DECEMBER, 1902

SUCCESS



H. HEYENDECKER.

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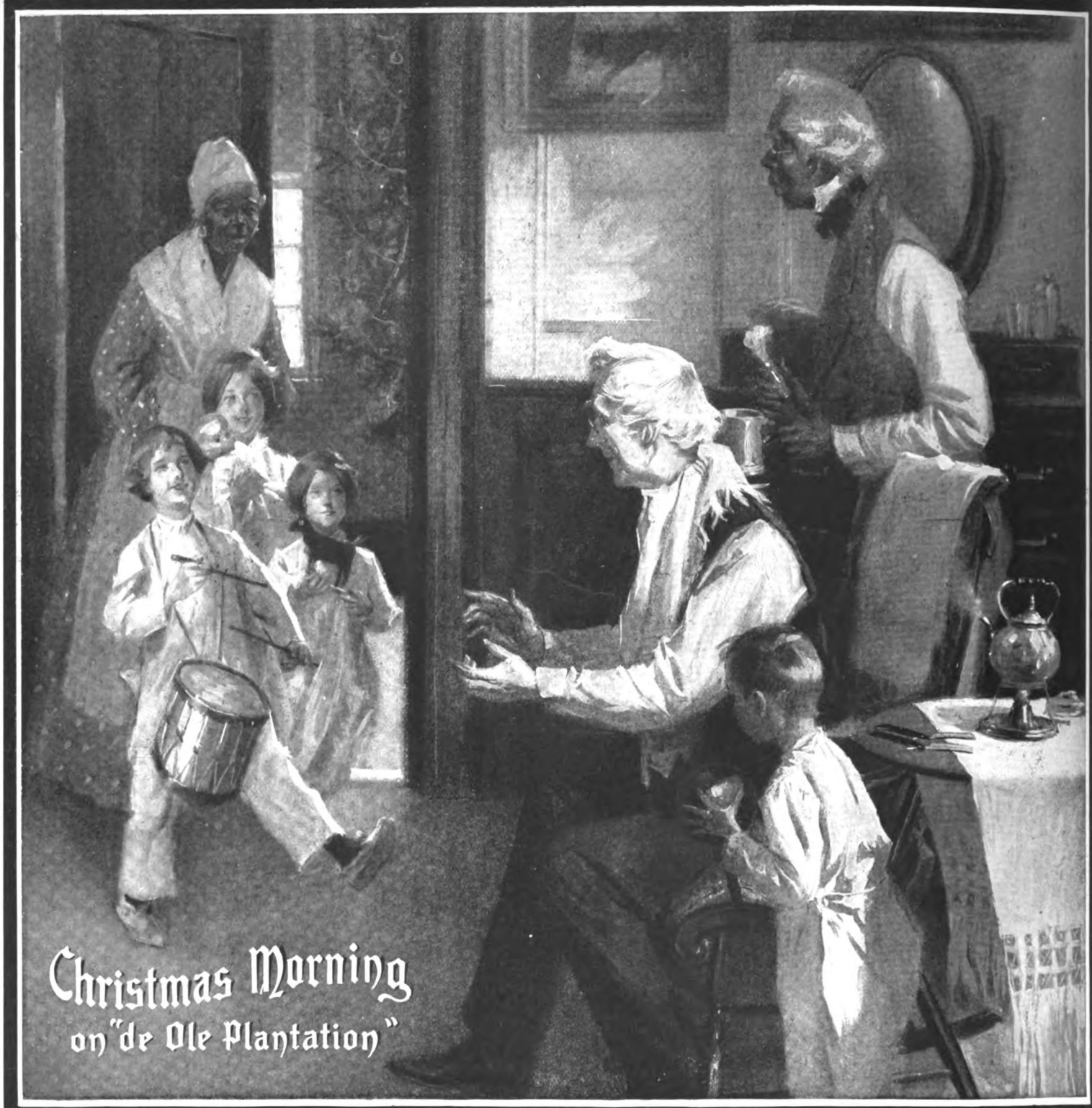
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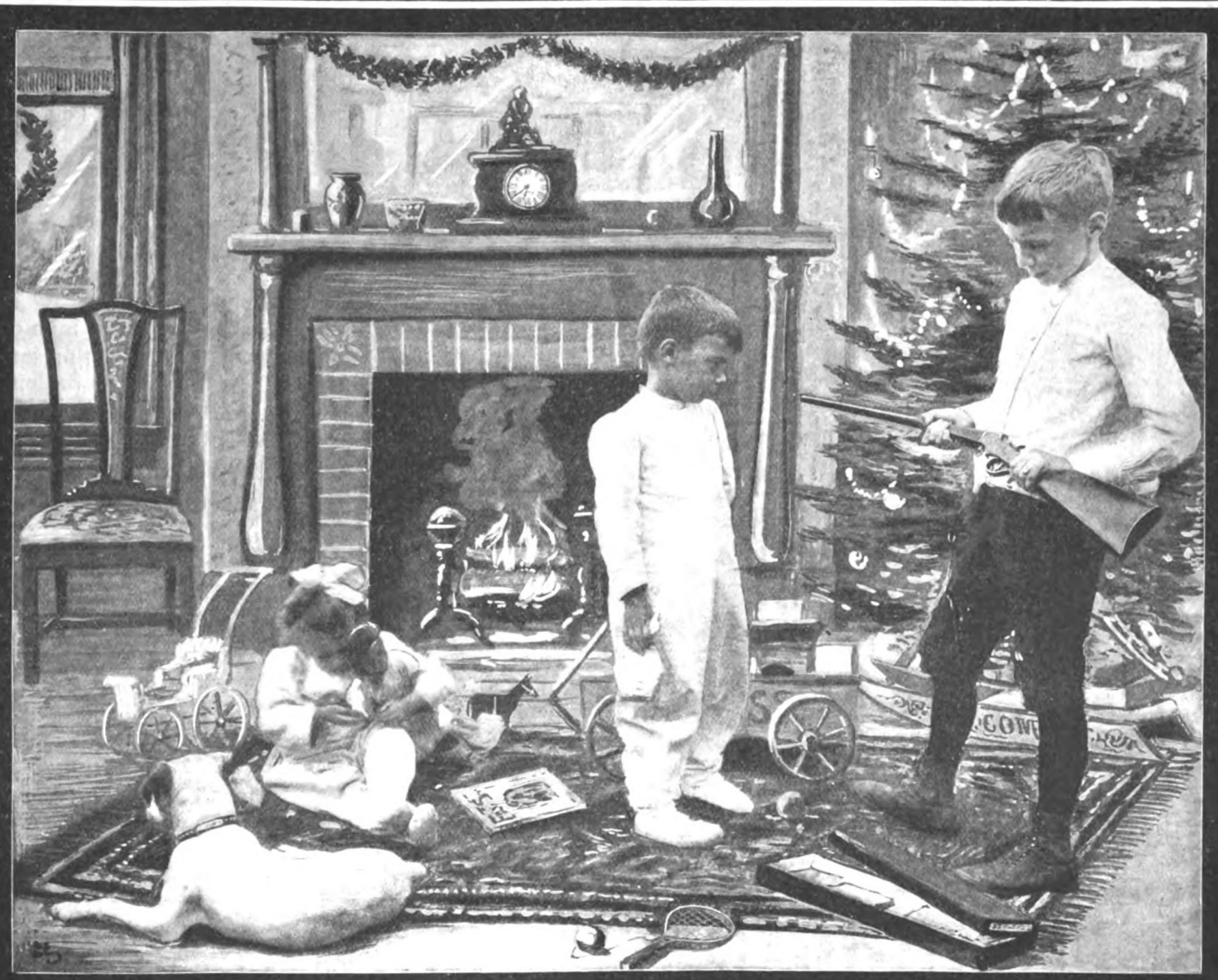
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Orders for the above books, at additional prices named, will be accepted only in connection with magazine clubs *ordered direct of the Success Company.* For descriptions of books, see page 707.

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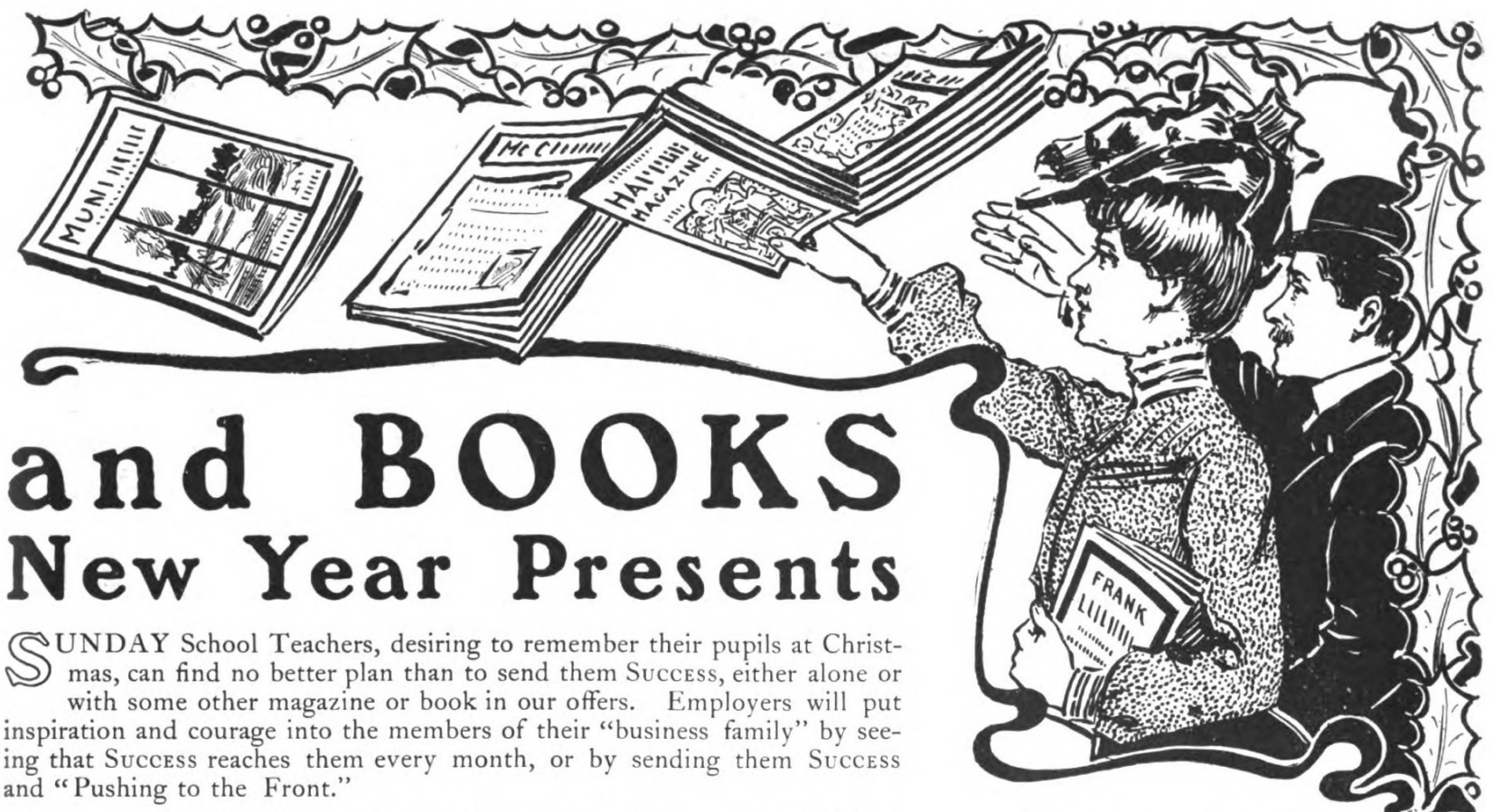
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Our Supplementary List

For the convenience of our readers who may desire to order at one time and place all their magazine literature for the coming year, we have made arrangements by which the following well-known periodicals may be added to any of the Success Magazine Clubs listed on this and the opposite page at the prices named below.

Quotations will also be made (for home use only) on SUCCESS with any list of periodicals desired.

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Editorial Announcements



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"America's Wide-Open Arms."
"The Progress of Transportation."
"The Printing Press of America."
"The Advance of Manufacturing."
"Opportunities and Resources That Still Exist."

The Art of Eloquence

By HON. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR
(*United States Senator from Massachusetts*)

Mr. Hoar is a veteran among men of public affairs. He is a writer of vigor and charm. This paper is the result of years of close study of noted writers and other public men, and has the double merit of being of value to orators and elocutionists and of interest to all readers.

The Results of Modern Astronomers

By PROFESSOR CHARLES AUGUSTUS YOUNG
(*of Princeton University*)

Few subjects are as fascinating as the stars and the busy men who are ever studying them during the watches of the night, in their untiring endeavor to discover if there are more worlds than one. Professor Young is an authority on the heavens, and a keen observer of the advancement that is being made by his fellow workers.

The Romance of Savings Banks

By JOHN GILMER SPEED

Mr. Speed's article will tell a remarkable story of the struggles of the poor to save. It will tell of the vast wealth that has been hoarded by those in the poorer walks of life; what the banks do with their money; how dormant accounts are traced; how depositors who have forgotten small deposits have become rich. Aside from these interesting phases, Mr. Speed's article is a great sociological study.

"The Last of the Unstaked Empire"

By CY WARMAN

Mr. Warman is traveling through the great, extensive country that lies in the northwestern United States and western Canada, having been specially commissioned by SUCCESS to study the vast possibilities of that interesting section, and to describe, for the benefit of our readers, its wonderful resources, its possibilities in agriculture, mining, forestry, and other industries. Two of Mr. Warman's articles of particular interest will be "When There Is No More Land," which will deal with western wheat-fields, and "In the Wake of the Warm Chinook," a characteristic study of Canada.

Manners in Public and The Art of Conversation

By Mrs. M. E. W. SHERWOOD, author of "A Transplanted Rose"

Mrs. Sherwood is a recognized authority on the art of etiquette, and her articles on these subjects are written specially for those who are anxious to know how and when to act properly.

New Fiction

Our stories have won great praise in the past, and we can promise many of sterling interest for the future. SUCCESS stories are different from any that appear in other magazines. They are clean, helpful, inspiring, ambitious and purposeful. They tell a story in a gripping, wholesome way, and they show that fiction has some reason for being written. Here is a short list of some new stories to appear in early issues:—

"Peadee's Toothpicks"
The romance of a Puget Sound lumber contract, by JOSEPH BLETHEN.

"Orion Dombey, Grocer"
The story of a Shiftless Man, by J. GEORGE FREDERICK.

"The Charity That Availeth Not"
A story which deals with the misapplication of supposed good deeds, by ELLIOTT FLOWER.

"The Cape Horners"
A stirring tale of the South Atlantic, by T. JENKINS HAINS.

NEW STORIES
By OWEN WISTER, (author of "The Virginians,") ZONA GALE, GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, and WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT.

THREE NEW AND IMPORTANT FEATURES

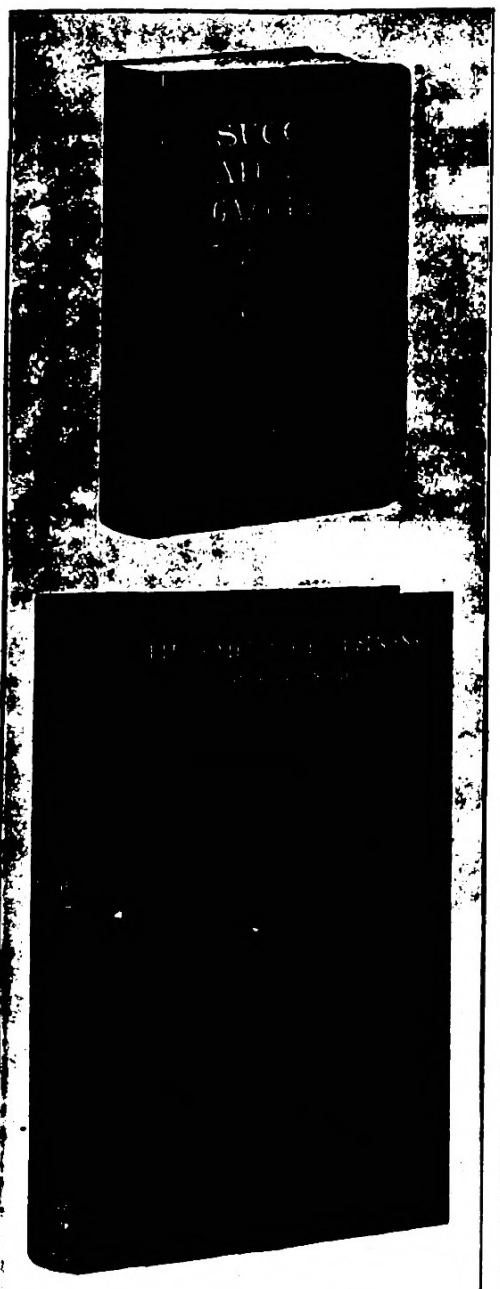
"Mark Twain's Service to General Grant"
By HAMLIN GARLAND

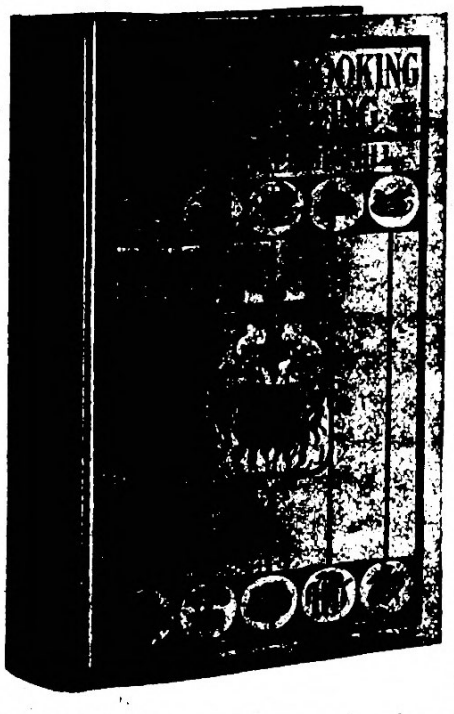
"What Grand Opera Means to the People"
By PIETRO MASCAGNI

"John Ruskin on Books to Avoid"
By WILLIAM STEAD, JR.

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THREE GREAT HOLIDAY BOOK GIFTS





Success Atlas and Gazetteer

THIS beautiful little Atlas has been in preparation for over a year, under the editorial supervision of George S. Cram, of Chicago, America's leading map and atlas maker, and Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, of Washington, D. C., one of the ablest scientific geographers of the country.

It gives with the utmost clearness, but in the smallest possible space limits (size of maps 6 in. by 8 in.), the location of every important city and town in the world. It is compact and complete, and is as reliable as are far more expensive atlases.

It contains over 200 pages of maps, each specially drawn and beautifully engraved for this work, and printed in colors on fine plate paper.

All maps are divided into squares with letters and numbers, by which, in connection with the index, any important place may be quickly located.

The general alphabetical index of over 300 pages contains nearly 40,000 names of cities, towns, villages, rivers, lakes, mountains, etc.

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3.—The Success Atlas and Gazetteer may be obtained at an additional charge of but 25 cents, (postpaid,) by subscribers to the Success Clubbing Offers *who send their subscriptions direct to the Success Company.*

The Empire of Business

By ANDREW CARNEGIE

THE publishers of SUCCESS take pleasure in announcing that they have contracted with Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers of Mr. Carnegie's great book, "The Empire of Business," (price of regular edition $3.00,) for a special "Success Edition" of 5,000 copies at a price so low as to make possible the following extraordinary propositions:—

OUR GREAT "CARNEGIE" OFFERS

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2.—We will send "The Empire of Business" Free, (postpaid,) as a reward to any reader who sends us $2.00 for two subscriptions to "Success," one of which may be his own.

3.—"The Empire of Business" may be obtained at an additional charge of but 50 cents (postpaid) by subscribers to the Success Magazine Clubbing Offers, who send their subscriptions direct to the Success Company.

THE SPECIAL "SUCCESS EDITION"

The SUCCESS edition of "The Empire of Business" is the only low-priced edition which will be issued this season, the regular edition being sold by the publishers at $3.00. It will be printed from exactly the same plates as those used in the regular edition, and upon the beautiful, new "featherweight" paper, first introduced this year,—a paper fabric which represents one of the highest achievements of the papermaker's art. The book contains 350 pages, and is substantially and beautifully bound in heavy cloth, gold stamping. The entire work will be executed in the style that has made Doubleday, Page & Co. famous as publishers.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

The Road to Business Success
The A B C of Money
The Common Interest of Labor and Capital
Thrift as a Duty
How to Win Fortune
Wealth and Its Uses
Business
Steel Manufacture in the United States
The Three-Legged Stool
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THIS new work is a veritable gold mine for the busy home-maker, containing everything she needs to know about food and its preparation. The author, Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, is widely known as the head of the Boston Cooking School, and editor of one of the best cookery magazines in the world. This book contains 900 pages, size 5½x8¼, beautifully bound in heavy cloth, and elaborately illustrated with over 200 exquisite engravings, showing novel arrangements of dishes, cooking utensils, table settings for special occasions, etc.

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1.—We offer an annual subscription to SUCCESS and "Practical Cooking and Serving," both together, for only $2.00, postpaid.

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The Cook's Time Table
Processes and Terms Used in Cookery
Object of Cooking Food

PART II.

Ices
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PART III.

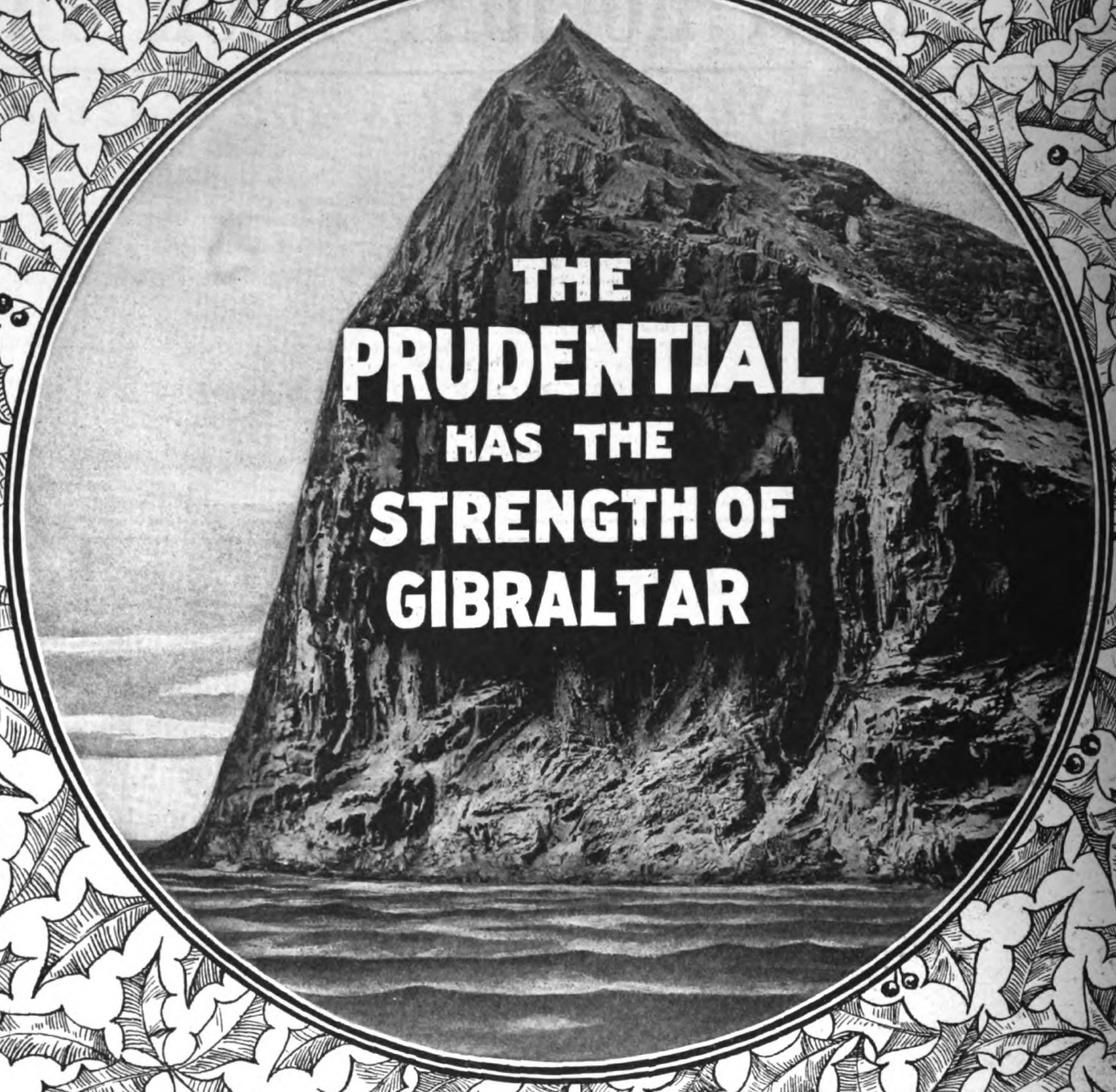
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Receptions and Other Formal Functions
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The Formal Breakfast and Luncheon
The Little Dinner
Five o'Clock Tea
Menu for Occasions, Etc.

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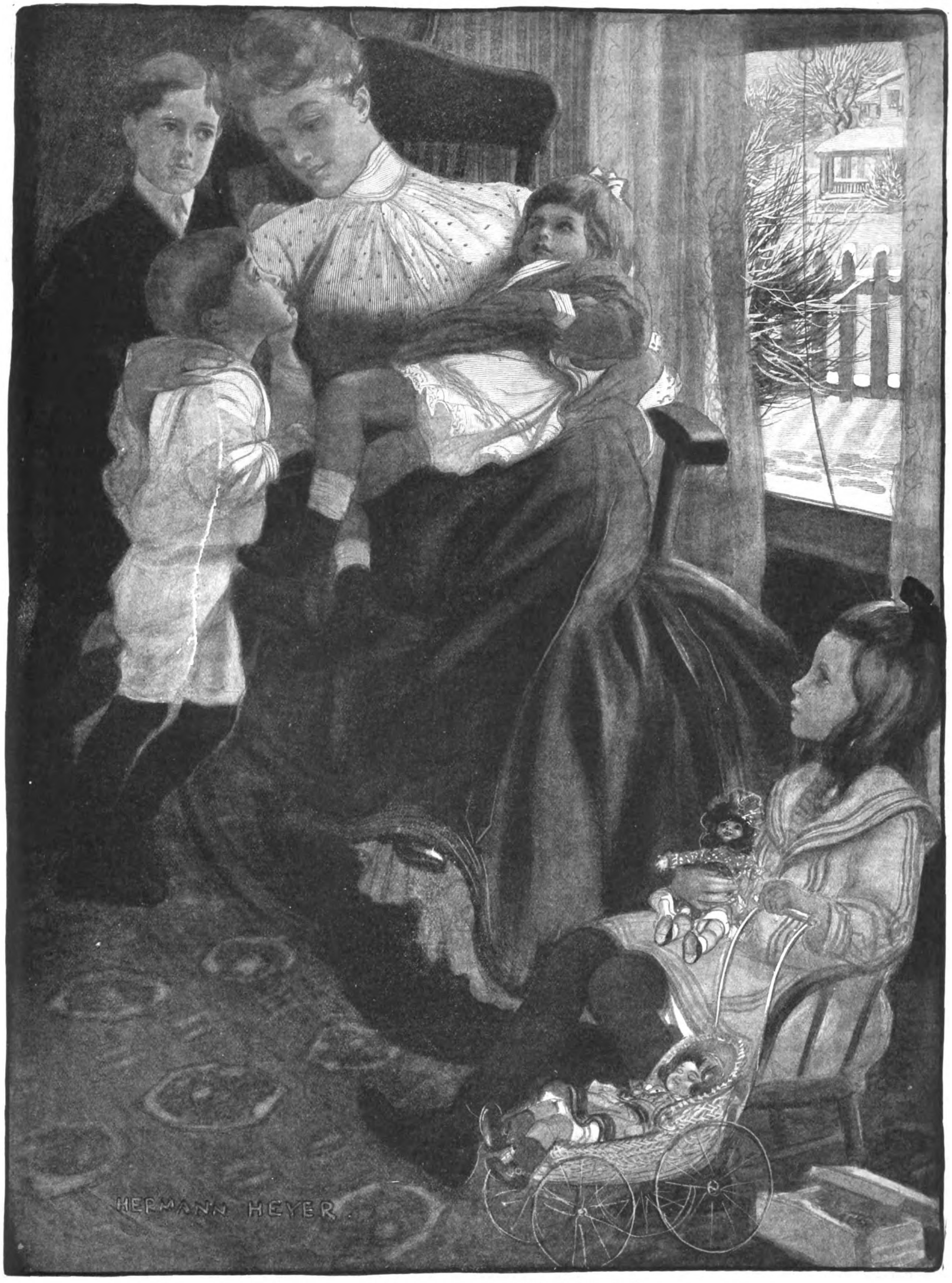
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SUCCESS

Grat... C... E S S

Volume V. NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1902 Number 103



"IS SANTA CLAUS TRUE?" (See following page)

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Is Santa Claus True?*

Marion Foster Washburne

IT WAS just before Christmas, and the four little Wolseys were at work making presents. Baby John's work was peculiar; he was hammering tacks into a bar of kitchen soap, and he had to be constantly furnished with tacks to keep him from pounding the soap itself. Dorothy was stringing beads, with an apprehensive eye upon John, who, in spite of the mother's utmost efforts and the attractiveness of the soap, would make a dive for the bead-box every now and then. Norman was gilding a very unsymmetrical clay vase which he had made for his grandmother, and Carleton was putting the last links to a long "daisy chain" of colored paper wherewith to decorate a certain Christmas tree. He was ensconced behind a barricade of chairs, together with Norman and the gold paint, as the only means of escaping the too appreciative fingers of that diminutive tyrant, John.

Every one heaved a sigh of relief when Inga, the nurse, appeared to take the baby. He was borne off howling indignantly, but, once outside the door, he stopped with ludicrous promptitude. Soon after he might have been heard shouting with laughter as he knocked down the blocks, which, with Inga's aid, he had laboriously piled up.

"Mamma," said Norman, breaking the blissful silence which followed John's departure, "the little boy next door said there was no such thing as Santa Claus. There is, isn't there?"

"Yes, dear," said mamma.

"A real, live man, with 'cheeks like a cherry,' with 'eyes how they twinkled, and dimples, how merry?'" persisted Norman.

"I never saw him," said mamma. "I should suppose that would be a pretty good picture of what he means."

"Oh, does he mean something?" asked Norman, in a disappointed tone.

"Yes, he does. Everybody does. You do."

"What do I mean?" he asked, looking puzzled.

"That's a riddle for you to find out. You've got all your life to work it out. You'll be lucky if you get it then."

"You're such a funny mamma," sighed Carleton. "Am I a riddle, too?"

"Yes, indeed, you are!" laughed his mother. "You're a riddle that's too much for me, every once in a while."

"Am I a riddle?" asked Dorothy. She didn't know what a riddle is, but she wanted to be in the game.

"Yes, you are, and I am, and every one is. Santa Claus is."

"Is he just the kind of a riddle we are?" asked Norman.

"No, not exactly. But the difference is another riddle for you to guess."

"I know!" cried Norman. "I can see myself, but I can't see Santa Claus."

"Can you see yourself?" asked the mother.

"Of course."

"What can you see?"

"I can see my legs, and my arms, and my hands, and my stomach."

"Is that yourself?" interrupted his mother.

"They are parts of myself."

"Yes; but can you see all of yourself? Can you see your eyes, for instance?"

Norman ran to the looking-glass.

"There!" said he, pointing to the blue eyes that looked back at him, alive with intelligence.

"Are those your eyes?" asked the mother. "Your very eyes? If I should break the looking-glass, or cover it up, should I make you blind?"

The three children laughed like a chime of bells. Childlike, they loved an argument.

"Then you can't see yourself, can you? Neither can you see Santa Claus. But you can see parts of yourself, and you can see parts of him."

"Can we? Where? Where?" they all cried.

"Whenever you look into a kind person's eyes; whenever you see any one giving another pleasure. When Dorothy gives John a bite of her apple, then as you look at her you catch a tiny glimpse of Santa Claus. When you get a surprise ready for mamma to welcome her home from downtown, then any one looking at you sees a little bit of Santa Claus."

"Then he is just kind people, as Arthur said?" cried Norman, bitterly disappointed.

"No, indeed. All the kind people in the world put together would n't make Santa Claus. I said you could see parts of him, but not himself. The kind people are parts of him, sometimes. He whispers kind thoughts to them, one after the other. He flies from one to the other, like a bee from flower to flower, only instead of taking away sweetness he gives it. His presents on Christmas Day are only a few of his presents. He gives better ones every day, but he gives them so quietly that no one seems to know it. On Christmas Day every one suddenly recognizes him, and his invisible gifts become visible."

"What's visible?" asked Dorothy.

"You can't see his gifts of every day, but his Christmas gifts you can see," explained her mother.

"But I want to see him, himself," said Dorothy. "I am going to hold my eyes open and watch when I hang up my stockings."

"You would never see him if you should," answered her mother. "Santa Claus is a fairy, dear, and you can never see fairies, nor quite understand them. When you think you are just going to catch them they vanish away. Santa Claus hides in many ways. He hides in the people you know. If you should stay awake you would probably see what would look like mamma and papa filling your stockings, yet all the time it would be Santa Claus."

*From The Success Library.

Two Kinds of Special Students

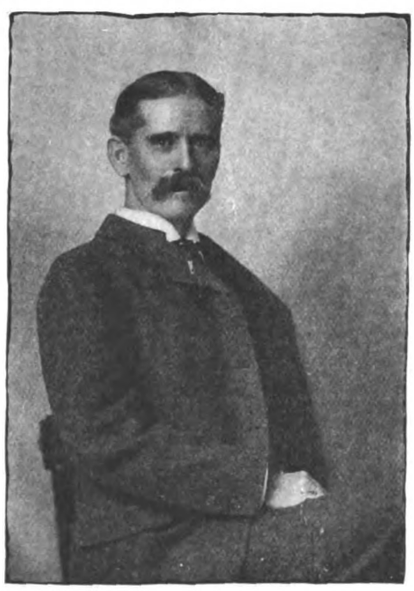
Henry van Dyke [*Of Princeton University*]

THE problem of the special student is the perplexity of American colleges. So difficult is it, so complicated with other questions, that a teacher who has any prudence in his disposition may well shrink from taking part in the public discussion of the problem in its present stage. But the unfortunate publication, under my name, of an article which was not mine and which did not represent my views, forces me to choose between prudence and candor. Believing that, after all, frankness is the better part of discretion, I have accepted the invitation of the editor of SUCCESS to say a few plain words, as practical as possible, about the problem of the special student.

Colleges Do not Fit Men merely to Make Money

The important fact to be noted is that our colleges have to deal with two kinds of special students. They may be classified, using a terminology which is familiar in medicine, as benignant and malignant. Special students of the latter type represent a growth which is positively hostile and dangerous to the health, and to the very life, of the college. Special students of the former type represent a growth which may be in some respects abnormal, but which, at the same time, is the expression of certain real needs, and the result of certain actual and inevitable conditions, and is therefore to be regarded as benign, in a far more literal sense than that which physicians technically attach to the word.

Let us suppose that a youth comes to college and demands a special course. The first question to be put to him is, "Why? The regular course is the normal thing. It has every presumption in favor of its being the best thing. It has been wrought out by the practical experience of teachers and scholars through hundreds of years. It has been expanded and liberalized to embrace within its general scheme a great many different provisions for various temperaments and needs. It stands for what wise men have found to be desirable, if not actually necessary, in a full, well-rounded education. You do not come to college merely to fit yourself for making money, nor even to get a training for some particular profession.



Henry van Dyke

You come to lay the foundation for a professional training, or for a broad, intelligent business life. You come to get into touch with the best thought of other men and other ages. You come to learn something about the relations of the various kinds of knowledge; what physics has to do with philosophy, what chemistry has to do with biology, what modern civilization owes to Greece and Rome and Judea, what experiments have already been tried in economics and sociology and with what results, what literature means as an interpreter and a guide of life. You come to discipline your mind, so that you will be better able to study anything that you may need, more finely fitted to understand any problem that you may meet, when you get into your own special line of work in the world.

Is four years too much for this *studium generale*? Are you qualified to make out a better plan of liberal intellectual discipline than that which is embraced in the normal course? Just why do you ask for a place outside of the regular lines of academic training as a special student?" Now the answer to this question will probably show in which class of special students the youth belongs.

Special Students generally Need a Regular Course

Suppose it becomes clear that the real reason why he does not take his place in the regular course is simply because, in spite of fair opportunities, he has neglected the preparation necessary to get into it and go on with it. Then the chances are ten to one that, since he has been too lazy to get ready for college, he will be too lazy to do good work in college. He may possibly absorb some little benefit from his residence in what is vaguely called "an academic atmosphere," but he is far more likely to infect that atmosphere with the microbes of indolence and folly.

It would be much better for him, and for the college, that he should turn back and "dig" hard for a year until he can meet the conditions of a regular entrance. A habit of vigorous mental work is one of the best things that a boy can bring to college. No man can be educated unless he learns, first of all, that education means effort steadily directed to a distant end. There may be "reading without tears," but not without toil.

But suppose that the special student avers that he has not been lazy; he has only been independent. The reason why he has not studied certain things that are required is because he does not like them. The reason why he wishes to take a special course is because he intends to pursue only the studies which attract him, or which he thinks he can "use in his business." In this case, the probability is that he is the very man who needs the regular course in order to give him some notion of the difference between eccentricity and originality. The studies which he does not like may be the very ones that would do him the most good. The object of education is not merely to

[*Concluded on page 764*]

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WARNINGS WHICH AMERICA MAY DRAW FROM EUROPE

JAMES BRYCE

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may have been between Americans and Europeans regarding the history and the prospects of the United States, all have agreed in thinking the great Republic of the West to be a new country. Most writers have even been disposed to exaggerate this idea; because, although the land was virgin soil and the people were new to the land, these settlers themselves were a branch of our old commonalty, who carried with them across the ocean institutions and habits slowly formed during many centuries of Old World life. The English, the Irish, the Germans, and the Scandinavians who have settled in North America could no more divest themselves of their ancient modes of thought and action than they could change the color of their faces. Nevertheless, it is true that, when the settlers occupied this virgin soil, which wandering savages had left as it came from the hands of nature, they had an opportunity almost unique in the history of mankind of establishing a new kind of civilization. They were far from Europe, little affected by its politics, and almost entirely free from the danger of being molested by its great military or naval powers. They had, and they still have, unexampled advantages in being able to avoid the faults committed by its nations.

But it is also true that their dissimilarity to Europe tends to diminish, not merely because they have been brought much nearer to Europe and are in closer commercial relations with it, but also because some of the particularly favoring conditions which they have enjoyed are beginning to disappear. Land, although still abundant, is less abundant than it was, and fetches, even in the New West, a far higher price than it did a few years ago.



JAMES BRYCE

[The Right Honorable James Bryce, M. P., is one of the leaders in British politics and letters, and one of the most noted critics of men and affairs in the world. His work, "The American Commonwealth," is one of the most complete and important ever written regarding the development of and conditions in the United States, and, perhaps, no other author is as able to write authoritatively on the warnings which our country may draw from Europe. Mr. Bryce points out clearly the fallacies that have beset the nations of Europe. This article should appeal to all patriotic and ambitious Americans]

A Landholding Aristocracy Is a Serious Menace to a Nation

Great fortunes have become common, and are now, indeed, more common than in Europe. Some of these fortunes are vaster than any which Europe can show, and give to their possessors means of exerting power over the commercial and political world such as scarcely any among the millionaires of Europe enjoy. There is, accordingly, reason to think that some of the evils hitherto deemed characteristic of the Old World may soon begin to show themselves in American everyday life.

I am asked to indicate in this article some of those evils which have been conspicuous in European states, and which the American Republic has heretofore for the most part escaped, or, in other words, to enumerate some of the mistakes which European states have committed, and which the United States may do well to reflect upon for the sake of avoiding them. It is undoubtedly in a somewhat vague and general way that the experience of one country can be profitable to another country, because circumstances are never the same for any two countries. A few broad lessons of warning may be drawn, but, when we come to detail, the points of divergence are numerous, and they make the direct application of the lessons furnished by the mistakes which any state has committed difficult for another state. I shall not, therefore, attempt to suggest direct applications, but be content to indicate some of the errors or mischief from which European states have suffered, and leave American readers to draw such inferences as they may think fit.

All the European countries, except Norway, passed through a stage in which the structure of society rested on the possession of land and on the control which its possessors exercised over those who stood beneath them, whether as free tenants or as serfs. The land-holding aristocrats occupied themselves chiefly with fighting and hunting, and the inferior classes tilled the soil or tended cattle. Thus immense landed estates were created, and rights over land became fixed and recognized by law which gave the owner undue power, and took away from the people as a whole what was really part of their patrimony. In some countries, as in England and in parts of France and Germany, these great estates have remained down to our own time, and still enable land-owners to debar the rest of the population from privileges that ought to have been kept for them. The exclusive right of shooting over uncultivated ground and of fishing in river or lake, or the right of excluding the public from land which is neither used for agriculture nor occupied as a pleasure ground immediately contiguous to a dwelling house, —these are so-called rights of property which have no real basis, reason, or justice, and which land-owners ought not to have been permitted to appropriate for their sole personal pleasure. They are now so firmly established in the laws of England and of some other countries that the efforts made to abolish or reduce them have had but slight success. It is to be hoped that the people of the United States will take timely steps to check this evil.

The Right *of the* Public to Pass freely along the Shore Should Be Guarded

One hears that on some of the most beautiful parts of the New England coast private proprietors have stopped that ancient right of walking along the edge of the sea which ought everywhere to be free and open to all citizens. One hears that large tracts of mountain forests are being appropriated for the purposes of hunting and fishing by private persons or clubs. Let us by all means preserve the wild creatures as much as possible from extermination, but let the right of the public to pass everywhere over the mountains and through the woods be amply guarded.

Another result of the growth of landed estates in Europe has been that the hidden riches of the earth have been seized for his private gain by the owner of the surface. That private property in the surface should be recognized was necessary in the interests of agriculture, though it is to be regretted that the nation did not claim its share in the rise of land values by reserving for itself forever a tax or rent proportionate to that value. Now that private ownership has been fully recognized by law, the difficulty of imposing a tax which would unsettle all rights and deprive a man of what he has perhaps just paid heavily for is evidently very great, perhaps insuperable. Compensation would have to be paid, and the compensation might be so high as to make the bargain a bad one for the nation.

Class Legislation Is an Inviting Threshold to Favoritism

This difficulty is now felt as regards minerals in the earth as well as regards its surface, for American law, like English law, has recognized the owner of the surface as being also owner of all that lies beneath the surface; and existing titles cannot now be disturbed in that compensation. But, before new lands have been settled, it is possible for the state both to reserve to itself a rent proportioned to the sum which the land may from time to time be worth in the market, and also to reserve all rights of minerals, thus securing to itself in the future a due share in the progressive value of the natural resources of the country.

The power which the upper or land-holding classes acquired in mediæval Europe gave them for a long time a predominant influence over legislation. They naturally used this influence for their own purposes, enacting laws conceived in their own interests. The idea that the general welfare of the nation ought to take precedence of the demands of any class, however important, made its way very slowly. In England the power of the landowners maintained the Corn Laws, intended to foster agriculture at the cost of making food dear to the whole people, until 1846; and it still secures various forms of protective legislation in various parts of the European Continent. Class legislation is an insidious evil, and hard to eradicate, for a class which has a selfish object to pursue and bends its full energies and resources upon that pursuit is often able to prevail over the general interest, which is not defended by any group or body of persons with equal pertinacity. Such Americans as feel their country to be threatened by this evil will find in modern European history many instances of the harm it has wrought.

Class legislation has often taken the form of over-legislation, or of ordering by law matters which are better left alone,—that is to say, left to the play of ordinary human motives and impulses. In the Middle Ages, and even later, European governments tried to fix by law the prices of commodities or of labor, tried to prevent people from enjoying themselves in their own way, even when it was a harmless way, tried to compel them or to forbid them to dress in a particular manner, and tried to limit their right of meeting together or of writing or printing what they pleased. Most of these old restrictions have been swept away in such progressive countries as France, Italy, and Germany. Yet even in those countries the state appears to Englishmen to undertake more functions than it ought, accustoming the people to look to and rely upon the state when they ought to rely upon their own exertions and trust to the operation of natural economic laws.

The Marked Inequality *of the* People Produced Much Bitterness *and* Hatred

The United States set, from the first day of independence, a splendid example of abolishing all restrictions upon personal freedom, and on the freedom of meeting, speaking, and writing. But the danger of over-legislation in other matters is by no means absent, as any one may see who examines the statute books of the several states of the Union, and especially of the Western States, during the last thirty years. Accordingly, a study of the harm done in some European countries by the interference of governments in things which they might have left alone would furnish useful warnings.

I have referred to two features which were characteristic of European countries in and after the Middle Ages,—the great disproportion of fortunes between the rich and the poor, and the political control which the rich exercised over the poor. The result of these dominant facts was to produce in most of these countries a sharp division of each nation into social classes. The nobles stood aloof from all who were below them and cherished a sentiment of haughty exclusiveness. The middle or commercial classes of the towns, for commerce was almost entirely left to the townsfolk, being thought unworthy of a nobleman, had little to do with the landed aristocracy, and were in their turn distinct from the poorer set, from the artisans in the towns and from the peasantry in the country. Some of the latter remained for a long time in a sort of serfdom, part of the peasantry in France till the eighteenth century, and the peasantry in Russia down to our own time. As a consequence of these facts, there was almost everywhere a marked inequality between classes, which in some countries produced bitterness and even hatred. In England this bitterness has been least marked, owing partly to the early extinction of serfdom, and partly to the early recognition of all freemen as equally entitled to private civil rights; and in England there has been and is very little feeling between different classes. But in France, although

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completely civil (and, latterly, also political,) equality has existed between all citizens, there is still a strong antagonism on the part of the laboring classes, especially in the towns, to the *noblesse*, (so far as these remain a class at all,) and to the *bourgeoisie*. The same thing is true of parts of Central and Southern Europe, being no doubt partly due to the fact that the winning of political power by the masses, while stimulating their sense of independence, has still left them in poverty, and has not saved them from being occasionally exposed to actual want. The memory of past oppression engenders a sentiment which becomes more active and formidable when the oppression itself has been removed.

The United States Should Be Glad that She Bestows No Titles of Nobility

In the United States there was at first little social inequality, and there were no great differences of wealth. An American statesman, writing in 1788, remarked that, as the President and the senators must all be American citizens, their private incomes could not possibly be a source of danger, so little did any one then dream of the appearance of millionaires. As respects manners, equality has no doubt maintained itself. But, as respects wealth, no other country now shows such portentous contrasts between poverty and wealth, not that poverty is so common as in Europe, but that vast accumulations of wealth are far more numerous in America than elsewhere in the world. The political arrangements of the United States have happily averted any danger of a general oppression of the poor by other classes. Such expressions of enmity to the rich as are sometimes heard come not from native Americans, but from immigrants who have lately quitted Europe. No general antagonism of one class to another seems likely to arise. Were it threatened, the experience of Europe would counsel the making of every effort to avert such a misfortune, which has been one of the most fertile sources of discord and weakness wherever it has existed on that continent.

The mention of social inequalities suggests another, though a less important matter, in which America may avoid a mistake which nearly all European nations have committed. I mean the establishment of artificial distinctions of rank conferred by the head of the state. These distinctions, whether they take the form of titles of nobility, or of orders of knighthood, or of places in a so-called Legion of Honor, with crosses, and stars, and ribbons, and all such badges of prominence, have proved to be an almost unmixed evil. The few instances in which, by rewarding merit that would otherwise have gone unrecognized, they express the gratitude of a people for great services rendered, and stimulate others to similar achievement, are greatly outnumbered by the instances in which they were not needed at all, because the meritorious act was known and was appreciated, or the instances in which they are conferred without any need for exceptional recognition. Such distinctions are most defensible, or, rather, least harmful, when awarded for services rendered to the state in military or naval or civil employment; yet they really are not needed, for the best service is that which is given with no thought of such rewards. In politics they are apt to degenerate into a form of bribery, for governments always have used them and always will use them as a means of rewarding or obtaining service rendered, not to the nation, but to a party or a person. When brought into the field of science or art, they are hardly less mischievous, though in a different way. Any American who shall examine the working of the systems under which these so-called titles or badges of honor are bestowed in the countries of Europe will have cause to rejoice that this practice is one which the federal constitution forbade, and which no American state has so far tried to introduce. Let us hope that it will never be suffered to worm its way, in any form or disguise, into the institutions of our republic.

The Separation of Religion from the State Has Been the American Rule

I pass to another form of evil which resembles those hitherto mentioned in one point only; namely, that it has, like class enmities, tended to divide a nation into sections and to sow in it the seeds of dissension. During the first three centuries of its existence, Christianity was entirely unconnected with the civil government of the Roman Empire, and, indeed, at certain epochs, was persecuted by that government. The Emperor Constantine took the new religion under his protection, and within a few generations after his time it had become what we call a state church. When divisions among Christians arose, one form of Christian doctrine and worship was officially recognized and specially favored by the secular power. Even after the Reformation of the sixteenth century had destroyed the unity of the church, not only Roman Catholic monarchs, but Protestant monarchs also, continued to maintain the closest possible connection between the church, whatever it might be, which they upheld, and the civil government. Toleration was by slow degrees accorded to religious bodies other than that which the state recognized, and now in most of the great European countries there is complete religious liberty, though in no country (unless perhaps in Ireland since 1869,) are the ecclesiastical organizations totally and absolutely unrelated to the state. The record of their connection with the state, whatever form that connection has taken, is a record everywhere unfortunate for the state and still more unfortunate for religion. One who reviews its origin and progress may perhaps say that it was historically unavoidable. One may also say that the evils incident to it have been in modern times greatly reduced. This is certainly true of England, and still more so of Scotland, though in both countries "established churches" still exist. In the British self-governing colonies they have vanished altogether.

The United States has made many contributions to the principles of good government, but none greater than that which was made when the federal constitution proclaimed the absolute disconnection of religion from the civil government, and when the several states of the Union got rid of such connection as their respective laws had recognized. To this salutary principle both the federal government and the states have consistently adhered. There is no danger that they will depart from it, and all the Christian churches in America recognize its soundness and its necessity. This was one of the lessons which the Americans of the eighteenth century drew from European experience. I mention it not because there is a risk that it will be forgotten in America, but because it is an excellent instance of what experience may teach to those who seek to avoid the errors of those who have gone before them.

War and slavery have been the two great curses of human society, and war, which was even older than slavery, remains now that slavery has almost vanished. The civilized nations of Europe, even in the days when they were supposed to form, in a vague sense, one political body under the successors of the Roman Cæsars, were usually at war with one another, all through the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages and the days of the Reformation. In modern centuries, though armed collisions have become less frequent, they are, when they occur, upon a vaster scale than formerly, because armies and fleets have become far larger. The ambition of kings is not so often suffered to involve peoples in strife, although the last great European conflict, that of 1870, was mainly due to the personal or dynastic motives which influenced Louis Napoleon; and religion has ceased, except where Musulmans and Christians confront one another, to be a cause of war. But the interests of nations, especially their commercial interests, are a fertile ground for quarrels. Race jealousies and race aversions often develop into national enmities, which dispose the inhabitants of a state to allow or encourage its government to carry it into hostilities. In this respect democratic states are no better than the old monarchies were, and the newspaper press often foments hatreds by its habit of repeating and exaggerating what the angry spirits in each nation say about the other nations. Three of the most lamentable wars of recent times would probably have been avoided had the exasperations due to this cause been absent, or had the peoples concerned been permitted to know the facts of the case.

War Usually Does more Harm than Good to Those Who Remain at Home

One can hardly overstate the mischief which the prevalence of militarism causes in Europe at this moment. It obliges each of the great nations to maintain an enormous army or an enormous fleet, perhaps both, and thus lays a terrible burden upon the people, partly in the way of taxes, partly, in France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy, though not in England, in the way of compulsory military service, and it amounts to millions of dollars. These are normal peace expenditures, which, of course, would be enormously increased in case of war. From time to time fear of a conflict disturbs and involves heavy losses to the industrial world. Political freedom and internal reforms suffer, because a people is willing—is, indeed, sometimes obliged,—to leave very wide powers in the hands of its government, in order that every precaution may be taken against attack from the outside. Intellectual as well as physical effort is directed into unprofitable, because unreproductive channels. A false ideal of national greatness and virtue is set up which results unfavorably upon national character. War sometimes elicits or forms fine qualities in those who volunteer for and fight in a cause which appeals to their highest emotions, such as the defense of their country against an invader, or their faith against a persecutor. But war does far more harm than good to those who merely read about it while they sit comfortably at home.

Every European country is suffering more or less from the present dominance of militarism. Small countries, such as Switzerland, Holland, and Norway, suffer least. But all the civilized nations of the Old World have the strongest reasons for wishing and seeking to escape from this deadly heritage of the past.

The United States has been far more fortunate. Of all the favors which nature has bestowed upon it, none has more contributed to its welfare than its remoteness from the quarrels and menaces of European States. On its own continent it has long had only two neighbors, one to the north, friendly both by sentiment and by interest, the other to the south, not unfriendly, and so much weaker as to cause no disquiet. The strength of the United States not only her inexhaustible command of men and money, but also the strength, unrivaled except perhaps by Russia, of her geographical position is such that she need fear no attack from any foe. She does not require a standing army. It may be doubted whether she requires, even with her new insular possessions to defend, a large fleet, because her resources are so vast that no other power is in the least likely to engage in strife with her.

Nevertheless, the United States has not wholly escaped the temptations that are so pernicious in Europe. Three foreign wars have been waged which might have been avoided, by which I mean that all the results secured through bloodshed might have been, if not so quickly, no less fully obtained by judicious diplomacy. Military or naval achievements win as much popular favor in America as they do in Europe, and surround war with as dangerous a glamour. It is doubtless true that in America militarism has usually ended when fighting has ended, and that there has not grown up either a permanent military caste or a permanent passion for military glory among the people similar to that which goes on from generation to generation in some European countries. Still it is impossible to feel certain that the evils which militarism has brought upon Europe might not reappear in America, should her foreign policy be hereafter conducted in an aggressive spirit.

American Reformers Will Do well to Seek Guidance from Old World Methods

Human nature is human nature, and the faults incident to it must no doubt be expected to appear in every age and every country. Still, America has enjoyed so many advantages that no one who remembers how many evils the Old World inherited from its semi-barbarous past, and especially from governments conducted in the interests of a ruling caste, can fail to hope and believe that her institutions, established in days of enlightenment, and in the interests of the whole people, are destined to do more than has yet been done elsewhere for the welfare of mankind. They cannot, any more than other human institutions, abide unchanged from one age to another; and, when any changes have to be made, it is not only in her experience, but in that of the Old World also, which is a far longer and more varied experience, that American statesmen will have to seek material for their guidance.

An Admonition

SUSIE M. BEST

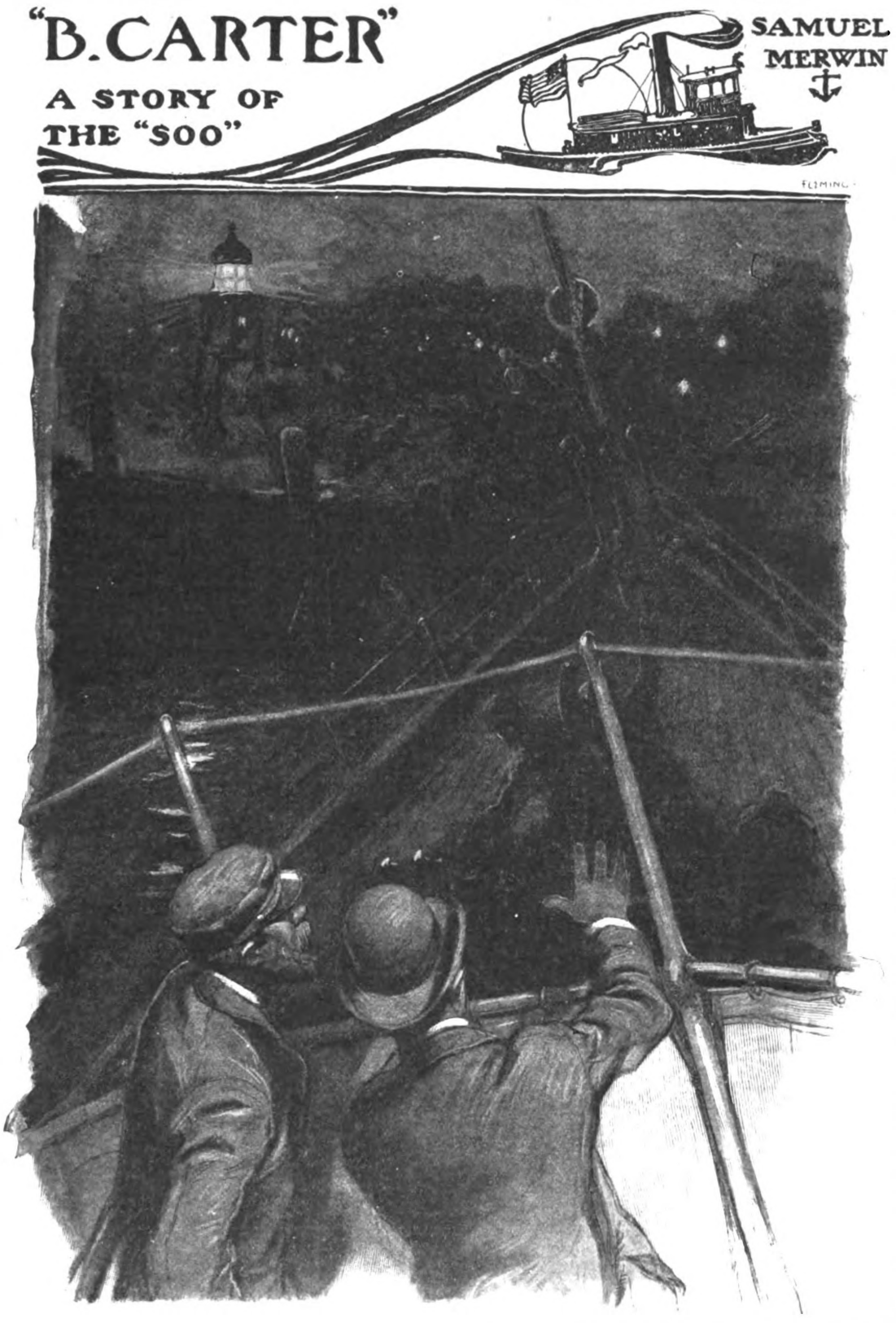
Heed and remember, O aspiring youth,
"Success in error means defeat in truth."
Better, by far, to linger at the base,
If to achieve the height means soul-disgrace!

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"B. CARTER"

A STORY OF THE "SOO"

SAMUEL MERWIN



"There was a sound of wood splintering,—men were shouting,—and the captain was giving orders"

WHEN the corporation took the new navy contracts, and sent a hurry order by mail to Duluth for forty-two thousand tons of ore from its own Lake Superior mines, Carter was taken somewhat at disadvantage. His largest ship, the "Pewaukee," Captain MacDonald, was getting in new engines, whalebacks "Number Five" and "Number Six" were laid up for repairs, and four smaller steamers were lying at Superior; all his other ships were at the farther end of Lake Erie, a thousand miles away.

"Well," said he, tossing the letter on the desk before him, "I guess it's Buffalo or bust."

It was the third of April, and eight thousand tons must reach Buffalo by the twenty-first. The interests involved were too complex and wide-reaching to admit of delays. Carter set the start for the fifteenth, the "Pewaukee" to sail first; put on three shifts to push repairs; chartered two tugs and set them, days in advance, to breaking the ice in the channel; and wrote simply to "Jimmy" Schwarz, the president of the corporation:—

DEAR SIR: The "Pewaukee," with eight thousand two hundred and fifty tons of ore, will reach Buffalo April 19 or 20, the balance of order following within four days.

Yours truly, B. CARTER.

On the tenth of April the ice broke in the St. Mary's River. This was the signal for the vast, restless activity of the Lakes to burst again into being. There was stir and movement on city wharves; harbors were churned by bustling tugs, steel freighters, tramps, and whalebacks; side-wheel excursion steamers in new paint were torn from snug winter berths and set at the old work; and white-clad life-savers were drilled for the long battle with the spring storms. Lights were flashing and bells ringing, and the trailing smoke was blending sea and sky. The Lakes were alive again.

The buoyancy of youth was in the air, and Carter, standing on the bridge of the "Pewaukee," as she picked up the twinkling range-lights at the head of the St. Mary's, felt something of the stir and energy within him. Long and lean, was Carter, a man who had played for keeps since his public school days, who had fought up from nothing with his bare fists,—with nerves of steel wire and quick, impatient eyes. He was part, if a new part, of a system that belted the globe, and he knew, as he watched the Upper Range Lights slowly coming into line, and the steamer swinging to meet them, that that first month would decide everything for him. "Jimmy" Schwarz's men never stumbled twice.

He looked at his watch, holding it out in the faint light from the fore lantern. They were still a little ahead of time, in spite of the stiff new engines and the breakdown off Copper Harbor. The two red lights of the Lower Range were in sight,—soon the steamer was heading for them,—then on, leaving Pointe aux Pins and the red light at Foote Dock close on the left hand.

"Mr. Carter, do you see that white light, a little to starboard, between the two red ones?"

The captain was speaking from the binnacle over the wheelhouse, a post he had hardly left for twenty-six hours. Just as Carter's eyes found it, the light flashed red.

"That is the canal."

Carter had been holding his watch in his hands; then, with a sense of relief, he slipped it into his pocket and mounted beside the captain.

The lights were all about them, and they could make out the end of the canal pier. The captain rang to slow down, but the pulse of the engine went steadily on. There was something the matter in the engine room. Carter, looking out at the lights of Sault Ste. Marie, heard the bell clang a second time, and, turning, saw that Captain MacDonald was bending forward and speaking sharply through an opening to the wheelmen below. Throwing an eye ahead, Carter saw that they were bearing down upon the north pier, for the wheelmen could not, at such speed, complete the turn. Somewhere off to the right a revenue cutter sounded three peremptory blasts. The captain's hand had not left the bell pull, and he rang the emergency signal, "Check, and back strong." At length the engines stopped, but they would not reverse, and the engineer called up through the tube that he was helpless.

They struck the piers almost bows on, with a crash, and threw Carter back on the railing. There was a sound of wood splintering,—men were shouting off in the dark,—and the captain was giving hurried orders. Two half-dazed deck hands were trying to get a line ashore. Finally came a slow listing as she swung athwart the channel, and the "Pewaukee" settled squarely on the rock bottom in twenty-five feet of water. The ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie was closed to navigation.

An hour later they stood on the forward deck,—Carter, the canal superintendent, and the anxious captains of two other steamers. A revenue officer was climbing over the side to join them; he had just assigned anchorage to half a dozen freighters, whose red and green side lights could be seen up the river. Captain MacDonald was off directing the six tugs that were vainly coughing and steaming at the ends of eight-inch hawsers. It was a sober little party, for they had just come up from below, and they all knew that the "Pewaukee" was in a bad way.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Carter, I shall have to take possession of the ship," said the superintendent.

He spoke deliberately, for he knew there could be no appeal from his final decision.

"There are a hundred steamers within a day's sail, and you know what that means."

Carter did know what it meant. He knew that traffic footing up to millions of dollars must pass daily through this canal. The announcement in the morning papers, that the canal was blocked, would be a blow to all the great shipping interests beside which a strike would seem a joke. The Lakes are the neck of the hourglass, as it were, in the traffic of East and West. Carter was thinking fast.

"Can you give me twenty-four hours?" he abruptly asked the superintendent.

"Twenty-four hours!" The other captains looked blankly at each other. They, too, were sailing on close schedules. But the superintendent was open to conviction.

"What do you think you can do?" he asked. "Your furnaces are flooded, so that you can't pump her out. You could n't even unload in that time, and she is so hard aground that nothing can move her."

"You had better use dynamite right now," said a captain; "that's the surest way out of it."

The revenue officer seemed to approve of this, but Carter spoke directly to the superintendent.

"If you will give me until midnight to-morrow, I will have the channel clear for you."

The two captains were not in a mood for reasoning. One of them snapped his watch shut, and said, sharply:—

"You can buy ships, but you can't buy time."

There was a moment's silence, while the men looked at one another. On the piers a crowd was rapidly gathering, and the shouting and talking could be heard through the still air. Farther off

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the steamers were whistling back and forth as they fell into their places in the line. At length the superintendent nodded brusquely to Carter.

"All right," he said, "it's worth trying."

The two captains returned to their ships in disgust, the revenue officer went back to his launch to continue patrolling the line, and Carter, who stood alone in the track of the Lake trade, pushed back his hat, ran his fingers through his hair, and plunged into the work before him.

The old superintendent, curious, non-committal, stood aside. From the start he had been impressed by a curt directness about this lean young fellow, and he had wondered a little what he meant to do. He was to find out.

It was for Carter such a moment as may come once in a lifetime, to a fighting man,—a moment of absolute control over men and means, a moment with everything at stake,—and it roused every drop of blood in his body. It acted like a grindstone on his wits; it loosened a torrent from his tongue. That brief "all right" from the superintendent had thrown him into his element; at the word he was lost in his work, buoyant as a duck, and perfectly happy. His orders came out with the brevity and directness of a Napoleon, but between whiles it was just Carter,—Carter at his best,—or, if you prefer, at his worst, but at any rate downright Carter.

There he stood, his hat jammed on the back of his head, his face alive with the enjoyment of perfect self-possession, his eye everywhere at once,—and just to look at him and listen to him, the superintendent knew that the work was as good as done. There would be no hard luck, no "just-missed-it" story there. Carter was the work. It seemed to flow out from him on all sides, to give a hand to a burden here, to throw a laugh and a song into a bewildered mind there, and to key up every man to concert pitch and irresistibly to hold him there. All about there was confusion,—the screaming of tugs, the hoarse whistling of big steamers,—men were nervous and excited; Carter alone knew what was to be done.

Little by little, as the first half hours rushed by, a sense of order, of organization, began to lift its head above the turmoil.

The six tugs stopped their useless straining, for nothing short of a miracle could have moved that steamer, wedged in and freighted down as she was. Two of them came alongside, and were set to pumping her out with long lines of hose; the others disappeared in the night. Men came flocking in from all quarters, attracted by rumors of high pay, for Carter knew better than to haggle at such a moment, and found themselves working as they had never worked before,—enjoying it, too. Nimble sailors rigged lines from the hatchways to the piers, and hung buckets on running tackle; planks were laid for wheelbarrows; every device that Carter's brain could hit on for hurrying that cargo ashore was put into use. Divers appeared from nowhere, scrambled into their armor, and disappeared below decks to patch up the leak. The tugs came back from their mysterious journey towing lines of dump-scows and brought them alongside. At every fresh obstacle, at every new, "It can't be done, sir," Carter's eyes snapped, and the old war-horse in him came out rampant and swept along in a mixture of anger, irrepressible high spirits, and the good nature of success. It made the superintendent feel like a child. And so, naturally enough, before he knew quite what was taking place, he was working, too, driving a gang of laborers with a zest that in any other presence must have been recognized as showing merit and quality. He rushed about with Carter speaking quick words into the telephone in his office, cajoling, coercing, dragging everybody and everything into line, and carrying it all along with a rush, and then he wondered what his wife would say if she could see him.

The scows were to float the "Pewaukee." They were ranged alongside and made fast while the divers, with hardly a rest after their labor in the hold, went down to put the chains in place. Carter got permission from the revenue officer to run whaleback "Number Six" to the head of the line, as she was built for towing. It was only necessary to lift the steamer's stern six inches to a foot in order to swing it around far enough, at least, to permit the other steamers to pass, for she was lying almost squarely across the head of the canal. The cargo was being hauled out of the after hold as fast as two hundred men could do it. As the night wore on into dawn, Carter's hand sought his watch less and less frequently. He was beginning to see his way clear.

The first light of morning, spreading slowly over the Canadian shore, and touching with red the higher buildings of Sault Ste. Marie, showed a strange scene to the stragglers of the night's crowd and the earliest comers of the new day. Extending far up the river, almost as far, in fact, as those standing on the piers could see through the morning haze, was a long line of steamers. Idly they lay at anchor, one behind another, quietly awaiting the signal to pass on through the canal. There was no impatience, no noise. The distant whistling of the new arrivals and the black smoke rolling from every funnel were the only signs of life in this peaceful fleet. No, the excitement was not there, for a captain can do no more than his best; but, a little later in the morning, when the papers should be opened at thousands of breakfast tables, there would be suddenly anxious men, and busy telegraph wires, and rumors of heavy losses in the Lake trade. "Jimmie" Schwarz alone would know the precise situation. Carter had wired him that whaleback "Number Six," with seven thousand tons, would reach Buffalo on the twentieth or twenty-first, and that he had chartered two steamers of the "Red X Line" to carry on the "Pewaukee's" cargo at once.

Carter liked to say he did not believe in luck; but, as the sun climbed higher and higher over the still sleeping city, and as he sipped his eighth cup of black coffee in the lee of the after deckhouse and watched the endless line of laborers tramp past, he thanked his stars that he had allowed two days for emergencies between the fifteenth and the twenty-first. The prospect of going before President Schwarz with the excuse even of a wrecked steamer to explain his failure would not have been agreeable to Carter.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. Groups of exhausted laborers sat on the pier, or lay asleep. The "Pewaukee" was surrounded by scows, each sunk deep in the water, and whaleback "Number Six" was backing up toward the sunken vessel's stern to pick up a hawser that was trailing across one of the scows. Tugs were clustered about wherever they could get in to push or pull. In the stern of the wrecked steamer stood two men,—Carter, with hollow eyes but steady hands, and the superintendent, jaded, anxious, but grateful that he had been there to play some small part in the achievement. For many years he had been seeking the man who is equal to the situation, and at length he had found him. It was worth a day and a night in a whirlwind just to have stood around and watched him.

The line was hauled up through the stern hawse hole of the whaleback, and made fast. Its captain was leaning over the railing on the pilot house with his eyes fixed on the tall, thin figure in the stern of the "Pewaukee." Some one had handed Carter a megaphone, and he put it to his lips.

"Are you all ready?"

The tugmen were hanging out of their windows, watching for the signal. The buzz of the crowd died away. The superintendent looked at Carter, gazed at him, could not take his eyes from him, for there he stood, this young man, knowing that one moment would decide whether his ship was to be saved or turned over to the dynamiters, and not for one moment of the previous sixteen hours had he been cooler. His eyes were rapidly taking in every detail, making sure that the tugs were ready, that all lines were secure, and that each scow was firmly lashed in place. Then he raised the megaphone again.

"Now,—all together,—let her go!"

Bells jangled in half a dozen engine rooms, there was the splash of one screw after another, and hawsers came up dripping from the water and stretched slowly taut. For a moment there was a strain,—it looked as if something must give way,—then a shiver ran through the "Pewaukee," and a scow rubbed against her side with a groan. Still there was doubt. But at length the superintendent, looking off astern, saw that the buildings on the south shore were slowly, very slowly, moving by.



"Now,—all together,—let her go!"

At twenty minutes past four, the first steamer entered the canal, and close after her was the whaleback, "Number Six," with orders to make all speed for Buffalo. Carter and the superintendent stood on the pier and watched her pass. Carter had slipped back into the system. Once more he had receded into his shell as acting manager on the Lakes for the corporation.

The superintendent gripped his shoulder.

"Look here, Mr. Carter, I'm going home, and I want you to come along and get a square meal and some sleep."

Carter turned to look at the heaps of ore on the pier.

"Oh, you can't do a thing here now. The 'Red X' boats won't get in before daylight tomorrow."

"All right!" Carter replied, somewhat reluctantly, for a born worker finds it hard to let go. As they started off, he remarked:—

"I guess I got stirred up some last night. I don't know but I called you some names."

"It is all right, sir," said the superintendent, warmly; "don't speak of it." A moment later he added, "Say, it was gorgeous!"

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President Schwarz and one of his partners entered together the New York office that was the center of the universe for so many thousand men.

"What are we going to do about this, Schwarz?" The partner held an evening paper in his hand. "Must we send all that ore by rail? The Soo canal has been blocked for nearly twenty-four hours."

"It is open now," replied the president, taking a late message from his desk.

"So he expects little or no delay, does he?" said the partner, reading. After a little while he added, "This Carter is our new man out there, is n't he?"

"Yes, and he 's a hustler, if I 'm a judge."

"Hum! he certainly does keep things moving."

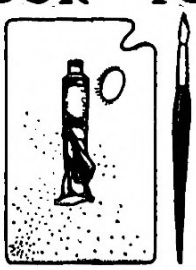
That "Hum" came nearer to downright praise than anything that had ever been said before about B. Carter, but of course the latter did n't know. It was just as well that he did n't, for there was nothing he disliked more than soft soap. Business was business with Carter.

[Samuel Merwin, the author of "B. Carter," has made a distinguished reputation as a writer of stories based on modern business ventures. He is one of the youngest successful fiction writers in the United States, having been born in Evanston, Illinois, October 6, 1874. In conjunction with Henry Kitchell Webster, he wrote "The Short Line War" and "Calumet K.," two narratives of remarkable power. Mr. Merwin's stories have the merit of being purposeful and interesting, as well as accurate descriptions of notable achievements. They deal with the up-to-date conditions of American commercial affairs, in an instructive, fascinating manner.—THE EDITOR.]

FOUR YOUNG WOMEN FROM CALIFORNIA



DR. A. DEJERINE

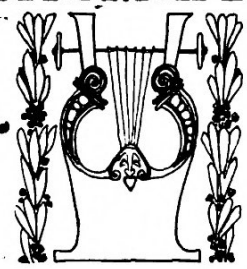


ROSA BONHEUR AND ANNA KLUMPKE

LILIAN WHITING



JULIA KLUMPKE





MRS. DOROTHEA ROBERTS

Their Upward Journey to the Realms of Achievement

THE keynote of success in life is to recognize the psychological moment. It comes as a meteor suddenly blazing in the air; it comes as an ideal flashing its revelation on the soul; it projects itself into one's pathway in the guise of opportunity, and, if instantly recognized and followed with absolute fidelity, it leads its disciple on to fair achievement and the radiance of happiness; but, neglected and ignored,—all the voyage of life is, indeed, "bound in shallows and miseries."

It was the psychological moment for a little group of four young girls in California when their wise and far-seeing mother saw clearly that she must take her daughters to Europe and educate them. Mme. Klumpke could not but recognize the very exceptional individualities of the four girls, each remarkable even in her early childhood, and each so different from the other in her line of aspiration. Ways and means did not abound with this judicious and loving mother, but the mere outer details of life are absolutely amenable to the control of spiritual energy, and, as Emerson has so well said, "When a god wishes to ride, every chip and stone will bud and shoot out wingèd feet to carry him." Spiritual energy is a potency far more intense than even electricity, and it can create and control all outward conditions. So it happened that the four little maidens were transplanted to Germany, where they studied for some years, and later to Paris, where they had the advantage of the finest culture and of opportunities for study under the great masters, and each thus had the high privilege which enabled her to "follow the Gleam."

The Four Sisters Started in Different Directions to Attain High Usefulness

The girls, Augusta, Anna, Dorothea, and Julia followed the Gleam that shone before each individually. Mlle. Augusta turned to medicine; Mlle. Anna, to painting; Mlle. Dorothea, to mathematics and astronomy; and Mlle. Julia, to music. In her medical studies, her deep research, and extensive hospital practice, the eldest daughter became known as a famous physician,—Dr. Augusta Klumpke. She won the highest honors and received many degrees from the renowned medical institutions of Paris. Later, she was married to Dr. Dejerine, a distinguished physician, and both husband and wife have continued their practice. Dr. Augusta Dejerine, *née* Klumpke, continued to make significant discoveries in medical research. Both Dr. Dejerine and his wife have always been devoted students of science,—not only of medicine, but also of all those phenomena that must enter into advanced medical science, which sees the intimate relation between mind and body, and which includes experimental research in hypnotism, in multiple personality, in the sub-conscious self, and in all that range of phenomena so wonderfully revealed in the experiments at Salpétrière and at Nancy. The home of Dr. and Mme. Dejerine is in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, on the boulevard of that name. It is in the heart of the *ancien règime*,—of the old aristocratic quarter. Not far from their home is the ancient church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, where every day strangers going in see strange, silent, black-robed, kneeling figures, apparently as motionless as the figures of the saints within the chancel, and one learns that they are of the old *noblesse* of Paris,—of high lineage and impoverished life; of an order whose views are so totally different from latter-day ideals that they are like beings from another sphere left stranded in a period with whose march they find it impossible to keep step. It is the last survival of the class of Parisians so vividly and powerfully depicted by Henry James in his novel entitled "The American." Dr. and Mme. Dejerine have one child, Mlle. Yonne, a little maid of some ten summers. Their house is a noted center of scientific gatherings in Paris, and Mme. Dejerine draws about her some of the most interesting people of the day.

Mlle. Anna Klumpke and her youngest sister, Mlle. Julia, are devotees of the Muses, the one of pictorial and the other of musical art. Anna embraced her art from her earliest girlhood, and in the decade of 1880–90 she studied under Bougereau, Robert Fleury, Vuillefroy, and Lefebvre, and M. Fleury, especially, discovered a profound and abiding interest in his gifted pupil. When he had no time to bestow on other students who persistently sought him, he would find, or make, an opportunity to receive Mlle. Anna Klumpke, or drop into her studio and criticise her work. M. Wulff, one of the leading art critics of Paris, writing of a picture exhibited by Anna in the Salon of 1891, said:—

"Mlle. Klumpke has especially studied 'light,' which is the stumbling-block of so many painters. Her style is broad and sure of itself. She has a brilliant future, and, if she persists, will become a great artist."

Where work and industry have won

As a pupil of Julian, Mlle. Anna carried off medals and prizes, and she has received a third medal from the French Salon, a silver one from Versailles, and a gold one from an exhibition in Philadelphia. Her skill as a draughtsman is exceptional; as a colorist she is less happy, but her work has arresting qualities, and as a portrait artist she has won her best success. Among her works is an interesting figure-piece of Mère Marier, the woman who, in her youth, posed for Millet in his immortal picture of the "Angelus." In one of her exhibitions in Boston, she exposed two exquisite pictures of a golden-haired child, "Elles Font Dodo" and "Veux du Faire Dodo," the head of a peasant woman, Leone Carcassonne, and a bit of *genre* showing a yellow-haired girl in a field of red poppies; and she painted, while in Boston, portraits of several distinguished people, including Mrs. Robert C. Winthrop, Mrs. Thorpe, (the mother of Mrs. Ole Bull,) and Miss Horsford, a daughter of the distinguished archæologist, Prof. Horsford, whose researches established his conviction that Leif Ericson preceded Columbus as the discoverer of this country, as early as the eleventh century. The Norse civilization had made its impression on the banks of the Charles River. The statue of Leif Ericson, by Miss Anne Whitney, that is among the sculptures which adorns the esplanade of Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, stands as a perpetual memorial of Prof. Horsford's conclusions in his researches in archæology.

In the Salon of 1889, Mlle. Anna Klumpke exposed a portrait of her mother that won no little appreciation, and in the Salon of 1890 was her portrait of her sister, Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke. The figure, of three-fourths length, was that of a thoughtful young woman, seated in an easy pose, with a graceful and somewhat *dégagé* effect, as if living in a realm of her own. She is costumed in a gown of dark velvet, with a Parisian effect of mingled elegance and simplicity. There is a serious and high-bred air in the repose of the figure, with its absolute distinction of presence and the inscrutable expression of one who sees beyond the ordinary limits of vision.

Dorothea Klumpke Has Proved that a Scientific Woman Is not Unfortunate

Mlle. Anna Klumpke was much in America in the decade of 1888–98. She had a studio in Boston, and in her nearest and most sympathetic group of friends was Miss Longfellow, the poet's daughter. She had some excellent commissions in portrait-painting in Chicago, Cincinnati, and Pittsburg; and, during one winter when she had her studio on Beacon Street, Boston, she gave a series of receptions for four evenings, where a noted classical scholar of Boston read four papers on "Pictures of Art and Nature in Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound,'" "Classical Greek Statuary as Interpreted in the Poems of Keats," "Robert Browning's 'Poetry of Music,'" and "Mme. Récamier." Each paper was followed by music and conversation, and tea was served. These little gatherings indicate the fine social atmosphere with which Mlle. Anna Klumpke always surrounds herself. In those days she little dreamed of the fairy tale of her life that was awaiting her a few years later, and apparently a goddess, wholly unnoted, had been at her christening,—the Goddess of Fortune.

The third of this remarkable group of sisters, Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke, devoted herself to higher mathematics. Unlike Sônya Kovalevsky, who wrote in her diary, "It is a great misfortune to have a talent for science,—especially for a woman, who is forcibly drawn into a sphere of action where she cannot find happiness,"—unlike the ill-fated Russian student, Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke was to find the rapture and radiance of life through her scientific devotion. The brightness of her life shines out in striking contrast to the pathetic story of Mme. Kovalevsky, who recorded in her memoirs: "I have had everything in life except that which is absolutely necessary to me. Some other human being must have received the part of happiness that I longed for and dreamed of." For Mlle. Dorothea, the scholar's passion to "scorn delights and live laborious days" has not hindered the poetry and romance of life, and her recent happy marriage to the noted astronomer, Dr. Isaac Roberts, is a pretty sequel to the story of her years of devotion to the science of the heavens in her life in the Paris *Observatoire*.

Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke was the first and, so far, is the only woman to receive from the Sorbonne the degree of Doctor of Mathematical Science. The Sorbonne was thronged on the

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morning it was awarded to her. The professors were in their scholars' gowns; Mlle. Dorothea was costumed in black, and she read her thesis, "A Contribution to the Study of the Rings of Saturn," with the utmost composure before the learned assemblage. Her paper discussed a problem proposed by Maupertuis, and studied by Laplace, and, later, by Sônya Kovalevsky. It was at once translated into all of the European languages, and a copy sent to every observatory, where it has since remained the accepted solution of the composition of the rings of Saturn. The theory advanced by Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke is that these rings are solid rather than gaseous in their formation. In conferring on her the degree, the Dean of the Sorbonne said:—

Here well-applied education has wrought its true results

"Mademoiselle, you have been occupied with one of the most interesting questions of astronomy. The great names of Galileo, Huygens, Cassini, and Laplace, not to speak of those of my illustrious colleagues and friends, have been associated with the history of the various advances in this theory, equally attractive and difficult, of the rings of Saturn. Your work brings us to a contribution not to be lightly considered, and places you in honorable rank beside the women who have devoted themselves to the study of mathematics. In the last century, Maria Gaetana Agnesi gave to science her treatise on the differential calculus. Sophie Germain, as remarkable for her literary and philosophical talent as for her mathematical faculties, received the recognition of great geometricians and honored her country in the beginning of the present century. Only a few years ago the Academy of Sciences, by a commission of which I had the honor to be a member, by one of its best prizes placed the name of Mme. de Kovalevsky beside those of Euler and Lagrange in the history of the discoveries relative to the theory of the movement of a solid body about a fixed point. In your turn, Mademoiselle, you have entered upon this career. We know that for several years you have been occupied with great zeal and great success with studies relative to the map of the heavens. Your thesis, which you have prepared while following with an assiduity which we could not ignore our courses in the higher mathematics, is the first that a woman has presented and sustained with success before our faculty to obtain the grade of Doctor of Mathematical Science. You open the way with dignity, and the faculty by unanimous vote is eager to declare you worthy to receive the grade of Doctor."

The Sorbonne was founded, in 1223, by Robert de Sorbon, the confessor of St. Louis, and was at first designed only for the poorer class of students. Its reputation grew, however, until it came to be regarded as the very heart of scholastic theology, and it numbers some ten thousand students in the five faculties, constantly. The building, erected by Cardinal Richelieu, in 1629, is now used for the theological faculty; while the faculties *des lettres et des sciences*, and that of jurisprudence and medicine, occupy newer buildings. In 1733, Legendre, then a Canon of Notre Dame, established a system of prizes, which are distributed, every August, among the pupils of the Paris and Versailles lyceums. The chapel of the Sorbonne is a fascinating place. There is the tomb of Richelieu, where a life-size statue of the famous French cardinal is seen supported by the figure of Religion, while Science bends over in an attitude of sorrow. There, too, is a large picture representing Robert de Sorbon presenting students of theology to St. Louis.

In these classic surroundings, Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke had pursued her studies, and, on receiving her degree, (in 1888,) she was appointed to a place on the staff of the Paris *Observatoire*. The authorities fitted up a private room for the young woman astronomer, that she might remain nights, when she wished, for continued study of the heavens, and gave her a corps of young women to act as her assistants. During these years, Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke gave herself to photographing the stars and to constant abstruse mathematical calculation. Camille Flammarion became one of her warm friends. Her work in photographing and numbering the stars was a very serious one, and the result was accepted as authoritative by other astronomers. She made occasional visits to Denmark, Germany, Austria, and other places, always recognized and welcomed in the highest circles of scientific life, and constantly extending her observations and researches in the sidereal heavens. Mme. Klumpke had an apartment on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and there the two younger daughters lived with her, Mlle. Dorothea engaged in her astronomical work and Mlle. Julia absorbed in her music. The eldest daughter, Mme. Dejerine, was near at hand, and Anna flitted between Boston, London, and Paris. So the years went on until the spring of 1898, when an undreamed-of event occurred which illustrates that, at any moment, all honest endeavor and noble energy may culminate in unexpected ways that set all the forces of living to a new key.

Anna Klumpke had been passing the winter of 1897–8 in Boston, and in the spring the idea fell upon her out of the air, so to speak, to write to the late Rosa Bonheur and ask permission to paint her portrait. The reply came, swiftly winged, not only carrying a cordial assent, but also inviting Mlle. Klumpke to be her guest during the process of the work, at her chateau, in the village of Thomery, the first station beyond Fontainebleau. It chanced that Mlle. Klumpke and I sailed together that May, stopping for a little while in London, where we enjoyed a feast of opera at Covent Garden, and later going on to Paris, whence she almost immediately went to the home of Mlle. Bonheur, which is approached by a winding road through the green twilight of the forests of Fontainebleau, where, in a studio commanding an enchanting view of the country over the valley of the Loire, this portrait of Mlle. Bonheur was painted,—the last portrait, as it proved, ever to be painted of her. It represents her in her artist's (masculine,) garb, sitting, holding her easel. The portrait pleased Mlle. Bonheur, and it was exhibited in Pittsburg, and also at the Salon of 1897, where it received a medal. It is an exceptionally fine work, full of the distinction of presence and gracious ease of its famous subject. The two artists—the elder woman of genius and world-wide fame, the younger of talent and with increasing recognition,—became the most appreciative of friends, and their companionship became an ideal dream of sweet and sympathetic intercourse. It was Anna Klumpke who brought radiance and gladness into the life of the distinguished artist, who, it may well be, felt much of the loneliness which is too often the penalty of greatness. Rosa Bonheur begged her guest to remain with her during her life. Mlle. Bonheur was then seventy years of age, but with apparently much of life and achievement yet before her. The winter of 1899–1900, Mlle. Bonheur passed on the Riviera, taking her friend and guest, Mlle. Klumpke, with her. That winter ex-Empress Eugènie was in her villa, Cap-Martin, and she invited Mlle. Bonheur to lunch with her one day,—the first time the two women had met since the day when Eugènie, as the empress of France, had with her own hands decorated the artist, then in the dawn of her fame, with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Eugènie was then in the full tide of her splendor in the Palais des Tuileries; Napoleon was absent in Spain, leaving her as regent; and, as he had refused to grant the cross to Mlle. Bonheur, on the ground that he did not wish to found a precedent for bestowing it on a woman, Eugènie with a woman's wit and finesse took advantage of her temporary power as regent to confer this honor upon the greatest of women artists. When the luncheon was over, the two women, the ex-empress and the artist, clasped hands and walked up and down the rooms, recalling this incident and other reminiscences of France.

In the following May, (1900,) Mlle. Bonheur died, and her will devised her entire estate—subject to a few legacies,—to Anna Klumpke. This consisted of her chateau, a three-story brick dwelling, beautifully furnished, her extensive grounds, animals, bank deposits, and, more than all else, her wealth of pictures. This was a remarkable event, and it came to Mlle. Klumpke less as a golden shower of fortune than as a sweet and serious responsibility. She immediately arranged that half the proceeds from the sale of the pictures should be divided among members of the Bonheur family, in addition to the great artist's own provision for them. Mlle. Klumpke held a large exhibition and sale of these works in London, and later in Paris. She immediately founded the Rosa Bonheur Prize, of fifteen hundred francs, (three hundred dollars,) to be annually given at the Salon to the artist meeting the conditions imposed, and also presented to the Louvre one of the greatest works of Mlle. Bonheur.

In one of the large studios of the chateau she has gathered together valuable souvenirs of the great woman artist. In a glass cabinet, on a pale blue satin cushion, are displayed all the honors, orders, and medals conferred on Mlle. Bonheur, and other souvenirs abound in the apartment, whose walls are lined with her paintings.

In the chateau, Mlle. Klumpke now lives with her mother and her youngest sister, Julia, who is already known as a skillful violinist, and who is said to be the most gifted pupil of her master, Ysaye. Mlle. Dorothea Klumpke was married last October to the famous astronomer, Dr. Isaac Roberts, and the Paris Observatory knows her no more save as a visitor. Mlle. Julia Klumpke is much engaged for musical recitals, and is giving herself to her art with the same serious earnestness that has characterized her sisters in their several orders of achievement. The mother, Mme. Klumpke, still in her gracious and beautiful maturity, with little hint of age in her finely chiseled face, may well view, with gratitude to the Divine care, the fulfillment of her high ideals for her four gifted daughters.

Mlle. Klumpke is now deeply absorbed in writing the biography of Rosa Bonheur. For the exhibition of the works of the great artist in Paris, in the summer of 1900, she prepared an immense illustrated catalogue in two volumes, on the fly leaf of which appears this dedication—

A Mon Amie Vénérée
Hommage de Profonde Affection
Anna Klumpke

Is not this story of the four Klumpke sisters, which I have given in only its most important details, a legend, indeed, of following "the Gleam?"

The Wonderful Magic of "Try" - Roy Farrell Greene

If a feller's inclined to try, I say, there is n't a shade of doubt
But that he can change bad luck to good by turnin' it wrong side out
An' upside down, with the right side in, and maybe turn end for end,—
The principal thing is to try and try, an' never give up, my friend.
Luck never turns of its own free will: you must help it to swing around,—
In the army of Nothing, that 's growing fast, no leaders of men are found;
But go where you will in the walks of life, an' you 'll find it, as found have I,
There is plenty t' do 'neath these skies of blue, if a feller's inclined to try.

It is n't a question of ways an' means as much as it is of do,
Each effort, my friend, that you expend is sure to come back to you
With honor freighted, with wealth or fame, whatever the prize you seek,
But no such chance Dame Fortune grants to the man who is lax or weak.
So never give up an' say you 've done quite all that a mortal man
Could do, you 're sure, an' you can 't endure the failure of one more plan.
This crop, home-grown, of advice your own but make, an' the text apply:
There is plenty t' do 'neath these skies of blue, if a feller's inclined to try.

It takes some courage an' some hard knocks, the doing of manly deeds,
A bout with strifes in his early life's forenoon, if a man succeeds.
One can 't win battles on beds of ease,—I 'd fain on this point enlarge;
Now there, now here, one must persevere with skirmish and flank and charge.
The wall of that fort Good Luck defends is never so hard to climb
As to thwart the plan of the youth or man assaulting it one more time.
So buckle your belt up one more hole, discouragements all defy,—
There is plenty t' do 'neath these skies of blue, if a feller's inclined to try!

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"Women who are not ready to be widowed come here and cry because their husbands are going away"

THE STUFF THAT STANDS



Cy Warman

'T was very late in the fifties, and Lincoln and Douglas were engaged in animated discussion of the burning questions of the time, when Melvin Jewett journeyed to Bloomington, Illinois, to learn telegraphy.

It was then a new, weird business, and his father advised him not to fool with it. His college chum said to him, as they chatted together for the last time before leaving school, that it would be grewsomely lonely to sit in a dimly lighted flag-station and have that inanimate machine tick off its talk to him in the sable hush of night, but Jewett was ambitious. Being earnest, brave, and industrious, he learned rapidly, and in a few months found himself in charge of a little wooden way-station as agent, operator, yardmaster, and everything else. It was lonely, but there was no night work. When the shadows came and hung on the bare walls of his office the spook pictures that had been painted by his school chum, the young operator went over to the little tavern for the night.

True, Springdale, at that time, was not much of a town, but the telegraph boy had the satisfaction of feeling that he was, by common consent, the biggest man in the place.

Out in a hay field, he could see from his window a farmer gazing up at the humming wire, and the farmer's boy holding his ear to the pole, trying to understand. All this business that so blinded and bewildered with its mystery, not only the farmer, but the village folks as well, was to him as simple as sunshine.

In a little while he had learned to read a newspaper with one eye and keep the other on the narrow window that looked out along the line; to hark with one ear the "down brakes" signal of the north-bound freight, clear in the siding, and with the other to catch the whistle of the oncoming "cannon ball," faint and far away.

When Jewett had been at Springdale some six or eight months, another young man dropped from the local one morning, and said "*wie gehts*," and handed him a letter. The letter was from the superintendent, calling him back to Bloomington to dispatch trains. Being the younger of the dispatchers, he had to take the "death trick." The day man used to work from eight o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon, the "split trick" man from four until midnight, and the "death trick" man from midnight until morning.

We called it the "death trick" because, in the early days of railroading, we had a lot of wrecks about four o'clock in the morning. That was before double tracks and safety inventions had made traveling by rail safer than sleeping at home, and before trainmen, off duty, had learned to look not on liquor that was red. Jewett, however, was not long on the night shift. He was a good dispatcher, a bit risky at times, the chief thought, but that was only when he knew his man. He was a rusher and ran trains close, but he was ever watchful and wide awake.

In two years' time he had become chief dispatcher. During these years, the country, so quiet when he first went to Bloomington, had been torn by the tumult of civil strife, though it is hard to understand how men can be called civil while at war.

With war news passing under his eye every day, trains going south with soldiers, and cars coming north with the wounded, it is not remarkable that the fever should get into the young dispatcher's blood. He read of the great, sad Lincoln, whom he had seen and heard and known, calling for volunteers, and his blood rushed red and hot through his veins. He talked to the trainmen who came in to register, to enginemen waiting for orders, to yardmen in the yards, and to shopmen after hours, and many of them, catching the contagion, urged him to organize a company, and he did. He continued to work days and to drill his men in the twilight. He would have been up and drilling at dawn if he could have gotten them together. He inspired them with his quiet enthusiasm, held them by personal magnetism, and by unselfish patriotism kindled in the breast of each of his fifty followers a desire to do something for his country. Gradually, the railroad, so dear to him, slipped back to second place in the affairs of the earth. His country was first. To be sure, there was no shirking of responsibility at the office, but the business of the company was never allowed to overshadow the cause in which he had silently but heartily enlisted. "Abe" Lincoln was, to his way of reasoning, a bigger man than the president of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, which was something to concede. The country must be cared for first, he argued, for what good would a road be with no country to run through?

All day he would work at the dispatcher's office, flagging fast freights and "laying out" local passenger trains to the end that the soldiers might be hurried south. He would pocket the "cannon ball" and order the "thunderbolt" held at Alton for the soldiers' special. "Take siding at Sundance for troop train, south bound," he would flash out, and glory in his power to help the government.

All day he would work and scheme for the company, (and the Union,) and at night, when the silver moonlight lay on the lot back of the machine shops, he would drill and drill as long as he could hold the men together. They were all stout and fearless young fellows, trained and accustomed to danger by the hazard of their daily toil. They knew something of discipline, were used to obeying orders and to reading and remembering regulations made for their guidance, and Jewett reasoned that they would become, in time, a crack company, and a credit to the state.

By the time he had his company properly drilled, young Jewett was so perfectly saturated with the subject of war that he was almost unfit for duty as a dispatcher. Only his anxiety about south-bound troop trains held his mind to the matter and his hand to the wheel. At night, after a long evening in the drill field, he would dream of great battles, and hear in his dreams the ceaseless tramp, tramp of soldiers marching down from the north to reënforce the fellows in the fight.

Finally, when he felt that they were fit, he called his company together for the election of officers. Jewett was the unanimous choice for captain, other officers were chosen, and the captain at once applied for a commission.

The Jewetts were an influential family, and no one doubted the result of the young dispatcher's request. He waited anxiously for some time, wrote a second letter, and waited again. "Any news from Springfield?" the conductor would ask, leaving the register, and the chief dispatcher would shake his head.

One morning, on entering his office, Jewett found a letter on his desk. It was from the superintendent, and it stated bluntly that the resignation of the chief dispatcher would be accepted, and named his successor.

Jewett read it over a second time, then turned and carried it into the office of his chief.

"Why?" echoed the superintendent, "you ought to know why. For months you have neglected your office, and have worked and schemed and conspired to get trainmen and enginemen to quit work and go to war. Every day, women who are not ready to be widowed come here and cry on the carpet because their husbands are going away with 'Captain' Jewett's company. Only yesterday, a schoolgirl came running after me, begging me not to let her little brother, the red-headed peanut on the local, go as drummer boy in Captain Jewett's company.

"And now, after demoralizing the service and almost breaking up half a hundred homes, you ask, 'why?' Is that all you have to say?"

"No," said the dispatcher, lifting his head; "I have to say to you, sir, that I have never knowingly neglected my duty. I have not conspired. I have been misjudged and misunderstood, and, in conclusion, I would say that my resignation shall be written at once."

Returning to his desk, Jewett found the long-looked-for letter from Springfield. How his heart beat as he broke the seal! How timely,—just as things come out in a play. He would not intercept traffic on the Alton, but with a commission in his pocket would go elsewhere and organize a new company. These things flashed through his mind as he unfolded the letter. His eye fell immediately on the signature at the end. It was not the name of the governor, who had been a close friend of his father, but of the lieutenant-governor. It was a short letter, but plain, and it left no hope. His request had been denied.

This time he did not ask why. He knew why, and knew that the influence of a great railway company, with the best of the argument on its side, would outweigh the influence of a train dispatcher and his friends.

Reluctantly, Jewett took leave of his old associates in the office, went to his room in the hotel, and sat for hours crushed and discouraged. Presently he rose, kicked the kinks out of his trousers, and walked out into the clear sunlight. At the end of the street he stepped from the sidewalk to the sod path and kept walking. He passed an orchard and plucked a ripe peach from an overhanging bough. A yellow-breasted lark stood in a stubble field, chirped two or three times, and soared, singing, toward the far blue sky. A bare-armed man, with a muley cradle, was cradling grain, and, far away, he heard the hum of a horse-power threshing machine. It had been months, it seemed years, since he had been in the country, felt its cooling breeze, smelled the fresh breath of the fields, or heard the song of a lark, and it rested and refreshed him.

When young Jewett returned to the town he was

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himself again. He had been guilty of no wrong, but had been about what seemed to him his duty to his country. Still, he remembered with sadness the sharp rebuke of the superintendent, a feeling intensified by the recollection that it was the same official who had brought him in from Springdale, made a train dispatcher of him, and promoted him as often as he had earned promotion. If he had seemed to be acting in bad faith with the officials of the road, he would make amends. That night he called his company together, told them that he had been unable to secure a commission, stated that he had resigned and was going away, and advised them to disband.

* * * * *

The company forming at Lexington was called "The Farmers," just as the Bloomington company was known as the "Car-hands." "The Farmers" was full, the captain said, when Jewett offered his services. At the last moment one of the boys had "heart failure" and Jewett was taken in his place. His experience with the disbanded "Car hands" helped him and his company immeasurably. It was only a few days after his departure from Bloomington that he again passed through, a private in "The Farmers."



"You have schemed and conspired to get trainmen to go to war"

Once in the South, the Lexington company became a part of the 184th Illinois Infantry, and almost immediately engaged in fighting. Jewett panted to be on the firing line, but that was not to be. The regiment had just captured an important railway which had to be manned and operated at once. It was the only means of supplying a whole army corps with bacon and beans. The colonel of his company was casting about for railroaders when he heard of Private Jewett. He was surprised to find, in "The Farmers," a man of such wide experience as a railway official, so well posted on the general situation, and so keenly alive to the importance of the railroad and the necessity of keeping it open. Within a week, Jewett had made a reputation. If there had been time to name him he would doubtless have been called superintendent of transportation, but there was no time to classify those who were working on the road. They called him Jewett. In some way the story of the one-time captain's experience at Bloomington came to the colonel's ears, and he sent for Jewett. As a result of the interview, the young private was taken from the ranks, made a captain, and "assigned to special duty." His special duty was that of general manager of the M. & L. Railroad, with headquarters in a car.

Jewett called upon the colonel again, uninvited this time, and protested. He wanted to get into the fighting. "Don't worry, my boy," said the good-natured colonel, "I'll take the fight out of you later on; for the present, Captain Jewett, you will continue to run this railroad."

The captain saluted and went about his business.

There had been some fierce fighting at the front, and the Yankees had gotten decidedly the worst of it. Several attempts had been made to rush reinforcements forward by rail, but with poor success. The pilot engines had all been ditched. As a last desperate chance, Jewett determined to try a "black" train. Two engines were attached to a troop-train, and Jewett seated himself on the pilot of the forward locomotive. The lights were all put out. They were to have no pilot engine, but were to slip past the ambuscade, if possible, and take chances on lifted rails and absent bridges. It was near the end of a dark, rainy night. The train was rolling along at a good freight clip, the engines working as full as might be without throwing fire, when, suddenly, from either side of the track, a yellow flame flared out, followed immediately by the awful roar of the muskets from whose black mouths the murderous fire had rushed. The bullets fairly rained on the jackets of the engines, and crashed through the cab windows. The engineer on the head engine was shot from his seat. Jewett, in a hail of lead, climbed over the running-board, pulled wide the throttle, and whistled "off brakes." The driver of the second engine, following his example, opened also, and the train was thus whirled out of range, but not until Jewett had been badly wounded. A second volley rained upon the rearmost cars but did little damage. The enemy had been completely outwitted. They had mistaken the train for a pilot engine, which they had planned to let pass, after which they were to turn a switch, ditch, and capture the train.

There was great rejoicing in the hungry army at the front that dawn, when the long train laden with soldiers and sandwiches arrived. The colonel was complimented by the corps commander, but he was too big and brave to accept promotion for an achievement in which he had had no part or even faith. He told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and, when it was all over, there was no more "Captain" Jewett. When he came out of the hospital he had the rank of a major, but was still "assigned to special duty."

Major Jewett's work became more important as the great struggle went on. Other lines of railway fell into the hands of the Yankees, and all of them in that division of the army came under his control. They were good for him, for they made him a very busy man and kept him from panting for the firing line. In conjunction with General D., the famous army engineer, who has since become a noted railroad builder, he rebuilt and re-equipped wrecked railways, bridged wide rivers, and kept a way open for men and supplies to get to the front.

When at last the little, ragged, but ever heroic remnant of the Confederate army surrendered, and the worn and weary soldiers set their faces to the north again, Major Jewett's name was known throughout the army.

At the close of the war, in recognition of his ability and great service to the Union, Major Jewett was made a brevet colonel, by which title he is known to almost every railway man in America.

* * * * * * *

Many opportunities came to Colonel Jewett to enter once more the field in which, since his school days, he had been employed. One by one these offers were put aside. They were too easy. He had been so long in the wreck of things that he felt out of place on a prosperous, well-regulated line. He knew of a little struggling road that ran east from Galena, Illinois. It was called the Galena and something, for Galena was at that time the most prosperous and promising town in the wide, wild West.



"Don't worry. I'll take the fight out of you"

He sought and secured service on the Galena line and began anew. The road was one of the oldest and poorest in the state, and one of the very first chartered to build west from Chicago. It was sorely in need of a young, vigorous, and experienced man, and Colonel Jewett's ability was not long in finding recognition. Step by step he climbed the ladder until he reached the general managership. Here his real work began. Here he had some say and could talk directly to the president, who was one of the chief owners. He soon convinced the company that to succeed they must have more money, build more, and make business by encouraging settlers to go out and plow and plant and reap and ship. The United States government was aiding in the construction of a railway across the "desert," as the West beyond the Missouri River was then called. Jewett urged his company to push out to the Missouri River and connect with the line to the Pacific and they pushed.

Ten years from the close of the war, Colonel Jewett was at the head of one of the most promising railroads in the country. Prosperity followed peace, the West began to build up, the Pacific Railroad was completed, and the little Galena line, with a new charter and a new name, had become an important link connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific.

For nearly half a century, Jewett has been at the front, and has never been defeated. The discredited captain of that promising company of raw boys has become one of our great "captains of industry." He is to-day president of one of the most important railroads in the world, whose blue flyers race out nightly over twin paths of steel, threading their way in and out of not less than nine states, with nearly nine thousand miles of main line. He has succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, and his success is due largely to the fact that when, in his youth, he mounted to ride to fame and fortune, he did not allow the first jolt to jar him from the saddle. He is made of the stuff that stands.

THE INFLUENCE OF EMPLOYERS

III.—The Disadvantage of Slave-Driving Methods

J. Lincoln Brooks

MANY employers rob themselves of the flower of their employees' service, either through lack of tact in drawing out the best that is in them or through pure meanness and brutality of disposition.

There is a great difference between work that is done mechanically, in the spirit of a task that must be got rid of, and energetic work, done in the joyous spirit of a creator. It is this difference that measures the distance between success and failure or, at best, mediocrity.

A hard, exacting, unappreciative employer gets the former kind of service; a large-minded, generous, sympathetic man gets the latter.

An ideal employer interests his employees in their work, from the start, by showing that he is interested in them, by making them feel that he regards them as associates and valuable co-workers not as mere human machines dependent on his will or caprice.

When the faculties are all alert, in an endeavor to do their very best, there is growth and development; and, where this condition exists among employees, the results are most beneficial to employer and employed alike, and, incidentally, to the public at large.

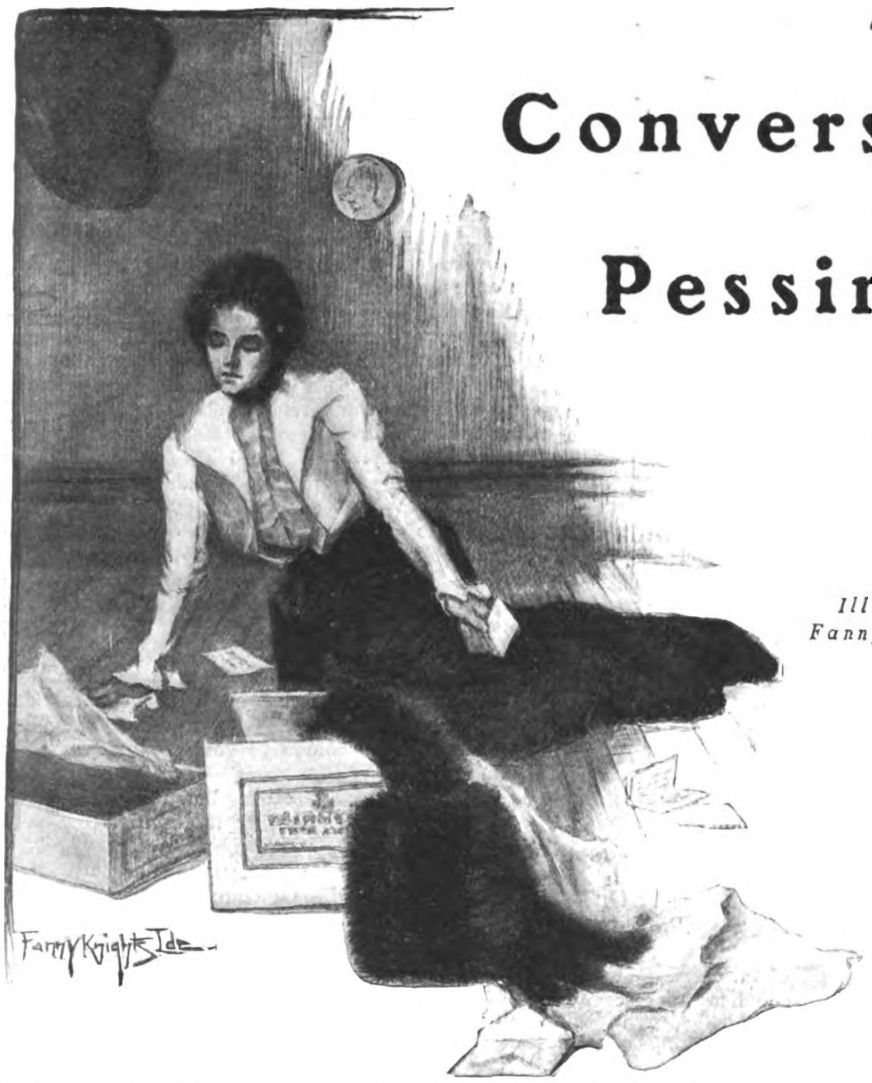
A man who can arouse the enthusiasm of workers and make them feel that, in giving him the best labor of which they are capable, they are also benefiting themselves as they could in no other way, is doing a public service. He is a practical educator.

On the other hand, a hard, grasping employer, who, like Shylock, thinks only of the pound of flesh,—of the uttermost he can exact from unwilling employees, for the least possible compensation—creates a spirit which, ultimately, works as disastrously to himself as to the man under him.

He gets perfunctory, half-hearted service. No one volunteers helpful suggestions, or points out where improvements might be made in his business. None of those who work for him is anxious for the success of his enterprises. Indeed, the majority would gladly see them fail, if their own chances of a livelihood were not thereby endangered.

Is it any wonder that, under such conditions a worker deteriorates? He ceases to think. His brain remains inactive while his hands mechanically perform his task.

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"Mildred sank into a heap on the floor and wept,—messengers gone, confusion everywhere"

The Conversion of a Pessimist

Haryot Holt Cahoon

Illustrations by Fanny Knights Ide

MILDRED OWEN and I were chums when at boarding school, and two years later we renewed the relationship in studio life in the artists' section of East Twenty-third Street in New York. There we combined forces and teacups and other essentials to domesticity. Mildred aspired to journalism, and I painted headboards and bureaus and dinner cards,—in fact, anything that I could get,—and dreamed of the time when I could do the things that appealed to me.

Mildred possessed particularly happy, buoyant temperament, with reactionary tendencies that plunged her now and again into the depths of despair. She was a fine, tall, handsome, aristocratic-looking girl, endowed with force and courage enough for three; independent, somewhat pessimistic, very philosophical, magnetic and dominant in her personality, and to me always irresistible. The natural consciousness of her charm seemed to pave the way to success for Mildred; and, when there was "cheering up" to be done, it was usually she who cheered me,—me, who was always grubbing away in the sub-cellar of art, with no apparent hope of a superstructure.

On this particular occasion Mildred was certainly downcast. She had returned from her weekly round of calls upon editors, and had a handful of manuscript, "returned with thanks." I was on my knees before the grate fire broiling chops for our dinner when she came in. Her greeting was a sigh of weariness; and, as she threw aside her wraps in the *boudoir* corner of the studio, she sighed again. Presently she arranged the table for our little studio dinner, but never a word from her was there until we had drawn our chairs up and were seated.

"Life is such a battle, Janet," she said, "and I am such a poor fighter! I'm so tired of it all! Everything I have done for three weeks has been thrown back on my hands this afternoon. I don't mind the work; it's the wreck of hope and confidence. I am losing both, and they are my capital. I don't know what I shall do."

I offered the balm of some philosophy founded upon my experience with the abominable furniture man who hired me to paint morning-glories on the backs of rocking-chairs, and then begged her to forget her woes while she dressed the salad.

"Yes,—but, Janet,—it's well for you to talk; you come here from the West and win; I, born and bred here in New York, fail."

She might have added, "Janet, you little brown mouse of whom nobody expects anything but goodness,—you win; while I, in spite of my being Mildred Owen, one of nature's favorites, and to the manner born, am stamped into the ground by failure."

But Mildred, gracious and sweet-natured girl, would n't have said that, or thought it, even in her most cynical and pessimistic mood. My poor little pot-boilers could scarcely have responded for me at the roll-call of success.

When my companion next spoke, she said: "Do you know that I've a host of rich relations here in New York? Perhaps you wonder that I never go to see them. I will not be patronized, so I stay away. When I go, or, rather, the last time I went, I sat around on the edges of their fine upholstered chairs, and regretted that I had gone. One woman shows me her new gowns and another polishes her diamonds in my presence. Fancy, if you can, anything more inartistic than polishing your diamonds in the presence of your poor relations. You have to be poor in order to know how to behave when you are rich, I believe. Maybe, if I had always been rich, I might make such a mistake myself, but I doubt it."

Mildred's critical, cynical mood was in possession of her. It was well for her to "have it out;" so, after a few moments of reflective silence on her part, she continued:—

"Of course, they are not responsible for me. My mother would marry my father. Poor dear! She never could endure poverty, and it turned her heart against all her family, for she was very proud. The most that I know of them I learned from her. Rich people are a heartless set, anyway."

Having never had any personal experience with rich people, I made no attempt to differ from Mildred in opinion, but it was difficult for me to understand how in the world anyone could have a claim on a creature so young and so attractive in a hundred different ways, and not recognize the privilege of relationship along with the ties of kindred.

"How little they know of the struggle!" she finally added, thoughtfully; "they do not even know that I exist. I believe that I will let them know that I do."

"A praiseworthy idea!" I ejaculated, as my companion rose from the table and proceeded to remove the evidence of our repast. I could see that something was working in her mind, for she had the preoccupied manner that always denoted mental creation, and it was a mood I had learned to recognize and to respect. A cynical smile curved downward the corners of her mouth, and the lines hardened visibly as she took up a pad of paper, drew up to the center table, and turned up the light.

"Indeed, I would n't let them know. I would starve first. Suppose I should write to every one of them and make out a requisition for something I wanted, receive their astonished letters of refusal, and put the whole circumstance into a story,—would n't it be fine, though? I believe it would sell. I need the money, Janet."

Mildred looked at me with a speculative air, till a crow's-foot of calculation appeared at the tail of each eye.

"I may as well bring things to a crisis," she added, "and make them show their colors. If I had imagination enough to write their answers without putting them all to the test, it would do as well; but, as I haven't, the only way is to send the letters and get the real answers, and then I shall have a story true to life. They seem to be the ones that sell."

Mildred scratched a few lines with her pen and presently she read aloud:—

"MY DEAR AUNT HARLOW: Will you kindly send me a set of furs? The cold weather finds me insufficiently supplied with wraps. Send sable, satin-lined, and muff large.

"Your impecunious niece,
"MILDRED OWEN."

"You don't think she will have any trouble in understanding that, do you, Janet?" she asked, as she sealed the letter. "Aunt Harlow is the most purse-proud woman you can imagine. She can't help it, though; a little too narrow between the eyes, she is: she has no breadth of vision."

I was so much amused at the novelty of Mildred's mood that it never occurred to me to disagree with her views. She was always surprising me with something; so, as she continued her tirade against the rich, she proceeded to prepare with pen and ink more traps for her opulent kinsmen to fall into.

The next letter was brevity itself. She smiled as she read:—

"DEAR UNCLE HENRY: Please send me two hundred dollars by return mail. I need it.

"Your affectionate niece,
"MILDRED OWEN."

"He won't have to read that twice to catch my meaning; do you think he will, Janet? I can see in my distorted fancy how Uncle Henry will rush a check back by return mail. I wish you could see Uncle Henry. He is a typical rich, selfish broker. He only gives when he knows it will be published in the newspapers."

There was another short interval of pen-scratching, and again she read aloud:—

"DEAR COUSIN MATILDA: I never had a diamond ring in my life. Kindly send me one at once. Let it be a large single stone, latest setting.

"Your appreciative relative,
"MILDRED OWEN."

As she addressed the letter, she dwelt upon the personal characteristics of Cousin Matilda. "I wish you could see her, too," she said. "Cousin Matilda is the one who cleans her diamonds in my presence. She wears a camel's-hair scarf in her house, and looks like a stained glass window in a gothic structure. When I was a child I used to say that she smelled like a church. Now, whom shall I favor next?"

After a moment's thought the pen dashed away over the paper, and presently she read:—

"DEAR GREAT-UNCLE PETER VAN VOORT: I am very desirous of taking a trip to Europe. Will you kindly permit me to draw on you for the necessary funds? Hoping to hear from you by return mail, and thanking you in advance, I am

"Your interesting young grand-niece,
"MILDRED OWEN."

Despite the bitterness of the socialistic tendencies that possessed her, Mildred laughed as she read this letter.

"He's a gouty, florid-faced, crochety, aristocratic old Knickerbocker with wobbly knees," she exclaimed, rather graphically. "He will shake his cane threateningly, clear his throat in a menacing manner, and then he will reach for his pen to tell me what he thinks about me and my effrontery. Now there is just one more letter," she continued, as she folded the missive she had just read and placed it in the envelope and addressed it.

I must confess here that I began to feel alarmed lest Mildred's mood should terminate in a serious manner, and she should really mail the letters she was inditing for the mere charm of "working off" her feelings. Presently she read:—

"DEAR AUNT EDWARDS: Kindly send me a tailor-made suit, Oxford gray, silk-lined, cloth imported. Awaiting your early response and thanking you in advance, I remain cordially yours,

"MILDRED OWEN."

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She addressed and sealed the last letter, and shuffled all she had written in her hands idly for a few moments. Then, as much to herself as to me, she said:—

"I must n't reproach my mother, for now she's gone; but, if she had n't been married as she was, I should n't be here to suffer now. She was always loyal to Daddy, even after he spent all her money. Oh, the hardness and the bitterness that come with money! It comes with it, and then, again, it comes without it. My relatives are hard-hearted in the possession of it, and see how hard it makes me living in the want of it. If I send these letters it will bring about a crisis, and the most that it will do for me is that I shall get a salable story out of the result."

Mildred gazed at me earnestly for a moment, and there were certainly evidences of tears in her eyes as she said:—

"You think I'm foolish, do n't you, dear? But I've tried so hard, and I'm so alone in the world. It's no wonder that I'm bitter. I can't help feeling that some of those selfish rich people should interest themselves in me. Would you send those letters, Janet?"

"I should certainly send them," I answered.

She looked at me quizzically for an instant, and then she laughed hysterically through the moist eyes that belied her mirth.

"You do n't know those rich people, Janet," she said. "I probably shall not send the letters. If I do, it will be because I want to see just how cruel they can be, and so get a salable story out of the experience. It has gratified my whim to write them, anyway."

We had scarcely ceased talking about it when Tom—my brother Tom,—came in for a call. If it had not been for Tom's call, I might never have written the story which Mildred had planned so ingeniously. Tom begged for a cup of coffee, and, while we were brewing it for him, he must have noticed the letters, and, by way of doing a return favor, slipped them all into his coat pocket. Then he forgot to speak of it and was gone before we missed the letters. I grasped the situation at once, and with horror. Mildred must have noticed that they were gone, later, for she asked me where they were.

"They are put away," I said, and with truth. So Mildred thought no more about it, and I was the one who kept vigil all that night with staring eyes, for I could not conceive of what would happen as the result of brother Tom's well-meant officiousness. My one hope was that he might forget to mail the letters, and that I could get to him in the morning before he should have posted them. I went to him as soon as I could get there, after day dawned, but it was too late. He had mailed the letters.



"I was broiling chops when she came in"

A great many things happened in the studio the following afternoon; and, when Mildred came in at five o'clock, she found me entertaining a portly old gentleman and no less than four messengers. The latter had received instructions to deliver their parcels and letters into the hands of Miss Mildred Owen and none other. As the tall form of my colleague appeared in the door, the old gentleman rose laboriously from his chair. How beautiful she looked,—a picture of youth, with glowing cheeks and shining eyes, divinely tall, straight as an Indian, and regal as a goddess! She had never looked so beautiful to me before. Surely the heart of her venerable kinsman must have thrilled with pride as he gazed upon the picture framed by the dark woodwork of the studio door.

"Ah, yes,—my dear,—glad to see you, I'm sure!" he said, extending his hand. "I received your concise note, and I came over at once to talk about that European trip. If you think you could be bothered with an old man like me, I think I could show you about Europe in good style. I need some one to preside over my home, anyway, and want to take you back there with me; the trip will come later. I like a concisely worded letter,—one right to the point, with no beating about the bush. But you're late, my dear,—much too late, I assure you,—too late for a young lady to be out alone. I've been waiting several hours for you to return. I have some family matters to talk over with you. But," he added, calling Mildred's attention to the messengers, "find out what all these people want and dismiss them. There is my nephew Henry's man. See what he wants."

Mildred had not been slow in discerning the truth, and she naturally cast a reproachful,—a lingeringly reproachful look at me. I made haste to reply:—

"Tom did it, dear. Tom mailed the letters. I never closed my eyes all night, and I went to him as soon as the sun rose, but he mailed them last night. Do n't look at me like that! It's all right, after all,—all but the story." I spoke with, maybe, just a trace of mischief, for which she has since forgiven me.

She grew a shade or two less rosy as she took the note in compliance with Great-Uncle Van Voort's command to attend on the want of "my nephew Henry's man,"—and she grew white as a sheet, (and what wonder?) as she read the following lines:—

"MY DEAR NIECE: I herewith respond to your concisely worded requisition on me for a check for two hundred dollars. It gives me pleasure to accommodate you in such a substantial way. Come and see us and be one of us. Your affectionate uncle,

"HENRY VAN VOORT."

Mildred gasped.

"Here," she finally said to the man, "take this check back to my uncle and tell him it is all a mistake. I will see him and explain."

But Great-Uncle Van Voort was differently minded.

"Tut! Tut!" he interposed. "What's all this about? You'll do nothing of the sort. If my nephew Henry has made you a present, what do you mean by sending it back? That'll never do. Here, Richard," he added, turning to the man, "go along home and tell your master it's all right, and that I said so."

So, with the waters of humiliation rising about her, Mildred opened the next letter as it was handed to her. It was accompanied by a small jewel case, and the latter contained a diamond ring. The letter said:—

"DEAR MILDRED: Please accept the accompanying gift. Many a good thing in life may be lost through not being asked for. Come and see me.

"Fondly yours,

"MATILDA."

Finally, there were two boxes. One contained furs from Aunt Harlow, and was accompanied by a note expressing the hope that Mildred would be pleased with the gift. The other box contained a tailor-made suit, Oxford gray, silk-lined, and imported.

Mildred sank into a heap on the floor and wept,—messengers gone, confusion everywhere,—and Great-Uncle Van Voort and I looking on in sympathy. Presently, the old gentleman must have felt that the scene was a little too intense for him to withstand in a dignified manner, and he proceeded to clear his throat and to stalk up and down through the studio, muttering ominously. All at once he halted in front of his prostrate grand-niece, while he actually shook his cane in the manner she had described:—

"Come, come, come! What's all this about?" he asked. "I do n't understand this, my dear, or, at least, I do n't understand your agitation. I suppose, though, that it's only natural for you to feel somewhat overcome. But I have to congratulate you on coming down off your high horse. A capital idea! When your mother left the family, she vowed she would never accept a cent from any of us, and she never did. She kept her word to the letter. She was a spirited one, was your mother. I used to be very proud of her. The family has been waiting for you to come around to your senses. We thought you would, if we gave you time. Those things all take time. But you've got common sense,—uncommon sense, I call it. I congratulate you. I congratulate myself on possessing such a fine young kinswoman as yourself. Come, now, jump up and dry your tears!"—and the gallant old gentleman made a sweeping bow that would have done credit to a courtier of more chivalrous pretensions.

"Oh," sobbed Mildred, "is that how it was? I did n't understand. Of course, I,—well, you see, I—"

"Yes, yes, I daresay. But it's all right. Put on the furs and the diamonds and the other things. Do n't cry any more. It's dinner time. Get that little chum of yours, and we'll go to Delmonico's."

We went.

CREATIVE ENERGY

ANYTHING which destroys mental vigor also destroys creative energy, without which adequate success is impossible. The man who squanders his vitality, whether it be by physical or mental dissipation, overwork, or indolence, loses his originality; and, when he ceases to be original, he ceases to achieve. It may seem a little thing to a youth to sacrifice a portion of his sleep, night after night, for the sake of some form of entertainment, but he buys the indulgence which he calls pleasure at the cost of a certain amount of formative power.

The man who drinks does not realize that he purchases the temporary gratification of his appetite at a price which, if seen objectively, would stagger him. If he could see, before he becomes its victim, the devitalizing forces which the drink habit sets in motion; if he could look into his brain and note the growth of the first tiny seeds of decay sown there; if it were possible for him to view through a microscope the corrosive action going on in his veins and arteries, sapping his blood, and stealing the elasticity from his muscles; in short, if he could see himself being reduced gradually from a vigorous human being to the physical and mental level of a jellyfish, he would shrink in horror from the sight.

The vacillator, the man who swings back and forth like a pendulum, never taking a firm, independent stand on any question, not even on those which affect him most deeply, by his vacillation depletes his mental force to such an extent that he becomes incapable of acting on his own impulse, and loses irrevocably whatever stock of creative energy he might have had at the outset.

A violent temper, leading, as it does, to frequent outbursts of passion, tends to wear out the nervous system, and in time robs its possessor of the power of initiative.

All our faculties, physical and mental, are welded into one complex machine, so fine and sensitive that discord or friction in any part affects the whole. No matter where or what our weak spot may be, it will be reflected in what we do, in what we write, in what we say, in our very innermost thoughts. It is a part of our being, and, like character, do what we will to conceal it, will "blab."

Every jarring element in the machinery of our bodies, be it poor health, bad temper, prevarication, indolence, vacillation, or any of the lesser faults, which to many appear so insignificant, will prove as disastrous to our efforts to attain success as would so many weights attached to his person prove to a man competing for a prize in a foot race.

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A Walk With the Wind

EDWIN MARKHAM
Author of "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems"

Come with me to the open road
And let the woodland write the ode—
Come, for the hill-wind takes my arm
And laughs away the heart's alarm,
Drawing me on from ridge to ridge,
By field and ford and frosty bridge.

Down from his wide tree-darkened hall
The gray owl sends his Saga call.
And here a field-mouse leaves his home,
His labyrinthine catacomb,
And prints the snow with little tracks,
Like hackings of an elfin ax.
I see a spider by a stream
Bridge his small Nile with swaying beam—
See on my path a bold ant dare
His Chimborazo hung in air.

I pass an old decaying fence,
Turned to a rare magnificence,
For gold of lichen and green of moss
Have paid with beauty all the loss.—
Ha, landlord Fox, alert and lithe,
Is out to get his morning tithe,



With thrifty eye to oversee
His unstaked principality.
Circling, the high crows swing and caw,
Poised by the same impartial law
That traced the orbit of the star
Wide wandering on the dark afar.

The snows are heaped along the ground,
Bright kingdoms builded without sound.
The cleansed air tingles in my blood,
And joy pours through me like a flood!
I tread on Hellas as I go,
Wrecking her Parthenons of snow;
I sweep across imperial Rome,
Wasting her glories, dome by dome.
And yonder, at the wind's footfall
Crashes a jeweled Taj Mahal,
An irised miracle of white,
Built by what spirits of the night!—
And yet those shut-in mortals choose
To peer into the Press for news,
Thinking the great events are hurled
On lightnings round about the world!

CHEMISTRY IN MODERN BUSINESS



HOWARD C. PARMELEE

WITH the general increase of knowledge, men have learned that many commercial enterprises which have hitherto been carried on by "rule of thumb" can be much more advantageously and profitably managed if conducted according to scientific principles. Some idea of the very wide and diverse application of chemistry in commerce can be obtained from the following enumeration of industries now employing chemists, upon whose work success may largely depend: beet sugar, starch, and glucose factories; brick and cement works; mines and smelters; steel and iron works; packing houses and soap factories; paint and dye works; photographic-supply and artificial-food industries; soda and alkali works; coal and railroad companies; and the agricultural experiment stations and geological survey of the United States. In addition to the laboratories of all these industries, there are, in all of our large cities, private laboratories where even a greater variety of work is done, involving the examination and analysis of many things, including water, gases, oils, inks, minerals, coal, metals, dental cements, the "lead" of lead pencils, baking powders, artificial perfumes and flavoring extracts, soaps, hair oils, fertilizers and bones. To many, however, even this enumeration will not suffice to convey a true idea of the value of a chemist's services. There are many, for example, who have asked: "Of what value to a railroad company is a chemist?"

A chemist renders very valuable service to a railroad company,—and incidentally to the traveling public,—by protecting his company against poor grades of steel in boilers and rails, and poor iron in wheels. Upon his analysis will depend the selection of water for boiler purposes, and coal for engines and blacksmith shops. Paints and oils are submitted to him for the purpose of detecting any adulteration, while babbitt metal and brass will be accepted or rejected according to his analysis. In short, the public little appreciates the scientific care taken for its safety, and knows little of the varied duties of the chemist of a great railroad company. In like manner, the work of a chemist in any great commercial industry could be shown to be equally valuable and necessary.

A Chemist Frequently Exposes Adulterations

It might be interesting, at this point, to add a few of the numerous "fakes" and adulterations which the chemist exposes. Alcoholic liquors are found masquerading under all sorts of names. A "soot consumer" at twenty-five cents a pound may prove to be common salt worth, perhaps, two cents,—and "pure lamp-black paint" has been found to be two-thirds brick dust. A "butter compound" guaranteed to double the output of butter turns out to be a worthless digestive ferment,—and "freezing compounds" or "ice mixtures" are unsatisfactory and expensive experiments which chemists will advise the unwary to turn away from. Antimony sulphide bought in the open market has been found to consist mainly of charcoal, and in the endless list of food products the chemist may find a fruitful field to work in, for there it is that adulteration runs riot. These instances, together with the analyses for poisons, constitute a class of chemical work in which the spurious and injurious are detected in spite of the cleverness of impostors.

What Is Necessary for Commercial Work

The commercial field, however, presents but half of the opportunities which the profession of chemistry offers to young men. The educational field is equally large, and,—according to the temperament of the individual,—equally attractive. Every high school, preparatory school, academy, college, and university demands, each year, new men who are capable of presenting the study of chemistry to students. Chemistry, therefore, offers to a prospective student two fields of activity in which to lay out his work.

Having set forth briefly the advantages of the profession and the opportunities in it, let me endeavor to make plain some of the requirements for success in the work. The opportunities are becoming greater annually,—but the requirements are also greater in direct proportion to the opportunities. When the success of a large enterprise depends upon the work of one man, he must show unquestioned ability. He may be possessed of all the "sterling qualities of manhood," (which, indeed, are necessary,) but, if he lacks professional ability, he will not inspire the confidence of his employers, nor can he grasp opportunities for promotion and advancement. Large opportunities are not presented without equally great requirements, and the successful chemist must be a man capable of fulfilling them. In short, he must not only "be,"—he must also "be able." This leads me to state that technical education alone cannot make a chemist. The "personal element" enters largely into the success of a career in this science. Habits of close observation, accuracy of thought and expression, and ability to work with the hands, are undoubted aids to success in the laboratory. The young man who is quick, neat, handy, and conscientious will have a distinct advantage over the slow, careless, and unscrupulous fellow who habitually gets hold of the "awkward side and heavy end" of things. A technical education at a school of good standing is, nevertheless, practically a necessity. It is true that there are good chemists who have had no training other than that received in some laboratory in which they have grown up. But it is undoubtedly true that a technical education broadens a man, and has enabled many to grasp opportunities which were denied to those who were without such training.

A taste for chemistry is usually acquired in the high school, and followed up in college,—but all too frequently without any definite goal. If a prospective chemist can choose his line of work, he can then study to much greater advantage, and answer the question, "Where shall I study?" If his choice be in the educational field, let him enter and graduate from some good college or university. He may then take up graduate work at the same institution,—probably for his master's degree. Finally, a course of several years in one of the famous German universities—where he will acquire his Ph. D.,—will give him prestige, and fit him out with the best of credentials.

If, however, he decides in favor of commercial work, his course will be different. After his usual high school course, he will enter a technical institution designed and equipped to teach his chosen work. If it be mining or metallurgy, he will do well to enter the State School of Mines at Golden, Colorado, or the School of Mines of Columbia University. Missouri and Michigan also have state schools of mines. Should the student desire to study for general technical work, such as is required in railroad or steel works' laboratories, he will spend his years profitably at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston.

First Positions Involve Laboratory Drudgery

At the State Universities of Nebraska, Michigan, and Colorado, he will get good training for work in the great sugar industry. The subject of dyes and dyestuffs is at present best taught and investigated in the technical schools of Germany.

Having obtained his education, the young chemist is confronted with the problem of getting started in his work. A good plan to follow, if possible, will be to ask permission to work in some labora-

[*Concluded on page 754*]

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HENRY T. TUCKERMAN OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS
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Washington Irving and His Literary Friends at Sunnyside

[Reproduction of the original engraving from life-studies, from which the famous ten-thousand-dollar painting by Brussels was made]

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HOW TO GET THE BEST OUT OF BOOKS



Richard Le Gallienne

When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only retain their steady value.—Washington Irving

ONE is sometimes asked by young people panting for the water brooks of knowledge: "How shall I get the best out of books?" Here, indeed, is one of those questions which can only be answered in general terms, with possible illustrations from one's own personal experience. Misgivings, too, as to one's fitness to answer it may well arise, as, wistfully looking round his own bookshelves, he asks himself: "Have I myself got the best out of this wonderful world of books?" It is almost like asking oneself: "Have I got the best out of life?"

As we make the survey, it will surely happen that our eyes fall on many writers whom the stress of life, or spiritual indolence, has prevented us from using as all the while they have been eager to be used; friends we might have made yet we never have made, neglected counselors we would have so often done well to consult, guides that could have saved us many a wrong turning in the difficult way. There, in unvisited corners of our shelves, what neglected fountains of refreshment, gardens in which we have never walked, hills we have never climbed!

"Well," we say with a sigh, "a man cannot read everything; it is life that has interrupted our studies, and probably the fact is that we have accumulated more books than we really need." The young reader's appetite is largely in his eyes, and it is very natural for one who is born with a taste for books to collect them about him at first indiscriminately, on the hearsay recommendation of fame, before he really knows what his own individual tastes are or are going to be; and, in that wistful survey, I have imagined, our eyes will fall, too, with some amusement, on not a few volumes to which we never have had any really personal relation, and which, whatever their distinction or their value for others, were never meant for us. The way to do with such books is to hand them over to some one who has a use for them. On our shelves they are like so much good thrown away, or invitations to entertainments for which we have no taste. In all vital libraries, such a process of progressive rejection is continually going on, and to realize what we do n't want in books, or cannot use, must, obviously, be a first principle in our getting the best out of them. We must first study this in making a library.

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good of all times.—John Bright

Yes, we read too many books, and too many that, as they do n't really interest us, bring us neither benefit nor diversion. Even from the point of view of reading for pleasure, we manage our reading badly. We listlessly allow ourselves to be bullied by publishers' advertisements into reading the latest fatuity in fiction, without, in one case out of twenty, finding any of that pleasure we are ostensibly seeking. Instead, indeed, we are bored and enervated, where we might have been refreshed, either by romance or laughter. Such reading resembles the idle absorption of innocuous but uninteresting beverages, which cheer as little as they inebriate, and yet at the same time make frivolous demands on the digestive functions. No one but a publisher could call such reading "light." Actually it is weariness of the flesh and heaviness of the spirit.

If, therefore, our idea of the best in books is the recreation they can so well bring, if we go to books as to a playground to forget our cares, and to blow off the cobwebs of business, let us make sure that we find what we seek. It is there safe enough. The playgrounds of literature are indeed wide, and alive with bracing excitement, nor is there any limit to the variety of the games. But let us be sure, when we set out to be amused, that we are really amused, that our humorists do really make us laugh, and that our story-tellers have stories to tell and know how to tell them. Beware of imitations, and, when in doubt, try Shakespeare, and Dumas,—even Ouida. As a rule, avoid the "spring lists" or "summer reading." "Summer reading" is usually very hot work.

Here are some words of wisdom for all readers. Yes, hackneyed as it is, there is no better general advice on reading than Shakespeare's—

> No profit is where is no pleasure taken,
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Not only in regard to books whose purpose, frankly, is recreation, but also in regard to the graver uses of books, this counsel no less holds. No reading does us any good that is not a pleasure to us. Her paths are paths of pleasantness. Yet, of course, this does not mean that all profitable reading is easy reading. Some of the books that give us the finest pleasure need the closest application for their enjoyment. There is always a certain spiritual and mental effort necessary to be made before we tackle the great books. One might compare it to the effort of getting up to see the sun rise. It is no little of a tug to leave one's warm bed,—but once we are out in the crystalline morning air, is n't it worth it? Perhaps our first pleasures always demand some such austerity of preparation. That is the secret of the truest epicureanism. Books like Dante's "Divine Comedy," or Plato's dialogues, will not give themselves to a lounging reader. They demand a braced, attentive spirit. But when the first effort has been made, how exhilarating are the altitudes in which we find ourselves, what a glow of pure joy is the reward which we are almost sure to win by our mental mountaineering!



But such books are not for moments when we are unwilling or unable to make that necessary effort. We cannot always be in the mood for the great books, and often we are too tired physically, or too low down on the depressed levels of daily life, even to lift our eyes toward the hills. To attempt the great books,—or any books at all,—in such moods and moments, is a mistake. We may thus contract a prejudice against some writer who, approached in more fortunate moments, would prove the very man we were looking for.

To know when to read is hardly less important than to know what to read. Of course, every one must decide the matter for himself; but one general counsel may be ventured: Read only what you want to read, and only when you want to read it.

Some readers find the early morning, when they have all the world to themselves, their best time for reading, and, if you are a good sleeper, and do n't find early rising more wearying than refreshing, there is certainly no other time of the day when the mind is so eagerly receptive, has so keen an edge of appetite, and absorbs a book in so fine an intoxication. For your true book-lovers, there is no other exhilaration so exquisite as that with which one reads an inspiring book in the solemn freshness of early morning. One's nerves seem peculiarly strung for exquisite impressions in the first dewy hours of the day, there is a virginal sensitiveness and purity about all our senses, and the mere delight of the eye in the printed page is usually keener than at any other time. "The Muses love the morning, and that is a fit time for study," said Erasmus to his friend Christianus of Lubeck; and, certainly, if early rising agrees with one, there is no better time for getting the very best out of a book. Moreover, morning reading has a way of casting a spell of peace over the whole day. It has a sweet, solemnizing effect on our thoughts,—a sort of mental matins,—and through the day's business it accompanies us as with hidden music.

There are other readers who prefer to do their reading at night, and I presume that most people who read this article are so circumstanced as to have no time to spare for reading during the day. Personally, I think that one of the best places to read is in bed. Paradoxical as it may sound, one is not so apt to fall asleep over his book as in the post-prandial arm-chair. While one's body rests its fill, one's mind remains alert, and when the time for sleep comes at last it passes into unconsciousness, tranquilized and sweetened with thought and pleasantly weary with healthy exercise. One awakens, too, next morning, with, so to say, a very pleasant taste of meditation in his mouth. Erasmus, again, has a counsel for the bedtime reader, expressed with much felicity. "A little before you sleep," he says, "read something that is exquisite, and worth remembering; and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and, when you awake in the morning, call yourself to an account for it."

In an old "Atlantic Monthly," from which, if I remember aright, he never rescued it, Oliver Wendell Holmes has a delightful paper on the delights of reading in bed, entitled "Pillow-Smoothing Authors."

Then, though I suppose we shall have the oculists against us, the cars are good places to read in,—if you have the power of detachment, and are able to switch off your ears from other people's conversation. It is a good plan to have a book with you in all places and at all times. Most likely you will carry it many a day and never give it a single look, but, even so, a book in the hand is always a companionable reminder of that happier world of fancy which, alas! most of us can only visit by playing truant from the real world. As some men wear *boutonnières*, so a reader carries a book, and sometimes, when he is feeling the need of beauty, or the solace of a friend, he opens it, and finds both. Probably he will count among the most fruitful moments of his reading the snatched glimpses of beauty and wisdom he has caught in the morning car. The covers of his book have often proved like some secret door, through which, surreptitiously opened, he has looked for a moment into his own particular fairy land. Never mind the oculist, therefore, but, whenever you feel like it, read in the car.

One or two technical considerations may be dealt with in this place. How to remember what one reads is one of them. Some people are blest with such good memories that they never forget anything that they have once read. Literary history has recorded many miraculous memories. Still, it is quite possible to remember too much, and thus turn one's mind into a lumber-room of useless information. A good reader forgets even more than he remembers. Probably we remember all that is really necessary for us, and, except in so far as our reading is technical and directed toward some exact science or profession, accuracy of memory is not imperative. As the Sabbath was made for man, so books were made for the reader, and, when a reader has assimilated from any given book his own proper nourishment and pleasure, the rest of the book is so much oyster shell. The end of true reading is the development of individuality. Like a certain water insect, the reader in-

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stinctively selects from the outspread world of books the building materials for the house of his soul. He chooses here and rejects there, and remembers or forgets according to the formative desire of his nature. Yet it often happens that he forgets much that he needs to remember, and thus the question of methodical aids to memory arises.

One's first thought, of course, is of the commonplace book. Well, have you ever kept one, or, to be more accurate, tried to keep one? Personally, I believe in the commonplace book so long as we don't expect too much from it. Its two dangers are (1) that one is apt to make far too many and too minute entries, and (2) that he is apt to leave all the remembering to the commonplace book, with a consequent relaxation of his own attention. On the other hand, the mere discipline of a commonplace book is a good thing, and if—as I think is the best way,—we copy out the passages at full length, they are thus the more securely fixed in the memory. A commonplace book kept with moderation is really useful, and may be delightful. But the entries should be made at full length. Otherwise, the thing becomes a mere index, an index which encourages us to forget.

Another familiar way of assisting one's memory in reading is to mark one's own striking passages. This method is chiefly worth while for the sake of one's second and subsequent readings; though it all depends when one makes the markings,—at what time of his life, I mean. Markings made at the age of twenty years are of no use at thirty,—except negatively. In fact, I have usually found that all I care to read again of a book read at twenty is just the passages I did not mark. This consideration, however, does not depreciate the value of one's comparatively contemporary markings. At the same time, marking, like indexing, is apt, unless guarded against, to relax the memory. One is apt to mark a passage in lieu of remembering it. Still, for a second reading, as I say,—a second reading not too long after the first,—marking is a useful method, particularly if one regards his first reading of a book as a prospecting of the ground rather than a taking possession. One's first reading is a sort of flying visit during which he notes the places he would like to visit again and really come to know. A brief index of one's markings at the end of a volume is a method of memory that commended itself to the booklovers of former days —to Leigh Hunt, for instance.

Yet none of these external methods, useful as they may prove, can compare with a habit of thorough attention. We read far too hurriedly, too much in the spirit of a "quick lunch." No doubt we do so a great deal from the misleading idea that there is very much to read. Actually, there is very little to read,—if we wish for real reading,—and there is time to read it all twice over. We—Americans,—bolt our books as we do our food, and so get far too little good out of them. We treat our mental digestions as brutally as we treat our stomachs. Meditation is the digestion of the mind, but we allow ourselves no time for meditation. We gorge our eyes with the printed page, but all too little of what we take in with our eyes ever reaches our minds or our spirits. We assimilate what we can from all this hurry of superfluous food, and the rest goes to waste, and, as a natural consequence, contributes only to the wear and tear of our mental organism.

Books should be real things. They were so once, when a man would give a fat field in exchange for a small manuscript; and they are no less real to-day,—some of them. Each age contributes one or two real books to the eternal library,—and always the old books remain, magic springs of healing and refreshment. If no one should write a book for a thousand years, there are quite enough books to keep us going. Real books there are in plenty. Perhaps there are more real books than there are real readers. Books are the strong tinctures of experience. They are to be taken carefully, drop by drop, not carelessly gulped down by the bottle. Therefore, if you want to get the best out of books, spend a quarter of an hour in reading, and three-quarters of an hour in thinking over what you have read.



"Paul cried out, 'I am hungry!' 'Hungry!' repeated Gratsky, 'then we will turn back'"

A Gift From the Czar

A True Story of the Life of Paul Welonski, the Noted Sculptor

William Ordway Partridge



He made friends with a bright, beautiful star

TWO BROTHERS, Paul and Frederick Welonski, had lived alone in an obscure quarter of St. Petersburg since their father, a Polish wood-carver, had gone on his long journey to Siberia. Their home was an old stone house, hidden from the street by massive iron gates that shut out intruders at night and screened from view those who dwelt within the precincts of the inclosure.

Little Paul was eight years old. His father had left him on his fourth birthday. He remembered the four candles set in a large white cake, made for him by Madame Grevy, who kept the gates, and knew not only the people who came and went, but all about their lives as well. Paul was a great favorite with her. There were, in fact, only three things in the world she cared for: her green parrot, her little woolly poodle called Miece, and this fair-haired child. Two nights in every week she came in to see the boy, after he had climbed into his high-posted bed in the small room, with its one little barred window looking out upon the stars. The other nights the boy was allowed to sit up until nine o'clock, and, on Sunday, even until ten. He was always glad to see Mother Grevy, as he called her, but he loved most the other nights which he spent with his brother, who was a wood-carver. The boy liked to watch him at work in the evenings, putting together the parts of some dainty piece of carved bric-a-brac.

Frederick Welonski had narrowed his life down to two loves. The surpassing one was for his little brother, Paul. The other love was known only to a few companions whose faces were never seen in daylight, for they entered the inclosure at night with a special key. Not even Madame Grevy knew they came.

It had been Frederick's ambition to do more than carve wood, as his father and grandfather had done before him. He had wished to build statues, and had dreamed of doing so ever since he was Paul's age, but all that had to be given over when the care and support of the child fell upon his shoulders. Their mother had died when Paul was born. Frederick often talked about his father, and Paul always asked when he was coming back from his long journey; but the elder brother had never mentioned the name of that far-off country, so Paul had never heard of Siberia.

On Tuesdays and Fridays Paul was taken to bed soon after finishing his bowl of goat's milk and the large piece of brown bread which his brother cut for him. Over the child's bed hung a crucifix, for the Welonskis were Catholics. While the boy said his evening prayer, the brother kept his eyes fixed on the cross, as if seeking a solution of the problem of the fate of his exiled people.

The days slipped away with the monotony of lives that are within themselves. The elder brother had never known the other inmates of the inclosure, and had specially cautioned the boy not to speak to any of them. As there were no other children in the place, he was left alone many hours.

On the nights when his brother led him to bed so early, and Mother Grevy did not come, (for her occupations were numerous in caring for all the inmates of her little circle,) the boy made friends with a star that shone down through the little barred window.

He would move in his bed so that the iron bar would not prevent his seeing all of the star, and he would lie there awake until it climbed high up into the sky and out of sight of the window. He told all his troubles to the star, for he had no one to whom he could speak about these strange nights when his brother left him alone. The star seemed to understand it all, and to shine so brightly that the child would often smile and fall asleep quite joyously. He wondered how he could live without the star, and perchance the star had some such thought, for it seemed to shine especially for that window, and the curly, flaxen head that lay on the coarse, hand-woven pillow.

One day the child made up his mind to ask something more about his father, for he had been dreaming of him. While he was eating his brown bread, he looked up suddenly and asked if it were not time for his father to come home. Something startled the elder brother, and tears rose in his eyes.

"No, Paul, it is not yet time, and we must be very, very patient, for it is such a long way, and the traveling is very slow."

"But why did he go away and leave us?"

This time the brother answered almost severely: "Paul, you must never ask me that, nor anyone, —remember, never."

The little heart quivered, but the mouth tightened, and the tears were kept back.

"And, Paul," the elder brother continued, "I am thinking of going on a long journey myself, and perhaps I can help father to come home."

The child's heart sank, yet the thought of his father's coming brightened the pain.

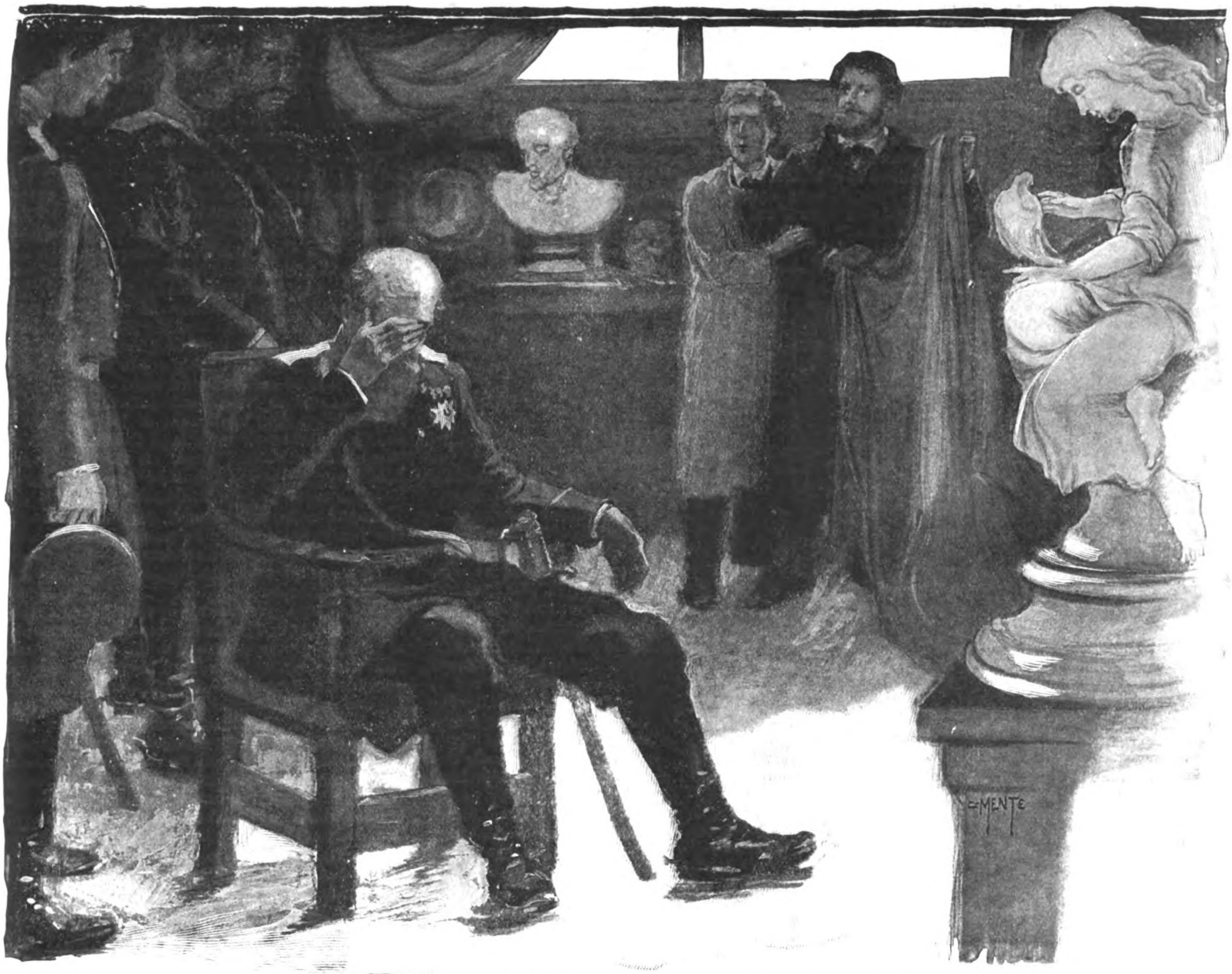
"Did he go away quite alone?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered the brother, "I forgot to tell you that some soldiers like those you have seen in the Great Plaza came to take him in the train, and he was so happy to think that his friends had come for him that he did not wait to take anything with him; he went away quite suddenly; of course, he expected to come back before this. He did not know how far away this country is."

"What country?" asked the child.

"Oh, this place where he was going to get some —some—rare old jewels which belonged to our family years ago. He expected to sell them so that you and myself and Mother Grevy and Foochad, the schoolmaster, might have more fine things.

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"'Is this Welonski, the Nihilist?' 'Yes, your majesty,' Antocolski replied"

Do you understand what I mean by all this, Paul?"

The boy was silent, and Frederick continued:—

"And, Paul, when I start out on this journey, I may have to go just as father did. Think of it, I may not have time even to come in and wake you and kiss you good-by, but you will understand," and, with an affectionate impulse, he threw his arm round the child and kissed him.

"And, Paul, you did not know that I, too, have some very good friends who are soldiers, and they may come for me very soon. They are noisy fellows, with great boots and heavy guns, and, if you hear them shouting in the night, you must not get up and come to me, because it will startle them to think they have wakened you. If you should hear a gun go off as these merry fellows hurry me away, you must not be frightened, but always remember that I will come back. I hope our dear father will come with me, and that I shall help him along the road, for you know he was quite lame when he went away. Do you remember him, Paul?" The eyes of the elder brother searched the face of the child.

"Oh, yes, I remember him. I remember how straight his eyes were, and how deep under his long hair. It was such a kind face, and not at all like Foochad's."

So, little by little, the brother was preparing the child for the long journey he might be compelled to take at any time.

There were strange meetings in that lower back room on the nights when Paul was sent to bed so early. At times, the child was awakened by voices, and he thought people were quarreling. But, when he asked his brother about them, he was told that he must have been dreaming, and that, perhaps, some stray rat had got into the house, chased by Mother Grevy's little Miece. But the child began to wonder more and more about these strange nights, and he asked himself why his brother's face was so stern, as they sat over their evening meal. He would have liked to ask Mother Grevy, but his brother had forbidden him to speak to anyone about the happenings in the house. Again and again he would ask the star why, but the star shone on always so brightly and steadily that at length the child was quieted, and would fall asleep smiling, as was his wont.

Another year had passed away. On his last birthday his elder brother had given the boy some carving tools, and had taught him how to use them; but somehow the tools would not go in the places the boy wished them to go, and he would complain about it to the star. He wished he could push through the wood as the star pushed through the clouds that seemed to yield as it rose; and he would cry out with impatience against the stubborn material. The brother, studying him from day to day, frequently said to himself: "This boy was born to be something greater than a wood-carver."

On holidays he would take the child up to the great square and show him the statues. Paul always wished to walk around them, and he called them real men, not merely pictures of men such as he saw in the gallery, and he dreamed that they came down from their stone pedestals and walked with him.

The afternoon before his brother's birthday, Paul, notwithstanding his dislike for the stubborn wood, was at work upon a little book-rack, his gift for the morrow. The old schoolmaster Foochad had bought him the wood and the small nails, and was to share their evening meal, and perhaps Mother Grevy would drop in, between the knocks at the outer gate. She, too, had been let into the secret of the book-rack, and shown the work from time to time as it grew. Unfortunately, the birthday came on Friday, and the boy had to go early to bed; but they had their birthday meal an hour earlier, so they could enjoy it leisurely.

That night Paul went to bed more happy than he had been for many days, because he had read in his brother's face his delight in the book-rack. Although roughly done, it was carved with that touch which to the skilled artisan reveals the mystery of genius.

His joy and delight he told to the star. He could not sleep for a certain ecstasy that possessed him. The star seemed to sparkle with delight; at least, so it seemed to the happy child watching it darting its beams through the sky. At last, Nature, that old nurse who gathers her children so tenderly to herself, touched the heavy fringes of his eyelids with the wand of dreamful forgetfulness.

The hours passed, and the boy was suddenly awakened by the report of a gun and a sharp cry of warning uttered, alas! too late. His first impulse was to jump out of bed and run to his brother. But the instinct of obedience was so strong in him that he drew the covers over his little head and said to himself, "I am dreaming, for it is only a rat Miece has chased into the house." But, even through the covers, he could hear the sounds of scuffling, and now and again a heavy thud, as if some large piece of furniture had fallen. Then all was quiet again. He pushed the covers away and looked out of the window to be comforted by the star, but it had long ago soared out of sight, and was looking calmly down upon the chimney-pots. Somehow the stillness seemed to trouble him more than the noise. He turned his eyes from the heavens down to the inclosure, and surely he saw a gleam of the moonlight on the muskets of the soldiers who were his brother's friends. It was all indistinct, for the moon was young and the shadows deep in the inclosure, but the boy was filled with forebodings and crept back to bed, fearful as he never had been before. There he cried himself to sleep in that agony of childhood which is no less awful because it is less thoughtful than the dread which comes with years.

The next day he was awakened by Madame Grevy standing by his bed and holding his hand, which had reached up over the pillow. She smiled at him, and yet he could not understand why there were tears in her eyes, for he had dreamed such a happy dream in which his father came home and they all sat down together at the deal table, with their brown bread and milk. He did not know why she called him "poor Paul," and wept whenever she said so, but he jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and went out to eat his morning meal.

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To soften his grief, the good Mother Grevy had added a coarse cake, baked in the coals.

She had arranged the room as well as she could, after the disorder of that sudden departure in the still morning. The brother was accustomed to go away to his work before Paul was up, and Paul felt sure that he must come home that night, that it was only a bad dream, and that the glintings of the moon in the inclosure were merely reflections in the little panes of glass set in the windows of the gray stone house.

At school, he wondered why Foochad was so very kind to him, and, although he failed in his spelling and could not make up the sums given to him, the teacher seemed to help him out as he never had done before. He returned in the late afternoon, passing by the big square so as to see the statues. They always quieted the boy, and seemed to free something struggling within him, just as when he looked at the star at night.

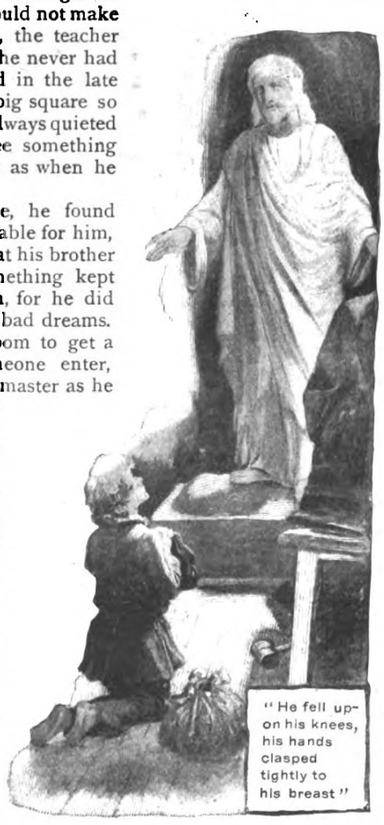
When he reached home, he found Mother Grevy setting the table for him, and he thought it strange that his brother had not done so, but something kept him from asking the reason, for he did not wish her to know of his bad dreams.

He had gone into his room to get a tool, when he heard someone enter, and the voice of the schoolmaster as he talked excitedly with Mother Grevy.

"So they took him away last night?"

"Yes," answered Mother Grevy, "but speak low so that the child will not hear you."

Something crept over Paul's heart like an icy hand, and yet it throbbed and throbbed as if it would escape from that clasp. "'Took him away!'" the child repeated to himself. "Are they dreaming, too? Have they, also, heard a rat chased into the house by that naughty Miece? What was Mother Grevy sobbing about?" He could hear her quite plainly, as he listened.



"He fell upon his knees, his hands clasped tightly to his breast"

"Will he ever come back?" she suddenly asked.

"Has the father ever come back?" the schoolmaster asked, with a sigh. "Few come back from that long journey."

"'Long journey!'" the child repeated. Then they mentioned some country, but he could not catch its name, yet somehow he associated it with the icy hand which had seemed to grip him and had made him shiver. He felt as if he wished to hide from the whole world, and he crept up into the high bed. He pulled the great down comforter over him, shutting out all the voices, determined to fall asleep and to awake in the morning freed from all these dreams which were so real and fearful to his heart.

When he awoke, it was quite dark; his first look was for the star, and there it was! It had passed the middle point of the window, and was shining its heart out, it seemed, for the world.

"Oh! happy star, do you have bad dreams?" he asked. "No, if you did, you could not shine and rise so steadily; you would fall down and be hidden in the dark shadows under the window."

Suddenly he seemed to awake to a consciousness of all that had happened. He was possessed by one of those intuitions of childhood which reveal at a flash things for which wise men search in vain.

He was hungry, and went out to the other room, which was workroom and dining room combined, and there stood his bowl of milk and his brown bread, which the gatekeeper had left for him. But he saw no place set for his brother, and again he felt a numbness about his heart and a swimming sensation in his head, as when he had been sick in the swing at the fair.

He looked around him. There was the bookrack, but who had broken it and put it together so clumsily? It was cruel of the schoolmaster if he had done it; and, if it were Miece or that rat, he was resolved to punish the guilty one for it.

He opened the door of the small room where his brother slept, for he believed he must see his face there. But all was white, clean, and untouched, and above the bed hung the crucifix. He could not stand it, and flew back to his own room, and, kneeling at the little barred window, put his arms around the bar and looked into the very heart of the star. The iron bar felt cold against his hot hands. There he knelt as the star rose steadily, sparkling more brightly than he had ever before seen it, and there this child of ten made his vow, never to be forgotten in the long years to come.

He did not sleep again that night. With the help of the star he gathered his best clothes, that he wore only on festas, and tied them together in a great red handkerchief Mother Grevy had given him at the last Christ-coming, as he had seen peasants do in the market place.

The dawn was beginning to creep over the shadows and to blow soft streaks of gray through the inclosure. At length all was ready for his departure. The third and last of the Welonskis, the wood-carvers of St. Petersburg, was making ready to leave the old, gray stone house with its tiled roofs covered with lichen and mellowed with age.

He longed to see the parrot and little Miece once more before he left, and he crept softly out in his stocking-feet. He knew the door of the gatekeeper's lodge would be open, and he stole softly in, shaking his finger at the parrot so as not to have her cry out, and then he closed the door of the inner room where Mother Grevy slept,—slept so soundly that her snoring startled the child.

He said good-by to the parrot, and quieted Miece with a bit of bread, which he had kept in his pocket for him. But Miece did not understand, and the child thought how little dogs know about long journeys and the promises a boy makes to himself and his star; and he patted him and caught him up with a childish impulse, and kissed him again and again, and, giving him another piece of brown bread, softly closed the door and left.

It was hard to draw the great bolts of the outer gate softly, but he accomplished it, for carving in wood gives the hand and wrist the strength and grip of an older person.

The key was in the lock, and he turned it, swung the gate open, and noiselessly drew it after him. Poor Mother Grevy! He impulsively put down his bundle, re-opened the gate, stole softly into the gatekeeper's room, and kissed the hand hanging out over the coverlet.

A moment later he was hurrying down a street in a quarter of St. Petersburg where those live who are neither poor nor rich, and where the *gensdarmes* find that order of thinking which in the Western World we call originality and reward with success, but which, in the Eastern World, is called criminal and finds its reward in the salt mines of Siberia, or a political dungeon in some other kingdom no less terrible.

Paul walked until he grew very tired and was almost overcome by sleep,—the sleep he should have had after the star climbed out of his sight. He looked about for some possible refuge, and, close at hand, next to an old stone house, he saw a shed with a heavy two-wheeled cart in which sand and stone were hauled for the streets. He climbed the rough wheels, dropped into the cart, and soon fell asleep.

He awakened with a start and realized that the cart was moving on, and, with an exclamation, he stood straight up and took hold of its sides.

"Holy Mother, protect us!" exclaimed the laborer Gratsky, who was walking beside the horse, "the Christ Child has come to bless my labor."

But Paul cried out, "I am hungry."

"Hungry!" repeated Gratsky, "then, little one, we shall turn back." He swung the big, dapple-gray horse around, and went back a hundred feet to the stone house the child had seen beside the shed where the cart stood.

"Here, old woman," the laborer called loudly, "come and take this child in, and give him a bowl of milk." When she came, he said, softly, "Deal very gently with the little one, for I believe it is the Christ Child that is come to us."

It was a superstition, perhaps, but, since they had lost their little boy called Pio, named for the great pope, they had cherished the thought that some time the Christ Child would come to them and tell them how it fared with their little one. The peasant's eyes filled with tears, and the mother led the little boy in, wiping her own eyes with her great blue apron. No royal guest was ever entertained with greater gentleness than that which Paul Welonski met with in the home of these laborers.

After two days, the child determined to tell these kind friends about his promise and his journey, but an instinctive dread kept him silent. He had a feeling that somehow he might interfere with his brother's plans and his return with their father. So he kissed them all good-night, and on the next morning crept softly out in the same way he had slipped out of the inclosure.

He wanted to leave them something, but he had nothing; then he thought of his new shoes, and he took them off and placed them on the little bench where he had slept. It would be very hard traveling barefoot, but he wished them to know he cared for their tenderness to him.

On and on he walked until the late afternoon. His feet were sore when he reached the suburbs that artists have made a rendezvous,—away from the noise of the town, the jangle of bells, and the passing of people.

He was stopped suddenly by the sight of a rude image upon which two men were at work in front of a strange house,—strange to the child, for the roof was made of glass, and there was a great door in the center, and a small door within the big one; and the small door had swung open. As the child watched these men working at this rough-looking statue, he thought they must be beginners, for he knew nothing of a statue's growth from the crude stone to the finished work. Through the small doorway he caught sight of a white figure of Christ. One of the men saw him looking at it with an eager expression, and said: "The master's away, my boy. Go in and have a good look for yourself. It's going away soon, and it's only just finished."

"Going away," Paul thought, and then he asked, "Where?" for only heaven, it seemed to the child, could be fit for such a beautiful thing; and, led on by the kind words of the workman, he stepped through the doorway and stood before the heroic figure of Christ with arms extended as if saying: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Slowly the little legs sank under him, and he fell upon his knees, his hands clasped tightly to his breast, and his eyes lifted to the face that seemed to possess all the tenderness he had ever dreamed of, and to understand all the problems that had perplexed him. He thought that this must have been the face the star was thinking of when it rose so steadily and gleamed always so happily.

He had been kneeling several minutes when the master, who was about to enter the studio, stopped in the doorway, struck by the artistic beauty of the child, and by his abandonment to the feeling that swayed him in the ecstasy of his vision.

"Oh, how I wish my Christ were as the Christ this child sees!" he exclaimed. In truth this scene was the very Christ Child come again. "What an inspiration for a sculptor!" thought the master. "Surely I must hold him until I model his face and his pliant, graceful figure."

Stepping through the doorway, he spoke kindly to Paul, who started as if awakened from sleep; but, seeing the benignant face of the sculptor, he was comforted.

"My boy, do you care for this statue that I have just finished?"

The child turned to him, his face lighted with the vision he had seen. "It seems the very Christ to me. It is more beautiful than the star." The master led the child on carefully, until he had heard much about this star, studying all the time the form and contour of the face and head.

"What have you been taught to do?" he asked.

"My brother has taught me to carve wood, but I hope to make a statue; never like this beautiful one, but like those in the square that follow me through my dreams."

"So you shall," the sculptor replied, "for you shall stay here with me and work." The face lighted up again, then shadowed.

"I cannot," he cried out, although his whole heart beat with joy at the thought of staying there.

[*Concluded on pages 748 to 750*]

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Drawn by Karl J. Anderson

Their Holiday

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



The wife:—

The house is like a garden,—
The children are the flowers,
The gardener should come, methinks,
And walk among his bowers.
Oh, lock the door of worry,
And shut your cares away,
Not time of year, but love and cheer
Will make a holiday.

The husband:—

Impossible! you women do not know,
The toil it takes, to make a business grow;
I can not join you, until very late,
So hurry home, nor let the dinner wait.

The wife:—

The feast will be like Hamlet,
Without the Hamlet part:
The home is but a house, dear,
Till you supply the heart.
The Christmas gift I long for
You need not toil to buy;
Oh, give me back one thing I lack:
The love-light in your eye.

The husband:—

Of course I love you, and the children, too;
Be sensible, my dear. It is for you
I work so hard, to make my business pay.
There, now, run home, enjoy your holiday.

The wife, turning away:—

He does not mean to wound me,
I know his heart is kind.
Alas, that men can love us,
And be so blind,—so blind!
A little time for pleasure,
A little time for play,
A word to prove the life of love
And frighten care away,—
Though poor my lot, in some small cot,
That were a holiday.

The husband, musing:—

She has not meant to wound me, or to vex.
Ah, but 'tis difficult to please her sex!
I've housed and gowned her like a very queen,
Yet there she goes, with discontented mien.
I gave her diamonds, only yesterday,—
Some women are like that, do what you may.

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN,
Editor and Founder

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, New York



King Solomon's Elixir of Life

Not what we give, but what we share; for the gift without the giver is bare.—Lowell

TRADITION says that, when King Solomon received the gift of an emerald vase from the Queen of Sheba, he filled it with an elixir one drop of which would restore health and prolong life indefinitely. A dying criminal begged for a drop of the precious fluid, but Solomon declined to prolong a wicked life. When good men asked for it they were refused, or failed to obtain it when promised, as the king would forget or prefer not to open the vase to get but a single drop. When at length he himself became ill, and bade his servants bring the vase, he found that the priceless contents had all evaporated.

Many who read this little story will wonder that Solomon could have been so foolish as to allow the precious elixir to evaporate without benefit to any one, yet the majority of us are guilty of equal folly every day. What difference is there between Solomon's conduct and that of the men and women who hoard money and sympathy, words of good cheer and encouragement, helpful kindnesses within their power, that might save many lives from defeat and despair? Men are digging and delving everywhere for wealth, which they look upon as a precious elixir of life. When they have found it they hoard it in banks, in houses and lands, in stocks and other investments, refusing to let others share in their prosperity, fearing that a business panic, a fall in stocks, or unforeseen losses may rob them of some of the contents of their vases and thus leave none for their own use.

Here is a brave young girl, struggling along in some office or factory trying to help a younger brother or sister to an education, or to support an invalid father or mother. Her salary is small, entirely disproportionate to her services. She tells her employer of her pressing need, and asks him for an increase. He knows that she should have more, but puts her off with vague promises. He tells himself that he cannot afford to increase his expenditure just at present. He will do something for the girl later.

There is a poor man staggering under a mortgage on his little home. A timely drop from the hoarded elixir of an old-time friend, a wealthy banker, would tide him over the hard times and save him and his family from ruin. He applies to his friend for a loan, but is put off with promises of future aid. The stringency of the money market is so great, he pleads, that he dares not open his vase at this critical juncture. The man who holds the mortgage is ruthless,—he is grasping at what he can to add to his already large hoard,—and so the struggling debtor and his family are thrown adrift on the world. But what matters that to the wealthy banker or the greedy speculator?—he has saved his precious elixir.

Yonder are child slaves in mills and factories and mines, toilers in sweatshops and filthy tenements, hewers of wood and drawers of water,—the downtrodden all over the wide earth,—crying aloud for a drop of the magic elixir which would make life blossom for them. But their cry is unheeded. We cannot open our vases. We must save the contents for ourselves. Of what use is it to open a plethoric purse just a little once a year, because it is the custom, and dole out a gift of coals, or blankets, or a Christmas dinner to the poor, and neglect the claims of justice and humanity the rest of the year? The story of the poor apple woman, of whom Dr. Hillis tells us in his "Investment of Influence," who, during two and forty years of her life in a two-room London tenement, "reared some twenty orphan waifs, gave them home and bed and food, taught them all she knew, helped some to obtain a scant knowledge of the trades, and helped others off to Canada and America," is a striking instance of what a warm, sympathetic soul may accomplish even without the aid of material wealth.

There are innumerable channels through which the poorest of us can give more valuable gifts than Solomon with all his riches could bestow, or than those he received from the Queen of the South. We can give them not only on red-letter days, such as Christmas and New Year's, but on all the days of the year.

Kind words, little deeds of helpfulness, bright smiles, cheery, hopeful words, a cordial grasp of a discouraged hand,—such gifts as these are always in season, from January to December, and are always welcome. Yet how many hearts are hungering for them! To give of oneself is infinitely more generous, and often more necessary, than material gifts. "What can we do for you?" asked some good Samaritans of a poor woman whom they found lying on a wretched pallet in a bare attic. "What do you need most?" "People," was the startling reply. "Send some one to talk to me. I am lonely."

Oh, how the world hungers for the wealth which even the poorest of us can bestow,—sympathy, warm, loving helpfulness, cheerful encouragement! Money is not everything, and we make a mistake in thinking that it is the only thing to give; to give oneself is often of infinitely greater value.

> "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

We possess an elixir more potent than the fabled liquid of Solomon, one drop of which not only prolongs life, but also, like the dew that falls into the delicate cup of the lily, or the sunshine that carries radiance into the midst of gloom, beautifies and transforms it. This elixir,—love, sympathy, kindness, good will,—call it by what name we please,—whose inflow is wholly dependent on its outflow, is the potential fluid that nourishes life and glorifies humanity. If we keep the vase that contains it tightly corked three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, we may find, when we open it, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth, that the fluid has evaporated.

The "little mother" who stands before a great toy store, fascinated by the ravishing baby "models," clothed in rich silks and furs, which seem to mock her rags, does not long for things for herself alone, but a tear steals down her pinched, careworn cheek as she thinks how beautiful her baby sister would look in one of those fur-lined cloaks and silken hoods.

Fathers and mothers who can plan no glad surprises for the little ones they love, who are wondering, rather, how they will tide over a dull season, or whether they can provide a Christmas dinner of any kind in their cheerless homes, hurry by the tempting stores with averted eyes. They have no part in the joyous preparations going on around them.

"Use or lose" is Nature's motto,—it is written on the stars and the sod alike. It is an inexorable law that whatever she gives us, be it brain or brawn, if we do not use it, she will take it away.

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"I shall never forget that day"

A Journey of Fifty Years To a Presidency

The life-story of Robert C. Clowry, head of the Western Union Telegraph Company, for which he began to work in 1852 as a messenger boy, and worked for six months without any compensation. The toilsome upward plodding of a man who always did his best, and whose chief ambition in life has been to keep his position



Robert C. Clowry

WHEN romance can be added to hard facts in telling the life-story of a man, such a narrative becomes more pointed and interesting than the rarest dreams of a fictionist; therefore, the true story of a man who has made himself cannot fail to be instructive as well as interesting. No other man in the United States, to-day, can look back on a more remarkable career than that of Colonel Robert C. Clowry, who was recently appointed president of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Mr. Clowry was delivering messages for that company in 1852, with but one object in view,—to hold his position. He is the busiest man, perhaps, in America to-day, and has little time to spend with an interviewer. He dislikes the notoriety that the world gives to men who fight and win, but the story of such a man is of more than passing interest. It is an important, valuable, uplifting factor in the great compound that makes America. It belongs to the people. It is for their use to profit by, and, with this one condition impressed on Mr. Clowry, he agreed to tell what he knows about himself.

"I began my telegraph career on April 4, 1852," he said. "I shall never forget the day. I walked into the office of Judge Caton's old Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company, at Joliet, Illinois, and told the operator that I had come to learn the business. I can see the rickety building now, and the surprised expression on the operator's face when he looked at me.

He Was so Poor He Had to do His Own Cooking

"I had been living with my mother on a farm in Will County, not far from Joliet, and, having reached the age of fifteen, I thought it time to start out in the world for myself. Ever since I first heard of the telegraph, I was fascinated with its workings, and at that time my chief ambition was to be able to send a message over the wires.

"'What kind of work do you want to do?' the operator asked me. I replied that I did n't suppose I was capable of doing anything but carry messages. 'Well,' he said, 'we do n't pay boys anything the first six months; but, if you want to work, you will have a chance to learn the business. When you're in the office you can easily pick up the knack of operating the keys, and, eventually, you 'll get an office of your own.'

"I had n't expected to earn any money at first, so I told him I was ready to begin work at once. That was the beginning of my experience in the telegraph business."

"But, if you received no money for six months, how did you live in Joliet during that time?" I asked Colonel Clowry.

"I was able to earn money by doing various odd jobs around town, and of course my expenses were very low. For a while I used to get my own meals. I had learned to do plain cooking at home, and it was no hardship for me to fry an egg or broil a piece of steak. Joliet was a very small town in 1852, and I had never been accustomed to luxurious living at home. I had to work long hours at the office. I was the only messenger, and had all the work to do, so I hardly had time to be homesick. After my life on the farm, Joliet was a regular metropolis in my eyes and I found much to interest me. Of course, I was discouraged at times. I was very young to be away from home and dependent on my own resources, and it was only natural that I should occasionally get the blues. But for the most part I was wrapped up in my work and occupied with ambitious plans for the future."

"Were you able to learn telegraphy in a short time?"

"Yes, it seemed to come natural to me. I always liked mechanics and did n't rest until I knew the function of every key and lever connected with the instruments in the office. Within two months, I was able to send and receive a message, and in four months I was quite as expert as the regular operator. He was surprised at the readiness with which I learned, and remarked one day that I would n't remain a messenger long. This encouraged me, of course, but I had no idea how soon I should be given an office of my own.

"I had various unpleasant experiences as a messenger. I learned that, no matter how zealous I was in my work, it was impossible to please everybody, and I was frequently accused of loitering when in reality I had hurried as much as possible. The telegraph was a new institution in those days, and people were always doubtful of its success. They seemed actually surprised when a message was delivered without delay.

It Is well to Know What Men Have Accomplished

"In the beginning I was discouraged every time a man scolded me and found fault, but after a time I realized that it was foolish to be worried over trifles. I was doing my very best and knew that my services were appreciated by the officials over me. When I had been working six months as a messenger, I was delighted, one day, by the information that the office at Lockport, Illinois, was vacant, and that I was to be placed in charge. I was not yet sixteen years old, but most people took me to be nineteen or twenty, and the superintendent said that age should n't count against ability. Lockport is in the same county as Joliet, so I was stationed near home, and my mother was delighted at the progress I had made."

"At such an age you must have felt the responsibility of having the entire office in your charge."

"Yes," said Colonel Clowry, "I think I did. It was my constant endeavor to appear older than sixteen, because I felt that business men might not have confidence in my ability if they knew I was so very young. I was fortunate in my work. Everything progressed favorably under my management, and, as the business rapidly increased, the superintendent was pleased with my work."

"Do you think the company would nowadays employ a boy of sixteen as manager?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," said Colonel Clowry. "I think, if the boy were capable and earnest, he would be given such a position. Merit is as quickly rewarded to-day as ever."

"I suppose you were n't kept long at Lockport?"

"I would n't have been satisfied to stay there long. It was my ambition to be manager of a more important office, and I tried to prove myself worthy of a better position. I took advantage of every opportunity to improve my education. I read every book which could give me any knowledge of telegraphy and electricity, and was especially interested in biography, travels, history, and geography. I was obliged to remain at the office until late in the evening, but often I sat up until after midnight, reading and studying. I think it is helpful for every boy to know what great and successful men have really accomplished. Among my favorite books were the journals of Lewis and Clark on their expedition across the continent in 1804, and, when I was discouraged or disheartened, it cheered me to remember the vicissitudes encountered by them.

He Tried to Do more than He Was Paid to Do

"I always endeavored, while at Lockport, and in every other position I have filled, to perform more service than that which was allotted to me and to watch my employer's interests at all times, regardless of stipulated hours. It is a great mistake for a young man to think that his efforts to be efficient and to perform more work than is set apart for him will not be noticed by his employers or superior officers. The appreciation of such service may seem tardy, but it is almost sure to come, and, in my case, it came very soon. After I had served at Lockport for a few months, I was transferred to Springfield, Illinois, which is a more important station. I was not seventeen when I began my work there, but I felt myself to be quite an experienced person in the business, and capable of caring for almost any office. On account of my night study I had a thorough knowledge of the principles of telegraphy, and my practice as an operator had given me the necessary technical qualifications.

"Operators did n't receive as much then as they do now, but living expenses were low. When I went to Lockport, I believe that I was paid about a dollar a day, and at Springfield my wages were somewhat higher. In 1854, two years after I first began to carry messages, I was sent to St. Louis, as the company's chief operator, and of course that was a considerable promotion. I remained in that position until 1858, when I became superintendent of the St. Louis and Missouri River Telegraph Company, which was constructing many new lines in the border region. The company was not very rich, but it was very necessary that its system should be extended. It occurred to me that the citizens of the border towns ought to be willing to pay something to have the convenience of the telegraph; so, when the line was constructed to Kansas City, I raised three thousand dollars in Leavenworth to extend it to that place, and two thousand dollars in Atchison to have it built to that city from Leavenworth. In this way we accomplished what the company was financially unable to do.

There Are as Good Chances in the World to-day

"When the Civil War began, I offered my services to the government, and was placed in charge of the military telegraph in the department of Arkansas. Missouri and Kansas were subsequently added to my territory. I served through the war, and, at its close, when I was twenty-seven years old, I became a district superintendent for the Western Union Telegraph Company in the Southwest. I have been with this company ever since, having served in various capacities in St. Louis and Chicago. This is my fiftieth year in the telegraph business, and I became president of the Western Union just fifty years to a month after I first entered the Joliet office and asked for work."

"Do you think that a young man starting in commercial life to-day has as good a chance to rise as one had fifty years ago?" Colonel Clowry was asked.

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"Yes, indeed; in my opinion the chances of success in commercial business, for the right sort of young men, have never before been so good as they are at the present time, provided that the young men are well educated, honest, industrious, and faithful, and not handicapped by mental or physical defects."

"But you had only a common-school education, Colonel Clowry."

"Yes, and that is quite sufficient in business if it is supplemented by some technical training. I have always thought that a full university course has a tendency to unfit young men for the rough struggles incident to the small beginnings of a commercial business career. It is advisable for boys to enter business early in life, so that they may be molded to their work, and be in line for promotion when opportunities present themselves. Boys have an idea nowadays that they can leave college and immediately fill important positions in business life. There was never a greater mistake. Although I was in charge of an office six months after beginning work, it has taken fifty years to reach my present position."

If You Can't Go To College

I.—English Literature

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER
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[This is the first of the SUCCESS series for those who cannot go to college. It is intended to give an independent student a carefully planned programme of college studies. This unique and important series has been secured from eminent educators, representing the highest thought of the greatest American institutions. It is not a college course at home, but a home course that gives as nearly as possible an equivalent in discipline of what a college graduate secures. The second paper will be on "Mathematics," by Professor Eugene Lamb Richards, of Yale University. The other papers will follow from month to month until all departments of knowledge have been treated.—THE EDITOR.]

THERE was never before a time when people read as much as they do now,—or, perhaps, with as little discrimination. There is a canine hunger in the land for knowledge, which causes people to bolt whatever is put before them, whole. The right reader is rather a cud-chewing animal, which, before it finally swallows, chews and broods, and broods and chews again.

There Is no Royal Road to Knowledge or Culture

Worse than the hasty bolting of books, and even commoner, nowadays, is the cramming of books about books. To have names and dates at one's tongue-tip; to apply glibly the current slang of the professional critics; to be able to "sense" the "Celtic note" in "poignant minor" through the "humoresque sincerity" of Mr. Dooley, or to "characterize" the peculiar "lyric cry" in the refrain of Mr. Kipling's "Song of the Banjo;" to be fluent in "isms" and "main currents" and "evolutionary tendencies,"—in fine, to have memorized a handbook or two of English literature, to have skimmed the literary columns of a daily newspaper, and to have taken a critical weekly, biweekly, monthly, or quarterly,—such has been the stock in trade of how many literary lights of admiring social circles?

Far more than in Napoleon's time, to-day every career is wide open to the man or woman of talent. Culture, or the reputation of it, is a social asset. Watered stock is as common in the drawing-room as on 'change. The writer, indeed, has a disquieting consciousness that it is even to be met with in the intellectual capitalization of our colleges.

There is no royal road to knowledge or culture. There are no Masonic secrets in college courses. Now and then, indeed, the inspiring personality of a teacher accomplishes apparent marvels; but too often, even where such a personality exists, the individual students of our number-swollen classes hardly come into really close contact with it. The lecturer lectures; the student, passive, scribbles his notes. If the latter wishes personal conference, personal guidance, personal stimulus, he is sent,—commonly,—to an assistant,—young, overworked, underpaid.

Even "if you cannot go to college," all is not lost to you. You have no sound excuse for lying back in your illiteracy, and crying: "I had no chance." On the contrary, surprisingly little time and pains, honestly applied, are needed to enable you to write, if not as a genius, at least as a gentleman,—and to read with intelligent enjoyment, although the scholar's fullness of comprehension may be beyond you.

Arrange a Course According to the Literary Periods

Indeed, to read with intelligent enjoyment is the first principle of all right reading. To finish a book just because you have begun it, as a matter of conscience, is waste of energy,—unless, indeed, you can do one thing more, and force mere dogged application into wide-awake attention. Many a book is dull only because we are so. Wake up, pinch yourself, glue your mind as well as your eyes to the page, and, before you know it, the author, if he is really an author, will be doing the work you.

It is not always so. Often the first ardor of a student is quenched in a book beyond his present powers. People frequently advise reading only the classics of a literature,—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Bacon, Dryden, and others. I misdoubt the result for all but the rarely strenuous of this leaping from peak to peak down the ages. The best books are usually closest in touch with their times. To enjoy them intelligently, you must know what the author assumes to be known; you must become familiar with the issues—political, social, religious, artistic,—which are agitating him and the contemporary public which he addresses.

This being so, the best sidelight a student can throw upon the literature of any period is history. Consider how comparatively pallid will be the interest of Kipling's "The Recessional" to a reader of the year 2000, if he knows nothing of the burning issues the little lyric implies. But you can hardly fill out your background all along the line at once.

My advice, then, would be to take up your course in English literature by periods, which are virtually a generation long. I should not attempt even to deal with all the periods, but spend, say, six months upon the four principal ones first. By the time you have finished that two years' course, you will have graduated from further need of direction.

Never Lose the Spirit of the Author You Study

The four principal periods of English literature are commonly called by the names of the sovereigns then ruling,—the Elizabethan, Queen Anne, late Georgian, and Victorian. Better, we may call them after their chief authors, the age of Shakespeare, (1579–1616,) of Pope, (1700–44,) of Wordsworth, (1798–1832,) and of Tennyson (1830–70). Outside these periods of exuberantly original production, there are, of course, great names,—Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, and others,—but these great names are, relatively speaking, isolated and singular,—"fallen upon evil times," as Milton himself has said.

Further, on the economic principle of proceeding in any study from the known to the unknown, I should recommend beginning with the latest period. The age of Tennyson is almost your own. Its history is almost part of your own experience. You hardly need to glean from books of history the main events, tendencies, or issues of it: you were brought up hearing about them. Entering that literary land, you feel quickly at home.

Still, as you would read over your Baedeker before setting out to see a city,—just to find out what *are* the sights of it,—so, before starting to study the Victorian authors, you would wisely read through a good handbook; not, indeed, for a parrot knowledge of its critical judgments or phrases, but simply for help in selecting the admittedly important authors of the period, and in proportioning the time to be spent on each.

For this purpose are to be recommended the "Handbooks of English Literature," edited by Professor Hales, and published by Bell, of London. More summary still, but excellent for its perspective of the whole course of English literature, is Stopford Brooke's classic little "Primer of English Literature" (supplemented to date by G. R. Carpenter, and published by Macmillan and Company, 1900). For the background of history, no book will be found more generally available than J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People." For biography, the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morley, is, though uneven, still the best.

In the first flush of your scholarly enthusiasm, do not lose the spirit of your author in your anxiety not to miss every particularity and technicality of the letter. The zeal of some teachers corrodes the finer edge of their pupils' appreciation. The luckless youth comes to look upon a moving poem as a metrical puzzle, or a repository of hard-named tropes; he is not permitted to lose himself in a stirring tale, but must painfully pause to look up each casual historical or mythological allusion; while his ingenuity is stretched to decide whether the author employs description dynamic, suggestive, or by catalogue, his imagination slackens, and the picture drops away from his mental vision. Do not inquire too curiously about nonessentials. You will have done more than well if you can grasp the essential,—which is first the plain meaning of your author, and, next, the tinge of feeling which gives that meaning its literary value. The meaning you may conquer; the feeling must conquer you. The attitude of the right reader, therefore, is at once active and passive,—active, in so far as his attention is alert; passive, in so far as his sympathies are open to the author's mood. Digging through books may produce learning, but it is rather brooding over them that develops culture.

To Read Poetry correctly Is a very Rare Art

While a pedantic niceness is fatal to any intelligent enjoyment of literature, there is a different measure of attention to *minutiæ* demanded by most prose and the finer poetry. There is prose, indeed, like Charles Lamb's, or Lander's, or Sir Thomas Browne's, which approaches poetry in its search for the choice word, the inevitable epithet, the final phrase; but, as a rule, prose is the coarser medium. Thackeray wrote, perhaps, as perfect prose as any man of the nineteenth century; yet to linger over his separate sentences would be to lose just that illusion of real life recorded which he preëminently conveys. George Meredith's style is bad for a novelist precisely because we forget his people while we titter at his epigrams. The best prose is transparent: we look through it to the idea it conveys; of itself we should not be conscious. It is not so with poetry. There language itself is studied, measured, refined; every word, phrase, or cadence is the result of curious art. Who runs may *not* read poetry. It must be read and read again, spoken, savored in all its niceties. It must creep into the memory,—not through mechanical repetition, but by spontaneous recollection. This is a slow process; and, indeed, the wise book-lover will read volumes of prose to pages, nay, lines, of poetry.

Particularly is this true of lyrical poetry. Narrative, or descriptive, or dramatic verse may be read more nearly as prose, currently, from cover to cover; but to plunge headlong through a collection of lyrics is to enact, in a sense, the rôle of a bull in a china shop,—you break the spell at every step. A lyric poem is the impassioned utterance of a state of mind; by the associations of his choice words, by the melancholy or ringing cadences of his phrases, no less than by his plain meaning, does the lyrist make his mood yours. The more intensely he succeeds, the more impossible is it for you to surrender this mood to the possibly quite counter mood of the ensuing lyric.

Some Methods to Be Followed in Studying Poetry

Moreover, just because lyric poetry is so personal, it is all the more essential that you should put yourself into the lyrist's place. Fully to appreciate Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind," you must, imaginatively, at least, live through the experiences that dictated it. You must come to know Shelley,—his ardors, despairs, rebellions, renouncements. In the fullness of acquaintance, you will find the ode no longer a mere pretty jingle of vague-meaning words, but a living, moving—as well as beautiful,—appeal.

Of course, not every lyric is worth such affectionate scrutiny. Possibly you would do well to use as a guide here the "Golden Treasury" of F. T. Palgrave,—still the best anthology of many, especially in the periods before the Victorian,—that is, the "First Series." Yet, on the other hand, there is the stimulus of discovery in browsing at

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LOTA'S LAST APPEARANCE -

Martha McCulloch-Williams



"They were hurrying home as fast as they could, with an actual coon, safe and sound, curled up in the crown of Billy's big straw hat, and held in the hollow of his arm"

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

THE story begins with an if,—several of them, indeed. If the big oak had not thrust roots so far out over the lake,—if there had not been foolish, flighty grasshoppers in the grass one side of it, or hungry fish in the water under the roots,—most of all, if Lota had minded her mother, there would not have been a story to tell. The truth is that Lota, her mother's namesake, was sadly spoiled. She was also the fattest and sauciest of the litter. Somehow, Madam Lota, the mother, could not bring herself to scowl at and cuff this one of her babies as she did the other two,—sullen Ring Tail, and meek little Zip. The young family had outgrown the hollow-tree house in which it was born, and lodged comfortably in a high, dry cranny in the bluffs. Late summer was just fairly on the turn, and the water in the shrunken creek was so warm that Madam Lota took her children down to play in it, as soon as the shadows grew long and sharp.

The lake was nothing but a long, still reach of the creek, its waters dammed with drift and silt. The bluffs ran along one side of it, and at the other there was a fringe of trees with pasture grass coming quite to their roots. Thus the big oak stood over against Madam Lota's new house, but that did not matter the least, for the tree tops met across the water, and she was as much at home in them as in the water or on land. She had gone across by the tree way because her mind was set on a fish dinner. Nursing three sturdy children since mid-May had left her lean and hungry, withal more than a little ill-tempered. So, when the young folk scampered after as she crept through the door, toward twelve o' clock of a bright hot day, she snarled at them so angrily, her eyes shooting green fire through the darkness of the den, that they cowered and ran back, piling themselves together all in a huddled heap.

As soon as she was well away, they sat up whimpering like so many babies, and crept out upon the sunny ledge that fronted the den. It was cruel to leave them thus, for they wanted to go down, play in the swift, shallow water over the shoals, and be taught how to hunt tender mussels, rip open the hinged shells, and devour the luscious morsels inside. Mysteriously they understood that Madam Lota herself was out for a feast, but Ring Tail and Zip did no more than whimper. Lota alone went cautiously down the bluff side to the fallen tree, which made a sharply slanted footbridge across the lake. The other two almost gasped to see her crawl out and along the bridge. When she got safely over it, and stood beside the tree butt, her fore paws resting upon it, her head cocked saucily aside, Zip whimpered louder than before, and Ring Tail rushed inside to stand on his face, which is a coon's highest expression of anger and disgust.

Lota did not care. As soon as her nerves were fairly steady, she waddled a little way down stream, and snuggled among some tangled bushes to watch her mother. She wondered if this were a new game, one that Madam Lota played all to herself. It looked like it. Madam Lota lay quite flat upon the oak roots, her eyes narrowed to the narrowest line, her nose and one fore paw almost touching the water, and so still she seemed to be studying her own crouching image in the mirror-surface of the pool. The sky was there, too,—blotches of shining blue, clots of radiant pearl, breaking through the greeny gold of sunbathed leaves. Kildees called hollowly up and down stream. A solitary redbird winged across, making a fleeting scarlet ribbon as he passed. Here or there a late locust droned, thin and high, through the sunlit silence of the pasture land.

The silence and dropping sounds sent Lota almost to sleep. Then, all at once, she was very wide awake. So was her mother. The water underneath Madam Lota was deep and dark and cool, thus the especial haunt of the finest fish in the lake. A startled grasshopper, in clittering flight, had overshot his mark, and landed with a splash a yard beyond Madam Lota's nose. Eddy water brought him just fairly underneath her,—there was a quick and violent swirling,—a black perch leaped at the insect, caught it, and was itself caught in turn. Madam Lota with a lightning reach had sunk her claws into it, just back of the eye, snatched it, flapping and wriggling, above water, and killed it with a vicious bite through the spine.

Almost before the flapping ceased, she was devouring it, dipping the fish in its native element between the savage mouthfuls. It is this dipping habit which makes the race of coons such water-haunters. They owe to it also their German name,



"Madam Lota had sunk her claws into it"

which is, in English, "washing bear." Albeit nobly catholic in palate and of robust appetite, eating flesh, fowl, birds and their eggs, grain, nuts, fruit, and roots, they love fish best of all,—so much the best that it has been conjectured the washing is to the end of giving all food the delicious watery flavor. Madam Lota taught her young family, no matter how hungry they might be, the grace of washing before eating even such tidbits as crayfish and mussels.

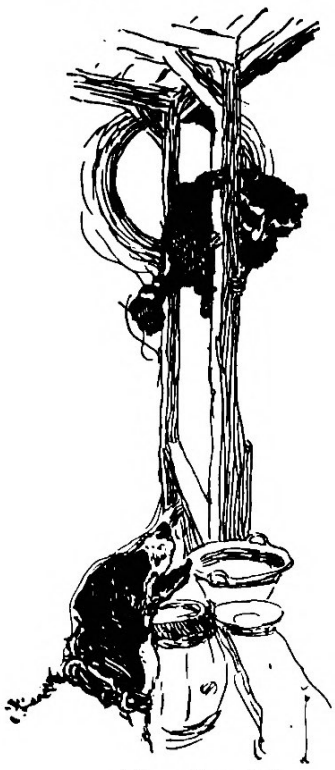
Notwithstanding that she ate so ravenously, Madam Lota kept her ears wholly alert. The ears were shortish and broad, standing up pertly above the black mask which ran from shoulder to shoulder, crossing the face and showing like a pair of uncouthly big spectacles round about the eyes. Thus she heard Lota cry querulously, sniffing the fish-scent, and in the same breath another sound, which sent her scuttering up the oak tree, as hard as she could climb, leaving her dinner not half devoured.

The fearsome sound was Ring's bark,—Ring, the best coon dog in the county. But Ring had not scented his favorite game,—he was barking in pure joy, because Billy French, his master, was talking to him, snapping caressing fingers at him, and, now and again, leaning from his mule to catch a fore leg as Ring leaped up, hold it firmly, yet gently, and so make the dog walk on two feet for maybe a dozen steps. Billy had gone out to salt the pasturing stock. Since every hoof of it was hidden, lying snugly in the shade, he was indulging himself in a ride all about, meaning to end it along the creek bank, and see what the promise was for a full crop of scaly-barks.

As Madam Lota scuttled upward, Ring's bristles rose suddenly,—he made a plunging bound forward, sniffed loudly, head in air, then darted madly to the waterside. Billy galloped after, right on Ring's heels, sprang down, and peered up the oak, around which Ring was leaping and barking like mad. Sharp though his barking, Billy caught a keen little whimper,—he ran around the oak, looked down hard, and stopped, stock-still, with a long whistle. Lota had clearly lost her head. She ran aimlessly back and forth along a little clear space of the creek bank, crying to her mother, who was then at least five trees away Ring was hot on the scent, dashing from tree to tree, never losing sight of his aërial quarry, no matter how swift her motions. Billy did not even look after the dog,—he had eyes for nothing but the cunning, fat little ball of downy fur, complaining at the waterside.

As he looked, Lota waddled to him, rubbed against his legs, and set up a low, entreating chitter. He picked her up, and cuddled her in both arms, much as he might have cuddled a lost and frightened child. "Ain't you 'fraid o' me, you big old coon?" he asked, with humorous emphasis on the "old." Lota cuddled closer, and poked her little sharp nose inside his half-closed hand. That made Billy laugh. When he had scrambled up on the mule's bare back, still holding Lota, he laughed louder than before. It was such a joke on Ring,—Ring, who had been running and leaping, almost breaking his neck looking up the trees after a possible coon, while now they were hurrying home as fast as they could, with an actual coon, safe and sound, curled up in the crown of Billy's big straw hat, and held in the hollow of his arm. The salting could wait. He swung the bag up out of harm's way, beside the bars, and headed straight for the house. There he burst in upon his father

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"Out of reach"

and various other excellent men, crying aloud: "I've got it! Got what you all been wantin',—a coon that knows when it's well off. But you cain't gimme no dollar for it! Put the money in a flag to fly over the little log cabin."

This was, you will please understand, the summer of 1840, with the most enthusiastic national campaign in American annals just fairly getting itself in full swing. "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," had set the country fairly ablaze. Curiously, the Democracy, long in power under Jackson and Van Buren, had come to be accepted as the exponent of aristocracy, to which the Whigs opposed their farmer-soldier, who was, in spite of his aristocratic lineage, distinctly a man of the plain people. He had lived in a log cabin,—men had gone out to fight under him in no better than coon-skin caps,—he had not scrupled to regale his most exalted guests with the farm beverage, hard cider. The log cabins, coon skins, and hard cider, each and several, did duty as campaign arguments. Every county, almost every district, had its barbecue, at which the whole population gathered to see, hear, and make merry,—incidentally to settle weighty national affairs.

Whether it was a Whig barbecue, a Democratic one, or a joint affair, with speeches and rejoinders, it was a point of honor to begin it with a parade,—young women, in white frocks and fluttery ribbons, either mounted all upon white or black or gray horses, or picturesquely grouped upon a big float representing all the states. Riding horseback was most usual,—float wagons were none too plenty. The "states" always came next to the band, with the local militia company behind them, escorting the orators of the day, and, somewhere,—either at the head or tail, or in the middle, there was a political float,—the thing stanch partisans mostly went out to see. The floats varied,—now Uncle Sam sat in front of a log cabin, handing out gourdfuls of hard cider to all who would drink, the cider dipped from a barrel just inside. Now the cabin in miniature was set high upon an enormous barrel, marked boldly, "For the White House," and draped with the Stars and Stripes. Occasionally, the cabin was bigger,—big enough for a woman in homespun to sit spinning in the doorway, while a man in hunting shirt and copperas trousers leaned upon his rifle outside, and looked reflectively at the coon skins swung up on the outer cabin walls.



"She frisked half up the tree"

If coon skins were thus politically precious, how much more so a live tricksy coon! That was what Squire French and the other barbecue managers had been asking themselves latterly,—spurred to it by the way their Democratic neighbors were setting up parades with "gallus" live game-cocks crowing victory all the length of them. Their own particular barbecue was six weeks ahead, but they were resolved that it should outdo all that had gone before on either side. So, when Lem Barby had said, banging the table as he spoke, "Gentlemen, it's my idear er shore'nough coon as is er coon can make all them game roosters look worser'n the last o' pea time,—an' I vote ter git that coon, eben ef it costs a dollar," there had been tumultuous agreement. That was only the day before, with Billy there to hear. Naturally, since he had heard it decided further that the live coon should go parading, seemingly free, but really chained in the door of a log-cabin cage, Lota appeared to him very like a special providence.

She was so tame, so pretty, so affectionate, he was sure there would not be the least need of a chain. By the next afternoon, he had changed his mind a bit; for, thus in the beginning, Lota understood liberty as the wildest license. Before she had been captive an hour, she ate a noble dinner, and drank lusty draughts of milk, swelling and rounding visibly as it went down. Afterwards, she curled herself daintily in the kitten's empty basket, and slept until the sun was down, waking to cry for more milk and devour a raw roasting ear. Then she was ready to frolic with Billy all over the piazza and the back yard. When Ring came about, sniffing and bristling, she ran up a tree trunk or one of the rough-hewn timber piazza posts, just high enough to be out of reach, clung there and looked down at him with eyes glinting green fire. Ring was ready enough, at his master's orders, to make friends with the ridiculous furry ball, but the ball would not have it so. Safe in Billy's arms, it scratched his lifted nose,—when he lay quiescent at Billy's feet, the ball ambled around to nip his outspread ear. Presently the moon came up,—then the furry ball grew wild. It ran and raced the piazza's length, or frisked halfway up the nearest tree outside, almost as nimbly as a squirrel. Billy ran and raced with it until well past nine o'clock. Then he grew sleepy, as well he might, for everybody on the farm got up at four. It would never do to leave the little coon outside, for she might run away, to say nothing of the dogs. Unblushingly, Billy appropriated the kitten-basket, put Lota in it, balanced it on his head, and went to his room upstairs.



Lota

Ten minutes after, Lota's face was half buried in a big tin cup, full of milk. Billy looked at her admiringly, whistling lightly between bites of biscuit and molasses. "Mom says I'm hungry all the time,—I do eat *some*,—that's a fact," he said, nodding at Lota. "But I ain't a patchin' to you! Why, ef you keep on, you'll be a big, grown-up coon before time for the barbecue."

Lota answered with the least little satisfied purr, and, when he put her gently in the basket, curled herself as if for sleep. Billy did sleep,—the sleep of a healthy tired boy. His eyes were heavy as lead when he was awakened by his mother's voice, shrill and imperative.

"Will you look at *that?*" she demanded, as he stumbled into the dining room. The sideboard there was the pride of Mrs. French's heart. It was old mahogany, brought painfully over the mountains from Virginia, had a richly fringed white cover, and all the best glass and china ware set orderly over the top. The molasses pot stood at one end and the covered cider pitcher at the other. In between there were empty decanters,—the squire kept his peach-and-honey snug inside a locked lower compartment.

"Will you only look at *that?*" Mrs. French repeated. Billy looked,—and laughed in spite of himself. The sideboard top was a wreck, with cider from the overturned pitcher streaming all down the front. At the end there was a smear of molasses, explained by the mass of broken glass upon the floor below. Smears, smudges, streaks of sticky sweetness ran from the broken glass all about the floor. In between there were footprints,—Lota's footprints,—and there, crouching and blinking in the empty fireplace, was Lota herself, her nose cut and bloody, her fur matted from ears to tail-tip, with molasses, ashes, and soot. Billy understood,—she had not been the least sleepy, so had begun exploring the house on her own account. He remembered how she had purred when he gave her a well-sopped morsel the night before. He had been told that coons love sweets well enough even to rob bee trees. This coon had either scented the molasses in the jug, or climbed upon the sideboard and played hob with things in pure wanton mischief.

"I reckon I better take her down to the creek, and souse her well," Billy said, judicially, avoiding his mother's eye as he gathered up the sticky ball. Mrs. French sniffed angrily. "And you had better *not* bring her back to this house," she said. "Sure and certain as you do, I'll set the dogs on her."

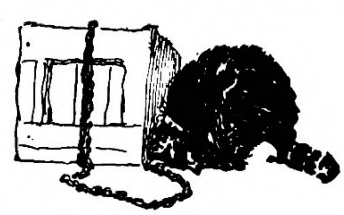
Thus it happened that, for her sins, Lota suffered the indignity of being chained up in the lumber-house porch. At first she took collar and chain as part of a new and puzzling game, and lay contentedly watching Billy with pawky eyes; but, when he went away, and she could not follow further than the length of her tether, she cried worse than she had ever done for her mother. Billy turned back twice to comfort her,—the third time he had to go, whether he wanted to or no. Then Lota's grief and anger knew no bounds. She stood on her face half an hour at a stretch, whimpering loudly, and even refusing food. It almost broke Billy's heart to think how hungry she must be, but, after three days, she came round, and began to make the best of things. The collar was easy, the chain light, and long enough to give range of the whole big porch. Billy let her run free a little while every day, until he found that to chain her anew was to break her heart over again. So he fell in a way of fastening the chain around his waist, and walking all about, with Lota perched on his shoulder or sitting saucily on his bare head.

Barbecue time grew on apace. Billy was training Lota to be queen of the occasion. She was to head the parade, the band going before, the "states" coming after. Lem Barby had built for her a cunning log cabin, complete even to the rail fence about it and the well sweep at the side of the yard. She was to sit perked up on the ridge-pole, while Billy, equipped as one of Old Tippecanoe's riflemen, waved the flag proudly over her head. Billy meant that Lota herself should wave a flag,—at least intermittently. That was his own great idea,—he had told nobody but Lem Barby, who said it was great, and straightway squandered two dollars for a silk flag, coon size.

Lota learned the flag business readily enough,—she had only to stand upon her hind feet, while Billy held her upright by a fore one, and stuck a property flagstaff in the hollow of her free arm. Sometimes she did beautifully,—clutched the staff and shook it quite as she might have shaken a persimmon bough, or a well-fruited grapevine. Other times she turned sullen, let fall the staff, and crouched obstinately. Billy soon found out that she needed to be bribed as well as coaxed,—that is to say, to get some special treat in reward of a successful waving.

Treats were not so easy to manage. Sugar, the thing Lota loved best, was out of the question. Mrs. French was in the thick of preserving, and came near grudging the sugar that went into coffee cups, and to the sweetening of innumerable pies. She was, moreover, suspicious of Billy's increased capacity for molasses and honey. Innocently, he fell back on cider,—cider for which Lota cared nearly as much as for the withholden sweets. There were barrels and barrels of it in the lumber house,—rich, clear horse-apple cider, fining and hardening against barbecue day. Lota learned quickly to sit on his shoulder, and suck it from the bung through a long straw, quite as he did himself. Sometimes, in the sucking, she smacked her mouth so vigorously that the straw came to grief. Billy always had a spare one, so that did not matter.

Before barbecue day the cider had lost its sparkle, and was heady and biting. Billy sucked sparingly, but Lota cried bitterly, and once even stood on her face, when he took her away. Still he thought nothing of it,—neither did he notice her antic gait, and sidewise leaps after sitting long at the straw. Indeed, he was so taken up with the campaign and the parade that he did not really pay attention to anything else. He was just turned fourteen,—the proper age for an unquestioning partisan. It made him thrill through and through to know that he had even a little thing to do for the good cause.



She stood on her face crying

The day before the barbecue, Squire French and Lem Barby spent half the afternoon putting spiles in the cider barrels. The barbecue ground lay seven miles

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off, and the crowd was certain to gather early. When the elder spiles had been driven tight into the auger holes in the barrels' heads, their hollows were closed with neatly whittled white-wood pins. Then the bungs were made secure, and the barrels rolled out on the porch to be ready for the cider wagon at daybreak next morning. More or less cider was spilled in the spiling,—enough for the scent of it to set Lota whimpering madly, and straining on her chain. The men laughed to see and hear her, and called her an old soak, and a toper, but went off well content with the state of things they left behind them. Billy was away on an important errand, one that kept him until after dark. Still he did not forget Lota,—he would have gone to her at once, but that his mother said she herself had "carried that pizen little coon more supper than any two big coons ought to eat."



"Cider ran from it into her mouth"

The lumber house was in the lot, a hundred yards from the back piazza. Billy, roused betimes, dressed and ran out to it, intent upon taking Lota to the creek for a bath. Twenty yards away he whistled, shrill and clear. Nothing stirred in answer. It was still gray dawn,—he dashed forward, his heart in his mouth, peering into the box that held Lota's bed. It was empty,—a broken chain dangled desolately across the face of it. Billy's heart thumped harder than before, and something stronger than the dawn dusk blurred his vision. He stuck both hands in his pockets, winked hard, and said to space: "You,—you come and stayed, like you liked it! Now you've run away, jest 'cause I want you, er else you're foolin' me, an' playin' hide an' seek. I call that mean,—mean as gyar-broth! What do you call it? Hey?"

He stamped his foot, then swung suddenly on his heel at sound of a weak snore. Strengthening daylight flooded the porch, and by it he saw Lota, on her back, her head a little aside, paws limp and flaccid, every muscle relaxed, lying underneath a slightly loosened spile. Cider ran from it in a thin trickle down to, and through her open mouth. She slept, a heavy drunken sleep, snoring, and weltering in the stream. Her fine ringed tail was pitifully draggled,—when he picked her up, she hung in his hands like a clotted rag. His impulse was to fling her from him hard enough to break her neck. Something stopped him. He carried her out and laid her upon the dewy grass, then stood looking down at her, and saying, brokenly: "'Twus me learnt you the taste o' hard cider, you poor little fool beast. Jest let me fetch you out o' this, and you go right back to the woods after to-day."



"Lota duly waved the flag, and sat weakly upon the ridgepole of her log cabin"

He heard his father calling, and, above the calls, the creaking and straining of the cider wagon. Whatever was done must be done at once. Gathering up the sleeper, he dashed away to the creek. What happened there remained always a dead secret between him and Lota. Thus much is known,—Billy wholly missed breakfast, and huddled on his uniform at such a rate that he got all the buttons wrong, yet was late for the float. And though Lota duly waved the flag, and sat weakly upon the ridgepole of her log cabin, she was so subdued and sorry-looking, so little the saucy embodiment of proper coon spirit, the Whigs applauded her perfunctorily, the Democrats with whole-hearted irony. Billy? Billy went through it all with set teeth, and a grip of his musket too vise-like for any approach to salutes or fancy shooting. The other boys said, "Billy was skeered 'most to death," but the main crowd did not notice,—it was too much taken up with the band playing "Clear the Kitchen," and the "states," all of whom had green riding skirts, white hats, and beautiful bright pink bodices.

It was a great barbecue,—fifty carcasses on the pit, three full cider wagons, and no less than four speakers of note, each able to set and keep the audience roaring. But somehow Billy did not have a good time, even though Lem Barby said he was "the figger of the parade." The boy kept Lota on his shoulder until everybody was absorbed in listening, then stole to the woods, walked a mile through them, climbed a bending tree, unchained her, and set her snugly in a crotch of it. As he scrambled down he heard her whimper weakly, but put his hands over his ears, and ran off as hard as he could. After a while he stopped, looked back, and lifted his hand, saying: "No matter what I may do myself, I ain't never again goin' to give anything weaker'n littler'n me no sort o' chance to lose its senses."

Then he went back, and of course swaggered among the other boys as befitted the wearer of a uniform. But he did not drink cider even once, nor go near the empty cabin. If his pillow that night was curiously damp, the friendly dark and the stars never told any tales.



TWO EXPENSIVE holidays in two successive months are enough to cause more or less consternation in the purse and heart of even the most experienced housewife. Betty would not have been the economical little woman she was if she had not felt a small thrill of relief when she received a note, about ten days before Christmas, inviting Jack and herself to eat their Christmas dinner at the home of the old friend whom she had visited most often as a girl. It seemed like a providential interposition in behalf of her housekeeping allowance.

Still, she felt it would be rather forlorn to let this first Christmas of her married life pass without doing anything in the way of general celebration, and when she compared notes with Jack she found he felt as she did about it. They did not wish to undertake anything for Christmas Day itself. The dinner was to be at two o'clock in the afternoon, in consideration of the fact that there were children in the family, and there were plans on hand for some sort of general merrymaking in the evening. So their home celebration, if they were to have one, must take place on Christmas Eve.

The time settled, the next thing was to decide the form the festivity was to take. It should not be a dinner, for that would not only detract from everyone's enjoyment in the next day's feast, but would also seem out of place the day before Christmas. So, after much debating, they finally determined upon a tree and a supper. About a dozen or fourteen of their especial friends were to be invited, and all contributions to the tree were to be sent in the day before Christmas Eve. Nothing to go on it was to cost more than ten cents, and preference would be given to gifts that could be bought for a nickel. Each parcel was to be tied up in tissue paper and marked. In order that the gifts should be wisely chosen, each guest was furnished with a list of all the other guests. This would enable them to make their purchases intelligently.

They Held a Prolonged Consultation, Betty Suggesting and Jack Approving

Betty took Jack into council as to what they should have for the supper, although she had made up her mind pretty clearly in advance as to the items of the bill of fare. Jack may have flattered himself she could not have made out the *menu* without his assistance, but his principal share consisted in approving of the list that she had arranged. It sounded tempting to anyone with a good digestion and an appetite to match.

The chafing dish was not to be in evidence this time, but everything that could be done was to be made ready the day before. Betty had decided

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Down it went!

that Christmas was not the time to introduce newfangled features of any sort, but rather to recall old days and ways. So the first course was to consist of chicken salad,—the kind Jack's mother had learned how to make from her own mother, who lived in Virginia before she moved to Missouri. The other item of the first course was to be a platter of cold boiled ham, sliced thin. Old-fashioned rolls, buttered and ready, were to go with these, and hot coffee was to be served with sugar and cream, in large cups.

There were to be only two courses, and the second was a triumph of indigestibility. It was to consist of mince pies, crullers, and doughnuts. Jack suggested that there should be a third course of pepsin tablets, but Betty said, haughtily, that she would have no respect for any one who did not have his gastric powers in first-rate working order at Christmas time, and set herself to work to make her mince-meat. Crullers and doughnuts could wait until the day before Christmas Eve, and the salad must be compounded the day it was to be eaten, but the mince-meat must season awhile before going into the pies.

Betty planned to make a good supply of mince-meat. It would keep through the winter, and Jack had a weakness for mince pies. Since Betty had mastered pastry, she felt that pies would give very little trouble. So she went vigorously to work stoning raisins, shredding citron, cleaning currants and Sultana raisins, and boiling and chopping beef.

Of this beef she bought a lean piece, weighing a generous pound. This she boiled and minced, and put with it half a pound of beef-kidney suet, which she had freed from strings and crumbled. Two and a half pounds of tart apples were peeled, cored, and chopped, and this, with a pound of seeded and chopped raisins, a pound of well-cleansed currants, half a pound of Sultanas, carefully picked over, a scant half-pound of finely-shredded citron, and a pound and a quarter of brown sugar were mixed with the beef and suet. Then in went the spices. A tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, half a tablespoonful each of cloves and allspice, half a nutmeg, grated, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt were stirred in, and last of all a pint of cider was put in to moisten the mince-meat. When it came to this stage of the proceeding, Betty discarded her wooden spoon, washed her hands again, rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and plunged her plump hands into the mixture, beating and stirring, until she was sure the compound was thoroughly blended. Then she turned the mince-meat out of the big yellow bowl in which she had made it and into a stone crock with a cover and set it in a corner of her cellar.



It filled the crock

This was a week before Christmas. There was little else to do in the culinary line until the twenty-third of the month. So Betty went to work at her Christmas gifts, and employed any spare time that she had when not working on them in popping and stringing corn and in threading cranberries for the decorations of the Christmas tree.

There were great doings in the new little home on the twenty-third, for Betty was making doughnuts and crullers. The mixing of these did not appall her, but she was a bit nervous about the frying. The doughnuts had been set to rise over night, in accordance with a recipe Betty had brought with her from home. She had creamed together a cupful of butter and a cup and a half of sugar and added to them two cups of milk and half a yeast cake dissolved in a little warm water. Into this she had beaten three cups of flour and had set the sponge to rise in a corner that was not too near the stove and was yet warm enough to keep her doughnuts from taking cold and refusing to rise. In the morning she added two eggs beaten light, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one of mace. She then added enough more flour to make a dough she could roll out, and set it to rise once more while she fell to work on the crullers. These were not cheap, but she knew they would be good, for this was another home recipe. A cupful of butter was creamed with a cup and a half of powdered sugar, and to this she added six eggs, beaten well. A teaspoonful each of cinnamon and nutmeg went into this and enough flour to make a dough that would roll out. When this stage was reached, Betty set to work to try her ingenuity in the line of shapes.



She rolled it out

With her jigging iron she cut the dough into strips and twisted these into odd forms. She cut the dough in squares and made a lattice work of the center of these with her jigging iron. She cut rounds and rings and used her little fancy cooky cutters to make the dough into unusual designs. When all were cut out she set them in a cold place while she went for her doughnut sponge. It had risen and she rolled the dough into a pretty thick sheet and cut it into rings and balls. By this time her back was so tired that she recollected with joy that she had mixed her pastry the day before and decided that she would not make out her pies until the next day.

When she began rolling out her doughnuts, she put the cottolene on to heat. She had learned in her cooking lessons and from the example of the cook at home that it was better for the fat to heat slowly. She knew, too, that there should be plenty of it in the deep saucepan she had appropriated to the work of a frying kettle. She set this first at the side of the stove, and then, as the fat warmed, she moved it forward on the stove, taking care that she had a good, steady fire burning, and that there was no danger of its sinking before she had finished her work.

When she thought the fat must be hot enough she dropped in a small ball of dough. Down it went to the bottom, but it seemed as if it would never come up. When it rose to the surface, it floated there, swimming lazily about, making no show of browning and soaking in grease at every pore. Evidently the fat was not hot enough. Betty fished out her "tryer" and sat down to rest while she waited for the fat to gain more heat. In five minutes she put in another ball. This dropped to the bottom, but came up again at once, already brown. The fat was very hot. If it were to cook only one doughnut it would have to be moved to the side of the stove and cooled off a little, but reason told Betty that a quantity of the cold doughnuts would chill the fat and she resolved to take her chances. Cautiously, not to scald herself by splashing fat, she slipped in the doughnuts with a perforated skimmer and then stood ready, a split spoon in her hand, a colander lined with brown paper close by, to take out the doughnuts as they browned.



It still popped

It did not need long. They dived and came to the surface, still a pale yellow, but their complexions darkened almost instantly and Betty had her hands full lifting them out and putting others in to take their places. In spite of the constant relays of cold doughnuts, she soon found that they were browning too quickly, and she pushed the pot a little more to the side of the stove, away from the hottest place. When the doughnuts were all done, she waited long enough to spread them on a plate and sprinkle them with powdered sugar before she went back to her frying. She felt that in one way the hardest part of the task was over, for the crullers would fry more quickly than the large doughnuts.

Part of the fat had cooked away and Betty added a little more, skimming out any particles of browned or burned dough that might have blackened the fat. Then she fetched in the crullers from the cold pantry, and, after making sure that the fat was again at the correct temperature by means of another "try cake," she went to work to fry the crullers.

It was fascinating work, for they puffed up when they went into the fat, and the shapes that had gone in dough color came out a beautiful golden brown and were so good to look at that Betty could with difficulty refrain from making a meal of them then and there. But she restrained herself, sprinkled these, too, with sugar, and, while they grew cool enough to be put away in the big tin box that she had for them, she gave Hannah directions how to boil the chickens for the salad. That would not have to be made until the next day, but the chickens would have to be cooked at once.

There were two chickens, and after they had been cleaned they were put in a pot with three or four stalks of celery, a sliced onion, a bay leaf, a small bunch of parsley, and enough cold water to cover them. They were put at the side of the fire to cook slowly, and Betty rejoiced in the thought that she would have a fine soup stock as well as a salad from her chickens.

Betty's first work the next morning was to make out her pies. She followed the same plan she had pursued with her pumpkin pies, except that for the mince she cut strips of pastry with her jigging iron and laid these in a lattice pattern across her pies. Then she tried the oven to see if it was of the right heat for pastry and she found she could hold her bare arm in it while she counted eight. For biscuit or cake she should have waited until she could count twelve, but the pies demanded a hotter oven.

Now for the chicken salad! The meat had been cut from the bones and freed from skin and gristle. Betty measured it and allowed three-fourths as much celery, cut into inch lengths. Then she began her dressing. This was no modern *mayonnaise*, but the regular "Old Virginny" dressing used when *mayonnaise* was as yet little known in this country.



That's just right!

"Two cups of boiling water, to which you add two tablespoonfuls of corn starch; wet up with cold water," ran Betty's grandmother's recipe. "Stir over the fire until thick and add a tablespoonful of fat from the liquor in which the chickens were boiled. Take from the fire, whip in three raw eggs, and, when the mixture is nearly cold, put in the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, rubbed smooth with two teaspoonfuls made mustard, one tablespoonful powdered sugar, one teaspoonful each of salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoonfuls of oil, a few drops at a time, and a cupful of vinegar. Strain through a net, moisten the salad with half of it, and beat the rest into the thick part of the dressing, which should be entirely cold. Garnish the salad with the whites of the hard-boiled eggs." This was the complete recipe.

The salad was a success. Everyone praised it and called it different from ordinary salad,—as indeed it was. The ham, which had been boiled at the same time as the chickens, was sliced as thin as paper and garnished with parsley. The supper was not served until after the fun of the Christmas tree with its appropriate and incongruous gifts, and there was no regular table set. The supper was spread on the dining room table and the men waited on the women guests. The coffee was the only hot item, but, if there had been a ten-course collation served, the praise could not have been more generous or more genuine.

As Jack said afterwards, if they did n't like things, they at least carried their "bluff" to the extent of eating about everything in sight.

There were no floral decorations. The only appropriate adornments were Christmas greens, holly and mistletoe, and with these Betty and Jack had been lavish. There were wreaths tied with scarlet ribbons in the parlor windows; a big bunch of mistletoe, also tied with ribbon, hung from the chandelier, and holly and mistletoe, mingled with feathery evergreens, were in the center of the table. From the chandelier over the table hung ropes of evergreens, studded with bunches of scarlet berries, and there was a long garland of this brought from one end of the table to the other in such a way as to encircle the centerpiece and make a setting for the various dishes.

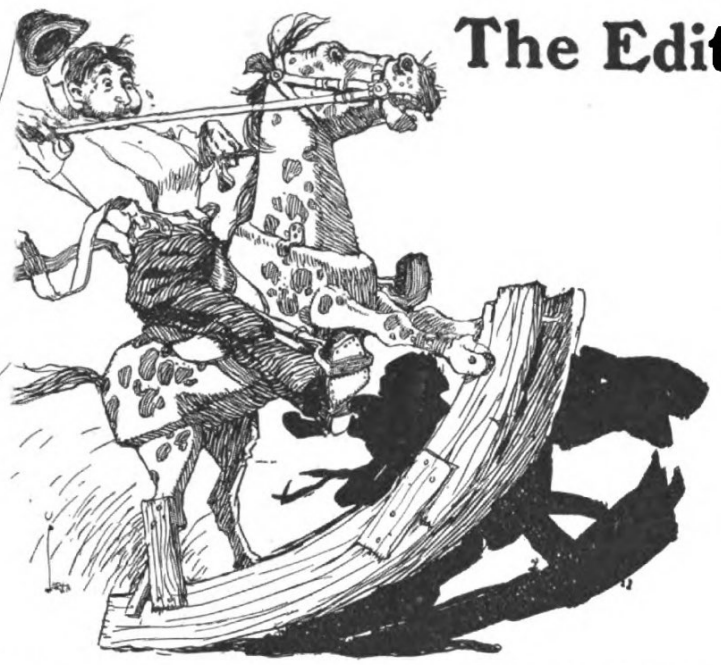


The men served tea

When I say "a rope," I may give the impression of heaviness. But the greens were arranged so deftly that the garland was not clumsy and the plumy sprays that radiated from it added very much to the beauty of the table. This was drawn out to its full length and the best tablecloth used.

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The Editor's Talks With Young Men



had a little hobbyhorse, His head was made of gingerbread,
His name was Hobby Gray; His tail was made of hay."

So began the old nursery rhyme, and many a reader has smiled at thought of uselessness of such a creation; but even an artificial horse with a gingerbread t, which was at least eatable, was worth far more than the noisy hobby of many an addle-pated enthusiast. How such a beast often runs away with its master! What a clattering it makes! How it prances upon the stage with him at all sorts of inopportune times! How it jolts him up and down, to the ruin of buttons and suspenders,—a thing which, like Poe's "Progress," "moveth ever and goeth always, but never gets anywhere!" It is a good thing to have a really well-trained hobby, on which to take a gentle, recreative canter occasionally by way of rest from the weariness of bread-and-butter duties; but beware, above all other things, of a "bucking," one that will keep you on the jump and frighten away all your friends.

* * * * *

There are many men who never get anywhere. They do not even have a hobby to ride; but, like the man who mounts one and then imagines that he is astride a dashing steed, they rock back and forth, blustering, perspiring, over-serious,—imagining that they are covering ground and making great progress, when, in reality, they are only wasting their energy without ever gaining an inch of headway. There are thousands of these hobbyhorse people who canter up and down in the same place. They have plenty of motion, but no progress, no "get there" qualities. They hop around all day in a peck measure. They keep going, but they go in a circle. They do their work over and over again. These people are full of ambition, and think that, if they will keep rocking, they will ultimately get somewhere, but they do n't.

QUALITIES THAT WIN

MEN of great achievement are characterized by their ability to grasp situations quickly and to seize opportunities. Their vision is clear; they understand conditions thoroughly; they act without hesitancy or doubt of results; hence, in most instances, they carry their purposes to a successful issue.

Those who accomplish great things do not do so by unusual straining or an exhausting output of mental or physical energy. J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, in the execution of his colossal schemes, does not seem to exert any great effort. He achieves his ends with apparent ease because of the lucidity of his ideas and his strong grasp upon situations.

The steel tools driven by the great cams in our shipbuilding yards go through solid steel plates with as much ease, seemingly, as the fingers of a cook go through yielding dough, because of the huge balance wheels whose mighty momentum, without jarring or straining, overcomes all obstacles. So, great workers compass vast results by the momentum of their intellects, their clear comprehension of conditions, and their ready mastery of complicated situations.

Such minds as these are self-contained, self-reliant, confident. They do not buttonhole every friend or acquaintance they chance to meet, and ask his advice or opinion in regard to their plans. They do not consult subordinates or equals; they simply look over the ground and study it carefully, as a skillful general studies his plan of the battleground before he leads his army to action, and then they act.

A noticeable example of this stamp of mind is General Kitchener, one of the most remarkable personalities of our time. Silent, stern, immovable, when a purpose is once formed, this hero of many hard-won battles is a sphinx-like type of concentrated power. He forms his plans unaided and executes them with the precision and force of a huge engine. His chief of staff was the only one who knew anything of his intended movements when he started one day on an important expedition during the recent war in South Africa. He simply ordered a locomotive, a guard van, and a carload of "Tommies." Orders were given to clear the track. Everything had to stand aside for him. No warning was allowed to be telegraphed ahead. He arrived on the spot without previous notice, and no general in the army knew when or where he might appear.

Another incident of his South African campaign is strikingly characteristic of the man. About six o'clock, one morning, he paid an unheralded visit to the Mount Nelson Hotel, Cape Town, scanned the register, and found there the names of officers who should have been on duty. Without a word to anyone, he went personally to the rooms of the offenders and left the following notice: "A special train leaves for the front at 10.00 A. M.; the troopship leaves at 4.00 P M. for England; you have your choice, sir." He would listen to no excuses, no parleying, no apologizing; that was his ultimatum, and every officer knew what he meant.

He wields an absolute power over those under him, because of his positiveness, his self-possession, his consciousness of being equal to any emergency, whatever it may be. Everything about him is indicative of strength, largeness, and breadth of make-up. Free from petty vanity or any desire for praise or flattery, he has a frank contempt for all social distinctions and frivolities. His personality has all the impressiveness of some great natural force, working out its purpose silently, effectively, and with the certainty of doom.

The conquering general is not an endearing character, it is true, his subordinates fearing rather than loving him; neither is he, any more than that other forceful character, J. Pierpont Morgan, a model type of man in every respect; but both men possess in an eminent degree those qualities of self-confidence, concentration, firmness, promptness, decision, and ability to grasp situations which everyone who would be successful must cultivate, the measure of one's success being proportioned to the degree to which he develops these indispensable qualities.

Men who have a wide grasp of intellect and firmness of decision are always positive. They know what they want, and are never on the fence. They do not waste their time shilly-shallying, seeking advice, balancing opinions, or splitting hairs. They decide upon a course of action, and then pursue it without hesitation or wavering.

KEEP GROWING

IF I could give the American youth but one word of advice, it would be that which Michael Angelo wrote under a diminutive figure on a canvas in Raphael's studio, when he called and found the great artist out, "*Amplius*," meaning "larger." Raphael needed no more. The word meant volumes to him.

I advise every youth to frame this motto. Hang it up in your room, in your store, in your office, in the factory where you work, where it will stare you in the face. Constant contemplation of it will make your life broader, larger, and deeper.

One of the most difficult things for you to do in any career is to keep growing. You leave school, fresh and responsive, hopeful and expectant of the great things that you will accomplish. You dream of study for self-improvement, of travel, of the delights of social life, and an ideal home life; but, when you get into business or a profession, there will be an almost overwhelming temptation to neglect your friendships; to cut off a little study here and a little there; to postpone the reading and recreation. Your visits to art galleries will grow less and less frequent. You will take a hurried breakfast, instead of eating slowly with your family, as you have dreamed of doing, and you will stay at your store or office until late at night.

There will be constant temptation to drop to the commonplace, to lower your standards, and to get into ruts. You will find it exceedingly difficult to avoid becoming a part of a machine for doing routine work. Unless you are in just the right place, and your work is a perpetual delight to you, there is great danger that the dry, dreary drudgery after a while will rob your life of all higher enjoyment. You will find your life narrowing as you advance in years, unless you are unusually determined and persistent in striving for larger and better things. You must make a constant herculean effort to keep growing. That life is a failure which does not expand into greater and grander proportions with advancing age.

Make up your mind, then, that, whatever comes to you, whether you make a large fortune or none at all, there is one thing you will do,—you will keep growing; that no day shall pass which will not find you a little larger, a little wiser, a little better. Then, if you lose your property, if misfortune overtakes you anywhere along life's course, or your hopes are blasted, your ambition demoralized, you will still be rich, you will have a larger wealth,—one which cannot be taken away from you. You will have the consciousness that you have, at least, improved your talents, instead of hiding them in a napkin. You will prove to the world that you can be rich without money, and that misfortunes cannot touch the real man, that the highest wealth cannot be swept away by fire or flood. You will have grown to the stature of true manhood.

THE PRIZE DEPENDS UPON IT

HE who aims at high achievement must be good to himself, must keep himself in prime condition, always ready for life's great contests. He must train himself for victory, as a college athlete trains for games or races.

The college boat crews which contest for athletic honors, every year, train hard and long all the winter and spring. They are obliged to abstain from all kinds of stimulants and from many articles of food which they like, eating only that which makes muscle and strength of sinew. They are compelled to keep regular hours, to observe a prescribed *règime* in eating, drinking, sleeping, and exercising. For many months they will store up the utmost possible reserve of nerve force, vitality, and physical endurance.

What has been the object of all these months of careful training, of rigid dieting, and of systematic living? Merely that the men may be able to withstand the strain of a twenty-minute contest! But the tremendous exertion called for during this brief period exhausts a large part of the reserve force upon which victory depends.

An inexperienced man would say, "What is the use of depriving oneself, during all these months, of even the slightest pleasure? What is the good of early retiring, of daily exercising, of running, rowing, punching the bag, or of gymnasium practice generally, if all the power developed is to be used in less than a half-hour's contest?"

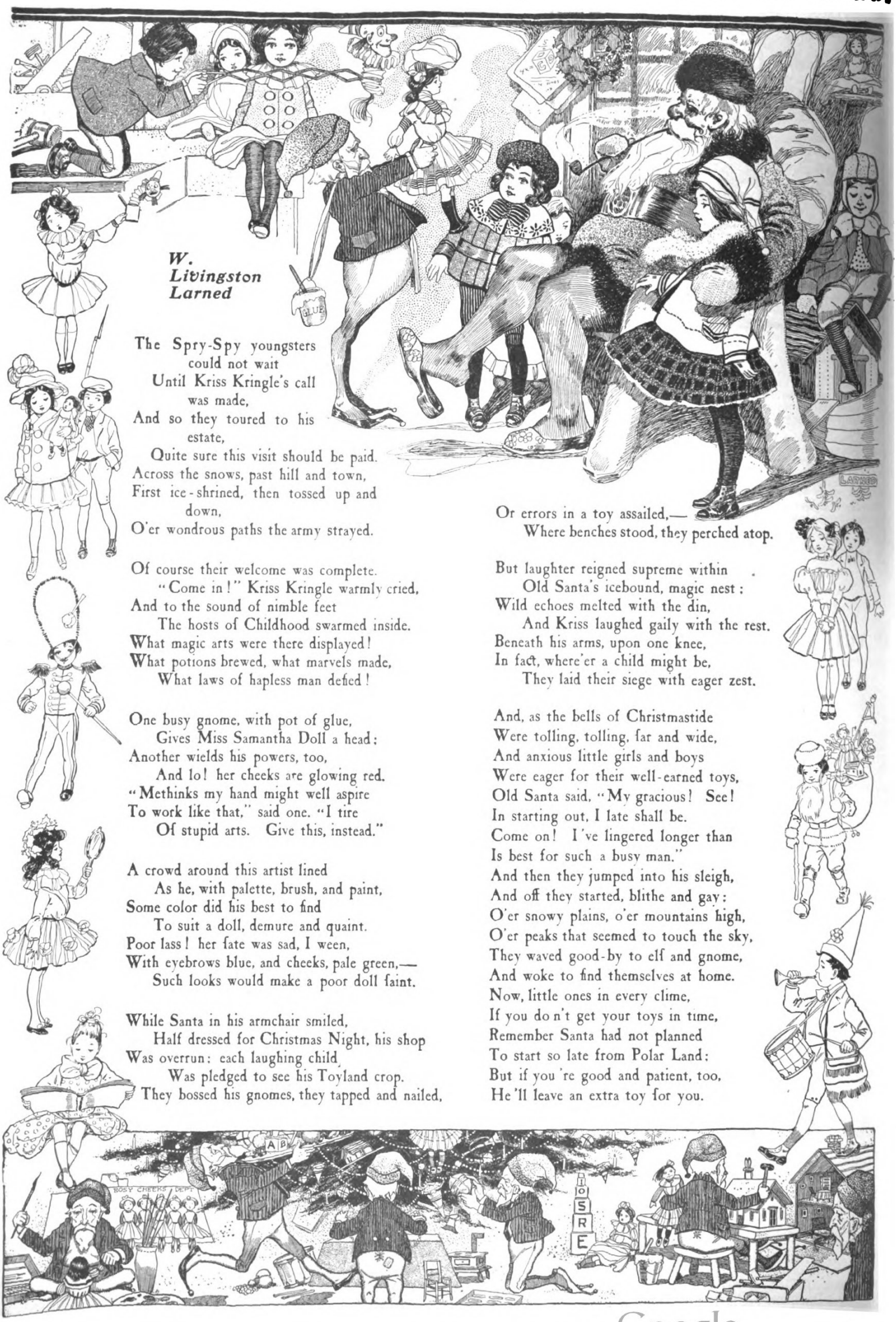
But I presume that every college student who takes part in a boat race, or other contest, wishes many times that he had trained more rigidly, that he had accumulated a greater reserve force for these few minutes' expenditure upon which the winning of the prize depends.

Every year we hear youths say, "What is the use of spending all these years in preparing for and going through college? Of what use is the result of these years of drill in mathematics, in science, in history, in languages, in the emergencies of life? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a knowledge of the fundamental principles of mathematics, an ordinary vocabulary, and the simplest knowledge of history, of geography, of political economy, of civics, and of languages will answer."

True; yet, for great emergencies, for the larger contests of life, in which the prizes go to the most competent, to the most highly trained, these youths will find that the years of drill and discipline were not too prolonged to assure success. They will rather wish that they had given more time, that they had put more energy and thoroughness than they did into the momentous work of storing mental and physical reserve power to meet all the emergencies of a lifetime.

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The Spry-Spys—IV.—They Visit Santa Claus



W. Livingston Larned

The Spry-Spy youngsters
could not wait
Until Kriss Kringle's call
was made,
And so they toured to his
estate,
Quite sure this visit should be paid.
Across the snows, past hill and town,
First ice-shrined, then tossed up and
down,
O'er wondrous paths the army strayed.

Of course their welcome was complete.
"Come in!" Kriss Kringle warmly cried,
And to the sound of nimble feet
The hosts of Childhood swarmed inside.
What magic arts were there displayed!
What potions brewed, what marvels made,
What laws of hapless man defied!

One busy gnome, with pot of glue,
Gives Miss Samantha Doll a head:
Another wields his powers, too,
And lo! her cheeks are glowing red.
"Methinks my hand might well aspire
To work like that," said one. "I tire
Of stupid arts. Give this, instead."

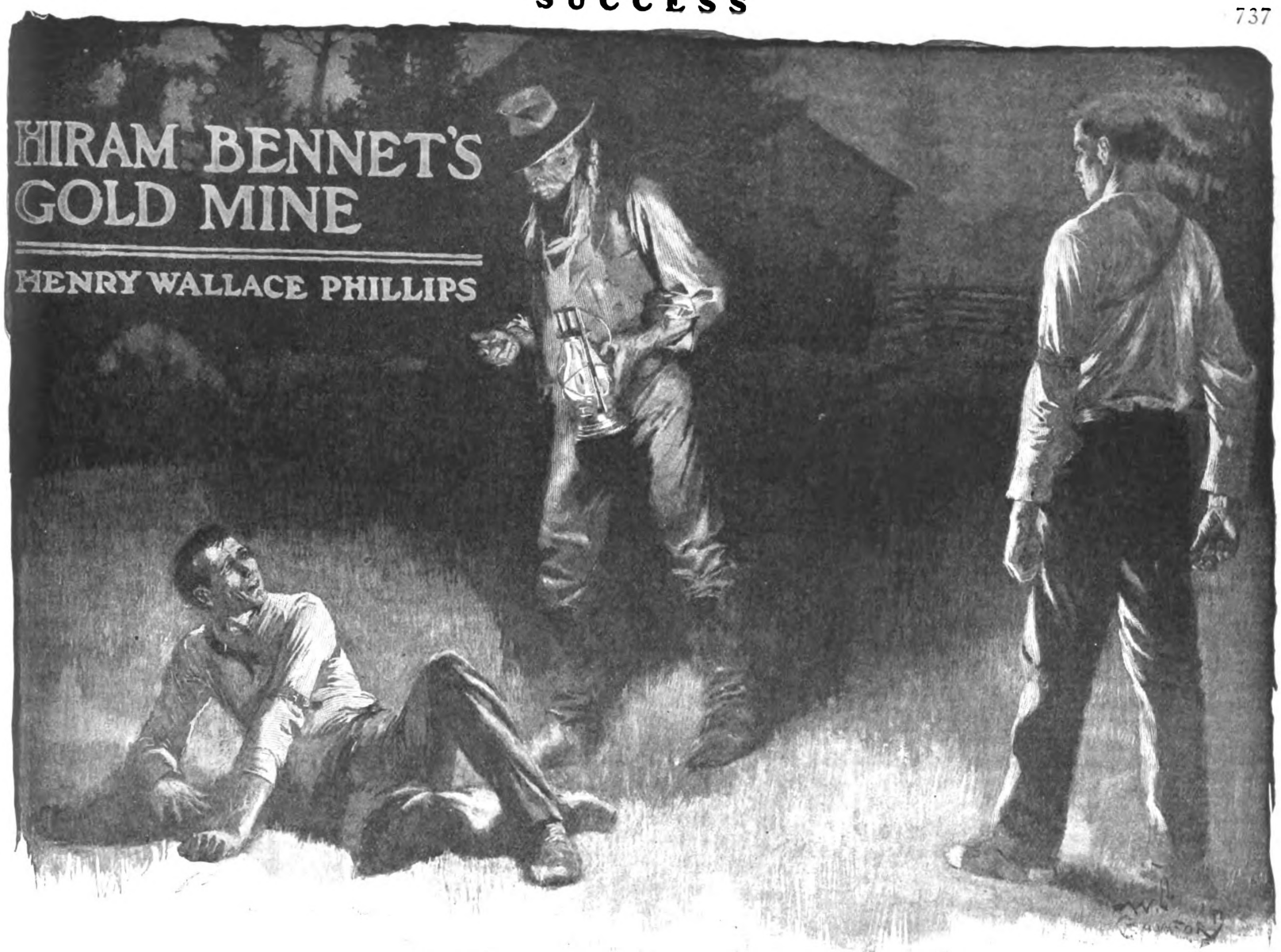
A crowd around this artist lined
As he, with palette, brush, and paint,
Some color did his best to find
To suit a doll, demure and quaint.
Poor lass! her fate was sad, I ween,
With eyebrows blue, and cheeks, pale green,—
Such looks would make a poor doll faint.

While Santa in his armchair smiled,
Half dressed for Christmas Night, his shop
Was overrun: each laughing child
Was pledged to see his Toyland crop.
They bossed his gnomes, they tapped and nailed,
Or errors in a toy assailed,—
Where benches stood, they perched atop.

But laughter reigned supreme within
Old Santa's icebound, magic nest:
Wild echoes melted with the din,
And Kriss laughed gaily with the rest.
Beneath his arms, upon one knee,
In fact, where'er a child might be,
They laid their siege with eager zest.

And, as the bells of Christmastide
Were tolling, tolling, far and wide,
And anxious little girls and boys
Were eager for their well-earned toys,
Old Santa said, "My gracious! See!
In starting out, I late shall be.
Come on! I've lingered longer than
Is best for such a busy man."
And then they jumped into his sleigh,
And off they started, blithe and gay:
O'er snowy plains, o'er mountains high,
O'er peaks that seemed to touch the sky,
They waved good-by to elf and gnome,
And woke to find themselves at home.
Now, little ones in every clime,
If you don't get your toys in time,
Remember Santa had not planned
To start so late from Polar Land:
But if you're good and patient, too,
He'll leave an extra toy for you.

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"Brockey was instantly on hand with his lantern. 'Don't you wiggle, Tom!' he said. 'All right; jump up; square fall'"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

[Hiram Bennet and William Truman invest in a block of gold-mine stock. Truman dies, and his shares of stock comprise his estate, of which Bennet is the sole executor. Induced by the reports of so-called experts to believe that the mine is to prove rich in paying ore, Bennet aids in the care of Truman's widow and three children, and pays assessments on the stock until they become so frequent that he is embarrassed in trying to maintain his own business through a dull period. Compelled to curtail expenses, he informs his son, Holton, that he cannot assist him further in college. This proves gratifying news to the son, a robust youth who, at his father's suggestion, is only too glad to assume the role of a secret service agent in learning the truth about the gold mine, a mission for which he fortunately is somewhat prepared by his studies in college. Arriving at the mining settlement, he lodges at "Brockey Cullen's Hotel," and makes known his wish to go to work at the mine. In "Brockey" and Tommy Darrow he finds good friends to assist him, and he secures a job as tool-carrier. The day that Holton begins work, his experience in athletics at college proves as profitable in its way as his studies are expected to be in the result of his investigations. On his way to work his nerve is put to a severe test in crossing a high and dangerous trestle; but he scores his first winning trick with the rough miners by climbing a rope one hundred and ten feet, hand over hand, to the top of an open cut, without touching his feet to the rocky side of the bluff. Holton Bennet's mettle places him at once on a firm footing with the miners, and his detective work begins.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE time of tool-carrying passed quickly. The mountain top was open to the sun and breezes, and an air of fun and frolic pervaded the outdoor work. Friendly scuffles and practical jokes seasoned labor. At noontime came the pleasure of eating with an appetite that made each mouthful a joy, and the never-failing delight to the young fellow of hearing tales of the mines,—the romance of Gold: the song of a good-natured siren who does not always lead her captives to destruction, but merely gives them a merry chase in which they gain strength of limb and depth of chest, to say nothing of a hearty zest for living, whether they lay eyes upon her or not. Indeed, he soon learned that there, as elsewhere, the chase was the thing. The legend of success in most cases wound up with a man who did n't know in the least what to do with his prize. The story of two old miners who had shared bed and board together for twenty years pointed this moral with emphasis. They found a quartz lead, and got thirty thousand dollars for it. The money they put in the bank and proceeded to live the life of gentlemen of leisure in town. They wore broadcloth suits all the time; they sat upon kegs in a store and whittled and talked. When this ceased to please they moved to another store. They seemed to have no aim nor ambition.

Each night Elijah said to Peter, "This not having to work *is* great, ain't it?" and Peter responded with vigor, "You *bet!*" Then they went to sleep and dreamed of the mountains. So passed a month. At the end of that time an old acquaintance of theirs, going to town for grub, met them heading out like a pair of colts, faces shining, happiness stamped all over them.

"Well, what now?" he asked.

"Bank's busted!" yelled Elijah, waving his pick in the air; then, remembering that this was hardly the way to act, he drew down his face and added, "We've met with a turruble misfortune, Hennery."

This attitude of mind was a balm to Holton, who felt only irritation at the importance laid upon piling up a certain amount of money because it was money. He wanted to win the game for the game's sake, not for the stake; to play his part as well as he could, and shake hands across the table whichever way the issue came. But the memory of his father's worn and anxious face urged him beyond his own wishes. It put temper in a metal that was good, but a little too yielding. Ordinarily he would step aside if his opponent pushed beyond the bounds of decency, withdrawing in disgust from the contest, but for another he would fight to the last inch. It is always a good thing for the world when an honest man beats a rogue in spite of his roguery. Rascality in defeat is simply ridiculous.

So Holton toiled at the mill-work with energy, He had not wasted his time on the hill. He had made friends with the men, and picked up many morsels of information that fell his way. Yet these were few. However open and frank the miners were in their own affairs, they had little to say about their employer's, and to them their employer was the man with whom they came into direct contact. Early in the day Holton discovered their singular view of the stockholder as an interloper and outsider. Although Mr. Bennet was really the principal owner of the mine, Holton felt doubtful if a week's talk would convince his companions that his rights overshadowed those of the manager. As a matter of fact, so strong was this feeling that the young man had to reason with himself that, in finding out whether his father was being swindled or not, he himself was not acting as a sneak. He had to come down to, and hang on to, the cold fact that a man who looks into the management of his own affairs is in no way liable to such an epithet.

Yet the men's position had a twisted sense of honor in it which Holton respected in spite of the hindrance it was to his pursuit. So far he had not an atom of evidence about the methods used, one way or the other. He had merely little pointers to show him where to look for evidence, and the good will of those with whom he worked. This, he knew, might in time expand into confidence, but waiting is slow work for the young, the middle-aged, and the old. One of Brockey Cullen's sayings was that he, Brockey, was a very patient man. "I can wait all right, as long as I can do it on the run," said he,—a feeling common to the human race.

In the mill there was something to work at, at least: there the ore came in; there the actual product was shown, and, when a man became familiar with the work, he could soon see whether the goods were being delivered or not.

The first night in the mill daunted Bennet. He had listened carefully to all of Tommy's orders and advice, and had tried his best to remember the last words, shrieked into his ears before his friend went off shift; yet what a lot there was of it to learn!

Everything seems so easy to the man who is used to it that Tommy never thought of the weight of responsibility bearing on his partner that night, and for many a succeeding night, for the matter of that.

Holton tried to be all over the mill, all the time, and any unusual sound sent chilly sweat down his back. The terrific uproar of metal hammering metal confused him, although he had his ears tightly stuffed with cotton. The flying cam-arms above, weaving a devil's dance of shadows on the wall behind, sickened him to look at. As usual with a beginner, almost everything went wrong that

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conveniently could. Rocks stuck in the hoppers, and he nearly had his arm yanked from the socket, once, by a stamp dropping on the end of his unskillfully handled hook. Then the stem of the feed stamp of a battery broke, and there was a frenzied banging of bare steel upon bare steel until the practiced ear of the night amalgamator caught the warning note above the general din and rushed to the rescue. Holton didn't hear what the night amalgamator said, but he felt from the expression of his face that it was no great loss. Then that battery had to be hung up, and the night amalgamator, by a few vigorous gestures, indicated that he expected Holton to do it. Holton stuck the cam-stick between the hurtling cams and the tappets with the constant expectation that his arm would be drawn in and smeared out like butter, and this in fact came near happening on the last stamp. He just yanked his hand away in time, while such a wave of chills and fever went over him as he had not experienced in many a day. The amalgamator snatched the stick from him, daubed some grease on it, and remorselessly waited for him to try again. The second trial, to Holton's deep thankfulness, turned out a success.

Such a tired boy came off that shift! He had had twelve hours of standing up, (for a feeder sits down only when he wants to lose his job,) most of them those long, long hours of the night when the rest of the world is asleep, hours of which the minutes stalk by with measured step, hurrying for no man, and then the dawn striking with icy breath into the damp air of the mill. Afterwards he came to enjoy those hours for their very unlikeness to anything else in the world, but at first he had no time nor space for sentiment, for weariness, pain, and hunger filled his mind.

It seemed strange to go in and eat supper while the other men were breakfasting, and full of the talk of the opening day, which strikes oddly on the ears of the man who has just done his. He ate his first breakfast-supper in dizzy unconsciousness of externals, crawled up stairs to his room, let part of himself fall on the bed, and forgot everything until five that afternoon, when he awoke with a strong temptation to quietly escape from the hotel and camp forever. The coming night seemed a hardship too great to be endured, to this young fellow, totally unused to hard work.

He went down to his topsy-turvy breakfast in quite a tragic state of mind, but there was the mountain wind blowing deep breath into his lungs; the mountain twilight resting in benediction on crag and pine-crested height; there was the whiff of Brockey's cookery coming through the open door, and there was the laughing, scrambling, bronzed and hearty comradeship. He came back to sanity. He looked at the virile faces around him. "They're men," he thought, and comparing himself with them put starch into his soul. "I guess I can stick it out," he concluded; "it's only hand-over-hand, when you get used to it;" and, being in a philosophic mood, it flitted through his mind that there was a strict relationship between that last tussle of five feet up the rope and the present situation.

Not giving up is more habit than inherent virtue. So he ate deeply of the good food, joined in the chaffing, and held up his end all around, and, if his heart fell when he stepped into the cold, damp, thundering mill, his face was smiling, anyhow, when he walked up to Tommy and took the hook from his tired hands, along with some information regarding the night's work to come.

"They're sending down that plumbago stuff," yelled Tommy,—"watch it; she sticks in the chutes, and gums up the feed,—that's from numbers four to eight; this side we're running quartz that's harder than old Pharaoh's disposition when he had dyspepsy. You don't want much water on that, but pipe the plumbago through. I've got the feed and water about right now, as the stuff's coming, but it may change at any minute, and if you don't keep that dirty, greasy, useless plumbago running free, she'll choke on you somewhere in spite of your teeth. You'll have to keep on the chute floor a good deal to-night."

Keep on the chute floor Holton did, as predicted.



"Holton stuck the cam-stick between the hurtling cams and the tappets"

All the horrors of the first night were as nothing to this. Stripped to the waist and streaming sweat, although the air in the mill had the chill of an ice house, he swung the long chute-rods most of that night, poling plumbago dirt to the devouring stamps below. That was a night without end. It seemed to Holton that he might easily divide it into months. All the light he had to work by was the flickering flame of a candle, disguising more than it revealed. He had to walk beams bridging what looked to be infinite space, in the darkness below, and upstairs and downstairs he ran, no sooner having things put to rights in one place than they were all amuck in another. The night amalgamator dropped his prerogatives of office and joined in the battle, which eased things a bit; yet still poor Bennet felt he would be a lunatic or a corpse by morning. It was a curious figure that held out its hand to the relief at a quarter to six, all covered with fine plumbago dust and shining like a newly-polished stove, save where the sweat had traced rivulets that shone ghastly white.

"Dead?" queried Tommy.

"Way past that," responded Holton, using up the very fag end of his strength in a smile.

"I thought I'd get over a little early,—fifteen minutes counts in the morning,—skip along with you. Take some coal oil first, to wash off with,—water won't touch that durned stuff. So-long," said kind-hearted Tommy.

This time Holton felt that he never—no, *never*,—would put foot in that mill again. He fell into a rage with his father for sending him to such a place; arguing out the reproaches he would heap upon his parent's head, as he stumbled along toward Brockey's. He felt that it was a wicked, heartless world that would treat any young man so, and he was near to weeping for pity of himself. He fell asleep between bites at the table, and Brockey and another man carried him upstairs.

It was tough, those first two weeks. Each morning saw the same spectacle of a haggard-faced youth, vowing vengeance on everybody even remotely concerned with the Bonanza Mine, and solemnly swearing that he was done with it forever. Gymnasium muscles are not working muscles, although they are a step toward them. Then he got his wind, so to speak. Instead of being utterly done when morning came, he was merely very tired; then it came about that it was plain tired, and, at the end of six weeks, he was just glad to get off shift.

Part of the change was doubtless due to his mental attitude. All the unknown things to do had shrunk from terrible specters of responsibility to the commonplaces of the day's work. He could laugh at himself—now that he was familiar with them,—for ever thinking them dreadful. His ear could pick out the warning note through the uproar of hammer strokes. By putting his hand on the feed stem, he could instantly note the clean, gritty shock, when shoe hit die, that told the ore feed and water supply were right; if it struck mushily, turn on the water, or off the feed, as indicated; if the shoe bounced, give it more rock.—oh, it is all very easy, when you know how! Then he learned there is an art in so simple a thing as poking a mess of dirt with an iron rod. At first he was astonished at the ease with which Tommy handled the chute-rods. He thought the Irish lad must be one of those miracles of strength which show no uncommon development to the eye, until he noted that his partner took most of the weight on his hip and had a trick of swinging the rod forward with his body, instead of with his arms. He learned there is a right way to handle every single thing a man puts his hand to, from pick and shovel up. Having this information, he looked about him with a new eye, asked questions only after he had learned what he could by observation, and asked much more intelligent questions for that reason.

The night amalgamator was a man of thirty-odd, named Johnson. He was slight and trim of figure, with an acute, refined face, and a tight mouth, scant of speech, with a hint of sarcasm in what he did say, and given to reading scientific works whenever a moment offered. He was a poor man to extract information from, yet Holton got two strong hints from him, due to his sardonic humor.

They were slight things in themselves, yet, as Brockey's proverb had it, "The last straw shows which way the camel's back goes."

One of Johnson's studies was to go the rounds once in so often throwing quicksilver into the mortars, to amalgamate the gold. Holton followed him one time, to watch the operation, and, as Johnson tossed a globule of the liquid metal into a bat-

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tery, asked, in all innocence, "Why can't you put in a lot, and make it do for the day?"

"I make it a rule to observe all the ceremonies," replied Johnson. Holton caught the tone of his voice and saw the amused cynical smile in his eyes, and knew, as well as words could have told him, that the night amalgamator did not believe there was the least use in putting any "quick" in any of those batteries, as far as the gold therein was concerned. He turned the thing aside at once for fear of putting the man on his guard, but determined to take advantage of the other's characteristics, if possible.

At another time, the amalgamator was dressing the "tables,"—large plates of copper, covered with quicksilver,—over which the thin mud from the mortars runs. Any fine gold in that mud is caught by the plates. It was the first time that Holton had seen them clearly, as always before they had been covered with the ever-flowing battery mud, and the yellow, metallic glint that shone upon them he mistook for gold.

"So that's the way it looks?" he asked, in surprise. Everything else about the mill had been so grimy and dirty, he was astonished to see something appearing as good as his preconceived ideas.

"What, looks?" asked Johnson, shortly.

"The gold," answered Holton, pointing to the plates.

"Gold, eh?" responded the amalgamator, contemptuously. Then he laughed, and continued, as if to himself, "It's as good gold as you will see till clean-up day, anyhow."

Johnson was a clever man,—even more than that, from his habit of employing each spare moment in study; yet in one way he was a foolish man,—he constantly looked down upon the people with whom he came in contact. Most of his sarcasms he delivered entirely for his own benefit, believing his hearers incapable of understanding them. But Holton understood this one. The talk of the camp had enlightened him in the matter of salted mines. He had heard of different methods of making a "clean-up" out of worthless rock. This speech, on the top of the other, thoroughly forewarned him. Perhaps, if he kept his eyes open, he would learn something to his advantage on clean-up day.

"When do you have a clean-up?" he asked, in an off-hand fashion.

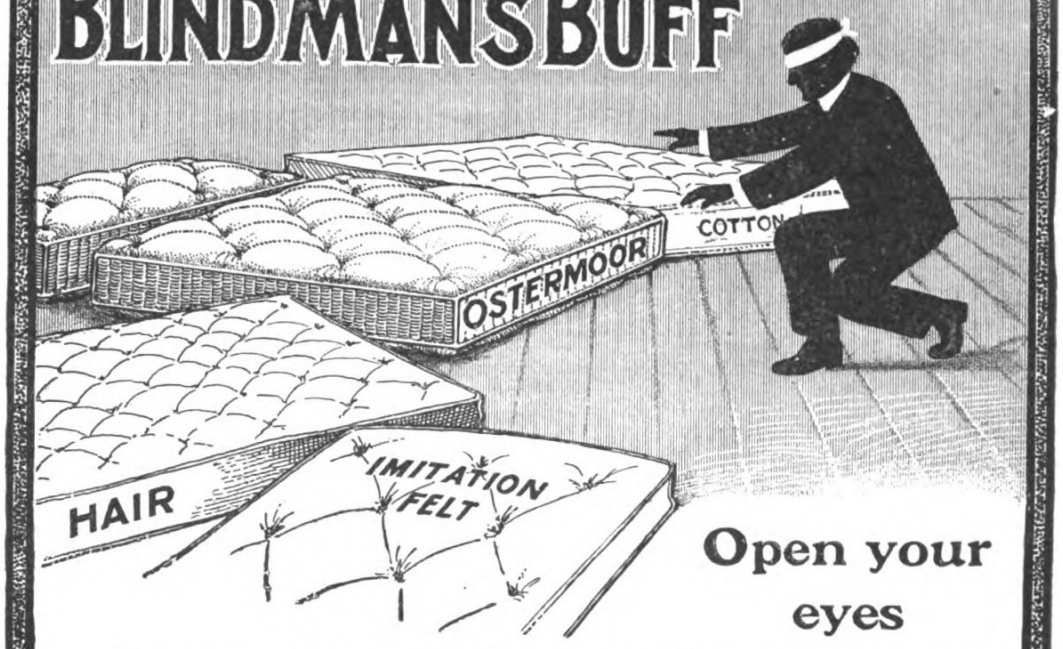
"Next Tuesday, I believe," replied Johnson. "We are to have a very fine expert to visit the works on Tuesday." Again Holton caught the note of derision in the smooth-spoken words,—such a little bit of a note that a stranger to the man would never have noticed it, yet there, and meaning much.

Holton made up his mind to watch everything that went in and out of the mill with all the keenness that he possessed, but the thought of the twelve hours he was off shift discouraged him.

If he could only take Tommy into his confidence, that would be all right. The Irish lad was as wide awake as a weasel. Little could go on that he would not see, if he set himself to watch. Between the two was a warm liking, yet Holton doubted if it was strong enough to put to such a test; let it once be knocked into that curly, stubborn, Irish head that defrauding stockholders was unrighteous and a thing to be suppressed, and it could be trusted for both ingenuity and discretion. But Tommy was no fool in many respects, and clung to his ideas like a bulldog; the whole sentiment of the camp would be with him, as against the outsider. What was needed was a master-stroke, to inspire the other with sincere respect for Holton's powers; then he would be likely to accept his view of the matter without argument. That touch of authority was now lacking. Tommy understood that Holton had an education, which, however, did not impress him particularly; whereas, on the other hand, what Tommy did n't know about running a mill was n't worth finding out; so, as a natural consequence, he patronized the other. In the present environment, Tommy was the better man; that was the long and short of that. Well, what could he do? Holton pounded his head for many an hour uselessly, and then found his chance right at his hand, as one might say.

Tommy was the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the camp, and he was vain of it beyond all reason. He took sporting papers to learn all the news of his favorite game; he was always practicing some new trip, and was willing to wrestle with any one at any time, on the slightest invitation. It was the one thing in the line of physical ability the boy could do well, in a land where bodily prowess was held in high esteem. He was lithe

BLIND MAN'S BUFF



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and very quick, and, best of all, he had an inborn sense of balance, qualities before which the greater strength of his companions went down. But Holton had all that Tommy had, plus fifty per cent. more strength, and a scientific training in the art, to boot. Several times he had watched Tommy wrestling, and had laughed to himself to think how easily he could put an end to his pretensions. Hitherto he had held aloof, fearing that a contest might result in bad feeling, where all his energies should be used in making friends. Now he knew better. There was n't a mean hair in Tommy's head, for one thing, and, for another, he felt he could make his victory so overwhelming that there would be no excuse for resentment.

There lay the chance. Ridiculous as it might seem, he knew that, if he should beat the Irishman in a wrestling bout, the other would probably accept his ideas on the ethics of mining without question.

CHAPTER V.

The match was a private one,—Holton was taking no chances. Tommy, defeated before the entire camp, might turn a little rusty. Only Brockey Cullen attended as referee. Some one was needed in that capacity, and so keen was the ex-cow-puncher's enjoyment of a contest of any kind that it would have been mere cruelty to exclude him.

"Brock," said Tommy, "Bennet and I are going to try a fall or two by our 'lones.' You want to referee the match?"

"Why, I reckon I might," responded Brockey, in delight. He dried his hands hastily, took down an enormous old silver watch from its peg on the wall, and led the way outside. "There's our little ring," he said, pointing to a smooth piece of sod, staked and roped into an arena. "That does well enough, don't it?"

"Could n't ask for better," said Holton. "If Tom's going to slam me down hard that will make a soft landing."

"D'ye know, I'm thinkin' you've got something up your sleeve, Bennet?" hinted the shrewd Irishman. "This won't be the first time you ever rastled, perhaps?"

"No, Tom, it is n't the first time."

"I thought that likely; I've been wanting to try you before, but you always put me off,—why was that?"

"I'll tell you some day, Tommy," replied Holton, with an air of mystery.

"Eh?" queried Tommy, sharp on the scent of a secret. Curiosity was his besetting sin.

Holton looked around; Brockey was some distance off, fixing a lantern so that its light would be reflected on the ring. He dropped his voice. "I'll tell you, as soon as I feel I can trust you," he said.

The Irishman's head went back. "Oh, so that's it? Well, now, other people do n't find it so hard to trust me! I ain't going to force you to do nothing you do n't want, and at the same time I must say that your words ain't hardly pleasant." His tone showed his hurt.

"What I mean, Tom, is this," cut in Holton, instantly; "it has n't anything to do with your honesty at all; the only thing is, I'm afraid you won't be on my side, when I tell you."

"Now, I ain't been so bad a friend to you as all that comes to, Holton! Did n't I get you the job, without a word of who you were, or where you come from? Ain't I come early in the morning, and done what I could to be a right pardner to you, since? What are you doubting about?"

"I would n't doubt a minute if it was my own affair, Tom, but there are other people in this,—here comes Brock; I'll talk to you later."

Brockey trotted up full of business. "Now this is collar 'n elbow, is it?" he said. "Well, Bennet, our rule here is to tussle five-minute heats; if there's no fall at the end of that time, the referee is to judge which man has the best of it. That counts one; square fall, two points down, counts two. Both men must stand up with loose arms and make fair and equal play with both feet,—that all right?"

"Suits me," said Holton.

"What I'm used to," said Tommy.

"All right, then," said Brockey; "let me look at your belts." The boys wore straps at the shoulder and elbow, in place of the regulation harness. Brockey tested them, full of importance. He squared his shoulders, held the old watch up in the light of the lantern, and commanded: "Take your positions!"

The boys gripped and waited. "Time!" cried Brockey, and at it they went.

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They made a vivid picture of young virility and address as they swung and swayed in the lantern light, through the pretty foot-play of collar-and-elbow wrestling. Not badly matched they seemed, either. Although the Irishman was pounds lighter, his antagonist's development was so even that his superiority of strength did not forcibly strike the eye. They wrestled in stocking-feet to avoid chances of a kick in the shin, and from this and their catlike certainty of action it came that they moved as noiselessly as shadows. Holton took things easily, watching for his opponent's weaknesses. He found one almost instantly. Tommy had a favorite trip for which he made an opening by feinting with his left foot, he being "right-legged," as Holton soon discovered. Holton knew the trick, but played his part as if ignorant of it. Tommy's right foot shot out to take advantage of the chance, and—Tommy landed on the broad of his back.

Brockey was instantly on hand with his lantern. "Don't you wiggle, Tom!" he said. "All right; jump up; square fall. First bout goes to Bennet, in one minute and twenty-seven seconds."

"Golly! That was quick!" was the Irishman's comment. "And I thought I had you sure! But I'm going to make you work this trip. Turn us loose, Brock; neither of us has had work enough to wind him."

"Second bout!" announced Brockey, as if to a large and expectant audience. "Take your positions,—time! Jeeroosalum!" he added.

Tommy had started right in to rush things, and Holton knew exactly what to do with people who rush things. Before Tommy realized that the bout was more than begun, Holton had stooped, with bent head, inserted the head, and his shoulders as well, beneath Tommy's chest, already dropping forward at the unexpected yielding of his opposite, and one vigorous flirt of the under body sent the Irishman flying through the air. It was all done in flashes; to the spectator's eye it seemed as if Holton had thrown him over his head at arm's-length, like a bundle of old clothes.

The Irishman lay just as he had fallen. "Oh, mamma!" said he, "why did you let me go into this business?"

"Are you tryin' to learn flyin', Tom, or are you 'rastlin?'" asked Brockey.

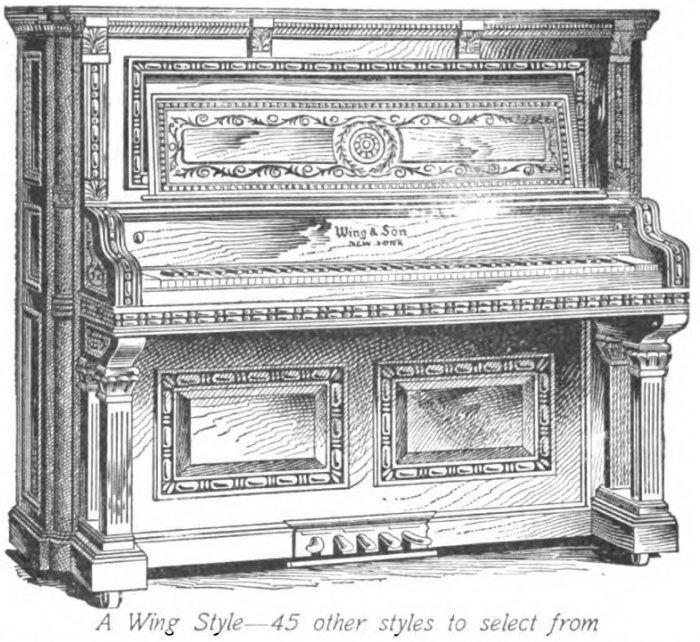
"Talk to the gentleman that put me here,—I don't know," replied Tommy.

"Second bout goes to Bennet, in three seconds," orated Brockey. "Has the gentleman now holding down the ground any unsatisfied desires about his person?"

"No pig in my family," responded Tommy. "When a man takes me by the scruff of the neck

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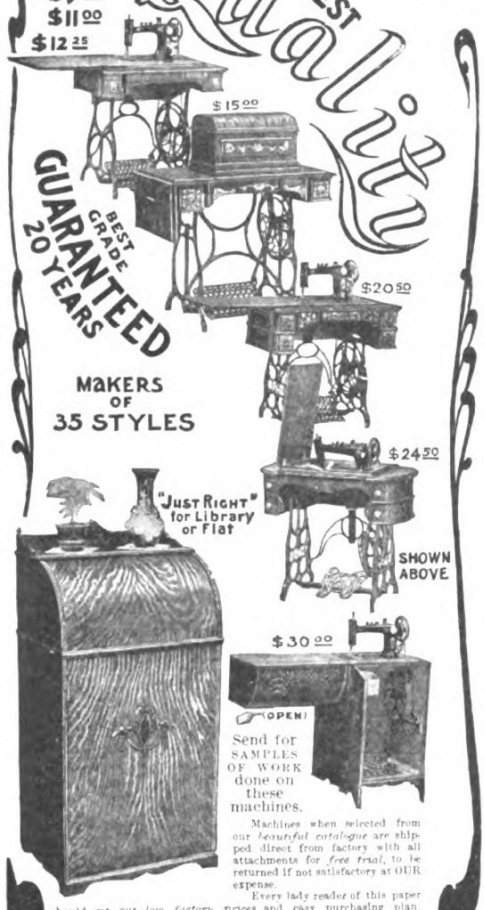


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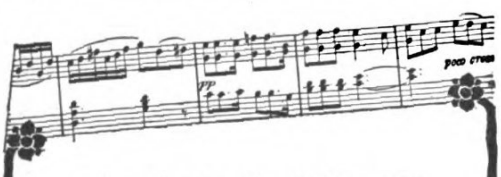
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and throws me seventeen feet in the air, I can tell I ain't in his class without any book." He jumped to his feet and held out his hand. "You could tie me in a bowknot, pard," he said, "but we'll just try one more, for the fun of it."

The next time Holton let him have his way; let him get what trip or lock he chose, and then broke it, finally laying him gently down.

"There used to be a rastler around here, named Tommy Darrow," said Brockey, musingly; "I wonder where he's moved to?"

"Look-a-here, you old chicken-rustler, suppose you do n't rub it into me while I 'm down, but try him once for yourself?" retorted the indignant Darrow.

"If *you* would n't mind, and you do n't feel tired nor nothin', *I* would n't mind givin' you a little whirl at side-holts," said Brockey. "That 's the only kind of rastlin' I know anything about. What say, Mister Bennet?"

"Go on! Go at him, Holt!" encouraged Tommy. "Break him in two; pull his legs off; stick him in the ground so far he'll have to run home and get a shovel to dig himself out!"

"How do 'side-holts' go?" asked Holton.

"Here, I'll show you!" cried Brockey, all eagerness. "You take hold this-a-way, and then you haul and push and trip and do what you can."

"All right; let 's try it," said Holton.

"Yippee!" yelled Tommy. "Here's where there 's a fall in the chicken business. Have you left your hotel to me in your will, Brock?"

"You keep still; I 've left you a brace of kicks, to be given by the man with the biggest feet in camp. You just jump up here and hold the watch on us, you!"

It took five falls to convince the stubborn, but good-natured cow-puncher. "Why, hello!" said he, the first time he smote mother earth. "I did n't get a good start, that time," he added, and the next time his foot slipped, and always there was some reason, other than the true one. The last excuse was a gem: he thought he heard a hen squawk, he said, and that took his mind off. Thereat Tommy rolled on the ground and howled. "Oh, come off, Brock!" he gasped, "you and your hens! Own up, now!"

Cullen first looked angry and then smiled broadly. "I s'pose I might as well," he admitted. "But I ain't used to bein' downed side-holts, and it comes hard. Young feller, they grew *rastlers* where you come from, all right,—how much do you weigh?"

"About a hundred and seventy-five."

"Sho!" cried Brockey, in surprise, "you're a heap heavier than I gave you credit for,—a man that weighs as much as that is big enough for anybody,—no wonder he twisted you up, Tom."

"Well, I ain't looking for reasons; I've seen the results. Tell us, on the square, you 're something more than just the ordinary scratch rastler, ain't you, Bennet?"

Holton caught the new tone in both the voices, and knew he had won what he sought. He was the best man at the best game in this land where such things counted; he was as big a man in the camp as the captain of the football team at a college.

"Yes, Tommy, I 'm more than a beginner," he said; "I do n't want to say anything that would sound like blowing, but now I can tell you I wrestled a professional middle-weight to a dead heat once."

They stood in rapt attention while he repeated the details of that fine struggle, illustrating the points with them as lay figures.

"Say, that was great! I wish I could have been there to see it!" said Brockey. "Tommy, you get Mister Bennet his coat,—I've got some 'sarvus'-berry jam in the house that I put up last fall, and some mighty good biscuit. Let 's go in and have some while you tell us more about them things."

"I've got to be trotting back to the mill soon, Brock," said Tommy. "Billy only let me off for an hour; we're having trouble by the hopperful now, as Bennet can tell you, and I do n't want to work the thing too hard."

"Well, just have a bite," insisted Brockey, and the three went in.

"The best of this business is," said Brockey, after the jam was disposed of, "that now we've got a man to handle Pete Gratton, from Silver Creek. He comes down here on Fourth o' July, and puts it all over us. My! but you two would paw up the dirt! We'll have to fix it so you come together this Fourth. . . . . We won't say a word to the other boys, Tom," he continued, gleefully; "it 'll be a little s'prise for 'em. Just drop a line

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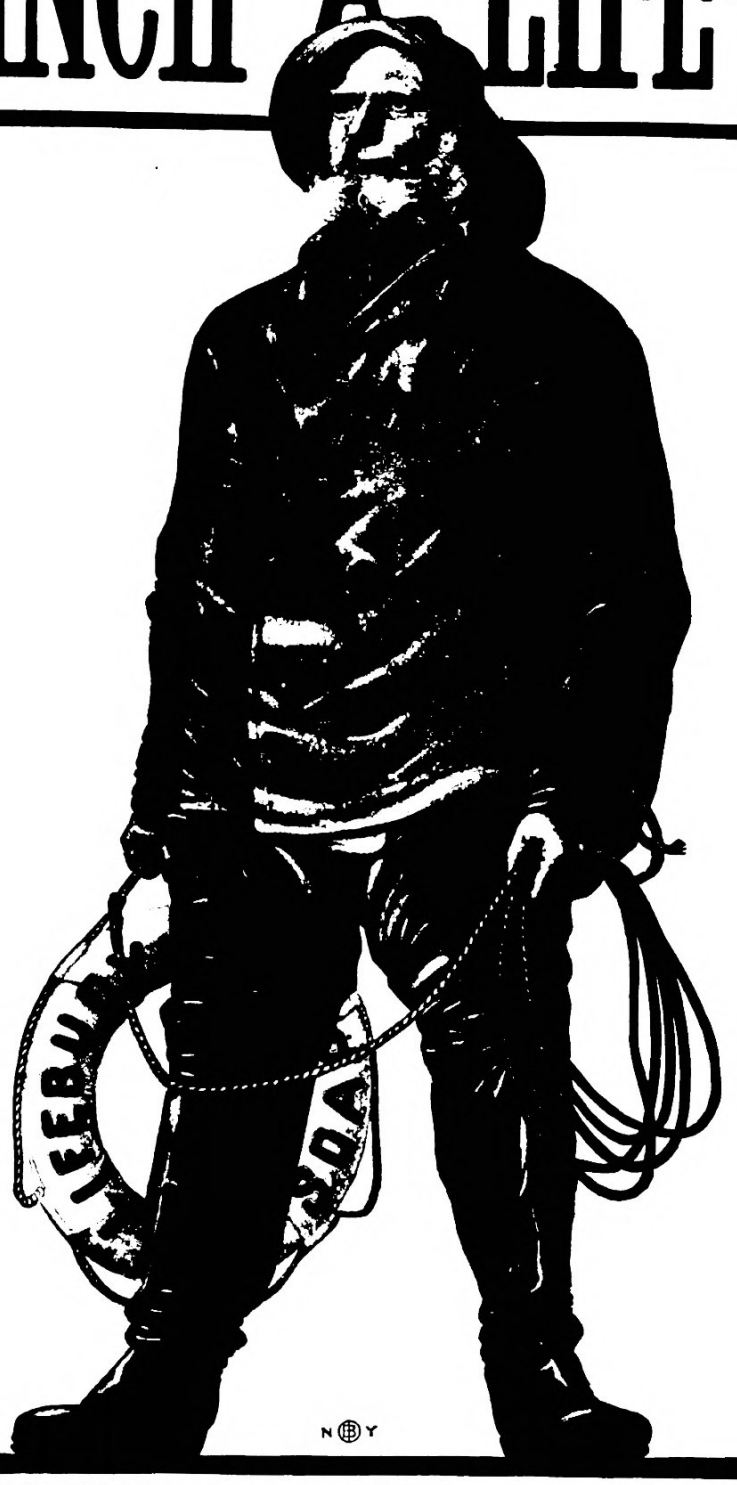
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to Pete, sayin' we've got a man here we want him to try. We can tell Pete; he won't never open that mouth of his."

"That's what we'll do, Brockey," assented Tom. "We'll have to let Pete know who it is or the chances are he won't bother to come. If we say not to let on about it he'll keep shut."

"He's a queer, black-complected sign of misfortune, that lad," said Brockey; "meanin' the best in the world, and an all-fired good rastler, but I never look at that solemn phiz of his without feelin' somethin' onlucky is about to get in its work. He follers Doctor Broughton's girl around as if he was her shadder,—not that I blame him for that, for she's prettier'n most pictures, and got more horse sense than most men. But she don't take to poor Pete at all. Fact is, the Doctor's brought her up so's she ain't thinkin' much about sweethearts and the like of that; she's more interested in mines and things of that kind."

"Why, I didn't know there was any young lady in camp!" said Holton.

"No more there ain't," replied Brockey. "The doctor, he lives all over the country, kinder makin' his headquarters here, because Missouri Jack's an old-time friend of his. Seems he and Missouri had a head-on collision during the Civil War, and one took t'other prisoner after a pretty lively scrap. It's a bully good yarn, the way they tell it, pokin' fun at each other. Doc's a three-ply gentleman, now, I want to tell you, and his daughter takes after her pa. Should n't wonder if you'd get kinder interested if you see that girl. When I come to think of it, you and her would just about make the——"

"Oh, break away, Brockey!" interrupted Tom. "He's the worst old woman in the country, Bennet, always trying to marry somebody to somebody else. I wisht you'd seen the little fat Butch girl he had picked out for *me*; he saw her when he was driving up to town for supplies, and nothing must do but he'd find out where she lived and all about her, and then I had no peace till I took my foot in my hand and called, and all that girl said to me was 'Yah!' I put in a half-hour being 'yahed' at, and then I come home. I'd a wore out a pick handle on you that day, Brock, if I could have found one. . . . . Well, I must now hike for the mill,—come along, Bennet, you ain't sleepy yet,—so-long, Brock, and thank you for the jam."

As soon as they were out of the house, Tommy caught his companion by the shoulder. "Holt," he said, with sudden boyish feeling, "I *know* you're all right, and I like you better than anybody I ever see,—just tell me what you are going to, will you? Honest, it ain't wanting to pry into things; it's just that I want to square myself with you."

"Have you got time to listen? It's quite a story, Tom."

"Sure!"

"All right, let's sit down."

They seated themselves by the roadside, and Holton told what had brought him there, in the simplest and most straightforward manner. He finished, and there was silence for a minute.

"I ain't backing down a bit, Holt," said Tommy, at length, "but you know I've always believed that sticking by the man that hires you—"

"How about the man that pays you?"

"That's so, too," replied Tom, thoughtfully. "It's your father that foots my bills,"— he whistled an aimless tune and snapped a piece of stick into bits. "If 't was anybody but you, Holt, I'd say it was a sneaking business, and give him the back of my hand on his face, but I know—"

"See here, Tom, I've been all through that, too. If I asked the boss what was going on here, would he tell me? He'd tell me something, surely. However, I would n't invest much on that from what little I know now. It's he that's the sneak and liar. I've never seen him, but I'll tell him to his face when I do."

There was a vibration in the young fellow's voice that meant business. Tommy, wise beyond his years in testing men, knew the ring of true metal.

"I believe on my soul you would!" he said, in admiration. "But do n't you be doing nothing of the sort, for he's a bad man to rile. He'd shoot you for half of it,—and he ain't a sneak as you can call it, neither. It's a queer world. He's a mighty nice man in some ways; he'd give you the shirt off his back."

"That my father paid for."

"Yes,—there it is again. Well, I'm in it," said Tommy, with sudden resolution. "I'll take



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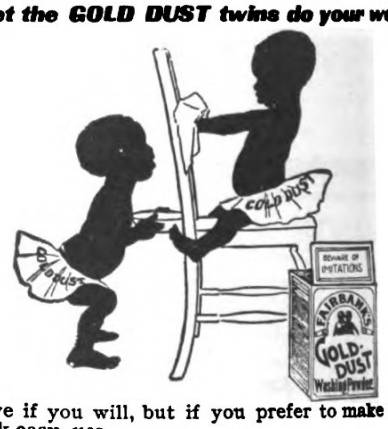
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your word it's all right. We'll have a great time getting on to those fellers! I can tell you, I've seen a thing or two that set me thinking before this,—now tell me what you know, so we can get together."

They compared notes until their slender stock of information was exhausted.

"Till pay day, eh?" said Tommy, when Johnson's remark was repeated to him. "Well, Uncle Johnson never says things that mean nothing, though they're always mean things that he says. Look here, now, no offence to you, old man, but I can see twice as much in the mill as you can."

"Certainly!" assented Holton, heartily. "I'd be a fool to think differently."

"All right, then; we'll change shifts. I'll go on with Johnson; we know all he'll tell us, and the rest is for us to find out. Now, Billy is a good-natured soul, but, if it came to putting salt in the clean-up, I doubt if he'd stand for it, though he'd wink his eye, if 't was done by someone else. I'll keep shift till twelve, when you come in; then you go off at six and take the day, while I take the night. Nobody'll think anything of it, as we can change as we please, and it's a thing that's often done. I was going to speak to you about it anyhow, feeling you'd get horribly tired of the night work."

"Thank you, Tom."

"Thanks nothing! I'm in it now, I tell you! I'll trot on down now. Come along as far as the store."

Holton, rejoicing in his new-found ally, went on to the store, and a new experience.

[*To be continued in the January "Success"*]

SIX WORDS

SIX little words lay claim to me each passing day:
I *ought*, I *must*, I *can*, I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*.
I Ought,—that is the law God on my heart has written,
The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.
I Must,—that is the bound set either side the way,
By nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.
I Can,—that measures out the power intrusted me
Of action, knowledge, art, skill, and dexterity.
I Will,—no higher crown on human head can rest;
'T is freedom's signet-seal upon the soul impressed.
I Dare is the device which on the seal you read,
By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.
I May among them all hovers uncertainly;
The moment must at last decide what it shall be.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:
The six lay claim to me each hour of every day.
Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know each day
That which I ought to do I must, can, will, dare, may.

WISDOM OF THE BRAHMAN.

Self-Consciousness as a Success-Killer

NO MAN ever does anything great or lasting in this world while he thinks of himself or is self-preoccupied. Self-consciousness has ruined many an otherwise great orator, it has spoiled many a book, many an essay. It is a quality which people do not easily forgive, for it is closely allied to selfishness, which is universally disliked.

This enemy of success is a very difficult one to kill or eradicate. It drags its unbidden self into the most delicate situation, and refuses to leave when commanded. It is a great detractor of character, and is often very misleading. A victim of self-consciousness is often blamed for this quality, even when he has been trying to get rid of it all his life.

It robs a young orator of naturalness, of ease, of poise, of equilibrium, until he is often forced either to retire in confusion, or to give up in defeat; it is fatal to originality, spoils individuality, and dwarfs one's powers and influence. Whichever way the victim turns, this self confronts him. When combined, as it often is, with shyness,—a perpetual disposition to keep out of sight,—it requires great force of will power and aggressiveness and decision to overcome the tendency to shrink.

Wasted Energy

REMEMBER that "the mill will never grind with the water that has passed." You start out in life with a certain amount of energy; you can use it for farming, teaching, practicing law or medicine, or selling goods. If, however, you allow a multitude of little leaks in your reservoir to drain off your supply, you will be surprised at the small amount of water which runs over the wheel to turn life's machinery,—to actually do life's work.

IF YOU ARE DETERMINED TO SUCCEED

your determination should be mixed with brains. Of what use to waste your strength climbing twenty flights of stairs when the elevator is running? Native cleverness is good—good for little without training. What would you expect to accomplish in sports if you did not train? What success can you expect in life without preparation? And besides the special training which is needful for every occupation worth anything, the broad foundation on which general success must rest should not be forgotten.



You cannot always be studying text-books or digesting hard, dry facts. But supposing you can find books which, while as interesting as romances, fairy tales and stories of adventure, are as profitable as the text-books? You need such books for relief from the strain of systematic study. But besides being a relief they may also be instructive. For instance, what would you think of taking a rest by reading the most brilliant, thoughtful and instructive speeches, the wittiest and most entertaining addresses delivered on festive occasions during the past fifty years, by those whose names are household words? Do you think it would be a waste of time, that you would not learn much from a chat with President Roosevelt, Andrew D. White, Ian Maclaren, Henry Watterson, William Ewart Gladstone, Sir Henry Stanley and Cardinal Gibbons; or that you would fail to be amused by listening to Mark Twain, Wu Ting-fang, General Horace Porter, Chauncey Depew—and a host of others?

You Most Certainly Will Succeed, if

you go about it the right way, and that way is to prepare yourself as thoroughly as possible. Arm yourself not with one weapon, but from head to heel; and having thus armed yourself, use every weapon. The man who shuts his eyes and opens his mouth in the expectation that roasted larks will fall in, is stupid; he who takes a catapult instead of a gun is not much better. He who expects to succeed without preparation is likely to find his success limited to expectation. Andrew Carnegie, himself one of the most brilliant and striking successes of modern times, has given proof of the value he attaches to general reading. The editors of "Modern Eloquence" have, in their turn, done their best to provide material for a good foundation for success.



If you wanted to erect a house, and were told where you could get the best of material, would you not set out to get all possible information, including the opinions of those who had used it? If your address was not known to the dealer you certainly would not wait for the information to reach you in a roundabout way, because obviously it would be to your interest to send for information.

Among the subjects dealt with in "Modern Eloquence" are: Success (E. W. Bok, Andrew Lang, Pinero); Character (Phillips Brooks, Starr King); Twenty-nine speeches delivered at Chamber of Commerce Banquet; Capital and Labor (Froude); Business (Conwell, C. W. Elliot, President Hadley); Causes of Unpopularity; China; Civil War; Clear Grit; Commerce (Blaine, J. H. Choate, Gladstone, Seth Low, John P. Newman, James R. Lowell); Communism; Education (Maclaren, Evarts, Depew, Balfour, Hillis, Cleveland, Gov. Curtis).

If you would like further details write.

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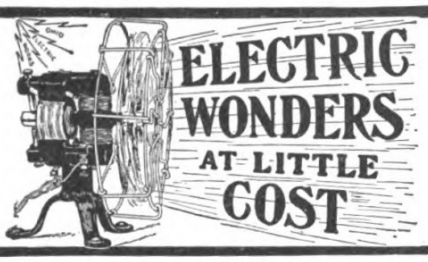
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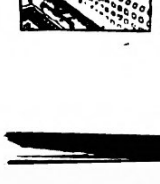
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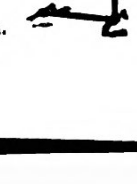
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SUCCESS ACHIEVEMENT

Nuggets of progress gathered in the busy world's storehouses, showing what ambitious men and women are doing

Typewriting and mat-weaving have been successfully taught to the blind, and it is believed that they could even learn to make lace, and thus gain a new means of livelihood.

▲ ▲

After thorough trials of American and British locomotives on the government railways of New Zealand, the officials report that the best results have been achieved by the former.

▲ ▲

King Oscar of Norway has bestowed the Grand Cross of Saint Olaf on Captain Otto Sverdrup, the arctic explorer, and has given him an annual allowance of eight hundred dollars.

▲ ▲

The building of an electric road between Mansfield and Ashland, Ohio, a distance of sixteen miles, is now in progress, and by next spring a trip across the state from Cleveland to Cincinnati may be made by electric cars.

▲ ▲

A fleet of twenty-five oil steamers having a capacity of nearly six thousand barrels, besides a large number of barges having almost the same carrying capacity, will soon be plying between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Texas. The vessels are huge floating tanks into and from which the oil is pumped.

▲ ▲

The Navy Department has issued a new cook book which is to be law for cooks on every war vessel of the United States. The book includes recipes for standard articles of food, soups, meats, fish, bread, canned food, and desserts of all kinds. It is explained that these recipes are deduced from a series of experiments made with articles of the navy ration.

▲ ▲

Robert M. McWade, United States consul at Canton, China, has brought to Washington the full particulars of a discovery for the cure of leprosy, the honor for which is due to Dr. Razlag, of Vienna, who for some time was connected with the United States army medical corps in the Philippines. It is stated that at Canton fourteen cases were treated by him with success.

▲ ▲

Some striking figures, indicating the immensity of the municipal problem with which the London authorities are confronted, are furnished by the recently published report of the London county council. According to the census of 1901, the population of the administrative county of London was 4,536,541, while Greater London, immediately surrounding the county, showed an additional population of 6,500,000.

▲ ▲

The tunnel being excavated at Niagara Falls for the Canadian Niagara Power Company is a remarkable piece of engineering. When completed, it will have a length of 2,200 feet. About 900 feet from the wheel-pit and 1,300 feet from the portal a shaft, was sunk to the required depth, then, from this shaft, excavation was carried on in both directions. Both the tunnel and the wheel-pit are to be lined with brick throughout. The wheel-pit will be about 180 feet in depth.

▲ ▲

The question of the employment of women in the government service is receiving a large share of attention on the part of officers in the United States service. It has been noticed by them that the proportion of women in the public employ is gradually increasing. There are usually more women than men who are able to pass the civil service examinations, but the ratio of appointments is about the same. It has been stated that the reason why the aggregate number of women is increasing in the department service is that they do not leave their places to go into private occupations as men do.

▲ ▲

Former Postmaster General Thomas L. James, president of the Lincoln National Bank of New York, says, as the result of personal observation in a tour of the United Kingdom, that the position that the United States has come to occupy in the family of nations is much larger in the estimation of the average Englishman than it was even ten years ago. "More and more," he says, "it is the vogue for the educated Briton to visit the United States, and each time he comes here he learns something, and when he returns home he is a first-rate missionary. The Englishman finds that the best of opportunities exist for remunerative investments in our great country, opportunities quite as great, perhaps, as are to be found in South Africa."

▲ ▲

At a recent session of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Sir Frederick Bramwell, setting aside the manufacture of a universal language as impracticable, suggested that a living language should be taken and that all the important nations of the earth, the United States, Germany, France, and England, should agree that no person in these states over whom the government had control, directly or indirectly, should, after the expiration of, say, twenty years, be eligible for any appointment, from prime minister down to a policeman, unless in addition to his own language he is able to read, write, and converse in some other language. That language, it is proposed, should be Italian. Its adoption, it was argued, should not cause any international jealousies. It is closely based on Latin and is highly melodious.





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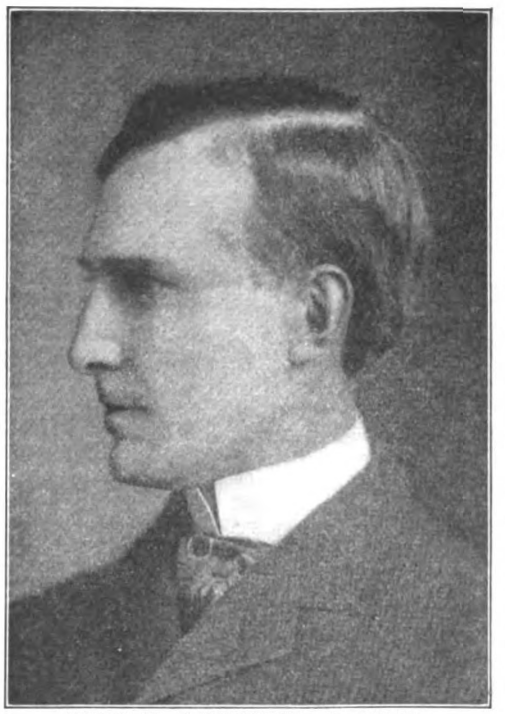
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The young men whose pictures appear at the bottom of this ad. knew absolutely nothing of advertising until they took this course. They studied three evenings a week, and upon the completion of their course, were placed in their present positions solely upon our recommendation. They are only five of a great number and not a single failure has ever been reported to the management of this institution.

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A GIFT FROM THE CZAR

[*Concluded from page 726*]

"I am starting on a journey, a long journey."

"And where are you going, my child?"

"I don't know. I only know it is far, far away,—that it is very cold there, and that my father went there long ago. We have been waiting for him to come home. Last week my brother started to find him on the same long journey."

"Your brother started to find him," the sculptor repeated, "on the same long journey?"

"Yes," said the child.

"Have you never heard the name of the place?"

"No. My brother would not let me ask anyone, and he never told me."

"Where did you live when your brother went away?"

"I lived past the great church with Mother Grevy, in one of the stone houses where she keeps the gate on the street called ——."

"Oh!" exclaimed the sculptor, "you lived in the house that was torn down the day before yesterday, where all those dangerous papers were found hidden in the space between the walls. There were strange rats in that house, my little man."

"Yes, there were rats," Paul replied. "Whenever I heard a noise at night, my brother told me that Miece, Mother Grevy's dog, had chased one into the house."

"Did your brother go away alone?"

"Oh, no! He had friends among the soldiers who might call for him at any time, he told me. 'Noisy fellows,' he called them. They were very good friends of his, and were to go with him to the station."

"Yes," the sculptor said, "they must have been very good friends. Now, my little man, you must not cry when I tell you about your brother's going, for I know something about it. He has, indeed, gone on a long journey."

"But he said he would come back, surely," the child broke in.

"Yes, he will come back," the sculptor said, "if we can make it possible. But there is only one thing that will bring him back, and that is to stay here with me and work until we have made something so beautiful that the czar will see it, and will ask your brother to come back and let him stay here with us."

The child was led to give up his journey and to live in the sculptor's studio. At length he found in the pliant clay the means of readily expressing the thoughts that were with him night and day. Meanwhile, the sculptor, Antocolski, in his own mind, was working out a way to win back the exiled brother.

This sculptor was in high favor at St. Petersburg, and the Christ which had gone to the church in the center of the city was a gift of the czar himself. For three years the boy worked on, sleeping at night on a bench covered with furs, which the sculptor arranged for him. Close to him lay the great Danish hound, Max, who had grown to be his dearest friend. The dog would watch every movement of the boy, and in his lonely hours Max filled, in a measure, the blank left by the departure of that brother whom he prayed for night and morning. All his work was for the return of his brother.

Antocolski brought to the studio, one day, the picture of a very beautiful child, a little girl of six or seven years of age, and said, "My boy, I want you to keep this face before you; to think of it until it becomes a part of your life, for it is this little face and form which is to bring your brother back from that far country."

The boy kept the face before him until he was a youth of seventeen. The last four years he had spent at the Academy of Saint Petersburg, where the sculptor had placed him. To the joy of the artist, Paul had repaid all his efforts by taking the gold medal and the *Prix de Rome*.

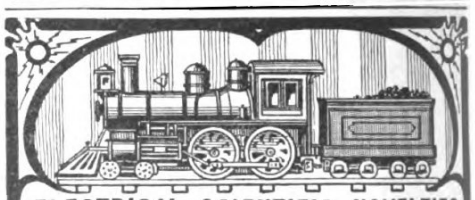
During the last year a statue of a little girl had grown in the studio; first in clay, then in plaster, and then in the finest marble that the mines of Carrara could furnish. It was the only daughter of the czar, the idol of her father's heart, who had died at the age at which the picture represented her, and whom sculptor and painter had tried in vain to reproduce to the czar's satisfaction.

The sculptor knew that only one thing could bring back Frederick Welonski and his father; that no money could purchase their return; that only some gift beyond price could win the word from the czar which would mean freedom to the exiles.

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At length the statue was completed, and the czar's secretary told Antocolski that the czar would visit the studio to see the statue and the sculptor who had created it.

The next afternoon there was a great noise outside the studio, and men on horseback and the carriage of the czar stopped there, and the bodyguard formed in a circle round the door. Chisel and hammer were forgotten as the marble cutters gazed in awe at the royal visitor.

They were going to open the great door, but the czar said he could pass through the small one, and stepped through it with the freedom of a man used to exercise.

"Are you the sculptor, Antocolski?"

"My czar, I wish I were. But I have one here who, although only a youth, has accomplished what I thought was impossible to render. I mean the spiritual beauty of the fairest of all children."

The czar bowed his head, and a pained look crossed his face. The master presented the youth, who came forward shyly. Half to himself the czar muttered, "He has the face for the work." To Antocolski he said, "You have chosen well."

The master then stepped forward to uncover the statue himself, and the czar dropped into a chair placed in the shadow of the statue, which stood directly under the north light. He tenderly lifted the draping, as if he were unveiling a living thing, for he had come to love this statue. When it was all uncovered, it stood there in all its white and perfect beauty, a child of six or seven, with her hair flowing loosely in the wind, and holding upon her left hand a dove, which she was stroking gently with her right hand, the while she looked down at the bird with all the delight children take in the pets they love.

The sculptor and his pupil almost held their breath. There was no movement in the chair in which the czar sat, till suddenly he drew his hand across his forehead, and covered his eyes.

"What is the price you put upon your pupil's work, Antocolski?"

"My czar," the master replied, "there is no price. Money cannot buy it. It is a gift from this studio to your majesty."

"What can my kingdom afford to repay the young sculptor for this perfect work?"

The sculptor then unfolded, with care and tact, the story of the boy's life, touching upon the absence of his father and his brother, and how he had come to the studio and was about to start out on the long journey they had taken.

"My poor people! My poor people!" the czar exclaimed, "how I wish it could be different with them!"

Antocolski went on telling how Paul had passed seven years with this face before him, and then said, "My czar, if you wish to brighten and bless this life forever, speak the word which will recall the brother and father from Siberia."

With the generosity and impulsiveness for which the late czar was noted, he exclaimed, "It shall be done at once!"

He did not wait to return to the palace, but, turning to the secretary who stood behind his chair, he spoke a hasty word. One of the guards was dispatched at once, and the boy's heart grew dumb as he heard the horse's hoofs clatter down the streets with the speed with which the czar's messages are carried about the vast kingdom.

The statue of his child was transferred to his private library, and, as its beauty and likeness grew upon him, the czar became impatient to compensate the sculptor for the joy he had given. Telegrams came and went. Frederick Welonski was at length found, much broken, but still at work in those mines where the strongest lives wear out in a dozen years, and where insanity and death claim both men and women before they have touched the goal of middle age.

For a long time the father could not be found, but at length the record came, "Shot for inciting others to escape." Another Polish martyr was lamented in that silence which is not allowed to be broken throughout Siberia.

The elder brother knew not where he was going, —only that he was treated with a kindness which astounded him. He had, alas! reached that almost comatose condition where the man becomes as the pick or shovel that he handles, or the benumbing machinery that he watches.

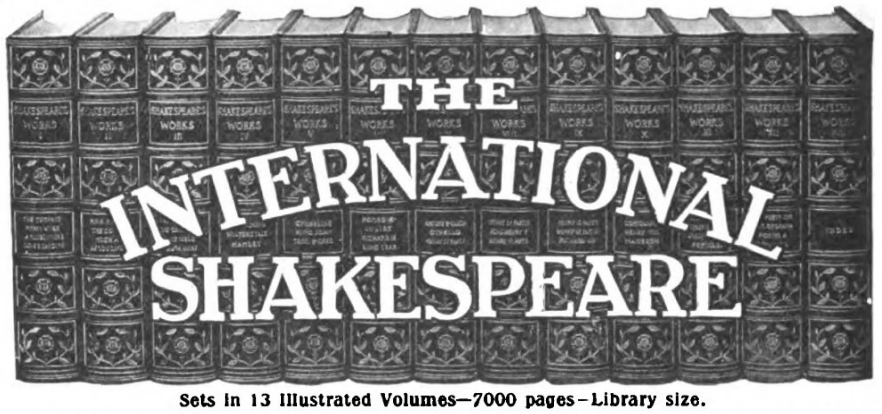
One morning he awoke hearing the bell in the prison at St. Petersburg. The czar had become so interested in this story of suffering and achievement that he had planned—for his own happiness, perhaps,—that the meeting of the two

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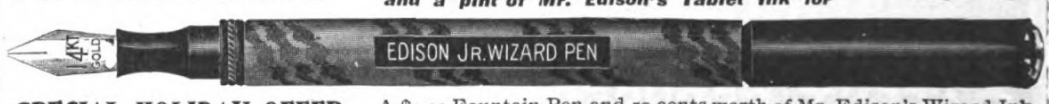
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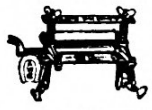
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brothers should be in his private library, before the statue, with only the sculptor Antocolski and himself present. Frederick Welonski's wonder grew when he was taken to the royal palace, and at length was shown into the czar's private library, alone, with only books, a desk, and a covered statue. Soon he saw a face he knew, and Antocolski entered. The distinguished sculptor did not dare to break the good news too suddenly, after the awful blank and loneliness of the seven exiled years.

"So you have come back from your long journey, Welonski, and you will take up your wood-carving again?"

"Yes, I hope so," he answered, with the meekness of one who has been companioned by his thoughts alone, and to whom introspection is second nature.

"Have you word of your—" the sculptor hesitated,—"of your family?"

"I have no family, Mr. Antocolski."

"But when you went away, had you not a brother, a small brother?"

"Oh, yes," and the face lighted for the first time, "have you news of him?"

"If I had not, I should not come here to-day to meet you."

"He is alive, then?"

"Alive and well," the sculptor replied.

"What is he doing?"

"We will show you presently, but I am waiting for his majesty, whose prisoner you still are."

At that moment the door opened, and the czar walked in. He sat down at his desk, and leaned his head on both hands as if in deep thought. He scarcely noticed the two men. Suddenly, he seemed to awake. Looking up, he said: "Is this Welonski, the nihilist?"

"Yes, your majesty," Antocolski replied.

"This is the prisoner who led that dangerous movement down in ——— Street, where we found papers inciting thousands of the Poles to insurrection?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"Antocolski, lift the drapery off that statue."

The sculptor moved forward to do it.

"And very gently, mind you," the czar added.

Welonski could not withhold an exclamation of wonder as he looked at the beautiful figure of the child, stroking her dove. Not only was it carved with the dexterity of a skillful sculptor, but it was touched with the tenderness of a great spirit.

"Is it not strange," the czar continued, "that this child should have purchased your freedom, and that to me you are no longer Welonski the nihilist, but Welonski the wood-carver, with a living of your own, and a house more comfortable than the one my soldiers destroyed?"

The face of Welonski changed from apathy to question, from question to satisfaction, and then it clouded with anxiety.

"I,—what does?—oh, tell me—" The nihilist was trying hard to speak. For a moment he stood as one struck dumb. Then he regained his speech and said: "My brother? Where is he? What is this happiness without my brother? How has this statue purchased my freedom? There must be some mistake. My place must still be in the mines."

The czar rapped on the table with his hand, and a youth entered. Welonski was still asking for explanations, and did not notice that another person had entered the room.

Paul, impatient, his heart bounding within him, was looking at the gray hair and worn face of his brother, waiting for some word to approach him.

Then the czar spoke. "Frederick Welonski, I pay you back for bringing up the child who became a sculptor and gave me back the outlines and likeness of my lost darling. I give you your freedom and your brother. Although I am the czar, I am too poor to pay you for this work. I can only grant the desire of your heart and give you back the brother you have loved so long and well."

Nine-tenths of all the misery of this world, arises from a false estimate placed upon the value of things.—Franklin.

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Some Things that Every American Should Know

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The clay products of the United States reached a value of $96,212,345 in 1900. Ohio led, with $18,304,628.

The irrigated area of the United States is 7,510,598 acres, of which Colorado contains 1,611,271, and California 1,446,119.

During the last fiscal year, the United States army cost $52,523,479, which is $918,919 less than it cost during the previous year.

An order from South Africa for eighteen thousand eight-horse plows has been received by a plow manufacturer in the United States.

The water power available on the Pacific slope for producing electric energy is equivalent to the combustion of three hundred million tons of coal a year.

In 1900, the United States produced $79,171,000 of the world's total gold production of $229,115,000, and exceeded that of the next largest producer, Australia, by about five million dollars.

Within twenty-five years American astronomers have won as many annual medals of the Royal Astronomical Society of England as astronomers of all other countries, except England, combined.

Missouri is now credited with the greatest corn yield, estimated this year at three hundred and fifteen million bushels. Iowa is a close second, with three hundred million bushels, and Kansas and Nebraska follow.

Eight per cent. of the population of this country is still illiterate. In Germany, only one per cent. of illiterates exists, and in Bavaria, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Scandinavia there are no totally uneducated people.

In Germany, the government parcels post carries packages weighing up to eleven pounds for twelve and one-half cents apiece. German authorities believe the system could be applied in this country in spite of the greater distances.

The English language is to be systematically taught in Mexican schools, English being deemed as necessary as Spanish for commercial life. More Mexican children than ever before are being sent to the United States for education.

On completion of plants now building, the capacity of steel works in this country will be twenty-four million tons a year. During last year, the United States Steel Corporation produced fifty-one per cent. of the total output of twelve million tons.

According to German statisticians, the United States ranks fourth in the volume of import and export commerce for 1901, with $2,118,200,000 value. Great Britain is first, with $4,165,000,000, the British colonies second, with $2,618,000,000, and Germany third with $2,468,000,000.

Bank deposits in this country amount to $8,535,053,136, or one hundred and eight dollars per capita, an increase of one hundred per cent. in ten years, but the amount in savings banks, representing the money of the common people, has increased only fifty per cent.,—from $1,712,769,026 to 2,597,094,580.

The aggregate capitalization of the industries at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is more than two billion, five hundred million dollars. The production of steel at Pittsburg, in 1901, equaled half that of England, was more than that of Germany, twice that of France, five times that of Russia or Belgium, and twenty-five times that of Spain.

In 1880, the value of farm products of the South exceeded that of manufactured products by more than two hundred million dollars, while, in 1900, manufactures exceeded farm products by more than one hundred and ninety million dollars, though during that period the number of persons engaged in agriculture increased thirty-six per cent.

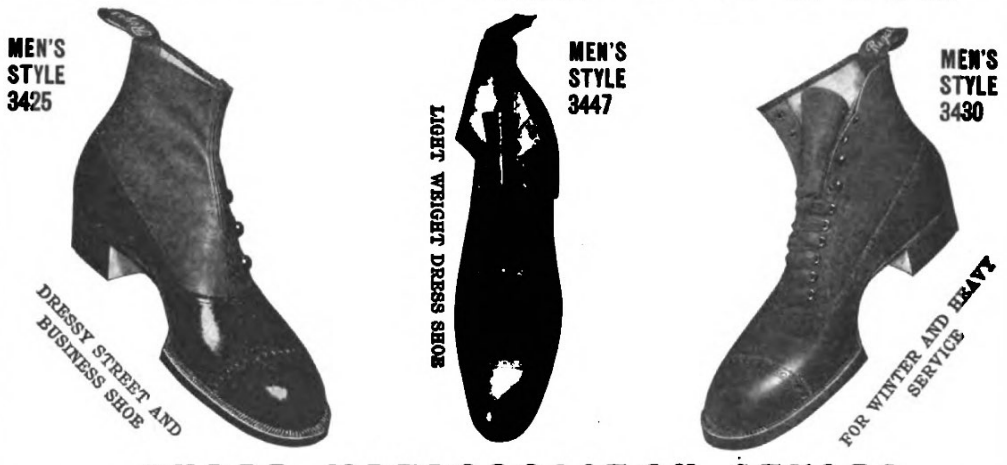
From 1890 to 1900, the capital invested in the silk industry in the United States was increased from fifty-one million dollars to eighty-one million dollars, the value of the finished product increased from eighty-seven million dollars to one hundred and seven million dollars, and wages to silk operatives from eighteen million dollars to twenty-one million dollars.

In twenty years, the number of establishments in the United States making electrical machinery and supplies has increased from twenty-six to five hundred and eighty. The annual output has increased from two million, six hundred thousand dollars to ninety-one million, three hundred thousand dollars. The capital invested in the business is eighty-three million dollars.

Allowing for vessels not in commission, the United States navy is short three hundred officers of a full complement. To man the sixty new vessels building, four hundred and ninety-eight more officers will be required, and, allowing for vacancies and emergencies, one thousand, three hundred and ninety-one officers more than the existing number will be required before 1906. From the naval academy, only three hundred and fifty-five graduates can be counted on.

The number of immigrants admitted to the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, was 648,743, of which 466,369 were males and 182,374 females. The increase over the preceding year is 160,825. In the number of immigrants from one country, Italy stands first, with 178,375, and Austro-Hungary second, with 171,989. Ireland decreased one thousand, four hundred and twenty-three, and China eight hundred and ten. For various causes, admission was refused to 4,974 immigrants. Special attention has been given to the enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws, and it is desired that the appropriation be so enlarged that a more efficient patrol can be had on the Mexican and Canadian borders and provision made for the appointment of competent officers for the service in Canton and Hongkong.

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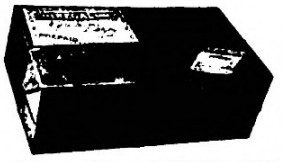
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THE CLUB ENTERTAINER

Elene Foster

FEW people outside of club circles realize that the woman's club movement has opened a field of labor for hundreds of clever young women whose talents might have remained forever hidden in the traditional napkin had it not been for the demand which has come from all sections of the country for what is known in club parlance as the "Club Entertainer." It is a fact, however, that a goodly number of these young women are earning their living, in many a case, an extremely good one, by following this calling. A girl with a hobby which she has thought over and worked out in secret for fear of the ridicule of her family and friends suddenly wakes up to the fact that her ideas are of interest to the club women of her own town, and, consequently, might be of the same interest to those of other places, and lo, before many months pass, she rides forth to fame on the very hobby of which she was ashamed! There are innumerable lines of work in which clubs are interested, and a girl who studies along one such line until she is master of it will find a ready market for her wares. A glance at the annual calendar of a woman's club gives a very good idea of the scope of the club entertainer. In the list will be found celebrated authors, and musicians and lecturers who have gained fame in the great world outside of clubdom; but these are "features" of the season, and, although entertaining clubs may be a branch of their work, they are not essentially club entertainers. It is the names which appear in smaller type on the club programmes which represent the club entertainer to whom I refer. Let us glance at these. Here is Miss Wise, who lectures on "The Stone Age;" Miss Upland, who tells how she climbed the Matterhorn; Miss Emerson, who gives an "Afternoon with American Poets," telling of their lives and reading from their works; and there is Miss Forte, who sits at the piano and expounds the Wagnerian operas, playing snatches now and then as she talks. There are many ways in which a club may be entertained, and our bright American girls are beginning to understand the opportunity thus afforded, and the ranks of club entertainers are already well filled; but, as in everything else, there is always room at the top.

An Entertainer Must Understand Her Specialty

To be successful as a club entertainer, one must have a specialty with which she is thoroughly conversant. Mere superficial knowledge counts for naught, for club women are the severest of critics, and woe betide the lecturer who makes a faulty statement or the reciter who misquotes a familiar poem! Take, for instance, the girl who sings. She has studied all sorts of music and sings everything, from "rag-time" melodies to oratorios. As an all-round singer she would never earn her salt in club circles. There are so many others of the same class that her work is no novelty; but let her study out for herself a programme which is not only new and interesting to the clubs, but instructive as well, and she finds her place quickly. She is no longer "Miss Highsee, who sings, you know," but "Miss Highsee, who gives that delightful afternoon of Scandinavian music." There is a wide field for the musical girl, be her music vocal or instrumental. One of the most delightful entertainers whom I have ever heard was a contralto singer who gave an evening of Irish music. Sitting at the piano she told, in a simple, unaffected manner, the history of a song, and then sang it to her own accompaniment. The girl who recites, too, is always in demand among the clubs, providing her programme is new and she does not "elocute." There is no place for a "yellocutionist" in clubdom. A reciter, with all the literature in the world from which to choose, should not find it difficult to arrange an attractive programme. "An Hour with Chaucer and the Canterbury Pilgrims" has been the source of a good income to one young woman, and a programme of "Womanly Wit and Wisdom" has given another an acknowledged place among entertainers.

Often two entertainers combine, as was the case with two Boston girls who gave "An Afternoon with Eugene Field," the one giving a sketch of the life of the poet and reciting from his writings, and the other singing those of his lullabies which have been set to music. I remember, too, one charming girl from the South who told the stories and sang the songs which had been taught her by her old black mammy. "An Afternoon in Dixie," I think she called her entertainment.

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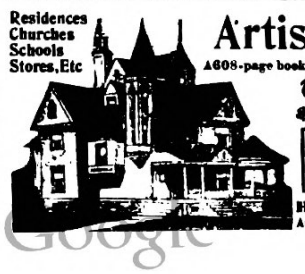


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club lecturer. Her subjects range from the "Archæology of Ancient Greece" to a talk on "Dress Reform." The girl who has traveled, lectures on her experiences and impressions of foreign countries, sometimes accompanied by stereopticon views. The woman architect tells of her early struggles in the profession, and the woman lawyer speaks on "The Widow's Third." A woman who was born and brought up in literary Concord gives personal recollections of the great men who were her neighbors.

The revival of the old-time handicrafts is of the greatest interest to club women, and an expert in any branch of art or craft is eagerly listened to. There is Mrs. Weber, for instance, a Boston woman who makes real Valenciennes and beautiful Venetian point lace. The story of her struggles in learning the rudiments of lace-making, and of her subsequent success and the establishment of her school for lace-makers, is exceedingly interesting to up-to-date women. Mrs. Weber is but one of the handicraft workers. "The History of American Basketry" is told by an expert basket weaver, and "What I Saw in Old Deerfield" is the subject of a lecture which gives a good idea of life among the Deerfield handicraft workers. A girl with a genius for cooking brings her chafing dish to the club platform and cooks and distributes the dainty dishes which may be made therein. There is a decided place, too, for the kindergartner in the club programmes, for there is an annual children's day when she is called upon to tell her cleverest stories for the amusement of the club's small guests.

Qualifications that Make an Entertainer

How does one go to work to become a club entertainer? In the first place, as in the old recipe, "First catch your hare," there is everything in selecting just the right programme. Having decided on this and studied and rehearsed it until it goes smoothly, the next step is to give it a trial performance before an audience of club women. One must not expect compensation for this initial appearance. Select the most representative club in the neighborhood, and volunteer your services for an afternoon's entertainment. You can readily tell whether your programme is to be successful, for club audiences are alike the world over, and, if one is pleased with your work, you may rest assured that the others will receive it as graciously. If you feel confident in the success of your efforts, you are ready to proceed with the next step. The clubs, for the most part, arrange their programmes in the summer or early fall. Procure one of the pamphlets containing a list of the clubs in your State Federation, with their officers, and send to the secretary of each of these as attractive an announcement of your entertainment as you can devise. In some states there is an annual club directory of speakers issued by the State Federation, in which, for a small sum, you may place an announcement of your programme. The secretaries of the clubs who are interested in your line of work will write for further particulars and for your terms. At first, while you are comparatively unknown, you will be obliged to accept club rates, which are usually ten dollars and your traveling expenses. Later, when you have won your spurs and are sought by the clubs, you can safely ask more,—twenty-five, thirty-five, or even fifty dollars and your expenses.

If your first programme has caught the fancy of the clubs, you must have a second ready for the next season, for the very clubs where you have appeared will want you again and again, but always with something new. This means eternal vigilance on the part of the club entertainer; for, in order to keep her place in the ranks, she must be ever moving forward.

An entertainment should last about an hour. It is far better to leave an audience wishing for more rather than tired out with too much even of a good thing.

There are several qualities which the club entertainer must possess besides the necessary talent. She must have an infinite amount of tact, and she must always appear calm and unruffled and be able to meet all sorts and conditions of women with ease and grace. She must be natural and unaffected on the platform, and last, but by no means least, she must be well-groomed and well-gowned, for even the most extreme of the genus "new woman" appreciates a good frock, and personal appearance counts for a great deal even in intellectual clubdom.

The intellect is really a passive faculty which is roused to activity only by its appropriate object.

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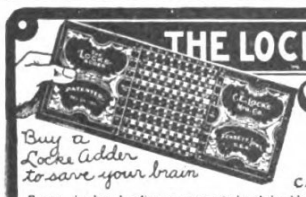
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AT THE START

William J. Lampton

Young man,
What is your plan
Of progress? Are you
Going to pull through?
Or will you lie down in the road
And let your load
Sink you out of sight
In the mud?
Have you white
Blood,
And pale,
That curdles at the hard word "Fail,"
And dares not face
The chances of the race?
Or, have you red, clear red,
The good strong color
All the great have shed
In deed or thought,
For every triumph wrought
Out of what seemed full
Of the impossible?
Have you the nerve
To serve
Until you can be master? To wait
And work outside the gate
Until you win
The strength to open it and enter in?
Have you the heart to meet
Defeat
Day after day,
And yet hold to the way
That upward leads,
And must needs
Be hard and rough
To make man tough
Of sinew and of soul,
Before he sees the goal;—
So, when it is attained,
He shall have strength to hold
What he has gained,
And use it so
That it to greater good shall grow?
Young man,
Think on these things.
What each one brings
Is as you choose it;
You may take
The stake,
Or you may lose it.
Start in
To win
And keep straight in the way
Unflagging to the end;
Whatever it may be
Is victory

Chemistry in Modern Business

[*Concluded from page 721*]

tory during his summer vacations, neither asking nor expecting financial compensation, but, on the contrary, offering what services he can give in return for the experience he will receive. If, in addition to the experience, he should receive other remuneration, he may count his time well spent. These few months of experience will give him the advantage of being known, and of being better equipped to enter a laboratory at the close of his college days. First positions are naturally those involving some of the necessary laboratory drudgery, but a willingness to work, and an aptitude for the work, will be rewarded by promotion to positions carrying greater responsibilities and better salaries. In most of our smelters and steel works, and other large enterprises which are conducted on scientific principles, the chemist is usually in a line of promotion leading to the superintendency or managership.

Now, despite the fact that there are many chemists, there is always room for good men,—for better men. Chemical work requires sure, conscious effort of a clear brain, capable of seeing the end from the beginning, and having a full knowledge of each step taken. It requires ability to keep out of a rut,—to keep from performing work in a perfunctory manner. To-day's work must be treated as if it were new, despite the fact that it may be like that of yesterday. Many chemists, not appreciating these things, fail to achieve success in their chosen work.

Finally, no young man should be advised to engage in chemical work without at the same time being cautioned to look well to the health of his body. Work in a laboratory is rather confining, and those engaged in it should make it a habit to indulge regularly in some form of athletic sport,—either in a gymnasium or out of doors. It is quite desirable that a chemist should have a sound mind in a sound body.



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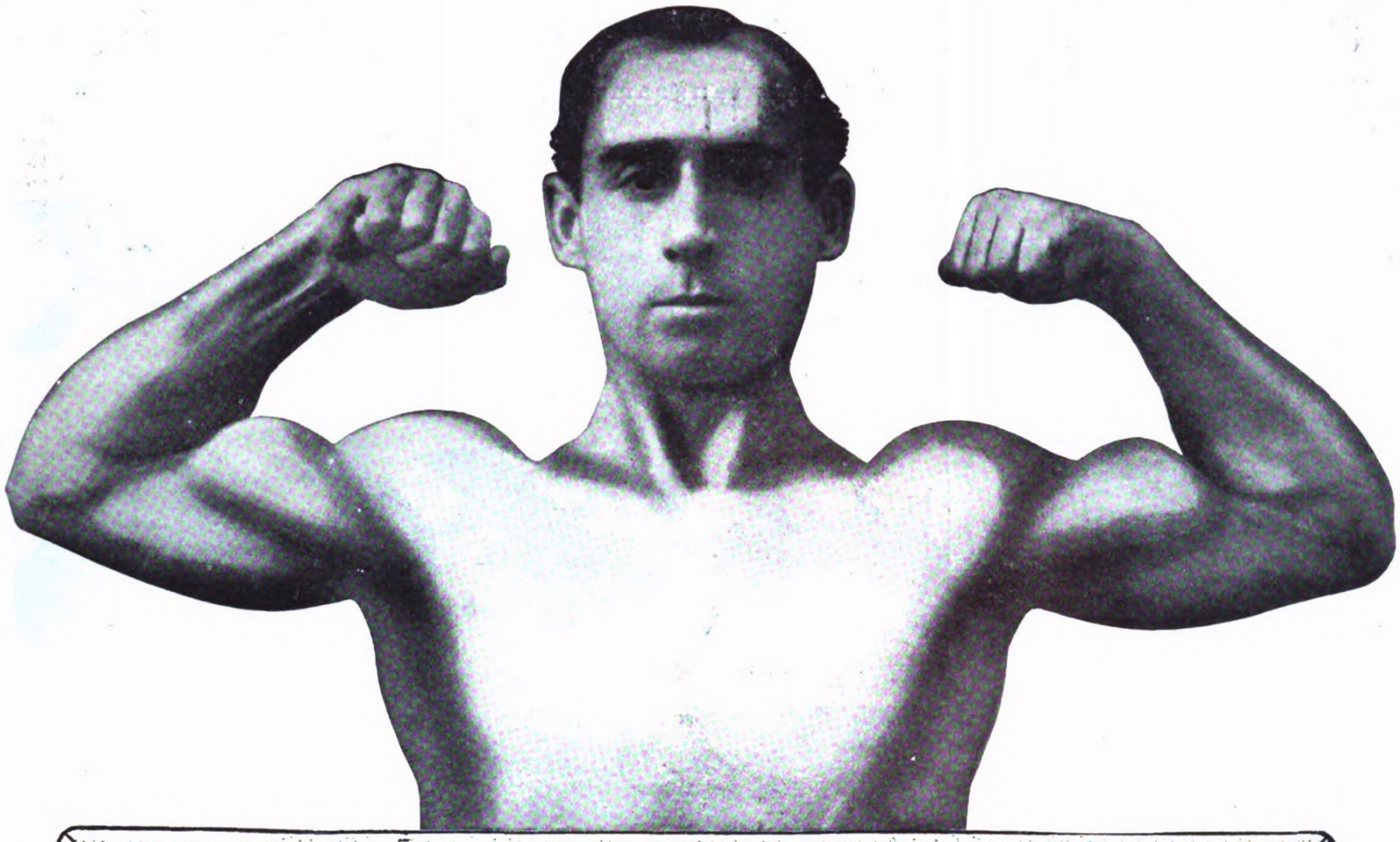
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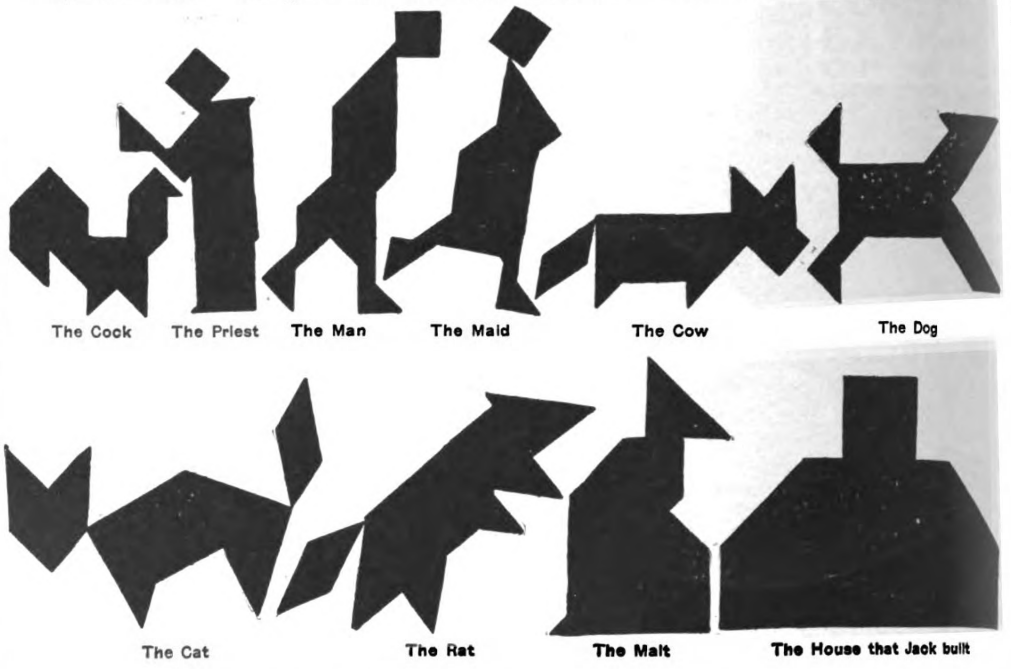
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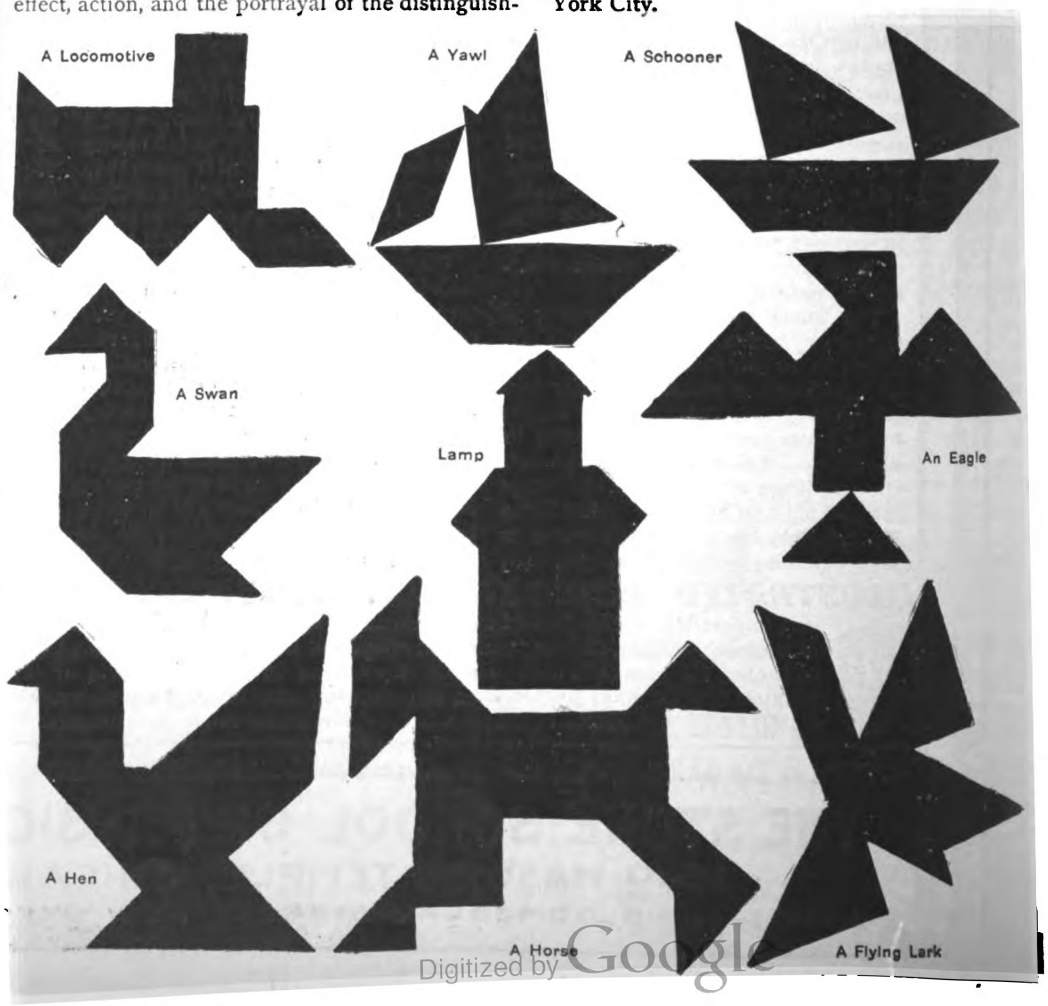
IN this month's installment of tangram pictures we present the promised *pot-pourri* of illustrations designed to show the possibilities of the seven little angular pieces, transformed, as if by magic, into circles and graceful curves, which are to aid us in bringing the Chinese history of the world down to the present epoch of civilization.

Competitors for the prizes offered for original designs deemed worthy of representation in the work will recognize, in this impromptu handling of such a variety of subjects, that school of design which Gustav Doré, the great artist, found so invaluable for cultivating artistic boldness, strong effect, action, and the portrayal of the distinguishing features of the animals, birds, or things to be represented.

Any one will be astonished at the ease with which original designs can be produced after a little practice, it need only be said in conclusion, that to explain the reference to probable fables, or proverbs in the original books of Tan, the present grouping shows an attempt to illustrate the famous nursery rhyme about:—

> The cock that crowed in the morn,
> That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
> That married the man all tattered and torn,
> That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
> That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
> That tossed the dog that worried the cat,
> that killed the rat, that ate the malt,
> that lay in the house that Jack built.

Address all communications to Sam Loyd, Puzzle Editor, SUCCESS, University Building, New York City.



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Western Forest Fires

JOSEPH BLETHEN

[*Managing editor, "The Times," Seattle, Washington*]

THE impression prevails throughout the United States, that the recent forest fires in Washington and Oregon destroyed standing timber to the value of many thousands of dollars. That the contrary is true is based on conditions peculiarly interesting and native to the situation.

The fires covered fully fifty thousand acres in Washington, destroying woods, buildings, bridges, crops, and stock. Loss of human life was small compared to the extent of the fire, only thirty-three deaths being recorded. But the woods destroyed were the straggling remains of the forest left by the logging operations of a decade; large trees, to be sure, but waste lumber from the standpoint of the Puget Sound millman. In these woods were many clearings, where farmers had erected buildings and planted crops. These clearings, save the few which lay along running water or beside lakes, were swept clean of their contents.

To understand the condition which makes live fir fireproof, one must know that excessive dampness has brought the fir forests into existence, that it exists in these forests, and that when such condition of dampness is removed, either by cutting down the biggest trees or by the cutting of avenues through the woods, allowing the sun's rays to penetrate where they never entered before, the remaining firs die, dry out and become fit fuel for any blaze that may be started. Thus live fir is always wet fir.

Timber men log any given tract of fir systematically, as a mowing machine cuts along the side of a field. Should alternate sections be cut down, the timber on the sections remaining would soon dry out and die, thus becoming a total loss from the millman's standpoint. Should an enthusiastic forester cut only the big firs and leave the smaller ones standing, with the notion that they would thrive and grow, he would fail, unless the experience of Puget Sound loggers has been for nothing.

Logging crews are instructed to burn their waste timber as they go, but even in midsummer a logging crew must pile their waste and allow it several days in which to dry before it can be fired. This leads to carelessness, and permits an accumulation of pitchy lumber that sooner or later becomes a menace to the settler whose inheritance it becomes. But this emphasizes the fact that green fir, standing or felled, will not burn. Many settlers fled into the green fir timber during the recent fires and were as safe there as if afloat on the sound.

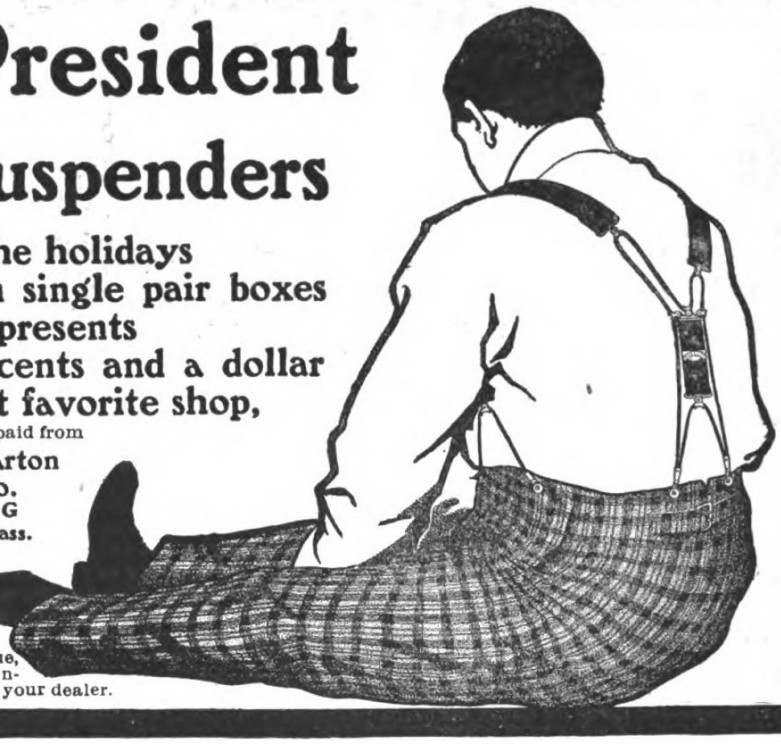
After the logger has passed, leaving massive stumps to become coated with pitch, leaving firs, cedars, hemlocks and pine to dry out and become food for any fire, the settler comes and begins clearing. The land is rich, and he is in a hurry to get at it. A shack of split cedar covers him for the first year, and his potatoes and oats are planted among massive stumps. As soon as hot weather comes, he begins burning. Burn, burn, burn! It is his only route down through the mass of wood to the earth. But occasionally a dry summer and a strong wind carries the fire beyond his control, and what was his servant turns and rends him. It is not timber value that is then destroyed, but the house, barn, crop and stock of the settler.

The only remedy for these fires is a better cleaning up behind the logging crews, and more care on the part of the settlers. The recent fire in Washington was heaviest in the southwestern section, where logging has been carried on for nearly half a century, yet where farming is in its infancy owing to slow clearing of land. Settlers who build with a knowledge of the danger of fire, and who arrange a sure water supply, are safe. Investors in standing timber know that their holdings cannot burn.

A forest fire in Washington or Oregon produces dense black smoke, caused by the great amount of pitch that forms on fir stumps. These stumps burn with heat and smoke such as result from the burning of a tar barrel. Cedar goes quickly into flame with a light-colored smoke and a crackling of fiber, but as soon as bark and branches have burned the trunk is left to stand, black and scarred, and is often cut and worked into shingles. The small amount of spruce and hemlock in Oregon and Washington woods burns along with the fir. "Oregon pine," be it known, is *fir*. It was named pine when the entire northwestern coast was the Territory of Oregon. Thus "Oregon pine" and "Washington fir" are one and the same thing, and sells as well under either name.

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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.

PRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE

Clerk 3 T, 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.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

Arthur E. Bostwick

A Cheap and Easy Way of Getting Hydrogen

IT was recently shown by George Claude, a French scientific lecturer, that hydrogen can be easily separated from ordinary illuminating gas, of which it is a constituent, by subjecting the gas to intense cold by passing it through liquid air. All the components except the hydrogen liquefy at once, and can be drawn off. This can be shown by passing gas through liquid air in a tube and then lighting it. It burns brightly at first, but the flame soon turns a feeble blue, nothing being left in gaseous form but the hydrogen.

▲ ▲

Where Is the Seat of the Mind?

RECENT investigations go to strengthen the belief that we do our best thinking with the back of the brain, and that that portion of the organ is entitled to be regarded as the seat of intellect. The left half of the brain is also looked upon as preëminently the intellectual half by some authorities. Dr. Phelps, a recent student on the subject, notes that the right half is capable of sustaining severe injury without showing marked ill effects. Cases of this kind have often puzzled physiologists, but the mystery disappears if we admit that the left half of the organ does most of our thinking. Some authorities are inclined to think that the halves of the brain are in a measure separate, so that every man may be said to have two brains. But none of these conclusions is yet definitely accepted by all scientific men.

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Germ Diseases that Are not Due to Microbes

UNTIL recently, all germ diseases were supposed to be caused by microbes, and for uniformity even such germs as appeared to belong to some other division of the vegetable kingdom were classified as microbian. Now, however, it is recognized that a very large number of infectious diseases are due to organisms which, though minute, have no relationship with the microbes at all. So many of these have been discovered, that M. Gedoelst, a Belgian author, has written a book about them under the title, "Parasitic Fungi of Men and Animals" (Brussels, 1902). A French reviewer states that these non-microbian vegetable parasites cause various complicated diseases of the skin, the digestive or respiratory organs, or even of the whole system, and that though the causes of these are now recognized, their symptoms and proper treatment are yet imperfectly understood.

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Naval Vessels Must Have Wireless Telegraphy

ONE of the chief lessons of the recent naval maneuvers, according to Rear Admiral Higginson,—if we may credit interviews published soon after their completion,—is that the ships of our navy must be equipped with a wireless telegraphic system. "Its value to me would have been incalculable," the admiral said. "I could have spoken my ships at sea, day or night, at any moment, whereas they have been far beyond signaling distance and, as it were, beyond my reach." The "Western Electrician," which quotes Mr. Higginson's words with the comment that wireless outfits do not always work as smoothly as he seems to think, also notes some interesting French experiments on wireless communication with submarine torpedo-boats. No matter what its present limitations may be, no future navy can do without space telegraphy.

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Work of the Carnegie Institution

ONE of the first activities of the newly created Carnegie Institution, is to be along the line of marine biological work. The laboratory that has been maintained for many years at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, by private enterprise, is to be turned over to the institution and provided with facilities for research that will make it the finest establishment of its kind in the world. This move does not meet the approval of all scientific men, some of whom would have preferred that the institution should subsidize the laboratory, leaving it under its present management. They profess to see, in the proposed transfer, a step toward a centralized control of scientific work, which they deplore. Most people, however, will not be disposed to quarrel with any arrangement that is directed toward the increase of America's contribution to the world's stock of knowledge.

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Proposed Improvements in Dirigible Balloons

A NEW plan for an improved dirigible balloon, submitted to the Paris Academy of Sciences by M. Torres, and reported on favorably by a committee of that body, embraces some points of interest. The author, who is a mathematician of repute, has made a careful study of the conditions of stability of dirigible balloons. He recommends, among other things, placing the screw at the end of the balloon, instead of on the car, so as to bring the propulsive force and the air-resistance into the same straight line; reducing the length of the car and suspending it very close to the balloon, which should be fitted with a rigid interior keel; dividing the balloon into gas-tight compartments, the inflation of each of which is controlled by the operator; and the surrounding of the motor with an incombustible sheath from which the products of combustion are hid away clear of the balloon, through a tube. "Cosmos" states that M. Torres's ideas are to be embodied shortly in an actual machine.

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Oil as Fuel Coming to the Front

THE possibility of using oil as fuel in high-speed vessels, such as the Atlantic liners, is being discussed anew, owing to the recent discovery of new sources of fuel-oil and the invention of improved systems of burners. The German navy is now using oil as an auxiliary fuel on the China station, and the German steamship companies now have six ships that burn nothing else. No less than thirty regular oil-supply stations for ships already exist and the number is rapidly increasing. It has been calculated that the use of oil fuel increases the radius of action of a war-ship by fifty

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per cent. weight for weight, and by nearly ninety per cent. if all the coal space can be utilized for oil-storage. E. P. Watson, writing on this subject in the "Scientific American," predicts the early adoption of the new fuel.

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IT appears, from recent exhaustive experiments by Professor Backhaus of Königsberg University, that although the flavor of cow's milk is influenced, as everyone knows, by various articles of food, the taste of the milk also depends, and in a still more important degree, on the animal's own peculiarities. Some cows persist in giving milk with a flavor strong or disagreeable, no matter what they are fed, and such milk is often the cause of disorders of the digestive system.

Influence of Cow's Food on the Taste of Milk

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"KEEP your window open at night!" urges a writer in "The Hospital," London. Zola died of asphyxiation in a closed room, and the French newspapers naively remarked that his windows "naturally had to be closed at night." The fear of "night air" is not confined to France, yet the poisons are chiefly within; and, even if there is no deadly carbon monoxide to kill one in a few hours, as it did M. Zola, the products of respiration and other bodily effluvia that fill our sleeping rooms are no less fatal in the long run. "The average Englishman," says this writer, "is by no means the cleanly animal that he thinks himself," and Americans certainly need not flatter themselves that they are any better.

The Danger of Closed Windows

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A NEW fireproof material, or rather a new combination of fireproof substances, is described by the London correspondent of "The Scientific American." It is the invention of a Russian officer, who has named it "uralite," from the mountain range where its chief constituent, asbestos, is found in large quantities. The asbestos is ground to a fine pulp, and pressed into sheets, which are glued together and saturated with soluble glass. The material thus obtained, which can be treated like wood, is waterproof, is not affected by climate, and is an electric insulator, besides being twice as strong as Portland cement, and hence valuable for floors and ceilings. The price is about seven cents a square foot.

Another Fireproof Material

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IT is suggested by Louis Rabourdin, a French writer, that in each of the new stars that blaze forth in the heavens from time to time, we see the destruction of a celestial body by a volcanic cataclysm. At any rate, he says, if part of the earth's crust underlying the ocean should give way, our earth would doubtless present in succession, to a distant observer, the same series of appearances that we witness in the case of *novae* or "new stars." First, there would be an outburst of blazing hydrogen from the sea-water, decomposed by the earth's internal heat, then fusion of the whole crust, reducing the globe again to a molten state, and then the gradual extinction of its light owing to cooling. As cooling would first take place locally, we should have a variable star, the darkened portions being periodically brought into view by the rotation of the globe.

New Stars and Volcanic Eruptions

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MOST people have at least queried whether the abnormal coolness of the past season might not be connected in some way with the West India volcanic disturbances. Scientific men have generally refused to entertain the idea for a moment, and have laughed the case out of court, but at least one writer, M. Paul Combes, treats the matter seriously. In an article in "Cosmos," he maintains that there is a reasonable probability that the West India eruptions have altered the course and volume of the Gulf Stream by raising the sea-bottom; and, as he holds to the old theory of the influence of the Gulf Stream on European climatic conditions, the conclusion of an altered climate follows easily, at least for his own continent. He does not consider the case of America. Most meteorologists regard the influence of the Gulf Stream on Europe as an exploded myth, but M. Combes denies this.

Cold Weather and Volcanoes

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THE rose-red prominences on the sun's disk, which can be seen during a total eclipse, and also at other times by the aid of special appliances, are usually regarded as eruptions of glowing hydrogen. These masses of blazing gas could easily swallow up in flame a planet of the size of our earth, and until recently it was also thought that they move with almost incredible velocity,—thousands of miles a second. According to a theory propounded by Professor Julius, of Heidelberg, however, it may be that this speed is illusory. The evidence of it was the displacement of the hydrogen lines of the solar spectrum in a direction always associated with rapid motion toward the observer. But, according to Professor Julius, this motion may be analogous to that of a line of breakers along a slanting shore,—not a transference of the same actual particles, but a successive appearance of the same phenomenon at varying heights in the sun's atmosphere.

The Eruptions on the Sun

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BITS of skin removed from the body do not die at once, but live a considerable time,—that is, they show the same characteristic reactions as when attached to the body. One of these signs is the reaction obtained in healthy skin to strong electric shocks and this has been observed as long as ten days after removal from the body. The reaction always takes place when the skin is tested within forty-eight hours after removal. Observations on skin-transplantation in surgery show that skin may be kept alive, with proper precautions, for as long a period as twenty-one days, when it may be grafted successfully. The "Lancet" even tells of a case where from skin parings preserved for six months in sterile fluid, sixteen out of twenty-two transplantations were successful. This is a striking example of the fact, familiar to physiologists, that the local death of a part and the general death of the whole organism may occur independently, so that a part may die while the body lives, and, on the other hand, a part may live for some time after the body has died.

Vitality of Human Skin



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IN the Far West, where a revolver receives its severest test in daily service, the Smith & Wesson is used in preference to all others. It is the most perfect revolver fashioned, and is supreme in accuracy and reliability.

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

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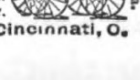
SEND US $1.00 deposit, state if the $4.35 or $4.85 gun is wanted, give length of barrel and gauge desired, and we will send this guaranteed long distance single barrel shotgun C. O. D., by express, subject to examination, you to pay the express agent the balance and express charges, after you find it perfectly satisfactory, otherwise we will refund your $1.00.

Breech loading, made with finest blued crucible rolled steel barrel, taper choke bored to size from the solid bar and bored for any nitro powder. Choice of 30 or 32-inch barrel in 12 gauge or 30-inch barrel in 16 gauge. GUARANTEED an accurate shooter, a sure killer at a long distance and absolutely the best gun in the world at anywhere near the price.



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Special Crops is a monthly magazine of 16 pages, devoted exclusively to growing and marketing Ginseng. It is the official organ of the New York State Ginseng Growers' Association, and is everywhere recognised as authority. *GINSENG* is to-day the most sought for and the greatest money-making plant that grows in the United States. We know of a bed only 40 feet square that has given its owner this season in seed alone $960.00 in clean cash, and the bed is in better shape for next season than it was this. Another garden that has been set only two years gave its owners $10,000.00 this year in seed, and if they cared to dig and sell the plants they would easily bring $30,000.00. This garden covers nearly one acre. Ginseng is bound to become an important factor in our exports, government officials estimating that $20,000,000.00 can be marketed annually. *Special Crops* gives full and complete directions for growing and marketing. We have an able staff of contributors, including such men as Geo. Stanton, who has been growing Ginseng for nearly twenty years and has now retired wealthy. Ginseng is just the thing for city and village people, who have but little ground. One square rod can easily be made to give an annual income of $200.00.

Subscription Price, 75 cts. Sample Copy, 10 cts.

We cannot supply back numbers as the issues of last year are exhausted. Subscriptions must begin with December.

Address, **SPECIAL CROPS, Skaneateles, N.Y.**

$2 FINE BATH CABINET $2
Placed in your home on payment of



Write to-day for our special November Offer.

STATE AGENTS WANTED

Position worth $1,200 to $1,500 per year and expenses. Send for particulars and new book free.

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When Lincoln Met *the* Wool-Carder's Beautiful Niece

An early romance of the Great Commoner

Jesse W. Weik



J. M. LOCKWOOD

THE day of the old-fashioned wool-carder is gone. In fact, but few people now living have ever seen that primitive and cumbersome but very useful machine which prevailed so extensively in the early part of the last century, when our forefathers, with patient and laborious care, carded the wool into rolls, and our grandmothers afterwards, with swift and nimble fingers, spun it into yarn. In each town or village, in those days, some man was usually selected to operate such a machine, generally propelled by horse power, to which the people, coming from every direction far and near, would bring the season's supply of wool to be disentangled and carded into shape for the spinning-wheel and the loom. Being the leading, and frequently the only manufacturing concern in the locality, it was not only the principal source of commercial and industrial activity, but also the public market place or forum, where all the great and perplexing questions that stirred the village community were analyzed, discussed, and disposed of. When it had finally attained these lofty and important proportions, it was known as the carding-mill.

An institution of this kind was in existence in the year 1827, in the village of Princeton, Indiana. The owner, James Evans, had intrusted its operation to a bright and industrious young man of eighteen, who, with his parents, had emigrated nine years before from Westchester County, New York, and whose conduct and management of the industry committed to his charge had, in the highest degree, won the confidence and approval of his employer. Evans himself spent but little time about the mill, so that the young man at once exercised the functions of the proprietor, superintendent, operator, and cashier. His name was John M. Lockwood, and the same zeal and devotion to duty has characterized his life ever since; for, although almost seventy-five years have elapsed since the days of the Evans carding-machine, he is still enjoying, in an unusual degree, at the advanced age of ninety-three years, full possession of all his faculties. While engaged in the service of Mr. Evans, an incident occurred, the nature and results of which are best understood if we adhere to the wool-carder's version.

He Rode Thirty Miles with a Load of Wool

"In the afternoon of a particularly warm, dry day, in August, 1827," is the testimony of Mr. Lockwood, "a tall, beardless, long-legged boy about my own age, dressed in a suit of well-worn brown jeans, the trousers of which he had long before outgrown, and wearing a woolen hat and coarse, heavy, plain-cut leather shoes of the style then in vogue among the backwoods people, came riding up to the mill. Behind him, tied over the horse's back, was a bunch of wool, which, after dismounting, he carried across the road and dropped at my feet, asking if it could be carded. I answered in the affirmative, but added that people who patronized the wool-carder, like those who carried their grain to the grist mill, had to await their turn; but, when he told me that he had ridden from a point in the interior of Spencer County, at least thirty miles away, I relented somewhat and decided that, in his case, I would be justified in waiving the ordinary rule. On account, therefore, of the long return journey that lay before him, I promised that his work should be done in advance of its turn, and that it would be ready for him before the close of the afternoon,—an announcement that evidently yielded him great relief. In response to my request, he gave me his name, but, being a new one to me, and one I had never before heard, he looked over my shoulder and carefully spelled it as I wrote it down in the little book which contained the history of the day's transactions. There were two ways, I explained to him, of settling for the work: either by paying cash or taking the requisite toll. 'But I have no money,' he interrupted in a melancholy tone of voice,—'so that you will have to keep out wool enough for your pay.'

"For some time he lingered about the place, watching the machine do its work, occasionally clucking to old Davey, the veteran sorrel horse whose dignified but uncertain movement, save when under the strict surveillance of an overseer,



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May cost a little more than inferior imitations, that may ***appear*** as good. When you purchase Linoleum you pay its extra cost to secure ***durability***, and this can only be determined by the reputation of the maker, or by your own experience.

For thirty years "Wild's Linoleums" have set the standard and made Linoleums famous for wear.

Be certain that the trade-mark "Wild's Linoleum" is stamped on the back. If your dealer does not handle them, write us.

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A 50c. HAT for man or boy sent by mail to any address. Satisfaction guaranteed

Colors: Gray Mix, Brown Mix, Black Mix.



MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft rough finish

Colors: Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, Pearl.



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In smooth finish

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Any one of these hats to be sent by mail to any address, upon receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal order or stamps. If the hat is not satisfactory, return it and money will be refunded. In ordering, give head size, and color and number desired.

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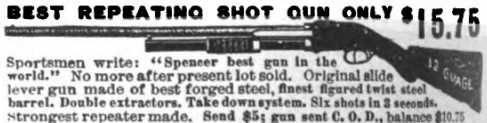
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furnished the motive power for the mill; finally he left, strolling down the road toward the other end of the village. Later in the afternoon he returned, finding his wool properly carded into rolls and ready for delivery. It was wrapped in the same sheet and fastened at the top and ends by the same thorns which had held it in place on the long journey from Spencer County. I remember that he had eighteen pounds, and I 'tolled' one-sixth of it, or three pounds.

"After I had handed him the little ticket or slip containing his name and the bill, or figures, of the transaction usual in such a case, he started to go; but, before he reached the door, he halted, turned about, dropped his bundle to the floor, and, by a motion of his head, beckoned me aside, indicating by look and gesture that he had something significant as well as private to say to me. I stepped back a few paces so as to avoid, as much as possible, the noise of the machine. 'I don't want to keep you away from your work,' he said; 'but, before I left town, I thought I would like to ask you if you know Julia Evans,' mentioning the name of my employer's niece. 'Yes, I know her well,' I responded, 'and she is not only among the handsomest, but also one of the best girls in town.'

One Glimpse of Her Beautiful Face Upset Him

"It was then that he confided to me, with some secrecy, the fact that he had passed Miss Evans in the street a short time before; that she had bowed to and saluted him, as was then customary even between strangers, and that from a passer-by he had learned her name. It was very evident that he was thoroughly captivated by her beautiful face and figure, for she was, indeed, a charming girl, and admittedly the village belle. Although it was late in the afternoon, and a long ride lay before him, he seemed somewhat reluctant to go. The glimpse of Julia Evans's face had clearly upset him. His bundle lay where he had dropped it on the floor, and, under pretense of stopping, now and then, to get a drink of water before he started, or of repairing a broken strap in his horse's bridle, he continued to linger about the mill, occasionally renewing his questions to me about Miss Evans and in every way manifesting the deepest interest in her.

"My endorsement of the girl and my testimony as to her sweetness of character as well as her beauty had, evidently, found a ready and deep-seated lodgment in the young swain's heart, for he finally expressed a purpose to return, and, wonderingly, asked me if I thought she would consent to an introduction. I cannot specifically recall the fact now, but I have no doubt that I felt warranted in promising to arrange and secure the coveted presentation to the girl in case he should return. I shall never forget the earnest, anxious look on his face, and I confess that I laughed, after he was gone, when I thought of the impression his tall, awkward figure, his coarse, homespun attire, and his rude backwoods manners would make on the heart of pretty Julia Evans, who, considering the time and place, had enjoyed somewhat superior advantages, and, although living in a new and undeveloped country, was, nevertheless, in view of her surroundings, far above the average in beauty, education, and womanly accomplishments. At length, having left the mill, he crossed the road, mounted his horse, fastened the bundle of wool behind him, waved me an adieu, and rode away. At a turn in the road he disappeared from view, and I returned to my work. I could not help thinking all the afternoon of that solitary traveler and the long journey through the thirty or more miles of thick and lonely forest that lay between Princeton and his backwoods home in the wilds of Spencer County."

In Those Days, such a Journey Was not Remarkable

Time passed on. Thirty-one years had elapsed, and the West rocked in the throes of that memorable agitation against the further extension of human slavery. A great political meeting was held at Mt. Carmel, a town in Illinois on the bluffs overlooking the Wabash River, in September, 1858. To this meeting repaired many of the people from Princeton, Indiana, distant only ten miles, among them John M. Lockwood, no longer James Evans's young wool-carder, but a man of wealth and influence in the community, and deeply interested in the great and momentous political questions that then agitated the nation. To the tall, earnest man who, by his eloquent and impassioned protest against the further encroachment of the arrogant slave power, sought, that day, to arouse the people to the needs of the hour, he listened with deep and reverent attention. The reader need hardly be told

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that the speaker was none other than Abraham Lincoln. In that sad, earnest face, that giant figure swaying and vehement with righteous indignation, Lockwood recognized a man he had seen before. After the close of the meeting, he made his way to the platform and was introduced to him. "So you're from Princeton?" inquired Lincoln. "Well, I was in Princeton myself, once," he continued, "but it was a good many years ago, when I was a boy. I rode there, over thirty miles across the country, on a flea-bitten gray mare, with a bunch of wool which my mother had sent along to have carded. There was nothing remarkable about such a journey in those days, and I might, in the course of time, have forgotten it, but for one incident. While waiting for the wool-carder, I strolled about the village and happened to pass, on the street, a very beautiful girl,—the most bewitching creature, it seemed to me, I had ever seen. My heart was in a flutter. The truth is that I was so thoroughly captivated by the vision of maidenly beauty that I wanted to stop in Princeton forever, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded in persuading myself to leave the place at all. When I finally overcame my passionate yearning and set out on the long journey homeward, it was with the fixed purpose to return. I knew my garb and manners proclaimed my backwoods origin and training; but, in spite of all my imperfections and delinquencies, I was determined to see more of the Princeton girl."

On hearing this, Lockwood ventured to observe that he was the man who had carded Lincoln's wool, whereupon the latter's face assumed an expression of the deepest interest, and he warmly grasped his informant's hand a second time. "Did you return and meet the girl?" inquired Lockwood. "No, unfortunately, I did not," laughingly answered Lincoln. "I suppose I justified the wisdom of Shakespeare, who contended that it is folly to trust in the 'madness of a wolf, or a boy's love.' During that long, tiresome ride away from Princeton, some of the sentiment, doubtless, oozed out of me, and, after reaching home, other and conflicting things soon arose to claim my attention. What prevented my return I do not now recall, but, so deep an impression had the Princeton girl made on me, I remember that it was several years before her image was effaced from my mind and heart."

Make Every Day Count

THE man who starts out in the morning with a determination to do something during the day that will amount to something, that will be distinctive, that will have individuality, that will give him satisfaction at night, is a great deal more likely not to waste his day in frivolous, unproductive work than the man who starts out with no plan.

Begin every day, therefore, with a programme, and determine that, let what will come, you will carry it out as closely as possible. Follow this up persistently, day after day, and you will be surprised at the result.

Make up your mind, at the very outset of the day, that you will accomplish something that will amount to something, that you will not allow callers to chip away your time, and that you will not permit the little annoyances of your business to spoil your day's work. Make up your mind that you will be larger than the trifles which cripple and cramp mediocre lives, and that you will rise above petty annoyances and interruptions and carry out your plans in a large and commanding way.

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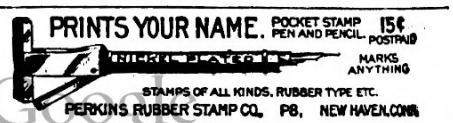
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Two Kinds of Special Students

[*Concluded from page 710*]

develop a man's natural gifts, but also to remedy his defects. A college course is not necessary for everybody. Some first-rate men have succeeded in life without it. But, to paraphrase a saying of Lincoln's, if a man needs that kind of thing, that is just the kind of thing that he needs.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts has stood, hitherto, for a certain method of discipline, a certain measure of scholarship. To change its significance is to depreciate its value. A man who wants it ought to be willing to pay the intellectual price for it. Part of this price is submission to guidance in the choice of studies, as well as in the pursuit of them. The special student, whose self-directed course is a virtual criticism of the whole idea of collegiate education, is certainly a hostile, confusing, disintegrating factor in college life.

To both of these men of whom we have been speaking,—the lazy man and the capricious man,—it seems to me that we should give counsel somewhat as follows: "Do not confirm your faults by taking a special course. Try to correct them by working your way into the regular course."

Nothing better has been said on this subject than an observation of Dr. Marden in the October number of SUCCESS: "Remember that success may be purchased too dearly."

For Certain Students Room Should surely Be Made

But there is another type of man who comes to the college and asks to be admitted as a special student. He is usually an older man, and one who has known something of life's hardships. Poverty, or sickness, or the pressure of some inevitable duty has hindered him from going through a normal course of preparation for college. He has not money enough or time enough to go back and begin over again. Yet he appreciates the value of a liberal education, and wants to get as much of it as he can, not merely to help him in his work as journalist, teacher, lawyer, engineer, writer, or what not, but also, and more especially, to broaden his life as a man. It is not the degree that he cares for, but the culture.

Such a man, if he comes to the college with at least enough preparation to enable him to sympathize with its aims and ideals, is likely to be a special student of the benignant kind. He will probably work hard, follow guidance, and give, as well as receive, inspiration. Sometimes he will come out, at the end of two or three years of diligent study, with a stronger mind, and a better basis for further work, than some of the well-prepared fellows who have dawdled through the whole curriculum.

Colleges ought to make room for such special students, and give them a chance to get what they need, so far as this can be done without deranging and confusing their normal plan of education.

Here Everything Depends on *the* Quality *of* a Man

But what course of study is to be recommended to a special student of this exceptional and welcome type?

That is a question which cannot be answered for the class, but only for the individual. It cannot properly be answered through correspondence, but only through personal investigation. Everything depends on the quality of the man, the precise stage of growth which he has reached, and the end which he has in view in seeking a broader education. An engineer does not always need more mathematics. A lawyer does not always need more jurisprudence. A writer does not always need more literature. Special students are special cases.

The best thing for a man to do, when he wants to get as much as possible of the benefit of a college education, and yet finds himself actually unable to take the regular four years' course, is this:—

Go to a first-rate teacher, preferably to one who knows you personally. Talk with him frankly about the whole case. Take his advice about the studies that will be most likely to liberate, clarify, and strengthen your mind. Then go to any college where you can get these studies, under living teachers, in a democratic atmosphere, and with healthful physical surroundings.

No wonder that Alexander carried the "Iliad" with him on his expeditions in a precious casket. A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any other work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only be read but actually breathed from all human lips; not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself.—THOREAU.

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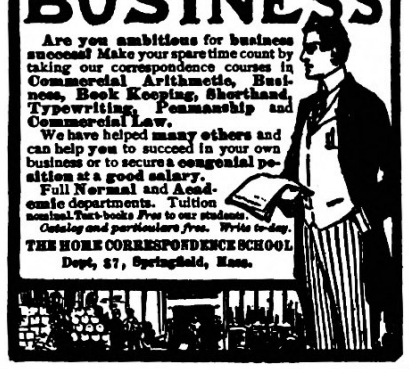
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AT YOUR OWN HOME in six weeks for $5 or RETURN MONEY! Fair enough? I find POSITIONS, too, everywhere. FREE. Have placed THOUSANDS. Perhaps can place YOU, too! 6,739 testimonials received from pupils! *SAVE THIS AND WRITE.* J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant, Room 918, 1215 Broadway, New York.

STUDY LAW AT HOME



Takes spare time only. Same teachers for eleven years. Plan approved by Judges and Educators. Prepares for the bar. Three courses: College, Business, Preparatory. Opens new prospects in business. Graduates everywhere. Liberal terms. Special offer now. Postal card now will bring full particulars.
The Sprague Correspondence School of Law, 222 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

LEARN BOOK-KEEPING and TELEGRAPHY
BY MAIL—AT YOUR OWN HOME.

This is the chance of a lifetime for young men and women and you should not miss it. New method, any one can learn it within 6 to 8 weeks and places you in position to earn good salary at once. Thoroughly practical and remarkably inexpensive; we find positions too, free of charge. Write today for full particulars. MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 187 Institute Building, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

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Wealth in Spare Moments

WILLIAM MATHEWS

TWO GREAT English writers have made calculations regarding the amount of time of which a man who lives to three-score and ten can consider himself master, or spend as he wishes. Dr. Johnson estimates that, after deducting from our allowance of time all that is required for sleep and meals, or engrossed by the tyranny of custom,—all that is spent in the exchange of civilities,—all that is torn from us by disease, or stolen away by lassitude and languor,—the portion of time which is left for us to spend wholly as we choose is very small. Thomas De Quincey, estimating the time a man can give to self-culture, reaches a conclusion hardly less dispiriting. He concludes, after similar deductions, that out of the twenty-five thousand five hundred and fifty days between the ages of twenty-one and seventy, a man will find not so much as four thousand days left at his disposal for direct intellectual improvement. Four thousand, or forty hundred, he says, will be a hundred forties; that is, according to the lax Hebrew method of indicating six weeks by the phrase, forty days, you will have a hundred bills or drafts on Father Time, of the value of six weeks each, as the whole period available for intellectual labor. "A solid block of about eleven and one-half continuous years is all that a long life will furnish for the development of what is most august in man's nature."

He Wrote a Book while He Was Waiting for His Wife

Madame de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and, reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years, a book in three quarto volumes was completed, which ran through three editions, and was held in high repute. Madame de Genlis profited by this example. Having to wait at the dinner hour in the Palais Royal for Madame de Chartres, who was always fifteen or twenty minutes late, she utilized the time by copying a selection of poems from eminent authors. It is told of a German critic that he could repeat the entire "Iliad" of Homer with scarcely an error. How many years, think you, did he spend in depositing the immortal epic in his brain? Years he had not to spare, or months, or weeks, or even entire days, for he was a physician in the full tide of practice; but he contrived to store in his memory the twenty-four books of the old bard of "Scio's rocky isle" in the brief, disconnected snatches of time while hurrying from one patient to another. Dr. Mason Good, a celebrated English physician, performed a similar feat, having contrived to translate the whole of Lucretius during his long walks in London to visit his patients.

He Wrote Poetry while Going to Visit Patients

Dr. Erasmus Darwin composed nearly all his poems and other works on his way to and from his patients,—jotting down his thoughts on little scraps of paper which he carried about with him for the purpose. His grandson, the illustrious author of "The Origin of Species," did his masterly work, in spite of ill-health and long periods of semi-invalidism, by utilizing every ounce of his strength and every moment of his time. Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, studied in his carriage, and thus prepared himself to write, on professional and other themes, works which still have an enduring value. The great Cuvier studied "Comparative Anatomy" while riding in his carriage from place to place. Matthew Hale indited his "Contemplations" while traveling on horseback. Dr. Charles Burney acquired French and Italian in a similar way, in visits to his musical pupils. It was by utilizing odd moments in the attic of an apothecary's shop that Humphry Davy won his fame.

Henry Kirke White, a persevering student, learned Greek while walking to and from a lawyer's office. Dr. Spence, a learned and eloquent divine in Virginia, did much reading on horseback. Charles Wesley was incredibly diligent in the use of time, economizing its smallest bits and fragments. In all other things he was gentle and easy to be entreated,—in this, inexorable. Once, while kept waiting, he was heard to exclaim: "I have lost ten minutes, forever!" Lord Bacon's fame is mainly due to works written in his leisure hours while England's chancellor. It was by the strictest economy of his time that Sir John Sinclair,

PREPARE FOR SUCCESS
BY MAIL YOU CAN LEARN
Letter Writing Bookkeeping *and* Shorthand

Our Course in Letter Writing will prepare you for a position as **Correspondence Clerk.** $15.00 to $50.00 per week. This position affords best possible prospects for still higher promotions.

Good bookkeepers always in demand. Big salaries **for our graduates** (male and female,) because of their more thorough preparation received **under our instruction.**

Stenographers who learn shorthand and typewriting by our systems prepare for good paying positions in shortest time possible. Why not be one of them?

Improve spare time and prepare for success in life. Send for rates of tuition. Tell us your ambition. **We can help you. Write today.** Mention course desired.

THE URBAHNS SCHOOLS,

800 Calhoun Street, - - - - - Ft. Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.

NOTE—Our courses for Self-Improvement embrace Mind Culture and Physical Culture. Also an excellent course on Social Correspondence. Particulars free for the asking.



Why Don't You Climb Out?

We have helped thousands to climb out of small positions and limited fields to better places and greater usefulness by our system of training by mail.

Cut out and mail to us this coupon, marking X before the position you want to be qualified to fill.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1172, Scranton, Pa.

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

Mechanical Engineer	Surveyor	Cotton Mill Supt.
Mechan'l Draftsman	Mining Engineer	Woolen Mill Supt.
Gas Engineer	Metallurgist	Textile Designer
Refrig'r'n Engineer	Architect	Navigator
Electrical Engineer	Contrac'r and B'ld'r	Bookkeeper
Elec. Machine Des.	Arch. Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrician	Sign Painter	Teacher
Telephone Engineer	Letterer	To Speak French
Steam Engineer	Analytical Chemist	To Speak German
Civil Engineer	Ornam'l Designer	To Speak Spanish

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

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Outdoor Sports

California

May be indulged in all the year. No cold weather. The sun shines warmly from unclouded skies and flowers bloom in plenteous riot of color. An ideal land for pleasure seekers. Why freeze at home?

Country clubs abound. Here are golf links, tennis courts and fine roads for coaching parties. Sailing, fishing and bathing are kindred pastimes of the sea—nowhere so delightful as along the Pacific shore. Magnificent resort hotels.

The luxurious **California Limited,** Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Perfect dining-car service. Visit Grand Canyon of Arizona en route.

Apply to agents The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System for illustrated books describing the California tour—mailed for ten cents in stamps. NEW YORK 377 Broadway—BOSTON 332 Washington St. —MONTREAL, QUE. 138 St. James St.—PHILADELPHIA 711 Chestnut St.—BUFFALO Ellicott Square Bldg.—DETROIT 151 Griswold St.—CLEVELAND Williamson Bldg.—CINCINNATI 417 Walnut St.—PITTSBURG 402 Park Bldg.—ST. LOUIS 108 N. 4th St.—CHICAGO 109 Adams St.—PEORIA 103 S. Adams St.—KANSAS CITY 905 Main St.—TOPEKA A. T. & S. F., Gen. Pass. Office—DES MOINES 409 Equitable Bldg.—MINNEAPOLIS 503 Guaranty Bldg.—DENVER 1700 Lawrence St.—SALT LAKE CITY 411 Dooly Block—LOS ANGELES 200 Spring St.—SAN FRANCISCO 641 Market St.—SANTA BARBARA 635½ State St.—GALVESTON 224 Tremont St.—DALLAS 246 Main St.—SAN ANTONIO 101 E. Commerce St.—EL PASO Mills Blk.—ATLANTA 16 N. Pryor St.—NEW ORLEANS 705 Gravier St.

Santa Fe

Santa Fe

OUR RECORD—

The Record of Work Well Done!

Is more eloquent and convincing than any argument we could make why you should become a student of the **National Correspondence Schools, Indianapolis.** Nothing could be more appealing to the thinking man and woman, than the record of work well done. These are the largest Correspondence Schools in the world, teaching the professions by mail and backed by a resident educational institution that has been in successful operation for more than a half century with an alumni of 30,000 resident graduates and students, representing every profession, trade and industry in the world.

When you know what our Correspondence Schools can do for you by what they are doing for tens of thousands of people—young and old—does it not appeal to your sense of judgment that we can open the door of success to you? A life time spent in educational work and for the past nineteen years identified with Correspondence instruction, confers ability, and gives us an experience that is of vital value to you as our student. The Heeb System of Teaching and Reciting Privately by Mail stands synonymous for all that is thorough, practical and progressive in correspondence instruction. The selection of a school should be attended with the gravest responsibility. Then, beware of scheming concerns offering "free scholarships," "free instruction," "tuition after position secured," etc., for they are not philanthropists.

A world-wide patronage, and a reference of all the banking and financial institutions of Indianapolis, eliminate all risk when you choose these schools in which to prepare for a successful career. Name the subjects you desire.

ILLUSTRATING, NEWSPAPER SKETCHING, CARTOONING, PYROGRAPHY (Wood and Leather Burning), LAW, PHARMACY, PREPARATORY MEDICINE, BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, LETTER WRITING, PENMANSHIP, Etc.

We want your enrollment now. Write for full particulars.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
40 N. Penn'a St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

amid a multitude of other pursuits, wrote his "Statistical Account of Scotland," in twenty-one volumes, a work the execution of which would have appalled most men, besides receiving and attending to 20,000 letters. It was not to the possession of genius that Elihu Burritt attributed his mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, but to the improvement of the odds and ends of his time while working at his calling.

It was said of that indefatigable worker, Sir Theodore Martin, who was engaged in his legal tasks from 9.00 A. M. till 9.00 P. M., that the bulk of his literary work was done between 10.30 at night and 3.00 in the morning. One secret of his productiveness was the way in which he economized the odd, unconsidered half-hours and quarter-hours—the small change,—of his time. He never lost a moment. His admirable translation of Horace, which was in his mind, off and on, for twenty years, was executed by thinking over this and that metrical rendering as he walked to and fro between his house and his office, and casting and recasting the verse until the finest mold had been obtained. The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, author of "The Cloister-Life of Charles V.," and other excellent books, wrote all his works slowly in the intervals of other occupations.

Jeremy Bentham, the apostle of Utilitarianism, was a great economist of time. The disposal of his hours was a matter of systematic arrangement, the cardinal principle of which was that it is a calamity to lose the smallest fragment of time. Though comparatively frail in body, he devoted from eight to twelve hours a day to intense study. I recently referred, in an article in SUCCESS, to the late E. J. Baillie, an exceedingly busy citizen of Chester, England, who utilized the odds and ends of time every day of his life. Whether walking or waiting for a railway train, he was always busy with his pencil, noting facts and thoughts. Macaulay, though his marvelous mental gifts enabled him to crowd a day with twice the work of most men, yet utilized his hours as if he was one of the slowest of workers. On shipboard, walking in the streets of London, in the green lanes of Surrey, or for many miles in the country, he had almost always a book in his hand,—frequently the work of a Greek or Latin author,—which he devoured as a famished lion his prey. In a walk between Worcester and Malvern, sixteen miles, he read fourteen books of the "Odyssey" in the original Greek. On a journey to Ireland, he read between London and Bangor the lives of all the Roman emperors from Maximin to Carinus, inclusive.

Earnest Purpose Finds Time or Makes It

One of the commonest excuses for the lack of self-culture and attention to other duties is the lack of time. Hundreds of men, young and old, cheat themselves with the notion that they would do this or that desirable thing if they "only had time." But the truth generally is that the busiest of them could find leisure for the extra thing by utilizing odd chinks and crevices of time, and properly arranging their regular employments. Hazlitt observes that many men walk as much idly on Pall Mall in a few years as would suffice to carry them around the globe. The truth is that an earnest purpose finds time or makes it. It seizes on spare moments, and turns larger fragments of leisure to golden account. How many men are there in the busiest classes who do not waste daily in bed, in loitering, or in idle talk, fifteen or twenty minutes? Yet even this petty fraction of time, if devoted steadily to self-improvement, would make an ignorant man wise in a few years, or, if spent in works of benevolence, would make a life fruitful in good deeds. Even ten minutes a day, spent in thoughtful study, would be felt at the year's end. A continual dropping wears away a stone; a continual deposit of animalcules builds up a continent. The most colossal buildings are reared by laying one brick or stone at a time on others.

To ask for leisure to do any ordinary thing is simply to confess that we do not care to do it. On the other hand, who but him who has experienced it can tell the rapture with which knowledge is gathered, in those hurried but precious moments, by the reader who has, instead of whole days, only snatches of time at his command? While the owner of a large library lounges a whole afternoon on his sofa, unable to decide what book he will read, the poor fellow who hangs over a bookstall, or snatches ten minutes from his work to dip into a prized volume, revels in an intellectual paradise.

William Ellery Channing observes that the affections sometimes crowd years into minutes, and that the intellect has something of the same power.

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George H. Powell

Advertising Writing as a Money Making Business

And How It Is Taught

By GEORGE H. POWELL

Skill Acquired by Mail Instruction in Demand At Incomes Ranging from $100.00 to $500.00 a month

IT has been suggested that I tell the readers of SUCCESS something about the inducements offered in the field of advertising writing to young men and women who are willing to prepare themselves for the work. This space, however, is too limited to enter into much detail, and a few facts must suffice.

In the first place, we must consider that modern advertising dates back only about a dozen or fifteen years, previous to which time a catchy advertisement was practically unknown. In those earlier days the great department store used a column ad., where to-day a page is found necessary. And as the advertising expenditures have doubled and quadrupled, the volume of business has more than kept pace with this ever-increasing outlay.

A dozen years ago a mere handful of men occupied recognized positions as advertising managers, while to-day there are probably three or four hundred, and yet it is a very small army—much too small, and altogether out of proportion to the wonderful increase of the advertising appropriations. The demand for *good* ad.-writers cannot be met, and this condition must of necessity exist for years to come. In fact, like all comparatively new arts, the art of ad.-writing lacks skilled workers. A young man or woman possessed of a common-school education can, under proper instruction, added to reasonable diligence, finally be sure of a weekly salary of $50.00. Those who draw from $4,000.00 to $15,000.00 annually are the picked workers, and yet positions at these high salaries are steadily multiplying. There will always be this "something better" to strive for.

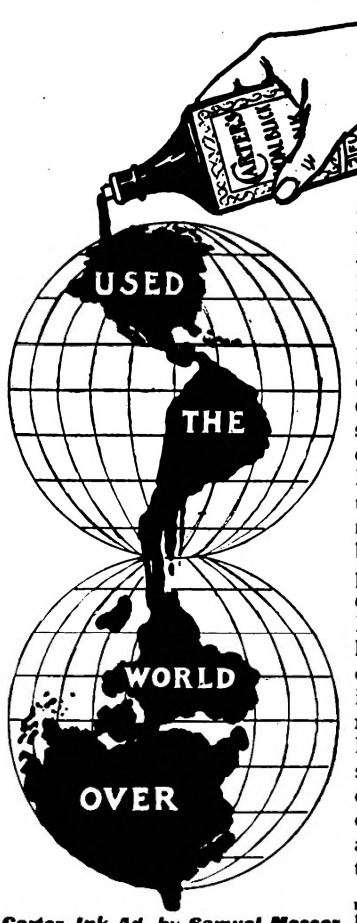
To show how utterly out of proportion are the present salaries paid advertising writers and managers, a comparison will be of interest. With over 200,000 miles of steam railway in the United States employing 1,000,000 men, the combined earnings for 1901 were $1,500,000,000, while salaries reached the enormous sum of $600,000,000. Now the total amount spent for advertising in the same year was nearly half the earnings of the railways, but the salaries paid advertising men and women were so small as a whole that comparison is useless, since it does not amount to one per cent!

Conservative authorities agree with me that nearly one-half of the money spent for advertising is wasted, for want of proper attention and service, while nearly seventy per cent. of all the new advertisers drop out of the race for the same cause! Is it any wonder, then, that high salaries await bright people who have been trained to attract attention and create business?

I established my school at the urgent suggestion of notable advertising men who saw the need of really expert instruction. There were other ad. schools in existence; but, like all new things, only limited results were produced. Fulton built the first and original steamboat, but it is hardly to be compared with the 1902 ocean greyhound. To-day the Powell System is recognized by all authorities as the standard and best.

The chief fault of the early ad. schools lies in lack of understanding as to limitations, and instead of loading up students with superfluous news and detail about matters really foreign to the duties of the ad.-writer, the concentrated efforts ought to be along the line of the actual writing of ads. In this way, largely, is the Powell System superior to all others. Take the synonym question as another example: I supply a work of nearly 600 pages, instead of dabbling in three or four so-called "lessons" that are of no practical value. The


SAMUEL MOSSER, READING, PA. — J. M. KEMPER, DAYTON, O. — Miss E. ANNA ROE, MONROEVILLE, O. — JOHN CLUGSTON, CATASAUQUA, PA. — C. W. GREENE, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Carter Ink Ad. by Samuel Mosser, Reading, Pa.

Powell System proper—by which I mean the actual correspondence instruction itself—consists of lessons on all lines of ad.-writing, and following the student's work comes my personal criticisms, corrections, etc. No books are used in this main branch, because it is not practical or beneficial. Printer's Ink, the well-known journal of advertising, in commenting recently on a large book, or so-called "encyclopedia" offered by an ad.-school, truly said:

"Students from the rural districts will find ——'s Publicity the nicest book for drying and pressing flowers that ever happened. It is a great thing in itself. It is a greater thing to accomplish a distribution of the edition."

The Powell System differs from book instruction in that I personally supervise and direct each student's advertising education as he or she requires, and no form letters for criticisms are ever used. What books I do furnish are for a supplementary purpose.

On this page I reproduce several specimens of fine ad. work by my students, who are taught originality to such a high degree that they become prize-winners and valued employees in the shortest possible time.



KEEP ON HAND A CAKE OF

Shawmut Soap

and keep off the sores and blotches that come with the use of common, inferior laundry soaps.

Shawmut Soap cleans without injury to skin or fabric.

All grocers sell it—or ought to. 5c.

Shawmut Soap Ad. by J. M. Kemper, Dayton, Ohio

My instruction system is so superior to all others that I always court investigation by giving full addresses to all testimonials I publish. The more skeptical you are the better I am pleased, because I have bushels of proof to finally convince you. Suppose you write those students, whose portraits appear above? Or, if you are a hard-headed business man and wonder whether I am really an expert, you may be interested in the testimony of the Secretary of the Severne Wine Co., Himrod, N. Y., who says that my instruction and advice increased his business about four-fold, by actual test. I will gladly send you his letter, together with my complete and instructive Prospectus and full explanatory matter, if you will only write me. My address is George H. Powell, 161 Temple Court, New York.



First Prize Ad. in Pearline Contest. Won by Mr. F. G. Rogers, after taking only about half the Powell Course.

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HIGGINS & SEITER



"BUY CHINA AND GLASS RIGHT"

Too Much Light



If you use a common electric bulb. You often pay for a full power light when you only want a glimmer.

The **HYLO** gives a subdued glow when you want it and turns up to 16 candle power when you need a bright light. A slight turn of the bulb to right or left makes the light high or low.

Every first class electrician sells our lamps. If *yours* does not you can order from factory direct. Price, 55 cents per lamp in half dozen lots f. o. b. Detroit. Single lamp by mail 65 cents. Write and find out about all our lamps. Circulars free.

THE PHELPS COMPANY

47 State Street, • DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.

HOME STUDY

of BOOK-KEEPING SHORTHAND BUSINESS FORMS OFFICE WORK, Etc.



With our **Private Lessons BY MAIL** open up to young Men and Women **good paying positions** We give just the training needed for **success in business.** No interference with work — only spare time required. The **cheapest** and **best method.** Highly endorsed. National reputation. We also teach **English, Civil Service** and other courses by mail, or at our school. Established **46 Years.** Trial lesson, 10 cents. Catalog Free.

BRYANT & STRATTON,
585 College Building, - - - - Buffalo, N. Y.

What Career to Cheese

How to win in society, Where to locate, How to succeed in business, How to secure a position, The secret of success in politics, and many other questions pertaining to Sociology that you should know to insure success in life. Particulars free. Write at once.

The Sociological Institute, Goshen, Indiana

LADIES—STUDY AT HOME.

TRAIN TO NURSE

Wonderfully attractive opportunities and wages. Simple, easy, all can learn. Our plan endorsed by Chicago's leading physicians because it is the only practical one. President Harper, Chicago University, endorses correspondence studies. Diploma. Send 10c. for Catalogue.
AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL FOR NURSES, A.B., 167 Dearborn, St., Chicago, Ill.

Shorthand Easily Learned at Home

Complete course by mail in shorthand and typewriting. Successful students and employed graduates in all parts of the country. Complete booklet and first lesson free.
JACKSON CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND, JACKSON, MICH.

LEARN SHORTHAND

at home. Save board and tuition. Child or adult can learn the simple, legible rapid PERNIN. No position; no shading. World's Fair Medal and Diplomas. Text-book on approval. For free trial lesson, write

H. M. PERNIN, Author. - - Detroit, Mich.

SHORTHAND BY MAIL

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

BOOKKEEPING AT HOME!!

The quickest—the best. Write to **Fireside Accounting Institute, 90 N. Washington Ave., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.**

LEARN PROOFREADING

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a genteel and uncrowded profession paying $15 to $35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.
HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia.

Touch Your Lips With Gladness

Nixon Waterman

Are you growing weary of the long and rugged road,
Weary of the burden, oh, my brothers?
Men have found the surest way for lightening the load
Is just to try to lighten it for others.
Hearts still hold the most of love that most their love bestow
On lonely lives of those who are forlorning;
Roll the stone from out the path where tired feet must go,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

Touch your lips with gladness and go singing on your way,
Smiles will strangely lighten every duty;
Just a little word of cheer may span a sky of gray
With hope's own heaven-tinted bow of beauty.
Wear a pleasant face wherein shall shine a joyful heart,
As shines the sun, the happy fields adorning;
To every care-beclouded life some ray of light impart,
And touch your lips with gladness every morning.

THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS

A Record of Important Happenings that Are Making History and Showing the Significance of Coming Events

The Most Valuable Part of the World

THE highest-priced land in the world is that bounded by Wall and Broad Streets and Broadway, in lower New York City. A square foot of ground on a corner of Broadway and Wall Street can not be had for less than four hundred and fifty dollars. The most expensive land in London sells for three hundred dollars a square foot. The average price of land in New York City's financial district is about one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Next in the scale comes the woman's shopping district from Fourteenth to Twenty-third Streets, on Sixth Avenue, and from Thirty-fourth Street to Forty-second Street, on Broadway. Here, land ranges all the way from sixty dollars to three hundred and fifty dollars a square foot. On the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth Street the latter price was obtained. The real estate man who can tell the future movements of population on Manhattan is in a position to realize a fortune. The growth of Brooklyn and Jersey City has checked the movement of the population north, and it is said the most valuable land on Manhattan Island will always remain south of Central Park. The lower half of the island will soon have nothing on it except office buildings, factories, and tenement houses.

The Men Who Regulate Prosperity

EUROPEANS have a habit of judging the state of business in this country by conditions in Wall Street. If there is a momentary panic, there never fails to be sounded a general warning in Europe, that great business depression is coming to America. Early in October, there was a shortage of cash in New York, and a flurry in the Street in consequence of the movement of immense crops from the West and the South. "The wolf has come," said alarmists beyond the sea. Nothing could be more absurd, for, with a good crop, Wall Street might run a daily panic and could not undermine the general prosperity of this great country. No, after all, it is the farmers, the amount of sunshine and rain, and the coming or staying of frost or pest, and not the "bulls" and "bears" of a street that bring and keep prosperity or panics.

Maintaining the Monroe Doctrine

THE conduct of most of the Latin-American republics, if persisted in much longer, must become a menace to the peace of the world. The commercial relations between these countries and the United States, on the one hand, and Europe on the other, are growing very fast, and European emigration to them is increasing by leaps and bounds. Yet these countries are making no progress in law and order. When a man gets in power there, he can only be made to leave his office by

Study Evenings AT HOME

An opportunity to obtain in your leisure moments a thorough understanding of some engineering subject which will increase your earning capacity twice over.

Courses in Engineering, etc., offered as follows:

Mechanical	Navigation
Electrical	Hydraulics
Locomotive	Architecture
Marine	Telegraphy
Stationary	Sheet Metal Work
Sanitary	Mechanical Drawing
Textiles	Perspective Drawing

Also Forty Short Special Courses.

INSTRUCTION UNDER MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY OF THE ARMOUR INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

The very men who preside over the laboratories and teach the classes at the Armour Institute of Technology instruct you and supervise your work.

Students in full engineering courses furnished with handsome Technical Reference Library (4 vols.) in addition to regular instruction papers.

Catalogue upon request.

American School of Correspondence at Armour Institute of Technology

Mention "Success." **CHICAGO, ILL.**

TEACH YOURSELF MUSIC

During Leisure Moments at Home, Piano, Organ, Guitar and Voice.

ANYONE can learn all TUNES, NOTES, CHORDS, ACCOMPANIMENTS and the LAWS OF HARMONY in a short time. It is the CHEAPEST, EASIEST, most rapid and correct way on earth to learn MUSIC. Over 40,000 strongest kind of testimonials received. Goes to the bottom of MUSIC, makes it clear to the beginner; creates a fondness for music because you succeed from the start. A few days' practice and you play perfect ACCOMPANIMENTS IN ALL KEYS. CIRCULARS FREE. Write for them. Worth hundreds of dollars to anyone interested in MUSIC. SAMPLE LESSON 10c. AGENTS WANTED.

G. S. RICE MUSIC CO., W-241 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

PACKARD

Commercial School—45th Year.

Fourth Ave. and 23d St., N. Y. 'Phone 101-18
DAY AND EVENING.

All Business Branches. Individual Instruction. List of more than 1700 well-known firms employing Packard graduates sent upon request for Catalogue U.

WANTED

Unemployed young men and boys whose education has been finished in public schools, academies and colleges, to write for our plan of home study; we train in a short time for any occupation necessary to business pursuits and obtain desirable positions for all graduates of our complete commercial course. STENOGRAPHY, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, etc., thoroughly taught *by mail* or personally; if you want to get a start and are willing to study, send ten 2-cent stamps for first five easy lessons in Shorthand, *Eastman students succeed where others fail.* Address for catalogue,

CLEMENT C. GAINES, Box 925, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

ENGINEERING



in all branches—**Mechanical, Electrical, Railroad, etc., TAUGHT BY MAIL** by a corps of graduates from the leading universities of the country. Degrees conferred by the authority of Congress. 9th year. Spare-time study alone required to graduate in one of the leading professions. Tuition payable in instalments. Write for illustrated booklet.

National Correspondence Institute, 13-17 2d Nat'l Bank Bldg, Washington, D.C.

STUDY LAW

LEADING LAW SCHOOL IN CORRESPONDENCE INSTRUCTION.
Established in 1892.



Prepares for bar in any State. Combines theory and practice. Text books used are same as used in leading resident schools. Teaches law at your home. Three Courses—Regular College Course, Post Graduate and Business Law Courses. Approved by the bench and bar. Full particulars free.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law, Reaper Block, Chicago.

BE A PROOFREADER

Work refined, private, and educative. Women receive same salaries as men, $15 to $35 a week. Proofreaders always in demand. Send for free booklet, "PRACTICAL PROOFREADING," tells how.
National Proofreaders' Association, The Baldwin, No. 96, Indianapolis, Ind.

TELEGRAPHY

We teach you thoroughly at your home by our Automatic Transmitter for $5 per month. Particulars and testimonials mailed free.

Nat'l Aut. Tel. Co., - - - Valparaiso, Ind.

TELEGRAPHY

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the most serious measures. We have set up the Monroe Doctrine, and mean to stand by it, but we shall have to swallow some bitter pills in doing so. We have taken possession of the transit across the Isthmus of Panama, depriving Colombia, for the time being, of sovereignty there. Europe and our own interests may soon force this agreeable task upon us elsewhere, and the end must be a forced growth of self-respect in these lands, or we shall have to carry the great burden of law and order for a most rowdy continent upon our shoulders. The only thing that will lift this southern continent out of its present chaos is to drive railroads through it from end to end,—the work of American capital, if the Monroe Doctrine is to remain unchallenged.

▲ ▲

School-Teachers Are Scarce in the West

ONE or two amusing effects of prosperity in this country is the scarcity of school-teachers and farm hands in Kansas, Nebraska, and other western states. It has been impossible to open many of the public schools in Nebraska this fall, for the reason that sons and daughters of farmers have become too independent to teach school for thirty and thirty-five dollars a month, the salary allowed by law. The farmers are prospering, and school-teaching, which is called "a makeshift to get a little money when you can't get it in any other way," is no longer a desirable vocation. In Kansas, thousands of tramps have been arrested this year, and forcibly made to help gather in the great harvest. Indeed, tramps are fleeing from the Middle West, as the buffaloes and Indians did a generation ago.

▲ ▲

Literacy Is Growing in the South

ONE of the most helpful signs in the South is the marked decline in illiteracy among children from ten to fourteen years of age, as shown by a recent census report. Taking the sixteen states along the border and below Mason and Dixon's line, the gain in literacy has been nearly seven per cent. within ten years. In North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, where the percentage has been greatest on account of the black belt and the mountain whites, there has been wonderful improvement, the gain reaching nearly nine per cent. Fully three-fourths of the children can now read. Fifteen years ago, only about two-thirds could read. So wide sweeping is the educational revival in the South that it is safe to predict that, ten years hence, nine-tenths of the new generation, both white and black, will be able to read.

▲ ▲

What the Ship Trust Means to America

J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S shipping trust, and its final consummation in New York, have necessarily interested Englishmen more than Americans, and there has been much rejoicing in London that the great magnate, by the terms of the trust, did not sweep the English flag from the Atlantic. Indeed, over there, it has been called an English victory over America, but the fact remains that Mr. Morgan and his business associates in America have secured complete control over eighty British ships, some of them the largest afloat. Shipping people on this side know that these ships will carry the British flag, because it is illegal for them to carry the Stars and Stripes. In the present state of public sentiment on trusts, Mr. Morgan is not likely to ask congress to grant his shipping trust a subsidy, and, without a subsidy, an American registry and the American flag on English ships would be of no great advantage to them. He has no sentiment on the subject. England cannot go to war with America, and, if she should go to war with another power, Mr. Morgan knows that she would have to pay him well for the use of his ships under her flag. The material point to England is that the control of more than two-thirds of the ships on the North Atlantic has passed out of her hands and gone into the hands of two big American railways, and that America, instead of stopping at the sea, now reaches Liverpool, and is likely, in the near future, to get possession of the English railways.

▲ ▲

Education May Change British Politics

THERE are many indications that the people of Great Britain will soon have a fine opportunity to punish the conservative government for its long blundering in South Africa. The Educational Bill, a measure on which the life of Mr. Balfour's ministry is now staked, is before parliament,—a parliament with one hundred and twenty conservative

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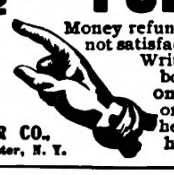
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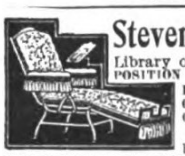


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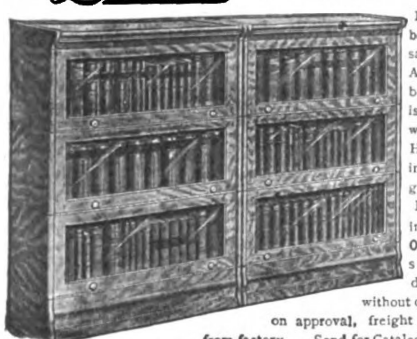
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majority, and elected only a little more than a year ago. The opposition to this measure is strong and very determined because the system of public education aimed at is no freer, indeed, is not as free, as the one now in force. The whole educational system in England to-day, from the board schools up to Oxford and Cambridge Universities, is founded on social caste, and has helped to perpetuate it as nothing else in English law or custom has. No respectable Englishman would think of sending his son or daughter to a board school,—the school for the poor,—nor could the working classes afford to send their children to the so-called public schools. Mr. Balfour now proposes to level the schools of the high and the low, as far as possible, and to place their management in the hands of the established church, seating sectarianism in the chair of social caste. The English bend the knee easily to a lord, but there are millions of them who want to say how they shall bend the knee to God. All the nonconformist bodies are up in arms against the government, and many a man who cursed the bulletins from South Africa is wearing a smile of revenge.

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Uncle Sam Is Called an "Intermeddler"

THE letter written by John Hay, secretary of state, to the signatory powers of the Berlin Treaty, regarding the treatment of the Roumanian Jews, instead of awakening among the continental nations of Europe a dignified discussion of the merits of the question, has provoked nothing more than sharp international criticism of the United States. There is a loud call for some sort of Monroe Doctrine to be enforced against us for "intermeddling." More than one important European journal has advanced the idea that a letter, written by the combined foreign powers, should be sent to the "busybody" Americans, protesting against their treatment of negroes in the Southern States. If we had not a fault in the world, Mr. Hay's well-intended note would cause the guilty to trump up a multitude of charges against us. It is along such a path that justice must travel, and no one need be surprised at its progress among the nations, which, after all, are like so many children.

▲ ▲

"International Investment" Tends to Peace

ONE of the strongest influences for peace among the nations is the growing habit of borrowing and lending money, or "international investment." Everybody recollects how France abused the United States when this country had to take Spain to task for the misgovernment of her colonies. The root of it all was a huge amount of French money in Spain. France has now invested in foreign countries, chiefly Russia, England, Spain, and Italy, the sum of six billion dollars. England, on the other hand, has ten billion dollars invested abroad, and a good sum of it is in France, but perhaps the greatest part of it is in the United States. But the American millionaire is also abroad, and he is buying everything he can lay his hands on in Europe, and much of it he can't bring home in his trunk, such as underground railways, mineral springs, hotels, castles, ivy-clad ruins, shoe stores, electric factories, foreign brogues, and anti-American prejudices.

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Oil Is Becoming Popular as Steamship Fuel

THE United States is winning the great bulk of the carrying trade of the Pacific, as it will that of the Atlantic in a few years. One of the chief factors in this maritime supremacy is the California oil fields. Oil is now being used in nearly all the large steamers that ply between San Francisco and the Orient. It costs but half as much as coal, and so much of it can be taken in the bunkers of a steamer that no fuel stations are needed along the voyage. From three to four days can be cut off the round trip between San Francisco and the Far East, and freight rates have dropped to such a low point that the coal-using ships cannot compete. It is said that three million dollars' worth of ships in the coal-carrying trade have had to change their business within the last two years. Oil as fuel will not only revolutionize maritime commerce, but, on account of the great amount of it that can be shipped, it will become a new factor in naval supremacy. The use of such fuel must add tremendous power to such navies as those of the United States and Germany, which to-day do not have numerous coaling stations. Had Rear Admiral Schley depended on oil instead of coal, there could have been no excuse for the stop that he made on the way to Santiago!

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A MEMORY OF THE BOER WAR

ADOLPH DE WET
[Nephew of General Christian De Wet]



ADOLPH DE WET

[A few days after receiving the manuscript of this article from Adolph De Wet, we learned of his sudden death. He was constructing an electric machine in a mine in Butte, Montana, when a live wire fell upon him, killing him instantly. It does seem that one who had served his country through so many dangers, who had manifested such heroism, and was so well equipped for usefulness, deserved to live. He was rapidly accumulating the means to return to his native land to see his father, mother, brother, and sister, and to claim his bride.—THE EDITOR.]

NOW THAT the weary, but not wholly useless fight by Boer and Briton is over, and the awful sacrifice of life has been made, there has come to all who were active on the *veldt* time to reflect on the causes and consequences of those now historic military maneuvers, and on the personality of the great men on both sides who directed them. When the war began, I was fresh from student halls, having completed an engineering course in the South African College. As I viewed the war at that time, it looked neither serious nor formidable, and I entered the fighting ranks of my countrymen with a light heart and gay spirits. I knew that love for our home land was deep-rooted in our Boer people,—I had read the history of the struggles of the American colonies in 1776, and from its inspiration I felt that in our case there could be but one end,—victory. That end, however, contrary to my sanguine expectations, did not follow, but England was compelled to put into the field a larger army than she had ever organized before and to spend more money than was ever before spent for a war in the history of the world. I was not long on the fighting field before my light heart became serious and I knew that war is a dreadful business. No one who has not been in active service can ever know the awful, awful feeling that comes over one in cold horror and pain when, for the first time, he sees death in battle. In the first skirmish fight in which I was engaged, an old friend and neighbor, fighting by my side, fell,—bleeding, dead. It was a shock I can never forget, and, though later I saw more dreadful sights, nothing else ever so impressed me as did this first experience of mine amid the horrors of war. While in the service I was pierced by four bullets, scarred by an exploding shell, and gashed by a Scottish lancer; but all these accidents of war were circumstantial and trivial as compared to the misery of military confinement in the prison at Bermuda.

"Home" Is a Nation's Noblest Word

It takes but little of war to chill the blood and harden the soul to it. "Home" is the noblest word in a nation's vocabulary, and true heroes are those who give their lives to make and save it. We Boers made our homes and loved them, and we fought to save them. Just so long as there was life, it mattered little how shattered the body might be; the man who saw his home behind him dared march on, to sacrifice, if need be, the little spark of life





Help Yourself

There is a depth of meaning in these words—*help yourself*. No attainment worth the having has ever been made without self help.
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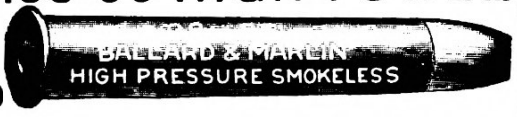
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that was still within his battered frame, if by so doing the home could be kept from ashes. So we fought. But in the prison camps on Bermuda, thousands of miles away from the fierce scenes of action, we were obliged to sit idly, staring upon the wide expanse of ocean, knowing that we were helpless to save and protect our kin and kinsmen. That was suffering that was hard and biting; in fact, it was torture.

I received my last battle scar, and, with a dozen others, was captured by the British near Jacobsdaal. We had gone over the hills to "lift" cattle, and were laughing at the "Cheshire cats," an infantry regiment with which we had had some fun, when suddenly there came galloping around a hill a squadron of cavalry. It was the Essex Light Horse. They dismounted and began to fire. I had no idea that their carbines could send bullets so far. While I was laughing, I felt a sting in my foot, and keeled over. The "Tommys" ran up the hill, and the first that I knew two of them were bending over me. A surgeon bound up my wounded foot and summoned an ambulance. I was sent to the detention camp at Greene Point, just out of Cape Town. With three thousand other unfortunates, I was taken first to St. Helena and then to the Bermudas. At St. Helena, I sat on the rocks where Napoleon had sat. My feelings at that time, as I looked out over the peaceful sea, I cannot describe. On that island, the great commander, who had offended the world by loving war too well, had been a prisoner, but now there were three thousand prisoners who had offended by holding peace, liberty, and home as priceless. Such is the merciless inconsistency in the fortunes of war.

The way in which my fellow prisoners at Bermuda brooded over their country's trouble was tragic in the extreme. Men of all ages up to eighty years, and boys of eleven who cried for their mothers, were anxious as to the fate of their troubled homes so far away. Suicide became a frequent ending to these blasted lives. It was the dreadful depression of such an environment that, more than anything else, drove me to undertake the escape which I successfully made.

"Old Glory" Was a Beacon of Hope

Every night, from Darrell Island, I could see where steamships sailing under various flags anchored in the harbor, at least a mile and a half away, and I resolved to make an attempt to swim the distance. One day I saw a steamer anchor whose flag told me that she was bound for the land of freedom and opportunity,—America. That night I stripped myself of the miserable rags I wore, and, crawling from tent to tent, was able to make a dash for the water. Although Bermuda is washed by the Gulf Stream, the water seemed deadly cold; it was also phosphorescent, and every motion of my legs and arms made a light which I thought would surely attract the attention of the guards. There was also danger from sharks. As I got farther and farther from shore, all these things came to my mind. I could see the lights of the steamer, and, looking back, I could see the lights of the camp. They seemed to remain in their relative positions for so long that it struck me that I was not making any progress,—that I was motionless on the surface of that phosphorescent sea. It was not a pleasant feeling. I had been shot several times; I had faced danger without flinching,—but I was never before so scared as when, chilled and exhausted, I grasped the rudder of that ship, and stood for a moment on the propeller blades to get my breath.

A Desperate Effort to Get Aboard

Confidence returned with my breath, and I swam to the steamer's bow to climb the anchor chain. Twice I fell from the chain into the water, but the third effort brought me to the hawse hole. It was too small to climb through, and I was too far down the side of the ship to reach the guard rail, so I slipped back into the sea and swam to the propeller blades. On gaining a foothold there, I shouted: "Man overboard!" Repeated calls finally brought a sailor, who let down a rope, and helped me to gain the deck. I was too cold and frightened to explain matters to him. I made for the hatchway and slid down close to the furnace fire. For some time I was unable to tell my story to the amazed engineer, but, when I had made it known, he became my friend, and hid me under some coal to escape detection when the ship should be inspected by British officers. A few hours later, when we were at sea, I was set to work as a fireman to pay for my passage to New York.



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I landed in New York City on Christmas Eve, 01, with such clothes as the crew could spare, d seventy-five cents, presented to me by the sec- d engineer. I was afraid to part with any of this oney for a bed, fearing that I might need it more r food. The first night I slept on some iron steps onting a building near Wall Street. In the morn- g I walked to what I learned later is the Bowery, here I got breakfast and secured a job in a little nch counter restaurant as dishwasher, with the rivilege of sleeping at night in a chair. I worked ere two weeks, my wages for that time amounting three dollars. With this money I bought some econd-hand warm clothing. My next job was as section hand on the Pennsylvania Railroad. xposure in severe weather had affected my lungs, nd the railroad company's doctor advised me to o to Florida. I did so, making my way in freight ars, for I had little or no money. I reached Flor- da looking like a tramp. I appealed for work, but ailed as often as I applied and was becoming des- perate. One day, while sitting in the square at Jacksonville, trying to determine just what to do, I overheard a gentleman say, "I guess I'll have to send to New York for an electrician; I can't get one here." Springing to my feet, I told him that I could do his work and asked for a trial. He re- garded me suspiciously, but finally granted me a trial. I succeeded well enough. Through this position, I obtained other work, until, step by step, I gained a firm foothold in my engineering profes- sion. At this writing, I am in the Far West, with every prospect of a gratifying success. When, however, British authority permits, I intend to re- turn to my dear home land.

A Lion with a Child's Heart

As I now begin to get a perspective view of the war just ended, I see some of the great leaders de- veloped there in a more vivid, and, perhaps, truer light. I was a favorite nephew of General De Wet, when my uncle was a butcher and small farmer on the outskirts of Bloemfontein. The agony of grief which came to him, when his whole family—wife, son, and daughter,—were killed by the British, brought me into closer touch with the sternest and sturdiest military leader since Cromwell; but his formidable and determined fighting qualities only measured the Christian De Wet of the occasion. The real Christian De Wet was big-hearted, tender, and mild. No war ever ran its course without de- veloping some tender and beautiful picture. No other scene in the South African War will live so long in my memory and in the memory of those who saw it, as that when, shortly after the dread- ful day at Kroonspruit, a lad on a tough little Basuto pony galloped up to my uncle, who had been brooding all day as we rode. The boy stopped his pony, and saluted and asked to be enlisted in the commando. The big-bearded Boers of my uncle's staff laughed, as the little fellow seemed hardly more than a baby, though thirteen was his age.

"*Allemachdiger*," said my uncle; "little one, thou couldst not quite kill a snipe in single fight, I fear. Ride thou home, my tiny son, and remain with the good mother till thou art bigger."

"I have no mother, General," replied the child; "mother and father and two brothers have been killed, and our house is not. It is burned down. I would kill the men that have killed my own."

Christian De Wet stooped in his saddle, lifted the lad, and pressed him to his breast. There was no smile on his face, but the stern eyes softened, and a tear stole down to his ragged beard. "What is thy name, little orphan?" he asked. "Krange Vaneer," answered the boy.

Burying *the* Warriors Side by Side

"Krange Vaneer," cried the general, in a voice that rolled like a drum. "Krange Vaneer, wel- come to the commando of Christian De Wet. Men, behold your comrade!" Four thousand men cheered till the rocks around us seemed to take it far into the blue distance.

Delarey was a general of great dash. His marches were wonderful, but the unprejudiced must admit that nothing in warfare was ever finer than the way Christian De Wet got around Gen- eral Roberts, after Pretoria had been taken, and har- assed his lines of communication.

Cronje was a brave, but obstinate man. He should have retreated long before he did. He was ordered to do so, but he delayed in the belief that he would ultimately capture Kimberley. When he did begin his retreat, it was too late.

General White, who was the British commander at Ladysmith, is a fine fellow. He is one of the British officers who did not misrepresent the Boers.

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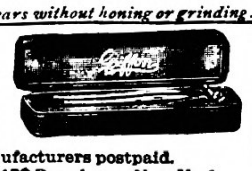
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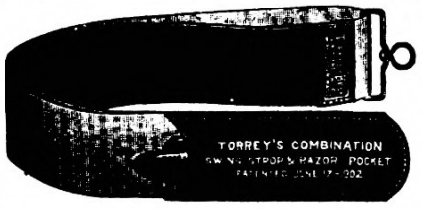
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I remember that, one day, just before sunset, when we had a truce for burying the dead of both sides who had fallen in a sortie unsuccessfully attempted by the British, General White said to our old general, Piet Joubert, in my hearing:—

"General, I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for the circumstances which have made you and me enemies. No one can regret the unfortunate course of events which have led to this struggle more than I do. Personally, you have my admiration and respect."

We were burying the Boers and the British in the trenches side by side, but evening was approaching and the truce was not long enough to complete the work. General Joubert went to General White and said: "General, I wish you would agree to an extension of truce for at least another hour. Let us bury our boys properly, and I desire to read the burial service over my dead. If you have no objection, I should like to read it over your dead, too, for I see you have no chaplain present."

General White agreed, and, as night came down, we bowed our heads, and that grand old Joubert read the burial service as provided by the liturgy of the Dutch Reformed Church for the souls of our own brave boys and for those of the gallant enemy. It was an imposing, aye, even an inspiring sight. The soft breeze was sighing a gentle requiem over the long, gaping trenches wherein lay the soldiers of two flags,—brothers at last. The grim-visaged, grizzly old Joubert read from a little book, in a loud, sonorous tone,—the tone of one who believes in what he says. Close to him, in broken ranks, stood the silent soldiers of the *veldt*. Not a man winced, so sincere was their belief in ultimate victory. But when, from the little valley that fell west from the burial field, there rose on the stilled air the voice of a little child singing in its wild, free home, every man turned and listened, as if the voice had entranced him. Then, lo! a shot,—and the voice was stilled.

As both parties left the field to resume their awful barbaric duty, there existed in the heart of every man a wish that the conflict might find some other solution than that of being pushed to the bitter end. Though my grandfather died for his country and was buried where he fell, and my father and uncles, and all my brothers and cousins took up arms to defend their native soil, no De Wet ever loved war. The De Wets are a peace-loving people. But the old family motto binds them to do and dare in peace or in war. That motto is: "Plenty of brains, some luck, a little money, and no end of pluck."

UNCLE HI'S OPINION

Roy Farrell Greene

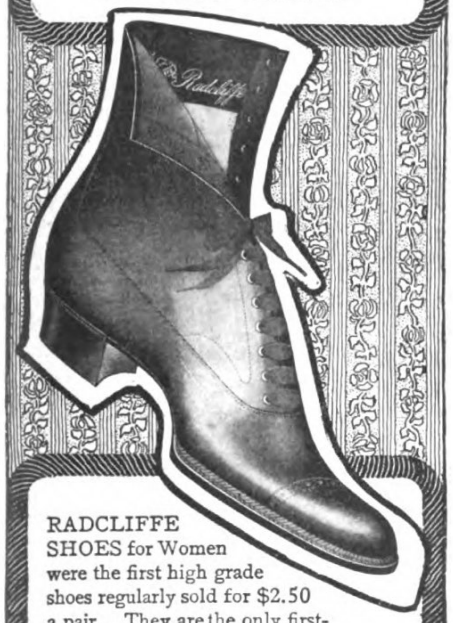
I like a man that's noble, an' I like a man that's proud,—
The man who has the habit of a-laughin' good an' loud
When somethin' strikes his fancy, as a sayin' full o' wit,—
I like his happy nature, an' I envy him a bit.
I feel a sort o' kinship with a feller who can work
When luck seems plumb against him, one who's never learned to shirk
The least of life's hard labor, and my heart goes out to such,
But the man who's simply wealthy never interests me much.

By this I do not mean to say that wealth is a disgrace,
But men whose sole ambition 's bent on winnin' in the race
For round, "almighty dollars," those who measure men, 't is plain,
By the bigness of their purses, not the size of heart and brain,
Seem so cold, and small, and narrow, that I pity them and vow
I 'd rather, than be like them, be as poor as I am now.
I have a heart abhorrent to the miser's fevered clutch,
And the man who 's simply wealthy never interests me much.

A man, though worth a million, may be talented and smart,
His soul may not be sordid, and he still can have a heart;
For such a manly feller I have only words of praise,—
May happiness be with him to the end of all his days!
But wealth an' nothin' with it's a condition, sad to state,
That calls for more of pity than of envy or of hate;
So, with men of heart an' intellect, I like to keep in touch,
But the man who's simply wealthy never interests me much.

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"TO THE MANNER BORN"

A Little Hint for Men

Henry Mason

THIS is to be only a hint, but it is valuable. If you, though of the plain people, have struggled into good grammar, you are now, doubtless, struggling to make a fair appearance in polite society.

To avoid laziness and to follow the Golden Rule in your intercourse with those whom you meet, to shun extremes, to copy the ways of gentlefolk,—all these are necessary, as you are often told, and without them no man can hope to seem "to the manner born;" but I want to tell you one little maneuver which is of wonderful potency. It would do no good all by itself, but, if introduced along with your general efforts to do the right thing, and steadily persevered in, it will put a stamp of correctness upon you such as few great things which I might bid you do could effect.

It is this: get up and stand when a lady enters the room, or rises, and keep on standing till she is seated. It may be half an hour. No matter for that! There is no limit, unless she turns to you and requests you not to do it, because of some special wish of her own to stand up undisturbed.

Is not that simple? But it marks the line between elegant and ill-bred men more sharply than you could dream.

Try to do this with an appearance of unconsciousness, just as you would get up to shut a door or would stand around for your own pleasure. But no matter how you are able to do it, *do* it. If you can only rise square on your feet and remain upright, as stiff as an Assyrian stone figure, never mind; probably you will improve;—and, indeed, if not, I remember a man in whom this practice was most thoroughly ingrained who stood like a stout boor getting his picture taken, but still the stamp of true gentility remained.

Begin at once, without saying anything about it. Perhaps it may not be noticed as a change; but, at any rate, one vague little halo will gradually form around you which was not there before, instead of a very distinct black cloud of criticism which, whenever you stepped within the charmed circle of high life, would have promptly settled upon you and blotted you out of favor.

Possibly you retort: "Men in fashionable society do not do this themselves: I see them, often, dropping back into their seats; or, in fact, not rising at all, if they are a little apart from observation." Well, three things are worth remembering: first, they know when to venture not to, and you do not know; second, they would generally be a good deal more fashionable if they did it; and, third, it can never be incorrect: it is safe.

Perhaps some girl may say: "Do, pray, sit down," ignoring the other ladies and the purpose in your delay, thus placing you between two fires. Even then you should loiter and try not to mind her until your object is attained.

A porch or a grassplot, or any somewhat small space where persons come together, is under the same rule in this matter as a drawing-room. To lie still on the ground and gaze calmly up into the face of a lady who approaches and engages you in conversation is about as flagrant a piece of boorishness as any of which you can easily be guilty.

In a business interview, there should be no lessening of such respectful behavior.

This canon of etiquette has its intricacies. It cannot be applied with complete facility in places like a big hotel parlor, where ladies who enter are nothing whatever to you and not of the group with which you are at the moment associated. To that group only, and to those accidentally thrown with it, or with you, need you exercise, usually, these ceremonious civilities. At large teas, etc., also, much in this same way, though in less degree, things go by groups and couples; but be thoughtful, and err always on the side of paying this unobtrusive attention. Never be caught lolling, motionless, through a "How d'ye do?" or a handshake from one passing you, unless it is a young man and you are talking to a woman.

Outside of these crowded and more or less public places, the rule is plain because universal.

This is a very cheap, *cheap* way to be stylish! Why should anyone neglect it?

The greatest secret of politeness is an unaffected ease. The man who tries to be too polite frequently becomes a bore.

It is easy to cultivate politeness. When it is mastered it adds a thousand per cent. to a man's qualifications and conditions.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT

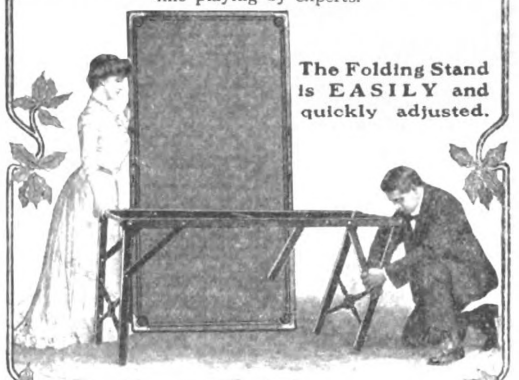


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PORTABLE
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TABLE $15 TO $45
For Home Playing in Any Room

Sizes, 5, 6, 6½, and 7 Feet
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For Pool, Billiards, Balletto, Tenpins, Etc.—21 Games

This table is accurate in every detail, and admits of fine playing by experts.



Recently improved. Place on dining or library table, or on our folding stand; set away in closet or behind door. Rich mahogany frame; bed of patent laminated wood, with steel girders; the only bed that will remain perfectly level under all conditions; green broadcloth cover, best rubber and steel cushions, regular pockets with pocket covers, **16 finest balls, 4 cues; 40 implements, gratis.** SENT ON TRIAL.

Write for booklet and colored plates free; also for name of your local dealer.



Burrowes Folding Tennis Table is the best. Send for Price List

The E. T. Burrowes Company
Portland, Maine, and New York

Also manufacturers Burrowes Rustless Insect Screens, made to order

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A Big Step Ahead

Talking machines have made great advances within the last few years, and the *Victor* has been clear ahead of the rest—as its four-million-dollar business last year will show. But all the improvements that were ever made in all the talking machines put together (*Victor* included), don't compare with the last improvement in the *Victor*.

Our old-style *Victor* received the Gold Medal at the last great Exposition; but it wouldn't have, if the new style *Victor* (just out) had been there.

It is so much better, gives such perfect reproductions of music, song and speech, as to be almost beyond belief.

On exhibition and for sale by more than ten thousand stores throughout the United States.

Distributing Agents for the VICTOR TALKING MACHINE.

Chicago—Talking Machine Co.
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Boston—Eastern Talking Machine Co.
Boston—John C. Haynes & Co.
Kansas City—J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.
Cleveland—Cleveland Talking Machine Co.
Jacksonville—Metropolitan Talking Machine Co.
Philadelphia—Western Electric Co.
Philadelphia—Penn Phonograph Co.
New Orleans—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.
Cincinnati—Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
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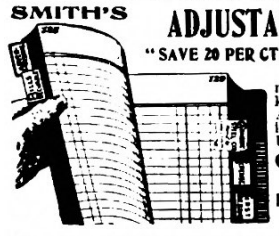


A Positive Relief For CHAPPED HANDS, CHAFING, and all afflictions of the skin. "A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it." Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

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Instantly applied or moved to meet changing conditions. 100 kinds of printed tags, including Alphabets, Months, etc., kept in stock. Tags to WRITE on. Used by U.S.P.O. & War Depts.

Catalogue and Price List Free.
Sample Tag 5 Cents.
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We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and healthful



BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

SANITARY MFG. CO. (Inc.) Dept. 14, 233 So. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SUCCESS

SUCCESS CHIPS



In the United States alone, the pine lumber used yearly in manufacturing matches amounts to four million feet, or the product of four hundred acres of virgin forest.

▲ ▲

A statement recently issued by the census office at Washington, showing the percentage of persons in the different states between the ages of ten and fourteen years, in 1900, who were able to read and write, places Nebraska at the head of the list, with a percentage of 99.66.

▲ ▲

Miss Matilda Lotz, a native of Tennessee, whose home is now in California, has acquired an international reputation as an animal painter. Her contributions to the Paris Salon, the Royal Academy at London, and to exhibitions in Germany and Austria, have won much praise.

▲ ▲

The four-year contract for United States stamped envelopes, calling for an annual output of 851,000,000 envelopes, has been awarded to the Hartford Manufacturing Company. The contract is the largest for stamped envelopes that has been awarded in the history of the post office department.

▲ ▲

Recent tests of a bullet-proof cloth, made at Providence, Rhode Island, were apparently successful. The police and army officers were greatly interested. The revolvers used were a Colt's 41, the regulation police weapon, and a 22-caliber Smith and Wesson. At distances varying from five to twenty feet, the bullets merely made indentations in the cloth.

▲ ▲

Archdeacon Kirby of New York, who recently celebrated his golden wedding, was the first missionary to penetrate within the American arctic circle. He crossed the Rocky Mountains on foot to visit the Indians of Alaska. He translated the New Testament, a prayer book, a hymnal and other books into the Chippewa language. During his twenty-five years of missionary service he built six churches.

▲ ▲

August G. Seyfert, United States consul at Stratford, Ontario, reports that a strong impetus has been given in Canada to the manufacture of peat for fuel, but the question of making the apparently inexhaustible beds of bog commercially valuable lies in the drying process. Thousands of dollars are being expended in experiments to perfect machinery for this purpose, and the genius who succeeds in inventing a machine to thoroughly extract moisture from crude peat will make a fortune.

▲ ▲

The North German Lloyd Steamship Company's "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," which was launched recently at Stettin, Germany, is scheduled to sail from Bremen to New York in April next. The ship is 706½ feet in length over all; beam, seventy-two feet, and fifty-two and one-half feet in depth. Her accommodations are for 775 first-cabin passengers, 343 second class, and 770 steerage passengers. The contract calls for a speed of not less than twenty-three knots an hour. The construction cost of the steamer, it is reported, amounted to $3,806,571.

▲ ▲

A series of experiments at the Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Steel Works has resulted in the perfection of a process for the manufacture of steel wheels for freight cars. Heretofore the cost has been too great, and the freight-car wheels now in general use are made of cast iron, with the tread or wearing surface chilled. The car-wheel problem has become more and more important as the capacity of freight cars has been increased. Should the pressed-steel wheel prove successful, it will mean a sweeping but welcome innovation in rolling stock.

▲ ▲

One of the latest inventions that is coming into familiar use is an antiseptic gauze tip for telephone transmitters, its utility being in the prevention of lip contact with the transmitter, thus checking the transmission of infectious disease germs. The device consists of a little cap of the medicated cloth made in shape and size to fit the transmitter. It is convex in direction and held in place by a metal rim or clasp, which is fastened to the outside of the transmitter and back of the flaring extension constructed to gather the sound waves.

▲ ▲

A new and important use for refined paraffined wax seems to have been discovered by a man living near Lancaster, Ohio. He had two trees which were badly damaged by a storm, one being a maple and the other an apple tree. In each case, a large limb was broken down from the trunk, but still attached to it. The limbs were propped up and fastened securely with straps, very much as a broken leg might be fastened with splints, and then melted refined wax was poured into and over all the cracks. The "surgical operation" was entirely successful. The paraffine prevented the escape of the sap, kept out the moisture which would have rotted the trees, and prevented the depredations of insects.

▲ ▲

An exchange gives the following appalling facts on literary immortality: "Out of one thousand published books, six hundred never pay the cost of printing, two hundred just pay expenses, one hundred return a slight profit, and fewer still show a substantial gain. Of this number of books, six hundred and fifty are forgotten at the end of a year, one hundred and fifty more at the end of three years, and only fifty survive for seven years. Man has been writing books for the last three thousand years, still there are scarcely five hundred writers who have stood the test of time, and of this five hundred there are not more than fifty who are known to a mass of people of ordinary intelligence in one country."



Pearline is the original Washing Powder

Do you think it would have been so widely imitated if it had not justified Our Claims



is no fad. It is simply thoroughly good underwear, made in the best manner and of the best materials the world affords.

Several weights and qualities, all of sterling value and made just right for all sizes of grown people and children.

Sold by principal dealers in New York and all large cities.

If not by yours, write to

ROOT'S UNDERWEAR,
1 Greene Street, New York.

Three Burnt Leather Novelties



35c. each, or $1.00 for the lot

No. 1. Entirely new, found only with us. An Indian 11 inches high, made of fine art colored leather and oddly decorated with burnt patterns. "He's a good Indian because he's dead." He makes a fine match-safe, scratcher and 1903 calendar combined. You write your friend's address on the tag; put on a penny stamp and Uncle Sam does the rest.

A Funny Fancy!

No. 2. A "Full Hand" Calendar

10x6 inches in size, made of art leather, ornamented with burnt designs of two Rocky Mountain burros (jacks), a mirror, a pair of playing cards with an inscription, "Three Jacks and a Pair _____," 1903 calendar and all arranged ready to be hung in a parlor or den.

No. 3. "When Shall We Three Meet Again?"

Same size as No. 2, made of art leather, ornamented with burnt designs of two Rocky Mountain burros (jacks), mirror and 1903 calendar.

These three novelties, comical in character, produce three laughs. Large, decorative; make queer, beautiful souvenirs or presents.

The above three novelties will be sent to any address for $1.00, or any single one at 35c. postpaid. Order by Number.

Address: H. H. TAMMEN CURIO CO.
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SPECIAL.

A beautiful color plate of Rocky Mountain minerals and a color plate of polished agates, each 9 x 11 inches in size, and a marvelous lot of photographic illustrations of Indian curios, baskets, odd and useful novelties to be had nowhere else, sent on receipt of four cents in stamps, or FREE with each order.

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Toilet and Shaving Soaps, Perfumes, Sachets, Toilet Waters, Talc and Dental Powders
"corresponds to"
THE "STERLING" MARK
ON SILVER.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Joel Benton

Holly branches, bright and green,
Mingled with the mistletoe,
Now on doors and walls are seen,
While the sun is sinking low
Past the peaks of purpled snow.

Holly wreaths, with berries red,
Symbol life forevermore,—
So each house is garlanded,
As Santa Claus comes with his store
Of gracious gifts to every door.

What if the north wind madly wail,
And the sharp air sting and bite!
See, their force shall not avail
To rob us of our joys to-night,
Emblemed, centuries ago,
By holly wreaths and mistletoe.

HOW AND WHEN

Rules That Must Be Observed to Maintain Correct Social Etiquette

I.—CALLING AND INVITATIONS

Comtesse de Montaigu

ONE of the first things to be acquired by the unlearned in the lore of good manners is the proper way to make and return calls. Prompt recognition of a civility extended marks a person of punctilious habits. The return of a ceremonious call is too frequently deferred to an indefinite period, although such an obligation should not be canceled later than upon the first reception day of the caller. Should illness or any other cause preclude a personal visit, it is imperative that a card be sent by a servant or by mail, with compliments and excuses for the unwitting omission. From ten to fifteen minutes is the usual duration of a visit of ceremony.

When calling at the house of a person belonging to the smart set, it is not customary to send in a card, as the footman announces all callers. In a less fashionable environment, a visitor walks in unannounced. It is, however, proper to deposit, in the receiver on the hall table, a card, accompanied by that of one's husband or son. This is to remind the hostess that her attention has been acknowledged, and also to keep her informed of one's address.

When leaving the city, or changing one's residence, it is customary to send cards with "P. P. C." engraved or penciled in the left-hand corner, or a card with the new address. One of the simplest ways to pay social obligations is to issue cards to a reception or tea, which takes the place of the more onerous call. In most large cities, a call once a year on the persons composing one's social circle is deemed sufficient. Of course, this does not hold good in the case of such formal functions as balls, dinners, and weddings, each of these necessitating a call in person.

To the uninitiated, the turning down of the corners of the dainty bit of pasteboard is replete with mystery, as they cannot read the message to be conveyed. To bend a card in the middle means that the whole family has called. It is, however, much more elegant for each member to leave his or her individual card. The folding over of a corner or creasing the side of a card signifies that a personal call has been made.

In large cities, no one calls without an introduction from some mutual friend, and it is incumbent that the older resident call upon the newcomer. Should a stranger from another city be in town, an acquaintance may begin by a card introduction, all that is necessary being a card with the words, "Introducing Mrs. So-and-So." These introductory missives should be sent by mail and not presented in person. An early call from the recipient is obligatory.

A man meeting a young unmarried woman at a social function, should await an invitation to call from the girl's chaperon, although in not over-ceremonious circles, the younger lady frequently extends the courtesy. This, however, is incompatible with good form. A man is not at liberty to make the initial call except upon the reception day of a lady, although when on terms of greater social intimacy he may permit himself a visit in the evening. A gentleman should never omit asking for all the members of a family, although it is discre-

Baker's Cocoa
and
CHOCOLATE



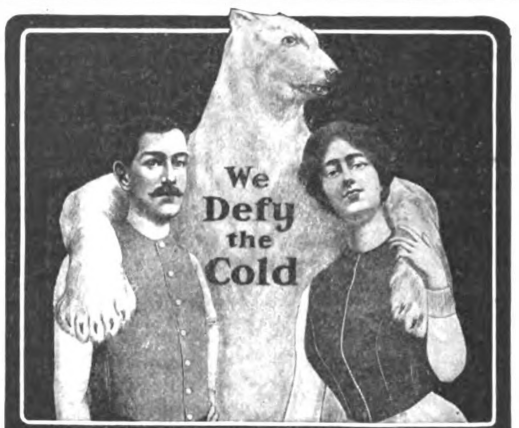
have held the market for 122 years with constantly increasing sales

(1) because they are pure and of high grade; (2) because they yield the most and best for the money; (3) because they are unequaled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor

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Our trade-mark is on every package of the genuine goods

Walter Baker & Co.
Limited
Dorchester, Massachusetts
40 Highest Awards in Europe & America



Please be Careful, Don't Catch Cold

Avoid sudden changes and reduce the danger of pneumonia, coughs, colds, catarrh and all chest and lung troubles, by wearing a perfect-fitting, tailor-made

FROST KING OR FROST QUEEN CHAMOIS VEST

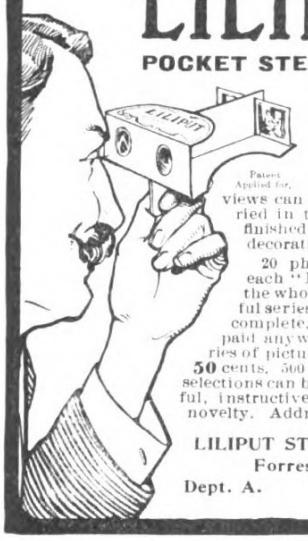
Frost King Chamois Vests for men, made of chamois, flannel inside, $3.00 each.

Frost Queen Chamois Vests for women, made of chamois, covered with red, blue, green, brown, black or tan flannel, $3.00 each. Children's sizes, $2.25 each.

Your druggist should have them, if not, send us his name with $3.00 and we will supply you, express prepaid. Write for free descriptive booklet.

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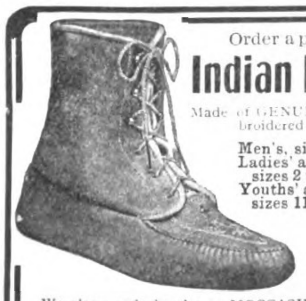
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POCKET STEREOSCOPE



The smallest complete stereoscope apparatus with the most surprising optical effect. It is collapsable, and with a number of views can be conveniently carried in the pocket. Highly finished in silver and gold decorations.

20 photographs go with each "Liliput—sights from the whole world, and beautiful series of art works. Price complete, **$1.00**, sent postpaid anywhere. Duplicate series of pictures in sets of **20** for **50** cents. 500 subjects from which selections can be made. A wonderful, instructive and entertaining novelty. Address

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Indian Moccasins

Made of GENUINE MOOSEHIDE, embroidered with Indian tribe designs.

Men's, sizes 6 to 11	$2.75
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perhaps you will appreciate how little things annoy and cause discomfort. When you are nervous and weak you will know how irksome it is to hold dishes on your lap, how tiresome to hold a book in your hands. Then you will want

The "Invalid's Table"

to hold things for you; hold them secure from falling o spilling and to save you fatigue.

"Comfort for the Invalid"

The art of **knowing how** to care for the sick and injured. Whether or not there is anyone ill in your family **now**, you should have a copy of this valuable booklet. Written by competent authority. It's FREE. Write for it.

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We sell SHORT STORIES



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COCOA AND CHOCOLATE



As skillfully prepared, pure and delicious as

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THE SAME MAKERS
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Vapo-Cresolene



An Inhalation for

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Grippe, Hay Fever.

CRESOLENE is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. The air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surfaces of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment Those of a consumptive tendency, or sufferers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

If your child complains of sore throat particularly when Diphtheria or Scarlet Fever is about, use CRESOLENE at once. Laboratory tests show that vaporized CRESOLENE kills diphtheria germs.

CRESOLENE is a boon to ASTHMATICS.

Ask your physician about it. Descriptive booklet with proofs of its value on request.

All Druggists.

CRESOLENE THROAT TABLETS

A safe and simple remedy soothing and germ destroying in its action

To be used for coughs and irritable conditions of the throat

At your druggists' or from us for 10 cents in stamps

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
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1651 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL, CANADA.

Vapo-Cresolene

tionary with them whether they come into the room or not. At any rate, the girl's mother or chaperon should respond, on the occasion of the first call, at least, thus showing her sanction.

Invitations to ceremonious affairs are almost invariably dispatched by post, and should be forwarded from ten days to two or three weeks in advance, so that the invited guest may make his or her arrangements. In the matter of acceptances or regrets, many persons who would be shocked at the reproach of impoliteness are exceedingly delinquent, as they often defer a reply until the last minute. More than twenty-four hours should not be permitted to elapse, especially in the case of a dinner, for which the accommodations are necessarily limited. Sufficient time should be allowed a hostess to invite someone to fill the vacancy, for an empty chair at a banquet has an element of incompleteness.

In America the duties of a woman of the world are exceedingly onerous, as upon her devolves the entire machinery of society, husbands and sons rarely lending their presence in the drawing-room except upon the occasion of a dinner or a ball.

In the matter of acknowledging hospitality, American men are glaringly lax, many so-called society men apparently believing that by lending the sanction of their presence to social functions they have done all that should be expected of them. Such men should not be encouraged, although too indulgent hostesses, fearing to compromise the brilliancy of their entertainments, hesitate to taboo that *rara avis*, the dancing and flirting society man.

A call, no matter how brief, is due after any invitation, and should be made without delay. If it is impossible, a card should be sent without fail.

A proper acceptance to dinners, balls, and luncheons may be worded thus:—

"Mr. Castleton will be pleased to accept Mr. and Mrs. Meredith's kind invitation for Tuesday next."

A refusal should be couched in these words:—

"Mr. Castleton regrets exceedingly that a previous engagement precludes the possibility of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Meredith's kind invitation for Tuesday next."

When a young girl makes her formal *entrée* into society, it is usual for her mother to issue cards to a luncheon, a tea, a reception, or a ball. The *débutante's* name should be engraved under her own, with the words, "At Home from three to seven," placed in the left-hand corner. Dancing and music may be added. On the day of the affair, if a tea or reception, mother and daughter should place themselves near the door of the drawing-room, shake hands with each guest, and say a few pleasant words. Several girls, friends of the *débutante*, are usually invited to pour tea and see that each guest is helped to refreshments. These may be served at little round tables, or from a buffet. No ceremonious leave-taking is necessary.

At a large affair, a hostess cannot be expected to introduce her guests, the burden of receiving being all-sufficient. In fashionable circles, it is understood that the people gathered under one roof are in the same strata of society, and are at liberty to address one another, although it is quite proper, if a hostess so chooses, to present people. A gentleman should invariably be presented to a lady, not she to him. It is not etiquette to invite a stranger to any function without first having called, or, in case the time is short, inclosing a card with the invitation.

The etiquette of weddings is rather complex. It is the fashion to solemnize them before noon. The bride is usually attired in a high-necked white satin or taffeta gown, or she may wear a traveling dress. The groom, the best man, and the ushers should wear morning dress, with light gloves and white or light ties. The bridesmaids' frocks should be picturesque, according to the fancy of the bride. It is the correct thing for the best man to see to the business and social arrangements of the affair. At a church wedding, where the space permits the bidding of one's circle of acquaintances to the function, the cards should read thus:—

MR. AND MRS. DELANCY SMITH

request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter,

KATHRYN,

to

MR. GEORGE MILDMAY,

at eleven o'clock A. M., November 9.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

COLLAR GIVEN FREE.
A CHRISTMAS PRESENT
To Every Lady in the Land



Sending 10c. for our **NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK** from this date until Christmas, in answer to this advertisement.



Book is our latest "**EMBROIDERY LESSONS with COLORED STUDIES**"—just off the press. Excels last year's book. Embroiderers said that book was "worth dollars" to them. 10 cents pays for book and postage. **STAMPED COLLAR** given **FREE**. State number as above of collar you prefer. You are sure to order this book, sooner or later.

Contains 100 fully illustrated pages. Complete instructions for latest Centerpieces, Doilies, Linen Collars, Sofa Cushions, etc.

Some Special Features Are:
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SEND 10 CENTS FOR "1903 BOOK." STATE WHICH FREE COLLAR YOU PREFER.

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GIVEN AWAY

A HANDSOME WATCH GIVEN AWAY.

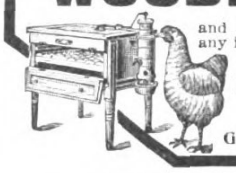


You can obtain one of our handsome Watches without cost, if you sell 20 cases of our Perfume at 5c. each among your friends and send us the One Dollar thus received. We are distributing these Watches simply to advertise our business. There is no misrepresentation or humbug about this—so if you wish to secure one of our Watches, all we ask is that when you receive it you will show it to your friends. Thousands are receiving watches from us and are delighted with them. This is a grand opportunity to get a handsome Watch without paying a cent. **We give a beautiful Watch** as a present to anyone who sells 20 cases of our Perfume at 5c. each and remits us $1.00 for same. Send your name and address and we will mail you the Perfume postpaid. When sold send us the $1.00 and we will forward you the handsome **Gold** laid Watch. We trust you and take back all you cannot sell. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Address,
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200 EGG INCUBATOR
For **$12.80**

The simplest, most perfect incubator made in the world. This is a new one at a remarkably low price. It is an enlargement of the famous

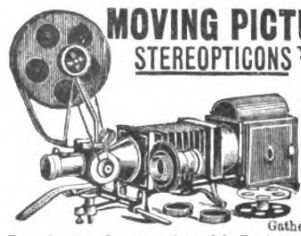
WOODEN HEN



and made as thoroughly good as any incubator on the market. It will hatch every fertile egg, and stand up to regular usage as well as the most costly. Write for free catalogue with 14 colored views.

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THE FIELD IS LARGE comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools Lodges and General Public Gatherings. **Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue** and special offer fully explains everything, **Sent Free.**

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Squabs are raised in one month, bring *big prices*. Eager market. Astonishing profits. Easy for women and invalids. Use your spare time profitably. Small space and capital. Here is *something worth looking into*. Facts given in our **FREE BOOK**, "How to Make Money With Squabs."

Plymouth Rock Squab Co.,
13 Friend Street, - - - Boston, Mass.

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A small card, engraved with the following words, will admit the bearer to the ceremony:—

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S.

Ceremony at eleven o'clock.

When a reception is to be held the usual "At Home" card is also placed in the envelope.

When the wedding is private, it is customary for the bride's parents to send out announcement cards, merely acquainting people with the fact. They read thus:—

MR. AND MRS. DELANCY SMITH

Announce the marriage of their daughter Kathryn

to

MR. GEORGE MILDMAY.

November 9.

In response to this, a note of congratulation should be dispatched. It is usual to have a rehearsal prior to the ceremony. On the eventful day, the bride drives to the church accompanied by her father. The groom goes with his best man, and the bridesmaids follow the bridal equipage. The ushers should be at the church. It is their duty to see that everything is in readiness, and, as the people arrive, to conduct the relatives and guests to the places reserved for them. The bridal party forms in the vestibule of the church. The ushers meet it, and, two and two, precede it, up the aisle; the maid of honor walks alone, and, if there are bridesmaids, they march in couples. The bride follows with her father or nearest male relative. When the procession reaches the altar, the ushers go to the right and the attendants of the bride to the left. The groom and the best man are already awaiting the party; the groom receives the bride from the hands of her father, who stands near her in order to give her away when the auspicious moment arrives. After the ceremony, the relatives and nearest friends offer congratulations.

A much discussed point is in regard to who pays the expenses. It is never the groom. He only gives a fee to the clergyman and bouquets to the bride and the bridesmaids. The family of the bride should defray all the cost of a wedding,—carriages, floral decorations, breakfast,—in fact, everything. The bridegroom's monetary responsibilities begin only after marriage.

Now that house parties are so fashionable, the code of etiquette to be observed when visiting should be studied. A guest should be invited for a certain length of time and must never presume to infringe upon it. The up-to-date hostess does not consider it necessary to entertain her guests in the morning, although she may inform them that they are at liberty to order the horses, or indulge in any form of amusement she deems agreeable. At dinner, full dress is the rule, and after that meal the host, hostess, and guests meet in the drawing-room. On returning home, a guest should write a note expressing the pleasure he has enjoyed and thanking his hostess for her hospitality.

The etiquette of epistolary correspondence is grossly neglected. Weeks and often months elapse without a reply to a letter. The omission to acknowledge a letter within a reasonable time is construed as a discourtesy, and certainly shows little appreciation. The postal card as a medium of communication between friends should be ignored. It is only intended for business correspondence.

The man or woman who cares to shine in the world cannot afford to set aside the statutes which govern social intercourse. It is a mark of ill breeding, ignorance, or carelessness to ignore the amenities of life, which are not beneath the notice of any one.

A RANSOMED SOUL

IF thou, indeed, wilt act as men should act;
If thou, indeed, wilt be what scholars should;
If thou wilt be a hero, and wilt strive
To help thy fellow and exalt thyself,
Thy feet, at last, shall stand on jasper floors;
Thy heart, at last, shall seem a thousand hearts,
Each single heart with myriad raptures filled;
While thou shalt sit with princes and with kings,
Rich in the jewel of a ransomed soul.

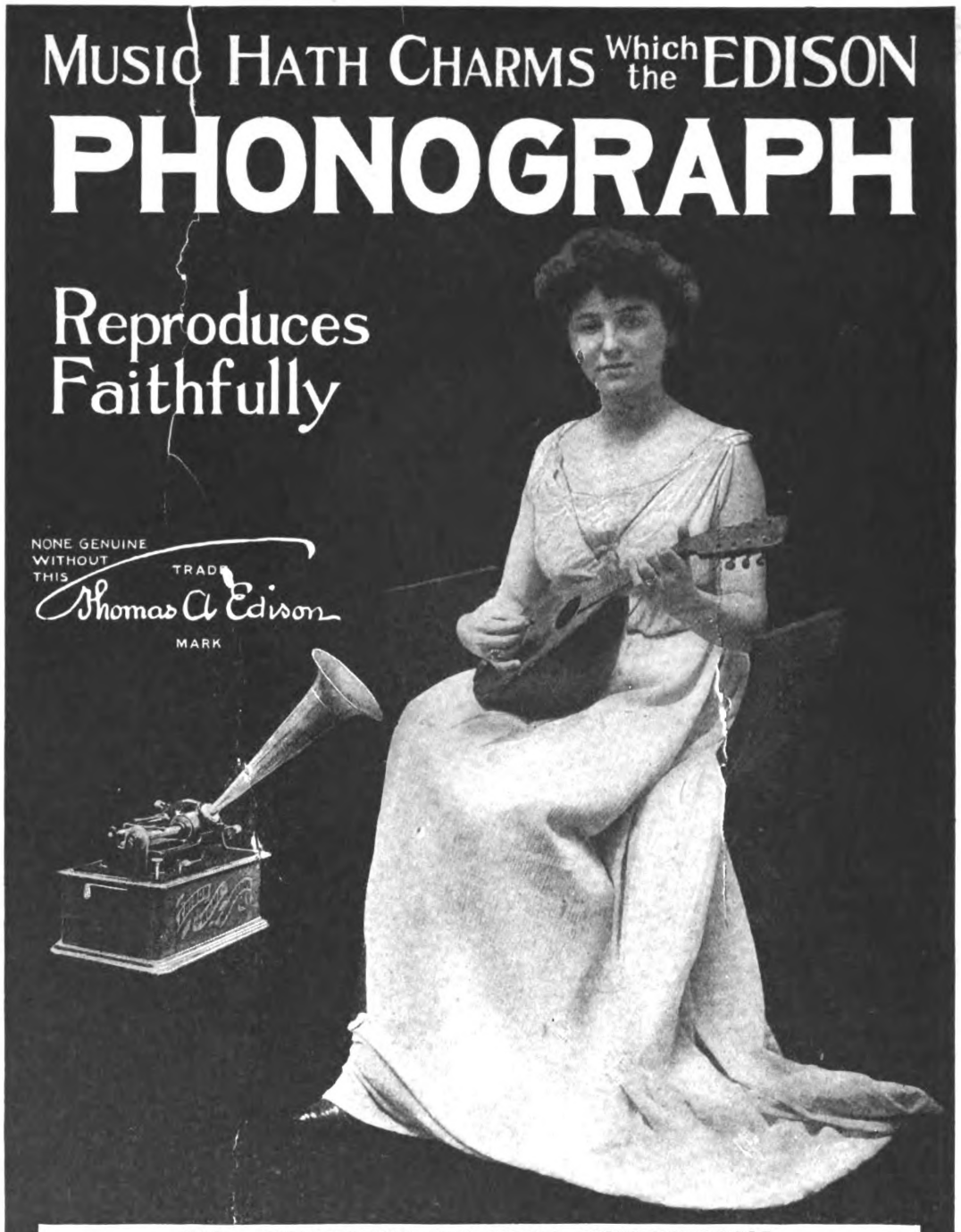
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The MOULDED RECORD and the NEW REPRODUCER

duplicate the human voice in volume and clearness. Absolutely free from scratching; perfectly smooth and natural. The Moulded Records are "high speed," made of hard wax, freely and safely handled. With the New Recorder perfect records can be made at home. **NEW REPRODUCERS on all PHONOGRAPHS.** Phonographs in Nine Styles, **$10.00 to $100.00.** Records, **50c; $5** per dozen.

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N. Y. Office, 83 Chambers Street. Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Avenue. San Francisco Office, 933 Market Street.
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Columbia Disc Graphophone

THE TYPE YOU SEE ADVERTISED EVERYWHERE.

The Columbia Disc Graphophone is an inexhaustible and universal entertainer which is particularly appropriate for

A HOLIDAY PRESENT

It will make home delightful and afford no end of pleasure, from the coming Christmas until the next one. It is always ready: does not get out of order and the variety of records used on it is endless—songs, instrumental solos, orchestral and band pieces, amusing stories, etc. Columbia Disc Graphophones are superior to all others. Our **Flat, Indestructible Records** are composed of a material controlled **exclusively** by us. They are the sweetest, smoothest, and most brilliant records ever heard. Until you listen to them you can form no accurate idea of the progress that has been made in bringing the disc records to the point of perfection. Their excellence is fully equalled by their durability.

The Disc Graphophone is made in three types, selling at
$15.00, $20.00 and $30.00.
7-inch records, 50 cents each; $5 per dozen.
10-inch records, $1 each; $10 per dozen.

Columbia High Speed Moulded Records fit all types of talking machines using cylindrical records and are superior to all others. Send for catalog 26.

Sold by dealers everywhere and by the

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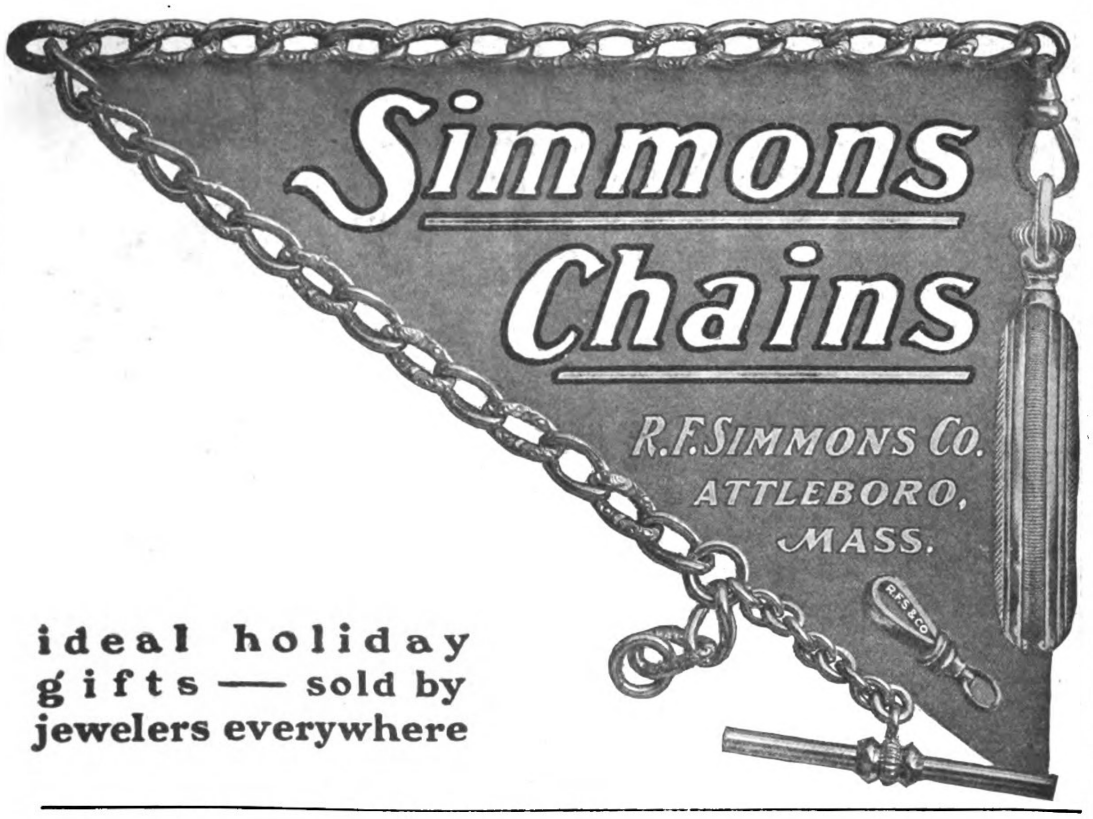
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(Grand Prize, Paris, 1900)



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Minneapolis: 13 Fourth Street, S.
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Philadelphia: 1609 Chestnut Street.
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San Francisco: 125 Geary Street.
Chicago: 88 Wabash Avenue.
Detroit: 87 Grand River Avenue.
Washington: 1212 F Street, N. W.
St. Louis: 700 Pine Street.
Buffalo: 645 Main Street.
London: 122 Oxford Street, W.
Paris: 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
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Leave Chicago this evening on the

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and in ***less than three days*** you will arrive at Los Angeles.

An hour later you can be on the shores of the Pacific, listening to the roar of the surf, drinking in the wine-like air—the bluest of blue skies above you and the most charming landscapes in America all about you. This, mind you, at a time of year when the thermometer at home is 'way below zero and the newspapers are filled with details of the "greatest snow-storm in years."

Rock Island System

The Golden State Limited leaves Chicago daily at 7.45 P. M.; Kansas City at 10.40 A. M.—only 68 hours Chicago to Los Angeles; 72 hours to San Diego; 74 hours to Santa Barbara. Route: Rock Island System and El Paso-Rock Island route, Chicago to El Paso; Southern Pacific Company, El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Electric lights; electric fans; barber shop; bathroom; Booklovers' Library; compartment and standard sleepers; observation, dining and library cars. Lowest altitudes and most southerly course of any line across the continent.

Send 6 cents in stamps for book about California. Beautifully illustrated; interesting; practical.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Rock Island System, Chicago.

TEACHING BY MAIL

A New American Enterprise



Felix Gallagher

THE system of teaching in the best correspondence schools has been carefully worked out. One of the principal features is the use of specially prepared and illustrated instruction and question papers, in place of the text-books used in the ordinary resident school. The papers are written by men of technical education, selected because of their fitness for the work. Each paper is also edited by one or more specialists.

The papers are printed in pamphlet form, of from ten to one hundred pages, and can readily be folded and carried in one's pocket for study during spare hours. Each paper is complete, and contains all the instruction required for the mastery of the following paper. The writers assume that the student knows nothing about the subject in hand that has not been treated in a previous paper. The illustrations are features of these papers and they are freely employed.

It is the custom of one of the best of these schools, as soon as the pupil is enrolled, to send to him the first and second instruction and question papers, accompanied by directions for proceeding with the work, some "information blanks," and a supply of addressed envelopes.

After carefully reading the directions, a student studies the first instruction paper until it is thoroughly mastered. If he has any difficulty, he fills out an information blank, giving full particulars, sends it to the school, and proceeds with his studies. A written explanation of the difficulty he encountered is promptly forwarded to him from the school, and he is encouraged to write, at any time, for special information. After mastering the first instruction paper, he takes up the accompanying question paper, and writes his answers to the test questions on one side of sheets of light paper, numbering each answer, and writing his name, address, and class number at the head of the first sheet. He forwards these answers to the school, in one of the addressed envelopes, and proceeds to study the second instruction paper.

When the sets of answers are received at the school, they are examined with great care. An error is not only indicated with red ink, but an explanation is written on the back of the sheet. Whenever necessary, special exercises and letters of explanation are sent to the student.

After being corrected, the papers are recorded as passed if a mark of ninety per cent. has been attained, which, it is said, is generally the case, if the student has carefully studied the instruction paper. If his mark falls below ninety per cent., he is required to review the incorrect portions. The answers are returned with a percentage slip and a third set of papers. The student always has one paper to study while the previous paper is being corrected. If he meets with continued difficulty in the study of any subject, a "special instructor" is assigned to him, on request, who will give personal attention to his case until the subject is completed. Finely engraved certificates of progress are granted upon the completion of each subject of a course, and a diploma is awarded when the student attains ninety per cent. on final examination. The student may pursue his studies at leisure. There are no school terms, no classes to prepare for, and he can spend as much time on each lesson as he pleases.

No subject seems too intricate or too ambitious for a correspondence system such as that adopted by the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton. One school has recently taken up the matter of textile education, a course of study hitherto almost neglected by all the educational institutions of the country. The only textile school has been the factory. This new school plans to teach both cotton and woolen manufacture, and has provided elaborate courses in both subjects.

An idea of the prosperity of these schools may be obtained from the fact that the above mentioned school is capitalized at more than two million dollars, has its own buildings valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and maintains a large staff of specialists. It has also secured the coöperation of leading specialists in universities, both in this country and in Europe. Its pupils are numbered by thousands.

Courage is the backbone of individual life, the normal expression of a healthful psycho-muscular apparatus, the reward of wise physical training.

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Christmas Rewards

For a Little Neighborhood Work

NOW is the time for our boys and girls to think about presents for Christmas, and we want to show you how easily you can earn suitable gifts by doing a little work for SUCCESS. Our complete Reward Book is now ready and will be mailed on request. It illustrates and describes hundreds of elegant and useful presents, embracing games in bewildering profusion, musical instruments, books, household articles, etc., only a few of which can be even referred to in this announcement.

Cameras

Small Snapshots for beginners; handy Folding Cameras; Focusing Instruments for advanced amateurs.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 425*).** We offer the celebrated **Weno "Hawk-eye" Camera**, with achromatic lens, diaphragm stops, square finder, socket for tripod, morocco grain-leather cover, nickel finish, as a reward for securing only eight subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $5.00. Express charges extra.

Musical Instruments

Violins, Washburn Mandolin, Banjo and Guitar; Cornet, Xylophone, etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 138*).** We offer a genuine **Washburn Banjo**, full size, nickel-plated shell, white maple hoop, 17 brackets, ebony fingerboard, German silver frets, pearl position-marks, ebony head-piece, all beautifully finished, as a reward for securing twenty-five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $15.00. Express charges extra.

Watches

Lady's Watch (gun-metal, silver, or enameled case); Nickel Watches for boys and men; Solid Gold Watches, etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 202*).** We offer a **Man's Solid Polished Nickel Watch**, jeweled balances, porcelain dial, (Arabic or Roman,) highly finished throughout, as a reward for securing only four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $2.50. Express charges extra.

Jewelry

Solid Gold Brooches, Scarf Pins, Finger Rings, Necklaces, Rolled Gold Vest Chains, Watch Fobs, Bracelets, etc., etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 333.*)** We offer an elegant 14-karat, solid gold polished **Horseshoe Scarf Pin**, with 11 pearls, as a reward for securing four subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $3.25. Registry and postage, 15 cents extra.

Golf Goods

Spalding "Standard Morristown" Clubs, Leather-trimmed Bags, Spalding Golf Balls, etc., etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 356*).** We offer four **Spalding Golf Balls**, Silvertown marking, as a reward for securing two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, 75 cents. Express charges extra.

Sewing Machines

The New "Success" Sewing Machine in five styles, specially made for us by one of the oldest and most reliable companies.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 247*).** We offer a splendid **New Success Sewing Machine**, carefully made of the best material, with all the latest improvements for doing every kind of work, handsomely finished in oak or walnut, with fine bent-wood cover and three drawers, as a reward for securing thirty-three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $25.00. Freight charges extra.

Games

Historical and Educational Card Games; Tiddledywinks; Table Golf; Chivalry; Go Bang; Chess, Checkers, Ping-Pong, etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 524*).** We offer a beautiful **Crown Combination Game Board**, equipped for 65 different games, made of kiln-dried hard maple with 3-ply veneer, as a reward for securing only five subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $5.00. Express charges extra.

Household Articles

Lamps, Morris Chair, Mantel Clock, Dinner Sets, Carving Sets, Table Ware, Chafing Dish, Cut Glass Pieces, etc., etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 282*).** We offer a superb **Rochester Reception Lamp**, 21 inches high, polished bronze trimmings, pink roses on tinted ground, as a reward for securing only eight subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $6.00. Express charges extra.

Skates

Roller Skates and Ice Skates for men, women, boys, and girls; Hockey Skates, Racing Skates, etc.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 433*).** We offer a pair of **Winslow's St. Nicholas Club Hockey Skates**, made from the best steel, brackets of extra strength and quality, warranted not to break, as a reward for securing three subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.25. Express charges extra.

Pocket Knives

Genuine Imported George Wostenholm Knives for men, women, boys, and girls,—pearl and patent stag handles.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 653*).** We offer a genuine imported **George Wostenholm Knife**, two blades (one blade dirk pattern), best English steel, patent stag handle, German silver bolsters, brass-lined, glazed, as a reward for securing two subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $1.25. Postage, 15 cents extra.

Umbrellas

Three styles, all made in the best manner and of the best material.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 165*).** We offer a **Lady's All-Silk, 26-inch Umbrella**, best Paragon frame and rod, with long, pearl, sterling silver-trimmed handle, as a reward for securing eight subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $6.00. Express charges extra.

Books

We can supply any book published, but we have some specially attractive offers for our workers.

***Specimen Reward* (*No. 244*).** We offer a superb set of **Shakespeare's Complete Works**, (Twentieth Century Edition,) in 14 beautiful volumes, red cloth binding, stamped in gold, large type, superior paper, perfect printing, red line borders, illustrations on tint blocks, Clark & Wright's standard text, concordance, commentary, prefaces to each play, and abundant notes, as a reward for securing twelve subscriptions to SUCCESS, new or renewal. Price, $11.50. Freight charges extra.

Address all orders and communications to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, = = University Building, New York

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SOMETHING UNIQUE. Cards are of the best grade, and on the face of each card is an excellent likeness of some well-known actor or actress. The backs are handsomely finished in gold and blue. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of 25c. and three wrappers from **Craddock's Medicated Blue Soap.**

Get the soap from your druggist, as we do not ship direct. If he does not have it, send us his name and address and we will see that he is supplied.

Craddock's Medicated Blue Soap is a high-grade toilet soap, with curative properties found in no other soap.

At all dealers. 10 cents.
Box of three cakes. 25 cents.

Equal to any 25c. soap on the market. Money refunded if you are not satisfied.

The EUREKA SOAP CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THREE NEW PRIZE CONTESTS

Open to All "Success" Readers

THE prize contests originated by SUCCESS during the past year have proven very successful, and the interest taken in them by our many readers prompts us to ask them to enter some new ones. The three contests herewith described should bring forth a variety of good reading matter. Cash prizes will be paid to all winners.

MY SALARY, AND WHAT I DID WITH IT

SUCCESS believes that some interesting and helpful articles on the above subject will be forthcoming, if its readers will make frank statements and tell of the stretching, adjusting, and apportioning of the sum that, to the vast majority of people, represents their work in life. For the best articles on this subject, SUCCESS will give the following cash prizes:—

$25 for the best, $15 for the second best, and $5 for the third best.

Articles must be mailed not later than December 20, 1902, addressed to "The Salary Editor," SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City. Articles must be limited to 750 words.

PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES

CAN you write a bright, vigorous story of achievement, illustrating some of the elements that make a man or woman successful in the truest sense? Do you not know an incident of real life that will make such a story? Prizes of $50, $30, and $20 will be given for the best storiettes, not exceeding two thousand words in length. They must be live in interest, healthy in tone, and terse and vigorous in language. Stories for this competition must reach this office before January 15. Address, "Short Story Editor," SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City.

HOW WIVES HAVE HELPED THEIR HUSBANDS

A WIFE'S wit, ingenuity, tact or perseverance has often braced her husband in a crisis where his powers alone would have failed. In a thousand ways, wives have contributed to world-known or modest triumphs. SUCCESS wants such stories, and will give prizes for the best. Tell your own, and, if you wish it, your name will be withheld. Tell the story of another, who, perhaps, could not tell her own. No re-told published story will be considered, however. For the best story of the above description, a prize of $20 will be given; for the second best, $15; for the third best, $10. Limit your article to one thousand words, and mail it so that it will reach this office not later than January 15, 1903. Address, "Contest Editor," SUCCESS, Washington Square, New York City.

RULES

ALL contestants for these prizes must write on one side of the paper only. Type-written manuscripts are preferable. The full name and address of the writer must appear on the first page of his or her manuscript. All articles or stories not winning prizes, will be used if available. Such manuscripts will be paid for at our regular rates. No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a stamped envelope for that purpose.

A Negative Man Is Naught

A VACILLATING, undecided, negative man can never amount to anything, no matter what his environment or advantages may be. It would be impossible. He constantly subordinates his opinions and even his plans to what others say and think. There is no certainty as to his action, because he is always subject to outside influences. He never relies upon himself or the inward authority that speaks to him. He is the echo of the last man who pleaded his case before him. He is remagnetized every time he comes in contact with a new personality. Blown hither and thither by advice and opinions as opposite as the poles, like a leaf whirled by the autumn wind, no one, not even himself, knows where he will alight.

The man who lives to any purpose or accomplishes anything of good in the world has an abiding faith in himself, in his forcefulness and originality, in his efficiency in the management of his own affairs, and in his power to accomplish whatever he puts himself to do.—O. S. M.

Drawing on Physical Banks

NO LEVEL-HEADED business man would think he could draw every cent of his capital out of his business or bank without ruining himself financially. Yet thousands of young men think they can draw every bit of energy, all the savings of vitality, out of their physical banks, and still succeed!

If a youth is not careful of his physical and mental capital, if he does not conserve his energy by avoiding, from the start, everything that would rob him of the heritage of a sound mind in a sound body, or his creative energy, not all the ambition nor all the will power he can command will save him from failure.

Exposition Flyer

Via

"Big Four"

From

Cincinnati

To

St. Louis

Write for Rates and Folders

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
W. P. Deppe, Ass't Gen'l P.&T.A.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Invest Above Ground!

in security based upon industrial enterprise, managed by conservative business men, who are founders and owners of a tremendously successful industrial town, DESPATCH, N. Y., on main line of N. Y. Central R. R., 7 miles east of Rochester. Merchant's Despatch Transportation Co., and other manufacturing plants, employing hundreds of hands, located here. New industries under way; property values rising rapidly; phenomenal demand for houses.

For further development and extension of its properties, we offer by public subscription, a limited amount of Despatch common stock. Estimated that investors will receive in dividends 33⅓% over original investment, and still retain property.

For full particulars write at once

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At $8.65 to $26.75

we offer for sale the biggest assortment in the world of light running and noiseless pivot and ball-bearing **SEWING MACHINES** that do perfect work. We have drop-head, drop-desk, upright and automatic styles in plain or richly carved and ornamented cabinet designs (exclusively ours), all fitted with our famous "Faultless" or "Happy Hearth" **extra high and extra long arm heads** which have every improvement possessed by $40 to $60 machines and many extra improvements controlled alone by us.



To-day Write for Our Free Sewing Machine Catalog.

OUR FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOG illustrates accurately and describes truthfully our machines in detail, explains all about the parts of mechanism and woodwork, gives hundreds of testimonials from people now using our machines and demonstrates clearly and decisively that our sewing machines at $8.65 to $26.75 are the equal of any other machines at $40 to $60, no matter what the name may be. **We guarantee our machines 20 years, ship on easy terms C. O. D., subject to examination and allow 30 days' free trial in your home.** For your own good you should not buy a machine anywhere before seeing catalog. Write for it to-day.
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Practical, profitable newspaper work, writing short stories, magazine articles, etc.

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GOVERNMENT POSITIONS



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Circulars, Newspaper. Press **$5.** Larger size, **$18.** Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, etc., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

Beautiful Clothes for Children



Approved style for correct appearance (from birth to 16 years of age). A complete wardrobe for the child.

1. Infant's wardrobe, 32 patterns in each set, . . 25c
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In ordering state age and sex. Illus. catalogue free with each order or for 2c. for mailing. Ask your dealer for our patterns.

Little Folks Pattern Co., Dept. O, 26 W. 24 St., New York.



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in Beauty, Fire and Brilliancy, equals the Diamond in every way at one-twentieth its cost. Solid Gold settings. Illust. catalogue free. Goods sent prepaid for examination.
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SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU

Edited by HERBERT HUNGERFORD, Secretary

OUR League of Success Clubs is now thoroughly established on a democratic footing. The following officers were elected by a majority vote of all the clubs in our League:—

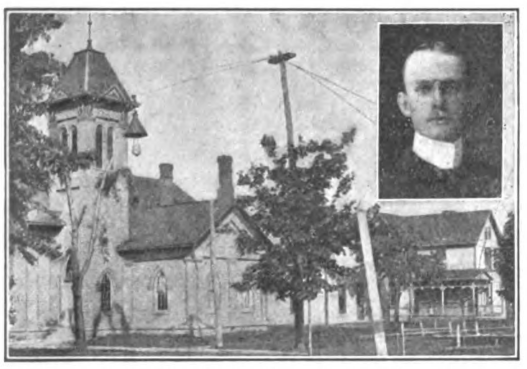
President, Professor C. L. Curless, Lees Creek, Ohio; Vice President, George Cole, Brooklyn, New York; Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Everett Bradley, Holyoke, Massachusetts; Commercial Secretary, L. A. Denninger, Brooklyn, New York; Church Secretary, Rev. E. H. Stranahan, Sabina, Ohio; School Secretary, Hugh A. Hackett, Baltimore, Maryland; Treasurer, Herman Lutz, New York City; Amateur Journalist Secretary, Bernard B. Klug, New York City.

As all of these officers have had wide experience with club work, and all are young and enthusiastic, it is anticipated that our League will have even greater progress under their administration than ever before. The following article by the Church Secretary, Rev. Mr. Stranahan, not only shows his ability, but it also gives to those who know little of the club movement an enlarged view of the possibilities existing in the idea. In such ways as this, it offers a solution of the boy problem, and a means of combating the evils which exist in every community. Hereafter, in this department, we shall have articles from the other officers and workers in the League.

▲ ▲

How We Built Our Club House

E. H. STRANAHAN
Pastor Friends Church, Sabina, Ohio



Rev. E. H. Stranahan, Parsonage of the Friends Church, and Success-Club House

TO UNDERSTAND fully how we built our club house, one must be familiar with some of the conditions that confronted us. Sabina is a thriving village of about eighteen hundred inhabitants. Every young man is forced into direct contact with every evil that exists, for there are no places of good character always open to him and striving to make him welcome. Then, the number of young men is limited, so that if one desires friends he must often associate with some whose influence is not the best. The Young Men's Christian Association has not reached into villages of the size of Sabina, and, as a rule, the church buildings are not available for a method of work appealing day after day to vigorous young life. Our church felt that there was but one thing to do: to erect a building dedicated particularly to the young men, in which these continual undermining tendencies might be counteracted with continual upbuilding influences. Fight fire with fire, was the plan, overcoming evil with good.

The beginnings of this work, and of the community's interest in young men, were laid in the organization of our Success Club. We soon saw that, to influence young men, we needed something more effective than a weekly club meeting, while the other nights and days were left to the wiles of evil.

The physical side of man's nature being the most accessible, the next move was to take advantage of this. Keeping within public sentiment and our own financial abilities, we arranged for the playing of basket ball. We had little trouble in securing a room, but the ordinary building will not stand the severe strain of gymnasium work. After several futile efforts we found that we must retreat, and thus lose all progress, or we must take a great step in advance. Having foreseen the predicament, we went ahead. Already we had been talking of a building, and feeling the pulse of the public. At first we met a strong adverse prejudice, due to misinformation. By common consent, each member of the club agitated the subject and spread correct ideas. Before this constant assault the prejudice soon gave way. The community was made aware that a live Success Club in its midst wanted a building, and that it was a good thing. Opportunely the writer preached a sermon on the duty of the church to the young men, in which he pointed out the need for a building and the possibilities of erecting it. The sermon struck a responsive chord. That afternoon, at a meeting of the most interested men of the church, practical steps were taken to push the work. We discussed the location, the possibilities and methods of raising the money, and the plans of the structure. After this thorough consideration, all were sure that the building ought to be erected. At the next church business meeting we were encouraged. Building and finance committees were appointed. The building committee decided on a building that would cost about



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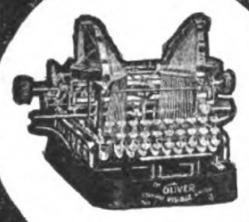


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Is the Strongest Link in the Chain of Character

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THE SUCCESS CLUB HOME STUDY COURSE IS DEBATING
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This course of graded lessons is given in SUCCESSWARD, the special monthly organ of Success Clubs, and in the Success Club Debater, a cloth-bound hand-book covering the subject thoroughly and concisely. A yearly subscription to SUCCESSWARD and a copy of the Debater sent for sixty cents.

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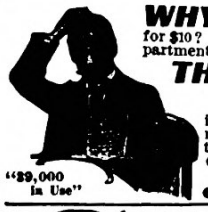
can be put in place in a minute with no other tool but a little tack hammer and need never be removed. When you wish to take up the stair carpet, just open the catches at each end (it is as easy as opening a door) and remove the rod.

A full set of fasteners for any stairway sent prepaid for 75 cents and the name of your dealer. Write for booklet.

BLOY & RICHARDS MFG. CO., 91 Hill Street, Calumet, Michigan.

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For Agents. 70,000 sold in Minneapolis; costs 7c., sells for 25c. Agents making $7 per day. Millions will be sold. Outfit 10c. DOMESTIC MFG. CO., Dept. 7, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.


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is as well made as the highest-priced machines, but more simple. It has stood the test; ten years without a competitor. *Catalogue and sample of work free.*

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bring high prices. Thousands of good stories defective in some particular, which might easily be remedied, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors, short-story writers, magazine contributors criticises, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

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five hundred and fifty dollars, but with some additions the total cost was slightly over six hundred dollars. Nearly all this was subscribed before the contract was let. By arranging with the contractor so that labor and material could be subscribed, we received assistance from those who could not give money. As we had not even hoped to erect and equip a building complete in all details, we planned a good basis, to which we could add. With such plans, we went before the people soliciting, and were surprised that nearly everyone subscribed something. The money was soon in readiness. No sensational methods were employed, but all were informed in a straightforward manner of the character of the building and its purposes. It has proved to be not difficult to arouse practical public interest in the welfare of young men.

In our case, the church has been the prime mover in the enterprise. The Success Club was organized under its supervision and a committee of church members has had the oversight of its workings. In the efforts to build a club house, the church has been the responsible party. The building is erected on the church lot and much of the expense of maintaining it is borne by the church, but the club members have had no little share in the work. The club, as an organization, has subscribed liberally, expecting to raise the amount by a lecture course, basket ball games, and gymnasium exhibitions. Then the individual members of the club have contributed no small sum.

The main difficulty that we met was not the raising of the necessary funds, but the producing of a public sentiment sufficiently interested in the young men to inquire into their needs, with a real desire to meet them. In this the Success Club has been indeed a tremendous factor.

▲ ▲

OUR PRIZE CONTESTS

By increasing the number and value of the prizes given in our contests, a large number of responses were received. The following are the awards for the contest ending October 1:—

First Prize, a complete set of Dr. O. S. Marden's books and booklets, eleven volumes, E. H. Lawson, Canada. Second Prize, a set of Dr. O. S. Marden's books, five volumes, Edith Wallace Peters, Massachusetts. Third Prize, a set of Dr. O. S. Marden's booklets, six volumes, Lincoln E. Brown, Pennsylvania. To each of the following six prize-winners, a copy of one of Dr. Marden's books: J. Wallace Weese, Canada; Charles C. Dunning, Porto Rico; Mrs. August Lange, Oregon; William Ross, Scotland; Harry Thurston, Colorado; James J. Reynolds, New York. To each of the following six, one of Dr. Marden's booklets: Carey Foster, New York; Mrs. W. M. Miller, Tennessee; S. R. Goldsmith, Massachusetts; Leon J. Jacobs, Ohio; C. E. Perkins, Connecticut; Dutee J. White, Rhode Island.

The next contest will end December 25. The same prizes noted above will be awarded. These contests are open to all readers of SUCCESS, whether members of clubs or not. The prizes are awarded for ideas that can be used in Success Club work, such as programmes for regular club meetings, original topics for debate and discussion, descriptions of socials and other suggestions for the entertainment committee; suggestions for articles to be published in our Success Club department, [or, if you can write the article itself, do so, and submit it in the contest;] ideas for cartoons and drawings that may be used as illustrations in the Success Club department; suggestions as to plans that may be used in interesting thousands of new people in the League of Success Clubs; pictures of Success Clubs and of other literary societies; and articles about men and women who have received some of their early training in literary societies similar to Success Clubs.

▲ ▲

Question for December Debate:

***Resolved,*—That Congress should enact laws making the arbitration of labor disputes compulsory.**

It seems advisable in our Forum, as it is in all clubs, to occasionally discuss a question having a political, or, at least, a sociological bearing. The above question has surely been brought forcibly before the minds of the public, and our debaters can easily secure a wealth of material for their arguments. All readers of SUCCESS are invited to participate in these discussions.

Rules for Contestants

1.—The name and address of the writer, and the number of words in the article should be written plainly at the top of the first sheet of the manuscript.

2.—No articles of more than five hundred words will be considered.

3.—Manuscripts must be written on only one side of the paper. If possible, the size of the paper should be five by eight inches.

4.—No manuscripts will be returned unless a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed.

5.—All articles intended for this competition should be addressed to the Success Club Bureau, Washington Square, New York City.

6.—Articles intended for the December contest must reach this office on or before December 25. The announcement of the prize-winners will be made in SUCCESS for February, 1903.

Prizes to be Awarded

1.—A complete set of the Success Library, bound in half-morocco, will be given for the article judged to be the best.

2.—A copy of any one of Dr. O. S. Marden's books that

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the winner may choose will be given for the best article contributed from each state.

▲ ▲

This is the Motto of the League of Success Clubs

Don't Wait For
YOUR OPPORTUNITY
Make It

IT makes no difference who you are or where you live, it is "*your opportunity*" to form a branch of the League of Success Clubs. If you are not in position to organize a club yourself, you surely know several who could do so if they knew the plan and purpose of our organization. So the way to make your opportunity is to write at once to our Bureau, sending the names and addresses of those whom you think could be interested in our League. We will send each of them full particulars, together with a personal letter from the General Secretary. Remember, of course, that any literary, self-culture or debating club may affiliate with us without materially changing its plan. So if you can send us the names of members of such clubs, so much the better. Of course, if you want to organize a club yourself, just send us your own name and address, and we will send you full particulars by return mail. If you want us to include the Success Club Year-Book, enclose ten cents in stamps when writing. Address The Success Club Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York.

IF YOU CAN'T GO TO COLLEGE

[*Concluded from page 730*]

your own sweet will in an author's "Complete Works." For most of the poets, Macmillan's "Globe" editions are cheap and excellent,—except when compression into one volume has necessitated over-fine print and double columns. The print of Houghton and Mifflin's "Cambridge" editions is better: but the volumes are less handy.

A celebrated Florentine, Niccolò di Bernardo Machiavelli, having filled his mind with the books of the ancients, himself produced a book. His avowed motive was modestly simple: "Because Dante says that there is no knowledge unless what is understood is retained." Such was the origin of "The Prince," one of the most original and influential books in modern literature.

Now while numerous "Princes" are not likely to be forthcoming, yet I can hardly offer a healthier motive for reinforcing your reading with writing. Further, there is no better means to good writing than habitual good reading. Indeed, Robert Louis Stevenson is not the only stylist who has shaped his manner by direct imitation of admired authors. I am inclined to think imitation, even this deliberate imitation, a better practice in style than writing with your mind cramped with the rules of the rhetorics. Translating, especially from the French, has much merit in it, particularly for the development of a nice sense of values in phrases and terms. Invaluable as an aid in finding a better word than at first occurs to you is Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases." Get the latest edition. Still better than translation for the development of a wiry, plastic prose, is practice in verse. If one discriminates sharply between verse and poetry, verse is fairly easy to compose,—and not bad verse. The recurrent beat at once helps and develops your sense of rhythm,—the subtlest factor of all in a really good prose; the exigency of rhyme induces a twisting and turning of phrase, and a seeking out of synonyms,—the immediate results of which may be atrocious, but the exercise admirable.

To some these methods may seem fantastic. To such I can only recommend the beaten route,—by the digestion of books on rhetoric and the careful application of their rules. Nor would a commixture of both methods be unworth trying. The most approved works on rhetoric are "The Foundations of Rhetoric" and "The Principles of Rhetoric," by A. S. Hill, published by Harper and Brothers; "Composition and Rhetoric," by Herrick and Damon, published by Scott, Foresman and Company; "Principles of Argumentation," by G. P. Baker, published by Ginn and Company, and "English Composition," by Barrett Wendell, issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

▲ ▲

The man who laughs is the man who wins, and the man who laughs is invariably the one who absorbs most oxygen.—S. P. BURKE.

▲ ▲

It is with narrow-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles,—the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.



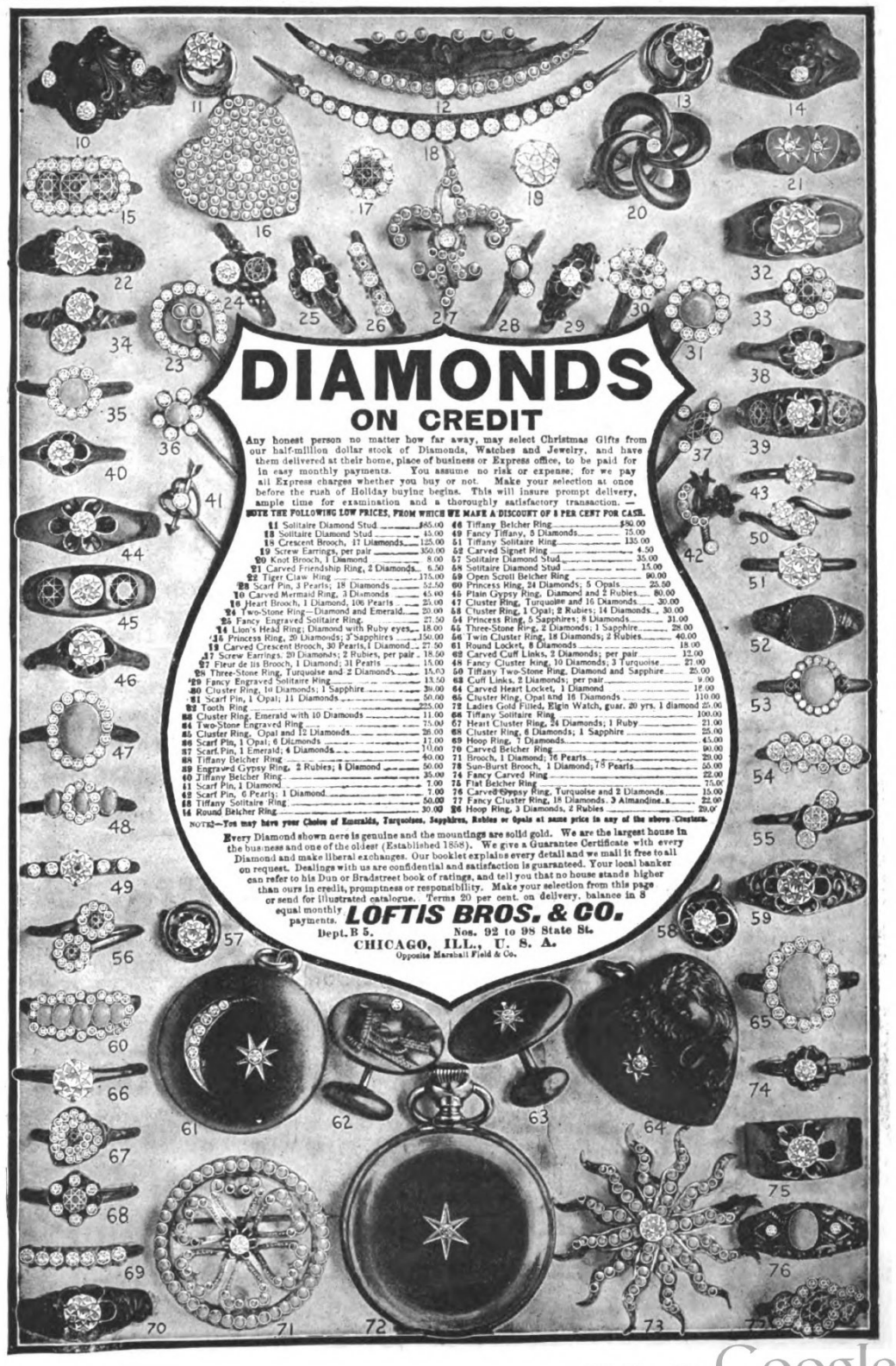
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"The Angelus is a wonderful virtuoso-pianist, and at the same time an excellent organist. Thanks to its marvellous means of expression, it can give the complicated pieces more *life and soul* than any other instrument of its kind is able to give."

"Bravo to the inventors."

(Signed) PIETRO MASCAGNI.



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THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR SO LITTLE MONEY—$1.75

Full Illustrated Announcement of the 1903 Volume sent with Sample Copies of the Paper to any address, Free.

HOW can you better invest $1.75 as a gift for a friend or for an entire family than in a year's subscription to The Youth's Companion? It offers the widest variety of good reading, and is a source of increasing profit and pleasure until Christmas comes again. Below is presented a summary of the

CONTENTS FOR 1903:

6 SERIAL STORIES, each a Book in itself, reflecting American Life in Home, Camp and Field.

50 SPECIAL ARTICLES contributed by Famous Men and Women—Statesmen, Travellers, Writers and Scientists.

200 THOUGHTFUL AND TIMELY EDITORIAL ARTICLES on Important Public and Domestic Questions.

250 SHORT STORIES by the Best of Living Story-Writers—Stories of Character, Stories of Achievement, Stories of Humor.

1000 SHORT NOTES on Current Events and Discoveries in the Field of Science and Natural History.

2000 BRIGHT AND AMUSING ANECDOTES, Items of Strange and Curious Knowledge, Poems and Sketches.

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To make a Christmas Gift of The Youth's Companion, send the name and address of the person to whom you wish to give the subscription, with $1.75 and following coupon:

On receipt of $1.75, the subscription price, with this slip or the name of this publication, the publishers will send

GIFT 1. All the issues of The Companion from the time subscription is received to the end of 1902, FREE, including the Beautiful Holiday Numbers.

GIFT 2. The Companion Calendar for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors and gold from original designs.

Then The Youth's Companion for the fifty-two weeks of 1903—until January, 1904—all for $1.75. CHS 36

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

SUCCESS

A Monthly Home Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help

ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*

THE SUCCESS COMPANY,
University Building, New York City

FOREIGN OFFICE:
34 Norfolk Street, Strand, London, England

Subscription.—In the United States, Canada, and Mexico:—$1.00 a year. Ten cents a copy.
In all other countries of the postal union, $1.75 a year, postage prepaid.

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What Do You Think of "Success"?

SUCCESS desires to take its readers into consultation. We want all of our readers to write and tell us just what their opinion is of this magazine. We want criticism on what we are doing, suggestions of ways in which improvements can be made, and new ideas of all kinds that will tend to make this magazine the most helpful and inspiring publication in the world. Here are a few of the many questions we would like to have answered—

1.—What class of articles in SUCCESS pleases you most? What articles, for example, in this number or the last, have you read with the greatest interest and profit to yourself?

2.—What articles do not interest you, and what could you do without, "just as well as not?"

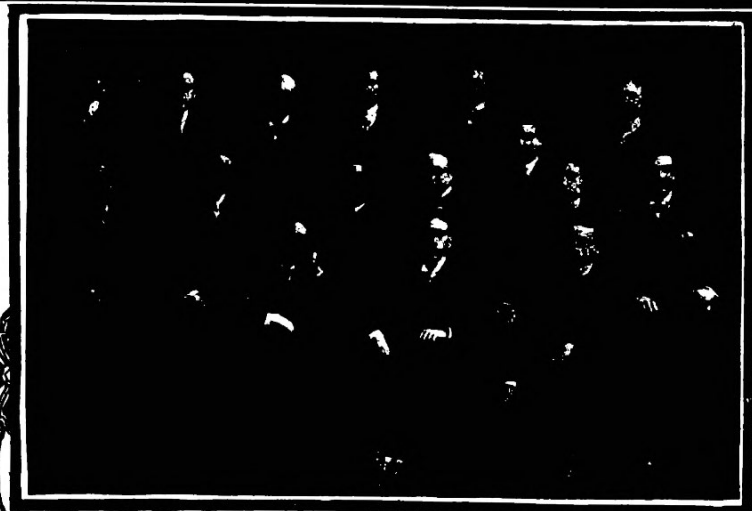
3.—What articles, if any, do you positively dislike, and think ought not to appear in SUCCESS?

4.—What class of articles do you fail to find in SUCCESS which you think ought to be there? What new "departments" would be of use to you? Do you want more stories?

We want to find out, particularly, about the way in which SUCCESS appeals to you as a "home" magazine. The American home is very near to our hearts. We want SUCCESS to be a necessity in every home. Give your views frankly and freely. We want honest criticism, not praise.

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



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Page-Davis students tender to their instructors the first banquet ever given by students of advertising, New York City, April 14th, 1902.

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A system representing the highest standard of advertising instruction in the world.

Whenever you think of electricity you think of Edison.
His is the master mind—he is the authority.

Whenever you think of learning how to write advertisements you think of Page-Davis Co.
They are the original teachers—they speak with authority.

Why?

Send for our handsomely illustrated forty-eight page prospectus—It tells all—It's free.

"I want a Page-Davis man."

This expression by prominent employers means much to you? It bespeaks the prestige and influence the Page-Davis Co. enjoy to-day throughout the entire business world. This institution does not depend on the efforts of business acquaintances or parties, casually interested in the school or of friends who are favored with their business.

Business men throughout the country know that it means thoroughness when an ad-writer tells them he is a Page-Davis man.

They know this because of the following reasons: They realize the importance of a thorough training; they know that the Page-Davis Co. will not allow a student to rush through the instruction. They know that Page-Davis Co. is very careful who receive a recommendation; they know that we stand back of capable students long after a position is secured. They know of the quality of the work done by Page-Davis students. They see it daily—it comes before them in the leading magazines and newspapers of the world, in the very same mediums they themselves use; they know that Edw. T. Page and Samuel A. Davis have created every precedent and set every standard of advertising instruction; they know that the name Page-Davis Co. means proficiency and capability; they know they are taking no chances or wasting time or money because the Page-Davis course gives their students an insight into business methods that the business man cannot afford to overlook when employing an advertisement writer. This is why the business man says: "I want a Page-Davis man."

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago. December 1, 1901.

Gentlemen:

I write this letter to thank you, gentlemen, for the painstaking interest you have shown in my behalf. When I first placed myself under your instruction no one realized more than I did, my absolute ignorance of the advertising business.

The prospects of success seemed divided by an ocean of "doubts," "ifs" and "ands," but your explicit confidence and knowledge of the business helped place me where I am to-day.

I remember very distinctly your answer to my question when I asked you if I could learn this advertisement writing by mail, in less time than six months, you said: "Remember, that anything worth having is worth working for, and if you expect to learn a profession that pays $50.00 a week, within two or three months, you are greatly mistaken. If your decision hinges on our claiming to do an impossibility kindly excuse us. Anything that can be taught in two or three months doesn't amount to much."

I am informed that the Inter Ocean is pleased with my work. That tells the story of the efficiency of your instruction.

Edward B. McChesney.

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"I am a Page-Davis man."

"I feel that I must take this opportunity to say a few words about the Page-Davis School. I feel that it is only right to remark that I consider it to be of the greatest service to any business man, whether intending to follow the profession of ad-writing or not. My reasons for stating this are many and the following are a few of them:"

BECAUSE throughout the whole course it teaches "thoroughness" and makes you get down to the point, whether you want to or not; it is a fine finish to a business man's education; it rounds off a man's knowledge of the English language and of necessity adds to his vocabulary; it gives you information with regard to type, and the various engraving processes that cannot fail to be of the greatest value; the careful, personal attention Mr. Page and Mr. Davis give to each student makes him feel that he is being carefully shepherded throughout the whole course; the candid and often scathing criticism a student's work receives makes him see the genuine desire of his tutors to perfect his ad-knowledge; this criticism is done so nicely that the student does not mind, but only feels that he must try again and make himself certain on that particular point before proceeding further; the Page-Davis course has a happy knack of forcing out originality both in language and design; and stimulates his ambition; the Page-Davis School looks after your interests even after the completion of the Course. I strongly recommend every reader to become a "Page-Davis Man."

CYRIL C. FREER,
2 Yorkers Gate, Malton, Eng.

SEND FOR OUR HANDSOME PROSPECTUS—IT TELLS ALL—IT'S FREE.

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Suite 21, 90 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, or Suite 1521, 150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK

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