

it is not necessary to put on French labels, as they do on gloves, in order to sell them, one need only examine the whips offered for sale, wherever he may go, to be convinced of Westfield's pre-eminence in this respect. There are more than half a hundred factories, some of which employ three hundred and fifty workers.

In the largest one, which was also the pioneer, two million five hundred thousand whips are made annually, and, when pressed with orders, it is possible to turn out fifteen thousand in a day. Seventy-five women are kept busy in addition to all the men, but their wages do not average over seven dollars a week. An immense variety of whips is made, from the cheapest, selling at fifty cents a dozen, to the silk-covered gift whip which, with its gold and diamonds and elegantly carved ivory handle, costs a round thousand dollars.

For the making of these whips, besides the whale and the rattan jungle, the manufacturer demands "the gut of a cat, a hickory grove, a cotton plantation, the product of a flax field, mulberry-trees and silkworms, a forest of rubber-trees, the hide of the buck, fossil gum from Africa, linseed oil, iron, paint, the tusks of the elephant, the hoofs of animals, precious stones, gold, silver, and various alloys, the art of the turner and designer in metal, and many ingenious machines."

Simple as is a finished whip in appearance, its manufacture involves many processes, some of them ingenious and intricate. When the whalebone reaches the factory, it is in large slabs shaped like a dirk knife-blade. These are cut in strips with a spoke-shave, but, of course, no two strips can be alike, nor is any one of uniform thickness. All must be carefully squared, rounded, tapered, and pointed before they can form the centers of whips. This is a work of time and skill, requiring an expert workman, who accomplishes it with the aid of a hand-plane and sand-paper. If a bungler should attempt it, the result would be a "kicking whip"—that is, one that jerks in a zigzag direction when used, instead of following the straight course. In place of whalebone, the center may be made of rawhide or rattan which has also been accurately tapered and polished.

The rattan comes in large bundles, each cane being about fifteen feet long and half an inch in diameter, and covered with a hard glaze which is at once stripped off. Like the whalebone, it must be assorted as to size, length, and quality. Some of the canes are squared for centers; others are cut diagonally in two lengthwise, giving a large and small end to each, for "sidings;" while some of these are split once more, making "chinks."

The straight whip, which is pre-eminently an American product, consists of nine pieces: the square center, four sidings, and four chinks, these latter being always made of rattan. A "full-bone" whip has the whalebone center extend to the handle, but it often extends only a quarter of this distance. The nine pieces are carefully arranged, with the large ends of the sidings down, so as to form a long, tapering stick; stout hickory and an iron spike form the handle, and serve to weight it. Strong glue is necessary to hold these parts together, and its application leaves the stocks rough and gummy. A turning-lathe is used to smooth and taper them, and what it fails to do another machine called a "rounder" accomplishes. Then, to keep out dampness, they are treated to a coat of waterproof paint, and later covered with tinfoil, buckskin, or linen.

The plaiting-machine, which does the next work, is a most ingenious contrivance. The whip hangs in the center of the machine, and is made to rise slowly and regularly by weights. Twenty-four bobbins travel around the outer part of the machine in a zigzag track, twelve going one way and twelve the other, alternating in and out, thus crossing the threads and forming a plait around the whip from the small to the large end. One girl can attend to five of these machines at once—quite a contrast to the slow and laborious hand-plaiting of former days.

The whips are now once more dipped in glue, rounded, polished, and painted, till a tyro could hardly believe they were plaited. Then comes the ornamentation. The cheapest styles have plain japanned or metal caps, but

rubber makes a far better finish and is also a noiseless cushion when the whip is dropped into its socket. "Buttons," as they are called, are used for the finish of the handle in many styles. For the thread-button linen thread is glued in strips, then woven into place with the aid of a needle; while, in the ring-button, wicking is rolled around the whip, wet, and pressed.

Brass, nickel, silver, and gold are used in making mounts for the whips, and this branch of the business is quite distinct, being really that of a manufacturing jeweler, for which are required a brazing furnace and plating batteries, as well as dies and tools for all kinds of machine and hand chasing.

Now, at last, the whip is ready for the snap—apparently an insignificant thing, yet requiring the same care and skill which the other parts have received. The snaps may be plaited, as was the covering of the whip, and fastened securely to it by a loop; or they may be twisted in the same way that rope is made, and wound around the whip by hand.

At the end of all these processes the whip is finished; but as it shows some evidences of handling, it must be carefully straightened once more. It is then varnished, labeled, and packed, and may be shipped from Westfield to almost any part of the world.

When we think of the thousand styles of whips made at a single factory, and remember that from beginning to end the materials are handled a hundred and fifty times, we shall regard the whip and its manufacturers in a new light. And when we read in a society paper that "Miss Van Valkenburgh is the finest 'whip' at Newport this season," or find D'Israeli calling his coachman a "whip," we shall not quarrel with the metonymy which puts in place of the person an article so carefully and ingeniously contrived. After all, is it not the whip which gives an air to the equipage, and style to the one who handles it?



"A Lad—Dismissed"

By Mary Tappan Wright

In Six Parts—IV.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not.

—Old Song.

The cheers for Tom's flag had scarcely died away when they suddenly swelled again into loud acclamations as the men caught sight of a slight figure walking leisurely along the road from Bunker Hill, heedless of the sweeping balls.

"Warren! Warren!" yelled Tom. "Warren! Warren!" the men shouted after.

His coming seemed to put new courage into every heart. Entering the inclosure, he stood among the worn and dust-stained officers, dressed as for a festival. Colonel Prescott, who had drawn a long white linen garment, looking very much like a duster, and called a "banyan," over his uniform, immediately offered him the command, but although he had that morning received the commission of Major-General, Warren refused, saying simply that he had come to fight in the ranks as a volunteer.

In the meantime Colonel Prescott had sent the artillery with two field-pieces under Captain Knowlton to the stone and rail fence where Tom had hidden earlier in the day. Throwing up a second fence in front of the first and filling in the space between with the cut grass from the fields, Knowlton made a breastwork reaching to the Mystic, seven hundred feet in length. Against it General Howe, the British commander, was then preparing to direct his right wing in person, while General Pigot directed the British left against the redoubt where Tom was stationed.

It was partly ignorance and partly pure animal courage that enabled Tom, musket in hand, to crouch down behind the high embankment and watch coolly as the British troops, loaded with their heavy knapsacks, toiled up the hill, through the long, tangling grass, on the Charlestown side of the fortification. To husband the scanty supply of

Continental ammunition, Colonel Prescott had given orders that until the whites of the enemy's eyes could be seen not a musket was to be fired, "And then aim at their waistbands!"

On they came in careful precision, glittering in the pomp of war, magnificent in dogged, unreasoning courage, every man a tried soldier, commanded by trained and experienced officers; all that, arrayed against a little band of half-drilled militia and backwoods farmers, led by a few old soldiers, who of late years had been more familiar with acres of corn than with fields of battle.

Steadily the British mounted the hill, hampered at every step by the long, uncut grass, and keeping up a random fire as they advanced.

Silently, but in almost ungovernable excitement, the Americans waited behind their apparently deserted intrenchments.

Crack! Without a word of warning, the young lieutenant who had abetted Tom in the matter of the flag, snatched the musket from the boy's hands, and, after firing it at the enemy, gave it back. Hastily reloading, Tom was preparing to follow his example and repeat the shot, when his gun suddenly flew up in his face, kicked up by an officer who ran around the top of the redoubt, heedless of the fire of the enemy.

"Wait until you see the whites of their eyes!" Colonel Prescott angrily remonstrated; and General Putnam, who had come down from Bunker Hill, threatened, amid a volley of oaths, to cut down the first man that disobeyed. It was horrible to wait thus with the bullets whizzing over them and the British showing nearer at every clearing of the smoke. Tom watched a tall grenadier in the front rank; he could see the gold lace on his uniform; he could see the bright buttons on his coat, and the flash of his grinding teeth as he lifted his musket to aim.

He could see the whites of his eyes! Tom felt as if he were choking.

"Fire!"

A sheet of flame and a blare of noise burst from the dumb redoubt. The smoke cleared; they were still coming on—but the tall grenadier was not with them.

Tom raised himself on his hands and knees to the top of the redoubt, and stared in search of the stalwart figure, his eyes big with horror. "Boy, do you want to make a target of yourself?" cried Peter Brown, pulling him down. "Load, load! they will be on us in a minute."

In a frenzy of haste Tom found himself reloading, but the choking in his throat was strangling him; his eyes grew dim, things grew black about him, and his hand trembled.

Another volley from the redoubt; the enemy went down in rows; men, live men, falling like corn-stalks before the sickle. It was horrible; and yet the survivors advanced over them, undeviating.

Another volley—the British wavered. Another—they turned and fled, leaving their dead behind them; and Tom, crying convulsively, threw himself face downward in the fresh-turned earth.

"Are you afraid?" some one touched him on the shoulder.

"No," said Tom, shuddering; "but they are all dead out there, and I—myself—shot—" He buried his face more deeply in his hands.

"Did I not tell you that shooting straight meant something?"

Tom glanced upward; General Warren was bending over him.

"But I did not shoot straight! I fired at his arm, and I was so sure of my aim!" he groaned.

"Is this filling a man's place?" asked Warren, severely. "Get up!"

Tom staggered to his feet. "I am not afraid," he protested; but as he spoke a strong shudder passed over him, and he turned an ashen color. Warren looked him keenly in the eyes; he returned the gaze without flinching.

"No," said Warren, "you are not afraid, but the boy's nerves have betrayed you. There is no going back now. You have chosen a man's place—you must play a man's part, and do it well!"

The firm compulsion of his voice steadied Tom; he took up his musket and returned to his post.

On every side the officers were driving the men back to their defenses; for, wild with what they imagined to be a final victory, many had leaped the intrenchments in pursuit of the British, who outnumbered the Continentals at this period of the fight about three to one.

Hot, red, wiping the grimy sweat of battle from their streaming brows, whereon the heavy hair lay wet and matted in plastered streaks, the men gathered panting in the dusty, trampled area of the redoubt, and, taking the ammunition dealt out to them, waited at their posts for what should come next.

There was no time to be lost, as the enemy were rallying for a second attack. They had brought their artillery to within nearly three hundred yards of the rail fence, and under cover of its fire were advancing on the Americans in their previous order.

From the corner where he had taken his stand, Tom saw them start.

"Look at the town!" he cried. "They have fired it in three places!" But as he spoke, the smoke dropped downward and hid the curling flames from view; it rolled up the hill in one rounding billow that seemed to reach the zenith, choking and blinding him with its arid heat, and spreading out over the sky until the diminishing sun shone through it without rays, round and angry, colored like blood.

"They will rush up the hill under cover of this, and try to take us by storm," said Peter Brown, and a horror came down upon Tom. He could scarcely see the other side of the redoubt. All about him the men were coughing and gasping in the stifling atmosphere, and the murk surrounding them was full of death—murderous balls flying, singing a greeting as they crossed each other on their way to destroy. Tom tried to grapple the ground with his feet; he held his gun in the grip of a vise, standing as if turned to bronze. He dared not stir; he dared not even move an eyelid lest it break down his self-control and leave him a prey to overwhelming terror.

"The nerve of a man!" he groaned. "*Give me the nerve of a man!*"

The smoke thickened. Tom could hear Peter Brown's quick, sharp breathing next him; it possessed a contagion of terror.

A hand stole along his arm, gently, for any sudden pressure would have finally wrecked his self-command, and Warren's voice spoke clearly in his ear: "Stand as if the whole fate of the day depended upon you alone; one coward may give us all over to disgrace!"

"*O for the nerve of a man!*" prayed Tom; and then, for the first time that day, came a strong breeze, a breeze from the west, and the reek and smoke of the burning town blew away, far, far out to sea. Tom looked about for General Warren. He was in another part of the redoubt, cheering and encouraging the men.

Firing as they advanced, up the hill again the British were toiling—slipping in the warm, bloody grass, stumbling over the dead as if they had been logs of wood, while the men in the redoubt waited as before—waited until every bullet was sure of its mark before they poured their leaden hail upon the enemy.

Long lines of them fell; here officers were left standing without a man to command; there men hesitated, dismayed at the wholesale destruction of their leaders. The deadly fire of those merciless "country bumpkins," fighting in their shirt-sleeves for their own land, began to carry with it an individuality of terror; each man felt himself the mark of a pair of keen eyes glancing with certain aim along the murderous barrel of the musket. Their confidence was broken. For the second time they broke, and fled in disorder to the shore, where, for a space, the surviving officers tried in vain to rally them.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon; all the roofs in Boston were black with people, and the hills around were covered with spectators who had been standing under the bare blue skies the livelong day, watching this one spot, rolling with smoke, shot with dull red streaks from

crackling musketry, and reverberating with the hoarse roar of artillery.

The third attack was a long time coming, and gave the Americans ample leisure to look their situation in the face.

Tom, worn out, hungry, and hollow-eyed, stretched himself on the board along the highest of the tier of steps just below the top of the parapet. The powder was being distributed in another part of the inclosure, and Brown, pitying the boy's exhaustion, had gone to get the supply for both. He had been very kind to Tom throughout the day, sharing the scanty loaf of bread which was all that remained at noon of his rations, and allowing him to drink of the meager supply of beer which came over at about two o'clock from Cambridge; but now, as he tendered him his ammunition, Tom looked in amazement at the small iron cup containing a few grains of powder and two or three bullets. "Is that all?" cried Tom. "Why, there is hardly enough for three rounds!"

"It is all there is," said Brown. "See, I have no more myself. They tore up the last artillery cartridges to get this."

Tom thought a moment, and then, climbing down, began to gather the stones that lay thick in the inclosure, and, bringing them up, piled them in a heap at his feet.



Sunday Afternoon

The Forgiveness of Sins

By the Rev. Frederick Palmer¹

I believe in the forgiveness of sins.—*The Apostles' Creed.*

That is what we say in our Creed every Sunday. We suppose as a matter of course that we believe it. Perhaps we do believe it. But perhaps, when there comes the strain of a great need and we want to lean hard on it, we find that, like other articles of belief which are taken as matters of course, it gives way under us and we are left standing aghast, wondering whether there is such a thing as forgiveness, painfully trying to see what it is and whether, after all, we really do believe in it. For now we see there are times when forgiveness is the only key to unlock the approaches to our fellow-men; and that unless we can understand something of the mysteries of forgiveness the life of Christ must be an utter puzzle to us. And so the matter-of-course article of belief grows in preciousness, like a common stone which we have discovered is a jewel in the rough, and we examine it with a new interest. A part of our interest is from our desire to know how to meet our fellow-men who have trespassed against us or against whom we have trespassed, and another part is our desire to understand Christ—his influence over men and his power of making us at one with our heavenly Father.

At-one-ness—that is the first thing, the great thing we want when intimate friendly relations have been broken—that familiar consciousness of being at one again. You go on day after day in happy union with some dear friend, and suddenly a great chasm of offense breaks in between you. How wistfully you look across its apparently hopeless permanence, and long for five minutes of that old sweet time, so near and yet so infinitely remote, when a complete unconsciousness of your mutual relations bore witness to their loving intimacy! You long to get back to being at one again. Is there no process of at-one-ment?

If you have been the person most sinned against, it is likely that you will be misled into thinking you have nothing to do, but that the offender must make all right between you. If, however, you look more deeply and truly, you will see that you, for your part, must be willing to give up something, and you will perhaps mistake at first what this something is. You will say to your brother who has sinned against you and is longing to be forgiven and restored, "I have, it is true, the power to inflict some penalty on you for what you have done. I may legally

arrest you or fine or imprison you. I will not, however, inflict the penalty. You shall go free. But I will take good care that you shall never have a second chance to cheat me. I shall never trust you again."

Would that be forgiveness? Would that be what the longing heart of your penitent brother wants? Would he not say: "Inflict the severest penalty on me the law allows. I shall feel a satisfaction even in every stroke if only I can be sure that the barrier which this sin of mine built up between you and me is broken down; sure that you have given up your right to put me away from you, and have taken me back to your trust and your love again"? Would not the infliction of the penalty be a matter of little importance, of no importance, to a really noble nature weighed down with a sense of its sin?

Often we make a grave mistake here. We suppose that forgiveness means remission of the penalty, and that the bearing of the penalty makes full atonement for the sin. If you should say to a man who has stolen from you, "Yes, I forgive you, but I shall prosecute and imprison you," would he not be apt to think your action contradicted your words? And yet your forgiveness might be quite real. You have given up the attitude of alienation from him you were compelled into, and are now working lovingly for him and with him; and yet you judge it best for the community, best for him, too, that he should taste the full fruits of his sin and pay the legal penalty. That may be the truest forgiveness. In case of a crime in which the community is concerned that is generally the best course. The reason why we feel obliged to remit the penalty is because forgiveness is so difficult that we are often justly suspected of not really forgiving, and so we must remit the penalty to prove our sincerity. And it is by no means the case, as we sometimes carelessly suppose, that bearing the penalty is all that is needed to restore the offender; that a man can buy a sin as he does a house. He must be willing to pay the price—the legal penalty; but when once that is paid all is again as it was before. What a rightful indignation we feel when the absconded cashier coolly proposes to restore what he has stolen and pay the legal expenses, and then have everything go on just as it formerly did! No; the penalty, whether borne or remitted, has really little to do with the forgiveness of the sin.

If I am to forgive, I must be willing to give up something; that we have found. But what is that something? That question has a barbarous answer and a Christian answer. Among barbarous men, whether they lived in former times or are living now, I may lawfully inflict on my enemy the same pain he has inflicted on me: "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And if I am at heart a barbarian, I shall feel this infliction of pain on my enemy to be so keen a delight that I shall not be willing to forego it, unless I am bought off with some equivalent. The dragging of the dead body of Hector around the walls of Troy is to Achilles a precious part of his triumph. The giving up, then, of this personal delight in witnessing another's pain is the barbarous conception of forgiveness, if barbarism can be said to know forgiveness at all. And barbarism has succeeded at times in putting its dark conception into many of the doctrines of theology; and so men have pictured God's forgiveness as consisting in his reluctantly consenting not to inflict infinite torment on his children because Christ allowed infinite pain to be inflicted on him. All theories of the Atonement which make Christ's sufferings a satisfaction to an angry God are barbarous, and would be blasphemous if those holding them were conscious of their enormity.

That is barbarism's answer to our question. And then there is Christ's answer. See what he gave as he forgave. Take that most wonderful case, where the outcast woman utters no word of penitence, and yet, because Jesus saw the soul's ability to be forgiven, he crowns her with the crown of a full forgiveness: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." How precious those uplifting words must have been to her for ever after! Must she not have felt in them that here was one who saw a degradation, a horror, in her sin such as she had never seen in it? And yet, in the midst of this, must she not have felt

¹ Andover, Mass.