

Good "Front"

Put on as Much as Traffic Will Bear

By JOHN A. HOWLAND

HOW MUCH "front" do I need to put up? This is a question which obtrudes itself upon the average young man who finds himself among his fellows on the competitive basis that exists in the modern large business. If the question were put to me in this form as a generality, I should be tempted to answer it in the same terse style:

"Just as much as the traffic will bear!"

I don't wish to destroy the conventions. Conventionality is a good thing so long as it is in harmony with conditions of fact. But hugging the conventional too long as an ideal must prove destructive to that person who in doing so loses his sense of proportion. For example, the model office boy 40 or 50 years ago carefully untied the string from a parcel and more painstakingly removed the manila wrapping from it, with the idea of preserving both string and wrapper for future use. Frankly, I would be pleased if conditions now were such as to admit of this old-fashioned office boy in modern business. But they are not, and to teach the potential small office boy this old convention in effect would be lying to him.

So it is with much of the conventional generality of the old school which is still preserved by the didactic teacher. True worth must prove itself—yes. But where and how? That best and squarest street car conductor in all of a vast city, grown gray in the collection of passenger fares for his company, unquestionably has proved his true worth—as a street car conductor! But could not this same measure of true worth have been better expressed in some other field of community usefulness? That finest individual type among 10,000 street car conductors must be capable of something better than running a street car for 20 or 30 years. Why did he not discover a better field in which to prove himself and his worth?

At bottom it is the ego in a man, kept well in hand, which makes the individual man here and there tower as an individual above the heads of the masses.

Set two men at work upon two tasks that are identical in a general way. In one of them egotism is at a low ebb; in the other it is at high tide, coupled with an imagination. One returns to you silently, having done his work in a manner that is highly satisfactory in every way. The other, having accomplished no more than the first, returns to you with a cheerful story of the difficulties and handicaps which he found in his way. Pleasingly he recounts just how judgmatically and determinedly he tackled these obstacles and overcame them. And in words or in acts and expression he has left the intimation that, no matter what the difficulties of his work in the future, you may depend upon him to carry out his work.

Which of these two men—granting that the egoist has offered no more than the "traffic will bear"—has impressed you more? And if these men continue with you as employes the egoist playing upon you with fine tact and discrimination, which of them after a year or two are you more likely to choose for the difficult task?



Method of Sleeping Like a Child

By P. EVAN JONES

It is a sad but true fact that few men or women are able to enjoy the careless, dreamless sleep of a child. It is also a fact that if men and women would do good work and have pleasure in the doing of it, sleep, and plenty of it, is essential. And it is another and more serious fact that, probably owing to the strenuous life of the world-to-day, insomnia is more prevalent than it ever has been before.

How to defeat this bugbear is the question and it is one that has been answered by authorities in numbers of ways. But when technical terms and learned treatises are all simmered down they may be confined within a few simple rules that, if carefully followed out, are most effectual when sleep is desired.

In the first place, the sleeping room should be away from noise. It should be an airy room and one in which there is but little furniture and few rugs. It should have neither artificial light, flowers, nor animals and should be well ventilated, as much air being admitted in winter as during the summer months.

The bed should be slightly inclined from head to foot and a moderately hard mattress is desirable. If any pillow at all is used it should be a thin one. The heavy, downy affairs into which the head sinks are undesirable for more reasons than one. They tend toward making a person round shouldered and the position they give to the neck interfere with circulation.

There is much diversity of opinion as to whether one should or should not eat before going to bed. Usually it is better to retire an hour or so after eating. It is never wise, however, to attempt to sleep when hungry. In a case of this kind a cracker and a cup of warm milk are desirable.

The limbs should always be outstretched—never cramped or folded, and one should sleep on the right side. Sleeping on the back is apt to produce nightmare and sleeping on the left side stops digestion and is bad for the heart. It is not good for the lungs to sleep on one's stomach.

Often a cold shower bath followed by a vigorous rub down with a Turkish towel will induce sleep when a person is inclined toward insomnia.

Making Sweet Home Bricks of Straw

By ELIZABETH McCULLEN

We have all felt the soul touch of John Howard Paine's fragrant lines, "Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam," and, again, "Be it ever so humble," but to bring the home with the ring of true metal into our own lives, to live with others, stranger folk, to make sweet home bricks out of straws and oftentimes inharmonious straws at that, let more of the girls tell us how they have done it.

I think I have passed through the great third degree in this home making problem, but I would sure have fainted by the way-side long ago did I not insist upon remembering that "He maketh the desert to blossom as the rose," but I have solved the problem and would now gamble on myself to live in sweet harmony with a lion and her cubs and do co-operative housekeeping. The road was stony, but who cares for the stones when there are flowers at the "end of the way?"

SERIAL STORY

THE BEST MAN

By HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of THE MAN ON THE BOX, HEARTS AND MASKS

With Illustrations by A. WEIL

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CHAPTER I.

Carrington folded the document and thoughtfully balanced it on his palm. What an ironical old world it was! There was a perpendicular wrinkle about his nose, and his lips had thinned into a mere line which drooped at the corners. The drone of a typewriter in the adjoining room sounded above the rattle-tattle of the street below. Through the open windows came a vague breath of summer redolent of flowers and grasses; for it was but eleven o'clock of the morning, and the smell of sun-baked brick and asphalt had not yet risen through the air. Far beyond the smoking, ragged skyline Carrington could see the shifting, glittering river and the great ships going down to the sea. Presently the ashes from his dead cigar fell in a gray cascade down his coat and tumbled across his knees, but he gave no heed.

Ironical old world, indeed! Here, suddenly and unexpectedly, he found himself upon the battlefield of love and duty, where all honest men find themselves, sooner or later. To pit the heart against the conscience, impulse against calculation! Heigh-ho! Duty is an implacable goddess, and those who serve her most loyally are most ruthlessly driven. She buffets us into this corner and into that, digs pitfalls for the hesitant foot, and crushes the vacillating.

As all men will, Carrington set about to argue down his conscience; the heart is so insistent a counselor. Why should he give up the woman he loved, simply because duty demanded he should? After all, was not duty merely social obligation? What was it to him that the sheep were sheared? Was it right that he, of all men, should divide the house, throw the black pall of dishonesty over it, destroy his own happiness and hers, when so simple a thing as a match would crumble into nothingness this monument to one man's greed and selfishness? The survival of the fittest; if he put aside Self, who would thank him? Few, and many would call him a fool or a meddler. So many voices spoke that he seemed to hear none distinctly.

He alone had made these astonishing discoveries; he alone had followed the cunningly hidden trail of the serpent. He could stop where he was and none would be the wiser. To be sure, it was only a question of time when the scandal would become public through other channels; but in that event he would not be held responsible for bringing about the catastrophe. Besides, the ways of the serpent are devious and many, and other investigators might not come so close to the trail.

He had gone about his investigations without the least idea where they would lead him. At the beginning he had believed that the guilty ones were none higher than petty officials; but presently he found himself going over their heads, higher and higher, until, behold! he was at the lair of the old serpent himself. A client had carelessly dropped a bit of information, and it had taken seed with this surprising result. Henry Cavenaugh, millionaire promoter, financier, trust magnate, director in a hundred money-gathering concerns; Henry Cavenaugh, the father of the girl he loved and who loved him! Could it be he, indeed? It seemed incredible.

It was not a case of misappropriation of funds, such as a man may be guilty of when temporarily hard pressed. It was a bold and fraudulent passing of dividends that rightfully belonged to the investors; of wrongfully issuing statements of bolstered expenses, lack of markets, long strikes (promoted by Cavenaugh and his associates!), insufficient means of transportation. An annual dividend of seven per cent. of many millions that had been dishonestly passed over. The reports that there would be no dividends encouraged a slump in the listed price of the stock, and many had sold under par value, thereby netting to Cavenaugh and others several millions. And the proof of all this lay in his hand!

It had been a keen hunt. Many and many a blind trail had he followed, only to come back to the start again. All that now remained for him to do was to pass this document on to the hands of the intrepid district attorney, and justice would be meted out to the guilty.

Her father! The picture of him rose suddenly and distinctly in his mind. Tall, powerfully built, a hooked nose,

keen blue eyes, an aggressive chin, a repellent mouth, Henry Cavenaugh was the personification of the modern Croesus. Immutable in purpose, dogged in perseverance, a relentless enemy, a Jesuit in that the end always justified the means, he stood a pillar in the world of finance, where there is sometimes justice, but never any mercy. Thirty-five years before he had been a messenger in a stockbroker's office. Of his antecedents nothing was known until he broke one of the famous gold corners in the seventies, when a handsome, ruddy-cheeked little Irishman bobbed up serenely from nowhere in particular and claimed to be the great Cavenaugh's father. But his proofs were not convincing, and when the son showed a decided contempt for him, he gently subsided into oblivion and was heard of no more. From time to time Carrington gathered a small crumb of information regarding his sweetheart's grandfather; but whenever he broached the subject, however tactfully, everybody concerned headed the conversation for a different port.

Carrington had never laid eyes on the old gentleman, and, for all he knew to the contrary, he might be a myth. He reasoned that in all probability the grandfather was illiterate, uncouth, and rather an awkward piece of family furniture to handle, when the family proper were ingratiating themselves into the Chippendale's of society. Unfortunately, Mother Cavenaugh, good-hearted and amiable in her way, had been stung by the bee of the climbers, and her one ambition was to establish herself and daughters in society; and had not he, Carrington, come of an aristocratic family (poor, it is true), the doors of the Cavenaugh manor would never have opened to his knock. Even as it was, he was persona non grata to the millionaire, who was mad for a duke in the family. Besides Cavenaugh had his suspicions of any lawyer who grubbed outside the breast-works.

Some doves circled above a church-spire a few streets over the way, breaking the sunbeams against their polished wings. Finally they settled on the slate roof and fell to strutting and waddling and swelling their breasts pompously. Carrington opened and re-folded the document, but he did not take his eyes from the doves.



Resolutely He Thrust the Document into His Pocket.

What should he do? What ill wind had blown this thing into his doorway? Nothing had warned him of the impending tangle. Until two days ago Cavenaugh was at the other end of the world, so far as his investigations at that time were concerned.

He struck a match. The silver of pine flared palely in the sunshine, writhed and dropped, black and charred, to the floor. He shrugged his shoulders. Chivalry of this sort was not the order of the day. There was something stronger than the voice of duty, something stronger than the voice of pity, which urged its appeal for the hundreds of men and women who had invested their all in the Cavenaugh concerns. The thought of their ultimate ruin, should Cavenaugh be permitted to pursue his course unchecked, bore heavily upon him. No, he could not do it. He must fight, even if he lost his all in the battle. It is a fine thing to right a wrong. All the great victories in the world have been won for others than the victors. That Cavenaugh was the father of the girl he loved must have no weight on the scales of justice.

Resolutely he thrust the document into his coat pocket, closed his desk and relighted his cigar. In that moment he had mapped out his plan of action. That very night he would lay the whole thing very clearly before the girl herself, and whatever decision she made, he would stand or fall by it, for he knew her to be the soul of honor.

Poor girl! It was a heart-breaking business. How in the world should he begin, and where should he stop? Ah, that was it! He would lay the matter before her in a manner that would conceal the vital nearness of the case, as if it were some client of his who was unknown to her. And when she judged the case, he would speak the bald truth. It would be a cruel blow, but nevertheless he must deal it. She loved her father, and after his own peculiar fashion her father loved her. She was the only one in the family who could wheedle him out of a purpose; to the rest of the family his word was law immutable. It was very hard, sighed Carrington. For the father he had neither pity nor sympathy; there were many ugly tales about his financial dealings; but

his whole heart went out unreservedly to the girl.

When Carrington had gone to Cavenaugh, his heart in his throat, to speak to him relative to his daughter's hand, he unwittingly knocked off the top of a volcano.

"Marry my daughter?" Cavenaugh roared, emphasizing his wrath and disapproval with a bang of fist upon palm. "My daughter shall marry only among her equals, not among her inferiors. A king is not good enough for my Kate." There was another bang of the fist, decided and final. "A lawyer? Not if I know myself. I wouldn't trust a lawyer out of sight," bluntly. "Kate shall marry a duke or a prince, if I can find one suitable."

Carrington would have smiled had the moment been less serious. "No man can possibly appreciate her worth more readily than I, sir," he replied, "or love her more dearly."

"Love?" with a snort. "Tuttle out of story-books!"

"But you yourself love her?"

"I'm her father," Cavenaugh returned complacently, adding a gesture which had the effect of describing the fact that it was perfectly logical for a father to love his daughter, but that it wasn't logical at all for any other male biped to love her.

"I am sorry," said the disheartened suitor, rising. "I suppose that's after this unpleasant interview—"

"Oh, you're a decent sort," interrupted Cavenaugh generously; "and if you are of a mind to behave yourself hereafter, you will always find a chair at my table. But my daughter is not for you, sir, emphatically not. That is all, sir," and Cavenaugh picked up his evening paper.

After such a rebuff, most young men would have given up; but Carrington never gave up till there was no possibility of winning. Immediately after the interview he went to the higher court with his appeal.

"Let us have patience," the girl whispered. "I'll undertake to bring him to reason."

But Carrington went home that night without his love for the father increasing any.

And so the matter stood at the present time. The affair had gone neither forward nor backward.

Ah, were he less honest, how easily he could bring the old curmudgeon to terms! There was that in his pocket which would open the way to the altar quickly enough. But Carrington was manly and honest to the core, and to him blackmail stood among the basest of crimes. Many times during the past 48 hours the tempter had whispered in his ear that there was a way out of his difficulties; but the young man had listened unmoved.

During the summer and autumn months of the year the Cavenaugh's lived at their country place over in New Jersey, and there Carrington spent the week-ends. There were horses to ride, golf and tennis, and a Saturday night dance at the Country club. To be with the girl you love, even if you can't have her, is some compensation. Cavenaugh never joined the fetes and sports of the summer-colonists, but he offered no objections to the feminine members of his household for selecting Carrington as their escort for the week-ends. Indeed, by now he began to consider Carrington as a harmless, sensible, well-groomed young man, who relieved him of all the painful duties of the frivolous. If the colonists insisted on coupling his daughter's name with Carrington's, let them do so; when the proper moment came he would disillusionize them.

For himself, he always had some good old crony down to while away the dull Sundays; and together they consumed plans that gave the coup de grace to many a noble business galeon. This particular summer there were no dukes or princes floating around unattached, and Cavenaugh agreed that it was a commendable time to lay devices by which to ambush the winter money.

There were nights when Cavenaugh did not sleep very well; but of this, more anon.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STICK TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

Unfortunate French Couple Resolute in Refusing Charity.

Simple life is being practiced with a vengeance by a laborer and his family at Montgerou, near Corbeil. The workman and his wife had hitherto been known as an industrious and thrifty couple, but they nevertheless found it difficult to make both ends meet, having to support six small children, and a seventh being expected. The climax came when they were unable to pay their rent in October, and were evicted from the little flat which they had occupied because the husband had been out of work for some time, and could find no new occupation. He gathered up his few belongings and took up quarters for himself and his family under the arches of a railway bridge where he decided for the rest of his life to defy the state and modern civilization, which, he argued, had treated him, an honest man, so cruelly. The mayors of two adjoining localities went to see the family and offered to find free lodgings for them, but the workman and his wife refused. They met certain charitable persons of the neighborhood, who offered them money, food and clothing in the same way. "Keep your money," they said, "we will not accept anything." A seventh child has been born, and still the strange couple refuse all aid. Their case has been brought to the notice of the prefecture of the department, and nothing less is spoken of than enforcing charity with energetic measures.—London Daily Telegraph.

IS PLANNING QUEER FARM

Mrs. George Cornwallis West, Former British Society Leader, Will Raise Frogs.

London.—Mrs. George Cornwallis West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill and mother of Winston Spencer Churchill, is reported to be planning a new shock for British aristocracy. This beautiful, talented American woman, whose ambition and ability made her first husband one of England's foremost statesmen, and who, as a widow, married a man about the age of her son, according to the latest report is preparing to raise bull



frogs on a large scale for the London market.

Mrs. Cornwallis-West, it is said, has leased 40 acres of marshy land near one of the London suburbs and will enclose it with a fine-meshed wire fence. A large number of bullfrogs have been ordered from France with which this place will be stocked.

There is no more interesting character in England than Mrs. Cornwallis-West, formerly Miss Jennie Jerome of New York and afterward Lady Randolph Churchill. While Lord Randolph was alive she was his most devoted and helpful aid, and contributed largely to what of success there was in that brilliant, though impulsive statesman's career. Then she was a public personage and a great social figure.

Now Mrs. West is leading the life of a recluse at Salisbury hall, St. Albans, where she is writing her reminiscences, which will doubtless form one of the most delightful books of the time. The house is both historic and beautiful, and it is splendidly furnished.

Mrs. West's four sons frequently visit her, and they and her young husband and herself make the jolliest company imaginable.

SPEEDIEST OF TYPEWRITERS

Miss Rose Fritz Writes 1,425 Words in 15 Minutes and Makes New Record.

New York.—Congratulations were showered upon Miss Rose L. Fritz after she had made a new typewriting record, writing 1,425 words in 15 minutes from dictation, with no errors, at the business show in Madison Square garden. She wrote at the rate of 95



words a minute for 15 consecutive minutes. H. O. Blaisell wrote 92 words a minute, and F. H. Coombs followed with 87.5 words.

Work of Practical Joker.

The Corriere of Rome, which published some time ago a copy of a document said to have been found in the library at Bergamo containing an account of "an airship voyage across the English channel in 1751," is receiving much attention at the hands of investigators. In the Tribune's notice of this alleged achievement, in which a monk named Grimaldi, of Civita Vecchia, was the chief actor, it was stated that there was nothing in the Italian paper's article to indicate that it was not written in good faith. "Now," writes an Englishman from Rome, "the records of Civita Vecchia are being searched in vain for a Grimaldi and the papers of England for a story of the flight. The document may be in the library, but who was the practical joker who placed it there?" —New York Tribune.

Wireless-Telephone on Warships.

According to daily press reports wireless telephony has not proved an unqualified success on the battleship fleet. It was impossible to send messages over any great distance except under the most favorable conditions, and when the telephone was in use the telegraph had to keep silent.