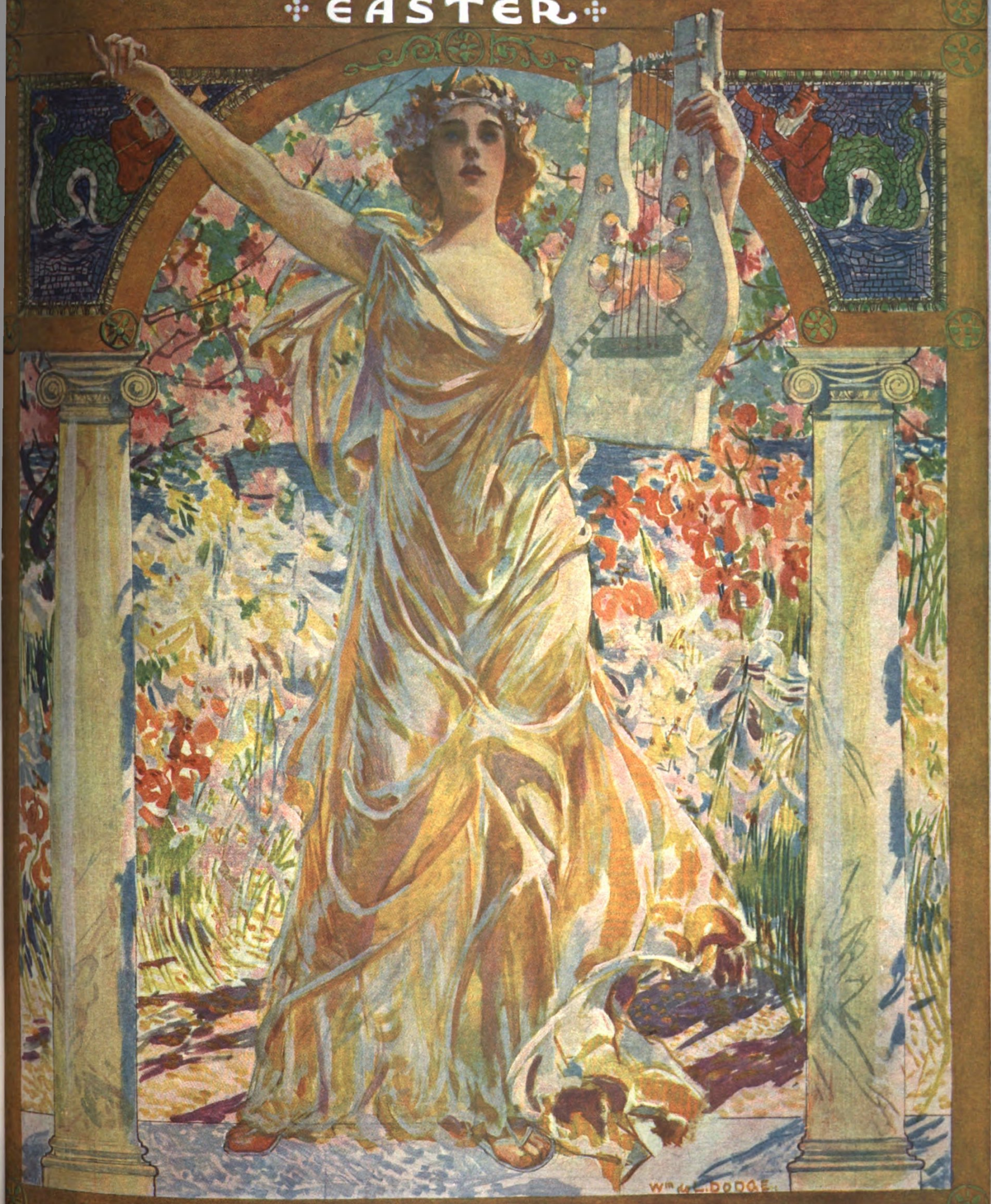
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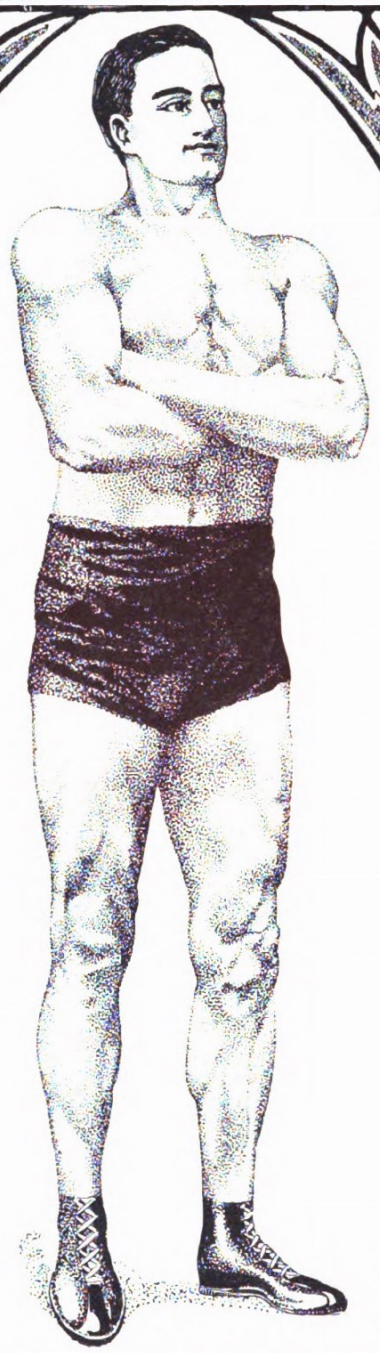


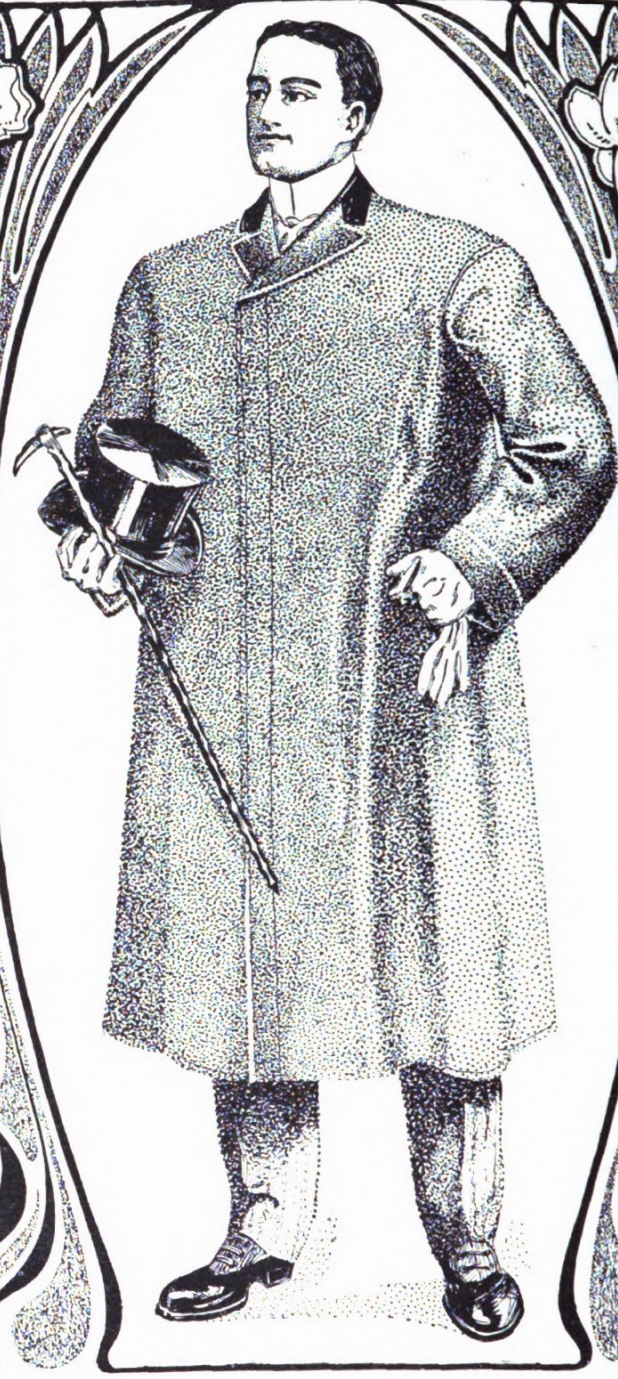
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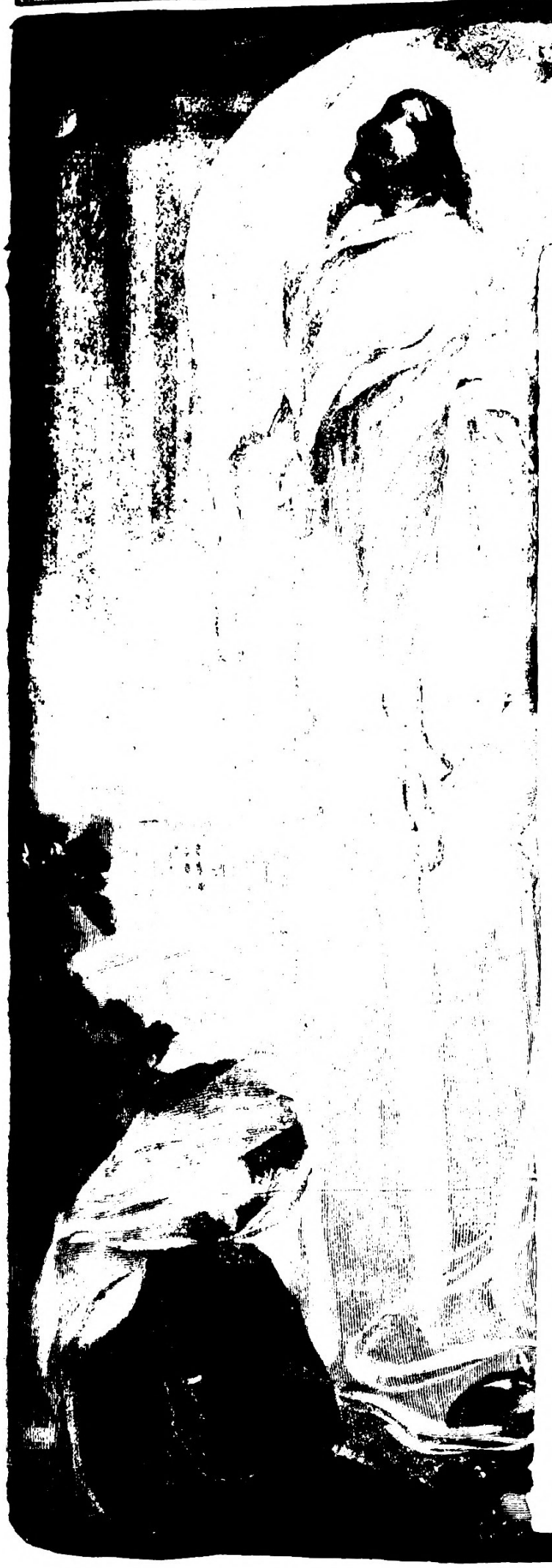
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SUCCESS

VOLUME V. NEW YORK, APRIL, 1902 NUMBER 95



The Dream of Pilate's Wife

EDWIN MARKHAM

When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.

When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

Matthew, 27: 19, 24.

You cannot wash your hands of this: that crimson would defy
The many waters of the sea, the cisterns of the sky.
His blood will be upon your name; nor years can wash it white—
Not till the leaping seas shall wash the great stars from the night.
You say the Galilean only dreams a foolish dream,
That he is but an idle leaf upon an idle stream.
No, he is the Man of the People, hated by scribe and priest:
He is the fear at the Temple door, the specter at the feast.

Shall the whispering house of Annas draw down upon your head
The hatred of the future and the shadow of the dead?
Why palter with this priestly crew? They hold a long intent:
When the wheels of the street have pity will the hearts of the priests relent.
You say you fear Tiberius,—you fear the roar of Rome;
But this man is to Caesar as a sea-rock is to foam.
Whoever turns from this man's truth, he takes the thorns for bed,
He plows the seas for gardens, and he sows the sand for bread.

Oh, let the Galilean go, strike off his cruel bond:
Behold that fathomless silence and those eyes that look beyond.
There 's more than mortal in that face,—than earthly in this hour:
The fate that now is in the bud will soon be in the flower.
O Pilate, I have suffered many things in dream to-day,
Because of this strange teacher of the strait and mystic way:
I saw him hanging on a cross, where the stones of Golgoth are;
Then laid, at last, in a guarded tomb, under the evening star.

I saw him rise again one dawn and down a garden go,
Shining like great Apollo white, our god of the silver bow;
And then the wind of vision tore the veil of time apart,
And love of him ran greatening from camel-path to mart;
His story was a wonder on the eager lips of men,
The scourged Galilean walked the roads of earth again.
I saw Jerusalem go down before the wrath of spears,
And turn into a field of stones under the trampling years.

All these fair towers and walls went down, with a great and terrible cry,
While signs and portents threw on earth their shadows from the sky,
Where spectral warriors strode the clouds like giant cherubim,
Going to battle in the night, now glorious, now dim.
Then whispers wild; the shout of crazing prophets on the street;
The wail of mothers by their dead; the sound of running feet;
And then the Temple reddened up, and stood, a cone of flame;
Then ashes, and Jerusalem had withered to a name.

World-battles roared around this man, the world's mysterious king;
But over the storm of the ages I could hear the seven stars sing.
Rome crumbled and I heard a voice across the ruin laugh:
A Power had risen on the world, shaking the thrones as chaff.
And down the ages ran your name, a byword and a jeer:
"He suffered under Pilate!" sounded ever in my ear.
The deeds of some are clean forgot, but yours did breathe and live;
Some are forgiven in the end, but none could you forgive.

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These Representatives Say: "Keep the Philippines"

The Natives Want to Join Our Country

SUMMERS MELVILLE JACK



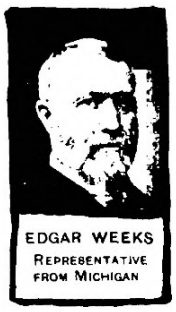
WHEN I arrived at Manila, I found myself in an orderly city, with clean streets, and with a fine police force. The climate is trying, at first, but, after Americans learn how to take care of themselves, it is not very bad, and conditions are improving every month. It is my opinion that civil government should be established everywhere as soon as possible. Military rule has not been successful. Soldiers are not wise governors, as a rule. Nearly all the military men I talked with gave me a dark account of the character of the natives. The civil authorities, however, have enjoyed the confidence of the people, who believe that Governor Taft is anxious to improve their situation, and they have coöperated with the officials in establishing municipal governments, which, in nearly every case, have proved successful. The military authorities are prejudiced against the Filipinos.

I talked with many prominent natives, and they all expressed the hope that the Philippines may eventually be thought worthy of being admitted to the Union. None of those whom I interviewed wanted independence.

Governor Taft, with the assistance of the able members of the Philippine Commission, is rapidly bringing order out of chaos. When civil government is in operation throughout the archipelago, the islands will make rapid strides in development. There is untold wealth in the Philippine forests and mines, and the plantations will produce large quantities of sugar and tobacco. Future generations of Americans will bless the fate which gave us the Philippines. Within a few years, Manila is destined to become a great emporium of oriental trade, the prosperity of which will enrich Americans who go into business there.

Military Rule Should Not be Stopped

EDGAR WEEKS



I HAVE studied the Filipino people in every part of the archipelago; I have seen them at work, and I have traded with them. My conclusions as to their capacity may be summed up in the statement that I consider them to be absolutely unfit for self-government. Of the eight million people supposed to inhabit the islands, I do not believe there are ten thousand capable of forming and placing in operation a government for the archipelago. Except such men as Judge Arrelano, Pedro Paterno, and Aguinaldo, there are few who would be capable of formulating an acceptable declaration of principles. The great problem of church and state which exists in the Philippines would be enough to ruin any native government which would be established, and there would be revolution and bloodshed within six months.

Americans who have not visited the islands can scarcely realize the situation. The only plan is to deal firmly with the natives. They are so strangely constituted as to consider a voluntary confession of justice a sign of weakness. A firm, heavy hand will be the most merciful in the long run, and military rule should be continued.

There can be no question that the Philippines will be the most valuable colony we could have. They offer a great field for American trade and commerce. The Filipinos are sure to improve when they have Americans living among them.

The hope for the future of the islands is in the public school system which has been established. I visited many of the schools, and was impressed with the earnestness of the native children, who were learning English and the history of the United States government. Every school is crowded. I think we have in the Philippines a valuable colony.

The Commercial Outlook Is Favorable

DAVID HENRY MERCER



THE crisis in the Philippine situation passed long ago, and there is a brilliant future for the islands. The soil is fertile, and the climate is ideal for such crops as sugar, tobacco, and coffee. Manila is already an important commercial city. It is as conveniently situated for commerce as are Singapore and Hongkong, ports which have grown wealthy within the past few years.

I found the city to be a very comfortable place in which to live, though numerous improvements are necessary. Some capitalist will make a fortune by starting an electric railway, and the man who organizes a successful drainage system will reap a large reward. Railroads are sure to be constructed between Manila and other important cities on the island of Luzon, and fast steamship lines will be established between the various island ports. When the planters of the interior can get their products to market without carting them to the nearest port, there will result a great increase in agriculture and the production of sugar and tobacco. Railroads will be able to earn large profits from their freight business alone. I found but few natives hostile to the government, excepting the organized bands of ladrones who have devastated the country for their own benefit. Those peacefully inclined are well pleased with the results of American occupation. The ladrones are carrying on a guerrilla warfare in remote neighborhoods, but that does not affect progress in the remaining provinces. Civil government has been established in every place where fighting was not in progress, with gratifying results.

The schools are crowded, and the Civil Commission has had no difficulty in finding natives anxious to serve as municipal officers.

But These Answer: "They Are Useless. Let Them Go"

The Insurrectionists Are Multiplying

AUGUSTUS OCTAVIUS BACON



BEFORE visiting Manila last fall, I was firm in the opinion that it is the imperative duty of the United States to withdraw from the Philippines as soon as a stable government can be established by the natives; and, during my stay on the islands, I saw nothing to cause me to change my mind. I found that the worst reports were practically true, and that our position is becoming more untenable every month. Although civil government has been established quite generally throughout the archipelago, it is civil in name only, for large bodies of troops are necessary to uphold the authority of the municipal officers. The natives feel no responsibility to assist in keeping the peace, and those friendly to the Americans consider that we got ourselves into an uncomfortable position, and that we may get out again as best we can.

Conditions in Manila are naturally more favorable than elsewhere, yet there are places within ten miles of the city where it is not safe for an American to go without a guard. On my trip around the islands, I saw nothing which made me think there will be any improvement. From what I observed, the insurrectionists are gaining rather than losing ground. I do not believe that the American public will submit to a continued military occupation of the islands, and we should lose no time in withdrawing from the unfortunate position in which we find ourselves. I met many Filipinos who are men of education and ability. With such men to manage the affairs of government, I believe that a republic would be successful. Of course the United States would preserve a protectorate until the native government were well established.

We have spent a great deal of money and many valuable lives in learning that we have no business in the Philippines, and I hope that the result of the lesson will soon be evident.

Fifty Thousand Soldiers Are Needed

JOHN WESLEY GAINES



IT is ridiculous to assert that the natives of the Philippine Islands are not capable of self-government, and it is a libel to assert that they have no real desire for independence. During my visit last fall, men of every class expressed their belief that there can be no peace until the natives have a government of their own.

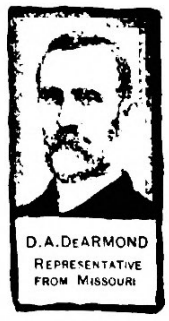
Soon after my arrival at Manila, I began to realize that reports which had reached Washington of a great improvement in the situation were optimistic, to say the least. Although civil government has been established in many places, it is necessary to retain garrisons of troops for the support of the civil authorities, and it seemed to me that there is no prospect that the government will be able to get along with less than fifty thousand soldiers. Such a condition as this is disgraceful to any republic and conclusive evidence that our presence is not desired by the natives.

During my stay on the islands, I tried to see why so many persons insist that they will be of great benefit to our foreign trade. A tariff bill has been passed which gives other nations equal rights with the United States, so that we are in exactly the same position as formerly. No country can prosper as long as it is stirred with discontent, and the Philippines will be unsettled as long as the United States government refuses them independence.

We have already paid a very high price for this experiment with eastern colonies. The experience of our soldiers should be sufficient warning to any who anticipate a home in the Philippines. The natives can stand the climate, and they should be allowed to dwell at peace in the land which God has given them. Our duty was performed when we freed the islands from the rule of Spain. If every member of congress could visit the Philippines, and see conditions as they are, there would be a Filipino republic within a year.

It Is a War Which Cannot Be Stopped

DAVID A. DE ARMOND



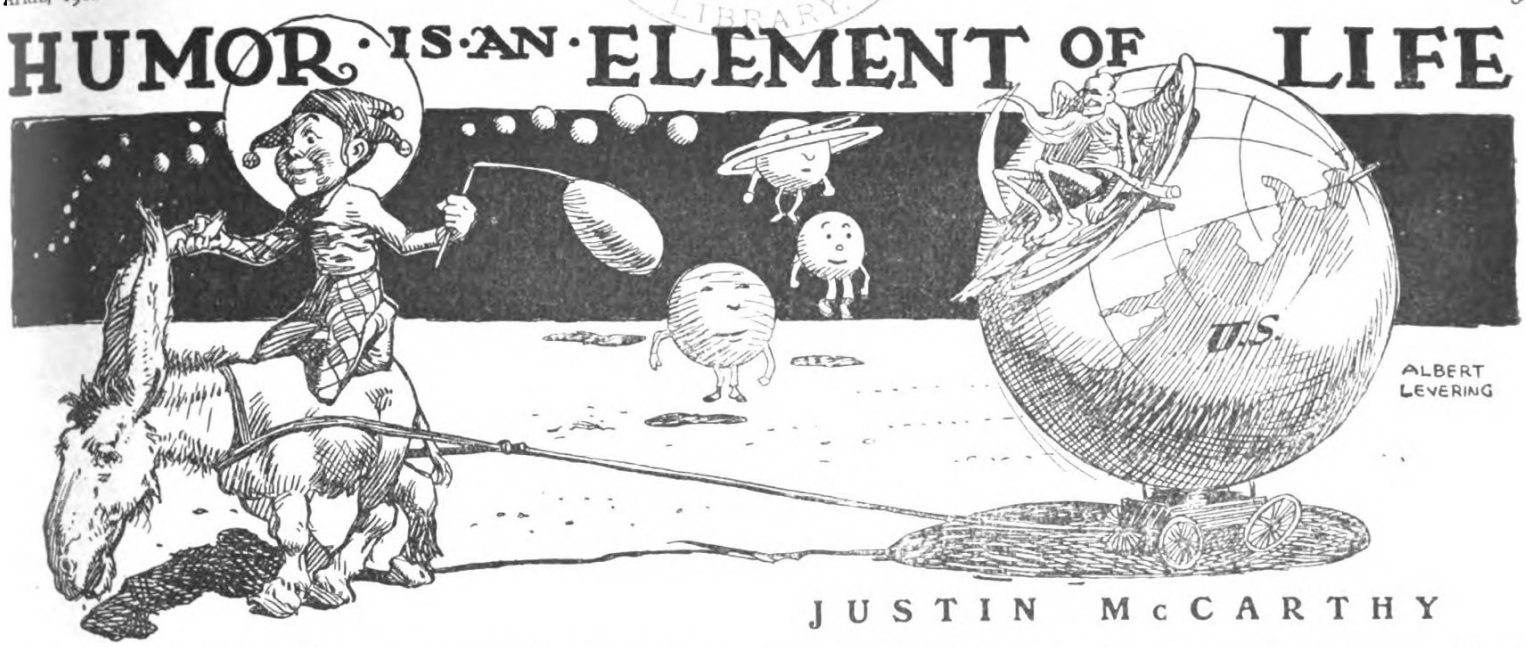
I ARRIVED at Manila, last September, feeling that the United States government should rid itself of the burden of the Philippines. My belief that our possession of an Eastern empire will do us no good was confirmed during the weeks I spent in going about the islands. It was unfortunate that we ever seized them. Our American republic has no business with an empire six thousand miles from its nearest port. Already the islands have cost us more than we can possibly realize from them, and they will continue to cost us dearly in lives and money as long as we try to hold them. In Manila, few seemed friendly to the civil government. Some even expressed a wish that the Spaniards might return to power, while the majority desired Filipino independence. If possible, we should give them that blessing; but, in any event, we should no longer pay money in a mad effort to end a war which can never be stopped.

There are several ways in which we might exchange the islands for territory nearer our borders. If England would cede us a portion of her Northwest Territory, and take in exchange the Philippines, it would be a good bargain on both sides. While the eastern islands are of no account to us, England could use them to advantage as an addition to her colonies in that part of the world. Manila would grow to a tremendous size if it could have free trade with all the British colonies in its neighborhood, and all the islands would be rapidly developed. The Northwest Territory would make a valuable addition to our northwestern states and would broaden our development along the Pacific Coast, adding greatly to the commerce of San Francisco and other ports. If we had n't already as much trouble as we can handle in the West Indies, I would suggest that we might exchange the Philippines for the British West Indies, for those islands are near enough to be desirable.

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HUMOR IS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE



JUSTIN McCARTHY

SHAKESPEARE—or Bacon, for I must not commit myself to either side of the recently revived controversy,—has declared that "the man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," and assures us that "the motions of his spirit are dull as night." It seems to me that the man that hath not humor in himself deserves very much the same sort of description. I am strongly of the opinion that a quick and abiding sense of humor is a great element of success in every department of life. I do not speak merely of success in the more strictly artistic fields of human work, but am ready to maintain that, even in the prosaic and practical concerns of human existence, the sense of humor is an inciting and sustaining influence to carry a man successfully through to the full development of his capacity and the attainment of his purpose. It is so in the art of war,—it is especially so in the business of statesmanship. Mortal life, at the best, is so full of perplexities, disappointments, and reverses, that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with little or no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through seasons of difficulty and depression, and maintain his energy,—living despite the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosaic discouragements. A man who is easily disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the maintenance of good animal spirits than the quick sense of humor which finds something to make a jest of even in conditions which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal. In the stories of great events and great enterprises, we are constantly told of some heaven-born leader who kept alive, through the most trying hours of what otherwise might have been utter and enfeebling depression, the energies, the courage, and the hope of his comrades and his followers. One can hardly read the story of any escape from shipwreck, any drifting about in an open boat over wintry seas, without learning of some plucky and humorous mortal who kept his comrades alive and alert through all dangers and troubles by his ready humor and animal spirits. Read any account of a long-protracted siege, when the besieged had to resist assault from without and hunger within, and you will be sure to be told how the humorous sallies of some leader were able to prevent those around him from sinking into the depths of despair. There are times when no good whatever is done by taking even the most serious things too seriously, and a sudden flash of humor often lightens up the atmosphere as the blast of a trumpet might give new spirits and new energy amid the deepening gloom of some almost desperate day.



Tom Buntline's method of keeping up hope, through shipwreck



Ulysses tied himself and his men to the spars, to escape the sirens

These Ancient Fellows Knew What It Is to Laugh Uproariously at a Joke

Most of the world's great military leaders have been distinguished for their keen sense of humor. Even if we go back to the distant historic regions where fact and fable are blended beyond the power of modern analysis, we shall find that the supreme leaders of men were generally endowed with the keen faculty which can brighten a trying situation by a timely jest. Homer's Achilles had, perhaps, a little too much of a cruel humor in some of his practical jokes, but we cannot help seeing that he was a man who, at a moment of deepest depression, found the means of appealing in congenial fashion to the livelier qualities of his companion Greeks, and saved them, by some happy phrase, from the creeping paralysis of despondency. Diomedes, too, appears to have been endowed with the same wonder-working faculty, but I have always regarded Agamemnon as a solemn and pompous person who had no sense of humor to season and qualify his all-pervading sense of personal importance. Thersites, of course, was a mere buffoon, and mere buffoonery is almost incompatible with a keen sense of humor. Ulysses, we may feel well assured, must have pulled himself through many of his difficulties and dangers by his happy faculty of discerning whatever was humorous in a situation, and keeping the spirits of himself and those with him up to the mark by some lively and inspiring illustration. Hector of Troy has always been one of my favorite heroes, but I regret to say that I cannot see any evidence which authorizes me to credit him with a keen perception of life's humorous side, and we know that the brave and serious husband of Andromache came to utter failure in the end, and was made unseemly sport of by his rival among the hostile gods.

Julius Cæsar, as we all know, had a keen sense of humor.. Some of his jests and his odd jocular sayings have been recorded in history and may still be appreciated, and the few relics we have of his poetical ventures give evidence of his refined and delicate humorous perception. Only to a man blessed with a sense of humor would anyone have ventured on the eccentric method by which Cleopatra's first presentation to him was so oddly accomplished. Was there not even a certain melancholy humor in those last words recorded of him when the stab of Brutus's dagger brought his life to a close?

Many tales of heroism have added to the world's stock of fun



Many a Famous, Side-splitting Fable Is Firmly Based on Fact, not Fancy

When we consider a later period of history, what more effective figure can we find than that of Haroun-al-Raschid? I do not ask my readers to accept the Haroun-al-Raschid of the "Arabian Nights" as quite a worthy representation of the part played in history by the illustrious caliph who used to wander about the streets of Asiatic cities at night in quest of droll adventures, out of which hints might be had for the government of men and the management of imperial affairs. Still, we may take it for granted that, when fancy and fable create for us extraordinary mythical illustrations of a great man's life and character, they must be, in some degree at least, in affinity with the realities of his nature and his career, and that there is always a core of truth in the most fantastic developments of tradition. We know a good deal about the life of Haroun-al-Raschid which is commended to us by serious and trustworthy history, and we cannot doubt that he conquered many a difficulty by some quick and timely touch of humor, and that he solved by a stroke of wit many a problem which might have proved insoluble to a statesman of ponderous and philosophic gravity. That, for instance, was a most successful illustration of this valuable faculty which is recorded of him on what seems to be unchallenged authority. Haroun had led his father's armies before he himself succeeded to the throne, and had won victories over the sovereign of the Greek empire. When he became caliph, he invaded the Greek empire in person and compelled its sovereign to undertake the payment of an annual tribute. After a time, the Greek sovereign refused to pay tribute and Haroun sent him an imperious message insisting on the fulfillment of the conditions. The Greek monarch dispatched, forthwith, a messenger, who merely brought to Haroun a bundle of Grecian swords tied together, declaring that was the only answer his master had to give. Haroun, as the story goes, made no reply in words, but merely rose from his seat, fixed the swords erect in the earth, and then, drawing his own scimiter, with one dexterous and swashing blow cleft through every one of them, and left the messenger to report that as his only reply to the imperial Greek. It would have been well for the Greek sovereign if he, too, had possessed some sense of humor and had taken the very significant hint. He failed to do so, and a war followed, the only result of which was that the Greek had again to become a tributary to the Saracen caliph. Haroun was a lover of learning, as well as of adventure, of humor, and of conquest, and it was by him that the productions of the poets of classic Greece were first introduced to the people of Arabia in their own language. Another story, told of him by history and not related in the "Arabian Nights," illustrates equally his capacity for appreciating and acknowledging the meaning of effective repartee. There were insurrections, now and then, in remote parts of Haroun's caliphate, and he had, sometimes, to go in person at the head of his troops to quell them. On one occasion of this kind, when Haroun made a short halt on his march, a woman emerged from a near-by house, and, throwing herself at his feet, demanded reparation for injury to her land by

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Even Caesar's last remarks had a touch-and-go jocularity

some of his soldiery. Haroun was somewhat taken by surprise, but he was ready with what he hoped would be an effective reply to the appeal of his suppliant. "Woman," he said, "is it not written in the Koran that, when princes march in arms through a country, they desolate it?" He probably hoped that he had thereby settled the matter, but the woman was ready with her answer. "I have read in the same sacred volume," she declared, "that the houses of princes shall be desolate because of the injustice they commit." Haroun was so taken by the aptitude of the reply that all his better feelings came into play, and he at once ordered that full reparation should be made to the woman for whatever injuries she had sustained by the rapacity of his soldiers. These are but two illustrations out of many which might be quoted to show that the hero of the "Arabian Nights" could find a guiding light of humor where others would have seen only an occasion for elaborate argument or arbitrary exercise of force.

Nobody is likely to question the statement that one of the greatest of England's conquering kings, Henry V., was gifted with a happy sense of humor. As a wild prince, companion of Poins and other such scapegraces, his whole career was one quest of humorous adventure; and, if we can put any trust in the representations of Shakespeare or Bacon, his capacity for witty utterance was not surpassed by Falstaff himself. Nor, if we are to trust to the same authority, did he consider the humorous side of life beyond his province, or beneath his notice, when he afterwards became a great king. I do not know where any happier illustration could be found of the inspiriting force which can come from a happy touch of humor at a great crisis than this, which Henry V. gave to his army on the eve of battle:—

> Gentlemen in England now abed
> Shall hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks
> That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.



Haroun-al-Raschid's grim contempt for the "bluff" of a Greek

George Washington Had Moments when Humor Predominated

This bright and jocular glimpse into the near future, when the gentlemen of England just then abed should feel rather ashamed of themselves in the presence of any of the returned conquerors, must have stimulated the courage of King Henry's companions in arms much more effectively than the most exalted flight of martial rhetoric. No wonder he was popular with bold Britons.

It is commonly said and believed that George Washington was wanting in humor. I have never seen any reason to concur in this belief, and I have lately been reading in a biography of Washington, by Norman Hapgood, many passages which confirm me in the opinion that the stereotyped description of Washington's character is defective on this point, and that a sense of humor was one of his characteristic qualities. A passage from one of his letters, quoted by Mr. Hapgood, seems to me to contain some delightful touches of humor. In it Washington, who is writing about the army of painters and sculptors who were, as Mr. Hapgood puts it, "busy seeking his and their own immortality," says:—

"I am so hackneyed to the touch of painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument, whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is proof, among many others, of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first, I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray horse moves more readily to his thills than I to the painter's chair."



The Duke of Wellington made "clear as mud" a very perplexing situation

I might quote many other evidences taken from the same volume which show that under the gravities of Washington's expression of face, and under his quiet, restrained manner, there burned the light of genuine humor, which occasionally shot forth its flashes to those around. One can well understand how such a light must have cheered its owner through the long strain upon his patience and perseverance to which he had to submit during many of the campaigns which seemed, from time to time, almost hopeless of happy result, but which, under his guidance, ended in complete success.

With a Single Sally, Gladstone often Reduced Serious Debate to Ridicule

The Duke of Wellington is commonly or conventionally regarded as a man without humor, but there are numberless well authenticated anecdotes of him which prove that he was quite capable of bringing self-important personages to a sense of their true level, and of clearing up a perplexing situation, by a sudden and felicitous touch of irony or of sarcasm. Another great man who has often been described by his critics, and even by some of his biographers, as curiously wanting in the sense of humor, was William E. Gladstone. I suppose the idea got abroad because of the intense gravity with which Gladstone habitually set himself to pursue any problem of statesmanship to its full solution, and the earnestness with which, even in ordinary conversation, he was wont to follow the subtleties of some argument in which he took an interest. It seems to me that nothing could be more unfair to Gladstone's varied capabilities than to deny him exquisite perception of humor and power to give it expression. Over and over again, during debates in the house of commons, he reduced an argument, or some opposing debater, to utter ridicule, by a sudden touch of satire. I have again and again observed the whole house of commons convulsed with almost inextinguishable laughter by some happy retort from the great statesman and orator to an opponent, of extreme self-importance and audacity, who had nothing left but to collapse—for the time, at least,—under the touch of spontaneous and irresistible sarcasm. My own experience of Mr. Gladstone's conversational gifts in private society has left with me many bright and delightful recollections of his faculty for humorous illustration. There was one great English statesman, perhaps the most successful of his time, Lord Palmerston,—the most successful, at least, so far as the retention of high official power is concerned,—who owed the greater part of his success to the inexhaustible fund of humor on which he could draw with the happiest effect at half a moment's notice.



The ever-searching Diogenes was the Adam of all comedians

No one now believes that Palmerston was a great statesman, in the highest sense of the word,— that his home policy or his foreign policy was inspired by the loftiest genius for the creation of enduring statesmanlike systems. But, for success in carrying triumphantly through the measures which he desired to advance, for obtaining control over the majority in the house of commons, and for keeping himself and his party in office, he had not an equal among the English public men of our times. As I have said, this great success had for its main element his faculty of spontaneous humor. He could even make Disraeli, that master of elaborate sarcasm, seem positively ridiculous, now and then, by a single humorous sentence. Let me give one instance, out of many, to which I had the good fortune to be a listener. At a time not very long before Palmerston's death, there came a great crisis in foreign affairs, one of those which were not uncommon in days gone by, when England seemed to be drifting into another war with Russia. Lord Palmerston was then at the head of the government and was leader in the house of commons.

A Statesman's Satire Turned *the* Current of a Nation's Affairs

Disraeli delivered a speech calling upon Palmerston to explain to the house the course of policy which he intended to pursue, and wound up with the declaration that, at a moment of such gravity, he would leave to the government the responsibility of its action, and would not offer any advice of his own. When Lord Palmerston rose to reply, the whole house, and especially the Tory party, waited with deep interest for what was to follow. The general impression among the Tories was that "Dizzy," as they nicknamed Disraeli, had given the prime minister a very hard nut to crack, and that the latter was in serious difficulty. Palmerston began his reply with a look of portentous gravity which his friends rightly assumed to be put on for a purpose, and as a prelude to something comical. He observed that the right honorable gentleman who had just sat down had frankly declared that, at a crisis of such gravity, he would offer no advice of his own. "Well, Mr. Speaker," Palmerston went on to say, "that resolve on his part is truly patriotic."



George Washington said that artists gave him a humorous endurance

The effect of those words was instantaneous. Palmerston's seemingly innocent assumption that Disraeli felt sure that no advice of his could lead to anything but confusion, and that he, therefore, from patriotic motives, refrained from imperiling the country by any suggestions of his own, reduced the whole of Disraeli's pompous effort to utter absurdity. The success of the joke enabled Palmerston—for the hour, at least,—to save the situation. The house, in general, was ready to feel convinced that the prime minister must have no fear of any real danger when he could thus evade the attack of an opponent who might otherwise have been formidable, and the ordinary business of the evening went on as if nothing particular had happened.

Let me turn to a public man of very different nature and feelings from those which belonged to Lord Palmerston,—I mean John Bright. No public man of any time could have been more deeply sincere and earnest in all his convictions than Bright. He followed no guidance of mere political expediency in the course of his career. His convictions as to the right and the wrong governed him in every act and in every utterance. Yet he was a perfect master of humor, and he knew thoroughly what a valuable weapon it may become in the cause of right principles. John Bright's wit was so genial that it made him popular with both friends and enemies.

No great speech was ever made by Bright which did not sparkle with gleams of genuine Saxon humor. Even his enemies hardly knew whether to admire more his exalted eloquence,—the varying music of his magnificent voice,—or his occasional flashes of sudden humor. This latter quality was not exactly wit, it was not light satire, it was not elaborate sarcasm,—it was genuine and spontaneous humor. It was usually rather good-natured in tone, when directed against some opponent in debate; but sometimes, when Bright was aroused to a sudden feeling of anger, his retort became almost savage in its sarcasm. I well remember one such instance. He was at one time the victim of a severe attack of ill health which compelled him to seek absolute rest in a sunny climate for several months. It was said that he had been threatened with softening of the brain. He recovered, however, and went back to the house of commons. Soon after his return to his old place in the house, a debate arose in which a young Tory nobleman, the son of a peer, and, not being a peer himself, qualified to sit, if elected, only in the representative chamber, made a fierce attack on Bright for

[*Concluded on page 227*]

Falstaff was a merry wag, but not when the joke was turned on him



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HOW THE LARGEST, STRONGEST, AND SWIFTEST LOCOMOTIVES ARE MADE



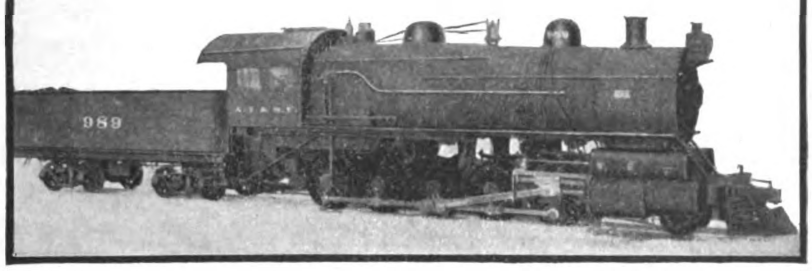
FRANK HIX FAYANT

OUT in the mountains of Southern California, hauling heavy trains over the steep grades of El Cajon Pass, is the mightiest locomotive in the world. So big is it that its dome-top, which would scrape some eastern bridges, had to be taken off before it could be started on its long journey to the region west of the Missouri from the shops in the valley of the Mohawk. It is run upon sidings as cautiously as an elephant puts foot upon a strange bridge; with its great rigid wheel-base it shies at switches, and trembles violently as its flanges grip the rails on sharp curves. But on the main line, with signals clear across the prairie straightaway, it pounds its way along with all the abandon of the Overland Limited. It glories in holding the world's record for tractive power; and, if exerted to the limit of its strength, it could haul, at a grumbling, grunting pace, a train more than a mile long, carrying the harvest of ten thousand acres of wheat.

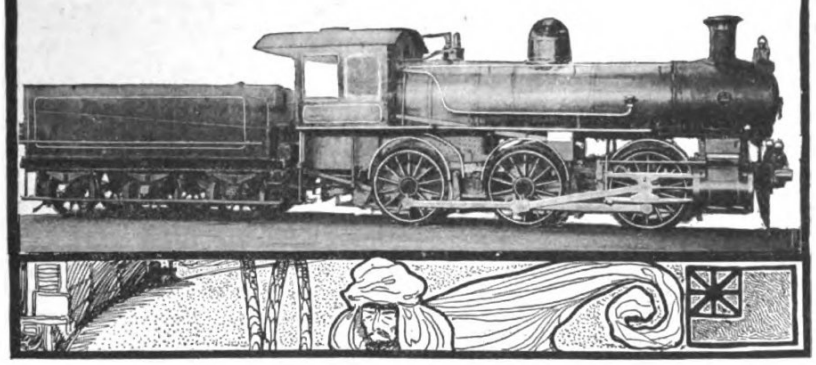
This giant of the rails is "989" of the Santa Fé Railroad, recorded in the builder's books as an oil-burning tandem compound decapod. Like contrasting a great broad-backed Canadian draught horse to a wiry Kentucky thoroughbred it is, to compare a modern American freight locomotive to a racing express engine, but "989's" claim to distinction can best be illustrated by putting it alongside the famous record-breaker, "999," of the Empire State Express. Alas! so rapid is the advance in locomotive design that the petted "999," whose praises were sung around the world, has been assigned to the ignominious work of drawing a milk train through the Mohawk Valley, and the Atlantic flyers, now pulling the Empire State Express and that luxurious railway palace, the Lake Shore Limited, monopolize the public admiration of to-day.

When "999" was making new speed records on the New York Central Railroad, and attracting the attention of the whole world to American railway progress, it weighed sixty-two tons; the Santa Fé's freighter weighs one hundred and thirty tons, and all but fourteen tons of this unprecedented weight is carried on ten massive driving wheels. It is this mass of two hundred and thirty-two thousand pounds of iron and steel gripping twenty feet of track that gives "989" its enormous tractive power. In a wagon-top fire box the steam is formed on a heating surface of four thousand, six hundred and eighty-two square feet, while "999" could measure less than two thousand. The most powerful locomotive in England, an eight-coupled mineral hauler, has but twenty-five hundred square feet of heating surface. To get such a vast area in "989's" boiler, there are massed together four hundred and thirteen large flues, which, placed end to end, would make a tube one and one-half miles long. The top of the stunted stack is sixteen feet above the track; from the end of the tender to the point of the pilot, its length is nearly seventy feet. Two engines, with their tenders, if hung by their pilots, one above the other, would reach a height nearly as great as that of Niagara Falls.

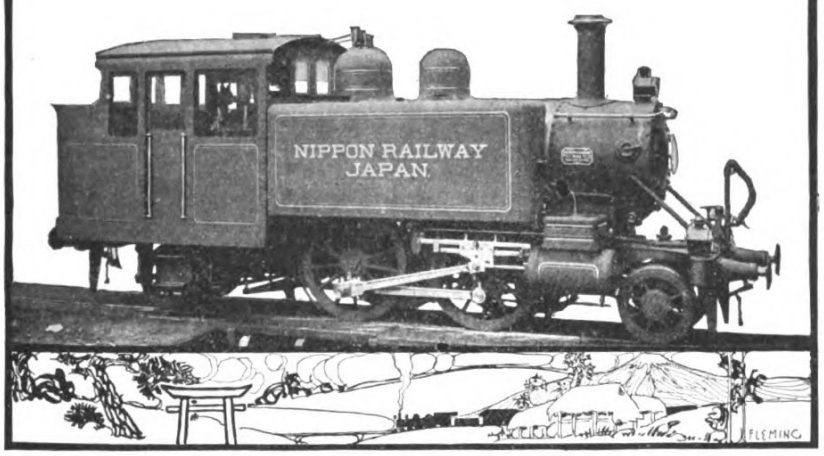
"989," or the "Decapod," is the largest locomotive ever built. It will haul trains up *the* Tehachapi grade on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Southern California. This is *the* steepest grade in the world



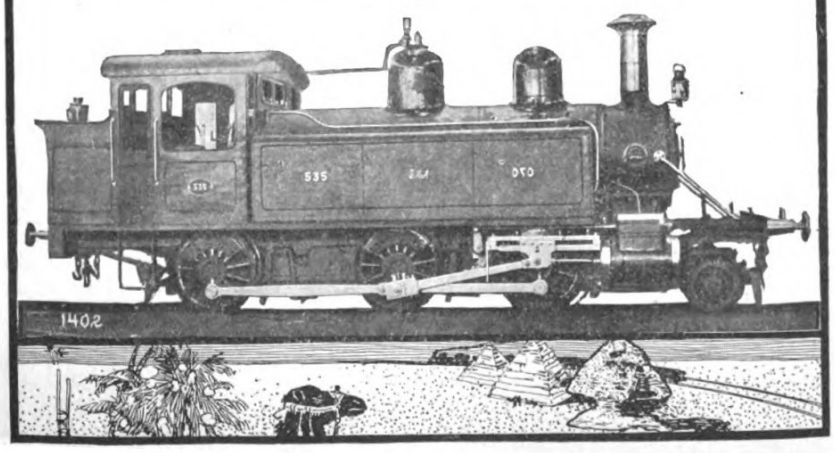
Six-coupled tender locomotives are used on *the* railroads of Bengal. These American-made machines are the wonder of the Bengalese, who have called them *the* "bleating horses" because of their puffing



Where *the* cars are small and the roadbeds level, small "suburban" locomotives are largely used. These are of *the* type one sees throughout Japan, where railway traveling is still something *of* a curiosity



This small Baldwin "mogul" was adopted for *the* Egyptian state railways, fifteen years ago. It is *the* largest locomotive disturbing the peaceful tranquillity *of* the Nile, but it has awakened commerce



In the old Dutch town of Schenectady, where steam and electricity are striving for supremacy in two of the world's greatest industrial plants, "989" was constructed amid the roar of fires, the mighty pounding of steam-hammers, the hum of automatic tools, and the clatter and whir of overhead traveling cranes. On Christmas Day, 1901, steam first roared from its safety valve. Theretofore, it had been only a complex collection of forgings and castings, of plates and bars and rods and rivets, as inanimate as the Great Pyramid. A few weeks before, it was only a plan in blue-print up in the draughting-loft. There, men drew the design showing the details of "989" to the last rivet. Every stress and strain was mathematically computed, and the enormous weight of great castings was equalized over the five pairs of driving wheels with all the care bestowed by a marine draughtsman on an ocean greyhound. From the time that the frames were forged until the fires were lighted in the fire box, thirty-five hundred men and scores of machines had taken a part in fashioning inert masses of metal into this wonderful thing of life.

The heart of a locomotive is its boiler. Upon its size and strength depends the power of the engine. Here in America,—where everything is big, from floods to trusts,—locomotive boilers have grown larger and larger, and stacks and domes have become shorter and flatter, until now greater size cannot be had without enlarging tunnels and raising overhead structures. The boiler of "989" is the largest ever built for a locomotive. Stood on end, it would reach to the roof of a three-story house. Stripped of all externals, it would weigh more than thirty tons. Thirty tons of sheet steel! The dimly lighted boiler shop vibrates with the deafening din of the riveters' hammers. There the flat plates, nearly an inch thick, are shaped into form like so much tin. Titanic shears trim them, great planes smooth the edges, and punching machines push large holes through the thickest of them as quietly as a housewife presses cakes out of dough. Then the plates are run through massive, forged rolls, and bent into barrel form. Two lower rolls support the plate, while a heavier upper roll sinks into it, silently, but with irresistible force. In the din of the boiler shop, all this shaping of the plates, work that requires hundreds of horse power, is done with scarcely a sound other than the gentle whir of feed belts.

The ringing "clank-clang, clank-clang" of the riveters' hammers resounds through the shop. A locomotive fire box like "989's," as big as a bedcham-

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ber of a New York City flat, must he made of great strength, for in its inner shell is the roaring fire, while in the half-foot space between the two walls water and steam are struggling for freedom with a pressure of two hundred and twenty-five pounds on every square inch of surface. To keep the two shells from blowing apart, they are bound together by nearly two thousand taut stay bolts, each capable of lifting a yard engine without breaking. These bolts are threaded their entire length, and each one must be screwed into its place by hand and then hammered down cold at both ends. The cold riveting sets the bolts so tightly in the plates that, when they break, as they often do in service, they must be bored out. The roof of the fire box, a very heavy crown plate, is held up by longer and tougher stay bolts. The weakening of the fire box by the breaking of stay bolts is apparent when parts of the plate begin to bulge. Then it is time for the locomotive to go to the repair shops.

In the far end of the boiler shop, two imp-like figures are seen scampering about in the light of a forge fire, and brandishing long tongs, with bursting red rivets at their tips. Faintly outlined shadows prance on the dark walls. Near-by, in the gloom, is discovered a tall black boiler barrel, suspended in mid-air. The clinking and clanking of chains in the blackness overhead tell of the presence of a traveling crane. One of the forge boys prods the fire with his tongs, picks out a rivet, and tosses it inside the barrel. An instant later the flaming head of the rivet appears through a hole high up on the outside. From out the murk, on top of a dimly outlined structure, an arm shoots out at the rivet head, crushes it like putty, and disappears. This is the hydrostatic riveting machine in action. A part of it is guided by a workman inside the barrel, while another workman perched in the neighborhood of the crane controls the punching arm.

When the boiler has been riveted and bolted together, it is carried by a crane to be tested. Warm water is first forced into it under high pressure, and drops begin to trickle down the sides, here and there, from the edges of rivet heads. Riveters climb on ladders, and, with hammers and blunt chisels, stop the leaks by pounding down the rivets. When all the leaks have been stopped, steam is let into the boiler. Again the riveters go over the rivets, to check any steam-detected leaks. Then the boiler is ready for the erecting shops.

In the dark iron foundry, where the air is laden with the hot dust of burnt sand, and where half-clothed, smoke-begrimed men, sweating under the load of ladles of dazzling, molten metal, rush about among the feebly blazing flasks, are cast the massive steam cylinders, the lungs of the locomotive. In the Santa Fé's new freighter, the cylinders lie "fore and aft," the small, high-pressure cylinder on each side being directly ahead of the big low-pressure cylinder. One piston rod works in each tandem. The two castings meet in a heavy saddle, the support of the forward end of the boiler. It is the work of five days in the foundry to make one of these six-ton castings. On the first day the green sand is tamped in the flask. The cores are put in the next day, and the mold is left in an oven overnight to bake. In the morning the iron is poured in. From out the black wall of the roaring cupola gushes into a caldron an incandescent stream of star-spattering metal. From the caldron it is tilted into great ladles, to be carried to the mold in the clutches of the noisy traveling crane. Tongues of bluish flame and clouds of dark smoke envelop the flask as the white-hot iron flows through it. Again comes the crane, and the smoking flask is carried away to cool. The next day it is opened and the sand is taken out. In another twenty-four hours, the casting is cool enough to be cleaned of encrusted scales.

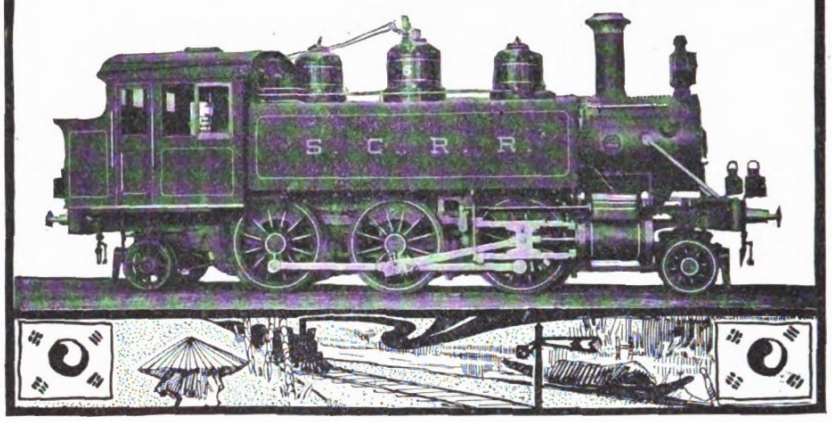
The skeleton of an American locomotive is unlike that of any other engine in the world. It consists of a pair of bar frames, each made of two massive bars extending the length of the engine, and joined by short vertical cross-bars. The frames look like the arches of a cantilever bridge. Into the square openings formed by the cross bars fit the driving boxes. In front, the frames are fixed to the cylinder castings; at the other end, to the fire box. These frames, which weigh ten tons in "989," must be made of the toughest wrought iron. Night and day the hammersmiths pound together small pieces of bolt iron into billets. These billets, in turn, are forged into bars under the ponderous steam hammers. So perfectly do the workmen have these hammers under control that a blow of ounces or of tons can be struck at will. Everyone remembers the story of the sovereign who placed a delicate watch on the anvil of a steam hammer, as it was striking a blow, and afterwards gave the watch to the skillful smith who caught the hammer just above the anvil. The bars are given over to the brawny blacksmiths, who weld them into frames. They put the bars into a blast-driven fire, and, when the ends are white-hot, pound them together with their sledges. Cranes carry the frames back and forth between fire and anvil.

Rough castings and forgings must all go to the machine shop, —a maze of power-driven, labor-saving tools, the wonder-workers of American industry. Here steel meets steel,—the active cutting like a diamond, the passive being shaved like tallow. The energy of a hundred horse power is concentrated in a narrow knife-edge. Single machines, weighing as much as entire locomotives, do the work of many men. When a pair of frames comes from the blacksmith shop, they are fixed to the bed of a giant planing machine and fed slowly forward and back to claw-like tools, held in massive clutches. One expects to see the cutting edges snap as the five-ton forgings strike them; but, after a grunt that shakes the machine, the claws cling tenaciously to the work, and curled fragments of iron, rainbow-hued from the heat of friction, break off like shavings of wood from a turner's chisel. When the frames have been planed on both sides, a crane carries them to another large machine, which cuts down their narrow faces. This is the three-head slotting machine. Each head carries a vertically moving tool, which cuts off a narrow shaving on every downward stroke. At each tool is a machinist; but, as the machine is automatic, all he has to do is to brush the work occasionally with a cooling liquid.

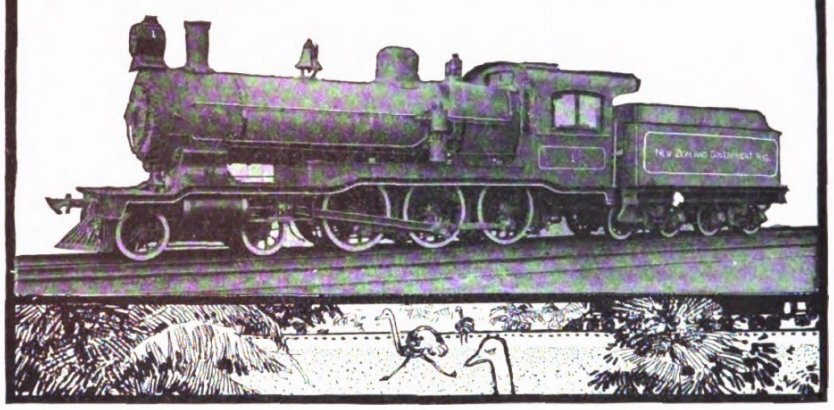
Driving wheels and axles are made with extreme care. Wheel centers must carry heavy counterbalances to offset the destructive "hammer blow," as the crank swings downward on each stroke of the piston. Tnis "ham-

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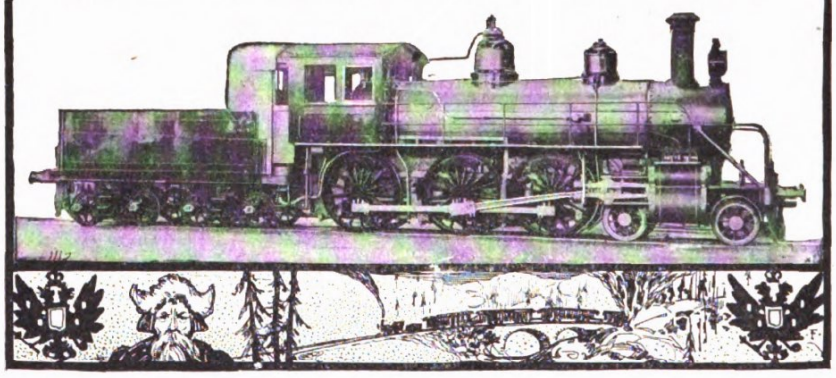
This compact, powerful locomotive is known as *the* "double bogie," and is of *the* latest pattern built here for a foreign country. Several are in constant use on *the* Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad in Korea



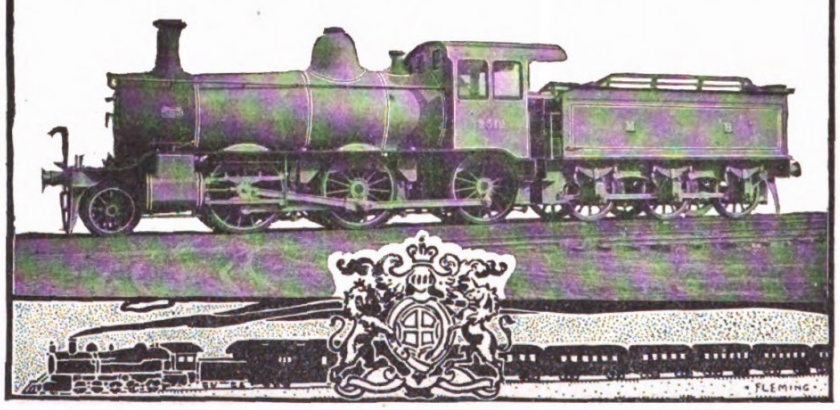
New Zealand has one of *the* best conducted railways in the world, and was one *of* the first countries to recognize *the* advantages of American locomotives. The narrow-gauge system is standard there



In Russia, this build *of* locomotive has been able to resist *the* hard usage it must meet in that part *of* the world. The one reproduced here is in *the* express service of the Moscow, Kiev, Voronej Railway



This is an American "mogul" in a British mask on *the* Midland Railway *of* England. The machinery, boilers, etc., were built in America, but the tender, cab *and* buffer are of English workmanship



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THE SONG OF THE WOUNDED FALCON

There is nothing so false that a sparkle *of* truth is not in it

MAXIM GORKY

[Translated from the Russian by Dr. E. J. Dillon, of "The London Telegraph"]

The tooth often bites *the* tongue, and yet they consort together

MAXIM GORKY, the most gifted Russian writer of the day, is in every respect a self-made man. He owes nothing to luck and little to men. From a hewer of wood and drawer of water, who hated the sight of a printed book,—from a tramp and vagabond, who fled from cities and civilization to wander aimlessly about the boundless steppes and along the shore of the broad sea, enjoying freedom from all limitations and restraints,—he worked his way painfully upward, by sheer strength of will and dogged perseverance. Inborn gifts he indeed possessed in abundance, but his intense sufferings and squalid surroundings bade fair to quench every spark of divine fire that showed itself. The story of his life is sensationally interesting from the morning when, a child of nine, he was sent to a cobbler's shop to work for his living, down to the day when, a tramp of the tramps, he offered his first sketch to the editor of a daily paper in Tiflis, and awaited the result with trepidation and hope. But that story will soon be given to the readers of SUCCESS.

Gorky, whose talents are enthusiastically recognized in the country of his birth, and, it may be, even overrated there and in Europe, is in letters what Peter Breughel was in Dutch painting. In short sketches—portraits of vagrants and dismal scenes taken from the life with which he was most intimately acquainted,—he is at his best. In those dreary depths of death-in-life, his art discovers, as if by the help of a new species of X-rays, the faint light invisible to most men. Gorky, in his artistic methods, is, above all else, an impressionist with sensitive eyes and ears for the sights and sounds of nature, and he weaves the effects of clouds and wind, hills, rivers, and steppes, into the doings and sufferings, the yearnings and disillusions of the flotsam and jetsam of human society. His imagery is rich, poetic, suggestive, and, best of all, in perfect harmony with the incidents of the story.

The ethical trend of his work is a moot matter, and, as in all controverted questions, much may be plausibly urged on both sides. Many maintain that, whatever praise may be merited by his art, which, if not refined, is at least fresh and striking, little can be advanced in favor of his morality, which, to put it mildly, is unconventional. Others, and they are much more numerous, hold that the tendency of his creations is, if studied in the proper light, in the highest degree ethical. In "The Song of the Wounded Falcon," he shows that truth, though it fall to earth, will rise again to nobler heights.—THE TRANSLATOR.



***The* falcon quivered with excitement, *and* moved toward the precipice**

THE sea slumbers, now murmuring its dreams in a slow monotone to the sand at our feet, and anon heaving with the deep unrest of a heavy ground swell whose shelving waves thunder on the shore as far as the eye can reach, but always seeming to repose quiescent in the distance, its soft-breathing breast tinted with the silver shimmer of the moonbeams. Vast, vague, and velvety, it blends far off with the dark blue southern sky, and mirrors the translucent woof of feathery clouds, which, becalmed, shroud not with their forms the golden arabesques of the stars. The overarching heavens seem to hover unusually low, as if anxious, in the quieter intervals, to catch the whispers of the wimpling waves that creep so drowsily landward.

The mountains, their lower slopes covered with trees twisted into fantastic forms by the wild northern tempests, uprear their pinnacles in sheer scarps into the deep azure ocean of air suspended above, their rugged outlines softened and rounded as they bathe in the warm caressing haze of the southern night.

Dim masses of filmy drapery flutter downward from the pompously pensive peaks upon the gorgeous green wave-crests, enfolding them with ghostly clasp, as if longing to check their convulsive movement, and to muffle the plash of the surf and the sighing of the foam which disturb the mysterious stillness that seems to brood over and blend with the silvery sheen of the moon.

"Al-l-a-h Akh-bar!" softly murmurs Nadyr-Rahim-Ogly, an old Crimean shepherd whose soul-chords are attuned to a minor key,—a tall, gray, gnarled, canny old man, whose skin has been tanned by the southern sun.

Engaged in boiling chowder from *bytschki*, a species of Black Sea fish, he and I are lying on the sand at the foot of an enormous shadow-clad crag, which long since broke away from its native hill, and now, swathed in moss, scowls dismal and gloomy. On the side toward the sea, the waves have been washing up slime and weeds so long that the crag round which they closely cling seems anchored fast to the narrow strip of sand that separates the mountains from the watery waste. The flickering blaze of our fire flings a flaring light upon the side that fronts the hill, and shadows flit over the venerable rock, wrinkled into a network of clefts. It seems to be endowed with thought and feeling,—to share in the restlessness of the deep.

Rahim lies at full length, his chest upon the sand, his head turned seaward. He leans upon his elbows, his chin resting on the palms of his hands, and gazes wistfully into the hazy distance. His shaggy sheepskin cap has slipped down over the back of his head, and his fine forehead, creased with a network of deep furrows, is being cooled by the briny freshness wafted from the sea. He is philosophizing, heedless whether or not I am listening; indeed, he is as unmindful of my presence as if he were holding converse with the ocean.

"The man who is true to God," he says, "enters into paradise. And he who serves neither God nor the prophet? Perhaps he is there now in that foam. He may be one of those silvery patches on the water. Who can say?"

The darkling deep throbs visibly as lambent flakes of light fall here and there, as if scattered carelessly by the moon.

"Rahim, tell me a story," I say to the old man.

"I've already told them all to you. I know no more." This means that he wants to be coaxed. I coax him accordingly.

"Would you like for me to sing you a new song?" he at length inquires.

"By all means," I reply, whereupon he narrates the following fable in a melancholy recitative, striving to keep to the wild song-melody of the steppes, but woefully mangling the Russian words:—

I.

Far up among the pinnacles of the mountains crawled a snake, and he lay in a dark crevice, coiled in a knot and looking out upon the sea. The sun beamed from the heavens high above, the mountain's sultry heat rose toward the sky, and the billows below dashed against the crag. Adown the cleft in gloom and in spray a torrent rushed and bounded over the rocks. Lashed into foam, gray and strong, it rent the mountain and tumbled into the ocean, roaring angrily.

Into the crevice wherein the snake lay coiled a falcon suddenly fell with broken breast and blood-bespattered plumage. He screamed in agony and beat himself against the unyielding rock in paroxysms of powerless rage.

The snake crawled aside in terror, but he soon saw that the proud bird's fierce life was ebbing. So he approached the wounded falcon and hissed straight into his ear:—

"Art thou dying, then?"

"I am, alas!" groaned the falcon, "but my life has been glorious. I have known happiness. I have fought bravely. I have soared into the highest heaven. Thou wilt never see it so near. Ah, what a poor creature thou art!"

"Why, what is heaven, that I should care for it? 'T is only empty space. How could I creep up there? I am very comfortable here, it is so warm and damp. Whether you fly or crawl, the end is the same: all will finally lie in the earth, and will molder to dust."

But the dauntless falcon fluttered his wings, raised himself a little, and, having summoned all his strength, cried out with aching heart and exquisite pain:—

"Oh, might it but be vouchsafed to me to soar to heaven for only one last time! I would clasp my foe to the wounds of my breast, and he would be choked with my blood. O the bliss of battle!"

"It must, in truth, be good to dwell in heaven," thought the snake, "since he groans thus from mere yearning for it." Then, turning to the brave bird, he said: "Drag thyself forward to the edge of the gorge, and plunge downward. Thy wings, mayhap, will bear thee up, and thou mayst live yet a brief while in thy native element."

The falcon quivered with excitement at the suggestion, uttered a faint cry, and moved to the precipice, slipping with his claws along the slimy rock. He spread his wings abroad as he reached the edge, sighed heavily from his full breast, flashed a remnant of their former fire from his eyes, and sprang downward. But his old power of flight had gone forever, and he fell like a stone, slipping and tumbling from rock to rock, breaking his pinions and losing his plumage. The billows of the torrent caught him up, and, washing away the stains of blood, shrouded him in foam and swept him onward to the ocean. But the waves of the sea, with woeful wail, dashed against the crag, and the lifeless body of the bird was seen no more in



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the tumultuous, tossing waste of waters below.

II.

Lying in the rocky cleft, the snake pondered long over the death of the falcon and its passionate yearning for heaven.

"Now what could he have espied," soliloquized the snake, "in this vast wilderness void of ground and bounds? Wherefore do such as he, when breathing out their lives, bewilder the soul with their love for soaring heavenward? What light is shed upon them there? All this might I learn, could I only fly up to heaven, were it but for a few fleeting moments!"

So said, so done. Having coiled himself in a circle, he sprang into the air and glistened like a slender thong in the sunlight. But what is born to creep, as says the proverb, shall never fly, and he fell heavily upon the stones. Yet, as he hurt himself not unto death, he laughed aloud.

"This, then," said he, "is the charm of soaring up to heaven! It lies in the fall. Ridiculous birds! Knowing little of the earth, and fretting while on it, they aspire to high heaven, seeking what they call the fullness of life in an empty waste. Light, indeed, is there in profusion, but food is lacking, and no firm footing can be found there for a living body. Whence, then, comes their pride? What mean their taunts of all who cannot fly? Are they not merely masks wherewith to disguise the madness of their strivings and the aspirants' unfitness for the business of life? Foolish birds! But their phrases will never again deceive me. I have fathomed all their secrets myself. I have beheld the heavens from a bird's point of view. I have soared up to them, I have measured them, and I have known the sensation of falling; yet was I not dashed to pieces, but only moved to a firmer faith in myself. Let those live on delusions who are incapable of loving the earth. As for me, I have attained unto truth, and in the enticements of birds I shall never again put faith. A creature of earth, I will live upon it." He then coiled himself in a tangle on the stone, puffed up with pride.

In the lionlike roar of the waves resounded the song of the proud falcon, while the rocks quaked on encountering their shocks, and the welkin quivered at this, their wild chant:—

"We sing glory to the reckless daring of the brave! The frenzy of courage is the wisdom of life. O dauntless falcon! Thou hast bled to death in battle with thy foes! But the time will come when the drops of thy scalding blood will scintillate like sparks in the gloom of night, enkindling many venturesome hearts with the mad thirst for freedom and for light. What recks it that thou art dead? In the song of the brave and the strong in spirit thou shalt live evermore, a type, a proud cynosure in the path to freedom and to light. We sing a chant of praise to the madness of the brave."

* * * * *

Hushed is the deep in the opal-tinted distance, and with melancholy wail the waves dash into foam on the sands. I breathe no word as I gaze upon Rahim, who has finished the song of the falcon to the sea. More thickly studded grow the slumbering waters with the silver flakes of light showered down by the moon. Our little kettle of chowder begins to boil.

A wave sweeps playfully along the beach, and, aggressively plashing, creeps toward Rahim's head.

"Where are you bounding to? Begone!" cries Rahim, and, as he brandishes his arm threateningly toward it, it rolls pliantly back into the sea. Neither laughable to me nor terrible seems Rahim's sally, as he thus personifies the breakers. Everything around looks curiously alive, subdued, and friendly. The sea is so impressively calm that, in the freshness it breathes upon the mountains, not yet cooled from the sultry heat of noon, one seems to feel the hidden presence of an overwhelming force held well in check. On the deep blue firmament, in the golden runes of the stars, is written something solemn that bewitches the soul and captivates the mind with its delicious promise of some significant revelation.

Everything slumbers, but with the semi-wakefulness born of strong tension, and it seems as if, in another second, all things will suddenly start up, loud-sounding, in the tuneful harmony of unutterably dulcet strains. Those sounds will tell the story of the secret of the universe, will unfold it all to the mind, and will then quench it forever as a will-o'-the-wisp, drawing the soul high up with themselves into the deep blue abyss where the trembling figures of the stars will sing their old morning song in the soul-melting music of the universal Psalm of Life.

The Meaning *of* Prince Henry's Visit

WILLIAM T. STEAD

[Author of "The Americanization of the World"]

THE mission of Prince Henry, of Prussia, to the United States, is only one more illustration of the fact that the American Republic, like Korea, has ceased to be a hermit among the nations of the world. She represents power, the exercise of which is no longer confined within the limits of the United States. Therefore, the other powers will make court to her, recognizing that she may be the most useful of friends or the most dangerous of foes. Prince Henry's mission is an outward and visible sign of the desire of Kaiser Wilhelm to have two strings to his bow. For years past, his idea, expressed very freely both in London and in St. Petersburg, and only last summer to a party of excursionists in the Norwegian *fiords*, has been that of organizing a European coalition to enable the Old World to hold its own against the competition of the western continent. The fact that he has sent Prince Henry does not in the least prove that he has abandoned that idea. German policy is an affair of two alternatives. If the kaiser could organize the Old World so as to keep America within bounds, his inclination would probably lead him that way. But he is too shrewd a man not to see the difficulties in the way of carrying out this policy. Hence he is providing a second string to his bow, by endeavoring to promote friendly relations with the United States. He is acting, at Washington, exactly as Germany has acted for generations at St. Petersburg. Germany recognizes Russia as the most formidable power with which she may have to cope in battle. All her armaments are based upon the assumption that, at any moment, she may be attacked by Russia on the east, and by France on the west. But that has never for a moment caused German statesmen to refrain from exploiting all the resources of diplomacy in order to convince the Russians that Germany is their best friend, and their surest ally, and especially to convince them that Germany is much more to be depended upon than Great Britain.

Prince Henry's visit, therefore, seems to us, in England, nothing more or less than the adoption, toward the United States, of the traditional policy so long pursued by Germany in her dealings with Russia. She will do all she can to persuade the Americans that their true interests lie in the direction, if not of an alliance, at least of a friendly understanding with the Germans, rather than with the Britons. There is reason to believe that the Germans are seriously alarmed at the prospect of a real union of the English-speaking peoples, and this they will prevent at any cost. Germany's one chance of reigning on the sea is to render it impossible that she should ever have to take the English-speaking nations under a common flag. We English have behaved with such consummate folly, in playing into the hands of Berlin, and allowing ourselves to be fooled by the ruses of German diplomacy, which has hardly concealed its desire to keep England and Russia apart, that there is no saying but what we may be equally foolish when we are confronted by similar tactics at Washington. It is to be hoped, however, that the sense of community of race, born of our language, laws, and literature, may suffice to circumvent the effort of the Germans to insert a wedge between the empire and the republic.

The controversy as to whether Britain or Germany was most helpful to the United States, at the time of the trouble with Spain, is an instance of the determination of Germany to dislodge England, if possible, from the position of America's best friend. There is no doubt that the English have monstrously exaggerated the services which they were able to render to the United States at the time of the war, and in doing so they have played into the hands of their astute German rivals, who have had little difficulty in showing that the claims put forward on their behalf have been far in excess of anything that the facts justify. The popular delusion, for instance, that Great Britain had threatened to join the United States in a fighting alliance against a European coalition is all "fee, faw, fum." We heartily wished the United States success, but between that and threatening to place the British navy in the American fighting line the difference is as wide as the poles. We were ready to give moral support only.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS

EDWARD J. WHEELER

Across the blue of a summer sky
The storm-king urges his coursers black;
His rumbling chariots roll on high,
And the lightning flashes along their track.

Facing the blast and the blinding rain,
From a wayside cross, the Christ looks down,
His eyes of compassion filled with pain,
His temples torn by the cruel crown.

But, safely sheltered amid the storm,
And twittering softly, as in a nest,
Beneath an arm of the sacred form,
A bevy of sparrows has flown to rest.

They have no knowledge of rite or creed,
They raise no question of whence or why;
They know that here, in time of need,
Are shelter and peace when the storm is high.

I look, and ponder: "Were it not best,
When the storms of life obscure the sky,
To turn from reason's unending quest,
And on as simple a faith rely?"

But lo! a rift in the cloud appears,
A gleam of heaven's abiding blue,
And, like a rapture that shines through tears,
A flood of glory comes sweeping through.

The bow of promise its beauty flings
Above the stricken and sullen earth;
Again, with flutter of eager wings,
The little birds flit joyfully forth.

What now, to them, is the wayside cross
When skies are clearing and earth grows gay?
With lives unaltered for gain or loss,
They chirp and chatter upon their way.

Then to my heart there comes a prayer,—
"Not like the birds would I come to Thee,
O Lord, for shelter from strife and care,
From the pain and peril of life to flee.

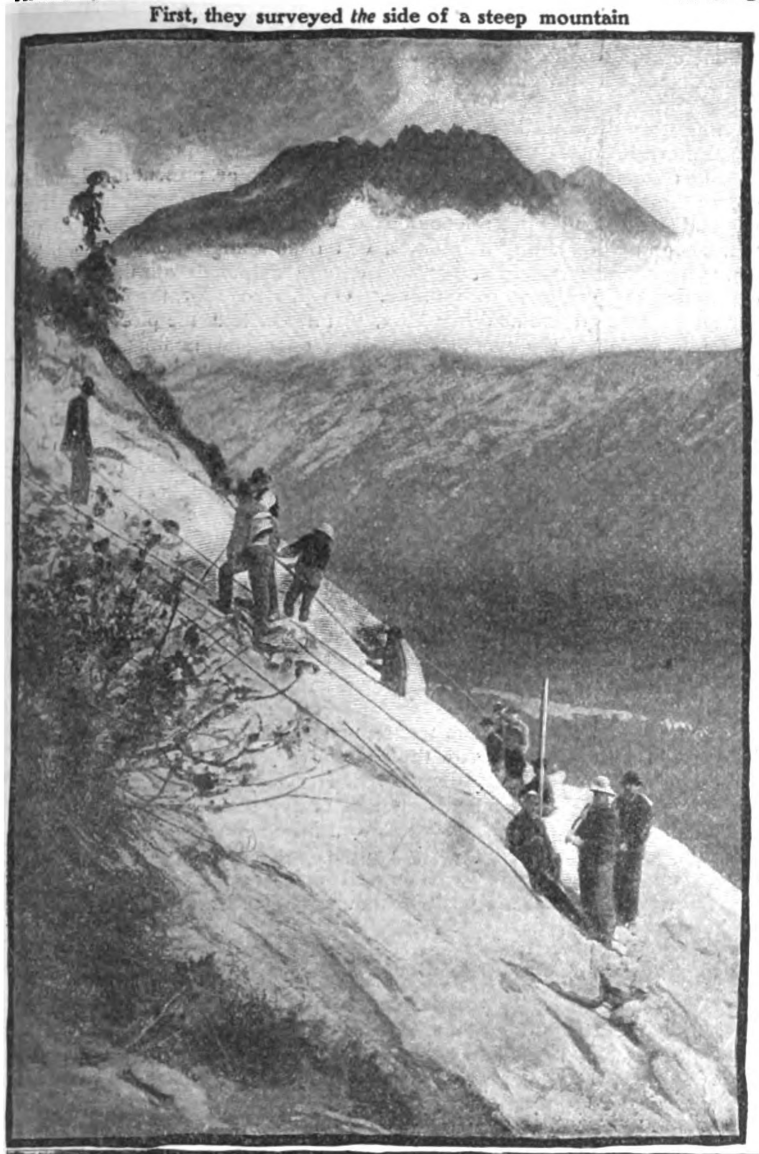
"Didst Thou seek shelter when, o'er Thy head,
The clouds of muttering hatred burst?
When friends were fleeing, and, in their stead,
Came cross and spear and the raging thirst?

"I ask not shelter, but ask to be
With Thine own resolute soul endowed,
In time of trial to stand like Thee,
To front the tempest, or face the crowd.

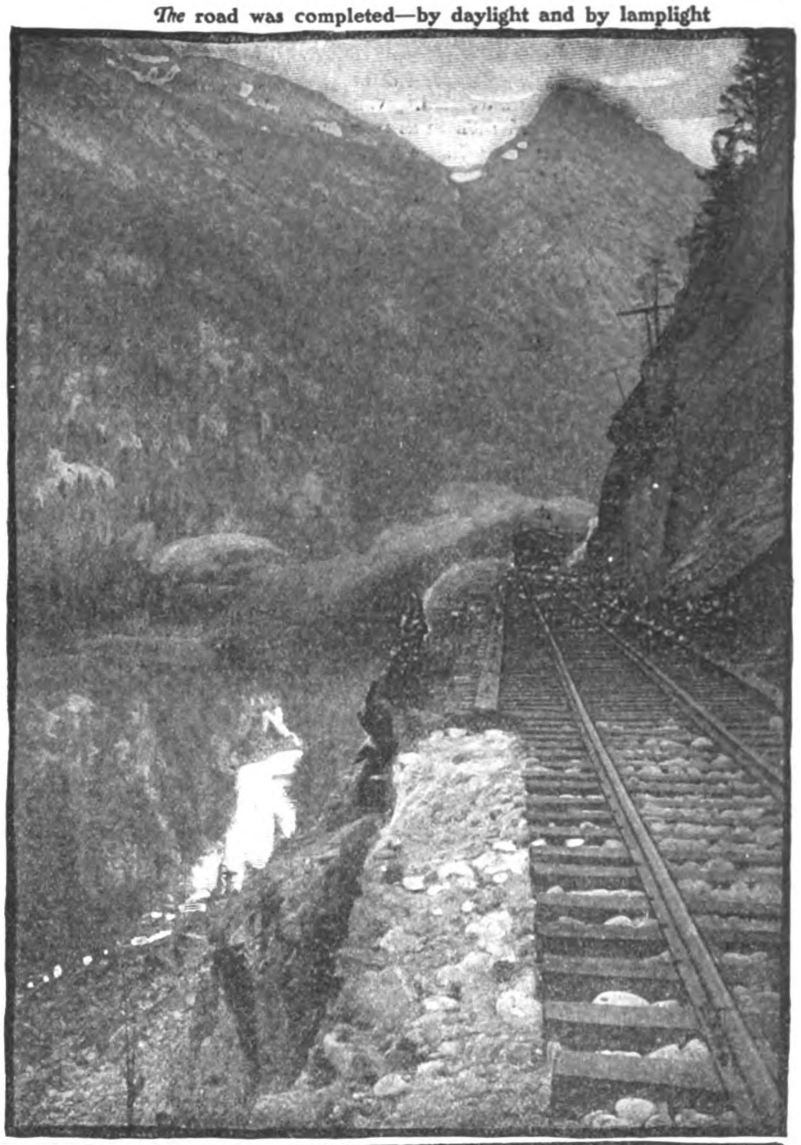
"And, when the glory regilds the sky,
Thy spirit of service to me still give,
For I would be able Thy death to die,
Were I but able Thy life to live."

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First, they surveyed *the* side of a steep mountain



The road was completed—by daylight and by lamplight



The Conquest of Alaska

"There shall be no Alps," quoted the contractor

CY WARMAN

IMMEDIATELY under the man with the money, who lived in London, there was the president in Chicago; then came the chief engineer in Seattle, the locating engineer in Skaguay, the contractor in the grading camp, and Hugh Foy, the "boss" of the builders. Yet, in spite of all this overhanging stratification, Foy was a big man. To be sure, none of these men had happened to get their positions by mere chance. They were men of character and fortitude, capable of great sacrifice.

Mr. Close, in London, knew that his partner, Mr. Graves, in Chicago, would be a good man at the head of so cold and hopeless an enterprise as a Klondike Railway, and Mr. Graves knew that Erastus Corning Hawkins, who had put through some of the biggest engineering schemes in the West, was the man to build the road. The latter selected, as locating engineer, John Hislop, the hero, one of the few survivors of that wild and daring expedition that undertook, some twenty years ago, to survey a route for a railroad whose trains were to traverse the Grand Cañon of Colorado, where, save for the song of the cataract, there is only shade and silence and perpetual starlight. Heney, a wiry, compact, plucky Canadian contractor, made oral agreement with the chief engineer, and, with Hugh Foy as his superintendent of construction, began to grade what they called the White Pass and Yukon Railway. Beginning where the bone-washing Skaguay tells her troubles to the tidewaters at the elbow of that beautiful arm of the Pacific Ocean called Lynn Canal, they graded out through the scattered settlement where a city stands to-day, cut through a dense forest of spruce, and began to climb the hill.

Men Had to Be Lowered by Ropes to Mark Places for *the* Blasters' Drills

When the news of ground-breaking had gone out to Seattle and Chicago, and thence to London, conservative capitalists who had suspected Close Brothers and Company, and all their associates in this wild scheme, of temporary insanity, concluded that the sore affliction had come to stay. But the dauntless builders on the busy field, where the grading camp was in action, kept grubbing and grading, climbing and staking, blasting and building, undiscouraged and undismayed. Under the eaves of a dripping glacier, Hawkins, Hislop and Heney crept, and, as they measured off the miles and fixed the grade by blue chalk marks where stakes could not be driven, Foy followed with his army of blasters and builders. When the pathfinders came to a deep side cañon, they tumbled down, clambered up on the opposite side, found their bearings, and began again. At one place the main wall was so steep that the engineer was compelled to climb to the top, let a man down by a rope so that he could mark the face of the cliff for the blasters, and then haul him up again.

It was springtime when they began, and, through the long days of that short summer, the engineers explored and mapped and located, and ever, close behind them, they could hear the steady roar of Foy's fireworks as the skilled blasters burst big bowlders or shattered the shoulders of great crags that blocked the trail of the iron horse. Ever and anon, when the climbers and builders peered down into the ragged cañon, they saw a long line of pack animals, bipeds, and quadrupeds,—some hoofed and some horned, some bleeding, some blind,—stumbling and staggering, fainting and falling, the fittest fighting for the trail and gaining the summit, whence the clear green waters of the mighty Yukon would carry them down to Dawson,—the mecca of all these gold-mad men. As often as the road-makers glanced at the pack trains, they saw hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of traffic going past or waiting transportation at Skaguay, and each strained every nerve to complete the work while the sun shone.

Often, Rumors *of* newly Discovered Gold Fields Made Men very Scarce

By midsummer, they began to appreciate the fact that this was to be a hard job. When the flowers faded on the southern slopes, they were not more than halfway up the hill. Each day the sun swung lower across the canals, all the to-morrows were shorter than the yesterdays, and there was not a man among them with a shade of sentiment, or a sense of the beautiful, but sighed when the flowers died. Yes, they had learned to love this maiden, Summer, that had tripped up from the south, smiled on them, sung for a season, sighed, smiled once more, and then danced down the Lynn Canal again.

"I'll come back," she seemed to say, peeping over the shoulder of a glacier that stood at the stage entrance; "I'll come back, but, ere I come again, there'll be strong scenes and sounds on this rude stage so new to you. First, you will have a short season of melodrama by a melancholy chap called Autumn, gloriously garbed in green and gold, with splashes and dashes of lavender and lace, but sad, sweetly sad, and sighing always, for life is such a little while."

With a sadder smile, she kissed her rosy fingers and was gone,—gone with her gorgeous garments, her ferns and flowers, her low, soft sighs, and sunny skies, and there was not a man that was a man but missed her when she was gone.

The autumn scene, though somber and sad, was far from depressing, but they all felt the change. John Hislop seemed to feel it more than all the rest; for, besides being deeply religious, he was deeply in love. His nearest and dearest friend, Heney,—happy, hilarious Heney,—knew, and he swore softly whenever a steamer landed without a message from Minneapolis,—the long-looked-for letter that would make Hislop better or worse. It came at length, and Hislop was happy. With his horse, his dog, and a sandwich,—but never a gun,—he would make long excursions down toward Lake Linderman, to Bennett, or over Atlin way. When the country became too rough for the horse, he would be left picketed near a stream with a faithful dog to look after him while the pathfinder climbed up among the eagles.

In the meantime, Foy kept pounding away. Occasionally a soiled pedestrian would slide down the slope, tell a wild tale of rich strikes, and a

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hundred men would quit work and head for the highlands. Foy would storm and swear and coax by turns, but to no purpose, for they were like so many steers, and as easily stampeded. When the Atlin boom struck the camp, Foy lost five hundred men in as many minutes. Scores of graders dropped their tools and started off on a trot. The prospector who had told the fable had thrown his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the general direction. Nobody had thought to ask how far. Many forgot to let go, and Heney's picks and shovels, worth over a dollar apiece, went away with the stampeders. As the wild mob swept on, the tethered blasters cut the cables that guyed them to the hills, and each loped away with a piece of rope around one ankle.

Panting, they passed over the range, these gold-crazed Coxeys, without a bun or a blanket, a crust or a crumb, many without a cent, or even a sweat-mark where a cent had slept in their soiled overalls.

When Foy had exhausted the English, Irish and Alaskan languages in wishing the men luck in various degrees, he rounded up the remnant of his army and began again. In a day or two the stampeders began to limp back, hungry and weary, and everyone who brought a pick or a shovel was re-employed. But hundreds kept on toward Lake Bennett, and thence by water up Windy Arm to the Atlin country, and many of them have not yet returned to claim their time-checks.

In *the* long Midnight of *the* Arctic, Men Work for a Seemingly Hopeless Goal

The autumn waned. The happy wives of young engineers, who had been tented along the line during the summer, watched the wild flowers fade with a feeling of loneliness and deep longing for their stout-hearted, strong-limbed husbands, who were away up in the cloud-veiled hills; and they longed, too, for other loved ones in the low lands of their childhood. Foy's blasters and builders buttoned their coats and buckled down to keep warm. Below, they could hear loud peals of profanity as the trailers, packers, and pilgrims pounded their dumb slaves over the trail. Above, the wind cried and moaned among the crags, constantly reminding them that winter was near at hand. The nights were longer than the days. The working day was cut from ten to eight hours, but the pay of the men had been raised from thirty to thirty-five cents an hour.

One day, a black cloud curtained the cañon, and the workmen looked up from their picks and drills to find that it was November and night. The whole theater, stage and all, had grown suddenly dark, but they knew, by the strange, weird noise in the wings, that the great tragedy of winter was on. Hislop's horse and dog went down the trail. Hawkins and Hislop and Heney walked up and down among the men, as commanding officers show themselves on the eve of battle. Foy chaffed the laborers, and gave them more rope, but no amount of levity could prevail against the universal feeling of dread that seemed to settle upon the whole army. This weird Alaska, so wild and grand, so cool and sweet and sunny in summer, so strangely sad in autumn,—this many-mooded, little known Alaska that seemed doomed ever to be misunderstood, either over-lauded or lied about, —what would she do to them? How cruel, how cold, how weird, how wickedly wild her winters must be! Most men are brave, and an army of brave men will breast great peril when God's lamp lights the field, but the stoutest heart dreads the darkness. These men were sore afraid, all of them, and yet no one was willing to be the first to fall out, so they stood their ground. They worked with a will born of determination and courage.

The wind moaned hoarsely. The temperature dropped to thirty-five degrees below zero, but the men, in sheltered places, kept pounding. Sometimes they would work all day cleaning the snow from the grade made the day before, and the next day it would probably be drifted full again. At times the task seemed hopeless, but Heney had promised to build to the summit of White Pass without a stop, and Foy had given Heney his hand across a table at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Skaguay.

There Progress Was almost Impossible

At times, the wind blew so frightfully that the men had to hold hands, but they kept pegging away between blasts, and in a little while were ready to begin bridging the gulches and deep side cañons. One day,—or one night, rather, for there were no days then,—a camp cook, crazed by the cold and the endless night, wandered off to die. Hislop and Heney found him, but he refused to be comforted. He wanted to quit, but Heney said he could not be spared. He begged to be left alone to sleep in the warm, soft snow, but Heney brought him back to consciousness and to camp.

A premature blast blew a man into eternity. The wind moaned still more drearily. The snow drifted deeper and deeper, and one day they found that, for days and days, they had been blasting ice and snow when they thought they were drilling the rock. Heney and Foy faced each other in the dim light of a tent lamp that night. "Must we give up?" asked the contractor.

"No," said Foy, slowly, speaking in a whisper; "we'll build on snow, for it's hard and safe, and in the spring we'll ease it down and make a road bed."

They did so. They built and bedded the cross-ties on the snow, balasted with snow, and ran over that track until spring without an accident.

They were making mileage slowly, but the awful strain was telling on the men, and on the bank account. The president of the company was almost constantly traveling between Washington and Ottawa, pausing now and again to reach over to London for another bag of gold, for they were melting it up there in the arctic night,—literally burning it up, were these dynamiters of Foy's.

To conceive this great project, to put it into shape, present it in London, secure the funds and the necessary concessions from two governments, survey and build, and have a locomotive running in Alaska a year from the first whoop of the happy Klondiker, had been a mighty achievement, but it was what Heney would call "dead easy" compared with the work that confronted the president at this time. On July 20, 1897, the first pick was driven into the ground at White Pass; just a year later the pioneer locomotive was run over the road. More than once had the financial backers allowed their faith in the enterprise and in the future of the country beyond to slip away, but the president of the company had always succeeded in building it up again, for they had never lost faith in him, or in his ability to see things that were, to most men, invisible. In summer, when the weekly reports showed a mile or more or less of track laid, it was not so hard; but when days were spent in placing a single bent in a bridge, and weeks were consumed on a switch back in a pinched-out cañon, it was hard to persuade sane men that business sense demanded that they pile on more fuel. But they did it; and, as the work went on, it became apparent to those interested in such undertakings that all the heroes of the White Pass were not in the hills.

In addition to the elements, ever at war with the builders, they had other worries that winter. Hawkins had a fire that burned all the company's offices and all his maps and notes and records of surveys. Foy had a strike, incited largely by jealous packers and freighters, and there was hand-to-hand fighting between the strikers and their abettors and the real builders who sympathized with the company.

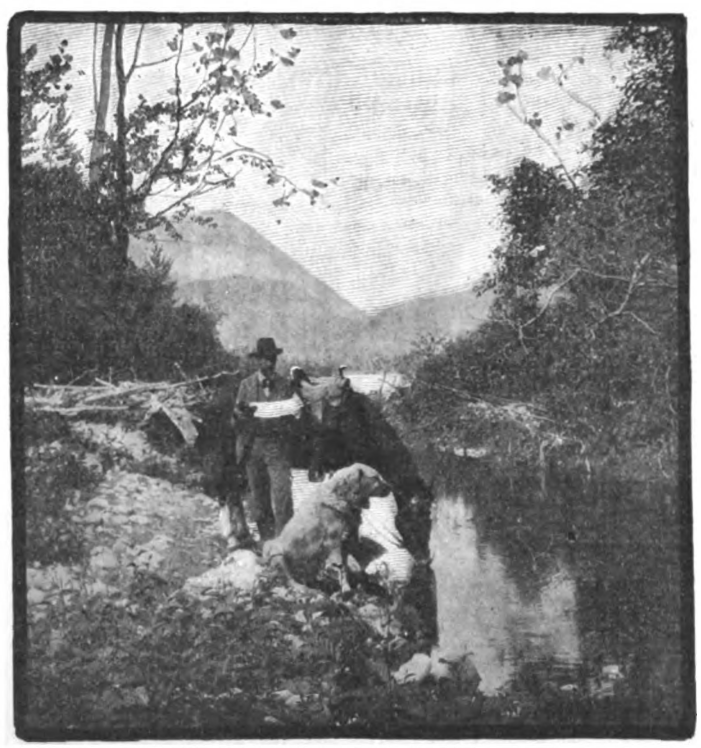
Brydone-Jack, a fine young fellow, who had been sent out as consulting engineer to look after the interests of the shareholders, clapped his hands to his forehead and fell, face down, in the snow. His comrades carried him to his tent. He had been silent, had suffered, perhaps for a day or two, but had said nothing. The next night, he passed away. His wife was waiting at Vancouver until he could finish his work in Alaska and go home to her.

The most terrifying Conditions Could not Dampen *the* Ardor of These Men

With sad and heavy hearts Hawkins and Hislop and Heney climbed back to where Foy and his men were keeping up the fight. Like so many big lightning bugs they seemed, with their dim white lamps rattling around in the storm. It was nearly all night, then. God and his sunlight seemed to have forsaken Alaska. Once every twenty-four hours, a little ball of fire, red, round, and remote, swung across the cañon, dimly lighted their lunch tables, and then disappeared behind the great glacier that guards the gateway to the Klondike.

As the road neared the summit, Heney observed that Foy was growing nervous, and that he coughed a great deal. He watched the old fellow, and found that he was not eating well, and that he slept very little. Heney asked Foy to rest, but the latter shook his head. Hawkins and Hislop and Heney talked the matter over in Hislop's tent, called Foy in, and demanded that he go down and out. Foy was coughing constantly, but he choked it back long enough to tell the three men what he thought of them. He had worked hard and faithfully to complete the job, and now that only one level mile remained to be railed, would they send the old man down the hill? "I will not budge," said Foy, facing his friends, "an' when you gintlemen ar-re silibratin' th' vict'ry at the top o' the hill ahn Chuesday nixt, Hugh Foy'll be wood ye. Do you moind that, now?"

Foy steadied himself by a tent pole and coughed violently. His eyes were glassy, and his face flushed with the purplish flush that fever gives.



The late John Hislop, the noted railroad "pathfinder" *of* the West

He Drove *the* Last Spike, *and* then—

"Enough of this!" said the chief engineer, trying to look severe. "Take this message, sign it, and send it at once."

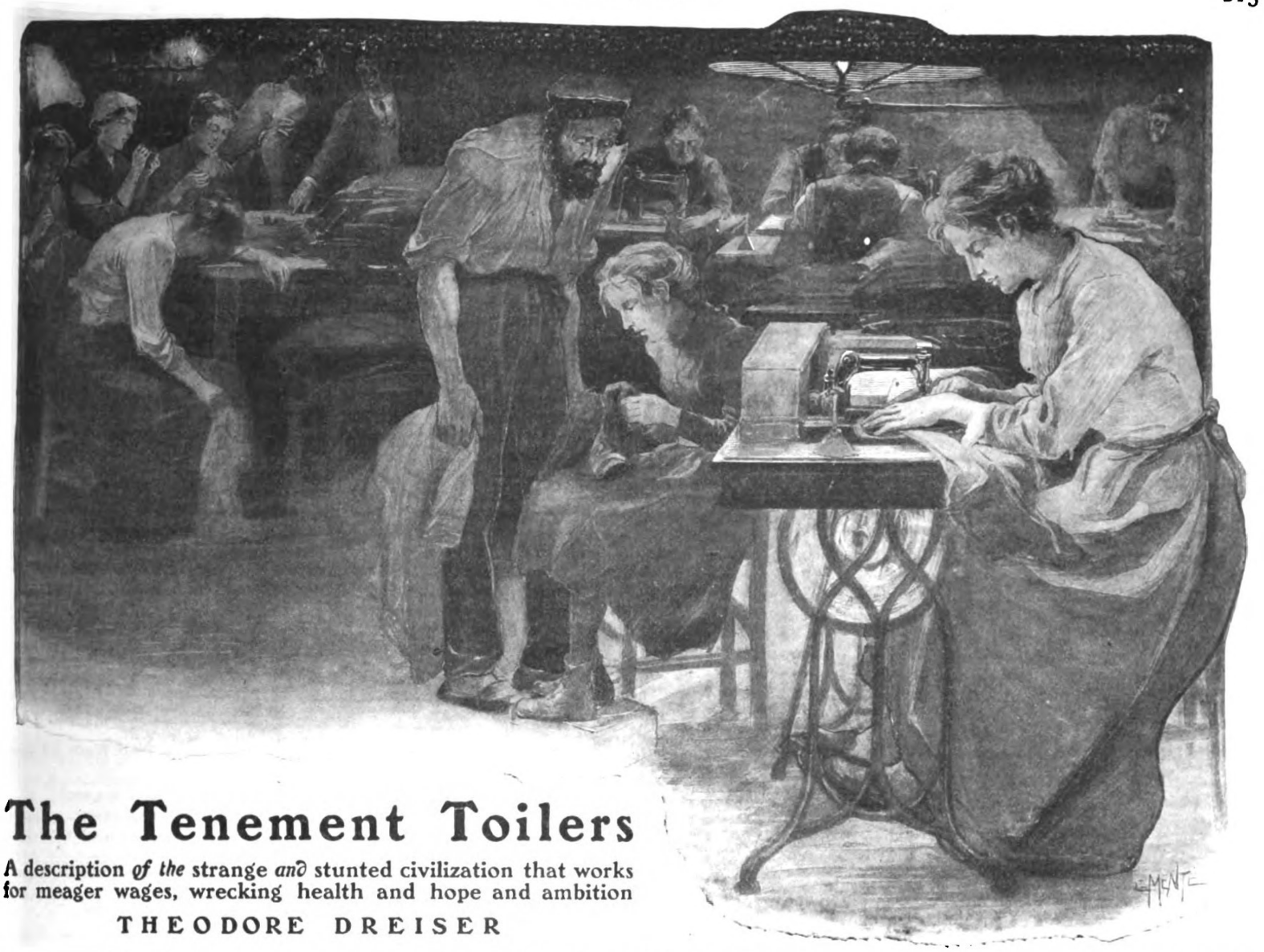
Foy caught the bit of white clip and read:—

CAPTAIN O'BRIEN,
Skaguay:—
Save a berth for me on the "Rosalie."

They thought, as they watched him, that the old road-maker was about to crush the paper in his rough right hand; but suddenly his face brightened, he reached for a pencil, saying, "I'll do it," and, when he had added "next trip" to the message, he signed it, folded it, and took it over to the operator.

So it happened that, when the last spike was driven at the summit, on February 20, 1899, the old foreman, who had driven the first, drove the last, and it was *his* last spike as well. Doctor Whiting guessed it was pneumonia.

When the road had been completed to Lake Bennett, the owners came over to see it; and, when they saw what had been done, despite the prediction that Dawson was dead and that the Cape Nome boom would equal that of the Klondike, they authorized the construction of another hundred miles of road which would connect with the Yukon below the dreaded White Horse Rapids. When John Hislop passed away, the West lost one of the most modest and unpretentious, yet one of the best and bravest, one of the purest-minded men that ever saw the sun go down behind a snowy range.



The Tenement Toilers

A description *of the* strange *and* stunted civilization that works for meager wages, wrecking health and hope and ambition

THEODORE DREISER



NEW YORK CITY has one hundred thousand people who, under unfavorable conditions, work with their fingers, for so little money that they are understood, even by the uninitiated general public, to form a class by themselves. These are by some called sewing-machine workers; by others, tenement toilers; and, by still others, sweat-shop employees; but, in a general sense, the term, tenement workers, includes them all. They form a great section in one place, and in others little patches, ministered to by storekeepers and trade agents, who are as much underpaid and nearly as hard working as themselves.

Go into any one of these areas, and you will encounter a civilization that is as strange and un-American as if it were not included in this land at all. Push-carts and market-stalls are among the most distinctive features. Little stores and grimy windows are also characteristic of these sections. There is an atmosphere of crowdedness and poverty which goes with both. Anyone can see that these people are living energetically. There is something about the hurry and enthusiasm of their life that reminds you of ants.

If you stay and turn your attention from the traffic proper, the houses begin to attract your attention. They are nearly all four-story or five-story buildings, with here and there one of six, and still another of seven stories; all without elevators, and all, with the exception of the last, exceedingly old. There are narrow entrance-ways, dingy and unlighted, which lead up dark and often rickety stairs. There are other alleyways, which lead, like narrow tunnels, to rear tenements and back shops. Iron fire escapes descend from the roof to the first floor, in every instance, because the law compels it. Iron stairways sometimes ascend, where no other means of entrance is to be had. There are old pipes which lead upward and carry water. No such thing as sanitary plumbing exists. You will not usually see a gaslight in as many as two blocks of houses; in only one instance have I seen one inside. You will not see one flat in ten with hot and cold water arrangements. Other districts have refrigerators and stationary washstands, but these people do not know what modern conveniences mean. Steam heat and hot and cold water bath tubs have never been installed in this area.

A Half-Dozen Families Are Crowded into *the* Space Intended for One

The houses are nearly all painted a dull red, and nearly all are divided in the most unsanitary manner. Originally they were built five rooms deep, with two flats on a floor, but now the single flats have been subdivided, and two or three, occasionally four or five, families live and toil in the space which was originally intended for one. There are families so poor, or so saving and unclean, that they huddle with other families, seven or eight persons, in two rooms. Iron stands, covered by plain boards, make a bed, which can be enlarged or reduced at will. When night comes, four, five, six, or sometimes seven such people stretch out on these beds. When morning comes, the bedclothes, if such they may be called, are cleared away, and the board basis is used as a table. One room holds the stove, the cooking utensils, the chairs, and the sewing machines. The other contains the bed, the bedclothing, and various kinds of storage material. Eating, sleeping, and usually some washing, are done there.

I am giving the extreme instances, unfortunately common to the point of being numerous. In the better instances, three or four people are housed in two rooms. How many families there are that live less closely quartered than this would be very easy to say. Five people live in two rooms, on the average. A peddler or a push-cart man who can get where he can occupy two rooms, by having his wife and children work, is certain that he is doing well. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, go out to work. If the father cannot get work, and the mother can, then that is the order of procedure. If the daughter cannot get work, and the mother and father can, her duty is to take care of the house and take in sewing. If any of the boys and girls are too young to go out and enter the shops, duty compels them to help on the piecework that is taken into the rooms. Everything is work in one form or another, from morning until night.

Human Automatons Work there with *the* Regularity *of* so Many Clocks

As for the people themselves, they are a strange mixture of all races and all creeds. Day after day, you will see express wagons and trucks leaving the immigration station at the Battery, loaded to crowding with the latest arrivals, who are being taken as residents to one or another colony of this crowded section. There are Greeks, Italians, Russians, Poles, Syrians, Armenians, and Hungarians. Jews are so numerous that they have to be classified with the various nations whose language they speak. All are poverty-stricken, all venturing into this new world to make their living. The vast majority have absolutely nothing more than the ten dollars which the immigration inspectors are compelled to see that they have when they arrive. These people recruit the territory in question.

In the same hundred thousand, though, and under the same tenement conditions, are many who are not foreign-born. I know personally of American fathers who have gotten down where it is necessary to work as these foreigners work. There are home-grown American mothers who have never been able to lift themselves above the conditions in which they find themselves to-day. Thousands of children born and reared in New York City are growing up under conditions which would better become the slum section of Constantinople.

I know a chamber in this section where, at a plain wooden bench, or table, sits a middle-aged Hungarian and his wife, with a fifteen-year-old daughter, sewing. The Hungarian is, perhaps, not honestly Gentile, for he looks as if he might have Hebrew blood in his veins. The mother and the daughter partake of a dark olive tinge,—more characteristic of the Italian than anything else. It must be a coincidence, however, for these races do not mix. Between them and upon a near-by chair are piled many pairs of trousers, all awaiting their labor. Two buckles and a button must be sewed on every one. The rough edges at the bottom must be turned up and basted, and the inside about the top must be lined with a kind of striped cotton which is already set loosely in place. It is their duty to sew closely with their fingers what is already basted. No machine worker can do this work, and so it is sent out to such as these under the practice of tenement distribution. Their duty is to finish it.

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There would be no need to call attention to these people, except that, in this instance, they have unwittingly violated the law. Tenement workers, under the new dispensation, cannot do exactly as they please. It is not sufficient for them to have an innate and necessitous desire to work. They must work under special conditions. Thus, it is now written that the floors must be clean and the ceiling whitewashed. There must not be any dirt on the walls. No room in which they work must have such a thing as a bed in it, and no three people must ever work together in one room. Law and order prescribe that one is sufficient. These others—father and daughter, or mother and daughter, or mother and father,—should go out into the shops, leaving just one here to work. Such is the law.

These three people, who have only these two trades, have scarcely complied with any of these provisions. The room is not exactly as clean as it should be. The floor is soiled. Overhead is a smoky ceiling, and in one corner is a bed. The two small windows before which they labor do not give ventilation enough, and so the air in the chamber is stale. Worst of all, they are working three in a chamber and have no license.

Many *of the* Employees Do not Understand *the* Simplest English Words

"How now," asks an inspector, opening the door, for there is very little civility of manner observed by these agents of the law, who constantly regulate these people, "any pants being finished here?"

"How?" says the Hungarian, looking purblindly up. It is nothing new to him to have his privacy thus invaded. Agents constantly do it. Unless he has been forewarned and has the door locked, police and detectives, to say nothing of health inspectors and other officials, will frequently stick their heads in and inquire after one thing or another. Sometimes they go leisurely through his belongings and threaten him for concealing something. There is a general tendency to lord it over and browbeat him; for what reason, he has no conception. Other officials do it in the old country. Perhaps it is the rule here.

"So," says the inspector, stepping authoritatively forward, "finishing pants, eh? All three of you? Got a license?"

"Vot?" inquires the pale Hungarian, ceasing his labor.

"Where is your license? Your paper? Haven't you got a paper?"

The Hungarian, who has not been in this form of work long enough to know the rules, puts his elbows on the table and gazes nervously into the newcomer's face. What is this now that the gentleman wants? His wife looks her own inquiry and speaks of it to her daughter.

"What is it he wants?" says the father to the child.

"It is a paper," says the daughter, in Hungarian. "He says we must have a license."

"Paper?" repeats the Hungarian, looking up and shaking his head in the negative. "No."

"Oh, you haven't a license, then? I thought not. Who are you working for?"

The father stares at the child. Seeing that he does not understand, the inspector goes on with: "The boss, the boss. What boss gave you these pants to finish?"

"Oh," returns the little girl, who understands somewhat better than the rest, "the boss, yes. He wants to know what boss gave us these pants." This last is spoken to her father.

"Tell him," says the mother, in Hungarian, "that the name is Strakow."

"Strakow," repeats the daughter.

Although Expert Workers, They Receive but Five Cents a Pair for Trousers

"Strakow, eh?" says the inspector. "Well, I'll see Mr. Strakow. You must not work on these any more, now. Do you hear? Listen, you," and he turns the little girl's face up to him, "you tell your father that he can't do any more of this work until he gets a license. He must go up to No. 1 Madison Avenue, and get a paper. I don't know whether they'll give it to him or not, but he can go and ask. Then he must clean this floor. The ceiling must be whitewashed up there,—see?"

The little girl nods her head.

"You can't keep this bed in here, either," he adds. "You must move the bed out into the other room, if you can. You must n't work here. Only one can work here. Two of you must go out into the shop."

All the time the careworn parents are leaning forward, eagerly, trying to catch the drift of what they cannot possibly understand. Both interrupt now and then with a "What is it?" in Hungarian, which the daughter has no time to heed. She is so busy trying to understand half of it herself that there is no time for explanation. Finally, she says to her parents:—,

"He says we cannot all work here."

"Vot?" says the father, in wretched English, "no work?"

"No," says the daughter. "Three of us can't work in one room. It's against the law. Only one. He says that only one can work in this room."

"How!" he exclaims, as the little girl goes on making vaguely apparent what these orders are.

As she proceeds, the old fellow's face changes. His wife leans forward, her whole attitude expressive of keen, sympathetic anxiety.

"No vork?" he repeats. "I do no more vork?"

"No," insists the inspector, "not with three in one room."

The Hungarian puts out his right leg, and it becomes apparent that an injury has befallen him. Words he pours upon his daughter, who explains that he has been a push-cart peddler, but has received some severe injury to his leg and cannot walk. Helping to sew is all that he can do.

"Well," says the inspector, when he hears of this, "that is too bad, but I don't see what else I can do. The law is the law. You'll have to see the department about it. I can't help it."

Astonished and distressed, the daughter explains, and then they sit in silence. Five cents a pair is all they have been able to earn since the time the father became expert; and all they can do, working from five in the morning until eleven at night, is two dozen pairs a day,—or, in other words, to earn seven dollars and twenty cents a week. If they delay for anything, as they often must, the income drops to six, and, quite often, to five dollars. Two dollars a week is their tax for rent.

"So!" says the father, his mouth open. He is too deeply stricken and nonplused to know what to do. The mother nervously turns her hands.

"You hear, now," says the inspector, taking out a tag and fastening it upon the goods,—"no more work. Go and see the department."

"How?" says the father, staring at his helpless family, after the door has closed.

How, indeed?

In the same round, the inspector goes a little later to the shop from which the old Hungarian secured the trousers for finishing. He is armed with full authority over all of these places. In his pocket lie the tags, one of which he puts on the lot of clothing just ordered halted. If that tag is removed, it is a penal offense. If it stays on, no one can touch the goods until the contractor explains to the factory inspector how he has come to be giving garments for finishing to dwellers in tenements who have not a license. This is a criminal offense on his part. Now, he must not touch the clothes he sent over there. If the old Hungarian returns them, he must not take them nor pay him any money. This contractor and his clients offer a study in themselves.

His shop is on the third floor of a rear building, which was once used for dwelling purposes, but is now given over entirely to clothing manufactories or sweat-shops. To it, a flight of dark, ill-odored, rickety stairs gives access. There is noise and chatter audible,—a thick mixture of sounds from whirring sewing machines and muttering human beings. When you open the door, a gray-headed Hebrew, whose long beard rests patriarchally upon his bosom, looks over his shoulder at you from a brick furnace, where he is picking up a new hot iron. Others glance up from their bent positions over machines and ironing-boards. It is a shadowy, hot-odored, floor-littered room.

"Have you a finisher doing work for you by the name of Koslovsky?" inquires the inspector of a thin, bright-eyed Syrian Jew, who is evidently the proprietor of this establishment.

"Koslovsky?" he says after him, in a nervous, fawning, conciliatory manner. "Koslovsky? What is he? No."

"Finisher, I said."

"Yes, finisher, finisher, that's it. He does no work for me,—only a little,—a pair of pants now and then."

Often *the* Employer Is no better Situated than Those Who Work for Him

"You knew that he didn't have a license, didn't you?"

"No, no, I did not. No license? Did he not have a license?"

"You're supposed to know that. I've told you that before. You'll have to answer at the office for this. I've tagged his goods. Don't you receive them, now. Do you hear?"

"Yes," says the proprietor, excitedly. "I would not receive them. He will get no more work from me. When did you do that?"

"Just this morning. Your goods will go up to headquarters."

"So," he replies, weakly, "that is right. It is just so. Come over here."

The inspector follows him to a desk in the corner.

"Could you not help me out of that, now?" says the employer, using the queer Jewish accent. "I did not know this once. You are a nice man. Here is a present for you. It is funny I make this mistake."

"No," returns the inspector, shaking his head. "Keep your money. I can't do anything. These goods are tagged. You must learn not to give out finishing to people without a license."

"That is right," he exclaims. "You are a nice man, anyhow. Keep the money."

"Why should I keep the money?" asks the inspector. "You'll have to explain, anyhow. I can't do anything for you."

"That is all right," persists the other. "Keep it, anyhow. Don't bother me in the future. There!"

"No, we can't do that. Money won't help you. Just observe the law. That is all I want."

"The law, the law," repeats the other, curiously. "That is right. I will observe him."

Such is one story,—almost the whole story. This employer, so nervous in his wrongdoing, so anxious to bribe, is but a little better off than those who work for him.

A Few Improvements Were Compelled by Law after Stringent Legislation

In other tenements and rear buildings are other shops and factories, but they all come under the same general description. Men, women, and children are daily making coats, vests, knee pants, and trousers. There are side branches of overalls, cloaks, hats, caps, suspenders, jerseys, and blouses. Some make dresses and waists, underwear and neckwear, waist bands, skirts, shirts, and purses; still others, fur, or fur trimmings, feathers and artificial flowers, umbrellas, and even collars. It is all a great allied labor of needlework,—needlework done by machine and finishing work done by hand. The hundred thousand that follow it are only those who are actually employed as supporters. All those who are supported—the infants, school children, aged parents, and physically disabled relatives,—are left out. You may go throughout New York and Brooklyn, and, wherever you find a neighborhood poor enough, you will find these workers. They occupy the very worst of tumble-down dwellings. Shrewd Italians, and others called padrones, sometimes lease whole blocks from such men as William Waldorf Astor, and divide each natural department up into two or three. Then these cubby-holes are leased to the toilers, and the tenement crowding begins.



You will see, by peculiar evidences, that things have been pretty bad with these tenements in the past. For instance, between every front and back room you will find a small window, and, between every back room and the hall, another. The construction of these was compelled by law, because the cutting up of a single apartment into two or three involved the sealing up of

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Married Life Can Be Made Supremely Happy

The joy of marriage is a heaven on earth; contentment is one of its greatest prizes

MARY A. LIVERMORE

The instincts with which God has guarded the sacredness of marriage are all-powerful



The thought of home lives in every heart

THE relation of men and women as husbands and wives antedates all other relations of the sexes. Whenever this affinity shall come into harmony with the eternal laws of justice and immutable right, all other associations of the sexes will be adjusted.

The early savage man, like the savage of to-day, knew few wants save those of food, shelter, and warmth, which move the lower animals. Brute force predominated, and the man was master of the woman, who was completely subordinated to him in all matters. The sole pursuits of those days being hunting and fighting, the qualities then of highest value were muscular strength and physical courage, swiftness of foot and keenness of vision, and, in these qualities, women were indisputably inferior to men. The primitive men of early times held women in such low estimation that, among all races, there were legends professing to account for their introduction into the world that were as ridiculous as they were contemptible. All of them pronounced woman the immeasurable inferior of man, and the mother of all evil.

Ancient Weddings Were Based on Violence

In those days, the title of every man to his wife rested on barbarous violence, and marriage by capture was the prescribed form for thousands of years, and was sanctioned by universal custom. Traces of its ancient existence may be found, to-day, in the usages and literature of the most highly civilized nations. It still prevails, either as a savage reality, or as an important ceremony, among most barbarous communities in every quarter of the globe.

As civilization developed, marriage by capture was superseded by commercial marriage; wives were bought. One would infer that this was a desire to stop the atrocities of violent marriage, and to ameliorate the condition of women. But this does not appear to have been the case. It was solely a question of property, and not of philanthropy. The father of daughters was enriched by their labor. They prepared the food of the family, spun, wove, fashioned the family clothing, and cared for the cows and young cattle. To steal them for wives impoverished him, and he demanded payment. This change indicated an increasing sense of the value of women, and added somewhat of dignity to their position.

Greek civilization, which was superior to that of the Oriental people, established monogamy as its general system,—the marriage of one man with one woman. There were deviations from this law all through the history of Greece, and the position of its women, on the whole, was a low one. The virtuous Greek wife lived in perpetual tutelage, was completely subordinated to her husband, was denied education, and lived in absolute seclusion. There is but little mention of her in all Greek history. The women who attracted public notice, and who figure in history as the companions of the famous artists and poets, philosophers, and historians of the time, were unmarried and immoral, although they were educated, accomplished, and brilliant. However, they did nothing to help the best motives of their time.

Advanced Civilization Has Sublimated Moral Conditions

In the early Roman civilization, monogamous marriage was strictly enjoined, was treated with dignity and respect, and, for centuries, divorces were not procurable. But as Rome rose from comparative insignificance to military eminence, until she became the proud "mistress of the world," she deteriorated. Debauched by incessant wars and conquests, the republic of five hundred years' existence was destroyed, and an empire was founded on its ruins. Wealth and luxury flowed in upon the people, and with them a wave of corruption that submerged domestic life, and greatly impaired the stability of marriage. The culture, philosophy, or civilization of neither Greece nor Rome succeeded in purifying society, or in elevating woman to a place of equality with man in married life.

Almost coeval with the downfall of the Roman empire, and its social and moral disintegration, the ancient religions of Greece and Rome passed away, and Christianity appeared. It taught the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, condemned the low morality of the time, and demanded an inner purity of thought and soul, to be shown in corresponding purity of life. It declared that all are equal before God, and swept away the unjust distinctions that had theretofore existed between "bond and free, Jew and Greek, male and female." It uplifted the ideal of marriage from the low standard established by centuries of pagan custom and law, and put husbands and wives on a footing of equality.

A husband was to love his wife "as Christ loved the church,"—as, indeed, the husband loved himself. "For he that loveth his wife loveth himself," said the great apostle. She was his beloved other half, and, in the language of the Master, "they twain became one flesh." If the husband was the superior of the wife intellectually, and in education, as he was quite likely to be in the days of ancient Greece and Rome, he was to teach her, and, with patient love, to bridge over the distance between them by his instruction and affection, and ultimately to lift her to the level of his own development. Most of the great teachers of the early church recognized the equality of woman with man, and the new religion advanced her to a real partnership with him, and made him more worthy of such companionship. A new era had dawned for woman.

For a time, it seemed as if Christianity, with all the gains it brought the race, would dominate the world. But no reform advances to full fruition without halting step or retrogression. The downfall of Rome destroyed all strong, central government, and there set in the phenomenal period called the "dark ages." The world retrograded. Christianity remained the nominal religion of Europe, but it was so grossly perverted that a respectable paganism would have served the world better. In the sixteenth century, wife-whipping had become so general that there hung over the doors of most European houses a stick with which the husband was expected to keep his wife in submission. In Shakespeare's play, "The Taming of the Shrew," *Petruchio's* treatment of *Kate* shows that the discipline of wives, at that time, included wife-beating and other heroic treatment.

Advancing civilization has grealy enlarged and sublimated all moral ideas, and now woman's place in nature is clearly revealed, and her true position in society and in the family is recognized. The old common law declared that the husband and the wife were one, and that one the husband; but this legal fiction is being displaced by a nobler estimate of woman. The present tendency of legislation is to lift the wife to the plane of legal equality with the husband, so that they shall stand in law as two legal halves of one whole, neither being superior or inferior, but each the complement of the other. This is the result of a better comprehension of woman's nature. Woman has attributes of her own, as woman,—as man has of his own, as man. If man is force, woman is attraction. If man is the head, woman is the heart. If man is logic, woman is intuition. If man is ambition, woman is aspiration. If man is wisdom, woman is love. If man is scientific, woman is artistic. If "man is inductive, seeing facts, woman is deductive, seeing truth." It is only through harmonious union that the truest happiness and highest development can come to both.

Inebriety Leaves its Stamp on the Ages, Marking even Children's Children

What is the first question a young couple should decide before marriage? Max Nordau, in a recent article, declares that no young man should undertake the marriage contract who has not a sound mind in a sound body, and he would have the state prohibit marriage to all lacking this fitness. It is equally important that the woman should have soundness of mind and body, for marriage has in view the perpetuation and improvement of the race. It is a grievous sin against posterity for persons physically or mentally unhealthy to assume the responsibilities of marriage. To call into being an undying soul, and weight it, at the start, with a diseased or defective body, or to fasten upon it some moral obliquity,—who can see into futurity with sufficient clearness to predict the consequences? One of the most serious and widespread evils of our time is the inebriety of men, alike in high life and low life, and in all classes of society. When these inebriate men are husbands,—as most of them are,—it is impossible to frame a statement of the evil consequences that will give an adequate idea of their magnitude and enormity.

Some years ago, there was an exhibition, in Boston, of works of art belonging to a Spanish nobleman. Among them was a representation of the drunken god, Silenus, admirable in technique but unmitigated in repulsiveness. The only sober thing in the sculpture was the patient ass, bestrode by the noble god, whose every feature, muscle, and fiber drooped in senseless inebriety. Near it was an ivory satyr, with pointed face, short horns, leering eyes, and lolling tongue, the whole expression indicating beastly sensuality. Locked within a glass case was the head of a Bacchante, cut in the pellucid crystal of a gem as blue as God's sky. The head was thrown back, the hair disheveled, the eyes staring in terror, the face distorted, and the mouth wide open, as if shrieking in drunken frenzy.

Given sufficient time, these works of art will cease to be. The marble god, the ivory satyr, and the Bacchante will disintegrate into sand and dust. But the drunken and immoral father is also an artist, and he sends out into the world hideous caricatures of the living God, in the persons of his own children, who reel through life, insane, imbecile, diseased, and depraved, when they should be men and women born in the image of the Father.

Good Health and Good Habits Do not wholly Make Contentment Possible

But is a sottish, sensual, vile-tempered husband a more unbearable calamity than a wife of the same pattern? Thank God! there are comparatively few such wives in America. One shudders, and grows sick at heart, to remember how numerous are the debauched wives and mothers one sees among the low classes of Great Britain. The memory of drunken mothers, reeling out of gin-palaces at midnight, with little children clinging to their skirts,—of infuriate mothers, frenzied with whiskey, fighting in the back streets of Dublin, and, in their insensate rage, treading down the little toddlers clutching at their rags, and calling them by endearing names,—one struggles against it as against a nightmare. The wretchedness of that household at whose head is an immoral, depraved wife and mother is indescribable. It represents a horror that has not its equal in the great gamut of criminology. A drunken mother is absolutely unpardonable.

A happy marriage does not depend upon good health and good habits alone. Unless there are, on both sides, well-grounded respect, and love, uniting the twain in oneness of sympathy and purpose, the marital union will lack the completeness and blessedness of which it is capable. Sorrows

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The Romance of a Failure

JOSEPH BLETHEN

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.—Young

MORE weddings came into Alma Allen's life before she turned twenty than would come to most girls in half a dozen lifetimes. Along the length and across the reaches of Puget Sound, this maid's weddings had become famous; for, if the cozy welcome of the marrying parson's cottage won many lads to bring their loves to him for sealing, it was equally acknowledged that the lasses came to Alma, his ward and housekeeper, who gave to each wedding a sweet identity, and kept the cottage parlor ever ready for the coming bride. No girl on Puget Sound enjoyed her calling more than this cottage missionary enjoyed her weddings. She was supremely happy in them; yet, with the marrying parson, there was an ever-present fear that, out of such a plenty of love vows, the girl would one day find one for herself. No mother ever guarded a daughter more jealously than did this grizzled veteran of the church watch Alma, and, when love came to her, no mother could have asked more. Love came with abundant generosity in all but one thing; a lack in which the marrying parson found, even in his declining years, the greatest problem of his life.

Alma had come to him during the first year after he had built the little cottage. She could not remember much about her coming, it was so long ago. There had been a railway journey westward through the hills, across the plains, and over the mountains. There had been a letter, which she brought to "Uncle Louis," and Rev. Louis Tremont had taken the child into his cottage, and cried over her.

Then she had lived in her little room, going to school, and learning to keep house. Regularly, money had come to her from somewhere, and Uncle Louis had taught her to list her expenses, and later to keep an account of those of the household.

Every Sunday, Alma wrote a letter, which began, "My dear Mother," and the address was always to the care of a theatrical agency in New York City. Her recollection of the mother was as indistinct as that of the long ride across the country. She remembered a few tiny rooms where there was no "upstairs," and where it was a long way down to the street; where she looked out of the windows across a sea of roofs set thick with chimneys like ship's masts along the docks; and where a woman whom she called "mamma" used to come and go, leaving her to romp with a big negro "aunty." Of the two faces, Alma remembered the black one more distinctly.

The letters from the mother were unsympathetic and restless, all reading alike, as if written from a sense of duty. In every one there was something to be told to "Uncle Louis," and usually something about poor business in this or that city. Generally, the letter ended by expressing a wish to see Alma "next season," when the company "hoped to go to the coast."

As she grew to girlhood, Alma's love of home became fixed upon the little cottage in Seattle. In Louis Tremont she found a guide who led her through years filled with happiness. Yet, in her woman's heart, there grew a certain respect for this absent mother, and she addressed dutiful letters to her, often repressing a desire to ask "Uncle Louis" for the reasons of it all.

Alma could not remember when the cottage walls were not clothed in rosebushes, the source from which she drew decorative treasures for all her weddings. Nor could she recall a summer when that great hedge of sweet peas had not reached sideways across the yard, dividing her childhood's playground from the more prim and presentable area in front. That playground was rich in heart pictures, which echoed with the romping laugh of Alma, the child, glowed with the parading games of girlhood, and blushed in shady nooks over the first tentative romance of the maid. That flower-burdened back yard was Alma's cradle; she remembered no other.

Rev. Louis Tremont had come to Puget Sound as a pioneer Protestant clergyman, preceded only by the ubiquitous Catholic. After many years' work among the Indians and scattered settlers, he was rewarded with a church in the little village of Seattle. With the growth of the community, he became a landmark for the people. As the years advanced, he retired from his pulpit to the cozy cottage, where, from all corners of the state, young men brought their troths to him for plighting, and whence friends of many hearthstones called him to weep with them over their dead. He was a slight man, so light of weight that it seemed as if a puff of wind would waft him off his feet; yet he had labored alone among the stalwart natives of Puget Sound.

When Alma was sixteen years old, she asserted her desire to become his housekeeper, and to study at home under the guidance of the old clergyman. With her assumption of the household duties, Louis Tremont stopped the remittances from her mother, and made Alma an allowance from his own purse. The little mistress of the cottage felt proud of her responsibility, and with the taking up of the home duties came her delight in the weddings.

Few girls had ever lived in such an atmosphere of love-making as this motherless maid. Few had had more to do with weddings than this unwedded child. There were weddings in the early morning, when anxious couples surprised the marrying parson and Alma at breakfast; weddings at noon, when Alma had bread in the oven; weddings at four, when Alma was ready for them; and weddings at eight, when notice had been given her, and the caterer had been summoned to her aid.

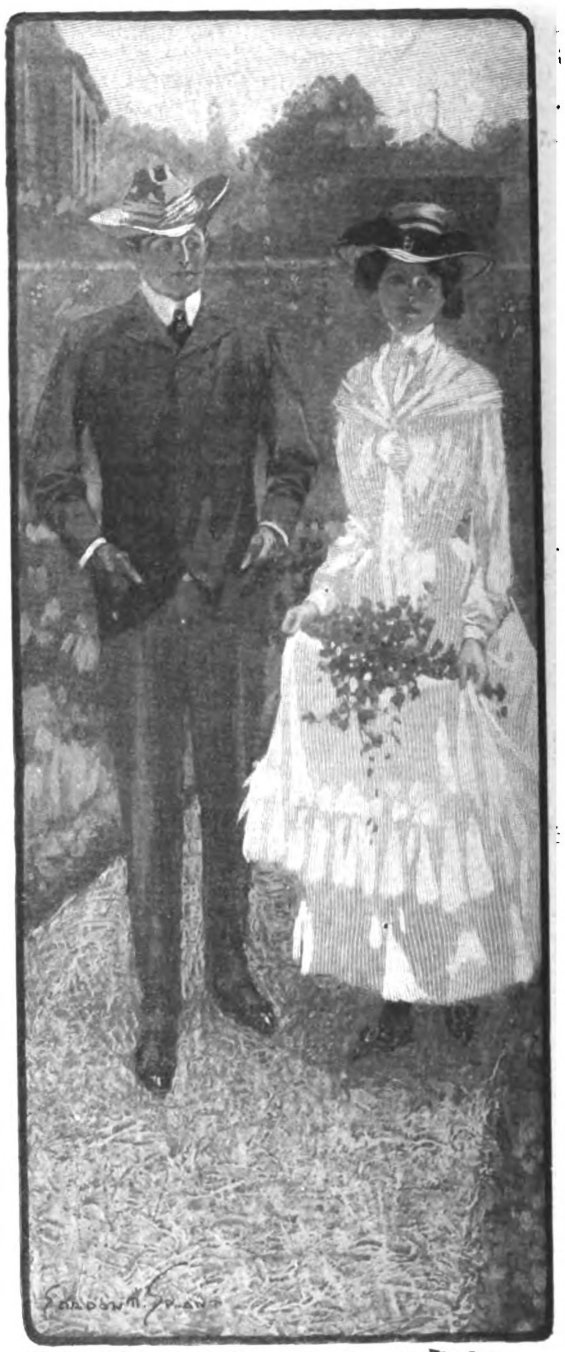
But, come when they would, Alma had a tiny room adjoining the study, to which she retired with the bride-to-be while the marrying parson examined certain official documents with the prospective bridegroom. Alma would minutely inspect the bride's costume, supplying a bit of ribbon, if such were needed; fashioning "something blue," if it had been forgotten; lending the "something borrowed," if the bride wished it; and from a mysterious cool place somewhere in the house she would always produce most beautiful white roses. When Alma had finished, the bride-to-be always had a feeling of trust and a sense of surety about the ceremony.

If two came along to be married, Alma stood by the bride, always a dainty maid of honor; but, if the wedding party numbered more than two, she stood by the parson, and encouraged the twain by kindly smiles and nods. When the bridegroom paid the parson his fee in good United States money, the bride paid Alma with a pressure of the hand, which was worth more than gold to the girl, as it was a bond of love newly struck from the heart.

Alma was a pretty girl; a brunette,—a quick, industrious being. Her little cottage shone in its neatness, and the roses almost obeyed her wishes. A Japanese man servant was responsible for the heavier work of the house, and, in a simple livery, designed by Alma, he made an ornamental addition to the snug establishment,—the little man seeming to be fashioned purposely for life in a cottage of low ceilings and dainty decorations.

Louis Tremont, grown gray in the service of his choice, had found life beginning for him anew with the entry of this child into his home. He had lived a recluse, though surrounded by many friends. With Alma came care, and care awakens hope, sympathy, and love. The old man found a companion, and the girl a loving guardian. Added to his joy in seeing the child grow, singing and rosy, there was a glow in his heart which played about an image, engraved there of old, of which Alma was the living presence. It was as if the girl were his child; and his bachelor heart shut out the truth, and sang on in the joy of its possession. The secret of her coming to him was to lie asleep in his memory until she should be fit to hear it and judge it.

Robert Dickinson met Alma on one of these occasions in the parson's cottage. It was an evening affair, with the caterer and the Japanese in full action. Robert was the best man. Through sudden illness, the maid of honor could not attend, and Alma acted in that capacity. Robert was a busy man in a busy community. The "touch and go" of the market was his delight; the common sense of a common man was his religion. He worked hard, and men said that he was one of the leading young business men of the town. They might have added that he was more of a diplomat than any gray-head on Puget Sound, and that he sold lumber where other mill men dared not ship.



"Then came the sweet hour of betrothal, when Robert told Alma what she already knew, and when she again sent him to the marrying parson"

Perhaps it was the conscious professional attitude of the marrying parson which so pleased Robert, or perhaps the dainty rooms led him to ask who did the thinking which resulted so beautifully; at any rate, his questions were eager and searching, and Alma laughingly answered, until he knew more about her little world than she had ever before put into words. Perhaps it was the telling of the story, perhaps the beauty of this new life that he had found, or perhaps the awakening of a neglected corner of his heart that filled Robert with a new delight. But, studying it as he would, he found that the marrying parson's cottage was altogether a splendid place; and, when he expressed a desire to take part in another of its ceremonies, Alma laughingly replied that he must volunteer to the parson. Volunteer he did, and, through merit of service, he was promoted to be a "regular." Thus Robert, the busy man of affairs, came to be a factor in the cottage of the marrying parson.

A man who is schooled to think to quick conclusions in his business will find short cuts to the riddles of his heart; and Alma, at twenty-two, became the paramount issue in the campaign of Robert's thirtieth year,—an issue which was debated over and over in the practical mind of the lumberman to the inevitable decision that he was hopelessly in love.

Then came the sweet hour of betrothal, when Robert told Alma what she already knew, and when she again sent him to the marrying parson.



"She knelt by him to thank him. . . . . As she looked at him she felt, for the first time, a sense of the loss that must come"

Louis Tremont took Alma by the hand, and asked her but this one question:—

"Do you love Robert more than you love me; more than you love this cottage, the roses, the weddings; more than any other; more than all else?"

Alma, accustomed as she was, in a house of weddings, to see men and women touch their love to the quick, trembled as the venerable man so keenly searched her heart, and by her manner confessed her love. Then he told Robert that love was a power which he had always served, and one which he must obey. But, while he would surrender Alma to her own love, he could not, as a clergyman, advise their marriage; for Robert had never accepted the Savior of Louis Tremont's teaching, and the old man felt that, in giving his ward to such a man, he would be failing in his responsibility.

Robert was a type familiar in the industrial world. Young, robust, keen, well-balanced, he had accomplished more, at thirty, than thousands in more quiet communities do in a lifetime. He was self-sufficient in his own world,—that newer West, with its wealth of opportunity and democracy of achievement. He was honest to the core, and would have given his life to defend the rights of his home, his city, his state, and his country. He would acknowledge the Supreme Being; but, to him, church-going was time wasted. He was an honorable man in business, a gentleman in society; but all he knew about Christianity was a few faint memories of a Sunday school.

He considered Alma's deep Christian convictions most becoming. He would have been glad to see all women equally devout; but, for a man to spend time on such things was to him effeminate, unless that man chose to follow it as a profession; and, as members of a profession, pure and simple, he held all the ministry, even to the marrying parson.

Louis Tremont had foreseen the day when Robert would ask him for Alma, and he grieved that, after his long life of service, he should fail to win Robert to his Savior. The veteran churchman admitted their love to be true and worthy, and stepped aside to let them decide for themselves; but, beside his bed that night, as he knelt in prayer, the parson thus poured out his heart:—

> Oh, Father, I have failed. She is my dearest success. But Robert I cannot reach. Help me, Father, that Robert may not be my failure!

It was on one of their rare home evenings, when the cottage was unclaimed by bride and bridegroom, that Robert asked Louis Tremont for Alma. Then the parson yielded to their right, and, unlocking his heart, bade Alma hear the truth of her own life. Robert reclined in a great rocker, and Alma curled up on a heap of cushions beside him. The trembling hand of the parson turned the study lamp a little lower, as if wishing to veil the light of the present to conform in tone with the dimmer hues of his memory pictures.

"I will tell you why your mother sent you to me, Alma," he said, "and then you may judge, yourself, what to do."

"Annette Sawtelle—your mother, my dear,—lived in a small New England town. Among her earliest playmates were Fred Allen and myself. Fred left school early and applied himself to a small commission business, which he made quite successful. I went away to college to pursue my studies for the ministry. My vacations were spent at home, and with the coming of manhood I was conscious of a growing love for Annette. I saw that she was pleased when I came home, and grieved when I left. I knew that during my absence at college Fred was enjoying an honest companionship with Annette, which ripened into a manly, worthy love for her. When, at length, I returned home, happy not only in the possession of my ordination, but also in being called to the old church of my own town, I went to her, eager to tell my love and to ask hers in return.

"Annette was always gay, somewhat thoughtless, and never serious. I drew her arm through mine, and walked with her that night, picturing my hopes and plans for the future, telling her of my love and asking her to become a part of it.

"When I had fairly asked her to marry me, she laughingly protested that she was not suited to be a clergyman's wife; but, when I urged, she laughed again, and said, 'Very well, Louis, you shall marry me.' Then she ran away from me and would not let me be by her side again.

"So I went to my room, and paced the floor in an ecstasy of hopes fulfilled and joys gathered, ready for tasting."

The old man was silent for a moment, his face radiant with joy. Memory, when not forced, is always kind, standing half sidewise and revealing only the happier side of her records.

"That night I lived in an ideal world of love, service, and peace. But next morning I awoke to face a bitter reality. As I sat in my study, Fred Allen came to me and asked that I pronounce the ceremony which was to make Annette his wife. He said that it was Annette's wish that her wedding should be the first one at which I should officiate in my new orders. He loyally begged my pardon for winning Annette from me, and then handed me a note, which I read with trembling hands, and which sealed my lips over my own bitter disappointment. It read:—

> DEAR OLD LOUIS: You see that I spoke the truth when I said that you should marry me. You should n't have been so foolish as to love me, and you must forget that you ever wanted to make me a clergyman's wife. I don't like your books and your theories, and I would only disappoint you. Fred has promised to let me study for the stage, and, if I succeed, he is to be my manager. You must remember me as your boyhood sweetheart, Louis, and, when you are ready to marry the right girl, your best wisher will be—ANNETTE.

"When he left me I was dazed, and for a time bitterness alone held my heart. Then I arose and thanked God that I had known what love is, and vowed to give my life to leading others to love. I prayed that I might live to marry Annette and Annette's children; that I might live to aid her, should she ever need it."

Alma's eyes were wet, and her hand left Robert's to press down a pain at her heart.

Robert's active mind was drinking in this homely recital of an old man's romance, and making a running fire of indignant comments thereon. As the parson proceeded, Robert's sympathy increased.

"I spoke the words that made those two man and wife, and they went to live in their new home in the village. But my heart would not be still, and some friends were so good as to suggest a transfer, and I left home. I haven't seen them since." Robert put his arm around Alma, for she was sobbing.

"I soon left my new place for yet newer work on Puget Sound. Years after, I learned that Annette had made a beginning of the stage life she so loved. I did not know, until you came to me, my child, even of your existence, or of your father's death. Your mother's letter told me of long study and disappointment in her preparation for the stage. It told of final success, of your birth so many years after the wedding which I had sealed, and of a season of joy for herself and Fred. Then death came to him and she worked on alone. As the seasons went on, she found her work growing harder and her successes fading to commonplaces. She was obliged to accept such positions as could be found in traveling companies. As she could not take her growing child with her into such a comfortless life, she turned to me, and sent you to your Uncle Louis. That act was the greatest compliment of my life, as your presence has been my greatest happiness."

The old man was silent, and the listening man and maid were hushed before him. The clamoring of their young loves was silent before the grand thought of a lifetime's love.

"It is I, my child, who have the right to give you to Robert. I alone have earned that right. I am getting old,—older than we have realized. It is better that Robert should assume the head of this house while I am yet here to make the way easy. But it grieves me, my child, that, while you are my dearest success, he is my dearest failure."

Alma had loved Louis Tremont for what she had known. Now she knelt by him to thank him from the depths of gratitude. As she looked at him she felt, for the first time, a sense of the loss that must come, for she saw that the veteran was nearing the end of a long campaign.

Robert left those two, feeling that their love was too holy for any thought his clumsy words could frame. In his own room he fought a battle that was new to him, and went down to an old defeat: the battle of sympathy for a newly discovered sorrow, the defeat of hopeless regret. But out of the old defeat he rose on a hope that is ever new, and found himself picturing Louis Tremont's reward in another and better world. Aye, even Robert was ready to plead the parson's cause.

Alma and the parson held their evening devotions, the faithful Japanese listening in meek reverence. Then the girl bade her guardian good night, and told him that she should not leave him for Robert.

The old man patted her head and blessed her for her love, but added his usual hopeful word.

"Don't think of it to-night, my child. Wait until to-morrow. The new day will bring new opportunities. In the morning we may see a change in Robert."

Then he went away leaning on the Japanese man servant, for the day had been hard on him. In the driving rain of the cold morning, he had stood by an open grave; in the afternoon, he had sealed two marriages; and the day had ended with a nerve-sapping recital of his life's secret. He allowed the Japanese to tuck him away as if he were a tired child.

"Good night, Saki. I am very tired. In the morning I shall feel bright again. Good night."

But, in the morning, when Saki went to call him, he found that another messenger had been there to summon the veteran before his Commander. The long campaign was ended.

To Alma the loss was unspeakable; to Robert it brought a sense of helplessness. For the first time the buoyant, resourceful, successful business man saw death enter the circle of his loved ones, and he was appalled before the relentless power. Had his mill burned, he was insured; had a bank failed, he had other securities; had he become ill, there were good physicians. But the messenger of eternity yielded no alternative. Robert looked the inevitable in the face and was afraid.

A life of sacrifice had seemed most unprofitable to him. He never could quite understand how a man so bright and capable as Louis Tremont had gone about such a life while in posse

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Editor and Founder

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, New York



Bowing Before Mammon Is Subversive of Manhood and Womanhood - - - - ROBERT MACKAY

ALL the glory of heaven is excluded by gold coins held too close to the eyes,
But none is deceived, save the gazer,—the lord of a fool's paradise;
With the wide world inviting to action, with humanity yearning for light,
He can see but the gold that gilds fashion, and, beyond, all is swallowed in night.

O LARGE are the fields, and fertile! O broad is the fathomless main!
Like the mountains, they're calling for manhood, but too often they summon in vain;
While round us the fair, young flowers, and the bees that within them lurk,
Repeat, in their endless endeavor, "All the joy of the world springs from work!"

THEN, oh! how can you worship so weakly, when a monarch of money appears,
As the hoofs of his steeds o'er you trample, in the dust that is wet with your tears?
Ah, brothers of mind and of muscle,—ah, sisters of deftness and skill,—
Be yourselves kings and queens of high purpose! Be ea th's monarchs!—you can, if you will.

Wealth-Worship Is a Character-Crushing Calamity - EDWIN MARKHAM

Let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.—SHAKESPEARE.

WE smile complacently at the Hottentot whose pride is centered in the tawdry ring he wears in his nose, yet how much are we raised above this savage, we who prostrate ourselves before the minted gold of the millionaire? In our absurd money-worship, we have reached a stage where a golden calf, instead of a royal eagle, might well be the symbol of our national spirit. We are holding the Almighty Dollar so close to our eyes that we are obscuring Almighty God. In our old catechism we were asked, "What is the chief end of man?" The up-to-date reply would be, "The chief end of man is to glorify *Gold* and to enjoy it forever."

The corrupting influence of unprincipled wealth was not unknown in the days of antiquity. The Bible speaks of the men in whose right hands are iniquities, and in whose left are bribes.

It is related that the Delphic oracle, in response to a request of Philip of Macedon for advice, uttered these words: "Make coin thy weapon, and thou wilt conquer all." We know that Philip boasted of carrying more fortifications by money than by arms, saying that a golden key would open any gate, and that a mule laden with silver could find entrance through any pass.

The giving of bribes is, perhaps, not the worst feature of the policy of the money-power of to-day. The chief evil, nowadays, lies in the well-nigh universal fawning and cowering before wealth, in the blind scramble for fortune or favor. We are taught to act a part, when we should embody a principle. We stoop over and walk on all fours, when we should stand erect, remembering the stars above us.

Many of the hangers-on of the millionaire are mere fawners and flatterers seeking to push their way into the social swim. Other classes who bend at his feet are working people, who are dependent on him for food and shelter.

What is the way out of this social tangle? The answer is not clear. But one thing is certain: we all need a keener sense of values. We need to set up character (not money,) as the one ideal of life that is best worth while.

But can we hope for this higher and better ideal, as long as so many thousands are beholden to the rich man for their bread and butter? Is it not the need of an opportunity to work?—is it not a sense of self-preservation in the struggle for existence?—is it not some such mental pressure that impels so many to play the toady and to wear a flunkey's coat? Will it be possible, some time, to devise a plan to make the toiling thousands independent of the millionaire,—independent of both his good will and his caprice?

But, while we are waiting for a better order of things, it behooves us to take a stronger hold on the ideal of American manhood. Let us be respectful,—even reverent,—but always dignified.

Nothing unmans us more quickly than the contagion of servility. Yet this disease is spread broadcast like a pestilence. Not a few, to-day, would commend the bad advice of bluff old Dr. Johnson, as to the art of getting on in the world. In his famous "Life of Johnson," that busybody, Boswell, says: "I talked of the mode adopted by some to rise in the world by courting great men, and I asked Johnson whether he had ever submitted to it. Johnson replied: 'Why, sir, I never was near enough to great men to court them. . . . . You are not to do what you think wrong; and you are to calculate, and not pay too dear for what you get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for sixpence worth of good. But, if you can get a shilling's worth of good for sixpence worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court.'"

We are making remarkable progress in wealth-gathering, yet one thing is certain,—we shall reach no enduring greatness until we make manhood stand higher than money. A mere millionaire, with his cramped and sordid life, cuts a sorry figure when measured by the side of a progressive editor, an unselfish teacher, or a distinguished inventor.

We are naturally hero-worshipers, and it is right that we should be. The thing important is that we should choose the true heroes, not the stuffed ones, not the pompous nothings strutting out their little hour upon a painted stage. Let us choose for our honoring the large-hearted servants of mankind.

Once upon a time a distinguished foreign nobleman visited our land, and desired to meet a representative American family. To whom was he pointed? To the family of that worthy minister of the Gospel who stands for a clean life and the sacred rights of the people? To the family of that conscientious teacher who is touching young souls with ideals and inspirations? No; the nobleman was pointed by well-nigh all of us to the family of a Sir Crœsus, who had inherited unearned millions, and who was in no wise a representative of our American grit and generosity, of our democratic simplicity and fellow-feeling, to say nothing of our art and letters.

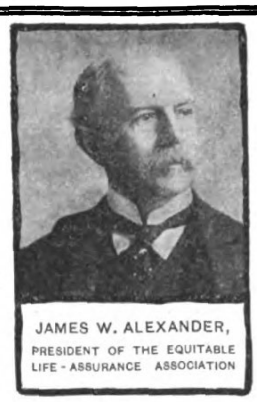
Thomas Hughes said, long ago, that we may not be able to hinder people in general from being helpless and vulgar,—from letting themselves fall into slavery to things about them, if they are rich, or from aping the habits and vices of the rich, if they are poor. But, as he says, we may live simple, manly lives, ourselves, speaking our own thoughts, paying our own way, and doing our own work, whatever that may be. We shall remain gentlemen as long as we follow these rules, even if we have to sweep a crossing for a livelihood. But we shall not remain gentlemen, in anything but the name, if we depart from these rules, though we may be set to govern a kingdom.

The mortal bane in all this money-worship, this toadyism, and timeserving, is the effect it has on the soul of the toady and timeserver. It calls his attention away from the real and the permanent in life to the false and the fleeting. It robs him of the idea that character is the chief glory of man. Character is the one thing whose foundations go down to the world's granite; and when to character we add culture, we come into an inheritance more durable than time and richer than the kingdoms of this world.

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Life-Insurance Soliciting as a Business : : James W. Alexander

Many men engaged in soliciting life insurance have found it sufficiently profitable to be considered a permanent undertaking



JAMES W. ALEXANDER,
PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE-ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION

It requires men of tact, integrity, education, and personality, who base their methods on a well-defined system of business

THE time is past for regarding life-insurance soliciting as a temporary occupation. None but men who are sure that the field offers them a complete career, and adequate reward for their output of energy and talent through the whole course of their working years, can succeed nowadays in business. The success of most of these is very pronounced. The work possesses the particularity of giving unusually meager returns to those who are not adapted to it, and unusually great returns to men who have the courage, perseverance, tact, hopefulness, up-to-date methods, and ability requisite to build up a life-insurance clientelage. There is a considerable number of men in this country who earn, as life-insurance agents, more money every year than is paid to the president of the United States. The income of a few is nearly double the president's salary. Almost without exception, these men began with no capital but brains and energy. Of course, they have exceptional qualities, or, rather, an exceptional combination of everyday qualities, the chief of which are energy, will power, and common sense. Hardly any of them can be said to have unusually brilliant minds, and very few of them are college graduates. But they know the world and know men. They have confidence in themselves, and strength of will.

Will power is probably the most necessary attribute in soliciting life insurance. Men are like turtles in one respect: when asked to spend money for which they see no immediate or personal return, they instinctively withdraw within themselves and present nothing but a hard shell to the designing enemy. It is the business of a life-insurance agent to lodge his darts of reason and common sense beneath this shell, to get behind the protective crust in a man's mind, to overcome his hesitation and his tendency to say, with the cheerful Spaniard,—"To-morrow, or the day after."

In This Profession, there Is Plenty *of* Room at *the* Bottom

An agent must be able, to some extent, to direct and mold the mind of the "prospect" who has not been educated up to the insurance idea. To accomplish this, it is obvious that he must inspire confidence and possess a personality of sufficient force to give his words weight. The men who have won the remarkable successes in the insurance field go beyond this. They are always enthusiastic and optimistic; and, as surely as a burning flame will light a match, they communicate their enthusiasm to others. These men cannot be easily analyzed or explained. They were, apparently, born for the business.

I believe that any man of average ability, industry, and strength of character can attain, in the insurance business, an entirely satisfactory position in life. The calling is one, above all others, that has the latch-string out for young men who are beginning life without special advantages, who are entering the battle, not in automobiles or carriages, or in push-carts, with relatives or friends behind, but afoot. As I have indicated, they need not have money, nor a higher education. They need not sit in offices, waiting for business, while expenses are running on. They need not drift. There is plenty for them to do. The older professions are, undoubtedly, greatly overcrowded. We are overburdened with lawyers, doctors, and clergymen. There are not enough fees to go around, and an undue proportion suffer the pangs of failure.

In the other professions, it is said that there is plenty of room at the top. In life insurance, there is plenty of room at the bottom; that is, for young fellows just beginning. To one man who is insured for his life, there are many who might be. Even in New York City, where there are more agents in proportion to the population than anywhere else in this country, not one tenth of the field is covered. It is a field that keeps constantly renewing itself. Young men who are taking upon themselves the responsibilities of married life need life insurance, and can be convinced of the fact. Men who are already insured almost always take out larger policies as their incomes grow. Thus an agent obtains a clientelage which is a continuing source of income to him.

This matter of an income that possesses stability is, of course, very important from the standpoint of an agent. No man feels that he is making a proper provision for his family, or is satisfied with his occupation, if it is a kind that ceases to yield a return immediately upon his temporary suspension of work from illness or any other cause.

A Novice Must Expect Disappointments, but He Can Overcome Them

The agent who wins does so absolutely on his own merit. A young man who begins with no influence may think he is heavily handicapped when compared with the fellow who has plenty of prosperous relatives and friends to take out insurance, and give him letters of introduction. As a matter of fact, he is at very slight disadvantage. Friends and relatives, no matter what their preliminary promises and intentions may have been, are very often found wanting when the time comes for them to be useful, and the man who has been depending upon them is apt to be greatly disappointed and disheartened, whereas the man who has based no hopes on the promises of friends does not feel any discouragement of this kind. He gets to work at once, in the most practical way. He asks no favors and makes friends on the mutual benefit plan. While it is, of course, better to begin any business in youth, middle-aged and elderly men are not by any means barred from the insurance field, as long as they retain their mental and physical vigor. Some remarkable successes have been won by men who have passed the meridian of life. Through an unfortunate circumstance, a good business man may fail, but he has two assets—experience and knowledge of men,—which he can almost immediately turn into money in life-insurance soliciting.

It is of the young men that I am thinking most. A novice will have many disappointments. Persons whom he felt certain of getting will fail him. "Prospects" that he had strong hopes of will suddenly turn cold, and many will postpone, indefinitely, the matter of taking out a policy. He will make mistakes that will cost him premiums, but he must not allow these setbacks to discourage him. He must remember that they are the common lot of all. If he is a weakling, or discovers that, by reason of temperament or some other cause, he is not adapted to the insurance business, he will drop out before many months have passed. But, if he has the true spirit, if he is determined to "fight it out," he will keep at work, and will be glad he did so. He will find that his first efforts, that seemed barren of results, have not been fruitless, after all. The "prospects" that put him off will begin to succumb. He will be unearthing new ones constantly, many of them in accidental ways. Those whom he has insured will tell their friends about it and about him, and will become zealous workers in his interest. Thus will the circle of his business become gradually wider and his income larger. "The agony of first efforts" will be a thing of the past; he will be a full-fledged insurance agent, well satisfied with the present and with the prospects for the future.

Often *the* Most Convincing Talker Cannot Close a Deal

All this means not only hard work, but also hard work coupled with tact and system. The matter of system is very important in soliciting, and yet is likely to be neglected by a young agent. The latter is very prone to waste time. If he does not see a certain man, he may not have anybody else on his list to interview at once, and so whiles away a number of hours in idleness. When he gets a good premium, he is under strong temptation to "rest on his oars." A man of superabundant energy can, of course, do more work in a day than can he who is only ordinarily endowed. I most certainly do not believe that a man should overtax himself. He should measure his capacity for work and conform to it evenly and regularly. He should make up his mind to see a certain number of men every day. By this method he will accomplish much more than the man who works by spurts and starts, proceeding on the principle of doing two days' work in one and resting the next two days.

A careful canvass is as important as an energetic one. The work does not by any means consist entirely in calling on men. It is essential to obtain information about a man before you call on him, learning all you can of his business prospects, his income, his family, and his personal characteristics. Armed with this knowledge, you are in a very much better position to state your life-insurance arguments, in a way that will appeal to him, than if you called on him in a haphazard way, as many agents do. Before calling, outline, in your mind, the argument you intend to use with that particular man, yet be quick and clever enough to change your tactics the instant you notice that you are on the wrong tack. You must know the best time to call, when to leave, and when to ask your visitor for his signature. You must never lose sight of the fact that this signature is what you are after. Yet you must be very careful not to present the application until the time is ripe for it. There are men who are brilliant talkers, who can invariably convince a man that he needs insurance, yet who fail as agents simply because they do not know how to close a deal; they seem to lack that delicate insight and understanding of the workings of another mind that tells a good solicitor just when his "prospect" is ready for the final thrust. Such men lack tact, a quality which should be inborn, but which can be cultivated and developed in a marked degree, if a man gives his mind to it and is intelligent enough to profit by experience.

An Agent Is One of *the* Vertebrae *of* a Company: He Can Achieve Power

Don't bore a man by talking too much. Explain your policy, and bring forth your arguments as briefly and concisely as possible. Keep to the point at issue. Don't waste a business man's time by random conversation and stories. He may laugh at your anecdotes; but, after you have gone, he will probably feel that you took too much of his time.

Two or three clear-cut interviews ought to bring a "prospect" to the signing point. Some, of course, require longer "nursing," but it never pays to keep at a man continually. You tire him and yourself, and might use your time more profitably elsewhere.

Another thing that never pays is the practice, unfortunately very common, of disparaging all companies but your own, and all agents but yourself. This brings the whole business into disrepute, and is likely to cause a man to wonder whether, after all, you are a bright and shining exception in this aggregation of iniquity. As a matter of fact, all agents who are pursuing their work conscientiously are very useful members of society, and are worthy of the respect of all, even of their business competitors. Indeed, our business is much more sacred than any ordinary business. We have in our keeping the interests of widows and orphans.

The best societies make a constant endeavor to discover the men who work with this spirit; and, when they find them, they try to show them that their services are appreciated. If they desire a change from field to office work, they are given it when possible. Nothing is left undone that will help the agents, for they are, of course, the bone and sinew of a company. We are all workers together for a common end. If, in addition to ability as a field worker, a man has executive ability, he may achieve a position in the insurance business of unusually large rewards and great power. He may become, first, a general manager,—that is, the manager of a certain district, directing the work of all the agents therein. These places are much sought for, as the general agent usually receives a commission on the returns of all agents under him, and has an excellent vantage ground for the writing of a very large personal business. There are, of course, various grades of districts, the best men working up to the control of the most remunerative ones. The man who regards the work as a makeshift is the one who fails.

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Inventions that Await *the* Touch *of* Genius : FRANKLIN J. FORBES

There are still numberless things needed to perfect the world and make work simple; many of them are little things that seem easy to invent



People are always looking for something new. Tempting prizes are frequently offered by many manufacturers for novel, successful machines

FOR EVERY ingenious young American, rich prizes are waiting, not only for great discoveries, but also for little things, simple improvements on the things we have. Whatever occupation he may choose, he will find that that calling is in need of men who can think of something new and better. For the men who have thought of new things, however simple, there have been, in recent years in America, rich material rewards. Such a man was Hayward Augustus Harvey, who recently died a millionaire. His father was the village blacksmith in Jamestown, New York, early in the last century. Harvey saw how slow was the work of forging small things on an anvil, and sought to do it by labor-saving machinery. He became the pioneer in screw machinery and automatic pin machinery. He revolutionized screw-making. The gimlet-pointed screw was his. His last important discovery was the armor-making process which bears his name. He took out seventy-nine patents,—not very many for a life of seventy years, but he did not rush to the patent office with every half-conceived idea. No fortune was ever more honestly earned or justly deserved than his. Like many other inventors, he showed his fellow men how to live simply.

The World Must Have a Passenger Steamship that Will not Sink

Concentrate your mind on the subject of needed inventions for five minutes, and you can think of a dozen things, any one of which would make its inventor rich beyond the dreams of avarice. To give a list of all the inventions that are needed in this year, 1902, would be beyond any man s power, but it is possible to indicate the paths which practical inventors are following. The suggestions here given were gathered by the writer from editors of some of the leading English and American technical journals, from prominent patent solicitors, from manufacturers, scientists, engineers, and workers in many occupations. Each of these hints will, undoubtedly, suggest other needed inventions to imaginative minds.

The saving of life at sea is one of the great problems of the day. Inventors have had their attention directed to the problem through the offer of the Pollock prizes of one hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand dollars,) for the most meritorious life-saving devices. The awful disaster off Cape Sable, four years ago, when a French liner, "La Bourgogne," was sunk in collision with the "Cromartyshire," is still fresh in the minds of everyone. The heirs of Anthony Pollock, who, with his wife, lost his life in that wreck, have set aside one hundred thousand francs as a reward for inventors who will make such an awful loss of life less possible. Although many devices were submitted by inventors, in competition for the Pollock prizes at the recent Paris Exposition, the jury has not found a single invention worthy of the highest award. Some day, we must have a steamship that will not sink, but before that time there will be rich rewards to all inventors who make ocean voyages safer. A device has long been needed to warn ships in fogs of the approach of other ships. From recent experiments with wireless telegraphy, it seems probable that this discovery will be of great service in preventing collisions at sea. Two ships equipped with the proper instruments will automatically inform each other of their proximity. But much able inventive research is still needed along this line. Inventions are needed, too, to warn mariners of their approach to icebergs, rocks, shoals, and derelicts. Many other inventions relating to shipping are needed, the one which now has the greatest interest being the acceleration of speed, a thing which deserves more attention than it is receiving.

Railroads still Cry for Perfected Automatic Signaling Apparatus

In no other country of the world are railways so wonderfully developed as in the United States, but our railway officials are eager to pay well for valuable inventions which will make railway travel speedier, more comfortable, less dangerous, and cheaper. An invention that will reduce operating expenses is always welcomed by boards of directors, who are sometimes at their wits' end to secure sufficient money, at the end of a year, to pay the usual dividends to the shareholders. Nearly every winter, thousands of miles of railway are at a standstill for days at a time, because the locomotives are powerless to push snow plows through great snowdrifts. Thousands of dollars are lost in a blizzard, because freight trains are stalled in drifts. The railways want all kinds of safety appliances that will prevent collisions, breakdowns, and derailments. The government of New Zealand has offered a prize of three thousand pounds for a practical device for arresting sparks, which now cause many costly fires. All the newest signaling apparatus, switches, brakes, couplers, and heaters can be greatly improved. The present rail-joint is not satisfactory. In the invention of automatic signaling apparatus, there is work to keep any inventor busy all his life.

Great strides have been made in this country in inventions relating to agriculture. The plows, harrows, planters, seeders, reapers, and binders of the great West are all the product of American ingenuity. But the farmer has greater need for the inventor now than ever before. He wants more labor-saving machinery, to enable him to place his products on the market at less cost than now, so that he will not have to mortgage his farm during periods of financial depression. British agriculture is rapidly declining, and seems almost on the point of being entirely extinguished, because the British farmer has not the labor-saving machinery to make farming profitable. Agriculturists in England are crying, "Come, ye great inventors, and save us from destruction!" The Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association has offered prizes amounting to eighty-five hundred dollars for a sugar-cane reaper, and a device for transporting the cane from the fields to the railways. In the South, a cotton-picker would make a great fortune for the inventor. In Mexico, they are looking for machine to separate the fiber from "sisal" hemp.



When the United States was at war with Spain, the patent office was flooded with applications for patents on war materials; but they were mostly worthless. No field of research offers a greater opportunity for an inventor than improvements in the materials of war. The United States Board of Ordnance and Fortifications gives the greater part of its time to the consideration of inventions submitted to it, but not one idea in a hundred is worthy of an hour's attention. War is a science, and only men who make it a life-study are properly qualified to do its inventive work. Just now, the governments of the world are spending many millions of dollars experimenting with new field guns that will shoot rapidly, with accuracy, at long range. The Boers have taught the European governments the value of good field artillery. Fortunes await inventors who will improve the existing ordnance; who will put a better rifle in the hands of the common soldier; who will make a high-explosive that will always do its work when it is wanted, and never when it is not wanted, and that will explode outside or inside a thickly armored battleship at the will of the gunner.

The housewife is looking all the time for something new. Kerosene and gas-lamp burners are needed that will give a whiter, brighter light, and less heat. Many things are done by hand in the kitchen, and the housewife rightfully complains of the drudgery that keeps her from getting all the happiness out of life that she deserves, because inventors have not supplied her with enough labor-saving contrivances. But the kitchen has been greatly improved in recent years, although much more is to be done. A slow-burning match that will not blow out would make a fortune for its inventor. The Belgian government has recently offered a prize of fifty thousand francs (ten thousand dollars,) for a match paste that does not contain phosphorus. Little things like collar and cuff fasteners can always be improved upon. The owners of horses will pay well for a nailless horseshoe.

A New Substance to Make Paper Will soon Be Absolutely Necessary

In the utilization of waste products in making cheap substitutes for expensive materials, there is an attractive field for the inventor. Rubber, for example, is growing dearer every year. Some success has been had lately in making a rubber-like article from other plants, but a fortune is waiting for the man who will bring forward a real substitute. "Paper is cheap," you may hear a newspaper editor say to the young reporters who crowd too many lines on a page, but the owner of the publication does not think so, when he has to spend a million dollars or more in a year for white paper. Wood-pulp paper is growing more expensive; the man who makes paper out of some other fiber, at less cost, will not need to worry about his financial future. A company is being formed to make paper from the waste hulls of the cotton seed; nearly every other part of the plant is now utilized. Paving materials are far from perfect. Asphalt is very expensive, and there are many objections to it. What is wanted is a material that will have all the permanency of asphalt, all the silence of the wood pavements of London, and all the holding qualities of the country macadamized road,—a pavement that will be firm, but soft; that will be smooth, but not slippery; that will last, and yet can be easily removed; and that, above all else, will be clean. To be a cheap pavement, it ought to be made from some waste material. A fire-proof substitute for wood, made from waste material, will pay its inventor well. Manufacturers are all searching for new materials, and for new and cheaper processes of metal-working. Reduce, by a dollar a ton, the cost of making steel, and you can add enormously to the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation, which has funds ready to reward the successful inventor. Flexible glass is not impossible. Think what it would be worth to the trades! Mine-owners often leave neglected great mountains of metal because they cannot extract the ore profitably. They welcome every invention which helps them to increase their earnings.

The invention of all kinds of labor-saving machinery is occupying the attention of inventors all over the world. American inventors set the pace for the world in this field, and that is why we are able to undersell foreigners in the markets of all nations. American manufacturers will pay liberally for tools and machines that will reduce the cost of production. Go into any factory, and you will see work being done by hand that could be done by machinery, and work being done by machinery that ought to be done more rapidly and at less cost. In the development of power, its transmission, and its transformation into heat, light, and electricity, there is an unbounded field of work for the greatest inventive minds. We want cheaper power; we want to catch some of the nine-tenths of the energy we lose in burning coal. We want new fuels. We want more economically operated motors for stationary work, and also for fast locomotion on land and sea.

The Future *of* Invention Is Fraught with Magnificent Possibilities

When all the inventions and discoveries herein suggested have been made, there will still be a trackless wilderness beyond, with its treasures of new wonders waiting for pioneers. Scientific bodies all over the world offer yearly prizes for inventors. The Paris Academy of Sciences, for example, distributes two hundred and fifty thousand francs (fifty thousand dollars,) annually. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, has recently left a fortune of over eight million dollars, the income of which is to be awarded, every five years, in five equal prizes of about eighty thousand dollars each, three of them for inventions or discoveries, as follows :—

1.—To the person having made the most important discovery or invention in the department of physical science.

2.—To the person having made the most important discovery, or having produced the greatest improvement, in chemistry.

3.—To the author of the most important discovery in the department of physiology or of medicine.

There is still work for brains in the world; the future betokens a myriad possibilities tending toward perfection. No one need fear that a worthy invention will pass unnoticed.

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The Making of An Orator

II.—His Weapons, and How He Should Use Them

Charles Wesley Emerson
[*President, Emerson College of Oratory*]

Mindfully, with high conscience, true scholars study all things, and learn betimes to use aright all weapons in all armories.
M. F. Tupper



Oratory is *the* great power that moves nations to do *and* dare; it was oratory that wrecked Rome *and* made Christianity live.
A. Lincoln

MUCH has been said of the importance of technical excellence in public speaking. The value of a rich, responsive voice, grace and poise of action and of bearing, a wealth of resource in words, and general facility of expression, is obvious. These things, however, are the favorable conditions for the activity of an orator, rather than the weapons which he wields. Moreover, they serve him only as they are subordinated to the main things, never when they lead. Many an orator has made his power felt when such conditions were largely lacking. When the soul speaks, it makes its own conditions.

The aggregation of weapons which are potent in the hands of an orator constitutes, when bound together by that indefinable something which we term individuality, that wealth of being which alone is the basis of greatness. It is impossible to influence men by anything that you have not within; that you have not realized, in some sense and in some measure, within yourself. To be,—that is the first essential in oratory.

Sympathy *and* Reverence Are Powerful Factors

Men have not always recognized that laws of education and of art, being universal, have their corresponding laws in the realm of ethics,—that they do not differ from spiritual laws. But the great artists have been those who have transcended the petty conventions of technique and have revealed the eternal verities of faith, hope, and love.

Shall we not give love the first place in the equipment of an orator? An expansive, overflowing love for God's universe includes even the meanest of His creatures, and finds nothing mean or common, because it recognizes that the least part of His universe serves its purpose in the fulfillment of His great plan. You have been in the presence of very few men and women who possess this great power; you have felt that their presence, whether they spoke or not, was a benediction. Closely allied to this weapon is another,—reverence. Love for all conscious being, and reverence in the presence of life, must be behind and in all that an orator says. Accompanying this great power and arising from it is sympathy,—a feeling with men. Sympathy is born of the union of love with power, that divine attribute, the imagination, which enables one to put himself in another's place.

Never Make Discourse Indefinite or Impersonal

No orator ever exerted a great and lasting influence without faith: faith in himself, faith in human nature, faith in the inevitability of law, faith in an overruling Providence. It is one of his mightiest weapons. You cannot convince people unless you speak out of a great conviction in your heart. This power is reinforced by hope, a cheery optimism, that, by making men feel that the world is growing better, inspires them to help its reformation. These qualities are contagious; they are persuasive.

But we must add to these weapons that intellectual quality which men call common sense; which is neither more nor less than a sense of proportion, an appreciation of relationships, a perception of the ratio of values. An orator has the power of clear, clean, logical thought, whereby he convinces his hearers through the activity of their own minds. Presence is convincing, compelling, often lifting auditors to a higher plane, but men demand more than an intangible influence; they demand that their mental activities be quickened, that they be led to think for themselves.

An effectual weapon for an orator is reserve power, so that what he is offering seems but a suggestion of many weightier things that he is holding in reserve. A discourse that carries this impression of a wealth of reserve behind it cannot fail to influence an audience.

"But," someone says, "you have told us about qualities that are just as essential anywhere else in life as they are in oratory." That is quite likely, since I have not been able to separate life and oratory; that is, life from its expression. I grant that we must understand the specific application of these laws in oratory, if we would become orators. In other words, we must be able to wield our weapons, else they are obviously ineffective. Men have been loving, and sympathetic, and believing, and hopeful, but have not been great orators,—perhaps the world has not suspected that they were orators, although I think they must have been, in some degree.

How, then, is one to realize oratorical power through love for men? By forming the habit of service,—of relating oneself—one's thought, action, and speech,—to other people. Oratorical power is not developed by forgetting the audience, as some people have thought; one rather develops it by living in the audience, and striving to direct their thinking. We are too prone to make our discourse indefinite,—impersonal in its application. Oratory is, in a sense, the most personal of the arts, the most immediately soul-searching, but we are afraid to send it directly home. We are cowards when we speak to men. We forget that the only legitimate motive that we can have in appearing before an audience is to serve it by relating truth. "What are you going to do about it?" is the unspoken question which must underlie every truth; but not in an impertinent way, for you should remember that it is not your question, not your heart-searching. Your hearers would have every right to resent the question from you; it would be impertinence. It is rather the searching of truth,—a turning of the eyes of the listeners upon their own souls, to make them search their hearts, but the orator must not attempt the search. Although oratory is personal in its application to an audience, it is, like all other art, impersonal in its origin. You speak not your message; you have no business to offer a truth to people simply because you believe it. You must believe it to be truth, but you have no proprietorship over it. Personality must be a transparency through which universal truth may shine.

Try to Kindle *the* Sparks *of* Divine Life

Again, your love must manifest itself in a greater and more persistent endeavor to engage the interest of men in the truths which you present. You cannot help them by their own thinking, unless you first interest them. Remember, too, that your motto is not to be, merely, "I would serve men," but, "I would serve these men before me by this particular thought." You must teach specific lessons in a concrete form; vague or abstract truths never touch human hearts.

Your effort to interest men in the thoughts which you present need not be an anxious endeavor; it will defeat its own end if it is. This is where your faith must be manifest. You must trust that, if your appreciation of the thought is keen enough, and your motive—to show it to your audience,—sufficiently strong, your hearers will see it and act upon it. Anxiety is always a limitation; an orator should always seek to reveal the illimitable.

But, besides this faith that the power of truth will make itself felt, when the truth is held up before men, you must know an unfaltering faith in human nature. You must believe that there is a spark of divine life in every soul, waiting to be fanned into a flame. You must believe that it is worth while to speak to the highest in men, in all faith that they will respond. We do not believe in our fellow men, else we would not trifle with them as we do. A large audience cannot long be influenced as one man, except to noble impulses. Men meet only on the heights.

Not only must there be the faith in your message and faith in them for whom it is intended; there must also be faith in yourself as the revealer of that message. This faith in self is quite distinct from egotism. It recognizes the munificence of God's great plan; it perceives that every part of His creation serves a purpose, however humble, in the fulfillment of that plan. It leads you to say: "God has given me a voice, and other agents of expression; surely, He can speak through them to the world if I can put self out of the way." Lack of faith in self as an avenue of expression inhibits the power to speak to men. Everyone can reflect the ray of light which falls upon his eye, and which is a little different from that of any other angle of vision. Why do we not believe that some portion of truth which the world needs can speak through us? Why do we not sometimes cease our apologies and our protestations, which are the most futile manifestations of self-consciousness, and honestly lose ourselves in an endeavor to serve our fellow men, until we forget to care whether we are making a good impression, whether we are appearing at our best or in a ridiculous light?

The Power to Relate Thought Is Indispensable

I have suggested the importance of that discerning love which is dependent upon the imagination,—sympathy. How is it manifest in an orator? It reveals itself in an endeavor to meet his hearers on common ground. Unless he can do this, his other powers, however great, may be unavailing. He is safe in speaking to the highest in men;—yes, but he may not touch the secret springs of the heart, may not make himself even intelligible to men, unless he has realized, it may be in imagination, the conditions of which they are the product. He must know their language before he can speak to them. He must interpret his message, without sacrificing any of its beauty and its strength, into terms of their own lives. If he has lived much with men, and has had a wide experience in real life, so much the better. If he has not, it is no reason for discouragement. It is not impossible for some men to live all lives in imagination. But, whether in real life or only in imagination, an orator must truly live all lives. He must be able always, and on the instant, to command the point of view of other men. This is a mighty and indispensable weapon. Many an elevating discourse has been wasted, futile, because the orator was powerless to relate his thought to his audience. He could not put himself in the place of the average man before him.

Imagination Is *the* Orator's Wellspring

But this divine faculty, the imagination, has yet another office which makes it an effectual weapon in an orator's warfare. It is largely through the imagination that the ideal is realized, that new and larger truths are revealed, and that new meanings are revealed in old truths. There is the great mission of the orator. He is to be the seer, the poet, who illuminates the commonplace, till there is no commonplace; who makes the ideal possible and even practicable. What right have you to stand before men and tell them the same old things that they have always known, that they have heard a thousand times before? You protest, "But one cannot be original! There is no new truth to tell men." Ah, but it is your business to find something new in the old,—new meanings, new relationships, new applications, a fresh realization of it in your own soul,—all new, except the old bare statement of the fact! Facts are old and limited; truth is always new and limitless. You have no business to proclaim old

[*Concluded on page 238*]

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Talks With Young Women

In the ordinary duties of *the* household, one may find sufficient exercise for physical culture

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN

I AM going to give you a "physical culture" talk, not from the viewpoint of a medical woman, not from the proud altitude of a dress reformer, not from the platform of one who has a "system" to boom, but just from the kopje of common sense. If what I say seems novel or startling, think it over, and compare it with what you have heard before. In a multitude of counselors, there is safety.

First, let me address myself to the most unfortunate among you, to the ones most tightly laced by environment, to those for whom the health-giving broom, the appetite-developing scrubbing brush, and the invigorating feather duster are forbidden fruit. I do pity you, but your case is not hopeless. It is for you that a hundred and one systems of physical culture have been devised, just as a wheeled chair is invented for an invalid, or a crutch for a cripple; just as ear trumpets are made to aid the deaf, and spectacles to help impaired eyesight. Of course, the vision through spectacles will never be the same as normal vision, nor will the ear trumpet fully take the place of a perfect ear. But each will assist the luckless victim to make the best of unpleasant conditions.

Of course I advise you not to struggle for the broom or the scrubbing brush or the duster. Struggling is unladylike, even when it is for the ballot. Maybe you are not permitted to busy your fingers with anything more tiring than a brush and palette, or the keys of a piano. Perhaps the flush that healthy exercise produces is always rebuked when it appears on your cheek. Perhaps you may not even go walking without a chaperon for whom brisk walking is an aged dream of youth. But do not think of struggling! Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, for Social Convention is a tyrant before whom even widows sometimes tremble and hide their heads. What chance has a young girl?

Hypochondria Is *the* Greatest and most Complete Creator *of* Social Atrophy

But riding—horseback riding,—ought to be open to you. There is nothing better calculated to free you from the blues. Every muscle of the human frame is exercised in riding. Fencing is also good, for it trains eye and nerve as well as muscle. I am told that, in the gymnasiums of some girls' schools, even boxing is encouraged, for the same reason. If your doctor says you have no heart trouble, tennis is all right. Bicycling develops certain muscles at the expense of others. Golfing is often done so lazily that it loses its value. Rowing is excellent, and so is swimming. But, whatever exercises you may choose, be regular and temperate in pursuing them. You will find any simple system of gymnastics in your room worth while. But don't start out with a plan that takes more than a half-hour, because you want something that you can maintain for more than three successive days.

So far, I have spoken only of those who are really suffering from sheer social atrophy. They deserve pity and sympathy from their sisters more fortunately situated. But there is a large class of girls whose fear of what people will say is nothing on earth but hypochondria. They need the faith cure, and nothing more, to open to them the blessings of the scrubbing brush and health.

I once knew a young woman of eighteen, the daughter of a prosperous farmer, who persuaded her fond papa to buy her a neat sidesaddle and keep for her a stylish riding horse. She made for herself a riding skirt, and for miles around the grace of her equestrianism was generally commented on. One Wednesday morning, I dropped in at her house, and found her mamma hard at work at the churn. It was warm, and the perspiration was fast dropping from her face, but the dasher of the churn kept merrily at its work, and it was almost time for the butter to "come."

"How's this?" I exclaimed, "Ruth always used to do the churning for you. Where is she?"

"Oh," the mother sighed, "Ruth always goes riding on Wednesdays, now. And, really, I don't mind it at all. This is first-class exercise, you know, and I am getting too stout. It does me a lot of good."

For a long time after that, with the tender solicitude of a neighbor, I noted that Ruth went out on horseback every Wednesday morning,—churning day. At other times, her riding was done irregularly. I thought of a big Newfoundland dog who had churning to do and always tried to hide under the barn on the fateful morning. I knew at once that Ruth was a hypochondriac, that people would not have talked if she had gone on getting exercise out of the churn dasher, and that they were certain to talk about her home-made skirt as well as her horsemanship.

Work about a House Will Help to Develop Various Muscles *of* the Body

On another occasion, I called at a city house, where Mrs. X——, broom in hand and sweeping cap on her head, was moving heavy furniture about in her parlor, and singing softly to herself, the while.

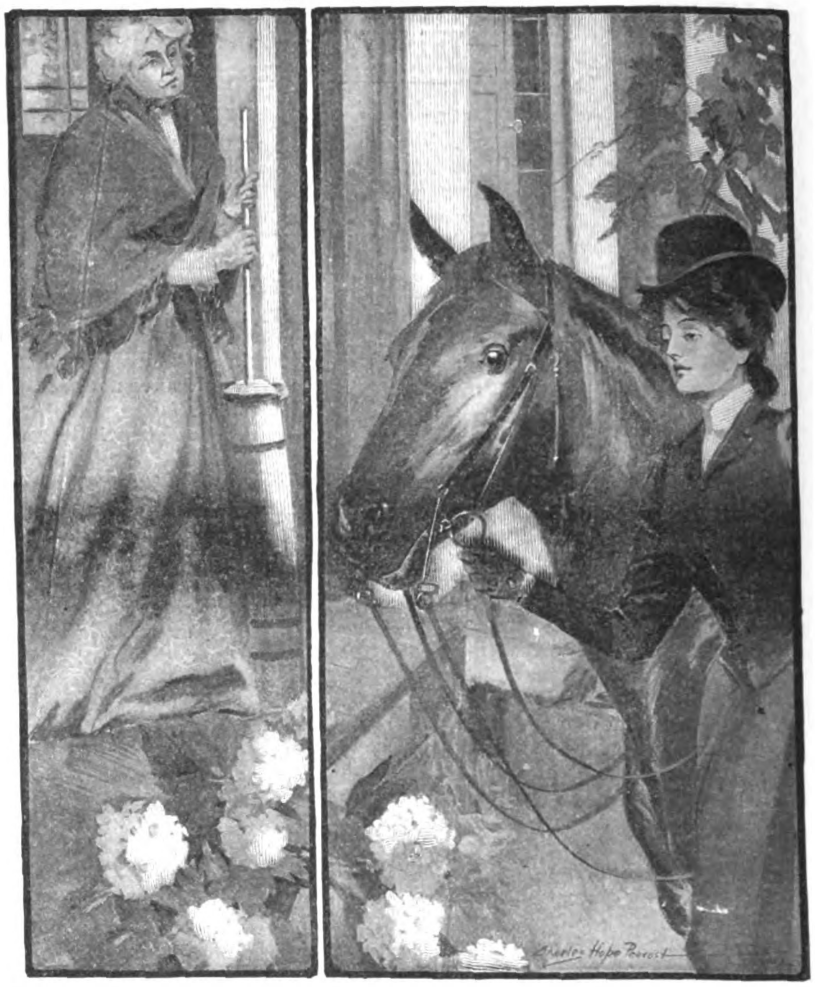
"Where's Agnes?" I asked.

"Oh, she's gone to the gymnasium! I never let her miss her exercise. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the rule for young people, you understand. No, I never would think of such a thing as letting her skip a day at the 'gym.'" And the contented mother wiped her forehead, and asked me to help her move the heavy center table. I said nothing, but thought: "Agnes doesn't let you miss your exercise, either, so honors are easy!"

Agnes was another hypochondriac. She just imagined that her environment was such as to make sweeping impracticable for her; that she was a victim of what I have called "social atrophy."

Some time the Svengali of misfortune will pass his hypnotic hands before Ruth and Agnes, and the delusion will disappear. I shall not grieve over that, for I have little sympathy for a girl who lets her mother do what she is herself ashamed of. That sort of hypochondria is altogether too common.

A truce to these reflections on real and imaginary incapables. I have now reached a branch of the subject which is cheerful and hopeful and inspiring. America still has several million girls who find a large part of their physical culture in helping mamma, and are not blushing because of the fact. For such girls, the vista of possibilities is long and alluring.



The mother found exercise in churning, but *the* daughter required a horse

For arms, fingers, and wrists, washing and wiping dishes will be found admirable. One is as good as the other. Perhaps the water aids in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers. That is an advantage washing dishes has over wiping them. However, there is surely a fine elbow movement in the wiping.

Diversions like These Perfect Arms *and* Shoulders and Stimulate Respiration

Bed-making, as it is still taught in the homely physical-culture academies of Yankee farmhouses, cannot be too highly recommended. With the folding of every counterpane, blanket, and sheet, the arms are stretched as far apart as they will go, each hand holding one end. Then, standing perfectly erect, the chest is thrown out. Quickly the hands are brought together again, and, *presto!* the sheet is folded double! Shoulders, body and limbs are all developed by the mattress-turning. The eye and the sense of symmetry learn much from the regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Of course, this exercise ought not to be carried too far.

Sweeping gives much the same motion, without the jerkiness of golfing strokes. For the graceful perfection of arms and shoulders, so much desired by every ambitious girl, nothing could be better. I do not advise excess in this recreation. But there will be nothing harmful if you only sweep each room in the house once a week.

Floor-scrubbing, like lawn tennis, is rather violent, and not to be tried unless you are sure about your heart. It was an irreverent wag who said that the hymn, "Satan trembles when he sees the weakest saint,"—etc., was written as a reflection on the old motto that "Cleanliness is next to godliness." But, if a floor has to be scrubbed, and you are in prime condition for energetic sport, then pitch in! At first, it will be almost as severe on the knees as rowing in a shell; but, as you get used to the occupation, it will give a subtle satisfaction of its own. Never prolong the day's efforts more than two hours. Too much of a good thing is good for nothing!

Running up stairs when mamma wants something is first-class exercise, and running down stairs is almost as good. Interesting diversions will be found in egg-beating, and ice-cream freezing. Dusting ought to have a chapter by itself. First, you are down on all fours; then you are on tiptoe, seeing how far the duster will reach. This tiptoeing, with its ankle development, is superb! But that isn't all! You twist yourself into all sorts of positions to get at the corners of the carved furniture. First you are on one knee, and then on the other. Every muscle, every tendon is brought into service before you are through. Even this magnificent exercise can be overdone, but you will make no mistake if you only dust every room after you have swept it,—although most housekeepers dust oftener.

IT 'S JUST AS GOOD AS GOLF



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The Editor's Talk With Young Men



The man who never comes to the point and the one who knows when to stop

Getting to *the* point is one of *the* most important qualifications a young business man can possess; without it, he is liable to lose many chances

DIRECTNESS is a cardinal virtue of the man who succeeds. He does not go over a thing, or around it, but to it and through it. If he calls to see you on business, he does not spend fifteen minutes in introducing his subject; he strikes directly to the heart of it; he does not waste your time on preliminaries or non-essentials, but proceeds to attend to the business in hand, and, as soon as he finishes,—stops.

If there is anything that a successful business or professional man dislikes, it is a man who gets into his private office by "hook or crook," and proceeds to talk about all sorts of things except the one thing for which he called. He inquires after one's health, and the health of one's family, and asks various other questions not pertaining to the business, but does not arrive at his own errand until he has entirely exhausted the patience of his auditor.

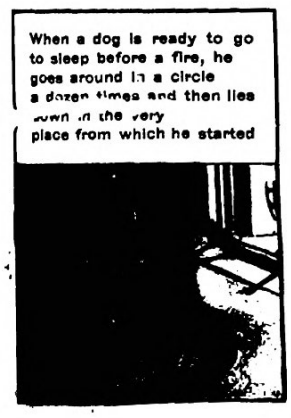
Many a man has failed to get a hearing on a worthy and commendable proposition merely because he has bored some capitalist, or impressed him, by his indirection, as being impracticable.

The quality of directness is characteristic of all men of great executive ability, because they value time too much to squander it in useless and meaningless conversation; it is an indispensable quality of the leader or manager of all large enterprises.

Many a man has gone down to failure because he lacked ability to arrive quickly and effectively at a conclusion. While he was deliberating and balancing and "beating about the bush," the opportunity to save himself passed and the crisis ruined him.

Every Question Does not Need an Answer; It May Give Its Own Reply

Indirectness has ruined many a rising lawyer. The justices of the supreme court of the United States say that it is one of the most difficult things with which they have to contend. Young lawyers, too much impressed with the importance of a supreme court appearance, give long introductions, spin out oratory, explain self-evident points, and send forth *copias verborum* until they weary the court and hurt their own causes. It is not oratorical display, not verbiage, not well-rounded periods, but direct, clean-cut English, that judges want,—facts, clearly, briefly, and decisively stated.



It does not matter how much ability, education, influence, or cleverness you may have; if you lack the art of coming to the point quickly and decisively, of focusing yourself immediately, you can never be very successful.

We know many young men who were graduated with honors from college, and who have always impressed us as youths of great possibilities and great promise; yet, somehow, they never focus, they never get anywhere; they are always about to do something; they are usually just going to come to the point, but fall a little short of it. Men who are well bred, well educated, and superbly equipped, have often disappointed their relatives, their friends, and themselves, simply because they lacked directness or the faculty of focusing their ability upon one point until they burned a hole in it.

A thimbleful of powder, packed behind a ball in a cartridge and fired from a rifle, may penetrate iron or steel and perform great execution; but a wagonful of powder burned without confinement would hardly stir a feather twenty feet from it. Indirect people flash all their powder in the pan, and never fire the charge or start the ball.

In selecting a boy from a score of applicants, a shrewd employer will take the one who gets to his subject directly, states it concisely, with the fewest words, outlines his position briefly and stands or falls by it, and does not bore him by telling of the great things he has accomplished or of what he can do.

Writers, when afflicted with the disease of indirectness, grow redundant. They tire readers with useless description and meaningless verbiage, making them impatient at wading through pages and chapters for the kernel, the point, the purpose. They fail to make their writings direct and compact by concentrating expression, but are diffuse. They have not learned the Napoleonic art of massing their forces.

Some of the most meritorious books ever written remain unread on dusty shelves because of their long, tedious, meaningless introductions and treatment. The writer made his point so late in the book that the reader was tired before he reached it and threw the book aside with disgust, and advised other people not to read it. If an introduction is long, verbose, "dry," or uninteresting, readers take it for granted that the rest of the book is similarly objectionable, and stamp it as "poor reading," and a "waste of time," thus condemning it to their friends. The book may be of great value, but, in these days of rush, with good books plentiful, people do not wish to spend valuable time reading pages and pages of uninteresting and verbose writings.

Straightforward, Simple Integrity Will Baffle Trickery and Duplicity

A large number of the articles received by editors lack directness. Many are really useful works, but the writers waste space in useless introductions and meaningless preliminaries, before they reach their real stories or arguments, and the editor gets disgusted before he understands the gist of the article, and so he returns it with his usual thanks. An efficient editor abhors indirectness, and hates to examine the manuscripts of writers who use these pleonastic, ambiguous introductions, or never reach their messages until near the close of their articles. Not long ago, the writer saw a manuscript whose introduction occupied nearly three-quarters of the available space.

Reporting on great dailies is a splendid drill for writers who never arrive anywhere. Reporters soon abandon meaningless introductions; they learn to tell a story directly and tersely,—to give it pith, point, and purpose, for nothing else will be received by competent managing editors.

Everybody dislikes indirectness, ambiguity, circumlocution, because they waste valuable time and clog all progress; the direct method is the winning one in every vocation.

Cultivate, then, this great secret of focusing effort, coming to the point, and striking at the heart of the subject; for therein lies a great secret of success.

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Personality as Capital

A PLEASING personality is of untold value. It is a perpetual delight and inspiration to everybody who comes in contact with it. Such a personality is capital.

Very few people ever come to your home, or ever see your stocks and bonds and lands, and interest in steamship lines, or corporations; but your personality you carry with you everywhere. It is your letter of credit. You stand or fall by it.

What indescribable wealth is packed into some fine, beautiful personality we meet now and then!

How the character-millionaire dwarfs the mere money-millionaire! How poor and despicable does a man who gained his wealth in a questionable way appear before a superb personality, even without money-wealth! The millionaire of brains, of self-culture, puts to shame the man who has dwarfed and cramped his soul for his money-millions.

What a boon it is, when you meet a friend on the street for a few moments, to be able to fling out the wealth of a rich manhood or womanhood into his consciousness, and to make him feel that you have wealth much superior to that of mere money!

How unfortunate it is that young people in our homes and schools are not taught the value and importance of personal wealth, which they always carry with them, and which is on perpetual exhibition in a world's fair!

We should never begrudge any expense, time, or effort within our reach which will add to our personal wealth,—which will enrich and beautify the character of those about us.

No matter how deformed your body may be, it is possible for you to throw such a wealth of character—of love, of sweetness, of light,—into your face that all doors will fly open to you and you will be welcomed everywhere without introduction. A beautiful, sweet heart, the superb personality of the soul, belongs to everybody. We all feel that we are personally related to one who has these, though we have never been introduced to him. The coldest hearts are warmed, and the stubbornest natures yield, under the charm of a beautiful soul.

To be able to throw the searchlight of a superb personality before us, wherever we go through life, and to leave a trail of sunshine and blessing behind us; to be loved because we scatter flowers of good cheer, wherever we move, is an infinitely greater achievement—a grander work,—than to pile up millions of cold, unsympathetic, mean, hard dollars.

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WILLIAM R. DAY
believes our new colonists should be educated



WILLIAM H. TAFT
would promote peace in all the Philippines

PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA, AND HIS FAMILY
The prince believes that America is a great power





MINHUI CHO
is Korea's new minister to the United States



ROBLEY D. EVANS,
the President's deputy, accompanied Prince Henry

New Epoch-Making Matters Mark the World's Progress

The application by Europe of a "commercial Monroe Doctrine," against invasion by American merchandise, is the latest suggestion, anent the "Yankee peril." The failure of congress to relieve Cuba is raising a new political issue. Our letter carriers are demanding higher wages

THE growth of America as a world-power, and, as a natural consequence, the new publicity that has invaded diplomacy, have afforded a most amusing comedy in the controversy that has sprung up between England and Germany as to who was America's "lone friend" during the Spanish-American War. It is understood that we had only one friend in Europe, at that perilous time, and that, whoever he or she was, that friend saved us from being overwhelmed by the dreaded "concord," which is, more properly speaking, always a howling European discord. First England and then Germany informs us, with a certified assurance, "I was your only friend," and thus the two flatly contradict each other. For months, Germany, in her press and parliament, has been charging England's soldiery with nameless crimes in South Africa, and, ever since "our war," England has been posing as the "only friend" to us in the spring of 1898. The kaiser is a good chess player, and his move in this game was to send hither his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, to checkmate England's "only friend" move. Prince Henry came, and with all our republican hearts we very naturally entertained him most cordially. But England has the next move. It is the coronation of King Edward VII., and he is almost sure to say or do something to make us happy. He will give us standing room at the coronation. So it is certain now that we have at least two friends in the European concord, but our best friend is our own strong right arm.

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DID you ever behold the spectacle of a man in official garb inspecting a woman's trunk, scattering her lingerie and laces before the gaze of the multitude? The scene will provoke almost any woman to anger, but a most common scene it is at the New York City docks, almost every day in the year. Come in on one of our ocean liners from Europe, and, as the vessel approaches the harbor, you will see that there is a wild panic among the passengers, especially among the women, to whom the present form of customs inspection is nothing short of torture. Every passenger is put on oath by one set of officials, before he reaches the dock, and then he is searched by another set at the dock, as if he were a murderer, to see if he is a perjurer and to prevent the customs officials from becoming bribe-takers. This practice was instituted by the late secretary of the treasury, Lyman J. Gage, to break up bribery in the service; but the rigor, impertinence, and insult with which it is carried out has aroused a rebellion against it. Leslie M. Shaw, the new secretary, has been overwhelmed with petitions and delegations asking him to put a stop to it. Undoubtedly some other method equally as effective, but less trying, must be substituted. People should pay duty on what they buy abroad and bring home in their baggage, but purchases should not be made criminal offenses. It is time this was stopped.

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GUGLIELMO MARCONI announces that he has discovered a way to maintain secrecy in the transmission of wireless messages. If he can transmit intelligence between London and New York, through the air, without danger of its being intercepted and appropriated, he should soon be ready for a public service that will cause a substantial reduction in cable tolls. Transmitters and receivers for his system cost but a small fraction of the amount required for an ocean cable, the expense of laying one between Europe and America now being from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. The United States government has under consideration the laying of a cable from the coast of California to the Philippine Islands, and congress will be asked to appropriate from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 for this purpose. Would it not be well to await the development of Mr. Marconi's system, when we could erect stations for a great many wireless lines across the Pacific for that amount of money? Because we are willing to spend money freely is no reason why we should throw it away.

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PROF. EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS recently lectured in New York City on "America and Militarism." He treated with rare insight and comprehensiveness one of the pressing questions of the day. He said: "If we believe in our national ideals, we must be ready to defend them and to compel for them the respect of all others. For this kind of warfare, a small military institution, supported by the intelligence and moral character of the citizens, is the strongest armament; but, for offensive warfare, the extension of its territory unjustly, and the widening of commercial relations, a nation must make a profession of arms." It is this very "profession of arms" that becomes a menace to universal peace and the higher development of a nation. While Mr. Griggs admitted that the disciplinary value of military influence promotes obedience and system, he proved, unmistakably, that the greatest individual growth is not possible where the strength of a nation is found chiefly in its military equipment. Mr. Griggs holds that, where large numbers of people are maintained in idleness, others must bear the burden of the unequal division of labor, and this weight falls too often on women. In Germany, Italy, and France, some of the heaviest and most menial labor is performed by women. "One of the evils of militarism is the contempt which it breeds for the industrial life of the civilian," says Mr. Griggs. "It is not an accident that the United States has excelled in invention and science, for these things are fostered by a democratic spirit, while militarism is opposed to them." While admitting the chances for the exercise of the virtues of heroism in actual warfare, he observed that these very opportunities are not lacking in our everyday life, and deplored that the act of taking life should be exalted above the saving of life; as, for example, the noble devotion of firemen, the world over. Mr. Griggs justly pleads for a policy which will further individual development and harmonize it with the loftiest ethical standards. It is a noble purpose and should appeal to all who have the best interests of this country at heart. Bliss Carman, the poet, recently said that it is well enough to be good and progressive, but beauty must be added to attain perfection. The American nation cannot afford "to raise its pillars upon self-desire."

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THE most important recent event, for the world at large, is the alliance that has been formed between England and Japan to keep the door of trade open in China and to protect Japan's commercial and political interests in Korea. Ever since the "Boxer" outbreak, there has been reason to suppose that an understanding of some sort has existed between England and Japan. Their armies in China worked together in the most perfect harmony, and the English newspapers have continually made mention of the two powers as having identical interests. The United States has also been named in this connection; but, although our interests happened to be identical, too, everyone knew that there could be no direct share in the alliance on our part. Last fall, Marquis Ito visited America, England, and Germany, for the purpose of inducing all three of these western powers to join his country to keep affairs *in statu quo* in China. He was told in Washington

An inhuman sport, against which all fair-minded Americans revolt



The doughty John Bull has at length found a partner to help him to fight



UNCLE SAM.—"Just think; I may be the direct cause of this fight. Wish I was smaller!"



First impressions of America that do little honor to our hospitality



The numerous explosions in New York do not disturb a certain few



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The crown prince is standing in the center

that America, while she has the fullest sympathy with Japan in that power's determination to preserve the integrity of China, cannot enter into an alliance with any country. Her isolation is a part of her independence, which cannot be sacrificed, unless necessary to her very life. In Berlin, he was told that Germany cannot afford to offend Russia, at whom such a treaty was being aimed, and that, besides, Germany's interests clash at so many points with those of England, in other parts of the world, that an alliance would be awkward. For some weeks, the press of England has been looking around for an ally to pit against Germany, that the latter may be rendered helpless in any movement she may attempt against the former. Russia, nearly all have agreed, is the power to be sought. The treaty with Japan, however, destroys the possibility of such an alliance; but, while England gains no friend in Europe, her position—for the present, at least,—has been much strengthened. With all of her great fleet and prestige,—now somewhat impaired,—her interests have become so many and so scattered that her isolation cannot much longer last. It is a strange fact in world-politics that her great ally should be of another race, and we believe it is the first instance in history where two great nations of radically different races have been allied. No one can foresee what effect this fact may have upon the destiny of mankind, but the alliance appears to strengthen the bonds of peace at every point on the face of the globe, and nowhere outside of the territory of the two high contracting parties does its consummation give greater pleasure than in America.

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ACCORDING to recent reports, many millions of dollars have been taken to Europe to purchase works of art. Americans spend, annually, in Europe, nearly ten million dollars for the purpose of visiting picture galleries and looking at architectural wonders. Brooks Adams, perhaps the greatest student of history in the world, points out, in a recent article, that some of the enormous sums spent in seeing Europe could be kept at home if we would beautify our cities. He says that the Acropolis of Greece is its greatest asset. It brings more money to Athens than anything else there. It is the country's best advertisement. The beautifying of Washington will keep more money in this country than it will cost to do the work. If New York City has the mind, he declares, it may become the most beautiful city in the world, and the money it will thus save will defray such an expense over and over again. If we encourage



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We will refund your money and pay return charges if after thirty nights' free trial, it is not even all you have hoped for, if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any $50 hair mattress ever made — "no questions asked."

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Probably the handsomest book ever made for advertising purposes is "The Test of Time," which we mail free. It tells about a product and a process of manufacture on which every intelligent person should be posted—whether you want a mattress or not. We want you to have this book. Send your address for it. We don't ask you to buy, although we hope some day you will.

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Dear Sirs:—Your mattresses have been in use in my house since 1877. During these twenty-three years they have constantly grown in favor, requiring no remaking. I think them far superior to hair in every way. Hair being an animal fibre—being an animal fibre—is sanitarily unclean, and uncleanable—while I have proven your mattresses to be what you claim—purity itself.
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2 feet 6 inches wide, 25 lbs.,	$8.35
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Made in two parts, 50 cents extra.
Special sizes at special prices.

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Messrs. OSTERMOOR & Co.,
Gentlemen:—Forty-five years ago we bought of you the Patent Elastic Felt Cushions for the First Baptist Church of this city. They are still in use and in good condition. If we were to have more we would without hesitation again use yours in preference to hair or any other material.
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Mellin's Food



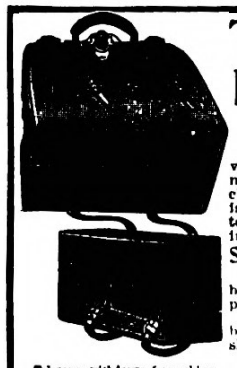
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MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY Sample of Mellin's Food Free BOSTON, MASS.

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it, to make this the most beautiful country in the world. Instead of buying so many pictures and statues abroad, let us make it necessary for art-loving foreigners to travel among us and spend their money here. In literature, we are becoming independent of England. American fiction is as good as English fiction, if not better.

▲ ▲

JOHNS HOPKINS University is twenty-five years old. That is a short period; but, in the life of so great an institution, it is a fact sufficient to produce comment on the lofty and unique purpose it has fulfilled. Johns Hopkins, a rich Baltimore merchant, inspired by the example of George Peabody, decided to give his wealth to education, in the form of a university with definite aims. In 1876, the doors of the institution were opened, with Daniel Coit Gilman as its head, surrounded by a small band of scholars, among whom were Remsen, Gildersleeve, Rowland, and Martin, who had all been inspired in their youthful manhood by such scholars as Whitney and Agassiz. Most of the men who have gone forth from this university are now teachers in academic schools, and their work in lifting the thought of the country from the plane of mere utility to that of idealism is of incalculable value, for this university is an institution of learning peculiarly devoted to high thinking and simple living. It has remained free from the dominance of athletics, and from the influence of opulence among its students. It has had to make no bid for popularity, for it appeals only to the spirit of free scholarship, and, in its dark days, as well as in its fair ones, it has steadily held to its noble purpose. May the coming centuries see its fine record maintained, but on a larger scale.

▲ ▲

THE government of France, on February 25, celebrated, in characteristic style, the one hundredth anniversity of her greatest poet, Victor Hugo. The president of the chamber of deputies, M. Deschanel, in speaking of Hugo, said he was "the poet whose work reflects the entire nineteenth century; whose exile appears in history as a protest of right against force; whose gleaming genius cast its beams over humanity." On the day named, the French representatives, artists, *littérateurs*,—in fact, all who speak for France to-day,—met in the Pantheon, the republic's great hall of fame, and listened to music, poetry, and speeches. What a wholesome example this presents for imitation in our country! We may not have a poet who is the equal of Victor Hugo, but when, in our history, has congress given one day to memorial honors for one of our great poets or artists? Hugo was, of course, more than a poet: he was a great patriot; but he was supremely a poet, and it is the spirit that animated this celebration that begets and nourishes a national poet in any country. In America we may get along quite well without great poets and poetry, but our children are sure to have a very poor opinion of us. They will be thankful that they escaped our dull, prosaic, material age. Nowhere else on this planet is there being played such a great national drama as here, and never before was there such a drama without a poet adequate for its literary expression. We are hoping that Edwin Markham may rise to the occasion. Now and then he gives evidence of it, and he is a long way from life's autumn.

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HUMANITARIAN societies and the press have of late called attention to the growing enormity of the cruel sport of pigeon-shooting. This pastime has become very common among most of the gun clubs of the country, and, at target practice and shooting matches, many innocent birds are wounded and left on the ground to die in agony, some of them suffering for hours after they are shot. A more barbarous spectacle cannot be imagined, and the pleasure which the sport gives is not far removed from that of a murderer in his work. It is a crime against one's better self, and, if a halt is not called, it is certain to affect viciously the morals of the country. We stalk deer, we dock horses' tails, we leave millions of dogs and cats to starve, every summer, in the streets of our cities, we butcher cattle, sheep, and swine, in a most repulsive manner, and we have already more than our share of lynchings, burnings, and other violent crimes. Cruelty to the lower creatures is cruelty compounded. Against this school for murder, the most stringent laws should be enacted in every state. New York has set an example for the other states to follow, for its legislature, by an overwhelming vote, has enacted a law against pigeon-shooting.

NEW THEORY ON
Cause of Hay Fever.

Hay fever is not so much a result of climatic conditions as it is a showing of the "weak spot" in the general condition of the body. If a hay fever sufferer can be fed up to a prime condition of health by the use of well selected food the chances are the hay fever will not present itself.

As an illustration, a lady in Cave Spring, Ga. explains how the change of food affected her. "This past summer I found myself in a very low state of health and much emaciated. I got down to 95 pounds and was worried, especially as I had to look forward to my annual tussle with hay fever in September and felt it would push me even further down.

One day a friend told me she had been using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food and that she felt like a new person with greatly increased strength and vigor. I grasped at the straw and began the use of Grape-Nuts. The effect was really magical. In a week I felt toned up and in a month began in earnest to gain flesh and strength. By September my weight had increased to 110 pounds and much to my amazement I discovered that when the hay fever sufferers began to complain I had not one symptom and escaped it altogether. Inasmuch as I had suffered for years from this miserable disease and had made no change except in my food, I naturally concluded that my improved condition was caused by the daily use of Grape-Nuts and by observing the usual laws of health." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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You often pay for **16 candle power** when **one** candle power is all you need. You often **endure** a bright light when a soft light would be more pleasant without regard to cost. HYLO lamps mean more comfort, less cost.

If your electrician will not supply you promptly send us 75 cents for sample. "How to Read Your Meter" free, on request, tells how to test your electric lamps.

THE PHELPS COMPANY
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HUMOR IS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE

[*Concluded from page 206*]

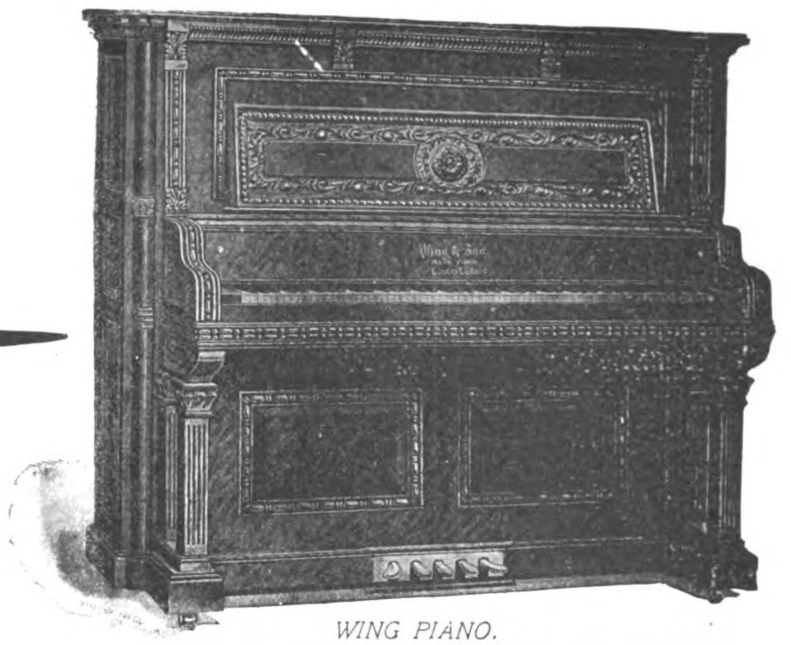
his democratic policy. In the course of his speech, he was guilty of extraordinary rudeness. He declared that, to punish Bright for his efforts to set class against class, Providence had visited him with a disease of the brain. Even the friends of the noble lord were rather shocked by such a display, and were anxious that it should pass over with as little notice as possible. In the course of the debate, Bright delivered a speech and made one passing allusion to the attack upon him. "The noble lord," he said, "making himself the mouthpiece of Providence, has declared that, to punish me for my political conduct, the Almighty has visited me with a disease of the brain. Well, Mr. Speaker, that is a visitation with which even Providence itself can never afflict the noble lord."

The noble lord's nearest friends were not able to refrain from joining in the laughter which followed this utterance. Many of Bright's humorous illustrations have passed from the house of commons or the public platform into the general talk of the ordinary world, and are often quoted at the present day by men who do not remember at the time that they are quoting from some of the humorous passages of John Bright's eloquence. In his case, it would be impossible to deny that humor constituted an important element of his success. With his earnestness, his robust intellect, his fearless character, and his gifts of lofty eloquence, he might have been a great orator, and he might have been the leader of an important party, even though he had possessed no sense of humor; but, without that sense, he never could possibly have accomplished his greatest triumphs for his cause and for himself.

Turn to the extraordinary career of Abraham Lincoln. Here we have a man who could apply his gift of humor to the most practical purposes of political life. He could put new heart into discouraged followers by some suddenly appropriate jest; he could throw light on some obscure problem in statesmanship by a humorous anecdote; he could reduce some opposing proposition to mere absurdity by a ludicrous comparison; he could dispose of some pretentious objection by a jocular phrase. We know, from all we have read of Lincoln, how his marvelous gift of humor sustained and comforted him, and enabled him to sustain and comfort those around him, in the darkest season of what seemed to be almost hopeless gloom. The whole career of the man would have been utterly different if he had not been endowed with this marvelous possession, and indeed it seems hardly possible to form any conception of Abraham Lincoln without his characteristic and priceless endowment of humor. The more earnest a man is, the more thoroughly pervaded and inspired he is by this humorous instinct, if he happens to possess any faculty of humor at all. Some of the most powerful preachers the world has ever known were blessed with this gift, and were able to use it for the noblest ends without seeming to lower the sacred dignity of the cause they had at heart. I have not said anything in this article about the men who were merely humorists and achieved success as such; for, of course, to affirm that the gift of humor is essential to the success of a mere humorist would be as vapid a truism as to declare that a great musician must have a sense of music, or that a great painter must have an eye for outline and color. Even Sydney Smith, who always employed his gift of humor for the exposition and maintenance of purposes and principles essential to the progress of humanity, does not come within the scope of this article, the main object of which is to maintain that humor may be one of the main elements of life in any manner or career, and, if it does nothing better, may help its possessor to bear up cheerily against difficulties, and find new courage to sustain him in his further efforts. I am confident that, the more closely and deeply the question is studied from the history of any time, and from all that we know of the lives of great men, the more clear it will become that humor may be considered one of the elements of success, along with perseverance, intelligence, clearness of purpose, readiness of resource, and enduring hope.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee, but a poor Christian. There are many people who think Sunday a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.
BEECHER.

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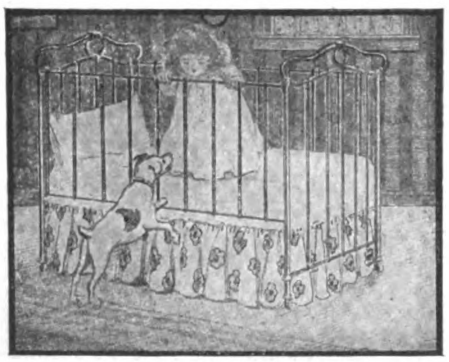
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Why Lincoln Believed in Grant

AFTER Grant's defeat at the battle of Shiloh, he said, "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." It is this same "keeping right on" that wins in the battle of life. After the battle of Shiloh, nearly every newspaper of both parties in the North, almost every member of congress, and public sentiment everywhere demanded Grant's removal. Even his friends appealed to Lincoln to give the command to some one else, for his own sake as well as to save the country. Lincoln listened to these stories with patience until the clock struck one in the morning, and then, after a long silence, said, "I cannot spare this man; he fights." When the illustrated papers everywhere were caricaturing him, when no epithets seemed harsh enough to heap upon him, when his policy was criticised by his own party, and the war generals were denouncing his foolish confidence in Grant, he, too, manifested indomitable grit and absolutely refused to remove the man in whom he had unwavering faith.

When Lincoln was asked how Grant impressed him as a general, he replied: "The greatest thing about him is his cool persistency of purpose. He has the grip of a bulldog; when he once gets his teeth in, nothing shakes him off." It was "On to Richmond!" and "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer," that characterized the silent general.

Both Lincoln and Grant had that real nerve which cares not for ridicule and is not swerved a hair's breadth from the right by public clamor, and they both knew how to bear abuse and hatred.

Pure grit is an element of character which enables a man to clutch his aim with an iron grip and to keep the needle of his purpose pointing true to the North Star of his hope through sunshine and storm, through hurricane and tempest, through sleet and rain. Even with a sinking ship, and with a crew in mutiny, it still persists and perseveres. In fact, nothing but death can subdue the highest kind of grit, and it dies still struggling.

A man of grit carries in his very presence a power which controls and commands; he is spared the necessity of declaring himself, for his grit speaks in his every act. Clear grit inspires sublime audacity and heroic courage in emergencies and danger. A man of grit sticks to the thing he has begun and carries it through; he believes he was made for the place he fills, and that no one else can fill it as well.

No man can expect to get very far in this world, or to succeed to any very great extent, who lacks grit,—that solid, substantial quality which enters into the very structure, the very tissue of the constitution, which stiffens the backbone, which braces the nerves, and which gives confidence to the faculties and reinforces the entire man.

An irresolute, weak, wavering man may be nervy in an emergency, and even plucky, but pure grit is a part of the very substance and character of strong men alone.

Many of our generals in the Civil War exhibited great heroism. They were plucky and often displayed great determination, but Grant had a quality which rose above the pluck of his generals; he had pure grit in the most concentrated form. He could not be cajoled, coaxed, convinced, or moved from his purpose; he was self-centered, self-sufficient, independent, immovable.

No matter if the papers did call him a blunderer, or an incompetent; he would simply light another cigar and sit in silence. No matter if they did try to induce him to disclose his plans for a campaign; he would remain in silence and smoke on. Nothing could move him from his mighty purpose.

AN EPIGRAM ON GENIUS

ERNEST NEAL LYON

Euphonious title,—conceived by a shirk,
Distressed by the harsh monosyllable, WORK!

"Do that which is assigned thee, and thou canst not hope too much or dare too much."

"Nothing of worth or weight can be achieved with half a mind, with a faint heart or lame endeavor."

"Work that is not finished is not work at all; it is merely a botch, an abortion."

Profits can be made in only one way; losses may creep into business in a thousand ways.

Learn to say kind things about people; it will help you wonderfully.

"It is the hour of man: new purposes, broad-shouldered, press against the world's slow gate."

"COFFEE HEARTS."

More Frequent Than Tobacco Hearts.

Coffee drinking frequently affects the heart and many cases of heart trouble are relieved or entirely cured by leaving off coffee and taking on Postum Food Coffee.

A good illustration is that of a lady who says, "I was troubled, for many years, with my heart and at times would become unconscious. The children have many times run for the neighbors to come in and restore me by putting my feet in hot water and rubbing me.

Dr. Short frequently told me that coffee was a poison to me and was really the cause of my weak heart. I could not do without the coffee though, but finally the doctor told me it was certain death if I did not give it up. This was about five years ago and I changed from coffee to Postum Food Coffee. My heart trouble gradually disappeared and now I am entirely well, have never used a particle of coffee since my first cup of Postum.

I gave a little postum to a lady friend one day to take home and try. She reported that she did not like it at all. I found she boiled it only five minutes, so I gave her some more and told her to boil it 20 minutes. That was different. She has been using Postum now a long time.

It cured her daughter of liver trouble, restored her fresh, pretty complexion, and cured the mother from headaches from which she suffered severely." Mrs. M. Douglass, 607 Plum St., Elkhart, Ind.

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Mention bust measure waist measure and length of Skirt in front.

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All this have I done for thousands. I can do it for you, because my system is based upon natural laws as rational and logical as those which govern the universe.

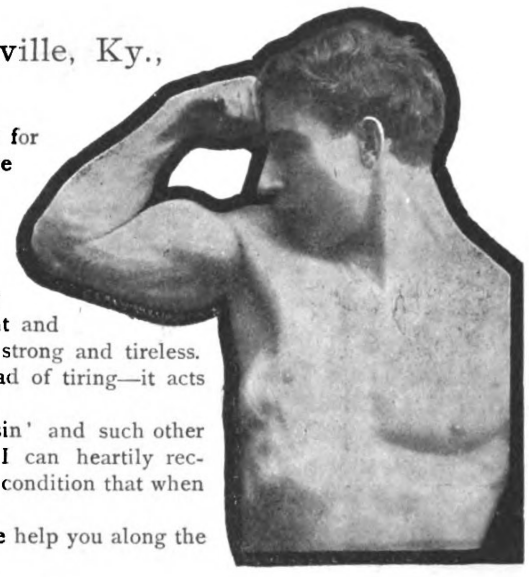
I should like to have you take my word for it, but do not ask it—instead, I offer and shall continue to do so, the indisputable and unparalleled testimony of prominent American citizens.

Mr. C. O. Prowse, a leading attorney of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes under date of October 5, 1901:

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

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

"I will take pleasure in answering any correspondence that will in any wise help you along the road to success and some unfortunate to the road of health."



My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

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You may never have had a fire, but look out, your turn may come to-night. Are you ready for it? How would you put it out? If you wait for the Fire Department the delay may be disastrous. The "PATROL" will put out *any fire* if taken in hand promptly.

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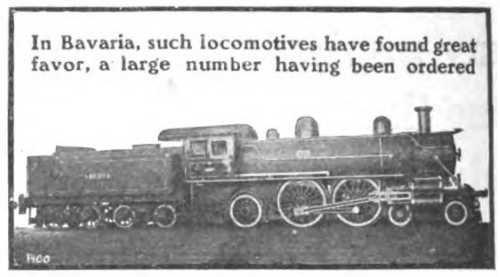
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Santa Fe

How *the* Largest, Strongest, *and* Swiftest Locomotives are Made

[*Concluded from page 208*]



In Bavaria, such locomotives have found great favor, a large number having been ordered

mer blow," despite accurate counterbalancing, is very destructive to roadbeds. The tires, several inches thick, are shrunk on in a pit just as jackets are shrunk on the breech of a modern high-power gun. The tires are made a trifle smaller than the wheel circumferences, expanded by heat, and then slipped on. As they cool, they bind with great force. On turning mills or in lathes, the flanges are cut, and there are other machines for drilling holes for bolts and cranks. The drivers are forced on the axles under a pressure of many tons in a hydrostatic press. In the machine shop are formed from steel the various parts of the driving mechanism,—pistons, crossheads, connecting rods, cranks, journals, eccentrics and eccentric rods, links, slide-valve rods, and the like. Here, too, the delicate cylinder work is done, the rough castings being planed and milled and drilled and bored for many hours. Modern compound engines, with their multiple cylinders and piston valves, have greatly added to the work of cylinder shops. Perfect cylinders are absolutely essential to locomotive efficiency, and the boring out of steam chambers is the most accurate work done in the shops.

Every piece of metal in a locomotive is scientifically tested—chemically and physically,—before it is sent into the shops. The mechanical tests are most rigorous. Stay-bolt iron, for example, is rejected if an inch rod cannot lift at least forty-eight thousand pounds. The tensile strength tests are made in an automatic machine, consisting, in the main, of two clutches, which are separated by the raising of one, by means of two long screws, each as big as a man's arm. As the screws are very slowly revolved, by a system of gear wheels, one clutch is raised at about the speed of the minute hand of a tower clock. The bolt to be tested is held between the two clutches, and, as the upper one begins to pull, the load is weighed by a chain of levers ending in a long scale arm. A pound weight on the end of the arm balances four thousand pounds on the clutch. An automatic electric apparatus moves the scale-arm weight along as the load increases. As the weight approaches the fifty-thousand-pound mark, the bolt begins to draw out like a rod of melting glass. It grows thinner in the middle, and, suddenly, with a sharp report like that of a six-pounder rapid-fire gun, the bolt snaps in two under the pull of twenty-five tons to the square inch. Before the operator places the bolt in the machine, he puts on it two marks, eight inches apart. After the test, the marks are more than ten inches apart. Iron which shows less elongation, or much greater, is rejected.

Still more rigorously tested are the steel plates for the boiler. They must show a tensile strength of sixty thousand pounds to the square inch, and must bend double and hammer down without flaw, hot or cold, or when chilled from a cherry red heat. The boiler tubes must withstand a hydraulic pressure of five hundred pounds to the square inch. The parts of the engine taking the most severe strains—the driving mechanism,—are of open-hearth steel tested to seventy-five thousand pounds tensile strength per square inch of section.

From the boiler and machine shops the finished



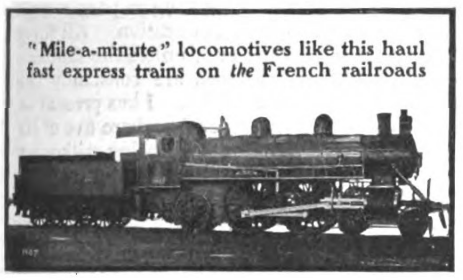
Fifty "Yankee" freight locomotives like this will be sent to the Cape government railways

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parts go to the erecting shop, a great, steel-framed shed, under the roof of which run electric traveling cranes of high power. Under the cranes is a long row of locomotives in different stages of construction,—some mere shells, without cab or driving gear,—others entirely assembled, but for connecting rods. Here one sees, with a realizing sense, the huge size of a modern locomotive. Workmen, who climb about the engines on long ladders, and who, when standing on the floor, have to look up to see the boilers, are pygmy-like beside these steel giants. The titan of the erecting shop, however, is the forty-ton crane. With a sudden whir of electric motors and a rattling of heavy chains, the crane swoops down like a bird of prey, on a half-made engine, and carries it away in the air, high over the tops of the other locomotives, and then puts it down gently in another part of the shop.

In the erecting shop the locomotive is built up on the skeleton frame. The driving mechanism is installed and adjusted, the boiler is fixed to the frames and jacketed, and the wooden cab is put on; then all the intricate valves and levers and brakes and pumps and pipes, the sand box, stack, whistle, bell, headlight, pilot,—the thousand-and-one things that make the locomotive the wonderful thing it is,—are all fixed in their places. When the engine is ready, at length, to take to the rails under its own steam,—four or five weeks after the blueprint's first appearance in the foundry,—it has cost, in wages alone, in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars. The builders receive for it from seven to ten cents a pound, gross weight, or from six thousand to eighteen thousand dollars.

Side by side, in the erecting shops, are seen locomotives for the Far West and the Far East, for Moscow and the Cape of Good Hope, for Egypt and India, for South America and New Zealand. It is a striking object lesson in the expansion of American trade. In competition with the rigid-framed engines of English and Continental make, the flexible American locomotive is proving its



"Mile-a-minute" locomotives like this haul fast express trains on *the* French railroads

unquestionable superiority as a machine for the world's frontier. The railways of England were constructed at a fabulous cost: hills were tunneled, viaducts built, and deep cuttings opened in the effort to make roadbeds as nearly straight and level as possible. For such ways England has developed a stiff-jointed engine that racks itself to pieces when sent to the colonies.

Despite the fact that we are now the leading commercial people of the globe, we are still pioneers. Were our country, from Maine to California, as thickly strewn with towns as is England,—a country no larger than New York State,—we should have a population greater by hundreds of millions than the present population of the earth, China's four hundred millions not excepted. Our railroads have to stretch across great tracts of sparsely settled country, and they must be economically constructed; as, otherwise, the interest on the bonds would eat up their earnings. Hills must be climbed or circuited, and roadbeds cannot always be rock-ballasted. Railways here must be adapted to the country, instead of the country being adapted to the railways, as has been done in England.

For heavy grades, sharp curves, and rough ways, the American locomotive has no equal. Its efficiency lies in its flexibility, gained by the substitution of the bar for the plate frame, the use of strain-distributing equalizer beams and a swinging truck, and the placing of cylinders outside the wheels. Beauty of line has been sacrificed for efficiency. The cost per "ton-mile" of hauling freight has been a more potent factor in design than any æsthetic principle. It is the huge American engine that has brought freight rates in this country down to one-fourth the English tariff. The little English "goods" train, with its four-wheel toy cars, would never have given us the Northwest of to-day. The "Mastodon," the "Consolidation" and the "Decapod"—the mighty American freight haulers,—are great agents in the development of the empire beyond the Mississippi.

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THE TENEMENT TOILERS

[*Concluded from page 214*]

the connecting door and the shutting off of natural circulation. Hence, the state decided that a window opening into the hall would be something, and so this window-cutting began. It was of no value, however. Nearly every such window is also sealed up.

In the matter of the present law, this cold enforcement is, in most cases, a blessing, terrible as it is. Men should not crowd and stifle and die in chambers where seven occupy the natural space of one. Landlords should not compel them to, and poverty ought to be stopped from driving them. Unless the law says the floors must be clean, the ceilings white, the occupants will never find time to make them so. Unless the beds are removed from the workroom and only one allowed to work in one room, the struggling "sweater" will never have less than five or six suffering with him. Give them a law, and, if they cannot work without doing these things, they will do them, and charge more for their labor. Landlords cannot get tenants to rent their rooms unless they are clean enough for the law to allow them to work in them. Hence, the burden falls in a small measure on the landlord,—but not always.

The employer or boss of a little shop, who is so nervous in wrongdoing, so anxious to bribe, is but a helpless agent in the hands of a greater boss. He is no foul oppressor of his fellow man. The great clothing concerns in Broadway and elsewhere are his superiors. What they give, he pays, barring a small profit to himself. If these people are compelled by law to work less or under more expensive conditions, they must receive more or starve, and the great manufactories cannot let them actually starve. They come as near to it now as ever, but they will pay what is absolutely essential to keep them alive; hence, we see the value of the law.

To grow and succeed, though, here, is something very different. Working as people do, they have very little time for education. All the great struggle is for bread; and, unless the families are closely watched, children are constantly sent to work before they are twelve. I was present in one necktie factory, very recently, where five of its employees were ordered out for being without proof that they were fourteen years of age. I have personally seen shops, up to a dozen, inspected in one morning, and some struggling little underling ordered out from each.

"For why you come home?" is the puzzled inquiry of the parents at night.

"Da police told me to."

Down here, and all through this peculiar world, the police are everything. They regulate the conduct, adjudicate the quarrels, interfere with the evil-doers. The terror of them keeps many a child studying in the schoolroom where otherwise it would be in the chamber at home, or the shop outside, toiling. Still, the struggle is against them, as most of them grow up without advantages which would seem common to all, in the world of the child outside.

At the same time, there are many institutions prepared to reach these people. One sees Hebrew Aid Societies and Legal Aid Societies in large and imposing buildings. Outdoor recreation leagues, city playgrounds, schools, and university settlements,—all are here, and yet the percentage of opportunity is not large. Parents have to struggle too hard. Their influence in ignorance upon the lives of the young ones is too great.

I know a lawyer, though, of considerable local prestige, who has worked his way out of these conditions, and Broadway, from Fourteenth Street south, is lined with the signs of those who have overcome the money difficulty of lives begun under these conditions. Unfortunately, the money problem is not the only thing with these men. Their lives, although they have got to where they can have gold signs, private carriages, and considerable public pleasures, are none the more beautiful. They are still cold, oppressive, greedy, warped and distorted in every worthy mental sense by the great fight which they had to make to get their money.

Nearly the only ideal that is set before these strugglers, in the area still toiling here, is the one of getting money. A hundred thousand children, the sons and daughters of working parents whose lives are as difficult as that of the Hungarian portrayed, and whose homes are these unlovely tenements, are inoculated in infancy with the doctrine that wealth is all.

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Lack of Butter Gave Him a Start

EAGER, panting, breathless from a long run in the fresh morning air, a youth, between sixteen and seventeen years old, presented himself before the representative of his district, in the office of the latter.

"Mr. Hammer," he began, without parley or preamble, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

Looking at him, in amazement, the congressman promptly replied, "No, Davis is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail," continued the boy, "would you send me?"

"If he doesn't go through," replied the congressman, "it is no use for you to try, Uly."

"Promise that you will give me the chance, anyhow, Mr. Hammer," urged the youth.

The promise was readily given, and, much to the congressman's astonishment, he was called upon the next day to make it good. Davis, the defeated candidate, returned home, and Ulysses S. Grant, receiving the appointment to West Point, took his first step toward being a general and holding the highest office in the gift of his countrymen,—that of president of the United States.

On that eventful morning, which marked the turning-point in his life, Grant's mother, through some oversight, found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent the lad to borrow some from a neighbor. Entering the house to which he had been sent, without knocking, he overheard the reading of a letter from young Davis, stating that he had failed in his West Point examination, and would return home.

Quick as lightning, Grant's resolve was made. Getting the butter, he rushed home, and, without waiting for breakfast, ran to the office of the district congressman, and begged for the appointment to West Point, as he knew that one must soon be made.

In telling the story in after years, General Grant was wont to add: "Now, it was my mother's being without butter that made me a general and president."

But he was mistaken. The reason lay far deeper. It was his readiness to see, and his promptness to seize the chance that held so much promise for the future that led him upward. It was not because he was quicker or possessed more ability than other boys of his age that Grant succeeded where others failed. As a matter of fact, when a boy, he was slow rather than quick, but he was noted among his associates for courage, certainty of comprehension, and invincible pertinacity of will.

His biographer thus sums up his character: "He was resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy and capable of hard knocks. If he said, 'I can do that,' he not merely meant that he would try to do it, but that he had thought his way to the successful end of the undertaking. He was an unusually determined boy; and, as a man, he did not begin anything till he understood it; and, when he had begun, he stuck to it till it was accomplished."

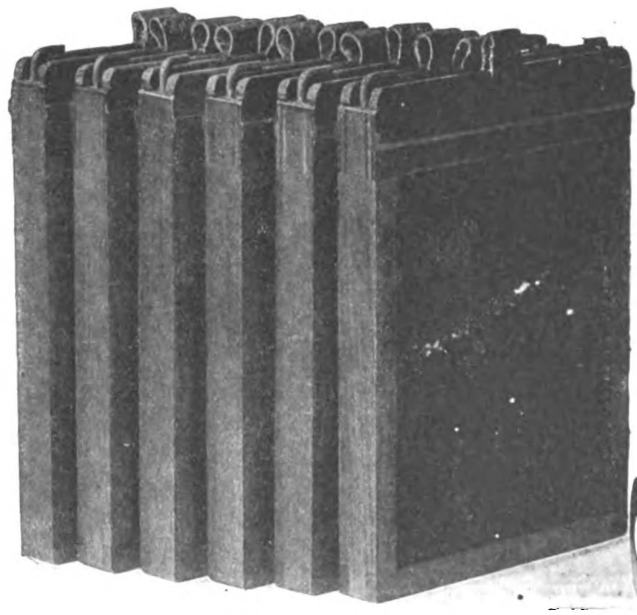
"Resolute and unafraid always; a boy to be trusted and counted upon,—sturdy and capable of hard knocks!" Show me a boy of whom this can be said, and who also possesses that other vital characteristic of Grant.—promptness to see and seize an opportunity,—and I will show you the making of a man who is bound to succeed in whatever he undertakes. He may not become a great general, or a president, but he will, most assuredly, become a successful man. If he cultivates the spirit of kindness, generosity, magnanimity, justice, and honesty which distinguished General Grant, he will become a great man, such as Dean Stanley had in mind when he exclaimed: "Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend; who will stand firm when others fail; a friend faithful and true, an adviser honest and fearless, an adversary just and chivalrous; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages."

WHEN YOU ARE NOT SUCCESSFUL

IF THERE is a dollar in your pockets dishonestly gained; if the blood of youths or orphans, or spoiled years of precious life stick to your millions; if your wealth has left others poorer; if you have robbed another of opportunity; if you have cramped, dwarfed, or minimized the chances of anyone in life, in amassing your wealth, then you are a failure instead of a success, although you have millions.

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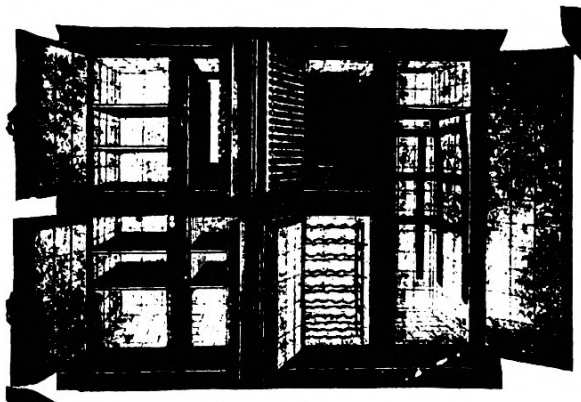
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Also a full line of stock sizes ready for immediate shipment,

For Residences, Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Groceries, Meat Markets, Hospitals, Public Institutions, etc.

THE McCRAY SYSTEM

insures perfect circulation of pure, cold air; absolutely dry, never sweats; therefore is

PERFECTLY HYGIENIC

Iced from Outside House. Unequalled for Economy of Ice.

Physicians, prominent men, hospitals and sanitariums endorse the McCray Refrigerators.

McCray Refrigerators are Guaranteed

Catalogues and estimates sent free. Catalogues: No. 38 for Residences, No. 45 for Public Institutions, Hotels and Cold Storage Houses, No. 55 for Groceries and Meat Markets.

Order now to secure prompt delivery.

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 208 Mill Street, Kendallville, Indiana

Branch Offices:

New York—341 Broadway. Chicago—55 Wabash Ave. Columbus, O., 356 N. High St.
Washington—610 11th St., N. W. Detroit—7 and 9 Clifford St. Pittsburgh—545 Liberty St.
Boston—52 Commercial St. St. Louis—404 N. Third St. Columbia, S. C., 1210 Main St.
San Francisco—103 Front St. Toronto—28 Wellington St. Birmingham, Ala., 1820 3rd Ave.

Address main office unless you reside in one of above cities.

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Vapo-Cresolene



CURES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Catarrh, Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Grippe, Hay Fever.

Do you know the danger which lies behind a simple sore throat or cough?

All children's diseases of the throat—Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, etc., begin in that way.

This is the warning which should be heeded. Don't delay an hour, particularly when contagious diseases are about, but start the Cresolene vaporizer at once.

Use it when you or the baby cannot sleep because of a suffocating cold in the head, or distressing cough.

Once used, you will never be without CRESOLENE.

Ask your physician about it, or write for descriptive booklet with proofs of its value.

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.,
180 Fulton Street, NEW YORK

Vapo-Cresolene

THE ROMANCE OF A FAILURE

[*Concluded from page 217*]

sion of sound sense. But the point of view had changed, and Robert bowed before so vivid an example of Christianity, and, like a business man, wondered if the proposition was n't worth considering, after all.

In the papers left by Louis Tremont was found a letter which contained directions for a simple ceremony to be said over his last resting place. This request, above all others, threw Robert, strong man that he was, into a nervous tremble:—

> I especially desire that no clergyman shall conduct services over my body. I desire that the last man whom I, by the grace of my Father, shall convert to a trust in Christ, shall stand by my grave and read, to all who may listen, the words which follow here.

Then Robert read the words and was filled with wonder at their simplicity, truth, and depth. They made but a few short sentences, yet they were a true essence of Louis Tremont's life. Again and again Robert read them, till at length he bowed before the sublime trust of the old churchman, who had written:—

> Our Father, as this man hath trusted Thee, so do we trust Thee.
>
> As his days have been blessed unto him that his service to Thee might be long, so we pray that our days may be prolonged to us.
>
> As he hath stood by the graves of our loved ones, so do we now stand at his grave; and, as he hath comforted us in our sorrow, we do now rejoice that he is himself beyond pain.
>
> As he hath prayed to Thee to receive the souls of our loved and departed ones, we do now pray Thee to receive his soul.
>
> As he prayed Thee to take them unto Thine own place, we pray that he may be received among them.
>
> And as in life he prayed, "Thy will be done," we now pray that unto us the truth may be made manifest.

Alma read the words and noted their effect on Robert. She wanted to express to him her own sense of their grandeur, but she dared not interrupt the thoughts which she saw were already at work in Robert's mind.

The two, Robert and Alma, had been at work in the study among the parson's papers, while in another part of the cottage loving friends stood the last watch. The study was cozy in its warm light from the lamp and the open fire, yet in every part of it Robert saw a mute appeal for the master who would not return. He became conscious of a mental attempt to picture the marrying parson's future, and realized with stinging abruptness that his own attitude had always been one of doubt of any future whatever. At once he found himself doubting his own position, and hoping that there might be a future. The thought which beat down upon him relentlessly was that Louis Tremont was ended, and that no future, no reward, no realization of the grand trust shown all his life, no meeting with the lost love of his youth was possible, and it crushed him. What could he, Robert, hope for when he and Alma should go, if Louis Tremont had no future?

Thus the hope shamed the doubt, and Robert began to feel that such a life as he had witnessed must have something beyond it.

"Alma," he said, softly, "if Uncle Louis did so much through his belief, it seems as if—there must be something—"

"Yes, dear. More than something. Everything!"

"I can't bear to think that his life is over,—gone,—ended. There must be—must be,—something."

"Everything, Robert."

Long they sat in silence, the man's rioting thoughts pounding down the last remnant of his doubts, and the new glow of hope rising in him.

Then he arose, went to the mantel, and took down a photograph, on which was neatly traced, in Louis Tremont's handwriting, "My dearest Failure." He crumpled it, and threw it on the coals. Then he went to the desk, carefully and reverently opened the marriage record, and beneath the last entry he wrote:—

> I was Louis Tremont's failure, but his life was a success. God grant that I may tell him so in that future which he has taught me to seek.
>
> ROBERT.

On the following day, Robert Dickinson stood at the head of Louis Tremont's grave and read, just as they were written, the words left by the deceased for his burial.

❦ ❦

"If one is to-day more patient, more serene, more loving, more sympathetic than he was yesterday, he is truly advancing and his life is successful."

How to Paint a House Cheap

And Have It Guaranteed to Look Better, Wear Longer and Cost Less Than the Best White Lead Paints.

It is Cheaper than Any Mixed Paint on the Market, Never Fades, Cracks, Chalks, Peels or Blisters, and is Not Affected by Gases. Fifty Sample Colors Prepaid to Any Address Absolutely Free.

The cost of painting the house and barn, out-buildings and fences is a heavy burden. Cheap paints soon fade, peel or scale off and white lead and oil costs so much and has to be replaced so often that it is a constant expense to keep the bright, clean appearance so desirable in the cosy cottage home or the elegant mansion. To meet the needs of the small purse and at the same time give the rich, lasting protecting effect of a first-class paint, caused the manufacture of Carrara Paint, and it is the best paint for house, barn or fence.



The Roof of the Great Field Museum, Chicago, Covering 7 Acres of Ground is Painted with Carrara Paint.

This was done after the most rigid test, which proved that Carrara Paint is more than twice as good in lasting quality as any other paint. For interior or exterior work it has no equal. It is smoother, covers more surface, brightens and preserves colors, is used on wood, iron, tin, brick, stone or tile and never cracks, peels, blisters or chalks. It does not fade. It outlasts the best white lead or any mixed paint and it covers so much more surface to the gallon that it is cheaper in first costs than most cheap paints. The following are a few of the large users of Carrara Paint:

The Waldorf-Astoria, New York City, one of the most magnificent hotels in the world, painted entirely with the world-famous Carrara Paint; Pennsylvania R.R. Co.; Pullman Palace Car Co.; Chicago Telephone Co.; Central Union Telephone Co.; Field Museum, Chicago; Kenwood Club, Chicago; Cincinnati Southern; C. & E. I. R. R. Co.; Denver & Rio Grande R. R.; Wellington Hotel, Chicago.

Thousands of private residences and buildings, public, and private, all over the country. From railroad box car to elegantly furnished general offices of the great railways; from race track fences and stables to fancy club house; from plain brick walls and stone fences to tin roofs and interior finish of stately hotels; from country barn or hay shed or cheap outbuilding to farm residence, suburban home or luxurious city residence, Carrara is used because it lasts longer, never fades, never cracks, never blisters, never peels, covers more surface than the highest-priced paints and costs less than the cheap mixed paints that injure instead of protect. There is but one Carrara. It is made by the Carrara Paint Agency, 233 Carrara Works, Barberton, O., and anyone having a house to paint should send for 50 sample colors free of this great paint that has stood the most rigid tests for 25 years and bear in mind that it is the only paint ever manufactured that is backed by a positive guarantee in every case. Write to-day and save half your paint bills in the future.



"Grandpa, why don't you get a pair of

Wilson's Common Sense Ear Drums

and throw that long tube away?"

The use of trumpets, tubes, audiphones and other cumbersome and obsolete devices to aid the hearing is being everywhere abandoned since the appearance of these

SCIENTIFIC SOUND CONDUCTORS FOR **DEAFNESS**

They are **invisible** and **fit in the ear**, are comfortable, and restore the hearing. *Beware of imitations.* The WILSON is the original and genuine.

Physicians recommend them. Information and letters from many users *free on request.*

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., 387 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



Not only a help in your present position, but helps you to a better position.

Our Students know—let them tell

These statements, given under oath, are not from friends or relatives telling about our ability to write an advertisement. (They are but a few of the hundreds that we will send you). They are the candid opinions of students who have carefully weighed every word before they took oath to its truthfulness. Can there be any more direct reference to your requirements? Can there be any more direct proof of the value of our personal attention to you? They have no underlying motive—they are under no obligation to us—and they never knew us until they became our students. If you have any faith in the words of man, it is enough.

MESSRS. PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of the 3rd inst. at hand. In reply would say: I entered your school several months ago. and have found this work of practical assistance to me from the start.

You have complied with every agreement to the letter and my experience has been very pleasant and profitable.

Your system and the courteous manner in which you handle the work has rather exceeded my expectations, this being my first experience with correspondence schools.

Wishing you every success, I am,

Yours very truly,
C. A. PEABODY.

AMESBURY, MASS., Feb. 8, 1902.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this day.
ROBT. G. OATTEN,
Notary Public.

PORTLAND, ME., Feb. 7, 1902.

In all my dealings with the Page-Davis Co., of Chicago, Ill., I have found them honest and courteous.

From personal experience as a student of their Advertising School, I can say that promises made by them through their advertise nents are faithfully kept. HENRY PAYSON DOWST.

Personally appeared the above Henry Payson Dowst and acknowledged the above statement to be true and his voluntary act.
FRED'K S. VAILL,
Notary Public.

THE PAGE-DAVIS CO.,

DEAR SIRS:—I have yours of the 3rd inst. In reply I am pleased to say that I can heartily endorse your school.

I have now been under your instruction about three months. It is sufficient to say that I could never have handled the work I have had it not been for your assistance and the benefit derived from your instruction.

You have done all, yes, more than you promised in your advertisements and literature for me, and I want to say that your methods of teaching by mail could not be simpler, clearer and more satisfactory. They are the best I ever heard of. The student that don't find interest in Mr. Page's original ideas and effective letters will never make an "ad man," that's certain. I want to thank Mr. Page for his personal efforts in my behalf. I assure you I appreciate it. I can truthfully say that I am perfectly satisfied with the treatment received at your hands. Wishing your continued success, I am,

Yours very truly,
P. M. LINDGREEN.

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
COUNTY OF JACKSON }

P. M. Lindgren in his oath says that the facts herewith are true and correct.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of February, 1902.
JOHN E. WRIGHT,
Notary Public.

This is to certify that during the months from May to November, 1899, I took the course of instruction offered by the Page-Davis Co. of Chicago, Ill.

That since that time I have done a general line of ad-writing for local and out-of-town clients.

That I consider their instruction of benefit in attaining proficiency in writing advertisements, and supplemented by practical knowledge of printing, newspapers and retailing (or even one of these subjects), a good foundation for a successful ad-writer.

That I know of cases where they have assisted or secured graduates profitable positions. One case the party now earns $35 per week.

Have never received aid of this sort myself, although two small pieces of work can be traced to their recommendation.

[Signed] WALTER J. DRAPER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this eighth day of February, 1902.
N. L. WHITAKER,
Notary Public.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
COUNTY OF JACKSON }

H. N. Hanchett, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the Page-Davis course of advertising instruction has fitted him for a good paying position, which he has filled for nearly two years. And that samples of his work are now being reproduced as samples of good advertising.

Furthermore, that he has worked out a very successful and profitable mail-order business in thoroughbred poultry, for which the Page-Davis course of instruction is very largely responsible.
H. N. HANCHETT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of February, 1902.
W. S. COBB.
Notary Public, Jackson Co., Mich.

BELVIDERE, ILL., Feb. 1, 1902.

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned now finishing a Correspondence Course in advertising with you, desires to express his thanks for your unfailing courtesy and practical instruction by which he has acquired a good working knowledge of the subject.
DAMON E. CUMMINGS.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of February, A. D., 1902.
J. R. JAFFRAY,
Notary Public.

$10,000. balance in the First National Bank of Chicago, Chemical National Bank of New York City, and Union Bank of London, England, to guarantee:

That Advertisement-Writers make from $25.00 to $100.00 per week.

That through our instruction; book-keepers, clerks, stenographers, printers, solicitors, traveling men, office men, cashiers and men and women in almost every station in life have been able to exchange their mediocre employment for profitable and pleasant positions in the advertising departments.

That we teach advertising practically and thoroughly by mail.

That large employers throughout the country constantly look to us to recommend to them capable ad-writers.

That the Page-Davis School of Advertising is the oldest, safest and best known institution of its kind in the world.

That Page-Davis Company positively teach you advertisement-writing and managing regardless of the time it may consume.

Send for our large 64-page Prospectus and a hundred affidavits mailed FREE

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

Suite 21, 167 Adams Street, Chicago

WE ALSO PUBLISH A JOURNAL OF ORIGINAL THOUGHT CALLED "AD-SCHOOL." IF YOU SEND $1.00 YOU WILL RECEIVE "AD-SCHOOL" EACH MONTH FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS.

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Oil Lands

In the "Great Oil Basin" at $10 per Acre.

Several hundred acres of land situated between Casper and Douglass, in very close proximity to the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad in the heart of the Wyoming Oil Basin, are held by a prominent business man as trustee. His other interests preclude his development of the tract. On the advice of New England bank men and eastern financiers he has decided to sell a greater portion of the property at ten dollars ($10) per acre.

This will give individual investors an opportunity of organizing and directing their own companies and controlling their own wells.

There are numbers of investors who are desirous of buying oil stock but who hesitate to put their money into oil companies in whose control and management they can take no active part. This class of investors and those men of moderate means who have some financial ability and an acquaintance with merchants and wage earners, will appreciate this opportunity of securing a small tract of land, organizing their own company among their relatives and friends and enjoying the full fruits of their energy and investment.

FORM YOUR OWN COMPANY

This property is situated in the great Wyoming Oil Basin between Casper and Douglass. It has a frontage of about five miles on the south bank of the North Platte River, and parallel with the river's south bank is the F. E. & M. V. Railroad.

This section has long been known as a great producer of lubricating oil. Surface oil obtained from this tract has been tested in every way from farm machinery to locomotives, and by expert oil refiners, but not until recently has the commercial value of the district been established, and its great possibilities been demonstrated.

Mr. Taylor, chemist of the Standard Oil Company, says: "It is the best natural oil for cylinder stock I ever saw."

Messrs. Wyner & Harland, of London, Eng., state: "The oils already produced have lubricating power, showing specific gravity .919 flashing point 115 F. When properly treated by distillation the product obtained would form a lubricating oil equal, if not superior, to the best animal or vegetable lubricants."

Mr. Robert Hutchinson, chemist, Glasgow, Scotland, reports: "The body is far in excess of any mineral oil I ever came in contact with. It will, I believe, be without a competitor in the market."

Mr. Clarke, chemist of Casper Refinery, states: "Its quality is superior to any in the world, surpassing the famous Russian and Sumatra oils in body and consistency."

The daily production of wells in Wyoming field is from twenty to twenty-five barrels to each well.

Within the recognized oil belt there are no dry holes. Every well that has been put to the necessary depth and properly cased is a producer.

The thickness of the oil sand insures sure and steady production.

The cost of operating the wells is merely nominal, one twelve to fifteen Horse Power engine being sufficient for pumping a dozen or more wells and requiring aside from the engineer and fireman, not more than one man to a well. Fuel is inexpensive, as coal can be cheaply mined on the lands.

A large refinery is in daily operation at Casper, Wyoming, to which the oil can be easily shipped and refined for market. The price of refined oil depends upon the grade—some of it sells as high as $50.00 per barrel in the open market.

California capitalists were among the first to recognize the value of the Wyoming fields, and the fact that oil men of long experience in California have made large investments here means much towards the early development of the entire section.

No deed will be given for less than twenty acres, and the price of $1,500 has been put on 160 acre plats.

Quit claim deeds will be given, back of which are the location certificates signed by government officials, which constitute an ABSOLUTE title.

Further particulars and information will be furnished by W. K. Logee, Trustee, Banigan Building, Providence, R. I.

Checks should be made payable to, and deeds will be issued and forwarded by

MECHANICS NATIONAL BANK,
Providence, Rhode Island.



Learn to be an Ad Writer

Utilize your spare time by studying at home.
INSTRUCTION ENTIRELY BY MAIL. Take a three months course in

The Chicago College of Advertising

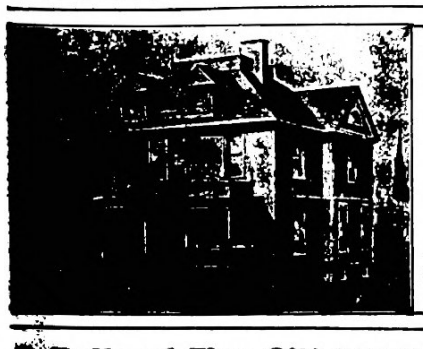
The most solid institution of its kind in America, because it is supported by the brainiest advertisers in the West.

Witt K. Cochrane, for years the advertising director of the Hub, Chicago, and recognized as the leader in his line in America, has resigned to become President and General Manager of this College and will hereafter give it his entire personal attention. He will be assisted by Hugh W. Montgomery, publisher Chicago Tribune; John Lee Mahin, President of the Mahin Advertising Company; Louis Leubrie, Advertising Manager for Siegel Cooper & Co. and a score of others equally as prominent.

Get Away From Clerical Drudgery!

Men and Women eligible. Send for FREE prospectus.

THE CHICAGO COLLEGE OF ADVERTISING, Suite C, Isabella Building, Chicago, Ill.



MODERN COLONIAL DESIGN

A Favorite Style with many, and most economical for **room contained and cost**, due to the square and compact shape. Cost complete, **except Heating**, $3,200. Send 2-cent stamp for **figured floor plan and larger view**, if interested, and send any sketch or idea you desire to have put into **practical shape**. I will scale it up and submit on approval, giving estimates and prices for full plans. My Six Books classified are of great help to home builders. Select books according to cost house desired. Book No. 12 new and up-to-date.

Book **No. 6** has **56** designs from	$250	to $1,500
Book **No. 7** has **57** designs from	1,600	to 2,500
Book **No. 8** has **54** designs from	2,600	to 3,500
Book **No. 9** has **30** (12 stables),	3,600	to 10,000
Book **No. 10** has **27** (20 one-story),	450	to 3,000
Book **No. 12** has **50** (Colonial New),	1,200	to 5,000

Views, plans, descriptions, dimensions, estimates, with modifications to each. Price of Books, $1 each; any two, $1.50; any four, $2; any five, $2.50; all six, $3. Booklet of 20 sample designs, "How to Start Right and *Save Money*," 25 cents (silver). All postpaid.

D. S. HOPKINS, Architect, Dept. 7, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Rolls of Fine Gilt
WALL PAPER FREE

[illegible] goods in each town. Elegant goods, low. Nice [illegible] 5c. per roll. [illegible] Order direct and save [illegible]

Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE $2,000.00 A YEAR.

You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and Free [illegible] E. E. Brenger Co., 185 Washington St., Chicago.

Married Life Can Be Made Supremely Happy

[*Concluded from page 215*]

and trials are sure to be experienced. Infirmities of temper, common to all, will manifest themselves in an unpleasant manner. Illness, disappointments, poverty, with annoyances and irritations from unlooked-for sources, enter into the lives of married people, even when they are guarded against most carefully. All the resources of love and sympathy will be needed to bear them,—patience, forbearance, faith in each other, good nature, politeness, and kindness. Married people should, from the start, cultivate that habit of looking at the brightest side of things which Dr. Johnson has pronounced "worth a thousand pounds a year."

It is not possible to overstate the value of cheerfulness in a home. One can hide the sun from his vision by holding a dime persistently between it and his eyes. We can so magnify the little ills of life, by morbid contemplation of them, as to obscure our pleasant surroundings from ourselves and to breed moroseness and gloom in the family circle. The most cheerful people are not usually those who are the least burdened with care, suffering, want, and work. Nor do those deserve the reputation of cheerful people who are gay and hilarious when all goes well with them, and their tastes and wishes are gratified, but who drop into bad temper and "fits of the blues" the moment they are thwarted. Cheerfulness is a habit to be cultivated, a moral quality to be acquired, which drapes one's personality everywhere with sunshine, as with a garment. It will glorify the humblest home, even when it lacks the decorations that money can buy, and will soothe and invigorate the most rasped and weary toilers in the struggle for existence.

Who shall be the head of the household? Shall it not be the husband? Yes, he shall be, if he will. The true wife desires nothing more than that her husband shall be king in his own right, and by his own act, for then she shall be queen. But when, instead of wearing the royal purple of an incomparable manhood, he clothes himself in the rags of a dissolute life, she, too, fails of the throne, and the scepter drops from her hands. This question never obtrudes itself upon a well-mated pair. In happy marriages, the husband and wife are alternately subject and ruler, neither dreaming that such an arrangement exists. As they live in congenial partnership, sharing the responsibilities of their new life, each learns, by experience, where the other is stronger or weaker, and defers or directs accordingly. The husband will appeal to his wife for advice or suggestion in matters where he has learned that her judgment is superior to his; and she will carry some puzzling question to him for settlement, with the confession, "It is beyond me," and he must attend to it. This will come without any debate or discussion as to the leadership of the family.

Timothy Dwight, ex-president of Yale University, was wont to say that a man must ask his wife if he may be rich. All know the truth behind this sententious statement. "If Heaven allotted to each man seven guardian angels," said Lord Lytton, "five of them ought to be hovering, night and day, over his pockets; for the management of one's money is, in much, the managing of one's self." Not infrequently, the five angels of the pocket seem to reside in the wife, whose wise economy fills the house with comfort, sends sons and daughters to college, clears the mortgage from the homestead, and all from the moderate income of the husband. When there is a lack of this homely virtue in the wife and when, from ignorance or recklessness, she rushes into extravagance which the income does not warrant, there is hindrance for the children, embarrassment for the husband, and poverty for the household.

In other countries, the wife is very generally the partner of the husband, is interested in his business, or profession, knows what income it yields, rejoices in his successes, and helps him bear his failures. But, as a rule, the one thing of which an American wife is ignorant is her husband's business. The husband chooses to have it so. "Women know nothing about business,"—"I do not want to bother her with my affairs,"—"If she will run the house, I will find the money,"—these and like statements are the reasons he gives for his preference. So he buries himself in his office, or counting-room, and plunges into commercialism, ignoring all other pursuits.

The wife, left to herself, becomes the patron of local philanthropies, joins clubs, and pursues

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courses of reading and study, opens her house to lectures and *musicales*, and cultivates society. Her husband sees her less frequently as he becomes engrossed more and more in money-making, and his children grow from babyhood to maturity without his guidance, and almost without his acquaintance. So, day by day, the two drift farther apart, each with diverse plans and interests, until, at length, while ostensibly husband and wife, they are as hopelessly divorced, in sentiment and affection, as if all the courts of Christendom had decreed a separation.

It is pleasant to turn from this picture of married life, originals of which may be found in all our cities, to another, which has just been unveiled to the reading public. "I married you in order to love you in God, and according to the need of my heart, and in order to have in the midst of the strange world a place for my heart, which all the world's bleak winds cannot chill, and where I may find the warmth of the home-fire, to which I eagerly betake myself when it is stormy and cold without." This is a quotation from the "Love Letters of Prince Bismarck," to Johanna von Puttkamer, his bride, and mother of his children. They were written from the time of his engagement in 1846 to 1849, and scores of similar passages might be taken from them. Although he was a stern, cold man, feared and disliked more than he was loved, his marriage was almost ideal. His wife was neither intellectual nor brilliant, but she loved her husband devotedly, and he found in her "a place for his heart."

Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all social institutions, and all advance in education, the relations of the husband and the wife make the everlasting foundation on which the social structure of the whole world rests. Just so fast and just so far as these relations become what they ought to be, just so fast and just so far will society be uplifted,—but no faster and no farther. It is the family and the home that lay the foundations of country, and these depend on the relations of husband and wife.

The greatness of a nation is not made by its extensive territorial domain, nor by its vast wealth, nor yet by its impregnable fortifications, its battleships, and its trained soldiery. It may possess all these insignia of greatness, and yet be weak, and, like Rome, fall a prey to barbarian hordes. The greatness of a nation is made by its true men and women, who have been well born in good homes, where they have been carefully fashioned into a lofty type of manhood and womanhood. This is the large intent of marriage, which is not alone the cradle of the human race, but its crown as well, and should be the symbol of a marriage that shall be immortal.

Work Is Essential to All Life

A GREAT mistake regarding leisure is that of many very active business men,—merchants, manufacturers, lawyers,—who, having won wealth or competence, retire early from business in order to enjoy their acquisitions, or to have an abundance of time for rest or for doing what they please. The miseries and mortifications of the "retired pleasures" of men of business are proverbial, the world over. To be busy as one ought is a comparatively easy art, but to know how to be idle is a difficult accomplishment. How often do we hear of men dying, just because they have given up the only thing they could do, and can find no other stimulant to exertion to take its place,—like the horse which so interested Mr. Pickwick, which was kept up by the shafts in which it drew a carriage, and collapsed when removed from them! It has been justly said that it is the greatest possible mistake to suppose that life without engagements—engagements, too, which we feel obliged to undertake,—is rest. The only true rest, or enjoyable leisure, is that which alternates with earnest work. The only wise reason for retiring from work which one is competent to do is that there is other work for which he is equally competent and which he has long yearned to do, but from which he has been excluded by the engrossing claims of his regular calling.

MAINTAIN COURAGE EVEN IN FAILURE

IT takes a hero to fight a battle knowing that it will be lost. Any coward can fight a battle when he is sure of winning, but rare is the man who has the pluck to fight when he knows he is losing. This is the quality that wins success, the grip that hangs on when everything seems to be hopeless.

We Would Give $50,000 IN CASH

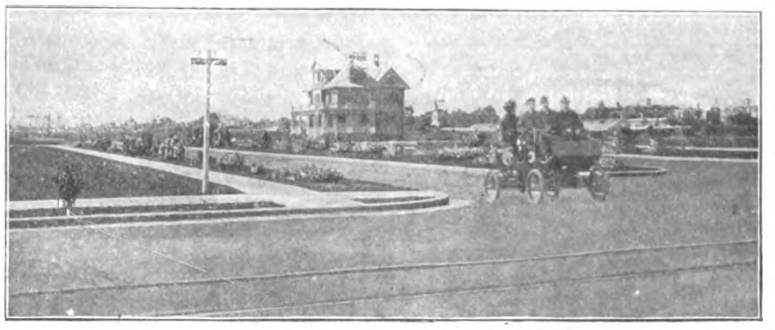
if the people of the United States could in some way be made to realize that the greatest offer that has ever been made in real estate, or probably ever will be made, is embodied in our proposition to sell a lot in New York City with all city improvements for **$480**—because if the situation were actually understood by every person in the country there would not be one single foot of property left twenty-four hours after this knowledge was brought to their attention.

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Illustrations: Lot on corner 146th Street and Third Avenue, New York City, worth in 1881 $1,500, sold in spring of 1901 for $70,000 to Henry Lewis Morris. His grandfather sold it for $155 in 1853.
Lot on 89th Street, opposite Central Park, sold in 1850 for $500, in 1901 brought a price that showed an increase of $500 for every 60 days from 1850 to 1901. (Authority, Real Estate Editor New York Sun).

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We can prove it if you come to New York. We will try to prove it if you will send us your name and address. Is it not worth your while? We ask nothing of you except a letter or a postal. If we were sure you were in good earnest we would rather say, send us your name and we will send you tickets to New York. This you know is obviously impossible, but if you will let us put the matter before you we will in some way prove that our proposition is a sound one, if we have to bring you to New York to do it.

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Torchon Co-Operative Lace Co., Dept. G, 40 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

THE MAKING OF AN ORATOR

[*Concluded from page 221*]

truths unless you have made them new by realizing them within yourself; unless you can, moreover, bring them into new relations to the lives before you,—flash them with the force of inspiration. Unless you can rise above didacticism to revelation, you are not an orator. Men can read facts and rules from books; indeed, they learned them in the schools; but they do not care to hear you recount them, unless you can so illuminate them as to reveal new truth and beauty.

The old world is weary of hearing lifeless "preachments;" if you would command its attention, you must bring to it new interests, new vision, new life. "I am come that ye might have life" must be the unspoken text of every orator. What other purpose, indeed, can be worth while for the orator, but to bring newness of life? Animate men, give them new interests, put them into a new drama upon their stage, and give them life. Remember, also, that there is no halfway ground; you either bring new vitality, new vigor of thought, to those whom you address, or you deaden their powers in some degree by rendering their minds less open to impressions. Is not that consideration sufficiently appalling to startle any orator out of the ruts of formality or self-consciousness?

Perhaps nowhere else do we see the need of a realization of these truths more than in the pulpit. Many ministers read the Gospel as if they were merely reiterating the same old truths that their congregations have heard and read for themselves over and over again. They read the Bible as a customary part of the service, and their tone is often almost apologetic. There is no endeavor to illuminate the text, to read it into the lives of the listening people. Yet not one of the people listening has ever found, or ever will find, all the beauty and truth of that text. The minister probably realizes more of it than most of the people before him,—at least, we will give him the benefit of the doubt,—but he reads into it little of the new meaning he has found there.

Why is it that there is so little great oratory in the pulpit? Why is it that notable oratory is more often developed in politics, in the law, in statesmanship, than in the pulpit? It is doubtless because the emergency confronting the speaker is more immediate, because the issue is at hand, because men must be moved to present thought and action. If the minister could realize that the emergency is immediate, that men must have higher ideals operative in their lives to-day, that it is for him to infuse new life into their veins with every word he speaks, he would sometimes experience a new birth in oratory, and formalism and conventionality would be transcended by spiritual power. Oh, yes, doubtless he protests that he does feel the necessity of constantly inspiring his people to present, vital thought and action; and doubtless he speaks truly. My quarrel is not with his motives, but it is rather with the direction of those motives. So long as he does not succeed in relating his ideals potently to his congregation, of what avail are they? He needs to realize them anew in every effort, to be possessed with them while he is speaking, to find his life by losing it in his audience.

[This is the second of the series, "The Making of An Orator," which is being conducted for SUCCESS by such well-known orators and writers as Chauncey M. Depew, W. Bourke Cockran, William J. Bryan, Charles Wesley Emerson, Charles B. Landis, J. Lincoln Brooks, and others.—THE EDITOR.]

The Mainspring of Greatness

NAPOLEON said that success depends upon three things,—energy, system, perseverance. The "man of stone and iron, capable of sitting on horseback sixteen or seventeen hours a day, of going many days together without rest or food, except by snatches, and with the speed and spring of a tiger in action," gave new possibilities to the meaning of the word "energy."

Probably no other man ever lived who equaled him in this remarkable quality,—not even Cæsar. His energy was not only daring, but was also impetuous, even ferocious. There seemed to be no limit to the amount he could generate. No matter where he was, or how long he had been without sleep or food; no matter what trials he and his army were undergoing, his unbounded energy seldom failed him before the fatal day at Waterloo.

"Young folks tell what they can do; old ones, what they have done; and fools, what they intend to do."

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TRAINING FOR LONGEVITY

"LET us live in the country, drink water from deep wells, spend much time outdoors, count it a sin to be nervous, shun worry, which is the modern form the devil assumes, sleep long in fresh air, live in plain houses on well-drained hills, eat plain food and ripe fruit, keep our skin clean, and endeavor to maintain good digestion. Then we shall play with our great-grandchildren, and shall see the fulfillment, in octogenarian prime, of the enthusiasm that stirred us in boyhood." These are the words of a noted writer.

* * *

ALTHOUGH all cannot live in the country, nor drink water from deep wells, nor live in houses built on hill-tops, all can approximate the conditions on which longevity depends. Water may be made pure by boiling, or, better still, by distillation; air and sunshine are the gifts of heaven; cleanliness and cheerfulness are free to the humblest; plain food and ripe fruit (the latter, at least, during the summer and autumn months,) are within the reach of all but the absolutely destitute. But the great secret of all good health is to think good health.

* * *

A GREAT variety of opinion exists in regard to the food question. The advanced vegetarian considers a meat-eater little less than a cannibal; he believes eating meat fosters a taste for alcoholic liquors, and that, by the excitation of the passions, it is responsible for much of the crime we are trying to legislate away. The meat-eater insists that it is impossible to keep up the temperature of the body, especially in winter, and maintain a healthy vitality, without a diet of flesh. The member of the raw food society urges that, by cooking, we destroy all the nutritive properties of food, while the advocate of nuts, fruits, and cereals, which he claims to be the natural, and, therefore, the proper nourishment of man, is opposed to any substitute for them. A certain centenarian attributes his length of years to the fact that he has been a consistent vegetarian, while another says that the principal cause of his prolonged vitality is due to a generous consumption of meat.

* * *

AMID this conflict of opinion, the seeker after health is bewildered, and often uncertain as to what regimen to adopt. Until science and a better knowledge of the laws governing life settle this vexed question, a middle course, avoiding the extremes of the different hygienic theorists, is the wisest. A mixed diet of meats, vegetables, cereals, and fruit, seems to be, in general, productive of the best results.

* * *

ONE thing in regard to which there is no room for difference of opinion is the daily bath. No matter whether you are a dweller in the city or the country, a hand worker or a brain worker, a farmer or a mechanic, the daily bath, not alone for cleanliness, but also for perfect health, is a necessity. To remove harmful excretions, to keep the pores of the skin open and in a condition to act freely, to stimulate the flow of the blood, to promote a vigorous state of body and a happy frame of mind, nothing can take the place of a liberal use of soap and water. A brisk shampooing is necessary to produce that healthful glow which should follow bathing, if it is to produce the best results. A daily cold water bath for those who react readily, is not only a powerful tonic, but also the best known preventive of colds, disease, or illness in any form. A hot bath, weekly, will prove a renovator of the whole system.

* * *

WHEN Timothy Dwight resigned the presidency of Yale University, he said, among other things: "I lay down my office, not because I am old. Seventy is not old, but it is the end of the summer term, and vacation time has come. My theory of life has been this: I believe life was made, just as much for one period as another,—childhood, prime, and later life,—and every man should prepare himself for the late afternoon hour, so that he may grow happier till the golden time late in the afternoon. I look forward to coming years of greater happiness than I have ever known." It is easy to see why Mr. Dwight felt so happy, even in quitting the field where the chief interest of his life had so long centered. He had cultivated all his mental powers to their utmost, so that, when he felt it the part of wisdom to retire from the more active duties of life, he had inexhaustible resources within himself for the enrichment of life up to that time which none of us can postpone. He had constantly renewed his youth by keeping in touch with the young and sympathizing with their hopes and aspirations; and, by following the progressive movements of his era, he maintains as keen an interest in life now as he did forty years ago. This is what we must all do if we would be able, when our sun is setting, to sing, with Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,
And fight fresh battles for the truth,
For what is age but youth's full bloom,
A riper, more transcendent, youth!
A weight of gold
Is never old;
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.
At sixty-two, life has begun;
At *seventy-three*, begin once more:
Fly swifter as thou near'st the sun,
And brighter shine at eighty-four;
At ninety-five,
Shouldst thou arrive,
Still wait on God, and work and thrive.

OUR TERRIBLE ENGLISH

"The other day," writes Eli Perkins, "I met a French gentleman at Saratoga, who thought he had mastered the English language.

"'How do you do?' I said, on accosting him.

"'Do vat?' he asked, in a puzzled manner.

"'I mean, how do you find yourself?'

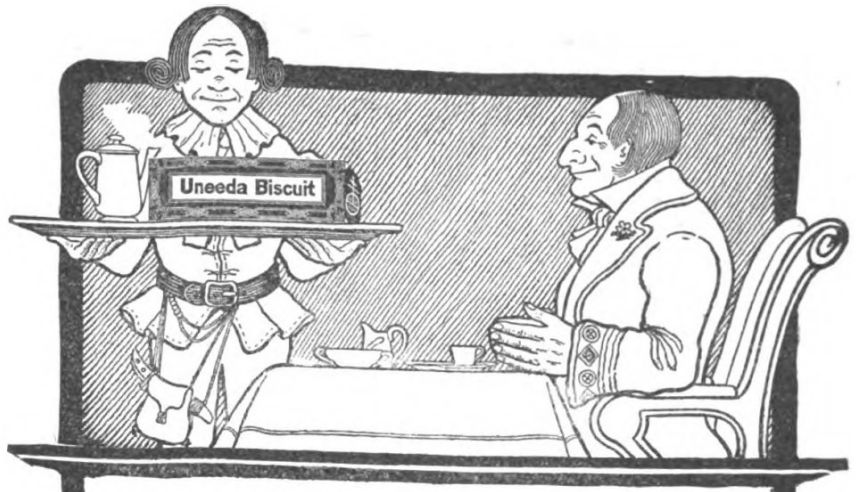
"'Saire, I never lose myself!'

"'You don't understand me; I mean, how do you feel?'

"'How I feels? Oh, I feels smooth; you shust feel me.'"

Hard work is the only cure for hard luck. Society is made up of the working class and the shirking class, and it is not necessary to say which of these two is prosperous and happy.

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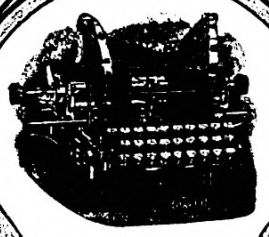


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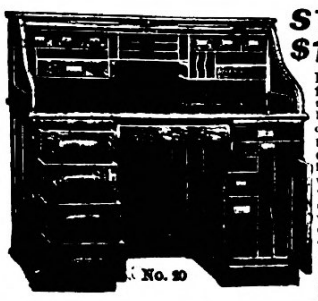
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A FEW ILLUSTRIOUS DUNCES

WILLIAM MATHEWS

ONE of the noblest utterances of the late William E. Gladstone is his observation that, "in some sense, and in some effectual degree, there is in every man the material for good work; not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull." These are golden words, that should be taken to heart by every young man who is despondent on account of his mediocre or mean ability. All experience shows that there is nothing in this fact which should dishearten any beginner in a calling. It is not brilliant ability, but resolution and persistence that, as a rule, win the prizes of life. It is proverbial that "slow but sure wins the race." A tortoise on the right road will beat a race horse on the wrong road. Slowness is far less a foe to success than sloth. Quickness of parts often proves a disadvantage, since a boy who acquires knowledge quickly will often forget it as quickly; and again, because he sees no necessity for that strenuous application and dogged perseverance which a dull, slow youth is compelled to manifest, and which are the surest means of success in every career.

It is a notorious fact that worldly success depends far less upon the general superiority of one's intellectual forces than on special adaptation to the work in hand. Moderate talent, steadily applied, will achieve more useful results, and, in the end, win higher respect than ability of a high order whose temper is too fine for the drudgery and mechanical parts of a profession. The astonishing variety of talents which some men display is often acquired at the dear price of comparative feebleness in every part.

In reading biographies of eminent men, one is surprised to learn what great things have been achieved by men who, in youth, were pronounced dunces. Histories of their careers are full of encouragement to timid, self-distrustful beginners in life. Among the illustrious dunces—dull, and even stupid boys, but most successful men,—were Justus von Liebig, called "Booby Liebig" by his schoolmates, who, when he replied to a question by his teacher, said that he intended to be a chemist, and provoked a burst of derision from the whole school, yet lived to become one of the greatest chemists of the nineteenth century; Tommaso Guidi, the great painter,—the precursor of Raphael,—whose works were studied by the latter and by Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, yet who was known as "Heavy Tom," when a boy; Thomas Chatterton, who was sent home from school as "a fool, of whom nothing can be made;" Isaac Barrow, a quick-tempered, pugnacious, and idle boy at school, but in manhood a celebrated mathematician and preacher; Dean Swift, "plucked" at Dublin University; Richard B. B. Sheridan, the brilliant wit, playwriter, and orator, but "an incorrigible dunce" at school; Thomas Chalmers, one of Great Britain's most noted pulpit orators; John Howard, the noted philanthropist; and even William Jones, who, besides writing various legal and other solid works, distinguished himself as a judge in India, and, at his death, at the early age of forty-eight years, had mastered twenty-eight languages.

Not less illustrious than this roll of dunces were Robert Burns, a dull learner at school; Adam Clarke, "a grievous dunce," as his father said, in his boyhood; the "dull scholar," Napoleon; and Wellington, characterized by his mother as a dunce, who was only "food for powder;" "Useless" Grant, as Ulysses was termed by his mother; and Robert Clive, "the heaven-born general," as Lord Chatham styled him, who, a dunce at school, was sent, to get rid of him, as a clerk to India, proud, poor, and irritable, but who entered the British army, rose to high command, and, with three thousand, two hundred troops, defeated, at Plassey, a native army of sixty-eight thousand men, with fifty pieces of cannon, and laid the foundations of that mighty oriental empire which has been the source of such enormous wealth to Great Britain. Last, but not least,—perhaps the most marvelous blockhead of all in the long roll,—was Walter Scott, of whom his teacher, Professor Andrew Dalzell, said that "dunce he is, and dunce he will remain," and who, visiting the school when at the zenith of his fame, asked to see its dunce, and, when taken to him, gave him a half-sovereign, saying: "There, take that, for keeping my seat warm."

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16 D&C Roses $1.00

Of roses we grow annually nearly a million plants, in over a thousand varieties. To further introduce them we offer our **Great Trial Collection —16 famous D. & C. ROSES, $1.00.** This collection includes varieties truly great in form, coloring, vigor and hardiness. They will bloom freely this season. All different kinds, properly labeled. Strong plants, on their own roots—**not slips.** We send them, postage paid, to any part of the U. S., satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Mr. Seymour F. Frasick, East Rockaway, N. Y., writes: "Your great Trial Collection of Roses reached me safely by mail. Every plant lived, has grown finely and bloomed continuously. I would not sell the collection for five times its cost."

FREE with every order for the above, the great new Rose **Yellow Maman Cochet,** as one of the 16 varieties, and a return check good for 25 cents on next order, provided you mention where you saw this advertisement. **The 53d Annual Edition of Our New Guide to Rose Culture,** 114 pages,—tells how to grow, and describes our famous roses and all other flowers worth growing—free with every order for the above. *Also free on request.* Ask for it.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.
Established 1850. 70 Greenhouses.

FOUND AT LAST!! AGENTS WANTED!!



U. S. Pats. Apr. 26, '98 & Aug. 22, '99. Can. Pat. Sept. 20, '99.

The Stephenson Shirt-Waist Holder and Skirt Supporter is always ready for use. Holds waist down, skirt up. Absolutely no sewing. Reduces waist line. Made of webbing and aluminum. Will not rust or corrode. Avoid worthless imitations. Greatest Agent's article ever invented. Big profits; quick seller. Sold only by Agents. Sent prepaid 25 cents each.

S. STEPHENSON & CO., 110 W. 42d St., New York.

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of success in his calling, because he thinks he has little ability. He may be mistaken; but, if not, his one talent, if carefully cultivated and strengthened, may win for him an enviable success. If he is dull, his dullness may be but temporary; like Oliver Goldsmith, he may be one of those plants that flower late. Like Stephen A. Douglas, when he was studying law, he may be slow in grasping a principle; but, as with "the little giant," when it is once grasped, it may be his own forever. The author of "Self-Formation," a work full of inspiration and ripe wisdom, which, when published in 1837, by Charles Knight, fell almost dead from the press, but which I wish could be read by every young man who cares for self-culture, goes so far in the following stirring passage as to say that, if he were to begin life anew, he would actually prefer to start as a dunce rather than as a genius. "Above all else," he says, "away with the cabalistic nonsense of the prerogative of the man of genius, the predominance of the natal star. If the plea of inability to rise above his nature is good for the dunce, it is good for the knave also. For myself, I declare, solemnly, . . . that, if I were to begin life anew, without any other experience than the certainty, such as I now hold it, of intellectual *quasi* perfectibility, I should choose to begin it as a dunce rather than as a boy of genius. The certainty that I have spoken of would sustain me and animate me, and move me in my endeavors to improve myself from the lowest to the highest rank; and I should have all the pleasure of the pursuit,—an inestimable pleasure in such a region,—together with the conscious anticipation of success, the assurance of the crowning glory."

The Reward for Overcoming

THERE is the basis of a great truth in the belief of some Indians that, when they conquer an enemy, his strength is added to their own.

When we conquer an obstacle, or hold to our task in spite of great difficulties, we unconsciously increase our strength to overcome. One victory gives power to win another. As the solid muscles and sturdy sinews of an athlete are the result of wrestling, running, and exercising, so the force and aggressiveness of strong characters are largely the result of the effort required to surmount obstacles. To overcome means to be strong; to struggle with adversity means to develop power.

The timber in the sapling in the forest has no rigidity, no sturdy fiber or strength, because it has never had to struggle with the tempest; but the tree which stands in an open field or on a mountain side, which has had to fight every inch of its way, from the tiny acorn to the giant oak, with the furious winds, which have tried to wrench it from its bed, and the arid soil which has grudgingly sheltered its roots, furnishes timber whose fiber and strength defy the waves of ocean and the fiercest hurricanes,—material which will stand the wear and tear of many years.

"If a boy is not trained to endure and to bear trouble, he will grow up like a girl," says Beecher; "and a boy that is a girl has all a girl's weakness without her regal qualities." To be obliged to wrestle with circumstances, to clear one's own path through a tangled forest of difficulties, to walk, often, it may be, with aching heart and bleeding feet over the thorns and brambles that obstruct the way, but with undaunted spirit, is to call out qualities of resourcefulness, self-reliance, courage, and perseverance,—qualities that make strong men and women,—which otherwise might remain dormant.

It was through such a tangled forest that Samuel Drew, at twenty-one, a poor shoemaker that could hardly read the alphabet, cleared his way until he became the most profound metaphysician of his time, the author of works upon immortality of the soul which have never been surpassed.

Samuel Lee, apprenticed to a carpenter at the age of twelve, and, at seventeen, at the close of his apprenticeship, earning six shillings (a dollar and a half,) a week, received, as the reward of overcoming the obstacles which crowded his path, the chair of Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and the honor due him as one of England's great oriental scholars.

Success without difficulty, or achievement without strenuous effort, is robbed of most of its triumph. Whoever would taste the joy of the victor must develop his strength by overcoming obstacles. Whoever would wear the laurels of a conqueror must bear the burden and heat of the day without murmuring.



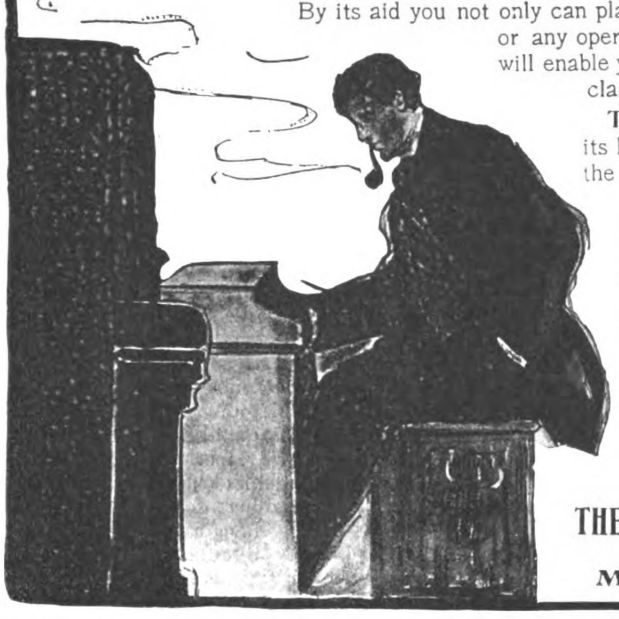
Taking the Opera Home

A POPULAR light opera, like San Toy, with its catchy music, pretty girls and droll comedians leaves many a pleasant memory—but also a strong desire to reproduce in your own home the tuneful melodies which have delighted you.

As you take your way homeward you think of your piano and wish and wish that you had the ability to play upon it the "Six Little Wives" and the other pleasing numbers to which you have just listened. You perhaps wonder why it is that some genius has not invented a means whereby one can play the piano without the ability to read notes and without experiencing the tedium of finger exercises. This is one of the times when, answering your thoughts, we say we have produced such a device, **The ANGELUS.**

If you have an ANGELUS you can Play the Piano

It is the Instrument which places the power of musical execution and expression in the hands of every one having access to a Piano



By its aid you not only can play the music from San Toy, Florodora, or any opera to which you delight to listen, but it will enable you to play any piece whatsoever, be it classical, popular, or sacred.

The ANGELUS reads the notes and its little fingers strike the proper keys of the piano—but you—you the performer—give the time, the touch, and the expression, just as an artistic musician does when playing by the old method (with his hands).

The ANGELUS ORCHESTRAL contains beautifully voiced reeds which can be used, whenever desired, in conjunction with the piano to enhance the beauty of many compositions.

Our new booklet, "The Wedding of Mechanics and Art," we gladly mail upon request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY
MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORY:
MERIDEN, CONN., U.S.A.



Travel Points



The superiority of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway for travel between Chicago and Toledo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Buffalo, New York and Boston is a recognized fact.

The most perfect roadbed, finest track adjustment and greatest through train service in America are found on this road.

Among other desirable features it presents that of being the only double track railway between Chicago and the east. This means greater safety in travel. It means greater freedom in operation of trains and consequent punctuality in their time.

In every way the Lake Shore affords the most perfect travel facilities that can be obtained.

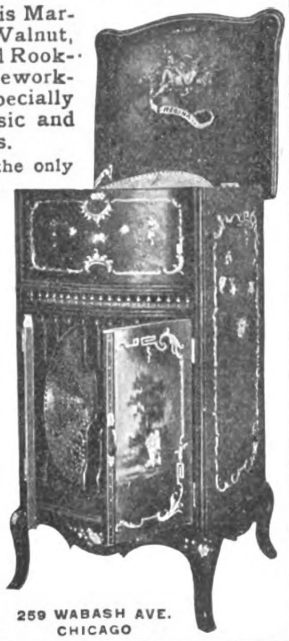
For copy of "Book of Trains" or information about travel via the Lake Shore, write to A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, Ohio.

Fine Souvenir Spoon Set. This consists of six Pan-American Exposition Souvenir Coffee Spoons made to order for the Lake Shore by the Oneida Community. They are the best material, carefully finished and fully guaranteed. **Complete set,** in satin-lined box, post paid to any address **for $1.00.** Remit by express or post office money order to ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Niagara Falls, New York.

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COMBINATION MUSIC BOX AND TUNE DISK CABINET

Made in Vernis Martin, Venetian Walnut, Marqueterie and Rookwood of exquisite workmanship, and especially adapted for Music and Drawing Rooms.



The Regina is the only Music Box bearing a guarantee, and every part is made in this country.

It is unequalled for its rare beauty and volume of tone—playing thousands of tunes—every new tune being added on publication.

Write for our catalogue showing our full line, costing from $10 to $400—with lists of new music—free. Address Dept. (L)

REGINA MUSIC BOX CO.

REGINA BLDG. NEW YORK OR 259 WABASH AVE. CHICAGO



Never have to remove a paper to examine it when you file by the "SHANNON" (genuine) Arch System—just push the papers on top of the one you want over back on the arches. No lost or misplaced letters. Every paper, no matter how small, has its place on the arches, and cannot get lost between other papers. If you want to take a paper out, you never disturb any others. It's the safest method there is. Send for Cat. 30 Q.

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
N. Y., Chi., San F., Boston, Phila. and seven other cities.

"REVERSIBLE" Linene Collars & Cuffs.



Have You Tried Them?

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service

NO LAUNDRY WORK.

When soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. M, BOSTON.

Character-Building Chart No. 3

Build up the creative qualities and destroy the destructive qualities by the adoption of a daily system that will kill negative, health-wrecking ideas, and promote right thinking

But now ye also put off all these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of your mouth. Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him.—Colossians, III; 8, 9.

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. Philippians, IV; 8.

WHEN we are anxious to arrive at a certain place, we walk in the path that leads thither, not in another direction. We seek the most direct road, and not the bypaths that lead we know not whither. We walk for a purpose, and not as if dawdling were our only plan. Why should we act differently when we start for success in life?

What would you think of a youth who starts to attain success, and whose every step is on the road to failure? He talks failure, thinks failure, and reads only of failure,—nothing inspiring. His conversation is loose, slipshod, and has nothing in it but failure. His careless shuffle, a substitute for a walk, is a failure. His clothes hang on him like a shirt on a scarecrow. His soiled linen, his unkempt hair, his filthy finger nails, his dusty clothes and muddy shoes are failures. He exhales failure from every part of his being. Every sentence in his letter applying for a position is a failure. He looks like a failure, acts like a failure. Everything he does makes for failure, every guideboard he heeds points to failure, and yet he wonders why he does not arrive at the success-goal. In the past, much of the effort to build up character has been dwelling on faults. Parents have reminded their children, a hundred times a day, of some defect, until the poor children have had that failing constantly in mind with the fixed idea that it was branded into their natures, and that it was not of much use to try to be different. This way of trying to build up character is a good deal like trying to attain success by thinking all the time of failure. Continual thinking about defects in character, one's sins and faults, will impress them and make them harder to eradicate. We gradually become negative to good qualities by dwelling upon destructive characteristics. By reading continually of diseases, medical students often experience symptoms of those diseases, and sometimes the maladies themselves. Similarly we may acquire success or happiness.

It is easy to separate qualities into a success-family and a failure-family, just as we can classify friends. Those who help us are like a tonic in their effect on us, while others do not help, or positively harm us by exercising a depressing influence. In the January SUCCESS, the principal qualities that make for success in life were listed in a chart by which one might take stock of character. Nothing was said about the undesirable qualities, but every one of the hundreds who filled out charts was reminded of his faults in seeking to average his virtues. For every success-quality there is, of course, a corresponding failure-quality. If your grade in a success-quality was low, the grade for the corresponding failure-quality must have been high.

A double chart is here presented, giving the success-qualities, and also showing the undesirable opposites,—the elements of failure. No one can read the success side without feeling an uplift or a good influence, merely from seeing the names of the virtues that have been responsible for all the good and noble things in history; just as truly no one can read the failure side,—the negative side,—without receiving a disagreeable impression, a feeling of discord, a realization of things that harm or kill.

There is a natural, if indefinable, relation or connection between the qualities or members of the success-family; something creative which makes for character and richness, and builds up. In the same way, there is in nature a healing balm which, though invisible and indescribable, is a remedy for the tired or sick mind and body. We go into the country, and, somehow, the things which vex and worry disappear. Just so there is a healing, restoring quality, a building-up tonic, a whole-making force, in the contemplation of all that is clean, pure, and strong, in the moral world,—a quality which inheres in the positive, the plus, the creative words. They are the things which live, breathe, and radiate life. There is a tonic effect to be derived from all the members of the success-family, and we may well call them the builders, the life-givers, the energy-producers.

On the other hand, there is a deteriorating, tearing-down, demoralizing influence permeating the negative, the minus family of words. There is no life in them; they are deadening; they do not quicken the pulse or stir ambition. They produce dark pictures, deadly thoughts; there is no vitalizing element in them. The mind which dwells upon them, which lives with this family of death-emanating negatives, soon becomes poisoned. It loses its confidence in men; it no longer believes in the upward tendency of things, but thinks that they are deteriorating. There is a deadening, blighting atmosphere surrounding these words. They exhale a poisonous breath which stifles aspiration, deadens individuality, and paralyzes ambition.

Learn to drop all negative thoughts, to expel all miserable suggestions, all destroying, discouraging, disheartening thoughts. Encourage and cherish thoughts which bring life-power, health, vigor, and good cheer, and soon you will find that there will be a mental uplift; everything will take on a hopeful character, the absolute perfection of your thoughts. The soul that would win, that would achieve, that would dominate, must contemplate perpetually the elements which mark the dominant character. Vigor, intelligence, courage, boldness, wisdom, persistence, decision, firmness, wholeness must be, not occasional visitors, but perpetual guests of the mind. After a little while, it will not be hard to expel the thoughts that cripple life and throw a black shadow across it. We shall find that health and power are born of right thinking.

Copies of this chart, printed on cardboard, may be had by sending six cents in stamps to the Success Club Bureau, University Building, Washington Square, New York City.

▲ ▲ ▲

SUCCESS VERSUS FAILURE

Character-Building Chart No. 3

SUCCESS-QUALITIES CREATIVE "Think on These Things"	PER CENT.		FAILURE-QUALITIES DESTRUCTIVE "Put off All These"
HEALTH			DISEASE
AMBITION			SHIFTLESSNESS
HONESTY			DISHONESTY
TRUTHFULNESS			UNTRUTHFULNESS
PURITY			IMPURITY
TEMPERANCE			INTEMPERANCE
LOVE			HATE
SELF-CONTROL			IRRITABILITY
PATIENCE			IMPATIENCE
TOLERANCE			INTOLERANCE
CHEERFULNESS			DEPRESSION
SERENITY			ANXIETY
HOPE			DESPAIR
SELF-RESPECT			SELF-DEPRECIATION
SELF-RELIANCE			DEPENDENCE
COURAGE			FEAR
DECISION			INDECISION
PURPOSE			AIMLESSNESS
UP-TO-DATENESS			OLD-FOGYISM
ORIGINALITY			IMITATION
ENERGY			SLUGGISHNESS
COMMON SENSE			IMPRACTICABILITY
INITIATIVE			INERTIA
ENTERPRISE			POKINESS
ENTHUSIASM			APATHY
CONCENTRATION			SCATTERATION
EXECUTIVE ABILITY			INCAPACITY
INDUSTRY			IDLENESS
STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS			CHANGEABLENESS
GRIT			YIELDINGNESS
THOROUGHNESS			CARELESSNESS
NEATNESS			UNTIDINESS
SYSTEM			CONFUSION
DISPATCH			DILATORINESS
PUNCTUALITY			TARDINESS
JUDGMENT			RASHNESS
TACT			MALADROITNESS
GOOD MANNERS			RUDENESS
GENEROSITY			STINGINESS
ECONOMY			EXTRAVAGANCE
OBSERVATION			HEEDLESSNESS
SCHOLARSHIP			IGNORANCE
AVERAGE			

Make it all ZERO on the failure side.

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ADVERTISING INSTRUCTION

If Others Have Courses "Just as Good," Why Don't They Show it in Their "Ads."

THE POWELL SYSTEM OF ADVERTISING INSTRUCTION is destined to become more important than any branch now taught in business colleges. In a few years it will be considered almost a crime to enter business without a practical knowledge of publicity, because the great commercial developments of the future will be brought about largely by the aid of modern advertising. The need of THOROUGH advertising instruction has long been felt, and in a way the primitive attempts at publicity teaching have borne some fruit, but it remained for George H. Powell to bring out the first and only scientific system, which has received the unqualified endorsements of the ablest authorities.

Mr. Powell is, as "Puck" says, "One of the very few really great advertising men in the business," and his achievements are advertising history. He successfully teaches advertising by correspondence, because he knows the student's, as well as the advanced business man's, requirements. Every day since the establishment of his school in 1901, Mr. Powell has been overwhelmed with congratulations and praise. Among the few recent commendations is the following from Mr. H. M. Jones, office of Clerk of Supreme Court, Des Moines, Iowa, who writes: "The lessons are highly satisfactory, and I can hardly wait for the next one. If you think a testimonial from me later on would be of benefit, please call on me, for I feel from what I have already had that your Course of Instruction is going to do me a world of good." Mr. Dean Alvord, the great developer of high class suburban realty, notably Prospect Park South, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Your instruction on proof reading is well worth the price of your entire course." Mr. Alvord is himself the most unique advertiser of realty in America, and is thoroughly qualified to judge.

SEND FOR THE POWELL ART PROSPECTUS,

A beautiful booklet shedding much light on the scientific study of advertising, and giving the endorsements of famous authorities and students—a book of particular interest to young men and women wishing to qualify for high salaried positions paying from $25.00 to $100.00 weekly, and more. SPECIAL CONSULTATION for advertisers not having the time to take up the Correspondence Course. Address, George H. Powell, 127 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

More Testimony from Eminent Men



G. A. McCLELLAN

Secured the Advertising of Three Stores.

Mr. G. A. McClellan, Sec'y and Treas. *Daily Star*, Muncie, Ind., writes, Feb. 8, 1902: "Our local advertising manager, Mr. J. A. Harvey in accordance with my recommendation, has taken your Course of Instruction, and as a result has secured the advertising management of three large retail stores. Naturally he is more than enthusiastic in his praises of your school, and is willing to give you the strongest possible recommendation I desire to congratulate you on the splendid results attending your efforts. I have personally investigated, and am convinced that yours is the most thorough and practical system extant."



J. A. HARVEY

Noted Business Man Became a Student and Urges Others.

Mr. E. T. Hanford, Middletown, N. Y., senior member of the firm of Hanford & Horton, wholesale and retail booksellers and stationers, became a student about two months ago, and is so well pleased that he unhesitatingly recommends the course to all inquirers. He says: "I have known Mr. Powell by reputation for years. When I found he was to open a correspondence school I considered it the best chance yet. I am greatly pleased, and believe he will do for you all he offers to."



E. T. HANFORD

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If you are interested in horses or carriages, it will interest you to know that we are selling carriages and harness direct from our factory

At Factory Prices

There are no middlemen—you get our regular factory price, no matter how much or how little you buy. We have the largest assortment of high grade buggies, surreys, phætons, etc., as well as the choicest assortment of harness, robes and other horse accessories. Every purchase guaranteed—you can return it and we will pay freight charges both ways if you are not satisfied. Send to-day for catalog.

The COLUMBUS CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.,
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P.O. Box 54.
Columbus, O.
P.O. Box 772.
Write to nearest office.

No. 5022 Phaeton Price, $80.50 Shipment from Columbus

No. 244 Driving Harness Price $10.15



MONEY won't buy it—but we will send free to any address our wonderful

"Changing Face" Puzzle.

At the Pan-American Exhibition, this puzzle was pronounced one of the "Biggest Hits" of the Exhibition, and has carried no end of fun to thousands of homes, and set whole villages asking, "How is it done?"

Very simple, but will keep you puzzling for hours.

What People Write Us:

"The puzzle is exceedingly interesting and ingenious. Have had much fun showing it to friends."

(From Colorado)—"It's the cleverest puzzle that ever came over the Pike."

"I saw a face puzzle of yours to-day, and I want one or two. Puzzle is no name for it. A traveling man who had the one shown me to-day kept the store full of people puzzled all the afternoon."

"I have used your soap for years. Please send me two of your moving faces for enclosed two 2c. stamps. They are immense. I want them for my 'two little shavers.'"

FREE

for 2c. stamp to cover cost of mailing. *Address*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN.
Proprietors of
Williams' Famous Shaving Soaps.



THOUGHT-ARCHITECTURE

WILLIAM PITNEY FLINT

MOST of us have an idea that the structure of our minds is determined for us by heredity or other causes beyond our control; in other words, that the mind is fixed in its structure, and that all that we can do is to modify it a little by education and culture.

The fact is that what we call our real selves has been largely determined by the character and quality of our thinking. Outside the mind, our bodies are no more than a stone or a piece of wood. The moment the mind leaves the body, it falls, a dead and useless mass. The mind is all.

It is possible to change the structure of the mind by habitually controlling the thought. There is no reason why we should allow the mind to wander around into all sorts of fields, and to dwell upon all sorts of subjects at random. The *ego*, the will power, or what we call the real self, the governor of the mind, can dominate the thought. With a little practice, we can control and concentrate the mind in any reasonable way we please.

Attention, therefore, controlled by the will and directed by reason and our higher judgment, can so discipline the mind and thought that they will dwell on higher ideals, until high thinking has become a habit. Then the lower ideals and lower thinking will drop out of consciousness and the mind will be left upon a higher plane. It is only a question of discipline.

Thought-culture is the most important business of life. Everything depends upon the quality of the mind; and, by constantly holding the thought and concentrating it upon the good, the true, and the beautiful, we shall soon form a habit of high thinking which will be so delightful that we shall never wish to let the mind drop again.

The possibilities of thought-culture are beyond calculation. The daily stretching of the mind to attain high ideals will extend it more and more, and we shall continually approximate more nearly to perfection.

How great a change do we often see effected in the mental structure of many boys and girls during their few years of school or college life! The mind is constantly fixed upon higher models, until its whole structure is changed. The student is no longer satisfied with low thinking and low ideals.

How often do we note the wonderful transforming power of love in a young life! Even coarse and brutal natures have been completely changed under its magic influence. Why? Simply because the daily and hourly admiration of a high ideal will, in a very short time, insensibly lead the mind to measure up to it. When it has once become conscious that the attainment of the ideal is possible, it can no longer be satisfied with the mean, the low, and the common, for the higher life, the higher ideal, will haunt it forever.

I wish it were possible to show parents and teachers the importance of thought-culture; to impress upon them the necessity of leading the young to concentrate their minds upon high ideals.

How often do we see a nature completely changed by a few weeks or months of depressing thought, anxiety, and mental suffering! How worn, haggard, and forlorn a mother becomes after a short period of mourning over a lost child! How quickly some business men change in their dispositions, in the very structure of their minds, after great reverses or misfortunes, even when no reflection has been cast upon their characters!

A few weeks of anxiety and depression have not infrequently brought men to the verge of lunacy; nay, even beyond the verge, into hopeless insanity itself.

Thus we see the power of thought, not only to build up a life, and make it beautiful, but to tear it down as well and make it ugly and miserable; not only to save it, but also to ruin it.

A habit of constantly looking upon the dark side of things, of thinking something terrible is going to happen, that we are unfortunate, that fate is against us, that we were born under an unlucky star, and that our lives are comparative failures; a habit of thinking that we, perhaps, are not so smart as others who have succeeded, and that we have overestimated our ability; in other words, a habit of worrying or of self-depreciation will, after a while, dwarf the highest ideals.

Descensus Averno facilis est. While to ascend is difficult, it is always easy to go down hill. All we have to do to cause anything to run down is to let it alone. A dead fish will float down a stream; only a live one can go up.

There's Just One Watch Selling for a Dollar, having a Guarantee That Binds—That's the

INGERSOLL Dollar Watch

Sales Two Millions a Year



Guaranteed to keep accurate time for one year, it will give splendid service for ten years. It is a handsome, practical timepiece for every one.

For sale by 25,000 dealers or sent prepaid on receipt of price.

Our book tells about this, and all our other watches—it's free. Address Dept. (30).

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
67 CORTLANDT STREET, N. Y.

BISSELL'S "Cyco" Bearing Carpet Sweeper

The most useful and sanitary appliance of the modern home. Has maintained the leadership for twenty-five years, contains patented features not found in any other make, and which are absolutely essential to easy, perfect sweeping. Reduces the labor of sweeping 95%, preserves your carpets and confines all the dust within the pans. For sale by all first-class dealers. Write Dept. S for treatise, "Dust a Carrier of Disease."

Bissell's Carpet Sweeper Co.
(Largest Sweeper Makers in the World)
Grand Rapids, Mich.

GOLD MEDALS — Bissell's "Cyco" Bearing Sweeper received Gold Medals, the highest awards, at Paris, 1900; Pan-American, 1901.



HOT WATER HEATED for $164

This House was equipped from Andrews' guaranteed plans for Scientific Hot Water Heating, including piping (cut and threaded) high grade steel boiler, best radiators and fittings all complete, "on approval" for $164. Any carpenter can erect. We sell larger or smaller, equally good for old or new houses.



We pay the freight. Free estimate of exact cost. Send us plans or rough sketch. Book "Home Heating" free.
Andrews Regurgitating Safety Valve, Furnace Helper, &c.
ANDREWS HEATING CO. 806 GLOBE BLDG., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The LOCKE ADDER $5.00



BOOKLET FREE

Now recognized as the only practical, durable low priced calculating machine. Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies and Divides without mental labor or error. Fastest, simplest, handiest, easily learned. Cannot get out of order. Will last a lifetime.

Quickly Pays For Itself.

Adds all columns simultaneously. Capacity 999,999,999. Endorsed by business people everywhere.

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SENT FREE: Descriptive illustrated booklet and interesting testimonials. Write today. Agents wanted.
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Gold Plated Photo Brooch
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Made in SOLID GOLD and in ROLLED GOLD.

Special low price to introduce this beautiful work. Send for trial order. 35 photos copied from any picture for 30c. Crayon portraits, 16 x 20, $1.25. Pictures returned uninjured. Illustrated catalogue and sample photo FREE. Agents wanted.

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MY GET THERE DUCKING BOAT

WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME. NON-SINKABLE AND INDESTRUCTIBLE.



14 feet long. 36 inch beam.
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A GOOD STROKE OF BUSINESS

ROBERT WATERS

I AM going to tell a story,—a true story; but, before telling it, I wish to say a word or two on duty. I know that most people dislike being preached to, for every one thinks he knows his duty better than any one else. Well, my story is about a good business man, who, although he knew his duty, never failed to listen to what any one had to say.

Archbishop Whateley said that he never gave a penny to a street beggar, for he thought that they are all impostors. A friend of mine said that he always gave something to every beggar that asked him; and he declared that the sums given seldom amounted, nickels and dimes, to more than twenty-five dollars a year. Supposing that one half of them were impostors, was it not worth while to help so many deserving ones? Practical Christianity is, in my opinion, helping in some way those who are less fortunate than we are, the suffering or sorrowful people whom we know. We may pray as much as we please for the poor; but, if we don't do something more, we accomplish nothing for them, nor do our prayers. That's my sermon on duty.

The gentleman who told me the story is a successful business man,—Mr. Allworthy, I shall call him,—a man of the world, shrewd and practical, yet with large common sense, and a big heart. I give this story in his own words:—

"I do not, as a general thing, give to any person or to any cause without some investigation. There are people still begging who have more money than I have, or ever shall have. But on one occasion I made an exception to this rule, and never was I better rewarded in my life. There came into my office, one day, a poorly dressed, ill-fed, unshaven man, who asked me to assist him. Although I was busy at the time, I couldn't help but listen to him, for there was something in his voice that impressed me; it had the ring of manhood. He said that he had been thrown out of employment, four or five months before,—that he had spent every penny he had saved, and was houseless and almost starving. I looked at him, saw that the man was sincere, and said to him:—

"Well, you are still a young man, capable of a good day's work, and I am surprised to learn that you have not done better. You must decide to make something of your life, and not let it go this way. I shall give you enough to get a good meal, a shave, and a clean shirt; and then I want you to see if you can't get something to do. You can, if you will improve your personal appearance, I am sure. Nobody cares to engage a man that looks like a tramp.

"He took what I gave him, thanked me, and went his way. Five years afterwards, there came into my office a well-dressed, good-looking, business-like man, who, on coming up to me, said:—

"'Do you know me, Mr. Allworthy?'

"'No; I don't think I do. Yet your face seems familiar.'

"'Do you remember a man who came in here, some five years ago, poor, wretched, hungry, and ill-clad, to whom you gave enough to get a square meal and a clean shirt?'

"'I do.'

"'Well, I am that man, and I could not pass through your town without coming here to thank you. When I finished that meal, I began to think of what you had said to me,—the sermon you preached to me that day was the best I ever heard,—and, before I got up from the table, I had made up my mind to follow your advice, and I found it worked as you said it would. I am in a good position to-day, in a flour mill at Rochester, married, and with a comfortable home, a fair income, and a bank account. You saved me, Mr. Allworthy, from despair and death, and I have come here, with a full heart, to thank you, and to return the money you lent me.'

"I never felt better rewarded for anything I ever did. The man and his employer are now both friends of mine socially and commercially, and their friendship has for years been a source of pleasure and profit to me. I have made many a good stroke of business in my time; but I never made a better stroke, nor one that gave me greater satisfaction."

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Aguinaldo Tells of His Capture

HARRY STEELE MORRISON

AT Manila, while on my way around the world, I had an interview with Emilio Aguinaldo, the most interesting character in the Philippines. I was told that he sometimes shuts himself up for days, and refuses to admit callers; but, after several days of waiting, I was permitted to see him by appointment. He is living in comfort on the banks of the Pasig River, in the suburb of Malacanan, and some Americans have complained that he is treated better than he deserves. The house compares favorably with that of Governor William H. Taft, which is about half a mile farther up the river. Besides a guard of American soldiers to protect Aguinaldo, there are several servants to attend to the wants of himself and family, for the Filipino leader has with him his wife and children, and his mother-in-law. It is the first time for nearly three years that they have been together.

"When I was young," said Aguinaldo, in reply to my question concerning his early experience, "I had to make my way in the world, and, like other Filipino boys, I found that it isn't always easy to get a meal when one is hungry. When I had a chance to go into the house of a priest as a servant, I lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity. It was a good place for me. I picked up a good deal of Spanish there, and was soon able to read and write. I think I also learned something of the terrible condition of these islands. I know that at an early age I felt the misery of our people, and determined to do something to change things. When I came to Manila and saw the government officials living in luxury, and thought of the wretched natives almost starving, my blood boiled and I resolved to devote my life to uplifting the Filipino people. It was an unselfish determination, whatever newspapers may assert to the contrary. I have never known any other ambition except to work for the salvation of these islands; and, although I have not accomplished what I hoped, I do not feel that my efforts have been in vain.

"My people have been faithful. Most of them are loyal to me, even yet. I have enemies, of course. I would think myself of small account if every person were to praise me or be indifferent to my faults. Even in my darkest hours I have been uplifted by the kindness of devoted friends and devoted followers. Most of them would be faithful even unto death, and I had dozens of leaders whom I could trust. If I should never again have a part in the life of these islands, my future would not be altogether dark, for I have many precious experiences to look back upon and to be thankful for."

"Did those with you behave well when General Fred Funston appeared with his American soldiers at Palanan?" I asked.

"Ah!" exclaimed Aguinaldo, as he folded his hands and twiddled his fingers, "they did, indeed." Then, quickly looking up, he wanted to know whether I had read anything to the contrary in American newspapers. I told him that I had not, but simply asked the question out of curiosity. "The papers in your country have not always been just in their statements," he said, "and I have sometimes read in them that my men were continually on the run. Of course I wouldn't care to argue, but I will always contradict any statement that my followers were cowards. We were all stunned by General Funston's temerity in appearing at Palanan in the way he did, and some may have hesitated before beginning a defense. That occasion was a peculiar one. I was never before in such a position, and it was certainly one of the most remarkable captures in history. I was firm in my belief that General Funston and his men were Filipinos who had come to reinforce my guard. When I learned that they were American soldiers, and I was told to surrender, my sensations may be better imagined than described. I never thought that I could be captured in such a way. It has been my ambition to fall in battle, rather than to become a prisoner, but we cannot always be on guard, and I do not censure anyone for my misfortune. None of us was prepared for what really took place. General Funston is a remarkable man to have planned my capture in the way he did. I hope I may always number him among my friends. He treated me kindly on the way to Manila, and since my arrival here General A. R. Chaffee has been equally courteous.

"I had been in retirement at Palanan for several months. My advisers insisted that I should keep out of the districts in which there was fighting, for fear I might be killed. I didn't like to be

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always in hiding, but realized that someone must be free to plan the movements of the native troops. At Palanan, we were comfortable and in little danger of being found by the Americans. I was able to communicate with Filipino officers by messengers, and by reading the Manila papers I could keep informed as to the progress of events. Sometimes I received papers from the United States, and was kept well informed as to popular opinion in your country. This was possible only through the faithful service of my men, who risked their lives day after day in order to bring me letters and papers from Manila. Some of these men have served me for years, and, though I can never reward them in the way they deserve, I shall not forget their devotion to me and the Filipino cause.

"Several times I read accounts of my death and capture. I confess that I was often pained by statements regarding my character, but I finally learned to look upon such criticism in a philosophical way. I hope that sometime I shall be better known to the American people, and that they will know that Aguinaldo is not altogether bad. My chief hope is that everyone will recognize the honesty of my motives.

"My future is in the hands of the United States government. If I were to be discharged and allowed to do as I please, I feel that I should like to settle in some quiet place with my family, and to lead, for a time, a peaceful existence. In some ways I have enjoyed my imprisonment here. I have had an opportunity to continue my studies, and to recuperate my health, which was not always good when I was obliged to live in the country districts. I am studying English and hope that I shall not always need an interpreter. I am also reading works on political economy and civil government. My experience as a statesman has so far been practical, but I hope now to get some 'book knowledge,' as you say in America. My experiences of the past few years have not by any means discouraged me. I haven't lost my desire to aid in the betterment of the Philippines. My attitude toward the United States government is of no consequence, at this time. I believe the Philippine Commission is trying earnestly to assist the native population."

Learn Something from Everybody

ONE of the most useful success-habits one can form is that of learning something from everybody with whom he comes in contact. No information which can be acquired is too trivial to be ignored.

Constantly measure yourself with the men you meet. You will find that everyone can teach you something which you did not know before, and which, perhaps, you would never have a chance to learn again if you did not acquire it from him.

Daniel Webster once made a great hit, in arguing a case before a jury, by repeating a story which he afterwards said he had not thought of since he heard it fourteen years before. But Webster was always picking up something for future use. His famous reply to Hayne, the greatest speech ever delivered on the American continent, was largely made up of little reserves which he had picked up here and there in his reading, from studying men, and from observation.

Many a prominent novelist has collected material for his stories by making notes of his conversations with those he has met and by observation. Charles Dickens got a great deal of the matter for some of his novels in this way.

One young man will go to a lecture, and, after spending an hour listening to the helpful, inspiring words of some prominent man, will leave the hall or lecture room without having derived any benefit from the address. Another young man will attend the same lecture with an ambition to learn something. He will drink in the speaker's sentences as if he were never to hear such words of encouragement and inspiration again. At the conclusion of the address, he will determine that he will make more of his opportunities in future: that he will read more, think more, study more, be more than he ever was before. Such a young man has a purpose and is determined to learn something from everything he comes in contact with, and from everybody he talks to. The other has no ambition, does not throw himself into what he does, lets his mind wander hither and thither, so that he never wholly understands what people are saying, and therefore never derives any benefit or information from those with whom he converses.

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The superintendent of a large mill, a young man still in his twenties, who receives a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, boasts that he owes his rapid advancement to his ability to grind the most labor possible out of the operatives. Knowing that an ordinary day's work will not give satisfaction to this slave-driver, they hurry from morning till night, in order to produce to their utmost capacity, well aware that, if they do not, they will be discharged as idle or inefficient. Another man of this type—a large employer in an eastern city,—prides himself on the fact that he can hire the most competent help lower than any other firm in the city.

From an ethical, no less than from a purely selfish personal point of view, these men are wholly mistaken in their methods, for experience proves that, in the long run, unwilling service, exacted by a hard taskmaster, is neither as satisfactory nor as remunerative as that which is willingly, lovingly rendered.

Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are very quick to catch the spirit you manifest in dealing with them. They very soon see whether you are interested in them personally and anxious to promote their welfare, or look upon them as mere machines, to be worked to the limit of their endurance, and cast aside when they are worn out or when you have no further need of their services.

The greatest good of an employer is wrapped up in the highest welfare of his employees. Their interests are identical, and cannot be separated. The well-being and contentment of those who make it possible for him to carry on his business form a large part of the assets of an employer; and, when he makes plans for their improvement, he is making the most profitable investment he can make for himself.

Like begets like, and, until employees feel a response of appreciation and helpfulness on their employer's part, they will not study how to avoid every possible waste of material, time, or energy, or think how they may make improvements in the conduct of his business.

Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagerly given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing, and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation; but how mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large-minded men who treat their employees as members of a family committed to their care.

In order to receive the best service, you must appeal to the best impulses, the highest ideals and noblest motives of those who work for you. If you suspect their faithfulness, if you doubt their loyalty and give them the impression that you think they will shirk their duties the moment your back is turned, if you do not recognize their manhood and womanhood, their appreciation of what is just and right, you do both yourself and them an incalculable injury. Suspicion and distrust dampen their enthusiasm and quench their ambition, and, instead of putting creative energy into their work, instead of feeling a real interest in your welfare and sharing with you the responsibility of your business, they simply become indifferent, perform their tasks perfunctorily, constantly watch the clock, and are only too glad when the hour comes for release from their drudgery.

On the other hand, the man who is in sympathy with those working for him, who feels anxious to have them succeed, who wants to help them bring out the best that is in them, and who will praise and encourage them, will form real and lasting friendships which will continue through life, in addition to helping to create faithful workers, men and

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women who have high ideals and noble purposes.

Employers little realize how largely they influence, for good or ill, the lives of their employees. Not coming in close contact with men of other vocations, young men and young women take them as their models and base their ideas of business morality generally upon that practiced in their particular world. The young are very imitative, and almost unconsciously they form their ideals, morals, and manners according to the pattern of their surroundings and the character of those in authority over them. Your systematic methods, promptness, discipline and strict attention to business soon become a part of the life-code of your employees. Your high sense of honor, your integrity, your constant adherence to the golden rule in all your dealings stir the finest chords of their natures and incite them to emulation.

On the other hand, constant association with slipshod methods, indecision, procrastination, confusion and lack of system stamp themselves upon the minds of young people and become part of their characters. Your questionable schemes, your long-headed, underhanded "deals," your transactions which are somewhat "off color," your ready lie or evasion of the truth,—all of these undermine the foundations of morality, supplant the counsels of conscientious teachers, and, in time, erase from their minds even the tearful warnings of loving mothers as they sent their boys or girls out into the world to be thenceforth makers of their own careers.

There are employers who mar forever the characters of those who work for them, as there are others whose influence and example tend to lead their employees into paths of nobility and usefulness of which, otherwise, they might never have caught a glimpse. But not until employer and employee, as individuals, come to recognize each other's rights and duties, their identity of interests, until they cease to regard each other with suspicion and distrust, until every employer shows his appreciation of a faithful employee, and every employee makes his employer's interest his own, will the vexed question of labor and capital be solved.

Lincoln Sympathized with Children

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S reliance upon a personal God has been thought to date from the bitter private sorrow which marked the close of his first year in the presidency. His tender sympathy for all children early became familiar to the public; so did his passionate affection for his own. Willie Lincoln was ten years old, and his brother "Tad" was two years younger, when the family entered the White House. Both became sick early in February, 1862, and Willie, a bright and cheery lad, died on the twentieth day of that month. This was the most crushing affliction that had ever come to the President, who, for the moment, was completely prostrated by his loss; though, after the solemn pause which rests over every home wherein lies the unburied dead, he found the help he needed in the Christian faith. Ere long, his wonted serenity and cheerfulness returned to him, but he was rarely heard to speak the dead boy's name, while sorrow for the lost son gave an added intensity and tenderness to his love for the younger one who remained to him.

"Tad" Lincoln has long been numbered among the historic boys of America. He was the complete embodiment of animal spirits, a warm-hearted, fresh-faced youngster, a boisterous, rollicking, and absolutely real boy, whose pranks and companionship did much to relieve the tremendous strain his father suffered under while in the White House. "Thousands who never saw the home apartments of that gloomy building," writes Noah Brooks, "knew the tricksy sprite that brightened the weary years which Lincoln passed in Washington. His father took great interest in everything that concerned 'Tad;' and, when the long day's work was done, and the little chap had related to the President all that had moved him or had taken up his attention during the daylight hours, and had finally fallen asleep under a drowsy cross-examination, the weary father would turn once more to his desk, and work on into the night. Then, shouldering the sleeping child, the man for whom millions of good men and women nightly prayed took his way through the silent corridors and passageways to his boy's bedchamber."

This grateful glimpse of the man who bore the sorrows of the nation in his own heart could ill be spared from any account of Lincoln's life in the White House. "Tad" Lincoln did not long survive his father. His death occurred in July, 1871.

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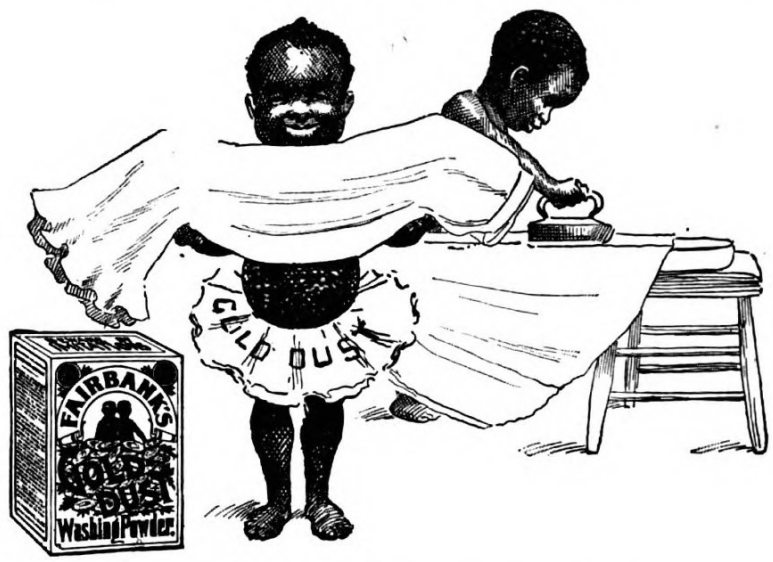
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SPEAKING of worrying, which kills more people than disease, keep a record for a month, and see if you do not worry over a great many things that turn out all right.

* * *

DO NOT be downcast at your continual trials and struggles. Rather take them as a matter of course. Regard them as dents on the shield of a soldier who has been fighting all day to maintain his ground.—E. D. PUSEY.

* * *

IF we thought more of our real duty to add our quota to the sunshine of life, not only by trying to be happy ourselves, but also by doing our best to make others happy, we would cast worry out of our lives, as we would endeavor to throw off a death-dealing disease.

* * *

THE thought of the fullness and importance of life, the greatness of the work one has to do,—to train oneself for immortality,—should cause him to blush for the time lost, the energy wasted, in sighing and groaning over pin pricks, or in breaking our strength, like modern Don Quixotes, against windmills.

* * *

"THERE are no times in life when opportunity, the chance to be and to do, gathers more richly about the soul than when it has to suffer," says Phillips Brooks. Yet, is it not by triumphing over small things, the petty anxieties, "the cares that infest the day," that one becomes poised, acquires strength, and increases his capacity for enduring with fortitude the greater trials and sorrows which enter into all lives?

* * *

"DON'T worry. Fortune is a dame
You have to woo with smiles.
Whate'er her mood, you must not blame
Nor criticise her wiles.
Trust God in shadow and in sun,
And luck will come your way,
But never, since old Time begun,
Has worry won the day."

* * *

WORRYING is often a form of selfishness, which makes self and one's little affairs the boundaries of life's horizon. With our burdens we shut ourselves within the narrow limits we have set, and condemn ourselves to dwell in the shadows when the bright sunshine, the moon, the stars, or other glories of the universe, woo us to come out and bathe in the light,—not to be niggardly, either, but to give even as generously as we receive.

* * *

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be,
We weave with colors all our own,
And, in the field of destiny,
We reap as we have sown.—WHITTIER.

* * *

LOOK in a mirror when you worry, and see what a transformation your thought has effected in your whole attitude. Look at the dull eyes, the drooping mouth, the knotted brow, the pained expression, the dispirited bearing, and try to realize what must be the lasting effect of days and weeks and years of such a tenor of thought as has produced the physical change reflected in the glass before you. Think, too, of the effect your gloomy appearance will have on those associated with you, for sadness and gloom are no less contagious than are joy and sunshine.

* * *

IT will be as difficult at first, perhaps, for you to consult your mirror when you worry as it was for Tattycorum to remember to count twenty when she was angry; but an effort to do so will repay you, especially if, by the exercise of your will, you make the drooping figure stand erect, the anxious, worried face smile back at you, and the sorrowful mouth open in a song of gladness. One who has a saving remnant of common sense cannot continue to worry after studying the reflection of himself as he appears to others, and as he is in his own soul,—for the body is the reflection of the mind.

* * *

WORRY and Fret were two little men
That knocked at my door again and again:
"Oh, pray let us in but to tarry a night,
And we will be off with the dawning of light."
At length, moved to pity, I opened the door
To shelter these travelers, hungry and poor;
But when, on the morrow, I bade them adieu,
They said, quite unmoved, "We'll tarry with you."
And, deaf to entreaty and callous to threat,
These troublesome guests abide with me yet.

* * *

"ONE person may not succeed in dispelling all the miasma of the earth," says Gail Hamilton; "but, if he can only cleanse one little corner of it, if he can but send through the murky air one cool, bracing, healthy gale, he will do much better than to sit under his vine, appalled by the greatness of the evil." Who is more likely to do this than the man or woman whose heart is so big, whose sympathies are so generous, and whose love is so abounding as to refuse to waste the energy that might be used in generating world-sunshine in selfish worrying over fancied personal ills, or anticipating troubles that may never come?



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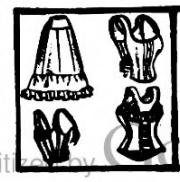
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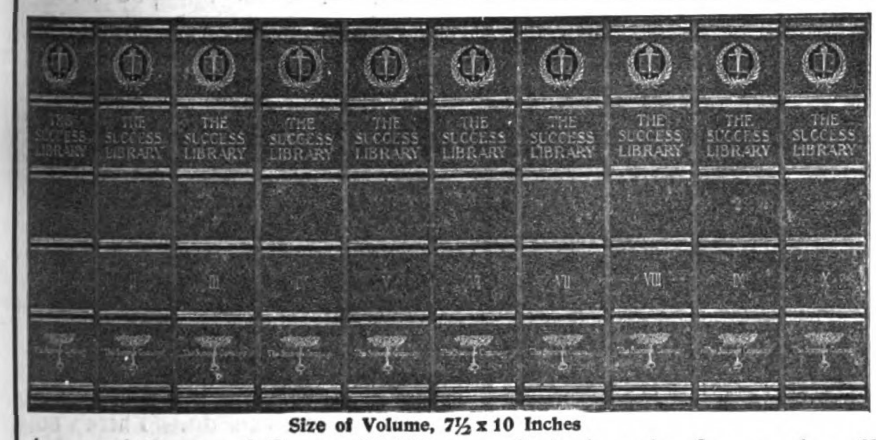
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Our February list of prize-winning representatives is again headed by Rev. W. J. Shipway, whose total number of points for the month's work is two hundred and four. Dr. Carl Scharf, who secured second place in the January contest, also holds the same position for February, with one hundred and ninety-six subscriptions. The narrow margin between Mr. Shipway and Dr. Scharf shows a most exciting finish.

C. H. Davidson, who did not enter the lists until February, piled up a total of one hundred and sixty-two points. Almost every subscription turned in by Mr. Davidson was for a clubbing-offer. He realizes the advantage in presenting these offers, since each one secured counts two points.

The following names secured the next five prizes, with the points which follow their respective names: Callie Heninger, one hundred and thirty-four points; J. E. Staudacher, one hundred and thirty-one points; Leonard Johnson, one hundred and twenty-four points; Samuel Gregg, one hundred and eighteen points; and Chauncey W. Teller, fifty-seven points.

Mr. Staudacher is the only one of these contestants who competed in January. The others receive their first prize-money for the present year. Miss Heninger is a representative who has been connected with SUCCESS for some time past, but has only been able to resume active work within the past month.

Mr. Johnson will, perhaps, be recalled by those who have heretofore been interested in our prize-contest, since he was the winner of the first prize in our 1900 contest, and of the second prize in our contest for the following year. He is a very effective worker, and will, no doubt, figure more prominently in March, as he was, to use his own expression, "only warming up" during the February competition. Mr. Johnson has been working in the sparsely settled states of the Far West, and, therefore, deserves all the more credit for what he has accomplished.

The remaining prize-winners, five in number, are as follows: George Crowley, forty-nine points; A. E. Trask, forty-eight points; S. M. Burch, forty-seven points; Alexander Heath, forty-six points; and W. L. Harris, forty-two points.

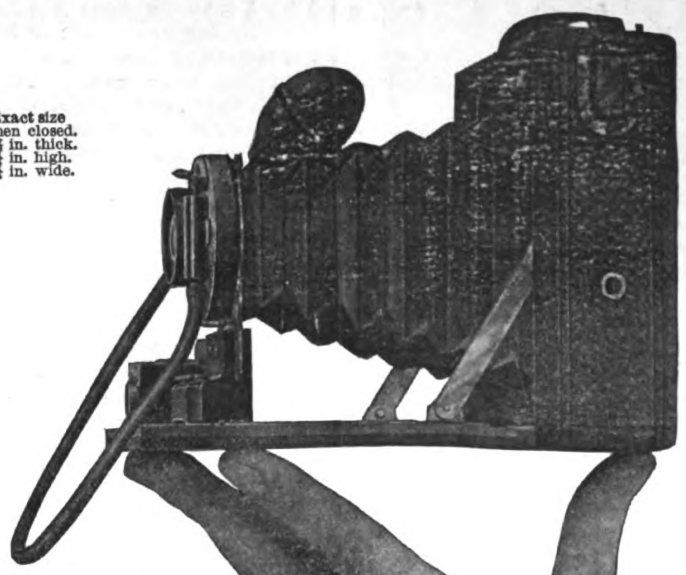
Practically, all these are entirely new workers. None of them, as far as we know, has heretofore done any subscription work. They are all to be congratulated. The energy and enthusiasm with which these recruits have labored bid fair to make the veterans look to their laurels in the near future. Of course it requires some little time and experience to get the highest results, although very many of our new workers express themselves as surprised at the comparative ease with which they have been able to secure subscriptions for SUCCESS.

Mr. Teller deserves especial credit, owing to the fact that he has given only a very limited amount of time to the work. He is employed each day in an office position and his hours are long.

It will be noted that the maximum figures for February, especially with the leaders in the contest, are not quite as high as for January. This is due to the shortness of the month, and also to the two holidays which naturally interfered with continuous work; the weather has also been particularly inclement in many parts of the country.

In March, a long month, we fully expect to see our representatives produce some banner records. Many, indeed, have given us the assurance that they will make a special effort to reach high-water mark during March and April.

In the meantime, our list of representatives is constantly growing, and SUCCESS, through their admirable efforts, is entering new fields. We thank these new workers, and our old friends, too, for their loyalty and zeal, and we promise them to keep the magazine in the front rank of American periodicals, so that their connection with it may prove most creditable, agreeable, and—*profitable*, by reason of exceptionally liberal regular compensation, generous monthly prizes, and a grand season prize, to be divided *pro rata* at the end.



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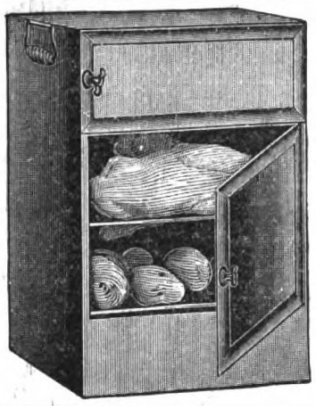
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KEEPING UP WITH THE TIMES

WILLIAM Q. ADAMS

A STORY is told of a soldier who complained that the entire regiment was out of step with him. We often see men struggling desperately alone to succeed along their own lines, refusing to accept what they call "newfangled" business improvements, which they ridicule as fads that will soon go out of date. Such men never make their mark in the world, and usually die in obscurity, if not in actual poverty.

We know of newspapers which have fallen into ruts and are practically sidetracked, simply because their editors refuse to adopt up-to-date methods. They cannot see why "plate matter," which they get for a song, is not just as good as original articles. They do not see the advantage of spending much money for telegraph or cable service; nor can they appreciate the necessity of paying fabulous sums to able writers when they can procure average articles for a fraction of the cost. They cannot understand the policy of rejecting worn-out type, simply because it is old, as long as it can be read. They argue that it is foolish to pay large salaries to expert proof readers, because little mistakes in a daily paper are of no consequence and are usually overlooked and forgotten. They urge that they cannot afford to discard old presses, which have cost a great deal of money, and put in up-to-date ones, because their competitors have done so. They cannot see why an "evening edition" should not be made up from other papers, instead of paying large sums for original matter. Nor are they able to understand why it is that their circulation is diminishing and their advertising falling off.

But their up-to-date competitors know the reason why. They know that this is a progressive age, when everybody wants to patronize the most modern things. They know that, if their subscribers buy a paper, they want to be sure that they are getting one which is published by the most enterprising, progressive publishers; that, if they wish to advertise, they are looking for the most popular newspaper, the one that reaches the largest number of readers. A reputation of being out-of-date—behind the times, no matter what your business or profession,—will soon make itself felt in loss of patronage, and your patrons will leave you to do business with those who progress with the times. We know men who have kept country stores for years, who have never been able to make more than a bare living, simply because they have got into ruts and are too conservative or too indolent to try to adopt improved methods. They are always behind the times in styles, and are constantly running out of things that their customers are likely to call for. Their goods are scattered about in a haphazard fashion, without any attempt to make an attractive display. They do not keep their books in a systematic way; their accounts are all in disorder; they trust everybody, are very loose in their collections, never take an inventory of their stock, and never know just how they stand. When a bright, vigorous, up-to-date young man, who knows how to conduct a business according to twentieth-century ideas, enters into competition with "old fogy" storekeepers of this type, the result is a foregone conclusion. Before they realize it their customers, one by one, have dropped away, and their trade is almost entirely in the hands of the newcomer. There are teachers, who have taught successfully for many years, who have been hopelessly sidetracked, simply because they clung to old methods and decried every new educational idea brought forward as superficial and subversive of the true interests of education.

Lawyers lose their clients because they do not keep up with the march of progress. They do not buy the latest law books or law publications; they cling to old methods, old books, old precedents, and to the archaic style of oratory once so popular with juries, but now utterly out of date. Their offices are dingy, and they themselves are indifferent as to their personal appearance, yet they wonder why their clients forsake them and put their business in the hands of comparatively inexperienced young men.

A physician is sidetracked because he stopped growing soon after he left college or medical school. He saw the importance of keeping up appearances then, and of keeping posted in regard to the latest discoveries and improvements in medical science; but, as his practice grew, he got into a rut, did not take pains to read the best medical publications, or to analyze or test new methods of treatment. Depending upon his skill,

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old books, appliances, and remedies, and self-satisfied, he moved on in the old groove, nor does he realize that the young practitioner who has settled in his neighborhood has just come from actual practice in the best equipped hospitals, that he has the newest surgical instruments and appliances, the latest scientific and medical books, and a new office fitted up in the latest and most approved style,—until a large part of his practice has slipped out of his hands. When the "gone-by" physician wakes up to the real state of things, he attributes it to anything but the true cause,—his own non-progressiveness.

The old-fashioned farmer does not believe in "newfangled" ideas and modern farming implements, or in studying the chemistry of the soil. He thinks, because his father raised corn and potatoes on the same piece of ground for twenty years, thus wearing it out, that he should keep on doing the same. He does not believe in Nature's law of rotation of crops, and he trudges along in the beaten track of his ancestors, barely getting a living, while his enterprising neighbor, who owns an adjoining farm of similar quality, by mixing brains with the soil, and adopting the latest, up-to-date methods, performs miracles on his land, making himself and his family comfortable and happy, and at the same time enjoying his work and increasing his knowledge.

Many instances could be given of able artists who have gained considerable reputation in this country, as well as abroad, but have been sidetracked because they have failed to adopt the new methods of color-scheme and drawing, as they have come into vogue. They have clung to the old methods, refusing to change, and have been left behind in the onward march. We know of one old artist who has gained a good reputation by his method of careful detail in finish. He was proud of the fact that even a magnifying glass could scarcely detect his paint. He prided himself on erasing the traces of his efforts. His pictures were really wonderful in their correctness of detail; but, when the impressionism of the new school became the fashion, he fought it with all his might, refused to adopt the "newfangled" method, denounced the impressionists as defamers of true art, and was compelled to face old age in poverty and comparative obscurity. He had been sidetracked because of his failure to adopt up-to-date methods.

A young man going into a profession or business, to-day, should spend considerable time going about from office to office, store to store, or factory to factory, according to what he intends to take up, in order to study the secrets of the successful men in these various lines of human endeavor. He will find that old methods, old machinery, old styles, are being discarded everywhere by the most successful; that those who cling to outworn theories and antiquated ways of doing business are being practically sidetracked. He will recognize that unwillingness to adopt new and intelligent ideas, no matter whether in law or medicine, theater or pulpit, store or factory, is an indication of paralysis, the signboard that points in the direction of hopeless mediocrity or failure. He will see that those who attain the highest success are the most progressive, the most aggressive and up-to-date in everything.

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We economize in our friendships by neglecting them; we economize in our social life, pleading with ourselves that we cannot spare the time for visiting and receiving visits, until we are obliged to take long enforced rests from the arduous duties of our business or profession, because the machinery of our bodies, so delicately and wonderfully made, has become worn, and is in danger of snapping at some vital point.

All this strain and pressure might be avoided if we would only take our fun each day as we go along, if we would only lubricate our machinery by taking a few minutes, now and then, to see the humorous side of life, to have a little chat with a friend, or to indulge in some innocent game which would relax the too rigid muscles about the mouth in a health-giving laugh.



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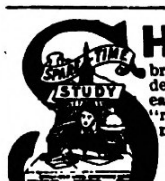
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FAITH in oneself, in the nobility of life, and in the importance of individual work as a necessary link in the chain of the world's activity, is essential to the formation of a strong, useful character.

▲ ▲

THE pessimistic, "I don't care" attitude of mind, which benumbs the faculties and fosters the thought that only those who possess unusual powers hold high positions, or that only those who have great wealth can in any way influence their time, is more injurious in its effects, as far as growth and efficiency are concerned, than positive evil-doing.

▲ ▲

AN active, ever present sense of individual responsibility in the promotion of good imparts dignity to the bearing and improves the quality of the work done by the humblest of toilers. The cultivation of this spirit makes a day laborer the equal, in manhood, of a church dignitary, a scientist, or a philosopher and puts a laundress on a level with a teacher, an astronomer, or a philanthropist. A living belief in the divinity of man, in his superiority to all accidents of birth or fortune, his power to conquer, on the spiritual plane, all material limitations, must govern the life that would become a really valuable factor in the scheme of God or the plan of man.

▲ ▲

AMONG the many diverse means at man's disposal for molding high ideals, perhaps none is more profitable than the habit of devoting a portion of each day, according to one's leisure, to introspection or self-communion. Phillips Brooks, the great-hearted follower of truth, never allowed anything to break in on his daily "silent hour," in which he gathered strength and renewed himself to meet the demands of the day. Frances E. Willard, who has been called America's uncrowned queen, drew inspiration for her work from communion in her "inner chamber." Louisa M. Alcott, "the children's friend," longed, even as a child, for a little room of her own, where she could be alone and learn to control herself. Emerson, Ruskin, Drummond, Mary Lyon, Sister Dora,—all those exalted characters, who thought and wrought that others might be helped thereby, gathered strength and courage in solitary self-communion.

▲ ▲

A UNIVERSITY graduate, a young man of strong intellectual capacity, blessed with a fine physique, vigorous health, and the mental qualities requisite for the accomplishment of some good in the world, was rendered useless by indulgence in this latter-day spirit of decadence which characterizes certain cliques in some of our best educational institutions. This young man had a liking for chemistry, in which he did excellent work in the college laboratory; and, had he made it a specialty, science might have been his debtor. But, when urged to do so, he pleaded: "It's of no use. In the first place, I have no money to push investigations, and, in the second place, life is a bore, leading nowhere and ending in nothing, and it does not pay to take trouble about anything." Lacking faith in his own intrinsic value to the world and in the general scheme of life, though without a single bad habit, he is, to-day, at the age of thirty, incapable of spiritual or material progress.

▲ ▲

IN the intense life of to-day, events of the most far-reaching importance succeed one another with a rapidity almost inconceivable. Startling discoveries in science, marvelous inventions and conquests of the forces of nature are things of daily mention that have ceased to excite more than momentary surprise. The spirit of haste, restlessness, anxiety to accomplish, and mental activity is in the air. We breathe it in. We are so affected by this general abnormal activity in all directions that many of us cannot spare the time to retire for an hour, half an hour, or even fifteen minutes, to take our bearings, as it were, to find out who is navigating our ship, whether or not our crew is disciplined and trustworthy, and for what port we are bound. Yet the time devoted to this silent study of oneself is relatively more productive of growth than hours of activity. In it we sum up the strength and the weakness of our sailing qualities, discover the unruly members of our crew, whether it be tongue or temper, envy or greed, selfishness or discontent, and bring it under our control. Thus we gain the mastery of ourselves and come into complete possession of every power, a thing impossible while we are slaves to any passion.

Success That Is Destructive

IT is amazing to notice how many men in this country are struggling for real success, and yet are missing the very goal at which they aim. The very fierceness of their pursuit, the unnatural methods they employ, and the tremendous strain they put upon their faculties, wreck their lives and make the success at which they aimed an absolute impossibility. What is wealth and position worth if one's life is wrecked in attaining it?

It seems strange that men should pursue what they call success at a pace that kills, or with a strain that ruins the thinking faculties, and an unnatural zest which crushes out all the finer and nobler instincts.

Repose, harmony and leisure are necessary for real growth, for higher attainment.

How much attention is paid by the average American, in his mad rush to get rich, to self-culture,—to the attainment of personal refinement, and the higher and finer education of his nobler faculties?

How can a man who has only been trained to grab and to hold know anything of the finer sentiments which sway noble souls?

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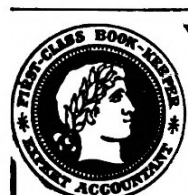
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ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT

ROY FARRELL GREENE

"MY boy," said Uncle Hiram, once, while giving me advice,
"The saw that doesn't wabble is the one that cuts the ice.
The saw that close applies itself, within its narrow groove,
Will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move.
When halfway through, temptation may beset it, like as not,
To leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot;
But shifting saws will learn, at length, when failure they invite:
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk,
Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of Work.
A lubricator tried and true is Perseverance Oil,
And Fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil.
A safe cross-cut to Fame or Wealth has never yet been found,
The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around
The longest way, inspired by the sayin,' somewhat trite:
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached;
I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached,—
And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave,
When, in an added afterthought, he said: "My boy, be brave!
Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere;
Though men declare you're in a rut,—work on, and never fear;
You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height:
There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

Business Rightly Founded Prospers

THE man who aspires to establish a permanent paying business, as John C. Cram says, will take great care in laying his foundations, no matter in what line he may be. He may have the very laudable ambition to lead honestly in his trade, to make his name remembered among his fellows, and to have his goods mentioned as the best of their class. The best advertisement ever penned is poor compared with a reputation for keeping honest goods and telling the truth about them. Found your business on truth, and the superstructure is bound to be a success; but, if your foundation rests upon false goods and false statements, your business is bound, sooner or later, to collapse.

In building up a business, you should choose your employees with discrimination. Everyone of your salesmen should be polite. Courtesy is one of the first essentials in a well organized store, and the best way to teach your employees politeness is to set them the example. Do not be ungenerous or over-strict with those in your employ. Try to make everyone feel that he or she is a necessary part of the firm, and that much depends upon personal efforts. Do everything you can to make your employees comfortable and happy; kindness goes further than harshness in securing good service. Again, well-treated employees are a good advertisement. People will talk about the firm for which they work, and tell how they are treated by their employers. Do not forget this item: it is important.

Do not be spasmodic in business. Some men make a great splurge, one day, and turn everything topsy-turvy, and the next day, when temporary enthusiasm has evaporated, they are careless, lazy, and indifferent. No business can be built up in this haphazard way. It is steady industry, eternal vigilance, and stick-to-it-iveness that will win in the battle for success.

A book is a friend; a good book is a good friend. It will talk to you when you want it to talk, and it will keep still when you want it to keep still,—and there are not many friends who know enough for that. A library is a collection of friends.—LYMAN ABBOTT.

You are never quite conscious of how many disagreeable lodgers there are in that many-chambered mansion you call your "self," until anger or envy or hate knocks at the door,—and, presto! out come trooping a lot of unhappy creatures,—rancor and uncharitableness and suspicion and all unkindness,—a perfect army of enemies to peace and happiness.—HELEN WATTERSON MOODY.

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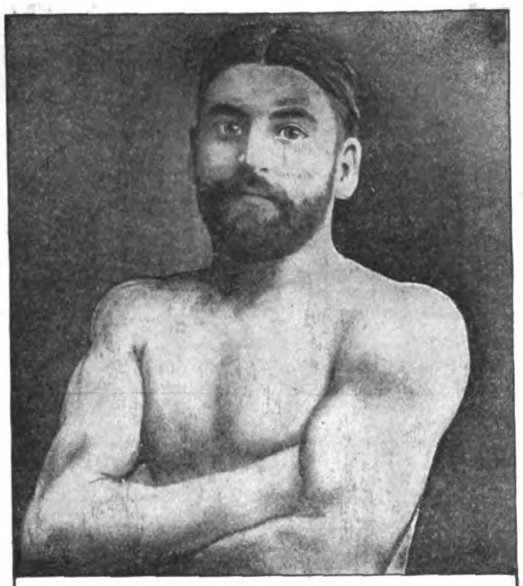
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The Decision on the Schley Appeal

THE President's decision that neither Sampson nor Schley was in actual command in the battle at Santiago, but that it was a captains' fight, and that Schley should not have made his famous loop, but should have gone right at the enemy as Wainwright did, will not be apt to change the minds of the partisans of either side in this unfortunate controversy. His decision, however, has put an official end to the case, and it is evident that it contains a measure of justice. The President's idea that Sampson was not in command, or in but the smallest technical way, explodes at least one of the claims of the latter's friends. The average lay mind, however, understanding that the actual, working command of that fleet was vested, *first*, in Sampson, then, in his accidental absence or voluntary withdrawal, *secondly*, in Schley, and, *thirdly*, in the latter's absence or disqualification, in one or all the captains, finds it a very difficult feat of logic, in regard to a battle in which Schley had not been disqualified, to "jump" the command from Sampson directly over the head of Schley to the captains, especially with Schley's vessel, with him on board, directing its action, actually *leading* all the others in position, damage inflicted on the Spanish fleet, and injuries received from its guns. The President's implication that Schley lacked nerve in not going straight at the enemy, instead of making his loop, cannot change the fact that the rear admiral acted with great coolness and bravery after the loop was made. The President concedes this, and an impartial public can never permit itself to believe that Rear Admiral Schley was a coward at one point of the battle and a brave man at another point equally critical. Nor can this same public accept the implied assertion that there was any parallel in importance between Wainwright's boat and the "Brooklyn," in this battle, for Wainwright could have beached his boat or sunk her without affecting the result either way, and even the President will not dare say this of the "Brooklyn." It was Schley's duty, under the circumstances, to save the "Brooklyn," and he did it without harm to his own country's fleet, and that fact is sufficient. What he might have done, or what he did not do, is beside the question, so far as his valor is concerned. It may be said, in conclusion, that both Schley and Sampson deserve well of their country,—Schley for his gallantry in action, and Sampson for his excellent preparation of the fleet for battle.

Uncle Sam's New Navy

SINCE 1898, a fleet of battleships, cruisers, and torpedo boats, stronger than the two fleets that conquered the ships of Spain, has been added to the American navy. The new fleet contains thirteen battleships, six armored cruisers, three semi-armored cruisers, six protected cruisers, four monitors, twenty-three torpedo boats, sixteen torpedo boat destroyers, and seven submarine boats,—in all, seventy-eight vessels. Of these vessels, five battleships, twelve destroyers, twenty-three torpedo boats, and four "submarines" have been completed, and many of the other vessels will be finished this year. On paper, the American navy will continue to rank fourth among the world's navies; but, in reality, it will be third, possibly second, for it is well known among well informed naval officers that neither France nor Russia has the navy it claims. Andrew Carnegie thinks that we could sink every one of our ships, and then defy the world; because, in case of war against us, we could put an embargo on our food-stuffs, and starve any European power into submission. But we shall not discontinue building ships on any such assumption as that. Germany is now doing her best to become absolutely independent of us in agriculture, and neither France nor Russia was ever dependent upon us for bread and meat. England might hold out long enough to plunder our warehouses. For four years her people managed to get on without southern cotton. Such a claim contains truth enough to be a first-rate bluff.

SHE WAS "OUT"

The admission of women into the occupations which were formerly deemed the exclusive possession of men is neatly satirized by a contemporary.

This paper represents, in the warfare of the future, a feminine aide-de-camp rushing in great excitement into the camp of her "generaless."

"The enemy are advancing in force!" exclaims the aide-de-camp.

The "generaless" looks up calmly.

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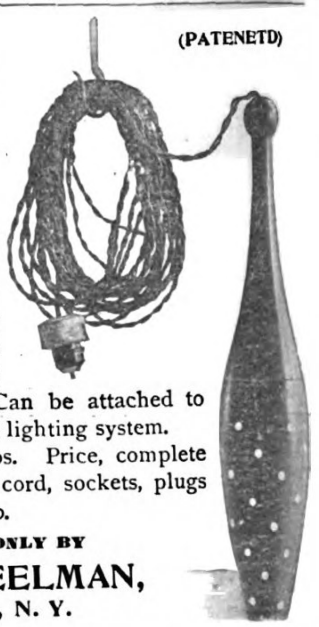
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"NERVE,"—A PERSONAL ASSET

JAMES H. COLLINS

INDUSTRY, thrift, prudence, judgment, foresight and hindsight, application and a modicum of the very real factor called "pluck" are elements necessary to the making of every mortal who intends to take life on its practical side, and get more than an existence out of it. But behind these elements—the foundation and buttress of them all,—must be the quality that, for want of a better, goes by the name of "Nerve."

"Initiative" is the dictionary word; but, like many another word of good lineage, it is only half expressive of the idea for which it stands. Besides, it has five syllables, and strong ideas are usually reduced to one. Furthermore, to make "nerve," there is needed not initiative merely, but mental courage as well. Physical courage has always been common enough. It is only since the world's battles began to be matters of dollars, brains, steel rails, grain elevators, bales of cotton, and complex arithmetic, that mental courage has become greater than physical bravery. The force, the nimble-wittedness, the unquenchableness and audacity and general velocity of mental courage, coupled with initiative, can only be indicated by the word "nerve."

Johnny Smith's tenth great-grandfather had physical courage in a high degree. He tramped around Europe at the heels of a noble lord, stealing chickens and burning haystacks. When the noble lord arrived before the castle of some nobler lord, he primed Johnny Smith's great-grandfather with cheap rum, and sent him into a breach or up a scaling ladder. Johnny Smith's great-grandfather inflicted compound fractures upon the skull of the eleventh great-grandfather of Tommy Jones, had sundry of his teeth knocked out, and gained a name for physical bravery. The noble lord kept him comfortably muddled for a fortnight, by way of showing that he appreciated the quality. This was physical courage,—at its worst, perhaps. Out of it grew the mental courage and initiative that belong to Johnny Smith to-day.

Johnny Smith himself is office boy to the president of the North American Trust and Banking Company. On a Saturday afternoon, after the bank is closed and the clerks have all gone home, Johnny Smith is lurking outside the great man's private office, hoping that he will go home, too, when it is suddenly found that, unless a note can be put into the hands of the president of the South Mexican Investment Company within an hour, the North American must suffer a loss of eleven thousand dollars. Forthwith, Johnny Smith is hurried off to the South Mexican offices with instructions to put the important note into the South Mexican president's hands wherever he may find him,—and to be sure that he finds him. The South Mexican's outer doors are closed, and the offices are in charge of a red-headed janitor, who hates Johnny Smith because he has a habit of tracking mud on the marble floors. Naturally enough, he refuses to tell him anything pertaining to the whereabouts of the great man. Successively, Johnny Smith interviews the janitor of the next building, an Italian peanut man on the corner, the policeman on that beat, seven pedestrians, and a window cleaner, finally learning at a corner cigar store that the South Mexican's president was seen going eastward in haste at about twelve minutes after two.

The railroad station lies eastward, and Johnny Smith knows that a train leaves for a "swell" golf game in exactly ten minutes. Strangely, too, he knows that the president of the South Mexican is a devotee of golf, and, more strangely, he never thinks that there is a possibility of his not catching him. At the railroad station he is hindered by two incredulous policemen, a skeptical gateman, and a bigoted porter, and has to sneak up a blind alley and climb over a gate in order to reach the smoking car of the golf train. But he reaches it, nevertheless, delivers his note, and dispatches the business he was sent upon with greater certainty than would the president of the North American himself.

That is "nerve," and the fact that Johnny Smith has it puts him among mortals who carry out their affairs in the face of all the policemen, janitors, and gatemen in the world. It is Johnny Smith's best personal asset. By and by, when he uses it in greater things, it will carry him to the top of something,—perhaps a bank or a railroad or the legislative machinery of a state, perhaps to the top of a small soap factory or a cigar store. But it will carry him to the top of something.

"Nerve" is the factor that makes every success-



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Readers are requested to write without delay.

ful man, be his field what it may,—merchandising, bricklaying, writing, diplomacy, or fire-fighting.

The striking point in success is its individuality. Each great achievement is part of the man who accomplished it,—his own handiwork. Two leaves are never alike, nor are two successes. The man who fails, if he fails ambitiously, is commonly the man who tried to copy another's achievement out of hand. The man who succeeds is he who draws his own theories from all the accounts of success he can come at, (and from all the accounts of failure,) and who then works out a success of his own planning, helped by industry, thrift, prudence, judgment, foresight, hindsight, application, luck, and "nerve." But the last is usually chief, and, if he has it in sufficient degree, he may be fairly successful in accumulating money without one of the other elements,—thrift, say, or prudence.

The world knows nothing of the inner history of an achievement. The man Kipling, going about London with his handbag full of Indian tales, looked like any other man. The average mortal in the street would have been glad of the chance to put him right,—to tell him to give up the project and go back to India and his sub-editor's salary. The street was full of Johnny Smith's policemen and porters. On that very day there may have been, within a mile of the Strand, a hundred men with much more promising enterprises, but who lacked "nerve" and went home. The half-bald patriotic poet had the deciding factor, however, and convinced the world, policemen and all, that he was right. Could early rising and abstinence from cigars have thrown much into the light side of the balance?

The stock exchange was turning somersaults in 1873, but another man who had "nerve" saw excellent reasons for keeping his "M. K. X. preferred." In the face of a world-panic he clung to it; and, by way of keeping up a wicked delusion, his wife lived in the back parlor all that summer.

Another man had a "hunch" (for he was a newspaper reporter,) that he could write a great novel. All about him men were working for the dollar, and they thought enough of him to stop and tell him that there was nothing else worth while in the writing craft. But he went into a garret and lived slenderly for ten long years, and finally swung the giants' tools that he had seen lying all about him in the days when he went out on assignments.

Another man had made a name as a decorative painter, and had laid the foundation of a fortune. But one morning he sat down and had a talk with himself upon the question of art. What did he really know about art, anyway? When he had concluded that he knew nothing about it whatever, and that his work so far had been of a kind not worth doing, he got a little blue vase and made a careful "still life" study of it in oil,—and made another, and another, and a hundred others. He went to Paris, abandoning his career in the face of his friends' warnings, and was forgotten as madmen are forgotten. When he exhibited his masterpiece, fifteen years later, he said, modestly enough, that he believed he was really beginning to know something about light and values.

The world knows nothing of the inner battle fought by such a man. It knows nothing of the initiative needed to fly in the face of the wiseacres, nor of the mental courage needed to combat himself when there was no light ahead and the thing seemed, after all, a very fool's enterprise. If he had known that he was to win, the hardship and the doubt of it all would have been light matters, but he could not know. The world sees nothing of this, and, when the success is won, it speedily forgets the days when it "sat upon" him with all its weight of indifference or ridicule. It forgets that, at this very moment, it is "sitting upon" men as good as he, and the man himself forgets when all is over. The completed story looks simple enough when all the parts have been combined to fill out the plot. The doubt, the moods, the lack of roof, the one meal a day, and the nights when even the man's own conscience shouted "Failure!" disappear in time's perspective, and the man looks back and thinks that he succeeded because he never smoked. Industry, thrift, prudence, judgment, foresight, hindsight, application and the modicum of "pluck" stick in his memory and get into his account of the deed; but "nerve," with its tenacity and audacity and nimble-wittedness, is forgotten. The world sees but the result.

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Who, over the crushed and the fallen, pursueth his upward way;
For him let them weave the laurel, to him be their pæan sung,
Whom the kindly Fates have chosen, who are happy their loved among:
But mine be a different message, some soul in its stress to reach,
To bind, o'er the wound of failure, the balm of pitying speech;
To whisper: "Be up and doing, for courage at last prevails."—
I sing,—who have supped with Failure,—I sing to the man who fails.

I know how the gray cloud darkens, and mantles the soul in gloom;
I know how the spirit harkens to voices of doubt or of doom;
I know how the tempter mutters his terrible word, "Despair!"
But the heart has its secret chamber, and I know that our God is there.
Our years are as moments only; our failures He counts as naught;
The stone that the builders rejected, perchance, is the one that He sought.
Mayhap, in the ultimate judgment, the effort alone avails,
And the laurel of great achievement shall be for the man who fails.

We sow in the darkness only; but the Reaper shall reap in light,
And the day of His perfect glory shall tell of the deeds of the night;
We gather our gold, and store it, and the whisper is heard, "Success!"
But, tell me, ye cold, white sleepers, what were achievement less?
We struggle for fame, and win it, and, lo! like a fleeting breath,
It is lost in the realm of silence whose ruler and king is Death.
Where are the Norseland heroes, the ghosts of a housewife's tales?
I sing,—for the Father heeds him,—I sing to the man who fails.

Oh, men, who are labeled "failures," up, up! again, and do!
Somewhere in the world of action is room: there is room for you.
No failure was e'er recorded, in the annals of truthful men,
Except of the craven-hearted who fails, nor attempts again.
The glory is in the doing, and not in the trophy won;
The walls that are laid in darkness may laugh to the kiss of the sun.
Oh, weary and worn and stricken, oh, child of fate's cruel gales!
I sing,—that it haply may cheer him,—I sing to the man who fails.

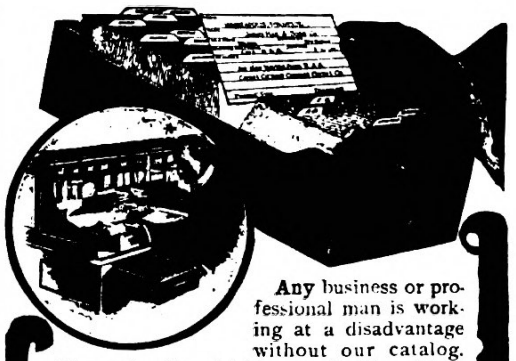
Why the Thing You Fear Comes to Pass

WHY do people take the disease they fear during an epidemic? It is simply because they are afraid. By holding before their minds a picture of what they dread, fear lowers their vitality and their power of resistance, so that they readily fall victims to a malady which they might otherwise have escaped.

In the same way, poverty and kindred evils are often self-invited. The disaster people dread comes to them, because worry and anxiety enfeeble their powers of mind and so blunt their creative and productive faculties that they are unable to exercise them effectively.

This condition of mental and physical exhaustion destroys confidence in their ability to grapple with the situation that confronts them, and they succumb almost without an effort. When we analyze them aright, we find that all these happenings are in accord with scientific laws. No man can accomplish anything until he believes he can, until he has absolute confidence that he is sufficiently master of the situation to bring about the thing he desires. When he begins to doubt his own ability, and to question himself; when he begins to waver and to become uncertain as to his course, he is in danger of failure,—nay, he is almost certain of it. By his doubts and fears and disbelief in himself, he frightens away success and courts failure.

Your achievements must be outlined in your mind first or they cannot be materialized by your pen, your voice, your hand, or your sword. Like the "man of destiny," when you have planned your line of march, or decided upon your point of attack, there must be no wavering, no hesitating, no thought of defeat. You must marshal all your forces and march to your goal with the unshakable belief that victory will crown your efforts.



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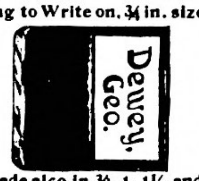
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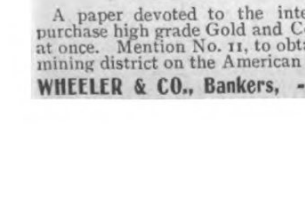
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Books and Reading - I.—How To Get the Most Out of Books

IN a gymnasium, one often sees lax, listless people, who, instead of pursuing a systematic course of training to develop all the muscles of the body, flit aimlessly from one thing to another, exercising with pulley-weights for a minute or two, taking up dumb-bells and throwing them down, swinging once or twice on parallel bars, and so frittering away time and strength. Far better it would be for such people to stay away from a gymnasium altogether, for their lack of purpose and continuity makes them lose rather than gain muscular energy. A man or woman who would gather strength from gymnastic exercise must set about it systematically and with a will. He must put mind and energy into the work, or else continue to have flabby muscles and an undeveloped body.

The physical gymnasium differs only in kind from the mental one. Thoroughness and system are as necessary in one as in the other. It is not the tasters of books—not those who sip here and there, who take up one book after another, turn the leaves listlessly and hurry to the end,—who strengthen and develop the mind by reading.

The way to get the most out of books is the same as that in which we get the most out of anything else. We must want the thing; we must desire it so earnestly that we are willing to make sacrifices, if necessary, to obtain it. The depth and intensity of our desire, if given an opportunity, will measure the achievement. If we read a book, as Lincoln did, with the purpose of absorbing it, carrying away every thought in it, and making it a part of our life, we shall get the most out of it.

Emerson said, "It is the good reader that makes the good book. A good head cannot read amiss." There is as much difference between what two readers get from the same book as there is between what two opposite temperaments draw from a master painting. In a celebrated European art gallery, I once saw a youth with every appearance of poverty, who, perhaps, had crossed the ocean as a steerage passenger, standing before a canvas, pencil and notebook in hand, his hungry eyes drinking in the picture as if he never expected to see it again, absorbing every detail, grasping the master's thought as greedily as a starving boy would grasp a slice of bread. It seemed as if he could not tear himself away from it. Every now and then he would return to study it, gazing again and again with rapt intensity, lest something of the vision might escape him. I saw another, a well-dressed man, with all the evidences of wealth, glance at the same canvas with an impassive countenance and a listless air, as if to say there was nothing in it for him.

So one person will approach a book with all his soul intent on absorbing its contents; he will drink in its lifeblood with the same eagerness that a man dying of thirst will drink from a bubbling spring; while another, with listless, indifferent mind, will carelessly turn the leaves, and hasten to the last page, as if he only cared to know how it ended.

To get the full value of a good book, one must come to it with a thirst for knowledge, with a determination to pluck the heart out of it. He must approach it as a student approaches a great picture which he has crossed continents to see.

Contrast the light, flippant, half-hearted way in which many boys glance through a book, with that of a Lincoln, who works early and late during the first five days of the week, that he may get sufficient time on Saturday to borrow a coveted volume which he has heard that someone in the wilderness many miles away possesses. How eagerly he turns its pages, drinking in, as he trudges home, every paragraph, as if he might never get a chance to look at it again, and as if everything depended upon his memory to reproduce the precious volume, were it to be burned or lost to the world.

Compare the dilettant manner of a society girl, glancing over the latest novel, with that of the eager longing of Lucy Larcom, after a long, hard day's work in a mill, or of Louisa M. Alcott or Mary A. Livermore, reading at night, snatching the coveted odd moments to store up treasure which would make her life richer and her womanhood more glorious!

When Webster was a boy, books were scarce, and so precious that he never dreamed that they were to be read only once, but thought they ought to be committed to memory, or read and re-read until they became a part of his very life.

That is the kind of reading that counts, that makes mental fiber and stamina.

The kind of reading which Lincoln did, or Vice President Wilson,—who read a thousand volumes during the rainy days, half holidays, and nights spent on a farm,—strengthens the mind instead of weakening and demoralizing it as much modern reading does. It stretches the grasp of thought so that it can seize and hold broader subjects, and it cultivates, to a remarkable degree, the power of concentration, without which nothing of value can be accomplished. It buttresses the mind on every side, braces the memory, stimulates the intellect, and increases a hundredfold the power and ability of the reader.

What you get out of a book is not necessarily what the author puts into it, but what you bring it. If the heart does not lead the head; if the thirst for knowledge, the hunger for a broader and deeper culture, are not the motives for reading, you will not get the most out of a book. But, if your thirsty soul drinks in the writer's thought as the parched soil absorbs rain, then your latent possibilities and the potency of your being, like delayed germs and seeds in the soil, will spring forth into new life.

The good we get from a book, a friend, or a lecture, depends upon the receptivity of the mind. If we go to a book in a cross, irresponsive frame of mind, or with indifference, we shall get no more out of it than we should out of a great masterpiece seen in a similar mood. We must be responsive to the author's thought, or else the book will be meaningless.

Not only the mental, but also the physical attitude which we bring to our reading has a great deal to do with what we get from it. We are so constituted that every part of the body sympathizes with and takes on the mood of every other part. A slovenly, slouchy, inert position in reading invites the mental faculties to a similar attitude. No one, except an invalid or a cripple, can get the most out of a book by reading it in bed or lying down, for the mind, involuntarily, falls into harmony with the body.

If we wish to bring great mental grasp, power, and energy to reading, we need not expect to do it while holding ourselves in a recumbent or passive attitude. We must either stand or sit erect, making ourselves as comfortable as possible, while not inclining to ease or indolence. There should be nothing negative, passive, or lax about us. We must be alive, body and mind, not strained or overintense, but healthfully active, energetic, alert.

Never go to a book you wish to read for a purpose, if you can possibly avoid it, with a tired, jaded mentality. If you do, you will get the same in kind from it. Go to it fresh, vigorous, and with active, never passive, faculties.

Passive reading is even more harmful in its effects than desultory reading. It no more strengthens the brain than sitting down in a gymnasium develops the body. The mind remains inactive, in a sort of indolent revery, wandering here and there, without focusing anywhere. Such reading takes the spring and snap out of the mental faculties, weakens the intellect, and makes the brain torpid and incapable of grappling with great principles and difficult problems.

Avoid dawdling while reading, and do not allow the thought to be interrupted by every passing trifle. It is not easy to read with the whole mind, to concentrate the attention, to grasp a subject in its entirety; but this is the only way to read if we would thereby gain mental and moral stamina.

Reading and thinking are the gymnasiums of the mind. The gymnast does not carry away the apparatus from the gymnasium, but the strength and suppleness which the exercise gives him. It is not so much what we carry away from the book in the memory that is valuable, as the strength, stamina, and skill we develop in reading it.

The mind grows only when actively engaged, and it grows most rapidly when stretching itself to the utmost, not overstraining,—which is as fatal in the mental as in the physical gymnasium,—but grasping and assimilating great thoughts and ideas.

Effective reading, therefore, is effective mind growth, mind enlargement; and to promote this we must bring all of our power to bear on whatever we read. We must approach a book with vigor, will, and determination, and with an undivided mind, or we shall absorb nothing of value.

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THE VALUE OF ORIGINALITY

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MANY writers seem to be afraid of their own thoughts, and are always hunting for something which somebody else has said to express them. It is a well known fact that imitators, no matter how clever, always betray the source from which they borrow. There are earmarks about a borrowed thought which stamp the borrower as a plagiarist. There is an absence of strength and vigor, a certain indescribable something lacking in imitative writers. On the other hand, original compositions have the creative stamp upon them; they have a freshness and virility which do not exist in the borrowed thought, no matter how well expressed.

No writer can hope to gain a hearing if he is not original in thought.

Don't be afraid to assert your individuality in as striking a manner as possible. Be original in everything! Originality is power, is life, but imitation is weakness, death.

You will find that your creative powers develop and strengthen wonderfully, when you use them; but, if you constantly try to reproduce what somebody else has said, you do not get the full grasp of your faculties; you stunt, if you do not altogether destroy, the growth of your intellect.

Apart from the consideration of its moral dishonesty, it is the greatest waste of mental energy to attempt to use other people's brains. Think your own thoughts, and express them in your own words; that is what they are given you for. Do not think too much about other people's opinions, but have your own. Dare to make your own decision, and do not be frightened if it is not like that of anyone else. Whatever you do, resolve to make it absolutely your own. By following this determination, you will get a better grasp of your subject and become more certain of yourself; you will find yourself growing.

Self-confidence is as important in writing as it is in managing an army. You must believe in yourself and your ability to do things in an original way, or else your work will be inferior.

Vigor is one of the most desirable qualities in a writer, and the best way to acquire it is by developing individuality in thought and expression. We have too many cheap, commonplace books made up of borrowed ideas. Warmed-over composition is as unpalatable as warmed-over griddlecakes, but there is a novelty about original thought which attracts attention.

Every man who makes his mark in the world will be imitated. When Phillips Brooks was at the height of his power, young clergymen all over the country tried to do as he did. They even tried to rival his rapidity of utterance which was necessary to him in order to overcome the impediment in his speech. This peculiarity, which, of course, was a fault to be avoided rather than to be emulated, impaired instead of improving their style of delivery.

Lawyers who tried to imitate Webster's matchless eloquence made themselves ridiculous, as did ambitious orators who strove to model themselves after Wendell Phillips. Neither Phillips Brooks nor Webster ever imitated anybody. They were simply themselves, and their power consisted in their marvelous power of self-expression.

It does not matter much how one expresses himself, within reasonable limits, whether in oratory, writing, singing, or acting, if what he says is really self-expression. If the entire force of one's being is concentrated in an effort to give utterance to what he feels, his words will breathe power; if otherwise, weakness.

It has been said that the world is full of fools who are trying to imitate other fools. Whatever you attempt, be yourself, think your own thoughts, and make up your mind that all you do in the world shall be your own,—entirely your own.

"How nice this cake is! Would you be willing to give me your recipe for it?" asked a visitor at the tea-table of old Phœbe Taft.

"Why, certainly. It's as easy as nothing to make it. I just take as much flour as I think I'll need, and quite a little dab of butter, and a pinch or two o' creamy-tartar, an' sev'ral eggs if they're plenty, an' less if they ain't, an' mebbe a mite o' salt, an' stir 'em until I git tired, an' bake it in an averridge oven until I think it's done. That's all there is to it."—"Harper's Bazar."

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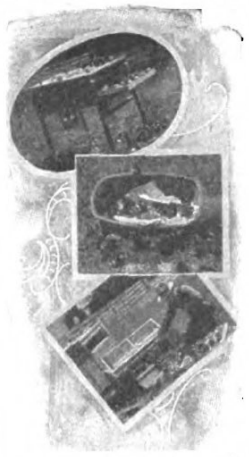
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SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU

Edited by
Herbert Hungerford
General Secretary

WE are planning a reference library of books that will aid club members in preparing for debates and literary meetings, and in developing their success-qualities. We asked Edward Bok, editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal," to suggest a few books for this purpose. Here is his reply:—

"I would strongly suggest that you include professor Adam Smith's 'Life of Henry Drummond.' It is one of the best books that can be read by a young man, or by anyone, in fact. If you are going to include girls and women in your organization, then put in 'Home Thoughts,' by 'C.' These are two good books, and, if you want a third, add Horace Scudder's 'Biography of James Russell Lowell,' for in Lowell's early life are portrayed the ambitions and struggles of every young fellow."

The books suggested by Mr. Bok are excellent, and there are many others equally good; so we are going to ask the readers of SUCCESS to help select them. Write, on a postal card, the names of three helpful books for the Success Club Library. Write your name and address plainly and mail to our Bureau before May 1. To each of the ten whose lists contain the three books most often mentioned, a prize will be given consisting of a choice of any of Dr. O. S. Marden's books.

A Magazine for Clubs

Its name describes it. "Helps" is a little monthly publication for club workers. It contains only thirty-two pages, pocket size; but it is chock-full of boiled-down plans for club workers; practical hints on debating and public speaking; timely topics for discussion; model literary programmes; wit-sharpening entertainments and socials; ideas to aid the library committee; club news and other matters of interest to clubs.

Most of these ideas are suggested in the reports of clubs to our Bureau; others are secured through our prize contests, and some are gleaned from our exchanges. "Helps" is within reach of everyone, its subscription price being only thirty-five cents a year. Members of all literary, debating, social, and self-culture societies will find it valuable. A sample copy will be sent on request.

The "Success Club Debater" Is Praised

That we have learned the art of boiling things down is evidenced by the numerous compliments we are constantly receiving on the conciseness of our "Success Club Debater." Here are some opinions about it. W. R. Knox, of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, says: "It is the biggest little book I ever received." Fred. Hitch, of Bloomington, Illinois, writes: "I am delighted with its conciseness and convenience." E. K. Morse, of Moravia, New York, adds: "It is the best book of its kind on the market." E. M. Woodson, of Liberty, Missouri, tells us: "It is more than I anticipated." T. O. Edge, Tioga, Texas, gives this testimony: "The book is just what every young debater needs."

We appreciate these kind words, for we tried hard to earn them. It was no easy task to condense all of the most essential points about debating and parliamentary law into a pocket-size book of sixty-four pages; but, as hundreds say this has been done, we are willing to hope that we have succeeded. Our members may be pleased to learn that more than two thousand "Debaters" have been sold already. We have plenty more that we will send postpaid for twenty-five cents apiece.

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All self-improvement societies in this country would be glad to affiliate with us if the plan of our League were properly explained to them. Without increasing its expenses or changing its methods of work, any society may double its effectiveness and influence by uniting with our League. Our readers who know such clubs can do much good by sending us the names and addresses of any of the members, so that we can forward literature explaining the purpose and methods of the League. All who manifest sufficient interest in our League



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Success Is a Text-book for Our Members

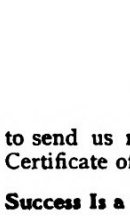
In reading this number of SUCCESS, I wish you would note the number of articles that are of special interest to clubs. Some of our members have thought that it does not give space enough to items of exclusive interest to Success Clubs; but you will observe that there is scarcely an article in the magazine that is not especially helpful to club members. Note, for example, the series of articles on "The Making of an Orator." These articles are written by the most capable men of the country. Notice how much space is given to comment on the leading current events, just what debaters need to help them to prepare to discuss questions brought up by these events. The editorial suggests a masterful topic for a talk or an address. In some of our most progressive clubs, the talks to young men and young women are read aloud. These articles are interesting to all readers of the magazine, but this certainly does not detract from their special value to club members.

President Roosevelt to Young Men

It may be interesting to our members to learn that President Roosevelt was once president of a prominent literary society. This society was a branch of the Lyceum League of North America. It may also interest our members to read an extract from an address that President Roosevelt made a few weeks ago to the graduates from the New York Trade School. He said:—

> I like to meet the young men who are going to do the city's and the nation's work. I suppose that you boys all know something of athletic sports. In one hundred trained athletes you can find, perhaps, one hundred men who will go the one-hundred-yard dash in ten and a quarter seconds, but only one who can do it in the even ten seconds. That one is the man who will win, every time. It's a very small difference, but it counts. You will find business life the same. Success will come to the man who is just a little bit better than the others. There are plenty of workmen who can do "pretty well," but the man who can do his work "right up to the handle" is the man who is in demand.

A Banner Club



J. E. GILL, ORGANIZER

We are glad to show herewith pictures of the organizer and the officers of the largest Success Club reported last month. This club started with one hundred and twenty-five charter members. It was organized in the Rider, Moore and Stewart School of Business at Trenton, New Jersey, by J. E. Gill. The club publishes a paper called "The Megaphone." Quite a number of the clubs that have reported have been connected with business colleges.



WM. READ, V. PRESIDENT



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The League of Success Clubs

Motto: Don't Wait For Your Opportunity. Make It!

IF YOU want to learn how best to make an opportunity, you should join the League. Branch clubs may be organized wherever five or more people may determine to meet together regularly to consider the ways and means of improving their own and one another's prospects and positions in life, resolving to rise above the common level, and to reach future influence in the world. Literary and self-culture societies already organized may join our League without materially changing their plans or purposes, or even their names. Full information in regard to the best means of organizing a branch Club, or an explanation of the plan by which literary societies may join our League, will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

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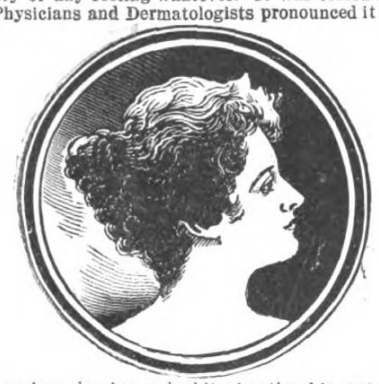
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without one cent of expense to you. All we ask is that you use the Liquid regularly. If you find it as represented, send us the price, $1. If not, we don't want your money. But you will find it all we claim. Write your full address plainly so the package will be sure to reach you. Write now; this introductory offer won't last long. Address: The CHAPLIN MILLS Co 1041 North Scott St., Covington, Ky.



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"Success" Prize Contest

WHO are the fifty greatest living Americans, and why? "Success" is anxious to know, and here offers three prizes to its readers who will furnish the best lists. We mean, by the greatest living Americans, those whose efforts have advanced their fellow men to the greatest extent; and the list, therefore, must be selected at large, representing every important field of endeavor.

For the best list, a prize of fifty dollars will be given; for the second best, a prize of twenty-five dollars, and, for the third, a prize of fifteen dollars.

No person is to submit more than one list, and that list must be accompanied by an article not exceeding five hundred words, giving reasons why that list is considered a representative one of the fifty greatest living Americans. Both the list and the article must be accompanied by the coupon printed below, which must contain the name and address of the writer. Any list unaccompanied by this coupon will NOT be considered.

No list will be considered that is mailed later than May 30, 1902.

The award of prizes will be announced in the August number of Success, which is to be issued on July 22, 1902.

The names of the judges who will decide the contest will be announced in the May issue of "Success."

All lists and communications having reference to this prize competition must be addressed to—

PRIZE DEPARTMENT,
THE SUCCESS COMPANY,
Washington Square, New York City

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"SUCCESS" PRIZE CONTEST

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THE youth who is stingy with his services, who is a "minute boy," who watches the clock for fear that he will do a little more work than he is paid for, who does not study his employer's interests and suggest improvements simply because he is not paid for it, who is mean and ungenerous to his fellow employees, who is constantly telling them that they are foolish to do this or that which does not come directly in their routine of duties,—such a youth, no matter how able or how well educated, will never advance.

His selfishness will forever bar his promotion. Many a youth, who wonders why he does not get on faster, would be surprised if he were told by his employer that it is because of his selfishness. Generosity of service, tolerance, and good will toward others, and absence of jealousy or envy of competitors, are qualities which every employer admires, and they often have quite as much to do with advancement as ability.

Many an educated and able man is working under a manager or superintendent not nearly so well qualified by ability or training as himself for the position. It is because the manager is more agreeable to the employer, on account of his genial, generous and unselfish disposition, that he has been advanced over the head of the selfish, narrow-souled employee. Employers like cheerful, sunny, whole-souled natures, and they unconsciously favor persons who make good impressions on them.

"Speak kindly to the little child,
Lest from his heart you drive away
The light of love, whose visions mild
Are opening like the dawn of day:
Force not one cloud across the heaven
A God of love to him hath given."

SUCCESS

A Monthly Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help
ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*
THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, New York City
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Success for May, 1902

A FEW IMPORTANT FEATURES

Rebecca Harding Davis will contribute an interesting and timely paper entitled, "The Return to the Soil." She shows why all men and women who live in large cities should spend some part of each summer in the country.

Israel Zangwill has made a great study of the success principles that have been, for ages, attributed to the Hebrew race, of which he is a distinguished member. He has written an important article on this subject, which SUCCESS has secured for its May issue.

Mrs. Robert E. Peary, the wife of the arctic explorer is the subject of a sketch in which it is shown how she aided her intrepid husband in his long fight to reach the pole. This is a splendid example of an American woman's heroism.

Charles F. Thwing, LL. D., president of the Western Reserve University, one of the greatest educational authorities in the United States will contribute an article entitled "Should the College Student Be a Student?"

Charles Dana Gibson, the eminent American artist, will give his views on the course that a young artist should pursue to achieve success.

"The Making of an Electrical Engineer" will be the next of the series of important industrial articles which are being written exclusively for SUCCESS by Frank Hix Fayant.

"What the World Owes to Jules Verne," is a subject happily treated by Franklin J. Forbes, who tells in a graphic manner how many of the ideas of the great romancer have come to pass.

"Tact as a Lubricator." This will form the subject of the editor's talk with young men.

Richard Le Gallienne, the well known poet and author, will undertake a new series for SUCCESS, beginning with the May issue. It is to deal with the lives of animals and birds, to show the skill, understanding, and human nature that exists in all our dumb friends, and to make us appreciate them more.

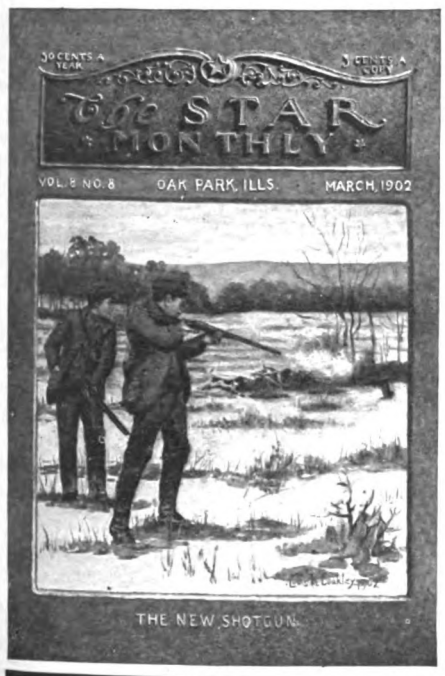
The Home Culture Series. The May issue will contain the first of an important series of articles on culture in the home, which have been specially written for this magazine by Mary Lowe Dickinson, Margaret E. Sangster, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lillie Devereux Blake, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Christine Terhune Herrick, Lilian Whiting, and May Wright Sewell.

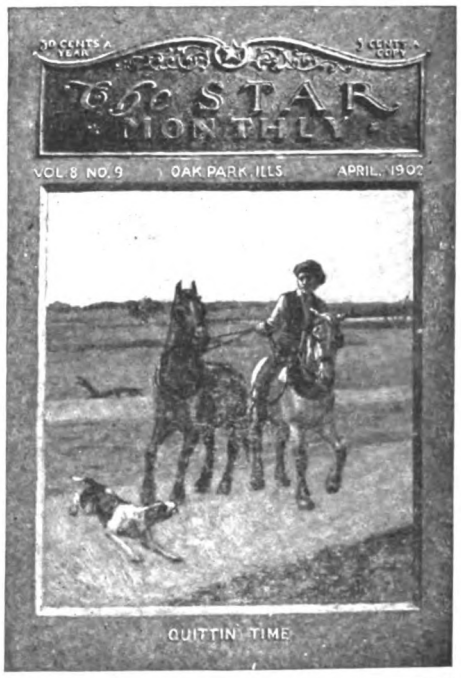
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