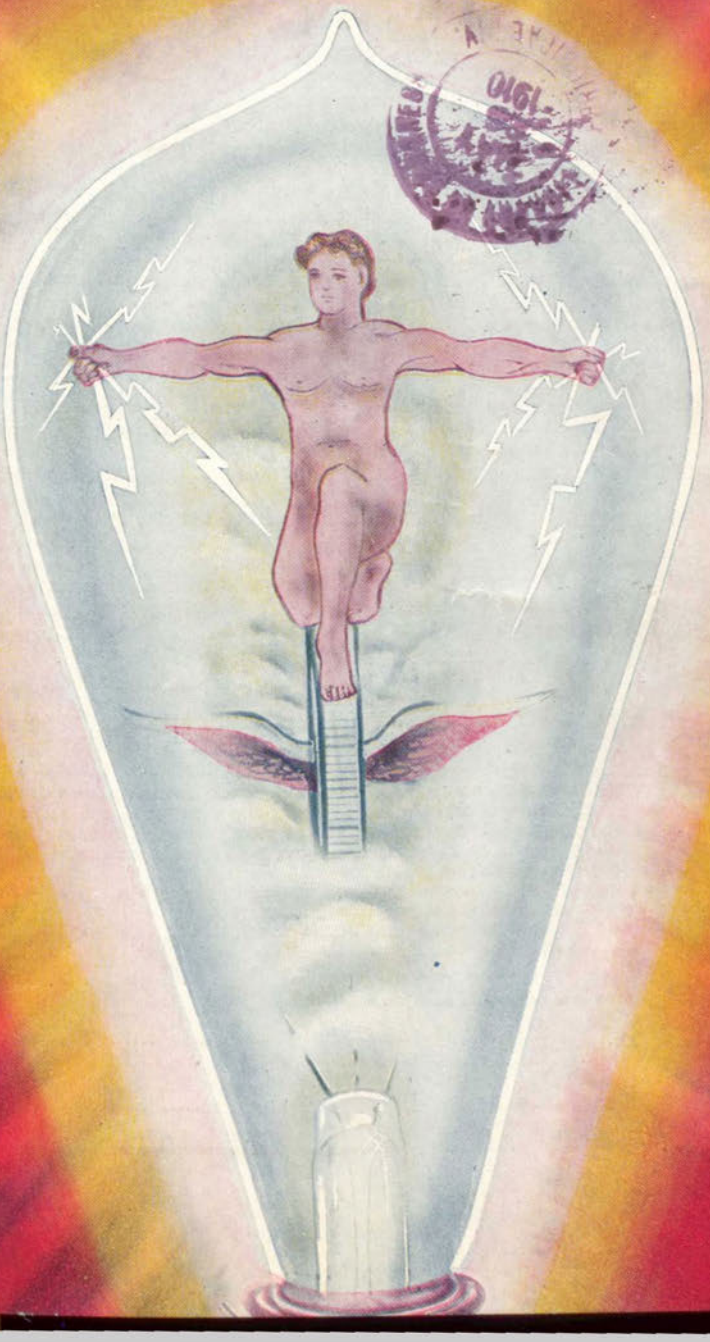
E WONDERS OF MODERN ELECTRICITY-In This Numb

THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

MAY PRICE TEN CENTS 1910



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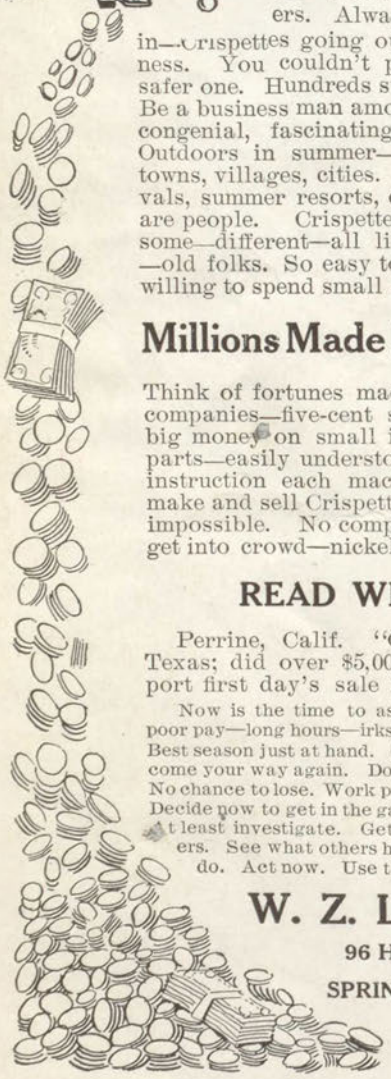

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Name.....

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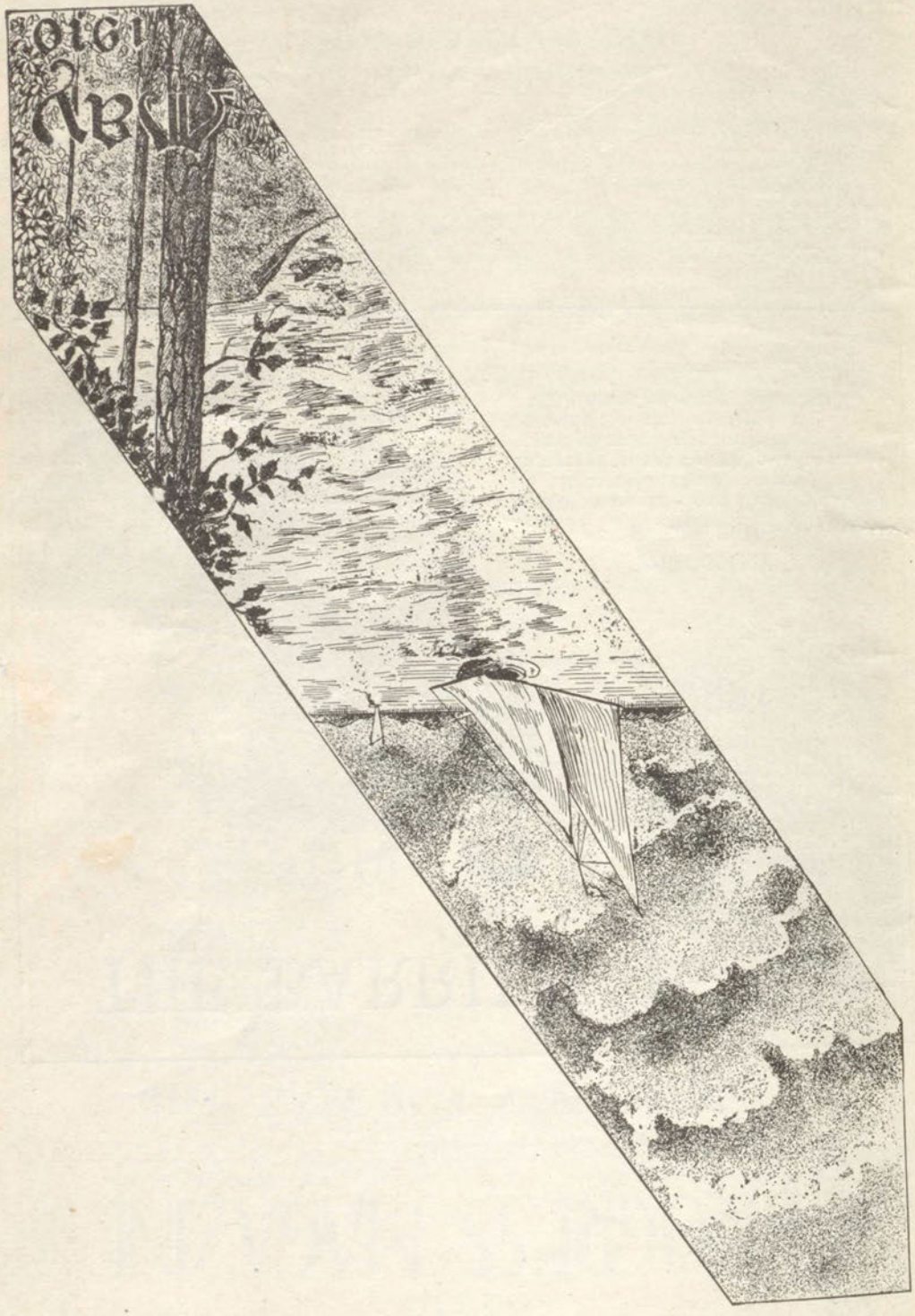
OLGI

THE BARRIER

PHILOSOPHY

By Edgar S. Nye

NOW cease to cloud the Present with
Presentiments of sorrow;
Enjoy the sunshine while it's here,
And do not strive to borrow,
To taint the glories of to-day
With woes of some to-morrow.

THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON, Editor — *WILLIAM F. SCHRAMM, Managing Editor*

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1910

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

Subscription price, $1.00 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Panama, United States Postal Agency at Shanghai, China. Canadian postage, 36 cents a year extra. Postage to any country not included in above classification, 72 cents a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents. On sale at all first class news-stands.

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Entered as second class matter, May 24, 1909, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Published on the 25th of each month preceding date of issue by

THE PROGRESS COMPANY

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON, President
H. E. WALRATH, Secretary
BURTON D. KNICKERBOCKER, Vice-President
EDWARD E. BEALS, Treasurer and Manager

504-558 Rand-McNally Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE
PROGRESS
MAGAZINE

VOL X MAY NO 3.

AN IDEAL SYSTEM of THOUGHT

By

CHRISTIAN D. LARSON

THE present age demands a new system of thought. Modern systems do not satisfy. Their explanations of the great principles of life are inadequate, and they do not tend to promote the progress and welfare of the race. Instead, they actually retard that progress in many instances, and what advancement is being made today, is being made, not by following recognized beliefs,

but by breaking loose from them. But progress made through the periodical breaking loose from system and order is not satisfactory. And to this fact conditions about us testify in no uncertain language.

We must have a new system of thought, and we want that system to be ideal; that is, it must be so constituted that it will naturally serve the growing demands of human life; and it must be so formulated that it will not only tend to enlarge the mind of the race, but also tend to enlarge itself.

All systems of thought in the past have had a tendency to ossify. Though they might have aroused new thought in the race when they first appeared, they did not continue to serve in that manner. After the novelty of the thing had passed away, the thing itself began to move in a circle, thus becoming more and more mechanical, and tending more and more towards the prosaic sameness of its predecessors. Later, parts of the system came to a standstill; then ossification set in, and the further advancement of the mind could be secured only by breaking loose from the system altogether.

The new system, to be ideal, must be guaranteed against ossification. It must have that something within it that invariably moves outward and onward into the greater and the better. It must be absolutely free from the contractive element and must be literally alive with the expansive element. Above all, it must be made to grow, not simply for a while, but continually. One of the greatest obstacles to human welfare is found in the tendency of all systems of thought to come to a standstill. Health, happiness and well-being is found only in growth; and progress in all things is the only assurance of freedom in all things.

We want neither conservatism nor radicalism; but calm, continuous research along all lines. We want a system of thought, the principles and ideas of which can stand upon their own merit, and which will be accepted gladly by all who are free to think. Such a system would claim that truth, when it is truth, needs neither defense nor proselytism; and it would positively emphasize the fact that an opinion which a reasoning mind will not accept without force cannot be truth.

Before we attempt, however, to outline an ideal system of thought, we may well ask if any system is required. Do we actually need systems of thought? Might not the purpose of life be promoted with more satisfaction if each mind was left free to follow its own mode of thinking?

In the first place, every man who is free to think has already a system of thought. It may be altogether his own, or it may be more or less similar to that of others; but it is a system, because if a man thinks systematically and according to the law of order—and he must

to think the truth—the ideas conceived will invariably arrange themselves into a system. And in the second place, the universe is based upon system; every part of it is organized; therefore, to proceed intelligently with a view of understanding more and more of the universe we must follow system in our thinking.

There is a vast difference, however, between systematic thinking and the mere acceptance of a system of beliefs. Therefore, an ideal system of thought would not ask anyone to accept certain beliefs, but would proceed to prove that the greatest measure of truth could be secured by thinking in accord with certain definite principles. In brief, an ideal system of thought would make it possible for all minds to believe more, or rather, to know more, because its very nature would promote an orderly enlargement of consciousness and mind.

Recognizing the fact that man must apply system in his thinking, and that system in thinking invariably leads to some system of thought, we may proceed to inquire into the nature of a system that would insure orderly action of mind without endangering sameness or stagnation. Or, in other words, what would necessarily be the nature of a system of thought that would be systematic in all things and progressive at all times?

To begin, we must ask what the nature of man requires. Systems of thought are for man. Common sense will not form a creed and compel man to accept it; no, it will first inquire into the needs of man, and having found those needs will proceed to find ways and means, both in thinking and in living, through which those needs may be supplied.

The first and most important need in human nature is growth—continuous advancement along all lines. And all other needs will be found to proceed directly or indirectly from this one first need. An ideal system of thought, therefore, would first aim to promote this continuous advancement. But nothing can promote continuous advancement that does not in itself advance continuously. For this reason, our ideal system must be naturally progressive, and its chief purpose must not be to say that "this is truth," but to say that "this is the way to more truth."

A system whose chief purpose was to find more truth, and whose ruling conviction was that we know truth only as we advance into more truth, would naturally become progressive. It could never come to a standstill, therefore, nor ossify, because every new truth found would invariably increase the desire to search further. And it would never contract itself into a state of sameness, because its very life and action would tend to branch out, to develop variety, to reach forth in every direction for that which it aimed to secure.

In addition to being progressive,

such a system should also be universal in its recognition; that is, it should recognize all states of existence as legitimate fields of research, and should proceed upon the principle that every belief, however absurd it may seem to be, contains enough truth to deserve thorough examination.

It is impossible to think without thinking truth in a measure; and since all truth is worth knowing, every mode of thinking should be examined with a view of finding its hidden truth. Then that mode of thinking should be improved, as far as possible, so that in the future it might embrace more truth. In fact, all thinking should be acted upon in the same way. Our new system would begin by recognizing the fact that all beliefs have some merit, and that all thinking aims, consciously or unconsciously, to realize the truth.

With this as a point of initial action it would proceed to increase the merit of every belief and help all thinking to realize more truth by proving, first, that every system of thought which declares its own ideas to be the truth has ceased to search for truth, and therefore is no longer alive; and, second, that every system of truth, to be true to the truth, must point the way to more truth instead of claiming to possess truth.

These two facts can be proven, and all that is necessary is to ask the mind which is free to think to examine the claims of these facts. To such a mind they will prove themselves at once. We conclude, therefore, that an ideal system of thought can never claim to possess the truth, but can only claim to apply and teach those principles through which any mind may find more and more truth.

Modern systems all claim to possess the truth; some even claim to possess the only truth, or the only channel to the only truth; but such claims are contrary to the laws of human progress—laws that are inherent in human life, and must have their way. All modern systems therefore are destined to pass into oblivion, and a new system will come, sooner than many expect, to take their places. In fact, this new system is already germinating in the richer subsoil of those minds that have entered the sunshine of ever-growing truth.

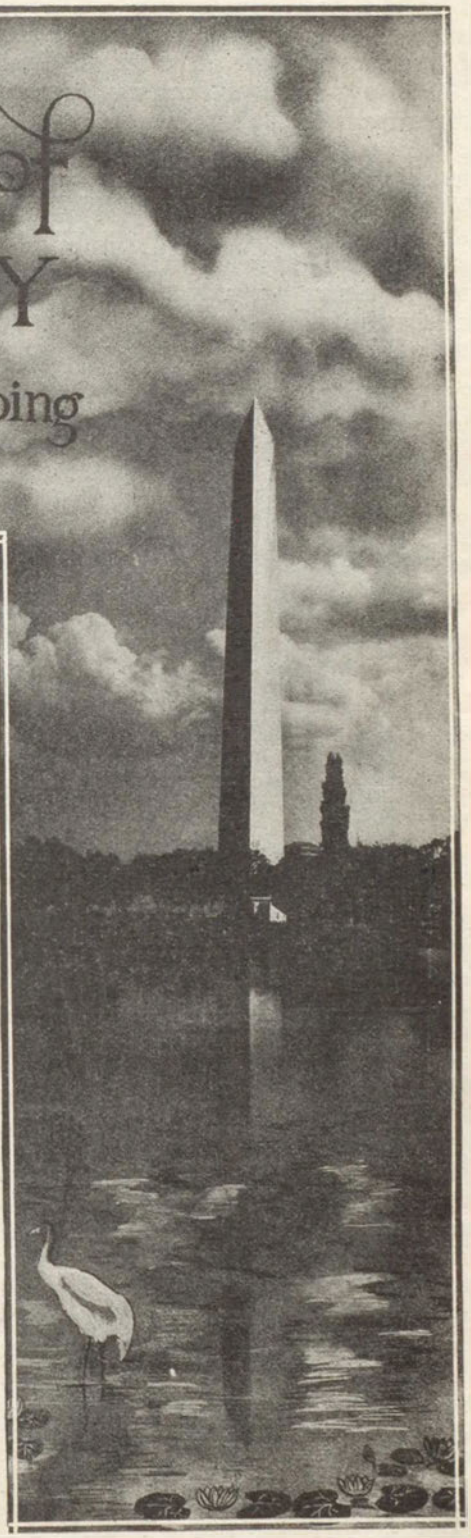
No one mind can fully outline an ideal system of thought; it will not be the work of a single group of minds, but the result of all awakened minds trying to work out a system of thinking and living that will serve effectually the natural demands of man. And all these demands originate in the law of continuous advancement—a law that is at the very foundation of all life, and therefore makes continuous advancement necessary to all life. For this reason, an ideal system of thought must advance continuously within itself; otherwise it could not promote continuous advancement in the human race.

A Capital of Beauty

What Washington Is Doing

By

Littell McClung

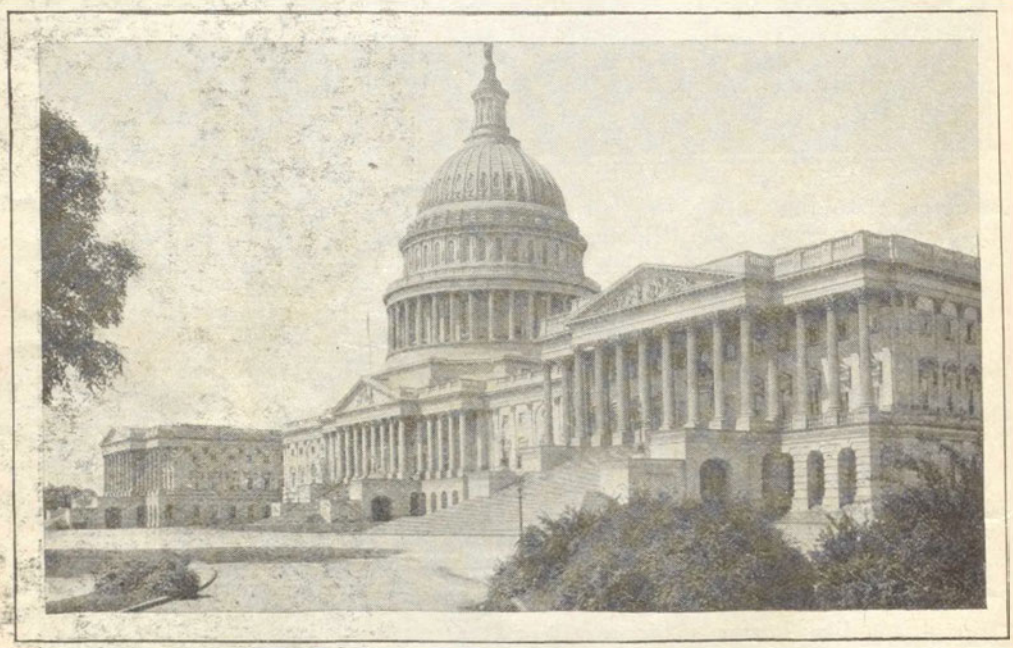


OF ALL the great capitals—St. Petersburg, London, Rome, Berlin and Paris—none has seen such development in the last ten years in comparison to its size as Washington, the capital of the United States.

At first sight it may seem an exaggeration to call Washington a "great capital." In population it is a pigmy compared to such a giant metropolis as London or New York. It would take six Washingtons to make a Chicago. It has no subways whirling thousands of people to and from their work. It has no elevated line like Boston, Chicago, Berlin and New York. It has no skyscrapers to awe the visitor; no great manufacturing establishments to blacken the heavens with endless smoke; no vast volume of the world's commerce. Its streets are not jammed with traffic, and five miles outside the city one may see the farmer digging in his truck garden or driving his mules.

And yet Washington is a great and magnificent city. It has not had to meet problems that have changed the face of other municipalities. Washington's task has been that of making itself beautiful and stately. That it has succeeded beyond the dreams of its immortal founder is apparent to anyone entering the city through its palatial pile

of marble and glass known as Union Station. The visitor's first impression of Washington is one of greatness. Even if he be a member of Congress, the new citizen feels his own smallness as soon as he strikes Pennsylvania Avenue. On one side he sees the lofty dome of the Capitol and on the other the Washington monument rising nearly six hundred feet above the Potomac. All around him are broad and perfectly paved avenues and massive marble buildings that typify the stability of the government that



The Capitol of the United States. No More Stately Pile Has Ever Been Erected by Man

owns them. The automobile of the Italian Ambassador rolls by and nobody stops to look twice and maybe not once. A member of the Supreme Court comes out of a restaurant and not two people know who he is. The President of the United States himself may pass on horseback and only strangers in the city will stop to stare. The name of a congressman attracts no more attention than that of an actress. Washington is accustomed to so-called greatness in all its varieties, and people and events that would attract unlimited attention in another city do not cause a ripple in the "city of magnificent distances."

No city was ever laid out with more care than Washington, and in no city have the lines of development been continued with such consistency and singleness of aim. The site of the city was chosen by General George Washington in 1790, Congress giving him the right of selection. In his early years as a surveyor Washington had been deeply impressed with the beauty and grandeur of the Potomac that flowed in majestic curves through the northern hills of his native state. In a prophetic spirit he may have dreamed of a beautiful city rising on its banks. That his choice was a fortunate one time has proved. Had he picked New York or Philadelphia the great government buildings that now make a city in themselves would probably be obscured by skyscrapers and blackened by the smoke of manufactories. To Major L'Enfant fell the great work of laying out the future capital of the country whose independence he and his fellow Frenchmen had come over to help gain. L'Enfant, seeing a hundred years ahead, realized that Washington should in one respect be like the beautiful capital of his own country. It must have broad streets and avenues and many parks. The plans drawn by him ap-

peared gigantic in their day, but the fathers of the Republic saw that they were drawn by a man who had faith in the future of the country he had fought for so valiantly.

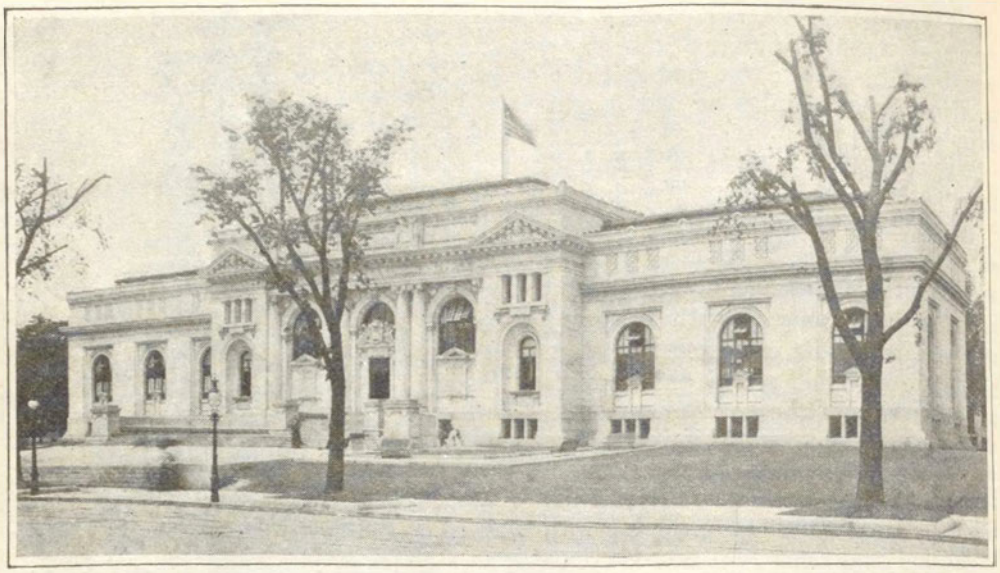
So according to the plans of L'Enfant the city was begun. Today Washington is an inspiring memorial to his ability and far-sightedness. Despite protests and lawsuits, his scheme of streets and parks has been followed with necessary enlargements and extensions. Even L'Enfant could not see in his mind's eye the vastness of the government whose birth he witnessed, and his work has been greatly enlarged in recent years.

With the Capitol, that overlooks the entire city from a gradually sloping hill, Washington is divided into four sections by North Capitol, South Capitol and East Capitol Streets and the Mall, which is a theoretical extension of East Capitol Street from the Capitol to the Washington Monument on the Potomac river. Pennsylvania Avenue, one of the widest and most magnificent thoroughfares in the world, also divides the city, running at an oblique angle across North and South Capitol Streets from the Anacostia river to Rock creek, near the Potomac. The line of Pennsylvania Avenue extends directly through the Library of Congress, the Capitol and the White House. Between Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall is a large triangular section on which stand hotels, stores and other buildings. On this section and the Mall itself millions of dollars have been spent and millions will be spent in the next decade in making it the most inspiring mile and a half of grounds and buildings ever designed and constructed.

With the great quadrangle on Capitol hill no section of any city on earth, Paris not excepted, will boast such a wonderful avenue of marble. The scheme is easily the most harmonious and beautiful any American municipality has undertaken to carry out. In magnitude it is almost appalling; in completeness it makes the American citizen look forward to a Capital that will be the envy of the world.

A celebrated German on visiting Wash-

Armed Liberty,
The majestic statute by Crawford that crowns the dome of the capitol, typifying a free and victorious people



The New Carnegie Library

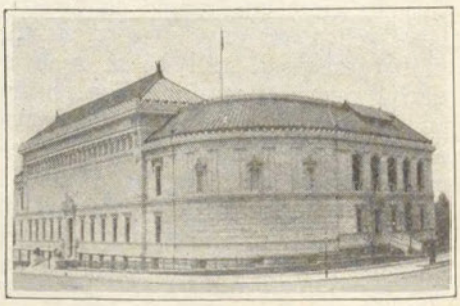
ington once remarked that he was surprised at its comparative smallness. He said that for the Capital of a great country Washington was a village compared to Berlin.

A quick-witted American who heard this remark replied that the German statesman might be right, but that when Washington was as old as Berlin the latter would look like a village to the former.

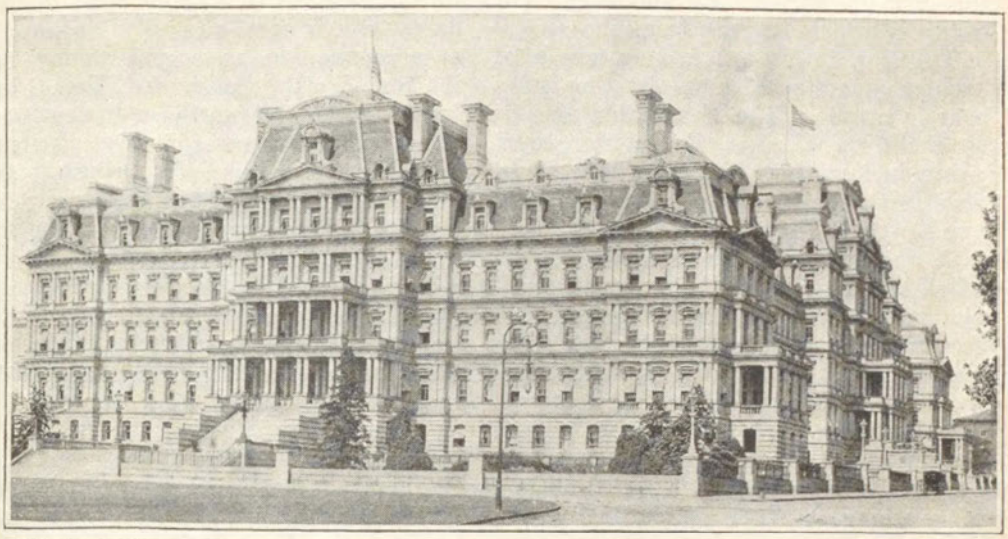
Possibly this is a patriotic exaggeration, but the fact remains that Washington is destined to grow in beauty and size commensurate to the growth of our country. The Park Commission whose appointment was made by the United States Senate has prepared a plan that will continue the work of Major L'Enfant along lines which will more than realize the fondest dreams of Washington and Jefferson for the development of the nation's Capital.

Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago, who designed the buildings of the Columbian Exposition, was made chairman of the commission, and with him in drawing the plans were Messrs. St. Gaudens, Olmstead and McKim, names that stand highest in the world-wide movement of beautifying cities. The gist of the design is the construction of a parkway nearly three hundred yards wide extending from the Capitol to the Washington Monument and flanked on each side by marble structures that will be an inspiration to every American city and the envy of European monarchies. The property included in these drawings is the Mall and the triangular section south of Pennsylvania Avenue. The last five years have seen several great structures rise along the Mall, but these will be told of later, for it seems proper to treat of the Capital quadrangle first, the pivot on which swings the government of the United States.

This quadrangle was the result of L'Enfant's idea that placed the Capitol on an eminence overlooking the level shores of the Potomac and the Virginia hills, with a view of having other government buildings grouped around it.



The Corcoran Art Gallery



The State, War and Navy Building, Which Contains 500 Rooms and Two Miles of Marble Halls

For more than a century, in fact until about fifteen years or a little more ago, the Capitol was the only great building that crowned the plateau. Begun by General Washington in 1793, this building grew by successive stages until now it extends in truly magnificent proportions over three and a half acres of ground. Crowning its great dome stands Crawford's bronze statue, Armed Liberty, that is destined to see directly beneath its proud and defiant gaze a city rise that will be representative of the grandeur of the nation that built it.

Thirteen years ago the second of the four marble structures that were to stand on the quadrangle was finished—the Library of Congress. This building, with its gold-plated dome, is a masterpiece of art and architecture combined such as never adorned the Acropolis of Athens or the hills of Rome. Its central Stair Hall, that has been called "A vision in marble," is the loveliest and most colorful apartment in the New World. The completion of this, the best lighted and finest library ever built, has been an inspiration to architects ever since.

The Palatial New District Building, on Pennsylvania Avenue

Now two other buildings, whose exterior stateliness rivals the Library, are being finished on the quadrangle. They are the new office buildings for the Senate and the House of Representatives. The former is northeast of the Capitol and the latter southeast. Each covers a block, and so far as outward appearance is concerned, they are twins. The combined cost of the buildings is about $7,000,000. Both are connected with the Capitol by subways.

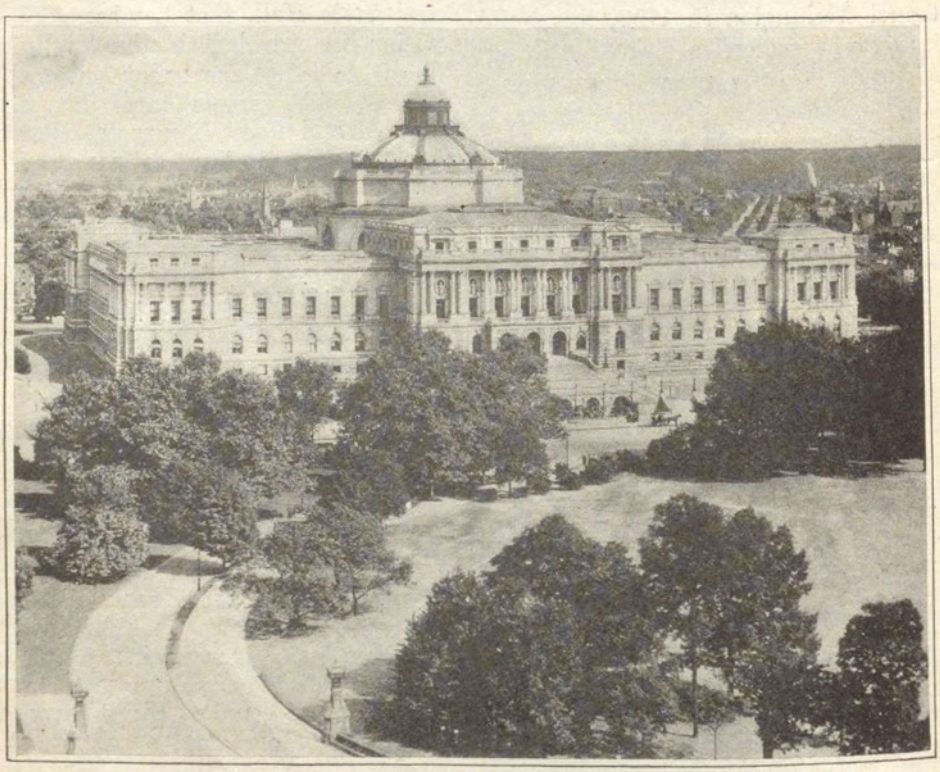
The House building is in the form of a square with an open space in the center which is about three hundred feet in diameter. It contains nearly four hundred offices and has a total frontage of a third of a mile. On B Street it is three stories high and on C Street five stories. There are fourteen large apartments which include committee rooms, a caucus room, dining room, post office,

lunch room, barber shop and baths. The rotunda, which extends from the second office floor to the roof, is a circle of eighteen marble columns standing on a marble arcade. The Senate building is in the form of a U, its interior court being inclosed only on three sides. In this structure the offices are in suites of two for each Senator.

A quarter of a mile from the Senate office building and facing a great semi-circular plaza 1,000 feet long and 500 feet wide, stands the new Union Station, the most magnificent railroad terminal in the world. The architect was Mr. Burnham, and the carrying out of the plans he made has done more to change the appearance of the central part of Washington than any other single undertaking.

The Pennsylvania Railroad had its "Union Station" near the Mall. The first problem in making the Mall into the most beautiful boulevard in the world necessitated the removal of this depot which was altogether inadequate to accommodate passengers coming into it from North, South and West. The tracks from the north and west traversed and cut across a number of streets and were in continuous contrast to the unobstructed asphalt boulevards near the Capitol. The tracks entering from the south were just as much an eyesore. The Baltimore & Ohio's depot further north was a dingy terminal, indeed, and its tracks also ran through and across streets for a considerable distance, making entrance into and egress from the city slow and uncertain.

In the construction of the new Union Station the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio Railroads, the District of Columbia and the United States Government joined hands and shared the cost which totaled the enormous sum of $20,000,000. In 1903 Congress selected the site at Massachusetts and Delaware Avenues

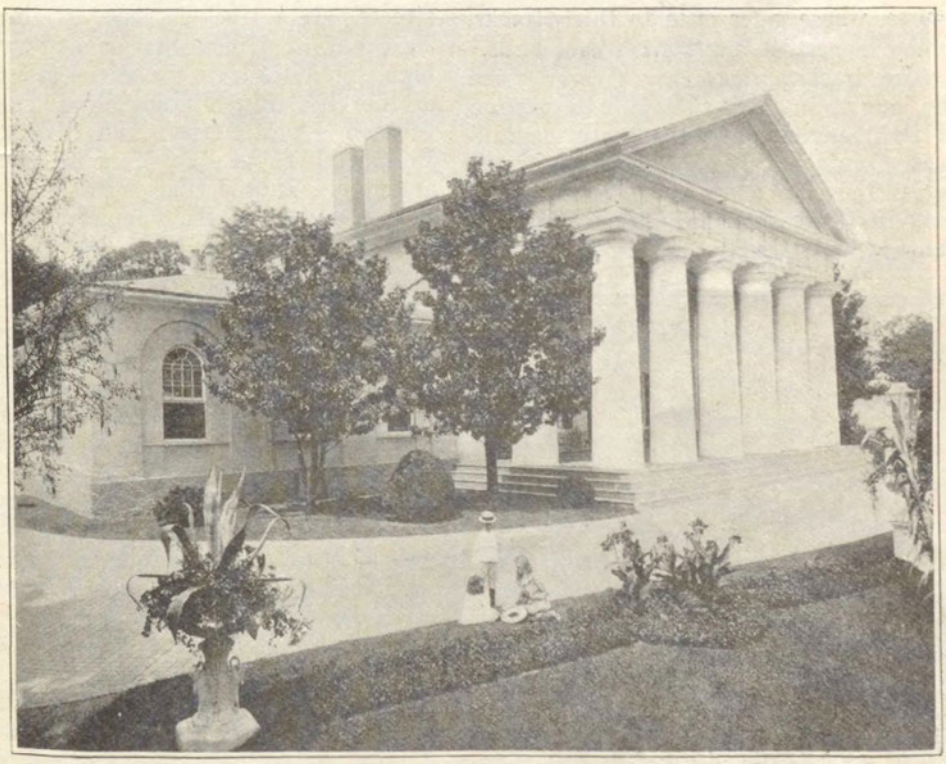


The Library of Congress (from the Capitol)
The most beautiful library in the world

which was the center of several radiating streets.

The United States believes, so far as Washington is concerned, in acquiring sufficient land on which to set its marble buildings. So the plaza for Union Station was designed as the finest in this country. When finished it will be. It will have terraces, fountains and lights. In the center will stand the Columbia Memorial which will cost $100,000. This memorial will take the form of a fountain, with a statue of Columbus standing against a column on the prow of a ship which will protrude into a semi-circular basin.

In making the fill over 165 acres, 3,500,000 cubic yards, of earth was handled. In the construction of the great building itself the architectural motives were obtained from the triumphal arches in Rome, the central part being inspired by the Arch of Constantine. In 1907, although the station was not finished, trains were running into it, and thousands of people made the trip from several eastern cities just to see the wonders of the terminal. They found a depot in whose confines the entire standing army of the United States could be mobilized. They found the largest waiting room in the world—220 by 130 feet. This part of the building is entered from the front through arches fifty feet high. It is decorated with sunken coffers like the baths of Diocletian. By day the light comes in through a semi-circular window seventy-five feet in diameter at each end and five semi-circular windows thirty feet in diameter on each side. At night there is not a globe visible in the room, the reflected light coming from 180 inverted arc lamps that are concealed in alcoves in the balconies. At the east end is the state suite which is used by the President of the United States or foreign princes. The marble dining room is one



The Curtis-Lee Mansion at Arlington, near Washington
Near the mansion, on "The Field of the Dead," sleep 16,000 Union soldiers

Mt. Vernon, the Home of General George Washington, as It Appears Today

of the finest apartments of its kind in the United States. The vaulted concourse, whose gates open to thirty tracks, is the longest of any station ever built.

The tracks, when they emerge from the long train sheds that join the station at right angles, present a truly magnificent frontage. When engines stretch across them they seem a veritable phalanx in the triumphant march of steam and steel. These tracks extend toward the north and the west across a series of concrete bridges that span the cross streets. If a track is clear a train may start out of Union Station and run at high speed through the northern section of the city, thus clipping down the time between Washington and Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York ten minutes or more. Indeed, the new Union Station is a part of the Pennsylvania Railroad's plan for cutting time between Washington and New York. Another unit in this plan is the new bridge over the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, Maryland, across which passenger trains run at full speed. The other part of the scheme is the massive terminal in the heart of New York into which trains will run from under the Hudson river. With the new stations in Washington and New York and the bridge across the Susquehanna the time between the Capitol and Broadway can be shortened nearly an hour.

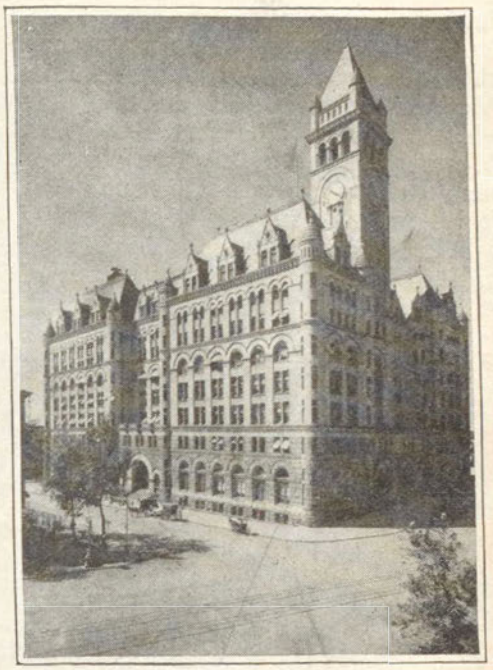
The New Metropolitan Club, a Center of Washington's Social Activities

From the south the trains enter a tunnel shortly after they cross the long bridge over the Potomac river. This tunnel runs under the southern section of the city, encircling the Capitol grounds and enters the train sheds of the station below the level of the street.

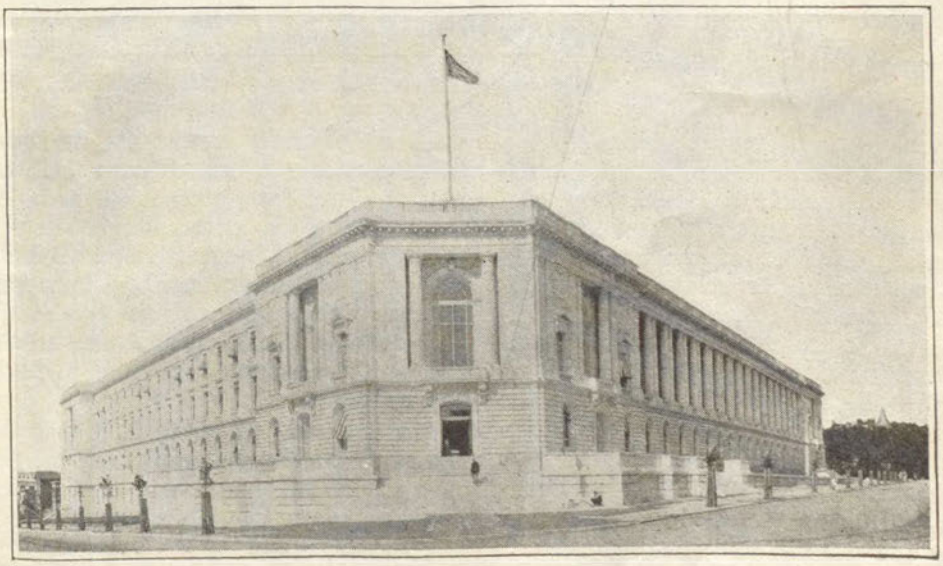
One of the smallest advantages of this arrangement is that it avoids confusion, for the traveler knows that trains for the south go out below and those to the north and west go from the tracks that are level with the concourse floor.

All this is clearing the Mall of its network of tracks. The new depot and its approaches eliminate the old Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio Stations and give Congress a chance to carry out the plans proposed by the Senate Commission. The Government owns the Mall, which is made up of the grounds of the Monument, Agricultural Department, Smithsonian Institution, Armory and the Public Gardens and the Botanical Gardens. This area stretches without a break from the Capitol to the Monument. In the triangular section on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue and north of the Mall the Government owns about 500,000 square feet now occupied by business structures. The plan is to buy all the property on this side of Pennsylvania Avenue and include it in the scheme for beautifying the city.

Already three great marble buildings have risen in this section, namely, the new District Building, the new National Museum and the new building for the Department of Agriculture. The first is



Washington Postoffice and Postoffice Department



The New Office Building of the United States Senate
The new office building of the House of Representatives is similar to this structure

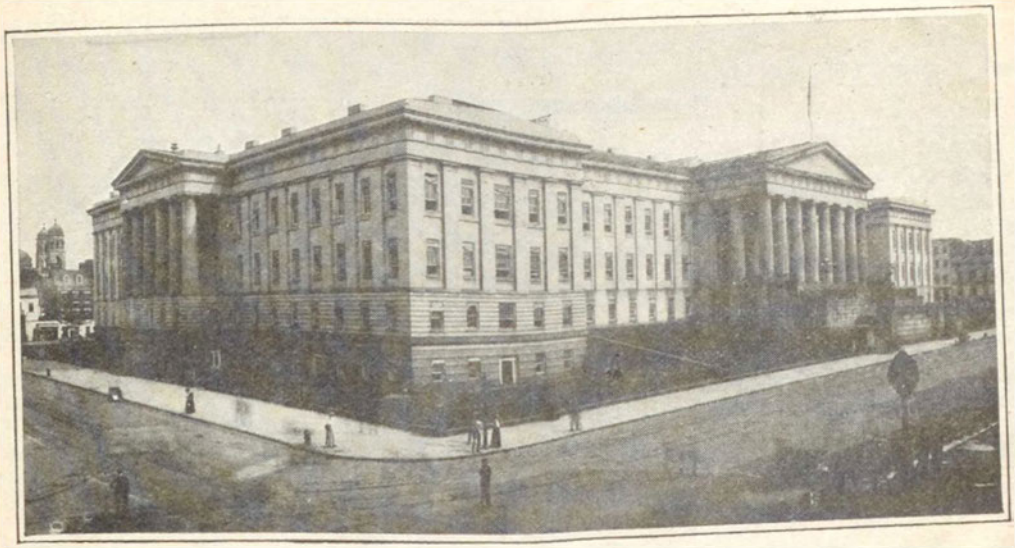
finished; the other two are nearly done. On July 4, 1908, the District Building, which corresponds to the City Hall in other municipalities, was opened, after being in process of erection five years. It occupies the entire block on Pennsylvania Avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets. It is five stories high and its architectural lines are of the English Renaissance. Its base is of gray granite and above this the columns and walls are of creamy white marble. It is a sad coincidence that the architects of this building, Messrs. Cope and Stewardson, died not a great while after designing it. One of the most important apartments in this palatial "City Hall" is the room for the three commissioners, who are appointed by the President of the United States and who govern Washington far more ably than the mayors and city councils do other American municipalities.

The new Agricultural Building consists of a large central structure with a dome and two subordinate wings, with a total frontage of 750 feet. It is of Vermont marble and cost $3,000,000. Its two laboratories are 250 by 60 feet. The system of heating and of distilling the water that is used and of making the vacuums required in the work of the department is perhaps the most complete in existence.

On the north side of the Mall, between Ninth and Eleventh Streets, is the new National Museum which is 561 feet long by 365 feet wide and crowned by a beautiful dome. It has ten acres of floor space and cost $3,500,000. Its walls are of white granite and its Corinthian portico was derived from the Temple of Jupiter Stator in Rome. Its main feature is a rotunda 80 feet in diameter and 130 feet high. Beneath this is an auditorium in which from time to time the savants of the world will gather for lectures and demonstrations that are to become a part of scientific knowledge.

Smithsonian Institution

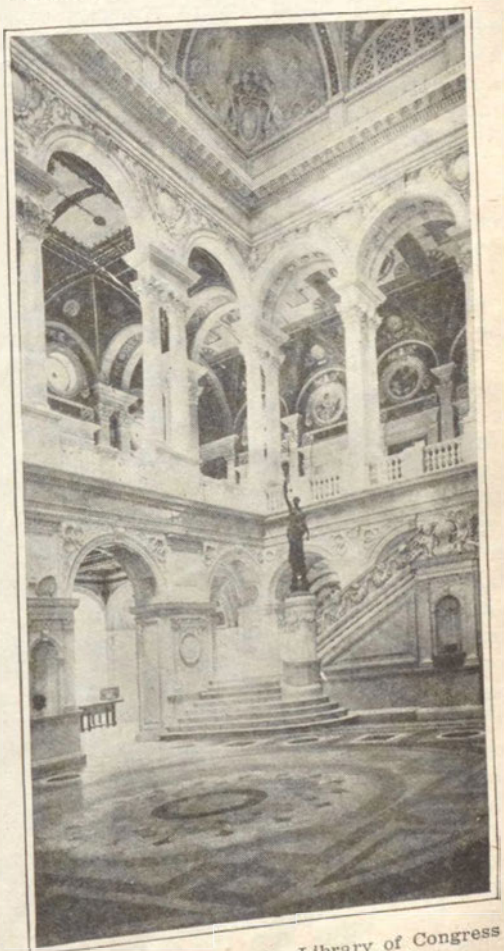
But it must not be thought that the Mall and the Capitol quadrangle are the only places in Washington where brick is giving place to polished marble. All over the city buildings are going up that would adorn Berlin or Paris. Notable among these is the new Carnegie Library in Vernon Square, at the intersection of



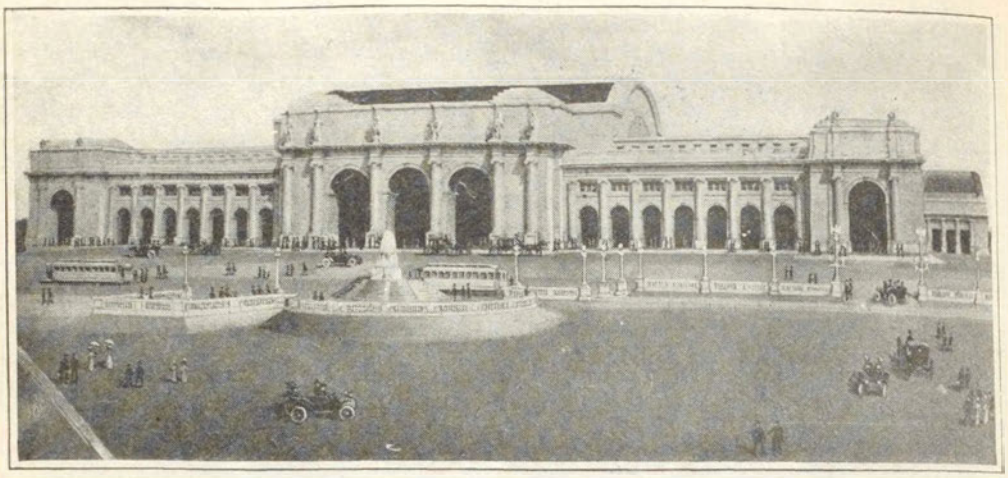
United States Treasury

New York and Massachusetts Avenues, and the new Bureau of American Republics, which will soon be dedicated. This building, for which Andrew Carnegie gave nearly $1,000,000, stands on a five-acre tract near the Corcoran Art Gallery. It will be for the use of twenty-one republics of the New World, whose representative will meet to devise methods of increasing their commerce and of promoting international comradeship—a thing that has been devoutly desired this past winter.

Washington's new business buildings in their architectural lines are in keeping with the beauty of the Government's buildings. Two or three of the new banks and office buildings have been designed for grace and attractiveness rather than size and height. Washington has the strictest building regulations of any American city, and no three-hundred foot skyscraper rears its head to dwarf the other structures beneath it. Two of the handsomest new buildings in Washington are newspaper offices. The office of the *Star,* whose cream-white façade quickly catches the eye of the stranger, is decorated inside with semi-circular paintings very like those in the Library of Congress. The new office of the *Times,* built by Frank A. Munsey, of New York, is one of the finest newspaper buildings in the country.



Central Stair Hall of the Library of Congress
"A Vision in Finished Stone"



The New Union Station, the Most Magnificent Railroad Terminal in the World

In the magnificence and tastefulness of its residences no city in America excels Washington. Indeed, Massachusetts Avenue for a long distance presents a more impressive appearance than does upper Fifth Avenue in New York. Many of the homes vie with those on Fifth Avenue and they are surrounded with grounds that add a hundred per cent to their beauty. The circles and squares of Washington and the number of shade trees in its residential sections give the northwestern part of the city the appearance of a great suburb.

A vista that is a treat for the eye and one not to be forgotten is the city viewed in the springtime from the top of the Washington Monument or Capitol Hill. Its avenues and streets, broad and straight, are traced by double lines of green through which the asphalt appears in thinner lines than the green. Splendid circles dot this glorious oasis by the Potomac, and with a glass one can count hundreds of statues—monuments to the men who have made their country glorious and themselves illustrious.

Washington is rapidly becoming the social as well as the political capital of the United States. Despite the fact that the population of the city is not over 400,000, it is to a great extent cosmopolitan. While New York and the other large eastern cities get the dregs of Europe, Washington gets the cream. The diplomats and other statesmen who come to Washington from every corner of the globe quickly join in its social life. Many of the ambassadors and their attaches adopt American customs and observe our national holidays. With dinners, receptions and fetes they celebrate Washington's birthday, the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving with as much enthusiasm as do Senators and Congressmen. The diplomats in Washington are one great family, and the social world they form is the most delightful and cultured in America. Taste, culture and intelligence are the criterion in Washington society, not wealth and vulgar extravagance, as in some cities.

Many people have come to Washington from the West to build magnificent homes. The Fairbanks, Walsh and Leiter residences are three among the most beautiful in the city. Perry Belmont is building a million dollar home not far from the famous Dupont Circle, and other wealthy men from New York and the West are looking to Washington as their place of abode in winter.

The White House naturally is the center of the city's social activities. During the Roosevelt administration this simple, stately building was improved on the interior at considerable cost, and since President Taft's inauguration the new executive offices beside the White House have been finished. The President first occupied them after his recent tour across the continent. One visit to the

White House will convince any citizen that ours is the most democratic of governments. Several rooms in the building are open a large part of the time for the inspection of those who care to see them. Indeed, the President of the United States and his family have far less privacy than many humble citizens.

The Tafts are not a tenth as ostentatious as the families of many New York and Chicago bankers and business men. Mrs. Taft, a woman of unusual taste and refinement, is also decidedly domestic. There is seldom a charitable event in the city at which a sample of her skill with the needle is not given to be sold. The Tafts have their own cow, which gives most of the milk and cream that is used on the family dining table. In contrast imagine the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of Russia having a family cow!

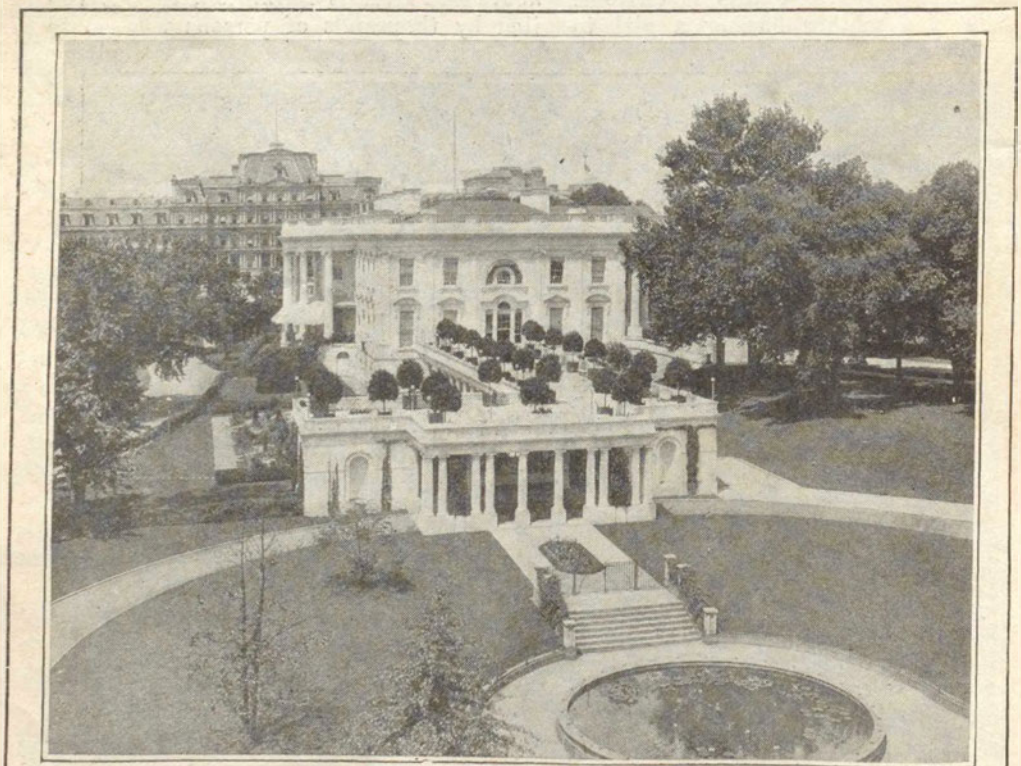
While it is becoming the social capital of the nation, Washington is also becoming the country's greatest educational center. The reason for this is obvious. A father and mother having a girl to send to school are apt to look favorably on one of the seminaries in or near Washington because their daughter will enjoy many advantages outside the school that other cities cannot offer. She can visit in a radius of several miles more interesting places than exist in the same territory in any other part of this country. She can meet the best people and live for the time in the most cultured and wholesome atmosphere. The museums and the libraries make the city an ideal university center. Already a plan for having a great national university in Washington has been presented in Congress and coming years may see its realization.

The historical points in and near the city make it of keen interest to the student or visitor with the least thrill of patriotism in his being. Washingtonians have taken an active interest in the movement to preserve the city's historically sacred spots. Across the Potomac in Virginia and two hundred feet above the river is Arlington, that is visited by thousands of persons who go to

A Section of the Great Concourse of Union Station, Showing the Gate to Train Sheds on the Left

Washington. From Arlington House the view of the city across the river is a picture that stamps itself indelibly on the mind. The house itself was built more than a hundred years ago by George Washington Park Custis, the adopted son of Washington. Custis' daughter was the wife of General Robert E. Lee, and for a time the Confederate chieftain lived at Arlington. The United States Government now owns and maintains the estate. On "The Field of the Dead" that stretches across the plateau lie 16,000 soldiers who died for their country. Here in a beautiful plot stands the Temple of Fame, a dome supported by a circular row of columns. Beneath the dome carved in the marble are the names of Washington, Grant, Farragut and Lincoln. The columns bear the names Meade, Thomas, Reynolds, Sedgwick, McPherson, Humphreys, Mansfield and Garfield. The names of other generals are spelled in letters of flowers in the gardens.

Down the Potomac on the Virginia side some fifteen miles from the city is Mt. Vernon, which, without impropriety, may be called the most sacred spot in the Western hemisphere. The home and grounds are owned and maintained by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, which has officers and members in every state. The rooms, furniture and household articles of the Washingtons are preserved practically as when the Father of his Country and the first "First Lady of the Land" lived in the house. The number of relics, many of them presents to Washington, astonishes one on his first visit to Mount Vernon, and the manner in which they are cared for is the most admirable that loving care and skill could devise. The flower gardens are beautifully kept. They contain .the Mary Washington rose, which was named by Washington in honor of his mother; a willow that grew from a slip that came from Napoleon's grave on St Helena; a coffee



The White House from the East, Looking Toward the State, War and Navy Building

tree planted by Lafayette, and calycanthus bushes that Jefferson sent to Washington from Monticello.

Nearly every foreigner who comes to Washington visits Mount Vernon and stands with bowed head before the shrine that contains the remains of the greatest American. The tomb of Washington is a heavy brick structure with a massive iron gate, the key of which was cast into the Potomac. The building of this vault was the result of one of the most unspeakable acts ever committed by an American—if he was an American. The tomb that originally contained Washington's remains was desecrated in 1831 by a man who took from it a skull thinking it was that of Washington. The burst of indignation that fired the whole country then led to the construction of the new tomb into which the bones of both Washington and his wife were transferred. Near this tomb is an elm that was planted by Dom Pedro of Brazil. In 1860, when the present King of England visited America, he also planted a tree at the tomb. But it died, and later the Prince requested that another be planted. This one, an oak, did not die and has grown to considerable size.

The preservation of the home and tomb at Mount Vernon from relic hunters is now assured for all time. Such a mecca has the spot become and such reverence does it inspire that nobody, it is believed, would come on any other mission than to pay homage to the man who founded the beautiful capital city on the banks of his much beloved Potomac.

A FRIEND

By Francis Sims Pounds

GOD gave to me a friend. At once I felt
Within my soul the stir of nobler depths.
It seemed as if with magic wand he woke
A hidden spring, that rose to joyous being.
Two souls as one became, and heart to heart
We spoke in perfect unison. And thence
From each went out an endless flow of love
To all mankind in thankfulness to Him
Who, knowing all, had drawn one to the other.
I cry for joy. God gave to me a friend!

The Anniversary

By

E. M. Jameson

UP and down the green breadth of lawn two women paced slowly, deep in conversation.

There was between them many years' difference in age, but it must have been noticeable to the least observant that some close bond of interest held them both. The young face, with its radiant coloring, reflected in some degree the sadness, the hopelessness, of the older woman's worn features.

Around them was all the gaiety, the vivid coloring of a riverside scene. Here, like a gorgeous flamingo, flashed the scarlet of a parasol, there showed the blue of a girl's gown, reflecting back the azure of the sky; and behind, windows ablaze in the sunshine, stood the beautiful old house, in whose rooms kings and their favorites had held revel a century or two before.

"It is just a year ago tonight that he went from us"—Mrs. Feilden looked back at the house with sad eyes that conjured up the scene—"they were both headstrong and obstinate men, who said far more than they meant, words that burn in the memory for years."

"Ah, no," the girl interposed quickly, "surely not. Some day they will make up their quarrel, and we shall all be happy again. You know"—she put out a slender little hand and touched half timidly that of the other—"I was partly to blame for the affair. I made Phil very angry that day. I never told you—I broke off our engagement just out of pique—some stupid thing annoyed me, and I wanted to show my power over him."

She paused suddenly, turning her face, with its quivering lips and eyes that saw the gay scene in a blur, away from her companion.

"Ah!" Phil's mother drew a long sigh—"he never told me."

"He wouldn't," said Cecily, with a half sob and a little air of pride; "he wouldn't. It was not Phil's way. But you see, he was very miserable. I realize now how miserable I made him, and it all helped in the quarrel with his father. Ordinarily Phil was the best-tempered man alive."

Mrs. Feilden assented. She was momentarily half-resentful at what the girl beside her had done. She had never known that her boy had smarted under Cecily's contumely that day in addition to his father's.

The girl gave a swift glance round.

"You are angry with me. I feel it. But if you only knew how I regret what I did, and how I love him, you couldn't find room in your heart for anger."

"My dear, no!"—the older woman spoke with a swift remorse. "You have been my greatest comfort all this sad time. You are the only one I can speak to now about him, my boy, my Benjamin—the only one I can share him with, who understands. You see, we spoilt him a little; he was always so brilliant, so clever, not a bit like either of us. And then his father wanted him to keep to the old groove, wanted to mold Phil's

life to his own ideas, to tyrannize over him to a degree that no father has a right to impose." She broke off with a sigh. "That night matters came to a crisis. Phil was short, impatient in his manner; even for my sake, he would not put up with what his father said. The storm broke at last. You need not blame yourself, Cecily—it had been gathering for months—and Phil, poor Phil, was literally turned out there and then. I was forbidden to see him, to speak to him, to communicate with him. Phil never gave me the chance of disobeying, and oh, Cecily, dear, it is slowly breaking my heart. I try not to let it; I know that I am being punished for loving him more than my other sons. How could I help it? We were so much to one another, he was so good to me, so considerate. You would have been a fortunate woman as his wife."

Cecily sat down on the garden bench, her hands clasped tightly.

"Would have been? But I mean to be Phil's wife some day if he will have me. He was not one to change; somewhere he is loving us and thinking of us still." She laid one hand on the other's arm. "Do you believe in premonitions? I feel most acutely today that he is near us. Have you the same feeling, I wonder? No? I daresay I am foolish, but here"—she laid her hand on her heart in a little pathetic gesture—"I feel, I know, that he is not very far away."

But Phil's mother shook her head. Surely she was the one to feel his proximity if he were near.

Cecily bent forward, her eyes fixed on the gay boatloads going past with oars dipped diamond bright in the sun. But she only saw a garden, where a man and a girl quarreled and drew apart. Such a foolish, trivial cause for dissension!

Mrs. Feilden, watching the beautiful brooding face, forgot her own trouble in that of the other. She put out her hand and touched Cecily's.

"My dear, it will all come right some day. Don't grieve so much. I never dreamed that you and Phil had ever known the slightest difference. Perhaps if it had not been so you might never have been to me the dearly loved daughter you are. It has made you comprehend so absolutely. You are right to feel as you do about Phil—where he loves, he loves always."

Cecily nodded, then turned her face away, speaking with a kind of shamefaced passion:

"But I was jealous of that little note Phil sent you afterward. There was not one word for me. He has been thinking all this time, perhaps, that I meant what I said, that I had lost all my love for him. What cruel things we say when we are angry—unforgettable things. I'll wait for Phil till I am old and gray, if need be."

"Hush!" murmured the older woman, softly, "hush!"

The next moment her husband stood beside them. If he had heard Cecily's remark, he made no sign. His face, grim and stern-set, had grown years older in the last twelve months. He missed his son acutely, but never since the night of Phil's departure had the latter's name passed his lips. Between himself and his wife, slowly, none the less irrevocably, had risen up a barrier of silence. She blamed him, and he knew it, though neither uttered a word. Phil had been their mutual joy, and now, for anything either knew, he might be dead or starving.

Cecily, looking up, felt a sudden pang of sympathy for Mr. Feilden. His wife, to do her justice, tried to be as usual. She was gentle, courteous and considerate for his comfort; but there was always that inflexible barrier between, which, as time went by, each felt more powerless to level. Cecily rose, slipping her hand through his arm.

"Come and look at the view from the end of the terrace," she said, with a little assumed gaiety, which did not in the least deceive him. "How full the river is today. Look, it is lapping over the steps, and the tide is not at its height yet."

"My dear, it will all come right some day"

His eyes followed hers, absent-mindedly.

"Full, is it? Due to the heavy rains of last week, I suppose. What have you been doing with yourself, little girl? Having a good time?"

Cecily laughed under her breath.

"I'm enjoying myself immensely, just mooning about this delightful old garden and talking to Mrs. Feilden."

"What sedate pleasures for twenty," he commented, his stern face softening, as he looked down at her.

"I've altered a great deal lately"—Cecily spoke with a certain quaint gravity—"I don't care a bit now for things that I used to revel in a year ago."

His eyes were fixed upon the flaming distant horizon. At her last words he turned quickly and looked at her again.

"A year ago?" he echoed. "Ah, yes, a year ago! We all enjoyed life—a year ago."

And then, without another word, he turned on his heel and strode into the house.

Dinner, much later than usual that night, was a silent meal; it usually was now. A gap at the table showed where Phil's place used to be. His chair was no longer there, but in the empty place those three saw him in imagination, sitting like Banquo's ghost at the feast. And each saw him in a different aspect. Before they had finished, lights from the houses on the opposite banks were reflected tremblingly in the water. Now and then a boat would glide by with a gay Japanese lantern attached to stern and bow. No moon was visible, the air was heavy and oppressive, with a hint of thunder. Perhaps it was that which caused a feeling of apprehension to surround them. Old Manifold, the butler, came and went. He, too, seemed to feel the atmospheric pressure, for he made one or two stupid blunders.

His master, glancing up in surprise, intercepted the man's agitated look at his mistress, a meaning look, which Mrs. Feilden did not notice.

Dinner over, she arose and, followed by Cecily, wandered out to the garden.

"It is too oppressive to stay indoors. Bring coffee to the end of the terrace, Manifold."

She looked back, speaking over her shoulder to her husband:

"Will you join us, John?"

"I think not," he replied. "I'll have mine in the library. I brought some briefs from town. Don't be foolish enough to sit out there without a wrap, Lucy. A heavy dew is falling."

He drew back into the room as they passed along to the garden, then returned to the window again. At that moment he saw the old butler hasten through another window to overtake them. As they stood in the light streaming from the library window, something that shone white in the gloom seemed to pass the butler's hand to Mrs. Feilden. He returned to the table, standing buried in thought near his son's vacant place.

Then he went to the library, where Manifold presently brought him coffee and a box of cigars. Mr. Feilden never glanced up. The brief bag lay on the table near. Manifold fidgeted for an instant about the room, then went out noiselessly. Perhaps he understood why his master's face was set in granite hardness tonight, why for the first time for years he had made no pleasant comment on the weather, or the happenings of the day.

Through the long windows, lying open to the night, the air wafted in hot and oppressive. With it came a big, soft, feathery moth, which fluttered foolishly against the lamp, singeing its wings, yet returning, until it fell with a convulsive flutter on the blue legal envelope before him. He watched it for a moment, then, as the thing stirred again, he pressed down upon it a heavy paper-weight to end its sufferings.

"Better get it over quickly," he said, half aloud. "After all, it is the protracted strain that tortures."

He sat there for a long time motionless—the papers before him unopened. The surroundings were very quiet, no movement from the house came to him.

Presently he rose and extinguished the lamp; then going over to the window glanced out. As he looked the moon struggled from a bank of heavy clouds, tipped with saffron. Far away in the distance sounded the dull reverberations of thunder. At the foot of the lawn a strong tide swept past; he could hear the persistent lap-lapping of the water against the wooden steps. Restless himself, the unrest of the night drew him on. He wondered, too, if his wife still lingered in the garden; though knowing her dread of thunderstorms he imagined it far more likely that she had returned to the house.

He passed slowly down a side path toward the end of the lawn, where the boat was moored. He suddenly made up his mind to go for a row, to see if

sheer physical exertion would take away some of this intolerable depression. His favorite son gone, his wife alienated, the house like a tomb—all the pleasant *camaraderie* had departed.

A certain fierce longing swept over him for the old happy united days, when Phil and his friends came and went. His wife's worn suffering face rose up in the darkness and reproached him. Back to his memory came the thought of Cecily's eyes bright with tears. Phil, in a pride that equaled his own, might be starving. Tonight he would ask his wife if she knew of Phil's whereabouts; that terrible barrier of silence must be leveled between them. Until now they had been lovers all their married life. Phil, who had meant so much to both, was driving them apart.

He had reached the steps where the boat was moored and was in the act of stooping to loosen the rope when suddenly a light skiff shot out from the little landing stage and started upstream.

Round it the moonlight seemed to concentrate, revealing Phil's face looking back at him.

He started forward with a smothered cry, his hard features broken up into quivering lines.

"Phil, Phil, come back! It's all over and done with!"

On the very edge of the wet steps his heel slipped; he tried to regain his footing. The next moment he was in the swirl of the tide, being carried swiftly along toward the weir. He remembered seeing his son stand up, flinging off his coat.

"Hold up, father! Strike out against the stream. I'm coming—*Father!*"

There was something too beautiful for expression in the sound of Phil's young voice, saying "Father!"

Never much of a swimmer, and not a strong man, Mr. Feilden felt himself powerless to contend with the current, though he did his best to follow his son's directions.

A drowning man, it is said, sees all his past life unroll before his eyes. He himself only experienced a vast contentment with the sound of Phil's anxious voice ringing through the mists.

Phil and he were friends again. The roar and swirl of falling water was in his ears, or was it only the crash of thunder overhead?

Then, from the tumultous elements a hand was outstretched to him, bringing with its touch a blessed silence and oblivion.

* * * * *

When he regained consciousness they were all around him, waiting with anxious faces for recognition.

But presently, one by one, they went away, leaving him alone with his wife. He leaned closer:

"Lucy!"

And as she bent over and kissed him, the barrier between melted away as if it had never existed.

Voices of Gold

BY P. HARVEY MIDDLETON

THE INSPIRING CAREERS OF OPERATIC STARS WHO HAVE RISEN FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH AND FAME

THE many thousands of talented singers in America who are ambitious for success will find encouragement of the strongest possible kind in the two stories related in this article of men and women who have worked their way up from total obscurity and abject poverty to the topmost pinnacles of fame and fortune. For of all the professions, the operatic stage is the most democratic. Strange as the statement may appear at first sight, it is nevertheless the most remunerative field a poor man or woman can enter in these days of fierce competition, for neither education, blue blood, nor social influence are indispensable qualifications—though, of course, they always help. For one "child of the people" who wins a place for himself in law or medicine, there are proportionately a score who win fame in opera. The poorest peasant, forced as he is to lead an outdoor life, is far better equipped by nature than the middle-class citizen to make a success in grand opera.

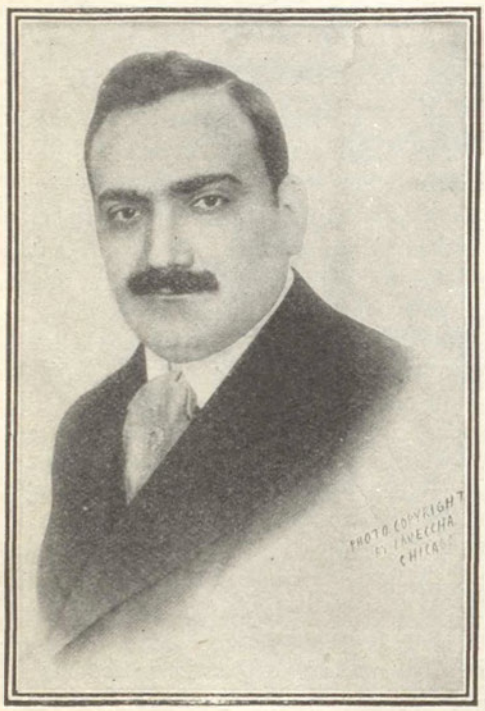
An admirable example of this is found in Caruso. His parents were peasants who made a meagre living from a market garden. Caruso's mother sold herbs in the streets of Naples, while Enrico, the fourteenth of twenty-four children, ran around picking up pennies by singing in cheap restaurants. At ten he sang naturally, without study, without science—and without any encouragement except occasional praise from his hard-working mother. Everybody else thought Enrico's oft expressed dream of future greatness a joke. Chief of all the scoffers was Enrico's own father, who lives today in Naples and still refuses to believe his son has a remarkable voice, "though by sending him money I try to prove it," says Caruso, with grim humor.

Fourteen years ago Caruso was a hard working young mechanic earning six dollars a month in a hotel. One of the guests—a musician—heard him and arranged for his first public appearance. All Naples remembers that day. It was in the Teatro Nuovo, and Caruso was to receive forty francs a month for singing. When Caruso Senior was informed of this astounding fact he laughed loud and long. Enrico, who sang all day at his work, was actually to be paid for just singing! He was to be Amico Francesco in Signor Morelli's opera, and people were really going to yield up hard-earned lire to hear him? It must certainly be a joke!

But at the end of the month Enrico was able to "show" his skeptical parent the forty francs. And so, every evening, the curly headed mechanic threw aside his working garments and became for a brief period Amico Francesco. "I had no teacher," he says simply. "I taught myself. I sang as I breathed—I breathed as I walked."

Shortly after this Caruso went on a tour of South America, returning triumphantly to Italy a year or so later, scoring a brilliant success at the Teatro Lirico in Milan. That was in 1898. His debut in America occurred on November 23rd, 1903. In those five intervening years he had advanced from seven hundred dollars a month to one thousand dollars a night. Today, at 36, Caruso commands up to $2,500 a night, and his

contract with the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, has still several years to run. He was recently quoted as saying that he had received $100,000 for



Enrico Caruso

eighty performances in America, in addition to $40,000 from the talking machine people and $40,000 from society engagements—a grand total of $180,000 for less than six months' work.

From singing in a public cafe for a few sous a day to a prima donna's salary of a thousand dollars or more a night is considerable of a progression. Yet from the one to the other Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful Italian songbird, has traveled in a few short years. She is a native of Rome, and her early days were spent playing with her little brothers and sisters in the Piazza di Spagna. People would stop and comment on the beauty and grace of the child as she danced with her companions. But one day she was sad and thoughtful as she climbed up the length of the Scala, out of the sunshine into the breeze and shadow of the Pincio. Her father had long been ill, and now the mother was sick, and there was no money to feed the family of numerous little ones. A friend suggested that the light-footed Lina might earn something by dancing at a cafe chantant, and in a few days an eager and hungry little girl was bravely singing a Neapolitan melody and dancing for dear life in a smoke filled cafe, while her tiny brother went among the audience collecting contributions in a tambourine. Ever since the age of five Lina Cavalieri had yearned to be either a great dancer or a great singer, and that first memorable night at the cafe she determined to work and slave and save toward that end. For several years she supported the entire family on her cafe earnings, and was soon offered engagements in other cities.

A stirring incident early in Cavalieri's career strikingly illustrates a trait in her character. She was only fifteen, and was singing and dancing in a cafe in Naples, when first she rebelled against tribute to her beauty instead of her art. She had learned an aria from Il Trovatore, and sang it for the first time on that particular night. The emotional girl's soul overflowed with the harmony and misery of the renunciation scene of Verdi's opera, and when she had finished tears streamed down her cheeks. The audience shouted its approval from the round green tables. "La belle Lina! La belle Lina!" they cried, delightedly. Her brother emptied his well-filled tambourine at her feet. With flaming cheeks Cavalieri flung its contents across the footlights, and the coins rolled upon the tables and the floor.

"La belle Lina!" she cried. "Bah! Why don't you say 'Viva la belle cantatrice?'"

Bursting into tears she ran off the stage. Her brother followed and begged her to return, reminding her of the little sisters and brothers and sick parents who must be clothed and fed by Lina's twinkling toes and golden voice. That was sufficient. She returned at once to the stage and brokenly asked the pardon of her audience. The brother silently picked up the tambourine and gathered the scattered coins, and Cavalieri humbly

stooped to receive it as the audience, quick to forgive, burst into tumultuous applause. And this time the cries were "Viva la belle cantatrice!"

Shortly after this Cavalieri went to Paris, where her graceful dancing and gay melodies soon made her the queen of the cafe chantants. Now at last she was able to study, and for three years she was accompanied in her wanderings by her teacher, Mme. Mariani-Masi. During this period she studied the prima donna roles in Trovatore, Faust, Romeo et Juliet, Carmen, Mephisto, Il Pagliacci, Cavaleria Rusticana, La Boheme, Tosca, Manon, Thais, Fedora, and Les Contes d'Hoffman. Then came the Paris Opera House and the applause of princes, and after a tour of her beloved Italy, and Russia, and a season at Covent Garden, London, New York—the financial Mecca of opera stars—claimed her.

But romances of the operatic stage are by no means confined to Italy. There are plenty of them at home. Perhaps the

Mme. Cavalieri
A portrait showing her in an afternoon gown

strangest of them all is that of Anna Case, the daughter of a blacksmith living in South Orange, New Jersey. Her mother sang with a fine but uncultivated voice, and her father had a love of music, so that he had Anna taught to play the

Lina Cavalieri as Thais

piano and the violin, neither of which occupations, however, appealed to her. She wanted to sing, and a kindly grocer gave her seventy-five cents a week with which to pay a singing teacher in a neighboring town. Then she got a place in a church choir and earned the seventy-five cents, and eventually was sent to a well-known teacher. After a great deal of hard work her really fine voice won her an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York in the season of 1909. She is still studying, and as soon as she has saved up enough money will go abroad.

William Miller of Pittsburg is another American with a remarkable career. Thirteen years ago he was a newsboy, and now is a leading tenor at the Vienna Opera House, replacing Slezak, who is singing at the Metropolitan Opera House,

New York. An impresario noted the quality of the boy's voice as he cried, "Extra!" and grubstaked him to a musical education which has turned out so remarkably well that Miller is making twelve thousand dollars a year in his first important engagement at the Austrian capital.

Alessandro Bonci

Alessandro Bonci's early life was spent in the bitterest poverty, for he too is of the people. For years his father had made combs in the small Italian town of Cesena. As soon as he was old enough Alessandro was apprenticed to a cobbler, and while he patched boots and soled or heeled for his neighbors he sang cheerily. One day as he was toiling at his trade and singing snatches from "La Sonnambula" he attracted the attention of Augusto Dell'Amore, the dramatist, who predicted a great future for the young apprentice. After that the cobbler craved art. He went to live with a cousin five miles out of Pesaro. He had no money, and the cousin was willing to help him to the extent of letting the young aspirant stay in his house. But Alessandro could not afford to ride to the city, and so every day he tramped the five miles to the Conservatory which Rossini had founded at Pesaro.

With the best will in the world no singer can stand that for very long, and Bonci was not particularly strong, so he scraped together a few lire and shared a room in town with two other men. There, though half starved and hardly able to keep a coat on his back, he studied for four years under Pedrotti and Felice Coen. At the end of the second year he won a scholarship which brought him the magnificent income of nine dollars monthly. Too shabby to show himself in the offices of good agents, he at last secured a small position in the choir of the Santa Casa at Loreto, and at the sixth centenary of that famous building he sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" in the presence of two cardinals and a dozen bishops. The vast audience of twelve thousand people listened and wondered, and then went home and talked for days of nothing else but the new primo tenore.

But it was still two years before Bonci made his debut on the stage in "Falstaff" at Parma, where he leaped into fame and had engagements literally thrown at him. He sang in the principal cities of Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, Spain and England, winning the applause of kings and queens and presidents by the purity of his voice and the delicacy of his style. And now he is one of the brightest stars in New York's brilliant operatic constellation, commanding over one thousand dollars a night throughout the season.

Melba's rise to fame as one of the world's great singers was by no means along a sunlit path of roses; rather it was by the rough road of discouragement and opposition. She was born Helen Porter Mitchell in Melbourne, Australia —from whence is derived her stage name of Melba—and learned to play the organ in a church. At the age of six Nellie Mitchell made her first public ap-

pearance, a fearless little child who sang "The Shells of the Ocean," to her own accompaniment, with "Comin' Thro' the Rye" as an encore. The applause which resulted from this first childish effort planted the seed of a great ambition, which grew steadily as the girl developed into a young woman.

Her father was bitterly opposed to his daughter embarking upon a public career, and when Nellie organized a concert at which she was sole performer, Mr. Mitchell energetically canvassed the circle of family friends and worked up such a thorough boycott that the entire audience consisted of two people—although Nellie had crept out in the early morning, unseen, with a paste pot and a handful of circulars and liberally decorated the neighborhood with them. And then, when she married, the Australian singer had to contend with the strenuous opposition of her husband's relatives. After two or three unsuccessful attempts in public at Melbourne, Mrs. Armstrong, as she now was, went with her husband to Paris.

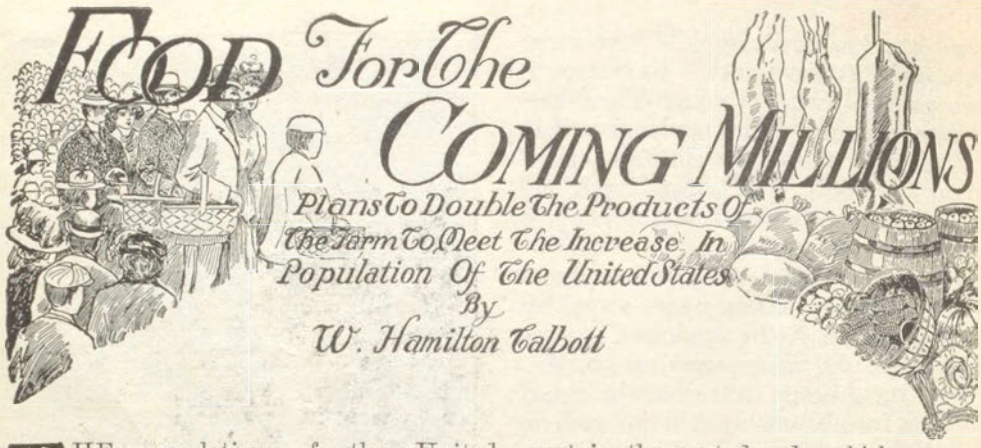
And it was in the French capital that

Anna Case,
Daughter of a blacksmith, now member of Metropolitan Opera Company, New York

Mme. Melba
Her favorite photo, wearing her famous pearls

Melba—as she was henceforth known—got her first real start. That wonderful woman, Marchesi, took her in hand and developed the wonderful voice which has since thrilled the whole world with its glorious power. At her first appearance in Paris, though Melba was intensely nervous, her singing carried the house, and the people screamed and threw their hats in the air.

Many more instances could be quoted of operatic stars who have, by hard work and an everlasting belief in their own power, conquered all obstacles and attained the ambition of their youth, but enough has been said to show that nothing is impossible to the possessor of a good voice and plenty of grit. Charles Dalmores, who now commands from seven hundred to one thousand dollars a night, began in the humblest circumstances, and declares: "It is in some ways an advantage to begin under gray skies, in dull oblivion, because when we begin life hand in hand with poverty there is nothing to fear afterward." Dalmores, by the way, once sang tenor solos in an Israelite temple for twelve dollars a month.



FOOD For The COMING MILLIONS

Plans To Double The Products Of The Farm To Meet The Increase In Population Of The United States

By

W. Hamilton Talbott

THE population of the United States is increasing at the rate of 4,000 a day; the area of the United States not at all. What are we going to do about it; how are we going to feed the hundreds of millions of people who will be living in America before the ten-year-old boy of today has grown old? From whatever point of view you look at it there is a problem here; the problem of finding new foods for new millions. For answer we must turn to the brains that are conquering a new earth; the science which adds other grains to the ear of wheat, which causes to be produced two blades of grass where one grew before—to the science of breeding, which is doubling our farm products.

Heredity, like electricity, is coming rapidly into man's hand to be used to increase production. Scientific breeders believe that every species is amenable to improvement by breeding, that every species has in it individuals with rare value for producing progeny along desired lines. Careful breeders are searching each species for the phenomenal individual; when found, the blood of all but that one, the one in many thousands, is discarded. This superior blood is then multiplied and sent to the growers to take the place of their half-civilized kinds, and thus these varieties are superseded by the improved kind. This is the method of improving plants or animals by simple selection.

The earnings of our farms through plant and animal improvement already shows an increase of from 10 to 20 per cent in the past decade, which means on seven billion dollars (the worth of our farm products) an additional profit of approximately a billion dollars annually to American farmers, and that, too, at the cost of a mere trifle. Burbank, who is showing the world how to harness up and use the forces of heredity, recently said: "The right man under favorable conditions can make one dollar yield a million dollars in plant breeding." The men now in charge of Minnesota's famous plant-breeding establishment say, with an expenditure of less than $20,000 last year, the field crops of that state were made to yield an additional $2,000,000. This figure is based on the modestly estimated increase of the new varieties above the old kinds displaced by them of $2 per acre on a million acres now planted to the seven new varieties of corn, wheat, oats, barley and flax first distributed to Minnesota farmers.

The "centgener" method of breeding now recognized as the most important method for many crops was originated at the Minnesota experiment station by the now Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. W. M. Hays. Under this method the breeder first secured many superior parent plants. A hundred or more seeds of each parent were planted. The word centgener, combining the words *centum* and *genera*, simply means a hundred, more or less, of one birth, having a common parentage. By comparing the average of the progeny of the respective parent plants the power of each parent to project its own individual values into its progeny was measured,

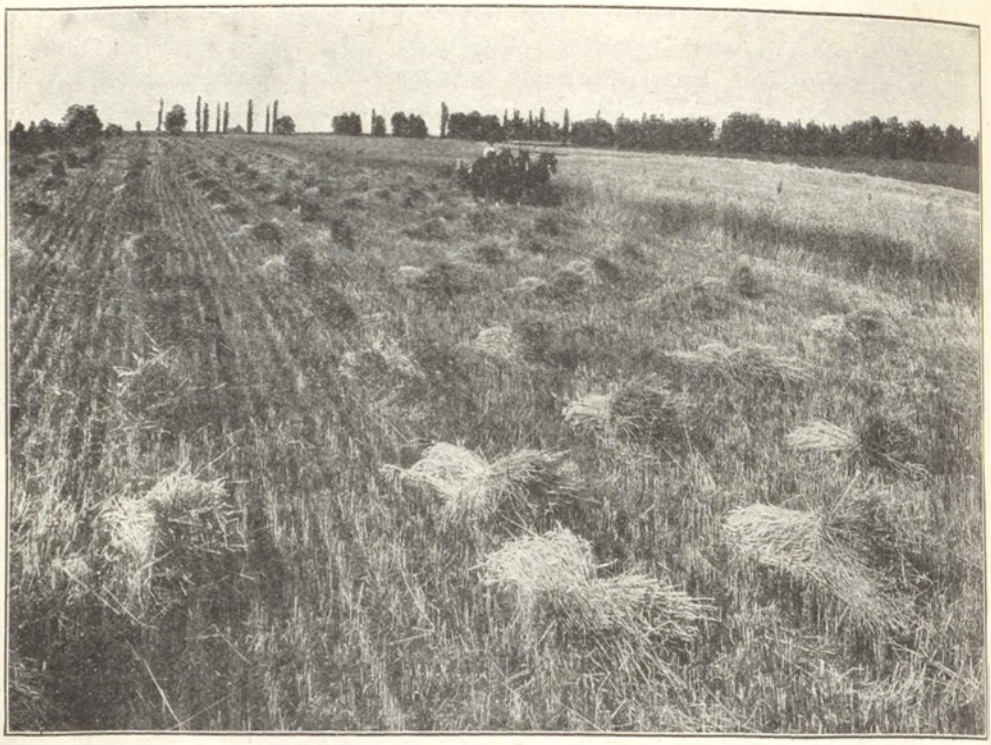
that the seeds of those relatively few parent plants which beget the best strains might be preserved, and made into new pure-bred varieties. By this means the parent plants were compared in a far more vital way than by simply comparing their own yields. Mr. Hays has done much to emphasize the necessity for efforts to secure the hundreds of millions of dollars of additional values inherent in the heredity of our plants and animals.

The trend of events indicates that each state is taking a broader view of the realities in plant and animal breeding, for establishments whose task is to create new heredity values are being built. Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, Colorado, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Ohio, and a number of other states are actively engaged in building up these enterprises. Outside of the work of the national and state governments there has been a wide movement to promote scientific breeding, which is centered in the American Breeders' Association. That organization has nearly fifty committees at work on the different phases of plant and animal breeding. There are committees on breeding draft horses, driving horses, beef cattle, dairy cows, and double-decked cows, which are good for both beef and milk. Other committees deal with sheep breeding, the improvement of swine, poultry, pet stock, fur-bearing animals, and game birds. There are committees which formulate the best plans for the breeders of wheat, of corn, and of alfalfa; also, committees on plant and animal introduction and on the encouragement of the theoretical study of heredity.

In conjunction with this association the United States Department of Agriculture and the Minnesota Experiment Station have inaugurated a plan called "circuit breeding," which has for its object the creation and dissemination of new breeds or sub-breeds of animals. The station and the department divide evenly the salary and expenses of a circuit superintendent. He travels among fifteen or twenty circuit breeders to

Crop Nursery in Minnesota Experiment Station

Each bundle in the foreground is crop from a plot 100 hills square, from which 10 best plants are selected, and likewise the best head from each of these 10 plants. This method of selection is carried on for a term of years until improved or perpetuated. Crossing is also done and progeny reared and increased in this manner.



"Minnesota No. 169 Wheat," Yielding 31½ Bushels per Acre

This wheat was originated by Prof. W. M. Hays in nursery shown in accompanying photograph. It has averaged 18 per cent better than the common varieties in Minnesota, and at present there are over half a million acres sown with it. This is the first 10 acres of this variety

assist them in breeding their herds, and also to aid them in finding where they can purchase the best foundation stock, both in this country and abroad. In return for this public service the co-operating breeders agree to work under the rules of a board of three, consisting of a representative each of the co-operative association, of the station and the department. Each co-operator signs a bond to own and breed at least five females and one male of a type approved by the board, and to feed and manage them in accordance with the will of the board; to keep all the best animals in the circuit permanently, and to sell stock of the first class only to other members of the association. Animals not chosen to breed in the circuit may be registered in the national register for this breed and sold to outside breeders of pure-bred cattle, while any defective animals must not be registered, but must be destroyed or used only in breeding common cattle. Thus a group of intelligent breeders are working under scientific direction for a more valuable breed of animals which will put money in the pocket of the farmer. Enthusiasts estimate that our domestic animal production may be increased ten per cent, or two hundred million dollars, at a very small expense by co-operative organizations working along these lines of circuit breeding.

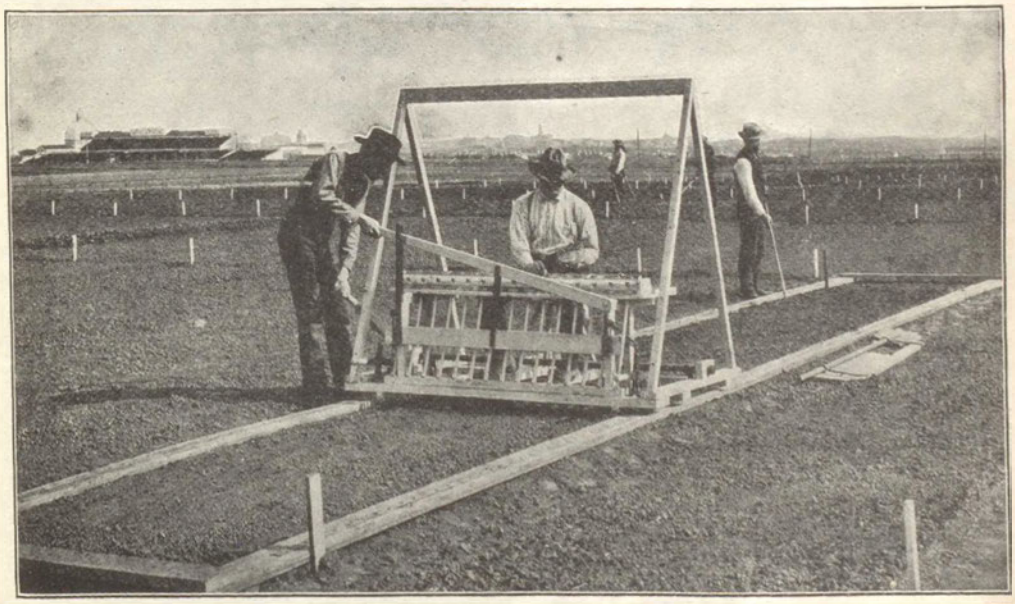
Uncle Sam in the Department of Agriculture is also developing specialists, each trained in breeding certain species, and through these men, is widely co-operating in all this work with public institutions and independent breeders. That individuals who are practical breeders can accomplish much in the creation of new types or the improvement of existing forms is attested by countless instances which might be quoted. A few, however, will suffice to emphasize what scientific breeders are doing to increase our national wealth.

On the balance sheets of the farmers and orchardists of the Northwest not

less than a million dollars may be placed to the credit of a single variety of apple called the "Wealthy." The peculiar heredity of this apple tree, which enables it to thrive farther north than any other really good variety of apple, was all wrapped up in one minute germ in one small apple seed. This seed was planted in Minnesota by a man named Peter M. Gideon, who secured it from his home in Maine along with many other seeds. He watched the seedling trees develop with feverish anxiety for he had borrowed the money with which to procure them, and doubts had been cast upon his sanity when he purchased apple seeds for at the time he was almost without clothes on his back. Most of the young plants succumbed to the severe Minnesota winters. One plant stood out prominently as being hardier than the rest and from that one seedling has developed an apple which not only adds much to the wealth of the country, but gives to the farmers of the great wheat region apples which are not affected by severe winters.

Of all things created by plant breeders nothing has added more to our na-

Parents on Either Side and Hybrid Wheats in Center



Planting Centgeners (100-Hill Plots) in Crop Nursery

One seed is dropped in each cup and cups are emptied, then machine is drawn ahead 4 inches and seeds again planted. Hills are planted 4 inches each way

tional income than the Burbank potato, originated by Luther Burbank in his youth. "Minnesota No. 169," a variety of wheat originated at the Minnesota Experiment Station, is adding $2 an acre to the more than half a million acres planted with it. "Minnesota No. 13" corn has gained a very wide use from Lake Michigan westward through three states, which has helped to carry the corn belt fifty miles farther north. Through the operations of improved plant heredity there are multitudes of recently developed plants—hardy oranges, plums, and other fruits, long-staple cottons, numerous flowers, and even nuts and ornamental trees, all of which add vast millions to the wealth of man.

Wonderful things have been achieved in the animal breeding world. Special breeds of bacon hogs have been developed, superior breeds of horses, double-decked cattle, which combine milk and beef; in fact, no field is left untried, and the possibilities of the future are so great as to be almost dazzling. And the science which breeders along scientific lines are developing promises to more than double the value of our farm products and give new food to the new millions which Uncle Sam must provide for.

PERSEVERE

By Edgar S. Nye

THO' you labor hard and labor long
O'er Life's disheartening trail,
And meet your troubles with a song,
Until, at last, you fail;
Don't let your courage then abate,
But grit your teeth and laugh at fate.

Tho' you struggle hard to win success
Along the lines you choose,
And all your plans become a mess
Until, at last you lose;
Don't rail and storm against your fate—
Success comes only to those who wait.

Tho' you brace yourself for any trial,
Confident you can't be beat,
And your castles fall in a jumbled pile
From the inroads of defeat;
Remember, few the heights attain
Who haven't the "sand" to try again.

YOUR FORCES and How to Use Them

By CHRISTIAN D. LARSON

II

IN the present age it is the power of the mind that rules the world; and therefore it is evident that he who has acquired the best use of the power of mind will realize the greatest success and reach the highest places that attainment and achievement hold in store. The man who wins is the man who knows how to use his mind, who can apply in practical life every part of his mental ability and who can make every action of his mind tell. Use your whole mind and use it right and you will win. That is the rule, and to this rule there are no exceptions.

We sometimes wonder why there are so many capable men and admirable women who do not reach those places in life that they seem to deserve. There are several answers to this question, and one is that they do not apply the power of the mind as they should; in other words, their abilities and qualities are either misdirected, or are applied only in part. These people, however, should not permit themselves to become disappointed with fate, but should remember that every individual who learns to make full use of the power of his mind will reach his goal. He will attain his desire. He will positively win. And there are various reasons why. The principal reason is found in the fact that when the power of the mind is used correctly in the working out of what we wish to accomplish, the other forces we possess are readily applied for the same purpose, and this fact becomes simple when we realize that the power of mind is not only the ruling power in the world but is also the ruling power in man himself. All the forces and faculties in man are ruled by the power of his mind. It is the action of his mind that determines the action of all the other forces in his possession. Therefore, he must give his first thought to the scientific and constructive application of mental action.

In the first article of this series it was stated that the "I Am" is the ruling principle in man, and from that statement the conclusion may be drawn that the "I Am" is the ruling power as well; but this is not strictly correct. There is a difference between principle and power; though for practical purposes it is not necessary to define this difference. All that is necessary in the present step of the study of this subject is to realize that it is the "I Am" that directs the mind and that it is the power of the mind that directs and controls everything else in the human system. It is the mind that occupies the throne; but the "I Am," that is, the real you, yourself, is the power behind the throne. Results, however, depend upon the power that is exercised by the one occupying the throne. It is that power, therefore —the power of mind—that must receive our chief attention in practical life.

Each individual who wants to rule his own world, who wants to rule his own life, and who wants to make his life what his ideal declares it ought to be, must first study the scientific use of the power of the mind; but from this no one should infer that the elements of life, or anything that pertains to life, should be exercised through the mental plane alone. That is not the idea at all, as we shall clearly see later on. But it is the idea that mind is the ruling power, and therefore must be applied in accordance with our purposes in view if that purpose is to be fulfilled.

This being true the question is how the power of mind should be used; and to answer that question we must first gain a clear idea as to what constitutes the power of mind. Generally speak-

ing, we may say that the power of mind is the sum total of all the forces in the mental world, including those forces that are employed in the process of thinking. The power of the mind includes the power of the will, the power of desire, the power of feeling and the power of thought. It includes conscious action in all its phases and subconscious action in all its phases; in fact, it includes anything and everything that is placed in action through the mind, by the mind and in the mind.

How to Use the Mind

To use the power of the mind the first essential is to direct every mental action toward the goal in view. And this direction must not be occasional, but constant. But how many minds are there who apply this law? Most minds think about a certain thing one moment and about something else the next moment. At a certain hour the actions of the average mind work along a certain line and at the next hour those actions work along a different line. Sometimes the goal in view is one thing and sometimes another, so the actions of the mind do not move constantly toward a certain definite goal, but are mostly scattered, sometimes here and sometimes there. We shall find, however, that every individual who is actually working himself steadily and surely toward the goal he has in view is also fixing all the power of his thought upon that goal. In his mind, not a single mental action is thrown away, not a single mental force is wasted. All the power that is in him is being directed to work for what he wishes to accomplish, and the reason that every power responds in this way is because he is not thinking of this thing now and something else at the next moment. He is thinking all the time of what he wishes to attain or achieve. The full power of his mind is turned upon that object, and as mind is the ruling power, the full power of all his other forces will also tend to work toward the same object.

In using the power of mind as well as all the other forces we possess, the first question to answer is what do you really want? What do you really want to accomplish? And when this question is answered, the one thing that is wanted should be fixed so clearly in the mind that it can be seen by the mind's eye every minute. But the majority do not know what they really want. They may have some vague desire but they have not fixed clearly, definitely, and positively what they really want with all their heart and mind and soul. And this is one of the principal causes of failure. So long as you do not know definitely what you want, your forces will be scattered, and so long as your forces are scattered, you will accomplish but little, or fail entirely. When we know what we want, however, and proceed to work for it with all the power and ability that is in us, we are going to get it. That is a statement which can be put down as an absolute truth.

When we direct the power of thinking, the power of will, the power of mental action, the power of desire, the power of ambition, in fact, all the power we possess, on the one thing we want, on the one goal we desire to reach, it is not difficult to understand why success in greater and greater measure must be realized; and to illustrate the subject, we will suppose that you have a certain ambition. At first you can feel your thoughts and your desires moving toward that ambition; and the more you think about that ambition the more deeply you feel that the powers within you are beginning to direct their forces along the same line as your thought. If you continue to concentrate your thought and the power of your mind upon that ambition you will gradually and surely train all the forces within you to work for the realization of that ambition, and after awhile the full capacity of your entire mental system will be applied in working for what you want. But suppose you do as most people do under the circumstances. Suppose, after you have given your ambition a certain amount of thought you come to the conclusion that possibly you might succeed better along another line; then you begin to direct the power of your mind along

that other line. Later on, you come to the conclusion that there is still another channel through which you might succeed, and you proceed accordingly to direct the power of your mind upon this third ambition. What will be the result? Anyone can answer this question. You will make three good beginnings, but in every case you will stop before you have accomplished anything.

There are thousands of capable men and women, however, who make this mistake every year of their lives. The full force of their mental system is directed upon a certain ambition only for a short time, then it is directed elsewhere; but we all know that if we are to accomplish anything whatever, we must apply the power and the ability we possess. If that power, or ability, however, is never applied long enough in any one direction to secure results, it is evident that no result will be secured.

Then there are other minds who give most of their attention to a certain ambition and succeed fairly well, but they have also a number of minor ambitions upon which they direct attention during a considerable part of their time; thus, they are using only a fraction of their power in a way that will tell. The rest of it is thrown away along a number of lines through which nothing is gained. But in this age high efficiency is demanded in every place of importance, and anyone who wants to occupy a place that corresponds with his ambition and desire cannot afford to waste even a small part of the power he may possess. He needs it all along the line of his leading ambition and therefore should not permit counter attractions to occupy his mind for a moment.

If you have a certain ambition or a certain desire, think about that ambition all the time. Keep that ambition before your mind constantly; think about it in a general way while you are at your work, and at spare moments let it occupy so much of your attention that the desire to realize that ambition actually thrills every atom of your being. And do not hesitate to make your aim as high as possible. The higher your aim the greater will be your achievements every time. That does not mean, however, that you will realize your highest aim exactly as you have pictured it in your mind; but the fact is that those who have low aims always realize what is below their aims, while those who have high aims realize almost what their original ambition called for. The principle is to direct the power of mind upon the very highest, the very largest and the greatest mental conception of that which we intend to achieve.

Positive Mental Action

The first essential, therefore, is to direct the full power of mind and thought upon the goal in view, and to continue to direct the mind in that manner every minute regardless of circumstances or conditions.

The second essential is to make every mental action positive. When we desire certain things or when we think of certain things we wish to attain or achieve, the question is if our mental attitudes at the time are positive or negative. To answer this question we only have to remember that positive action always goes toward that which receives its attention, while negative action always retreats. Positive action is not forceful nor domineering. Forceful attitudes or actions are always detrimental and should be avoided completely.

A positive action is an action that you feel when you realize that every force in your entire system is pushed forward, so to speak, and that it is passing through what may be termed an expanding and enlarging state of motion. The positive attitude of mind is also indicated by the feeling of a firm, determined fullness throughout the nervous system. When every nerve feels full, strong, firm and determined, you are in the positive attitude, and whatever you may do at the time will produce results along the line of your desire or ambition. When you are in a positive state of mind you are never nervous nor disturbed; you are never agitated nor strenuous; in fact, the more positive you are the deeper your calmness and the better your control over your entire system.

This fact is very well illustrated in the lives of different men whose very presence reveals the fact that they have highly developed individuality, powerful personalities, strong characters and most positive minds. When we look at them we realize at once that they live and act in a state of calmness that seems so deep as to be fathomless; and there is a power in that calmness that acts almost like a magnet. Their calmness seems to be alive. Their silent actions speak, and their quiet attitude seems to thrill with an irresistible force that simply compels attention.

This gives us a fair idea of what it means to be positive. The positive man is not the one who rushes helter-skelter here and there regardless of judgment or constructive action, but one who is absolutely calm and controlled under every circumstance, and yet so absolutely full of energy that every atom in his being is ready to accomplish and achieve. This energy is not permitted to act, however, until the proper time arrives, and then its action goes directly to the mark.

When the mind is positive it works in harmony with itself. The negative mind, however, is usually out of harmony and thereby loses the greater part of its power. Positiveness always means strength stored up, power held in the system under perfect control until the time of action; and during the time of action directed constructively under the same complete control. The positive mind is literally a human dynamo and nothing can down such a mind; nothing can disturb such a mind; nothing can influence such a mind. Such a mind has no quarrel with anybody or anything. Such a mind never argues or tries to prove its case with words. Such a mind simply declares, "I am going to do it," and then proceeds in the same positive determination to succeed.

Another illustration of positiveness may be found in comparing two business men who are trying to sell their product. The one is very aggressive, very strenuous, and is using every manner and means to influence you to become a customer; but as you listen to his talk you are reminded of an empty barrel. There seems to be nothing in him. There is no depth to his personality. There is no quality in his voice and there seems to be nothing back of the man whatever. His presence is not pleasing to you in the least; and though he actually wears himself out trying to make a sale, he succeeds only once in a while. The other man, however, is entirely different. He is neither aggressive nor strenuous, but goes about his work in a quiet yet firm manner. Every word he utters seems to come from the depths of his being and you are at once impressed. You discover immediately that there is something in the man. There is power and quality and worth in everything he says or does. Every word is convincing because there is something back of it; and every statement he makes is a telling statement because it is filled with a power that goes directly to the object in view. You are delighted to listen to that man, and you are so well pleased with what he has to say that if you possibly can use his product you will take it. Frequently, you will take it any way because he has made you believe that it was a privilege for you to give the time required for the interview.

These two types are not found among salesmen alone. They are found among all classes of people, and we find them among women as well as men. In the one type all the mental actions are positive, are working in harmony, and are being fully directed toward the object in view, while in the other type those same actions are scattered, restless nervous, disturbed, moving here and there, sometimes under direction but most of the time not. And that the one type should invariably succeed is just as evident as that the other type should fail; scattered energy cannot otherwise but fail, while positively directed energy simply must succeed. A positive mind is like a powerful stream of water that is gathering volume and force from hundreds of tributaries all along its course. The farther on it goes the greater its power, until when it reaches its goal that power is simply immense. A negative

mind, however, would be something like a stream that the farther it flows, the more divisions it makes, until when it reaches its goal, instead of being one powerful stream, it has become a hundred small, weak, shallow streams.

To develop positiveness it is necessary to cultivate those qualities that constitute positiveness. Make it a point to give all your attention to what you want to accomplish and give that attention firmness, calmness and determination. Then try to give depth to every desire until you feel as if all the powers of your being are acting, not on the surface, but from the greater world within. As this attitude is cultivated, positiveness will become more and more distinct until you can actually feel yourself gaining power and prestige. And the effect will not only be noted in your own ability to better direct and apply your talents, but other people will discover the change. Thus you will be better admired by all, and those who are looking for men of power, men who can do things, will look to you as the one to occupy the position that is to be filled.

Positiveness, therefore, not only gives you the ability to make a far better use of the forces you possess, but it also gives you personality, that much admired something that will most surely cause you to be selected where men of power are needed. No one cares much for a negative personality. Such personalities look weak and empty, and are usually ignored. But everybody is attracted to a positive personality, and it is the positive personality that is given the preference every time. And it is right that it should be so, because the positive personality has a better use of his power, and, therefore, is able to make good wherever he is called upon to act.

Constructive Mental Action

The third essential in the right use of the mind is to make every mental action constructive. And a constructive mental action is one that is based upon a deep seated desire to develop, to increase, to achieve, to attain—in brief, to become larger and greater, and to do something of far greater worth than has been done before. If you will cause every mental action you entertain to have that feeling, constructiveness will soon become second nature to your entire mental system; that is, all the forces of your mind will begin to become building forces and will continue to build you up along any line through which you may decide to act. Inspire your mind constantly with a building desire. Make your desire so strong that every part of your system constantly feels that it wants to become greater, more capable and more efficient.

An excellent practice in this connection is to try to enlarge upon all your ideas of things whenever you have a few moments to spare. This practice will tend to produce a growing tendency in every process of your thinking. Another good practice is to inspire every mental action with more ambition. We cannot have too much ambition. We may have too much aimless ambition, but none of us can have too much real, constructive ambition. If your ambition is very strong and is directed toward something definite, every action of your mind, every action of your personality and every action of your faculties will become constructive; that is, all these actions will be inspired by the tremendous force of your ambition to work for the realization of that ambition.

Never permit restless ambition. Whenever you feel the force of ambition direct your mind at once in a calm, determined attitude upon that which you really want to accomplish in life. Make this a daily practice and you will steadily train all your faculties and powers not only to work for the realization of that ambition but to become more and more efficient in that direction. Ere long your forces and faculties will be sufficiently competent to accomplish what you want.

In the proper use of the mind, therefore, these three great essentials should be applied constantly and thoroughly. First, direct all the powers of mind, all the power of thought and all your thinking upon the goal you have in view. Second, train every mental action to be

deeply and calmly positive. Third, train every mental action to be constructive, to be filled with the building spirit, to be inspired with a ceaseless desire to develop the greater, to achieve the greater, to attain the greater. Having acquired these three you are on the right track; you are beginning to use your forces in such a way that you will secure results; you are beginning to move forward steadily and surely and the further you move the more rapidly you will move. Briefly, your mind will be like the powerful stream mentioned above. It will gather volume and force as it moves on and on until finally that volume will be great enough to remove any obstacle in its way, and that force powerful enough to do anything that you may have in view.

Misuse of the Mind

In order to apply these three essentials in the most effective manner there are several misuses of the mind that must be avoided. Avoid the forceful, the aggressive and the domineering attitudes, and do not permit your mind to become intense in the usual way. Intensity, if under control, means strength and penetration, but if not under control it literally tears the mind to pieces. If you are all wrought up with intensity and forceful mental action, you are misusing the mind. You are wasting energy and must cease that action at once. But if your intense mental feeling is deep, calm and penetrating it is a desirable mental action and as such is very valuable.

Never attempt to control or influence others in any way whatever. You will seldom succeed in that manner and when you do, the success will be just temporary. But such a practice always weakens your mind. Do not turn the power of your mind upon others, but turn it upon yourself in such a way that it will make you stronger, more positive, more capable and more efficient; and as you attain these things, success must come of itself. There is only one way in which you can influence others legitimately and that is through the giving of instruction, but in that case there is no desire to influence. Your desire is simply to impart knowledge and information, and you exercise a most desirable influence without trying to do so.

A great many men and women, after discovering the immense power of mind, have come to the conclusion that they might change circumstances by exercising mental power upon their circumstances in some mysterious manner, but let us not forget that such a practice means nothing but a waste of energy. The way to control circumstances is to control the forces within yourself to make a greater man of yourself.

There is a beautiful poem entitled "My Own Shall Come to Me," and many who have read that poem have imagined that they might draw their own to themselves through the magnetic attraction of mental force, but again they have worked in vain. They have not gained their own by such a method, but have lost much power instead. If you want your own to come to you, that is, if you want to realize your ideal, turn all the power in your possession upon yourself with a view of making you more and more like that ideal. Like attracts like, and when you become as ideal as your ideal then your own shall surely come to you. If you want better friends, make yourself a better friend. If you want to associate with people of worth, make yourself more worthy. If you want to meet agreeable people, make yourself more agreeable. If you want to enter conditions and circumstances that are more pleasing, make yourself more pleasing. In brief, whatever you want, produce that something in yourself first, and you will positively get it in the external world. But to improve yourself along those lines it is necessary that you apply all the power you possess for that purpose. You cannot afford to waste any of it and every misuse of the mind will waste power.

Avoid all destructive attitudes of the mind, such as anger, hatred, malice, envy, jealousy, revenge, depression, discouragement, disappointment, worry, fear and so on. Never antagonize and never try to get even. Just take good care of

your own end and aim to make good. The best that is in store for you will positively come your way. When others seem to take advantage of you, do not fight, and do not use time and thought in trying to study out how you can get ahead of them. Use your power in improving yourself so that you can do better and better work. That is how you are going to win in the race; and after awhile those who tried to take advantage of you will be left far behind. Remember, those who are dealing unjustly with you are misusing their mind and they are losing their power; after awhile they will begin to lose ground; but if you, in the meantime, are turning the full power of your mind to good account, you will not only gain more power, but you will soon begin to gain ground. And that is how you are going to win, and win splendidly regardless of illtreatment or opposition.

A great many people imagine that they can promote their own success by trying to prevent the success of others, but it is one of the greatest illusions in the world. If you want to promote your own success as thoroughly as your capacity will permit, take an active interest in the success of everybody because this will not only keep your mind in the success attitude, and cause you to think success all along the line, but it will enlarge your mind in connection with the fields of success. In fact, you will get a larger mental grasp upon the elements of success because you have placed yourself in touch with success in everybody and in everything. That you should finally win a much larger success is therefore clear enough for anyone to understand.

Then again, if you are trying to prevent the success of others you are acting in the destructive attitude, which sooner or later will react on yourself, but if you are taking an active interest in the success of everybody you are entertaining only constructive attitudes and these will sooner or later accumulate in your own mind to add volume and power to the forces of success that you are building up in yourself.

The Man Who Wins, and Why

Why do those succeed who do succeed? Why do so many succeed only to a slight degree? And why do so many fail utterly? These are questions that occupy the mind of most people; and hundreds of answers have been given. But there is only one answer that goes to the bottom of the subject. The people who fail, who continue to fail all along the line, fail because the power of their minds is either in a habitual negative state, or is misdirected. If the power of mind is not working positively and constructively for a certain goal you are not going to succeed. If your mind is not positive, it is negative, and negative minds float with the stream. We must remember that we are in the midst of all kinds of circumstances, some of which are for us and some of which are not, and we will either have to make our own way or else drift; and if we drift we go wherever the stream leads. And here we must remember that the larger part of the stream of human life is found in the world of the ordinary and the inferior. Therefore, if you drift, you will drift with the inferior and your goal will be failure.

When we analyze the minds of people who have failed, we can almost invariably discover the reason why. They are either negative, non-constructive or aimless. Their forces are scattered and what is in them is seldom applied constructively. There is an emptiness about their personality that indicates negativeness. There is an uncertainty in their facial expression that indicates the absence of definite ambitions. There is nothing of a positive, determined nature going on in their mental world. They have not taken definite action along any line. They are depending upon fate and circumstances. They are drifting with the stream, and that they should accomplish but little, if anything, is evident.

That does not mean, however, that their mental world is unproductive. In fact, those very minds may be immensely rich with possibilities. The trouble is those possibilities are dormant and what is in them is not being brought

forth and trained for definite actual results. What those people should do is to proceed at once to comply with the three great essentials mentioned above, and before many months there will be a turn in the lane. They will soon cease to drift, and then gradually begin to make their own life, their own circumstances and their own future.

In this connection it is well to remember that negative people and non-constructive minds never attract that which is helpful in their circumstances. The more you drift the more of those people you meet that also drift; while on the other hand, when you begin to make your own life and become positive, you begin to meet more and more of those people that are positive and those circumstances that are constructive. This explains why "God helps them that help themselves." When you begin to help yourself, which means to make the best of what is in yourself, you begin to attract to yourself more and more of those helpful things that may exist all about you. In other words, constructive forces attract constructive forces; positive forces attract positive forces. A growing mind attracts elements and forces that help to promote growth, and people who are determined to make more and more of themselves are drawn more and more into circumstances through which they will find the opportunity to make more and more of themselves.

And this law works not only in connection with the external world, but also the internal world. When you begin to make a positive, determined use of those powers in yourself that are already in action, you draw forth into action powers within you that have been dormant; and as this process continues you will find that you will accumulate volume, capacity and power in your own mental world until you finally become a mental giant. As you begin to grow and become more capable you will meet better and better opportunities, not only opportunities for promoting external success, but opportunities for further building yourself up along the line of ability, capacity and talent. You are thus demonstrating the law that "nothing succeeds like success," and also "to him that hath shall be given." And here it is well to remember that it is not necessary to possess external things in order to be accounted among them that "hath." It is only necessary in the beginning to possess your interior riches; in other words, to take control of what is in you and begin to use it positively and constructively, with a definite goal in view. He who has control of his own mind has already great riches. He has sufficient wealth to be placed among those who have. He is already successful, and if he continues as he has begun, his success will soon manifest in the external world; and the wealth that existed at first only in the internal will soon begin to take shape and form in the external. This is a law that is unfailing, and there is not a man or woman on the face of the earth that cannot apply it with most satisfying results.

The reason why so many fail is thus found in the fact that they do not know how to use the talents and powers they already possess; but to use those powers is not difficult. It is only necessary to apply the three great essentials mentioned in this article. The reason why so many succeed only in a slight degree is found in the fact that only a small fraction of their powers are applied constructively and positively. The rest are negative, non-constructive, or scattered. The reason why those succeed who do succeed is found in the fact that a large measure of their powers are applied according to the three essentials heretofore mentioned; and these essentials anyone can apply, even to a remarkable degree.

Sometimes we meet people with only ordinary ability but who are very successful. Then we meet others who have great ability but who are not successful, or who succeed only to a slight degree. At first we see no explanation, but when we understand the cause of success, as well as the cause of failure, what seemed so mysterious becomes as clear as crystal. The man with ordinary ability, if he complies with the three essentials necessary to the right use of

mind, is going to succeed; though if he had greater ability, his success would, of course, become greater in proportion. But the man who has great ability yet does not apply the three essentials necessary to the right use of mind, is not going to succeed.

But we are not through with the power of the mind, nor any of those forces that are directed by the mind. The using of the power of mind positively, constructively and with a definite goal in view, will invariably result in advancement, attainment and achievement. But if you wish to use that power in its full capacity so as to realize the greatest possible achievement, the action of the mind must be deep. And here we find that conscious action is not sufficient. We must also have subconscious action. The conscious action of the mind when properly applied is powerful and efficient, and will mark great changes for the better in the life of any one; but when this same action is also made subconscious its power is increased greatly.

In this article the purpose has been to present those principles, laws and essentials through which the power of mind may be rightly used. In the next article we shall present those principles, laws and essentials through which the *full* power of the mind may be rightly used; and this leads us to a study of the subconscious.

(*To be continued next month*)

Another Essential to Success

by T. J. Macmurray

IN a very large sense manners make the man. True politeness is one of the secrets of success. We refer not to the mere forms and usages of social etiquette, but rather to that genuine courtesy which springs from self-denial, self-mastery, and kindness. There is a superficial politeness which, though it may be in harmony with the rules of fashion, is cold, stiff, formal, heartless. It is not genuine, because it is not based on a consideration of the happiness of others. But genuine courtesy is unselfish and freely sacrifices ease or convenience for the sake of another's comfort or happiness. It has the element of considerateness in it.

Thoroughly good manners result from a due recognition of, and a proper respect for, the rights of others. Where real kindness of heart exists, there will undoubtedly be an exhibition of unfeigned courtesy, no matter whether the meeting be in connection with the most fashionable function attended by the *elite*, or an assembly of peasants in a humble cabin in some rural district; for there can be refinement of manners even where there is no intellectual culture. There are many highly educated men and women who have never learned the fine art of showing politeness. With all their literary, scientific, or musical accomplishments, they are sadly deficient in those graces which characterize the true lady or gentleman. They have never studied the charming courtesies of social life. They have never acquainted themselves with the responsibilities which all who mingle in society should ever

be on the alert to assume and ever be careful to fulfill.

It will be of infinite value to a young man or woman to study assiduously to convey as much ease and pleasure to others as possible, and to avoid taking such steps as would mean an invasion of the sacred rights of any member of society. Nothing will count more readily or strongly in a man's favor than his good manners. Nothing will count so tremendously against him as his boorish treatment of those with whom he comes in contact. The deportment of the true lady or gentleman will be such as to convey pleasure—not pain—to others. When St. Paul uses the words, "In honor preferring one another," he makes clear as crystal the inner, larger meaning of politeness. He points to the principle of unselfishness which constitutes the basis of winning manners. Thus the secret of one's success in securing the friendship and admiration of others, is simply to show them proper respect and pay them courteous attention. Such a course, patiently followed, will sooner or later break down completely the most formidable barriers and will prove to be the magic key which will open the door of the most stubborn heart.

The apostolic injunction, "Be pitiful, be courteous," is too frequently unheeded. There is a market value in politeness. The boorish manners of many a business man have seriously handicapped him, if indeed they have not led to hopeless bankruptcy. The public will not trade with a man of disagreeable bearing or stinging speech. Such a man is doomed to be without a large patronage in the commercial world. But there is a positive market value to refined and agreeable manners. The charming considerateness shown to others by A. T. Stewart, known as "the merchant prince of New York," made him, to a large extent, the successful business man that he was. Every shrewd man of affairs knows the infinite value of pleasing manners. "There is no accomplishment," said one, "so easy to acquire as politeness, and none more profitable."

Two boys applied at the same time to a merchant for a situation, when an incident occurred in the merchant's presence which led him to decide promptly in favor of one of the applicants. As the two lads drew near to the merchant's door a poorly-clad little girl slipped and fell on the icy sidewalk, lost her pennies and began to cry bitterly. One of the boys made light of this circumstance and exhibited his heartlessness and ill-breeding by his rude laughter. The other hastened to the little girl's relief and began to search in the gutter for the lost pennies. He found all, save one, and then gave one from his own purse to make up for the missing one. The merchant, who saw what had transpired, had no difficulty in deciding that the boy who showed sympathy and politeness would be the more valuable to him, and he took him into his employ.

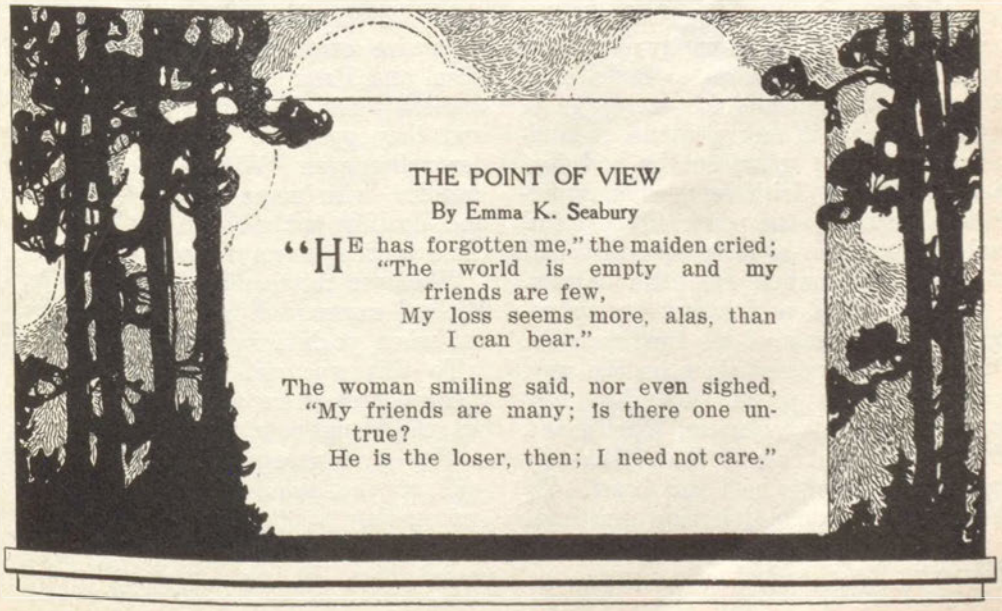
Railroad and other companies employing large numbers of men, insist on politeness being shown by their employes; and for nothing will those companies more quickly discharge a man than for his rude treatment of patrons. This points to the fact that good manners have a decided market value and count for much in the great channels of business.

It is related that one day when Napoleon—then a prisoner on the Island of St. Helena—was walking out in company with a lady, a poor man, carrying a heavy load, met them. The lady evinced no willingness to make the slightest room for the burden-bearer; but the ex-emperor gently motioned to her to move to the side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." True politeness never discriminates as to social rank, but respects the rights and feelings of all classes. Many may look upon the small courtesies of life as mere trifles; but, after all, it is just such courtesies which smooth life's pathway and reveal a man's true worth. It was Burke who said that manners were of more importance than laws and that they gave their color to our lives. Civility in a man never fails to create an immediate impression in his favor. Though one be destitute of that knowledge imparted by the schools, yet he will

pass in society as a gentleman of refinement, if his manners be pleasing. Many a bright scholar has signally failed to become popular, for the simple reason that he was incased in the impenetrable shell of gruffness, which effectively concealed his nobler qualities from the world's eyes.

There is no excuse for boorishness. We often allude to the bluntness of great men as a sign of genius; and we are inclined to condone whatever offenses they may be guilty of in the direction of showing discourtesy. But there is no good reason why we should manifest this leniency. No brilliancy of genius can impart an agreeable luster to out-and-out rudeness. The ungraceful reply which Diogenes made to Alexander the Great was wholly inexcusable. Alexander considerately inquired of the philosopher if he could do him a favor, and the ungentlemanly answer was, "Yes, stand from between me and the sun!" That retort has become celebrated for its wit, when it should have become notorious for its cruel impoliteness. Carlyle's horrid manners wounded the feelings of many—even of those near and dear to him. Genius is given no special license to enter the business of flaying people unmercifully. The Earl of Eglintoune, himself a man of polished manners, was an enthusiastic admirer of Samuel Johnson; but he deeply regretted that the eminent English writer had not been educated with more refinement and lived more in polished society. What is needed in many a heart is that law of kindness which would awaken a desire to oblige others and to minister to their comfort and happiness.

A young man or woman can be favored with a letter of credit at all times in the form of fine manners. Kindness and courtesy in trifles should be assiduously cultivated by all. The practice of treating others as you would like to be treated will contribute not only to the ease and happiness of those with whom you associate, but will bring much honor and incalculable profit to you in the course of your life. Above all, remember that the highest type of politeness springs from sincerity of heart. Let your good manners be the outward expression of your inward nobility. If you have truly benevolent feelings toward others, your politeness will be much more beautiful than any superficial polish, for it will be the natural outflow from the fountain of kindness and generosity.



THE POINT OF VIEW

By Emma K. Seabury

"HE has forgotten me," the maiden cried;
"The world is empty and my friends are few,
My loss seems more, alas, than I can bear."

The woman smiling said, nor even sighed,
"My friends are many; is there one untrue?
He is the loser, then; I need not care."

The ENTRANCE OF MICHAEL

By LUCY COPINGER

MICHAEL KELLY, with Peter his brother, was on his way to school. As they walked along, Michael's thin, little body was bent forward in the effort to hasten the backward leaning, reluctant Peter. This effort, made the stronger by the handicap of one dragging useless foot, deepened painfully the old hard line that was always between his defiant blue eyes, a line that had no rightful place in a countenance originally cast in the pleasant Irish mold of humor and kindliness. Now and then he would stop for strength and to look into the vacant face of his brother.

"It's all right, Peter, nobody ain't goin' to hurt ye," he would say gently —he was always very gentle with this little brother, from whom so much had been cruelly withheld—"and are ye forgitting yer got a present fer the teacher?" This gift, a "Washington Stogie" wrapper, most lovely of all cigar bands, had, on starting on the way to school that morning, been placed securely in Peter's hand. Michael had been so buffeted by the world that at the too early age of seven his belief in any spontaneous kindness was already gone, but he had that shrewd political Irish sense that appreciates to a nicety the power of the bribe, and the band was so to be used in behalf of his always unwelcome little brother.

In spite of these frequent encouragements, the progress of the two was slow. Other children passed them on the way, scornful in the proud burden of new companions, copy books and pencils, and clad in that freshness of attire that only the first week of school can boast. To the pair they extended jeering greetings.

"Yeh silly, silly!" was the taunt most frequently flung, and at each cry the line on Michael's brow would deepen and he would turn protectingly around.

"Don't ye keer, it's a lie," he would whisper to the unruffled Peter. Then, with the bitter tears in his eyes that this taunt alone could bring, he would shake his lean fist with bitter vituperation at the tormentors. At last the final block was reached. Before them rose the big red building with the flag, through whose broad doors was passing an endless stream of children. A few steps more, and the two would join this throng, but first a little store next door to the school had to be passed, and before its window they unconsciously halted. This store was an even more important adjunct to school life than the Principal himself, and would probably so remain as long as an appetite for all-day suckers, cinnamon taffy and buns existed among children. Besides these usual delicacies there was that morning displayed in the window a pan of huge and beautifully greasy doughnuts. Owing to an expensive carousal of their father, Michael and Peter had started quite breakfastless upon their first day of school, and they gazed at the doughnuts with devouring eyes. Within, the store was crowded with more fortunate children, and floating out through the open door came a rich, sweet fragrance.

"Wot yer bet they got custard inside," Michael murmured longingly, "wot runs out when ye bite in the middle?"

To this epicurean description Peter's wishful eyes were eloquent agreement, but the doughnuts were as inaccessible as they were greasy, and with a parting sniff at the exquisite, maddening fragrance, they went on. As they ascended the steps of the school a jeering pair passed them. It was August and Sophie

Schmidt, who, as the children of the most prosperous saloonkeeper in the community, were the capitalists of the primer class. August was holding flauntingly a greasy bag, while Sophie displayed virtuously a red pencil.

"Ya!" she cried with a scornful outstretching of tongue, "I'm going to tell Missis Perry—you ain't got no pencil, and you're goin' to git it."

At this innuendo Peter began to whimper.

"Don't ye be skeered," Michael repeated soothingly; "ain't ye got a present for the teacher? And jest lemme see anybody wot wants to hurt ye," he finishing loudly, for the benefit of the departing August.

In spite of these brave words, however, a growing distrust was in his lonely little breast. Evidently Miss Perry, in whom, with a last desperate flicker of faith in a possible friendliness he had hoped to find better things, would be like all the world—his enemy. Well, then, since war it was to be, he was ready—Lay on, Macduff!

It was a few minutes after nine, and within its portals Miss Perry was calling the roll of the primer class. The primer classroom was a bright one, a sunshiny place, with various pictures on the walls, flowers in the windowsill, and up in a corner near the sunlight a frisky canary in a gilt cage. It sometimes took all Kathleen Perry's steady optimism and persistent belief in the goodness and rightness of things as they are to surmount the conditions she found in her work among these little children of the very poor, and as she looked at the faces before her she was glad of all this needed brightness. There were fifty-eight of them, mostly Irish—Murphys, Flanigans, Reillys, McGinitys—and all ragged, poor and lovable to a degree that is never attained by another race.

Here and there were a few Germans, Italians and Poles—Franco Stefeno, dark-eyed heir to the peanut stand in the next block; Frederick William Schneider, of kingly name, but with a soul that would sell its birthright for a mess of pottage or an animal cracker; Abby Wise, whose father had already called upon Miss Perry, under pretext of an interest in Abby's welfare, and had incidentally extended to her a cordial invitation to come and behold the unrivaled suits—price nine seventy-five, and worth fifteen—displayed in his store; also August and Sophie Schmidt, whose well-nourished sleekness Miss Perry never noted without a sudden ambition to become a suffragette, that, for the sake of all those other hungry little children, she might immediately "go dry."

Miss Perry, in this review of her class, was here interrupted by the slow opening of her door. She was accustomed to the timid ways of the primer class and, after waiting for the appearance of the evidently shy member, she called out an encouraging "Enter." As she did so a thin little face, with a red head, peered round from behind the door. At once Sophie rose up in triumph.

"Missis Perry!" she exclaimed breathlessly, "I knows him. It's Michael Kelly, und he wants to be comin' in the school, und he ain't got no pencil, und he ain't washed his ears like wot you said. Und, Miss, his legs is sticking out all black where his stockings ain't und mein mutter ain't letting us haf nothin' to do mit him," she finished snobbishly.

"Hush, Sophie," said Miss Perry, in displeasure. Then, the red head having been hastily withdrawn, she hurried out into the hall. Michael, with bitter sensitiveness, was pulling up his ragged stockings over his bare knees, while he tugged at the prostrate form of Peter.

"I guess we ain't coming to school today, anyhow," he announced defiantly. Miss Perry, flushing in sympathy with the pain of the wound Sophie had given, forebore to look at him, but turned her eyes tactfully to the overwhelmed Peter, whom she lifted gently up.

"He's jest skeered," Michael explained, a little appealingly; "he don't mean nothin' bad."

"I'm sure he doesn't," agreed Miss Perry instantly; "such a nice, bright boy!"

Michael's heart gave a queer jump.

First a little store next door to the school had to be passed

Could this be the teacher, this pleasant-faced young person, with the smiling eyes, who spoke so praisefully of his derided brother and did not stare at all at his own poor leg? Emboldened, he prompted Peter to extend his hand.

"He's got a band for ye, Teacher," he said, a little wistfully; "it's a Washin'-ton Stogie, and it's a fierce hard one to git, but I was thinking as maybe it ain't no regler present for teachers."

"It is just beautiful," Miss Perry said enthusiastically, as she carefully removed the sticky red wrapper from Peter's hand and laid it on her desk. Then she gave them seats quite near to herself, and a few minutes later Michael, with wide, absorbed eyes, had forgotten even his poor ragged legs, as he, with the rest of the class, listened to the adventures of one Mowgli, and his friends, the jungle people. The arithmetic period which followed, however, did not go quite so smoothly. The lesson was "original problems." Michael's problem was concerning the subtraction of three from four.

"Me father gives me four cents for a kittle of beer," he started, only to be interrupted by Miss Perry.

"Try something else, Michael," she said pleasantly.

Michael's eye, wandering in search of inspiration, fell suddenly upon one Jimmy O'Reilly, a rival compatriot, and "newsy."

"Once I had four papers and I put 'em down by the plug when me and 'nother feller was havin' a fight, and him setting down there stole three of 'em off of me—"

"I never done it, teacher," here interrupted the guiltily squirming Jimmy; "don't ye be believing him!"

At this critical moment Miss Perry fortunately created a diversion by dis-

tributing little red boxes in which were a great many pictures to be fitted to the words that she wrote on the board, and in this task the time passed safely until recess. Then Michael and Peter together marched at the end of a long line that was emptying itself into the yard. A little later Miss Perry, whose turn it was at yard duty, hurried out. Usually the primer class, after rushing into the yard with one hysterical yell, at once flattened itself up against the fence, where it ate its lunch in momentary dread of being stepped on by the rest of the school, that tore around in the utter frenzy that only the newly freed boy can know. Today, however, Miss Perry had hardly appeared at the head of the steps when she noticed a commotion among the primer ranks. What followed was so quickly enacted that it was over before she could intervene. She saw a crowd, the foremost member, August Schmidt, and in the center of which shone a bright head. August held one of the greasy doughnuts and, urged on by the jeers of the others, he was advancing and withdrawing the fragrant morsel under the eager nose of Peter. Suddenly, as Miss Perry hurried down the yard, the ragged figure with the red head leaped forward and hurled itself with the force of a catapult upon the tormentor. When Miss Perry arrived on the field a kicking mass rolled upon the ground, while in the gutter lay a wet doughnut. That was a fight, short, but long remembered in school lore, for its quick violence, and it took the strength of two eighth-grade boys, as well as Miss Perry, to separate Michael from his victim. This finally accomplished, she held the combatants off at arm's length and surveyed them with that look that only she could give—a look so dreadful in its grief and reproach that it had been known to move even a third-grade boy to tears. An entire lack of sympathy for the sons of the fatherland, as unconquerable as was her weak fondness for the always lovable Celt, helped her to gaze stolidly upon August's bleeding nose and the lump over his eye. But her sense of justice and the size of the lump told her that he had been sufficiently punished, and she released him to the soothing stream of the hydrant. Then, calmly ignoring the rule that the aggressor in yard fights must be handed over to the principal, she sent Michael back to the primer room. As the ragged little figure limped up the step, the inevitable Peter in tow, she heard from behind her the voice of a bold grammar boy:

"Did the Irish raise a fuss? Not much! It was the Dutch! It was the Dutch!" it chanted, and Miss Perry, even as she turned rebukingly, gave silent philosophical agreement.

After recess Michael returned stolidly to work. He read disdainfully the foolish sentence, "I am Chicken Little;" he responded sullenly to a command, "Hide the ball," unconscious that by thus giving him the most prized task of the action lesson, Miss Perry had made him the envied of the whole class. The spirit of the morning was gone, the kindly warmth that had touched his heart was no more, the hard line had deepened on his brow. When at twelve the rest of the class departed and Miss Perry called him to her he came with bold grin and impudent eyes. Let her do her worst; it could not bruise a body hardened by his father's blows or touch a spirit embittered by the taunts of the whole world.

As he stood before her, Miss Perry looked at him silently. His dragging foot and the vacancy of Peter had told her a story that during her little time of teaching she had grown pityingly familiar with—the story of intemperate parenthood. But she was one of those to whom is given an understanding of other needs besides those of the spirit, and as she looked at Michael she saw something more. Stronger even than the reckless grin and the bold swagger, there was an appeal. In the pale little face, with the shadows beneath the eyes—an appeal, none the less strong because unwilling. Perhaps she had intended a little gentle advice on the advantage of recourse to authority rather than the warfare of the fist, but in the under-

standing of that appeal she spoke not what she had thought of.

"Michael," she began, and Michael, looking up, saw that her smiling eyes were full of tears. Then, without a word more, she opened her desk and, taking out a package, she untied it and from within the folds of a white napkin and thin, creakly paper she produced two

He at once flung his Irish heart and himself into Miss Perry's arms

sandwiches, a big orange and a slice of yellow cake.

"Michael," she said, with sudden, incomprehensible gaiety, "it is cruel enough to have crammed education into you all morning, but solid morals to an obviously starving boy would be an even greater sin. So, though none of my psychologies have ever recommended it, I shall try the ethical uplift of the sandwich. Poor hungry kiddie!" she murmured, her knowledge that boys did not like much to be caressed, making a little timid her touch upon his red head.

Michael had known charity before, the distant, impersonal kind, that flings its benefits scornfully at arm's length, and he had received it either stolidly or with disdainful criticism. But in the look in her smiling eyes and in the touch of her hand he knew vaguely that this was the true gift in which the giver is also proffered, and, not to be outdone in whole-hearted generosity, he at once flung his golden Irish heart and himself into Miss Perry's arms in an abandon of joy that at last he had found one to whom he could give himself and his love —a friend.

"Miss," he cried, the emotion filling his heart, so painful in its intensity that it demanded the immediate outlet of action, "ain't there nothin' I ken do fer yer?"

"I'll have to think of something," Miss Perry promised, with understanding.

"Ain't there nobody at all ye'll be wanting me to lick fer yer?" Michael suggested yearningly; "I'm a fierce, good fighter."

Miss Perry laughed, though somewhat appalled by the vision of what great loving it would take to mold rightly the evident ethics of Michael. But she saw that he was giving of that which to his knowledge appeared his best endowment, and she did not rebuff the generous proffer. So, when a little later, Michael prepared to face the world, Peter's hand in his, it was with a bravery sweetened and a belief in humanity restored. Just as he reached the school door Miss Perry came hurrying after him.

"Michael," she said, "I've thought of something already. My cigar band album is full, so—I want you to take care of this for me until I get another. Will you?" and she pressed the beloved "Washin'ton Stogie" into his hand.

"Miss, yes, miss," cried Michael, in eager acceptance of the trust, "and I'll git ye a "Floory de Cuby" and maybe a couple of "Inwincibles," he promised recklessly.

"Oh, thank you, Michael," said Miss Perry with gratitude.

GATEWAY TO THE SUMMER PLAYGROUND OF THE EAST

BY

LINWOOD MORTON TILLINGHAST

MORE than ninety per cent of the yearly increasing thousands of tired and brain-fagged humanity who go to Maine each season seeking health or recreation among its lakes and mountains pass through Portland. From early spring until late into the fall and winter the vast throngs continue to come and go, for the attractions of Maine are as varied as the seasons.

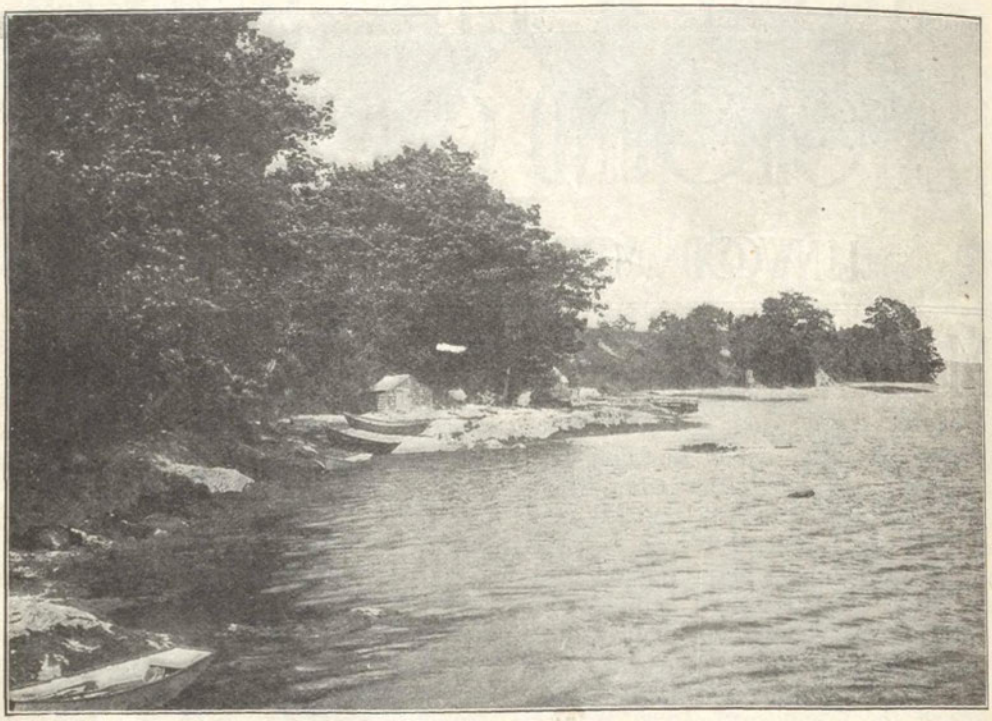
When, about the middle of April, word is flashed to waiting sportsmen that the ice is out of Sebago Lake, the advance guard of the disciples of Izaac Walton lose no time in packing up their fishing kits and hurrying "down to Maine," for Sebago offers the first fishing of the season, and as other lakes and streams are released from their winter bondage the stream of fishermen increases. As the spring gradually gives way to the advancing summer, the vacationist comes in countless thousands and at some fashionable hotel, quiet farmhouse or rustic camp in the wilderness, each in their own way shake off the cares of a strenuous business life and gather strength and health from the outdoor life in the balsam-laden air.

Then, as the summer days are gone and the crisp, cool days of autumn come to take their place, when the foliage has turned to a dazzling mass of color that baffles even the greatest painter to reproduce, the call of the Maine woods reaches the big game hunter, and soon the lakeside hotels and forest camps are full to overflowing with sportsmen from every part of the country, each anxious to carry home the spreading antlers of the noble moose, a deer's head or a bear skin for the study floor, to prove his prowess with the rifle. When the sparkling waters are again under bondage to the Ice King, and over all has been spread a mantle of the purest white there comes another band of pleasure seekers whose blood runs red in their veins and who, defying Jack Frost with heavy clothing and light hearts, enjoy the skating, snowshoeing and other hardy sports of winter.

Portland, Me., presents unsurpassed attractions as a summer home to the visitor who desires to combine the charms of a seaside resort with the sylvan attractions of the country and still be within reach of the comforts to be found in a modern and progressive city. Not a few tourists who have stopped over a day or two in passing to see the sights have fallen under the spell of the city's beautiful views and generous hospitality and eventually have become regular summer residents.

The city proper is situated on a peninsula, that is almost an island, about three miles in length, with an average width of nearly three-quarters of a mile. Its residential sections are located on two hills, one at either end of the city, each of which rises by easy grades to an elevation of more than one hundred feet, high enough to be well above the noise and odors of the business district, which lies between them. Nearly surrounded by tidewater, with almost perfect conditions for drainage, and the purest of water from Sebago Lake, twenty miles distant, Portland is one of the healthiest cities in the United States, and diseases usually attributed to imperfect drainage and impure water are almost unheard of, and an epidemic is unknown.

The early history of Portland, like

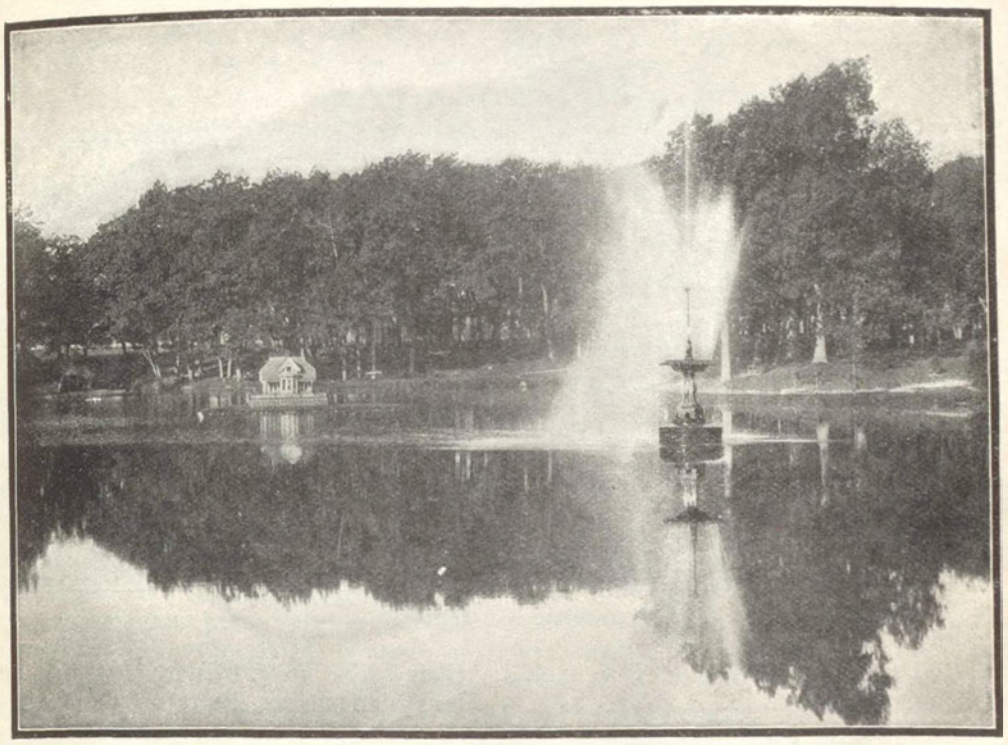


Down the Harbor

that of most of the early New England towns, is a story of hardship and suffering bravely borne and finally overcome by the intrepid spirits who formed its early inhabitants, to whom defeat or disaster was only a spur to keep them pushing forward. Capt. John Smith, of Pocahontas fame, discovered and described the bay and its islands in 1614 and called it Harrington Bay. The first attempt at settlement was made in 1623 by Christopher Levett, who, through a love of adventure conceived the idea of founding a city in New England to be named York, after his native place in England. He built a fortified house on one of the islands and left ten men to occupy it while he returned to England to find people to form his colony. Reaching England, he found the conditions unfavorable to his enterprise, and never returned here, although he was afterward heard of in Salem.

The first permanent settlement was made in 1633, when George Cleeve and his partner, Richard Tucker, built their home on the neck near where the Grand Trunk station stands today. This neck was called by the Indians Machigonne, but was renamed Stogomor, in honor of the little village where Tucker was born. Although Cleeve was in constant trouble about land titles and his right to authority, the little town of Casco, as it soon got to be called, grew and prospered until in 1658, together with the surrounding territory, it was organized into a new town under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, and called Falmouth.

The greatest danger of the little town was the savage foes that lurked in the heavy woods surrounding it, and twice it was destroyed by the Indians, aided by their French allies; once in 1676 and again in 1689. So thorough was the second destruction that no one was left to bury the dead, and their bleaching bones lay where they fell for two years until gathered and buried by an expedition under Sir William Phipps. For the next twenty years little was done toward resettling the neck, but gradually settlers came in, and in 1718 the town was incorporated under its former name



The Lake in Deering's Oaks Park

of Falmouth. In 1775 the third destruction of the town took place from a British fleet under Captain Mowat, who bombarded the helpless town and burned a large part of it, leaving nearly three hundred people homeless. The people at once commenced to rebuild their ruined homes, and in a few years the town again began to assume an air of importance.

The most conspicuous event that happened in this vicinity during the war of 1812 was the battle in which the American brig Enterprise fought and captured the British brig Boxer about forty miles off the harbor, September 1, 1813. Both commanders were killed in the action and were brought to Portland and buried side by side in the old eastern cemetery. Longfellow was seven years old at the time and in his poem, "My Lost Youth," he refers to it as follows:

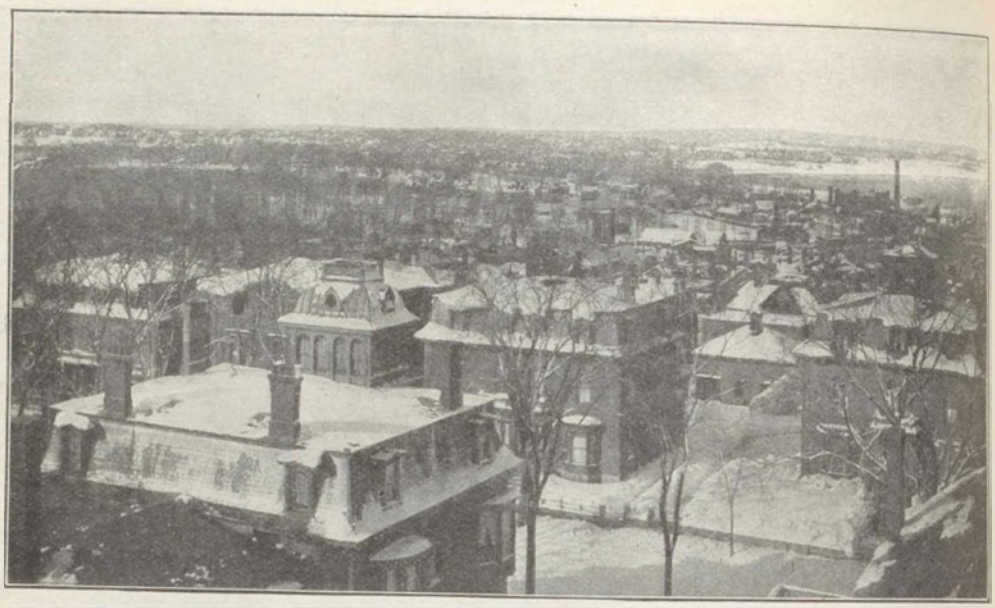
"I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

When, in 1819, Maine was separated from Massachusetts and admitted as a state, Portland was selected as the capital city, and a state house was erected where the city hall now stands. The city remained the capital until 1831, when the seat of government and law making was removed to Augusta.

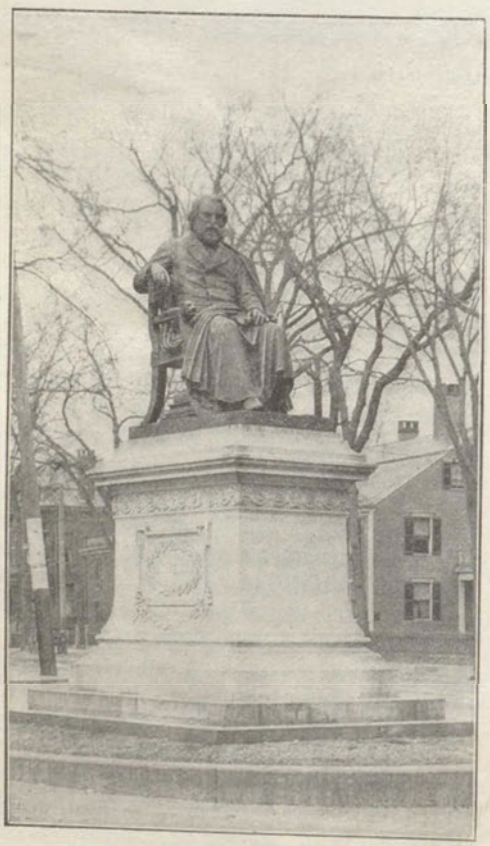
The later history of Portland has been one of peace and growing prosperity rather than one of war and suffering.

On July 4, 1866, the city suffered from a disastrous fire caused by the careless use of fireworks. The fire spread over an area of 150 acres, destroying 1,500 buildings, and causing a financial loss of about $10,000,000 before burning itself out on the slopes of Munjoy Hill. Building was at once commenced, and a better and a fairer Portland arose upon the ruins of the old.

Always a city of charming views and picturesque vistas, the growing park system is constantly adding new beauties and protecting old ones from the encroachments of private or commercial interests. Before the great fire of 1866



View from roof of the Somerset



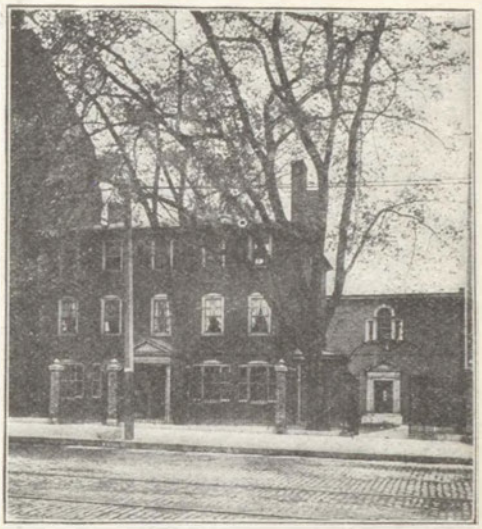
Longfellow Statue

there were no provisions for parks or breathing spaces, but after the fire the city set apart the square now known as Lincoln Park "as a protection against the spread of fire and to promote the public health." The next step was in 1879, when a portion of the Deering Oaks was acquired through the liberality of the Deering heirs. Then, in the early nineties, the site of Fort Allen, overlooking the lower harbor, was purchased and laid out as a park.

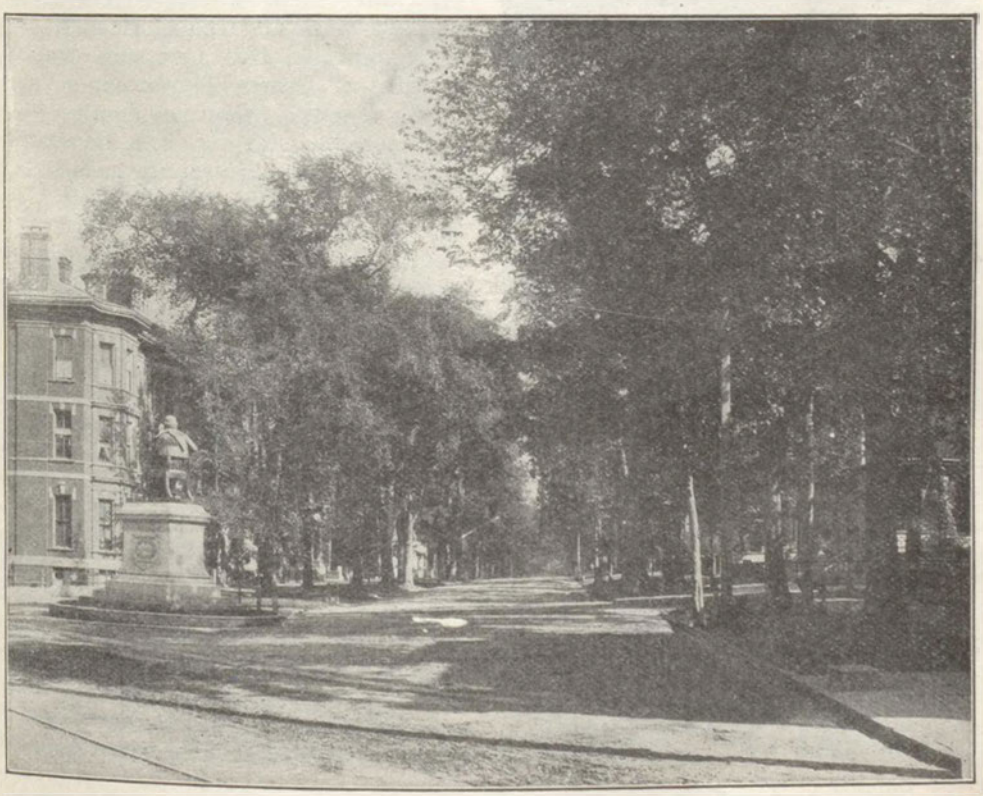
Since then, working along lines suggested to the city, the Hon. James P. Baxter, with a definite end in view, and aided greatly by his influence and personal efforts, together with liberal concessions by many property owners, Portland is gradually working out a system of parks and boulevards that will, when finished, rival that of any city in the country. The plan includes the acquisition of land necessary to insure for all time unobstructed views from both the eastern and western promenades, the enlargement of the Deering Oaks reservation, the establishment of several small parks and playgrounds, the beautifying of the entrances of the city, and finally a tree-bordered boulevard connecting the promenades by way of the Deering Oaks and the shore of Back Bay. Much of

the land necessary has been secured, the Park Commission now controlling something over a hundred acres, and the work of development is steadily going on.

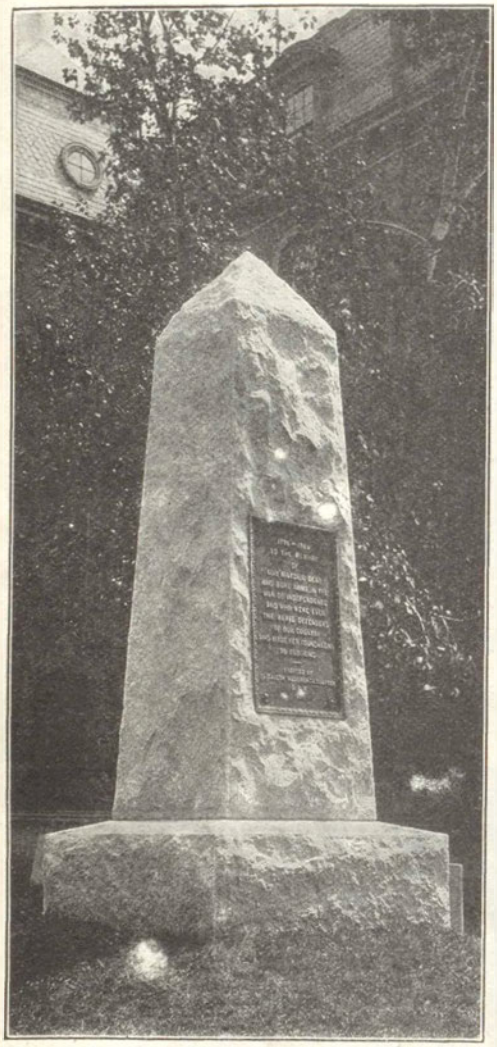
Of the portion already finished perhaps the first to claim attention are the promenades, for, situated as they are on the crest of the hills, at either end of the city, their combined views cover the entire surroundings of land and water. From the Western Promenade, encircling Bramhall Hill and overlooking the Union Station, is seen a portion of the upper harbor, and sweeping far to the northward stretches a broad view of forest and farm land, interspersed here and there with urban villages and sparkling streams. In the distance is visible the White Mountain range, with Mount Washington, the highest point in New England, towering high above all others. These mountains were called by the Indians the Crystal Hills, and believed by them to be the happy hunting ground, the abode of spirits, to which they all expected to attain at last. Here, in a commanding position, will be erected the statue of the late Thomas B. Reed, now in the hands of the sculptor. At its northern extremity stands the brick build-



Longfellow House, Congress Street



State Street from Longfellow Square



Monument to the Soldiers of the Revolution Erected in Old Eastern Cemetery by Elizabeth Wadsworth Chapter, D. A. R.

ings of the Maine General Hospital, established in 1868, now the largest institution of its kind in Northern New England.

From the Eastern Promenade, running along the heights of Munjoy Hill, may be had an unsurpassed view of the harbor and its protecting islands, with the open ocean in the distance. Fort Gorges, a picturesque pile of granite masonry, on Diamond Island Ledge, entirely surrounded by water at high tide, is a well-preserved sample of a former type of coast defense now made useless by the modern high-powered, long-range guns.

At the head of Congress Street stands the monument to the memory of George Cleeve, the first settler. Further along the driveway can be seen Tukey's bridge and the Grand Trunk bridge, spanning the channel to the back bay, while beyond is the Marine Hospital on Martin's Point, with the shores of Falmouth Foreside stretching far into the distance.

On Portland Street is situated the Deering's Oaks Park, in which is preserved a magnificent grove of oaks. Aside from its natural beauties, this park is of interest for its historical associations, including, as it does, the ground on which was fought one of the most important battles in the history of Maine, when, in 1689, troops from Plymouth, reinforced by some of the settlers under command of Major Church, defeated a party of four hundred Indians after an engagement lasting one day.

The first burial place of the pioneers was the old Eastern Cemetery on Congress Street, near the foot of Munjoy Hill, and there are buried the victims of the French and Indian massacres, and it is probable that here were laid the remains of George Cleeve, but no stone marks the spot. Near the Montjoy Street entrance lie, side by side, Commander Burrows of the Enterprise and Captain Blyth of the Boxer, who were both killed in the action fought off this harbor, September 1, 1813. Near by also lies the body of Lieutenant Ralph of the Enterprise, who died two years later from wounds received that day. A white shaft marks the resting place of Commodore Edward Preble of Tripoli fame, and near it is the grave of Rear Admiral Alden, who fought at the battle of Vera Cruz.

At the entrance to the harbor, in the Fort Williams Reservation, stands Portland Head Light, the first lighthouse erected on the Atlantic coast. It was first lighted January 10, 1791. It is a fixed light, 101 feet above sea level, and in clear weather can be seen seventeen miles. In severe stormy weather many people visit the light to see the high surf, for which the shores about the head are noted.

Nearly all denominations are repre-

sented in the churches of Portland. The oldest structutre is the First Parish Church on Congress Street, near Monument Square, on the site of the old First Parish Meeting-house. Fixed in the ceiling is a cannon ball that was thrown by Mowat's fleet in 1775, and lodged in the roof of the original structure. Another church of interest to the visitor is the Williston Church, on Temple Street, where, through the efforts of the pastor, Rev. Francis E. Clark, the first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was formed. Portland's memorial to her dead soldiers and sailors stands in the square, at the head of Middle Street, and expresses an unusually artistic conception of the subject. The large bronze figure that surmounts the granite pedestal is the work of Franklin Simmons, a native of Portland. Another sample of the same sculptor's work is the statue of Longfellow, standing in the square to which it gives its name.

The Public Library, with over 70,000 volumes, occupies a handsome building on Congress Street, a gift to the city from Hon. James P. Baxter. In the reading room of the library is a marble figure, "The Pearl Diver," by Paul Ackers, another native sculptor.

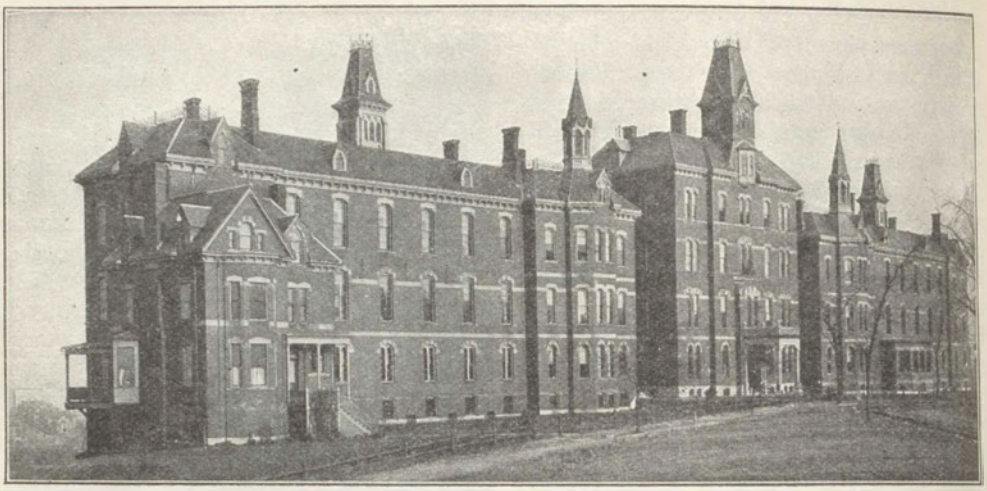
First among the houses with which have been connected the names of famous men stands the Wadsworth-Longfellow house on Congress Street, next to the Preble House, where the poet lived many years and did much of his best work. It was the first house built of brick in the city and was erected by Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, grandfather of the poet, in 1785. Longfellow was born in the large square house standing on the corner of Fore and Hancock streets, but moved to the Congress Street house while still an infant. The furnishings and appointments have been preseryed in as near the condition in which they were during the boyhood of the poet as possible and are of interest, not only for their connection with the early days of the poet, but also for the knowledge they give of the surroundings of a New England family of a century ago. The old fireplace can be seen today, with its cranes and iron kettle, just as it was used years ago; and there are also many utensils now unfamiliar that were once necessities in every household.

The mansion of Commodore Edward Preble, who commanded the American fleet during the war with Tripoli, stood next to the Longfellow house, and now forms the central part of the Preble House. Just around the corner from Longfellow's birthplace, on Hancock Street, stands the house in which was born the Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

Out in Stroudwater, a beautiful suburban section of the city, full of historic interest, is the pleasant home of Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, the present national head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

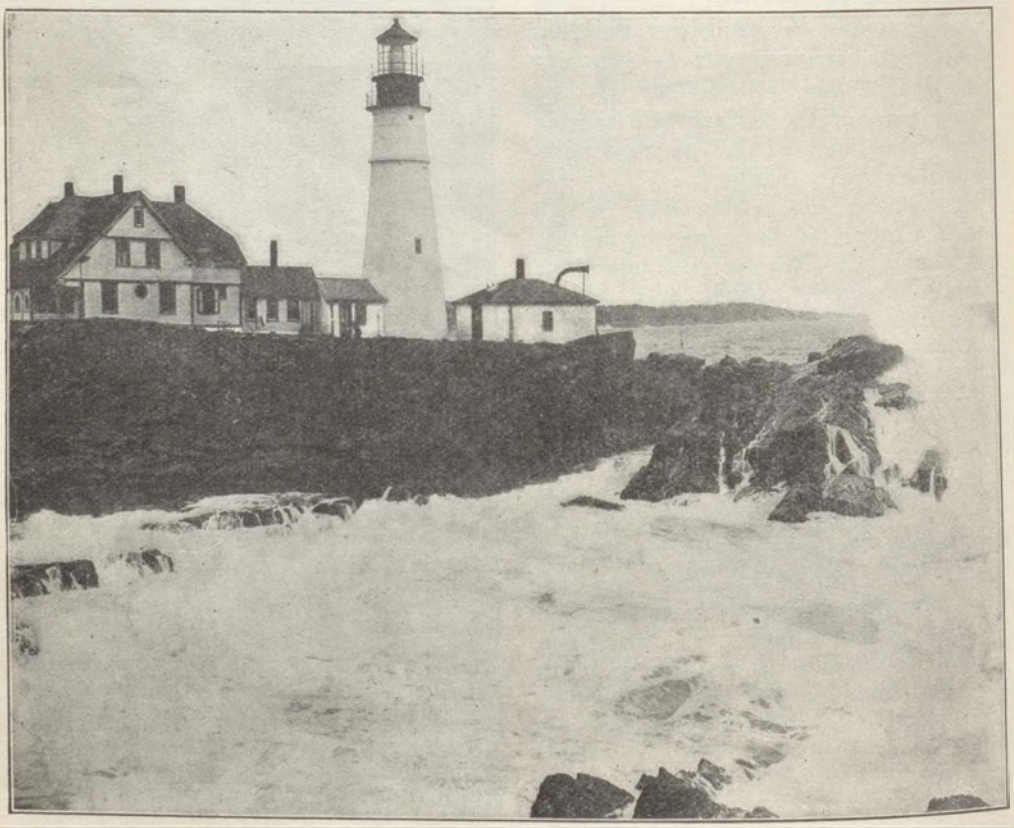
It has been said that one may stay

Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument

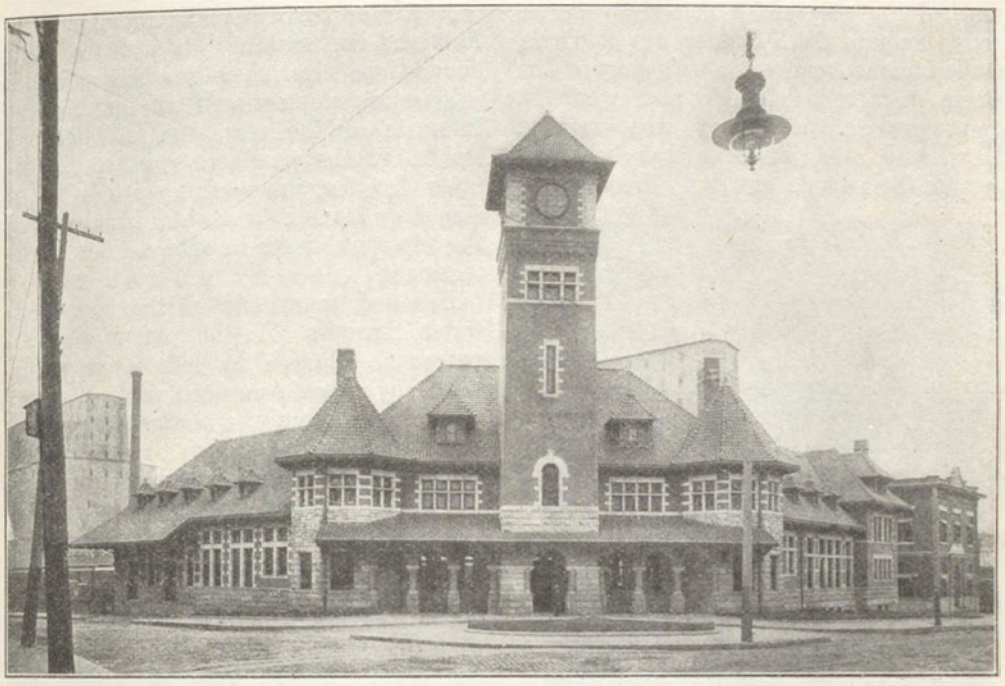


Maine General Hospital

a month in Portland and each day make a trip to some new point of interest. With the beautiful Casco Bay, with its over three hundred verdure-covered islands on one hand and on the other a broad stretch of fertile fields and forest-covered hills, the statement is not exaggerated. At the docks a numerous fleet of pleasure craft wait to take one to the different points of interest.



Portland Head Light



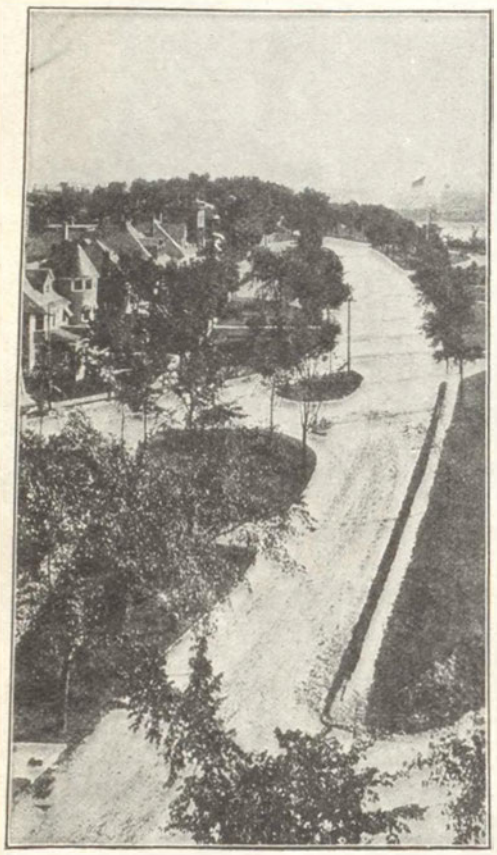
Grand Trunk Railroad Station

Near at hand is Peak's, the Coney Island of the harbor, with its summer hotels, theaters, and the usual summer amusements, and separated only by a narrow channel is aristocratic Cushing's, where wealthy Canadians spend their summers.

Completing the protection to the harbor are Great Diamond, Little Diamond and Long Island, on which many Portland people have their summer homes. Farther down the harbor is Eagle Island, owned by Commander Peary, where his wife and children anxiously awaited the message telling them that at last he had

Union Station

reached the pole and was already homeward bound. Still farther out is Orr's, made famous by Mrs. Stowe's story, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," and where a great deal of the story was written. Days, and even weeks, might be spent among the islands and still there would



Western Promenade

be left much of interest that had not been seen.

Through the surrounding country stretch mile after mile of beautiful country roads that are a joy to the motorist, and the electric cars take one to many places of interest. Only a few miles distant is Poland Springs, a famous summer and winter resort. One electric trip takes one to Cumberland Mills, where are located the largest paper mills in the world, manufacturing fine papers. Another pleasant ride of about an hour takes one to Old Orchard, famous for its nine-mile beach of hard, white sand, and in every direction lies a country filled with interesting places that it would take weeks to explore thoroughly.

Active as were the early inhabitants of Portland in making history, the later generations rival them in their activities in the development of the commercial interests of the city, and its forward strides in the past ten years speak volumes for the progressive spirit of those who have been instrumental in advancing the city's interests in many different directions.

Situated upon one of the best deep-water harbors of the Atlantic coast, nearer to Europe by half a day's sail than any other American port, Portland was almost from the first a commercial city. Before the days of steam cars farmers brought their produce from long distances in carts and wagons to ship from Portland. During the Napoleonic wars in Europe the carrying trade of the Atlantic was largely carried on by vessels under the American flag, and many of the old-time mansions on the earlier residential streets were built with the profits of this trade. Later the attention of shipowners was directed to the West India trade, and for nearly half a century this was the leading feature of the commerce of Portland. With the coming of the railroads a large area of productive country was opened up, and with its close connection with all parts of the Dominion, aided by the fact that its harbor was never closed by ice, Portland became the winter port of Canada for more than half of the year.

Close by docks at which the largest steamships may arrive and depart at any stage of the tide, two enormous elevators have been erected that are among the largest in the country. The exports of wheat alone are more than 7,000,000 bushels annually.

For the twelve months ended June 30 of last year there was exported grain and merchandise to the value of $28,000,000, and during the same time there were imports worth $6,200,000. Portland is one of the principal ports for the export of apples, and in several recent years the shipments of that fruit have reached 300,000 barrels annually.

Several foreign steamship lines have regular sailings from this port, besides

the numerous coastwise lines, and during the past year tramp steamers from twenty different nations entered the harbor.

Realizing its danger from the attack of a hostile fleet in case of trouble with any foreign power, the national government has made this one of the most strongly fortified ports on the Atlantic coast, and with the completion of work now under construction it will rank third among the garrisoned cities of the United States.

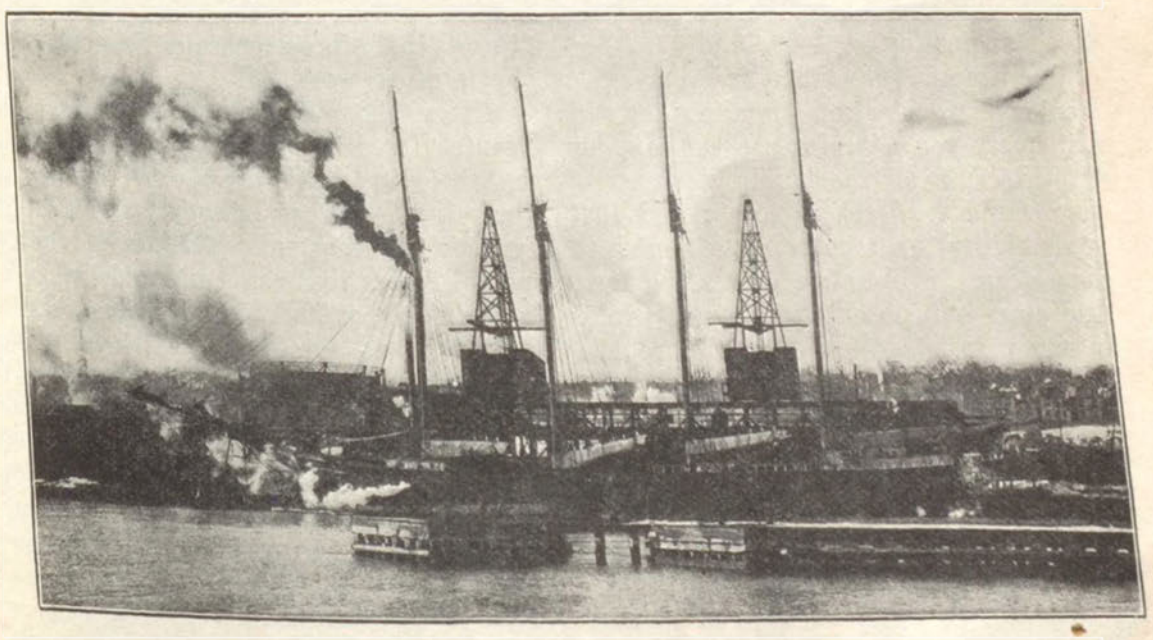
The fact that it is located so as to be the natural distributing point to all parts of the state has been the means of establishing many progressive and reliable wholesale houses in various lines.

A great fishing industry centers at Portland, and down at the fish wharves at almost any time may be seen the Grand Banks fishermen bringing in their catches, to be shipped from here to all parts of the country. Considerable small-boat fishing is also done and large quantities of lobsters from all along the Maine coast are handled here.

To handle the financial side of its business Portland has six national banks and five trust companies with an aggregate capital and surplus of $6,356,000 and deposits of more than $20,000,000. There are also savings banks with deposits of $24,000,000, which are so generally patronized by the citizens that it is said that every third person that one meets on the street is a depositor.

In 1901 the population of Portland was 50,145, with which it took rank as the largest city in the state. Today the city has a population of over 70,000, an increase of nearly 40 per cent in the past ten years and nearly three times the population of any other Maine city. To meet the needs of this rapidly increasing population, much building is going on and several large office buildings of modern fireproof construction have been recently erected. Among other buildings lately completed or in the process of construction are a new city hall to replace the one burned January 24, 1908, the city electrical appliance building, filled with the most modern appliances, the Cumberland Couty Court House, the Federal Court House, a new Masonic Temple; and plans are well under way for new buildings at the wharves of the Maine Steamship Company and the Eastern Steamship Company to accommodate their increasing traffic.

But, while steadily working for the advancement of her commercial interests, Portland is never too busy to give a hearty welcome to those who pass through her open gateway or pause to enjoy the numerous attractions that have made her one of the most popular summer cities in the East.



At the Wharves

Conducted by C. D. LARSON

Imagine Yourself a Genius

IMAGINE yourself a genius. At first you may not see anything practical in such a practice, but you will change your mind when you discover the remarkable power of imagination. The fact is there is no more important faculty in the human mind than that of imagination, and there is no faculty that is applied with less care. Imagination is usually permitted to run wild, or to run its course, regardless of the fact that there is no mental action that affects life, well-being and destiny as the actions of the imagination.

We repeat it, imagine yourself a genius. We do not promise that this will make you a genius without fail, but it will cause all the building powers of your mind to develop genius; and that your ability will increase, at least to some degree, is therefore an assured fact. And every gain in ability is worth while. In many instances a life of failure has been changed to one of permanent success simply through a slight increase of ability along a certain line; and there are thousands of men and women enjoying only a fraction of what life holds in store, who would come to the parting of the ways, gaining for the first time the privilege to select the way to better things, if their ability along one or more lines could be increased to some degree. This, the right use of imagination will do; though the increase of ability thus produced is not slight in every case; in most cases it is considerable, and in many cases it is even remarkable.

The power of imagination to produce greater ability, talent and genius is readily appreciated when we learn how the creative energies of the mind respond to the influence of imagination. In fact, it is the imagination that determines the movements of those energies in every instance. The imagination is the only guide of those energies; what the imagination pictures in the mind is the only thing that those energies have to go by in their work.

Every thought is a force, and as a mental force it has the power to build up the mind. We are always thinking; the mind is always in action, and therefore we are constantly placing in action mental forces that can build and develop in the world of ability and genius. But whether these forces will build or not, depends entirely upon the attitude of the imagination. These mental forces must have something to go by; they must have models and architectural plans; and it is the imagination alone that can furnish these.

This is the law in the matter: The forces of the mind invariably tend to

reproduce, develop and build up whatever the imagination may picture. What the imagination pictures becomes the model for the myriad of workmen in the mental world, and these workmen naturally have a preference for those models that stand out in the clearest, the most striking and the most positive manner. Therefore, if you imagine yourself a genius you give the workmen of your mind a model that corresponds exactly with what you desire to become. Accordingly, these workmen will proceed to reproduce your mind in the likeness of that model; they will actually rebuild your mind, and the new structure will contain far more ability and genius than was possessed by the previous mental structure. This is simple enough; and what is better, it is the truth.

It must be remembered, however, that the forces of the mind—the mental workmen—always give their greatest attention to those models that are strong, clear and positive. Therefore, when you imagine yourself a genius, you must proceed, not in a half-hearted or helter-skelter manner; you must throw your whole life into the practice; and your imagination must picture genius so distinctly in your mind that you can actually feel the thrill of greatness surging through every fibre in your being. And you must not be content to apply this practice at rare intervals only; you must apply it constantly; you must imagine yourself a genius every moment of your existence, and you must mean it with all your heart and mind and soul.

When you have begun to imagine yourself a genius, you will find it profitable to guard your imagination with the greatest of care so that its power will not be expended uselessly in any direction. You will want all its power for the purpose which you have undertaken to promote; therefore, you will never permit yourself to imagine anything that is not constructive, wholesome and desirable. As you train your imagination to act more and more along the lines you have chosen, you will find it responding more readily to your desires; that is, you will be able to avoid undesirable imaginations almost entirely, and you will find that what you want to imagine will become more distinct in your mind; and this is important; it is what you imagine distinctly and continually that you develop in every case.

The Use of Imagination

If you are a business man, imagine constantly that you are conducting a larger business. This action of your imagination will gradually arouse and expand your business faculties more and more until they become sufficiently developed to give you new ideas on the enlargement of your business. Then if you apply those ideas you will succeed in building up the larger business you have daily had in mind.

Imagine yourself being perfectly well, strong, vigorous and virile, and you educate your forces and functions to produce those very conditions in your system. You will naturally think a great deal of what you constantly imagine; and you invariably grow into the likeness of that which you think of the most.

When you feel sick, imagine yourself well, and you will cause your vital forces to cease producing disease and begin to produce health instead. When you are on the brink of failure, imagine yourself at the height of success. Thus you prevent your faculties from giving in to failure on the one hand, and on the other hand you inspire those faculties to do their utmost to maintain success. And when all that is in you is doing its best to maintain success you are not going to fail.

When you have lost everything, imagine yourself regaining everything. This will make every power and talent in your possession constructive, and the best that is in you will begin to work for a new and greater success. When you are moderately successful, imagine yourself very successful. Thus you inspire your mind to do better than ever before.

Always imagine yourself proficient in your work. Say nothing about it, but use your imagination constantly in that

manner, and you give your mental workmen a better model of proficiency for their use in the improvement of your ability.

Always imagine yourself attaining more and achieving more, and you will educate your faculties to work for greater things. Always imagine yourself getting what you want and doing what you want to do. The ways and means will be found and the desired opportunity will appear. Remember, the right use of the imagination will extend the mind along new lines, and these new lines will sooner or later, usually sooner, find the right way to your heart's desire.

Never imagine what you do not wish to come true. When you find yourself imagining what you do not want, or what is not wholesome, proceed at once to imagine what you do want. This is very a force, and whatever you imagine, those forces will proceed to reproduce. Thus what you picture in your mind will grow in your mind.

Never let imagination run along the lines of suspicion, doubt or fear. Imagine only what you expect, and expect only the best you can think of. The right use of the imagination at the proper time can change your mind completely; remove all sorts of undesirable states and feelings, and give you peace, sunshine and joy; in fact, any state of mind desired.

Every morning imagine your body new, your mind larger and your character stronger. Thus you cause all your powers to begin the day right in working for what you want. And if every day is begun in that way, a year's time will important, for every mental action is show a great improvement in your life.

PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS

A NUMBER of these tests have been given in the two preceding issues, to which all new readers are referred. The most important of the remaining tests will be given now, so that those who have to make haste in selecting their vocation may have a complete foundation upon which to work. To enable any one to ascertain which ones of his faculties are the strongest is the purpose in presenting these tests. And it is therefore evident that those who apply these tests may not only discover that line of work for which they are best adapted, but may also learn what faculties to develop further in case a well rounded mind is desired. The remaining important tests are as follows:

Memory:—Write down twelve things that have occurred to you during the day. Take each one of these in turn and try to trace it back to its origin if possible, even if it goes back for days, months or years. Then mark the one thing that you traced the most completely and with the greatest ease. Also mark the second and third best. Repeat the exercise every evening for a week or two, and you will almost invariably discover in which field your memory acts most perfectly. And it is therefore in connection with that field that your best work will be done.

Expression:—Take a few subjects or ideas in which you have special interest, and by thinking of them, each in turn, try to find which ones take shape and form in your mind most readily. Then call to your mind some vocation with which those ideas are connected that shape themselves most readily, and you have an excellent clue to where you belong.

Originality:—Take three or four objects from each of several fields of action where you think you could work, selecting only such objects that you know need improvement. Then take each one and proceed to study out how it might be improved. After several attempts with this exercise you will find that you can work out improvements along some lines with a marked degree of satisfaction. Thus you have another clue to your right

vocation because to succeed you must be able to improve those things with which you deal in your work. You must be original; and every mind has originality along certain lines. In selecting fields of action for the testing of your originality you may take such subjects as "Modern Business Methods," "Home Making," "Modes of Giving Instruction," any phase of art or literature, or any well known invention.

Reason:—Take ten or twelve subjects from different fields, and try to take each one apart. Then note which ones you dissected with the greatest ease. Thus you will find where you can reason the best.

Thought:—Make up your mind to think. Be quiet for a few moments. Then as you proceed to think note what thoughts, ideas or plans come to your mind first. Repeat this experiment a number of times until you find in what fields of thought your mind acts with the greatest interest.

The Brain:—Concentrate attention for a few moments upon every part of the brain, and note to which part attention goes with the greatest ease and the greatest power. Repeat the exercise daily for one or two weeks. If your attention goes naturally to certain parts every time, there is where your strongest faculties lie, and you can ascertain what those faculties are by consulting a good phrenological chart. And in this connection we wish to state that the new psychology is proving the accuracy of the greater part of the old phrenology. Many leading scientists also affirm that phrenology is, in the main, correct. Some modifications, however, are necessary, and with the advent of the new psychology there will come a new phrenology—an exact science of the mind and the brain.

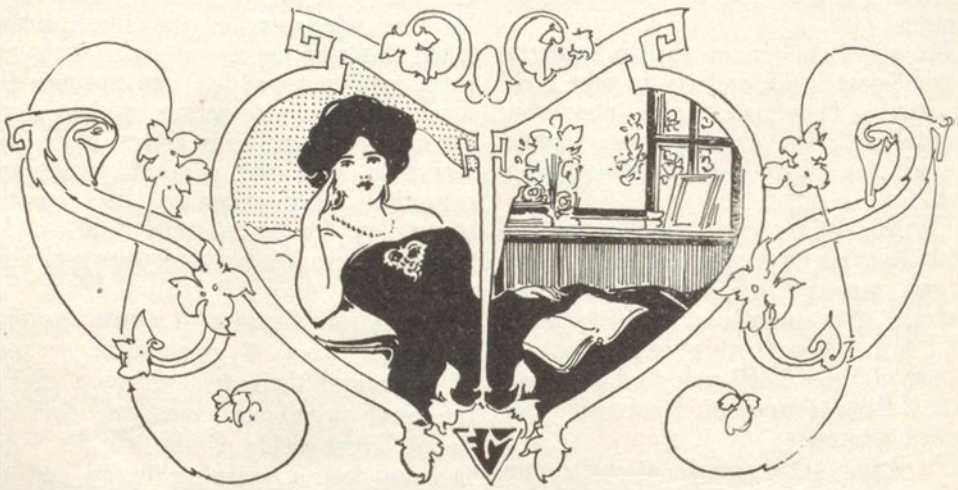
Subconscious Tendencies:—Think as deeply and as calmly as you can for several hours of your deeper mental life; and at the close note what desires and ambitions you feel most keenly. Repeat every day for a brief period of time, or until certain definite ambitions come up at every exercise. The value of this exercise will be found chiefly in revealing the strongest ambitions in those minds that have several ambitions, and in revealing what ambitions actually do exist in those minds that seldom feel ambitious. To follow your strongest ambition is usually a safe course; and this exercise, if continued, will soon inform you what that ambition is.

Strength of Faculties:—Select all those of your faculties that you know to be the strongest or the most active. Then think of the use of each faculty, in turn, and note which one springs the most readily into action, which seems the most active while in action, and which seems to have the greatest power and capacity. This exercise, if repeated every day for some time, will go far toward determining where your real ability lies.

Traces of Genius:—Picture to your mind the lives of great men, or read of them and their achievements. Select the most prominent you can find in the different fields of the world's work. Do you feel a yearning to go and do likewise as you read? If so, note what achievements produce the deepest yearnings and the strongest desires. And also note toward which achievements your yearnings are restless, and toward which they are calmly determined. If you have a deep, calm, determined desire to do certain things whenever you read or think of those things, you have more or less genius in that direction. Restless yearnings, however, mean very little at such times. Any mind can yearn to do, but it is only those who have genius in a certain direction who can feel an irresistible determination to attain and achieve in that direction.

The tests given above, combined with the tests given in the two preceding issues, will enable anyone of fair intelligence, or more, to select his true vocation. And we are positive that these tests alone will place thousands of men and women on the right track who were not there before. But as great an achievement as this may be, it is not enough. THE PROGRESS VOCATION SCHOOL aims to place all men and

women in their true vocations. Therefore, more detailed information on the subject will appear in succeeding issues. In an early issue we shall publish photographs of successful men and women in all the leading vocations, and shall illustrate how any one, by studying the mental makeup of those men and women, can deterimine his own vocation. This will be something decidedly unique, and as the plan is thoroughly practical, as well as scientifically correct, unusual results from its publication are confidently expected.



THE MAN OF CHEER

By Ruby E. Hines

I DON'T know how he is on creeds,
I never heard him say;
But he's got a smile that fits his face,
And he wears it every day.

If things go wrong, he don't complain—
Just tries to see the joke.
He's always finding little ways
Of helping other folk.

He sees the good in everyone,
Their faults he never mentions;
He has a lot of confidence
In people's good intentions.

You soon forget what ails you
When you happen 'round this man;
He can cure a case of hypo—
Quicker than the doctor can.

No matter if the sky is grey,
You get his point of view,
And the clouds begin to scatter
And the sun comes breaking through.

You'll know him if you meet him,
And you'll find it worth your while
To cultivate the friendship of
The Man Behind the Smile.

The Wonders of Electricity

By JOSEPH G. BRANCH, B.S., M.E.

NATURE'S GREATEST FORCE—FROM A PUNY AND INSIGNIFICANT BEGINNING IT HAS BECOME A NECESSARY FACTOR IN MODERN INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL LIFE

WHILE the simple phenomena of the lodestone and the rubbed amber were known centuries ago, little did the people of that day dream that the feeble properties contained in them would some day be increased to gigantic power. No one could have been made to believe that beginning with this simple phenomena, that ultimately a power would be developed which would propel trains across a continent and even up the mountain sides of the Jungfrau.

No one could have been made to believe that this same feeble force would some day so be increased, that by its means night would be turned into day and the darkness of our great cities be dispelled with a light that would rival the sun. And, if, furthermore, one had been told that the immense power for propelling trains and lighting cities would be transmitted along a single wire stretched for miles, he would have derided the very idea; and, yet all this has been done, and far more. We send messages through distances of thousands of miles as easily as we can signal across a room. We can talk through distances of a thousand miles, with as much ease as we can converse with one by our side. Should we be sick or injured, our physician can see and photograph each bone in our body, and even watch the movement of our heart, or any other organ of our body.

Beginning with the simple phenomena of the lodestone and the amber, the progress of electricity and the results it has accomplished read like a fairy story; and yet, no fairy story ever told, even in the "Arabian Nights," read by us in our youth, is half so wonderful as the story of electricity.

The present generation having grown up among all these wonders, no longer even marvels at them. The average man does not even take the time to try to understand how this wonderful work is being done, as he believes it is some great mystery so far beyond his comprehension that he will not even try to understand it. He approaches everything pertaining to the subject of electricty with the utmost timidity, imbued with the idea that it is a science so difficult to understand that only the most learned can hope to master it. This arises from the many unfamiliar words, such as "ampere," volt," "kilowatt," etc., necessarily used in the elucidation of the very first principles of this science. Again, while the working theory of electricity has been developed to a high degree of perfection, the very nature of electricity is still a mystery to us all.

As electricity is not a solid, a liquid, nor a gas, one is unable to acquaint himself with its properties as readily as with the ordinary elements of nature. He is confronted with the same difficulties as when he begins the study of the properties of gases. He can see and grasp solids and liquids; but whether a flask

contains hydrogen, oxygen or ordinary air he cannot tell. Although we are surrounded by air, which is nothing more than a gas, it is hard for one to understand its properties or to realize its force until he sees the effects of a storm. Just so is electricity a substance, though we can neither see nor handle it as we do a liquid or a solid. It is, therefore, hard for anyone to understand its properties or to realize its force until he sees the effects produced by its application.

The wonders of modern electricity can only be understood and fully appreciated by considering the progress of electricity, step by step, beginning with the simple phenomena of the lodestone and the rubbed amber; and, concluding with the wireless telephone, which is the latest step in its wonderful progress. While its progress has been wonderful, it was exceedingly slow until the latter half of the nineteenth century. Some forms of magnetism and electricity have been known for centuries. The name electricity is derived from the Greek word, "electron," meaning amber. Many centuries ago, it was discovered that amber, when rubbed, possessed the peculiar property of attracting light bodies. This manifestation of attraction in the amber, or electron, was believed by the Greeks to be due to a spirit that dwelt within the amber, which was aroused by the warmth generated by the friction in the rubbing.

In the progress of electricity it required centuries to solve this most simple phenomena: that it was the friction of the rubbing which produced the magnetism that attracted the light bodies to it.

Frictional Electricity — Frictional electricity was, therefore, the first known form of electric manifestation, except lightning. Its study made clear certain principles, such as conduction and induction. It further served to distinguish the two opposite electrical conditions, known as positive and negative electricity. While for many years it was suspected that lightning and electric sparks were identical forms of electricity, it was Franklin's kite experiment that fully confirmed this belief.

Voltaic Currents—It was not, however, until the discovery by Alexander Volta in 1799 of his pile, or battery, that electricity could take its place as an agent of practical value. In March, 1800, Volta demonstrated that two different metals immersed in a solution could set up a steady flow of current. While the analogous and closely related phenomena of magnetism had been studied for centuries preceding this, it had been applied to no practical or useful work with the exception of the navigator's compass. While this most useful instrument had been in use for centuries preceding the discovery of electricity by Volta, what governed its action and kept the needle constant to the pole was not known.

In 1600, Dr. Gilbert published his great work, "De Magnete," which contained a great deal of valuable information as to magnetism, but nothing about electricity, which was still unknown. In 1802, Humphry Davy first showed the electric arc between pieces of carbon. In 1807 he decomposed the two alkali metals, potassium and sodium, using a battery current. This was the foundation of all future electro-chemical work, and in which field the future possibilities are almost beyond our comprehension. Employing a voltaic battery of 2,000 cells, and using terminals of hardwood, charcoal. Davy maintained a magnificent arch of flame between the separate ends of the charcoal, giving a light of great splendor. This was the first arc light of which there are now hundreds of thousands burning every night.

Davy at once noted the intense heat of the arc, and found that there were but few substances that would not fuse or volatilize when placed in the arc between the carbon electrodes. To Davy, therefore, belongs the credit for the discovery of the electric furnace, whose uses are every day increasing.

Telegraphy—The conduction of electricity along wires soon led to efforts to employ this means in sending signals. In 1774 repeated efforts were made, but

all failed. Attempts had also been made to apply frictional electricity to telegraphy, but such efforts were soon abandoned. Using a battery current, it was found easy to start and stop a current in a wire connecting two points, but the means for recognizing the presence or absence of the current in the wire was still unknown. While it was possible to send signals by this means, it was impossible to receive them. At this time nothing was known of the effects of an electric current upon magnets, or the production of magnetism by such currents.

The telegraph had to await the next great stride to be taken in the progress of electricity. In 1819, Professor Oersted showed that a magnet tends to set itself at right angles to the wire conveying a current, and that the direction and the extent of the turning depend on the direction of the current. This was followed by the experiments of Argo and Ampere, and in 1825 Sturgeon constructed the first electromagnet. In this work he was greatly aided by Prof. Joseph Henry. This discovery by Sturgeon made possible the construction of a good receiver by which the signals could be understood, and hence gave us the complete electric telegraph.

In 1822 Professor Ampere, of Paris, suggested that a magnet and coil placed at any distant point of a circuit would serve for the transmission of signals, but

Interior View of the Dodge Wireless Telegraphy Station, Valparaiso, Ind.

Interior View of the Radio Wireless Telegraph Station in Chicago

Prof. Joseph Henry, of America, first demonstrated the working of electric signals by electromagnets. Therefore, to him, and not to Ampere or Morse, is due the credit for the first electric signaling or telegraph.

When one sees a coil or magnet turning first to one side and then to the other, according to the direction in which an electric current is sent through the coil, the idea of signaling by this means at once presents itself. The needle telegraph is nothing more than this coil through which the current is sent, a magnet being placed within. In 1837, Cooke and Wheatstone were the first to set up a needle telegraph in England.

In 1831 Professor Henry suggested the use of an electromagnet which would attract and let go at will a piece of iron suspended by a spring so that it stood close over the poles of the electromagnet. The movable piece of iron was mounted on one end of a small lever so that each time the iron armature was attracted

downward it caused the lever to "click" against the upper stop, and by this means intelligible signals were made. This method saves the trouble of reversing the current, which was necessary in the needle telegraph as used in England.

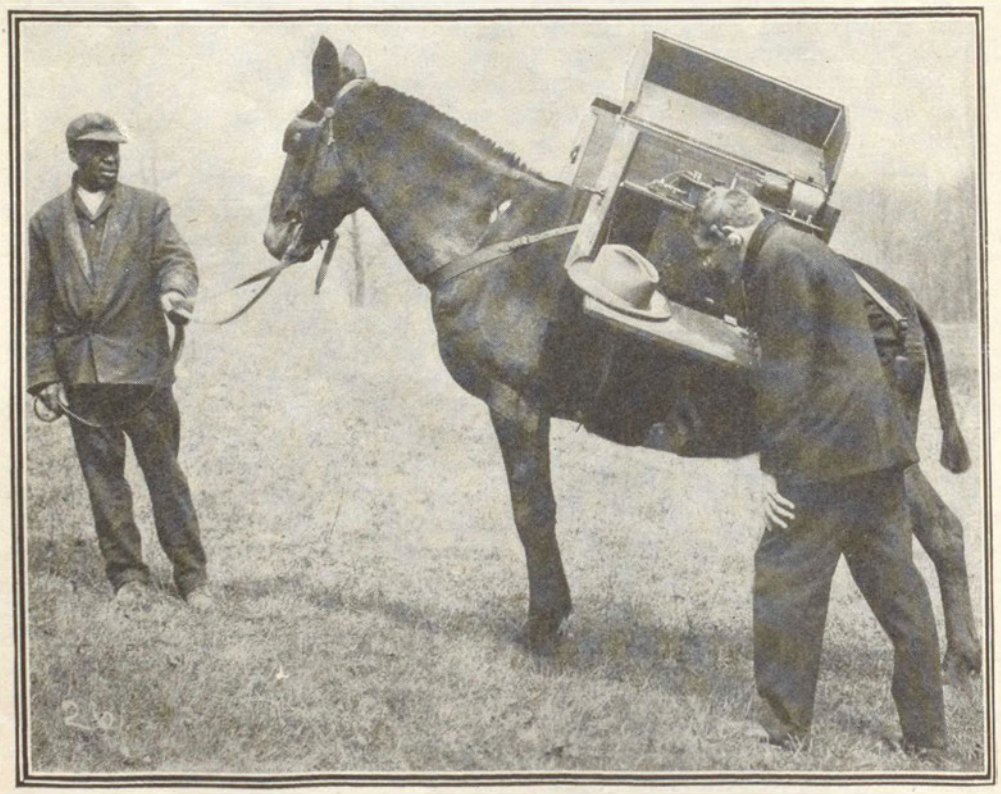
With this system, as first suggested by Professor Henry, in 1831, and put into practical use by Morse in 1837, all modern telegraph work is done. In 1844, the first telegraph line was built in this country, connecting the two cities Baltimore and Washington. In 1867, the first successful transatlantic cable was laid after several unsuccessful attempts, due to the breaking of the cable. The delicate instruments necessary for the working of these long cables were due to Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin).

The introduction of the electric telegraph was followed by the invention of various other signaling systems, such as the fire-alarm telegraph, the automatic clock system, the stock "ticker" and the telautograph, invented by Dr. Elisha Gray. With this instrument, the sender writes his message, which writing is at the same time being reproduced at the receiving end of the line.

In order to take care of the vast number of messages being sent by telegraph (about one hundred and twenty million in 1904 in this country alone), the duplex, quadruplex and multiplex systems were invented, which systems permit several messages at the same time to traverse a single wire line without interfering with each other.

THE ARC LIGHT—The original crude forms of voltaic cells first used in telegraphy were soon replaced with more powerful batteries, such as the Daniell, the Grove and the Bunsen battery.

But even these more powerful batteries failed to make the arc light a practical light, that could be used for any practical purpose, as a current obtained from these batteries by the combination of chemicals and zinc rendered them too expensive. Not only was the expense too



Army Wireless 'Phone Set, Using Radiophone for Conversation at Distance of Four Miles

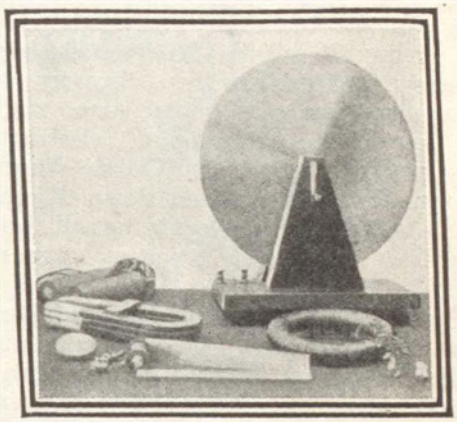
great, but the batteries soon became exhausted.

The arc light had to wait the discovery of some less expensive method of generating the electric current. The discovery of mechanical means of generating electricity soon followed. It made electrical energy available at low cost.

In 1831, Michael Faraday made the important observation that a wire, if moved in the field of a magnet, would yield a current of electricity. Simple as was this discovery it was the longest stride ever taken in the progress of electricity, as it is the foundation of all the wonders of modern electricity. It contains the great fundamental principle of the most modern electric generator. Electro-magnetism was thereupon supplanted by magneto-electric-induction as discovered by Faraday.

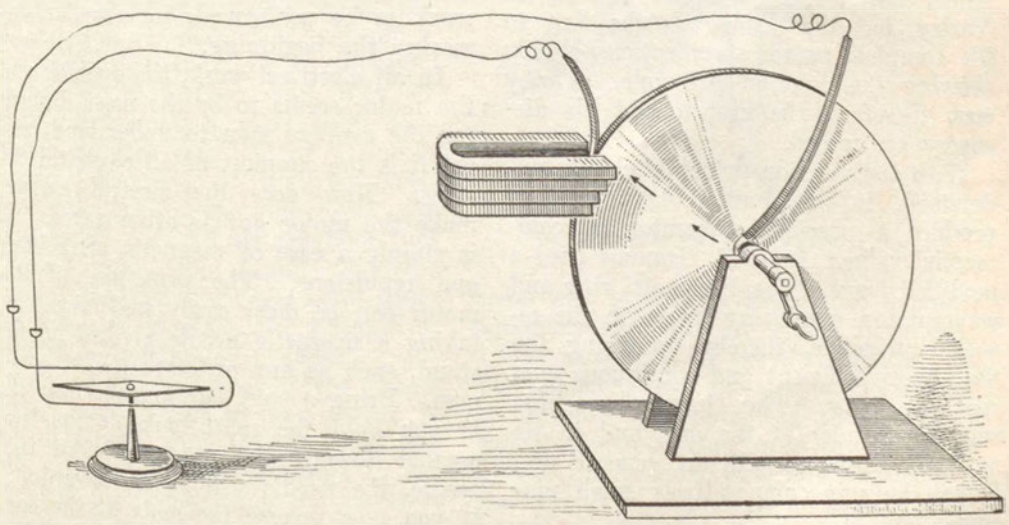
THE DYNAMO—Faraday's dynamo was the first practical generator of electricity by mechanical means. Faraday began his experiments in 1822, but did not succeed until August, 1831, when, in a series of experiments extending over ten days, he was not only successful, but also fully demonstrated all the other most important properties of the magnetic lines of magnets.

On the ninth day, he was able to construct an electrical machine. To do this he used a powerful horseshoe magnet, and into the polar gap, where the magnetic field was strongest, he introduced a wheel, or disc, of copper, 12 inches in diameter and 1-5 inch thick, fixed on a brass axis, which was mounted in frames so that the



A Reproduction of Faraday's Dynamo

disc could be revolved by hand. Against the edge of the disc he pressed a collector of springy metal, and a second similar collector against the axis, to which collectors he attached a galvanometer by means of wires. On revolving the disc a current was continuously generated, which current produced in the galvanometer a steady deflection. When the direction of the rotation of the disc was reversed, the direction of the current was reversed,



View Showing the Construction of Faraday's Dynamo

being deflected in an opposite direction to that which it was at first deflected. This was the *first* dynamo ever constructed.

So perfect is the modern dynamo that out of 1,000 horse-power expended in driving it, about 980 horse-power is delivered to the line as electric energy. Following this discovery of Faraday, many attempts were made to construct generators of electricity for power. Pixii, Sexton, Clarke, Wheatstone, Cook, Estoher and Soren Hjorth made valuable improvements, but all their machines were small, crude and imperfect.

In 1856, Dr. Werner Siemens, of Berlin, brought out the Siemens armature, which, while not adapted to large machines, is still used in magneto bells in telephone work; but this machine, like all the others preceding it, gave only fluctuating or rapidly alternating currents which were of little practical value. In 1860, Dr. Paccinotti, of Florence, described the first machine from which a true continuous current could be obtained, and modified forms of the Paccinotti machine are still in use.

In 1867, the reaction principle in dynamos, by which a generator is enabled to furnish the current for magnetizing its own magnets or fields, was almost simultaneously announced by Sir Chas. Wheatstone, Dr. Werner Siemens and S. A. Varley, but the latter was the first to file complete patent specifications clearly showing the reaction principle. Varley was, therefore, the first to put his discovery on record.

With the reaction principle clearly understood, it was but a short step to produce a practical generator of commercial value. In 1870, Gramme used a modified form of the Paccinotti ring and commutator, employing therewith the reaction principle, thereby producing the first highly efficient and continuous current generator. The Gramme machine was the wonder of the day, and in its modified forms is still in general use, though only in comparatively small machines.

The first commercial arc light was operated with a Gramme machine, there being one machine to each light. It was next used to run a second Gramme machine, the second machine being used as a motor, making this the first practical commercial motor ever put in operation.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR—The first electric motor was invented by Faraday in 1821. Though exceedingly simple in its construction it contained the fundamental principles of the great electric motors of the present day. It consisted simply of an electric conductor so suspended as to be movable around the pole of a magnet. The magnet N. S., as shown in the illustration, was inserted through a cork which closed the bottom of a glass tube. Some mercury (M) was passed into the tube, so as to leave the magnet pole projecting above its upper surface. A small wire (ab) was so suspended, with one of its ends dipping into the mercury, as to be able to revolve freely around the pole (N). When an electric current was sent through the wire (ab), the wire revolved around the magnet pole (N), due to the interaction of the magnet flux produced by the magnet and that produced by the electric current flowing through the wire (ab).

It is hard to believe that from this puny and insignificant device has grown the thousands of motors that are today turning the wheels of commerce. It seems that the greater and grander the work to be performed, the smaller and weaker the beginning.

In all electrical work, the operation of the motor seems to be the most difficult for the average man to understand, and yet it is the simplest of all electrical devices. How does the electric current make the motor go? is often asked. It is simply a case of magnetic attractions and repulsions. The principles of the motor can be most easily understood by taking a magnetic needle pivoted on its stand, such as any ordinary pocket compass. Bring a steel bar magnet near it. If you hold the south pole of the bar magnet toward the north pole of the needle, the needle will swing toward it. If you now reverse the ends of the bar magnet and hold the north pole of the

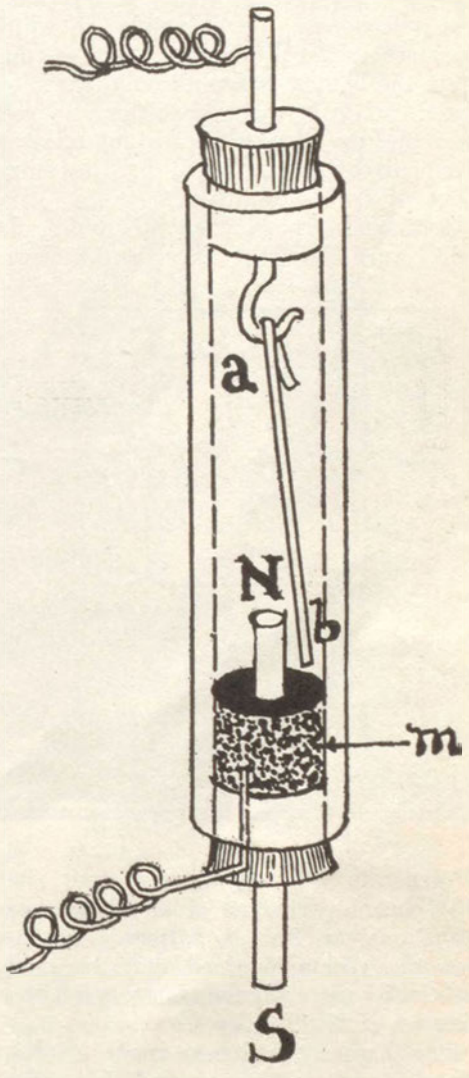
magnet toward the north pole of the needle, it will repel it, and the needle will swing away from it; so, in order to keep the needle rotating it is only necessary to keep reversing the ends of the magnet. With a little practice the needle can be made to spin quite fast around its center. Using this same principle, the armature of the most modern motor is caused to rotate and do useful work. In 1838, Lenz discovered the reversibility of the motor; that is, that the same machine was capable of acting either as a generator or as a motor.

THE TELEPHONE—In 1876, when the progress of the world was being revolutionized by the perfection of the electric generator and motor, the first announcement was made that the human voice could be transmitted by the use of a device that was so simple and inexpensive that a boy could make one. Up to this time two persons could converse through short distances by using two metal discs connected by a tightly stretched wire, but the device was of no practical value.

We all know that the air does not conduct vibrations (sound) as well as a liquid, nor a liquid as well as a solid. To produce a sound a body must be in vibration; that is, the molecules which compose the body must be in agitation. The air being in a gaseous state, the little particles, or molecules, are much farther apart than they are in a liquid; and, in a liquid farther apart than in a solid. Therefore, a solid body conveys sound better than air or a liquid. Naturally, therefore, in the first telephones solid metal rods were used. As each molecule must set its neighbor into motion, it was soon found that the energy of the vibrations was soon dissipated when using either air, a liquid or a solid as the conducting medium.

It was next found that if the proper vibratory motion can by any means be given to a metal disc, that the disc will speak, so it became only necessary to find a medium for transmitting the vibratory motions. None of the three mediums heretofore mentioned were of any practical value, as their range was too limited.

About this time it was discovered that an electric current would convey or transmit the vibratory motion of one metal disc to another metal disc though separated hundreds of miles.

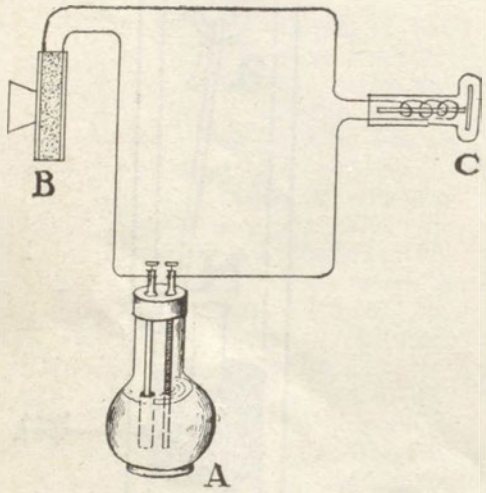


Faraday's Electric Motor

The next step in the development of the telephone was the use of electricity to transmit the voice, the transmitting end of the apparatus being the counterpart of the receiving end. The transmitter was simply a miniature dynamo, driven by the aerial voice waves; while the receiver was a vibratory motor operated by

the vibratory currents from the transmitter and reproducing the aerial wave motion. These devices also worked only for short distances, and were of no practical value. They soon were succeeded by the present construction of our modern telephones, the principle of which is shown in the illustration. The current from the battery passes through the powdered carbon in the transmitter and goes over the line wire to the distant receiver. The current is controlled by the vibrations of the transmitter.

In modern transmitters, therefore, the voice wave does not furnish the power



The Principle of the Telephone

to generate the telephone current, but only controls the flow of an already existing current from a battery. In this way the effects obtained may be made sufficiently powerful for transmission to a distance of 2,000 miles.

The discovery had been made prior to this time that while sound is a disturbance of the air, that light and electricity are vibrations of the ether and not of the air. It has been found that only on the hypothesis that an unknown medium, designated ether, permeates all space, can the phenomena of light, sound and electricity be explained.

THE INCANDESCENT LAMP—In 1878, Brush, of Cleveland, perfected the arc lamp. About the same time Edison brought to notice his carbon-filament incandescent lamp, which provided a small electrical lamp for general distribution in place of gas. While Edison was the first to commercialize the incandescent lamp, in 1845, Starr, an American, had patented the carbon-filament incandescent lamp, and was preparing to put same on the market, when he died. Starr is, therefore, the inventor of the present incandescent lamp, and to him is due the credit for its invention. Starr died, aged 25, from overwork and worry.

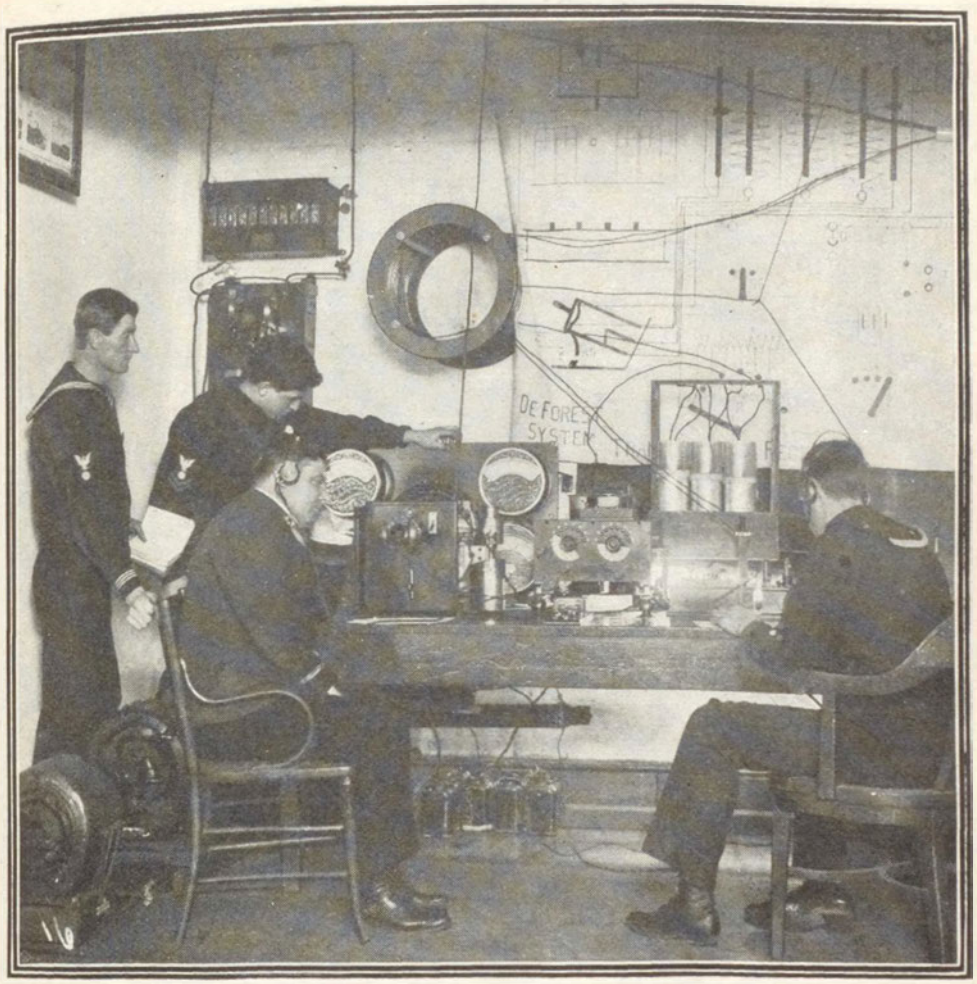
The Pearl Street Station in New York City was the first installation for the supply of current for incandescent lighting on an extended scale. The first incandescent lamps put on the market cost $1 each. Their present price is only 20 to 30 cents each.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY—In 1850, Hall, an instrument maker in Boston, advertised a small toy electrical locomotive dragging a car upon rails which were insulated and connected with a battery of two Grove cells. This was the first successful electrical driven vehicle connected by rolling contacts to an immovable source of energy. In 1888, in Richmond, Va., was put in operation by Frank J. Sprague the first successful electric railway.

ELECTRO-CHEMISTRY — The wonderful discoveries made in electro-chemistry had their beginning with Humphry Davy. By him it was found that the electric current acted as a most potent chemical force decomposing and recomposing many chemical compounds, dissolving and depositing metals. From this discovery arose electroplating of metals with all its different branches.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY — The first method used in wireless telegraphy was by sending a current in one wire to induce a similar current in a parallel wire. As this method required the same amount of wire as an ordinary telegraph line, it was of little practical value.

In 1838, Prof. Joseph Henry discovered that electromagnetic waves are produced by disruptive discharges. He further stated his belief that such discharges were oscillatory in character. In 1854, James Bowmen Lindsay, of Dundee, Scotland, took out a patent "for



Using the Radio Wireless Telephone at the Brooklyn Navy Yard

transmitting telegraph messages by means of electricity or magnetism through and across water without submerged wires, the water being made available as the conveying and conducting medium." By such means Lindsay sent messages across the river Tay, at a point where it was a mile wide. In 1859, Lindsay read a paper before the British Association on "Telegraphing Without Wires."

While it cannot be said that Lindsay was the discoverer of our present system of wireless telegraph, to him undoubtedly belongs a great deal of credit; probably second only to Professor Hertz, of Karlsruhe, the discoverer of the ether waves, now known as Hertzian waves. Such waves were proved by Hertz to be always present on a sudden electric discharge, as from a Leyden jar, a flash of lightning, an induction coil, or of any high-tension discharge. The Hertzian method of wave signaling is the basic principle of the wireless telegraph of today, and it is a method perfect in theory and wonderful in results.

In 1886, Professor Hertz began his magnificent series of researches on electric waves, soon announcing that in order to produce electromagnetic disturbances in insulated coils of wire, that it was not necessary to use the discharges of powerful batteries; but, that such discharges could be replaced by the discharges of Leyden jars, provided that the Leyden-

Mme. Mazarin of the Manhattan Opera Company Singing "Carmen" by Wireless

jar discharge was made to take place through a small air space.

He found that the number of vibrations that the discharge will set up in space around it depends upon the capacity of the circuit connected with the jar; or, on the value of the electric charge that the jar is capable of holding.

Hertz died before perfecting his system of wireless telegraphy.

In 1890, Professor Branly discovered the peculiar action of coherence on a mass of metal filings when a Leyden jar was discharged in near proximity. This coherence is caused by the magnetic effects of the electric currents, causing the mass of filings to cohere; and, thereby, lowering their resistance and permitting the passage of an electric current through them. With the discovery of coherence, the means of signaling by ether waves was soon accomplished.

In 1895, Prof. A. Popoff announced his system of wireless telegraphy, which was the first practical system, fully embracing the essential principles of modern wireless telegraphy. On March 2, 1897, Guglielmo Marconi filed the completed specifications of his system of wireless telegraphy. It was the first complete, practical system of wireless telegraphy put to commercial use.

Marconi was the first to recognize the importance of the tall vertical wire, or antenna, both at the transmitting and receiving stations, whereas Popoff had

employed it only at the receiving station. On December 12, 1901, Marconi succeeded in sending the letter S of the Morse alphabet across the Atlantic Ocean, the two stations being at Poldhu, Cornwall, and St. John, Nova Scotia. One year later he succeeded in sending messages across the Atlantic in both directions.

In the accompanying illustration is shown the principle of the wireless telegraph. The current from the cell (A) cannot get to the bell (B), owing to the resistance offered by the coherer (C). When an electric discharge takes place, the ether waves travel out like the circular waves when we drop a pebble in the water. Reaching the filings in the cohorer, they so affect them as to allow the current to pass from the cell to the bell, thereby ringing the bell. As we can govern the discharges sent out by means of the Key shown in the illustration, we can trasmit signals, the Morse alphabet being generally used for this purpose.

What Clarke and Wheatstone did for the electric telegraph in England, and Morse in the United States, Marconi has done for wireless telegraphy. He did not discover its principles, nor invent any essential part of the system, but he put known principles into practical, commercial form.

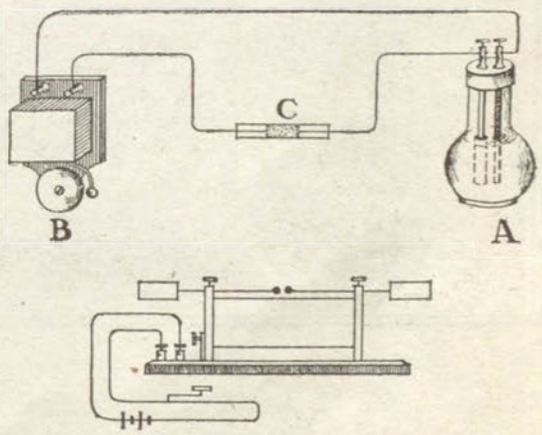
Wireless Telephony—In 1886, Professor Dollbear patented a system of wireless telephony in which an aerial and the ground is used for sending and receiving. It was his theory that by charging the earth around the sending end positively and the receiving end negatively, that a potential difference would exist, causing a strain to exist, and upon releasing this strain certain indications or signals could be given.

Professor Fessenden by using a high frequency alternator as a producer of continuous oscillation has been able to hold communication over a distance of 100 miles. The DeForest system of wireless telephony is probably the most practical and efficient system yet devised. With this system messages can be sent with ease over distances of 75 to 100 miles.

The Poulsen system is very similar to the DeForest system. Neither system is yet in a perfected state; in fact, the whole system of wireless telephony is yet incomplete and in a transitory state.

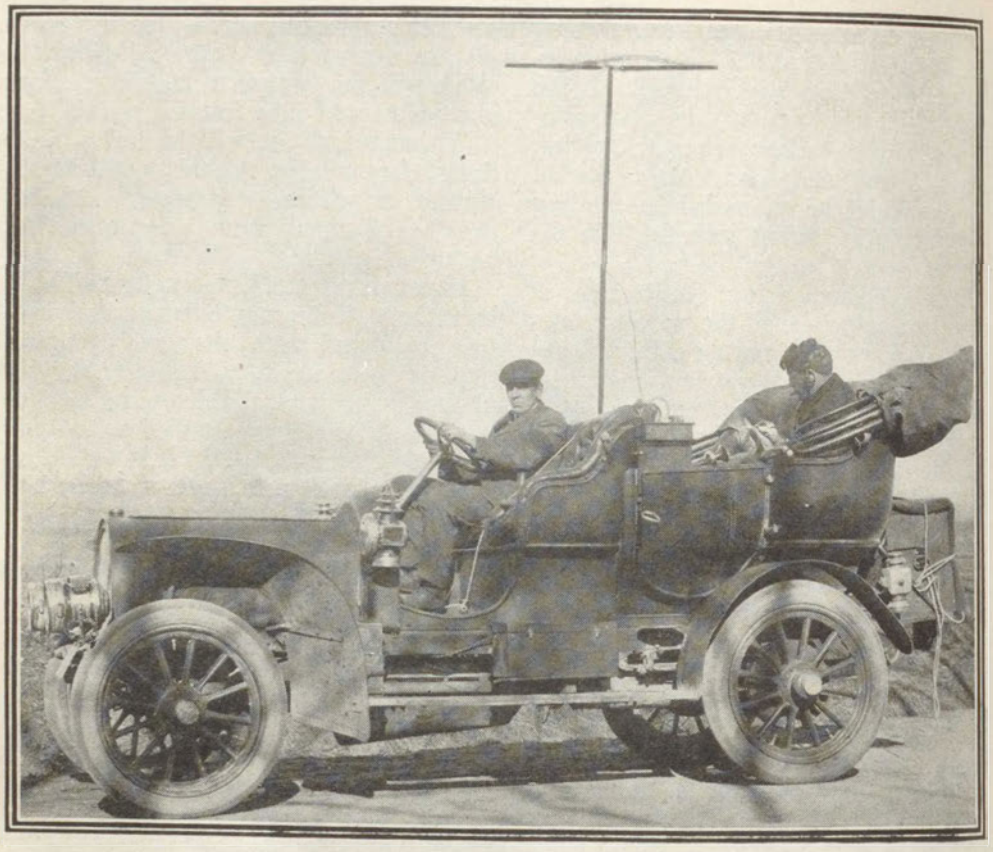
Without doubt it will be but a short time before wireless telephony will be put abreast of wireless telegraphy, and the two be of equal value in the world's progress.

Electricity in Modern Life—Small beginnings, to be sure, but look back over the years and note the great progress that has been made. Then stop and try to consider just what these puny and insignificant inventions have led us to—and what they mean to us in this wonderful age of progress and accomplishment.



The Principle of Wireless Telegraphy

Who would be so bold as to attempt to speculate upon just what would happen if for one day—only 24 hours—the universe were to be deprived of electricity. Those of us who have grown up with the modern electrical devices have taken so much for granted that we utterly fail to appreciate what it would mean. We find these devices here for our use and we use them, but do we really know and feel what a great factor they are in modern life? No, not to the fullest extent. Take electricity from us and our cities would be in darkness; local transportation would cease; and commerce and industry would practically be at a standstill; all forms of enjoyment and even social functions would have to be put by for the moment for lack of electricity; work of various kinds would have to be dis-



Automobile Equipped with Radio Wireless 'Phone

continued and the world would practically be dead, for from nowhere could we get word of what was going on around and about us.

There is hardly a single field of human endeavor that has not been benefited, developed and built up through the force of electricity—whether it is the small town or the largest community in the country—all feel its influence alike. Through electricity the business man and woman of the city can telephone and telegraph to every corner of the country with as much ease as they can in the city. The farmer, isolated at times from the populated cities by great distances, has a telephone ever handy; and even the smaller way stations have their telephones and telegraphs to keep them in touch with the outside world. Today we think of the farmer as the bright, wide-awake and up-to-date producer, instead of the poor, ignorant man of years ago.

Electricity lights our cities, our roads, our homes, our schools, our businesses, at a comparatively lower cost than older and antiquated systems. In the home we light by it; we sew, cook, wash clothes, clean furnishings with electrical appliances. We ride in electric cars, trains and cabs, and attend functions and theaters that are ablaze with electricity. The day is coming when the greater part of the steam trackage of the country will be electrified, and when that day comes electricity will be the greatest of modern beneficent factors, for then it will be instrumental in giving us clean, healthful cities.

In the office we work with electricity on all sides. An electric elevator lifts one up to dizzy heights; and electric appliances protect us from disasters while in the elevator. Electric automatic appliances open the door, then begins the day's rounds with electricity our constant aid. We telephone by electricity and va-

Admiral Evans Using Wireless Telephone, December, 1907, at Hampton Roads

rious office machinery is run by electricity—a time saver and a money saver. In many fields of industry electricity is the controlling force. It runs our great printing presses and propels our large delivery trucks, and it is rapidly being used as the motive power in our factories and establishments. Yes, shut off every bit of electricity for one day and the greater part of the industries of the world, and even the social life, will come to a practical standstill.

From the spark of the lodestone and amber to a great central station, where electric current is sold for use in commercial enterprises and the home; to running street cars and passenger trains; to operating great presses and machinery; to the great modern incandescent electric light bulbs—these, indeed, are great steps. And having followed the progress of electricity from the weak and puny lodestone to the great modern generator capable of doing the work of ten thousand horses, we can now comprehend its almost unlimited power.

BE STEADFAST

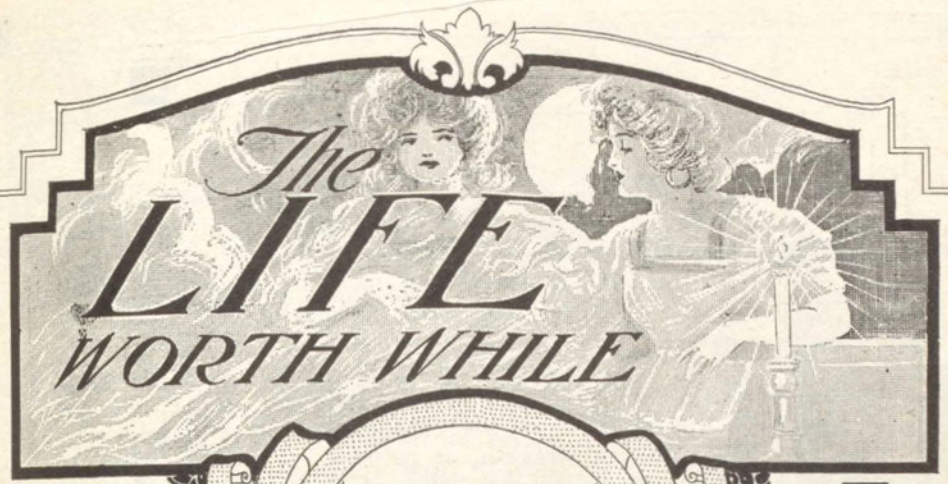
By Orville T. Fletcher

To last
Is gain.
Though foes assail
Thou shalt prevail,
If, with a willing heart,
Thou doest well thy part.
Fear not, nor faint, nor fret,
For Truth shall triumph yet.
Not ours to follow through,
But ours to be and do,
And with intent
To be content.
Steadfast
Remain.

The past
In vain?
Whate'er thy "Creed,"
Thou shalt succeed,
If, whatsoe'er thy work,
Thou dost not shrink or shirk,
But daily do thy best
And with God leave the rest,
Holding the certain aim
In life's uncertain game;
Nor halt, nor bend,
But to the end
Steadfast
Remain.

Too vast
The main?
Thy bark too frail?
It shall avail,
If, out upon the wild,
Thou dost, as trustful child,
Obey thy Father's voice,
And make His course thy choice.
Though tide and tempest test,
His way is still the best.
With Him to lead,
We only need
Steadfast
Remain.

At last
To gain
The Holy Grail
Thou canst not fail,
If, kind and brave and true,
Let what will come to you,
Of pain, or toil, or loss,
Thou turn not from thy cross,
But to the cause of Right
With all thy mind and might,
With selfless zeal,
For other's weal,
Steadfast
Remain.



By

MARGARET CONNOLLY

A GIRL in the early twenties, rich, talented, beautiful, recently took her own life. Well connected, with many friends, and rare opportunities to develop her talents, the field in which she might have worked seemed limitless. So richly dowered by Nature and circumstances, with her best years before her, this girl might have climbed to great heights, and have become a rare power for good. One thing, however, marred all, nullified her signal opportunities and advantages. Her perspective was false; her view of life distorted. So she deliberately destroyed that which, never, in all time or eternity, could she restore, because, as she, expressed it, she "was despondent, and wanted to die."

The pity of it! The tragic pathos of this poor girl's ignorance of the very meaning of life! Her reckless destruction of the most precious of all gifts, because she did not know what to do with it! How many there are who are as ignorant as she was!

How many, especially in our great cities, not realizing their possibilities, harassed by problems which they think incapable of solution,—which are in reality simple as the Rule of Three,—how many disappointed, world-worn, weary, despairing men and women are, day after day, throwing away their pearl of great price because they don't know its value, don't know what to do with it!

Is life worth living? On every side, in every rank and walk of society from those who are surfeited with luxuries, who "are clothed in soft garments and live in the houses of kings," to the hewers of

wood and drawers of water, the toilers in mill, and factory, and sweat-shop, the interrogation is ringing out in despairing accents—"Is life worth living?"

No one can answer this momentous question for another, no matter how much he may love that other, or how ardently he may desire for him the Life Worth While. Each, prince and pauper alike, must answer it for himself. No one can live another's life; no one can shield another from the tests of manhood or womanhood—the trials of strength, of patience, of courage, of truth, of loyalty, of magnanimity, of faith—the tests that are sent to each for the development of character, the growth of soul, the proving of the man, of the woman.

God has placed us in a world of beauty, of opulence, of love, a world teeming with opportunities of service, with means everywhere at hand to help us in our daily development, to so nourish and strengthen the powers within us that we can make life a glory, a joy, a triumph, make ourselves victors, conquerers in the battle.

Whose fault is it if, instead of seeking and finding this beneficent world of opulence and love, this triumphant life of accomplishment and victory, we seek—and find—a world of poverty and hatred, a life of disappointment and defeat?

Is life worth living? It rests with ourselves. We are free to choose whether we shall make it so or not. If we choose to make it worth while, it will be so. No power on earth can thwart us. If we choose to make it not worth while, then it will *not* be so.

Several years ago, when Miss Helen Keller was studying under her faithful teacher—then Miss Sullivan—preparing for her entrance to Radcliffe College, I was accorded the privilge of an interview with her for publication in *Success Magazine*. Miss Keller was then in her teens. Never shall I forget the impression made upon me by that young girl—deaf, dumb and blind—so cruelly handicapped in the race of life. Here, if ever, was an instance in which one might be excused for railing at Fate, for doubting God's love, even His justice, for groaning in bitterness of spirit, "Is life worth living?"

Imprisoned from infancy in a dead world, utterly dark, without form or sound, shut out from intercourse with her kind, deprived of expression, would it be a

wonder if this girl had become gloomy, morose, bitter? Would it be surprising if she had made no attempt, or if having attempted, she had given up in despair the effort to emancipate herself from the world of gloom into which she had been plunged?

When Miss Keller stood up, and turned toward me, as I entered the room in which she and her teacher had been seated, I was amazed at the look of radiant happiness which shone in her face, and so lit up her sightless eyes that it was difficult to believe they were not seeing. Her whole body was vitalized by the spirit within, animated by the intensity of her noble purpose—to make of herself, in spite of conditions, all that God had intended her to be.

She chatted to me so vivaciously—Miss Sullivan, of course, interpreting—of her studies, her favorite amusements, and what she liked best to do, which, by the way, at that time was to tell to little children stories of the old Greek heroes.

How Miss Keller conquered one difficulty after another until she was graduated with honors from Radcliffe College; how she has since written and lectured for the benefit of her blind brothers and sisters, whom she calls "less fortunate" than herself, is a familiar story.

Here is a living gospel, a shining example of the truth that life may be worth while, richly worth while, even for those who seem most unfortunate, who, to some, would appear to have literally nothing to live for.

While yet in college, Miss Keller, telling the story of her life in *The Ladies Home Journal,* says:

"The only real ambitions spring from the circumstances in which our lives are set. I used to think that my limitations would prevent me from doing anything beyond improving my mind and accepting the cup of pleasure or sorrow in whatever measure it might be dealt to me. There is no grief deeper than the consciousness that we are isolated, no ache of heart harder to bear than the thought that our fellows are crying in the darkness, and we are so fettered that we may not go to them. This is separation from the social order into which we are born, the irony of thwarted forces, a death in the midst of life. But I have discovered that the material with which we work is everywhere and in abundance. I

have felt the joy of the strong man who grasps the reins in his hands and drives the forces that would master him. Our worst foes are not belligerent circumstances, but wavering spirits. As a man thinketh, so is he. The field in which I may work is narrow, but it stretches before me limitless. I am like the philosopher whose garden was small, but reached up to the stars.

"The occupations I can engage in are few, but into each one I can throw my whole strength. Opportunities to be of service to others offer themselves constantly, and every day, every hour, calls even on me for a timely word or action. It bewilders me to think of the countless tasks that may be mine."

What is the life worth while? Where, and under what conditions, can it be lived? It is the inward life, the life of faith, of love, of the spirit, which controls circumstances and draws to us all that is good, true and beautiful. It can be lived anywhere and everywhere.

"Our worst foes are not belligerent circumstances, but wavering spirits." With courage, high ideals, faith in the larger life of the spirit,—which is not confined by narrowing bonds or material limitations,—an unshakable belief in the Power that sustains and environs us, then, indeed, we may bend circumstances to our will; we may do whatever we will to do; we may be whatever we will to be.

It is the "fearful unbelief" in ourselves, of which Carlyle speaks, that paralyzes our efforts and renders us weak and ineffective. This it is that blots out the sun, moon, and stars and makes the world a desert, nullifies our God-given powers and drags us down to the life that is not worth while.

When Christ was asked by His disciples why they could not heal the boy obsessed by an evil spirit, His answer was, "Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, if ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Are you in sorely straitened circumstances, constantly harassed and perplexed as to ways and means, not knowing, from day to day, how to make ends meet? Are you discouraged by repeated disappointments and failures?

Are you trying to earn a living in a position which cramps and narrows your outlook, lowers your ideals, and prevents your growth? Are you a victim of slander, or of constant misfortune—sickness, business difficulties, trouble with your relatives, your friends, your neighbors? Do you live in daily fear that you will lose your position, or, if out of one, that you will not be able to secure another; or that some undesired thing is ever lurking around the corner, ready to pounce on you?

If, so, you may be sure that you, yourself, are the dark shadow that is blotting out your sunlight, hindering your success, and making it impossible for you to live the life worth while. Your "fearful unbelief," your lack of faith in the Omnipotent Power that is ever ready to help you attain your lawful desires, is drawing misfortunes to you, impeding your progress, making you unhappy, impotent, unproductive.

Turn right about face. Look to the sunny side—for there is a sunny side to everything, no matter how dark it may seem—throw off your unbelief; know that you are here for a great purpose, to do a man's or a woman's task in this old world—which needs the work of every one, however humble—to do it without sniffling, whining, or complaining. Know that you are here to do *your* task and that of no one else. Believe that you will find it and do it in spite of adverse conditions.

If you are in the clutches of a poverty that limits and degrades, resolve that you will no longer be its slave; that you will not lack that which is necessary for decent, self-respecting living. The Omnipotent Giver does not pauperize us. We pauperize ourselves by our limiting thought. "As a man thinketh, so is he." Let us think in the affirmative, not in the negative, in terms of abundance, not of limitation; let us "nerve ourselves with constant affirmations," and life will yield its best, will be abundant and joyful, not poverty-stricken and joyless.

Assert constantly, "I am Health," "I am Abundance," "I am Peace," "I am Power," "I am Love," "I am Joy." Believe what you assert. Live up to your assertions, not intermittently, when the humor takes you, but every day, persistently, week after week, month after month. No matter whether things go well or ill, confidently continue your assertions, and, you may rest as-

sured, you will find yourself gradually coming into possession of those things which you claim.

Do not, however, make the mistake of thinking that the life worth while is covetous, self-seeking, centered in material things. It is generous, unselfish, open-handed. It is the life of service and love, which does not hoard meanly for itself, which remembers that "he that will save his life shall lose it; and he that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it," which gives of all it has, which trusts ever in the Infinite Source of supply, of things material, no less than spiritual. Its faith in this limitless Source is as great in the hour of trial as in the moment of fulfillment. It matters not how the battle wages, or what the turn of fortune, its courage never wavers, or if it does momentarily, it is only to renew itself with added force, for it knows that, ultimately, "all things work together for good for them that love God."

It is the spirit in which we live, not material environment and associations, that make the life. Conditions are created by the soul. If we cannot live the life of the spirit, which is the life worth while, amid the surroundings in which our lot has been cast; if we cannot learn something from the happenings of our lives each day, the bitter as well as the sweet, we have not learned to live. We could not live the life worth while, no matter in what conditions we were placed.

"After a course of bitter mental discipline and long bodily seclusion, I came out with two learnt lessons (as I sometimes say and oftener feel), the wisdom of cheerfulness, and the duty of social intercourse."

These were the invaluable truths that the beautiful poet soul, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, learned from half a lifetime of invalidism. Had it not been for the seeming great misfortune which shut her away from the world and threw her so completely on the life within, Mrs. Browning would probably never have become the great poet we know. The accident which irreparably injured the body gave wings to the soul.

Several years ago, in a hospital in a bustling western city an old Irishwoman passed to the life beyond at the age of one hundred and two years. She had been alone, without means, a protege of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Unhappy? On the contrary, the poor, friendless

old woman was the life and soul of suffering, discouraged people around her. Her native wit, spontaneous laughter, and buoyant optimism cheered them in spite of themselves. The young hailed her appearance with delight. She would sing the old songs of her childhood to them, tell stories, play jigs and reels on her jew's-harp, and even dance for their entertainment. "Neither silver nor gold" had this poor old woman, but she had greater than these—a cheerful heart, that "doeth good like a medicine."

In the great diamond mines of Kimberly the experts can, without a moment's hesitation, pick out the perfect gems. It is the inferior, the imperfect and false stones that give them trouble and consume their time. These have to be examined, tested and retested before their worth or worthlessness is determined.

Some of us spend all our time and energy in testing counterfeits of happiness. Few are experts in the art of living, and the real gem often lies unnoticed at our feet while we arduously pursue and test base imitations.

We have a right to happiness; the passion for it is born in us. Consciously, or unconsciously, its attainment is the supreme object of our lives. If we seek in the proper place, in the right-way, we shall find it.

"Dissatisfaction with our life's endeavor," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "springs in some measure from dullness. We require higher tasks because we do not recognize the height of those we have."

It is only the expert in life's values who can see the greatness in little things, appreciate the importance of humble tasks. An architect might draw plans for, and make a model of, a palace, but of what use would plans or model be if contractor, mason, carpenter, plumber, each in his place, down to the hod-carrier, did not do his part in its construction?

The plans of the Architect of the Universe depend for their fulfillment on each one doing the task assigned him. Only by doing that task well, in the spirit of an artist, who knows that he is performing an indispensable part of that which is to form a great whole, can one hope to rise from the lower to the higher.

It is right to be ambitious. Every normal, healthy being is animated by a desire to rise. That is what we

are here for—to grow, to live the live worth while, the very essence of which is growth.

There is no handicap, no environment which may not be overcome by patient, cheerful endeavor. The overcoming of obstacles is the epitome of every noble, successful life story. Our ability, our talents, according to their measure, will bring us the degree of success to which they are entitled. Make no mistake about that. He deceives himself who says, "If I were here or there, or otherwhere; if circumstances were different; if I were not cramped, held down in this narrow place, compelled to do this inferior work, I could succeed, could live the life worth while." "Everything good is on the highway." We can have that which we desire, on one condition—that we pay its price.

You remember the poet's beautiful legend of the monk, whose duty it was, at a certain hour each day, to feed the poor at the convent gate. How one day, praying in his cell, a heavenly vision—the transfigured Christ—appeared before him. Enraptured, the monk gazed on the Vision. His transport was broken by the convent bell—the signal that the needy suppliants waited at the gate. Should he go, or should he stay? Torn between duty and the desire to remain with his divine Visitant, he hesitated. Duty triumphed, and with a lingering backward look at the Glory he was leaving, the monk softly closed the door of his cell.

The hungry satisfied, he returned, and lo! the Vision, standing where he had left It greeted him,

> "Hadst thou stayed I must have fled,"
> That is what the Vision said.
> "Do thy duty, that is best,
> Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

The life worth while is one of duty, of faithfulness in little things, of ceaseless effort.

"To work, to help and to be helped," says Phillips Brooks, "to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder—behold! this is what it is to live."

This is what it is to live The Life Worth While.

The Problem of the Criminal

by PROF. GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

TIME was when the principal work of the educator consisted in corporal punishment. Whom the teacher loveth, he chasteneth, that was the sum of pedagogic wisdom. And it was backed by the best of authority, of course. From such an axiom it follows that the measure of chastisement was the measure of love, and that for love's sake the measure should not be too small. The more the better!

Thus punishment was based upon the teacher's duty to love the child. In that old day this theory was seriously and honorably held. There was a living faith in both the atoning and the improving virtue of bodily pain.

But such faith is waning, —perhaps it has passed away in the high places of modern civilization. In spite of all the anecdotes of men and women of distinction, who gratefully attribute their law-abiding lives to the blows dealt them by parents and teachers, the fact still remains that such blows usually breed far more cunning and malice, far more cowardice and self-depreciation, than the jubilant advocates of corporal punishment imagine.

The present growing conviction that corporal punishment in education is rude and barbarous, a dark shadow athwart the path of pupil and teacher alike, argues a *new spirit-realization* of life. To be honored in his *spiritual* nature; to be educated, not as an atomaton, but as a *human* being; not to be outwardly bound and repressed by the superior might of an unspiritual physical force—this is the right of every child, and this requires a new faith in freedom and spirit and life.

But what is true for the child is true for man in general. The education of the adult lasts as long as life lasts. He is under a schoolmaster in his majority as well as in his minority. Even his innermost development is guided by the forces and agencies of the society to which he belongs. If he resist this education, he is socially punished, and all punishment is pain. But man instinctively seeks to shield himself from pain. Therefore, recourse must be had to force to make him endure this pain.

But if the punishment of the child has been spiritualized, why should not all social culture lead to the spiritualization of social punishment also? As a matter of fact, this is what has been going on since the day dawn of the new appreciation of man. The rack, ball and chain, breaking men upon the wheel, cell and dungeon, and such like ancient barbarisms, such fearful tortures as these cultural humanity has quite succeeded in retiring, and it has done so in the name of human justice itself. Will it yet retire capital punishment and other survivals of barbarism? This question—mostly excluded, indeed, from this discussion, for lack of space—is asked not alone by idealists and reformers, but by jurists and jailers as well. This paper is concerned with the larger question, of which the death penalty is but a part, namely: Does our whole penal code repose upon a false basis? Does it

look at criminal effects disengaged from their (criminal?) causes; fruits detached from roots? Does it augment and aggravate the evil it would remedy? These are profound and serious questions; and waxing interest in them shows that we are moving on to new goals and tasks in our culture life.

All spiritualization of life is at the same time a deepening of the moral judgment and a widening of the moral horizon. Progress is civilization and culture cannot be a weakening of our power to resist evil. It cannot be an amiable feebleness and decoy of the "will to good," so that no distinction is made between what is and what ought to be—no worship "billiken," of the "god of things as they are." True progress means that the conscience becomes more sensitive and discriminating, and that a new moral strength is at war with evil.

It is not enough to measure evil by the scanty and shallow laws according to which men of other days determined what they would call evil. Behind and beneath the laws of a given age we must seek for the *law of life* which tries to express and enforce itself in the *positive* laws of men. Back of what a particular age and society call transgression, we must discover the reason for their so calling it. Now, the ultimate law of life is precisely the humanization, the spiritualization, of life. Therefore, it is the transgression of *this* law that is the *real* transgression. Accordingly, it is clear that we still think and judge much too *mildly* and *superficially* concerning transgression spiritually interpreted. For instance, when one individual deliberately and intentionally kills another, we call that act murder. But when one people thus kill another in war, what do we call that? Or, when a man loses his property through another's cunning or violence, we call that robbery, theft, embezzlement. But when a man, or an audience, or a newspaper constituency, loses the *truth,* because it is suppressed or sophisticated, what do we call that? Or, when a weaker nation is deceived in the interest of the stronger, or when force gags the spirit, robs it of its freedom and reason and conscience—the best that it has—what do we call that?

These are not less, but all the more, transgressions because they are transgressions, not of the positive laws of man, but of the *life* of man. There is premeditated violation of the *law of the human spirit* where there is interdict upon the sense of truth, where there is restriction upon the living impulse of this spirit—to grow and develop. To punish the little thief of money, and yet let the big thief of man's spiritual possessions go scot free, the big thief who thus keeps man in ignorance and soddenness in the supposed interest of others—what have we to say about this, whether in church or state?

The point that I am trying to make is that we need sharper eyes for these transgressions which are hidden beneath the brilliant shell of our culture, for transgressions not only of the outwardly petty, but of the inwardly great, for transgressions not only by the single individual, but by the *social whole.* We need to track the crime home to its most hidden matrix from which the die and the deception are born. It is thus not a milder but a sterner judgment of transgression that is the first step in the solution of the problem of the criminal. The first task of our cultural development is to pursue more energetically the time-spirit's instinct to transgress, to unmask it, to pillory it. This is the supreme task in the whole matter, and ought not to be evaded.

But the sharper we thus judge transgression, the milder will be our sentence upon the individual transgressor! There is no such distinction between those who are good and those who are bad as the letter of our positive laws has conjured up. Difficult as it is to define transgression, it is more difficult to say who the transgressor is. Our code describes certain deeds as transgression, and distinguishes them from similar deeds which are not. Within the territory where the code happens to be valid, we thus know what deeds are crimes. But do we, on that account, know the criminal? Only in case he lives in that territory. Had

he done the same deed for which our code sends him to prison among savages of primeval forests, he would have been rewarded and honored. Aye, *all* that we call transgression today was once in the long, long evolution of the race a credit and virtue, determining the transgressor's place of honor in the life of a people. There is absolutely nothing that we call bad today that was not once called good; nothing that we look upon as a hindrance to life that was not once looked upon as a help to life, as a condition even of possibility of life at all. Even with us, the ethics of war is different from the ethics of peace. Even with us individuals should be fraternal, yet who preaches that a nation should love another nation as it loves itself? Do we conceive the scope of the moral law to be such as to require the Coal and Oil and Iron and Railroad Companies to love their respective competitors as they love themselves? If piracy has ceased on the seas, has it on land?

From a race of such a past and such a present, the criminal has sprung. The transgressor, according to positive law, is only an exemplar of the human species. The withered and wormy apple is a product, not simply of the twig on which it hangs, but of the entire tree. The instinct to transgress which emerges in the individual is not his product alone. It is a heritage by which he is burdened; it grows out of the soil by which he is nourished. He is only a special mixture and center of the forces which are operative in each of his fellowmen; different from them in degree rather than in kind—from even those who make and execute the laws against him. We are members one of another, articulated in a great system of life, with power to build up and to tear down.

Therefore, the transgressor is the belated man, the man who has fallen behind; rather he is one of those phenomena of life in which a former stage of culture crops up, an atavism, a living petrification of a prehistoric existence. Criminal inclinations appear as survivals of earlier barbaric, even animal, forms of development, and the transgressor represents a relapse of our present human nature into an outlived and overcome stage of culture. Criminal inclinations slumber more or less in the bosom of every man, because every man is burdened with the heritage of his past. Whether these inclinations become deeds depends upon whether they are awakened from their slumber at a time when the nobler impulses which sprout out of the present, more developed moral consciousness, are too impotent and weak to overpower the baser. And whether deeds develop to propensity, to habit, depends again upon whether the influences which play upon the man counterbalance his evil inclinations. But the influences, the forces, of our pre-culture stages are also hidden, yet powerfully active, in our civilization. Therefore, the poor man, burdened with his heritage, finds in these forces and influences, which he did not create, precisely the soil which nourishes his barbarism and his animalism. Where one man grows, another man, owing to his heritage and weaker spiritual endowment, decays, since such heritage and endowment naturally draw their nourishment from the kindred elements of the soil.

But if, now, these reflections be true, it follows that the traditional method of dealing with transgressors is not right. Our penal code is framed with an eye to the *transgression* rather than the transgressor. We call it "justice" to visit appropriate and proportionate punishment upon every wrong, every violation of law. The goddess of justice is represented with scales in her hand. The evil deed is in one scale, the punishment in the other, and the scales are balanced if the punishment be as heavy as the deed. This is still our conception of justice, "equal and exact," in Mr. Roosevelt's phrase. And the skill of lawgiver and judge alike consists in meting out to transgression such justice, not too much and not too little.

But whence, now, this idea of justice? To be sure, an old law said, Eye for eye, tooth for tooth. But are men's eyes and teeth of such equal value that the eye, or both, of one man can be taken in

fair exchange for that of another man? Is it possible to weigh the pain which one man causes another, so that you can visit the identical amount of pain upon the offender? If justice require that punishment shall be equal to the transgression, no case of punishment is just, since in one case it would be lighter, in another heavier, than the transgression.

The stock reply to this is that human justice is indeed imperfect, but that God's justice is perfect. He rewards or punishes unerringly, according to the deed. We get the *idea* of justice from Him, and can only strive to approximate this idea as closely as possible.

But where, now, is this God who metes out the measure of punishment that exactly corresponds to the crime? Does experience give us any information concerning Him? Rather is it not in experience that we see precisely the opposite of this justice? Do we not see the pious suffer, the good crucified, and the evil-doer, the scoffer, prosperous and triumphant? So true is it that the reality is the opposite of this justice that men, to save their faith, formed a faith in a Final Judgment and purgatory, where the punishment vainly expected upon the earth should be made good with the utmost precision. Or, does the Bible inform us of this justice? But the saints of the Bible know nothing of it. They rejoice in a God Who forgiveth all their sins and healeth all their transgressions. And Jesus preached God as the Father of men, Whose infinite mercy should serve us men as model, Whose sun shines on the evil and the good, and Whose rain falls upon the just and unjust. His God is the Archetype of a Goodness and faithfulness which never forsake men, which open home and heart to the lost son, which forgive everything save only the implacability and unforgiveness of men toward each others' shortcomings.

Whence, then, this inveterate adherence to penal justice, of which neither the experiences of life, nor the pious precepts of the Bible know anything? It comes from our hard, revengeful hearts! Our whole feeling in this matter is a survival of the old feeling of revenge, which is satisfied by disburdening itself in just the measure that it has been excited by the other man. In the thirst for revenge a definite amount of energy had been stored up, which was released by the revenge and translated into the deed. This done, equilibrium of will was again restored, the scale of evil and feeling were again balanced. When society deprived the individual of the right to vengeance, when it instituted fixed laws and orders for its social life, that it might rise from barbarism and individualism to higher modes of life, the old right of revenge still persisted at first, even while society undertook to establish social order for the measure of revenge. Of course, society thus created a higher stage of life. Her fruits of civilization our humanity could develop. But, at the bottom, they had grown out of the roots of the old, and justice was nothing but socially organized revenge. Thus, punishment is the counter-stroke which ensues upon the stroke, *only*, this counter-stroke is no longer death in the ebullition of rage and of momentary excitement, but in the quiet deliberation of punitive right and the forced forms of law, whereby it is possible—a fact not at all to be undervalued—to eliminate the personal feeling of the injured party from the adjudication of the case. But inasmuch as the counter-stroke does not evoke considerateness, repentance, and nobler disposition in the party upon whom it falls, but only new combativeness and passion, the effect of the punishment upon the punisher is the formation of a purpose of revenge, and also the secret or open organization of a society that shall be in a state of feud with the civil society. Those who are punished form a sort of guild. Every new victim becomes a learner among his older comrades, and the past-masters of crime become his willing teachers. They match cunning with cunning, might with right. And the more prisons and penitentiaries we build, the more powerful does this guild grow, and every backslidden transgressor

is a sadly eloquent witness that our penal system inflicts more wounds than it heals.

We read the numerous sentences of our courts, and a feeling of horror and pity seizes us when we think that this man or the other is as good as dead as soon as the prison door closes behind him. But we too easily forget that the most terrible moment for the offender is no longer that of his imprisonment, but of his release from prison. When a diseased member of our bodily organism has been carried in a sling for a long time, and the sling is at length removed, everyone knows that the member is stiff at first and unable to resume its accustomed activity. But if the entire body had been bandaged year in and year out, and then dumped into a world that had meantime become strange to it, we can readily imagine the poor man's impotence as he tries to effect the necessary adjustments. Similarly, if the transgressor had been previously dangerous to society, he is now even more dangerous, inasmuch as he does not know how to use his freedom as well as he did before his incarceration. It is often a sorry outlook for the punished man—an equally sorry protection for society—since his new misuse of freedom is itself imputed as sin to the miserable sinner, and he is punished with a heavier punishment than ever before. Oftentimes the only way an offender has to pay fine and cost imposed in the police court is by a repetition of the very offense for which he or she was tried—a fact admitted with brutal frankness by a policeman in charge of such a case in New York City a little while ago.

To be sure, there are the good offices of a very few voluntary humanitarian societies toward released criminals. But, for one thing, the very existence of these societies is a tacit condemnation of our penal system, a sort of shame-faced effort to repair the injury which that system inflicts. And, for another thing, these good offices are themselves often of a questionable nature, and are usually restricted to cases where the crime was a momentary aberration rather than the result of a vicious heart.

To summarize: It is impossible to visit "equal and exact" justice upon the offender, inasmuch as the *social* origin of the *individual's* offense preponderates, and society is not, and cannot be, punished in the sense that our courts seek to punish the individual. And it is psychologically impossible to weigh out to the offender the measure of pain which he caused the offended. Moreover, while incarceration is a protection for the time being, afterward it signifies a new danger to society. The offender is now often broken down in health and strength, no longer able to keep pace with the advancing life into which he is released. Often the will, too weak to be good, becomes more clever than ever to the evil, and weaker still. Often the punished transgressor is a greater menace to society than the unpunished. Often he becomes the organizing center, where hostility to social life finds new stimulus, or he harbors revenge against those who, as he rightly or wrongly thinks, have shown revenge toward him.

To be sure, surrendering the idea that the function of punishment is revenge or retribution, or any such satisfaction of the demand of "justice," there are those who now hold that its function is *deterrence*. From this point of view, the death penalty, for example, is still supported. But the whole history of the death penalty refutes this contention. Formerly this penalty was more horrible and brutal than it is today, since torture and scourge were associated therewith. Formerly the widest publicity was given to the execution—and yet it deterred not! Why limitation of this publicity to a very few who are allowed to see the execution today? Why agitation for suppression of reports by newspapers of such executions? Because the doctrine of deterrence is discredited. In England, until 1870, the death penalty was inflicted for one hundred and sixty different transgressions, horse-stealing among them. But is not the desire to steal more easily frightened out of existence than the spirit of murder? One would suppose that if there was anything in this thought of deterrence, a man would

not risk swinging with a rope around his neck from a gallows for a horse! The fact is that spectacles of public execution, instead of deterring, brutalize the crowd. Compared with the brutalness and vulgarness of spectators of public executions in many lands today, the poor sinner, done to death, must be considered halfway a saint!

Moreover, the system of deterrence involves a public injustice to him who has committed the crime, inasmuch as it concedes that no regard for the evil-doer, but to those who *might possibly* do wrong, determines the measure and character of the punishment visited upon the offender. Thus is the idea of justice entirely lost sight of. The only merit of the idea of deterrence is that it marks the transition from the old treatment of the offender to the new which is to be.

Therefore, our sciences of life and society—that is, biology and sociology—must cast their kindly light upon the problem of the criminal. They must compass a great change in the rights of the transgressor, or a change compared with which our whole old system of dealing with him shall seem to be barbarism and inhumanity.

To this end, there are two fundamental considerations which should determine all that we otherwise think and do with reference to the problem. The one is the insight that the transgressor should be protected from *the consequences of causes which he did not himself originate;* that he should not be treated as guilty because civilization, law, custom, are effecting the spiritualization of men in general more rapidly than he can keep up with on account of his atavistic human nature. The other is the insight into the *large part society has in the commission of the individual's crime.* If the individual is responsible for the final deed, which alone is punished, society is largely responsible for the condition and the spirit which are the soil and the root of the deed. Is the murder for which the death penalty is inflicted the product of the individual murderer alone? From the point of view of "justice," one of the difficulties with this penalty is that in the nature of the case it cannot be properly distributed.

Not punishment as "equal and exact" retribution for the *transgression,* nor deterrence as affecting potential transgressors (which has less regard to the actual transgressor than "justice" has), but pedagogy, in the broad sense of the word, as salvation and improvement of the transgressor; this, and this alone, is the great human and Christian change that must be made in our belated, if not disgraceful, penal system. But if this shall be brought about, there must be, on the one hand, a deeper appreciation of the *social share* in transgressions. We must understand more deeply and more seriously the organic relation of the *social and historic whole* to the crime. On the other hand, we must have a deeper appreciation of the human kinship of the transgressor to ourselves, we must see in him under all circumstances a member, if so be a diseased and crippled member, of our own body.

If we assume that there are natural transgressors who are incapable of improvement—an assumption not to be too lightly made, since our psychology and pedagogy are so recent and imperfect as yet—we may mercifully isolate such, for the sake of themselves and of society, for the rest of their lives, but not to punish them or to torture them, but to avert injury to others and to give them a chance to become what they can become. And if there be transgressors from weakness of will, led astray by evil example, or poisoned by the atmosphere which they breathe in their surroundings, let this weakness of will be discovered in time, and let them be withdrawn from their seductive or poisonous situation. It is better to prevent the transgression than it is to punish the transgressor. How many prisons and penitentiaries we could spare if we had more and better pedagogic institutions for the criminally inclined!

Let men be saved from revenge. Should this be our program, our penitentiaries and prisons would become hospitals, moral sanitariums, where the burden would be lightened for unfortunates

to whom the load of the life into which they were born, without any choice of their own, had proved too heavy; where they would find the slow, but sure, treatment by which their weak shoulders should be made strong, their moral impotence stimulated to goodness; where the judge becomes the physician, diagnosing the psychic disease, and discovering the remedy, on the basis of a deep and long experience, which will cure, or, at all events, alleviate the evil; where, above all else, a rational hygiene takes charge of the moral social swamp by which the evils are bred. The right of the transgressor is our love, is that we see and esteem in him a man who walks the same path of life with us, only that he has kicked his foot against a stone from which we were spared, has not been able to climb mountains which we could easily scale. Such right illumines the darkness of the human heart, spiritualizes atavistic natures. To feel another's guilt as our own burden is to have our own lives thereby spiritualized.

AWAKENED

A STORY

BY

ANNA L. DERSCHELL

DARKNESS was dropping like a dull blanket over the tall buildings downtown. The day had been such that ropes were stretched in some places along Michigan Avenue to aid those who must face the elements, and policemen stood to catch the daring shopper as she turned around the corner.

All day I had struggled to keep my feet and my courage from slipping from me as I went from place to place asking, almost imploring, for work, only to be turned away each time.

As the lights began flashing through the storm, I wearily turned my face eastward, boarded a south-bound car, and gladly sank into a vacant seat. I had scarcely settled down when memory began playing pranks, and the comfortable atmosphere and kindly faces of home folk seemed to surround me once more. I relaxed, and was again a girl with longings and half defined hopes and ambitions. The city—the noisy city, I was leaving behind me—beckoned with a more insistent hand than the gentle, loving ones put out to restrain me. Its noise and bustle drowned the voices which would have warned me of its dangers.

The dear faces now passed beyond my vision—how good it was to see them even thus! And then came Hal—big, broad-shouldered Hal—with his kind eyes, serious face and honest purposes. Once more I was listening to his low voice as he pleaded with me to come to him—to share his home and life, but the city's roar was in my ears and his plea did not reach my heart. Suddenly the vision was dispelled by the conductor's voice: "Forty-eighth Street!" I sprang up and rushed out into the storm—we had passed my destination and I must retrace my steps.

The flare of lights as I reached the cross line lured me past the shops. An artistically arranged window caught my eyes; I paused before a display of periodicals and began reading their titles. Prominence had been given one particular magazine. I read it wonderingly. It

was new to me—and then something of the warmth and cheeriness within reaching me, I entered.

A bright, energetic little woman smiled me a welcome. In answer to my inquiry she smiled still more brightly, saying, "Yes, it has been an inspiration to many." As I had not been making much progress lately, I felt it might be well to invest in a little. One of my fast diminishing coins was soon in the little woman's till, and I was once again in the storm hugging my recent purchase.

Upon reaching my room, I threw aside my wraps, and plunged at once into the periodical. If its cover had been fascinating the contents were much more so. I did not attempt to read and assimilate any particular article, but sentences stood out here and there like street lamps on a dark night. "We can turn circumstances to account instead of surrendering to them." Was that what I had been doing since joining the great army of the unemployed? Surely my desires had been strong, what was the trouble, if this were true? I read on. Ah! I had not desired confidently, but with mingled hopes and fears. Here, then, was one answer to my dilemma. Something seemed to rouse itself and stir uncomfortably within me. "Unless success exists within it will never be manifested without." Over and over, I read this until it danced before my eyes in letters of light. What did it mean—these new emotions and thoughts? It was days, yes weeks, before I knew. The ego, my real self, had slumbered so long, and the transition from dreamland to realities so sudden, I could not reason. I could only grasp facts.

The gas burned till a late hour in my room that night, but when I did slip into slumberland the words were floating like specks of white cloud around me.

When I awoke the next morning a new feeling of confidence seemed to possess me. I did not go downtown as usual, but sat quietly down to think my way out first. I went carefully over my reading of the previous evening, stopping to let the thought sink in. There was much I could not grasp, but this much was plain: I must be calm, and believe in myself. I must feel within me the realization of those things which I desired. My spirit need not be poor even though my purse was just now.

It was easy to picture myself in the position I longed to occupy, and I did so, but with this new element—I felt I should find it. When this new feeling of certainty possessed me, I turned my attention during the afternoon to neglected personal appearance, still keeping my mind firm in the faith which appeared to expand under these new conditions.

With a consciousness of a new personality, I boarded a downtown car the next morning. I had become a new creature, and approached the manager of a well-known office with no shrinking nor timidity. My appearance was good and I was strong within. I knew that somewhere employment awaited me.

As his keen glance swept me, a courage born of earnest expectation possessed me. I had improved, my circumstances must. It was no surprise, therefore, when told the place I asked for was mine. It was one I had long desired, but until a few hours previous had only dared to dream of.

As the days sped by I found the pleasure in my work increasing, but my evenings of study were a positive joy.

A few months later a summons came one morning to go to the office of one of the members of the firm for dictation. As I entered, a tall, broad-shouldered man turned to leave but stopped. The kindly eyes met mine, and the low tones I so well remembered said, "Mildred!" Unexpected? Yes, at the moment, yet no shock. For had I not learned that when in league with my subconscious self, my heart might ask for its desire as well as for financial gain? And although the voice was low, its music reached my soul, and mine, answering, made harmony as sweet and old as when the morning stars sang together.

Call of the Primitive

by Elizabeth J. Nevin

PEOPLE liked Mary Jarvis. They described her as "sensible," "sane" and "normal." Her many friends confided in her and, because she never asked for sympathy in exchange, they took it for granted that there were no complications in her inner life. Yet all the time she herself realized that she was haunted. She kept this secret. Her keen sense of humor gave her a superficial balance which misled even those who knew her best. She appeared always merry and ready for a lark. It was only a careful observer who saw beyond the softness of her fluffy hair, the sauciness of her retrousse nose and rather short stature, to the seriousness of her straight mouth and the intensity of her eyes and brow. And so it was that no one suspected her ghost.

She was haunted by a story. It was such an old, well-known tale, told by the wisest of men so long ago, that often she wondered whether the lives of other men and women through the ages had been made restless by it.

It was the story of a rich master, who, before leaving his country on a long journey, had divided his goods between three men, to be kept in trust for him. To one man five talents had been given; to another, two, and to a third, one. After many years the master returned and demanded a report from his servants. The first two men had doubled their original amounts during his absence, and so were rewarded by the just master in proportion to their deserts. But the third servant was obliged to confess that he had buried his one share, and though he returned it to the master undivided in value, it had not been increased. Then this unprofitable servant was stripped of all his possessions and cast out as a punishment for his lack of enterprise. For the law of progress demanded then, as now, that talents should be developed and not allowed to rust, buried in the ground.

Mary was obsessed by this story. The variation from the original version only seemed to intensify the seriousness of her own case. For in her mind was the picture of a girl with *five* talents, *all* unproductive. That girl was herself, Mary Jarvis. She had been given the best heredity, the best and most wholesome environment, and the most substantial of educations. She was surrounded by real friends, had traveled, read and thought. She could sail a boat or paddle a canoe, land a black bass or brook trout. Write a thesis on Japanese art, deliver an original paper on "The Problems of a Working Girl's Life," lead a cotillon or play a game of bridge, as well as superintend an elaborate dinner or the creation of a princess gown. She was twenty-eight years old and full of energy and good health. From literary clubs to slumming—from gymnasium to afternoon teas and dinners, she went all during the winter, always with the appearance of happiness and content, yet always haunted by the knowledge of wasted opportunities and unproductive talents.

It was only during the summer months spent in the northern woods that this feeling of unrest left her. The out-

of-doors and the wide stretches of forest and water and sky usually released her mind from its bondage to the story. Perhaps it was the thought of soon returning to city life, or, maybe it was the bleak northwest wind that revived the ghost on this day in early October and made it seem so strangely at home in the surroundings naturally so uncongenial to its existence. The story had taken a new aspect. She was wishing that she could be a person of only one talent. If only she had a strong bent in one special direction, she might really accomplish something. One great ambition—one compelling interest that would make her concentrate all her energies, entirely unaffected by the allurements of counter-attractions—and her ability would no longer be scattered and thrown away.

She stood on a hilltop, bare except for an isolated group of maples, whose shiny leaves had just been touched to wonderful pinks by the early frosts. In a wide arch below her stretched the northern woods—closely compacted evergreens, interspersed with the slender white trunks of birches, and in the distance, over the tops of the trees, shone the glistening waters of the lake. The wind gradually abated as the sun sank down in the west. But there was a dissatisfied turmoil within her, unaffected by the silence that was quietly descending upon the surroundings. Nature seemed cold and strangely logical this evening—a clear, gold light in the west, with the brilliant evening star in the glow, and the trees growing blacker, denser and more jagged in outline. There were no floating, billowy clouds of fluffy pink and no soft, indistinct blurring of the landscape, as in August sunsets. For the first time in her life she felt the lack of sympathy of nature. It only augmented her restlessness, instead of soothing and quieting her. She turned away.

She walked rapidly down the hill in the direction of the road leading through the woods to the lake. It was time for her to be back at the cottage, where her sixteen-year-old sister and the Canadian maid were waiting for her. All the rest of her family and all the friends who had crowded the Jarvis cottage during the summer had gone away. Mary loved the early northern autumn and was delaying her return to the city on the plea of her sister's delicate health.

She followed the winding sheep path through the open pasture down the hill, and back to the road. The short grass crunched under her feet and the big rocks, cropping up on all sides, stood out in sharp, irregular shapes.

She was suddenly startled out of her discontented introspection by a small boy who ran hatless out of a farmhouse that faced the road. It was Bob McGregor, second son of Sandy McGregor, Canadian farmer.

"Ma's sick, and I seen youse comin' —Pa's gone away—loggin' on the tug," was Bob's lucid explanation.

All thought of self gone, Mary hurriedly followed him.

The McGregor's was a picturesque house. Of course, it was set down in the midst of a "cleared" track, with the forest pushed away in the background and off to each side. Separating it from the road was a sturdily built stone wall, half hiding the low, broad loghouse. The bright red berries of a mountain ash gave a suggestion of cheer to the little yard in front. The row of straight, high cedars growing along the north side as a wind protection, and the tangled border-garden on each side of the narrow walk leading to the front door completed the impression of old-worldness which distinguished this house from the ugly pointed gables and spare high lines of the neighbors. Mary noticed the old-fashioned chrysanthemums and late asters still in bloom and a few nasturtiums glowing in a protected corner by the door as she entered.

An atmosphere of warmth and kerosene, combined with too-many-people-in-one-low-ceilinged-room permeated the house. And this scrupulously clean, whitewashed room, supplemented by a lean-to bedroom, and a lean-to kitchen and a windowless loft—was the house.

Mrs. McGregor's few explanatory words, given in her usual phlegmatic

manner, set the girl's excited mind into a startled whirl.

The eighth little McGregor was soon to enter the world. In the absence of Sandy and the two oldest married McGregors, she, Mary Jarvis, was on hand and was evidently expected to be in command of affairs. Bob had gone for the doctor, who lived eight miles away. For one frightful moment of panic, overcome by a realization of her own ignorance and lack of experience, she longed for a chance of escape. If only her ambitions toward being a trained nurse had been carried out, how ready she would be for this crisis—was the idea that flashed through her. Then the force of circumstances cleared her mind and she forgot herself.

As a result of her executive ability, fifteen minutes later the door closed on the surprised faces of the four youngest McGregors, whom Mary had dispatched for the night to her own house on the shore. The little Canadians were not accustomed to such quick movements, and were still gasping with astonishment as they trudged silently down the road.

Mrs. McGregor paced up and down the room, between the home-made rug woven in a Canadian maple-leaf, in front of the bedroom door and the "Call-again rug" before the front door. Mary carried out her simple instructions with a quiet efficiency. Then they waited together, both listening intently for the sounds of Bob returning with the doctor.

Mary found that the discussion of the doctor distracted Mrs. McGregor, and so she continued to ask about him. The description came in disjointed fragments.

"He is a middlin' young man—kind, too. A smart lad. He was a Canadian-born—some where in Nova Scotia—but had studied medicine in New York and in Germany, besides in Toronto. He had come to this Ontario region for his health. He never talked about himself and folks never asked him questions, but they say that he had worked too hard and his nerves had given way, and so he had come here to stay three years and get well—and then was going back to the States. Once he told Mrs. Duncan that doctors and farmers' wives couldn't afford to have nerves, as it interfered with their business—but that was all anyone ever heard him say about himself."

The often interrupted description and a few anecdotes about what he had done to help people during the year since he had arrived, showed that he had gained an established position in the affections of these hard-working, backwoods farmers' families.

After an hour and a half of anxious waiting, Bob and Doctor MacFarlane arrived. Upon first glance at the doctor Mary's expression showed her astonishment, as she received the impression contradicting the idea gained from Mrs. McGregor, of a boyish face and manner and a most healthy and athletic figure. However, the matter-of-fact manner in which he bowed to her, as well as his apparent skill in dealing with the case, soon showed him as both man-of-the-world and experienced doctor. His eyes were a clear blue and his hair, black. A ruddy out-of-doors color, a rather prominent nose, a straight mouth and chin and a slight Canadian accent, completed a very pleasant impression. She could not associate him with her idea of a man of nerves. However, a single look would show him as a man ready to fight battles victoriously—even against that most subtle and dangerous of enemies, an abnormal and rundown condition of one's own nervous system. Culture and ability were manifest in all he did.

Then followed the most absorbing experience of Mary's life. On her feet every minute, following the directions of doctor and patient with quick accuracy, she kept her head, without even stopping to wonder where her ability came from. The unknown sixth sense, which so often in a crisis serves as well as experience, came to her and carried her through that night. A wonderful sense of power possessed her, and she did as she was told, silently, every idea concentrated upon the work on hand. There was no chance for any thought of herself, or of the doctor, or of the situation. For the first

time in her life she was living up to her possibilities, and so was thoroughly alive. She and the doctor and the marvelously heroic woman spent the hours absorbed in the battle between life and death. Life won. The reward was the miracle of a new life. And the mother rested.

At dawn a woman in the nearest farm house, five miles distant, arrived, and with her came Mrs. Christy, the married daughter of the McGregor family. Doctor MacFarlane left Mary alone with the mother and child and talked in low tones with the two women in the other room. Overcome with a new sensation, Mary sank on her knees beside the bed. Suddenly she saw this woman, whom formerly she had considered so ignorant and uncultivated, in a new light. She was humbled before the heroism of this mother of eight children. The superficiality of her own life showed up in comparison. The tiny baby lying beside the mother puckered up her little face and with a pathetic cry flung out her arms appealingly. The girl's eyes filled with tears. There had been no opportunity for emotion during the night and this was the first chance she had had to think of the meaning of her experience. Mrs. McGregor looked up and smiled—a smile that thrilled Mary and gave her a strange new peace.

"You'se good to me—I shan't forget. The baby's name is Mary Jarvis McGregor. You're a good girl."

It was the highest praise she had ever received. She kissed Mrs. McGregor softly on the forehead. Ten minutes later Doctor McFarlane opened the door and found her there soothing the sleeping mother's brow with a touch full of a marvelous magnetism which no Canadian backwoods could have produced and yet no massage training could have taught. All her cultivation and all the primitive feeling so newly aroused within her were combined in her attitude and service.

Still carrying the mental vision of the mother's smile, she left the room and the little log-house, her right hand numb from the silent grateful handshake Mrs. Christy had just given her.

The doctor had told her to go now and leave Mrs. McGregor and the baby in Mrs. Christy's care. It seemed perfectly natural that Doctor McFarlane should help her into his country phaeton without any explanation and drive down the road towards the shore.

She leaned back with a sudden realization that she was tired. The sun was up, bright and clear and round in the east. The air was rare and spicy with balsam—the sky, cloudless. Even the minor song of the Peabody bird seemed to have lost its mournful note. The quiet of early in the morning soothed her mind. She rested, glorying in the beauty and peace of the surroundings.

The soft greens of the trees that crowded so closely up to the border of the road refreshed her. There was a fringe on both sides of fluffy springlike tamarisk, backed by graceful cedars and all the varying shades and shapes of spruce and balsam and fir. A few pines towered high above the others. Each one was entirely different from its neighbors and wonderfully individual and yet all massed with perfect effect. Mary loved them all but looked with especially affectionate eyes upon one hemlock which she claimed as her own. Between the trees occasional glimpses could be caught of the lake, bright blotches of blue of the color of the sky. There was no wind.

The sudden whirl of a partridge across the road aroused her and brought her mind back to time and place. She smiled, amused to remember that the man beside her was entirely unknown to her twelve hours before. The cooperation in work and interest during the night had built a substantial bridge of sympathy between them, but the natural silence of the short drive home deepened the understanding. She was grateful that he showed enough appreciation of the spirit of her service not to try to thank her for it. She was relieved, too, that he did not express the conventional "I am glad to have met you." There was no reference to the events just passed through. He asked her to go sailing with him "the first day

a good southwest wind blows up" and it seemed most natural that she should consent.

In a dazed condition of sleepiness and physical weariness, she was given breakfast and assisted to bed by the maid and her sister. It was ten hours later when she awakened after a deep sleep of utter oblivion.

The memory of the events of the past night and early morning flashed through her mind in a series of vivid pictures. The mother and the baby—how wonderful it all was. From that her thoughts jumped to the doctor. The whole experience seemed permeated with his personality. The drive home was as intense a remembrance to her as the experiences preceding it. The force and the quietness of his eyes must surely give confidence to everyone. She understood now that it was he that had made her able to do so well the night before. Even Mrs. McGregor and the baby were forgotten as she thought of him—"A man who could make anyone do anything."

She dragged her mind away from him. She pictured herself as she had stood on the hill the afternoon before, troubled by the ghost of her unrealized ambitions. It seemed long ago. Then she knew the ghost had died. Already she could laugh at it. She was sure that she would never again be haunted by the idea of her unproductive talents. The force of living had opened her eyes and she saw that after all she possessed only one real talent. Achievement must lie for her in the same path trodden by the good women of all times.

And the answer of it all—she suddenly shook herself and jumped from bed rather shocked by the new course of her thoughts.

She dressed hurriedly, trying to divert her mind from the ideas which crowded into it. "Was the old ghost going to die only to make room for a new one, and was she going to be haunted now by a pair of steady understanding eyes?" she asked herself.

She was afraid that her desire for just one interest had been realized in an unexpected way. Then she decided that as long as the One Idea was such an attractive one, she might as well enjoy it —particularly as she couldn't help but think about it. She had never before met such a compelling personality. She was sure he must be a good sailor. Perhaps a good southwest wind would blow up the next day.

The sun was once more setting. Mary gazed at it from her window, filled with the knowledge which she had been unconsciously grouping for the evening before. She saw life anew. Henceforth there would be less room for introspection—more room for instinct and feeling in her character. And the wisdom that comes to all women—to some in their youth, to others in their more mature years, and to others too late, filled her heart with understanding. It made her smile, happily.

A Present-Day Fairy

by STELLA V. KELLERMAN

THERE is a little present-day Fairy that is waving her wand over the whole civilized world, and already working as great wonders as any of the fairies in the long ago.

When people do not understand each other, disputes and quarrels arise; all kinds of troubles come about; wars are waged, and wars bring on innumerable hardships of every kind.

This Fairy said it was foolish to go on in this way; that it was high time people should be able to understand each other, and that the people all over the world are good people—which they would all find out if they could only talk with with each other.

The Fairy therefore set herself the task of teaching all nations to know and talk her language, so they could come together and talk over world-affairs as easily as you can say a, b, c.

She saw with her fairy eyes that as long as the world is obliged to struggle with all the old confused tongues, it would never be at peace. She also saw that life is too short, and its struggle is too intense to admit of the long years necessary to master the mother-tongues of all nations; that time is too precious to spend it all in learning foreign tongues; that there must be time for thought, or the world makes slow progress.

No one but a fairy would attempt the work she set herself to do, but she knew that her wand had the old magic in it, and what she willed to do, that she could accomplish, as did the fairies of old. She said *"humanity is above all nations,"* and she went about over the world, making her presence felt through her promulgation of this great thought.

She waved her wand and talked to the people in her own tongue. And, although at first they only stared at her without comprehending the import of her message, she gradually gained a following; and each one who came within her charmed circle became imbued with the spirit of the fairy; learned from her the words that are to serve as golden links in the great magic chain which she is forging to bind the nations of the world into one humanity.

The fairy-words are like little fairy boats filled with good will which she has set a-sail on the great waters of the world. On and on they sail to every land. Even into the busy ports of commerce, where there seemed no place for them.

But when the fairy waved her wand, even the busiest felt her charm and took heed of her fairy-boats, and their magic cargo.

Ah, little fairy! What a wonder worker! How splendid your deeds, and how delightful your simplicity!

Go, teach all nations to know that your mission here among us is the *practical federation of the world!* And your name shall be pronounced by the lips of men with the feeling of brotherhood of which the leaders of the world have ever dreamed.

Her name?

The good doctor who dreamed this present-day fairy into the world, christened her, Esperanto.

ESPERANTO

A Practical Course Of Instruction In The International Language

by

IVY KELLERMAN A.M. PH. D.

Notes.—The "First Circular" of the Sixth International Esperanto Congress has been issued from the Esperanto Central Office in Washington. It is printed entirely in Esperanto and states that the International Congress will occur in the Capitol City during the week of August 14-20, 1910. Beginning with an informal meeting the Saturday before, the week will be one continuous round of business meetings, entertainments, excursions, and meetings of the various international organizations which use Esperanto for their intercourse. This is a splendid opportunity for anyone to combine a trip to the nation's capitol with the chance of enjoying this unique gathering. Special rates on the railroads will be given to all who hold congress tickets, which may be obtained at the Esperanto Office, and the trips in and about the city will be in charge of the local Esperantists, thus saving greatly from the usual cost of a Washington trip. Special sectional meetings are being arranged for physicians, lawyers, scientists, etc., which will be participated in by delegates from all parts of the world. A special Congress stamp, like the Red Cross stamp, has been issued, which every Esperantist will use to further advertise this movement of progress. (These may be obtained from the Esperanto Office, Washington, D. C., at twenty-five cents a hundred.) A literary contest, for the best original prose and poetry in Esperanto upon given subjects, has been announced, and various medals and prizes will be given to the successful contestants.

LESSON III

REFLEXIVE PRONOUNS

27. A personal pronoun referring to the subject of the verb in the sentence, but used in some other relation than subject, is called *reflexive*. The reflexive pronoun corresponding to *mi* is necessarily the same word *mi*, since "me," "myself," can refer to no one else than the person speaking, as "I see myself," "I give to myself (to me)." Similarly, the personal pronoun of the first person plural is used as a reflexive for that person; and the personal pronoun of the second person is used as a reflexive for the second person, since "you," "yourself," could not refer to any but the person or persons addressed, and there could be no ambiguity:

Mi trovas min en la ĝardeno, I find myself in the garden.

Mi trovas florojn apud mi, I find flowers near me.

Ni povas vidi nin, we can see ourselves.

Ni havas molan herbon sub ni, we have soft grass under us.

Vi vidas vin, you see yourself (yourselves).

Vi kantas al vi, you sing to yourself (yourselves).

Vi havas florojn apud vi, you have flowers near you.

28. But when we come to the third

person, a pronoun of this person used in the sentence may or may not refer back to the subject. For instance, "he sees flowers near him" may mean that he sees the flowers near *himself*, or near *some one else*. "They found green grass under them" may mean that they found the grass under *themselves*, or under *flowers*, etc. English is sometimes able to avoid confusion by attaching "-self" to the pronoun, but Esperanto has a simpler and more effective method: In Esperanto the reflexive pronoun of the third person, both singular and plural, is expressed by the special word *si*, which always refers back to the subject of the verb. (Of course *si* can never be the subject itself, since it is *reflexive*):

Li trovas sin en la ĝardeno, he finds himself in the garden.
Li vidas birdon apud si, he sees a bird near him(self).
Ŝi vidas birdon apud si, she sees a bird near her(self).
Ŝi kantas al si, she sings to herself.
Ili povas vidi sin, they can see themselves.
Ili havas tablon apud si, they have a table near them(selves).
Ĝi havas florojn sur si, it has flowers on it(self).

THIRD PERSONAL PRONOUNS NOT REFLEXIVE

29. Since the special reflexive pronoun *si* exists, for referring back to *li, ŝi, ĝi, ili,* used as subject, it necessarily follows that these four personal pronouns are never themselves used reflexively. That is, one of these pronouns used in a sentence clearly refers to some person or thing other than the subject of the verb:

Li trovas lin en la ĝardeno, he finds him (some other man) in the garden.
Ŝi vidas birdon apud ŝi, she sees a bird near her (not near herself).
Ili vidas ilin, they see them (some other person or things).
Li kantas al si kaj li, he sings to himself and him (some one else).
La birdoj flugas al ili, the birds fly to them.

THE PAST TENSE

30. The past tense of the verb ends in *-is*, as *vidis*, saw, *flugis*, flew, etc. It may also be translated with the forms "do," "did," as *li vidis*, he saw, he did see, *ĝi flugis*, it flew, it did fly:

La birdoj flugis al la arboj, the birds flew to the trees.
Ili vidis virojn apud si, they saw men near them.
La viroj sidis sur la herbo, the men sat (were sitting) on the grass.
Ĉu vi vidis ilin? Did you see them?

VOCABULARY

Alfredo, Alfred.
antaŭ, before, in front of.
diri, to say.
Elizabeto, Elizabeth.
frato, brother.
folio, leaf.
ĝis, as far as, up to, until.
Johano, John
matura, ripe, mature.
piro, pear.

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

31. Alfredo kaj Johano estas fratoj. Alfredo vidis arbon antaŭ si en la ĝardeno. Li diris al si "Mi volas manĝi la frukton." Li diris al Johano "Ĉu vi volas maturan piron?" Johano diris "Jes, ni povas rompi branĉon, kaj trovi la pirojn inter la folioj." Elizabeto vidis ilin, kaj kuris tra la ĝardeno, ĝis la knaboj. Ili diris al ŝi, "Cu vi volas piron?" Ŝi diris, "Jes, mi ŝatas pirojn. Ĉu ili estas maturaj?" La fratoj donis al ŝi belan piron. Ŝi estis feliĉa, kaj diris "Vi estas bonaj al mi." Ili sidis sub la arbo, sur la mola verda herbo, kaj manĝis la freŝajn flavajn pirojn. Elizabeto vidis birdon apud si. La birdo kantis al si, kaj vidis nek la knabojn nek Elizabeton.

32. Were the pears ripe and good? Did the boys prefer to gather peaches? No, they like the big yellow pears. The boys are brothers. Alfred said to himself, "I wish to break a branch, and find the fruit among the leaves." He wished to give the pears to Elizabeth, not to himself. He ran as far as the house, and found John in a large room. He saw him, and said to him, "Do you wish to sleep? Do you not prefer to sit in the garden?" John said to him, "I saw you under the tree, but I did not see Elizabeth near you." Alfred said,

"Elizabeth is singing to herself, in the house." The brothers saw Elizabeth in front of them, and said to her, "Were you not singing to yourself?" She said, "I was singing to myself, but I prefer to sit in the garden."

THE PREPOSITION DE

33. The preposition *de*, from, is also used to express possession or connection, and is then translated "of":

La branĉo de la arbo, the branch of the tree.
La frato de la viroj, the brother of the men (the men's brother).
La frato de Elizabeto, the brother of Elizabeth (Elizabeth's brother).
folioj de la arbo, leaves of the tree.

POSSESSIVE ADJECTIVES

34. Adjectives may be formed from the personal pronouns, by adding the adjective ending *-a* (9). (Such possessive adjectives are sometimes called possessive pronouns). Possessive adjectives agree like other adjectives with the word or words modified:

mia, my.
via, your.
lia, his.
ŝia, her.
ĝia, its.
nia, our.
ilia, their.
sia, his, her, its, their (reflexive).
Mi vidas mian fraton, I see my brother.
Viaj fratoj donis la piron al mi, your brothers gave the pear to me.
Niaj floroj estas belaj, our flowers are beautiful.
Lia ĉevalo estas blanka, his horse is white.
Mi trovis ŝian fraton en la domo, I found her brother in the house.
La knabo havas sian ĉevalon, the boy has his horse.
Elizabeto kuris al sia frato, Elizabeth ran to her brother.
Ili sidas en sia domo, they are sitting in their house.
Iliaj domoj estas grandaj, their houses are large.
Ili trovis siajn ĉevalojn en la kampo, they found their horses in the field.

THE SUFFIX -IN

35. The suffix *-in* may be inserted, just before the ending *-o*, in words distinctly masculine, such as *viro*, *knabo*, *frato*, to form the corresponding feminine noun:

virino, woman (from *viro*, man).
knabino, girl (from *knabo*, boy).
fratino, sister (from *frato*, brother).
patrino, mother (from *patro*, father).

VOCABULARY

amuzi, to amuse.
Anno, Anna.
de, from, of.
juna, young.
kapo, head.
konstrui, to build.
nesto, nest.
patro, father.
por, for (preposition).
super, above (preposition).

SENTENCES FOR PRACTICE

36. Anno kaj Elizabeto estas fratinoj. Ili amuzis sin en la ĝardeno. Ili vidis la birdojn, en la branĉoj de la arbo super siaj kapoj. La birdoj konstruis siajn nestojn inter la folioj. La patrino de Anno kaj Elizabeto sidis apud la knabinoj, sed ŝi ne vidis la birdojn. La knabinoj kolektis rozojn por sia patrino. Ilia patrino estas bela virino. La patrino havas maturajn pirojn por la knabinoj. Ŝi donis la bonan frukton al Anno, kaj Anno donis piron al sia fratino. Johano kuris al la patrino kaj diris "Mi volas piron!" La patrino diris "La piroj estas sur la tablo antaŭ vi." Johano estis feliĉa, kaj manĝis la piron. Li diris al siaj fratinoj "Ĉu vi vidas la junajn birdojn en la nestoj, sur la branĉoj de la arbo?"

37. Anna is the sister of John and Alfred. The boys and girls were amusing themselves in the garden. They gathered flowers for their mother. Their mother had apples and pears for the boys and girls. She gave the ripe fruit to Anna, and Anna gave it to her brothers and to her sister. The mother said, "Do you see the birds, on the branches above your heads?" Elizabeth said, "Yes, the birds are building their nests." Her sister said, "I see the young birds in the nest near you." Her mother said, "The nest on the branch in-front-of you has young birds in it. I do not see birds in the nest on the branch above my head."

KEY TO LESSON II

(21) Is the white horse sleeping on the grass in the field? Have the boys fresh fruit? They have fresh apples, and beautiful flowers. Do the birds fly (Are the birds flying) among the tall trees? No, they are sitting on the trees, and (are) singing to us. Do you see the birds in the garden? No, I do not see them, but I see the strong horses. The horses eat the soft green grass. They run through the field, and lie near the trees. The air in the garden is good. Do the men gather (Are the men gathering) the red and yellow fruit? They have beautiful roses, and give the roses to the boys. The boys are happy. Do you give flowers to the boy? Have we fresh fruit? He and she are happy. Do you see us in the house? We are in a large room. It is long and high. Do you walk through the room to the garden? I lie on the soft green grass in the garden. I see her, but I do not see him. Is she giving (Does she give) apples to you?

(22) Mi donas blankajn florojn al vi. Ĉu vi vidas la feliĉajn knabojn? Ili manĝas pomojn en la ĝardeno. Ili donas al mi pomon, kaj mi donas ĝin al la viro. La viro sidas sur seĝo en la granda ĝardeno. Li ne kuŝas sur la mola verda herbo. Ni vidas la belajn birdojn. Ili kantas al ni. Ĉu ili dormas sur la arboj? Ĉu vi estas feliĉa (feliĉaj)? Ĉu vi estas bonaj? Ni estas bonaj kaj feliĉaj. Ĉu vi vidas la grandan domon apud la kampo? Mi ĝin vidas, kaj mi marŝas al ĝi. La domo estas inter la arboj. Ili estas altaj kaj belaj. Ĉu vi vidas la tablon en la granda ĉambro en la domo? Ni vidas ĝin, kaj ni vidas ruĝajn rozojn sur ĝi. Mi donas ilin al vi. Vi havas ilin, kaj vi havas grandajn ruĝajn pomojn.

(25) Do you wish to eat a peach? Yes, I wish to eat a peach, but I do not wish to eat an apple. Do you prefer to sit on the grass? No, I wish to sit on a chair in the house. Do you see peaches on the branch? Yes, but I cannot break the branch. I wish to give peaches to you. Do you wish to sit under the tree in a large chair? I have neither fruit nor flowers. I like to gather beautiful flowers. They are red and white and yellow. But they are not green. The boy wishes to run to the garden. He wishes to break a branch and gather peaches. The boys lie on the soft grass under the trees. They neither run in the field, nor sleep in the house. Do you wish to walk to the house? It is neither long nor high, but it is beautiful. We can sit on the chairs in a big room. We prefer to sit in the room.

(26) Ĉu vi volas sidi en la ĝardeno? Mi ne volas sidi sur seĝo en la ĝardeno, sed mi volas marŝi al la domo. Mi preferas sidi en la domo. La ĉambro estas nek alta nek granda, sed ĝi estas longa. Mi ne volas vidi la knabon, mi volas vidi vin. Mi ne povas trovi la virojn en la kampo. Ili ne estas sub la alta arbo. Ĉu ili estas en la domo. Jes, la viroj estas en ĉambro en la domo. Ili manĝas persikojn. Ĉu vi ŝatas persikojn? Ne, mi preferas pomojn, sed persikoj estas bonaj. La knaboj rompas la branĉojn. Ili volas kolekti la persikojn. Ĉu ŝi ŝatas nek pomojn nek persikojn? Ĉu ŝi preferas sidi sur la mola verda herbo? Li preferas sidi sur la herbo, sed ŝi preferas sidi sur seĝo. Ŝi ne ŝatas sidi en la ĝardeno.

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING

How To Live Well How To Live Nobly
How To Live Largely How To Live Long

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL DEPARTMENT

"WHAT is the greatest virtue? In other words, what one practice in human life can add the most to the wisdom, the character, the power and the welfare of man?"

This question was asked through this department in the February (1910) issue. And in the April issue we gave our own answer—A Passionate Desire for Truth.

The reason why we consider this the greatest virtue is easily explained. Whatever we wish to add to life we must first have more truth. There is nothing that can precede truth, and it is only a passionate desire for truth that can give us that measure of truth which is necessary to produce all other good things desired in life.

A passionate desire for truth means a constant advancement into more truth; which in turn means that life is enriched more and more with that which alone can provide all other things needed for added human welfare.

Many have stated that the greatest virtue is love, but the measure of love is dependent upon the measure of truth. A large love can spring only from a large life; and the enlargement of life can come only from the gaining of more truth. If the possession of truth is limited, life will be small; and where life is small love will be small, even though it may be very intense as well as constant. The same is true with regard to other virtues; they increase in power and worth only as life itself is enlarged and enriched. But it is only the gaining of more and more truth that can enlarge and enrich life; and it is only a passionate desire for truth that can bring us more truth.

Truth never comes to those who wish for it in a half-hearted manner. If real truth is to be won, the desire must be whole-hearted; in fact, it must be so strong that it actually becomes a passion.

Denying Matter

TO deny matter and mean it is impossible. To deny the existence of matter you must refuse to act as if it did exist; that is, you must not use matter in any shape or form, because to do so would be to contradict with your hands what you affirm with your mind. If matter actually was an illusion, you would simply be perpetuating that illusion if you accepted matter in any form whatever. Those who claim to deny matter deny it only as a mental concept. They deny matter in the abstract, but accept it in the concrete—in every form of the concrete—from greenbacks to roses. But matter exists only in the concrete; it does not exist in the abstract; therefore, to deny it in the abstract and accept it in the concrete is to accept it where it does exist and deny it where it does not exist. Then wherein do we find the denial? It simply is not there; and what appears to be such a denial is nothing but a useless process of thinking; a process that moves in a circle which brings the mind back to matter whenever it claims to get away from matter; a process that has no efficiency in itself, but that may appear to have efficiency to those who believe it has efficiency. Many things are good if you believe they are; and many methods will work for a while if you believe there is something in them that does work. However, our object is not to make neutral factors the channels of

expression for our action and faith. We want things that have power of themselves; we want methods that have their own actual efficiency; then to that power and efficiency we will add the power and the virtue of our own faith.

SUGGESTION vs. TRUTH

IS it necessary to stretch the truth, or even prevaricate, in order to give good suggestions? Must we ignore visible facts in order to bring out certain truths that are not apparent? When a man does not look well, must we tell him that he does look well in order to help him look better? Must we call a bad egg good and a poorly prepared meal delicious, in order to protect our digestion? In brief, must we call black white every time in order to be free from darkness, evil and wrong? Many seem to think that we do, at least, in most instances; but there is another side to the question.

However much we may prize good suggestions, will not the potency of such suggestions disappear more and more after we learn that those who wish to encourage us, say nice things, not because they are true, but because they want to make us feel good? We all know people whose daily song is, "Everything is lovely," and in a way we admire those people. They generally make us feel better; but they never stir the depths of our souls; and when we want rock-bottom facts we always go elsewhere.

To sing of the good, the true and the beautiful is well; and that song will bear repetition many times every day; nevertheless, to say that everything is lovely in the abstract when it is quite the opposite in every-day affairs, is not the best way to set those matters right. Sometimes it works; but as a rule, only for a while, because when you get a reputation for saying that things are nice whether they are or not, people will lose faith, both in your judgment and in your preference for veracity.

To give good suggestions to everybody under every circumstance, should be our purpose; but we should remember that every suggestion given should be true as well as good. It should be true, both from the viewpoint of things as they are and from the viewpoint of things as they ought to be. Never say that black is white. Never tell a sick man that he is well. Never say that everything is all right, when it is all wrong. There is a more sensible course to pursue; a course wherein we can harmonize facts as they are with those loftier ideals of truth that we wish to realize.

When things are wrong, admit it, but do not let your mind dwell pessimistically upon that fact. Try to find wherein things are right; and upon that as a basis proceed to correct matters, giving encouragement to everybody through the fact that things are becoming better. And the most potent suggestion is the one that suggests improvement. Tell a man that he is better, and you impress his mind far more favorably and more deeply than if you simply tell him he is well. When you tell a man that he is well, you suggest nothing additional to look forward to; but when you tell him that he looks better, you at once make him feel that he will soon look better still. You produce action in his mind—favorable action—and action is always more powerful and impressive than mere passive thought, however beautiful.

Face facts as they are, but always face them in a cheerful, optimistic mood. And instead of suggesting outright that everything is all right, proceed to suggest how everything may become all right. In the ideal everything is all right, to be sure; and those who view things from the standpoint of the ideal are justified in saying that everything is all right. But we cannot improve matters in the real by acting exclusively from the standpoint of the ideal. We must bring the real and the ideal together; that is, we

must begin with the real as it is and cause it to become more and more like that ideal which is our goal.

To say that the ideal is all right will not make the real all right. But to say that the real is becoming better is to inspire everything in the real to work for the better and the better still. It is not absolute idealism—that form of idealism that declares everything to be right now—that will cause things to become right. Absolute idealism has proved a failure wherever tried, because it ignores the law of growth. It begins at the top, and declares that the top is all there is. It neither touches things as they are in the practical life, nor promises anything greater beyond the "lofty position" it has taken. Life, however, is made for progress; the entire universe is based upon the law of continuous advancement, and all things, to be true to themselves, must move forward constantly. Therefore, any system of thought that ignores the inherent desire for growth, found in all things, must sooner or later fail. Usually it fails in the beginning; but when it does succeed for a while it succeeds simply because it gives temporary relief from its extreme, the ultra-materialistic system.

In giving good suggestions it is not necessary to say that all is well when actual facts declare the contrary to be true. The best suggestions do not declare that all is well, but that all is better, constantly becoming better. And no matter how adverse some conditions may be there are always some that are better. Emphasize the improvement of these; thus greater improvement will follow; and ere long the forces of good will be in the majority. Then the victory will be won.

It is always safe to suggest improvement, because there is always some improvement to be found in everybody. You can suggest improvement at all times, and to all people, without deviating the least from facts as they are. Thus you will gain the reputation for standing for truth, real and ideal; everybody will believe in your word, and everybody will receive encouragement and inspiration from that word. You will combine common sense with sunshine, real facts with encouragement, and though you may find it necessary to admit, at times, that things are not as they should be, you can always suggest a way out. And people do not want to be told that things are right when they are not, even though they may feel better for a while by trying to believe that it is so. What people want to know is the way out, the way to better things. We do not want to come to absolute perfection and stand still; we want to move forward, and we want ideas, thoughts and suggestions that will help us move forward.

MOMENTOUS QUESTIONS

28.—After we have sifted all our desires down to their original source, what do we find as the one thing that we all want? And how can this one thing be secured?

29.—What is the exact reason why it seems easier to preach than to practice?

30.—What was the universe made for? Can we know, and is it necessary that we should know?

31.—What are the ten most important facts that should be given to every normal child under twelve years of age?

32.—If we define a religious life as being "in tune with the Infinite," is it possible to live a religious life without a moral life? And is it possible to live a moral life without a religious life?

33.—The regular methods of modern science have failed to demonstrate the existence of the unseen. Are there methods outside the sphere of modern science through which the existence of the unseen can be demonstrated? If so, what are they? How are they to be

applied? And what should be the practical advantage, for life here and now, to positively know that the unseen does exist?

NOTE—Other questions will be published in succeeding issues. All are invited to send in momentous questions for this column. I shall give my own answers to the above, as well as to all other questions published; but all readers are also invited to submit their answers. The best of such answers will be published in this department at an early date. Such answers must be clearly and forcibly stated, in the best of language, and must not consist of more than two hundred words.

Important Facts

IF you wish to promote your own progress, you must keep in touch with the spirit of progress in all fields of action and achievement.

* * *

If you are interested only in the metaphysical side of life and action, you will fail to apply yourself in practical action. Thus you may know much but accomplish little.

* * *

If you are interested only in the physical side of life and action, you will not be in touch with the best ideas in your own world, and you will have only the lesser things to apply in your work.

* * *

Learn to understand the greatest powers that are in you. Then place yourself in touch with everything that is alive, that is moving forward, that is doing things worth while. Thus the metaphysical and the physical will combine in your life; the ideal will inspire the practical, and the practical will apply the ideal.

* * *

Thousands imagine at the present time that they can realize all their ideals by devoting most of their time to a study of the transcendental. But ideals cannot be realized in a one-sided mind. To understand the lofty and the sublime is necessary; but it is also necessary to be in close touch with growth and achievement in the tangible world.

* * *

To dream dreams is well; in fact, we must dream dreams; but those who give themselves over to metaphysical studies exclusively will not make their dreams come true. If we would make our dreams come true we must apply them in the world; and to apply them in the world, we must live in the world, work in the world and be in mental contact with what is going on in the world.

* * *

There are two kinds of thought, objective and subjective. All subjective thought produces effects upon the body according to its nature; and all thought that we feel is subjective thought. Therefore, only right thought should be felt. But as all thought may be felt, the safe course is to think nothing but right thought.

* * *

No system of thought can produce freedom which does not give each individual the freedom to select his own remedy when he is sick or in trouble.

* * *

The use of alcohol weakens the will. But no person can improve his character, his ability or his efficiency unless he constantly strengthens his will.

* * *

Have no habits or desires of which you do not feel proud. Do not place any part of your mind in contempt. That part cannot work for you; besides, it will interfere with the work of other parts.

* * *

He who aims to get happiness from everything that comes will get most other things as well.

* * *

To combine calmness, depth and force with every action is to increase the power of that action as well as the power of the man that produces the action.

* * *

The full appreciation of what you like has a tendency to draw you nearer to that which you like. Besides, the more you appreciate worth in everything you admire the more you develop worth in yourself.

The more you believe in yourself, the more others will believe in you.

* * *

The man who has no confidence in himself will not inspire confidence in anybody.

* * *

Aim to be all that you are, and aim to give the whole of yourself to your every thought, word and action. This is how you become a highly developed individuality and a powerful personality.

* * *

The first step in the control of mind over body is that of becoming mentally alive in every cell of the body. Learn to think with every atom, and every atom will respond to your direction and desire.

To set aside the will is to weaken the will; and we always set aside the will when we give way to uncontrolled feelings or to outside influences of any kind, visible or invisible.

* * *

Depend only upon yourself; and work in harmony with all things. Thus, you call forth the best that is in yourself, and at the same time secure the best that external sources have to give.

* * *

If you would serve God, and be truly religious, do not prostrate yourself before Supreme Power; but learn to walk with God; learn to act in accord with Infinite life; and do something tangible every day to increase the happiness of all that may come your way.

PERPLEXING PROBLEMS

16.—When you are so situated that you have absolutely nothing to look forward to, with no prospects whatever of brightening the future, what can you do to prevent despair? And what is the first step necessary to get out of such a condition?

17.—When a girl, who is brought up in luxury and not accustomed to work, hardship or want, is suddenly brought to a place where she will have to go out in the world and provide for herself, what steps should she take, physically and mentally, to make her new experience as easy as possible, and her efforts as successful as possible?

18.—If all your interests are tied up in an enterprise where your ideals are ignored, and you are compelled for the present to work under those conditions, what mental attitudes should you employ so that the situation will not prevent you from doing your best? And what is the way out of such a circumstance?

19.—Suppose a rare opportunity came to you a year or two ago, but not knowing its value at the time you did not consider it. Now you feel differently, and would embrace that same opportunity with extreme joy should it come again. Is there anything special you can do to cause such lost opportunities to return? Or, is it best to forget them and prepare yourself, instead, to meet other, and possibly better, opportunities in the future?

NOTE—The rules given for the column of "momentous questions" will also apply to the column of "perplexing problems." The above are a few samples of problems that must be solved. There are hundreds of others.

Opportunity

OPPORTUNITY is knocking on all sides at all times. And the knocking is not faint, but you will not hear it if you continue to cry over disappointments.

* * *

Some of the finest opportunities of life have been missed because we looked too intently at the time on the broken pitcher and the spilled milk.

* * *

Exceptional opportunities will come back a second time and even a third time if you have made yourself more worthy in the meantime. Opportunities demand more and more of you the longer you postpone your acceptance.

The best way to place yourself in contact with new and better opportunities is to extend the actions of your mind into greater fields of thought and desire. And you always extend your mind into the greater when you imagine the greater. Train your imagination to go out frequently into the vast realms of richer thoughts and greater endeavor. Thus your mental world is enlarged, and those greater opportunities that were out of reach before, are now within your own sphere of life.

* * *

What is useless to the small mind is frequently an opportunity to the great mind. Many things that lesser minds have discarded have been the means through which greater minds have reached honor, wealth and fame.

* * *

To him who thinks he can, everything is an opportunity; while to him who does not believe in himself, even the greatest opportunity can promise nothing.

* * *

To simply accept an opportunity is not sufficient, for every opportunity is an opportunity to go further still; and it is only when we take advantage of an opportunity in this spirit that it gives up everything it holds in store.

WHAT THE SUBCONSCIOUS CAN DO

1. Change physical conditions, or restore any normal condition in the body as desired.

2. Produce health or disease, strength or weakness, youth or old age, just as the conscious mind may direct or suggest.

3. Change or modify mental states, mental tendencies and mental attitudes or moods. You can feel mentally the way you wish to feel if the subconscious is directed to produce the feeling you want.

4. Change character and disposition. To build character it is necessary to train the subconscious to act as you wish your character to become because nothing becomes character until it is established in the subconscious. Disposition is always the result of subconscious tendencies. Therefore, change the subconscious as you wish and you change your disposition as you wish.

5. Produce habits and remove habits. Nothing becomes a habit until it becomes subconscious action. A habit is simply a self-acting mental tendency; that is, a tendency that responds to suggestions or desires regardless of the wishes of the conscious will. And such a tendency can have its root only in the subconscious. But it can be removed, root and all, by directing the subconscious to act in the opposite direction.

6. Increase capacity of mind and body. There is so much unused power in the subconscious mind that if even a small portion of it was placed in constructive action, the working capacity of the average person would be doubled.

7. Direct faculties along special lines, and increase the action and efficiency of any faculty at any future time specified. If you want a certain faculty to be exceptionally competent at a certain hour tomorrow when you will have something very important to do, direct the subconscious to give that faculty more ability and power at that hour. The subconscious can do this just as readily as it can wake you up at any hour you may specify the night before.

8. Work out problems unconsciously, and provide new plans and ideas upon demand. If you have problems to solve, expect the subconscious to work them out. State the time when you need the solution, and in most instances these solutions will be forthcoming. When you fail to get them, try again, and keep on trying until you get them, because the subconscious can produce them. Use the same method when you need new plans or ideas in your work.

9. When you have special work to do direct the subconscious to increase ability and capacity at the time required. Do this in every instance. The more frequently you apply this method the better it will work. And always calmly expect results.

10. When special occasions demand special conditions for mind or body, the subconscious can provide those conditions if called upon to do so. In this way every person can make himself equal to every occasion, provided however, that his demands and actions do not violate natural law.

11. If you have some great ambition, direct the subconscious several times every day, and every night before going to sleep, to work out the ways and means necessary to the realization of that ambition. You will find this practice of immense value whatever the nature or requirement of your ambition may be.

12. If there is anything in your life that you do not want, expect the subconscious to provide ways and means through which you may secure emancipation. The way will be found, sooner or later; sometimes sooner, sometimes later; but if perseverance is the rule, the way positively will be found.

13. If you have a talent that you wish to develop further, direct the subconscious to enlarge the inner life of that talent, and increase its power and brilliancy. This may not give you genius but it will help wonderfully.

14. When you are about to undertake anything new, direct the subconscious to give you the best judgment and insight possible so that you can decide wisely as to how you should proceed. Then call for the best ideas in the matter from the same source. The practice of "sleeping over" new propositions before we accept or reject them is valuable for the reason that the matter is turned over to the subconscious when we go to sleep, and when we awake we have the decision of the whole mind, conscious and subconscious, instead of the conscious only.

15. The subconscious invariably responds to the impressions, the suggestions, the desires, the expectations and the directions of the conscious mind, provided the conscious touches the subconscious at the time. And as the subconscious can do so many things, almost any result desired can be secured, in a measure, if the conscious touches the subconscious when giving its directions. To train the conscious to touch the subconscious, always think of the subconscious whenever you think, desire or act. Recognize the subconscious in everything you do, and expect this larger part of the mind to work with you. Deepen your desires and your feelings, so that your mind will no longer skim over the surface, but will sound the greater depths of life, ability and power at all times.

THOUGHTS WORTH WHILE

WHATEVER comes, be it what you wanted or be it the reverse, make up your mind to get happiness out of it anyway.

* * *

Are you dissatisfied with your fate? Then try to become more satisfied with yourself. It is a wonderful remedy for discontent; and it is one of the keys to a better fate.

* * *

You get your best ideas when your mind acts in the upper story. And in all fields of action it is the best ideas that win.

* * *

Allow for limitations; but remember that all limitations are temporary.

* * *

You cannot please everybody. But if you please your own highest judgment, you will certainly please a larger number than you could in any other way.

* * *

One of the first things to know is to know what you want. So long as you

do not really know what you want your forces will be mostly scattered.

* * *

The easiest way is not always the best way. It is usually the hardest way which brings out the best that is in us, and which produces the greatest results. But the hardest way is not hard to those who feel themselves greater than any fate.

* * *

We say it again. Do not form plans for the future while you are discouraged or down-hearted. Wait until the sun shines again. Then you will be yourself, and you can decide for yourself only when you are yourself.

* * *

The more real happiness you get out of life the more you get of all other things that are really worth while.

* * *

To mistrust those with whom you live or associate is the opposite of heaven. But you can avoid such a fate by training yourself to look, early and late, for admirable qualities in everybody. And you will find, even among those you thought worthless, that good qualities always outnumber the others; sometimes as much as ten and twenty times.

* * *

Do not think that moments spent in idle fancy are moments wasted. It is such moments that have produced most of the great ideas known to the world.

When you do not know where to turn, turn about and look yourself squarely in the face, with a view of finding what is really in you. Even in a few moments you will find enough to make you feel greater than any fate.

* * *

Before you can have greater success you must become a greater man. Before you can become a greater man your mind must reach out toward the new and the greater along all lines; and this is possible only through the constructive use of imagination.

* * *

When you are tempted to feel disappointed, try to feel encouraged by the fact that you have the power to feel the way you want to feel.

* * *

One or two failures in a certain endeavor do not mean that you can accomplish nothing along that line. If you have some talent in that field, and you really want to succeed through the use of that talent, persevere with indomitable will, even though you fail a hundred times. Success must finally come, and when it does come it will be success in the very largest sense of that term.

* * *

All normal desires that are persistent, continuous and strong are finally realized. Therefore, we can say to everybody, "Dry those tears; better days are at hand if you wish it so."

IN THE GREEN SALAD DAYS

BY MILES BRADFORD

IF you want to know how modern an invention the salad is, just glance through the pages of your grandmother's cookbook and note the ignorance displayed upon that subject. Salads there may have been, but they were of the plainest sort, and so crudely dressed that, in these days, it would be necessary to pass a law to compel people to eat them.

There are men among us to-day—and not very old men, at that—who can remember when the salad was anything but a familiar accompaniment to the dinner. These were the days when lettuce was regarded chiefly as an ornamental garden plant and when the glorious tomato, now one of the most popular salad vegetables, was known as the beautiful but poisonous "love apple."

If we were a trifle tardy in recognizing the virtues of the salad in this country, however, we are now making up for any apathy that our progenitors may have displayed, for it is rarely that a dinner is served with the salad course omitted. Winter or summer, spring or fall, the salad is reasonably certain to make its appearance whenever the lover of nice eating dines, and, if it has any seasonable demarkations, the salad-lover does not recognize them.

Delightful as it is to partake of these green foods on winter days, however—when the wind is piling the snow in banks against the panes of the dining-room windows—we cannot appreciate all the delights of salad eating until the crisp, cool leaves, in one of their infinite combinations, are served to us on a hot evening in the summer. It is then that the fresh green of the young vegetables attracts the eye and invites a jaded palate that is ready to protest at the suggestion of more substantial viands.

It is at this time of the year, too, that the markets are full of these cooling herbs and fresh vegetables, and with several kinds of lettuce, escarole, romaine, two kinds of endive, watercress, field salad, young onions, tomatoes, cucumbers, and several other things from which to make a selection, it would be a captious appetite that could not find some plant with sufficient flavor and enough cooling properties to prove both appetizing and refreshing.

Of course, a salad, like any other dish, depends for its palatable qualities upon the way in which it is made, but this in no sense implies that a salad to be tasty must be an elaborate concoction. Even so simple a combination as the crisp leaves of lettuce tossed up with a light French dressing assumes an entirely different character when a few chopped chives are added. Indeed, it is upon just such dainty touches as this that success in the art of salad making is based—the additional flavor of the capers, spring onions, pimento, tarragon, or some similar savory, of little consequence in itself, adding the one necessary note to separate the ideal salad from the makeshift.

If we omit the sweet salads and the appetizers, which are a rather close connection of the salad family, we may say

that these viands are divided into two classes: (1) Those served with a French dressing, and (2) those dressed with a mayonnaise.

To prepare a salad to be served with a French dressing, select the lettuce, or other green stuff, and break the fresh leaves into a commodious salad bowl. Pull them apart and break them gently —never cutting them with a knife, and, certainly, never committing such a brutal offense against the culinary proprieties as to slash them with a pair of shears. See that the bowl in which the lettuce is placed has previously been rubbed with garlic, for there is no better way in which this necessary flavor may be more delicately attained.

The question as to the other materials to be used to complete the salad depends solely upon individual whim, or the condition of the market, for the range includes almost every substance that fancy might suggest from the great red tomatoes, the cool, green cucumbers and peppers, the dainty pink radishes and the juicy olives to such things as the small, boneless anchovies, salmon, or even oysters, poultry, or meats.

To mix the dressing, blend first half a saltspoonful of salt with a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper, selecting the white pepper, if possible. You may add a quarter of a saltspoonful of dry English mustard, if you like, and even a few dashes of paprika will do no harm. Then, fill a tablespoon three times with the best olive oil that can be procured, and, having mixed it thoroughly with the dry condiments, distribute the result evenly over the salad, tossing the green leaves about lightly until drops of the oil sparkle on all of them. This is the moment to add the chipped tarragon, or chervil, or the minced chives; then, pour over all a brimming tablespoonful of red wine vinegar; give one more toss to the salad, and it is ready to serve. Such are the correct proportions. Double, or treble them, if the salad is large.

There are almost as many ways to make a mayonnaise dressing as there are varieties of salad to serve with it, yet nearly all of them are so similar in quality and flavor that there is little preference between them. In fact, the only mayonnaise dressing that is absolutely unique, presenting the most delectable characteristics that are distinctively its own, is made after the following recipe:

Beat the yolks of four eggs vigorously; add one teaspoonful of salt, one scant teaspoonful of dry mustard, half a teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Stir all together for ten minutes; then add a cupful of pure vinegar, and continue to stir until all the ingredients have thoroughly blended. When this result has been attained, add —two drops at a time and no more!— one scant pint of the finest olive oil that you can find at the importers. To blend this oil properly will take about half an hour of stirring. When all has been added, however, put the dressing in a tightly corked jar and let it stand near the ice for at least half a day. When wanted, take the quantity needed for the salad and dilute it to proper consistency by adding rich, sweet cream. The balance of the dressing will keep for a long time—as long as you will want to keep it—if you leave it near the ice. A dressing such as this may be used on any salad requiring a mayonnaise.

So much for the general principles of salad making, but here are a few special salads that are sufficiently appetizing to be well worth a trial:

Red Cabbage Salad—Shred the crisp inner leaves of a head of red cabbage and cut a small bunch of celery into inch-long pieces. Arrange in alternate layers in the salad bowl, dressing each layer with a dressing made by blending one well-beaten egg with three spoonfuls of oil and two of red wine vinegar, adding salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Fish Salad—Any firm white fish, like halibut or cod, will make the foundation for a good fish salad. Break the cold boiled fish into small pieces; shred a head of crisp lettuce and arrange in alternate layers, dressing each layer with salt and lemon juice. Place some tartar

sauce over the top and garnish with chopped olives and capers. This makes a most tasty dish for a hot day.

Sweetbread Salad—Cook the sweetbreads, and, when cold, cut them into dice, and mix with an equal quantity of cold boiled peas. Arrange on lettuce leaves; dress with mayonnaise and garnish with bits of lemon, chopped olives, and small sprigs of watercress.

Sardine Salad—Procure the large, French, boneless sardines. Remove them from the box and soak them for one hour in vinegar. Arrange them on lettuce leaves and dress with a sauce made by blending the strained juice of one lemon with a tablespoonful of olive oil, and salt, white pepper and paprika. Then garnish with chopped olives and capers.

THOU

By Eric Server

I LOVE thee with each throbbing heartbeat, love thee true and well;
Each pulse reiterates a tale that tongue can ever tell.
I love thee when I see thy face—so wondrous dear to me,
Or when I gaze upon the form God's wisdom chose for thee.
I love thee whether distance small lies cruel 'twixt thee and me
Or ocean's depths and earth's grim vastness sunder me from thee.
I love thee in the day's bright hours, when sunbeams trace thy name
And joyous, feathered songsters chant of thee with glad acclaim.
I love thee in night's solitude, when stars keep ward o'er thee,
While sympathetic zephyrs waft sweet messages to me.
I love thee when I'm happiest, I love thee when I'm sad;
For keenest joy canst thou increase, or make my sorrow glad;
Canst raise me when I'm bent to earth with burdens hard to bear,
And fill my soul with strength and hope—canst scatter wide despair.
I love thee in the stillest calm, for there I dream of thee;
Yet, in the storm, the tempest's brawl aye cries thy name to me.
Why this? I know not—though't may be for thy sweet purity,
Thy spotless soul, thy spirit's peace, thy truth of high degree.
But what were use to strive in vain to tell thee of my love
When it, immortal, riseth high, all earthly things above?
I love thee with a mighty love that covers land and sea,
That spreadeth near, that reacheth far; makes dearer unto me
The high and low, the rich and poor, who through life's vale doth plod.
I love with love that through all time must render thanks to God,
Who hath my troubled life-stream caused, in this dim world of woe,
Into thy sea of noble, perfect purity to flow.

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

Conducted by

UNCLE BOOKER

SIX months have passed since we became acquainted with each other, and during that time we have all learned many things that will surely prove beneficial. It could not be otherwise, for we have held the thought that we were not put here merely for pleasure. Life means something more than the getting of amusement. And it is well that it is so; for if we spent all of our time trying to find entertainment, we would never grow beyond a certain point, and after a while we would fall back and be compelled to start all over again.

Did you ever notice how slowly the buds and leaves on some of the trees and bushes begin to sprout in your yard and in the parks? Why is this? It is because Nature is very wise, and she does not wish to hurry too much. Nature is very cautious, as well as very patient, and I think if we studied her ways more we would be less liable to make mistakes. At this season of the year, when everything takes on a changed condition, and everybody feels a new life coursing through his veins, we are apt to be impatient and fretful because things do not go exactly as we think they should. Now, if we should stop for one moment and try to realize that Nature is asking us to be more patient, I am sure we would obey her wish. I want my nieces and nephews to set a good example to the adults by making very strong efforts to not get out of tune—that is to say, not become peevish at mere trifles—and not to keep wishing that school were over, just because the days are bright and sunny and the flowers are blooming everywhere. I know you feel that you would like to get out into the air and sunshine and that some of you are not inclined to study. But you must remember that the days are getting longer and that you have quite a long play-time after school. And then on Saturdays during this lovely month of May you surely have a few hours in which to amuse yourselves.

Remember that Nature, your best teacher, is working every day. She is very busy just now, as you must admit, and all the time she is singing to you her sweetest songs. Your own thoughts may be likened to the leaves and the buds, and it is one of your duties—that is, if you would be true to yourself and your highest ideals—to make it a point to do as Nature is doing, namely, add something each day to your real growth by thinking the best thoughts that can possibly find lodgment in your mind.

THE OFFICE OF THE TONGUE

IN THE PROGRESS MAGAZINE for March Mr. Larson said: "If you have something good to say, say it; if you have something ill to say, say something else." In these nineteen simple words is sufficient material out of which to build several sermons. But I am not going to preach a sermon just now. I want to talk to you for a minute on the office of the tongue. In other words, I want you to know what the tongue is for. Many

little girls and boys—and many grown folks, too, I am sorry to say—seem to think that the tongue is simply for wagging out all sorts of naughty expressions and untruthful stories. But such is not the case. Your tongue was made to taste with and to give expression to your best thoughts, and was never intended to wag even a little bit.

There are only two things that wag, that I can think of. One is the tail of a dog and the other is a kind of flag used on ships. When the sailors use it they call it wigwagging, or talking from one vessel to another by signals. A dog talks with his tail, as you probably know; but you never heard of a dog or any other animal telling wrong stories or gossiping. Oh, yes. A donkey wags his ears, to be sure; but he never talks with them. Now, strange as it may seem, no animal wags his tongue; he simply uses it to taste his food. So, you see, animals do not talk, even though they have tongues. The only creature that uses his tongue for a wrong purpose is a human being. Doesn't that seem queer, when it is a well-known fact that people are supposed to be the most intelligent and thoughtful of all living creatures?

Much of the sorrow in the world is caused by utterances given out by the tongue either thoughtlessly of with the intent of injuring another. Undoubtedly there is not a girl or boy who reads this who has not been hurt at some time by having wrong stories told about her or him by some thoughtless person. Words are vehicles of thought, as you know, and if they are spoken at the wrong time, or with malice, they do a great deal of harm. And all because the tongue has not been trained to say what it should. Every little girl and boy should understand that she and he must be very careful of the language she and he uses, so as not to give pain or sorrow to anyone. When you come to think of it, is it not much easier to say something good than something ill? Of course it is. Why? Because when one utters an ill word or an ill sentence he or she is wrought up to a state of great excitement or anger; whereas, when one speaks a kind word or says something good, he or she is in a quiet, happy mood and is in an attitude of perfect balance.

Perhaps some child, who is apt to lose control of himself at times, may ask: "What must that 'something else' be when I am inclined to say something ill?" Just say to yourself: "I am the ruler of my own tongue, and it shall not say anything that I shall be sorry for." If you repeat these words over to yourself every time you are tempted to give forth an unkind or hasty speech, I will guarantee that you will be able to frame your sentences with words that glow with good cheer and sparkle with joy ere the passing of many months. The experiment is well worth your trying. And in thus training your tongue to abstain from evil wagging, you will find that you have brought your thoughts up to a higher plane and more in keeping with the light and truth that are yours to keep forever.

MOTTO FOR MAY

May all my thoughts be pure alway;
And may the acts I do each day
Yield good to all without delay.

THE DIGNITY OF WORK

If we would go to Nature, she
Would teach us many things
About our work, its dignity,
And how it pleasure brings.
The flowers tell us where begins
The hope of victory;
The oak tree shows how patience wins
The battle finally.
The wheat and corn fields sing the song
Of Labor's happy days;
And gardens join the chorus strong
In happiness and praise.

TRUE STORIES OF BOYS

A Practical Lesson in Natural History—Not many years ago there lived in Kansas a boy who was very fond of gardening, but who had no love whatever for books. His father said to the mother one day:

"I do not believe John will ever amount

to anything as a lawyer, and I suppose we had better let him follow the bent of his mind and become a farmer."

"I agree with you," said the mother. "It is much wiser to give him an opportunity to make a good farmer than to try to force him to become a poor lawyer. And, anyway, he will learn more from observation than from books."

And so the boy was allowed to do as he liked. That spring he thought it would be a good idea to try and raise some peanuts, and one day he bought about a peck and planted them in the garden that his father allowed him to work as he thought best. In due time the plants came up, and by August he saw that he had some beautiful large bushes; but where were the peanuts? He said nothing to his parents about his disappointment; but one day, in the middle of September, he pulled up the plants by the roots, declaring that he would never again spend money for a bush that could grow nothing but leaves and sprigs. Imagine the delight and amazement of Master John when he saw that the nuts were attached to the roots like potatoes.

How a Street Urchin Became a Real Conqueror—A certain little chap, who used to sell papers in City Hall square, New York, was very proud because he could smoke three or four packs of cigarettes every day and not get ill. He was the envy of all the other boys of the street, including the bootblacks, and was looked upon as a real hero. One day a young man said to him:

"See here, sonny. I've been watching you lately and have bought a paper from you every evening for two weeks. You're a cigarette fiend, but you imagine you are a very smart lad. Do you want to become a real conqueror by stopping smoking?"

"Say, mister," said the lad, dodging back, "are you a detective? 'Course I'd like to stop; but I just can't. Honest and true, it takes all my spare nickels to buy the puffs."

"Well, my boy," said the young man, "I'll help you. The fact that you want to stop is half the battle. I'll think of you every night and morning, and you will soon be cured of your vile habit."

Of course the young man was a mental science practitioner, and he took a genuine interest in the little street waif. To make a long story short, the boy was brought out of his miserable condition within six weeks. In two months he was entirely cured, and not long after the boys in the city with whom he associated looked upon him as a greater conqueror than ever, because he was a slave to cigarettes no longer.

Young Contributors' Letter Box

THE girls are coming forward more prominently than the boys and are evidently more interested in letter-writing, as will be seen from a perusal of the department in last month's number and in this issue. As a rule, boys are not so eager to write as are girls, but they enjoy receiving letters quite as much as their sisters, and even in the schools it is a well-known fact that the girls outnumber the boys in compositions. It is not because boys are less interested in people and affairs generally than are the girls, but because they dislike to take the time from their outdoor games. Perhaps the fact that two credits will be given for each letter will be an incentive for the boys to send in more letters hereafter. Letter-writing is an excellent exercise aside from the benefits gained in spelling and expression, and it is to be hoped that more boys will send communications to the Letter-Box.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: It pleased me very much when I found that a children's department had been started, and it is now more interesting than ever. I am in the first year of High School. My present home is Vancouver, British Columbia, which is growing very rapidly, and it now has a population of over 100,000 inhabitants. My father receives your magazine and also others. From studying these I have learned to be glad that I am living in this age, when the world is awakening and we are all learning the possibilities in each one of us and how to become noble men and women.

GUDRUN ANDERSEN (14).

Vancouver, B. C.

For a girl of fourteen you show a wonderful grasp of the principles underlying our new philosophy, and your attitude toward it is very encouraging. Many of us older students are sorry that we did not have the opportunity of looking into these subjects at your age.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am very much interested in The Progress Magazine, and I thought I would write to you about my two chickens. One is named Spot and the other Lute. Lute was frostbitten so badly that her legs nearly dropped off; but she is better now. I bought them both from Mrs. Rafferty, who was so old that I thought I could attend to them better than she. But Spot just will go over to her old home and get up in the top of the hen-house and roost, so that I

can't get her, but Lute stays home real well. I am in the fourth grade and Miss Pfeffer is my teacher.

FRANCES WILLARD CHERRY (10).

Calhoun, Ky.

Your letter was very nicely written and well punctuated. No doubt Spot will stay in her new home after awhile to keep Lute company. Perhaps she imagines that she will be neglecting her old mistress if she stays away, and wants to let her know that she has not forgotten her. Most hens, you know, are great lovers of old homes.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: We got our first copy of The Progress Magazine in February. I am very much interested in your girls' and boys' department. Inclosed find a solution of number three puzzle, which I hope is correct. This is about my first try at puzzles. Hoping I will win a prize, I am your loving nephew. PARK TETER (12).

Chicago, Ill.

For a beginner in puzzle-solving you have done nobly, for your answer is correct, and you will be allowed one credit mark. When you get twenty you may have a book. Try again, Park.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I have just got through reading the dear little letters that have been sent to you, and I am very much interested in reading them. I am in the fourth grade and go to the Logan street school. I like geography the best. If you ever come out to Los Angeles, I wish you would come and visit me. I have a little girl to play with next door, who is my companion. I have a swing in my back yard, and we can do a great many tricks. It is past my bed time now, so I will close. SARA McLEOD (10)

Los Angeles, Cal.

Thank you very much for your invitation to call and see you some time. When I go out to California again I will certainly make you a visit. I stopped in your beautiful city for two months not many years ago, and had a most delightful time. I think the climate of your state is ideal, and I should like very much to make my home there. Write again, Sara.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My papa takes your magazine, and thinks it nice to read. I never have written to a paper before. I live on a farm near Bandana, Ky., and am in the sixth grade. I am learning fast and go to school every day, and have got a fine teacher.

Bandana, Ky. STELLA SHELBY (12).

You are the kind of girl that will grow up to be a woman of whom all patriotic Americans will be proud, for you like your school and your teacher. We shall try to make your own department more attractive every month, for we very much desire to help the girls and boys all we can.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am in the fourth grade and study in four books—geography, arithmetic, reader and a language book called "The Mother Tongue." Mrs. Lee is my teacher. I have five pets—two cats, two birds and a hen—and I have got them all named. The hen's name is Mary; the birds, Percy and Catherine, and the cats, Pocahontas and Pitpat. MELBA SPINNEY.

Lainsburg, Mich.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I have been reading the letters, and I enjoyed them very much. I am in the third grade, but did not start going to school until I was almost seven. I have no brother or sister. I have a cat that is thirteen. My little friend has a parrot named Eureka that can cry like a baby and crow like a rooster.

LEONORE SILSBURY (9).

St. John's, Mich.

These two little girls of Michigan are welcomed to our circle. Miss Spinney does not state her age; but from the fact that she is in the fourth grade and Miss Silsbury is in the third, in all probability the first-named little girl is about ten. Cats must have a fine time in Michigan, judging from the letters written by these two new nieces.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My papa takes The Progress Magazine, and I think it is fine. I like the children's department better than the other part. I am in the sixth grade. I have one pet—a cat—and it is as black as coal. I call it Snowball.

LOUISE WALLACE (10).

Rondo, New Mexico.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I live on a ranch in Stanley county, South Dakota. We had fine sleighing all last winter. I rode three miles to school. We have a sod schoolhouse. The walls are cracking badly. There are sixteen scholars. I am in the fourth grade. There are a great many jack rabbits out here. In one week I caught four. One night when we went to the literary we saw six playing in the moonlight. I often see coyotes and wolves on my way to school.

Hayes, S. D. ALFRED PETERSEN.

Miss Louise Wallace, of Rondo, N. M., and Master Alfred Petersen, of Hayes, S. D., are far apart, and they live in climates that are entirely different. Their schools are also unlike each other, and yet the penmanship of both is very similar and their letters send out the same atmosphere of joy and good cheer. This shows that it matters not where a child lives—whether in the sunny valleys of New Mexico, where the snakes glide in and out among the tall grasses, or on the bleak prairies of South Dakota, where the wolves howl in the night—his or her heart beats to the melody of Nature and each catches the vibrations that are everywhere moving the people to better work and deeds.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My grandma takes The Progress Magazine, and I am very much interested in the children's department. I have tried to solve the puzzles, and I hope I will receive a prize. I am in the eighth grade, and study history, arithmetic, grammar, drawing and music. I live with my parents, grandma and one brother. I hope this letter will serve as an introduction and that I may become one of your new nieces.

CLEMME WELLS (14).

Sigourney, Iowa.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I read in the second reader and write numbers very well; I spell common words. My papa has taught me these things and others at home. I am away from school, for my papa goes from place to place; I go with him and learn a little every day. I am going to help my papa sell The Progress Magazine and spray brushes. I intend to make a good and useful man.

JAMES W. CHILES (7).

Golconda, Ill.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My mother is a subscriber to The Progress Magazine, and she thinks it is very nice. I live in the country, and I think the farm is beautiful. I have

many pets, and they keep me good company; also they keep me busy, as I feed them daily. I know how to do some household duties, as sewing, dusting, sweeping and cooking. I go to school with my brother, and hardly ever miss a day. The director painted the walls and oiled the floors of our schoolhouse; he also got a new stove, as the old one was nearly ready to fall in pieces. I like the girls' and boys' department, and I hope you will continue to publish the letters.

HELEN A. HIGGINS (11).

Liberty, Ind.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am in the seventh grade and go to school regularly. My mamma thinks The Progress Magazine the best magazine published. We all enjoy the children's department, especially the letters and puzzles. KITTIE EZELL (12).

Columbus, Miss.

Master Chiles sets a good example to all the other boys, because he helps his father and has made up his mind to become a good and useful man, and little Miss Higgins surely deserves credit for making herself so useful about the house. Clemme Wells and Kittie Ezell are to be praised for the interest they take in their studies. Write again, children. Your letters will always be welcome.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am afraid when you see this letter and know that I had a birthday a few months ago and am no longer sweet sixteen, you will think I am intruding. I belong to a club called "A Young Girls' Circle," consisting of ten girls. Our object is to help the worthy poor to help themselves. It certainly affords us great pleasure to help others. If any of the readers are skentical on this subject, I advise them to try it. SADIE REISS.

Chicago, Ill.

You are not an intruder in any sense, but a most welcome helper, and the fact that you are past sixteen does not mean that your heart is not still young. Your club is a good one. There is no more commendable work than to assist a person to be self-supporting and self-reliant. That is charity of the practical kind.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am in the 5A grade. As soon as we get The Progress Magazine I always look for what you have to say, and I have lots of fun trying to work out the puzzles.

DOROTHY WOODWARD (11).

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am glad you are interested in the solution of the puzzles, for the work not only affords you lots of fun, as you say, but it helps you to think quickly. It also assists you in your various studies, especially spelling and expression, and is splendid exercise for the memory.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My pa takes The Progress Magazine and likes it very much. I live in Detroit, which is a nice city to live in. In the summer time the water trips are fine. Our island park, Belle Isle, is the finest in the world for real enjoyment. Here are many miles of drives for autos, carriages and bicycles and canals for canoeing and boating. There are baseball diamonds, tennis courts, swings, etc. The upper end of the island is covered with dense woods—giant oaks and elms. Some are a hundred years old. Through these woods are paths, with seats scattered around, and one may walk about or sit down and breathe the air of the natural forest and listen to the singing of the birds and the chirruping of the squirrels. While here you can hardly realize that you are a few minutes' ride from a great city of nearly half a million. Our island park is reached by bridge and steamer. Big pleasure boats, carrying from 1,500 to 3,000 people, run to the island every twenty minutes during the summer months. The fare is only ten cents for the round trip, and you may ride all day long on the boat for this sum, if you choose.

Detroit, Mich. OLIN WARREN (11).

All you say about your beautiful island park is very interesting, and I am sure the readers will be glad to know that you have such a delightful place in which to spend a few hours. I was there for one whole day four years ago, and I had a fine time on the canal. In some respects Belle Isle is more attractive than the famous Central Park of New York City or Fairmount Park, near Philadelphia.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: As I was looking over The Progress Magazine a few days ago I got very much interested in the girls' and boys' department, and I decided that I would write to you. I live on a ranch and within a mile of some beautiful sandhills. Papa and I went over there the other day. There is a lake between some of the hills; it is called Buzzard Roost Lake. There is a large willow grove in among the sandhills; there is also a wild plum thicket close by. I like to live in the country and I like to ride horseback.

HAZEL HOLLINGSWORTH (12).

Duval, Texas.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: This is my first letter to you. I am in the sixth grade, and my teacher's name is Miss Grant. I could not work out the numerical enigma, but I tried the three other puzzles.

Santa Ana, Cal. GERNA NIMMO (11).

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I was born in Australia, but I live in Great Falls. I like the girls' and boys' department very much.

EILEEN PINCOTT (11).

Great Falls, Mont.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: My mother has been taking The Progress Magazine for several years, and I have enjoyed the girls' and boys' department each month. I am in the seventh grade of Miss Wolcott's school.

KATHLEEN SHANNON (13).

Denver, Colo.

The Misses Hollingsworth, Nimmo, Pincott and Shannon are invited to write longer letters and tell our readers about their respective states, for there is much in Texas, California, Montana and Colorado that we should all like to hear about.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: We get The Progress Magazine in our house, and we like it very much, as it is on the right track. I live in Lindsay, a town of about 8,000 inhabitants. I go to school every day, and am in the senior third class.

Lindsay, Ont. VELMA DEAN (12).

I am glad you think our magazine is on the right track. That is where we shall always strive to keep. Will you not writie again soon and tell us about your part of Canada?

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: Your magazine is a nice one, and I like it real well. I am in the fourth grade, and the name of my teacher is Miss Harte. She is a nice teacher, and I like her. The name of my school is

the Magnolia District No. 17. It is half of a mile from where I live. I live an a farm. We have chickens, geese, ducks, one horse, cows, calves and trees. We have an apple orchard and a peach orchard and a few pear trees, cherry trees and plum trees. We have a maple grove, a walnut grove and a cottonwood grove. I live with my mamma, auntie and grandpa. I guess this is all I can think of, so good-bye.

LELAH MARIE CLARK (9).

Salina, Kan.

A very long time ago I was out in your town, but I suppose it has grown so large I would not know it. If I remember right, I believe there were many beautiful gardens near Salina.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I live in the town of Hampton and the state of Virginia. I wonder if you have ever been in this part of the country. I was born here, and I think it is a very nice place. There is a lot of water around us called Hampton Roads, where warships come and go. I am in the third grade, and our school was the first free school of America. It is called The Syms Eaton. My mother and father read The Progress Magazine, and they like it very much. We have two pointer dogs—Duke and Nelly. They are handsome dogs, and we are proud of them.

Hampton, Va. ZELDA DUVALL (8).

I have never been to your part of Virginia, but I hope to go there some day, for I very much desire to see the place where all the great battleships were anchored before they went on their famous cruise around the world.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I have never written you a letter, but I have often tried to make out the puzzles. To read some of the pieces in The Progress Magazine makes one feel like doing better. Inclosed you will find answers to three of the puzzles, but I could not make out the first one. Will you accept the three? I think the story of "Little Trudy" was fine. I could never get tired of stories like that.

Herndon, Va. GERTRUDE SHEAR (14).

Your three answers are acceptable, and I am happy to tell you that they are all correct. This entitles you to three credit marks. I am glad you like the first story of the series begun in March. The next one about Trudy and Popsy will appear in the June number.

DEAR UNCLE BOOKER: I am very much interested in your department. I do not know of another magazine that has a section for girls and boys. I am not a subscriber to your magazine, but I buy it occasionally at the newsstands. As I shall soon be seventeen, I presume I cannot compete for the prizes for puzzle-solving, but I am going to keep on reading your department, and I am going to work out the puzzles just for fun. I have no brothers or sisters, but perhaps I can help some of your young readers work out the answers. Would that be square? What are the names of the books that you are going to give the youngsters when they get twenty credit marks?

Paterson, N. J. ISAAC B. H.

Your letter is very welcome, Isaac, and what you say interests me very much. No; it would not be "square" for you to solve the puzzles for another; for, in doing so, you are not allowing the girl or boy whom you help full freedom of action. In other words, you are hindering his or her development without meaning to do so. But it is all right for you to teach any child the method by which puzzles are worked out; and if your instructions are forgotten or carelessly carried out, it is the duty of the solver to try again. Mistakes, you know, often lead to success. That is the way to learn. The greatest mistake that one can make is to perform the work that another should do. This theory holds good in puzzle-solving, as in all other things. Every boy and girl who has self-respect and wishes to rise to high possibilities by his or her efforts should never allow anyone to work out the answer of any puzzle or problem that he or she wants to send to this office.

As to the books to be awarded for twenty credits, I cannot give the list now, as the full arrangements have not yet been made. For this reason the names of those having won twenty marks will not be printed until June, at which time there will be quite a long list. I hope all my nieces and nephews will be patient.

Many letters have been crowded out of this sue, but they will appear next month.

Original Puzzles

1 Charade

My first is used by those who bring
Shiploads of food from out the sea,
And means a shoal or gathering.
What do you think the word can be?
My second means a place to live
And has a roof, as you will find;
And many people thousands give
To have one of the finest kind.
My whole is where the children go
To get instruction day by day;
And they enjoy it, for they know
'Tis best to study and obey.

---

2 Hidden Vegetables

Find the six vegetables hidden in the following sentences: What would you give for a dish of ice cream, Mary? Look out for that bee there, or he'll sting you. Just as the horse tried to turn I put on the whip. Here, Thomas, pin a charming piece of ribbon to this stick. Dear Rube, answer me at once. Remove the kettle, but don't give that pot a touch with the poker.

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3 Endless Chain

The following words contain four let-

ters each, and the first two of the first word are the same as the last two of the seventh word: A small particle. Neglect. A teasing desire. To scorch. An organized body of men. Tradition. Such.

4 Easy Square

* * * *
* * * *
* * * *
* * * *

A very young child. A distance within certain lines. A wild animal. Organs of the head. JOHN C. FARRAR.

5 Word Enigma

My first is in march, but not in walk.
My second's is ask, also in talk.
My third is in yeast, but not in bread.
My fourth is in married, also in wed.
My fifth is in able, also in smart.
My sixth is in ready, but not in start.
My whole is the name of a great event for children.

6 Beheadings

Behead an animal and get a fluid. Behead wrathful and get to estimate. Behead to flush and get depressed. Behead to invade and get to help. Behead to evade and get empty. Behead to confide and get a reddish coating. Behead to correct and get to repair. The first letters of these seven beheaded words spell a word meaning to move to another country.

7 Numerical Enigma

I am composed of ten letters and spell the name of one of Charles Dickens' novels.

My 9, 3, 10, 5 is to hunt.
My 2, 7, 1, 10 is a protuberance.
My 4, 6 is an exclamation.
My 6, 8, 1 is part of a wheel.

8 Missing Rhymes

A little Rabbit met a Frog
One morning in the month of ——,
And said to him: "You see that ——?"
"I do," said Froggy. "Don't delay
My journey, please." He gave a —
And landed on the other ——.
"Well, well," said Rabbit, "how'd you keep
From falling down? I would have died."
"You see," said Froggie, "I am —
To jump and hop, while you can run.
I'm used to it and not afraid
To skip o'er things. I think it's —"

9 Word Puzzle

I am recognized all over the world as a very important period of time. Everybody hails me with joy, and whistles and bells proclaim my coming with glad acclaim. One of my peculiarities is that, no matter whether you spell me backward or forward, I am still the same. What am I?

10 Geographical Problem

In the following short story are seven hidden geographical words representing food and drink. To assist you in the solution of the problem, the number of letters in each word is indicated by the figures inclosed in parentheses:

"What shall we eat?" asked Harold, as he and Mary sat down in a restaurant.

"I think I'll first take a (11 New England State) clambake, after which I will have a beefsteak and fried potatoes," said Mary. "Then I'll have some (10 a Western State) pie and a piece of (8 city in Connecticut) pudding."

"Well," said Harold, "I will take four slices of (6 city in Germany) bread and a bowl of milk. Then I will order some (8 a Southern State) ham with (14 a county in England) sauce and baked potatoes. For dessert I will take a small portion of American cheese and a cup of (4 an island in the Far East) coffee."

The girl or boy of sixteen or under who sends the best list of answers to the above ten puzzles, on or before May 20, will receive a prize of one dollar. Neatness of penmanship and care in the preparation of manuscripts will be considered by the awarding committee.

Announcements

The winner of the dollar prize offered

for the best list of answers to the puzzles in the March number is Master Paul Warren of Ault, Colo.

So many letters have been received requesting the publication of the series begun in the March number, entitled "Stories of Little Trudy and Popsy," that the second one will appear next month. It is called "Trudy's and Popsy's Wonderful Journey." There are eleven more stories in the series, which will be printed from time to time, as may seem best.

In answer to several correspondents, Uncle Booker wishes to state that no serial story can begin until there is more space for the girls' and boys' department. Be patient, therefore, children.

Don't forget that all manuscripts in competition for the prize of three dollars offered for the best essay on "Opportunity" must be received on or before May 15. Each essay should not exceed 300 words in length. Typewritten papers are eligible, but those written with lead pencil will not be considered.

Answers to April Puzzles

1. Arithmetical Puzzle—Clover, crate, lover, civic.

2. Diamond—

R
B I T
R I V E R
T E N
R

3. Mixed Charade—Steamship, steppe, shed.

4. Numerical Enigma—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

5. Beheadings — Whale, open, raid, knight—Work.

6. Hidden Trees—Elder, oak, maple, pear, pine.

7. Numerical Enigma—Ask and ye shall receive.

8. Easy square—

P O L E
O P A L
L A R K
E L K S

9. Word Puzzle—Basket-ball.

10. Curtailments—Wind, inn, night, dense.

A MAY DAY HEROINE

IT certainly was a great day for the children, and they could not have had better weather if they had arranged the whole scheme themselves. The sun seemed to know that there were almost countless girls and boys who wanted to enjoy themselves in the park, and he whispered to the wind to send only his choicest breezes so that the little ones would not lose their hats and coats. And so the wind just went to sleep and told the sun he would not wake up till the next day. And the trees and flowers nodded a welcome to all the little people.

My! But the fun the children had dancing about the grass; and the big, fat policeman who used to tell them to go home and watch out for the signs that said "keep off," just sat on one of the benches and laughed at the antics of the boys. He said to himself more than once: "Well, I wish I was a boy again; I'd show 'em some capers." When it came time for crowning the little girl queen of May, everybody gathered around dainty Miss Susie Johnson and praised her for her beautiful veil and lovely flowers.

Then the ceremony began. And such a time. Why, you would have thought that a real queen was being crowned instead of a modest little American girl. She thought it was real fun, but after it was all over she said that she wished it had been some other little girl, for there were so many who seemed disappointed. But the thing that really hurt her was an exclamation she heard a boy make about her being the daughter of a rich man. And this same boy came to her and said: "What do you do, anyway? Just nothing but sit in the house and wear fine clothes. Why don't you come out like other girls and play with the children in the streets?"

Little Susie did not answer him at all;

but she resolved that she would go home as soon as she could and have a good cry. Watching her chance, she slipped away without being noticed. As she was about to go out by the gate near the lake she saw a baby carriage that was going down toward the water at a rapid pace. No nurse was near. What should she do? That poor little baby, who was crying very loud, must not be hurt. If the carriage went into the lake the baby would be drowned.

Quicker than I can tell you she followed the little vehicle and got to the lake just as the carriage was about to topple over in the water. The baby was saved, for she threw herself upon the ground right in front of the carriage. In getting up, she slipped, and down little Susie went right up to her knees in the lake. She gave a loud cry, which was heard by the big, fat policeman, and he soon brought her out. "My! Little girl, your handsome dress and veil are all wet." "I don't mind," said Susie, "for the baby is all right." Soon there was a big crowd of children and adults at the lake, and among them was the little boy who spoke to her so cruelly. And, just as soon as he got a chance, he went to her and said: "I'm sorry I spoke to you as I did. You are not only a real queen, but you are a May Day heroine. I admire you."

Address all communications for this department to Uncle Booker, The Progress Magazine, 515-519 Rand-McNally Building, Chicago, Ill. Write on only one side of the paper, giving name and address, which will not be published. If answers by mail are desired, inclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

GLADNESS

By A. M. Worden

IF you have a word of cheer,
Speak it where the sad may hear;
Can you coin a thought of light?
Give it wings and speed its flight;
Do you know a lilting song?
Pass the roundelay along;
Scatter gladness, joy and mirth
All along the ways of earth.