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# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

ILLUSTRATED

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

## VOLUME XXXVI

## NOVEMBER TO APRIL

## 1910-1911

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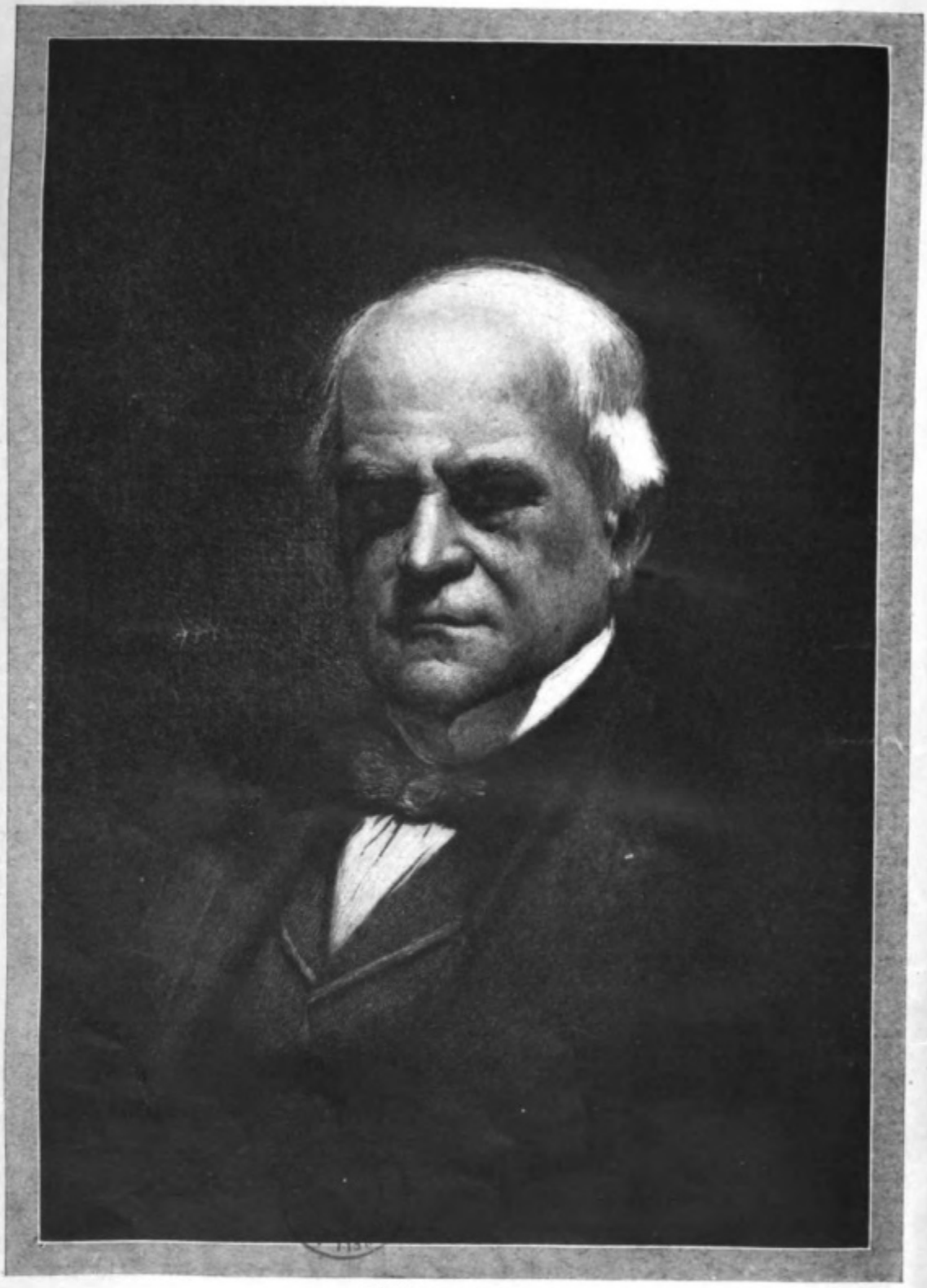

JUNIUS S. MORGAN
BOSTON DRY-GOODS MERCHANT AND GREAT INTERNATIONAL BANKER;
FATHER OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN

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with power machinery. A hundred years ago it did not exist; fifty years ago it was scarcely started. Before that movement, only one business operation required considerable masses of capital — the wholesale handling of merchandise. This capital gathered in the hands of great merchants, whose stock in trade, particularly in a new country like America, was very largely cloth or manufactures of cloth. Even Nathan Rothschild, the most famous financier of the early nineteenth century, made his start financing the material and products of the early English cloth mills.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN AT THE AGE OF FORTY

In America we have forgotten all this. Our "merchant princes" — only fifty years ago the copy-book model of every school-boy — have passed out of mind. The business of security-selling — a small, local, irregular peddling trade to the big American merchant of sixty years ago — now looms so large that it seems an institution of a great and indefinite past.

In England they remember better. These men we call private bankers — the Rothschilds and Barings and Morgans — are not even now bankers there, but "merchants." In reality they are the lineal business descendants of the merchants of the great East India Company.

### *The Yankee Dry-Goods Merchant*

In the United States one particular section developed the international merchant. Before the Revolution the sharp-eyed, bony men of New England had gone out scouring the coasts of Africa and the islands of the sea for merchandise. There were no better traders in the world. If they had not the immemorial training of the Jew, they had vastly greater daring. Then came the shipping troubles of the War of 1812. The men and money of New England turned to another hazardous venture — the untried business of the manufacture of cloth. And immediately the Yankee dry-goods trader went out across the United States. He had behind him both the traditions of a trading race and a familiarity with the local product, cloth. At a time when New York, the principal city of the Western Continent, held its supremacy — as it did to the beginning of the Civil War — largely because it was the distributing center of the dry-goods trade, the greatest commercial prizes of the country were before him.

In 1811 a sixteen-year-old dry-goods clerk, George Peabody, was thrown out of employment by the burning of his brother's little store in the old shipping town of Newburyport, Massachusetts. He went with an uncle to Georgetown, the suburb of Washington, D. C., and opened a dry-goods store there; moved to Baltimore; established branches in Philadelphia and New York; and finally, in 1837, a man of forty-two, founded in London the great merchant banking house of George Peabody & Co., later J. S. Morgan & Co.

### *George Peabody, Merchant Banker*

To modern eyes his going to London appears an unusual step. In reality, George Peabody merely made an advance along exactly the same line of business he had always followed, by establishing himself in the greatest mercantile center of the world. The kind of enterprise he founded is excellently described by his biographer, Fox-Bourne:

> In London, and all parts of England, he bought British manufactures for shipment to the United States; and the ships came back freighted with every kind of American produce for sale in England. To that lucrative account, however, was added one far more lucrative. The merchants and manufacturers on both sides of the Atlantic, who transmitted their goods through him, sometimes procured from him advances on account of the goods in his possession long before they were sold. At other times they

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found it convenient to leave large sums in his hands long after the goods were disposed of, knowing that they could draw whenever they needed, and that in the meantime their money was being so profitably invested that they were certain of a proper interest on their loans. Thus he became a banker as well as a great merchant, and ultimately much more of a banker than a merchant.

### *America the Greatest Field for Capital*

George Peabody reached London at the beginning of the greatest single revolution in human affairs — the change from man and animal power to steam power in the performance of the work of the world. Capital was beginning to mass itself to equip civilization with steam machinery — a new use for capital, full of difficulty. Previously, in commerce, a valuable asset stood behind the use of capital, directly or indirectly — the asset of usable merchandise. Now there was simply the operation of machinery. Unused machinery had no value in itself; in operation it produced profits. It was clear that the investment of capital for this new purpose was to be governed by new laws — laws dictated very largely by the nature of the operations of different kinds of machinery. And it was clear, even then, that this massing of capital was to be vastly greater and more important than any that had come before it.

Peabody's position in this new movement of capital was this: He represented, in the greatest financial center of the world, the greatest and most profitable field for capital, a continent, literally millions of square miles of rich farming and mineral lands, free for the taking, but absolutely unavailable until supplied with steam machinery — particularly the machinery of transportation. The men who supplied or controlled the machinery to open up this land would naturally expect a reward unequaled in the previous history of the world.

There was competition even then. Great

A PHOTOGRAPH OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN TAKEN ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

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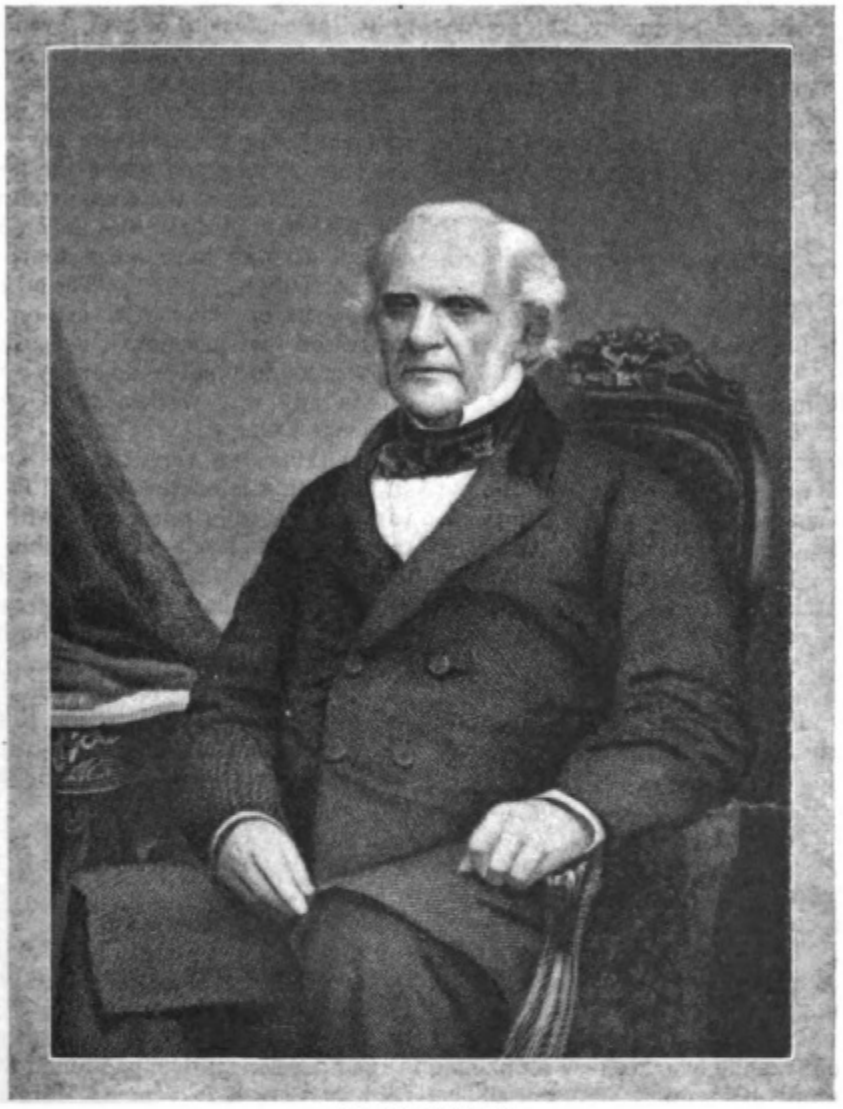

GEORGE PEABODY
THE NEW ENGLAND DRY-GOODS CLERK WHO BECAME A WORLD-FAMOUS PHILANTHROPIST, AND THE FOUNDER OF THE GREAT BANKING HOUSE NOW KNOWN AS J. P. MORGAN & CO.

*Junius Morgan Leaves the Dry-Goods Trade*

So George Peabody passed out of life, his statue was set up in the London financial district, not many blocks from the dingy little burrow at 1 Wanford Court which had been his office during his London business life, and his business — moved to the old-fashioned London dwelling-house at 22 Old Broad Street, where it remains to-day — went into the hands of another Yankee dry-goods trader, Junius S. Morgan.

Morgan was a partner in the house of James M. Beebe & Co., of Boston — a man of forty-one when Peabody took him into his business. He was not personally known to Peabody, but had been mentioned to him by a business acquaintance as "the best business man in Boston." Peabody was already fifty-nine years old, and required an active man for his business; ten years later he retired, and the firm of J. S. Morgan & Co. began. It was, at that time, the bitterest disappointment of Junius Morgan's life that Peabody refused to allow the old firm name to be continued.

Morgan was a fine, tall, thin-lipped New Englander, grim-faced and arbitrary. "The Morgans," says a man who has known both him and his son well, "always believed in absolute monarchy. While Junius Morgan lived, he ruled the family and the business — his son and his partners." For half a dozen years the new firm kept on as the old one had done — doing



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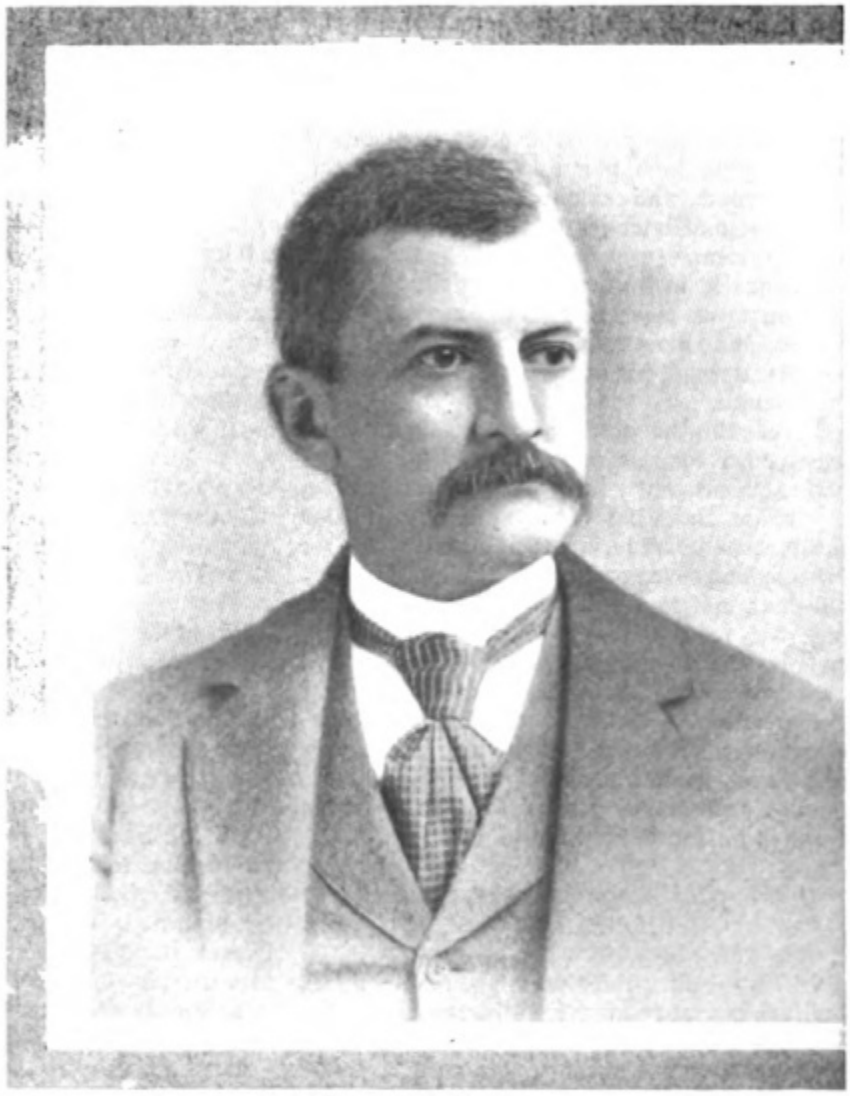
body started out in London, the elder Drexel established himself in Third Street, the financial center of Philadelphia, known locally by the significant name of the "Coast of Algiers," and laid the foundations of a great business in buying bank currency, "shaving" commercial paper, and financing corporations.

J. Pierpont Morgan was thirty-four years old in 1871; "Tony" Drexel, his principal partner, forty-five — a conservative, intelligent, and popular man. There were four other members of the firm — all from the Drexel house. The new firm had obvious advantages: on one side, one of the richest financial houses in America; on the other, the great English house of J. S. Morgan & Co., fresh from the international triumph of the Morgan loan to France, in touch with English capital — the greatest body of capital in the world. Its advantages were clear, but it also had its disadvantages. In the chief business of the day — the funding of the Government debt — it came late into a field already well occupied. A new class of security merchants had opened another great source of European capital to American securities.



CHARLES H. COSTER
THE GREAT PLANNER OF RAILROAD REORGANIZATION

*The Germans Find the Land of Ten Per Cent*

The sale of the Civil War debt was not only the one great piece of business in securities in the '60's — it was the first in America. It really created the trade of wholesale merchandising of securities in this country. It had built up, in half a dozen years, a small coterie of American houses, with Jay Cooke & Co. at its head, till they overshadowed all the rest. It had also created a very strong and intelligent new class of international security-sellers.

Our great mass of Civil War bonds were at first placed entirely in this country. There was little foreign demand. France was hostile to the North throughout the war, and, indeed, has never until very lately bought American securities. England, tied to the South by the long-established bonds of her cotton trade, was more inclined to buy Confederate than Union securities. With the exception of the smaller market of the Dutch,— a people that has always invested in the United States,— the Germans alone remained to buy the securities of the Union during our great war.

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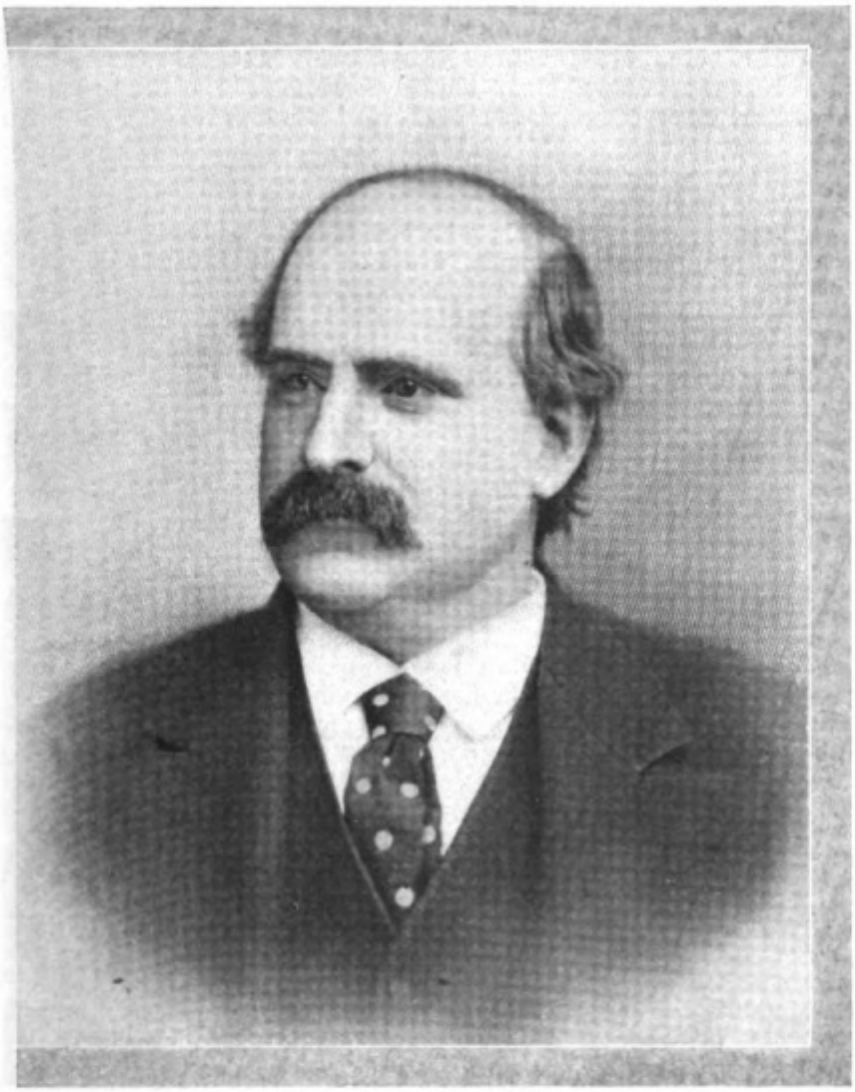
The Germans were sympathetic with the North throughout the war, because the great body of German immigrants who had come here following the German uprising of 1848 were Northerners and enthusiastic supporters of the Union. Germany naturally believed in the final success of the North. And when the six-per-cent bonds of the United States began to sell at 60 in gold, the Germans, especially the rich South Germans, began to sell their other securities and invest them in Americans. They had been getting four and four and one half per cent from their good European investments. America was considered by them — and continued so for years thereafter — as the land of the ten-per-cent investment. This great investment movement was principally directed by the German Jew.



ANTHONY J. DREXEL
HEAD OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH MORGAN BECAME A PARTNER IN 1871

### *The Second Great Class of Traders*

The German Jew trader discovered America in the early '50's. Deprived of the right to own real estate, the Jew had been for centuries the chief trader of Europe. After 1848 in Germany, the more enterprising of the younger Hebrews followed the general drift of the German emigration to the United States. They proceeded in a straight line to that trader's paradise, the rich and money-careless South. They were peddlers, first, through a sparsely settled country; then general merchants; and many, attracted by the large margin of profits, went into the wholesale clothing business. The more prosperous men in this business had many dealings in the notes of smaller firms or customers, and they drifted, with their unerring trader's instinct, first into the selling of commercial paper, and later into the greatest business on the continent at that time — the sale of the Government debt.

In 1869 Jay Cooke estimated for the Government's Special Revenue Commission that a billion dollars' worth of United States bonds were held abroad. A great share of this was held in South Germany, and the placing of it there had established a new and powerful business interest in America — the Jewish bond merchants, with foreign connections in the great European money market of Frankfort.

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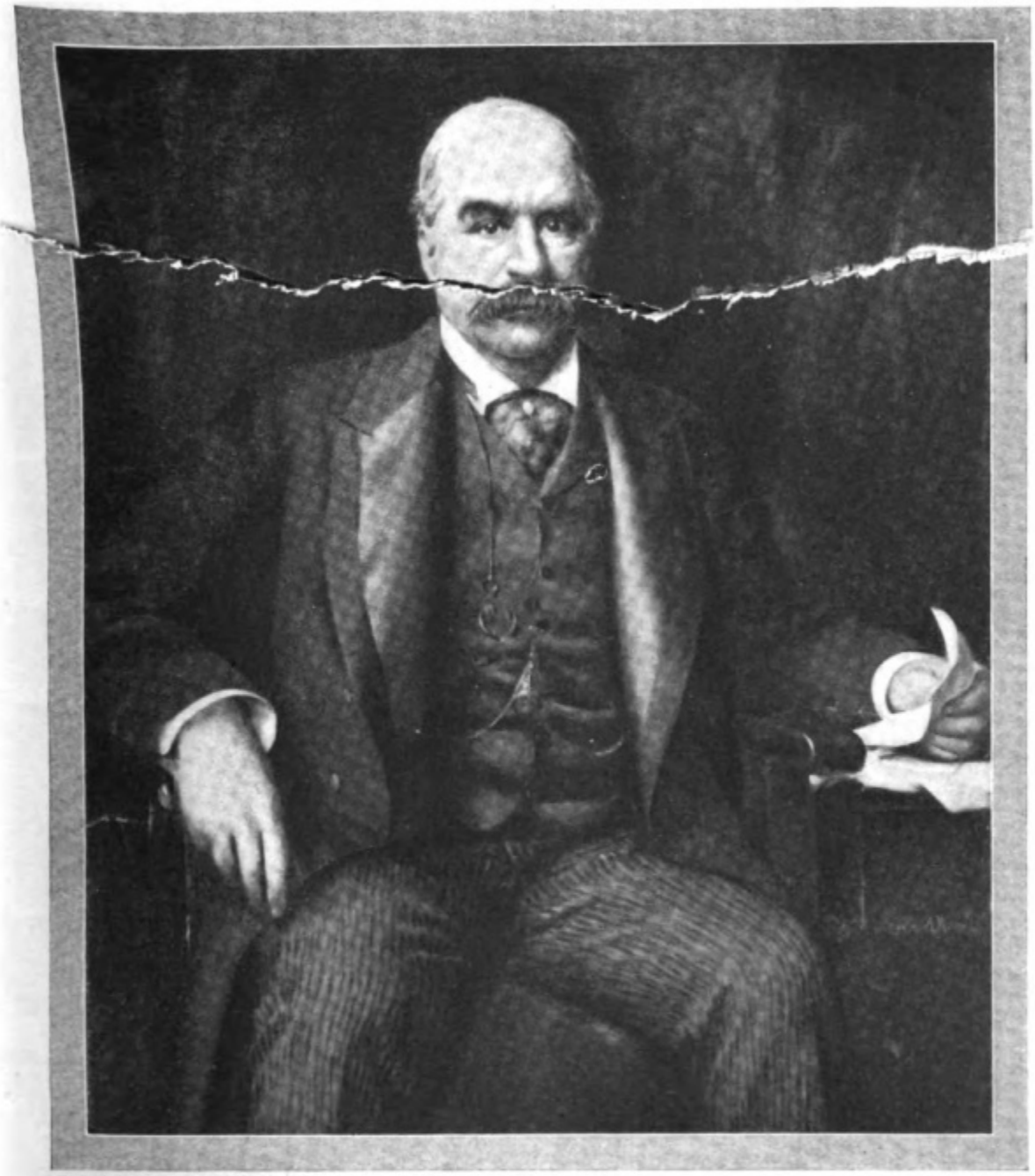

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FROM A PAINTING OF J. PIERPONT MORGAN BY ADOLPH MULLER-URY WHICH WAS EXHIBITED AT THE ART INSTITUTE IN CHICAGO IN 1905

sition to observe the huge operations and the profits of these great new combinations, felt that they were a menace. But the underwriting syndicate had arrived in America to stay. The time had come when the aggregation of great sums of money was absolutely essential for the conduct of human affairs. The syndicate was the tool which society had developed to accomplish this, and the head of the syndicate — the man with the resources and temperament capable of conducting them — was about to concentrate the greatest financial power in the history of the world.

The underwriting syndicate of Government bonds in the '70's handled some $750,000,000 of securities. Selling a security with a constantly rising market, their profits were many millions. At their start the credit of the



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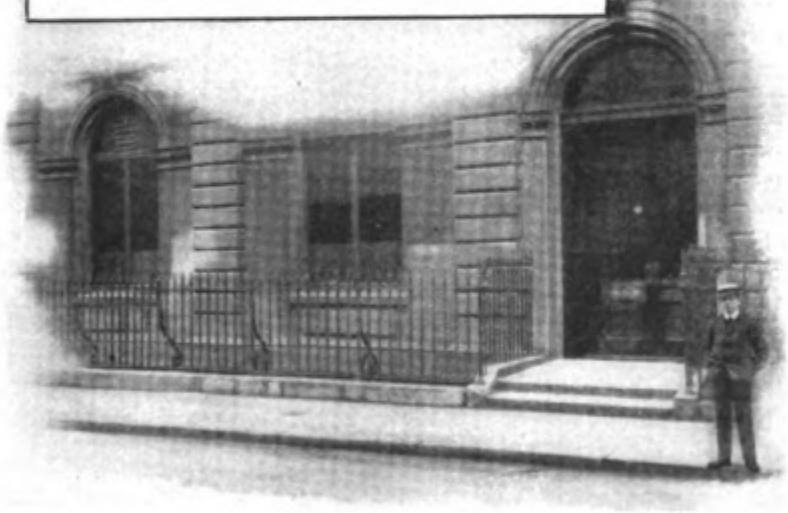
— an act that had earned him a directorate in the Delaware & Hudson. In 1878 a rich comb manufacturer, Adolph Poppenhusen, had started a wild exploit of gridironing the northern part of Long Island with rails, and had been overwhelmed by the enterprise. The Drexel-Morgan firm had picked up his holdings for a song, and taken a hand in managing the road, to turn it over later to the combination, by Austin Corbin, of the roads that now form the Long Island Railroad. The Morgan firm in London was fiscal agent for a number of roads, and had placed various issues of bonds —large enough in their day, but small judged by modern standards. By 1879, when the days of railroad financing in the tens of millions had arrived, Morgan was well equipped for the first sensational operation of the underwriting syndicate in American railroads.



THE MORGAN BANKING OFFICES IN NEW YORK AND LONDON

THE NEW YORK HOUSE, SHOWN IN THE UPPER PICTURE, IS ON WALL AND BROAD STREETS. THE LONDON HOUSE IS AT 22 OLD BROAD STREET. THE PLATES IN THE UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER, GIVING THE NAMES OF THE PRESENT AND TWO PRECEDING FIRMS, ARE STILL AT THE DOOR OF THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS

### *The Great Vanderbilt Stock Syndicate*

It came about in the natural course of events. In 1879, when the last of the United States bond business was done, William H. Vanderbilt was being harassed beyond endurance. The New York Legislature, backed by the force of a fresh popular anger and surprise at the accumulation of a $100,000,000 private fortune in ten years, was investigating — among other matters — the management of the New York Central, and was proposing new methods of control of railroads; the rate wars between the sea-coast and Chicago were under way; and Jay Gould was

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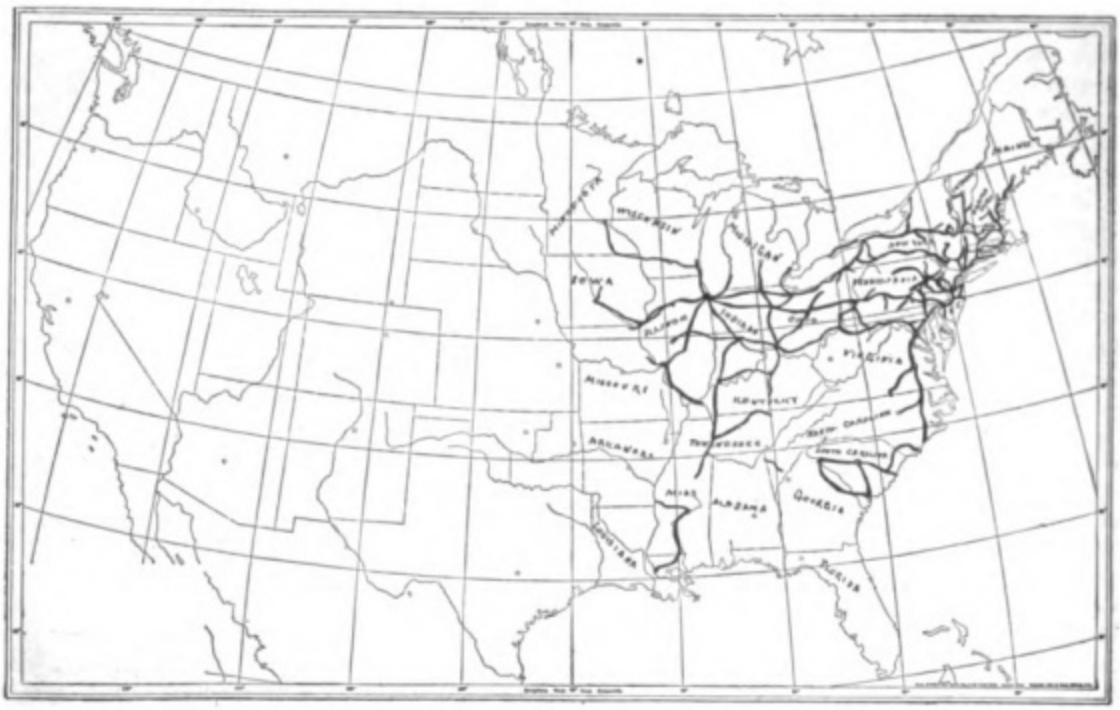

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1858
THERE WERE 29,968 MILES OF THESE, WITH A CAPITAL AND DEBT OF $1,000,000,000. THE GREAT NUMBER OF LITTLE LOCAL LINES, WHICH MADE THE CHIEF MILEAGE OF THE COUNTRY, ARE NECESSARILY OMITTED IN A MAP OF THIS SIZE

covered very closely the exact area of the largest interests of English capital in America.

### *Competition by Force of Law*

Now, from the middle of the '70's the effort of these Eastern railroads had been to combine in one non-competitive organization by the device of pooling — a combination which fixed rates and divided the business or the money from it on an agreed percentage between previously competing roads. These pool agreements were constantly being broken in the hunger of the different railway managements to get business to keep their roads alive.

But nothing could make the people of the United States more ugly than the operation. Railroad rates between man and man and town and town had been absolutely unequal and unjust. The railroad promoter had swindled the small investor of the Middle West even more flagrantly than the investor in Europe. The great mass of agricultural population saw nothing in this combination but an attempt to extort illegitimate dividends on billions of dollars of fraudulent capitalization. The doctrine of *laissez-faire* and free competition being the great American cure-all for economic ills since the birth of the Republic, it was decided, after a long fight, to make the railroads competitive by law. In 1887 the Interstate Commerce Act was passed, prohibiting pooling. The railroads, being driven to combination by the nature of the operations, proceeded toward monopoly by another way.

### *Morgan and a Railroad Trust*

There was no way to turn but to J. P. Morgan. From the time of the West Shore deal in 1885, he led the movement toward monopoly which was essential to preserve the securities of the clients of his house. His old-fashioned brownstone house on Madison Avenue became the resort of railroad presidents, making "gentlemen's agreements" on rates over the dinner-table. In 1886 the presidents of the anthracite coal roads met there and agreed on higher coal rates; in 1888 the Western railroad presidents gathered at the same place for rate agreements. In January, 1889, the "gentlemen's agreement" movement culminated in the formation of the "Interstate Railway Association," at a meeting of eighteen railway heads and the then principal bankers of America.

By this time Morgan loomed very large in America. In Wall Street, at this period, his commonest nickname was "Jupiter" Morgan. And before this meeting of 1889 it was seriously announced in the press that Morgan was to be



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THE "MORGAN" ROADS IN 1898
THERE WERE 32,899 MILES OF THESE—ONE SIXTH OF THE MILEAGE OF THE COUNTRY — WITH A CAPITAL AND DEBT OF $2,750,000,000, AND YEARLY EARNINGS OF OVER $300,000,000

made the head of a great central company to regulate the whole railway system of America.

### *Control the Capital of the World*

What really happened at the meeting in January, 1889, was less ambitious, but still an epoch-making thing. The usual "gentlemen's agreements" on rates were made by the railroad presidents — were made, and broken very soon afterward. The really significant action was that of the railroad capitalists. The three chief railroad houses of the day — the Morgans, Kidder, Peabody & Co., and Brown Brothers — were represented at the meeting. In answer to the question of President Roberts of the Pennsylvania road, Mr. Morgan said that he was authorized to state for these great houses that thereafter they would refuse to finance new competing systems. The *Financial Chronicle*, America's leading financial organ, estimated the meeting editorially in these words:

> The consulting parties were practically all the heads of the competing lines on the one hand and the representatives of the world's capital on the other. When the party furnishing all the new money needed and the party that owns the old money invested and the party managing the corporation unite, the result means revolution. . . . The influence and authority of the board, when formed, can hardly be overestimated. The standing of the members of the association would itself be a power not lightly to be resisted. But, in addition to that, every stockholder in Europe and America will be likely to gather around the board, giving it proxies when asked for, or delegating to it any special authority which, in the board's opinion, it might need. Besides, it would substantially control the capital of the world. Against its advice or opinion we do not believe a dollar of money could be raised for any enterprise.

The capital of the world — so far as American railroads were concerned — was concentrated in these few strong hands. It had centered there, not by any man's will, but by its own irresistible law. In the first place, a railroad was now a machine which required a huge body of capital for its building, and only a few had the power to get this capital together. In the second place, only in a great central mass, directed by a few hands, could capital be protected against destruction — by the gigantic waste and fraud and duplication which the American railroad had brought to it.

### *Five Minutes' Concentration of Thought*

The pressure in the center of this movement of concentration was becoming enormous — especially upon the firm that was coming to bear it all. The man Morgan, more daring and forceful than his autocratic father, sat directing it, keeping his own counsel, saying "yes" or



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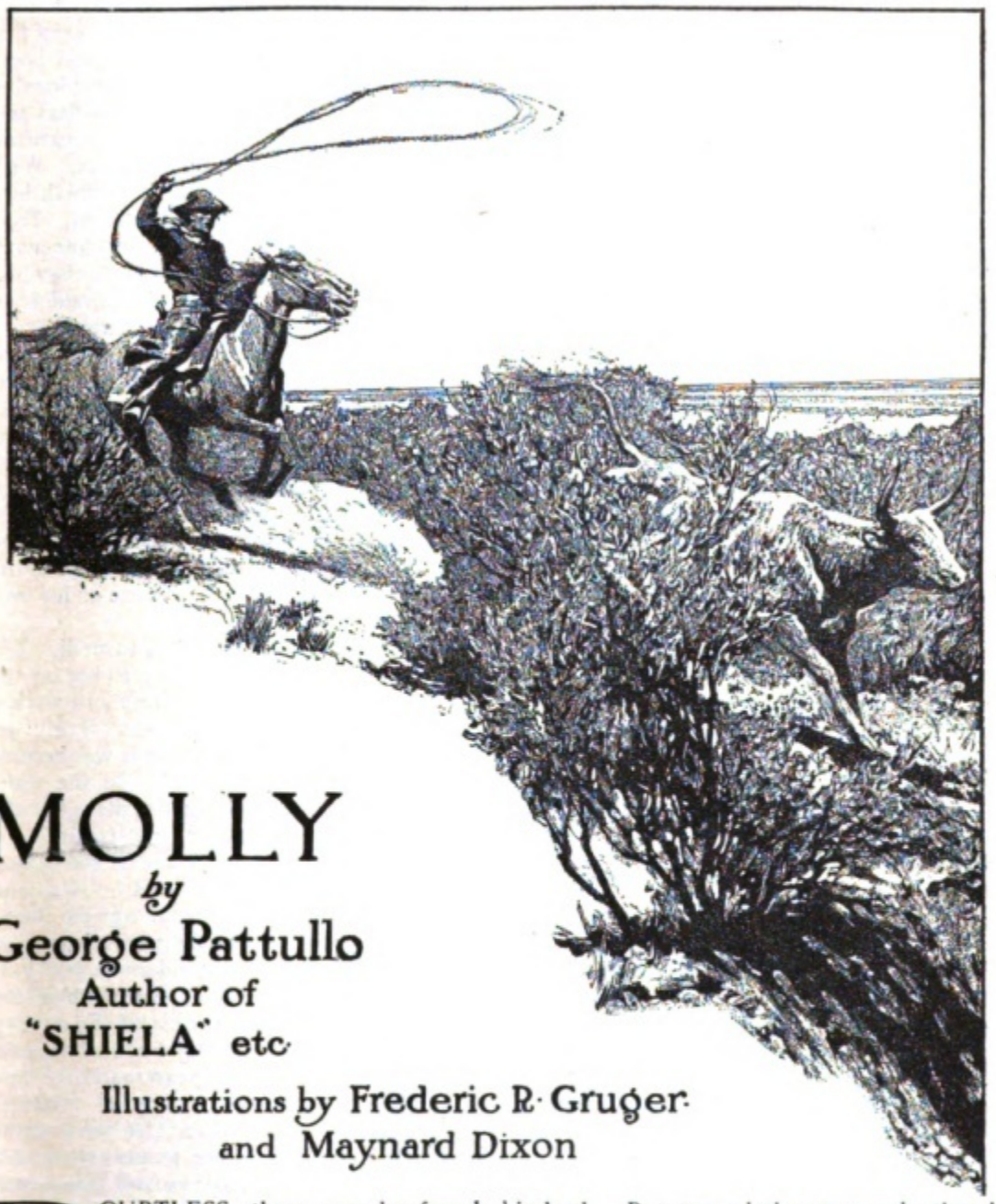

# MOLLY

*by*

## George Pattullo

Author of
"SHIELA" etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger
and Maynard Dixon

DOUBTLESS there can be found persons who will scoff at the assertion that there is more of sentiment in a cow than in any creature that walks the earth on four legs. The assertion stands, however. Cavilers, these, who look at the gentle bovine through the eye of commercialism, not gifted to see beyond her barn-yard activities toward the nourishment of mankind. One may approach a horse in comradely security, reasonably assured of fair play. One walks up to a mule in a spirit of veneration and religious preparedness, with a sickly aspect of confidence and fair words, and a club behind his back. But toward the cow — ah, that is different. Here is a mainstay of life. Here is — well, a cow is a cow. And she has more human promptings by a thousand miles than the lout who milks her and howls at her with raucous voice to "get over"; in self-effacing devotion she makes the ladies of the horse tribe show cold and hard and calculating.

Why, there was a time when three hundred furiously anxious, bawling mothers smashed out of a stout wooden corral on the Tumbling K range, and laid a straight course across fourteen leagues of territory in quest of their helpless progeny, mercilessly cooped in cars at a rail-



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road siding, awaiting shipment to an Arizona butcher. They kept seven well-grown men atop a water-tank for thirteen hours, and — but to attempt a citation of cases would be idle. This is the simple tale of Molly.

She was not an especially pretty animal, Molly — just plain cow, dun in color, with a Jersey strain somewhere among her remote forebears. Yet, one could not gaze on Molly for long without a feeling of profound respect pervading his soul. It was not because one could see with half an eye that she gave large quantities of milk; that was merely the performance of her natural functions. Nor was it that her wistful regard suggested all the sorrows of her sex. Molly in some way made a subtle appeal to sympathy that cannot be voiced.

As a matter of fact, she ought to have been the pampered occupant of a clover field by day and of a stall by night. Instead, she was roaming the zacaton flats of the Tumbling K and losing herself among the black-brush ridges of the Mules, in vague wonder that the world was grown so large. Designed to be a respectable milch-cow on a dairy farm, here she was in the heart of a wilderness; and all because of a boy.

He came among us, pink and white and horribly clean; and he was the owner's son. There were eleven thousand cows in our dominions, but milk had been a thing of rumor to the outfit, perhaps because it is inconvenient to milk on horseback. Now, however, Vance shoved his legs under the boards at the bunk-house, and objected to clear, biting coffee. So, when he departed blacker than a Mexican, with a two months' beard and overalls sustained by a strand of rope,— babbling wild things of a bath he would take, a bath that would endure for a day and a night,— we still had Molly.

"That cow's got a mind, I tell you," Uncle Henry assured the outfit at supper. "She's got a mind jist like you or me, Dave, only better than yourn. Pass them frijoles."

UNCLE HENRY

It must be confessed that Molly was lonely. To be the only one of her kind in a tract of five thousand acres — they kept her in the horse pasture — was depressing to a companionable disposition. The broncos on the river flats and mesquit-clothed hills were shy, wild creatures, subject to alarms and foolish panics. With mild wonder she would watch them break into a mad run at a sound or a strange scent. They were masterful, too, always driving her away from the water-holes and the salt until they had had their fill. Instinctively she was afraid when one of them approached with careless confidence that she would give place. But, though unhappy, Molly never overlooked her duty, and each morning and each evening she stood quiet while Uncle Henry milked her, occasionally rumbling a note of satisfaction or sweeping at a fly with cautious backward swings of her head. Uncle Henry was becoming too stiff for hard riding, and now spent most of his time trying to persuade himself and others that the odd jobs he applied himself to were of his own choosing.

One morning Molly awoke to turmoil. The bellowings of mighty herds came to her on the west wind, and she rose and walked to the imprisoning fence. Truly the Tumbling K was become a Babel. In the wide, browned valleys, on the mesas, and far into the fastnesses of the Mules, bulls and cows and clumsy calves burst through grassy tangles, with riders in hot pursuit. Even where the waters of Eternity Spring bubbled ice-cold the year round, beyond the edge of things where the sky came down to meet the world, outlaws and free rovers reared their heads and dashed for liberty as the cordon swept toward and about them. Molly could hear the churning of the hosts on the round-up ground, and to her nostrils was wafted the taint of the dust belching heavenward in thick, choking clouds. For the Tumbling K range was to be divided, and eight thousand head

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"'I CAN'T BEAT HER TO THE GATE!' HE GASPED, WITH A GLANCE BACKWARD"

and all the anger was gone from her eyes; they were large and melting with happiness.

A crippled horse was shot that day,— the bronco-buster threw him too hard, breaking a leg,— and to the carcass the coyotes skulked when night shut down. About eleven o'clock Molly got to her knees, in which position she remained a few seconds, meditating; then rose to walk about, nibbling at the grass. All cattle get up in this manner between eleven o'clock and midnight, even vast herds of them, to graze for a few minutes and then lie down on the other side. This may be the basis of an old superstition that "good cows say their prayers."

Molly, with the warmth of the snuggling calf still on her side, wandered farther than she intended, leaving him on the ground. Abruptly she thrust her nose into the wind and sniffed. It was a stale, penetrating stench, and inherited knowledge warned her that there was danger. Back ran Molly in a tremor of anxiety, her head wagging from side to side in her efforts to glimpse the marauder. Behind a clump of bear-grass, belly to earth, crouched a coyote, his foxlike nose pointed toward the spot where snoozed her unprotected son. Inch by inch he slunk forward, soundless as a noonday shadow. Now his muscles stiffened for the death-leap.

*Whoo-oo-oo-hub!* snorted Molly, smashing down upon him.

The wolf straightened and wheeled with a flash of gray, and sprang, all in one movement. So marvelously quick was he that escape would have been certain ninety-nine times in a hundred. A bull would have borne down on the victim with lowered head and eyes shut, like a runaway freight train; a cow charges with eyes open, and Molly, consumed with mother-wrath, ripped sideways with her sharp horns as the cowardly hunter swerved. A shapeless bundle of brown-gray fur was tossed into the air, and when it struck the ground with a snarl of pain and rebounded, Molly went at it again. This time she caught him full with her horns, and, quite by chance, followed stumblingly on his ribs with her fore feet. The coyote squirmed away from this terrible avenger, snapping futilely at her muzzle, and a cry from the calf distracted the Jersey from a burning desire to complete the good work. As she whirled about and ran to her adopted son, the wolf made as if to flee; but he was hurt unto death, and sank down miserably under a mesquit, his glinting eyes searching the brush for foes. And through the long night he panted out his life, until at the dawn the last spark flickered.



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arrival of a purchase of four thousand steers from the South. Thus it came about that twelve of us rode into Blackwater, and Big John was spokesman. John was not much of a speaker, being given to profanity when a congestion of language threatened; but he had a grand theme, and talked about Molly in a way that made us cough.

"Bless my heart," cried the owner of the Tumbling K, when the mystery slowly unfolded itself. "Bless my heart!"

He gaped, then squeezed the mighty muscles of Big John's shoulder and laughed. All this fuss about a cow — one forlorn dun cow. The puncher grinned in his turn, shuffling his feet; for they knew and understood each other, these two, having been associated for eighteen years. That is why Bockus received the strange explanation he did when he called to protest against the delay in delivering Molly.

"It's just this way," observed the cattleman, slipping an elastic band about his tally-book. "If I let you have that cow for thirty, I lose precisely one thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars. No; Molly stays."

"One thousand nine — Why, man, you're crazy! How's that?"

"Ask those strikers of mine," came the answer, accompanied by a chuckle. "Great weather, isn't it? How is veal selling to-day?"

"But look a-here, Vance, let me have the calf, anyway. You owe me that much," protested the fat Bockus.

"All right. Send out for him, though," said the cattleman carelessly.

It happened that Bockus despatched a youth with a pair of mules hitched to a wagon for the calf. He was a wily urchin, and a glance satisfied him that Molly's son could be taken from her only by craft. Accordingly he loafed all of one day in the horse pasture, with his wagon close at hand; and when the unsuspecting Jersey strayed off some hundreds of yards to secure better grazing, he made a sudden descent upon

"'SEND FOR ONE OF THEM FOOL COWBOYS!' SCREAMED BOCKUS"

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# The Governor's Lady

By Avery Abbott

Illustrations by Hanson Booth

SUBMERGED in the book-lined quiet of his inner office, the State's Chief Executive stretched out his big frame until the back of his swivel-chair creaked a warning. He nipped meditatively at the end of an unlighted cigar, and doubtless pondered some matter of grave official importance, for he scowled in stupendous astonishment when the door was fairly struck open to admit the rush of a strongly built, red-faced young woman. She had pushed by the private secretary, whose virtuous and protesting face was visible for an instant over her shoulder. At sight of the gubernatorial expression, the outraged countenance of the secretary vanished, but not more quickly than the color died out of the girl's cheeks.

"Oh, I've went an' made you mad to begin with!" She spoke breathlessly, with tightly stretched lips. "But if you knew how it was—me comin' all this ways to be held up an' sassed by that white-collared candy!" She gulped in a last frantic effort at self-control, and then the reaction came.

Shortly afterward the Governor was making his escape into the outer office with every manifestation of helpless panic. In the doorway he looked back long enough to say to the girl's heaving shoulders:

"Now, you mustn't cry like this, you know; you really mustn't! You'll use yourself all up. I've got to leave for a moment. We'll hear the rest of your story later," he added quickly, when the girl made a sudden movement as if to struggle to her feet. "You stay here and get quieted down, then you can have your chance to talk."

With this rather evasive promise, the Gov-



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ernor closed the door, and, wearing as much of his customary dignity as could be hastily summoned, he approached his stenographer, who had quickly lowered her eyes and was clipping away at her machine with marked absorption.

"Miss Hall, will you go in there and do what you can to compose that young woman? Tell her the rest of her story will be heard, but that she must try to get quiet first, and be able to go over it calmly. Ask her to wait in there." He spoke the last with a stiff emphasis which compelled from Miss Hall a respectful "Yes, sir."

"Please go at once," the Governor concluded, as he stepped into the telephone-booth. With the receiver squeezed tight to his ear, he was presently saying: "Ask Mrs. Ridley to come to the 'phone, please. . . . That you, Ruth? . . . I want to see you a minute. . . . Won't be leaving the house till I get there, will you? . . . All right. I'll be right out."

When he entered his wife's room, some twenty minutes later, she merely said, "Well, John, what is it?" She spoke quite casually, and did not even turn to look at him; in fact, she had a good view of his face in the mirror, before which she stood, pinning upon her dark hair a little hat of softly folded silver-gray velvet.

John Ridley made no pretense of unconcern. Straightening his big bulk beside the little woman, he drove his hands down in his pockets until the stiff cuffs of his shirt pushed his coat sleeves into corrugations around his elbows, while his wife slid a silver pin through the hat and turned to give him her attention.

"It's another pardon, Ruth." He blurted it out like the big boy he always was with her. "If I were to go on granting pardons at the rate my predecessor did, they'd soon have to use the penitentiary buildings for a foundling asylum or a moving-picture show!"

Her answer was a smile of indulgent sympathy.

"It's all very well to joke about it, but it's a mighty serious matter. Such flagrant abuse of the pardoning power has turned loose on me, at the very beginning of the term, a regular horde of pardon-seekers. Now, to correct mistakes which were none of mine, I shall be compelled to go to the other extreme."

"It *is* a pity, isn't it?"

"To be sure, it is; but it's nothing like so great a pity as shuffling men in and out of prison according to political expediency."

"And this prisoner? . . . He was surely guilty?"

"Pleaded guilty himself, my dear. A common swindler! I found out that much."

"And what is urged in his favor?"

"Tears; nothing but soppy tears! Here comes a great, strapping girl, tearing right into my private office. She cries, cries frightfully, cries all over me! Says she wants to get 'his' pardon! By George, I won't stand that!"

The Governor started on a rather circumscribed constitutional around the room, throwing out his arms in angular sidewise jerks which were his only mode of physical emphasis. Observers of the opposite party averred that the motion had been acquired twenty years before in husking corn.

"Of course it's too bad about this poor girl," he conceded. "I'm sorry nothing can be done for that Jim of hers. But nothing *can* be done, and there's an end of it. You must make her understand that clearly."

"You mean you want me to see her, John?"

"Why, certainly; I thought I said so. That's what I came home for. I thought, if you could go right down ——" He stopped abruptly. "Had you anything else special to do, my dear? I didn't notice you had on your hat."

"SHE DID NOT TURN TO LOOK AT HIM; IN FACT, SHE HAD A GOOD VIEW OF HIM IN THE MIRROR"

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"'YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO SEE HER, JOHN?'"

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"'HE WAS FOND OF ME, JIM WAS, AN' FAITHFUL. HE NEVER LOOKED AT NO OTHER GIRL'"

the Yukon, when I was so beat out, so dog-tired, I felt as if I'd give my right hand off, 'most, to get to bed. An' then, when there'd be a chance at last to crawl in, I'd lay there, starin' wide awake an' thinkin' about Jim."

This time she choked over the name; but she did not stop, although she spoke more slowly.

"He was that kind-hearted, you see, an' generous; an', for all he was so big an' gruff-voiced, he was a whole lot like a kid. I guess a good many men's that way. Don't you think so, mom?"

"I think they are just that way," agreed the wife of the Governor.

"Yes — yes, they are," breathed the girl; and the other was surprised to see how the heaviness of her face was warming into sweetness and how the features that had seemed at first only clumsily blocked out were in reality firm and strong.

"I can see now just how it was with Jim, when he got to the city, an' work wasn't easy to find, an' nobody by to hearten him up. After he went I kept lookin' for a letter; but there was weeks went by, an' weeks — I don't know how many —— "

The girl bent forward, leaning upon clenched hands that were shut tight in the sag of her skirt between the knees. At last she said:

"An' after a while come my first letter from Jim — an' it come" — she finished huskily — "it come from the penitentiary."

She opened a worn, flat purse that had been lying in her lap and took out a soiled sheet of paper with blue lines. "Might I read it to you, mom?" she remembered to ask, but had begun almost before the permission was granted:

"*Dear Huldah:*

"I never made good. I was going to write when I did, but I never did. I wanted awful to see you. I made up my mind I could get the money somehow and go back. I got in with some fellows that had a padlock game. It sure was easy money. I got five years. I guess it is a good thing you are shut of me. Maybe you seen my picture in the papers. I won't never trouble you. It is hell here, and no more at present. I wanted to see you.

"Good-by.

"JIM."

She had read the brief sentences in a monotone; now she folded the sheet in its worn creases, tucked it into the purse, snapped shut the clasp, and went on with her story:



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"'I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT NOW, AS SOON AS WE HAVE A LITTLE CHANCE ALONE—'"

"I don't guess any of the boys had noticed nothin' in the papers. We didn't get 'em very reg'lar, anyway, an' I never had much time for readin'. So it was all done an' over with. My Jim was in for five years — my Jim!

"I never told a soul: I couldn't. Everybody knew that me an' Jim was promised. So I never let on but I heard from him right along, an' I had it out by myself o' nights." She sat silent for a moment, looking before her, and the worn shadows in her face seemed to deepen. "Them was bad nights.

"Then come a chance to go to Alaska to cook for a minin' party. Some of the boys I knew was a-goin', an' the pay they offered me was big, though I didn't set so much store by that. I wanted to get away — I didn't care where it was.

"If I'd known what it was goin' to be, maybe I wouldn't 'a' have been so crazy to go. But I was abler to stand it than some o' the men that went. I took my share with the rest. The harder I worked days, the better I slept nights. An' we sure had excitement a-plenty.

"One after another, the boys was strikin' it rich, an' all of a sudden it come to me what I'd do. I staked out a claim for myself, an' I was lucky.

"I used to get up at three o'clock in the mornings to cook. Between meals I worked my claim, an' my sack kept gettin' bigger an' bigger. Finally I set a time ahead when I'd stop: it would be just three years that day since Jim had gone to the pen.

"When that night come, I told the boys I was goin' out. They was pretty mad. It hit 'em in a tender spot. They cussed a good deal, an' when I seen how broke up they was feelin', I just had to tell 'em. I told 'em what Jim had done, what I had been a-doin', an' what I was intendin' to do. That was the first time I ever give up before anybody. When them boys cheered, I went an' bawled. They even wanted to chip in, but I told 'em I didn't need an ounce of it. If gold could help any to git Jim out, there wouldn't be nothin' lackin', an' there won't. I'm a rich girl, mom, an' I've come to git Jim out."

She fixed upon her listener a gaze that challenged denial, and Mrs. Ridley temporized.

"Have you seen him?"

"No, mom. I come here right from the deepo. But I telephoned out. He's there."



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"SHE MADE HIM FEEL THE HEROIC QUALITY OF A LOVE THAT COULD NEVER FORGET"

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MAS GERMINAL, MONGAT, THE "VILLA" WHERE FERRER IS REPRESENTED AS LIVING IN LUXURY ON MLLE. MEUNIER'S MONEY. THE ONE LIVING-ROOM IS ENTERED BY THE ARCHED DOORWAY. ON THE THRESHOLD IS A PIT (NOW COVERED BY AN OLD PACKING-CASE LID) MADE BY THE POLICE IN THEIR SEARCH FOR DOCUMENTS. THE GRATED WINDOW ABOVE IS THAT OF FERRER'S BEDROOM, STILL INACCESSIBLE BECAUSE THE DOORWAY HAS BEEN SEALED BY THE POLICE. THE HOUSE WAS BUILT IN 1777

Morral's attempt upon the King and Queen of Spain, though he had so skilfully covered his tracks that the crime could not be brought home to him. They said that he had engineered the Barcelona revolt in order to make money by a stock-exchange gamble. And, finally, they said that, after a trial conducted in strict accordance with the law of the land, he had been proved beyond a doubt to have acted as organizer and director of an insurrection which had been accompanied by murder, sacrilege, and unprecedented scenes of rapine and havoc. "Did any one ever deserve death," they asked, "if this man did not?"

Assuredly he deserved death, by the laws of all nations, if he was the instigator and director of the rising. But was he? That is the point which we have to investigate.

It was in this character, and in no other, that he was condemned. The prosecution formally renounced at the outset all attempt to bring home to him any individual act of violence. It was as "author and chief of the rebellion"—"*autor y jefe de la rebelión*"—that he was found guilty and shot. The phrase occurs not only in the actual sentence of death, but nearly twenty times in the three speeches for the prosecution, published with the sanction of the Spanish Government.* Other accusations brought against him have, then, no real relevance. But, as he was unquestionably surrounded by a dense atmosphere of evil report,— an atmosphere which breathes from every page of the "Process,"— it may be well, before examining the essential points of the case, to analyze this atmosphere, and distinguish between the elements of truth and of falsehood in its composition.

### *Marriage and Morals*

Francisco Ferrer (born January 10, 1859, at Alella, a village twelve miles from Barcelona) came of peasant stock and received the education of a peasant. He was for some time a shop-boy in Barcelona, then ticket inspector on the railway between Barcelona and the French frontier. He very early embraced Republican and anti-clerical opinions, and became a trusted agent of the Republican leader, Ruiz Zorrilla, then living in exile. In 1885, having been concerned in one of

* In a pamphlet of sixty-nine pages entitled "Ordinary Process Followed before the Military Tribunals . . . against Francisco Ferrer Guardia" ("Juicio Ordinario seguido ante los Tribunales Militares en la Plaza de Barcelona contra Francisco Ferrer Guardia"). In future references to this publication I shall simply call it the "Process."



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THE ONE SITTING-ROOM OF FERRER'S HOUSE, MAS GERMINAL, WITH THE KITCHEN BEYOND. IT HAS NO WINDOW, AND A TILED FLOOR. ON THE WALL, ABOVE THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE UPPER ROOMS, MAY BE SEEN A ROUND ORNAMENT. THERE WAS ORIGINALLY A CROSS WITHIN THE CIRCLE, BUT FERRER BROKE OFF THE TWO UPRIGHT ARMS—A GOOD INSTANCE OF HIS ANTI-RELIGIOUS PURITANISM

the many revolutionary attempts of that period, he went to Paris, kept a wine-shop until 1889, and afterwards made his living by giving lessons in Spanish, while acting as unpaid secretary to Zorrilla. He had married, young, a woman older than himself; and his marriage was extremely unhappy. I have closely investigated its story, and have convinced myself — mainly, though not solely, on the evidence of his eldest daughter — that the major part of the blame lay with the wife. On June 12, 1894, she fired three shots at him with a revolver, wounding him slightly. For this she was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, but the sentence, under a first-offender's act, was at once remitted. She then went off to Russia, taking her youngest daughter with her, and contracted what is sometimes called a marriage with a Russian whom she had known in Paris.

The two elder daughters, Trinidad and Paz, indignantly deny that Ferrer was a neglectful father. On the contrary, he was extremely affectionate and indulgent. Anxious to remove them from a home that was in every way undesirable, he consigned them, in early girlhood, to the care of his brother José, who was in business as a market-gardener at Bendigo, Australia. He maintained a constant correspondence with them, and twice, in 1896 and 1898, he went to Australia to see them, submitting to great privations in order to scrape together the passage-money. To the end, his relations with them were excellent, though the younger, Paz, did not share his ideas. The elder, Trinidad, prosecuted, before the Civil Tribunal of Charleville, the printer of an anonymous libel upon her dead father which described him as "*misérable comme père.*" The defendant had to pay four hundred francs in damages and advertise the judgment in various ways.

Ferrer tried hard, but in vain, to obtain a divorce from his wife. In Spain it was impossible; and he could not obtain the naturalization which would have made it possible in France. After the affair of the revolver, he entered upon a "free union" with a French lady, which lasted until 1905. The dissolution of this partnership was far from amicable, and the lady (with whom I have had a long conversation, followed by correspondence) is a hostile witness as regards Ferrer's personal character. But she does not believe him capable of the crimes imputed to him. "He was a man of very advanced ideas," she says, "but he was not an Anarchist, and he



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never wanted to do harm to any one." After the rupture with this lady, Ferrer formed a second union with Soledad Villafranca, an ardent disciple and co-worker, who was his companion to the end. It is perfectly true, then, that he was a man of irregular life; nor can the irregularity be explained away on the ground that he could not free himself from his disastrous marriage. Though we find him, even as late as 1898, making efforts to obtain a divorce, it cannot be pretended that he suffered greatly under his disability, or that he was averse on principle from the "free unions" in which he lived.

### *Mademoiselle Meunier's Money*

We come now to the story of his fortune. Among his pupils in Paris was a middle-aged maiden lady, Mlle. Ernestine Meunier, pious, artistic, and wealthy. Ferrer, who had a passion for propaganda, tried to convert her to his ideas, and was in great measure successful. We know exactly the measure of his success, from a letter written by Mlle. Meunier on November 2, 1899, and quoted by the prosecution at Ferrer's trial ("Process," p. 50), in which she states that her reverence for the clergy is dead, that her admiration for the army is dead, that her respect for constituted authority is dead; but that she still clings to her faith in a beneficent God. This document scatters to the winds the suggestion that Ferrer deceived her as to the nature of his ideas. She became an intimate friend of the lady who was then sharing Ferrer's life, and in the autumn of 1900 she determined to devote part of her fortune to the furthering of the educational projects which (as we shall see) had taken absolute hold of Ferrer's mind. Her intended donation *inter vivos* was never carried out; but on January 21, 1901, she made a will leaving to Ferrer, without any condition whatever, a house in Paris (11 Rue des Petites Ecuries) producing a yearly revenue of about seven thousand dollars. This was, roughly, half her fortune. To the religious institutions, to which in bygone days she had been a liberal benefactress, she bequeathed nothing at all; but she left six hundred dollars to be devoted to the saying of masses for her mother's soul and her own. The frame of mind indicated in her will is exactly that of the letter above cited. Ferrer has convinced her understanding, but not her feelings; and, while she is desirous of contributing to the advancement of his educational ideal, she still clings to the conception of God, and to the practices consecrated by the fuller faith in which her mother died. The will was so clear and busi-

FRANCISCO FERRER AND HIS DAUGHTERS, TRINIDAD (ON THE LEFT) AND PAZ, AND HIS BROTHER JOSÉ AND HIS WIFE; FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT BENDIGO, AUSTRALIA, IN 1898. FRANCISCO FERRER IS DISPLAYING A COPY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PAPER "EL MOTIN" ("THE RISING")

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rooms, showing the absurdity of doing homage to the national flag. Such observances were "atavisms" (a favorite word of his) which he detested.

He deceived himself in thinking that his method of teaching left the child's intelligence to develop freely. The extracts which he himself published from the essays of his pupils show plainly that they were crammed with dogmas, just as they would have been in a clerical school; only the dogmas happened to be rationalistic and libertarian. There are very few countries in which teaching so openly hostile to the existing form of government and to the whole social order would be endured. One can scarcely imagine what would happen if such a school were established, and found numerous imitators, in America or England; but assuredly the principle of toleration would be strained to its limit. Ferrer, however, carried on his campaign unmolested for five years. One of the best-known "acratists" in Barcelona said to me: "In this country, so long as everything is quiet, we are freer than you are in England; but the moment public order is disturbed we are in the grip of tyranny."

SOLEDAD VILLAFRANCA AND FRANCISCO FERRER: FROM A SNAP SHOT TAKEN IN MADRID AFTER FERRER'S ACQUITTAL IN 1907

Public order was disturbed on May 31, 1906, by the throwing of a bomb at the wedding procession of the King and Queen of Spain. They escaped uninjured, but fifteen people were killed and many wounded. The perpetrator of the crime, Mateo Morral, had for some time been librarian in the Escuela Moderna. Ferrer was arrested and the school was closed. Every effort was made to have him tried by a military tribunal, but the efforts failed. After spending a year in prison, he was acquitted by a civil tribunal, which held that the prosecution had "failed to establish any link between the presumption engendered by the opinions of the accused and the actual misdeed committed."

Prohibited from reopening his school, Ferrer devoted himself to the publishing business, which he called the *Libreria de la Escuela Moderna*, and to the work of educational propaganda already referred to. Thus he passed two years tranquilly enough; until, on July 9, 1909, "a scrimmage at a border station" in Morocco started the train of events which was destined to lead to his destruction.

### *Barcelona*

As the tragedy approaches, it is time to set the scene.

On a strip of gently sloping seaboard, about four miles wide, between the Mediterranean and the coast-range of Catalonia, Barcelona and its suburbs occupy one of the finest situations imaginable. Naples and Genoa are more picturesque, inasmuch as they rise more abruptly from the sea. But here nature seems to have beveled the coast expressly for the convenience of a great city. Down by the harbor lies the old Barcelona, with its gloomy, grand Cathedral and its narrow streets. Its outline is, roughly speaking, oval, and it is bisected, along the shorter axis, by the magnificent shady promenade of the Ramblas, three quarters of a mile long, and certainly one of the most animated thoroughfares in the world. Old Barcelona, however, is merely the nucleus of the modern town, laid out on the rectangular American plan, but saved from monotony by splendid diagonal boulevards, and by the fact that every here and there one comes upon the old streets of one of

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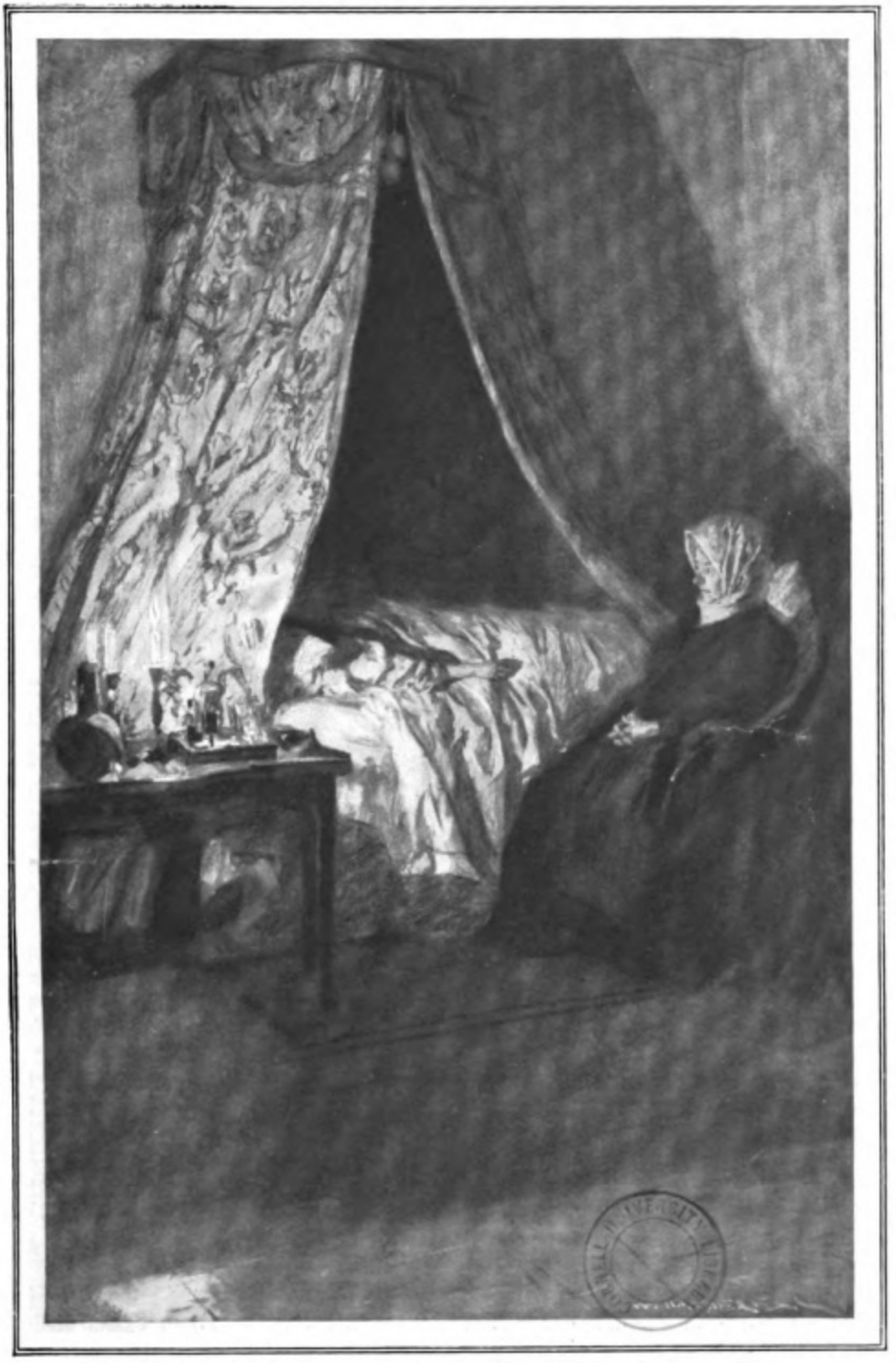

"I SAW HER ALWAYS THERE, MOTIONLESS IN THE GLOOM, AUSTERE, COURAGEOUS, AND WATCHFUL"

There was no faltering; there were not even the uncertain feet of the ague-stricken. His head was high held, even as it had been since we started; one would have said a tall spirit walked out into the moonlight. Thirty — forty yards before him there was the great beast, its huge head low, its body gathered in behind it, all lean, terrible strength — doom crouched along the ground, tense and imminent. There was a sense upon me as though somewhere something was



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"MEES GREGORY SMILED AND PATTED HER HAND. 'I'M OFF THIS VERY MINUTE,' SHE SAID"

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"HE WAS NEAR THE MIDDLE OF THE CLEAR SPACE, PLAIN IN THE MOONLIGHT—A GREAT, LEAN BEAST"

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A RUSSIAN JEWISH SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE
*Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda*

# WORKING-GIRLS' BUDGETS

## THE SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS AND THEIR STRIKE

BY

SUE AINSLIE CLARK AND EDITH WYATT

AMONG the active members of the Ladies' Waist-Makers' Union in New York, there is a young Russian Jewess of sixteen who may be called Natalya Urusova. She is little, looking hardly more than twelve years old, with a pale, sensitive face, clear dark eyes, very soft, smooth black hair, parted and twisted in braids at the nape of her neck, and the gentlest voice in the world, a voice still thrilled with the light inflections of a child.

### *The Story of Natalya Urusova, a Russian Jewish Shirtwaist-Maker*

She is the daughter of a Russian teacher of Hebrew, who lived about three years ago in a beech-wooded village on the steppes of Central Russia. Here a neighbor of Natalya's family, a Jewish farmer, misunderstanding that manifesto of the Czar's which proclaimed free speech, and misunderstanding socialism, had printed and scattered through the neighborhood an edition of hand-bills stating that the Czar had proclaimed socialism, and that the populace must rise and divide among themselves a rich farm two miles away.

Almost instantly on the appearance of these bills, this unhappy man and a young Jewish friend who chanced to be with him at the time of his arrest were seized and murdered by the government officers — the friend drowned, the farmer struck dead with the blow of a cudgel. A Christian mob formed, and the officers and



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A MEETING OF GIRL STRIKERS AT THE UNION HEADQUARTERS ON CLINTON STREET

*Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda*

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operatives earning from $7 to $10 a week, less skilled than the workers described above, but more skilled than Natalya.

### *Story of Irena K., a Sixteen-Year-Old Operative Who Supported Four People on $9 a Week*

Irena Kovalova, a girl of sixteen, supported herself and three other people, her mother and her younger brother and sister, on her slight wage of $9 a week. She was a very beautiful girl, short, but heavily built, with grave dark eyes, a square face, and a manner more mature and responsible than that of many women of forty. Irena Kovalova had not been out of work for one whole week in the year she described. She had never done night work; but she had almost always worked half a day on Sunday — except in slack weeks. She was not certain how many of these there had been; but there had been enough slack time to reduce her income for her family for the year to $450. They had paid $207 rent for four rooms on the East Side, and had lived on the remaining $243, all of which Irena had given to her mother.

Her mother helped her with her washing, and she had worn the clothes she had the year before, with the exception of shoes. She had been forced to buy four pairs of these at $2 a pair. They all realized that if Irena could spend a little more for her shoes they would wear longer. "But for shoes," she said, with a little laugh, "two dollars — it is the most I ever could pay."

She was a girl of unusual health and strength, and though sometimes very weary at night and troubled with eye strain from watching the needle, it was a different drain of her vitality that she mentioned as alarming. She was obliged to work at a time of the month when she normally needed rest, and endured anguish at her machine at this season. She had thought, she said gravely, that if she ever had any money ahead, she would try to use it to have a little rest then.

ONE OF THE SEVEN HUNDRED ARRESTS MADE DURING THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE
*Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda*

Molly Zaplasky, a little Russian shirtwaist worker of fifteen, operated a machine for fifty-six hours a week, did her own washing, and even went to evening school. She had worked for five months, earning $9 a week for five weeks of this time, and sometimes $6, sometimes $7, for the remainder. She and her sister Dora, of seventeen, also a shirtwaist-maker, had a room with a cousin's family on the East Side.

### *Living on $6 a Week and Fighting Tuberculosis*

Dora had worked a year and a half. She, too, earned $9 a week in full weeks. But there had been only twenty-two such weeks in that period. For seventeen weeks she had earned $6 a week. For four weeks she had been idle because of slackness of work, and for nine

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weeks recently she had been too ill to work, having developed tuberculosis. Dora, too, did her own washing. She made her own waists, and went to evening school. She had paid $2.75 a week for partial board and for lodging. The food not included in her board cost about $1 a week. The little Molly had paid for Dora's board and lodging in her nine weeks' illness. Dora, who had worked so valiantly, was quietly expecting just as valiantly her turn in the long waiting list of applicants for the Montefiore Home for consumptives. She knew that the chance of her return to Molly was very slight.

Her expenditure for food, shelter, and clothing for the year had been as follows: room and board (exclusive of nine weeks' illness), $161.25; clothing, $41.85; total, $203.10. As her income for the year had been $297.50, this left a balance of $94.40 for all other expenses. Items for clothing had been: suit, $12, jacket, $4.50, a hat, $2.50, shoes (two pairs), $4.25, stockings (two pairs a week at 15 cents), $15.60, underwear, $3.00; total, $41.85.

A SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE DISTRIBUTING STRIKE LITERATURE ON THE STREET
*Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda*

One point should be accentuated in this budget — the striking cost of stockings, due to the daily walk to and from work and the ill little worker's lack of strength and time for darning. The outlay for footwear in all the budgets of the operators is heavy, in spite of the fact that much of their work is done sitting.

Here are the budgets of some of the shirtwaist-makers who were earning Natalya's wage of $6 a week, or less than this wage.

Rea Lupatkin, a shirtwaist-maker of nineteen, had been in New York only ten months, and was at first a finisher in a cloak factory. Afterward, obtaining work as operator in a waist factory, she could get $4 in fifty-six hours on a time basis. She had been in this factory six weeks. Rea was paying $4 a month for lodging in two rooms of a tenement-house with a man and his wife and baby and little boy. She saved carfare by a walk of three quarters of an hour, adding daily one and a half hours to the nine and a half already spent in operating. Her food cost $2.25 a week, so that, with 93 cents a week for lodging, her regular weekly cost of living was $3.18, leaving her 82 cents for every other expense. In spite of this, and although she had been forced to spend $3 for examination of her eyes and for eyeglasses, Rea contrived to send an occasional $2 back to her family in Europe.

### *Story of Ida, a Fifteen-Year-Old Operative Who Worked 56 Hours a Week*

Ida Bergeson, a little girl of fifteen, was visited at half past eight o'clock one even-

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*Photograph by Hine*

A GROUP OF SHIRTWAIST

THIRTY THOUSAND GIRLS EMPLOYED IN THE SHIRTWAIST INDUSTRY IN NEW YORK CITY WENT CONDUCTED BY WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY, RESULTED IN A STRONGER SPIRIT

ing, in a tenement on the lower East Side. The gas was burning brightly in the room; several people were talking; and this frail-looking little Ida lay on a couch in their midst, sleeping, in all the noise and light, in complete exhaustion. Her sister said that every night the child returned from the factory utterly worn out, she was obliged to work so hard and so fast.

Ida received the same wage as Natalya — $6 a week. She worked fifty-six hours a week — eight more than the law allows for minors. She paid $4 a week for board and a room shared with the anxious older sister who told about her experience. Ida needed all the rest of her $2 for her clothing. She did her own washing. As the inquirer came away, leaving the worn little girl sleeping in her utter fatigue, she wondered with what strength Ida could enter upon her possible marriage and motherhood — whether, indeed, she would struggle through to maturity.

A YOUNG RUSSIAN JEWISH SHIRT-WAIST-MAKER

*Drawn from life by Wladyslaw T. Benda*

Katia Halperian, a shirtwaist worker of fifteen, had been in New York only six months. During twenty-one weeks of this time she was employed in a Wooster Street factory, earning for a week of nine-and-a-half-hour days only $3.50. Katia, like Natalya, was a "trimmer."

After paying $3 a week board to an aunt, she had a surplus of 50 cents for all clothing, recreation, doctor's bills, and incidentals.

To save carfare she



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OPERATIVES ON STRIKE

ON STRIKE DURING THE FALL AND WINTER OF 1909–10. THIS STRIKE, THE LARGEST EVER OF SOLIDARITY AND SHORTENING OF HOURS FOR THE SHIRTWAIST WORKERS

walked to her work — about forty minutes' distance. Her aunt lived on the fourth floor of a tenement. After working nine and a half hours and walking an hour and twenty minutes daily, Katia climbed four flights of stairs and then helped with the housework.

### *Story of Sonia Lavretsky, Out of Work for Five Months*

Sonia Lavretsky, a girl of twenty, had been self-supporting for four years. She lived in a most wretched, ill-kept tenement, with a family who made artificial flowers. She had been totally unable to find work for the last five months, but this family, though very poor, had kept her with them without payment through all this time.

ONE OF THE THIRTY THOUSAND SHIRTWAIST STRIKERS

*Drawn from life by Wladyslav T. Benda*

She had been three months an operative, putting cuffs on waists. Working on a time basis, she earned $3 the first week and $4 the second. She was then put on piece-work, and in fifty-four hours and a half could earn only $3. Laid off, she found employment at felling cloaks, earning from $3 to $6 a week. But after twelve weeks trade in this place also had grown dull.

During her idle time she became



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"run down" and was ill three weeks. Fortunately, a brother was able to pay her doctor's bills, until he also was laid off during part of her idle time.

When Sonia had any money she gave her landlady, for part of a room in the poor tenement with the flower-makers, $3.50 a month, and about $2.50 a week for food. Before her dull season and slack work began she had paid 20 cents a week dues to a self-education society and social club.

Her brother had given her all the clothing she had. The burden of her support evidently fell heavily upon him and upon the poverty-stricken family of her hostess. And Sonia was in deep discouragement. She was about to go away from New York in hopes of finding work in Syracuse.

Getta Bursova, an attractive Russian girl of twenty, had worked for eight years — ever since she was twelve. She had been employed as a waist operative for six years in London and for two in New York.

Here she worked nine and a half hours daily in a factory on Nineteenth Street, earning $5 to $6 a week. Of this wage she paid her sister $4 a week for food and lodging in an inside tenement room in very poor East Side quarters, so far from her work that she was obliged to spend 60 cents a week for carfare. In her busy weeks she had never more than $1.40 a week left, and often only 60 cents, for her clothing and every other expense.

Getta had been idle, moreover, for nearly six months. During this time she had been supported by her sister's family.

In spite of this defeat in her fortunes, her presence had a lovely brightness and initiative, and her inexpensive dress had a certain daintiness. She was eager for knowledge, and through all her busy weeks had paid 10 cents dues to a self-education society.

*Photograph by Hine*

DISCUSSING THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE ON GRAND STREET

Nevertheless, her long dull season was a harassing burden and disappointment, both for herself and her sister's struggling family.

### *Story of Betty Lukin*

Betty Lukin, a shirtwaist-maker of twenty, had been making sleeves for two years. For nine months of the year she earned from $6 to $10 a week; for the remaining three months only $2 a week. Her average weekly wage for the year would be about $6. Of this she spent $3 a week for suppers and a place in a tenement to sleep, and about 50 cents a week for breakfast and luncheon — a roll and a bit of fruit or candy from a push-cart. Her father was in New York, doing little to support himself, so that many weeks she deprived herself to give him $3 or $4.

She spent 50 cents a week to go to the theater and 10 cents for club dues. She had, of course, very little left for dress. She looked ill clad, and she was, naturally, improperly nourished and very delicate.

Two points in Betty's little account are suggestive: one is that she could always help her father. In listening to the account of an organizer of the Shirtwaist-Makers' Union, a man who had known some 40,000 garment workers, I exclaimed on the hardships of the trade for the number of married men it contained, and was about to make a note of this item when he eagerly stopped me. "Wait, wait, please," he cried generously. "When you put it down, then put this down, too. It is just the same for the girls. The most of them are married to a family. They, too, take care of others."

To this truth, Betty's expense of $3 to $4 for her father from her average wage of $6, and little Molly's item of nine weeks' board and lodging for her sister, bear eloquent testimony. On the girls' part they were mentioned merely as "all in the day's work," and with the tacit sim-

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plicity of that common mortal responsibility which is heroic.

The other fact to be remarked in Betty's account is that she spent 60 cents a week for club dues and the theater, and only 50 cents for all her casual sidewalk breakfasts and luncheons from the push-carts. Such an eager hunger for complete change of scene and thought, such a desire for beauty and romance as these two comparative items show, appear in themselves a true romance. Nearly all the Russian shirtwaist-makers visit the theater and attend clubs and night classes, whatever their wage or their hours of labor. Most of them contribute to the support of a family.

*Photograph by Hine*

A SHIRTWAIST OPERATIVE AT HER MACHINE

These shirtwaist-makers, all self-supporting, whose income and outlay are described above, were all — with the exception of Irena Kovalova, who supported a family of four — living away from home. Natalya lived with her mother and father.

She did not do her own washing, though she made her own waists and those of her sister and mother. But her story is given because in other ways — in casual employment, long hours, unfair and undignified treatment from her employers, and in the conditions of her peaceable effort to obtain juster and better terms of living — her experience has seemed characteristic of the trade fortunes of many of the forty thousand shirtwaist-makers employed in New York for the last two years.

In conditions such as described above, Natalya and other shirtwaist-makers were working last fall, when one day she saw a girl, a piece-worker, shaking her head and objecting sadly to the low price the foreman was offering her for making a waist. "If you don't like it," said the foreman, with a laugh, "why don't you join your old 'sisters' out on the street, then?"

Natalya wondered with interest who these "sisters" were. On making inquiry, she found that the workers in other shirtwaist factories had struck, for various reasons of dissatisfaction with the terms of their trade.

### *Police Unfairness During the Shirtwaist Strike*

The factories had continued work with strike-breakers. Some of the companies had stationed women of the street and their cadets in front of the shops to insult and attack the Union members whenever they came to speak to their fellow workers and to try to dissuade them from selling their work on unfair terms.

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Some had employed special police protection and thugs against the pickets.

There is, of course, no law against picketing. Every one in the United States has as clear a legal right to address another person peaceably on the subject of his belief in selling his work as on the subject of his belief in the tariff. But on the 19th of October ten girls belonging to the Union, who had been talking peaceably on the day before with some of the strike-breakers, were suddenly arrested as they were walking quietly along the street, were charged with disorderly conduct, arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court, and fined $1 each. The chairman of the strikers from one shop was set upon by a gang of thugs while he was collecting funds, and beaten and maimed so that he was confined to his bed for weeks.

A girl of nineteen, one of the strikers, as she was walking home one afternoon was attacked in the open daylight by a thug, who struck her in the side and broke one of her ribs. She was in bed for four weeks, and will always be somewhat disabled by her injury. These and other illegal oppressions visited on the strikers roused a number of members of the Woman's Trade Union League to assist the girls in peaceful picketing.

### *Arrest of Miss Dreier*

Early in November, a policeman arrested Miss Mary E. Dreier, the president of the Woman's Trade Union League, because she entered into a quiet conversation with one of the strike-breakers. Miss Dreier is a woman of large independent means, socially well known throughout New York and Brooklyn. When the sergeant recognized her as she came into the station, he at once discharged her case, reprimanded the officer, and assured Miss Dreier that she would never have been arrested if they had known who she was.

This flat instance of discrimination inspired the officers of the Woman's Trade Union League to protest to Police Commissioner Baker against the arbitrary oppression of the strikers by the policemen. He was asked to investigate the action of the police. He replied that the pickets would in future receive as much consideration as other people. The attitude of the police did not, however, change.

It was to these events, as Natalya Urusova found, that the foreman of the Bruch factory had referred when he asked the girls, with a sneer, why they didn't join their "sisters." Going to the Union headquarters on Clinton Street, she learned all she could about the Union. Afterward, in the Bruch factory, whenever any complaints arose, she would say casually, in pretended helplessness, "But what can we do? Is there any way to change this?" Vague suggestions of the Union headquarters would arise, and she would inquire into this eagerly and would pretend to allow herself to be led to Clinton Street. So, little by little, as the long hours and low wages and impudence from the foreman continued, she induced about sixty girls

*Photograph by Hine*

GIRL STRIKERS ON GRAND STREET, READING THE REPORTS OF THE SHIRTWAIST STRIKE

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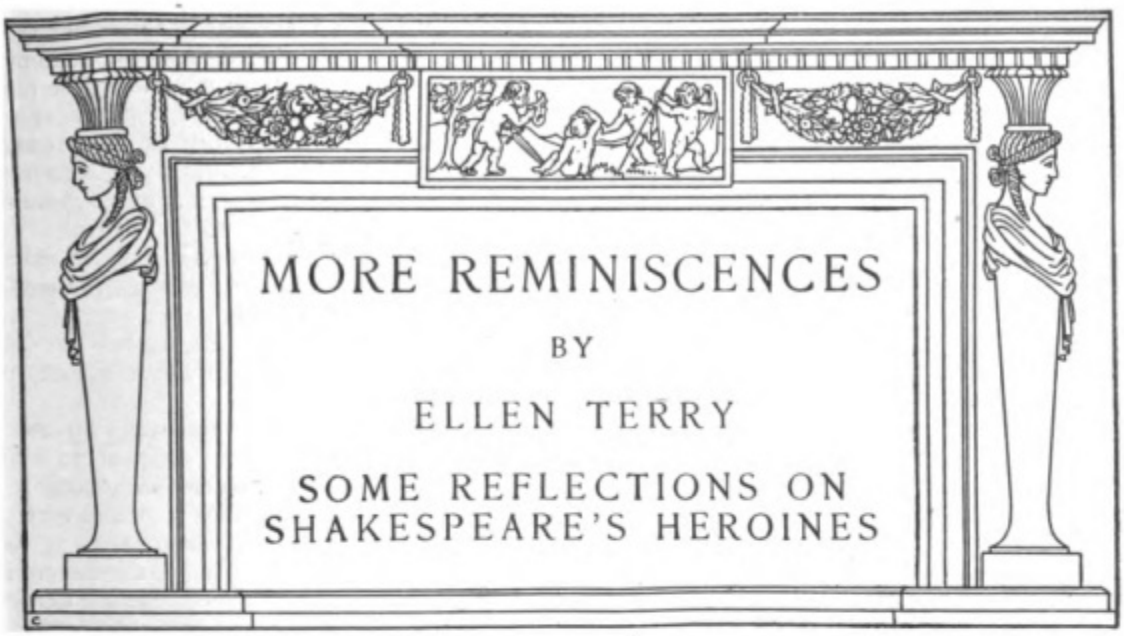


DURING my long stage career I have often been asked how I think certain Shakespearian parts ought to be played. In other days, in younger days, I was too busy to answer. From morning to night I was at work, preparing for new productions at the Lyceum, and studying new parts — studying old ones, too; for, to a certain extent, one must accommodate one's acting to the different taste of different generations of playgoers.

Players must feel the pulse of the public. As long as they can still do that, they are never likely to become "old-fashioned": a nice word when applied to some things,— to manners, for instance, or to furniture,— but not at all complimentary when applied to acting! When once it is said we belong to the "old school," it is all up with us. We are no better than rusty nails, hanging by the wall, "in monumental mockery." In one sense, I belong to the "old school." I was born in it, trained in it. Indeed, I am not sure that I have not seen more than one "old school" in my time. But, just as I have tried to keep my *limbs* flexible (and, thanks be to God, have succeeded in doing so up to this year of grace!), so I have tried to keep my *ideas* flexible. The "old school" has always been to me more an invaluable training-ground than a reference-book of tradition.

### *A Story of Boucicault "Tradition"*

Tradition! Who can say what stage tradition really is, and how far it is to be relied upon? How far is it wise to make an idol of it? The "tradition" as to the way certain parts should be acted is handed down to us in bits very often, and it is difficult to piece them together. Even when the whole "tradition" exists in a prompt-book, it may seem worthless in fifty years. I remember being told a story of Dion Boucicault, the elder, which illustrates this point.

He was, as is well known, a "producer" of extraordinary ability, as well as a writer of charming romantic plays, and when he was producing his plays every little detail was considered by him. The stage-manager's version of Boucicault's directions was written down in the prompt-book, and crystallized, as years went on, into the traditions of a Boucicault play. Now, it happened that when Boucicault was an old man he was asked to superintend a revival of one of his plays, one he had not thought of for fifty years — I rather think it was "The Peep o' Day."

"What do you mean by that? Why are you doing that?" said Boucicault, at one of the earlier rehearsals.

He was told that it had always been done, that it was "traditional," and the authority of the tradition was the prompt-book made during Boucicault's original production fifty years before.

"I can't remember a single thing about it," said Boucicault, "but I'm certain I never wanted any of this done."

He was shown the prompt-book, and could hardly believe it possible that it was all supposed to have originated with him. Yet for fifty years it had passed for the Boucicault



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TWO PICTURES OF ELLEN TERRY AS LADY MACBETH

"SHAKESPEARE LOVED RESOLUTE WOMEN," SAYS MISS TERRY, "GALLANT, HIGH-SPIRITED CREATURES EVER READY FOR ACTION, A HUNDRED TIMES MORE INDEPENDENT THAN THE HEROINES CREATED BY WRITERS IN THESE LATER DAYS"

Lady Macbeth herself which seems totally at variance with the picture that the actress drew on the stage. I understand this very well. It is possible that, in the notes I am going to make on Shakespeare's women in this article, I may express quite different views from those which I have expressed practically by my acting. "After the practice, the theory"; but it is in the *practice* that players can give their best critical studies. Action, gesture, voice are the actor's medium. When he takes up the pen he becomes a literary critic of an inferior order. If I wanted to read about Hamlet, I should not go to a book written by an actor; but I doubt if, in all the books to which I should go, books which great writers have contributed to the study of that wonderful character, I should find any criticism equal to that given by Henry Irving in his acting of the part. I am *quite sure* that I should not find any.



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ADELAIDE NEILSON AS VIOLA

I don't believe, for one thing, that any scholar has such advantages as we have. They don't learn so much Shakespeare by heart, and that is the way to *penetrate* his meaning. They may have far more erudition — precisely as a man who studies religion scientifically has more erudition than a simple peasant saying an ave. But which of the two, the professional theologian or the devout peasant, best knows what the ave means?

### *Henry Irving as a Critic of Shakespeare*

In this connection I recall a conversation I once had with Henry on the subject. I was telling him of my Shakespearian studies.

"When I was about sixteen or seventeen, and very unhappy, I forswore the society of men. Yet I was lonely all the same — I wanted a sweetheart. Shakespeare became my sweetheart! I read everything there was to read about my beloved one. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty I lived with his plays. I am sure, by the way, that 'Titus Andronicus' is not by Shakespeare. What do you think?"

"I can't say," Henry answered calmly. "I have never read it."

I was much impressed by this simple admission, and contrasted it with the pretentious claims to know all about everything which some lesser men put forward.

"But," went on Henry, "I will guarantee that when I have read it I shall know more about it than A. or B. or C."(mentioning some literary folk). "Do you notice that they read the plays, and read them, and read them, but never penetrate further? When I read a play, I see it — I live it. Reading! What sort of reading is it that makes any one talk as S. talked last night about 'Macbeth'!"

This referred to a conversation in the course of which a Mr. S. had attacked Henry for his reading of "Macbeth." Henry, I remember,

ELLEN TERRY AS IMOGEN, WHICH SHE CONSIDERED ONE OF HER BEST PARTS

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MISS TERRY'S LATEST PORTRAIT

had listened patiently to the rather conventional reasons urged by Mr. S. to support his assertion that Henry was all wrong. Macbeth was a brutal, burly warrior, and so on. When Mr. S. stopped for want of breath, Henry said blandly:

"I say, S., have you ever *read* 'Macbeth'?"

People of the same type as S. often said, too, that Henry Irving's Hamlet was not Shakespeare's Hamlet. But what is Shakespeare's Hamlet? There are so many Hamlets hidden in the poet's written words, and surely Henry was more competent to interpret these words than his critics. Each actor shows us Shakespeare's lines under different conditions, and interprets them by a method special to himself.

### *Ellen Terry's Lecture Tour*

At the time of writing this I am just setting forth on a long lecture tour in the United States,* and I am delighted to think that it will be possible in a lecture to work a little in my own medium. When I talk *about* Ophelia or Juliet or Lady Macbeth, I may convey very little; but, if I quote their own words, action, gesture, voice will all help me to make them living women to my audiences.

I was discussing this lecture on Shakespeare's women with an American friend, the other day, and asking him if he thought it would be interesting. "I know the subject is not exactly new," I said, "but I think it is the one in which

* Miss Terry will arrive in New York on October 26, to begin her lecturing tour in the United States.



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ADELAIDE NEILSON AS JULIET

MISS TERRY HAS NEVER SEEN A JULIET, SHE SAYS, WHO WAS GREAT ENOUGH — GREAT IN PASSION AS IN DARING. NEILSON WAS A VISION OF LOVELINESS, BUT DID NOT PORTRAY THE FLAMING SOUL OF JULIET

I can best use myself, because all that I have learned about Shakespeare's heroines has become a part of me."

I was a little ashamed of the egotism of this remark, but it's no good an actress denying that her art is *personal*. To my surprise, my friend's objection to my programme was that it was not egotistical enough.

"The most popular lecture you could give would be one on yourself."

"On myself! What do you mean?"

"Autobiography is what the public wants," my friend answered. "Tell them about your life. They'll eat it. Egotism in life may do harm, but in lectures it ought to be as delightful as it is in memoirs. When people talk about other people, or write about them, they are often dull; but when they talk about themselves they are seldom uninteresting. If Pepys had not chattered about himself in his diary, who would care to read it nowadays?"

I quite saw the truth of this, but it seemed to me that, in dealing with Shakespeare's heroines in one of my lectures, I should of necessity be including a good deal of autobiography; for a great part of my life has been spent in the closest and most intimate association with them, and if you take them out of my life you take one of the props that hath sustained my life! You take twenty years of my career and wipe them out altogether.

Twenty years in such company could not fail to educate any one, I assure you! You may gather that I have a great opinion of Shakespeare's women. I *have*. (He brought the idea that women are human beings, with separate individualities,— beings no less important, if different, from men,— to a point that no other writer before or since has ever reached.)

### *Shakespeare's Gallant, High-Spirited Women*

Shakespeare had a fondness for drawing reflective, dreamy men. He preferred the artist to the man of action — perhaps because the very masculine type, the straightforward man

SARAH BERNHARDT AS LADY MACBETH

"THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE, SOMETHING ALOOF, SOMETHING TERRIFYING ABOUT HER," SAYS MISS TERRY, IN DESCRIBING BERNHARDT IN THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

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of few words and many deeds, is not, after all, of the highest interest to the dramatist; perhaps because, as Mr. Frank Harris has proved very ingeniously in "The Man Shakespeare," all his characters were, in a sense, but different revelations of his own individuality. Certainly, we find the dreamer and philosopher in Macbeth, the murderer; in Richard II., the King; in Romeo, the lover; in Anthony, the soldier; in Arthur, the child; in Jacques, the courtier and man of the world. By way of contrast, Shakespeare seems to have loved *resolute* women, gallant, high-spirited creatures ever ready for action, a hundred times more independent than the heroines created by writers in these later days. With the exception of George Meredith's women, all nineteenth-century heroines seem singularly "backward" and limited compared with Shakespeare's.

How far do Shakespeare's women conform to a certain well-bred, well-educated, independent type which was the direct product of the Renaissance woman's movement? That type is to be

DUSE, WHOSE JULIET MISS TERRY DESCRIBES AS POSSESSING A "KIND OF SIMPLICITY — THE STRAIGHT THOUGHT, STRAIGHTLY IMAGINED AND PORTRAYED"

MODJESKA AS LADY MACBETH

MISS TERRY LIKED MODJESKA BEST AS JULIET. "SHE HAD THE NOBLE TOUCH," SHE SAYS IN DESCRIBING THIS GREAT ARTIST'S PERFORMANCE

recognized, I think, in Beatrice, in Rosalind, in Portia, and in Juliet; but one must not strain the point too far, any more than one must wholly identify Cleopatra and Armida with Mistress Fitton, Shakespeare's "dark lady," or Miranda and Perdita with his daughter Judith — any more than one must see his wife Anne in all the disagreeable and shrewish women of the earlier plays, and his mother in Volumnia. But, as his early marriage with a provincial-bred woman older than himself may reasonably be supposed to have affected his ideas of women when he first came to London and wrote plays, as his passionate devotion to Mistress Fitton may at a later time have given him material for the creation of the *grande amoureuse* in Cleopatra and the ignoble light woman in Cressida, so some highly educated, well-bred, noble-hearted woman — some true daughter of the Renaissance movement — may have suggested the creation of Beatrice and Portia.

But none of Shakespeare's women are faithful copies of living models. Perhaps that is why they are as much alive now as they were in

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ELLEN TERRY AS VIOLA

MISS TERRY SAYS NOTHING OF HER OWN PERFORMANCE OF THIS PART, BUT SHE THINKS SHE KNEW HOW TO PLAY BEATRICE, AS OPHELIA SHE CAME NEARER SATISFYING HERSELF THAN IN ANY OTHER PART

the sixteenth century. Perhaps that is why they need no special type of actress to interpret them. Every good actress is Juliet, is Lady Macbeth, is Rosalind, according to her imagination; and the best actresses are always right, whatever their interpretations may be. Until recent years I had seen very few actresses in Shakespeare, and the fact that when I did see them it was generally in one scene at a matinée, or in a last act, when I rushed away from my own theatre to theirs, makes it impossible for me to comment on and discuss their interpretations in detail. One remarkable thing I have noticed, and that is that great acting is always, in a sense, the same, *and* (though this sounds a paradox, it is true) great actors and actresses never resemble one another in the slightest degree!

People have sometimes told me that if Mrs. Siddons could come back to us now, we should probably not be able to stand her; her acting wouldn't do in modern times — and so on. Wouldn't it! I say that, if we could see her now, all that we shouldn't be able to stand would be the illumination of it! She would dazzle us with light.

### *The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons, Ristori, and Sarah Bernhardt*

Mrs. Siddons, according to her notes on the part, thought that Lady Macbeth was "fair,



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PHYLLIS TERRY, ELLEN TERRY'S NIECE
AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN, WHEN SHE HAD HARDLY BEEN ON THE STAGE A YEAR, THIS YOUNG ACTRESS SURPRISED LONDON BY HER EXQUISITE PERFORMANCE OF VIOLA

feminine — nay, perhaps even fragile." Yet, on the stage (if those contemporaries who have left impressions of her performance are to be trusted) Mrs. Siddons presented a threatening and commanding figure, a woman imbued with "a turbulent and inhuman strength of spirit," an "exultant savage." Mrs. Siddons must have realized that her physical appearance alone — her nose, her raven hair, her eagle eyes, her commanding form — was against her portraying the Lady Macbeth of her imagination. It is no use an actress wasting her nervous energy on a battle with her personality. She must use it as an ally.

Yet I do not believe, all the same, that the Siddons Lady Macbeth was a "man in petticoats." Those who said so were imposing an eighteenth-century standard of femininity. Mrs. Siddons had to abandon the Lady Macbeth of delicate and sensitive spiritual structure and fragile physique, but I dare assert she gave them a womanly Lady Macbeth, for all that.

There is not a line in this short part — short in words, but how long in opportunities for the actress — that does not indicate that the "dearest partner" of Macbeth's ambition and crime is a *woman*, with the nervous force of a woman, the devotion of a woman, and, above all, the conscience of a woman. It is her tortured conscience that kills her in the end.



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I saw the great Italian actress, Ristori, as Lady Macbeth, but, alas! my memories of it are most indistinct. She created a great impression on me, in particular, by her reception of Duncan. I can see her now, bowing, bowing, ceaselessly bowing, almost to the ground. It was very Italian, and very good. She played the Sleep-Walking Scene in a way that emphasised its ugly side. She was the somnambulist before everything, and her heavy breathing was rather upsetting in its realism. My ideas about the famous scene have completely changed since I played Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum more than twenty years ago. I know I struck no note of horror. Sarah Bernhardt I saw in just this one scene, and there was something strange, something aloof, something terrifying about her. It was as if she had come back from the dead. Oh, that I could remember *how* she got that effect!

JULIA MARLOWE AS VIOLA

MISS MARLOWE, IN THE FACE OF THE SUPERSTITION THAT ONLY MATURE ACTRESSES SHOULD ATTEMPT VIOLA, PLAYED THE PART WHILE YET A YOUNG GIRL. "WHAT WAS LOST IN SOME WAYS WAS GAINED IN OTHERS," SAYS MISS TERRY IN COMMENTING UPON HER PERFORMANCE

### *Adelaide Neilson's Juliet*

I think it is very important for any actress who studies the part of Juliet to remember that, although she is a girl, she is not an *ordinary* girl, still less an ordinary English girl. She has all the young Italian's mastery in dissimulation, and a nobility in loving that seems to have been one of the special attributes of the women of the Italian Renaissance. There is a kind of gravity about her which makes her seem older than her years, and a courage which is conventionally supposed to be found oftener in men than in women. I don't remember to have seen any Juliet who was *great* enough — great in passion as in daring. My sister, Kate Terry, looked a little girl. I really was a little girl at the time, but I can recall the sweetness and fragrance of her performance in the Balcony Scene (my worst scene, by the way); but I don't remember the rest. I saw Modjeska in the same scene, with Johnston Forbes-Robertson as Romeo. She had the noble touch. Duse has it, too: a kind of simplicity — the straight thought, straightly imagined and portrayed.

Then, there was Adelaide Neilson's Juliet. I see a vision of loveliness, great velvety eyes, a pure white brow; a ridiculous dress with a Victorian lace "bertha." I hear a soft, gentle

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I never *found* it off me. She sobbed a great deal. Her Hermione was very dignified, in spite of the petticoats she wore under her classic draperies. My young heart was deeply moved by her sufferings, whereas when she wept as Constance I did not care a bit — a test, of a kind. Her Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII."— well, she *could* play Katharine, I can tell you, even if she didn't terrify the surveyor as much as Mrs. Siddons is reported to have done.

### *A Story of Mrs. Siddons' Realism*

One has to be familiar with the scene to appreciate the story. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor is there, prepared to answer any questions put by the King and Wolsey. He knows that the more damaging his answers are to Buckingham, the more he will please them. Suddenly the woman, the Queen, on whom he hasn't counted at all, whom he presumes perhaps to be indifferent, turns round at some particularly mendacious statement of his, and, fixing him with a penetrating look, exposes his want of disinterestedness in the matter:

> If I know you well
> You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
> On the complaint of the tenants: take good heed
> You charge not in your spleen a noble person
> And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
> Yes, heartily beseech you.

The man who played the surveyor to Mrs. Siddons' Katharine trembled and shook to such a degree at rehearsal that the great actress had to ask him to control himself. His answer was to run off the stage. They tried to bring him back. "I can't, I can't; I'd rather die!"

### *Ellen Terry's Criticism of Her Own Acting*

By this time it may easily be seen that my experience of actresses in Shakespearian parts is limited, and that what I have seen has never, not even in the case of Helen Faucit's Rosalind, surpassed my *imagination* of how these parts might be played. With my own acting of them I have, assuredly, never been satisfied.

I was terrified, the first night I played Ophelia, at my complete failure to realise *scientifically* my ideas — and concluded I was a complete failure with the public. Afterwards I came to please myself in this particular part more than in any other — and found, to my surprise, that the public had been pleased all along!

A few nights in my life I have played Portia well. Beatrice I knew how to play, but I was never swift enough. Imogen, I think, was one of my best parts. I did good things now and again in Lady Macbeth, in Volumnia, and in Hermione, but in whatever I did I could not live down the superstition that I was too "womanly" and "tender" for such parts.

I sometimes think people use these words without knowing what they mean, and talk as if strength means something disagreeable and sweetness something weak.

I suppose my day as a Shakespearian actress is over, although there still remain a few parts, such as Constance, Katharine, Mistress Page, and Hermione,— parts any woman might act at any age,— to say nothing of the Nurse of Juliet, Emilia, Queen Gertrude, and others. It was in Shakespeare that I made my reputation, and in Shakespeare that I kept it. Happy the actress who is associated with Shakespeare, for she cannot play any of his parts without exerting imagination, without using every faculty. He suggests much, but often says little. He can never be literally translated. I do not know a single Shakespearian part that is *easy* to act. Happy the actress who is associated with Shakespeare, I say again, for she learns to think nobly of women, and, as if that were not enough reward, has her mortality clothed in the ample cloak of his immortality.

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*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

"SHE HESITATED, STANDING THERE, ALL WHITE AND GOLDEN, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIR"

*See "Miss Cal," page 218*

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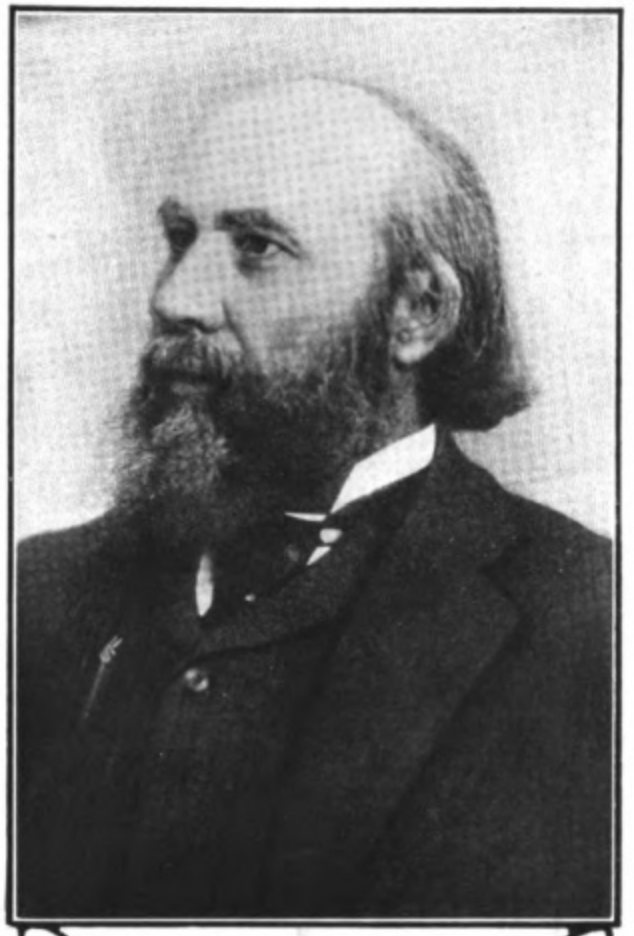

"JIM" HILL IN 1885

transaction of millions, and Stephen himself had only a moderate fortune.

That was in 1875. Meanwhile Hill kept talking about the St. Paul & Pacific. He talked continually to everybody in St. Paul. He was getting wildly enthusiastic. When Hill was enthusiastic he made a curious gesture with the little finger of his right hand, and in 1875 Hill was talking about the St. Paul & Pacific and waving his little finger excitedly at everybody in St. Paul. George Stephen was figuring what could be done for the finances. The only way he could see was to get the Dutchmen to stick and put up more money.

### *A Forty-Cent Option*

Finally, in 1876, Stephen went over to Amsterdam to see the Dutch bondholders. The Dutch had then, and have now, their own peculiar way of investing in securities — through what they call "administrations." Thousands of small holders buy securities through these "administrations," who keep the bonds or shares, give the owners a certificate for them, and represent the owners' interests in dealing with the corporations — doing everything, from collecting dividends to voting. This makes it very easy to deal with Dutch investors; the management of their investments is so centralized. Stephen went to the manager of the house that had placed most of these bonds, and pleaded vigorously for more money to finish the road. The Dutchmen had had enough, and nothing would move them.

"I'm no Don Quixote," said the manager.

Stephen kept arguing; for he thought it was the only way the thing could be put through.

"I tell you what we *will* do," said the manager. "We'll give you an option on those bonds, if you like them so much."



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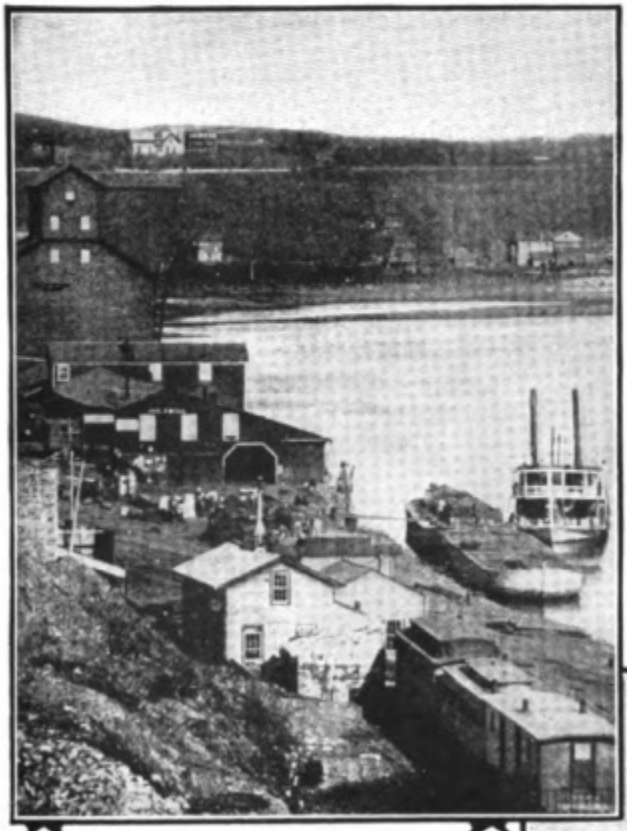

HILL'S OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE AT ST. PAUL IN 1868. HIS NAME CAN BE SEEN ON THE BUILDING

ward ends of the cars were old box-stoves for cord wood. But they served their purpose, if they weren't pretty.

The plague of grasshoppers had made a new group of multimillionaires. If it had not arrived as it did, no one could have bought the St. Paul & Pacific for the price they paid for it. If it had not ceased all at once, they might have been unable to finance it.

But now, with their forty-cent option on the bonds, they found themselves in the fortunate position of a man who can mortgage his property for more than he paid for it. This group of six men had paid out altogether $283,000 in completing the deal, making surveys, locating and negotiating for the remainder of the bonds, and getting their franchises and land grants. In 1878 they secured and advanced money for the receiver to complete the road. Stephen in the Bank of Montreal and Kennedy in New York easily found the money for it; capital was gladly advanced for so safe an enterprise. Then, in 1879, they paid for everything — the bonds, their expenses, and the advances for finishing the road out of two new bond issues, and made in addition several million dollars of profits. The old bond issues outstanding had aggregated $24,000,000, with an annual interest charge of $1,680,000. The new issues aggregated $16,000,000, with an annual interest of $1,120,000. So they saved on the outset $560,000 a year, to come to the stock instead of the bonds. Nearly enough, in itself, to pay four-per-cent dividends on $15,000,000 worth of stock.

### *The Whole of Lake Michigan*

So, then, it was time for this syndicate to divide up. In May, 1879, the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad was formed — the bonds were sold and the stock divided. The enterprise was divided into five parts. Stephen, Smith, Kennedy, and Hill had one fifth apiece; Angus and Kittson divided the other fifth between them. Hill's fifth was given to him.

ONE OF THE OLD STEAMERS LANDING AT THE ST. PAUL LEVEE

The question was, how much stock should they put out? Stephen, who was a very far-seeing man, wanted to make the capital $25,000,000. It would be done once and for all, he said, and if they tried to do it later they would be exposed to the usual cry against stock-watering.

"Water!" said Hill. "We've let in the whole of Lake Michigan already!"

Hill's proposition was to make the capital only $5,000,000. Finally they compromised on $15,000,000.

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mission has paid this tribute to Mr. Hill's ingenuity in performing it:

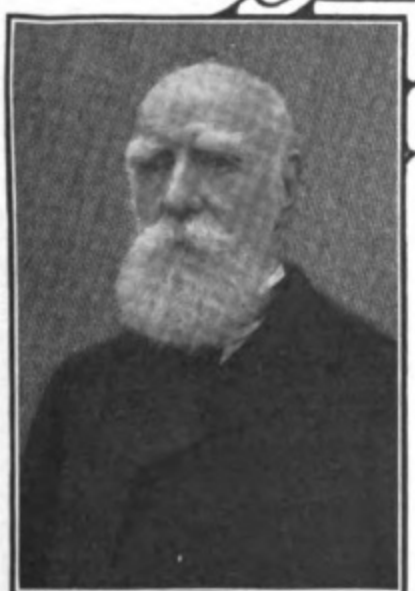
"It would be difficult to devise a scheme better intended to confuse and to conceal than that employed in the development and operation of the Great Northern System."*

The way he divided up was, roughly, this. The operations to 1883 had given the stockholders $20,000,000 of stock and $10,000,000 of bonds, par value, for $6,000,000 in cash. In 1890, by a very clever manipulation of bonds and stocks, the Great Northern Railroad was formed. This was a device calculated exactly to double the stock issue. The stock of the old railroad company was guaranteed a six-per-cent dividend by the Great Northern; the Great Northern could then distribute the surplus earnings in a second dividend on its own stock. The net payment from the stockholders for this $20,000,000 of new stock — by use of a bond issue in 1888 — was $8,000,000; the water was $12,000,000.

In 1898 the final big division of this period made $19,000,000 more of water. Twenty-five million dollars in stock was given out. Although nominally the stockholders paid $15,000,000 for this, really their only payment was the $11,000,000 in cash which the bonds, retired with the $15,000,000, cost them in 1892. Twenty-five million dollars more was given to retire the $20,000,000 of stock of the old St. Paul, Min-

* Opinion No. 820, Interstate Commerce Commission, City of Spokane, Washington, *et al.*, vs. Northern Pacific Railway Company *et al.*

LORD MOUNTSTEPHEN
(GEORGE STEPHEN)



LORD STRATHCONA
(DONALD A. SMITH)

ROBERT B. ANGUS

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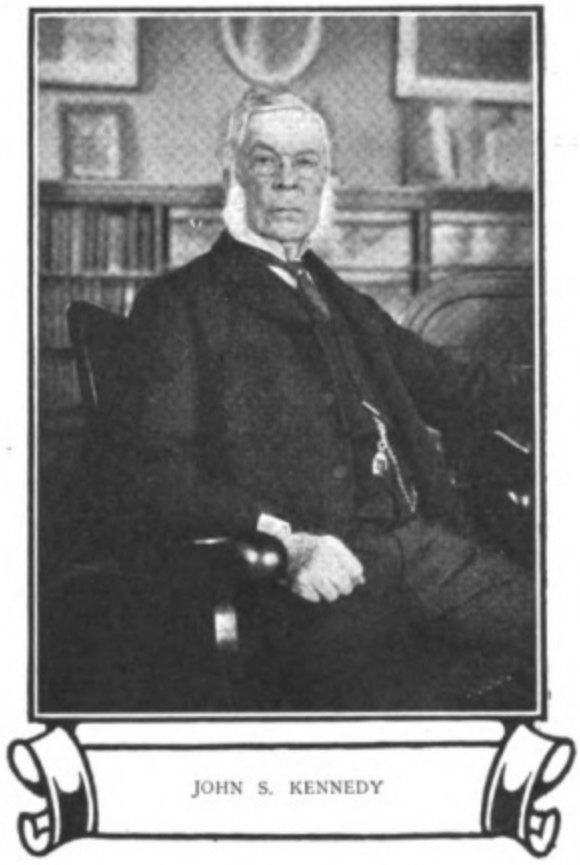

JOHN S. KENNEDY

magnate. Those who know him best believe that he can think successfully only when he is talking, and talking to an auditor. And, day after day, he goes down the line of his acquaintances, telling them of his plans, getting their opinion of them, changing and improving them as he goes along, and finally bringing them out in an entirely different form from any he has talked about. For this reason his enemies have called him a liar. He is really an inventor, inventing and planning aloud. He is, in fact, a very fortunate man; his enthusiasm drives him to accomplish an enormous amount of work, with the greatest of pleasure, every day.

When Hill heard of the loss of this great iron-ore development, he was wild with disappointment. It was not the property alone — the value of that was only partly understood at the time: it was the traffic lost to his railroad as well.

The Canadian Pacific was built very largely by Strathcona and Mountstephen and Angus — three of the men who were made multimillionaires by the St. Paul & Pacific operations. It was, in fact, a direct outcome of the fortunes made in the American road. Hill and Kennedy had been with them at the beginning in the early '80's, but had dropped out. The Canadians were still directors in the Canadian Pacific, and Hill immediately went to them to get back the Duluth & Winnipeg and the tract of iron ore. He pleaded, threatened, claimed it was the Great Northern's natural territory, and promised them a great east-bound traffic from his lines, and a perpetual right to run their trains across the Duluth & Winnipeg, if they would surrender it to him. His enthusiasm and promises won; they gave the whole thing over to him. But they never got the east-bound traffic promised them. Hill did not give it, and it would be useless to try to go to law about it. Such contracts were not enforced by the United States courts.

### *The Division of $100,000,000 from the Ore Deal*

The ore beds and the logging road cost about $4,500,000. From time to time Hill added on lands that had not been prospected, tongues of property which jutted into the main tract and rounded it out into one big whole. Whenever he saw desirable additions, he picked them up. In all, the additional cost was but a few million dollars. For twelve years Hill talked over this greatest single gift of the Great



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because of two railroads fighting for the same territory, one must be absorbed; simply, in the last analysis, because a railroad is naturally and properly a monopoly, and, in spite of legislative efforts to make it competitive, must eventually be established as a monopoly. No one could expect to take the Northern Pacific, just emerging, weak from bankruptcy, and fight the Great Northern for the Northwest. So it was definitely agreed and arranged that the Great Northern should take over the Northern Pacific. The Deutsche Bank, of Berlin, and Drexel, Morgan & Co. had financed the bond issues that built the Northern Pacific. Early in 1895 the following plan was agreed upon between these two interests and Hill. The Northern Pacific would be reorganized by an issue of $200,000,000 bonds and $100,000,000 stock. The Great Northern would guarantee the low interest of three and four per cent promised in the bonds; in return for this, it would be given half of the new stock of the Northern Pacific.

THE GRASSHOPPERS SWARMED EVERYWHERE DURING THE PLAGUE IN MINNESOTA

THE "SELKIRK," AN EARLY RED RIVER STEAMER IN WHICH HILL WAS PART-OWNER
*From an old wood-cut*

### *Great Northern Forbidden to Own Northern Pacific*

The arrangement was annuonced in May, 1895; on March 30, 1896, the United States Supreme Court decided that this plan was illegal, because, by uniting two parallel and naturally competing roads, it created a monopoly, which was contrary to the laws of Minnesota.* So the railroads combined in another way.

Statutes alter the path of the inevitable drift toward railroad monopoly, but they have never checked it. J. P. Morgan took up the Northern Pacific reorganization and carried it through, and then handed it to the Great Northern group as individuals. If the Great Northern could not own the Northern Pacific, the multimillionaires who owned the Great Northern could. There is no restriction yet by law regarding the individual's right to own what property he chooses.

### *"Bargain Day" for Multimillionaires*

It was, then, the remarkable period in American railroad finance when the multimillionaire formula by which this Great Northern group of financiers was created was to be repeated in the railroads and many of the industries of the United States. This movement was under the leadership of the financial center of New York, and more particularly under the management of J. P. Morgan & Co.— into whose hands the great bankrupt railroad systems of the country had come for reorganization. The money required for reorganization was to be secured

* Pearsall vs. Great Northern Railway Co., 161 U. S. 647.

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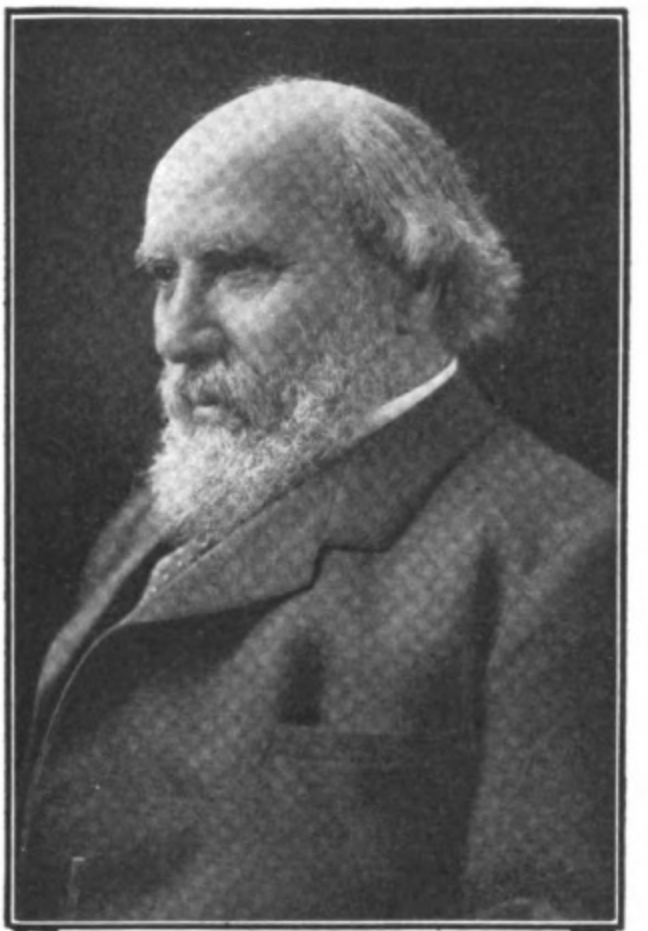

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JAMES J. HILL AT THE PRESENT DAY

a comparatively small risk, and, more than that, it doubled, at one stroke, the great railroad system which the group held in their control. The length of the Great Northern road in 1901 was 5,500 miles; of the Northern Pacific 5,600 — a total of more than 11,000 miles, out of the 200,000 miles of railroad in this country. The control of it lay in the same old hands into which an erratic fortune had placed the St. Paul & Pacific, plus another great factor — the house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

### *The Community-of-Interest Plan*

The Great Northern, for a quarter of a century sufficient to itself, had outgrown its own particular territory, and had become an integral part of the greater movement toward monopoly which was consolidating the railroads of the country.

The United States, by the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887, had forbidden "pooling" of railway earnings or business; failing this, the railroads had been turned into the much closer bond of common ownership of stock — either by individuals or by the railroad corporations themselves — which was becoming known as the "community of interest."

In those days of continual activity of the Government against monopoly of any kind in railroads, the financiers retired to the rights of private property as an irreducible stronghold. They were not only rights: they were the basic principle of the financial religion that these men had been taught — the sacred thing upon which society was founded.

### *"Men Who Own Property Can Do What They Like with It"*

"The community of interests," said Mr. Morgan on the witness-stand, in the Peter



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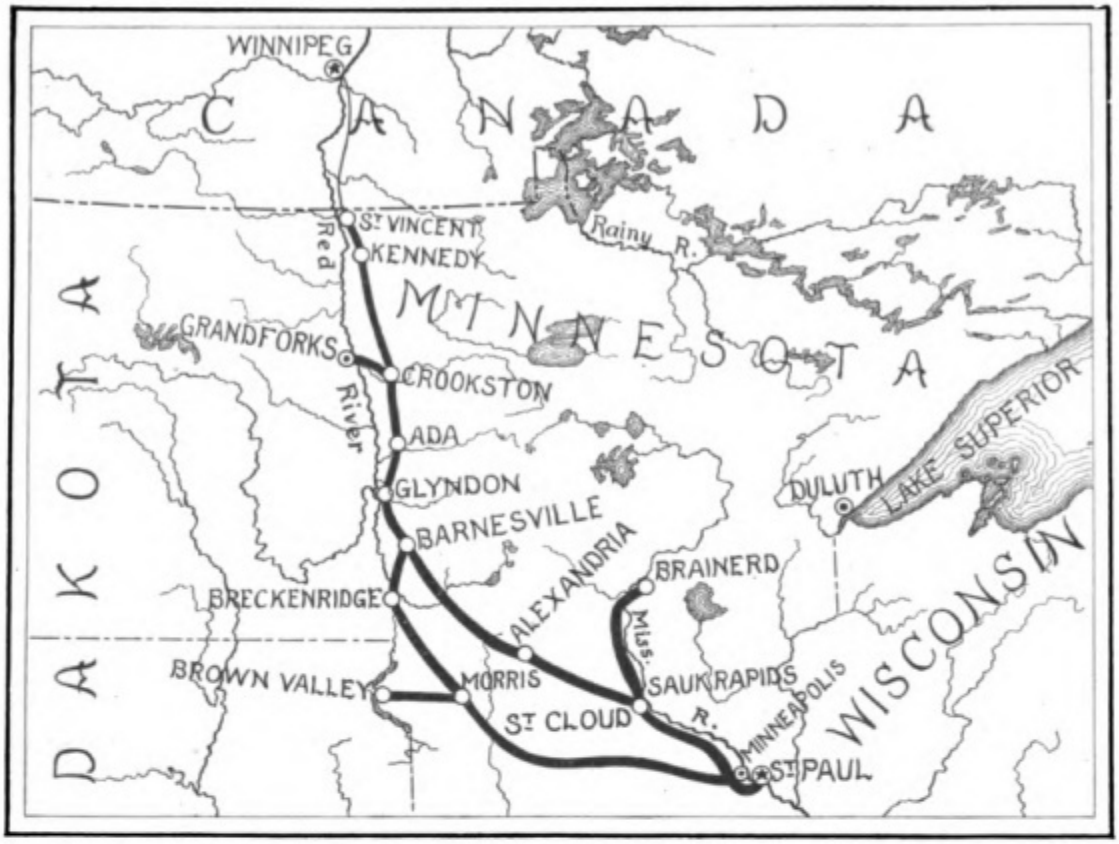


THE ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILROAD IN 1880

Power suit, "is that principle that a certain number of men who own property can do what they like with it."

*Question.* "But they sha'n't fight one another?"

*Mr. Morgan.* "There is no fighting about it. If they choose to fight their own property — but people don't generally do that."

*Question.* "Is not this community of interest one of working harmony?"

*Mr. Morgan.* "Working in harmony, yes."

*Question.* "Even though they own competing and parallel lines?"

*Mr. Morgan.* "No; they own them all."

So in this, as often, legislation against combinations created a still greater and closer concentration of capital.

### *Morgan Decides to Extend to Chicago*

Both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific in 1900 came no farther east than St. Paul; the Great Northern had never done so; the Northern Pacific had cut off the Wisconsin Central, which previously had taken it into Chicago, at the time of its reorganization. And now it was clearly necessary for each road to have its own connection to the great railroad center of Chicago. As the purchase of any connecting railroad system cost a great deal of money, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific naturally decided to buy it together.

Mr. Morgan has described the operation, in his blunt, straightforward fashion, in his testimony in the Peter Power case.

"I think," said Mr. Morgan, "it was 1899 — it may have been 1898 — I made up my mind that it was essential that the Northern Pacific Railroad Co.— Railway, or whatever you call it — what is it?"

*Mr. F. L. Stetson* (his counsel). "Railway."

*Mr. Morgan.* "Railway should have its eastern terminus practically in Chicago; and, in the same manner, that the New York Central, of which I am a director, at that time or soon after decided the same thing with regard to their line; that the western terminus of their line should be in Chicago, practically, by acquiring the Lake Shore; in other words, that the transcontinental line should come to Chicago, and the eastern line should go to Chicago. So that was to be the central point. And I talked it over with a great many people interested in the Northern Pacific, and I found they all



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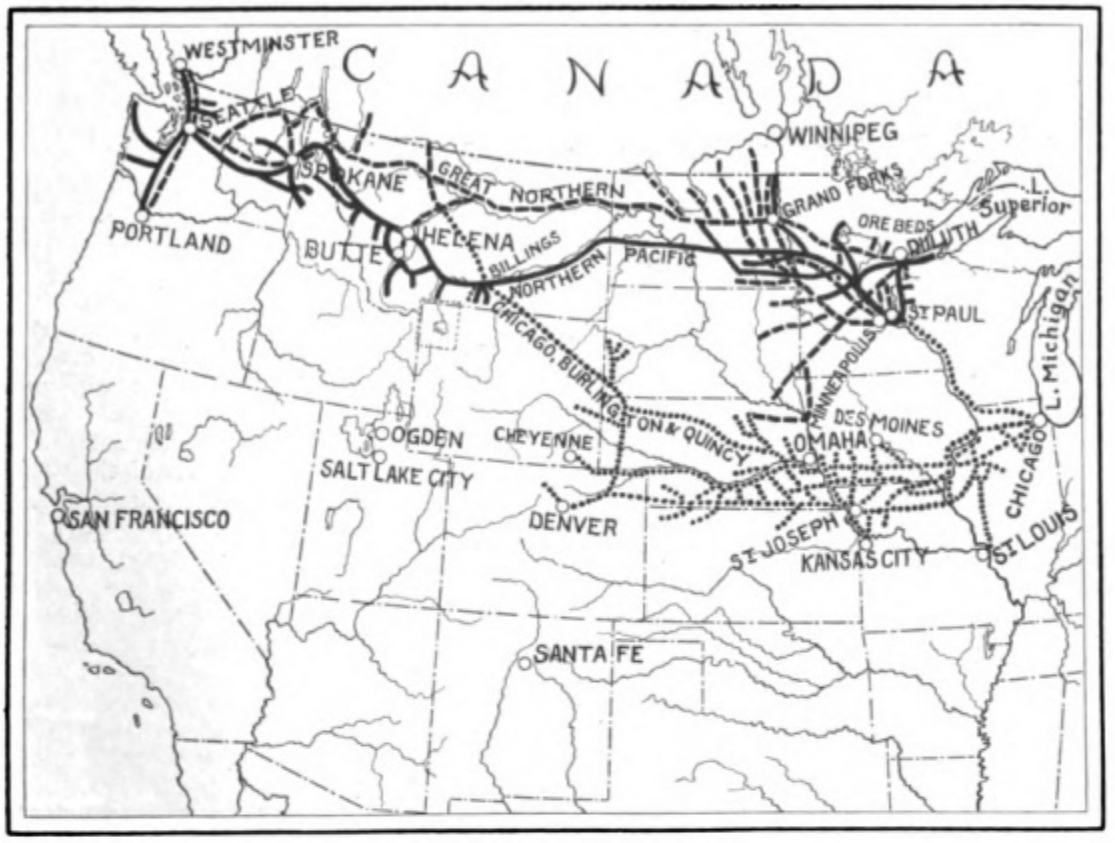


THE PRESENT "HILL" SYSTEM

agreed with me, and the question came up as to how it could best be done. Of course, we were confronted with the question, which is always arising and repeats itself, as to whether a line that you want is an independent line, or whether it is a competing and — what is the other term?"

*Mr. Stetson.* "Parallel."

*Mr. Morgan.* "Parallel and competing line; and from a study of the case I came to the conclusion that there were but three lines available. . . . I said, take St. Paul, because the financial responsibility was less."

So Mr. Morgan started out to buy the St. Paul from its board of directors — exactly as a farmer would buy a piece of land he needed to add to his farm. The St. Paul directors finally refused to sell.

### *Hill Buys the Burlington*

Now, Mr. Hill had never wanted the St. Paul; he had wanted the Burlington. He differed from Mr. Morgan on this point simply because he was a railroad operator and Morgan was not; and the logic of his railroad property demanded the Burlington. There was a second necessity for his railroad, equally as urgent as an outlet to Chicago — the necessity of economical operation.

The great drift of freight in the United States is from west to east; two loaded cars come east to one that goes back west. And every unloaded car that passes over a railway represents a dead loss. Naturally, the effort of the American railway operator is to secure the west-bound traffic. Hill was fighting with all the rest to get more than his share; and naturally, when it came to buying railroads to the east, he planned to get the greatest west-bound traffic that his great sources of money would buy. He did not want the St. Paul; he wanted the Burlington road, which stretched its 8,300 miles, like a great drag-net, down the Mississippi to St. Louis, and across the rich prairies to the west as far as Denver. In the first four months of 1901 — together with Charles Steele, of J. P. Morgan & Co.— he bought the Burlington road for the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

Burlington stock was quoted at about 165 at the time; it was closely held, and very little was for sale on the open market. Hill and Morgan offered, through the directors, $200 a share in four-per-cent bonds — a trade that



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# THE MERRY CHRISTMAS OF GIOVANNA

BY

AMANDA MATHEWS

AUTHOR OF "THE HEART OF AN ORPHAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

*MOTHER of my thankful heart,—*

Yesterday was Thanksgiving and the Principal said in chapel for us to count our bennyfits up to God. That was easy like anything because when he gave you to me seems like he said "Giovanna, here is all your bennyfits in one package."

Our school turkey was big as a little ash barrel and the dinner so many courses it was like a week of meals tied together.

I fell awake in the middle of Thankful Night and first believed me to be back in the sylum for the many girls in white nightys. But when I saw those nightys all embroidery and my shiny bed of brass and one girl to toast marshmallows on the steam heat I knew the difference and was



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"DOLLY'S GRAND IDEA WAS FOR THE EGGSLOOSIFS TO GIVE THE ORFUNS OF THE SYLUM A CHRISTMAS LIKE THEY NEVER DREAMED COULD BE IN THIS WORLD"

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"THE PRINCIPAL GAVE OUT THE PRIZES WITH MANY CHEERS FROM ALL"

lives far in the geography and she went to Dolly's tree not to notice homesick aches in her soul like she got simptums.

Dolly invited me so hard she most got mad on me not to go but I never could for lonesome. Here I have no lonesome but glad instead because you said in your preciousest letter of all that this Eve I could know you were writing to me. Last Christmas I was mixed with many orfuns but felt like sollytude. This Christmas I got such company as nobody ever had that together we write to each other. Last Christmas at the sylum I received a work basket with two spools and thimbel but no surprise for they were all on the maytrun's bed when I swept her room and no names just any basket to whatever orfun. The maytrun named me ungrateful to cry but Mother how could Christmas be glad when my surprise was lost?

I usto not think so much of Santa Claus as some to treat richness all times better than poorness but I learned off a kid on our doorstep at the tennyment that there isn't any. So its no fair to blame a person who never was anybody and I believe a really truly Santa Claus would act like his photograf looks and not forget the stockings of poorness——

The *s* of poorness has the long tale because in that minute the maid knocked with a bundle for me. This is my thoughts to open that box. O! O! O! O! O! O! O! To think you put in prettys for me to give to all the names in my



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"LIZZIE STEPT CLOSE TILL UNCLE JOHN SAID, 'WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?'"

One orfun said to her Eggsloosif "I thank you but keep this dress to your own self because you look worse poor than me." And the father of that Eggsloosif is a 1oooooooair.

Mine which was her of big mouth and little sense all times touched the red silk with her finger and repeated "My red dress, my red dress" like my watch ticks and I was glad to see her love it that hard.

Dolly's Lizzie turned not pretty but so Dolly named her quaint and said that was more distinggay. Lizzie asked "Will my new Mama like me better in this dress?" And Dolly kissed her and pinned a card on her "Merry Christmas to dear Aunt Winnyfred and Uncle John from Dolly." But Lizzie never saw Dolly wring her hands to me on the quiet to show what scares she got on herself.

Mother when all was finished the orfuns made immitashun Eggsloosifs like the Eggsloosifs made immitashun orfuns — I guess because the Eggsloosifs in dress of poorness acted like fixed grand for a party and the orfuns could not forget so quick their scroocht down feelings even in dress of richness.

Next was the turkey dinner with the orfuns in the chairs and the Eggsloosifs to act like maids. All their swallows could work fine and they were very satisfied except Lizzie teased to sit between her Mama and Papa but Dolly told her they were not yet come.

After turkey dinner all went to the big hall of the Christmas tree and there stayed the parents and relayshuns and whichevers. Dolly looked so pityfull for her feelings on Lizzie a kind old man thought she was a jenuine and tried to



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give her a dollar in her hand but she explaned no thank you.

The janitor played he was Santa Claus and passed the presents and O the joy and surprise of those orfuns most paralized them. I gave mine a doll because her sense is younger than she is and it seemed as if she couldn't hug it enough and I was glad.

But poor little Lizzie looked like weeps and said to Dolly "Where is my Mama and Papa like you promised?" My chum led her pretty near to her Uncle and Aunt where they sat and whispered to Lizzie which they were and ran to hide behind the tree. Lizzie stept close and close till Uncle John said "Whose little girl are you?" and she answered "I am yours, Papa," and the surprise that Uncle had on him was wonderful. Aunt Winnyfred spoke "What nonsents! Run to your Mama, child," but she answered "You are my Mama."

Uncle John looked on her card and exclaimed "O that Dolly!" Aunt Winnyfred explaned to Lizzie how she did not want a little girl and all was mistake.

Lizzie got that kind of disapoint which hurts so bad you don't cry the first minute and they thought she was satisfied but she fell herself down on the floor and her grief and woe were dreadfull and she all times talked in her cry "O my Papa don't want me! O my Mama don't want me!"

Dolly ran to comfort her but she would take no comfort. Aunt Winnyfred stood up and spoke, "Let us go! this is very painful! Dolly you must be punished!" But Uncle John answered "Why not take her along and look her over? Anyway she said first she was mine." Aunt Winnyfred talked back "Just because you sat on that side so she came first to you." So Uncle John carried her but Aunt Winnyfred held her hand.

The little candle is most gone and so is my first merry Christmas but I got plenty of merryness this time to catch up on all I missed before.

O Mother what a long chain you started by your goodness to me. The Eggsloosifs tied some more to that chain by this wonderful surprise on the sylum; Aunt Winnyfred and Uncle John made another piece to adopt Lizzie. And I never did a thing to make it longer but perhaps I can some day. That is my wish.

I have just one more minute to say Merry Christmas so with that I will stop my letter. Merry Christmas, Mother! Merry Christmas, orfuns! Merry Christmas, Eggsloosifs! Merry Christmas, all the people in the big world! Merry Christmas, dear God up in heaven!

Giovanna.

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"'WHAT IS THIS?' DEMANDED MISS GREGORY"

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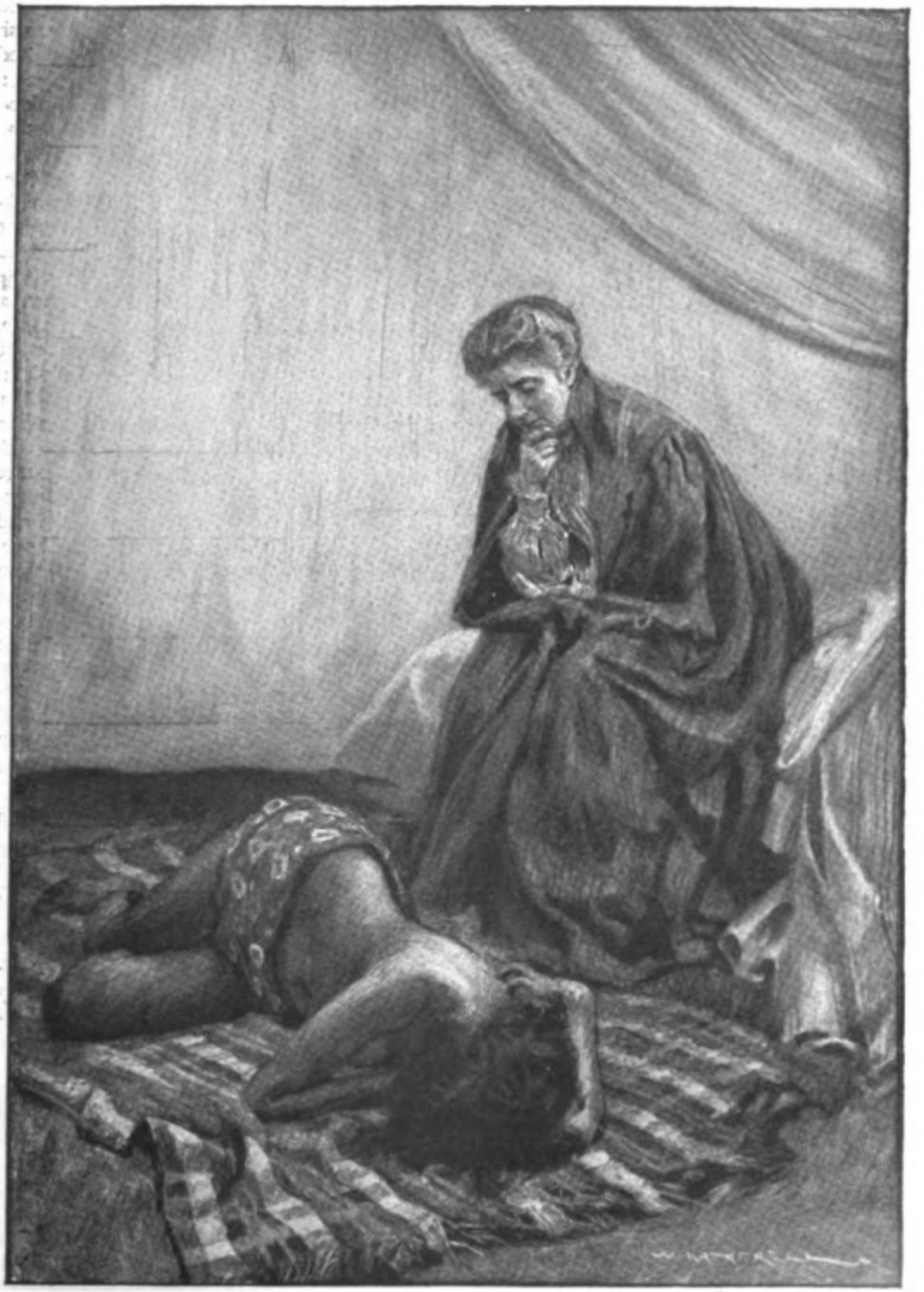

"MISS GREGORY, SITTING ON HER BED, SURVEYED HER WITH FROWNING SPECULATION"

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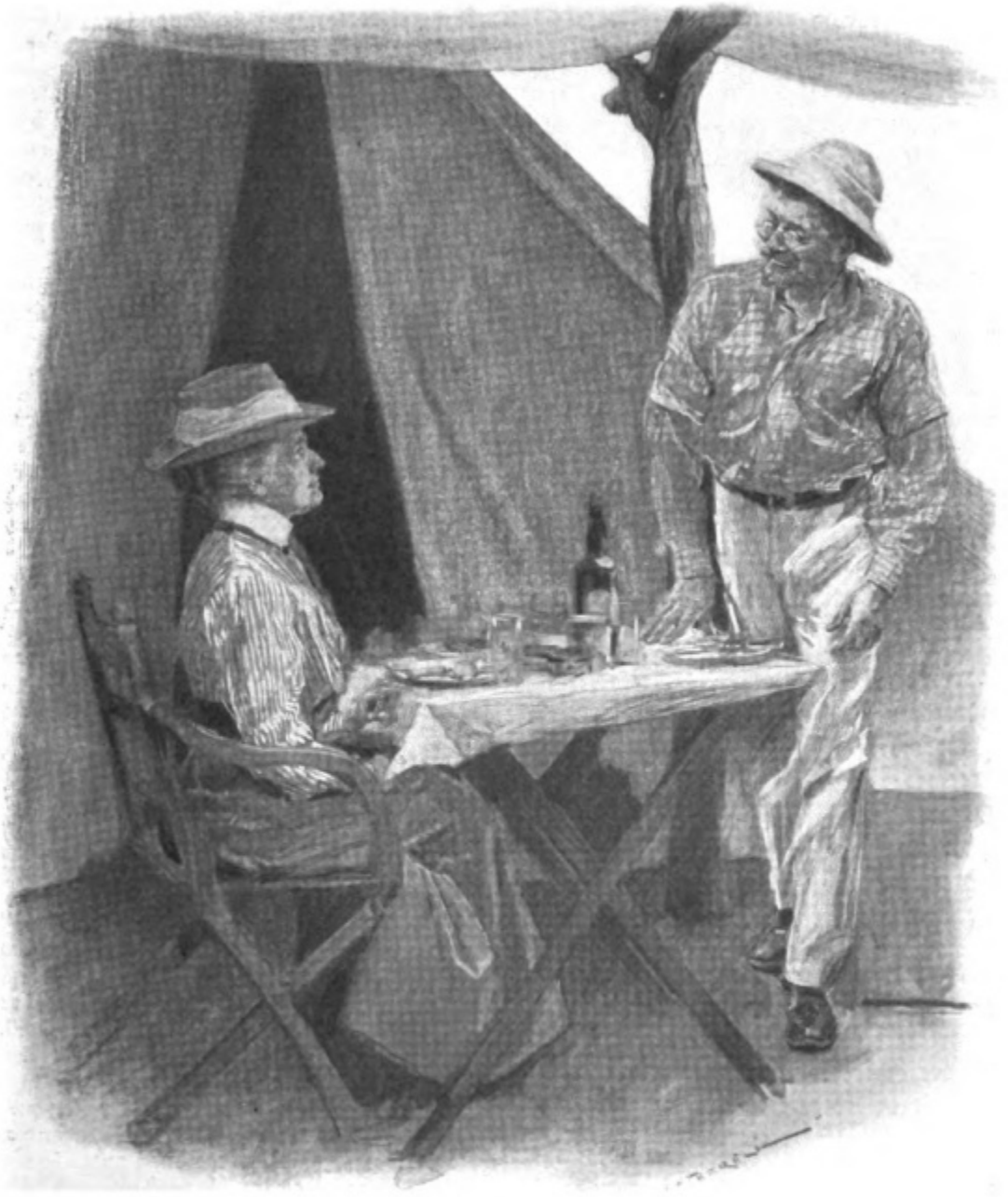

"HE LAUGHED OUTRIGHT, AND ROSE FROM THE TABLE"

her voice; they knew the ring of decision. "If she's fit to travel, I'll take her with me at once. And if not ——"

Silly Smith dropped from his smiling reverie.

"Ah! And if not?" he inquired.

"Perhaps, in that case, you'd better move your camp beyond the reach of — er — trouble," suggested Miss Gregory.

His eye met hers, and for the moment his gaze was steady and full of calculation. It was as if a light had been flashed upon him and removed; that instant's illumination showed a fell power under the man's mask of manner. It lasted only while one might draw breath; then he smiled sheepishly again.

"Oh, I don't think I want to shift, you know," he answered.

Miss Gregory nodded; she was his equal in resolution. She turned from him and stooped to the woman. At the touch of her hands, the



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"SILLY SMITH WRITHED IN RESPONSE TO A SICKENING KICK"

He spoke shortly to Lazaro in the native tongue, pointing at Miss Gregory, and then strode over the grass toward her tent. At the wave of his hand, his Kaffirs flocked after him. Miss Gregory made to go, too; but Lazaro, dancing in front of her in a nervous agony, stopped her with outspread arms.

"Missis, Missis!" he cried beseechingly. "Please — *please* to stop still. Meester Seely Smith say I mus' make you. Please — please to stop still!"

"Let me pass at once," commanded Miss Gregory.

Smith was at her tent door, and she pushed Lazaro from her. But he, with a last appeal to her to "*please* stop still," laid hold of her jacket and hauled her back. She turned on him, flaming; but he only shut his terrified eyes and hung



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*Courtesy of Funk & Wagnalls*

DISRAELI IN 1852

*From a painting by Sir Francis Grant, P. R. A.*

was fortunate in finding a patron like Lord Derby, all-powerful with the Tory and Protectionist party, and at the same time not unjustly nicknamed "the Jockey," with a good deal of the turfite in his character, and, though supposed to be a paragon of high principle, not too scrupulous to take a leap in the dark with the highest interests of the nation, if thereby he could dish the Whigs, of whom, at the time of the Reform Bill, he had been about the most violent. He was doubly fortunate in the sudden death of Bentinck, who was ferociously sincere and would never have consented to the second part of his friend's game, jettison of Protection. He was fortunate, again, in having on the throne no longer Prince Albert, who abhorred him, but Prince Albert's widow, highly receptive of the flattery which, to use what was reported as his own expression, he laid on with a trowel.

His cleverness nobody denies. It was shown by leading the gentlemen of England out of the path of honour. But his whole course was one of manoeuvring with a selfish aim. Long as was his career, not one good measure of importance bears his name. Nor in his speeches is there anything high or noble, anything that can be



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quoted for its sentiment, anything that shows genius, unless it be the genius of the literary stabber. His elaborate oration on India at the time of the Mutiny, which I heard, was very heavy, and thinned the House. His vindictiveness was truly Oriental. In his Life of Lord George Bentinck he still gloats over the recollection of Peel rising "confused and suffering" from his attacks, as he fancied, though it was really pain at the rupture of the tie with party and friends, about which Peel's feeling was intense. The passage is interesting, read in comparison with Peel's scrupulous delicacy in respecting the confidential letter suing for place.

### *Disraeli Slanders Goldwin Smith in His Novel "Lothair"*

It may have been partly by suspicion of my possession of an unpleasant secret that Disraeli was moved to follow me across the Atlantic and try, as he did in "Lothair," to brand me as "a social sycophant." His knowledge of my social character was not great, for I had only once met him in society. His allusion to the "Oxford professor" who was going to the United States was as transparent as if he had used my name. Had I been in England, where my character was known, I should have let the attack pass; but I was in a strange country, where, made by a man of note, the attack was likely to tell. I therefore gave Disraeli the lie, and neither he nor any of his organs ever ventured to repeat the calumny. Surely nothing can be more dastardly than an attack on character under cover of a pseudonym. However false and malicious the slander may be, the person attacked cannot repel it without seeming to recognise its aptitude.

*Courtesy of Funk & Wagnalls*

FROM A WATER COLOR OF DISRAELI BY A. E. CHALON

In "Popanilla" will be found clear proof that Disraeli was not a Protectionist, but a satirist of Protection. He took to Protection for the purpose of his conspiracy against Peel, with the intention of throwing it over, as he did, when his object had been gained. This programme he could not have carried out if Lord George Bentinck had lived, instead of being removed, as he was, just at the right moment, by a sudden death. Bentinck was an honest fanatic, and would never have allowed Disraeli to turn him round for the purpose of the game. In Bentinck, who had the character and confidence of the land-owning gentry, which Disraeli lacked, was found the exact tool required by Disraeli. The charge against Peel of having "murdered" Canning, which Disraeli in his Life of Bentinck has carefully credited to his "friend," was Disraeli's own invention and infused by him into his dupe. Bentinck had been Canning's private secretary. It was not likely that he would have followed Peel all those years if he had believed him to be the betrayer of Canning, and had he been himself devoted to Canning, as Disraeli pretends, though Greville scouts the idea.

At the time when Peel declared for free trade, dire distress prevailed. Tens of thousands of workingmen were out of employment. Grass was being boiled for food. Wedding-rings were being pawned by the hundred. In Ireland a terrible famine impended. Yet this Semite, who had shown that he saw and ridiculed the fallacy of Protection, as he continued when Protectionism had served his turn to do, could for his own revenge and advancement coolly play the

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Protectionist game.

The Conservatives who had stuck to Peel through the Corn Law conflict, and though few in number were the brains of the party, included Graham, Lord Aberdeen, Gladstone, the Duke of Newcastle, Dalhousie, Cardwell, Sidney Herbert, and Canning. Having hovered for a time between the two camps, they ultimately coalesced and finally fused with the Liberals. The six younger members of the group had been not only taken into office but personally trained by Peel, who was master of all departments and was unique in devices to provide the country with a succession of statesmen.

*Courtesy of Funk & Wagnalls*

A PORTRAIT OF DISRAELI A FEW YEARS LATER

My chief political friends of the group were the Duke of Newcastle and Edward Cardwell. The Duke had been, like me, though somewhat before me, in Coleridge's house at Eton, which I have said was a bond.

With Newcastle and Cardwell I was very intimate, passing much time and meeting interesting people in the houses of both of them. Clumber, the Duke's abode, was in itself very interesting as a great historic house still full of historic treasures, gifts, some of them gifts of Royalty to statesmen of old. Among these was a superb pair of Sèvres vases, the gift of the King of France. They had been lent to an exhibition, where one of them was swept in a roll of cotton off a packing-table and smashed to pieces, but had been very skilfully put together again. The Duke was trying to redeem the estate encumbered by the extravagance of his predecessors, one of whom had indulged his pride by buying and tearing down a vast and sumptuous mansion in the neighbourhood, that Clumber might have no rival. But saving must have been difficult when such a household as I saw in the domestic chapel at Clumber was to be maintained. These households must have eaten deeply into the revenues of the landed aristocracy of England.

The present King,* then Prince of Wales, was at Clumber. In his honour, a banquet was given in the state dining-room, with the ancestral dessert service of gold plate, which did not seem to me very dazzling in its brilliancy. The mayors of neighbouring towns were invited. Ice to cool wine had just come into fashion. One of the mayors took it for an entrée, got it on his plate, first tried to cut it, then carried a lump of it to his mouth with a spoon. A well-trained footman, seeing the situation, whipped away the ice, but the Mayor's confidence was shaken for the rest of the feast.

### *Gladstone Described by His Friend Lord Selborne as "Morally Insane"*

My memories of Gladstone, with whom I was also very intimate, I will not dwell upon here—his almost miraculous powers of work and speech, his mastery of the art of framing great measures and carrying them through Parliament, his triumphs as a financier, his general though less unchequered merits as a statesman, his virtues, graces of character, and piety as a man. Nor need I touch upon his weaker points—his liability to self-deception and casuistry, or the violent impulsiveness and combativeness which hurried him at last into his Irish policy and made his great friend and admirer, Lord Selborne, de-

* King Edward VII. was living when this was written.

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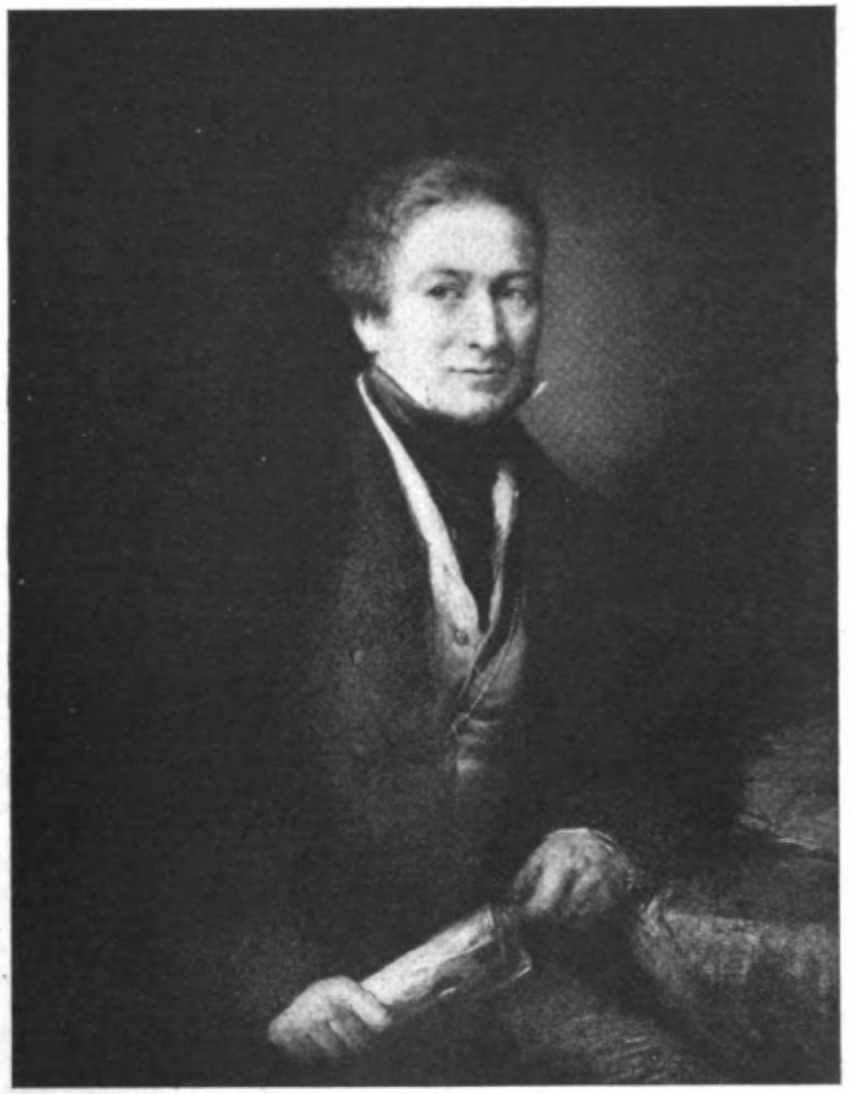

*Copyright by Walker & Cockerell*

SIR ROBERT PEEL

were high cannot be doubted. It is more doubtful whether his sense of responsibility was very strong. At a dinner-party at which I was present, he came up late from the House. He was in the best of spirits and seemed to have nothing on his mind. At last he spoke of the motion of which he had just given notice in the House. The motion, as afterwards appeared, was one which would have brought the two Houses into collision with each other, and the notice of which had been given amidst extreme excitement. When his love of power and his pugnacity were excited, it is questionable whether he thought much of anything but victory.

### *Gladstone Not a Statesman of the Highest Class*

That Gladstone was a statesman of the very highest class I should find it difficult to believe.



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I

"HULLO, Preston! don't trouble to go in."

The postman, just guiding his bicycle into the rectory drive, turned at the summons and dismounted. The Rector approached him from the road, and the postman, diving into his letter-bag and into the box of his bicycle, brought out a variety of letters and packages, which he placed in the Rector's hands.

The recipient smiled.

"My word, what a post! I say, Preston, I add to your burdens pretty considerably."

"It don't matter, sir, I'm sure," said the postman civilly. "There's not a deal of letters delivered in this village."

"No, we don't trouble pen and ink much in Upcote Minor," said the Rector; "and it's my belief that half the boys and girls that do learn to read and write at school make a point of forgetting it as soon as they can — for all practical purposes, anyway."

"Well, there's a deal of newspapers read now, sir, compared to what there was."

"Newspapers? Yes, I do see a *Reynolds'* or a *People* or two about on Sunday. Do you think anybody reads much else than the betting and the police news, eh, Preston?"

Preston looked a little vacant. His expression seemed to say, "And why should they?" The Rector, with his arms full of the post, smiled again and turned away, looking back, however, to say:

"Wife all right again?"

"Pretty near, sir; but she's had an awful bad time, and the doctor he makes her go careful."

"Quite right. Has Miss Puttenham been looking after her?"

"She's been most kind, sir, most attentive, she have," said the postman warmly, his long hatchet face breaking into animation.

"Lucky for you!" said the Rector, walking away. "When she cuts in, she's worth a regiment of doctors. Good day!"

The postman looked after him with an expression that was not only friendly, but eagerly, militantly friendly; and, with a murmured exclamation, he mounted his bicycle and rode off.

Meanwhile the Rector passed on through the gate of the rectory, pausing as he did so with a rueful look at the iron gate itself, which was off its hinges and sorely in want of a coat of new paint.

"Disgraceful!" he said to himself. "Must have a go at it to-morrow. And at the garden, too," he added, looking round him. "Never saw such a wilderness!"

He was advancing towards a small gabled house of an Early Victorian type, built about 1840 by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, on the site of an old clergy-house, of which all traces had been ruthlessly effaced. The front garden lying before it was a tangle of old and for the most part ugly trees: elms from which heavy, decayed branches had recently fallen; acacias choked by the ivy which had overgrown them; and a crowded thicket of thorns and hazels, mingled with three or four large and vigorous though very ancient yews, which seemed to have drunk up for themselves all that life from the soil which should have gone to maintain the ragged or sickly shrubbery. The trees also had gradually encroached upon the house, and darkened all the windows on the porch side. On a summer afternoon the deep shade they made was welcome enough, but on a rainy day the Rector's front garden, with its coarse grass, its few straggling rose-bushes, and



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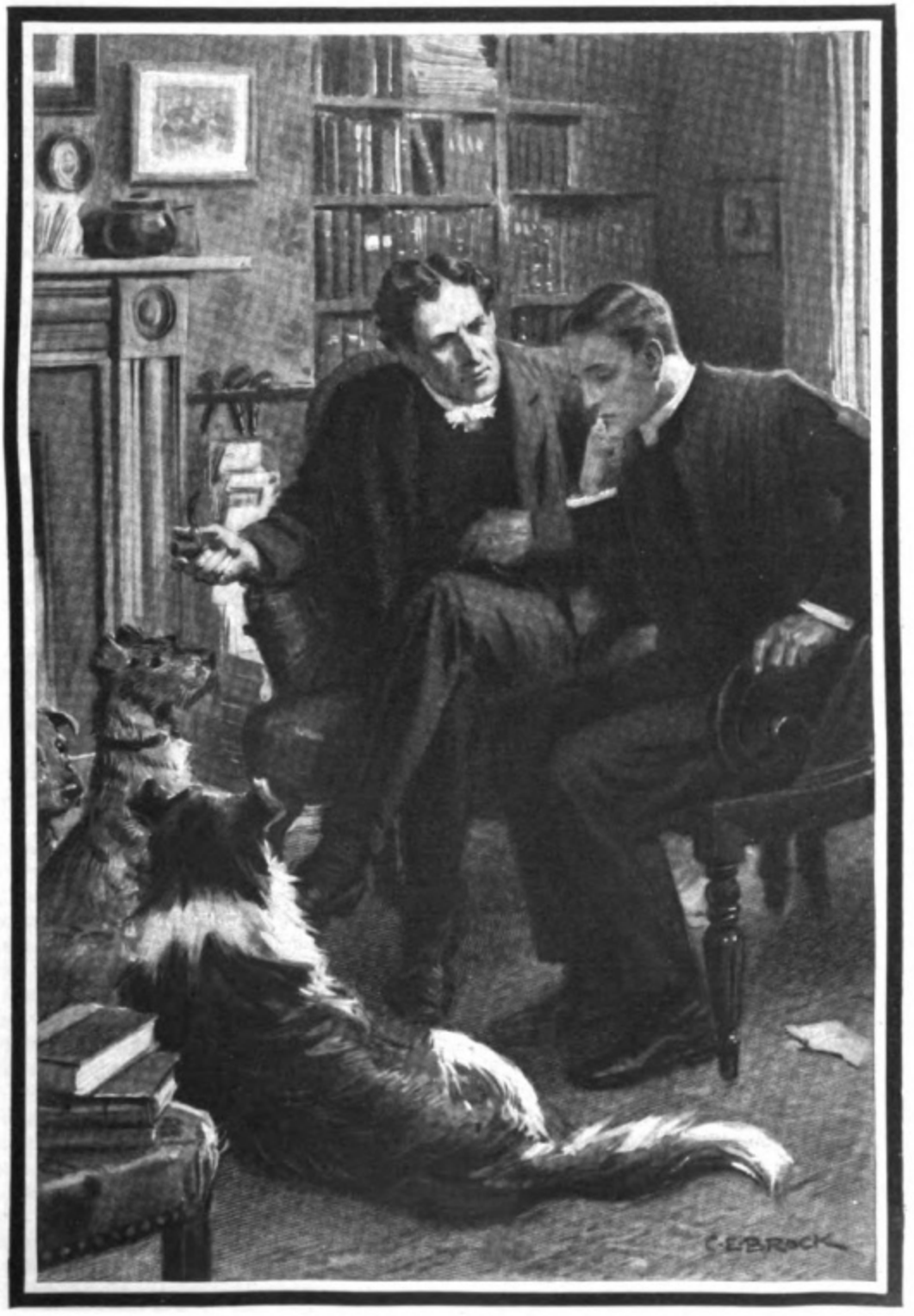


"'MY DEAR FELLOW! NO WOMAN OUGHT TO MARRY UNDER NINETEEN OR TWENTY'"

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