanding. Who shall say that the yellow and the black races shall not rule the world along with the white race in the years that are to come? The world belongs to all the people living in it. There is plenty of water in the Pacific Ocean to float all the argosies that Japan, or China,

ence, and declare without fear of contradiction that a government that cuts down its educated class, its expert business men, its learned chemists, its trained scientists, its experienced and high-minded statesmen, that government cannot live. It is despotism which out-Czars the Czar. It throws aside the teaching and the aspiration of thousands of years, all the way from the Stone Age to Tolstoy, and tells "its pampered kings that only they that cannot read can rule."

This land of Russia, with twice the resources of the United States, with a sixth part of all the land in the world, with two hundred million of the youngest and most virile of the white man's race, confronts humanity today with the biggest and most unsolved problem of mankind. The Bolshevik rulers of Russia are a menace ten times more dangerous than were ever the leaders of the French Revolution. They have destroyed not only ordered law and government, but they declare it to be their open and avowed purpose to destroy all civilized governments, which in their madness they call "capitalistic." Especially do they fulminate against Britain and the United States. We are the richest, therefore the most hateful. Their weapons are the most deadly ever invented—propaganda. Their propaganda is like a sirocco, sweeping over the healthy plains and valleys of human life. They tell mankind and lure the ignorant with the false promise that they will divide the world and give to each man alike. This they cannot and will not do in Russia, where they are all-powerful. How could they succeed, where they would always be in a minority? Their arguments are subtle and their philosophy is beautiful, but as baneful as an opium dream. Therefore come our parlor Bolsheviks. Their siren songs echo in our halls of learning.

Civilization and progress have been slow and painful. But step by step our fathers have emancipated us in soul and body. The Anglo-Saxon governments have given their citizens the best conditions yet obtained by any human beings. Bolshevism pays no attention to the work of all the thinkers and the workers from Alfred the Great to Theodore Roosevelt. Great industries have been built, great harvests made possible; an almost universal welfare, at least throughout the white man's race, has been established. Lenin cares naught for that. He rules that we must throw aside our slow-built heritage, cast down the mighty from their seats, and begin government where our Caucasian forefathers were four thousand years ago. We must exalt the unskilled and the ignorant; we must divide the national wealth with the weak and the unworthy. It is a doctrine of government not fit to be shrieked in a madhouse.

Thus far the American answer to Lenin has been an everlasting No! When we build our future trade and commerce with the vast Slavic world we will deal with other men than pirates and brigands living on stolen and confiscated wealth.

We confront the new world arising in Latin America. Twenty republics to the south, fashioned like our own, composed of nineteen Spanish-American and one Portuguese-American commonwealths. Here we have a near, congenial field of effort. Great success awaits us if we manage Latin American affairs aright. First we must encourage and inculcate good manners among our commercial and diplomatic representatives to those countries. Spanish should be a universal study in all of our high schools. The psychology of the Spaniard and the Indian should be thoroughly taught and felt. In past times we have lamentably failed in this. Once I made a list of forty different things we make in America cheaper and better than they are made in England or in Germany, yet Britain and Germany were until very recently doing the bulk of the foreign trade with Latin America.

A new diplomacy should begin, with all the world, at Washington. The country should pay its consuls, ministers and ambassadors better. The embassies should all have buildings belonging to the United States Government. A system of Civil Service examinations should be inaugurated. No representative should go to South America or any other country without a knowledge of the language and history of the country to which he is accredited. Americans at home are the kindest people you will meet in the world. Abroad they may be very kind, but they are also very noisy. They have been used to meeting foreign immigrants at home, and carry the impressions they receive from them into all the world. This will never do in the future.

Many laws must be changed before our merchant marine can successfully compete with that of Japan or Great Britain; much tact and balance must be shown in dealing with the frightfully collapsed countries of Europe; supreme wisdom is needed in our finance and our trade; and an entire revolution must take place in our diplomacy before we can hope to meet and solve the problems of today. America has never failed; she will not fail in this high hour of destiny.

America must lead and guide the world. "Thou though the world may misdoubt thee, be strong as the seas by thy side." Columbia must lift the torch to light the bewildered peoples, till Servia shall find a window on the sea; and Poland shall be secure in her corridor to Dantzig; till Russia shall find a savior and a teacher, and the grand old German race will find its soul again and join the brotherhood of men; till the islands of the sea shall lift their hands in praise to God for freedom, and far-off Japan shall join the paeans of the men who sing of universal neighborhood; and until Italy, France, Britain and America shall stand together bound by ties which will need no other seal than the blood of their heroic soldiers who fought together side by side, fell together side by side, and from the same cup partook the solemn sacrament of death.

THE BONNET

By WINIFRED VIRGINIA JORDAN

I WILL take my golden thimble,
Scissors, needle, thread,
And will make my Love a bonnet
For her dainty head!

I will take me for her bonnet
Velvet from the skies,
When the April sky is bluest,
And will match her eyes.

I will take me for the trimming
Brightest stars I see,
And a dartling ray of moonshine
Shall the banding be.

Then I'll cut for it a lining
From a web of dreams,
Carefully will do the fitting,
Neatly sew the seams.

Then I'll scent it with the fragrance
Of the reddest rose
That the singing wind finds sweetest
Where it farthest blows!

Then, when it is nicely finished,
Quaintly fashioned, rare,
I will take it at the twilight
For my Love to wear!

Ends Successful Administration

Youngest man who ever held the important position of Secretary of Agriculture, retires after a year in office



HERE is an editorial judgment evident in the statements and addresses made by Secretary E. T. Meredith, of the Department of Agriculture. His notable address at Atlantic City was a startling revelation of the great fraternity he represents in the President's Cabinet.

"If the farmers wished to go out of business and sell their live stock and crops for one year, with the money they received they could buy all the railroads in the United States, together with all the rolling stock and other equipment. If they desired to go out of the farming business entirely, they could sell their farms, along with their crops and live stock, and buy all the railroads, all the manufacturing establishments, all the mines and all the quarries in the United States with the money they received. With their income from live stock and crops for a single year they could pay the entire national debt."

This is a sweeping comparative statement that about sweeps the casual man off his feet. The investment in agriculture, and the value of crops and live stock amounts to about eighty billion dollars. Last year the value of crops and live stock aggregated twenty-five billion dollars. These are staggering figures, and the total amounts make Wall Street gasp.

The basis of the country's prosperity is the products of the soil. The problems the farmers have to meet—shortage of help, high cost of the things they have to buy, and lack of transportation—are in common with those of industry and other business activities that require the brains of executive management.

Secretary Meredith insists that the freedom and independence enjoyed by the American farmer has been imperilled by the difficulty he has experienced in securing labor, which is being drawn to the city by lure of high wages. This peril not only threatens the farmer, but strikes at the entire nation through the farmer in the influence it may have upon his ability to meet the demands placed upon him to furnish food and sustenance for the people.

Long ago the farmers realized that Edwin T. Meredith was a big man, and the country is now realizing his proportions and capacity in caring for their most important department of the government that is going to play a great part in the transition from the war to normal peace times.

In Washington I found Secretary Meredith seated in the room occupied by his predecessors, from the picturesque Jerry Rusk to the debonnaire David F. Houston. Mr. Meredith's flat desk was covered with papers in editorial array, and gave the impression of constructive and well-organized labor rather than the mere reeling out of red tape so often associated with cabinet routine.

The original old red brick building constructed for the department contains the office of the secretary. A few hundred feet on either side of the little red brick building stands the massive white stone wings of the Agriculture Department. This was planned by the shrewd and canny Scotchman, Secretary James Wilson, who felt that Congress would later see the wisdom of joining the two wings as a matter of necessity rather than in response to an appeal for more appropriation. To the left looms the Washington Monument, majestic in its simplicity, and in the distance, through the trees, can be seen the massive



EDWIN T. MEREDITH

Who retires as Secretary of Agriculture with the incoming of the new administration

and impressive Lincoln Memorial. It seems fitting that the monuments of Washington and Lincoln, true sons of the soil, should be located in that part of the great Mall given over to the Department of Agriculture.

Every farm boy who has the opportunity of seeing the agricultural grounds and their environment will feel a new inspiration in his calling and appreciate that "farming" is a fundamental and paramount pursuit of life, liberty, and happiness.

Sounding the Note of Business Optimism



IN a gloomy Saturday afternoon in January the business executives and sales managers in Boston had a dinner at the City Club. There was a large attendance and it was evident that every man had closed his desk with a sigh that day as he surveyed the shrinking

inventories and the frozen assets flowing freely under the melting process of liquidation.

The ball was started rolling by Mr. Edward C. Johnson, with a note of cheery optimism, in which he challenged the selling organizations present to take up their great opportunity for a record of real achievement. He produced a bean pot to prove it.

The Community cheer and song leader began his work, and wrinkles faded from the faces of the guests as they began singing popular songs—like schoolboys on a vacation.

When the president of the Sales Managers Club,

not consume all that would be produced under similar intelligent conditions. Service selling is inducing a man to buy what he needs, of emphasizing the "use" value instead of the "price" value. He illustrated with a safe sale. A safe, like fire insurance, was either a vital necessity at any fair price or worthless except as an office ornament at no matter how much of a bargain the price might seem.

Consumption is a matter of psychology. "Service Selling" is selling a man what he needs. He illustrated it with the selling of a safe. If a man needed a safe to protect himself, he was a real buyer. If he needed a safe merely as an office ornament and thought that prices might advance, and purchased on that basis, it was a speculation.

* * * * *

When Mr. Louis K. Liggett, president of the United Drug Company and Liggett's International, arose to speak there was something in his very action that carried conviction.



F. I. BROWN
President of Brown-Howland Company

Mr. William F. Rogers, was presented, guesses as to the number of beans in the "bean pot" were announced—\$2 a guess—proceeds to be given to the Hoover Children's fund, the winner to receive "the jar."

The theme "Selling Good-Will" was discussed by Mr. Henry S. Dennison, of the Dennison Manufacturing Company. He pictured most graphically the inestimable value of good-will as an asset more enduring than inventories based on fluctuating prices. Selling might be too energetic, but not too intelligent, he insisted. The old itinerant peddler who squeezed a sharp bargain profit and passed on, is gone forever. Business is today more or less of a partnership tied with the quality of good-will.

An apt illustration of Robinson Crusoe, who was shipwrecked and bankrupt in tangible assets, was used by Mr. Fred I. Brown in his talk on "Selling Service." Crusoe had in tangible assets, courage, enterprise, and industry worth more than the finest statement ever presented to a bank. His big advantage was that when he played the part of producer he knew what the consumer would use and would pay. Mr. Brown insisted that it was a false notion that America could



LOUIS K. LIGGETT
President of the United Drug Company

theories and disquisitions and talked facts.

He spoke in the business language of the times which everyone understood. Tracing conditions back to 1914, he called attention to the steady stream of purchases on a rising market. Many firms had contracted for material on fixed prices through to 1922, and had met the stalking ghost of falling prices sooner than expected.

"The present situation is nothing new, simply a return swing of the pendulum. It is a buyer's rather than a seller's market that prevails. The tie-up of transportation occasioned by the severe winters and long strikes had created a false scarcity of merchandise and a surplus of orders with resulting cancellations when the ebb of the tide began.

"Transportation returning to normal conditions poured out an immense amount of goods on the market. Over \$30,000,000 of automobile tires alone were tied up. A car of freight shipped from a New Haven plant to the coast only got eighteen miles away in six months, during the congestion.

"Now I believe that fifty per cent of liquidation is passed. We have struck bottom and figuring it out on a mathematical basis we may see good business all over the country by the first of May, counting seven months for the liquidation to continue."

Mr. Liggett insisted that liquidation had to take place. "You must get back to the 1914 basis, not in prices, for they will never reach that level again. With labor representing ninety per cent of the cost of production—labor will probably not go down as far as it did then. You remember the conditions of 1913 and 1914 when a period of liquidation was approaching, ever more serious than that of today.

"Sixty per cent of our production is used in this country—forty per cent exported. Our exports in 1920 increased over those of 1919 with war materials eliminated. Where that forty per cent is going now, I don't know. I confess, I can't understand it.

find evidence of an increased demand for goods. Telegram orders are beginning to come in. Prices will be lower, but inferior articles will be put on the market because of low prices.

"The retailer is the neck of the bottle." Here Mr. Liggett took up a bottle on the table and continued: "You can't fill that bottle except through the neck. It is the retailer through which merchandise eventually flows. When he corks up, everything backs up. Factories stop. People are out of employment. The banks begin to call loans. The retailer must take care of the demand. The stock on his shelves determine production. As soon as he begins to buy, factories begin to run, general prosperity is assured, and cancellation becomes a thing of the past.

"We cannot buy at the bottom of the market and turn it over at the top price all at once. Everybody begins buying when prices go up. The inflation brought about by the war had to be followed by deflation. It is fortunate that the pinch came at different times for various lines. In the instance of textiles, metals, sugar, food and such things known as Princes and Paupers, prices went soaring sky-high, but we know they have swung too low and must get back.

"My belief is that we have struck bottom—it is in the air. You hear it on every side. The good ship 'Prosperity' is sailing off shore and has passed the shoals, and by May business will be again under full sail. There is too much wealth and too much energy in this country for it not to continue the greatest productive country in the world, even in the face of unfavorable exchange conditions.

"With wheat cheaper in Argentine and Canada, our exports have continued to hold their own. The reports on our general retail conditions are encouraging. The salesmen are out for good business in 1921. The money is here and the business must go on. The year is going to end up in excellent shape. I know it."

THE STORY OF AN OFFICE THAT SOUGHT THE MAN

Continued from page 496

James Jackson is a resident of Westwood, Massachusetts. He was born April 21, 1881, and educated at Groton School and Harvard University, Class of 1904. On leaving college he entered the employ of Lee, Higginson & Company, where he worked for nine years. He then became vice-president of the Paul Revere Trust Company and when that bank was absorbed by the State Street Trust Company he became secretary and later vice-president of the latter company. When the war broke out, he was found not qualified for service in the army or navy and became treasurer of the Boston Metropolitan Chapter of the American Red Cross, and was later made manager of the New England Division, and remained in that capacity until he became treasurer and receiver-general of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At the present time he is president of the Boston Dispensary, president of the Boston Council of Social Agencies, and also head of various other charitable organizations.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is to be congratulated upon having selected as state treasurer (one of its most important official positions) a man of such sound business judgment as James Jackson.

Already he has succeeded in introducing some real business methods into a state department where real business methods were sadly needed. Now he proposes a change in handling the state's money by which it is estimated \$100,000 yearly may be saved in interest charges—which is equivalent to giving the state the use of \$2,500,000 borrowed money each year.

His plan is of such elemental simplicity, and based on such sound business acumen, that it is a cause for wonder that it

has never before been tried; but it has remained for James Jackson to put his finger on the weak spot in the state's financial system, to diagnose the weakness and to prescribe the remedy.

Under the existing system many millions of dollars flow into the various departments at different periods of the year, in the way of income taxes, motor registration fees and other "seasonal" sources of income. At other times the state treasury is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Mr. Jackson's plan contemplates that all of the twenty different state departments deposit their funds as received with the state treasurer, in order that the treasury may have funds on hand the greater part of the year, instead of being overwhelmed with cash one month and borrowing money the next month in anticipation of incoming funds as it has heretofore done.

Before leaving, I asked Mr. Jackson if he had anything to say regarding industrial conditions.

"The industrial world is in a condition of frightful uncertainty," he answered. "What is needed is work for all people throughout the world. Hatred and jealousy must disappear before industry can revive. On the other hand, the revival of industry will tend to remove jealousy and hatred.

"What we need is the cultivation of a national and an international consciousness. The problem is educational. How to live with ourselves and how to live with others—that is what we shall have to learn."

Human, efficient, touching life at many points, creatively conservative, desiring most to serve his community and his state, James Jackson is a representative of the best type of New Englander and American.

\$50,000 a Year for Being a Baseball Fan

That—and His Remarkable Record on the Bench—Have Made
Federal Judge Keneshaw M. Landis the "Lord High
Everything" of Organized Baseball

By SAM SPAULDING

THREE or four days after the news "broke," as the newspaper boys would say, that Federal Judge Landis, of Chicago, had accepted the unanimous offer of all the National and American League clubs to become the court of last resort in organized baseball, at a breath-taking salary, I made a pilgrimage to the new Mecca of the sport. It is technically designated the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois, and is physically situated on the sixth floor of the Federal Building in Chicago. In the parlance of the street, it is "Judge Landis's court," and Judge Landis is a "bad guy to mix it up with."

It should be understood that this article is being written only about a week after Judge Landis' acceptance, when no definite plans have been shaped, while it still remains to be seen whether the minor leagues will sit in or not, and while the Judge himself is still giving for the most part a pretty convincing imitation of a deaf mute who has lost both hands in a sausage machine.

Nevertheless, my interview with the Judge was by no means a total loss, even from the standpoint of baseball gleanings.

"The thing you're most interested in, isn't it—the thing the fans are most interested in—is to know what is going to be done to locate the rat-hole from which those influences have crept, which have been willing to debauch our greatest sport for the sake of a few paltry bets, probably aggregating some hundreds of thousands at most, and, supposing we find the rat-hole—all the rat-holes—what we are going to do is close them up and catch the rats. That's it, isn't it?" asked the Judge.

"Well, I have been asked repeatedly for interviews—for my plans. I haven't any as yet. But you can tell the fans this: I have been one of them for a good many years. I think I know what they want. And I am going to do the very best I know how to find that rat-hole, to shut it up for keeps, and to give the vermin that gnawed it a good, stiff dose of 'Rough-on-Rats.'

"Just how this is going to be done, though, I don't yet know. And I wouldn't tell you if I did. I may never say any more than this. But while I'm saying nothing I'll be sawing wood."

If you knew Judge Landis, you would realize that that was all you could expect in the way of words as the advance agent of deeds. And quite enough, too.

"What," I asked him, "is your estimation of baseball at its best as compared with other sports?"

He smiled pityingly. "My record of nearly forty years as a fan answers that," he replied. "There is no other sport to compare with it. I play golf a little—although even my friends, some of them, insist that I don't. I like to fish. I have been up in the air a number of times—literally as well as figuratively. But there is no comparison."

"What will be your general policy and method in your new work, and how will they be shaped by your experience and methods on the bench?"

"By advice of counsel, I must refuse to answer that. Besides, as I have said, I have not yet formulated a policy."

"What will be the situation in the minor leagues under the new regime?"

"Can't say. The minors, of course are free to come in or stay out—and they haven't yet made up their minds. Personally, I hope that the so-called minor leagues—though there can be neither major nor minor in respect to true sportsmanship—will see their way clear to joining hands with us, that the whole family of organized baseball may be united and may harmoniously pursue the same general policies and respond to the same high ideals. But it's strictly up to them."

"What do you consider your supreme experience as a fan?" was the next question.

"I'd have to sleep on that one," the Judge answered. "There have been so many high spots, and each one looked like the One Big Noise at the time."

"How often have you been in the habit of attending games?"

"As often as I could give myself any reasonable sort of excuse."

"How do you respond to a game—emotionally or analytically?"

The Judge made an excursion to his distant cuspidor. "Bless your heart," he replied, when he sat down again, "I'm a baseball fan, and I hope I can get the hang of a complicated play as quickly as the average fan. I don't claim to get it any quicker—that would be impossible. Why, the closest and most analytical study given to any sport in the world is that which the average fan gives to baseball. The average fan in the bleachers, I mean—for it's in the bleachers that you will find the greatest baseball experts. I have sat there many and many a time, incidentally—though that has nothing to do with the context."

Let us hastily run over the career of this man who shares with Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver the distinction of being one of the two judges whose names are most often on the lips of Americans.

He was born on a farm—of course—in Millville, Butler County, Ohio, in 1866. His father was still feeling a wound sustained at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain—hence the son's odd name. His parents trekked to Logansport,

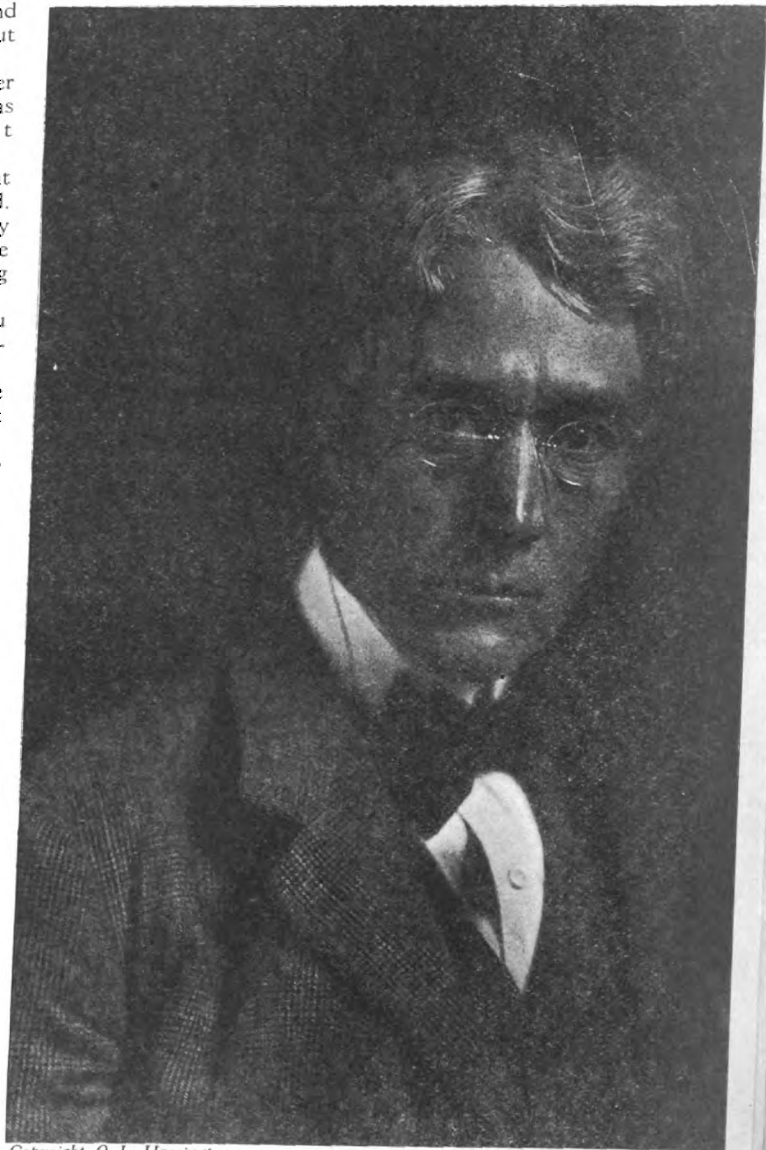
Indiana, when Kenesaw was ten, and there the future \$50,000-a-year fan picked up a common school education.

"Way back when I was a kid," he informed me, "I decided that being judge of a federal court was about the finest job a fellow could aspire to. That was once when I was a witness in a federal court in Indianapolis."

He received his LL.B. from Union College of Law, in Chicago, in 1891, and was admitted to the bar in the same year. He continued to practice law in Chicago, with the exception of his two years as Mr. Gresham's secretary, until President Roosevelt appointed him judge in 1905.

He is very modest—and correspondingly frank—about that appointment, which was destined to make so much history. "It was purely a political appointment," he admitted without hesitation. "And I had had my eye on this very job for years before I was qualified for it—if I ever was."

Only two years after his appointment he made the whole country sit up and beg for more when he compelled John D. Rockefeller to turn his reluctant and unaccustomed face toward Chicago in order to testify in the suit brought by the



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JUDGE KENESAW MOUNTAIN LANDIS

government against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for having accepted rebates on oil shipments from the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The Company was indicted on 1,462 counts, and the Judge merely fined it the maximum of \$20,000 on each count, or \$29,240,000 in all—a fine without a parallel in the history of American

The huge penalty was never paid, but the Supreme Court reversed the decision; but Judge Landis had discounted that in advance. "I knew, of course, that rebating was a favorite indoor sport at that time, in spite of the Elkins law," a friend quotes him as saying. "That was precisely why I wished to serve notice, once for all, on the business interests of the country, through the Standard Oil Company, that rebating would no longer be tolerated in polite business society. And I think business pretty generally took the hint, in spite of the reversal."

The Judge always has been a fighter. In 1912 he was sued for \$500,000 by an irate Chicago attorney because he refused to listen to a motion. "I'll hear nothing in the matter," Judge Landis is reported to have declared. "I'll tell you why. I have seen a document you filed in the Court of Appeals in which certain statements are made. Those statements could not be made by you to my face, as a private citizen, on the street. A man that would take advantage of his office as a lawyer to make such a remark about a man who happens to be on the bench, when he would not say it to the same man on the street, is a coward."

In 1911 we find him threatened with death by the Black Hand in connection with the trial of an Italian. "You discharge Alongi or we will kill you!" he was warned. His reply was, "Letters of this sort make me tired." And in addressing the jury he said in substance: "The man who is influenced the fraction of a hair's breadth by having received a threat is as guilty of corruption as though he had taken a money bribe. And nowhere in the whole wide world is there room enough for a man corrupted." "Throwers" of games, please take notice!

The Judge always has enjoyed a voracious appetite for work. July 17, 1917, was one of his busy days. On that date he sentenced nine men to prison, assessed fines amounting to more than \$125,000, and handed down decisions in one hundred and thirty-three cases—after which he "caught the 5.30" for Burt Lake, Michigan, where he has spent his vacations for years.

But although many felt his stern hand in the years that intervened, including the Chicago packers, certain makers of oleomargarine who tried to pass it off as its rich relation, butter, the Elgin board of trade (the butter board), and others accused of price fixing, Wallingforditis, and other practices upon which Uncle Sam is wont to frown, it was during the war that Judge Landis found himself in the public eye more often probably than ever before. It was then that he became one of our busiest "stormy petrels."

The Judge was one of the most fiery advocates of Americanism and the sharpest thorn in the side of all discontent and disloyalty. "The man who asks why we are at war doesn't know the difference between a schoolhouse and an insane asylum," he thundered in one of his many public speeches.

He took grim pleasure in sentencing one hundred and seventeen slackers who took part in a riot in Rockford, Illinois, gave them a year and a day each, denounced them as "whining and bellyaching puppies," and called the bailiff to take at least one of them out of his sight quick. One of this confraternity of light and leading was described by his attorney as a conscientious objector. "Why, if this man ever experienced a spasm of conscience," retorted the Judge, "he would have an epileptic fit!"

In Galesburg, Illinois, in April, 1917, Judge Landis handled an incipient riot in his usual prompt, workmanlike manner. He was describing in a public address the appalling state of affairs in Belgium, when one of his hearers interrupted with the gruff objection, "That's war." "Throw him out!" barked the crowd, surging

man stay. If anyone needs to stay, he does. And furthermore," he added, when order was restored, "I never had any trouble getting along with a battle-scarred veteran under the influence of stale beer."

But it was in the Socialist and I. W. W. trials that Judge Landis struck the sharpest and most resounding blows at the war obstructionists. As a result of the former, it will be recalled, he sentenced five of the most prominent Socialist leaders—Congressman Victor Berger of Milwaukee, Adolph Germer, William F. Kruse, J. Louis Engdahl, and Irwin St. John Tucker—to serve twenty years each in the federal penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, for sedition and disloyalty under the espionage act. In the latter, after a trial lasting for months, he sentenced "Big Bill" Hayward, the "uncrowned king of the Wobblies," to twenty years at Fort Leavenworth, and sent no less than ninety-two of Hayward's fellow-defendants to the same well-known rest-cure for protracted visits of one to twenty years. Nor did he overlook the matter of fines; on the contrary, he presented the I Won't Works with a little bill for \$2,300,000 in all on that score. The radical elements in this country will not soon forget the staggering lessons Judge Landis taught them in those two epochal trials.

As a result of such pernicious activity as this—from the standpoint of organized discontent—the Judge's life has been repeatedly threatened and he has narrowly escaped death at least once. He was one of thirty prominent men to receive one of the May Day infernal machines in 1919. Fortunately, he was out of town on that occasion, and the unopened death consignment, after being used all day by his young lady secretary as a paper-weight, was identified by government agents who had received descriptions of some of the other packages. Upon his return, Judge Landis was an interested spectator of the explosion of the thing by a bullet. Experts pronounced its contents to have been dynamite, and declared that it had contained enough to blow off the head of anyone who had opened it. "And I most certainly would have opened it if I had been here," mused the Judge, a trifle subdued for once.

Some time after the I. W. W. trial a bomb exploded with terrific force at one of the entrances of the Federal Building in Chicago, while Judge Landis was in his chambers on an upper floor. Several persons were killed.

Yet he is no enemy of labor, as such, and has never been tempted to lay the responsibility for such outrages at labor's door. At a dinner of the Illinois Bar Association, in November, 1919, he said: "I want to say that there never has been a bomb set off in this country by the true exponents of the cause of labor." As a matter of fact, the more hide-bound of the capitalists have always considered him, mistakenly, of course, an enemy of capital. The truth is that Judge Landis sees both sides of every question—gets an X-ray of it, for that matter—and that whenever he discovers an abuse cropping out on either side, anywhere, he loses no time in cracking its head, if he can find any possible warrant in law for doing so. And if he cannot find any legal grounds, he loudly calls for them, as he did recently when he urged that indictments be so drawn that profiteers in food and fuel could be sent to jail instead of merely being slapped on the wrist by a fine.

And he has been true to his code. "I haven't that kind of a yellow streak," he declared on one occasion. He might have made it more inclusive, for nobody has ever found any yellow in him, whether streak or speck—except the yellow of pure gold. He has never ceased to condemn the enemies of the government at home, despite the hundreds of threatening letters he has re-

In February, 1920, Representative Baer, of North Dakota, threatened a congressional investigation if the Judge had been correctly quoted as saying that "the I. W. W., the Socialists, and the Nonpartisan Leaguers are all in the same boat." Representative Sinclair, of the same state, sent the Judge a telegram of inquiry. He received this Landisian reply:

"If I find three fellows sleeping in one bed, and neither of the three can be induced to sleep alone when the other two fellows are about, and all three of these fellows have nightmare all the time, and such a nightmare! why, then, I just naturally suspect that they have something in common."

As late as October, 1920, while being driven to a hall in Indianapolis, where he was to address a convention of school teachers, a threatening note was thrown into the Judge's machine. "For the last time you are warned to keep your damned mouth shut concerning charges that you have made against radical elements," it read. Did the Judge "keep his damned mouth shut?" He did not. He had something more on the ball that day, if possible, than he usually does.

Judge Landis—a rather short, slender, young-old individual, compounded of whipcord and fire, indestructible whipcord and white-hot love of justice—had his name mentioned several times, before this unprecedented appointment, for the presidency of the National Commission of baseball; and at least once, by Senator Kenyon of Iowa, his fitness for the Presidency of the United States has been pointed out.

And what is his receipt for the sort of success that has brought him this nation-wide recognition, this significant hatred of the forces of destruction? Well, after all, it's very, very simple, according to the country's most highly-paid fan.

"A judge must always see to it that he can live with himself and his family and have that peace of mind that will enable him to sleep at night, not merely in spite of, but if possible directly on account of what goes on in his courtroom," he told me. "I try to give everybody the squarest deal I possibly can. As for the rest, I take it that a judge's business is to get at the truth. That's it, isn't it, stripped of all frills? And I consider it up to me to take as much time and also as much trouble as may be necessary to bring the truth to light. That's the whole story."

Now, that is the sort of man who will rule the destinies at least of big league baseball during the next seven years. That is the sort of man who, by reason of his lifelong devotion to the game as a fan, as well as to his fame as an exceptionally keen, fearless, and incorruptible jurist, has been chosen to wield this incomparable power over our most popular sport, and whose only fear in accepting office is that his new official attitude toward baseball will seriously interfere with the keen, spontaneous enjoyment he has always taken in the game as a fan.

And here is the man who, when offered the dazzling sum of \$50,000 a year to put baseball right and to keep it right, could not bear to give up his arduous and tempestuous but beloved career on the bench, and so characteristically requested that his comparatively meager salary of \$7,500 as a justice should be deducted from the \$50,000 and announced his determination to keep both jobs.

Doesn't he look pretty good to you fans? He does to me, too. And so long as baseball is under those singularly observant brown eyes of his, baseball will look better than ever to me, whereas I was quoting its stock pretty low before the Judge signed up to keep its face clean and teach it the greatest "inside" game of all—Fair Play.

Everybody takes an interest in

Affairs and Folks

Gossip about people who are doing worth-while things in the world



EVERY time I pass through Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the train, I think of P. T. Barnum. The travelers look upon the winter headquarters of the "greatest show on earth," where are kept the lions, tigers, and elephants that bring the thrill of circus days, and memories of the rings with carpets of sawdust are brought back to many minds.

As the train sweeps by, I think of that kindly face I saw at the entrance of the big tent years ago. He sat in state, with a diamond blazing on his bosom, looking like a "king on his throne." As a barefoot boy I approached him and said:

"My mother said I could come and see Mr. Barnum, but not to go into the circus."

Wistful eyes were following the crowds pushing on into the big tent. The bands were playing; the roar of the lions brought the exhilaration of a new world discovered. Then came the quick, staccato reply:

"What's that? What's that?"

My statement was repeated again that I was only permitted to see Mr. Barnum. There was a twinkle in his eye that indicated that he saw the humor of the situation, and he replied:

"That's all right, sonny. Run in! Run in quick!"

Then and there I acquired the habit of going into everything free, and I haven't got over enjoying it today as an editorial prerogative.

In the early springtime comes the smell of paint, as the circus is being prepared for its tour, indicating that the red wagons are as red as ever, and the yellow has the glow of the morning sun. One wagon that remains the great objective of hope among the boys that come after it is the "ticket wagon." "Will I get one?" is the thought of the hour.

The fame of P. T. Barnum will continue as long as there is a billboard blazing along the highways and byways announcing a circus. The name of Barnum has long since been placed among those of the immortals, and all circus ideals seem to be still influenced with his vision.

* * * *

THE biography of every great singer or artist may modestly refer to a manager, the one who, back of the scenes, planned a career. A story of the life of Jennie Lind would not be complete without mention of the achievements of P. T. Barnum in introducing her to the American public. Traditions of opera singers are replete with incidents of impresarios dealing with whim and caprice. Temperament is a phase of psychology that has not yet been fully solved. Each generation of new singers and new artists demands new managers with new methods to meet the situation.

Years ago on the prairies of the West a young boy dreamed as many other boys dream on the wind-swept prairies. His one ambition was to manage concerts. He did manage them in the country school house. He secured the talent and after everything was arranged—took the tickets. Curious as it may seem, many of the most successful concert and operatic managers have come from the West, and the story of their achievements coming to the ears of the young man made him dream still greater dreams. Twenty years ago he came to

New York and engaged in business. He was successful because he knew how to manage things, but he kept ever in mind the one thing he wanted to do.

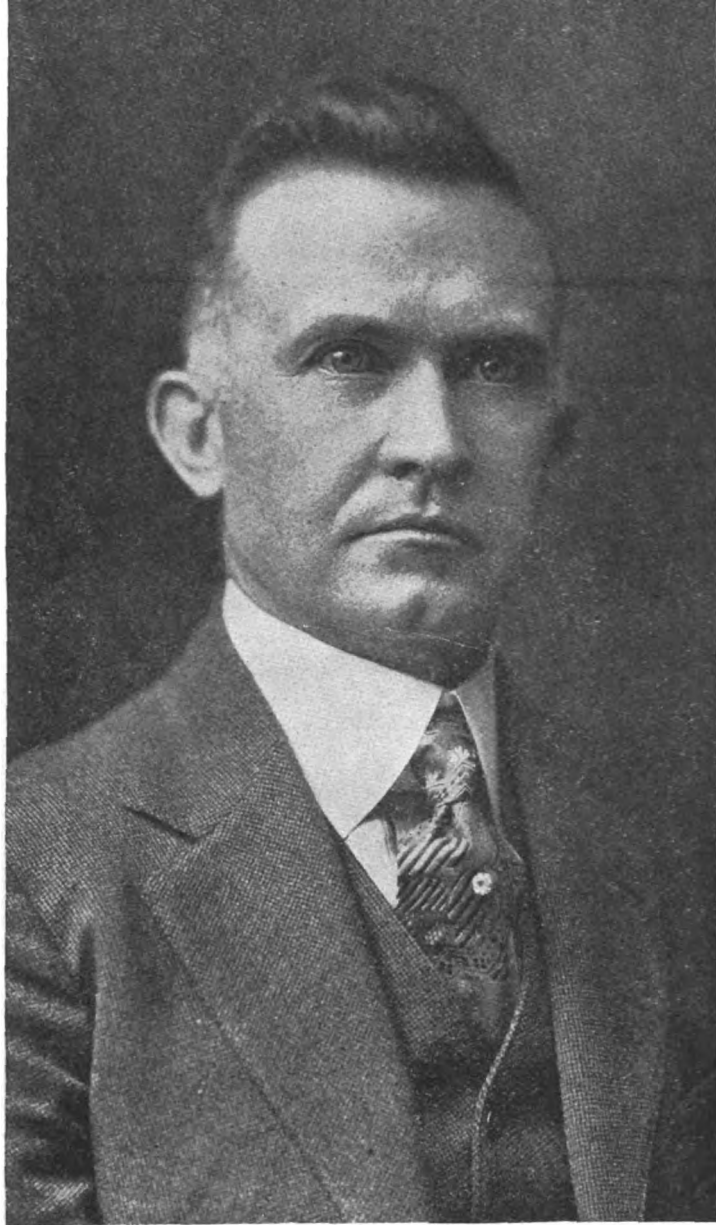
Beginning in a modest way he signed contracts with a number of artists and arranged engagements. It was the process of bringing together the people who wanted each other. The same fundamental principle was utilized in the building up of his real estate business.

He opened a studio in the Metropolitan Opera House and began to hear singers. He looked upon himself as the average person who sits in the audience and pays to hear concerts. He went through a course of hearings and then began to find the hearers. The process of engaging singers was determined by the number of engagements secured, and he seemed to find the



MRS. S. E. J. COX

Wife of "Lucky" Cox, the Texas oil king and aeroplane enthusiast, who spent a quarter of a million dollars to take an airplane and crew to France last fall to compete in the Gordon Bennett international air races



ABNER DAVIS

Formerly an Oklahoma banker. One of the notable financial successes in the famous Texas oil fields

right place for each singer. In a short time many eminent grand opera and concert singers were seeking his services because he found engagements. There was no bombastic press agent campaign—it was a question of knowing where, how, and when the singers were needed and then getting in touch with the people who desired their services. There were no temperamental outbursts or legerdemain in his work. He simply wanted to know what artists could do, and then have them do it. The old-time press agent stories were under the ban. His engagements are built upon the criticisms of hearers as well as critics.

Now that I have described his entree into the concert managerial field, I might mention that his name is John Wesley Miller. He has a regular Methodist name, but he has long ago passed beyond any denominational tendencies in his broadened activities. He has studios in the Metropolitan Opera House Building and Carnegie Hall, and business offices in the Knickerbocker Theatre Building.

Mr. Miller proceeds day by day making up concerts for grand opera stars, concert players, prima donnas, and other musical artists. His work is intensely fascinating—getting people together, introducing them as it were, and giving to remote cities and towns the musical advantages of the metropolis and the musical centers. It does not matter whether a singer is

simply a question of old-fashioned service and a market for musical talent.

Mr. Miller was born in Iowa. For the past few years he has been active in business in New York, and in his new work has the very definite purpose of applying practical business methods to utilizing to the best advantage of all concerned the artistic talent which genius and education have provided.

* * * *

STANDING out separate and distinct from all other stories of the oil fields of Texas, of developments, freak wells, famous fields, fortunes made overnight and towns growing up as it were like mushrooms, there is the unique story of one man.

Abner Davis, the name, is known from one end of the country to the other, but of the man himself very little is actually known outside of close associates. His name is known because of his unusual propositions set forth in newspaper and magazine advertising. He has built a million-dollar business purely on the confidence of the public and their faith in his honor through his man-to-man method. He says: "As a rule, I have never promised to invest any money in any particular or definite thing, and have never promised anything else except to use my best judgment and common honesty, and to give every one a square deal as their trustee or agent. References I have none. I never use the names of bankers or prominent men to give prestige to my enterprises. It has never been a question with me of making money for myself, but my first great object is to demonstrate a principle and carve out of the busy whirlpool a business success that will stand the test. I have no fear for my own self interests when I can prove myself worthy and entitled to reward. I believe in honesty as a policy, and not as an emergency."

Mr. Davis has literally fought his way through life, overcoming poverty, prejudice, and opposition. He has risen by sheer work and grit and his own faith in his ideals, from a poor Virginia farm boy to sole trustee of a million-dollar enterprise. He received his only "book learning" in a log schoolhouse, where split logs were used for benches, and when desks for country schools were an unknown luxury. He does not like the air of unapproachable mystery which has grown up around him. He likes to be thought of as a man like other men. But this atmosphere of aloofness has been inevitable, because of his very nature. He is small of stature, retiring and unobtrusive in actions. He speaks seldom unless he has something important to say. He laughs but rarely, and even his smile is half serious. He is passionately fond of baseball, but even that he takes seriously; and a brilliant play by his favorite team wins merely an approving smile—never under any circumstances does he give vent to the wild yells and cheers of the average fan.

He loves nature, the wild open world, and his fellow-man, born in poverty like himself, but believing in the red blood of American manhood, and the continued existence of truth and honor. Catching him in a reminiscent mood, we asked him, "Mr. Davis, if it were in my power to call in a fairy queen who would fulfill your greatest wish, what would it be?" He answered, "I would say to the fairy queen, 'Transport me back to the farm, let me wade in the babbling brook and smell the new-mown hay. I would dance with childhood's blushing maidens in their gingham and home-made shoes.'"

Mr. Davis has accumulated properties including oil wells, refineries, tankage, service-station and real estate estimated at around a million dollars. He has one of the most popular banks in Fort Worth—being the first co-operative bank of the kind ever opened, wherein the banking profits are to be divided *pro rata* among the depositors. He has plans for a new skyscraper home for his bank and offices in one of the choicest locations in the city of Fort Worth. When asked what his

final ambition for himself was, he replied, "I have but one ambition—that is a consuming, burning desire to have it said, 'He proved the exception to the rule; he made good.'"

* * * *

AMONG my acquaintances is one man whose career ought to be an inspiration to office boys. Everyone in Boston seems to know "Cap" Palmer. They call him "Cap," although his real name is Claude A. Palmer. He was born near Syracuse, New York, in the year 1877. A graduate of Wells Commercial College, Mr. Palmer began his career as office boy in the Syracuse Stoneware Company in 1896. He was a good office boy—so the record reads, and won his title, "Cap." He became resident manager of the New York Pottery Company in 1898, and today is the treasurer, manager and director of the Eastern Clay Goods Company in Boston, and is called an all-around, successful business man.

In spite of the fact that he is always on the job where his business is concerned, he is active in civic work. If there's something to be done, they always think of "Cap" Palmer. He knows how to utilize the stray moments. It is so in the Rotary Club, Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston Credit Men's Association, and Master Builders' Association. For a dozen years "Cap" lived in Arlington, and it might be expected to find him a member of the Civic League, President of the Locke School Association, and everything else that has to do with his town's welfare. If there is a "drive" to make, to raise funds or help out a friend or neighbor, "Cap" is usually the head of the team that brings home the bacon. In Arlington he was also President of the Arlington Men's Club, charter member of Arlington Board of Trade, member of Arlington School Committee, member of the Board of Governors of the Boston City Club, and a delegate to the Republican State Convention. In fact, his active memberships are a card catalogue unto themselves.

He is a popular member of every one of the organizations in which his name is enrolled. He works. He is a member who remembers, and a member that can be depended upon. He admits it, and the story of "office boy to manager in twenty-five years of progress" is interestingly revealed in the career of "Cap" Palmer. He does not spell it like a military captain, but just plain CAP—in caps. It is a pity that there are not more such men.

A year ago "Cap" reluctantly left Arlington to reside in Bedford, where his many friends are always welcome at his new home. Although he loves golf, tramping, and all sports, his principal hobbies are his family and boys. His Sunday-school class of boys use the third floor of his home for their clubhouse. There is a player piano, pool table and plenty of books.

"Cap" is a direct descendant of Walter Palmer, who came from England in 1628 and built the first house in Charlestown, Mass. Mrs. Palmer came from the John Hancock family. "Cap," Jr., is a sophomore at Dartmouth and a member of the College Glee Club, College Band and Dramatic Orchestra. Elizabeth and Ted stand high in their classes at Lexington High School. Henry Hancock Palmer is too young for school as yet.

* * * *

AN exhibition of oils and drawings which attracted much attention was that of Mr. Gordon-Squier at his studio, 198 Dartmouth Street, Boston, January 23-28. Mr. Gordon-Squier belongs to the younger school of artists, having attended the school of Museum of Fine Arts in Boston before and after the war. Two years were given in the World War as an officer in the army. Immediately upon his release from Uncle Sam's forces, he took up his profession again. His progress has been rapid. In the art school he was always spoken of as a fast worker. Perhaps his most marked trait—and a very unusual one—is his ability to get likenesses. Many of his oils are so real that the subject not only has a remarkable speaking like-



C. A. ("CAP") PALMER

A successful business man and all-around good citizen

ness, but almost seems to be walking out of the canvas. This rare attainment, coupled with a keen sense of color and skilful ability in handling, points the young artist toward a distinguished place in his chosen field.

There were three distinct phases of his work on exhibition. The first was of landscapes in oils. Most of these were spring scenes laid in the White Mountains. There was a fine handling of the soft yellow greens, the foregrounds relieved by flowering shrubbery or a wind-torn tree, while in the background there were the well-known peaks. Notable among these was Eagle Cliff, with the lower portion of Lafayette, mirrored in a perfect replica in Profile Lake. Others showing Franconia Notch were satisfying to the artistic taste. There was one autumn scene, with a rather difficult foreground to handle; but it was so well done that Osceo peak and Loon Mountain, which stood out far back of the middle distance, seemed trembling with living light.

Then there were no less than fifteen drawings in charcoal and crayon, all from life, and varying from delicate and subtle suggestiveness to rugged strength. Here again the ability of the artist to get character likeness was marked. A number of the drawings were of children in a pleasing variety of easy and graceful positions. These were interspersed with heads of masculine strength. Among these was the drawing of a young woman which had the distinction of being the only drawing accepted by the Copley Society at its annual exhibition in 1920.

The real feature of the exhibit were the oil portraits. It is in this particular field that the unusual skill of the young artist appears. A portrait of Miss X, a three-quarter figure, life-sized, against a blue tapestry, showed an exquisite ease of posture, the subject appearing as if she had just come in and had sat down unconventionally for a moment, looking carelessly

ing of brilliant tones, a salmon jersey draped easily over a lacy waist, while the skirt was brocaded texture.



MRS. LILLIAN CLARK CARY
National Counselor of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic

A nearly full-length figure of Mr. MacIvor Reddis, the artist, one hand resting easily on a chair and holding a lighted cigarette in the other, was a work of cardinal excellence, due to an unusually easy pose, the harmony and strength of coloring. One sculptor who saw it said it should be sent to the Pennsylvania Academy.

Another portrait—virile in type—was that of Mr. Lawrence Stevens, the sculptor, whose bust of Mr. Gordon-Squier, recently done, rested on an easel in a corner of the studio, and received much favorable comment. The portrait of Mr. Stevens, life-sized, three-quarter pose, was vigorous and strong. Clad in a sculptor's working clothes, with white shirt open at the throat, a pipe held easily in the right hand, the effect was of outstanding merit.

Still another portrait should be noted, it being of a noted dancer, here posed in a conventional seated figure. The harmonization of pink drapery against a rare background of purple English chintz gave not only brilliancy, but was so well done as to be pastel in delicacy.

Not the least in point of excellence was the portrait of a young woman in evening dress, having all the mellowness of an old canvas, and reminding one of the work of Da Vinci.

* * * *

FOR many years Mrs. Lillian Clark Cary, of Dubuque, Iowa, National Counselor of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, has been one of the foremost leaders of women in patriotic work. Mrs. Cary has gained national prominence by her lectures on patriotic subjects. During the past year she served as national president of this order of women, her duties including work in every state of the Union, and she traveled extensively throughout the country, giving lectures

inence, speaking to large audiences on different subjects.

Mrs. Cary served for five years as National Patriotic Instructor of this order, carrying on an extensive patriotic work in all of the states, through the numerous organizations of the Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic, which included instruction to the alien and organization of schools of citizenship for the benefit of the alien and new Americans.

Mrs. Cary has written extensively on patriotic subjects; she has also written several patriotic poems of merit, which have been published in numerous magazines. Her books, "The History of the Flag," "Patriotic Instruction," and "Tribute to Abraham Lincoln," have been distributed broadcast among the public and rural schools and have been in great demand among the public school teachers.

Mrs. Cary spent some time in the South in the last few months, talking along lines of citizenship to the colored people, and with the assistance of the members of her organization established libraries in the colored schools in Mobile, Alabama, and other southern cities. Her particular message to the colored people was obedience to the laws of our country and the benefit to be derived from fulfilling all the functions of citizenship.

Mrs. Cary has devoted a great deal of her time to studying the habits and customs of the people in the alien districts, and has given much thought to the problems that confront these people, endeavoring to assist them in their desire to become citizens of our great country, by personal or written messages for their instruction.

* * * *

THERE'S something new in money. It doesn't seem possible that there could be, but there is. William M. Andrus, of Arlington Heights, Boston, has turned the trick. He has invented a reversible bill.

What's the advantage of a reversible bill? Well, there are a lot of advantages. To begin with, a reversible bill saves time and trouble in sorting. Reversible bills don't have to be turned over. They are always right side up. In putting our money away in the good old, hand-worn wallet, in making change and sorting money in shops and stores, paying out money and taking in money at banks, sorting money at the Redemption Bureau at Washington, it has been figured out that there would be a saving of about one-third of our time. Time is money, so the new style of bill if adopted could be called the money that saves money because it saves time.

It would save engraving expense, too. As the bills are alike on both sides, the number of engraving plates would be cut exactly in two. The reversible bank note would also make it hard for the men who practice the gentle art of counterfeiting, because at one fell swoop all their old plates would be put out of commission. There are reasons, too, why a reversible bill is harder to counterfeit than a double-faced bill. It couldn't be sliced down and reassembled, which is one of the little tricks that counterfeiters have.

As you look at the reproduction of the proposed duplicate bank note, the design not only is pleasing, but it seems a very simple thing. The designing of it, however, took an enormous



amount of thought and called for expert knowledge. This knowledge Mr. Andrus was in a position to supply. For years he had known money and handled money, until his money-sense had become as acute and sensitive as the tone-sense of a virtuoso of the violin.

For twenty years Mr. Andrus was associated with the New York National Exchange Bank of New York City. More recently he was paying teller for a Boston bank for three years. The design of the new bank note came out of his experience. To make money easier to handle and harder to counterfeit became his great desire, his ideal, his dream. As Mr. Andrus expresses it, he would wake in the night with ideas about the new bill.

Although Mr. Andrus has patented the design and the idea, his is entirely a patriotic service to the country. He doesn't want to make money out of his invention. He feels that the adoption of his idea would be a monument to his name. Bankers everywhere agree that the new type of money would mean an enormous saving. Officials at Washington are thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Andrus's idea. The only thing that blocks the speedy adoption of the new bill is inertia, collective conservatism, and it looks as if this will yet have to yield.

* * *

RIGHT Honorable Arthur J. Balfour, former Premier of Great Britain, stood before the smoldering grate in the Opposition Leaders' Room in the House of Parliament, in the dusky gloom of the afternoon sun and said to me:

"The mental attitude of the world is about the same everywhere. In these days of swift communication, propagandas are not necessary, when an idea goes flashing around the world."

Yet in the days when the American Revolution, followed by the French Revolution, indicated the outbreak of thoughts of freedom almost simultaneously in two hemispheres, there were no such facilities as exist today for material and mental intercommunication between lands far apart. The contrast in conditions between then and now only emphasizes the splendor of the opportunity for completing and consolidating, in peaceful ways, the world's civilization.

Mr. Balfour was referring to the fact that the problems in the United States, Germany and France at the time he spoke were about the same. That was during the days of labor unrest when the strike as a weapon was beginning to be felt.

In February, 1918, during the war, I met Nitti, since Premier of Italy. It was a rainy day and the gloomiest days of the



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GUGLIELMO MARCONI
Italian Senator and inventor of the wireless

war were then passing. In the rather ornate apartments occupied by the Minister of Finance I called on Nitti, a rotund, portly man, with twinkling black eyes, small mustache, and the air of a business man. The callers left their dripping umbrellas on a long table that had been used by Napoleon.

Italy was at that time staggering with the greatest problems of her existence. She came very near being another Russia. When the fist of Nitti was planted on that table, I remarked to Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless, who was with me: "There's a man who will lead Italy."

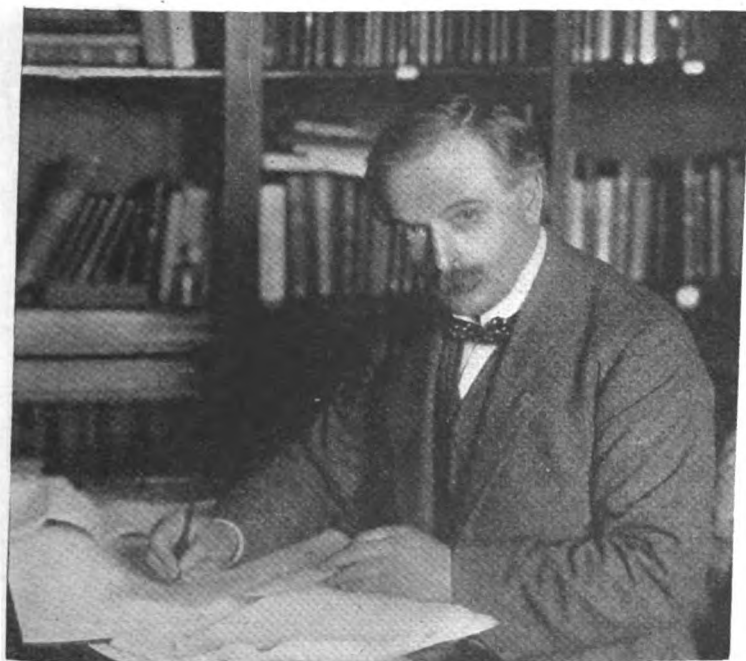
Marconi smiled, for there were plans and counter-plans already going on in Rome.

Nitti's expression at that time was that America holds the key to the situation in saving the world. He had visited the United States with the mission during the war and had returned with the conviction that the future of his country depended upon a sound economic policy, based upon an appreciation of business as the dominant genius of the times.

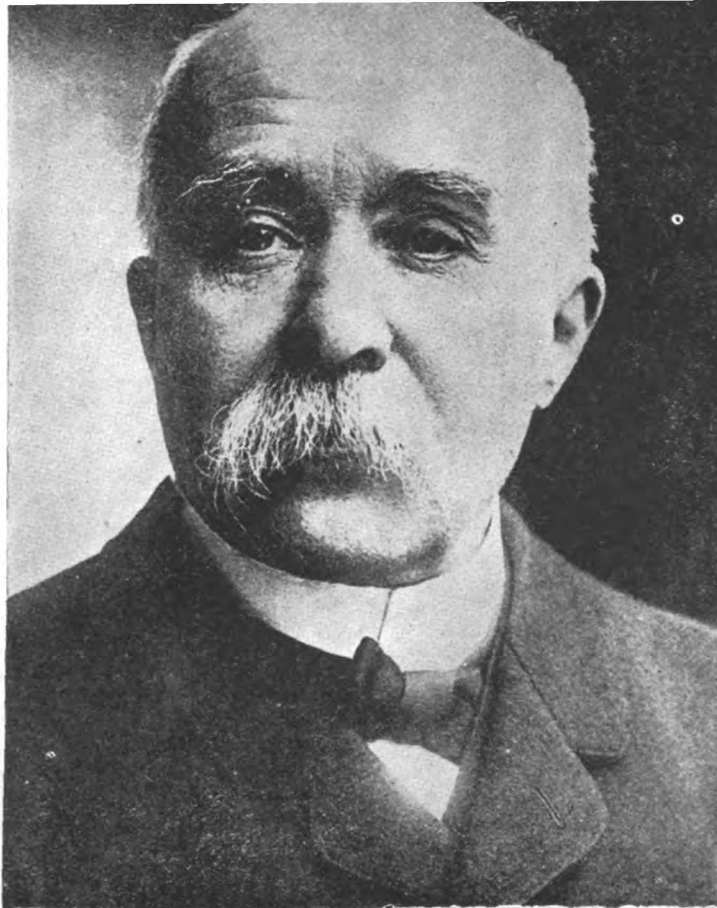
There were excited crowds outside the House of Parliament and around the tables in the restaurants near at hand where the politics of Italy were discussed and decided. When President Wilson first visited Italy, he was hailed as nothing short of a saint and the "savior of mankind." His name was cheered to the echo when I mentioned it in a speech in the Argentine. That was before Wilson visited Italy. No sooner had he left than the people, doubting his sincerity, turned the deification into damning. Then came the Fiume incident and the Spartan fight of D'Annunzio and the dream of Italy to have protection on the east coast of the Adriatic assured.

Recent events have indicated that Nitti, more than any other premier, with his sense of humor, is likely to become the dominant figure of Europe, and already his masterful hand is shown in bringing together all the scattered remains of the Italian population, reaching far beyond the boundaries of Austria itself.

When I pushed the knocker at 10 Downing Street during the war, I wandered down the hall through which had passed the



LLOYD GEORGE, PREMIER OF ENGLAND



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood

FORMER PREMIER CLEMENCEAU
"The Tiger of France"

great premier of England, and found seated, at a green table inside, Lloyd George, with his shock of gray hair and unlighted cigar, puzzled with the problems of that hour. A picture of the past leaped to my mind when he said:

"It was around this table that the dirty business with the American colonies was done."

Outside the window were leaves and trees, the same as in those momentous days of '75. The picture through that window little indicated the turbulent scene in history that flashed in my mind.

England was now ablaze with fervid gratitude. For once England forgot her reserve and with tears of gratitude welcomed America in the war, without a sneer of complaint as to the delay, but thankful—how thankful that America had come in to turn the tide.

My first personal interview with Clemenceau was when his genius seemed to be the dominant spirit in winning the war, and his soul was absorbed in this one matter. With his hand on my shoulder, his knees almost touching mine, he gave utterance to words I never will forget:

"Chapple, I love America."

Even after the Peace Conference, when Paris was aflame with the exultation of victory, and the stars on her flag seemed to have been plucked from the skies to illumine Paris, the radiance of the red, white and blue blending with the tricolor of France, at a reception he reiterated the words:

"Chapple, I still love America."

But that was before they met at the peace table. Around that board gathered long-time-seasoned diplomats, scions of English nobility, trained to the art, and in the veins of these diplomatists flowed the blood of the masterful statesmen of Britain who had built up a world empire through the dominance of adept statecraft, backed by the dogged determination of the British army and the prowess of the British navy.

Now Clemenceau has retired.

day during that trying crisis, had faced the members of the Chamber and met every emergency. It was little wondered when the election of president occurred that these members should choose the man with whom they had been associated during the heart-rending strain of war, for France does not elect her president by popular vote, but through the members of the Chamber of Deputies, so Paul Deschanel stood with his purely Gallic ideals, not speaking a word of English, the blood of ancient royalty in his veins, the spokesman of France.

Within a few months Deschanel, most cultured of presidents of France, also has retired, broken down under the terrific strain of governing France in the throes of world reconstruction.

Now the pendulum swings back.

We find England preparing to restore the throne in Hungary over the prostrate form of Austria and the crumbled empire. We find her hand in Portugal, Greece, Italy and Czecho-Slovakia, which embraces ancient Bohemia, already looking to England as a king-maker. Napoleon gave Scandinavia its reigning families and in Rome proclaimed his brother as king. Today England with its royal family is represented in nearly all the reigning houses of Europe, ready to help sustain—in fact create—new rulers on the ruins of crumpled aristocracy.



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M. PAUL DESCHANDEL
Recently retired President of France

Fred A. Howard, the People's Chemist

By HAMILTON M. WRIGHT

THIS is the story of a man who lives to help others than himself; a quiet, likable, sensible American, who has never sought glory, nor fame, nor wealth—but moved by the loftiest ideals has given a lifetime of enthusiastic scientific research to improving some of the everyday things that people use. Fred A. Howard has avoided public notice with the innate modesty of the devoted scholar who lets his work and life stand for what he is. But he is one of the great men of the day. He has wrought miracles that has helped make life a little easier for the many.

Mr. Howard is a research leather chemist. He is a textile chemist. He is a selective plant breeder of rare attainments. He has given to the world formulae of very great hygienic and therapeutic value. With the exception of three years he has lived his sixty-five useful years in the little community of South Easton, Massachusetts. But the world is beginning to blaze a trail to Fred Howard's humble doorstep. This quiet New England gentleman with the broad, high forehead, clean, bright complexion, and sparkling grey-blue eyes, has proved himself a scientist of the first magnitude. In the acid of competitive tests he has brought to his career a crown of practical achievement.

I had heard much of Mr. Howard from a friend. "Next time you go to Boston," said he, "be sure to visit Mr. Howard." I did. I found Mr. Howard to be of medium height, of rather slight and wiry build. His eyes are brilliant. His countenance is expressive of the calm resolution and intelligence of the Pilgrim people. A long line of sturdy New England ancestors is behind him. Both in appearance and manner, Mr. Howard suggested another versatile son of Massachusetts, Mr. Luther Burbank, whom I met in California almost twenty years ago.

Mr. Howard was in a room filled with test tubes, flasks, samples of leather, treatises. He was shortly preparing to move to his new laboratory in Quincy, and his things were more or less disturbed. There exists no extensive bibliography upon Mr. Howard's work, though of late he has been much importuned to write and give data. Part of the time we spent in visiting Faneuil Hall and other historic landmarks. Between his running commentaries on the sights, I gathered information.

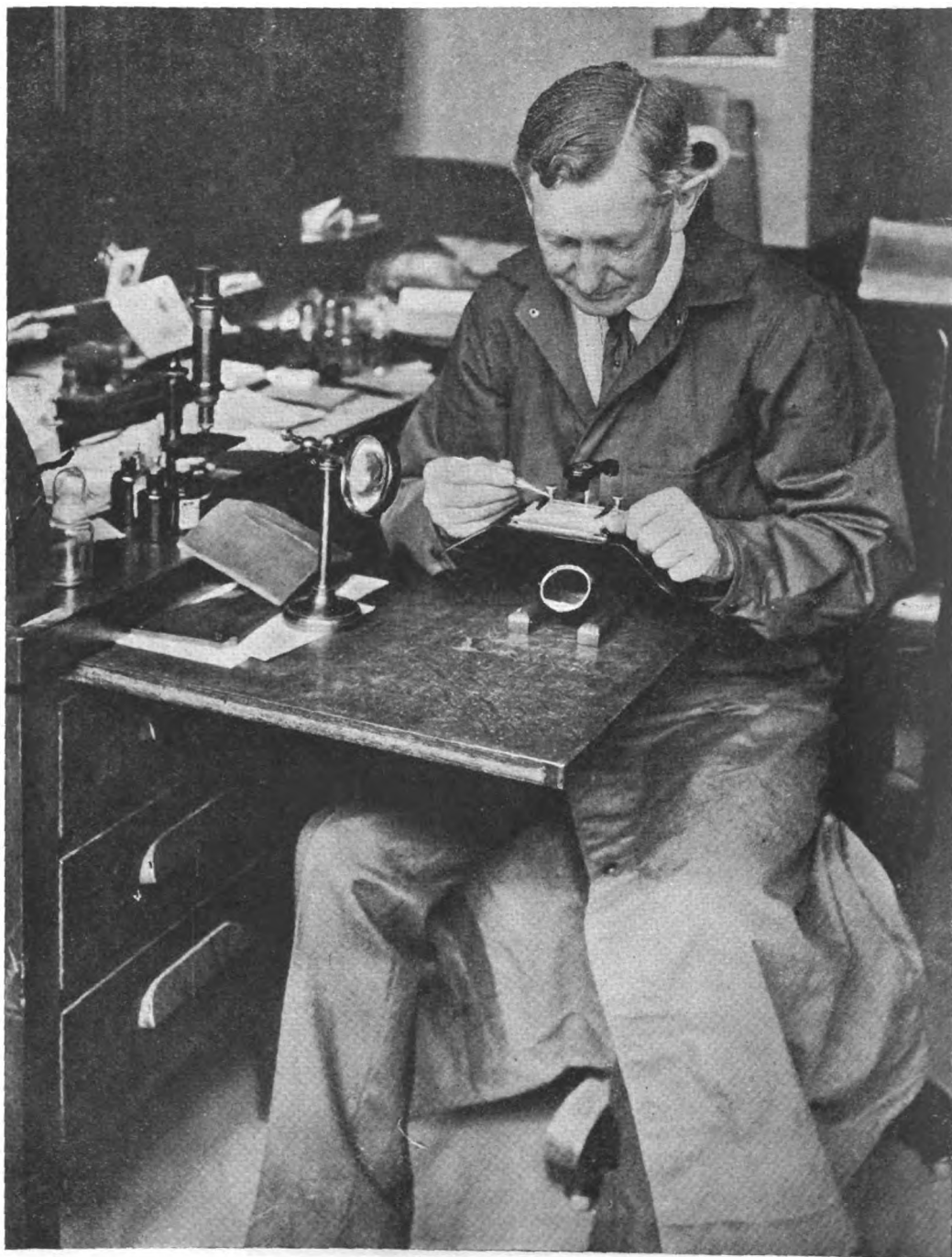
Mr. Howard's work is basic, fundamental. He operates on facts. He enters into vast scientific explorations with commonplace things as the field of his research, with the zeal that inspires the discoverer of abstract formulae. But his work is not hypothetical or abstract. He seeks only that knowledge that can be demonstrated by practical usefulness. In his field he has made wonderful discoveries. Incidentally he has saved manufacturers of shoes, leather belting, gloves, etc., hundreds of thousands of dollars. He has done many other remarkable things not connected with leather which I shall tell you of later.

A piece of leather is much more interesting than it would seem at first. To Mr. Howard an exquisitely tanned bit of leather is the most wonderful bit of weaving in the world. It really pains him, I believe, to see a leather sample that

has been damaged as a result of improper tanning or subjected to the action of chemicals that destroy it. He has discovered means to stimulate leather fibres so that they regain their normal position in the marvelous interlacing they occupy in undamaged leather. When the fibres are out of place the leather becomes "bunchy." He has found agents to free fibers of gums that make leather rigid, and crystals that exert a cutting action on the fibres so that the leather cracks.

He has been able to neutralize the effect of stable gases on leather harness, of perspiration on in-soles and gloves, and of chemicals that attack leather belting to which they are carried in the form of gases in various types of factories. Millions of dollars' worth of leather is discarded every year. So leather research is worth while a life of laboratory work.

They call Mr. Howard the "Trouble Man" of the industry. Last spring one of the big heel companies found itself facing a loss. A \$25,000 stock of heel taps had been damaged by a flood in the basement of the factory. The leather was warped, mildewed, hard as nails, almost, and oxydization had set in. The heel taps adhered so that they had to be pried apart with chisels. Mr. Howard was called in. With his processes he saved the stock. The manufacturer said he had a more pliable and better-wearing leather than before the basement was flooded. The incidents might be multiplied. One of the New England shoe factories, for example, sent word that Mr. Howard's processes were effecting a saving of \$500 per day. Last spring sixteen shoe manufacturers purchased



FRED A. HOWARD IN HIS LABORATORY

Mr. Howard began to study chemistry more than forty years ago. As a very young man he was employed in a bottling works where mineral water was put up. Means of studying the chemical properties of the water being infrequent, he read the only available work that seemed to resemble a chemical treatise. It was the United States Dispensary, containing two thousand pages, and he read it word by word twice over. After that he concluded his forte was chemistry. He employed instructors in both chemistry and physics, paying them from his small savings.

Fifteen years later we find him engaged in research in the laboratory of Professor Alexander Bernstein, a German scientist, who spent several years in this country. The association continued for almost three years. When Professor Bernstein returned to Germany, Mr. Howard purchased two of his best microscopes and hung out his shingle in Brockton as a full-fledged leather chemist.

It was a new idea. I believe Mr. Howard was the first to devote a life career to this strange profession. But a profession is what one makes of it. The *Marion Star* was the first step up the rungs of the ladder to the Presidency. In Mr. Howard's case, the laboratory, after wearying, burning years of research, was to yield unbelievable results. It may seem wide of the mark to compare the career of a chemist who devotes his life to bettering prosaic things, to a great statesman whose thought sways millions. But Mr. Howard's work is basic. He gets at the bottom of things, which is as true a test of greatness as any other. He says the workings of the universe can be discerned in a single fibre of leather, referring to the planetary motion of particles.

He regards Nature as the supreme craftsman, the artificer incomparable, whose works prove the limitations of mankind. (Science has not dissipated his religious beliefs. It has confirmed them.) And he has sought to approximate the resistance of nature in manufactured everyday things. Consider the skin. How wonderfully it resists wear, exposure; how pliable it is. In the skin there is found a substance known as coriin, whose purpose seems to be to preserve the fibers from disintegration. Mr. Howard regards as his most important contribution to industry a chemical combination that acts as a synthetic coriin. He likes to call it korite. Exhaustive tests showed the korite went right through the leather. It waterproofed it, made it extremely pliable, and doubled its wearing power. Examination showed the korite allowed the fibers to return to a normal position in the hide. As everybody knows, wet feet are one of the most prolific causes of colds, and the children of the poor, who are unable to buy the best grades of shoes, are the very ones who require the protection of satisfactory waterproofing treatment.

Mr. Howard takes a great deal of satisfaction in the new agent, which in exhaustive tests lasting over a long period of time, has met his exacting requirements. Mr. Howard has put in fifteen or sixteen hours a day in laboratory work for more than a generation.

But he isn't a dry-as-dust chemist, delving like some resistless force into problems that are beyond the ken of the average man. He is human. He is alive, sympathetic, thrilling in response to the world at large and to the needs of those whom he meets in one way or another in his quiet life.

He has done hundreds of helpful things for others, giving his chemical knowledge away as though it were a beautiful gift at the disposal of the world. And this indeed is the way he regards it. For one he developed an anti-moth solution that can be put on clothes with one application and does not injure or stain the gar-

ments from mildew and getting black. For one of the most prominent Boston physicians he developed a milk serum, from which he eliminated casein and other indigestible or partly indigestible properties, resulting in what was pronounced to be a perfect food for convalescing typhoid and other patients of impaired digestive faculties. A leading manufacturer of men's work clothes asked Mr. Howard if he could develop a fireproofing solution to treat clothes that would be worn where cinders fly. Mr. Howard succeeded with an ignition-proof solution that in a year has not rotted the textile. Now he is trying to make it so it will resist repeated washings. And he will surely succeed.

To the writer, who as a correspondent has visited all the continents except Africa, one of the most useful of Mr. Howard's discoveries, is a deodorant and disinfectant. It has been my experience that most parts of the world need deodorizing and disinfecting. Mr. Howard's formula was made some years ago for officials of the Brockton County Fair, who objected to stable odors that reached the grandstand. The deodorant has of itself no odor. It can be made so cheaply that it would be almost possible to employ it in flushing the streets. If a small dish containing some of it is placed on a stove where cabbage is cooking, it will absorb the odor of the cabbage. I know that Mr. Howard did not receive any pay for developing this formula, nor for the milk serum, nor many others. Someone just asked him if he would find "something." And he went ahead. Yet I know of a great many cities in China that need that deodorant and disinfectant more than they need anything else in the world.

Mr. Howard develops things of homely, everyday usefulness. He would, I know, rather find something of immediate practical usefulness for everyday people than to discover a new way of signalling to Mars.

Varied, indeed, are his numerous creations. A neighboring stock breeder complained that flies and gnats bothered his highly-bred stock almost to death. Mr. Howard created an anti-fly remedy that does not hurt the comparatively tender skin of a horse. Moreover, it actually improves the animal's coat.

In the field of horticulture Mr. Howard has achieved some surprising results by selective breeding. One of these phenomena is a cucumber derived from a Russian progenitor, that develops a delicious, edible fruit in from three to four days from the falling of the blossom. Of course, it must have suitable cultivation and climate to do its best. Another is Mr. Howard's wonder berry, developed from the wild field strawberry plants around South Easton. It grows on high stems reaching fifteen inches. Some of the berries attain a circumference of six inches. Both these plants he proposes to let the public have use of without charge. He will probably distribute the strawberry plants to church societies so they can propagate and sell them.

But I have left the very best thing about Mr. Howard to the last. He would tell you so himself. It is his devoted wife, Mrs. Nellie Lowell Howard. Mrs. Howard has been a tower of strength to her husband in all his long career. Although a lifelong invalid, and moreover suffering from a broken hip, which in ten years has failed to knit, she has kept records of more than ten thousand chemical experiments made by her husband and has helped him to systematize his research work for almost forty years. Mrs. Howard, too, is of old New England stock. Her father, James Lowell, was a first cousin of James Russell Lowell, the poet. There are no children. But the little family rejoices in the thought that it has been able to help others.

HIS name was on no roster list;
He did not volunteer;
The law of the selective draft
He had no cause to fear.

He did not need a uniform;
He did not have to drill;
No loving hands a comfort kit
For him did ever fill.

But yet he was a soldier still,
And well his duty knew;
And many a note for Uncle Sam
He carried safely through.

He asked no honor or reward
For task most nobly done;
A light caress—a word or two
Sufficed this faithful one.

At last there came a fateful day;
Things were not going well;
Someone must take dispatches through
The fires of blazing hell.

They tied the message 'round his neck,
A word—he sped away;
A flying streak of black and white,
That distance merged in gray.

They saw him sway once as he ran,
And a shell's bright flashing light;
He tottered—fell—sprang up again,
And soon had passed from sight.

A lookout at headquarters saw
A figure he knew well;
It reached the general's dugout, then
It trembled—staggered—fell.

'Twas then they saw a gaping wound;
The ground neath him grew red;
And soon the loyal heart was still;
"Hats off!" the general said.

They buried him close by the spot,
'Mid battle-smoke and fog;
And carved these words on a slab above:
"To Jim—a hero dog."

In spite of the observation of airmen and the wireless, it is said that dogs carried messages of great importance through heavy shell fire in the late war. After the one to which this poem relates had delivered his message, it was found that his lower jaw had been shot away. This poem was suggested by an article in the *NATIONAL* on the fate of "Cher Ami," the carrier pigeon—the feathered hero of the war.

MOTHER'S HANDS


ALWAYS in youth we feel
That they are there:
With brooding fingers
Splendidly warm;
Eager for burdens,
Antidote for harm,
Holding our childhood close
Lest it should grow
Too bitter with the world
It has to know—
Always in youth we feel
That they are there.

As our old age comes on
And all the warmth is gone
From those dear hands,
Lo, even then, we feel
That they are there:
With phantom fingers healing scars
Delusive dreams have brought;
In death's vague hours
Closing these earthly eyes of ours
That they may look at heaven—
Even in our old age we feel
That they are there!

—From "IT."

*The career of an All-American***From Farmer Boy to Vice-President***The life story of Calvin Coolidge—a shining example of the best traditions of New England sturdiness*

By DANIEL LOGAN

ALVIN COOLIDGE was born at Plymouth, Vermont, July 4, 1872. Perhaps his birthday on the national anniversary has been one of the inspirations to the service of his country in which he has become distinguished. It is curious that the birthday of President-elect Harding should fall on the day of his election as head of the ticket where the second man was Coolidge. Two good omens together! The subject of this sketch was originally named John Calvin Coolidge, but later in life, true to his infatuation for brevity in discourse and description, he dropped the John. In his youth Calvin worked on his father's farm. He attended the village school and Black River and St. Johnsbury academies, entering Amherst college in 1891. At his graduation he was class orator and bore away the degree of A.B. In his first year as governor of Massachusetts the universities of Amherst, Tufts and Williams each gave him the honorary degree of LL.D.

Studying law in Northampton, Mass., he was admitted to the bar July 2, 1897. A Republican by inheritance and conviction, he entered political life through election as a member of the Northampton city council, serving in that office for the years 1899 and 1900. As a boy he had taken an interest in town affairs and other public questions, greatly enjoying the speeches of his seniors at political meetings. At Amherst college he won the prize for an essay on the causes of the American Revolution. History and government were his hobbies.

After his councilorship he was elected city solicitor by the votes of the councilmen, and afterward was made examiner of titles for the county of Hampshire. In 1904 the judges appointed him as clerk of courts to fill an unexpired term, but when election time came round he did not seek his party's nomination for that office. Before entering the council he was a member of the Republican city committee and in 1904 became its chairman. All was not politics with him, though, for in 1899 he had been chosen as president of the Nonatuck Savings Bank, Northampton.

So ably had he functioned as local party chief that he received the Republican nomination for Representative, and being elected served the state in the general court, as the Massachusetts legislature is called, during the years 1907 and 1908. He was always in his place at committee meetings and sessions of the house, and it is related that he never missed the morning prayer in the assembly. He was a member of the committees on judiciary and banks and banking. Seldom talking, he never shirked a vote, and every matter coming before his committees he carefully investigated.

The legislative career of Mr. Coolidge was interrupted by his election as mayor of Northampton in 1908, having campaigned on ideas that old-line politicians warned him would ruin his chances for election. In this capacity he served the city for the years 1910 and 1911, and then it was back to the legislative halls for him. He was senator for the Berkshire-Hampshire-Hampden district during the four years 1912-1915, being president of the upper chamber for the last two years of the period.

At the Progressive bolt in 1912 Mr. Coolidge stuck to the old party, but took no hand in the factional wrangles. He

attended strictly to his legislative business. One of the most prominent questions was the regulation of the milk supply. Mr. Coolidge knew the side of the farmers better than any other member. He had been brought up on a farm and near his old home in Vermont was a dairy where the farmers disposed of their milk. The farmers felt that the laws passed to regulate the dairying industry were oppressive. They were opposed to any more idealistic legislation, which they contended would put them out of business. Some of the pending bills they pronounced ridiculous, although a majority of them favored reasonable control of milk, such as better sanitation of dairies and greater care in handling the product. Mr. Coolidge wanted honest and pure milk while seeing that injustice was not done the small producers. After reviewing the bills in the committee on agriculture, of which he was chairman, he recommended that a commission of experts be appointed by the governor to investigate the subject and report at next session. Failing to get this method approved he procured the defeat of all the bills. He had the appropriation for the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst increased by \$75,000 more than the highest ever before granted and put it through over the governor's veto.

The same year he supported the anti-monopoly bill and by personal appeals to his colleagues procured its passage. Also he was instrumental in having carried a bill that placed a limit on injunctions, but the governor vetoed it and the House sustained the veto. Chairman of legal affairs the first year, he put through a bill for investigating the question of providing for the care of indigent mothers in their own homes. He was chairman of a select committee to investigate a strike of the Lawrence mill workers. A settlement was effected in which the operatives received an increase of wages and Mr. Coolidge was publicly thanked for his part in ending the disastrous strife.

In his second year he was chairman of the committee on railroads. Different bills to relieve a critical situation were before the committee. Being told that he hadn't a chance to put any of them across he quietly replied, "I wouldn't be so pessimistic." Every report of the railroad committee that year was adopted. As a member of the committee on municipal finance he helped to revise the financial systems of cities.

Opening the session of 1914 as president, Mr. Coolidge made one of the shortest speeches from the chair on record. This is what he said:

Do the day's work. If it be to protect the rights of the weak, whoever objects, do it. If it be to help a powerful corporation better to serve the people, whatever the opposition, do that. Expect to be called a standpatter, but don't be a standpatter. Expect to be called a demagogue, but don't be a demagogue. Don't hesitate to be as revolutionary as science. Don't hesitate to be as reactionary as the multiplication table. Don't expect to build up the weak by pulling down the strong. Don't hurry to legislate. Give administration a chance to catch up with legislation.

His practice fitted his preaching. He did the day's work. Several times he took the floor to advocate measures he believed wholesome and to smite those he thought ill-conceived. There was no opposition to his re-election as president next term, when he opened the session with a speech so concise that his initial effort from the dais appears prolix by

Honorable Senators: My sincerest thanks I offer you. Conserve the firm foundations of our institutions. Do your work with the spirit of a soldier in the public service. Be loyal to the Commonwealth and to yourselves. And be brief, above all things, be brief.

Confounding the cavers at his chances of rising to greater heights in the political realm, Mr. Coolidge could not be kept down because the people were now under him. They made him lieutenant-governor for 1916, 1917 and 1918. His pluralities swelled each successive time, beginning with 52,184 the first time and reaching 101,731 the third time, or nearly doubling in two years. Such rapid-growth popularity inevitably marked him for the highest station in the Commonwealth, and so he was elected governor in 1919. His plurality of 17,035, compared with former victories, showed him to have been in a fight, but multiplying the figures sevenfold in 1920, when he stood for a second term and was elected by a lead of 125,101, he simply scored a walk-away. His masterly conduct in the critical state of affairs produced by the Boston police strike in the latter part of 1919, which gave him even more than national distinction, had something to do with this wonderful endorsement of his administration, yet no doubt his generally efficient conduct of the office would have made him a hard candidate to beat in any event. Still it is unquestionable that the commanding incident just mentioned hurried his advance to the forefront of national affairs where he now stands.

Simplicity of living, which, in spite of too many examples of ostentation, still bears the hallmark of genuine Americanism, has always been one of the most interesting characteristics of Calvin Coolidge. When he first went to the legislature he engaged a small room at the same hotel where he lives to-day when he comes to Boston. On assuming the governorship he indeed added another room, this accretion of magnificence, however, probably representing more of capitulation to convenience than concession to style. His domestic establishment at Northampton is in keeping with the gubernatorial lodgings in the state capital. His rented half-house bids fair to have fame akin to the illustrious log cabins of American history. It is the second home for Mr. Coolidge in a model family life of true Yankee pattern.

Mr. Coolidge married Miss Grace Goodhue of Burlington, Vermont, October 4, 1895. They have two sons, John and Calvin Jr. When Mr. Coolidge was elected governor in 1919 some people were amazed that the next chief magistrate of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts lived in half of a double house in Northampton and paid only \$27.00 a month rent. He did not even own an automobile. Friends believe that, even if he were rich, Calvin Coolidge would still be content to live modestly among plain folks.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge from their brief honeymoon in Montreal, they started housekeeping in a small furnished apartment rented from a college professor. By and by the owner wanted it for himself and the Coolidges moved to the two-family house that has been their home ever since. The principal of the high school occupied the other half. Former Mayor O'Brien, a Democrat, is the landlord, and, to maintain the standards of his guild, lately raised the rental

approached for the inauguration of Warren G. Harding as President and Calvin Coolidge as Vice-President of the United States of America. No. 21 Massasoit Street, as the address goes, contains all the reminders of a down east home. The Coolidge home is modestly furnished, its furniture and pictures evidencing good taste. It has a fireplace in keeping with the poetry of traditional domesticity. On the hat-tree and in the entry closet are boys' caps, coats, sweaters, sou'westers, baseball requisites, etc., showing that the two sons born and bred there love outdoors and the national game. Books and magazines in the living room testify of quiet culture. Mrs. Coolidge has a good voice and plays the piano. A framed legend, the gift of a Boston business man, hangs over the fireplace. It is evidently a hit at the governor's gift of verbal economy. Its philosophy he approves. These are the words, and they always bring a smile to the usually stoic features of the head of the house when anyone notices them:

A wise old owl sat on an oak.
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard.
Why can't we be like that old bird?

Governor Coolidge lately set at rest local gossip that he would give up the old home when he became Vice-President. While he plans to live at the capital with Mrs. Coolidge, the boys will remain in Northampton in care of a housekeeper. The proposition to have the government provide a mansion for the Vice-President does not chime with his views. Mr. Coolidge is quoted as saying: "I have always provided a home for my family, and I shall continue to do so. I do not understand that there is any obligation on the part of the public to furnish me with a home."

Mention of his nomination at Chicago last June for Vice-President and his election November 2 to that office completes this chronological sketch of Calvin Coolidge. It may be added that he is a member of the Vermont Association (Boston) and of the University and Union clubs.

* * * *

Silence, calmness, modesty, self-forgetfulness—these are the traits people most observe in Calvin Coolidge.

"Do the day's work," his advice to the Massachusetts Senate upon first taking the presiding chair there, may be set down as his own guiding motto.

After the presidential election, upon a suggestion that he take a vacation like President-elect Harding, without raising his head from the perusal of official papers, he answered: "Senator Harding is not governor of Massachusetts."

While working in a country law office his employer laid before him a newspaper clipping that told of a historical society's medal for the best essay on the principles for which the Revolutionary War was fought having been awarded to Calvin Coolidge, and asked him if that was so. Yes, he had got the medal. Further questioned, the young man said he had not shown it to his father. He fished it out of a drawer and handed it over for his employer's inspection. It had been in his possession for six weeks, yet he had never mentioned the matter to anybody—not even "Dad."

[The story of Calvin Coolidge's life and progress from a New Hampshire farm to the vice-presidency of the United States, will be continued in the April number of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE.]

Foreign Trade and the Blue Serge Skirt

By EDNA ERLE WILSON

COMMERCE is as old as humanity, as varied as life itself, and as far-reaching as the trail that leads by land and sea around the world. Romance and adventure have always been its traveling companions, from the days when Mr. Cave-man braved glaciers and roaring rivers to exchange a club for a pottery dish to the present time. The pearls which Cleopatra amused her court by dissolving into nothingness were brought by caravan and trading vessel from the Far East to the banks of the Nile. The silks which Helen of Troy wore to the distraction of Paris and the destruction of a city, were imported. The ginger which seasoned Caesar's puddings, and the horses which drew Nero's chariot were the results of one nation's commerce with another. And probably Queen Elizabeth would have soiled her slippers and Walter Raleigh would never have been handed down to posterity as the most gallant of courtiers if some foreign merchant had not sold an English trader a velvet coat.

History glows with stories of foreign trade in its early beginnings. Pedlars, half merchants and half pirates, journeyed back and forth over dangerous highways and byways, selling and buying. Spices packed in some far tropical isle finally found the end of a hazardous journey in a European fair to be purchased by a red-cheeked housewife to make more palatable her good man's dinner. Wine, made from the grapes which grew in a French vineyard, were smuggled away to sparkle upon the table of a Venetian nobleman. Silk from the Orient traveled thousands of miles before it was packed in a wandering merchant's bag and sold to a fair lady in a lonely castle. Crusaders journeyed forth to the Holy Land and returned home with strange and marvelous gems. On land the followers of commerce were set upon by reckless gentlemen of the road and on the sea the ruddy-faced captains of picturesque sailing vessels waged battle with bloodthirsty pirates who wore blue trousers and wicked beards.

In those far-away days foreign trade was a queer mixture of war and commerce, of slave trading, piracy, and romance. Always some fair-cheeked damsel waited at home, watching anxiously for the return of her knight and no less anxiously perhaps for the gifts he was sure to bring her. Probably the only women content to adorn themselves with domestic products in the fifteenth century were the original American ladies, who contentedly daubed their smooth brown cheeks with the juice of red berries, little dreaming of eastern cosmetics, and decorated their sleek black locks with turkey feathers in lieu of ostrich plumes from Australia.

And then Columbus, courageous soul, sailed the ocean blue and soon afterwards other people followed his example. After the founding of the colonies commerce with the mother countries played a large part in American life. Proud colonial dames danced holes in their London-made slippers at the gayest of balls, and flirted with impunity, confident of the loveliness gowned in figured silks from overseas. And if England hadn't sent over all that tea with the high tax upon it, our forbears wouldn't have celebrated by that famous party in Boston Harbor.

War and commerce color the pages of history.

It was to the Revolutionary War that America owed her independence, and it is to the Great War that she owes her present position in the circles of foreign trade. When European markets closed, the United States had to get busy and supply the world with its needs. Due to the wheels of industry which were set going then, the business which American manufacturers are doing in foreign lands today is bigger than they would have thought possible five years ago. And in the opinion of experts, our national prosperity from this time forward will largely depend upon the volume of our foreign trade. For the United States is producing more than it consumes, and therefore we must have an international market.

Although foreign trade sounds and is so stern and businesslike at the present moment, the romance and adventure of olden days have not been crowded out by bustle and hurry. Upon close inspection the traveling companions of commerce will be found still present, alive, and energetic, although they have swapped the velvet pantaloon of yore for up-to-date plain serge trousers—and skirts! For fashions and business customs alike have changed and women no longer sit at home waiting for gifts either from the gods or from masculine hands. They are going out after things themselves.

Petticoats are holding down many important mahogany office chairs in this country, while kimono grace them in Japan. The business manager of one of New York's biggest newspapers is a woman. And in a city down below the Mason and Dixon line, where the masculine world once reigned supreme in business realms, a progressive woman is clearing house manager. In the light of these shining examples, it isn't very surprising, after all, to find women working side by side with men in the export field.

Nor are American women in foreign trade to supply an element of romance, or in answer to the call of adventure. They are there for business reasons. And they are bringing the same qualifications for success to their work that men bring. Constructive aims, love of the game for the game's sake, initiative, thoroughness, vision, and human understanding are all characteristics of the women who are making good in varied kinds of positions in foreign trade.

Sending razors around the world, from the frozen North to the tropical South, is Miss Jane Carroll's job, as general manager of the Export Company of the American Safety Razor Corporation, a twenty-million-dollar business. At first thought there may not seem to be a very close connection between safety razors and romance. A man in the throes of his morning shave is the most unromantic of mortals. And yet this same man, once shaved, may rise to heroic heights. Pondering the subject, one wonders if Juliet could have loved Romeo with a nine days' beard? And how Ophelia felt about the melancholy Hamlet's Vandyke—if he wore one off the stage? And if Dante shaved every day before walking out for a glimpse of Beatrice? After all, razors may make or mar romance, and perhaps some day Miss Jane Carroll will be called blessed by a dark-eyed maiden of the South Sea



MISS ROSE E. BOYD

Export employment counselor. Her agency is an unique institution. Some of the largest manufacturers in the country depend upon her to fill vacancies for executives, foreign branch managers, traveling representatives, or stenographers who understand Spanish

Islands, whose best beau has just learned to use a safety razor from America.

Miss Carroll confesses that she is utterly fascinated by the work. She also has some ideas of her own about the foreign trade situation, among which is the belief that Europeans are partial to American-made goods. That the demand for merchandise made in the United States is going to increase rapidly within the next few years, regardless of the business recovery of Europe and the resumption of continental manufactures is a fact she is willing to gamble on.

The foreign demand for safety razors at the present time is as keen as the guaranteed never-to-rust blade itself. This is due in part, no doubt, to the popularizing of this American product abroad by Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors. The greatest trouble just now is in supplying the demand. But Miss Carroll plans to enlarge the facilities of the corporation abroad so that every man who needs new razor blades, whether he lives in North Africa, Russia, or India, can get them by stepping into the nearest retail store, just as he could in this country.

Miss Carroll gives as a recipe for success in foreign trade the single word "Persistence." "If you want a thing, go after it," she says, "and keep on trying until you succeed."

She denies that she was anything remotely resembling an infant prodigy. In her school days she wiggled through her geography lesson just as any normal child did, and learned to bound the United States under the same protest. When lessons were over, she climbed trees and played games with the other youngsters in the neighborhood. In one way only did she differ from her playmates. She made her own toys, thus manifesting her large supply of initiative. But she didn't sail her paper ships in a tub of water and pretend that they were carrying safety razors to the Shah of Persia as one might surmise. It was not until she finished her college course at Cornell and entered business that this energetic young woman with the fluffy blonde hair and steady blue eyes decided what kind of career she wanted. Once having made up her mind,

"For the woman who likes variety in her work, and is not afraid of hard knocks and much grind, there is a big opportunity in foreign trade," is the message Miss Carroll sends to other American girls.

And when a girl has heard this message and decided that foreign trade is the pot in which she wishes to pool her talents, she doesn't need to go knocking around from one export house to another in quest of a job. For down in New York's busy financial district, in an office in a tall building on a street, so narrow that it seems to deny its name of Liberty, sits Miss Rose E. Boyd, ready to find just the right niche for her. This charming Southern woman, with the deceptive slow drawl, is known as an export employment counselor, and her agency is the most unique thing in employment circles.

Miss Boyd's business is the result of three years of specialization, and grew directly out of work in connection with the Panama Pacific Exposition. Her clients include some of the largest manufacturers in the country who depend upon her to fill vacancies for executives, foreign branch managers, traveling representatives, or stenographers who understand Spanish.

"Just at present there are many calls for women," reports Miss Boyd. "In fact, it is hard to supply the demand. For it is difficult to find enough women who understand Spanish or Portuguese to fill the jobs that are constantly arising in the translation departments of export houses, in secretarial capacities, in foreign advertising, and as managers of correspondence bureaus."

Miss Boyd thinks that it is a good plan for girls to start in as secretaries to big export chiefs, as most of the women who have made good in foreign trade have climbed up from the bottom of the ladder. "Once upon a time," she says, "women had an idea that the export houses with their inevitable big quarters, not always in the most orderly of conditions because of the coming and going of large shipments of goods, were not the most ladylike of places to work. But this attitude has entirely vanished, and all of the women who take up this work, with its world-wide interest, find it absorbing and stimulating. Very often girls whom I've placed return to my office after a week's employment to tell me how well they like their jobs."

Just now Miss Boyd is trying to interest export firms in the matter of sending saleswomen to foreign countries. Edna Ferber's fictitious, famous, and successful Emma McChestney is not the only woman who ever packed a steamer trunk with hot and cold weather clothes and started out to convince the ladies of Buenos Ayres that one style of petticoat was superior to all others. It is being done in real life as well as between the covers of a novel. That there is a big opportunity awaiting women in this particular line is Miss Boyd's belief. And it does stand to reason that a woman might be able to demonstrate the merits of wearing apparel or cooking utensils much more convincingly than a man.

Letters from all over the country come to Miss Boyd from girls who are anxious to find openings in the field of foreign trade. Many college women who held war-time positions in government offices in Washington, in which a knowledge of languages was essential, are daily arriving in New York to look for jobs in export houses, since the government work has been discontinued.

These girls with a knowledge of languages to offer would feel encouraged about their futures if they knew the story of Rose Bowman, who for a dozen years has been engaged in selling the unusual commodity, words for translation. Miss Bowman's present career started on a dark, sloppy February morning in 1907, as she scanned

particular advertisement which caught and held the attention of her dark brown gaze read something like this: "Young lady wanted by an old established publishing house, proud of its English. Should be able to assist in the editorial department."

Miss Bowman had a big ambition to get ahead. She also had two years of experience in the small office of a pearl button manufacturer's office. So, armed with her ambition and her experience,



MISS ROSE BOWMAN

Manager of the translation bureau of the "American Explorer," with a staff of sixty-six foreign language experts and an output of eighteen million words a year

she applied for the job. She didn't get it, but she made enough impression on the publisher of the *American Exporter* for him to create a position for her.

"It wasn't much of a job," she explains laughingly. "In fact, I rather looked down upon it, for it consisted mostly of addressing envelopes. But it gave me a chance to get a line on the business, because I saw the card records of the advertisers. At that time the translation bureau was only a germ anyhow, with a staff of five persons. But if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, then I'm the proof."

And she is a proof, proof of what persistency, hard work, and enthusiasm can do, for today the slim, dark-haired girl who started in as a stenographer, is the manager of the Translation Bureau, which has grown to a staff of sixty-six persons, with a gigantic output of eighteen million words a year. She is also proof of her own theory that one must concentrate and see a thing through once it is started. "Consideration and courtesy to the co-worker, the client and the boss alike" is another slogan of Miss Bowman's, who believes that the woman worker who has a different manner for each will invariably lose out.

Miss Bowman will tell anyone who cares to listen that getting export business is no magician's trick. Advertising is one of the chief methods used, just as it is in domestic business. And if people apply the same energy to export advertising as they do to domestic advertising, success is reached by exactly the same methods. But the foreign market must be studied and the client must be approached in his own language. A South American dealer is not inclined to buy

appended in money which is foreign to him. The export trade has become highly specialized, and in no department is this fact more evident than in the field of getting business by means of the catalogue.

"Nor should we try to force upon other nations the things that we like," explains Miss Bowman. "On the other hand we should give them what they want. For instance, Americans like the cases of their pianos built along plain architectural lines. To the Latin American this style suggests nothing more cheerful than a coffin. He likes his musical instruments, like his buildings, highly ornamented."

Many incidents of human interest drift into Miss Bowman's office, which overlooks the harbor, where the big ships come and go. A manufacturer will telephone in that he wants an export catalogue printed to advertise automobiles in South America, but he doesn't know what language should be used. Perhaps he has a vague idea that Spanish is the proper linguistic medium, but he has been told that educated people in the twin continent speak English and French. And Miss Bowman has to explain that Spanish and Portuguese are the commercial languages of the Latin American republics, and that his choice must depend upon the country in which he wishes to launch his advertising campaign.

Questions pertaining to everything from rat-traps to macaroni machinery and the proper sized boxes to pack powder in to be sent to Persia come over Miss Bowman's telephone, and in her mail bag, until one wonders if she isn't a kind of living encyclopedia.

"But some of the questions don't require the wisdom of a Solomon for an answer," she protests. "The other day my telephone tinkled and a troubled masculine voice asked me if we translated English into Greek."

"Greek?" I asked. "That is not the commercial language of Greece. French is. In what language is the letter you wish to answer written?"

"English," replied the inquirer.

"Then why answer it in Greek?" I queried. And upon second thought the client decided that "he guessed he wouldn't!"

The Translation Bureau is the only department of the *American Exporter* conducted by a woman, but in spite of her success as an executive Miss Bowman is nursing another dream along. "My ambition is to get out and sell" is her somewhat surprising confession. "Just what I don't know yet. But I will not consider myself a real success until I actually sell something—besides words!"

Whether she wants to sell petticoats in Brazil or sewing machines in Norway, one feels sure that Miss Bowman will realize her wish. And there is no doubt that other American girls in search of business opportunities will follow in her footsteps and those of the other outstanding women who have already blazed the trail and made good in different positions in export trade. It is to meet the need for more specialized training for women entering this line of work that the Ballard School of the Y. W. C. A. in New York City is offering a course in Foreign Trade. By featuring the special opportunities in Latin America, this course is backing up the United States Government in helping to open up a bigger trade with the twin continent.

The trade between America and the sister republics to the south has been steadily increasing since the Great War began and the European markets closed. From a land of romance, of moonshine, of dark-eyed cavaliers, beautiful signoritas and tinkling banjos, South America has become a land of business opportunity. And it is an opportunity that the business women of America are not going to neglect, judging from the eager interest of the girls who are studying

trade relations at the Ballard School. These classes are recruited from the ranks of women employed by export houses, girls who are training to enter this promising field, and business women who take an intelligent interest in the affairs of the world.

Miss Annie Hamill, who is the instructor of the course, has traveled extensively in the Latin American countries, and has also made a special study of trade relations. She believes that the purely technical subjects such as insurance, credits, packing, marking and shipping should



MISS ANNIE HAMILL

Instructor of the course of trade relations at the Ballard School, whose classes are recruited from the ranks of women employed in export houses and girls who are training to enter this promising field

be supplemented by other equally necessary and more human topics. So the Y. W. C. A. class in foreign trade discusses everything connected with our sister republics from the climate of Brazil to the social customs of Uruguay and the banking system of Argentine.

"The reason that Germany and Great Britain have always been ahead of us in trade with South America," explains Miss Hamill, "is that they have studied the countries before sending men and women to work there. These representatives had a thorough knowledge of the language, not a hurried, thirty-day course in Spanish. They were informed about the temperament of their prospective customers, and used this information to advantage. Business conversations were led up to by a roundabout route, and a sale of automobiles might be introduced by a question concerning the health of the customer's grandfather!"

"Another point that European firms scored on was that of credit. They realized that the Latin American is not only studiously polite, but also somewhat slow to pay his bills. So they did not insist upon a cash-down system of payment as American firms often did to their doom."

Packing is another subject that the students in this foreign-trade course are instructed upon, as one of the stumbling blocks upon which American exporters have stumbled their toes in the past. European countries found out long ago that material going to the different Latin republics should be packed in different ways. If the goods were to travel by train, water, and donkey carriers, it was packed in bales. For this reason their stuff went through all right and without delay, while materials from the United States were held up to be unloaded and repacked before they could be trusted to the back of a donkey.

The girl who completes this course at the Y. W. C. A. will find her diploma the entry to

Continued on page 522

100 Per Cent Americanism

Salutatory of the *Italian News*, the latest comer into the journalistic field in New England, strikes the high note of lofty patriotism

THERE is nothing remarkable in the mere statement that a new journalistic enterprise was launched in Boston a week or so ago—newspapers and magazines, like suckers, are born every minute—to live or die as Fate, and circumstances, dictate. But this particular newcomer adventuring into the shell-torn fields of weekly journalism, while still in its swaddling clothes, displays so lofty a public spirit on the part of certain of our adopted citizens as to bespeak for it a most kindly and indulgent reception into the great brotherhood of the Press. In short, it is an avowedly American newspaper, owned, edited and published by Americans of Italian descent, to serve the best American interests of Americans from Italy, and the children of Americans from Italy—yet printed wholly in English.

We have long been surfeited with the foreign language press in America. Mankind is prone to distrust what it cannot understand; and we, in this country that offers freedom to the foreigner, have looked askance at him who reads in public a newspaper printed in a foreign language. A foolish attitude doubtless—but the strongest bond of mankind is, after all, the bond of blood brotherhood, and the most innocent and kindly and best intentioned representative of another race who in a street car or other public place peruses a newspaper printed in the language of his fathers, by that absolutely innocent act sets himself in a way apart.

Therefore, to the forward looking, broad-visioned young Americans of Italian parentage who are the sponsors and directors of the *Italian News*, the NATIONAL MAGAZINE offers the hand of fellowship and greeting. We cannot conceive of a more direct and constructive sort of good citizenship than that displayed in the avowed purpose and intent of the new publication, as set forth in the editorial column of its first issue—an editorial that we take pleasure in reprinting as an illuminative expression of the high sentiments that animate the souls of the sons and daughters of an old and wonderful race, many thousands of whom have found America to be, for them, a land of promise and fulfillment.

THE purpose of the *News*, dear friends, is to supply the newspaper needs of many thousands of people of Italian birth or descent. These Americans have not found, and do not expect to find, either in the Italian weeklies printed and circulated hereabouts, or in the great metropolitan dailies, the sort of news, the kind of social gossip, the variety of short story and miscellany, which they would like. The *News* will do its best to please them.

What fault do we find with the Italian-American press?

In many instances that it is something else before it is American. That it gives us the latest available news from the Chamber of Deputies, when what we of the younger generation are interested in is the House of Representatives. That it talks of Genoa when we would know of Philadelphia; of Napoli and Palermo, when New York interests us; that it connects us by wire with Rome when we should prefer to hear from Washington.

And let no man charge us that we are "ashamed of our origin." On the contrary, we thank the good God for every drop of the Italian blood which courses through our veins.

Ashamed of Italy! To be ashamed of united Italy would be to be ashamed of Aquinas, and Dante, Columbus, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, St. Francis of Assissi, Galileo, Napoleon! Each name thrills us, as we write it here, with joy and the pride of the race.

And yet?

And yet, dear friends, *this is our country, the United States of America!*

Two of the three young men who have associated themselves in this enterprise have been employed for many years on Boston newspapers. The third has had an honorable career

in law practice. All three are products of the schools of Boston. Their life has been American; their thoughts are American; their hearts are American. They find thousands like themselves as they move about in the daily life of the city.

It is natural enough that older folk, born in Italy, should have a tender regard for the land of their birth. We would not have it otherwise. As children, we hung raptly on every word with which they told us of the beauties of Turin, Venice, Naples, Florence, Messina. A thousand times we promised ourselves a visit to the Old Country. The promise stands. . . . The dream is still a dream.

During the Great War some of our pals found themselves in Italy. They had a great time. Many of them looked up the old cronies of their fathers and mothers. They enjoyed the visit. . . . But it was only a visit. . . . Ask one of them if he would swap Boston for Italy!

We think we have indicated the *why* of our newspaper, the *News*.

There is considerable talk nowadays of "Americanizing" the foreigner. We think there is equal need of Americanizing some Americans. However that may be, it will be *our* purpose to show the promoters of Americanization that, so far as Americans of Italian descent are concerned, we have no need for their talent.

The *News* is not to be anybody's political plaything or mouthpiece. It will not be a partisan newspaper. Nor will it be a religious newspaper, though we hope it will never be irreligious. It will be exactly what we have suggested, the newspaper of Americans of Italian descent residing in Boston or nearby in New England.

We are here to serve the best American interests of Americans from Italy, and the children of Americans from Italy. We shall stand, always, for AMERICA FIRST.

Business Man as Lieutenant-Governor

The new presiding officer of the Texas Senate, in his opening announcement, advocates fewer laws and the drafting of successful business men into public service

IN a country dedicated to business and consecrated to high business ethics and standards such as the United States, it is only a question of time until we make the experiment of electing practical and successful business men to public office. As long as "business" is the "dominant industry" of America, why not get business men to make the laws?

The sooner this experiment is made, the better for the country; and the state of Texas has set the example and established a precedent by electing Hon. Lynch Davidson, self-made millionaire lumberman, as Lieutenant-Governor of the state; and his election is regarded as the most significant event in Texas politics.

The mediocrity of American public office-holders and office-seekers has been responsible for the tradition that successful business men or successful professional leaders cannot be induced to accept public office. This is a common tradition not only in Texas, but in all the other states, and as a result we have developed the "professional politician" and the "professional office seeker." The doubtful tenure of office, the niggardly compensation and mud-slinging methods of campaigning have been sufficient to keep our best men from standing for public office, which probably was responsible for Edmund Burke saying that "in no age of the world's history have the best minds lent themselves to politics." The rare exceptions have been where really great men, unmindful of selfish ends and wholly from patriotic motives have thrown aside precedents and traditions and played the game because they felt they could render some needed service to the state where they had achieved their business or professional success. This is what Lieutenant Governor Lynch Davidson of Houston did when he announced his candidacy for the office and won "hands down" on a straight-from-the-shoulder business platform—fewer and better laws, better pay for teachers, fewer bureaus and commissions and smaller taxes and economy in government; in other words, applying common sense and business methods to public affairs.

The electrical effect of an original idea, coupled with common horse sense, evoked state-wide interest in Governor Davidson and his platform, and he was overwhelmingly elected. No sooner was the news of his victory made known than the big influential papers of Texas predicted he would be the next Governor of Texas. This sentiment has become so crystallized and the people of Texas so well pleased with the experiment that it is generally predicted that Lynch Davidson can have the governorship or any other office he might aspire to in the future. He has developed the habit of winning, his first triumph coming when he was elected to the State Senate two years ago, completely whipping the Non Partisan League which had become strongly entrenched in south Texas. His election sounded the death knell of this organization as far as Texas is concerned.

Before the recent World War Governor Davidson had never sought public office. He was a wholesale lumberman as well as manufacturer, with lumber yards and saw mills throughout Texas and Louisiana. Called on during the war, as thousands of other business men were to take part in Liberty Loan drives, Red Cross and Salvation Army activities, he became impressed

with the need of experienced men in public affairs. This thought caused him to partially forsake his business and enter public work, the same impelling motive which probably accounts for Herbert Hoover.

At fifteen years of age Lynch Davidson was a day laborer in a saw mill in East Texas. He is now one of the largest lumber dealers and manufacturers in the Southwest, easily within the millionaire class. As a lumber-jack he held



LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR LYNCH DAVIDSON of Texas, the self-made lumber millionaire who presides over the Texas Senate, and whose election was one of the most significant and wholesome events in politics during the 1920 state campaigns. It calls attention to the urgent need of practical and successful business men entering public service as the quickest and surest means of thwarting socialism, sovietism and I. W. W.

various saw mill jobs that called for living by the sweat of his brow. Knocking about the country and from job to job, he lost his health and was compelled to return to his home at "Honest Ridge," in Eastern Texas. After two years spent in regaining his health, he turned to his first love—the lumber business—and advancement and promotion took him to Mexico,

"There are too many laws, a great many too many laws on our statute books, but if I had my way I would pass one more. It would draft every man who at fifty years of age had a sufficient amount of this world's goods to care for himself and family throughout the balance of their natural lives, into the service of the state and nation when and as might be required of him."

—From Governor Lynch Davidson's opening speech for the lieutenant governorship of Texas.

where he spent four years, removing to Houston in 1897, where he established the Southland Lumber Company and the Continental Lumber Company, both being large enterprises.

His first flyer in politics was about four years ago when he was elected to the Lower House of the Texas Legislature and the the State Senate a short time later. He performed his duties with the same scrupulous exactness and thorough-going business methods that he had exercised in his business affairs, and in a short time had won a state-wide reputation. Then it dawned on the people of Texas that here was a new type of leader in Texas politics, a constructive builder, who saw the evils and inefficiency in government and had some definite ideas for public betterment.

We are printing this story about this interesting Texan for two reasons: First, the life story and successful career of Lieutenant Governor Davidson is an inspiration to every poor boy in the United States; to the boy starting out in life without money or education to aid him in achieving fame and fortune. Second, because it is believed that more successful business men will be persuaded to give at least a part of their time to public affairs and rescue the government from the control of petty politicians who make public office a business. The need for big men of affairs in government was never more urgent; and no one realized this more than President-elect Harding when he announced he would take counsel from the "country's best minds," and among the number who made the pilgrimage to Marion were some of the country's greatest bankers, business men, engineers and manufacturers.

The political career and activities of Lieutenant Governor Davidson of Texas will be watched with interest throughout the nation. He gives every promise of becoming one of the most refreshing and wholesome "discoveries" made in the recent state campaigns.

Mabel Wagnall's widely-read story, "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years," which has already gone through three big editions, has been translated into Esperanto and published in book form by its translator, Edward S. Payson, president of the American Esperanto Society.

The distinction of appearing in Esperanto (a language more widely used and better known in the far countries, such as China, India, Hawaii, etc., than in our own country) is unusual. But "unusual" is a term that applies to the entire history of this story. Its initial appearance was in *Snappy Stories*. It was later copied in *Current Opinion*, double-starred in "O'Brien's Best Short Stories of 1916," then selected by Madame Nazimova for her first picture-play with the Metro Company. Under the title "Revelation," as enacted by Madame Nazimova, it achieved a wide popularity. Since appearing in book form it has been termed a classic by more than one famous critic, and has even been used as a text for sermons.

Native-born Millionaires of the Second Generation

Victoria, Texas, famous for its roses, beautiful homes, and cattle kings, has more millionaires in proportion to its population, and a larger *per capita* wealth than any other city in the United States—all native sons, whose money, untainted by speculation or promotion, has been made honestly by contributing to the wealth of the world

By EVERETT LLOYD

A RECENT survey of the lives of four thousand and forty-three American millionaires revealed the startling fact that all but twenty of them started life as poor boys, and all but forty of them had contributed to the welfare of humanity and their employees as they went along. The investigation further revealed that not one rich man's son out of seventeen dies rich.

It is a common tradition that the family estate usually begins to dwindle or becomes entirely dissipated with the second generation, and there are any number of instances to prove that this is largely true. But it remained for Victoria, Texas, to reverse this rule and afford a striking illustration of how the second generation not only kept the family estates intact, but doubled and in many cases quadrupled their values. This was done not by speculation and questionable promotions (because the promoter is unknown in Victoria), but by tilling the soil, by tending their herds and those other pastoral pursuits identified with the live-stock industry.

Probably in no other city in the United States will the same spectacle of home-grown wealth be presented as the little city of Victoria has; of native-born sons who followed in the footsteps of their fathers, adopted their same pursuits, and made their money in their own home town and county, where they still live and enjoy it.

Unlike the rich men of the average town, the wealthy men of Victoria did not make their money

and move away to enjoy it—they moved from their ranches to Victoria, built themselves mansions to live in and remained among their friends of a lifetime. Practically everybody in the town of a given age grew up together, went to school or in business, and frequently married within their own circle, with the result that nearly everybody is related by marriage or otherwise to everybody else. The people are liberal in thought and in religion, and the unwritten law of friendship and personal honor seems to be the rule. Accustomed to dealing in big affairs and to thinking in big figures, there is nothing of the usual small-town activity among the people of Victoria. They are tolerant, hospitable, and friendly, keenly intent on boosting their town instead of individuals, because everyone is made to feel that he is on a level with the others. This spirit of teamwork and neighborly interest has set Victoria apart from and above other Texas cities until the very mention of the town's name suggests money, power, influence and ability to put things over. As a result, no proposition is ever so large but that the local money kings can handle it; and no cattleman or ranchman, regardless of the size of his required loan, is ever compelled to go away from home to get the accommodation. And in this connection it must be remembered that individual cattle loans sometimes run up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. At all times and during every crisis,



AL M. McFADDEN

Victoria cattleman and man of affairs who has done more than any other ranchman in Texas to promote the development of the Brahma breed of cattle and has one of the largest Brahma herds in the United States. While president of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association, Mr. McFadden brought the membership from seven hundred to three thousand and put the organization on a practical and systematic basis.

Victoria has been able to take care of all legitimate needs, and has many times gone to the rescue of her neighbors. The local banks have been able to do this and with home capital—money earned by local cattlemen and ranchmen and business men in local enterprises. Not only is Victoria one of the wealthiest towns of its size in the United States, but it probably has the largest cash reserve, as was shown during the war when some of the local cattle kings bought a hundred thousand dollars' worth of Liberty bonds apiece without even making a dent in their bank-rolls.

All this is somewhat surprising when we consider that Victoria is a "cow town," the wealth of its citizens having been acquired from land, from cattle raising, and during recent years from agriculture in its many diversified forms.

In this city of six thousand population there are probably a dozen millionaires—several of them worth many millions—and any number of men who are worth anywhere from one-half to three-quarters of a million, and a still larger number who are worth half those amounts in lands, cattle, stocks and bonds. He was a wise man who said that whoever causes two blades of grass to



NAZARETH ACADEMY, VICTORIA, WELL-KNOWN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS

The birth of Victoria dates from 1824, when Don Martin De Leon arrived on the banks of the

gomery, cattle shippers, imported "Richard the Third" and "Khedive" from India; and the

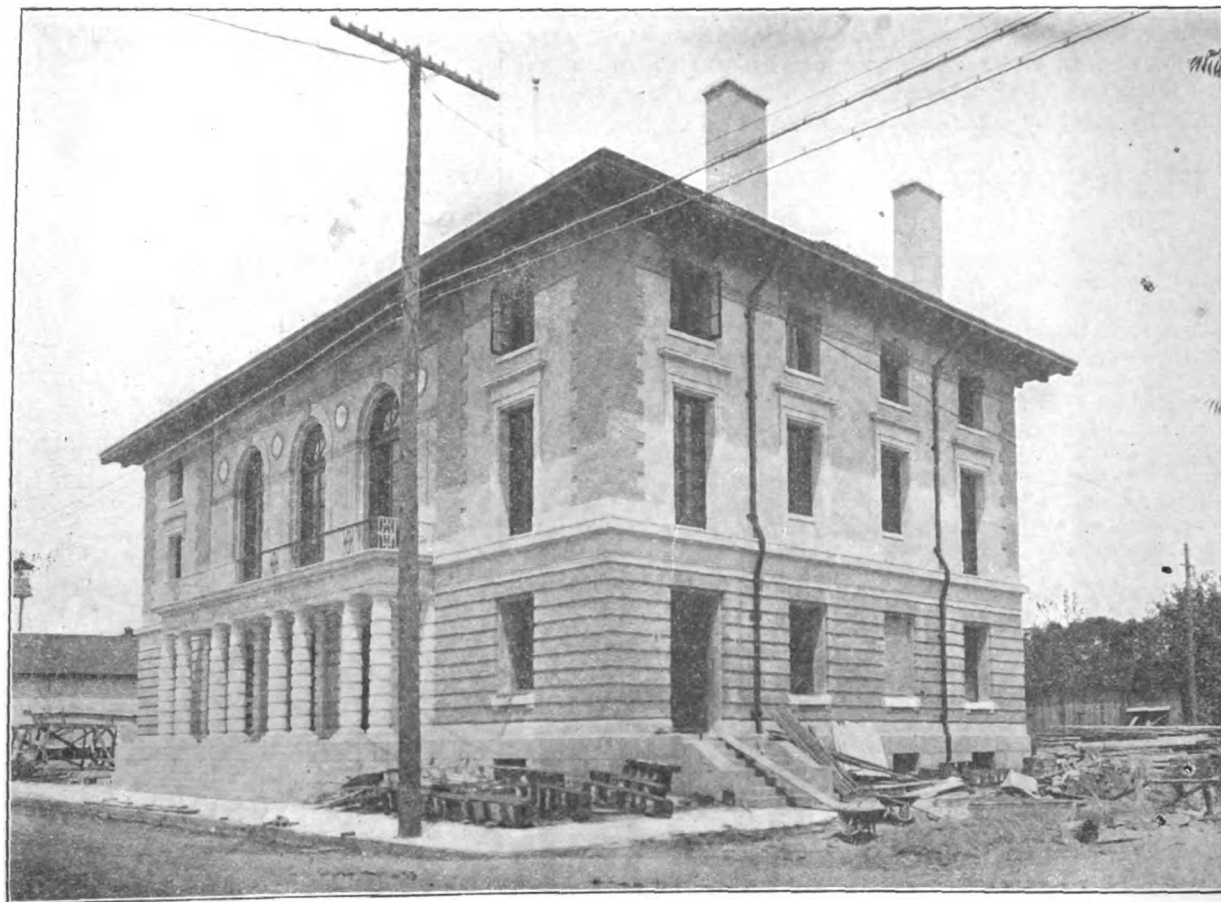
McFadden to the cattlemen of the Southwest. Brahmas will now be found on the King, Lasater, Pryor and other well-known Texas ranches. But from the beginning it has been Mr. McFadden's custom not to sell any of the Brahma heifers or cows. During the World's Fair at St. Louis, Hagenback, the circus man, exhibited the famous Brahma bull "Prince," which he had just imported from India; and this animal was purchased by Al McFadden for \$1,000, at that time a record price for a bull.

The Brahma is the most prolific breed of cattle known, and is the only type in America that will cross with any and all other breeds—Jerseys, Holsteins, Herefords, or any other breed. In addition to this, the original is improved; they have better digestive and assimilative qualities, and dress sixty-five to one hundred pounds more than the original breed. And what is more important to the cowman in these days of high-priced food, they will fatten thirty days sooner than any other breed.

The Brahmas are notoriously long livers, many of the bulls being good for breeders at the age of fourteen, and the cows reaching the age of eighteen and bearing fine healthy calves. Approximately four hundred young bulls are sold from the McFadden ranch annually

at prices ranging from \$150 and upwards.

According to Mr. McFadden, who certainly is an authority and who has successfully demonstrated the merits and superiority of the Brahma breed, all the cattle in the Southwest will be of three-eighths Brahma blood within fifteen years.



FEDERAL BUILDING, VICTORIA, TEXAS

Guadalupe and established his colony of forty-one families at "Guadalupe Victoria," so christened as a testimonial of respect for the patron saint of Mexico. Their first homes were crudely built huts called "jackals," and a sort of local self-government was set up by the early alcaldes, whose duties were similar to our city aldermen or commissioners of the present day. The town was incorporated in 1840. After the regime of the alcaldes, the town gradually passed into the hands of the pioneer white settlers, whose descendants today make up its substantial citizenship and millionaires. These early pioneers and their sons took up lands along the Gulf Coast of Texas, buying it for ten cents an acre and purchasing Spanish grants which were confirmed afterward by the government of the Republic of Texas. These vast ranges have produced millions of cattle, and up to within the past two or three years the business has been profitable.

The first importation of Brahma cattle into the United States from India was made in 1853 by a Louisiana planter, who used them for oxen, and not for beef. Immediately after the Civil War Colonel Shannon, well-known Texas cattleman, brought a few Brahmas to Texas. From this herd Colonel Shannon sold Mr. James A. McFadden one bull, and within a few years Brahma cattle were to be found in small numbers throughout South Texas. About this time Al McFadden entered the cattle business as a

offspring of these two famous bulls purchased by Al McFadden in 1891 was the beginning of the Brahma industry in Texas. The original Frost & Montgomery herd, amounting to twenty-three head, were shipped to the McFadden ranch at Victoria. This herd has now increased



PATTY WELDER HIGH SCHOOL, VICTORIA, WILL COMPARE FAVORABLY WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF THE LARGE TEXAS CITIES

They are particularly adapted to the South and Southwest, being practically immune from heat.

In the course of a year Dick Fields will handle 150,000 cattle, and recently he has become a large dealer in Brahmas. He started in the ranching business when he was a kid of eighteen. Through his association with Martin O'Conner he is the joint owner of ranches in a half dozen counties and a large exporter of cattle to Cuba. In the opinion of many, Dick Fields is one of the coming figures in the live-stock industry. He is a native of Victoria and a graduate of the local high school. His marriage a few years ago to Miss Lucille B. Craig only served to enhance his popularity. He is a member of all local organizations, including the Elks, Knights of Columbus, T. P. A. and the Catholic church—a regular all-round man's man.

While essentially a cattle country, the millionaire ranchmen of the Victoria country have not hoarded their holdings, but for many years have been selling small-sized tracts to farmers until practically all territory surrounding Victoria is a thickly-settled and highly-improved agricultural region. Formerly the ranches extended right up to the city limits, but now all this land is in cultivation, given over to the growing of cotton, corn, milo maize, kafir corn, other grain and truck farming, the latter being a profitable industry in itself. The ranch lands near Victoria are the finest in Texas, practically the entire county being tillable and well suited for agriculture; and it is only a question of time until a large part of these grazing lands will be converted into farms, being too valuable for strictly ranch purposes.

Victoria is only twenty-eight miles from the Gulf of Mexico, being one hundred and twenty-eight miles southwest of Houston and one hundred and seventeen miles southeast of San Antonio, on the Southern Pacific and the Brownville (or Gulf Coast lines) railroads. The town has fifteen miles of concrete sidewalks and twenty-five miles of asphalt and graveled streets; municipal water works system supplied from artesian wells; sewer and lighting system; a paid, motorized fire department and the lowest insurance key rate of any city in Texas. Being in the rain belt and at an altitude of approximately ninety feet, the climate of Victoria is equal to Florida in the winter and to California in summer, the gulf breezes making it especially cool in summer and warm during the winter months. These statements are verified by the fact that flowers bloom throughout the year. Though never aspiring to fame as a health resort, Victoria

to grow only as the country developed. The history of the town is that when the citizens decided they needed some particular enterprise or institution they did not wait for an outsider to project it, but pooled their interests and put

who came over seventy-five or eighty years ago direct from Ireland and established their homes in the neighborhood of the mission of Our Lady of Refuge, founded by the Franciscan fathers in 1700. This was the last of a chain of missions



THE DENVER HOTEL, VICTORIA'S INVITATION TO THE WORLD

This hotel was built a few years ago by the late B. H. Matthews at a cost of \$150,000, and is as modern as any hotel in Texas

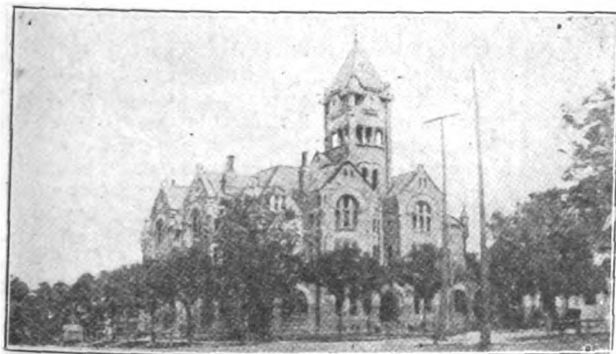
it over themselves; and it has been in this manner that Victoria has acquired everything possessed by her larger rival neighbors, whether this related to public improvements, grand opera, or a county fair. So much, then, for what might be called the "personality" of this unique and distinctive city which advertises itself as the "City of Roses," instead of one of the greatest live-stock centers in the United States. Now imagine a "cow town" making a bid for fame as a "City of Roses," and you get a correct idea of the innate modesty of the people of Victoria. In Texas one can hear all kinds of tales about Victoria and the number of its millionaires. The misinformed will tell you that it has thirty, and some will even stretch this estimate; but the real Victorian modestly refrains from hazarding a guess and switches the conversation by talking about Artist McCan's masterpiece, "The Golden Eagle of the Golden West," one of the really great paintings to be done by an Irish artist. McCan lives in Victoria, but his fame

as a landscape and portrait painter is world wide, and he was recently commissioned by the Roumanian government to paint the picture of the Queen of Roumania, a recognition and distinction which has fallen to the lot of few American artists.

It will be noted that many of the family names identified with the history of Victoria are Irish—notably the O'Connors, the McFaddins, the Welders. This is explained by the fact that these men are the descendants of a colony of Irishmen

established by the Spaniards between the Gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of California as fortresses to protect the settlers and hospices to shelter travelers and to be a manifestation of Spanish authority along the northern boundary of Mexico. Among this number was the late Thomas O'Connor, who came from Wexford Ireland, in 1834, arriving just in time to serve in the War of Texas Independence, and was the youngest man in the battle of San Jacinto, being present when Santa Anna was brought before General Houston. After the war, Mr. O'Connor returned to Refugio, where he engaged in the cattle business and the manufacture of saddle trees. From his sparse earnings he bought lands and land grants until at one time he owned more than five hundred thousand acres in Refugio, Goliad, Aransas, San Patricio, McMullen and LaSalle counties, which was valued at four and one-half million dollars at the time of his death in 1887. This was the foundation of the O'Connor fortune. At his death the estate went to Thomas O., Jr., and Dennis O'Connor, the latter the father of Martin O'Connor, well-known Victoria banker and cattleman. Dennis M. O'Connor was given a liberal education and served with the Twenty-first Texas cavalry during the Civil War. At the close of the war he became a member of the banking firm of O'Connor & Sullivan of San Antonio. He was married in 1869 to Miss Virginia Drake of Alabama, a daughter of Washington F. Drake, direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake, the English admiral.

As interesting as they are, it is only possible to touch upon the high-spots with reference to dates and figures in the careers of all the notables



VICTORIA COUNTY COURT HOUSE

could easily advertise its merits in this respect if it did not have so many other advantages, both natural and acquired.

Excessive wealth has not given Victoria or its citizens the "swell head"; and the most wholesome feature of the town's development is that it has not had to live down the unhealthy aftermath of a "boom." The place has never been exploited as a bonanza for get-rich-quick promotions and stock-selling schemes—thanks to the good sense of the natives—but has been content

is that almost without exception the succeeding generations have remained true to their early environments and friendships; have grown up and embarked in business in the town their fathers helped establish; have added to their



DICK FIELDS

Who, with Martin O'Connor, is one of the largest cattle operators in Texas. Though young, he is one of the most successful men in the industry and one of the best liked and useful men in Victoria

inheritances and continued to earn and spend their money among their home-folks and friends. All this has made for a completeness of life in Victoria, a wholesome contentment and almost brotherly regard for neighbors and friends in this family-like town.

With all its centralized wealth and close family ties, Victoria is not a "one man" nor a "one firm" town. Over the portals of no other city will there be found written in bolder type the magic invitation. "Victoria welcomes the world to share in her opportunities," and in no other city will the stranger, the investor, and the home-seeker be made to feel more at home. The old-time hospitality once so conspicuous a custom among the cattlemen, still reigns, though somewhat modified by modern heresies and certain provisions of the Volstead Act, commonly known as the nineteenth amendment.

As a city Victoria is quite complete and modern, the envy of her competitors and rivals. It has more than its share of all that goes to make city life attractive, combined with the advantages of the country—parks, good roads, beautiful homes and ideal climate; it has places galore in which to fish and hunt, together with easy access to the bathing beaches on the Texas Gulf Coast. If the early settlers of Victoria had gone about the task deliberately, they could not have found in all Texas a spot more desirable than the one they selected.

and the Levi Bank is the oldest banks in Texas. The present bank is the successor to the private banking firm of A. Levi & Company. The active officer is P. A. Murray, an able and experienced banker who knows conditions in Texas as well as throughout the country. He has been connected with several big banks and has made a success with each.

Despite the tradition that people in a "cow country" do not go in for "book larnin'," the schools of Victoria are among the best, affiliated with the State University and other institutions of learning. The town has a Country Club, the Rotarians are well organized and active and by another year will have a modern auditorium.

The truth of the matter is that Victoria is just beginning to appreciate her own advantages and opportunities; and now with conditions becoming normal in Mexico, where unlimited markets await Texas jobbers and manufacturers; with an increasing trade with South America; with deep waterway connections to New Orleans and thence to the Panama Canal assured with the completion of the Intercoastal Canal, Victoria has visions of a greater future and is undertaking to become an industrial and manufacturing center—all of which is logical and wholly feasible. Victoria has the money to back almost any enterprise she desires; she has the raw material of a hundred finished products; nearness to markets, transportation facilities, cheap Mexican labor, fuel, water, and power. Just now Victoria is magnetizing her vast natural resources in a national factory-getting campaign; and the wonder of all this is that she should have to make these facts known to the world.

Victoria's invitation and call for factories is addressed to the world, to the crowded industrial cities of New England and the North; and what is more important, this invitation is backed up and reinforced by the proper spirit of co-operation and support. Here the investor, the factory builder, and industrial developer will be met on a reciprocal basis by the liveliest and most progressive citizens of a town that is famous for its hospitality and unselfishness. Victoria's desire to become an industrial center is based on certain economic and geographical facts which operate in the town's favor. It has a large trade territory to be served. Although near the Gulf Coast and several deep water ports, Victoria is so located that any point in the state with the exception of El Paso can be reached in twelve to fifteen hours. With Mexico near at hand, Victoria's trade territory is unsurpassed in purchasing power and possibilities.

Victoria's wholesale houses have long maintained the lead in the local territory in the distribution of hardware, saddlery and leather goods, implements, groceries, ranch and farm supplies and equipment. The success of these concerns accentuates the need of factories able to serve the same territory with other necessary products. It is not only a great cattle, farming, and truck center as well as shipping point, but is in the heart of one of the finest cotton growing regions of the state. It has a large consuming population, but is lacking in the way of actual production of the finished product. Victoria needs and would encourage a cotton mill, knitting factory, or hosiery mill, and has an unlimited supply of raw material at its very doors; it offers an excellent opportunity to a tent and awning factory, overall factory, tannery, hardwood and farm implement factory, silo factory, cereal mill, soap factory, fruit and vegetable cannery, to which might be added a packing plant. Of the list enumerated it would seem the two most needed and for which the town offers the most logical location as well as the raw material, would be a cotton or textile mill and a packing plant. All these facts are set forth not with any intention

for a series of ranch stories, the facts herein set forth were gathered in fragmentary form; and while written in anticipation of any questions that might suggest themselves to the reader, an attempt has also been made to answer the questions at the same time, realizing that at best only the high spots have been touched; but Victoria has a live Chamber of Commerce and a capable secretary, who will gladly furnish detailed and specific information regarding any industrial or civic enterprise.

Foreign Trade and the Blue Serge Skirt

Continued from page 517

the best business circles in foreign trade houses, not only in the United States, but also in Latin America. Every day the demand for women workers in foreign trade is growing as the country's commerce expands. Executives of the big exporting and importing firms, when interviewed on the subject of women workers, say without fail: "We cannot get girls who are experts in the handling of export and import details. If we could find them, we could afford to pay them well."

Above all else, these men stress the fact that girls who enter this field should realize that it means much more not only to the firm, but also to themselves as individuals, to be a real part of the brains of the concern rather than merely a machine. If a girl knows that Buenos Ayres is not a little village hanging dizzily to the crags of the Andes, but an up-to-date cosmopolitan city, full of parks, automobiles, and possessing a subway system, she will handle an order bearing that postmark much more intelligently. The knowledge of the kind of work a salesman is doing in Brazil, or the proper way to advertise in Chile, are important items to be pigeon-holed away for reference. A graduate of the Ballard School of the Y. W. C. A. is informed on all these and many other matters, and if she should ever pack a steamer trunk and set sail for the continent to the south as a saleswoman, she will be warned beforehand to avoid such topics of conversation as politics, religion, and the Monroe Doctrine!

Some of the glory of medieval days may have departed from the realm of commerce. Pirates no longer sail the high seas, nor do needy knights turn bandits and hide away in mountain passes to hold up the trader. Romance wears blue serge instead of velvet, and adventure is armed with a letter of credit instead of a sword. But not all of the old magic has departed from the ships that come and go today, carrying cargoes of safety razors, self-playing pianos and catalogues advertising the latest make of American automobiles.

There is a spice other than that packed in little green boxes in foreign trade, a lure other than gain in buying and selling, and a reward bigger than the pay envelope for the intelligent worker. And the old, old trail of commerce that leads by land and sea around the world is no longer closed to women in this good year of our Lord 1921.

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RAMBLES in BOOKLAND



By ALLISON OUTRAY

A STORY OF THE DARK CONTINENT

OCCASIONALLY a book comes to the desk of the reviewer that for one reason or another stands out like a beacon light above the flood of literature. Such a book is Robert Simpson's "Swamp Breath,"* a story that takes a member of Parliament and his beautiful wife out of their London home, away from their natural environment, and immerses them in the fever-ridden swamp lands of West Africa, where the immutable working of human passions and climatic influences strip the artificialities of life from their



ROBERT SIMPSON

Author of "The Bite of Benin" and "Swamp Breath," two gripping tales of life in the raw on the African West Coast, where climate and environment strip from the souls of white men the thin veneer of civilization

naked souls, and pride and hate and domestic hypocrisy ravage and destroy them at their will.

"Swamp Breath" is a strong story—an unusual story, in both theme and treatment, and developed with a fineness of literary craftsmanship that marks its author as a master in the field of romantic fiction.

To an evident inherent literary ability of a high order Mr. Simpson adds a painstaking nicety of construction, a perfectness of style, and a facility for description that make this story of the daily life of a little group of English people marooned in a wonderland of savage grandeur a most entertaining and enthralling narrative.

Robert Simpson was born in the land of Barrie and Stevenson, the son of a Scotch schoolmaster, and knows the part of Africa in which the story is laid from several years' residence on the West Coast in the employ of a trading firm. A chance encounter with an American friend in a Glasgow restaurant while on a vacation in Scotland

turned his steps to America instead of to the Gold Coast, which he had next intended visiting, and after dabbling in various commercial pursuits and selling a story or two, he took up writing seriously and was a literary "free lance" for a matter of five years or more.

For the past four years he has been with the Frank A. Munsey Company, and until recently was managing editor of the *Argosy*, one of the Munsey magazines.

The readers of Mr. Simpson's previous book, "The Bite of Benin," a story which was also laid in that dark spot of the Dark Continent with which he is so intimately familiar, will eagerly welcome this latest narrative from his facile pen.

*"Swamp Breath." The James A. McCann Co.: New York. \$2.00.

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

WHOEVER it was that said "of the making of books there is no end," must have had Harold Bindloss in mind, for certainly there seems to be no end to the number of books that this amazingly prolific writer turns out.

Up to date something like three dozen romances have come tripping from his pen or typewriter, and to all appearances he is still going strong. And, strange to say, all of Bindloss' books are readable—most of them are good—and some of them are very good. It may safely be said of him that if you like any of his stories, you will like them all.

Bindloss has acquired, or developed, a certain facility in the production of stories in which romance and adventure are judiciously admixed, that places him in a class distinctly by himself. His mannerisms of style, not wholly admirable, and somewhat disconcerting abruptness of dialogue, together with his habit of making all of his characters use precisely the same turns of speech, detract at times from the fullest appreciation of his work. But still and all, after one has acquired the habit of reading his books, it is difficult to break off.

In his latest, "Lister's Great Adventure,"* Bindloss departs temporarily from his accustomed habitat, the Canadian Northwest, and locates the action of the final chapters of the book on the West African Gold Coast.

It is an entirely readable story—not the best certainly that he has written, but perhaps among the best. Admirers of his work will certainly want to read "Lister's Great Adventure." Readers who in this book first become acquainted with him will probably ask for other of his romances at their favorite booksellers or the nearest library—and if not restrained will acquire the habit.

And there you are.

*"Lister's Great Adventure." Frederick A. Stokes Company; New York. \$2.00.

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OPPORTUNITIES IN TEXAS OIL INVESTMENTS

MILLIONAIRES have been made overnight in Texas since the development of the oil fields, but the industry is still in its infancy. Magazine and newspaper readers throughout the North and East have the impression that all the fortunes have been made in the so-called "big" companies; but one has only to cite a few instances—the Hog Creek Petroleum Company, the Fowler Farm Oil Company, and others to prove that this is not strictly true. The two companies mentioned are probably the most sensational successes in the history of the oil business, though they both were small companies with a capitalization of less than a hundred thousand dollars.

Everybody is more or less interested in oil. It would be difficult to find a banker, business or

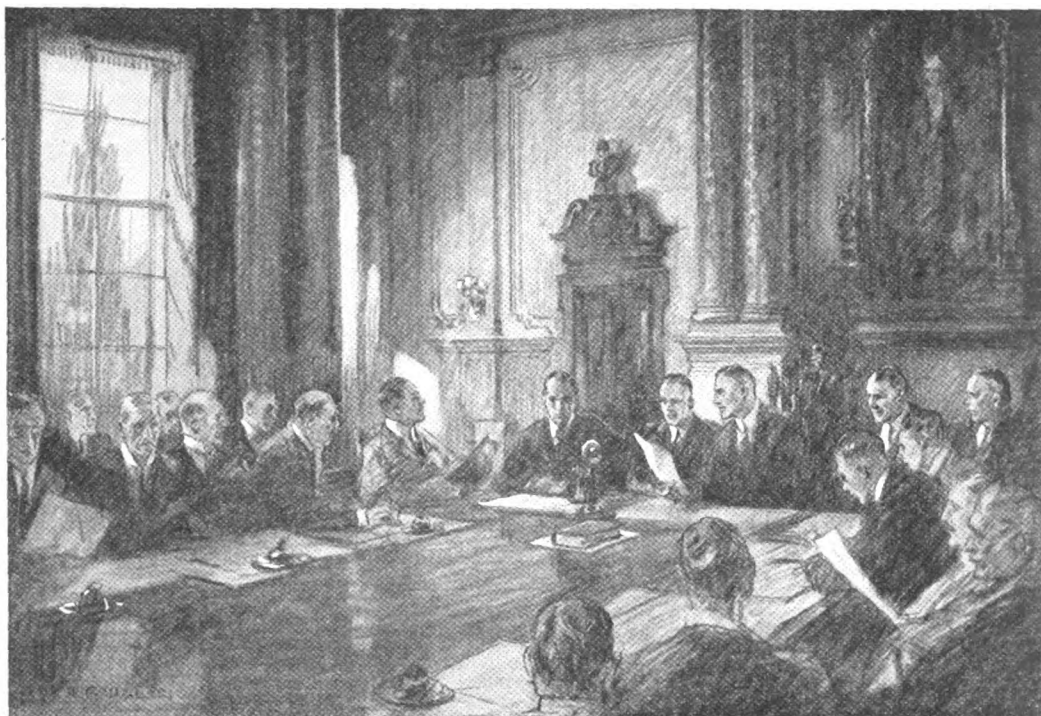


ORREN ESTESS

President of the International Petroleum Company, San Antonio, a far-seeing and conservative business man who has made his company one of the notable successes of the Texas oil industry

successful professional man in Texas who is not interested in oil and who has not made money on his investment. The opportunities are just as great now as ever before, because the industry has become stabilized, and is now in the hands of experienced and honest operators. Of course the companies that are operating refineries, in addition to having their own production, have the advantage because it is common knowledge that the big money has been made in the refining business. The Standard Oil Company is a case in point. The original business of the Standard was the refining end of the industry.

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The life of our country is built around its Public Utilities. Our social, industrial and Government activities could not exist today without the continued operation of their indispensable services.

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Facts as to the past and studies as to the future, the Bell Companies find are essential to the proper management and development of their business. This information is open to study by these Commissioners and through them by the public generally.

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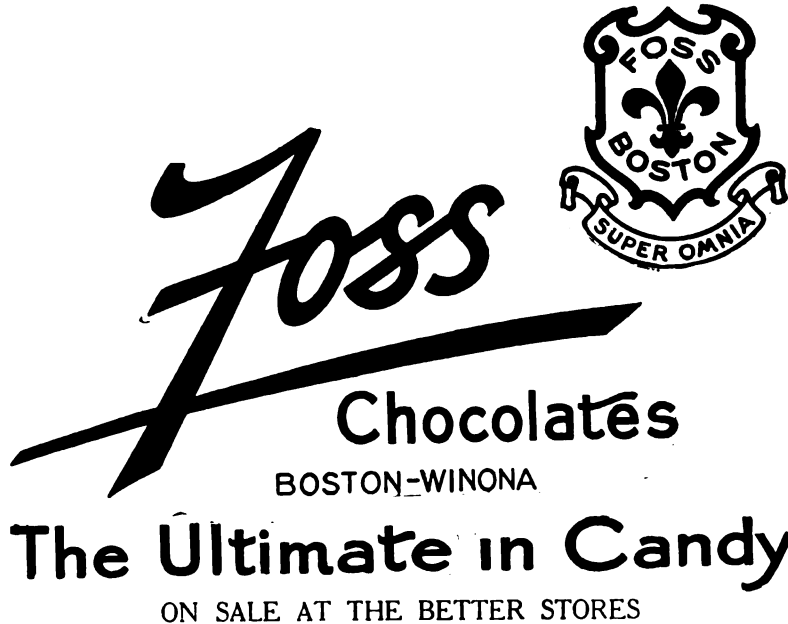
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and is being successfully launched by Orren Estess, Judge Ellis C. Williams, B. F. McKee, and A. A. Ash, all experienced operators who have assembled some of the most valuable oil properties in the various Texas fields. The company has its own refinery of four thousand barrels daily capacity, located in San Antonio; sixteen producing wells in the Petrolia field, thirty acres at Burkburnett, fifteen acres at Sour Lake, seven hundred acres in the Hull field, eighty acres at West Columbia, and sixty acres in the Texhoma field near Wichita Falls. Practically all this acreage is surrounded by production. The holdings of the International are larger and potentially more valuable than the original holdings of some of the big companies that have since mounted up into the millions. Even now in the early stages of the company's organization it is paying interest of eight per cent on the preferred stock, payable semi-annually, and an additional quarterly

dividend of four and one-half per cent, which is at the rate of eighteen per cent per annum. The personnel of the International Petroleum Company, as well as the directorate, is made up of representative and honest business men of San Antonio and Southwest Texas—and the personnel of any company should always be the first consideration of the investor. Given honest management, the stockholder will be given a square deal and his interests protected.

ALFRED FRITCHEY, the author of "The Strange Adventures of Captain Runnelstoke," presents a new offering in "The Jars of Life," a book of diverse poems, printed by the Roycrofters in their customary beautiful style, and attractively illustrated with black and white drawings by his brother, Carl Fritchey. The author of this book, who served in France with the First Division, was wounded at the second battle of the Marne.

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ON SALE AT THE BETTER STORES

[This remarkable poem, worthy of careful preservation by every descendant from that immortal band who adventured upon our shores three centuries ago, was read by its author, Dean Briggs, of Harvard College, during the Tercentenary exercises at Plymouth, Massachusetts, December 21, 1920, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.]

BEFORE him rolls the dark, relentless ocean;
Behind him stretch the cold and barren sands;
Wrapt in the mantle of his deep devotion,
The Pilgrim kneels, and clasps his lifted hands

"God of our fathers, who hast safely brought us
Through seas and sorrows, famine, fire, and
sword;
Who, in Thy mercies manifold hast taught us
To trust in Thee, our leader and our Lord;

"God, who hast sent Thy truth to shine before us,
A fiery pillar, beaconing on the sea;
God, who hast spread Thy wings of mercy o'er us;
God, who hast set our children's children free,

"Freedom Thy new-born nation here shall cher-
ish;
Grant us Thy covenant, unchanging, sure
Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish:
Freedom and Truth, immortal shall endure."

Face to the Indian arrows,
Face to the Prussian guns,
From then till now the Pilgrim's vow
Has held the Pilgrim's sons.

He braved the red man's ambush;
He loosed the black man's chain;
His spirit broke King George's yoke,
And the battleships of Spain.

He crossed the seething ocean;
He dared the death-strewn track;
He charged in the hell of Saint Mihiel
And hurled the tyrant back.

For the voice of the lonely Pilgrim
Who knelt upon the strand
A people hears three hundred years
In the conscience of the land.

Daughter of Truth and mother of Courage,
Conscience, all hail!
Heart of New England, strength of the Pilgrim,
Thou shalt prevail.
Look how the empires rise and fall!
Athens robed in her learning and beauty,
Rome in her royal lust of power—
Each has flourished her little hour,
Risen and fallen and ceased to be.
What of her by the western sea,
Born and bred as the child of Duty,
Sternest of them all?
She it is, and she alone
Who built on faith as her cornerstone;
Of all the nations none but she
Knew that the truth shall make us free
Daughter of Courage, mother of heroes,
Freedom divine,
Light of New England, star of the Pilgrim,
Still shalt thou shine.

Yet even as we in our pride rejoice,
Hark to the prophet's warning voice:
"The Pilgrim thrift is vanished,
And the Pilgrim's faith is dead,
And the Pilgrim's God is banished,
And Mammon reigns in his stead;
And work is damned as an evil,
And men and women cry,
In their restless haste, 'Let us spend and waste,
And live; for tomorrow we die.'

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"And law is trampled under;
And the nations stand aghast,
As they hear the distant thunder
Of the storm that marches fast;
And we—whose ocean borders
Shut off the sound and the sight,—
We will wait for marching orders;
The world has seen us fight;
We have earned our days of revel;
'On with the dance!' we cry.
'It is pain to think; we will eat and drink,
And live—for tomorrow we die.

"We have laughed in the eyes of danger;
We have given our bravest and best;
We have succored the starving stranger;
Others shall heed the rest.
And the revel never ceases;
And the nations hold their breath;
And our laughter peals, and the mad world reels
To a carnival of death.

"Slaves of sloth and the senses,
Clippers of Freedom's wings,
Come back to the Pilgrim's army
And fight for the King of Kings;
Come back to the Pilgrim's conscience;
Be born in the nation's birth;
And strive again as simple men
For the freedom of the earth.

"Freedom a free-born nation still shall cherish;
Be this our covenant, unchanging, sure:
Earth shall decay; the firmament shall perish;
Freedom and Truth immortal shall endure."

Land of our fathers, when the tempest rages,
When the wide earth is racked with war and
crime,
Founded for ever on the Rock of Ages,
Beaten in vain by surging seas of Time,

Even as the shallop on the breakers riding,
Even as the Pilgrim kneeling on the shore,
Firm in thy faith and fortitude abiding,
Hold thou thy children free for ever more.

And when we sail as Pilgrims' sons and daughters
The spirit's Mayflower into seas unknown,
Driving across the waste of wintry waters
The voyage every soul shall make alone,

The Pilgrim's faith, the Pilgrim's courage grant us;
Still shines the truth that for the Pilgrim shone.
We are his seed; nor life nor death shall daunt us.
The port is Freedom! Pilgrim heart, sail on!

WESLEY BARRY—THE FRECKLED STAR

AN example of the sound showmanship principles upon which the remarkable success of the Marshall Neilan Productions is built is disclosed in the appearance of Wesley Barry in the stellar role of "Dinty."

Contrary to the popular policy of announcing a new star and then creating a demand, Marshall Neilan three years ago adopted the more substantial policy of reversing this order of things.

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Under Mr. Neilan's personal direction the youth grew in his art through conscientious effort and experience. Each succeeding production found him in a more difficult part, and when pictures like "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Unpardonable Sin" were released, critics declared that the boy had "arrived."

Instead of skipping him into stardom, Mr. Neilan continued his gradual training of "Freckles" and when "Don't Ever Marry" and "Go and Get It" were presented before the public, there came positive proof of the fact that Wesley Barry was one of the big box-office attractions of the day.



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which recall again and again the high example
of great Americans.

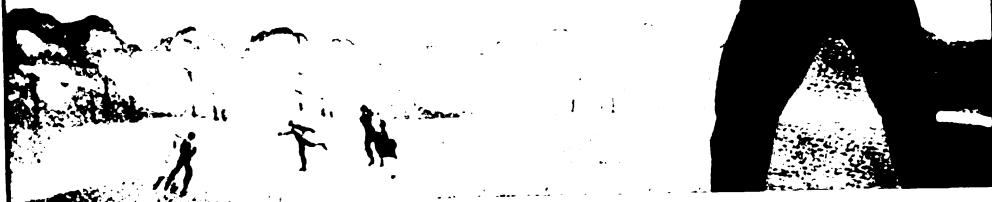
We believe that all things which help us to
be better Americans, help the nation and the
nation's industries.

We believe that October 27th, the birthday
of Theodore Roosevelt, should be made a
legal holiday—a sincere, significant, national
reminder of a great American, a sturdy citi-
zen, an affectionate father.

MOXIE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

BOBBY McLEAN
Champion Speed Skater
A Lifebuoy User



Copyrighted 1921, by Lever Bros. Co.

For a healthy skin and a vigorous body

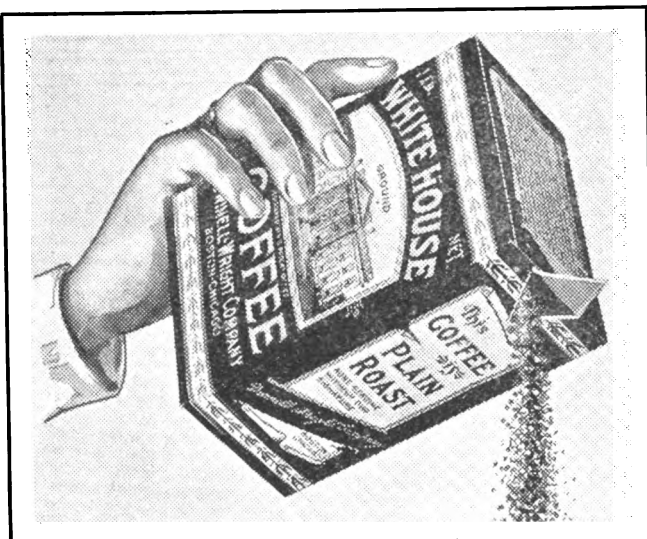
A bath in warm water with the rich, bubbling lather of Lifebuoy
Health Soap—then a cold sponge off and a vigorous rub-down!
Lifebuoy invigorates your whole body—gives that healthy
out-door look everyone wants to have.

Why? Because of the mild antiseptic and unusual cleansing
properties. Get a cake today and see—at grocery, drug and
department stores. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

KEEP "WHITE HOUSE" IN ITS ORIGINAL PACKAGE. DON'T TEAR OR CUT OFF TOP



"White House" Coffee

is so Well and so Favorably known Everywhere, it
really needs more of SUGGESTION than urging,
to keep it THE Prime Favorite it unmistakably
is. Therefore, assuming that THIS splendid
Coffee is YOUR choice, when we show you the
BEST WAY TO HANDLE these double-sealed
packages, we do it solely for your convenience.

NOTE ILLUSTRATION AND HOW-TO-DO-IT

With a sharp "kitchen" or other knife, we suggest that you cut a "V"-shaped opening at top-centre
of one of the narrow sides of the package. Use this opening (**with flap turned up**) as a sort of
"spout" through which to pour the coffee. This will enable exact tea-spoon measuring. When
through the act of removing the coffee, **turn down flap**, practically resealing,

DWINELL-WRIGHT CO.

Principal Coffee Roasters

BOSTON-CHICAGO

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