Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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VOL XLIX NO 15 JUNE 29 1912

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Fabric—The Foundation Of An Automobile Tire

By H. S. Firestone

IDING on air — two or three thousand pounds and more, gliding along on four little hoops of air:

That is motoring.

Take away these wheels of air and you will abandon your car.

So fabric is more than the foundation of the tire. It is the keystone and backbone of automobiling and the automobile industry.

Think what a tire must stand: From the outside, there is the weight of the car and the load. Then there is the additional terrific strain when a stone, ridge or rut is struck. If the car is going fast the tire gets a pile-driver blow.

And from within the strain is as great and constant. Tens of thousands of pounds pressure battling against the fabric, searching for a weakness, if only a poor thread, a tiny "pinch" or a bubble.

The Temptation of Grades

Looked at in this light it seems that there should be but *one* grade of fabric for tires, the strongest and best that can be produced.

Yet there are more than *fifty* grades: Sea Island Combed, in different qualities. Egyptian Combed in many more grades: Egyptian carded in many still cheaper grades.

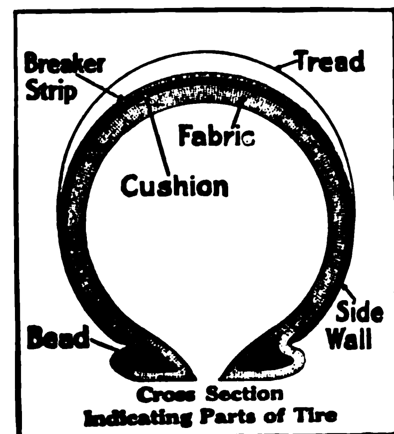
This accounts in part for the many grades of tires—the different degrees of quality.

All that car owners have heard about fabric is that Sea Island cotton is used. That makes good advertising copy. The best fabric it is possible to buy *is* made from Sea Island cotton.

This cotton grown on the islands off the coast of the Carolinas, or from seed produced there, has a long, strong fibre, just suited for making a tough, strain-resisting tire body.

Sea Island Cotton —Why?

But there is Sea Island Cotton *and* Sea Island Cotton. If the car owner is to have fullest security and maximum service the fact that Sea Island Fabric is in the tire instead of the cheaper Egyptian is not enough to know.



Cross Section Indicating Parts of Tire

The grade used, the character of weave demanded, the frequency of tests for strength, the standard of strength adhered to, the thoroughness of inspection for uniformity—all these things are of vital importance to the user—each has a bearing on service and tire expense.

The highest grade, most expensive Sea Island Combed Fabric— such as is used in the building of Firestone Tires, is made of that same tough material which is used for making first quality sewing thread. Twist eleven pieces of this thread into one, and you have an idea of Firestone warp. Weave *twenty* of these warps into each square inch with the cross threads in such a way as to withstand a test several times more severe than any possible service-strain—and you have an idea of the strength of Firestone Fabic.

Only Part of the Best Good Enough

All tires *should* be made of this quality of fabric, particularly the larger sizes, but they are not. Furthermore, even this best fabric should be tested at least twice to every roll for strength, and inspected inch by inch for uniformity. As proof of the need for this inspection, carload after carload of the highest priced Fabric made is returned by the Firestone factory because it does not measure up to the Firestone standard.

It is not only the kind of fabric, it is not only the size of the twist—the tightness or looseness of twist determines the amount of rubber saturation possible.

Here, again, quality and quantity of rubber, care in workmanship, skill in application and inspection either make or ruin the product.

The highest results, the most complete adhesion, is accomplished, as in the case of "Firestone" building, by the use of *enough* Up-River Fine Para. Every mesh of fabric must be completely and evenly filled with this pure rubber—and, in addition, an extra layer of this rubber must be applied, between each layer of fabric. Such a thing as fabric separation is unknown in Firestone Tires.

Temptation in Number of Layers

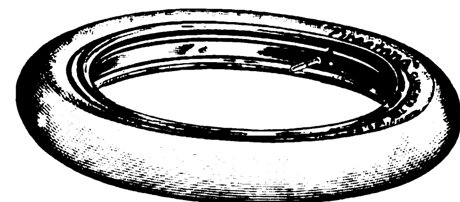
The next vital question is the number of layers or walls of this rubber-filled fabric that is used. Even the low grade is costly. And every wall added is more workmanship.

Temptation again steps in and suggests that three layers might do on a size where four are really essential: four walls instead of five—surely five instead of six for that large size.

They will "do;" yes—for a little while, under the most favorable conditions. The number of layers do not show, so *appearances* won't prevent the sale.

But where *quality* is the standard, where security, length of service and *final economy* for the user is the aim, walls of fabric are not spared.

The "Firestone" Standard of an extra layer for safety has played an important part in giving "Firestone" Tires their leading position through twelve years of supreme service.



"Firestone"

Smooth Tread or Non-Skid Tires

are the service-proven equipment, assuring greater mileage, and surest protection against punctures or blowouts.

The sturdiest fabric, the most resilient tread are combined scientifically to meet the hardest tests for durability.

For twelve years they have been undisputed leaders. Not an "off-season" has marred their record of quality in construction—quality in service.

Firestone Non-skid Tires, with their *inbuilt* strain-resisting strength, and *extra-thick* skid-preventing tread, assure care-free security against mishap. The extra thickness of tread gives greatest wear, and extra resiliency.

At all seasons, in all climates, under all conditions of road and weather, their extra mileage built in *at the factory*, makes positive extra mileage given *on the road.*

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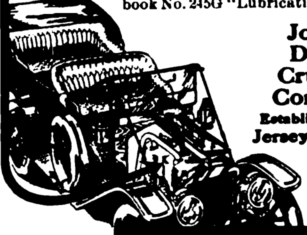

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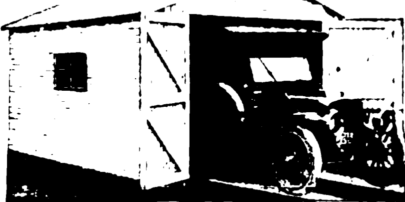

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Cover Design . . . . *Drawn by* Louis Fancher

Past Performances. *Cartoon* . . . . *Drawn by* F. G. Cooper 7

Editorials 8-9

News Photographs 10-11

Who's Violent? . . . . . . Richard Washburn Child 12
Illustrated with Photographs

The Dirt Diggers . . . . Richard Harding Davis 14
Etchings by Katherine Merrill

Whom the Gods Destroy. *Story* . . . . Edward H. Hurlbut 16
Illustrated in Color by Frederic Dorr Steele

Sir Agravaine. *Story* . . . . . . P. G. Wodehouse 18
Illustrated in Color by Milo Winter

Washington Gladden . . . . Peter Clark Macfarlane 20
Illustrated with Photographs

Porch Dwellers . . . . Charles Phelps Cushing 22
Illustrated by H. L. Drucklieb

Brickbats and Bouquets 22

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Are you one of those who have intended to but have not?

SINCE January, when the discovery of the new, vegetable cooking product was announced, many statements have been made regarding its remarkable superiority.

Some women could not believe them — said it seemed impossible. But there were thousands of others who were so interested that they purchased a package of Crisco and tried it.

These women now know that it *does* give a finer, richer cake than does butter; that Crisco pastry *is* tenderer and more easily digested; that their fried foods *are* the best they ever have eaten.

This announcement is addressed especially to *you* who may not have given Crisco a chance to show what it will do.

Try it for frying potatoes, making pie crust and making cake.

These three experiments will show you what a wonderful thing Crisco is.

Do not put it off any longer. Order your first package today.

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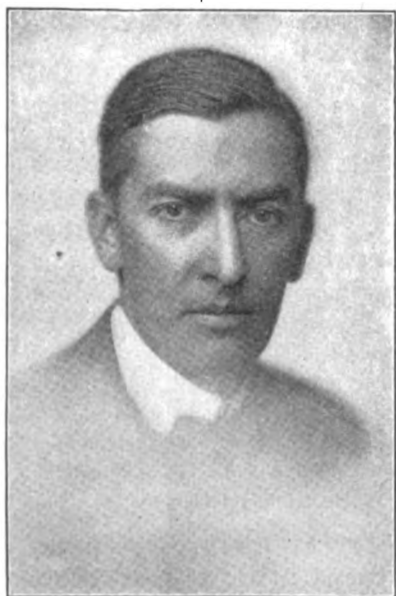
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July 6---July 13

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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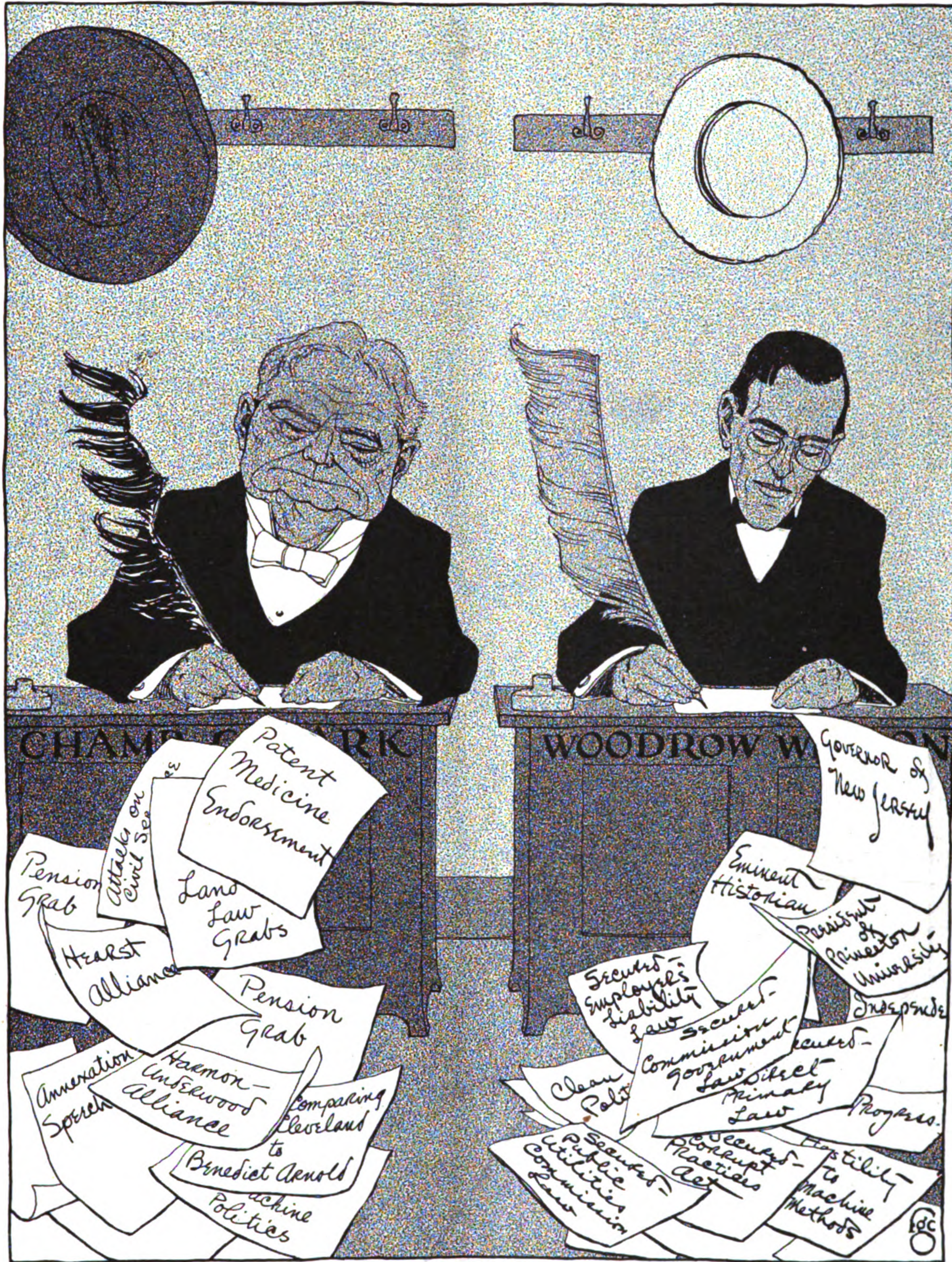

Past Performances

James H. Hare

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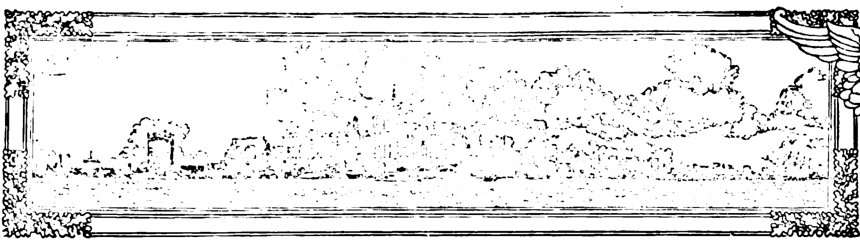
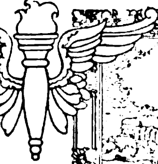
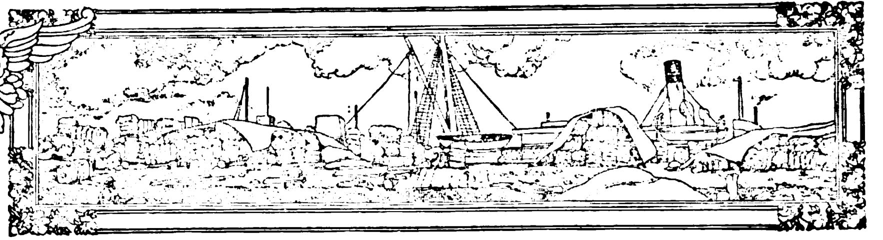

AN IMPORTANT ELECTION

THE COUNTRY has outlived the time when most of its citizens took seriously the old phrases about the nation going to the dogs, pointing with pride, and viewing with alarm. Most of the absurdly exaggerated statements during the campaign that preceded the nominations have been promulgated by the extreme reactionaries, who have been energetically and apparently seriously urging people to save the Republic. As Mr. DOOLEY noticed, according to them, "th' ship iv State is standin' on th' verge of a volcano." The average citizen, however, will feel as Mr. DOOLEY did when he really looked about. "I cudden't find annything wrong till I opened up th' paapers an', much to me relief, found that it was not me pants but th' Republic was on fire." What is really at issue is not the question of whether this nation is about to be blown to pieces, but whether the improvement which time is bringing to the majority of people shall be somewhat lessened by our political institutions or somewhat accelerated by them. If we can diminish the oppressive and wasteful and discouraging results of the growth of trusts, without even immediate injury to business, and without stopping any desirable concentration, we shall certainly do some good to the average family. If we can remove the graft schedules from the tariff, and put the consumer ahead of those producers who need no favors, life will be a little easier. So it is through all the issues of the summer. The country will not be much frightened, and there is no reason why anybody should listen to scare talk. There is reason, however, why every voter should give serious attention to the candidates and the arguments and be prepared to contribute his intelligence when he casts his ballot in November.

STUBBS

ELECTING A PRESIDENT is not the only political task of the next few months. The composition of the United States Senate will be in no small degree affected by approaching primaries. Kansas holds her primaries in a little over a month, and the Republican nominee is nearly certain to go to Washington. In that party the Standpatters will put forward Senator CURTIS for reelection. We need say little about his record, whether as a docile servant of the railroads or as a supporter of Senator LORIMER. It is the same kind of a record from beginning to end, and his type of public servant is out of date. The candidate of the Progressives will be Governor STUBBS. He is a business man. He has brought to his present office a dominating idea of efficiency. He was brought up as a railroad contractor, and he knows what everything costs and how to get the value of what you pay for. The new banking system of Kansas has been so successful that States all around the country are getting ready to imitate it. There is scarcely a department of the State Government that has not been conspicuously improved since Governor STUBBS came in. His appointments have been made with a relentless determination to secure good service and with no effort to build up a personal machine. We do not know a man in public life in America to-day who is straighter than Governor STUBBS or more undeniably efficient. When you find a man who made his reputation through his business ability turning that business ability into the service of the State and keeping himself meantime free from every improper association, whether to individuals, corporations, or machines, you have got hold of a good thing, and had better keep hold of it.

TEXAS AND THE RAILROADS

TEXAS WAS ONE of the first States to create a railroad commission and to impress upon that commission the idea that railroads are built to serve the people rather than to make fortunes for their builders and operators. The first session of the commission was held June 10, 1891. In the twenty-one years since there has been no question of the commission's loyalty to the people. A logical result, which is beginning to disturb the business builders of Texas, is that railroad construction has gone forward at an abnormally slow rate. The State had 8,654 miles of railroad on June 10, 1891, and since then less than 5,500 miles of new road have been built. In the last twenty-one years railroad construction for each 100 square miles of territory has been 2.17; over the whole of the United States in that same period the figure is 2.57; in Oklahoma, which borders Texas on the north, the figure is 6.48; in Louisiana, on the east, the figure is 8.64; in Arkansas, also part of the eastern border of Texas, the figure is 5.99; in Wisconsin, where railroad control by the State has been strict, 3.51 miles of road have been built for each 100 square miles of area. These are figures collected by the new Texas Welfare Commission, a body chosen from the commercial associations of thirty-two cities. Its members are seeking an explanation; they are counting the cost of twenty-one years of "dissension between State government and the railroad companies." They say that the people want to know. "In east Texas, where the products of tree and vine rot for lack of facilities to transport them to market; in west Texas, where progress and prosperity are withheld for lack of railroad mileage; in the cities, where manufacturers and merchants are losing business on account of poor service," inquiry is persistent. Apparently the quarrel is to be made up. Railroad men have appeared before the Welfare Commission to give their side, and the orators who have been boasting that Texas leads the world in railroad development, as in everything else, have been invited to consider the commission's figures.

EXPENSES

LOGICALLY, if large expenditures at and before primary elections are an evil, small ones approach political blessedness and deserve approving publicity. Salute, then, Sergeant CHARLES C. CAMPBELL of Sandusky, Ohio, for conspicuous gallantry in preserving both his financial integrity and his sense of humor through a recent unsuccessful campaign for reelection to his county central committee. As a statement of campaign expenses, the sergeant filed the following report:

> To four glasses of beer at five cents each, twenty cents.
> To one glass of beer for a fellow who said he carried the precinct in his pocket although the returns prove that he was mistaken, five cents.
> Total, twenty-five cents.

WORDS

OF THE OBSTACLES in the path of the initiative and the referendum the most serious is the formidable sound of the names. We think the sound position to take in a national campaign is that the initiative and referendum, like other direct government devices, are affairs to be decided by the localities concerned. Government by the people is a national as well as a local issue, but the exact way in which any local community shall secure that object is not to be decided in a national campaign. The idea itself is bound to grow. There are editors who find cause for hilarity in the fact that in Kansas City the street-car lines have planned for a week to issue a ballot with every cash fare, that the passengers may express their opinions concerning whether smoking ought to be permitted on the three rear seats and the back platform. To speak of this vote as a "referendum" makes, in the eyes of conservatives, the whole idea absurd. Yet what is there in the least ridiculous except the absurdity of giving so simple an idea a label of ten letters? If "referendum" were a word of one syllable there would be fewer raised eyebrows.

LINCOLN AND THE LAW

A FRIEND OF OURS, when he was about to try his first case at law, was sent to a strange town. As he entered the court room a tall man came up to him, greeted him, said that his name was LINCOLN, and introduced him to everybody in the court room as "my young friend." He then said to him: "I understand that the point in this case is that my client promised to do a certain thing and that you seek specific performance. Is that it?" It was. "Well," said LINCOLN, "as he promised to do it, he ought to do it. You go back home and leave it to me." That was not a freak on LINCOLN's part. There are abundant instances where the same attitude toward the law and the right was expressed. If individual lawyers to-day, and bar associations, looked as LINCOLN did upon the law, as a device for securing justice, our troubles with the courts would be lessened. We heartily recommend our readers to consider carefully the article on the use of the law in Lawrence, Massachusetts, printed in this issue, and try to make up their minds what ABRAHAM LINCOLN would have thought of it if he were living now.

HARD ON STATESMEN

THE POOR OLD POLITICIANS have frequently had rough treatment from literary men. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, for instance, did not bother about public affairs much, but when he felt like it he let loose to the following extent:

> I want nothing to do with politicians. Their hearts wither away and die out of their bodies. Their consciences are turned to india rubber, or to some substance as black as that, and which will stretch as much. One thing, if no more, I have gained by my custom-house experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in nature.

HAWTHORNE's experiences at the custom house were mainly those of the imagination, and it was there he conceived the greatest of all American novels. He did not come into very close contact with individual politicians, although he undoubtedly saw a number of them and did not like them. He chose the word "machine," obviously not in the present sense, for this was seventy-two years ago, but in the sense of a person guided by fixed and mechanical rules, and that kind of politician to-day is being rapidly sent to the scrap heap.

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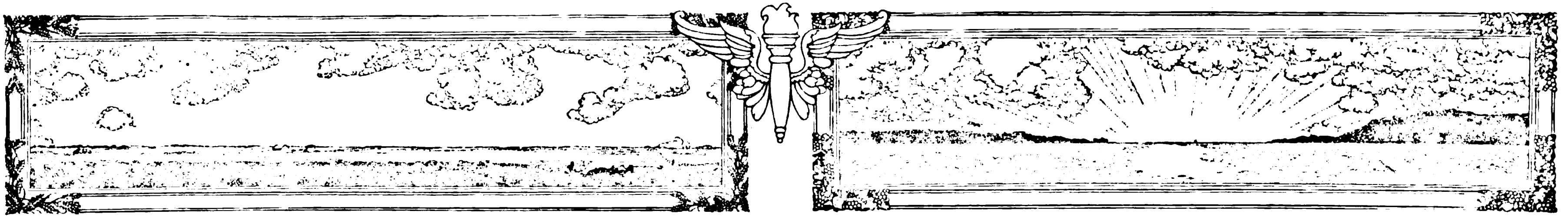

A BOARD WALK

NO MINING TOWN of the early-day West has a more stirring story than Atlantic City. Season after season, from the days when its "boom" began with the Centennial Exhibition until the thrilling and more-than-ever-golden present, when a few weeks ago four city councilmen confessed to WILLIAM J. BURNS that his bribery trap had snapped on their fingers, this amazing "world's greatest resort" has kept itself awake nights with excitement. A board walk, wide as an avenue and famously long, with the ocean booming on one side and huge, luxurious hotels and an eye-tiring line of shops booming on the other, is what the visitor remembers as the city—what lies back of the hotels rarely is noticed. With the board walk as every picture's foreground and focus of interest, it is small wonder that when BURNS looked around for a bait for grafters his plans should concern the walk. The councilmen agreed to back the scheme of supplanting this walk with a concrete esplanade for $500 each, and the sum was paid in currency which included a few marked bills. Grafters in old and well-settled communities are not supposed any longer to be willing to take their pay directly in cash. Possibly to councilmen in a city built on sand dunes from the lavished vacation expenses and gratuities of free-handed American pleasure seekers a $500 roll may not have seemed the price of honor so much as an unusually large "tip." A scorn for small figures naturally results from Atlantic City's astounding prosperity. In a quarter of a century its taxables have increased 2,852 per cent, its population 481 per cent, until the resort estimates its yearly visitors nowadays in the millions, and is the meeting place for 150 annual conventions. It has gloried in its bigness and cosmopolitanism almost to the extent of scorning to consider itself part of New Jersey. This, from the "Weekly Seashore," is the common note:

> The board walk here, one should realize, is no mere local affair. It is in a sense a national thoroughfare—the great summer street of the United States and the common meeting ground of people from all parts of the country. No other place in the Union is so cosmopolitan. The Californian is as much at home there as the man from Maine or the man from the near-by cities, or the citizen of Texas.

To travel upon that hard bitulithic self-sufficiency, there was built one of the smoothest-running, best-oiled political machines since the days of TWEED. LOUIS P. SCOTT, inventor, called it "Republican," but he used Democratic wheels and bearings in it wherever they served his purpose better than an inefficient or a discontented Republican. When he died "Commodore" KUEHNLE, brewer and street-paving contractor, succeeded to the control of the machine. Some writers prefer to speak of it as a "scepter." In that case it will make the situation clear to say that he used the scepter vigorously as a club to defend Atlantic City's liquor-selling interests against the enforcement of New Jersey Sunday-closing laws. He used it with telling effect, too, until WOODROW WILSON turned his attention to the scandal in contracts and election methods in the town. The machine was so strong in all its parts that no one could see where the Governor could begin to hammer it. WILSON started at the top and worked down. The convictions that resulted form rather a disagreeable story, but the next chapters will be brighter.

BARRIE'S WAITER

COMPLAINTS AND STRIKES by hotel waiters recall to us a beautiful episode in "The Little White Bird." BARRIE is speaking of a waiter who had in the past been perfection, but—

> I date his lapse from one evening when I was dining by the window. I had to repeat my order, "Deviled kidney," and instead of answering brightly, "Yes, sir," as if my selection of deviled kidney was a personal gratification to him, which is the manner one expects of a waiter, he gazed eagerly out at the window, and then, starting, asked: "Did you say deviled kidney, sir?"

BARRIE handles things so delicately that quotation is unfair to him. Those who have read the book will remember that the waiter had a sick wife at home, and that at a certain hour every day he would try to get near a window, in order to see a little girl, who stood among the rolling cabs of Pall Mall and licked an imaginary platter, or gave some other sign, to indicate to the waiter the condition of his wife.

FARMING AND EDUCATION

AMONG RECENT FEATURES of the back-to-the-soil movement, one of the most encouraging is the fact that farming has come to be recognized by high-school pupils (than whom there is no class more supercilious!) as a worth-while vocation, as good in its way as business or engineering. The high-school boy of a few years ago scarcely would have cared to acknowledge that he intended to become a farmer unless he was an abundantly courageous character. We should like to find out what proportion of this year's crop of high-school graduates in city and in town schools are declaring themselves for farming.

ONE WAY OUT

YOUNG WOMEN in the neighborhood of Macon, Missouri, have humanized the good-roads problem in a way to make editors stand bareheaded in admiration. The topic of good roads should be voted a gold medal for preeminence as the world's dullest object of editorial comment, but these young women have made it all in a flash alive. They issued an ultimatum: "No good roads, no more buggy rides!" A membership card in a good roads association must accompany every invitation. The muddy roads that lengthen the distance from farm to town are of truly vital importance to the women who are held prisoners in farmhouses whenever roads are bad. The good-roads issue is largely a woman's problem, and the Macon measure is not too severe.

A STORY OF OREGON

ON THE STEPS of the railroad station at Pendleton, Oregon, he stood, patient, old, massive, and wrapped in his visiting blanket. Three hours he stood there, waiting for the baggage he had checked, not knowing that it lay unclaimed behind a near-by door, and never venturing a question. By him rushed the new West, hurried, indifferent, staring at the long peace pipe strapped across his back. Vaguely the old man suggested a stirring past—only vaguely, however, and no one stopped to probe. Then came another veteran, a white man, who knew that it was RED ELK who stood on the steps. Major MOORHOUSE helped him to secure his baggage, photographed him, and sent him off to the home of EATS-NO-MEAT, his brother. After that a reporter, scouting for a Sunday story, sketched for the readers of the Oregon "Journal" the history of RED ELK's life. Back nearly sixty years the young man carried the story, back to the bloody months of '55 and '56, when "that knightly tribe, the Cayuses, joined with the Walla Wallas and the Umatillas, under the leadership of the mighty PIO-PIO-MOX-MOX," to drive the white man from the Northwest. It was a young and eager Indian, a fanatic Red Elk, who fought in the battle of Walla Walla against the Oregon Volunteers and fell with a bullet through his head. For two days he lay as one dead, then life came back, and RED ELK crawled away to join his scattered and beaten brothers. And then:

> He is an Indian of another day. His body moves through the scenes of the present, but the mind of RED ELK is his own, and by it he lives in a distant time when his life was as free as his spirit and the glory of his people not a faded memory. Speaking only when addressed, his impassive face never changing expression, this old warrior moves about in the world with which he has no sympathy.

How has RED ELK filled up those fifty-seven years since he was wounded? How has he kept his body erect and his eye straight-gazing and young? Why does he journey by railroad only once a year to visit his brother's family? Does he raise horses or wheat back there at his home on the Nespelem Reservation in Washington? What chance led RED ELK to experiment with baggage checks this year if it is really true that he lives only in the romantic past? We have been reading Indian "Sunday Specials" for some time, and we should like to see the public weaned from the habit of seeing Indians either with the eyes of the old plains fighter or the romance-colored vision of a high-school essayist. Getting at the living personalities behind these Indian masks would help.

THE UNDER DOG

BEFORE EXTENDING a helping hand to the under dog it is well to determine whether he has the rabies. Be discriminating in under dogs. Before lending a boot in his defense, one should determine why he happens to be under. If he is a burly bull pup that for six months has maliciously, unjustly, and wrongfully, as the lawyers put it, terrorized a yellow cur until the cur in desperation has turned and got him down, it is shabby tenderness to kick the cur. Let the bull get his lesson. It may scar his thick hide, but it will save peace of mind and pursuit of happiness for forty other curs. Next to foolish technicalities, the greatest cause of the almost total failure of our criminal laws is indiscriminate sympathy for the criminal. Eight years ago, in one of the Central States, a young man committed murder. He was sentenced to hang. He was the under dog, and the public arose and kicked the law until the Governor commuted the sentence. Six years later a long petition went to the Governor. The murderer was pardoned. Just six months after the criminal murdered his benefactor, his benefactor's wife, and three children that he might rob the house of two hundred dollars. Often a man or company that has fleeced the innocent, or poisoned them, or corrupted them, will when caught howl for mercy: he is being persecuted: his business is being ruined; the hearts of his family are being broken; he is an under dog; but kick off the prosecution, or public condemnation, and he'll be up and biting again in six months.

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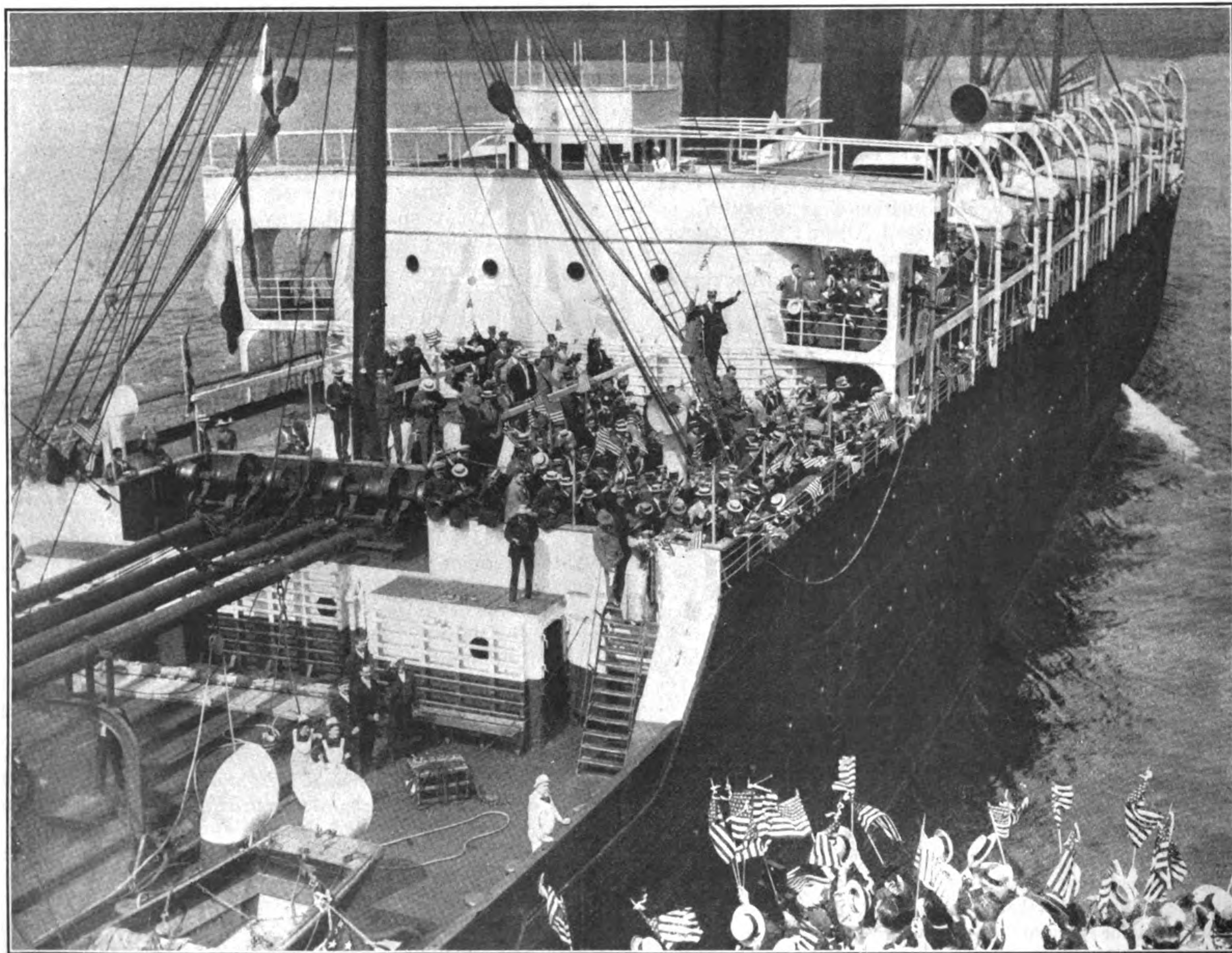
Theodore Roosevelt's Arrival in the Convention City

On Saturday, June 15, Colonel Roosevelt added a dramatic incident to the 1912 campaign by his arrival in Chicago on a special train. A crowd of nearly seven thousand people gave him a noisy welcome at the station and swept the police off their feet. A special escort of officers finally succeeded in forcing a way through the mob, and he proceeded to his hotel, followed by the cheers of his enthusiastic supporters. After a few minutes' rest he spoke to the crowd from the balcony of the hotel



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The American Athletes Who Are to Compete in the Stockholm Olympic Games Leaving New York on the S. S. Finland

On Friday, June 14, over 150 American contestants sailed from New York in a specially chartered steamship whose deck space has been converted into a well-equipped gymnasium, which includes a cork track on the promenade deck, jumping pits, a place for pole vaulting, a swimming pool, and a tennis court. This is the largest squad ever sent by this country, and it is expected that they will duplicate the large number of victories won in London in 1908. The team is in charge of trainer Mike Murphy

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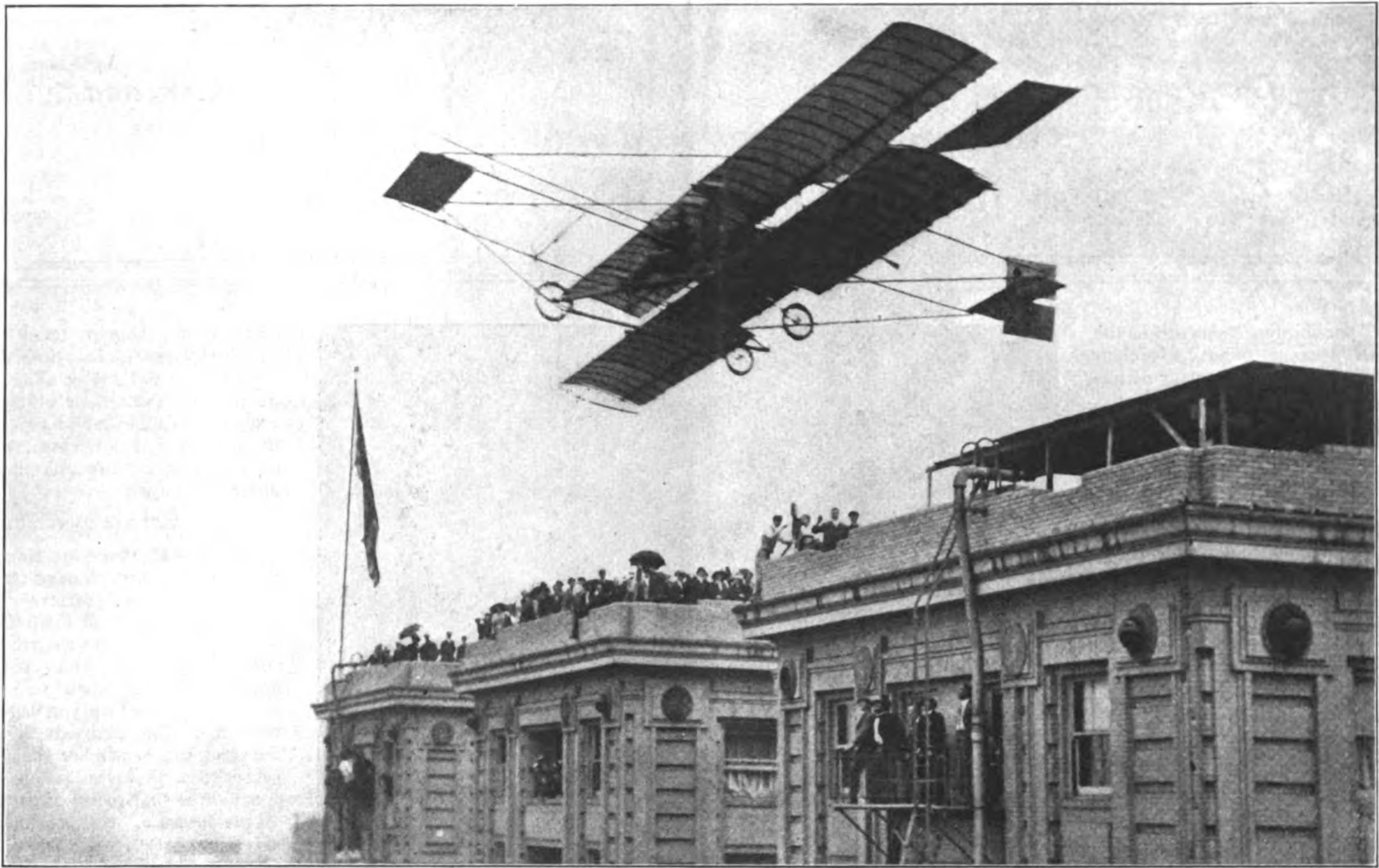
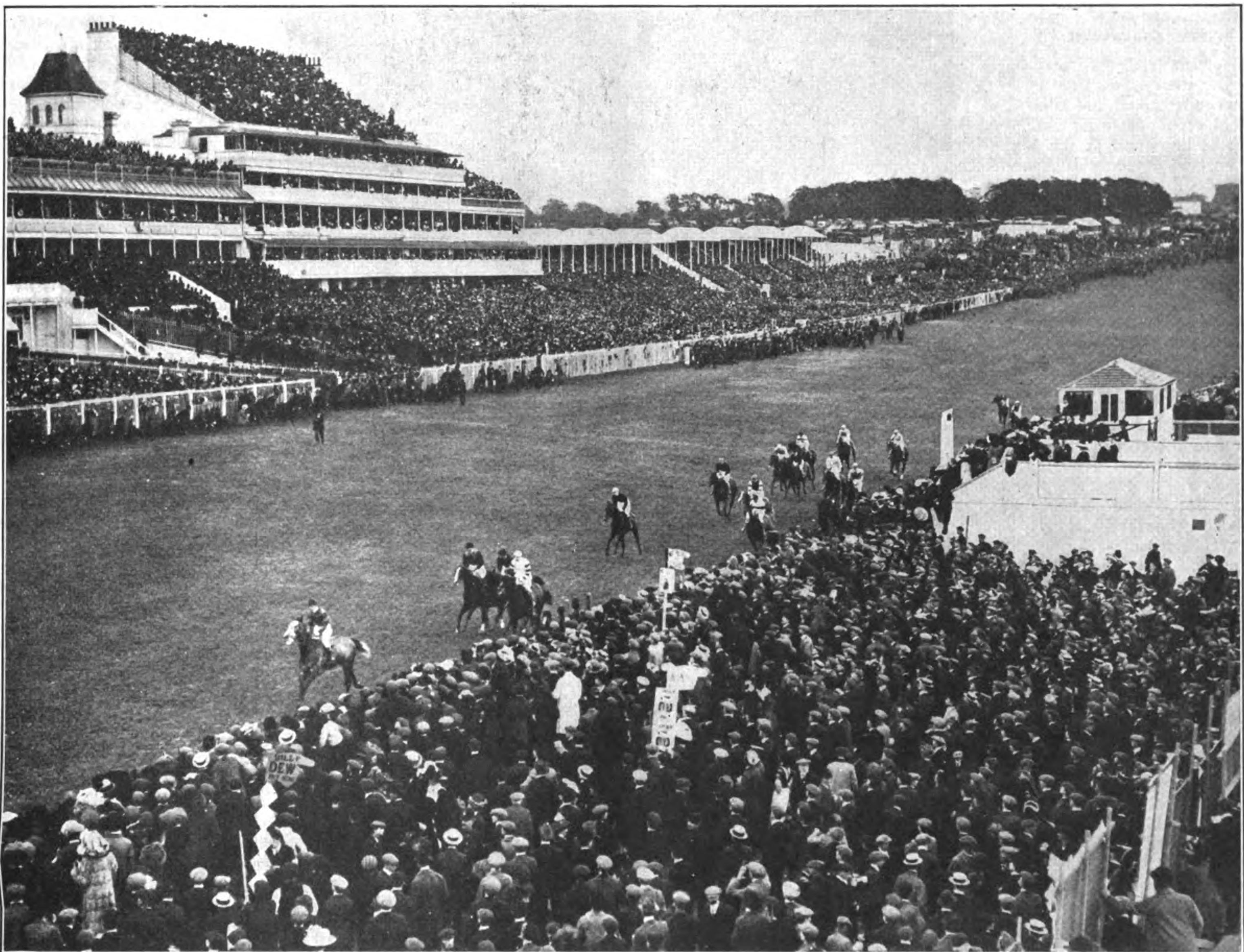


A New Development in Aviation: Flying From the Roof of a Hotel

Silas Christofferson, a youthful Portland airman, starting for a flight at Portland, Oregon, June 11. The machine ran along the platform until about 25 feet from the edge, when the airman rose into the air and flying across the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, landed at Vancouver. While this flight is essentially a feat of daring, it brings forward the possibility of flying to and from buildings, which, in the light of the recent tremendous progress made in aviation, may not be considered a very distant probability



Mr. W. Raphael's Gray Filly Tagalie Winning the English Derby at Epsom Downs

An American jockey, "Johnnie" Rieff, riding Tagalie, won the 1912 Derby by four lengths over L. Neumann's Jaeger and August Belmont's Tracery, while Sweeper II, the favorite, was outclassed. Sweeper II is owned by H. B. Duryea of New York, and though many Americans had expected him to win, he finished a poor seventh. Tagalie was a 100 to 8 shot and she won in the rather ordinary time of 2.38 4/5. King George and Queen Mary were interested spectators, the King's entry, Pintadeau, finishing fourth

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Who's Violent?

The Judiciary, the Militia, the Police, or the Labor Leaders? Ettor and Giovannitti Are Still in Jail Without Trial

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

AGAINST possibility of violence on the part of a many-tongued, foreign-bred, and much-driven mass of human beings, who were striking at Lawrence, Massachusetts, was raised the iron hand of Law and Order.

Did this iron hand strike with justice? Did it strike only in the name of the people of Massachusetts? Did it move in such a fashion that simple minds could see that it represented a Commonwealth which would tolerate no breach of the peace? Did it spread forth a lesson to the weak against misguided preachers of doctrines? Did it act wisely to suppress violence?

Or—

Did it strike with inequality of justice? And did it strike not only in the name of the people of Massachusetts, but also in the name of the capitalistic side of an industrial controversy? And did it move in such a way that simple minds could not realize that it represented common weal? And did it deport itself so that it encouraged the weak to join or continue faithful to misguided preachers of doctrines? And, more than the strikers themselves, did it indulge in reprehensible violence?

These are serious questions. They are not to be asked lightly. But a reasonable doubt has been raised. And the American spirit puts Law and Order on trial.

Ettor

NOT BY LIES AND WRATH

IT IS an important trial. We may have to face in the next generation a new, long contest between capital and labor and between the old economic order and new propaganda; it is important at the beginning that we start no breeding of Anarchists by making our restraints by Order blood-violent unrestraints, or our prosecutions by Law persecutions by Law. Good, honest, old-fashioned American folk, loving your traditions, jealous of your freedom, loyal to your institutions, remember that the thing you call the "menace of Socialism" will not be annihilated by lies and wrath alone. Remember that unless Justice stands behind the thing we call Law and Order, we cannot beat to death an organization such as, for instance, the Industrial Workers of the World with all the nightsticks and gun butts and jail bars from here to eternity. It is true that for every lawbreaker you punish, you deter ten from lawbreaking, but it is also true that for every martyr you make, you sow the seed for a hundred martyrs and raise from slumber a host of a thousand zealots.

And what of Lawrence?

There began in Lawrence in January a curious contest. Suddenly one day a great concourse of imported humanity, unorganized, not unionized, poorly paid, startled by a sudden reduction in hours of work and therefore a reduction in wages, rushed out of the textile mills with nothing in common but a grievance. Immediately, coming in large part from outside the State, appeared leaders for this protesting horde of polyglots. Whatever attempt the American Federation of Labor may have made to organize the strikers, the fact was this—the doctrines which drew the thousands to membership and the leaders who controlled the situation were the doctrines and the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World.

TELL THE TRUTH

IT IS important if you are friendly to those doctrines and those leaders and the masses which have begun to follow them in ever-increasing and perhaps alarming numbers, to tell the truth about them; it is doubly important if you are their *enemy* to tell the truth about them.

It is wrong to charge falsely or without knowledge that the doctrine of the Industrial Workers of the World, as it was preached at Lawrence, for instance, was fundamentally a doctrine of violence; fundamentally it was a doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Fundamentally it was a doctrine of solidarity, of the sacrifice of the individual for the welfare of the mass, of eternal antagonism between labor and modern capitalism. It was a doctrine not of collective bargaining craft by craft, like that of the old labor unions, but of "direct action" by all laborers as a mass and classified only by industries. The "direct action" called for was not offensive action against the laws, but an uncompromising attack upon the present industrial system. That there is involved in the propaganda a stand against both church and certain institutions of the State cannot be denied. But other reformers have preached against the existing religious order, as St. Paul, and great statesmen have fought long fights against institutions of the State, as Lincoln.

I. W. W. AN ASTOUNDING POTENTIALITY

IF YOU were in Lawrence with an open mind during the strike, you learned in those weeks there that "direct action" really meant a direct application of the principles of Socialism, that the Industrial Workers of the World and their doctrines, far beyond any labor unionism before known to you, presented an astounding potentiality of danger to the present industrial system. You learned that most that you had heard or read in the newspapers of this organization proceeded from attempts to lie them out of existence. You learned, for instance, that the "red flag" did not symbolize love of gore, but rather the "brotherhood of the blood that flows in the veins of every man, woman, and child." And you wondered that those educated, smug, and respectable people back home could be so silly and so blind as to believe that the Lawrence horde of polyglots "were cattle, after all," or so essentially different from "white men" that they could not suffer the same pains, thrill with the same joys, rise to the same inspirations, and worship their own gods of hope with the same reverence.

Pioneers, whether of good or bad settlements, are rough men; the leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, measured by certain standards, are rough men. Among them are those believed by the world at large to be criminals with blood upon their hands. But about such men, if we seek to lessen their influence and draw away their following, we must tell the white truth, even if it is done merely as the best policy for your cause and mine—the present order of things.

THE EYE OF PREJUDICE

FIRST of all, therefore, these men who appeared in Lawrence as leaders probably were not there as grafters—there has been no proof of it. Call them fanatics if you will. But before you assert that they were not sincere, before you assert that they were not made of the stuff which will give up all for an ideal, before you believe that they were making a loathsome living exploiting the ignorant, remember that all the search of records, all investigation of public officers, all the shadowing of private detectives, all the forces of wealth in gumshoes, failed to show that these despised leaders were acting for Self. Remember, too, as an example, that newspapers said that Ettor, the young Italian leader now in jail, had bought a new touring car. No one could even show where the story originated. It was reported widely in the financial districts of Boston, among respectable men who would criticize their wives for irresponsible gossip, that Ettor's wife had bought expensive dresses in a fashionable Boston shop; Ettor has no wife. Prejudice is an astounding thing—forgivable enough, but always active in throwing overboard the weight of an opinion. It has surprised some prejudiced persons to know that "Big Bill" Haywood during the strike in Lawrence used to go to the Boston Opera House alone to hear good music. It is fresh news to the high-browed when they are told that Ettor and Giovannitti, now in the Essex County Jail, are rereading Victor Hugo and William Shakespeare. It is the long look, not the quick glance, that tells the truth about these "mob leaders."

It has been necessary to show something about the Industrial Workers of the World and their doctrines before examining the wisdom with which the iron hand of Law and Order has dealt with both, before asking each reader to judge whether, under the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, Law and Order did not hurry out and take an eye and a tooth in anticipation.

Law and Order moved in Lawrence by three authorities—the militia, the police, and the courts.

The first of these, the militia, was ordered to Lawrence when it became clear that the local police were unprepared to maintain a safeguard against the possibility of an outbreak of mob madness. The conduct of the soldiers and their officers, considering the fact that in such a situation there is much of the dangerous hot-blood spirit even under the cover of uniforms, was excellent. Discipline was of a high order. The colonel in command, except for an interference with the right of parents to send their children out of Lawrence, maintained a relationship with the strikers which has merited approval. Both privates and superiors pronounced the strike "tame," and almost unanimously testify to the fact that the amount of disorder on the part of the strikers has been exaggerated grossly by an extravaganza of misrepresentation, by word of mouth and by the daily press.

EMPLOYMENT OF SPIES NOT A MILITIA FUNCTION

THE militia represented Law and Order in the best sense, with a single exception, and this exception cannot be condemned too strongly. At headquarters there were employed so-called detectives, at least one of whom seemed to be engaged upon the theory that lawbreakers should be set to work to catch lawbreakers. It is not the function of the militia to employ spies in an industrial controversy; the practice takes on a more sinister aspect when this department of the militia works in harmony with the private detectives of the mill owners and

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receives for its investigation complaints of cases of intimidation telephoned from mill offices. It tends to place the military of a State in the position of performing not a public function, but in the position of serving private ends by lending partisan aid to one side of an industrial controversy. Who shall say that a practice of this kind does not make ten new enemies of Law and Order in the process of suppressing one?

DID THE POLICE SUPPRESS OR PRECIPITATE VIOLENCE?

OF THE behavior of the police much more may be said. It is a grave question whether there was not more violence precipitated by these guardians of the peace than ever came from the ranks of the strikers. The Police Department of Lawrence was disorganized when the strike began; it was patched up for the occasion. It was an ancient political rattletrap, and some of its representatives ran amuck with undisciplined hysteria. It was calculated in its awkward attempts to assert itself to make two enemies of Law and Order grow where only one grew before. It was violent. Some of its men beat petty offenders down to the sidewalk and kicked them. Women were treated to deluges of profanity and on occasion were clubbed brutally. It is a pity that disinterested witnesses did not at the time bring complaints of disturbing the peace against the more violent representatives of "Law and Order." Strikers were brought into court charged with assaults upon officers. So pounded to pieces were the prisoners, so free from injury the complaining patrolmen, that finally laughter in the court room greeted the appearance of the spectacle.

As a final exhibition of violence the police of Lawrence, with their chief acting as leader, engaged in a Cossack carnival at the railroad station. Without any law heretofore cited in the annals of America, the police, the militia, and the court joined together in asserting a right with force of arms to prevent the exportation of children from a strike-impoverished community to temporary homes in other places. Having asserted this unwritten law to the parents and friends of the children gathered at the Lawrence depot, the chief of police saw it enforced with clubs. Express wagons went loaded with protesting human beings to the station house. And when face to face with the legality of this interference with constitutional rights, even the local police court judge laid down an astounding doctrine in the following words: "If these people wish to send their children out of Lawrence, let them come here, let them prepare lists and obtain consent!" It is this kind of Law and Order which scatters the seeds of anarchy faster than all the agitators from here to chaos.

The record of the police court itself was remarkable. No word may be said by a law-abiding citizen against the stern enforcement of the law; at times when the temptation to violence is great, when the danger of its wildfire spread is present, there is every reason to deal with unrelenting severity with those offenders who menace the public peace. No criticism can be aimed at such severity administered in the name of the taxpayer and in the name of safety for the community. But even a crisis is no excuse for persecution of the innocent; above all, it is no excuse for the administration of justice which creates the feeling that the processes of law in an industrial controversy are serving one party at the expense of the other. The criminal courts of America are to punish the guilty; they are not institutions to terrorize Socialists.

PUNISHED FOR WHAT?

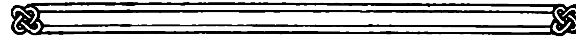
LET this be clear. To mete out punishment in good faith to lawbreakers because of offenses against the State is the function of the law, but to make even a part of the penalty a punishment for belonging to the Industrial Workers of the World, for instance, or a punishment for refusing to accept employment, is to make the courts instruments not of the State, which desires order, but of that party in the State which desires suppression of new doctrines and the subjugation of laborers.

Out of the four hundred-odd strikers brought into the police courts, as shown by the only accessible record, only twenty were discharged or dismissed. The comment of the average criminal lawyer in Massachusetts would be that the police of Lawrence showed marvelous discretion in making arrests to succeed in landing nineteen guilty men for every one which the court would allow to go free. This, perhaps, is without a parallel.

On one day thirty-four strikers were brought into court and every one of them was given a sentence of a year. So far as the records show, those who were found to be carrying weapons were the only ones unsuccessful in an appeal from these sentences.

Many of the arrests in Lawrence were on the charge of intimidation. The evidence in some of these cases was not such as to show "picketing" and did not present proof of threats. The courts produced a theory that intimidation might be "moral" intimidation. Carried to a logical conclusion, if Jones, a striker, said to Robinson, who still remained in the mills, "Don't go to work, old man," and Robinson gave weight to the remark because of the fact that Jones was associated with a large body of strikers, some of whom might enforce Jones's plea with violence, then there was intimidation.

Giovannitti



Witness the case of John Mastranda, for which, of course, we must depend on the stenographic record. The arresting officer testified that the prisoner had been found at night standing in a bypath outside the house of a strike breaker or "scab." There was not a whit of evidence to show that the prisoner had made any threats, or had even opened his mouth. The officer testified that he found red pepper in the prisoner's pocket. Guilty of intimidation. Fined $25.

INTERESTING POLICE COURT TRANSCRIPTS

CASES of disturbance of the peace were common; among them were some remarkable examples. To call a man a "scab" made a disturbance of the peace in itself. Again there are interesting transcripts from the stenographic reports.

Case 1—Shaim and Futchi.

Officer—Coming into court this morning with Officer Riley these two men were in a large crowd. Every time they would make a movement it would excite the crowd. We gave them a chance to go home.

One of the Defendants—I was going along with six other men. The policemen said: "Get a move on." I said: "Yes, I will." Guilty. $10.

Case 2—Frank Menoroski.

Officer—Shortly after seven I was dispersing some strikers. This man started to holler, "Hurrah, hurrah! Come on, fellows."

Judge to Interpreter—Tell him he is complained of for disturbance.

Prisoner—The officer never saw me making any noise. I have never been arrested before. I can't speak English. I started to run away. Guilty. $5.

Case 3—Arminio.

The evidence showed officer was making an arrest and defendant followed with others interested as spectators of arrest, and that he called to friends: "Come on, come on!"

The Judge—An officer having a prisoner under arrest and being pursued by some men—that is a disturbance of the peace. Guilty. Record of the fine not shown.

Case 4—Elias Ecce (or Ekery).

Evidence showed that, officer arriving on scene, defendant called to his friends: "Come on, come on," and started to *run away*. Officer followed defendant with raised club, and, having caught up with him, defendant grasped end of the club in his hand to avoid a blow. Guilty of disturbing peace. $10.

PRISON PENALTIES AGAINST STRIKERS

ASSAULT cases were common, and doubtless there were many strikers who deserved their sentences. Apparently an example of one who did not is to be found in the case of one Zelakat, a Syrian. Upon complaint he was arrested for assault upon a worker. The time of the assault was fixed at a late hour in the afternoon by the man who brought the complaint and the sole witness against the prisoner. Zelakat had been working for many days in a Syrian soup kitchen. Eight of the waiters, cooks, employees, or patrons of the place testified that Zelakat was working at the time the supposed assault was made, several blocks away. Found guilty.

A striker named Bruno is now serving sentence in the State prison. He was in a house when the police, on the other side of the street, were driving a crowd along. According to his story, he became excited by seeing men and women beaten and fired a revolver into the air. The police who returned the fire testify that the revolver was aimed at them.

At the time of the firing windows and the wall of a building were behind the policeman. No bullet marks were found anywhere.

This case is not cited for criticism. Bruno had no business with the weapon. Whatever the exact truth about his act, the fact remains that Bruno on that occasion, for many reasons, was a menace to public safety. But it is cited for comparison with another case in which a local politician was the defendant.

A CONTRASTING PENALTY

JOHN J. BREEN is an undertaker in Lawrence. As this is written, he is still the School Commissioner of Lawrence. In the early days of the strike, probably at the instigation of parties more interested than he in the controversy, he procured dynamite and had "planted" it in three places. One of the places was a cemetery. The others were the home of an innocent Italian family and a little shopkeeper's establishment.

He then gave the information of the location of dynamite to the police. Whatever the motive of his act and the motive of his procurers, the result was certain to be that innocent persons would be accused and perhaps convicted and that the strikers would have public sentiment turned against them. By slips he made John J. Breen was caught. He is a man of some property. And what was his punishment? He was fined $500! And were those who were behind him ferreted out? They were not! And was Breen asked by Law and Order to resign his official position? No.

In this dispensation of Law and Order there is little to win over the misguided, assure the malcontent, or calm industrial unrest.

Out of the hurly-burly of Lawrence, however, one case, above all others, has arisen, remains prominent in Massachusetts, and is filled with potentiality for great harm. It is known already to Socialists and laboring men all over the country. It is the case of Ettor and Giovannitti.

The Essex County Jail is a pleasant place as such places go. The iron fence and trees and greensward which surround it give an air of refreshing peace to the dignified granite walls and the long, barred windows. Ettor and Giovannitti are within, awaiting trial; they are charged with being accessories before the fact to murder.

What was the story?

Ettor is an Italian, twenty-six or seven years old. He has a brisk step, a quick eye—vitality. Giovannitti is a dreamer.

Both were in Lawrence helping to organize the strikers as Industrial Workers of the World. Both made many speeches to the strikers. Both were active in urging solidarity in action. To say that their speeches were not impassioned is to say what is not so. Yet in passing it must be noted that the good and great, as well as the bad and small, have made impassioned speeches.

LEADERS SENT TO JAIL WITHOUT BAIL

ON A DAY in January, on a street in Lawrence, strikers had gathered and paraded. The police had come. There was confusion and disorder. Some one fired a shot. The only testimony fastening the act upon any named individual which had reached the public is that the shot was fired by a police officer named Benoit. The bullet lodged in a woman named Lopezzi. She died. Neither Ettor nor Giovannitti was near the scene of the killing. Ettor had been having remarkable success with the strikers. Whoever else believed in him, the strikers believed in him. However wrong he was, they thought he was right. He was a successful strike general. A period came when all of us who believed he was wrong asked how we could get him out of the way. He could be arrested for minor offenses, but he would be bailed out. And then, not because of the thought that in a murder case there would be no bail but coincident with our thought of this, Ettor was arrested as an accessory. Giovannitti was arrested, too.

The theory upon which Ettor and Giovannitti were held was this: The Industrial Workers of the World cleave to doctrines which incite to violence; the prisoners were representatives of the Industrial Workers of the World; they made speeches calculated to incite to riot; as a result of these speeches a riot occurred; in the process of the riot a woman was shot; the shooting occurred as a result of the riot; the riot was the result of inflammatory speeches; Ettor and Giovannitti caused the murder; they were accessories to the deed.

No one contends, of course, that Ettor ever saw the woman; he did not know of her existence; he bore her no ill will. No one contends that Ettor or Giovannitti was there.

No one has yet offered accessible evidence that the woman was not shot by some one from motives of personal revenge or jealousy, or that the shot was not fired by some one who wished to discredit the strikers or inflict a personal injury on one of them. In any of these cases Ettor, of course, would be no accessory.

But assume that the shot was fired by a rioting striker. No evidence has been shown to us that the

(Concluded on page 22)

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The Dirt Diggers

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ETCHINGS BY KATHERINE MERRILL

For fifty miles the fight is on, hand-to-hand fighting with the butt and the bayonet

It is the contrast with what existed several years ago that makes conditions on the Zone to-day so marvelous

THE history of the Panama Canal might be divided into three periods. The first period is when in 1881 the French occupied the Isthmus, only in 1889 to admit defeat and withdraw. They left behind them twelve miles of canal well planned and well constructed and of workmanship that reflects lasting credit upon the engineers. They left also behind them a record of dishonesty and mismanagement on the part of the officials that stunk to heaven, and an appalling list of those who had died of fever or who returned to France ruined in health. Those many thousands of French men and women, largely peasants and small shopkeepers, who remained at home but who invested their savings in the canal were also ruined in pocket. The second period was when, about six years ago, we began work. Those days were not happy. They were days of inexperience, of experiment, of errors.

We had not appreciated that the canal must be built, not by Congressmen residing in Washington but by men actually present in the Isthmus of Panama. Many of the hardships those men endured, or refused to endure, were a necessary part of the beginning of any work undertaken in a swamp eight degrees removed from the equator. Other hardships were not necessary, and there was much to criticize. Nor were there lacking many birds of ill omen only too willing to croak, to complain, to foretell disaster. Those days and all that pertains to them that was unfortunate have gone, and the canal now has passed into the third period, which finds it virtually completed. I first saw the Isthmus four years after the French had abandoned it, again when we had just taken up the burden, and three months ago I again visited it.

WHEN I saw it in 1905 work on the Isthmus was being held up by the disquieting circumstance that no one could be persuaded to stay there. Those at the top were discouraged by interference from Washington, and the rank and file by the fever and lack of proper food and proper accommodations. After three men in turn had been placed in charge and had resigned, it was recognized that with a change of chief every five minutes the canal never would be completed; and the responsibility of carrying on the work was unloaded upon the shoulders of the army, and one man was placed in supreme command. The next step was to conciliate the rank and file. At that time, of the men employed on the Canal Zone, ninety per cent could be described only as temporary. Not only did they refuse to remain on the Isthmus, but on their return to the United States they were telling tales of life on the canal of a nature sufficiently horrible to excuse their running away and to prevent others from seeking work there. To stop this, those in command ceased trying to amuse Congress by making the dirt fly and proceeded to clean up the Zone, to erect suitable quarters, and organize a commissary. The men had been living in tents, shacks, condemned railroad cars, and the workmen's huts of the French company, which were incubators of disease. And they were eating in "messes," for which they themselves cooked or they hired Chinamen to cook for them. The Americans were unaccustomed to cooking any kind of food, and the Chinamen could cook only Spanish dishes, which the Americans could not eat. Either method led to sickness, discontent, and desertion. In the days of the panic in 1905 there were thirty-five deaths of canal employees in one month from yellow fever, and the outgoing steamers were packed to the gunwales. Those days are now gone, and one speaks of them only to offer tribute to the men who have brought about the change. It is the contrast with what existed several years ago that makes conditions on the Zone to-day so marvelous.

MEN have discovered health resorts where health resorts already existed. But they have not created health resorts out of fever swamps. No man can claim credit for making a health resort of Atlantic City. Before man came there the ocean was on one side, the pine woods on the other. Man contributed the board walk.

But when Colonel Gorgas and his assistants came to the Isthmus they found the canal a sewer and Colon and Panama pesthouses. After two years and a half of work they made the Isthmus a place as healthy as any spot in the United States.

They established a strict quarantine, wiped out the swamps, exterminated the mosquitoes, built reservoirs for water, drains for sewerage, streets, roads, aqueducts. And while the medical corps of the army was making the Isthmus a healthy place in which to live, the engineers of the army and those civilian engineers who are of the old régime, the survivors of the fittest, made it an extremely comfortable place in which to live. They constructed two thousand buildings and remodeled seventeen hundred more. These included hospitals, hotels, clubs. And they organized a department store that every day feeds thirty-five thousand canal employees and their families with the kind of food they want, and furnishes them everything from khaki overalls to invisible hairpins. They also recognize that no matter how healthy a man may be, if he is discontented, he is a poor workman, and for the entertainment of the employees they called to their aid the Y. M. C. A. This organization took three months to study the conditions existing on the Zone, and then accepted the responsibility of making life there more cheerful, more interesting, and more like home. It organized clubs in which are reading rooms, billiards, bowling alleys; it started baseball nines, debating societies, camera clubs, "smokers," and dances, until now the life of the employee can be as strenuous by night as it is by day, and in exercises that are healthy and helpful.

WELL housed, well fed, and magnificently led, it is not surprising that this army of men has fought mightily, or that what is at this moment going on in the Canal Zone is to an American one of the most splendid and inspiring efforts of his own people. Not only as a feat of engineering but as a triumph of organization, as a lesson in discipline, as a proof that men can handle millions of other people's money, dispersing it in every part of the world to people of many nationalities, and with a local pay roll of two millions a month, without there being brought against them one charge of graft or self-seeking or personal gain.

The same spirit that inspires the man who disperses the millions inspires the man who is actually building the canal, and those who feed, nurse, and shelter him, those men who by relieving the combatant of all responsibilities enable him to devote himself entirely to the fight. All that is asked of the combatant is that he makes the dirt fly. Butcher's bills, house rent, tax collectors, are not permitted to disturb him. He is as carefully cherished and looked after as the fighting cock or a star football player. The army of thirty-five thousand is divided into "gold" employees and "silver" employees. That cuts the knot of the color line, and a rigid rule that gives each man a house or a room exactly in proportion to his wages wipes out any question of favoritism. If he be worth a good deal to the commission, he is entitled to a house to himself; if he is not worth so much, a half of a house or the first or second story of a house; if he is worth still less, he gets a room, or in one room he bunks with others. With men of family the same rule obtains. They are given accommodations that differ from those allotted to bachelors, but the comfort of those accommodations is in proportion to the earning power of the head of the family. Everything else is "found." Men who wish to keep house, if they have a house to keep, can do so, and every article of food and furniture is supplied them almost at cost, or below cost. A bachelor has his housekeeping looked after by the commission. When each morning he goes to work he knows that when he returns his bed will have been made, his room cleaned, and that his supper at the hotel will be ready. The commission nurses the employee when he is ill, pays the salary of his clergyman whether he be Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew; furnishes him with free coal and light and ice at cost; educates his children and pays for their school books; furnishes the billiard tables and bowling alleys in the Y. M. C. A. clubs, to which he can belong if he pays ten dollars a year, and washes his clothes for him.

At Colon is the wholesale house of the commission, the ice plant, the cold-storage plants, the laundry. Every morning at four-thirty a supply train of sixteen cars, of which a third are refrigerator cars, leaves headquarters, and at the stations along the canal drops the daily supplies for the retail stores, the employees, hotels, and messes. In this storehouse at Cristobal are things to eat from every land. It is the most fascinating shop in the world. You step from under the hot sunshine and the palms into twelve degrees below zero, and with, over your white flannels, a heavy overcoat that is considerately loaned you by the commission, you are led to dungeons white with snow.

In these vaults, and hanging from hooks or piled on slabs of ice, are thousands of quarters of beef, pigs, fish, chickens, and foodstuffs few Americans have ever tasted. There are many nationalities on the "silver" pay roll of the commission, and each demands its own food. So, for the Italian there is imported from his own land macaroni, cheeses, and tomato paste for his soup; for the Spaniard dried fish, Spanish red wine, still another kind of cheese, olives, and garbanzos, a bean from Algiers, lacking which the Spaniard will go on strike; for the West Indian negroes yams and native fruit from Jamaica, and for the coolies from India rice that comes all the way from Rangoon. For the American there is everything he loves, and, as one knows—for the food at the Tivoli Hotel, which is run by the commission, is the same as is issued to all the employees—is of excellent quality. As a comment on the high cost of living at home and the profits of middlemen, the price of meat on the Zone, although it has been transported by land and sea three thousand miles, is less than in New York City.

COLONEL EUGENE T. WILSON is the Santa Claus who supplies all these good things to the employees. To get them where they are cheapest and best, he sends his flying squadron of young men scouting to every land, and, as a result, every part of the world is helping to feed the army of the canal. Philadelphia supplies cheese, Missouri sends eggs, New York State apples, Germany sausages and wild boar, Scotland breakfast foods, England exports marmalade, kippered

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herring, even grouse and pheasant, and last summer Texas contributed sixty thousand watermelons. In the city of Panama a watermelon sold at $1.25 gold; the commission furnished them to the employees for twenty-five cents.

The commission furnishes also ice cream and manufactures its own flavors from its own chocolates and fruit. Every morning it sends out 250 gallons, or if Mr. Jones or Mrs. Smith is giving a party, as many more gallons as he or she commands.

EVERY day along the line it distributes 7,500 pieces of laundry. For me, how it ever gets the right pieces back to the rightful owner will always be a great mystery. On one side of an enormous hall was a mountain of every kind of garment worn by man, woman, or child. These were thrown into giant caldrons filled with soap and boiling water and churned by great wheels. Then they were rinsed in cold water, and, in turning vats, dried by centrifugal force. They were then distributed to hundreds of ironing machines that are worked by steam, by electricity, by the hands of troops of West Indian negresses, and finally deposited clean and sweet-smelling in the proper cubbyhole on the opposite side of the building. How Mr. Jones ever gets back his own overalls or Mrs. Smith her Irish lace shirt waist was patiently explained to me, but I in turn cannot explain it. Among the many things on the Canal Zone that I utterly failed to understand is why, after for many years I have seen the sun rise in the Atlantic, I saw it rise every morning from the Pacific, and I went to bed at a proper hour too; or why, when the canal is opened, the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific will never meet, thus spoiling the pet peroration of many an orator. But the greatest mystery of all in the Zone is how each of the sixty-five thousand people who patronize the commission's laundry gets back his own pocket handkerchief.

It was because I understood not at all what the engineers were doing that I am afraid to write about it. Of Colonel Wilson's housekeeping I understood a little; if you have kept house for five people you can appreciate that to keep house for thirty-five thousand people is seven thousand times as difficult, and you are correspondingly impressed, and Colonel Gorgas's conversion of a swamp into a winter resort, and of the hospital work, and of the excellence of Captain Barber's military police; but the great battle the engineers are waging under Goethals and Rousseau de Guillard and Siebert and Hodges was to me quite as incomprehensible as it was marvelous.

Any man who belongs to a club can see that the Y. M. C. A. clubs on the Zone are as well run as the officers' mess of any smart regiment in India. He can see that the hospitals of Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Mason at Panama and Surgeon William H. Bell of the navy at Colon are so attractive that men fall ill and are blown up by dynamite in order to become eligible to enter them; and in ameliorating the condition of the employees as it once was, the enthusiasm, the tact, the intelligence of Joseph Bucklin Bishop is easily understood, and the work of Colonel Gorgas one can appreciate as well as does the rest of the civilized world. But to properly admire what the engineers have accomplished, one must have the imagination of Cecil Rhodes and the special knowledge of John Hays Hammond. Once in London I heard Jamrachs, the animal dealer, say: "That is a Paraguay paroquet, not a Uruguay paroquet." There were in the shop cages five hundred parrots, tiny balls of colored worsted, and to me they all looked alike.

"Why do you pretend," I protested, "that you can tell a Paraguay paroquet from a Uruguay paroquet?"

"It took me thirty years to learn that," said Jamrachs crushingly, "and I can't explain it to you in five minutes."

ON THE Canal Zone there was no one sufficiently idle to try to explain to me in five minutes what he had been thirty years in learning, so, like a wild-eyed child, one was left gaping and wondering. As a picture these giant locks rising from the swamp, hemmed in by the jungle, are so incongruous, so mysterious, so impossible in such surroundings, that they give the thrill that comes from the sight of great monuments to great religions, like the mosque of St. Sophia, the temple of Luxor, the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Should an Aztec return to earth and be suddenly confronted by these white towers of silence rising from among the palm trees, he would fall upon his knees in worship. There is nothing with which to compare them. One has to write of them without the first aid of similes. As a feat of engineering the Pyramids of Egypt are as a child placing one block on top of another. In New York we have seen buildings of cement and steel, but they were reared on rock, not in a jungle. Nor were they built two thousand miles from their base of supplies. Nor were the men who reared them while they worked with one hand forced with the other to hold at bay a treacherous river and two great oceans.

One does not know whether to be the more greatly impressed with the imagination with which the engineers met obstacles, with the courage which never let them suspect they were beaten, or with their capacity for taking infinite pains. Great dams, embankments, railroads, "diversion channels," which you believe are an integral part of the canal, to them are only "temporary" stop gaps to fight or dodge encroaching waters and leave the men free to work on the real task. Railroad bridges that in the States would be photographed and advertised as one of the wonders of a "scenic route" they throw across a chasm on Monday and tear down on Friday.

"Oh, that," they say, "that's only temporary."

Disasters and obstacles that would put an ordinary mining or railroad company out of business, they accept as a mattter of course and with imperturbable calm. A landslide buries their steam shovels, locomotives, and dirt cars, and Colonel Goethals looks at his watch and says: "That's annoying! That will put back our date of opening three minutes and thirty-three seconds." And with the patience of the ant upon whose home some one has placed a careless heel, they will begin digging out the steam shovels in order that with them they may dig out the dirt that buries them.

IF THE canal itself, the gigantic, complicated series of traps between the oceans, the walls of concrete and steel and disemboweled mountains, is hard to understand, it is not difficult to understand the spirit of those who are carrying it to completion, their enthusiasm, dauntless loyalty, their unceasing labor. Those even who visit the Isthmus and leave it by the same steamer appreciate this. Even if, of the locks and dams, they can obtain but distant glimpses, which from the reconstructed railroad is all they now can see, still they cannot cross the Isthmus and not feel the rush and sweep of the great work that is going forward around them; they cannot talk to any khaki-clad employee of the Zone who will not teach them something of the spirit of courage and confidence of the army of which he is proud to be a unit.

As a spectator the writer has been in the field with armies of several nations, but never has he known such an army as this one commanded by Colonel Goethals. For seven years it has been on foreign service, and always in action, always on the firing line, and now it is an army of veterans, officered by veterans. It is an army that knows no rest, no armistices, no flags of truce. It never stands still, never steps back, never is held in reserve. Every morning before the sun rises it springs into action, and as long as the light lasts the battle rages. The fighting is so fierce, so unsparing, so resistless, that each night you feel the army must have exhausted itself, that it will be granted time to recover and recuperate. But each day, like a giant refreshed, it leaps to the attack, and the earth trembles and crumbles, and the walls of rock fly asunder.

THIS army uses only two million pounds of dynamite a month, and all day thousands of explosions split the air, thousands of steam whistles scream, thousands of air drills stab and hammer at the living rock, thousands of dirt trains toss and roll over the track that may have been laid only twenty-four hours before, and which, having served its purpose, will be picked up intact, as you pick up a rug from the floor, and laid elsewhere. In the Culebra Cut the steam shovels that do the same work that once required the effort of six hundred men with picks and shovels and spades, groan, strain, puff, and whistle, and in the waterways the dredges, like great battleships with a rattle of giant anchor chains, drop their scoops in the water and drag them out again, staggering under tons of mud. For fifty miles the battle is on. For fifty miles there is the roar and rumble of ore trains rushing at top speed; the creaking of giant derricks and aerial cranes; the impatient, insistent, ear-splitting shrieks and commands of the steam whistles; the pounding of the pile drivers; the rapid-fire attacks of the drills; the rending roar of the dynamite. Everyone charges at the double. It is hand-to-hand fighting with the butt and the bayonet. In other wars I have seen officers and men so bored with battles, so "fed up" with fighting, that while shells passed they dozed behind a rock or yawned in the face of the enemy. But in this war on the Canal Zone no one is bored, no one relaxes, no one lays down on his job. There never were such gluttons for work, nor soldiers with such *esprit de corps*, with so great a love and interest in the task set out for them. You cannot pay these men because they are not working only for pay. The thing they are doing has filled their imagination, has touched their pride. Each one of them, whether he is a commissioner or rod man, knows that he is making history, that he is creating something for which the whole world will be the better. Nothing on the Zone impresses one more than this loyalty to the work in hand. I walked or rode along the route of the canal, and many times a day came upon some outpost where a single man or a small force were assigned to some special duty. There was no boss or foreman to keep these men at work, no one to tell on them if for a nap or a pipe they stole into the shade of the jungle. But I never saw one who was not intent upon his task, who was not as patiently or as feverishly at work as though Colonel Goethals was at his elbow.

We at home have great reason to be proud of these men, have great reason to be grateful to them. What each has done is to make the building of the canal an affair of his own personal honor, to give to it the allegiance the soldier gives to his colors, to bind a laurel to his steam shovel.

These giant locks rising from the swamp give the thrill that comes from the sight of great monuments to great religions

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Whom the Gods Destroy

The Lanagan Stories—III: Being Excerpts from the Chronicles of a San Francisco Police Reporter

By EDWARD H. HURLBUT

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

AT RIORDAN'S, much frequented by policemen and reporters, Jack Lanagan, star police reporter for the San Francisco "Enquirer," sat with Leslie, that greatest chief of his time, discussing one of Dan's delectable Bismarck herrings and a "steam." It was not above the very human Leslie to mingle in the free democracy of Dan's back room, where the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate foregathered to settle in seasoned nonchalance the problems of the world.

Leslie was speaking.

"You haven't lost out, Jack," he was saying. "But if that narrow-gauge Sampson elects to fire you—which I know he won't—I'll give you work if I've got to pay you out of my contingent fund. Get off that suisses diet and report. The 'Enquirer' can't afford to lose you."

Lanagan, unshaven for a week, looked otherwise disreputable.

"The 'Enquirer,'" he retorted judicially, "can afford to lose anybody. It's a sweatshop life, reporting; and they fill your place just as easily as Schwartz, down there on Stevenson Street, fills a place at one of his shirt machines. Nothing is as dead as a yesterday's paper—excepting it has a libel in it; and nothing is so perishable as a reporter's reputation. The slate is swabbed clean once every twenty-four hours. Your job is precisely that long."

"Rats. You're in a beautiful humor. They can't forget that Iowa Slim exclusive very soon."

"No; but only because of the fact that I haven't shown up for work since. They had given me warning before then. I'm through unless they send for me, and they don't seem to be doing that. As a matter of cold-blooded fact, the 'Enquirer' likes my work but not my weakness. My type don't get much sympathy these times. I belong to the generation of the tramp printer; the days of a real ethical code in the profession. We old-timers are taking the gad—what few of us there are left—three times over for an even break with these peg-topped trouser boys at ten a week who once wrote a class farce.

"No, chief," concluded Lanagan dispassionately and deliberately, "I guess I've shot my bolt in San Francisco. I'll ship on a banana boat and flag it on to Panama. Maybe when I get there I will tangle up in some big complication and another Davis will come along to chronicle me with that other Derelict; a grand story, by the way, chief—a newspaper epic. You should read it."

LESLIE ignored the morose mood of the reporter.

"Shot nothing," he said in disgust. "Take a Turkish bath and sweat that grouch out of your system. Here, take this ten. I want you to get back to your paper. You're too valuable a man to be out of work in this town."

Lanagan rejected the proffered money, and Leslie was attempting to force it on him—there was a warm bond of friendship between the two men and a mutual admiration for the abilities of each other—when Brady from the upper office stuck his head through the door. He saluted.

"Captain Cook sent me over to say that it looks now like that Hemingway case was not a suicide after all. There are no powder burns on the face. The revolver must have been put in her hand after she was shot."

Cook was night captain of detectives. Leslie jumped to his feet and swung Lanagan to his.

"Here! This will put you on your mettle. I didn't like the looks of that case from the start. I am going out and take hold of it personally. Come along. Maybe you can turn up something that the 'Enquirer' will be glad to hear from you on. Come along, Brady."

THEY jumped into the police machine and were whirled out to a fashionable home on Pacific Avenue. It was 9.30 o'clock. Less than an hour before a report had been received of the suicide of the daughter of the house, a débutante whose coming-out party had been an event of the spring before and whose engagement to a broker, Oliver Macondray, had just been announced.

Wilson, accounted one of Leslie's shrewdest upper office men, was already in the room when Leslie, Lanagan, and Brady arrived. There were there also a shoal of newspaper men and photographers, and the smell of flash powders was heavy on the air. On the first report from police headquarters I had been sent out by Sampson and had already been in the house for half an hour. But I was glad to surrender the story promptly to Lanagan when he entered, although he did not then say that he intended going to work.

It was Wilson, as I recall it, who had raised a doubt of the suicide theory by pointing out the absence of powder burns, although the bullet wound was in the right temple and the revolver clasped tightly in the right hand. A girl with her frail wrist must have pressed the revolver close before firing. It was clear the revolver had been placed in her hand after the shooting. It was an English bulldog of old pattern, one of those "family" pistols found in most homes.

"If you can't be first on the ground, be last," was an axiom of the newspaper business that Lanagan often tried to impress upon me. He proceeded to act upon his theory now by rolling and lighting a cigarette to give all in the room ample time to finish their investigation. Finally the room was cleared of all save Leslie, Lanagan, Brady, Wilson, and myself.

THE room had one set of French windows giving out upon a wide porch and a heavily matted lawn. It would be next to impossible to say whether a person had escaped over the lawn by way of the veranda. The bedroom door was open when a maid, attracted by the shot, had overcome her terror and run to the room.

At the time of death the only persons in the house were the mother, daughter, and the maid, Marie. The maid was in a state bordering on collapse after the first siege with the detectives and newspaper men, and Leslie ordered her kept quiet for an hour. The occasional hysterical cries of the mother, prostrated in her own room, could be heard.

Leslie examined the body with minute care. The rest of us had completed our investigations. Then Lanagan took his leisurely turn, drawing up an easy chair. Leslie, Brady, and Wilson had stepped through the window and were examining the porch and the lawn carefully with their pocket lights. Lanagan had taken one of the girl's hands up in his. He was examining an old-fashioned bracelet critically, very critically, it seemed to me. He flashed a sudden quick glance toward the window; the chief and the detectives were still busy outside.

"Stand at the door, Norrie!" he shot at me electrically.

I sprang to put my back to it, to give him a moment's delay in case any of the other newspaper men should drift back to the room. I had not the slightest idea what he was after, but I caught a glitter of fierce interest in his eyes, and I knew him better than to disobey. I did not see what he did then, save that he quickly placed something within his pocketbook, something that didn't have much substance, for he had to rub his thumb and forefinger to drop it into a piece of paper. Some of the newspaper men trooped back into the room: Leslie entered again, frowning in perplexity.

"Singular, Jack," he said. "What's your idea?"

"I think," drawled Lanagan, "I'll save my ideas for the 'Enquirer,' chief. I've concluded to go back to work."

Lanagan

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Leslie stared. "You've got something," he finally said testily. "What is it?"

"Something that may save me being driven from town like a beaten dog, Chief, that's all. You didn't want that, you said."

"Confound you anyhow. You're too infernally clever. Go in and win," said the grizzled chief, but his tone was nettled and there was a natural trace, possibly, of professional jealousy that he could not conceal. It had never before happened that he and Lanagan had started off on an absolutely even break where it was a straight open-and-shut proposition of the best detective winning; and he felt that Lanagan had found a clew in that room that he had overlooked. He was a hard loser. He went over the room again; he examined the body; he used his magnifying glass and he scanned the walls, the carpet, the clothing, inch by inch.

HE WAS still reluctant to give up when the coroner's deputies finally arrived to discharge their melancholy functions. The mother was still in hysteria. The maid had calmed somewhat, and Leslie went to examine her with Wilson and Brady. Lanagan had drifted out and was sitting on the moonlit porch, to which the electroliers gave added brightness.

"When all those blunderbusses get through with their heavy work, Norrie, we'll have a run in with the maid," said he. "I seem to be the last man on the job. Meantime find out for me how many red-haired people there are about this house or among the immediate circle of the girl's friends. It is a matter of some importance, because—" he carefully opened the pocketbook, extracted the folded piece of note paper, and, first assuring himself that no one was about, pointed—"because here are two broken, half-inch bits of red hair that I take it are going to play an important part in this case. Remember the Deveraux case? These were wedged back of the cameo on her bracelet, and they got there in her last struggle with whoever shot her. For the time being at least, then, we will eliminate all but red-haired people."

"Maybe it's a dog's hair," I suggested hopefully.

LANAGAN was on the point of retorting with his finished sarcasm when the Hemingway limousine, evidently bringing other members of the family or relations summoned by word of the mournful occurrence, rolled up to the brilliantly lighted porte-cochère. Lanagan's eye had traveled swiftly and fixed upon some object of interest. I followed his intense gaze.

The chauffeur's hair was as flaming as a firebrand.

Lanagan's eyes seemed to be boring straight through the man as the machine came to a stop almost where we sat. The chauffeur's face was pale, extraordinarily pale, it appeared to me; as he stopped his machine and shut down the gears, there was a perceptible evidence of nervousness in his manner that was possibly entirely natural in view of the shocking happening of a few hours before that had taken the life of his young mistress.

THE first to leave the motor was a trim, well-groomed young man, whom we at once recognized, from the descriptions we had heard, as Macondray. As he held the door open for the other two persons to leave the machine, he removed his hat, holding it in his hand.

Simultaneously our eyes rested on his uncovered head.

His hair, if anything, was a shade more auburn than that of the chauffeur! His swollen eyes and pale face were natural under the circumstances, with his marriage hopes thus painfully blasted. They walked within, and Lanagan said:

"Come on. We'll get first crack at this fellow anyhow. Let's meet him back at the garage in the rear."

We had started to walk back to the garage as the chauffeur cranked his machine when from the same low window Leslie and Brady stepped alertly. Leslie held up his hand to the chauffeur. The two officers were beside him in a moment. I knew what was coming even before they laid a hand on him. I had seen too many arrests made not to know what was meant by that brusque, cool manner, that quick step, that wary eye even before there came that familiar terse, short snap of the professional thief taker:

"We want you!"

"The maid has spilled!" was Lanagan's ejaculation as we stepped up to the trio. Leslie could not forbear a pleased lighting of the eyes as he glanced at Lanagan.

"What have you got, Chief?" asked Lanagan easily.

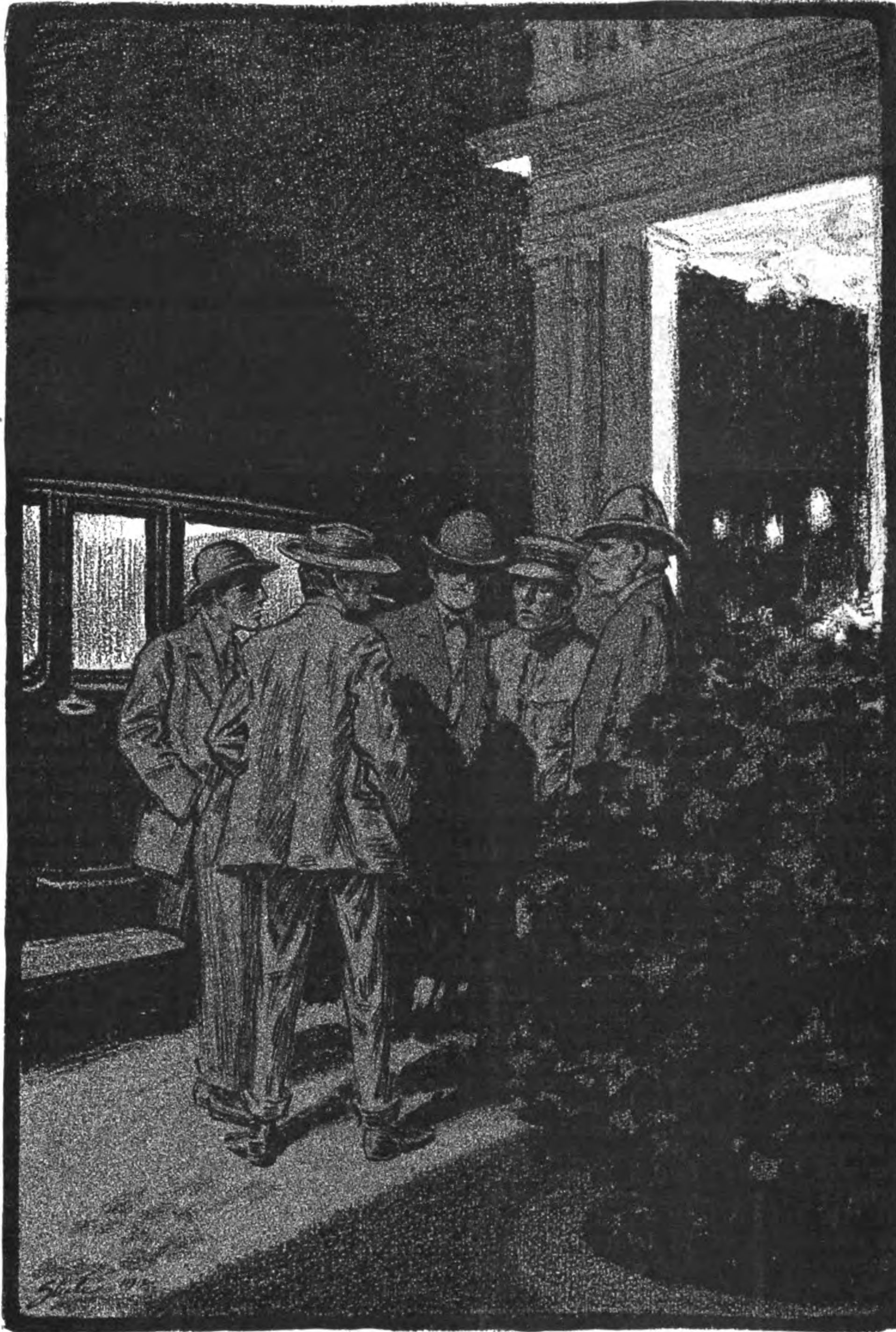
"The maid, Marie, broke down and admitted that she let this man Martin into the house and into the girl's room at the girl's orders at 8.30 o'clock. Possibly ten minutes later, she says, she heard the shot. When she could summon courage to go to her mistress's room she found her lying on the floor dead, the revolver in her hand. What have you to say, Martin?"

"Nothing, sir," said Martin levelly. "I have nothing at all to say, sir."

He was a man of about thirty. Lanagan's subsequent investigations disclosed that he had been with the Hemingways for many years, formerly working as a stable boy. When automobiles came into vogue, he had taken a place as chauffeur. He was a probation court boy when the Hemingways took him into their employ and "made a man of him," as he used to express it.

"Nothing?" snapped Leslie. "Well, we'll see. I guess we'll take him in, Brady, and give him the dark cell."

Leslie swung on his heel, and Brady, giving the chauffeur only time enough to run his machine to the garage, took him to the city prison and locked him up. But first I had noticed Lanagan pick up Martin's cap from the seat of the machine while the brief conference was going on and deftly extract something from it. The "something" proved later to be one or two of Martin's red hairs.



"I guess we'll take him in, Brady, and give him the dark cell"

OTHER newspaper men emerging from the house had been informed by Leslie of the arrest. It was 11.30 o'clock by that time, and, with the arrest of Martin as their sensation, the morning paper men of one accord shoaled back to their offices. Leslie turned whatever ends might come up over to Wilson, with instructions to keep an eye on the maid, Marie, and went back to headquarters satisfied that if Martin was not the murderer he at least could clear up the mystery. Lanagan started back with the rest, but dropped off the car unobserved and returned to the house. He was not yet satisfied that all that the inmates knew there had been told.

"You go in and write the story," he had told me. "That chauffeur isn't the type who is rendezvousing with the daughter of the house; and she isn't the type to engage in an alliance with a chauffeur. There is a nigger in this woodpile some place—and a red-headed nigger at that. Go off with your story if you don't hear from me by press time, but keep my red hairs out of your story unless you hear from me further."

I had gathered in my camera man and artist and hurried back to the office to write a story that I knew would be exactly similar in its facts with those in the other morning papers, leading off naturally with the arrest of the chauffeur.

There were still quite a number of relatives and family friends at the house when Lanagan returned. The reception hall was brilliantly lighted, and he hung up his hat. As he did so he examined Macondray's topcoat carefully and quickly. On the collar was one hair. It was tucked away, labeled, in a separate package in the pocketbook.

HE WENT to the room of the murder to find Wilson there "sweating" Macondray. The broker was bent over a table, sobbing. The intermittent hysterical cries of the mother, hoarser and fainter as exhaustion came upon her, still punctuated the air. Wilson was reading a letter. He passed it to Lanagan.

Lanagan read, then, a startling few lines written by Miss Hemingway the day before to Macondray, breaking their engagement with the single explanation: *I love another. You surely could not want to marry a woman who had discovered she loved another.*

Lanagan passed the letter back. He was anxious to make a microscopic examination of the hair, but he wanted also to put Macondray through a mill. He signaled Wilson to "jam," and the detective touched Macondray on the shoulder.

"Get together," he said brusquely. "We want you to answer a few questions."

"We aren't getting any place in this fashion," added Lanagan curtly. "Tell me, Macondray, when did you get that letter?"

MACONDRAY straightened up, wiping his eyes.

"This afternoon at 5 o'clock," he said.

"When did you see Miss Hemingway last?"

There was a long pause while Macondray gazed fixedly first at Lanagan and then at Wilson, as though trying to read their minds to learn what they knew.

"Because you did see her after the letter, you know," said Lanagan quietly. It was entirely a random shot, but it went home. Macondray studied the matter over again for some moments.

"Well," he said at last slowly, "I suppose it is best that I tell all I know. I saw her last—at half-past eight o'clock to-night."

His head dropped to his breast and dry sobs shook him again for a minute.

"But as to her death I can offer no explanation. Only—you have Martin in custody, and I saw Martin in her room at that time. My God!" he burst out, "that Elvira could have sunk so low! A menial, a lackey—a chauffeur!"

"WE DON'T want a dissertation on caste," said Lanagan with cold brutality. "What we want of you, Macondray, either here or at the city prison—" Macondray started, realizing for the first time that suspicion was pointing his way—"is a simple statement of how you happened to see Miss Hemingway in this room with Martin and what happened after that?"

"I received her note by messenger at five o'clock. At half-past seven I called, but she was not in. I wanted a personal explanation. I called again in an hour. She was home, Marie said, and had gone to her room for the night and under no circumstances was to be disturbed. I determined to see her at any cost. I knew the position of her room here, fronting on the veranda. I went from the house by the front door and walked around here to the lawn. I intended only to attract her attention by throwing a pebble against the window and compelling her to speak with me. But while I stood there on the lawn, searching for a pebble, an automobile drove slowly down Buchanan Street and stopped just beyond the Hemingway drive, behind the pepper tree. There were two men in it. One remained while the other, whom I recognized as Martin, came to the house, entering by

(Continued on page 24)

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Sir Agravaine

By P. G. Wodehouse

SOME time ago, when spending a delightful week end at the ancestral castle of my dear old friend the Duke of Weatherstonhope (pronounced Wop), I came across an old black-letter manuscript. It is on this that the story which follows is based. I have found it necessary to touch the thing up a little here and there, for writers in those days were weak on construction. Their idea in telling a story was to take a long breath and start droning away without any stops or dialogue till the thing was over. I have also condensed the title. In the original it ran: "'How it came about that ye good Knight Sir Agravaine ye Dolorous of ye Table Round did fare forth to succor a damsel in distress and after divers journeyings and perils by flood and by field did win her for his bride and right happily did they twain live ever afterwards,' by Ambrose ye monk." It was a pretty snappy title for those times, but we have such a high standard in titles nowadays that I have felt compelled to omit a few yards of it.

We may now proceed to the story.

THE great tournament was in full swing. All through the afternoon boiler-plated knights on mettlesome chargers had hurled themselves on each other's spears, to the vast contentment of all. Bright eyes shone, handkerchiefs fluttered, musical voices urged chosen champions to knock the cover off their brawny adversaries. The bleachers had long since become hoarse with emotion. All round the arena rose the cries of itinerant merchants: "Ice-cold malvoisie!" "Get your score card; ye cannot tell the jousters without a score card!" All was revelry and excitement.

A hush fell on the throng. From either end of the arena a mounted knight in armor had entered.

The herald raised his hand.

"Ladeez 'n gemmen! Battling Galahad and Agravaine the Dolorous. Galahad on my right. Agravaine on my left. Squires out of the ring. Time!"

A speculator among the crowd offered six to one on Galahad, but found no takers. Nor was the public's caution without reason.

A moment later the two had met in a cloud of dust, and Agravaine, shooting over his horse's crupper, had fallen with a metallic clang.

HE PICKED himself up and limped slowly from the arena. He was not unused to this sort of thing. Indeed, nothing else had happened to him in his whole jousting career.

The truth was that Sir Agravaine the Dolorous was out of his element at King Arthur's court, and he knew it. It was this knowledge that had given him that settled air of melancholy from which he derived his title.

Until I came upon this black-letter manuscript, I had been under the impression, like, I presume, everybody else, that every Knight of the Round Table was a model of physical strength and beauty. Mallory says nothing to suggest the contrary. Nor does Tennyson. But apparently there were exceptions, of whom Sir Agravaine the Dolorous must have been the chief. There was, it seems, nothing to mitigate this unfortunate man's physical deficiencies. There is a place in the world for the strong, ugly man, and there is a place for the weak, handsome man. But to fall short both in features and in muscle is to stake your all on brain. And in the days of King Arthur you did not find the populace turning out to do homage to brain. It was a drug in the market. Agravaine was a good deal better equipped than his contemporaries with gray matter, but his height in his socks was but five feet four; and his muscles, though he had taken three correspondence courses in physical culture, remained distressingly flaccid. His eyes were pale and mild, his nose snub, and his chin receded sharply from his lower lip, as if Nature, designing him, had had to leave off in a hurry and finish the job anyhow. The upper teeth, protruding, completed the resemblance to a nervous rabbit.

HANDICAPPED in this manner, it is no wonder that he should feel sad and lonely in King Arthur's court. At heart he ached for romance; but romance passed him by. The ladies of the court ignored his existence, while as for those wandering damsels who came periodically to Camelot to complain of the behavior of dragons, giants, and the like, and to ask permission of the King to take a knight back with them to fight their cause (just as, nowadays, one goes out and calls a cop), he simply had no chance. Their choice always fell on Lancelot or some other popular favorite.

The tournament was followed by a feast. In those brave days almost everything was followed by a feast. The scene was gay and animated. Fair ladies, brave knights, churls, varlets, squires, scurvy knaves, men-at-arms, malapert rogues—all were merry. All save Agravaine. He sat silent and moody. To the jests of Dagonet he turned a deaf ear. And when his neighbor, Sir Kay, arguing with Sir Percivale on current form, appealed to him to back up his statement that Sir Gawain, though a workmanlike middle-weight, lacked the punch, he did not answer, though the subject was one on which he held strong views. He sat on, brooding.

As he sat there, a man-at-arms entered the hall.

"Your Majesty," he cried, "a damsel in distress waits without."

There was a murmur of excitement and interest.

"Show her in," said the King, beaming.

The man-at-arms retired. Around the table the knights were struggling into an upright position in their seats and twirling their mustaches. Agravaine alone made no movement. He had been through this sort of thing so often. What were distressed damsels to him? His whole demeanor said, as plainly as if he had spoken the words: "What's the use?"

The crowd at the door parted, and through the opening came a figure at the sight of whom the expectant faces of the knights turned pale with consternation. For the newcomer was quite the plainest girl those stately halls had ever seen. Possibly the only plain girl they had ever seen, for no instance is recorded in our authorities of the existence at that period of any such.

THE knights gazed at her blankly. Those were the grand old days of Chivalry, when a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to protect Defenseless Woman, if she were beautiful. The present seemed something in the nature of a special case, and nobody was quite certain as to the correct procedure. An awkward silence was broken by the King.

"Er—yes?" he said.

The damsel halted.

"Your Majesty," she cried, "I am in distress. I crave help."

"Just so," said the King uneasily, flashing an apprehensive glance at the rows of perturbed faces before him. "Just *so*. What—er—what is the exact nature of the—ah—trouble? Any assistance these gallant knights can render will, I am sure, be—ah—eagerly rendered."

He looked imploringly at the silent warriors. As a rule, this speech was the signal for roars of applause. But now there was not even a murmur.

"I may say enthusiastically," he added.

Not a sound.

"Precisely," said the King, ever tactful. "And now—you were saying?"

"I am Yvonne, the daughter of Earl Dorm of the Hills," said the damsel, "and my father has sent me to ask protection from a gallant knight against a fiery dragon that ravages the countryside."

"A dragon, gentlemen," said the King, aside. It was usually a safe draw. Nothing pleased the knight of that time more than a brisk bout with a dragon. But now the tempting word was received in silence.

"Fiery," said the King.

Some more silence.

The King had recourse to the direct appeal. "Sir Gawain, this court would be greatly indebted to you if—"

Sir Gawain said he had strained a muscle at the last tournament.

"Sir Pelleas."

The King's voice was growing flat with consternation. The situation was unprecedented.

Sir Pelleas said he had an ingrowing toe nail.

The King's eye rolled in anguish around the table. Suddenly it stopped. It brightened. His look of dismay changed to one of relief.

A knight had risen to his feet. It was Agravaine.

"Ah!" said the King, drawing a deep breath.

SIR AGRAVAINE gulped. He was feeling more nervous than he had ever felt in his life. Never before had he risen to volunteer his services in a matter of this kind, and his state of mind was that of a small boy about to recite his first piece of poetry.

It was not only the consciousness that every eye, except one of Sir Balin's, which had been closed in the tournament that afternoon, was upon him. What made him feel like a mild gentleman in a post office, who has asked the lady assistant if she will have time to attend to him soon and has caught her eye, was the fact that he thought he had observed the damsel Yvonne frown as he rose. He groaned in spirit. This damsel, he felt, wanted the proper goods or none at all. She might not be able to get Sir Lancelot or Sir Galahad; but she was not going to be satisfied with a half portion.

The fact was that Sir Agravaine had fallen in love at first sight. The moment he had caught a glimpse of the damsel Yvonne he loved her devotedly. To others she seemed plain and unattractive. To him she was a Queen of Beauty. He was amazed at the inexplicable attitude of the

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knights around him. He had expected them to rise in a body to clamor for the chance of assisting this radiant vision. He could hardly believe, even now, that he was positively the only starter.

"This is Sir Agravaine the Dolorous," said the King to the damsel. "Will you take him as your champion?"

Agravaine held his breath. But all was well. The damsel bowed.

"Then, Sir Agravaine," said the King, "perhaps you had better have your charger sent round at once. I imagine that the matter is pressing—time and—er—dragons wait for no man."

Ten minutes later Agravaine, still dazed, was jogging along to the hills, with the damsel by his side.

It was some time before either of them spoke. The damsel seemed preoccupied, and Agravaine's mind was a welter of confused thoughts, the most prominent of which, and the one to which he kept returning, being the startling reflection that he, who had pined for Romance so long, had got it now in full measure. A dragon! Fiery withal. Was he absolutely certain that he was capable of handling an argument with a fiery dragon? He would have given much for a little previous experience of this sort of thing. It was too late now, but he wished he had had the forethought to get Merlin to put up a magic prescription for him, rendering him immune to dragon bites. But did dragons bite? Or did they whack at you with their tails? Or just blow fire? There were a dozen such points which he would have liked to have had settled before starting. It was silly to start out on a venture of this sort without special knowledge. He had half a mind to plead a forgotten engagement and go straight back.

THEN he looked at the damsel, and his mind was made up. What did death matter if he could serve her?

He coughed. She came out of her reverie with a start.

"This dragon, now," said Agravaine.

For a moment the damsel did not reply. "A fearsome worm, Sir Knight," she said at length. "It raveneth by day and by night. It breathes fire from its nostrils."

"Does it!" said Agravaine. "*Does* it! You couldn't give me some idea what it looks like, what kind of *size* it is?"

"Its body is as thick as ten stout trees, and its head touches the clouds."

"Does it!" said Agravaine thoughtfully. *Does* it!"

"Oh, Sir Knight, I pray you have a care."

"I will," said Agravaine. And he had seldom said anything more fervently. The future looked about as bad as it could be. Any hopes he may have entertained that this dragon might turn out to be comparatively small and inoffensive were dissipated. This was plainly no debilitated wreck of a dragon, its growth stunted by excessive fire-breathing. A body as thick as ten stout trees! He would not even have the melancholy satisfaction of giving the creature indigestion. For all the impression he was likely to make on that vast interior, he might as well be a salted almond.

As they were speaking, a dim mass on the sky line began to take shape.

"Behold!" said the damsel. "My father's castle."

And presently they were riding across the drawbridge and through the great gate, which shut behind them with a clang.

As they dismounted, a man came out through a door at the farther end of the courtyard.

"Father," said Yvonne, "this is the gallant knight Sir Agravaine, who has come to—" It seemed to Agravaine that she hesitated for a moment.

"To tackle our dragon?" said her father. "Excellent. Come right in." Earl Dorm of the Hills was a small, elderly man, with what Agravaine considered a distinctly furtive air about him. His eyes were too close together, and he was overlavish with a weak, cunning smile. Even Agravaine, who was in the mood to like the whole family if possible for Yvonne's sake, could not help feeling that appearances were against this particular exhibit. He might have a heart of gold beneath the outward aspect of a confidence-trick expert, whose hobby was dog stealing, but there was no doubt that his exterior did not inspire a genial glow of confidence.

"Very good of you to come," said the Earl.

"It's a pleasure," said Agravaine. "I have been hearing all about the dragon."

"A great scourge," agreed his host. "We must have a long talk about it after dinner."

IT WAS the custom in those days in the stately homes of England for the whole strength of the company to take their meals together. The guests sat at the upper table, the ladies in a gallery above them, while the usual drove of men-at-arms, archers, malapert rogues, varlets, scurvy knaves, scullions, and plug-uglies, attached to all medieval households, squashed in near the door, wherever they could find room. The retinue of Earl Dorm was not strong numerically—the household being, to judge from appearances, one that had seen better days; but it struck Agravaine that what it lacked in numbers it made up in toughness. Among all those at the bottom of the room there was not one whom it would have been agreeable to meet alone in a dark alley. Of all these foreheads not one achieved a height of more than one point naught four inches. A sinister collection indeed, and one which, Agravaine felt, should have been capable of handling without his assistance any dragon that ever came into the world to stimulate the asbestos industry.

He was roused from his reflections by the voice of his host.

"I hope you are not tired after your journey, Sir Agravaine? My little girl did not bore you, I trust? We are very quiet folk here. Country mice. But we must try to make your visit interesting."

Agravaine felt that the dragon might be counted upon to do that. He said as much.

"Ah, yes, the dragon," said Earl Dorm. "I was forgetting the dragon. I want to have a long talk with you about that dragon. Not now. Later on."

HIS eye caught Agravaine's, and he smiled that weak, cunning smile of his. And for the first time the knight was conscious of a curious feeling that all was not square and aboveboard in this castle. A conviction began to steal over him that in some way he was being played with, that some game was afoot which he did not understand, that—in a word—there was dirty work at the crossroads. There was a touch of mystery in the atmosphere which made him vaguely uneasy. When a fiery dragon is ravaging the countryside to such an extent that the C. Q. D. call has been sent out to the Round Table, a knight has a right to expect the monster to be the main theme of conversation. The tendency on his host's part was apparently to avoid touching on the subject at all. He was vague and elusive; and the one topic on which an honest man is not vague and elusive is that of fiery dragons. It was not right. It was as if one should 'phone for the police and engage them, on arrival, in a discussion on the day's football results.

A WAVE of distrust swept over Agravaine. He had heard stories of robber chiefs who lured strangers into their strongholds and then held them prisoners while the public nervously dodged their anxious friends who had formed subscription lists to make up the ransom. Could this be such a case? The man certainly had an evasive manner and a smile which would have justified any jury in returning a verdict without leaving the box. On the other hand, there was Yvonne. His reason revolted against the idea of that sweet girl being a party to any such conspiracy.

No, probably it was only the Earl's unfortunate manner. Perhaps he suffered from some muscular weakness of the face which made him smile like that.

Nevertheless, he certainly wished that he had not allowed himself to be deprived of his sword and armor. At the time it had seemed to him that the Earl's remark that the latter needed polishing and the former stropping betrayed only a kindly consideration for his guest's well-being. Now, it had the aspect of being part of a carefully constructed plot.

On the other hand—here philosophy came to his rescue—if anybody did mean to start anything, his sword and armor might just as well not be there. Any one of those mammoth low-brows at the door could eat him, armor and all.

He resumed his meal, uneasy but resigned.

Dinner at Earl Dorm's was no lunch-counter scuffle. It started early and finished late. It was not till an advanced hour that Agravaine was conducted to his room.

The room which had been allotted to him was high up in the eastern tower. It was a nice room, but to one in Agravaine's state of suppressed suspicion a trifle too solidly upholstered. The door was of the thickest oak, studded with iron nails. Iron bars formed a neat pattern across the only window.

Hardly had Agravaine observed these things when the door opened, and before him stood the damsel Yvonne, pale of face and panting for breath.

She leaned against the doorpost and gulped.

"Fly!" she whispered.

Reader, if you had come to spend a night in the lonely castle of a perfect stranger with a shifty eye and a rogues' gallery smile, and on retiring to your room had found the door kick-proof and the window barred, and if, immediately after your discovery of these phenomena, a white-faced young lady had plunged in upon you and urged you to immediate flight, wouldn't that jar you?

It jarred Agravaine.

"Eh?" he cried.

"Fly! Fly, Sir Knight!"

ANOTHER footstep sounded in the passage. The damsel gave a startled look over her shoulder.

"And what's all this?"

Earl Dorm appeared in the dim-lit corridor. His voice had a nasty tinkle in it.

"Your—your daughter," said Agravaine hurriedly, "was just telling me that breakfast would—"

The sentence remained unfinished. A sudden movement of the Earl's hand, and the great door banged in his face. There came the sound of a bolt shooting into its socket. A key turned in the lock. He was trapped.

Outside, the Earl had seized his daughter by the wrist and was administering a paternal cross-examination.

"What were you saying to him?"

Yvonne did not flinch.

"I was bidding him fly."

"If he wants to leave this castle," said the Earl grimly, "he'll have to."

"Father," said Yvonne, "I can't."

"Can't what?"

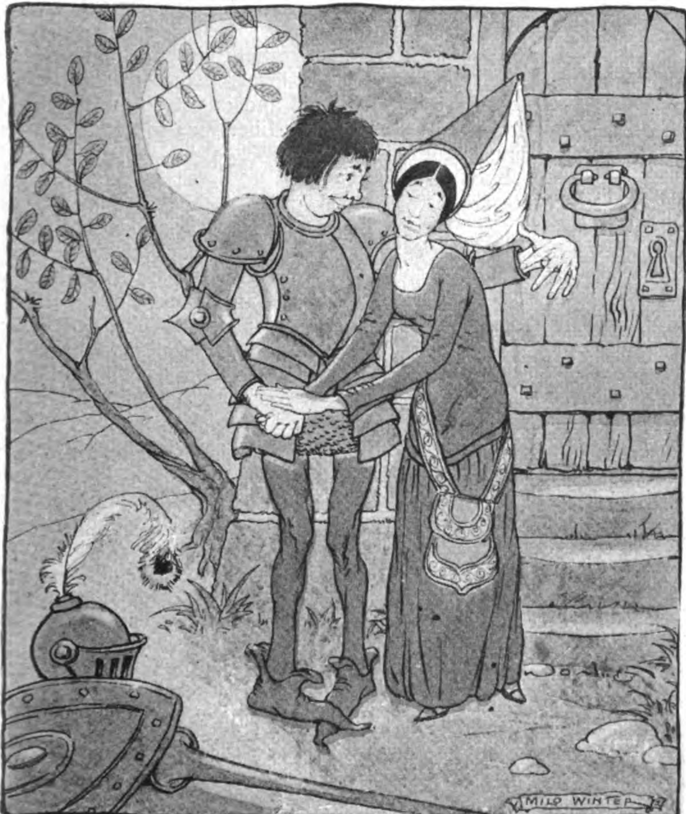
"I can't."

His grip on her wrist tightened. From the other side of the door came the muffled sound of blows on the solid oak.

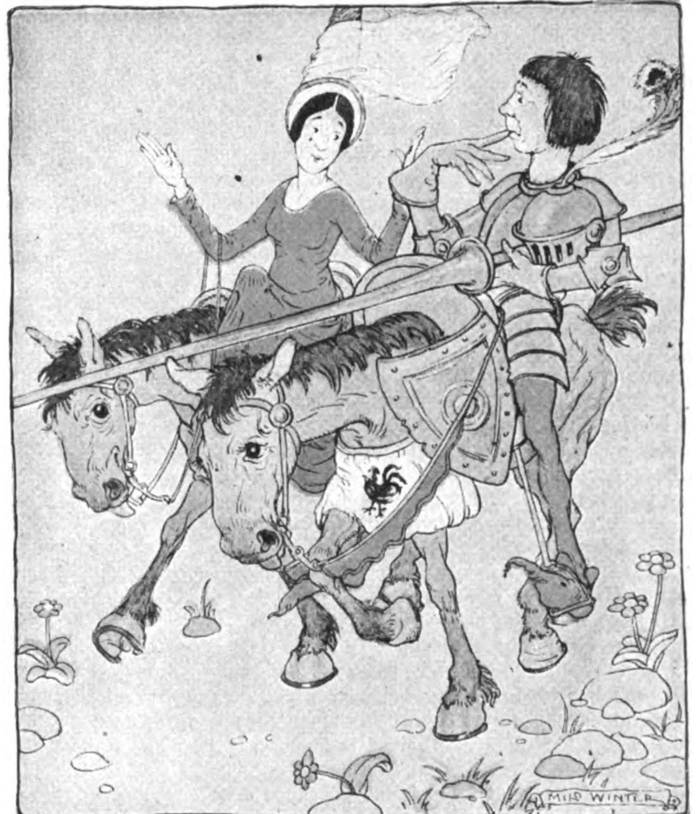
"Oh!" said Earl Dorm. "You can't, eh? Well, listen to me. You've got to. Do you understand? I admit he might be better-looking, but—"

"Father, I love him."

(*Continued on page 28*)



She drooped towards him



"Does it!" said Agravaine.

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Washington Gladden

The First Citizen of Columbus

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

THE first citizen of Columbus—and of Ohio, too, for that matter, since Ohio's most distinguished citizen is at present a nonresident, and opinions differ as to the prospective length of that nonresidency.

But with Washington Gladden—where to begin? That certainly *is* the question. When a man's activities span two generations and have ranged from a peripatetic ministry in rural churches to a thirty-year pastorate in the capital of a great State, from printer's devil to editor of a national periodical, from councilman to friend and adviser of Presidents, from hospital nurse in the Civil War to writer of hymns sung round the world, and from an unmothered country boy to the most influential voice in the United States on modern ethical issues—when a man has done and been all these things, and is still doing some of them better than ever despite his six and seventy years, it is perplexing to know by which door we shall enter into his life.

Where to begin? Perhaps it were as well to begin in the Bronx. Time was when the Bronx was rural. Now it is big and populous, a borough of the Greater City of New York with a half million people.

The time would be 1863. The Draft Riots were on. The mobs had possessed Manhattan Island for days, sweeping through the streets, killing and pillaging almost at will. At night the skies were lurid with incendiary fires. The police were powerless. To the north and east of Harlem River, where now blooms the Bronx, were numerous farms and hamlets. Nightly expecting invasions from bands of rioters, these farmers and villagers organized a citizen's patrol. One of these hamlets was Morrisania. Morrisania boasted a small Congregational church. The church boasted a pastor. The pastor joined the citizen's patrol. His beat—well, we do not know exactly where his beat was—perhaps from the meeting-house corner to the town pump, if the town had a pump. Anyway the preacher had a beat—that much is assured—and walked it resolutely through the small hours of many a dark and boding night. His armament consisted of a heart, subject to palpitation when the shadows were dark or mysterious, and a horse pistol so huge that its size alone was depended upon to overawe the invader, for, be it known, the offensive value of the weapon was expressible solely in terms of moral effect, since the pistol was not loaded, neither in the memory of man had it been. As a matter of almost superfluous detail, it might be added that the young patrolman did not know how to load the pistol and would not have known how to fire it if some one had loaded it for him. However, he carried it, and the moral effect was admittedly fine.

THE success of the articles on Preachers in America has demanded an extension of the series. This article is the last of the six originally planned.

The new list will include:

The Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, pastor of Central Church, the largest independent congregation of Chicago.

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, who followed Professor David Swing in Chicago and Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbott at Plymouth.

The Rev. C. L. Goodell of Calvary Methodist Church, New York City, a power in the Methodism of the country.

The Rev. Alexander Mann of Trinity Episcopal Church, Boston, who occupies the pulpit of Phillips Brooks.

The Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, crusader as well as preacher.

The reader's interest in all this lies in the fact that the man with the horse pistol was the now venerable Dr. Washington Gladden. At the risk of being sensational we affirm positively that he has been "totin' a pistol," as they say in the black belt, ever since; that he has one concealed about his person now at this very moment, whether he be clasping his pulpit stand with an affectionate arm or conducting a conference on race suicide at a suffragette convention; not, you understand, an actual, tangible weapon that bulges in the pocket, but a high-powered automatic whose offensive value is still expressed solely in terms of moral effect. It may sound a trifle unclerical to say it of him, but this benignant, pudgy-figured old gentleman whose head is hairless and whose chin is thickly planted with luxuriously growing dapple-gray whiskers, who wears spectacles and reads his sermons and conducts himself at all times with the deliberate dignity becoming to a man of threescore years and ten and a few more besides, carries in his right arm just about the stiffest punch that ever gets across from the pulpit to the pew in all this big, broad land of ours.

Washington Gladden is a man of peace, who has always been a fighter. True, he doesn't make any terrible fuss about his fighting, doesn't get red in the face and splutter and call names. Fighting with him is as simple as with old John Burns of Gettysburg. With a canny look over the top of his spectacles he discerns the head that needs hitting, and after noting details of latitude and longitude and a few other trifles of a range-finding nature, he cons his guns and fires. If you doubt that his muzzle velocity is high and his aim is good, ask the missionary societies who had been soliciting funds which Dr. Gladden artistically and hopelessly damned by characterizing as "tainted money." Ask even Uncle John D. himself if he didn't feel the wind of that blow! Ask the leaders on both sides of the recent street-car strike in Columbus if Dr. Gladden has lost his punch! Ask the candidate for councilman whom the venerable minister of religion casually tied in a knot and left helpless on the political highway! Ask the protagonists of the A. P. A. movement, whose cause the doctor, himself a Protestant of Protestants, fell upon in wrath and smote both hip and thigh. Each of these incidents is but a brief chapter in a life that has been so modestly lived and is yet so full of bold courage and the passion for liberty as to constitute an inspiring epic of democracy.

Washington Gladden did not have a most flattering start in this world. His father died when he was very young. His mother married again. The boy was farmed out to an uncle. The home was good, but the stones in the turnip field were hard. No doubt some of the hardness of them got into the brawn of the boy who to-day, at seventy-six, does his daily dole with unflagging force. The wise uncle, observing certain tendencies in his nephew, sublet him to the publisher of a country newspaper. The youth literally gave himself to that little printing office in western New York. Rumor has it that he preferred printer's ink to maple sirup on his buckwheat cakes in those days.

However, printer's ink and politics did not prove a satisfying diet to the expanding soul of the young man, whose father was a school teacher, albeit a good one, and whose grandfather was a shoemaker, albeit, also, a very good one. One day the rumor shot around that the "devil" had entered the ministry. Thereafter the young man capped his education with four years at Williams College, where the great Mark Hopkins was one of his teachers.

The beginning of the Civil War found young Gladden pastor of the First Congregational Methodist Church of Brooklyn. In those days Brooklyn had several preachers accounted great.

Beecher was in the height of his popularity. Storrs and Cuyler and Bartlett were also shining pulpit luminaries. It is not of record that Washington Gladden accomplished much more in that city than to get married and work himself into a spell of nervous pros-

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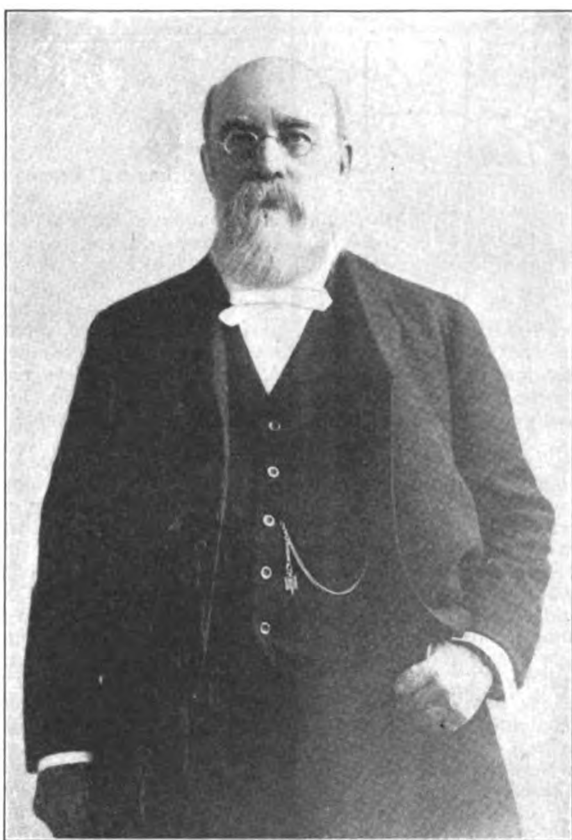
tration. After that came Morrisania, where Robert Bonner was one of his parishioners. The famous publisher of the "Ledger" occasionally gave the preacher a touch of high life in the way of a spin behind a fast trotter. In return for those kindnesses, the preacher, after fifty years, in his "Recollections," drops a flower upon the Bonner grave by saying: "It may be admitted that the fiction on which he fed the multitude was not of the highest art, but it was as moral as a Bowery play." As moral as a Bowery play! Let that similitude linger on the palate for a moment and say whether the maker of it has not both the salt of sense and the savor of wit.

All through the Morrisania pastorate the young preacher hung breathlessly upon every last word from the front. His soul ebbed or flooded like a tide with the color of the news. He had hardly laid his horse pistol aside when word came that his brother had fallen in the assault on Cold Harbor. Gladden started immediately for the front. He followed his brother's regiment into the thick of the fighting in Virginia to get the last word from those by whose side he had fallen. Seeing about him so much of suffering, so much of helpless, comfortless woe, the young pastor of the Morrisania church became an attendant in a military hospital under appointment from the Christian Commission. He dressed wounds, he bathed patients, he combed their hair, he made their beds, he wrote their last letters home, he interceded in their behalf for particular preferences in food or delicacies or special needs in wardrobe. One day he gave a glass of lemonade to a silent, short man in a blue blouse and a slouch hat whom he met wandering about the camp. The man was General Grant. He saw a regiment of colored soldiers flock around President Lincoln, kneeling and kissing his hands, tears streaming down their faces as they shouted: "De Lord save Fader Abraham."

With malaria burning in his veins, he reluctantly left those scenes of horror and came north to fight for two months in the Berkshire Hills for life and health.



"Stout old battler for the right"

THE BEGINNING OF HIS LONG FIGHT

IT WAS a couple of years after this that he got his first introduction to that other civil war which to-day has got no farther than its first Bull Run—the war between the profit-seeking capitalist and the wage-wanting employee. There was a disagreement between some of the shoe-factory owners and their workers in North Adams, Massachusetts, where Dr. Gladden was then a pastor. The result was a lockout. One of the employers brought a trainload of Chinamen from San Francisco, bunked them in the works, and taught them to make shoes, thereby breaking the strike.

Washington Gladden looked upon the situation with puzzled eyes and began to think. He kept on thinking for ten whole years and then, in 1876, while living in Springfield, Massachusetts, he attacked the question in a series of addresses entitled "Workingmen and Their Employers," addresses which, mild enough as we view them now, created a sensation then and speedily got themselves made into a book. In the following ten years, the second ten of Gladden's study of the labor question, he thought himself much farther into the heart of this problem. He uttered his ripening convictions with vigor before a mixed meeting of strikers and their employers in the city of Cleveland in 1886. A part of what he said was:

"Who will deny to labor the right to combine for the assertion of its just claims? Combination means war, I admit. . . . And war is a great evil—no doubt of that—but it is not the greatest of evils. The permanent degradation of the men who do the world's work would be a greater evil. . . . While the conflict is in progress, labor has the same right that capital has to prosecute the warfare in the most effective way. If war is the order of the day, we must grant to labor *belligerent rights.*"

READY

BUT it was twenty-four years later before he was ready to deliver the whole counsel of his mind upon the subject. That was done in Columbus and in the year 1910. Take that now as typical of the manner of Dr. Gladden. It explains him. In 1866 his mind first ran afoul of the uglier aspects of the labor question. He lifted his brows and began to think. For forty-four years he never blinked that problem; his intelligent interest never flagged; he never missed an opportunity to try to understand it or help to solve it—and then came his last and most masterly utterance upon the subject.

It had to do with the Columbus street-car strike of vivid memory, and came about simply enough. Dr. Gladden had always been a public-spirited citizen of Columbus. On one occasion, learning that the candidate for councilman from his ward most likely to be elected was committed to something crooked, Dr. Gladden, consulting with no one, sent a brief notice to the morning papers, to the effect that if any of his friends and neighbors wished to vote for him as their councilman, they might do so. He was elected by a large majority, and served two years among lawyers, saloon keepers, and politicians in such a way as to increase respect for himself among his colegislators as well as among his townsmen. He had stood in the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Columbus since 1882. He was now often called upon to solemnize the marriages of those whom he had baptized as babes. Again and again he had lifted his voice by the open grave to speak the word of hope and breathe the prayer of comfort. His ministry had extended to all classes; everybody loved him—*almost*, and he loved everybody. Especially did his sympathy go out to the men who work. When the endeavor to organize a union among the street-car men precipitated a bitter, bloody, and long-drawn-out strike, Dr. Gladden's heart was sore with a great and unspeakable grief which had come into his private life.

He watched the developments of the strike with apprehension. Every sign of crassness on the part of the employers in dealing with the situation hurt the old man in his heart. Every exhibition of violence, every burst of anything like mob passion on the part of the strikers and their sympathizers grieved him just as deeply. As the first citizen of Columbus he was in constant consultation with the leaders. There was hardly a day that the Mayor was not in his study. As the conditions grew aggravated, Dr. Gladden reached the firm conviction that the differences should be arbitrated. The strikers were willing. The employers were not willing. Dr. Gladden did not attempt to coerce the employers into arbitrating. He did not express himself in terms of pick handles. His only weapon was that old horse pistol of moral effect. This he used by putting his convictions into a letter which the newspapers spread over their front pages. The employers and the representatives of big business, like a pack disturbed in full cry, turned upon the minister in rage. The minister promptly put those same convictions into a sermon and preached them from his pulpit.

It was clear that he voiced not merely his own opinion but the best moral sense of the whole community. Indeed, he was a maker of moral sense; but part of the moral forces of the town were tangled up with big business. Big business had a stronger hold. Big business did not want to arbitrate. It wanted to crush the union and to do it now. Dr. Gladden had interfered. Therefore wrath and revilings upon the head of the devoted old man; the cooling of friendships, the straining of church relationships almost to the bursting, and the saying of bitter, reproachful things that were unjust as the sayers of them in cool blood very well knew.

But the storm of verbal bricks and cobblestones hurled at his head did not make him waver. Instead they made him think. There, by the way, you have the key again to the character of the man. He is all intelligence—yes, to the last whisker of him—this modern Amos who is yet a Hosea for tenderness and an Isaiah for the statesmanly grasp and optimism!—he is saturated with intelligence, even his very emotions are intelligent. Also, he is a scrappy seventy-six-year-old. He had written a little letter to the papers and his opposers criticized him, whereupon he preached a sermon that was full of searching barbs. For this he was bitterly assailed. Whereupon he sat down and dipped his plodding pen in the ink and tore off one smashing article after another to the number of five, each dealing with some issues involved in the nation-wide strife between capital and labor, but each relating somehow to the struggles in Columbus, and then procured their publication in a national periodical of large circulation. Following this he gathered the five articles into a volume, called it "The Labor Problem," and hurled it at the heads of his gainsayers.

THE KEENNESS OF HIS ETHICAL VISION

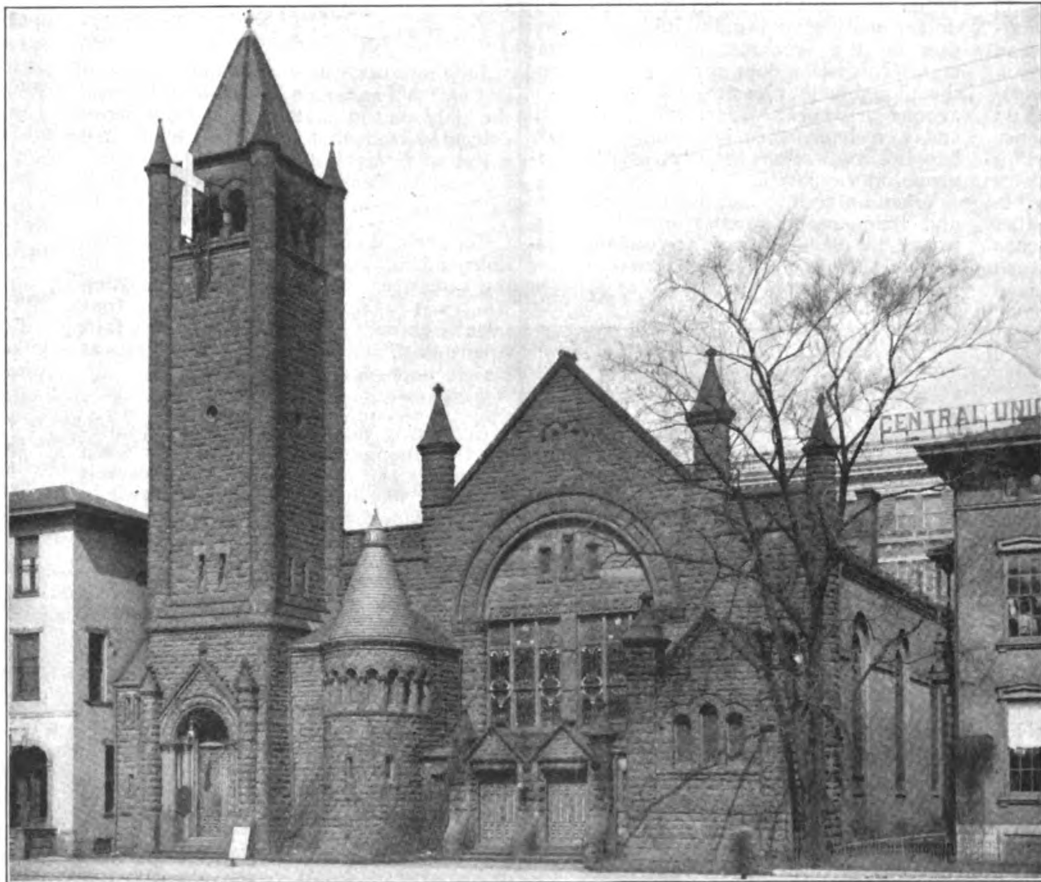
THERE is sane and pregnant thinking in that book. There is also the throb of passion in it—yes, and the urge of a great soul revolted by a daily horror. Those chapters came out of the blood of his heart. They cost him friendships that were dear, the good opinions of men whom he had known and lived among for a lifetime, the sort of thing that an old man nearing his fourscore years is apt to value very, very highly, and yet seeing the path of duty he did not flinch.

In 1871 Dr. Gladden gave up his pastorate at Springfield, Massachusetts, to become the religious editor of "The Independent," then perhaps the leading religious weekly of interdenominational character. This journalistic work absorbed him utterly. But an ethical question arose. Please note it carefully.

It shows the keenness of his ethical vision and the bone-and-marrow honesty of his soul. It had to do with the advertising policy. In the last few years we have seen remarkable advances in the advertising standards of newspapers and periodicals. Forty years ago the sins as well as the merits of advertising were in their infancy. Advertising was minor then, and so were its vices. Yet Washington Gladden, stout old battler for the right, saw and recognized some of those practices for what they were, and gave his publishers the choice of casting them out or of casting him out. They cast him out, regretfully, of course, but by their decision they cast him out, and he went, nothing doubting.

HIS VIEW

"THE INDEPENDENT," it appears, ran a department called "Publishers' Notices," which was set exactly like editorial matter and undoubtedly carried to its readers, without saying so, the impression that it was editorial matter, whereas much of the space was filled with paid advertising. There was a "Financial Department" and an "Insurance Department," in which much the same method was pursued. Doubtless "The Independent" was no worse an offender in this particular than other publications of the time and class. The probabilities are



The First Congregational Church of Columbus — Dr. Gladden's pulpit home

(Concluded on page 24)

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Porch Dwellers

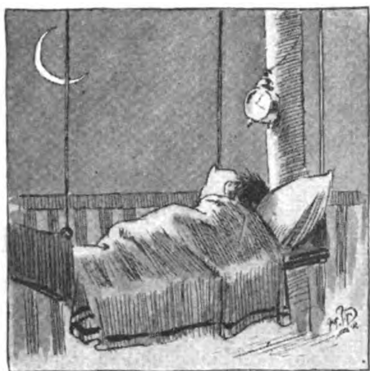
By

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

ILLUSTRATED BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB

THE porch has become what politicians like to describe as "a vital issue." Extremists in the Apartment Party advocate trimming all of it away but an ornamental vestige of balcony; while eloquent leaders in the Householder Party are pleading for a considerable increase in the area of the porch and in its scope of usefulness, proposing that for at least half the year families shall work, play, and eat there, and for an even longer season use it for sleeping quarters.

A number of city dwellers who pride themselves on what they suppose is advanced thought have been deluded into believing that there is no real need for porches. In nearly every instance they end by unconsciously adopting a substitute; the inner craving which the porch satisfies for civilized man is almost as important as the service of cooks. Behold, for example, a brigade of New York apartment dwellers, convinced that porches are vermiform and that enjoying them is somewhat doubtful taste: behold them, off for the park or Riverside Drive, which become, respectively, on a gigantic communal plan, front porch and back! The principle is not one to be circumvented in a hurry, particularly on fine summer evenings or in early autumn.



A cool sleeping place in summer

To a genuinely progressive-minded householder the porch in the leafy season is something almost as comforting and as precious in sentiment as the fireplace ever used to be in winter. To all who in spirit are "home folks" it gives its solace.

To breakfast there in the cool of the morning adds sweeter flavor to the cantaloupe and an aroma to the coffee. "What we all have dreamed on summer Sundays when the bells ring" is in the air and may be breathed like a fragrance. Like Montaignes, we are waked each morning with music, usually a tremendous cheep-cheeping of sparrows. He who has lived on a porch is one who knows what it is to see a summer day start cheerfully.

As for having dinner there—much have I traveled in the realms of gold and many marvelous pastries had in France, but to taste fried spring chicken or honest strawberry shortcake with real Jersey cream served of a Sunday noon on our living-room porch, and a salad of tomatoes and mayonnaise, perhaps homemade ice cream and chocolate-layer cake— The gastronomic imagination grows dizzy! You never may know how delicious a dinner can taste until you have had one in comfort on a screened porch. I know there are patriots who will call this treason because it flaunts the reputation of that honored American institution, the picnic. Be that as it may! To dine on the porch eliminates mosquitoes, flies, and ants, and includes the comfort of a dining-room chair, combining the picnic's appetizing fresh air with banquet-hall comfort.

Selah! To receive callers on the porch, as the wise women of smaller cities and towns have done for many a year, is the truest hospitality. . . . To sleep there in summer is to change nights of misery from the heat into a season almost incredibly luxurious and cool.

One man's notion of the way to enjoy wealth runs: "Listen! See me settin' in a red undershirt on the front porch of one of them Riverside Drive castles. Corn cob pipe in me mouth. Chair tipped back, comfortable-like. Feet on the banisters. That's what I call livin'!"

He is one whose heart is right. He seeks a higher contentment rather than a tenser excitement. A child there was, too, who argued as wisely as any elder. When asked why she liked life in a certain Middle West country town more than in New York, she said: "'Cause it's greener and has more porches."

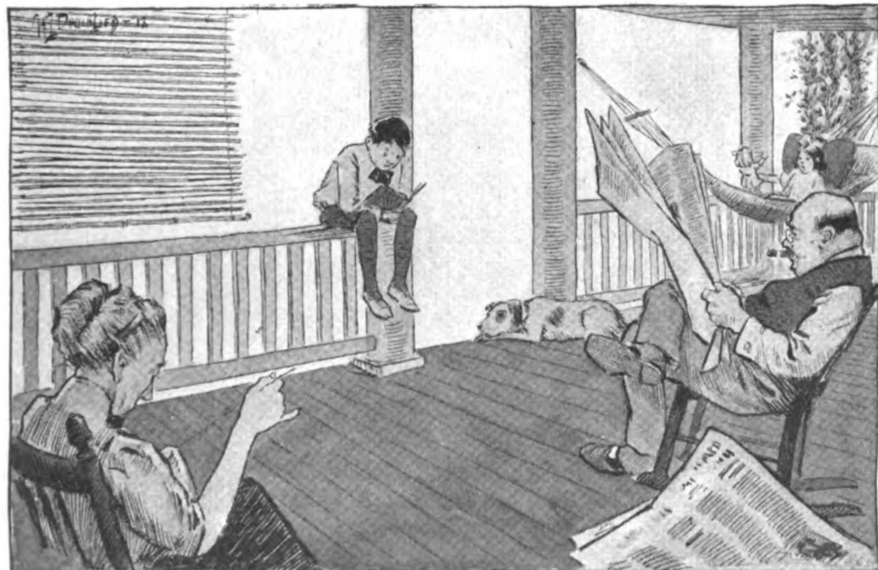
It is difficult for an experienced porch dweller to tell which phase of porch life is sweetest. It is the best place to drop down for a rest after work. As an outdoor dining room its service certainly is no less considerable. And merely to sit there in contentment after dinner is another of life's consummations — mother sewing, father with his newspaper, the girls dressing dolls, a boy with his nose in "Arabian Nights," the old house dog drowsing with his head on his paws.

No one of us will believe he ever could lose the memory of some of those evening orchestrations by crickets, sleepy song birds, and jar flies. There was a genial odor to father's after-dinner cigar; and always a sigh when dark shut down and the boy must close "Arabian Nights."

Comes then the lamplighter, setting the gloaming with yellow gems; and about this time mother remarks that the rich are in essentials "scarcely as well off as some of the rest of us." Fireflies twinkle mysteriously.

For a while we all sit silent and dream. It isn't time yet for sister's young man to appear and drive us to cover or for father to remember some letters to write or for mother to begin thinking of putting on the breakfast oatmeal to simmer. This is the hour for longings; when the thoughts that grow into to-morrow's actions are born. Love, trade, baseball, and new households owe some of their happiest inspirations to silent, wistful moments on the porch.

When an architect draws sleeping-room and living-room porches into his blueprints, he plans with a far-reaching wisdom. A house without a porch is for half of the year a home without a heart.



To all who in spirit are "home folks" the porch gives solace

Who's Violent?

(Concluded from page 18)

rioting striker had heard what Ettor had said.

But assume that he had heard what Ettor had said and then go to the transcript of evidence again. What did Ettor say? What were the words which incited this assumed striker to fire this assumed shot with an assumed intent to kill? Ettor was followed by private detectives always. A reasonably complete report of his inflammatory remarks to the strikers was to be expected, and various witnesses presented what they had in the way of inflammatory remarks from Ettor's lips.

As shown by the evidence, these were the remarks: The city authorities had been issuing permits to carry weapons to men in the employ of the mills. Ettor expressed his disapproval and said that the strikers would go and get permits, and that they would then keep the gun shops busy selling firearms. He, at another time, referred to conditions of labor in Lawrence; he likened the condition of workers to that which gave rise to the French Revolution. "Lawrence will be an unhappy city," he said on another occasion. Lawrence was already an unhappy city. Once, in addressing the strikers, he said: "Don't throw any more stones or ice; perhaps it won't be necessary; perhaps they won't have any cars for us to throw them at." The last part of the sentence Ettor explained himself on the witness stand by saying that he had hoped to tie up the street cars by a strike of their operatives. The first part of the sentence was not advice in favor of violence: it was advice against it. Finally a newspaper reporter, who had told him that troops were coming to Lawrence, testified that Ettor had "said very calmly: 'I don't care if they send the whole army; we are going to win this strike. We have the mills closed and we hope to win. We will win if there are scaffolds on every street. I cannot control hungry men.'" It is to be remembered that this was not addressed to strikers but to a reporter, and it is also to be remembered that the last sentence, "I cannot control hungry men," suggests not that Ettor desired them to be violent but that he desired to curb violence.

If Ettor and his fellow leaders had wished violence there are few to believe that they could not have had it with a motion of one of their fingers. If he did not wish violence, his desire for a peaceful strike may be placed on no higher ground than that he wanted the strike to be successful and without strain upon his intelligence, knew that violence would mean losing public sympathy, that violence would mean defeat, swift and sure.

The words which were attributed to Giovannitti as inciting to riot were these: "Prowl about like wild beasts at night." Evidence was introduced to show that Giovannitti said: "Don't prowl about like wild beasts at night"; it was to the supposed interest of the strikers to be up early in the morning for picket duty.

Ettor and Giovannitti were held for the grand jury and for trial by jury as accessories to a murder. They were refused bail by the courts. They have been in jail since January. Lawrence attorneys, Mahoney & Mahoney, who will defend them, have several times been made to feel that their task is unpopular.

THE WRONG WAY

THAT is the wrong spirit. If the Industrial Workers of the World and other organizations of Socialism are to be kept in proper restraint, and if the foreign-born are to be taught the worth of our institutions, it cannot be accomplished by a structure of lies and passionate abuse, it cannot be accomplished by private detectives and a spy system, it cannot be accomplished by industrial press agents, it cannot be accomplished if any suspicion is raised that Law and Order is grinding the ax of one side of those controversies which arise. It can only be accomplished by maintaining and jealously guarding the rights of free speech, the right of one class to have the same protection of the law that is accorded to any other class, and the assurance that the iron hand of Law and Order will strike hard but always in the name of the common weal. The success of dealing with those who wish to disturb our economic or social institutions during the next generation does not depend so much upon the propriety of what they say and do about us as upon the propriety of what we say and do about them.

Brickbats & Bouquets

AFTER June 25 it will be bad taste and bad democracy for some Southern papers to continually quote from COLLIER'S and the Philadelphia "North American" as to how to run the Democratic party. Republican advice will not be needed.
—Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph.*

✚

Judging from the revelations contained in COLLIER'S series on Southern delegates, the only reason that Taft has not more delegates from that section is because the roster of Federal officeholders gave out.
—St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, the most influential, independent, and progressive journal in the country, is vigorously supporting Roosevelt against Taft. We are confident COLLIER'S would give Wilson a fair, square deal, and would have no regrets at his election.—Macon (Ga.) *News.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, eminently praiseworthy among American magazines when not under the influence of the Roosevelt mania, is like unto a howling dervish in its advocacy of, and in its methods of advocating, a third term for the Man on Horseback.—Fresno (Cal.) *Herald.*

✚

ENTERPRISE, MISS.

EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY, New York.

DEAR SIR—Am glad to see you go after the way that the Southern delegates are lined up for Presidents. The negro, A. Buckley, lives in this town, and, as you say, he is on nearly all the Federal juries. I notice that he is so worthless that his wife's brother has to pay me for medical services when they call me up there.

If you will notice, the way this State instructed for Underwood was just about as disgraceful as the way the Republicans did. The intelligent, thinking people in Mississippi are for Wilson, but Vardaman used the big stick to drive his followers for Underwood.

I want to thank you for your work against quacks and unscrupulous politicians. DR. JNO. T. HOSEY, Mayor.

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is one of the leading supporters of Colonel Roosevelt and one of the most intemperate denouncers of all who oppose him.
—Seattle (Wash.) *Intelligencer.*

✚

The wholesale purchase of negro delegates in Mr. Taft's interest has been fully exposed by COLLIER'S WEEKLY in a series of articles. These articles present evidence of bribery in a number of cases.
—New York *Evening Mail.*

✚

COLLIER'S, strongly pro-Wilson, is singularly frank in its admiration of a man who typifies the antithesis.
—Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution.*

✚

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is now engaged in telling the country why Champ Clark shouldn't be nominated. Another boost for Champ!—Washington (D. C.) *Post.*

✚

Readers of COLLIER'S will gather that the editor of that periodical is not an admirer of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Readers of the Hearst papers will discover that the favor is reciprocal. There seems to be a pair of them, one occupying the daily and the other the weekly field.
—Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Times.*

✚

COLLIER'S, the anti-Taft and pro-Wilson weekly, is down on Mr. Clark "from 'way back."

This good-natured and temperate-spoken journal remarks that Clark is not to be seriously thought of, and it gives a few reasons why.
—Hartford (Conn.) *Courant.*

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$200.00 in Prizes

New-Skin was intended originally as an aseptic covering for cuts. An astonishing number of other uses for it have since been reported to us. Some of them are mentioned in this advertisement, others in a circular entitled

"200 Uses for New-Skin"

which we will mail free on request. We now offer prizes of $25.00 each month for eight months beginning July 1, 1912, to the persons sending us the largest number of *new* uses for New-Skin, the amount to be equally divided in the event of a tie. The list of uses must reach us during the month for which the prize is awarded. Only one list from one person in one month. Our decision to be final.

The list must be separate from any letter or communication. It must bear at the top your name, address, the date, and number of new uses claimed. Send list to "Prize Department," Newskin Company, 98-100 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

For Cuts, Scrapes and Scratches

This has always been by far the most important use for New-Skin.

The wound is first cleansed thoroughly, then the New-Skin is applied.

The liquid dries and forms a film that protects the cut and allows it to heal naturally. The film adheres firmly and can be washed with soap and water without being loosened.

New-Skin is flexible. Just the thing on knuckles and joints. It is transparent. Does not constitute a blemish on the face, as court plaster does.

For Making "Cocoons"

A New-Skin "cocoon" is a valuable form of surgical dressing. Everybody ought to know how to make one. The circular that we send explains all about it.

New-Skin is useful also for attaching bandages, and to hold dressings in place over parts that cannot conveniently be bandaged, as the face, the hands and the neck.

To Prevent Stains and Calluses

In many of the arts and industries, acids, dyes, paints and other substances play havoc with the skin and cause intense suffering. New-Skin, applied beforehand, will very often prevent this trouble.

It will protect the skin surrounding a wart, mole or corn when caustic is applied.

Among those who buy New-Skin for the prevention of calluses and stains are:—

Housewives, stenographers, corn huskers, cripples and crutch-users, cotton pickers, farmers, invalids, sportsmen, anglers and hunters, baseball players, golfers, bowlers, horseback riders, mechanics.

Also wire workers, button cutters, dyers, quarrymen, needlewomen, quilters, embroiderers, musicians, cigarette smokers, billiard players, etchers, photo engravers, chemists, gymnasts, oarsmen.

Personal Uses

New-Skin is used to break the nail-biting habit, as a finger-nail polish, for temporary relief in toothache, for dress emergencies, in theatrical make-up by amateurs and professionals —and to conceal small scars and moles—talcum powder, white or flesh color, being used in combination.

New-Skin provides a practical armor for split, cracked, short, "quick" and torn finger nails and toe nails.

It is a standard application for chapped hands and lips. It was one of the few necessities taken along by Lieut. Shackleton, the famous British Antarctic explorer, on his "final dash" for the Pole.

In the Office and Studio

To mend tears in tracing cloth, to restore the surface of vellum, parchment or tracing cloth to prevent blurring after erasure, to protect process cards and card index tabs from finger marks.

As a convenient lacquer, enamel, adhesive and spray for artists' purposes.

For Plants and Trees

For delicate budding and grafting operations; as a styptic for broken palms, ferns, rubber plants, rose bushes and vines.

As a preservative for botanical and zoological specimens.

For Celluloid and Rubber

New-Skin is used to mend celluloid articles, hair ornaments, barrettes, brushes, combs, and children's toys, also moving picture films.

For repairing hot water bags, rubber gloves, rain-coats, syringes and tubing, pyrography bulbs, rubber dress forms, atomizers, bathing caps, rubber dolls and balls, bicycle and automobile inner tubes, football bladders, ice bags.

Also, to mend eye-glasses.

As a Metal Lacquer

New-Skin makes an excellent lacquer for metal—gold, silver, brass, copper, steel and bronze. It can be used for this purpose by housewives, jewelers, sportsmen, hardware dealers, draughtsmen, civil engineers, dentists, physicians, and surgeons.

As a Mending Tissue

For chiffon, hair nets and veils, silk, cotton, linen and woolen materials, dress shields.

Also for millinery, broken wings, feathers, flowers and plumes, paper patterns, to cover worn spots on corsets, for net, scrim and lace curtains, fine hosiery.

For Use on Animals

Good for scratches, cuts, bruises and abrasions of all kinds, for collar sores, sore shoulders, harness galls, sore back, wire cuts and bruises on horses.

Also to cultivate bat ears on dogs, and in cases of toe-picking and sore feet in birds and poultry.

In Outdoor Sport

To waterproof outdoor signs and signal lists, in covering the wings of aeroplane models with fabric, to keep automatic shells dry, to waterproof matches on camping trips (cover head of match only), to cover the windings of golf sticks. To keep fishing lines from fraying, to repair and to waterproof the joints of trout rods, to waterproof tennis gut, to keep skates from rusting when not in use, to aid in plugging a small hole in a canoe.

Mechanical Uses

To waterproof the address on a trunk tag or other label, to make a blasting fuse, to mend raw pelts, to mend a damaged billiard cloth, to fasten a tip on a billiard cue, in etching on metal or glass.

To tighten a loose screw, to make a durable stencil board by coating manila paper, to cover the skinned places on a razor strop, to preserve finger prints for detective purposes, to mend the reeds or mouthpiece of an oboe.

To serve as a thin, durable insulator and non-conductor for electrical work of all kinds, valuable in connection with wireless apparatus.

To facilitate writing with ink upon glass.

Send for Circular

Write us for "200 Uses" circular. Free.

Be Sure it's New-Skin

New-Skin is the original article of its kind. It is made only by us. Be very careful to get the genuine. Sometimes an imitation is given a name with a similar sound. Examine the package.

New-Skin is sold in all parts of the world. It is in the shops in Australia, South Africa and various remote quarters. In America all up-to-date druggists have it in stock.

Put up in Glass

In the New-Skin package no metal comes in contact with the liquid or the wound. New-Skin comes in three sizes—10c., 25c., and 50c., always in glass. The 25c. size is the one we recommend for general use. It contains five times as much as the 10c. size.

The package is sanitary, secure and convenient. It is possible for you to carry the bottle with you conveniently.

The 10c. size is put up with a glass rod, the 25c. and 50c. sizes with brushes, attached to the stopper, inside the bottle.

Buy it Now

New-Skin is one of the most wonderful preparations sold in the United States to-day. Think of one article having over two hundred uses!

It should be kept on hand for emergencies. There's no telling when accidents will occur. And when you need New-Skin you want it badly!

Buy of your druggist. Or you may send 25c. in stamps to us for a bottle, if more convenient.

Newskin Company, Dept. J,
98-100 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

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Ralph Waldo Emerson, distinguished American poet and essayist, was devoted to his pipe.

Prince Albert Tobacco is always the *same* identical smoke—today, tomorrow — *and everywhere!* Natural thing, isn't it, for men to call it the *national* joy smoke?

You buy P. A. in New York, in Seattle; get it just as fresh, just as delicious, in Boston — or 'Frisco, Denver, New Orleans!

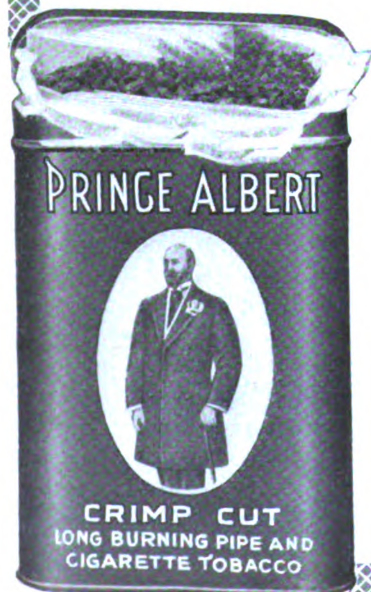
P. A. smokers don't ruin their taste for a bully smoke by being forced to buy unknown, untried, *untrue* brands! No, sir, right down at the corner they get *the goods:*

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Some fine day *you'll* smoke a pipe. You *can*, you *will!* Then it will dawn upon you that P. A. won't burn your tongue, because the sting's removed by a patented process. Other men—*millions of 'em*—smoke P. A. to their heart's content and so *will you*—sure thing.

Get this: Sooner you hit the trail of a tin of P. A., sooner you'll get jimmy pipe joy'us! That's just about all there is to be said!



Here's a tip—buy P. A. everywhere. In the tidy 10c red tins; 5c cloth bags and handsome pound and half-pound humidors. Go to it!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Washington Gladden

(*Concluded from page 21*)

it was better, but Washington Gladden, writer of editorials on religious truths, thought the other pages of the publication ought not to bear false witness. He argued for a change. He couldn't get it. His resignation followed immediately. Thus, by an act of two-score years ago, do we have explained to us the position of power and influence which Washington Gladden occupies to-day. He has a microscopic eye to discern the play of those hairspring balances upon which turn the mighty issues of right and wrong in our present complex commercialization of the issues of life. If you will admit the paradox, he is a close-looking, far-seeing man. Dr. Gladden's chief value as a preacher, his most important contribution to the socialization of our times, has been his power to detect some of the new wrongs which spring up like weeds in the hothouse of human progress.

"TAINTED MONEY"

THE classic instance of his genius in this regard is the tainted money discussion. The Foreign Mission Board of the Congregational Church had accepted $100,000 from Mr. Rockefeller. Dr. Gladden was living in Ohio and had been living there for more than twenty years at that time. Ohio is the home of Standard Oil. Dr. Gladden thought he knew how that money had been made. He did not think it had been made in a Christian way. He did not think a Christian missionary society could accept money from such a source, unprotestingly or otherwise, without sponsoring the methods by which it had been acquired; that it was only a step from defending the use of Mr. Rockefeller's money to defending Mr. Rockefeller, and from defending Mr. Rockefeller to defending his monopoly and perhaps creating a sympathetic relationship between the church and that form of big business which was also bad business. Especially did he think that, now when the whole ethics of corporation conduct were under scrutiny and when it was essential that the voice of the preacher of righteousness should ring high and true, it was a fatal weakness for the church to compromise herself in any way upon the issue.

Dr. Gladden said these things in his heart. He wrote them in a letter to "The Congregationalist"; he put them in a paper and came to Boston and read them before a committee of men who had decided to protest and demand that the money be returned. This demand brought out the fact that the money had already been used, the impression standing that the money had been tendered by Mr. Rockefeller without solicitation. Mr. Rockefeller, as can be guessed, was not enjoying the scorning of his gift any too much, and it was adding insult to injury to give the impression that he volunteered it. He stirred things up with a sharp stick, and the missionary secretaries admitted with confusion that they had been angling for the gift for nearly two years.

At this the eagle eye of Washington Gladden gleamed. Again he whetted his pen. Here was a real live snake. He would scotch it. The Triennial Convention of Congregationalism was soon to be held in Seattle. Dr. Gladden appeared on the scene, the right side of his loose-hanging frock coat bulging with a huge roll of well-chosen remarks which he intended to make upon the subject of tainted money. He was the moderator of the convention; he was the recognized dean of the Congregational ministry and the authoritative voice of the newer ethical consciousness in America; yet rumors reached him that no place would be found on the program for him to speak upon his chosen theme.

"They had better hear me," remarked the old man, grimly, with tempered patience in his tones, "because if they don't I'll say it louder somewhere else."

And the managers evidently felt this way about it. They made a wry face but took their medicine. Dr. Gladden began his address by introducing a resolution to the effect that: "The officers of this board do neither invite nor solicit donations to its funds from persons whose gains had been made by methods morally reprehensible or socially injurious." Dr. Gladden followed this with a great speech which was received by the audience with every demonstration of approval, yet the only fate his resolution attained was to be laid on the table.

Moreover, his phrase "tainted money," which he had first used a decade before in the title of a magazine review of one of Walter Besant's books, had swept over the country. It was pronounced on every lip, heard in every pulpit, employed in every editorial sanctum. It is doubtful if any single utterance ever turned so many glaring searchlights at once upon questionable business methods. Undoubtedly many a man who took satisfaction in the great wealth he had attained, stung to fresh thinking by the accurate winging of those words, fingered his gold with less satisfaction, and found the purpose to expiate its ill getting by its better going framing in his heart.

Shortly after Dr. Gladden's return to Columbus he was officially informed that it had been decided by the American Board to solicit no more money from such sources. Again the old fighter had won his battle.

Over the bitter theological controversies of his early life we pass lightly. Dr. Gladden, it need hardly be said, was a theological insurgent. He protested with all his soul against some of the horrors of the old-time creeds. To his name the stigma of heresy promptly attached. He was a marked and lonely man. Just to be in his company was to throw the taint of suspicion upon a minister's standing. In those days, when Gladden's heart was sad and all but bitter, out of his loneliness he wrote the hymn, "O Master, let me walk with Thee," which is to-day sung through all Christendom. To this period, too, belongs the little poem, "Ultima Veritas," the first two stanzas of which are:

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am steadily holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

So, holding fast to the things that could not fail, Dr. Gladden fought on for the right to preach the truth as he saw it.

That victory has long been won. To-day he has peace—with honor—and liberty.

A MESSAGE

A PLAIN-LIVING, high-thinking, deep-feeling, truth-preaching, God-fearing, man-loving person is this genial old first citizen of Columbus. Perhaps the finest message that could be quoted from him just now—the finest counsel of his heart to those who read, as well as the finest testimony to the secret of his life and the character of his faith is this sentence which I caught from a prayer of his on a recent Sunday morning in Columbus:

"Lord, we believe Thou art as *near to us* as Thou hast ever been to *any people in any age.*"

To Washington Gladden the United States of America is a theocracy.

Whom the Gods Destroy

(*Continued from page 17*)

the kitchen door. Of course, then I would not risk attracting Elvira's attention.

"While I was just turning to go, Elvira's curtain suddenly was raised, and I saw her peering out down Buchanan Street toward the place where the motor car was. Just when that tableau was being presented her chamber door opened quickly, and Martin entered. She seemed to be glad to see him, and extended both her hands to him. I could witness no more. It broke my heart. Sick and miserable that I had discovered so fine a girl, the girl whom I loved sincerely, in a meeting with her chauffeur, I turned and came away. That is all I know. Later I received a telephone message of the tragedy. They sent the car for me. I could not understand it then; I cannot now."

He was sobbing again with his arms on the table.

Wilson stepped over to him.

"Brace up," he said shortly, "I want you to come with me. The chief will want to keep you where he can see you for a day or two." His heavy hand descended professionally upon Macondray's shoulder. But Lanagan interrupted.

"Not a chance, Jim," he said, shaking his head. "I don't want to interfere with

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The Gods Destroy

(*Continued from page 26*)

brother's partner and a regular family guest—and through the wishes of her mother, inordinately ambitious socially to ally her daughter with the Macondrays, had finally jilted Macondray for a struggling young doctor, Stanton, a classmate at college. They were to have eloped, so greatly did the girl dread the scene that she knew would follow when her mother learned of her dismissal of Macondray. Martin, loyal, as he had said, to his mistress, but still more so to the daughter of the house, was party to the elopement. He had come to her room by prearrangement to help her out with a grip or two in order that no suspicion would attach should she be discovered in the room, on the porch, or crossing the lawn. The machine—the same that Macondray saw—was waiting at the pepper tree. But while Martin was in the room the mother, on some slight errand, had unexpectedly gone to her daughter's room.

There she found her daughter fully attired, the French window wide open, and caught a flashing glimpse of a figure disappearing through the French window, that she recognized as Martin. At first flush she accepted the incident as an interrupted rendezvous of some sort between her daughter and her chauffeur, and one hot word of charge had brought a swift retort from the daughter, and a quarrel had arisen.

Martin, sneaking back to report progress in the room to Stanton, heard the rising voices in anger, and learned enough to know that the girl, under stress of her excitement, had revealed the plan for the elopement. He counseled with Stanton, and both agreed that Stanton had best retire and await developments, Martin to keep Stanton posted by telephone. In the grief and excitement of the final tragedy he did not do so, and the lover, worn by a sleepless night, received his great blow when he opened his morning paper. But this is not a tale of love or lovers, except insofar as they concern the solution of a crime, and Stanton therefore, with his blighted life, passes out of the story.

MARTIN, determined to intercede in hope of softening the lot of the daughter, taking all blame to himself as the messenger of the secret lovers, hurried, then, back to the house.

Some primal strain of vulgarity, some poignant pang of disappointed motherly ambitions, or possibly some pang of personal ambitions thwarted, led to the utterance of one malediction sharper than all the others by the mother. In a moment of sudden hysteria the old-fashioned revolver that had been on her mantelpiece for years had been seized by the daughter in a wild threat of suicide.

The mother seized her wrist. A violent physical struggle for the weapon followed. This was occurring just as Martin was making his way back through the house to the room, taking along with him the maid, Marie, huddled, frightened, against the hall wall at sound of the unseemly family quarrel.

There was a flash and a report in his very eyes as Martin opened the door. The revolver, he said, was unmistakably in the mother's hands; but whether the discharge was accidental or intentional in heat of passion, Martin could not say.

And that angle of the story never was cleared up.

THE mother had swooned. When it was clear to the frightened servants that the girl was dead, they had carried the mother to her room. The plan of the two was quickly formed. In their clumsy way they concluded it would be best for all concerned if the revolver should be placed in the girl's hand to indicate suicide. Martin placed it there, while Marie labored with the hysterical mother, trying to instill in her mind, in which the entire terrible scene was a whirl, the idea that Elvira had, in fact, committed suicide.

As for the confession:

"I feel I was to blame in a way, sir," concluded Martin, wiping his eyes. "After all I would have been a jailbird anyway if she hadn't saved me, most like. I thought I could protect her, too, sir, by confessing. I supposed if I said I committed the murder that would settle it."

Lanagan glanced at his watch. It was half-past one.

"There's one more move yet, Chief," he said, "and I go to press in thirty minutes."

In a moment or two they had all reached the Hemingway home again, surprised to find it brilliantly lighted. Servants were running about frantically. An excited voice was at the telephone as the quar-

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Whom the Gods Destroy

(*Concluded from page 27*)

tet walked through the door. It was the butler.

"Hurry! Hurry!" he was crying. "Hemingway's! Pacific Avenue! For God's sake, hurry!"

"What is it?" demanded Lanagan.

"Carbolic, I think," replied the butler. "She escaped from the nurse and got to the bathroom. She had been raving for an hour, entirely out of her head, crying to Elvira to forgive her—that she—" he stopped suddenly, his lips coming together in a taut line. "Another loyal family retainer," thought Lanagan as he and the chief exchanged quick glances. "Only this one can keep his secret for all of me."

They hurried to render first aid, but one look convinced the reporter and the policeman, used to deaths in violent form, that the troubled and frightfully burdened mother's soul had gone to a higher court for judgment.

Lanagan raced back downstairs for the telephone. It was five minutes to two. By the accident of being on the ground he would have at least that tremendous exclusive of the mother's suicide.

And that—good story as it was—was all the "Enquirer" printed, for it was all that I finally got from Lanagan just before the clock struck two.

Leslie, standing by the telephone, said, tentatively and curiously, when the receiver was hung up:

"What about the real story? Saving that for to-morrow?"

"No, Chief," drawled Lanagan, full brother in the Fourth Estate. "No, Chief, that's *all* the story. She's dead, isn't she? They have had about enough trouble, this family."

Sir Agravaine

(*Continued from page 19*)

He released her wrist and stared at her in the uncertain light.

"You love him!"

"Yes."

"Then what—? Why—? Well, I never did understand women," he said at last, and stumped off down the passage.

WHILE this cryptic conversation was in progress, Agravaine, his worst apprehensions realized, was trying to batter down the door. After a few moments, however, he realized the futility of his efforts, and sat down on the bed to think.

At the risk of forfeiting the reader's respect, it must be admitted that his first emotion was one of profound relief. If he was locked up like this, it must mean that that dragon story was fictitious, and that all danger was at an end of having to pit his inexperience against a ravening monster who had spent a lifetime devouring knights. He had never liked the prospect, though he had been prepared to go through with it, and to feel that it was definitely canceled made up for a good deal.

In any case there was nothing to be gained by sitting up, so he went to bed, like a good philosopher.

The sun was pouring through the barred window when he was awoken by the entrance of a gigantic figure bearing food and drink.

He recognized him as one of the scurvy knaves who had dined at the bottom of the room the night before—a vast, beetle-browed fellow with a squint, a mop of red hair, and a genius for silence. To Agravaine's attempts to engage him in conversation he replied only with grunts, and in a short time left the room, closing and locking the door behind him.

He was succeeded at dusk by another of about the same size and ugliness, and with even less conversational *élan*. This one did not even grunt.

Small talk, it seemed, was not an art cultivated in any great measure by the lower orders in the employment of Earl Dorm.

THE next day passed without incident. In the morning the strabismic plug-ugly with the red hair brought him food and drink, while in the evening the nongrunter did the honors. It was a peaceful life, but tending toward monotony, and Agravaine was soon in the frame of mind which welcomes any break in the daily round.

He was fortunate enough to get it.

He had composed himself for sleep that night, and was just dropping comfortably off when from the other side of the door he heard the sound of angry voices.

It was enough to arouse him. On the previous night silence had reigned. Evidently something out of the ordinary was taking place.

He listened intently and distinguished words.

"Who was it I did see thee coming down the road with?"

"Who was it thou didst see me coming down the road with?"

"Aye, who was it I did see thee coming down the road with?"

"Who dost thou think thou art?"

"Who do I think that I am?"

"Aye, who doest thou think thou art?"

Agravaine could make nothing of it. As a matter of fact, he was hearing the first genuine cross talk that had ever occurred in those dim, pre-music-hall days. In years to come dialogue on these lines was to be popular throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. But till then it had been unknown.

The voices grew angrier. To an initiated listener it would have been plain that in a short while words would be found inadequate, and the dagger, that medieval forerunner of the slapstick, brought into play. But to Agravaine, all inexperienced, it came as a surprise when suddenly, with a muffled thud, two bodies fell against the door. There was a scuffling noise, some groans, and then silence. And then with amazement he heard the bolt shoot back and a key grate in the keyhole.

THE door swung open. It was dark outside, but Agravaine could distinguish a female form, and, beyond, a shapeless mass which he took, correctly, to be the remains of the two plug-uglies.

"It is I, Yvonne," said a voice.

"What is it? What has been happening?"

"It was I. I set them against each other. They both loved one of the kitchen-maids. I made them jealous. I told Walt privily that she had favored Dickon, and Dickon privily that she loved Walt. And now—"

She glanced at the shapeless heap and shuddered. Agravaine nodded.

"No wedding bells for her," he said reverently.

"And I don't care. I did it to save you. But come! We are wasting time. Come! I will help you to escape."

A man who has been shut up for two days in a small room is seldom slow off the mark when a chance presents itself of taking exercise. Agravaine followed without a word, and together they crept down the dark staircase until they had reached the main hall. From somewhere in the distance came the rhythmic snores of scurvy knaves getting their eight hours.

Softly Yvonne unbolted a small door, and, passing through it, Agravaine found himself looking up at the stars, while the great walls of the castle towered above him.

"Good-by," said Yvonne.

There was a pause. For the first time Agravaine found himself examining the exact position of affairs. After his sojourn in the guarded room freedom looked very good to him. But freedom meant parting from Yvonne.

HE looked at the sky and he looked at the castle walls, and he took a step back toward the door.

"I'm not so sure I want to go," he said.

"Oh, fly! Fly, Sir Knight!" she cried.

"You don't understand," said Agravaine. "I don't want to seem to be saying anything that might be interpreted as in the least derogatory to your father in any way whatever, but, without prejudice, surely he is just a plain, ordinary brigand? I mean it's only a question of a ransom? And I don't in the least object—"

"No, no, no." Her voice trembled. "He would ask no ransom."

"Don't tell me he kidnaps people just as a hobby!"

"You don't understand. He— No, I cannot tell you. Fly!"

"What don't I understand?"

She was silent. Then she began to speak rapidly. "Very well. I will tell you. Listen. My father had six children, all daughters. We were poor. We had to stay buried in this out-of-the-way spot. We saw no one. It seemed impossible that any of us should ever marry. My father was in despair. Then he said: 'If we cannot get to town, the town must come to us.' So he sent my sister Yseult to Camelot to ask the King to let us have a knight to protect us against a giant with

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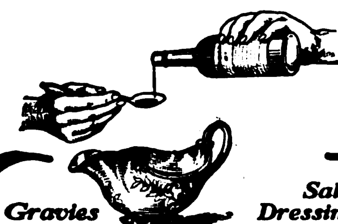

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Sir Agravaine

(*Concluded from page 28*)

three heads. There was no giant, but she got the knight. It was Sir Sagramore. Perhaps you knew him?"

AGRAVAINE nodded. He began to see daylight.

"My sister Yseult was very beautiful. After the first day Sir Sagramore forgot all about the giant and seemed to want to do nothing else except have Yseult show him how to play cat's cradle. They were married two months later, and my father sent my sister Elaine to Camelot to ask for a knight to protect us against a wild unicorn."

"And who bit?" asked Agravaine, deeply interested.

"Sir Malibran of Devon. They were married within three weeks, and my father—I can't go on. You understand now."

"I understand the main idea," said Agravaine. "But in my case—"

"You were to marry me," said Yvonne. Her voice was quiet and cold, but she was quivering.

Agravaine was conscious of a dull, heavy weight pressing on his heart. He had known his love was hopeless, but even hopelessness is the better for being indefinite. He understood now.

"And you naturally want to get rid of me before it can happen," he said. "I don't wonder. I'm not vain. Well, I'll go. I knew I had no chance. Good-by."

He turned. She stopped him with a sharp cry.

"What do you mean? You cannot wish to stay now? I am saving you."

"Saving me! I have loved you since the moment you entered the Hall at Camelot," said Agravaine.

She drew in her breath.

"You—you love *me!*"

They looked at each other in the starlight. She held out her hands.

"Agravaine!"

She drooped toward him, and he gathered her into his arms. For a novice, he did it uncommonly well.

IT was about six months later that Agravaine, having ridden into the forest, called upon a Wise Man at his cell.

In those days almost anyone who was not a perfect bonehead could set up as a Wise Man and get away with it. All you had to do was to live in a forest and grow a white beard. This particular Wise Man, for a wonder, had a certain amount of rude sagacity. He listened carefully to what the knight had to say.

"It has puzzled me to such an extent," said Agravaine, "that I felt that I must consult a specialist. You see me. Take a good look at me. What do you think of my personal appearance? You needn't hesitate. It's worse than that. I am the ugliest man in England."

"Would you go so far as that?" said the Wise Man politely.

"Farther. And everybody else thinks so. Everybody except my wife. She tells me that I am a model of manly beauty. You know Lancelot? Well, she says I have Lancelot whipped to a custard. What do you make of that? And here's another thing. It is perfectly obvious to me that my wife is one of the most beautiful creatures in existence. I have seen them all, and I tell you that she stands alone. She is literally marooned in Class A, all by herself. Yet she insists that she is plain. What do you make of it?"

The Wise Man stroked his beard.

"My son," he said, "the matter is simple. True love takes no account of looks."

"No?" said Agravaine.

"You two are affinities. Therefore to you the outward aspect is nothing. Put it like this. Love is a thingummybob who what-d'-you-call-its."

"I'm beginning to see," said Agravaine.

"What I meant was this. Love is a wizard greater than Merlin. He plays odd tricks with the eyesight."

"Yes?" said Agravaine.

"Or put it another way. Love is a sculptor greater than Praxiteles. He takes an unsightly piece of clay and molds it into a thing divine."

"I get you," said Agravaine.

THE Wise Man began to warm to his work.

"Or shall we say—?"

"I think I must be going," said Agravaine. "I promised my wife I would be back early."

The Wise Man sighed resignedly.

"Good-by, Sir Knight," he said. "Good-by. Pay at ye desk."

And Agravaine rode on his way marveling.

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The Virtuolo in the famous pure-toned HALLET & DAVIS PIANO, praised by greatest musicians from Franz Liszt to Mary Garden, $750 and upwards. In the artistic CONWAY PIANO, as low as $575. LEXINGTON Player Piano, $450 and up. Three years to pay in, if desired. Send for handsome colored pictures of all styles, giving complete description.

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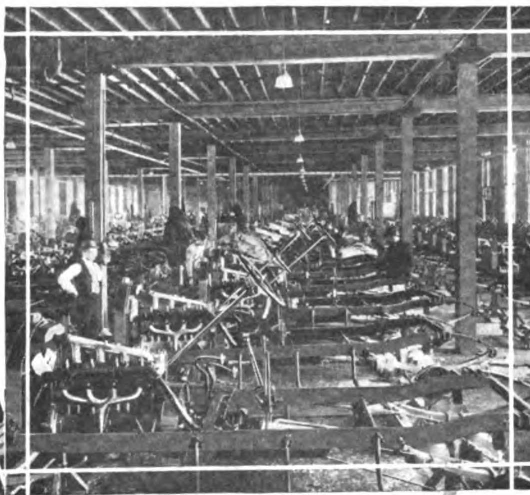
Drill Press Room



Chassis Paint Shop

Frame Department

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YOU have often watched a gang of men at work on some small job, and wondered why it was necessary for so many men to accomplish such a small task. It wasn't. But, lacking proper direction, they did the best they could, which is generally very costly.

Just as it has been proven that bricks can be laid with five motions per brick instead of eighteen; that one man can handle seventeen tons of pig iron in a day, instead of thirteen; that five locomotives can be built where three were built before; so can the great Overland plants produce a better automobile and more of them, at less cost per car than any other factory in existence.

Economy is efficiency. That which is most efficient is most economical for the consumer and most productive for the worker.

We claim to have perfected not only the greatest organization in the business, but by simplifying ways and means, by cutting out all lost motion and wasted time, and minimizing working space, we have actually placed the entire production end of our business on a more economical, effective and efficient basis than any other plant in the industry.

Three things are necessary to make the big output prove a success. Efficiency is gained by effective methods—not just by big operations which are permitted to go astray. First, there must be an unrestricted output; second, a simple set of standard shop methods for every man in the plant; and third, harmony and co-operation throughout the entire organization.

On these pages are a few interior views of our plants. We show these to picture and prove our great equipment. Study them a moment. They illustrate the best in the industry—everything that is modern and economical. No plant smaller than the Overland organization can afford a like equipment. It would be impractical. No plant smaller than the Overland can produce similar cars and market them at similar prices without losing money. This has been demonstrated. If others could meet our price, they would.

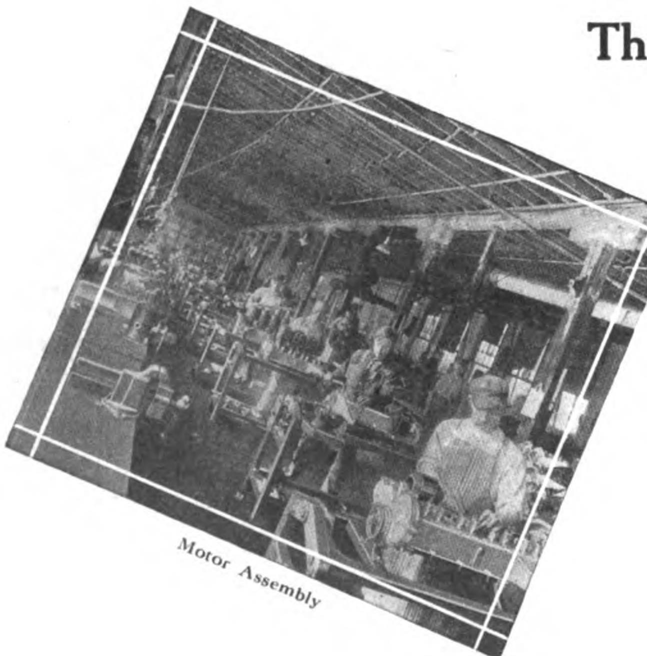
All this is due to a huge production. Making over 25,000 cars a year (the greatest production of its kind in the world) we can buy, produce and market at considerably less expense, than any competing company. The Willys-Overland Company is not hampered by a long list of directors. Every share of stock is owned by the President—John N. Willys. He controls and directs.

The few following facts show what is possible in an automobile plant of great production, where efficient methods of manufacturing are highly developed.

We employ over 5000 men. The plants cover eighty acres of floor space. Our drop forge plant and machine shops are the largest in the industry. Millions of dollars are invested in automatic machinery alone—the greatest time and money savers ever invented.

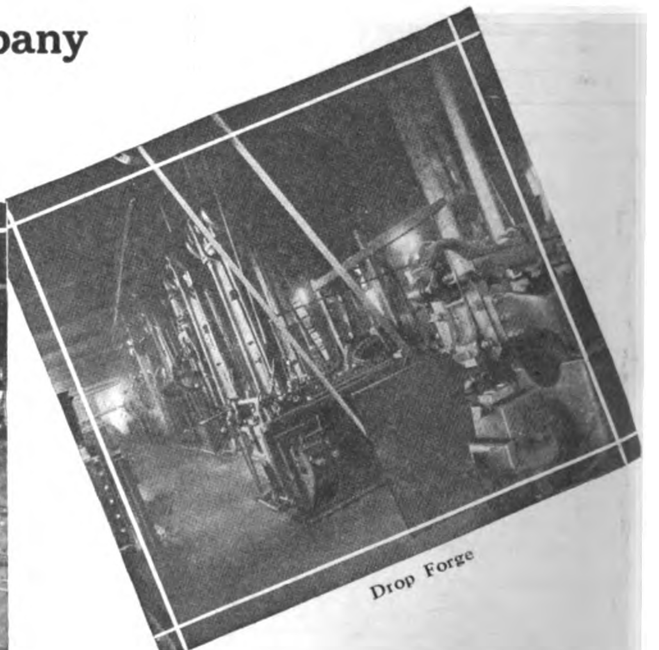
The Willys-Overland Company

Toledo, Ohio



Motor Assembly

Crank Case Assembly Room



Drop Forge

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