

FOR a thousand miles in all directions—except to the south, where wallowed and shimmered the steaming Gulf of Guinea—lay the tangled, steaming West African jungle. Durand and Schwenecker knew this, yet they hated each other. They sat in the darkness in front of Schwenecker's mud house. To-morrow night they would be sitting in the darkness in front of Durand's mud house. They were punctilious in such matters. Durand, as the latest arrival, had called on Schwenecker first, naturally; but as soon as he had his house built he had received a visit from Schwenecker, and then, next night, Durand had returned the call. It had been going on like that ever since. The jungle sounds no longer interested them. The booming of night-flying beetles or the occasional scream of a night bird were unnoticed incidents in the damp and sultry oppression of darkness that shut them in. Natives were crooning in some hut at the other end of the street. Now and then a weird halloo floated in to where they sat from the edge of the forest as a woman frightened a prowler from her sheepfold. But the two white residents of Bondoukou sat together in mutual distrust, thinking of other things.

"I suppose that these boundary commission is to home already," said Schwenecker gloomily.

He spoke no French and Durand spoke no German, so they conversed in English.

"Yes, Dieu! But why do you speak always of that? They are in Paris, on the boulevard, where it is sweet and cool, where there are no insects, no tigers, no jungle and only beautiful

women to look at, and *obstinate traps* to drink. Dieu! Why do you speak always of that?"

Schwenecker did not reply at once to Durand's peevish rebuke. "Or in Berlin," he mused audibly, "in a pleasant *biere* hall, with a music playing and a breeze in the branches overhead. *Ach, Gott!* that boundary commission!"

The commission had passed through Bondoukou six months ago—a German lieutenant, a French lieutenant, and three civilian engineers, German, French and English, with an escort of two hundred native *travailleurs*, choppers and chainmen. For two days they had passed there, during which time Bondoukou was become as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The commissioners brought whisky with them, and cognac, and kummul, and the illustrated papers of the *Laitin* and the *Gottli*. For two days Schwenecker and Durand had revolved each in his native language. It was a talk-fest, an orzy of language in which the pink-and-yellow Englishman alone showed moderation. Then the commission had cut its way into the jungle again, leaving two flapping flags behind it—the blue, white and red of France over Durand's mud shack and the black, white and red of Germany over Schwenecker's. But which had the better right there? Was Bondoukou French or German? Was it in the domain of Dahomey, and thus an appanage of the Third Republic? Or was it in Togo territory, and thus a city of the empire?

Lieutenant Delafosse had privately informed Durand that the place was French. To Schwenecker's agitated query, Lieutenant Hufnagel had replied an unmistakable "Hoch der Kaiser!" Durand and Schwenecker had each kept his secret to himself for a week after the commission left. Then the truth seeped into the open. Someone had lied.

Durand was cynical about it. He was a dark little Frenchman who had



A QUESTION OF EMPIRE

by DERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

spent most of his life on the West Coast. His ideas of patriotism were sordidly objective. All he cared for—and he avowed it shamelessly—was plenty of money to pamper his West Coast conception of luxury. If he could secure this as a citizen of France, all right. If he could not, well, for his part, he would just as lief be a citizen of Liberia. It was all the same to him. He would keep right on delivering his company's goods and collecting his take-off from French or Mandingo, German or Kru; and when he had enough, why, he was going to Algeria (he called it *Alger*) and live like a prince. There would be no more Dahomey for him.

But with Schwenecker it was different. He was the original white settler. He had arrived there a year ahead of Durand. He also had come to trade and barter. He also was the agent of a commercial company. But he had made Bondoukou his home. He liked to think of it as an outpost of the Empire, the Fatherland, the great German Empire. He felt that, in a way, it was all dependent on him. Toward children and grave burghers, princess and princesses, the Kaiser and Kaiserin, were sleeping under the sparkling northern sky, but he was the lonely sentinel on a distant outpost. He was a keeper of the frontier.

He was going to make this a German city, worthy of German genius, and—*scrum nicht!*—a German wife. "Why do I always speak of that boundary commission?" asked Schwenecker. "I'll tell you why. Because Bondoukou is German. I was the first settler here, and the commissioners know it. You want. It's part of the German Empire." Schwenecker's voice trembled as he said it.

Durand's only reply was: "Oh, la, la!" and—again, while an occasional boom or croon or scream or weird halloo came from the immensity of black jungle around them—"Oh, la, la!"

But that night, when his door was shut and he had pulled off his boots, Durand broke his revolver, to see that it was loaded; then he clicked the hammer once or twice, to make sure that it was in good condition. "I don't like the way he's beginning to talk," he told himself.

Schwenecker, left alone, also examined his revolver. But and him some ideas, he was projecting his store into a larger field through a public appeal, that appeal should and always does reflect the character of the store. If the advertising is dishonest, the reader knows that the store is untrustworthy, and he is put on his guard and avoids transactions with it.

"If the advertising is flamboyant, he is justified in the belief that the store itself is marked by that characteristic. If the advertising is exaggerated, he may well believe the salesman will exaggerate, that the goods will not come up to the quality claimed for them, and that he will not get the service he may reasonably expect.

"If the advertising is hypocritical of others, he knows that the store is more concerned with what its competitors are doing than with the desire to do him a service. If the advertising misrepresents, he will expect misrepresentation in the store. And if the advertising is undignified, unsmooth and incoherent, the same qualities may be expected in the store.

"So we may see advertising is quite like the projection of views with a stereopticon. The picture thrown upon the screen for us is greatly magnified from the picture upon the slide, and the faults are brought out as glaringly as the good points.

"These faults are either of arrangement, which is overcome by care and experience, and springs from lack of knowledge, or these faults are in the statements of the copy, which is a matter of intent, an expression of the heart-thought of the store.

"False Pretenses Cause Loss. "If the latter, a real change of heart is necessary before the advertising can be in a large measure effective. Honesty in advertising is not a mere slogan of the idealist. It springs from the heart of men who believe that dishonesty is always wrong, that misrepresentation is always a disadvantage, and that the customer has a right to be protected by the man to whom he pays his money. There is no defense for the man who sells goods under false pretenses. He is a criminal at heart.

"So the movement of which we are a part is for the betterment of conditions of merchandising as well as for better advertising. It is an appeal to the merchant to do full justice to his customers, and an attempt to educate him to the advantages to the commercial world and to him of strict honesty in the transaction of business with his own friends who favor him with their trade.

"Just picture in your minds what this would mean and the increased value of each advertisement put forth. When the public believes implicitly what is stated in the advertising its response will be immediate, and effective beyond all precedent. It is too much to say that the time will come when the statements of the advertising will be more carefully guarded than the statements of the salesmen in the stores, and that the truth of everyone made will always be beyond question? I believe such a state of affairs will eventually arrive, and when it does, no man will question how much his advertising pays him.

"On behalf of this organization, and speaking as its president, I ask the cooperation of all sellers of any kind of merchandise, in the effort to establish between buyer and seller that large measure of confidence that means success for the merchant, satisfaction for the buyer and a larger structure of business success upon the broader foundation of the Golden Rule."

and expressed the same tastes in literature and art. From the perfect French they spoke, it would have been impossible to tell that while one had been born in Paris, the other was from beyond the Rhine.

"I wanted to go to Plerrefonds tomorrow," confessed the young Frenchman gaily, "but I suppose that we must finish up that wretched boundary question."

"And I was invited to shoot at Versailles, but I suppose we must work."

"Work on Dahomey," said the Frenchman lightly. "Do you suppose it really matters?"

"Or Togo," added the German. "I doubt if it really exists." They both laughed.

"I tell you," suggested the Frenchman, "Come over to the Quai d'Orsay now and we'll settle it up to-night. It will be a mere matter of fifteen minutes."

"Bravo!" cried the German. "Then we'll have to-morrow to ourselves."

Their session was longer than fifteen minutes, for they had so much to talk about. They would work out a paragraph of their report, then stop to chat about the way some woman they had seen at the ball was dressed. Then they were invariably mislaying their cigarettes or matches, or hunting ground for more paper. It was amusing to work like this, without a secretary, but it took time.

"And now, about that cursed village," said the Frenchman. "What is it? Timbuctoo, Bonkontou—"

"Bondoukou," answered the German, leaning over the map. "It seems that those confounded surveyors simply dodged the place altogether."

"The Frenchman yawned. "The devil! It's getting late. You take it."

"No, you take it."

"No, you."

"Oh, here," cried the Frenchman at last, pulling a coin from his pocket and flipping it to the broad table. "Heads or tails?"

That was the way two great powers settled the question of Bondoukou. After a few weeks, the news reached the waiting world that an international commission had come to a friendly agreement on questions that menaced

the peace of Europe. There was a rise on the Bourse. And a month later the news had reached the Gambia coast and begun to trickle through the jungle toward Bondoukou.

In the meantime, the white population of that flourishing *factorie* continued to go armed. Durand and Schwenecker kept up their nightly interchange of visits, but their mutual hatred and suspicion were barely disguised. Durand was more cynical than ever. He scoffed at Bondoukou and anyone who manifested an interest in it—meaning Schwenecker. As soon as the place was properly allotted on the map, he said, he would have the governor send him a company of *travailleurs* to teach the neighborhood a lesson. He kept his flag flying day and night. He boasted that it would never come down. It was all the same to him, only it would never come down.

Schwenecker was less loquacious, but he also kept his flag flying. He also kept his revolver clean. But day by day he was becoming more melancholy. Why was he left in doubt? Was the Fatherland forgetting his outpost? Was the Kaiser forgetting his sentinel? He sought relief in extra work. He got the head man to have the entire village cleaned. He started Bondoukou's first public building, a combination council chamber and schoolhouse. He moved about with a sort of awful fatality. Some of the pickaninnies could now repeat the first stanza of the "Lorelei," and pronounce such phrases as *Schriebst, mein Herr, or Wie geht es Ihnen*; but they were grinning less.

And one afternoon Schwenecker called on the head man and explained what should be done if he (Schwenecker) should happen to die.

The head man liked Schwenecker, and went that night to consult a witch-doctor. The witch-doctor said that the big German was in grave danger, and that to protect him it would be necessary to sacrifice a goat. The head man, who had his suspicions, wanted to know whether the danger didn't come from the other white man. The witch-doctor said no—that the forces of evil lay beyond the wide waters. The head man suggested that they sacrifice a black hen. The witch-doctor spat into the ashes, and said that the danger was drawing near. The head man paid for the goat.

Sure enough, the danger arrived late on the following afternoon. It came in the form of two packets, brought by the same courier who for Schwenecker and another for Durand. On their reception the white population of Bondoukou withdrew each to the privacy of his own house.

Durand found much that interested him; for his friend, the chief clerk at Abomey, wrote him a note containing information that drew from him an exultant "Hé, hé!" And then, the very next sentence read: "And it's a pity because we understand that forsaken post of yours has been tentatively declared French."

Durand broke into a chuckling laugh that made his black "boy" show his white teeth in a grin. That would be news for Schwenecker. Durand lit a cigarette and strolled out to his porch, feeling better-natured than he had been for months. It was the German's right to call, and he availed his coming complacently. But Schwenecker did not appear. Durand became first impatient

and then suspicious. When it was eight o'clock he re-entered his house, unlocked a drawer and took out his revolver. It was just as well to be cautious. Then he tiptoed across the vacant ground separating his house from Schwenecker's.

The German's house was distinguished from every other house in Bondoukou in that it had a window—not a window with glass, but a square hole covered with a palm-thatch shutter. Toward this the Frenchman cautiously made his way. The familiar sounds and smells of the jungle village came to him, and then the half-forgotten odor of geraniums and the scratching of a pen on paper. It was almost as though he were back in France.

He peered through a crevice in the thatch, and saw Schwenecker seated at his table writing by the light of a candle. Scattered over the table were the contents of the packet he had received that day, and there, at the side of the candle, was a revolver. The Frenchman peered alertly at Schwenecker himself. What he saw startled him. Never had he seen such sadness in the face of man. What was it? What was the matter with him? Was he sick? Had someone died? Again the odor of geraniums came to him, and Durand felt vaguely homesick.

But just then he saw something that startled him more than ever. The German had picked up his revolver with a sigh, and was polishing it at his own temple. "Ach, Gott!" he was murmuring. "Ach, Gott!"

Durand's wavering hatred and cynicism fled from his heart before an inrush of fellow feeling. "Wait! Wait!" he belatedly. "I—I—ah, non de non!" He had forgotten his English. "Un moment! Un moment!" He stormed around to the front of the house, and a second or two later was holding Schwenecker's revolver in a grip of steel.

"You are bete, you are bete!" he panted. "Fool! Fool!" Then he continued: "When I had something to tell you, I go back to Paris. My company wishes to see me. You have Bondoukou all to yourself. I pull down my flag."

Schwenecker's voice sounded like a sob. "But Bondoukou was French?" he cried.

Durand's jaw dropped in amazement. So that was why! Bondoukou was French. This dirty, God-forsaken clearing in the jungle, with its fever and kraavoo, its dirt and dust, its flies and beetles and ants, was French! And for this Schwenecker had wanted to kill himself. Wasn't it ridiculous? Wasn't it German? And then he remembered the geraniums, his own joy at returning to Paris, the old school-boy tales he had read of Alsace-Lorraine. He began to understand.

"Listen, Schwenecker!" he said softly as he took the German's revolver. "It isn't definitely French. They didn't know. Leave it to me. When they know—he broke Schwenecker's revolver and shook the cartridges from it—"When they know—" He paused, at a loss for words, then burst out: "Ah, what do they matter? It's what you're doing that counts. It's your *score* civilization, not mine. Think of your neighbors. Me they hate. You they love. Bondoukou is German."

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A BUFFALO INSTITUTION Known All Over the United States.

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, who is head of the Massachusetts General Hospital, has been writing for the American Magazine, April and May, on the subject of "Better Doctoring for Less Money."

He says that "A new era has come in the practice of medicine, but most people do not know it yet. We have begun to emerge from that stage of medical work in which the doctor was a peddler selling goods from house to house, into the more advanced and sensible era in which the doctor stays at his place of business, like anyone else who has goods to sell, and the people who want these goods come to him. The shop where he has his goods to sell is generally called a hospital and he has associated with him there a body of men and women similar to work people, foremen and managers of any industrial plant or dry goods store. He has there some beginnings of a satisfactory division of labor and specialization of function. Therefore, he can give the public a much better article for less money."

throat, and the study of the improvement or aggravation of symptoms at different times of day and under different diets and temperatures. This study demands the conditions found in just such a hospital, and nowhere else to be had without great expense." It is also true that the "family doctor does the best that he knows how, and considering the difficulties under which he works, makes a wonderfully good estimate of the nature of the patient's disease and the treatment to be administered."

"But as an accurate diagnosis simply cannot be made in a considerable number of cases without the co-operation of a number of men, each expert in his own field, what we ask the family doctor to be is an 'all-around' specialist. This he attempts, but one cannot truthfully say that he succeeds, for the attempt is obviously an impossible one. Medicine is today far too large and complicated a field for any one man, no matter how wise and experienced, to cover."

"We have not the space to speak individually of the professional men composing the faculty of this old, world-famous institution, but will say that among them are many whose long connection with the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute has rendered them experts in their several specialties."

Advantages of Specialties. By thorough organization and subdividing the practice of medicine and surgery in this institution, every invalid is treated by a specialist—one who devotes his undivided attention to the particular class of diseases to which the case belongs. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. Medical science covers a field so vast that no physician can, within the limits of a lifetime, achieve the highest degree of success in the treatment of every malady incidental to humanity.

Advertising Man Asserts That Confidence Is Basis of Success

H. H. Hershey, advertising manager of the Peruna company of Columbus, Ohio, made the following address of interest to all those who are concerned in the building up of a permanent and successful business:

"At this the beginning of our activity for the fall and winter, it is perhaps well to review our principles, however, that our work is either seasonal or occasional. I am glad to say that the activities of the Advertising Club have extended through the hot weather, and that the accomplishments, while not spectacular, have nevertheless, been substantial."

"Advertising is the projection of business activity into a larger field. It is the placing of an enterprise before a larger number, the extension of a store or merchandising effort into a wider field. This applies no matter what form the advertising takes. The successful advertiser is he who succeeds in telling a large number of the service he can render, in such a way as to create a desire for that service, instill confidence that he will service in proper measure, and develop this desire and confidence into action."

"For in the final analysis, we are not selling so many bolts of cloth, so many pounds of food, so much steel and iron cunningly devised, but we are selling the service these articles are capable of doing to a man who is willing to part with his money to secure this service. This is as true of the man who sells a suit of clothes or a barn ventilator as it is of the lawyer, the dentist or the physician."

Are Selling Service. "Since it is service we are selling, it is obviously necessary to successful advertising in the constructive salesmanship that builds up a business, that a large measure of confidence be established. It may be possible, by questionable methods, to gull a part of the public, and it may be that part is large enough to give a man or a business house a great trade, but the most of us realize that it is the most expensive way of doing business, that the gaining and holding of the good will of a customer means a repeated order from him, which costs less to get and therefore affords a larger profit than the initial sale. These repeat orders are what build a business into permanency, establish it like a rock, and lead to the largest measure of success."

"A permanent business is always built upon confidence. This confidence is simply a belief in the honesty, the common garden variety of honesty of the advertiser. Even the dishonest advertiser does his utmost to secure this belief."

"Now, if advertising is the extension of business into a larger field, and we know it is, the reader of the advertising gains his impression of the store or the business whatever it may be, from the words and methods of the advertising. How important it is, therefore, that this advertising makes the correct impression!

"A speaker before this club last year said that there were stores in this town he would not enter because of the impression of their character, and practices he had gained from their advertising copy. So many hold this same view that advertising becomes not only a constructive force, but in such cases may be considered as a destructive engine as well. The store that has this character of advertising positively destroys its chances to make customers of the well informed."

Advertising Must Be Honest. "This is as it should be, too. If an advertiser is projecting his store into a larger field through a public appeal, that appeal should and always does reflect the character of the store. If the advertising is dishonest, the reader knows that the store is untrustworthy, and he is put on his guard and avoids transactions with it."

"If the advertising is flamboyant, he is justified in the belief that the store itself is marked by that characteristic. If the advertising is exaggerated, he may well believe the salesman will exaggerate, that the goods will not come up to the quality claimed for them, and that he will not get the service he may reasonably expect."

"If the advertising is hypocritical of others, he knows that the store is more concerned with what its competitors are doing than with the desire to do him a service. If the advertising misrepresents, he will expect misrepresentation in the store. And if the advertising is undignified, unsmooth and incoherent, the same qualities may be expected in the store."

"So we may see advertising is quite like the projection of views with a stereopticon. The picture thrown upon the screen for us is greatly magnified from the picture upon the slide, and the faults are brought out as glaringly as the good points."

"These faults are either of arrangement, which is overcome by care and experience, and springs from lack of knowledge, or these faults are in the statements of the copy, which is a matter of intent, an expression of the heart-thought of the store."

"False Pretenses Cause Loss. "If the latter, a real change of heart is necessary before the advertising can be in a large measure effective. Honesty in advertising is not a mere slogan of the idealist. It springs from the heart of men who believe that dishonesty is always wrong, that misrepresentation is always a disadvantage, and that the customer has a right to be protected by the man to whom he pays his money. There is no defense for the man who sells goods under false pretenses. He is a criminal at heart."

"So the movement of which we are a part is for the betterment of conditions of merchandising as well as for better advertising. It is an appeal to the merchant to do full justice to his customers, and an attempt to educate him to the advantages to the commercial world and to him of strict honesty in the transaction of business with his own friends who favor him with their trade."

"Just picture in your minds what this would mean and the increased value of each advertisement put forth. When