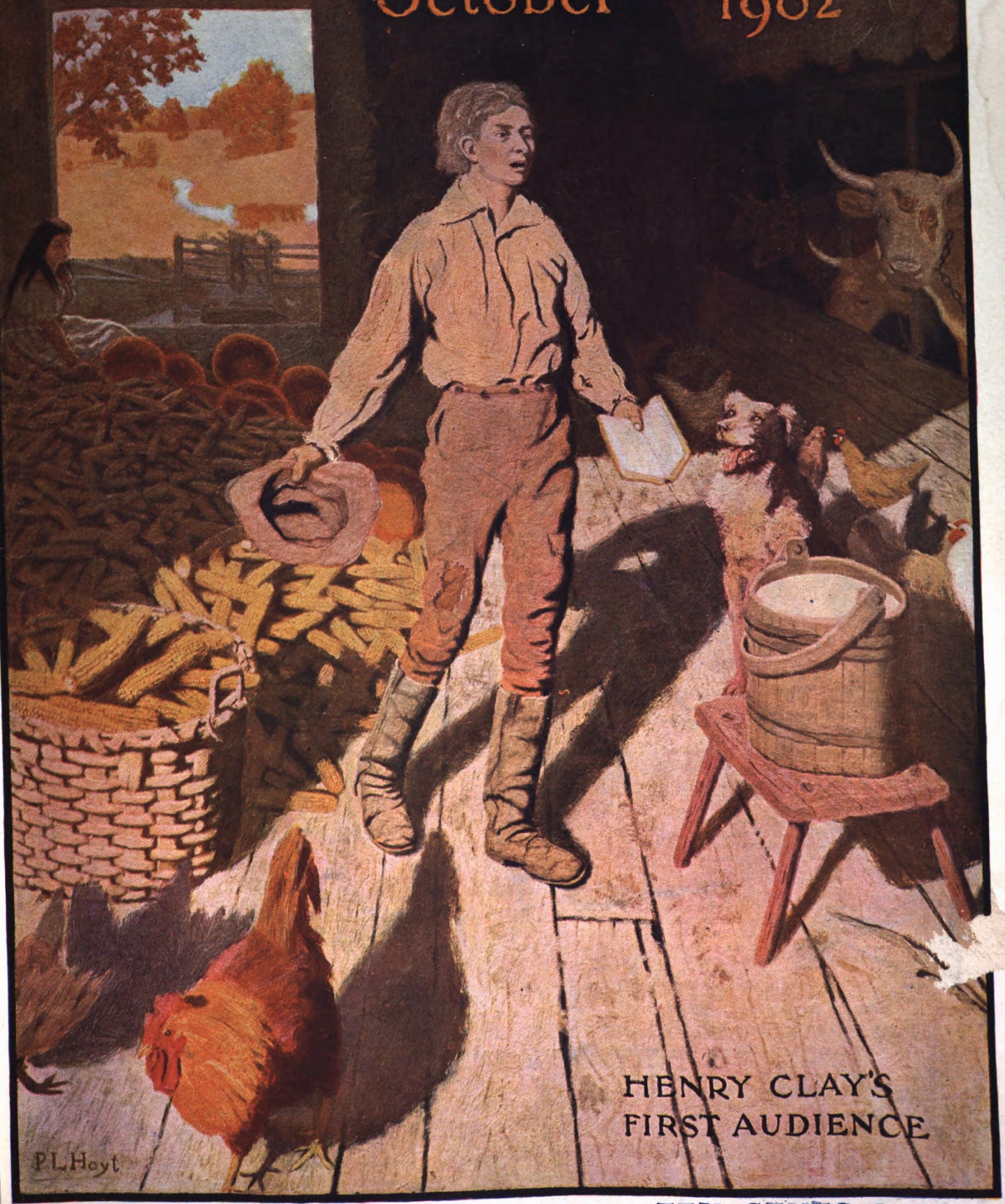
SUCCESS

October 1902



HENRY CLAY'S FIRST AUDIENCE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

TEN CENTS A COPY
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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The Stone Method





FREDERICK W. STONE
Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture
Was formerly athletic director of Columbia College and the Knickerbocker Athletic Ass'n, New York. At present he is the athletic instructor of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1 and from 4 to 6. He established the world's record for 100 yards sprint (9 4-5 seconds) and held it unbeaten until 1902. Mr. Stone has been an athlete and an instructor in physical culture for 32 years, and is himself a physically perfect man at 52 years of age.



Does not over-tax the heart
No apparatus is required

Follow our instructions and we promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation; 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.**

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 object which you wish to attain, and give you instructions accordingly. We 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.

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.

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.

Children

Proper exercise early in life will prevent and correct stooped shoulders and develop children into strong, healthy, robust men and women. Our breathing exercises will overcome mouth breathing, which is the cause of chronic Catarrh. Proper exercise will also correct many deformities in children.

WOMEN

Receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as men, but no woman desires the same muscular development which she admires in men. This proves again the desirability of our individual instruction. 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.

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor paying special attention to women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has had a very extensive experience, and who alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Confidential letters may be addressed **"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School."**

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS AND FAC-SIMILE TESTIMONIALS SENT FREE BY MAIL



It is impossible, in this limited space, to convey an adequate idea of the importance of **The Stone Method** of Physical Culture in attaining and maintaining perfect development and good health. We have prepared a booklet for men and one for women which explain the system in detail, our plan of mail instruction, etc. These booklets contain many photos from life, showing what others have accomplished by **The Stone Method. SENT FREE BY MAIL,** together with fac-simile testimonials, measurement blanks, etc. Write today. The booklets will prove interesting whether you wish to take instruction or not.



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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STEVENS



CUPID HAS A NEW WEAPON

For centuries CUPID used his "Bow" and "Arrow" but when he found how *accurate* our "FAVORITE" rifle was he discarded his old weapons and is able now to "hit the mark" every time as his *String of Hearts* shows. Sportsmen long ago found that our ARMS were the most *accurate* and *reliable* ones made. We have a line of

Rifles—Pistols—Shotguns

and make an ARM for most any style of shooting. The hunters' month—OCTOBER—is here, and with all restrictions off, nothing can prevent the enjoyment of the most fascinating and healthful of sports, unless it be an unreliable ARM. We manufacture the *reliable* kind and you will miss it if you do not have a "STEVENS" in your outfit. See the offer on next page made by the publishers of this magazine of our FIREARMS as subscription rewards.

Any dealer in Sporting Goods can furnish our FIREARMS, don't accept a substitute, but insist upon having a "STEVENS."

FREE A copy of our new 128-page illustrated catalog full of valuable information for shooters mailed to any address.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY,

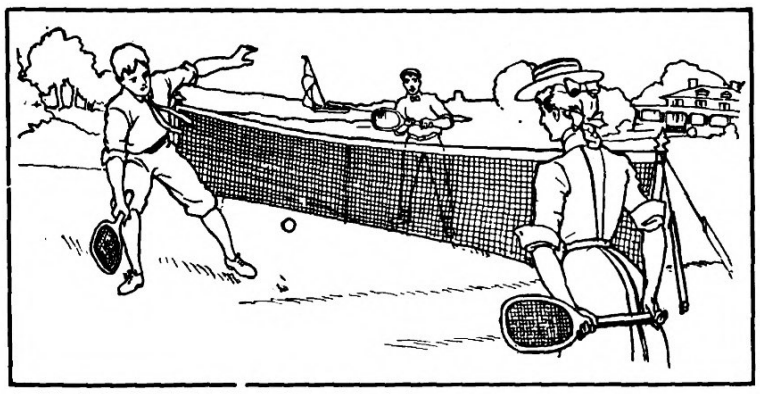
No. 220 Main Street,

CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

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Rewards Earned in a Few Hours For Neighborhood Work

OUR new Subscription Reward List No. 2, just issued, illustrates the most attractive and valuable line of sports, games, pastimes, household articles, etc., ever offered by any publication. Every boy and girl can easily earn these rewards by securing a few subscriptions to Success right in their own neighborhoods. Owing to lack of space only a few extracts from the List can be given herewith.



Lawn Tennis

This old and healthful game was never more popular than now, and our Reward List gives full particulars of interest to all tennis lovers. A little work earns nets, rackets, and all required fittings. Among our rewards are the following:—

Reward No. 250. Tennis Net. We offer a 36-foot double court, Spalding tennis net, as a reward for securing two subscriptions to Success, new or renewal. Price, $1.00. Express charges extra.

Reward No. 260. Tennis Racket. We offer the Spalding "Favorite" racket, approved model, white-ash frame, polished walnut throat-piece, good quality white and red gut stringing, checkered cedar handle, leather cap, as a reward for securing two subscriptions to Success, new or renewal. Price, $1.00. Express charges extra.

Reward No. 270. Tennis Balls. We offer three Spalding "Tournament" tennis balls, felt covered, as a reward for securing two subscriptions to Success, new or renewal. Price, 30 cents each, postage prepaid.



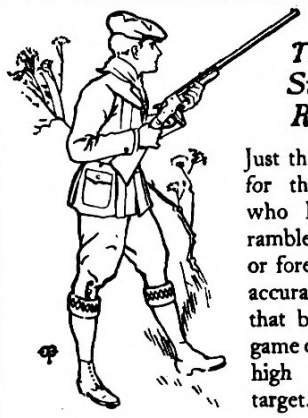
Photographic Outfits

Ho, for the fields and crags where nature has provided a wonderland in a thousand scenes to charm the eye and quicken our appreciation of all outdoors.

To "take pictures" is the natural ambition of every boy and girl in the land,—an ambition to be encouraged, since a day's tramp with the camera is sure to bring a glow to the cheek and enthusiasm for enjoyable exercise.

Our rewards for securing subscriptions to Success embrace many cameras, among which is the following:—

Reward No. 425. We offer the Weno "Hawk-Eye" camera, giving photograph 3½ inches square, with capacity for twelve exposures, as a reward for securing eight subscriptions to Success, new or renewal. Price, $5.00. Express charges extra. This camera has an achromatic set focus lens, three diaphragm stops, and a three-exposure time shutter for snap shots. It is covered with morocco grain leather, and all metal parts are nickel finish.



The Stevens Rifle

Just the thing for the boy who loves a ramble in field or forest. An accurate rifle that bags the game or scores high at the target.

Reward No. 82. We offer the Stevens "Favorite" take-down rifle, with 22-inch half-octagon barrel, finely modeled stock, with rubber butt-plate, plain open front and rear sights, weighing 4½ pounds, as a reward for securing twelve subscriptions to Success, new or renewal. Price, $6.00. Express charges extra. Our reward list also includes six types of Stevens rifles, together with air rifles, revolvers, traps, fishing tackle, and hunting and camping knives.

Other Rewards

In our Reward List No. 1, will be found a hundred and one useful and ornamental articles, including Hammocks, Bicycles, Musical Instruments, Medical Batteries, Handy Tool Chests, etc., etc.



Popular Indoor Games

As the cool evenings draw near, every household begins to realize the pleasure to be derived from wholesome and interesting games. "Bedtime" comes too soon when the family circle is absorbed in some new or ever-popular game, be it Chivalry, Parcheesi, Pillow Dex or any one of the host of others we offer in our Reward List No. 2. There is no need to drag through the evening when so little work is required to secure a few subscriptions for Success in return for these games.

For example, we will give as a reward for securing two subscriptions to Success, new or renewal, a choice of such games as "Authors," "Quotations," and various other modern combinations,—games that are instructive in American, English, French, and German history.



Table Necessities

No part of the home is of greater importance than the dining room, and with this in mind we have "spread ourselves," so to speak, in our efforts to supply our many friends, who help us secure new subscribers to Success with the latest up-to-date articles for the sideboard and table. There are beautiful dishes, silverware, cutlery, cut glass, linen, etc., etc., to say nothing of the many bits of household decoration so dear to the feminine heart.

Send for Complete List

All who have a little spare time to devote to interesting their neighbors in Success should send for our Reward Lists, which tell how easy it is to supply the home with valuable articles without cost.

Address all communications to **THE SUCCESS COMPANY, University Bldg., New York**

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About the Success Magazine Clubbing Offers

The annual Fall Announcement of the SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS for the coming season is an event of more than ordinary interest among publishers, and to the public. The regular readers of SUCCESS who have become accustomed to our advertisements do not, perhaps, realize the far-reaching importance of "The Success Offers," nor understand how radically they have changed the circulation plans of the great periodicals of the country. They only know that SUCCESS offers are found everywhere; that they are the best offers of magazine literature made, *or that can be made;* and that through them they can get two, three, and sometimes even four or five magazines for the price of one.

Those who travel know that all over the country people everywhere are reading more magazine literature than ever before. It is no uncommon thing to find four or five of the best American periodicals in a single household, while cheap and trashy literature has at last been put aside for the best which American publishers can produce. Much of this result is due to the SUCCESS Clubbing Offers, and to the simple and effective system of handling them devised by us.

THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE CLUBBING OFFERS for the season of 1902–'03 are the best, in many respects, which we have ever been able to make. There are associated with us this season a most brilliant galaxy of magazines, all but one of which are offered *without restriction as to new or renewal subscriptions.* A glance at the list below will show how varied and attractive is our "programme."

Art Interchange, - - **$4.00**
A monthly home paper of decoration and art suggestion, with beautful color and design supplements in each issue.

Country Life in America, - **3.00**
Undoubtedly the most exquisitely illustrated and beautifully printed periodical published,—a monthly delight to nature lovers.

Current Literature, - - **3.00**
The interesting and chatty talks about books and authors, and the many special departments of CURRENT LITERATURE have made this a highly popular monthly magazine.

Everybody's Magazine, - - **1.00**
One of the strongest and most interesting of the popular monthlies.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, **1.00**
An old-time favorite, but never so good as now. It is taking first rank among the great magazines of the country.

Good Housekeeping, - - **1.00**
A monthly magazine, invaluable to the home-maker.

The Independent, - - **2.00**
A weekly magazine, for many years past one of America's great leaders of thought and opinion.

Lippincott's Magazine, - - **2.50**
A complete high-class novel and several brilliant short stories are found in each monthly issue.

New England Magazine, - **3.00**
This is, in effect, a monthly "old home week," dear to every New Englander, at home or abroad.

Public Opinion (New subscriptions only accepted) - **3.00**
A well-known weekly periodical

Review of Reviews, - - **2.50**
A monthly survey of news, politics, and literature, edited by Dr. Albert Shaw. It is the best known and most popular paper of its class in the world.

SUCCESS, - - - **1.00**
It is impossible to describe SUCCESS,—it must be seen to be appreciated.

The World's Work, - - **3.00**
Doubleday, Page and Company, editors and proprietors. A magnificently illustrated monthly without a peer in its particular field.

The above magazines are offered in connection with SUCCESS at the prices set forth in the accompanying announcement.

We earnestly ask our readers to send in their renewals early this season in order that their subscriptions may be handled with promptness and dispatch. The immense burden of work coming upon our subscription department in the months of December and January make it almost impossible, even with a greatly augmented force of clerks, to take care of subscriptions as rapidly as we would like, and delays are inevitable, though our exceptionally well trained and efficient staff makes every effort to reduce them to a minimum.

Our New Magazine Clubbing Offers

FOR THE SEASON OF 1902-3.

WE like to tell our readers first of all about our new offers for the coming season, so that they may send in their orders early and have their subscriptions entered, and the various magazines coming to them regularly before November and December, when the rush of subscription orders overtaxes the clerical force of all publishers. Our offers are, and will be, by far the best that can possibly be made this season. They are absolutely unique.

We control for clubbing purposes the popular periodicals named below:



OUR MAGAZINE LIST

	Regular Price	Foreign Postage Extra
SUCCESS,	$1.00	$0.75
CLASS A		
Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly,	1.00	.85
Everybody's Magazine,	1.00	.85
Good Housekeeping,	1.00	.60
.....		
.....		
CLASS B		
Review of Reviews,	$2.50	$1.00
World's Work,	3.00	1.00
Current Literature,	3.00	.60
Country Life,	3.00	.84
Lippincott's Magazine,	2.50	.96
Public Opinion (new),	3.00	1.04
Art Interchange,	4.00	.75
New England Magazine,	3.00	.75
The Independent,	2.00	1.50

OUR CLUB PRICES

All subscriptions (except in the one case noted,) may be either new or renewal.

OFFER NO. I.
Frank Leslie's Pop. Monthly, $1.00
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE or GOOD HOUSEKEEPING may be substituted.
Success, - - 1.00
$2 for $1.25 *Our Price.*
NOTE.—This is a *special limited* offer, good for October only, and we reserve the right of advancing the price on November 1st, or thereafter.

OFFER NO. II.
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. $1.00
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING may be substituted.
Success - - - - - 1.00
Everybody's Magazine, - 1.00
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING may be substituted.
$3 for $2 *Our Price.*

OFFER NO. III.
Review of Reviews - $2.50 to 4.00
WORLD'S WORK, LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, PUBLIC OPINION, (*new,*) THE INDEPENDENT or any other magazine in Class B may be substituted.
Success - - - - - 1.00
$5 for $2.50 *Our Price.*

OFFER NO. IV.
World's Work - - $3.00 to 4.00
REVIEW OF REVIEWS, COUNTRY LIFE, or any other magazine in Class B may be substituted.
Success - - - - - 1.00
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE or GOOD HOUSEKEEPING may be substituted.
$6 for $3 *Our Price.*

OFFER NO. V.
Current Literature, - $3.00 to 4.00
REVIEW OF REVIEWS or any other magazine in Class B may be substituted.
Everybody's Magazine, - 1.00
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING may be substituted.
Success, - - - - - 1.00
Frank Leslie's Pop. Mon. 1.00
$7 for $3.50 *Our Price.*

OFFER NO. VI.
Review of Reviews - $2.50 to 4.00
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE or any other in Class B may be substituted.
Success - - - - - 1.00
World's Work - - 3.00 to 4.00
ART INTERCHANGE or any other magazine in Class B may be substituted.
$8 for $4 *Our Price.*

Quotations made on any list of magazines desired.

Magazines may be sent to one or to different addresses. Subscriptions will commence with issue requested wherever possible to furnish copies, otherwise with issues of the month following that in which the subscription is received.

Present subscribers to SUCCESS may take advantage of these offers, either ordering their own subscriptions extended for one year from the date of expiration, or presenting a subscription to SUCCESS to some relative or friend.

ONE MAGAZINE FREE Any reader of SUCCESS who sends us three subscriptions, (including his own, if desired,) to SUCCESS or to Success Clubs, (except Offer No. 1,) may have, as a reward, an annual subscription to any one of the four one-dollar magazines listed above.

Agents wanted everywhere to take subscriptions for the SUCCESS MAGAZINE OFFERS. Liberal compensation offered. Address all orders and requests for information to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, Department B, Washington Square, - - **New York.**

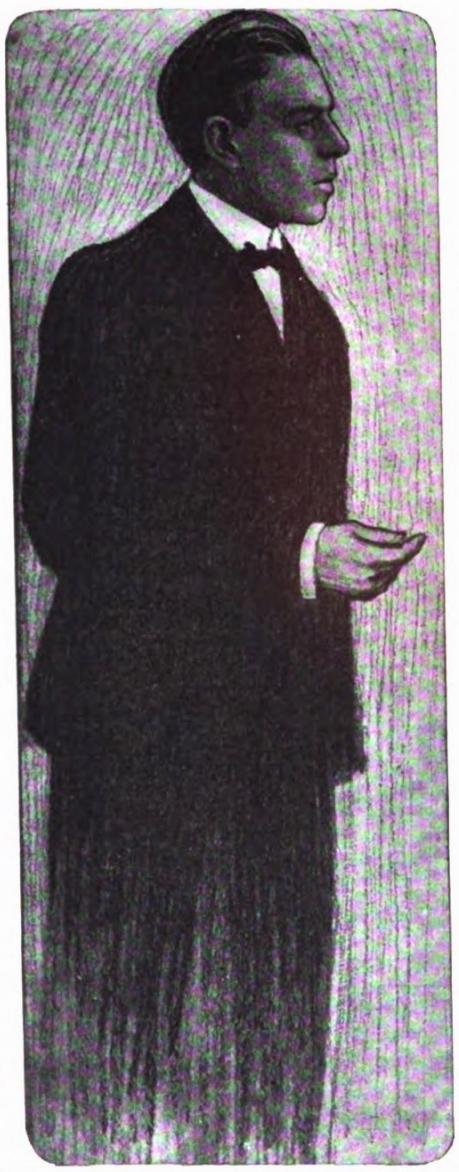
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SUCCESS

WE BUY OUR STUDENTS' WORK

Positions Secured for Graduates

A personal letter to Success readers, by ALT. F. CLARK, President of the Correspondence Institute of America, Scranton, Pa.



My Dear Reader:

The way most young people spend their time worries me. They are not making as much of their young lives as they should. Those of you who know me, or rather those of you who really don't know me, are saying: "To hear President Clark talk, you'd think that the weight of the whole world were on his shoulders." Well, in a measure it's true. There are many thousands of readers of this grand publication, Success, for whom I feel a certain responsibility, and my heart goes out to them.

I am putting my announcement this month in the form of a letter, because I feel that it will have more consideration from you. I wish that you would read this letter as though it came from a fond parent, addressed "My Dear Son," or "My Darling Daughter."

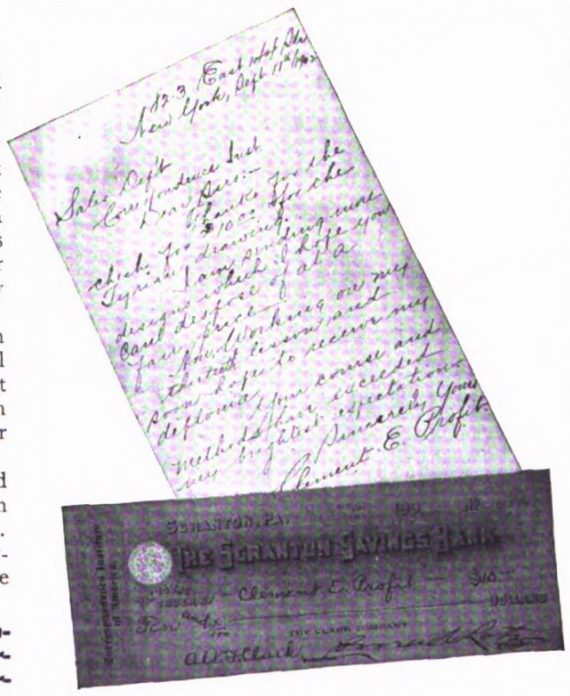
My letter will be of small interest to drones and idlers. It will appeal rather to young people in whom the fire of ambition is burning brightly. If you are such a young man or woman, the following announcement of our courses for spare time study will appeal to you:

Complete Caricature Newspaper, Magazine and Commercial Illustrating; Advertisement-Writing and Management; Journalism (including Practical Newspaper Work and Short Story Writing); Proofreading; Bookkeeping and Business Methods; Stenography; and a comprehensive course in Practical Electricity.

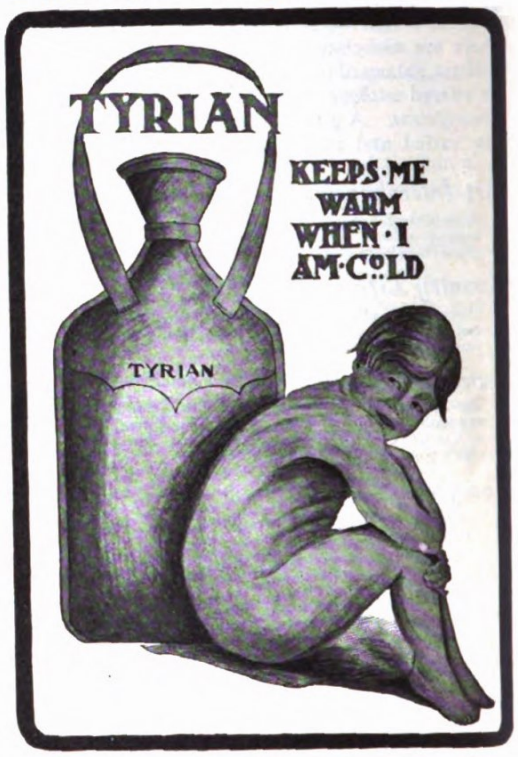
Each of these courses represents a separate department by itself in our institution; in fact, each course occupies an entire floor. Specialists and Department Superintendents are in charge, and the work in each department is as comprehensive and thorough as though that were the only subject taught.

I will say just a word about our courses in Illustrating and Ad-Writing. If you are fortunate enough to have a talent for drawing, you should cultivate it. There are too many salesmen and clerks to-day who should be illustrators. The work is profitable. An opportunity is offered to educate yourself along this line while you are working as a clerk or salesman, and in hundreds of cases we are able to place students in good-paying positions as illustrators before they have even completed the course.

Ad-Writers make good money. Salaries range from $35 to $200 a week, and we know of many vacancies which cannot be filled, for the lack of competent men. For some months past our Institute has been advertising that in Illustrating and Ad-Writing we find a market for our students' work. I want to tell you that we mean just what we say. We have channels in New York, Boston, Chicago and other large cities through which we can dispose of large quantities of illustrations, ideas and type advertisements, and many of our students are receiving liberal checks from our sales department every month. Here is one case which I have illustrated in this advertisement: Clement E. Profit, 823 E 144th street, New York City, a student in our school, sent us the original drawing for "Tyrian Rubber Goods," which met with the approval of our Sales Department Manager, and Mr. Profit was paid $10 for this idea. We shall hope to sell this design to the manufacturers of these famous rubber goods. Mr. Profit's letter of acknowledgement is reproduced on this page, also the check which was sent him. He is a very clever young artist, and has received his instruction solely from our school, and all by correspondence. I could send you the names of thousands of other artists who are receiving instruction from us and are also receiving monthly checks from our Sales Department.



I am also able to offer our students and graduates an opportunity which is not offered by any other school in this country. We place our graduates in profitable positions. I want to state to you that I believe that the school which educates you should place you in a good position, and the school which can't do it is not the school for you to join. The question has been asked



me how we are able to find positions for our large number of students. In answer I would say that we are advertising largely in publications which reach business and professional men. We say in our advertisements that we want positions for our students, and every mail brings us applications from all over the United States for Bookkeepers, Stenographers, Journalists, Proofreaders, Ad-writers, Illustrators and Elecricians. Our Institute has, furthermore, opened an extensive Employment Department in New York City, consisting of a large suite of offices at 150 Nassau Street, with competent men in charge. You can see that our Institute means business, and we can place any ambitious and competent student in a desirable position.

Through my recommendation, the Board of Directors is making a special offer to the readers of Success. This offer is limited and it will interest you.

Before closing my letter, I want to extend to my kind readers an invitation to send to me for a copy of my book. Men should send for a copy of my book "Struggles with the World," and women should send for a copy of "Six Ways for a Woman to Make Money." There is only a limited edition of these books published, so it will be well for you to write by return mail.

If you will mention the subject in which you are interested I will include some valuable information pertaining thereto.

Cordially yours,

Correspondence Institute of America,

ALT. F. CLARK, President, Box 630, SCRANTON, PA.

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SUCCESS

Volume V. NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1902 Number 101



GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Henry Cabol Lodge

[United States Senator from Massachusetts]

WHEN invited to write for SUCCESS on the subject of good citizenship, I felt a little as Cowper felt when Lady Austin asked him to write her a poem, and gave him "The Sofa" for a theme,—somewhat at a loss as to what I should say, although for widely different reasons. The poet solved his difficulty by announcing, in his first line, "I sing the sofa," and then going on with hundreds of verses in which he sang of many things, but not of the sofa. Cowper's subject was in the highest degree concrete, and there was nothing to be said about it, so that his solution of his problem was fairly obvious. Good citizenship is, on the contrary, an abstract subject, upon which very much has been said and written, which opens out indefinitely, and about which it is no easy matter to say anything practical and at the same time to shun glittering generalities and the repetition of commonplaces as to political duties which are, as a rule, more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is also a topic on which it is painfully easy to become didactic; something to be sedulously avoided because the definition of a didactic poem as one so called because it is not a poem, and teaches nothing, has a wide application to similar efforts in prose as well as in verse. There is, however, consolation for such perils and anxieties in the thought that, in our country, good citizenship is a matter of such vast import that it is hardly possible to say too much about it or to repeat too often the maxims and principles upon which it rests and which all Americans ought ever to keep in mind.



Henry Cabot Lodge

Assuming, at the outset, that, in the United States, all men, young and old, who think at all, realize the importance of good citizenship, the first step toward its attainment or its diffusion is to define it accurately, and then, knowing what it is, we shall be able intelligently to consider the best methods of creating it and spreading it abroad. In this case the point of discussion and determination lies in the first word of the title. There is no difficulty in the second. The accident of birth or the certificate of a court will make a man a citizen of a republic, entitled to take part in the government and to have the protection of that government, wherever he may be. The qualifying adjective applied to citizenship is the important thing here; for, while the mere word "citizen" settles at once a man's legal status both under domestic and international law, and implies certain rights on his part and certain responsibilities on the part of the government toward him, we must go much further if we would define his duties to the state upon the performance of which depends his right to be called either good or worthy. Merely to live without breaking the laws does not constitute good citizenship except in the narrow sense of contrast to those who openly or covertly violate the laws which they have helped to make. The word, "good," as applied to citizenship, means something more positive and affirmative than mere passive obedience to statutes, if it has any meaning at all. The good citizen, if he would deserve the title, must be one who performs his duties to the state, and who in due proportion serves his country. It is when we undertake to define those duties and determine what the proportion of service is that we approach the serious difficulty of the subject; and yet the duties and the service to the country must be defined, for in them lies all good citizenship, and failure to render them carries a man beyond the pale. A man may not be a bad citizen,—he may pay his taxes and commit no statutory offenses; but, if he gives no

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service to his country, nor any help to the community in which he lives, he cannot properly be called a good citizen.

Assuming, then, that good citizenship necessarily implies service of some sort to the state, the country, or the public, it must be understood, of course, that such service may vary widely in amount or in degree. The man and woman who have a family of children, educate them, bring them up honorably and well, teaching them to love their country, are good citizens, and deserve well of the republic. The man who, in order to care for his family and give his children a fair start in life, labors honestly and diligently at his trade, profession, or business, and who casts his vote at all elections, adds to the strength as well as to the material prosperity of the country, and thus fulfills some of the primary and most important duties of good citizenship. Indeed, it may be said, in passing, that he who labors in any way, who has any intellectual interest, who employs his leisure for any public end,—even the man who works purely for selfish objects,—has one great element of good citizenship to his credit; for there is nobody else so detrimental in a country like ours as the mere idler, the mere seeker for self-amusement, who passes his time in constant uncertainty as to how he shall get rid of the next day or the next hour of that brief life which, however short, in some cases is, from every point of view, too long for him.

Rearing a family, casting a vote, leading a decent life and working honestly for a livelihood are, however, primary and simple qualities in meritorious citizenship. They are the foundation stones, no doubt, but good citizenship, in its true sense, rises much higher, and demands much more than these. Here, again, it becomes necessary to define one's meaning and get rid of generalities. All men who do good work have ideals at which they aim, dreams of what they hope to accomplish, and all, especially those who succeed most fully, fall far short of their ideals, for self-satisfaction usually halts the advance and puts an end to achievement. But to come short of one's ideal is not defeat. "No failure, but low aim, is crime." The ideal cannot be set too high, and then any progress toward it is a victory, and the life-work is not barren of results. This is as true of citizenship as of any other great field of human effort. The ideal cannot be set too high, provided it is compassed by common sense and clear reason and does not topple over into eccentricity. But in order to possess an ideal, which must be at once sane and lofty, it is essential to have a standard, and that standard must be clear and sharply defined, not misty or confused. For example, if we wish to teach our children that loyalty to the nation and to the union of states is a fundamental quality of any American citizenship worthy to be called good, we must not set up a monument to a man, no matter how eminent, who won all his fame in an unsuccessful effort to wreck liberty.



There is nobody else so detrimental in a country like ours as the mere idler, the seeker for self-amusement



Such matters emphasize the necessity of having our standards of citizenship true and correct as well as high. Fortunately, we have not far to seek for examples which are both. We have only to look to Washington and Lincoln to find the highest type of citizenship. The greatness of these two men, and the vast work they accomplished, it may be urged, render them too exceptional to serve as practical models. I do not think, myself, as I have already said, that it is possible to set one's ideal and one's standard too high, and if every American, in his own sphere, no matter how humble or obscure, will set himself to imitate, so far as in him lies, the character of Washington or Lincoln, the world will be made infinitely better thereby. But if the two great chiefs seem too remote for the daily life of most of us, other men less highly placed, but equally noble in their conception of duty, can readily be found for our imitation, especially at that period of supreme trial of citizenship when the life of the country was staked on the event of war. From that time of storm and stress, I will take such a one as the best text I know on the subject.

Charles Russell Lowell was one of the most brilliant of the younger volunteer officers in the Civil War. He had been graduated at the head of his class at Harvard University, and had shown intellectual power both in college and afterwards, in a remarkable degree. He went into the war at its beginning, and rose steadily and rapidly until he became colonel of his regiment, and was then put in command of a brigade in Sheridan's army. In this position, he took part in the battle of Cedar Creek. His brigade bore the brunt of the attack during the morning hours, when the Union army was driven back. In a charge at one o'clock, he was wounded in one lung by a spent ball. At three o'clock, Sheridan, who had come up and reformed his lines, ordered a general advance. Lowell mounted his horse despite his wound, and charged at the head of his brigade. A ball through the neck struck him from the saddle. He fell into the arms of his aids, and was carried to a farmhouse, where he died the next morning. On October 19, 1864, while Lowell was riding to his death in battle, Lincoln was signing his commission as a brigadier-general. He it was, in his uncle's poem,—



To be a thoroughly useful citizen, an American must do something absolutely impersonal for the public service



> Who, deadly hurt, agen
> Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
> Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
> Thet rived the Rebel line asunder.

Sheridan said of him: "I do not think there was a quality I could have added to Lowell. He was the perfection of a man and soldier." So he stands out for us in the glory of youth, for he was not thirty years old when he was killed, a splendid figure in the full tide of success as a soldier, giving all to his country, even to the last great gift of his life. Such a man's conception of citizenship, of which he was himself so fine an illustration, is worth consideration, and we are very fortunate in possessing it. About a month before his death, on September 10, 1864, he wrote as follows to a friend, also an officer in the army, and at home, wounded: "I hope that you have outgrown all foolish ambitions, and are now content to become a 'useful citizen.' Don't grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen. Don't seek office, but don't 'disremember' that a useful citizen always holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life, ready at the hint of his country. A useful citizen is a mighty unpretending hero; but we are not going to have any country very long unless such heroism is developed. There! what a stale sermon I'm preaching! But, being a soldier, it does seem to me that I should like nothing else so well as being a useful citizen,—well, trying to be one, I mean. I shall stay in the service, of course, till the war is over, or till I'm disabled; but then I look forward to a pleasanter career. I believe I have lost all my ambition. I don't think I would turn my hand to be a distinguished chemist or a famous mathematician. All I now care for is to be a useful citizen with money enough to buy bread and firewood, and to teach my children to ride on horseback and look strangers in the face, especially southern strangers."

There was a man who had achieved high distinction as a soldier, to whom still higher distinction seemed sure, and yet out of the fiery ordeal of war, where he had done and borne so much, he brings, as his ambition and his lesson, only the desire to be a "useful citizen," to be of broad service to his country and mankind.

Good citizenship demands, therefore, something active: in order to be attained, the man must be useful to his country and to his fellow men, and on this usefulness all else depends. Fortunately, it is possible to be useful in many ways. "Hold your life, your time, your money," said Lowell, "always ready at the hint of your country." To him it was given to make the last great sacrifice. In time of war, the usefulness of man is plain; he has but the simple duty of offering his services to his country in the field. But the service of war, if more glorious, more dangerous, and larger in peril and sacrifice than any other, is also the most obvious. When the country is involved in war, the first duty of a citizen is clear,—he must fight for the flag; or if, because of age or physical infirmity, he is unable to fight, he must support those who do, and sustain, in all ways possible, the nation's cause. Good citizenship implies constant readiness to obey our country's call.

Less dangerous, less glorious, rarely demanding the last sacrifice, the time of peace is no less insistent than the exceptional time of war in its demands for good citizenship. How shall a man, in time of peace, fulfill Lowell's requirement of being a useful citizen? He may do it in many ways, for usefulness as a citizen is not confined, by any means, to public office, although it must, in some form or other, promote the general as distinguished from the individual good. A man may be a good citizen in the ordinary sense by fulfilling the fundamental conditions of honest labor, caring for his family, observing law and expressing his opinion upon governmental measures at the time of election. But this does not make him a good citizen in the larger sense of usefulness. To be a useful citizen, he must do something for the public service which is over and above his work for himself or his family. It may be performed—this public service,—through the medium of the man's profession or occupation, or wholly apart and aside from it. This does not mean that the mere production of a great work of art or literature which may be a joy and benefaction to humanity necessarily involves the idea of public service in the sense in which we are considering it here. It may or it may not do so. Turner's art is a great possession for the world to have, but his bequest to the National Gallery was a public service. Regnault's portrait of Prim was a noble picture, but the artist's death as a soldier in defense of Paris was the highest public service. The literature of the English language would be much poorer if Edgar Allan Poe had not lived,—his verse, his prose, his art could ill be spared when the accounts of the nineteenth century are made up,—yet it would be impossible to say that Poe was a useful citizen, highly as we may rate and ought to rate his strange genius. On the other hand, Walt Whitman, who consecrated so much of his work as a poet to his country, was eminently a useful citizen of high patriotism, for he labored in the hospitals and among the soldiers to help his country and his fellow men without any thought of self or self-interest, or even of his art. So Ralph Waldo Emerson was a great and useful citizen, as well as a great writer and poet, giving freely of his time and thought and fame to molding opinion and to the service of his country. The same may be said of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow, of John G. Whittier and James Russell Lowell. In any event, their work would have taken high place in the literature of the United States and of the English-speaking people; in any event it would have brought pleasure to mankind, and, in Dr. Ben Jonson's phrase, would have helped us to enjoy life or taught us to endure it. But over and above their work they were useful citizens in a high degree. Their art was ever at the service of their country, of a great cause, and of their fellow men. They helped to direct and create public opinion, and in the hour of stress they sustained the national cause with all the great strength which their fame and talents gave them. With Winthrop, their watchword was: "Our country,—whether bounded by the St. John's or the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurement more or less,—still our country."

The poet and the artist, the scholar and the man of letters are, perhaps, as remote in their lives and pursuits from the recognized paths of public service as any men in a community, yet these few examples show not only what they have done, but also what they can do, and how they have met the responsibilities which their high intellectual gifts and large influence imposed upon them. There are also professions which involve in their pursuit public service of a very noble kind. Clergymen and physicians give freely to the public, to their country, and to the community in which they live, their time, their money, their skill, their influence, and their sympathy. It is all done for others without hope or thought of self-interest or reward. It is all done so naturally, so much in the usual course of their activities, that the world scarcely notes, and certainly does not stop to realize, that the great surgeon exercising his skill, which will command any sum from the rich, without money and without price for the benefit of the poor in the hospitals, or the clergyman laboring among the miseries of the city slums, is doing public service of the highest kind and is preëminently the useful citizen who goes beyond the limits of personal or family interest to work for the general good,—to promote the public welfare in every way.

[*To be concluded in the November* SUCCESS]

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Farming the Ocean

How Uncle Sam Protects the Supply of Food that Flourishes in Old Neptune's Fertile Fields

JOHN R. SPEARS
[Author of "The Port of Missing Ships"]

WHEN the first adventurers from England began to "boom" the recently explored regions on the coast of America, there was no other feature of life in the new land to which they gave as much attention as to the fishing. "The herrin, which are numerous," says John Josselyn's "Voyages," (1765,) "they take them all summer long." When chased by "other great fish that prey upon them, they threw themselves upon dry land in such infinite numbers that we might have gone up halfway the leg amongst them for near a quarter of a mile." He adds, with sly intent, "We used to qualify a pickled herrin by boiling him in milk."

Another of the "boomers" says that "he is a very bad fisher, [who] cannot kill, in one day, one, two, or three hundred cods," which, when cured, sold there for ten shillings the hundred." In fact, "if a man worked but three days in seven he may get more than he can spend, unless he will be excessive."

It was a bleak country in which those early New Englanders made their homes. The best produce of the land was that harvested with ax and whipsaw; but, when the settlers turned to the good salt sea, they found a farm whose harvests were "what they would when they had the means" for gathering such crops, and whose fields were unsurveyed and free for all.

From the days of Josselyn's voyages to the present time, the harvests have never failed absolutely, but in the years following our Civil War complaints about the scarcity of fish were heard. Off-shore fishing was good enough, but thousands of men who owned small boats and had made a good living by fishing for cod in the 'longshore waters found their harvests becoming as thin as the grass on Gay Head and Cuttyhunk. The dealers, to whom they had been accustomed to sell their fish, were quick to take up their complaints, and, in due time, congressmen, who were looking for 'longshore votes, were willing to listen to suggestions that Uncle Sam might be able to learn the basis of the trouble, and apply a remedy.

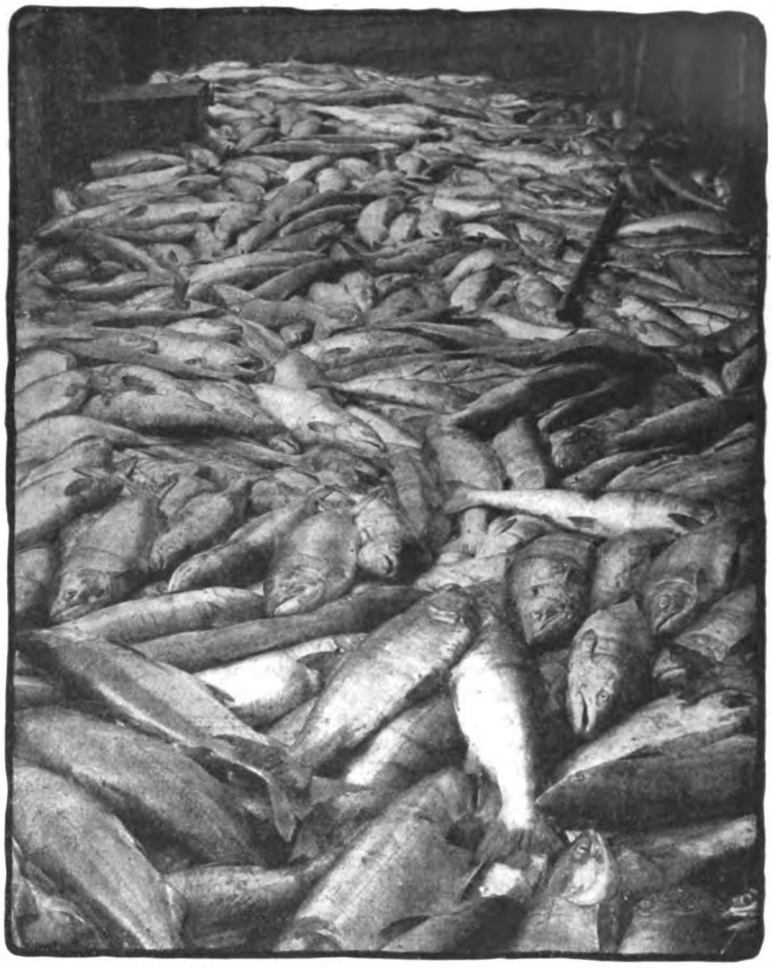
Accordingly, an act was passed in congress, (February 9, 1871,) directing the President to appoint a commissioner from among the scientists already in the employ of the government, to ascertain "whether any and what diminution in the number of food fishes" has taken place, and what "protective, prohibitory, or precautionary measures should be adopted" to prevent a further diminution of the supply. Not a dollar was appropriated to pay the commissioner for the work thus saddled upon him, but the late Professor Spencer F. Baird was appointed, and he was the man for the place.

The inquiries were prosecuted with such energy and ability that the work was continued and broadened by various acts of congress, until the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries—a nautical department of agriculture, so to speak,—grew out of the work of this one scientist. For thirty years, a corps of well-trained, well-provided observers have been making a study of Uncle Sam's salt-water farm, its products, and the men who work it; and this article is to give a free-hand sketch of a few features of what the commission has learned about the work of this farm, and what has been done to increase its produce.

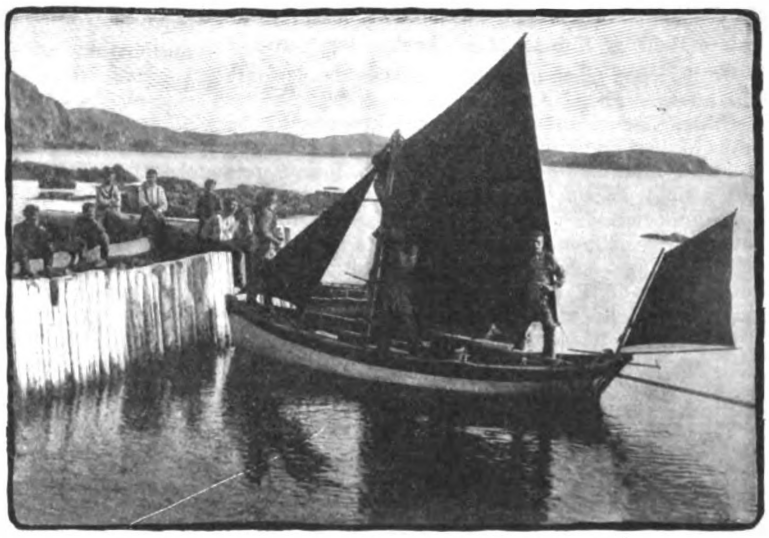
Mere mention of the most prominent crops harvested in the seas and marketed, say, at Gloucester and Boston, Massachusetts, must prove stirring,—especially to a hungry man. Named in order of market sales, we have the cod, haddock, hake, pollock, halibut, and mackerel. Considered from another point of view, however, we have salmon, striped bass, bluefish, and sheepshead. Then there are shad, lobsters, crabs, oysters, and clams, not to more than mention sponges and other live stock to which Uncle Sam gives attention while cultivating his salt-sea farm.

Over Fifteen Million Dollars Were Paid to Fishermen During the Past Year

The total harvest of sea fish sold at Gloucester and Boston, which are the principal markets, during the past year, officially reported, amounted to 162,218,921 pounds, worth $4,385,102, of which the Newfoundland banks produced something more than sixty-five million pounds, while the grounds off the New England coast yielded nearly ninety-seven million pounds. There were three thousand, seven hundred and thirty-one "fares" (smack loads,) brought to Boston. Of these, two hundred and three came from the eastern banks. At Gloucester, three thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two "fares" were landed, of which six hundred and sixty-eight were from the eastern banks. On the Pacific coast, the catch amounted to 217,965,156 pounds, the value of which was $6,278,639. The capital invested there amounted to nearly thirteen million dollars, and twenty thousand people found employment in the business. For the sake of comparison, it may be worth telling that the fresh-water lakes, which Uncle Sam also cultivates, yielded 113,728,040 pounds of fish, worth $2,611,482, while the Mississippi and its tributaries produced 94,713,402 pounds, valued at $1,771,812. To sum it up, the principal fish fields of the United States produced, in one year, for the market, the extraordinary amount of 588,625,519 pounds of edible fish, for which the fishermen received more than $15,000,000. This does not include the run of shad, or any fish brought directly to New York City and other ports south; nor does it include the quantities taken in local waters and consumed in the villages and smaller cities. Neither does it include the shellfish.



During a season, thousands of Columbia River salmon are caught daily



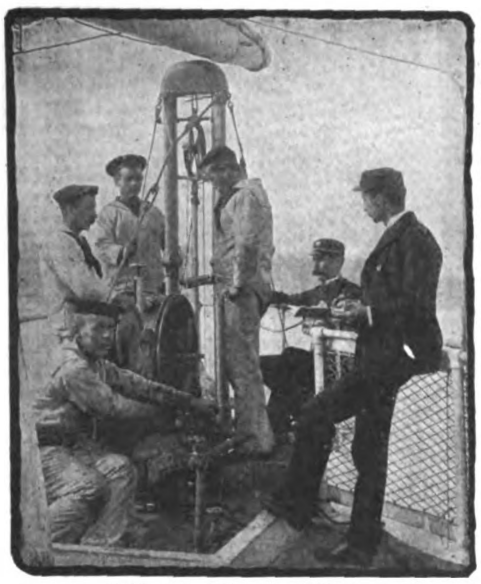
An early start with the morning sun to harvest the billowy sea

The Habits of Fish Are Often Very Puzzling, for They Migrate Like Birds

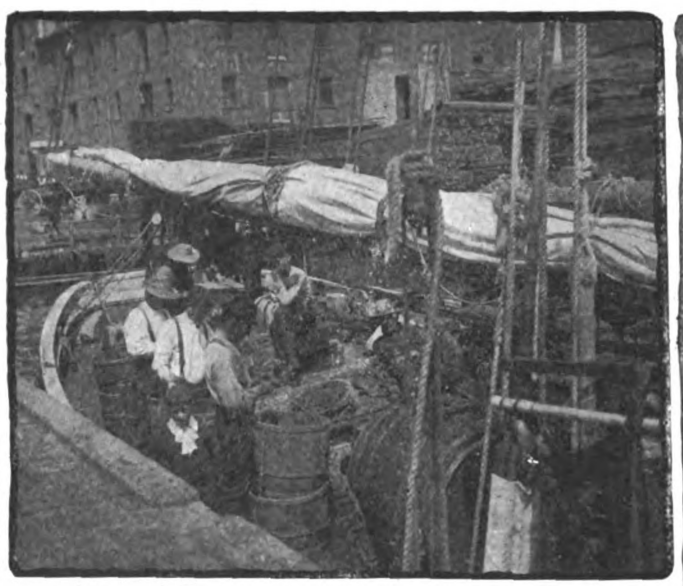
Most interesting is a study of the habits of fish. The briefest investigation shows that the ocean is a limitless domain; but, like the desert regions of the West, the fields where the crops may be gathered are relatively few in number and of small extent. In the desert, one can reap where water can be obtained for irrigation; in the sea, one can catch fish only where shoals or "banks" have been formed, and on "soundings" along shore.

On the shoals, the cod is of first importance, and about the first fact noted in their life-habits is that they are never found on clean, sandy bottoms. Clean sand, on the bottom of the sea, is like the clean sand of the desert; it produces no food supply worth mentioning here. When over rocks and a bottom full of shells,—especially when over shells, for they tell of animal life in the water above,—a fisherman casts his anchor with confidence. Another fact noted is that the cod takes a fresh, clean bait better than salt bait, and that he will not take stale bait at all. Still another fact is the habit of migrating. The records of the Grand Bank show that the cod leave the bank entirely for two months of the year. No fish are taken there in December and January, but in February it is possible to get a few on the extreme southeast edge of the bank. Thereafter, the fishing improves, as if the fish were coming in from the deep water to the southeast, and

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Taking soundings in mid-ocean



A crew of Nova Scotia "bankers" making ready to sail

the fishermen follow the migration to the north and west until, in July, most of the fleet will be found at anchor in the neighborhood of the Virgin Rocks. In August, however, there is a turn of the fish tide, so that October finds the fleet once more on the extreme southeast edge of the bank, and the catch is then as small as it was in February. But no man has yet been able to find the fish in their deep-water haunts.

In other days, mackerel afforded our most profitable sea crop. Mackerel are notable as migrants. They appear on the Middle Atlantic coast in the spring, in poor condition, but they work their way north with the sun, feeding and improving as they move. A catch made as early as the twentieth of March in latitude thirty-seven degrees, was notable for its date and place, but earlier catches have been made since then.

It Is a Habit *of* Fish to "Cartwheel" Like Cattle

Until recent years, mackerel were taken at sea only with hooks. There is no more stirring picture of the sea than that of an old-time mackerel fleet in the midst of a school, with the men at the rails, snatching the fish from the water, and slatting them into barrels with a single swoop of the line. Alongshore, however, the fishermen used big seines to sweep the fish out on the beach, and, on a lucky day, a bright skipper, on seeing a school in water too deep for seining, hung his seine, like a curtain, in a circle around them. Then he carefully gathered up and into his own boat the bottom of his seine, in such fashion as to "purse" it, (make a bag of the seine,) and he had the whole school trapped. It is a habit of the fish to "cartwheel" or "mill," as a cowboy would say of a herd of cattle,—to swim in a circle, keeping in a compact mass, like a politician's constituents on a picnic barge. Very likely the fish are enjoying a sort of nautical waltz, for they pay no attention to the men with a seine at such a time.



Captain George Merchant, Jr., of Gloucester, made a haul of fifty barrels of mackerel with an alongshore seine, in July, 1862, and that is one of the earliest catches on record. Seafaring men are the most conservative people in the world, but, by 1880, there were one hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of purse seines in the mackerel fleet, and, of this fleet, there were two hundred schooners belonging to Gloucester alone.

Millions *of* Fish *and* Eggs Were Distributed in a Year

But a curious change came over the mackerel fishery. In spite of vigorous seining and the use of nets, day and night, the catch increased, from year to year, until 1884, when the total amount taken was 478,076 barrels. In 1885, it fell off to 329,943 barrels. In 1886, only 79,998 barrels were taken. From that season to this, no catch has passed 90,000 barrels.

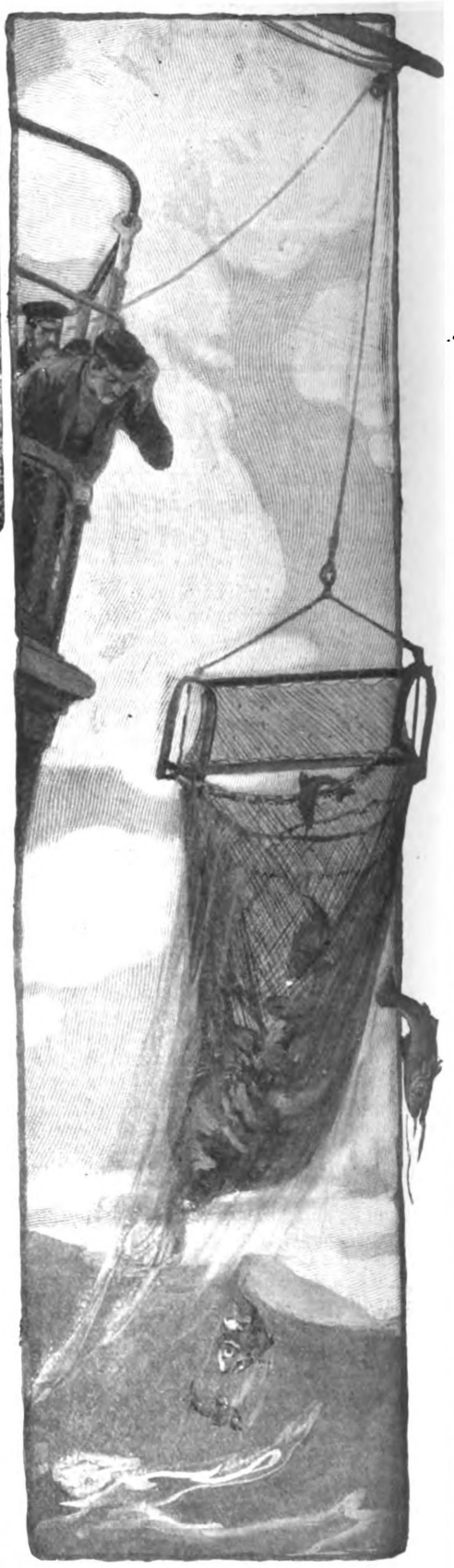
What became of the mackerel is one of the mysteries of the sea, for it has not been proved that over fishing had exterminated it. In fact, there are facts which show that the "take" of the fishermen had nothing to do with the decrease. No way has been found to bring them back again. In the fisheries for inshore codfish, flatfish, and lobsters, the decline in the "take," which caused so much complaint previous to, and in, 1871, was found to be due to overfishing, and a remedy was found. The Fish Commission saw that, on the natural breeding grounds, the destruction of spawn by natural enemies was so enormous that only a very small proportion ever reached maturity. Though a single female produced hundreds of thousands of eggs, the number of the species did not increase rapidly enough to supply the demand of the fishermen. Accordingly, artificial spawning grounds were constructed, wherein the eggs could be hatched and the young started in life free from nearly all attacks of enemies.

When the old fishermen were first told that the scientists were going to restock the ocean with certain kinds of fish, they just had to snicker, in spite of their natural politeness. But the scientists did not mind; they went on with the work, and, according to the last report of the commission, Uncle Sam spent one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, in one year, in propagating fish for the benefit of the fisheries of various kinds. The fish and eggs distributed in a year number more than one billion. Off Tarpaulin Cove, Massachusetts, there were planted thirty-six million inshore cod; off Job's Neck, twenty-seven million; and off Gloucester, ninety million. On the Pacific Coast, there were planted six million eggs in safe places, and thirteen million fry and fingerlings of the quinnat salmon. Neither the cod fishermen nor the salmon canner smiles in these days when told that the artificial propagation of fish can restock the sea. In fact, the work of the Department of Agriculture in promoting the business of farming is duplicated by the Commission of Fish and Fisheries in promoting under-water farming. Eggs, fry, and fingerlings are put where they will do the most good, just as the superior grades of seed are distributed to the horny-handed agriculturist who is enterprising enough to send for them.

There is no family of fish more interesting than the salmon, and in no other fishery have the benefits of artificial propagation been more clearly demonstrated. The homing instinct of the salmon enabled the propagators of fry to learn, at the beginning of their work, that it was worth doing. Salmon hatched in any stream usually return to that stream when they are of spawning age. The propagators reared salmon to the size of fingerlings, marked them, and turned them loose. In due time the marked fish returned and were caught in the home stream. It is a curious fact, however, that, in spite of the homing instinct, salmon are found at the spawning season in the brackish water at the foot of Alaskan glaciers, where, it is believed, no fish was ever hatched.

Another curious fact, learned through marking the artificially propagated fish, is that a fingerling weighing from one to two ounces may grow to weigh from two to ten pounds in six or eight months, and in two years a weight of forty pounds has been reached. The growth depends, of course, on the food supply. But where salmon feed and what they feed on have not yet been learned. It is supposed that they find small marine animals so numerous in their deep-sea haunts that they swim about "as if in a soup." Perhaps the deep-sea haunts will sometime be discovered.

On the Pacific Coast, where the salmon fishery is carried on with scientific precision, the hatcheries now rear many of the young until from two to three inches long, before turning them free, and more than ten million fish of that size were recently turned into the sea out of a lot of fourteen million eggs. The fact is that artificial propagation alone saves the commercial salmon fishery from extinction. A well-placed exhibit of the various means for taking fish commercially is very interesting. Until 1843, hand lines were used solely. Then the plan of setting a trawl—that's a long, stout line of about the size of



Hoisting a trawl aboard the United States steamer "Albatross," filled with many queer specimens of the myriad inhabitants of the deep



Some cod and a coming fisherman



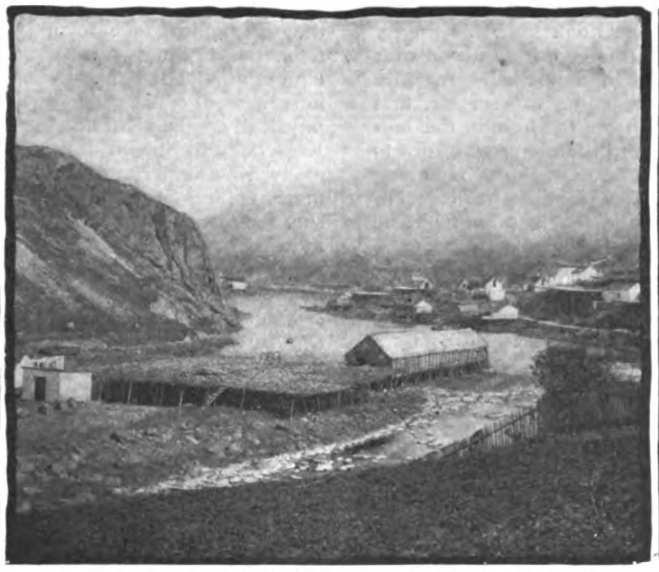
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Spearing swordfish on the Atlantic coast is one of the most exciting and daring occupations of the ocean farmer. These fish bring good prices



Ready for shipment to the big cities



Platforms are erected where fish are laid out to be cured

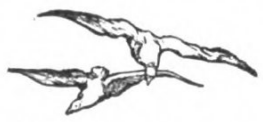


A good catch, fresh from the sea

a clothesline, with short hooked lines secured to it at intervals,—was adopted. The trawl lines are now made in sections three hundred fathoms long, and each dory is supposed to look after five of these strings, or a total of nine thousand feet of ground line. The small lines carrying hooks are three feet long each, and one is placed every six feet on the ground line. The lines are held in place on the bottom by anchors, and their position is marked by buoys.

The variety of nets used is very great, but they may be divided into four classes. The first and oldest is the common seine, — a wall of netting that is stretched in the water, parallel to the shore, and then dragged slowly up on the beach, sweeping the fish before it. One should see the fishermen of Albermarle Sound, dragging a net two thousand six hundred yards long, up on the sand at night, from March to May, during the herring season, if a weird picture of life is wanted. The fish on twelve hundred acres of ground under water, are gathered at a haul. A day's work at the Willow Branch fishery has produced a high-line catch of ninety-nine thousand, five hundred alewives. In the New England menhaden fishery the record seine haul produced one million, three hundred thousand fish. A single seine of the largest size costs more than five thousand dollars; and more than one thousand men have been employed in the seining business of Albemarle Sound, alone, during one season.

The pound nets—nets that are stretched in vertical walls straight out from the shore, and have pockets or traps placed at intervals for enclosing the unwary fish,—are to be seen all along shore. The nets are supported by long poles driven into the bottom. The vertical wall, called a leader, may run from four hundred feet to fifteen hundred feet out into the sea, but the latter length is found chiefly in the fisheries of the Great Lakes. A big pound net will cost from three hundred dollars to five hundred dollars, perhaps more in some cases. Because fish, when following the beach, will turn and swim out to the sea when they strike an obstruction like the leader of the pound net, and will keep close to the obstruction as they swim, pound nets are very effective, for the leader guides them into traps of such shapes that escape is practically impossible.



As already noted, the purse net has grown out of the use of a seine for enclosing a school of fish. It is a deep-water seine, in fact. As now made, these nets reach a length of two hundred and twenty-five fathoms, and a depth of twenty-five fathoms. They are large enough to enclose a circle four hundred feet in diameter, and form a cylinder one hundred feet deep. A "puckering string," called the purse string, gathers in the bottom to make a bag of the net; large corks keep it afloat, and the heavy metal rings for the purse-string hold the bottom down until it is drawn up by the pursing operations. A catch of five hundred barrels of fish is by no means uncommon in the records, while the largest known to the writer was one thousand three hundred barrels of menhaden. The gill net is, perhaps, the most interesting of all. It is made with a small mesh into which the fish inadvertently thrusts his head only to find, first, that he cannot pass through, and then that he cannot back out because his gills catch on the sides of the mesh. The gill nets are used successfully for cod, mackerel, herring, salmon, shad, menhaden, striped bass, sturgeon, smelt, Spanish mackerel, squeteague, and mullet, in salt water, and for about everything that swims in fresh water. They are extremely useful, and have found favor with a great many fishermen, because of their adaptability to the work required.

In considering boats, the dory, a flat-bottomed, lap-streak small boat, though but twelve or thirteen feet long, is the safest that floats. The boats of the Great Lakes are usually something like a great dory in shape, though square at the stern, and they have a vast capacity, as well as the ability to ride the choppy seas of inland waters. An average lake boat would be thirty feet long by nine feet broad, and it would cost two hundred dollars. The purse-net boat is more interesting still, for it has been developed for the use of purse netters, from the old whale boats. Like the whale boat, it is sharp at both ends, but the whale boat is full forward, and the net boat is full aft, because aft is where the great net is piled.

A Fishing Steamer Brings a Good Income

Such a boat is usually from thirty-one to thirty-six feet long, and the largest are seven feet seven inches wide, and two feet and eight inches deep. They may cost as much as two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Several books have been written to describe the development of fishing vessels, such as sloops and schooners, but it is enough to say here that, beginning at about 1885, the Yankees became interested in building swift and beautiful schooners. The international yacht races, wherein Boston supplied the defenders "Puritan," "Mayflower," and "Volunteer," were largely responsible for this development, and the fishing schooner built for the Grand Bank, in these days, is a marvel of speed, capacity, and safety.

Steamers were put into the fishing business many years ago. In 1880, there were eighty-four steamers in the menhaden fishery alone, but the number has decreased since. The average steamer measured seventy tons and cost sixteen thousand dollars, though some were twice that size, and cost as much as thirty thousand dollars. A steamer has caught as high as twenty thousand barrels of menhaden in a season, and received perhaps ten thousand dollars for the catch. A crew numbered fourteen men, of whom nine were before the mast. A captain received one thousand five hundred dollars a year, and the sailors fifty dollars a month, each, for a summer's work, on the average, out of which they hired a cook and paid for their food, leaving perhaps thirty dollars a month net pay. This fact is worth mention chiefly because it shows what men usually get in the fisheries.

The Hardy Fisher Folk Are Inspired by Courage

Of all the studies which the census authorities might make among the wage-earners of the nation, no other would equal in interest one among the fishermen,—the men who gather the crops of Uncle Sam's wet farm and put them on the market. Such a study ought to begin with the sturdy men of New England, who first went to the banks. In bravery, energy, endurance, and intelligence, the men who work the banks of the sea are unsurpassed. Though "the fog bank glides unguessed," they leave the schooner in their dories, and row away to get and to overhaul their trawls. They look the gale in the eye. They risk the danger from the steamers that plow the fog at twenty-two knots an hour.

One bank fisherman, while overhauling a trawl, was thrown from the dory and carried far below the surface by the coiling water. While there, as if to make sure that he would be drowned, a hook from one of the snoods pierced clear through the

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flesh of one of his fingers. Undaunted, he reached up and grasped the trawl with his free hand, gave a pull that tore the hook from his finger, and then struggled to the surface. When safe in the boat he went on with his work, as composedly as if nothing unusual had happened. Another fisherman, when thrown from a dory, found, on reaching the surface, that the dory was bottom up. He knocked the plug from the hole in the bottom, put one finger into the hole, and held on until the finger was worn to the bone, when he put in another finger and held fast as before. He clung with one finger at a time to that dory all night; and, when he was rescued, the next day, every finger had been worn away like the first one; but he had saved himself, and he eventually recovered the use of his hands. Men have floated in lost dories for a week, and, in one case, for eight days, without food or water. They have stood on the deck of a tiny "pink," and hacked and pounded at ice formed by the flingéd spray of a winter's gale, for more than twenty-four hours, in order to save themselves from swamping.

These fishermen, by going afloat as privateers, supplied Washington with arms and ammunition with which to drive the British from Boston, during the Revolution; they ferried him across the Delaware when he returned from Pennsylvania; they helped John Paul Jones capture the "Serapis." In 1782, three lads from Marblehead, who were sent as prisoners from Halifax in a British brig bound for England, rose on the brig's crew, confined them below, and carried the brig to Marblehead. Three others, prisoners in the British ship "Lively," led the rising that took her from her master, sailed her to Havana, and sold her as a good prize. There were four hundred and fifty-eight war widows in Marblehead when the Revolutionary War ended. The fishermen of the nation have been found looking clear-eyed through the gunsights in every war for the gridiron flag since that time.

In their ordinary work, the fishermen of the sea, and of the Great Lakes as well, show powers of endurance that are probably unequaled. While men ashore are striking for an eight-hour day, fishermen are known to work at taking and saving fish for seventy-two consecutive hours at a stretch, with not an hour's intermission, save for meals. Not until a man has hauled on a purse line does he really know what hard work is. The fishermen literally work until they drop in their tracks,—not once in a lifetime, but often. But when they land on the Newfoundland and other foreign shores for bait and supplies, they are lions in the settlement,—in fact, they are held in such favor by the fair sex that many a man has had to fight, lion-fashion,—even many a crew has had to fight for permission to land at all. Their manner of life gives them splendid health, and vigor unsurpassed. They are distinctively able citizens, mentally as well as physically. The life is hard enough, but it is not without amenities. Everybody has heard of this or that "learned blacksmith;" few know that many fishermen have made themselves equal in learning to college-bred men. On the farms ashore, it is observed that certain plants—tall meadow rue, for instance,—will stretch up to more than twice their ordinary height in order to fling their ripened seeds, free and clear, to the winds, above all surrounding vegetation. It is in the nature of some plants, and of these fishermen, to rise above obstructions. When a lad with the Yankee fisherman's blood in his veins has laid his course, he reaches port every time.

In striving to aid the fishermen of the nation, by propagating and distributing various kinds of fish, the commission has done much. It has filled many a barren pond with game fish. It has carried the fish of the West to the East, and those of the East to the West. It has greatly increased the food resources of the nation, and given many a locality new pleasures by planting game fish; but in its educational work it has done more. A mere list of the biological discoveries made would fill pages of this magazine. The best-trained naturalists from the schools, as well as those in the government employ, have had, through the work of the commission, the best opportunities for original investigations and studies. Bulletins giving all the facts about every variety of fish, and fishery work, have been printed and distributed from time to time. Hundreds of these bulletins have been issued, and they have been read. There is not a school that has not been benefited by the investigations that have been made possible through this salt-water department of agriculture. Whether seen from the uneasy nautical harvest cart, or from the beach where the toilers drag their nets up the slopes of sand, or by the side of a wet incubator where millions of fish are hatched from the eggs, or within the laboratory where sober-faced men delve in the rakings of the sea in search of facts because of their love of knowledge for its own sake, there is no industry of the nation that is of more interest to a healthy mind than that of farming the ocean. It may seem unusual, but in some places, an acre of the ocean will often produce more than an acre of land.

THE MAGIC FOREST

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

[AUTHOR OF "THE WESTERNERS"]



"Jimmy would hear of the Animal Council and its plottings"

CHAPTER III.

IF that had been the Day of Wonder, the one that followed was certainly the Day of Despair. It started out well enough. Jimmy was aroused early in the morning, when the dawn's chill was still in the air, so that, for a few moments, he was very miserable; but the hot tea and food, combined with a good fire, soon put him in good spirits. He and Taw-kwo visited the steel traps and took from them three fine muskrats. Then they unfastened one end of the net and hauled it in. This was very exciting. First appeared a gleam of something white under the water, then the gleam slowly defined itself. A breathless moment followed. How big was the fish? What kind was it? Then, with a flop, it was on the bank, beating the ground to the whoops of two enthusiastic boys. Taw-kwo had even produced a short heavy bow and some blunt-headed arrows, when a summons called them to resume the journey.

About ten o'clock a few drops of rain fell. Jimmy thought, of course, the band would seek shelter. It did not. The rain grew heavier, darkening the surface of the river. Water ran down Jimmy's hair, speedily wetting him to the skin. He shivered and looked about with uneasiness on the landscape, rapidly growing sodden. The Indians seemed to mind the downpour no more than did the dogs. But Jimmy suddenly felt very lonely. The romance of the Magic Forest had quite departed, and he began to think of his warm home and his mother and father, and to wonder whether he would ever see them again? After a little he began to cry softly to himself, the tears mingling with the raindrops running down his cheeks; but he was very still about it, for Taw-kwo was in a canoe near him, and little May-may-gwan was paddling solemnly in the bow of another just behind. The raindrops were coursing down her cheeks too.

All that day Jimmy's heart grew heavier and heavier. He paddled desperately in order to keep warm, and so, toward night, grew tired also. It was a very blue day.

In the evening, he stood by the fire with the Indians, and steamed. To his surprise the night was not very bad. The roofs of the shelters had been so slanted that the heat was reflected from them upon the ground, which speedily dried. It was a little damp, but not at all uncomfortable.

Next morning the sun was shining brightly with true spring warmth. Thus Jimmy passed with credit through his trial by water. Rain and cold weather were always disagreeable to him, but in time he learned that one forgets all about such things when they have passed.

Only twice that day was the regular progress down the river interrupted by anything exciting. Long stretches of still water were broken by swift little rapids, where Jimmy had to sit very still, and carries through the woods, where he had to work with the others. He was interested all the time. The most trivial incident was an adventure.

A little after noon, in shooting a particularly crooked and turbulent rapid, in spite of the best efforts of Makwa and Ah-kik, the canoe scraped sharply against a pointed stone. Instantly the water began to rush in through a jagged hole. By good fortune this was at the foot of the rapid. The Indians paddled desperately across the pool and grounded just in time. The goods were hastily thrown out and the canoe drawn up on the beach.

Jimmy looked sadly at the rent in the bottom of the canoe. It was too bad. He supposed that the day's journey would have to be given up.

Makwa disappeared in the woods, while Ah-kik built a little fire. The other Indians continued on down stream. In a moment Makwa returned with a quantity of spruce pitch on a bit of bark. This he cooked over the fire with a little grease. Then, with a stick of wood, he smeared the melted gum about the hole, laid over it smoothly a bit of sacking, smeared more gum completely to cover the whole, and seared it close with a brand from the fire. In ten minutes the canoe was as good as before.

About an hour later Makwa whispered, "*Mooswa, mooswa.*" Jimmy had learned by then that,

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hen Makwa whispered, something interesting as afoot, so he immediately looked with all his yes. There, not two hundred yards away, knee eep in the water, stood a cow moose and her alf. The great animals, so awkward in captivity ut so magnificent in their proper surroundings, tared uncertainly at the gliding canoes. The ind was the wrong way for the scent, and a moose not easily alarmed by mere sight. In a moment, ney waded rapidly ashore and disappeared with long swinging trot, but not before Jimmy had een well the Roman nose, the big eyes, and the assive shoulders of the animals. As moose to im had always seemed as remote as goblins, this ew phase of the Magic Forest filled him with cstatic rapture. He was impressed still further y the lesson of woods-moderation, for his comanions had made no effort to kill the beautiful reatures. For the present there was meat enough.

That evening after supper Jimmy made friends. [e was not so sleepy as he was the first evening, or so uncomfortable as during the second, so he andered about here and there trying his new Inian words. Especially did the cradles for the ndian babies interest him. Everywhere he was niled upon by the kindly people. Some even ade him little presents of ornaments. Tawwo's father gave him a sheath knife on a belt. [e became acquainted with the other children and oined in their games, sitting gravely crosslegged a circle, taking his turn at the knuckle bones ith the rest. Even in three days he had acuired a fair vocabulary, and he understood, aguely, much more than he could remember.

The next morning a lad of sixteen led him huntng in the woods. Jimmy was awkward, but tried ard, and, after a number of futile stalks, the two ucceeded in getting within sight of one of the rumming partridges. The bird was strutting up nd down a smooth log, puffed out like a turkey ock, and beating his ings rapidly to prouce the hollow woodn drumming Jimmy ad been hearing for ree days. The Inian lad drew the blunt ead of his arrow to the ow. Rap!—it struck tree just beyond the rtridge's head. The ird flew away.

Then, for the first me, Jimmy felt the y of the chase. There as something to work r. He borrowed the ow and the blunt arws, and, at every use, rap, rap, rapped e trees with his prace shots. By dint of itation he succeeded ter a little, in acquirg a fair accuracy, ough, of course, he uld not beat his Inan friends. Then he t to work to stalk a rtridge. Dozens and zens he frightened ay by a clumsy apoach. Four times his row went wide. But en, at length, the rd, alarmed by the twang of the bow, raised its ead directly into the path of the flying arrow. Jimy cast his weapon from him, and fell upon the me with shrieks of delight.

Asadi, the older lad, taught him how to spread horsehair loop across a rabbit trail, bending wn a sapling in such a manner that it would ring straight when disturbed, thus jerking the bbit into the air. At the foot of some of the terfalls great fishing was to be had with the hook d line. A morsel of meat, a bright-colored ather, or even a metal button, so attached as to hirl, was bait enough. There was no waiting. he instant the hook touched the water a zen swirling fish were after it. Through the g evenings the big fellows could be seen jumpg, shooting straight out into the air to fall back th a heavy spiash. Once Jimmy hooked one of se, and, had not Asadi been at hand to help m, he would have been pulled overboard. When length they succeeded in sliding the monster to a flat rock, how beautiful he was with his irescent eyes and the bright spots on his body!

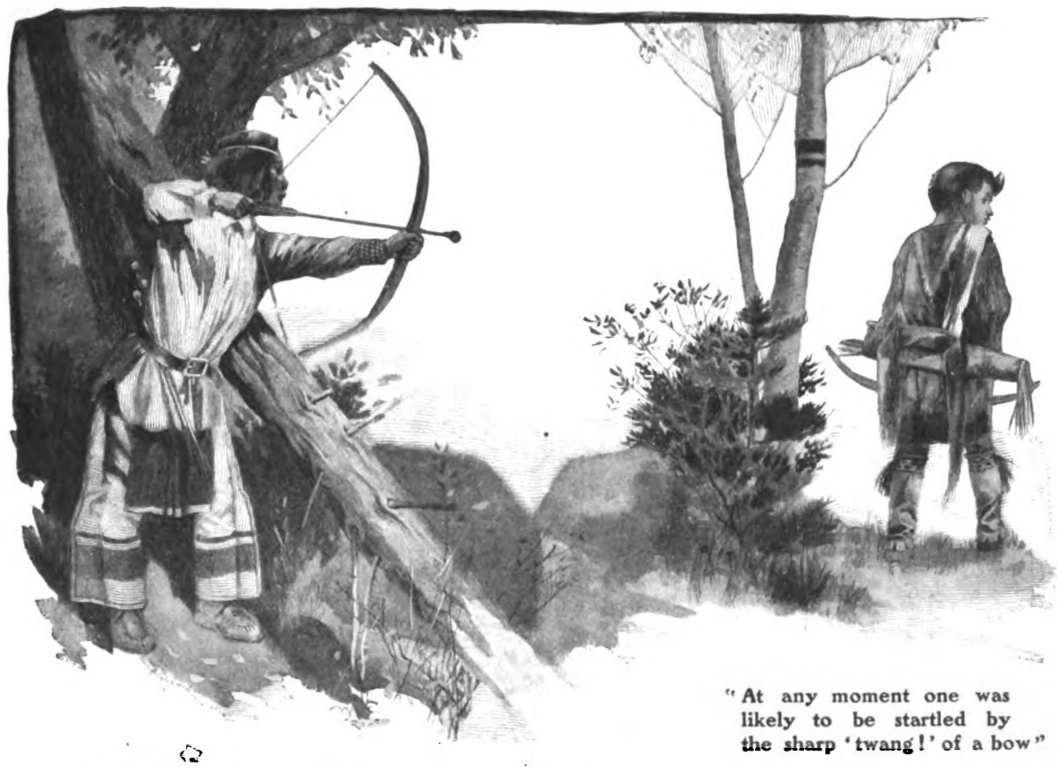
Not the least interesting of the many woods-puzzles were the numerous footprints to be seen on the wet sand of the beach. Asadi or Taw-kwo or even little Oginik, who was much the youngest of any of them, could tell him their names, but only long experience taught him what the animals might be like. Broad heavy prints they described as *makwa*. "*Me-en-gan*," they said, when shown others smaller and rounder, and not so flat. "*Bisiw*," they replied, when he asked about certain pad-like signs. But he did not know what was meant from that.

However, one day, as the canoes were paddling down a long, narrow lake, Ah-kik called his attention to something white a long distance down the shore. The speck of white was moving slowly toward them. In a little while it defined itself as an animal. Everybody sat quite still. The beast was not in a hurry. Sometimes it trotted, sometimes it walked, sometimes it stopped to investigate something on the shore. In the canoes, the dogs' backs were all bristling. Soon Jimmy could see that the animal was not white, but gray, and that it looked a great deal like the Indian dogs, except that it was larger and that it sloped from heavy shoulders to lighter haunches. When just opposite the waiting line of canoes, the Indians raised a mighty yell. Startled, the animal scudded along the beach like a yacht before the wind. Point after point it passed, still running, until, at length, again as a white speck, it bobbed out of sight. The Indians laughed consumedly.

"*Me-en-gan*," explained Ah-kik.

Jimmy knew, also, the English name, for he had often watched the wolves in cages in Bronx Park, New York.

"*Makwa*" he learned in a manner still more exciting. He and Taw-kwo came out on a little open space in the woods, one morning. The grass was almost knee-high. Suddenly, out of it,



"At any moment one was likely to be startled by the sharp 'twang!' of a bow"

not ten feet away, a great black bear rose on his hind legs and said, "Woof!" Now, if a human being in a civilized room says "woof!" to you suddenly, you are startled; but, when it is a big animal in a wild place, you beat all records on a backward jump. At least, that is what Jimmy did, and he started to run away, but Taw-kwo jumped up and down and waved his arms frantically and shouted, until the bear, who is a peaceful beast, dropped his fore feet to the ground and ambled away. "*Makwa*," said Taw-kwo, when he had got his breath.

The third was the most exciting of all. That particular afternoon the Indians had gone into camp early, and the whole band, with the exception of Jimmy and the very youngest children, went into the woods. Jimmy was trying to make himself an arrow, and was absorbed in the work. Suddenly, he heard a strange, squeaking noise near at hand, and looked up to discover two large gray kittens tumbling about, not three feet away. Then, compelled by some strange hypnotic influence, his glance raised till it rested, with a start of alarm, on the pine shadow at the edge of the woods. A pair of fierce, yellow eyes looked into his own. Little by little he made out a lithe form, pad-like paws, wide whiskers, and tasseled ears. Suddenly he realized that the beast was hungry.

At that moment, one of the smaller children discovered the kittens, and immediately toddled forward to investigate such new playmates. A low, rumbling growl broke from the shadow. Like a streak of light the animal sprang. The mere weight of its body knocked the child from its feet. All the others cried out. The beast hesitated, one paw on the papoose's chest, undecided what to do.

Jimmy was frightened, but he remembered seeing Makwa's gun standing against a log behind him. At his first movement, the animal growled again, and opened and shut its claws restlessly. Jimmy moved as cautiously as he could. The little Indian lay quite still. Finally, the long trade gun was in the white boy's hands. He had to rest the butt on the ground and use both hands to cock it, and even then it was so heavy that he could just lift it to his eyes. The first movement of the muzzle caused the beast to utter a perfect thunderstorm of snarls. Jimmy knew that he had but a moment. He pointed the wavering barrel as well as he could, and pulled the trigger.

That was all he knew about it. His next sensation was of water in his face, followed by an increasing ache in the region of his shoulder. The trade gun, unskillfully held, had "kicked" him, the Indian children declared, about ten feet.

But there was the baby, sound and well; and there was the animal, minus half its head; and there were the kittens, unfortunately killed by the returning dogs; and there was Jimmy, with a brand new bit of information,—that *bisiw*, (Canada lynx,) with the broad, pad-like prints, was a huge cat with pointed ears.

So the days went by. Sometimes they floated all day; sometimes they struggled through woods; sometimes they toiled painfully through swamps. They endured rain, wind, and cold. Always the spring advanced, and the freshet waters receded. Young ducks began to be seen. The trees of the forest grew smaller. Caribou took the place of deer. Jimmy could talk with his friends, and, by dint of much listening, could understand most of what was said.

After coursing for many miles down a broad, swift stream without rapids, they came to where another river joined theirs, and on the point formed by the junction they went ashore and established a permanent camp. First, the women pitched the conical tepees with the many poles. Then they built fire holes, hung kettles, and cut quantities of balsam for the floors and for scattering on the threshold. Finally, they began the construction of a long, rectangular lodge of poles and branches and decorated skins.

In the meantime, the men were all off hunting, and the boys were conducting an industrious fishery. The spoils were sliced thin, jerked, or smoked and laid on scaffolds out of reach of the dogs. In a week the camp was bountifully supplied.

The packs were undone, and all the gorgeous beaded and ornamented finery taken out, brushed, and aired, after which the entire band settled into what seemed to Jimmy to be an anxious waiting. He asked them about it, and they replied, but in words he had not learned. He only knew that around the lower bend a sentinel always stood. One morning, early, that sentinel fired a shot. The men seized their guns and ran eagerly to the point. Jimmy followed in breathless excitement.

CHAPTER IV.

JIMMY ran as hard as he could in the direction of the firing. When he arrived, out of breath, at the point, he saw, in the middle distance,

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a flotilla of canoes working its way slowly against the current. His own friends were busily reloading, and, as he watched, another volley rang out, which was immediately answered by the approaching strangers. The disappointing part, however, was that the muskets were all pointed skyward. In a few minutes, when the new canoes had reached the point and their occupants had stepped ashore, they were greeted solemnly and with much hand-shaking.

The band consisted of fifty or sixty grown people and a few children. They were shorter and broader-faced than Jimmy's friends, and, as he soon discovered, talked a different language. The men were immediately conducted to the clearing, while the women began unloading the canoes. In a few hours, another camp had been established a hundred feet or so from the old one, and then began an interchange of stately visits between the men, of giggling, gossipy meetings by the women, of fights and final reconciliations among the dogs. With the children it was very much the same. At first they circled warily about one another, then they quarreled, and then became fast friends.

The Ojibways gave the Crees food from the stores they had accumulated; the Crees, in return, presented various seaside luxuries, such as smoked geese and dried salt-water fish. Jimmy was delighted to receive from a little Cree boy a pair of stiff moccasins made out of sealskin, with the fur on the inside; and to be able to give, in return, two blunt-headed arrows of maple,—a wood unknown so far north.

Then followed the long, lazy days of the permanent camp. Jimmy and his companions found the pools where there was no current, and there they spent nearly half of every day in and out of the water. Jimmy was tanned almost to the color of his Indian friends by the hot north-country sun. They fished in the riffles. They explored the woods round about until they knew every inch of it for five miles, and, by infinite patience and many trials, they managed to kill a respectable number of cock partridges, spruce grouse, and brown ptarmigans. They set their traps for muskrats, and looked with longing eyes on the trails of mink, and a certain beaver colony, but the elders sternly forbade them to disturb the fur-bearing animals at that time of year. The best fun of all was the game of "war party."

Asadi and one of the Cree boys would choose sides. Each boy would be armed with two or three blunt arrows whose points had been padded with moss bound securely with buckskin. One party would disappear in the woods, and, after an interval, the other would follow. There were also ambushes, surprises, and crafty retreats. The children glided through the forest with all the stealth of the wild animals themselves. They lurked behind logs, watching with keen, bright eyes. They tracked the enemy, or covered their own trails, in order that they might not be tracked in turn. At any moment one was likely to be startled by the sharp twang of a bow, and bruised severely by the heavy blow of an arrow. Although the missiles were padded to prevent actual injury, they hurt enough to make it a real object not to be "killed." When one was "killed," he had to return to camp and play with the little girls.

Of course, Jimmy had neither the inherited nor the acquired skill, as he spent so much of his time in camp. But he improved rapidly, and the certainty of being black and blue in a fresh place added excitement to the game. And oh, glorious thought! twice he "killed" members of the opposing party, besides which he liked the little girls. When they were not helping their mothers, they were very kind to him, and showed him their rag dolls and taught him various interesting, quiet camp games. Some of them he liked very much.

In the camp life itself there was always much to attract his attention. The women were making of buckskin, and ornamenting with beads, various articles of clothing, while the men were conducting, inside the big lodge made of poles and branches, some mysterious and noisy ceremony.

Jimmy never got a glimpse of what was going on inside, but he was content to sit by the hour in the hot sun listening to the modulated rise and fall of weird, minor songs, the clatter of bones, the boom of drums, and the shuffle of hands and feet. Every once in a while one of the men would appear for a moment at the doorway, his gaze exalted, his features painted in brilliant stripes or dots, his form dressed all in fringed buckskin lavishly ornamented with beads. It was a pure delight, at length, when the conjuring was all over, to see the strangely-clad men come forth into the gathering dusk and file silently to their tepees. Jimmy's little heart always experienced a thrill at what he somehow dimly felt to be a reincarnation of a glorious past.

The days were very long. The sun did not set until nearly nine o'clock, and at night Jimmy was astonished and filled with awe by the brilliant aurora that shot its many-colored flames far over the zenith.

Among the older men of the Cree band, Jimmy made no friends. This was natural, for a brave has little time for a child. Of course, his presence was remarked by them, and received much discussion.

It happened that in the Cree band there was a French half-breed, Antoine Laviolette, who, in winter, was a post-keeper for the Hudson Bay Company, but who, in summer, preferred to travel with his savage kinsmen. One evening, Jimmy was vastly astonished to be addressed by this man. It was the first English the little boy had heard spoken since old Makwa had questioned him.

"'Ullo!" he said; "how you do?"

"Hullo!" replied Jimmy.

In ten minutes they were chatting together familiarly. From that time on, Jimmy had a new interest in the long twilights, after the evening meal had been eaten. Antoine Laviolette was inclined by race to talk, and by nature to talk well, and he liked an appreciative audience.

"Jeemy!" he would call, "com' here. You evaire hear 'bout dose salt water, how she is come to be no good for drink?"

Then Jimmy, wide-eyed, would hear of the Animal Council and its plottings against Si-kak, the great skunk, and how the carcajou helped to kill him but was defiled with the oil, and how the carcajou, in washing himself, tainted the sea water so that it is unfit to drink. He learned why the great Manitou twisted some of the trees so that their wood does not split straight, and why the ermine's fur changes from red to white in winter, and he heard all about Hiawatha, just as you can read about him in Longfellow to this day,—the same legends, with the same names. It was all very wonderful, he thought, and it brought the animals of the woods very close to him. He came to look on them as the Indian does, not as inferior to himself, but merely as different; or, to put it another way, he grew to consider himself and his companions as animals of another sort, speaking a different language, and living a different life, but not essentially of a different race.

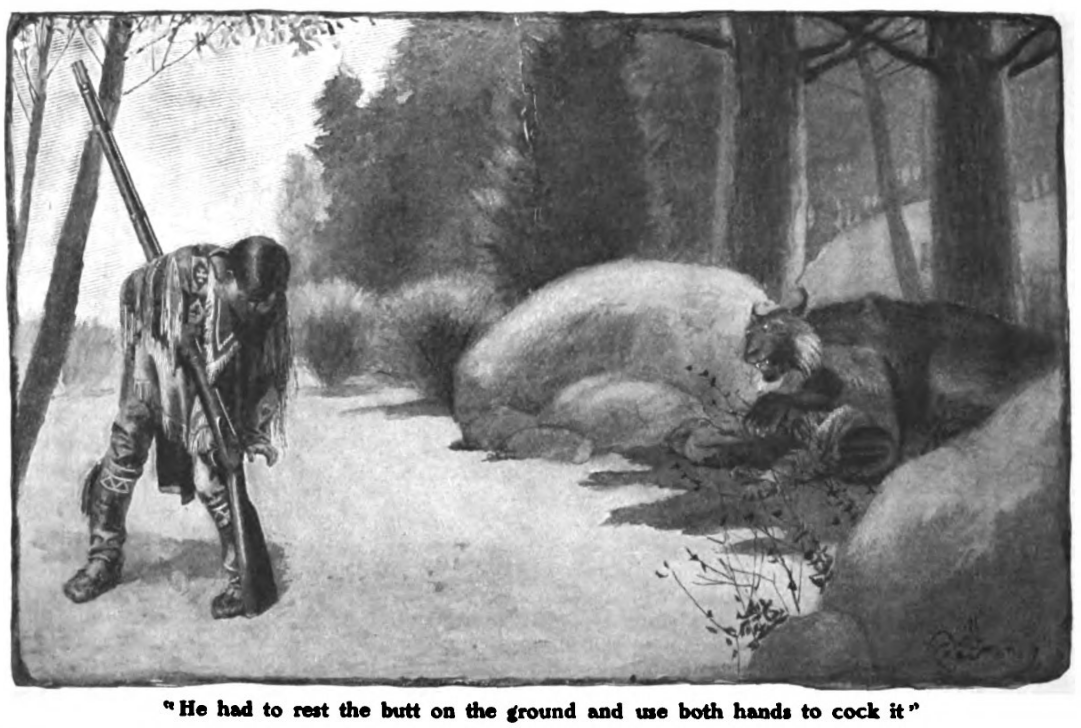
So he understood why, when a beaver was killed for the Moon Feast, a fillet braided of worsted and doeskin thongs was tied around the animal's tail, and why Ta-wap, the hunter, dressed in his best clothes before going out to kill a bear, and why the cleaned skulls of some beasts were placed on stakes near running water. Though it was necessary that these creatures should die, the Indians paid such honors to their spirits.

In the Berry Moon a sad event sobered the camp, for little Si-gwan ate a poisonous mushroom, and, in spite of the conjuring and the herbs and the charms, she grew sicker and weaker until she died. Then, in the tepee of her people, there was the sound of wailing. The women let loose their hair and scattered ashes on their heads and raised their voices in lamentation, while Aumick, the little girl's father, painted his face to represent mourning.

The burial services took place in the evening, between two great fires. The Indians squatted soberly, crosslegged, in a circle, all dressed in their finest garments. In the center was a raised platform of boughs, on which lay a birch-bark coffin. Below it sat the bereaved family, their hair and garments in disorder, their eyes downcast. Jimmy cuddled near his friend, Antoine Laviolette. In the stillness, the awe of dark and of firelight and of dancing shadows and of a grave, silent people overflowed his little heart.

After a long interval, old Makwa advanced to the center of the circle.

"Oh, Wabisi, my little sister," he said, addressing the mother, "it is not well that you grieve for, if our daughter had grown, she would many times have been hungry, and cold, and weary. But now, where she has gone, there is neither hunger nor cold, and there is no weariness. Therefore you should be glad." He stooped and slashed his knife twice through the birch bark of the coffin. "O Kitche Manito," he cried, "these places do I cut, that our daughter's spirit may come and go as she wills it, that she may visit us sometimes, that she may see our little sister, Wabisi, when she is very sad." Again he turned to the mother. "Our daughter is gone, O my little sister," he continued, "but on the day when Pauguk (the death spirit) takes you, then you shall see her again, but she will be all changed, and you will not know her, but when you enter that Land of the Hereafter, then you must sing always this little song, and so she shall know you." In a surprisingly clear and true tenor, old Makwa chanted a weird minor air, with tearful falling cadences. "And when she hears that song," he went on, "then she will answer it with this,"—and he sang through another little song. The long drawn, plaintive chords gripped Jimmy's throat so that he sobbed aloud. "And so in that way," concluded the chief, "you shall know one another."



"He had to rest the butt on the ground and use both hands to cock it"

The young men bore the coffin to a grave that had already been dug a short distance away in a pine grove. After the earth had been filled in three of the women knelt and deftly put together a miniature wigwam of birch bark, complete in every detail. Then old Makwa began again to speak, addressing the occupant of the grave in a low tone of confidence.

"O Si-gwan, our little daughter," said he, "I place this bow and these arrows in your lodge

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that you may be armed on the Long Journey.

"O Si-gwan, our little daughter, I place this knife in your lodge, that you may be armed on the Long Journey.

"O Si-gwan, our little daughter, I place these snowshoes in your lodge, that you may be fleet on the Long Journey."

In like manner he deposited in the little wigwam extra moccasins, a model canoe and paddle, food, and a miniature robe.

Then quietly they all returned to camp,—all but Wabisi, the bereaved mother. She crouched on the ground by the grave, her blanket over her head. Jimmy dreamed, that night, of the silent, motionless figure of desolation.

For three whole days and nights, the Indian woman mourned her child, then arose and went about her ordinary duties with unmoved countenance, and the little grave was left to the sun and snow and rain and the mercy of an all-explaining, all-forgetting Nature.

The time came, at the latter end of the Berry Moon and just before the Many-Caribou-in-the-Woods-Moon, to break up the permanent camp. The Crees had to return to Moose Factory, at Hudson Bay, thence to set out for their winter trapping grounds; the Ojibways were to return to Chapleau for the purpose of receiving their treaty money from the Canadian government. Jimmy was not aware of the meaning of this, nor that, when once the canoes should breast the current, he would be headed toward the railroad again. He only knew that a move was imminent, and was glad of it. The home camp had its fun, but the adventures of traveling were better.

He never knew how close he came to being taken by the Crees, many, many miles farther north, to his supposed home at York Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay. Antoine Laviolette was the lucky agent in that. He it was who told the headmen that the child was not a *ságanash*, (Englishman,) as they had supposed, but a *kitchmókamen*, (Big Knife, or American,) who lived far south of the Ojibway country. So, when the time came to part, Jimmy remained with his old friends.

The Ojibways broke camp first, as they had the longer journey to go. When the goods were all loaded, the Crees came down to wish them a good journey, and then, after the little canoes were actually afloat, a dozen young boys dashed into the water for the purpose of dropping presents of fish, game, and ornamented work into the boats of the departing tribe. They waited thus until the latest possible moment, in order that the recipients of the gifts might not feel called upon to return something of equal value. A volley of musketry was answered by another from the canoes. The flotilla moved slowly forward against the current.

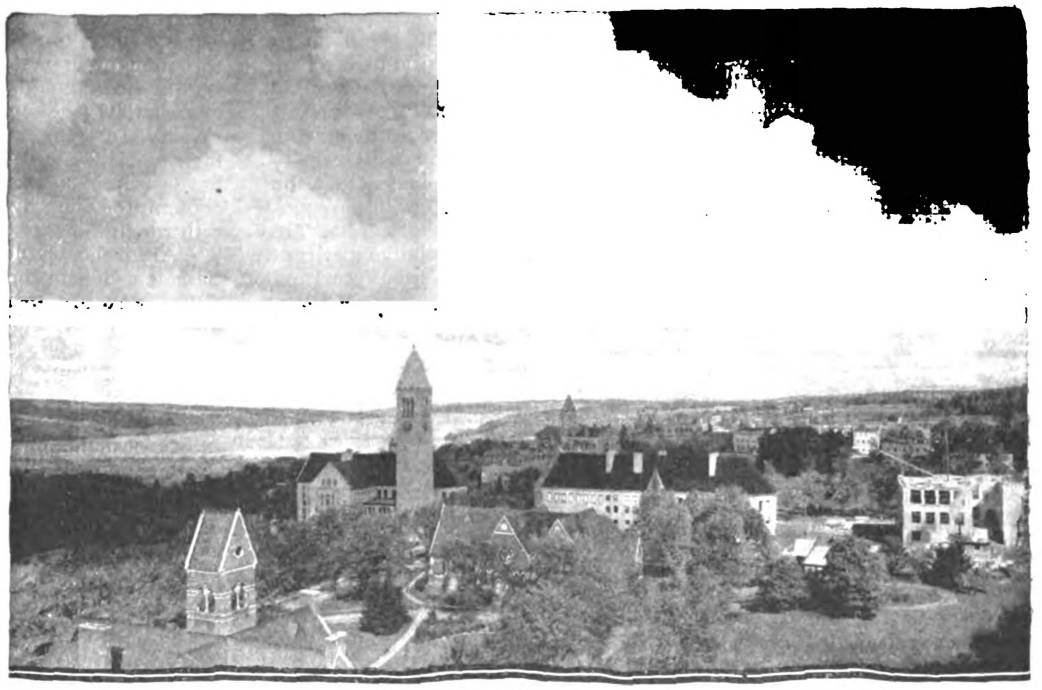
CHAPTER V.

DAY after day the Magic Forest slipped by. The going was very difficult against the current, and sometimes Jimmy, with the others, had to step out into the shallow water of a riffle for the purpose of helping along the canoes; or, again, the Indians had to push for many miles with poles, or they even had to turn themselves into two horses and pull, while one of their number steered. The banks of the river were stony, and sometimes abrupt, or swampy, with deep, entangling grasses. When Jimmy had to walk, which was frequently, he found it very hard to keep up, and by night he was completely tired out.

As compensation, the waters were full of young ducks, full-grown, but yet unable to fly, and the woods swarmed with young partridges, which would sit still in trees while he shot arrow after arrow at them. Every once in a while, where the trees had been blown flat by some old-time storm, or burned out by fire, the children would come upon a patch of delicious wild raspberries, hanging in clusters ready to be stripped into the hands. Then they would stuff themselves, and fill bark *mokoks* to carry to the canoes. Big black bears were often encountered in these berry patches. At first, Jimmy used to be frightened, but after a while he imitated his companions, who merely raised a shout to scare the beasts away. Once, however, they did not attempt this, but dropped below the cover of the bushes, and sneaked cautiously out of range, and Jimmy learned that a bear with cubs is not to be trifled with.

By that time Jimmy was thoroughly accustomed to his new life. He spoke Ojibway fluently, if not always with absolute correctness in the flexible verb-forms; and he understood all that was

[*Concluded on pages 605 and 606*]



Looking down the Mohawk Valley on the technical schools of Sibley College



How American Captains *of* Industry Are Made

Robert H. Thurston
[Director of Sibley College, Cornell University]

THIS is the golden age of the world,—the golden age because war has conquered the long-hidden powers of nature, and trained them to do the work that human hands have done through past ages. Within our generation, there has been an industrial revolution that has changed the course of human events for all time. There is a new world and a new life.

It is America. She is the youngest of the nations, and she leads this wonderful industrial advance. By gigantic strides she has outstripped all the ancient monarchies of the Old World, and, within a decade, she has taken a supreme position in the march of progress,—a place she is destined to hold, by reason of her untold wealth of natural resources, for many centuries to come. The period of exclusiveness is past.

What a glorious opportunity, then, for the young men of America who are to live and work in these stirring times! From the ranks of our rising generation will come the future captains of industry. A broad path has been blazed for them by the pioneer, and all along its brilliant course are earth's richest prizes waiting for the coming of American conquerors. To the youth of America, who are to be the masters of the industry, trade, and finance of this new world, there are offered opportunities for valorous deeds such as never came to the most puissant knights of old.

But the young man who would win a place among the leaders of the industrial army, in this century,—who would be a directing captain instead of a private marching blindly in the ranks,—must equip himself for the battle by a vigorous training. Unless he has had a university education, or the scientific training of a college of engineering, he will find himself sadly handicapped. The captains of industry of the last century rose from the ranks, because an engineering education could only be had in the shops; but, within a few years, technical education, under wise government patronage, has made great strides, and a young man can learn, by the time he attains his majority, more than his father could have hoped to master in years of practice.

"Whatever you would have appear in a nation's life, that you must put into its schools," says an old German motto, and it was Germany that proved to the world the inestimable value of training young men for industrial careers. Even the rich nobles no longer look upon labor as degrading, and, as everyone knows, every Hohenzollern learns a trade. The germ of the engineering school only appeared with the foundation of the famed *École Polytechnique* in Paris, a century ago. Every great nation now has a system of technical education, and America, with characteristic vigor, has taken the lead, and the system of engineering education, as developed at Cornell University, is now the model for the world. Not only are we training our own young men for engineering careers, but the bright young men of all other progressive nations are coming to America to be educated. The proposed French technical school in America is an indication of the foreign estimate of the American system. Andrew Carnegie, although a shop-trained captain of industry, will give a large part of his fortune to founding a technical school in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

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Founded as a "land-grant college," to "promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes," Cornell has rapidly grown to be one of the world's great universities, as broad in its organization as Ezra Cornell would have it when he made his famous declaration, "I would found an institution where any person may find instruction in any study." In the early years of the university, a college graduate was considered as a man who might make his way in the world despite his higher education,—the popular idea being that a college education was only a luxury that the well-to-do might have. The colleges were not keeping pace with the country's growth. Even in very recent years there have been discussions, in which men of national prominence have joined, as to the relative merits of the college-bred man and his fellow who took up life's serious work on leaving the common school.

The present cry is, "Give us college men." From all over the United States, from distant foreign countries, letters come to my desk,—from the railways, rolling mills, shipyards, mines, electric shops, locomotive works,—asking for Cornell's bright young men. Not long ago a college-bred man had to seek work; now his services are sought in all the great fields of industry. Cornell has proved to practical men, to the self-made captains of industry, that her professionally trained graduates are to be the future captains of industry. In such centers of activity as Pittsburg, college men are taking up the work begun by the shop-trained workers of a few years ago.

The university man of the twentieth century not only knows his Homer and Horace, his Chaucer and Goethe and Molière, his Plato and Kant and Schopenhauer, his Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill,—but he also knows how to design and build a steam engine, or an electric generator, or a railway locomotive, or an ocean steamship. He can plan a railway across mountains, or construct waterworks for a municipality. He can take his place at a draughting board, or use a tamping iron in a foundry, if need be. He is trained to think, to create, to command. It used to be said that a college graduate was educated to do everything but earn his living. Every graduate of the engineering schools at Cornell is assured of a livelihood. The demand for good men is increasing.



The present cry, "Give us college men," comes from all over the United States and also from distant countries



Before entering an engineering school, a young man ought to have a well-rounded academic education. I wish that every Sibley College freshman might be a Bachelor of Arts. Many young men cannot afford to spend several years in general college work before beginning their technical studies, but I strongly advise all American boys, who are ambitious to achieve distinction in the engineering profession, to win their academic degrees before going to Sibley. Cornell, under its free elective system, offers a six-year course leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Mechanical Engineer. The entrance requirements have been advanced, year after year, and the candidate for admission, in addition to giving proof of three years' acceptable work in a secondary school of recognized merit, must show a thorough training in plane geometry, elementary algebra, solid geometry, advanced algebra, and plane and spherical trigonometry, with two years in French or German, and in history and English. The engineering courses are the most rigorous in the university. Two-thirds of the members of the entering classes fail to complete the four years' work.

Sibley College, as now organized, includes eight departments: mechanical engineering, experimental engineering, electrical engineering, machine designing, mechanic arts, industrial drawing and art, graduate schools of marine engineering and naval architecture, and of railway mechanical engineering. Through the generosity of such men as Ezra Cornell and Hiram Sibley, the equipment of these departments has been made superior to that of any other university in the world.

Cornell is by no means a trade school. It does not train artisans, but every Sibley student, in his shop work, becomes acquainted with the approved methods of construction of machinery. In the woodworking shop, as a freshman, he learns, at bench and at lathe, how to perform the ordinary operations familiar to a carpenter, joiner, and pattern-maker. The second year of his shop work is spent in the smithy. Beginning with ordinary tasks in shaping, welding, and fitting, he soon becomes able to work to a drawing and to fit material. When proficient, he attacks steel, and, in time, acquires the art of both forming and tempering his cutting tools. Every graduate of the shop carries into the college machine shop a set of tools, a dozen or more, of his own handiwork, and, good or bad, these he must use in his new work. In the foundry he learns how to mold, cast, and mix metals. Finally, with his own kit, he enters the machine shop and becomes familiar with the use of ironworking tools. His shop work ends with the actual construction of complete machines.



The success of many American industries is due to the men who have worked up from the ranks of artisans



Master craftsmen, naturally, are not to be trained in this short time; but, so diligently do the young men pursue this practical work, they achieve results that astonish trained machinists. Various machine tools, a duplex steam pump, a "straight-line" engine and a twenty-horse-power quadruple expansion experimental engine are among the machines that have been designed and built by the students as a part of their shop work. This manual training, forming but a small part of the engineering courses, is intended to give a young engineer the practical knowledge of tools and materials which will enable him, in later life, to intelligently design and execute works. The success of many American industries is largely due to the fact that the men who direct them worked their way up from the ranks of artisans, and have built their theoretical knowledge on the solid foundation of practical work in the shops.

In the study of the principles of mechanical engineering, Cornell students have at their service the best-equipped laboratory of mechanical engineering in the country. Special laboratories are included for the investigation of strength of materials, hydraulics and hydraulic motors, friction and lubrication, transmission of power; steam, hot-air, and gas engines; air-compressing machinery, and rock drills; heating and ventilating machinery, elevators, and mining machinery. Nowhere else in the world, probably, can there be found such a complete collection of testing machines as at Cornell. More than a dozen machines, of from ten thousand to three hundred thousand pounds capacity, give facilities for testing the strength of materials that are not to be had in any industrial plant. As a result, much of a student's work in this laboratory is the actual testing of materials for shops and foundries. Accordingly, new machines and machinery are often sent to Cornell by inventors and manufacturers, to have their efficiency tested by the students. In this way the young engineers have exceptional facilities for illuminating their study of the theory of their chosen profession by close acquaintance with the materials and machines with which they are to work.

All of the engineering students are similarly instructed while underclassmen, but, in the third year of their university work, they begin to specialize, either in steam, electrical, marine, or railway engineering. Now, when electricity is making such great strides in the world's industries, it is the electrical engineering course that is most attractive to the students. The electrical students, after getting well grounded in steam engineering, with mathematics and physics and chemistry at their finger-tips, take up the study of station design and the construction of prime movers; the design and construction of electrical engineering; the study of the problems involved in the distribution of electric light and the electrical transmission of power; besides practice in every variety of measurement, computation, and testing, as applied to the construction and maintenance of electric lighting and power plants, and telephone and telegraph lines and cables. As in the mechanical laboratories, much of the work is the actual investigation of machines and appliances in the well-equipped electrical laboratories.

The growth of American shipbuilding, in recent years, has created a demand for scientifically trained marine engineers and naval architects, and the graduates of the school recently founded at Cornell to train such men are eagerly sought after in the great shipyards of the seacoasts and lake shores. Certainly, this is a field of work which ought to be attractive to every American youth with a love for the sea, and it is a field that will broaden rapidly. For experimental work on the resistance and propulsion of ships, Cornell is fortunate in having an equipment unique in university instruction. Above the new hydraulic laboratory in Fall Creek Gorge, just back of the halls of engineering, there has been constructed an experimental canal, where advanced research is conducted with model ships, by the aid of sensitive machines. Only two other shipyards in the world have similar canals,—one on the Clyde, and, in America, the other in the navy yard at Washington. Already investigations in marine construction, which are of inestimable value to naval architects, have been carried on in the latter canal. The original research at Cornell, in connection with the performance of screw propellers, is attracting the attention of naval architects the world over. There, as in other departments of Sibley College, a young man training himself for an engineering career has advantages not to be found in actual professional practice.

The graduate school of railway mechanical engineering is also a new feature of Sibley's work. Young men who aim to become superintendents of railway shops, superintendents of motive power, car builders and locomotive builders find there exceptional advantages for practical training. Part of the required work of the course is summer work in railway and locomotive shops, like those at Altoona, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Dunkirk, Wilmington, Richmond, and Schenectady. About thirty shops are open to Cornell students, in vacation time, and the wages more than pay the expenses of this form of "laboratory" study. The work is usually in the erecting shops, assisting first-class machinists in building, stripping, or repairing locomotives. That is undoubtedly the place where most can be learned of locomotive design.

Engineering students at Cornell are made to feel that they begin their professional careers when they first enter Sibley, and there is little break between the senior year in the university and the first year outside. Every effort is made to bring the students into touch with actual commercial conditions. Much of the work of the senior year is devoted to investigation in industrial centers, and frequently the undergraduates perform valuable commercial services in testing the efficiency of steam plants, electric railways, power stations, and the like. Every year a party of Sibley students goes on a tour of investigation to some industrial region. This spring blast furnaces, steel works, rolling mills and machine shops were the features of the tour. The students studied steel and malleable iron casting, the development of electric power, and paper, pulp and carborundum making, in and around Niagara Falls, and locomotive building in Dunkirk, New York. They spent two days in Pittsburg and Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in the locomotive and car shops, the blast furnaces, the steel works, the rolling mills, and the electric, air-brake, and machine shops. Near the Horseshoe Curve, the young men went up to a mining village on a coal train, and inspected a mine. Another day was spent in the locomotive and car shops in Altoona, Pennsylvania. The professor in charge of the tour, the head of the railway engineering school, gave an almost continuous field lecture on the various industries inspected.

In 1871, when I first undertook the work of training engineers scientifically for industrial vocations, especially manufacturing industries, it was difficult to secure from an employer the slightest consideration for an educated professional; while the so-called "practical man" was attempting to lead, as general, the industrial armies of the nation. To-day, the industries of the country are being rapidly transferred to the direction of technically educated leaders, the product of the work of science-teachers and engineering schools. With a thousand passing out into business each year, the demand still exceeds the supply, and the leading schools and colleges of engineering are compelled to reply to the applications of manufacturers, or other proposing employers, "Not a man unengaged." Educated men, once abused as conceited, helpless, and useless, are now found to be precisely the men for the work, and the efficient training in shops and laboratories, supplementing their general education and scientific acquirements, is discovered to be exactly adapted to their advance from the ranks to positions as commanding officers in all departments.

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"Before she went to bed, she had arranged the 'menu' and had written the notes of invitation"

When Betty Entertained

I.—A Chafing-Dish High Tea

Christine Terhune Herrick

BETTY and her husband had not long been married when they went to housekeeping. They had had a June wedding, and then had established themselves in a pretty farmhouse, so situated that Jack could go to and from the city every day. It had been a delightful summer, and yet Betty had secretly yearned for the time when they would go to town and begin housekeeping in the jolly little house for which they had planned. Moving and settling began by the middle of September, and, before October was more than fairly started, the carpets, mattings, and rugs were down, the pictures hung, the furniture and the maid in place, and Betty and Jack were longing to welcome their friends.

They were very hospitable young folks. Each belonged to a large family, where it was the rule that open house should be kept. Jack was from Missouri, and Betty was from Massachusetts, but their traditions were the same. Both were far from the old homes, but they were by no means strangers in their new abiding place, Jack having been in business there long enough to make a large circle of acquaintances, and Betty having made so many long visits there, when a girl, that she felt almost as much at home in her new abode as in the place of her birth. Neither husband nor wife was rich, but they had sufficient for comfort if they would use it judiciously. They were not extravagant. Betty made almost all of her clothes, and Jack had no expensive tastes. On one point only were they resolved to indulge themselves. Their family traditions of hospitality were to be kept up. They might and would deny themselves in other respects, but they would preserve their home habits of entertaining and do their dissipating by having their friends about them.

So it was a natural thing that their first step, when they were fairly settled, should be to decide upon some sort of housewarming. A small one it would have to be, for their house was by no means as large as their hospitality. But have it they would, even if they had to entertain their friends in sections.

Betty Determined to Surprise even Her Husband

Betty studied the matter for some time one evening. She was sitting at her desk, endeavoring to make herself feel businesslike by manifesting intense interest in the problem that they were discussing. Jack watched her admiringly, fully confident of her ability to manage anything she might attempt. Once in a while he put in a wholly useless suggestion, which Betty promptly crushed.

"I have it!" she said, at length; "let's have a high tea."

"What makes it high?" queried Jack, lazily; "is it expensive?"

"No," answered Betty, "that's just the name of it. Nothing that we have can be very expensive, Jack, if we are going to have as many things as we want. I would a great deal rather have a lot of simple things than one large affair that will use up all the money we can spare for six months' entertaining."

"Sensible young woman!" commented Jack.

Betty beamed on him.

"And, Jack, if you don't mind," she said, "I think I won't tell you anything about what we are going to have, this time. Would n't you like to be surprised?"

"I'd love to be surprised," said Jack, fervently.

There was little more conversation to be extracted from Betty that evening. She made no more pretense of looking businesslike, and settled down to the real issue.

The first step to be taken was to decide who should be invited, upon which matter she graciously allowed Jack to contribute opinions. They could ask only six persons, for, even at a squeeze, their dining room would not seat more than eight. This great matter disposed of, Jack was permitted to resume reading his paper, and Betty continued her planning.

What to have to eat was the important question. The dishes must be tasty, for Betty felt that her reputation as a young housekeeper was at stake. But they could not be high-priced, so she got out her cookbooks and cudgeled her brain to recall all she had ever learned at cooking-school in the scattering course of lessons she had taken there, and what she had picked up at home on occasions when she had gone into the kitchen to try this or that new dish which she had been told was delicious.

Betty was one of those women described as a "born cook." In her case, it meant that she was quick to learn, and had a knack for seasoning. It did not imply, however, that she never made mistakes, or that she could cook an elaborate meal by natural ability alone. She did not flatter herself upon her achievements, but she was very decided in her intention to make of herself a good cook. Her maid was fairly proficient, but Betty had resolved that, when she did entertain, the principal part of the preparations should be made by her own hands.

Every Dish Must Be Economical, but Appetizing

Before she went to bed that night, she had arranged the *menu* and had written notes of invitation. Jack posted the invitations, and Betty fell asleep, to dream of high teas.

Most of the dishes upon which Betty had decided were to be made in a chafing dish. Two or three reasons had governed her in her choice. One was that she felt that she knew a good deal about chafing-dish cookery. The other was that anything in that line would be great entertainment for the guests. Furthermore, a dish cooked in that fashion would make no pretensions. If she were to have a regular supper of articles prepared beforehand, she would have to be at greater expense than if the cooking were done at the table.

To give the whole affair an impromptu air, and so, in a measure, disarm criticism, Betty had fixed the date of the high tea only a few days ahead, and she was delighted to receive prompt acceptances from all those whom she had invited. She began her preparations for the tea the day before, when she went to market and ordered home the materials for the feast.

The supper was to begin with panned oysters. As there were to be eight persons at table, Betty thought she was safe in ordering five oysters



"Then she poured the boiling hot mixture upon the eggs in the bowl and put it back"

apiece. The oysters were large and plump, and cost a cent each. She also ordered a chicken, weighing four pounds, at sixteen cents a pound. This was for the second item of the tea,—a chafing-dish fricassee. Then she had sent home a bunch of fine celery, costing twenty cents, a pound of English walnuts for fifteen cents, and two heads of lettuce for fifteen cents.

She Mastered *the* Mysteries *of* Cooking Chickens

Part of the making ready had to be done on the same day. As soon as the chicken was brought, Betty began to prepare it for cooking. Suddenly she lifted her voice in a call to the cook.

"Oh, Hannah, the man has n't cleaned the chicken!"

"Sure, ma'am, I' ll do it."

Betty hesitated. "No, Hannah," she said, mournfully; "you show me how and I'll do it myself. I've got to learn, sometime."

Under Hannah's direction, she cut a slit above the breast of the chicken, drew out the crop and washed the space that was left. That seemed simple enough. It was worse when she had to cut an opening in the base of the chicken's body, and thrust in her hand. But she set her teeth, and did as she was told. Her hand once inside, she loosened the several parts of the chicken's internal organism from the sides of the body, taking care not to break the gall, and drew them all out,—an unsightly mass. Then the gizzard had to be cut in two and turned inside out, like a glove, the hard skin peeled from it, the heart and liver washed, and the fowl rinsed with cold water, in which a teaspoonful of baking soda had been dissolved.

Betty heaved a sigh of relief when it was done, but it did her good to think that at least she knew how to do it. The rest of the work was easier and pleasanter. The chicken was put on a bed of celery stalks and sliced onion [There were four celery stalks and one small onion.] in a saucepan. Two sprigs of parsley were added, two cupfuls of cold water turned in, the cover put on the saucepan, and this set at the side of the stove. It took nearly an hour for the contents to come to a boil, and then it cooked slowly for three hours. By that time, the meat was tender enough to slip from the bones, and Betty added two heaping teaspoonfuls of salt and set the saucepan aside, still keeping it covered.

The pudding was the only other thing that could be made that day, and, perhaps, even that might have been put off until twenty-four hours later, but for Betty's resolve not to leave too much

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"At one end was the chafing dish on its tray, with a measuring cup and all the array of needed utensils"

until the day of the party. The pudding was to be one such as she had never before tried to make, and she was a little anxious about it. If she should make it a day in advance, and it should not prove successful, she could prepare something else.

She Made a Delicious, but very Economical Pudding

The woman who gave her the recipe called it a "Surprise Pudding." The first thing was to put a quart of milk into a double boiler and put that over the fire. When the milk was hot, she mixed four rounded tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with a little cold milk. At first it seemed lumpy, but she stirred it, adding a little more cold milk until it formed a pasty mixture. Then she turned this into the hot milk and stirred until she had a thick, smooth compound. It required cooking for about ten minutes. At the end of that time, she put in four tablespoonfuls of butter, and, while that was melting, she beat four eggs light. She poured the hot mixture on the eggs in the bowl, put it back on the saucepan, and added four tablespoonfuls of chopped almond paste. This she had bought from a confectioner, but a friend told her afterwards that half a dozen almond macaroons, crumbled up, would have done as well. After the eggs and paste had been put in, Betty added two teaspoonfuls of rose-water, cooked all for three minutes, and then poured it into a buttered mold. When the pudding was cold she put it on ice, to remain until it should be needed.

The surprise part of the pudding was found in its combination with the sauce; for the pudding, unsweetened, was served ice-cold, while the sauce was very sweet, and boiling hot. The sauce was made by creaming a tablespoonful of butter with a cupful of powdered sugar, and making them hot in a bowl set in a saucepan of boiling water. The hot sauce on the cold pudding made an unusual combination that was very good.

On the day of the party, Betty busied herself in making her house look pretty. It was so new and clean that it did not require much work, but she had gone into the country the afternoon before, and brought home late asters and ferns and autumn leaves, and filled all the vases. She had an early luncheon, that she might occupy the afternoon in making her table pretty, and bestow touches that had to wait until then.

Operating a Chafing Dish Requires Tact and Skill

The table was set as if for luncheon, a large square in the middle and doilies at the different places. There were the items of salted almonds, olives, and candies, in little dishes, and the new candelabra, that were Betty's joy and pride, were lighted. At one end was the chafing dish on its tray, with a measuring cup and all the array of needed utensils, spoons, knives, forks, salt and pepper, butter, cream jug, bowl,—everything that would be requisite. The coffee was at the other end of the table, where Jack poured it with many airs and graces.

The chafing-dish cookery was very successful. Forty oysters were about as many as Betty's chafing dish could accommodate, although it was of large size, chosen with a special view to such parties as this. Betty began the cooking by putting into the blazer three tablespoonfuls of butter, and, as soon as this was melted, the drained oysters went in. In five minutes they had begun to plump, and the gills had begun to shrimp. Betty sprinkled in a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and they were done. Hannah brought in a big platter of buttered toast, a slice was put on each plate, and the oysters laid on the toast. Everyone declared them delicious.

The next dish took longer. The pan had been washed and brought back, and Betty put into it two tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter. As she stirred them over the flame, they bubbled, and she turned in a half pint of the water in which the chicken had been boiled, and half a pint of milk. Again she stirred, and, in a few moments, there was a smooth, thick sauce. Into this went four



"It was a pleasant little tea that Betty sat down to with her friends, and the menu was thoroughly enjoyed by all"

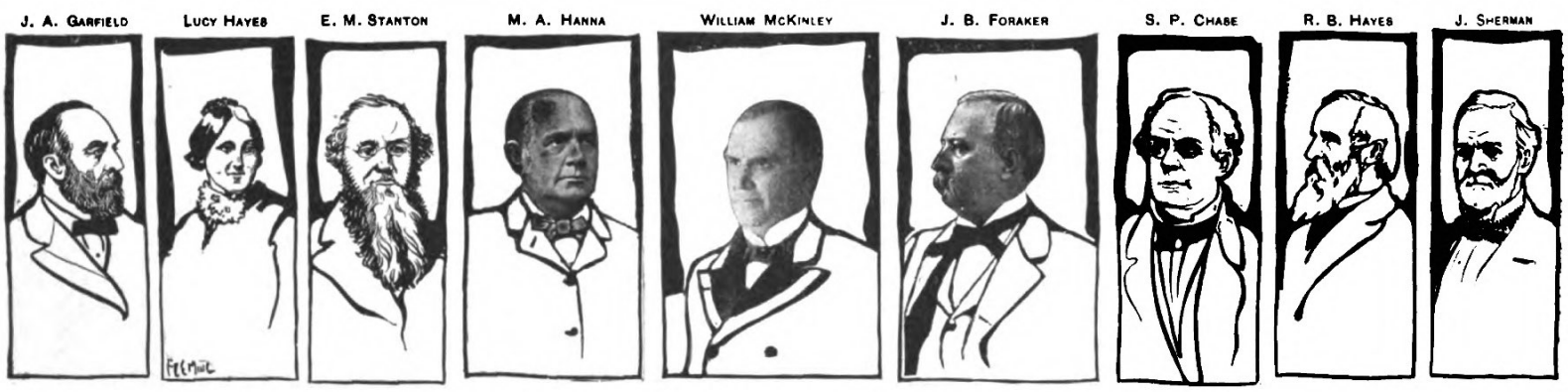
cupfuls of cold chicken, cut into small, neat pieces. When it was smoking hot, she added a heaping teaspoonful of salt, a little white pepper, and, last, two eggs, beaten light. Three minutes' cooking was enough after these went in, and the flame was extinguished. With this, Betty served only thin bread and butter and a salad,—a quite new salad. She had cut the celery into inch lengths, had shelled and cut up the walnuts, mixed them, and arranged them on lettuce leaves. For the salad, there was a French dressing, with three tablespoonfuls of oil to one of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. For the amount of salad that Betty had that night, she was obliged to double the quantity, but the proportions were the same.

And only Think,—It All Cost less than Five Dollars!

Between serving the oysters and the chicken, the plates were changed, and the salad was eaten from small plates by the side of the larger ones. These were changed once more, of course, for the pudding.

When Betty went to bed that night she was a happy, even if a tired young woman.

"And only think," she said, sleepily, to Jack, "that all it cost was within five dollars! Why, at that rate, we can have a party every month."



The First Centenary of Ohio's Statehood

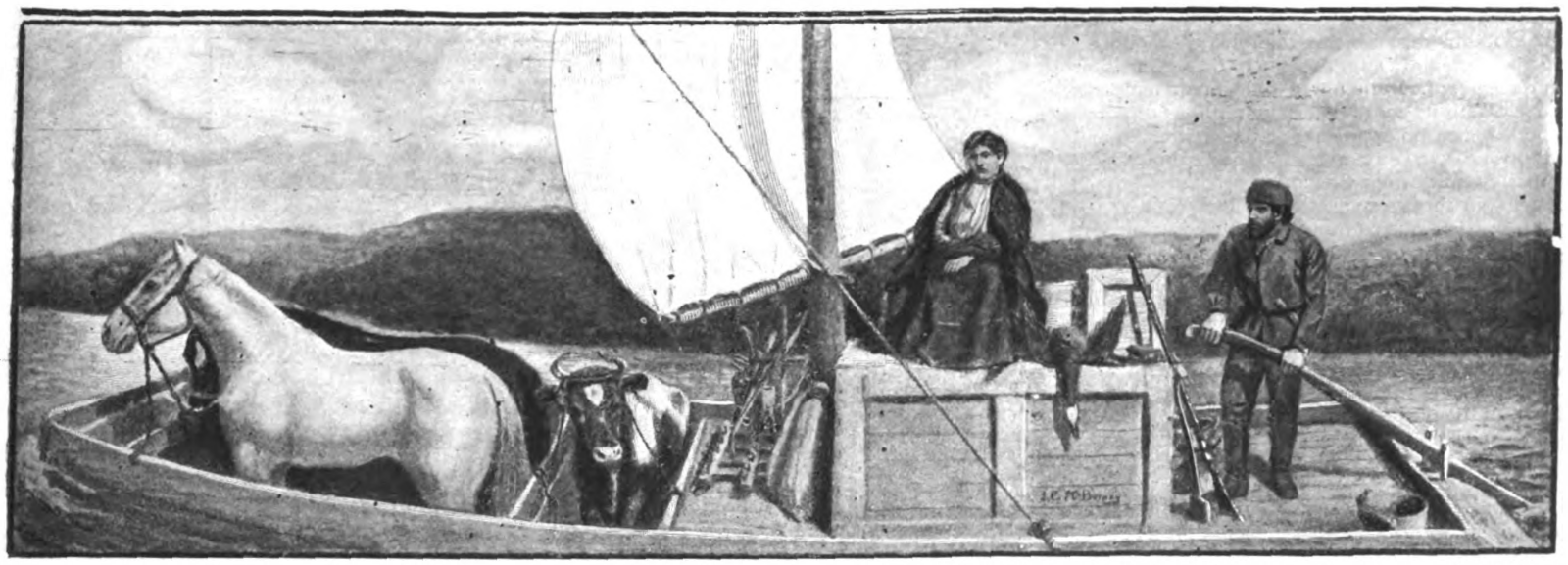
David Fairley St. Clair

[In November, 1802, the territory of Ohio applied for statehood. It closes its first century with a noble record in the promotion of American progress.—THE EDITOR.]

We have had Athens, Rome, Carthage, Paris, London. We have had Virginia and Massachusetts. Now we have Ohio. It is the heart of the republic. A hundred years ago, it saved the West to the East; forty years ago, it saved the South to the North; and ever since it has helped to make the North tolerable to the South. More than any other state it has been the salt, the savor of the Union, the vantage ground from which men could see the whole republic and feel all its pulsations. Deep down under the national consciousness is the New England consciousness, the New York consciousness, the southern consciousness, and the California consciousness. After the long task of fusing the Union, New England threatened to secede, the South did secede, New York City had the riot act read to it, and there have been occasional murmurs of discontent in the distant West. But Ohio has had the consciousness of us all, and she stands straight under a noonday sun. Those two radically divergent streams of men, the one planting Jamestown and the other planting itself on Plymouth Rock, were as unlike in imagination and feelings as God ever made. Two sets of Englishmen had to meet and fuse their blood under a common government, if this republic of Washington and Adams, of Calhoun and Webster, of Brooks and Sumner, were to survive. Their meeting could never take place east of the Alleghanies, nor on the dark and bloody grounds of Kentucky and Tennessee. But over beyond lay the broad and fertile plains of Ohio, bounded on the east and the south by a great river, and on the north by a great lake, a state by nature, the common meeting place of the Virginian and the Puritan, the one leaving behind slavery and the other his bigotry. In this productive soil and genial atmosphere, they shed their prejudices and sectionalisms, fused their virtues, and evolved into the first real Americans of this continent. That is the historical debt our republic owes to this great state.

Ohio was the first of the five great states formed out of the northwestern territory taken by the English from the French in the French-Indian wars, when England conquered Canada from France. These states are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, their territory now hav-

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The early settlers, sailing down *the* Ohio River, bordered with fertile, inviting land, pitched their tents on an island which they afterwards called Marietta

ing more than twenty millions of people, or more than one-fourth of the population of the republic. There is not upon the face of the earth another region of the same area so rich as this in the things that men love. The aggregate assessed valuation of these states is nearly three times that of Spain, more than the combined valuation of Holland and Belgium and Portugal, and almost a fourth more than that of Italy. They have more miles of railroad than England and France, and about as many as Germany.

They mine two-thirds as much coal and iron as England. If every foot of them were put into farms, they could be made to grow the food for the entire American and European continents. In other words, here in the heart of this great republic is an empire which, if made into a nation, would rank with the foremost powers of the earth. For many years, Ohio was the first of these states in population; she is now the second, and the fourth state in the Union, but for forty years she has been the first in commanding influence.

Standing Alone, Ohio Would Be a Power Among *the* Nations *of the* World

Her preponderating influence has, of course, grown out of the Civil War and its settlement. From 1785 to 1787, Mannaseh Cutler, of Massachusetts, labored in the Continental Congress to secure a charter for the "Ohio Company" to make a settlement in the northwestern territory, from the whole of which negro slavery should be excluded. Mr. Jefferson at first held that slavery should be permitted in this territory till 1800, and then forever excluded. He finally, however, yielded to Mr. Cutler, and, in 1787, a charter was granted by congress to Rufus Putnam and forty-six other New England veterans of the Revolutionary War as the "Ohio Company." These men and their families, in April, 1788, after a long and trying journey across Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania, reached an island in the Ohio River in their descent of that stream, pitched their tents, broke ground, and called the place Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette. This was the first permanent settlement of Ohio and of the northwestern territory, and its prosperity forever headed off the institution of slavery from the Northwest, and Ohio was born a free state. It is due to this historical fact, more than to any other cause, that Ohio men have done so much to shape the course of the republic for the last half-century. In 1850, the state had more than a million and a half of people, and stood at the high-water mark of material development in the former half of the country's first century. When the Civil War came, Ohio had grown the second generation of men of Puritan and Virginia ancestry, the best all-round educated citizenship and democracy in the American Union, for even at that time the state had more good schools and colleges than either Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. Every poor boy of ambition could secure a college education. James A. Garfield was driving a mule on a canal towpath that he might study under the great Mark Hopkins, who, he declared, sitting upon one end of a log and he on the other, constituted a real university. At Oberlin was given the first college coeducation in the world, for Ohio was early to recognize the fact that, if a man is to be a man, he must have an educated mother as well as father, and must have a wife of the same quality. For wives for her men and mothers for her boys she produced such women as Nancy McKinley, Lucretia Garfield, and Lucy Hayes.

It was the freest community in the world. The Indian had been pushed far on into the land of the setting sun, the people had been joined by rail with their brethren in the East; almost every religion on the face of the earth, from Joseph Smith's Mormonism to George Fox's Quakerism, flourished in this mental soil. The image of such a thing as a witch or a negro overseer was unknown. The great southern corn fields and western wheat fields blossomed and ripened into harvests that made America the world's granary. The long and tortuous course of the Ohio, dotted with sails and steamboats, made a grand highway of commerce, as did also the noble lake on the north. In politics, these were the plain, simple, honest, picturesque days of William Henry Harrison, William Allen, Benjamin F. Wade, and Benjamin Ewing, interrupted by the strenuous notes of Joshua R. Giddings and others,—the days when a yard of politics was as honest and genuine wool as the homespun that covered the backs of these sturdy and embryonically great people.

With the exception of Abraham Lincoln, who was born near the state, it may be said that Ohio furnished the controlling genius of the Union side in the Civil War. There stands in the capitol grounds, at Columbus, a monumental group of seven men in bronze, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Chase, Stanton, Hayes, and Garfield. Grant, Sherman, Stanton and Chase were, at the most crucial period of the war, the four corner pillars of the Union. There was a time when it looked as if the whole structure might have been most seriously shaken had any of these four men been removed. Chase was one of the greatest financiers any government ever produced; Stanton ranks first among all war secretaries; and, though Grant and Sherman do not rank as the foremost military geniuses, the composite genius of the four men equals that of any other four men in similar positions in history. Grant's magnanimity at Appomattox was characteristic of the broad common sense and human sympathy of Ohio and the West, and so, too, was similarly characteristic, the cheerful manner in which the disliked Hayes removed the troops from Louisiana and South Carolina.

The Energy *of* Her Pioneers Vitalizes *the* Blood *of* All Her People To-day

It was not an accident that every president elected since Mr. Lincoln, with the exception of Grover Cleveland, was born in Ohio. Grant, of Illinois, and Harrison, of Indiana, inherited much of the moral fiber of the older community, and the extended and greatly diversified industries of the state, more generally distributed than in any other state in the Union, naturally gave Ohio the leadership in the policy of protection in the person of William McKinley. From center to circumference, it is the best-developed of all the states, with the least waste or unavailable land. The elevation above the sea ranges from two hundred to seven hundred and fifty feet, and there is nowhere within its limits any rugged territory. Nature has drawn no sharp lines between neighborhoods. A hundred miles of closely adjacent farms and homes extend almost unbroken on the level or on the slightly inclined plains, and the inhabitants of Ohio know more about one another, from Cleveland to Cincinnati, from Toledo to Steubenville, than the inhabitants ever do in the level prairie states of Indiana and Illinois, which are so largely covered with high grass or marsh, or on the treeless plains of Nebraska and Kansas, where the strong winds almost forbid men to see straight. There is scarcely a village of fifty people in Ohio without a railroad. Corn and wheat grow up to the windows, and sheep and cattle graze near the doors of mills and factories. The state has been so completely preëmpted and held by the strong and prosperous descendants of the original settlers that the foreign element is smaller than in any of the other northern or western states.



W. D. HOWELLS W. REID W. GLADDEN



R. PUTNAM P. SHERIDAN J. Q. A. WARD

But Ohio has been the mentor for the republic only in material development and politics. In literature and art she has produced few national names. Born free, her people have come down to this moment without a great dramatic incident in their annals. Indeed, the struggles that tried the souls of great Ohioans were far from the borders of the state. The people have always been prosperous and happy, and their emotions have run as smooth as their rivers. The prose of William Dean Howells, the state's greatest writer, in its rich commonplaces, its wealth of detail and incident, without excitement or change, reminds one of what he will see in a day's journey from Cincinnati to Cleveland, in the month of July,—endless acres of green fields of fairly rich soil, cut at intervals by harmless streams, frequent villages, and small towns, with here and there forests of black mill-stacks, and oil wells, a robust population of medium-statured men and women, with neither the urban nor the rustic expression of face, neither handsome nor homely,

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the happy means of all the extremes of the pure Anglo-Saxon race in this republic. Among all the great men of Ohio, there is to be seen neither an extremely neurotic nor a phlegmatic temperament. With its more than four millions of population, it has no great city of the first class, and only two of the second class. The Germans have imported music into Cincinnati, and this branch of art flourishes as an exotic will flourish in genial places. Its century of intense political discussion begat many of the best of country editors, and to great newspapers it has contributed Whitelaw Reid and Joseph Medill. Mr. Lincoln drowned his sadness in the humor of Petroleum V. Nasby, the editor of the Toledo "Blade." Artemus Ward was on the staff of the Cleveland "Plaindealer." Thomas A. Edison first saw the light at Milan. John D. Rockefeller got his start in Cleveland. It was the home of Lyman Beecher, and it is now the home of Rev. Washington Gladden.

It will be interesting to see how long the state will hold its lead. It has comfortable room for ten millions. Its coal, oil and gas are hardly touched. The center of the country's population has moved scarcely more than two hundred miles from its western borders, and, with the slow growth of the Far West, the center is likely to remain where it is for some time. Ohio's political leadership may shift to Indiana, Illinois, or Iowa. It may change from one party to another, yet it will remain the inspiration of Ohio so long as it shall lead its neighbors in industrial progress and comprehend the national consciousness more completely than any other state.

LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL

J. LINCOLN BROOKS

"WHY, Mr. Turner," said a lady who had been looking, with the artist, at one of his wonderful landscapes, "I cannot see those things in nature." "Do n't you wish you could, madam?" inquired the artist

The world is full of beautiful things, but very few have the power to discern them.

Fortunate is the person who has been trained to perceive beauty in everything: he possesses a heritage of which no reverses can rob him.

There are some people who, like the bee, gather honey from every flower, extracting sweetness even from a thistle, while others seem to distill bitterness from a clover blossom, a lily, or a rose. The difference between men lies in their early training or their habitual attitude of mind.

Every soul is born responsive to the beautiful, but this instinctive love of beauty must be fostered through the eye and the mind, or it will die. The craving for beauty is as strong in a child of the slums as in a favorite of fortune. "The physical hunger of the poor, the yearning of their stomachs," says Jacob A. Riis, "is not half so bitter, or so little likely to be satisfied, as their æsthetic hunger, their starving for the beautiful."

A life that has been rightly trained will extract sweetness from everything; it will see beauty in all things. Every sunset, landscape, hill, mountain, and tree will reveal some new charm of nature. In every patch of meadow or wood, in every leaf and flower, the trained eye will see the beautiful; the cultured ear will hear melody in the babbling brook, and harmony in the soughing winds.

There are superb personalities that go through life extracting sunshine from what to others seems but darkness, seeing charm in apparent ugliness, discerning grace and exquisite proportions where the unloving see but forbidding angles and distortion, and glimpsing the image of divinity where less beautiful souls see but a lost and degraded human being.

Yet it is a heritage possible to all who will take the trouble to begin early in life to cultivate the finer qualities of the soul, the eye, and the heart.

It is said that the most disgusting object, if put under a magnifying glass of sufficient power, would reveal beauties undreamed of; so, even in the most unlovely environment, in the most cruel conditions, there is something of the beautiful and the hopeful, when viewed through the glass of a trained and disciplined mind.

A beautiful character will make poetry out of the prosiest life, bring sunshine into the darkest home, and develop beauty and grace amid the ugliest surroundings.

It is not circumstances, so much as the attitude and quality of the mind, that give happiness, contentment, and divinity of service.



STEPHEN PHILLIPS AND HIS POETRY



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

*To Milton,—Blind** — *Stephen Phillips*

He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave,
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance, that so lures us from the Truth.
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large and blank and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.
O blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when
The pleasant flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn, then burst upon thy view
The elder glory; space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving watery plain that was the world;
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds.
Or rather a special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss.

[*By permission of John Lane, The Bodley Head, New York City.]

WHEN I left England for America, nearly two years ago, the name of Stephen Phillips, as a poet, had already soared into security. With two poems, "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa," he had immediately taken his place of acknowledged preëminence among the younger poets of the day. He had also published his beautiful "Paolo and Francesca," and his admirers were impatiently asking how much longer George Alexander intended to delay its production on the stage. Meanwhile, Beerbohm Tree had taken advantage of Mr. Alexander's procrastination to commission "Herod," and the rumor went that Mr. Tree and Mr. Phillips were working on it together, as they sipped inspiration from the bitter waters of Marienbad. But already some of the critics were beginning to croak the usual "misgivings" as to a poet's capacity to be a dramatist as well. It is hard to understand how anyone could have read Mr. Phillips's poems and failed to see that their very poetry comes less from their beauty and verbal charm—great as those are,—than from the dramatic vision which gives each line and phrase an almost startling reality. Such, at all events, was their earliest impression upon me, as I may be pardoned for recalling. In fact, like much of Dante's, Mr. Phillips's poetry is mainly poetry because it is drama.

Mr. Alexander was quick to perceive this quality in Mr. Phillips's poetry, and wise enough to give the young author his first dramatic commission. To his timely suggestion we owe "Paolo and Francesca," therefore appropriately dedicated to him by the poet-dramatist, or is not the old expression better?—dramatic poet.

By Poetry alone, Mr. Phillips Has Won His Laurels

Dramatic poet! Perhaps, of all the titles coveted by a writer, that of "dramatic poet" is the proudest,—for with it goes the double laurel of the stage and of Parnassus. One is not apt to miss much in America, but I confess to disappointment at not being in England on the—one may truly say,—"historic" first night when that laurel was so unanimously placed on the fine brow of my friend. Literary life, at the moment, provides few such generous excitements, and, in fact, it has provided none at all, in my time, of equal ardor and significance, for the success of Stephen Phillips is by far the most significant of any recent literary triumph, in that it is a success won on purely artistic grounds. Mr. Phillips has enjoyed no such subsidiary aids to fame as, say, Rudyard Kipling, or Sir Gilbert Parker. He voices no national sentiment, nor does he represent a popular English colony. By poetry, and poetry alone, his success has been won. This seems to me a fact of peculiar hopefulness in an age which, we are being constantly told, has no use for poetry, and particularly at a time when Mr. Phillips's countrymen, burdened with an anxious war, might well have been excused from listening to his song.

No contemporary subject matter, or current mood, has given Mr. Phillips a transitory advantage. His themes are the old, eternally young, themes of Beauty, Love, and Death, and his methods are simple and central. No meretricious "modernity" or tricks of sensational novelty account for his success. His work is directly in line with the classic traditions of English poetry.

For Years, Dramatic Poetry Had Had No Master

The peculiarly English meter of blank verse—that touchstone of metrical mastery,—Mr. Phillips is acknowledged to wield with marked originality and force, and nearly all his striking successes have been made in that meter. In other meters it is evident that he works with less ease and felicity, and blank verse is undoubtedly the natural vehicle for his large imaginings, and the grave, yet rich beauty of his style.

But, whatever Mr. Phillips's relative excellence among the poets of the day, in one respect it is unique: he is the only dramatic poet. He has achieved what seemed to be the impossible. He has brought back poetry to the stage,—and he has made it pay. Till he succeeded, no experiment could well have seemed more hopeless than the production of a blank-verse play in an English theater. Blank-verse plays of a sort—the pseudo-Elizabethan,—are probably written at the rate of one a day; and, for years, there has been nothing else which a theatrical manager has been so reluctant to look at as a blank-verse play,—for very good reasons, as anyone who has glanced at the usual production of the kind will understand. Occasionally these poetical dramas may have been poetry,—but they have never been plays. Robert Browning and A. C. Swinburne have enriched our literature with noble poems in the dramatic form; but, with the possible exception of Mr. Swinburne's last play, "Rosamond,"—disqualified, I fear, by its repellent subject,—their dramas are not suited for stage representation. J. Sheridan Knowles, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Westland Marston and others made more or less popular stage successes of so-called poetical plays, but their triumphs were due to the low critical taste of the moment,

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and, nowadays, we look upon their works as neither poetry nor plays. Indeed, the more one looks back into the history of the English poetic drama, the more impossible it becomes to deny Mr. Phillips the rich tribute of the simple truth, that he is the only poet since the Elizabethans who has succeeded on the stage with plays that are at once real plays and real poetry.

"If there were dreams to sell,
Merry or sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,—
Who, then, would buy?"

We are, perhaps, too ready to echo this pessimistic cry of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, when we speak of "the great public" and its supposedly gross needs; for, if its tastes be largely swinish, it is occasionally quite surprising in its appreciation of pearls. A certain witty dramatist, unhappily —for us,—dead, when called before the curtain on the first night of one of his plays, gravely congratulated the audience on making so great a success,—referring, of course, to their good taste in appreciating so good a play. Certainly the public may thus congratulate itself in the case of Mr. Phillips, and I confess that I felt quite proud of London when, on my return from America, my eye was caught by the placards of "Paolo and Francesca" and "Ulysses" on the passing omnibuses,—proud for the public, and happy for the poet who had thus been able to find such a market in a prosaic world for his rainbow wares.

Mr. Phillips's Achievements Have Not Spoiled Him

Though I had missed "Herod," I was therefore in time for the two other plays,—but only just in time for "Ulysses." I had landed in time to be present at its last performance,—its one hundred and thirty-second. Think of a play on a classical theme, written with beautiful words,—such stuff as dreams are made of,—running for one hundred and thirty-two performances! Here was surely a triumph for serious art, and William Archer and those other critics who so long and, apparently, so vainly, have bewailed the long divorce of literature and the drama, should see of the travail of their souls and be satisfied. The fortunate dramatist was there,—fresh from his amusing encounter with a British burglar,—and we found the opportunity to have a little chat and to make a fixture for dinner together at the Garrick Club, of which, as befits a dramatic poet, Mr. Phillips is a member.

When the night came, we seemed to have the comfortable old club all to ourselves, and, as we sat with our coffee, surrounded by the faces of the great actors of old times, I tried to forget that we were friends, and to remember that I was representing SUCCESS to another representative of success in perhaps its most distinguished and fascinating form,—for is there any form of success more alluring to the imagination than that of a laureled dramatic poet?

"Before we begin, tell me, Mr. Phillips,—tell me," I said, "how it feels to wear so much laurel,—

"'O tell us, shining there,
Is fame as wonderful as song,
And—laurels in your hair!'"

Mr. Phillips smiled, but I was glad to see that all the praise, even adulation, which has been poured upon him, has done him no harm. He wears a hat of the same size as of old, and takes his success as I should have expected him to do,—with satisfaction, but without surprise. Like every real artist, he has that quiet confidence in his own powers which always goes with serious gifts. This is no trivial observation, for the way a young man takes success is often a reliable augury of his future. Laurels won early are tempting to rest on for certain heads, and the young poet so laureled is apt to regard himself as almost a classic, and, therefore, exempt from the obligations of further development. Mr. Phillips is evidently wiser, and he gives little thought, I should imagine, to what he has achieved, being strenuously occupied with the greater work he hopes still to accomplish. He is, in fact, a growing poet, vigorously dreaming of new worlds to conquer, and, as he is yet in the middle-thirties, we may regard his work as only just begun, and confidently await the future surprises of his brain.

His personality is one strikingly suggestive of unexpended energy. Above the average height, and of massive build, his fine head, firmly set on sturdy English shoulders, is instinct with force and intensity unusually combined. His strongly-carved features have that well-knit, almost stern decision we associate with Roman coins. But, striking as is his face as a whole, his eyes, perhaps, arrest one most. They are slightly piercing, with a quality which, for want of a better word, I can only call clairvoyant. They are eyes which, without being beautiful, one might credit with a vision into that world behind the veil in which Mr. Phillips is a confessed believer; a world, too, which, some time ago, in an intensely interesting essay, he suggested as a possible new field for poetic vision. As the people of Ravenna used to say of Dante, when he passed them by in the streets, "There goes the man who has been in Hades," so one might say of Mr. Phillips's eyes, that they are just the eyes one would expect in the man who saw the vision of Christ in Hades, and descended with Ulysses into the under world.

He Hopes, soon, to Write a Great Epic of London

Many poets, indeed most poets, neither look nor talk like poets. Their gift seems a disconnected faculty, leaving the rest of them plain, ordinary, and even commonplace human beings; but it is not so with Mr. Phillips. His is the poet's nature through and through, eagerly and incessantly alive to the beauty of the world, and the poignant significance and mysterious intimations of life. Your novelist is a man of this world, interested in the humors and transitory characteristics of the passing show, but the poet lives in the world behind phenomena, and his business is ever with the universal meanings which, for him, thrill through the visible face of things. He is impatient of any considerations short of the vitalizing essence, the passionate spiritual reality. Such a poet, both in and out of his books, is Stephen Phillips.

One of his cherished poetic ambitions, which we have often discussed together, is to write what one might call the epic of London. The poetry of the modern city, its beauty and its tragedy, strongly appeal to him, and the reader will doubtless recall the two vivid experiments that he has already made in that line,—"The Woman with the Dead Soul," and "The Wife." It is his dream, some day to shape a great picture of London, its glory and its tragedy, peopled with characteristic figures, a sort of "divine comedy" of the modern world; and I may say that, perhaps, Dante, of all poets, has had the greatest influence over Mr. Phillips's mind, an influence clearly discernible in his style. Dante and Milton and Shakespeare,—such is the great meat on which Mr. Phillips has cared most to feed.

I reminded him of the London poem.

British Managers Are Looking for New Playwrights

"Yes, it is still there, growing somewhere in the dark," he said. "It will be produced some day; but, meanwhile, I have two or three more plays to write."

"How do you find your managers to work with?"

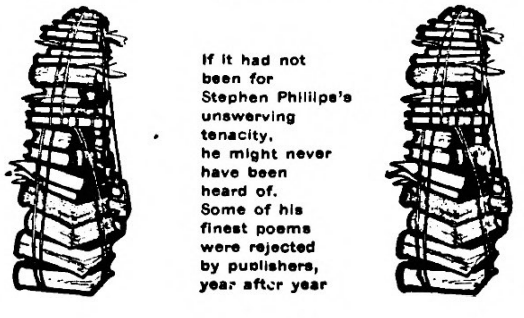
"Delightful. You see they are both men with a great love for and taste in literature, and, as you know, they have always done what they could for the so-called literary drama,—the drama that can be read as well as acted."

"Yes, but unfortunately there has been all too little material to support this enthusiasm," said I. "Yet there does seem the promise of a dramatic *renaissance* in the air."

"I suppose you heard of George Alexander's offer to the Playgoers' Club,—to produce the play adjudged best in a competition of untried playwrights got up by the club?"

"Yes! and Miss Netta Syratt was the happy woman. I'm glad. I remember her clever work on the "Yellow Book,"—and it appears that her play acted splendidly."

"From all accounts. I did n't see it. But that was just the kind of thing Mr. Alexander delights to do. No young dramatist need go unacted while Mr. Alexander and Mr. Tree are managers. They are both loyal to an author, and anxious to interpret his work according to his intention. 'T is a rare quality in a manager, I need hardly tell you. It would be better for the stage if there were more like them."



If it had not been for Stephen Phillips's unswerving tenacity, he might never have been heard of. Some of his finest poems were rejected by publishers, year after year

"How about the critics? They did what they could to help on the good work, did n't they?"

"Yes, and no. Rather a big 'No,' I'm afraid, but is n't it unlucky to talk about one's critics?"

"Unlucky for the critics! I do n't see that it can hurt you,—for, if they've been against you, your success proves them powerless to harm; and, if they have been with you, it will be good hearing."

"Well, I suppose the right thing to say would be, 'I must n't complain.' Certainly those critics whose word I most value have been more than generous to me. Nothing I could say would express my sense of gratitude to such critics as William Archer, Mr. Walkley, and W. L. Courtney. As for the other critics,—well, I have little to thank them for. If the success of 'Ulysses' had depended on the critics, it would not have run a fortnight."

"'Ulysses' is to be the first of your plays to be produced in America, is it not?"

"Yes, Charles Frohman has bought the rights."

"Will you go over for the production?"

"I think it very likely. I am curious to see America,—as it seems to me there is a much more sensitive audience for imaginative work there than with us; and I am, of course, most curious to see how they will take me."

I was able to tell Mr. Phillips how genuinely popular his poetry is in the United States, and how I had seen stacks of "Herod" rapidly melting away at bookstores.

Poetry Must Do More than Decorate *the* Drama

"I feel very confident, I said, that 'Ulysses' will be a success in New York, and a big success in Chicago. New York could n't quite make head or tail of 'Pelleas and Melisande,' beautifully as Mrs. Campbell played it. I saw it twice, and the comments of the audience were rather satirical. Two American ladies especially delighted me. 'Our American actresses are good enough for me,' said one. 'Give me burlesque every time!' rejoined the other. So much for Maurice Maeterlinck. Yet, on the other hand, you must remember that Maeterlinck is much better appreciated in America than in England, and his books sell very largely. Anyhow, 'Ulysses' belongs to a much more normal type of drama than 'Pelleas and Melisande,' which, beautiful as it is, presents many danger-points to the profane mocker. Then 'Ulysses' retells a familiar story. At all events you may rely on a serious and sympathetic hearing from several admirably equipped critics, who must at all events recognize that you have made a brave attempt to bring back serious beauty to a stage sadly in need of something besides the everlasting farce."

"By the way, I must n't forget to ask you a stock question, Mr. Phillips. Please tell me about your methods of work. Of course, you have n't any."

"Have n't I? Indeed, I have. I arise about nine o'clock. I prefer the continental fashion of arranging the day. That is, I have merely coffee and rolls when I get up, and a good lunch about half-past eleven. This enables me to work on uninterruptedly till, say, five or six o'clock. I always get into my work best early in the afternoon."

"Do you sit down, whatever your mood?—or do you wait for inspiration?"

"Yes, I sit squarely down to it and write something or other,—often sorry stuff,—just, so to say, to get into my stride. Usually I find that I end with getting something done,—though, necessarily, like everyone else, I have my good days and my bad days."

"Have you any theories on the subject of the poetic drama?"

"I do n't know that I have. My aim is, first of all, to deal with the dramatic situation simply and directly, as one would in prose. It seems to me that the mistake of much so-called poetic drama is to regard the poetry as a decorative adjunct,—a sort of frosted sugar on the cake,—instead of its being organically inherent in the situation. There should be no superfluous ornament. Every word should have its dramatic purpose, and should help toward keeping the story moving all the time."

"I suppose you have really found your stage training of great use to you in writing your plays."

"Unquestionably."

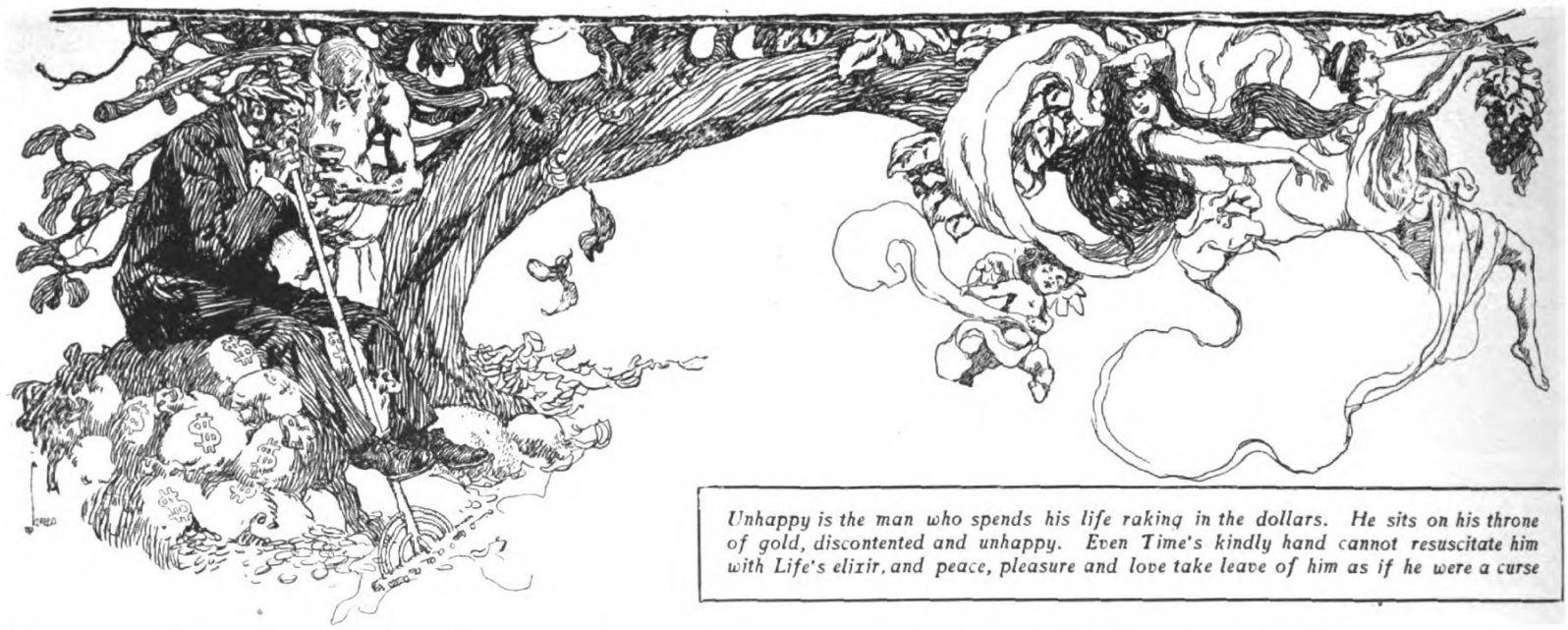
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EDITORIAL PAGE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, University Building, New York



Unhappy is the man who spends his life raking in the dollars. He sits on his throne of gold, discontented and unhappy. Even Time's kindly hand cannot resuscitate him with Life's elixir, and peace, pleasure and love take leave of him as if he were a curse

To Those Who Pay too Much for Success

If a vigorous young business man, anxious to push his business and make money, were offered a million dollars to shorten his life ten years, would he accept the money on such terms? For what stocks and bonds would he exchange the peace and tranquillity of his mind for the rest of his life? What price would tempt a man to trade his steady nerves for shaky ones scarcely enabling him to sign his name, or substitute, for buoyant spirits and a vivacious manner, jaded *ennui* and dull apathy? What would he ask for his bright, youthful countenance, if it had to be immediately replaced by a wrinkled, care-worn visage, stamped with anxiety? How much would he take for his athletic figure, his quick, elastic step, if offered in exchange a bent form and a shuffling gait? How much real estate would he consider a fair compensation for the companionship of his wife, the joy and comfort of his home, and the sweet love of little children?

Suppose that a bright, hopeful college graduate were asked to sell, offhand, the result of his four years' work, to give up his appreciation of music, literature, and art, his knowledge of the wonders of nature, and his grasp of human nature, and to close forever all the doors of intellectual progress that his studies have opened to him,—how much money would close the bargain?

Ask some man what he would take in exchange for the friendships that have made his life rich with hallowed experiences and perpetual inspiration, and which promise him pleasure and profit in future years.

Ask some respected citizen, influential for good in his community, whose advice is sought, who is held up as an example to growing youth, to sell his good name, his influence, his community's respect,—what sum would he name?

One may think that these are absurd propositions, and say that no man's millions would tempt possessors of these real treasures of life to part with them for mere money, however large the amount. Men spend fortunes to gain a few months or years of life, but who ever heard of anyone cutting off years for so much a year? Men pay vast sums for the services of physicians, for medicines and health trips to steady their nerves, increase their strength, and make them more efficient in the work of life, but no one is fool enough to assume disease voluntarily, even if paid for it. African savages barter their wives for brass rings and cast-off silk hats, but no civilized man would sell his life-companion. As for giving up one's home and all its joys and comforts, it is natural to say that it would be the height of folly, for one's work is for a home, a place in which to rest and enjoy leisure. Young men and women part with hard-earned money and devote years that are worth money to gain an education, but who ever heard of one's abandoning all that was learned for even ten times its cost? It is true that the best things in life are not to be classed as purchasable, and cannot be expressed in money value.

But think a moment! Look around you at men and women that you know. Look deep into your own life. Are not these bargains made every day, tacitly, indirectly, but none the less surely, voluntarily, and mercenarily? Shrewd, level-headed business and professional men make just such sacrifices, doubtless believing that they pursue worthy ends. How many men have you known who destroyed their health in a few years' scramble for wealth, when a careful, prudent business life would have yielded a sufficiency and left them with sound bodies and all that health means to life's enjoyment? How many of your business acquaintances never know a moment's respite from anxiety, worry, or fear of ruin? What do they get for it? Dollars,—often only the hope of dollars. Thousands draw the mask of premature old age over features young enough to be fair and pleasing, and money gain is all that they get in exchange.

How many college graduates have turned their backs on culture and the higher intellectual life, closed the avenues to further knowledge, narrowed their broad views, plunged into business, and become so absorbed in its problems that they almost forgot that they were educated! How many men stay in a store, in an office, in a factory, day and night, until they become a part of the machinery of their business or profession, until all their higher instincts have atrophied, and until their aspiration has ceased, and they have got into ruts so deep that they can scarcely get out of them! The great world, that looked so wide and interesting to their young, enthusiastic eyes, has shrunk to a mere money mart, filled with things of trade. Their best brain-cells have gone out of business, shriveled for lack of use. Beauty appeals to them no longer, love is nonsense, kindness is a waste of time, and friendship is a bore. None of these things makes them more money. Home itself loses for them its fragrance and charm, and family ties grow irksome in checking their mad chase for dollars. Happy social relations only jar on their racked nerves during the little time that they spend with their wives and children.

All that seemed, in the morning of their lives, worth doing and enjoying, fades and palls to their taste. It is replaced by a thirst for gain, a passion for wealth. The fire of avarice burns the higher nature to ashes. Ideals, ambitions, the finer sentiments, and, finally, virtue and honor leave them as if they were plague-stricken. Yes, even that last most shameful bartering of honor and the world's respect for mere paltry cash profit no longer repels. Blinded by greed to all that once would have stayed their hands, they grasp the price of dishonor and surrender the right to be called true men.

Does such money-getting pay? The very makers of these awful bargains cannot say "Yes." Their wealth does not give them the pleasure sure to come through cultivation of their better natures, through opening their minds and souls to the higher, sweeter influences of love, sympathy, culture, and helpfulness. No money can pay for ruined health, dwarfed lives, or blackened characters. Business success bought at such prices is a hollow mockery that, at the end of life, will jeer the miserable, deluded seeker of wealth.

Estimating the Business Value of Callers

Men who direct affairs, whether their own business or a department of another's, must learn to judge the business value of callers. They must learn to enforce such judgments, and to end interviews that have passed the limits of utility. Chatting on general subjects during business hours is a sure means of spoiling one's executive efficiency, robbing one's employer, or even ruining one's own business.

Men who are famous as executives seem to have an instinct for deciding instantly, when a caller is announced, how much time to give him. President Roosevelt is a fine example of such a man. When a man enters his office, he grasps him by the hand as if he were a long-expected friend, but along with the cordial greeting is a plain expression that business is business, and that other "dear friends" are waiting. Most of the President's visitors, therefore, state their errands concisely, and retire quickly without creating further delay.

The president of a certain large institution is known for the cordial welcome he gives to his callers, but he has remarkable tact in leading them immediately to the business in hand. As soon as that is concluded, he rises graciously and shakes the caller's hand, assuring him that he regrets not having more time to give to him, and the caller, though really dismissed at the will of the busy man, goes away feeling that he has been handsomely treated, even if he has not been talking to him for over three minutes. The heads of large banks and insurance companies, and the high-salaried trust officers, are men with this faculty well developed. Influential promoters, men of combining powers, grasp, comprehension, and executive ability, are always men of comparatively few words in business, and are known for their directness and conciseness. Every word they speak counts; they look upon their time as capital, and will not allow it to be unnecessarily infringed upon.

These prompt, direct, executive men make some enemies, of course, but they accomplish results,—they do things. They believe in military discipline in their business, and do not want anything to do with people who do not mean business.

One of the most valuable assets of a business man is the power of compelling those with whom he has transactions to be brief. This is an indication of the successful man. Only those who have learned the value of time can appreciate its importance, and so guard against its being encroached upon by thoughtless or over-talkative people. Perhaps no one in the business world to-day furnishes such a striking example of the power of inducing brevity in others as J. Pierpont Morgan. His enemies accuse him of rudeness in this respect; but it is merely a business principle.

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The Story of My Boyhood Days



EDWARD T. JEFFERY

Edward T. Jeffery

[*President, Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company*]

[This is the second of the series of stories of the boyhood days of prominent Americans, told by themselves, who have won promotion by their efforts. In contributing these sketches, the authors do so with the hope that young men may learn from their experiences.—THE EDITOR.]

THE first six years of my boyhood were passed in the cities of Liverpool, Portsmouth, and Woolwich, in England. My father was a chief engineer in the British Navy, and my mother lived in the places where she could see him most frequently. I remember very little about my early boyhood. My father died when I was six years old, and the following year, 1850, mother decided to bring the family to America, thinking it would be well for us to grow up in "the land of opportunity." We settled in Wheeling, West Virginia, and there we remained until I was thirteen years old.

There is little to relate about my life in Wheeling. My father had left us very poor. Nearly every cent that my mother had saved was spent to bring us to the United States. Shortly after we had settled here, life seemed to me to bring untold woes. The future seemed to be black and uninteresting. Hardships surrounded us. I was buffeted and cuffed hither and yon. No one seemed to care whether I lived or died. I was a poor, forsaken wretch. Sometimes I had to go hungry, and often I cried from sheer misery. I remember that, on one occasion, while I was chopping some wood, a man sauntered along, and stood looking at me for some time. I said nothing to him, but kept on working. After some moments, he said to me, "Sonny, you're not particularly sociable. Why don't you say something to a fellow?"

"If I should talk to you," I answered, "I would not be able to strike straight with my ax."

That was a pretty curt remark, I afterwards thought, for the man went away rather crestfallen. But the more I thought of what I had said, the more I believed that I had made the correct answer. I was sent to school, finally, and what "book-learning" I have was gained in Wheeling. No boy ever enjoyed going to school more than I did. A new world seemed to be opening to me. I became fond of study, and took considerable pride in my record. I never missed an examination, was never tardy, and attended year after year without being absent a single day. But I played just as hard as I studied, and began to experience "the strenuous life" while still young in years. When I went home from school in the evening, there were always chores to do about the house. I helped my mother with the sweeping and heavier household work, and, whenever she could spare me, I found many a way to earn an honest penny, by running errands or executing some little job for a neighbor.

I was interested in mechanics from my earliest recollection. I suppose the fact that my father was an engineer had something to do with this, and I could draw plans for engines almost before I could write. Before I was seven years old, I was using a set of mechanical drawing instruments with considerable success, and I can't remember the time when I wasn't busy with some design. It was always my ambition to work in a machine shop, and it never occurred to me that I might do better in some other line of work.



"Why don't you say something to a fellow?" . . . "If I should talk to you, I would not be able to strike straight"

His First Wages Were only Forty-five Cents a Day

When I was thirteen years old, my mother decided to move to Chicago, and immediately, on our arrival in that city, I began to look for work. I entered an application with the Illinois Central Railroad Company for a position. I told that company that I was willing to do anything. My expectations were very modest. Personally, I would have preferred remaining in school a few years longer, but my mother needed money and I had to earn it. I thought that, if I could take home a dollar or two every week, it would be a great achievement. My ambition at that early day did not extend beyond reaping the reward of faithful and honest work in the humbler duties of my calling. It never occurred to me that I might one day be the general-superintendent and manager of the great corporation into whose employ I was just entering.

My first position was in the office of Samuel J. Hayes, superintendent of machinery, where I was employed for about two months as a general errand boy. This work was little more arduous than I was used to doing at home, but I was delighted with the idea that I was actually engaged in business. My wages at the start were forty-five cents a day. Several men told me that I was a fool to work for such wages, and I thought so, too, several times, but I decided to make as much of my chance as possible.

Studying at Home Will often Bring Great Results

At the end of two months, I was put to work in the tin and copper shop, where I did all sorts of work, assisting the regular employees by cleaning up, and by making myself generally useful. It was while serving in this shop that I made up my mind to become a machinist. I entered an application with the railroad company for a place in the machine shops so that I could learn the trade. This I was given in a few months, and the practical training that I received in the shops has been of the greatest value to me ever since. I acquired some knowledge of carpentry and the designing of locomotives, and kept my eyes and ears open to learn all I could in every department of the work.

On July 5, 1858, Mr. Hayes gave me a position in the department of mechanical drawing, and from that time I made rapid progress. Mr. Hayes had a warm heart and was most friendly toward any boy starting in the world for himself, and, under his good counsel, I developed an ambition to fit myself for the complete mastery of both the science and art of mechanical drawing and engineering. I began a course of systematic study, which I continued for ten years. Mr. Hayes soon saw that I was in earnest, and he accorded me the privilege of studying during office hours whenever my duties permitted. I also studied at home in the evenings, and was able to make short work of some books I had. Being regularly employed in the drawing department, I was able to demonstrate the principles of my calling in a practical way. I perceived that it is useless to acquire book-knowledge without knowing how to put it into operation, and I applied in my own self-training the principle now advocated by the most advanced educators,—that of combining the labor of the hand with that of the brain, in order to meet the practical demands of an industrial calling.

It is probable that I may encourage many young men to study at home when I say that, at eighteen years, I was on the pay roll of the Illinois Central Railroad Company as a regular mechanical draughtsman. This position would not have been possible for me at that age if I had not used every spare moment to improve my knowledge of my profession. When I was twenty years old I was placed in full charge of the department of mechanical drawing.

The question is often asked whether I consider a college or technical course essential to success in a mechanical career, and I invariably reply in the negative. Practical experience is essential, most of all; and, if a young man can have a college education in addition, it is a very good thing, but it is quite possible for any boy to advance himself through his own efforts at self-culture. I continued my work and studies with such profit, while I was with the company, that, at the age of twenty-five, I found myself in possession of the entire range of sciences adapted to the highest efficiency in my occupation, and by general reading I had also gained some breadth of general culture.

When I was placed over the department of mechanical drawing, I was also made private secretary to the superintendent of machinery. At the age of twenty-eight, I was appointed assistant superintendent of machinery by John Newell, then president of the company. Mr. Newell was a typical example of a self-made railroad man, and was never slow in opening the way for promotion to deserving and energetic employees. It has always been my experience that railroad officials are willing to advance their men just as soon as they deserve it, and are quick to recognize a young man who is really anxious to improve his position.

A Literary Club Was an Early Means of Culture

When I was a very young man in Chicago, I was interested in every organization which would assist me in my studies. For several years, I was president of the Young Men's Literary Society, an institution which did much to foster a literary spirit among a large number of citizens, and, while I was a member, I used to write verses and essays. The following verses describing the object of our society, were written by me more than thirty-five years ago:—

OUR DUTY

The heart that is sad where a heart should be light,
Or false where a heart should be true,
Let us guide through the darkness obscuring the light,
And point to the future eternal and bright,
And teach it to dare and to do.

The soul that is darkened by passion and crime
Let us win from its idols of clay,
And lead to the heroes and sages sublime,
Whose names are inscribed on the records of time;
Undying immortals are they.

Let us fight for the right, though the struggle be long,
With firm and unswerving desire,
Let us manfully battle oppression and wrong,
With hearts that are earnest and trusty and strong;
With God and the Truth to inspire.

Let us dare to be noble men, nature's own pride,
And dare to be true to each other,
For the earth is a homestead so fruitful and wide,
We can live, we can love, we can toil side by side,
And each unto all be a brother.

So great was my gain in knowledge and experience from my connection with the Young Men's Literary Society that I am sorry such organizations are not so popular now as they used to be.

I remained with the Illinois Central Railroad Company for a great many years, and, having started as a chore boy and mechanic's apprentice, I was able to bring to my duties a practical knowledge of the details of railroad management. The three principal ideas which governed my actions, during my official railroad career, were to establish mutual confidence and kindly relations between the corporation and its employees, to gain the respect of the general public, and bring about a clearer and more intelligent comprehension of the relations between the people and the carriers, and to so conduct corporate affairs as to secure and retain the confidence of the financial world.

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THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR

III.—THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

HENRY M. DOWLING

A MEMBER of the supreme court of Massachusetts recently remarked to an instructor at an eastern university, "If you succeed in teaching the young men of your institution how to speak agreeably before a court, you will have the supreme bench of this state at your feet, to express its gratitude." Every man can acquire the art of delivering a pleasing and forceful address, provided he will confess his faults and resolutely set about correcting them. If he is honest with himself he will plead guilty to the following arraignment: "I speak too rapidly; I pour forth words, often without regard to their sense; I am more concerned in making my sentences sound well, and end grandiloquently, than in conveying my thought in the simplest, most cogent language. I revel in flowers of speech, I mix my metaphors, I am pompous, and I endeavor to talk in the manner of a public speaker of long experience. I am a 'pulmonary orator,' and, if I succeed in imitating the faults of some great man whom I admire, I am willing to dispense with his virtues."

For one who thus recognizes his defects, there is boundless hope. Not an error that I have suggested is incapable of correction, and the best of curatives is a habit of careful composition. The work of the pen is compared to the labors of the ranchman who "rounds up" his herd; it searches out the stray thoughts, drives them together, and secures them in the corral. Verbosity becomes a hideous monster, a chattering fool, when it stares at us from the pages our own hands have written. You may be composing an after-dinner speech, a description of a mountain torrent, the narrative of an imaginary journey, or a eulogy upon the flag. Whatever your theme, the treatment must be clean-cut and polished. Sentences must be recast, and words transposed until you can find no fault with what you have done. If the mind droops, run back to the beginning and read up to the point of difficulty; the momentum thus acquired will bear you on and suggest further reflections. When you have completed the discourse, select the best portions of it and paraphrase them, working them over into various forms of expression, but never allowing a careless or inelegant phrase to escape erasure.

As the thoughts run from your pen, sit in judgment upon each and criticise unmercifully. When your corrected copy is completed, lay it aside for a week, and peruse it afresh.' By that time you will have lost your first admiration for the children of your brain, and new deformities will protrude from the paper. Correct these as intelligently as you can, and congratulate yourself that you are not so enamored of your own style that it appears to you faultless. If any sentence or paragraph especially delighted you at its birth, either follow Ben Jonson's rule, and expunge it, or let it receive a scrutiny doubly severe; for, usually, whatever we most admire when we first express it is of doubtful excellence. Nevertheless, do not be hypercritical, or imagine that you cannot write well unless you constantly erase and correct. "Do not try to write better than you can." If a limited time forbids the composition of original sketches, you may derive almost as great advantage from using the writings of others. No method is more valuable than translating a foreign language into English. Why? Because it taxes the memory for elegant words and phrases, it lays the judgment under tribute for the exact equivalents of the foreign text, it enlarges the vocabulary by driving us to the dictionary for synonyms and definitions, and it familiarizes us with the nice distinctions between words. The same beneficial results are attained by the paraphrasing of English prose or poetry, which has the additional advantage that it enables us to learn the language and sentiments of eminent writers in our own tongue.

Again, acquaint yourself with the facts involved in a historic law case, (such as the Dartmouth College case, or the trial of Aaron Burr,) and the circumstances under which it was tried, or with the facts surrounding a debate in congress or in a parliament. Then read the speech which some great counselor or debater (Webster, Wirt, Fox, or Blaine,) delivered upon the occasion, and, after filling your mind with the situation and the arguments, rewrite his discourse from memory and in your own language, exactly as if you expected to fight the same battle to-morrow morning. In your composition, every word, every sentence must be carved before you let it fall. When all is done and you have reread your edition of the speech from beginning to end, turn to the great master whose arguments you have been expressing, and, in addition to rare diction and cogent logic, you will learn humility. In this exercise, study again and again speeches of Lord Erskine, made at the bar, noting the exquisite beauty and appropriateness of his language and the power of his reasoning. Make your very pleasures reinforce your determination to form a strong, masculine style of speech. Repudiate such modern novels as are written without a literary purpose and thrown, half-baked, into the market for revenue only. Read, rather, the productions of those who, by furnishing examples for imitation, enable modern writers of fiction to compose as well as they do,—enjoy Hawthorne, Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot. Be avid in your search for two things throughout your readings,—clear, definite, and comprehensive ideas, and words that are strong, virile, brilliant, and packed with meaning. Supplement these exercises with daily practice; speak in court, on the stump, in debating clubs, to your friend, to yourself, to your bookcase, to your dog,—speak to the cattle and horses in your father's barn, just as Henry Clay spoke when he addressed the first audience he ever knew, and laid the foundations of a great orator,—but speak, and speak with all the accuracy, the refinement and vigor of which you are master. Lord Chesterfield, who, by dint of hard labor, became a conspicuous debater on the floor of parliament, declared that for forty years he had never uttered or written a sentence in public or private without first pausing for a moment to think how he could best express himself. Charles James Fox, the greatest of political controversialists, stated that he had, during an entire session of parliament, spoken every night, with one exception, and his only regret was that he had failed to speak that night also. An amusing and valuable practice is to watch alertly for every "slang" phrase or crude expression which you hear uttered by other men, and instantly translate it into pure, strong Anglo-Saxon. If you are the victim of the "slang" habit, nothing will cure you more radically. If you have heard that vulgarisms "give a black eye" to public speaking, you will be convinced that they "ruin its force and effect," while genuine English will not only count, but will prove "uniformly more successful and pleasing."

A word spoken at the right time and in a correct manner, may move thousands.—Daniel Webster

Three great requisites are demanded of everyone who would speak well. He must be clear, he must be forceful, and he must please. Clearness will be secured by translation and composition. How can we speak forcibly and in a manner to excite pleasure? Anyone may avoid egregious blunders; it is the able orator who makes his speech sinewy in its strength, charming in its beauty. "Bold propositions, boldly and briefly expressed, —pithy sentences, nervous common sense, strong phrases, well-compacted periods, sudden and strong masses of light, an apt adage, a keen sarcasm, a merciless personality, a mortal thrust,—these are the beauties and deformities that now make a speaker most interesting." Nothing is more artificial than the adornments in a spoken discourse. They do not necessarily arise from the peculiar attractiveness of the subject. Erskine could throw a charm about the most repulsive causes; and there may be speakers who, without strenuous effort, could render sterile and disgusting a subject boundless in suggestiveness and luxuriant in beauty. In all your compositions, oral and written, first outline the general plan of your matter, and then select portions to be embellished by chaste adornment, not in the spirit of the pulpit orator who annotated his sermon manuscript with stage directions such as, "Here weep!" but with a rational sense of the places where ornament may appropriately be inserted to clarify the thought, vitalize the argument, or arouse new interest on the part of an audience. At one point, you will decide to use a bit of vivid description of men or scenes; at another, you will mark, as a proper place to thrust forward a pungent antithesis, a picturesque metaphor; at another, you will select, as affording an opportunity, a supposed speech of your adversary or of a third person, or pretend to read from an imaginary document; at a fourth, you will see to it that you express indignation and apologize to the audience for being overborne by your feelings.

In your speech you will, deliberately and with forethought, insert striking expressions, paradoxes, irony, humorous exaggerations, bold comparisons; now you will suggest more than your words express, now adroitly hesitate; now turn from your auditors to address some one on the platform; now put questions to your hearers in rapid succession; now interrogate yourself and return your answers; now pile epithet on epithet, strike blow on blow, quick, short, sharp, and fatal. Besides deliberately ornamenting your address, you may also utilize such turns of language as suggest themselves to you when upon your feet; but it is well to go forearmed to the fray, since you are seldom wiser when standing up to discuss your theme than you were in the quiet of your study, and generally you are not half so wise. Never will you use many of these adornments in any one address. They are pyrotechnics which beautify and brilliantly illumine when displayed occasionally, but which blind and confuse if they recur too frequently. Make them your servants, not your masters.

Force and beauty are useless without a lucid presentation of thought. If your language is obscure, the fault usually lies farther back than your tongue: it is in your brain. You see only part of an idea; you see two ideas resembling each other, and you discuss them as if they were identical. You do not understand the meaning of the word you use, and your mind frames to itself one picture, while your audience sees a different one. You catch the vague outlines of a thought, you cast it, shadowy and unsubstantial, at your auditors, and it slips through their minds.

Frequently, the trouble resides in your tongue, which speeds from point to point, posthaste, keeping the audience panting after you, perplexed and annoyed, or else, in despair, giving up the race. They are puzzled by your vocabulary, for you say "rime," "by this token," "thus far forth," or "for the nonce," and plain men lose the drift of your argument and set to wondering where you found such queer language. You use vast, six-syllable, Latin derivatives, ponderous, scholarly, and unintelligible. You construct your sentences with clause mounted upon clause, phrase on phrase, parenthesis on parenthesis, until the subject expires amid the profusion of words; and happy are you if you are not driven to cut the snarl as did a vigorous divine who involved himself in a complete labyrinth of subordinate clauses, then, losing his way, hesitated a moment and suddenly burst forth, "I do not know where I am coming out of this sentence, but, brethren, I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven."

Express yourself clearly, even though you must resort to sentences four words long, for "that composition is abortive which the hearer has to understand by the exertion of his own ability." If ever, while delivering a public address, you perceive, creeping over the faces of your listeners, that distressed, half-supplicating, half-disgusted look which warns you that your thoughts are not penetrating into the bone and marrow of your audience, retrace your steps, say over again what you have said, but say it better, and without allowing your hearers to see that you are repeating yourself. Vary the expression, introduce new illustrations, arouse interest by a look, tone, word, or gesture, and insinuate your ideas into the feeblest capacity before you.

Reading, writing, translation and oral practice are the methods by which you are to gain a clear, forcible, and attractive style. If you address

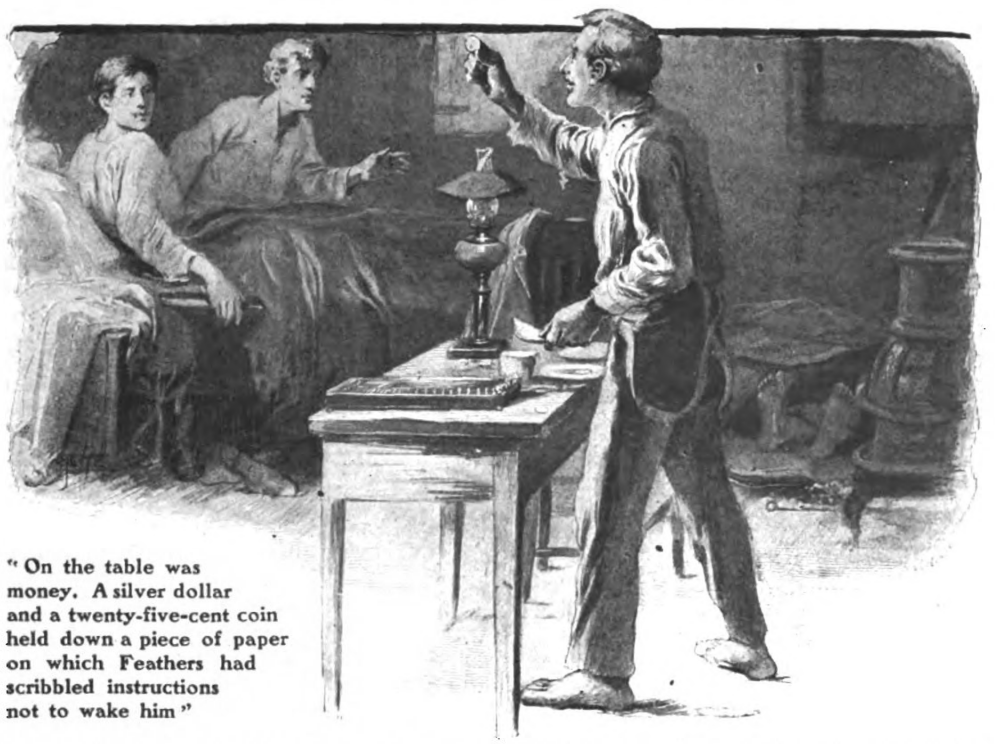
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THE TURN OF THE TIDE

GRANT RICHARDSON



"On the table was money. A silver dollar and a twenty-five-cent coin held down a piece of paper on which Feathers had scribbled instructions not to wake him"

WE were foregathered in the twilight,—Anders, the baron, and I. There was no light, because the gas had been shut off and our lamp was oilless; also, the hod was without coal and we were chilly. None of us was less than two thousand miles from home, and the baron counted it, roughly, seven thousand miles to his mother's house in Prussia. It was winter. We were hungry, not very warmly clad, and without work or money, but—we were young.

Olaf Anders was the leading spirit. He was a pocket edition of a Norse berserker, very small of body, but with a large round head covered with short, crisp, bright yellow curls. His jaw and chin were massive, his nose was long and thin, and his eyes, cold blue, were sometimes irresistibly merry, and again they fairly flashed with fight. He was a strenuous youth, so full of Norwegian blood and energy that one expected to see the safety valve blow off at any time. He was a civil engineer by education, and possessed a wonderful aptitude for mathematics. He hailed from somewhere along the Massachusetts coast.

Why the baron's parents had ever permitted him to wander so far afield as Portland, Oregon, was a mystery. Physically, he was as handsome as a god. His figure had been stolen from Narcissus; his eyes were soft and brown, and veiled by large lids, like a woman's; his features were perfect, and his skin was pink and white. He played the zither beautifully, spoke English with the accent of a Frenchman, and pretended to be an architectural draughtsman. He wrote a "*von*" before his name and received letters from home that were sealed with a complicated coat of arms.

As for myself, I was a poor wretch of a newspaper reporter with nothing to report.

Our room was at the top of a big barn of a lodging house on a back street that swam in mud, which the never-ceasing rain caused to become more and more liquefied every day. The room had originally been rented by Anders, who had taken the impecunious baron in later. When the landlady intimated to me that my own small room would be considered vacant, unless I paid the arrears in rent, Anders took me in also. Olaf and the baron shared the bed. I was content with a corner of the floor near the stove; old newspapers and a quilt for a mattress and the baron's steamer-rug for covering met my requirements. We called ourselves "The Grasshoppers," with Anders for chief *cigale*. The only obligation connected with the institution was to share and share alike,—but we seldom had anything to share.

One evening the baron was at the table, playing dreamily on the zither; for, no matter what might be the depths of our poverty, he always could produce most plaintive and dainty music. Anders stood at the window looking out upon the rain, which had been falling relentlessly for days. Somehow the expression of his back imparted the impression that he was impatient to spring at something and tear it apart; to do something,—anything except stay in the room and starve.

"See here, you fellows," he said, turning suddenly from the miserable wetness without, "how much have we got?"

I walked to the mantel and turned the contents of an old tobacco box into my palm. I was not long in counting it. "Seventeen cents," I said, "including the Canadian penny."

"Well, take the pitcher and hustle out," ordered Anders, masterfully. "Get ten cents' worth of chowder, five of crackers, and see if you can't get two cents' worth of coffee."

"I'll go if the baron will lend me his shoes," I replied.

The baron, without taking his eyes from the ceiling or his fingers from the strings, nodded his assent.

"Hurry, then, for we're going to have a fellow in to dine with us."

The baron groaned, for he had a fine appetite, and about one-third of its capacity was the nearest he ever came to satisfying it. He talked in his sleep about *hasenpfeffer*, *pfannekuchen*, *sauerkraut* and *wiener schnitzel*.

I took the water pitcher and plopped through the mud to a fish market on the corner, where there was hot clam chowder on sale day and night. I pursuaded Tony, the Italian chowder man, to put an extra dipperful into the pitcher, and visibly helped myself to an especially large additional handful of crackers for the baron's sake. In the little shop next door, kept by a stout old German, I asked for a good measure of coffee for the Canadian penny, explaining that the baron was going to entertain a guest. At the mention of the baron's name, the old dealer bowed and beamed, and I chuckled at his extravagance. He gave me a cheap cigar for "*der herr* baron" with his felicitations and humble service. The cigar we afterwards broke up and put in the jar to eke out the tobacco. I was complimented by Anders on my extraordinary ability as a commissary.

"Now, fellows," he added, "I am going down stairs to ask Feathers up to board with us. The Gorgon told me this morning that she was going to turn him out, to-night, because he owes her a month's rent. Feathers would have a fine time out in this night's rain. One of you light the lamp and get the dishes out. You'll have to share your bed with him, Dickens." He called me Dickens because, he said, my writings were "so different."

Presently he returned with Feathers.

"Fellows," he said, "this is Mr. ——er. I don't know your name, old chap, but we always call you 'Feathers.' Each of us has a name that our mothers wouldn't recognize. You won't mind, will you?"

Feathers smiled good-humoredly, and shook his head in negation.

"We want you to eat with us, if you will," continued Anders. "It isn't much, but it fills. Now, see here!" he exclaimed, as if a thought had come suddenly to him, "why not come up and roost with us? Our motto is, share and share alike. It cuts down expenses. Sometimes we gluttonize, sometimes we don't. What each man earns goes into the common purse. Come,—say you will."

I fancied I saw tears in the eyes of Anders's guest. "I am afraid I have not much to contribute," he said, hesitatingly.

"That makes no difference," Anders exclaimed, heartily. "Then, it's settled. Might as well move right up. Here, I'll help you."

Feathers smiled. "That is not necessary," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

He soon returned with a very lean duck sea-bag and a book. I glanced at the title of the book. It was Darwin on "Earthworms." He explained that it was the last of his library, and that no one would buy it from him.

Feathers was an unusual-looking fellow. He was very tall and slender, with legs so long that they stuck out from under the steamer-rug when we went to bed. His face was long and pale and thin. Evidently he had no razor, for his face was covered by a soft, fuzzy, down-like beard; and thereby originated the name with which Olaf Anders had dubbed him. He was clad in a long thin ulster with a mangey fur collar. A pair of rubber overshoes that might have fitted a Goliath were fastened to his ankles by pieces of black tape, because he had no soles on his shoes. He was the most forlorn, cold, and hungry youngster I ever saw, and the way he stowed away his share of the chowder and crackers was wonderful to behold.

After we had consumed the last drop of chowder, Anders arose. "I'm going out to forage in the enemy's country," he said; "we've got to have a fire and some oil. I'm going to see the Gorgon."

We shuddered at his probable reception. The Gorgon was our landlady and her glance was truly petrifying. But Anders could manage her in some wonderful way of his own that I never could understand. Presently we heard him coming, singing, up the stairs; he brought a can of kerosene oil and a basketful of coal and wood.

"Feathers, you light the fire," he said. Anders always made everyone do his share of the work, while his own contribution was money and brains. He was a great fellow for schemes. He always had one decent suit of clothes, and a clean shirt in which, once a week, he invaded the mysterious precincts of society.

There were only two unpawnable things in the place,—Anders's best suit and the baron's zither.

The fire thawed us out, and presently we began to tell one another why we were grasshoppers. Anders had spent the summer on a geodetic survey, and had sent all his earnings to his mother, trusting to fortune for work for the winter. The baron was a true grasshopper, for he had eaten up his patrimony in a trip around the world, which ended in Anders's room just as winter came on. I was a drifter, and had gone from one town to another all over the country, in search of experience, and I was having it. Then Feathers told his tale. I would not like to put it on paper as he told it, for it was too pathetic, too pitiful. It was a story of the abuse incident to the life of a sailor before the mast, a long illness in a Hongkong hospital, and the lingering starvation of a weakened body, while he looked for work that was never offered. He was self-taught, a keen observer, and had profited by all that he had seen and heard. His spirit was as clean, as proud, and

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as brave,—in every respect,—well, as Anders's.

We had coffee and crackers for breakfast. Soon thereafter, we started out in the rain to look for work. At night we straggled back, wet and chilled, hungry and moneyless. It was heart-racking work, sometimes, but Anders laughed it to scorn and always managed to bring in something, while the baron played a merry little love ditty on his zither.

One evening, Feathers left us at five o'clock and had not returned by bedtime. But, when I awoke in the morning, he was beside me under the rug,—and on the table was money. A silver dollar and a twenty-five-cent coin held down a piece of paper on which Feathers had scribbled instructions not to wake him.

I aroused Anders and the baron, and showed them the money. In whispers we discussed the marvel of it. How had Feathers obtained it? Had he earned it? The Grasshoppers were irrevocably opposed to all money that was begged, borrowed, or stolen. In order to pass current, it must be honestly earned. We knew nothing of Feathers! Could it be—?

"We'll take the chance," Anders decided. "A man is innocent until he is proved guilty. In the meantime the Grasshoppers will eat."

He went forth to market, and,—well, we breakfasted that morning! Ah! think of it! Soft, fresh white bread, and butter, real coffee, and two smoked herrings to give it a taste! Anders had become a thrifty housekeeper and other days were to come. We left the coffee pot on the stove for Feathers, and went forth upon the usual profitless quest for work. When we returned at night, Feathers was gone; but, when I awoke the next morning, he was by my side again, and there on the table was the magic money. We breakfasted again, and on that day we lunched also, while the old tobacco box on the mantel began to assume the airs of the big stone national bank down town that we only knew from the outside.

The same thing happened every day until Sunday, but on that day we were all at home when Feathers awoke.

"Hello, Feathers," said Anders, "you're a nice, sociable chap. How do you suppose we're going to keep your acquaintance, if we never see you except when you're asleep? Answer me that!"

Feathers lay back under the rug, only smiling for reply.

"What we want to know," continued Anders, "is where you came by all this wealth."

Feathers continued to smile, but he shook his head and replied:—

"That is my secret."

Anders did not press him, but seemed lost in thought for a long while, and I thought there was distrust in his cold blue eyes. Feathers kept to his bed. He was pale and weak, and looked utterly pathetic. I took his dinner to him. It was the best we had had for many a Sunday. It consisted of roast beef, potatoes, bread and pie from the restaurant around the corner, and some imitation coffee made by Anders.

At five o'clock, Feathers dressed himself and put on his long, stringy overcoat. He shuddered as he looked out upon the everlasting rain.

"Well, good night, boys!" he said. "You'll see me again in the morning."

We heard him tramp slowly down the stairs and slam the front door. Then Anders sprang to his feet. "I'm going to follow him," he said, with a snap of his jaws. "I want to see where he gets his money. Perhaps he works, but things look fishy, and I'm not satisfied."

"I'll go with you," I volunteered.

"So will I," said the baron.

We were out of the house in time to see Feathers cross the patch of light shed by the street lamp on the corner; then we took his trail. He led us through dark and dismal streets in which one's life, and certainly one's money, were not safe after dark.

"Now where do you suppose that chap is going?" muttered Anders. "This looks bad, but I'll follow him to the end."

We passed through the worst slum in the town, where often it was difficult to keep Feathers in view through the murk, half fog, half rain, of that badly lighted quarter. At length he turned toward the river front.

"By jove!" exclaimed Anders. "Do you suppose he has turned river pirate or wharf rat?"

Suddenly Feathers dropped out of sight. He seemed to have been swallowed up by the earth. Now forward, then back we went, but could not strike his trail. Across the street was the blank wall of a big brick freight house. He surely could not have passed through that. Well, he was gone,—body, reputation, everything; he was no longer a grasshopper. There was a bad taste in our mouths when we thought of the breakfasts and dinners we had eaten, bought with his money. Anders gritted his teeth. "I haven't been so fooled in a man in a long time," he said.

We continued on up the dismal street, mud underfoot, breathing rank fog, and beaten by the rain, until we came to an opening in the wall. It



"I saw Feathers trundling a big truck before him"

was the entrance to a dock, where a big black Pacific mail steamship was loading, and the stevedores were hurrying along under the flaring lights, driven by the coarse shouts of the foreman. It was an animated scene, and we watched it interestedly for some minutes.

Anders grasped my arm. "Look there!" he excitedly whispered. I looked to where he pointed, and saw Feathers, stripped to his undershirt, trundling a big truck before him. It was loaded with cases of canned salmon, and our friend fairly staggered along under its weight. Heavens, how thin and drawn he looked in the damp, raw night, under the white glare of the sputtering arc lights!

I turned to Anders. His eyes were swimming, and on his face was a look of abject shame and apology. From behind a mountain of cased salmon, we watched Feathers hurry back and forth with his burdens, but none of us had voice for speech. Feathers had passed us with a load, when suddenly he dropped the handles of his truck, swayed a moment, and went smashing to the floor. Anders sprang to him, and the men crowded about. Anders was down on his knees with Feathers's head in his arms.

"Dear old Feathers," I heard him say, "you are the bravest and best of us all."

The foreman of the stevedores pushed his way in and looked at the prostrate and white-faced Feathers. "That man," he said, roughly but kindly, "isn't fit to work. He is more than half starved. Look at his ribs! They stick out like the hoops on a barrel. He ought to be in a hospital, right now. Are you a friend of his?"

"Yes," replied Anders, "I am a friend of his!" The fight was coming into his eyes. "Here, Dickens, you and the baron get Feathers home and put him in my bed. Warm him and soup him and take good care of him, or I'll break every bone in your bodies."

The foreman sent us home on a truck, for we had not the money to hire a cab. The last we saw of Anders he was wheeling a pile of salmon, higher than his head, across the pier on the truck that had been abandoned by Feathers.

Anders had made an arrangement with the foreman, who was a good-natured fellow, to allow us to work on alternate nights on the wharf,—Anders, the baron, and I. It was tearing work. The baron vowed he would die of it. His pretty pink palms were so blistered and sore that he had to give up the zither, but he did not complain. When we were not trucking, we took care of Feathers, and surely no other man ever had such rough but well-meant care. There was a chicken for him every day out of our income of one dollar and twenty-five cents,—this meant soup. And all the while we were thinking hard about him.

One day Anders, the baron, and I, met on the pier, and, as we looked into one another's eyes, we discovered that we were all thinking of the same thing.

"I tell you what it is," said Anders, at length, "Feathers is a better man than any of the rest. While we were looking for work, Feathers made it. And there he was working himself to death to support a lot of soft-headed, soft-handed loafers. Oh, I know I was as bad as the rest of you! It did not occur to me that there could be any work for me except surveying or figuring or drawing. But now I *am* going to work. Do you know what the trouble was with us? We were always looking for something easy,—something in our particular line, and to our liking. We would have been starving yet if it had not been for Feathers. He wasn't going about in office buildings, looking for a berth as second mate or purser on an ocean steamship, because he knew they do not keep such positions at disposal there. He couldn't get what he liked, so he took what he could get. Feathers has put life and backbone into me. I'm going to work, if I have to go into a ditch for it,—but I'm going to work."

"Amen!" said I.

"Now," said Anders, "that man Feathers, by his pluck, first in taking such hard work, and then in sticking to it, has set us an example that will not be easy to follow; and, while I thank him for it, I am not going to be beaten. What do you think? The foreman has promised me a job driving a dray."

The baron moaned. "What can I do?" he asked,—"I am so soft. I do not know how to work. The foreman told me to get out, saying that I was in the way."

"Go and see the German consul. Get into communication with your family. You have a place to fill at home and a title to maintain, as well as a mother to make glad that you are her son," answered Anders.

I was working at the dock, the following day, when the "Empress of Japan" came in. I talked with the captain, and he gave me a piece of exclusive Hawaiian news, of which he did not realize the importance. I rushed off to the office of the morning "Oregonian," wrote the story, and handed it to the city editor. It made a hit, and I joined the staff then and there.

Anders is building a railroad in South America, having constructed one of the finest sea walls and harbors on the Pacific Coast.

The baron went home and entered the Prussian army. He is now a colonel of cuirassiers.

Feathers is now the assistant general manager of one of the great trans-Pacific steamship lines.

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The Editor's Talk With Young Men



"Just Getting Along"

"OH, just getting along," "just making a living," "holding my own,"—such are the replies young men frequently make when asked how they are progressing. Practically, this is a confession of stagnation. Merely holding one's own, "just getting along," or making a bare living, is not making a life.

It may not always be possible for you to increase your income or better yourself materially, but it is always possible to keep adding to the real riches of life.

If each to-morrow is to find us farther than to-day, it must be an advance on yesterday. We must bring an enthusiastic spirit, an outreaching effort of mind and heart to everything we do. Our work will reflect this mental attitude. Such a spirit will render it impossible for us not to do more than hold our own.

The great deeds of the world, the triumphs of the race have not been accomplished by men who were content to hold their own merely or "just get along." They were dominated by their purpose, filled with an overmastering enthusiasm which swept everything before it, as a mountain torrent sweeps aside or overleaps every obstacle that would bar its progress.

Think of an artist starting out to paint a great picture in an indifferent, half-hearted sort of way, satisfied to put forth only a small part of his energy, content to "just get along" each day. Imagine a poet attempting to write an immortal poem, an author attempting to write a book that should live, or a scientist trying to cope with an intricate problem, by the solution of which he hoped to bless humanity, working in a listless, careless, indifferent manner!

Lukewarm Water Will Not Operate a Locomotive

Horace Greeley said that the best product of labor is a high-minded workman with an enthusiasm for his work. For such a man there is life, hope, and a large future. He cares not for difficulties; they but increase his determination to move forward. "Just getting along" is no part of such a man's vocabulary. He grows, he moves ahead each day by sheer force of will, even though it be only a small distance. But he moves; that is the main thing. He palpitates with life and energy that will not let him remain satisfied with merely holding his own.

Go to work as Ole Bull went to his violin. People marveled at the *maestro's* power over his instrument. They forgot that, away back in his infancy, almost, he had fallen in love with a violin. They did not think of a boy only eight years old, who would steal out of bed at midnight and risk a whipping from an irate father while he tried to make his precious little red violin reproduce the melody that haunted him. Even when he became a man, he used to talk to his violin, caress it, and then breathe his very soul into it. The instrument responded to his slightest touch, and with it he swayed multitudes as forests are swayed by the tempests; he lulled thousands to gentle moods as the fragrance of soft winds among flowers soothes the body to rest.

Without this passionate devotion to his life-work, would Ole Bull have triumphed over his father's punishments and opposition, over poverty, illness, and almost inconceivable obstacles, until he became the greatest violinist of his time?

Lukewarm water will not take a locomotive anywhere. It would never generate enough energy to move a locomotive an eighth of an inch. A young man whose effort and determination reach no farther than the lukewarm stage will be as flat a failure, no matter what his ability, as would be the best locomotive boiler in the world, if the water it carried were not kept constantly at the boiling point.

I DON'T think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Friendship and Success

IN one terse sentence Emerson thus epitomizes the value of friendship: "A friend makes one outdo himself." Outside one's own power to make life a victory or a defeat, nothing else helps so much towards its success as a strong, true friendship.

The friend whose thought runs parallel with mine, who sympathizes with my aspirations, recognizes my strength as well as my weakness, and calls out my better qualities and discourages my meaner tendencies, more than doubles my possibilities. The magnetism of his thought flows around me: his strength is added to mine, and makes a well-nigh irresistible achievement-force.

The faculty of attracting others, of forming enduring friendships in whatever environment one may be placed, is one whose worth in the struggle for existence can hardly be overestimated. Apart from its spiritual significance and the added joy and happiness with which it illumines life, friendship has a business value, so to speak, which cannot be overlooked.

In a recent contest for the best definition of the word "friend," a London paper awarded the prize to the candidate who submitted this one: "The first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out."

It has not an erudite, dictionary sound, but could there be a better definition? The man who has been saved from financial ruin, tided over some great emergency or fateful crisis in his business by a friend, will appreciate its significance.

A Good Friend Is Often the Best Relation

Many a man owes his start in the world and much of his success to his ability to make and keep friends. The tendency of modern business methods, however, is to eliminate friendship from life. Modern men are too busy, too much absorbed in the exciting game of fortune-making to take the time to cultivate friends. The school and college chums who were very near and dear in the old days, before the fever of avarice had infected their blood, have been crowded out, and no new friends have replaced them.

The writer knows more than one cold-blooded man of affairs who would not give an old college classmate, whom he has not seen for years, ten minutes of his time during business hours, simply because "business before pleasure" is his unbending rule. Such people may accumulate fortunes, but at a price which staggers friendship, and at a sacrifice which makes angels weep.

Sometimes a man outgrows the friends of his early years. He continues to grow in knowledge, strength, and wisdom, while those who satisfied his mental requirements when he was an undeveloped youth stand still, or lag far behind him. But if one gains no new friends as the old ones drop out of his life, he cannot truly be said to grow, no matter what his acquirements, for "a man's growth is seen in the successive choice of his friends."

One of the greatest dangers to success or real progress is to shrink from people, to become isolated, or shut up in oneself. A man frequently becomes so absorbed in some special pursuit or work that he neglects the social side of life completely. Friends call on him, but he either denies himself to them, or receives them so coldly and indifferently that they soon cease to come. One after another they fall away, and, when unforeseen trial or disaster comes, he awakes to the bitter consciousness that he has no friends, that he walks alone.

A Friend's Influence Is Worth More than Gold

It would be interesting to trace the influence of friendship in the careers of the successful men of this country. Many of them owed their success almost entirely to strong friendships. "Men are bound together by a great credit system," says a writer, "the foundation of which is mutual respect and esteem. No man can fight the battle for commercial success single-handed against the world; he must have friends, helpers, supporters, or he will fail."

Aside from the importance of friends as developers of character, they are continually aiding us in worldly affairs. They introduce us to men and women who are in positions to advance our interests. They help us in society by opening to us cultured circles which, without their influence, would remain closed to us. They unconsciously advertise our business or profession by telling people what they know about our latest book, our skill in surgery or medicine, our success in recent law cases, our "clever" invention, or the rapid growth of our business. In other words, real friends are constantly giving us a "boost," and are helping us to get on in the world.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He answered: "I had a friend."

BETTER the rudest work that tells a story or records a fact than the richest without meaning!—RUSKIN.

Books Are Insurance Policies

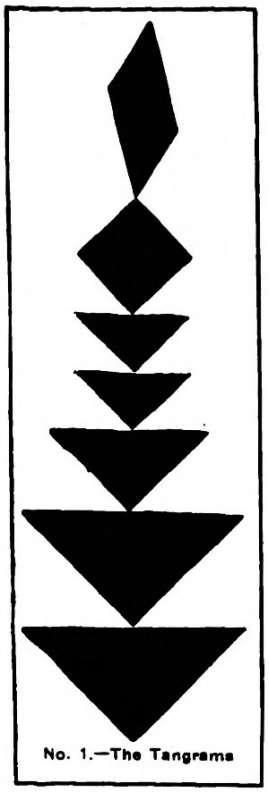
BOOKS are insurance policies, fully paid, and can be cashed at any time. They insure against loneliness, for in a moment we can, in our mind's eye, call in the most delightful company of all the ages. We can revel in the drollery of Sam Weller, or laugh at Mr. Pickwick; hear Tom Sawyer recount his liveliest exploits, or smile indulgently at garrulous Diedrich Knickerbocker. If in a tender mood, we may roam with gentle, grieving Evangeline in search of her lost lover, let our hearts stir in sympathy with Little Nell, or beat in indignation at the persecution of Jean Valjean. If life seems tame and commonplace, one's bookshelf has the policy that provides for the emergency. With Homer we may follow the deeds of the mighty ancient warriors. We may flee to a lonely isle with ever-handy Robinson Crusoe, sail under seas with Captain Nemo, share the romantic savagery of Hiawatha or the last of the Mohicans, explore the frozen seas with Nansen or Peary, or unravel mysteries with Sherlock Holmes. If friends disappoint us, we may turn to those that are ever constant in the pages that have grown dear to us, or we may reassure our doubts of human faithfulness by reading about Damon and Pythias, or Penelope. Insurance against discouragement is found in the life of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Fred Douglass, or Booker T. Washington, any of whom conquered more than can possibly confront us. If we are listless and indifferent, we have but to open a book of the history of the deeds of olden heroes. If we feel the tightening coils of selfishness strangling our good impulses, we may read of those who have given their labor and their lives to help their fellow creatures, and so shame ourselves to higher thinking and more unselfish doing. Thus may our books prove remedies for all our mental ills, each book being an insurance policy against something that, without such a safeguard, would harm us.

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The Wonders of Chinese Tangrams

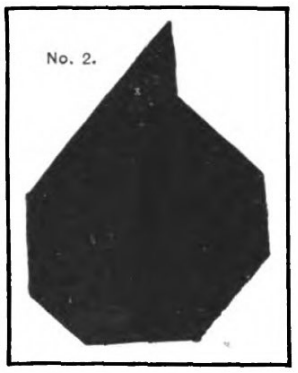
Sam Loyd

[Mr. Sam Loyd is the greatest puzzle expert in the world, and his problems are an intellectual treat. They have attracted the attention of cultivated people all over the world. Mr. Loyd will begin an interesting series of tangram puzzles in the November SUCCESS.—THE EDITOR.]



No. 1.—The Tangrams

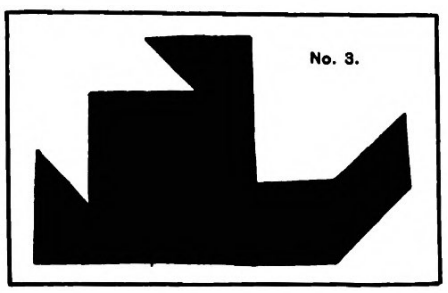
ACCORDING to encyclopedic lore, the game of Tangrams is of very ancient origin, and has been played in China for more than four thousand years, somewhat in the nature of a national pastime. It consists of seven pieces, built upon the geometrical angles of forty-five or ninety degrees, which can be fitted together so as to form almost any known object. Webster's dictionary merely tells us that the pieces are used in our schools for elementary instruction.



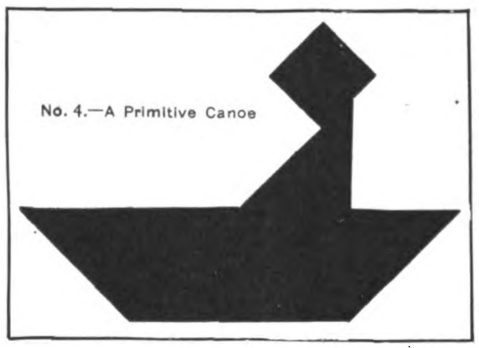
No. 2.

According to Professor Challenor, there are "Seven Books of Tan," containing one thousand figures each, known to have been compiled some four thousand years ago, but that, during a forty years' residence in China, he only succeeded in seeing perfect editions of the first and seventh volumes. He says that the specimens which have been published here in small volumes, in the form of puzzle books, are extracts from a Chinese catechism. The entire work is supposed to illustrate the creation of the world and the origin of species on a plan which out-Darwins Darwin. The progress of the human race is traced through seven stages of development up to a mysterious spiritual state which defies elucidation.

Here are specimens from the first chapter, which may possibly relate to what Huxley would term the era of protoplasm, as they do not represent anything else that I can think of. See cuts Nos. 2 and 3. We next come upon some specimens of primitive stoneware, utensils, and weapons, evidently designed to represent the prehistoric age, as the advance of civilization is cleverly told in the graceful *jardinières* and vases which come later. The progress of architecture is profusely illustrated from the huts of the mound builders and the artistic pagodas and palaces of the Flowery Kingdom. In the matter of naval architecture, we are led by interesting stages from the primitive canoe, as shown in cut No. 4, to the ark, barge, gondola, and junk, which are also represented by Tangrams.



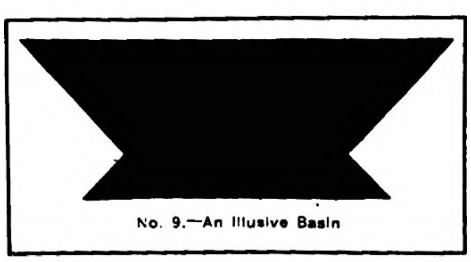
No. 3.



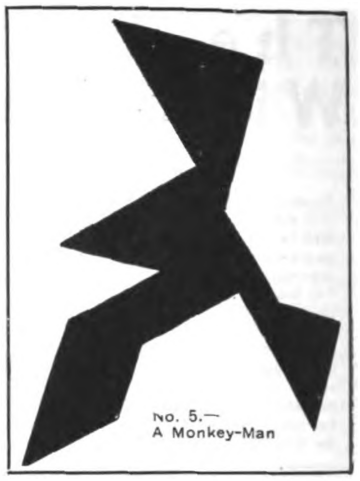
No. 4.—A Primitive Canoe

The main interest of the work centers in the development of species and the connecting links between the different forms of life according to a theory which is more akin to pagan mythology than to the modern theory of evolution. That everything emanates from the god Tan, and is endowed with the seven attributes, to say the least, is unique. That the primitive and imperfect forms are purposely distorted is self-evident from the fact of their being reproduced afterwards with a perfection and regard for the characteristics of the subjects which challenge our admiration. It requires a stretch of the imagination to recognize the intended monkey-man in cut No. 5, or to realize how the same seven attributes could develop into the graceful runner in sketch No. 6. Notice how the young chick is made to develop into a clucking hen in cuts Nos. 7 and 8.

The theory of connecting links between the various forms of life, clearly ante-dates Darwin, Haeckel, and Huxley by some thousands of years, and in a similar way it can be shown that Archimedes, Pythagoras, and Euclid must have known of the second book of Tan, which deals largely in matters of trigonometry and geometry in a way which anticipates the discoveries of those great mathematicians. The famous forty-seventh problem of Euclid, as well as the duplication of the square and the dimensions of the line of hypothenuse are clearly demonstrated in the following utilization of two sets of tangrams which proves that the sum of the squares drawn on the base and the perpendicular of a right triangle are equal to the square drawn on the hypothenuse, and also that the square on the diagonal of any square is double the size of the smaller square.



No. 9.—An Illusive Basin



No. 5.—A Monkey-Man

The puzzle picture is to produce a large square or two smaller ones with the seven tangrams.

Euclid's illustration of re-entering polygons, rhomboids, gnomons, hexagons, triangles, etc., appears in the second book of Tan, and, strange to say, another feature occurs which is worth mentioning. It is known that the lost book of Euclid was devoted to fallacies, tricks, and impossible problems, wherein the pupil was to discover the errors. Much of the second book of Tan is built upon similar lines of fallacies, puzzles, surprises, or illusions. Many of the problems are impossible of solution, or, at least, are beyond the ability of the writer. Others are given on a deceptive scale to deceive the eye, while the most of them, as in the case of the re-entering polygon, introduce the trick of having to turn one of the pieces over. Illusions of a somewhat startling or paradoxical nature are given, like the representation of a basin. See cut No. 9.

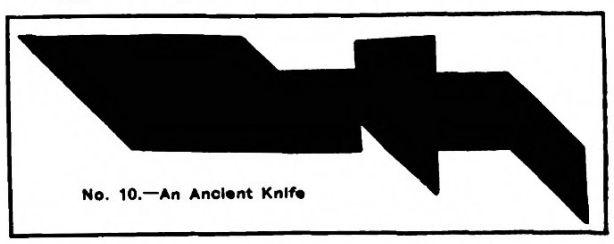
It is worth mentioning that the position or antiquity of many illustrations may be approximately determined from the fact that the turning of the piece, as well as other illusive tricks, does not occur except in the first two volumes. While the antiquity of the forms of the seven pieces can be proven from ancient monuments and inscriptions, which give them perfectly, it can be conclusively shown that the volumes must have been written at different, and—as a matter of fact,—at much later periods. Professor Challenor, who was a lifelong enthusiast on the subject, attempts to give approximately the dates of their appearance, and refers to a popular Chinese saying or proverb which refers to "the fool who is able to write the eighth book of Tan," in support of his argument. This does not altogether harmonize with his elucidation of the scope of the work which connects all of the volumes together as a whole.



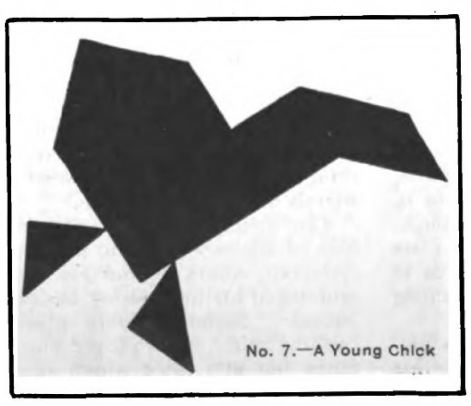
No. 6.—A Graceful Runner

The written language of the Chinese consists of a series of sign words without attempt at alphabetical spelling; so, although it has been shown that the seven tangrams may be combined to form the rudimental words of the language, and some few do occur in printed works, there is no attempt at letter-press description. It is plain to be seen, however, that there is a certain attempt at hieroglyphical narrative, which, from the humorous designs, would suggest proverbs or fables rather than historical incidents. Be that as it may, however, all records of these things were lost ages ago, and there is no hope of gaining any information from Chinese antiquarians.

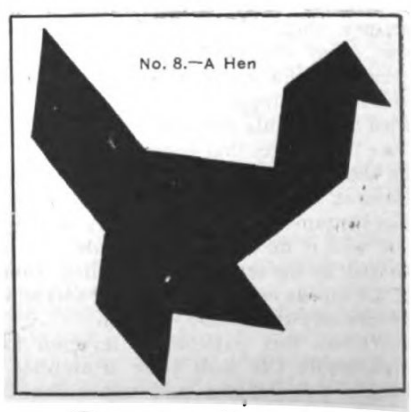
Of course, it is understood that, in the nature of a series of puzzles, each and every one of the designs given constitutes a puzzle in itself, and all lovers of puzzles are advised to take a set of the seven tangrams and work out the problems so as to familiarize themselves with the subject, in view of the interesting prize competition which is to follow in SUCCESS, for the solving of the puzzles and the originating of new designs. I regret that I have not sufficient space here for other illustrations.



No. 10.—An Ancient Knife



No. 7.—A Young Chick



No. 8.—A Hen

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The Supreme Court's New Justice

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S selection of Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes for a seat on the bench of the United States supreme court, causes one to consider again, for a moment, the fact that we have five men in our government with more power than the President, congress and a majority of the sovereign states combined, and that these five men have, in the main, justified the people's confidence in entrusting to them such great power. Indeed, there is only one power in this whole republic to which these five men must bow. That is the ratified command of three-fourths of the states in their several conventions assembled. To invoke this supreme power—the will of three-fourths of the states,—and change the rock-ribbed, sacred constitution of the United States on any subject, is a task so herculean that it has been done only six times since the constitution went into effect in 1789. During all these years, only fifteen changes or amendments were added to the constitution and some of the latter were wrought under the ægis of war.



Oliver Wendell Holmes

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, March 8, 1841.
Graduated from Harvard Law School, 1866.
Served three years in Civil War with Massachusetts Volunteers; wounded at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861; at Antietam, September 17, 1862, and at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.
Editor of "The American Law Review," from 1870–73.
Member of the law firm of Shattuck, Holmes and Munroe, Boston, Massachusetts, from 1873–82.
Appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in 1882, and Chief Justice in 1889.
Appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States on September 16, 1902.
Author of "The Common Law," and editor of the twelfth edition of Kent's Commentaries.

Several Times Its Great Power Was Jeopardized

This inspired document, the greatest structure wrought out by man, according to the late William E. Gladstone, was revered by the American people before the ink upon it was dry. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most luminous of American judges, John Marshall, whose heart was as pure as the ermine he wore, said, in effect, that the constitution subjects every act of congress to the decision of the supreme court. Ten years later, he declared for the supreme court that a state could not annul the Federal states and retire from the Union. In these two undisputed decisions the supreme court rose in power above congress and the individual states themselves. But for Marshall, Jefferson would have nipped in the bud the growing power of this branch of the government. In his first administration two justices were impeached. In the thirties, Andrew Jackson, another powerful executive, defied the august body in his veto of the United States bank bill. In the sixties, Abraham Lincoln, over the head of Chief Justice Taney, ranking next to Marshall as a judge, suspended the writ of habeas corpus in the Dred Scott case. These are the only important instances in which the overwhelming power of the supreme court was jeopardized and popular confidence in it shaken. Its celebrated reversal of itself on the income tax caused many persons to reflect that a supreme court justice is, after all, a human being.

In 1876–7, an electoral commission fashioned after the model of the supreme court, and containing among its members judges of this great court, was appointed to decide whether Samuel J. Tilden or Rutherford B. Hayes should be made president of the United States. The form of that commission, the high character of its members and its judicial proceedings, saved, by its decision, the country from war. This was, perhaps, the highest illustration of popular confidence in the supreme court, which, through Marshall, became "the living voice of the constitution." Having made good its right to be the sole interpreter of the constitution, it has construed it upon all the great questions that have engaged the mind and conscience of this country: states' rights, slavery, the status of the negro and many others. It has even to pass upon such questions as whether a man has a right to build a dam and back the water on his neighbor's farm. It has ground out a library of more than three hundred huge and ponderous volumes of reports. These nine old men, averaging about sixty-five years, have a business of more than seven hundred unheard cases on their docket. So far are they behind in the transaction of their business that it has been suggested and urged that the court be increased to fifteen and made into three subordinate courts. Some of the judges have said in reply: "Do not increase our number. We have the confidence of the people now; more judges, and inevitable cliques and debating societies will cause us to forfeit this well-earned confidence, and the most powerful conservative force in the government will decline."

He Will Defend *the* Rights *of the* Workingmen

But it is the most overworked body in the universe, and two or more of the greatest questions that have ever confronted a democracy, stare it in the face, the relations of capital and labor and the power and right of a republic to acquire and govern territory and people under circumstances for which no hint is given in the constitution. Perhaps never before were the character and capacity of a supreme court justice so important as they now are. In all its history, there has never sat upon this high bench a fool or a knave, but there have been some lawyers of pretty ordinary caliber. The bench now averages higher, perhaps, than ever before in its history. Justice Holmes, we are told, is not a great lawyer; that is to say, he is not a genius, but he was appointed, not elected Chief Justice of Massachusetts, one of the foremost states of the Union in legal learning and talent, and he has eminently justified the appointment. He is a man of broad sympathies and a high exponent of the rights of common humanity. He has made a record as a defender of the rights of laboring men to organize and to seek the ends of such organization, "so long as they do no violence or threaten no violence." This very fact will give the laboring men a confidence they have never had in the supreme court. It remains to be seen what position the new justice may take on questions that must come up hereafter, as regards the government and its insular possessions. Judge Holmes has inherited much of the exquisite gift of expression of his father, the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and is most likely to be read easily and understood in the decisions that he writes. He is what is known as a "careful" man. Justice to him, is one of the rarest qualities of civilization and progress.

The Heroism of Coal Miners

True stories of the intrepidity shown and the sacrifices made by brave men to save the lives of their comrades

F. A. SMINK

IF the black, gleaming nuggets of coal which are known in almost every household in the land could speak, they could tell a stirring, almost incredible story of humanity and heroism. The sacrifices made to bring them from the world's dismal depths, the lives lost, and the homes wrecked, reveal a record of fortitude and intrepidity that rivals the imaginative building of a fictionist.

One morning, with blanched faces, the people of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, stood in groups at street corners. The news had flashed that fire had been discovered in Buckridge Slope, five miles away. Fifty or sixty men were in the mine, and every avenue of escape was cut off. Hundreds hastened to the burning mine, from whose mouth, covered with an improvised litter of timbers and brush, huge volumes of smoke were issuing, marking the headway of the fire that raged hundreds of feet below.

A Mighty Shout Brought *the* Men to Safety

Among those directing the work of fighting the fire was William Booth, the superintendent. His seemingly rigid face failed to conceal his increasing anxiety, and showed how keenly he realized the peril of the three-score men who, by his orders, had gone down the shaft that morning. Even as he reproached himself, there was a mighty shout, and down from over the brow of Big Mountain came the men, an old traveling way having been their means of escape.

They Faced Death with *the* Calmness *of* Truth

The safety of the men assured, the spectators, like the mine officers, thought of other dangers. If the fire were not quenched, the consequent destruction would mean loss of bread to the five hundred men employed there, and destitution for two thousand souls depending on them for support.

Two miles to the east, Greenback Slope's descent is toward the mine, but it was an almost impossible physical feat to "drown out" the flames. The slope afforded better promise. "To Greenback," was the command. Those who passed it knew from experience that only a line pillar separated its lower workings from burning Buckridge. It was decided to drive a tunnel through the pillar.

Six volunteers to make exploration were called for. A hundred responded. Superintendent Booth said that only those who knew the inner workings of the mine would be accepted. The men to make the perilous descent having been selected, the word was given, and down they went, while, beyond the summit, from the mouth of Buckridge, deadly sulphurous gases were being emitted. Two hours passed and nothing was heard from the six volunteers. At the mouth of the mine, other men of experience with willing hearts anxiously waited to follow. At length the expected call came. In response, six more were selected from hundreds of volunteers. Again the throng waited; and, as before, it waited in vain.

From the host of sturdy miners, four men stepped to the front. Decision marked their faces, and that their nerves were steady was proved when they spoke. With hurried glances at their lamps, and extra hitches at their belts, they started on foot down the incline. Behind them a "buggy" slowly followed, its speed regulated by an engineer, whose hand on the lever felt every pulsation of the engine which was soon to bring to the surface every indication of dire tragedy.

***The* Pleadings *of* Their Children Were without Avail**

Down, down, down, those four men slowly wended their way. Then came a sudden halt and hurried glances at one another by the dim light of their lamps. There was no occasion for words. All knew the trouble; and with that knowledge came grim anticipation of the dread fate which had befallen the twelve men who had preceded them.

The mouth of burning Buckridge was closed. Its fans had forced the deadly gas through chinks in the pillar, and Greenback Slope was a charnel house.

"Are they dead?" was the question asked by looks. If not dead, then they must be rescued;

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if dead, then their bodies must be recovered for decent burial.

The four men kept on their downward march, knowing full well their danger. Hark! A moan; and there on the incline lay a comrade, one of the twelve, unconscious. To place him in the "buggy" and give the signal to hoist took but an instant. Up and into the open air the four men went with the comrade they had found. Cheers broke the stillness as they lifted the rescued miner from the wagon. Physicians took charge of the unconscious man, and the four rescuers, with no time for sentiment, turned again to the cavernous opening. Wives entreated them to stay, and children begged them not to go again.

"We know the way," they said. "Our duty is there; we are going."

Down and up, up and down, the four men traveled; and, with additional crews of volunteers, continued. The lives of the second six were saved; but the first six men had passed from unconsciousness to death while their comrades searched.

A Hunt for a Mate in Utter Darkness

John Dillon is alive to-day because, five years ago, a hero comrade wrecked his life to save him. Dillon was a driver-boy, who hauled coal from an upper gangway to the top of a tape chute which opened two hundred feet below in a drift at water level. While dumping the last wagon of a trip of three, he missed his footing and fell headlong down the chute, followed by more than three tons of coal and slate. Three hundred feet down he lay, and the incline that led to his bruised body had a pitch of sixty degrees. James Murphy, one of the men at the tip,—whose inside mining days were over because of miner's asthma,—was a warm friend of the boy. He had often spoken to Dillon of the day when he would be a full-fledged miner, with a "breast" of his own to work. Murphy saw the boy fall. With a glance at his companion of the tip which plainly said, "Send word to the bottom!" he grasped the plank-batteried sides of the chute, braced himself, and, heedless of the cruel rents the splinters tore in his gripping hands, made the plunge. He knew that his comrade at the top had understood his glance, and that no coal was being drawn from the bin. At the bottom he began searching. He had no light. It was a hunt in the blackness of Erebus. He knew where to seek because of the warning that had been sent. As he picked through piece after piece, minute after minute passed. His hand tore fiercely at the jagged coal, and, at length, Murphy felt the flannel of a buried smock. It was but the work of a moment to drag out the bruised and broken form of the boy that he loved.

To get Dillon out of the chute was the next undertaking. The tip man seized a piece of rock and battered on the brattice which separated the traveling way from the chute, with the hope that he could make an opening, but his efforts were successful only in notifying the bottom men that help was needed. Guided by the blows on the brattice, they seized drills and picks, and, with mighty efforts, tore away the planks which separated them from Murphy and Dillon.

Quickly the two were taken to the surface and hurried to their homes. To-day, Dillon is a thorough miner, but Murphy's experience rendered him unfit for manual labor, and "miner's asthma" is slowly ending his life.

Three Doughty Heroes of a Perilous Undertaking

One morning, at three o'clock, James Richards stood at the head of a slope in the Schuylkill region, ready to go down to see if the mines were free from gas and safe for the workmen to enter. After muttering "Good-by" to the free air of the mountains, he stepped on the wagon which carried him into the dark and dangerous openings below. He had taken a similar journey hundreds of times, and there was nothing unusual in this one. He was an experienced "fire boss," and had hunted the deadly mine gas for years. Many times had his chalk marked a breast where danger lurked, and as many times had his early trips saved precious lives.

When he arrived at the bottom, he began his perilous trip through gangways and breasts in which no work had been done for three days, for the mines were being worked on half time. Up one breast, through the heading into the next, and so on until a whole side had been traversed, he found himself in a pump house where two men, named Jones and Morgan, were at work, the only living beings in those subterranean passages besides himself and the rats which always

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Susie M. Best

Bear this equipment:—Courage in your soul,
Strength in your arm and honor in your heart;
Then labor ceaselessly to learn the part
You wish to play. Success you'll soon control.

infest a mine. A greeting was given, and then off went Richards, up and down the other side. His safety lamp cast weird and uncanny shadows as he flashed it here and there, or it glimmered fitfully as he stopped to "brush" a trace of gas he found at the face of a breast.

He was near the bottom of an abandoned opening, when there was a sudden flash. Richards knew its meaning. He leaped down the incline and was followed by a mountain of flame and a deafening roar which echoed through the long air passages. He ran, pursued by the tongues of fire, conscious of a danger which threatened, fearful of a greater explosion, and fully aware of the afterdamp. But his danger was more imminent than he reckoned. The burning gas had ignited the timbers, and the fire was leaping forward. The "fire boss" was in its way, and, as he fled, he racked his tortured brain to recall some haven where he would be safe. An inspiration flashed upon him. The sump! He sprang into its grimy waters, more than thirty feet in depth, and sank.

Happily he retained consciousness, and, as he rose to the surface, he clutched a drifting plank and kept himself afloat. Above him he saw the flames dancing from place to place. The coal was igniting, and he could feel the heat grow more intense.

In the great agony of his despair, he gave one cry.

The pump men, from whom he had so recently parted, had heard the explosion. Surmising that the "fire boss" was in danger, they had reached the burning breast and gangway when Richards called again. It was a piercing, anguished cry, that told them that he was still alive.

Through the hissing flames they ran to the sump.

By the light of the fire behind them they saw him, but they could not reach him. To stay would mean death. The signal cord was within reach. By touching it they could be hoisted to safety, but Richards would be left to his fate.

"Richards Must be Saved!" Was Their Cry

The men of the anthracite mines are made of other stuff. Richards must be saved, if they could save him, or all three would share the same fate. Men act quickly under such circumstances. The lines of a set of harness hung on a peg close by. One of the men seized them and threw an end to Richards. It fell short. Both tried again, with the same result. Jones, the lighter of the two men, tied the harness around his waist, and, saying only, "Hold on tight, Tom," clambered over the side of the sump into the water. Morgan took a turn of the strap around the leg of a set of timber, and paid out the slack, until Jones had reached Richards, who was almost exhausted. A new terror next presented itself. The great pumps, at the top, had been steadily working, and their suction kept the waters in constant motion. Morgan was unable to draw up the two men, but, as he tried, he noticed that the strap was fraying by contact with the rough edges of the sump.

Behind him was a burning grave; in front of him a breaking strap, the parting of which would mean the death of his two comrades. He looked about him, his face haggard with despair, but his jaws were set with an unalterable resolve. In that last piercing glance, his gaze fastened upon the mouthpiece of a speaking tube, not more than a yard away.

By a supreme effort he approached so closely that he was able to speak into it. Up the slope went a message which made the engineer at the top grasp his hoisting lever as he had never grasped it before. The monster engines were set in motion; and, meanwhile, he was communicating the news to several men who were on the top. The engines were at work, and on the descending wagon were six men, going to the rescue of the three below. It was a hazardous undertaking, but it was successfully accomplished. Richards, Jones and Morgan seldom refer to those few moments of horror; but, when they do, involuntary shudders seem to seize them.

Hugh Brennan was the inside stable boss at the bottom of a shaft in an upper district. One morning, in 1892, while feeding and grooming his charges, he was startled to see the "fire boss" running for the cage, and to hear him call, "Come on, Brennan, the mine is on fire!" Without waiting, the "fire boss" rang to be hoisted to the top, and he was almost out of sight before Brennan could fully realize his own danger.

He was alone in the shaft, with only his mules for companions, and the "fire boss" had said that the mine was on fire. It was true. Back in the darkness of the main gangway of the bottom lift, a myriad tiny sparks sparkled hither and yon. Crackling sounds could be heard, and from the depths came slight detonations, as small pockets of gas exploded. As Brennan realized the situation, he heard the cage descending. He felt that he was safe. In a moment more he would be at the top. He turned to rush for the bottom, when he saw the mules. In that second, his decision was changed. He must save the dumb beasts; with them lay his duty. They, too, had scented danger. The hissing noises of the burning timbers were becoming louder, the flames were brighter, and there was a deep rumbling in the distance, while, nearer and nearer, the fire was approaching the stable.

He Struggled through a Whirlwind of Deadly Gas

Brennan knew that near him was an abandoned breast, full of gas. As he was calculating the chances, he was hurrying two of the animals to the cage, and, when they were on, he pulled the cord. It was responded to without delay, for the engineer above thought only of Brennan, until a message came through the speaking tube:—

"I'm sending up the mules; keep the cage going. Can you send me help?"

The engineer—a brave man, too,—stood aghast as he learned the courage of Brennan. His voice trembled as he answered:—

"I'm alone here. Better come up."

But he kept the cage going. Each trip brought two mules to the surface, until all were safe in the upper stables. It had taken nearly half an hour.

Half an hour in a burning mine seems as long as a lifetime in the open air. The moving of the mules had held the attention of Brennan and kept him strong in his resolve. The heat was intense; the atmosphere was thick, with a blue, sickly dampness; the flames seemed little elfins mocking him in his struggle to keep his brain from reeling. In that moment he thought of the woman he had made his wife a score of years before, the woman he loved, the mother of the children whom he never expected to see again. In his heart there welled a torment of distress that he was to be cut off from those he loved by a power whose force would not be spent till every timber of the shaft should be wrenched from its place, and all the symmetry of gangway, breast, heading, and air passage destroyed. Strong as he was, brave as he was, tears started from his dimming eyes and partly blinded his sight.

He was conscious that the awful moment was near when the whole towering mountain would be rent by an explosion. Already, around the timbers of the mine's mouth, the flames were traveling. Brennan gazed up the shaft opening. He was no longer himself. Strange noises filled his ears, and a cruel weakness fell upon his limbs as the cage came within range of his dulled vision.

He saw it, and made a move to reach it, at the same time giving the signal. Up went the cage, but without an occupant. Brennan had fallen unconscious on the ground.

Not One Man Would Swerve from Duty

Great was the surprise when the few at the top saw the empty cage. They looked blankly at one another, and at the yawning mouth of the shaft. They knew something had gone wrong with Brennan, and, quietly but swiftly, three of them took their places upon the waiting cage.

"We will go, boys; we are single and have no families. Good-by, if we don't see you again! Listen for the bell!"

The great sheave wheels in the tower revolved. They seemed to be creaking out a requiem. The men felt that they were facing death, but not one swerved from his duty.

They found Brennan at the bottom, where he had fallen. They knew there was no time to waste. * * * As he was being placed in an ambulance at the top, there was a quivering, trembling, and shaking of the mountain; and from the mouth of the shaft came great volumes of thick, white, sulphurous and deadly smoke. The fire had encountered gas.

"Brennan?" He is the inside stable boss still.

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Winning in Out-of-the-Way Places

SAMUEL J. GALLAGHER

LESS than twenty years ago, Frank D. Bull, then a bright lad of thirteen years of age, sold newspapers at the Brooklyn ferries, and did errands and other odd jobs. His parents were very poor, and he was obliged to support himself. He despaired, after a time, of winning his way in the city, and so found work on a farm in western New York. When he had saved a little money, he made his way to Memphis, which, someone told him, was a thriving city. There he obtained employment in a dry-goods store. But the work proved distasteful to him, and, at the end of a year, he decided to push westward. When he reached Opal, Wyoming, his money was gone and he had to leave the train. He borrowed a dollar, with which he paid for a lodging and two meals. Fortune began to smile upon him at this point, but he did not then realize what it meant, as he does to-day. He got a job as a sheep-herder, and for months worked hard to get money for a start. It was a lonely life. The ground was his bed, the sky his covering, and the sheep and dogs his only companions. His food was *cached* for him at different places on the ranch, and, for weeks at a time, he did not see a human being. There was no opportunity for him to spend money, and, though he earned little, he saved it all. After months of this kind of life, his employer gave him a pair of mustangs which he broke to harness.

He then felt encouraged to strike out on his own account, and, having received what was due him, he drove to Big Piney Creek, at the foothills of the Rockies, where he staked out one hundred and sixty acres under the homestead act, and another one hundred and sixty acres under the tree act. Then he sent for his father, and the latter "took up" as much more, making, in all, six hundred and forty acres for their ranch. They slept on the ground for six or seven weeks, at the end of which time they had built a log house, the timber for which they had to haul thirty miles. This done, young Bull, with the money he had saved, bought a few head of cattle, and, leaving his father to look out for affairs on the ranch, he hired out to a neighboring cattleman. He worked two years as a cowboy, mastering all the details of his vocation, and then went back to his own acres. Elk and deer were plentiful in the Big Piney region, and soon Bull conceived the idea of making an elk and deer park in one corner of his ranch. The animals were wild and hard to capture. Expert as he was in throwing the lariat, they often eluded him; but he kept at work, and, in a twelve-month, he had a herd of nearly a hundred elk and deer. Meantime, he had corresponded with gentlemen interested in public or private parks, and found that they were eager to make purchases. His singular industry has since been steadily profitable.

Rocco Marasco, an Italian lad fifteen years old, landed at Castle Garden in May, 1878, with less than five dollars in his pocket. He had come from Naples to join his stepfather, but was told, when he stepped ashore, that the latter had died a few days before the boy's arrival. Friends of the dead man took him home with them, and, in two days, he bought a bootblack's kit on credit. He took his stand in Whitehall Street, near the ferries, and, with no English but "shine" and "tena centa," he began his new life. He was frugal and thrifty, and, at the end of his first year, had a snug sum in the bank. Then one of his customers, who had taken a lively interest in him, got him a place as a bootblack on one of the Staten Island ferryboats. Thereafter it was plain sailing. He made money from the start, and, at the same time, thought out a plan by which he made his fortune, for he had been only a short time on the boats when he decided that there would be good profit for a man in paying a ferry company for the bootblacking privilege on all its boats, and in hiring boys to do the work. The more he thought of it, the more promising it seemed to him, and he set to work with a will to get money enough to back an offer to the Staten Island Ferry Company. He disclosed his plan only to the friend who had obtained for him a place on the boat, and the latter offered to help him when he should be ready to begin. He decided, after two years on the boats, that he had money enough for his purpose, and a formal proposition was made to the company for the bootblacking privilege. It was accepted, and the penniless waif of three years before became a capitalist and employer of labor.



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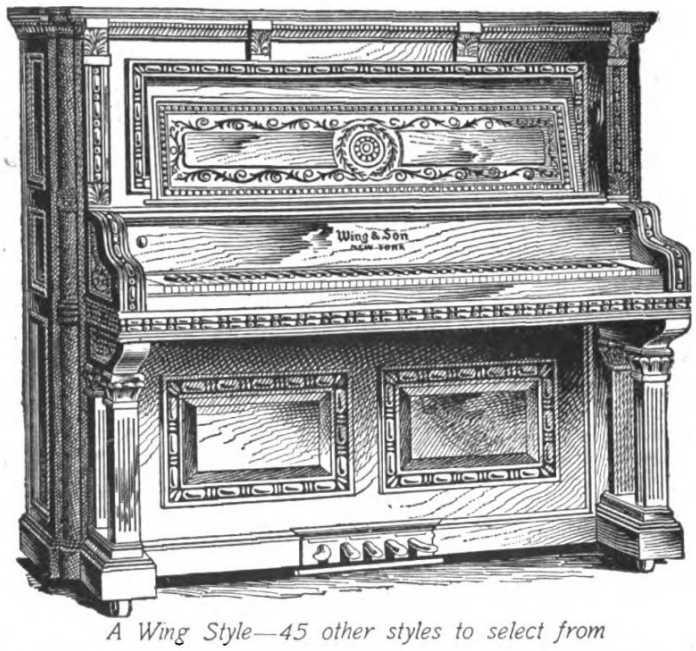
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1868—34th YEAR—1902

THE WEALTH OF ECONOMY.—II.

WILLIAM MATHEWS

IT is gratifying to know that some of the world's greatest men have been the sworn foes of waste, and have looked sharply after their own expenditures. Dante places the spendthrift in the same circle of hell as the miser. Lord Bacon held that, when it is necessary to economize, it is better to look after petty savings than to descend to petty gettings. Washington scrutinized the smallest outgoings of his household, determined to avoid every bit of needless waste. Carlyle, whose early struggles with "those twin gaolers of the human soul, low birth and an iron fortune," early taught him the value of economy, was a determined saver. Among the incidents exemplifying this trait, a friend of his relates that, one day, as the great Scotchman approached a street crossing, he suddenly stopped, and, stooping down, picked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages in the street. Brushing off the mud with his hands, he placed the substance on a clean spot on the curbstone. "That," said he, in a tone which his friend says was as sweet and in words as beautiful as he ever heard, "is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by my mother never to waste,—and, above all else, bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure that the little sparrows, or a hungry dog, will derive nourishment from that bit of bread."

In spite of these noble examples of economy, there are some persons who scorn to stoop to petty savings, which they regard as beneath their dignity and savoring of meanness. Meanness! to do what these great men did,—nay, more, what our Savior did, and what God in nature is doing every day! It is pitiful to think that these proud despisers of thrift are often, by their lack of it, plunged into debt, and thereby driven to do the shabbiest things imaginable. Christ was an economist, as the answer given by Him to Judas shows, when, from a selfish motive, the betrayer objected to the profusion of costly ointment poured by the Magdalene on the Master's head. The question, "Why this waste?" our Savior did not rebuke as unreasonable, but explained that this was an exceptional case to which the words were inapplicable. Several incidents show that the sight of waste pained Him. Even when displaying His infinite power to the multitude, He taught the needful lesson of economy. After feeding thousands miraculously, with the loaves and fishes, He directs that the fragments be gathered up, so that "nothing may be lost."

Nature knows no waste; she is the most rigid of economists. The autumn leaves are not squandered, but enrich the soil from which the trees draw nourishment; and the bodies of the dead fatten the soil of Sadowa and Antietam for the future seedtime. In the wondrous metamorphoses going on at every moment throughout the universe, there is change, (as from force to heat, and from heat to force,) but never a particle of loss. The ascending smoke returns to earth in refreshing showers, and the noxious carbon exhaled by every human body ministers to the life and vigor of plants.

Science protests, trumpet-tongued, against every form of waste. She has taught men to utilize the chemicals in the smoke that issues from the chimneys of reduction works, and has put a value on the soot that lines the inside of chimneys, and on the slag and cinders from the furnace. She has discovered a use for the hair, horns, hoofs, blood,—indeed, for every part of a slaughtered ox; a use, of utility or beauty, for every species of fungus, for the sweepings of cotton and flax mills, for the outside wrappers of cotton bales, for field weeds, thistles, and grass, for the stalks of reeds and canes, sawdust and fine shavings, moss and furze, and even the odors exhaled from certain processes of manufacture. Modern ingenuity has enabled men to convert old written parchments into fine kid gloves; to transform fish-scales into brooches and bracelets, and even to use the blood of bugs for a dye in place of the cochineal insect. It has enabled men to convert rotten potatoes and damaged grain into starch; to use mahogany dust for smoking fish, and box dust for cleaning jewelry; to convert the waste liquors of soap and stearin candles into glycerine; to utilize the charred husks of the grape and the residue of the wine-press, in making blacks for the choice inks used in copper-plate printing, and to convert the sediment of wine-casks into cream of tartar; to use sandal-

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wood for filling scent sachets, and to transform horseshoe nails into the finest gun-barrels.

It is said that, such is the economy of the French, who are consummate masters of this art, nothing is ever thrown away or lost in their metropolis. The fallen leaves of the Palais Royal Garden, in Paris, are sold for many thousand francs, for manure. Of the dead leaves of the Tuileries Gardens, which are highly prized, by horticulturists, because many of them are from plane-trees, that form a valuable covering for seed-plots, from eighty to one hundred cart loads are sold annually. The leaves of the Luxembourg Garden are carefully saved, to be used in winter for covering tropical plants. Finally, the leaves of the Champs Elysées and other promenades are sent to Passy to be used in the government hothouses there.

It is said that, after a large stained-glass window had been constructed for a cathedral in Europe, an artist put together, out of the discarded odds and ends, a window of consummate beauty for another cathedral.

It is gratifying, amid our general wastefulness in this country, to note that one of our great railroads has just set an example of minute economy in its running expenses. Charles Hayward, the head of the supply department of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, we are told, has just introduced a measure by which he expects to save some twenty-five thousand dollars a year in its expenses. He estimates that five hundred dollars' worth of pencils have been wasted every year by employees who have to write and make figures. Pen-points, which have been thrown away when weak, the employees are now required to re-vitalize by putting them into a flame. Shopmen, machine-men, and engine-cleaners are now required to save their used waste, which is cleaned and restored for further use. To facilitate these savings, a car is employed, called "The Economy Special," which, every sixty days, visits all the stations on both divisions of the road. At each office the inspector checks up the supplies on hand, notes what is needed, and gathers in the old waste, bent pins, twisted links, and other things that have lost their value in the service. The old pins and links, if too badly out of shape, are sold as old iron. These petty savings of a single road aggregate an amount well worth looking after; but, if made by all the railroads in the country, they would form a sum of money large enough to build a first-class railroad of respectable length, and marvelously to exemplify "the wealth of economy."

The Teacher's Highest Reward

ONLY a small part of a true teacher's recompense goes to him in his check or monthly payment for services. There is an impalpable reward for a successful instructor with which the coarse dollar cannot compare.

The consciousness that he has given his pupil something that will make his home brighter, his ideals finer, his life happier, brings with it an uplift of heart which is of more value to him than many times the amount of his salary. The realization that the pupil feels that something of worth has touched him, that his ambition has been aroused is payment, indeed.

What is money, compared with the consciousness that you have opened a little wider the door of some narrow life, that you have let in the light of opportunity, have shown the boy or girl that there is something in existence worth striving for? What is salary compared with the thought that you have made the dull boy feel, perhaps for the first time, that there is possible success for him that he is not quite the dunce he has been taught to believe himself? What is financial reward pitted against the glow of hope that has been kindled in the breast of the youth who never before was encouraged to do his best? Is there anything more precious in this world than to gain the confidence, love, and friendship of the boys and girls under your care, who pour out their secrets to you, and tell you freely of their hopes and ambitions?

As a rule, a teacher's salary is pitifully mean and small when compared with the magnitude of the task entrusted to him,—the shaping of the destinies of thousands of young lives,—and it is greatly to the honor of the teaching body that so many of its members give of their very best to their pupils without any thought of the wholly inadequate pecuniary compensation they receive.

A conscientious, successful teacher performs for his pupils and his country a service whose value can never be measured by dollars and cents.

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The secret lies in controlling the minds of men. How to make others believe in you, trust you, and do what you wish,—this is what you must learn. To be sure, few will learn it but those who also work hard and tell the truth. These come *first*,—but they are not *all*.

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▲ ▲

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A VASSAR graduate of 1899, Miss Helen D. Thompson, is turning her knowledge of sanitation and social work to the advantage of a whole community at Orange, New Jersey, where she has been made sanitary inspector. Her efforts to instruct people in unsanitary surroundings in better ways of living have met with success where men have failed in their attempts.

▲ ▲

A CRIPPLED dwarf died, recently, in the East Side, New York City, mourned by a whole neighborhood. Kate McCarthy, eighteen years old, had not grown since she was eight, owing to a spinal injury. She was an orphan, too, and poor, but she gave sunshine to all she knew. She invented and directed games for the children of her neighborhood, cheered many adults, and was the life of the district in which she lived.

▲ ▲

MOSES LEONARD FRAZIER, the only negro who was ever graduated from the School of Political Science in Columbia University, New York City, is a shining light. He has been graduated from three colleges, conducts a real estate business and finds time to manage a barber shop. He is a Master of Philosophy, a Bachelor of Philosophy, a Master of Arts and an inventor. Mr. Frazier was born in 1860, and he was thirty-five years old before he had earned sufficient money to enable him to enter college.

▲ ▲

A PHILADELPHIA newsboy whose face has become familiar to those who pass in the vicinity of Eighth and Chestnut Streets, recently disappeared from his post of trade, and his absence brought forth a number of questions from his patrons. To their surprise, they learned that he had become an architect, and had shown such aptitude for that profession that he had been taken into the office of one of the best-known firms in the city. The money he had earned in selling newspapers had been spent in studying architecture in the evenings.

▲ ▲

IN spite of poverty, Miss Frances Knight has won success as an opera singer in just five years. By her father's death, she and four sisters were left to battle for themselves. Miss Frances was a diminutive, eighteen-year-old girl in Nebraska City, Nebraska, with a fine soprano voice, when she heard of a contest for a musical scholarship in Chicago. She borrowed the money for a railroad ticket, arriving in Chicago with six dollars and one dress. She was victorious in the contest, thus providing herself with two years' free instruction. Still she had to earn her living, so she acted as cashier of a golf club, and also worked in offices. To get practice-time, she rose at 5 A. M. and often worked until midnight.

▲ ▲

A FEW years ago, Miss Rosa Weiss was poor, but also ambitious: now, she is an M. D., and has a lucrative practice. She asked her brother to send her to college. He told her that he could not afford to do that, but, giving her five cents, jestingly said to her, "Go on that!" She saw wonderful possibilities in that nickel. With it she bought a yard of calico from which she made a sunbonnet. Selling the sunbonnet for twenty-five cents, she bought material for bonnets and aprons. In this way several dollars were realized. Her brother, pleased with her thriftiness, gave her some land, which she planted to sweet potatoes, cultivating it with the assistance of a small boy. The products of the first year, brought her forty dollars. Later, she entered a state educational institution where she remained until she graduated with honor. During the course, she received some assistance from an aid society, all of which was repaid. Miss Weiss entered the medical college at Baltimore, Maryland, where she paid her tuition by nursing, and was graduated from there with honor. She is now a practicing physician in Meridian, Mississippi, near her former home, and her income is a good one.

▲ ▲

ED. HAMILTON, of Richmond, Indiana, a modest, unassuming youth of nineteen, is the inventor of an electrical mail box that will add much to the convenience of rural mail delivery. The invention consists of a small box having two lines of wire to extend from the rural mail box to the farmhouse. Power to move the mail carrier is supplied by two small batteries. The machine starts automatically when letters are placed in the box, which speeds to the house, where it rings a bell to announce its arrival, and then deposits the mail. The box returns to the roadside, where it remains until more mail arrives. By touching a button the box may be brought back to the house, and letters placed in it and sent to the roadside to await the arrival of the postman. As the box is of simple construction, its cost is moderate and within the reach of any farmer. The young inventor, when quite a small boy, displayed rare skill by inventing a number of practical electrical devices. He has never received any special training in electricity. A fire alarm, for use on barns and empty buildings situated at a distance from the homes of the owners, and an electrical heater for street cars have also been recently patented by Mr. Hamilton. He has already been offered a guarantee royally on his patents.

▼ ▼

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An Interview With Paul Kruger

Harry Steele Morrison



PAUL KRUGER

PAUL KRUGER, formerly president of the South African Republic, the "grand old man" of the Transvaal, is still one of the world's picturesque persons of conspicuous prominence. I had the pleasure of visiting him, recently, at his home in Utrecht, Holland. It was a visit that I shall never forget.

Everybody in Utrecht knows Mr. Kruger's house. It is situated about five blocks from the railway station, and is a modest two-story, cement-faced structure,—one of a row of similar design, with gable end fronting the long, narrow street, and the door opening directly from the sidewalk. In response to a ring of the bell, the door was opened by a maid who ushered me into the front room on the lower floor, which is used for a reception room. In this apartment I had a preliminary interview with a private secretary, a not inconsiderable part of whose duties it is to see that visitors with no other object than to gratify mere curiosity are permitted to gracefully retire from the premises. My "passports"—letters of introduction from his personal friends,—proving satisfactory, it was but a short time before I was asked to enter Mr. Kruger's presence.

The room to which the private secretary accompanied me was the one in the rear of the reception room, but it was reached by a passage through the hall instead of through a partition door. In a large armchair beside a good-sized library table, holding in his hand a heavy cane, and clad in a gray suit, sat the "grand old man" of the Transvaal. He glanced up quickly, as I entered, and then his chin sank upon his chest. Upon introduction, he extended his arm for a handshake, then motioned me to a convenient chair, and opened the conversation himself. It is said that he does not rise from his chair unless it is absolutely necessary. As we shook hands, the grim-visaged countenance assumed a kindly expression, the keen eyes softening in appearance from a natural look of severity to one of confidence and cordiality.

The portrait of Paul Kruger which has become so familiar to the public that almost any child-artist can delineate his features is a very good one, but it makes him appear older and less attractive than he really is. In his photographs, the homely features of the man are forced upon one's notice. When, however, he began to speak to me, I forgot the unprepossessing features, the large hands, and the feet that might almost be described as tremendous, and also forgot the plainness of the homely room, the walls of which were unadorned, except for a few engravings.

One of the first things I noticed in the room, probably because of its unusual size, was a mammoth cuspidor. On the table at Mr. Kruger's right hand was a large Dutch pipe, a bottle of mineral water, a Bible, and several bundles of papers and letters, indicating a voluminous correspondence. I noticed that his left thumb was missing, and recalled the story of how he amputated it in a forest, after it had been mangled

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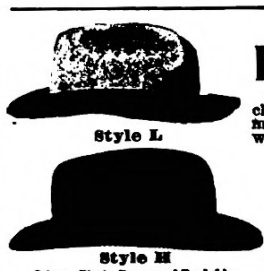
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during a fight with a lion. He has never made any attempt to hide the defect when posing for his photograph, though some persons have accused him of so doing. It is a part of his personality.

Mr. Kruger is somewhat deaf, yet those accustomed to converse with him do not find it necessary to talk very loud. I had been told, in London, that he does not speak English, yet he greeted me in that language, and during the interview he spoke it quite well. He understands it even better, but prefers conversing in Dutch whenever possible.

Paul Kruger is not educated in "company manners," and he is not finished in small talk. He speaks as a man having something to say, and people would listen to him anywhere. The ruggedness of his words is attractive, and he at once convinces a listener that he is very much in earnest. One is forced to believe in him, whether or not he believes in his theories. Mr. Kruger triumphs over his lack of culture and education, over his awkwardness, his blindness, and his deafness; for, when he talks, one listens and realizes that he is in the presence of a man possessing that wonderful spark which God has implanted in natural rulers of the earth.

"So you're an American," he said, gruffly, "and you've been to England to see the coronation! It is too bad it didn't take place on the day first appointed. I am sorry; really, very sorry. It was a disappointment to a great many people. It also caused a great loss of money."

Paul Kruger was sincere when he said he was sorry that Edward VII. was not crowned on the day set for the ceremony. I could not imagine him saying anything that he did not mean.

He said "America," and then there was a half-minute pause. "You must have a great land there," he continued. "I have heard about it from Dr. Leyds and Herr Fischer. I once thought I, too, would go there, but now it is of no use. I am old, much too old to travel."

As this old man spoke, it seemed to me that he must be lonely. As I thought of his wife and children buried in the Transvaal, and of the home he had left there, I asked, "Don't you expect to return to South Africa?" He shook his head sadly. "No," he said, "not now. I have sometimes wished myself there, since I came to Europe, but it was not thought best for me to go. I was too old to go with the *commandoes*, like President Steyn, and they thought I would do more good here. I don't know what good I have accomplished. All efforts for arbitration failed, and now they have signed peace terms. There is nothing to make me want to return. Everything will be changed, and *die land* is free no longer. It is better that I should end my days here."

Bitter disappointment echoed in every word. He had come to Europe with the hope of persuading some government to attempt arbitration in behalf of the Boers, and every door had been shut in his face. The purpose of his trip had failed, and, more bitter than all else for his lion heart, he had been accused of fleeing from a victorious enemy. Before the world he appears as the chief victim of a national calamity. His people have lost their freedom in a war brought about under his leadership. With unyielding faith in the justice of their cause, he had bidden the Boers to fight on against overwhelming numbers, even as the triumph of might over right appeared the more inevitable.

"You have been warmly received on the Continent," I said, "and the people have shown their friendliness, even if the governments have been cold."

Mr. Kruger looked at his hands folded motionless upon his great body. "Yes," he said, "the people have brought me addresses and presented me wreaths. The people meant well, and I appreciate their kindness, but I did not come to Europe to be lionized. I came to seek arbitration to save for my people their independence, but it was of no use. I have had no interest in anything else, and had no other object in coming here."

"No well-informed person believes that you had any other object," I said, but Mr. Kruger made no acknowledgment of the compliment. I now understand well why he is so disappointing to superficial persons. He is averse to anything that savors of flattery.

"In America," he said, after a moment's silence, "we have had many friends, yet I believe the people have listened chiefly to the British side. We may have had our faults, and we may have done wrong in declaring war, but any fair-



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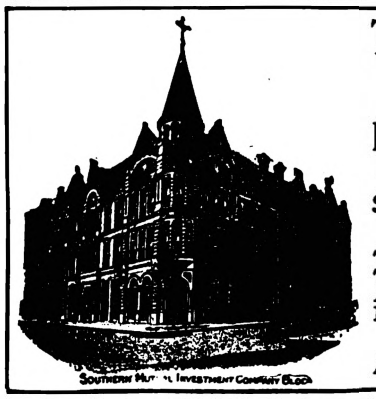
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minded man can see that we were driven to it. I am willing that time should judge between us. We wanted only justice, and we have been slaughtered. But it will all come right in the end. God is still with us: He will not desert his people."

Mr. Kruger believes what he reads in the Bible, and he has great faith in the invincibility of right. "God's victory always comes in His own good time," he said. In witnessing his still unflinching faith in God's will, I thought that he could not be altogether unhappy. He did not gloat over British defeats in the early days of the war, and he has by no means given up hope for his country, now that the war has ended in favor of the British, whose victory he made no effort to minimize. "They have accomplished their chief end," he remarked, after I had described to him some of the peace celebrations in England, "but time will tell. The Lord chastiseth His people, but He returns to them again."

He seemed interested in hearing about the decorations for the coronation; but, as I spoke of the crowds, reference being made to the numerous royal guests in London, and of the scene in St. Paul's Cathedral on what was to have been Coronation Day, the magnificence of the great edifice and the solemnity of the intercession service, he said: "It is all form. The prayers of the plain peasantry will have more effect. No doubt the king will get well. They say he is a strong man, with a vigorous constitution."

When I asked him if he was satisfied with the peace terms, he said, with considerable emphasis, "I would not be satisfied with any terms which took away the liberty of my people." Then he added, "I will not criticise the men in the field, who have agreed to the terms. No doubt the conditions accepted were the best to be obtained."

Paul Kruger's religious faith is a great comfort to him. His conviction that God reigns is sincere. "You are a young man," he said to me; "you will live to see strange happenings. The map of the world will not be the same when you die as it is now, for every year God is working out His ends among the nations. The strongest now may be the weakest in the end, for the oppressed are bound to be free."

"The mill of God grinds slowly," he continued. "We cannot see into the future, and it is good we cannot. But we can trust that all will be well when we know we are right, for the right must win in the end, whatever the odds. Now that the peace terms have been signed I want my people to remain in the Transvaal, and be good citizens just as they have always been. I am not afraid that they will be swallowed up by the foreigners. Their patriotism will not allow them to lose their nationality. They always will be Boers."

One must see and talk with Mr. Kruger to get at the heart of his great sorrow, and he must be seen several times before one can begin to know much of his personality. As confirmation of what he had to say, he continually quoted Bible verses while I was with him, showing a remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures. It is said that the Bible is his only book for recreation and for solace.

Listening to him as he reverently repeated passage after passage of the Bible, it was easy to imagine him a lineal descendant of a Dutch burgher, who had imbibed the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers while they were sojourning at Leyden under the ministry of John Robinson.

"You can make of life what you will," he said, "but be sure you know God's word and live up to it according to your belief. That is the only safe road, and, if you make mistakes and are repentant, you will be forgiven. We all make them. You may have some wonderful experiences ahead of you in your life, and you may have what the world calls a great career, but in the end you will go back to where you began and have as little as at your birth. Then, if you've had faith, so much the better for you. The things which are great to you now will eventually be of no account. Titles are empty, and achievements are worthless, unless they be to the glory of God."

That "grand old man" of Great Britain, William E. Gladstone, made a profound impression upon me when I talked with him in his library at Hawarden Castle, and I left the presence of Pope Leo with tears in my eyes, but at no other time have I felt as I did while looking at and listening to Paul Kruger. He sat in his chair like some patriarch of old, speaking words of wisdom, and I felt that I was in the presence of one of the really powerful personalities of our

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time. If he lives, he may retire to some place even more quiet and remote than Utrecht. It is to be hoped that he will live until the animosities of war have disappeared. Then he will be dispassionately judged and be recognized as one of the most remarkable figures of the century and appreciated at his true worth. Paul Kruger may well be regarded as the chief representative of a race of which it has been truly said that no other people, not of British descent, ever offered such favorable material for conversion into loyal subjects as did these South Africans when they came by conquest under British rule. In the future, the people of England will doubtless appreciate the hardy and courageous descendants of those whose wagon wheels first carried the seeds of civilization into the wilds of South Africa, and realize that a real and lasting peace will be established. Mr. Kruger is not the man to place any obstacles in the way. He regards the result of the war as the handiwork of God.

He spoke one sentence during my interview that should be printed in every English newspaper. "By sympathy and appreciation," he said, "they can do anything with my people; but by coercion and violence they cannot accomplish anything."

Looking once more at the modest residence of the ex-president, as I walked down the street, the thought occurred to me that, if Mr. Kruger has the great wealth with which he is credited, there are no evidences of it in or about that house. He lives as economically in Utrecht as he lived upon the farm, and one cannot readily believe the stories that he left the Transvaal with several million pounds.

The family is composed of Mr. Kruger, a daughter and her husband, with their two children, a boy aged ten years and a girl aged eight years, the private secretary, and a maid.

Paul Kruger has often been compared to Abraham Lincoln. He has piety and humor, as did the former war president of the United States, the earnestness of character, the sense of a call to do things, and unquailing fortitude. He is single-minded, courageous, and gruff. He has no charm of manner, and knows nothing of what is called society, yet a departing visitor cannot but feel that he has been in the presence of a great man.

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HOW PRODIGAL most young people are of their physical and mental forces! How little they appreciate their value!

On every hand we see young men and women squandering their vital energy, as if a perpetual supply were insured,—as if the fountain of youth would never run dry. They fling away their force as wastefully as the waters of a spring flood overflow into the surrounding country. But, when the flood-tide of youth is past,—when they begin tc feel the dryness of age,—they realize the preciousness of what they squandered so recklessly.

In some places where the water supply is abundant in spring, the streams dry up completely in summer. The only possible way of securing power to work the mills in such places is to store the water of the spring floods by means of dams.

Even so the great floods of mental and physical force come to us in the spring of youth. The drain upon them begins in middle or later life. If men had a higher regard for their energy, there would be less occasion for the report that when they reach middle life employers cannot use them.

Let the man who has to make his fortune in life remember this maxim: Attacking is the only secret. Dare, and the world always yields; or, if it beat you sometimes, dare it again and it will succumb.—THACKERAY.

God is active, and out of His activity He formed all creatures. As in the deep seas in their endless movements there is calm beneath, so in God are depths of peace as infinite as the activity of His creation. So, too, His creatures partake of infinite peace and intensely active service.—T. T. CARTER.

This "strenuous" attitude is destructive to that form of self-improvement which gives exquisite pleasure and produces really cultured people. One of the most many-sided and interesting women I ever met had never been to college or been a member of a literary or other club, yet her mind was stored with the finest thoughts of poets and philosophers of all ages. When a child, during a walk of two miles in the country to and from school, she had formed a habit of memorizing beautiful or inspiring passages in prose and verse from the works of the best writers. Thus, by intimate and loving association with great souls, she had unconsciously become cultured. The means which she employed are available to the humblest.





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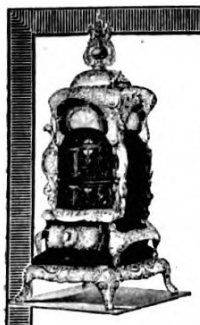
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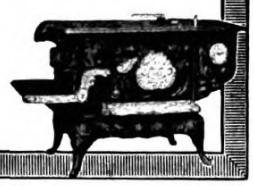
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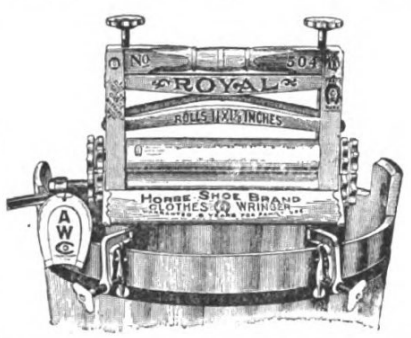
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Psychurgy: The Art of Mind-Using and Mind-Embodiment

A talk with Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, D. C.

EMILY LEE SHERWOOD

PART I.

AMONG the men standing in the front rank as investigators, discoverers, and inventors, is Professor Elmer Gates. His specialty is psychology, the science of mind, and particularly psychurgy, the art of efficiently and successfully using the mind. He has not only made important discoveries in psychology, but he is the first to discover the art of using the mind with a view to giving each individual more mind,—for the purpose of teaching everybody how to make discoveries and inventions more systematically.

It is conceded, by many investigators, that Professor Gates has gone farther than any other modern *savant* in this science, which was once supposed to relate mostly to the mystical realms of the soul and spirit. He takes psychology to mean literally the science of mind, and he first turned his batteries of observation upon himself as a subject. He gave himself up to such a searching line of investigation as probably no other student of the mind has ever before entered upon. Out of years of objective experiment and personal analysis, he has evolved an art which he names psychurgy, or the art of mind-using and mind-embodiment. Thus he is founding a system of culture likely, eventually, to reconstruct, or at least largely to influence, present methods of education. It claims to solve the various problems of what to do with the criminal classes; greatly to enlarge the sphere, usefulness, happiness, and productivity of millions of men and women employed in the mechanical, or industrial arts, through the training of the faculty of invention alone. Indeed, the time seems to be at hand, through this art of mentation, when to train the mind in a given direction, or to augment the inventive faculties, will be as common as cultivating the voice for singing, or the hands for playing on musical instruments.

"Twenty years ago," says Mr. Gates, "I began these investigations as a chemist in a physician's office in Dayton, Ohio. I noticed that on some days I could do original things, or learn anything easily, while on others I could not; some days I was depressed, and on other days I was alive all over. Then I began to study what it was that thus periodically seemed to hinder or promote mentation.

"Four times a day I measured every environmental condition, such as heat, cold, temperature, humidity of the atmosphere, electrostatic potential, the amount of light and heat, its quality, and so on. Also, four times a day, I measured every bodily condition, such as temperature, the food I ate, with its chemical analysis, my secretions, excretions, and so on. Four times daily I recorded every mental activity, such as sensation, images, ideas, thoughts, emotions, dreams, and whatever I had studied or read: in fact, every conscious mental operation. I made these three series of records four times daily for two years, and noticed that successful mentation always corresponded with certain bodily or environmental conditions, and that unsuccessful mentation corresponded with certain other conditions, and I practiced upon the knowledge thus gained and thus inaugurated an art of originative mentation.

Experiments Made in Brain-building

"My friends began to inform me that I had made the discovery of a new method of studying the mind, as well as an art of invention and discovery. Crude and empirical as it was, it embodied a wholly new method of using the mind. From Aristotle, the metaphysician and psychologist, to Helmholtz, Wundt, and Fechner, the time is over one thousand years, and it is only fifty years since these men began to study the mind from a scientific standpoint,—to measure the acuteness of sensation, reaction-times, etc.

"I collected all that was then known about mind. This required assistance, and I hired competent persons to collect all data then known or published on the subject of psychology, or that had been published on subjects kindred to it. Then I applied each of my mental faculties, such as imagining, conceptuating, or reasoning, to each one of the data I had collected. I did this over and over for many consecutive months, in order to make those parts of the brain grow stronger which deal with those subjects. The result was that I soon discovered a second method of studying mind. This consists in training an animal in the excessive use of some mental faculty, and then studying his brain chemically and histologically. I experimented with dogs. For example, discriminating colors was one of the faculties I trained, making them discriminate between colors five hundred or six hundred times daily for a year, thus making them develop that faculty as no dog or other animal had ever done before; and I deprived other dogs of the same breed of the opportunity ever to see any colors by keeping them in a dark room from birth. This experiment led to the art of brain-building; for, on killing these animals and comparing their brains, I found the dogs who had the color sense cultivated really had more brain cells than the dogs who had spent their lives in darkness.

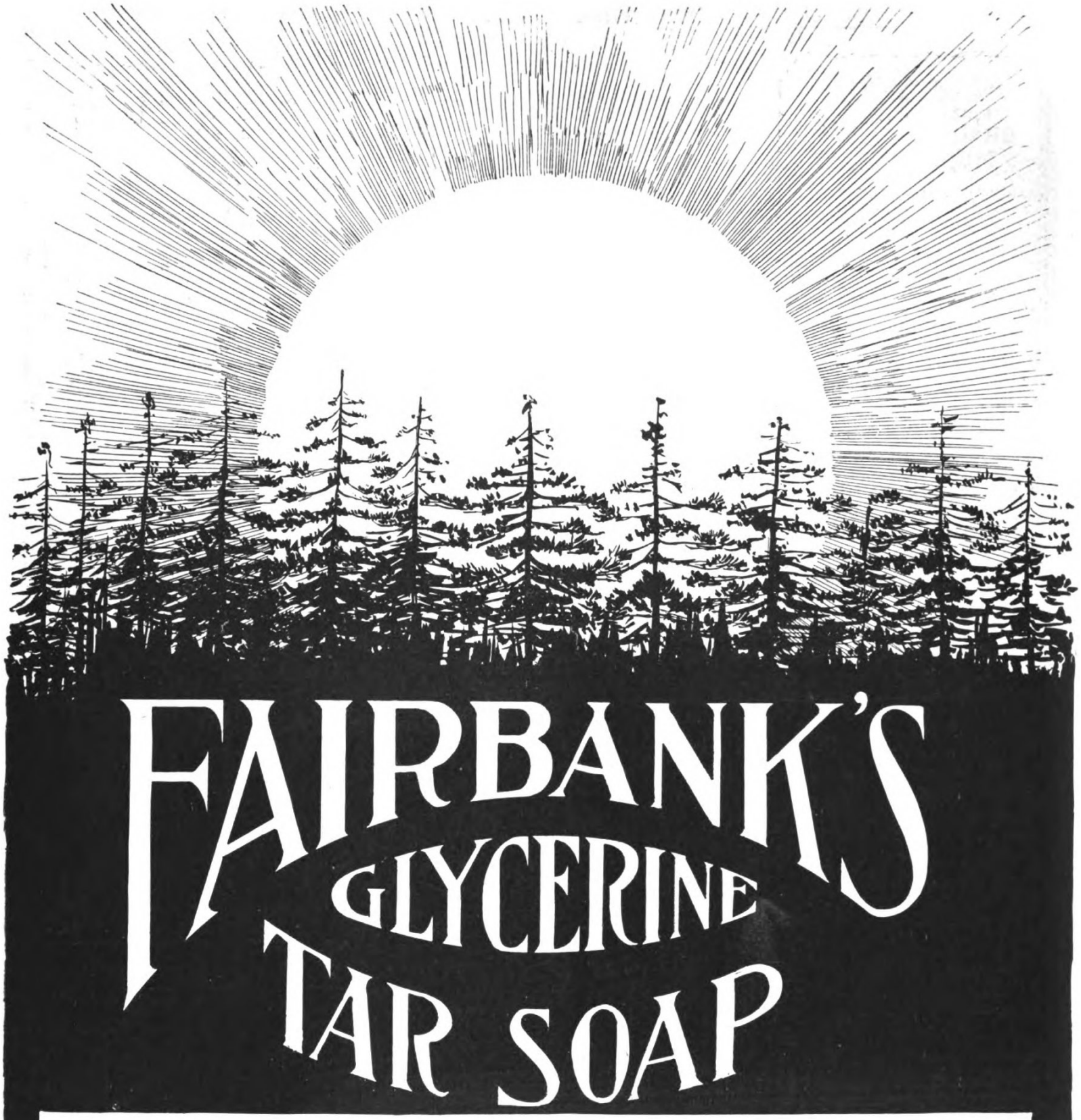
Adapting a Mind to Practical Uses

"These experiments led me to improve the art of mentation, which I again applied to myself and thus made other discoveries. They also proved to be steps along a line never before investigated by man, and through them I discovered five other methods of research that belong to the domain of psychology, and also several new domains of the art of getting more mind and using it practically on the lines of education and discovery, which art I have called psychurgy. Through the knowledge thus gained I have made many new experiments, discoveries, and inventions, as a direct result of the mentative art. All of my discoveries lead to a practical use of the mind, and to such practical problems as the curing of criminal propensities; how to improve morals, ethics, and inventions; improved methods of teaching children; and to the improvement or reformation of the criminal classes. I cannot even begin to give the details of carrying out these various methods in a brief statement like this. Enough to say, I have made many inventions alone by applying to myself this art of mentation, and what I can do with these methods others can be taught to do. For instance, not long since a young man came to me who knew all about electricity that books could tell him, but he seemed utterly powerless to make use, in the way of discovery, of the knowledge he possessed. I first built his brain anew and taught him how to use each of his mental powers, and how to collect and use data in the laboratory. In a few months the beginnings of discoveries began to dawn upon him, and he has already applied for several patents on his own inventions in a field from which only a short time ago he was shut out, not being able then to use his mind properly.

"One of my latest inventions is the outcome of a challenge of a friend, who said to me: 'You doubtless experiment only on subjects well known to you. Now take up something you are not familiar with, and see what comes of it,—weaving, for instance.'

"I have never experimented in that line of manufacture, nor did I have any knowledge of the subject. The outcome, after eight weeks of my prescribed study of the art of mentation, was that I had made a number of inventions relating to looms and weaving, and four of these inventions relating to electric looms have since been patented, and, in the opinion of experts, will eventually revolutionize one of the greatest industries of the world. American workmen can just as well take up the making of such weaves as damask, and intricate all-over flower patterns, by the new electric-design method, as to import these goods from Europe. My invention consists of an electrically operated design of mechanism for looms, including the electrical shedding mechanism, the reed and shuttle movements. My loom is an electrically actuated mechanism, as opposed to a mechanically actuated mechanism, for the purpose of weaving the finest fabrics, and thereby to dispense with the costly mechanical structures heretofore necessary. Through the electrical movement of the shuttle, I have got a speed of one thousand picks per minute, instead of two hundred, and less power is required to run the loom because it is applied directly to the shuttle. Thus the usual cumbrous card system, and the Jacquard mechanism are replaced by a simple electrical construction which will enable workmen to effect the most complicated weaves and designs in this country,—and we shall not have to pay duty on fine linen and tapestry. We shall not need to import so many foreign goods.

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WHY WOMEN STUDY LAW

MRS. THEODORE SUTRO

A MAN entering the profession of law is not expected to explain why he is studying it. To a woman who enters a class in jurisprudence, however, the first questions put are: "Why do you study law? What are you going to do with it?"

This is because it stands to reason that a man means to make it his profession, and by it to earn his daily bread. A woman does not necessarily, and indeed not often, take it up for this purpose. Since it has not entered into the hearts of most people to conceive of a woman's studying anything which she does not intend to put to some practical use, the question of what use law can possibly be to her is not an unnatural one.

There are so many reasons why she should study law that it is difficult to enumerate them. To begin with, a student is said to be as many times a man as he knows languages. Surely this is also true of the arts and sciences. It is pre-eminently true of law, which is so finely connected with every branch of human understanding. The first and basic reason for the study of law, the real reason, of which a woman student usually has no conception when she begins her course, I should formulate this way:—

The study of law is to a woman a means of culture, linking all the special training of her education and experience, and teaching her to see unsuspected and beautiful relation and harmony in the most alien phases of mental, spiritual, and material life.

This understanding only comes after her course in law is completed, and is seldom a conscious reason for undertaking her work. However, I believe that a blind intuition of all this is at the back of the impulse to know jurisprudence. It is difficult, therefore, to make this great value comprehensible to a layman, and to inspire him, *a priori*, with an understanding which, by its very nature, comes only from experience in the actual field. Still, a woman who has, as a personal possession, skill in any art or science, will see what this value is of which I write. For the woman who plays a musical instrument, or paints, or writes, knows that the end and aim of her work and its truest value to her are not playing or painting or writing; she knows that the meaning of her art to her is that it opens the door to great truth and beauty, and enables her better to understand how to live. This is quite the same in law, excepting that it is broader and deeper in its significance than in any of the three examples I have chosen, for law in its broadest sense is the basis of all three, and indeed of every art and science and of life itself. When I have discussed the more apparent reasons for studying law, and the special values resulting, I shall be able, perhaps, to make this clearer.

The very first reasons which prompt women to study law are various, and they are all exceedingly practical and utilitarian. To be able to converse intelligently with their husbands or fathers or brothers who are lawyers; to be able to listen intelligently and not feel that their advent has broken up a legal discussion among their husbands' men guests; to understand legal phrases and terms in general reading; to be able to manage property for themselves or their children.—all these I have repeatedly heard given as reasons for plunging into calf-bound tomes. Indeed, I have heard several women quite openly declare that they began the study of law from sheer pique at being baffled by rows and rows of musty law books of whose contents they had not the least conception.

Now, all these are very worthy motives; and, even if the study is begun, as I have known it in one or two cases to be, simply as a pastime, where, excepting accident, the law student might have chosen china-painting or architecture, when the mood to study had come upon her, it will prove a great and lasting benefit, though there be no motive at all at the start. A woman has only to spend a few weeks in the work to be supplied with no end of motives for continuing her research.

To begin with, she will be surprised to find how much better she will understand her miscellaneous reading. The number of phrases and allusions to be found in newspapers and periodicals, relating to law and legal proceedings, is very great. These, in some mysterious fashion, men come to understand; most men, however alien to law is their own vocation, have some fairly accurate idea of legal terminology, which they do not know how they came by, any more than they understand their own understanding of machinery, and the processes of building and mining. But, just as

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nearly all women are ignorant of these last, so are they confronted with what is, to all intents, Greek indeed, when they come upon an allusion to "choses in action," "easements or servitudes," "appurtenances and heriditaments," or "*commissio de lunatico inquirendo.*" Indeed, I really believe that the average woman, or even the woman who has a fair knowledge of Latin, does n't accurately know what *habeas corpus* proceedings really are!

To the woman who has property to manage, a certain amount of legal knowledge is a necessity, but nearly all women are without it. They do not know at what moment they may be involved in lawsuits, and the attempt of one to grasp all the points of a case, so she may enter into some sort of intelligent conference with her lawyer, is productive of results pathetic indeed, and most wearing on the harassed counselor she has retained. The average woman is nearly as impossible as a defendant or plaintiff in a lawsuit as she is in a witness chair.

To women engaged in various professions and in business, a knowledge of law is obviously of paramount importance. The large class of women employed in law offices as typewriters and stenographers must, of course, have a knowledge of legal phrases. How many of them are there who do not have to go through a course of instruction in the office in which they accept their first position? One of the wisest philanthropies to his fellow professional men I ever knew was that of the lawyer who volunteered his services to the typewriting and stenography class of a certain Young Women's Christian Association, for two hours a week, to talk to them and give them lessons in that part of law which they must understand before they could become intelligent workers in any lawyer's office.

To women physicians, an acquaintance with medical jurisprudence is recognized to be of great value and frequent use.

To a woman in business, an understanding of commercial law is a saving of both time and money. A woman who is in business for herself certainly cannot escape having this necessity thrust upon her again and again.

Certainly, for all the women who are anxious to guide the destinies of the nation through the right of universal suffrage, the first ambition should be to learn the laws by which that nation is governed. To those who hope to see women enjoy the franchise, there is no more important step than this, because their ignorance, not only of common legal parlance, which is, after all, a slight matter, but also of the fashion of controlling real issues and the points involved, is a serious drawback, in the eyes of men, to their attaining their goal.

If women are proverbially irrelevant, they are also proverbially considered unreasonable. For the development of power to think logically, and swiftly to come to right conclusions, I know of no better aid than the study of law. Most wonderfully indeed does it clarify one's ideas, and direct one's processes of thought. The woman who is mystified or startled by a quick conclusion, and the woman whose impulse is to contradict the obvious will profit remarkably by their study of the works of Mansfield and Marshall and Kent. They will find themselves resorting with less frequency to their old "Because,"—a habit which, unfortunately, does not exist alone in the comic papers.

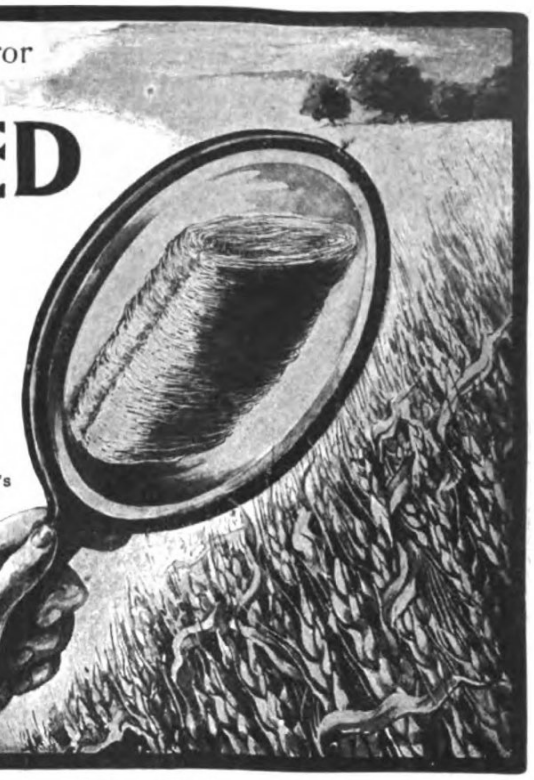
Aside from these special considerations, however, for women in various branches of industry, there is another reason for studying law which is a part of the broader and deeper reason which I gave in the beginning. A woman should study it because she is a member of the human family; because that family is divided into states and governments, all formed and guided as a result of laws; and because, without a knowledge of what these laws prescribe, she is not fitted intelligently to discharge her obligations toward others, to protect herself, or to regard with sufficient charity those who, through ignorance of the law, fail to discharge their obligations toward herself.

This brings me back once more to the value of the study of law because law is beautiful. The beauty of municipal and national life, moving forward steadily and consistently, and almost rhythmically, is not apparent to a woman who has not studied law. This great sense of union and order, which pervades all life, and all its manifestations in its industries and its arts, is one of the broadest means possible for attaining to true culture.

"To seek the truth, wherever it leads; to live the life of love, whatever it costs,—this is to be the friend and helper of God."

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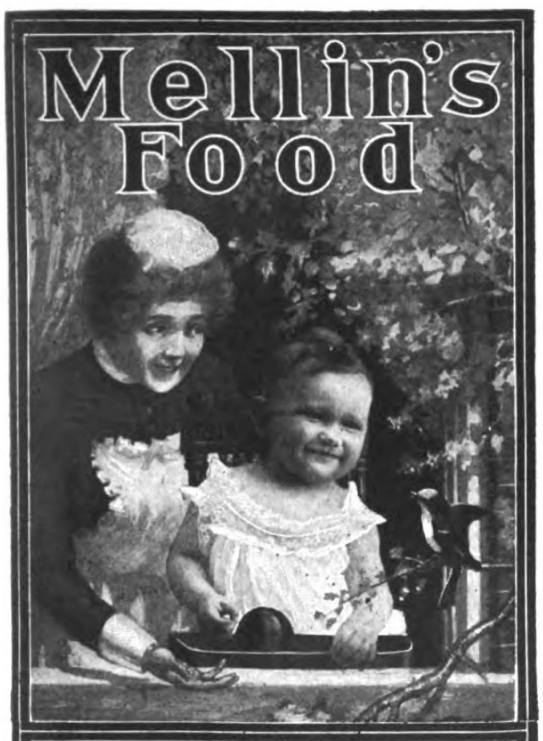
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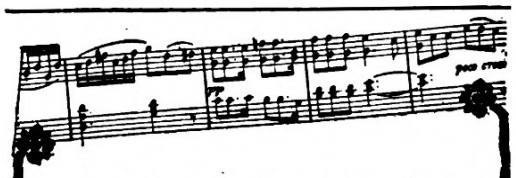


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Woodrow Wilson

DR. WOODROW WILSON is an interesting man, to whom nothing very remarkable ever happened until he was chosen president of Princeton University. With that event he was enrolled among a small group of men who have been evolved from those modern conditions in education which have made the great American university a business organization, most complex and exacting in all its details. Dr. Wilson takes his place with Drs. Eliot, Hadley, Harper, Thwing, Jordan, Schurman, and Butler, as Princeton takes its place with Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Leland Stanford, Jr., Cornell, Western Reserve, and Columbia universities. He is the first layman to be chosen president of Princeton in its century and one-half of existence, which is a most significant fact, considering the institution's stanch conservatism and Dr. Wilson's broad liberalism.

Princeton has evidently reached a turning-point in its history, and Dr. Wilson seemed to say as much when he was asked what would be his policy. It would be, he said, in the most general terms, the broadening of the institution so that it must meet every necessity of growth and development in American life, without surrendering one iota of the rigid discipline for which it has long been noted. President Wilson has to face a high but most difficult task. Princeton and the men who control it have great wealth and ambition, and they represent one of the strong, rich churches of this country. The institution must be inferior to none. It must profit by the example of Harvard, and, possibly, of Yale, which, in their haste to broaden themselves, have lost much of their intensity of drill and rigidity of discipline. "You no longer turn out great scholars," is the condemnation heaped upon these venerable institutions by some of the conservatives; but they know how to get students and money, and put their graduates on the winning side in the great battles of life. It is such results that count in the sum of a great university's work. Princeton, with studied reserve, has been following these examples; and, though its grounds are covered with fine buildings, it has little ready money on hand, and only some fourteen hundred students, all told. Dr. Wilson's elevation means that the pace must be quickened, and that more money, more professors' chairs, and more students must be had. It will be a comparatively easy thing for Princeton to get all these things in abundance; but, the more of them it gets, the harder it will be for it to hold on to its Spartan training.

The prevailing tendency throughout our university life is to cut the courses short, and take nothing except what bears directly on one's future career. The so-called "foundations of scholarship" is a phrase that has lost its magic with our youngsters. They want a little of this and a little of that, and they hate the word "grind." They like football better, and no doubt it is better for them. The world, especially the American world, is coming to the conclusion that more than half of our so-called scholarship is worthless, anyhow.

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The bulk of it is a lot of theory and speculation. History is chiefly fable and myth, and the most of us have tried to digest, with our unaided intellects, the works of the inspired men who have preceded us. Men are tired of carrying on their shoulders the husks and burdens of the past, which is no longer considered sacred. Every fresh man who comes to the front in the progress of education, advances the next generation.

Dr. Wilson is, of all men, a young man's man. He knows every student in the university by sight and name. He knows these youths' minds and hearts as well as their faces. He can say "No," and meet a disagreeable issue with a frankness and grace and mastery that few born commanders have. His universal popularity has come to him without conscious effort on his part to win it. Indeed, the first impression one gets of him, and the one that persists most to the end, is his total lack of self-consciousness in all he says and does. But, in addition to his charming personality, he possesses fine scholarship and administrative ability. That this comparatively young man—now about forty-six years of age,—promises to meet the high hopes of his friends and the ambition of Princeton makes him one of the most interesting figures in higher education in this country.

SHAKESPEARE IN THE SLUMS

ALICE AUDLEY MAXWELL



GUSTAVE HARTMAN

IN the center of the Russian Jewish district in New York City, which is situated on the lower East Side, there flourishes at least one instance of success in that atmosphere of poverty and many failures.

Two years ago, Gustave Hartman, a young schoolteacher, nineteen years old, organized a literary club particularly for the study of Shakespeare,—not so much as a foundation for style or correctness of speech, but as a preparation for the moral conflicts which begin, all too soon, to war in the untrained souls of the children of the slums. Those whom he sought to influence were mostly children of the uneducated poor who are credited with love of lawlessness and abhorrence toward restraint.

The tendency of those boys to spend every available moment on the street, too frequently in malicious mischief, confronted the young philanthropist as the most serious obstacle, especially as he designed his club meetings to take place every Saturday,—the school holiday. He believed that, if their interest could be aroused in something substantial, marbles and mischief would play a secondary part in their lives. Every boy in his club is a hero-worshiper, and there were enough brave men in Shakespeare's works to interest them. Mr. Hartman selected a play, studied it with care, and announced to the boys that he would lecture on a certain day.

His first audience numbered just eighteen. The lecturer is magnetic and is an actor of some merit. Parts of the play he explained, and other parts he recited effectively. He emphasized the comparison of good and evil, and portrayed the humor, which pleased the boys. The next week they returned and brought their friends.

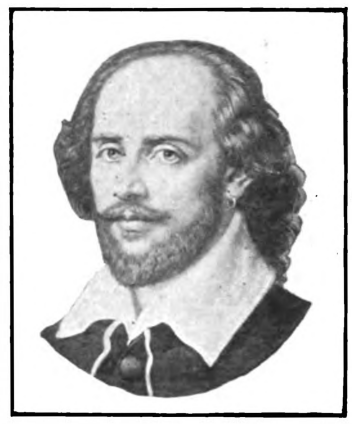
That was the beginning. In the course of a year, the club outgrew its quarters, for the membership increased to four hundred, and a large hall on Rivington Street was secured for the weekly meetings. Moreover, Gustave Hartman, now twenty-one years old, has established a separate class of six hundred girls. A thousand young minds, therefore, are brought under his control to a great extent, and his influence over these children, who range from eight to fifteen years of age, is remarkable. He commands their affection and respect. Expressions of approval, disdain, even tears, mark the progress of their interest and emotion.

Mr. Hartman does not seem to regard himself or his work as unusual. He is enthusiastic. His eyes brighten as he talks of his efforts and ambitions. Notwithstanding the fact that he teaches in a day and an evening school, and tutors in summer, he is anxious to develop his Shakespeare club into numerous classes throughout the city. The secret of his success lies in the fact that he understands human sympathy. Perhaps there are other young men, and young women, too, who, hearing of Gustave Hartman's undertaking, will be encouraged to strive in a similar field

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The Beginning of Ostrich Farms

FIFTY YEARS ago, the domestication of the ostrich was an idea scouted by most of the zoölogists who had given time and thought to the subject. Their young, it was believed, could not be raised in a state of captivity. The great demand for ostrich feathers was then met by hunting and killing wild birds, and there were indications that the species would soon become extinct. But, in the early sixties, a French scientist named Gosse issued a pamphlet in which he argued that the domestication of the ostrich was feasible and practicable, and not long afterwards a brood of ostriches was reared in the city of Algiers. Gosse's pamphlet and news of the experiment in Algiers became familiar to two farmers in Cape Colony, who determined to undertake the domestication of ostriches in South Africa. Beginning with two birds, which they caught and placed in an inclosure, in a twelvemonth they had a brood of eighty, which marked the birth of a new industry which has played a potential part in the development and commerce of a vast region. Large tracts of land in South Africa, which could not be profitably used for any other purpose, are now devoted to this business, and feathers to the value of six million dollars, from nearly four hundred thousand domesticated birds, are now annually sent abroad from the ostrich farms of Cape Colony.

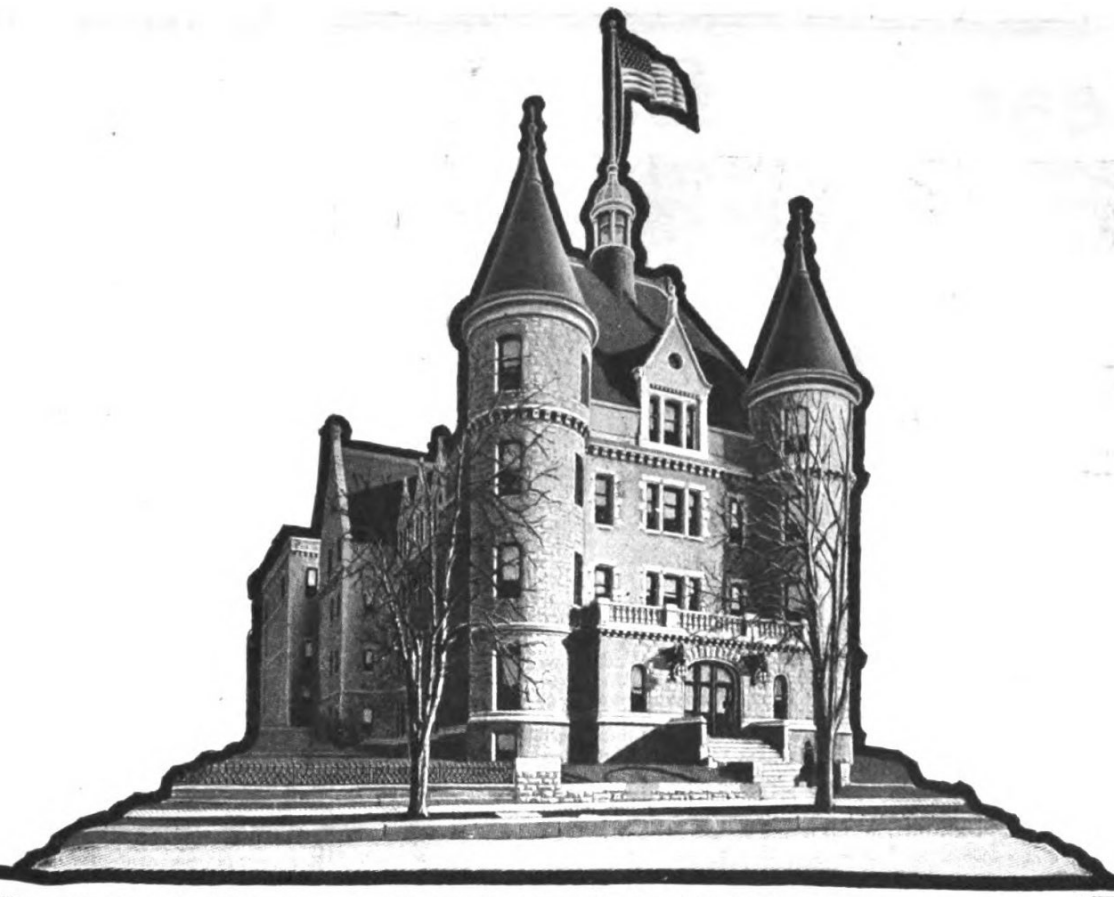
A Wide-Awake Doctor

WHEN, in 1870, Dr. Mathieu Bibeiro received his diploma from a medical school in Portugal, he looked about for some place that was without a physician, where he could build up a practice which he would not be compelled to share with others. The small island of St. Thomas, not far from the African coast, in the Gulf of Guinea, seemed to suit his purpose, and, settling there in the fall of 1870, he soon had a paying practice among the natives. Moreover, in his journeyings on muleback through the valleys and among the mountains of the island, he was quick to notice that the soil was unusually fertile, and that, with the climate, it was especially adapted to the cultivation of cocoa trees, whose seeds constitute the cocoa beans of commerce. The young doctor kept his discovery to himself, but every cent that he could save went for the purchase of land; so that, in a few years, land being cheap, he was the owner of tracts aggregating many hundreds of acres. Meantime, he established a nursery. There he cultivated cocoa plants till they were about fifteen inches tall, and hired natives to set them out on his land as fast as he bought it. He joined in the work himself, in the intervals of his visits to the sick, and his wife also assisted him in setting out plants. The plants began to bear in four years, and, at the end of the eighth year, were in full productive vigor, when their owner's fortune was made. In 1880, Dr. Bibeiro, still a young man, sold his belongings and retired wealthy.

Where "Patent Outsides" Originated

WHEN the Civil War broke out, in 1861, A. N. Kellogg was editor and publisher of a small country paper in Baraboo, Wisconsin. His printer enlisted, one day, and it was a question whether he would be able to get his paper out on the regular publishing day. He cast hurriedly about him to know what to do, as the time was short. The Madison "Daily Journal" published a weekly supplement to its regular sheet, and in his dilemma it occurred to Mr. Kellogg that he could buy an edition of these supplements, fold them in with his own paper, and send the double sheet to his subscribers. He had that week a half-sheet of his own paper. This was done. Next it occurred to Mr. Kellogg that this might be done every week, and that the sheets might come to him printed on one side, leaving the other to be filled in and printed in his own office. This, too, was done. When he saw how much time, labor, and expense he had saved by this plan, the next link in the chain of new ideas came to him. He would print a sheet of newspaper upon one side, filling it with choice reading matter, and sell it to country editors harassed as he had been. Thus originated the "patent outside" in journalism. The matter was sold to only one newspaper in a place, so there could be no conflict. The idea was transferred to Chicago, where it spread like wildfire. Nearly ten thousand newspapers in this country use "ready prints;" and, of these, more than one-half are supplied by the Kellogg houses, located in half a dozen cities.

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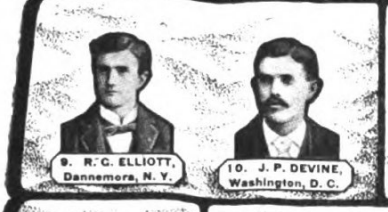

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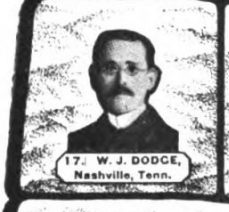
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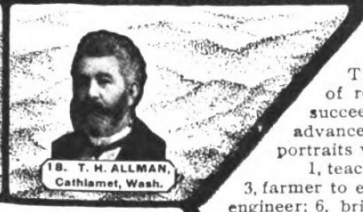
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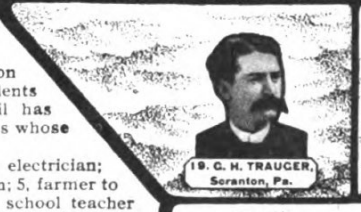
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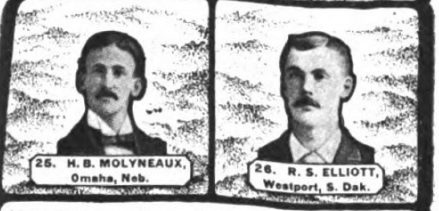

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How to Become an Honest Millionaire

ROBERT WATERS

IN my town, there is a very old man, whom I have known since boyhood, who is somewhat of a practical economist and great arguer. Lately he sent for me, and, telling me that he had made me one of the executors of his will, requested me to see that his estate should be properly administered after his death. Then he began, as usual, though he was far from well, to argue; this time his theme was the impossibility of any man's acquiring a million dollars honestly. After listening to him awhile, I saw that it would be of no use to argue the matter on general principles, so I said:—

"Now look here, John; let us consider this thing from a personal point of view. I shall ask you a few questions, and want you to answer me honestly."

"Very well. Go ahead!"

"When you began in this town, as a shoemaker, you worked at the bench twelve hours a day, didn't you?"

"Yes; often longer."

"Well, you will agree that, in those years, you could have saved fifty dollars a year, won't you?"

"Yes."

"When you got an appointment on the police force, you soon became a sergeant, then a captain, then chief. When a simple officer, at twelve hundred dollars a year, you could have saved two hundred dollars a year, anyway; then, as a sergeant, three hundred; as a captain, four hundred dollars; and, as chief, one thousand dollars a year. You could have done that, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I think I could. Well, what then?"

"Now wait a minute. You then engaged in the lumber business, and you were over twenty years in that line. During those years you could have saved at least two thousand dollars a year, couldn't you?"

"Yes, at least as much as that."

"Well, then, suppose you, as a business man, had begun to look out, on retiring, for a proper investment of your money, thus honestly earned and saved; that you saw that the shares of the Susquehanna and Delaware Railroad Company were low; that you perceived, on looking over the road, that it is the natural outlet for coal to the seaboard, and that you knew that the coal in these Pennsylvania mountains is unlimited. Suppose you learned that the shares were selling at six dollars apiece, as they actually were at that time, and that you, as a good business man, invested your money in this road!"

"Well, what then?"

"What then? Why, man, do you know how much you would be worth, to-day, if you had so invested? You would be worth a million and a half!"

"You don't mean it?"

"I do. There's the reckoning. You can see it for yourself."

I actually showed him, by unanswerable figures, that this was a fact. Then I said:—

"Do you now see the fallacy of your reasoning?"

"Perhaps you are right," he answered, thoughtfully; "money well invested grows like a snowball. But I never thought that any man, by natural and fair profits, could make, in one short life, ten hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, you see that it is a matter of mind, of mental capacity, of shrewd calculation, observation, and foresight. We are all differently constituted, and, so long as that is so, we shall be differently or indifferently rich or poor. You know that, if the wealth of the world were equally divided to-morrow, we should be back where we are now in less than ten years. It is he who has a sharp eye, a clear brain, and a good judgment that becomes a millionaire. Do you not see that?"

"Yes, Bob," said he, "your argument is good. I suppose that even I could have become a millionaire, if I had had a little more gumption; but I am satisfied, for I have enough, and I only wish that all the world had as much for every individual."

"Suppose that you and I, John, were wandering over the Adirondack Mountains, and that we should see, on one of them, that there were evidences of copper ore in it! Our superior knowledge might show us that; and, if we should go and ask the owner what he would take for that mountain, and he should fix the price at five dollars an acre, and we should buy it, and make a million out of it, would that be dishonest?"

"By no means. It would be the reward of knowledge and good judgment. But I think that I should afterwards give that man a share or two."

"Very well! But, suppose we should be wrong

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in our judgment, and should find no copper at all in the mountain, and should lose our money; would he, or should he be expected to, share in our loss? There's the difficulty, when men talk about a capitalist's sharing the profits of his business with his workmen,—who is to share in the losses? The capitalist is not always successful; in fact, he is too frequently unsuccessful; but would you say that only when he wins is he to share, and that when he loses, no one is to share with him?"

"No; that would n't be fair. Ah, I see that the question of labor and capital is a deeper one than most people imagine. But I am convinced now, from the comparison you have made, that a man may honestly become a millionaire."

"Of course. When the shares of any company are bought outright, the transaction is perfectly fair, and generally as safe as most business transactions; it is buying on margins that is unsafe and illegitimate business, for that is gambling, pure and simple, and should be suppressed, just as much as other forms of gambling.

"True; but there are some scoundrels, you know, who boom their shares by illegitimate means, and then 'unload' on their victims."

"Very true; but there are scoundrels in every business,—even in the legal, medical, and clerical professions. But, as Tweed said, 'What are you going to do about it?'"

Abundance Takes *the* Iron from *the* Blood

IT is a curious fact, in the history of nations, that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been highly successful. As a rule, the same thing is true of men.

One would think that it would be a great relief to have the bread-and-butter problem solved by one's ancestors so that he might devote all his energies and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties. But this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers, those born to a heritage of poverty and toil, and not those reared in the lap of fortune, have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race. It is the struggle which develops—the effort to redeem oneself from iron surroundings,—which calls out manhood and unfolds womanhood to the highest possibilities. The Lincolns, the Garfields, the Grants, the Greeleys, the Mary Lyons, the Lucy Stones, the Mary A. Livermores,—all the men and women who had to struggle against overwhelming odds,—these are the ones whose lives have marked stepping-stones in their country's progress.

There is something deteriorating and paralyzing to one's individual growth in the consciousness that he does not need to labor for his daily bread. Nature's fiat is inexorable. Man must struggle or cease to grow. He must work or be content to leave his highest powers undeveloped.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

ROBERT GRAY

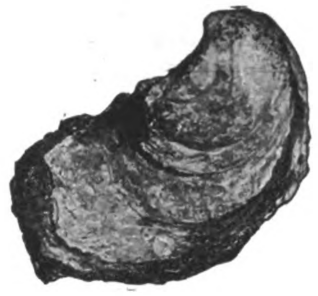
FORGIVE and forget,—it is better
To fling all ill feeling aside
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in your breast to abide;
For your step o'er life's path will be lighter,
When the load from your bosom is cast,
And the glorious sky will seem brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though your spirit swell high with emotion
To give back injustice again,
Sink the thought in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.
Oh, why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadow is passing away,—
Or seek to encounter, to-morrow,
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Our life's stream is a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide,
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It must foam when the storm meets its tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

Life always takes on the character of its motive.—J. G. HOLLAND.

A mother is responsible for early restraint of her child. The work which schoolmasters and legislators cannot do for the sturdy and rebellious youth, or for the stalwart and ungovernable man, might have been done by the earlier and gentler restraints of a mother's firm and faithful tenderness.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.



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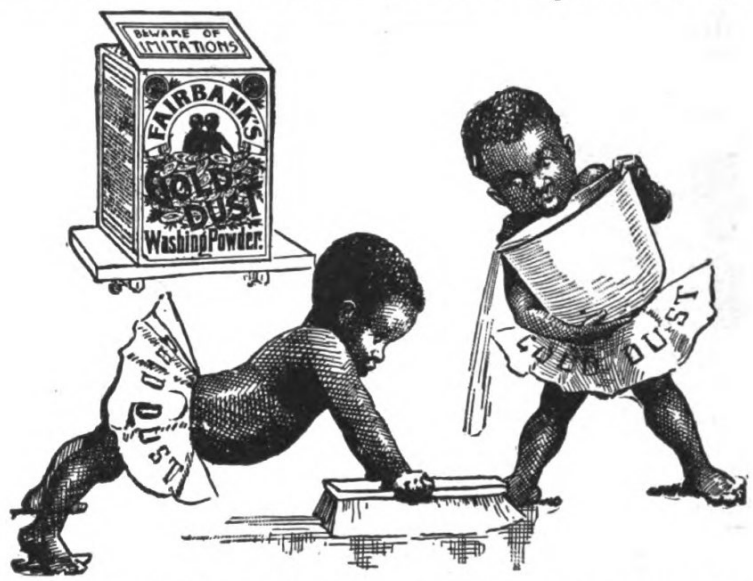
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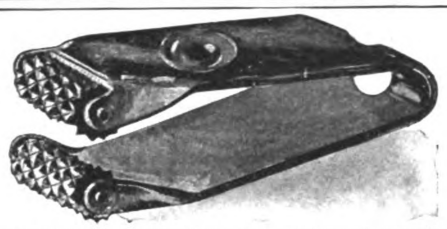
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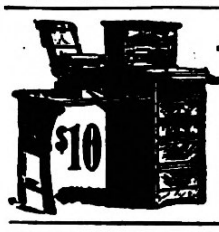
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SOME TRIUMPHANT FAILURES

SUCCESS is constantly receiving letters from people who believe that they have not succeeded, and are almost embittered by the thought that their lives are failures.

Many of these letters indicate not merely that these people have not failed, but, even more, that they have attained a high order of success; namely, the development of noble manhood and womanhood, compared with which money, no matter how much, would look contemptible, and fame, no matter how great, would be of no account.

Is it failure to bring up a family of sturdy boys and girls, train them with fine discipline, and infuse into their expanding natures virtues which give the highest expression to life?

Is it nothing to start young people on their careers with high ideals, lofty aims, and an unflinching determination to make no compromise with wrong?

Is it of small account to hold a family together in spite of the severest stress of circumstances, to struggle for years to give an invalid wife or mother much-needed delicacies, or to try to alleviate the hard lot of a cripple or of a deaf and dumb child?

Does it mean nothing to hold a farm, during years of hard times and failure of crops, to maintain heart and courage, when Nature seems in league with the forces that test man's physical and spiritual strength to the straining point?

How little do such people realize that the spirit of their lives will reach out to help and uplift humanity for all time! Little do they dream that, like the exquisite perfume distilled from dead rose leaves, the fragrance of their unselfish deeds will sweeten and beautify the world long after they have passed away. On a higher plane they will realize that what they deplored as failure was, in truth, the noblest success.

It is one of the saddest commentaries on our national ethics that those who have tried with all their might to live up to the best they know are looked upon as failures if they have not accumulated money, written a notable book, achieved distinction in science, art, music, or some other field, or done some high, heroic deed that attracts the world's attention.

Hold up your head, maintain your self-respect, and do not be afraid to look a man straight in the eye, even if he has made money when you have lost, or gained a position which you have failed to attain.

Who has the audacity to measure money with character, or stocks and bonds with manhood and womanhood?

Who shall say that houses and lands, position and social prestige compare with wealth of mind, of heart, or of culture?

Who set up the standard that stamps with inferiority those who prefer to spend their lives in the service of others, in helping to elevate mankind, in dispelling ignorance and vice, or in making the world a purer and happier abiding place?

There are teachers in this country, not possessing a thousand dollars apiece, who have spent their flowering and fruitage years in making possible broader life and larger success for thousands of their pupils. How shall they be rated?

The delicate widow who has managed to support and educate a large family of helpless children; the young man or woman who has assumed the burden of caring for an enfeebled father or mother, or younger brothers and sisters for whose training and education personal hopes and ambitions have been put aside; parents who have sacrificed their ease and comfort, in order to give their children a better start in life than they had,—are these people, unknown outside of their limited circle, to be counted failures?

Have men and women failed because they have served as ladders for others to climb upon?

If we could take stock of our civilization, to-day, we should find that the men and women who have done most to sweeten and refine our national life have not been, as a rule, the millionaires, or those who have attained notoriety, but the plain, everyday people, the burden-bearers, the sacrifice-makers. We should find that those who are doing the most to advance civilization in the aggregate, and to preserve the greatest of all our institutions,—the home,—are the unknown toilers.

It is amongst the so-called failures,—struggling farmers, poor mechanics, clerks, day-laborers, half-paid teachers and clergymen, unselfish mothers, wives, and sisters,—those who are doing the work of the world without hope of recognition or reward,—that we must look for our grandest successes.

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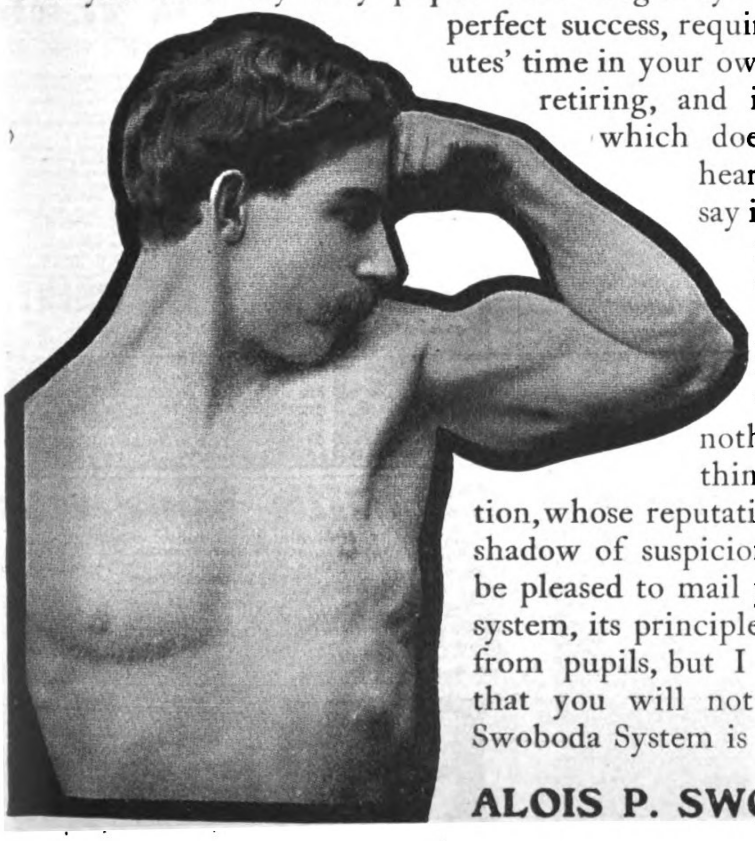
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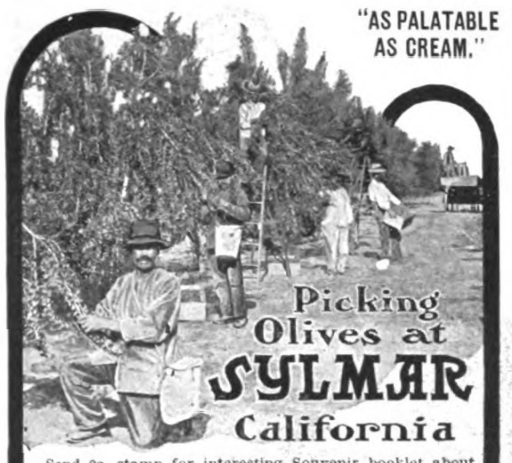
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VIII.—Exercise

IN the winter of 1899, I was dodging a rainstorm on the veranda of a Florida seaside hotel, when the naturalist, Thompson-Seton, was introduced to a tall naval officer who had attracted his attention by his descriptions of ocean sports.

"They told me I should find you a giant," laughed Thompson-Seton, "and I am glad it proves so nearly true. It's always good if a man is big enough to take the world by the throat. One may well change the old couplet to read:—

"'Tis not in mortals to deserve success,
So let's do more, Horatio, let's compel it.'"

"You're a good complimenter, Professor, but a bad historian," said the frank mariner; "the successful men of this scandalous planet have generally been dwarfs."

The conversation then turned to politics, but that dwarf-theory had made me meditative, and I strolled away to ponder upon it at leisure. Was it founded on fact,—on something more than an accident? The physique of Napoleon and Frederick the Great did seem to confirm it; Voltaire, Alexander Pope, Richard B. B. and Phil H. Sheridan, Swinburne and "Little Bobs" were additional cases in point, and I remembered Byron's remarks about the spur of deformity, about cripples who want the earth, "and oft, like Timur, the lame Tartar, win it." But what about "Longpole" Wellington, Goethe, Washington, Danton, and the big chiefs of the Visigoths?

The exceptions, indeed, were rather too numerous to confirm the rule, and the light-weight competitors for the prizes of life generally appear to have offset their disadvantage by an activity incompatible with the idea of decrepitude.

The truth seems to be that Thompson-Seton's compliment had as considerable a basis of fact as success has of physical vigor. The prognostics of victory in the arena of competition cannot always be measured by inches, and the herald-roll of fame records the names of a good many undersized champions, but of very few weaklings.

Mentally, as well as physically, effeminate habits imply a deficiency of staying power; for the term of their earthly pilgrimage, the human body and the most immortal soul are as interdependent as horse and rider, and Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was also the patron of athletic sports. Plato's Academy and Aristotle's Lyceum were both gymnastic institutions, where the Athenian *savants* spent their leisure hours and often joined in the exercises of the pupils, and Professor Wilson ("Christopher North,") had a theory that a man's athletic attainments influence his speech, his manners, and even his literary style, as well as his voice and his gait.

It is a mistake to suppose that a passion for football and similar rough-and-tumble sports can be indulged only at the expense of refinement; but there is a more serious objection, known to thousands of practical physicians who have become careful about urging physical exercise upon dyspeptic brain-workers.

"I've tried it and been obliged to give it up," writes a patient of that sort; "spherical trigonometry and a flying trapeze cannot be made to work in the same team. Separately, they might do very well, but they can't be combined. It's burning the candle of life at both ends. I've ascertained that too often to try it again. It would wear me out in a week."

Many of these objectors are as sincere as the most enthusiastic advocates of the movement-cure, and I must venture to reveal the key to the enigma of the contradiction.

The matter is this: the *intermezzos* of the leisure hours should bring relief from the hardest of all drudgeries, the toil of severe mental labor; and brainworkers, driven from their study to a *par-force* gymnasium, are really sent from treadmill to treadmill. An intense effort of will power may keep them in harness for a week or two; but, sooner or later, the overtaxed organism will begin to stagger under the double burden, and persistence is apt to result in a general breakdown.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, "Why was n't it done the other way?"—O. W. Holmes.

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SIDE-TRACKED MAN

YWHERE along life's railroad, we see men nd women side-tracked. In youth, many of started out with good health, high hopes, mbitions, rose-colored visions of the future, etermination to succeed. Somehow, how- ney soon got off the track, while the great , throbbing express, Life, rushed on its , regardless of those left behind by the . The little enemies of success have eaten hful ambition, dimmed the vision, veiled as, and undermined the moral stamina of nfortunate ones until they are forced to t of the onward procession.

pitiable to see the thousands who, in spite most heroic endeavors, have been side- on account of ill health, physical defor- lack of early education and training, or by ed, through no fault of their own, to un- l and forbidding occupations. But what ay of the multitudes who are hopelessly ked in the flower of youth by vicious e choice of low ideals, or through suf- emselves to be led away by bad compan- ions? It is one of the saddest things in human experience to see young men, in what should be the heyday of life, the very prime of manhood, forced out of the race because of intemperance, gambling, and other vices destructive of soul and body to which they have become slaves. More pathetic still is it to see young women, who started out in life possessed of all those qualities which would have won them success in their chosen callings, or made them queens of happy homes, pushed off the track in the flower of their womanhood, because of vanity, undue love of dress, lending a too ready ear to flattery, or some seemingly trivial fault by which they have been insidiously led away from the paths of rectitude and right living.

Many have lost heart and courage because, failing to find their true places, they have been compelled to follow vocations against which their whole nature has revolted. Many have been side-tracked because of lack of early education, a lack which, in later life, either through carelessness or ignorance of the demands of the time, they neglected to remedy. Some have been forced out of the great procession because they did not make adequate preparation for their life-work. They did not realize that the long years spent in laying foundations in early youth constituted, in reality, not only the shortest, but also the surest road to success. They could not see why they should stay in school or learn a trade, when they might be earning money in various callings.

What an army of young men has fallen to the rear because they tried short cuts to success! How many have lost their places in the advance march by being in too great haste to see life, too anxious to put themselves forward! Promising young men have often been weakened by flattery to such an extent that they have ceased to struggle, and have been ultimately side-tracked by their own egotism.

Again, brilliant prospects have frequently been blighted by mistaken ideas of what constitutes true manliness. Young men, especially those who have been brought up in the country, are ashamed to appear "old-fashioned," as it is falsely called, before their city friends and acquaintances. Removed from the safeguards of home, they forget the counsels and precepts of loving parents, whom they come to regard as "straight-laced;" and, in their fear of being called "green," they plunge into follies and excesses which sap their vital forces and degrade their manhood. When they wake up to the condition to which they have reduced themselves by their cowardly weakness, and common sense insists upon a hearing, it is often too late to repair the mischief that has been done. They have lost their mental and moral grip, the narrow dividing line between right and wrong has become blurred and indistinct, honor and honesty have lost their meaning, and health itself, the most important item of their capital stock, has been shattered before they have realized it.

Many have remained upon the lowest round of the ladder because afraid of hard work. They would take only "easy places," or "soft jobs." Disagreeable, monotonous drudgery would not do for them. They thought the world not only owed them a living, but also owed it without any undue exertion on their part.

Thousands have been forced to the rear because of timidity, lack of push, boldness, courage. They have never dared to branch out, to put themselves forward. On the other hand, many have failed because of overconfidence, of an excess of self-esteem and push.

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THE STORY OF A DEVOTED SLAVE

A Romance of the Civil War

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WHEN, in 1835, Jefferson Davis, later president of the Confederacy, left the regular army, his elder brother, Joseph, gave him Brierfield, a splendid plantation of two thousand acres on the Mississippi River, a few miles below Vicksburg, and a number of slaves. These latter included a growing negro boy called Ben Montgomery, whom Mr. Davis made his body servant. The lad was unusually intelligent, and Mr. Davis saw that in him were capabilities not common to the African race. He taught him to read, and then to write, and soon he became an admirable assistant. He was not only Jefferson Davis's body servant, but also his private secretary, bookkeeper, and general factotum. His penmanship was beautiful, and his plantation bookkeeping, in its simplicity and accuracy, was the envy and admiration of the countryside. He knew more of the business of the Davis brothers, except themselves, than anyone else.

After Jefferson Davis entered politics, Ben Montgomery became still more useful. When the master was on his long campaign tours, or in Washington, Montgomery had authority to open letters not marked as private, and to answer them; he had power, in writing answers, to transact any business necessary for the plantation. By this time Montgomery had come to have absolute charge of the Brierfield estate. He did not interfere with the management of the negroes, or with anything else under the overseer's purview; but the general business of the place he transacted without consulting anybody except the master.

When Jefferson Davis left Washington, in 1861, after resigning his seat in the senate, he went to Brierfield. His estate was his sole maintenance. It was certain that, during the impending struggle, he must be absent much of the time, and whom should he leave in charge of the estate? Finally Joseph Davis asked, "Why not Ben Montgomery?" and the suggestion was adopted. The usual white overseers were left in charge of the farming operations, but to the slave, Ben Montgomery, was intrusted the financial part of the business, under the direction of his master. The cotton crops of 1861 and 1862 were good, and, although there was some trouble about marketing the crop of the latter year, it was finally sent to New Orleans, and, later, warehoused in Liverpool, to be sold when the money it might bring would be needed. There were not more than four hundred and fifty bales, for the South then needed corn and food supplies more than it did cotton, and so the land was devoted largely to food crops. Then, early in 1863, came the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and with it, to the South, the equally dangerous Act of Confiscation. This latter was put into execution, wherever possible, with great energy. Treasury agents, armed with all the forms of law, or without them sometimes, seized all property belonging to the list of suspects as soon as it came under the protection of the Union armies.

Then, for the first time in his life, Ben Montgomery asked permission to visit Richmond.

"Dear Marse Jeff," he wrote, "I want to go to Richmond to see you, and I want to go right away. There is something that I want to tell you that I dare not write, so do please let me go to Richmond at once."

Mr. Davis could not imagine what the negro had on his mind, but wrote him to come, and sent him the necessary permit for a slave to travel.

"Marse Jeff," said Ben, when he arrived at Richmond and had an opportunity to talk with his master, "you know Mr. Lincoln has issued what he calls an emancipation proclamation, and with it another proclamation confiscating the property of certain archrebels, as he calls them. Now, they are going to confiscate your property just as soon as they get a chance. Suppose you and Master Joe sell me your estates, and do it before the Yankees capture our country."

"Why, Ben," Mr. Davis said, "you are a slave and can't hold property in Mississippi."

"That is true," said Ben, "but you can set me free. Make out two sets of free papers. Give me one set and keep one yourself. Then make out a third paper, which shall say that under certain conditions the free papers are to be canceled."

The conditions were that the Federals should capture the city of Vicksburg and the Davis estate which lay eighteen miles below.

"Why, Ben, that's an excellent idea. Let me think it over for a day or two," Mr. Davis said.



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He talked it over with his brother Joseph. It was important to them that they should have the income of this estate. If the Federal soldiers should capture Vicksburg, about the first property they would confiscate and plunder would be the Davis estate. But, if this property belonged to a negro, freed before the capture of Vicksburg, then, under the Emancipation Proclamation, it would be his, and could not be seized by the Federal agents. The plan promised well, and the Davis brothers, after consultation, decided to adopt it. Jefferson Davis loaned to Ben, for the purpose of making the sale, ten thousand dollars. The consideration for the estate was thirty thousand dollars, on ten years' time, with interest at six per cent. Knowing there would be some trouble about the matter, the legal papers were drawn with exceptional care. John A. Campbell, who resigned his place on the United States supreme bench when the war began, was the attorney; at the same time he drew Ben's free papers, with a clause in each that, under certain conditions, the free papers should become null and void.

Returning to Brierfield, Montgomery had all the papers promptly recorded in the proper offices in Warren County, Mississippi. Events speedily showed that he acted wisely, for in less than a week after Vicksburg fell, in July, 1863, an agent of the United States treasury department appeared at Brierfield to take possession of the goods, chattels, and movables on the plantation, preparatory to formal confiscation of the property by the United States. The agent traveled in state, escorted by a troop of cavalry, only to be met by Montgomery, who mildly asked his business.

"I have come," said the agent, "to take possession of all movable goods and stores on Jefferson Davis's plantation."

"Mr. Davis owns no plantation in this section of the country," Montgomery rejoined.

"Then to whom does this place belong?" queried the astonished officer.

"These three plantations," answered Montgomery, calmly, "consisting of the Hurricane, Palmyra and Brierfield estates, are my property."

"You don't suppose that I'll believe such a story as that, do you?" asked the agent.

"The story that I have told you is true in every respect," said Montgomery. "If you will come into the house, I will show you all the papers, and you can decide upon their legality."

The agent was a lawyer, and, when he looked over the deeds, he saw that a correct legal transfer had been made. But he said, in triumph:—

"At the time this sale was made, you were a slave. You could not hold real estate in Mississippi."

Thereupon Montgomery, with a smile, handed the agent his free papers, made out and legally verified four days before the title to the real estate was passed.

"Now," said Montgomery, "this country is under the protection of the United States, is it not?"

"Why, yes," said the officer, "it is."

"And I am entitled to all the rights and privileges of a citizen of the United States, am I not?"

"I suppose you are," was the reluctant reply.

"Then, sir, under the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, and by virtue of these free papers made before that proclamation was issued, I am a citizen of the United States, with all the rights and privileges that any citizen has. You are especially enjoined by that proclamation to see that I and all of my race are protected in our legal rights, are you not?"

"Yes," replied the officer, who saw that he was cornered.

"Then I request that you leave my property untouched, for otherwise I shall call upon the President of the United States to know whether or not this proclamation is more than an empty form."

The agent and his escort went back to Vicksburg. Montgomery at once addressed a letter to the commanding officer at Vicksburg, setting forth that he was a free man of color, the legal owner of certain plantations, which were specified by name; that an officer of the United States had called upon him and endeavored to deprive him of his property without due process of law, and he demanded of the commanding officer his protection and that of the United States. Still, the spoil was too rich to be relinquished by the treasury agents without a fight, and, in despair, Montgomery decided upon a great stroke. He called upon the Federal commander at Vicksburg and asked that a lieutenant and guard be put in charge at Brierfield for ten days' time, and also for leave to travel on a government boat bound for Cincinnati. He



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had resolved to visit Washington, see President Lincoln, and lay the case before him personally. He chanced to know Judge Holt, then judge advocate of the army. When he arrived in Washington, he at once went to see him, and asked to be taken to the President.

"I'm a free man, now, Judge," he said. "You have known me for many years. I want you to take me to Mr. Lincoln and tell him what my character is, for I have important business with him."

Judge Holt went with Montgomery to Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. President," he said, "this is Ben Montgomery, who, for thirty years, has been the private secretary of Jefferson Davis."

"Private secretary?" queried Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes," said Judge Holt, "that is what I said. He is an honest man, and what he says is true. He wishes to see you on important business, and I will leave you and him to transact it,"—and Judge Holt left them alone.

"Well, what can I do for you, my friend?" asked Mr. Lincoln, after the judge had gone.

Montgomery related what had occurred. "Mr. Davis has been very kind to me," he went on, "and I did this as much to help him as to help myself. This war is nearly over. I believe that your people will succeed. What you will do with Master Jeff, I do not know; but I am going to do my best to keep his wife and children from starving."

Mr. Lincoln was deeply moved. "Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you have been Mr. Davis's private secretary all these years?"

"I do not know what you would call it, Mr. President," the negro replied, "but for thirty years I have written his business letters, looked after the affairs of the plantation, carried large sums of money to New Orleans and to Cincinnati for him, and have had his fullest confidence in every way. In all his life he has never spoken to me an unkind word."

"Do you know of any other such case as yours, Montgomery?" asked the President, as he rose and paced the floor.

"No, sir, I do not," was the reply; "but, doubtless, there are such cases. Now, Mr. President, what I want you to do is this: I want you to give me a writing directing all military and civil officers to protect me in the possession of my property."

The President sat at his desk, and then and there wrote an order which enjoined upon all military, naval, and civil officers the protection of Benjamin Montgomery, the owner of three plantations that were named, and directed that he be given any assistance he might require in furtherance of these orders. It was signed, "Abraham Lincoln." This was about August 1, 1863.

Montgomery went home and at once showed his letter to the commander at Vicksburg, who issued orders that he should be protected in the possession of his property. The President directed the secretary of the treasury to instruct his agents to let Montgomery alone, and he was not disturbed. After the war, he went quietly ahead with his business. He saved some money, and kept the hands pretty well together, though they were few. During the years of reconstruction, Montgomery went on with his cotton-growing, and attended closely to business. His credit in Vicksburg and New Orleans was equal to that of any planter in the country; his orders for supplies were promptly filled, and his payments were made at the promised time.

In 1882, Montgomery felt that he was getting too old to manage properly the business of the estates. So a friendly suit of foreclosure was brought, and the great estate, Joseph Davis having been dead some years, reverted to Jefferson Davis. He and Montgomery settled their accounts, and Montgomery, after that settlement, which assured him some two hundred thousand dollars, was the richest colored man in Mississippi. Two years thereafter he died, and no man, white or black, could have been more sincerely mourned. Montgomery's funeral was attended by Mr. Davis and by all the prominent planters within twenty or thirty miles. In an address at the grave, Mr. Davis said: "I have had in my life many true and faithful friends, but none more faithful than was he whom this day we have laid at rest."

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Time is thou hast, improve that portion small·
Time future is not and may never be,
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The Making of an Orator

[Concluded from page 564]

your intellectual superiors, you will, nevertheless, distinctly explain to them the nature of the subject you are discussing, and what is the precise question they are called upon to consider. You will employ unfailing courtesy and respect, by which a favorable hearing is secured. You will seldom or never read from a manuscript, and you will never read more than a mere fragment from books, newspapers, or memoranda. Throughout your speech, put yourself in the place of the audience, and discuss the subject from its standpoint, always recollecting that, if you create an impression, you are its assistant, honestly imparting what will be of interest or substantial benefit to it. If you speak before the uneducated, use simple words,—the best language of plain men. Be concrete and conversational in style. Talk to blacksmiths about horseshoes, and to farmers about crops. Adapt your illustrations to their employments. Avoid giving offense, even in trifles; speak to them, not of "master and servant," terms having an unpleasant flavor, as popularly used, but of "employer," and "boss," and "farm-hand," and "laborer." If your subject admits of an appeal to sympathy, be cautious not to overdo that portion of your speech, for "nothing dries sooner than tears." Would you have your auditors see enacted the very incidents in question? First see them yourself, with the mind's eye,—every face, every object, every motion: let nothing be indistinct, and then tell all you see. Ever let your temper feel the constraint of your will, and your manner be characterized not only by a lack of gross faults, such as buffoonery, bravado, and conceit, but by the positive virtues of courtesy, self-restraint, manliness, and benevolence; so that, when you have completed an address, your auditors may retain the idea that they have been engaged with you in an earnest, animated, sensible, and (it may be,) stirring conversation in which you have acquitted yourself as a sound adviser and gentleman.

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Roy Farrell Greene

"GREAT deeds," said Uncle Hiram, "I've observed, 'tween me an' you,
Fer every man that does 'em there are ten agoin' to do;
There's lots o' men can sit aroun' an' entertain a crowd
With how they're goin' t' plant a field they've likely never plowed:
Bill Jones was such a feller, an' I used t' hear him tell
Of a scheme he had fer killin' weeds that sounded mighty well;
Machinery could do the work,—a man need never sweat,—
But I find that William has n't set the world afire yet.

"When Simpson's boy from college came, the family prophesied,
Within a year or two, the world would view him open-eyed,
And marvel at the wonders of improvement he'd advance
In scientific methods, if he had but half a chance.
He stayed around the town awhile an' worked quite hard, I jinks,
At poundin' little rubber balls o'er what he called 'the links.'
We've scientific problems still that make professors fret,
But I note young Simpson has n't set the world afire yet!

"An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "future action does not count
Toward betterin' of our present state to any great amount;
A million 'goin'-t'-do-its' would n't balance one 'has-done,'
An' a pound of 'right-this-minute' 's worth 'to-morrow's,' half a ton.
I've noticed in my lifetime scores of fellers, sad to state,
Who'd have prospered if they had n't for their watchword taken 'Wait;'
Fellers sure to do great wonders ere the next day's sun had set,—
But I've noticed none of them has set the world afire yet!"

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A Hero of Peace

A noble hero of peace, whose name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, will be written down as that of one "who loved his fellow men," and who sacrificed much for the cause of peace and human happiness, is Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross Society. This noble man, a native of Switzerland, early became deeply interested in the question of how to ameliorate the condition of the wounded in times of war. With this purpose in mind, he followed the Franco-Italian army in the campaign of 1859, and was at the battle of Solferino. This was one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times. Forty thousand dead were left upon the field, and each of the two opposing armies had more than twenty thousand wounded, many of whom, for want of adequate medical and material care, were left to die in agony where they had fallen. M. Dunant did his best, at Solferino, to supply, by private enterprise, the deficiencies of the military establishment, and, with the aid of the people of the countryside and of a few charitable travelers, he improvised hospitals in which a great number of wounded men found relief.

The horrible spectacle presented by the field of battle, however, had deeply moved him, and, at the close of the war, he began an active canvass to secure the organization, in all countries, of associations of volunteer nurses, wearing one distinctive badge, who should follow armies in action, and give succor, without discrimination, to all the wounded. He enforced his views in pamphlets and lectures, and his appeals, put forth at a time when all hearts were sensitive, struck a responsive chord throughout Europe. M. Moynier, president of the Society of Public Utility of Geneva, presented to that body Dunant's theory of an international compact, compatible with the articles of war of the several countries, whereby aid might be rendered the victims of the battlefield, irrespective of nation, religion, or cause. The result was a convention at Geneva, in October, 1864, to which, with a single exception, all the important European states sent representatives. Four days' deliberation culminated in the organization of the famous Red Cross Society, under whose banner all civilized nations are marshaled. In compliment to Switzerland, its cradle, and because of the fact that the cross is the symbol of Christianity, a red cross on a white field, the reverse of the Swiss flag, was adopted as the society's ensign. But one military hospital flag is recognized in the world to-day,—that of the Red Cross. It marks all the trappings, and is the badge of its nurses and followers. Turkey alone discards the cross, its crescent on the battlefield having the signification of the Christian symbol. The commander who knows his own knows his enemy, and he breaks an international treaty if, knowingly, he turns a gun or a stray shot on the Red Cross. Convoys of prisoners, under escort bearing that sign, are safe. No officer can fire upon that unarmed and defenseless body of men by mistake. No captured man can suffer lack of food. The world is pledged to supply the want, for friend and foe are alike to the Red Cross Society. Owing to the sectional strife in the United States, at the time of the Geneva Treaty, and our subsequent peace at home and abroad, America was the last of the civilized nations to enlist under the Red Cross. This was brought about through the heroic efforts of Clara Barton, famous at home and honored in Europe as a nurse of the Civil War. In Switzerland, at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, she joined the Red Cross Society, and, becoming personally cognizant of its power for good, she succeeded, in 1882, in enlisting the United States, and her plans for organized effort to alleviate suffering in catastrophies outside of war are now embodied in the work of the society throughout the world, and are known as the "American Amendment."

The establishment of the Geneva compact was the crowning glory of the life of Henri Dunant, but it was purchased at a heavy cost to him. He had spent his money with an open hand in the preliminary work; and this, with unfortunate investments, swept away his fortune. He was reduced to penury, and in Paris, for a time, he suffered many privations. "Like many another," he writes, "it has been my experience to breakfast upon the value of a penny found by chance in my pocket; to blacken my coat seams with ink, to whiten my collar with chalk, and to stuff my worn-out hat with paper in order to prevent it from slipping over my eyes."

Politeness induces morality.; Serenity of manner requires serenity of mind.—JULIA WARD HOWE.



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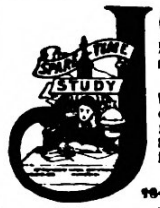
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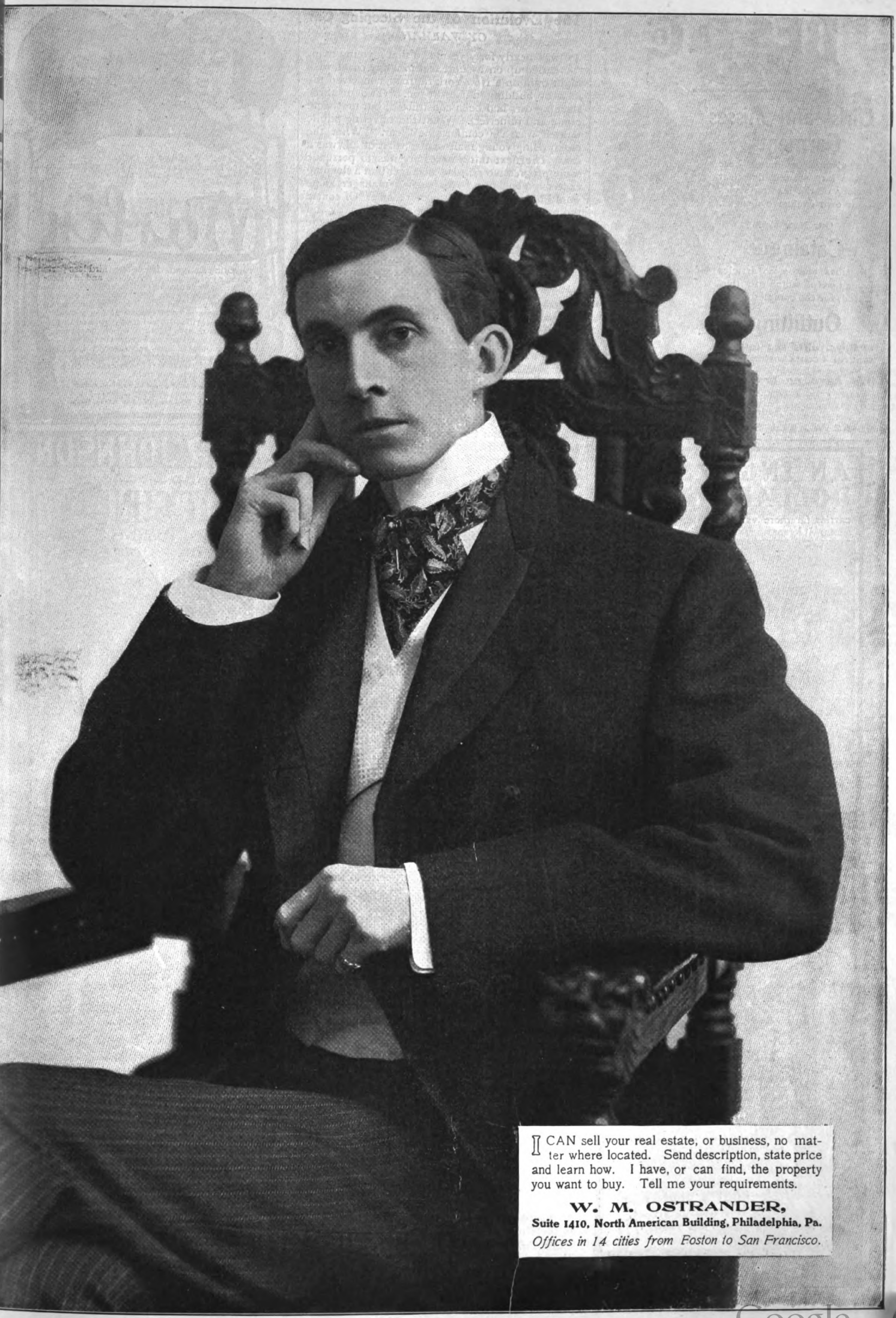
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The Evolution of the Sleeping Car

CY WARMAN

IT was nearly forty years ago that a young man, curled up on a short seat in a day coach of a night train on a New York railroad, conceived the idea of building a bed-wagon. Two or three sleeping cars had been constructed, but they were crude and imperfect. What the traveling public wanted was a "comfortable" car. What the enterprising young man wanted, first of all, was a car. The next thing necessary was to persuade some progressive railroad manager that a sleeping car is a good thing, for such a manager alone would have the power to push it along. Of course the public would be shy of it at first, but, by and by, people would trail in and go to sleep; so the young man reasoned, and he set about to find a railroad willing to operate a car, provided he could produce the vehicle. In Chicago he found his man.

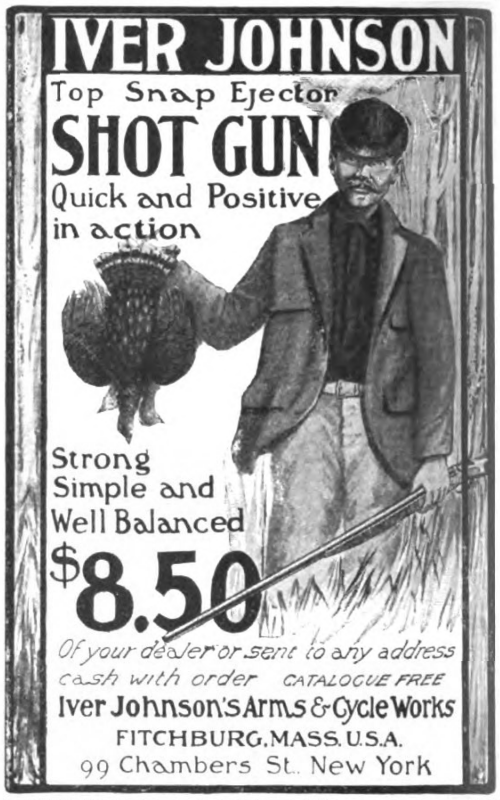
It was in 1859 that Col. R. E. Goodell, then superintendent [There were no general managers at that time.] of that swift little railway, the Chicago and Alton, agreed with young George M. Pullman to operate a car which the latter was to equip. Pullman had no railroad of his own. He didn't even have a car, so he had to borrow one from Mr. Goodell. The first car was an ordinary day coach made into a sleeper. The beds were taken down in the daytime and stacked up in one corner of the car. The main point in the agreement between the railroad company and Mr. Pullman was that the former should keep the outside in good condition, and the latter the interior. It was also agreed that all future cars should be as good as the "Pioneer." The rate in "Car A," which cost four thousand dollars, was two dollars per berth, from Chicago to St. Louis. It is the same over the same route, to-day, in a car which costs twenty thousand dollars more. The fact that the company carries twenty people, to-day, for every one carried in 1859, enables it to pay interest on the other twenty thousand; but the public, in this case, gets the benefit of the investment in extra comfort without any additional expense. The sleeping cars proved so popular that other roads soon adopted them, and the Chicago and Alton, which was the pioneer Pullman line, put on a dining-car service.

Although he was not a mechanic, Mr. Pullman has credit for having evolved from his own brain nearly every appliance used upon the cars that bear his name. If we except the sleeping car itself, which, however, Mr. Pullman did not originate, his one invention which has brought the greatest measure of comfort to the public is the vestibule. It has brought not comfort alone, but safety as well. Two instances will show that many lives have been saved by the vestibule that without it must have been lost. Soon after the introduction of this new device, there was a head-end collision near the Hoosac Tunnel; one train was vestibuled, the other was not. The former stood solid, after the collision; the latter was telescoped and in splinters. Later, a Rio Grande and a Rock Island train, one vestibuled and the other not, came together near Colorado Springs with the same result. The vestibule was thought out by Mr. Pullman, and grew out of his desire to make the interior of a train like the interior of a house, where the different cars, like the rooms of a house, could be thrown open; where a traveler might look or walk through the entire train without going out of doors. He appeared not to be satisfied with making a car look like a house, but made the Pullman building look like a car. A stranger entering the Pullman offices for the first time is sure to be reminded of one of the company's splendid, luxurious cars. To originate the almost countless appliances, from a door latch to a car truck, from a simple device to hold a hair brush to a vestibuled train, required more than ordinary ability, and yet all this was but a small part of the work that fell to the head of the great corporation.

Contracts had been made with various railways over whose tracks his cars were to operate, and these contracts, running, many of them, twenty-five years, had to be made in a way that would ensure the safety of the property of his company. As the years went by, these details multiplied. Within a quarter of a century, the business of the company grew from the management of "Car A" to the operation of more than two thousand cars in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

Mr. Pullman was able to look far into the future. He labored unceasingly for the perfection of his cars and the service on them. He knew full well that, if he should succeed in this, the financial







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success of the enterprise would be sure to follow. By some he was accused of being avaricious; by others, of being extravagant. The rolling palaces soon attracted attention, and were pronounced by many a useless waste of money. People at flag stations, it was argued, would get in between the sheets with their boots on; but they did not, and, in a little while, the pioneer sleeping car was put into the scrap pile and better cars took its place.

The development of the service, from "Car A" on the Chicago and Alton to what we have to-day, took time, patience, and perseverance. To be sure, the company has prospered, but it has given something to the public. It has made it possible for the reader to put his wife with her baby into a car at New York that will take them to St. Louis without change. She can take a seat at Chicago, and journey to Los Angeles or New Orleans; and all the while, at her elbow, there is an electric bell with an attentive servant within easy call. Not all the earnings of the Pullman Car Company are "wrung from an oppressed public," as is popularly believed. Something like twenty-five years ago, the company bought three thousand, five hundred acres of land near Chicago that is now part of that wonderful city. The natural increase in the value of this land alone amounts to several fortunes. Nothing is wasted. If workmen dredge a river, they make bricks of the mud and build houses of them. Mr. Pullman was not a philanthropist. If he gave a thing, he did so after he had been convinced that it would have a lasting influence for good. He built a church at Albion, his old home, and dedicated it to the memory of his father, but not until a society had been organized which undertook the care and control of the edifice. He gave a splendid library to the town of Pullman, but with the understanding that all who might use it would pay enough, at least, to keep the books dusted. He gave to Chicago the beautiful memorial group which commemorates the massacre of 1812, and placed it at once in the hands of the Chicago Historical Society. There was order in whatever he did, whether it was business or pleasure. The laying out and building of the town of Pullman called forth a great deal of comment. By some it was looked upon as a sort of philanthropic enterprise, by others as an effort to build up a community whose inhabitants should be made in some way to pay tribute to the Pullman Palace Car Company. It was neither; it was a simple, though gigantic, business enterprise. The company believed that, with a new city beautifully built, with neat new homes for their employees, with paved streets and pleasant parks, and with all other modern conveniences, the people of that community would be reasonably happy, and, being so environed, would render better service to the company than could be expected from men less pleasantly situated. In this they were not disappointed, for it is related of the mechanics of Pullman that they were always in demand.

The employees of Pullman were not obliged to hire the company's houses. In fact, at the time of the great strike, more than a thousand of them occupied their own homes. Unbiased writers agree that the rents were reasonable, and that the employees enjoyed all the freedom of thought and action enjoyed by the people of other places.

Whether, on the whole, the town of Pullman has been a curse or a blessing, a help or a hindrance to the people who inhabit it, I shall not attempt to say, but that the public has been greatly benefited by the inventions of this one man there is not the smallest doubt.

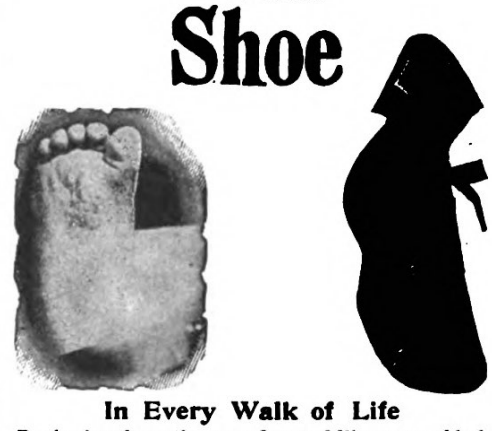
"We have no Pullmans, Goulds, or Vanderbilts over here," European periodicals are wont to state. Well, if they had, traveling by rail would beat walking! If they had, one would not be compelled to stand on tiptoe in a railway carriage running thirty miles an hour, and hold his sides to prevent the very life from being shaken out of him. This the writer has been forced to do between Paris and Vichy, and between Dresden and Berlin,—and in first-class coaches at that. The railway carriages of England are little better, but the roadway is so nearly perfect that one does not feel the vibration as he does on continental railroads. "But traveling is cheaper over there," says the untraveled American. Yes, in Germany, if you travel fifth-class, it is extremely cheap, but you will find it just as cheap and just as comfortable in America if you take a cattle car. In either case, you must stand up. In plenty of places in England, the fare is six cents a mile,—first-class, of course,—but first-class accommodations there are not as good as first-class ones here, where they cost but half the money. The International Sleeping-Car

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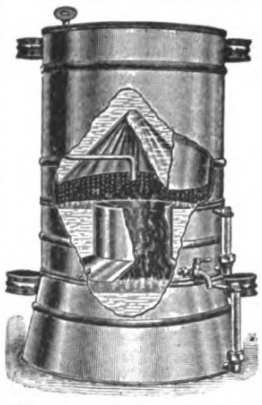


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Company, which is to Continental Europe what the Pullman Company is to America, is held under such restrictions by the railways, which in turn are similarly held down so rigidly by the governments (or up, as circumstances may demand,) that they are compelled to charge regular "road-agent" rates or go out of business. This company will charge you eighteen dollars for a berth from Paris to Constantinople. From New York to Denver, about the same distance, the sleeping-car fare is eleven dollars. A single ticket from Paris to Marseilles costs nine dollars and fifty cents. From New York to the Niagara Suspension Bridge or to Washington the fare in a Wagner or a Pullman car is two dollars. The time required and distance traveled are about the same. This is certainly a good showing for the American companies; but, when the reader is reminded that a berth in a European car means a place for one person and no more, the comparison assumes a still graver aspect for our friends *outre mer*. A man and his wife may be reasonably comfortable, unless they be over-stout, in an American sleeping car, for two dollars a night. A gentleman traveling with his wife, baby, and nurse, can hire a section, which will afford accommodations for his party during a night's journey anywhere in America, for four dollars. To provide places for all these people in Europe, (on the continent,) he would be obliged to hire a compartment with four single berths, and that would cost him just thirty-six dollars.

Two widely different pictures of this successful man are good for young Americans to contemplate. Picture young Pullman helping with his hands to fit up the first sleeper on the Chicago and Alton Railway, and you will see how the foundation of a fortune is laid. Picture the late George M. Pullman seated in his splendid offices in Chicago, surrounded with all the comforts of this world; before him the broad lake, behind him the roar of the growing city; amid the rattle of typewriters and the click of telegraph keys, with long-distance telephones talking to all the important towns of America; with rolling palaces, bearing his name, running to every corner of the continent,—soon to encircle the globe,—and you will see a typically successful American.

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NOWHERE else is ambition so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for in no other country is individualism so highly differentiated as in America, or man so full of inborn energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism, and self-confidence; so little tethered by pedantry, so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression.

To this it must be added that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous destinies are more numerous and striking than anywhere else. A Lincoln who develops from a woodcutter into a president; a Schwab who, at twenty years, earned a dollar a day, and, at thirty-five, has a salary of a quarter of a million; a Carnegie who, as a youth, did not know where to find a shilling to buy primers, and, as a man in mature life, does not know how to get rid reasonably and usefully of his three hundred million dollars, must suggest to every woodcutter, every "buttons," every factory apprentice with the scantiest elementary schooling, the idea that it depends wholly on himself whether or not he shall tread in the footsteps of a Lincoln, a Schwab, or a Carnegie, and reach the goal that these celebrities have attained.

The Horatian "*Aurea mediocritas*" has nowhere else so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead!" is the national motto. I suppress, intentionally, the second half of the smart sentence. The universal ideal of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man temerity, tenacity, and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

"Success," however, is but one of those vague words which mean nothing definite, but which, like "freedom," or "progress," are mere recipients filled by everybody with contents distinctively his own.

Set yourself earnestly to see what you were made to do, and then set yourself earnestly to do it; and the loftier your purpose is, the more sure you will be to make the world richer with every enrichment of yourself.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.



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A somewhat remarkable example of self-sacrifice for noble ends is furnished in the life-story of William Duncan. Forty years or more ago, Fort Simpson, near the southern boundary of Alaska, was the trade center maintained by the Hudson Bay Company for nine tribes or clans of the Tsminshian Indians. This people was known, from the first explorations of the coast, as turbulent, bloody, given to merciless war on neighboring tribes or weak bands of whites, and plunged in the depths of gloomy superstition. In battle, the warriors beheaded the men and enslaved the women and children of hostile tribes. The heads were preserved as trophies. Their religious practices were in many respects most revolting,—one order or sept among them, during certain dances, running amuck among the spectators, tearing live dogs to pieces with their teeth, and even going so far as to indulge in cannibalism, the object of their fury being a slave or a luckless spectator. The horrors of their barbarism were shown in strong relief by the fact that they were above the ordinary level in intelligence.

In 1857, William Duncan, a lay reader in the Church of England, sacrificed a prosperous business in London to devote himself to missionary labor in this forbidding field. He began, upon his arrival at Fort Simpson, by studying the language, getting hold of the children, and opening a school. After long labor, he secured a number of converts, or adherents, and became convinced that, to secure permanent results, he must get away from the evil influences about him. He selected for his purpose a place called Metlakahtla, about twenty miles from Fort Simpson, and the site of an ancient Indian village. After a year of preparation, he embarked, with fifty followers of all ages, in six canoes, with the logs of their schoolhouse rafted for transportation to their new home. A week later, thirty more canoes followed, with two chiefs, increasing the number of persons to about three hundred and fifty.

Having settled, Mr. Duncan went about his Master's business with unusual tact. He instituted a town meeting, taxes, and a common council, and established public works,—that is to say, wells, drains, roads, landing places, a house for strangers, and a public playground. He abolished slavery and harbored fugitives, often at great risk, from the man-stealers. Liquor, the Indian's curse, was prohibited, and bottles or casks of it were smashed, if landed. He vaccinated his people, and all comers. He introduced a coöperative store, and, when this incurred the hostility of the traders, he built, with his people, a schooner, which brought the goods the traders would not carry for them. The schooner paid good dividends, and the astonished Indians named her "Slave." A sort of savings bank was instituted, most of the currency being in the form of blankets. A sawmill was imported, town lots laid out, good houses built for the community, and a fine church and schoolhouse erected,—solely by the labor of the people. In short, by giving them a practical illustration of the fact that cleanliness, industry, handicraft, knowledge and order pay, their leader completely conquered the utilitarian Indians, and the way was open for the Gospel, which came to them with a force and power unattainable by any other method.

The settlement at Metlakahtla was made in 1862. A dozen years or more ago, being again subjected to the influences which had hampered his work in the first days at Fort Simpson, Mr. Duncan sought and secured from the United States government the concession of an island off the southern coast of Alaska, to which he transferred his flock. The Tsminshians, in their new home, have repeated and improved upon the record made at Metlakahtla, and the Northwest holds no more flourishing or better-ordered community than this. Mr. Duncan, now a white-haired man, is still their leader, counselor, and friend. With splendid disregard for most of the things which men hold dear in life, he has passed his best years among savages in the wilderness. But he has sacrificed self to noble ends, lifted hundreds of his fellow creatures from the mire of barbarism to the plane of moral and healthful living, and performed a work that, through the long future, will preserve his name from forgetfulness. Who, in the face of these facts, will not declare his to have been one of the most successful of lives?

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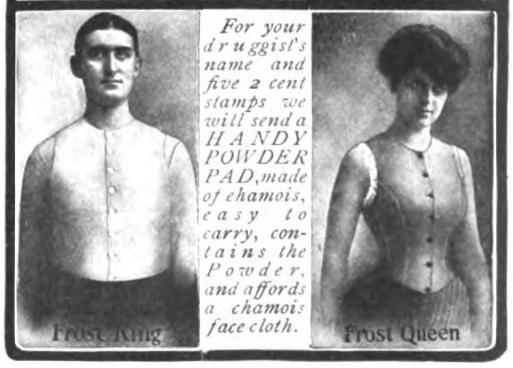
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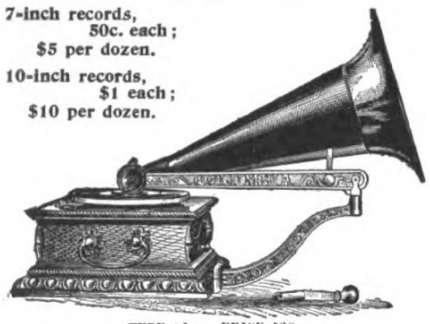
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The Light of the Future

HUDSON MAXIM
[Inventor and Author]

WHEN some great scientific discovery is made, or some great invention is developed, the discoverer or the inventor, in turning to Nature, will nearly always find in her operations a counterpart of his work. He will see that Nature is utilizing all of the principles underlying his discovery or embodied in his invention.

As the frontiers of human knowledge are extended, and from the heights of human achievement our view becomes broadened, we are enabled to penetrate more and more the mysteries that have hitherto veiled the secrets of Nature.

It has been too often the habit of investigators to judge of what can be known, and what can be thought, from their own ability to think and their power to know, and they have often arbitrarily set unwarranted bounds to the possibilities of the future. While there may be a realm of the unthinkable and natural agencies that are unknowable, still we have seen their declared boundaries yield to the touch of investigation, and many of their secrets become visible under the searchlight of broader reasoning.

A young scientific man of to-day should take up his task with the assured conviction that there is still lying, just beyond the touch of present achievement and discovery, a virgin soil within the realm of the possible, the thinkable, and the knowable, where marvels may be wrought more wonderful and useful still than any that have dazzled the imagination and raised the world out of savage chaos during the last century.

The newly-discovered bodies, uranium, radium, polonium, and pitchblende, which give light in the dark, awaken our curiosity and wonder. That a body placed in an absolutely dark room should emit light, of its own accord, challenges extraordinary attention; for, however small in quantity, we know that light represents energy, and that energy is uncreatable, indestructible, and eternal, just as matter is. Therefore, we know that the energy which this body gives out in the form of light must be supplied from some exterior source.

We have already been taught by science that our senses do not make us conscious of all natural phenomena. We know that there are sounds too high in pitch for us to hear,—that the ear cannot distinguish sound produced by vibrations greater in number than forty thousand per second. We know that our visual organs are not constituted to respond to rays of light below the red, or above the violet, but we know that there are other rays, as certainly as if we were made conscious of them in the same way that we are made conscious of ordinary light. The X-ray, which was discovered by the photographic plate, represents a vibratory pitch beyond our visual powers. Had we visual organs sufficiently sensitive, the Crookes tube would emit a most brilliant white light. Had we visual organs capable of responding to ether vibrations very low in pitch, we might be able to see by means of the heat rays emitted from the bricks of an ordinary chimney. But Nature appears to have been able to provide visual organs capable only of responding to ether vibrations within a limited range.

Nothing takes place in nature that does not have a cause. We are now living under the reign of fact, and in an age when facts are sought out for their utility

The eyes of the owl are specially constructed for gathering and concentrating feeble rays of light, but still it is light as we know it. His eyes, however, should reasonably have been made to see with ether vibrations of a higher pitch, had such an expedient been possible.

In the great ocean depths, where all light is excluded and utter darkness reigns, eyes like those of the owl could gather no light; still, the inhabitants of those deeps are provided with visual organs, which are constructed to see with ordinary light. To meet this need, Nature has provided the deep-sea animals with light-giving organs by which they are enabled to illuminate and render visible the objects in the otherwise utter darkness about them. Fish that inhabit the waters of deep caverns in the earth, however, have no eyes, although there the darkness is no more utter than it is in the deep seas. This leads us to the hypothesis that there are certain etheric vibrations which are capable of penetrating the waters of the ocean in the same manner that ordinary light penetrates our atmosphere, and that these high vibrations, falling upon the light-giving apparatus of the deep-sea animals, are transformed into vibrations of a lower order, corresponding with phosphorescent light, and that the intervening earth and rock prevent the same rays penetrating to the inhabitants of the waters of caves; otherwise they, too, would be provided with eyes and with similar light-giving apparatus. The firefly and the glow-worm are terrestrial representatives of the autoluminescent principle employed by Nature in providing light to the denizens of the deep seas.

We are all familiar with the fact that sunlight passing through a pane of clear, transparent glass, scarcely warms it, and would not warm it at all were it perfectly transparent. If, however, we paint the glass with lampblack, it becomes very quickly heated. The reason for this is that the rays of light, on striking the blackened surface, are slowed down to a vibration of a much lower pitch, and this is what we know as heat. If our eyes were constructed to see by heat rays, we should be unable to see by ordinary light, and ordinary light would then be unsuited to our eyes, the same as the X-rays now are, and it would be necessary for light rays to be converted into heat rays before they would be visible to us, the same as those invisible rays which, striking upon uranium, radium, polonium, and pitchblende, cause those bodies to emit light. In like manner we must account for the light-giving properties of these bodies. It is the theory of the writer that high etheric vibrations beyond the range of our vision, impinging upon the surfaces of these bodies, are slowed down to a lower pitch, which corresponds with light as we know it, in the same manner that ordinary light, striking an opaque body, causes that body to emit heat.

Similarly, as ordinary light passes through transparent bodies without heating them, while it causes opaque bodies to emit heat, the ether vibrations of a higher pitch than light pass through ordinary bodies without rendering them luminous; but, when they strike bodies which to them are opaque, a luminous effect is produced. In other words, in the opinion of the writer, it is the property of opacity to high etheric vibrations which renders radium, polonium, and pitchblende phosphorescent or light-giving.

In the same manner that rays of light from the sun, on a hot summer day, falling upon a black hat, heat it, so, the writer believes, do high ether vibrations, falling upon the light-giving headgear of submarine animals, render them luminous. If our eyes were constituted to see by rays of heat, and not by light, then a black hat in summer time would be a crown of light and illuminate our pathway. It is probable, however, that the luminous organs of deep-sea animals possess the property of concentrating the high etheric vibrations, as well as of transforming them; and, if our sun were many times more dim than it now is, and we were to wear upon our heads both a black crown and a sunglass for concentrating the light upon the black surface of the crown, we should be provided with an apparatus for seeing with heat rays somewhat comparable with the phosphorescent organs with which deep-sea animals are provided for transforming non-luminous into luminous vibrations.

When etheric vibrations, of a higher rate of oscillation than light, are slowed down to the light-giving pitch, we are still far above the pitch corresponding with sensible heat, and we have what is known as cold light. When, however, a body is heated, as is the filament in an incandescent electric lamp, a large percentage of energy is wasted as heat, and but a small percentage is utilized as light. The light of the future will doubtless be produced by some form of apparatus for the transformation into light of certain etheric vibrations of a higher pitch than light;—in other words, apparatus for arresting higher-pitch vibrations, to render them visible, and to produce white, cold light.

It has been said that everything in geometry is natural, and that everything in Nature is geometrical. The more we study the subject, the stronger becomes our conviction that perfect order reigns and governs alike the infinitely little and the infinitely great.

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The Magic Forest

[*Concluded from page 555*]

said to him. He liked the other children, and was accepted by them as one of themselves. If, occasionally, he felt slightly homesick, some new incident of the rapidly changing life drove the feeling almost immediately from his heart. Jimmy was not selfish, or without affection, but was simply a natural, healthy boy, keenly alive to everything about him, and entirely happy as long as the novelty and the wonder lasted.

As they journeyed on, the stream narrowed and was more often broken. One day the band passed nine separate portages, the next it glided out into a series of long, narrow lakes, connected by threads of water that were hardly more than good-sized brooks. Finally, they arrived at a foam-flecked pool, at the foot of a rapid.

"Here is where we found you," Makwa told him.

Jimmy looked. It all came back to him vividly,—the cold, the awakening to bowlder hills and wraith forest, the struggle through the woods, the Indian canoes leaping down the rapid. Then his mind followed the natural sequence still farther. He felt the sway and rattle of the train, the good-night kiss on his lips, and his mother's caressing voice.

"Is it far to New York?" he again asked Makwa.

Makwa, who had been told some things, though vaguely, by Antoine Laviolette, answered him as before, "Very far." He said nothing else, for he knew that the little boy must leave them, and his heart was sad.

An Indian, or, indeed, any north-country *voyageur*, for that matter, does not like to arrive at his journey's end late in the afternoon. It takes away from the impressiveness of the occasion. Often he prefers to go into camp within fifteen minutes' journey of his destination, rather than miss the pomp of an observed entry into town. It was so in the present instance. Makwa and his people pitched camp just within the fringe of the woods beyond which lay Chapleau and the Canadian Pacific Railroad. To Jimmy the place looked no different, nor nearer civilization, than had the point at the junction of the two rivers, some hundreds of miles farther north.

That night, after he had rolled himself in his rabbit-skin robe, contrary to his usual custom, he did not at once fall asleep. The fire danced with the shadows. Jimmy stared at them wistfully. The thoughts evoked by Makwa's simple words would not be ignored. For the first time his heart turned with all its power toward the home he had so mysteriously left. One after another, the details of it rose before his mind,—the soft bed, the dainty room, the toys, the quiet servants, the warmed apartments, and, above all else, his beautiful young mother, who loved him so deeply. Jimmy swallowed hard. He would like to see them all again. Out in the Magic Forest a little owl was blowing its tin trumpet. "*Ko-ko-ko-oh!*" it cried. The shadows danced, growing hungrier and more fantastic before the little boy's blurred vision. By and by they faded. Jimmy had fallen asleep. But, just as he did four months before, he left consciousness bearing a great longing in his heart. Then it had been the vision of the Long Trail, bodied by wistful musings through a snow-flecked window; now it was a dream of home.

A little after two o'clock, Jimmy threw aside the cover and sat up. Swiftly, yet with movements precise in their certainty, he dressed himself in his day garments. With equal precision he took his way out of the sleeping camp. A voice hailed him. He answered with perfect coherence. In a moment he had gained the clearing, and in a moment more was trudging down the broad dusty street of the little frontier town. Straight ahead he walked, his eyes fixed, between the rows of houses. At the foot of the street he turned sharply to the left, mounted accurately a little wooden platform, and turned in the direction of a flaring train just bearing down on the primitive station. A sleepy agent spoke to him. Again he answered, but his reply was lost in the roar of the train. In the confusion Jimmy clambered aboard, turned to the right, went directly to "Lower seven," parted the curtains and fell back on the empty berth with a sigh of relief. When the train pulled out a moment later, Jimmy was curled up in a comfortable little ball, his arm tucked under the pillow, and his eyes fast shut.

He was finally awakened by a shaft of sunlight that shone squarely in his face. His first impression was that he had been allowed to sleep very late, for it had been the custom of his Indian



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This treatment is a sovereign remedy for and prevention of 90 per cent. of all Digestive derangements. It is hygienic, scientific and logical. It is a perfect tonic with no after depression. Its action

Makes and Keeps One Healthy

Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such eminent people as the following use the Internal Bath: U.S. Senator A. P. Gorman, Maryland; Ex-Governor Goodell, Vermont; Admiral Tyrtoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S. Peck, G.A.R.; Miles Devine, Chicago, Ill.; Marguerite Sylva, and a host of others.

Were it possible to reproduce here our file of voluntary letters of commendation received from prominent people who do not ordinarily permit the use of their names in advertisements, no doubt could exist in one's mind as to the extraordinary merit of the "J. B. L. CASCADE" treatment. As proof of what the Cascade treatment will do we call your attention to the following letter from Mr. H. A. Joyce, one of the prominent merchants of Cambridge, Md.

The Ralston Health Club, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having almost Ten Million Members Throughout the World, authorizes us to say: "Our Cascade is not endorsed by the Ralston Health Club of America, as that Club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but IT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY THE CLUB FOR ITS USE IN THE INWARD BATH TREATMENT, which is one of its many systems of natural cure."

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "The What, The Why, The Way," which will be sent free on application, together with our Great Special Offer for this month only.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

Clerk 3 R, 1562 Broadway, New York.



Mr. H. A. JOYCE

CAMBRIDGE, MD., Aug. 7, 1900.

PROF. CHAS. A. TYRRELL:

Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe you, as well as my fellow man, to say I have been restored to perfect health by the use of the flushing treatment so easily accomplished by the "J. B. L. Cascade." Previous to its use I was in very bad health, and in fact was almost in despair of ever getting well, but thanks to you and your wonderful invention, and the loving kindness of a merciful God, I am now in splendid health.

Gratefully yours,

H. A. JOYCE.

friends to turn out before the sun had risen above the forest trees. Then his consciousness brought to him a regular clankety-clank, clankety-clank. In very terror he again shut his eyes tight.

After a few moments he ventured to peep. Above him was a dull polished surface in which, dimly, he made out his own figure. To the right were two darkened squares about whose edges streamed the sun. To the left swayed in irregular motion the folds of curtains, and the mattress on which he lay swayed, too, in time to the metallic noises of a train's motion.

Gradually, Jimmy took it all in. He was aided in this experience by the morning so long ago when he had as mysteriously found himself on the bowlder-strewn hillside. The wand of enchantment had waved again. He was back in the train. Of course his father and mother must be near.

He parted the curtains and looked out directly into the face of the negro porter. The latter stared.

"W'at you a-doin' yere?" he demanded.

Then Jimmy swung to the floor, so that not only his head but his buckskin-clad body came into view.

"Foh de Lo'd!" ejaculated the porter.

Jimmy knew exactly what he wanted to say, but the unaccustomed English words stuck in his throat. At last he managed to stammer:—

"Where's my mamma?"

The negro porter was still in a collapse of surprise, but the sleeping-car conductor, who had been approaching, took in the situation at a glance. The whole line had been looking for the lost boy for the last five months.

"Is your name Ferris?" asked the conductor, sharply.

Jimmy nodded.

Then there was excitement, you may be sure. Telegrams flew again, but this time they were telegrams of joy. Jimmy's father and mother boarded a west-bound train.

All the railroad men and the passengers made much of the little boy. They petted him, and gave him things to eat and drink, and bought him things to wear; but they could not get him to talk.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked the big conductor.

"In fairyland," replied Jimmy, gravely.

A shiny commercial traveler laughed long and loud at this reply and at the boy's serious face. After that Jimmy kept silence. They would not believe, so what was the use of telling them?

Late one afternoon two people jumped eagerly aboard the train, and gathered Jimmy up in a great hug composed of laughter and of tears, and his little heart overflowed. He realized that, in spite of the excitement of the Magic Forest, he had wanted his mother all along. So, thereafter, he journeyed home with his own people.

There, too, he was forced to silence.

"Now tell me all about where you have been," said his mother, after they had all calmed down a little.

Jimmy began to tell them, in a fairy-story language, just as Grimm or Andersen would have told of the "Ugly Duckling," or some such matter. Mr. and Mrs. Ferris could make neither head nor tail of it.

"But, darling," expostulated Mrs. Ferris, "it could n't have been that way! When and how did you leave the train?"

"I was trans-ported with a mag-ic wand," explained Jimmy, "and then in the Magic Forest I met Makwa, you see."

However, in spite of his efforts to make everything plain, they insisted on returning again and again to the same point. Jimmy quickly came to his old conclusion, that grown-ups are stupid. Soon he gave it up altogether. They did not believe. What was the use?

So he locked up the story of the Magic Forest in his little heart, along with his firm beliefs in genii and water babies, and brownies and such folks. Try as they might, the grown-ups could never induce him to say another word as to his mysterious five months' experience. To all questions he replied vaguely. The only clues they had were the garments he had worn, and the strange syllables he sometimes used, accidentally, in conversation, or in naming animals at the zoological park. Mr. Ferris caused diligent inquiry to be made, but learned nothing. Makwa and his band had received their annual bounty, and were far away in the wilds.

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement.—GOLDSMITH.

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Self-Sacrifice for Noble Ends

EDWARD DOWNES

THE gentle life of Florence Nightingale is one of the noblest careers lived by a woman in modern history. It is one which proves the compelling power of self-sacrifice when applied to noble ends. The daughter of a banker, she was reared in luxury and carefully educated; but, chancing to visit a hospital while yet in her teens, she declared at once that nursing was to be the business of her life, and gave up all other studies but that of learning how to care for the sick. After taking a special course of instruction in the nurse's art, she had charge, for a time, of a private hospital in London; and, in 1854, being then thirty-four years old, she went to the Crimea to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers of the allied armies operating against Russia.

It is a singular fact that, on the same day and almost at the same hour that Sir Sidney Herbert, of the British war office, wrote to Miss Nightingale to ask her to go to the Crimea, she wrote to him, offering her services. She was given almost absolute authority, and, with a corps of thirty-eight nurses, she arrived at Scutari on November 4, the night before the battle of Inkerman. There were then two thousand, three hundred sick and wounded soldiers in the Turkish barracks on the Bosporus, which had been lent to the English for a hospital. There were two miles of beds, two deep, in the corridors. The wounded of Inkerman soon brought the number of hospital patients up to five thousand. Worse still, there was no laundry, no kitchen for the proper preparation of food, no systematic care, and foul odors were everywhere, along with lack of medicine, beds, and furniture. Into what William Howard Russell calls "the hell" of this great temple of pain and death, with care, sympathy, and consolation, went Florence Nightingale and her band of heroines. Within a week, a great kitchen was organized, which provided well-cooked food for a thousand men. Soon baths, washhouses, and kitchens were built, and order was brought out of confusion. Fresh air, clean linen, and good food took the place of dirt and disorder. If the commissariat failed to supply requisites, Miss Nightingale, who had funds at her disposal, instantly provided them. Now and then, what she could not get for the asking she took by force. On one occasion, some stores had arrived from England that were needed for instant use. Routine required that they should be "inspected" by a board before being issued. Miss Nightingale asked the officer in charge how long this would take. On being informed that three days would be the shortest time, she went to the magazines, and, telling the sergeant of the guard who she was, asked him if he would take an order from her. He said he would, and she ordered him to break in the door. This was done, and the stores, without further delay, were distributed among the sick men.

It is now an old story how, amid all these anxieties and responsibilities, Florence Nightingale found time and means to supply books, games, and recreation for the convalescent, establish a library and lectures, write letters for the sick, forward their savings to their families, and take charge of the legacies of the dying. Not until the war ended did she leave her post of duty beside the Bosporus. Then, traveling under an assumed name, to avoid publicity, she arrived in England before it was known that she had left Turkey. Yet she could not wholly avoid the proofs showered upon her of the nation's appreciation of her worth and work. She was commanded to visit Balmoral, and was there thanked by the queen in person; she was thanked by lords and commons, and the press echoed and reëchoed her praise. What is more, a fund of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to which all classes eagerly contributed, (every soldier in the army giving a day's pay,) was raised by the women of England and presented to her. This testimonial was accepted, but the recipient arranged that every shilling of the fund should be used to establish and maintain an institution for the training of nurses and hospital attendants. The result was the Florence Nightingale School for Nurses, in Harley Street, London. Most of the time since her return from the Crimea, Miss Nightingale has been a confirmed invalid, but ill-health has, in her case, induced no cessation of good works. She has found a way to write two books on the subject of nursing, and her advice, sought by the war departments of every country, has been the basis of modern hospital and ambulance work in war.

"Unreasoning acceptance is the most baleful hindrance to reform. He who believes all that his elders teach, without the individual consent of his more modern mind, unconsciously admits that the world is at a standstill.

Every step ahead in history has been made by those who would not agree with sanctioned dogma. Galileo would not believe the world stood still, Columbus did not believe that it was flat. In spite of sainted mothers and venerable sires, we do not now favor their pet theory of predestination, nor bleed every one who falls ill."

The above is an extract from *Searching for Truth*, a philosophical work by an American business man.

This book is one of the most remarkable efforts of its kind that has appeared in many years. In one respect it is unique. A shrewd, experienced and educated business man has applied to philosophy and current religious beliefs the methods of thought, analysis and judgment which apply in ordinary business life, rejecting those things which plain business sense refuses to credit, and arriving at those conclusions which are upheld by the evidence at hand. Before this course, dogma, tradition and the conventionalities fall like a house of cards. The book is not sensational, but, nevertheless, is very entertaining reading. The author has a sense of humor, that keen, cutting, New England humor, which leaves its sting behind.



This book is intended for progressive and aggressive thinkers, and not for those who blindly accept creeds simply because they have been handed down from a misty past.

Ask for *Searching for Truth* at your bookseller's. If you don't find it, it will be forwarded on receipt of the price, $1.50, by

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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Arthur E. Bostwick

CURIOUS excrescences resembling rude flowers, that grow on trees in Tierra del Fuego, are described by a correspondent of "*La Nature*," Paris. These are found to be due to a parasitic growth, but the "flowers" consist of the inner wood of the tree which has been forced through the bark and assumes various fanciful shapes, often those of the classical acanthus, seen on Corinthian capitals. The parasite that causes the growth is a relative of the mistletoe.

Wooden Flowers

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A PICTURE gallery that dates from the stone age has been unearthed in a cavern near Eyzies, France. The pictures, which are all of prehistoric animals, were not only cut in the rock, as is usually the case with such representations, but were painted in several colors, and give some evidence of artistic skill. There are eighty pictures, of which forty-nine represent bisons of various kinds. The pigments used, which are shades of red and brown, have been found, on analysis by Moissan, the eminent French chemist, to be ochres mixed with minute fragments of transparent silica.

The Oldest Paintings in the World

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INSECTS think as truly as men do, although not, of course, on the same scale. This is the belief of M. Forel, a French neurologist, who has been making observations of ants and bees for relaxation. He thinks that, between the ideas of the naturalist who regards insects as mere automatons and those of the man who treats them as if they had human intelligence, there is a happy medium of common sense, and this he has tried to attain. His observations teach him that, although most of the acts of insects can be explained by instinct, there remain what he calls "small plastic judgments," by which they avoid difficulties and steer their way between dangers. The directive faculty of bees, especially, and their wonderful memory for places, can hardly be explained on the theory of automatism.

Do Insects Think?

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THE photophone, invented by A. Graham Bell in 1880, and since improved in various ways, has never been more than a scientific toy, but Ernest Ruhmer, a German experimenter, has now transmitted articulate speech a distance of four miles by its means. The next best record was that of Mr. Hayes, a Bostonian, who, in 1898, transmitted Morse signals a distance of two miles. Ruhmer uses an arc light, whose intensity is caused to vary by the transmitter, and the sound is reproduced in the receiver by means of a substance like selenium, whose electrical resistance varies with the brightness of its illumination. Of course, properly speaking, the sound is not really transmitted over the beam, but is merely copied at a distance by its agency. It is still doubtful whether the device will ever find practical application.

Telephoning over a Beam of Light

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DUST not only means dirt but also disease, and, the less we have of it flying about, the healthier we shall be. A physician of Monte Carlo, Dr. Guglielminetti, in a recent report, notes that dust consists not only of tiny bits of sand and soil, but also of living organisms, chiefly germs, and of dead organic matter, both animal and vegetable. None of these are particularly good for the man who breathes them. All sorts of ways of laying dust, temporarily or permanently, have been tried. The sprinkler is a frequent sight on our streets, but its results are not lasting. Crude petroleum, or even olive oil, has been tried in many places with good results. Dr. Guglielminetti advocates painting the surface of hard roads with tar, a plan which he has been trying between Nice and Monaco. Recent continuations of his experiments in Paris, with the approval of the city authorities, are reported by the daily press as being eminently satisfactory.

To Abate the Dust Nuisance

▲ ▲

IT is not impossible that Cecil Rhodes's magnificent dream of a railroad through Africa from north to south—"from Cairo to the Cape,"—may be realized before many years. On the British South Africa railroad, trains will soon be running from Cape Town to Bulawayo, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and railway building in Rhodesia is progressing rapidly. It is now proposed, under a recently signed concession from the King of the Belgians, to carry the road through Congo Free State to the upper waters of the Nile, the route being from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls, three hundred miles, and thence to Lake Kasali, the most southerly navigable point on the Congo, seven hundred miles. Stanley Falls, on the upper Congo, will be connected with the Egyptian railways at Mahiga on Albert Nyanza, by a link four hundred and eighty miles long. It was formerly intended to carry the road through German territory, and that line may also be built.

By Rail through Africa

▲ ▲

IT is asserted by Dr. Charlton Bastian that he has seen the egg of one species of infusorian hatch out into an individual of an entirely different species. He calls this phenomenon "heterogenesis," which he defines as "the production, from the substance of organisms or their germs, of alien forms of life." Dr. Bastian made a sensation several years ago by announcing the discovery of "spontaneous generation," or the production of living organisms from dead matter, but his results were shown by Professor Tyndall to be founded on error. Either because of this, or because the facts that he now reports are regarded by all biologists as impossible, the Royal Society of London has refused to give a hearing to Dr. Bastian's paper. This action is condemned by many who do not accept Dr. Bastian's results. "The Hospital" remarks that the discovery of apparent exceptions, in the history of science generally,

Can One Species Turn into Another?

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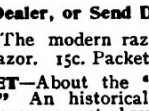
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has often been a step toward the discovery of laws by which the apparent exceptions were embraced, and it thinks that the doctor's assertions are at least worth refuting.

▲ ▲

THAT natural sleep is due to the drugging effect of accumulated carbonic acid in the body is the view taken by a French physiologist, Dr. Raphael Dubois. Carbonic acid has been regarded as a mere waste product of the organism, to be thrown off as soon as possible, but Dr. Dubois believes it to be a great automatic regulator, restraining undue expenditure of energy and overproduction of heat, and compelling the body to rest when fatigued. That fatigue and its effects are directly due to carbonic acid in the system is shown by breathing the gas mixed with oxygen, when the subject becomes at once tired, feeling as if he had been exercising violently all day. This substance is thus the antitype of oxygen in the animal economy, the one gas stimulating the action, while the other restrains it.

The Cause of Sleep

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THE loftiest steamboat route in the world is doubtless that just opened between Puno and Chiliaya, Peru, on Lake Titicaca, thirteen thousand feet high, or twice the altitude of Mount Washington. The "Coya," the boat that plies between these two places, was built in small parts in Glasgow, Scotland, and put together and launched at the lake. The engineer reports some unusual experiences, due to the altitude. Stoking in such rarefied air requires unusual care to avoid smothering the fire, and all the manual labor of the crew is fatiguing, while those unused to working at such an altitude suffer greatly with mountain sickness. The construction and successful operation of the "Coya," under the circumstances, is regarded as an engineering feat of no small magnitude.

Steamboating above the Clouds

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MUCH interest is manifested in a process for the commercial production of nitric acid from atmospheric nitrogen which is being developed at Niagara Falls. The importance of such a manufacture can be realized when it is understood that nitric acid, which lies at the basis of almost every important chemical industry, can now be obtained only from saltpeter and other natural nitrates, the supply of which is limited and will some day be exhausted. The nitrogen and oxygen of the air, however, can be forced to combine chemically by powerful electric discharges, and a machine for carrying out this combination on a commercial scale has just been invented. This is capable of forming and destroying no less than four hundred and ten thousand electric arcs a minute. A current of air traversing these arcs becomes charged with nitrous gases, which are conducted away, and utilized in forming important commercial compounds. The experiments that have led to this process, says "The Electric World," are "as interesting and promising as anything that the dawning century has yet shown."

A Possible Revolution in Chemical Industry

▲ ▲

THE controversies about wireless telegraphy are at present in danger of obscuring its feats. The smoke of battle is so thick that it is hard to judge the case on its merits, but doubtless there is a good deal of commercialism on both sides. The latest move is the charge that Mr. Marconi's telephonic receiver, which he used in his transatlantic experiments, was the invention of Marquis Solari, an Italian army officer, and Mr. Marconi is asserted to have acknowledged this by an application for leave to amend one of his patents by the insertion of a clause in which Solari is stated to be the inventor. Some have regarded this as tantamount to a confession that the entire Marconi system is a plagiarism. His friends, however, stoutly maintain that the attacks on him are due wholly to envy and business rivalry. Some assert that M. Solari's receiver was not used at Newfoundland, and others that, although it was so used, M. Solari knew it and Mr. Marconi acknowledged it. The one thing that appears to be certain is that, although no one has yet done anything very practical with wireless telegraphy, Marconi is still in the lead.

The Battles of Wireless Telegraphy

▲ ▲

SUCCESS Subscription Contests

A new series of subscription prize contests goes into effect upon the expiration of our Summer Contest, September 30.

For the month of October, the cash prizes will aggregate

$550.00

divided into 30 prizes ranging in value from $100.00 to $2.50.

This is an increase of $150.00 over the amount awarded in September, and the prizes may be further increased from month to month. All prizes are in addition to the most liberal commissions offered by any high grade Dollar Magazine.

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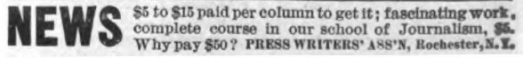












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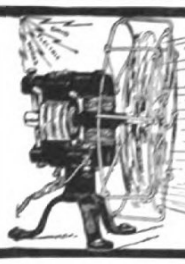
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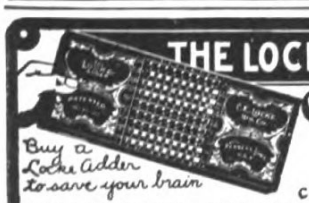


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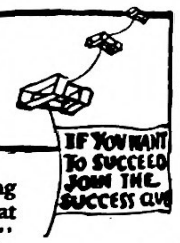
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The Influence of Literary Clubs



HERBERT HUNGERFORD

TWENTY people, selected at random from a list of successful Americans, were asked these questions: "Did you ever belong to a literary society? If so, how much credit toward your success in life do you give to your experience in this society?" Of the fourteen who replied, twelve told in strong terms of the value that they had derived from membership in literary associations, while the two others regretted that, in their youth, they had been denied the privilege of belonging to such organizations. A few of the letters from those who told why their experience in literary clubs was valuable are given below.

If you desire further proof of the inestimable benefit to be derived from membership in literary and debating clubs, read the biographies of nine tenths of the great Americans. You will find that, with remarkably few exceptions, these successful men and women of the past were, in their youth, active workers in lyceums or other literary clubs.

We do not hear much about literary societies to-day, although they are more numerous than in the earlier days and just as helpful as ever. They are, however, usually connected with some church, school, or Young Men's Christian Association, and their identity is lost in that of the larger institution. Since the League of Success Clubs has been instituted, however, literary societies are coming to the front, and taking the place they deserve to fill among the various factors for self and character development. The League already numbers five hundred societies and new branches are being added daily. By January 1, we expect to have one thousand branches enrolled.

Why Our League Is Popular

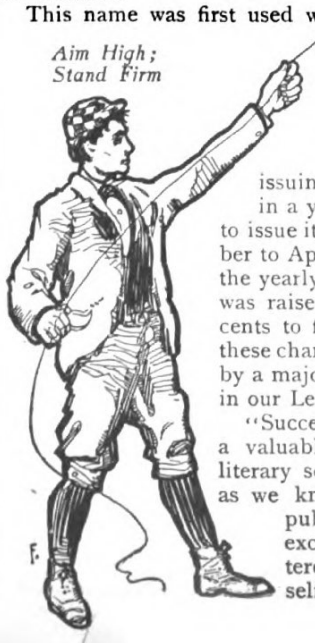
Probably the chief reason why our League has grown so rapidly and strongly is the fact that its plan is such that every society coming into our ranks does not lose any of its individuality and yet gains all of the numerous privileges that can be afforded only by membership in a large organization. For example, if the "Ideal Literary Society" of Rushville, New York, joins our League, it does not lose its name, but is thereafter designated as the "Ideal Literary Society, Branch No. .... of the League of Success Clubs." It also carries on its individual work, except that in preparing its programmes for its regular meetings, or conducting its reading or home-study course, our Bureau is at its service to assist by advice or suggestions drawn from the experience of the hundreds of clubs in our League. This assistance is rendered without fees of any kind. In fact, there are no fees whatever levied on any branch clubs by the Bureau of Success Clubs.

▲ ▲

The Club Organ Is Named "Successward"

OVER seven hundred names were suggested in our contest for renaming our club organ, which has heretofore been called "Helps," but among all these no other has been judged so appropriate as the one selected, "Successward." This seems to be almost an ideal title. The name was suggested by Dr. O. S. Marden, the editor of SUCCESS.

This name was first used with the September issue, with which number were instituted several changes. Its size was nearly doubled. Instead of issuing it twelve months in a year, it was decided to issue it only from September to April, inclusive; and the yearly subscription price was raised from twenty-five cents to fifty cents. All of these changes were approved by a majority of the workers in our League.



"Successward" is not only a valuable publication for literary societies, but, so far as we know, it is the only publication devoted exclusively to the interests of literary and self-culture societies. It will contain the following regular departments: "What to Debate and How to Do It," and "How to Write." The latter will be conducted by an associate editor of SUCCESS, and is intended to give simple, practical instruction in writing English. "Keeping the Wheels Well Oiled" is a department containing suggestions for social committees. Unless the entertainment side of a society is well looked after, the meetings may become uninteresting, when the regular work of the society will drag. "Exercise and Health" is a department containing suggestions for simple calisthenics and gymnastic exercises, it being judged necessary to look after the physical as well as the mental development of club members. In addition to these departments, each number will contain many interesting features. We believe that any one interested in literary societies who will invest fifty cents in a subscription will find the money well spent.

▲ ▲

Letters from Eminent People Who Have Been Benefited by Literary Clubs

A Profitable Education

To the Success Club Bureau:—

I belonged, in early life, in succession, to several clubs, lyceums, and debating societies, and derived extraordinary profit from each. No part of my education was more profitable. I am very glad to learn of your movement to call to the mind of the public, and especially to that of the young public, the value of educational appliances of this sort.

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS,
[*Chancellor, University of Nebraska.*]

▲ ▲

The Influence Is Certain

To the Success Club Bureau:—

All my recollections of life are associated with debating societies. Before I entered the high school in Fitchburg, Massachusetts, I belonged to a little club that used to meet and discuss matters of the day. In the high school the boys who stayed at noon had a debating club of their own, and, though I had time to go home to dinner, I often carried my dinner for the sake of participating in the debate. In the Orange County grammar school at Randolph, Vermont, there was a weekly debating club, largely attended, not only by students, but also by people in the district. At the Lawrence Academy, Groton, Massachusetts, was a club called the "Dialectic," which held weekly meetings for debates and essays. At Yale, besides the open debating societies, the freshman society was in my time largely devoted to weekly debates. This year, in Syracuse, the experiment has been tried by an association for political education of holding public debates on questions of the day. The attendance has been large enough and the interest sufficient to make me believe that a monthly debating club on the school and college lines would be a popular and valuable institution.

From the beginning I never had any question of the value of these organizations. Besides the immediate purpose of giving those who participated ability to speak while upon their feet, they led to an interest in matters of importance, a habit of looking up and familiarizing oneself with political, historical, and other questions, and a seriousness of thought and purpose. I have seen the statement that all the men who have had powerful influence as English statesmen were trained in the debating clubs of Oxford and Cambridge, and it seems to me reasonable.

But apart from the benefit to those who wish to become prominent in public life, I do not see how such clubs can fail to be of great value to all who take part in the debates. They teach one to be certain of himself, to be accurate in his statements, and to avoid rash assertions.

C. W. BARDEEN,
[*Editor of "The School Bulletin."*]

▲ ▲

He Worked with the Interest of a Lawyer

To the Success Club Bureau:—

I belonged to the "Thelomathesian Society," a literary organization at the St. Lawrence University. I was its president during the first term of my senior year. Every year we had a debate between the theological and collegiate departments, and for two years I led the college team. These were strenuous debates, carefully prepared for, and largely attended. I spent weeks getting ready for the last one, and read many volumes. No lawyer ever worked up his case with greater care and anxiety. I was prepared to destroy the force of every possible argument against my position. We won "hands down,—I have written,—but, come to think of it, our hands were up in the air more than they should have been. A committee of prominent citizens decided the contests. There was also debating in my college club. All the boys I knew had a tolerable familiarity with parliament practice and could give a good account of themselves, if called to their feet on a moment's notice in any company.

IRVING BACHELLER,
[*Author of "Eben Holden."*]

▲ ▲

It Helped a Writer of Fiction

To the Success Club Bureau:—

In reply to your question, I would say that in my early life I was a member of a literary society connected with a collegiate institute in western New York, and have always

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felt that much of my success as a writer of fiction was due to the help I received there.

It was our custom to take up the live questions of the day for discussion, the young women writing their papers, in debate, and presenting them from the platform. We had as our presiding officer one of the professors of the institute, who was himself a skilled debater and teacher of logic. We received from him careful criticism and unsparing aid in training us to express ourselves clearly and briefly for the side we espoused, and to have keen foresight for the probable arguments of the other side. Many of his class have taken prominent places in the world, and I have heard more than one of them say that they owed much to his training in this society.

ISABELLA MACDONALD ALDEN,
[*Author of the "Pansy" books.*]

▲ ▲

Of Value to Thinkers

To the Success Club League:—

In the New York University, I was a member of the "Eucleian," a literary and debating society which is, I believe, still in existence. I have often said that I got more out of it, of real preparation for life-work, than from any one department of the university instruction.

I afterwards belonged to two literary and debating societies, taking an active part in both of them, and in both getting experience in giving expression to my thought, in thinking on my feet, and, what is more important, in contact with my fellow men. To anyone who hopes to exert his influence in the world by direct expression of his convictions to others, through written or spoken discourse, I regard literary and debating societies of the first importance.

LYMAN ABBOTT,
[*Editor, "The Outlook."*]

▲ ▲

DON'T WAIT

For Your Opportunity. Make It!

THIS is the motto of our League. I have emphasized the "do n't wait" part of it because that is very important just now. It is your opportunity to either organize a new club, or, by your influence, to induce any literary, self-culture, or debating club to which you may belong to affiliate with our organization. The way to "make" this opportunity is to write at once to our Bureau, stating whether you want to organize a new club or affiliate an old one, and we will send you by return mail full particulars, describing in detail the purposes and plans of our League. If you are not convinced of the advantages of belonging to the League, write anyhow, for we believe that the booklets we send you will be convincing. If you want us to include the Success Club Year-Book with the printed matter sent you, enclose six cents in stamps when writing. Address the Success Club Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

Awards in Success Junior Contests

FROM every part of the United States and Canada, entries were sent for competition in the four SUCCESS junior prize contests, the cash prizes amounting to one hundred dollars. These prizes evidently aroused great interest among SUCCESS readers, and the articles received proved very interesting to the editors. There were a great many more than sixteen answers which seemed worthy of prizes, and choosing between the best ones taxed conscientious judgment severely. The funny story contest was most popular and the "Most Successful Person I Know" came next. Competitors for the "How I Made It" prizes told of all sorts of laudable endeavor, from making a beautiful yard to devising a perpetual calendar, and the varieties of furniture constructed from packing boxes shows that nothing else seems necessary to furnish a house.

The most interesting of all, were the life stories of struggles for an education. The editors wanted to give every one a prize, but knew that every earnest seeker for knowledge had won his or her own prize in the successful accomplishment of their desires, and the lessons learned in rising above obstacles.

The spirit shown by all the contestants is the true success spirit, and those who did not quite win prizes this time will be, we hope, all the better prepared for future contests.

Some of the articles besides those awarded prizes will be paid for, and used in SUCCESS. The four articles awarded first prizes are given on this page. The full list of prize-winners is as follows:—

THE BEST LAUGH OR THE MOST LUDICROUS ADVENTURE:

1—Louisa J. Maurice, 9 St. Mary's Street, San José, California, $10; 2—S. Isabelle McCausland, 128 Elm Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, $8; 3—A. H. Gibson, 1128 King Street, Los Angeles, California, $5; 4—Julia D. Peck, Shelburne, Massachusetts, $2.

HOW I MADE IT:

1—Eugene A. Owen, 711 Sycamore Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, complete model passenger car, $10; 2—Robert J. M. Welch, 69 East Jersey Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey, dumb-waiter, $8; 3—Miles J. Snyder, Lock Box 181, Ashland, Ohio, bicycle, $5; 4—Miss Lizzie E. James, Delavan, Illinois, bookcase made from an old bedstead, $2.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PERSON I KNOW:

1—George W. Hook, Sabetha, Nemaha County, Kansas, $10; 2—Mabel Martin, Box 373, Lebanon, Tennessee, $8; 3—F. J. Milnes, 2133 Sheridan Road, Evanston, Illinois, $5; 4—E. E Dickson, Gananoque, Ontario, $2.

HOW I EARNED MY EDUCATION:

1—Joseph Alfred Stiver, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, $10; 2—Ruth M. Peters, 233 Hancock Street, Dorchester, Massachusetts, $8; 3—Cordelia Hutchins, Box 500, Uhrichsville, Ohio, $5; 4—John Barnett, Jr., Hartland, Carleton County, New Brunswick, $2.

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THE PRIZE-WINNERS

The Best Laugh I Ever Had

LOUISA J. MAURICE

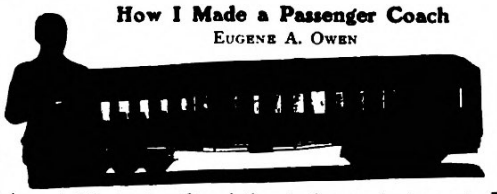
[*Awarded first prize of ten dollars in Success junior contest.*]

AN acquaintance of mine, an extremely nervous woman of middle age, had been hanging out washing in the bright sun, and, when she had finished, she went down to the basement to get a wooden tub, which she wished to use. She found that it contained about three inches of water, and, though somewhat blinded from having gone from the bright sun to the shady basement, she also noticed a dark rag in the water, which she grabbed to use in washing out the tub. She gave several vigorous rubs, when, with a shrill shriek, she dashed the rag across the basement. Her daughters ran to her assistance, and found her almost in hysterics, for her scrubbing rag had proved to be a large, fat bullfrog, which had hopped into the tub of water for a cool and refreshing nap, from which he had been violently aroused.

▼ ▼

How I Made a Passenger Coach

EUGENE A. OWEN



[*Awarded first prize of ten dollars in Success junior contest*]

FIVE years ago, my last year in Ward School, I conceived the idea of building a model passenger coach. My friends, on every hand, discouraged me, saying that a boy of fourteen years would never realize the completion of such an undertaking. However, my mind was firm, and I paid no attention to their opinions.

I went to the railroad shops, located in this city, and asked for drawings used in the construction of their cars. They were incredulous, but readily furnished me with them, and I began working. I worked patiently for four years without any assistance, during the evenings and Saturdays, at the same time attending high school, and delivering evening papers over a long route, the earnings of which defrayed the expense of the material used in my model.

In September, 1901, when I had attained my eighteenth year, the car was completed. It was resplendent in paint and gilt, and was conceded by men of authority to be the smallest perfect passenger coach in the world.

Its dimensions are as follows:—Seven and one-half feet long, fifteen and three-quarter inches wide, and twenty-two and one-half inches high; it weighs two hundred pounds, and is built on a scale of an inch and a half to a foot. Everything about the car is complete, and can be operated the same as an ordinary coach. From the ventilating windows to the air-brake, nothing is missing. The interior is finished in mahogany. It contains twenty-nine seats, upholstered in red velvet, luggage racks, fire extinguishers, steam radiators and coils and toilet rooms. The platforms are of a flush, vestibule pattern, and at either end are automatic couplers. The trucks are of the six-wheeled variety. A standard air-brake, with triple valve, auxiliary and brake-cylinder, are in perfect working order. There are twenty-two electric lights in the ceiling. The body of the car is painted in orange, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway's standard color. The letter board is painted in red with gilt letters and striping, the wheels are vermilion and the truck timbers are brown. The "Milwaukee," as the car is named, now stands in the company's ticket office in Milwaukee.

▲ ▲

The Most Successful Person I Know

GEORGE W. HOOK

[*Awarded first prize of ten dollars in Success junior contest*]

HOW I wish you could have seen him as he appeared that day! Tall and slender, awkward and homely, he walked with a stoop. The doctors said that he had weak lungs. But he was bright of mind, studious and capable, and ambitious to be a lawyer,—a better one than father. The remembrance is firmly fixed, as I questioned him about it while noticing him collect his books in the old schoolroom. In subdued whispers, with tears in his kind blue eyes, in a broken voice, he said: "Last night father deserted mother and us boys, and from to-day I must be both father and brother in our family."

He was fourteen years old, and that was his last day at school. He found a place on a farm and there, through the next seven years, he toiled, denying himself, that his mother and his three younger brothers might have. When he was twenty-five, his weak lungs failed, and friends sent him to Arizona. Never forgetting the self-imposed duties, he soon found work as a teamster, hauling supplies to the isolated camps of a sheep ranch. He recovered his health. His employer failed, and our hero lost the small savings that were to take him home. He was given a pass over a railroad to Kansas City to care for stock, and from that point a kind-hearted brakeman helped him to reach his home. The younger brothers were big enough to help, and one was apprenticed to a tinner, another to a carpenter, but the third hoped for a college course.

Back to a farm he went, this time as a renter. For five







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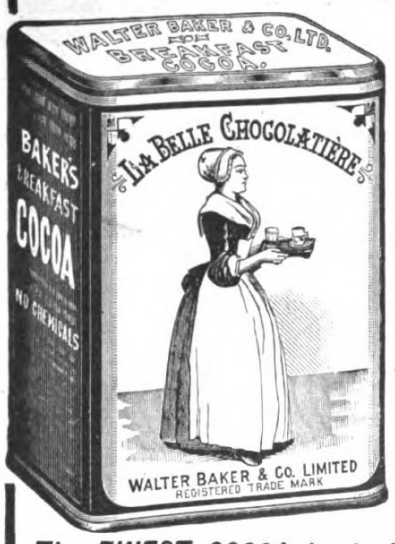
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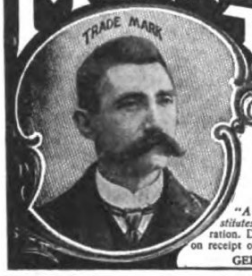


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long years, he toiled to give his brother that which had been denied him. An aunt died, and an orphan baby girl was left homeless. Taking her home, she became his own to be loved and educated. She is now a teacher in the old school. He has no wife, nor will he have one, as long as his mother lives. Sometimes I see him driving from the little farm, with his invalid mother, who has never been well since her husband died. This man is a success.

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How I Earn My Education

JOSEPH ALFRED STIVER

[*Awarded first prize of ten dollars in Success junior contest*]

I WAS thrown on my own resources when I was eleven years old. It was in the summer, and I immediately began working in a tobacco warehouse. I also got work carrying Sunday newspapers. When school opened, I got work carrying papers in the morning, before school time. This I did until Christmas. When the holiday rush came on, the man for whom I had been carrying papers, began to employ me in the evenings and on Saturdays as well as in the mornings. When vacation came, I began steady work in the store. This paid me enough to pay my board, and with occasional gifts of clothing and books, and occasional tips from the customers for errands, I managed to remain in school and continue with my work, although in one winter, I had to stay out of school thirty-one days to work.

This work I kept up for five years, and, incidentally, earned spending money by selling badges, delivering special delivery letters, etc. The store changed hands and I was thrown out of employment. I immediately constructed a "shine-box" and began shining shoes. I continued at this work for eleven months. I also pumped water into a doctor's water tanks. Finally, I was offered a position as a telephone operator. For seven months, I operated at night and went to school in the day time. During the summer I worked in a drug store in the day time, and later, I was a reporter for a newspaper, which position I filled until I was graduated.

When the Ohio State University opened, I registered as a student. I began work in a restaurant, and also accepted work as a guide, at the university. After three months, I began boarding myself, and for two years have served the university as a guide, thus making my expenses.

❧ ❧

The Best Article in the May Success

BELOW are given the names of the twenty prize winners in the May contest, as to which was the most popular article in that issue of the magazine. To each of these will be sent a copy of any of Dr. Orison Swett Marden's books that the prize winner may choose. A great many postal cards were cast out because the directions were not carefully followed. Many cards failed to bear the age of the contestant. It may be interesting to note that Dr. Marden's editorial, "The Fatal Waste of Life's Springtime," was considered the most popular article, and it received more than forty per cent. of the votes. The average age of the contestants was eighteen years. The successful ones are: Miss Iva Greene, Saginaw, Michigan. Miss Nellie Jacobs, Malta, Illinois. Miss Lillian Trego, Sedgwick, Kansas. Virgil R. Kirshner, Lynn, Texas. Milton J. Patton, Eden, Canada. Harry Schuler, New York City. J. H. Day, Jr., Norfolk, North Carolina. Fred Tubby, Meadville, Pennsylvania. Marcar Balabanian, Smyrna, Turkey. Riha Geyesbeek, Cincinnati, Ohio. Claude E. White, London, Canada. Miss Kathryn T. Farrow, White Haven, Tennessee. J. Frank Welch, Lynn, Massachusetts. Miss M. Pearle Townsend, Minerva, Mississippi. Clarence Lundsten, Waconia, Minnesota. Miss Grace Zimmerman, Elgin, Illinois. Miss Ida Fowler, Xenia, Ohio. Harold Taylor, Chaska, Minnesota. Frank Clarke and William N. Brady, Chicago, Illinois.

❧ ❧

Success Amateur Photograph Contest

THE amateur photograph contest, which was begun in the May issue of SUCCESS, closed on August 15. The prize photographs are published herewith; the first prize is three dollars, and the second prize two dollars. A great many photographs were received, and SUCCESS regrets that it is possible to print only those that won.

MAY CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE.—"Grandpa in His Shop." Elmer F. Bodurtha, Agawam, Massachusetts.

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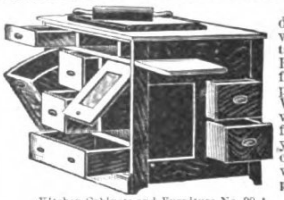
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SECOND PRIZE.—"Spring Scene in Connecticut." Fannie H. Bickford, White Hills, Shelton, Connecticut.

▲ ▲

JUNE CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE.—General Grant's Cabin, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Ralph E. Hackman, 512 Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



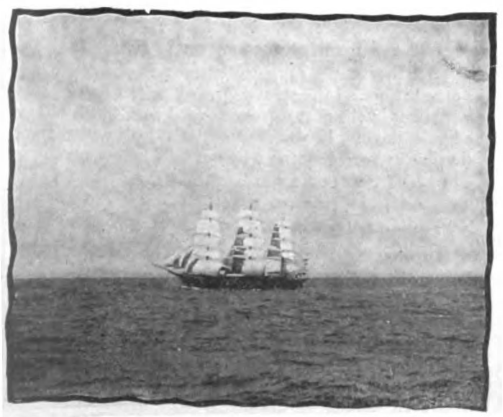
SECOND PRIZE.—The McKinley Arch, Canton, Ohio. Margaret E. Findley, Newman, Stark County, Ohio.

▲ ▲

JULY CONTEST



FIRST PRIZE.—"A California Home," Olive Benton Espey, Long Beach, California.



SECOND PRIZE.—"Homeward Bound," Olive Benton Espey, Long Beach, California.

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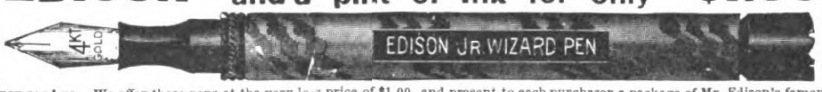
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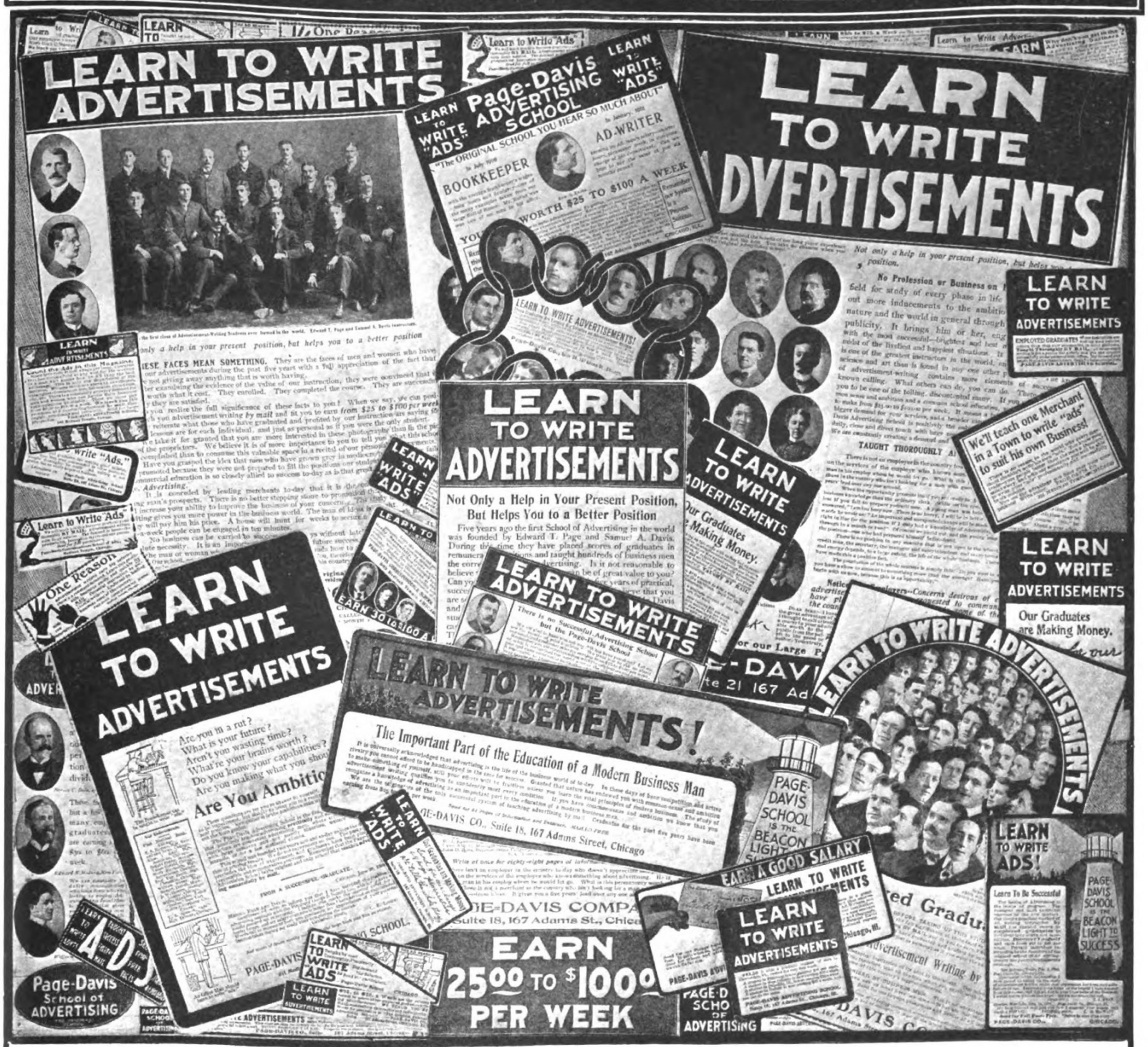
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