SUCCESS

SEPTEMBER 1902



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Perfect Physical Development
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FREDERICK W. STONE
Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture.
Formerly Director of Athletics of Columbia College and Knickerbocker Athletic Association, New York. At present Director of Athletics of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1 and 4 to 6. At 52 years he is still a physically perfect man. Has been before the public 32 years as an athlete and instructor in physical culture.



MEN

In every walk of life should have a keen interest in their physical welfare. Particularly should **Lawyers, Doctors, Bankers, Clergymen, Educators, Merchants** and others of sedentary occupations, look after their physical being. Ten minutes each day devoted to intelligent systematic, persistent exercise will actually add years to one's life—a benefit which can hardly be measured in dollars and cents. We are successfully teaching **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising. **No apparatus whatever is required,** and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee.

There is no guesswork about it for individual instruction is given in every case. We take into consideration your present condition, occupation, habits, mode of living and the object which you wish to attain, and give you instructions accordingly. You will follow the instructions one week and then report, stating what the effect has been and what results you have accomplished, when instructions for another week will be sent you, and so on until the course is completed. We thus keep in touch with your progress and are enabled to advise you intelligently. Your case will be given the same careful consideration as though you were the only pupil.

The Stone Method is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor who is thoroughly versed in physiology. **Does not overtax the heart.** The circulation is stimulated, thus relieving that organ instead of giving it more work to do. Our pupils are of both sexes and range in age from 5 to 85 years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course in deep breathing **without extra expense.**

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions and we can promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite; good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are too thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you **greater strength, better health, LONGER LIFE.**

Extracts from Recent Letters

From a LAWYER.

After a thorough trial of The Stone Method I am pleased to recommend it unqualifiedly to all those who wish better lungs, harder muscles, and a greater measure of life in general. I am firmly convinced that Mr. Stone has made no claims that he cannot substantiate if his directions are conscientiously carried out.
JOHN B. ARCHER, Detroit, Mich.

From a PHYSICIAN.

I am very much pleased with my progress. You time the extent of exercise exactly to suit me. Your system follows physiological laws, therefore must be right. I am only sorry more of my fellow beings do not know of and do not use such a powerful factor of fostering health, happiness and even longevity itself.
W. N. ROBERTSON, M. D.,
33 Erie St., Stratford, Ont., Can.

From a BANKER.

I have been greatly benefitted by The Stone Method. My muscles have increased in size and firmness, and my general physical condition has improved and I believe that great benefit will be derived by the use of your method in every instance where faithfully followed.
THOS. W. SYNNOTT,
Pres. First Nat'l Bank, Glassboro, N. J.

From a CLERGYMAN.

I have taken the entire course and the benefit has been far greater than I ever expected. I am in better health now than I have been for years and am stronger than ever before in my life. The exercises, though without any apparatus, have a better effect than any I have ever taken in a gymnasium. One thing is especially worthy of note: The exercises can be taken without any strain upon the heart. REV. R. E. VINSON,
Pastor, 1st Presbyterian Church, Charlestown, W. Va.

From a TEACHER.

My muscles are firmer, my appetite good, my sleep is more refreshing and restful. In fact I am much pleased with the results so far attained. WM. A. RAWLES.
Ass't Professor of History and Economics, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

From a WOMAN

Was much surprised at the wonderful effect your system has on the bones and muscles, and, in fact, on the whole body, the muscles being firmer and stronger than before. KATE A. HUNTER,
209 E. 40th St., New York.

WOMEN

Receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture as men. Indeed, it is an open question whether they are not susceptible to greater results. The sedentary life of the average woman would seem to indicate this. About forty per cent. of our pupils are women and the results are most gratifying. No woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. In every case we take into consideration the occupation, habits, mode of living, and the object which the pupil desires to attain and give instructions accordingly. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest (or bust) development, we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

Every woman has had her expensive experience with drugs for the correction of the ills to which the peculiar and delicate female organism is heir. Had she known it, she might have obtained **permanent relief** by devoting only 10 minutes a day to pleasant, healthful exercise, which would have imparted natural strength to every organ, thus enabling them to perform their functions unaided. This is Nature's way and the only means by which **lasting** benefit may be expected.

We should like to hear from every woman who has enough interest in her health and in her perfect development to read this advertisement. We have some literature and testimonials which we will send FREE for the asking, and we are confident they will not only prove interesting, but convincing proof of the superiority of **The Stone Method** over any other system of exercise.

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor in the field to-day who pays special attention to the instruction of women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Ellen Walker, who alone opens and answers letters of a confidential nature. Such letters may be addressed **"Mrs. Ellen Walker, Personal, Care The Stone School."**

CHILDREN

Physical exercise is an important factor in the development of children. The highest authorities advocate the beginning of physical training at five to six years of age. There is no question but that proper, systematic exercise early in life will develop children into strong, healthy, robust men and women. We give individual instruction in every case and have special courses for children which are given as the conditions demand.

We have prepared a 32-page booklet for men and one for women, fully describing **The Stone Method** and our plan of mail instruction. This booklet contains photographs from life of those who have perfected themselves physically by **The Stone Method.** The booklet shows what **you** can attain. **SENT FREE** with measurement blanks and testimonials. Write to-day. It will prove interesting whether you want to take instruction or not. Special Booklet and Measurement Blank for Women.

The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture,

1649 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill. London: 4 Bloomsbury Street, New Oxford Street, W. C.

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SUCCESS

VOLUME V. NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1902 NUMBER 100



THE BEEF TRUST AND THE PUBLIC

JOHN GILMER SPEED



WE have been hearing about a beef trust for a long time, and the generality of people, who have faith in what they read in the newspapers, have sincerely believed in the existence of such a combination organized on lines similar to those of the Standard Oil Company, the American Sugar Company, and the United States Steel Company. Since the very material rise in the price of meat in the spring of this year, there has been more talk than ever before of this trust, and those who are careless of statement have asserted and reasserted that the increased price was arbitrarily made by the trust in defiance of commercial laws, and even of decent regard for a hungry and insufficiently fed people. Such statements have been believed notwithstanding the most vigorous denials on the part of the packers, and in the face of demonstrations, by statisticians and others who deal in facts, that this rise in prices was the result of entirely natural causes and was the inevitable result of a supply that was not so great as the demand.

These things will be much more generally believed, when this article is printed, than they are at the time of writing, for there never was a well-established beef trust before July of this year. It is quite true that the meat markets of this country have for a long time been in the hands of large firms and strong corporations which worked in such a way that they enjoyed profits almost as great as those that usually accrue to a well-developed monopoly. It is also entirely clear, to me, that the formation of these great butchering and packing establishments was a plain corollary of the changed conditions brought about by the growing of great herds of cattle on the grazing lands of the West. In this way, they became a necessity, and, as such, contributed to the growth of a great section, even though much of that growth was at the expense of the people in the older parts of the country.

Bad Roads Made a Trust Impossible in *the* Olden Days

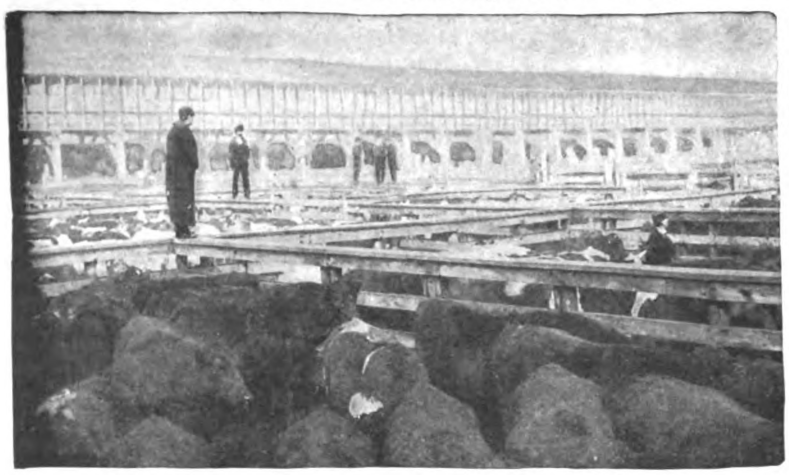
In the older days,—the times, say, of our grandfathers,—the beef cattle and other animals that contributed to the food supply were grown on small farms, and by men who produced various crops. In each neighborhood, enough cattle, hogs, and sheep were grown to supply the local wants, and also to help feed the towns and cities thereabouts. For purely local wants these animals were slaughtered by local butchers, while drovers bought up the surplus animals for the larger communities, in which were slaughterhouses, the size and number being in proportion to the population to be fed. This was a development of the old patriarchal method of life, and each neighborhood was as nearly as possible sufficient unto itself. The badly built and insufficient common roads and the navigable rivers were the only highways of commerce, and intercourse between distant sections was both difficult and expensive. Carrying bulky food products for any distance was wellnigh impossible, and there were many instances, only a few generations ago, when in one neighborhood there would be an abundant plenty, while twenty miles away the people would be absolutely suffering for the food that was being wasted in the more favored place. It is quite true that cattle and sheep, and hogs to a less extent, could be driven on the hoof to markets where they were in demand, but they had to be fed *en route*, which was expensive, while they lost in weight by reason of the unaccustomed exercise and the hardships of travel.

To-day, *the* United States Is One Great Neighborhood

The introduction of steam in river navigation and the building of railroads changed all this, and, in what seems an incredibly short space of time, in retrospect, the great country was so bound together by lines of transportation that, to-day, it seems like one great neighborhood, and supply follows demand with a celerity and a sureness that seem nothing short of wonderful. It was not, however, until after the Civil War that the necessities for changed conditions became so apparent that inventive minds were obliged to respond, and to devise new methods for feeding people who were becoming more and more absorbed in special pursuits, rather than in a variety of employments. This was not only true in manufactures, but also in agriculture. The manufacturer of wooden ware changed his output from every conceivable thing into which wood could be fashioned, and this one devoted all his energies to the making of pails, another to the construction of sashes and blinds, etc. These were then assembled in the great stores and markets, and so supplied to the people who needed them. The farmers, too, who were wise enough to see the signs of the times, and who lived where conditions beyond their control did not prevent, devoted their attention to special crops. One grew corn and other cereals; another, cotton; another, tobacco; another, hemp; another bred and grazed sheep; another, cattle, and so on. Where they were wise in selecting the thing to do they pros-

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Inspecting beef cattle which have recently arrived at Chicago



Packing beef in a great storehouse to await the market's changes





Loading box cars for shipment to the East



En route to be "dressed," from the slaughterhouse



Women labeling cans of meat

pered, for it is true in agriculture, as in everything else, that it is not given to one man to do more than one thing excellently. This need for specialization was tremendously stimulated by the throwing open to settlement of cheap rich lands in the West, and the building of the railroads which almost annihilated space. The railroads, too, not with this particular end in view, but merely to make the territory through which they ran attractive for settlement, helped this along with an utter disregard of the ordinary laws of transportation. They carried freight of various kinds, sometimes a thousand miles, at a rate less than was charged on local railroads in the East for hauls of fifty miles. All this was hard on the small farmers in the East, who were to a very great extent then, as they are now, living in the same patriarchal way that their fathers and grandfathers lived.

Contemporaneous with this change in agricultural conditions and transportation facilities came the improvement in the breeding of beef cattle. It is quite true that the wealthier and more farseeing of the farmers in the richer parts of the country had paid attention to improved breeds of cattle for many years before the Civil War. But they were only making a foundation of what may be called "basic stock." These fine cattle were seldom killed for the market, and were only used to improve other herds; though now and then, at a barbecue or some other political or social festivity, nothing was deemed too good to further the interest and the jollity. When, however, we became rich or were on what we considered the happy road to great wealth, nothing seemed too good for us, and the beef had to be of the very best, and that best only comes from improved stock.

One of the saddest things a man will hear who takes the trouble to ask old people of the food supply in this country fifty and seventy-five years ago is the answers they make. In a general way, they will tell you that nothing to eat, absolutely nothing, is as good as it used to be. Bless their dear souls! it is not the food that has deteriorated, it is only that they do not go to table with the zest of youth; for, if you pin them down with cross-questions and get them away from bewildering generalities, you find that the food now is infinitely greater in quantity and better in quality, in nearly everything except game, and cured pork. The game is not so abundant as it used to be, and the improved pig does not make nearly as good bacon and ham as the half-wild "razor-back" which wandered the forest at will, and grew lean but gamy on the fallen nuts.

The Beef Trust Is a Natural Growth, but Was Given Life by the Government

Why, in those good old days our grandfathers in the country only had fresh meat on those high days, and holidays which come in appropriate seasons of the year, when beeves and hogs were being slaughtered to be packed for food in other seasons of the year. They lived in the country on salted meat the greater part of the time, with poultry in the late summer and early autumn, this regimen being relieved somewhat when a neighbor would kill a sheep, or the local butcher a steer. Oh, they were fine people, those rural ancestors of ours; but, according to our standards, even though they had the best they could get, they did not live on the fat of the land!

It is quite true that what I have said as to living in the country did not apply entirely to urban life. In the cities they had the same foods we have now, except that neither the quantity nor the quality was the same. Then, in the time of which I am speaking, we were nothing like the urban people that we have become. Then not one in twenty lived in a town, while now nearly fifty per cent. of the people are urban.

This glance backward of half a century may seem a diversion, but it really is not; for, unless we understand the elemental beginnings of a subject, we shall totally fail to comprehend the results of the complex happenings which lead from one to the other. The beef trust which, to-day, controls, as nearly as it is possible for a combination to control a food product, the meat markets of this country, has been a natural growth only regulated in its present form by one or two, or half a dozen men. The old methods of slaughtering cattle and taking them to market no longer sufficed when the grass lands of the West became populous with cattle. They were bred and taken to market on a large scale, and either the breeders and the transportation companies must lose all profits, or there must be some correlated means of handling them in the markets, and distributing the meat to the consumers on the same scale. So the great butchers—the Armours, the Swifts, the Morrises, *et al.*,—embraced their opportunities and grew strong and opulent. Unless they did good service to either producer or consumer, they could not have combined in the business; but they really did good service to both. They furnished a ready market to the beef raisers and paid cash, and they supplied good meat at reasonable rates to the consumers. Both of these statements are susceptible of debate, and both will be challenged in the minds of some readers, if not openly, but both are facts that I could prove if I had the space. But I have neither space nor time and must content myself with the general proposition that no conceivable combination of capital, dealing in a necessity of life, can long continue oppressively to control that commodity, unless given, by the government of the country in which it operates, a monopoly or the potentialities of a monopoly.

Considering *the* Supply *and* Demand, To-day's High Rates Are not Exorbitant

The sugar trust is helped by the tariff, and so it is a monopoly that has grown so strong that it can reverse the dictates of a patriotic and generous people, as we have seen in the recent rejection of the bill to help the impoverished Cuban sugar-growers. But there has never been such an interference with the meat supplies, and it is inconceivable that there could be any that would be operative, unless in case of famine. So I accept and state, as a fact, that the great butchers of Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, and other western cities, have served both producers and consumers with efficiency and without cruel oppression.

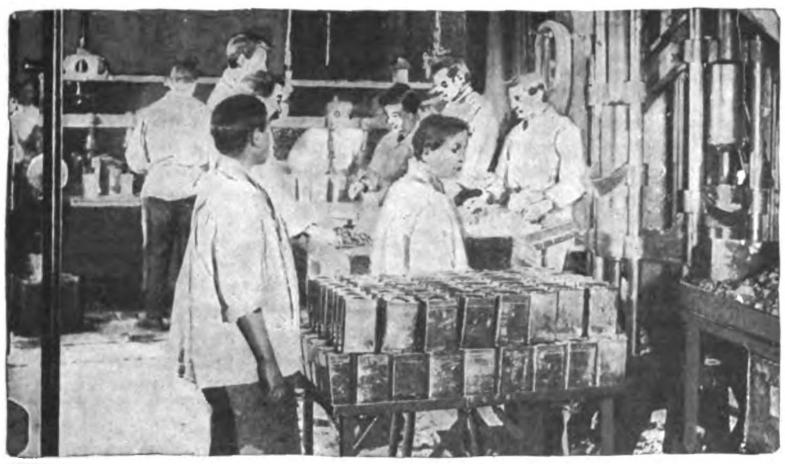
Of their methods in breaking down opposition, nothing good can be said. They were unprincipled, though generally within the letter of the law; they were immoral and without the shadow of excuse beyond the right that the strong has to kill the weak. When these great slaughterers of cattle began to operate, there was a well-developed method of supplying the towns and the cities of the East with meat generally killed in each neighborhood. In time, these sources and depots of supply might have become inadequate, but they then answered the purpose. When the Chicago slaughterers got ready to go into any



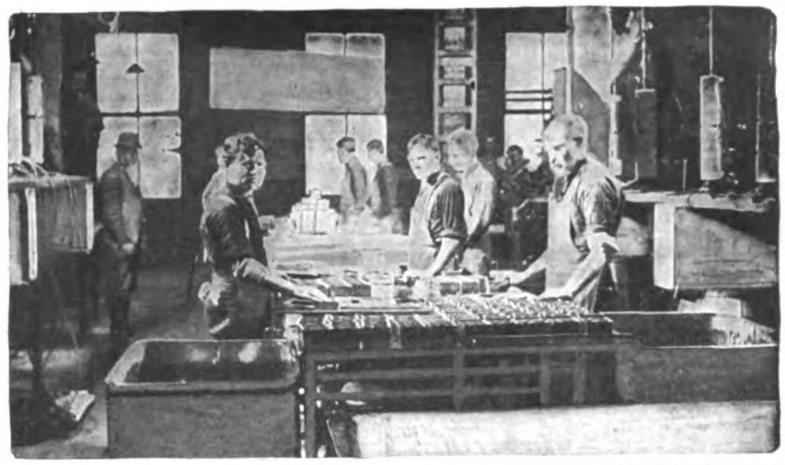
Hams ready for shipment. Thousands are "cured" daily

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Packing cans to supply the ever-growing foreign market



Here thirty thousand boxes are packed every day





Carrying sausage covers to the factory



A sausage factory where covers are filled



Working at night in a packing house

town or city, they offered their meat at attractive prices to the retail butchers of the place, on one invariable condition; namely, that these retailers buy only from them. This is a hard condition to face, and those of us who are independent usually remonstrate with all our force before we give in. The Chicago meat men had a sure process, however, to bring the remonstrants to terms. They, or rather one of them, would open a retail meat market as near to the independent man as possible, and sell at a price which absolutely beat down opposition. Either the remonstrating retailer would come to terms, or be driven out of business, generally the latter. Now, when these western conquerors had this stolen business, they were too wise to raise the prices at once. They would do that gradually, and, in a year or so, by increase of rates they would get back all that had been lost while the war of conquest was raging. In time, all, or pretty nearly all, the small slaughterhouses were driven out of business, and the western men had a pretty firm grip on the meat market wherever they cared to exert their power. This abolition of the local slaughterhouses made the growth of beef cattle by small farmers unprofitable, as there was no market for them; and so we became more and more dependent on the western supply. I have often heard it said that the East no longer raised cattle because the land was too costly for competition with western raisers. There is much truth in that, but it is not the last word on the subject. The East will probably never again be a great grazing country until the density of population is very much greater in the West than it is now; but the eastern farmers should never have been compelled to give up the growing of beef cattle entirely.

The Large Packing Concerns Require Special Knowledge and Ample Capital

Suppose a small farmer cannot raise a large herd successfully, that is no good reason why he should not raise a few head every year, and, feeding them from a surplus that now mainly goes to waste, have in them, when they are ready for the knife, a clean profit in cash; in cash which is the scarcest thing with which an eastern farmer nowadays has any acquaintance. But the abolition of the local slaughterhouses took his market away from him, and the small farmer no longer grows beef cattle at all. This economic condition is not in contravention of the rule I have laid down, that monopolies cannot exist without governmental assistance, for the United States government has assisted all it could for thirty-odd years to undo the small eastern farmer, and to make his hard lot almost unendurable. The United States assisted in building the western railways which carried far-off farm products to eastern markets for a less price than a Jersey farmer paid to haul his stuff to New York, or a Pennsylvania farmer to send his to Philadelphia; the United States has practically given away and continues to give away rich virgin lands to every comer, lands whose products undersell—by the help of assisted railways, — the products of the descendants of the real founders and builders of the country. Instead of being an exception to the rule, this ruination of cattle-raising in the East, by governmental assistance, is the strongest illustration of the rule that every monopoly must have government aid and countenance. Of course, when the wise men in Washington did this thing, they did not know what they were doing. There has long been a question in my mind whether they ever knew, or, knowing, cared.



The large packing concerns being firmly established, and the growing of cattle on ranges in the West having become a great business that required special knowledge and large capital, the country began to rely more and more on this supply, while, at the same time, a great export trade was built up so that there should never be a glut in the home market. Moreover, the packers who operated on a large scale reduced economy to a science, and in their great houses the waste was so inconsiderable as to be almost eliminated. Nothing was so insignificant as to be thrown away. The blood, the bones, the hair, the hides, the hoofs,—all were put to useful purposes, and so reduced the cost to the packer that it made it easy for him to undersell those who slaughtered in a small way. It should also have resulted in the reduction of the price of meat to the consumers. It unquestionably did; but this reduction is not always apparent to those who see no further than the environment made by their personal horizon. Nowadays, we cannot see accurately unless we take a comprehensive view of the world; for, as has been said before, the world is now one neighborhood, and merely local conditions can make neither a glut nor a famine. The prices of all things save those that are very quickly perishable are regulated by the world-supply. So it may be, at any time, that meat may seem very high in New York and Chicago, though crops have been excellent and other conditions favorable. Then it is easy to talk of oppression and unfairness, and criminal greed for gain. Really, however, the cause will generally be found far from home,—in England, perhaps, or in Germany, or in France, or in Russia. All products—and meat cannot be excepted,—seek the markets where they are most in demand.

At this particular time, when meat is higher than it has been in years, the price is directly chargeable to natural causes at home. We have been enjoying an era of great prosperity, and we have, as a natural consequence, indulged ourselves in an unprecedented quality of high living. We have, in other words, been eating much more meat than usual, and also, the doctors assure us, much more than is good for us. Just while we were at the top of this era of prosperity came a great drought in that western section where the greatest quantity and best quality of range-fed cattle are raised.

A Long Drought Made Feed Scarce and Cattle Thin, and So Prices Soared

The scarcity of feed in that section cut the corn, hay, and cotton crops to less than half the regular yield. This drought, the most severe ever experienced in the large area covered, extended from the Rio Grande River, in a northeasterly direction, and cut a swath six hundred miles wide almost to the Great Lakes. The devastated country included the greater portion of Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Missouri, Kansas, and parts of Arkansas, Illinois, Iowa, and Nebraska. Speaking of this an authority on the subject said:—

This is the country that has, for a score of years, been looked to by the packers for fat cattle between the end and the beginning of the grass-fattening season, or from October to June. It is the greatest feeding section of the United States, and into it, during the summer months, hundreds of thousands of lean cattle, shipped to the big markets from the ranges of the West, Southwest, and Northwest, are sent to be put into condition for killing. The big feeders of Kansas, Missouri, Texas, and Indian and Oklahoma Territories, who own millions of acres of corn and cotton lands, buy the thin steers, feed them on the cereal products of this land, and, in the winter or early spring, realize good returns when the animals are sold to the packers at Kansas City, St. Louis, or Chicago. For the past four months, these cattle should have been coming to the market. Some, indeed, have been coming, but fewer than fifty per cent of the ordinary

[Continued on pages 510 and 511]

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THE PASSING OF "GAMALIEL"

BENJAMIN ANDREWS
[CHANCELLOR, UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA]

ONE of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen's most suggestive "Essays by a Barrister" is entitled "Gamaliels." By "Gamaliels," the author means those titans of teacherdom once so well known, whose high scholarship and mental ability, rich character, and distinguished personality rendered all their pupils their humble and adoring worshipers. Sir James seems to have had specially in mind Dr. Thomas Arnold, the foremost Gamaliel of the British world in the days just before our own, at whose feet sat so long, and with such obeisance that they never learned to stand erect, a considerable number of men who might have been original and even great. There have been many Gamaliels in the United States. Eliphalet Nott, Francis Wayland and Mark Hopkins will serve as illustrations. James McCosh might be named with these, though his pupils, I think, never loved him quite as Mark Hopkins's pupils loved him. I well remember hearing a gentleman from Williams College, engaged in graduate study at the University of Göttingen, warmly arguing with some German friends to the effect that Mark Hopkins was unquestionably the greatest teacher, thinker, and man then in the world.



"Gamaliel" ruled supreme

Teachers of the Gamaliel class no longer exist. James McCosh ended the series here, and Benjamin Jowett in England. Edward Caird, who succeeded Jowett as Master of Balliol, and Edward Zeller, of Berlin, remind us of the virtuosos mentioned, but are not exactly of the same type. They are respected and even loved; they are, moreover, very influential. But pupils do not exactly worship them,—do not stand ready to live and die for them. Kuno Fischer, Wilhelm Maximilian Wundt, Ernst Haeckel, DuBois Reymond and Lord Kelvin are not Gamaliels at all. They are only scientific lights. Furthermore, Lord Kelvin is not an inspiring lecturer, but quite the reverse. Shortly after he was made a knight, (Sir William Thompson instead of plain Professor William Thompson,) he had been absent from Glasgow some time while associates more facile than he in laboratory exposition had had charge of his classes. When it was announced that Sir William would soon return, one of his pupils voiced his regret by the remark, "Behold, the [k]night cometh, when no man can work." The most famous university presidents in America are also not Gamaliels. Few of them teach or come much in contact with their students.

The Modern Teacher-Ideal Is Different from That Which once Prevailed

Gamalielism led to certain faults. I cannot agree with Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, in what appears to be his view that Gamalielism was a pure evil. An inspired teacher like Thomas Arnold, Eliphalet Nott, Francis Wayland, or Mark Hopkins created vastly more mental and moral life than he kept down. The net influence of such a teacher cannot have been otherwise than good. None the less, such influence was dangerous. Wide is the gate and broad the way that leadeth to imitation, and many be they that enter in thereby; for narrow is the gate, and straitened the way that leadeth unto thinking, and few be they that find it.

Upon becoming mature, the brightest pupils discovered that, without intending to do so, the master had led them to think too much of him and too little of the truth. This was an inevitable result of Gamalielism,—in every case, of course, to be deplored. Enthusiasm for a preceptor is desirable, to a certain extent, but it easily goes too far. Hero worship does not conduce to originality or depth. The disciple who is incessantly referring to his favorite teacher with an "*ipse dixit*" is in a sorry and deplorable case.

Gamalielism's ill influence did not affect disciples alone. Gamaliel himself often grew vain, unscientific, dogmatic, unable to brook criticism or contradiction, infirmities which discerning disciples could not but mark. Observation of Gamaliel's temper, on trying occasions, when his worst side revealed itself, is a chief reason why so few teachers are now ambitious to attain Gamaliel's celebrity,—why such as have the ability and the opportunity to become Gamaliels decline the preferment. A really great teacher scorns all that savors of adulation. He dislikes to be quoted. He says, "Do not cite authority: prove all things, hold fast what is true."

In this, the latter-day teacher-ideal is different from that which once prevailed. The modern thought of good teaching is that it must inspire a pupil to set himself at work as an investigator at the earliest possible period of his progress, making him his own teacher. The up-to-date teacher's art manifests itself very largely in devising methods of one sort or another to force pupils to think, reflect, investigate, and originate for themselves. The best teachers seek not to render their own personality or views prominent, but rather to retire these, lest they divert pupils from the pursuit of truth, or warp their judgment. This is an important reason why Gamaliels are no longer with us.

Another change has contributed to this result; it is the decadence of the "*in loco parentis*" theory touching the teacher's relation to his students. In fact, the paternal idea within the family has altered. Fathers are not looked up to by their children with that awe which was once characteristic. They do not assume authority or insist upon obedience in the old way. Of course, therefore, even were the "*in loco parentis*" notion still in force as of old, it would add little to a teacher's power, but it is not in force as formerly. No teacher longer possesses much authority or respect simply in virtue of his office. College presidents were once viewed as a species of superior beings. This is not so now

A New "Gamaliel" Would Be Advantageous in Our Educational Progress

Again, teaching of the special type furnished by Gamaliels has ceased to be much in demand. However circumscribed Gamaliel's information might be, he was usually a very competent expositor of his subject as he understood it. Not seldom his thinking was clear, incisive, and strong. He made much of system and emphasized the logical elements of knowledge. In these particulars, teaching has deteriorated. Too little attention is paid to the development of logical mentality or to the logical aspects of mental product.

But the cause for the passing of Gamaliel which is more to be deplored than any other is the wide remission of effort to build character in students, whether by precept or by insistence on specially choice character in teachers. The spirit of science is objective. It tends to remand mere personality to a second place, not to exalt it. It is well that some objectivity has found its way into teaching. This is one reason why the teaching of to-day is, on the whole, better than that of fifty years ago. But objectivity in teaching has gone too far. It is due to its entrance in force into our colleges that the impartation of instruction has of late years become mostwise such a tame affair. There is teaching which simply informs, and there is teaching which creates. The one kind conceives the pupil as a receptacle, and its motto is, "Fill him up." The other kind regards the pupil as a rational being, and its motto is, "Build him up." Francis Wayland, in his best days, represented the instruction of power. Now the instruction of mere impartation is in vogue and bids fair to sweep the field. There is not enough drill in the class-room, not enough of resolute grapple between the teacher's and the learner's mind. The crib is laid with food, but little effort is put forth to render this appetizing or life-giving, still less to impart to the eater voracity or assimilating power. Very many teachers of high standing, nowadays, quite repudiate the function of making men and are anxious solely how they may be true to the subjects which they teach. They will compass sea and land to create a course of lectures, a book, or a system, but do nothing toward the infinitely more precious task of perfecting the human beings who face them each day in class.

Will Gamaliel ever come back? It is little likely that the world will see "Old Gamaliel" again, nor can one desire that it should. Too many of the evils accompanying the type were inseparable from it. Such ought, of course, to be put down, and to stay down. But a "Gamaliel, Jr.," free from all undesirable traits, and exerting good influence only, may, I think, —I at least hope,—be looked for. His advent would form a happy epoch in educational progress. A painful proportion of extremely learned teachers, at the present time, are narrow and petty men. The college and the university will certainly come to care relatively less for specialistic ability in its teaching force, and relatively more for breadth, culture, mental sanity, power to think, edifying information, and exalted personality. Minute learning has a place, and ought to be encouraged, but the mere microscopic investigator cannot continue to be, to the same extent as now, the typical purveyor of college and university instruction. It will be felt that wisdom and learning together make a better teacher than learning alone.

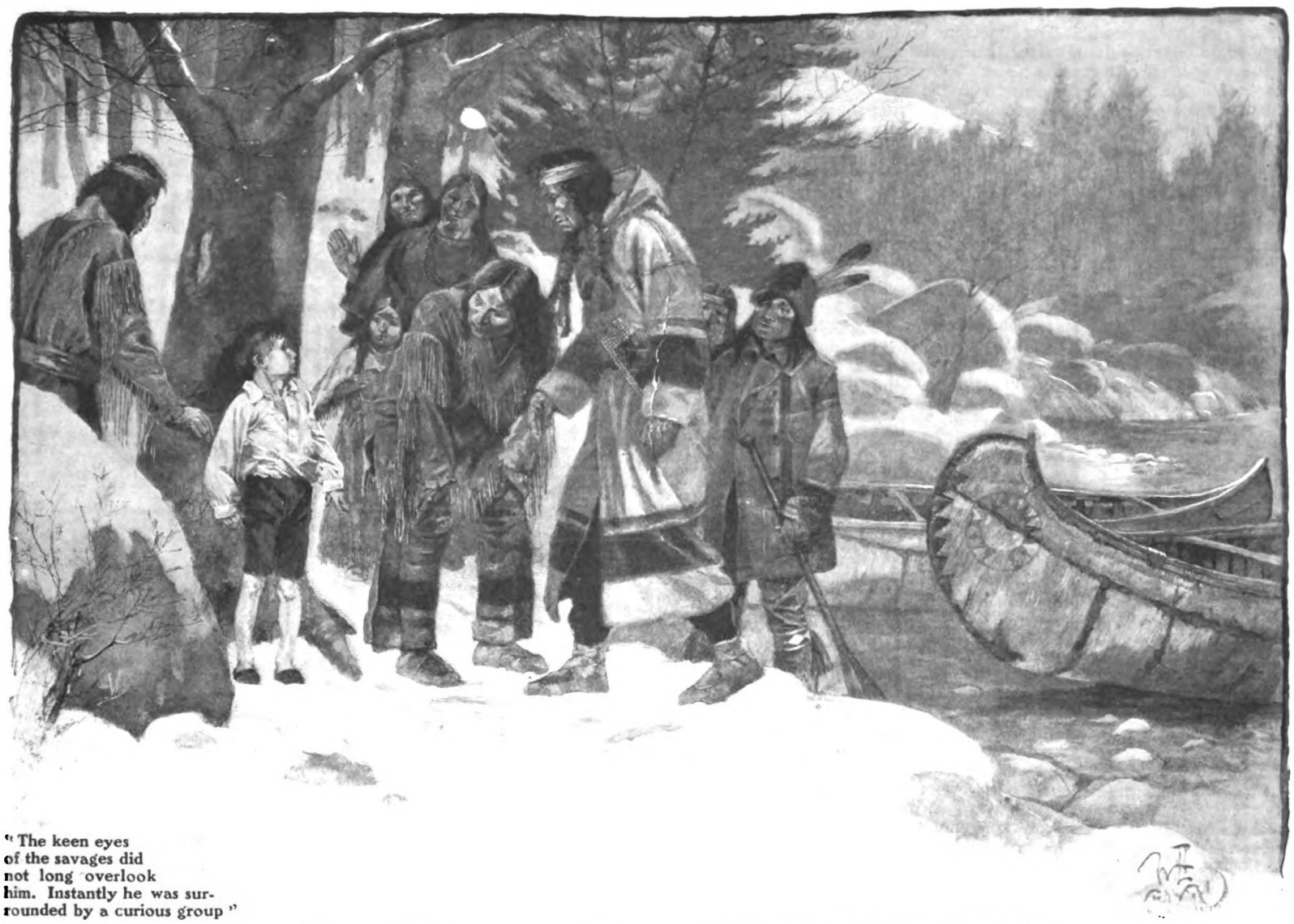
I Reckon We'll Pull Through — ROY FARRELL GREENE

The heat's been something awful, and the weather's been so dry
The greenest vegetation had to shrivel up an' die;
And the hot winds killed the prospects e'en of nubbins for the shoats,
The hayfield's brown an' crispy, an' we're mighty short of oats;
Folks given to complaining say the winter soon to come
Will be so long and hard 't will turn a wooden image numb,—
And, since the crops have failed us, they are asking what we'll do,
So I tell them God's on duty, an' I reckon we 'll pull through.

Quite true the ground is dryer than is suited to our needs,
But, all the same, I tell them, it has killed a lot of weeds;
There has n't been enough o' rain to feed the meadow rills,
And so, you see, we have n't had the ague nor the chills.
There's always compensation if we stop to hunt it out,
And so I tell the neighbors that I'm not disposed to pout,
When things seem going crossways, an' the prospect's lookin' blue,—
I'm convinced that God's on duty, an' I reckon we'll pull through.

Of the Hand that rules the weather, I shall rail not nor complain,—
Though, if we're to do fall-plowin', we ought to have some rain.
At the One who does things wisely I am not inclined to scoff,—
Though the fruit is gettin' shriveled, and there's some a-fallin' off.
But He who feeds the ravens, notes each lowly sparrow's fall,
I figure, when we want Him, will be near enough to call.
So, when they say that want an' woe 's ahead for me an' you,
I tell them God's on duty an' I reckon we'll pull through.

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"The keen eyes of the savages did not long overlook him. Instantly he was surrounded by a curious group"

The Magic Forest

Stewart Edward White
[*Author of "The Westerners"*]

CHAPTER I.

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WHEN James Ferris was only five years old, he slipped from his bed, pattered barefooted through the bedroom and down the hall, and was finally reclaimed by an excited mother just as he was about to crawl through the window onto the sloping roof of the veranda. James was promptly spanked, although he disclaimed all knowledge of the episode. About a year later he left his sleeping-car berth, and was only restrained by the porter from stepping off the moving train. At the age of seven he horrified his family by leaving his bedroom by a window and climbing down four stories of a hotel fire escape. The third escapade of this kind set his mother's wits to work. After a time it became fully established that Jimmy Ferris was a somnambulist, or sleepwalker.

Jimmy did not know this. It was considered best to keep him in ignorance of the fact. The recurrence of his night prowlings was rare, and, after his condition became recognized, he was never awakened. In fact, until he was nine years old, at which time this story opens, he had made but six such excursions.

Aside from this unfortunate tendency, he had never been very strong. His passion had always been for outdoor life, and that would have been the very best thing for him, but his mother was too much worried about him. She exercised a general supervisory authority over such things as rubbers, flannel bands, sponge cake, and oatmeal, which convinced Jimmy that mortal man would die if his feet should get wet, or if his diet were the least irregular. It is natural for a boy to pattern his mental cast by that of his mother, and Jimmy's mother was very anxious. Indeed, about this time she imagined that Jimmy's lungs were weak, and so nothing would do but that they must all go to Monterey for the summer and Santa Barbara for the winter. As Jimmy's great but thwarted ambition had always been to see the "big woods," he was more than delighted.

They set out by the Canadian Pacific Railroad early in May. Jimmy was at the car window all of the daylight hours, marveling at the Canadian country, the stretches of forest, and the numerous lakes. North of Lake Superior he was surprised to see a great deal of snow still lying in the hollows, and, in fact, late one afternoon the big white flakes began to zigzag slowly through the air. Jimmy was filled with wonder. Snow in May!

All the afternoon he flattened his little nose against the window, his eyes wide with the mystery of the forest. He could see into it just about ten feet, but who knew what lay beyond that? His restless mind conjured up the hollows, the streams, the springs, the wild beasts. Up through that country extended the Long Trail to the fur regions. At Sudbury, late in the afternoon, he had glimpsed a *voyageur* just from the wilds. The man had worn a fur cap with the tail hanging down behind! He had been wrapped in a long blanket coat bound with a red sash, and his feet were encased in beaded moccasins! Jimmy's mind went galloping off on the leagues of the Long Trail, and after he had gone to bed he dreamed of it. He, too, traveled in the Silent Places.

About five o'clock in the morning, which was nearly dawn, the train paused an instant because the driving wheels could not grip the slippery rails on the grade. The engineer promptly turned on his sand. Five minutes later he had forgotten the circumstance.

But in that pause something had happened. Jimmy Ferris, traveling the Trail in imagination, had wandered down the aisle of the car, had stepped from the platform at precisely the moment the engineer reached for his sand lever, and was soon blundering aimlessly through the falling snow over rolling bald hills, clad only in his slippers, a pair of trousers, and his nightgown, firmly convinced, in his own mind, that he was discovering the north pole.

Two hours and a half later, which, of course, meant seventy or eighty miles further on, Mrs. Ferris discovered that her son's berth was empty. Then there was trouble! Telegrams, questions, conjectures flew. Section men scurried over every inch of the track on handcars, thinking to find Jimmy's mutilated body. He was evidently not on the train: it seemed impossible that he could have left it while moving, without receiving some injury. Nobody remembered that labored moment when the engine had coughed its protest at the grade. No sign or clue could be discovered. Mrs. Ferris was prostrated, Mr. Ferris was stricken to the heart, and everybody else was supremely puzzled. Jimmy had simply vanished into thin air.

* * * * * * *

In the meantime, Jimmy went on discovering the north pole, and the arctic weather became more and more severe. He was just on the point of taking possession of the pole to carry it home with him, from which agreeable action he was being prevented, however, by the numbness of his hands, when he awoke and looked about him.

He knew perfectly well that he was no longer dreaming, but for a moment he seriously doubted that he was alive. In his last moments of consciousness he had felt the yielding of a Pullman berth, had heard the regular clinkety-clank of the car wheels, and had seen the thin crack of light that swayed between his curtains. But here, all at once, he was out on a gray, bleak, bowlder-strewn hillside, without a sign of berth or car or even track anywhere within sight. You must remember that he knew nothing whatever of his sleep-walking propensities. He could not summon to his bewildered brain even a wild solution.

Before him stretched a mist-like forest country, indistinct in the early light, about whose skeleton branches lingered a faint, wraith-like fog, and all about him was a great silence.

He was not frightened: the whole thing was too inexplicable for that, and, being unable to account for it himself in any way, he was as yet unterrified by a feeling of responsibility. But he was very cold. His thin slippers, which he had instinctively assumed before setting out to discover the north pole, were wet through by the damp snow; his bare shanks were goose-fleshed, and a thin cotton nightgown and a pair of knee-breeches are not precisely an early May costume in the north. Having been taught that damp feet mean pneumonia, and inadequate clothing consumption, Jimmy immediately gave himself up for lost. "I must get back," he said to himself.

Get back where? He had never seen this country before. That Pullman car might be on the

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other side of the world. For a moment he imagined he might be dead, but then a certain sturdy little piety of his own came to his aid. It was not that. But, since the human mind must have explanations or perish, and since Jimmy was, after all, only nine years old, and more conversant with the tales of Grimm and Andersen than with those of medical authorities, and since sorcery is, in truth, much nearer to the hearts of most of us than such a stupendous metamorphosis as this, he soon concluded that he was the living hero of a fairy tale, and that this must be the Magic Forest.

In that case he must go somewhere. He struck out sturdily, his mind quite at rest from the fears that would have assailed it had he been lost in an ordinary and comprehensible manner.

Of course he set out in the wrong direction. Even had he known enough to follow a back track, it would have been impossible for him to do so. The back track was covered by the light fall of snow. Travel was difficult enough and uncomfortable enough in any direction, but level places are easier than hills. Accordingly, Jimmy made his way down toward the wraith of vapor, and so, soon after an hour's stumbling through a fringe of wood, found himself on the bank of a brawling North Country river. By this time the sun was well over the horizon, the clouds had scattered, and Jimmy's blood was circulating; so that, had he only known it, the danger of pneumonia or a harmful chill had passed.

But Jimmy did not know it. He only knew that the repeated contact with melting snow had turned his feet positively blue, that his thin, wet garments sent a spasm of cold through his body every time a new movement brought their smooth clamminess next his skin in a fresh place, and that the woods brush had scraped and torn his skin cruelly. Once something abrupt and strange had glided away, like a streak of brown, from a thicket before him, startling him into a cry which returned from the great silence to strangle in his throat. He stared in helpless bewilderment at the swift stream, and wondered what new thing he must do. It would not have surprised him to have been whisked back at any moment to his berth in the Pullman car.

Above the little stone beach on which he stood, the river boiled and tumbled and whirled down a slope, strewn with big and little bowlders.

The water, broken into foam, slid in a smooth green apron, or twisted in savage eddies. The pool before him was filled with froth. Jimmy was a very lonesome little boy in a strange place.

Suddenly, at the extremity of the vista, something sprang into view and came shooting down the hurrying waters. It stopped abruptly, worked jerkingly sideways, to slant with terrific impetus across the smooth apron. Jimmy's bewildered vision made out a canoe, a birch-bark canoe of bright yellow, with up-curved bows, of the sort he had seen pictures of in his father's "Parkman." It contained two men. As the canoe leaped nearer the men came more plainly into view. Their bold copper-colored faces were set in rigid lines of attention, their beady black eyes were fixed unwaveringly on the difficulties of the descent, and their sinewy brown hands wielded long paddles whose blades were colored vermilion. Both wore their hair long about the napes of their necks, and over their ears, and bound it in place by bands about their foreheads. Even before the boy's quick faculties had realized these things, the craft had reached a spot where the current divided about a great bowlder to tumble over a sunken ledge in a cataract. The men simultaneously rose to their knees and thrust at their paddles in one superhuman effort. The canoe quivered, jumped sideways, shot forward just to clear the bowlder, and rushed on the cataract.

"Hi! hi, hi, hi-yah!" shrieked the men in ecstasy.

The craft leaped directly out into the air. A smother of spray arose. It floated peacefully in the eddy of the pool.

Another canoe appeared,—another,—then two,—all rushing down the current, all taking the leap. The air was full of shoutings, of laughter. Some set to work at once bailing water, while others looked eagerly up-stream to watch their successors shoot the rapids. Almost instantaneously, as it seemed, the empty place was alive.

The little boy, shivering in the shadow of the wood, shivered still more with mingled terror and delight, for he saw that these were Indians, the wild Indians of the woods, of a hundred years ago, whose wigwams had given place to the New York he knew, about whom his father had read to him in Cooper's novels,—come back from the mysterious romantic past to traverse the Magic Forest. He was frightened, and yet he was glad. They were Indians, and yet they looked kind. He did not know whether to flee or to reveal himself and ask for aid.

The trouble of a decision was saved him, however. The keen eyes of the savages did not long overlook him. Instantly he was surrounded by a curious group, eager to know the meaning of his appearance.

The strange, handsome men in moccasins talked to one another in beautiful singing syllables; then an old man knelt before him.

"You get los'?" he asked, laboriously.

Jimmy only stared. He really did not know himself.

"Where you live?"

"New York," replied Jimmy.

"New Yo'k," they repeated to one another, puzzled. They thought they knew the place, for far up on the shores of Hudson Bay is a fur-trading post called York Factory. But how did this child come to be there?

"You go dare now?" inquired the old Indian, after a moment. He spoke swiftly to his companions.

"You wan' go to York?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!" cried Jimmy.

"A' right," replied the Indian.

"Is it far?" asked Jimmy.

"Ver' far."

In the meantime a little fire had been built, over which already water in a tin pail was bubbling. After a moment the Indian gave Jimmy a tin cup.

"Drink him!" said he.

It was tea, coal-black, very hot, and without sugar or cream. Jimmy had never been allowed to drink tea at home, but he gulped this down, almost scalding his throat in the process, and at once felt better. While thus engaged, other Indians came through the woods bearing heavy packs by means of straps passed across their foreheads. Other canoes, managed no less skillfully by women, shot the rapids. Children, half-grown youths, girls, and dogs joined the group. A soft lisp of excited conversation arose. Old Makwa, the Indian who had interrogated Jimmy, told them what he had learned. It was surmised that the boy had become possessed by homesickness and had started for York Factory on foot, ignorant of the length of the journey; or, perhaps, that he had been lost from a party already well on its way toward that distant post. The band had just been in to trade its furs at Chapleau. It could not return south.

Makwa cut the discussion short. There was occasion for haste. He unceremoniously bundled thinly clad little Jimmy in a robe, and deposited him gently in the waist of his own canoe. The boy was well with them. Later, perhaps, when they returned to Chapleau, in the fall,—

He thrust the canoe strongly into the current. It shot away. Ah-kik, the bowsman, headed it down stream. The paddles dipped.

Then, indeed, although he did not for a moment suspect the fact, little Jimmy Ferris was setting out on the Long Trail.

CHAPTER II.

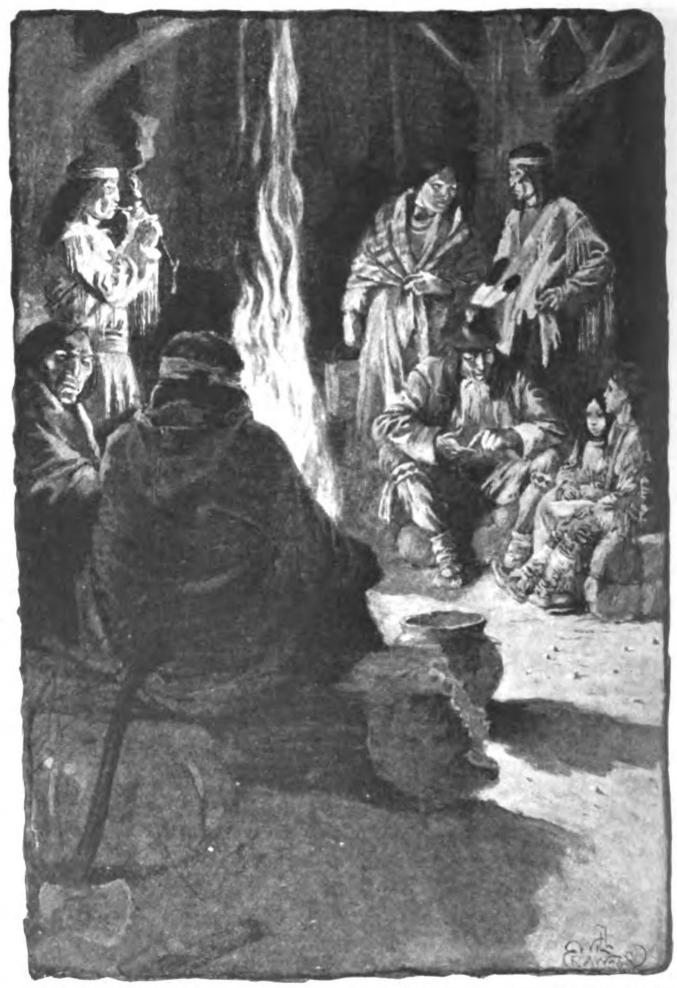
THE rabbit skin was very light and warm and soft. Jimmy snuggled down in it, and half dreamily watched the banks of the river slip past. The tea had made him sleepy. He saw the Magic Forest through a haze, and the great trees and the little trooped by solemnly like an army with banners. Before him the lithe bowsman swung his paddle tirelessly. The whispering "swish, swish" of the water lulled him. At this early moment in a strange adventure little Jimmy might have fallen sound asleep, had not a diversion aroused him.

The leading canoe suddenly stopped short, worked noiselessly sideways, and came to rest against the bank. The other canoes joined it. No word was spoken, and Jimmy was warned by an expressive gesture to keep silent. After a moment Ah-kik, the bowsman, drew from a long greasy case a musket bound in brass. The canoe crept forward around the bend.

Not a drip of water broke the absolute stillness. Makwa, although Jimmy could not see him, was still-paddling without raising the paddle from the water, and indeed with barely perceptible motion of the wrists. To the little boy's imagination the craft seemed suddenly to take the character of a wind-vane he had watched from his windows,—turning to right or to left, swimming across the cloud-strewn ether as if guided by a will of its own.

Something exciting was going on. He did not know what it was, but his eyes grew large and bright, and he held himself so still as hardly to breathe.

It became evident that the canoe was quietly but steadily approaching a certain point on the shore where a little sandy beach and a grass plot interposed between the forest and the river. A broad maple tree rose just outside the edge of the woods, under which lay a deep shadow backed by the dusk of the forest. Nearer and nearer the canoe crept. Then, suddenly, as if it had been evoked by the wave of a magician's wand, Jimmy saw that the deep maple shadow had a living tenant.



"Little May-may-gwan sat close beside him and held his hand"

Even then he could not realize that he looked on a deer. This had the graceful shape of the creature, to be sure, but it was so exactly the color of the maple shadow that it seemed to be the unsubstantial ghost of a deer, as if one could see through it as through a clouded glass.

The excitement in Jimmy's little breast was intense. His heart thumped, his breath caught in his throat, and, in spite of his best efforts, he trembled all over as if with a violent chill. Each instant he expected to see the deer run away. But still the canoe slipped silently forward as idly as a leaf wafted thither by the wind. Then, all at once, when the prow was actually within a few feet of the bank, Jimmy was conscious of a violent trembling. Makwa had thrust his paddle down to stop the headway. Ah-kik, still unobtrusively, without abrupt motions, raised the brass-bound musket.

A sudden roar broke forth, a cloud of white smoke enveloped the bow, and the canoe leaped backward like a spirited horse.

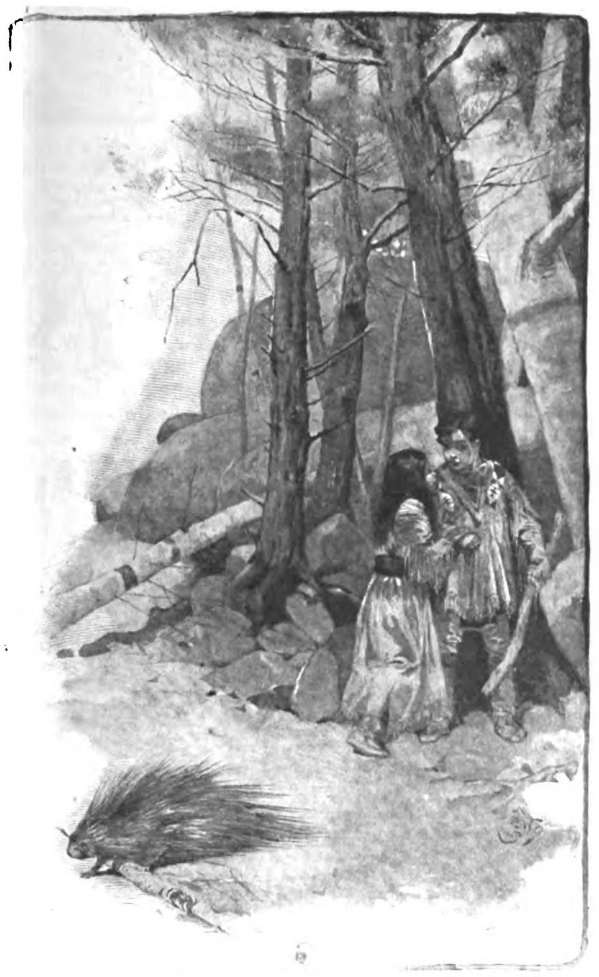
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Makwa dropped the paddle aboard with a clatter and stretched his arms. Ah-kik called back something in his natural voice. From around the bend streamed a flotilla of canoes. The everyday sounds, after the period of strained silence and patient endeavor, seemed almost profane.

Jimmy leaped ashore with his companions, fully prepared to exult over a dead deer. What was his disappointment to discover only four deep, sharp footprints where the animal had leaped. Evidently the shot had failed.

But Jimmy had still a long way to go before the rudiments of his woodcraft would be complete. He did not know that Ah-kik could tell, by the way the deer carried his tail, whether or not the animal was wounded, and how badly; and so he was much surprised when two of the young men returned, after some minutes, bringing the venison.

In the bustle of making camp, Jimmy was, for some time, unnoticed. Certain of the men cut up dry wood. Old women swiftly built little fires of birch touch-wood, bark, and twigs. Even the



"He wanted to kill it, but May-may-gwan would not let him"

little children busily collected and carried in the wood chopped by the men. The deer was quickly skinned, and cut up. Pots bubbled and steamed over little fires. Dogs yelped with delight as bits of offal were tossed to them.

Then, when the first tasks were over, he was surrounded. The younger children stared at him wide-eyed, the older ones teased him; but, as he did not understand what they said, this did not worry him in the least. One handsome little fellow, slightly older than himself, smiled at him, and, when Jimmy smiled back, he promptly drove the others away. Then he squatted on his heels at Jimmy's side.

"*Minne-qua-gun,*" said he, picking up a tin cup. And so Jimmy learned his first Indian word.

In this was a new and delightful occupation. To speak real Indian words was an accomplishment Jimmy would have reverenced in another. Yet here was a chance to learn for himself. He memorized *tschi-mon*, the canoe; and *ah-boo-é*, the paddle; and *ah-gâh-quit*, the ax. Then he resolved to find out something useful to himself. He hugged his arms close about his chest, shivered violently, and looked inquiringly toward his companion.

"*Kss ina,*" said the latter, at once.

Jimmy immediately ran to old Makwa, who was smoking a pipe on a fallen tree.

"*Kss ina,*" said he, pointing to his thin nightdress and his bare shins,—"*kss ina, kss ina!*"

Makwa laughed, his fine old face wrinkling in a hundred deep little lines. He called sharply. An old woman came forward. Makwa spoke a few words to her, whereupon she went away for some moments, only to return bearing a bundle wrapped in canvas, which she laid at Makwa's feet.

The bundle, when opened, was found to contain a variety of things. Makwa picked out a little deerskin shirt, a pair of blue leggins made of stroud-ing, two squares of blanket-like material called duffel, and a pair of deerskin moccasins. The squares he wrapped about Jimmy's feet in place of socks, the leggings he bound with a pair of heavily beaded garters, and the deerskin shirt he slipped on deftly and fastened with a worsted sash. When arrayed in them, the little boy was too happy to sit still.

But the meal was cooked. Jimmy discovered that he was very hungry. He sat with a group of women and children, and accepted thankfully his share of venison, fish, and tea. A little girl sat next to him, a pretty little brown thing, with big, soft eyes. She gazed at him solemnly during the meal. At length he nodded and smiled at her, whereupon she showed all her teeth in the prettiest fashion in the world. Jimmy, with a full stomach, began to feel very contented. The sun was warm, the people about him looked on him kindly, and this open-air meal under the green-wood tree was inexpressibly thrilling to his young imagination.

That afternoon he was given a short paddle and set to work. Nor was the paddling a matter of play merely. When his unaccustomed little wrists and shoulders became very tired, old Makwa sternly forbade him to rest. He was compelled to keep on, although his arms at times seemed ready to drop off, and his efforts could certainly have added little to the speed of the canoe. However, twice the party disembarked on the beach, drew the canoes up, unloaded all they contained, and set off through the forest, carrying packs. Here, too, Jimmy was given his share to carry, and his thin moccasins were slight protection to his feet, which speedily became bruised and wet. However, the life and mystery so filled Jimmy's mind that he only partly noticed these things.

Of course, the trees were still bare of leaves, but the spring was awakening. All sorts of noises sounded through the woods. Jimmy did not know what they were, but little by little he learned from Taw-kwo, the young boy.

Bump! bump! bump! bump! br-br-r-r-r-r! boomed a hollow wooden note.

"*Penáy,*" said Taw-kwo. Some days later a partridge was flushed into a tree. "*Penáy,*" said Taw-kwo, again, and so Jimmy knew that *Penáy* was a large bird with a fan-like tail whose capture was most desirable, and who made remarkably good eating. But he did not know its English name.

On the way back through the woods, for a second load on the second carry, Jimmy saw his first live porcupine. The beast was scornful and lordly, and disinclined to hurry in the least, after the manner of porcupines everywhere, but to Jimmy the sight of a wild animal of this size which would permit itself to be approached was a brand new experience. Of course, he wanted to kill it. That is invariably the first instinct. But May-may-guan, the soft-eyed little girl, would not allow him to do so. Jimmy learned thus his lesson in woods-moderation, for the woods-Indian never kills wastefully.

The rest of the afternoon the canoes floated down the river. The shores glided by silently. Jimmy many times forgot the ache of his shoulders in the excitement of a swiftly vanishing wing, the mysterious withdrawal of some brown spot that, in this manner only, proclaimed itself a forest creature. Once a mink bobbed up for a moment on a piece of driftwood, and paused, its fore feet under its chin, to stare malevolently at them as they glided by. Often the muskrats would be seen swimming in arrow-shaped ripples. Once a slim, graceful animal of some size slipped from a rock-ledge ahead. This the Indians thought important enough to discuss, gathering their canoes into one idly drifting group. It was *ni-gig*, the otter, and the value of his pelt in the winter won him consideration as a personage. Often squirrels crossed the river, steering themselves with their bushy tails. Makwa, noting the interest of the boy, good-naturedly extended his paddle to one of the little animals, whereupon, to Jimmy's vast delight, it scrambled up the paddle to the gunwale, within two feet of his hand, where it sat resting for a moment, and then dived again.

About the middle of the afternoon, the women's canoes were permitted to go ahead for the purpose of making camp, so that, by the time the sun was low, the men were enabled to draw ashore for the night. A number of little birch-bark shelters were already in place, the tiny fires were winking bravely, and the dogs were squatted in a semi-circle, just at the edge of the brush, awaiting their share of the meal. Jimmy thought he had never seen such funny dogs. Their noses and ears were pointed, their hair long and thick, and their tails as furry as a fox's brush. He tried to make friends with them, but they snarled at him so savagely that he drew back, alarmed. In after days he succeeded in knowing them better, but then they were distrustful. They seemed more than half wolf. The two boys picked their way through the brush to the mouth of a little creek flowing into the river. There Taw-kwo unrolled a fine-meshed net he was carrying, fastened one end to a staff which he braced upright in the bottom, and waded across and stuck the other end in a similar manner, so that the mouth of the creek was entirely closed by the net. Taw-kwo did not seem to mind in the least wading in the cold water with his moccasins and leggings on. "*Kée-gawns,*" said he, making with his hand the motion of a fish swimming.

He touched his finger to his lips to enjoin caution. Stealthily he lay on his stomach and crawled to the sharp edge of the bank. Jimmy followed his example and peeped over. Below his eye ran five or six grooves through the thick water-mud which ended in a regular gallery of holes. Just as Jimmy looked, some bright-eyed, solemn-whiskered animal seemed to fade backward into hiding. "*She-shesk,*" (muskrat,) whispered Taw-kwo. He signed to Jimmy to return, and returned shortly, carrying two steel traps. These he set at the mouth of the grooves, covering them craftily with mud, and touching none of the surroundings with his hands.

At camp, by this time, the evening meal was prepared. Jimmy had never been so hungry before in his life. He ate and ate until he could not cram down another mouthful, and he was almost too lazy to move over to the large fire, or to hang up before the blaze his moccasins and duffels as did the others. The flames leaped, making shadows on the Magic Forest. Over in its depths a night bird began to moan "whip-poor-will." The dogs sat on their haunches blinking their eyes. Men smoked and laughed and talked. Women conversed in low voices. Little May-may-gwan sat beside him and held his hand.

After a long time Taw-kwo led him to a shelter in which was spread six inches of balsam browse. The Indian boy laid out the rabbit-skin robe. The balsam smelled good to Jimmy. His eyes grew heavier and heavier.

But he was not to sleep yet. Suddenly a tremendous row brought him to his feet. The dogs were clamoring, and excited figures were running past the firelight. Jimmy instinctively followed.

Down through the tangled forest the chase went pellmell, the dogs always in the lead. Some of the Indians had snatched up torches. Stumbling, shouting, clambering, breathless, the multitude streamed through the silent dark. Then it gathered at a slim tree about which the dogs were leaping frantically. Jimmy could distinguish a fierce-eyed dark animal, about the size of a dog, crouched in the branches. The little boy was still half asleep. What followed was much confused. Something dislodged the beast. It fell among the dogs. Immediately there was a great fight, in which the Indians seemed to be trying desperately to deliver a telling blow. Then it was all over. Two of the dogs were dead; from others blood was streaming. One of the Indians was tying a bandage around the calf of his leg.

Back through the ancient forest filed the convoy with its prey. At the fireside, Jimmy saw that the beast was powerful, blunt-nosed, with long claws. "*Swingwadge,*" replied Makwa, to his look of inquiry. Many years afterwards Jimmy again saw one of them stuffed, at the Sportmen's Show, and so knew that he had assisted at the killing of a carcajou, the fiercest fighting animal of its size in America. Thus closed what he always thought of afterwards as his Wonderful Day.

[*To be concluded in the October "Success"*]

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"High above their heads it towered,—this gigantic, leafy tree"

The Spry-Spys

IV.—They Go Fruit-Gathering

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED



Said a Spry-Spy, "I remember, it is in the soft September
That the apple-boughs are bending with their store of ripened fruit;
Then it is that grapes lie glowing where the sunlight stream is flowing,
And the festive crow grows rotund in his ebon-colored suit.
Peaches smile through dells of color, from a thousand orchard ways;
Red and yellow suns are tilting in the early autumn haze,—
I suggest we start invading realms their luscious stores parading
That might tempt a monarch's palate and his appetite amaze."



"Good!" a hungry trooper ventured; "but, suppose our deeds are censured?
Farmers do not work for nothing,—they must claim some legal pay;
I have read, besides, that doggies and queer tree-abiding froggies
May be found as local color in an orchard, any day."
"Bosh!" Miss Up-to-date suggested, "where the ripest fruit is found,
It is quite to be expected that small perils must abound;
We have met foes far more cunning, and have always set them running,—
Show a frog to Spry-Spy's army on an open battle ground!"



Since the danger was disputed, a close search was instituted
For the gnarled and twisted sentries of the orchard's sunny land,
Two by two, in rows they gamboled, and, by Fortune favored, rambled
Right upon the spot they wanted, held in Nature's upturned hand.
There were rows of trees, fruit-laden, where the wild birds stopped to dine,
Apples bright each move reflecting, by the mirror of their shine;
Apricots and peaches swinging, plums in ruddy beauty clinging,
Grapes that smiled in purple glory as they slumbered on the vine.



Spry-Spy did not favor pillage, for this peaceful country village
Breathed an atmosphere of goodness that was Puritan,—replete;
Yet so tempting smiled this Eden, and so plainly grown to feed on,
That his conscience ne'er upbraided where the apples glimmered sweet.
High above their heads it towered,—this gigantic, leafy tree;
Countless globes of crimson pippins 'mid the branches they could see,—
Not a voice to call out, "Stop it!"—They might climb and scale and top it,
With the green leaves as their pillows and the south wind blowing free.



In the midst of mid-air searching, soon the Spry-Spys bold were perching
High above earth's sordid troubles, when a farm boy strolled that way;
With his bull pup trotting after, he heard all their noisy laughter,
And he gripped, with pudgy fingers, fast the pitchfork made for hay.
Spry-Spy faced the problem promptly with his military zest,
Marshaled all his standing army 'round the bumpkin; then they pressed
Like a phalanx bold behind him,—made a dash for cord to bind him,
Tied him helpless to the tree-trunk while they laughed in merry glee.



Cried this luckless rustic vainly, strained his bonds and hands insanely,
While the bull pup posed, mouth grinning, for a snap-shot photograph;
On his pitchfork, fruit was proffered, shining apples kindly offered,
As his energetic antics made the court in waiting laugh.
Up a ladder scores were scaling, some, alas, gnarled limbs impaling;
Some, head down, in terror warbled at the risk of tearing clothes,
Others, fanned by zephyrs, seated in the foliage-swings, were greeted
By a flood of luscious apples, and wild exclamations rose.



It is said that we who tamper with the law of right will hamper
All the future, for wrongdoing, as the proper consequence;
And the Spry-Spys had good reason to remember this in season,
As a punishment came speedy for their pilfering offense.
"What is this?" a youngster questioned, as, with a broken branch he pried
At a swinging globe, gray-colored, to investigate inside,—
Woe to all for this molesting; there were wasps, past number, nesting,—
Out they swarmed, with righteous anger, feeling hurt and injured pride.

There can be no room for doubting that, when swarms of wasps are scouting,
(And their stern rebuke is stinging, you will thoroughly agree,)
Who may choose to say, "Come, meet them; we may easily defeat them!"—
There is room for *one* side only in a country apple tree.
Down they tumbled, Spry-Spys squalling,—Spry-Spys open-eyed and falling,
Down and out across the orchard, never stopping for dispute.
From their hardships glean the knowledge that is taught in every college:
Never hope to come out scathless when you pluck forbidden fruit.

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He works during "off hours"



Students at work in the Georgia State Normal School sloyd shop



A Georgia student earning money



EUGENE C. BRANSON

Invincible Southern Heroes Who Struggle to Learn

The Georgia State Normal School

T. W. REED

ELEVEN years ago, it became apparent to the educational leaders in Georgia that, without a large number of trained teachers, the millions of dollars invested by the state for the development of her common-school system would yield but a meager income in mental development.

In answer to this demand for better-equipped teachers, the State Normal School of Georgia was chartered by the general assembly of the state, in 1891. This charter carried with it no appropriation, but the University of Georgia gave an old building, a few acres of land, and a thousand dollars a year. Dr. J. L. M. Curry allotted to the new institution five hundred dollars a year from the Peabody Fund, and the citizens of Clarke County generously equipped the schoolrooms with plain desks and the dormitory with comfortable cots. Three years later, the state made a small appropriation, and the institution opened its first regular session of nine months. At that time, the one building on the premises served for class-rooms and dormitory, and for several years the dormitory space was so limited that, frequently, ten girls would occupy one room, and in one instance three girls were obliged to occupy the bath room, one of them actually sleeping on a cot placed over the bath tub.

The State Normal School has traveled far from its humble beginning. A decade more will make it, beyond doubt, one of the largest, strongest, and most useful educational institutions in the South. While not supplied with a sufficient number of buildings, it is doing work that would reflect credit on older and larger institutions. Within the past year, a library of five thousand volumes has been provided by the earnest personal work of its president, Eugene C. Branson, the faculty, and students. A department of domestic arts and sciences has been established by George Foster Peabody, and a cooking school has been fitted up by Robert C. Ogden. The department of psychology has been equipped with the very best apparatus, and the sloyd shop has been converted into a department where the students make numerous useful articles from materials that usually go to waste.

Although two hundred and forty-two of the six hundred and five students at the State Normal School this year came with diplomas from leading educational institutions in Georgia, the great majority is composed of young men and young women whose opportunities have been very limited. They are representative of that class of citizens whose financial condition is straitened. Their ancestors fought at Cowpens and Kings Mountain and Yorktown; at Monterey and Buena Vista and Chapultepec; at Shiloh and Murfreesboro and Chickamauga; at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg and the Wilderness. The devastation of war, the dismantling of homes, the impoverishment of their fathers, left them a problem hard of solution. Their lots in life have not been gentle. They have not reposed on downy beds of ease. They have never known aught else than hard, unremitting toil, either of mind or body. They have helped rebuild the waste places, repair the shattered fortunes, eke out the family income, and keep alive the spirit of unconquerable perseverance that has made Georgia a veritable empire.

Many of the Students Are More Than Forty Years of Age

More than ninety per cent. of these students are teachers in the common schools of Georgia. They teach from four to five months a year, and receive the meager average pay of twenty-six dollars a month. Slightly upward of one hundred dollars a year makes the total sum of their income; and yet, by strict economy, and, in many instances, by actual privation, they manage to lay aside enough to pay their expenses at the State Normal School for a brief season, and then go back to their homes, make a little more money, and return to secure additional education. They come from mountains and lowlands; from the humble homes on the farm that possess only a modicum of the ordinary advantages of life, and from the fields where they labor the greater portion of the year to produce their quota of the great cotton crop of the world. Age raises no barrier to their efforts. A boy of seventeen sits in a class-room by the side of a man of fifty. A blushing girl is the desk-mate of a matronly woman. More than two score students of over forty years of age attended the State Normal School during one session, and it is not infrequently the case to have scholars there who are past sixty. Confederate veterans have hobbled there on crutches; widows, taking their children with them; and even grandmothers have enrolled themselves as students at this institution. There is none there who has gone for pleasure. There is none who gives himself up to the vanities of society, but there are many who would grace any social gathering in the state. These boys and girls and men and women have clearly comprehended the need of a common-school system, and feel that the way is open to them to advance in their chosen profession, and, at the same time, confer incalculable benefits upon the children of their native state.



RALPH CRAWFORD



Earning school expenses

North Carolina's Model Farm School

G. SUMNER BASKERVILLE



G. SUMNER BASKERVILLE

By Picking Cotton, This Girl Supported Her Parents and Educated Herself

The lives of these students furnish many stories of invincible heroism, mighty battles waged, and noble victories won. One of the heroines is Alice Moore, a bright, attractive young woman from the mountain section of the state. Her life has been one of self-sacrifice. From her earliest girlhood she has been tested in the fiery crucible of adversity, and nothing but a bold, indomitable, heroic spirit could have conquered in such an unequal contest. At an age when other girls more favored were attending college, she found herself clothed with the responsibility of maintaining a support for her invalid parents, her three younger sisters, and her little brother. There was no flinching from the task. Many a beautiful dream vanished, many a fairy castle crumbled, but there was no murmuring. She resolutely faced the future, took charge of the little farm, went to the fields with the farm-hands, worked as a common laborer, and, by her self-denial and unceasing effort, provided the necessaries of life for her loved ones. In odd moments, she found time to beautify her home, to teach her sisters and brothers, and to cheer her invalid parents. The day came when this patient, uncomplaining heroine of the fields looked up and beheld the way open to a normal-school training. With a scant supply of money, made by picking cotton, she was enabled to attend the State Normal School for ten weeks. Then she went back to her mountain home, to the task that had even a higher call upon her than an education. The next year she went again to the State Normal School, remained ten weeks, and returned home to take charge of a country school. For five years, at intervals, she has been a student at this institution. From her splendid example, a younger sister drew the inspiration that led to a similar undertaking. With money made by picking cotton, she, too, is now securing a normal-school training.

The life-story of Ralph Crawford, the one-armed night watchman, is of pathetic interest. In boyhood, very few of the ordinary advantages of life were his, for his father was a poor circuit-riding Methodist minister. Incapacitated, by accident, for physical labor, he applied himself assiduously to his studies, and finally succeeded in securing a position as teacher in one of the small rural schools of "wire-grass" or southeast Georgia. The way was rough and the outlook unpromising, but he had put his hand to the plow and he looked not backward. He married, and a daughter was born who gave him loftier inspiration. By vigilant economy, he saved about thirty dollars with which to attend the State Normal School for a few months. What a sacrifice that paltry sum of silver represented!—a sum that almost any man of fashion would squander in an evening's entertainment, and yet it was the very light and life of an invincible spirit! That was four years ago. The intervening years have witnessed repetitions of that sacrifice. For the past year he has served as night watchman at the institution he attends as a student. The midnight hour always finds him at his post of duty. In a humble cottage not far distant, his wife busily sews far into

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each night. A few months ago, a generous, warm-hearted citizen of New York, a member of the Ogden party attending the Southern Educational Conference, heard this story in all its details, and witnessed the silent but determined struggle of this resolute man and his devoted wife. A week later, a check for fifty dollars came from a New York office for the one-armed night watchman of the State Normal School.

Richard Hampton is a typical North Georgia mountaineer, with a character not unlike that of his native mountains, under whose shadows he spent his boyhood. He comes from a section of the state where educational facilities have always been limited, and represents a class of people whose chief need is good schools. The humble home of his parents nestled among the spurs of the Blue Ridge, and for miles around stretched the hills and valleys wherein a world of wealth awaited the developing touch of intelligence and capital. The responsibilities of a man were upon him while he was a barefoot boy. Neither school nor opportunity to attend school came into his boyhood life. He was a grown man before he had seen a locomotive, and the reading of a newspaper was a luxury rarely indulged in by even the more favored of his acquaintances. What little education he acquired was picked up here and there, but it had the effect of firing his youthful heart with an ambition that is about to be realized. He dreamed that some day he would be a teacher of his people, and he fully realized the amount of sacrifice it would require to enable him to reach his goal. Almost a score of years have passed since then. Without help from anyone, he has ascended, step by step. Many a heartache and many a pang of hunger have marked his advance. It required the labor of two years to furnish the scant savings necessary to defray his expenses at the State Normal School, and during those two years he lived on bread and water, with an occasional slice of bacon and a few vegetables. He reached the State Normal School, bringing his wife and child with him, and soon he will be a fully equipped teacher.



The "finished products" of the Asheville School

She Begged to Be Allowed to Do Any Kind of Work

During the spring of 1901, President Branson responded to a knock at his door, and saw a haggard, hollow-eyed, sallow-complexioned country girl. Her clothes were of the commonest material, and gave evidence of long service. The toil of years had left its lines upon a face that should have been bright and girlish. Hands that might have been soft and tender had been hardened by daily contact with plow handles. Eyes that should have sparkled had lost much of their luster. Yet, in spite of all this, the spark of worthy ambition still lived in her breast, and she had come, without a cent in money, to attend the State Normal School. It was a pathetic picture, and the president stood amazed for several minutes at the iron will of the simple country girl who stood before him. She gave her name as Ethel Horton, told him the brief story of her life, the many burdens she had borne, the weight of which would have crushed a less determined spirit, and, with tears streaming down her sunbrowned cheeks, begged the privilege of doing any kind of work to cover the expense of a term in school. A position as a servant in a neighboring boarding house was secured for her, where she cooked, sewed, and performed the most menial tasks, attending school all the time she could spare from her work. This employment lasted only a few months, and she came again to Mr. Branson, beseeching him for work. She expressed her perfect willingness to become a common servant, to scrub floors, to wash dishes, to perform any honorable task. She told him that it had always been her lot in life to do such work, and that, if she should return to the farm, it would be going back to a life of drudgery. The president found a suitable way in which to reward such heroism. At the expense of the faculty of the institution, a scholarship was founded for her benefit, and a complete transformation was wrought in her life.



They walked thirty miles to learn



Fresh from the mountains

Last autumn, a former normal-school student was teaching in a country school a few miles from Athens. One of her pupils was Susie Ferris, the eldest of six daughters of a tenant farmer. The teacher became interested in the welfare of her pupil, and, one afternoon, while in conversation with a prominent citizen of Athens, suggested the possibilities of the girl's life, if her mind should receive the proper training. A few days later, the citizen drove by the little farm and noticed the young girl at work in the cotton field. Before she was aware of his presence, he was at her side, watching the tender fingers as they deftly picked from the rough bolls the snowy staple. A blush suffused her countenance as she turned and beheld the stranger, and the embarrassment increased when he asked her questions of her home life, her opportunities, and her ambitions. The stranger drove on, and the girl returned to her work with redoubled energy. Afterwards, as she trudged homeward, her thoughts dwelt upon a life of wider scope and higher usefulness than that to which poverty had bound her. The citizen sat in his elegant home that night, surrounded by his happy family, enjoying all the advantages that success in business life affords. He looked at his own little girl busily engaged with her studies, unburdened with the cares of life, and a sympathy for the less fortunate called up the features of the patient, cheerful girl among the cotton rows. Before he retired a check was on its way to Mr. Branson, and the next day a new student, with happy heart and fixed purposes, entered the State Normal School.

▲ ▲

The Asheville Farm School

G. SUMNER BASKERVILLE
[*Superintendent*]

IN the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, the little town of Swannanoa is situated. It is a small place,—one of the many seemingly insignificant spots on a heavily dotted map, yet within its limits there exists one of the most strenuous schemes for education, one of the most ambitious undertakings for building up citizens, in all the world. It is the Asheville Farm School, whose pupils, ranging from youth to middle age, seem to have blossomed from a race unheard of in the great compound of the world. They are the children and grandchildren of the fathers and mothers who fled into the mountain fastnesses during the war times, many of whom have passed the majority of their years in crass ignorance. They come to us from the most inaccessible places in the mountains, where they work on farms. Many have walked from forty to seventy-five miles to attend this school. They come in, ragged and unkempt, the roughest of rough diamonds, but with one inevitable aim, to learn. One girl walked nearly seventy-five miles to study here. Some of these boys and girls have innocently acquired habits which are slow to correct. They learned to chew tobacco at an early age, and, until they came to the Asheville Farm School, they did not know the horror of it. Their manners were often as uncouth as their dress. Many had reached the mature age of eighteen years, and knew but little besides the alphabet.

The public-school system in western North Carolina has been very deficient. In some districts, a school would be open only two months in a year, while in others there would be no school. Imagine the result of years of such a system. Illiteracy increased at an alarming rate.

Many boys come to us at the ages of eighteen and nineteen years who cannot read or write. Their minds, though naturally good, are dulled from lack of training, and also, in many cases, from the use of tobacco from babyhood. But after a few months of careful training they are aroused from their long lethargic state and make excellent progress, sometimes accomplishing two years' work in one. The school is under the control of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and is supported by contributions from churches and individuals.

The class-room work does not reach higher education, but boys who complete the course are prepared to enter a high school. The industrial work is an important part of the training received here. All the housework as well as farm-work is done by the boys, under the direction of experienced foremen and matrons. Each boy is required to work three hours a day during the school year, and about forty remain through the summer and work all day, compensation for which is applied on their tuition.

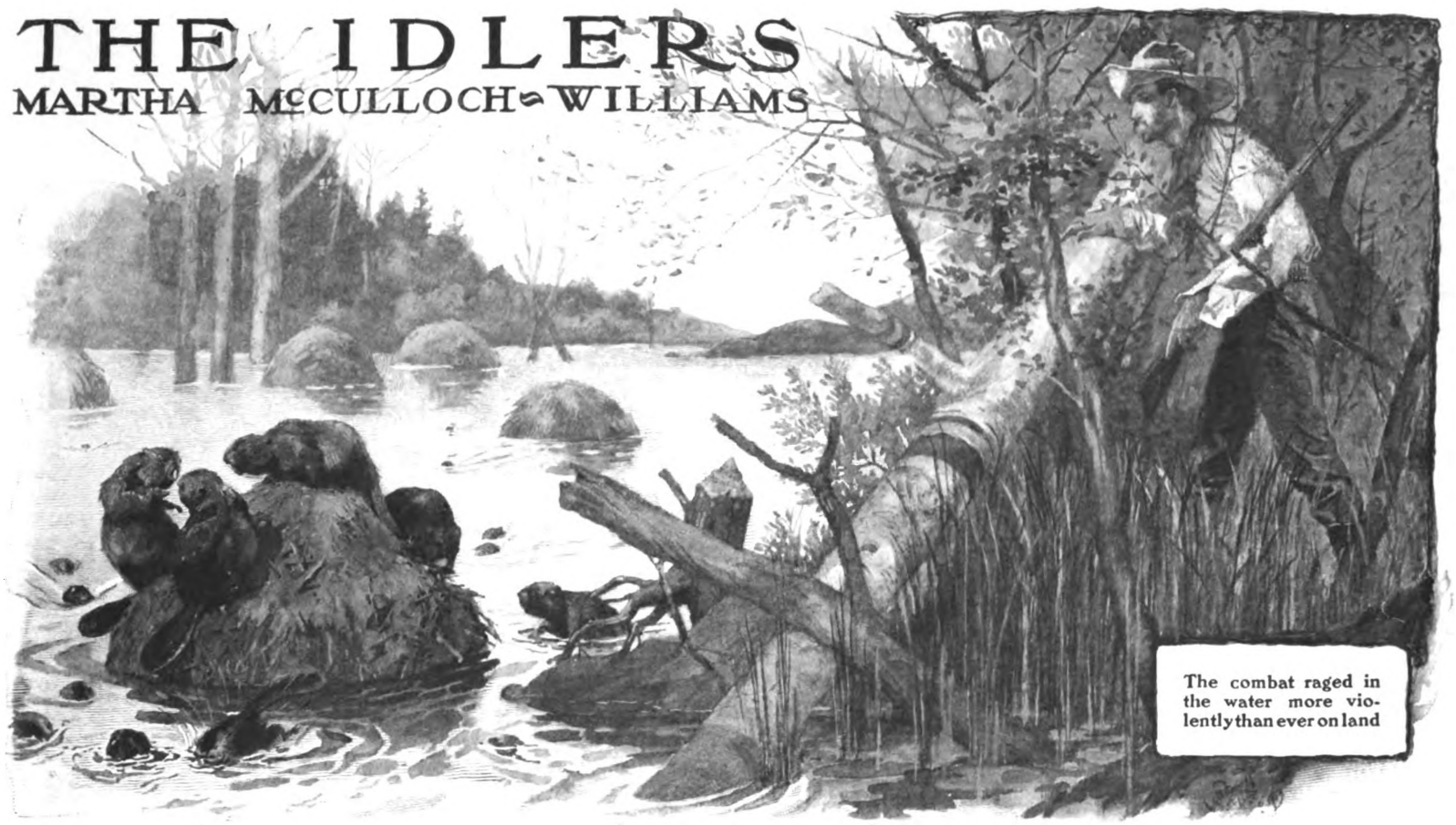
With four hundred acres, there is plenty to do. The boys work in the fields, and they also wash, iron, sweep, make beds, and set tables as neatly as a woman could. Full-grown young men polish silverware, peel potatoes, and bake bread. Eighty loaves is the daily baking. They can also make cakes and crackers. A boy who comes to the Asheville Farm School when he is sixteen or eighteen years old, and remains until he has completed the course, is one who really wants an education. What if he is six feet tall? What if he can only read in the First Reader? He is not ashamed to begin at the beginning, and we admire him for it. I know a boy who studied his lessons as he sat by the oven watching the bread bake. Others take their books with them to the pump-house, boiler-room, or engine-room. So they work and study, working at extra times to make a little money for clothing, for most of them have to struggle against poverty, and it is a pull up-stream all the way.

Several years ago, a boy of sixteen walked forty miles over rough mountain roads to enroll; spending his summers here, but sometimes walking back to see his family. Beginning at one of the lowest rounds of the ladder, he climbed to the top. He is a born orator, and at commencement his essay was so good and so well delivered, and his whole bearing so manly, that a lady in the audience became interested and offered to help him through college. He has now spent two years at a good college, and works through vacation to make money to help meet his expenses. Another of our boys won a scholarship at college last year. Some of our graduates are at other schools, while others are holding good positions.

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THE IDLERS

MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS



The combat raged in the water more violently than ever on land

THE Valley of Many Waters lies at the far edge of beyond. The wilderness is still supreme in it. Otherwise it could not have harbored the idlers. Three of them lived in a burrow,—a rambling, scrambling, makeshift affair in the river bank, with the mouth opening well under water. The fourth, who walked upright and sometimes communed aloud with himself, was not in much better case. His shelter was a big hollow tree, and his bed the dead leaves storm-drifted inside it. He himself had come to it over the mountains, much as a leaf is wafted in a strong gale. The hills, which cup themselves to shape the valley, rise northerly into a mountain range where treasure hunters stray. Easterly and westerly they sink to fading ridges which by and by melt into the level country. The ridges are fairly wooded, and well grassed. The valley proper is thick with trees. Every manner of forest growth flourishes there, but at the waterside there are, for the most part, cottonwoods and willows. Springs burst out all along the slope-sides, sending each a water thread to join the main stream. Some threads lose themselves in mucky marshlets, full of rampant water-growths, beloved of the deer. Because deer came to feed on them the upright idler excused his presence,—to himself, albeit, in his heart of hearts, he knew it was only an excuse.

If only he had been as wise in other ways as in woodcraft!—but speculation is vain. He had done pretty nearly everything,—a bit of trapping among the rest. He had no more than uncinched his pack-burro, and built his fire, than he was aware of his neighbors. It was mid-April; the snows were only fairly melted on the mountain slopes, and waters everywhere were running blue and bold. A sapling, flood-felled, swung upon the water in front of his tree-house, anchored by a single root still fast in the bank. Twigs and boughs of it had been cut off clean, as with the sharpest hatchet. Here and there the trunk itself was gnawed partly through.

Bruce Ware, the man, understood. The starveling burrow folk were either too weak or too lazy to gnaw down trees for themselves, in proper beaver fashion, too hungrily desperate to be frightened wholly from a flood-fall even by the scent of their archenemy, man. They would not be hungry long,—only until the water plants came up lush and strong. The idlest beaver that ever swam would find it no more than play to forage in the marshlets, cropping and clipping, and now and then snatching out tidbits of tender, juicy roots. That would be bad for him, for deer are delicate feeders, and beavers notoriously taint the herbage wherever they pass. To offset the possible loss, there was the certain profit of their own skins,—not as they were then, dull, faded, rusty-ragged, but later, when fur and flesh were at full prime. He could afford to wait,—living, with him, was but waiting for time to make an end of things. His pack, there in the dryest spot of the tree, held enough flour, salt, and bacon for a sparing summer, even if he chose not to fire a shot.

He flung himself flat beside the fire, smothered the flames with a handful of earth, and lay with his chin in his hands, looking steadily at the water. It was so still he could hear the burro, staked out on the nearest slope, contentedly cropping short, new grass. Where the sapling swung, the stream was glassy-smooth, but, a little lower down, it ran like a mill-race through a clean stone channel, brawling the least bit as it ran. Undervoicing it there was a tremor of sound, something felt, rather than heard. Marking the tremor, Ware nodded faintly. "I thought so!" he said, half aloud. "The beaver dam is less than a mile away,—else I could not hear the tune the water sings going over."

He moved as if to sit up, but checked himself. The sun still shone. Long, level beams shot across the western hills. Glinting on the water, they showed three tiny moving islets, that to Ware's trained vision quickly resolved themselves into eyes and noses of beaver. Half holding his breath he watched the creatures swim to the sapling, nip off each a remnant branch and paddle with it to the opposite bank. There they climbed upon a bare ledge, shook themselves the least bit, and sat upon their haunches, holding the twigs up to be barked with their fingered forepaws. They ate ravenously, gnawing and crunching the bark furiously. Ware did not wonder, for they were little more than skeletons.

As the last peeled twig dropped into the water, Ware half rose. Instantly the beavers went out of sight, plunging and swimming furiously down stream. Ware smiled grimly, but sighed in almost the same breath. "Do n't believe I shall ever hurt you fellows," he said, nodding toward the bubbles on the water that marked the line of flight. "I know your sort,—you're bachelors, same as I am. Why should n't we be idlers, if the exigencies of society—beaver and human,—deny us wives and lodges of our own?"

His gun held well in the hollow of his arm, he strolled down stream. Presently, the racing water lost itself in a broad lapping sheet, whose mirror-spread was broken, on either side, by young trees, rank on rank, with, here and there, lanes and alleys cut through, and now and then a felled trunk lodged against one still standing. The dam seemed to be an old one, for a few dead trunks still marked the line of earliest overflows. As the trees there were exhausted, the beavers had built it higher and higher, and in wider spread. Now it reached at least two hundred yards, and was taller than the tallest man. It ran straight through the slack water, but, where it struck full current, curved in against it in shape like a crescent moon. Evidently, in spite of the saving curve, last year's floods had cut through it, for there was a gap midway bare of the vagrant growths rooted in the rest of it, and helping to hold it firm.

Ware understood. A broken dam is the calamity of calamities to the lodge people. With no water in the ditch round about the lodges, every lodge-mouth is uncovered, every lodge-mother and her sucklings at the mercy of the merciless wolverines. While the other beavers gnawed madly, or towed gnawed sticks to place, or grouted mud and moss to mortar, pounding it firm with their flat tails, he seemed to see the idlers doing nothing whatever to help,—not even cutting their own twigs, but plundering laggardly from the common store. No doubt the workers left them undisturbed until the dam stood tight and stanch with the saving mirror-sheet brimming over it. Then, and then only, they fell upon the lazy fellows, tail and paw, trouncing them, jouncing them, and buffeting them so roughly away from the pond that not one had dared since to wet a foot in it.



"He did, in truth, idle even more industriously than the beavers"

Ware had trapped gangs of such idlers more than once,—he had, moreover, the word of old trappers that they were always bachelors, beaten out of heart and spirit in the yearly fighting for mates. What wonder they turned sulky? The real marvel was that, thus cast out, they haunted the vicinage of the lodge, freezing, almost starving, sometimes quite starving, within hail of their

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luckier fellows, lying snug in the warm lodges, each in his separate bed. It seemed the lodge people, at the least, might tolerate them,—but how should things of the wild be kinder than men? Ware asked himself mentally the question; then, without answering it, he began to count the lodges. Twenty, if there was one! He would certainly stay and guard his find until it was time to take the skins, then go for a trapper he knew how to reach. There was fur enough to keep two men comfortable a winter through.

"Anyway, I need do nothing all summer," Ware said to himself as he went back to camp. Dusk was falling. The burro, scenting his master, brayed plaintively in welcome. Ware staked him afresh within the circle of flickering firelight, broke an armful of budded boughs, and said, as he flung them under the beast's nose, gently tweaking a long ear as he spoke: "Work is for asses, Frisco,—asses for work. I wonder if you will be unhappy, with nothing to do all summer long?"

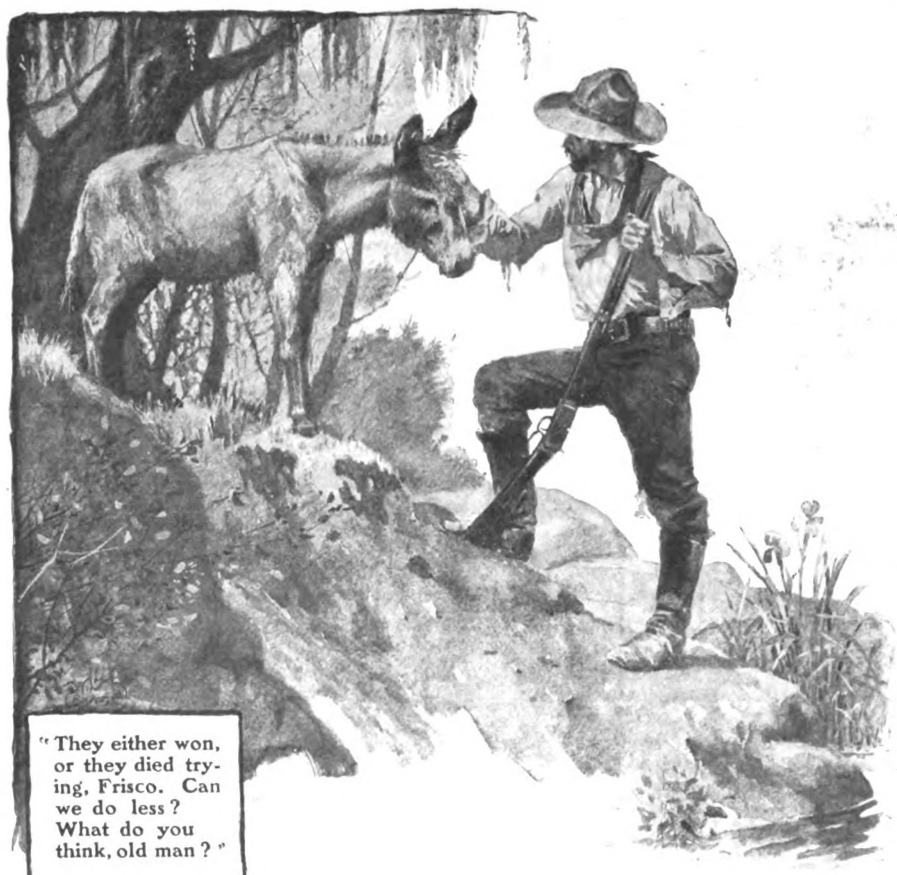
Frisco thrust a velvet, mealy muzzle into his master's hand, whickering very low, very gently. Ware smiled at the beast, whimsically. "If you were worth stealing, or selling, or even killing, I should not own you," he said; "but, since you mean something in the future, I must n't take a chance of having you gobbled by a mountain lion, or even a hungry bear. Four months, at least, of lordly loafing, Frisco! Afterwards!—well, we shall see—what we shall see!"

Time ambled withal, though the first of the month was grass weather,—rainy and rawish despite the sunbursts between showers. Frisco waxed fat almost visibly; inevitably he also kicked in pure prankish delight. In a week he was so accustomed to the place that Ware neither staked nor hobbled him, save when he set out to watch his neighbors of the burrow. Frisco had fallen in the way of following wherever he went, and could not be taught the crowning virtue of silence. His braying sent the burrow folk scuttering out of sight. Ware watched them with a growing sense of comradeship, rejoicing to see them grow sleek and full-colored, and still more delighted when their mounting spirits led them now and again to fight among themselves. The watching was not easy; if it had been he would hardly have cared for it. He had to lie like a log, with the wind blowing toward him, hardly winking an eyelash, if they were on shore. They had a slide fifty yards below his tree; if he stirred incautiously they went down it in furry flashes, vanishing under water as if by magic.

This they did through the first month. By midsummer they seemed to accept him as a feature of the landscape. All three sometimes went upon the bank above their burrow, sat a while dressing their coats in plain sight of him, then waddled into the water, poised themselves, gave it a splattering thump with their flat, well-scaled tails, and went under head first, to come up a few yards off, swimming with long strokes of their powerful, webbed hind feet. Sometimes Ware broke willow boughs and dropped them in the smooth water; sometimes, also, he cut down for them cottonwood saplings. The idlers cut up the cottonwood, eating the bark to the last fiber, but they quite disdained the willow twigs,—possibly because springing, untouched willow shoots were so plenty in the marshlets.

Ware smiled grimly to see the willows drifting untouched. Much solitude had made him fall in the way of talking to himself aloud. Naturally, he also talked to the burrow folk quite as though they understood every word. "You are mighty human,—enough to make me hate you,—almost!" he said, lying well over the burrow mouth, and shouting down at the water above it. "Now that you are well fed as you are so lazy, you affect to be dainty. It was different last winter. Then you took whatever Fate and the floods provided. I wonder how it will be next winter? To live through it, you must steal, starve, or emigrate. Which will you do?"

All the idlers slept late,—no doubt because they waked so much after dark. By daylight, the burrow folk kept well to their own territory; but, as dusk fell, they often went half flopping down the shrunken waters of the race-way, halting always at the edge of the pond. Ware, following stealthily, laughed to see the halting. "You are big enough, and strong enough, now, to give the king of the lodgers an argument," he said, nodding to them where they sat sniffing and making little eager, half whimpering noises: "but you do n't do it! Good boys! Lodges mean work,—and slavery. We four are idlers,—idlers,—and free!"



"They either won, or they died trying, Frisco. Can we do less? What do you think, old man?"

He did, in truth, idle even more industriously than the beavers. It was but rarely that he did so much as to shoot a grouse or squirrel for food. He was either prone at the waterside, watching his amphibious neighbors, or else strolling aimlessly about the slopes, with Frisco in his wake. Now and again, he scanned the distant melting mountain line, and smiled grimly at thought of the other men, moiling and delving there. They spent themselves seeking fortune, when no fortune could give much more than he himself possessed, solely for the taking.

If he chose to go back and be of them, he could almost certainly strike it rich. When coming into the valley, he had found rich float,—so much of it that he knew the mother-lode could not be remote. He had hardly halted for it. Riches would mean only going back to the world that had bruised and beaten him. Better, a hundred times better, the delights of vagrancy under sun and moon and stars! Ten years back he would have chosen the other course,—but was any man strong enough to blot out what time had wrought?

The days he gave to the lodge people were, in the main, wasted. Occasionally he saw a floating nose, very often he heard the splattering splash before a dive, now and again he surprised a feeding group,—a mother beaver leading her last year's young about. But always the groups went headlong down some one of the many slides. Plainly the colony was a big one,—it might yield a hundred skins, yet not be depopulated. Ware wondered a bit if the remnant would leave the town, and still more if his friends of the burrow would go back to it. He was resolved not to harm them;—the trapping should be done in the pond, or below it where they did not venture. As to the others, he had no scruple. Life was, at best, a scramble, either for men or beavers, and death by the trap was as good an end as any other.

Thus, consciously, he meditated, until the ripeness of late summer lay upon the valley. Unconsciously Ware had gained in health of body and mind. He was no longer tensely morbid;—he could even look back to the crumbling of his world, without a roaring in his ears, and seeing all things red. He was still idle, still comrade-kind toward the other idlers, but his scorn of the lodge people waxed fainter. He wavered when he thought of the trapper, asking himself if, after all, the game would be worth the candle. Still he had not definitely given over his early purpose. Unless he held to it, he hardly saw how he should get through the next winter. There was no need to decide for another month at least. There lay his comfort. Meantime, Fate herself took up the cards.

Certainly it was Fate that made him follow his fellow idlers upon that late afternoon when they went racketing down the race-way, and, instead of halting at slack water, swam boldly into the pond. There they kept together, swimming in slanting line, the biggest and stoutest fellow well in the lead. Presently they began to zigzag the broadening water, uttering, now and then, little shrill cries. The wind blowing up stream brought to them scent of their kinfolks, keen and burning. It drove them half wild,—beyond fear, or foreboding. With a long circling sweep, they made for the bank nearest the lodges, scrambled out on it, and sat upright, shrilling out hoarse challenges.

The lodge people were ready for them. In a wink they were surrounded,—all that Ware could see, shortly, was a struggling, squirming, furry mass, rolling over and over. Presently the combat raged in the water,—and there more violently than ever on land. Splashing, gurgling, wheeling, diving, coming up where least expected, the idlers kept at it until the pond was churned to foam. Ware watched breathlessly. He had no thought but to see the venturous fellows come up stark and dead from some of the dives. Certainly the whole power of the lodge people was too much for them. Certainly, also, it had rallied against them. But, by and by, the waters grew still,—the rising moon showed no fugitives,—he even fancied that, in the cries and shrill chatterings, he could distinguish the peculiar note of the smallest and laziest among his idlers.

He went home pondering deeply, not to sleep, but to think things out. About sunrise he fell heavily asleep and did not wake until nearly noon. He went straight to the burrow. Nothing had gone in or out of it. The leafy boughs he had crowded into the mouth stood undisturbed. As he noted it he smiled, not cynically, as was his wont, but with something of whimsical delight. Then he turned and took Frisco's face between his hands, saying, while the burro nipped at his ragged sleeve, "They either won, or died trying, Frisco, those other idlers, who have kept us two in countenance. Can we do less? What do you think, old man? I say we ought to be out of this and over the mountains, next week."



Moiling and delving there

* * * *

They went, but not to stay. In a fortnight they were back as far, at least, as the trail of float. Frisco bore a load much weightier than

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at first, but he did not mind that,—he ambled at the heels of Nig, his black, winter stall-mate. Nig also carried a pack, with many odd-shaped things dangling and jangling outside. Ware walked ahead of the burros, with a companion who knew not trapping. They spoke little and looked much. By and by they began to dig and pound. Then, one day, when both were spent and breathless, they dropped picks and drills, threw up their slouch hats, and wrung their hands as if they could never let go.

For a full minute they could not speak. At length, reverently bending his bare head, the other man said: "Thank God, who gave us victory! Bruce, you are going home Christmas, to straighten everything,—and marry that girl. I did not tell you earlier,—it would have been too cruel. She has been waiting for you, in spite of everything, all these years."

Ware hid his face, swallowing hard. When at length he could speak, he said,—tossing up a gleaming nugget, and catching it as it fell: "If you like, we'll call the mine 'The Idler.' I believe in giving honor where honor is due."

The Idler is still a paying proposition, with millions to its credit, and other millions in sight. Bruce Ware owns half of it,—and the girl he left behind in turn owns him. With some parts of the millions he guards the Valley of Many Waters. The lodge folks will be sole lords of it, as long as he lives, for he resolved to be their benefactor.



"The Baby's Toilet," by Elizabeth Nourse



"A Little History," by Mary Shepard Green



"Confidence," by Mrs. Ruth H. Moore

American Women Artists in the Paris Salon of 1902

Comtesse de Montaigu

IT has frequently been urged that woman in the arts and sciences has been a dire failure. However, those fortunate enough to visit the Paris *Salon* will be forced to reverse such an ungenerous opinion, and must fain acknowledge the fact that she has conquered for herself an enviable position in the domain of art.

She is no longer an anomaly in the *Quartier Latin*, as she once was, and is a worthy exponent of the progress of her sex. She has earned for herself the respect of her own and her foreign *confrères*, by her self-reliance, modesty, and strength of purpose, and is a worthy rival of her masculine competitors, having demonstrated her ability to cope with them and to have her pictures hung side by side with those of the great modern masters.

Many of These Artists Have not Won without Hard Work

Many of these women have won their way slowly, and suffered in silence, feeling that, in the end, they would reach the goal for which they have toiled. The greater proportion have studied patiently under renowned teachers, and have derived their inspiration from the paintings in historic galleries. Many, by strenuous endeavor, have received well-merited honors, while others struggle uncomplainingly, awaiting the time when they may be crowned with the laurels of victory. More than a few of the favored ones have sold their pictures to foreign governments, and have seen them hung in national galleries, where they will go down to posterity and show how the woman of the New World asserted her right to a place with the great ones of the earth.

Some of the women whose works are reviewed in this article are well known to those interested in art, while others will soon be recognized through their *Salon* canvases.

In the former category is Miss Elizabeth Nourse, whose charming studies of humble life are known everywhere, in foreign countries as well as in her own. There is a freshness and individuality about her paintings which attract the attention and admiration even of those who do not appreciate them in an artistic sense. Early imbued with a taste for art, Miss Nourse, who claims Cincinnati as the city of her nativity, entered the Art Academy there and pursued her studies with zeal. Later, she longed for the advantages to be reaped in the schools of Paris, and took up her residence in that city. She became a pupil of Carolus Duran, of Henner, and of the *Académie Julian*. Miss Nourse has the honor of being a member of the *Societé des Beaux Arts*. Her works have been awarded medals at the Paris *Salon*, the World's Fair, at Chicago, and other places.

This year she is represented at the *Beaux Arts* by not fewer than five canvases, that form a most interesting group, and demonstrate her versatility. One of these is here reproduced. It gives but an imperfect idea of the beauty of the work, the coloring being lost, although the drawing and composition are well illustrated. It is an exquisite little bit of lowly life and worthy of the genius of the painter, who, in a remarkable degree, possesses the power of idealizing everyday subjects, and of investing them with a poetic interest.

"*La Toilette de Bébé*" will appeal to every heart: the tender expression of the mother's features and the innocent chubby face of the little child environed with a halo of yellow radiance are depicted in the true spirit of art. Besides the exhibit in oils, this talented and industrious painter contributes several excellent drawings and *aquarelles*.

Another woman whose name is fast becoming famous, and who has distinguished herself along similar lines, is Miss Elizabeth Kruseman van Elten, whose "Expatriates," showing a group of Italian models in Paris, is illustrative of the lady's talent in this direction. In another style is the charming little composition entitled "At Close of Day." In the foreground is a peasant woman with her two children. She is following her husband, who is plodding homeward after the day's work is done, looking forward to the rest afforded by the little cottage in the distance. It is an idyl of repose, the poetry of even the lowliest. The figures are drawn with great spirit and are instinct with life; the color scheme is delightful.

This youthful artist is the daughter of a talented father, and is imbued with imagination and creative genius. On the threshold of her career she has scored a number of triumphs and is destined to accomplish still greater things. While essentially a portraitist, Miss van Elten has won honors in other fields. She has been a faithful student of the *Académie Julian* and of Colorassi.

In pleasing contrast to these figure painters is the work, *en pleine aire*, of Miss Della Garretson, a painstaking and rising artist, who, for the first time, has secured a place on the walls of the *Salon*.

"An Autumn Day" is a delicious symphony, in mellowed autumnal tints of reds, yellows, and browns, indicating a fine appreciation of color values. This unpretentious little picture is extremely simple in composition, but shows consummate art in its execution. It represents a stiff line of trees along a country road, a typical French landscape.

Miss Garretson demonstrates the fact that she is proficient in another field, that of portraiture. The reproduction that is here given is a likeness of her sister, a strong and well-drawn portrait which owes its excellence to bold brushwork and well-managed coloring in a low key. The effects are produced without clap-trap methods or garish contrasts. Miss Garretson has undoubtedly the gift of expressing character.

Ohio is this artist's birthplace, and the Detroit Museum of Art is her *alma mater*. She has also studied at the New York Academy of Design. Both sisters are talented and intend to visit Cuba soon in order to paint landscapes and people. They have traveled extensively through Europe.

Miss Dillaye's Delicate Etchings Have Been widely Noticed

As an etcher, Miss Blanche Dillaye has long held a distinguished rank, although she is equally successful as a painter in water colors. By birth a New Yorker, Miss Dillaye is the daughter of French parents. Perhaps because of this fact she has a predilection for a foreign environment, living abroad the greater part of her time.

At an early age she showed talent, and was admitted to the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Preferring etching as a mode of expression, she soon became noted for the qualities which have since made her famous, and is one of the best known among a group of women etchers. Her work, exhibited at the New York Etching Club, is conspicuous on account of its strength, directness, and firmness, allied to delicacy of touch. Miss Dillaye has also shown her etchings at the Society of Painters and Etchers, London, as well as at the Paris *Salon*, for a number of seasons. She was the chairman of etching at the Woman's Auxiliary of Pennsylvania, at the

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Portrait of Miss L. Garretson, by Della Garretson



"Reverie," by Inez Abernethy



"At Close of Day," by Elizabeth F. K. Van Elton

Columbian Exposition, and was also awarded a medal at the Atlanta Exposition. She was the first president of the Plastic Club, and one of the brightest members of the Water Color Club of New York and Philadelphia.

In Miss Dillaye's work, one sees the influence of her wanderings in many lands; the quaintness of Holland landscapes; the quiet village life in provincial France; the sleepy towns in Norway, and the quietude of English woods.

The accompanying illustration represents a characteristic scene in Holland. In no other country are there such queer old houses, and this depicts one which appears as if erected with a special view to its pictorial side. The bulging front seems to be toppling over into the sluggish waters of the canal; alongside is moored a typical fishing smack, and in the distance looms the inevitable windmill, without which no Dutch landscape is complete.

In the little etching are combined some of the salient qualities of Miss Dillaye's work. The entire freedom from affectation and labored effects creates an interest in this sketch of Holland scenery.

The Canvases of Miss Mary Shepard Green Have Rare Individual Charm

"*Un Petite Histoire*" is the title of Miss Mary Shepard Green's graceful canvas. The lithe and youthful figure of a girl is extended upon a straight-backed settle in somewhat of a Recamier pose. She is intently occupied in the perusal of a book. The turn of the head, the careless attitude, and the flesh tints of throat and face, are all admirably rendered. The diaphanous quality of the girlish costume is skillfully worked out, as are also the accessories of the room. Miss Green's work must commend itself to those who recognize the true in art. Technical dexterity and a fine discrimination of color are attributes of this conscientious artist's work. She has a rare idea of grace and great strength of treatment.

Miss Green's canvas has a charm all its own, and is essentially womanly, while at the same time it is not lacking in character. Hailing from New England, her first training was in Brooklyn, under Professor Whittaker, from whom she received much encouragement. Afterwards she came under the influence of Herbert Adams, and, after pursuing her studies with that renowned artist, she went to Paris, where she was received as a pupil by Raphael Collin. She has exhibited at Omaha, Pittsburg, and at the *Salon*. Her first picture, called "*Un Regard Fugitif*," won for her a medal of the third class.

Arkansas is the birthplace of Miss Inez Abernethy, who made her *début* at the *Salon* this season. Happily for this initial attempt, her painting was hung on the line, receiving much favorable criticism from the art reviewers of Paris and London. This came as a glad surprise to the young artist, and was but a fitting recognition of a woman of genius. Miss Abernethy's talent was developed at the Art Academy of Cincinnati, and, after assiduous devotion to her studies, she decided to enter the schools of Paris. In that city she became a pupil of Colorassi and Raphael Collin. Figures are Miss Abernethy's forte, her recent painting at the *Salon*, called "Reverie," having received great commendation. It represents the full-length figure of a young girl, seated, with a background of dull blues and yellows. The attitude is reposeful, and the transparent white dress against the tapestry ground is happily conceived. A springtide freshness pervades the picture, the figure and its surroundings being admirably disposed.

"Confidence," by Mrs. Ruth Huntington Moore, is one of those compositions in which the touch of nature creates a universal interest. It represents an inevitable phase in every girl's life, the first love letter. The scene is laid in a fisherman's cottage, on the northern coast of France. The humble, yet effective environment is true to the life. The standing figure is interesting and graceful, while the face of the woman in the chair is replete with friendly intent. It is an everyday story charmingly told.

Georgia is the state from which Miss Mary Franklin comes. She early became an *élève* of the Pennsylvania Academy of Art, and studied abroad under Deschamps, Geoffroy, and Collin. She has always worked with men who knew how to paint, and has profited by the interest they have shown in her work.

"*Dans l'Eglise de Bagneux*" is a fine production. The details are well worked up, and it is typical of the painter's style. The interior of the somber old church, with its perspective of gothic pillars with the lights and shadows pleasingly indicated, is painted with an eye to effect. A touch of human interest is afforded by the spirited figures of the little altar boys, in cassock and surplice, who appear to be much exercised over a smoking censer. This artist reveals technical strength allied with poetic sentiment. Miss Franklin is equally strong in portraiture, as is evidenced by a picture of herself, which indicates her ability to express character. As a draughtsman and colorist, Miss Franklin is equally gifted, her work having no weak points.

Mrs. Leonora Healy Exhibited at the Salon, after only Three Years' Study

While it cannot be asserted that talent can be inherited from a father-in-law, its influence may be felt. George P. A. Healy, the eminent portrait painter, might well be proud of his son's wife, who has but recently made her bow to the public. Having been only for three years a student of art, she has demonstrated her fitness for such a career, for Mrs. Leonora Healy's modest little canvas has much merit. It is a skillfully painted bit of still life, quite devoid of the chromo-lithograph qualities incident to this style of painting. With great tact Mrs. Healy has avoided these unpleasing attributes, and has succeeded in depicting fruit not too highly colored for nature and producing a delicious harmony of tones. It is fruit idealized; in the midst of more pretentious canvases it has arrested the notice of connoisseurs. Mrs. Healy has been fortunate enough to dispose of her work, Dendon, the well-known collector, and the Rothschilds having acquired a number of her canvases.



"An Autumn Day," by Della Garretson



"A Still Life Study," by Mrs. Leonora Healy



"A Holland Scene" An etching, by Blanche Dillaye

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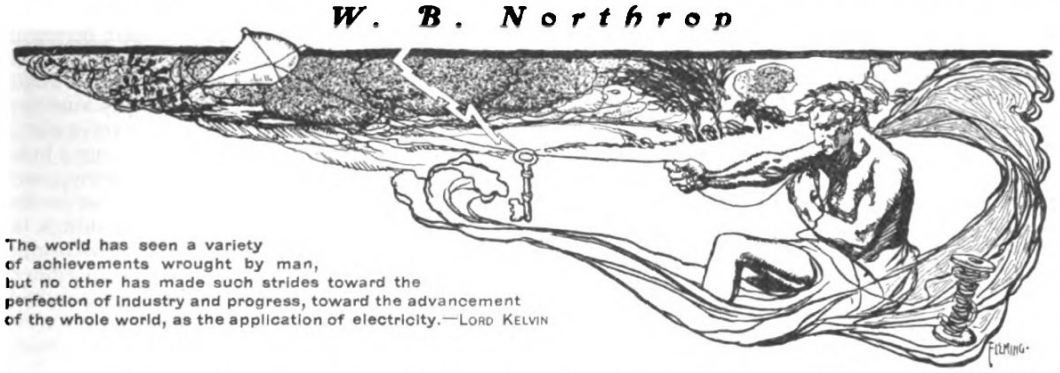
[Copyright, 1902, by W. B. Northrop]



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, in their home at West Orange, New Jersey

The Unknown Edison

W. B. Northrop



The world has seen a variety of achievements wrought by man, but no other has made such strides toward the perfection of industry and progress, toward the advancement of the whole world, as the application of electricity.—LORD KELVIN

WHILE the inventions of Thomas A. Edison keep him constantly in the public eye, as a man in private life he is comparatively unknown. If you should see him in his laboratory, buried deep in work, surrounded by battalions of machines and hosts of experimental appliances, dressed in his "shop clothes" spotted with chemicals, you would never suspect that, just seven hundred feet away, a palatial home awaits him.

Ten years ago he was an undomesticated man. His workshop and his chemical laboratory held such powerful sway over his mind that he was only supremely happy when "up to his eyes" in work. Gradually, almost insidiously, the "wizard" has been weaned away from the weaving of his spells, and now a new and more potent power than ever before controlled him has gained its mastery over him. This is the power of love. Though the great inventor even now works as few men of his age and accomplishments are in the habit of doing, the last few years have seen a steady relaxation of his toil. The time has passed when he was wont to lock himself in a room and work sixty hours at a stretch without taking more than an hour's sleep at various intervals in that time.

Mrs. Edison Is also an Inventor of Good Ability

When Mr. Edison toils now, there is one who shares his labors with him. It is Mrs. Edison, his second wife. She is the daughter of John Miller, who invented the famous Miller mowing machine, and inherits a great deal of inventive ability. It is through this additional bond of genius that they are united. She is a helpmeet in the true sense of the word. It is said that they are now working on an invention which they will patent jointly.

Whether Mrs. Edison intends to participate in one of her husband's inventions or not, she takes more than passing interest in all of his affairs, and has acquired, through her association with him, a vast amount of electrical and mechanical knowledge. When Mr. Edison met Miss Miller, twelve years ago, he was at the beginning of his fame. It was one of the most intensely busy periods of his career, his work engaging nearly every moment of his time.

His Home-life Has Become Necessary to His Work

An amusing story is told of the great inventor's first marriage. Shortly after the ceremony, he was called away to his laboratory on an important experiment. He plunged into the work. At midnight, one of his friends called to see him. He had just accomplished the object of his labors, and was preparing to quit work.

"I guess I'd better go home," he said, as he hurried into his coat, and jammed his hat down on his head; "you know I was married to-day."

The days of complete absorption in work have passed for him. His home-life has become necessary to him. Though he has had one or two relapses of "working fever,"—when he steadfastly refused to be moved from the laboratory by Mrs. Edison's persuasions,—he has reached the period when he is glad to go to his home. Much honor is due to the woman who has wrought so marvelous a change in her husband. Those who knew Mr. Edison best predicted that his present wife would soon become a secondary consideration in his life. They are, from all accounts, mistaken.



Mr. Edison's New Storage Battery [See page 518]

The interest which she has compelled her husband to take in his home has resulted in bringing to the inventor a happiness which few mortals possess. In the first place, his children are everything that a father's heart could desire. His eldest daughter, Madeline, is a beautiful girl who promises to be a still more beautiful woman. She is thirteen years old, tall, lithe of figure, and possessed of a wonderful amount of dignity.

Charlie, eleven years old, is the inventor's idol. The boy has already won a place in his father's regard because of his ingenuity and skill in mechanical contrivance. Besides being very apt in his studies, Charlie takes the keenest interest in all his father's affairs. He has studied his inventions, profited by them, and has started out on his own inventive career with great promise.

In this connection, a characteristic story is told of how Mr. Edison tested his son's ability. An old street-car with which the father had been experimenting stood in the yard of the laboratory. He had little use for it. Charlie conceived the idea of turning the car into an experimental station for testing some of his electrical and mechanical conceptions.

How Charlie Edison's Genius Moved a Street-Car

One day he said to his father: "May I have that old car that stands in the yard?"

"Yes; if you will take it away and get it up to the house," said the father, with a smile. He evidently thought that such a proposition would daunt the youthful experimenter. The Edison home is about seven hundred feet from the laboratory, and stands upon a hillside, the grades of which are very steep.

Many a man with plenty of mechanical power at his disposal would have withdrawn from an attempt to get the old car up the steep hill, but not so with Charlie Edison.

The next day, he appeared at the laboratory with an old white horse, a lot of rollers, and another boy to act as his assistant. He borrowed from the laboratory some jackscrews, and began to raise the car from its short strip of track. His father saw the initial stages of the performance, and wondered. He thought that Charlie might move the car across the level road in front of the laboratory, but expected him to give up when he should reach the steep hill. The lad went to work in a masterly fashion, got his car on its rollers, and moved it across the road. By working carefully for several days, moving the car a little at a time, and keeping it blocked so that it could not roll back down the hill, the boy gradually got the cumbersome vehicle, with its trucks and everything else intact, and without even a broken window, to the lawn in front of the Edison house.

But this did not satisfy him. He built a track for the car, and, before many weeks, had a successful single-car railroad in operation. He and his boy companions experimented to their hearts' content, and the railroad was kept in efficient working order until every experiment known to Charlie Edison had been tried. This exhibition pleased the senior Edison greatly.

"Charlie has a remarkable memory," Mr. Edison said to me not long ago. "He appears to take an interest in science, and works hard at whatever he undertakes." The father seemed to lay considerable stress on the size of Charlie's head, explaining that the boy already wears a hat "6⅞" in size,—a large number for a boy eleven years old. Mr. Edison's hat is "7¼" in size.

Little Theodore Delights in Making Experiments

Another extremely interesting member of the Edison household is Theodore, three years old. He is a great "mucker" when he gets into his father's chemical laboratory. Now, a "mucker" at the Edison laboratory is one who works and putters around with experiments. Little Theodore delights in nothing better than delving into his father's great jars, and pouring water or other liquids from one to the other. He has to be watched closely, as he is rather fearless when he begins experimenting.

Not long ago, it was Mr. Edison's usual practice to work in his laboratory on Sundays, owing to the fact that several inventions required almost constant attention. While he himself works,—from mechanical habit, it is presumed,—he does not like to see his children follow his example. An interesting episode occurred in his laboratory one Sunday morning. Mrs. Edison and little Theodore came down on their way to the Baptist church, at Llewellyn, New Jersey. Theodore

[*Concluded on pages 517 and 518*]

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There are two kinds of folded hands,—those that lie upon empty laps, and those that lie upon finished work.—JAMES BUCKHAM.

My Impressions of America

WU TING-FANG
[*Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of China to the United States*]

MY strongest impressions of the United States, and of its wonderful people, were made on my first visit, nearly six years ago; but now those impressions have crystallized into confirmed opinions; and while, in a few instances, a later acquaintance has led me to change some of them, yet, in the main, I have found that my prognostications were correct.

Americans are known, in whatever quarter of the world chance happens to throw them, by their marvelous self-reliance and independence. A typical American is never at a loss what to do with himself. If, by some enchantment, he were whisked away over night and set down in the middle of Timbuctoo, he would, doubtless, when he should awake the next morning, be astonished, but before luncheon he would be busily engaged in some business enterprise, so readily does he adapt himself to circumstances. In every instance he knows how to take care of himself, but perhaps the real secret of his success is that he knows how to make the most of his opportunities.

An American student usually realizes that education is the stepping-stone to achievement. He studies with the expectation of fitting himself for the profession or occupation he is ultimately to enter. He makes the most of himself as a student, that he may be able to make the most of himself in his chosen career. All through his course of study this idea is instilled into his mind, and the consequence is that he leaves his college or university well prepared to enter upon life's activities. He is sure of himself. I may also add that the schools of the United States, both public and collegiate, are the crowning glory of this young and great republic. No words can bestow upon them too high praise. No estimate can be put upon the good which they are accomplishing in training young women as well as young men for future usefulness. Systematic education is reaching its highest form in this country. Its results are so practical that the country cannot help but advance.

The intelligence of the average American is worthy of note. This, I take it, is due in large measure not only to the excellent schools, but also to the innumerable newspapers and other publications. I have found, in all parts of the country, that in every town of any size there is published a daily paper, and that the metropolitan publications circulate in the homes of the most remote corners of the land.

The ability to seize his opportunities, which is characteristic of the American, is seen in the business enterprises of the country. Its industrial machinery is adjusted to the production of its wealth on a scale of unprecedented magnitude. This is a valuable condition. American brains and American capital are reaching out to control the markets of the world, and, with good reason, other nations are watching the efforts with keen interest. China is but awakening to its vast possibilities, and more and more will she welcome the American merchant and American commerce within her borders. American enterprise is now building a railway from Hankow to Canton, and, no doubt, other roads will soon be building. China's rivers and harbors are to be improved, and there will be more and more demand for American steel, rails, and other products. In all of this, we can but hope that the liberal spirit which actuates the Chinese government in its treatment of Americans residing or trading in China will gradually have the effect of securing more liberal and just treatment for the Chinese in the United States.

A great career, though balked of its end, is still a landmark of human energy.—SMILES.

Building the Panama Canal

JOHN M. THURSTON
[*United States Senator from Nebraska*]

THAT congress will emerge from the little battles of sectional and personal interests, and stand as a unit for a great measure whose passage is demanded for the public welfare, was strikingly illustrated during its last session, when a bill to buy land for a canal across the Isthmus of Panama became a law. A number of senators and representatives preferred the Nicaragua route, and a strong belief prevailed in the South that, as it is within easier reach than the other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, it would, if chosen, result in greater advantage to that section. But when the opponents of the Panama route saw that their continued opposition would prevent congress from passing any canal measure, they relinquished their position,—a position that some of them had held for years, and joined with the others in enacting a law which will mean a wonderful facilitation of American commerce.

The fact that the Panama route is shorter than the Nicaragua route, by about thirty miles, was the chief one of the considerations which led congress to decide in favor of the former. Another argument that had weight in influencing the decision in favor of the Panama route was the clearing away of any danger of ill feeling that might arise in the minds of a greater or less number of Britons, if the other route should be chosen. Notwithstanding the fact that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has been abrogated by England, it probably would have caused friction and irritation, had it been decided to build a Nicaragua canal.

It is estimated that the expense of constructing the Panama Canal, including the forty million dollars to be paid to the French canal company, will be about twenty per cent. less than that of cutting a canal through the Nicaragua territory, but I do not think this matter of the smaller cost weighed much with congress. The feeling was general that the matter of even a considerable number of million dollars should not have much influence in the exceedingly important business of selecting the proper site for so great and enduring a public work. The subject of volcanoes was also touched upon in the arguments; but, since it was difficult to gather from the debates whether the volcanoes were in Nicaragua or Panama, the possibility of eruptions was not one of the major considerations in choosing the Panama route.

Great engineering difficulties will be encountered in the work of construction, but these would have been nearly or equally as great in Nicaragua. The chief drawback to the work in Panama will be the hot, moist, and debilitating climate. It will be impossible for men of northern blood to perform the vast amount of manual labor that will be necessary. Italians may be able to stand the climate, but as to that there is no certainty. The ideal labor for the locality is Chinese, but to employ the large numbers necessary would probably be impracticable on account of the opposition that would be manifested by the labor unions of this country. The latter would doubtless maintain that the employment of Chinese labor on the canal would create a precedent threatening to the American workingman, and this hypothesis would not be without reason. But the question of labor is chiefly one for the contractors to solve, and, of course, will find a solution.

It is impossible to foresee all the advantages that will accrue to the United States through the construction of this canal, but that they will be many and great there can be no doubt. It has been said that the Atlantic seaboard will be greatly benefited. This century will see the development of a great trade with the Orient, where the demand for American-made products is increasing. The people of the East will be able to procure these products with the great mineral wealth which as yet lies almost untouched in oriental territory. The canal will open this trade to the Atlantic Coast in addition to bringing the latter in close sea-touch with the Pacific Coast. The importance of the ports along the latter will certainly be greatly enhanced, and, because of the competition of the steamship lines, railroad freight rates across the country will probably be reduced, thus enabling the people to keep more of their money in their own pockets. The opening of this new route of communication between the East and the West will permanently increase the prosperity of the whole country.

It has been rumored that President Roosevelt is thinking of placing the management of the canal construction in the hands of Brigadier-General Leonard Wood. It seems to me that this would be a wise appointment. The influences sure to be brought to bear for awards of contracts will be many and strong; and the men placed in charge of the construction of the canal will be peculiarly liable to attack and insinuations by the suspicious: therefore, the man in chief charge of the work should be one in whose integrity, strength of character, and administrative ability, the American people have the fullest confidence. The building of the canal will call for the best work of many Americans. Aside from the question of manual labor, which will be a hard one to decide, there are many engineering projects which will demand the consideration of experienced men.

The first thing that the Americans who will be employed there must consider is health. They must study the hot, fever-breeding Panama climate and its conditions, and if they are strict regarding food and hygienic matters, their work will count.

He is the happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—GOETHE.

Education by the Way

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE
[*Author of "Parables of Life"*]

WHEN a man who has not been trained to notice trees, flowers, and birds, walks through the woods with John Burroughs, the nature-lover, he suddenly realizes his ignorance of the world in which he lives, and perceives, also, how easy it would be to know that world if he should pay attention to it. To know that world does not involve a long and expensive journey, absence from one's business, an elaborate set of text-books; it simply means that one shall really fasten his attention on the country about his own home, look at things instead of looking away from them, and train himself to notice carefully signs and forms and movements of life which he sees every day, but to which he gives no attention.

A man is fortunate if he can give up his youth entirely to the business of getting an education, but no man need remain uneducated because he is compelled to go to work while others are at school or college. There is no excuse, to-day, for the ignorant man; the man who can use his eyes and remains ignorant, no matter what his condition may be, remains ignorant by choice, not by necessity. No man need leave his work for one hour in order to gain an education; he can educate himself while he works. This is precisely what a great many of the best men have done. The story of American life, especially, is full of examples of boys and men who have turned a working life into a continuous school, and have passed from grade to grade in this school, not only with widening knowledge, but also with steadily increasing efficiency in their various trades and occupations. These men can be picked out of the crowd of workers who throng all the fields of labor because of their skill, their interest in what they are doing, and their abstinence from grumbling. They do not make the blunder of supposing that their conditions in life, their success or failure, are decided by other people; they have resolutely taken to heart the great, decisive truth that, while conditions have much to do with the choice of tools and a vocation, each man determines for himself how large or how small a man he will be, and how important or unimportant he will make himself to his employer, or in his vocation. If men were more intent upon making themselves masters of their work and less intent on getting the most they can in the way of wages, and giving the least they can in the way of labor and devotion, there would be a great addition to the ranks of those workers who are both successful and happy. The man who works simply for the wage at the end of the week, and only does what is necessary to get it, keeps himself down. The man who, in skill and devotion, is always ahead of the demands of his work, is on the highway to independence. He who would succeed must not only work, but educate himself as he works.

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The Editor's Talk With Young Men



INDECISION

A GREAT judge has said that, in deciding a case in which the evidence seems very clear, one is but casting up probabilities, after all, because absolute certainty is impossible to the finite mind of man. Yet all men must come to decisions constantly, and he who decides correctly, most frequently, is apt to be the most successful man. A prompt decision often puts into instant service all the character it has taken a lifetime to build up, as well as the knowledge it has taken years to acquire. Indecision is not only the cause of many failing to take advantage of the flood tide that leads to fortune, but it even adds to the danger of crossing a crowded street. For the formation of a habit of decision three things are required: sound principles, which enable one to decide what is right; knowledge, which enables one to decide about facts; and energy, without which there can be no decision at all.

To Those in a Hurry to Enter Business

THIS magazine is in receipt of many letters from middle-aged men expressing regret that they did not have opportunities to acquire an education in their youth, or that they failed to use the opportunities they had. In this large class are men of influence and wealth, dominating their communities and representing what most people suppose to be the high-water mark of success; but, the older they grow, the more poignant becomes their chagrin at the defects in their education. It is pathetic to witness a man of mature years, possessed of property and native talents, but handicapped by illiteracy or a lack of sufficient culture to enjoy the beauties of life. Such a person, if sensitive, is in constant fear of being humiliated by his defects, and in most cases he has at times a vague yearning for possibilities that he does not know how to gratify.

One of our great iron manufacturers, a man who is successfully controlling the labor of thousands of men, recently said that the best thing for a young man to do is to go to work, to get into business as early as possible. He decried the idea of getting a college education and acquiring culture. This man will probably become one of the richest men in the country, and, twenty years hence, when he shall have grown tired of accumulating money, he will not know how to get any high enjoyment out of it. His intellectual tastes must remain crude and undeveloped.

Education Is *the* Reserve Power *of* Every Man

There are too many such men in America, ranging from millionaires to men with small fortunes. They are thus numerous because so many of our young men rush into business, in their eagerness to make money, without having received an adequate education for mental training and growth late in life. It is well-nigh impossible for most of such men to acquire habits of study after thirty. The intellect, at that age, has been formed to hold and associate certain kinds of images, ideas, and thoughts, and only by efforts that ninety-nine men in a hundred cannot make can such mental habits be formed. One of the hardest tasks is for a mature but illiterate mind to learn to love reading. Illiteracy, fixed by habit, holds the mind as a vise clamps iron.

But the uneducated men most to be pitied are those who have reached middle life without success. Education is the one thing they need, and their chances of acquiring it have become even more uncertain than those of the men who have achieved partial or complete success in acquiring property and influence. They lack power and self-confidence, gifts that such minds can acquire only by early training and discipline. "Failed for lack of an education" would be a fit epitaph for many an unfortunate.

For most men, education furnishes the reserve power that they must rely upon to meet the great emergencies of life. A civil engineer could do nine-tenths of his work, perhaps, with half his education; but, when he comes to span Niagara, or the Mississippi, with a steel bridge, when a mountain is to be tunneled for a railroad, or when some other mighty engineering feat confronts him, he will require every bit of knowledge he can muster, as well as every particle of experience; the entire man and all his capital will then be put to the test. A merchant, perhaps, could get along without danger in ordinary times with a small part of his capital, but he knows well that he must be prepared for an emergency, for a great panic, or for hard times. Such emergencies are what call for his capital and put his reserve to the test. So it is with a young man starting out in life by himself. An average education will carry him through all ordinary times, perhaps; but, when emergencies arise, when his business expands to enormous proportions, when he has a large number of employees under him, and when every faculty he possesses is taxed to the utmost, then it is that his higher education will count. When other business men, perhaps without early advantages, go down in a panic or an emergency, he will weather the gale because his disciplined mind enables him better to take hold of the situation.

Our advice to young men who are so anxious to go to work, or to get into business, is to restrain this desire and to add as much as possible to their success-capital in education and discipline, for they will need it all in this grand century; for never before did the world call so loudly for educated men, men of large, expanded powers, men of broad culture, as now.

Of course, there are young men who cannot attend college. It is necessary for them to work to support their parents and other relatives. Such men cannot afford to let a spare moment of their business or recreation hours pass without endeavoring to educate themselves. It is remarkable to discover how much one can absorb in a year by only two hours' study a day,—study on which the mind has been centered so that nothing has been able to divert it. Two hours of constant study, daily, with a concentrated mind, are worth years of random reading. Many men do not believe this, and say that it is impossible for them to absorb knowledge without a teacher. The fault lies in the selection of books.



"What can those signs mean? Guess I'll stop and find out"

The Keynote *of the* Century

THE radical evolution in business methods, the long strides in civilization, the multiplication of inventions and discoveries, along all lines, which the past half-century has witnessed, necessitate an infinitely broader and better training for men and women in every walk of life than was requisite twenty-five or even ten years ago. The watchword of this century is "Excelsior."

Each successive year, for example, in order that the best results may be obtained, demands a higher standard of education than before for the youth who would become a merchant. A knowledge of "the three R's," unless supplemented by unusual shrewdness and foresight, no longer suffices to enable a man to conduct a business successfully.

The day has passed forever when an uneducated man, ignorant of the world outside of his little store, can do more than make a bare competence. To succeed in any degree commensurate with the present demands of living, he must be well informed, not only in regard to the general conditions of his own country, but also in regard to those which obtain all over the civilized world. He must be posted on all up-to-date methods, and must know the state of the markets both at home and abroad. The art of buying and selling, so simple in the past, is now so complicated, and so interrelated with an ever-widening variety of interests, that it has become a science more difficult of acquirement than that of mathematics. Competition is so keen and relentless that the merchant who is not able to anticipate the wants of the public, who cannot foresee what it will need at a certain time and have it forthcoming at the right moment, might as well go out of business. In fact, the horizon of the business world has become too wide and all-embracing for the man of narrow views and limited vision.

The revolution in other directions is no less marked. In mechanical crafts and handiwork, in engineering, in medicine, in science, and in every other field of human activity, the changes are equally radical.

You Must not Be Satisfied with Half-Measures

A few years ago the known uses of electricity were few and comparatively simple, but now no scientist living is broad enough to foreshadow the myriad applications to which this mighty force may be turned. To-day the young man who would enter the profession of electrical engineering must have a broader training, a better general education, in addition to an exhaustive study of this special subject, than a lawyer or a physician needed fifty years ago.

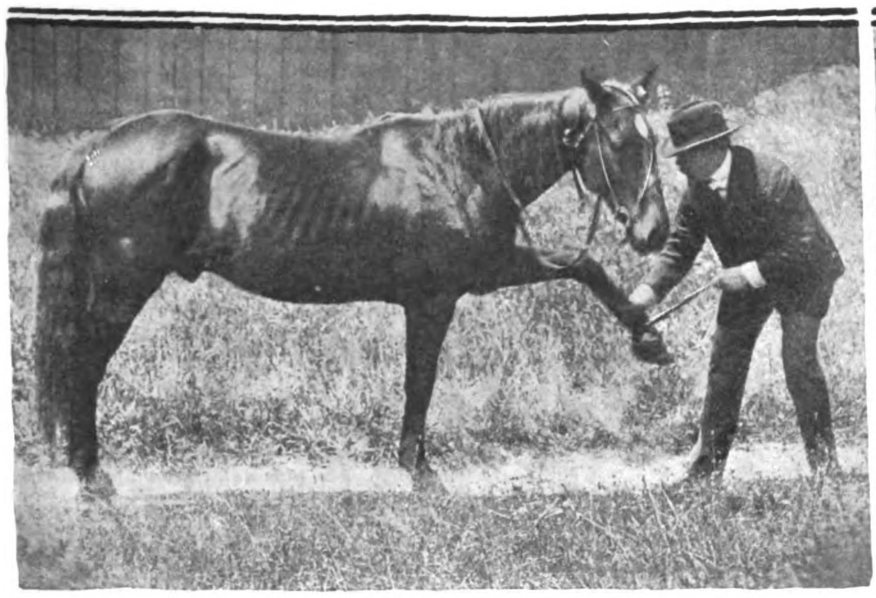
The time has come when, to be master in any line, it requires long years of careful training and preparation.

It is true that the opportunities open to young men are greater to-day than they ever were before; but, on the other hand, there never was a period in the world's history when the qualifications requisite for success in any line of worthy endeavor were of a higher character.

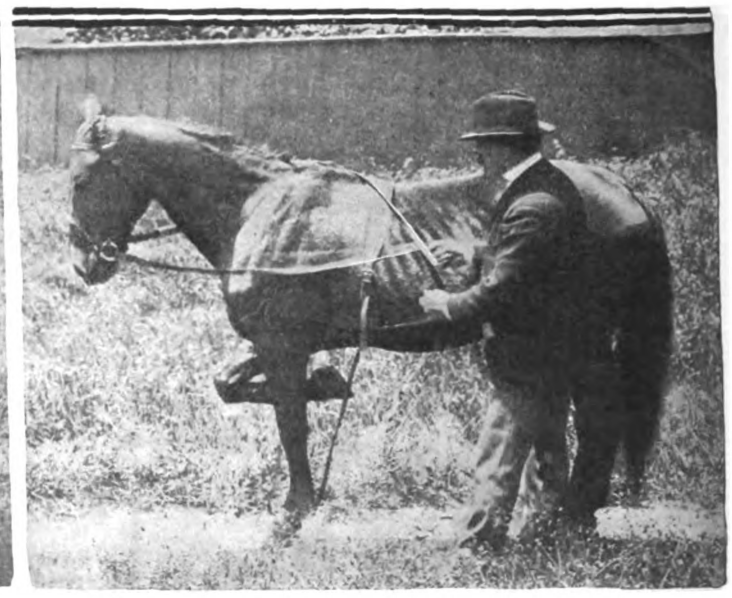
The artisan, the farmer, the business man, the clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, the scientist, each in his various rank, must prepare to reach up to ever-enlarging ideals, if he would attain his full height.

Whoever halts, or is satisfied with half-measures in regard to his general education or training for his specialty, will be left far behind by the onrush of civilization. The only hope of the man who would stand on that high plane of spiritual, mental, and physical manhood for which he was created is to keep pace with enlightened progress, to read, to study, to think, to observe, and to develop soul and body to their highest powers. None can be ignored or cultivated at the expense of any other without working injury to the complete man. They are interdependent in God's plan.

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One does not need a whip to make a horse "shake hands"



The arrangement of straps when a horse is to be thrown

The Correct Method of Training Horses

David Buffum

NEARLY everyone is more or less familiar with the clever performances of "educated" horses. To many, even ordinary circus tricks seem quite wonderful; and, when the performances appear to lie in a more intellectual field,—such as counting, spelling, or distinguishing colors,—the majority of spectators, whether of the thinking or the unthinking class, are prone to regard them as marvelous.

But, in addition to its providing entertainment that nearly all enjoy, the teaching of tricks has another value, for it develops a horse's intelligence and also makes him appear to great advantage. The simplest tricks will produce the latter effect,—in fact, by their availability at all times, they often make more show and give more pleasure than those which are far more difficult. For instance, I once took a fancy to teach all of my yearling and two-year-old colts (some twenty in number, which ran together in pasture,) to say "Yes" and "No." Subsequently, whenever I entered the field with a visitor, I would raise my whip and say, "Do you colts want me to whip you?" when a violent and simultaneous head-shaking ("No,") would ensue. Then, putting my hand into my coat pocket, where I always had some oats, I would say, "Do you want me to give you some oats?" and twenty heads would nod an emphatic "Yes." It was a very simple trick, and yet it made those colts seem wonderfully knowing, and rarely failed to surprise a stranger.

Another trick, comparatively simple, which always made a great impression on a visitor, was the following: I had taught four colts to lie down as if dead, at a word of command. When all four were perfectly still, I would say, "Are you colts really all dead?" Not a movement would follow. Then I would say, "Well, if you're all dead, it's no use to feed you oats," when, at a signal from me, (which they were intently looking for, but which my visitors never observed,) they would all scramble to their feet and come up to me to be fed.

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It Is Necessary to Understand *the* Way in Which a Horse's Mind Operates

It is my purpose to tell how these things, and others of a like nature, are done, so that any man or woman who owns a horse, and wishes to teach him tricks, can do so, assuming, of course, that the owner is possessed of a fair degree of real "horse sense." Let me say, in the first place, that the principles involved in the training of horses are not hard of comprehension or many in number; and, if you once grasp them thoroughly, you have the key to the situation, so to speak, in your hands. It then becomes a matter of choice with you how far to carry the training of your horse: whether to teach him just a few simple and entertaining things, (which, for an amateur, is, perhaps, wisest,) or to undertake his "higher education."

The first thing needful is to understand thoroughly the nature of a horse, and the way in which his mind works. The intellect of a horse does not differ from that of a man in kind, but it does differ, very considerably, in degree. Hence, as we would naturally expect, he reasons far more from experience than from observation. A simple illustration of this is found in breaking a colt to halter. When first tied, it is with a rope that he cannot break, though he invariably tries to. Convinced, after several attempts, that he cannot do this, he gives it up for good, and subsequently, when tied by a smaller cord, it does not occur to him that he can break it. So, during his whole life, he reasons from that first experience, and permits himself to be tied by a halter that he could snap like a thread, if he but knew it. An old horse, it is true, sometimes becomes a halter-puller; but this, again, is reasoning by experience; for, some day, he unexpectedly and unintentionally breaks a weak halter, and this teaches him that all halters are not alike. Consequently, the old rogue will, thereafter, try the strength of every halter that is put on him.

There are horses that are capable of reasoning by observation, but they are rare,—I mean, of course, those which reason in this way to any noteworthy extent. A horse, for instance, simply by seeing a gate or a door unlatched, will sometimes learn to unlatch it himself. I have even seen horses let down bars with their teeth. These things indicate more than ordinary intelligence, and, in an experience extending over many years, dealing with horses of all temperaments, I have had only a very few that were thus gifted. Horses are very bright, nevertheless. I have sometimes thought them even more intelligent than dogs,—though of this I am by no means certain.



Stand thus when teaching a horse to say "No"

The affections of a horse are not inferior to his intellectual qualities; and, especially if made a pet, he becomes very fond of his master. In case of separation, he remembers him for years. But his affection is different from that of a dog, which continues to love his master even though the latter abuses him greatly. Rough, unkind treatment will quickly estrange the affection of a horse. Good horse sense discovers no particular reason why a horse should be devoted to a master who habitually maltreats him,—and this is one respect, surely, in which a horse is wiser than a dog.

Always Communicate with a Horse in His Own Language,—That *of* Silence

The intellect and affections of a horse point out two things so important to a trainer that he must bear them in mind until they become fixed habits of thought:—

1.—Never, under any circumstances, allow a horse to successfully oppose his will to yours. If you do, he will remember it and (reasoning by experience,) try it again.

2.—Always keep his affection. If he dislikes you, he has no wish to please you; and, if his obedience is always perfunctory, you will make but little headway in training him.

In other words, your horse must be taught to love you, and also to have a wholesome respect for your authority. These two points assured, he will almost invariably try to do whatever you require of him,—if he only knows what it is.

The language of a horse brings me to a point on which I cannot lay too much emphasis,—the necessity of learning to talk with the animal in his own language. He may learn a little of yours, but he already has a thorough knowledge of his own. It is clear, then, that, if you would have him understand you perfectly, you should communicate with him in his own tongue. To be able to do this in the highest degree presupposes a pretty intimate knowledge of horse-nature; a knowledge, really, that is hardly attainable unless you are a born horseman,—for a true horseman, like a poet or an orator, is born, not made. But all can acquire horsemanship to some extent.

I am sorry that it is not easy to explain the more subtle telegraphy by which a horse and his master understand each other. Unlike most things which lie really and wholly outside the domain of fancy, it is, to those who know it, a thing easily understood and yet extremely difficult of lucid explanation. But, perhaps, for the purpose of this article, it is enough for me to say that equine language is, in the main, silent. Therefore, if you want your horse to do some particular thing, you must show him what it is. For instance, you may want him to place one fore foot on a box or inverted tub, and keep it there. It is manifestly useless to order him to do it. You can yell yourself hoarse,—he can never guess your meaning. Take his foot firmly in one hand and place it on a tub, then give him lumps of sugar and otherwise make much of him as long as he remains in this position. The moment he withdraws his foot, reprimand him (by word, not by whip,) and cease your feeding and petting. Then repeat the operation. To one who has never tried it, it is astonishing how quickly a horse grasps the meaning of a trainer, and how soon he will, of his own accord, place his foot on the tub in anticipation of the coveted reward. You have been talking to him, and reasoning with him, in his own language.

Before speaking of the details of training, I should refer, briefly, to the best kind of horse to train,—for horses vary in intelligence, disposition, and temperament, just as human beings do, and a trainer's work is much easier with the right

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kind of animal. A horse of a nervous, excitable nature, even though very intelligent, is unsatisfactory to train, on account of his impatience of coercion and his excitability. A horse is not in condition to learn anything when excited or when his resentment is aroused. For this reason, a thoroughbred, though generally of a high order of intelligence, is not usually a good animal to train for tricks. There are exceptions, of course, and these exceptions make very fine trick horses.

Bear in mind that one great secret of success in training lies in short lessons, often repeated. A horse will learn far more in four lessons of fifteen minutes each than in one continuous lesson of an hour. In the long lesson, his mind becomes wearied, and a feeling of apathy and discouragement succeeds his erstwhile ambition and desire to please.

Abandon your whip as a means of punishment in training: it is of no use whatever. Punishment not only does not call a horse's attention to the point one is trying to teach, but, by rousing his resentment, it puts him in a state of mind in which all instruction must cease until he has become quiet. Moreover, punishment does not compel him to obey; it simply hurts him for not obeying, and he should rather be made to understand that disobedience is not in his power. When he attempts it, coercion, not punishment, must be the remedy. A little, light whip is necessary as a baton of command, and sometimes, by a light, quick touch, to accelerate the horse's movement or to show your disapproval, but never to whip him with.

Whatever you are trying to teach a horse to do, you must, in each lesson, persevere in it until he has done it at least once; then reward and caress him, and put him back in his stall with the recollection of his obedience and your supremacy fresh in his mind. You may be teaching him, for instance, to stand on an inverted tub. In the first few lessons you teach him to stand with his fore feet upon it, which is usually easy. Then comes a lesson when, for the first time, you must induce him to stand on it with all four feet. Perhaps he will object for a long while, but you must persevere, no matter how long it takes, till you get every one of his feet on the tub. Then reward him, and, without wearying him with a second lesson, put him up; he will do better next time.

There Are Many Things That a Horse Can Be Taught to Do

This necessity for persevering until the end is accomplished sometimes breaks in upon the short-lesson plan; but there is no help for it, and it is only occasionally—usually the first instruction in some new trick,—that a lesson need be unduly prolonged.

There are so many things that a horse can be taught to do that it is hard to tell which to select as best illustrating the methods by which we teach them. The following, however, will furnish the key:—

Take a pin in your hand, and, standing abreast of a horse's near shoulder, prick him lightly on the breast. This resembles the bite of a fly, and, to drive off the nuisance, he will bring down his nose to his breast. This you accept as "Yes," and immediately reward him by feeding him a lump of sugar or some other trifle that he likes. Repeat the operation till he brings down his head at the slightest movement of your hand toward his breast. By degrees you can substitute a simple downward movement of the hand, which is less noticeable to an onlooker, but equally effective.

Standing in the same position, prick him lightly with a pin on the top of his neck. He will at once shake his head, which is accepted as "No;" then reward him as before. Repeat this until he shakes his head at the least upward movement of the hand. This signal, as he learns his lesson more perfectly, can be gradually lessened until it is very slight indeed. To say "Yes" or "No" is a very simple trick, and yet there is none that shows to better advantage. Of course, when a horse has thoroughly learned to obey the signals, you can ask him some questions, and then, by the motion of your hand, make him say "Yes," or "No," as you please.

What a Trainer Needs, more than All Else, Is "Horse Sense"

To teach a horse to shake hands, fasten a short strap to one fore foot, below the fetlock. Then, standing in front of the horse, and having the strap in your hand, say, "Shake hands," and immediately pull up his foot and take it in your hand. Then, still holding the foot, reward and caress him, exactly as you would if he had given it to you of his own accord. Keep repeating the operation, being careful to reward him only while his foot is in your hand. He will very soon learn to give you his foot the moment you reach your hand toward it.

To teach a horse to lie down at a word of command, first select a good, smooth piece of greensward, where he will not hurt himself. Harness him with a surcingle and bridle, and strap up his off fore foot. A common breeching-strap is best for this,—the short loop around his foot, between the fetlock and the hoof, and the long one around his forearm. Fasten one end of a strap to the near fore foot, below the fetlock, pass the other end up through the surcingle, and take it in your right hand, and the bridle rein in your left hand. Push him slightly, and, the moment he steps, pull sharply on the strap. This, of course, will bring him to his knees. If he is a horse of any spirit, he will generally fight very pertinaciously before he goes down; but, having the use of only his two hind legs, he soon becomes wearied and rests with his knees on the ground. Now pull his head toward you, and he will fall over the other way.

Hold him down for some minutes, meanwhile speaking to him very soothingly. Feed him lumps of sugar,—in fact, make as much as possible of him while in this position. Then release him, and repeat the lesson. He soon learns to lie down very readily and then you can omit strapping his off fore foot. Later, you can also abandon the use of the strap and surcingle by taking his near fore foot in your hand. Then you can accomplish the purpose by simply touching the near fore leg with your hand, and, finally, by a motion of your hand toward his leg. You should always accompany the signal by the command, "Lie down!" By degrees, he learns its meaning, and the signal can be dispensed with. If a horse is large and strong, the trainer must be cool, wide-awake, and alert; otherwise, he may make a botch of it, and injure the horse, or himself, or both.

I wish to again call attention to the necessity of good "horse sense" on the part of the trainer. Unless you are horseman enough to feel that you are thoroughly master of the situation, do n't, on any account, attempt to train a horse to perform tricks which, on their very face, call for a considerable degree of horsemanship

Should Wives Work?



Charlotte Perkins Gilman

[As Mrs. Gilman's article is based on a subject of such wide and diversified phases, "Success" will give twenty-five dollars to the woman who writes the best reply to it, stating the most cogent reasons why a wife should or should not work. This contest is for our women readers only, and no manuscripts from men will be considered. All articles must be limited to six hundred words, and must be mailed so that they will be received at this office not later than September 27, 1902. The successful article will be published in the November "Success." Address: Prize Editor, "Success," New York City.]

A NOTED English economist laid down the law for me. "Women cannot work for their living," said he; "they expend so much in maternal energy that little remains to be spent in economic energy."

He is a very learned man, and knows the names of things. "Economic energy," to his mind, is the kind of strength one exerts in earning a living; "maternal energy" is the kind of strength given to the bearing and rearing of children. These diverse energies are not to be mixed, and you have but just so much of either; therefore, if you are a mother, you cannot earn your living. I smiled blandly on the learned economist, and laid a snare for his feet.

"Suppose there are two young people, a man and a woman, working in a mill ten hours a day, making nails; that is economic energy, is n't it?"

"Certainly," said he.

"Very well; now, they marry, but have no children. The man continues to work in the mill ten hours a day, making nails; the woman works in the home ten hours a day, making bread, making clothes, making beds; they are both still exerting economic energy, are they not?" He admitted that they are. "Now the woman has a child,—she continues to make beds and bread and clothes, as before, plus the additional labor caused by the child; and she goes on doing this with more and more labor as her family increases."

"What!" cried the outraged economist, "do you mean to say that a mother does more work after she has children than she did before?"

"Of course," said I; "that is motherhood."

"It is grotesque," he remonstrated; "it is impossible! It is absurd!"

"I can't help that," I said; "it is true," and the argument lapsed.

Learning is a confusing thing. Did the good man not know that, in all the working world, among more than nine-tenths of our whole population, women who are wives and mothers work? They work longer hours than men, as a rule, and often harder, in proportion to their strength. Among the more primitive people it is harder without any proportion, the heavy work falling to the women without question. The fact that the work is done at home does not make "maternal energy" of it,—it is the same work, though it may be done by a half-grown daughter or a maiden aunt.

The *chef* at Delmonico's is using economic energy at his tasks; and so is mother when she makes those inevitable doughnuts. The *chef* at Delmonico's is paid,—highly paid,—and mother is n't; but those doughnuts are no more maternal than his ragouts are paternal,—cooking is not a sex-process.

The payment is what makes the confusion in our minds. Man's labor is for other men, in social exchange. He works at a special profession, the specialization adding to the value of his work, and commanding a better exchange.

Woman's labor is still mainly on the primitive plane of unspecialized personal service, the same labor being expected of every woman by every man; she is still the general servant and "Gill-at-all-trades." That is why we make the wise distinction of the economist. Labor that is paid for, we say, requires "economic energy," and the labor given by mothers—which means, broadly, by women,—requires only "maternal energy," because it is not paid for.

If we go back to the real beginning, we find all the labor in the world done by women. They worked for thousands of years while men could do nothing but hunt and fight. Productive industry is all the outcome of this "maternal energy," which is now supposed to forbid women's working! They have the power, they have the skill, and, what is more, they have the inclination. Why should n't they work, then? "They should," replies the average thinker, "but at home, for their own families, not for the market, and not—oh, absolutely not,—for pay!"

Here the average thinker replies, with great profundity, "That would ultimately mean the discontinuance of marriage altogether; for there must be a complete absorption of two lives in one common existence, or else the two must remain eternally apart." This opinion is quoted directly from a recent magazine article,—an excellent specimen of average thinking,—or of what passes for thinking with the average reader.

What does the man mean by this "complete absorption in a common existence?"

The Herschels, brother and sister, had it, but they were not married. The Cheeryble brothers had it,—old Jonas Chuzzlewit and his clerk had it,—it may be found wherever two or more human beings devote their lives to the same business, but the last place to look for it is in marriage.

A common existence,—when one party is always at work at the same group of primitive industries, and the other follows one of the thousand highly developed crafts open to man! He would scorn to spend his time and strength as she does; she would be unable to spend hers as he does. Even if they spend their scant hours together in the

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evening in an itemized account of their different day's doings, there is much that neither can understand or appreciate. This, our shallow writer calls "a common existence!" They have their children in common,—but she takes nine-tenths of the care and training of them on her shoulders. They have their home in common, but he does the work which maintains that home,—she can but labor in it.

Husband and Wife May Succeed Professionally

"Why did you marry that Irish girl?" wrote an angry father to his son.

"I should have had to hire her if I had married the American girl," replied the son, "and I can't afford to keep two women!"

Whether the wife is herself the house servant, or whether she deputizes that work and becomes only the mistress of the house, her existence is widely apart from that of her husband. Mutual love, common interests, common hopes and fears they have; but those are open in the same degree to the marriage where the woman's life is lifted and broadened by a profession.

One of the happiest marriages I know is where the husband and wife are both professionals in kindred branches. She is a doctor. They have a large family of beautiful, healthy children.

"And what did the woman doctor do while the babies were growing?" is demanded. She did the most natural and reasonable thing,—restricted herself to office practice. Our young mothers are not utterly shut off from callers, are they? If the caller is in the office, if the talk is to some purpose, and the fee is two dollars, the baby is not more neglected than if an idle hour were spent in the parlor chattering futilities with another idler.

I know of another marriage of professionals which is not a happy one. But what further? Instead of a wretched, heartbroken woman, whose whole career is blasted by this misfortune, there is a strong, sweet, cheery woman, going on splendidly in her work, and carrying her troubles "like a man."

Women in Public Life Do Not Lose Their Charm

I was talking once with a brash young reporter in Chicago. He had come to report a lecture, but was so full of opinions that he must needs express them.

"Do you not think," he asked, briefly, "that, in public life, women will lose their charm?"

I looked at the innocent youth, cast a backward glance down history, and smiled. "Well,—no, I do n't. There was Aspasia,—she was in public life, yet not wholly devoid of charm. Zenobia was well known, and well thought of. Cleopatra,—she had a wide reputation, and was still somewhat attractive; or, to come nearer these days, Madame Recamier was famous and charming; there were also Mary, Queen of Scots, Nell Gwynne, Peg Woffington, Fanny Ellsler, Sara Bernhardt. No, I certainly do not think that, in public life, women lose their charm."

He replied, with some heat, "But we would not introduce our wives to them!" "Oh!" said I, contemplatively, "is that what you mean by 'charm?'"

Lack of Employment Makes Women Sedentary

Yet men persistently lose their hearts to women in the most public of positions,—singers, dancers, actresses of all sorts.

Marry them? Of course they marry them, if the girls are good girls and hold them to it. "But, after marriage, they expect them to be domestic!" Yes, they generally do. Also after marriage there is sometimes a diminution of their ardor. The heart of man is not alienated by ability and success. He is attracted by them.

Beauty, and health, and womanliness, lose none of their potency from being linked with intelligence and trained skill; and, if the woman holds her personal independence, she holds always a certain power over the errant wings of love. Man does not soon tire of what he does not wholly own. No step in life is more important to personal happiness, or to the progress of the race, than right marriage; and no step is more uncertain. Our common saying that "marriage is a lottery" shows this. Often and often, fine women draw blanks by mating with inferior or evil men; and, as often, fine men are united with weak, silly, or vicious women. If women were trained to professions, it would better the chances of marriage in two ways: by improving the average in women, and by enabling them to bear up against the possible bad men.

Look at that affectionate monomaniac in "The Confessions of a Wife!" From nadir to zenith; from center to circumference, there is love, love, love, nothing but love. This young woman apparently has no knowledge, interest, or ambition in life, save as refers to this man. Him she does not love for any human value, or at least he is not described as performing noble acts; it is simply the basic attraction of male and female. The man has other occupations, such as are afforded by the duties and opportunities of his profession. The woman, having none of these, revolves all day among her emotions, and the universe is rose-color or indigo according to them. Now, if this young woman had had a business of any kind, she would, in the first place, have had a different kind of mind; and, in the second place, she would have had resources outside her broken heart.

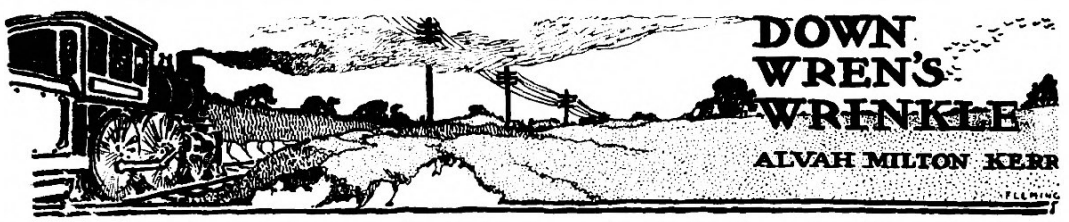
A woman who is trained to act as well as to feel does not exaggerate her sensations so extremely. That is where a profession for each woman applies directly and wholly to the happiness of marriage.

The business sense gained in any kind of useful work in the world [Work in the home does not teach women business sense,—no, not in ten thousand years!] makes a woman better able to judge a man before she marries him, and better able to get on with him afterwards. It also—and this, too, is important,—makes her able to get on with herself and the rest of the world.

Two Vital Questions that Must Be Answered

There are two questions to be answered, however, before the professional life of women can be rightly undertaken,—How is the housework to be done?—How are the children to be cared for?

These are vital questions, questions which cry for answer, and which are not so much as touched on in these limits. This article merely claims that professional women will make happier and more succcessful marriages than those to which we are accustomed.



"The force of Sykes's great frame was leaping into the spinning wheels. Trueman could see nothing clearly"



A WHITE rain of noontide sunshine poured blistering hot into Peevey Valley. The Little Peevey, curving through the broad green hollow, seemed at the shallows to curl up and burn in the glare like silver shavings; here and there cows stood knee-deep in the stream, clanking their bells as they brushed at the humming insects. The farmhouses, set, for the most part, among trees at the base of the ridge along the east, looked lifeless in the noonday drowse; the town, common of size and common of aspect, whispered sleepily along the west side of the valley and up the western slope; the dark shingles on the barn-like railway station, near the river, seemed to lift a little in the heat as if they, too, would curl up but for the clutch of the nails that held them down, pitch oozed from the knots in the pine boards of the station platform; and an odor, half savory, half acrid, rose from a cluttered lumber yard back of the station.

As time drew toward one o'clock, a young man

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came out and onto the platform. He carried a pen behind one ear and a lead pencil behind the other. His eyes were clear, direct, and honest, his mouth firm but kindly; his shirt was open a little at the collar, and his braces, thrown from his shoulders, hung upon his hips This was Trueman Peters, the operator and station master at Peevey. He had been working on his monthly ticket report and was deadly warm.

Arching a hand over his eyes, he looked northward where the valley bent around the base of Wren Mountain. The "mountain" was simply an enormous bluff, one of that mighty welter of earth-waves known as the Ozarks. Through these the track of the "Southwestern" twisted and rose and fell, boring a way to the zinc mines and the great plains spreading beyond. Northward from Peevey, the rails left the valley and gradually lifted in a long grade around the side of the mountain, climbing to get over Harner Ridge, farther north. The track along the side of Wren Mountain followed a natural groove, a kind of fat crease of earth, aptly called Wren's Wrinkle, and the glisten of the rails could be seen as they lifted in open spaces halfway around the mountain.

"There they come," said the young man on the station platform, as the hot light flashed on the



"You've seen me helpin' round th' train here"

polished boiler jacket of an engine thundering down the wrinkle. "A little late to-day," he added, then dropped his hand and went inside the station. A few minutes later, as the way freight he had been expecting rumbled along by the platform and stopped, he came out with some freight manifests in his hand, ready to deliver them to the conductor and aid in unloading and loading Peevey goods. But no conductor, or middle, or rear brakeman appeared. The train looked to be in apparent good order, but it was not. So queer a thing had happened that it became a story among the "Southwestern" men.

The train consisted of a long and heavy string of "loads" with an empty "plain-flat" near the middle of the string. As the front of the train had pitched over the crest of Wren Mountain grade the sudden pull lifted the flat-car, which was low and coupled in with curved drop links, completely from the track. The middle brakeman had witnessed this, and, with hair on end and momentarily expecting the train to be ditched, had fled back to the caboose and shouted the news. The conductor, the rear and the middle brakemen, and three traveling salesmen, then rashly jumped off the caboose, in order to save their lives, as they thought. The train, however, had come on into Peevey with the flat-car off the rails. About every fifty feet—later investigation showed,—the wheels of the flat-car struck the ties, mashing them in pieces, then it bounded up and the two halves of the downward pressing train caught and held it clear of the track for a little space again. The head brakeman, who was in the cab of the engine, and the engineer and the fireman had seen nothing of this. But one person was very conscious of it,—a young fellow who was bouncing about on the derailed flat-car all the way down the grade.

As Trueman turned about looking wonderingly for the conductor, he was surprised to see a dusty, disheveled figure roll off the flat-car and hastily assume an upright position on the platform. When the figure straightened up Trueman's eyes widened with amazement, for the figure was six feet, four inches tall, and had shoulders like a Hercules, with big arms and enormous brown hands, while from a short neck, set low between the shoulders, the simple, sunburned face of a country boy looked down and grinned.

"Well, that thar' was th' worst ride I ever tuck," he drawled, beating the dirt from his homespun clothes with a battered hat. "That thar' car is offen th' track an' been off all th' way down th' hill."

Trueman looked at the car and expressed his surprise. The head brakeman came running rearward, grumbling because the conductor and hind men did not appear.

"Tell the engineer," Trueman shouted, "that there is a car off the track here! Where did you come from?" he added, addressing the huge youth.

"Frum over on Jim Creek. That's thirty mile off. I come afoot. I struck the track up there on th' hill, an', seein' th' empty 'flat,' I piled on her an' thought I'd ride down, an',—an' I *did*." He grinned again and looked about in an embarrassed way. "We got th' spring work mostly done," he went on, "an' I thought I'd go t' railroadin'. S'pose I could get a job firin' an engine?"

The station agent laughed a note of derision in his pleasantry. "I am afraid not," he said; "you might fall off and get killed."

"Oh, I don' know; I reckon I rid th' flat all right, an' it was on th' gallop most of th' time, sure," laughed the boyish giant. "If I git throwed, I ginerally light on my feet, anyhow, an' I ginerally climb on agin."

At that the engineer and fireman came up, and there was some rough talk about the cowardice of the rear men; but, when they looked up the track and saw the men plodding down the grade, some two miles away, all hands fell to laughing.

"Well," said the engineer, "we must get the flat onto the rails again. Jack,"—to the fireman,—"you go to the engine and pull ahead. I'll cut the train behind the flat. Harry,"—to the head brakeman,—"go back to the caboose and bring the railing frog."

When the car stood clear of its rear coupling, they got the frog clinched on the rails, and the engine began slowly moving forward, and the front wheels of the flat rolled up the grooves of the steel incline and rested on the track. When they attempted to rail the rear truck, however, the frog slipped and wedged itself in a twist between the rails and wheels, and some means of raising the rear end of the car an inch or two had to be found. The small jackscrew usually carried in the tool-box of each caboose, through some oversight, had been left at the north end of the run. The engineer began to talk roughly.

"'Pears to me we ought to be able to lift th' thing on," drawled the big youth.

A burst of laughter and expletives greeted this remark. The young giant colored like a blushing girl and began looking about him. Suddenly, he turned and brought a long stick of timber from the adjoining lumber yard and thrust it through under the extreme rear end of the car.

"You fellers put yer shoulders under the beam on this side an' I'll lift agin you on t'other side," he said.

Grinning, and confident that they would make a spectacle of the young fellow, three of the men set their shoulders under the beam and stood ready.

"Now," shouted the engineer, when the stranger was in position, "let 'er go!"

They began to strain upward, and the end of the car stirred, but in a moment the three men were broken down by the tremendous pressure at the other end of the beam.

"Heavens! are we going to let that chap outlift all three of us?" gasped the engineer, crimson from the strain. Nevertheless, they sank down, red and quivering, and with one accord gladly got from under the biting stick.

"He must have a jackscrew under that end," said the brakeman. But the big boy had only put his mighty shoulder under the beam. He looked embarrassed.

"I did n't think a car was so heavy," he said, in an apologetic tone. "If ye'll 'low me to, I'll pry it up, like I pull stumps out on the farm."

"You might throw the car on with yer hands, maybe?" said the brakeman, with a touch of facetiousness, as he rubbed his bruised shoulder.

"No, I could n't," said the stranger, in a timid, deprecating fashion. Then, suddenly, he strode over to the lumber yard and lifted a piece of spruce timber such as is used in the bed-frame of barns. The beam was twenty-four feet in length and a foot square. This he brought on his shoulder, and, getting a "short bite" under the truck frame, with the steel rail as a fulcrum, he threw himself on the outer end of the long beam, and the truck of the flat-car rose.

"Slack ahead!" cried the engineer to the fireman. The cylinder cocks spurted, the train jerked, and the wheels of the car rolled onto the rails.

The engineer shook the hand of the blushing boy. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Henry Sykes; Hank, most folks call me," he said.

"Well, Mr. Sykes, you are the strongest man I ever met. When I've any fighting to do, I'll drop you a postal card."

"You need n't; I never fit anybody; I don't believe in it."

"Should n't think you'd get a chance. Anyone would be a fool to fight with you."

The great boy scuffed the ground with his foot in an embarrassed fashion. "O, I don' know as they would," he said, and walked away.

When finally the train departed, the youth from "Jim Creek" returned and followed Trueman into the station. He watched the agent curiously as the latter reported to the dispatcher the departure of the train. The telegraph instruments and their clatter were full of mystery to him. Trueman tried to ignore him; but, as the boy continued to gaze



"There 're men down there who 'll want to know you"

with big sober eyes at the instruments, the agent felt called upon to say something.

"You must be a good farm hand, being so strong," he remarked.

"Oh, I don' know;—some, I reckon," said the youth, as he blushed. "Pap says I'd be a tol'able likely hand if I wa'n't always leavin' my work to go an' lift something. I've lifted purt' nigh everything on th' farm 'cept th' house, I reckon. I put ropes 'round one of our two-year-old colts one day and lifted him into the hayloft of the barn. It made Pap mighty mad, for we certain did have a great time gettin' th' colt down agin. Pap says I'll break a vein some time, if I don't quit tryin' to lift everything on earth."

Trueman laughed. "I should think you might," he said.

"Oh, I don' know; I reckon they ain't much danger. Say,"—suddenly putting aside the question of rupturing arteries,—"where is it they keep th' engines,—where the firemen hire out?"

"Down at Winston; that is the division station. It is forty miles south. Drakeville is another division station; that is about sixty miles up the road."

"Well, I reckon I better go down to Winston; it's closer. Pap said, though, that there wa'n't any use of a green hand like me to go foolin' round the engine barn askin' th' officers for a job, unless I had some feller to pull fer me, a ricommend or something from somebody th' officers knowed. Could n't you give me a letter to th' engine-barn fellers sayin' I am,—am all right? You've seen me helpin' round th' train here," he stammered, and broke off in a confused way.

"Yes, I have known you for about an hour," said Trueman, laughingly. "No, I don't care to jeopardize myself by giving you a letter of recommendation. I don't know what sort of fellow you may be." He arose and started about his work.

The big youth looked crestfallen. "Well," he said, with sudden resolution, "I'll go to work round here, somewhere, until you git to know me, then you'll give me a ricommend, won't you?"

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"Maybe; can't say," replied the agent, curtly.

"Much obleeged," said the youth, and went out.

The following morning, Trueman remarked that "Flat-car" Sykes, for he ultimately came to be known by that name throughout the division,—was working in the lumber yard near at hand. The agent walked over and watched him a moment.

"How much do they give you a day for this?" asked Trueman.

"Nothin'," replied "Flat-car," laconically; "I'm waitin' for you to let me git acquainted with you. I'm goin' to straighten up th' lumber yard for 'em. It will take me 'bout a week, I reckon; but I don't care, nohow, for it's all liftin'. I've got to have th' ricommend, you know." He was building the tumble-down heaps of lumber and beams in even, symmetrical piles.

Trueman walked away with a broad smile on his face, and a grain of humiliation in his heart.

Peevey was not a place of much commercial importance; but, to expedite the general operations of work-trains, a little roundhouse, containing stalls for two engines, had been erected just south of the station on the bank of the river. Much of the time, one or the other of the two work-trains employed on the division quite naturally made its headquarters at Peevey. One of these trains had, as foreman and conductor, a man named Hoxley, a block-shaped, red-faced man, severe and often brutal in his treatment of those in his employ. Hoxley brought his train to Peevey on the third day after "Flat-car" Sykes made his notable trip down Wren's Wrinkle. The foreman brought with him a trainload of cut stone which he was to supply to a couple of crews working on gulley culverts on the side of Wren Mountain. As soon as the big youth working in the lumber yard found that Hoxley's engine was installed in the little roundhouse, he went to the foreman and made application for a position as fireman, but was almost savagely rebuffed on account of his manifest verdancy. He returned to the lumber yard more firmly convinced than before that a "ricommend" was necessary.

"I'll jus' work round here till the agent 'll give me a letter," he concluded. "I'll git a ricommend if it takes all summer."

Trueman had noted, with amused approval, the big boy's performance in the matter of the lumber yard, and had nearly concluded that he would give him a note of introduction to the master mechanic at Winston, stating that the youth was at least a terrific worker, when a thing happened that made an introduction, oddly enough, almost unnecessary, yet still imperative.

It was on the fifth day of "Flat-car's" employment at the lumber yard. Hoxley, the evening before, had sent to the dispatcher his working limits for the morrow as being bounded on the south by Peevey, and on the north by Gaynor, two stations distant from Peevey. Between these two boundaries it was his privilege to move at will, keeping, of course, off the time of scheduled trains, but depending on the dispatcher's notification of wild trains that might obstruct his movements. At ten o'clock of the morning of "Flat-car's" good fortune, Hoxley came down from Wren Mountain with three empty cars, and, leaving them on a side track at Peevey, hooked on to three cars loaded with stone, and proceeded up the mountain again. Thirty minutes later the Winston dispatcher called Peevey hurriedly. A special train loaded with Texas "long-horns" was coming north on a wild order, and the dispatcher suddenly discovered that he wanted to get Hoxley out of the way. The "wild" was a long train with a "double-header,"—that is, with two engines,—and was making fast time. The haul from the far southwest to Chicago was a long one, and all stock trains were run on order and given right of way over everything save passenger trains.

Hoxley had no notice of this special. In truth, the dispatcher had forgotten him until the "wild" was within twenty minutes of Peevey; then he gave Trueman an order for Hoxley.

"Take a section crew and handcar and get to Hoxley, if you can," he said. "Tell him to run east and get on the wood-siding at once. Hurry!"

Trueman jammed the order into his pocket and ran out on the track. No section-men were in sight, but a handcar stood near the rails by the wagon-road crossing north of the station. He saw Sykes on a lumber pile near by.

"Hi, there, Sykes!" he shouted, as he flew toward the handcar, "help me take an order to the work-train."

The big boy came running, his face all aglow with excitement. They threw the machine on the rails, gave it a push, jumped aboard, and immediately fell upon the levers with all their might and main.

"We've got to make hot time; there's a wild stock train after us," Trueman grasped between the strokes.

"They'll never git in sight of us," said Sykes, making the car fairly leap.

In two minutes, drops of perspiration began to fall from Trueman's chin. Sykes shook his hat from his head and it flew far to the rear. His eyes were shining, his hair was flying. They had made probably three miles when, glancing up the track, Trueman saw three cars loaded with hewn blocks of stone shoot out of the woods, coming headlong down Wren's Wrinkle. Hoxley had let the cars get away from him somehow, and they were rushing down grade like mad things. With the first look, Trueman jumped on the brake lever and yelled, "Stop, Sykes! Stop the car!"

The young giant set his strength against the handle-bars, and the wheels skated hissing along the rails.

"Runaway coming! Shove the car the other way! Now, for your life's sake, give it to her!" Trueman cried. "If we can only get back to the station and throw the cars in on a switch! If we can't, they will strike the special and wreck her and likely kill some of the crew!"

In a moment they seemed flying. Trueman was throwing every atom of his strength on the handle-bars, and the marvelous force of Sykes's great frame was leaping into the spinning wheels. They had three miles to go, and the heavy cars of stone were rushing after them at terrific speed. Grass and weeds and dust swept back in the wind they made, and the whole earth about them seemed a whirling sheet. Sykes's face glimmered up and down with set lips and hair blown back. Trueman could see nothing clearly. If they should meet the special, they would certainly be killed; if the runaway should overtake them and they should jump from the car, the race would likewise end in death. But Trueman thought of neither of these contingencies; in his dizzy head he was wondering how he should unlock the switch if ever they should reach it. The switch key was hanging on a nail in the office at Peevey station. That was baffling.

They must have made the three miles down the Wrinkle in four and one-half, or five minutes. Trueman began to turn sick with the frightful rushes around the curves and the dizzying up-and-down motion of his head and shoulders over the handle-bars. But "Flat-car" Sykes set his feet wide apart on the platform and bent his tall form low over the bars, jumping like lightning. Had they gone another mile, Trueman would doubtless have fallen from the car, intoxicated with exhaustion and the sickening motion. The big youth never spoke but once. The pressure of his tight-set teeth loosened an instant and he said:—

"If it wasn't for the curves,—if we could cut straight across, we could certainly beat 'em."

Despite their awful situation, Trueman smiled at the queer, laconic utterance.

When the handcar shot across the frogs at the north end of the yard at Peevey, the heavy cars of stone, rushing along in a cloud of dust, seemed not five hundred feet away. As Trueman and Sykes swept by the station, the former yelled to a man who was standing on the platform, "Bring the switch key!" yet he knew the request was nonsense. No living man could bring the switch key; the time for action was spanned by but a few flying seconds.

"Stop her, Sykes! Stop her!" suddenly cried Trueman. "Throw 'em in on the roundhouse track!—the roundhouse track,—the other sidings are full of cars!" He reeled on the platform, clutching at the glimmering bars.

With his first cry, Sykes's big foot went hard on the brake lever and he set his strength against the handles. The car lurched, fire spurted from the wheels, and, with a long rasping hiss, it jolted and stopped. Trueman went headlong, but in an instant was upon his feet groping his way in the direction of the roundhouse switch.

"Flat-car" Sykes never looked at him or paused an instant. He rushed toward the switch with great bounds. The cars of stone were thundering by the station as he reached the lever, but there was the lock and no key! Then Trueman, reeling toward him, dimly saw an amazing thing; Sykes seized a coupling pin that lay beside the switch, and with it shattered the lock. Then Trueman saw him pull the pin, whirl the lever around and drop the pin again in place. The next moment, the cars of stone burst across the switch-frog, shot along the rails, rattled across the turntable and in at the open door of the roundhouse. In the next breath, they tore their way through the rear wall of the building, and with a thunderous crash plunged down the bank into the Peevey River.

Trueman turned toward the main track, trembling and gasping, "They are coming! the 'stock!'—the 'wild!'—they'll strike the handcar!" His throat seemed full of ashes.

Sykes jammed the lever of the roundhouse switch back into its first position. The great special with the roaring tramp of its two engines was almost upon them. In the mad commotion of the moment they had not heard it. Sykes leaped at the handcar to throw it from the track, but Trueman snatched him about the body. "No,—no,—" he panted, "you'll get killed!" Then, with a pealing roar for brakes, the double-header struck the handcar, crushing it, and throwing it high into the air. Sykes held up his hands and looked at Trueman. "If you hadn't held me, I'd saved it," he said. "We'll get discharged!"

Despite his sick and exhausted condition, Trueman burst out laughing. The great special was saved, and Sykes was so funny! "I didn't know you were hired," he managed to say to the boy.

"Well, anyhow, I've been railroadin' for the last half hour or so, I reckon," panted Sykes, "an' I thought you'd give me a ricommend now."

"You won't need any," cried Trueman, over his shoulder, as he ran toward the station.

The big stock special was making a swift run, gathering momentum to carry it up Wren's Wrinkle, but the matter of the handcar and the fact that the two engine crews had seen Hoxley's three cars of stone plunge into the Peevey, brought them to a standstill near the station. That, too, was good fortune, for Hoxley's engine, without any notice of the special, came rushing down the grade in pursuit of the runaway cars and added to the peril.

After Trueman had explained, generously yielding most of the glory to "Flat-car" Sykes, old Dan Jordon, engineer of the "wild stock's" head engine, said to the big youth; "You come down to Winston with me to-morrow night, on my return trip. There're men down there who'll want to know you."

But both Trueman and Sykes went down to Winston by passenger train, on special invitation of the superintendent; and to-day, fifteen years later, the boy from "Jim Creek" is pulling the "Fast Mail" on the "Southwestern," and Trueman Peters is train master at Winston.

The Stimulus of Ambition

Max Nordau

PART II.

WHAT does a celebrated man personally experience from his fame? He receives daily a bushel of letters, asking him for autographs, the minority of them with stamps for reply, many insufficiently prepaid, some not prepaid at all. Unknown persons honor him with confidential requests for assistance. Interviewers force their way in on him when he is obliged to work or when he would like to rest, bother him with indiscreet questions, and put idiotic replies into his mouth. Everybody claims the right to take up his time with undesired visits or egotistical letters, and he makes himself active, deadly foes when he does not answer the letters or receive the visits.

Authors send him more books than he could get through in ten lifetimes entirely devoted to reading, and each expects from him an exhaustive judgment with his reasons for forming it. If he puts off the bore with a few non-compromising phrases, without opening the work, he is soon found out, and denounced as a hypocrite and liar. If he frankly declares that he has no time for books which do not lie within his specialty, he gets the name of being an ill-mannered boor and narrow-minded pedant. Every imbecile thinks it his duty to give his opinion about him, and many of these imbeciles put their opinions in print. People who also desire to become famous, but who, strange to say, have not become so, revenge themselves on him by spreading libelous anecdotes about him, and these anecdotes naturally find a greater num-

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ber of people to repeat them and believe them according to his degree of celebrity. If it gives him pleasure that the newspapers should occupy themselves with him, his enjoyment will be marred by his observing that the murderer of the day is given more space than the poet of the century. Czolgosz, I believe, was more spoken of in the press in fourteen days than Tolstoi in a decade.

The flattering conviction that his fame reaches to the confines of the globe is supposed to indemnify the celebrated man for all these personal inconveniences. But to what humiliations he exposes himself if he tries personally to test his degree of fame! People have always believed that the best-known name of the nineteenth century is that of Napoleon I. One day, however, Prince Napoleon, "Plon Plon," came meditatively to his palace and said to the guests awaiting him, among whom were Sainte-Beuve and Renan, that he had just had a conversation under the arcades of the Palais Royal with a woman born and brought up in Paris who had never heard the name of Napoleon, and had no notion of who he was.

It is exactly for this imaginary value, for fame which neither offers the individual the tangible satisfactions of excessive wealth nor the community the advantage of the ambitious struggle for civic honors, that the most passionate greed exists. This is easy to understand. The law of the least resistance explains the phenomenon.

The young man on the threshold of active life who desires to become famous naturally strikes upon the idea of trying it by writing a book. He would become an author and win laurels with his pen. This requires the minimum of working capital, and allows him to cling longest to subjective illusions.

Should an ambitious young man try for fame in a public career, he will soon be convinced that success cannot be attained by him if he has not the necessary qualities. He will fail at the polls; people will refuse to listen to his public speeches; he will return empty-handed from the hunt for office. That will, if he is at all capable of forming a judgment, open his eyes, and he will cease an effort which he is forced to see has no prospect of success.

Should he desire to become a millionaire, every-day life will rapidly make it clear to him whether or not he has anything to hope for in this field. He will know at any minute the exact amount in his cashbox. He will know what he is worth. Figures speak loudly and clearly, and they will tell him whether his efforts are bearing fruit or not. We meet, it is true, people down at heel and out at elbow who are always on the track of phantom-like millions, but these poor fools are the laughingstocks of their acquaintances. Men, too, are not very scarce who have actually climbed to the summit of the gold mountain, but have been hurled headlong down, to lie at the foot with broken limbs. These keep, to the end of their lives, the hope of once more reaching the top, and the memory of their short moment of glory makes them incapable of a sober comprehension of their position. They belong to the most lamentable victims of the battle of life.

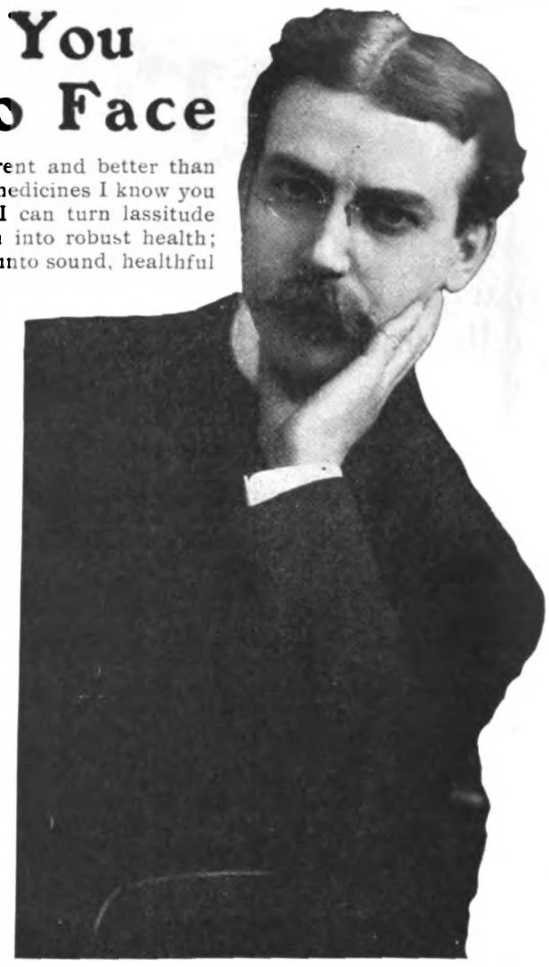
The man, on the contrary, who hopes to win fame with the pen can, for a very long time, perhaps forever, waste his strength and his time without being forced to the admission that he has failed to find the proper way.

In order to create an immortal masterpiece, all that is required is some paper, ink, and a pen. This represents a starting capital of, say, ten cents. So much even the poor street arab can find. It is true that, to the writing material, something must be added,—genius. But this every ambitious youth believes he possesses.

He therefore sits down and writes. The work will probably turn out to his satisfaction; for, the less talent a man has, the more lenient is his judgment of his efforts. Who is to open his eyes to the worthlessness of his work? His friends, if he finds them ready to listen to, or read, his elucubrations, will say to him, "That is trash." He will at once reply, "Pearls before swine." He will find no publisher. This only will depress him, but will not open his eyes, as he will mentally rememorate anecdotes of many a masterwork which was refused with contempt by a dozen publishers, until the thirteenth printed it reluctantly, thereby acquiring fame and fortune.

Let us assume that the book is not very bad, only mediocre; it is printed and comes on the market. The critics silence it to death.—"Naturally, the conspiracy of silence!" One critic gives it a notice and says frankly that it would have been better left

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and explain ***why*** the Swoboda System is different and better than any other and infinitely superior to drugs and medicines I know you would be convinced, and being convinced that I can turn lassitude into energy; feebleness into strength; ill-health into robust health; mental sluggishness into activity, and insomnia into sound, healthful sleep, by my system, you would place yourself under my direction. To simmer the matter down to its lowest terms I haven't a doubt but thousands of intelligent men and women who really need my help to restore normal conditions, have read my advertisements time and again and would have long ago adopted my system ***had they believed that what I claim is true.***

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"Allow me to thank you for your kindness for the past two months and for your instructions, which have been to me one of the richest blessings that I have ever received. At the time of beginning your exercises I was simply a nervous wreck—was constipated and suffered intensely with indigestion; was easily overtaxed when attempting work of any kind, and seemed almost impossible to recuperate without leaving off for months all mental and physical labor, but thanks to you, I was enabled, without medicine of any description (something I had not done for over two years), to keep up my work and at the same time increase my weight and general health until now—only two months—I feel like a new man; am now healthy, strong and tireless. Now I do not know how to be tired, as the exercise you give seems to rest me instead of tiring—it acts like a stimulant to a tired body.

"It does me a great deal of good to say that I have forgotten the taste of 'pepsin' and such other medicines for a weak stomach or digestive organs, and that *I eat anything I want.* I can heartily recommend your system of exercise to anyone that desires a good physical condition—a condition that when the mind is tired and needs the night's rest, restful sleep will be his reward.

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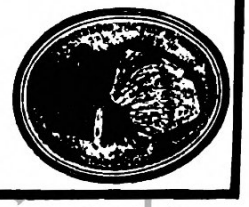
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unwritten, without any loss to anybody and with distinct advantage to the author and publisher.—"The critics are asses." The public refuses to buy the book.—"They are fools; they are not ripe for my art or my wisdom." Thus can an author go for a whole lifetime, from failure to failure, without comprehending that the cause lies in himself. His self-consciousness resists every attack like an adamantine rock. He is clothed in armor, impenetrable to reality, by his illusions. He will die in the conviction that he was an unrecognized genius and that posterity will accord to him the justice that was refused to him by the blindness of his contemporaries.

The number of these unhappy people is counted in the world by hundreds of thousands. Their useless life-work represents a waste of energy of the worst kind. Had they no ambition, they would probably be of economic and moral value for themselves and the community. Had they not this passion for fame, they would probably, in every walk of life, meet with that moderate success which spells happiness. Whoever should find a means to convince this army of deluded dreamers that, in the struggle in which they have engaged, victory is a rare exception, and, when it is really achieved, has only an imaginary value, would be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

PART III.

Literary ambition has one side to which I would like to draw special attention. It not only requires but the smallest capital, but it seems also to impose the smallest measure of discipline. Any other work seems more jealous and tyrannical than literary work. I have already said that, for a masterpiece of literature, a sheet of paper, a pen and a little ink suffice. This paper one can write upon at any time and in any place, in the garret or on the bench in the public promenade, by day or by night. The temptation is great to regard literary occupation as something that one can carry on as a by-occupation, in the pauses of work, in the night hours, or on Sundays and holidays. Many young people get the idea of trying literature because the attempt costs nothing. It is inviting to gamble for fame without the game requiring any stake. Every other occupation in which one hopes to achieve success demands peremptorily the whole man. One must devote body and soul to it, and give up to it every minute of his time and every thought of his brain. Did it ever occur to anyone to found a great trust in his leisure moments, or to be a candidate, by way of amateur sport, for a post as senator or governor? Everybody knows he can do nothing else, when he does either; and, if he is not rich and does not soon achieve success, he will speedily enough abandon an occupation which brings nothing in, and hinders him from earning his living by more remunerative work.

Literature, on the contrary, seems suitable for a by-occupation; it seems an excellent plan for the utilization of time-offals. It brings the apprentice, the beginner, no return, but it also costs him nothing. It generously permits a man, who has nothing but his time, his ambitions, and his hopes, to earn the indispensable means of support by some prosaic work, and contents itself with such spare time as he can find after the paid labor. It is a tempting thought, for an impecunious but energetic youth, that want of means is not a hindrance to the achieving of literary fame. He proudly proclaims: "I work by day to earn my bread, and by night to win fame."

The formula is, however, a delusion. The sooner he gives it up, the better it will be for him who has selected it as his rule of life. The most ordinary common sense should teach everybody that it is quite hopeless, with half one's strength and during the hours of fatigue after a long day's work, to try to win prizes in a career that is open to everyone, which for that reason is the most crowded, and where the competition is the keenest and most pitiless that can be imagined. In every sporting competition, the greatest care is taken that the competitors shall be in the very best form and not handicapped by any fatigue, preoccupation, or indisposition. But the same young man who would never dream of competing for a championship in any athletic sport after a day's work for his daily bread, because he knows that it would be ridiculous to measure himself against a trained fresh professional competitor, if one is not himself in equally good condition, will not hesitate, under the same predisposition, to take up the struggle for a literary prize.

A lady of society once asked Newton how he had made his famous discovery of the law of gravita-

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The food that will enable a person to accomplish in one year the work laid out for two years is worth knowing about. Miss Annie Avery, a student in Lanark, Ont., writes: "I know I felt my ill health even more than if I had been engaged in any other work, as the confinement of school only increased my sickness and inability to study.

Last year I was on the way to a general breakdown in health; I suffered from severe headaches, was becoming a confirmed dyspeptic, nervous system broken down and my condition went on from bad to worse until I was unable to study or even go to school.

My parents were very anxious about me as medicine did not help and Mother hearing about Grape-Nuts obtained some and I commenced to use it at once; I was very much surprised at the quick effect the food had on me. I began to get better and as a result from its continued use I am no longer troubled with sick stomach and headaches, nor am I the nervous girl I was last year. I feel so well and study so well, that I am making an attempt to get my certificate with but one year's work, when at the very least two years are always allowed for it. I have gained 30 lbs. since using Grape-Nuts and now enjoy good physical and mental health."

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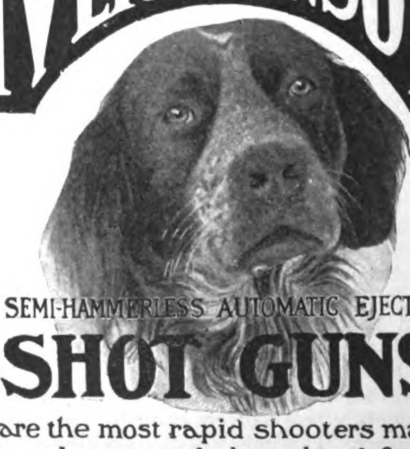
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tion. Sir Isaac answered: "By constantly thinking of it, madam." That is, together with inborn talent, the secret of each intellectual achievement is persistent labor. The inspiration comes, perhaps, suddenly, though this is in no way proved, for it is likely, even probable, that the possibly sudden irruption of an idea of genius into consciousness was preceded by a possibly long preparatory work below the threshold of consciousness, on which the usual occupation of the mind may have exercised great influence. But inspiration is not everything. In a literary work, the working out is quite as important, and the elaboration, in order to be perfect, demands all the concentration of which one is capable, all his attention, all his freshness of brain; in short, according to Sir Isaac Newton's formula, "constant thinking of it."

It is imaginable that a man who by day earns his bread by any kind of work may devote, with good results, a portion of his nights to acquiring education. Even this double activity, of course, is harmful to health; but, if it does not last too long and is not too recklessly overdone, it need not necessarily destroy it. The memory retains what it can. If a man is too fatigued by his day's work, or too preoccupied, he will not profit by night study. One must linger longer over a page of a book; it requires months to learn things which one with a fresh, well concentrated, well rested brain would acquire in weeks or days. The goal will be later and more painfully reached, but it can be reached; and, when one possesses the knowledge, no one can perceive that it was acquired in hours which should have been devoted to sleep.

There are many examples of successful men who work for their daily bread by day and study by night. George Smith, born in 1840, was an engraver who earned forty-eight shillings a week. He had to engrave the plates for Sir Henry Rawlinson's great work on Assyriology. This work interested him. He had the daring idea of studying the Assyrian language and cuneiform writing. He did this in the night and in his leisure moments, with superhuman application, and with the result that, after two years' work, at the age of twenty-six, he was appointed to a position in the Assyrian Department of the British Museum, and soon after became world-famous as the discoverer and decipherer of the cuneiform version of the biblical story of the Flood. He died of the plague, at Aleppo, when only thirty-six years old.

Another, and not less characteristic case, is that of Michael Faraday. This great scientist, who lived from 1791 to 1867, was, at twenty-one, a poor, ignorant bookbinder who earned perhaps thirty shillings a week. He had a consuming thirst for knowledge and no means of quenching it. He greedily devoured the books given him to bind, acquired bit by bit some elements of knowledge, and obtained, by means of it, admission to a physical laboratory, where his genius could freely develop itself.

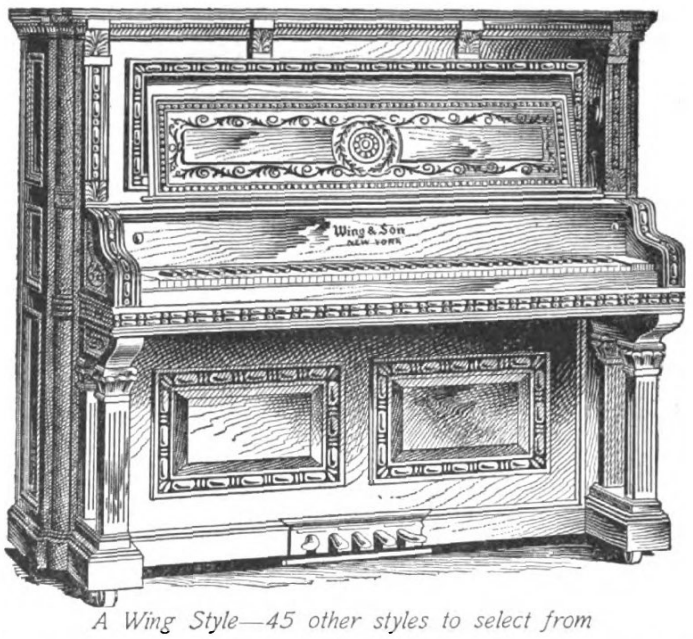
Similar, only reversed, is the case of the celebrated professor of clinical medicine in the Paris Faculty, J. Jaccoud. In addition to his gift for medicine, he had talent for playing the violin. He obtained a place in an orchestra, played half the night in the theaters and at balls, earned in this fashion perhaps two hundred francs a month, and was thus enabled to study medicine by day.

It is, however, something different to learn, something different to create. The memory still continues to serve after a long, trying day's work; the creative force of the imagination cannot then possibly be at its height. With a tired brain one learns more slowly, but he learns; he creates not slower, but weaker, worse, or not at all. It does not alter the quality of knowledge that one acquired it under peculiar difficulties. The quality of literary work is incurably deteriorated by being conceived and carried out by an exhausted brain. I have been able to give examples of scientists who worked by day for bread and by night for knowledge, and it would be easy to add to these other similar cases. I know, however, no single example where a man, after the daily work for bread, has produced in the night hours a work which has received fame.

This affirmation needs being qualified in one point only. Short lyrical poems could, under such circumstances, as a matter of exception, be successfully composed, because in this case the inspiration is everything and the elaboration demands less material work than a novel, a drama, or a great essay. The few men who, by amateur work in the night, after their professional work by day, have acquired fame in literature, are all lyric poets. I may name the New York Ghetto-poet, Morris Rosenfeld, who by day worried himself as a tailor in a sweat-shop for a pittance, and at night composed songs in

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The cost of painting the house and barn, outbuildings and fences is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel or scale off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the

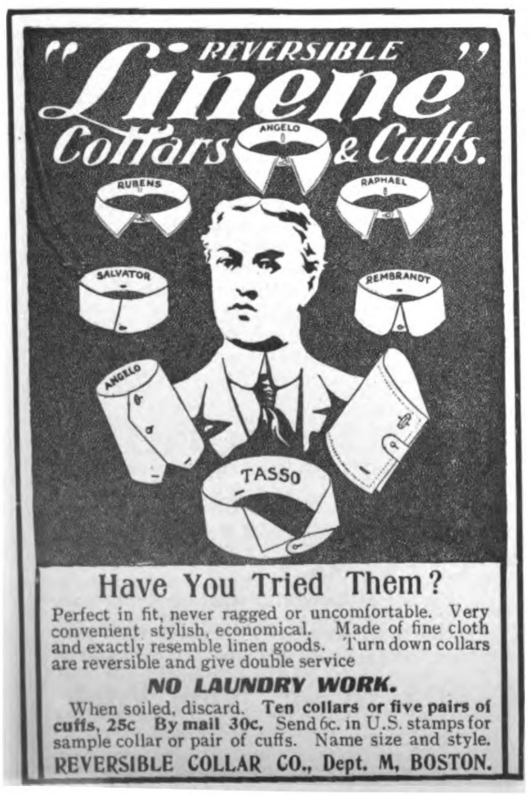


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bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cosy cottage home or the elegant mansion. To meet the needs of the small purse and at the same time give the rich, lasting, protecting effect of a first-class paint caused the manufacture of Carrara Paint, and it is the best paint for house, barn or fence; for interior or exterior work it has no equal. It is smoother, covers more surface, brightens and preserves colors, is used on wood, iron, tin, brick, stone or tile and never cracks, peels, blisters, or chalks, it does not fade; it outlasts the best white lead or any mixed paint and it covers so much more surface to the gallon that it is cheaper in the first costs than most cheap paints. The following are a few of the large users of Carrara Paint.

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From railroad box car to elegantly furnished general offices of the great railways; from race track fences and stables to fancy club house; from plain brick walls and stone fences to tin roofs and interior finish of stately hotels; from country barn or hay shed, or cheap out building to farm residence, suburban home or luxurious city residence, Carrara is used because it lasts longer, never fades, never cracks, never blisters, never peels, covers more surface than the highest priced paints and costs less than the cheap mixed paints that injure instead of protect. There is but one Carrara. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, General Offices, 554 Carrara Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and anyone having a house to paint should send for 50 sample colors, free, of this great paint that has stood the most rigid tests for 25 years, and bear in mind that it is the only paint ever manufactured that is backed by a positive guarantee in every case. Write to-day and save half your paint bills in the future.



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Jewish jargon of deep emotion, which endeared him to all who understand this jargon. Johanna Ambrosius, a simple East Prussian peasant woman, looked after her household, did her duty as wife and mother of a numerous family, and made use of her rare hours of leisure to write poems. Her verses, on their publication, won great success. It is true that this is to be ascribed more to a sentimental interest in the fate of the poetess than to the value of the poems themselves.

Other examples which one might cite prove nothing. Hans Sachs was a famous poet without ceasing to be a shoemaker. But then, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, a handicraft had, according to the German saying, "a golden bottom," and Hans Sachs was sufficiently well-to-do to have as much time to spare for writing poetry as he desired. John Bunyan first began to write when he had laid aside his tinker's tools and lived by his preaching. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is the work of a man who, while he was writing his book, thought of nothing else. Robert Burns had, as a farmer, spare time in the winter months, apart from the fact that a lyrical genius can compose a short song while he is driving a team at the plow.

The barber Jasmin, (1798-1864,) the well-known Provençal poet, really handled the razor, scissors, and comb less than the pen, and it was shrewd *coquetterie* on his part that he still kept his barber's shop when in fact he was nothing else but a professional writer.

It is not the night work of itself that is incompatible with good literary work. Schiller, when he was in full swing, wrote the whole night through in spite of the great harm it did his health, and Lord Byron preferred to compose at night in company with a bottle of brandy. But these men had no different day occupation to distract them. They had no other idea in their heads, day or night, than their work.

Only by means of this complete concentration is success possible. Good literary work suffers no other occupation beside it. Whoever is so poor that he must earn his bread by subaltern labor will seek in vain to pursue fame in the night hours. He will not achieve celebrity, but will certainly endanger his health and shorten his life.

A well-known exercise in experimental psychology consists in asking a number of persons to indicate what images emerge in their consciousness when an abstract term is suddenly pronounced in their presence. In this manner we succeed in distinguishing the concrete elements out of which an abstract notion is composed.

If one were to ask a number of Americans what they imagine by success, he would evidently receive very different answers.

Many would reply: "Success means money. To be successful is synonymous with owning a palace, a yacht, a private Pullman car; with eating off gold plate, having the most expensive box in the opera house, buying one's wife the largest diamonds in the market and one's daughter an English duke, or astonishing the world by the price of one's pictures, the number of one's pairs of trousers, and the amount of one's stakes at poker." This is, of course, the coarsest view of wealth. It does not go beyond the most brutal selfishness and the mental horizon of an illiterate publican. Men of higher intellectual and moral attainment who hunt after wealth dream of making a nobler use of their gold. They desire to found universities and libraries, to create museums, to put up public monuments, to assist talent, to reward genius, to be the providence of the poor and the sick, and to spread faith. In the one case, as in the other, one is greedy for money on account of the power it incarnates, the power to satisfy low appetites or nobler aspirations, provoking whims or philanthropic sympathies, to gall one's fellow men, or to be of use to them.

For others, success means the esteem of their fellow countrymen. They do not desire to present them with money, but to give them the work of their brains. They see themselves as popular orators, admired administrators, politicians, or legislators. Each dreams of enthusiastic receptions by cheering crowds, of electoral victories, and of holding some office, from mayor of his native place to president of the United States.

Yet others understand success in one shape only as fame. To be known to the whole world, to find that one's name is a household word with all people of education,—that is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," a goal which seems higher and more comprehensive than that of the millionaire or the public man. With fame, or so at least those believe who strive for it, goes also pecuniary reward and the respect and admiration of one's fellow men.

SUSPICION
Leads to the Real Cause.

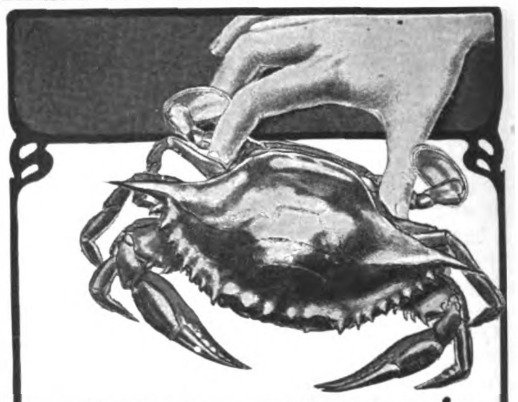
The question of coffee disease or Postum health becomes of the greatest importance when we are thrown on our own resources. Many a woman when suddenly left without means of support can make a comfortable living if health remains.

A brave little woman out in Barnes, Kansas, says, "I feel that I owe you a letter for the good Postum Coffee has done me. For years I was a great sufferer with nervousness without ever suspecting the cause. Two years ago I came down with nervous prostration. My work was light but I could not do it. I could not even sew or read.

My sleep was broken and unrefreshing; I suffered intensely and it seemed only a matter of time till I must lose my reason.

My mental distress was as great as my physical, when one day a friend brought me a trial of Postum Coffee and urged me to use it instead of coffee for a few days, saying that Postum had cured her of liver trouble and sick headaches. I replied that I thought I could not give up coffee, I had always used it as a stimulant, however the Postum Food Coffee proved to be pleasing to the taste and I used it and was surprised to see that I was resting and getting better.

My husband bought several packages and insisted on me using it altogether. Gradually, but not the less surely, I fully recovered. I never used coffee afterward and when I was left a widow a year later I was able to open a dressmaking shop and support myself and little girls." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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Practical Results of Training by Mail

No Matter What Your Position in Life May Be, the International Correspondence Schools Can Help You *if You Will Help Yourself*



NO ONE who studies the lives of great men, as portrayed in the pages of this magazine, can fail to note that all had special training for their life work.

The stories of their advancement are inspiring examples of triumph over poverty and disheartening difficulties. But it is easy to think that at least a part of their success was due to propitious circumstances or to opportunities that formerly existed but are not met with by the poor but ambitious young people of today.

To prove that such reasoning is without foundation, we have selected a few examples of progress made by I. C. S. students, trained in their spare time entirely by mail.

While attending high school, William H. Gray, a Youngstown, Ohio, boy determined to enter the electrical profession. Knowing that the necessity of earning his own living would prevent him from entering a technical school, he enrolled in the electrical engineering course of the International Correspondence Schools.

After leaving school he took the first position that offered. Although it was not in his chosen line of work, it enabled him to support himself while being trained by mail for a better position in some electrical establishment.

Before completing the mechanical drawing section of the course, his opportunity came in the offer of a position in the drafting room of the electrical department of the "Ohio" works of the National Steel Company, at double his former salary. Referring to this position Mr. Gray says: "I now have an excellent opportunity to learn more about my chosen profession. I was recently offered a position as draftsman with a railroad official at a salary 50% better than I am now receiving, but I refused it. I started out with the intention of becoming an electrician and I am going to keep at it until I succeed."

Who can doubt that such ambition and perseverance will win?



TRAINING by mail has swung open the door of opportunity not alone for young men, but for their ambitious sisters as well.

Alice C. Booth, of E. Scofield Ave., City Island, New York, is one young woman who has shown what profitable use can be made of spare time.

While at home with her parents she determined that the three to five hours she had to spare each day should not go to waste.

At about this time she read an advertisement of the International Correspondence Schools, which stated that the I. C. S. was "a savings bank of spare time."

She promptly made inquiry concerning a course in stenography, in which she enrolled. Her spare time was now turned to such good account that in a few months she completed the course and obtained a position as stenographer with the Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company of New York. Three months' experience in this office qualified her for much better work. This she obtained, at an increased salary, with the Greater New York Detective Agency.

How much better is Miss Booth's independent position in life than that of the young woman who is unable to earn her own living. True, she may have parents or relatives only too willing to take care of her, but they may not always be able. No matter what is her financial or social condition, every self-respecting young woman should be capable of "paying her way." As Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote: "No young lady could have a better safeguard against adversities of fortune, or a better resource in time of need, than a good knowledge of business affairs."



ONE of the unique features of training by mail is that it enables those already at work to change their occupation to one more congenial or more profitable. This certainly makes for the greater happiness of mankind and the greater prosperity of the nation.

The average young man, on leaving school, accepts the position most easily obtained, without regard to his adaptability to that line of work, or for the opportunities for success it offers. A few years of experience often convinces him that he started in the wrong profession, and that his chances for success would be much greater in the line for which his taste and natural ability fit him.

Instead of remaining a discontented misfit, he is able through training by mail to change his occupation without losing his salary.

In February, 1900, while teaching school in Chinook, Montana, at $30 per month, Lloyd G. Smith enrolled in the surveying and mapping course of the International Correspondence Schools.

Within three months he gave up school teaching, accepted a position as draftsman and assistant surveyor, and obtained a salary of $70 per month.

Three months more of practical experience made him fully competent to carry on his new line of work, and he became deputy county surveyor of Chotean county, Montana, at a salary of $100 per month.

No man need spend his days in uncongenial or unprofitable work. He can be trained by mail for a position in his chosen profession in which he may support himself while combining education with practice, to qualify for further advancement. He can hold his old position and salary until the day he changes his occupation.



ANOTHER young man who adopted the I. C. S. change of occupation plan is Emmet E. Chaffin, of Smithville, Ohio. His story cannot be told better than in his own words. He says: "Before I began studying in the Schools, I was a farmer, and knew practically nothing about electricity or steam engineering. I have been greatly benefited by my courses in stationary engineering and electric power and lighting.

"Since completing them I have taken charge of an engine and have wound several motors that are giving satisfaction. When I met with any difficulties in my work the Schools helped me out, and I now feel that my experience and the training I have received have fitted me for a still better position, whenever the opportunity for obtaining such presents itself."



MR. HUGH J. WHITE, of Washington, D. C., one of Uncle Sam's machinists, furnishes a good example of the efficiency of training by mail, for those who wish to advance in their present line of work.

Being a practical, experienced mechanic, he is fully competent to judge of the real value of training by mail for those already at work.

He began work with practically no education, general or technical, but, realizing the value of trained brains, tried to learn through home study of ordinary textbooks and at night schools. In these efforts he met with little success, so finally enrolled in the electrical engineering course of the International Correspondence Schools.

As a result of this training by mail his salary was advanced over 100%, and he was given a position as first-class machinist on experimental work for the United States Government. He declares that "if all young men but knew the advantages and thoroughness of the Scranton Schools, there would be a stampede to get enrolled."

Resolve to Succeed!

In the face of such evidence, why do you hesitate?

If you are just starting out in life, can you not do as well as Mr. Gray or Miss Booth?

If you want to change your occupation, the stories of advancement made by Mr. Smith and Mr. Chaffin should convince you that your opportunity lies in training by mail.

If you are satisfied with your present work but want to rise, Mr. White's experience proves that you can gratify your ambition through the I. C. S.

You owe it to yourself to find out just what the schools can do for you. Their advice and assistance has put many a man or woman on the road to progress and prosperity. You should ask it at once.

Fill Out and Send in the Coupon TODAY

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BOX 1172, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain how I can qualify for position marked X below.

☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Bridge Engineer
☐ Machine Designer	☐ Railroad Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Surveyor
☐ Foreman Machinist	☐ Mining Engineering
☐ Foreman Toolmaker	☐ Mine Surveyor
☐ Foreman Blacksmith	☐ Metallurgist
☐ Foreman Molder	☐ Textile Mill Supt.
☐ Gas Engineer	☐ Textile Designer
☐ Refrigeration Engineer	☐ Plumbing Inspector
☐ Traction Engineer	☐ Heating and Vent. Eng.
☐ Electrical Engineer	☐ Architect
☐ Elec. Machine Designer	☐ Contractor and Builder
☐ Electrician	☐ Architectural Draftsman
☐ Electric Lighting Supt.	☐ Sign Painter
☐ Electric Railway Supt.	☐ Letterer
☐ Telephone Engineer	☐ Analytical Chemist
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Sheet-Metal Draftsman
☐ Wireman	☐ Ornamental Designer
☐ Dynamo Tender	☐ Perspective Draftsman
☐ Motorman	☐ Navigator
☐ Steam Engineer	☐ Bookkeeper
☐ Engine Runner	☐ Stenographer
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Teacher
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ To Speak French
☐ Hydraulic Engineer	☐ To Speak German
☐ Foreman Patternmaker	☐ To Speak Spanish
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*Name*_____

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4,300 Tents in 50 States and Provinces.

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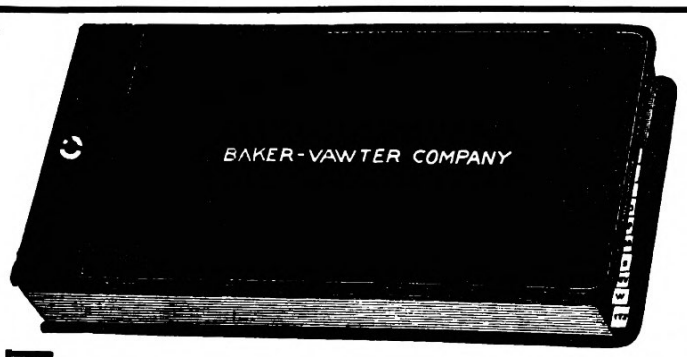
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BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY. 946 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago. 946 Central Bank Building, New York.

The Beef Trust and the Public

[*Concluded from page 485*]

supply. Consequently, there is a scarcity of beef cattle.

This explains the present high price of meat in a general way. The arrivals at any one of the great slaughtering depots and a comparison with the arrivals in other years will show it more completely. Take the arrivals at Kansas City for the first half of April of this year and compare them with the arrivals during the similar periods of the four preceding years:—

	CATTLE	HOGS	SHEEP
1899	66,800	141,900	66,300
1900	82,500	161,300	33,500
1901	81,400	176,600	77,500
1902	66,300	95,200	35,100

Now take into consideration the growth in population and the increased consumption, on account of greater prosperity, and these figures and facts clearly show that this is a plain case of the demand outrunning the supply. But there is another important element that seems to indicate that the price of meat will continue to be higher for a long time,—there is a falling off in the production of cattle. In the United States, on January 1, 1900, the oxen and other cattle numbered 27,610,054. At a corresponding time, four years earlier, the oxen and other cattle numbered 32,084,409. There is a falling off of something like fourteen and one-half per cent., during a period when the population increased something like ten per cent. Here are conditions which were not brought into existence by the beef trust, nor yet by the predecessors of the beef trust.

Is the beef trust preparing to take advantage of these conditions? That seems very likely, for the men who have combined to form this trust have waited until now to do it, waited until a time when the eyes of the whole country are turned upon them to form a combination more intimately connected with the life and the happiness of the people than any of the other great enterprises,—the steel, the sugar, and the oil trusts, for instance. Is their purpose sinister? That can hardly be, unless it is sinister to employ large aggregations of capital in a large way; for, after all, the only security that the future holds out to them is good service to the people. The people are just beginning to look into this matter of trusts. They will understand them very thoroughly before discussion ceases, and, if they are baneful in their influence, ways will be found to curtail their power. Besides, beef cattle and other animals can be raised and killed in the old way in the older parts of the country. But meat is likely to be high, if not as high as at present, until the production and the demand are in more harmonious accord.

Meantime, the best efforts of the clever people who try to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before will be continued. There will be oil-cake-fattened cattle, distillery-fed cattle, and "baby" stall-fed beef. It may be that some of these make as good beef as that of finely bred cattle fattened on succulent grass and corn, but any meat is much to be preferred to none at all. Certainly none of them at present commands the very highest prices in the best markets; that is, if the retail butchers know what they are buying. A friend of mine is enthusiastic over "baby" beef, and he has sent me this letter describing the process:—

Whatever objections packers or retail butchers may now make against "baby" beef, at its inception the plan of producing was good, and the beef raised was of such quality that the highest prices were paid for it when the cattle stood sleek and fat before the great *abattoirs* of Kansas City and Chicago. Perhaps there is now some hocus-pocus in the trade by which butchers are deceived, for the consumer does not always know all the truth.

The range cattle of old,—who does not know their pathetic history? Mr. Thompson-Seton declares that the life of every wild creature ends in a tragedy. I assert that not only the death but also the life of the range cattle is tragic. To say nothing of round-ups and branding, there is the unending search for sustenance on the plains, not a sharp emergency suddenly met, but a long-continued starvation. As the winter ends and fodder is gone and the plains are void of succulent growth, starvation comes. The only relief is the springing of grass under early rains. But suppose the sky sheds only sunshine and winds, what then of the poor creatures searching the dun-colored earth? They become more and more emaciated, and finally, from weakness, fall upon the ground and slowly die. Possibly, as I have seen, the rain falls and the grass sprouts before death has come, and the starving animal reaches out his tongue for the fresh blades, and, a prostrate invalid, eats his way back to life among the dead bodies of his companions.

Even though these cattle of the range become restored to health, is it not probable that the system feels the strain and the quality of the meat is affected? It is probably to the prevalence of the quarter-section farm that we owe the production of "baby" beef, although cattle raisers of large ranches have adopted the scheme. A hundred and sixty

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acres of prairie makes a grazing ground too small for many head of cattle, but a few acres of alfalfa will feed all that the small farmer cares to raise. In other words, the quarter-section can be made to feed as many cattle as formerly ranged a large ranch. This economic reason was the origin of the plan, but this was supplemented by consideration of the condition of the cattle. There is no period of the animal's life when it is subjected to depleting physical strain, no period of starvation, no long invalidism, but, from beginning to end, he is amply fed and watered, and attains his magnificent size without a serious check in the process. Besides this, he is generally of fine stock, and knows not the reproach of a maverick.

So great was the demand for this fine "brought-up-by-hand" beef that the cattlemen could not supply it, and owners of large ranges—say of forty thousand acres,—began to fence off lots and plant alfalfa for the delectable fattening of the pampered yearlings. It stands to reason that the flesh must be fine on a blooded animal who has never known disease or hardship, thirst or starvation.

Range cattle are often herded a hundred to the acre, and crammed with cotton-seed for six weeks before going to the *abattoir*. During that time they are deprived of the natural exercise of grazing. It is easy to understand that the meat of such beeves might be tough and stringy, and unprofitable with misplaced fat. It is, perhaps, this hastily fattened fraud that is sometimes passed off for "baby" beef, creating an unjust prejudice.

The only source of information, at present, as to the newly formed beef trust is the daily newspaper. As those most intimately concerned are as silent as the grave, we can only infer that the newspaper men are using a few scant facts which they join together with guesses. These may be good or bad, but, until they are proved to be facts, any speculation as to the size of the trust and the proportions of its purposes are quite idle and valueless. That John D. Rockefeller, who built the great Standard Oil Company from small beginnings, is interested in the deal seems to be one of the few facts obtainable. This, however, means very much, for it gives assurance of abundant capital and of the ripest general experience in this kind of transaction that there is in the world. The special experience, the various men at the head in the western cities already have. So it seems a strong combination of brains, experience, and capital.

STOP YOUR FRETTIN'

WHEN things don't come along your way,
Can't hurry 'em by frettin';
If clouds o' care obscure your day,
Can't chase 'em off by frettin'.
Your tears just irrigate your woe
An' freshen up an' help it grow—
Don't wash it out o' sight, an' so
There ain't no use in frettin'.

The heavy load you have to bear
Ain't lightened up by frettin';
The sorrow vultures in the air
Ain't skeered away by frettin'.
If debt is crowdin', rent is due,
No cash in hand, an' you are blue,
Brace up an' be a man, first you
Can't square yourself by frettin'.

No matter what your cares an' woes,
Don't humor 'em by frettin';
If hard luck aims her heavy blows,
Strike back,—don't go to frettin'.
Screw up your nerve an' hold your grip,
An' keep a frozen upper lip,
Fur anything on earth can whip
The man who gits to frettin'.

JAMES BARTON ADAMS, in the Denver "Post."

The Philosophy of Felix G. Pryme

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," but it enjoys all the advantages of travel.

When you are growling about your work, think of the poor fellow who has none.

Patriotism, in the mind of a not uncommon citizen, is another name for partizanship.

Obscurity has its compensations; he who flies the highest sometimes falls the farthest.

You cannot, with much success, judge a man's character by the cost of his Panama hat.

Sometimes the loftiest monument towers above the grave of the poet who starved to death.

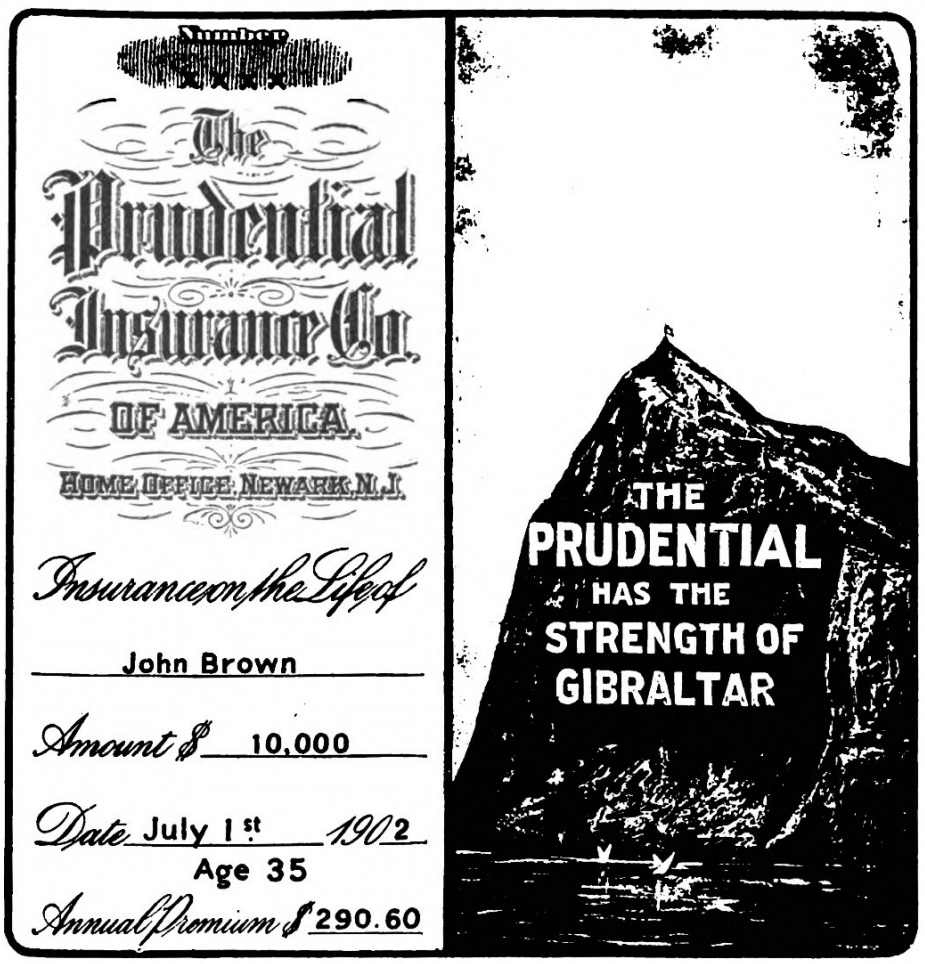
Much talk is no demonstration of ability; the noisiest automobile does not always win the race.

The average financial magnate feels that you are taking an unfair advantage when you attempt to engage him in a conversation concerning mental development.

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The world insists that age and wisdom must go hand in hand; the solemnity and profundity of a young physician's hems and haws increase in direct proportion with the growth of his beard.

Of old, the fool said in his heart that there was no God; now he says that the infinite universe is the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances. If you will stop to think about it, you will notice that he has not progressed much in the meantime.



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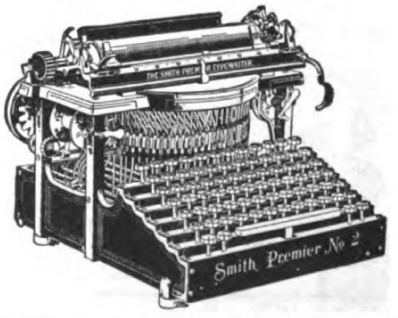
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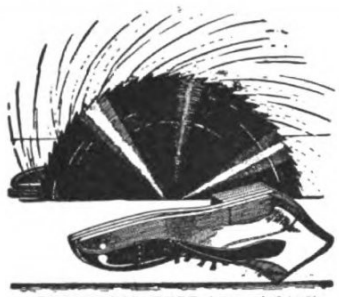
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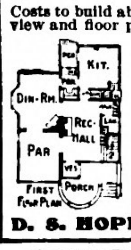
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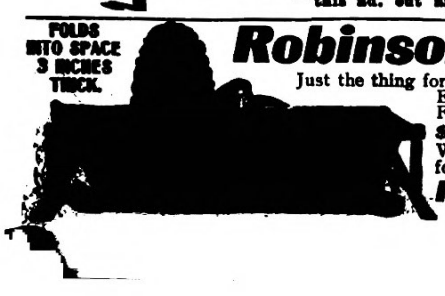
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Financial Success Won After Sixty

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

THE man who, on the verge of old age, counts himself a financial failure, should take heart from the life-story of Hugh E. Williams, of Ventura County, California. Mr. Williams was born in Western Massachusetts, and, after passing through college, engaged in business at Buffalo, only to score a failure. Then, after a luckless attempt at school-teaching, he became a storekeeper at Adrian, Michigan, where he failed through inability to make collections during a year of poor crops. He started anew as a clerk in Des Moines, Iowa, and at the end of ten years bought a farm. Disease killed his cattle, prairie fires twice destroyed his crops; and, at the end of another decade, he lost his land by the foreclosure of a mortgage. There followed another period of work as a clerk, which he gave up to become principal and proprietor of a seminary at Humboldt, Iowa. His second attempt at school-teaching, however, proved no more successful than the first, and he had to abandon it, at the end of four years, without a dollar he could call his own.

Mr. Williams had become a gray-haired man. All who knew him thought him a failure. He could get nothing to do to earn his living, and, when his wife received a present of two hundred dollars from a brother in Massachusetts, it was decided to add to this sum by the sale of their household furniture, and to start anew among strangers. This was in 1873, and in November of that year the Williams family made its way by rail and steamer to Southern California, where its head lost no time in occupying a quarter-section of land under the homestead law. The land he selected was near the Santa Ana River, between the sites of the present towns of Colton and Riverside. When he had built a rough board shanty and bought a horse and some tools, he had less than forty dollars left of the money he had carried with him from Iowa. It was an outlook that might well have dismayed a younger and stronger man, but Mr. Williams set to work with a will, resolved to labor as he had never done before, for his family and for success. With his own hands he cleared and planted twenty acres of his land to apricots; and, after that, he incessantly cultivated and watered the young trees while waiting for them to come into bearing. All the water used for irrigation had to be hauled from the Santa Ana River in a barrel Mr. Williams had rigged upon wheels, and day after day he could be seen, by chance passers-by, laboriously hauling the water, under a broiling summer sun, and pouring it, a bucketful at a time, about the roots of each apricot tree. Meanwhile, the family resorted to all sorts of devices to gain a livelihood. One daughter taught a district school, and another worked at dressmaking, while the father acted as a surveyor's assistant whenever he could get a chance. So they toiled and scrimped for five years, sleeping in the first days on beds made of straw, and eating from boards laid across sawhorses. Then their trees came into full bearing, and the brunt of the battle was over. Before that, Mr. Williams had undertaken orange-growing, and in this, again, success attended his labors. Fortune a third time favored him when, in 1882, a railroad was built through the valley in which he had made his home, and several thousand settlers followed in its wake. These changed conditions enabled Mr. Williams to sell a third of his land for $4,000, and to get nearly as much more for his annual yield of apricots. Another year brought his orange trees into bearing and increased his income to $7,000. He invested this money in land, which he sold ere long at an advance of $9,000, and in 1886 he parted with his home and orchards for $30,000. The same year the famous boom in Southern California got fairly under way, and Mr. Williams, by shrewd purchases and sales of land, doubled and trebled the money he had received for his ranch. Then, in 1887, at the age of seventy-one, he bought a ranch of 10,000 acres in Ventura County, upon which he is passing his last days. He is one of the largest bean-growers in his section, and every year markets between six thousand and seven thousand dollars' worth of lima beans. Since he went to California with three hundred dollars, in 1873, at the age of fifty-six years, he has acquired more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, besides paying in full all of the debts left behind him in the East.

Harry A. Boggs, of Phœnix, Arizona, offers another shining example of a brave and successful

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battle for success fought in advanced years. Boggs had failed as a steamboat manager, stockbroker, silk importer, and politician, before, a well-nigh penniless consumptive, he drifted to the Southwest something like a score of years ago. A government survey was then being made of Arizona, and the newcomer, whose only chance of regaining his health lay in a life in the open air, found work as a chainbearer at forty dollars a month. While thus employed, he gained a first-hand knowledge of the country that was to stand him in good stead later. When he left the surveying gang, he settled in Tombstone and made a few thousand dollars by the sale of mining stocks. Then he set about building a railroad from Maricopa to Phœnix. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company had projected an extension across Arizona from Yuma toward El Paso, and Boggs saw that a line from Maricopa, northward, to Phœnix and the mines, would be needed as a feeder to the Southern Pacific system. He hired two or three skilled surveyors, and devoted the better part of a year to going over the possible routes for such a road. When he had finally hit upon the cheapest and easiest of these routes, he called to his aid a wealthy friend from New York and laid his plans before him. The New Yorker saw that they were shrewd and well-conceived, and promptly supplied the money to pay for a right of way and the necessary franchises. Thus, when the Southern Pacific Company got ready to build to Phœnix, it found that Boggs controlled the best route and must be dealt with before the right of way could be made perfect. Its managers, in the end, paid Boggs and his partner $300,000 for what had cost them less than $20,000, —plus brains and enterprise.

The most remarkable living example of great wealth won in old age is that of Lord Strathcona, who is by far the richest man in Canada. He is now eighty years of age, and was nearly sixty when his great opportunity came to him. A native of North Scotland, born plain Donald A. Smith, he went to Canada while still in his teens, as a clerk in the service of the Hudson Bay Company; and, until 1867, most of his life was spent in the wilds of Labrador. He was gradually advanced, until he reached the highest post in the company's service, but he was verging on old age when he finally emerged from the crowded ranks of comparatively poor men. It was in 1875 that opportunity knocked at his door, and was recognized with the eye of genius. One of his closest friends was James J. Hill, who was doing a freighting business between St. Paul and Winnipeg. The two men compared notes and agreed that much money was to be made from the Manitoba Railway, which extended from St. Paul over Minnesota and the Dakotas. It was built by Amsterdam capitalists, but the panic of 1873 forced the company into bankruptcy, and its bonds were a drug in the markets of the world.

Smith and Hill saw that, with the return of prosperity, which they believed to be at hand, the road would become a profitable property. They had not the money to buy it, but Mr. Smith had a cousin who, having settled in Canada in his youth, had rapidly climbed to wealth and was at that moment president of the Bank of Montreal. This friend, George Stephen, when consulted, entered into the plan with enthusiasm. He supplied the money to buy the road, and, by the rise of its stock to par, Smith, Hill and Stephen were all made multi-millionaires. Since then, Lord Strathcona, to call Mr. Smith by the title which Queen Victoria bestowed upon him in 1887, has steadily added to his wealth. He took a prominent part in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is the controlling factor in its affairs, and in those of the Bank of Montreal. He is also said to hold a majority of the shares of stock of the Hudson Bay Company. This company has stores in all of the towns and cities of Western Canada, and has the cream of the retail trade, while further north it has a virtual monopoly of the fur business. Yet, had Lord Strathcona died in middle age, he would have left his family little save an honored name.

Just do a thing! Don't talk about it! This is the great secret of success in all enterprises.—Sarah Grand.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Humphry Davy.

The nightingale sings in the night, and the lark in the morning. A good many people can sing in the morning, but what we want is to be like the nightingale, singing in the night when everything is dark around us.



THE BURDEN OF ERROR

From Darkness to Light

Habit is strong; the mind is stronger. An awakening intellect makes the will that breaks an unnatural habit, and in the choice of food brings us from darkness to light. To be mentally and physically sound we must eat natural food. In the Whole Wheat nature has provided such a food; that is, food that CONTAINS all the PROPERTIES in CORRECT PROPORTION NECESSARY to NOURISH EVERY ELEMENT of the HUMAN ORGANISM.

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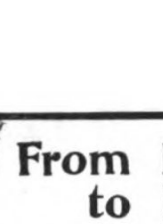
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A SONG TO BRAVE WOMEN

Alfred J. Waterhouse

THEY were married in the autumn when the leaves were turning gold,
And the mornings bore a menace of the winter's coming cold;
Side by side they stood and promised, hand in hand, to walk through life,
And the parson said, "God bless you!" as he named them man and wife.
They had little wealth to aid them; little of the world they knew;
But he whispered: "Oh, my darling, I have riches,—I have—you."
Then they vowed that, walking ever side by side and hand in hand,
They would gain the distant summits of their far-off, happy land.

Side by side they walked together, lingering sometimes for a kiss,
Dreaming of those far-off summits, of the future's perfect bliss;
But the battle-stress was on them, and the foeman bade them yield,
And their onward steps were hidden by the smoke upon the field;
And his heart grew faint within him as he murmured: "I must fall,
For the foeman presses ever, and his cohorts conquer all."
But the woman, loyal ever, only whispered: "You shall win!
You shall snatch the victor's laurel from the battle-strife and din."

Then again he struggled onward, though his wounds were gaping wide,
Listening ever for a whisper,—"I am battling by your side."
Struggling onward, struggling ever, though the mists were dark about;
Beaten downward by the foeman, lost in mists of gloom and doubt;
Still he heard that gentle whisper that his spirit must obey
Till he reached the golden summits past the borderland of gray.
Then the world, as wise as ever, said, "Behold a conquering knight!"
For it never heard the whisper that had urged him to the height.

Call it fable, fable only; lo, the world is full of these,
Men who struggle onward, upward, till the splendid prize they seize;
Men who stumble, stumble often, dazed or stricken in the din,
But to rise and falter forward at the whisper, "You shall win!"
And we name them knights and heroes of the battle and the fray,
Knowing not that there behind each is the one who showed the way;
Just some little, loyal woman forcing back the tears that blur,—
You may honor your brave hero; I will sing a song to her.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

MARGUERITE BROOKS

IF your mirror tells you that you are not beautiful, do not allow that to depress you. In our liberal interpretation of the meaning of the word "beauty," there are many degrees; and hopelessly homely, indeed, must be the woman who cannot be included within some one of them.

A pair of bright, speaking eyes, a sweet, lovable mouth,—no matter whether it be large or small,—fine hair, a good complexion, or a graceful figure,—the possession of any one of these constitutes a claim to a certain amount of comeliness, the amount being altogether dependent on the determination of the possessor to make the most of what has been given her.

Good health is the primary condition on which physical beauty must be based. Whatever is conducive to the upbuilding of the bodily condition is equally conducive to the promotion of beauty.

A well-poised body, for instance, is no less essential to health than to physical beauty, and the woman who desires to be physically perfect, even though she may be indifferent to her personal appearance, cannot be too careful in guarding against faulty positions of the body.

Yet there are few who habitually stand or sit or walk correctly. Most women, when sitting, bend forward or lean backward, in either case throwing the spine out of position and working injury to the whole organism. In standing, they usually rest the entire weight on the heels, which has the effect of curving the spine in the wrong direction and pushing the abdomen forward. There are so many wrong methods of walking that it will be easier to point out the right way than to specify all the wrong ways. But first let us consider the correct manner of standing and sitting.

In standing, rest the weight of the body princi-

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Food cooked by steam is healthier and more digestible than boiled or baked. Our Cooker can be used to great advantage for steaming the different cereal foods that are on the market. People eating steam cooked foods will not suffer from indigestion. Don't stand over a hot stove, but make summer cooking a pleasure by using our

STEAM COOKER WITH DOORS

Entire meal cooked over one burner. Saves fuel, labor and provisions. Only cooker made with steam condenser and copper tank, sold on 30 days trial.

AGENTS WANTED.

Liberal terms. $30 and $40 a week can be made by agents.

Write for territory at once. Book free

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO.
24 Ontario Building, Ont. and Jeff. Streets, TOLEDO, OHIO.

Ready for Use



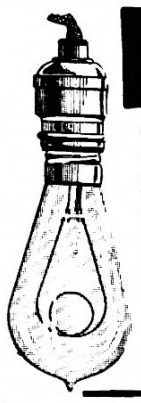
Rat Bis-Kit

Packed in Boxes.

The only poison not dangerous to handle. Acts quickly, no mixing, no soiling of dishes, no trouble. Kills every time. Die in open air seeking water. Dropped in rat holes, put in linen closets, etc., without soiling anything. Rats and mice leave choicest grain and food for it. Why take the risk of mixing poison?

Ask your druggist. If he has n't it, send us 20 cts. for 1 full size box, or 50 cts. for 3 boxes postpaid, enough to kill all the rats you will ever have.

THE RAT-BISCUIT CO., Dept. E, Springfield, Ohio.



HYLO

Current-saving, convenience, comfort are not imitated. No good electric light without the HYLO. It turns down like gas—saves five-sixths—fits any ordinary socket like a common bulb. One HYLO bulb will wear as long as three common electric bulbs.

Buy of your electrician or send us 75 cents for sample by mail Circular free.

THE PHELPS CO., 47 State St. Detroit, Mich.



WE WANT LADIES

Everywhere to sell our Beautiful
PETTICOATS AND SOLID COMFORT WALKING SKIRTS
Exclusive territory—handsome profit—
Write for catalogues and particulars.

Paris Skirt Co., 133 Viaduct, Cleveland, O.

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pally on the balls of the feet, letting the heels lightly touch the ground. The chest should be elevated and thrown forward, and the head held erect, while the lower part of the spine should be thrown backward.

In sitting, one is apt to be even more careless and slouchy than in standing. The body should be in an upright position, and the lower part of the spine thrown a couple of inches back of the shoulders, bringing them into a line parallel with the hips, the feet resting lightly on the ground.

One of the first endeavors of a woman who wishes to improve her personal appearance should be to acquire a graceful carriage.

Have you ever noticed how an admittedly beautiful woman carries herself? How erect she holds her head! How daintily she steps along, not setting her heel down first, as so many heavy-footed, ungainly-looking women do, but springing lightly, placing the ball of the toe first to the ground and the heel afterwards. This gives that grace and elasticity of movement which are characteristic of the well-poised, well-developed woman.

A graceful carriage gives an air of distinction and high-breeding that nothing else can. It enhances a good figure and lends to an imperfect one an ease and dignity.

Look to your walk, then. Don't wabble from side to side. Hold your head up. Take in deep breaths, which will give your chest breadth and fullness. Don't put your feet down flat as you move along. Practice putting the balls of your toes down first instead of your heels, and see what a difference it will make in your appearance.

By careful attention to the laws of health, proper care of the teeth, eyes, and hair, a becoming arrangement of the latter, and good taste in dressing, any woman can make herself attractive.

Smooth skin, a clear, healthy complexion, and bright eyes, no matter whether they be round or almond-shaped, small or large, blue, black, green, gray or brown, go a long way toward making a woman good to look upon. Every woman, provided she is not troubled with some affection of the skin, (in which case she should consult a reliable physician,) can have these, if she will take even the most ordinary care of her health.

Perfect health has been defined as "a perfect circulation of pure blood in a sound organism," and to attain this the rules to be observed are few and simple; but they cannot be overlooked.

Do not restrict any part of the body by tight clothing. Bathe daily in tepid water, unless you are constitutionally weak and feel that this is too often for your strength; and take an occasional salt-water bath as a tonic. This can be prepared easily at home by adding a lump of common rock or sea salt to the ordinary bath.

As you value your complexion, especially if your skin is at all inclined to be oily, avoid all fried and greasy foods and pastry as much as possible. For purifying the blood, nothing is better than fresh fruits, particularly apples. Cereals, milk, eggs, and vegetables, as a complexion food as well as a health diet, are unrivaled; and, during the summer months, at least, the less meat one eats the better.

Exercise is not less essential to the promotion of health and comeliness than sleep, and one hour, at least,—two would be better,—should be spent in the open air every day: walking, bicycling, playing golf or basket-ball, or indulging in any form of healthful exercise one prefers. Romping with children would be as good as any. The Baroness Cederstrom—or Adelina Patti, as she is more familiarly known to the public,—who is young and beautiful at sixty, joins in all kinds of children's games. She declares "there is exercise in them, and that is what the body needs."

If the weather forbids outdoor games, don't give up your walk. Follow Adelina Patti's example in this, as also in playing with children. One of Patti's friends says of her:—

"Weather has no terrors for her; rain or shine, hot or cold, she ventures out just the same. When it is pouring, she can be seen in a long mackintosh reaching nearly to the ground, high rubber boots, and an old slouch hat, sauntering off for a few miles' walk.

"When she walks, she walks, and most American girls would be put to shame trying to keep pace with her. She does not pull her collar over her ears to prevent the rain from beating on her. Instead, she holds her head up and delights to feel the rain streaming all over it. 'That is how I keep my fresh color,' she says; 'that is why there are no wrinkles around my eyes nor creases in my cheeks.' "



"THE LAST CARTRIDGE" COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY SMITH & WESSON

Men whose lives are in constant danger depend upon their Smith & Wesson and know that no other revolver so perfectly meets the emergency requiring absolute accuracy, safety and reliability.

All Smith & Wesson Revolvers have this monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

We have published a limited number of copies in exact reproduction of Mr. Dan Smith's painting, "The Last Cartridge," in ten colors, on heavy plate paper, 14 x 16 in size. We will send postpaid a copy of this splendid work of art for 10 cents in silver. In the October Pearson's, Munsey's, Collier's, Country Life and Town and Country, we will reproduce a ranch scene by Frederic Remington, entitled "A Critical Moment."

60 STOCKBRIDGE STREET SMITH & WESSON, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

"The only Soap fit for the Face"

What folly to use on the face—as some men do, ordinary toilet or other soap—with all the discomfort and danger that attends the use of such soap—when for a trifling cost you can have the best shaving soap in the world—and revel in the thick, creamy, healing lather of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25c. **Williams' Glycerated Tar (Toilet) Soap, 10c.**
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap (Rd. or Sq.), 10c. **Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25c.**
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb. 40c. Exquisite also for toilet.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

Amusing "Changing Face" Puzzle Sent for 2c. Stamp



Full Hollow Ground, $2.50

Extra Double Concave, $3.00

Send for Free Book "Hints to Shavers"

THE CARBO MAGNETIC RAZOR

with ordinary, careful use, will keep

A Keen Edge for Ten Years

without HONING or GRINDING.

The "Carbo-Magnetic" is tempered by a *secret* electrical process. Has no hard spots, no soft spots, no brittleness. Surgically ground by Hamburg process. Adaptable for wiry or soft beards. Every one is *guaranteed*—if it does not suit, the dealer will exchange it until you are satisfied. Sold by best dealers or sent by the manufacturer, postpaid.

The Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 451-452 Broadway, New York

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BEST & Co

LILIPUTIAN BAZAAR

We are expert designers of

Boys' Clothing



hence, the matchless combination of style, cut and material always to be found here.

Our New Fall

Catalogue

(Ready about Sept. 10th)

describes over 2,000 articles (over 1,000 of which are illustrated) for the complete

Outfitting

of **boys, girls** and **infants,** sent for **4 cents** postage.

WE HAVE NO BRANCH STORES—NO AGENTS.

Correspondence receives prompt attention.

Address Dept. 27,

60-62 WEST 23d ST., NEW YORK.

The

Emerson

PIANO

is not the highest priced instrument made, but it is a Piano for those who buy but one in a lifetime. The price is high enough to insure a dependable Piano—one that is "*all right*"—and yet low enough to meet the needs of a modest pocketbook.

Illustrated catalogue and full information regarding our easy payment system free upon application.

EMERSON PIANO CO.,
Dept. G,
120 Boylston St., BOSTON.
195 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

vose

PIANOS

HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

and are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE

Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a **vose** piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.,
163 Boylston Street, - - - Boston



DO DOGS REASON?

CY WARMAN

JOHN BLANK, the librarian at Lundun, was talking about animal stories and the growing interest in that line of literature, despite the preposterousness of some of the tales, and the almost impossible things credited by authors to horses, dogs, and other animals, when I related to him what, as a boy, I had seen an uneducated farm horse do. The old horse had pushed the barn door open and walked out. The door, being out of plumb at the hinges, swung against the side of the barn. The horse turned about, hooked his feed-feeler over the edge of the door, slammed it shut, and started to walk away, but he had closed the door with so much force that it bounded open, though not so wide as before. Then he stopped, turned about again, and closed it not quite so hard. This time the rebound threw it open about ten inches. The horse looked at it for five or ten seconds, and then nosed it up again very softly. It remained closed and the horse walked off. When midway in the barn lot he stopped, looked in the direction of the barn, and then went to the water trough and took a long drink.

"Three months ago," said Mr. Blank, "a neighbor of mine died. At the house they kept a very ordinary dog, which my neighbor had never made much of; but, being a kind, good-natured man, he had never abused him. After my neighbor's death, this old dog would take his place on the walk outside the gate to meet his master, who had always reached home at a certain hour. The family noticed the dog's actions, but not one of the members of it could remember having ever before seen him watch for his master.

"Yesterday I called at their home and found a stranger there. The old dog trotted across the room, but stopped when he heard the stranger's voice. He looked at me and I spoke to him. The stranger spoke again and the dog turned and faced him. The man had not paid the slightest attention to the dog, but the animal's actions were so unusual that I could not take my eyes from him. The old fellow tilted his head to one side, took a few steps forward, and then sat in front of the man and gazed into his face. Next, he put his front feet on the man's knees and listened intently, while the man, heedless of the dog's familiarity, talked to me. He climbed into the man's lap and looked up at his face. Then he stood on his hind feet, put a paw on each of the man's shoulders, and gazed into his eyes.

"It may have been only my imagination, but it seemed to me that I had never before seen such a troubled, puzzled look in an animal's eyes as that dog wore as he stared into the man's face and tried to reason it out."

"What was the cause of his behavior?" I asked.

"The stranger," said Mr. Blank, "was the dead man's brother, whom the dog till that day had never seen."

A DESTROYER OF HOMES



Mrs. Bird.—"John, dear, let's move away from this house; the neighbors are too inquisitive."

This Chair will fit you. Write us.

Factory Price



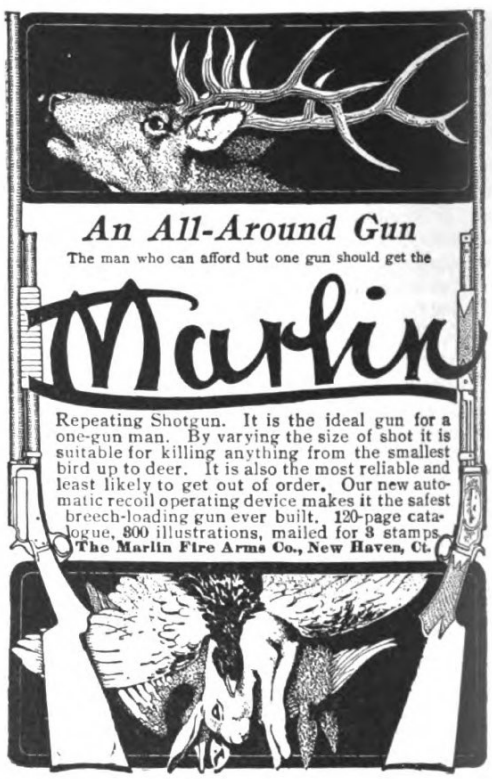
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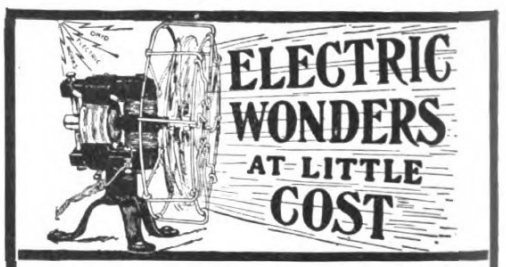
(Direct from Factory.)

You can buy this chair or any design in our catalogue direct from our factory for one-third less than you would have to pay at retail for something not as good. We are the makers. **On approval**—We take the risk of pleasing you. Guarantee safe delivery and pay freight as per terms. Everything not satisfactory comes back at our expense.

Before buying, write for our catalogue of Fine Leather Couches, Chairs and Davenports. (free)

THE Harris Manufacturing Co.
210 Columbia Street, Springfield, O.





Electric Fan Motor with Battery, $5.95

Electric Table Lamp with Battery	3.00
Battery Hanging Lamp	10.00
Telephone, with Battery complete	5.95
Electric Door Bells, all connections	1.00
Electric Carriage Lamp	5.00
Electric Hand Lanterns	2.00
$8.00 Electrical Medical Batteries	3.95
$12.00 Belt, with Suspensory	2.50
Telegraph Outfits, complete	2.25
Battery Motors from	$1.00 to 12.00
$6.00 Bicycle Electric Lights	2.75
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Send for Free Book. Describes and illustrates many of the most useful electric devices, at wonderfully small prices. All practical. The lowest price in the world on everything electrical. Agents can make handsome commission and many sales. Write for complete information.

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BUSINESS MEN EVERYWHERE SEND 10 CTS.

for a sample copy of the **Mail Order Journal,** the text book of the mail order business. There is not a business but can be increased by it. Your money refunded if you don't think so.

MAIL ORDER JOURNAL, Room 60, 84 Adams St., Chicago.

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THE UNKNOWN EDISON

[*Concluded from page 497*]



Mr. and Mrs. Edison, and Charlie and Madeline

went into the building with his father, and began his usual experiments.

"You must n't work on Sunday, Teddy," said Mr. Edison, laying a hand on his child's head.

"You work yourself, Sunday," was the youngster's prompt response, as he busily poured a lot of green fluid out of a bottle into a tall jar. But he remembered that his mother had often disapproved of his father's Sunday labors.

Mr. and Mrs. Edison looked at each other significantly. The father immediately quit work.

The Edison home is one of the finest residences in New Jersey, and is furnished with all the conveniences and luxuries of a modern palace. It bears evidence of Mrs. Edison's true taste and skillful management. The lower floor of the house is laid out in parlors, conservatories, and a magnificent dining room. Ponderous chandeliers bristling with electric-light bulbs hang from ceilings finished in open-work beams, exhibiting the best art of the builder. Mr. Edison has a fine library in his residence, though it does not contain so many scientific works as the library at his laboratory.

The upper floors are given up to sleeping rooms, and a special "den" for Mr. Edison. There he works out his plans, and has at hand the reference books he desires in chemistry, physics, heat, light, and electricity.

He is an early riser, and is ready for work at half past six o'clock. His first daily occupation is to read the newspapers. He is anxious to know if the reporters who interviewed him wrote just what he said, for he dislikes, above all else, newspaper interviews that are not correct. He does not like to be misquoted, and is willing to go to any amount of trouble in order that his statements shall be reported without errors. No matter how busily he may be engaged at the laboratory, he will stop to look over an interview, and no one is more willing than he to set a reporter right.

After reading the morning papers, he breakfasts with his children and Mrs. Edison. He says that Charlie's chief amusement at the breakfast table is poking fun at him. It is to be supposed, however, that Mr. Edison himself is equal to the emergency. He has a keen sense of humor, and never fails to use it when an occasion presents itself. For instance, just before he went on a recent trip to Florida, he called his manager to his room and said:—

"I always notice that you look very well when you work hard."

The manager looked up, wondering what Mr. Edison would say next.

"Now, I am going away to Fort Myers. I hope you will enjoy good health while I am gone."

At half past seven in the morning, Mr. Edison starts for the laboratory. He usually walks, as the distance is short, and his physicians have ordered that he must take a certain amount of physical exercise every day. When he reaches the laboratory, he begins with a great rush, and starts men on certain phases of work which he planned the previous day. He usually has from fifty to seventy-five subjects on which he puts men to work. These subjects he prepares at home, between the time when he leaves the laboratory, half past six, and midnight.

Every afternoon, Mrs. Edison calls for her husband at the laboratory, and takes him away in her

Thousands *of* "Success" Readers have heard of

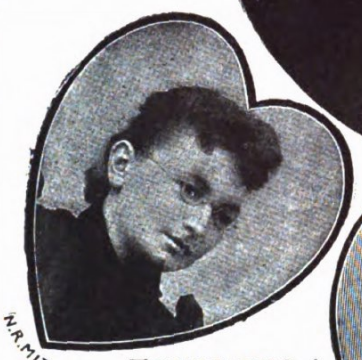
The Famous Powell System

OF ADVERTISING INSTRUCTION.

Hearty Testimony That Tells The Story of Merit

Pointing The Way To Better Positions and Larger Incomes





N.R.MITCHELL



A.L.WIDDICOMBE



CHAS.M.WARREN

THOUSANDS of "Success" readers have known me by reputation for more than a dozen years. Many have enrolled as students in my School of Advertising and many more will enroll in the near future; therefore, the following reports will be of timely interest.

A. L. WIDDICOMBE, Chicago. Now in Adv. Dept. National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio, writes:

"Shortly after completing a course in ad. writing with the ——ad. school, I decided to enroll with you—a decision that I have never regretted. Your lessons have certainly proved that you possess a comprehensive knowledge of the art, combined with a rare ability to impart that knowledge to others. I have been especially pleased with your systematic, logical, concise, and practical methods, and heartily recommend your course of advertising instruction to all as being unquestionably the best. In fact, it is so much superior to all others (and I have looked into them) that there can be no comparison."

The Prospectus gives the balance of Mr. Widdicombe's praise, and the reading may mean everything to you.

CHAS. M. WARREN, Geneva, N. Y., writes:

"I have nothing but praise for the Powell System of Advertising Instruction. I consider it first-class in every respect. Your instructions and personal criticisms are so clear that one cannot fail to understand your meaning. The work on the student's part does not seem at all like work, but rather a pleasant diversion from every-day labor. Nothing is left undone to insure the student's success."

MISS N. R. MITCHELL, Paris, Ky., writes:

"When I applied for your course of instruction in advertising writing I had no idea of the thorough and comprehensive way it would be taught. Each lesson is so clearly explained, and every detail is carefully pointed out. I am gratified with the progress I have made, but feel that the credit is due your excellent system of advertising instruction. The personal criticisms you send to me on each of my lessons are always incentives to 'do better next time.'"

If you wish to earn double your present income, I want you to get a copy of my Prospectus, the most interesting booklet of its kind ever issued. Make no plans until you read it. Remember, that I rank as the most successful advertising expert in America engaged in teaching advertising, which accounts for the fact that I am constantly turning out skillful ad-writers who learned but little in other schools. I have no antiquated books to dispose of or bolster up an inefficient system. The Powell System reflects my own individuality and skill and is complete in every detail. I give personal attention instead of typewritten—personal revision and advice instead of machine-made "criticisms." But send for the Prospectus and learn the details.

GEORGE H. POWELL, 145 Temple Court, New York.

YOU CAN BECOME AN ELECTRICAL ENGINEER



Chances for Complete Success are better in the field of Electricity than in any other. We can teach any one at home Electrical Engineering at a cost which anyone can afford. Thousands of ambitious men and youths are being helped to **better pay and positions** studying by our system of correspondence instruction in their spare time. We can help you too. Thomas A. Edison and many other prominent men endorse our Institute. Let us tell you more. Write for our free illustrated book "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Courses in Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Lighting, Electric Railways, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics.

The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction. Dept. 7, 240-242 West 23d St., New York.



A Telling Testimonial.

THOMAS A. EDISON says:

"I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute conducted by Messrs. Wetzler and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical education."

Thomas A. Edison



PACKARD COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

Fourth Avenue and 23d Street, New York. 'Phone 101—18.

FALL SESSION (45th Year) BEGINS TUESDAY, SEPT. 2.

A request for Catalogue **U** will bring you information about a school that has been known for two generations throughout America for its thorough work in preparing young men and women for responsible positions in all branches of business.

Is it Better to Trust to Luck? Is it Wiser to Guess?

DAY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

Offers a practical course in applied electricity, complete in one year. Students taught the actual construction of electrical instruments, dynamos, motors, etc., and are trained for positions as electricians and superintendents of power plants. School opens September 29. Catalogue on application to W. N. WESTON, Secretary, Washington, D.C.

Shorthand Easily Learned at Home

Our students in all parts of the country are successfully learning shorthand and typewriting entirely by mail and securing good positions. Complete booklet, explaining our course, sent free.

JACKSON CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, JACKSON, MICH.

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ILLUSTRATING
by The HEEB System of Teaching and Reciting by Mail.

Our course in Newspaper Sketching, Carlcaturing, BOOK, MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATING, DRAWING, LETTERING, DESIGNING, etc., prepares you quickly for **SALARIED POSITIONS** or paying work at home. **Write us today.** Course fascinating and profitable. Adapted to all. No previous instruction necessary. **PERSONAL** instruction. **Expert criticism.**

The one School giving REAL RESULTS. Our student, Kofroth, Pa., after two months instruction, writes, "have received $1.00 an hour for making special sketches." Murray, Nevada, says, "I earned $61 making letter heads at night, while taking your course, during first two months." A Mass. student writes, "I cannot praise your system too highly—your fee is altogether too low." Moore, student, Philadelphia, got $100 for an idea illustrated "due" he says, "to your instruction." Kent, Oregon, writes, "unsolicited orders come to me." Graduate James, Wis., writes, "I wish to express my unqualified satisfaction and delight. "I have a good position on one of our papers offered without solicitation." Write for others.

Original school in this line. Many imitators but no equal. Avoid free scholarships, fake offers of positions by bogus schools. Enroll in this, the oldest, largest, most practical and most responsible Illustrating school in the world. Incorporated. Backed by resident institution of national patronage. Why not improve time otherwise wasted? **Write postal today** for testimonials and descriptive booklet. Inexpensive. Easy payments. **Special offer** to begin now.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATING
41 Pa. St., INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

PREPARES FOR CORNELL

The University Preparatory School,
ITHACA, N. Y.
BOARDING AND DAY DEPARTMENTS.
ELEVENTH YEAR.
Opens Sept. 26, for Year 1902-1903.

PRESIDENT SCHURMAN says:—"I give most cheerful testimony to the high quality of work done in your School. The Faculty of the School is well chosen. The excellent management and complete curriculum render it a most desirable preparatory School for the University.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.
CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Pres., 110 Ave. J, ITHACA, N. Y



"Heads together," and lined up for business, after an aggregate of over fifty years of shorthand service in the leading systems. Write for information regarding our advanced course of thirty lessons in Standard Phonography (including $2.15 worth of text-books) for only $5.00; or our complete course for beginners, $15.00. Our method of teaching "the best shorthand extant" by use of **"The Rogers Compendium"** may surprise you.

FIRESIDE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL,
27 N. Washington, - - - Battle Creek, Mich.

Pen Mightier than Sword

If you have any literary taste, cultivate it, make it pay. Be an Editor, Critic, Reporter, Author. Write what you think, feel and see—turn it into money. We teach

JOURNALISM AT HOME

Not newspaper work only; we give general instruction in literary composition — word study, reviewing, reporting, space writing, story writing, proof reading, etc. We give individual instruction.

Write for catalog.
Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, 157 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan.



University Training
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Accounting
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School of Commerce Accounts and Finance. Evening Sessions. New York University Washington Square, New York City.

FALL TERM OPENS OCTOBER 1.

SHORTHAND BY MAIL thoroughly taught by reporters. Pioneer home course. **Estab. 1882. Positions for graduates. Catalogue and first lesson free. POTT'S SHORTHAND COLLEGE. - - - Box 7, Williamsport, Pa.**

BE A WRITER! Earn money writing stories. Send for booklet **WHAT WRITERS NEED.** Manuscripts prepared for publication.
THE WRITERS' AID ASSOCIATION, 150 C Nassau St., New York City.



Mr. Edison's children in their automobile

carriage, and they drive about the beautiful district of the Oranges.

Mrs. Edison has undertaken the task of keeping the inventor healthy. She will not permit him to neglect his meals, or to work more than she thinks is good for him. She insists that he shall leave the laboratory at a certain hour each night, and she undertakes to personally see that he does so. At times, Mr. Edison objects, but in a very mild way, to this *régime*. Not long ago, he was deeply engaged in a certain experiment, when Mrs. Edison called for him and insisted upon taking him home. After some resistance, he at last consented, saying, however, by way of a final protest, as he stepped into the carriage:—

"Billy, (his pet name for Mrs. Edison,) "you're a nuisance."

Were it not, however, for the saving influence which Mrs. Edison exercises over her husband, it is doubtful if he would accomplish so much.

The Truth About My New Battery

Thomas A. Edison

THE main difference between the new battery and the old, is that the former is made of nickel and steel, and the latter of lead. In the old batteries, the lead is acted upon by sulphuric acid. Necessarily, chemical action takes place, and the acid eats away the lead and the battery deteriorates rapidly. In the new battory, the metals are acted upon by potash, and no deterioration takes place. It is practically indestructible.

The principal constituents of the new battery are two little cakes, or briquettes, that resemble stove polish in outward appearance. Each cake is three inches long and half an inch wide. One cake is composed of nickel and graphite, the other of iron and graphite. The graphite in both cakes undergoes no chemical change itself, but is only placed in the briquette to stimulate chemical action. The nickel briquette is placed at the positive pole of the battery; the iron at the negative pole.

The briquettes are placed in perforated steel boxes, which are held in frames. Each frame holds twenty-four briquettes. The boxes in which the briquettes are held are submitted to a pressure of about one hundred tons. This brings the briquette material through the perforations, and in close contact with the potash solution.

The new battery will do two and one-half times more work, weight for weight, than the old battery. In recent tests made at Glen Ridge, New Jersey, a battery weighing three hundred and thirty-two pounds has propelled a vehicle weighing one thousand and seventy-five pounds, sixty-two miles without recharging. The speed at the end of the run was eighty-three per cent. of the starting speed. Another test was made in which an automobile was sent eighty-five miles on a level road with a three hundred and thirty-two pound battery without recharging. This was a very satisfactory showing. The battery is not affected by jarring or jolting on the roads,—in fact, that seems to improve its work by stimulating chemical action. At the factory, I have had one of these batteries on a sort of "bumping" or jolting machine for weeks at a time, so that it would be subjected to the severest tests.

The tests now being made will absolutely demonstrate the advantages of the new battery. Five automobiles will run five thousand miles each, their batteries being recharged at the end of every hundred-mile run. The main points about the new battery are its cheapness, lightness, indestructibility, rapidity of charging and recharging, and its capacity for withstanding rough usage.

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SUCCESS CHIPS



A sixteen-inch gun, the largest in the world, has been completed at the arsenal at Watervliet, New York. It is said to be the most powerful weapon in the world.

▲ ▲

A. D. Smith, of Springfield, Illinois, is the inventor of a newspaper slot machine which can be regulated to hold ten or more papers. It shows, by a dial, how many papers have been sold.

▲ ▲

The Illinois Central Railroad Company proposes to spend from ten million to twenty million dollars in double-tracking its road between Fulton, Kentucky, and Jackson, Mississippi.

▲ ▲

An invention that may revolutionize the whole telegraphic system has been patented by Herbert L. Cromwell, of Bath, Maine. It is a telegraphic typewriter which will send messages on a machine similar to a typewriter, and be recorded in printed form on a corresponding machine at the other end.

▲ ▲

During eleven months, ending June 1, 1902, six hundred and sixty-eight libraries in the United States received gifts of money amounting to $9,977,798.54. Of this sum, $7,521,050.63 was for new buildings. Andrew Carnegie made two hundred and three gifts, aggregating $5,566,000, besides giving $491,500 to Canada, and other sums to Newfoundland, Cuba, and Great Britain.

▲ ▲

An "electric mule" company has secured a lease of the Miami and Erie Canal in Ohio, and it is promised that a fleet of forty or more boats will be running by electric power before September 1. The canal is two hundred and seventy-four miles long, connecting Cincinnati and Toledo, and was completed in 1835. The first electric construction will be for sixty miles, south from Toledo or north from Dayton.

▲ ▲

Professor Clemente Figueras, of the Canary Islands, claims to have succeeded in inventing a generator which can collect the electric fluid from the atmosphere, store it, and apply it to an indefinite number of purposes. It is reported that he has constructed a rough apparatus by which he obtains a current of five hundred and fifty volts, which he utilizes in lighting his house and driving a twenty-horse-power motor.

▲ ▲

Automobile clubs are interested in the New York and Chicago Good Roads Association, of which Colonel Albert A. Pope, of Boston, is president, the object of which is to secure ideal roads for power-driven vehicles between New York and Chicago, a distance of about eight hundred and fifty miles. The course thus far mapped out will take an automobilist from Fort Lee, New Jersey, through Binghamton and Elmira, New York; Cleveland and Sandusky, Ohio; and South Bend, Indiana.

▲ ▲

George Dewey Fong, a sixteen-year-old Chinese boy, is said to earn a salary of seven thousand dollars a year, in a tea and coffee house in New York City. Young Fong was born in America, but both of his parents are natives of China. He received his early education in the primary schools of California. Two years ago, he came East and settled in New Jersey, where he became quite a favorite of ex-Governor Voorhees. His brother was the only Chinese officer in the British army during the South African campaign, and, at present, is writing a book on soldier-life in South Africa.

▲ ▲

The replanting of grass on the wasted cattle ranges in Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Montana, Idaho, and the Dakotas is to be attempted by the railways penetrating those states. The first problem to be solved is the finding of a grass plant suitable for stock purposes. Nearly four thousand acres will be fenced and divided into thirty plots for experiments in planting. These Western cattle ranges have been ruined by too much crowding and by sheep. It is expected that once the feasibility of replanting is proven, the federal and state governments will lend their aid to the movement.

▲ ▲

H. E. Bucklen, of Chicago, has secured, in a novel way, an industrial enterprise for Elkhart, Indiana, his native town, in which he owns much realty. A telephone supply company, at present employing two hundred and fifty hands, will be established, under a contract to pay to wage-earners at least three hundred thousand dollars in six years. When this is complied with, the company is to be given a five-acre site and the factory buildings that are to be built on it. The funds to build the structures were raised by the sale of lots adjacent to the factory site to citizens in general. Mr. Bucklen placed the factory site and the lots in the hands of a voluntary incorporation, which is to serve without compensation.

▲ ▲

Alfred Boucher, an artist, is making a novel effort to help less fortunate fellow craftsmen. From various architectural fragments and waste material from minor exposition buildings, he has constructed, in the Vaugirard Quarter, Paris, a large domed building providing forty-eight studios and a common hall. These are to be rented to painters and sculptors, for prices ranging from thirty to fifty dollars a year, the latter sum providing sufficient room for living quarters. The privileges of the common room, with special arrangements for art work, and free instruction by M. Boucher, are to cost but ten dollars a year. A building close by is to serve as a museum for art works owned by M. Boucher, who has also lavishly decorated the corridors of the studio building with paintings.



Like a Prison Wall

is the lack of an education that you can turn into dollars and cents. There are too many High School and College Graduates to-day who don't know what to do. Nothing seems to open for them, because they can do nothing. The fault is with the system of education—not with the young man or woman. They start in, ambitious to get ahead. They finish, graduate with honors. Then they go out into the world, the pathway seems bright for a successful career. Then they stop. A great barrier seems to loom up (like a prison wall).

Yes, my dear reader, I do find too many of our young people who have but a general education, and nothing that will yield them an income. The supply for such workers is far greater than the demand. Salaries are consequently small, and situations hard to obtain. It rests with you whether you are counted among this number. Do you ask what you shall do to better yourself? My advice is this: Concentrate your knowledge along some congenial line. Become an expert, a specialist, and your brain will command for you a position of responsibility and a salary in proportion. Does all this interest you? Do you wish to increase your salary—to get into the line for which you are best adapted?

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A Worker in the West



Miss Estelle Reel

THE boundless West is the domain of a fair young woman who holds the highest political position ever given to one of her sex. She is Miss Estelle Reel, the national superintendent of Indian schools, who was educated for a teacher, and has brought the best fruits of her profession into places where it has been sadly needed. Miss Reel, who is a native of Pittsfield, Illinois, secured her first position in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where she taught successfully until 1890, when she was elected superintendent of Laramie County, Wyoming, by a large majority. The work was arduous, as it necessitated considerable traveling by horseback and stagecoach over a wild country. She was re-elected, and, at the close of her second term, she had earned a reputation for effective school work extending throughout the state.

In 1894, Miss Reel began a canvass for the nomination of state superintendent of instruction. She encountered much opposition from politicians, because of her sex, but was finally nominated in a scene of enthusiasm characteristic of western politics. She was elected by a greater majority than any other candidate on the ticket. Miss Reel, at that time, was secretary and registrar of the state land board, and had direct charge of the leasing of nearly four million acres of state lands.

Miss Reel was the first woman to be appointed to an office by President Roosevelt, although William McKinley appointed her to her present position. She has not attained the highest political position ever occupied by an American woman without a solid basis of merit to entitle her to it. She has pushed two branches of work in connection with the three hundred government schools maintained for the Indians.

At a meeting of the national educational convention at Detroit, there was a display of mechanical drawing, designing, implement-making, suits, boots, and shoes made by Indian boys, and needlework and dressmaking by Indian girls, which compared favorably with the work of public-school students.

Miss Reel wants to encourage the old Indians to preserve their ancient arts,—the making of baskets that will hold water, and blankets that are waterproof,—which are in danger of becoming extinct. There is still an old squaw, here and there, who knows how to make these fine old things, and Miss Reel wants to place them in the schools, as instructors to the Indian girls. This makes the old Indians feel that they are still useful, and that the whites have some respect for their native industries, and it is in line with the latest developments in arts and crafts, and as fine, in its way, as the hand-made books and furniture and tapestries that are now so fashionable.

Her field ranges from South Carolina and Pennsylvania to the Pacific Coast, and she travels from one end of this vast territory to the other, about six times a year. During her first term of office, from 1898 to 1902, she traveled about seventy-five thousand miles, and a large portion of that distance by stagecoach, on horseback, on a burro, or on foot.

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A Promising Young Violinist

Myrta Lockett Avary



RICHARD KAY

RICHARD KAY, sixteen years old, has been told by European masters that he will become the greatest American violinist. He is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, at Liége, Belgium, where he won both first and second prizes. He was crowned with the green and with the golden laurel, and the Belgium press, comparing him with his brilliant competitors, said, "Mr. Kay is incontestably the best endowed. He plays like an artist, rather than like a pupil," and "There is a master of the bow!" The Liége professors advised his mother to take him to Brussels to become a pupil of Isaye, and so he had the advantage—rare, and hard to win,—of studying under the world's greatest living violinist.

Richard Kay's scrapbook, which his mother keeps, is full of letters, bearing the signatures of distinguished musicians who have congratulated him on what they call his "great and legitimate success." In the past, he has played, as a rule, before small and select audiences of musicians,—his peers. His public *dèbut* as a *virtuoso* is to be here among his own people.

Some one once said to Mr. Kay: "If you would take a foreign stage name, it would contribute to your success." His face flushed. "I am prouder of being an American than of being a musician," he answered. When he was a little fellow, singing with the choir-boys, at Grace Episcopal Church, New York, Mr. Helfenstein, the choir-master, discovered the great fascination that violin music had for him.

"He was born with a bow in his hand," said the principal of the Liége Conservatory, in conferring the "Grand Prix" upon him; "he was four years old when his mother took him to hear Massart. When he returned home he begged for a fiddle. One was given him, and he dropped all his playthings for it. He would try to bring harmonies out of his instrument, and would weep over his failure. His fingers were so tiny that the bow had to be tied to them with thread."

"I consider Richard Kay one of the greatest of living violinists," said Mr. Helfenstein. As an artist and student, he has accomplished wonders. I should say that of him if he were forty instead of sixteen. He is not to be classed with boy violinists."

"Richard Kay is a simple, modest, merry boy, until he gets his violin under his chin and begins to draw his bow across its quivering strings. Then his artistic soul o'ermasters him. He does not play like a boy. The quality of his work has startled all who have heard him. His mother is a musician, and his grandmother was a violinist, a cousin of Paganini, and his pupil. The Irish poet, Thomas Moore, was his cousin. Mr. Kay's parents were both born in America.



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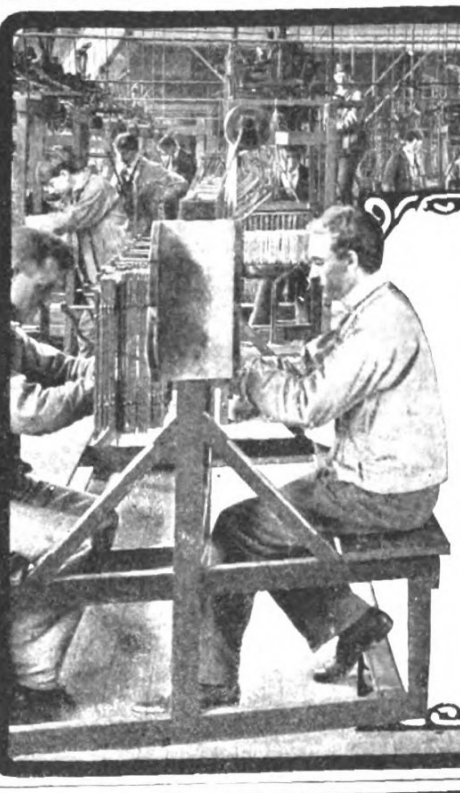
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Broncho Bill's Disenchantment

ANDREW MILLARD

BRONCHO BILL was the pride of the range. All over the Chickentooth he was hailed with the deference due to the best rider on the round-up. He had kept to the stirrups of the prize bucker and had conquered the beast in spite of a fearfully-jarred frame, and blood trickling from his nose and ears. Plunging, rearing, kicking, were child's play; somersaults, rolling, and stiff-legged mulishness,—he had remained calm through them all. By rock and stream, on prairie, hill, or mountain,—there and in the saddle he lived an outdoor life, very near to nature.

Bill's personality charmed the *señoritas*, his cayuse rivaled the pick of any group, his saddle was the best in the Southwest, his *chaparrejos* were of the finest grizzly fur, his silver spurs were the pride of his heart, and his *sombrero* was the *gringo's* envy.

But he had been known as William Lord Howard in his college days, and often he pined for the fleshpots of the "effete East." That is why it came about that one spring day saw the departure of Broncho Bill from the Chickentooth for Flagstaff, *en route* for the glamourous, distant metropolis. He was eager and confident, and at peace with the world.

"Good-by, Bill," said his old partners. "Wish ye all kinds o' luck, old man, and hope ye'll get back to us 'O. K.'"

"Oh, he'll get sick o' the East soon enough," said young "Boston," cheerily. "I've been home myself. The East is not the West, Bill; but remember, all the time you're finding it out, that you can count on us for your sure friends. *Adios*, Billy! Shake, old man!"

"*Adios*, boys," he yelled back to them, and they stood in a silent group and watched him ride out of their sight.

All the way to Flagstaff his high elation kept "Boston's" words aside, but from "Flag" to Sante Fé they would persistently creep into his mind. At Sante Fé they struck him hard after he had got into "store clothes" and become once again the William Lord Howard required by civilization. They were driven home again and again, as day after day brought surprise and disappointment to his fond expectations.

"Mean people and a mean country, Mr. Howard," he remarked aloud by the Atlantic waves that faintly splashed against the sea-walls. "How a fellow forgets!" he mused, disjointedly. "I'd go up and see the old professors, but what's the use? No wonder these people seemed so soulless to the boys. But I could n't believe it,—no, I would n't. I am glad the old folks are dead. I can go back to you without any regrets, now, boys. It's a life without the embellishments, but it's not artificial,—no, it's not artificial. Artificial, artificial,—artificial,—yes, that's the word,—artificial. But I'll make one more try of it."

Later in the afternoon, the erstwhile Broncho Bill rented a bicycle at the park and withdrew to a quiet nook to make the "try;" he would make one desperate attempt to overtake the vague civilization represented to him by the queer machine. He had often seen bicycles, but he had regarded them with silent contempt, and looked upon their crook-backed riders with something akin to pity; but he had heard a smart youth in knickerbockers remark enthusiastically that "riders of the wheel are the men that make the world go round," and, by earnest inquiry and deep thought, he had evolved the idea that the "wheel" really represents the highest type of that life he was striving to comprehend once more.

He wheeled it gingerly and fell over it once. "*Carrajo!*" he said, wrathfully, as he untangled himself. "Skinny plug for a man to get across," he muttered with emphasis, looking down at the prostrate bicycle. He climbed laboriously into the saddle, at length, and leaned uncertainly against a gatepost. A small boy stopped to watch him. He pushed away from the post and fell heavily on his side. The small boy grinned. Another small boy came up; he, too, grinned. For ten minutes the perspiring man patiently amused a grinning gathering of youngsters.

"Balance yourself, mister. Work her with your feet, and steer her with the handles,—do n't hold the handles too tight. You want to look out for that hill there."

He thanked the lad for his proffered advice. But why should he look out for a hill? Hills, like roof sides, were his familiar riding ground. His balance was good and he got a good start. Five yards down the incline his fore wheel swerved.

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He unconsciously jerked it straight again, but his feet slipped from the pedals. The pace increased frightfully, and he realized that he was lost. A runaway team is nothing to a runaway bicycle going down a hill. There were a ditch and a fence jumping to meet him. He was powerless. He shut his eyes for the crash. A convulsive movement doubled the bicycle under him, and they bumped and scraped the rest of the way, banging hollowly against the pickets. The vanquished *vaquero* rose raging with surprise and pain and anger no longer suppressed, and stung by the ridicule of the rabble.

"Lucky for you we're not in Arizona," he growled, in a fierce, low voice; then, as if that reminded him of something, he turned upon the glistening frame of steel and wire that lay complacently in the dust. He kicked the bicycle vigorously. Then he looked at it in a puzzled manner. "No," he muttered, finally, "it's like all the rest,—artificial."

And the boys, but not all of them, wondered, after his return, why Broncho Bill was so tenderly respectful to his ponies.

A HOMEWARD CALL

Ernest Neal Lyon

Ah, sons of New England, who follow, afar,
The lure of the wandering opaline star,
Forget coy Fortuna. Your mother's behest
Is, "Pillow your head on my bosom, and rest!"

Return with your laurels to garland her brow.—
She never seemed younger or fairer than now.
Return in despondency, peril, or pain,
To bear her "Godspeed! to the battle again!"

Who comrades with her sees the rainbow in tears,
And Fellowship smile at such phantoms as years,
And hearts, ever tender, though seventy snows
Have drifted on cheeks that were *coleur de rose*.

* * * * * * * *

His maddening minstrelsy bobolink sings.
A ribbon of silver Connecticut flings
O'er garments embroidered with yellowing gold,
The largess of Nature,—her bounty behold!

Now lazily look through the canopied trees,
Where the snow-mountains melt into sapphire sky-seas,
The toil of to-morrow, the care of to-day,
As mist o'er a meadow will wander away!

At eventide, see, through the stellar-sown sky,
Monadnock, calm giant, is beaconing, "Try!"
To the peace of the plain, to the might of the hill,
Your spirit, uprising, shall answer, "I will!"

An Incident in the Life of Confucius

IT is told of Confucius, the founder of Chinese philosophy, who was born 551 B.C., and whose Latinized name is made up from his family name "*Kong*," and his title "*Hu Chu*," which means "The Master," that once, while on a journey, he was waylaid by a political enemy who would not release him until he had promised that he would not proceed to his destination.

In spite of this promise, when Confucius was released, he continued on his journey. When asked why he had broken his word, he replied: "It was a forced oath; the spirits do not hear such."

To-day, twenty-five centuries later, mendacity is universal among the many millions of Chinese, who show no shame at being found out in a lie, for they say that their great teacher believed that a lie which does no known evil is not wrong.

Had Confucius known how many centuries this remark of his would live, and how many generations of his countrymen would be harmed by it, he probably would have relinquished his journey and kept his promise, no matter at how great cost. The influence of this one precept has vitiated the strength of many of his exhortations to truthfulness, and has also menaced the system of Chinese ethics.


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Concerning the Sick Child

CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

A SICK child is about the most disturbing element one can have in the house, although a sick man is a good second. The trouble the former gives is quite apart from the natural anxiety attendant upon all illness and preëminently upon that of the young; for, while a grown person can at least locate the pain and describe his symptoms with a certain degree of intelligence, a child patient can only testify to general malaise. More than that, some children display in illness an extra measure of that reserve which is one of a child's peculiarities at all times. I have known a lad of twelve, suffering from incipient pneumonia, who did not for twenty-four hours speak of the pain in his lungs, which betrayed the acute stage of the disease. This had been indicated by impeded respiration, high temperature, and evident suffering, but the child, an unusually intelligent boy, uttered no word of the pain he felt until he had been in its clutches all of a night and a day. Even then he only vouchsafed the information after pertinacious questioning.

So, the mother and the doctor often have to work in the dark, particularly in the case of young children. This is an added item in the distress of mind incident to serious illness, but it is not the most disturbing part of it all. This, perhaps, is found in the fact that the first thing a mother does with a sick child, whatever his age, is to devote the whole powers of her mind to spoiling him.

Where is the happy person who has not been made to suffer from the vagaries of a sickness-spoiled child? Who does not know the peevish, fretful, unreasonable little being who has been indulged until he has lost all self-control and patience? The while the mother offers as a sufficient excuse for all his faults that he had to be indulged when he was ill and has become "a little spoiled" in consequence.

A little spoiled! He is ruined, so far as his own comfort and that of others is concerned, for the time being, at least, encouraged in all selfishness and lack of consideration for others, and brought to a point where he can only be redeemed from being a nuisance to all about him by a degree of harshness far exceeding that which would have sufficed to prevent spoiling in the first place.

Tender-hearted — or weak-minded, — mothers, who do the spoiling, are always ready with their protest against the cruelty of compelling goodness from a sick child. They will tell you that he frets himself into a fever if he is refused an indulgence, that harshness is impossible in time of illness, and that at such times all rules must give way. With the last statement disciplinarians differ absolutely.

As a matter of course, it is almost impossible to begin training a hitherto undisciplined child when he is ill. Here is another instance of the necessity of insisting from the first, upon absolute obedience from children. It is of more comfort in illness than at any other season.

Take, for example, the case of a child who from infancy has been accustomed to obey promptly. Suppose him seized by a sharp attack of illness. It is not probable that he will like the medicine with which he must be dosed, or the treatment he must undergo. If he is obedient, it will not occur to him to dispute his mother's command to take the one or to submit to the other. He may, like a small child I once knew, shut his eyes when he sees his mother approach with the nauseous potion and pray with all his little heart that he may die before it reaches him. But when the cup is put to his lips, it never enters his mind to refuse it.

I have seen another child of the same stamp turn white and shudder from head to foot at the appearance of the milk that could be his only diet during a wasting illness. But, when it was given to him, he took it like a soldier.

Every physician can tell tales of harm done to children by the inability of nurses or doctors to induce them to take medicine without a struggle that almost neutralizes the good done by the remedy.

Part of the spoiling of a sick child is achieved by the trick of its guardians of granting to him everything he wishes, just because he is sick. The parents who do this fail to see that there is bound to come a time when something must be refused to the child. The moon cannot be laid at his feet, or positively injurious dainties be given to him for the asking. Why not begin by refusing to him the inadvisable indulgence? Let him learn, once



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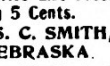
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for all, that obedience and submission to recognized authority are not a dead letter because of his illness.

In the same line with this is patience with peevishness, "because the poor little fellow has not been well." Heaven be praised that there are still a few mothers who hold that the physical suffering of one person is no excuse for everyone about the sufferer being made wretched.

Said one of these wise mothers in my hearing to her ten-year-old daughter, who, in her convalescence from a serious illness, had reached the fretful stage:—

"My child, I wish this sort of thing to stop before it begins. You have been very ill, and everyone has been very good to you. We have done all we could to take care of you and make you happy. It is only fair that you should make what return you can by being cheerful and pleasant to those about you. It is not easy when you don't feel well, but it is just as easy as it was for us to stay up all night and take care of you all day. We were glad to do that, and you must try to be glad to please us now. Smooth the frowns out of your face and don't let me see any more cross looks. If you feel bad, I will do anything to make you comfortable. But the fact that you have been sick is no reason why you should be cranky and cross."

This sort of admonition would have no effect upon an ill-disciplined child; but, in families where obedience is a matter of course and disobedience a phenomenon, it would carry weight.

But, while one thus emphasizes the moral side of the care of a child in illness, the physical tendency is not to be overlooked. Much less than half the battle is fought by the physician. By far the greater part of the result lies with the nurse.

In cases where the nurse has been trained, instructions are needless; but, even in these days, when the ready-made nurse can be had on call,—and on payment,—there are still mothers who will give to no one else the charge of their sick children.

Even for the amateur, the old days of hap-hazard nursing are past. A mother may now have her clinical thermometer, her temperature chart, and her progress record, and keep intelligent watch over the changes in the patient's condition.

Besides these adjuncts, there are many ways in which an amateur nurse may learn of doing for a patient the ordinary things in the best way. The light of nature is no longer considered a sufficient guide for nursing. The modern methods have taken the place of good will and well-meant effort.

Take, for instance, so simple a matter as the changing of a sheet on a sick child's bed. Once it was thought that he must be lifted from one couch to another. He may still be lifted from side to side of the bed, if his weight does not exceed the nurse's strength. But, if it does, there is a scientific method of changing the bed clothing.

To do this, the soiled sheet is loosened on one side of the bed and rolled up lengthwise against the back of the patient, who lies on his side. Over the stripped mattress the clean sheet is then spread, tucked down on the outer edge of the bed, and the half left unspread made into another roll, which is laid alongside of the rolled soiled sheet. Now the patient is turned on his other side, with his face to the clean side of the bed, both sheets are drawn from under him, the soiled one to be cast aside, the clean one to be put in place.

No less knack than is needed here is shown in changing nightgowns. Without making the patient sit up, the arms are slipped from the sleeves of the gown he is already wearing, and this is drawn down below the shoulders. The clean gown is at hand and already warmed. The arms are put into the sleeves, the head lifted, and the garment deftly slipped under the patient's shoulders. Then, by raising the lower part of the body, the soiled gown is easily drawn off and the clean one pulled down in its place.

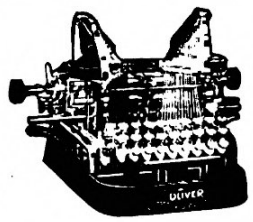
The sick room should always be kept cheerful for a sick child, no less than for a grown person. Ventilation should be constant and judicious. No care or anxious look should enter the chamber. In appearance, at least, the attendant should know of no responsibility outside of the room, and no worriment within it. A child has a marvelous quickness in guessing at a mother's woes and worries, and a terrible sensitiveness to her manner and mood. A knitted brow, a note of plaintiveness in the voice, are felt by him even more quickly than by an ordinary elder person.

No devices should be lacking to make the sick room or the sick nurse attractive. For the room there should be no disorderly corners, for the nurse no untidiness of dress or hair.

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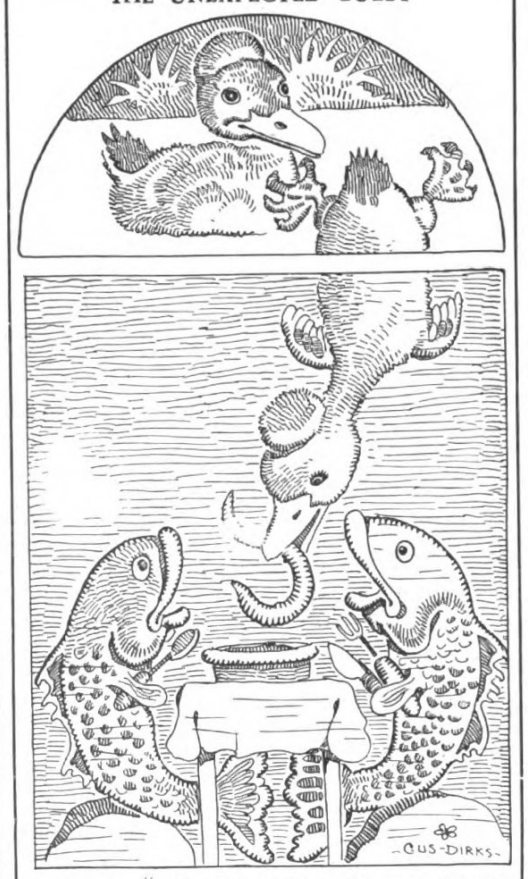
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There is nothing which will help a young person to succeed more than a reputation for a clean, transparent, manly honesty and straightforwardness. We are afraid of people who are always on their guard, who do not quite dare to trust you to look into their inmost selves.

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WITHOUT capital or influence, and relying only on their ability to teach, Miss Cora Mel Patten, an elocutionist, of Newton, Iowa, and Miss Sarah Katherine Connor, a pianist, of Kearney, Nebraska, founded a school of music and elocution in September, 1899, in Chicago. By hard, intelligent work, straightforward methods, and continually making friends, they have prospered wonderfully, and now require six other teachers, as instruction is given in physical culture, psychology, Shakespeare, English, parliamentary law, voice culture, violin playing, and harmony. Two hundred pupils were taught last year, six states being represented among them. Lectures and recitals by acknowledged masters have been maintained for the pupils' benefit. As a tribute to Dr. O. S. Marden, whose writings inspired Miss Patten to her ambitious effort, and who was personally known to Miss Connor, the school is called "The Marden School of Music and Elocution." Pleasant and roomy quarters have been secured at 4646 Vincennes Avenue.

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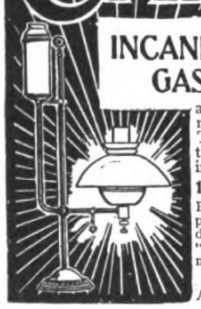
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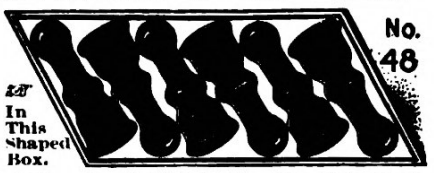


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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Arthur E. Bostwick

THE appearance of a new star in the constellation Perseus, and its rapid expansion into a nebula, which has been going on for some time past, have revived among astronomers the theory that some nebulæ may be formed by explosion. About 1870, Professor Bickerton, of Canterbury College, New Zealand, showed that, if two stars should graze one another, the abraded parts, if relatively small, would have so high a temperature that they would at once become nebulous, and that the nebula so formed would, under certain conditions, continue to expand until dissipated in space. The present expanding nebula has been growing at the extraordinary rate of several thousand miles a second, and is, in many ways, one of the greatest celestial wonders of the time.

Do Stars Explode?

▲ ▲

A MAN recently fell six stories through an elevator-shaft, in New York City, and escaped with slight injuries. He fell just as an elevator had gone down, and overtook it in his fall. Evidently, as both man and elevator were descending with considerable speed, he struck it with only so much force as would correspond to the difference between their velocities. A writer in the "American Machinist" calculates that the man fell 72 feet, and that his speed as he struck was 68.1 feet a second. The elevator, at the same moment, was moving 34.1 feet a second, and the difference, or 34 feet a second, represents the velocity attained at the end of a fall of 17.9 feet. The man was, therefore, injured only as much as by a fall of about 18 feet on a stationary surface.

The Philosophy of a Fall

▲ ▲

AUTHORITIES seem to agree that poetic talent is somewhat capricious, and that, though great poets are great by nature rather than by training, they rarely transmit their gifts to their children. Heredity may have some influence on their talents, but recent investigations do not agree on details. Francis Galton, the great English authority, states that, with poets and artists, the influence of the female line is enormously less than the male, while Doctors Chaslin and Mobius, two French investigators, have come to an exactly opposite conclusion. In a recent discussion at the Paris Medico-Psychological Society, Dr. Chaslin stated that the mother of a poet is always intellectually gifted, whereas the son of a stupid woman is always stupid. Apparently the question will bear further study.

Are Poets Born, or Made?

▲ ▲

THE return currents of our trolley roads often play havoc with the pipe-systems of water, gas, and steam companies, the pipes being quickly rusted away by corroding acids formed by electrical decomposition in the soil. The remedy sought is usually to make the return trolley circuit more perfect. It is pointed out in the "Electrical Review" that this will not do; part of the current will always be diverted to the pipes, so long as these remain in a condition to conduct it. The true remedy is to break up the electric continuity of each pipe-line, by inserting non-conducting joints. The expense of this would be considerable. The "Electrical Review" thinks it should be borne by the companies that own the pipes but, when these latter are heard from, we shall doubtless have the matter presented from a different point of view.

The Destruction of Pipes by Electricity: Who Shall Pay the Piper?

▲ ▲

A DEVICE that will find a similar use in summer to that of an ordinary stove in winter has been invented by Professor W. L. Moore, of the United States Weather Bureau. If we may credit interviews with the inventor published in the daily press, his "cold stove" consists of a cylinder containing a cooling-mixture through which air is drawn by gravity, the speed being regulated by the difference in temperature between the inside and outside air. If it is very warm outside, the machine works at high speed and delivers a great volume of cool air; if the outside temperature is low enough, the device ceases working altogether. Details are withheld, but a simple, efficient, and inexpensive cooling-machine for houses has long been needed, and it is to be hoped that Professor Moore has succeeded in accomplishing as much as he is reported to have done.

A Cold Stove for Summer

▲ ▲

IT is very misleading to talk about "the laws of Nature," and to teach that they are unchanging,—so we are told by no less an authority in science than Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution. What we call Nature's "laws," he says, are merely "our own guesses at Nature's meaning." Nature has an order of her own, doubtless, but no formulated "laws." As our knowledge increases and our point of view changes, so we shall have to change our formulas. This is necessary, and, if we are prevented from doing so by regarding the outworn formulas as part of an unchanging natural order, so much the worse for science. The lesson we must learn is "not to consider that anything is absolutely settled or true." This is not meant by Professor Langley as a counsel of scientific indifference, but as a caution against scientific bigotry, and, as such, it is surely not out of place.

Has Nature Laws?

▲ ▲

RECENT researches show that bacteria are great color-makers. Some use the pigments that they produce to color their own bodies, while others remain colorless, or nearly so, and paint the surrounding medium a bright red, green, or blue. All microbes that make color do it in darkness as well as in light, but the presence of oxygen is absolutely necessary. The nature of the coloring matter is imperfectly known, and it seems to be inert, except in the case of the purple bacteria, where it appears to have an important function in connection with nutrition. The purple bacteria are all sensitive to light, and the coloring matter ab-

Colored Bacteria



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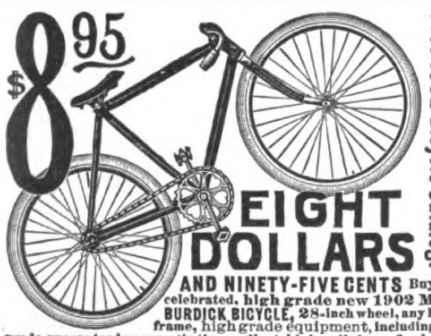
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sorbs certain rays very powerfully. Among the most common colored bacteria are the red *bacillus*, often found on food stuffs, the blue one, that sometimes turns milk a bright blue, and the *bacillus polychromogenes*, which seems to be able to take on different hues under different conditions,—a sort of bacterial chameleon.

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SUNSPOTS and the accompanying activity of the solar surface have been held to responsibility for a good deal of earthly trouble. Joseph Norman Lockyer, who has been a lifelong investigator of these and allied phenomena, holds that they cannot be held guiltless of influence in bringing about great volcanic disturbances like that which has recently ravaged Martinique. Solar activity, as is well known, increases and diminishes in regular cycles or throbs; and Mr. Lockyer believes that statistics show that both the highest and the lowest points of these cycles are marked by disastrous eruptions and earthquakes. In 1867, a year of minimum activity, wide volcanic disturbance occurred; at the maximum of 1871–'72, there was trouble in the West Indies; in 1883, another maximum, came the great disaster at Krakatora, in the East Indies. Mr. Lockyer asks West India observers to send him their barometrical readings for the months just preceding Pelée's eruption, which, he hopes, will serve to strengthen his theory.

Solar Changes and Volcanic Disasters

▲ ▲

THOMAS A. EDISON, who has been working for a number of years on a new form of storage battery, now announces his belief that he has brought this form of battery to the highest possible degree of perfection. He has devised, he thinks, a perfectly reversible instrument, which takes in electricity and gives it out again without deterioration of its mechanism. The battery generally used consists of lead plates in an acid solution. Edison's new cell is made of plates of iron and a nickel compound in an alkaline liquid. The chemical reactions are simple and stable, and the weight is comparatively slight. The inventor thinks that the electric automobile, by the use of his battery, will become the vehicle of the future, and that, with an initial outlay of seven hundred dollars, such a vehicle can be used at any desired intervals for about fifty cents a time. The motor-car will be preferably of the French type, with heavy running-gear and light top; it will be noiseless, can be stopped quickly, and will need no irresponsible *chauffeur*.

Edison's New Storage Battery

▲ ▲

THIS is not only the age of plenty, so far as natural resources go, but it is also the age of waste. We waste ore; we waste coal; we waste water. Unfortunately for our descendants, the consequences of our prodigality, in many cases, will be visited on them rather than on ourselves; but in one case, at least, we have lived to feel our own punishment. The discovery, utilization, waste and disappearance of natural gas have all come to pass within a brief term of years. When this gas first came into use, as we are reminded by a writer in "Engineering News," the supply was popularly believed to be inexhaustible, in spite of the protests of the geological experts. The new fuel was accordingly wasted shamefully, being used in hundreds of cases where coal would have answered quite as well. Had it been reserved for use in dwelling houses and in the finer manufactures, such as glass-making and pottery, it might have lasted fifty years, but it has now almost vanished, only a few years after its first appearance. A new reservoir is still occasionally tapped, but even then the precious gas is wasted as shamefully as before.

The Waste of Natural Gas

▲ ▲

THE VOICE OF PROGRESS

NIXON WATERMAN

"Puf! puf! puf!—there is work, and work enough,"
Says the freight train as it toils upon its way;
"I must bring the mighty yield of the forest and the field
To the lathe and loom and hopper, day by day:
I must seek the fertile plain with its wealth of golden grain,
I must go where herds are grazing on the hills;
I must find the meat and bread that the thousands may be fed,
Yea, the thousands who are toiling in the mills.

"With a purpose ever new, I must work the whole night through,
I must breathe my smoky breath against the sky;
Where the shadows meet and mass they must part to let me pass,
With the torch of triumph beaming in my eye:
I must bring the hills of ore to the smelter's glowing door,
To the factory where Toil, as with a charm,
Lays on mighty bars of steel her strange touch to make them feel
All the strength of Labor's wonder-working arm.

"There are depths that must be filled, there are mountains to be drilled,
There are rivers to be bridged with pier and span;
I must strive by night and day to make big and broad the way,—
I must aid the ever-onward march of man.
And the burning thoughts of men in whose heaven-lighted ken
'Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,'
By my strength of steel and steam, by my headlight's searching gleam,
'Shall be widened with the process of the suns.'"



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ON lazy vacation days as well as at home after busy hours the **ANGELUS** is equally welcome. It rounds out each day with the music you like best. Your piano is a treasure-house of music and melody—and you have the key to it if you have an **ANGELUS.**

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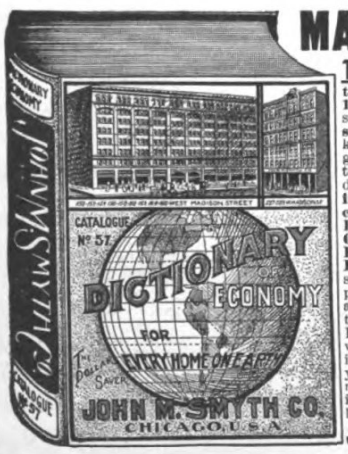
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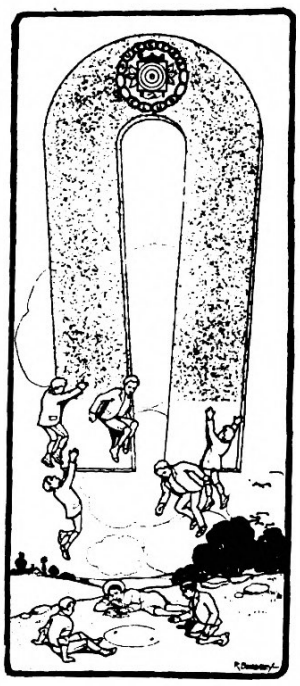


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Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Youthful Color.
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50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

THE SUCCESS-CLUB MAGNET

Herbert Hungerford



DO NOT be discouraged if everyone in the community in which you organize a Success Club is not attracted to your society. If you draw a magnet through a pile of metal scraps, but one kind of metal is attracted. So it is with the Success-Club magnet,—it attracts only those who have the true steel in them. So, if you are about to organize a club, do not be deterred because you must start with but a few members. The experience of the past two years has proved this beyond a doubt, for the most enterprising and successful branch clubs of our League are those that were started with but a small membership. I can call to mind at least twenty clubs which began a year ago with less than a dozen members each, but each of which now has in its membership more than fifty enthusiastic workers. In fact, it seems that the best way to start a Success Club is to organize with a few members, and let it grow gradually, but, of course, strongly.

This brief pointer is given for the encouragement of hundreds of our readers who are intending to organize Success Clubs this fall, some of whom, perhaps, have been delaying the matter because they could not interest what they would consider a sufficient number of members to make an organization worth while. If you, dear reader, are one of these, let me urge you not to delay longer. Organize your club at once, even though you can interest but a dozen members. You will find that, within a few weeks, there will be new applications for membership, and you can then let your society become as large as it will. Organize now, and grow with the League.

We predict that the coming six months will see the largest growth of the League of Success Clubs since our organization started. This prediction is based on the fact that our League is no longer an experiment. The utility and genuine helpfulness of Success Clubs have been demonstrated by five hundred successful branch clubs that we now have organized all over the United States and in several foreign countries. Very few, indeed, are the clubs that have died after proper organization. They could, in fact, be counted on one's fingers.

The chief reason why we predict a large growth of our organization during the next six months is found in the fact that our League is now working on permanent and satisfactory lines. Heretofore, we have been obliged to make numerous experiments and various changes in our plans in order to fit our theories to actual practice. Now, however, the League is developed along lines that will doubtless be followed permanently hereafter.

We have arranged a classification of the kinds of clubs in the League, and have made special plans to fit each class. At present, more than half the societies in the League are connected with churches; the next in order of number and usefulness are clubs connected with schools; then come clubs connected with Young Men's Christian Associations; after this, the clubs connected with commercial institutions; and last, but not least, are the twenty-five or thirty clubs that are independent of any other institution.

In writing for information that will enable you to organize a club, it would be well for you to mention under which of the classes named you expect your club to come. Then we can give you information applying especially to it.

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Our Special Year-Book Number

What It Will Contain

AS ANNOUNCED last month, the special Year-Book issue of our club organ, issued this month, is by far the most valuable number of the

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year. Our plan has been to give, in this number, ideas to enable each club to lay out a complete schedule of work for an entire season. The number will be about four times the ordinary size of "Helps," and will contain the following articles:—

The History of the Success-Club Movement

It is now two years since the first Success Club was organized; therefore, we believe that this brief history of the growth and development of our organization will be interesting to everyone who has any interest in our League.

Programmes Planned for an Entire Season

This article will contain fifty new topics for debates, and scores of other suggestions that will enable any Success Club, or any other literary society, to plan programmes for an entire season of club work.

How to Procure and Care for a Circulating Library

This is a practical article giving a list of several hundred books especially valuable as reference works for debating and literary clubs. The article also explains how to catalogue and keep a record of the subjects and the books.

The Social Side of Success Clubs

This article contains many suggestions for social committees, together with a number of new ideas for social gatherings.

Physical Culture and Success Clubs

This article will tell how to arrange a gymnasium at small cost, and will give a series of simple exercises, explained by illustrations.

Of course, the Year-Book number will contain many other articles on various subjects, in addition to these features of special value. It will be sent to anyone, postpaid, for ten cents, or it will be included in a yearly subscription to "Helps," the price of which, beginning with September, will be increased to fifty cents, our club members having demanded a more valuable journal than can be published for twenty-five cents a year. This journal, by the way, will be published eight months of the year only, the numbers from May to September being omitted as practically useless, since no club holds meetings in the summer months.

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We Offer Larger Prizes In Our Success-Club Contests

SO MANY good suggestions have been received in the various prize contests that have always been a feature of this department that it has been decided to increase the number and also the value of the prizes. During the coming four months we will give, each month, for the best and most practical suggestions for club-work, the following fifteen prizes:—

First prize: A set of Dr. O. S. Marden's books and booklets. Eleven volumes.

Second prize: A set of Dr. O. S. Marden's books. Five volumes.

Third prize: A set of Dr. O. S. Marden's booklets. Six volumes.

The next six prizes: Any one of Dr. O. S. Marden's books.

The next six prizes: Any one of Dr. O. S. Marden's booklets.

The list of five books is: "Pushing to the Front," "Rising in the World," "Talks with Great Workers," "The Secret of Achievement," and "How They Succeeded."

The list of booklets is: "Good Manners and Success," "The Hour of Opportunity," "Cheerfulness as a Life Power," "Character, the Grandest Thing in the World," "Economy," and "An Iron Will."

These contests will be open to all readers of SUCCESS, whether members of clubs or not. There are thousands of SUCCESS readers who are unable to belong to clubs, yet who take a hearty interest in the League of Success Clubs and will doubtless participate in these contests.

We especially desire ideas for regular programmes at club meetings, such as original topics for debate and discussion, descriptions of socials, and other suggestions for the Entertainment Committee; suggestions for articles to be published in our Success-Club department, or, if you can write the article itself, do so, and submit it in the contest; ideas for cartoons and drawings that may be used as illustrations in the Success-Club department; suggestions as to plans that may be used in interesting thousands of new people in the League of Success Clubs; pictures of Success Clubs and of other literary societies; and articles about men

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A 24-Page Booklet,

describing and illustrating 17 different models of the Smartest Autumn and Winter Suits and Overcoats, will be sent to you free if you'll write for it.

Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are wholesale-tailored—this means custom-tailored in a wholesale way—and though they cost about half the price of made-to-measure clothes, they are made from the same high-class fabrics, trimmed with the same serviceable linings, and embody as much hand-tailoring as you'll find in the most costly merchant-tailor's productions.

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Success Rewards

The publishers of SUCCESS desire to call the especial attention of all who can do a little work among their friends and neighbors to the splendid rewards offered for subscription efforts. Read carefully page 537 of this issue of SUCCESS and it will give you full particulars.

and women who have received some of their early training in literary societies similar to Success Clubs.

These ideas will be judged by the standard of practical utility. All ideas received before October 1 will be considered in the September contest, and the names of the prize-winners will be published in the December issue of SUCCESS.

With such a large number of prizes, it will be a comparatively easy matter to win one. Although we shall not give prizes to those who submit suggestions without merit, yet we believe that almost every reader of SUCCESS can, if he will, offer some suggestion that will be valuable to our League of Success Clubs. Try it! The only rules we make are that all articles shall be written on one side of the paper only, and that none of them will be returned. It would take too much of the time of our clerical force to return the thousands of letters and suggestions that will doubtless be submitted in these contests.

The LEAGUE of SUCCESS CLUBS

A federation of literary, debating, social, and self-culture Clubs

THE advantages of belonging to the League are: first, the fraternal encouragement of being a member of an organization of international influence; second, the free information and advice given by a bureau of experienced club-workers, located in the greatest center of information in the world; third, representation in one of the most influential, progressive, and helpful magazines published; fourth, a special monthly organ, supplied to club-members for a very small subscription price, containing, each month, the latest ideas, plans, and suggestions for effective work.

Success Clubs are organized as auxiliaries of church societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, schools, commercial colleges, and as independent self-improvement societies.

Full information that will enable anyone to organize a new club, or to interest any society already organized in the matter of affiliating with the League, will be sent for six cents in stamps. Address the

SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU,
University Building, Washington Square,
New York City.

It is a mistake to suppose that the highest good in life is to earn an exceptional salary or to accumulate great wealth.

Make sure that, however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what they are; and that, however slight they may be, you would better make some patient effort to get quit of them. —RUSKIN.

If you want to make yourself familiar with some of Browning's finest thoughts, do not try to read, for recreation. "Sordello" or "Bishop Blongram's Apology." Leave those for the "Browning Clubs" to elucidate. Turn to those simpler productions of the poet which rest and refresh, and open up new thoughts to the mind,—limitless vistas of progression to the soul. "Saul," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and "Abt Vogler"—to mention but a few,—abound in passages of rare beauty, which might be committed to memory, in leisure moments, as recreation, rather than as a task requiring effort, and their melody and inspiration must stimulate life to finer issues.

PING-PONG

Some Interesting Facts about the Genuine Game

ALL the Ping-Pong used in this country is made in Salem, Massachusetts, at the factories of Parker Brothers, who are the owners of the trademark and copyright, and sole makers of Ping-Pong for the United States.

The enormous success of Ping-Pong has induced the manufacture of many imitations under the name of "table tennis," but the famous game itself is all made in the old Massachusetts town.

It is an interesting fact that the three largest-selling games of the last twenty years have all contained elements of physical skill and all originated in England. The three games which have assumed definite "crazes" are Tiddledy Winks, Pillow Dex, and Ping-Pong. The sale of Pillow Dex, the popular little game which everyone has played, will soon reach one million. Both Ping-Pong, the prevailing craze of the hour, and Pillow Dex, are the exclusive property of Parker Brothers (Inc.), who make the largest line of indoor games in the world.

Ping-Pong, in its present form, as is well known, originated in England, and was first played with rubber balls. In 1893, Parker Brothers placed on the market an improved game, but the use of the xylonite ball in the game was introduced by Hamley Brothers and Jaques, of London, who are the sole makers for Great Britain, just as Parker Brothers (Inc.) are for the United States.—*Adv.*



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A Four-Year College Course Is Not Always Necessary

HENRY VAN DYKE
[*Professor of English Literature, Princeton University*]

THERE is a general impression that, unless a would-be student spends four years in college, and is graduated with a degree, his education is incomplete. This is a narrow view of the matter. Of course it is best, as a rule, for a boy or girl to take the complete general course, especially if it is undecided as to what one's future work is to be. Many a young man, however, has to begin work as a stenographer or as a clerk at an early age. He is not content in occupying a humble position all his life, and is ambitious, perhaps, to enter one of the professions. Most of his friends will tell him that it is impossible, unless he goes through college. He does not feel that he can afford to spend four years in doing that, and gives up in despair; when, if he only knew it, a two-year special course might furnish him with just the equipment he needs. It is even possible to take a special course and continue working at the same time. There are several young men at Princeton who are working their way through and fitting themselves to occupy high places in the world. They know what they want to follow as professions, and in two years they are able to fit themselves for their chosen work.

As an instance, I might mention a young reporter who came to me the other day. For four years, since he was seventeen, he had been employed on one of the New York daily newspapers. He had become dissatisfied with the hack work which was given him to do, and determined to prepare for something better. He came to me to find out how long it would require to take a course in literature and languages which would benefit him. I showed him that in two years he could get the best of the college course along those lines, and he is going to begin work next fall. He is earning a good living at present, but he is willing to earn less for two years that he may earn more in the future. It is an inspiration for him to take these studies while he is still young, and these two years of study will be the best investment he could make of his time and the money he has saved. He will have an opportunity to do some writing while at college, and possibly he will be able to pay his way as he goes. He would certainly be unwilling to spend four years in school, and perhaps it is as well that he does n't take a lot of subjects which will be of no especial service to him in his chosen line of work.

I believe that, if many young men who are working in the great cities could take two years of some special work along the lines of their chosen professions, their future would be improved immeasurably. Two years is not a long time when a man is young, and at the end of that time his earning capacity will possibly be doubled. I once knew a young artist who was making a good income by drawing for illustrated weeklies. He could have continued earning large sums, but he determined to give up active work for a time and take a special course at Princeton. This was what I advised him to do. He finished his studies in good style, returned to New York, and his work is in much greater demand, to-day, than ever before. He has never regretted the special course. These courses would be more popular if it were understood how liberal are the college rules regarding special students. There is provision for them in all the great universities, and there are committees which devote their time to the consideration of their needs. It is a popular idea that it is made more difficult to enter college every year, and that there is no end of strict examinations to be passed. This is wrong, for the authorities are continually trying to attract more ambitious men and women, and the conditions of entry become more liberal with every new term. Instead of trying to keep out deserving students, there is a continual effort to get them in, and, once in, to keep them there.

I hope that, in the future, more young men now at work will look into the merits of the one-year, or of the two-year course.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo! before us gleam her camp-fires; we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our "Mayflower" and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.—Lowell.

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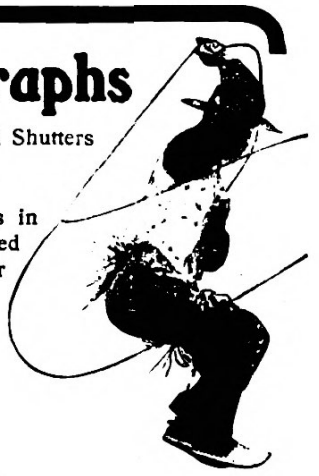
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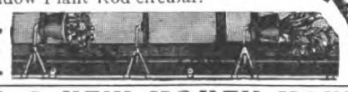
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Girls Who Work Through College

Told by Themselves

I.—ELSIE S. ZAUMBRECHER



ELSIE S. ZAUMBRECHER

My mother died in Chicago, in May, 1897, and since then I think that I can truthfully say I have been practically self-supporting. My brother's marriage, as well as the marriage of my favorite aunt, Dr. M. L. Drescher, of Michigan City, Indiana, made it seem imperative to me to take care of myself. My last year, 1898, at the Lake View High School, Chicago, was spent at the pleasant home of Professor Rischel, the principal of the Ogen School, where I helped to care for his two-year-old son. Then I entered the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. The expenses of 1899, I succeeded in paying by means of a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar prize scholarship which I won. I was then living with Miss Elbertie Foudray, a hard-working student. We kept house together. I worked as a housemaid during the summer, returning to the college in the fall only to break down from over work. Then I spent a year changing from nursing to general housework, then to second girl's work. Last year I succeeded in going to school while doing second work and nursing, and last June, I accepted a position to care for a seventeen months' old boy, a frail baby, because the evenings were mine to devote to six hours' work for the German department. I was befriended last winter by a true, unselfish woman, Mrs. T. Sanders, and I am now staying with her daughter, who also is attending school. I helped to meet my expenses by catering or waiting on table, at from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents an evening. This year is the first time I have borrowed money, and, more for convenience than necessity, for I am anxious to accomplish a great deal of study this summer. I hope to complete my course soon, and to take a position as a school-teacher.

* *

"Bluffing" as a Substitute for Ability

DURING the Civil War, certain manufacturers who tried to get rich out of the misfortunes of the country, and at the expense of soldiers who were fighting their battles for thirteen dollars a month, made shoddy clothing that looked all right when new, but which, when the poor soldiers were lying in the wet trenches, or tramping through the rain and snow, fell to pieces. It had no wearing quality. The rain and wet unmasked the shoddy. Shoe manufacturers put paper or pasteboard soles and poor leather into shoes for the soldiers. The shoes looked all right when they were new and dry, but a few days of rain and mud ruined them, and the poor soldiers suffered pain, exposure, and disease through the fraud.

A counterfeit coin may pass for genuine for some time, until some observing person detects the cheat, or the dull, leaden thud betrays the lie; then the condemned coin's career is ended, and the unfortunate holder suffers loss.

Shoddy character and counterfeit worth can impose on the world for a time. People have found this out. Many young men, to-day, are trying to make "bluff" do their work, and accomplish the results of honest training and solid education. Strangely enough, they sometimes seem to succeed in keeping up the deception for years. So long as their boasts are not questioned, so long as they can load the work or the responsibility upon more competent shoulders, they impose on the world, and are apt to get higher reputations and larger salaries than more worthy and more modest men. But bad work will not always be accepted, cheap expedients will not always avail, props and crutches will not always be at hand, and mere boasting will not always be accepted as ability. Some day, in the midst of a panic or an emergency, the pretender is found out, and shame and disaster are his only portion. All his undeserved triumphs are forgotten. Scoffers cry that they thought all the time he did not know so much as he said he did. The lion skin is stripped off, and the stupid donkey is a laughingstock.

Great occasions, which, like lightning-flashes reveal unsuspected heroes, just as surely reveal the unworthy, the bluffers, the sham workers. Luck that makes the fortune or the reputation of the man who is prepared in character and knowledge for emergencies is only bad luck for the shoddy character and the untrained workman.

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An Orphan's Perseverance



Representative Woods and "Senator" Black

WHAT perseverance and manliness will do is clearly shown in the case of "Senator" John Black, who, though only fourteen years of age, is a private secretary to a representative.

The "senator," for that is what everyone calls him, is an orphan boy. As he was the son of a soldier, and, at the time of his father's death, living in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, that state took charge of him, and he was sent to the Industrial School at Uniontown to be taught a trade. There he made such progress with his studies, and was so attentive and industrious, that he was transferred to the school at Scotland, which is a larger institution, with greater facilities for education.

In size, the "senator" is a little fellow, but what he lacks in physical development he has in determination. At the Scotland institution, one-half of every school day was devoted to primary studies, and the other half to stenography and typewriting. In a very short time, the young man was at the head of his class.

Representative Thad M. Mahon, of Pennsylvania, one of the board of governors which controls these schools, had his attention directed to John Black, whose earnestness and application to study had won for him the admiration and love of his teachers. Mr. Mahon became interested in the "senator," and, last fall, secured for him a position in Washington, D. C., as a messenger to the Committee on War Claims, of which he is the chairman.

Representative S. D. Woods, of California, a member of this committee, was also attracted to the young messenger. Indeed, all boys interest Mr. Woods, who has been called the Santa Claus of the house. Every day, he is asked to give audience to some little ragged newsboy, or a boy with a story to tell, and the lads receive as much, and probably more consideration, than many representatives show to the influential men of their districts when they visit Washington.

Mr. Woods was approached, one day, while he was seated at his desk in the house, by the "senator," and this colloquy ensued:—

"Mr. Woods, would you like to have a private secretary?"

"Who wants the place?"

"I do."

"Can you write shorthand?"

"I do n't like to say what I can do, but, if you will give me a chance, I will show you what I can do."

On Mr. Woods's desk were several letters that demanded immediate attention, and, as John had drawn out a notebook from his pocket and seemed ready for business, Mr. Woods decided to give him a chance. He rattled off answers to the letters in record-breaking time, but John did not utter a word of protest. When he had concluded, the little fellow left. That was the last Mr. Woods ever expected to see of him as a shorthand expert.

Imagine his surprise when, half an hour afterwards, the letters, neatly typewritten, were placed before him. He read them over critically, and, finding them absolutely correct, at once took the "senator" into his employ. "Senator" Black lives with Representative Woods, and accompanied him to California when congress adjourned.

John has the proper idea of how a boy should conduct himself, and has this to say on the subject:—

"Most boys are too fresh. They learn things they should not know. Now this is true, for Mr. Woods and Mr. Mahon told me so. I try to be polite to everyone, and to do my work as best I can. When I have saved enough, I am going to stu ly law. I like to go to the theater, and play ball, and go swimming. Mr. Mahon and Mr. Woods are awful good to me."

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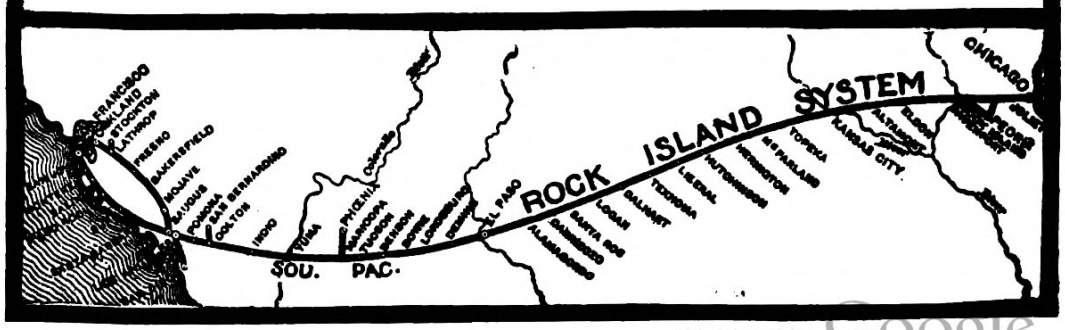
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Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in his new book, "The Empire of Business," has tried to account for his own success, and to tell young men how to succeed as he has done. How Much Would You Give for Mr. Carnegie's Knowledge of How to Succeed? He has put it all down for you in "The Empire of Business," of which *The Sketch* says:

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Success for October, 1902
A Few Important Features

One of the leading features of the October Success will be, "Farming the Ocean," by **John R. Spears**, which will tell, in a highly illustrative way, how Uncle Sam keeps the ocean stocked with fish for food, and how he protects them.

"How American Captains of Industry are Made" will be contributed by **Professor Robert H. Thurston**, of Cornell University. There will be described the process by which a modern young American is made a practical man of the times.

"When Betty Entertained" is the first of a charming series of household sketches by **Christine Terhune Herrick**, which will give new and useful hints for keeping house, making recipes, and other matters of interest.

"Heroisms of the Mines" is a stirring string of true stories of the miners in the coal region of Pennsylvania, telling of their sacrifices to save the lives of comrades.

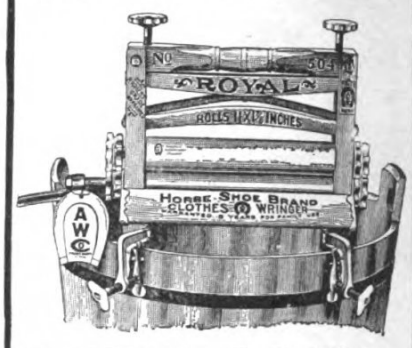
The first of the Success series of college studies at home will be commenced in this issue.

The second installment of **Stewart Edward White's** captivating story, "The Magic Forest," will appear: also, a new story by **Grant Richards**, entitled, "The Turn of the Tide."

Richard Le Gallienne will add to his many noted literary criticisms a review of the life and work of Stephen Phillips, the young English writer whose poems and dramas have added new laurels to English literature. Mr. Le Gallienne visited Mr. Phillips in London, specially for Success.

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The Up-to-Date Jersey Central.

There was a general change of time on the New Jersey Central on June 29, when the full Summer schedule went into effect, including a complete service on the Sandy Hook Boats. It has been the aim of the managers to give the best service possible and for months preparations have been going on. Nearly 60 new locomotives have been put in service within the past two weeks, and many new cars added to the equipment. The road-bed has received much attention—miles of new rail laid and thousands of tons of rock ballast spread. The station grounds improved and beautified, and all this in addition to the increased service.

A new morning train for Newark, starting from Dunellen, has been put on, several trains have been added to the Newark and New York Branch. There is a fast train to Somerville at 5.10 P. M., making Plainfield first stop.

New flag stops have been arranged for several of the Philadelphia Expresses at Elizabeth and Plainfield.

Perth Amboy is to have a fast train mornings to New York and a fast train from New York at 5.10 P.M. The Seashore Division including the Sandy Hook Boats will have complete schedules, and new connections have been made wherever possible. There will be a Saturday Special at 1.00 P.M. for Atlantic City, and a Sunday Train at 5.30 from Atlantic City to New York, both of which for Beach Haven, this in addition to the connections made by the other Shore flyers.

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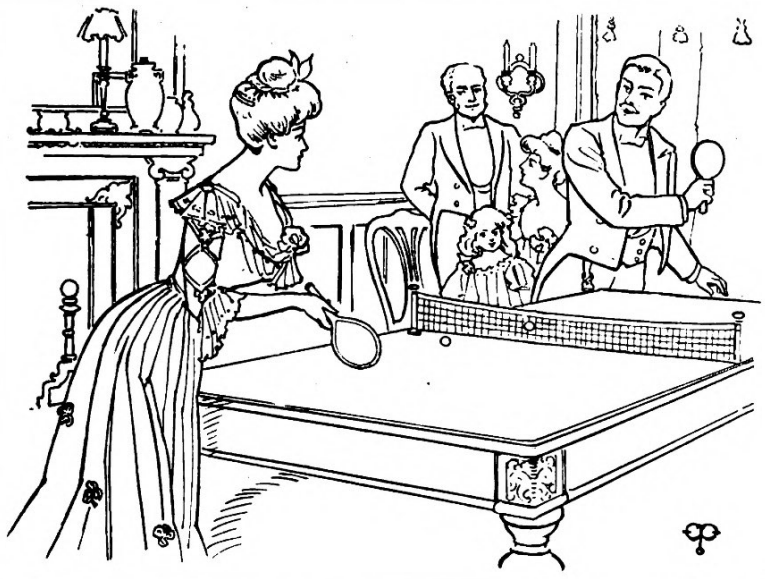
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The game offered by us in our Reward Lists is the genuine and world-famous game of "Ping-Pong," made by Parker Brothers (Inc.), of Salem, Mass., sole makers of "Ping-Pong" in the United States, and sole owners of the United States trade-mark rights and copyright. It is not one of the numerous imitations, sold as "Table Tennis" or "Parlor Tennis."

Reward No. 237. Parker Ping-Pong Set A, comprising a pair of wooden posts and wire clamps for attachment to table, a net, six celluloid balls, and two bats. The set is carefully packed in a box, with a copy of rules for playing. We offer it as a reward for securing two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.00. Express charges extra.

Reward No. 238. Parker Ping-Pong Set B. This is a somewhat better finished set than the one described above; with 3 foot 9 inch net, more ornamental posts and clamps, bats, etc. We offer it as a reward for securing four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price. $2.00. Express charges extra.



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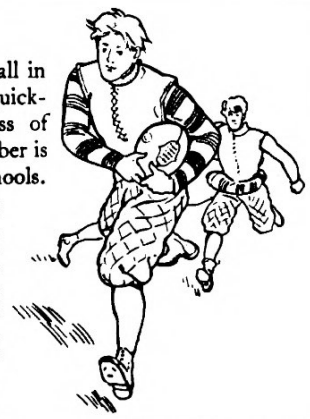
Think of playing sixty-five different games on one board,—a new game daily for a couple of months! No chance for dullness to creep in and make the evenings drag. The "Crown Board" games are easy to play, and consist of such popular ones as Crokinole, Ring Ring, Etc. See reward list for complete set of games. We also have many other fireside games of all kinds.

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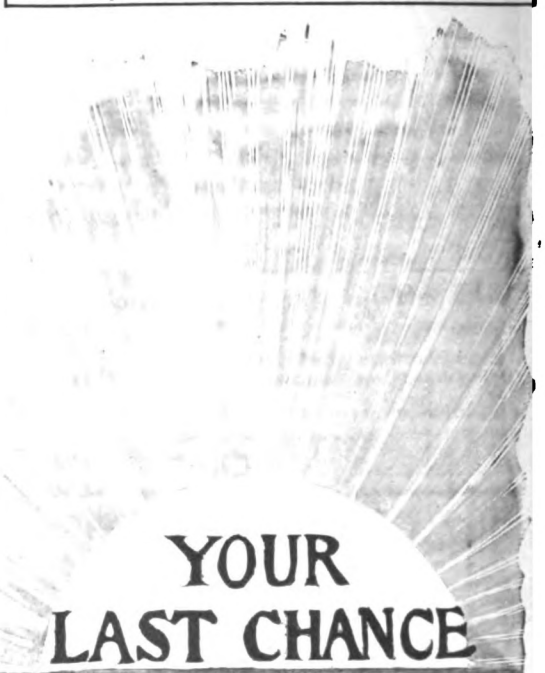
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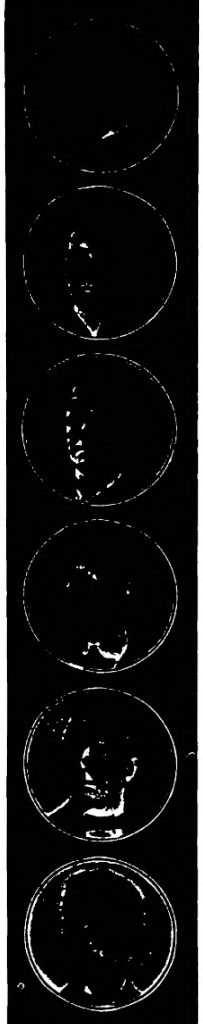


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A knowledge of advertising is a special qualification that distinguishes the successful man from the ordinary one—whether he be an employer or an employe. ***Advertising is the modern education.*** It is a new and necessary factor in mercantile success. What a classical education is to the literary man, the study of ad-writing is to the business-man. Modern education is gradually changing men's brains and accomplishing the object of eliminating failure and discontent. No other study in the world embraces so many features of successful business principles as that of advertisement-writing. It is the very embodiment of practical commercial supremacy.

Ours is the original correspondence course that has served to place so many men and women in positions that now earn them ***$25*** to ***$100.00 a week.***

Our handsome prospectus mailed free on request. If you want to know more—If you want to earn more—If you want to improve your worldly and financial status; ***Study Advertising***—Study it from the Original School, from unquestionally the biggest, best and most substantial, reliable institution of its kind in the world—The Page-Davis Company of Chicago, with branch offices at 150 Nassau street, New York City, and 195 Oxford street, W, London, England.

Notice to Employers: Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successfully ad-writers and ad.managers in some of the largest houses in the world.



FREE! to Page-Davis Students! FREE!

THE ONLY ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ADVERTISING IN THE WORLD!

"Fowler's Publicity"

Given away **absolutely free** with a full paid enrollment in this, the original and most substantial institution of its kind in the world.

The only School of Advertising in the world with a text book, and that text book being the recognized authority.

"Fowler's Publicity" covers the entire world of publicity.

"Fowler's Publicity" is to the world of advertising what the Dictionary is to the English language.

"Fowler's Publicity" has 1016 extra large pages.

"Fowler's Publicity" contains 10,000 money-making ideas.

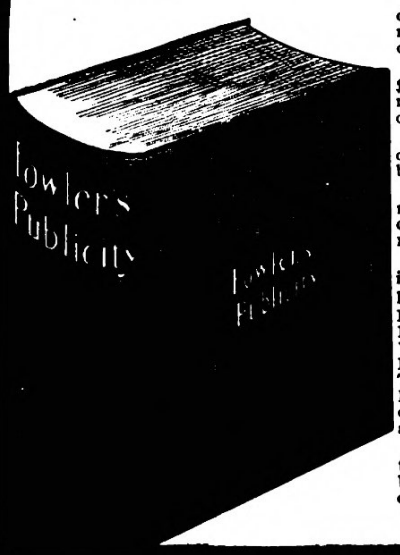
"Fowler's Publicity" comprises over 200 departments.

"Fowler's Publicity" embraces the experiences of 250 successful merchants.

"Fowler's Publicity" has over 200 engravings and illustrations of forms for Advertising, Lithographing and Printing.

"Fowler's Publicity" weighs ten pounds aud is three inches thick.

"Fowler's Publicity" is printed on high-grade paper and bound in superior Buckram.



"Fowler's Publicity" is without doubt the greatest, positively the most practical and complete work of its kind ever published.

"Fowler's Publicity is worth $100 to any ambitious man or woman, but it is free to our students only.

"Fowler's Publicity is now owned and controlled exclusively by Page-Davis Co.

Fowler's Publicity" is $15 to non-students, AND CAN BE SECURED ONLY THROUGH PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL.

This famous work is spoken of in glowing terms by the following papers:

New York Herald, Boston Herald, Munsey's Magazine, Chicago Post Washington Star, Inland Printer, Baltimore American, Minneapolis Tribune, London Iron Mongefy, Philadelphia Record, San Francisco Examiner, Toronto Globe, and a host of others.

In all the world of instruction, there is no offer like this, a $15 book free to Page-Davis students only. Write us about it at once.

TAUGHT BY MAIL

Thoroughly and Practically.

Full particulars mailed free.

To Whom It May Concern: Needham, Mass.

This is to certify that I have been studying the Page-Davis system of advertising instruction for the past five months and find every promise made by the company kept—both in word and spirit, and I am fully satisfied.

When it is recalled that advertisement-writing is fast ranking as a profession it necessarily follows that the instruction required must be complete. The Page-Davis course is just such a one—it meets the demand. Having followed the trade in the art preservative of all arts I know that their instruction in printing—type—technical terms—explanation drills—are correct. To master the same requires study and close attention and observation. It is no easy task and any one desiring to become proficient in this work must enter upon it with fixed determination. They will find their efforts duly noticed and intelligently passed upon by the instructors.

It is valuable training for any person using publicity in any degree as well as for those who are intending to follow it as a profession. The statements made by the Page-Davis Company are in no way overdrawn. I consider them conservative and reliable men. W. G. MOSELEY.

Gloversville, N. Y., February 17, 1902.

Messrs. Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

Saying well is good, but doing well is better! Not only have I benefited by your instructions in many ways; it has added "dollars" to my weekly income. Every promise you made has been carried out to the letter—you did everything for me that possibly could have been done had I been in your city.

Every lesson, plan, idea, thought was carried out in a way so easy to understand, and in such a gentlemanly manner, that I just loved the work and could hardly wait for my next lesson to be forwarded to me.

Your instructions are thorough, and are carried out in an efficient, capable manner, which shows the results of years of hard, honest work, coupled with practical experience and success.

I thank you for the personal interest shown me, and sincerely wish that every young man who is ambitious and wishes success in the field of practical ad-writing will be fortunate enough to cast his lot with you—as his success would be assured. Signed, D. G. SALTSMAN.

State of New York, County of Fulton, ss.:

On this 17th day of February, 1902, before me personally came DeWitt G. Saltsman, to me known to be the same person named in and who signed the foregoing letter, and he to me duly acknowledged that he signed the same; and being first duly sworn, deposed that the statements therein contained are true.

Sworn to before me this 17th day of February, 1902.

FRANK TALBOT, Notary Public.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

Suite 21, No. 90 Wabash Avenue, Chicago



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THE CHECKERBOARD IS THE SIGN OF

Ralston

PURINA CEREALS

APPRECIATED TO-DAY IN NEARLY EVERY AMERICAN HOME

Every Child Says
"I JUST LOVE RALSTON BREAKFAST FOOD"





"RALSTON BARLEY FOOD BUILDS BRAIN & MUSCLE"



"RALSTON HOMINY GRITS WITH CREAM FOR BREAKFAST; WITH GRAVY FOR DINNER — but it's





"I enjoy a dish of RALSTON HEALTH OATS these crisp mornings"



"You don't know what pankakes are, unless you have tasted PURINA PANKAKES"

"Whole wheat bread made from PURINA HEALTH FLOUR is much better for the family than white bread"



In a Million Homes

Ralston-Purina Cereals find a welcome on the breakfast table. Among the army of housekeepers who read SUCCESS there are some who are not using Ralston-Purina Cereals. If you are among them you are depriving your family of the most healthful, the purest and the most delicious food products in the world. The millions who eat Ralston-Purina Cereals know this. Ask your neighbors.

In Checkerboard Packages

The variety of Ralston-Purina Cereals pleases every member of the family. There is a kind to suit any kind of an appetite. They are pure and wholesome cereals—not the sort that are artificially flavored; but good, substantial foods which give the most nourishment. The children know the Ralston-Purina Checkerboard packages. They can be easily distinguished on the shelves of every grocer's store in the country. When buying cereals insist on getting the kind that comes in checkerboard packages.

In the Grocer's Store

On account of our enormous business we have made it possible for you to obtain Ralston-Purina Cereals from your own grocer. You can buy the full variety (five 2-lb. packages and one 12-lb. sack of Purina Health Flour) for $1.00. If your grocer can't supply you we'll ship our foods to him fresh from the mills, prepaid. If you fail to get it from

KIERNAN, T. J.
DEC. 02-3551B12072
25 TROWBRIDGE ST.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

"Where Purity is Paramount"

is a most significant phrase in connection with Purina Mills. Absolute cleanliness prevails in this institution. Purina Mills has been designated the "Sunshine Mills" by the International Sunshine Society of America. You want clean things cleanly made. When you buy Ralston-Purina Cereals, made "Where Purity is Paramount," you get the very best.

PURINA MILLS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PURINA MILLS PRESS

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