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Oscar Wilde
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Vol. 17



IS YOUR FOOD CLEAN?

Probably you think so or you wouldn't eat it; but did you ever look into your fruit dealer's store room? Or find out whether your butcher had consumption? Or learn how much street dust is mixed with your bread?

It might not be pleasant to know, but it would be profitable to your health. Some people did that very thing. Anna Steese Richardson reveals their discoveries in **THE LADIES' WORLD** for October. It's a story of whited sepulchers.

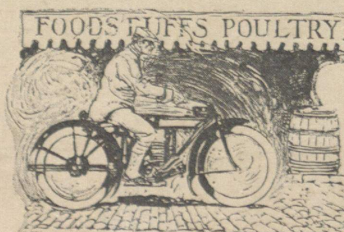
AMERICAN FABRICS

It would be as futile to try to turn Niagara into the Erie Canal as to create American fashions. To stimulate the use of American made fabrics is, however, another matter. Most American goods today are in beauty and quality the equal of the foreign made. They are too often sold as foreign—perhaps to you. Learn what you are buying. Read what Harriet E. Fayes writes about the situation. Her article is in the October **LADIES' WORLD**.

All News Stands

THE LADIES' WORLD

Ten Cents a Copy—One Dollar a Year



HARPER'S WEEKLY

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BACK TO TOWN
By WALLACE MORGAN

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

Edited by NORMAN HAPGOOD

VOL. LVIII
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A Series

SINCE the publication in our issue of August 16 of Mr. Brandeis's article on the New Haven Railroad, the expression "Banker-Management" has been used so much that it may be said to have entered at least temporarily into the language. Our plan had been to begin next month a series by Mr. Brandeis on competition, in preparation for the probable discussion in Congress about Sherman Act amendments. We have decided, however, that the competition series will be in time enough if it begins a little later, and there are cogent reasons for beginning a money-trust series at once, while the New Haven lessons are in everybody's mind and while the whole subject is stirred up by the discussion of the Currency Bill. Beginning, therefore, in the issue of November 8, Mr. Brandeis will contribute a series which will make very clear what harm is done by the existence of a money-trust, and what steps need to be taken to bring about desirable conditions. This is the most difficult business problem he has yet discussed, and the results of his thought cannot fail to be national in their importance.

Tammany

EIGHT men decided that Gaynor should not have Tammany approval, because they looked out over the field, and decided there was much booty to gather in, and they would take a chance, and put into office, if they won, a man who would let them have *all* the offices and *all* the contracts; for Murphy and his friends care more about contracts than about anything else in this little world. All the rest is vanity; but contracts are real, juicy, fat. They lead to wealth for the leaders, and automobiles, and dresses for their wives, and diamonds, and a rise in the world for their children, and paunches for themselves. Vast contracts are to be let to somebody the next four years,—vaster than usual. Why should not Tammany have them? Why should a strong man like Gaynor, who sometimes disobeyed, be permitted around, when there were plenty of docile instruments like McCall?

So Gaynor was put out of the way, like Sulzer, only by a different route. The method is chosen according to circumstance and opportunity; but the idea is always the same, to wit: if you become fresh with Tammany, it will be your end. The wigwag will get you, and you will serve as a warning to later Tammany mayors and governors. McClellan also tried to be good, and what did the Tiger do to him? Van Wyck was the kind of a man that gives satisfaction to the

chieftains, and they have selected that kind of man in McCall,—commonplace, beefy, docile, a product of the machine, owing to it his every step upward, without personality,—the very ideal of a rubber stamp. If New York City wants him for mayor, it has a legal right to choose him.

The Fusion Ticket

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, if elected, will make an excellent, brave and honest mayor. Young as he is, he has had much experience, and experience of exactly the most valuable kind. As Commissioner of Accounts, President of the Board of Aldermen, acting Mayor, and for a short time as Collector of the Port, he has shown his qualities. He is idealistic and progressive, but at the same time cautious, adaptable, and exact. He is devoted to figures and the modern study of efficiency. He has a natural understanding of politics and political conditions, and will, therefore, be difficult to deceive and successful in selecting men. His associates will be of the best. He gets on admirably with the most enlightened Progressives and Republicans, and the favor with which he is looked upon by the Democratic administration is well known. He has thought much about the police problem and believes that, in co-operation with Mr. Whitman, he can put an end to "the system."

With him on the Fusion ticket is probably the strongest Board of Estimate ever nominated in New York. A number of the men, as Prendergast, McAneny, Pounds, and Cromwell, have already served with the highest credit and have all the advantages of full experience. To go with them have been chosen business men of the first class. The ticket is so remarkable that if it is elected many of New York's difficult financial problems will be largely solved in the next four years, all departments will be made more economical and more effective, the police scandal will be ended, and then, if the city can be freed from being bossed from Albany, which forces on it expenses and bad laws, it will be on the way to becoming governed as the biggest city in America should be governed.

La Follette

EVERY member of either House who refrained from trying to embarrass the Democrats on the Tariff Bill deserves credit, but to one man falls the greatest share of glory for independence, because it cost him most. Especially did Senator La Follette's situation require strength of character; not only had he always been a Republican, but he had, since the

Roosevelt split, come to be looked upon as likely to dominate the party in the future. As progressiveness seemed needed to save it from destruction, La Follette's influence had suddenly been multiplied. In voting for the Democratic tariff, he gave a final proof that no consideration can prevent him from following always his conviction. This man has fought the straight fight all his life. Often the sacrifice has been great. He has given up friends, money, comfort, party praise, easy advance. He has stood abuse and suspicion. Nearly always the country and his party have come around finally to La Follette's position. This last proof of patriotism may annoy the Republican senators for the time being, but it will probably mean that La Follette's influence, even over them, will be strengthened in the end; because a man who is so experienced, strong, far-sighted, and fearless is badly needed by the party now.

Sports

ATLETICS are among the healthiest occupations of life. Any publication which undertakes to reflect the world that is worth while should be generous in the space devoted to sporting events. This applies not only to baseball, the most popular of all the sports, and to football, but includes such interests as skating, hockey and basket ball. All forms of sport constitute an aspect of life and one that is worth encouraging. A man at play is at his best or at his worst; often one so gets most clearly his real character. That is why the English initiated the custom of speaking of a man as a good or a bad sport, when they meant that he had or had not the qualities of magnanimity, courage and fairness.

Writing about sports, the person to be considered is primarily the spectator, although the discussion or narrative should have sufficient technical quality to interest the participant. There is a good deal of opportunity in this field for weekly periodicals. Jones of Cornell broke the world's mile record one day in the Harvard stadium. So much we learned from the morning papers. We learned that he beat Paull of Pennsylvania and Hanavan of Michigan. But, having read that morning newspaper story, did we know Jones any better than we did before? Were these questions answered: What does he look like? How does he run? Does he swing his arms as most of us do, or does he hold them close to his hips? What is his style? Did he win through sheer natural speed, or did clever coaching help him?

There will come a day when no man in this country will be without some sporting affiliation, some out-of-door interest.

Passing the Batter

THE big leagues, although they have discussed it, have not yet taken any steps to prevent the very unpopular practice of having the pitcher intentionally pass a strong batter in an emergency. One suggestion is that the umpire, on making up his mind that the pitcher had intentionally passed the batter, should remove the pitcher from the game. Another suggestion is that when a batter is purposely passed, the runners already on the bases should be allowed to

advance one base as in the case of a balk. Passing is frequently done with the bases empty; for instance, if two were out and one run were required to tie the score, and Myers or Zimmerman were at the bat, he would very likely be passed. A third scheme allows the passed batter to go to second. A rather interesting suggestion is to allow the batter to remain at the bat until he does get a good ball. Another thing that has occurred to us personally is that if the umpire decides that he was passed intentionally the batter may let someone else take his place on the bases and be up the next time himself. Whatever is done, however, this particular defect in the game should be remedied.

A Baseball Change

CONDITIONS shift gradually in the national game. One of the changes this year is that left-hand batsmen are not in as great demand as they have been in preceding years. Stengel, who was the sensation of the spring as batsman came near losing his place because he batted left-handed, and Dahlen wanted a right-handed hitter. Therefore, he signed Meyer, who was a .350 man in the International League, but Meyer fell down and Stengel got his chance.

Up to 1912 scouts were ordered to watch for stars who hit on the side of the plate nearest first base. Their special value lay in the fact that they start several feet nearer first base, and that it is easier for a left handed batter to hit a right-handed pitcher. The reason that the left-handed men have become less desirable is that there has been such a development of left-handed pitchers.

If this condition proves to be permanent, the boys in the lots will stop their present practice of learning to bat on what is, to the majority of them, the unnatural side of the plate.

"The Obvious"

MR. JUSTICE HOLMES of the United States Supreme Court is a very remarkable man. He is a profound philosopher, and he knows how to write. Speaking to Harvard men this season at a law school dinner in New York, he took up the subject of the need of education in the obvious. In the intimacy and ease of the surroundings, and also in the intimacy and ease that a man like Justice Holmes feels anywhere in the world, he confessed that he sees less immediate use in committees on the high cost of living, and its relation to gold production, narrowing cattle ranges, and population, than he does in impressing a few obvious truths. The main remedy for all the troubles that confront us, whether evils in the present state of the law or evils in public opinion, is for us to grow more civilized. As this philosopher looks ahead into the future, he wonders whether competition from new races will not cut deeper than workmen's disputes, and test whether we can hang together and can fight. He feels that we are running through the world's resources at a pace that we can not keep. He sees civilization ahead, perhaps with smaller numbers, but perhaps bred to greatness and splendor by science. The way he feels about the universe found a symbol as he

walked homeward the other day on Pennsylvania Avenue near the Treasury. Beyond Sherman's statue to the west, the sky was aflame with scarlet and crimson from the setting sun. "But, like the note of downfall in Wagner's opera, below the sky-line there came from little globes the pallid discord of the electric lights." Thinking of these things, his last reflection, after all, was that after the sunset and above the electric lights there shone the stars.

Eugenics

THE view that the human race can be improved in quality only by different standards of selection is becoming rather widespread. Undoubtedly the increased interest in health and efficiency and morality as bearing on marriage will do something toward fixing habits of thought that will affect falling in love. People fall in love not only on account of their individual make-up, but also on account of the ideas that may prevail in their community. Whether very much of this work can be done by legislation is possibly open to doubt. Mr. Wallace, certainly as high an authority on the subject as there is, thinks it is absurd to attempt to determine by legislation those relations of the sexes that shall be best, alike for individuals and for the race, in a society in which a large part of our women work long hours daily for the barest subsistence. With an almost total absence of the rational pleasures of life, they are driven into uncongenial marriages in order to secure some amount of personal independence or physical well being.

Mr. Wallace argues that if the legislature can not cure the conditions that force such life on millions of workers, it is a mockery to suppose it capable of remedying some of the more terrible results. If women are freed from the temptation to marry for subsistence and a home, Mr. Wallace thinks they will be very careful in their selection. Many of them will prefer not to marry at all. They will, on the average, marry much later than they do now. It will be looked upon socially as a degradation for a woman to marry any man she does not both love and esteem. Moral standards will be such that man will have no substitutes for marriage acceptable to them, and therefore they will be much more eager for marriage than they are now, and the number of choices open to the average woman will, therefore, be greater.

From this general and economic and moral development, Mr. Wallace expects a selective agency to be created which will have an extremely improving effect on the quality of the race. His estimate of the way in which this improvement is to be made seems to us the most intelligent. When women are free to choose absolutely, the worst men will be almost universally rejected.

In Her Place

ONE who looks out of the window of a railroad train entering a large city, or who looks out of the window of an elevated road, sees women sitting at dingy windows, gazing vacantly out of the small flats which their families inhabit. They have no sufficient occupation in taking care

of two or three rooms, and the fact that they have not any adequate call on their energies and ability turns them into slatterns, so that they do not even do properly what little work there is to do. Mr. Sloan's picture on the cover this week depicts such a woman. When steam was harnessed, and the factory was created, all these multifarious domestic industries which belonged to woman were taken away. She ceased to be the spinner, the weaver, the dyer; she ceased in large measure to make butter and cheese and to put up preserves; and along with the disappearance of the most important household industries came the march of general education and took the children off into the public schools. If she follows her traditional industries into the factory, as it is at present conducted, she destroys her own constitution and deteriorates the race. If she remains at home, especially in what the modern tenement furnishes as home, she is cramped and confined in her life without having nearly enough genuine usefulness and interesting work to fill the needs of her nature. There are two tasks for society implied in this predicament. One, of course, is to make home conditions as attractive as possible; the other, a much more difficult one, is to find some way by which women can continue to occupy the important place in industry that they always have occupied. In fact, that place ought naturally to be somewhat larger than it was, since families are smaller, and ought to be smaller, on account of the decreased death rate among children, and since the education of children has been undertaken by the State.

It is very improbable that any form of work will ever again be possible and profitable in the home. The best outcome we can look forward to is that the community, especially the women, will grapple with the factory problem in such a way that women will be able to work outside the home under conditions that will not be damaging. The use of steam to do our work, and to increase immeasurably its material results, has given us no more profound ethical and social problem than this.



Is American Business Failing?

By C. M. KEYS

Illustrated by Maurice Becker

IT seems time to look a few industrial and commercial facts squarely in the face and draw a few honest conclusions about American business. That is the purpose of this article. It does not pretend to solve any economic problems. It purposes merely to state them, if they exist.

When you come to the place where you want to look at business, you turn to basic industries. You do not care that Henry Ford has just made a score or two of millions out of an automobile factory—for automobiles are not a basic industry as yet. You do not pay much attention to

"lifts" wherever in the world they use them; compressing gases and liquids for the largest and the smallest of chemical operations;—working, in fact, as servants of the world of commerce without national boundary or racial prejudice. Their plants you may find in England, France, Germany, and Austria, as well as in a dozen home cities.

The making of steam pumps, or the making of any other perfectly standardized machinery, is a basic industry. This particular company seems to have the patents, the brains, the organization and the courage to carry on its business in all the markets of the world in competition with whoever cares to compete.

Business on its books has been enormous. It makes no public statement of its gross business, so that one may have its semi-official statements only for proof; but these would seem to show that in the year 1912 it did about as big a business as it ever did in its history. Certainly its banner year has been a very recent year. In actual volume of business done, 1911 would seem to be the biggest it ever enjoyed.

Yet, in the spring of 1913, within two months following a statement by its president that 1913 would be a banner year for this company, the directors were forced to cease paying any dividends on the preferred stock, and even the first mortgage bonds of the company slipped down to a price barely over half their face value. This company tottered. It seems to be tottering still.

Why is it that in this great industry, with its enormous home and foreign business of a staple sort, growing and expanding in an apparently normal way, the shadow of ruin falls upon the executive council?

WHEN you come to analyze it, the answer is that the cost of manufacture, the cost of administration, the cost of selling and the cost of competition left no real margin of profit to be divided.

Keeping this fact in mind, glance at a few of the other basic industries, to see how they have fared.

In sugar, which is consumed, directly or indirectly, by every human being in the country every day, the largest

company in this country making sugar for the people reported for the last year the smallest margin of net profit that it has recorded since the disastrous days of twenty years ago.

In steel, the increasing use of which is perhaps the greatest industrial marvel of the age, the gross profit gathered by the largest manufacturer in 1912 was a few cents more than half as much per ton as in 1902.

In paper, in its various branches, disaster has been elected to the Board of Directors of nearly all the best known companies. The leading American company manufacturing paper bags and kindred lines not only passed its preferred dividend this year, but came perilously near something much worse. You may buy its securities for a very small fraction of their price of a year ago. The biggest of the news-print makers is as sickly a giant as ever was born. In August the best known of the writing-paper companies ceased paying dividends on its preferred stock. The official statement concerning this matter stated, very simply, that the main subject for discussion at the meeting consisted of "the advance in the price of rags and wood pulp and the increased cost of labor." It must have been a cheerful meeting.

The story of the textile trades is fairly well known. The Lawrence and Paterson strikes are still of recent enough date to be remembered. The underlying cause of them was the same, namely a recognition on the part of the employers that the margin of profit is already so small that it requires but little additional advance in the cost of labor to wipe it off the slate for good.

Boots and shoes are not, for the most part, manufactured by mobilized capital. With two possible exceptions, they are almost in the factory stage of financial development. Both these larger companies report fair earnings; but one of them, at least, seems barely able to show profits, in spite of large gross business, sufficient to justify confidence that even the dividend on its preferred stock will be continuous.

THE heart of the clothing industry lies in New York City. It is the biggest industry in the country, far exceeding the output of steel, for instance, or of paper and publishing. In a single morning edition of a New York newspaper in July, the writer found twenty-one notices of bankruptcy in the clothing trade of New York. The past summer has been the worst summer in this respect that has been experienced in many years. Of course, the trade is disorganized and bad, all through. It is also difficult to do more than guess at its real condition. There is no definite way to study it and say that today its margin of profit is smaller than at any other day. One may only guess at it, from what one has to go on.

The last of the staple industries listed in a previous paragraph was food. That is pretty broad. Most of the concerns that make or market food products have been mighty prosperous. The reason may be set down here, for a purpose that will be made clear later. You will find it excellently stated in Bulletin No. 110 of the United States Bureau of Labor. In that bulletin Uncle Sam compares the prices of last autumn of fifteen of the principal articles of food with the average prices of the same products for the ten years 1890-1899. Every article, of course, advanced. Ten out of the fifteen advanced more than 50 per cent. Sugar made the smallest advance, 5.2 per cent. Pork chops made the largest, 118.6 per cent.

The case of sugar has already been discussed. There is no pork chop trust. No doubt, if there were, its profits would show up quite well for 1912. They ought to, for the price of the product changes every day. The making and marketing of food products, generally, is not an industry. It is hardly even a trade. It is almost a profession.

If this were a book instead of an article, it would be possible to go much further, and recite the sad tales of the fertilizer companies, the one or two harvester companies and many other more or less important concerns that have met disaster in 1913, sometimes because they had too little business and sometimes because they had too much and sometimes because they tried to play the tricky games of high finance. Since this is not a

chronicle, enough has been cited from the industrial staples to illustrate a fact that seems to have been ignored in the making of America's commercial policies.

THERE is, however, a staple line of manufacture greater by far than any of these. It is the making of transportation and the selling of the same to the ultimate consumer, Mr. Jones, who always pays the freight. No other industry plays a more important part in the making of American commercial prosperity or woe. No other employs a larger army of men or supports and educates more children. The railways are the circulation system of the body commercial. If they go wrong, everything goes wrong. Let us examine into their margin of profit at the present time and see how things go.

Because this article deals with general trade conditions and not with special industries, it is well to use the main line railroads of the country as illustrations. The latest available period is the first six months of 1913. These were good enough months in trade, as things go, neither abnormally good nor abnormally bad. What the figures show may be taken, on the whole, to be honest enough facts.

In that period, as compared with the same time last year, the Pennsylvania gained \$11,700,000 in gross, and lost \$3,300,000 in net, earnings; the Baltimore & Ohio gained \$3,400,000 gross and lost \$1,200,000 net; the Boston & Maine and the New Haven, together, lost a little in gross and lost \$3,500,000 in net; the Louisville & Nashville and the Southern combined, gained \$3,600,000 gross, and lost \$1,300,000 net; the Atchison and Southern Pacific together, gained over \$6,000,000 in gross and managed to add about \$95,000 to their net earnings out of that sum; while the roads of the Great Northwest, including the Union Pacific, the Hill roads, the St. Paul, Illinois Central and dozens of others, combined, made the best returns of all, with an increase of more than \$5,000,000 saved, nearly half of it in net. That was due, according to the experts, to the fact that last year they had a very bad time, and this year was merely a return toward normal results.

In this quick and offhand snapshot at railroad conditions, one thing stands out quite as clearly as a crack in the plate. That is that our big railroads seem to grow a little bit poorer the more business they get. One may almost repeat, in this instance, the diagnosis of a former paragraph and write it down that the "cost of manufacture, the cost of administration, the cost of selling and the cost of competition" cut heavily into the margin of profit in carrying on this greatest of American industries.

Of course, the obvious answer to all this compendium of facts and figures is sure to be made. It is that everything is very much over-capitalized anyway and that profits on capital are not a criterion of prosperity or the reverse. It is well to nail that simple argument at once. In no case cited in this article have the facts presented any relation at all to the capital account. Net profits are reckoned in every case before even the interest on bonds is deducted. This article is concerned only with operating profits and not with surplus after debts are paid and dividends are disbursed. We are talking about business and not about finance.

THE facts here recorded are not by any means the most obvious commercial facts of the day. A very large majority of the business men and railroad leaders of the country are still busy watching gross earnings grow. The commercial agencies, students of commerce at large, bankers and political leaders of the country note that the volume of business moving, the volume of clearings, and the volume of tonnage on the railroads keep on expanding. There is no immediate contraction of business in sight.

The declining profits of business, in truth, are little more, so far, than a cloud upon the horizon, no bigger than a man's hand to the eyes of many. Here and there, in some thin industry where the control of retail prices has passed away entirely from the hands of the manufacturer, as, for instance, in the business of making

transportation, the clouds begin to look ominous. A few dividends have gone by the board. Such veteran investment stocks as the New Haven, the St. Paul, the Illinois Central have been forced to take in sail. A few railroad men are worrying a little about tomorrow and the day after. A few manufacturers, mostly the makers of the world's staples, begin to sleep badly at night. That is all, so far.

Profitable commerce, in 1913, has become a matter of specialties. The manufacture and merchandizing of staple goods has ceased to be the main profit-producing function of American business. So much is this true that in some of our staple lines the dividends of today are almost wholly earned from the making of one specialty. The rubber manufacturing industry, for instance, is admitted to be living largely, so far as divisible profits are concerned, on the making of automobile tires. The largest profits, in proportion to volume of business, flow into the treasuries of men who make and sell strongly advertised brands of goods, for which the public pays enough to meet the excess cost of selling and a goodly rate of interest on the good-will of the company.

In the financial markets we have seen, in the past two years or so, the flotation of more than a hundred big industrial companies. A few of them were makers of staples; but the vast majority of them were companies engaged in some extra-profit industry far removed in character from the standard markets for standard goods. Capital, in fact, would be extremely shy in these days in backing new enterprises in steel, in clothing, in food products of wide use, or in any other standard trade where the margin of profit is made in direct competition with others in the same trade and in the open unprotected market.

GRANTING, then, that in the great lines of commerce American business has been for some years past and is today declining in its ability to earn profits on the business done, what is the remedy? What can we do about it?

The first and most obvious reply is furnished by Bulletin 110, cited in a previous paragraph. The maker of steel, of boots and shoes, of clothing, of food, finding his profits growing smaller while his business grows larger, can set to work and make a new schedule of prices. He can charge us more for what we eat, and wear, and use in building, and for the carrying of our goods hither and yon.

Can he? He cannot. The railroads have been trying for five years past to do just that thing. They have failed, so far, because public opinion, blind, perhaps, a little, was against them. So far have the makers of steel been from getting better prices for their goods that the market is split wide open whenever the slightest scarcity of demands sets in.

It has already been noted that there are exceptions. The makers of meat make prices that show a margin of profit, no matter what happens. Meat is a necessity of life. We shall pay, for pork and beef, next winter whatever price will show a profit to all concerned, after that meat has been fattened on corn and alfalfa at new high record values on account of the hot wave of August and September. We shall talk a lot about it, no doubt, but we shall pay the bills nevertheless.

It must be noted that the dearth of profits today in staple lines is not due to the falling of prices. On the contrary, the prices charged the public for commodities, whether food, clothing, or any other essential of life, come very near to being the highest prices collected in civilized times of peace for these same commodities.

IT is admitted not only by economists but by the men of business themselves that the dearth of profits is due, fundamentally, to the era of very high commodity prices. To attempt to cure it by raising prices still higher would be in line with the ancient proverb about the hair of the dog that did the biting; but there its virtue would end. An era of still higher prices for manufactured staples would give temporary relief to a few lame companies; but it would only tend to accentuate the troubles that must be met.

The cure lies farther along the road. Every man who thinks about these things knows what it is. Instead of the cost of living and of doing business going upward,

those costs must come down. For such a condition as seems imminent civilization has devised no other remedy. Costs must be cut. The supply must again be made equal to or larger than the demand.

Labor is the heart and crisis of this matter. It is largely the cost of labor that has created the situation, and it is to the cost of labor, with all that means, that one must look for the remedy. The phrase "liquidation of labor" is seen in print quite often this year. Men talk of it lightly, as though labor could be put in peaceful liquidation like a body of free assets or a collection of merchandise. The United States knows better. Labor liquidated means labor unemployed. It means a long continued era in which men seek for work, instead of being sought by work. There has been no considerable period of labor liquidation in the United States since 1894. That year brought Coxey's Army and the Chicago Union Railway strike.

To say that the wages of labor must come down is to hint at national tragedy. Yet many students of events take the obvious risk of entertaining that opinion in 1913. If labor itself, or the administration, or any man in the land, can devise some new method whereby the eternal cycle of prosperity and disaster can be interrupted, it is time to devise it now.

All men in business look back with something like longing to the good old days that followed the election of Mr. McKinley in 1896. All men look forward to the coming of another similar era. The men of this generation expect that they too will have the opportunities their fathers had to win forward in the great commercial and industrial lines that are so truly typical of American business life.

THE great expansion and growth of American commerce in the first McKinley administration was only possible because there was an abundant supply of high-grade labor looking for work at low wages. It is conceivable that American commerce might creep slowly forward for many years even under the conditions of today, but it may almost be taken for granted that there will be no great sweeping and conquering advance in any sense akin to the McKinley boom until the very basis of business, the fundamental costs of doing business, have passed through a period of readjustment. The next great forward movement in America must await the day when labor is again abundant and cheap, raw materials again pressing upon the market at low prices, and the markets of the world again wide open to our goods at our prices.

In such a readjustment there is no hint of conflict between capital and labor. The demands of labor today are probably justified by the actual cost of living. The demands of capital are probably equally justified by the cost of doing business. The causes of the discontent of capital are practically identical with the causes of the discontent of labor. Capital refuses to go to work in the staple industries of America today because it cannot find in those industries what it considers adequate returns. Labor refuses to work without what it considers adequate returns. In the course of time the two will meet on common ground. Both will seek a new employment in the great affairs of commerce and of transportation at returns that at first will be merely adequate. In time, they will move forward together into that wonderful commercial era which will realize, in the next few decades, the recent prophecy of Lord Haldane, and make this country the leader of the world in all material things.

There seems little possibility of a panic. On the contrary, signs seem to point to a slow and gradual and perhaps easy drift downward on an ebb tide of commerce. Capital is not in distress, nor even in great fear. It is getting slowly ready for readjustment. Labor seems blind; but even here there is room for hope that common sense will be stronger than tradition and that the cost of labor, the cost of living, commodities, and the cost of doing business, will move together in an orderly and peaceful decline.

So long as real and thorough liquidation takes place, it does not matter what its manner or its method may be.



COMEDIANS

By EVERETT SHINN

An Open Letter to W. J. B.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

DEAR W. JENNINGS:
It would be
A gracious deed of fine felicity
If you would but impart to me
You little secret of publicity.
Why is it everything you do
Is promptly placarded and pageanted?
What is the plan which puts it through
So cleanly, cleverly press-agented?

WHY, even before I heard your view,
I scorned the monetary sciences
And breathed (tho' Wall St. never knew)
The usual passionate defiances.
But did that gain me praise or curse?
Was my name trumpeted and tooted?
No, not a toot! And what was worse,
I wasn't even persecuted.

THEY'VE thrown so many bricks at you,
You've made a mansion of the missiles.
They've barbed and buried you. Next day
They found you gathering figs from thistles.
So please, oh please, reveal your plan;
Please let me work at it, or play with it,
Please tell a struggling fellow-man,
How do you always get away with it?

Salt Lake City

A Municipal Democracy

By OSWALD RYAN

SALT LAKE CITY, after a year and a half of experience under a reform government, lays claim to being the latest success to the credit of the commission government idea, which started in Galveston twelve years ago. In these days of popular interest in municipal achievement, it seems strange that the city of Brigham Young should have been overlooked by the chronicler of current municipal history, for the Mormon mecca has a story to tell which is both interesting and significant.

For Salt Lake City does not offer the usual commission government reform story. The student does not have to scrutinize with minutest care the contemporaneous political situation in the Utah capital in order to feel the presence of a new note, and to understand that somehow this experience is different from the others. But let's to our story.

Most American cities, suffering from misgovernment, have cried out in their distress that the influence of the great national parties in their local affairs was responsible for their ills; national parties and national issues dominated the city, which was mercilessly sacrificed on the altar of national and state politics. But Salt Lake City, for several years preceding 1912, was not dominated by the national parties or national issues; yet the issue in the local elections was as foreign to city government as the questions of the tariff, the currency, or trust regulation. That issue grew out of religious prejudice: Should the members of the Mormon Church be permitted to hold any city office or exercise any political influence in municipal affairs?

HERE was the element which was to make the Utah capital unique among the politics-ridden cities of America. Its appearance resulted several years ago in the formation of a political party—"The American Party," which was dedicated to the task of excluding Mormons and Mormon influence from the city administration. That party, based on no principle either of municipal, state or national administration, governed Salt Lake City almost without interruption for several years, until a non-partisan, commission government dislodged it from power in 1912. There had been the usual Democratic and Republican parties in Salt Lake City, but these did not count; the "American Party" ruled the city.

The origin of this anti-Church party dates back to an interesting combination of circumstances. Several years ago, Reed Smoot, high official of the Mormon Church, was a candidate for the office of United States Senator from Utah, and his opponent, a citizen of Salt Lake City and a "Gentile," as the non-Mormons are called, conceived the plan of drawing to his support all elements of opposition to the Church. For a time, it appeared that the "Gentile" candidate would be sent to Washington. Smoot was elected, however, and practically all clear-thinking citizens of Salt Lake City agree that the defeated candidate's desire for revenge achieved the formation of the "American Party," first the "Liberty Party," which immediately followed Smoot's election.

But the spirit of revenge, which moved the managers of the new movement by

I, too, have served the unfizzed grape
Upon my humble supper table,
But did the gartered guests escape
And send the story home by cable?
Nay, nay! but when you serve it—bing!
Ambassadors slide down the bannister
In haste to spread the wondrous thing
As tho' you'd served them grape—and cannister.

I'VE travelled the Chautauqua route
From Passamaquoddy to Matanzas,
But no one seemed to give a hoot,
Not even the Senator from Kansas.
They call you "Commoner," but why,
Why do they always Upper-Case you?
You are no commoner than I!
Why shouldn't I, sometimes, displace you?

no means moved the great mass of its supporters in the years that followed. Hundreds of people believed that the powerful Church on the hill was a dangerous political influence and should be curbed, and they were the bulwark of the new party. "In what way did the Church interest itself?" the writer asked a score of citizens. "Well," came the invariable answer, "just about election time whisper would come forth from a high official of the Mormon Church, and the Mormons would all vote one way."

The members of the Church stoutly denied the charge of Church influence, but the magnificent temple upon Temple Square, shrouded in eternal secrecy, represented an ominous influence in the minds of many citizens, who continued to register their votes for the "American Party." Then the aggressive business influence of the Church added weight to the popular charge. "The Church, in the person of its rulers, owns a hotel, a bank, a great department store, a powerful sugar concern; such an organization cannot possibly keep out of politics." So reasoned the majority of Salt Lake voters, and the majority were "Gentiles." Whether the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" was guilty of the charge is unimportant so far as this story is concerned; the vital fact is that a ruling majority *thought* the Church guilty, and feared to vote for any other than the "American Party" candidates.

THE result of municipal government by a party which was the instrument of anti-Church crusade, was what might

be expected. People voted according to their religious sentiments, not according to their municipal convictions; questions of municipal policy and of good city government had no place in the civic consciousness of Salt Lake citizenship. As the issue of Monarchism for years cut across the natural party divisions of France, frightening great masses of voters into the anti-Monarchist ranks; or as the race issue for half a century has demoralized the natural party divisions of our own Southern states, forcing voters into the white man's party; so the question of whether the members of the Mormon Church should be permitted to exercise their right to hold office or to be politically influential stifled the political voice of Salt Lake City by driving hundreds of her voters into the ranks of the only municipal anti-Church party that has ever appeared in this country.

Secure in the thought that the "Gentiles" would not dare to desert the anti-Mormon standard, the managers of the "American Party" did not trouble themselves to give the people a high quality of government. Contracts were awarded to political favorites, regardless of cost to the city treasury, and one of these favorites received so many municipal jobs that people ironically referred to him as the "Official Contractor." The police department was so successfully dominated by petty politics that all forms of vice flourished without interference. The fire department, a crib for the faithful, became so inefficient that, according to reports of leading citizens, valuable properties were allowed to burn to the ground a few years ago, because the firemen were too intoxicated or too inefficient to fight the fire effectively. There were no startling cases of official corruption, but there was abundant evidence of municipal inefficiency. While good citizens of Salt Lake City rested in the peaceful thought that the government was secure from the influence of the Mormon Church, the petty politicians ruled with free hand. Then, suddenly, the idea dawned upon several leading spirits that their city was the victim of a false idea and a groundless fear, and that if Salt Lake City were to hold her place in the march of the cities she must revise her municipal point of view. From the moment the new idea got abroad, dates the new era for the Utah capital.

A JUST regard for political science demands the admission that the idealism of her citizens was not the sole motive which moved Salt Lake City to reform herself. Here, as in all previous history, we can find traces of the economic motive which Karl Marx made the foundation of his case for modern Socialism, and we must admit that, to many citizens, the new movement represented primarily a gain in business prosperity. "This Church issue is hurting business," wailed some. "I can't afford to antagonize my Mormon customers," declared others in their despair. How the followers of Marx and the Materialistic Interpretation of history would have chuckled at these evidences of the truth of their creed!

But there were idealists in Salt Lake City, too—people who dreamed dreams and saw visions, people who saw the moral and civic needs of their city—and, be it said to the credit of Salt Lake City, these people took the lead in the battle for good government. It was they who undertook the task of getting a new commission charter drawn up by

a self-appointed committee of citizens, and who, when the committee had drawn up a new charter embodying most of the ideas of the commission government, took the responsibility of putting the new charter through the State legislature.

It was when the new charter was projected into the Utah legislature that an event occurred which made certain that Salt Lake City would get its commission government, and that was the alliance of the Mormon leaders in the legislature with the proponents of the new charter. The Mormon political leaders in control of the legislature were willing to give Salt Lake City a commission government if by so doing they could break the power of the anti-Mormon party in the capital, and the non-partisan primary and election features which formed a prominent provision of the proposed charter offered an apparently effective means to this end. The result was that an act was passed in March, 1911, placing cities of the "first and second" classes, which included Salt Lake City, under commission government.

To Mormon leaders the measure meant an opportunity for putting an end to the "Babylonian Captivity" of the Church; to the good government people it meant an opportunity for civic betterment and expansion. The anti-"American" feeling had played into the hands of the reformers.

AFTER an exciting municipal campaign in which all of the old political elements combined to elect candidates who would carry on the old anti-Mormon tradition of misrule, the good government element elected their candidates and the new government was installed in January, 1912.

The new commissioners were not politicians. The head of the government, Mayor Parke, a young University man, was the leading member of a jewelry firm, and had been state senator and brigadier-general of the State guard. The other commissioners included a former mayor, a young Harvard man of wealth, who had entered the lists for good government from a sense of public duty, a Socialist of advanced political and economic ideas, and a warehouseman. They were not men of brilliant administrative ability, but they were efficient and earnest men, and were sincerely bent on instituting an administration that would measure up to its highest public obligations.

The new government began its work by overhauling the police department, placing in charge as chief of police, one who, as special officer, had for many years been regarded as an expert in the detection of crime. The new chief lost no time in notifying law-breaking saloon-keepers, gambling and "dope" house operators and the proprietors of the "red light" district that there was to be a change of policy, and that they would be expected to abandon their unlawful activities without delay. The prostitute was ordered to leave the city, and the gambler invited to do the same or secure an honest job. It was made clear to these people that the alternative was the jail, and the whole troop took Hobson's choice and either changed their residence or their occupation.

IT must not be thought that the captains of the underworld calmly accepted the new régime without making any effort to understand it. "Surely," exclaimed one of these to the chief of

police, "surely, this but is another of the old-time political spasms, and surely," he added with a knowing wink, "an envelope, properly filled, and dropped in the chief's desk at the beginning of each month, would make things all right again." The chief always endeavored patiently to explain to these callers that something had happened to Salt Lake City which was different from the things that had happened before, and that it would be useless extravagance to leave envelopes in the chief's desk. Needless to say, the would-be benefactor of the department always departed with no uncertain idea of the new policy of law enforcement which was to be imposed on the city. One of these, a Chinese manager of an opium den, went so far as to solicit the aid of members of the chief's family in trying to win the new officer away from his "fanatical ideas of law enforcement"! "Mr. Chief, he velly nice man," asserted another Mongolian, "but he no savvy."

THE fire department underwent a similar reorganization. For many years, firemen had been appointed and discharged on basis of political expediency and naturally the efficiency of the department had gone steadily down, while the fire insurance rate in the city had gone steadily up. The commission now added equipment and new men to the service and placed at its head an expert who spends part of his time in a comparative study of the best methods of fire-fighting which have been worked out in other cities. People now inform you in Salt Lake City that Chief Bywater, and not the chairman of the fire committee of the council, is in control of the fire department, and that it's a more efficient department.

As a business investment, the new Salt Lake City government has measured up to the high traditions of commission government. For example, the first semi-annual report of the commission showed a saving of over 60 per cent. in the legal advertising of the city, and \$18,000 in the purchase of supplies. The first annual report, issued last January, discloses a saving of \$33,750 in the purchase of supplies. Other savings may be noted in the various departments. Contracts are now awarded to the lowest bidder, and the good old days when there was an "official contractor" who was patriotically chosen over outsiders who had offered to do the work for one-third less, have passed away with the old council government. Another feature of the new business policy is the collection of interest on the city funds deposited in banks. In the old days, the banks paid interest, but the city never received it. Now, it goes into the treasury.

BUT, after all, the success of the new Salt Lake City government, after a year and a half of experience, cannot be measured by its administrative economies. It is in a new civic consciousness that one sees the change. The old order of boss-ridden administration, of unrestrained license for the lawless elements, of ceaseless religious strife, has given way to the new, and somehow the people as a whole seem to be thoroughly satisfied.

The visitor will now see in the heart of the city a large "stockade," enclosing long rows of uniformly built houses—a notorious pen in which were accustomed to gather the most vicious elements of the Utah mountains; silent and deserted, today it stands, an eloquent monument to the new order of things in Salt Lake City.



"I finished the flight and won the race"

Flying Ten Thousand Miles

By CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE

THUS an elderly and irascible gentleman:

"Flown for four years? Then, thank God you're alive, sir, and don't fly again."

A view, no doubt, that might represent the opinion of many. But I do not purpose to retire. Instead, profiting by experience, I hope to pilot aeroplanes for more thousands of miles through the air.

How have I, in a pursuit reckoned so perilous, preserved myself intact? "Luck," is the natural answer of the layman; and if I had to respond merely "yes," or "no," I should be obliged to say "yes." But qualifications are needed and important ones too.

Let me cite an early phase, when I was learning to fly at Pau, and had reached the dangerous stage during which I began to "fancy myself" at the control-lever of a Blériot. One afternoon, I said: "I will fly over Pau." The fact that my engine was low-powered, and became overheated after a few minutes' flying, did not deter me. You, perhaps, who remember the intoxication of some new pastime, will recognize the symptoms. Reason had departed, temporarily, and sheer exhilaration reigned in its stead.

It was when, from a height of 800 feet, I was peering down upon tram-lines and houses, that the motor did what I might have expected it would do. It lost power rapidly, and then stopped—too hot to run any more.

METHODICAL airmen nowadays, when they pass through the routine of a flying school, learn to make a *vol-plane*, or gliding descent without engine-power, before they attempt a cross-country flight. But I had not troubled about this formality. Hence, when need for action came, I had no knowledge to help me. An aeroplane flies by reason of its speed; and if it loses this, it falls. If his motor fails, therefore,

the pilot must bring gravity to his aid, and maintain his pace by a downward glide. When robbed of power his machine does not, as is sometimes imagined, fall sheer to the ground. A well-designed aeroplane, when gliding, will move 6,000 feet forward for every 1,000 feet that it descends.

I remembered enough theory, even at this moment, to realize that if the monoplane stood still in the air I was a lost man. So, with a jerk of the lever, I tilted my elevating plane, and found myself looking down upon a panorama of streets, which rose rapidly to meet me. Of a likely landing-place, I could see nothing.

The suspense, although acute, was not long-drawn-out. A street leaped to hit me, then slipped away somehow underneath the machine. A house loomed next, growing monstrously and cruelly large; and I nerved myself to pierce its roof. But this, like the street, seemed to trick me; the peak of the roof shot away, as if jerked by a string, just beneath the wheels of my landing-chassis.

"What next?" was my thought.

And then—with a flicker of white planes—I flashed down into the garden which lay at the rear of the house. What its owners thought was written clearly upon their faces; but I was so amazed at finding myself alive that I scarcely observed their pell-mell advent. I hadn't a scratch, the monoplane was undamaged. Here, indubitably, was luck itself. But the lesson sank home; I did not try a trick like that again.

Once more, I must confess—in that critical period when, although able to fly, I lacked judgment and experience—good fortune stood my friend. It was in such a freakish fancy as comes to a man sometimes, when tired of sitting soberly at his levers, that I did a silly thing—a thing which, so the saying goes, was "asking for trouble." As a law unwritten

but unfailing, I had been instructed that in planing earthward to land one should not face the wind. The reason was understandable: the thrust of the wind might check the machine in its glide, and cause it to drop, rather than to move forward.

But, circling above the aerodrome in a practice flight, I was seized in my ignorance with a desire to do just the opposite—the perilous impulse of the novice. I thought, vaguely, something like this: "I may have to land against wind, some time; let's try now."

So I faced into a puffy breeze, switched off the motor, and began to plane down. The descent was normal at first; but when about a hundred feet up, and feeling a little pleased with myself, I realized suddenly that I was losing speed. I steepened the glide instinctively, but this made matters worse. A gust brought me practically to a standstill, and the machine dropped vertically. We hit the aerodrome with an echoing crash, the monoplane turning completely over and resolving itself into sticks and splinters; and then—after a fateful pause—I crawled forth ignominiously from under the cockpit which held the driver's seat. It had shut down upon me like a lid; I had a deep wound just under my left eye and over the bridge of my nose, which necessitated several stitches in hospital, and I also suffered from what doctors would call "general shock." However, after three or four weeks' rest I was flying once more. Luck again, without doubt.

LUCK, obviously, I had, in early indiscretions; but there was a drastic lesson in each, and these I learned thoroughly, and did not forget. I acquired, once and for all, a deep-rooted respect for the treacherous element I was invading; and familiarity has not, in my case, bred contempt. Nor should it with any pilot, the air being still an uncharted

sea. It sank into my mind that, at any rate when flying, one must never make mistakes, and that the penalty for carelessness may be death.

Flying should mold its man. If he cannot be molded, he may possibly be killed. As an education, aviation develops one's finest qualities. The airman must be efficient, patient, and hopeful. Irritation, even in wearisome delay, must be banished sternly. He must be a student of wind and weather; his judgment must be unswervingly sound; and, upon the stability of the machine he flies, he must be able to rely without question or thought. Hurried preparations for a flight must be rigorously avoided. Hasty work is a menace—as was illustrated to me once with painful emphasis.

On the eve of the Gordon-Bennett aeroplane race, and within thirty-six hours of the actual contest, I had obtained delivery of a new and entirely untried 100 H. P. Blériot. Trial flights had to be snatched, and some overhaul work upon the engine done—all at breakneck speed; and then I found myself flying in the race. Perhaps a couple of circuits of the course had been made, when I detected a smell of burning, and a puff of smoke blew towards me from the front of the machine.

"The heat of the motor," I told myself instantly, "is setting fire to the wooden framework."

The thought was unpleasant. At that moment, I was flying at 80 miles an hour, and the ground streaked by several hundred feet below. The obvious thing to do, of course, was to alight at once; but I was flying against time, and knew winning or losing to be a matter of minutes. To stop, therefore, and examine the engine-mounting, would practically lose me the race. So I flew on—smoke still wisping back in the rush of wind.

CONSCIOUSNESS of personal daring hardly enters into such a moment as this; the competitive instinct, when fully aroused, seems stronger than all else. I meant to keep on, and win if I possibly could; and that was all. But visions, none the less, lurked in the corners of my mind: I seemed to see flames burst from the woodwork of the body, lick out over the cloth fabric of the wings, and the machine pitch earthward—its wings no longer operative—as does the stick of a spent rocket.

But, in reality, the smell grew fainter, and the smoke ceased. I finished the flight, and won the race; and then the danger stood revealed. My mechanics had forgotten, in the confusion of eleventh-hour work, to replace a metal plate which should have rested between engine and body; and so, this protection being absent, the heat of the former had charred some wooden struts, but had just fallen short of igniting them.

The Wrights, knowing the peril of haste, would never be hurried; neither will Blériot, Farman, nor other pioneers who have survived. It may mean death, and nothing less, to fly on a quickly assembled machine. But it will happen sometimes that a machine fails in flight, even after the keenest scrutiny; and for such emergencies—nerve-trying though they be—the pilot must be alert.

IN the category of impending accidents which examination fails to reveal, should be placed that which befell Mr. Loraine, when flying the Irish Sea. His machine, like mine, had been pronounced in perfect trim; but when a waste of water lay below and no ships were in sight; his engine "pop-popped," and ceased its work. Commencing to plane down, he wondered how long the biplane would remain afloat. But then, the engine, which was still turning slowly, began abruptly to fire again and he flew ahead once more. Thrice did it play this trick, stopping merely to start

into a vague, black void, nothing showing in front save the outline of my elevating plane. Soon, however, some bright specks twinkled far below; they were the lights of the local railway station. At this moment my motor, which had been firing smoothly, spluttered several times and stopped. Mechanically, I tilted down the machine, it being the only thing to do, and dived towards the shrouded earth with not the vaguest notion where I should alight, or what obstacle I might strike when I did so—house, tree, church, or wall. And then, as unexpectedly as it had stopped, and while I was seeking in vain to pierce the pall through which I was speeding, the engine resumed its task. But such an experience, though it lasts a bare two or three seconds, is not readily forgotten.

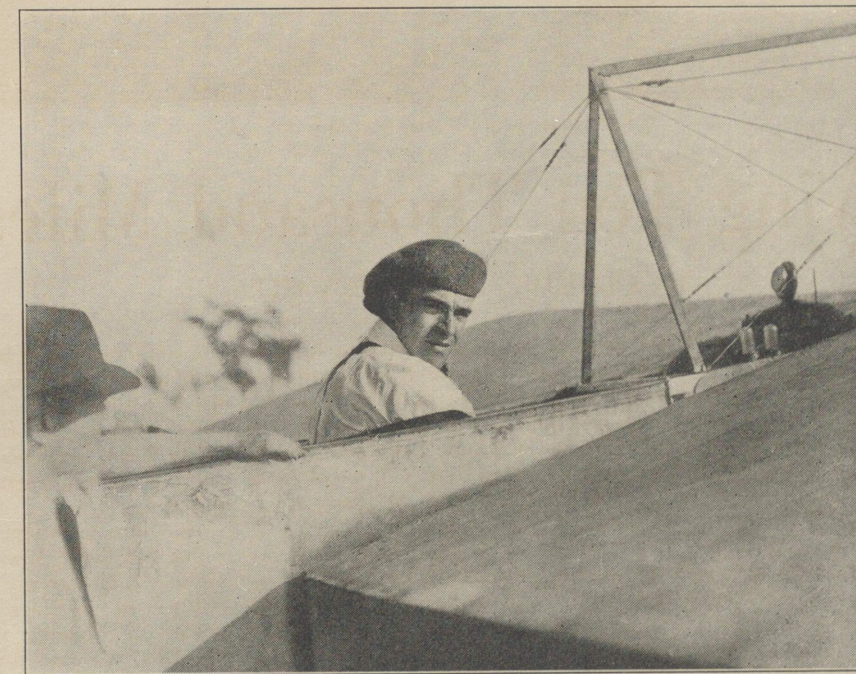
This risk of engine failure, while in flight, was ever-present in the mind of the pioneer. But the pilot today is not apprehensive, even when over mountains or seas; modern motors, indeed, have a reliability which was undreamt of a year or so ago. When Blériot flew the Channel, he did so in dread that his engine might stop at any moment; it was thought a miracle, in fact, that it should run without breakdown for 36 minutes. The late Hubert Latham's—one may recall—let him down into the Channel upon both his attempts.

BUT nowadays the cross-channel flight is made so often, and without mishap, that it has ceased to attract more than casual interest. Instead of

descending involuntarily on the tops of trees and houses, and into rivers and seas, pilots have today almost as much confidence in the engines of their aircraft as in those of their motor-cars. At first, built with extreme lightness and running continually at high speed, aeroplane motors were always in trouble—overheating, bursting cylinders, or breaking some small working part. In their experimental stage, in fact, they were nothing more than motor-car engines, ruthlessly lightened. But now experience has taught their builders lessons. They produce a piece of mechanism designed specially for the air, which is light where weight may be spared, and strong where practice has shown that heavy stresses fall.

There is no need, though, to limit oneself to a single motor when flying. Biplanes have been equipped, already, with a power-plant comprising two engines; and a large waterplane has flown with three. With such dual or treble motive-power, should one engine fail the other will maintain the machine in flight. When commercial aeroplanes carry passengers and goods, as they will by a process of development, engines in series will be fitted, and mechanical breakdown become almost impossible.

The second of this series of articles by Claude Grahame-White will appear next week.



"Flying should mold its man. If he cannot be molded, he may possibly be killed"

Marriage Today and Tomorrow

By ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

MARRIAGE in the yesterdays was certain and simple. No man could shirk his duty to ancestors by failing to secure descendants. No woman could be allowed to remain outside the domestic order, although here and there one might become "outcast" through irregular sex-relationship.

The first problem to enter the realm of matrimony inhered in the man's right, won long ago, to remain single; in the woman's right, far later gained, to become an "antient mayde" and yet remain respected as virtuous even if derided as "superfluous." Celibacy chosen for religious reasons became dignified in the older time for those of Christian antecedents. Negative answers to the question "shall I marry?" induced by social, temperamental or economic reasons, require today no ecclesiastical excuse. To be sure, bachelors are even now sometimes threatened with a special tax as penalty for their choice of single blessedness; and if "bachelor maids" win many more opportunities for distinction and large income through single-eyed devotion to their chosen vocations, envious wives and mothers may appeal for tax discrimination against them. The fact, however, that freedom not to marry is at last gained, not to be gainsaid or lost, is the significant one.

THE second problem entered the matrimonial realm with the social grant of the lover's Magna Charta, namely, freedom of choice in marriage. Where parents or the collective family council arrange the nuptials, there can be no problem of choice for the principals involved. Today, in our own civilization, individualism is not only secure, but rampant in marriage choices. Only the "blood-royal" is still subject to the bidding of other rule than the dictates of the heart. Gentles and commons of all degrees now mate at the urging of selective affection. Marriage choices may, indeed, still be swayed to unwelcome standards by family autonomy, worldly wisdom, and that subtle "arrangement" of parents that provides the "temptation of propinquity" within a preferred and narrow range; but it is possible and common for all these bonds to be overcome, and the widest social extremes be united at the marriage altar. Normal persons, and some not normal, who have reached their legal majority, today "do as they please" in this as in lesser matters. This modern individuation of marriage has opened a Pandora box of problems. Marriage choice is made in youth, often in extreme immaturity. It is often made without regard to family inheritance or condition, to physical health, mental power, moral stamina, or economic efficiency. Who pays the cost if the choice thus made prove mistaken, or worse, and its results in parenthood deplorable? In the last analysis society at large pays this cost. The married pair pay the first price of disillusionment and unhappiness. If the relationship is repudiated, as it has too often begun, in selfishness, in wilful assertions of personal claim to happiness irrespective of duty to others, then no freedom from hated bonds can prevent character deterioration. Fathers and mothers, brothers, sisters and friends, pay a second and heavy price for each

mistaken marriage, for each divorced husband and wife; especially when forced to act as substitute parents for children deprived of their birthright. Since, however, the family is the most vital of social institutions, and the home the essential nursery of good citizenship, all of us, in collective social life, pay the final cost of failures in marriage and parenthood. Counting up that social cost, in the insane, the feeble-minded, the vicious, the criminal, the diseased, the wretchedly poor, the incapable and unhappy, and above all in the neglected children of the rich and the poor alike, the total appalls the thoughtful. Growing perception of the ultimate outcome of extreme individualism in marriage has led to a rising demand, which will soon become too insistent to be denied for efficient and strong social control of this center of human organization.

THE marriage of tomorrow will substitute for ancient tribal and family arrangements, and for the domination of church and synagogue, a State supervision and legal guardianship in marriage which shall curb freedom at the point where it degenerates into selfish whim and hasty passion, and shall fitly represent the interests of society at large in every private union of man and woman. As unfettered competition in business is becoming obsolete, so uncontrolled individualism in marriage contracts will become out of date, when once we have learned the true social meaning of the private home. An earnest of this coming social control of marriage is shown in the new "Domestic Relations Courts" and their highly useful work of family rehabilitation.

Modern substitutes for more ancient forms of discipline to youth are shaping themselves in public opinion, also, in the present-day attempts to check divorce. These attempts, often crude and childish, and addressed to but one symptom of a domestic disease having manifold expressions, show how little the traditional ethical leadership in church and court and society comprehends the real sacrament of marriage. This sacrament is celebrated alone by free men and women, in loving union on the higher ranges of spiritual life, and in humble obedience to the laws of social well-being. No ceremony in state-liest cathedral can insure its celebration. No refusal to divorce legally married persons or to remarry those legally divorced, can prevent its desecration by hideous mockeries. All our social thinking is marred today by the present overmastering sense of the pathological. We need in this realm, as in all other areas of social reform, to fix our attention first and most upon the normal, the healthy, the ideal, and how to attain it. Only second and least should we dwell upon the abnormal, the diseased and the perverted, and what social medicament should be chosen for their amelioration. While the increase in divorces in the United States is cause for serious study, and especially for constructive and helpful agencies for strengthening the weak and disciplining the wayward within domestic bonds, it is still more a challenge to society to learn how to insure more marriages of a sort from which no one could wish to escape.

IT has been elsewhere insisted that the State alone of all social institutions, as representing most fully the common social interests in the success of each marriage, should be the arbiter in decisions as to who should be allowed to marry, and as to what obligations each married pair should assume. To emphasize that control over the family, the State alone should legalize marriage, whatever subsidiary office the Church may retain in solemnizing or beautifying that legal permission to found a family.

WHEN the State has become conscious, logical and constructive in its mechanism for the control of individualized marriage, the question what sort of men and women should be forbidden to marry will receive more definite and adequate answer. Several States in our Union now forbid the marriage of persons afflicted with infectious diseases, of those markedly defective, or those who have been within a certain period inmates of almshouses, prisons, or reformatories. These statutes approach their object crudely, and are awkwardly and weakly administered if at all. They indicate, however, that society is at last accepting the principle that family descent must be protected against taints of blood. Some socially-minded and radical clergymen are emphasizing this belated acceptance of the A B C of eugenics by requiring "certificates of health" from those who would secure their services at wedding ceremonies. This action of clergymen is not, however, along the main line of progress; since, if the State did its duty in the matter of social control of marriage this responsibility would not rest upon the clergymen of any church. It is a responsibility too heavy for any private individual or volunteer and sectarian organization to bear. If health certificates are necessary, they should be required before the State license could be obtained; and courts, and not church organizations, should be the arbiter in decisions as to permission or refusal to those desiring such license. No great headway will be made toward the ideal marriage of tomorrow until ministers of all faiths understand that they are not the chief instruments of society in any compulsory standardizing of marriage, divorce, or family condition. There is no longer a Church to command. There are manifold and varied churches to educate and inspire. The State must socially demand what social health and social progress require. The churches must help men and women personally to meet that demand, and to exceed the letter of the State law in the spirit that giveth light and growth. Meanwhile the straws of "eugenic marriages," in obedience to the demands of clergymen, show which way the social demand is moving.

IN view of the fact now demonstrated past question that feeble-mindedness and other forms of congenital abnormality constitute the supreme producing cause of race deterioration, family distress and individual misery, the State must soon rescue the marriage of today from such pollution. Crime is a disease of youth; much of it, 50 to 75 per cent, in the judgment of many experts, due to bad homes, weak parental control, and an environ-

ment that has in it no morally safe area for play and adventure, and which contains much economic injustice. Crime due to these causes can be effectively checked, in its first manifestation, by expert examination and diagnosis, leading toward prolonged reformatory treatment, physical, mental, moral and vocational, suited to each person. The inertia of society alone prevents the cure of all accidental criminals. That portion of crime, however, that is due to constitutional weakness or perversion demands for the morally incompetent, permanent segregation from a social order in which they are proved unfit to live. All rational care of confirmed criminals must include the prevention of such family relationship as would bring forth seed after their kind. Vice is also a disease of youth, much of it due to the same causes that produce curable criminals. Among vicious women, however, who are caught in the meshes of the law, a very large percentage are obviously subnormal and incapable of self-protection against greed and lust. No one social effort should so move the reformer's zeal in the realm of eugenics as this, to secure permanent custodial care, under humane and cheerful conditions, for every feeble-minded and obviously abnormal person, child or adult. When this is accomplished it will be quite time enough to get feverishly excited over the failure of good and wise people to have large families.

THE modern health crusade has already in several States induced efforts toward stringent physical requirements of those seeking marriage licenses. In so far as actual disease, present in either of the parties, is concerned, especially in the case of venereal disease, and other disorders proved most inimical to marriages and parenthood, there can be no question that society should forbid the banns. "Probation" until health is gained or the hopeless nature of the disease demonstrated, seems to be indicated as necessary to prevent tainting the blood of the nation. That such restrictions upon legal marriage would often lead to illicit sex-relationship is certain, but does not alter the case. As the ancient patrician family was custodian of the legal union of men and women in the interest of a pure, strong and socially useful family descent, so the modern State must become the efficient guardian of the marriage altar. Aberrations from the normal, in this as in other realms of human relationship must be treated on a different plane,—as a part of social therapeutics applied to social disease. The family ideal must not be lowered to meet the weakness or perversion of the undeveloped. Above all, innocent women must not be left to become the unwitting instruments of race degradation, or to bear in themselves or through the sufferings of their children the punishment of the sins of the fathers. Nor should women marrying in good faith, in hope of family completeness, be doomed to a childlessness for which they are not to blame.

AS regards those subject to inheritance, in tendency at least, of diseases which the modern health crusade has listed as scourges to be fought against, both in individual and in collective ways, society should go slow in forbidding lawful marriage to persons of good character, of normal intelligence, and of fairly healthy body. Every decade we witness the transfer of many diseases to which

flesh has been heir for ages from the list of the surely inherited and inevitably fatal, to that of the curable and preventable. This fact must give the State pause before dooming the living by the "causes of death" cited in the physicians' certificates at the demise of ancestors. The influence of specialized environment, carefully suited to particular constitutional weaknesses, is now so well known as to make men and women more and more masters of fate in this matter of physical inheritance. A finer diagnosis than present Boards of Health are capable of, a wiser discretionary power than Courts now possess, a clearer idea of what social value in the individual consists, must guide us in making arbitrary health rules for the marriage of tomorrow.

WHAT of the economic interests involved in the marriage of today? Some one has said that many divorces result from the fact that "he" earns twelve dollars a week and "she" six dollars a week before marriage, and afterward they try to live on his twelve dollars and take care of several children beside. It is certainly true that many domestic complications follow "her" exchange of a "pay envelope" however scanty its contents, for the board and clothes and shelter "his" earnings can supply, especially when divided among a family of four or five persons. The outcry for a "minimum wage for women" has much justice in its demand; but a minimum wage for fathers of families which shall exceed that now secured by the majority of manual workers is a far more vital demand from the point of view of society's need for reasonably early marriages, for three or four children to each "eugenically eligible" married pair, and for the right up-bringing of each child born into a household. The revolution in the industrial order which has sent maidens who have always worked, but who used always to work at home, out into factory and shop has confused household conditions in two ways; first, by making the vocational training of the average working girl anti-domestic, and second, by giving her a new sense of the economic value of her labor outside the home. The result of this confusion, combined with the failure of the home and the school to balance her vocational training in the shop or factory by any intimate acquaintance with domestic arts, makes the marriage of today often a difficult experience to men and women alike.

THE economic adjustments needed today are two-fold: one through a higher and more secure protection against economic disaster to the home; and the other through a more efficient use of woman's work-power both within and without the household. These economic adjustments within the home, the last and most difficult, as well as the most interior and vital process in that democratizing of industry to which society is pledged, must take generations of race-discipline for realization in the common life. Meanwhile, the mental and moral elite are showing how these adjustments are to be made. The union in marriage of equals in educational and vocational opportunity, in economic independence, in legal rights, and in political and social relationships is so new, so startlingly new, that humanity may well be excused today for some rather serious blundering on the domestic path. That so many men and women now illustrate in "the world's great bridals" that finer type of wedded life which is to

be common tomorrow, translates our faith in humanity to joyful assurance.

MEANWHILE, however, the people who are not able to pioneer in spiritual adventure, and thus demonstrate today the race-experience of tomorrow, must be our chief consideration. It seems likely that society must needs reinforce, and by conscious aim, the average good intent and honest effort of the average man and woman by some sort of family insurance which shall make parenthood a less strenuous bout with fortune; as well as by some sort of social supervision which shall standardize the average home on a higher level. The time has come when we cannot let so many babies die, or children fail of efficient life, because of the ignorance of mothers or the poverty of the home. But if we hold mothers accountable for the new demands of medical science in child-care, and raise the standard of living in ideal while it is still impossible to get the wherewithal to meet the new wants that greater intelligence makes conscious, we but increase the misery that follows knowledge without power. And if the mother has to fall back upon the father alone to support her in obedience to the new social demand to keep her babies alive and her children well, then, in too many cases this over-mastering movement to standardize the home-life on higher levels breaks down at its crucial point. If at marriage each man were required, on a basis of health and capacity easily determined, to insure against sickness, accident, unemployment and old age, an insurance to which the State as well as the employer of labor were obliged to contribute along with the laborer himself, it might be a help. We shall see how somewhat similar provisions for easing the family burdens work in other countries. If, also, every woman at marriage were required to insure herself for motherhood's demands, on a basis of health and capacity determined wisely we might find the coming of the baby a more welcome incident in many poverty-bound households, and the commands of the Boards of Health better obeyed. We need not wait, as France has done, until prudence has helped to lower the birth rate below the national danger line, to recognize that society has now assumed a control over child-care, and nurture which implies an obligation on the part of society to enable the average parent to better and more easily provide what society now demands. The care of expectant mothers, and the State bonus for every healthy child of three years of age which is urged as social statesmanship in France may prove helpful in countries with a higher birth-rate.

THE marriage of tomorrow then, we may be sure, will call the State in to ordain its conditions, to make the purity and strength of family descent and the well-being of children and the higher interests of society its prevailing ideals. The marriage of tomorrow must, also, through constructive social ingenuity, receive the benefit of economic easements which will more justly divide the cost to one generation of raising the next.

While this is being accomplished, the experience of the ages must be justified in holding sacred that personal choice of selective affection, that unique intimacy and interdependence that have made, still make, and will probably always make, individualized marriage and parenthood the supreme spiritual discipline of the race.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER (SUSPICIOUSLY): "WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE IS THIS?"

By O. E. CESARE

Oscar Wilde as Editor

By ARTHUR FISH

THE position of editor of a woman's magazine was perhaps one of the most extraordinary ever occupied by Oscar Wilde in his extraordinary career. It was, indeed, a case of "Pegasus in harness." True, it incurred his attendance at the office only twice a week—on the mornings of Tuesday and Thursday—but the very fact that regularity in any form became a factor in his life seemed an incongruity.

It was in 1887 that the poet accepted the editorship of *The Lady's World*. The first number which bore his name upon the cover appeared under the title, *The Woman's World*, a change entirely due to the new editor.

At first the work was taken quite seriously and eleven o'clock on his appointed mornings saw the poet entering the dingy portals of "The Yard," but after a few months his arrival became later and his departure earlier until at times his visit was little more than a call. After a very short time in my association with him I could tell by the sound of his approach along the resounding corridor whether the necessary work to be done would be met cheerfully or postponed to a more congenial period. In the latter case he would sink with a sigh into his chair, carelessly glance at his letters, give a perfunctory look at proofs or make-up, ask "Is it necessary to settle anything today?" put on his hat and with a sad "Good morning," depart again.

On his cheerful days, however, everything was different. These were fairly constant in the spring days of the year—there would be a smiling entrance, letters would be answered with epigrammatic brightness, there would be a cheery interval of talk when the work was accomplished, and the dull room would brighten under the influence of his great personality.

IT was ever a source of annoyance to him that the rules of La Belle Sauvage debarred him from smoking whilst in the office and perhaps this fact largely accounted for the irksomeness of the work after the novelty had worn off.

The Woman's World, nevertheless, was without doubt the finest magazine with an exclusive appeal to women that has ever been published. Its editor secured a brilliant company of contributors which included the leaders of feminine thought and influence in every branch of work, and the high level of its literary contents had never before been attained by any publication of its kind. The first number contained the following:—

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"Is it necessary to settle anything today?"

The Woodland Gods

By Lady Archibald Campbell

The Position of Women

By the Countess of Portsmouth

Above the Cloud Line

By Mrs. Bancroft

The Children of a Great City

By Lady Francis Jenne

A serial story by "George Fleming"; a short story by Amy Levy; an anonymous article on "Oxford Ladies' Colleges"; Madame de Sevigne's "Grandmother"; by Anne Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie); a poem, "Hazel Heath," by "Violet Fane"; five pages of editor's notes, and a fashion article.

Among his subsequent contributors were, Ouida, Lady Dorothy Nevill, "Carmen Sylva," Olive Schreiner, Lady Constance Howard, "Violet Fane," Dr. Anna Kingsford, Mrs. Craik, Clementina Black, Mathilde Blind, Lady Wilde, Madame Darmesteter, Marie Corelli, and indeed, every writer who counted for anything in the literary world of women. The keynote of the magazine, indeed, was the right of woman to equality of treatment with man, with the assertion of her claims by women who had gained high position by virtue of their skill as writers or workers in the world's great field of labor. All the contributions were on a high literary plane. Thus Lady McLaren wrote on "The Fallacy of the Superiority of Man"; Miss Lucy Garrett on "The Fallacy of the Equality of Woman"; Miss Julia Wedgwood on

"Woman and Democracy"; Miss Caroline Biggs on "The Need for More Women Guardians of the Poor"; Margaret, Lady Sandhurst on "Woman's Work in Politics"; Mrs. Fawcett on "Women's Suffrage"; and Miss Garrett on "Reasons for Opposing Women's Suffrage"; Professions for women were dealt with by H. R. H. Princess Christian—"Nursing"—Dr. Mary A. Marshall—"Medicine"; Miss Simcox—"Elementary School Teaching"; Miss Annie Glen—"Music" and Miss Hetherington on "Type-writing and Shorthand for Women."

THERE were articles on women of history, such as Queen Christina of Sweden, Madame de Recamier, Josephine Beauharnais, Madame Tallien, Madame de Maintenon and the Princess de Talleyrand. French history of the First Empire period and French art generally were favorite subjects of study with the editor and his readers were treated to some intensely interesting articles upon them by writers of note, among which may be mentioned specially, "A Walk through the Marais" by A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter) "Marie

Bashkirtseff" by Mathilde Blind, while articles on Pierre Loti, Georges Ohnet, and Villiers de Lisle Adam (by Arthur Symonds) expressed in a measure the Editor's admiration for modern French literature.

The humbler workers among women, and their claims to consideration were not overlooked for Miss Clementina Black wrote on "Something about Needlewomen"; The Countess of Shrewsbury on "Our Girl Workers"; Mrs. Harriette Brooke Davies on "Another Voice from the East End"; Miss O'Connor-Eccles on "The Poplin Weavers of Dublin" and Miss Dorothea Roberts on "The Knitters of the Rosses."

Some of the articles on women's work and their position in politics were far in advance of the thought of the day and Sir Wemyss Reid, then General Manager of Cassell's, or John Williams the Chief Editor, would call in at our room and discuss them with Oscar Wilde, who would always express his entire sympathy with the views of the writers and reveal a liberality of thought with regard to the political aspirations of women that was undoubtedly sincere.

IT was, of course, expected that the editor's own contributions would form the chief feature of the magazine and it was arranged that he should write "Literary

and other Notes" for each month's issue. These duly appeared in the first four numbers, but, alas, then came a falling off, and the first annual volume contained but five contributions from the editor's pen. The second—and last—contained six—the result of a direct hint from the publishers that the Editor was not sufficiently in evidence. But they demanded great effort and oftentimes the press day found the printers awaiting "copy" for the pages left for the Editor to fill.

A letter such as the following, received a day or so before "closing down" time, became almost a regular incident:

"Dear Mr. Fish,

I have not been at all well and cannot get my notes done. Can you manage to put in something else? I will be down tomorrow.

Truly yours,
O. W."

The notes are probably unknown to many Wilde-lovers, and yet they are full of brilliant gems, well worthy of preservation. In the first of these, in reviewing a novel by a woman, he wrote, "Characterisation, that enemy of literary form, is such an essential part of the method of the modern writer of fiction, that Nature has almost become to the novelist what light and shade are to the painter—the one permanent element of style."

In a note on women's dress in the same number occurs the following passage: "Women's dress can easily be modified and adapted to any exigencies of the kind; but most women refuse to modify or adapt it. They must follow the fashion, whether it be convenient or the reverse. And after all, what is fashion? From the artistic point of view, it is usually a form of ugliness so intolerable that we have to alter it every six months. From the point of view of science, it not infrequently violates every law of health, every principle of hygiene. While from the point of view of simple ease and comfort it is not too much to say that . . . there is not a single form of really fashionable dress that can be worn without a certain amount of absolute misery to the wearer. . . . In fact, the beauty of dress depends on the beauty of the human figure, and whatever limits, constraints, and mutilates is essentially ugly, though the eyes of many are so blinded by custom that they do not notice the ugliness till it has become unfashionable."

BEFORE the first number of *The Woman's World* was published Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman", had passed to the "Great Beyond" and one of the editor's "notes" was devoted to an appreciation of her and her work in the course of which he wrote:—"Mrs. Craik was one of the finest of our women writers, and though her art had always what Keats called 'a palpable intention upon one,' still its imaginative qualities were of no mean order. There is hardly one of her books that has not some distinction of style: there is certainly not one of them that does not show an ardent love of all that is beautiful and good in life. The good she perhaps loved somewhat more than the beautiful, but her heart had room for both . . . her last work was done for the magazine which I have the honour to edit. She was very much interested in the scheme for the foundation of *The Woman's World*, suggested its title, and promised to be one of its warmest supporters. . . . Few women have enjoyed a greater popularity

than Mrs. Craik, or have better deserved it. It is sometimes said that John Halifax is not a real man, but only a woman's ideal of a man. Well, let us be grateful for such ideals. No one can read the story of which John Halifax is the hero without being the better for it. Mrs. Craik will live long in the affectionate memory of all who knew her, and one of her novels, at any rate, will always have a high, honourable place in English fiction. Indeed, for simple narrative some of the chapters of 'John Halifax, Gentleman' are almost unequalled in our prose literature."

In the second number, in reviewing a book by Lady Bellairs on "Gossips with Girls and Maidens," he wrote:—

"I am afraid that I have a good deal of sympathy with what are called 'empty idealistic aspirations'; and 'wild flights of the imagination' are so extremely rare in the nineteenth century, that they seem to me deserving rather of praise than of censure. The exclamation 'Bother', also, though certainly lacking in beauty, might, I think, be permitted under circumstances of extreme aggravation, such as, for instance, the rejection of a manuscript by the editor of a magazine."

And again, "There is always a certain amount of danger in any attempt to cultivate impossible virtues."

FASHION again received his attention in this number, prompted firstly by the statement made in the course of a lecture delivered by a lady at St. Saviour's Hospital, that ladies of the day were known "to hold onto a cross-bar while their maids squeezed them into fifteen inch corsets." After commenting on the self-inflicted tortures of women to secure a fashionable figure, the editor wrote, "To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval: nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slowness to the figure. Its effect, as a rule, is simply to exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips, and those whose figures possess that stateliness which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of Fashion on the subject of tight-lacing. The fashionable English waist, also, is not merely far too small, and consequently quite out of proportion to the rest of the figure, but it is worn too low down. I use the expression 'worn' advisedly, for a waist nowadays seems to be regarded as an article of apparel to be put on when and where one likes. A long waist always implies shortness of the lower limbs, and from the artistic point of view has the effect of diminishing the height."

A critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette* having expressed surprise that in the first number of the magazine the Editor has allowed to appear an illustration of a hat "covered with the bodies of dead birds," the Editor thus stated his "exact position in the matter":—

"Fashion is such an essential part of the *mundus muliebris* of our day that it seems to me absolutely necessary that its growth, development, and phases should be duly chronicled; and the historical and practical value of such a record depends entirely upon its perfect fidelity to fact. Besides, it is quite easy for the children of light to adapt almost any fashionable form of dress to the requirements of utility and the demands of good taste. . . . I must, however, protest against the idea that to chronicle the

development of Fashion implies any approval of the particular forms that Fashion may adopt."

IN a note commenting on an article by Mrs. Craik on "Miss Anderson in 'The Winter's Tale'," in which she dealt *inter alia* with the condition of the English stage the following interesting passage occurs:

"For my own part I must acknowledge that I see more vulgarity than vice in the tendencies of the modern stage; nor do I think it possible to elevate dramatic art by limiting its subject matter. *On tue une litterature quand on lui interdit la verite humaine*. As far as the serious presentation of life is concerned, what we require is more imaginative treatment, greater freedom from theatrical language and theatrical convention. It may be questioned, also, whether the consistent reward of virtue and punishment of wickedness is really the healthiest idea for an art that claims to mirror nature."

"The best way to make children good is to make them happy" is a delightfully characteristic aphorism that appeared in a little note on the Ministering Children's League.

THE third series of notes was distinguished by the inclusion therein of Oscar Wilde's views on 19th century British fiction. " . . . in England we have had no schools worth speaking of. The fiery torch lit by the Brontës has not been passed on to other hands; Dickens has only influenced journalism: Thackeray's delightful superficial philosophy, superb narrative power, and clever social satire have formed no schools; nor has Trollope left any direct successors behind him—a fact which is not much to be regretted, however, as admirable though Trollope undoubtedly is for rainy afternoons and tedious railway journeys, from the point of view of literature he is merely the perpetual curate of Puddington Parva. As for George Meredith, who could hope to reproduce him? His style is chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language: as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Too strange to be popular, too individual to have imitators, the author of 'Richard Feverel' stands absolutely alone. It is easy to disarm criticism, but he has disarmed the disciple. He gives us his philosophy through the medium of wit, and is never so pathetic as when he is humorous. To turn truth into a paradox is not difficult, but George Meredith makes all his paradoxes truths, and no Theseus can thread his labyrinth, no Oedipus solve his secret."

IN the fourth series of notes he thus comments on a novel, "a very sad and suggestive story":—

"Darwin could not have enjoyed it, as it does not end happily. There is, at least, no distribution of cakes and ale in the last chapter. But, then, scientific people are not always the best judges of literature. They seem to think that the sole aim of art should be to amuse, and had they been consulted on the subject would have banished Melpomene from Parnassus. It may be admitted, however, that not a little of our modern art is somewhat harsh and painful. Our Castaly is very salt with tears, and we have bound the brows of the Muses with cypress and with yew. We are often told that we are a shallow age, yet we certainly have

the saddest literature of all the ages, for we have made Truth and not Beauty the aim of art and seem to value imitation more than imagination. This tendency is, of course, more marked in fiction than it is in poetry. Beauty of form is always in itself a source of joy: the mere technique of verse has an imaginative and spiritual element, and life must, to a certain degree, be transfigured before it can find expression in music. But ordinary fiction, rejecting the beauty of form in order to realize the facts of life, seems often to lack the vital element of delight, to miss that pleasure-giving power in virtue of which the arts exist."

In the second volume the editor's first contribution was a review of Ledebure's "History of Embroidery and Lace" under the title of "A Fascinating Book," in which occurs this interesting passage:—

"Our own keenly intellectual art has more than once been ready to sacrifice real decorative beauty either to imitative presentation or to ideal motive. It has taken upon itself the burden of expression and has sought to interpret the secrets of thought and passion. In its marvellous truth of presentation it has found its strength, and yet its weakness is there also. It is never with impunity that art seeks to mirror life. If truth has her revenge upon those who do not follow her, she is often pitiless to her worshippers."

ONE of the most noteworthy of his contributions was "A Note on Some Modern Poets" in which he gave his opinion of W. E. Henley's verse.* The two men were as the poles apart in character and temperament and it is no matter for surprise that the ruggedness of Henley's poetical expression jarred on the super-refined soul of Oscar Wilde. He wrote: "His little 'Book of Verse' reveals to us an artist who is seeking to find new methods of expression, and who has not merely a delicate sense of beauty and a brilliant fantastic wit, but a real passion also for what is horrible, ugly, or grotesque. No doubt everything that is worthy of existence is worthy also of art—at least one would like to think so—but while echo or mirror can repeat for us a beautiful thing, to render artistically a thing that is ugly requires the most exquisite form of alchemy, the most subtle magic of transformation. To me there is more the cry of Marsyas than the singing of Apollo in the earlier poems of Mr. Henley's volume the 'Rhymes and Rhythms in Hospital' as he calls them. But it is impossible to deny their power. Some of them are like bright, vivid pastels; others like charcoal drawings, with dull blacks and murky whites; others like etchings with deeply bitten lines and abrupt contrasts, and clever colour-suggestions. In fact, they are like anything and everything, except perfected poems—that they certainly are not. They are still in the twilight. They are preludes, inspired jottings in a notebook, and should be heralded by a design of 'Genius making Sketches.' Rhyme gives architecture as well as melody to verse: it gives that delightful sense of limitation which in all the arts is so pleasurable, and is, indeed, one of the secrets of perfection: it will whisper, as a French critic has said, 'things unexpected and charming, things with strange and remote relations to each other', and bind them together in indissoluble bonds of beauty; and in his constant rejection of rhyme Mr. Henley

*It is a matter of interest that W. E. Henley was also at one time editor of a Cassell publication but he had left a year or two before Wilde joined the staff.

seems to me to have abdicated half his power. He is a *roi en exil* who has thrown away some of the strings of his lute, a poet who has forgotten the fairest part of his kingdom. . . .

"However, Mr. Henley is not to be judged by samples. Indeed, the most attractive thing in the book is no single poem that is in it, but the strong humane personality that stands behind both flawless and faulty work alike, and looks out through many masks, some of them beautiful, and some grotesque, and not a few mis-shapen. In the case of most of our modern poets, when we have analysed them down to an adjective we can go no further, or we care to go no further, but with this book it is different. Through these reeds and pipes blows the very breath of life. It seems as if one could put one's hand upon the singer's heart and count its pulsations. There is something wholesome, virile and sane about the man's soul. Anybody can be reasonable, but to be sane is not common; and sane poets are as rare as blue lilies, though they may not be quite so beautiful. . . . Mr. Henley's healthy, if sometimes misapplied, confidence in the myriad suggestions of life gives him his charm. He is made to sing along the highways, not to sit down and write. If he took himself more seriously his work would become trivial."

IN the same note he comments on a preface by William Sharp to his "Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy". "I cannot imagine," he wrote, "anyone with the smallest pretension to culture preferring a dexterously turned triolet to a fine imaginative ballad, as it is only the Philistine who ever dreams of comparing works of art that are absolutely different in motive, in treatment and form. If English poetry is in danger—and according to Mr. Sharp the poor nymph is in a very critical state—what she has to fear is not the fascination of dainty meter or delicate form, but the predominance of the intellectual spirit of beauty. Lord Tennyson dethroned Wordsworth as a literary influence, and later on Mr. Swinburne filled all the mountain valleys with echoes of his own song. The influence today is that of Mr. Browning. And as for the triolets, and the rondels, and the careful study of metrical subtleties, these things are merely the signs of a desire for perfection in small things, and for the recognition of poetry as an art. They have had certainly one good result—they have made our minor poets readable, and have not left us entirely at the mercy of geniuses. . . . Poetry has many modes of music; she does not blow through one pipe alone. Directness of utterance is good, but so is the subtle re-casting of thought into a new and delightful form. Simplicity is good, but complexity, mystery, strangeness, symbolism, obscurity even, these have their value. Indeed, properly speaking, there is no such thing as *St. le*: there are merely styles, that is all."

"We are always apt to think that the voices that sung at the dawn of poetry were simpler, fresher, and more natural than ours, and that the world which the early poets looked at, and through which they walked, had a kind of poetical quality of its own, and could pass, almost without changing, into song. The snow lies thick now upon Olympus, and its scarp sides are bleak and barren, but once, we fancy, the white feet of the Muses brushed the dew from the anemones in the morning, and at evening came Apollo to sing to the shepherds in the

vale. But in this we are merely lending to other ages what we desire, or think we desire, for our own. Our historical sense is at fault. Every century that produces poetry is, so far, an artificial century, and the work that seems to us the most natural and simple product of its time is probably the result of the most deliberate and self-conscious effort. For Nature is always behind the age. It takes a great poet to be thoroughly modern."

THE editor's remaining notes contain very little beyond extracts from the books he reviewed. Only here and there is a flash of his personality. Such as:—

"The difficulty under which the novelists of our day labour seems to be this: if they do not go into society, their books are unreadable; and if they do go into society, they have no time left for writing."

"Many of our novelists are really pamphleteers, reformers masquerading as story-tellers, earnest sociologists seeking to mend as well as mirror life."

"The heroine is a sort of well-born Becky Sharp, only much more beautiful than Becky, or at least than Thackeray's portraits of her, which, however, have always seemed to me rather ill-natured."

"The aim of most of our modern novelists seems to be, not to write good novels, that will do good; and I am afraid that they are under the impression that fashionable life is not an edifying subject. They wish to reform the morals, rather than to portray the manners of their age."

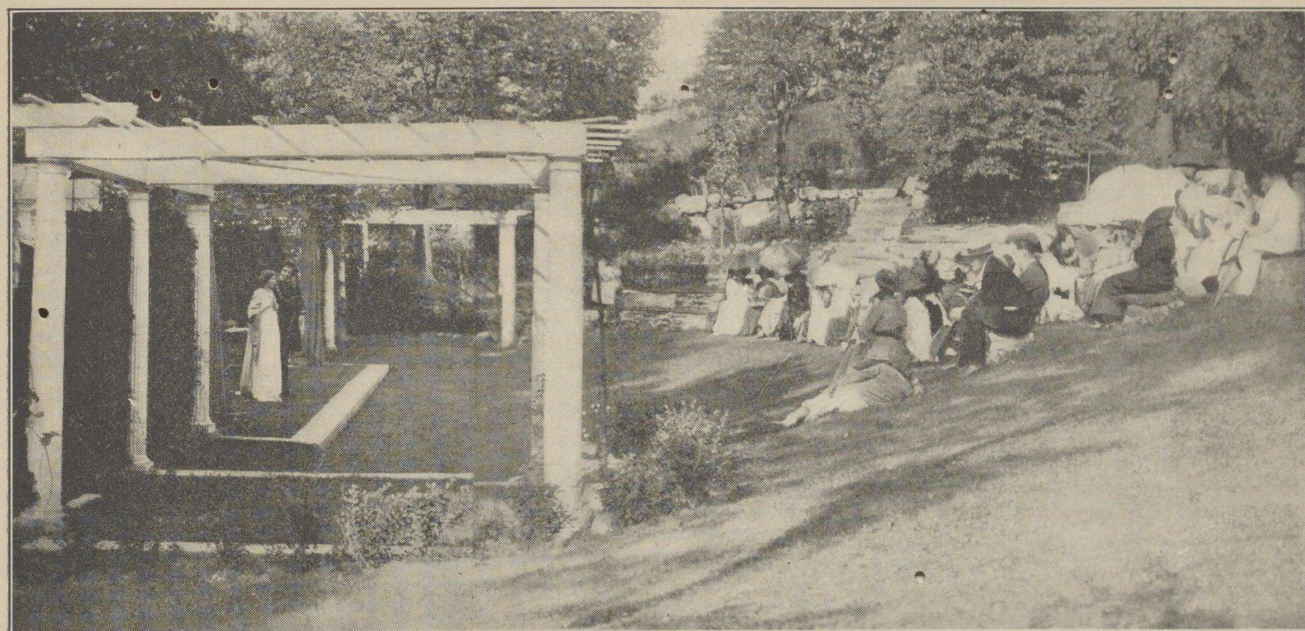
"Plastic simplicity of outline may render for us the visible aspect of life: it is different when we come to deal with those secrets which self-consciousness alone contains, and which self-consciousness itself can but reveal. Action takes place in the sunlight, but the soul works in the dark."

"The family ideal of the State may be difficult of attainment, but as an ideal it is better than the policeman theory. It would mean the moralisation of politics. The cultivation of separate sorts of virtues and separate ideals of duty in men and women have led to the whole social fabric being weaker than it need be."

"Well, to be put into fiction is always a tribute to one's reality."

DURING the two years in which he occupied the editorial chair only on one occasion did I see Oscar Wilde angry. This occurred on a certain day when John Williams, the then Chief Editor of Cassell's, came down to see him with a copy of Marshall P. Wilder's book "People I have Smiled With" of which Cassell's were then preparing an English edition. In a paragraph dealing with Oscar Wilde the American "smiler" wrote, "The first time I saw Oscar he wore his hair long and his breeches short; now, I believe, he wears his hair short and his trousers long." Striding up and down the room Oscar Wilde ejaculated "Monstrous! perfectly monstrous!" and on his objection the offending—and offensive—paragraph was deleted.

On another occasion he received repeated demands at "The Yard" from the Income Tax officer for a return of his income. At length came the final demand for it to be sent within a certain number of days, or a penalty of Fifty Pounds would be enforced. He dictated a reply to the effect that he had always made a return from Chelsea and protesting that both the form of application and the threat of the penalty were annoying; he finished up his letter by saying "The threat of a fine of £50 seems to me a relic of medieval barbarism." I have often wondered whether it provoked an official smile!



Open Air Theaters in America

By ARTHUR ROW

THE past summer was made notable at Mount Kisco by the first production here in America of "Aglavaine and Selysette," the finest play written by the man who is now regarded by many as our greatest living poet. At the first English production of this play in London in 1904, it was a failure, derided by the critics and scorned by the audience. The idea of doing this play out of doors came to me a year ago though I only broached the subject to Miss Leonard three weeks before its production on July 11 at her Brookside Theater in Mount Kisco. Miss Leonard decided to reduce the performance to one hour and half's duration and prepared a version of the play in twelve scenes. For dramatic purposes we decided to *repeat* nothing, so when an incident happened in one scene it was not discussed in the following scene. The result was a swift-moving, poignant drama that held the audience tense, and excited applause at the termination of each of the twelve scenes.

We were fortunate in interesting Walter Hampton in the production, for he originated the only male role, *Meleander*, in the first production at the Court Theater, London, under the direction of Granville Barker.

Mr. Hampton's acting has a simplicity of style that is essential to this play. His perfect diction and natural dignity helped to create an ideal performance. Mabel Moore (Mrs. Hampton) as *Selysette*, imparted a birdlike quality of wild fervor and recalled the artistic sense that marked her performance of the child in the first production of "The Servant in the House." Caroline Newcombe realized perfectly the difficult role of the old, paralyzed Grandmother—*Maligrane*—the silent witness to the tragedy she was powerless to avoid.

IN the outdoor theater the poetic drama can spread its wings, and fancy is unhampered. The Maeterlinckean dramas especially are possible only out of doors—their very essence is the filmy air; their secrets are hidden in the

rustling of the trees; their throb is felt only in the heart of Nature.

It was my privilege to see recently the witch scene in *Macbeth* acted out of doors and at night. Its mystic qualities were realized marvelously indeed in a much greater degree than in the more pretentious productions of Henry Irving, Modjeska, Sothorn and Marlowe.

"We should return to the Greeks, play in the open air; the drama dies of stalls and boxes and evening dress and people who come to digest their dinner."

Eleanor Duse's prophetic words are slowly becoming realized here in America where the outdoor drama is increasing steadily.

Volumes might well be written as to the unique advantages of the outdoor theater. It is an acid test of any play; in it no *untrue* play can live; it is a pitiless revealer. In the Greek theater art can unroll itself and the most tender secrets of the theater be revealed—that art which Gordon Craig describes as "Neither acting nor the play; it is not scene nor dance, but it consists of all the elements of which these things are composed."

A decade has passed since Ben Greet began his tours of outdoor performances of Shakespeare and the classics. The Coburn players also are increasingly successful, and play an extensive repertoire. Nor should one forget the performances occasionally given out of doors by Constance Crawley, the Howard Kyle Players and the Frank Lea Short Company.

IN California there are five Greek theaters, the principal one being at Berkeley, and conducted under the auspices of the University of California. This theater seats eight thousand people and yet the acoustics are perfect—the slightest word can be heard distinctly. Dramatic performances of great distinction have been given on this stage—Sarah Bernhardt in Racine's "Phaedre"; Sothorn and Marlowe in "Macbeth"; Margaret Anglin in "Antigone," stand out boldly in an imposing list of successful performances.

The outdoor amphitheater near Mount Kisco, N. Y., is the only one thus far built in the Eastern States. For it we are indebted to the enterprise and energy of a woman—Miss Martia Leonard, a young lady of much initiative and especially of that spirit which is "the will to perform."

This theater was opened September 9, 1911 with a production of "The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold," by John Jay Chapman. Since then performances have been given with an increasing interest and patronage. The plays presented include Euripides "Electra," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew," Edmond Rostand's "The Romanesque," "Lysistrata," by Aristophanes, adapted into English by Miss Leonard, and "A Sunday Well Spent," an original modern comedy.

IT has been said that all effective movements have come from people of little or no means—in Ireland Lady Gregory started the now famous Irish players under discouraging conditions and beset by many so-called practical difficulties—but with the right ideals, true unselfishness, unfailing faith and energy go far and accomplish what is thought impossible. Only one fortunate discovery is necessary. The one thing absolutely necessary to a producing theater is a director—almost all else can be created or attracted or discovered—suitable plays; competent, or at least useful actors; costumes, etc.,—but a really, truly director cannot be dispensed with. Gordon Craig in his book on the theater emphasizes this fact precisely and brilliantly. He may be extreme in relegating actors to the position of puppets, but there is no mist enveloping his starry idea that the director is the captain; the helm—the everything. There must be one mind to direct all, else there is confusion or at best a mixed idea! *Il faut tout savoir au theatre.*

To know the theater is indeed to know everything—poetry, architecture, music, sculpture, painting, dancing, archaeology, one might continue almost indefinitely—all the sciences and all the arts!



LITTLE GIRL: "G'WAN, I'M ON TO YER GRAFT."

By GLENN O. COLEMAN

PEN AND INKLINGS

By OLIVER HERFORD

CONFESSIONS OF A CARICATURIST



I LIKE to draw Napoleon best
Because one hand is in his vest,
The other hand behind his back.
(For drawing hands I have no knack.)

II



SOME people ask me if I think
It hard to catch Bill Bryan's wink,
Now I have done it you can see,
He is as simple as can be.



What the Kid Did to the Kelly

"I spent my last Ten Dollars on a new hat to propose to an actress in —
she gets a Thousand Dollars a week."
"Did you bring it off?"
"No. She kicked it off."



Musings of Hafiz

(The Persian Kitten)



I SEE by the Dog Papers that the
Pom and the Peke are going out of
fashion. This would be good news if
it were not that Petdogs like Potentates
are perpetual—as soon as one goes out
there is always another to take his place.

HUMAN BEINGS are the most
fickle of all earthly creatures.
Their affections are as changeable as the
patterns of their detachable skin. They
are worshippers of a goddess named
Fashion who rules them with a whim
of iron.

The latest word of Fashion is their law.
At her bidding they change their houses,
their hats, their hair, their religious
beliefs and the length of their horses'
tails.



It is Human to say
"Caelum non ani-
mum," but often as
they change their res-
idence, human beings

change their friends still oftener. Some-
times, indeed, they change their residence
for the very purpose of changing their
"set."

OF their four-footed friends, we (I
speak as a Persian) are the only
ones to whom they have from time im-
memorial been faithful. This is due to
the feline reserve that keeps us from
condescending to a doggy intimacy which
is the father of familiarity and the grand-
father of contempt.

How different is the Dog. The Sycophant,
the Tailwagger! No sooner has
he wagged himself into human favor than
he is wagged out again by the finger of
Fashion.

THE Pug, the Poodle, the Collie, the
Foxterrier, and the Chow, all and many
more have had their day in the house of
Fashion—and vanished "like snow upon
the desert's dusty face."

And now it is the Pom and the Peke.
Fashion has said the word. Only the
Aberdeen and the Ayreshire are to be
worn by exclusive human ladies this
coming season and the silly Pomeranian
and the saucy Pekinese must go. Where
they go matters not to me so long as they
stay there and never come back.

OF all the obnoxious canine family
the Pomeranian is to my thinking
the most objectionable. His vanity is
unspeakable, and his affectation of the
Angora coiffure is not only in wretched
taste but is apt to be misleading.



The Shortstop of the Admirals

By GERALD MORGAN

Illustrated by James Preston

ONE August evening, at about nine o'clock, Tim Mullane, the manager of the Admirals, was seated, according to his custom, at a table in the café next the Arlington Club. He was eating a club sandwich, and drinking a glass of beer.

Opposite the manager sat Jim Warren, his veteran pitcher and old friend. The waiter brought Warren's order, which was that form of Welsh rarebit known to chophouses as a Golden Buck.

Tim Mullane looked up. "Welsh rarebit, eh?" he exclaimed. "Say, Jim, you know you got to pitch tomorrow. You might as well eat Portland cement as that stuff!"

"I've been eating rarebits all my life," replied the pitcher, peevishly. "They're more digestible than club sandwiches, anyhow."

But the manager's attention had wandered from the subject of food, to one of more moment to him.

"Say, Jim," he said, "I got that hole at short filled at last."

"You mean Willie Oates," replied Warren, still thinking of the rarebit. "He's no world-beater."

"Who said he was?" the manager retorted. "I said he filled the hole at short. You watch him in the field. He's no flash of lightning, but he knows what he can do, and he does it. If he can't do it, he don't try. That's baseball. And at the bat, he's just the same. He never goes after bad ones. He may not be a .300 hitter, but there's not a man in the team who has the pitcher in a hole more often. No ivory about Willie Oates!"

"Well," said the pitcher, bolting the last remnants of his rarebit, "I never knew a man play good ball who didn't enjoy ball-playing. Willie Oates wishes he was back milking cows, in Juliopolis, Ohio, where he comes from. All he does, when he isn't working, is to dope out three time-tables. The whole team knows all about it. You can go to South-field junction on the P. & S., or you can go to Black Rock, on the Central; or you can go to Owl Hollow, on the C. & O. C. Then, you drive about fifteen miles in a buggy;—that's Juliopolis."

THE manager stared. "Well, Jim," he said, "Willie Oates can go to Hoppopolis, in October. That's when he can go. It beats me what makes a guy want to go back to one of these jay towns. A muddy pump, a whitewashed church, a grocery store, a saloon, and about seven rickety houses. That's Hoppopolis. You'd think a guy would be so glad to get away, that he'd never move off the asphalt again."

"Oh, come now, Tim," replied Warren, meditatively, "these little towns are not so bad. I came from one, myself, you know. Pine Plains, Pennsylvania. I can still smell those pines on a fall morning."

"Maybe you can," replied Mullane, briefly. "All I can smell is Welsh rarebit. Good-night; I'm going to bed."

NEVERTHELESS, on the next day, which was the last home date for the Admirals, before going West, Manager

Mullane took a particular interest in the behavior of his new shortstop, Willie Oates. The Admirals were leading the league by a safe margin, but Mullane wished to take no chances. He feared the "August slump," and in case the play of Oates fell off, he had no satisfactory substitute for the shortstop's position.

Sure enough, Willie Oates was not in evidence. Batting practice not having yet begun, most of the team were tossing the ball about or batting flies or playing in positions other than their own, just to show what they could do. But Willie Oates was lying out, flat on his face, close to the left field foul line. From his hip pocket protruded an orange-colored pamphlet.

"The Hoppopolis time-table," said Mullane to Jim Warren, pointing in that direction.

Warren laughed. "Sure!" he replied. "Didn't I tell you?"

"He'll have to bat in a minute," said Mullane.

"Watch him when he does," Warren retorted. "He just wants to get it over with."

"He warn't like that this spring," Mullane said, "he was all over the field. He used to pull off the damndest throws—"

"That's just it," Jim Warren said, "and now he's gone to the other extreme. He's got too much temperament."

"Whaddymean,—temperament!" exclaimed the manager, crossly. "Talk English."

"Too excitable," Warren said. "Aw, he's just settled down!" concluded the manager, positively.

BUT, watching the batting practice at the net, Mullane was forced to admit that Warren's arguments were not without foundation, for Oates swung away at the ball, not caring, nor even looking to see, whether he had hit it solidly or not. And in fielding practice, he was equally uninterested. Mullane shook his head.

Then the game began, and Mullane at once cheered up, for Oates did his work as well as any manager could wish. He made a hit, a sacrifice, got first once on balls, scored two runs, and accepted six chances without an error. Mullane went home, his mind at rest.

The team started for the West, that night, and Mullane, after a late supper in the dining car, strolled through the sleeper where his men were quartered, on the way to the managerial stateroom.

The berths were not yet made up. In one double seat, Betz, the Polish pitcher, sat alone with an English dictionary and two books purchased on the advice of the keeper of a second-hand book shop;—a volume of Emerson's "Essays," and a "History of Bob Fitzsimmons, by Himself." He was reading Fitzsimmons.

At another seat, Mike Tuthill and Pete McGowan,—the two crack outfielders—were playing High Low Jack and the Game, with a very dirty pack of cards. They invariably slammed the table when they took a trick.

THE rest of the team was grouped around a single double seat, packed in the aisle, leaning over the adjoining cushioned backs. They were carrying on

a low-voiced discussion, with frequent pauses, and remained quite oblivious of their manager's presence. Mullane, surprised, stopped to listen.

"The best way to get to Juliopolis is by the Central and Black Rock," said Willie Oates, for the twentieth time.

Mullane waited for the ensuing laugh, but to his surprise, it did not ensue. Instead, Oates was allowed to continue, uninterrupted.

"There's the hedge by the old meeting-house, and the Virginia creeper old Deacon Brown planted. Gee, I'd like to be back!" he said.

"I'm from the Berkshires," Kenny, the boyish-looking two-hundred-pound first baseman, took up the strain. "I'd like to get a glass of milk from the farm,—all warm and frothy."

"And the doughnuts!" said another. "And the cider!" said a third.

"Gee!—the country's the place to be," said still another; and to the manager's intense surprise, the voice was the voice of Jim Warren, his veteran pitcher.

"It's only fifteen miles from Black Rock," continued Willie Oates. "The train gets in late in the afternoon, and you drive through the woods. You get home at dark. Gee!—I can see those lights, now, and smell the apples baking."

There was a long pause, broken only by Pete McGowan, who had won four dollars from Mike Tuthill, and was correspondingly cheerful.

"What you guys got, over there?" he asked, pleasantly. "A dead baby?"

"Going to get buried, Willie?" Tuthill called out.

TIM MULLANE retired to his stateroom, wholly at a loss. To be sure, he knew that all his team except McGowan, Tuthill and Betz were small-town men, but on the other hand, most of them had had several years' experience of cities. His reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door. Willie Oates opened it.

"Mr. Mullane," he said, "can I go to Juliopolis on . . ."

"You can not!" said Mullane, shortly.

The door opened a little wider, and behind their spokesman, Oates, the manager perceived a small group of men, their mouths open for the purpose of making similar requests.

"Not a blame one of you," snapped Mullane. "You'll get off on October Twenty-two, and not before. You, there,—Jim Warren, come in here. The rest of you clear out."

"Well, Jim," he said, "what in hell's up?"

"They're homesick," replied Warren. "I am, myself. You don't understand. You can't get homesick for Lenox Avenue."

"You're all crazy," replied Mullane, briefly. "I believe it's Willie Oates doing it all. It's a spell he's cast on ye."

There was always a suspicion of the wild Irish in Mullane's remarks, when he was excited.

"I'm going to bed, now, and I'll hear no more of ye," he added.

THE first engagement of the Admirals, in the West, was with the Pathfinders, a weak second division team which

had long since ceased to deserve its name, but the best the Admirals could get was an even break. Listlessness pervaded the entire team; or, as Mullane put it, they handled themselves like a lot of dummies. Oates, to be sure, played exactly the same game which he had hitherto played, but where one or two mechanical players balance a team, a whole team of mechanical players will get no results at all, and every evening the talk was of county fairs and harvest homes and swimming holes. The atmosphere was that of a country meeting-house.

At the home of the Lamplighters, a somewhat better team than the Pathfinders, the slump continued. The Ad-

mirals lost three out of four. When they moved to meet the Owls, a young and rather enterprising team at the foot of the first division, Mullane was at his wits' end. The loss of a series there, would cut his lead to a mere thread.

THE Admirals won the game, and that evening, Willie Oates was left quite alone with his everlasting time-tables. When Mullane heard one of them say to him, "Aw, cut it out, Doughnuts!" his confidence was quite restored.

The Admirals, playing right at the top of their form, took the second and third games, also. The fourth game was scheduled for a Sunday;—Monday was an open date—and on Tuesday, the concluding series of the trip opened with the Wildcats, who were in second place, and going strong.

It was just here that Mullane took a chance. He sent for Oates.

"Willie," he said, "if I let you leave for Hoppopolis, or wherever it is, Saturday night, will you be on the job, Tuesday?"

"You bet!" said Oates.

"And, Willie," Mullane went on, "will this be the end of this snooping

round in corners, with time-tables, and asking for vacations, and slushing about new-laid milk?"

"It will," said Oates. "I'll play my head off for you, Mr. Mullane."

"All right then;—beat it!" said the manager. And fifteen minutes later, looking out of the hotel window, he saw Willie Oates, suit-case in hand, on the dead run for the railroad station.

THE Admirals lost their last game with the Owls, chiefly owing to the errors of Willie Oates' understudy, who fell all over himself trying to make good. Mullane was a trifle nervous. His lead, since leaving the East, had been cut from ten



"Miss Brown said if she saw me make a home-run today she'd marry me"

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BUT events over which he had no control, worked in Mullane's favor. Between the Owls and the Admirals, there was bad feeling; chiefly owing to the conduct of one Gavegan, second baseman of the Owls, who had had a fight with Pete McGowan, when the teams had last met on the Admirals' home grounds.

In the first inning of the first game of the new series, Gavegan was safe on second, with two Owls out. Betz was pitching. Betz's weakness was not watching the bases closely enough, and Gavegan thought he could steal third. He tried it at the wrong time, and the throw

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full games, to five-and-a-half; and the Wildcats, very wobbly at the beginning of the season, had hit their stride at last, and were now tearing through the league. Anything like a clean-up for them in the approaching series, would make it anybody's pennant; so that when, at half-past eleven on Tuesday morning, Willie Oates, wearing an unaccustomed grin, arrived at the hotel, with his suit-case, Manager Mullane was considerably relieved.

"Go on up and change your clothes, Willie," he said.

"All right," replied Oates. "Say, Mr. Mullane, can I have a box seat for a friend of mine, for to-day's game?"

"Sure," said the manager. "I got one right here. Hurry up, now, and get ready."

WILLIE OATES had not been on the field five minutes, before Manager Mullane saw that this was a new and

altogether changed Willie. He arrived on the run, grabbed the first baseball which he saw, facetiously knocked off a comrade's cap, and departed into the outfield, where he caught flies with the substitute fielders. After that, in batting practice at the net, he put two balls into the left field bleachers, both of which, incidentally, were lost;—a joke which has never at any time, appealed to baseball managements.

"They must put something blame strong into that Hoppopolis milk," said Mullane, to Jim Warren.

Sam Walker was to pitch for the Admirals that day. Walker was a pitcher who did not have much "stuff," but who knew how to use what he had, and his opponent, for the Wildcats, was a man of similar caliber. Hitting was, therefore, to be expected; for both pitchers depended on the fielding behind them.

BEFORE the first inning was over, Mullane's attention was fixed on Willie Oates. Every play he made was at top speed. His first two throws reached first base before the runner was much more than half way down there. Being spectacular, these plays were received with cheers.

"Cut out the grand-stand stuff, Willie," said Mullane, angrily.

But Willie would not cut out the grand-stand stuff. At the bat, instead of waiting out the pitcher, he was swinging like a gate, and swinging uselessly; but two phenomenal stops in the field, about balanced his record. His one wild throw,—a question of time, only—happened not to affect the scoring.

The ninth inning opened with the score tied, four to four. Curtis, first up, for the Admirals, reached first on a short fly which fell safe. If the Admirals could score that run, Mullane figured that he could put in Jim Warren to pitch the last half, and hold the Wildcats safe. Oates was next at bat.

"Sacrifice, Willie," said Mullane.

THE Wildcats had, also, a new pitcher this inning; and this pitcher, having faced Oates before, remembered his old habit of letting the first ball go by. He had not, however, watched Willie that day, because he had been warming up all the afternoon, near the right field fence.

Mullane was on the third base coaching line. With the swing of the pitcher's arm, he saw Curtis take a good, satisfactory lead off first. His mouth opened to shout the usual "Right at 'em!" then, suddenly, he snapped that shout off short; for, with rage, he perceived that Willie Oates meant again to disobey instructions.

The swing which Willie made,—Willie, ordered to sacrifice—took him half way out to the pitchers' box, and his chance of hitting the ball was about ten to one, against. But, luckily for Willie, the Wildcat pitcher had given him the one ball which, under these circumstances, he could have hit. It was straight, and waist high.

Willie landed on it, square. The ball whizzed over the infield, just to the left of second base, and rolled onto the fence. As the center fielder relayed it to the shortstop, Willie was nearing third, and Curtis was crossing the plate.

MANAGER MULLANE, on the coaching line, held up a warning hand to Willie, only two strides from third. The Wildcats' shortstop, playing deep, was just turning, with the ball in his hand.

Entirely ignoring Mullane's warning hand, Willie Oates rounded third like the Empire State Express. His manager dived for him too late, and missed the tackle.

The Wildcats' shortstop was taken utterly by surprise. His mind was fixed on a throw to third. He hesitated, then threw too hurriedly. The ball went wild;—and over the plate rushed the flying Willie Oates.

But Manager Mullane had had about enough. He was behind Willie a few steps, only. Past the players' bench, where Willie should have stopped, he pursued him.

Willie Oates ran straight to one of the field boxes. In it a very pretty girl was sitting, alone. When Mullane reached them, they were already talking.

"Oates," said Mullane.

Willie turned. "Oh, Mr. Mullane," he said, "this is the lady I asked the box seat for. Miss Brown said if she saw me make a home run to-day, she'd marry me, to-morrow."

Tim Mullane was left tongue-tied. First, he surveyed Oates. He had intended to punish him heavily, but he was Irish and he turned to the girl.

"The sight of you, Ma'am," he said, "has explained everything to me. I congratulate ye."

Current Athletics

By HERBERT REED ("Right Wing")

The Quarterback Outlook

IF football offers more opportunities to the player in a particular position than to his comrades that player is the quarterback. Exceptional men will occasionally make so much out of other positions as to dominate the play of the team, and it may be that the eleven is so strong that it needs only an average man in the post of field general. As a rule, however, it is the little man with the hot heart and the cool head who runs the team that proves a large factor in the victory.

So it has been from the early days of football and so it will continue to be until some body of radical rule makers rebuilds football along entirely different lines. There would seem to be no prospect of that, so the fast, ambitious youngster who is a lightweight, save above the collar, may continue to feel that if he can get a chance at quarterback and will use his brains there he can count for far more than the giant whom the indiscriminating have come to look upon as the ideal player.

There will be good men in the field this year, I think, both East and West. Princeton and Harvard seem to be especially well provided with quarter back material, while there are stars at several of the smaller institutions, notably Gus Welch at Carlisle and Costello at Georgetown, the last named a fine leader and a dangerous kicker in any company. These two are captains, and among the

other captains playing the position this year are Lutick of Ohio Wesleyan, Miller, the little Pennsylvania State man who was such a whirlwind last year, Clark of St. John's (Annapolis), Marks of Tulane, Fenker of the University of Cincinnati, Sutherland of Utah, Hardaway of Washington (St. Louis, Mo.), Goodwin of Washington and Jefferson, and others too numerous to mention.

THIS tendency to elect so many quarterbacks to captaincies is natural enough, aside from any popular personality, since the quality of leadership must be there if the player in the position has been a success. No man can "flunk" in the position without its being plainly apparent to men off as well as on the field. There have been many personally popular players who have failed utterly and more than one occasion when it has been found necessary to send in a man whom no one wanted to see get his 'varsity letter, in order to whip the team down the field to victory. Even the inexpert among the spectators can spot the difference in the play of two quarterbacks nine times out of ten.

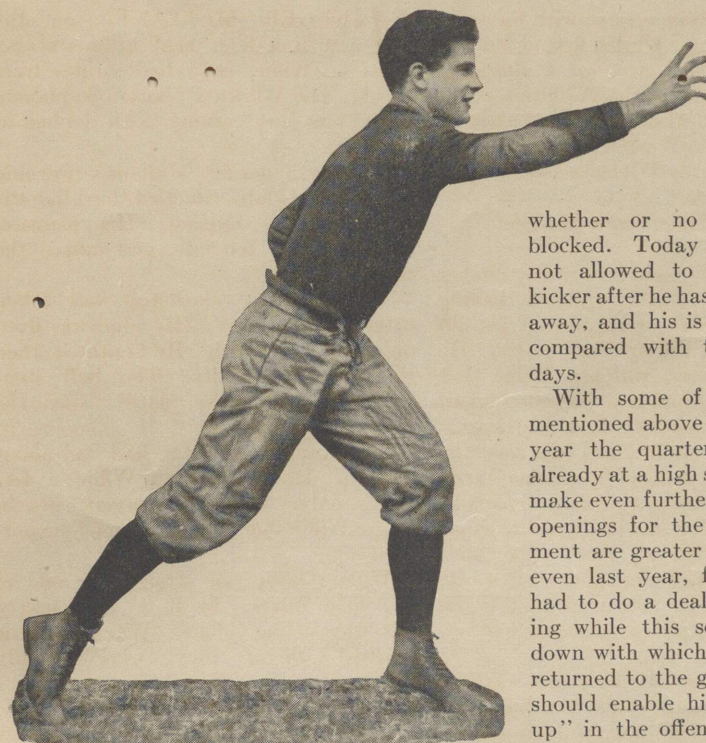
Oddly, it is the one position on the team where weight has not seemed to count to any extent, although the range in the past has been great—all the way from Wurtemberg of Yale and Pishon of Dartmouth, both of whom played at 125 pounds, to Knipe of Pennsylvania,

who was seldom below 190 and frequently above that figure. But in the old days there was less freedom in the quarter's play, I believe, in that he was frequently called upon to keep his backs on their feet after handing them the leather, besides leading the interference from time to time, catching kicks, and attending to quite a little more heavy work than is the case today.

In those days, however, the quarter seldom did the kicking, and of course there was no forward pass to trouble him. There was far more heavy running, and this was maintained for longer distances. The quick line-up was common, which involved a lot of hustling—and all in all, the old time quarter had to stand a deal of hammering, exhausting work.

QUARTERBACK play of today requires if anything even more brains, although perhaps it is not so exhausting, even with the added burden of the forward pass and frequently much of the kicking. The variety of it makes it a fascinating position, and one of the greatest responsibility. With pushing and pulling eliminated everybody knows now how hard it is to score without the cleverest use of every resource, the conservation of both speed and energy and practically perfect choice of plays. It is indeed a thinking game.

In the old days the quarter had only to pick out the weak spots in his op-



Much is expected at Princeton this season of Stewart Baker, who ran the eleven so well against Yale last year

ponent's line and hammer them steadily until the goal line was crossed. The problems that bewilder the field general of today the old timer seldom confronted. He kept on banging away, as a rule, save when he had a really fine kicker at hand, until his team was stopped, and then kicked. Thus the kicking was almost invariably done on the same down.

Some of the old timers were far sighted enough to use their kicker now and then for other purposes, but as a rule he was called upon only on the last down, and the burden of his work came on defense, when it was not uncommon for a man of the calibre of Homans of Princeton or Gordon of Wesleyan to hold off a superior team for an entire half, only in the end to crumble under the heavy running attack which had at last worn out the line.

THE quarters of those days ran so like wonderfully powerful engines of attack, notably when the "guards back," the "tackles back" and the flying interference were in action; but the use of these plays did not require of the quarterback the judgment that the more subtle formations and the choice between them and the part of the field in which they are to be used demand today. I do not want to be understood as belittling the work of such old timers as Phil King, Carl Williams, Adeo, Fincke, Ferbert, Vail and a host of others, but I know that these men wonder today what they could have done with the new game.

DROPPING the attack for the moment, let us see how hard was the lot of the quarter who undertook to play the last defense in the old days against the kicking game. There were great ends, and they made matters extremely uncomfortable for the smaller chap trying to make the catch. No man who saw it will forget the pounding of Metzenthin of Columbia in a game at the Polo Grounds in New York, on a day when Shelvin and Rafferty were at the top of their form. How the slender quarter ever stood up under it it is hard to tell.

Again, when kicking in the proximity of his own goal line, the quarter was not

protected by rules to the same extent as now, and knew that he would be knocked down anyway

whether or no the kick was blocked. Today the forwards are not allowed to bowl over the kicker after he has sent the leather away, and his is a bed of roses compared with that of the old days.

With some of the good men mentioned above in the field this year the quarter-back position, already at a high standard, should make even further progress. The openings for the quarter's judgment are greater than they were even last year, for last year he had to do a deal of experimenting while this season the extra down with which he can work—returned to the game a year ago, should enable him to "Mix 'em up" in the offense, at the same time avoiding freakish play.

MUCH is expected at Princeton this season of Stewart Baker, who ran the eleven so well against Yale last year, while certain of the coaches think they have a find in Boland. By the time these lines appear the fight between the two should be beginning to develop, but young Baker, I think can be trusted to handle a big game with plenty of skill and judgment. An experienced quarter is a very real asset.

ONE of the real quarterback puzzles of the season is young Llewellyn, of Dartmouth, who is a born quarter if ever I saw one, but who used execrable judgment in last year's Princeton game. It is true that he had what should have been a remarkable eleven going to pieces around him in the face of a furious assault, but the method of play he chose right under shadow of his own goal I think was indefensible on any grounds. Llewellyn is gaited just right for one of the finest quarters of recent years, and it is to be hoped that he will make the most of himself.

HARVARD, richer even this year than last in material for practically every position, probably will try out Mahan, Bradlee and Freedley as quarters, and whatever the final result, the Crimson should be a well driven team, as it was last year. Mahan already has a splendid reputation. He is one of these clear-eyed young players, who seems to be extremely good natured when you first meet him off the field but still has the best of fighting spirits. He is a well set up young man and even if not finally selected for quarter, should add a deal of power to the already husky Harvard backfield.

IT probably will be fairly along in the season before Yale and Pennsylvania make their decision about the quarter-back position. The material at both these institutions has not been remarkable for some time, and Yale especially has been unfortunate in the man who did the driving. Since Howe, and he, a first class field general, had more than his share of hard luck, there has not been a really high class quarterback at New Haven. What

the prospects are this year a little more time will tell.

There is almost an ideal man at Ithaca, in the person of Taber, but he is also so good a half that Dr. Sharpe may decide to continue the development of another man to fill the shoes of Eddie Butler, the latter a great loss to Cornell.

ONE of the remarkable features of the Eastern season at this writing (on the eve of the first game of any moment), has been the early institution of scrimmage practice, which means a quick start and an early development of team play. The reason is simple enough. For the first time in many years the weather has been cool enough so that the big men could be worked fairly hard from the start without losing weight too fast, and without suffering from exhaustion in the practice. In the past, as a rule, September practice might better have been conducted in bathing suits. It may not appear just what this has to do with our friend the quarterback. As a matter of fact it is a big help to him, for the sooner he begins to handle a whole team instead of a mere set of backs the faster his progress will be.

IN this respect the East has a big advantage, for the Conference teams do not get under way, even with their preliminary work, until some time after the Eastern squads. For this reason it is impossible to tell much of the quarterback situation in the West just now, save that Chicago looks promising.

There are two fast and heady candidates for the kingpin place with the Maroons, in "Pete" Russell and John Breathed. Little is known in the East about them, but both are stars according to Westerners. Russell has an especially fine record as a member of the Oak Park High School team, with which he played both quarter and half. Breathed, according to my informants, will push him hard, however. These two men, at this writing, in common with the other Chicago candidates, are unable to do more than track work to get themselves into condition.

FOOTBALL is not without its humorous side, and the quarter-back has had his fun with the opposing team from time to time. Many times a forward, desperate because his team is being driven down the field, has called out, "Why don't you send one at me." "All right," the little field general has replied, "you can be accommodated. The captain will take the ball and the play will be a crossback on your position." It is the history of these incidents that the laugh has been with the quarter-back.



Almost an ideal man at Ithaca is Taber, who is expected to fill the shoes of Eddie Butler, the latter a great loss to Cornell

The Autopilgrim's Progress

By WALLACE IRWIN

Illustrations by James Preston

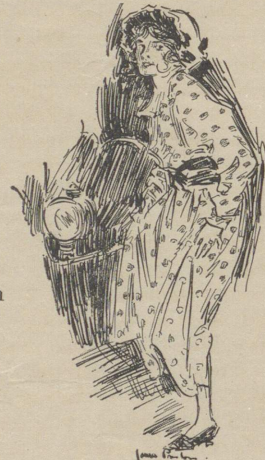
VIII

Lemuel Riseth in Haste but Maketh
No Speed

WEEKS of tranquillity followed, in which
Lemuel's racer reposed in the barn;
Only a semi-occasional itch
Urged him to put on his don't-give-a-darn,
Daredevil air and, though Fate might explode,
Eat all the middle-sized cars on the road.
Stern moderation
Quelled the temptation;
Lem sat his porch in a cool contemplation,
Thinking of how he had browbeaten down
That friend of Katury's, fresh Percival Brown.
'Twas late in September,
A night you'd remember
For mild autumn winds and a clear harvest
moon.
Lem rose, scared but sleepy—
A feeling quite creepy
Tickled his spine; for a low, humming tune,
A br-r-ruggetty-brug,
Now a purr, now a chug,
Rose from the barn. Lem stiffened like steel—
Someone was cranking his automobile!

DUMB with amaze,
Fixed was his gaze
As behold! the big racer stole out of the haze,
Stopped at the gate where, as swift as a bantam,
A feminine figure swept forth like a phantom,
Leaped to the front of the mighty machine;
Lemuel's face, like the moonlight, was green
As he murmured in fury,
"Katury!
Dash-blim,
With him!"

DOWN the steep stairway with startling *esprit*
Lemuel dashed in his short *robe de nuit*,
Raced to the road, but discovered too late
His car had already departed the gate.
Over the way, 'neath a juniper tree,
Stood something white which the father could see
Was Percival's little white runabout, only
It looked sort of empty and awfully lonely.
Pinned to the starboard acetylene lamp
Fluttered a paper.
When Lem lit the taper
He saw that the scrawl was from Percy, the scamp!
"Dear Sir:—
Since your daughter admires more than *you* do
My knack with a car—and I *have* raised your hoodoo—
And since your machine, as you freely admit,
Can beat all the rest to a nine-penny bit,
And since there is haste for a lady and me
To get to the house of J. Burrows, J. P.,



We've borrowed your car.
We're not going far
And hope you will join us at leisure.
R. B."

PAUL REVERE, Sheridan, Balaam, O'Shanter,
Each has enjoyed his historical canter;
But what were their rides beside Lemuel B.
In a runabout car and a short *robe de nuit*?
For cranking the little white auto of Brown,
Lem jammed the gas on and started her down,
Rattling o'er cross lots, hurdling deep ditches,
Riding the night as though baited by witches,
Covered with glory, though lacking in breeches.
Jubb's Crossing, Bunnyhurst whizzed to the right,
Joptown shot by in the mythical light;
But nary ahead could he catch any trace or
Sight, sound or smell of his wonderful racer.
Oh how he cursed
The day he first fussed
And bought that fast racer a record to bust!
But just as he swore by the Mede's darkest law,
A ruby red light in the distance he saw—

"It is them—
It is they!"
Muttered Lem,
"Hip hooray!"
But, buzzing up closer, the worst he
could see,—
His car, near the door of J. Burrows,
J. P.
The justice's door,
Open wide to the night
This tableau outbore
To Lemuel's sight:
One glorified bridegroom cavorting with
pride
While Burrows, J. P. was saluting the
bride.



CLAD in a night-shirt, and that somewhat tore,
Lemuel Bogg bounded into the door,
Stood like a prophet of Israel's clans
Shouting, "Hold up! I forbid them there bans!"
"Too late," said J. Burrows, "the law's took its course.
The only help now's either death or divorce."
Katury cried, "Popper,
You do look improper!"
But Reginald Brown, being always at ease,
Led Lem aside and said, "Pa-in-law, please,
As a matter of sport, now, I think that you oughter
Forgive if I borrowed your car and your daughter;
And while I'm about it, I've this much to say—"
(Here his lover's eyes blazed) "She's as sweet
as the day,
She's tough and she's noiseless and swift as
they are—"
"What! meanin' my daughter?"
Brown smiled. "No, your car!"



(TO BE CONTINUED)

Finance

Shall We Trust In Rolling Stock?

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

WHATEVER difficulty the railroads have experienced in raising capital for general needs, and their troubles have not failed of generous advertisement, the comparative ease with which a certain special class of security has been disposed of in the last few years is a direct challenge to investor's curiosity. I refer to that general type of obligation known variously as equipment trusts, car trusts, equipment bonds and equipment notes. The output of these securities has increased in a surprising ratio. Ten or fifteen years ago equipment obligations played a minor part in the investment concert. In 1900 there were not more than \$60,000,000. In 1910 there were \$350,000,000 of them. To-day there are probably \$450,000,000.

EQUIPMENT is a single word for the railroad's double necessity of cars and locomotives. Rolling stock is a more accurate description. A railroad has two distinct physical parts, maintenance of way and equipment, the former consisting of track, bridges and buildings. Pound as the overweighted, over-speeding express trains will upon the relatively fragile steel rail, it is the rolling stock that bears the essentially temporary relation to railroading. This is so obviously true that securities based upon cars and locomotives have become stabled into short term, serial repayment obligations, the transient character of the security being scientifically adapted to a temporary obligation.

THUS the equipment bond is timely in its appeal to investing funds. The latter are timid, in these days of progressive income and inheritance taxes. The owner of capital shudders at the thought of what may be his fate forty or fifty years hence. The direct appeal of securities running for short periods and growing stronger from being paid off in part every year is self evident.

Necessity, The Mother of Invention

EQUIPMENT trust notes were once a makeshift, but they have come to be a standard form of investment, combining high income with almost unequalled safety, and in a certain sense, considerable marketability. About forty years ago the railroads were in an impoverished, impecunious condition. They could not designate perishable cars and locomotives as security for long time mortgage loans, and were forced to pay a small amount of cash down to the car builders, giving their notes for the rest. The car builders also refused to give complete title to the railroads until all the payments were made. Of course the manufacturer sold the notes for what they would bring.

Like so many existing institutions the equipment obligation owes its essential character to earlier necessities. But in this instance there were advantages which still are advantages. These obligations usually run for ten years being payable in twenty semi-annual instalments. The

average life of the bond, or note, or certificate, is thus about five years. The actual title is usually vested with a third party, such as a trust company, as trustee, and the trustee holds full title to all the cars and locomotives until the last instalment comes due. In theory these twenty payments cover the depreciation of the equipment, but in practice there is much real value left in the equipment at the end of ten years, and the payments much more than cover depreciation. In any well-regulated issue of these obligations, the total is under the actual cost of the rolling stock. The railroad pays down at least 10 per cent. to the manufacturer to begin with, which acts as an immediate margin of security. As an example one company recently issued \$1,900,000 of equipment notes, the cost of the purchase, actually being \$2,245,000.

ORIGINALLY adopted by the weaker railroads, the equipment obligation was seized upon by the stronger as well. It provided a method by which the cost of cars could be met from income without actually paying out great sums from earnings all at once. On the other hand no big debts were piled up which before long would have only scrap heaps for security. In the words of an authority no dead horses were being paid for.

Safety in Theory and in Practice

IT is only fair to say that the forms of equipment obligations are subject to many technical variations. Their legal status also is somewhat complicated and peculiar. Although the cars actually go into the possession of the railroad, which cannot operate its property without them, and although the cars are in effect sold to the railroad, which pays for them by piece-meal, as it were, the sale is conditional, and there arise various technical legal relationships far beyond the sphere of mental interest, if not the comprehension, of most investors.

Yet as regards the actual business record of these securities there is a most uniform story of bed rock security. In practice the rolling stock of a railroad is usually as necessary to it in case of insolvency as a mechanic's tools which are exempt from seizure in bankruptcy, are to that person. In practically all railroad receiverships the courts have provided for the payments of equipment obligations, to prevent the owners from taking the cars away, even when mortgage bonds have suffered. In a sense equipments stand almost as high in priority of payment as wages.

RAILROADS are nearly always required to serve the public, no matter how poor they are. This means they must have cars and locomotives. There are a few exceptions to this rule, those of companies so extremely poor and with so little traffic to take care of that only a modicum of rolling stock is needed. With these few marked exceptions equipment obligations are unlike other corporate obligations in that they are not entirely de-

Nearly Always Some Bad Judgment

about food or drink causes the headaches, sleeplessness, bowel troubles, heart failure, nervousness and a dozen and one other disturbances.

It's easy to prove
Whether or not
Coffee
is the hidden cause.

Some persons are really anxious enough to recover lost health, to make the experiment and find out.

Quit coffee absolutely for 10 days and use hot, well-made

POSTUM

A genuine food-drink made of wheat and a small percent of New Orleans molasses. It supplies a hot table beverage with a coffee color and a snappy flavour much resembling Old Dutch Java. Postum is pure and absolutely free from caffeine, or drug of any kind.

If the aches and ills begin to disappear in a few days, you will know how to avoid that kind of trouble in the future.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage *instantly*.

It's a lot of fun to be perfectly well.

"There's a Reason"
for
POSTUM

Simply press a button and electricity shifts the gears

Shifting the gears in the new Haynes models is a mere matter of pressing push buttons located in a handy dial on the steering wheel.

The wonderful Vulcan Electric Gear Shift removes ninety per cent of the bother of driving a car, and eliminates all work. Starting, lighting, horn and gear shifting buttons are under your finger tips, while you sit back and enjoy care-free driving.

HAYNES

America's First Car

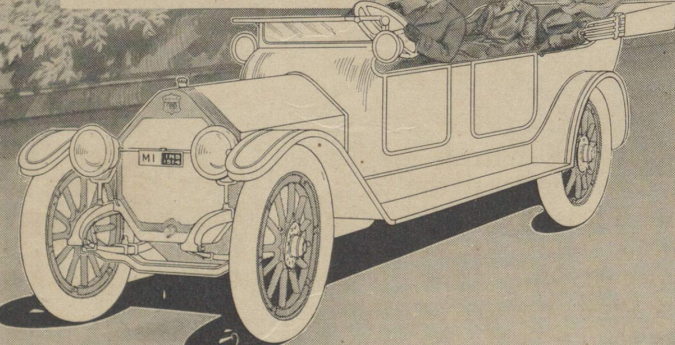
has many other new improvements, including mechanical tire pump, pressure gasoline feed, enhanced beauty of design, and superior cowl-board equipment. We couldn't improve the famous Haynes motor—the result of 20 years experience, or the fundamental mechanism of the Haynes.

Write for Elwood Haynes' great book, "The Complete Motorist."—In this book the creator of America's First Car gives a brief explanation of how an automobile is built and the reasons for different types of construction. Tells how to care for your car so as to get the most service at least expense. Tells about the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, and the other good points in the new Haynes models. Sent upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

The Haynes Automobile Company

41 Main St. Kokomo, Ind.

"There comes Haynes and his pesky horseless carriage," folks in and near Kokomo used to say, as their horses began to rear and plunge. Today the automobiles outnumber the horse-drawn vehicles on these same streets and roads.



Your Money and How to Make It Earn

A New Department in McClure's Magazine

If you have a hundred dollars, or a thousand, there is a good investment waiting somewhere for you—an investment which will give you the greatest possible return on your principal consistent with absolute safety.

You want to know more about real estate, insurance, mortgages, before you place your capital in any of them.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY MAKE MONEY, as told in the new Financial Department, will be a regular monthly feature in McClure's, beginning in the October number.

What shall I invest in?
How do I go about it?
Are the securities I have safe?
Where can I sell them?
What sort of insurance do I want?

These and any other questions will be answered by the Financial Service Bureau of McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to Albert W. Atwood, Editor Financial Department.

McClure's

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Fifteen Cents

pendent upon the financial condition of the corporation itself.

Since 1885 there has been an average of at least one railroad a year, including many small ones, to default on its direct obligations. All these companies had equipment securities and yet there are certainly not more than two or three well authenticated cases of failure to pay up on this class of bonds. There appears to be only one really striking instance of loss and that was where the railroad was hopelessly poor and devoid of traffic. Another company, now in receivership, has delayed payment, but the final outcome has not been announced. Both of these companies are small and relatively unimportant.

Physical and Financial Safety

ADMITTING the strictly historical possibly the financial safety of equipments, how about the physical side of the subject, assuming that the two can be separated? Are not cars and locomotives prone to destruction from accident and fire? Railroad accidents appear to increase. How about the recent New Haven collision? The wear and tear upon rolling stock is tremendous. Well, all that has been cared for. The agreements between railroads and trustees provide for proper insurance and replacement. The average life of equipment has been figured out minutely by the Master Car Builders, and the increasing use of steel makes the average life of cars much longer than formerly. The vital point, however, is that rolling stock does not lose value as fast as the mortgage covering it diminishes in size. It is all a question of arithmetic. Unless the trust company which acts as trustee is in criminal collusion with the railroad, as yet an unheard of form of rascality, there is no physical danger.

It Is Easy To Buy, But,—

ONE suggestive fact to be observed is that equipments are quoted solely on a "basis." This means that if you were to buy Illinois Central equipments the broker would not say the price was 100 or 105 or any other figure indicating the per cent. of par value at which these securities were selling. He would quote them to you at from 4.90 per cent. to 5.35 per cent. Here then is an investment measured solely in terms of income return, investment yield. It is solely the net return with which men are concerned in this case. Apparently no thought is given to the principal.

Equipments are measured thus exclusively in terms of income for several reasons. Certainly they would not be quoted in this manner if the principal were not so safe as to be beyond the reach of worry. Another reason is that this class of security is created for such a short period that any possible fluctuation in the market price of the principal is almost out of question. The brokers are not dealing in market fluctuations. They are dealing in incomes, the fine shades of variation in these incomes being largely determined by which one of the twenty semi-annual instalments is under consideration.

SINCE securities are payable at their face value there is never much likelihood that a bond shortly to be paid off will go above or below that figure. No one will take the chance of pushing it above or below par knowing how shortly

it is to be liquidated at a fixed sum. A bond that runs for one hundred years can with impunity be put up or down, for who can tell what may not justify such movements within a century's span. Five year securities are too short lived to be well known, or actively bid for over and over again. These facts together with the lack of public familiarity with equipments have not only kept them from being actively speculated in, but in the main account for the high rate of return which they afford.

IT is possible to buy equipment bonds of the richest railroads to yield 5 per cent. when even in these times of low bond prices the first mortgage issues of the same companies return not more than 4.60 per cent., and in most cases appreciably less. Equipments are not listed on any exchange and they have no open market. But the best class of bond firms deal in them more and more. They need no open market, a fact that is true of any exceptionally short term bond. Although not legal savings bank investments in New York state, equipments are extensively purchased by insurance companies and with even more reason by banks. The latter class of investors always seek securities which will shortly be paid off, thus maintaining their funds in fluid condition. So there is always a demand for very short term "stuff." It makes its own market, as it were. The individual investor need have no fear on the score of saleability. It is a bond which because of its nearness to pay day automatically sells itself.

NATURALLY a bond of this type does not offer the attractiveness in times of market depression that others possess because it is not subject to the forces that play upon the open market. The growing popularity of equipment obligations has in it certain seeds of danger. It is unfortunately true that any class of investment whose merits become conspicuous is open to abuse. Restrictions are thrown to the winds and everything and anything is converted into the popular form. But no such unfortunate condition has yet been reached.

What They Think of Us

Thos. Speed Mosby (Jefferson City, Mo.)

Permit me to express my great delight at the manner in which you are conducting the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. You are making it the leading periodical of the world.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune

A friend objects strenuously to the statement that the illustrations in HARPER'S WEEKLY are rotten. He explains that they are of the impressionistic school and wondrous fine.

Every person to his taste. The friend clearly is within his rights. To others less esthetic, there seems more merit to a picture that looks like something than in one that suggests that the artist soul has been torn by a passing idea and had made an effort to set down in black and white a map of its emotions.

When in the construction of a picture there is occasion to portray a man, why



Fairy Magic—Telephone Reality

A tent large enough to shelter his vast army, yet so small that he could fold it in his hand, was the gift demanded by a certain sultan of India of his son, the prince who married the fairy Pari-Banou.

It was not difficult for the fairy to produce the tent. When it was stretched out, the sultan's army conveniently encamped under it and, as the army grew, the tent extended of its own accord.

A reality more wonderful than Prince Ahmed's magic tent is the Bell Telephone. It occupies but a few square inches of space on your desk

or table, and yet extends over the entire country.

When you grasp it in your hand, it is as easily possible to talk a hundred or a thousand miles away as to the nearest town or city.

In the Bell System, 7,500,000 telephones are connected and work together to take care of the telephone needs of the people of this country.

As these needs grow, and as the number of telephone users increases, the system must inevitably expand. For the Bell System must always provide a service adequate to the demands of the people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

It is the aim of the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY to render its readers who are interested in sound investments the greatest assistance possible.

Of necessity, in his editorial articles, Albert W. Atwood, the Editor of the Financial Department, deals with the broad principles that underlie legitimate investment, and with types of securities rather than specific securities.

Mr. Atwood, however, will gladly answer, by correspondence, any request for information regarding specific investment securities. Authoritative and disinterested information regarding the rating of securities, the history of investment issues, the earnings of properties and the standing of financial institutions and houses will be gladly furnished any reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY who requests it.

Mr. Atwood asks, however, that inquiries deal with matters pertaining to investment rather than speculation. The Financial Department is edited for investors.

All communications should be addressed to Albert W. Atwood, Financial Editor Harper's Weekly, McClure Building, New York City.

not portray a man? Even a prize fighter is human in shape, and not a cross between a gorilla and the typical figure of Satan.

Louisville (Ky.) Herald

We like a spirit of modernism and freedom about the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. It is going to talk frankly. It has an attitude of looking life in the eye. We are glad to see the work of such artists as Cesare, Sloan, Glackens, and Davis featured in its pages. These men do strong work that compels thought. They are real commentators on life. It is hard to dodge the bludgeon of John Sloan, for example, or to side-step the thrust of Cesare.

The Denver (Col.) Times

It may be well to keep away from department store journalism, whatever that is, but when the quest for something new in art leads to the psychopathic ward and padded cell the public should call for protection from the postal laws. Fence painters who fall down stairs with a bucket of lamp black and then try to put over the result as modern magazine art ought to be gently but firmly shot instead of being encouraged with real money.

M. D. Hite (Gentilly Terrace Company, New Orleans, La.)

This is simply to express my appreciation of the revivifying influence that HARPER'S WEEKLY has received thru you. The August 16th issue is like nothing else I've seen and it is a very splendid beginning. I for one shall henceforth become a regular reader of this now modern and clear-seeing journal. If it shall only be what its old-time sub-title states, A Journal of Civilization, one can ask for no more. But it all depends on what the interpretation of that civilization is, and my faith goes out to you for its correct expression.

Your artists are great delineators of character! Print more like those of this week.

Philip Mindil (Universal Sales Co., New York)

Permit me to compliment you on the quick change for the better in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Having spent my life in the newspaper and magazine business, I can appreciate the achievement.

Columbia (S. C.) Record

Mr. Hapgood is one of the reformers who has been helping along the fight against the "white slave" traffic both with voice and pen. It is to the credit of his candor as well as that of his intelligence, therefore, that he points out the defect in the Mann "white slavery" act.

Charles L. Billings (Chicago, Ill.)

For more than twenty years I have been a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY. During that time I have not always agreed with it in matters political, but have, nevertheless, thought it interesting, entertaining and instructive both in illustration and reading matter. I was, therefore, surprised and grieved at the shocking display of bad taste shown in the "November Morn" cover design. I hope to continue to be one of your readers, although I confess I may "first endure, then embrace."

Thas. F. Sundel (Chicago, Ill.)

Your editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY on danger of such laws as the Mann consider very timely. I do not

believe that in this glorious land of the free (?) government has a right to interfere with the personal relations between men and women; that is after they have come to man's and woman's estate. I hold that I have absolute right over my person, to do with it as I see fit.

Raymond Crawford Ewer (New York City)

You seem to delight in reaching down in the garbage can of evil and dragging it before the public in all its seeming reality, when how in the name of God are we going to conquer evil unless we make an unreality out of it?

Lewis C. Gandy, Editor, "The Printing Art" (Cambridge, Mass.)

Permit the writer to join the chorus of those who have congratulated you upon the improved appearance of the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. Aside from the characteristic editorials, the interesting articles, and the merits of the cartoons, what interests me most is the typographic arrangement of the magazine, which is almost beyond criticism.

New York Shipping, Illustrated

The brilliancy of its articles—and their authors' names alone would speak for that—is only eclipsed by the rare delights of a fascinatingly clever "make up." Politics, poetry, pictures, philosophy, feminism, finance are all staged for their best effect; and well to the front—not, however, in its usual advertise pose—is the drama, "most popular of all the arts."

Waterbury (Conn.) American

In presenting his idea of what such a journal as HARPER'S WEEKLY ought to be, and of the kind of material he proposes to use in making it such, and considering the kind of people who would buy and read it, Editor Norman Hapgood said: "We are not to be a high-brow publication, in the limited sense, but we do not intend to collect a lot of low-brows." This adds to the interest of the experiment. Too many publishers think they have got to have low-brow money to make it go.

San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle

The first number is full of promise, and if Hapgood can keep up to this standard, his will easily be the first among the weekly papers. We believe there is a big enough constituency of educated Americans to make a weekly paper, edited on the lines indicated by Hapgood, a great success.

F. W. Forsee (Rome, N. Y.)

It is a long time since I have seen such a magazine as HARPER'S WEEKLY degenerate into the kind of magazine it now is. It seems almost a shame to think that HARPER'S WEEKLY which formerly represented everything good and noble should have fallen to be the means by which degenerate artists are brought to the notice of the public.

H. C. Brown (New York City)

The first issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY under your management is before me, and I hasten to extend my congratulations on its greatly improved appearance.

I was hoping that possibly you might give us a larger measure of foreign subjects in the illustrated pages. By that I mean something of the London *Graphic* or *News* flavor—something that would give it more of a world-wide atmosphere. A few of us have been farther west than Yon-

kers, and farther south than Jersey City, and are ridiculous enough to entertain kindly memories of other peoples and other lands.

That cartoon idea is good, and the work shown in this number has a quality of rare interest.

Journal of the American Medical Association (Chicago)

The aforetime readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY—the oldest illustrated weekly newspaper in the country—will hardly recognize it under its new ownership and editorship. The change is radical; everything is new but the name; typography, make-up, arrangement—all are different, and better. But the greatest difference is in the character of its contents—and of course this might have been expected with Norman Hapgood as editor. HARPER'S WEEKLY is no longer mainly political; it is so only incidentally. As its sub-title has already had it, it is indeed again "A Journal of Civilization"; or probably it would be better to say "for civilization." . . . We congratulate Mr. Hapgood on the fact that he has the courage of his convictions and is not afraid to express them. Also, we congratulate him on the various good things he has introduced into this new journal published under an old name.

Rochester (N. Y.) Chronicle

The new HARPER'S WEEKLY has variety and vitality; it is interesting from beginning to end; the touch of a master hand is to be seen on every page. "Something that everybody wants to read" might be well its motto.

Texarkana (Ark.) Texarkian

Probably the old HARPER'S WEEKLY would not have espoused quite so many "isms" or approved the same varieties of "ist" art as the new HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Lafayette (Ind.) Courier

Whether one agrees with him or not, no man in the United States is more capable of editing a weekly, of country-wide circulation, than Mr. Hapgood. It is a job he was born to perform, and it is gratifying that he may keep to work for which he is so markedly fitted.

Oakland (Calif.) Tribune

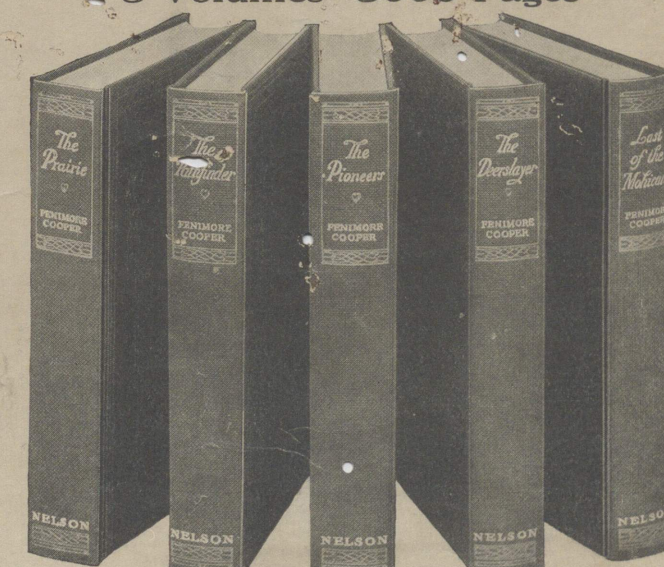
In the initial number of HARPER'S WEEKLY under the new management, Norman Hapgood says the political enfranchisement of women necessitates revising our moral and intellectual standards. Mr. Hapgood mistakes the effect for the cause. Women are being relieved of their political disabilities and permitted to share in the activities of government and the making of laws because the intellectual and moral standards are changing. It was the change in men that gave the ballot to women in California. In every State where women have been enfranchised, the enfranchisement has been the work of men. The readjustment has been due to the fact that the masculine attitude toward women has changed as a consequence of the male point of view being altered and masculine opinions revised.

William Griffith, Editor, "Semi-Monthly Magazine", New York City

Personality is always startling when it finds successful expression in a magazine—and there can be no doubt but that the man and the medium have found themselves in the new HARPER'S WEEKLY. It's different.

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