SUCCESS

MAY 1902

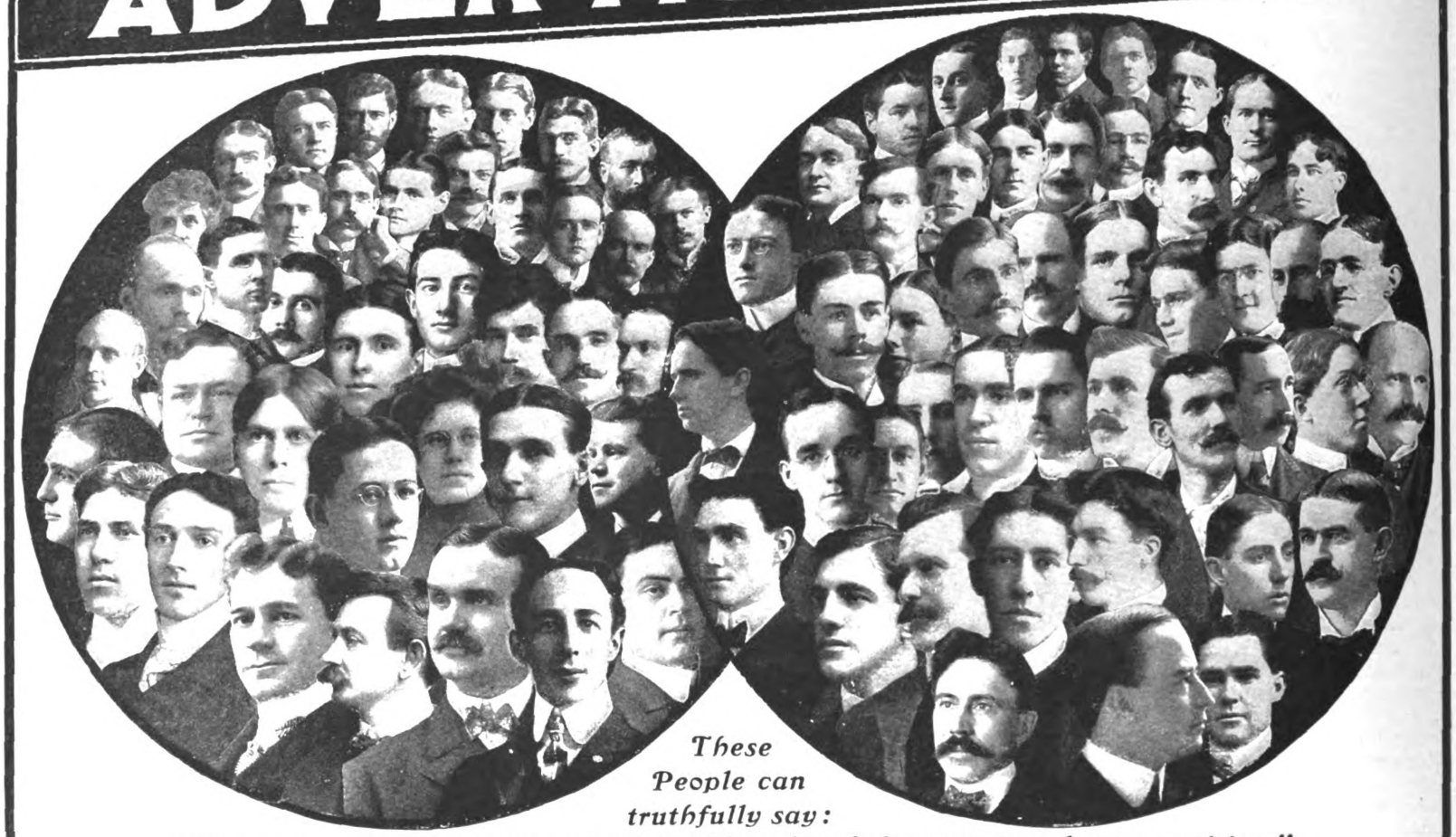


THE SUCCESS COMPANY
UNIVERSITY BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

TEN CENTS A COPY
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS



These People can truthfully say:

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

WHAT OUR STUDENTS SAY ABOUT US

CHARLESTON, W. VA., Feb. 15, 1902.

This is to certify that I have for some time known Mr. Samuel Davis and Mr. Edward T. Page, of the firm of Page-Davis Co., of Chicago, Ill., having had the *privilege* and pleasure to have received from the above named gentlemen benefits in the way of instruction which I consider of inestimable value.

They have *given* evidence of their ability to co-operate with students and graduates.

That I know they fulfill every promise relative to the imparting of *their* valuable instructions.

MYRON J. BROWNING.

Acknowledged before the undersigned this 15th day of February, 1902. L. THORNHILL.

Notary Public in and for Kanawha County, State of West Virginia.

THE PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: As I have received satisfaction from your system of advertising instruction, I wish to acknowledge my sincere appreciation of your efforts in advancing my interests.

I originally took up the matter as a side issue, thinking it would benefit me in my present position as salesman. However, you have been so thorough, and the course of instruction has become so useful and valuable to me, that I intend to follow it up as a life's business.

Every lesson is right to the point and thoroughly practical, and the knowledge I have received is worth many times over the amount I paid.

Thanking you for the personal interest you are taking in my work, I remain, very truly yours,

FRANK H. LUKE.

Personally appeared before me this 15th day of February, 1902, a Notary Public for Cuyahoga County, State of Ohio, the above signed Frank H. Lake, who is well known to me.

ALFRED A. ABBOTT, Notary Public.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 11, 1902.

To Whom It May Concern:

This certifies that the undersigned has found Messrs. Page and Davis to be reliable business men. With me they have kept the spirit as well as the letter of promises made in their printed matter and personal letters. Their instructions have been highly satisfactory. They have co-operated with me in advancing my interests, such as aiding me in securing a position and giving pointers on work in hand. I am very glad, indeed, to have been a student in the Page-Davis School of Ad-Writing.

Respectfully,

LLORA WHITE, Advertising Manager.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 11th day of February, A. D., 1902.

DAVID A. LEACH, N. P. M. C., Indiana.

EL PASO, TEX., Feb. 20, 1902.

Messrs. PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in certifying to the fact that your course is all that you claim for it.

I have been studying your method in advertising for several months and find it to be a complete and comprehensive one in every detail. Will also state that I am perfectly satisfied with my investment.

You may publish this statement if you so desire. Wishing you continued success.

Yours respectfully, W. J. PECK.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this Feb. 20, 1902. W. S. SMALLWOOD, Notary Public.

If you will answer this Advertisement

we will prove conclusively that we will teach you advertisement-writing by mail; thoroughly, practically, successfully.

Is it asking too much of you to spend one cent and one minute of your time now to write us one line and obtain these proofs?

You will then know why successful business men throughout the country say "*I want a Page-Davis man.*"

You will know why our graduates are earning $25.00 to $100.00 per week.

You will know why the founders of the Original School of Advertising have earned a national reputation these past five years as natural instructors.

You will know why you should entrust your advertising education in the hands of the oldest, biggest and most substantial institution of its kind in the world.

You will also know why the majority of our students are taking the instruction through the recommendation of friends, who have previously taken the course.

You will also know why you will be proud to say, after completing this interesting and instructive work, "I AM A PAGE-DAVIS MAN."

Write this very minute, for our 64-page prospectus and bundle of affidavits SENT FREE.

Notice to Employers: *Concerns desirous of engaging competent advertisement writers are requested to communicate with us. We have placed successful ad-writers and ad-managers in some of the largest houses in the world.*

WHAT PUBLISHERS SAY ABOUT OUR STUDENTS

Perry & McGrath, Charlotte, Mich.

PAGE DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill.

We wish to express to you our thanks for incidentally assisting us in our business. Before attending your school our young friend, Ernest K. Hellway, was recognized as very clever in his work as an ad-writer. However, we are assured that his abilities have grown remarkably under your instruction. The result with us is seen in better appearance of ads and increased patronage. You are doing a good work. Respectfully,

PERRY & MCGRATH,
Publishers Tribune, Charlotte Mich.

The Fostoria Times, Fostoria, Ohio.

PAGE-DAVIS CO., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please allow me to say a few words for E. F. Marcha of *this* place, who has taken your course of instruction in ad-writing. I can plainly see that Mr. Marcha has made a wonderful improvement *in* ad-writing and ad-soliciting. In fact, he has worked up our *merchants* to such an extent that we are more than pleased with the increase in advertising. Your school is certainly a great benefit to *our* country and I assure you that you have my hearty co-operation in your good work.

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT C. MILLER, Business Manager.

The Denver Republican, Denver, Colo.

To Whom It May Concern: It is a matter of great pleasure to recommend very highly the abilities of Mr. Alexander M. Candee as an advertisement writer.

I have had personal acquaintance with Mr. Candee for several years and am familiar with his work in connection with the Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., of this city, and can honestly state that I consider his work first-class in every particular. Anyone wishing to employ him as an advertisement designer and writer, will make no mistake, I feel assured.

Yours truly, F. I. CARRUTHERS.

The Worcester Spy, Worcester, Mass.

MR. GEORGE H. HAYWARD, Worcester Mass.

Dear Sir: It gives me pleasure to commend your work to the attention of advertisers. Wherever you have had an opportunity to show your ability in writing advertising, we have found it to the advantage of the advertiser as well as to us.

Your practical knowledge of the details of the printing business and attention to the art of publicity make an excellent combination. As you can testify, I have tried to give you every facility possible to increase your business since you have opened your Worcester office. Yours truly,

CHARLES NUTT.

The Democrat, Kankakee, Ill.

John Greenwood has had charge of the advertising of Lecour & Son, for a number of months now, commencing green in the business. To-day he furnishes his copy in the most complete and perfect shape, in such a way that the printer can take right hold of it and set it without any trouble. His head lines and amount of space assigned each department are marked, and his copy comes in in a professional style. He is thoroughly posted in the different departments and in the description of goods he advertises. We have never known a case of such rapid and correct advancement in an ad-writer.

COLLINS & SMITH.

Visitors Welcome

Our school is open to full view. Information cheerfully given to personal inquirers.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY,

ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO OUR NEW BUILDING,

Wabash Avenue and Washington Street, Suite 21, Chicago.

Page-Davis Co. also publish a journal of original thought called "Common-Sense." If you send $1.00 in May, you will receive "Common-Sense" each month for fourteen months.

Visitors Welcome

Students and their friends are cordially invited to visit the school when in Chicago.

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Gratis

MAR 11 1904

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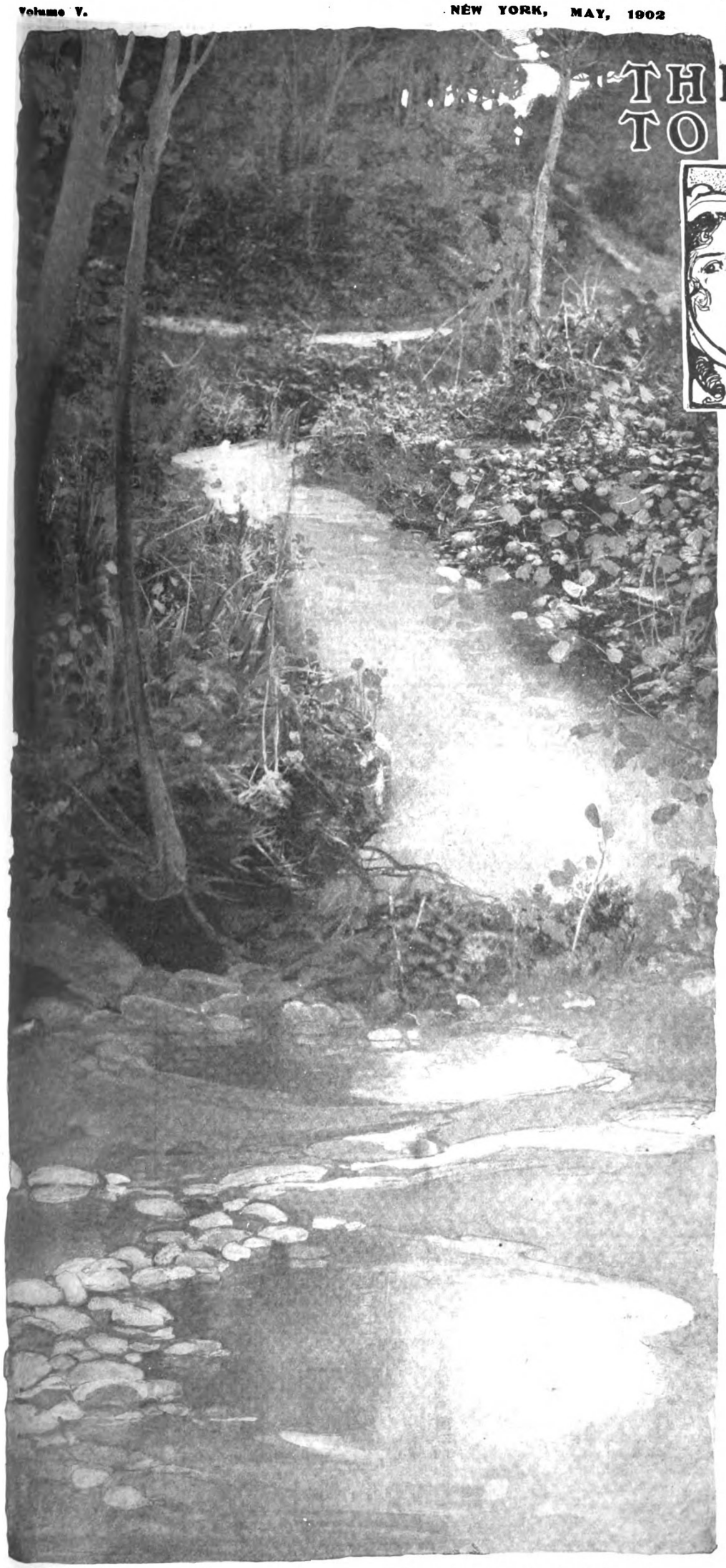
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ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

SUCCESS

Volume V. NEW YORK, MAY, 1902 Number 96



O vimpling waters, rippling clear!
O calm, pellucid atmosphere!
O whispering trees, O fragrant flowers!
O sunbeams shimmering through the bowers!—
I learn, from bud and bird and breeze,
The secret of life's mysteries.—Mackay

THE RETURN TO THE SOIL



REBECCA HARDING DAVIS

There health, so wild and gay, with bosom bare,
And rosy cheek, keen eye, and flowing hair,
Trips, with a smile, the breezy scene along,
And pours the spirit of content in song
Wolcott

WHAT is the reason for the recent exodus of well-to-do Americans from our towns into the country? It increases with every year. What is the cause of it?

As I look into the matter, some curious facts come to view which I think I will set down here. The subject is not one that requires close reasoning. Perhaps a little gossip may throw more light upon it than any argument would do.

I have here a queer book, printed early in the last century in the old town of Cumberland, Maryland. It is the autobiography of a hunter, Browning by name, who, before the Revolution, shot deer, bears, panthers, and sometimes Indians, in the wilderness of the mountain ranges in Virginia and the Carolinas. In his old age, somebody who could read and write took down his recollections of his early days, and made a book of them. They give us some startling and suggestive glimpses of the condition of human nature when it is brought, during the solitude of many years, close to the brute nature, and to the old mother herself.

Here is one story, for example. Browning, in his old age, lived with a married daughter in a town in civilized fashion. But his two sons, who were trappers, came down one winter from the mountains and begged him to go back with them for a last hunt.

The old man, then over eighty, went, and at first was rheumatic, weak, and irritable. But, after they had been in camp for a week, he went out alone, one day, and got scent of a stag. He followed, lost it, and then "winded" another. For two days and nights he ran through the mountain passes like a madman; the snow was deep, and the jungles of thorns tore his clothes off his body. During this time he had not a mouthful of food except the nuts which he took from the squirrels' storehouses. At the end of the third day, his sons, who were searching for him, frantic with fear, found him naked and exhausted on one of the peaks of the Cheat Range. "But," he says, "I was none the worse. I had the 'woods fever' on me, and, therefore, I felt neither cold nor hungry. While the 'woods fever' is on you, you are never cold or hungry."

There is a hint of the same thing in the life of that unappreciated great man, Daniel Boone. Long after he had given up his wild life in the forests and was living in a busy community, crowned with years and honors, and busied with the interests of his family and of his neighbors, the "woods fever" would suddenly come upon him, and at whatever cost he would go back to the wilderness,—to his old comrades, the bears and Indians, and take the frozen ground for his bed, and the meat of such game as he could kill for food, and be content, as he never was when among his own kind.

One of his friends says: "Even in extreme old age, when the woods called Boone, he had to go. He would have died if we had not let him go."

There are men other than these two old hunters who, like the twin boys on the banks of the Tiber, must now and then be nursed from the breast of Mother Nature or die. There always have been such men. Indeed, it is a question whether every human being has not latent in him something of this mad longing to be rid of men, to escape alone

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to the open,—to the sea,—to the mountain,—to come near to earth, out of which he was made, and to the Nameless Ones who made him. The old hunter had no better name for this strange appetite of the soul than the "woods fever;" but it has been known to every race, in every country. One nation counted it as worship, another reckoned it madness, a third denounced it as a misleading of the devil. But back in the very beginnings of the world men recognized it and tried to express it by one legend or another. Moses found God, we are told, in the burning bush, and Job carried his unspeakable misery to the desert and sat alone with it.

This mysterious aid that Earth gives to her sons who come back to ask it of her is the meaning of the fable of Antæus, who gained strength every time he lay upon the ground, and of the custom of our Indians who drive each boy on the verge of manhood out into the forests alone for weeks to look for the Great Spirit. The hosts of godly hermits, in the first ages of the church, and of Buddhist ascetics living alone for years in the jungles in their rotting garments, all paid to this idea an allegiance devout though dirty.

Let us remember, too, reverently, that our Savior himself, when He sought strength, went alone to the wilderness; once He found Satan there, but always—God.

Look where you will,—in past ages, or now,—you will find men making the same search behind Nature, who is deaf and dumb, for a God who will hear and answer.

"O beloved Pan!" cries Plato in the mountains, "grant me to become beautiful in the inner man."

"Varuna," wrote the Hindoo Brahmin, a thousand years before Christ, "is lord of all, of heaven and earth. Yearning for him alone in the wilderness, my thoughts move onward as kine move to their pasture."



"Cheered by the heart of merry May, glad children romp and sing and play"



"Beneath tall trees, by purling streams, we draw the substance of our dreams"

He Wooed *the* Wild Songsters

St. Francis of Assissi, whenever his disciples and the pope were too heavy a weight for him to carry, fled to the hills of Tuscany with his violin, and lay down on his back, in the deep, warm grass, and played; and the wild birds came trooping around his body, and joyous thoughts flocked to his soul until he laughed aloud and cried from sheer happiness. And holy John Woolman, who never laughed, and who counted a violin a tool of the devil, went down to the lonely New Jersey swamps, when he was in trouble, and there heard voices which told him where to find "the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of our God." Then he was contented.

There is no doubt of it. Plato and the priests of Varuna and happy Saint Francis and glum Saint Woolman were all gripped in soul by the same "woods fever" which drove poor old Browning, naked and starving, but triumphant, through the mountains. Has this spiritual hunger anything to do with the exodus of Americans from the towns? Perhaps; but there are other and more matter-of-fact reasons to draw them to the country.

The Ambition of almost Every City Man Is to Possess a Country Home

In the beginnings of every nation, whether Rome, England, or France, its great chiefs divided the soil among them, built strong castles to defend their territory, gathered flocks, and herds, and turned the primitive forests into parks and pleasure grounds for their own enjoyment. The tradesmen and working folks herded together, near the castle, and so made the towns. This hold upon the ground, continued through centuries, gives, to-day, rank and consideration to the old families in England and among the Latin races. When you say that the Arundels or Dorias are "seated" in a certain district, there is a definite significance in the word of a real power with which money or intellect has nothing to do. The old subservience of the town-dwellers to the lord of the manor lingers to-day in that unwritten law in Europe which makes of the landholders the patrician class. Even in this country, many of us can remember, before the Civil War, the arrogant pose of the Southern planter and the deference paid to him by the Northern merchant, not because he was more intelligent or better bred, but simply because he was a planter, a great land prince, the idle master of slaves.

In England, this prejudice produces results absurd enough. You will see a great diplomatist who controls the destinies of nations giving precedence to a silly boy, because the latter's remote grandfathers left a tract of land to him. Do we not all remember how Carlyle—the master mind of England in his day,—humbly kotowed to his wife's mother as "one of the gentry," because she owned a tumbledown little house in an acre or two of starved pasturage?

Naturally, with these ideas dominant in England, the ambition of the tradesman is to quit the shop and buy a Rose Villa or Ivy Lodge out of town, and the successful capitalist hoards his money in order to stop work, buy an estate, and try to force himself into country society.

It is different here. This is the only country in which the acquisition of landed property does not raise the social status of the owner. The man who goes out of town to buy a hill-top at Bar Harbor, an orange plantation in Florida, or an island in Lake Superior, finds no barred doors fly open to him in consequence. On the contrary, his neighbor, who has made a few millions in trade, steps easily to the front in the fashionable life of Newport or New York. It is money, not land, that gives rank here. The "Captains of Industry," as our President has named the controllers of the great trusts, are also captains in the ranks of the four hundred. Oddly enough, our English cousins allot to Americans their social rank by these American rules, instead of insisting upon those of England. It is not the high-bred but penniless girl, the descendant of Dutch patroons or Virginia planters, whom English dukes come to marry, but the daughters of newly made millionaires,—men whose hands are scarcely washed clean from the grime of coal or slag. It is plain enough, then, that we are not, like the British, driven to a country life in the hope of elevating our social position.

Nature Is a Great Physician

The recent emigration out of our towns of the well-to-do classes has, it seems to me, a more healthy and rational cause. Take, for example, the citizens of Philadelphia, probably the most conservative and reasonable and slow-moving of American cities. Forty years ago, only a very few Philadelphia families, and those of the leisure class who had inherited country places, left town during the summer. Then came the eager, panting years which followed the Civil War, the stress of reviving industries, of readjustment, and, above all else, of the struggle for money. The success of a few great contractors had shown Americans, for the first time, the possibilities which lie in an enormous fortune. We were dazzled, blinded by them. We lost our heads. We all joined in a mad struggle to be rich. We have not yet recovered our sight or reason. We are still struggling, still dazed by the golden glitter.

The strain soon told on us: men grew anæmic and irritable and collapsed at middle age. Women developed all kinds of nervous diseases, from chorea to paresis. Physiologists protested, and doctors lectured; they preached leisure and moderation; but they, too, wanted to be rich, and, struggling, often fell with the defeated legions of their refractory patients.

One by One *the* People are Learning *the* Advantage *of* Country Recreation

But, after all, it is a fact that Society, like Nature, finds cures for its ailments unconsciously. A tree among the rocks will thrust its roots out and out far across the hot stones, until it finds water, and will send its spindling branches up and up until it gets heat and light. So the overworked, well-to-do American took to football, to tennis, and latterly to golf, in a desperate, almost unconscious effort to get for himself again muscle and red blood and sanity. He began to send his wife and children to the seashore or the mountains, for a fortnight in August, then for a month, then for the whole summer. As years passed, the tradespeople, the mechanics,

[*Concluded on page 297*]

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What Have the Hebrews Accomplished?

The standing of eleven million human beings in the great world of commerce

ISRAEL ZANGWILL
[Author of "The Children of the Ghetto," etc.]

They have worked against tremendous obstacles to secure a financial foothold



I WELCOME the task of answering the question, "Why do the Jews succeed?"—if only for an opportunity of explaining that they do not. Even if the Jews succeed as individuals, they fail miserably as a people. Eleven millions of human atoms scattered incoherently throughout the world, devoid of any common territory or common power; unable to concentrate their force in any desired direction; devoid of a national art, and almost destitute of a contemporary literature; even their ancient unity of religion broken into a dozen fragments; half their number crowded into the Pale in Russia, congested in towns, and forbidden even the fields of the Pale itself; while hundreds of thousands of others are almost denied, in Roumania, the ordinary rights of animals; liable, even when they are prospering under nominal equality, as in France and Germany, and also, now, in England, to perpetual backwashes of anti-Semitism; excluded in free America from the general social life; the serfs of the world, fighting, at one time, on the Boer side, at another time on the English side, next for the French, and then for the Germans,—the Jews present anything but a picture of a successful people. As Max Nordau pointed out in his great speech at the last Zionist Congress, even the Eskimos are better off in their huts amid the snow.

Their very religion—at once the cause and the compensation of their isolation,—is lost to the Jews by the impossibility of reconciling its observances, especially the observance of the Sabbath, with the necessities of a fiercely competitive civilization. If observed, it tends not only to render the struggle for life still severer, but also to shut them out from many forms of industrial activity, and thus cramps the whole people by confining them to comparatively few occupations.

But, leaving on one side the people as a whole, the idea that the Jews succeed as individuals is equally illusory. As already stated, half the Jews of the world live in Russia, and, according to the most recent statistics, the value of the average possessions of a Russian Jew is under five dollars. The average Roumanian Jew has not even one dollar; in Persia, Morocco, Algeria, and the East generally, there is nothing but a mass of swarming poverty, varied, as in Palestine, by perpetual mendicity. In the sweat-shops of London and New York, the Jews, as a rule, are the victims.

Whence, then, comes the singular illusion that the Jew does succeed? It dates from those dark ages when every Jew was shut out from the arts and crafts by his inability to take the Christian oaths of the guilds which united and restricted them, and was forced, moreover, by more direct legislation, into a few sordid occupations. His sole status was in the money he could acquire. Having no defensive army, he owed his existence to the bare sinews of war. He was thus necessarily driven into the important rôle of the world's financier and friend of the money-lender and spendthrift.

Their religion—*the* cause and the compensation of their isolation,—is lost to the Jews by the impossibility of reconciling its observances, especially *of the* Sabbath, with competitive civilization

The only Jews with whom the Christians needed to come in contact were of the wealthy minority, who financed everything from the building of the abbeys, or the discovery of America, to the crusades and the British conquest of Ireland. When the only Jews men knew anything about were rich, it is not wonderful that all Jews should have been supposed to be rich, or that "rich as a Jew" should have become a popular proverb. A cockney diner-out in restaurants might as well imagine that all foreigners are waiters. Had Lord Tomnoddy "gone to the Jews" in the literal sense of the word, he would have found himself among the poorest inhabitants of the most congested slums in Europe.

Still, even to-day, the mediæval myth prevails, fostered in every country by the Drumonts and Stöckers, with their cry that the Jews are swallowing up the Christians. What lends plausibility to such outcries is the fact that a few Jews have always loomed golden in every great capital; and, being radically marked out from the rest of the population, careless pecuniary or other statements are freely made about them. Similar statements could be made about any group of persons of equal prominence. I dare say that not a few red-headed men are millionaires; and, if the first child by a second wife were obviously distinguishable from other children, invidious statements could be made about all such peculiarly-born persons. Two Jews move into Park Lane, or the Faubourg Saint Germain, and, in the resentment at their intrusion, it is forgotten that some hundreds of Christians have already been enjoying for generations the luxury and privileges of these abodes. By a strange irony, even when the Christian becomes aware of the swarming masses of East End Jewry, he only becomes aware of them under the same category,—that of a successful people pushing out poor Christians. Certainly, if the plainest of living and the hardest of working can be accounted success, it cannot be denied that the Jewish proletariat has always been very successful,—but it is a success of coolies.

Why the Jews succeed in living where others would die is because of all the efforts made to make them die where others are permitted to live. This struggle for life has taken a cruel form

The Jew succeeds in living where others would die. Why the Jews succeed in living where others would die is because of all the efforts made to make them die where others are permitted to live. This struggle for life which makes the fittest alone survive has among no people taken more cruel form than among the Jews, who have had to fight artificial disabilities as well as natural. The power of surviving amidst hostile conditions means, also, the power of prospering when the conditions are ameliorated. Doubtless there was a time when a Jewish name stood as a synonym for wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice," but the fame of Rothschild has long been eclipsed by that of Rockefeller, Carnegie, or J. Pierpont Morgan. These Americans have quite wiped out European Jews, and I fail to see, even among American Jews, any names vying in magnificence with these of Christian reputation. Considering the comparative facility with which fortunes are made in America, we shall, perhaps, find one reason for the success of some Jews. The manufacture of millionaires from nobodies, which seems to be a feature of American life, is due to the boundless field of enterprise and to the conditions of social equality which prevail in the United States. In England and other old countries a certain stratified social system has hitherto kept people who were born in the ranks strictly to their station. The European masses have generally accepted the idea that they were born poor and must remain poor. Farm laborers, factory hands, or mechanics, they have accepted the social order in which they have found themselves, as unquestioningly as a horse receives the shafts between which he is placed; and European society has therefore tended to reproduce, in every generation, with some small variations, the grades of wealth established by a traditional history.

"Send us, Lord, our daily rations;
Bless the squire and his relations,"—

has been the motto of the European masses from the earliest Saxon days.

The Jew, however, standing outside the feudal system by which Europe was organized, was able to escape from this point of view. He did not belong to the lower classes, for the simple reason that he belonged to no class at all. He thus escaped the general notion of the hierarchy of wealth, and had the audacity to make money quite beyond his social position.

If a Barney Barnato can rise in a brief generation from Petticoat Lane to Park Lane, (and from Lane to Lane represents the full swing of the social pendulum,) and if an Andrew Carnegie can develop from a penniless immigrant into a beneficent millionaire, it can only be because the conditions are analogous. The American works in a social medium really free; the Jew, in a medium in which his aloofness makes him artificially free. While America is the land of adventure, the Jew is the man of adventure.

The reverse of the medal, the revenge for his escape from the feudal system, was that, even when a Jew accumulated riches, the riches that went with a superior station, he still did not belong to the higher classes. Of later years there has been a gradual infiltration of wealthy Jews into society, but even this movement has always been liable to setbacks.

There lives, in one of the most civilized countries of Europe, a Jewish millionaire nobleman who has devoted colossal sums to promoting the good of his fellows, both Jews and Christians. He at one time enjoyed the highest position and consideration in society,—the *beau monde* flooded his *salons*; but the backward wave has left him high and dry. There does not seem, then, to be any enviable or enduring success, even for Jewish millionaires of the best description.

Millionaires, however, even among the Jews, are few. Most Jewish successes must be considered moderate. Indeed, all Jewish successes are moderate, judged by the modern American standard. The successes of the Americans are won by great intellectual combinations. In these, paradoxically enough, the Jew does not distinguish himself. He prefers to build up his property by an endless aggregation of the infinitely little. He grows rich like the man in the "Arabian Nights" who started with a basket of eggs, except that the Arab's dream is the Jew's reality. With the returns from the eggs he buys something larger, and goes on, and on, by petty stages, till he ends in the palace with the slaves of the oriental vision. Before kicking the slave, however, he waits until he has him, and is not like the poor day-dreamer in the story who kicks over the basket and shatters his eggs and his hopes.

The characteristic habit of accumulating possibly accounts for the fact that in Jewry the men with ideas have no money, and the men with money no ideas. This is strongly brought out in the Zionist movement. The millionaires who might have been suspected of large ideas and the habit of grandiose combinations are discovered to be of microscopic outlook, while the imaginative combinations and even the practical organizations are made by men of letters and science. Men who have gone cautiously, adding field to field for their own advantage, are not easily able to conceive of the acquisition of a country for the general good. Even Baron Hirsch could only imagine an Israel redeemed by being broken into still smaller fragments. But the most powerful purpose of the Jew is to succeed.

Most of the Jews are but moderately successful, *and* there are few millionaires among them. They regulate their business by a system,—by dealing in larger things every time they change

Generally speaking, the man who has accumulated a fortune through years of toiling and moiling—his initial capital having been laboriously saved,—is the possessor of a sober temperament that is naturally not the kind to risk past and future on a *grand coup*. It should be added that the Jew's cautiousness is likewise probably due to uneasiness and insecurity. He would not dare adventure himself in political complications, or in syndicate operations notoriously opposed to the general interest. It may seem a contradiction to my contention that the Jews do not appear to amass riches by *master strokes*, but by the steady accumulation of small profits, that the stock-exchanges of the world bristle with Jews. The belief that a stock-broker is a speculator on a large scale is a popular delusion. A stock-broker is just the person who does not speculate at all. He accumulates his fortune by petty brokerage on the large and never-ending transactions of other people. Certainly there are Jewish

Israel Zangwill



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operators on 'change, in the gambling sense, but I am not aware that they have ever controlled the market with sovereign power. On the gambling-table of the Veldt, Barney Barnato was beaten by Cecil Rhodes at the game of "diamond cut diamond."

This power of achieving moderate successes, of building up gradual aggregates, indicates just the kind of financial talent which we should expect to have been developed by the unhappy history of the race. When the Jews were in their own land, they left commerce to the Phœnicians. It was these Philistines who developed the great ports of Tyre and Sidon. But, although enterprising Jews had always followed in the wake of commerce and their abodes dotted the shores of the Mediterranean even before Titus took Jerusalem, the people as a whole remained a pastoral, military race. With the dispersion began the transformation of them into a commercial people, and it is curious to find that by the twelfth century Tyre itself had Jewish shipowners and manufacturers of Tyrian glass. They not only became a commercial people, but post-Palestinian business forced them to be middlemen in every department. In the Dark Ages, and in those countries where the Dark Ages still reign, we find the Jew largely employed as a middleman between landlords and tenants, or as a farmer of taxes, or as a middleman between people and princes, noblemen and serfs, and often between a church and tithe-payers. The Jew of Poland, Hungary, Germany, and Bohemia was the middleman whose duty it was to collect, to force the utmost out of an unwilling population. The profit was not to the Jew, but to the power behind the Jew.

A nation of middlemen cannot be a nation of creative minds. The Jews are the middlemen of the world. They have found their chief intellectual function in linking nations commercially

In his epoch-making work, "The Jews of Angevin England," Joseph Jacobs shows how this economic rôle was thrust upon the Jew, so that he became expert in extorting the last penny. He was a sponge employed to suck up the streams of Christian wealth, and then came the overlord—the prince, or the church,—to squeeze the sponge and leave the Jew dry. When Dickens, in "Our Mutual Friend," portrayed his good Jew, Riah, as the thumbscrew of a hidden Christian employer, he was true to history, however far from true Jewish pyschology the rest of the character may be.

A nation of middlemen cannot be a nation of great originative conceptions. Just as the mediæval Jew found his principal intellectual function in translating and interpreting one nation to another, so did he find his chief industrial function in linking the scattered nations through the medium of "the foreign exchanges." In a well-known passage of the "Spectator," Addison describes the Jews as "so disseminated through all the trading parts of the world that they have become the instruments by which the most distant nations converse with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correspondence. They are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, although they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together."

In the ages ere nations understood one another and one another's language and currency, and when they were, moreover, mutually suspicious and hostile, the value of a universally dispersed fraternity as a link between such nations certainly cannot be overrated. The Jew's operations as a middleman were facilitated by his polyglot capacity and by his possession of Hebrew or Yiddish, or Ladino, (Spanish-Jewish,) which made a common tongue for communities otherwise separated by space and local nationality. The absence of a country of their own, which was the cause of the existence of this diffused brotherhood, was also a potent factor, forcing them into international dealings. In many countries of the exile, not being allowed to own land, they could scarcely remain pastoral; and, even had property in land been permitted them, the insecurity of tenure made it an undesirable form of property. For those in danger of banishment at brief notice, possessions must be portable. Hence, they preferred to deal in money and in precious jewels of small bulk, and would naturally invent the bill of exchange and similar securities.

The absolute fidelity which exists among the members of a Jewish family should be a lesson to all the world. It is a most charming trait, though it does not spread through the entire race

Armed with mutual intelligence and confidence, the Jews wove a network of commerce over the isles of the sea, and, as Max J. Kohler has shown, practically kept British colonies from bankruptcy, and made possible the British empire of to-day; even as, through the Dutch West India Company, they helped the development of New York and America. The Jewish prophets invested their people with a spiritual mission; but, if "the mission of Israel" had been placed in the commercial development of the world, one of the vaster ironies of history would not confront the thinker of to-day.

The mere possession of another tongue is in itself an intellectual sharpener, and there are few Jews to-day who are not bi-lingual. At the Zionist Congress there was scarcely a man who could not make good grammatical speeches in at least two European languages. The president commands four or five, while Max Nordau can speak in every European language of importance. Hence arises the power of the Jew to conduct international affairs, especially when they involve personal negotiations. So obvious became the commercial value of the Jews—that is to say, be it always understood, of the minute minority of them having capital and business capacity,—that sagacious rulers have not infrequently invited them into their country. The most remarkable example in history was the secret invitation of Cromwell; for, as Lucien Wolf has so brilliantly demonstrated, Cromwell's motive was to extend England's colonial trade. But, though Cromwell was far ahead of his time and had to face the fierce opposition of his people, we find, only a dozen years later, Sir Josiah Child, the governor of the East India Company, pleading for their naturalization on the score of their commercial utility, so great was their control of foreign and colonial trade.

The Jewish race has woven a network of commerce over the whole world. Sagacious rulers have invited them into their countries because of their shrewdness in conducting mercantile affairs

Apart from the historical and geographical causes of the success of the Jews in commerce, we must also take account of the general causes of their success, and of their peculiar mental and moral qualities. Some of these qualities are as much the outcome of their peculiar history as is their geographical dispersion. Others spring from the national character and religion. Amongst the qualities evolved under the stress of persecution and a wandering life may be counted cunning, self-possession, prudence, suppression of outward manifestation of emotion, sometimes even of the emotion itself, the power of getting the last farthing out of anything, and a remarkable mobility and ductility of temperament; in other words, a readiness to turn quickly to a new thing or a new idea, which, in its more external form, is a readiness to migrate. Among national and religious qualities we may reckon honesty, sobriety, perseverance, and domestic affection. I lay especial stress upon honesty, having already allowed the discount for cunning. Even the money-lender has a certain honest and reliable side. In the indignation against the usury of money-lenders it is too often forgotten that it is they who are most liable to be cheated. The money-lender at least performs his part of the contract, and it is the fault of Antonio if he dishonestly assigns to Shylock the pound of flesh he has not the remotest idea of ever paying. Wherever the Jews are engaged in great financial transactions, their reliability is proverbial. No credit is more impeccable than that of the Rothschilds. If Jews were the first bankers, imagine how the Christians who despised them must have believed in their honesty!

Family solidarity and respect is one of the strongest of their many virtues. Even when families become separated, they hold together in mutual and business affection, and thereby gain power

It is said that the foundation of the fortunes of the Rothschilds was Mayer Anselm Rothschild's restoration to the Elector of Hesse-Cassel of the treasure he had confided to the Judengasse when he fled from Frankfort.

As regards the other national virtues enumerated above, it may roughly be said that they deprive Judea of a lowest class. There is not in Jewry a class so lost to humanity as that which in Christendom is constituted by the slum rough and the female drunkard. When given a fair chance in the world, the Jew founds a family consolidated by steady work and mutual affection, thus providing the best units for the fabric of civilization. The mutual confidence of Jewish relatives gives them an enormous pull in partnership. They work hand in glove with absolute trust and absolute fidelity. I know of six brothers scattered over a continent who act with a cohesion that could never be secured by six non-Jewish brothers, not to speak of six strangers. The Rothschilds, themselves, notoriously owe their power to the solidarity that exists even in cousins. It is a clan of barons planted in the great capitals. This solidarity, however, is not what the Anti-Semite vainly imagines, a solidarity of the whole race, but merely a solidarity of private families.

The marriage by arrangement, which is also a marked social feature, produces a certain stability, just as it does in French life; the necessity for providing dowries has a steadying effect on fathers, while enabling sons to start with a little capital. The women, too, are generally good housekeepers, and faithful wives and mothers.

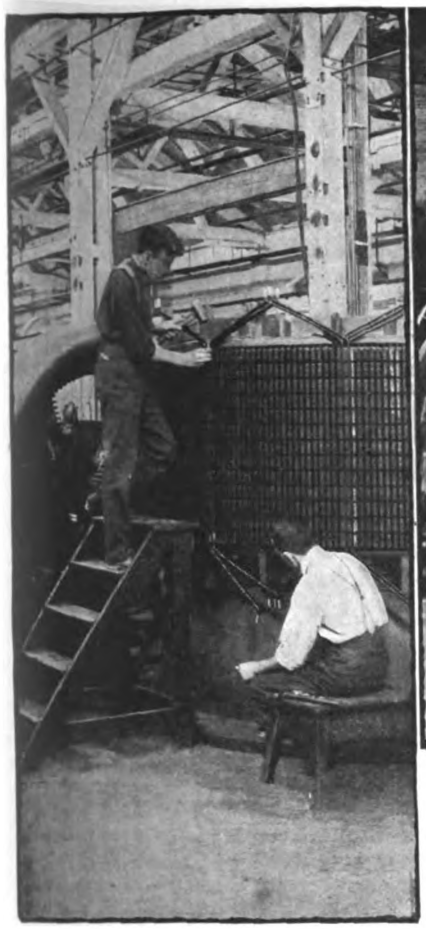
The general principles here suggested might be tested by a brief review of the fields in which Jews are markedly successful. They are good at professions, because professions are mainly carried on by traditions; the Jew is brilliantly successful in examinations, and sweeps all prizes and medals before him; but he has not a corresponding record to show in original work. In the law, he profits by the intellectual acumen developed by generations of Talmud-students; for medicine he has always had a taste: it, too, is a profession without great generalizations, and is built up empirically, besides involving sound common sense, which is, perhaps, the root-element of Jewish psychology. School-teaching is a traditional occupation: every father was supposed to be his children's religious tutor. The function of the Jew as a critic and interpreter has already been suggested. Heine considered himself the link between France and Germany. Brandes, the Dane, a great critic, and intuitional biographer of Shakespeare, is as subtle as Hamlet himself. A universal sympathy with all artistic and intellectual manifestations is the Jew's consolation for having lived everywhere and nowhere. The success of the Jews on the stage is a more concrete outcome of their historic versatility. The Jew who has assimilated with everything in turn is naturally a facile mimic. Similar considerations account for the Jew as a novelist or dramatist, journalist or humorist. Humor and wit, though scarcely found in the biblical Jew, are such distinguishing characteristics of the modern Jew that most of the European writers of farce and comedy are of Jewish blood. Of the four "Palais Royal" plays last year in Paris, all were the work of Jews.

Intellectual capacity, together with love for dealing in portable goods, accounts for Jewish success in buying and selling diamonds. The Jew seems almost to monopolize the dealing in diamonds: in Antwerp and Amsterdam he has driven all competitors out of the trade. The reason he likewise monopolizes the polishing and setting of the diamonds lies in the fact pointed out by Israel Abrahams in his classic work, "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages," that Jewish preference, whenever permitted by the guilds, was always for those handicrafts "in which artistic taste as well as manual skill was needed." Perhaps this springs from the larger law that they are interested in their work, whatever it be, and, the more interesting the work, the more interested they are. They have always been clever gold and silver smiths, and their work as printers has not been excelled. To-day, in the East End of London, the Jewesses have earned a reputation for the smartest mantles and coats, and have a clientelage of fashionable West End ladies; while, as regards the cheaper form of mantle, they have quite wrested the trade from Germany,—which no longer finds it profitable to send its cheap mantles to England. The men of the East End turn out artistic cabinets and furniture generally. Cabinet-making is indeed a great craft among East End Jews. The other great crafts of the Ghetto are tailoring, bootmaking, cigar-making, and working in furs, all of which de-

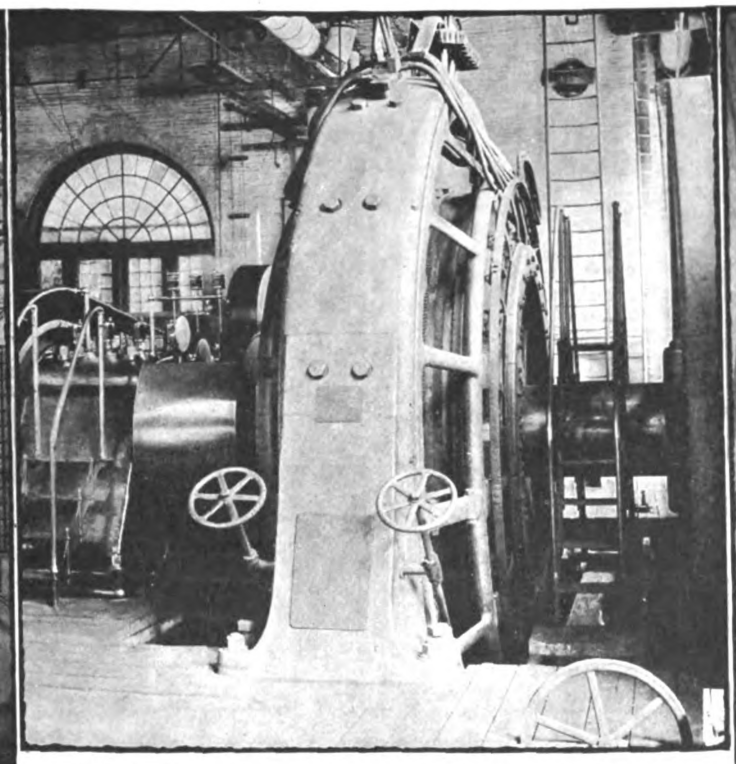
In the various professions, the Jews have been generally successful, and especially so where science is the basic motive. The Jewish women make good housekeepers and are devoted mothers

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Winding a powerful armature for use at Niagara



This gigantic machine supplies force for five thousand smaller ones



He solved problems on the frame of a generator

The Practical Process of Making Electrical Engineers

FRANK HIX FAYANT

AT the gateway of the historic Mohawk Valley, where, not many years ago, the sturdy Dutch frontiersmen blazed a bloody trail through the forest kingdom of the Six Nations, there sprang up, with miraculous rapidity, in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the greatest electric shops in the world. On the lowlands, where a few farmers had gained a pittance raising vegetables for the then sleepy village of Schenectady, ten thousand men, at furnace and forge, and bench and lathe, now earn seven million dollars a year in wages. Here, in these wonder shops, is being solved the greatest of all material problems,—that of the economical production of power. With marvelous mastery of the mysterious energy of electricity, the nature of which is unrevealed to man, the explorers in this new domain of engineering have harnessed nature's forces at mountain-side and mine-pit, and carried the captive energy hundreds of miles to give light and heat, to drive locomotives, and to turn wheels of industry. Gigantic generators of electric energy, and mighty motors that transform the unseen pulsations into power, are here created, with scientific precision, for service to the utmost bounds of civilization. The products of this once Indian trading post now find their way from Tierra del Fuego to the North Cape, from the cataract of Niagara to the falls of sacred Cavery in India; from the summits of the Andes to the deepest drifts of the Calumet and Hecla; from Charing Cross to Cairo, and from the bedside of the aged pope to the palaces of the boy sultan of Morocco and the domain of the shah of Persia. Among the ten thousand workers there are five hundred clear-eyed young men, clad in rough working garb and begrimed with dust and grease. They are the world's future electricians. All of them are ambitious to achieve international distinction in electrical engineering; some of them will become the scientific leaders of the mid-century; one or two may gain immortal renown. Drawn from the institutions of higher learning,—universities and technical schools, not only of the Americas, but also of a score of foreign countries,—these young men are the pick of the brains and energy of the rising generation. After four years of rigorous study in university laboratories, shops, and lecture rooms, where they become versed in the theory of physics and chemistry, of mathematics and mechanics, in the broad principles of mechanical and electrical engineering, and also in the art of machine design and the best practice in foundries and smithies, in wood working and machine shops, these embryo world-leaders, from the four quarters of the globe, put on working clothes and begin life's battle under the strenuous law of the survival of the fittest.

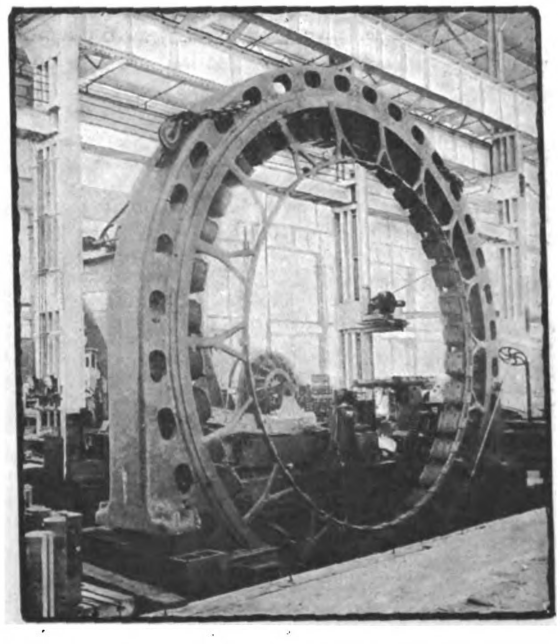
Five hundred young men, many of them graduates of colleges, are competing for practical positions. The rivalry among them is strong. The pace is so very swift that he who lags is lost

In electricity, the unattainable of yesterday is the achievement of to-day, the commonplace of to-morrow. Brilliant economy becomes useless waste. The pace is so swift that the engineer who lags is lost; only the master minds can hope to keep their places in the advance. More than this, a great industrial organization, like that at Schenectady, based on electrical engineering, must have at its command an inexhaustible storehouse of brains as well as of copper and iron, else its millions of invested capital would go to waste in the obsolete. So it is that these shops seek the young men of promise in the universities the world over, and offer to them opportunities to supplement the theory of the schools by the practice of the shops in the very home of the electrical industry. From among these finely trained men [The newcomers, each year, after the June commencements, outnumber the graduates of our greatest technical schools.] are drawn the directing minds of the great electrical industry. Not only do these shops profit by this American system of highly specialized training, but all the world's industrial nations are thus enabled to keep in touch with American electrical progress. The old world, which, slowly, through the centuries, developed the theory of electricity, is awakening to its marvelous industrial possibilities, revealed, in a decade, in the New World. And so proud England, fearful of losing her hold on international trade; industrious Germany, plunging with indomitable Teutonic energy into commercial conquest; thrifty France, with her love for the pursuit of the unknown and the unattainable; and mighty Russia, covering an untraveled continent with a network of steel,—all the great nations are sending their chosen youth to learn the secrets of the all-powerful electric energy.

Advancement depends on the quality of work from day to day. A device that will increase the efficiency of a piece of machinery by the smallest fraction is more highly prized than great learning

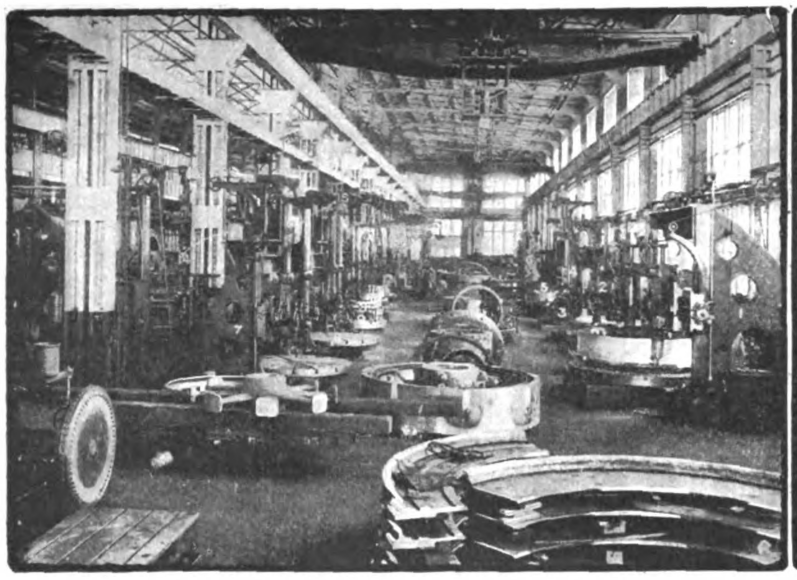
When a young college graduate enters the shops, no matter what are his scholastic attainments, his advancement depends wholly on the merit of his work from day to day. A device that will increase the efficiency of a piece of machinery by the smallest fraction is more highly prized than the most learned degree. Results are wanted. Original research is rewarded. Every opportunity is given the individual to direct his energy into the most favorable channel. Some men are born to lead, but more seem destined to follow. Industrial leaders—captains of industry, of the first order,—are few. They are worth almost any price. When men of executive ability are discovered among the five hundred young engineers, they are as carefully nurtured as are the eldest sons of royal families. Specializing, likewise, is strongly encouraged; for, in the broad field of electrical engineering, no man can hope to be master of all. The brilliant work is done by the specialists. It is peculiarly characteristic of our American life that we specialize in everything. A large measure of our industrial supremacy is due to this western practice of training the individual and building the machine to do one thing as well as it can be done. A "jack-at-all-trades" is a nobody.

Building a 3400-horse-power generator for a street railway

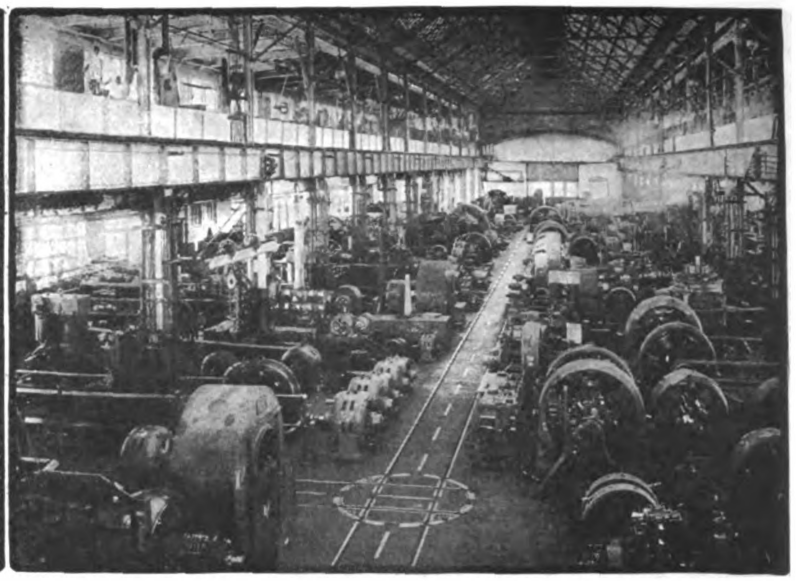


As our government pays young men to learn the art of war at West Point, so do these shops offer a salary to each collegian in its school of engineering. It is insignificant, at first, scarcely enough to pay the living

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A nest of machine tools and three powerful electric traveling cranes



The testing department where young engineers begin studying the currents

expenses of the most frugal. All the young engineers receive twelve and one-half cents an hour at the start. When their services are worth more, they are paid more. One man may be in a position of responsibility, at the end of a few months, with a salary of several thousand dollars a year, while his college classmate is plodding along for wages of a few dollars a week. To the men who show high ability to do executive work, positions are open, as heads of departments, as engineers in charge of foreign installations and new stations, and as managers of new shops, with salaries ranging from $2,500 to $25,000 a year. As consulting engineers, even greater incomes may be earned. All of these young engineers keep their eyes open for new ideas, and some of them, through their inventions, have made themselves independently rich. No other field of industry offers such rich promise to the inventor as does electrical engineering. It is fraught with a myriad possibilities.

To the men who show high ability to do executive work, positions are open, as heads of departments, as engineers in charge of foreign installations, and in other stations of importance

America's captains of industry, almost invariably, have risen from the ranks; and, although electricity is such an abtruse science that few men can hope to attain eminence in the industry without the theoretical training of a university, still the young man at a lathe in a Schenectady shop is offered every opportunity for advancement. The electrical superintendent, who directs the work of the college men, is a self-made man. He began work at the lathe, twenty years ago, when we had no electrical engineering schools, and what he knows of electricity he picked up in the shops. The general manager, who is not an electrical expert, began his career as a clerk in a Connecticut grocery store, and later was an accountant in the electrical shops at Lynn, Massachusetts. He showed marked ability as a calculator, and he has developed at Schenectady a marvelous piece-price system. Not long ago, a gray-haired Yankee called at the shops to see the boy who had once been his grocery clerk.

Power becomes a word of new meaning when a student begins his course. He soon learns to know and to respect the intricate principles that guide the great world along its path of progress

"George," he asked, amazed, as he gazed at the hundred-odd buildings stretching far away toward the peaceful hills of Rotterdam, "do you mean to say you have charge of all these?"

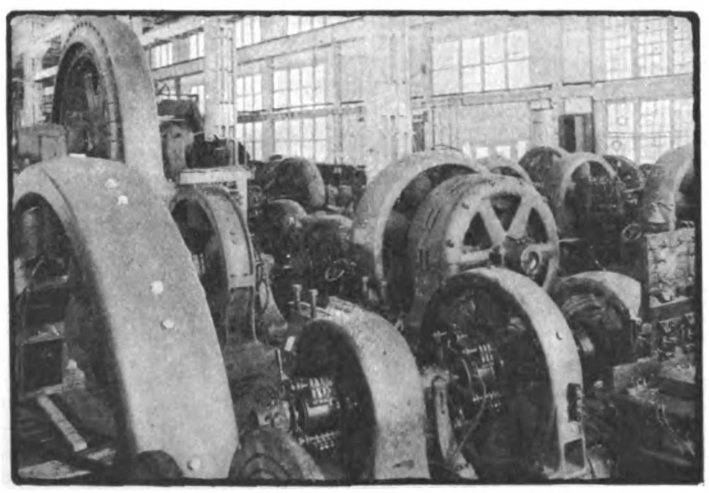
It is in the testing department that the students begin their shop-work. On the floor of one of the big buildings is a maze of electrical machines of various sizes and forms. Their manufacture is completed, but they must stand the most vigorous tests before being shipped away. A special high-potential current enters the building from the power house, and generators, motors, and transformers, of from five to ten thousand horse power, are subjected to voltages of double their normal capacity. All about the building are little switchboards, some of them placarded, "Hands Off, Forty Thousand Volts." One day one of the students, while experimenting with a current of the intense voltage of one hundred and fifty thousand, was overcome by the electrically-generated ozone, but a little pure air restored him to consciousness. In the testing department, the young engineers become familiar with the completed product of the shops; later, they take up the study of construction, taking courses in other departments.

Power becomes a word of new meaning when the student begins his investigations in the central station, whose four great chimneys may be seen from all the country hillsides. Every day two hundred and fifty tons of coal are brought from the mines of Pennsylvania to the shop's crushers, whence the fuel is carried by an endless chain of buckets to the roof of the boiler room. Automatically the fuel is fed to a score of furnaces, and by another system of buckets the ashes are automatically taken away. No stokers of flesh and blood are needed, for machines do the work of men. The engine room pulsates with energy. Here great generators, directly connected with the shafts of powerful steam engines, produce electric currents of the combined strength of six thousand horse power. While all but three-hundredths of the engine-energy is converted into electricity, nearly nine-tenths of the energy of the coal is lost, and here every young engineer faces one of the great problems of industry. How can all the latent energy of the coal be directly converted into electricity? An ambitious student would give his life's work for this knowledge.

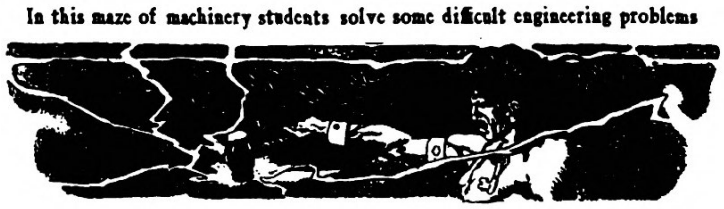
From waterfalls on the Hudson, miles away, thin copper conductors bring fifteen hundred horse power of electric energy to the power house. So cheap is this power that, in time, it will do all the work of the shops. Just now, at Spiers's Falls, a dam, fifteen hundred feet long and eighty feet high, is being built across the Hudson, and here generators connected with turbine shafts will develop twenty thousand horse power. The power from the distant river-station reaches Schenectady as a deadly ten-thousand-volt alternating current; and, before it can be used in the shops, it must be "stepped-down" in transformers to two hundred and fifty volts, and converted in rotary machines to a direct current. The seventy-five hundred horse power of electric energy thus obtained from the mines of Pennsylvania and the waterfalls of the Adirondack foot-hills is gathered, on a great switchboard, in a huge copper conductor, ten inches wide and an inch thick,—well-named the *bus-bar*. The mighty energy flowing invisibly through this copper plank operates five thousand machines—cranes, trucks, lifts, tools, —distributed throughout the hundred-odd buildings, and does the work of hundreds of thousands of men, but a man can rest his hand against it without feeling the slightest tingling.

A student, going from shop to shop, quickly becomes familiar with the American labor-saving machines; if his inventive talent is keen, he may find opportunity to improve them materially

Going from shop to shop, the young engineer becomes familiar with the marvels of American labor-saving machinery, and, if his inventive talent is keen, he finds opportunity to further increase the efficiency of these machines. In the new foundry, the largest gray-iron foundry in the country, the student finds that the making of twenty-ton castings calls for little manual labor. Imagine a steel-framed structure as long as the combined height of two of New York's tallest "sky-scrapers,"—a building that would easily house the world's greatest steamship,—and containing nearly three miles of railway track! And yet, less than nine months after the builders put spade to the ground, the first metal was poured. A dozen electric cranes whir under the roof, carrying about the foundry great ladles, each filled with fifteen tons of molten iron. Eight hundred men are at work there, and fourscore electric motors are at their service.



In this maze of machinery students solve some difficult engineering problems



Machine tools—the wonder-workers of American industry,—are met with everywhere. Nowhere else in the world can there be found such a varied collection of these steel automatons. Just now the largest machine tool in the world—a huge boring and turning mill,—is building, in the new machine shop, a structure larger, even, than the great foundry. Several years ago a twenty-foot turning mill was installed, and it was thought that this would meet all future requirements; but, so rapid is the progress of electrical engineering, the new mill will have a working swing of sixty-five feet. Its brick foundation extends twenty feet into the earth. The increase in

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON TALKS ON ART

ZONA GALE





Some of Mr. Gibson's well-known characters representing American life

C. D. GIBSON

From "A Widow and Her Friends," and "The American Girl"

Copyright, 1901, by R. H. Russell



NOTHING in the studio of Charles Dana Gibson suggests that it is a studio, excepting the alien circumstance that it is artistic. Such proof tends to puzzle the casual-minded, whose mind is trained to look upon any sky-lighted room, furnished like a pound party, and occupied by artists, or brokers, or bachelor wholesale dealers,—as a studio.

Mr. Gibson's studio is a real room, devoted to stern facts, and is, therefore, beautiful. It has no furniture that is not essential. Even the large rugs, woven of moss and mist and fire, hang on the walls like coverings, and not by way of decoration. The wood is heavy and dark. There are no pictures.

Mr. Gibson talks while he works. His easel stands squarely beneath the skylight, and, as he sat before it the other day, a picture grew under his hand while he talked about the making of an illustrator. Everything he said was emphasized by the slow growth of the glorious creature, who was there to show, from her pretty tilted pompadour to the hem of the undoubted creation she was wearing, that what the famous illustrator insisted may be done by skill and hard work can assuredly be accomplished.

"When anyone asks me," said Mr. Gibson, "what to do to become a successful illustrator, I always assure him that he has thought about the matter and doubtless knows far more about it than I do, for I know of no rule to follow to become what one was born to be, and I certainly know of none to prevent one from failing at something for which he has no talent.

"If a man knows how to draw, he will draw; and all the discouragements and all the bad teachers in the world cannot turn him aside. If he has no ability, he will drift naturally into school-teaching and buying stocks, without anybody's rules to direct him either way.

"The main thing is to have been born an artist."

Mr. Gibson said this quite simply, as if he were advising a course in something, or five grains of medicine.

"If you were that," he went on, "you yourself know it far better than anyone can tell you, and you know also, in your heart, that neither wrong teaching nor anything but idleness can prevent your success. If you are not a born artist, you may not know it. I think I can soon say something about the way to find your limitations, but no one can say much to help a born genius. His genius is largely, indeed, that he knows how to help himself."

Lightly leaving the student of illustrating adequately provided with having been born a genius, Mr. Gibson went on to tell what should be his education before he begins to study art, and upon this he put on record an opinion which is a departure from current belief.

A Natural Artist Will never Require an Instructor

"I do not think," he said, "that the previous training of a student who begins studying illustrating has much to do with his career. It seems to me that his actual previous education matters very little. If he wants to learn, he will learn. If he does not, he will not. If he does not want to learn, his attempt at an education will profit him very little. His gift for illustrating, if he has it, is a thing not more dependent upon his education than upon his surroundings. While there are instances in which an education forced upon a pupil has been acknowledged by him afterwards to mean much to him, there are also cases in all arts of which we say that contact with the schoolmen would not have been an advantage."

Mr. Gibson said this quite tranquilly, as if it were not an idea at odds with all other accepted statements that the thorough education of an artist is the best foundation for anything he may undertake.

"That leaves a good deal of work for the pupil's master," I suggested.

"Master!" exclaimed Mr. Gibson, with almost a frown; "what is a master? Have we any masters now? It seems to me that the word has lost its old meaning, and that there is no longer such a thing as a 'master.' Suppose we say 'teacher' instead! And then let me add this: I do not believe the teacher matters in the least."

"Don't you think," I demanded, "that a pupil would make better progress with you for a teacher than he would with somebody whose work had no value?"

If You Do not See Your Mistakes, no One else Can

"Not a bit," he said, promptly. "To tell the truth, I think the teaching of drawing is an overestimated profession. It doesn't seem to me as if I could teach,—as if I would feel it would be exactly honest to teach. Why, see for yourself,—what can a teacher do?"

Mr. Gibson laid down his pencil, but he continued thus:—

"I was for a year at the Art League, and two years in Paris. In Paris we used to sit in rows at canvases, like this. We saw our teacher for half an hour, twice a day. He would come and spend less than two minutes beside the chair of each of us, and what would he do? Point out a mistake, or a defect, or, rarely, an excellence, which, if we had any talent at all, we could see perfectly well for ourselves. That last is the important point.

"If you are a born illustrator, you will know your own mistakes better than anyone can tell you about them. If you do not see your mistakes, nobody can ever help you to be anything. All the teachers in all the art schools cannot help you if you cannot see your mistakes. I said I could help a pupil to know his own limitations. Well, that is the way. If your own work looks quite finished and perfect to you, or if it looks wrong but you cannot tell exactly what is the inaccuracy or lack, you may depend upon it that you were not born to be an illustrator.

"That is true in anything. The writer, the sculptor and the musician have to stand this test. What sort of musician would a man be who could not detect a discord? You can see it easily enough with that illustration. Well, your illustrator must see a bad bit of drawing, or bad composition, just as quickly as a born piano player can tell if he has played without expression. It is just as true in art as it is in ordinary matters. The snow-shoveler must know when his sidewalk is clean, the typewriter when the words are correctly spelled, the cook when her pastry tastes right,—or they are all discharged forthwith. Well, one expects no less of an illustrator than of a cook."

Mr. Gibson returned to his board, and what he said next was wonderfully extra-illustrated by the girl—"Gibson" to her finger-tips,—who looked up at him.

"The whole value of your work is its individuality," he said, "and for that you are obliged to depend absolutely upon yourself. Obviously nobody can show you how to be original.

"Now take the simple example of a copy book. Do you remember how the letters used to look, and the elaborate directions which accompanied every writing lesson? The 'a's,' and so on, must be just of a height. The 't's' must be twice as high. The 'l's' and the 'h's' must be a quarter-length or so above those. Well, as a matter of fact, who writes like that? Nobody. If anyone did he would simply be laughed at, and justly so. His handwriting would mean nothing. It would have no individuality. Everybody simply keeps the letters in mind and forms them to suit himself, and after a time he has a writing which he can never change by any chance. That has become the way he writes.

"Well, it is just the same in illustrating. I might tell you all I know about drawing; any teacher might tell you all he knows; but, gradually, by observation and the assertion of your own personality, you will modify all these forms, and will find yourself drawing one special way. That is the way you draw, and you can never change it in essence, though you may go on improving it forever.

"Now, to my mind, just so much instruction in drawing is necessary as is needed to tell the child who is learning to write which letter is which, and how to pronounce and recognize it. That once learned, the child will go its own sweet way and develop a handwriting such as no one in the world can exactly duplicate. So it is with drawing. When the first fundamental instructions are over,—which anyone who can draw can give you,—you are your own master, and will draw or not, as you were born to do.

"Remember that I am not saying that I regret the time I spent studying, either here or in Paris. I am only telling you what I regard as necessary for one who wants to learn.

"Now, just as the way to learn to write is to write, so the way to learn to draw is to draw. I think it is best to begin with objects in the room, and with figures,—any objects, any figures,—it does not matter. But draw one over and over again; draw it from all sides; draw it big, and draw it little, and draw it again. Then go to something else, and then come back to it later the same day. Put them all away till the next day, and then find the mistakes in them. Here is something to remember, and something which ought to hearten many a discouraged student quite blue because of what really should have encouraged him: Do not be discouraged at the mistakes you can find in your own work, unless you find only a small number. The more mistakes you can detect, the better able you are to draw. Do not leave a thing until you are satisfied, after going back to it every day for weeks, that you can draw it no better. Then, if you come upon it the next year, and still see no room for improvement,—well, then there is still room for discouragement about yourself.

While Studying Art, One Should Work incessantly

"In all this work, observe one rule: Never mind about drawing a thing as you may possibly have been told to do in the course of instruction. Draw it the way it looks to you. You will see it differently as you go back to it again and again. If you do not see it differently, you cannot see your own mistakes, and that is positive proof that for you fame is waiting at some other door,—or, at any rate, that it will not come to you from art.

"How much ought one to work? All the time. Draw all the time. Look all the time for something to draw. In the beginning, never pass anything without wresting from it its blessing, so to

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speak. Before you pass, be sure you can draw it; and the only way to be sure of that is to draw it several times. The objects in a room are a little simpler than figures, at first, but figures are the more interesting, and you must draw whatever interests you. If you would rather draw crawfish and bootjacks than men and women, draw crawfish and bootjacks. It really does n't so much matter what you draw; the point is that you draw. But it is important to you that you develop a taste for drawing something special,—and of that you need have no fear if you are a born artist. If you are not, as I said, it does n't matter.

"I always feel that any general talk about the way to succeed, in any art one selects, is rather unnecessary. I cannot repeat too often that I believe, if the student has it in him to draw, he will not need to be told to persevere, or to work hard, or to be careful of bad influences in his work, or to avoid imitation,—he will do all these as naturally as he will hold a pencil. Holding a pencil, by the way, is another example of what I just spoke of. Do you remember that they used to tell us just how our fingers must hold the pen, and how the whole arm ought to move? 'What will they think of you,' they said, 'when you get out in the world, if you hold your pencil like that?' As a matter of fact, nobody gives the matter a thought, and hardly one of us holds a pencil that way. It is so with many of the *formulæ* of an art. But is n't it curious that I never did get out of holding my pencil that prescribed way? I do happen to hold my pencil correctly."

"Maybe you held some of the other *formulæ* the same way," I suggested, "and they are influencing you."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Gibson, "so far as the pencil goes, I fancy, perhaps, that I draw in spite of the way I hold it rather than because of it."

Then he made a small retraction of his remark.

"There is one class of teachers," he said, "that I count,—pictures. Pictures are always at hand,—and good work is the best teacher in the world. A pupil in New York ought to go to the art gallery often and often, and sit there and steep himself in what he sees. Let him go to study definite pictures, too,—but just to sit and absorb,—as one sits in a garden, or before an old tower, or by the sea,—without sketching, only just looking,—that is the best instruction you can pay for on either continent."

The picture of the girl on the board was practically complete, with its high little chin and haughty mouth and fearless eyes, and it seemed so alive that getting to be a great illustrator appeared hopeless by the side of it.

"How long," I asked, "does it take, normally, to find out if you 're a born artist or not?"

Mr. Gibson laughed and took it the other way.

"A very long time," he said, regretfully, "and some of us even go down blind to our graves."

THE QUALITIES THAT MADE A MERCHANT GREAT

An interview with Robert C. Ogden, given exclusively for SUCCESS *- - Charles H. Garrett*

"THERE is the man who put life into this once moribund store," said a customer at a counter in John Wanamaker's New York establishment, at the southeast corner of Tenth Street and Broadway. A man slightly past middle life strode through the mazes of bazaars and throngs of people. His presence seemed to tone up every employee as a tuner tunes a piano. His firm, steady step, his plain, short, direct words, denoted his complete control of self and marked him as a commander in his business.

The man was Robert C. Ogden, the business manager of the well-known establishment. Mr. Ogden glories in his work, but he is fond of young men, and is never happier than when giving them the advantage of his experience. He talks to them frequently, in the Young Men's Christian Association and other societies. Mr. Ogden is a firm believer in the supreme value of good literature as the salvation of young men, especially in the great cities where there are so many temptations to waste their time.

"I have not been out of employment for a day, in over fifty years," said Mr. Ogden; "nor has it ever been necessary for me to ask for a position. I have had my share of hard knocks. At one time I suffered serious reverses and lost my money, but I never owed a dollar in my life, or failed to meet an obligation. To succeed, a man must be confident and aggressive, must laugh at discouragements and reverses, and, with a distinct determination and persistency, he must gather his mental resources and stubbornly forge ahead.



ROBERT CURTIS OGDEN

Mr. Ogden, who is John Wanamaker's partner, is a self-made man. He began life as an errand boy, at one dollar and fifty cents a week

"My boyhood was spent in Philadelphia. One of the schools which I attended, Thomas D. James's private school, was situated at the corner of Eleventh Street and Market Street. I was an honest sort of boy, and was forever getting into trouble for telling the truth. When, some few years ago, I was asked to take charge of Mr. Wanamaker's wholesale store, then conducted by the firm, Hood, Bonbright and Company, it flashed across my mind as a coincidence that the building occupied the site where the old school stood, and where I received so many deserved 'lickings.' Turning to Colonel Hood, I said, to his bewilderment, 'Colonel, this corner has sad memories. Will I be expected to take as many lickings here as of old? If I shall, I would like to give the matter consideration.'

"During the summer holidays, I worked as an errand boy in a hardware store for one dollar and fifty cents a week. I did not play baseball or indulge in the sports of country boys. Mine has been a workaday life. We had school in the afternoon as well as in the morning. My only active recreation was on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when, with a couple of boon companions, I took long tramps to explore the surrounding picturesque country. This was, to a great degree, inspired by my poetical propensities, which developed from reading Sir Walter Scott's works.

"I became acquainted, early, in an idle way, with the pulse of mercantile life. Market Street, Philadelphia, in those days, was a business center. Two doors away from the school was the passenger station of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad. The trains were not made up there, but four horses attached to each car pulled them on the tracks down the center of the street to Gray's Ferry. Canal boats, divided into sections and filled with produce, or carrying, from the city for foreign ports, muslins and other merchandise, were hauled on trucks through the city in the same manner. But the great Conestoga wagons, drawn by six or eight horses, the whips of the drivers snapping around the leaders' ears, and the various parts of the vehicles creaking under the weight of all kinds of goods for Western Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Virginia, most awakened my interest in mercantile life. Often I recall how I frequently stood before the entrances of the wholesale dry-goods stores, none of them over twenty-five feet wide,—stores that, to-day, you could put in your back yard,—and I wondered at the business they transacted. It seemed to me that it would be princely to be a wholesale dry-goods merchant,—the height of ambition, the pinnacle of fame.

"When I became fourteen years old, I accepted a clerkship in a dry-goods store in Philadelphia. I have not experienced the ordinary vicissitudes of the country boy who comes to the city, with all of his belongings tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and wins a fortune. Mine was what might be considered a humdrum life,—the ordinary life of a clerk who steadily, through industry, tact, and honesty, rises to a position of trust. It is only through lack of proper interest that many men find themselves filling small positions year after year. Later in life, I became, with my father, a partner in the firm of Devlin and Company, retail clothiers, of New York. My subsequent achievements are hardly romantic enough to record. I had known Mr. Wanamaker, personally, for twenty years, during which he had frequently asked me to identify myself with him."

This was the drift of the story Mr. Ogden told of his life. Prosaic, you say? How many other lives could have been agreeably prosaic and successful if adherence to duty had inspired strenuous effort! To-day, Mr. Ogden is a merchant prince. To come in contact with him, as with such men as the late Collis P. Huntington, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, is to feel impelled to do and to dare; to work, and that incessantly. This is merely a reflection of his life, yet, undoubtedly, the gist of the cause of his sober success.

"Mental inertia," said Mr. Ogden, "is the cause of most failures. The man who wishes to make a place for himself in the business world should learn that a superficial performance of duty is not that which engages the attention of an employer. One has not performed his duty until he has done all that can be done. Every young man makes his own career,—he finds himself and finds his place, if he is the kind of person who has sufficient self-confidence to strike out.

"I frequently hear men complain that they have not been fortunate in chances. Chances are made. They are not to be secured by the man who lacks mental alertness and energy to grasp opportunities.

"A young man can best satisfy his employer by striving to do his utmost. The difference between superiority and inferiority is often only perception,—the faculty of being able to judge between right and wrong. Mistakes are expensive. A stupid fellow will invariably try to defend a mistake and harass you with an argument in his favor. Unfortunately, this is not peculiar to young men. Most men make the mistake of talking too much. Talk is cheap. The way to succeed is by keeping everlastingly at it, without dramatic display or conceit of any ability. When a man becomes self-centered, he is rarely progressive.

"It is the young man who embodies the happy gifts of the agreeable man—alertness, capacity, affability, and lack of conceit,—who compels recognition. Every employer is on the watch for such men. It is naturally advantageous to have them in one's employ. One of our head men in the New York store, although he has been with us but four years, has in that time had his salary raised six hundred per cent., without any asking on his part.

"It is hard to find men who do original thinking. It is far easier to

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Culture in the Home.--I.—The Value of Love

MARY LOWE DICKINSON



The love that lives in the home, that binds families, that creates order, is the most powerful of all our country's pillars.—Clay

IN any consideration of the varied influences that enter into home-culture, love stands by itself. It is not a simple attribute, like cheerfulness,—a combination of attributes, like tact,—a gift, like beauty or music,—or a habit, like good manners: it is an influence pervading all, yet distinct from all. Each of the above-named factors is dependent for its power upon love; but love, though modified by the gifts, graces, and habits of the home, can exist independent of them all. It is not a quality, but life.

Recognizing this truth, we give to love its rightful prominence and leadership among the creative forces in true home-culture. It is supreme in that it dominates the heart. Other forces train the hands to lovely service, or the brain to wise or cheerful thought, and all are needed; but love alone makes of lovely service a loving service, and of a cheerful thought a cheering thought. In other words, it matters little what the various members bring to the common treasure-house; the agent of transmission from heart to heart is love, and love alone. Hence, though many qualities, graces, and gifts may be desirable for home-culture, one thing alone is indispensable; without it, all the rest are barren of fruit. One thing alone can permeate all other elements with vitality,—love is the leaven of the lump.

If, then, no matter what luxury, what refinement, what success, what advantages the home offers, it is empty without love, our problem is how to create, to cultivate, and to keep in the home this one supreme gift. It is a condition that must be cultivated. You remember that Browning says:—

> Life,
> With all it yields of joy or woe,
> Is but our chance o' the prize of learning love.

Not a few of us are ready to smile at the idea of learning love. We think we know all about it; especially do we pride ourselves on knowing all about the home loves, the natural family loves, as we call them; and yet how rarely do we come into close relations with homes, without realizing that, in comparison with what there should be, there is a pitiful lack of love. Do the members of a family miss it? Are they conscious of their loss? Do they realize what home-love might be and ought to be? One who asks these questions has only to study the signs so plainly written on human faces and actions that he who runs may read.

There is something in manhood, whether of high or low degree, that rarely puts its tale of the love it misses into words; but, if we could get at the hidden hearts of average men, we should see that the want of love and cheer at home sends them even more frequently than their love of drink to the saloon around the corner. It may be a man's own failure to get on in life that has kept the overcrowded home too small and poor for comfort; it may be that overwork and over-care have robbed the wife of charm and left her so depleted of love that she has scarcely enough for the children; nevertheless, many a working man knows that he is valued for the weekly wages he brings rather than for the tender care he feels for the wife and children dependent upon him for support. How natural it is to grow silent, then morose, then hopeless, and then more or less indifferent! When the finer life is defrauded, the coarser asserts itself, and "home-culture" is a failure so far as it touches the head of the home.

Many timid boys and girls have grown almost to maturity believing that nobody ever loved them, because nobody has ever told them so; they have not learned that service is love's interpreter

Somewhat less pitiful is this deterioration of the heart-life in the wife and mother, because, in her case, love is, in a measure, kept alive by her closer contact with her children, and, so long as they live, it never degenerates to indifference. The fact that mother cares is often the one restraining influence that holds a growing son or daughter back from evil, but we all know how often that hold slackens until its strength is only sufficient to keep the wayward child from "letting mother know." How slender is the thread of mother-love that cannot hold its own closer to her heart than this! Do such young people know what they miss? And, on the mother's side, does she know how small the gratitude, how poor the quality of affection that comes back to her for her life in which her own love has only found expression in unceasing toil? To know whether young girls miss the home-love or not, one has only to note the eagerness with which they form intimacies with other girls, confiding the real thoughts and feelings that never find their way into the mother's ear. Nor are they the daughters of the poor alone who say of the things nearest and dearest, "I do not think of saying anything about it to mother; she never would understand in the world." Yet the chances are that the mother not only would understand, but that she also longs for the trust and tenderness that she has not kept alive as she might have done through all the earlier years.

Do I draw too sad a picture? Can I say that neither in the homes of rich or poor is it lack of love that is the fault? Is it, instead, lack of knowing how to make husbands and wives and mothers and children feel how much they are beloved? Whatever the answer, there is abundant reason for urging upon the home circle, rich or poor, the culture of love, without which no true home-culture can exist. How can it be done? First, be willing to show the love that already exists. It is like a plant with shriveled, drooping leaves. Bring it out into the light; show it; put it in the warmth of the sun. Is the husband and father silent, gloomy, withdrawn into himself, brooding, perhaps, over the fact that, no matter how hard he tries, he never can meet the family demands? Show him that you know he is tired, that you love him for his constant effort, that you love him the same even if he has failed to do all he had hoped. Show him how well and cheerfully you can get on with a little for this time, sure that the next time he will succeed. If you are his daughter, and have acquired the habit of thinking of him chiefly as the man from whom the money comes for the things you need, get out of that relation by planning to do or get something for him. Has your mother been in the habit of reminding him that your birthday was at hand? Find out his birthday, and begin to plan, for that, a little gift from every child, a song sung for father, a little speech from his little son; a little fun in which you coax him to share,—it may mean a new life to him because it means a new sense of how truly you love and believe in him.

When it comes to showing the dear mother how you love her, be sure you get father to help in planning the good time for her.

If, in every home where a member of the family has been cheated of love, those who have defrauded him would begin at once to restore "fourfold," we should see a great era of home-culture

A little hint, like this I leave you, if put into practice, may be the beginning of true home-culture for many a household such as we all know. There is infinite variety in the method, but the idea is the same,—to make the others know how much we care for them. We always do let one member of the household know. We are all alike outspoken and free in expressing our love for the baby. We squander upon it caresses.

A little child of eight was very ill and thought to be dying. In after years all memory of the suffering faded, but she said: "I owe to that sickness the knowledge that my mother loved me, for she kissed me again and again when no one else was there to see. That memory was the most precious treasure that I carried on into my womanhood, for until the night before I was married I do not remember that she ever kissed me again. When she was old, I asked her why she never caressed or petted us as children, and she said: 'I thought it would prevent your being self-reliant. I knew I could not always be with you, and I did not want you to be dependent on my presence.'"

There is little danger of that excess of old-fashioned reserve in these days; but, if it exists, I recommend that the barriers be broken down and that we love the children as freely as the sunlight plays on the blossoms; and let them, in turn, in their own words, "love us as hard as ever they can."

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LARGE INDUSTRIES FOUNDED ON WASTE PRODUCTS

F. Francis Hicks

WHEN America was still a vast unexplored wilderness, and adventurers from the Old World were risking their lives in a mad search for precious metals on its shores, a little company of fortune-seekers carried back across the sea a shipload of shining ore, which they took for the most precious of metals. Great was their chagrin when they found, upon reaching home, that their cargo was worthless. All England ridiculed them. The glittering stones were dumped into the sea; for, instead of gold, they contained only that despised mineral, iron pyrites, ever afterwards known as "fool's gold."

But now hundreds of thousands of tons of "fool's gold" are shipped to England every year from the mines of Spain and Portugal, in an industry which yields products to the value of many millions of dollars. In recent years the researches of chemists have shown that iron pyrites is rich in sulphur, a material much used in many manufactures, and so the extraction of a valuable commercial product from "fool's gold" has become in itself a great industry. Instead of throwing away the roasted pyrites, as was done at first, after the maker of sulphuric acid had got out the sulphur, the burnt ore is now turned over to the copper extractor, who not only separates the copper it contains, but also so perfectly removes the sulphur that the residue, consisting chiefly of peroxide of iron, is largely used in iron-making processes. Besides these products, an ounce of silver is extracted from every ton of the mineral.

Nature Is a Great Economizer: She Wastes Nothing

It was Lord Palmerston who said that "dirt is merely matter in the wrong place," and it is the work of science to discover how to make seemingly worthless products over again into things of value. Not an atom of matter, nor the faintest pulsation of energy, is ever destroyed. Nature practices absolute economy; she wastes nothing; and it is one of the most fascinating studies to so learn how to govern her infinite transformations that use may be made of the apparently useless, so that man may practice her economy.

One of our great industries, employing nearly fifty million dollars of invested capital, was founded, a few years ago, on the discovery that cotton seed is not worthless. Formerly the seed of the cotton plant was either burned or dumped into rivers; now products are made from it, in this country alone, to the annual value of more than thirty million dollars.

Oil is the principal product of the cotton seed, and almost all of this oil, nearly a hundred million gallons a year, is employed in the preparation of food, chiefly as salad and cooking oils. It is used in making soaps, washing powders, and cosmetics; for illuminating purposes; and, when refined, as a lubricant for bolts and nuts. Cotton oil is also used as a substitute for olive oil. The refuse from refining the crude oil is used as stock for the manufacture of soap. The residue, or cake, after the oil is extracted, is a valuable fertilizer and feeding stuff; the hulls make excellent fuel; and the ashes of the hulls form a fertilizer rich in potash and phosphoric acid, which is much used on tobacco plantations. The seed also furnishes a dyestuff, and from the hulls a fiber is obtained for high-grade paper. Even the linters are recovered, furnishing a product worth a million dollars. Every part of the cotton plant is now used in some way. The roots furnish a useful drug; the leaves and stems together make fodder; the stems alone are used as fuel and for their fiber.

Many Useful Products Are now Made from Coal Tar

Even more wonderful than the cotton industry is the utilization of coal tar. Only a short while ago this troublesome by-product of gas-making was considered a nuisance. The effort to get rid of it has grown into an industry which employs more scientific men in its development than any other. A description of all the products of coal tar would be a review of the greater part of the organic chemistry of to-day. Coal tar was first distilled in England eighty years ago, but it was not until 1856, the date of the discovery of the first aniline colors, that the industry became an important one. Now the value of the by-products of gas-making—tar, coke, and ammonia,—greatly exceeds that of the coal burned in the gas works. The distillation of the tar gives a series of products each of which serves as a starting-point for a long series of valuable articles of everyday use.

In the United States, the tar is usually distilled into light oil, heavy oil, and pitch. The pitch remaining in the still is known as soft pitch, and is used in roofing and paving. Formerly it was customary to turn this substance to hard pitch, which was sent abroad to be used in the making of compressed fuel; the anthracene oil obtained by this distillation was sent to England to be used in making alizarin. But it does not pay to make anthracene in America now. An American has patented a method of making an artificial asphalt from the pitch, and it seems not improbable that the asphalt industry will be revolutionized by this process.

Creosote oil is a coal-tar product which, owing to its extensive use in creosoting lumber, is coming into great demand. Of the refined products, benzine is one of the most common. The presence of twenty times as much benzine in the coal gas as there is in the tar has led to the introduction of a process for removing the benzine from the gas. Toluene, used in making artificial indigo, is also obtained by this process. Naphthaline is another coal-tar element produced on a large scale. It is used as a substitute for camphor in destroying moths. Another product is crystal carbolic acid, or phenol, the chief use of which is in the manufacture of picric and salicylic acids. Nitrobenzine, nitrotoluene, and other nitro-compounds from coal tar are used in making colors and explosives. Rectified nitrobenzine, known as oil of myrbane, is used in the manufacture of soaps and oils. Aniline oil is made in great quantities abroad, and European competition in aniline colors is very keen. The long list of coal-tar products, including perfumes, medicaments, antiseptics, aniline dyes, etc., is a remarkable illustration of what can be done in the utilization of a waste product.

New Uses Have Been Found for Surplus Corn Crops

In England, a short time ago, a courageous promoter organized a company for the extraction of gold from sea water. But even such an achievement as that would not be more wonderful than the new processes for extracting products of value from garbage and refuse, the disposal of which is such a troublesome problem in a great city. Garbage is heated with water and chemicals until it is reduced to a liquid form. The grease is removed, and finds a ready market. The liquid is evaporated, leaving a solid which is ground; the gases, meanwhile, being used as fuel. The powder, rich in ammonium salts, nitrogen, and phosphates, is sold to makers of fertilizers. The removal of garbage is still an item of great cost in the budgets of many municipalities; but, where special attention has been paid to scientific methods of disposal, it is becoming a source of income. Where city refuse is burned, the heat energy is transformed into power for mills, heat for homes, and electric light for streets. From the ashes a cement is made.

More than two thousand tons of refuse are removed every day from the cesspools of Paris, and from this waste is made ammonia for the scent bottles of the Parisian women of fashion. The city of Antwerp once paid five thousand dollars a year to get rid of its refuse; now it receives an income from it of hundreds of thousands of dollars. In Augsburg, cesspool matter is treated with acid, dried to a powder, and used as a fertilizer. Germany annually imports millions of dollars' worth of Peruvian guano to fertilize the soil, when the value of the nitrogen lost in the refuse of the city of Munich alone has been estimated at five hundred thousand dollars. Some enthusiast has estimated the value of the material lost in the sewers of the United States as equal to half the interest on the national debt.

In the great packing houses of the West, what now furnishes articles of food and other commodities to millions was once destroyed as useless waste. This so-called waste is now treated with benzine, and, upon evaporation, yields crude fats, which are purified and come to us in the form of soaps, lubricants, cooking oils, and butter for the table.

The bones of animals are used in many ways, as in the manufacture of bone-charcoal for bleaching sugar, empyreumatic oils, tallow, black pigment for paints, shoe-blacking, and filling for sheet rubber for overshoes, bone dust for fertilizers, sulphate of ammonia, cupels, vitrified bone for the manufacture of opal glass, knife-handles, combs, fans, buttons, gelatine, glue, prussiate of potash, phosphorus, etc.

Readers of SUCCESS will recall the time when hundreds of millions of bushels of the Indian corn crop went to waste. Some of the surplus was burned or used as a fertilizer, but the greater part of it was left to rot. Now one corporation alone, the Glucose Sugar Refining Company, uses a hundred thousand bushels of corn every day to make useful products from what was once a waste. Thirty different commercial products are made from maize, the most important of them being the now common article, in daily use,—glucose, or starch sugar. Every pound of American pork, laundry and food starches, the great production of alcoholic drinks, the varnishes used by cabinet makers, the perfumery of the toilet table, the different kinds of illuminating fluids, the enormous products of breweries and confectionery factories, all indicate the universality of the employment of maize. Farmers in the great dairy valleys of New York are beginning to learn the value of skim-milk, which, formerly, they fed to their stock. A large industry has recently been developed in converting the products of skim-milk—caseine, albumen, and milk-sugar,—into coatings and sizings for paper, waterproof glues for wood veneers and other purposes, paints, substitutes for hens' eggs, hard rubber, horn, lactic acid, and other useful commodities.

Even Spent Soapsuds Can be Utilized with Profit

The "old-clothes man" and the rag-picker of the street play their parts in forwarding the utilization of waste. Woolen rags are exposed to hot chemicals until the cotton fibers are disintegrated. When the fabric is dry, the cotton is shaken out as dust, leaving the unchanged wool fibers. This is called "wool extract," and it reappears, after it has been washed, bleached and dyed, in many forms of cheap clothing.

Cotton and linen rags form the basis of a great part of the paper industry, all of the finer grades of paper being made from them. The news paper of to-day is made from wood-pulp, while very coarse papers are made from straw. The strawboard industry has recently assumed gigantic proportions. Other neglected vegetable fibers have been introduced in the manufacture of paper.

Refuse from tanneries reappears in gelatine and soups, in size, in cotton goods and carpets, as cheap sealskins, printing paper, and cardboard. From leather waste a valuable black is produced. The by-products of breweries form a food for cattle. From the waste liquors of soap-making great quantities of glycerine are made. Even soapsuds, which flow in great streams from textile factories, can be made of value. In the yarn mills at Mülhausen the soapsuds are precipitated with lime, and the coagulum is collected, pressed into bricks, dried and heated in gas retorts. A gas, of three times the illuminating power of coal gas, is produced in double the quantity needed to light the mills. Soapsuds are also used in the production of lubricating oils, fat acids, and soaps.

One New England Industry Uses only Scrap Steel

Some of the uses made of sawdust have been tabulated by Professor Austen, a specialist in industrial chemistry. In many wood-working factories it is used as fuel, the dust being carried by forced draught directly from machines to furnaces. It can also be mixed with coal slag, spent dye-wood, turf, peat, and the like, and compressed into bricks of artificial coal. By dry distillation, sawdust yields gas, wood alcohol, acetic acid, tar, and oils. From the tar are obtained benzole, toluole, symole, cumole, paraffine, naphthaline, and hydrocarbons which are used in the manufacture of aniline colors. Carbolic acid and creosote are also obtained. Many sawdust combinations have been used in making various hard articles,—imitation marbles, plates for art castings, terra-cotta lumber, sidewalks, and dinner plates. High explosives and various kinds of gunpowder are also made from sawdust. In some explosives it acts as an absorbent, in others as a filler, and in others it is converted into forms of pyroxiline. A cotton dye is made from sawdust, and so is a great amount of the oxalic acid on the market. Just as gas is made from soapsuds, so is it made from sawdust. Professor Austen, who

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thinks that the possibilities of the utilization of sawdust are but little comprehended, says that in some localities there is enough sawdust produced to make all the gas required for light and heat.

One New England industry, a recently organized steel mill, uses nothing but scrap steel; and, by a patented process, it converts the junk heap into all forms of steel, from a carpenter's chisel to a forty-ton casting for a battleship. It is claimed that the waste steel, when cast by this process, has all the qualities of the forged product. Great piles of slag accumulate around blast furnaces. In fact, so useless was this by-product considered by man that archæologists will point out to you the sites of ancient smelting-works, marked by heaps of slag, untouched by human hand since they were first deposited there. But science is beginning to make inroads upon these rejected piles. Slag-wool, made by blowing a current of steam through a stream of melted slag, is largely used as a fireproof filling-in construction. In this process little drops of the slag fly through the air, comet-like, leaving a filament, the slag-wool, behind them. Bricks and building stones, tiles and cement have been made from slag, and lately bottle glass has been made from it. Recently the waste gases of blast furnaces have been used for heating and power. Pitch and oil and ammonia are also by-products of blast furnaces.

Corks are collected from the sewers of Paris, cleaned with hydrochloric acid, recut, and used again; cork cuttings fill life buoys and beds, and form the basis of linoleum; old broken bottles reappear as cheap jewelry; stable sweepings are made into wrapping paper; from wood ashes we get nearly all our potash; isinglass and iodine are made from seaweed; artificial pearls are made from fish scales; old coffee pots reappear as trunk corners; the refined dregs of wine casks become the housewife's cream of tartar, and the dye, tartar mordant; old shoes are made into fertilizers, and old beer barrel hoops furnish the pigment for ink; wine jelly has been made out of old boots; food has been obtained from sawdust; and a facetious chemist has converted old shirts into glucose, and has fermented and distilled it.

So it is seen how true was the saying of Lord Palmerston, that "dirt is merely matter in the wrong place."

But we have only begun to make use of the waste all around us, and one of the greatest services of science to mankind, in the future, will be to show us how to imitate more closely the wonderful economy in the processes of nature.



MRS. ROBERT E. PEARY

A Faithful Wife's Heroism

CAMILLUS PHILLIPS

[A true account of the adventures of Mrs. Robert E. Peary with her husband, the explorer, in his search for the North Pole,—telling how, by her influence, courage, and grit, she became her husband's emboldener. In the darkest hours of his long, unfruitful pilgrimage, Mrs. Peary gave him most powerful encouragement to push further and further toward the magnetic North. The facts in this article were related to the author, for SUCCESS, by Mrs. Peary herself.—The Editor]

THE "Kite" lay in McCormick Bay. On the hills around her, far toward the horizon's verge, the everlasting snows of Greenland were visible, almost as stern in their resistance to the warmth of the polar summer as the unchanging rocks which cropped up, here and there, above the surface of the barren land. It was five o'clock in the morning, according to the time of day which was set by the astronomical observatory in delightful Washington, far to the southward, where, in the evening of August 5, 1892, girls and wives and mothers sat on stoops or balconies and wooed, with gently swaying fans, such breezes as the Chesapeake could spare to temper the oppressive heat of the capital in midsummer. In McCormick Bay, one of those lovely American women—wide-browed, wide-eyed, fair of hair, and firm in the contour of the rounding chin and the curvings of the well-set lips,—was waiting in the cabin of the "Kite" for the husband to whom she had come thousands of weary miles. She was Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, the wife of Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, who has made his life-work the exploration of that unknown land where death has been too often the alternative of victory.

As an Explorer, He Seemed Predestined to Fail

Long before, he had departed, bent upon traversing the thirteen hundred miles of the relentless slope of Greenland's ice-cap. It was a snowshoe journey, through which nothing but his own strength and his own resolution could carry him in safety. She did not know when he would return; she did not know whether he would ever return; she could only wait, and hope.

That night, as on other nights, she lay down on the couch of her cabin, and, her anxieties weighing heavily, gradually sank to sleep. The hours passed. The Washington Observatory marked five in the morning, when a man—worn, lean, exhausted, and buoyed only by the joy of his return,—sprang to the deck of the "Kite," which was the cabin's roof. At the thud of his heels, the woman, on the couch below, leaped up, startled; for all things strange are quick alarms in that land of stillness and of mystery. She waited, listening. The steps came thudding down the companionway. They halted at her door. There was the eager summons of a knock. The echo of the summons carried her back to memories of her home, far from the frozen North. She swung the door wide open, and, on the instant, was in her husband's arms.

An indomitable man is this fellow Peary, a husband worthy of such a wife. Unflinchingly bent upon the fulfillment of his resolution, he essayed, in 1895, the most dangerous journey over the northern ice which any explorer had, so far, attempted. The wife, inspired, and inspiring confidence, had returned to her home. Peary, his ambition fixed on a journey to Navy Cliff, the most northerly land on the east coast of Greenland which he had attained in 1892, encountered again the appalling dangers of the ice-cap, designing to go from Navy Cliff around the northern end of Greenland. As his *cache* of provisions was absolutely lost, he had only his guns to secure food for the party and for the forty dogs that drew the sledges. For two months the explorer and his companions lived on half-rations. Dog ate dog; and, when ravenous hunger gnawed too sharply, the men sometimes came down to the dogs' despised food. The exploration, which was commenced so hardily, and was so hardily endured, became, at length, a fainting, staggering, desperate struggle to return. The last morsel of the scanty rations was eaten when the party was still twenty miles from land and only one lean dog remained of the forty that began the journey.

Peary would return barely with life, nothing more. His mission unaccomplished, his ambition unfulfilled, he had only two meteorites to take back with him, and the carefully charted location of a third huge star stone, which the natives called "Ahnighito."

He reached New York in September, 1895, a thoroughly broken man. Those two months of terrible privation on the ice-cap, of unrecountable struggles of the will, of repeated, merciless demands upon the strength of the body and upon the last resources of the spirit, had left the man a crater,—cold, void of force, and conscious only of the absence of the splendid flames of energy which had seemed to be his living self. It is the story of everyone who makes exertion against superhuman obstacles and meets the double defeat of hope departed and strength worn out.

Peary Was nearly Ready to Abandon Hope

The wife who met him found a man other than the Peary who, tired but triumphant, had greeted her at the door of the "Kite's" cabin in McCormick Bay. He was sick,—sick at heart, disappointed, discouraged.

To the world that greeted him, he showed a front brave and unchanged. He spoke of his explorations; and, sometimes, he touched upon their dangers and their toils. But, when he was alone with her, his voice turned sad, and his mien was downcast. To be a polar explorer is usually to win or to die. He had neither won nor died. He was merely a beaten man. Day after day, when they were alone together, the wife heard, from lips that had never before syllabled a weakness, the dejected words:—

"I am a failure!"

She suffered, as he suffered. She tried the means which loving wives employ to reconcile a man to sore discomfiture. Diversion, amusement, consolation,—all failed. Days passed, with the friends about him ignorant of the blight that lay upon his soul; the nights came, and, with them, to the ears of the faithful wife, there came the unchanging words in the unchanged, morbid tone:—

"Josephine, I am a failure; a complete failure."

Sometimes, he spoke of "Ahnighito," the immense meteorite that lay amid the Greenland snows. It seemed as if, in a half idle, half yearning fashion, he might have wished that he could bring it to his country. If only he were the man he used to be, before the frozen hell of the cruel North chilled his lifeblood!



He uttered these dejected words: "I am a failure"

His Wife's Courage Nerved Him to Further Action

The months went by; and the woman who loved the broken, hopeless man,—and who, alone, of all the world about him, knew his wretchedness,—resolved upon a great experiment. She consulted no physician; she experienced none of the loving apprehensions that go thronging to the hearts of women who set those they love afresh on dangerous quests. She only knew that the man whose

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fortunes she shared was changed from his former self; that all his future seemed to lay before him in drear and wasted years; and that, for him, life must be action and achievement, or else it would be no life at all.

They were in Brooklyn, in May, 1897, when, looking into the eyes that seemed always to say to her those four disheartened words, she pressed her lips together with the firmness of set purpose, smiled with her old, inspiring smile, and said:—

"How would you like to bring back your big meteorite?"

For the first time since his return, Peary's eyes flashed in response; and his lips set in the line they wear when difficulties arise that must be conquered.

"I could do it!" he exclaimed. "Will you go with me?"

The answer rose, joyfully, from her very heart:—

"I will."

"Then," said Peary, "I'll bring it!"

Thenceforward, he was a man transformed. Her divination, born of wifely love, was marvelous in its results. Peary forgot that he was a failure; he forgot his major ambition, the search for the North Pole; he remembered nothing except the fact that there was something left for him to accomplish. His former energy was completely at his command; his spirit flashed as of old, glowing and strong. Within two months, out of no resources, he had contrived to organize a party; he had secured the funds, and the brave ship "Hope" was on her northward way. On October 2, 1897, the navy department of the United States having put at the explorer's disposal the great crane of the New York navy yard, the meteorite was raised from the hold of the "Hope" and deposited upon the quay wall, the most magnificent contribution to the science of meteorology an American has given.

Medals were bestowed then, and many other honors. The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, and the Royal Scottish Society, found the conqueror of the hitherto unconquerable "Ahnighito" worthy of their highest awards. The world, that had seemed a thing apart from future struggles, offered praise and admiration; and Josephine, the wife, had by her side the husband as she knew him before, full of fresh hope, of new courage, and of plans for future deeds which should lead to final triumph.

By Her Enthusiastic Zeal She Started *the* Arctic Club

The Peary who was to attempt the greatest deed of his career was made in those encouraging days. The ambition to reach the North Pole—ever nascent, never born,—sprang into full being. The man's whole mind was taken up with his resolve.

Again the means were lacking,—the means had always been lacking. He had given all that he possessed. She had given all that she owned. He consulted her; and, for a time, they lived like two people wrecked amid civilization, and planning for escape into frozen deserts. Meanwhile, a government that could appreciate a good man gave him a five-year leave to immolate himself upon the icy altar of science and the fiery throne of ambition. But the government which could spare the man would not spare the money,—and much money was needed for this final, great essay.

"Robert," she said to him, at length, "there is only one way. If we appeal to the scientific societies, the contributions will come dribbling. Before there is enough for your expedition, your leave will have expired. Let us do the rich men of our country an honor that belongs to them. Go to the millionaires,—to those Americans who, holding fortunes and loving splendid enterprises, will give a thousand, where others loan a dollar and grudge it as they loan it."

Her words were the germ of the Arctic Club, almost instantly organized, and comprising in its membership less than a score of wealthy men who undertook, with a fine magnanimity, to bear the expense of the polar expedition, and to ask no reward beyond the pleasure of aiding in a worthy cause. Preparations were made with the swift perfection which ample resources give. On July 3, 1898, in New York City, Peary and his wife parted. The midnight train bore him to Boston, and so on to Sydney, Cape Breton, whence he was to sail four days afterwards. Another midnight train took her to Washington.

They bade each other farewell as lovers say good-by who may not meet again. And yet they hoped they were to meet again, for she had promised to go to Payer Harbor, and greet him there, only two miles below Cape Sabine, where Greely's party battled against hunger until starvation stretched them on the snow,—skeletons, gaunt and stark. Neither of them knew the terrible misunderstanding that they, in their haste, had caused. She believed she was to be at Payer Harbor in the year 1900. He believed she was to reach him there in 1899. That error meant that he, for one long, bitter year, was to carry on his mission, to fulfill his pledges to his patrons, to labor heart and soul against the unvanquished forces of Nature in her grimmest mood, while heart and soul within him should be torn with anxiety that would often be near despair. Meanwhile, how was it with her?

In July, 1900, the "Windward" sailed for Payer Harbor, bearing the faithful wife, and the provisions and supplies that were needed in the desert, empty North. A month elapsed; the harbor held the dead memories of the men whom cruel Greenland had claimed so long before, and the living woman, with her remembrance of the husband she so longed to see,—but he was missing.

Stanch of spirit, unfaltering in the fulfillment of his pledge, Peary was at Fort Conger, two hundred and fifty miles to the northward, killing musk oxen, cacheing the meat, and carrying tea, sugar, pemmican, alcohol, and biscuit as close to the pole as lay within his power, in anticipation of the dash northward, in 1901. Once more his wife could only wait and hope.

DR. GOODCHEER'S REMEDY

Nixon Waterman

Feel all out of kilter, do you?
Nothing goes to suit you, quite?
Skies seem sort of dark and clouded,
Though the day is fair and bright?
Eyes affected,—fail to notice
Beauty spread on every hand?
Hearing so impaired you're missing
Songs of promise, sweet and grand?

No, your case is not uncommon,—
'T is a popular distress;
Though 't is not at all contagious,
Thousands have it, more or less:
But it yields to simple treatment,
And is easy, quite, to cure;
If you follow my directions,
Convalescence, quick, is sure.

Take a bit of cheerful thinking,
Add a portion of content,
And, with both, let glad endeavor,
Mixed with earnestness, be blent:
These, with care and skill compounded,
Will produce a magic oil
That is bound to cure, if taken
With a lot of honest toil.

If your heart is dull and heavy,
If your hope is pale with doubt,
Try this wondrous Oil of Promise,
For 't will drive the evil out.
Who will mix it? Not the druggist
From the bottles on his shelf;
The ingredients required
You must find within yourself.

She Was Left Alone in Command *of the* "Windward"

She took complete charge of the "Windward" and its stores. The natives were attracted to her, and she traded with them, and gathered, in expectation of her husband's return, a huge store of ivory, sealskins, and walrus meat. When she found, among the weaklings of the Greenland "Highlanders," whom her husband had left behind him, some natives with sparks of daring in them, she hired them to make expeditions to Fort Conger, on the chance that some of them might reach him. But the snows were deep, and the natives were liars. They took her gifts and returned, saying that no traveler could make the awful journey. There was a fireman on the "Windward"—a Newfoundlander named Billy,—who had implored her to let him try his hand at exploration. At length, she let him go, with three natives and three sledges, while she waited, trading and watching, watching and trading. Days went by, and weeks wore on, yet no longed-for word came of him.

On the night of the fifth of May, 1901, with the old anguish of anxiety upon her mind, she lay down on her couch to sleep, in the cabin of the "Windward," as she had lain down to sleep nine years before in the cabin of the "Kite," anchored in McCormick Bay. Sleep came to her, and dreams; and the hours flitted by until, had she been at her home in Washington, the accurate observatory would have fixed the time at three o'clock. Near her, in an adjoining cabin, slept her maid, Martha, and the ship's cook, Charley, who was Martha's husband.

Crash! came the thud of heels on the deck above her. She was awake and up, in a flash of joyous recollection.

"Charley! Charley!" she called; "open the door,—Mr. Peary wants to come in!"

"Ma'am!" exclaimed the man, half dazed with sleep and astonishment, and believing she had gone mad in her anxiety.

"Open it,—open it, I say!" she reiterated; "Mr. Peary is there, waiting for me!"

Before his clinched hand could strike the panels of the cabin door, it swung ajar and Peary felt around his neck the arms of his delighted wife. He had met Billy, the Newfoundlander, amid the waste of snows, and had hurried southward to give his wife a glad surprise. But even he, mere man that he was, could not know that, waking or sleeping, a loving woman's heart answers to the echo of a loved one's tread more swiftly than feet can run, or voice carry, or thought pass from eye to mind.

They were together until September. She left him then, in Payer Harbor, prepared for his dash to the pole. Up to Cape Hecla, eighty-three degrees, thirteen minutes, north,—the highest point of the Western Continent, his *caches* are deposited. With the turnings and windings which he must make, the pole is four hundred and twenty miles away. From the solid land, where there is comparative safety, to the pole, and back again, the journey is seven hundred miles; for, on the return, if he should live to make it, the detours can be avoided. Packed on his sledges are numerous floats of whole sealskins ready for inflation,—an idea taken from the natives. The ice may break, and the explorer be set adrift. All sense of his locality may depart from him, and he may wander on, ever on, until food, strength and mind fail, and the large ambition which spurred him to the task ends as many more have ended, in the quiet of icy death.

She Is Preparing to Risk *the* Perilous Voyage again

She knew it,—all; yet, when she bade him good-by, when her lips pressed his in their lingering, fond caress, when her eyes looked into his and saw in them the fire that she had kindled, she did not seek, by word or faintest sigh, to weaken the quality of courage which was in the man she loved. She asked of him no promise that he would guard himself; she gave to him no hint of the dependence of her heart, which might stay him from a bold venture when the hour should come for resolute advance. She kissed him good-by, and sailed; but every word of his she treasured.

Once more at home, she flitted between Washington and New York, perfecting the plans for the ship that will meet him in Payer Harbor as the coming summer shall draw to its close. The words she treasures are the laws that rule her life. He shall have a wooden ship which will slip between the bergs where iron would be cut like paper, if she can take it to him. The food he needs she sees before it is stored. The very pilot, the measure of whose experience her husband outlined, must pass her argus questioning, before he goes on board; and some day, between the first and the fifteenth of next July, all preparations having been made for welcoming him, she will sail from Sydney, Nova Scotia, for Payer Harbor, to meet him, if he shall still live.

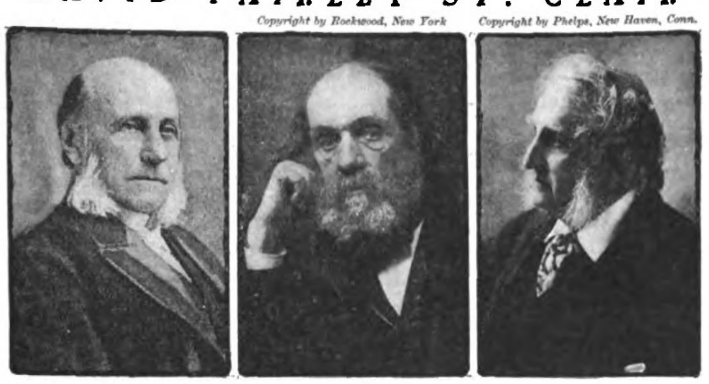
There is no doubt in her mind, to-day; there is no anxiety in her eyes. She is working and waiting as, in the years that have gone by, she labored and had patience. When, at her home in Washington, she finds some respite from her cares and has at her side the daughter who was born to them amid the gray darkness of the North, she says, quite simply:—

"I know, even if he does not attain the goal for which he strives, that he will never again be the man who came back to me from the second journey across that cruel ice-cap which eternally covers Greenland. I know that I shall never hear from his lips again the sad confession that he is one of life's failures. He has mapped Greenland completely, and the geographical societies of the world have acknowledged that his work in rounding the island and in determining its insular character is second only to reaching the North Pole."

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The Radiant Influence of Three Octogenarians

DAVID FAIRLEY ST. CLAIR



HENRY MARTYN FIELD EDWARD EVERETT HALE DONALD GRANT MITCHELL

"THIS is the age of young men," rings through every counting-house, shop, railroad office, and telegraph wire in the youngest of the great countries. It is writ in great letters, from the gravestones up to the very stars themselves; and, in our great central whirlpools, men are driven down, exhausted, and discarded in a few years like so many car-horses. Stand at the ferries and railroad stations, any morning, and witness the wild, maddening rush of men into the city. In intensity of energy and consumption of vitality, there is nothing to compare with it in any other country in the world. To be sure, we are beating the rest of the world, and this is one of the winning factors in the game, but we are playing a hand that must call more and more urgently for young men with strong arms and steady nerves. If our population should grow no faster than that of France, we would soon run out of capable men at our present pace. Indeed, native Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin are gradually losing their preponderating influence, on account of their declining birth-rate. There is no other country in the world with so many doctors and so much patent medicine *per capita*, and so many other counteracting influences in the various forms of mental science springing up to cope with this premature exhaustion of vitality.

It is, of course, easy to exaggerate this phase of civilization, but the consciousness and fear of age, another name for mental and physical incapacity, are becoming keener and keener with us. A man who achieves success late in life, even the success of making money, is phenomenal. In China, the people worship age, and they have failed. In this country we worship youth, because youth to an American is the chief element in the kind of success he is now so fond of winning. Therefore, if we are to go a step higher in evolution, we must learn to acquire the longevity of youth, because the birth-rate of this country is dropping, among all the capable and the well-to-do. With the declining fear of war, quantity of population must exchange places with quality. France, without warrant, is now putting the quality of her population forward as the chief factor of her strength even in war. Longevity of youth or of capacity must become a passion with us, for it is a passion that cannot handicap our energy. The two things, indeed, are wholly consistent and compatible; in fact, energy of the highest order is the product of a mind in a condition to prolong its youth. Ignorant of this supreme fact, quite all of our finest minds are working themselves out prematurely.

To emphasize this lesson, among others, the writer was commissioned to prepare this article, presenting to the readers of SUCCESS the story of three superb octogenarians, charming in personality, gifted in mind, and still retaining much of their physical vigor. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the famous Boston clergyman and man of letters, and Dr. Henry M. Field, the last of the four famous Field brothers, and now residing at his country home at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, celebrated, on the third of April, their eightieth anniversary. Ten days later, or on the thirteenth, Donald G. Mitchell, known as "Ik Marvel" and "the Sage of Edgewood," was eighty years old. Dr. Hale and Mr. Mitchell are still actively at work, and Dr. Field voluntarily retired two years ago from the editorship of the "Evangelist," on the theory that a man, after he has worked as long and hard as he has done, has earned the right to retire.

Dr. Hale Tells to All *the* Secret *of* His Longevity

One of the significant facts is that each of these men is still living, in the real sense of the word; but, of the three, Dr. Hale presents the best interpretation of the secret of longevity. Glance at his superb life. He was born in Boston. When two years of age he was going to school, and he does not recall the time when he could not read. Here was a mind awake and active, almost as soon as it came into the world; and the chief of its environments, the home life, was full of love and wisdom. He was a happy youth, sufficiently restrained to save his energy, and there was no danger of his dying in infancy. Two things he disliked, dancing and going to school, but he was compelled to do both. He loved the open air, his home, gingerbread, and "Robinson Crusoe." His most delightful playmate was the sea, to which he occasionally made an excursion from his father's home in Boston, and on its shores he learned of sea urchins, sand dollars, horseshoe crabs, seaweeds, etc. But Edward Everett Hale's boyhood in Boston, seventy years ago, gave little or no indication that he would be there to-day, with the strong, vigorous mind of a man of forty.

For a long time he has been known as "the busiest man in Boston." His life has been a strenuous one. It has touched the compass at more points than the lives of a dozen average men. His vocation is in the pulpit. His avocations are writing books, writing for the press, managing philanthropic societies, serving as a trustee of colleges, lecturing, traveling, gathering curios, making friends, and giving and receiving advice. More than twenty books and a thousand sermons have come from his pen. His "The Man Without a Country" has made him immortal. Why has Dr. Hale tried to do so many more things than other men, more or less busy? He has aimed to get ideas, to acquire experience, so that he may do well his chief work. He says that, to preach forty good sermons, he must have forty good ideas, and he must go out into new channels to seek those ideas. In other words, the aim of this man is to make use of the world about him. Like Richard Cobden, Edward Everett Hale never met a man who did not give him some sort of idea. The compartments of his brain have something to show for all this work.

At Eighty, His Life's Spirit Is still strongly Vibrant

He is, therefore, a manifold man, and to-day, with his powerful, well-knit form, his great head, his brain as open to impressions and ideas as it was forty years ago, he is greater than all the things he has ever done. Dr. Hale, at eighty, with all his mental and physical vigor, is a standing rebuke to the average man. He has done, naturally and consciously, what nearly every other great man of his country and time is doing ignorantly, and, therefore, miserably; that is, he is moving along in the full tide of our complex civilization and life, but in tune with the infinite, and this is the supreme lesson his eightieth anniversary should teach us. Here is the secret of his life. When he was asked how he continues to do so much work, his reply was:—

"The simple truth is that any child of God who, in any adequate way, believes that he can partake of the divine nature, knows that he has strength enough for any business which leads the right way. That is what helps to bring God's kingdom into the world. If you are working with Aladdin's lamp, or with Monte Cristo's treasures, you are apt to think that you will fail. When people talk to me, therefore, about optimism, or good spirits, or expecting success, if I know them well enough, I say that I am promised infinite power to work with, and that, whenever I have trusted fairly and squarely, I have found that the promise is true."

These confident words, taken in connection with his remarkable physical and mental reliability, are the surest evidence that he not only knows the keynote of the law of life itself, but that he is also a physical embodiment of it. Mr. Emerson, the most spiritually-minded seer we have ever had, died in middle life, because he failed or did not attempt to apply physically the law that so fascinated his mind and soul. He gave us so much that we had no right to ask for more; but Emerson at eighty, with the spirit of life vibrating in full accord throughout his body,—what a man!—yes, what a god!

It is just such complete men, such gods in human form, that we need and that are coming. Dr. Hale is a forerunner. Indeed, many of his friends call him John the Baptist, and there is a resemblance between the two men,—certainly physically, as the artists seem to understand the biblical character. Doctor Hale, with his long hair falling nearly to his shoulders, and his placid face, almost dreamy in repose, has the general aspect of a mystic. But let his eyes light up, and see him smile; the dreaminess is gone, the face grows rugged, and the man of the world flashes out. In him is mixed the seer and the worker, and the fine, high vibrations of his brain have thrilled to the very marrow of his bones and the very corpuscles of his blood. He knows the path of power. He has found it in his old Bible, in his prayers, in his concentration at his writing desk; in that wonderful library at Roxbury, in his seat by the sounding sea, in the pulpit, on the cars. He is one of the few men living an active life who know how to be still on occasion. In other words, he knows how to "loaf and invite his soul," as Walt Whitman was fond of saying. He knows how to work, and knows how to fill the flesh with the spirit, and thus he enjoys, at eighty, a noble heritage.

Dr. Field was born under the same star. I saw him for SUCCESS at his Wyndymore mansion. He has a most benignant face, and welcomed me with hand outstretched, as if he were greeting one of his old friends. There are men in the whirlpool of Wall Street older than he is, whom fifty years would be proud to claim. Has he worked hard? Few men ever worked harder or longer. Like Dr. Hale, he was one of those precocious lads born, as it were, with a book open before him,—through college at thirteen, and in the heat of the conflict of the world before the down of manhood had come to his face. He told me, so primitive and simple was life at Williams College in 1830–5, that he got board for one dollar per week, provided he did not take coffee; and he did not take coffee, for his father, a clergyman with a large family to educate, received only six hundred dollars per annum. Of his three brothers, David Dudley codified and construed international law, Stephen J. sat on the bench of the world's first tribunal, and Cyrus W. laid the first cable connecting the two hemispheres, and yet these three are seldom thought of without the fourth, the editor, for nearly a half-century, of a religious paper. Nobody, to-day,—or scarcely anyone,—recollects anything he wrote in the "Evangelist." Of his half-dozen or more books, nobody ever reads one. Each of his brothers is distinguished for some one or more great achievements, but he is distinguished for the wisdom and beauty of his life. He has had the greatest moral and spiritual force of the four, and, therefore, has been the greatest, though posterity, perhaps, will not find his name mentioned with those of his brothers. His moral force was the inspiration of others. Such men are the very salt of life. Many of them are laboring in obscure schoolrooms.

Vigorous Old Men Should never Look for Leisure

If I were an artist, and wished to symbolize rest, I should paint a picture of Dr. Field, in his beautiful, roomy home at Stockbridge, in the midst of his friends and his books. I should show the man completely relaxed and free from every thought of the great cares that he bore upon his shoulders so long. Dr. Hale, as I have said, is the symbol of perennial power and energy, but Dr. Field is the symbol of voluntary and complete rest. These two types are in great contrast with the men in our mad cities, who know neither how to work nor how to rest, who waste their energies in a want of faith and concentration, and who, while on a week's vacation, cannot beguile their minds from the shadows and ambitions of the street and shop. I know that men wonder why any man with a vital frame and strong red blood should sit down to rest at any time of life, when work is life's breath; but a man like Dr. Field must have felt that it was no less a duty to show his friends and his countrymen how to gracefully retire and rest, than it was to show them, for seventy years, how to work. His rest is not idleness. It is his soul in repose. It is like looking into still water for

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your face; you see it, you know yourself,—that is the wisdom of rest.

To attain power and repose, let us touch hands with nature. Let us sit upon the bank of the running stream, in the shadow of the copses, or under the leaves of the vine in the zephyrs of July, or else, with spades, open the earth to new life. Think of the crowds of men in our streets whose natures have been detached from all love of the soil, who go on rural tours country-blind, or who, otherwise, try to grow fads for corn and beans. I recommend all such to get those delightful rural studies of Donald G. Mitchell, "the Sage of Edgewood," known as "Ik Marvel" in his later books. On one of those white days in recent March, I waded through the snow to Mr. Mitchell's house, on the southern slope now the edge of the city of New Haven, and overlooking Long Island Sound. The sage, a silver-haired, ivory-faced man, is putting the closing touches to some more of his reminiscences. Fifty years ago he bought this farm at Edgewood, long famous in his work, "My Farm at Edgewood.' His other books are numerous, but it is safe to say that no man in American letters has done more to make men love the soil and the farmhouse than Mr. Mitchell. Since the beginning of time men have been writing books on "How to Make the Farm Pay." Mr. Mitchell did not make his pay, except in the sale of his delightful bucolic musings. He bought a farm to grow literature, to give a book into the hands of jaded city men who try to rest in the hammocks of a country boarding house in fly-time.

I asked Mr. Mitchell why so many men in the city, who have accumulated fortunes, are unable to make homes in the country that will hold them. The sage pointed to the concluding paragraphs in his "Wet Days at Edgewood:"—

"A country home will not yield its enjoyments to anyone who adopts it by virtue of a mere whim: theirs must be love; and with love, patience; and with patience, trust. This mistress, who wears the golden daffodils in her hair, and sweet violets in her girdle, and who heaps her lap every autumn with fruits, must be conciliated and humored, and rewarded and flattered and caressed. She resents capricious and fitful attention like a woman; receiving it smilingly, sulking when those who give it are done, and coyly coquetting for further notice.

"I would not counsel any man to think of a home in the country whose heart does not leap when he sees the first grass-tips lifting in the city courtyards, and the boughs of the *forsythia* adrift with their golden censers. Many a man mistakes a certain pleasurable association of his boyish days with the country for an earnest love; it may be only a sentiment, which will wilt with the scorching heats of August, and die utterly when the frosts nip the verdure of the year.

"A man may take his business to the country, whether as a manufacturer, stock-breeder, or tobacco-grower,—and decorate his business with country charms; but the retired citizen cannot go there and find enjoyment unless he has an ineradicable love for such charms,—unless he can read lovingly such books as those of Walton or White of Selborne."

It is therefore fitting that Mr. Mitchell, born in the same month with Dr. Hale and Dr. Field, should be grouped with them. He should be one of the trilogy,—one of the examples for those to study who are looking for the power that gives repose, and the repose that gives power. He is a man who has found the great purpose of the world.

PIONEERING IN NEW ENGLAND

Intelligent enterprise transformed a neglected farm into a paying property, with but a small outlay of money

JONATHAN BARTLETT



IN giving my experience as a quasi pioneer in New England, I am not presenting the record of any "phenomenal" or "startling" success; but simply such success as a man has a right to expect from resolute, intelligent endeavor along a line of which he has sufficient knowledge to at least realize what he is undertaking and to protect him from such fundamental mistakes as bring shipwreck in the very beginning. For he is a fool who wanders blindly and heedlessly among the pitfalls of an unknown field; and, had I not had the advantage of early training in agricultural matters, I should not have made the experiment that I did.

I had been, for years, an official in a municipal department, when a change in administration led to sweeping political removals, leaving me without employment. I had often looked forward to the ownership of a farm and a life in the country, but the maintenance and education of my family on a salary none too large had precluded this. I had saved a little money,—but it was very little. Yet the wish is father to the thought, and, as soon as I was out of employment, it occurred to me that, if a man is willing to live as the western pioneer is compelled to, enduring the same privations and working with the same energy, the chance of success, right here in the East, is equally good, if not better. I determined to put it to the test.

I set about the search for a farm that could be bought or hired at a low figure, looking mainly among those classed as abandoned,—though I may say here that there is rarely a farm worth improving that is really abandoned, except in the sense that the owner may have ceased to reside upon it and uses it only as a range for pasture. I first looked in the interior. I found many tracts of land that were capable of being made productive, and some of them were fairly well located; but two very serious objections seemed to apply to them all,—their extreme isolation and their total lack of any natural supply of manure. Their fertility could be restored, to be sure; but the man who has in view a task such as mine is unwise to hamper himself with needlessly difficult conditions.

Great Care was Exercised in *the* Selection *of* a Farm

I next turned my attention to farms lying along the shore. There the prices and rentals averaged considerably higher, but they were generally worth more, both in attractiveness of location and quality of soil. It was not an easy matter to find one that was within my means and still good enough to answer the purpose; but, after nearly three months of search, I found one. It contained about [illegible] acres of valuable land and perhaps fifty more of woodland, pleasantly situated on an arm of the sea and having several natural ponds of fresh water. The price asked was five thousand dollars, which was wholly beyond my means; but I could hire it for one hundred dollars a year, and this I did, with the privilege of buying at the figure named at any time within five years.

My family consisted of a son, eighteen years old, and two daughters, the girls being at boarding-school. Out of what little money I had, I set apart a sum sufficient to keep them at school for that and the following year, and this left me a trifle less than one thousand dollars with which to carry out my experiment. My son, who was a clerk working for small pay in a wholesale house, decided to join his fortune with mine, and together we went to the farm, taking with us a tent, a kit of carpenters' tools,—and what courage we could summon; for I will not deny that, when the time had come for action, we seemed to need all we had.

Much Needed Material was inexpensively Purchased

The house and the barn, which originally stood near the highway, had long since fallen down in ruins, and lay, a melancholy reminder of what once had been. A once handsome paling, with an arched gateway, had succumbed in like manner; and even the well, which could not fall down, being, so to speak, down already, had followed suit to the best of its ability by caving in. Near the shore, however, was a sheep-shed which still stood up, (though with a decided "list" to the rear,) and adjoining this we pitched our tent. The summer was nearly over, and the shed contained what little hay the owner had cut that season,—possibly five or six tons.

My next move was to purchase a pair of cheap horses, which I bought at auction in a neighboring town for ninety dollars. A secondhand two-horse wagon costing thirty-five dollars, and a double harness, twenty dollars, completed the outfit.

Some two miles distant was a sawmill, near which was a vast quantity of slabs, made by the "squaring" of the logs. The price of these slabs was seventy-five cents per cord, and of these we purchased and hauled home twenty cords, which we piled ready for use. I was then prepared to begin our house.

This I laid out, fifteen feet wide by forty feet long, with a single-pitch or shed roof, choosing this shape, not for economy of space, (for a square building requiring the same amount of lumber would have been more roomy,) but for ease in building. The walls were of two rows of slabs, standing upright, with their flat surfaces face to face, and breaking joints. Openings at proper places were left for windows, which we procured, frames and all, at a sash-and-blind mill in the city. We were, of course, obliged to purchase boards for the floor, but the roof we built of slabs, flat side out, and covered with heavy canvas to which we applied several coats of paint. I carried the roof forward from the house some six feet for a piazza, and, when the whole was done, it was by no means unattractive in appearance, proving that even the simplest building can be so constructed as to look well. My son and I did all the work, and, exclusive of this, the total cost of the house was less than fifty dollars.



What Willing Hands and a Little Money May Do

We next set about the building of poultry houses scattered over the farm at proper intervals, and, as much as possible, within range of the natural ponds, insuring a bountiful supply of water for the birds without the labor of carrying it to them. We used slabs for the walls of these buildings, but soon decided that box-boards, covered with roofing-paper, were best for the roof; for, while the boards were more costly, this was more than offset in the saving in time and labor. In several places, where there was a sharp slope to the south, we were able to economize by making dug-outs. In a few weeks we had completed twelve houses, calculated to hold comfortably from fifty to seventy-five fowls each, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars.

I am aware that, from a literal standpoint, the labor should be included in the cost, notwithstanding the fact that we did it ourselves; for labor cannot be performed without cost, no matter what the conditions may be. But my purpose here is to show what a man can do with a very little money, provided he has a strong, willing pair of hands, and some good, old-fashioned Yankee "gumption." Besides, circumstances alone can determine the price which a man may put upon his own labor in such a case. If it is in his power to earn, whenever he pleases, say two dollars a day by working for others, then he must reckon at that rate the work he does for himself. But if he cannot do this,—or if, as in my case, he is unable, for the time being, to obtain any wages at all,—he cannot, with propriety, reckon his labor at any considerable figure. By the simplest law of economics, he is entitled, in his estimate of cost, to whatever element of cheap labor there may be in the situation.

Our next move was to repair the shed, which we proposed to use as a stable for our horses. Fortunately, it already had a good tight roof. So we corrected, as far as we could, its "list," and battened the sides with slabs, thus giving an appearance in keeping with the house, and making it snug and tight. I may add that

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we had to haul many more loads of slabs, as they cut to very poor advantage, and only their extreme cheapness made their use advisable at all. In fact, had I possessed less time and more money, sawed lumber would have been cheaper for all of our uses; but I had to do the best I could under existing circumstances. Our muscles grew with use; not so, our cash.

The autumn was now well advanced, and I desired to stock the poultry-houses. I caused it to be known among the neighboring farmers that I was ready to purchase any good pullets, to the number of six hundred, regardless of breed, for fifty cents each, spot cash, and in the short space of two weeks we had them. Looking back now, it seems incredible that we could buy so easily at that price, but we were greatly helped by the fact that the whole community regarded us as a pair of harmless lunatics, worth contributing to as a means of public amusement. "Uncle" Abner Peckham (who, by the way, had never been able to make a good living, although he owned by inheritance a very good farm,) was quoted at the village store as observing: "We folks here on the Neck hev' got a reg'lar theayter comeek, right to our doors, b'gosh; an' its worth sacrificin' a few pullets jest to keep the show goin' on."

We next commenced on what I had determined should be our work for the winter, whenever the weather and other conditions should permit,—the hauling of seaweed. The supply, of course, was intermittent, and it was of two distinct kinds: eel-grass, which we hauled to the manure pit, and seaweed proper, which we applied directly to the grass and pasture land. The months of December and January of that winter are indelibly fixed in my memory. Hauling seaweed in winter is, at best, a cold, exposing, disagreeable job; and, unaccustomed as we were to the labor, it told upon us severely. What made the situation worse was that we were now confronted with our first serious disappointment; our poultry, upon which we had relied for a considerable income, and which consumed a vast quantity of grain, was not as yet even self-supporting, and our little stock of money was rapidly diminishing. We had, therefore, to work, not with the energy which is born spontaneously of the assurance of success, but with that which is summoned painfully, in the face of impending failure. But everything comes to an end, sooner or later, and early in February our burden of anxiety was lightened. My son, to whom I had given a half-interest in the poultry as his share in our enterprise, had taken great pains with the pullets; and, when once started in laying, they even exceeded our hopes. It was not long before the sale of eggs brought in, each day, much more money than we expended; and, so long had we been without any income whatever, and so great was the relief from our erstwhile anxiety, that we were greatly elated and felt ourselves fairly started on "Easy Street.

After a Year's Work, *the* Investment Brought a Profit

The farm, like many other abandoned or half-abandoned places, had been let out for pasturage every summer; and, while my wish was to suitably equip it with stock of my own, lack of means compelled me, for the first season, to follow in the old lines. For the same reason, I did no planting, (except a garden,) deferring this till the following year, when I hoped to have the means to do it properly. It is worse than useless to attempt any farming operation unless you are in a position to do it well. The owner had always mowed one large meadow, and ten head of cattle, at fifty cents per week, had the range of the remaining territory and were all that it would feed. As spring advanced, I became convinced that our dressing of seaweed had nearly doubled the productiveness of the pastures, so I determined to pasture twenty head; and, as horses were paid for at double the rate paid for cattle, I looked for horses in the nearest city. I could not find many, at first, but in a few weeks I had eighteen head; and, though the number varied from time to time, we averaged seventeen head through the entire season.

I will omit the details of this season, which was devoted mainly to poultry-raising, repairing fences, erecting four new poultry-houses, and otherwise getting the place in order, and give, in round numbers, our expenses and receipts during our first sixteen months on the farm, ending with the New Year. As my capital was, approximately, one thousand dollars, of course the expenditures beyond that amount (which were chiefly for grain,) were made from time to time from the proceeds.

EXPENSES		RECEIPTS	
Interest on capital....	$ 60	Eggs and poultry sold.	$1,320
Horses, wagons, and harness.....	145	Pasturing horses.....	335
Dwelling house.....	50	Pork sold.....	65
Poultry houses.....	350	Pullets (330,) raised ..	165
Repairs on shed.....	20	Hay, (over and above former crop,) 5 tons. (Ten tons of hay were stored, which was, of course, a gain of five tons over what we found on the place.)	75
Six spring pigs.....	15		
Poultry.....	300		
Grain	640		
	$1,580		$1,960
Less Expenses.....			1,580
Gain			$ 380

The result may not seem very inviting, but it must be remembered that a large part of the expense account was for stock and equipment, not for running expenses. That part might, therefore, be considered as invested, rather than spent; and, viewed in this way, the result is much more encouraging. But the main point is not that a fortune was made the first year, but simply that there was a positive gain,—an advance in property and prosperity and a secure foundation thus laid for better business in the future.

This first year was, in fact, the beginning of a business which, as time advanced, included the ownership of the farm, the addition of other kinds of live stock, (much of it blooded,) and the erection of buildings and fences of a permanent character. But, omitting the details of this development, which would take far too much space, I will close with a few remarks which may be of use to any who may think of transforming an abandoned farm.



Farming is a business, not an exact science, as some of the agricultural schools would have us believe,—though in no occupation is scientific knowledge of greater value. Like other branches of business, it calls for a knowledge by experience of its general principles and its details. It calls for persistent work and for that eternal vigilance which is the price of freedom from waste and loss. Despite the common practice of hundreds and thousands of farmers, it calls for a system of book-keeping; and, as fast as figures bring the truth to light, for the elimination of all features which do not pay and for the promotion and development of those which do. With all these demands fulfilled, the farmer will find his reward,—there is no question about it. And, with many other advantages, farming has this, which is well worthy of notice: that, while it is possible to engage in it in a very small way, it is also equally possible to amplify it almost indefinitely, with perfect assurance that its earnings will keep pace with its enlargement.

The Materialization of Jules Verne's Dreams

FRANKLIN J. FORBES



JULES VERNE

HOW MARVELOUS seemed the submarine exploits of the mysterious "Captain Nemo," who made that wonderful voyage of "*Vingt Mille Lieues sous les Mers!*" How extravagant were the dreams of that farseeing, imaginative Frenchman,—Jules Verne! We regarded him as a *fin de siècle* Munchausen, whose prophetic fictions were delightful in their absurdity. But so well did he tell his stories that we were foolish enough to believe that, in some distant century, even the visionary "Nautilus," sailed by an unknown power, might become a real searcher of the seas.

Captain Nemo boldly asks his captive man of science, as the wonder-ship speeds across the Red Sea: "Who knows if, in another hundred years, we may not see a second 'Nautilus?'"

"Your boat is an era before its time," answers M. Aronnax, awestruck. "What a misfortune that the secret of such an invention should die with its inventor!"

But, while the dream-novelist's heroes were discussing miracles in the saloon of the "Nautilus," many fathoms beneath the surface of the troubled sea, a man of flesh and blood in Dublin was wrestling with the ancient problem of submarine navigation. With what measure of success he met we well know, but so rapid has been the progress of science, in the thirty-five years since the days of the "Nautilus," that we wondered more at her voyage through the pages of a book than we did, the other day, when a real "Nautilus," of iron and steel, lay submerged for many hours on the bottom of Peconic Bay. Through the dark hours of a stormy night, when schooners were tossed on shore by the waves, the submarine destroyer "Fulton" rested so quietly that none of her crew suspected there was a ripple overhead. And when, after the vessel rose to the surface, an admiral of the navy stuck his head out of the conning tower, he said: "Let's go below again, for it's wet and cold up here, and it's snug and warm down in the 'Fulton.'"

How closely the "Fulton" resembles the "Nautilus,"—both cigar-shaped vessels of steel, with windowed conning towers amidships, and propelled by electrically-driven screws! Jules Verne wrote in the infancy of electricity, but in his fancy he builded electric motors and incandescent lamps. The fairyland "luminous globes," in which the light was produced "*in vacuo*," are now more familiar to us than oil lamps. The storage battery of the "Fulton" was not dreamed of in the days of the "Nautilus," and the novelist had to leave the source of the electricity a half-revealed secret of the resourceful Captain Nemo. But was not our modern electric motor clearly foreseen in the "Nautilus's" engine, turned by "electro-magnets of great size?" Captain Nemo astounded M. Aronnax by telling him that he kept the boat warm and even cooked his food by electricity. But this is no novelty now, to the American who rides home in an electrically driven, heated, and lighted street car, and eats a supper cooked over an electric stove.

There were awful days on the "Nautilus" when, imprisoned beneath the antarctic ice, her supply of fresh air became exhausted. On the sixth day, when hope had all but fled, the ice was broken, and the air-starved crew breathed again. The "Fulton," however, is a more wonderful creation; for, with her compressed-air cylinders, she can keep the air within the shell fresh for many days. As in the dream of the novelist, the real submarine boat is sunk by filling compartments with water. For the use we have for submarine boats,—offensive operations in naval warfare,—deep-sea running is not desirable, and the "Fulton" would be crushed to atoms under the enormous pressure of the low levels to which the "Nautilus" was sunk. But, should human needs demand a deep-level cruiser, American inventive genius would undoubtedly solve the problem.

Verne did not Foresee Twentieth-Century Warfare

Even the fertile imagination of Jules Verne could not picture the forthcoming wonders of telegraphy without wires. A wild dreamer it would have been who could foresee, in the early days of the Atlantic Cable, a time when signals would be flashed through the air from Newfoundland to the British Isles. Captain Nemo, when he left the submerged "Nautilus" in his collapsible catboat, had to drag a telegraph wire after him to keep in communication with his crew. No wires are needed now. Only the other day, two Atlantic liners exchanged greetings a hundred and twenty-five miles around the curve of the earth.

Nor did the eminent Frenchman foresee the awfulness of twentieth-century naval warfare. The battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" was fresh in Jules Verne's mind when his fancy built the "Nautilus," and he gave her a steel ram. Against the wooden hull of the unknown battleship, which the "Nautilus" sank in the North Atlantic, the steel rod was an effective weapon, but how much easier could the work of destruction have been done had Captain Nemo's ship been equipped with torpedo tubes, firing half-ton masses of the most terrible explosives known to man!

Through the saloon port of the "Nautilus," M. Aronnax saw many of the wonders of the ocean depths, and he greatly enriched the Museum

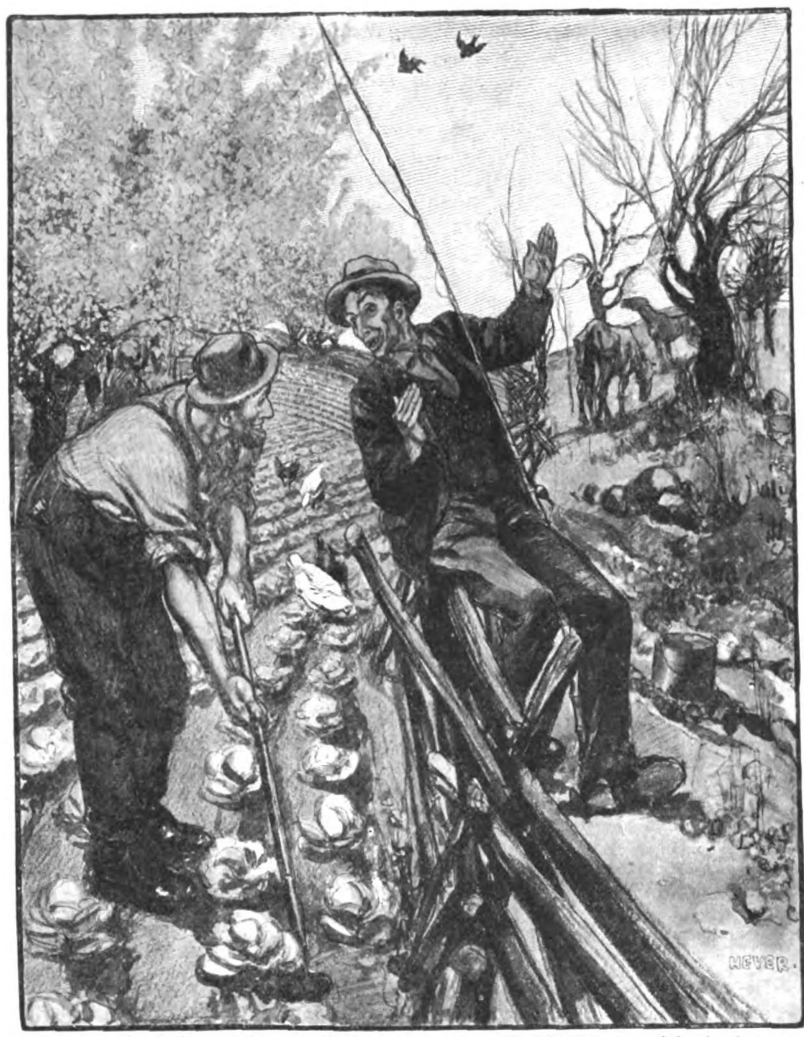
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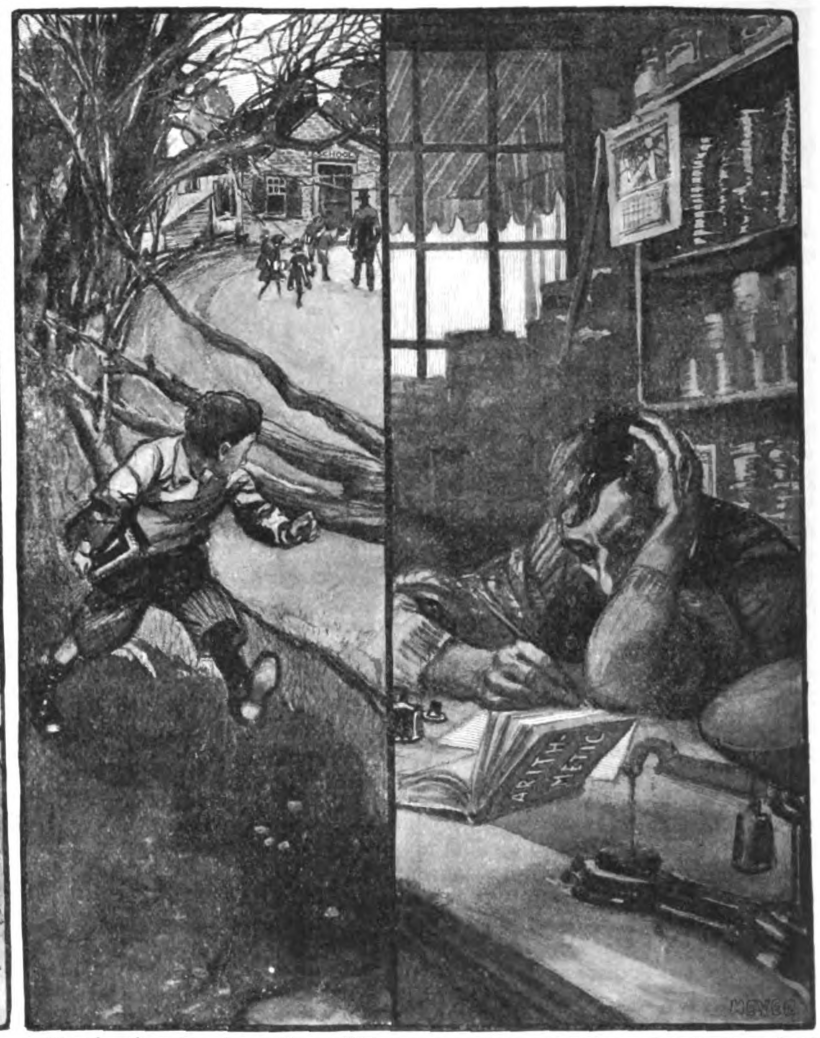
ORISON SWETT MARDEN
Editor and Founder

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, New York



"Let your land alone and you will become a pauper," said the man with the hoe



He who plays truant, as a boy, will have to overcome stupendous obstacles in manhood

The Fatal Waste of Life's Springtime

SPRING means action, progress, a letting loose of energy. It means running brooks, quickening germs, shooting twigs, swelling buds, unfolding leaves. Nature's combined forces set about new tasks, after a long rest. Growth-compelling heat rays join solvent moisture in stimulating dry, brown seeds to life and growth. Strength-giving soil-elements, set loose by riving frost and flood, lie ready dissolved for the hungry rootlets' drinking-in.

Nature's own planting has long been done. She starts her crops without delay. Man's planting must be prompt to catch the tide of the best conditions. Tardy seeding gives the germ but half a chance. When the sun first warms the brown furrow, when the voice of every animate creature announces the end of dead inaction, and a glad reawakening to vibrant life, then must the farmer shake off the sloth of cooping-up winter, haste to add his quota to the work of preparation, and stir the rich bed wherein his plant wards shall find sustenance and stretch up to add to his honor and profit, giving him and his family life-food, in return for care and culture.

The easy-going, shiftless farmer heeds not the call. He sees in the new life of the field and forest only quarry for his deadly gun, merely a new pretext for vagrant rambles in pursuit of pleasure in the cruel chase or in angling. He basks in the warm sun, but gives it no seed to quicken, and does not even start his plow.

Summer comes to surprise the loiterer. The sun's darting rays at length prod the farmer to his duty, reminding him of the swift-advancing season, of approaching need, and of the clamorous mouths of his children. With his seed bag he goes to the field. He finds the soil, that once was stirred by the departing frost and moistened by the April showers, packed and baked by rays too fierce for tender germs and starting leaves. Rank weeds almost hide its surface. There is no time to plow. Hastily he drags the harrow and tears the earth into clods, mingled everywhere with the vagrant growth. The seed is cast among the lumps, half of it to die, the rest to fight a losing fight against the choking weeds. Contemptuous Nature, busy with the grosser work of building stalks, devising complicated flowers, and performing the mystic rite of Hymen for millions of organisms, gives scant attention to the weaks that the improvident tiller would force upon her attention out of season. Her seed-hull-cracking, her germ-starting and her coddling of frail stems were over long ago. Now she bustles about with larger tasks, canning her precious juices and pulps, safeguarding the fruit, the final triumph of all her year-long effort. Late to the feast means poor viands and hurried service. When the time for harvest comes, the scant crop of half-mature grain is watched with feverish anxiety to give it time to ripen and yet to snatch it from the nip of the frost. Garnered with its heads half filled, the meager yield is so mixed with tares or with chess that the tardy farmer gains no profit. He growls at his "ill luck," and anxiously eyes his neighbor, whose well tilled field had smiled in golden contrast to the former's unkempt weed-patch.

Spring has its work, and summer will not perform it. Youth has its tasks, and maturity falters at them. Toil-hardened hands cannot pen the simple letters that seemed so easy to childish hands. Words and facts that would have sunk into eager, virgin minds, find no lodgment in the care-torn brain of the struggler who worked first for the harvest. Aching, anxious desire may goad to feverish endeavor, but the springtime conditions are gone, and the tired, hardened brain refuses new impressions. Lack of knowledge, of culture, and of finer appreciation must endure, though it eats one's heart out with regret and jealous longing, and though it clogs the foot and hampers every forward, upward step.

These belated sowers are on every hand. Sometimes they struggle hard to overcome their handicaps, to meet the urgent present need by stealing time from sleep or recreation, to learn that which will redeem them from mediocrity. Sometimes they stifle their longings and revel in gold-bought luxury and princely vices. They have succeeded by money-rating, but in their hearts they sadly and bitterly know that they have failed; there is gall in their every cup of nectar. Sometimes these wasters of the springtime are ground beneath the wheels of poverty, unable to gain even material comfort, despair being their only portion. Sometimes they are mocked by high position, where their shortcomings are in the public eye and the public print, and the humiliation goads them to desperation. Whatever their final fate, business success or business failure, the memory of their wasted seedtime, the misspent spring, mars every act.

How the handicapped millionaire envies boys in school or college, and would give half his wealth for the chance to lay a foundation which they are thinking of spurning! How many an embarrassed man in public life longs to re-live boyhood, that he may correct the mistakes of his youth! How much more he could make of his life, of his position, if he had cultivated his mind when young! He does everything at a disadvantage. His grasp of documents, speeches, and books is weak because he does not know how to study. He must employ a literary secretary to save himself from blunders of grammar, errors in history and biography, or in political economy. He is forced to petty expedients to hide his ignorance.

Oh, what a pity it is to see splendid ability made to do the work of mediocrity! A man of magnificent parts, feeling that he is by nature intended to shine as a leader, is pitiable when compelled to do the work of an inferior, and plod along in hopeless obscurity.

The eager unrest of youth, that chafes at restraining school walls and longs to rush to action, makes havoc with countless careers. In after days the old proverb will ring mockingly in memory:—

> He that will not when he may,
> When he would he shall have nay.

What are investments in bonds and stocks, in houses and lands, compared with investment in an education, in a broad, deep culture which will enrich the life and be a perpetual blessing to one's friends?

To rob oneself of the means of enjoyment which education and culture give has no compensation in mere money-wealth. No material prosperity can compare with a rich mind. It is a perpetual wellspring of satisfaction, of enjoyment. It enables one to bear up under misfortune, to be cheerful under discouragements, trials, and tribulations, which overwhelm a shallow mind and an empty heart.

"In the making of a man," says Hamilton W. Mabie, "all the rich forces of nature and civilization must have a place." Plastic youth, when heart and brain are ready to receive indelible impressions, to warm and nourish into vigorous life every germ of knowledge, virtue, and talent, alone allows these forces to do their complete work; to force man to his full stature, mentally, physically, and psychically.

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SHOULD A COLLEGE STUDENT BE A STUDENT?

CHARLES F. THWING
[*President, Western Reserve University*]

A GENTLEMAN of large intellectual power which is well buttressed by wealth, of high purposes, and in sympathy with all human interests, recently said to me: "I have a son in ———— University. I go to see him pretty often, and, while I am visiting him, I see a good deal of his friends. I hear them talk about athletics, fraternities, their teachers, and the fellows, but I do not hear much talk about their studies. They don't impress me as studying much, anyway, nor do they progress."

The editor of one of the most popular and useful of American magazines made a remark to me recently to the effect that, in the college he had attended, and in other similar institutions, he found great interest in football and baseball, but he did not find enthusiasm for scholarship. Sports had taken the place of the college's chief purpose.

For one, I believe so thoroughly in athletics and social organizations that I would give them not only a place, but a large place. I am not sure I should assent to what my friend, Professor George E. Woodberry, of Columbia University, writes me,—"I very much appreciate the value of athletics in forming character, both in the individual and in the college ideal, and I see very much more clearly the inadequacy of the scholastic training to do the work of forming character in the ways that seem to me most important." The "scholastic training," alone and unaided, is certainly inadequate to form character. The question here, as almost everywhere else, is one of proportion. It is: What use should one make of the four college years in order to insure the highest usefulness in the whole term of seventy years; what advantage should one take of the manifold opportunities of the college,—so great that he can at the utmost use only a few of them,—that life itself shall offer many and rich opportunities, and that he shall be able to enter into them with power and the assurance of noble achievement? The problem is to get the greatest value from a college course.

What use should one make of the four college years in order to insure the highest usefulness in the whole term of seventy years; what advantage should one take of the opportunities offered?

In discussing such a question, the point of view of the student is of primary value. It is the point which the college officer should always occupy, without, of course, any abrogation of his official relations. I have, therefore, asked several hundred students the questions which follow:—

1.—Do you have any regular plan of work for each day?
2.—What hours are most favorable for study each day, and what the least?
3.—For how many consecutive hours do you find your mind at its best in pursuing (a,) your favorite study, and (b,) your least pleasant study?
4.—How many hours do you study each week, including recitations or lectures?
5.—On what studies do you find it easiest to concentrate the attention?
6.—Do you find the hour of recitation or lecture as exhaustive as an hour of study in preparation?
7.—Do you receive greater advantage from studies in which you are naturally interested or from others?
8.—What kinds of food do you find especially influential in promoting or lessening the power of study?
9.—What kinds of physical exercise do you find conducive to promoting or lessening the power of study?
10.—How many hours do you sleep?
11.—What books, outside of those required, have you read since college opened in September?
12.—What newspapers or magazines do you read regularly?
13.—What work can you do best when tired mentally?
14.—Do you find the talk of college students with one another intellectually stimulating?
15.—Which is having the greatest influence over you, (a,) your study of a certain subject, (b,) association with college students, or (c,) class-room exercises?
16.—What effect does gymnastic exercise or athletic sport have on the intellectual conditions and habits of the students?
17.—How far should other purposes than the intellectual, such as social or æsthetic, prevail in the college life?

Every student in the United States should try to answer these questions, although it is not worth while for me to give the answers made to each of them; but it is, possibly, worth while to interpret a few of the more important replies offered to the principal inquiries, as giving intimations of the extent to which scholastic or similar conditions obtain in the college. Most students do have a plan for the work of each day, and, the harder their work is, the more carefully made are their plans. The range of the number of hours spent in study each week, including recitations and lectures, is from forty-eight to fifty-four. The highest is sixty-two, and the lowest reported is forty-two; but forty-two, be it said, is too high. Investigations made in other colleges give a somewhat different result.

The student who, coming forth from the four years of college, is not able to appreciate the relative worth of facts, has missed, whatever else he may have gained, a primary purpose of study

Professor Edwin H. Hall, in July, 1900, sent to a representative number of the members of each of the four classes of Harvard University an inquiry asking in essence how many hours a week each man studied. The answers showed ("Harvard Graduates' Magazine," March, 1901, p. 332,) that thirty-four and one-half hours a week represented the time spent by the average man on his regular scholastic work. The largest number of hours was spent by the freshmen, slightly more than thirty-nine, and the smallest by the sophomores, slightly more than thirty-one. Between thirty-three and thirty-four hours were spent by the seniors and the juniors. Of course the extremes showed a wide difference; one senior reported spending sixty-seven hours a week on his studies, and another said he spent seventeen!

"These figures tend to show," says Professor Hall, "at least that the Harvard graduate is not the arrant idler he is sometimes supposed to be." The inference is, of course, sound. The inferences gathered from all these investigations are to the effect that the American college student studies somewhat; but I believe they are not to the effect that he is a hard worker. They point to the conclusion that college students are simply a part of the general community: some of them work hard, and a few very hard; some do not work hard, and a few work very little; and most do not work harder than is necessary to keep a reputable standing in the college community. Relatively, I believe the ordinary college man works harder than does the ordinary merchant or manufacturer; but, on the whole, he ought to work a good deal more than he does, and with greater system. Each student should have, as he usually does have, a plan for the best use of the twenty-four hours of each day. The following outline is a type, which the individual should adjust to his own needs: to study, nine hours; to sleep, eight hours; to exercise, one or two hours; to meals, two hours; to "amusement," from three to four hours. By the use of such a plan, students are tempted to cut down the hours of sleep, and also not to spend proper time at their meals,—temptations which may result in all sorts of nervous disorders. Nine hours are a longer time than some students should spend in study, especially if they study in earnestness and absorption. But never should less than an hour a day be given to exercise, nor less than three to the fun of talk and of association with the fellows.

The general reading done by most students is slight. Most of the college students in America do not read half a dozen serious books, in the course of a college year, which are not required or recommended by their teachers as directly contributory to their studies. Novels are, of course, read more than any other books, but they are read little. Although students read few books, they do read the current periodicals. There is probably far less general reading and far more reading of magazines than forty years ago. The reason is largely that the college courses have become more vital, more interesting, more satisfying to the intellectual demands, and that the magazines are also more timely as well as more numerous.

To the question whether the ordinary talk of students with one another is "intellectually stimulating" are returned answers which, with a single exception, are such as I hope the "looker-on here in Vienna" would find surprisingly sad. The answers are, *No.* And yet some qualifications or exceptions should be added.

In the history of the individual, as of humanity, an intellectual new birth is in itself light and also points the way to the formation or the reformation of the will and of the whole character

One writes: "At times one catches a whiff of intellectual conversation that is mentally refreshing." Another says: "After several hours of hard work, one does not feel inclined to talk on deep subjects; and, indeed, I do not think one ought to. There is a great deal of light, harmless talk, and little, meaningless pleasantry, among the girls, but there is also a great temptation to 'gossip' to which we too often yield." A third says: "The talk of a number of students together I have seldom found 'intellectually stimulating;' but I believe it to be an exception when two or three students talk together, and the result is not advantageous to one or all." A college boy explains this lack of good talk by the remark that the fellows "know one another too well." But he adds, "If one is so fortunate as to be acquainted with recent college graduates, he will find in them a great stimulus."

The reflective observer will not be at all surprised at the tenor of these replies. How often, outside of college walls, does one hear conversation which is an intellectual stimulus? Although talk is humanity's constant and supreme amusement, yet good talk represents such a force of intellectual sympathy and of personal substitution, such a power of availing oneself of his intellectual resources at sight, and in fact presupposes having intellectual resources, that one cannot in justice to himself, not to say anything about justice to his companions, expect that the talk of college students shall be bright, wise, vital, good. The ordinary talk is not intellectually stimulating, but I dare say that the talk of college students is more remote from intellectual dullness and stupidity than usually obtains.

The question of what influences are most formative in the college is a question in which the personal equation plays a specially significant part. It is a question, too, which would receive different answers in different colleges as well as in the case of different individuals. The students who have answered the questions proposed believe, on the whole, that their study of a subject has proved of more worth to them than the exercises of the class-room, and also believe that the exercises of the class-room have proved of more value than association with their classmates. Such an answer indicates that the intellectual accent and emphasis have been more significant than the ethical, the executive, or the personal. If I were to ask this question of the students of Yale, I am confident, in a confidence based on answers made to the same essential questions already asked of Yale graduates, that the common answer would be that one's classmates and other associates do more for him than all other personalities and forces. Life makes life, and character forms character; but I have long felt, I may add, that the study of an important subject made by a student *should* have a stronger influence in the forming of his manhood than any other force. The twenty-five or thirty hours, at least, of a week which the student spends, or should spend, alone, in reading great books or in reflection on great subjects, ought to represent a power mightier than the class-room expositions of teachers, or the after-dinner talk of companions, in the formation of character.

It may be said, in general, upon the basis of this interpretation of undergraduate opinion, that college students, in common with college professors, believe that college life should be primarily intellectual. Social relations, æsthetic affinities, athletic opportunities, religious affiliations, are not to be neglected. Their place they have, and each student should seek to put them in their place.



One more writes: "The intellectual side should be first in the mind of the college man. The social and æsthetic should be used to the best advantage in supplementing the former." Another says: "The social and æsthetic should be equal or nearly equal to the intellectual. Certainly those who devote their entire time to intellectual purposes, as many do, are not graduated so well equipped for life as those who, during their college course, have given more time to the social and æsthetic sides of college life."

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Men and Matters of the Moment that Make and

The possibility of utilizing, in some way, the enormous internal heat of the earth, has occu red recently to more than one thinker. That such utilization may be accomplished is now believed by many scientific men. The British Association for the Advancement of Science is making a series of measurements of underground temperatures. A well for this purpose is now being bored near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania



SULLY-PRUDHOMME has won the Gobel prize by his poetry



HON. A. LYTTLETON may act as Britain's envoy extraordinary



WM. H. MOODY is secretary of the United States navy



REV. J. P. PETERS is author of "The New Scholarship"



HENRY K. HADLEY won Paderewski's symphony award

THE number and the character of England's disasters in South Africa are remarkable. Never was a war conducted in modern times about which the world has appeared to have so little or so faulty knowledge. A British column of more than a thousand men, while on a march in an open country, is surprised by a handful of Boers, the British take to their heels, and their leader, Major General Methuen, is captured. The explanation hurriedly comes that the British forces were raw recruits, under fire for the first time, and that they could not be expected to stand like veterans. But England has been finding so many of these big and little Majuba Hills that she must soon run out of excuses. She does not seem able to prevent the possibility of such stupid blunders, although she has been at the business long enough to know what they cost her. But the fact is that there is nothing in the world harder to improve and reform than an ill-managed war. Corruption, favoritism, incompetency, and dry rot can live longer in it than they can in other human affairs. Mr. Lincoln knew sorrowfully how hard and how dangerous it is to swap horses in the tide of war, and so does Lord Salisbury. This South African War, for an all-round drama of folly, is without a rival. It is the folly of bond-holding greed, the folly of savage selfishness, and the folly of military and imperial vanity.

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THE first test of the newly grown friendship between Germany and the United States is likely to come soon over the former's new tariff regulations on American meat. This law stipulates that no meats preserved by the boracic process shall be sold in Germany. It is a fact that this rule applies only to American meats, as this process is used nowhere else in the world, America being the only country which ships meats in quantities worth mentioning. It has been repeatedly shown by German chemists that boric acid is not a poison, and that meats preserved by it are pure and wholesome. The moment the law goes into effect, it will begin to cut off fully two-thirds of the meat exports from this country to Germany, and reprisals are likely to be made. Friendship cannot flourish in a tariff war, but the Germans have quite as much to lose as we.

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ANDREW CARNEGIE, in an address before the Library Club in New York, remarked that a work of fiction ought to be three years old before it is admitted to a public library, for the reason that the annual output of modern fiction has grown so large, and so much of it is ephemeral in character, that the libraries ought not to be taxed to supply it to their readers. It is very true that a great many books are now published that ought not to be purchased for public libraries, but it will not do to make a hard and fast rule, such as Mr. Carnegie proposes. This would exclude the new books of Kipling, Howells, Hardy, Mrs. Ward, Miss Johnston, and a score of other meritorious writers; without such works on the shelves, most people would take very little interest in the public libraries. Fiction ranks with the newspapers and magazines in teaching large numbers the habit of reading at all. Many a person who begins to read by reading a poor work of fiction learns thereby to read good fiction and other standard works. An uncultured person will find pleasure in reading very few of the great books. Think of the many who would not read at all if the works of Thackeray were given them in the place of those of E. P. Roe. No, leave out the positively bad and stupid, and buy all the others without delay, for the encouragement of reading is the purpose of a useful library.

The chief foreign events of the month were the promulgation of the Franco-Russian treaty and the capture and release of General Methuen by General Delarey, the intrepid Boer commander

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THE mental renaissance in the South is, as a matter of course, following the industrial. A number of southern capitalists recently organized in Charleston a publishing house, to be located, perhaps, in Atlanta, for the publication solely of books written from the South's point of view. The company is to be capitalized at five million dollars, and a bid will be made not only for school books and histories, but also for fiction and other works by southern writers. Ever since the Civil War, the South has complained that northern historians and text-book makers have not only done it gross injustice in the North, but even among its own people, especially in teaching the new generation false ideas of the Confederate position in the war. There is, indeed, some foundation in fact for such complaints, for many of the text-books and histories used in southern schools were written from the northern point of view. But of late years, there has been a sincere effort on the part of northern book-makers to cut out statements and terms offensive to the southern people. The word "Confederate" is now invariably used instead of the word "rebel," and a judicious and conservative statement of facts characterizes all the leading books. It is to be hoped that southern writers will show the same inclination to be gentle as well as just. There will always remain the difference of historical view, but it can be maintained without doing injury to the present or future Union. In fact, as the war recedes into the past, these differences, once so bitter, frame themselves into pictures of romance. The charge that northern publishers will not give southern fiction writers a hearing is untrue. Within the last two decades the South has produced a large assortment of fiction, and some of this fiction has had its full share of sectional flavor. In the matter of text-books, this southern publishing house will do a thriving business.

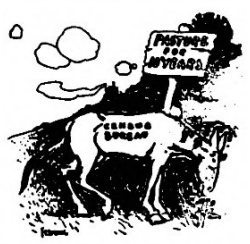
GOVERNOR CRANE, of Massachusetts, is a magnificent illustration of a public man whose word the masses instantly trust. There was a serious freight-handlers' strike in Boston. Twenty thousand men were out, and the entire business of the city was threatened with paralysis. The freight handlers of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad had gone out in a body, because they had been compelled to unload the wagons of the R. S. Brine Transportation Company, whose employees were all out on a strike. The labor unions raised the point that, as the railroad company was a common carrier, it had no right to send its men upon the wagons of the R. S. Brine Company, and assist it in unloading its freight. The New Haven Company is a very strong and autocratic corporation, and is little inclined to listen to suggestions of arbitration. When there seemed to be no hope of a settlement, and a long and bitter labor war was threatened, in which thousands of the poor must have faced starvation, Governor Crane appealed to the labor unions to send their men back to work, saying that he would have the railroad company and other employers do them justice. No sooner had he made his appeal than organized laborers went back to their posts in a body, and the differences between employers and employees in Boston have since been steadily adjusting themselves. His were the words of an honest man, of vast influence among the corporations, and, instead of shirking responsibility, as so many public men do at such times, he met it. There would be no danger in corporations if all their representatives were men like Governor Crane.



"I could beat this beet if I had only it to meet"

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A VERY interesting battle is now being fought out between what is considered a trust, on the one hand, and the United States government on the other. Last fall the Harriman-Gould and the Morgan-Hill syndicates settled a bitter railroad feud by merging these three railroads—the Northern Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Great Northern,—into a trust called the Northern Securities Company, and putting its stock on the market. The people in all the great states along the lines of these railroads have complained that the confederation is damaging trade, and that it exists in violation of state laws. Governor Van Sant, of Minnesota, took the initiative for his state by bringing a suit against the company, which is now pending before the United States supreme court. In the meantime, President Roosevelt has instructed Attorney General Knox to bring suit also against the company, on the ground that it is violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The latter suit will, of course, take precedence, and very much depends upon its decision. The points the attorney general has raised are that the Northern Securities Company not only violates the Anti-Trust Law, but also that it is organized solely as the machinery of the merger, having given no consideration beyond its own certificates for the stocks acquired, and that it "was not organized in good faith to purchase and pay for stock." This point anticipates the certain contention of the defendants, that to forbid purchase for honest investment by stockholding corporations must, in the very nature of things, be followed by the prohibition of such purchases, under similar circumstances, by private individuals; in other words, if a citizen can buy and hold shares in one of two competing roads, or in both, cannot any other citizen, the Northern Securities Company, for example, do the same? But in this sense the Northern Securities Company is not a citizen. Our laws hold that corporations should not have all the rights of individuals.



Nine lean years of stubble
Then one of well-fed trouble



Columbia instructs her Cuban sister in modern pedagogy

For the last decade, there has been a steady growth of consolidation among the railroads, and now less than a half-dozen companies control the great bulk of the railroad business. If the railroads are to come up to the expectations and hopes of their owners, pooling and consolidation have by no means reached the end. It has been a most difficult problem, with corporation lawyers, to consolidate conflicting railroad interests without coming into conflict with state and federal laws; and, if the supreme court destroys the Northern Securities Company, it will prove a decision that will advance or retard trusts in other lines of industry. The suit, of course, has affected the stock markets, but it will not interfere with general business.

"Though I'm fifty, Boss, I'm very vigorous still"



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Move the Panorama of the Wide World's Progress



HON S. D. WOODS desires a department of mining



S. PHILLIPS has just written a new historical play



S. R. CALLOWAY presides over the locomotive trust



THETUS W. SIMS rose from a push-cart to congress



GENERAL DELAREY led the Boers who took Gen. Methuen

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., advanced a plan to end the war in the Philippines, which deserved more consideration from the administration than it received. There is no doubt that, if the Filipinos were brought face to face with the fact that the United States wants to treat them honorably, they would be more inclined to seek peace. Humane motives should take the place of bloodthirstiness

THE house of representatives has unanimously passed a resolution to amend the constitution so that United States senators shall be elected by the popular vote of each state, instead of by the legislatures, and senators are being besieged by letters from their constituents, asking the senate not to bury the resolution. Senator McMillan, of Michigan, the chairman of the committee having the resolution in charge, has assured the senate that it will be favorably reported, and the report is sure to provoke a long and heated discussion. It is, however, in no sense a party measure, and there is a possibility that the amendment may be offered for popular approval, the vote of two-thirds of the states being necessary for its ratification. Bribery of legislators in the election of United States senators has become so common a charge that public sentiment in many of the states is inclined to favor the change. The election of senators by popular vote should have been embodied in the constitution of the United States.



Italy's sons will start the fires of the bread king's Vesuvius

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THE growing conviction in congress and among leading editors that the fundamental strongholds of protection in this country are being undermined has had the effect of frightening the Republican party and of bringing the Democratic party back toward the old base of tariff reform. The Republican party, so well organized and always so ready to act in unison on all things essential to its success, has been threatened with serious internal dissensions over Cuban Reciprccity, the Ship Subsidy Bill, and the Babcock Tariff Bill. The house of representatives very grudgingly passed the measure reducing the Dingley rates twenty per cent. on Cuban products. Cuba would have been permitted to go to the dogs, had not President Roosevelt determined to uphold the honor and integrity of the United States as regards the island. The fear of losing a large number of districts in the fall elections forced men like Payne, Grosvenor, and Speaker Henderson to grant reciprocity. These leaders are committed to the Ship Subsidy Bill, a strong party measure, but they have found a large number of the rank and file opposing them because they have choked the Babcock Bill. The Republican ranks are full of rebels at heart, most of them lacking the courage to kick over the traces; and, indeed, it would require more courage than the average member of the house could ever be expected to exercise, considering how almost absolute has leadership become in the dominant party. In the meantime, the members are hearing from many of the great manufacturers from every part of the country, and especially from New England, to the effect that the tariff on certain raw materials should be entirely removed, and that some reciprocity agreement should be reached with Canada. Thus, with this state of affairs, if the party were confronted by a strong and intelligent opposition, it would be in most serious danger. But its opponents are still hopelessly at sea. Their Philippine policy was an unworthy one. The resolution in favor of the Boers is not taken seriously, even by its authors. If they were in power, it would be one of the last resolutions they would ever pass. In fact, the Democratic party has done nothing in this congress to strengthen itself before the people, but there are some indications that a reign of common sense is coming. Ex-Senator Hill has delivered a wise speech, calling upon the party to resume its old fight for tariff reform. Then, too, southern Democrats, with all their admiration for recent leaders, have at length begun to doubt the wisdom of this leadership. There is a notable diminution of crimination and recrimination, and more confidence in the future. What is greatly needed, for the sake of the country, in these days of general expansion and other great national problems, is that the two great parties should be as nearly equal as possible in strength and intelligence.



"I'm getting so big, I'll soon be able to haul the world"



Miss Filipino.—"This world has no use for us Mrs. Boer



"Kill that horrid mouse, or I'll just scream out loud"

▲ ▲ ▲

OUR Canadian neighbors are to be congratulated upon their prosperity, as revealed by the Dominion's recent budget. For the fiscal year ending last June, the revenue was $52,514,700, the largest in the history of the country, leaving a surplus over the ordinary expenditures of $5,600,000. But our neighbors are emulating the enterprise manifested in the United States, for more than the gratifying surplus was used in an increase in expenditure on works of a permanent character, and the year closed with an addition of more than $2,000,000 to the public debt. This indebtedness, however, appears to be of the kind that is a national blessing in value to be received. It is of interest to business men in this country to be informed that the Canadian preferential tariff has enormously increased trade with Great Britain, and that, within a year or two, there is likely to be a thorough revision of the tariff, following a conference at London of colonial premiers. Negotiations are in progress with the German government by which it is hoped to have the discrimination removed by that country against Canadian goods. The real prosperity of Canada, in present circumstances, and the forecast of probabilities in tariff changes, ought to be suggestive of some wise legislation at Washington in reference to Canadian reciprocity.

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CHAIRMAN MARTIN A. KNAPP, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a recent speech in New York, practically advocated government ownership of railroads, for the purpose of putting an end to discrimination in freight rates. He said:—

> As I view this matter, the state has as much right to farm out the business of collecting its revenues, or preserving its peace, and allow the parties entrusted with these duties to vary the rate of taxation according to their own interests, or to sell personal protection to the highest bidder, as it has to permit the great function of public carriage to be the subject of special bargains, or secret dicker, to be made unequal by favoritism, or oppressed by extortion.
>
> No service which the government undertakes can be more useful, and no duty which rests upon it more imperative, than to secure for the public, always and everywhere, equal treatment by every railway carrier.
>
> When the natural advantages of capital are augmented by arbitrary deductions from charges commonly imposed, the combination is powerful enough to force all rivals from the field. Production is controlled, wages fixed, prices raised to the desired profit, and monopoly reigns.
>
> If we could unearth the secret of these modern trusts, whose quickly gotten wealth dwarfs the riches of Solomon, and whose impudent exactions put tyranny to shame, we should find the explanation of their menacing growth in the systematic and heartless methods by which they have evaded the common burden of transportation. . . . Railroads engaged in public service are only purveyors of the public privilege, and large shippers are entitled to no smaller rates for their commodities than is the smaller shipper in the same line.

The point that Mr. Knapp wishes to enforce is that there should be equality of freight rates on two carloads of freight hauled the same distance, other things being equal. That there is not, almost every shipper in the country has had occasion to know. The great corporations and the great cities often get the better of the small business concerns and small towns in freight rates, and the railroad companies can make or break a town, or a business, if they choose. It still, however, remains to be seen whether or not the government can regulate the railroads without owning them. If it cannot, such ownership, it would seem, is inevitable. In this connection, it is noted that six of the railroads entering Chicago were, during the latter part of March, served with an order by Judge Grosscup, of the Federal court, restraining them from further alleged violations of the interstate commerce laws, in freight discriminations. Since then, an investigation has been going on to determine whether or not these charges are true. If it is found that these common carriers have discriminated in freight rates, the guilty officials may have to face indictments in the criminal courts.

Colombia has agreed to concede the rights necessary for the construction of the Panama Canal by the United States. Panama City is withheld from American control. The canal may now be opened

▲ ▲ ▲

EX-GOVERNOR JOHN P. ALTGELD is one of the men whose death helps their reputation. The ex-governor was brought to this country from Germany, when a small boy, in 1848. When the Civil War came on, the lad had saved enough money of his own to buy his freedom from his father; or, rather, to gain his father's permission to shoulder a musket and go to the war. On his return he managed to get a year's schooling, and was a Missouri school-teacher for a short time. Then he was admitted to the bar. In the eighties he drifted to Chicago, became a practicing attorney, a judge, and then governor of the state; and, while in the last-named position, he gave the state of Illinois a political cleaning that it will never forget. But the two things that gave Governor Altgeld national notoriety were his pardon of three condemned anarchists, and his protest at the sending of Federal troops to Chicago, by President Cleveland, to suppress the Pullman riots. The opinion is widely prevalent that he pardoned the anarchists as a bid for the support of ignorant citizens of foreign birth and of criminals; whereas, instead, he issued the papers of pardon in response to petitions numerously signed by wealthy and cultured people, Lyman J. Gage, recently secretary of the treasury of the United States, being, it is said, among the number. Many thoughtful people believed, and still believe, that three of the condemned men were miles away from the riot in which they are popularly supposed to have participated. No one ever denied that Mr. Altgeld possessed great ability, and all now admit that he was intensely sincere and honest. It was a mistake to charge him with being a demagogue, for it is always the aim of a demagogue to appear on the winning side. Mr. Altgeld was often on the losing side, and he knew it. The defect in his character was not his lack of love for his fellows, but rather his pessimism.

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THE EDITOR'S TALK WITH YOUNG MEN

Tact as a Lubricant

A NOTED cripple once said that he estimated his friends and enemies by the degree in which they reminded him of his deformity. So we estimate our friends very largely by the emphasis they place on our strong qualities, and the manner in which they smooth over our deficiencies.

A tactful person studies the peculiarities of the people he deals with. He makes a mental map of their tender or sore places, and is very careful to avoid them.

A tactful man is known by his clothes. He believes in both dress and address. He knows that personality is worth more as a means of introduction than dozens of influential letters.

No matter how able, efficient, or versatile a young man may be, if he lacks tact, he will be a bungler all his life, and will do everything at a great disadvantage. He will be constantly getting into "hot water" with the people with whom he deals,—with his clients, patients, customers, or employees. Nothing else smooths the way to success, to comfort, and to enjoyment, like tact. In fact, tact as a promoter—as a stepping-stone to success,—has no superior. Ability does not take its place, and education cannot compensate for it.

Cultivate *the* Faculty of Winning Confidence

Tactful people are good judges of human nature. They can read character quickly, almost instinctively: they know what will offend and what will please. No man in public life could rise far without this faculty. Its successful exercise may take the place of knowledge or ability in other directions. Sir Thomas Browne said, "Men have ruled well who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth, and they who understand not the globe command a large part of it." William McKinley owed much to his never-failing courtesy and ready tact, which won him thousands of friends. President Loubet of France is not a brilliant man, but his capacity for doing the right thing in perplexing situations, and avoiding the wrong thing, has made him an excellent chief of state and carried his ministry safely through many dangers.

Many an ambassador, governor, congressman, mayor, or manager of an important industry, owes his successful progress very largely to the use of this lubricant. William J. Bryan, by his tact in making friends and speaking the right word at the right time, has made himself known and respected all over the world, when thousands of other young lawyers, just as promising and just as ambitious, have gained no fame. King Edward, when a prince, was the most popular man in the United Kingdom, because of his never-failing tact and urbanity.

A man must possess the happy faculty of winning the confidence of his fellow beings and making steadfast friends, if he would be successful in his business or profession. Good friends praise our books at every opportunity, "talk up" our wares, expatiate at length on our last case in court, or on our efficiency in treating some patient; they protect our name when slandered, and rebuke our maligners. Without tact, the gaining of friends who will render such services is impossible. The world is full of people who wonder why they are unpopular, ignored, and slighted. People avoid them because they make themselves disagreeable by appearing at the wrong time, or by doing or saying the wrong things. Such people are meant by a writer who says:—

> But some people do things just as queer;
> I know it, I've seen it, my dear:
> They have a good thought,
> But it just comes to naught,—
> From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

The Truth Should not Be Told in an Offensive Way

Such people are constantly "rubbing the fur the wrong way," or irritating us. Some of them say sharp, sarcastic things, or fling out disagreeable innuendoes. Others mean well enough, but offend just as surely. One of these people visited a sick man who had been given up to die, and asked him if the grave looked pleasant to him. Instead of trying to cheer an invalid, they say, "How sick you look!"



A tactful doctor always tries to cheer his patients

Many people are killed by brutal truths. Some physicians are so conscientious—and so tactless,—that they think they must tell patients the whole truth when they believe they cannot recover, instead of giving them the benefit of the doubt, for every physician knows that, nearly always, there is a doubt which way the case will turn. Cheerful encouragement has saved many a life by helping it to pass a crisis favorably, when the actual truth might have killed the patient or reduced his rallying powers to the danger-point. In all the affairs of life, cruel bluntness in stating brutal facts has caused untold misery and broken many friendships. Truth itself changes from a jewel to a dangerous weapon in the hands of a tactless person. Because a thing is true is no reason it should be told, or told in a way to offend. He who would have many and strong friends must exercise tact in order not to offend even by the truth, because it is very difficult for many people to forget even a fancied injury entirely. This is especially true of offenses against taste, or speeches which reflect upon one's pride, ability, or capacity.

A Sympathetic Wife Is often Better than Riches

Most of us have sensitive spots, or sore spots, which we guard very jealously. They may be caused by ugliness of face, deficient education, lack of culture or manners, timidity, or ignorance of etiquette; but, whatever they are, we do not like to have them uncovered, irritated, or paraded before the world; and we resent it by withdrawing our friendship, regard, or respect from those who offend in this way, and who thus make their presence dreaded. We instinctively like tactful people, because with them we are not all the time on nettles, afraid that they may uncover the skeleton of the past, or rake up some bit of unfortunate family history, or touch any other of our sore spots. We like to be with them, because they are agreeable. Their words do not grate upon our nerves, or irritate our sensitiveness.

One of the most unfortunate beings is a man gifted with a sense of humor who lacks tact, for nearly every joke he perpetrates costs him a friend. He cannot resist the temptation to enjoy a good joke, even at the expense of friendship. The humorist who would retain his friends must refrain from jokes that may be interpreted as impertinence.

Women who reign as queens in society, or in the home, are usually noted for their tactfulness. If you are naturally reticent, or backward, and have not had much experience in society, such a woman will immediately seek you out in a company and put you at ease by conversing about things which she knows will interest you,—the book you have written, the case you have pleaded, or the patient you have treated. Her wonderful tact never fails to come to her aid, to meet the special need of the occasion, whatever it may be. To offend in any manner is considered almost a crime by a social queen.

Some of the noted French women who reigned over Paris *salons* and were powerful in politics, were poor, had no costly furnishings or draperies, and gave very simple dinners, but their superb personalities dominated every occasion because of their exquisite tactfulness.

Many an objectionable man has been so managed by a tactful wife that he has been quite decent in his home and has passed respectably in society; though, without his wife, he would have been an outcast from society, a nobody in his neighborhood.

Foolish Answers Sometimes Shatter Sublimity

A sudden thought and word, such as come only to tactful people, will change an unexpected incident into success-capital, while the lack of a fitting response may spoil the opportunity of a great occasion. Charles Sumner, at a dinner given in London in his honor, spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! what American-English!" broke in one of the guests. "Dust, you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet, Gray, tells us that—

> "Even in our ashes live our wonted fires!"

A contrast to this occurred in a southern city. The pastor of a church had said, "Let us praise Him," while in the middle of his sermon. One of the congregation understood him to say, "Let us pray," and immediately knelt for the final prayer. Naturally enough the movement was repeated by the rest of the congregation, and in a moment all the people were on their knees. However, the clergyman was not equal to the occasion, but exclaimed: "I did not say 'let us pray;' I am not through yet. We will pray directly."

Such a tactless minister would be about as popular in his profession as the one who announced, as the hymn at a parishioner's funeral:—

> "Laden with guilt and many woes,
> Down to the grave the sinner goes,"—

and must have been twin brother to the one who, on a similar occasion, chose as his text, "And the beggar died."

The best-intentioned act, the sweetest charity, may be marred by a lack of tact. A lady was distributing tracts to the patients in a certain military hospital, when she was greatly shocked to hear a soldier laughing at her. She turned around indignantly to reprove him, when he said: "Why, look here, madam, you have given me a tract on the sin of dancing, when I've had both legs shot off."

Gratitude was very awkwardly expressed by the good lady who once said to a friend, who had kindly volunteered to sing at an entertainment in place of a noted artist who failed to appear, "I thank you, my dear, for trying to sing."

Representative People Should Master this Problem

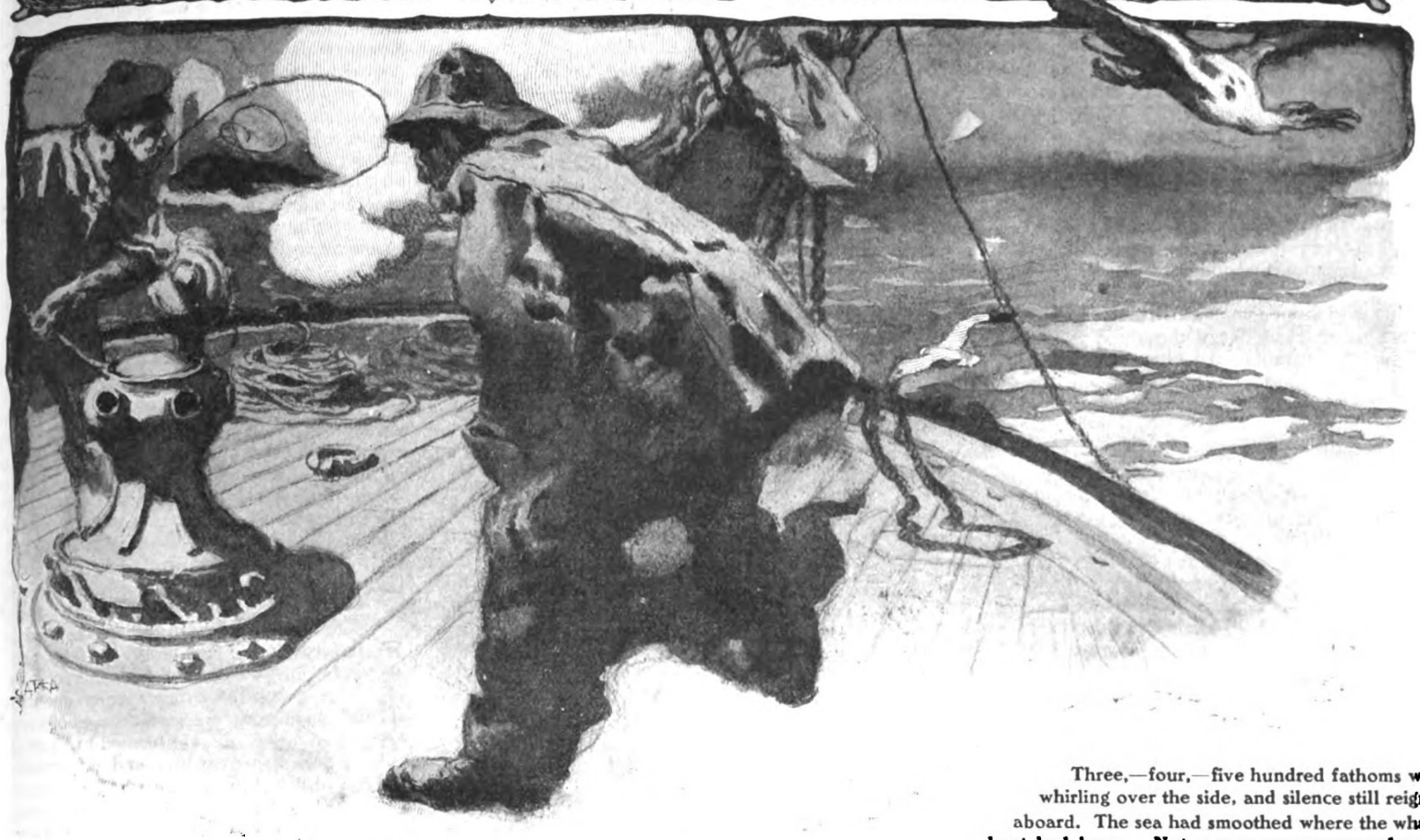
Teachers must have tact to manage the little willful souls that are under their care, and often the parents of these little ones as well. Education and book learning are often of slight value as compared with tact in meeting the daily difficulties of the schools. Salesmen who should go out on the road without tact would sell few goods. Merchants who do not use tact with customers lose more than they win. Banking requires as much tact as capital. The insurance business is built up by tact. A lawyer, both in dealing with clients and in presenting his cases in court, is a failure without tact. No one has more use for tact than a doctor in dealing with his patients. In the relations of employer and employee, there is a constant call for tact. A little tactful management may avert costly strikes. Tact wins promotion, without regard to ability, in thousands of cases.

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A TRAGEDY OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC

T. Jenkins Haines

Author of "The Wind-Jammers" &c.



Three,—four,—five hundred fathoms went whirling over the side, and silence still reigned aboard. The sea had smoothed where the whale-boat had been. Not a man ever appeared again



T. JENKINS HAINS

THE whaling schooner "Erin" was a modern vessel. She had little of the "old greaser" about her. She had been built and fitted out at New Bedford, Massachusetts, the mother-port of nearly all good whaling craft, and she was manned by men who had served their time in whaling ships. Her tonnage was not over three hundred, but she was so strongly put together that she looked somewhat heavier than she really was. Her bow was like that of a clipper, and her stern had the modern overhang of a cruising yacht, but her beam was great and her top-sides bulky, showing a tumble-home like that of the ancient frigates. Therefore, she was not considered fast. Her spars were short and stumpy, and she had no fore boom, owing to the chunky smokestack that arose from her main deck, over which the foresail passed. She was flushed fore and aft, save for a heavy-built superstructure over her engines, through which the smokestack protruded, and it was evident that she could stand a great amount of rough usage. Being built for southern whaling in the vicinity of Cape Horn, she needed all the strength that could be put into her, and Captain Jackson, her commander, always kept her down to a draught of fifteen feet, even when running light, to enable her to hold up to the tremendous rolling seas off the Cape. Forward, she carried a peculiar sort of cannon on her forecastle, which fired an exploding harpoon weighing a hundred pounds, heavy enough to put a quietus upon any ordinary member of the whale family. Her boats and other gear were of the usual type; but, as she was not to carry oil either in bulk or casks, her deck was devoid of the ordinary furnace of the sperm-whaler, and her hold of the odor which comes from the usual mass of rancid blubber when packed for a long voyage from the Arctic Ocean, in vessels hunting the right whale. She was, in fact, a stanch, trim little vessel. Her crew of thirty men had been selected and shipped, and Captain Jackson cleared for his last cruise.

When well off shore, the boiler was cooled and sails set, for there must be no waste of coal, and the "Erin" stood to the southward on her long run to the Falkland Islands, where she would begin her hunt for the giants of the southern ocean.

The run south was made without any unusual experience. On the sixty-first day out she raised the huge mountains of Patagonia to the westward, and, shortening sail so as to drift not over four knots an hour, she hauled on the wind and stood through the "black water" between the Falkland Islands and Staten Island.

In December and January, the antarctic summer months, the air is quite cold as far north as the fiftieth parallel. The "blow" of a whale stands out sharply against the sky as the warm air in the animal's lungs turns into vapor, giving the hunter a chance to see it at a distance of several miles. Objects seem to lift from off the horizon, as in a mirage, only they are not inverted.

Here, in the summer season, the great rorqual, or finback whale, disports himself in ease and security, for, until lately, he has had few known enemies, and has been unmolested by man. Dozens of these great creatures often follow a huge bull leader, and they jump and plunge about as lively as they would if their weight were reckoned in pounds instead of tons.

The huge, timid creature who led a school under the shadow of Tierra del Fuego, that season, was a giant of his kind. One hundred feet of solid bulk was between the tips of his tremendous flukes and the end of his hideous head. A hundred tons of bone and sinew, covered with a coating of thin blubber, kept out the cold of the icy seas.

His head was ugly and flat-looking, and his mouth a hideous cavern full of slabs of whalebone from which depended masses of horrible hair to act as a sieve for the whale-food poured down his gullet. His back slanted away to a place amidships, where a lumpy knob rose, as if he were a hunchback, and from there aft he sloped in long and sinuous lines to the spread of his tail or flukes, which were fully two fathoms across. The blades of the "Erin's" wheel were not nearly so large or so powerful as the blades of bone and cartilage that drove him ahead through the yielding medium, or raised the tons of flesh and blood to a height that showed a full fathom or more of clear sky under his thin belly when he breached. He was a giant, a descendant from prehistoric ages when monsters of his kind were more common than they are to-day. It is doubtful if ever anything existed in flesh or blood of greater size.

How old the giant was no one could learn. His age could hardly have been less than two centuries, for whales grow slowly. They are like other warm-blooded animals, and it takes many years to build up a mass of a hundred tons of flesh fiber. He was known to Captain Jackson, who had seen him on former voyages, but as yet he had not made his acquaintance; for, in spite of the old whale's size and age, he was very timid. He would rush from a pair of fierce "killers,"—the dreaded sharks who attack toothless whales,—and only his tremendous size and activity would prevent them from following him. Consequently, whenever Jackson lowered his small boats, with the intention of making him a visit, the old fellow would wait only long enough to allow the boats to approach within fifty fathoms of him. Then he would begin to edge away, and, before the whale-gun could be brought to bear, he would be in full flight to windward, his flock or school following in his wake. Many were the maledictions cast upon him by the whalemen, whose tired muscles bore witness to his speed, and, finally, he was left alone to roam at will in the "black water." Where he went to, at the beginning of winter, it was impossible to tell, but, at the first easterly blow, he would disappear, bound for other parts, leaving nothing behind but a crew of angry sailors, and taking with him the memory of an undisturbed old age.

On that December morning when Captain Jackson hauled on the wind and stood off shore, the sun shone brilliantly. The wind was light, and from the southwest, and objects stood up plainly from the sea. The lookout at the masthead had just been relieved, when the time-worn cry of "blo-o-ow" reached the deck. Away to the southward rose the jets, looking almost as high as waterspouts, as the warm vapor condensed in the cool air. It was a large school, or, more properly speaking, herd, for a finback is no more a fish than is a cow. Jackson came on deck and watched the blows, counting them over and over to get the

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exact number of his game. Whalebone at so much a ton was within easy distance, and it looked as if a few thousand dollars' worth of the substance would find its way below hatches by dinner time. The forward gun was overhauled and the line and harpoon cleared, the latter being charged with a heavy load of powder. The explosion would open the huge barbs of the harpoon and drive them deeper into the monster, expanding in his flesh, making it absolutely impossible to withdraw them by pulling on the line. They would not hunt him after the manner of the tame and harmless sperm whale, that can be killed with about as much ease as a cow in a pasture, in spite of all the sailors' yarns to the contrary.

The whales paid no attention whatever to the schooner. They played a quiet, frolicsome game, breaching and sounding and coming often to the surface to breathe. There were some young ones among them, and the huge leader, the giant bull, seemed to take a special pride in one whose antics were more pronounced than the rest. He would come near it and seem almost to touch it gently with his side flipper, and the little fellow would make a breach clear out of the water, apparently with pure joy at the notice bestowed. Then he would come alongside the big fellow and snuggle up to him in a most affectionate manner, and the giant would roll toward him and put out his great arm or flipper, as if to bestow a caress. He was a very affectionate old fellow, and, as the vessel drew nearer, his size and actions were remarked by the mate, who called the skipper's attention to them. Just then, the great whale breached, and the sun, striking fairly upon his dark side, showed several deep lines that looked like huge scars. His long, thin shape and hideous head were plainly outlined against the sky, and, as he struck, the sea resounded with the crash. He disappeared, and the little fellow breached and followed him.

"That 's the big coward,—the leader," said Jackson. "You kin tell him by them cuts he has in his sides, an' there ain't nothin' bigger afloat. He's an old one and wary. Ye would n't think a whale with them scars on him would be scared at a little boat, hey? Them was cut a long time ago, mebbe, but they were done in a fight sech as ye've never seen."

"Mebbe he got licked?" suggested the mate.

"He would n't be here if he had," said Jackson. "Howsomever, here he is, and it's our business to get him and cut him up, if we kin."

To stop the leader of the whales was the object; for, if he was held, the rest would either scatter or await developments. In either case, they would not get very far away, and could be reckoned with afterwards. The "Erin" was held pointed toward the spot where the whale was expected to rise, and the mate went forward and stood behind the gun with the harpoon loaded in it, and ready for a shot as soon as he should come within twenty fathoms. The old coward, however, had seen the approaching ship; and, with a peculiar movement of his flukes upon the water, he gave the signal for danger.

Somewhere in that oily brain the memory of his past life was stored in a strangely simple, but vivid manner. He remembered, although he was unable to reason it all out like the human being who hunted him; but, a thousand moons before, he had gone forth into the ocean from his birthplace in the South Pacific, and had held his way proudly and with force. Fiercely he had fought for everything he took of the world's belongings, and the joy of battle had run warm in his blood. It had surged through his great frame at the sight of a stranger, and he had striven and conquered all who had opposed him or refused to do his will. Many had died, for a sea fight is usually to the death, and the strangeness of the passion had gradually worked its way into the old mind, and he held aloof. The experience of a hundred years taught him something. The oily brain learned slowly. The instinct, or feeling, had gradually come upon him that to fight is a great waste of energy, for life was more pleasant in the companionship of his many wives and young ones, and continual strife is not the right thing. To avoid it, if possible, was the thought uppermost in his old head; so, when he saw the approaching schooner, he gave a warning stroke upon the sea.

Instantly all the whales sounded.

But Captain Jackson was an old whaleman. He was after whales, and he had come thousands of miles to hunt them. The animals must come up again, soon, and to be near the spot where they would reappear would probably mean a capture. With a keen sense of reasoning, the bull knew that bodies that travel through the air must necessarily be retarded by the wind. Therefore, to windward he led the herd, and Jackson did not underestimate his cunning. With fires started under the boiler, the "Erin" held her way straight into the eye of the breeze, and the mate leaned over the forecastle rail, gun-lanyard in hand, peering into the clear depths for the dark shadow below that would show the presence of a rising monster. Jackson stood at the wheel with the signal pull in his hand, waiting to "shake her up" at the first sign of the game. The wheel turned slowly below, and the slight jar of machinery vibrating the hull was the only sound save the stirred water abaft the rudder from the thrust of the screw, gurgling and murmuring in a soft undertone.



The coward was heading for the small boat, tearing the southern ocean into a tumultuous caldron **with his powerful flukes**

The whalemen were gathered about the forecastle head, or stood near the boat falls, ready to lower away at a signal, and secure their victim. The sun shone strongly, and objects were visible at a great depth below the surface of the sea. Ten minutes passed, and Jackson was getting nervous. He had tried to gauge the rapidity of the old bull's headway through the water, and had figured that he would come up somewhere in the vicinity of the vessel on her course. But not a sign of a whale had shown, and ten minutes had passed. They must be badly gallied, indeed, to stay under much longer. The old bull was cunning; but he, Jackson, knew a thing or two. It was pitting the old brain of an animal with a century or two of experience against that of an old man with keen intelligence. The skipper felt confident. He would take a long shot at the big fellow, and, once fast to him, whalebone would be plentiful for a few days. While the mate was leaning over the rail forward, looking down into the depths, he noticed a sudden darkening of the water just ahead of the vessel. He sprang to the cannon and stood ready to fire. The great shadow rose toward the surface, and the men saw instantly that it was a huge whale. Jackson was right, to a hair. The great bull was coming up under the jib-boom end. A man raised his hand aloft and gave a low cry, while the rest stood back from the gun to escape the shock of the heavy discharge and powder-blast. Jackson rushed to the rail and leaned over.

But the great shadow did not materialize into anything more. It remained deep down beneath the surface, fully twenty feet below, and, as the schooner forged ahead, it drifted alongside, a few fathoms distant. The signal was made to stop the engines, and both the schooner and the whale lay quietly drifting, the animal deep down, and perfectly safe from a shot.

"It's the coward, all right," said Jackson, coming to the mate's side,—"that big cowardly bull what won't show up for nothin'. I never seen sech a scary whale. Look at him,—sink me, jest look at him! Blamed if he did n't wink at me. Will ye look at that eye?"

The old whale was lying almost motionless, and his eye could be seen distinctly. He was watching the vessel carefully, and the rippling water from the bends actually did give him the appearance of opening and closing one eye as the waves of light flashed upon it. He seemed to be very much absorbed in profound contemplation of the ship. Perhaps he had not expected to find her so close aboard when he intended to breach for a breath of air. However, there was plenty of time. Breathing was something he was not obliged to indulge in more than once every half hour or two, and he would not come up until he had put a little more distance between himself and the vessel. All hands were peering over the side at him when, suddenly, several blows sounded close aboard. All about, jets of spray and vapor shot skyward, and fully a dozen whales breached and then disappeared again. The mate rushed for the gun, and Jackson sprang to the engine signal, while the second and third officers, "bos'n," harpooners, and the rest, ran for their gear. When they looked over the side again, the shadow of the giant had disappeared, and the sea was as quiet as a lake. In a few minutes, a huge form breached about a quarter of a mile ahead,—the bull had breathed and was quietly going to windward. The animals were not badly gallied as the word is applied to thoroughly frightened whales. They had gone along at a steady, but not fast gait, and had come up together as if at a signal. The schooner was not troubling them very much, and the sea was wide. There was room enough for all.

The high, grim cliffs of Staten Island rose higher and higher as the morning wore on. The "Erin" was heading inshore, still pointing into the breeze, and now and then a great spurt of foam and a blow would show where the whales led the way straight ahead.

"Of all the low-lived critters I ever see, that cowardly bull air the meanest," said Jackson, after seven bells had struck; "but I'll fix him, if I chase him clean to 'Frisco. I won't mind burning a few tons o' coal fer him. Put an extra charge o' powder in behind that iron, and loose off at him when we come within thirty fathom."

"Looks like he'll be a-climbing the mounting ahead thar in a minute," said the mate, motioning toward the high and ragged hills which rose out of the sea.

"We'll strike ile in half an hour, or I'm a sojer," said the skipper, decisively. "You tend ter yer own, and do n't give no advice, an', if ther's any climbin' to be done, I'll do it."

The animals still held along inshore,



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and it looked as if they would soon be in shallow water. The lead line was gotten out, when the vessel came within half a mile of the rocks, and a sounding was taken. No bottom was found at fifty fathoms, and she was allowed to drift further in, her engines barely turning fast enough to give her steering way. The land was very near, and Jackson was nervous. The heavy snore of the swell upon the ledges sounded plainly over the sunlit sea, and every now and then a spurt of foam showed that, although the ocean was calm, there were heavy breakers falling upon the shore, caused by the lift of the off-shore heave. That barren island was not an inviting coast, and to strike upon a sunken ledge would mean disaster. Jackson stood upon the poop, with his hand upon the signal, ready to reverse the engines and swing clear, when there seemed to be a slowing down in the movements of the game ahead. Then the water whitened about the ship and the cause became evident. They were running through a great mass of whale-food, and the tiny, gelatinous bodies were so thick that the color of the sea was changed by them. Jackson rang off the engine.

"We've got 'em now," he said, quietly, and watched the surface of the ocean.

The big bull whale had run into the mass of food, and had slowed down a little to allow quantities of it to pour down his gullet. There was no unseemly haste in getting away from the pursuing stranger. He would suddenly slue to the southward, when he reached four or five fathoms of water, and then the pace could be increased until the following craft would be dropped behind. He was a cool-headed old bull, and there was no occasion for nervousness,—all would have gone well with the whole herd, if it had not been for a willful young cow.

As the "Erin" slowed down, the whales ahead were swimming upon the surface, taking in the food in enormous quantities, apparently enjoying their dinner, and showing no interest in the vessel that held along, with her sinister purpose, in their wake. She barely rippled the water, as she went through it, and Mr. Collins, the mate, stood behind the gun on the forecastle, with the lanyard in his hand, ready to fire at any back that might break water within thirty fathoms. The rest crowded about the rail and waited, some standing by the line, ready to snub it as soon as a stricken animal should become weak enough to allow them.

The young cow that lagged behind the rest was not very large, but she had a thousand pounds or more of good bone in her mouth, and she had breached dead in front of the vessel, with her tail toward it. The bull saw the distance gradually closing between his followers and the ship, and he gave again that peculiar stroke with his flukes which meant danger. All save the lagging whale instantly sounded. She was enjoying the food and failed to regard the signal, and the "Erin," going up astern, quietly approached her.

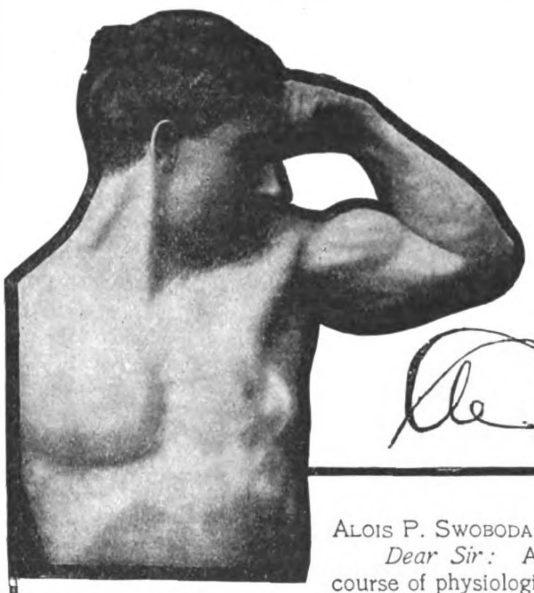
On account of a whale's peculiar development, it is difficult for it to see either directly ahead or astern, and an object approaching exactly in line can do so quite often without being perceived until within close range. The schooner came drifting slowly down upon the animal, and was within thirty fathoms when the big bull suddenly breached a short distance ahead, the little fellow who had been under his care being with him. Again he gave the sea a heavy blow with his flukes and disappeared, and nothing broke the smooth surface.

But the young cow was obstinate. She enjoyed the food, and failed to note how close the ship had approached. Suddenly the mate straightened himself and looked along the cannon sights. There was a flash and a loud report, and the exploding harpoon was launched full at the broad back that lay drifting almost awash just ahead. The heavy missile went straight to its mark.

"Stand by to haul line!" came the order, while the mate sprang forward and slipped another charge into the harpoon gun

The line whizzed out for a few fathoms before the men could snub it, but there was no need for a second shot. The missile had done its work and the stricken cow began the flurry that ends in death. Round and round she went in a circle, convulsively throwing herself clear of the sea and lashing the water into a lather with her flukes. Blood dyed the foam, and her spiracles were crimson. Then she slowed down, and, with a few shudders of her great frame, lay motionless.

The fluke chain was gotten out, and she was soon fast alongside. A man was sent aloft to watch, and the operation of removing the whalebone blades from the mouth began. While this



Since no one neglects Physiological Exercise without paving the way for future trouble, you cannot afford to put this off any longer.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 16, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: After waiting several weeks since completing a course of physiological exercise under your directions, I feel that I am in a position to most heartily endorse your methods, and wish to tell you about the benefits I have already experienced.

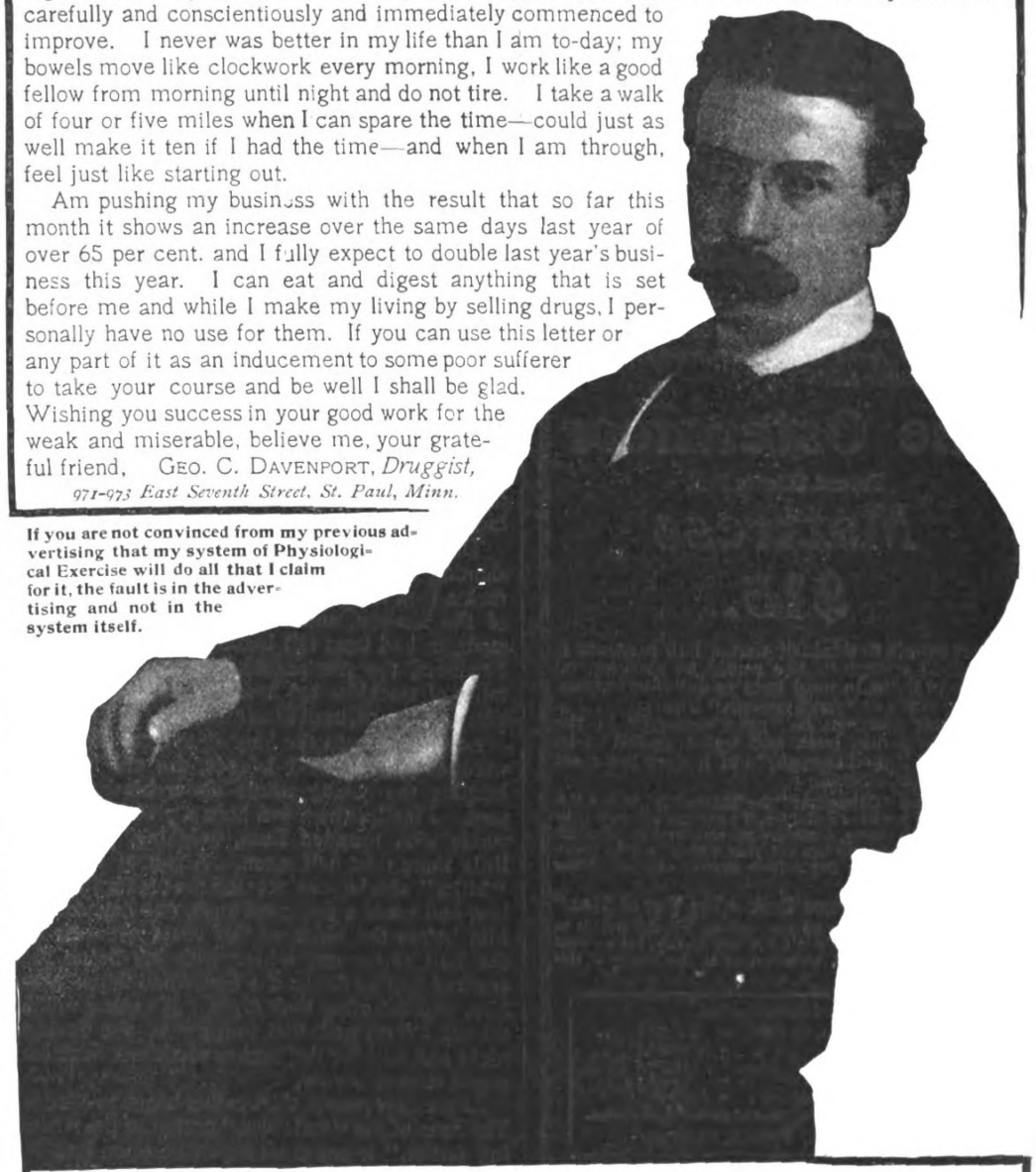
I think I wrote you before that I had been a great sufferer from indigestion and constipation, also its attending evil, nervousness, for 25 years. As long as 22 or 23 years ago it was a common thing for me to go 5 or 6 days at a time without a movement of the bowels. I had a position at a desk, writing, in the East and had to give up my position in 1879 on account of extreme nervousness.

I took a long rest, came west, changed my occupation, and by taking extra good care of myself, was fairly comfortable for awhile. I became worse again and placed myself under the care of a skillful physician here—he said there was not much for me to do except to go onto a very limited diet. For three years he confined me to three articles of food, viz: predigested bread, fresh eggs and the best beef steak all carefully prepared and well masticated. I improved some under this treatment, but again became worse and could hardly drag myself around. Last winter, a year ago this month, I was taken to a city hospital suffering from nervous prostration.

November 29, 1901, I commenced with your exercises. For months I had been turning it over in my mind how I could get out of business, I was so miserable. I took your course carefully and conscientiously and immediately commenced to improve. I never was better in my life than I am to-day; my bowels move like clockwork every morning, I work like a good fellow from morning until night and do not tire. I take a walk of four or five miles when I can spare the time—could just as well make it ten if I had the time—and when I am through, feel just like starting out.

Am pushing my business with the result that so far this month it shows an increase over the same days last year of over 65 per cent. and I fully expect to double last year's business this year. I can eat and digest anything that is set before me and while I make my living by selling drugs, I personally have no use for them. If you can use this letter or any part of it as an inducement to some poor sufferer to take your course and be well I shall be glad. Wishing you success in your good work for the weak and miserable, believe me, your grateful friend, GEO. C. DAVENPORT, *Druggist,*

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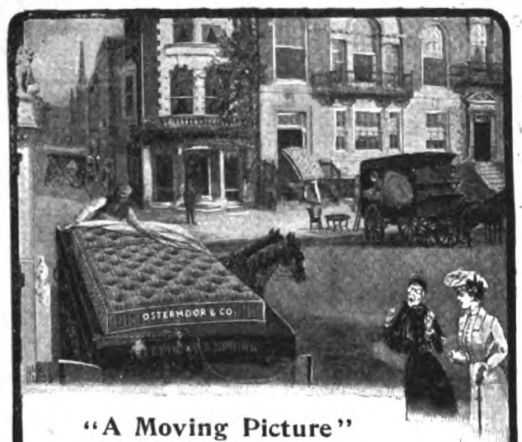
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was going on, the rest of the herd did not run away, or get gallied. The big bull was seen approaching, after a time; and, for an hour, while the work of cutting in went on, he came up repeatedly at a short distance from the vessel. The men thought little of this, as the whale-food was thick, but Jackson pondered at the strangeness of the old fellow's behavior. He was an old whaleman, and knew that, at the death of one, the rest of a school usually get badly gallied and seldom wait for a second attack. A sperm whale will stand, but a finback, never; and, as the old bull rose again and again close aboard, he watched him furtively from the corner of his eye while superintending the work overside. In spite of the fact that the cow was fat, the blubber was not stripped. She was cast adrift early in the afternoon, having yielded a mass of prime bone, and her carcass floated astern, to be devoured by the countless sharks and birds that come, apparently by magic, from the void of sea and sky.

It was late in the afternoon when the "Erin" started ahead again, and the mate took his place at the gun. No sooner had the carcass floated a half-mile distant than the old bull was seen to swim alongside of it. The schooner was turned slowly around and headed back again.

The old bull had come up to the carcass and examined it. The cow was quite dead, and the fact that she had been killed by the stranger gradually became clear to him. Suspicion became conviction on his part, and he turned toward the rest of his charges and led the way straight out to sea. Away out toward the Falkland Islands he headed, and reluctantly the rest followed. The pace was increased to a rapid gait, and soon the pursuing vessel was under a full head of steam, plowing through the heavy swell at a great rate, in an effort to keep the flying herd in sight. The sun sank behind the ragged peaks to the westward, and the darkness soon put a stop to the chase. Jackson had secured one of the herd, but the others were gallied and were heading off shore, where they disappeared in the gathering darkness. Soon the engine was rung off and the vessel put under easy canvas for the night, while Jackson walked the poop and gave forcible expression to his opinion of the old coward who had so ignominiously run away.

Away into the vastness of the southern ocean the old fellow led his charges, always keeping the little whale he had with him close aboard. He missed the mate who had been slain, but he knew that she had disregarded his warning. He had done all he could. Now he would take the rest far away to other feeding grounds, and the ocean would leave no trail to show the stranger whither he had gone. The young one near him needed protection, and he would keep him close until he was large enough to look out for himself. On the edge of Falkland Channel was plenty of food at that season of the year, and a few hundred miles would put the stranger safely out of sight. The old brain longed for rest and quiet. Strife was a useless thing, fit for only the young and unthinking, or those possessed with the killing spirit.

The morning dawned, and, as the sun rose slanting from the southern ocean, the old bull took a look around. Nothing broke the even line of the horizon, and then, the feeling that the stranger had been left behind coming upon him, he slowed the tremendous pace. One hundred miles of trackless sea had been placed between him and the rocks of Staten Island.

For many weeks the herd cruised to the northward of the Falkland Islands, the old bull still keeping the young whale under his protecting care. Finally, there was born a pretty little baby whale with rounded lines, weighing, perhaps, a little more than half a ton. A pair of the fierce "killer" sharks soon scented the tender little fellow, and made a concerted rush, one day, to seize him before the older whales could prevent; but the bull smote one a blow with his flukes that crushed him as flat as if a house had fallen upon him, and the other took flight. He was a watchful old fellow, and had to keep on the lookout night and day, for the mother whale was weak and would recover slowly.

As the days passed, the weather began to change. The zone of the "variables," or that of the "roaring forties," is not to be depended upon long for sunshine and pleasant breezes. One day, it started in for a gale from the eastward, and the sea was white with rolling combers. The whale-food was driven south, and the animals were forced to follow. The sun shone only for a short time each day, being but a few degrees above the sea line,

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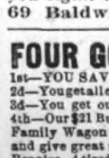
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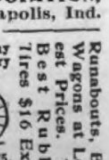
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and the high-rolling sea made life upon the surface uncomfortable. The bull headed for the South Orkney Islands, and for days the little band of giants went along below the surface, only coming up every now and then to breathe.

As they made their way southward, the wind grew less violent. The high black cliffs of the islands offered no shelter to vessels, but to the whales the lee of the land was comfortable, and the sea was swarming with food. There they would rest awhile and take life easy, beyond the reach of the hurricanes from Cape Horn.

The old bull guided the band among the sunken peaks, and for weeks they fattened under his care, when, one bleak morning, he came to the surface of the sea and noticed a black shape approaching. There was something strangely familiar in the outlines, and, after watching it for some minutes, he remembered the schooner "Erin."

She was heading straight toward the whales, and was going slowly, as if in no particular hurry, and upon her forecastle was the same murderous gun which had slain the cow near Le Maire Strait.

The young whale, who was in company, breached playfully into full view and sounded. The vessel did not change her course, but headed straight for the cow with the newborn calf, who was feeding a mile distant to the southward.

The old bull instantly struck the water with his flukes and headed for her. The rest of the herd took notice of the warning, and sank from view; but, whether the cow failed to notice it, or her young one was disobedient, it was too late to find out. The schooner made a sudden spurt of speed, and, coming close to the mother, fired the harpoon into her before she fairly realized what was taking place.

The dull boom of the shot told the old whale what had happened, before he came up to look. When he arrived within a hundred fathoms, the mother was in her last agony, and her little baby was being towed along with her, being unable to realize its mother's death, and still holding to her with all the tenderness of a child.

The old bull lay watching events, and once tried to make the little fellow let go by giving the sea some tremendous slaps with his flukes; but he was too young to understand, and, while the bull watched, a boat was lowered and the sailors began their work of destruction. They rowed slowly toward the infant, and suddenly one rose in the bow and hurled a harpoon into his soft baby side. The little fellow gave a spring upward in his agony. A man quickly pulled him alongside the boat and another drove a lance through him.

Jackson was standing upon the poop, looking on, and the mate was on the forecastle, loading the gun for another shot when an opportunity should offer. The men in the waist were overhauling the fluke chain to make fast to the dead mother, while the men at the wheel held the spokes idly. The skipper turned toward him.

"Seems to me that that's the old cowardly bull we fell in with to th' no'th'ard; ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes sir; it looks like him, fer sure," answered the man; "jest see him, sir."

As they looked, the great whale lay watching the men in the boat. His old oily brain worked slowly, and the rapid events of the last few minutes were gradually making an impression on his venerable mind. He was wondering at the slaughter, and could hardly understand how it was done so quickly. The mother had been a favorite for many years, yet there she lay, suddenly dead before him. Would the strange craft follow him over the seas, and kill off the herd one by one, until all were gone? The boat approaching the young whale stirred his attention. He smote the sea savagely with his flukes, to warn him of the danger. Then the iron went home, and the little fellow was dead beside his mother. Something flashed suddenly through the old brain. The pent-up reserve of years seemed to give way within him, all thought of safety fell away, and the old feeling of the conqueror rose within his heart.

"Good Lord, what's a comin'?" gasped Jackson.

His remark was not addressed to anyone in particular, but was caused by a terrific commotion in the sea which caused the men to drop their gear and look out over the side to see what was taking place.

The coward, the giant bull who had fled so often from them, was heading straight for the small boat and was tearing the southern ocean into a foaming caldron with his flukes. Straight as a harpoon from the gun forward, he shot with tremendous speed, hurling his hundred tons of bone

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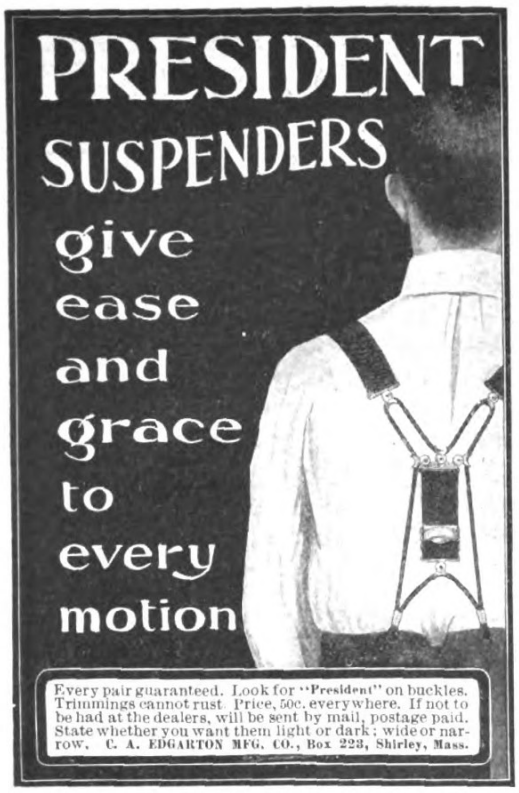
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and sinew like a living avalanche upon the doomed craft.

"Starn all," was the hoarse yell from the third officer, who stood upon the stern sheets and swung madly upon the steering oar. Men strained their necks forward over the schooner's rail to see. The unfortunate men at the oars of the whaleboat struggled wildly. An oar snapped. There was a wild cry and some sprang up to dive over the side into the sea. At that instant the whale leaped high in the air, clearing the water fully two fathoms. Then he crashed down upon the boat, wiping all out in a tremendous smother of spray. There was a loud report as Collins fired the exploding harpoon into him, taking him almost "on the fly," as it were, and then there was a heavy jar that shook the "Erin" from stem to stern. She had been rammed.

For an instant not a man aboard moved. Then Jackson, with a face as white as chalk, came forward and called below to the engineer.

The line was whizzing out upon the forecastle head, showing that Collins had made the shot of his life. He had struck the whale, but just where he had no idea. He stood watching the line as it faked away with the rapidity of lightning, but said no word to the men to have it snubbed. He had felt the heavy jar beneath the schooner's keel, and knew what it meant as plainly as if he had seen the stroke.

Two,— three,— four,— five hundred fathoms went whirling over the side, and silence still reigned aboard. The sea had smoothed again where the whaleboat had been a few moments before, but the only signs of her were a few floating splinters. Not a man ever appeared again.

Suddenly the strain was broken.

"Water comin' in fast below, sir," was the word passed on deck.

Jackson walked aft as if in a dream. The mate left the gun, and the last fathom of the line faked overboard unheeded. It brought up suddenly, taut as a bowstring, then snapped. The mate paid not the least attention to it, but went slowly aft.

"Shall we provision the boats, sir?" he asked, as he approached the captain. Jackson stared at him. "D'ye know what it means?" asked the old whaleman, huskily.

The mate nodded. Half an hour later, four boats full of men were heading northward for the Falkland Islands, and the only thing that remained upon the spot where the "Erin" had floated a short time before was the carcass of a mother whale with her baby alongside, while above them the birds hovered and screamed as if to mark the grave of the lost vessel.

The next year, a Scottish whaleman fell in with an old bull whale whose starboard side bore a tremendous wound, partly healed. He was so wary, however, that he was soon lost sight of, and the school that followed him gave no chance for a catch.

Health Is a Magnet

WHAT a sorry picture is a weak, puny, half-developed youth, starting in the race for success! Few, indeed, are his chances, compared with those of the robust youth who radiates vitality from every pore! How unfortunate it is to be thus handicapped on the threshold of active life! A healthy man is a magnetic man; an unhealthy man is often repellent. Thus health is a success-factor which cannot be overestimated.

A half-developed youth, with his puny muscle, must put forth a strong effort of will and mental energy to overcome his deficiency, that he may do the things which a hardy, robust youth does easily; and it is the thing easily done, not the thing achieved by excessive effort, that attracts the most attention and gives the greatest pleasure.

An appearance of strength gives an impression of ability to achieve things, and is of great help in securing a position. There is a strong, involuntary prejudice against weakness of any kind.

Therefore, at the beginning of the race, it pays any young man to emulate the example of Theodore Roosevelt in developing a strong physical personality, to overcome any natural or acquired handicap of weakness. We are so constituted that we shrink from abnormalities, deficiencies, and half-developments.

While we sympathize with weak people and invalids, we do not have for them the same admiration as for vigorous, energetic people, unless they are relatives or friends. Therefore, the person lacking health lacks the greatest magnet-making forces which compel success to come at his call and abide with him and his household.

A CHINA HEAD
Comes From Tea Drinking.

A lady writes from Shanghai, China, "In the summer of '98, Husband and I were traveling through Southern Europe and I was finally laid up in Rome with a slow fever. An American lady gave me some Postum Food Coffee which I began using at once. It was my sole breakfast and supper. In a short time the change in my physical condition was wonderful to see. I will never travel again without Postum.

When we arrived in Shanghai we were in an English community and found ourselves in the midst of the four o'clock tea custom. Before long we began to have sleepless nights and nervous days as a result of our endeavors to be amiable and conform to custom.

As soon as it could arrive from San Francisco we had a large supply of Postum Food Coffee and began its use at the four o'clock tea table. I cannot tell how popular the coffee table became for afternoon callers. In fact a number of the business men, as well as missionaries, use Postum now wholly in place of tea and the value of the change from coffee and tea cannot be estimated." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.



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Kitchen Floors

You can apply it yourself. It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish; it prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs and keeps the room clean, sweet and healthful. **WAXENE** is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water. **Every kitchen should have it.** **WAXENE** is especially adapted to Oil Cloths and Linoleums.

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THE RETURN TO THE SOIL

[*Concluded from page 272*]

the laborers of the city followed their customers out of town for longer and yet longer periods. The idea of the necessity of a summer outing permeated all classes; the employees in every kind of industry now claim their week's or fortnight's holiday, as surely as their Sundays. The history of this change in life is the same, in every city and town of the country, as in Philadelphia. To meet it a crop of hotels and boarding houses has sprung up from sea to sea; they are as countless as the mushrooms on sheep-walks on an April night. Naturally, the better sort of people soon wearied of the publicity of summer hotel life for themselves, and especially for their children, and those who could afford to do it built country houses more or less costly. The hills and peaceful valleys which encircle Philadelphia over hundreds of square miles are dotted with these homes, of all grades and kinds, from the plain farmhouse to exact copies of embattled Norman castles.

Each year their owners remained longer in them, until many people now make their homes in the country, living in apartments in town only for a month or two in winter.

The effect of this country life on our educated classes is shown in the quickened interest of the people in flowers, in forestry, and in dumb animals, both wild and tame. Books on nature increase in number every year.

The American townsman has sought the country, not to better his social position, nor yet because he was driven there by any "woods fever" or passionate longing to wrest the secret of life and God from nature, but simply to find pure air and good water and quiet for his overtaxed nerves.

But, in searching for a cure for his body, he has found a medicine for his soul. The herb which ministers to a mind diseased perfumes every hill and pasture and orchard. After a man has worked for a year or two to grow better apples than his neighbors, he is apt to care very little for the rise and fall of stocks; when he has to fight against sleep in the pure air of dusk, and resigns himself to blissful dreams at nine o'clock, he is not likely to long for lascivious books or shows to goad his jaded brain. The parade of town, dress, class distinctions, money itself, take different values to him after a walk in the woods or an hour alone on a hilltop. His life each day grows simpler and higher.

There can be no doubt that country life is gradually making of the American a saner, simpler-mannered, truer man, less pretentious and less vulgar.

DO IT YOURSELF, MY BOY!

ALBERT N. RAUB

WHY do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let someone else eat your dinner as "do your sums" for you.

It is in studying as in eating; he that does it gets the benefit, not he that sees it done. In almost any school I would give more for what the teacher learns than for what the best pupil learns, simply because the teacher is compelled to solve all the hard problems and answer the difficult questions for the lazy boys.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words, or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded, after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class!

He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him, with something of wonder, as a superior. The problem lies there,—a great gulf between those boys who stood, yesterday, side by side. They will never stand together as equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up both school and study forever.

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"A trip from the East to Chicago without going over the Lake Shore means missing the acme of perfection in American railway travel."

"Of all the great trunk lines of the country, there is probably none that has been so thoroughly well managed during all its career in the interest of making it what it is now—an ideal route."

"Everything in connection with the Lake Shore is the very best in every sense of the word. It has ever been prominent in this respect and never did it stand forth so strongly in all its history as now."

"We were much impressed two years ago in Colorado to hear a gentleman, an utter stranger to ourselves, speaking of travel, make the remark that the best line in the east by all odds is the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern."

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What Have *the* Hebrews Accomplished?

[*Concluded from page 274*]

mand a certain expertness. One reason for the success of the East End Jew is the honesty with which he repays the sums lent to him by philanthropists to start him in business.

The connection of Jews with jewelry is also a point in favor of their honesty and reliability. Few occupations, indeed, demand more mutual confidence than diamond-dealing, in the course of which packets of diamonds of all sizes, worth thousands of dollars, recognizable only by their total weight, are entrusted, without security, to a prospective buyer. No profession has a keener code of honor.

Three out of every four chess-players are Jews. Why? Probably because the game requires a combination of science and invention. Science is a Jew's strong point, while invention has been denied only to the millionaires. A chess-player has never been anything but poor. It should also be remembered that chess is an oriental game, and is in the blood of the race.

In war, to which chess is the nearest analogue, we should expect the combination of science and dash to give the same disproportion of great leaders; but, without an army of his own, the Judas Maccabæus of to-day must perforce remain inglorious. In the armies of Europe, the Jew rarely has a chance of coming to the front. Dreyfus was unusually hard-working and gave promise of a brilliant professional career. A Jewish layman, the late M. de Bloch, the inspirer of the Hague Conference, knew more of military science than all the generals.

There was a noticeable boom in Jewish prosperity, especially among the lower classes, coincident with the development of South Africa, and the man from the Cape became almost a recognizable genius, dear to the heart of a watchmaker; sometimes even the bride was exported to him. Analysis of how he obtained his wealth usually revealed the fact, however, that in many cases it was simply due to his working for far longer hours, and at more menial occupations than he would condescend to at home, where he had, usually, a certain social status. It was a rough, picnicking kind of life that he found at the diamond fields or gold fields, and he was not ashamed to take off his coat to it. Under the pressure of hardship, that Proteus, the Jew, has always developed muscle, and all those rude virtues of which the ghetto life and the ghetto studies had tended to denude him.

The re-transformation of the Jews—"all skin, bone, and brain,"—into a hardy, agricultural, and military people, like those whom the Romans themselves could with difficulty tame, has already proved to be merely a matter of decades; the indomitable vitality that is in Israel can be developed in any direction, and the sickly student in the house of learning changes back either in his own person, or through his child, into a man of muscle and initiative. But *en attendant* Zionism, we have to deal with an enormous number of incapables. So I end as I began,—the Jew does not succeed.

If the Jew, by not living the life of the nations, but living in a biblical dream-world of his own, escaped the feudal point of view with its dispiriting consequences on the fortunes of the lower classes, this peculiar aloofness prevented the dreamier section from ever facing the realities of life. A class of beggar students and rabbis and nondescript Bohemians was evolved, who still haunt the ghettos of the world from New York to Jerusalem. "Luft-Menschen," Nordau has ingeniously styled these airy tribes who look to miracles for their daily food, and scan the horizon for provision-bearing ravens. No other people in the world possesses so many fantastic ne'er-do-wells as does this nation whose name is so mythically synonymous with success.

A DEVICE TO PREVENT RAILWAY COLLISIONS

The utility of a new device for the prevention of railway collisions has been demonstrated on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, at a point near Chicago. The apparatus consisted of a powerful electric arc headlight, a dynamo and steam motor, all of which occupied the usual headlight space on a locomotive. At a distance of half a mile, the telegraph poles and the framework of the semaphores were clearly defined, while the track bed was distinctly visible for one mile. Straight above the locomotive, a shaft of light as thick as a man's body penetrated the darkness, and persons ten miles away reported that it was clearly distinguishable. This is an entirely new departure in headlight illumination and railway signals. It is further proposed to convey signals of distress, or other communications, when trouble occurs between telegraph points, by the use of colored glass to color the vertical ray of light.

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AN INVOCATION

Ernest Neal Lyon

Spirit of a purer day,
  Blood-redeemed Liberty,
Living in eternal May,
  Hear our humble litany!

Heroes, consecrate to thee,
  Offering a proud devoir,
Saw thy immortality
  Blossom on the field of war.

Cannon spoke thy purposes,
  Saber-strokes thy poem wrought;
Dare we—in our balances,—
  Estimate the lesson taught?

Silently apart we kneel,
  Scatter roses where they lie
Who for thee and children's weal
  Counted it a joy to die!

Starry Spirit, burning bright,
  Halo all our history!
Reillume our doubtful night,—
  Dream and Beacon ever be!

Like the soul-enkindling fire,
  Fallen over Pentecost,
Dying courage reinspire!
  Form us,—a united host!

When our timid spirits quake,
  Viewing time-entrenched Wrong,
Flash before our eyes, "Awake!"
  Burn within our hearts, "Be strong!"

Stay our balanced subtleties
  On the point of facile pen;
Reprint early purposes
  On the throbbing hearts of men.

Thus thy vestal presence lend,
  Lighting to the Larger Good,—
Till the selfish shadows end
  In the dawn of Brotherhood!

Storing a Reserve of Character

READERS who reside in mountainous regions have seen the floods of springtime, when the rain comes and the snow melts. They have doubtless watched, as the writer has many times, the torrent as it sweeps down the mountain-side, gathering force at every leap and turn. Sometimes, in the forest, the spring flood seems to double back on itself, as it flows around hills, past rocks and cliffs, and a stranger in the country would think that the force of the torrent was lost, that it had found some subterranean passage; but, behold, after the valley has been filled, it reappears with redoubled force, bearing on trees, chips, shrubbery, sticks and refuse of all kinds,—everything that attempted to obstruct its progress.

So it is with a strong character; it sometimes seems to disappear, to flow back upon itself, but this is only apparent, for it has been storing up a reserve of culture, of experience which makes its onrushing thereafter all the more certain and effective. In its march to the ocean, it carries before it everything which obstructs its passage. The trees of obstacles, the shrubberies of criticism, the leaves of hardships, and the sticks of poverty, are but playthings in its mighty progress.

Success Is Natural to Man

ACTIVITY is as natural to man as harmony to music. His whole anatomy was made for achievement. Every nerve and fiber in him, every brain cell, every function, every faculty, is fitted for high purposes and points to success as his natural goal. The Creator made man a success-machine, and failure is as abnormal to him as discord is to harmony.

God never made a man for failure. We are success-organized, success-tuned, achievement-planned.

The Creator never made a human being to live in poverty or wretchedness; there are all indications and proofs possible that man was made for happiness. There are ten thousand reasons for this wrapped up in his constitution, in his physiology, in his environment. Prosperity, abundance and affluence are parts of man's inheritance.

In this land of opportunity, it is a disgrace for a healthy man to live in abject poverty. It is a libel upon his character, a disgrace to civilization. Failure and poverty are diseases unknown to the man made in the image of the Creator.



The Marvel Camera of the Age

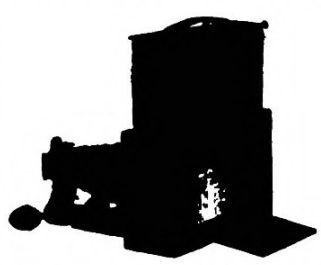
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New Skirts, the latest cut, light-weight materials, thoroughly sponged, $4 up.

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THE NATIONAL CLOAK COMPANY,
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Ralston HEALTH Shoes $4.



Corona Patent Kid, Solace Last, Light Single Sole

Like all Ralston Shoes, this one is made over a truly anatomical "foot form" last, of pleasing and very popular shape. Stylish enough for anybody.

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Wherever we have no local agent we **sell by Mail**, and guarantee a perfect fit.

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Good as any $5 Shoe

Better Value than any at $3.50

Send for our Catalogue—It tells you of twenty other styles, for men and women, eight toe-shapes in six varieties of leather, all made on anatomical lasts. Our shoes require no "breaking in."

RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS, Campello, Mass.

The Practical Process of Making Electrical Engineers

[*Concluded from page 276*]

the size of electrical machines has exceeded the wildest dreams of the inventors of ten years ago. For example, the new generators in the power station of the New York elevated railway are forty-two feet high. Each weighs nearly a million pounds, and the revolving part, thirty feet in diameter, weighs as much as two railway locomotives, and revolves at a speed several times as rapid as that of the Empire State Express.

All the knowledge of the varied processes in the manufacture of electric apparatus,—the insulating of wire one three-hundredth of an inch thick, and the automatic manufacture of cables coated with rubber and lead; the building up of armatures and field magnets, of generators, motors, and transformers; the constructing of electric locomotives for mining, mountain climbing, urban traffic, and trunk-line hauling; the fashioning of switches, switchboards, controllers, and meters, of arc and incandescent lamps, and searchlights whose gleam is visible ninety miles away,—all the acquaintance with methods of constructing these, which the young student must have before he can hope to take up engineering problems, is gained here in the home of the electric industry.

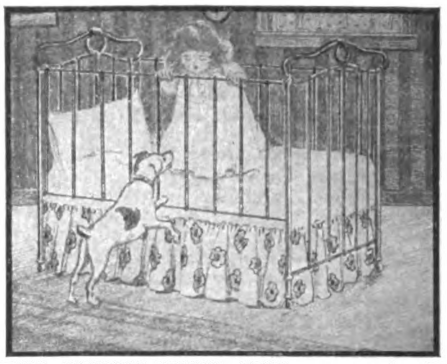
These young engineers, whether they take positions in the Schenectady shops or go to distant lands to girdle the earth with electric currents, will have one great field of work to attract their best efforts. This will be the utilization of nature's waste forces, and the carrying of the captive energy of wilderness waterfalls to far-away centers of industrial activity. Young Schenectady engineers are now in India harnessing the falls of the sacred Cavery, and transmitting, a hundred miles through the wilds, an energy of four thousand horse power, to operate the mining machinery of the Kolar Gold Fields. They had to string the wires out of reach of the wild elephants, put the posts in iron sockets to prevent the ants eating the wood, and place guards on the cross-trees to keep off the wild-cats. In California, a pole line carrying the energy of the waterfalls of the Sierra Nevadas to the city of Oakland, one hundred and eighty-nine miles away, has recently been completed. It is the longest in the world.

When the writer was in Schenectady, the locomotive works had just completed the most powerful railway engine in the world, while in the electric shops the construction had been begun of the most powerful electric generators. These are ten-thousand-horse-power machines for Niagara. The revolving fields will be attached to the tops of shafts extending one hundred and sixty feet into the rocks to the turbines. So the struggle between steam and electricity goes on. The Schenectady engineers believe that the most beautiful of machines—the steam locomotive,—has had its day. They are ready now to haul all of the New York Central Railroad's trains by electricity, and guarantee that the cost of operation will decrease.

Among the American "captains of industry" who met Prince Henry in New York City, Dr. Robert H. Thurston, of Cornell University, was selected as the representative of engineering education. He may be said to be the father of technical education in America. This is his advice to America's future engineers:—

"No young man should attempt to enter the profession of electrical engineering because it seems to him the current fad. To succeed, he must have natural talent for construction, natural ability in the fields of mathematical and physical science, and that vigor, pluck, endurance and good sense without which no man can succeed in any profession, old or new. He must have a practical as well as a theoretical and imaginative side; he will need a good general education, and a very complete and specialized professional training, including the arts as well as the sciences of his department. Above all else, he must be a strong man, an honest man, a gentleman, if he would attain the highest success, gaining a reputation as a gentleman and scholar, as an expert and man of honor, as well as securing a competence. A good mechanic's hand, a fine scholar's head, a soul above trickery, and a character that can bear the scrutiny of all men, reinforced by a good common school education up to and including a strong high-school course, and a real engineer's novitiate in the professional school, in the office, and in the workshop, furnish the highest possible guarantee of a successful business life that can be found today in the world."

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THE FOSTER IDEAL CRIB protects the child from accident when alone. It does the work of a maid by day and serves as an annex to the mother's bed at night. The sides may be raised or lowered at will. The spindles are but 4 in. apart. The head and foot 44 in. high and the sides 22 in. above the high grade woven wire spring. These dimensions are absolute proof against accidents and you will find them only in the **Foster Ideal Crib.** These cribs are finished in white or colors. Enterprising dealers sell them. If yours don't we will supply you direct. In either case send for our free booklet, "*Wide Awake Facts About Sleep.*"

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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

MARGUERITE BROOKS

THE desire to be beautiful is neither vanity nor feminine weakness, but one of the fundamental principles of the "womanly woman's" nature.

From primeval days, since Eve entranced Adam by her charms, every normal woman has longed for her birthright,—beauty,—and, when denied it, has frequently resorted to the cunning of art to supply her defects.

Wise and foolish, learned and unlearned, alike long for this crowning grace of womanhood. Even the grave Minerva, goddess of wisdom and war, entered into competition with her more frivolous sister goddesses, Juno and Venus, for the prize of the golden apple, which was to be awarded to the fairest. Paris, the umpire, rejecting the bribes of glory and renown in war, proffered by Minerva, and of power and riches by Juno, gave the apple to Venus, who had promised him, provided he would decide in her favor, the fairest of women for his wife.

We have long outgrown the fallacy that "beauty is a snare," and that virtue resides in ugliness only. Every sane woman now believes, or should believe, that it is her duty to make not only her surroundings, but also herself, as beautiful as possible. The world expects this of her. Beauty is her especial attribute, and, no matter how plain a woman may think herself, she can, if she will take the trouble, acquire it in a greater or less degree.

In the past this was considered a thing beyond mortal power. Those who were denied any claim to beauty took it stoically, or bitterly, according to their different temperaments. "We were born plain," said the philosophically inclined, "and plain we must remain to the end of the chapter." Others who, perhaps, were referred to as the "homely" members of the family, resented their supposed defects as a spiteful whim of Nature, and grew morose and bitter in consequence. The idea of their ugliness stamped itself upon them, with the natural result that they deteriorated, rather than improved, both in personal appearance and in mentality.

They did not think of such a thing as becoming beautiful through the exercise of their own powers of mind and body. Even had such an idea occurred to them, it would have been rejected as preposterous, wildly impossible, almost blasphemous. They were born ugly, and ugly they must remain. Against that fiat, they reasoned, there was no use in rebelling.

The modern woman, if she is sensible, rejects this antiquated reasoning without reserve. The attainment and preservation of physical beauty, not as an ultimate aim, but as a part of her natural equipment, as an influence for good, must be sought by the woman who would become perfectly developed and wholly successful.

The first essential to beauty of person is, of course, beauty of mind. Without this, even the physically perfect face and form will cease to please. Though she may have been favored by Nature at birth, the woman who cherishes feelings of envy, hatred, or malice,—who indulges in passionate outbreaks of anger, or worries incessantly about trifles, will soon nullify her natural advantages. Ugly lines will mar the perfect smoothness of cheek and brow; a hard, disagreeable look will creep into the face; something of grace and charm will slip from her day by day, until, some morning, she herself will wake up to the fact—long ago apparent to others,—that she is no longer beautiful.

On the other hand, the homely woman must not make the mistake of thinking that purity of mind and heart, benevolence, generosity, kindness, and all the domestic virtues will altogether compensate for the lack of physical charms which it is within her power to cultivate.

Philosophize as we may about the graces of mind and heart outweighing all graces of person, we cannot deny the fact that a beautiful woman, other things being equal, has, undeniably, the advantage of a plain one.

Beauty is a power. Saints, as well as sinners, have been tempted by it. Saint Anthony fled from its fascinations, and even the coldly calculating Jacob succumbed to the superior charms of Rachel, and chose her before poor Leah, the "tender-eyed."

It behooves a homely woman, then, to study seriously how she may improve on what nature has given her.

Victories that are easy are cheap. Those only are worth having which come as the result of hard fighting.—BEECHER.



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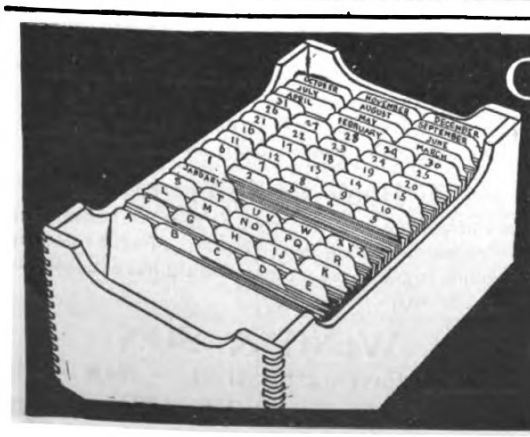
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Look into it yourself and you'll find it so pure that you can see to read through it. Being pure there is no odor about it. Being granulated it dissolves instantaneously, and sets in half an hour. Being honestly made it yields a pint more jelly than other kinds and a quart more than some, weight for weight.

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at almost cost, just to convince you how handy it is to keep all your records on cards, instead of in books. The Card System will keep all sorts of information **"right at your fingers' ends"—no indexing—no crossing off "dead" items** as with books—you simply take out the card, so that only "live" matter has to be handled.

Outfit No. 10Q consists of

A quartered Oak Tray, 9 in. deep, finely finished, with adjustable block to keep cards upright;

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Outfit No. 18Q same as above, but Cards are 6 x 4 in., and Tray 10 in. deep, $1.85. Cash must accompany order.

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Qualities That Made a Merchant Great

[*Concluded from page 278*]

get capital than business and executive ability. A man, to be successful in the dry-goods business, must be progressive and must have a thorough knowledge of the trade. I would advise one who wishes to learn the business to secure employment in the largest store in the nearest city. I have always contended that, the larger the community, the greater are the chances. A young man who has worked in a country store has much to learn before he is adapted to meet the conditions and demands in a large and complex organization.

"Yet it is a sad and hazardous life that a man experiences, living alone in a great city. If he is not made of the proper stuff, he is liable to go to the wall. If he spends his evenings in some reasonable and right recreation, he is better for it. All work and no play makes a man dull and unreceptive to impressions. The numerous libraries and Christian Associations are open to him.

"Whether a college education is advantageous or not depends upon the man. In many cases it is a waste of time and money. A mind that yearns for knowledge, and that has a plan outlined for study, should be gratified. Once I kept a young man from becoming a professor. He was an original thinker and I had need of him in the store. As president of the board of trustees of the Hampton Institute, I have signed many diplomas, but I have never owned one myself. College education should not be belittled when it fits a man for some post in life; but, for a young man to go to college who is a spendthrift of time, without any profitable results, to be graduated, and to go out to face the world, empty-handed, is a mistake. Some men are studious and others are not, and many who are not studious have redeeming commercial qualities that are dwarfed by not coming into early contact with the world.

"No man can succeed unless he puts his whole soul into his work. The half-hearted man is never aggressive. He may be as honest as the sun, and good at heart; but, if he has not the fire of ambition, the most he may expect is mediocre success. Men with talent for organization and suggestion are hard to find. My office door is always open to men who have clever ideas. The trouble with most men is that they worship themselves: there is a taint of egotism in their natures which prevents them from being open-minded and generous in thought. A broad-minded man is a man of affairs. He is willing to learn a new lesson every day. He is adventurous, because he can see ahead, and has confidence in himself in shaping his affairs. So great is the premium on ability that a progressive man, conversant with the dry-goods and kindred trades, could walk into New York and command the capital to start a large department store. Let young men learn that there is a greater premium on ability than on capital, that they should strive to acquire ability, and that they should not be discouraged because they may be without funds. The long run is what counts the most. If one's mind is fixed only on to-day, and not on the future, he will not and cannot succeed."

What Credit Is Based On

MANY young men, beginning a business career for themselves, make the mistake of supposing that financial credit is based wholly upon property or capital. They do not understand that character and reliability, combined with aptitude for one's business, and a disposition to work hard, are far more important assets to have than millions of dollars. The young fellow who begins by sweeping out the store, and who finally becomes a clerk, manager, or superintendent by his energy and reliability of character, does not usually find it difficult to secure credit to start in business for himself. On the other hand, jobbing houses are not inclined to advance credit to the man who, though he may have inherited a fortune, has shown no capacity for business, and is of doubtful character.

The young men who start for themselves, on a small scale, are more energetic, work harder, are more alert, are quicker to appreciate the chances of the market, and are more polite and willing than those with large capital.

The credit men in jobbing houses are very quick, as a rule, to see the success-qualities in prospective buyers, and seldom make a mistake in their estimate of what credit it is safe to extend.

"Everybody believes in the man who persists."

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MY FRIENDS AND I

ALFRED J. WATERHOUSE

My little, low room is five flights high,
And some might think that its walls are bare,
But sweetest communion my friends and I
Have often held in the silence there:
Noble, exalted, they come to me,
Fair as they were in the earth's first bloom,
Whispering hope for the time to be,—
These are my friends in the little, low room:—

Shakespeare of Stratford, Bacon, Carlyle;
Emerson, dreaming his long, long dream;
Dickens, with sighs that are lost in a smile;
Milton,—unblinded,—the gods for his theme;
Goldsmith, weary no more, nor lone;
Chatterton, safe, though the storm rides high;
Byron, unto his heritage grown,—
Royal companionship here have I.

Bound to my room, and touched by pain,
Hither they come to talk with me,—
They who have trodden the higher plain,
They who have seen what the angels see.
Bearing their messages, lo! they come,
Of all of earth's children, the truly great,
Whispering, "Peace, though the heart be numb,"
These, my friends of the high estate.

Homer, singing the song of strife;
Virgil, at rest by a sun-kissed shore;
Longfellow, chanting the Psalm of Life;
Poe, who will leave me,—ah, never more!
Gentle Hawthorne, of Salem Town,—
These, the mighty, the crowned, the free,
One and all from my shelves look down,
Step to my side and talk with me.

Kings in your palaces, here is more—
Here, in faith, in a little, low room,—
Than regal state and golden store,
The crowd's mad clamor, the cannon's boom.
Shades of the mighty come to me,
Sit and chat as the hours go by,
Prophesy things that the soul shall see,—
And so we are happy, my friends and I.

Little Hindrances to Success

LACK OF AMIABILITY

IT is not so much the great things that injure a man's business or profession as the little things, the trifles that he does not think worthy of his attention. One of the worst of the little hindrances to success—if anything is little in a world where a mud crack swells into an Amazon, and where the stealing of a pin may end on the scaffold,—is lack of amiability. How many a clerk or stenographer has been unable to keep a position because of an explosive temper or a lack of good nature! How many sales have been lost by the impatience or insolence or want of equanimity of a salesman! How many editors have lost valuable contributors, and publishers noted authors, simply from the lack of an even temper or a disposition to be cordial and hospitable.

How many hotel clerks and proprietors have lost desirable customers by curtness of manner or inhospitable treatment.

I know of a room clerk in a hotel whose suave manner and cordial treatment of the guests made him so valuable in attracting and holding patronage that the proprietor was glad to pay him a very large salary to induce him to remain in his employ.

Many commercial houses owe their success largely to their ability in selecting traveling men of pleasing manners and personality to represent them. In fact, some of these firms are so dependent upon the personality of these men that, should they leave them, a large part of their trade would go with them. The merchants whom the "drummers" visit become attached to them, and, in many cases, rather than cease to do business with them, would transfer their patronage to the firm with which they choose to connect themselves.

The largest establishment in Paris—the Bon Marché,—was literally built up by the amiability and pleasing manners of its founders, as was also the famous grocery business of Park and Tilford of New York.

But it would be a narrow view of amiability to look at it only as a factor in attaining material success. Its power to brighten and sweeten life in the home, in the street, in the school, in the store, office, or market,—wherever it is found, is of infinitely greater value than its material influence as a success-winner.

REGAL OAK SOLED SHOES

REGAL SHOES and statements will stand dissection. In this they differ from all other shoes sold at $3.50. We use genuine Oak Sole leather exclusively. Our shoes are made in our own factory and sold direct from Tannery to Consumer only in our own (45) exclusive stores and by mail. All the latest correct styles now on sale in our stores. Complete catalogue of men's and women's shoes postpaid on request.



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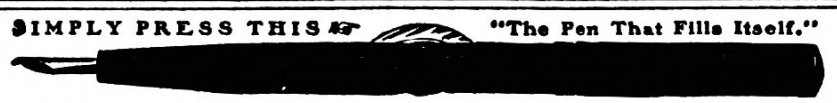
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For a two cent stamp we will send our interesting and instructive book, with valuable suggestions for correcting common errors in handwriting; how to acquire vertical writing, model capitals, etc., fully describing the pen that has revolutionized the fountain pen business—

Conklin's Self-Filling Pen.

No dropper, no unscrewing of joints, no pulling of plugs, no soiling of fingers, no taking apart to clean, no overflowing or dropping ink, no jarring to start flow; will not roll off a sloping desk. Costs no more than ordinary fountain pens of equal grade. Regular pen, $3.00; large, $4.00; extra large, $5.00; prepaid anywhere; guaranteed. Use it 30 days; your money back if not perfectly satisfactory. Order Direct—We are sure to fit the most particular hand, as we can match the fineness and flexibility of any steel pen you send us.

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The new way



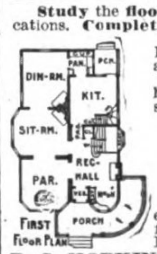
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Study the floor plan and see if it is not so. $3,800 will build it in average locations. Complete except Heating. Four Chambers and Bath room on second floor.

If interested send 2-cent stamp for figured floor plans and larger view. Have you your own ideas of plan? Send it in and have them practically arranged, cost estimated, and cost of full plans given, all "on approval."

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CAUSE 1.

The primary cause of poor teeth and therefore poor health is the general use of white flour. In milling the mineral properties of the wheat that make teeth have been removed.

Your reason tells you to change your diet.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT



THE LAW.

The law is: "Naturally organized foods make possible natural conditions; there is no other way." In white flour the law is broken because a part of what nature has organized in the wheat has been removed, and in soft, cooked food the law has been broken by robbing the teeth of their natural uses.

CAUSE 2.

Another cause for poor teeth and therefore poor health is the use of soft cooked cereals. Being soft they are swallowed without mastication. The vigorous use of the teeth is a necessary exercise and the only way to mix saliva with the food.

Your reason tells you to change your diet.

WITHIN THE LAW!

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is within the law because the whole wheat is used—nothing added — nothing taken away. The crispness of Shredded Wheat Biscuit compels mastication and causes the flow of saliva. It is therefore natural food. Your reason tells you to accept it.

It is sold by all grocers.

Our booklet "The Vital Question" will give you more light on the food subject. Sent free upon request.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.,
NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Hotels and Boarding Houses in Colorado

THERE is a popular idea that prices in a comparatively new country like Colorado are inflated. That it costs money out there "every time you move." The notion is not correct. You can live in Colorado comfortably and well for a moderate sum. At the hotels, boarding houses and ranches you can secure excellent quarters and capital fare for from $8 to $10 a week and even less. Our handbook tells all about it. Send for a copy.

Burlington Route

Where in the world, then, is a better place to go for recreation than Colorado; that magnificent mountain country with its pure, dry climate and its wonderful scenery?

We have definitely decided to sell round trip tickets to Colorado next Summer for $25 from Chicago, $21 from St. Louis — less than the usual one way fare. So the cost of going there will be small.

We run trains "only one night on the road" Chicago and St. Louis to Denver.

Send for a copy of our handbook of Colorado hotels. Full of information. No charge.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. Ry., CHICAGO

12

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

MARCONI'S announcement that he has received signals across the Atlantic by his system of wireless telegraphy was so sensational that it was listened to with incredulity by most scientific men, in spite of the inventor's high character. It was felt that self-deception on the part of a sanguine experimenter was easier to accept than the operation of apparatus by an electro-magnetic wave generated two thousand miles away. The probability of mistake was rendered greater by the fact that the signal received was merely the three dots constituting the letter "S" in the Morse code, and that this had been agreed upon beforehand. The waves were so feeble that they could not operate the ordinary form of receiver and had to be detected by means of a telephone. Was it remarkable that an enthusiastic experimenter listening for three little consecutive sounds, almost at the limit of audibility, had persuaded himself that he really heard them?

What Marconi Has Accomplished

But all this feeling has been swept to the winds by the report of Marconi's last feat. This time, he has records to show, and self-deception is impossible. These records prove that intelligible messages have been received at a distance of one thousand, five hundred and fifty-one miles from the transmitting station, while simple signals were perceived at two thousand, one hundred miles. This result was achieved in the course of the last westward trip of the steamship "Philadelphia," on which experiments were being made by the inventor to test exactly how far his station at Poldhu, Cornwall, could send an intelligible message.

Marconi's success leads him to predict that he will be using his system commercially in transatlantic service within three months, his stations here being on Cape Breton Island and on Cape Cod. The success of wireless telegraphy for marine work, even at enormous distances, thus seems assured. Will it be equally successful for overland service? In this connection, the "Scientific American" points out that wireless apparatus is vastly more expensive than the ordinary Morse instruments, and that the quadruplex system makes each set as effective as many sets of Marconi instruments would be. Therefore, the time for pulling down the overland telegraph wires may not have arrived.

▲ ▲

The Kite and the Flying Machine

The kite is no longer a toy, but a piece of scientific apparatus. Its treatment now constitutes a special branch of aëronautics, and this is recognized by M. I. Lecornu, who has just published an interesting work on kites. [Paris, 1902.] According to a reviewer in the "*Revue Scientifique*," the kite is a captive aëroplane. From a study of it, he says, we may learn much of the conditions of stability of surfaces in air, of wind-resistance, of the steering of flying-planes, etc., all of which we must understand thoroughly before we can trust ourselves to any other kind of flying-machine than a dirigible balloon like Santos-Dumont's. "What," says the writer, "must we do to transform the kite into a free aëroplane? Cut the string and replace its restraining force by one that will maintain the direction of the surface and cause it to advance against the wind. The solution of the problem is doubtless bound up with progress in the construction of light motors. . . . . We must, then, encourage investigators to study kites, and it is well that the taste for kite-flying should be developed."

▲ ▲

Hydrogen from Illuminating Gas

"Having occasion to use great quantities of hydrogen for purposes of liquefaction, M. d' Arsonval," says "*La Nature*," "devoted himself to searching for a process by which it might be obtained on a large scale. Illuminating gas, which is a mixture of nearly half hydrogen and about forty per cent. of methane, seemed to him to offer a promising source. To separate the two gases, it is sufficient to cool the illuminating gas by means of liquid air, and M. d' Arsonval desired a simple apparatus for doing this. All the other gases either condense or solidify, and nearly pure hydrogen remains. If it is desired to extract the methane, the gas is first cooled by a mixture of solid carbonic acid in acetone, which thus condenses the benzine, the essential oils, and the carbonic acid. In a second apparatus, the purified gas condenses its methane, which contains carbonic

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acid in suspension. . . . . With an engine of twelve to fifteen horse power, one hundred cubic meters [thirty-five thousand cubic feet,] of hydrogen can be prepared in an hour."

▲ ▲

The Color of Water

Recent investigations of natural color in water show that it is due to two distinct causes, vegetable stain and suspended matter. When the latter is present in appreciable quantity, it causes turbidity and is not a real pigment. The true color or vegetable stain is greenish-yellow to reddish brown, and is due to decayed plant-growth; the suspended matter is generally mineral and often contains iron. The color acquired by water at the bottom of a deep pond is largely due to this cause.

Experts have adopted a method of stating the depth of color in water by comparison with a mixture of platinum and cobalt, the color produced by one part of platinum to one million parts of water being taken as the unit.

Thus it has been shown that the color of surface water depends both on the character of the neighboring vegetation and on the time that the water remains in contact with it. Water near steep rocks, where there are few trees, will generally be below twenty units in color; steep wooded or cultivated slopes give twenty to fifty units; similar, but gentler slopes, from five to one hundred; and swampy areas, one hundred to five hundred, or even higher. Highly colored waters are more common in the Northern States than in the South. Colored water is gradually bleached by sunlight, the action taking place chiefly within one foot of the surface. The study of color in water is of commercial importance, because most people object to drinking brownish water. Hence, in a town water supply the color must either be removed or its formation must be prevented. The latter is often the most economical thing to do, and it may be accomplished by intercepting the water from the uplands and leading it into the streams without letting it pass through the swamps.

Filtering through sand will not remove the color from water, and even clay will take it out but partially. Generally, the water must be altered chemically, as by mixture with sulphate of aluminum, which coagulates the coloring matter. The color may also be removed by oxidation, as with permanganate of potash, or by ozone; but this method is not much in use at present. The question is largely one of æsthetics, as natural coloring matter in water is rarely harmful.

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Vegetarianism and Evolution

The vegetarians have recently been stirred up by Professor Ferdinand Hueppe, a German investigator, who declares that vegetarianism is contrary both to present day science and to the historical development of man. "The anthropoid stock from which man is evolved," says Professor Hueppe, "fed on nuts, fruits, eggs, small birds, and insects," and hence he was not vegetarian. Man has merely gone a step or two farther. A vegetarian diet, the professor asserts, does not give the requisite strength for hard work, nor is it capable of furnishing a well-balanced bill of fare. The digestive system of the vegetarian has to deal with an excessive bulk of food and thus wastes energy. Finally, modern vegetarians are almost exclusively neurotics, "who, falling out amid the strain of town life, ever seek for a heal-all in one or another crank."

These assertions are one and all opposed by Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the editor of "Good Health," in the March issue of his magazine. The highest apes, he asserts, are strict vegetarians, which term, he reminds us, does not mean eaters of grass or herbs. The vegetarian may subsist partly or wholly on fruit, nuts, and grain. That a vegetable diet does not imply feebleness, he says, is abundantly proved by the vegetarian Indians of South America, one of whom will carry on his shoulders a passenger with baggage for twenty miles over mountain roads. That a well-balanced bill of fare cannot be made up from vegetable foods, Dr. Kellogg simply denies. "This might be true," he says, "if the vegetarian lived wholly on potatoes or rice, ... but peas, beans and nuts furnish not only an ample proportion, but an excess of the albuminous elements." The argument from excessive bulk is met by the statement that the best vegetable foods are even more condensed than the animal. Rice, for instance, has nutritive value of eighty-eight per cent, whereas that of beefsteak is only twenty-eight per cent.

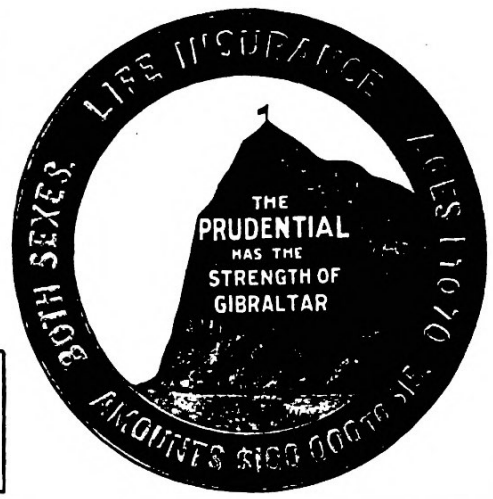
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By means of the newly invented Mergenthaler-Horton basket machine, twelve thousand completed berry baskets are turned out a day, or about twenty a minute.

▲ ▲

E. H. R. Green, president of the Texas Midland Railway, has been awarded a patent on a system of wireless telegraphy which is to be put into operation on his road.

▲ ▲

"America is doing more and better work in astronomy than the whole of Europe combined," says Sir Robert Ball, professor of mathematics and astronomy at Cambridge University.

▲ ▲

The American Bridge Company, of Philadelphia, will construct twenty steel bridges along the line of the Uganda Railroad in East Africa. The amount of the contract is about a million dollars.

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The contract for the construction of the new Longueuil bridge which is to cross the St. Lawrence at Montreal, Canada, has been awarded to a New York construction company. The bridge is estimated to cost six million dollars.

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It is reported that the Chinese Court is considering the appointment of six eminent foreigners, expert specialists, as authorities, respectively, on international law and finance, and on military, naval, parliamentary, domestic, and governmental affairs.

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Plans have been submitted for government approval for the construction of a mono-rail transit system in Scotland, between Edinburgh and Glasgow. It is proposed to travel the distance, forty-nine miles, in twenty-five minutes, or at a speed of one hundred and seventeen miles an hour.

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An Austrian has secured a patent for a substitute for gutta-percha, which, he claims, has all the properties of rubber, costs one-fourth as much, and is especially suitable for electrical insulation. Germany and England are investigating his claims. Alfred Nobel, before his death, tried to make good artificial rubber.

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In the harbor of St. Petersburg, Russia, sunken vessels have been raised by means of air bags of a new pattern. The latest experiment reported was made in the presence of a number of naval experts, when a hull weighing ten thousand pounds was raised from a depth of twenty-seven feet, by the aid of air bags, in thirty-five minutes.

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A factory has been started near Aix-la-Chapelle for the manufacture of cotton to resemble silk, by a new process. It is a distinct improvement upon the old "mercerized cotton," while another important consideration is the extreme simplicity of the invention. The silk produced by this process is extremely brilliant in color and finish and possesses great tensile strength.

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E. E. Rines, an Indianapolis electrician, has invented an incandescent bulb by which the degree of electric illumination may be varied. He has taken an ordinary sixteen-candle-power globe, and has arranged it so that it may be turned to use one half, one fourth, or one eighth of its power. Mr. Rines has been working for years on his invention, which is specially designed for hotels, dwellings, and hospitals.

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A huge air cushion eighty-three feet high and made of steel is a new safety device being installed for the elevator in the tower of Philadelphia's city hall. It is intended to sustain enormous pressure, and, instead of resting on a foundation, is hung from the tower walls. Next to that in the Washington Monument, this elevator is the highest in the world. When the test of the new air cushion is made, the elevator will at first be dropped fifty feet, then one hundred feet, and finally from the top of the tower.

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It is announced that the British admiralty has ordered a submarine boat of a new type, to be built by the Holland Torpedo Boat Company, of New York. The latest Holland type of boat, as represented in the boats now being built for Great Britain and the United States, is sixty-three feet, four inches long, whereas the new boat to be built for the British admiralty is to be one hundred feet long. Besides being heavier, it is designed to be much faster than the present style of boat, and it is believed that it will be the finest submarine vessel in the world.

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A review of reports from all parts of the country shows that the past year was unusually active in the building trades. Operations were on a large scale, and, notwithstanding a notable increase in price, finer grades of material were used. St. Louis takes the lead in growth, with one hundred and twenty-three per cent. increase. Chicago is second, with eighty-three per cent., and Cincinnati is third, with eighty-two per cent. New Orleans, with fifty-one per cent. increase, and Atlanta, with forty-two per cent., indicate a gratifying condition of prosperity in the South. Los Angeles, California, with a population of 102,479, shows an increase of sixty-one per cent. in buildings that cost $4,376,908. Seattle, Washington, with a population of 80,865, shows an increase of forty per cent. in buildings, that cost $4,569,768.

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WHY CAN'T I DO IT?

BOOTH TARKINGTON, author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," and "The Gentleman from Indiana," wrote steadily for eight years, and everything he wrote, except one little story, was rejected; but he persisted, and succeeded.

▲ ▲

SOME years ago, a barefooted boy attracted the attention of a college president, by his bright face and seeming intelligence. When asked if he would like an education, the boy so eagerly expressed his desire that the president helped him to go to school. He proved a fine student and worthy of encouragement. Now he is a leading attorney, and is trusted and highly esteemed.

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SEVEN hundred and fifty "breaker boys" in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, enjoy an evening school, a gymnasium, trade instruction, band-music tuition, debating clubs, and dramatic performances, through the self-sacrificing efforts of Mrs. Ellen W. Palmer. She began her work with a class in an empty store; and now, after conducting it ten years, has a ten-thousand-dollar building on land donated by the city council.

▲ ▲

MISS CLARA BUTLER, by an accident that killed her brother, came to own an unproductive farm and cider mill near Montandon, Pennsylvania. By skillful management she has developed a creamery making nearly fifty thousand pounds of butter a year, a farm and market garden, yielding a good profit, and a cider mill that earns six hundred dollars a year. She was not forced to do this to make a living, but resolved that the old farm should be made to pay.

▲ ▲

EDWIN HAWLEY came to New York thirty-four years ago, a green country boy of seventeen. He obtained a place as an errand boy with the Erie Railroad Company, at four dollars a week, which decided his business for life. Through many intermediate positions he came to be general traffic manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the closest official to the late Collis P. Huntington. In that position he controlled most of the trade between New York and southern points. With his success in railroad lines came financial interests so great that now he has resigned his official position to devote himself to his own business. Mr. Hawley said: "One does not have to be a great wit, or a great diplomat, or a great intellectual genius to be successful. It just requires a worker, fearless and willing to take a few risks."

▲ ▲

IN a Nebraska village, with nothing to stimulate interest in mechanics, Bion J. Arnold, at twelve years of age, built a steam engine; at fourteen, working only from an advertisement cut, he built the first bicycle seen in the state; and, at eighteen, with only blacksmith's tools, a small operating locomotive. At fifteen, he ran traction engines for threshing. After a scientific course, with interspersed vacations, of expert engineering, he became a designing and consulting engineer. At thirty-one, he designed the intra-mural railway for the World's Fair at Chicago, with novel electrical features, since widely adopted. He invented the magnetic clutch, demonstrated the practicability of long-distance electric railways, and has done much to develop commercial storage batteries. He is now at the head of a Chicago power-station company, and has large interests in several branches of electrical and mechanical industry.

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"WHERE there's a will there's a way" is an aphorism that seems to be appreciated by William Murphy, a New York City patrolman, who is a member of the Broadway Squad. His duties have been in a district where he has been brought into intimate contact with many prominent men, especially members of the legal profession. To this latter fact is probably due an ambition that he has to become a lawyer, for he is a studious and promising member of an evening class at the New York Law School, and was one of the orators of his class at its first banquet held recently at the Hotel Marlborough. Patrolman Murphy's police duties are sufficiently arduous to make most men prefer recreation to study when off duty, but he has a creditable ambition to gratify and believes he will win. When his ten hours of police work are ended, he hurries to his home, has supper, and then hastens to the law school, where he studies from eight o'clock until half-past nine.

▲ ▲

"SIXTEEN years ago, in North Dakota, my mother was left a widow with seven children, the oldest of whom was fifteen," writes a young woman to SUCCESS. "At the time, mother had a farm that she could not sell, thirty miles from any town, and seventy-five dollars. It was evident that more ready money must come from somewhere to pay family expenses, so she left the children with an aunt, while she went out to do washing, receiving one dollar a day for her work. The next fall, a village was built four and one-half miles from the farm, and she walked the distance twice a day in order to do her day's work. Many times she was discouraged, but thoughts of the children, who had to be provided for, stimulated her determination to overcome her adverse circumstances. For five years, she worked in this way. In the meantime, the farm did not any more than pay the expense of keeping it; but mother was able to 'prove up' on her farm and move into town where the children could go to school. She bought a one-room house and lived in it until she had a chance to buy a home on monthly payments. She now has, in town, a good five-room house, a big barn, and four lots all fenced in. She has a cow, a horse, and a buggy. All the children have a fair education, and are now old enough to take care of themselves. Mother's town property is worth at least one thousand, five hundred dollars, and two farms that she owns she can sell at any time for three thousand dollars, all earned at the washtub; but now she can take life easier. All this has been done by a woman who never washed a piece of cloth until she was thirty-six years old. She came from Bordeaux, France, and she says that in that country she never could have saved so much as she has in the United States, no matter how hard she might have worked. She is now fifty-six years old, and is still able to do a 'big day's work.' I call this making life successful, and I am proud to be her daughter."



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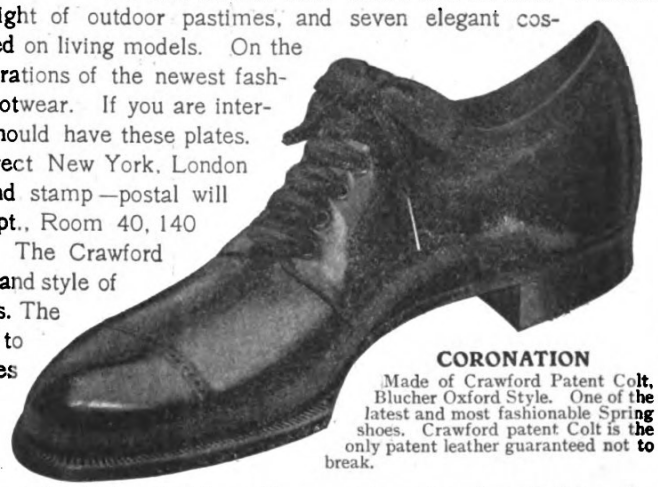
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An American Girl's Possibilities As an Actress

ELLEN TERRY



ELLEN TERRY

"HAS the American girl a future on the stage?" many people ask. I confess that the question always puzzles me. I do not understand the point of view of those who ask, for it seems to me there is only one possible reply.

Obviously, the American girl has a future in everything else; why, then, should she not have a future on the stage?

I do not think this generalization of mine is at fault. I have yet to see any sort of work, any trade or any profession, taken up seriously by the American girl, that sets any limitations upon what she may be able to accomplish in it. Is it not wonderful? In literature, Red Cross nursing, stenography, banking, lecturing, cooking, doctoring, conducting litigations, buying and managing real estate, painting, sculpture, and architecture,—has she not a future in all these? Have not American girls forced an entrance at all these doors? When the door is once opened, there is evidently something on the other side. Why, then, admitting her intelligence and versatility, should people accept these things as facts and still ask if American girls have a future on the stage? They have a present, and is not that positive proof of a future? Surely no one is any longer sufficiently stupid to say that anyone has accomplished all he could. That is not possible; and, until it is possible, there is, as I said at the beginning, an obvious future for American girls.

I have no idea of going into a history of the American stage; but surely one has only to recall it, and to see the progress made by its women in the last twenty years, and then in the last ten years, to know that the next twenty years will work similar advancement. Neither do I propose to compare the status of the American woman of the stage with that of the English woman, but it is apparent to everybody that the American way of advancing is very different from the English way. So it is in everything, notably, as I have said before, in great club movements; but it is no less so in art.

Americans and American women spring up in a moment, with a project full-armed, and wrest success from every failure. Curiously enough, you sometimes seem to have made your business methods those of your art also. That is not the way of art. The growth of art is slow, and it is still. Observation of this side of the American stage-woman's career suggests to me the only serious obstacle I see in the way of her success.

The menace to an American actress's future is often her haste to achieve distinction. You cannot force the growth of great talent. You may aid it, encourage it, nourish it, if you will, but you cannot successfully force it. If forced, it will lose its soundness and sweetness, just as does hothouse fruit. I repeat: The growth of art is slow, and it is still.

It is not remarkable, however, that an American woman, brought up in a world of haste, where events, from those of the household to those of the national capital and of the great trade centers, move with incredible swiftness, applies the methods of her own training to her special art.

This temptation is, perhaps, nowhere else so strong as upon the stage. To enter any other profession, a woman has, perforce, to go through careful training, often years of training. To be an artist, a musician, or a sculptor, she must have instruction and long practice before she thinks of submitting her work for public approval, but the woman who wishes to be an actress feels a great inner conviction that she is born so, and that sentiment arranges the matter to her own evident satisfaction. Thenceforth, all she longs for is opportunity.

Chance may discover an actress, as it may crown a king; but it can make neither. The actress must make herself, by long, thorough, and patient work, laid upon a foundation of strong natural ability. It is well to avoid platitudes in advising a young woman who hopes to conquer on the stage. When she is told to work, she usually feels that the one advising fails to understand her special case, and how really wonderful is her gift. Neither man nor woman lives by platitudes alone, but I am of opinion that both could live better if they listened and

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heeded oftener that platitudinous word,—"work."

How often one has heard all these: "patience, enthusiasm, capacity for infinite detail, unceasing application, courage, the power to put to one's individual uses all adverse criticism,"—every woman who is out in the world, engaged in honest work, has heard them many times,—I had almost said, until she is weary; but that is just the point. She must not be weary of thinking to herself, every day, of these cardinal words and phrases, for they mark the confines of her kingdom. Against all these, the American spirit of haste militates.

On the other hand, American enthusiasm and energy, which are qualities as national as haste, are invaluable factors in the very air breathed by an American actress. They teach her to see opportunity where another would detect defeat. They teach her to accept difficulties as parts of a day's work, and to stand on the other side of them by nightfall.

The business instinct of the American woman stands her in good stead also on the stage. There is no use saying that this is of no consequence. If the stage is to be elevated, it is quite important. Of course, the simple desire to make money is another matter, and may often stand in the way of women whose ambitions are not the highest and finest. But no woman who dreams of a career on the stage such as she should dream of, if she dreams at all, is likely to let this rule her, unless it is a matter of bread for herself or for someone she loves. The practical side of the American woman's nature—the independent, self-reliant side,—is a good influence upon the stage, where the women who do not know their own minds are steadily becoming fewer. Some American women control their own companies and act as their own managers, and one owns her own theater. That has come about in a single year. Can anyone see such a step as that taken, and still ask if the American woman has a future on the stage?

Then there is to be considered the most important influence of all upon the career of the American stage-woman,—her own personality,—for her art is always an expression of the woman herself. Let no woman believe that what she is and what her work is are two unallied matters. They are not only allied, but they are also identical. Art is not an exact science, independent of the person whose expression it is. What a woman is, that she will appear. Her work is always the fruit of her personality; and the personality cannot be bitter and the work be sweet.

I have met women upon the American stage whose natures are wonderful. They express them in their manner,—silent, soft-voiced gentlewomen they were. There are many more like them, and they are the best influence of the American stage. What they are, their art will be.

How the American girl may best control her future on the stage is a question that is also constantly asked, but with such a question I have great sympathy. I always have great interest in those who ask, not what results will be, but for means to obtain results. What I have said already gives just a thought about this. The woman who wishes to succeed on the stage must work, work, work; and she must not force either her talent or her opportunity. It is as bad to be in haste about getting an important engagement as it is to hurry through a period of instruction. Anyone can try patiently, year in and year out, waiting for a chance,—perseveringly fitting herself for the chance whenever it shall appear. But not every woman is able to recover from a great failure that was brought about because she made her trial with insufficient preparation.

Every woman who chooses the stage as a serious profession has, at some time, a dream of helping to elevate it. I need hardly say that her little part in this is simply to elevate her own standards, and to live up to them. She must remember that she cannot do this courageously and unfalteringly without influencing, in a small degree, but very surely, the future of the profession she loves. She need never accept the standards of the stage as she finds them, if she believes her own are higher.

There will always be failures. Why not? If the stage is no exception to a prophecy of success, it is not to a certainty of failure in the ranks of its followers. Every profession has its failures. But one wonderful artistic success will do more for the reputation of the stage than a dozen failures.

Persistent people begin their success where others end in failure.—EDWARD EGGLESTON.

Know thyself. Who has deceived thee more often than thyself?—FRANKLIN.

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The Philosophy *of* Felix G. Pryme

It is better late than never,—but the clerk who acted on the assertion is now hunting for another job.

▲

Honesty is the best policy,—but the man who views it as policy will bear a reasonable amount of watching.

▲

We may all be poor worms of the dust, but, thank heaven, there is a chance for all of us to be glowworms.

▲

I sometimes admit that there may be good men in other churches than my own, but it is strange how they can be so misguided.

▲

A fool and his money are soon parted,—but it is noticeable that the names of misers are not generally enrolled among those of sages.

▲

Pride goeth before a fall,—but the annals of "shodocracy" proclaim that it frequently goes so far before that the fall never overtakes it.

▲

A man must possess real merit if his intimate associates thoroughly respect him. Only genuine coin can endure the test of constant handling.

▲

All human society naturally divides itself into two classes: those who agree with me in opinion, and those who do not. Some of the latter are merely misguided; they mean well, and so there is hope for them.

▲

I have noticed this thing in my time,—heigh-ho!—
I have noticed it often, I say:
To be good to-morrow is easy, I trow.
But it is n't so easy to-day,—
Hum-hey!
It is never so easy to-day.

▲

If my faults, instead of being of a peculiarly alluring kind, as they are, could be overcome as easily as those of my neighbor, I am sure that I never would yield to them. But he seems to make no effort against his inexcusable infirmities. This is why I reprehend my neighbor. He deserves no sympathy.

▲

Holmes will not see the error of his ways, and yet he is thrown in contact with me almost every day. If there is hope for Holmes, it must lie in a miraculous interposition in his favor. Providence alone must decide if such an effort would be largely wasted. I do not venture to suggest, although I know Holmes.

▲

It is hard to believe that another man's troubles are as serious as he considers them. In all the ages during which the Book of Job has been read, it is probable that the underlying thought in the minds of most readers has been one of wonder that Job could have made such a fuss about mere boils. There have been exceptions, of course,—those who happened to be similarly afflicted when they read the book.

▲

Even biblical passages should be read with the understanding essential to supply palpable omissions. Take, for instance, the text, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor." Doubtless the modernized rendering in some of our most patronized churches would be: "Sell that thou hast,—when prices of stocks warrant,—and give to the poor,—more or less." It is understood that some eminent teachers of Bible classes have adopted the latter rendering, with much light and comfort to themselves.

▲

Two young women entered a crowded car on an elevated railway in New York City. They were obliged to stand, with many other passengers. Finally, a seat adjacent to them was vacated, when this conversation followed:—

"You take the seat, dear."

"No, I would prefer that you should take it."

"I would quite as soon stand."

"So would I, I assure you."

"Do take it, dear. I am sure—"

Just at this point, a low-browed, callous-souled man, who had been listening to the conversation, slipped past the courteous two and into the seat in controversy, where he took a paper from his pocket and began to read. If glances could have killed that man, he would have turned to ice where he sat. But he did not mind the glances; he merely read on and on, while the ladies stood. Of course, he was no gentleman, but it appears probable that he possessed an embryotic sense of humor.

THE HAPPY WAY

FRANCESCA DI MARIA

It is better to whistle than whine,
It is better to sing than sigh,
Better to smile, though a heart repine,
Than to scowl as the world goes by.

For you 'll find, if you whistle a tune,
Or go singing your way along,
Many there 'll be who will join you soon,
And a chorus will swell your song.

God never made man for failure. Confidence adds power, but doubt paralyzes confidence.

▲

Where is there a brighter, warmer spot than in the sunshine we create for others? It is the inglenook of happiness.

▲

The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil a while, endure a while, believe always, and never turn back.—Simms.

▲

There are a few noble natures whose very presence radiates sunshine wherever they go: a sunshine which means pity for the poor, sympathy for the suffering, help for the unfortunate, and benignity toward all.





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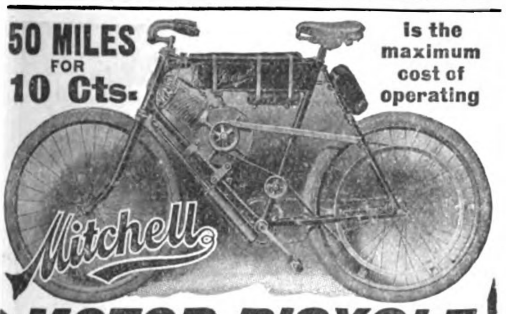
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The Twentieth-Century Novel

HAMLIN GARLAND

[*Author of "The Eagle's Heart"*]

EVOLUTIONISTS explain the past by means of laws operative in the present, deducing from survivals what general conditions once were; and, in a like manner, we may infer, broadly, of course, the future of society, and, correlatively, its art. The developed future is always predicted in the struggling embryos of the present. In the world of to-day are the swelling acorns of future forecasts.

Fiction already commands the present in the form of the novel of manners. It outranks verse and the drama as a medium of expression. It is so flexible, and admits of so many points of view, and comprehends so much of the allied arts, that it has come to be the most authoritative form of expression in the chief cities of Europe. At its best, it is an almost unequaled means of enlightenment, and, in my judgment, it will continue to exercise this great power. It will remain to occupy a high seat in the synagogue, with the drama on its right and with poetry on its left.

No other medium of expression, save the drama, is so sensitive to change of taste as the novel. Change is sure,—what will it be? I like to employ, at this point, a sentence from Whitman, who said: "All that the past was not, the future will be." If the past was bond, the future will be free. If the past was aristocratic, the future will be for the people. If the past ignored and trampled upon the rights of women and children, the future will respect and cherish them, and fiction will embody these changes. If the present is plutocratic, filled with conscienceless greed and lust of power, the future will be contented and humble, and of good-fellowship. If the past was filled with the history of a few titled personalities riding high on the shoulders of toiling, nameless thousands, then the future must be the day of high average personality and the powerful working of comrades, equals before nature and in the eyes of the lawgiver, and fiction will celebrate this life together with its sister, poesy.

One of the central elements of unchanging power in every great literature is sincerity,—and this simple basic principle leads to contemporaneousness. The great writers of the past did not consciously write "for all time," or even for the future. They wrote of those things which interested them most. They believed in what they were doing, and did it as well as possible,—and, broadly speaking, their work is of their time.

The fiction of the future, in my judgment, will be mainly a contemporaneous study of life as it adapts itself to a changing environment. If it is admirable, it will be sincere, and, if it is sincere, it will be contemporaneous.

"All original art," says Mark Twain, "is self-regulative. It does not imitate, does not follow models. It stands before life and reflects life, and is accountable to life and conscience only." The best fiction of the new century, like that of the old, must be original,—must not be founded on models. If the fiction of the past was largely occupied with themes of lust and greed of war, the novelist of the future will vastly modify them, or eschew them altogether.

The fiction of the past twenty years has come to deal even more intimately with men and women, and we may safely conclude that this will continue. The individual will count for more, the type for less. As Véron puts it, "We care no longer for gods and heroes; we care for men." This is especially to be seen in biography. We are demanding to know the man, Lincoln, the true Grant, the real Washington. Even in the romantic novel, the hero is required to have a peculiarity or two, to differentiate him from others.

I think I am safe in saying that the fiction of the future will show more humor and sympathy while losing nothing of genuine power. It will delineate the thousand-fold minute adjustments of our complex civilization to its ever-changing environment. It will be simpler in method than the novel of the nineteenth century, and subtler, with less passion and finer art. It will put its teaching and its criticism into general effects, rather than into epigrams. It will exemplify rather than preach. This will change the form. Perhaps it will approach the drama in that its characters will come out from the background in very high relief. Even the so-called historical novel will reflect, not the past, but the life and tastes of the writer and his readers.

Thus it appears that the fiction of the twentieth century is forecast in the fiction of the present.



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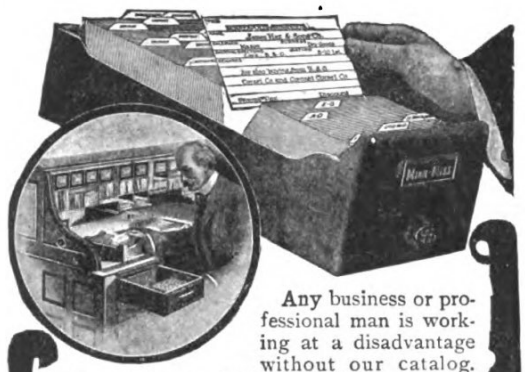
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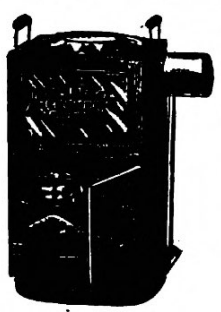
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David Creas of New York City has paid all arrears of taxes on the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, near Hodgeville, Kentucky, and saved the property from being sold by auction.

▲ ▲

Nine farmers of Presque Isle, Maine, produced crops of hay, grain, and potatoes, last year, that amounted, in total receipts, to eighty-five thousand, four hundred and twenty dollars. No report was made of the horses, cattle, and sheep sold.

▲ ▲

Petaluma, California, is the largest hennery in the world. Every person in town is in the poultry business in some form. Last year two million, six hundred thousand dozen eggs and thirty thousand dozen of poultry were shipped from the town, the principal market being San Francisco.

▲ ▲

Mrs. Fanny Carpenter, a woman lawyer of New York City, received a fee of seventy-five thousand dollars for winning a case. So large an amount is seldom realized by the ablest corporation lawyer and has never before been received by a woman of the legal profession. Mrs. Carpenter decided, in 1896, to study law, and entered the law school of the New York University.

▲ ▲

Richard T. V. Mytton, of Meridian, Mississippi, a draughtsman for the New Orleans and Northwestern Railroad, has invented a flying machine that it is believed will win some of the prizes to be awarded at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St. Louis. Models have been sent to Waltham, Massachusetts, where a light-weight but strong gasoline engine is to be made for the new "flyer."

▲ ▲

Miss Sarah Scoville Whittlesey, a young woman still in her twenties, has been appointed professor of political economy in Wellesley College, to succeed Miss Balch, who is to retire in September. Miss Whittlesey won the degree of doctor of philosophy from Yale last year. She was given the bachelor's degree by Harvard two years ago, when she was graduated from Radcliffe College, where she also became known as the champion intercollegiate woman tennis player.

▲ ▲

Miss Emma Whitmore, the station agent at Wantagh, New York, has been in the employ of the Long Island Railroad for twenty-five consecutive years. She commenced working for the company when a very young girl, assisting her father, who was an agent at Bellmore and afterwards at Wantagh. Miss Whitmore received the appointment as station agent after the death of her father. Besides selling tickets, she takes care of the freight and baggage and is considered an excellent telegraph operator. She is thoroughly womanly and is esteemed for her genial and gracious manners.

▲ ▲

The completion of the seventieth year of the existence of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia was recently celebrated, the year being credited with the completion of the twenty thousandth locomotive. The works are the largest of the kind in the world and constitute the leading single industry in Philadelphia, employing eleven thousand men. The area of ground covered is sixteen acres. To supply this industrial establishment with raw material, twenty thousand tons of coal, three thousand tons of iron, and nine hundred tons of other materials are required per week.

▲ ▲

The Cunard Steamship Company is to have two new vessels built, having forty-eight thousand horse power and a speed of twenty-five knots, which means a New York-Queenstown run in but little more than four and one half days. The Hamburg-American line has awarded a contract for a steamer seven hundred and twenty-five feet long to have a guaranteed speed of twenty-five and one quarter knots an hour. The "Deutschland" is the present unmatched average speeder of the sea, making its transatlantic trips at the rate of twenty-three and three-tenths knots an hour.

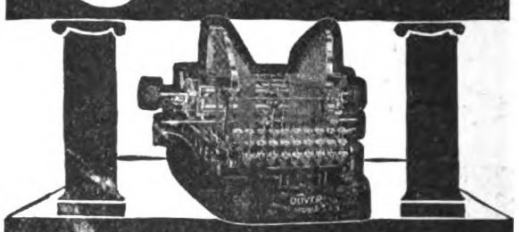
▲ ▲

The only commissioned officer in the service of the United States to be rewarded with a gold medal, for bravery in the Spanish-American War, is Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb, the inspector of life-saving stations, with headquarters at Patchogue, Long Island. This honor was conferred by special resolution of congress in recognition of the daring act of towing the disabled ironclad torpedo boat "Winslow" out of range of a galling fire from Spanish ships, at Cardenas, May 11, 1898. Lieutenant Newcomb was in command of the revenue cutter "Hudson," a small wooden vessel, which was under a desperate fire half an hour before making a line fast to the "Winslow." Lieutenant Newcomb was born in Boston, in 1846, and when sixteen years old became a master's mate in the navy.

▲ ▲

Notwithstanding the adverse criticism that is made from time to time of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, its work has been of incalculable value in protecting youth of both sexes from corruption of morals. While no more positive proof that Anthony Comstock's efforts have been effective is needed than the hostility he has provoked against himself in the men whose nefarious business has been interfered with, it is worth while to know that, in the first year of the society's existence, nearly fifty thousand dollars' worth of objectionable books, etc., was seized, and, since then, more than eighty-three tons of corrupting matter confiscated. More than two thousand, five hundred arrests have been made, there being seventy-nine last year. Persons desiring to assist the society financially can obtain much interesting information by addressing the secretary, at 41 Park Row, New York City.

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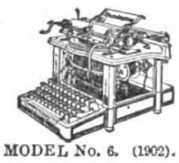


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The Materialization of Jules Verne's Dreams

[*Concluded from page 285*]

of Paris by his rare findings, but how insignificant were his studies in comparison with the later researches of Professor John Murray! The famous man-of-war, the "Challenger," in her four years' cruise from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic, revealed ocean wonders of which the mighty Captain Nemo never dreamed.

"She dragged the ocean with nets," says R. S. Baker, in "McClure's Magazine," "not only for the ordinary fish of the sea, but also for the myriad forms of lesser life which feed in its vast blue meadows; she let down dredges and sounding plummets into the deep mysterious valleys of the sea bottom; she explored almost limitless plains, desert with black darkness, and cold, and never-broken silence. In single dredgings she brought up for the eyes of man quantities of primeval ooze that had required the slow accumulations of a million centuries, perhaps, to deposit; she discovered submarine rivers, some of them flowing outward from the land and rising like fountains from the ocean bottom; she learned of new and mighty ocean currents, not the surface currents known to navigators, but those which creep along the sea bottom, a foot in a century, possibly, carrying life-giving oxygen to the creatures of the deep sea; she located stupendous mountain ranges and volcanoes, with precipices and declivities so appalling that, doubtless, it is well that they are hidden from the eye of man. As an evidence of the almost inconceivable strangeness of the bottom of the sea, she brought back some of its denizens, both vegetable and animal,—the appropriate creatures of cold and darkness and the crowding presence of the seas,—odd, pulpy, warty fishes, some blind, some with eyes greatly developed, some that peer their way through these depths with lanterns, and a thousand other forms of life equally strange."

No daring navigator has yet made a voyage of twenty thousand leagues in a submarine boat, but the feat is possible. Within a year or two, in all probability, a submarine vessel will prove its entire seaworthiness by crossing the broad Atlantic.

What other dreams had Jules Verne? His "*Cinq Semaines en Ballon*" was one of his most improbable tales, until men of scientific attainments began a serious study of aërial navigation. In the balloon story two daring Englishmen attempt to cross Africa high above the desert and the jungle. On the theory that, at different altitudes, there are air currents moving in various directions, they argued that they need but find a northerly current and they would be blown down across the Dark Continent. They constructed, therefore, an aërostat. Starting from Zanzibar, they soared above Kilima-Njaro, over the country of the Nyam-Nyams, above Lake Chad and the Kong Mountains, and landed somewhere in French Senegambia.

What a stimulating influence this story seems to have had on the adventurous French! Their balloon clubs rival their automobile clubs in popularity. In an air-ship, far more wonderful than that of which the novelist dreamed, Santos-Dumont has demonstrated the possibility of traveling in the air, in any direction, at any altitude, regardless of air currents. He has made the circuit of St. Cloud and the Eiffel Tower in half an hour, thus winning the Henri Deutsch prize of one hundred thousand francs. He has navigated the Monte Carlo seacoast, traveling faster than the steamboats, and he has announced his intention of crossing into Africa. Other aëronauts have sailed the air with almost equal success, and there are some, even, who think they can cross Africa, as did Jules Verne's navigators, by picking out the favoring air currents.

What an amount of life and treasure has been sacrificed in following the track of the intrepid Captain Hatteras! The intangible North Pole,—that undiscovered country, the bourne for so many travelers who have not returned,—who will say that it is not soon to be reached? Nansen made the perilous dash over the northern ice and arrived at the extreme northern latitude of eighty-six degrees, fourteen minutes; Captain Cagni of the Abruzzi expedition followed and touched eighty-six degrees, thirty-three minutes. Now the polar regions fairly swarm with emulators of Captain Hatteras. Lieutenant Robert E. Feary has wintered at Cape Sabine, and is now, in all probability, struggling to reach the goal. Evelyn B. Baldwin, with the most elaborate outfit ever taken into Greenland, is slowly pushing northward, with the conviction that he will place the American flag at the North Pole this year; and Frithjof Nansen's



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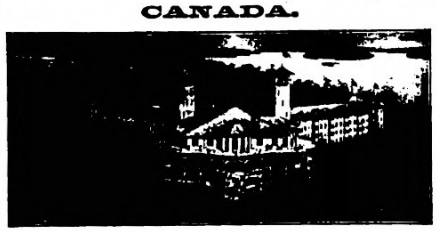
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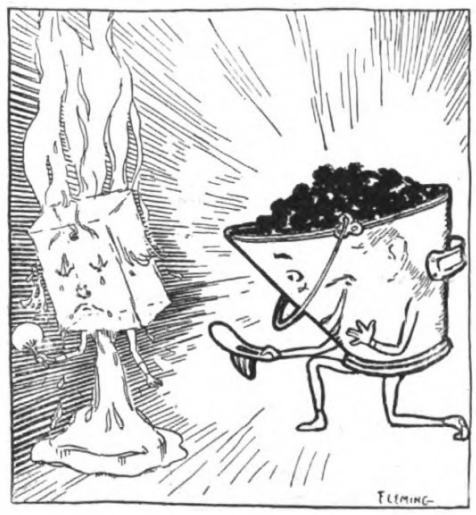
Phileas Fogg's famous journey around the world has been often outdone in the thirty years since he made his eighty-day record between the covers of a book. San Francisco was seven days from New York then, and London was nine. The Transsiberian Railway was not dreamed of, and it was a journey of forty-two days, via Suez, from London to Yokohama. Last year a mere boy made the circuit of the earth in sixty days. When Jules Verne was writing his stories of wonderful voyages, the American express train had not attained its phenomenal speed of one hundred and thirty miles an hour; the trolley car, of one hundred miles an hour; the automobile, of a mile in fifty-one and four-fifths seconds; the steam turbine torpedo boat, of fifty miles an hour. Such marvelous speeds as these Jules Verne did not believe possible.

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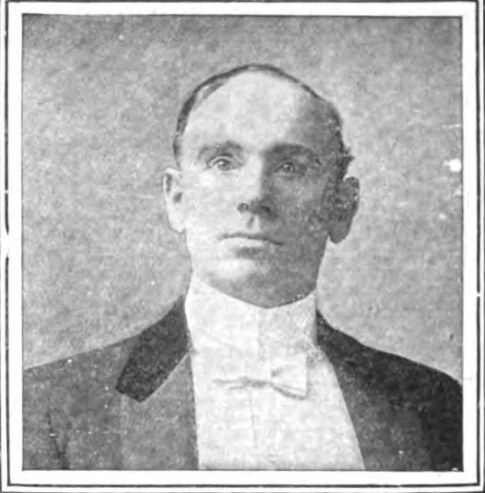
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THE FIGHTING BLOOD

A Story for Memorial Day

LUCY BAKER JEROME

IT was a circular grass-covered plot on the outer edge of the cemetery, and the low stone wall surrounding it was defaced and sunken in many places. An oblong tablet, supporting two monumental urns, rested in the center, and it was heaped high with wreaths and blossoms, the tribute of a nation to its honored dead. The inscription bore the name of one of the most famous generals of the Civil War, but Lucinda Randall, sitting idly on top of the rough coping, surveyed the memorial stone with gloomy eyes. At that moment she was wondering, as she had wondered many times before in her twenty-five years, if life were all that she had been led to believe that she would find it. In spite of her fixed belief in the general correctness of the scheme of the universe, she could not refrain from thinking that there were some things that she would have arranged differently. That very morning, in a despondent mood, she had confronted her cares and troubles, drawn up before her in formidable array, and, after a severe struggle with her common sense, had finally owned herself defeated. Usually, Lucinda was a person on whom the perplexities of life sat lightly; but about every six weeks, as she put it, she was obliged to *think*, and the result was always disastrous. It was in this mood that, sitting there, the fresh, strong wind, straight from the ocean, whipping loose strands of her black hair from their fastenings, and buffeting her slight figure like a live thing, she withdrew her gaze from the wave-washed horizon, and looked again at the stone.

"Killed, while gallantly leading a forlorn charge," she said, aloud. "That I can understand. The heroism of the moment, the wild charge in the glory and blaze of battle; sudden, swift extinction, exulting in the face of death, that is a glorious way to die; but to wear out one's life in the tragedy of the commonplace, one's worst foe oneself, that is dying by inches: it is worse,—it is a living death."

Her eyes suddenly widened as she perceived a figure on the other side of the mound silhouetted against the sky. It was that of an old man, bent and shrunken with age, but Lucinda noticed the square set of the shoulders, the attempt at carrying them well set back, and a general air of alert briskness, which, to her observant eyes, proclaimed him an old ex-soldier. He climbed the wall stiffly, his eyes fixed upon the sunken grave, with the flowers piled high above it, and the fluttering flags at either end. Wheeling sharply, as he reached the spot, he stood erect, and gave a smart military salute, with a precision evidently born of long training; then, stooping, he placed on the grave a small bunch of dandelions that he carried.

Then he turned to Lucinda, smiling cordially.

"I reckon you think this kind of strange," he said, speaking with a Western accent, and laying one hand tenderly on the stone, "but I've saluted the general every Memorial Day for twenty years, Miss; I've followed him in many a battle, and I do n't forget; and somehow I can't think that the general does, either." His shining eyes looked across the tablet at the girl. "Maybe he did you a kindness, too, Miss?" he asked, sympathetically. "He did many a one in his day, I'll be bound."

The girl flashed a pleased look at him.

"General Eastwood was my uncle," she said, simply.

The old soldier's face beamed.

"Your uncle, Miss? " he said, earnestly. "Well, I've wondered many a day if I should ever be lucky enough to run across any of the general's kin; but my time is getting so short now that I'd about given up hoping." He reached his hand impulsively across the grave to the girl.

She took it, smiling in comprehension.

"I am always glad to meet anyone who served under my uncle," she said, winningly. "I have often heard my mother tell how much he thought of his men."

"That's right, too," said the soldier, eagerly. "Why, Miss, the day we made that charge at ——, it was hotter than blazes, and the general was in the thick of it, and always at the front, Miss, always at the front." He shook a bony forefinger, warningly,—"Do n't you forget that. The bullets were flying like hail, and the general was sitting his horse like an iron man, and we were plunging after him, when Dick Fallon's horse was shot under him, and he tumbled on the ground

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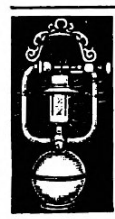
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right alongside of the general. Dick expected it to be the last of him, for the cavalry was sweeping solid over the field. Was it? No, indeed! The general just swooped down on him sideways, and lifted him across his saddle bow, and led the charge just the same. Dick never forgot that. I've heard him tell it over and over, and not one of those who saw it ever forgot it, either. Oh, I tell you, Miss,"—the old man chuckled, carried out of himself by the memory of brave war days, and becoming loquacious in praise of his hero,—"there never was anything could daunt the old general. He had the real blood in him,—the fighting blood, we called it. Nothing ever beat it yet." He turned to the girl, his eyes luminous with feeling, and his white hair blowing in the wind. Her gaze was fastened on the vanishing line of smoke from an ocean steamer, and the old soldier looked disappointed.

"I think," Lucinda said, slowly, her hands unconsciously destroying the daisies that she held, "that there are, perhaps, some things which, if the general had had them to endure, might have conquered even the fighting blood."

"Don't you believe it, Miss," began the old soldier, stoutly, but a glance at her downcast face checked him. "Yes, Miss?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes, I do," she said, more firmly. "There are forms of battle of which the general had no conception. It is so different with a man! His life was one of action, vivid, stirring action, and each act was applauded by a nation. He stood high in the estimation of men. He had wealth, power, and fame. Did he ever know,"—she went on, stormily,—"what it means simply to exist, to spend one's life in waiting, till your youth and strength and hope are gone? Did he ever know the humiliating sensation of failure? Did he ever mean well, and try hard, and have it all end in defeat? No! he never knew these things. Even his courage might have given way before such overwhelming odds as these."

The soldier's stiff features melted into sympathetic lines at the girl's outburst, but his faith in his hero was not to be shaken.

"No, Miss," he said, patiently. "Begging your pardon, for I can see that you must have had a hard battle yourself, to talk like this, but even all you say would n't have made the general give in." His eyes met hers. "It's harder for a woman," he said, gently.

The girl's eyes filled at the words, but she kept her head defiantly high.

"I have lost all that I cared for in the world," she said, steadily, "and there's only left me a big, empty, starving heart, that gnaws at me night and day." She looked at the brave old face wistfully. "Do you think that the general could have borne that?" she asked.

The old soldier felt a sudden queer tightening of his throat. He looked at the girlish figure in its rough blue serge, then hastily rose, striking his stick firmly into the gravel path. All the old martial fire and vigor were in his bearing as he stood in front of her. He felt intuitively that it was a case where action of some kind was needed.

"The general would *never* have given up, Miss," he almost shouted, all the more sturdily because conscious of an unwonted tremor in his tones, which he wanted to conceal. "Never! There was n't anything that he could n't have borne, and anyone with fighting blood in his veins ought to feel that way, too. Anyone belonging to the general is just bound to stand by his colors!"

The girl looked up quickly, her lips parted, and her face was suffused with an inward glow.

He met her look directly.

"And you his blood, Miss!" he said, reproachfully,—"the fighting blood!"

The words stirred the girl's senses, like a call to arms. She sprang quickly to her feet, sweeping her long skirts aside, and drawing her lithe figure to its full height.

"You're right," she said, abruptly. "The fighting blood does not give in. What is your name? 'Macallon?' Now, Mr. Macallon, we're ready for the enemy. Hurrah for the banner of the fighting blood!" She smiled brightly at the old man, who, instantly divining her changed mood, and catching the spirit of excitement, swung involuntarily around. Together they saluted the grave, the old and the young eyes flashing in unison. The clear note of a departing bugle lent color and reality to the scene. The old man's voice quavered on the air.

"'Tention!" he piped, shrilly. "Eyes front! Forward, march!"

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SUCCESS JUNIOR

A Novel Amateur Photograph Contest

THE grand prize to be awarded at the end of the contest is a novelty. Each month two prizes will be given,—the first, three dollars, and the second, two. Photographs must be received between the first and the last day of the month. The prize-winning photographs will be published in SUCCESS, and, at the end of the contest, in October, our readers will be asked to decide which one of all the pictures published merits the prize,—a handsome album containing all the photographs submitted in the contest. As there will doubtless be photographs from every part of the country, this will be something that every enthusiastic amateur photographer will value very highly. The following rules govern the contest:—

1.—Pictures will be judged according to their artistic merit and their general interest.

2.—Photographs should **not** be less than two by three inches in size, unmounted, and should be mailed flat.

3.—On the back of each photograph the name and address of the artist must be written, and accompanying each should be a descriptive article of not more than fifty words.

▲ ▲

The Prize-Winners

The prizes for the best-written postals were awarded to the following: Miss Margaret Kennedy, Tacubaya, Mexico City, Mex.; E. B. Templer, Norway, New York; Alice J. Stull, Farmer's Valley, Pennsylvania; Amy Bordwell, Jackson, Michigan; Nina Mathison, Union, Ontario, Canada; W. E. Hanna, Waverly, Ontario, Canada; Mellie Timlin, Fisher, Pennsylvania; Adolph Schules, New York City, N. Y.; Zilda J. Brown, Farmington, Maine; R. W. Conover, Riverside, New Jersey.

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Another Reading Contest with Twice as Many Prizes

The first contest brought out merely general facts, but we are now going to come down to specific cases. We want to carry out the wishes of our young friends. We want each one, therefore, to name, on a postal card,—for letters will not be considered,—the story or article that he or she likes best in this number of SUCCESS. Also tell the reason why. This time, we will give twenty prizes instead of ten, so there will be just twice as many chances to win. Each prize will be any Marden book that the winner may choose. All postals must bear the age, name, and address of the sender, and must be mailed not later than June 1, 1902. The names of the prize-winners will be announced in the August SUCCESS.

▲ ▲

What Boys and Girls Like to Read

Hundreds of boys and girls in every part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, and South America, in competing in the March contest, have sent postal cards telling what kinds of reading they like best. About ninety-eight per cent of the writers put stories of adventure at the head of their lists, and many of them added that they preferred to read true stories of adventure.

Next to such tales, the preference is for stories of accomplishment, especially of achievement under difficulties. One boy wrote: "I like to read about things that other fellows have done; it makes me want to do them, too." Quite a number of the writers, mostly girls, like fairy tales and stories of interesting and amusing events of home life. The following postal-card story, although we presume it was not written by a very young girl, well expresses the views of a majority of the writers:—

> Small children like fairy and other imaginative tales best, for imagination and memory are the strongest faculties of the mind in childhood. Older ones prefer stories of action and adventure, either true ones or "made up." Biographies and biographical sketches, if written in an interesting manner, are also favorites, and produce a greater effect upon character than any other class of literature; for the young readers feel that they tell of real life; and the readers think, "What man has done, man can do." Children are fond of poetry, strong in rhythm, if the words are not above their comprehension.
>
> MARGARET KENNEDY, Tacubaya, Mexico City, Mex.

▲ ▲

The Favorite Juvenile Writers

Dr. A. E. Bostwick, chief of the circulating department of the New York Public Library, has been making a similar investigation of the kind of reading boys and girls like. The names of ten



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a year since enrolling. Have shorter hours and better prospects" That's what our students say. Young men! some on farms, others in offices, shops and factories have spent their spare time, possibly an hour a day, under our instruction and, in a few months, have more than doubled their wages. What better way to coin spare time?

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leading authors were selected, and ten children, five boys and five girls, in each of the thirteen branches of the New York Public Library, were asked several questions about those authors. Among the questions were the following: Which of these authors have you read? Which ones do you like? Which do you like best? From which do you learn the most? Which do you think writes the best English? The answers received were compiled by Francis Whiting Halsey and were recently published in the New York "Times," in the following table:—

Authors	Have Read			Like			Like Best			Learn Most			Best English		
	Boys	Girls	Total	Boys	Girls	Total	Boys	Girls	Total	Boys	Girls	Total	Boys	Girls	Total
Finley	8	41	49	..	28	28	..	10	10	..	11	11	1	12	13
Alger	58	32	90	37	17	54	22	4	26	13	6	19	2	1	3
Optic	52	14	66	22	7	29	4	1	5	7	1	8	3	1	4
Fosdick	50	8	58	26	2	28	5	..	5	4	..	4	9	..	9
Stratemeyer	40	10	50	35	7	42	16	1	17	12	5	17	11	..	11
Munro	50	16	66	31	9	40	15	..	15	10	1	11	12	..	12
Trowbridge	43	18	61	18	5	23	2	1	3	2	1	3	5	3	8
Alcott	21	58	79	7	46	53	1	20	21	..	14	14	..	22	22
Meade	7	50	57	10	37	47	..	18	18	..	5	5	..	7	7
Clarke	7	49	56	20	23	43	..	7	7	..	3	3	..	2	2

▲ ▲

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS IN PRIZES FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS

WE are going to have four prize-contests that should interest every wide-awake, ambitious boy and girl, for they have been arranged to suit the taste of everyone. The contests are worth engaging in, even if you should not win a prize. The following rules will govern each contest: (1.) General interest and originality will be the standard used in judging. (2.) Each article should contain three hundred words or less, written with a pen or a typewriter, on one side of the paper only, and mailed flat. (3.) The prizes in each contest are as follows: First, ten dollars; second, eight dollars; third, five dollars; fourth, two dollars. (4.) All articles should be mailed before August 1, 1902. Announcement of awards will be made in the October number. (5.) The name and address of the sender should be plainly written on the manuscript, and postage enclosed for its return, if desired. Some of the articles which do not win prizes may be accepted by us, and paid for. Address all articles for the contest to SUCCESS JUNIOR, University Building, New York City. The four prizes are as follows:—

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PERSON I KNOW

VISIT the most successful person you know and have him tell you the secret of his success. Of course you should tell him your purpose in seeking the interview. If you are courteous, no one is likely to refuse your request. Men and women who have struggled up the stony road to success are always willing to give ambitious young people, who are striving along the same path, the benefit of their experience and advice. Write an interesting account of your interview, together with a brief biography of the person interviewed, and enter it in the contest.

HOW I EARNED MY EDUCATION

THOUSANDS of young folks earn all or part of the money required for their expenses in school or college. Education that is secured in this way is apt to be thoroughly appreciated. If you are one of these working students, write an account of your experience and submit it in this contest. Your name will not be published, if you are unwilling. The ones describing the most interesting and ingenious methods will be awarded the prizes.

HOW I MADE IT

MADE what? Anything you like that is worth while: perhaps a flower bed, a new style of apron, or a handy household contrivance, if you are a girl; a boat, a rustic arbor, or a window box for plants, if you are a boy,—or else hundreds of other things for both boys and girls. Young people frequently make ingenious things. Tell about something you have made,—send a photograph or a drawing of it, if possible,—and describe clearly how you made it. The ones who tell about the most ingenious things will secure the prizes.

THE BEST LAUGH I EVER HAD

THIS contest is altogether different from the others. Everyone has his favorite story of an amusing experience. Write a humorous account of the most ludicrous adventure you ever had, or the funniest thing you ever saw, and submit it. Original stories that are best told and that have in them the most laugh-producing qualities will win the prizes. No story should be more than three hundred words in length.



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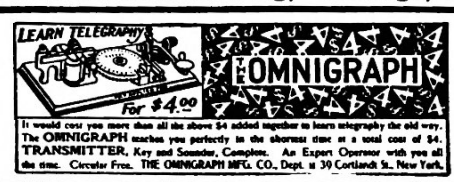
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THE SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU

HERBERT HUNGERFORD
General Secretary



NOW that so many of our clubs are becoming interested in gymnastics and athletics, we expect to receive items like the following: "At the Field Day of the Sparksville High School, most of the honors in the various competitive events were won by members of the Olympic Success Club." Of course our Success Club members will win in athletics just as they are expected to win in the other events of life's great race.

It is an excellent plan for all Success Clubs to interest themselves in athletics, especially at this season. Societies that have held enthusiastic debates regularly for the past five or six months need a change, for otherwise they are likely to have an attack of "monotony." What is better than to engage in some kind of outdoor sports? If this is done, it will not be necessary to disband for the summer, and interest in the club work may be sustained from May to September, when the debates and literary work will again be prominent features. Moreover, the athletic work may attract some very desirable new members.

In order to encourage clubs to follow out this suggestion, our Bureau will offer gold and silver badges to every club that will arrange for a series of competitive athletic events, whether baseball, football, tennis, swimming, rowing, running, or any other legitimate athletic sport. We will also welcome into our League athletic clubs which have, in addition to their object of aiding the physical welfare of the members, an aim to promote general culture. It will be worth while for any member of an athletic club to write to our Bureau for further particulars, which will be sent on request.

▲ ▲

A Common-Sense Yell Wanted

THIS may be asking for an impossibility. Judging from the average college or high school yell, we presume that it is. Still, we should like to have our members suggest yells that will be suitable in cheering the club athletic teams in the various contests in which they may engage. We will give a prize of five dollars to the one who suggests the yell that is adopted. This yell will be voted for by our clubs. We urge every member to enter this contest and send in some kind of yell. Write it on a postal card. We will not set a definite date for closing the contest, but will end it when a sufficient number of suitable yells have been received.

▲ ▲

Why Is Our Bureau Like a Bee Hive?

ONE answer to the above-given question is,—because the summer is the season in which we gather honey in the form of ideas which are made ready for clubs to use during the rest of the year. We are preparing many booklets and other printed matter, and we cordially request everyone who is interested in our work to lend a hand. We desire, especially, ideas for entertainments and socials, model literary programmes, subjects for talks and debates, and any ideas or plans that can be used in club work. We will give liberal rewards—books and other prizes,—for all ideas that are accepted.

▲ ▲

A Certificate of Enrollment

EVERY society enrolled in the League of Success Clubs is identified by a branch number. If desired, our Bureau will supply clubs with a hand-

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some Certificate of Enrollment, engraved with the local name of the club and signed by the General Secretary. This certificate will be mailed, securely wrapped, for fifty cents. The engraving shown herewith gives an approximate idea of the certificate, which is fourteen inches square.



Any social, literary, debating, or self-culture society may join the League by passing a resolution ratifying our constitution. This will not interfere with the usual work of any society, but will add many very desirable benefits. Full particulars will be sent on request.

▲ ▲

A Name Wanted for the Club Organ

WE are not satisfied with the present name of our little club organ, "Helps." This title is rather vague, and it is not distinctive enough. We want a name that will give everyone an idea of what the little paper really is; and, in order to get it, we are going to ask the readers of SUCCESS, especially our club members, to help us make a selection. We will give a half-leather bound set of the SUCCESS LIBRARY to the one who suggests a name that is adopted. This is a prize worth trying for, especially when it will take but a moment of your time to write out your suggestion on a postal card and mail to our Bureau. You may read about the SUCCESS LIBRARY in our advertising columns, and, if you desire a sample copy of our little paper, we will send you one on request. The subscription price of "Helps" is twenty-five cents a year, instead of thirty-five as was stated by mistake last month.

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The Angeny Memorial Success Club



JACOB M. KOOKER AND CHARLES H. ANGENY

A SPLENDID tribute has been paid to the memory of Edgar Clarence Angeny, whose death occurred a few months ago. Mr. Angeny organized, at Philadelphia, the first church Success Club, [There are over two hundred church clubs now.] and, for several months, until failing health compelled him to give up the position, he was corresponding secretary of the Success Club Bureau Since his death, a Success Club has been organized at his birthplace, Dublin, Pennsylvania, and named, in his honor, "The Angeny Memorial Success Club." We are pleased to show the pictures of Jacob M. Kooker, the president, and Charles H. Angeny, the secretary of this worthy club.

▲ ▲

Prepare Now to Organize Next Fall

USUALLY, it is not advisable to start a new society in the summer, yet this is just the time to make preparation for organizing an enthusiastic club in the fall. Everyone interested in the club movement should subscribe at once to "Helps," our special club organ, which is issued monthly at twenty-five cents a year. This will keep you in close touch with the League work; and, when you are ready to start a club, you will be prepared to explain all the features of the League in the most attractive way. Why not write to us at once?

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C E Johnson	Clerk	48 00	
F G Robinson	Fireman	40 00	
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Foreman Molder	Textile Designer
Gas Engineer	Architect
Refrigeration Engineer	Contractor and Builder
Traction Engineer	Architectural Draftsman
Electrical Engineer	Sign Painter
Elec. Machine Designer	Letterer
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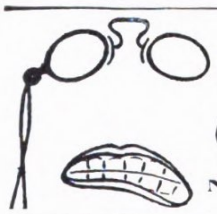
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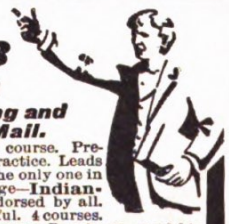


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FOR THOSE WHO WORRY

The cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards.—BOVEE.

▲ ▲ ▲

"Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear:
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there."

▲ ▲ ▲

"IF all cannot live on the piazza, every one may feel the sun," says an Italian proverb. Life is full of sunshine for all who wish to absorb it, and full of gloom for those who take a morbid pleasure in dwelling in the shadows. Difficulties and troubles, if bravely met, make strong men and women, but anticipating and worrying about them make petty, weak ones.

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CINEAS, the philosopher and favorite minister of King Pyrrhus, asked the latter what he would do when he had conquered Italy. "I shall conquer Sicily," was the reply. "And after Sicily?" queried Cineas. "Then, Africa." "And after you have conquered the world?" "I shall take my ease and be merry." "Then," said the philosopher, "why can you not take your ease and be merry now?"

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WHY can *you* not take your ease and be merry now? If you wait until you conquer all your difficulties, the time for ease and merriment will never come. Laugh, and be glad now, and the troubles which loom so threateningly in the distance will vanish, as you approach them, like soap bubbles.

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"HE that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thought so strong
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolvèd powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he; from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey."

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WE are as great or as small as our own thoughts make us; if we are so small as to be buried under an avalanche of trifles, we have none but ourselves to blame. Drink the wine of life, not its lees. If you must indulge in fancies, weave them in bright colors rather than in the somber hues of night. "I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled," says Emerson, "far better, for comfort and for use, than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people."

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A HUNGRY man who would refuse to eat a good dinner set before him to-day, because he feared his wants might not be satisfied to-morrow, would be regarded as a fool or a maniac. But, is he any more senseless than the man who darkens the sunshine of the present by worrying over the difficulties that may arise in the future? Which is wiser, the woman who provides herself with the light, airy gown she needs for the coming summer, or the one who spoils her comfort and happiness by putting away the money for some possible future contingency?

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"A GAY, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good," said Schiller. "Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and the noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls that only mourn the past and dread the future are not capable of seizing on the holiest moments of life." If people would look at worry in all its naked hideousness, as the manifestation of a small, narrow nature, incapable of entertaining large views, or of trusting grandly, they would be ashamed to be counted among its victims. But the chronic worrier prides himself on his "foresight," on his prudence in taking thought for the morrow. The mother who is afraid to let her children go out to play, lest they fall and hurt themselves, or soil their clothes, and worries from morning till night over the petty cares of the day, thanks her stars that she is not careless, like other women.

❦ ❦

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THE soul, like the "messenger from Mars," has never seen money and knows of no charm in it. There are desires, there is hunger, that cannot be reached by the check book.

It is the coarser side, the more brutal in us,—the animal, in fact,—which is satisfied with money, but there is that within us which money cannot minister to,—which money does not attract.

This finer character-element feeds on love and service. Fame does not touch it, riches do not appeal to it, nor do houses or lands satisfy it.

This divine self, this ideal, is starving for food in many a palace, is a pauper in the midst of wealth, is hungry for an impalpable food. All that wealth can buy only gives it dyspepsia. Fine tapestries and costly furnishings and bric-a-brac have no power to satisfy its longings.

❦ ❦

Your Own Assurance Wins Respect

THE man who would win must carry in his very presence an air of assurance, the certainty of a conqueror. People admire a confident man. They can trust him. They hate doubt or vacillation. It is the balanced man that wins, not the one who goes about as if he did not, himself, believe that he could win if he had a chance. It is the strong, aggressive character that creates enthusiasm and radiates confidence.

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I find in SUCCESS what other magazines do not give,—encouragement to those who are poor and striving for a place in the world.—Mrs. H. C. Limbaugh, Saladasburg, Pennsylvania.

I seem to rise from a slough of despondency with every line I read in your very estimable paper. It is simply grand, wonderful.—Mrs. G. G. Hodgeson, Huron, South Dakota.

We have a wide range of reading matter, but no other publication equals SUCCESS. It gives new life and hope, and makes true men and women,—what the world needs.—C. V. Baldwin, Bridgeman, Michigan.

I can truthfully say that SUCCESS is gradually bringing out much of the latent energy which I find has been slumbering within me, and it is a still further impetus to spur me on, as well as others.—O.T. Jackson, Manitou, Colorado.

I desire to say that I consider SUCCESS the best publication for young men in the world. I have read it since the first number was issued, and have been delighted with its many excellent features.—Charles R. Skinner, State Superintendent of Schools, New York.

SUCCESS is a clean, honest magazine of inspiration, and contains no trash that is injurious to the minds of the young. It has often been an inspiration to me when I have felt discouraged. I shall never be without it.—Ernest W. Leslie, 463 West Ferry Street, Buffalo, New York.

SUCCESS and "Pushing to the Front" have been powerful factors in making a great change in my life,—opening up a broad field of hope before me,—raising me from despondency to a determination to succeed. I feel that I have been born into a new world.—Robert S. Livingston, Deweyville, Texas.

SUCCESS is the one magazine that I can talk enthusiastically about, as it has inspired and encouraged me to be something,—not to be discontented with my place in life, but to be faithful and contented, and yet to strive for something greater and better.—George W. Tiley, Belleville, Illinois.

Allow me to say to you how much I appreciate SUCCESS, and how much good moral purpose must come into the life of every boy and girl who reads it. I suppose it will be impossible to calculate the good it is doing in the world by reaching the hearts and lives of our young people.—Professor Marshall L. Perrin, Boston University, Boston, Massachusetts.

Anyone intent upon instilling high ideas and lofty motives into the children of a household will find SUCCESS a necessity, and, after it has once gotten within the doors of the home, it will prove itself to be an inseparable companion and an indispensable factor in the performance of its duty which is, the making of true men and women.—A. W. Asbury, Wilberforce, Ohio.

I feel that, through your most excellent paper, SUCCESS, the way has been made brighter for me, and those to whom I passed it on last year are the better for reading it. There is a ring to the magazine that finds an echo in my lonely heart, when I think of my only boy who passed away, in young manhood, loving the very sentiments expressed in your magazine.
—Mrs. Helen Hobson, Hillsdale, Michigan.

The subjects are well chosen; the whole, from start to finish, pure, clean, interesting and instructive. If I had a son to rear and train, I know of no publication which I would more cheerfully provide for him than SUCCESS, feeling confident that his eyes would never rest on a word or phrase calculated to impair or vitiate his morals, but, on the other hand, all to encourage honor, honesty, virtue, and piety.—Mrs. R. T. McElyea, Maxton, North Carolina.

I have been reading SUCCESS for more than a year, and have found it good and inspiring; but, above all else it has been helpful to my husband, who is one of those unfortunates who are predisposed to worry, fear, and discouragement. The tone of your magazine has brought to his mind more clearly than any preachings ever have, the folly of allowing oneself to get disheartened by difficulties.—Caroline B. Stewart, Los Angeles, California.

When first I saw your paper, less than two years ago, I was working as an entry clerk for five dollars a week, and had previously tried many things and failed. Since that time, I have risen with one large firm, successively as shipping clerk, order clerk, assistant cashier, cashier, and assistant superintendent, and am now part owner in a growing business, worth now over ten thousand dollars, and which I hope to make the best of its kind in Canada. A pretty quick record for less than two years.—Douglas C. Lowles, Foster, Quebec.

I have thought so many times that, if Andrew Carnegie's attention were drawn to it, he would put your valuable paper in a million country homes. His work, so far, has nearly all been in cities, and there are so many country homes that have scarcely any good reading matter, I feel that, if your paper could visit them for a year, it would be a permanent thing. Six months or more ago I wrote to Mr. Carnegie asking him to give a year's subscription to SUCCESS to a large number of young country people, but have no idea that he ever saw the letter. I wish you would see what could be done if you think this a worthy suggestion.—Mrs. S. E. Rinn, Rinn, Colorado.



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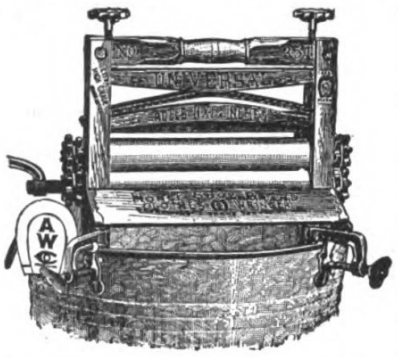
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"FRANK," said the head clerk to a young man in a large carpet establishment, "take this roll of carpet over to Mr. Craft's and see whether the pattern will suit. You may just as well take a rule, and measure the room while you are there."

"All right," replied Frank, putting on his coat and hat. But when he noticed the size of the roll,—a sample one containing about five yards,—he exclaimed, "You surely don't expect me to carry that big roll, do you?"

"It's only a sample and Mr. Craft is in a hurry for it," replied the clerk.

"But what are the boys here for? I think you might send one of them over with it. If there is anything I detest, it's carting bundles around town."

The proprietor, who happened to overhear part of the conversation, told the clerk, privately, to let the young man go and take his measurements, and to send the carpet after him. Frank had arrived at the house and was busy at his work when a man came to the door with a roll of carpet under his arm and was shown into the room where he was. Looking up, Frank was surprised to recognize his employer with the roll of carpet in his arms.

"Here is the carpet, young man. I hope I have not kept you waiting for it. If you have any other orders, I'll take them now," he said, as he set down the roll. The young man was so astonished, he hardly knew what to say, and stood staring in amazement at his employer, who left the house with a polite bow.

"Well, did you get the carpet this afternoon?" asked the clerk, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, when the latter returned.

"Yes," said Frank, looking up from his desk, "but do you know I cannot understand why Mr. Green brought it around. I was never more surprised in my life."

"Well, Mr. Green told me to ask you to step into his office when you returned."

"My boy," said his employer, as he entered the office, "I overheard your conversation this afternoon, and what I did was for your benefit. A man should never be above his business,—that is, too proud to give personal attention to the smallest detail. He should be prepared to perform any duty that comes legitimately, and to obey orders from those in authority. You should consider no part of a business too unimportant for you to give it attention. Fetch and carry for yourself rather than miss a single point or risk the loss of a customer. Never be above your business."

PRIZE WINNERS IN MARCH

IN our Subscription Prize Contest for March, the first prize, $100, was won by DR. CARL SCHARF, with 312 points; the second prize, $75.00, by REV. W. J. SHIPWAY, with 304 points; the third prize, $50.00, by G. M. BATY, with 137 points; the fourth prize, $25.00, by LEONARD JOHNSON, with 121 points; and the fifth prize, $20.00, by G. C. CROWLEY, with 107 points.

Other prize winners are as follows:—

Miss Callie S. Heninger	W. H. Gregory
H. R. Keyes	Clyde M. Bower
Thomas Barfoot	Mrs. John Malmstrom
T. A. Conroy	Miss Mary. E. Anthony
C. W. Hilborn	C. E. Grosvenor
John L. Emlet	C. E. Alling
Mrs. M. F. A. Thibaudeau	Mrs. Owen Stewart
J. E. Staudacher	Miss Fannie A. Haines
Robert McCall	L. E. West
R. A. Tyson	Sam Gregg
Alexander Heath	Irwin P. Reinhart
A. D. Smith	George A. Deel

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE publishers of SUCCESS desire to announce that the publication and selling rights of the Success Library have been purchased of The Success Company by the Emerson Press (Inc.) of New York City, to whom all orders should hereafter be addressed. Announcement of a proposed change in the name, "The Success Library," to one better descriptive of its contents, will be found on page 326.

WHATEVER it be that keeps the finer faculties of the mind awake, wonder alive, and the interest above mere eating and drinking, money-making, and money-saving; whatever it be that gives gladness, or sorrow, or hope, is simply a divine gift of holy influence for the salvation of that being to whom it comes, for the lifting of him out of the mire and up on the rock.—GEORGE MACDONALD.



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THE long vacation is coming, and our boys and girls, by thousands, will be "locked out" of the schoolroom and thrown upon the world for two or three months, at least. What are your mothers going to do with you, what, your fathers? What—even more important than all else,—are you going to do with yourselves? This is the question that you will all be asking yourselves pretty soon, if not now, and a score of decisions, large and small, will depend upon the answer.

Many of you, no doubt, are going off into the country for a change of air and a well-deserved "rest," so-called. You will toss hay, frisk with the calves, chase the dog, get kicked by a cow, and generally enjoy yourselves. You will come back at the end of the season brown and hearty and hungry and happy, ready for another year of hard work at school. All this is as it should be, and happy indeed are those who can spend their youth—the best part of their life,—in pure, fun-making play, leaving the more serious business of success-winning for later years.

But some of you are face to face *now* with life-problems, and know that you must "help mother" with all your strength and energy, if she is not to break down in her struggle to keep you at school. Many of you no doubt must turn sadly away from any hope of further schooling, and "buckle down" to such work as you can find.

To all of our boys and girls in school or college who have determined, for one reason or another, to earn money during their summer vacation, we have a few words to say which deserve careful consideration.

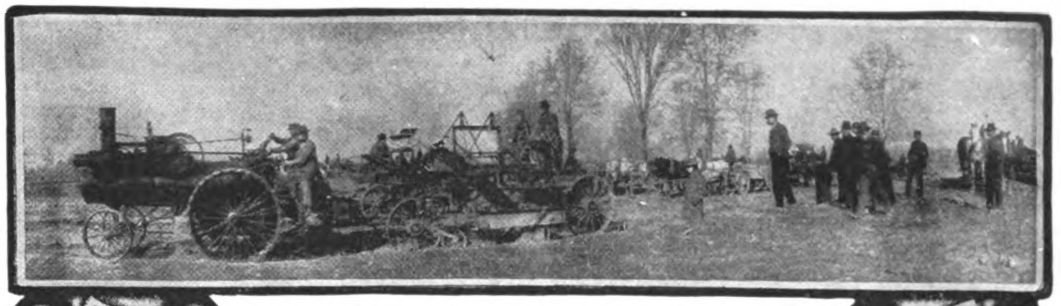
Among all the ways which men have devised and ambitious seekers after knowledge or a start in life have followed for earning their first money, few, if any, have been so uniformly successful, so generally profitable and so valuable in character-building, as "field work" for a great magazine. All young people are apt to be shy, diffident, afraid of themselves, and unused to travel or the ways of the world. They lack self-confidence and "manners." They do not know how to approach people,—how to win confidence,—how to gain ends. Salesmanship of any kind is good training for the future. By brushing against people and learning their peculiarities and how to overcome them, one is often able, early in life, to make more progress toward success-winning than can be measured by years of mere office or factory work. "Get out into the world and study it" ought to be the advice of every wise parent,—the determination of every aspiring boy or girl.

If all this is true of salesmanship in general, how much more true is it of that salesmanship that has to do with literary treasures and inspirational values such as are found in magazines, and, more particularly, in SUCCESS? You, who read these lines, know something of what the mission of SUCCESS is and ought to be to the struggling, sometimes even despairing, worker. What favor can you render to a friend or neighbor greater than by bringing SUCCESS into his or her life, to brighten, cheer, and inspire it? What more dignified employment is there than making a *business* of doing this, particularly when that business can be made self-supporting, profitable, and a means to an end?

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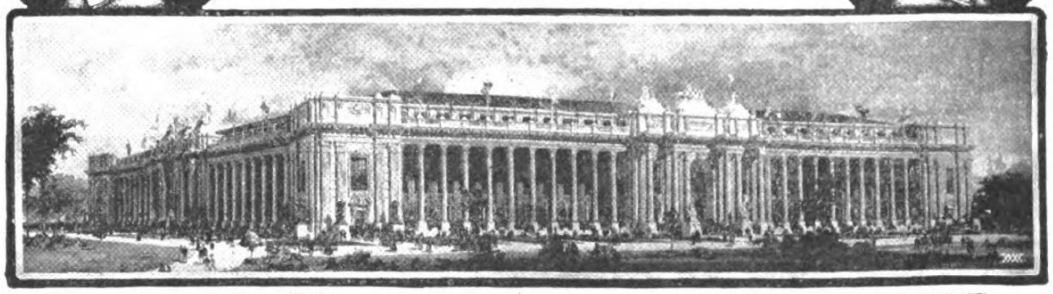




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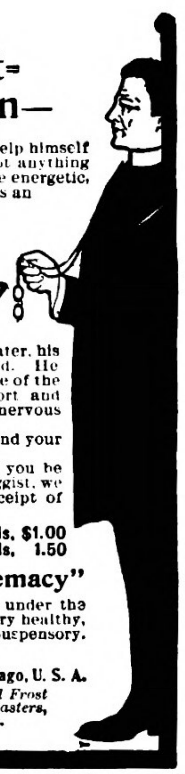
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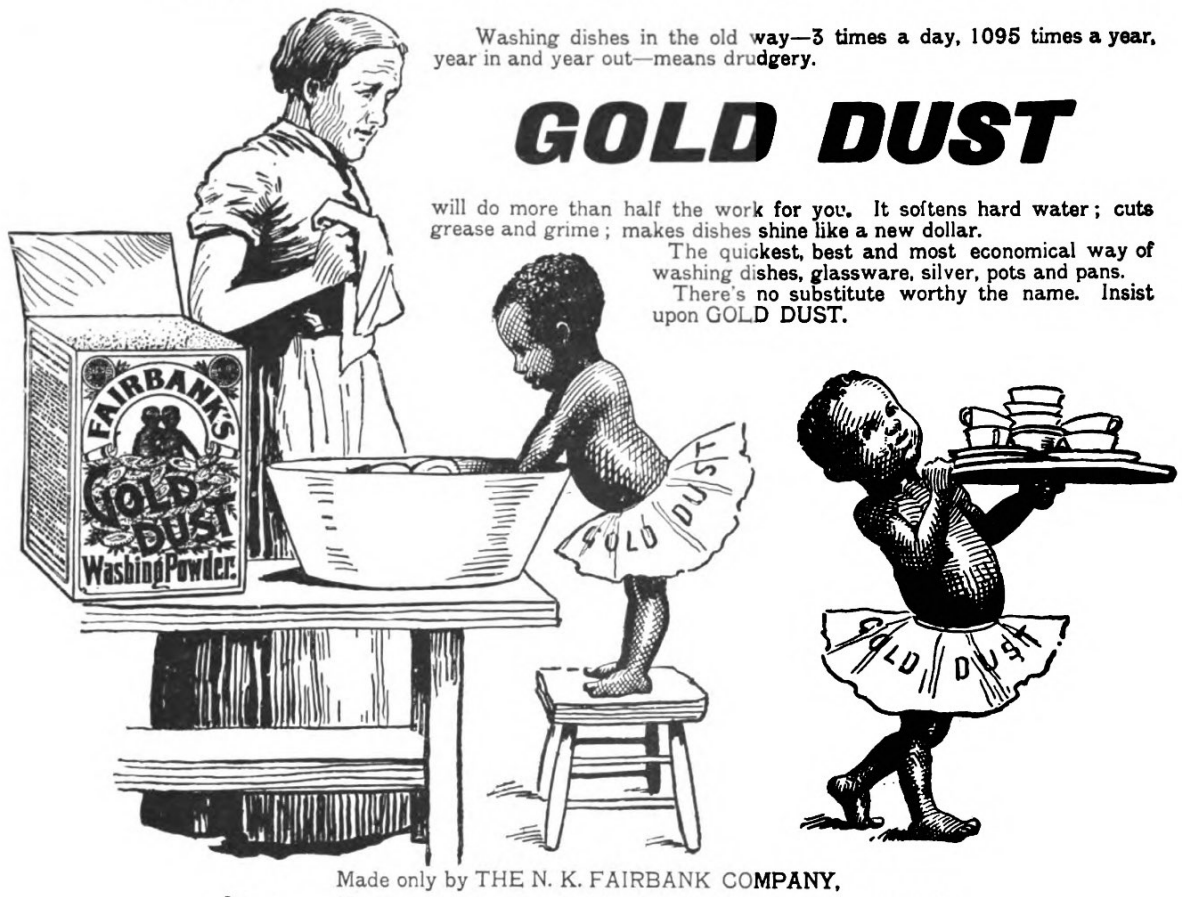
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