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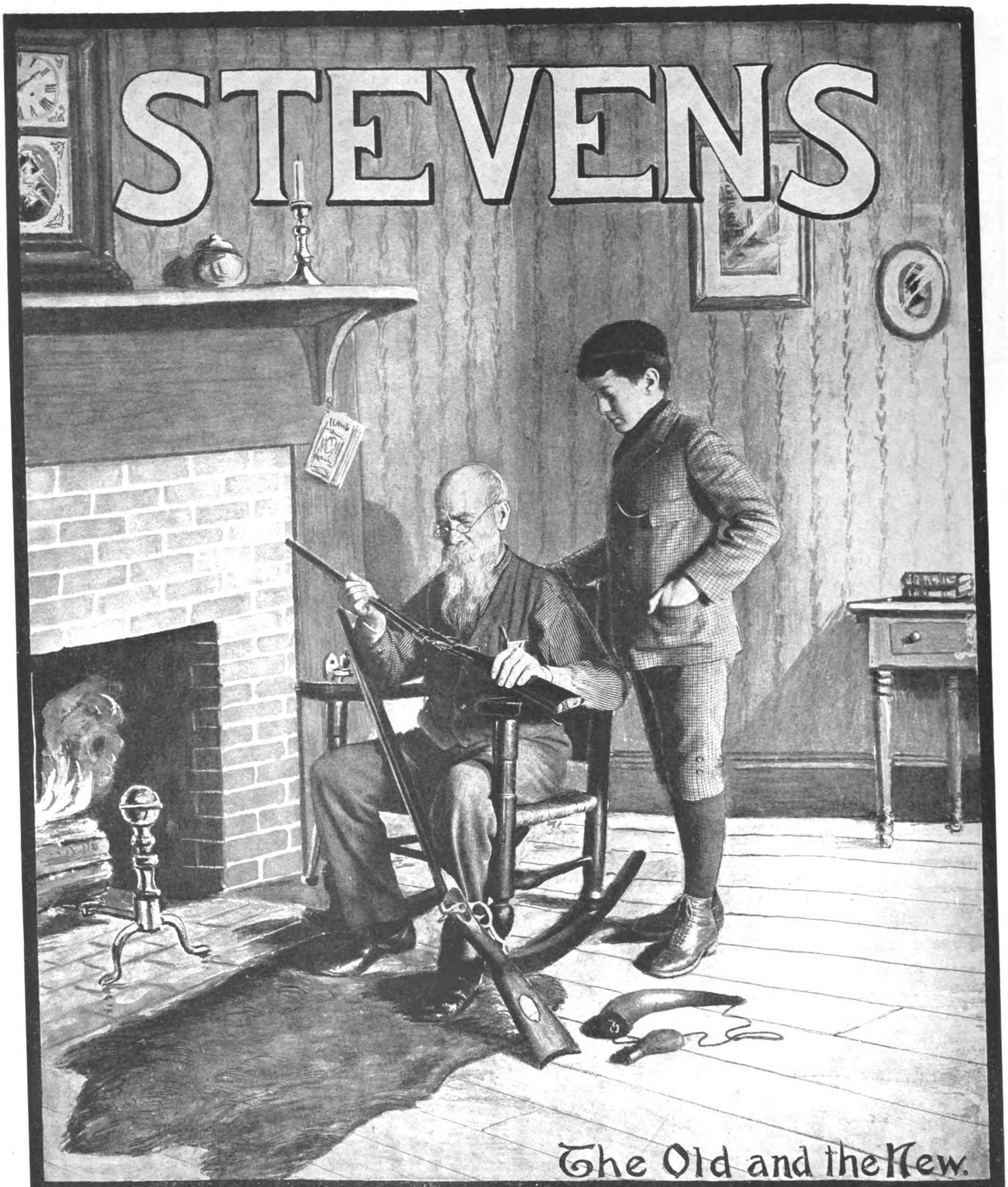


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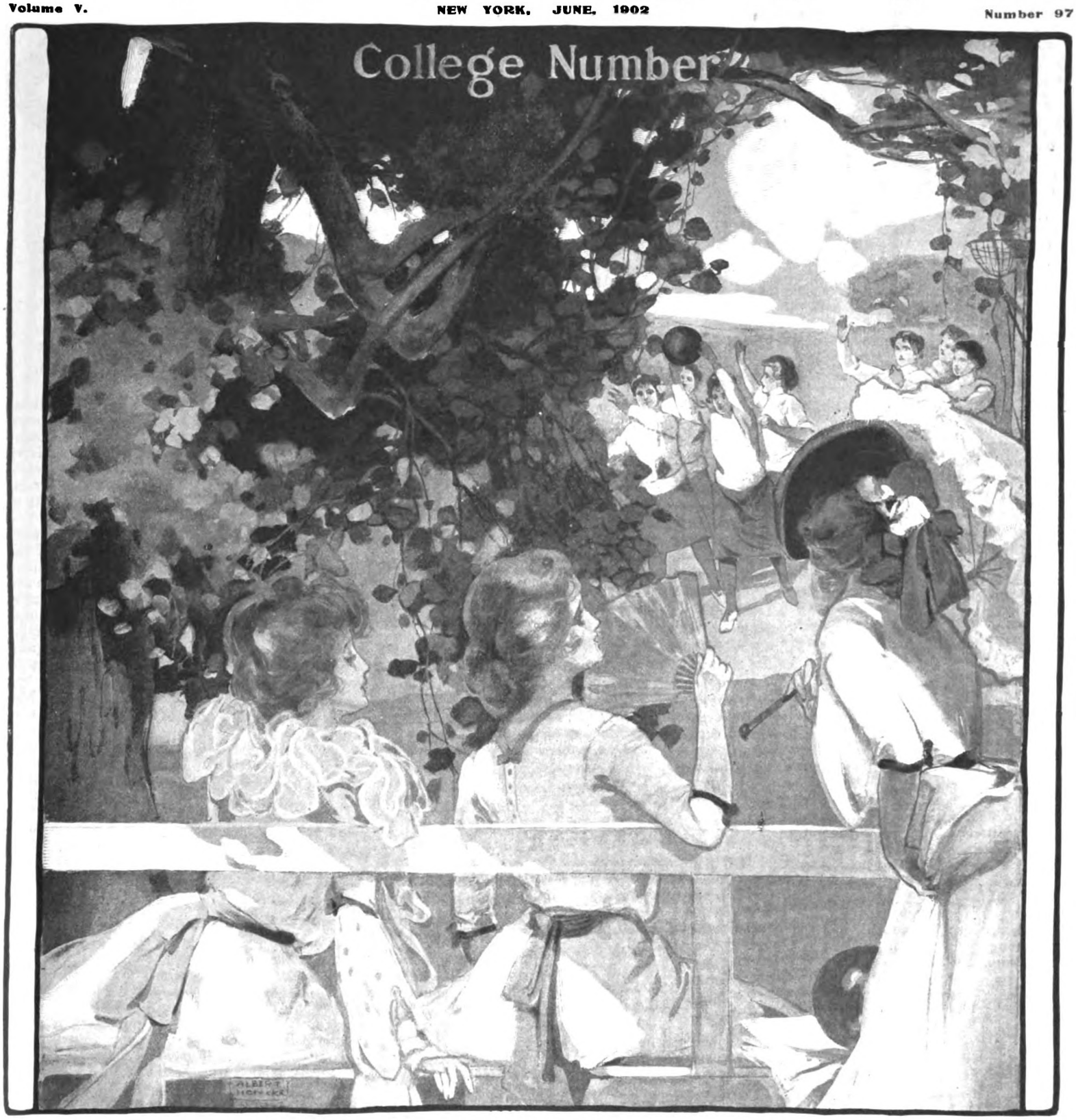
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SUCCESS

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The Importance of Physical Culture in Women's Colleges

LOUISA SMITH
[*Director of physical culture at Bryn Mawr*]



LOUISA SMITH

VISITORS to a school or college gymnasium almost invariably make a remark which would be discouraging to the teachers in charge, if it did not show such evident lack of familiarity with this important phase of college work, with days and ways in gymnasiums.

They say: "The drills and apparatus are always the same. It's curious that they don't invent some new apparatus. Instruction doesn't seem to change at all!"

Instruction does change. A gymnasium is not what it was ten years ago, or even five years ago. There are, to be sure, the same rows of bells and clubs and wands and weights, but a gymnasium does not exist by those alone.

Physical culture used to be regarded as extraneous to the college course. It was a specialization, like music or china painting, and was merely a decorative bit in the curriculum, put there for those who might care to take it. It stood, in relation to the present meaning of the course, about the same as did the white flannel gymnasium suits, which the girls used to employ their fancy in devising, to the sensible dark blue and dark red garments now selected for hard use in a well-equipped gymnasium.

In a word, from being regarded as an amusement, a diversion, or a sort of accomplishment, physical culture in young women's colleges and in schools has crept into the curriculum, and very firmly established itself. A few years ago, it was nearly always optional; and the physical culture teacher was engaged to "be there" when some few pupils should arrive whose parents had specified that their daughters were to take this work in the gymnasium. The instruction, consisting of pretty fancy drills and marches and dance steps, was given to those who wished to take it, and they were excused from the lesson on the slightest pretext. Gradually, as the necessity for physical culture began to appear to a few heads of institutions, the work was required for an hour or two hours a week, but only in the freshman and sophomore years. At the present time,—in Bryn Mawr, for instance,—a student must have taken the required amount of physical exercise during the four college years before she may receive her degree.

The high and the preparatory schools suffer distinctly in their standing if physical culture be not set down as a requirement to graduation.

How does physical culture for women, as it is taught in 1902, contribute to the general training received from their colleges?

A few years ago, only one answer would have sprung to the lips: It gives them physical development.

The college girl took her gymnastics, if she were so minded, and, at the end of her course, she received her degree, measured her *biceps* muscles, and went out into the world, theoretically a well developed woman. Physical development was regarded as health. It was found necessary to a complete college course, and it inspired young women to take an interest in study.

But now the answer to the question is similar to this: Physical culture

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An important series of exercises with legs and arms, which can be followed advantageously for a short time every day

for college women is to build up the general health and to supplement the work of the class-room by teaching control of the motor centers, and general bodily control in its correct sense.

There is not a word said about development as such. Development merely as development is the theatrics, so to speak, of the work. Well developed muscles are valuable adjuncts to all physical training, but they are only adjuncts. The girls take pride in healthy muscles, and that is well; but, whether they know it or not, that is not what they are working for. They are working to build up their health, and extraordinary muscle development does not always mean health.

The girl who leaves college with deeper lung capacity, larger muscles, and better general health, cannot properly say that the object of her physical training course, or its result, has been to acquire lung capacity and muscles, or even general health. There is a deeper significance to the course than all those, of which, however, they are naturally important parts. I touched upon this when I spoke of developing the motor centers by means of physical culture.

By physical control I mean having the entire body at the finger-tips, so to speak. The body should be entirely at the disposal of the mind, of the will,—and it is in construing that oft-repeated dictum that most of the silly and inconsequent impressions of physical culture get abroad.

Physical Culture Gives Full Control of the Body

By physical control one does not mean emotional control of one's movements. By physical control is meant simply the ability to do with the physical body as one wills; to have it all under military control, with the resulting action light and graceful, as well as almost reflex. This is one of the most valuable lessons physical culture has to teach; for steady nerves, deliberate and conscious movements, and well-controlled expression of the body, go far toward enabling a woman to come into possession of her faculties, and to use them at their best.

When I speak of controlling the expression of the body, I have used a term which may also be easily mistaken. Physical culture, as it is taught now in its broadest sense, has nothing to do with that bodily expression which arises from the emotions. Facial expression, repression, voice modulation, studied gestures, economy of movement,—and all else that has taken from the true sense of the term, "physical culture,"—do not enter into the college woman's acceptation of the term. There are several reasons for this. The girls at Bryn Mawr, for instance, are from homes where their breeding and lifelong associations have made this training a habit. Physical "expression" in this sense sifts down simply to instruction in what is commonly called "making a charming appearance." That is artificial when it is taught by line and precept,—at all events, when it is so taught to college women. Their understanding of their actions as physical expression is of a much broader significance than that, and the term "physical culture" is so much more comprehensive that it is a pleasure to detach from it any such imperfect meaning and absolutely irrelevant theories.

The understanding of her course in physical training which the college woman has when she begins the work is another matter. Frankly, I think very few take into consideration what it means or will mean. The gymnasium work is one of the requirements; the two hours a week must be devoted to it, and the girls appear for the lessons and go through the drill as a matter of course. It is all in each day's work, and that is about all there is to be said for it, from their point of view. But, in the freshman year, how many girls realize at all what their entire course is to mean to them? That is all in each day's work, too.

Breathing Exercises, alone, Are seldom Necessary

Therefore, it will be understood that a teacher of physical training should make the course as attractive as she can, so that the pupils will like it, even though they may not appreciate it. This is very important, because, obviously, the more they like the work, the more good it will do them. For this reason music is desirable as an accompaniment.

Some teachers of physical development make breathing exercises an important part of their work. At Bryn Mawr we do not give breathing exercises,—at least, we do not make a point of them, for all exercise tends to induce healthful respiration. The faster the blood flows, the more oxygen it will demand, and get, without conscious effort. The body, put in good health by exercise, will be permanently benefited by the four years' work, and the habits of exercise, and the consequent habits of breathing, incidental to the exercise, will likewise tend to become permanent.

The point is sometimes made that exercise for the general health, as administered at college, is a sort of stimulant to the body, and that this stimulant will act only so long as the exercise is regularly continued. As soon, however, as the daily exercise falls off, as it usually does after leaving college, it is contended that, with the cessation of the stimulant, the resulting physical benefit also ceases, and, more than that, that there is usually a reaction and that the result attained is useless. This is not true simply because the body, once put in good physical health by four years' training in a gymnasium, is not stimulated as it is by a few months' violent exercise. It is impossible to give the body weekly exercise for four years, and not have received a permanent benefit to health.

At Bryn Mawr two periods of gymnasium work are required each week. The first part of the hour is devoted either to fancy steps or to military drill. By fancy steps we aim to obtain grace and bodily control. The military work is of value as a means of obtaining a good carriage, and also to shorten the reaction time. The benefit of the shortening of the time of reaction is very great, and this special drill wonderfully supplements the work of the class-room, where quick grasp and immediate comprehension are sought, and its benefits are, of course, much farther reaching than that.

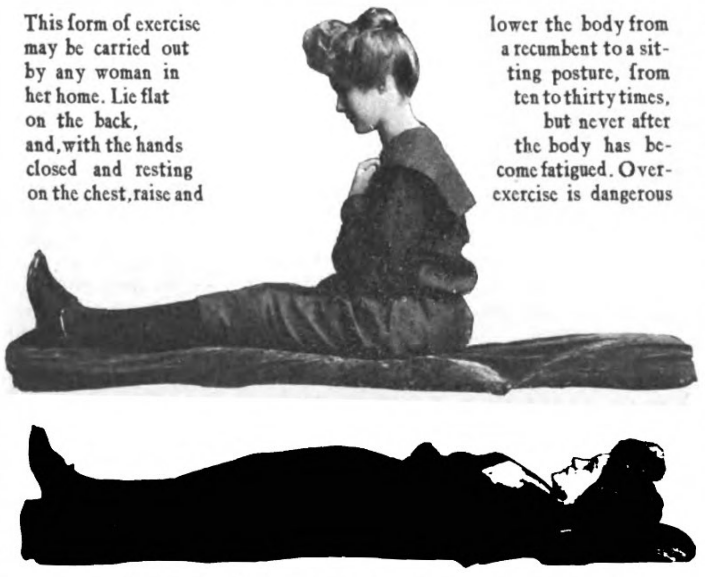
Free-hand work and work with light apparatus follow this. Dumb-bells, wands, and Indian clubs are used, and the complex movements with these are of value in developing the motor centers. One has only to try the movements without training to see what great control and concentration are necessary to acquire the movements. The control and concentration so gained are obviously of very great value.

Outdoor Exercise Will Advance Gymnasium Work

Heavy gymnastic work comes afterwards, with the use of flying rings, parallel and horizontal bars, horses, ladders, and the chest weights. The value of these exercises in improving the general health is evidenced by the increase in strength of limb and in weight, which follows a few months' work in the gymnasium. The pupils are measured, upon their entrance, and their weight taken, and also their strength of legs, arms, and hands. A comparison of these two examinations shows conclusively what has been done for the student by the gymasium work; for, almost without exception, the spring measurements show greater chest inflation, greater lung capacity, and increased strength of chest, legs, back, and arms.

We consider out-of-door exercise, in connection with gymnasium work, very important. Our students are encouraged to play basket ball, hockey, tennis, golf, and tether ball; also to swim, and to ride horseback and on bicycles. In the spring we have our match games in basket ball. Our out-of-door games tend, moreover, to develop a spirit of generosity, endurance, and fortitude. These last three considerations are very strong ones in favor of the rough sports.

For instance, a pupil came to me the other day with a very badly hurt thumb, which I noticed although she said nothing about it. She had hurt it playing hockey, but she did not seem to think it was anything at all. Ten years ago, a college woman would have considered it a rather serious injury. Surely no one can consider incidents like that without realizing all they stand for, and what they will mean in the future lives of college women. Physical training for women has become important.



An exercise for developing the muscles of the back, chest, and legs

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The Coronation of Character

EDWIN MARKHAM

Where are the swelling majesties of old,
The kings who built on skulls and emptiness?—
Where Ninus, with the dove upon his shield?
His name is now a whisper from the dust
That once was Nineveh, that once was pride.

And where is Rameses, the king of kings?
He has gone down to nothingness and night.
One sunken stone beside the dateless Nile
Stammers to Time his ineffectual fame.—
And Jamshid—name for Splendor—where is he
Whose palaces did pulse with precious stones?—
His dream in marble and his brag in brass,
With all his towers are faded like thin clouds
That lightly blew above Persepolis.

Lo, all these crowns were only whirls of foam:
The amaranthine crown is Character.
When the whole world breaks to ashes, this will stay.
When punctual Death comes knocking at the door,
To lead the soul upon the unknown road,
This is the only crown not flung aside
By his fastidious hand. To the crowned soul
The path of Death is but an upward way.

Touched by this crown, a man is king, indeed,
And carries fate and freedom in his breast;
And when his house of clay falls ruining,
The soul is out upon the path of stars!
This is the crown God sees through all our shows,
The one thing that is stronger than the years
That tear the kingdoms down. Imperious Time,
Pressing a wasteful hand on mortal things,
Reveals this fair eternity in man,—
A power that rises even from the tomb,
And lays its austere scepter on To-day.

The beggar, he may earn it with the king,
And tread an equal palace full of light.
Fleet Youth may seize this crown; slow-footed Age
May wear its immortality. Behold!
Its power can change bare rafters to a home
Sweetened with hopes and hushed with memories;
Can change a pit into a holy tomb
Where pilgrims keep the watches of the night;
Can change an earthly face until it shine,
Touched with unearthly beauty. It can turn
A prison to a temple of the soul,
A gallows to an altar. In its might
A reed did once become a scepter,—yea,
A cross became a throne; a crown of thorns,
A symbol of the Power above the world.

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Florence Nightingale the nurse

"Where are the swelling majesties of old?
* * * Gone down to nothingness and night"

Moses, the law giver

The Crowning of Britain's Seventh Edward

CURTIS BROWN

[*London representative of "Success"*]



The Archbishop of Canterbury will personally crown the king

EVEN yet it does not seem to be generally understood that the coronation of King Edward VII., in Westminster Abbey, is, in a sense, a purely private affair, to which the public is not invited. It is like a great church wedding. The peers and the representatives of other monarchs are the immediate family, and, after they are accommodated, the rest of the space will be occupied by remoter connections and carefully chosen representatives of the people. It is only the grand procession, the decorations, the general signs of festivity, and, more especially, the crowd, that people flock to London to see.

The simplest wedding has more real significance than all the mighty display that will make this coronation the most splendid of all spectacles produced on the stage of history in our day. The king's power and dignity will be the same, on June 27, as it was on January 1. He will gain no extra authority. Like his nephew, the emperor of Germany, and like Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and the rulers of Spain, he could do quite as well without being crowned.

It is almost impossible to estimate the cost of this purely formal ceremony. It has been stated that more than a million dollars will have to come from the king's private purse, for the personal entertainment of his royal guests at the hotels and private houses he has rented, for the gifts that have to be sent to brother monarchs on such occasions, and for the other personal expenses that cannot be charged to parliament.

The cost to the government, in one way or another, will also be about a million dollars. That was the size of the bill for the coronation of George IV., although the indirect burden on the public, on that occasion, is said to have been nearer five million dollars. The gorgeous George's royal robes alone cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and the crown two hundred and seventy thousand dollars. That was an extravagant affair, but the public had to pay so much, and saw so little for its money, that it grumbled considerably.

Every peer and peeress attending King Edward's coronation will disburse anywhere from one thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars on official garments and equipages. It is safe to say that the six thousand guests who, it is hoped, can be squeezed into Westminster Abbey, will spend about one thousand dollars each in display directly connected with the event. That alone accounts for six million dollars.



The Duke of Norfolk is the general master of ceremonies

Republican feeling in England is too strong to admit of any royal proceeding that would cause the slightest practical inconvenience to the people. Perhaps this point is worth looking at for a moment. One of the greatest parliamentary authorities in England—a man who, at one time, was directly in line for the premiership,—once said to me: "Our monarchical institutions are valuable to us because their glamour, their traditions, and their ceremonials, which focus general attention now and then on one shining object, are unifying influences of great importance. They give us more help in binding to us the outlying portions of the realm than could be stated in terms of cold logic. Furthermore, the king's personal popularity is undoubted, and it is all the greater because of the genuine love that the people had for his mother. Yet the royal family must be continually on the alert to promote popularity. The king may call the British people his 'subjects' only so long as they find it pleasant or politic to permit him to do so."

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Hence comes the ceremony of the coronation!

Two blackened bits of rock, which any tourist may see, have figured in the coronation of nearly every English king for one thousand and one years. All except five of the Saxon kings, beginning with the successor of Alfred the Great, and ending with Harold II., went a few miles up the Thames, from London to Kingston, to be crowned seated upon a rough, shapeless bowlder which was ancient and historic even in those days, although tradition does not give us any definite idea why. Bicyclists by the thousand whirl past that same stone, to-day, on their way from London to Hampton Court, unmindful of the national secrets it could reveal if it could only tell its story, of the pageants it could describe, of the royal faces, voices, manners, and customs it has known, and of which historians have searched in vain for more than a trace. What would it say, could it speak, of its rival on which Edward VII. will be crowned?

The Coronation Is not Political, but Ecclesiastical

Tradition has it that the lozenge-shaped rock in Westminster Abbey is the very stone on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel when he had that dream of the ladder, and that the Chaldeans used it in the crowning of their kings and brought it to Ireland, three thousand years ago, to be used for the same purpose in the colony they are said to have established there. Irish kings and queens, for centuries, were crowned upon it on the sacred Hill of Tara. Then, according to one story, Fergus, the King of Scots, borrowed it for the glorification of his coronation at Scone, and neglected to return it. He fought long the Romans and Britons.

Some savants maintain that the original "Stone of Destiny" never really left Tara's Hill, and could be found on that barren spot, to-day, if only some forgotten Irish king would wander back through two thousand years to identify it. It is more romantic to cling to the other version, however, for that bears out the tradition that national power comes and goes with this precious relic. Wherever it came from, the history of the stone is definite from the time that Fergus was crowned upon it at Scone,—and the Scottish kings began to be as important as the Irish kings had been before,—up to the time Edward I. symbolized the supremacy of England over Scotland by taking the "Stone of Destiny" to Westminster Abbey for his own coronation. That was in 1272, and every English king and queen since then has been crowned while seated upon this relic. The chair in which it is set was made in 1301, and begins to show its age. It shows, also, that at one time the public was not so carefully kept out of reach of it as it is now, for schoolboys carved their initials on its stately back, and one of them—a certain P. Abbott,—immortalized himself by spending the night in the chair and recording the fact thereon with his penknife.

On June 26, this chair, and its less historic mate, fashioned for the use of consorts, will be taken from the chapel of Edward the Confessor, where many tourists have seen it, and will be placed in the center of the abbey chancel, to become the object of a gorgeous ceremony.

The coronation is not a political ceremony, but a purely ecclesiastical one. It is the consecration of a king as the head of the church and the state, and the ritual is not fundamentally different from that for the consecration of a bishop. The ceremony is as rich as it is impressive. The service will begin at eleven o'clock, and, judging by the time required to crown Queen Victoria, will last nearly three hours. After the anthem at the entrance of the sovereign and his consort, the Archbishop of Canterbury will make "the recognition," presenting the king four times in succession to the people, who are expected to shout, in response, "God Save King Edward VII!" accompanied by the sounding of trumpets and the beating of drums. Following the Litany, the king and the queen will kneel before the altar to make their first oblation,—a pall of cloth of gold which will be laid upon the altar, and an ingot of gold one pound in weight, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury will take charge. The king and the queen will then return to their chairs for the Communion service, and the coronation sermon by the Bishop of London.

What *the* Exact Details of the Crowning are Like

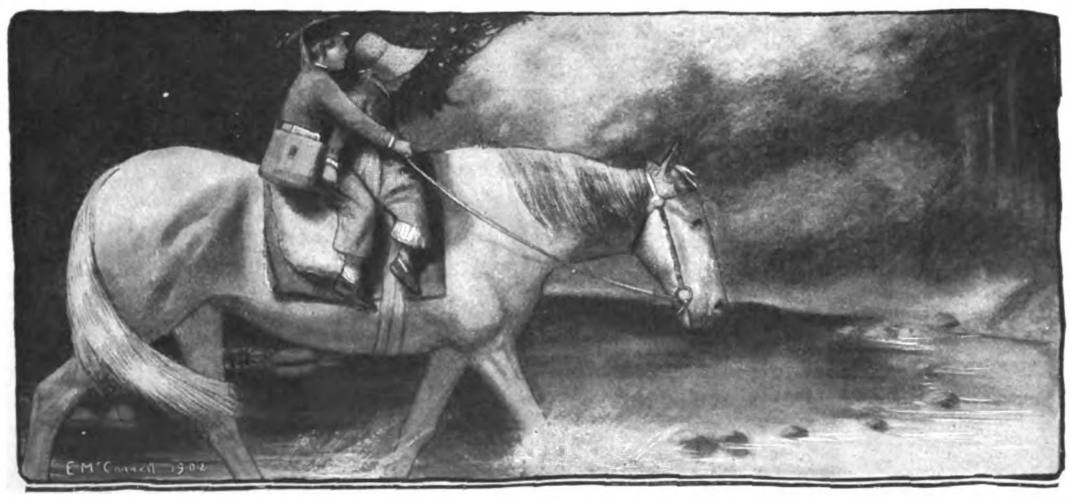
Then will begin the second and more extraordinary part of the service. The king will kneel at the altar with his hand laid upon an open Bible, and take the coronation oath, which will be administered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop will consecrate the oil in a small vessel, the *ampulla*, shaped like an eagle with wings outstretched. A few drops will be poured through the bird's beak into a golden spoon that is said to have been used at every coronation for seven hundred years. With this holy oil, the archbishop will proceed to anoint the king. Queen Victoria abridged this part of the ceremony considerably, for the ancient custom called for anointment not only upon the crown of the head, but also on the shoulders, over the heart, and even on the soles of the feet. Queen Victoria decided that it would be sufficient, for all practical purposes, if she were anointed only on the head and the palms of the hands. King Edward wishes no detail omitted.

After the sword of state has been placed in the king's right hand and then laid on the altar, the Dean of Westminster will invest Edward VII. with the Dalmatic Robe, of cloth of gold. The Orb,—a six-inch sphere of gold surmounted with a cross of magnificent diamonds, pearls, sapphires, and emeralds, resting on an amethyst an inch and a half high,—will be placed in the king's right hand, and on the fourth finger of that hand will be set a historic ruby ring that is fitted with a snap like that of a bracelet. The scepter will be placed in his left hand, and then will come the great moment for which all the ceremonial is intended to be only an introduction. The crown, while resting on the altar, will be blessed by the archbishop, and then placed upon the king's head. The great assembly will then shout, "God save the king!" princes and peers will put on their coronets, and the bishops will put on their caps; trumpets will sound and drums beat, while cannon will boom forth the news to the city.

Homage *and* Feasting will End the Impressive Event

As Queen Alexandra will not have to be installed as the head of the church, her part in the foregoing ceremony will be slight. Immediately after the coronation of the king, she, too, will be anointed by the Archbishop of York, who will place a ruby ring on her finger, a scepter in her right hand, and a crown upon her head. At that moment, the peeresses will put on their coronets. There will be more applause. The king and queen will then have been formally enthroned, and homage will be paid to his majesty by the peers. Fortunately for all concerned, this part of the ceremony has been cut down, and the king's hand will be kissed only by the premier peer of each rank, who will act as a proxy and save everybody concerned from what would be, otherwise, a tedious ordeal. Following the office of communion, the king and the queen will proceed to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, at the rear of the Abbey, to unburden themselves of some of their regalia; the audience will then pass out, and the first of the two great days will be over.

On the second day, most of the participants of the coronation, in all their finery, and with state coaches shining their brightest, horses gorgeously caparisoned, and attendants in state liveries, will join in the procession of some twelve or fourteen miles through the principal streets of the metropolis, in order to give the people a chance to see all the splendor for which they will be asked to pay. There will be more people in London during those few days than ever before in its history.



When Grandma Went to School

ROBERT MACKAY

Still in memory's cluttered garret hangs a painting, rich and rare,
Of a romping lad and lassie, and an old gray, gentle mare,
That recalls the scenes of childhood,—summer mornings soft and cool,—
And the unforgotten pleasure when your grandma went to school.

Life another song was singing, both our hearts were blithe and gay;
And whenever, bright and early, I would call for her, she'd say,
With a smile of satisfaction, "Bill, I'm sure you're very kind,"—

Then away we'd canter, slowly,—she in front, and I behind,—

Over meadows clover-clustered, down the long, leaf-laden lane,
On the ancient county turnpike, on the hot and dusty plain,
Through the midway pool, where, somehow, she'd seem overcome with fright,
And I'd tell her not to worry, but to "grab and hold me tight!"

How our voices rang with gladness, how our laughter mocked the birds,
How the love that lit our fancies seemed too deep for empty words!

How the other boys, in envy, lured me on to break each rule,
Just to know the trancing joy I felt when grandma went to school!

Father Time, turn back your pages! change these silver locks to gold!
Let me live once more the love-life of those dear, dead days of old!—
Not these dim, delusive day-dreams,—dreams too beautiful to last,
When the heart is painting pictures of the pleasures that have passed.—

Just to see her, trim and dainty, in her little gingham gown,
Just to hold her hand in mine, as then, and read her eyes of brown,
Just to hear her say she loved me, and to answer her caress
With a something less than heaven, perhaps, but something more than "yes."

How that old emotion haunts me! How I thrill at thought of it!
How I feel a youthful flutter, as her fairy features flit
Through the softly swaying shadows, where the locust blossoms wave,
Through the moonlight of my memory,—just a shadow from the grave!

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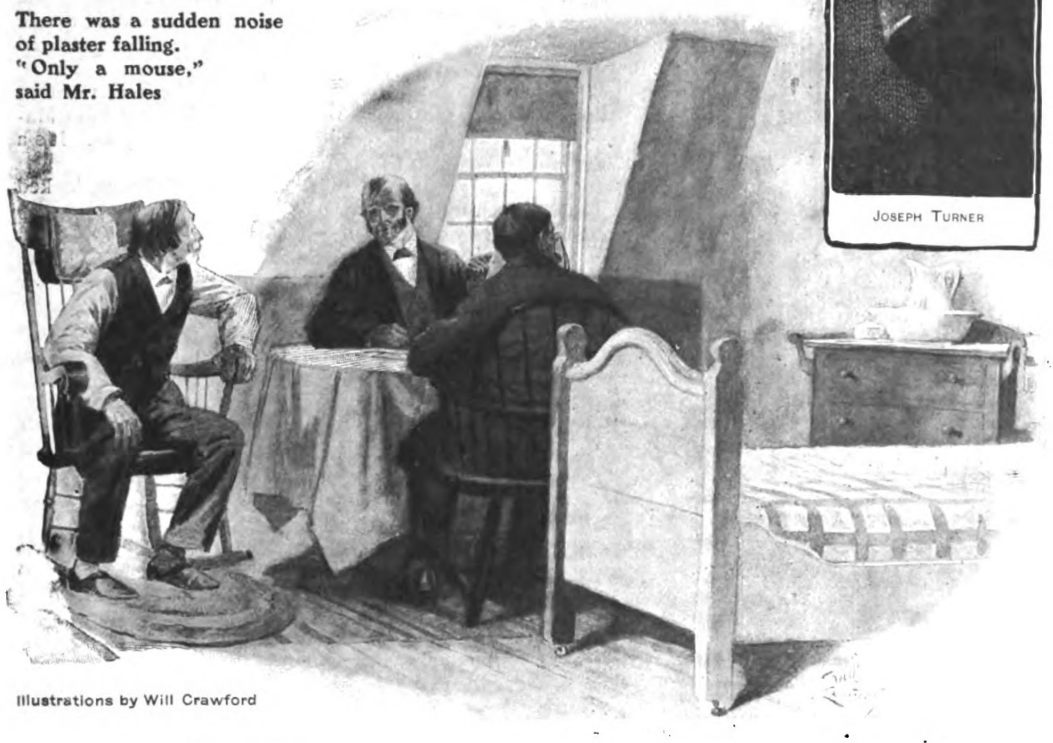
Ah! the old gray mare is waiting, and the morning sun is high,
And the schoolhouse bell is ringing, from the belfry in the sky,
And I see the same old turnpike, meadow, plain, and midway pool,—
As my fancy calls her back from heaven to ride with me to school.

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A Boy's Fight

The story of a battle against temptation

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS



There was a sudden noise of plaster falling. "Only a mouse," said Mr. Hales

JOSEPH TURNER

Illustrations by Will Crawford

CHAPTER I.

ONE cool October afternoon, a dark, lean boy stepped out of the kitchen door of a farmhouse in New Jersey, and, after pausing anxiously a minute, hurried down through the orchard to the beach. He walked with quick, noiseless steps, glancing furtively about him, as if a bear or an Indian might jump from behind the heaps of red apples on the bronzed grass, or the long hedge of currant bushes. Joe had no enemy, but it was his habit to be on his guard. Since he was a baby he had been curiously quiet and watchful in his motions.

The apple orchard sloped down to a shallow creek, which, a mile below, crept in a sheet of glittering ripples to the sea. In a little rocky cove on one side, a stout, loose-limbed boy was at work in an oyster bed.

"Tom!" Joe called, "come here; something has happened."

Tom was up to his hips in water. He nodded, but went on digging and whistling. Joe always had some impending disasters on hand with which Tom long ago had ceased to trouble himself. But, presently, when he came out of the water, shaking himself like a dog, something in Joe's face startled him.

"Well, what is it now?" he said, pulling down his trousers.

"Uncle William has sent for Squire Logue and Lawyer Hales. He is going to make his will."

"Is he worse? He was all right at breakfast."

"I don't know. I reckon not. But Uncle Bill can't last much longer. Even you might see that. He's lived on gruel now for a year. My opinion is that he can't hold out many months."

Tom made no answer. He stooped lower over his shoes, which he was lacing. When he stood up he stamped his feet.

"He's been mighty good to me," he said, hoarsely.

Joe looked at him significantly. "Yes, he has," he said. "Sometimes I've thought you didn't know how good. You've taken things for granted, always, as if they belonged to you and not to Uncle Bill."

"What things? What are you driving at?"

"Well," said Joe, slowly, his half-shut eyes still fixed on the round red face before him,—"this house, for instance,—and the farm. They're not yours."

"I reckon not," said Tom, with a shout of a laugh, "except that I was born here. They're just—home. It doesn't matter who pays taxes on them."

"Some day you'll find that it does matter, Mr. Helstone. They're Uncle Bill's. Your father died without a red cent, and your mother came home here to her mother and has stayed ever since. When her mother died, the property went to Uncle Bill. Your mother's kept house for him, so it's been a home for her and you."

Tom was a slow boy. He stared at Joe, and then looked at the comfortable old house with its vine-covered porches, the huge red-roofed barn, the sweep of cornfields and orchards back to the hills, and gave a nod and a satisfied, affectionate chuckle. "I never thought whose it might be. It has just been a home," he said again.

"The money to keep it going is Uncle Bill's, too," persisted Joe. "He's done for me and Jane the same as for you. My father had nothing. No Turner ever had the knack of making money, except Uncle William. He made his pile on his oil ventures. Then he came home and gathered us up and kept us."

Tom, as they walked to the house, scowled miserably. He was thinking of the times he had been insolent to the prim, testy little bachelor, whose bread he was eating.

"You're right," he growled, presently, "I never thought of what I owe him. You were always the favorite, Joe, and it made me mad." It grew clear to him that his uncle was dangerously ill; he ate nothing; he tottered as he walked, prim and neat as ever, up and down the porch. It was suddenly plain to Tom that the hand of death was on his uncle.

"Why, he might have died," he said, "and I should never have had a chance to tell him what a brute I've been."

"Now, do n't go to excitin' him with that kind of talk!" said Joe, quickly. "He will, likely, hold out for months. But I do know he's going to make his will to-day, up in that room,"—glancing at an open window. "Hales 'll be here in a few minutes; and he'll leave his money and his farm to any one he chooses."

"Of course; why not?" said Tom, calmly. "A man can do what he likes with his own property. Did you ask Doctor Tanner what he thought of him to-day?"

"No." They walked on in silence through the orchard. Joe stopped abruptly. "Now, Tom Helstone, you can't say but I've dealt fairly by you to-day," he said, with an effort. "I've told you all I know. You've gone on from day to day takin' things for granted. Now you know how they are. I don't want to take advantage of your—slowness. But, now that I've told you that Uncle Bill's will is goin' to make a big difference to you an' me, that's enough! I wash my hands of you. We start fair."

"Start fair?" Tom stared at him. It was always hard for him to understand a riddle or a lesson. He puzzled over Joe's meaning, for a minute, and then gave it up with a laugh.

"I dunno what you're driving at; but, if you mean that I'm countin' and buildin' on Uncle Bill's money, you're a long way out of it! I've got my life chalked out a good many years ahead, sir!"

"Indeed," said Joe, superciliously; "What have you planned now? I've heard a good many plans from you."

"Oh, before they were just speculatin',—sort of romancin'. But I've got to the hard-pan facts now. This is what I mean to do."

Tom's voice grew shrill; his blue eyes shone; his nostrils dilated. His plans never were romancing. Each, as he made it, entered into the boy, and possessed him,—while it lasted.

"I'm goin' in at school for the scholarship offered for Princeton," he said. "I'll bone down to books this winter. I'll get that scholarship; I'll take first honors at Princeton. Mother wants me to go into the ministry; but I'm made of too poor stuff for a preacher. I'll be a lawyer—"

"And then?"

"Then I'll have a home for mother and Jenny."

"Jane is *my* sister," said Joe, sharply.

"Of course; but—I thought we'd all stay together. Well, that's what I mean to do."

"Oh? That's all you mean to do! Your ideas are big," said Joe, with an unpleasant laugh. "Look there! There's Hales's buggy at the gate, and Squire Logue's horse at the hitchin' post. They're coming now."

Joe turned sharply and went into the house. He slipped into a little dark entry, and stood listening as the men alighted and were led by Mrs. Helstone up the stairs, his eyes glittering, and his thin lips shut tightly. "Now," he panted, "now! I've played fair by that dunce. Now, I'll look out for myself."

His plan was first to find out what the will was to be. Next,—but he was not sure what he would do next. If the will should wrong him and Jane, he would burn it,—get rid of it, somehow. It was his duty to look out for—Jane.

Joe always obeyed some inward force which he called duty. It had made him tell Tom about the will. It would have steadied his hand to hang a witch or to burn his brother at the stake. As to whether this force came from God or from his own selfish soul, he never asked.

When he heard the steps of the men overhead, he passed swiftly up a flight of stairs, which led into the garret. In it was a door hidden by an old bedstead. Joe pulled this door open and crept noiselessly into a dark closet, into which shot a single ray of light. It came from a chink in the wainscoting of the sick man's chamber,—a chink which Joe himself had made long ago. For years he had spied upon his uncle from this closet. The dyed hair and padded clothes, all of the poor little arts by which the old man had striven to hide his age,—Joe had seen and jeered at.

He crept softly to his place. The men had begun their discussion, before he had climbed to the high stool from which he could peer down on them. Mr. Turner sat warming his shaking hands at the fire, his keen eyes watching the other men, his long upper lip drawn obstinately down over his protruding teeth.

"Uncle Bill's ready for the fight. Whatever his purpose is, to-day, he'll hang on to it like a bulldog," Joe thought.

The old man was speaking. "No, I don't look better. No use to say that, Hales. I'm not a fool. I grow weaker every day. I want you to draw up my will."

"That's a wise precaution for any man to make, Mr. Turner, whatever his health," said the lawyer, taking out a pad and a pencil. "If you will give me the substance of your wishes, in a few words, now, I will draw up the document properly at home, and bring it for you to sign whenever you please."

"To-day, Hales, to-day. I'm not strong, and I want this thing settled and done. I'll be as brief as I can. My breath is short." He shoved a couple of papers across the table. "There are two inventories. One includes my personal property: stocks, bonds, bank deposits,—everything. Out of this block I wish my funeral expenses to be paid."

"And debts?" interposed Hales.

"No debts, sir. I owe no man a cent. My funeral expenses, and an annuity for three years of six hundred dollars to my sister Maria. After those deductions, I leave the entire sum, principal and accumulated interest, to be paid, on his coming of age, to my nephew, Joseph Turner."

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There was a sudden noise in the wall, of plaster falling. The old man glanced round, suspiciously.

"Only a mouse, in the wainscoting," said Mr. Hales. "You have been generous to your nephew, Mr. Turner."

"He's a good lad. *He* never is impudent," said William Turner, sharply.

"Tom never is impudent either, unless you are rough with his mother, Bill," said Squire Logue. "It seems to me you're going to be hard on Tom and Jenny."

"Jane is a girl. Her brother can take care of her."

"Joe Turner will take care of Joe Turner, and nobody else," growled the squire.

"My property is my own; I suppose I can do as I please with it. Are you ready, Hales? In the other paper you will find an inventory of my real estate, comprising this house and farm and two houses in the town of Whitby. This real estate I leave to my friend Simeon Logue, to deal with, after the space of three years, according to directions given to him privately by me."

Squire Logue pushed back his chair. "What are you up to now, William? What have I to do with your property?"

"You have to take care of it and dispose of it as trustee. That's all right, Simeon; you're the honestest man I know. I'll give you your directions presently."

"They are not to be incorporated in the will?" said the lawyer.

"No. You are to be my executor, Hales. Now you have all my instructions. Take the papers, and bring me back the will to sign, this afternoon. I will have the witnesses ready."

Mr. Hales lingered as he strapped up his papers. "Your directions to the squire ought to be made in legal form, Turner."

"No, no. Simeon and I are equal to drawing up that document ourselves. Good morning, Hales. Bring your bill, mind, this afternoon. I pay as I go. Hales is anxious to know my plans," he said, with a chuckle, as the door closed behind the lawyer.

"So am I. I hate mysteries," the squire replied, uneasily.

"There are foolscap, pen, and ink. I want you to draw up a paper pledging yourself to carry out my wishes absolutely in reference to this property."

"Let me hear your wishes, first," said Logue, gravely.

"You are to lease the Whitby houses, and out of the rents pay the taxes on them and on this property. My sister, her son Thomas, and Joseph and Jane are to occupy this house, rent free, for the space of three years. At the end of that time you are to hand over all my real estate, with any accumulated rents, to the sole possession of my nephew, Thomas."

"Good!" exclaimed the squire, dipping his pen in the ink.

"Provided,—you hear me, Simeon? *Provided* —that the said Thomas Helstone shall not, to your knowledge, during those three years, have been once under the influence of liquor."

"Why, Tom never was drunk in his life!" ejaculated Logue.

"—And you are to make use of every means in your power," calmly proceeded Turner, as if the squire had not spoken, "to know his habits accurately, and whether he ever has been drunk either in secret or in public. If, in that time, he has once transgressed, you will transfer the entire property, at the end of three years, to Joseph Turner."

The squire threw down his pen. "I'll take part in no such injustice! You hate that boy, Bill, as you hated his father. A young fellow may make a slip once, and never again; and ought his whole life to be ruined by it?"

"A Helstone does not slip once and never again. Tom's father died a sot. His uncles drank,—his grandfather drank. It's in the blood. I don't choose that the old Turner acres and my hard-earned dollars shall be wasted by one of the race. I am just to Tom. If he reaches the age of twenty without once showing the symptoms of the alcoholic poisoning that has destroyed his family, I can safely trust my property to him."

The squire hesitated. "Perhaps you are right. He will have a strong motive to keep sober," he said, thoughtfully.

"No, sir!" snarled the old man, jumping forward. "He's not to learn of the motive. Do you hear me? He's not to know one word of this provision! You're not to hint it to him. He's to be left wholly to himself. If you don't choose to accept the trust on that condition, I can find those who will."

The squire paced up and down the room. "It's hard lines on Tom. A moment's weakness, a yielding to temptation once, just once, and he makes beggars of himself and his mother for life. And he's not to be told of his danger!"

"Not a word. I can trust you, Simeon?" cried the old man.

"If I take the trust, I'll keep the conditions," said the squire, gravely. He stood looking out of the window for a few minutes; then he came back. "I'll accept this trust, Turner," he said, reluctantly. "I would nurse the property better than any other man for Tom. And it will be Tom's, sir," he added, nodding emphatically. "I'll build on that boy!"

"Write your agreement," said Mr. Turner, irritably.

The squire's pen scratched on the paper for a few minutes. Then he pressed it on the blotter and pushed it across the table. The old man read it carefully. He folded it, put it into an envelope, and endorsed it: "Agreement between Simeon Logue and William Turner, to be given by said Logue to the executor of said Turner, three years after the death of the latter, to prove that he has faithfully performed the duty herein undertaken by him." "And I prophesy that, at the same time, you will hand over the real estate to Joe Turner," he said, with a malicious chuckle.

"You don't like Tom," said the squire, angrily.

"I've tried to be fair to him. Joe is like me. The other boy is dull at his books, stupid, and unable. He is full of wild vagaries. He cares for nothing but digging or paddling in the oyster beds. He made a cove in the banks, four years ago, and stocked it with all kinds of nasty crawling things, and he plays there to this day, like an idiot. Oh, I've had my eye on him."

"Tom's a warm-hearted, affectionate lad," persisted Logue. "That's a fact about the crabs, but we all have our silly streaks."

"Idiot or not, I give him a chance to own this farm. He has a right to the chance, being my father's grandson. But he shall never turn it into whisky." He rose. "Now, Simeon, whether I am alive or dead, I shall look to you to carry out my wishes in this thing."

"I have said that I would do it," said the squire; "that's enough!"

"You alone have the secret," persisted the old man. "No human being knows this thing but you and me."

Again the plaster in the wall suddenly crumbled. Mr. Turner scowled. "The old house is going to pieces, like its master!" he said. "Going, Simeon? Remember, I trust you. Not a word or a look to give Tom warning. He must choose his own way."

Squire Logue found Tom waiting anxiously on the porch. "How is he to-day? What can I do for him, squire? I've made some clam broth; that is nourishing; I'll tell Joe to take it up. He will like it better from Joe."

"Blundering young fool!" grumbled the squire, as he drove away. "Thrusting Joe forward. But it does n't matter, now. It's settled." He had little hope that Tom would pass safely through his ordeal. "There never was a Helstone without the thirst for liquor," he said; "and, if they once taste it, they're gone."

Joe, standing in a garret window, watched the squire drive away. His lean face blazed with triumph.

"All the bonds and stocks," he muttered. "I'll be a rich man! And Tom,—the farm. That seems fair, after all. Tom's a good fellow."

Joe was not malicious. He was glad of Tom's success, as long as it did not interfere with his own. But the next moment he remembered that it would interfere. "Whoever has the bonds and stocks ought to have the real estate," he said to himself. "I can't fill Uncle Bill's place in the county with half his property. If I had all, I could do something, too, for Jane. Jane's left out in the cold." He stood thoughtfully tapping the pane, his keen eyes half shut. "I'll do my level best these three years to keep him away from liquor. But,"—and he shook his head,—"it'll be no use! It's in the blood! And, if he takes it once, —*once*,—everything will be mine! Then I can do something for Jane. It's my duty to look after Jane."

Warm with conscious virtue, he went down stairs.

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH after Mr. Turner had made his will, he was found, one morning, dead in his bed.

It was a kindly neighborhood, that of North Beach, and the farmers and their wives gave eagerly what help they could to the Widow Helstone in her trouble, and rejoiced when, a few days after the funeral, it was whispered about that the will was in her favor.

"Maria Helstone has six hundred dollars a year and the farm. First rate! Billy always was real good to his sister and those fatherless children," they said.

But Joe Turner took care that his Aunt Maria and Tom should have no such vague ideas of the will. One evening, when they were all gathered around the fire, he said:—

"It's very nice for us still to be here together in the old house, with the old farm and Aunt Maria's six hundred dollars a year to keep us. It's a pity it won't last."

"Won't last, Joseph?" Mrs. Helstone looked up from the great basket of stockings which she was darning. She was a little, meek woman, with scared blue eyes, who had worked hard all of her life and never had been trusted by the men of her family with five dollars to spend. "Won't last?" she cried, dismayed. "Why, Brother William left us this farm and a large sum in bank for me, besides."

"Yes, for three years," replied Joe, quickly. "Then out we all tumble, and Squire Logue hands over the farm and the annuity to some person unknown, to be chosen by himself."

"Who do you think it will be, Joey?" asked his sister.

Joe suddenly grew scarlet. "How the mischief should I know," he said, loudly. Jane looked at him amazed. Joe wriggled uneasily. He hated Jane's honest, reasonable eyes, which always seemed to look him through. He got up in a moment and slipped out of the room, noiselessly, as usual. Mrs. Helstone turned helplessly to her son. "The will was so full of queer legal words that I could n't understand it, Tommy," she said, "but I thought we were sure of a home."

"So you are, mammy dear!" Tom's big bass voice always sounded like a roar in the room after Joe's thin pipe. "Uncle Bill has made you a rich woman for three years, and, after that,—there's *me!* Come, I want to show you and Janey something." He put his arm about her and led her across the porch to a closed door. "This is my study!" he cried, throwing it open. "I've cleaned out all the rubbish and set up that stove. Here are my Greek and Latin books, in this pile on the table, and those on mathematics are in that. There are my loose paper, pads, and pencils."

"What are you going to do, Tommy?" asked his mother, surveying them with awe.

"Do? I'm going to cram, gorge, stuff myself with learning until New Year's. There's a scholarship at Princeton and two hundred a year offered in our school then, and I'm going to win it. That means a college course and a lawyer's office afterwards. What do you say to that, Jen? Thomas A. Helstone, attorney at law! Judge Helstone! Some day, most likely, it will be, Justice Thomas A. Helstone, of the supreme court of the United States! Aha, mother, you will have a house in Washington then, and carriages, and you'll dress in velvets even for breakfast; and we'll spend my vacations going to all the fish-breeding ponds and all the zoos in the country."

"You won't give up your fish, even then, Tom?" asked the mother, with a sigh.

"You'll look very queer, paddling after oysters in your wig and gown," said Jane. She turned over the Greek books with reverence. "You've begun work, I see."

"Oh, yes! I study while you women are asleep at night," said Tom, consequentially.

"What are these?" Jane pulled out from under the new, heavy volumes, some old, well-worn books. Among them were "Agassiz on Fishes," Gunther's "Introduction," and Owen's "Anatomy of Vertebrates." "Will they examine you on these for the scholarship?" she inquired.

"No." Tom pushed them out of sight, hurriedly. "Those are only for play. A fellow gets tired, forever digging at Greek roots. I must have some fun. The books are the biographies of my old friends down in the cove. They're more entertaining than your fairy stories, Jen."

"Your Uncle Bill always said you were wasting your time in that cove, Tommy," said his mother, anxiously. "He said you'd never be a scholar while you'd leave your books to play with crabs and sea-horses. And now, when your whole career depends on your books,—"

"You're right, mother! I mean to be a scholar,—the best this country ever turned out! But I can't remember the day when a lesson book would n't

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put me to sleep! As for crabs and sea-horses, they're just like folks I've known and liked. But there,—I've done with them!"

He gathered up the battered old books and piled them on the top shelf of the closet. He whistled very loudly when he shut the door and locked it. Jenny, who had been watching him closely, went up to him and stroked his sleeve. Jenny's eyes and hands always had a great deal of comfort in them. "Come, Aunt Maria," she said, "let us leave Tom to his work."

Joe, in the meantime, crossed the misty moors to the village, and, passing down the dark street, went into a brightly lighted building, marked by a huge sign, "Omnivarious Store." Joe had made his way, in this "great emporium of trade," from an errand boy up to head salesman. Two years before he had left school.

"I am not built to be a bookworm," he had said to his uncle. "I know the arithmetic from cover to cover. That's all I need, to go into trade. I'll do my best to go up the ladder." That speech had gone far to win the affection of the old speculator.

"The boy has the right stuff in him. I made my money by trade," he said. "There's a modest confidence about him, very different from the everlasting bragging of Tom Helstone."

Joe had earned his success. He had a keen relish for the work. He liked to get an old farmer and his wife from North Beach into the store and cajole them into buying a rusty saw or some shopworn cloth. He was so polite, so deferential, that even his victims praised his skill.

"He's an able, sharp one!" was the popular verdict. "Joe will make his way." Joe himself was satisfied. It was his duty, he believed, to bring money to Fareham and Company. It never occurred to him that he had any duty to their customers.

When he went into the store, that night, Matt, the shop boy, was vainly trying to sell a hat to Squire Logue. Joe motioned him aside and took his place. Mr. Fareham glanced up from his paper and smiled significantly at a dapper little man with red hair and mustache, who was sitting by the stove.

"Watch, Crawford. Turner will make the old man buy a worse hat for more money," he whispered.

Crawford was a commercial man who came to the village, now and then, to sell shoes. He fixed his light eyes on Joe and listened intently, until a hat was sold to the squire,—a poorer hat and higher in price than the first.

Fareham laughed. "I told you so! Clever boy, that!"

"Yes," Crawford said, yawning. He nodded over his pipe, until Fareham had put on his hat and gone home. Then Crawford roused suddenly and beckoned Joe to come to the stove. There had been for some time a certain intimacy between the young men.

"Joe," he said, "you're wasted here."

"That was a smart deal, eh?" Joe laughed. "Old Fareham was pleased; I saw that."

"Bah! And what have you done when all's said? You've sold an old man a worthless hat. It was a mean trick, anyhow. You're too clever to be wasted on such petty work. I could show you a way to make money,—not dimes for Fareham, but thousands of dollars for yourself. Compared with this miserable shop-jobbing, it's like a royal tiger hunt beside the trapping of rabbits."

"You mean—the lottery?" whispered Joe. Crawford was the secret agent of a great lottery, prohibited by law. Joe had bought small fractions of tickets from him, and once had won fifty dollars. After that, most of his wages had gone to Crawford.

"No," said the agent, "I don't mean the lottery. That's risky, I acknowledge. I mean dealing in stocks. That is a business I thoroughly understand. I have friends inside the ring who give me points,—hints, you know. When you have points you are sure to win. There are the Goulds and the Vanderbilts. They began as poor as you, and are worth hundreds of millions, to-day. They had points, like me. Why, I could take a young fellow to-night, and, with the points I've got, I could show him how to clear tens of thousands."

"Why not take me?" Joe laughed, eying him sharply. Was Crawford trying to rob him? "Why don't you clear a few million dollars yourself?"



"With your money and my knowledge, we could go into Wall Street and clean it out"

"Because one must have a little capital to start with. I have none; neither have you. Cleverness you have, but capital you have not."

"I shall have money,—a good deal of it, too," said Joe, importantly, "but not until I am of age."

"So? Then you could raise ready money on it now, by loans from some of your neighbors,—that is, if they would trust you. You might plead the baby act, and refuse to pay them when you are of age."

"I'm not a thief," said Joe, angrily. "I can drive a sharp bargain, but I don't steal, Crawford!" The remembrance of Squire Logue's worthless hat sharpened his tongue.

Crawford sat, apparently lost in thought. Nothing broke the silence but the ticking of the clock.

Crawford was not a villain, scheming to rob Joe, but a poor, sanguine fool, who had lost his own savings by gambling in Wall Street, and who believed that, with his "points" and a little capital, he could win them back a thousandfold. He knew, to a dollar, the amount that Joe would inherit. As soon as he had heard of it he had resolved that he and Joe would "plunge" with it and come out millionaires. But there was one matter which he wished first to have cleared up.

"Of course," he said, thoughtfully, "if you had real estate, you could raise more money now by borrowing. Land here is the favorite security. Your Jersey farmer believes in real estate."

"I shall have,—" Joe stopped short. He had tried to think of the farm as Tom's, and tried to be satisfied that Tom should have it. Now, a sudden, savage anger swept down all his friendly impulses. It was just as he thought. He could do nothing in the world of business with the half of Uncle Bill's property. If he only had the whole!

"Your uncle left you his real estate?" said Crawford, tentatively.

"Y–es, in a certain contingency," said Joe, slowly and with keen deliberateness.

Crawford waited, and then, finding he meant to say no more, rose. "I hope the 'contingency' may give it to you, then," he said, carelessly. "With your money, and a backing of land, and my knowledge of stock-dealing, we could go into Wall Street to-morrow and clean it out. Well, I must be gone; it's late. Good night, partner!" Then, nodding gaily, he swung out of the door, and went down the dark street whistling.

Joe covered the fire and closed the store, and then walked slowly home through the mist.

Crawford had called him "partner!" This man of the world had recognized him as one of his own kind. With his cleverness and Crawford's friends inside of the ring, why should they not "clean out Wall Street," and make their millions like the Goulds or the Rockefellers? If he only had the land on which to borrow money, he could make the whole family rich. But, if Tom got the farm, he would take to drinking, sooner or later, and would waste it all. Sometime he surely would drink. It was in the blood.

Joe walked on through the drifting mist, his head bent, shivering, not with cold, but with a strange passion which crept through him. It was a newcomer into his soul, cruel and relentless. He did not know himself, with it there. At all cost he would have the farm,—at all cost. It seemed to him as if there were nothing now in the world but that land, and Tom who had clutched the land from him.

It was a dark night. The nearing sough of the sea sounded to Joe like an accusing voice. Why should it accuse him? He had done nothing wrong. It was Tom who would be the drunkard, and waste the land, sometime.

If he should be a drunkard within three years?

Joe stopped short; his breath came thick, his heart throbbed. "It would all be mine, then,—legally mine. I could go into Wall Street with Crawford."

Joe trembled as if a breath of death had passed through him. He was but a boy, after all, and not depraved at heart.

A few minutes later, Aunt Maria opened the door. "I thought I heard a step," she said. "Why, how pale you are, Joey! Come in, child!

"Let me alone," he said, roughly. "I'm going to bed. I toil and slave until late at night to keep you all, and you sit here and amuse yourselves. Oh, that's all right. Some must work and some must play, in this world."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Tom, staring at him.

"Nothing!" His hand shook, as he lifted his candle, and his chin quivered. "I'm trying to do what's right."

Jenny followed him to his room. "Joey, you're not well," she said, taking his hot hand in her cool, firm fingers. "You need sleep; but you must n't make mistakes. It is Aunt Maria and Tom who do the work on the farm for us. The money you make you keep; not a penny goes to anybody but yourself."

Joe shook her off, "What are you talking to me like that for? I'm trying to do my duty, I tell you."

"I've no doubt of it; but do n't make mistakes, Joe. Keep things clear to yourself, that's all."

Joe turned his back until she was gone. He could not bear her honest eyes. Did n't he see things clearly enough? If Tom got the farm, it would, at last, go to the rum shops. If Tom began to drink within three years, the farm would come to himself. "And, with it, I'll make us all millionaires!—even that poor sot, Tom. I'm only doing my duty." He told himself this, again and again, until, at length, he fell asleep.

[To be continued in the July SUCCESS]

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FROM POVERTY'S PATHS TO THE DRAGON'S THRONE

Edward J. Dillon [*Foreign correspondent, the London "Telegraph"*]

The life-story of Tsu-Tsi, once the daughter of an obscure and penniless huckster, now the ruler of China

In China, there is a supposedly impenetrable barrier between women and the throne, yet Tsu-Tsi, by her indomitable will power, overcame it

"THERE is only one man of grit in this ill-starred country, and that man is a woman, Tsu-Tsi, the empress," said one of the highest European officials to me when I entered the blood-stained portals of Peking, at the height of the Boxer movement several years ago. In a world of wintry change and decay, she is the one evergreen. She has lived in a period of transition. Within the space of a few decades, the stormwind, imprisoned for ages, burst over the time-forgotten land of China, where peace had found a sure harborage for generations, shattering creeds and customs, hopes and strivings. The wave of western civilization, impelled by invisible tides, suddenly swamped old-world institutions, and mournful twilight set in upon the race, its princes and its gods. The sacred city of Mukden, where the moldering remains of the founders of the Manchu dynasty mingle with the living roots of hardy pine and weeping willow, became a Russian town, and the very capital of the empire was plowed into a chaos of ruins; but, amid the crash of the old and the onslaught of the new Tsu-Tsi alone endured, keeping her seat on the tottering throne and bowing neither head nor knee. Truly, this woman of fate would seem to live a charmed life and to be the possessor of some mystic Ariadne clue which helps her thread her way through the wildering labyrinth which time and the white race have so skillfully woven for her people and herself.



Tsu-Tsi, the empress of China, who, without friend or adviser, has worked out her career

Hardly less strange is the fact that freshness of youth, which, clinging to her still, despite the years and the worries that have followed in their train, combines with so much else that strikes and fascinates to raise her to a place high above that of the average of her contemporaries. With a frail form, with eyes keen and stern in repose, but soft and caressing when the features relax into a smile, a voice that singes the soul when used in anger, yet soothes and softens, like dulcimers' strains, when addressing her friends, she can attune herself to every mood and touch the wellsprings of most people who come within the sphere of her personal influence. Despite her sixty-five years, years of storm and stress, age has not yet wound his soft white blossoms round the brows—still furrowless,—of Tsu-Tsi, nor bleached the mellow color of her cheeks. She is the allegory of perpetual youth.

More than a generation, amid a series of wars and pestilences, she has governed the destinies of over four hundred million people with remarkable skill, diplomacy, and integrity

To say that this daughter of an obscure and penniless huckster is a self-made woman, who, by dint of will power and insight, won her way to a throne whence she molds the fate of a people of four hundred millions, is to convey but a faint and far-away idea of the part she has played in carving her own curious career. In China, there is an impenetrable barrier between a woman and the throne; indeed, until Tsu-Tsi daringly yet cunningly broke through it, a woman could as easily have become a pope, or an American president, as the empress of the "Flowery Kingdom." Lifelong imprisonment in a golden barred cage—the highest career open to the most fortunate oriental women,—was the utmost to which this plebeian girl could look forward, when her father, worsted in the unequal struggle for life, and unblessed by a son who might sustain his body in this world and assist his soul in the next, looked to her for that supreme sacrifice which every maiden in the flower-scented orient believes she owes to her parents.

The birth of a girl among the lower classes of China is not an event of gladness, nor is the day thereof recorded with care in the family annals. In the case of Tsu-Tsi, the very year was soon forgotten, but there are serious grounds for assigning it to 1836 or 1837. Nor are there any noteworthy incidents of her youth known to a biographer. Her early education was neglected. Instruction, in China, is quaint and one-sided, at the best, but poverty debarred the huckster's daughter from acquiring even this slender equipment for the great part she was to play in life. Indeed, the first event known to the historian, and the turning-point in her career, was when she sold herself to a Chinese general, that her misery-stricken parents might have some money.



Tsu-Tsi's first master was a provincial governor, the center of whose thoughts, words, and acts was the emperor whose favor he eagerly sought. To this extent, chance favored her. Her reading of his character, her tact in falling in with his humor and tastes, and her cleverness in adapting herself to her new surroundings, were her own handiwork and the foundation of her success in life. She made the best of everything that came in her way. To her lord and master she devoted nearly all her time and care; but, during her leisure moments, she set herself to learn to read and write. This may appear like an easy task; but, when the language to be grappled with is Chinese, which possesses neither letters nor syllables, but only word pictures of the most puzzling intricacy, the work might well have daunted a less resolute spirit than that of Tsu-Tsi. But she labored hard, perseveringly, and successfully; and, when the governor conceived the idea of presenting her to the emperor as worthy of receiving imperial favors, the girl proved to be deserving of official honors. She was accomplished, withal, to a degree uncommon among her countrywomen. At that moment, the emperor, Sin Fong, was trembling for his life. A rebellion threatened his throne and his existence, but, nevertheless, he graciously accepted the young girl and entrusted to her the care of his household.

Thus left alone to work out her career for herself, without a friend or adviser in the world, and without any of those ethical or religious teachings which give direction and coherency to one's living and striving, Tsu-Tsi instinctively adopted such practical maxims as seemed calculated to lead her to the eminence to which she forthwith aspired. She possessed the secret of soothing the emperor's nerves and bracing his will when he was oppressed by the miseries that had come upon him and his people. So rapidly did her sway grow over her august master that, after the birth of a son, she persuaded him to promote her in rank, so that she held an important position in his court. She quickly learned the politics of the empire, and became Sin Fong's chief adviser. Nor did the ambitious woman rest satisfied with this signal mark of distinction. Soon afterwards, the emperor appointed Tsu-Tsi's child, Toong Shee, to be his successor.

After her son had been made heir-apparent, she coaxed the emperor to appoint her to be one of his female guardians,—in case he should die during the infancy of the heir,—the empress being the other. These favors were the utmost she could hope to obtain from her imperial lord, who had used his prerogatives to the fullest extent to grant them. Their practical worth depended entirely on his death before the infant should reach the years of manhood. Here, too, all obstacles vanished before her. Indeed, the regularity with which the laws of nature and the laws of the state seconded the most daring plans of this self-centered lady constitutes one of the most striking and perhaps repellent features of her career. The people who stood between her and the goal she was striving to reach were almost all summoned to their last account by the "inscrutable will of heaven," or the executioner's ax. With her, to have the will is to have the way.

It was thus that Sin Fong passed away after the rebellion had been crushed, leaving Tsu-Tsi face to face with his wife. Whatever the feelings of these two women toward one another may have been, their outward relations were seemly and cordial. Flowery phrases, high-flown compliments, and feminine sweetness oiled, as it were, the administrative machine of the palace. Suddenly, however, a fateful discovery was announced which threw a shadow over Tsu-Tsi: the emperor had left a codicil to his will, investing his wife with the full measure of power in times of crisis. This was a serious blow to the young mother of the heir-apparent, whose plans could be realized only if unforeseen—or foreseen,—events should place, for a time, the supreme power in her hands. Here, again, chance stood her in good stead, and the legitimate empress speedily followed her late husband to the grave, leaving all special privileges to Tsu-Tsi.

However, her influence in the empire, although then preponderant, was not yet wholly secure. The male regents still had a voice in all state affairs, and a voice all the more weighty because their sex entitled them to speak where women were forced to remain silent and

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secluded. Evidently they must be gotten rid of at all costs. Summoning, therefore, her brother-in-law, Prince Kung, the resourceful woman worked her spell over him and the two declared that the other regents were at heart abandoned criminals, ripe for condign punishment; whereupon they were dealt with by the public executioner. Then, for the first time, the life-dream of the huckster's daughter became a concrete reality: she occupied the apex of a pyramid formed by over four hundred million men.

Those who knew her, at that period of her career, speak of her physical charms, her grace of manner, and her bewitching ways, with an enthusiasm which has been largely shared by the ladies of the diplomatic corps who did not meet her until the bloom of youth had passed away.

Her Attitude toward *the* "Boxer" Movement Was a Masterpiece of Statecraft

From the day on which Tsu-Tsi had her co-regents executed to the present moment, all her endeavors have been directed to retaining the power which she then wrested from their grasp. Most other aims and objects with which she has at various times been credited resolve themselves into mere ways and means. She has never let her opinions degenerate into convictions. Thus, she has been charged with an undue leaning toward the foreign element among the factors of modern Chinese civilization, and she has also been accused of harboring rancorous hatred of everything foreign. The truth is that, free from bias, she has utilized, without caring for, the foreigner, as she has everything and everyone whom chance has thrown in her way. Self-centered, she has not been buoyed up by any social faith, any political principle, or any religious creed.

Perhaps no personage of distinction suggests more forcibly than does Tsu-Tsi an incarnation of one of those angels, mentioned in mediæval story, who, on the outbreak of Lucifer, kept aloof alike from Jehovah and the rebel forces, and stood for themselves alone. The moral censure implied by this judgment will lose much of its force when we remember that the Chinese estimate of what is noblest in human nature is not wholly identical with ours, and that the mind of the lonely girl was molded mainly by the materialistic tendencies of her early surroundings. Tenderness and pity, dangerous gifts, at best, for leaders of men, would appear to form little or no part of Tsu-Tsi's equipment. On the other hand, however, she seems to be ever keenly conscious of this defect. Thus, she has been known to simulate anger and weakness, as occasion has demanded, with a fidelity to nature that has made the shrewdest observer reconsider his estimate of her character. On one occasion, when the present titular emperor appeared before her dressed in European costume, she deliberately lost her temper, and, in a paroxysm of well-feigned rage, soundly boxed his ears. Finally her son died, and she appointed her nephew, Kwang Si, to the rank of heir-apparent.

The empress's attitude toward the "Boxer" movement was a masterpiece of statecraft to which Machiavelli would not have grudged his applause. No one in China, even among the most ardent reformers, grasped the true significance of the influence which was making itself felt from beyond the seas more fully than did Tsu-Tsi. Nor was there any of her countrymen less adversely biased against it than herself. In that respect, indeed, she would have done what her nephew undertook to accomplish, only in a very different way. She would have gone to work quietly, adjusting means to ends, allowing the necessity of natural laws to second her well-laid plans. Kwang Si, on the contrary, was in a hurry, and he would have metamorphosed China by a stroke of the pen, silencing opposition by repeated strokes of the headsman's ax. The resistance he roused took shape in the "Boxer" movement, which forced Tsu-Tsi to assume a definite attitude toward friends and foes. Seldom has a monarch had a more difficult or dangerous game to play than that in which the dowager empress then took part; and probably never before have feminine tact, cunning, and political foresight achieved such signal success.

To withstand the Boxers would have involved the loss of her power and the end of the Manchu sway in China. Openly to encourage them would have caused the great powers to take sides against herself, and probably against the reigning dynasty as well. What the political Penelope did at this embarrassing conjuncture was to favor the "Boxers" up to a certain point, while appearing to repress them, and, beyond this limit, to thwart their plans, while feigning sedulously to further them. Even when matters had gone so far that she seemed unable to control them, she arrested their progress at her will. When, for instance, the embassies were besieged, and the fate of the European inmates sealed, the empress was making courteous inquiries after the health of the members of the diplomatic corps, and sending them fresh vegetables and flour for their support, in the intervals of the onslaughts. There is now no doubt that the foreign diplomats owed their safety solely to her action. Had she desired their death, the British embassy could, and would, have been stormed in twenty-four hours, —but the Manchu dynasty would have perished in its ruins.

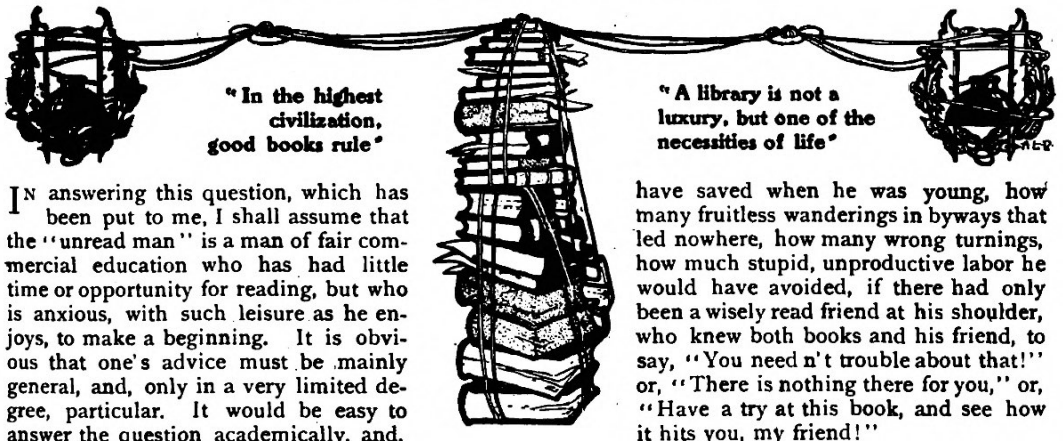
In Governing a Nation She Has Triumphed over almost Insuperable Obstacles

In order to gauge aright the personality of Tsu-Tsi, one should bear well in mind the vast difficulties with which she—a lonely woman,—has had to cope in a man-ruled land like China, and the impossibility of remedying secular abuses there without cutting the branch of the tree on which she herself was sitting. Nor should we lose sight of her own shortcomings and limitations, which must be set down mainly to a lack of education and instruction. Finally, it is well to remember that her aim has been not to realize any social theory, to better the material lot, or to raise the moral level of her people, but solely to win and keep the scepter over the yellow race.

Her great qualities are unquestioned; her good points, though few, are native to her soul,—inborn. She has wrestled, alone, with the forces of her times, strong and conflicting, and has swayed them to her will without apparent effort. She has made very few mistakes in life, and, with a peculiarly queenly instinct, has always contrived to get others to perpetrate them. While her human instruments have paid the forfeit, she herself has profited by the lesson. Like many of the great personages of history, we must take her as we find her, without seeking to transmute the feet of a Manchu into the wings of an angel, or to metamorphose boundless ambition into a noble striving for the welfare of others. But, as a successful manipulator, Tsu-Tsi unquestionably stands at the head of all the living members of her sex.

What an Unread Man Should Read

Richard Le Gallienne



IN answering this question, which has been put to me, I shall assume that the "unread man" is a man of fair commercial education who has had little time or opportunity for reading, but who is anxious, with such leisure as he enjoys, to make a beginning. It is obvious that one's advice must be mainly general, and, only in a very limited degree, particular. It would be easy to answer the question academically, and, with a list of forbidding classics, frighten away the timid seeker. Thus many a man has missed the way to the pleasant gardens of the Muses, awed by stern presences speaking unknown tongues at the gates.

Or, one might answer it according to his taste, and prescribe a diet of his own favorite authors.

Or, again, one might bid the unread man read what he has a mind to, thus: "In brief, sir, study what you most affect;" and, if the unread man has sufficient leisure, perhaps the best way would be to turn him loose in a library to forage for himself, relying upon his own instinct to find for him his own food. Many fine minds have been nourished on this principle, and it is a principle which it is of the first importance to take into account in answering this question. No one can help a reader who is not able to help himself even more.

At the same time, it is possible, in a general way, allowing for all differences of tastes, for one who knows and loves books to help another who is but beginning to love them, and is wonderingly standing on the threshold of that temple of humanity which we call a library. How much time one would have saved when he was young, how many fruitless wanderings in byways that led nowhere, how many wrong turnings, how much stupid, unproductive labor he would have avoided, if there had only been a wisely read friend at his shoulder, who knew both books and his friend, to say, "You need n't trouble about that!" or, "There is nothing there for you," or, "Have a try at this book, and see how it hits you, my friend!"

Such a friend might, of course, lead one astray occasionally, and no human being can know exactly another's natural way among books; but such a friend would, unquestionably, have saved one much expense of spirit, and rescued him from many a bad model and dull, unprofitable volume.

Reading Amounts to Nothing, if It Be not Sincere

Among the few general counsels which I venture humbly to offer on this matter, the first and most important for the unread man to remember is this: Beware of literary superstition. Naturally, the timid seeker whom I have in mind is liable to feel a little awed before enthroned literary authority. In a sense, it is the proper attitude for a beginner, but it must be accompanied by a courageous adherence to his own impressions. For example, if some one has advised you to read the "Iliad," and you cannot, for the life of you, see anything in it, while, at the same time, you are shamefully conscious that it is a "classic," and that it is your moral duty to enjoy it in spite of yourself,—the thing to do is to be perfectly honest with yourself, and put Homer by,—at all events, for the time. The day may come when, through the changes wrought in your taste by various other reading, you may enjoy Homer, after all, and realize why so many generations of men have delighted in him,—why, in short, his works are classic.

Meanwhile, however, there is no use in your trying to feel what you do n't feel; for reading is nothing if not sincere, and its profit is not easily separable from its pleasure. I have taken the "Iliad" merely as an example of those world-famous books which, gathered from every branch of literature, compose the heterogeneous assemblage of the immortals, and all of which the bewildered unread man, when he takes his first respectful look at their embattled names on the bookshelf, superstitiously feels it his mighty responsibility to digest.

Many Unread Books Are Useless to an Unread Man

He is not, as yet, in a position to discriminate between such superior beings as "standard authors," or to realize that while, in a sense, both "Don Quixote" and the "Wealth of Nations" are "classics," they are classics so different in character and importance that one he certainly should not miss, and the other no one need read again as long as the world lasts. One is a book that will keep the world's heart warm with laughter forever; the other is an able treatise on economics, of value, of course, to the technical student, but, so far as it concerns the general reader, accessible to him in the handier manuals of briefer and later writers.

Many such epoch-making books in science and philosophy, and even history, may thus be set aside by the unread man,—unless, of course, he proposes to become a specialist in any of those branches of study; and, of course, the specialist I am not presuming to advise. Such books, for example, as that grim presence on our grandfather's shelves,—"Locke on the Human Understanding," Bacon's "*Novum Organum*," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," the vital essences of which have passed into later thinkers and are summed up in a few labor-saving pages in, say, Lewes's attractive "History of Philosophy;" or such dry, superseded histories as those of Hallam, which seem to keep their places in our libra-

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ries by sheer obstinacy, or the misguided charity of those librarians who would seem to consider a library as a home for dull and decayed authors.

I conceive that the business of the unread man is with the living classics in the world's literature, not with those books whose work is done,—the embalmed ancestors of modern thought; and here, of course, he has, indeed, the world before him, and the question where to begin may well puzzle him. How, from this vast storehouse, shall he choose that which will best nourish his spirit, build up his mind, make his character, and be most suitable generally to his own individual development? For, I am assuming, the aim of our average unread man is neither mere pleasure on the one hand, nor mere knowledge on the other. In addition to wishing to know, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the best that has been thought and said in the world," he wishes to laugh with the great laughers, dream with the great dreamers, and do with the great doers. It is a broad human culture he seeks, the means of which is knowledge, and the process of which is pleasure.

The Reading Habit Can Be Established with Novels

Of course, the conventional counsel would be: Let him read the best. That the best in literature, as in life generally, is best for us, there can be no disputing. But the difficulty is that the taste for the best is not always instinctive, and that our unread man might well, at first, find the best somewhat stern and unattractive food. He has to be coaxed into appreciating it. Mark Pattison once said that an appreciation of Milton is one of the last rewards of a ripe and strenuous scholarship. The remark was somewhat bigotedly academical,—for, surely, one may enjoy Milton's earlier poems, particularly, (and perhaps they are his best,) without any more scholarship than is necessary to enjoy a bird's singing,—yet it is true, as an extreme example of the truth, that the taste for the best in literature, while it must be born in us, has to be made, as well.

The mere taste for reading itself, the mere undisciplined appetite for printed matter of any kind, is, of course, the indispensable basis. As soon as anyone loves reading,—for reading's sake,—and has formed a habit of devouring any books that come his way, the chances are that the passion will refine itself, in the end, and the man who began, maybe, with detective novels, will end with a fine appreciation of Shakespeare. Perhaps the best way for the unread man to form a habit of reading is to begin with novels. But, by this method, the effort to begin with the best need not, surely, be too arduous. Here, at least, it is not the classics, but their cheap imitators, which are dull and wearisome. If, as I was saying, you approach literature by the gate of the detective novel, why not begin with the best? Why waste your time, as the advertisers say, on "worthless imitations?" No detective novel of our generation is worthy to be mentioned with Wilkie Collins's "The Moonstone;" and Edgar A. Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue "was the father of them all.

Twain and Dickens Hold Their Readers Fascinated

So it is with the historical novel. For several years, we have been suffering with a prolonged epidemic of the imitation historical novel. Here and there has been produced a respectable dramatization of local history, but it is almost astonishing to think that a literary fashion could have prevailed for so long without producing a single book of even moderate importance. When one thinks of all that splendid dream-world of Dumas, and of such single books as Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" or the too little known "Sidonia, the Sorceress" of Meinhold, or recalls even Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," it is almost inconceivable that a public can be found for the pasteboard and tinsel imitations which congest the bookshops, except on the supposition that the public buys the imitation in ignorance of the real.

Then, if you seek the novel for laughter and tears, for poignant presentation or subtle analysis of the human story, where *can* you go, except to those writers who are already classic, or to such living writers as are fast becoming so? No one has written a really amusing book since Mark Twain stopped writing—amusing books; and no one else has ever done them quite as well as Charles Dickens. A short time ago, it was the fashion to sneer at Dickens; but that fashion, too, is passing, and Dickens remains, as he must always remain, one of the eternal comforts of the human spirit. The other day, I came upon a little girl of about twelve years laughing over a book as if her heart would break. I asked about the book, but she could hardly tell me the title for laughing. It was the "Pickwick Papers!" Did I know it? It was a new book for her,—though, alas! I have myself been familiar with it for quite a while,—as it will be a new book for her great grandchildren and their children.

The Novel Is Absorbing all Branches of Literature

An unread man, therefore, cannot afford to miss Dickens, any more than he can afford to miss Fielding and Sterne and Scott and Jane Austen and Thackeray and George Eliot and George Meredith and Thomas Hardy,—to name only English writers. To speak of the great continental writers he can even less afford to neglect would make this article too much of a catalogue. Cervantes and Balzac and Victor Hugo and Dumas and Tolstoi must be named. When he has read those, all the other lesser writers one might name will be added unto him. He will need no one's advice by the time he is through with Balzac.

There are many American authors whose books should not be omitted from the shelves of an unread man. Chief among them I may name those of Washington Irving, J. Fenimore Cooper, Richard H. Dana, Edgar Allan Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, William Cullen Bryant, Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Ellery Channing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, F. Bret Harte, and Artemus Ward.

The obvious advantage of beginning with the novel, aside from its providing a pleasant introduction to the reading habit, is that more and more the novel is coming to absorb all other branches of literature into itself. In addition to its own proper business of providing us with imaginative pleasure, it is already doing the work of the theater, the church, the philosopher, the historian, and even, to some degree, the work of the poet. The real plays that thrill us with their human drama are no longer on the stage, but are in the pages of our novels; and, when a writer wishes to discuss a spiritual and moral problem through the medium by which he may best reach the audience concerned, he chooses the novel. From the beginning, mankind has been best pleased to be taught in parables, but the parable has never before been so inclusive and so authoritative a vehicle as it is in our time.

Philosophical Tales Will Lead to Learning's Font

The novel, therefore, becomes, more and more, an index of the life of mankind, and an introduction to general culture. At the same time, while it may provide us with vivid illustrations of history, it can never take the place of real history, any more than, however it may appeal to that sense of romance and beauty which is so much of poetry, it can take the place of poetry. Just so, an organ combines all instruments, yet it can never be a substitute for the violin. As an introduction, however, to the pleasant gardens of knowledge, I repeat that the novel is of inestimable value. It is the laughing decoy of literature. An unread man has only to read a very few of the great representative novels to find where he stands, what his tastes are likely to be, and what it is that he is looking for in books. If his temperament is for what Theophile Gautier called "the drab" in human life, the exact, untransfigured picture of human existence, unrainbowed by romance, unsanctified by emotion, it will evidently not be to poetry that the novel will lead him. If the bent of his mind is philosophical, the philosophical novel will send him to the fountain-head of the great philosophers; as the make-believe of the historical novel will send him to the pages of history.

History Teaches Us All to Comprehend *the* Present

Perhaps, of all studies, the study of the first importance to an average citizen is the study of history. The reading of history is a sort of mental travel. Just as a man who has seen no other country but his own is apt to be provincial in his ideas, unintelligently patriotic and intolerant of "the foreigner"—he has never met,—so the man who knows no history is limited in his perspective, and comprehends as little the meaning of the contemporary history forming every moment around him as a peasant does the issue of a presidential election. We read history, not so much to be informed about the past, as to understand the present. We will, of course, begin with the history of our own nation, and we shall have gone but a little way in that without coming to see how that study necessitates our reading the history of other nations, so complex is the process of historic evolution; so indissolubly related is one nation to another in spite of international jealousies and cruel wars! Our national pride may not be abated by this survey, but it will be the more intelligently supported, and we shall have come to realize at least that, though we are undoubtedly the greatest nation on the earth, we are not the only one.

Apart from this general gain in mental expansiveness, into what fascinating byways of human experience will the study of history lead one! So much has been done in this world, so many lives so richly and bravely lived, that we know nothing of until we take up some old history and find a mere name turning to a living man or woman, working, loving, fighting, just as we, maybe, are doing; and the spectacle brings one a curious inspiration and comfort, while it deepens and broadens our humanity as no other study can so well do as the study of history.

An Unread Man Should Avoid Technical Works

Perhaps the best way to read history is to take up the life of some figure that attracts our imagination, and be drawn by that into the study of the general stage upon which he was only a single actor. Certainly it is not a good plan to begin with those elaborate documentary histories in which you cannot see the wood for the trees. It is better to be wrong in a few of your facts, or even contract a bias from some partisan historian, than to lose yourself in a morass of documents. The best histories are the vividest. If they occasionally lead you astray, you can always correct them by the more sober-colored chronicles. Macaulay may have been prejudiced, and so may Froude, and so, undoubtedly, was Carlyle; so, again, was Gibbon; yet, none the less, these are the great historians, the historians who set you upon the peaks of time, and enable you to see history as it lies beneath in wide views and broad masses.

Philosophy and science are the two branches of study, perhaps, next in importance for the average reader: man's progressive interpretation of his own soul, and his latest discoveries in, and guesses at, the nature of the mysterious universe in which he finds himself. Here, again, the unread man will be wise not to weary and bewilder himself with first-hand technical authorities,—unless, of course, he means to become a technical student of philosophy or of science. For example, Spinoza has had, perhaps, the greatest of all influences on modern thought, yet the "Ethics" is incomprehensible to anyone not specially trained in philosophical study. All most of us need to understand Spinoza is Frederick Pollock's admirable study, and that will be found to sufficiently tax the attention.

Similarly, in regard to science, such books as Darwin's "Origin of Species" are written for scientists, not for the general reader; and their results are to be found in many easily accessible handbooks. In science, at least, the middleman, the lucid expositor of abstruse subjects, is more than justified, and, happily, there are many such in every branch of science.

Like a Poet, a Lover of Poetry Is Born, not Made

On poetry it seems particularly vain to offer advice. The lover of poetry is born no less than the poet, and, I fear, he cannot be made. An unread man is apt to be cynical about the uses of poetry. To him it seems a frippery, a rather effeminate ornament of life; instead of being, as, of course, it actually is, the fine flower of its vital essence. An unread man has, it is true, much good reason for his view, for verse has too often been made a mere toy of, and may well seem to him a sugary medium for silly sentiment. He's wrong, of course, but how can we convince him? Here, indeed, there is only one way,—the best. He must read the best poetry no second best will do. He need n't begin with Dante, or even Shakespeare; but let him try Burns, or Hood, or Kipling,—poets who talk the familiar speech of men and not the more hieratic speech of the muse. If he enjoys them, he may come to enjoy their greater fellows, and other kinds of poetry. But, as you may bring the horse to the water, *etcætera*, so it is with the man who is not born to love poetry. Poetry is the one thing you have to find out for yourself, and, if you really want it, you always find it. Therefore, I forego elaboration of this branch of my subject, reluctantly enough,—for, if there is one thing more enjoyable than another, it is talking about poetry.

[This is the second of a series of articles on "Books and Reading," which eminent literary people are preparing for publication in SUCCESS.—THE EDITOR]

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"There was something infinitely pathetic in the way she seized upon and mothered the forlorn little cubs"



The Adventures of Reynalda



MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS
[Author of "Field Farings," "Next to the Ground," etc.]

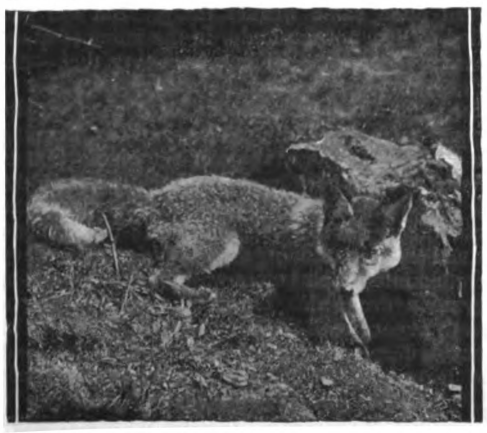
REYNALDA was unmistakably the beauty of the litter. Not one of her three brothers was so lusty, so light on his feet, or had a face so velvet-dark, a tail-tip so silvery, or such rich, yet delicate grizzling of the whole coat. Then, too, she quickly learned the tricks Mother Vulpa and Father Reynard had to teach. Before she was two months old, she could pounce upon a grasshopper clittering down a sunny slope as deftly, and with as sure an eye, as either of her elders, and run twenty feet along a bending tree-trunk without once losing her head, whereas her brothers, in grasshopper hunting, went lamentably wide of the mark, and, if they were persuaded upon the slant trunk, looked down, crouched, and whimpered almost as soon as they were a fox's height above the earth.

'T was Her First Journey Alone into *the* Wide World

It was late in September when Reynalda, sedate, yet joyful, went out to range the autumn world,—for the first time alone. Instinctively she understood that henceforth she must take care of herself. She was four months old, not full-grown by a year, but big enough, strong enough, and wise enough, in the craft of wild things, to make her own way. In the night, while the litter slept, Father Reynard and Mother Vulpa had dug and clawed about the mouth of the den until it betrayed itself to the most casual eye. The cubs understood,—it was notice to quit. They had gone as soon as they were fully awake, although all but Reynalda had barked in querulous protest, and gone nosing about among bones and wrecked carcasses, before setting out to find breakfasts for their very healthy appetites.

The old den was close to the creek. Reynalda was thirsty, but the creek water did not tempt her. She ran up stream two hundred yards to the Ripple. There the current, racing through a rock-channel, was hardly a yard across. She sprang over it lightly, her muscles tingling with joy in the leap. A little way up, there was a spring of cold, sweet water, welling gently through clean, brown pebbles, to make a mirror-pool in a frame of ferns. Reynalda troubled the pool gently, lapping as far over the edge as her neck would stretch. When she had done drinking, she shook the water from her fine black whiskers, wiped her muzzle upon a fore-leg, then stood looking down, until the dimpling mirror became still enough to show her image undistorted. Perhaps the look in her eyes recalled to her how hungry she was. Certainly the warm sunshine told her that it was useless to go hunting, for neither bird nor rabbit would leave a trail with everything so dry.

Noiselessly as a shadow, she slipped from her hiding place



Grasshoppers? They were fine as tidbits, but unsatisfying for a full meal; further, the pasture was half a mile off. Still, Reynalda ended by going there, running swiftly where the way was open, and taking time to rest in friendly brier-clumps when she came to the fence. When inside, she gave a little grating bark as the sheep came huddling at her, for she knew that the ram who led was a rank coward, in spite of his big curling horns. If she had been full-grown, he would have run away at sight of her, the flock tumbling pellmell at his heels. Because she was young and smallish, he thought his charge would frighten her.

Pity Was Shown Her by Two Hunters Out for Game

Instead, she quickly raised her bristles, yapped saucily at him again, and leaped nimbly aside, letting his pompously lowered head go slap against a near thorn bush. Before he was free of it, she had trotted over the hilltop, and on down into the swale where the grass was rankest. Such a cloud of grasshoppers went up all about that, for a second, she was confused, and let all of them get safely away. However, as soon as she stirred, another fat fellow flew,—she was after him, and had him safely gulped almost before she knew it. He was but a whet to her appetite. She caught another, still another, and, in between, snatched a plump, lazy cricket. Whirring wings made her look toward the cornfield. Doves were flying there in clouds. In a flash she was after them, but, at the hedgerow, she stopped short, for there were loud booming noises inside the field, with afterwards a queer, choking smell. The smell and the noises so bewildered her that she forgot to lie close, and sat upon her haunches in a bare place, staring stupidly about. Thus, she saw two men inside the field, with stout, shiny, wicked-looking things, held slantwise under their arms. One of them spied her out, and said, loudly: "Look at the cub, will you, Jack! Shall I knock it over?"—at the same time flinging the shiny thing up against his shoulder. The other man knocked it up just as it belched fire and smoke, crying: "Merton, I'm ashamed of you! You know it's little short of felony to shoot a fox! Let the cub grow up,—then there will be sport worth the name in killing it."

Reynalda heard none of this, for she was running away with the wind at her back as fast as her shaky legs could carry her. In a little while they grew steady; then, with her longest leaps, she went across the corn-land, keeping a course quartering the rows. Thus she came upon something piteous,—a dove, winged, and fluttering helplessly in the grass. Reynalda seized it, crunched the head between her sharp teeth, and ran on, holding it fast in her jaws. But it was not for long. At the first bit of tangle, she hid herself, and ate the dove, bones and all, rejecting nothing but the wing-quills, the beak, and the feathers of the tail. Notwithstanding her hunger, she ate delicately, cutting clean mouthfuls, and hardly leaving a taint of blood on her muzzle or her paws. Afterwards, she lay still, fully relaxed, stretched at length, with her nose between her paws. Yet she did not sleep, for there was much to be done.

Like a Human Being, She Enjoyed a Good Dinner

By and by, when the shadows grew tall, and the westering sun lost power, she made her way back to the wooded creek valley. In a way, it was home, although she should never go back to the old den. But the hills on either side were full of caves and crannies; besides, there were more birds in the valley than anywhere else.

There were robins, especially,—fine, fat robins, gathering themselves together for the flight southward. The grape tree at the edge of a little glade was full of them, hopping, preening, twittering, pecking eagerly at the grapes. The vine ran up thirty feet clear, with never a clinging branch until it came to the tree boughs. Over them its leaves spread in a sort of gold-green tent. There ought to have been room and food in this tent for twice as many robins, even if each had brought along his belief in himself, but somehow there seemed not to be. Two robins were fighting, beak and claw, pecking, scratching, aiming each for the other's eyes. In the scuffle they lost their balance and fell heavily to the ground. Reynalda pounced on them

The barking came nearer, and grew louder and more menacing



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The crying of the hungry cubs drove the father away before another day. They would have starved, but for Joe Mace

as they struck, for she had lain in wait since she heard the first angry flutter.

The valley began to darken. There was sunlight only upon the highest tree-tops. Full-fed, Reynalda grew drowsy,—so drowsy that she would not answer her brothers, calling complainingly from the ledge over the forsaken den. It was like Smutch, and Silver-Tip, and Croppy to whine, she thought. They were, no doubt, hungry, or, at most, half-fed; but that was their own concern. She put her paws against the tree-trunk, stretched herself to the utmost, yawned once, then ambled off toward a dry and protected nook in the bluff-side where, snuggled in dry leaves, she had dozed through many a summer hour. It would never do for a den, but it would serve for shelter for a night,—it might be for many nights,—until she should find out more about life and things. Crouched within it, she felt at home, and fell almost instantly asleep, though Venus, the evening star, looked in on her through a rift in the yellow boughs that masked the nook.

* * * * * * *

It would take many books to tell all that befell Reynalda between that day and the epoch of her first run before the hounds. She got through her cub-winter finely, keeping to herself, hunting on her own land, and living where it pleased her. She grew in strength, in wisdom, and also in beauty. Sometimes she saw her brothers, and played a game of "follow-my-leader" with them, after the fashion of old times. More rarely she met Father Reynard and Mother Vulpa. That was early in the season. Reynard went the way of all good foxes before Twelfth Night, and Vulpa, soon afterwards, shifted quarters to another countryside. But, in the meetings before she went, she never failed to rub noses with Reynalda, and once went so far as to lick her daughter between the ears,—where, as everybody knows, a fur coat is hardest to keep in trim. Possibly, while the licking went on, she also gave Reynalda good advice; but that was hardly needed. Reynalda had made friends with Old Ruddy, the wisest of all the fox generation, who had run for seven seasons without ever letting himself get into real danger, and who, besides all the normal fox-tricks, had several ingenious ones of his own invention.

Old Ruddy taught Reynalda to hunt by day, or night, as occasion served. Fat wild fowl were toothsome and tempting, whether they were lured within reach by a great splashing in the shallows, or boldly seized upon as they slept amid reeds and rushes. It was the same with the foolish turkeys,—if they circled about him, peering curiously and "prut-t prut-t-ing," as he played in the leaves, until he laid his teeth in the nearest, he relished his prey even more keenly than when he snatched it from roost or nest.

Old Ruddy Gave Advice on Despoiling Barnyards

Rabbits were to be respected for their cunning, but despised for their cowardice. As to squirrels, there was a grain of fellow feeling; like the foxes, they were robbers of birds' nests throughout the summer. Which robber had the advantage it was hard to say; for, as far as the squirrels could outclimb, the foxes could out-scent.

Barnyards were tempting,—thus admitted Old Ruddy,—but they were best left alone, unless hunger drove hard. However, if a fox or fox-cub must forage there, let the foraging be bold and lively, and, withal, moderate. Select a handy bird, not too heavy, give a clean, quick crunch through head and neck, a toss over the shoulder, then be off like a shot, breaking trail as soon as possible, and making no stop to feed until a safe distance away. Eat full meals, but permit no gluttony,—no matter how sharp-set. After eating, take a long cast about, with at least three doubles, before going to sleep. Further,—in plundering barnyards, go away from the main den, not toward it. Foxes worth the name have more earths than one.

Reynalda was a pupil worthy of such a teacher. Her second November found her as fleet, as cunning, as beautiful a fox as ever stepped on four pegs. You may be sure that she did not call them pegs, for that is but a huntsman's name. Her face was darker than before, her fur still velvet-soft, and her brush so thick and glossy that it rivaled the richest plum. She was big and full-muscled, but nowhere gross, and, withal, swift enough to run down a rabbit in fair chase. She could climb low-branched trees also, leaping from bough to bough. As for walls, fences, and leaning trees, it was her dear delight to run along them. Further, she had learned to go up stout small trunks as a bear goes, hugging and stretching until within reach of the branches.

Even that was not all. She had a pretty taste in earths, and a marvelous discretion in choosing them. There were half a dozen so well situated that she could double from one toward another, go in at one place, and come out at another, yards away. She slept in or out of them, wholly at her convenience. She had not yet made a fixed den, nor would she do it until she should choose a mate. Meantime, she was a free companion of the open, ranging it far and wide, owning all hours, bound by none, now sleeping the day through to steal out and wanton with the dusk, now getting up very early to frisk in the wan sunshine, or else sit for hours immovable, basking in its rays, upon some sheltered rock or root. In mild weather she slept in leaves or sedge, or tufted dry tangle, dropping down wherever it was handiest. Sometimes, Old Ruddy, or one of her brothers, bore her distant company, but they never came closer than fifty yards.

Reynalda Led *the* Hounds in a Long, Hard Chase

Hounds were plenty round about, for Reynalda lived, indeed, in a great hunting country. Almost every mild day, between October and the end of March, when the ground was firm enough for galloping, and the south wind neither high nor low, horns sang thin and sweet across the big fields, men hallooed, horses neighed, and intermittently, undervoicing all, came the booming chorus of a pack in full cry. Old Ruddy loved the hunt noises. He had led the hounds so long and so merrily that he had, for the best in the pack, a very real regard. More than once he had dropped in full view of them, so that, flattening himself among fresh furrows, they had over-run him. Many times he had led them to the very verge of a bluff, leaping down the face of it to a narrow ledge, and thence, through a convenient cave, running far in, had gone out a safe distance behind his pursuers. He had told Reynalda of all these things and many more. One was: "If the hounds jump you fasting, run them off their feet; if they find you full, double, double, and go to earth."

Reynalda had caught something of his spirit; thus, when the hounds did jump her early one misty November morning, it was not wholly terror that swelled her heart. She heard them trailing, a mile away, and in full time to have taken herself off. But she was young and reckless, and luxuriously bedded in warm, thick sedge. She lay still, one ear pricked a little outward. The lead hound came on, barking raggedly, and answered by whimpers from those behind. A cold trail is baffling to the truest dog, with the wind blowing across his nose. Remus, the hound, knew that a fox had passed there; but the puzzle was, how many hours before.

The barking grew less ragged, and answering whimpers swelled to something like growls. They came nearer, and grew louder and more menacing. Reynalda's ears twitched almost impatiently. She stood up, stretched strongly, turned half around, sniffed hard, and then went away down the wind, at an easy, swinging lope. She ran over grass, in the pasture in which she had flouted a big ram. Again there were sheep in it,—a big flock. She held her course until long past them, then faced about and ran back along her track for fifty yards. The flock grazed a little at one side of her trail; with a long, scrambling bound she landed among them, ran in and out confusedly, scattering them like chaff in the wind, then laid a course at right angles to the first and went off as hard as she could leg it.

There was need of speed and caution. Just as she leaped to break the trail, the hounds came upon her bed. Hot on the scent, they broke into full cry, the riders behind whooping and cheering. The horns became silent, but half the horses answered shrilly the keen challenge of the dogs. Something in the cadence gave Reynalda her first apprehensive thrill, for it taught her what it means to be hunted, to flee for life before creatures infinitely stronger. She had supped well, almost too well. If she ran straight away, the end would be only a matter of minutes. The dogs were between her and really safe earths, and she must trick them if she hoped to save her brush.

She doubled again, and broke trail, this time by a leap to a fence, scrambled down on the other side, and headed for the creek. But the dog-music strengthened, grew nearer, clearer, deadlier. Remus knew his business. Wherever the trail broke, he circled wide, and picked it up again. He had nose as well as knowledge. Running thus on a scent breast-high, he kept his head up, snuffing the tainted air rather than earth or tangle. His crying was a bell-note, not over-loud, but deep and rich. When it fell to half-breathless yelps, the hunters yelled their loudest. They knew that the pace was quickening to a truly ringing run.

Reynalda dropped flat beside a rotten log for a precious half-minute, for she had run and run until her heart was near bursting, her coat black with sweat, and her long brush so heavily draggled that its weight seemed to half anchor her. She had woven a maze through the tree-trunks of the open wood, and then dashed wildly for the friendly thickets cresting the bluff. The bluff-face ran sheer down to the valley; but, at the foot, there was a narrow alluvial bench along which a mill-road crawled, with the creek upon its other side, and fine clear meadows beyond the water. Reynalda hoped to scramble into some safe, small bluff-earth; but, before she had half recovered her breath, she heard the chase break upon the outer verge of the thickets.

'Tis Difficult to Provide for a Family of Foxes

In another minute Remus would be upon her. She seemed to feel the quick snap of his jaws closing on her neck, as her own jaws had so often closed upon some weaker thing. But she had killed to live, not wantonly, in the name of sport. There was no time for casuistry over that,—nor for anything else, indeed, but saving herself.

Swift, stealthy, as noiseless as a shadow, she slipped from her hiding place, and ran, hugging the earth, to the very verge of the bluff. Shouts below checked her there, for three hunters on the low road were crying to those above, scanning the crest, the while, so closely that, with the hunter's trained vision, no moving thing could escape. They were mounted, their horses walking slowly. Again Reynalda dropped. This time her heart, for a breath's space, really stopped beating. Then, all in a surge, desperate courage came back to her, and she leaped boldly to a projecting rock ten feet

[*Concluded on pages 373 and 374*]

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A Democracy of Learned Men

A prophecy of the grand future of the United States, based upon its phenomenal educational development

E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS
[*Chancellor, University of Nebraska*]





E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

INTEREST in education, especially in the United States, is a leading glory of our age. The country's educational work has assumed colossal proportions. In the year 1899-1900, our common schools employed over four hundred and twenty thousand teachers, instructing nearly fifteen and one-half million pupils. The universities and colleges of liberal arts in the United States, during the year named, had an income of about twenty-one million dollars. Eight million volumes were in their libraries. Their apparatus was valued at fifteen millions, their buildings and grounds at one hundred and thirty six millions. Their productive funds exceeded one hundred and forty-seven millions, and the benefactions they received were nearly eleven millions. There were, in these institutions, that year, fourteen thousand, five hundred professors and instructors, and more than one hundred and sixty-one thousand students.

More than Seventeen Million Americans Are Being Educated

The professional schools of the United States had, the same year, roundly, sixty thousand pupils. Reckoning these and also the pupils in normal, business, and reform schools, schools for defective children, orphans, and Indians, art and music schools, and the schools in Alaska, but leaving the schools of our insular possessions out of the account, the United States had under instruction, in the year 1899-1900, over seventeen and one-half million pupils.

Nor does this end the story. Formal university extension has not attained the success here which has crowned it in England, but its results are large. Debating societies, lyceums, women's clubs, and other organizations of this sort are powerful educational agencies. All or nearly all the states carry on systems of farmers' institutes, giving valuable education to hundreds of thousands. The various home-study or correspondence schools have among them another army of pupils, many of these doing work of a very meritorious order, ranging from the alphabet up to high-grade professional study. Mere reading, as contrasted with study,—the less or more attractive perusal of books, magazines, and newspapers, ministered to by the ubiquitous public library with its helpful staff,—is another powerful piece of educational enginery, probably more widely efficient in this country than in any other. The same is believed to be true of public lecturing.

Four Hundred Million Dollars Are Spent yearly for Learning

While elementary pupils increase at about the same rate as the population of the country, high school and college attendance goes forward much more rapidly. [For reasons I cannot pause to explain, the census figures for the growth of public school attendance appear less favorable than they really are.] The population of the United States grew about twenty-one per cent. from 1890 to 1900. The number of pupils at schools and colleges together rose, between 1889-1890 and 1899-1900, over twenty per cent., from 14,512,778 to 17,545,232. The enrollment in our common schools alone, during the decade last named, advanced only a trifle over twenty per cent., from 12,697,196 to 15,341,220. During the same period, the youth at colleges and universities increased seventy-seven per cent., from 55,687 to 98,923.

Probably not less than four hundred million dollars are now expended annually in the United States for educational purposes. Were these figures made to include the interest of property put to educational uses, they would have to be greatly enlarged. Hundreds of college edifices are palatial, not only in size, but also in the elaborate perfection and richness of their appointments. The seats of primary education, even, are no longer the rude huts which housed so many faithful pedagogues, with their flocks, a generation ago. A high school or an academy may now possess better apparatus than the wealthiest university in America could own before the Civil War. The intellectual ability of teachers, as a class, is high, comparing well with the best in the other learned professions. Professorships and schools of pedagogy have been founded; theories of education are examined; the psychology of education is studied; the history of education is searched; normal schools exist everywhere; and few methods of training mind have found acceptance in any age or in any land which are not in vogue, at present, somewhere in the United States. Our educational system is rapidly reaching a state of perfection.

The commercial demand for educated people is far from exhausting the whole demand for them which exists in America

A fact of extreme significance is the degree to which women will avail themselves of the highest educational advantage. The increase of women in colleges is a phenomenon. In not a few which admit both sexes the women students greatly and more and more outnumber the men, occasioning suggestions arbitrarily to limit their numbers. A few institutions have set limits. In no other country do women show such zeal for learning.

Far from being abnormal or unhealthy, as a few seem to imagine, this rush of women to colleges and universities is full of rich promise. Generally speaking, the thorough education of a woman is no less a public benefit than the like education of a man, though women accomplish good through education in a different way from men. But the point here emphasized is the bearing of women's education upon general education. A due proportion of educated women marry and become mothers. Such are not only the best of teachers in the home, that school of all schools for our race, but they insist much more than other women do upon the full education of their children as these grow up.

The considerations named above in part account for the facts that education in its choicer forms is already more widely disseminated in the United States than in any other part of the world, and that this disparity in favor of America is rapidly increasing.

America's Colleges Will Direct the Nation's Upward Destiny

Is there any danger that educational work will be overdone? Will the supply of scholars outrun the demand? Has American democracy aught to fear from the prevalence of education? May our abundance of schooling produce pessimism, relax morals, or beget unsocialism in any form? If the education they receive merely helps people to riches or promotion, simply quickening their speed in the race for selfish gain, it is of small value, or, indeed, might well be deemed a curse. If, however, our scholars go forth not with greed for gold or for selfish advancement, but as apostles of light, and bearers of help and blessing to mankind, the value of their training is incalculable, and the institutions providing this deserve the most liberal support which the public can give. Then learning will not overthrow or weaken democracy, but will render it eternal, and perhaps establish it all over the world.

Higher Education Is for the Man and not for Mere Livelihood

The commercial demand for educated people is far from exhausting the whole demand for them which exists in our country to-day. To appreciate this, one must remember our peculiar American idea of higher education, so rich as contrasted with that which prevails abroad. The cry that the supply of highly educated men may exceed the demand is an echo from Germany. From the German point of view, such a fear can be understood, but not from our own, which is wholly different. The German theory is that, while all people ought to possess the fundamentals of education,—reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic, geography, history, and religion,—higher education is in place only for those who contemplate a "career" of some sort. As one German youth resorts to a technical school wishing to be an engineer, or to a trade school to learn factory-management, another attends a university to become a teacher, a professor, or a clergyman, or to win a position in the civil service. In every case, according to the thought of the Germans, the advanced education is justified by the profession for whose sake it is sought. It is for the function, not for the man. This is why women's education makes so slow progress in Germany. As women in that land do not expect professorships or orders in the church, few people there see why women should wish to enter universities.

Fortunately, a different notion prevails in this country. With us, higher education, like that of the common school, is primarily for the man, not for the function; so that, if the education is of the right kind, it cannot possibly reach too many individuals. It is believed that in this way higher education in the United States has conserved a truly "liberal" character to a larger extent than in any other land.

This is not at all disproved by the growth of technical schools and courses, partly, perhaps, at the expense of the literary or classical, since large and increasing numbers of students in technical institutions or departments are there simply to secure general education. Cases of this kind are far more numerous than most people imagine.

Nor should we be misled by the fact that, when men like Charles M. Schwab and the late Collis P. Huntington decry college training, so many seek to defend it by showing its value in business. Nearly all feel that such a defense, however valid, is by no means the last word. Nearly all agree that the deepest and only final jurisdiction is that it promotes civilization, enriching manhood, making individual lives and so the whole life of the public more rational, large, and worthy, "widening the skirts of light and rendering the realms of darkness narrower." This always has been and still remains the American view of education, our main excuse for the existence, multiplication, and strengthening of institutions for high learning.

I believe that the spirit indicated, the altruistic and democratic spirit of service to the public and to the race, animates to a delightful extent educated Americans. At the same time, our modern education is more and more providing its bearers with a power of helpful service to the public and to the world which has never been in human hands till now. This does not refer merely or mainly to the enlargement of facilities for technical education, but to the genius and methods of all modern American education.

An examination of the educational work going on in the United States will reveal two dominant ideals shaping the results of that work, the one moral, tending to the development of altruism or public spirit, the other practical, tending to promote human efficiency. The scruples adverted to touching the outcome of modern education could not arise were men aware

of the extent to which these ideals now pervade American education; yet these ideals impress themselves more and more, rendering education an enrichment of life and at the same time a preparation for life in its most practical aspects.

Confessedly, schools have not been producing so much moral uplift as was to be desired. A most important end of education is to breed good citizens.—upright, unselfish men and women. Discontent with public schools, in particular, has at this point some justification. School discipline somewhat lacks in insistence upon that will-training which is so important in the formation of character. I am glad to believe that criticism in this respect, as it is not without basis, is also not without results. As I have elsewhere set forth, we are on the threshold of a momentous new development in this matter. The time seems near when all schools will teach the elements of morality in a positive way, and this without objection from any quarter.

Public schools have not yet attempted regular lessons in morality, because the simplest moral teaching has been thought to involve dogmas. Protestants have feared that, if a Catholic teacher should seek systematically to teach her pupils self-restraint, purity, generosity, charity, truthfulness, and so on, the lessons would reach down into religious doctrine, and that some of her pupils would turn Catholics. Catholics, on the other hand, have trembled lest, if a Presbyterian or a Lutheran teacher, as part of the school work, should propound to her pupils any precepts, however rudimentary, in personal honor and uprightness, youth brought up in the ancient church would be in danger of espousing such a teacher's faith. This fear is now seen to be groundless. For all practical purposes, morality can be taught without dipping into religion, and all sects are becoming aware of this.

For all practical purposes, morality can be taught in the public schools of the United States, without dipping into religion, and all sects are becoming aware of this all-important phase of our modern educational methods

Professor Bosanquet happily compares the relation of morality to abstract philosophical or theological doctrines with the relation which plant species and genera, as usually classified, bear to the most universal laws revealed through physiological research. "The two subjects," he says, "are intimately connected, and you cannot explain how the plants become what they are without knowing profound and ultimate physiological facts, which, at the present moment, no one can be said to know. But this does not make you doubt that a fuchsia is a fuchsia and is cognate with a willow-herb, or that wheat is a grass which has become, by cultivation, one great basis of human life."

Public sentiment would sanction it, should schools at once begin systematically to inculcate all such virtues as cleanliness in speech and thought, thrift, temperance, fortitude, perseverance, veracity, the rights and laws of property, public spirit, love of country, and regard for parents, the aged, the feeble, the unfortunate, and brutes. All parents wish to have their children schooled in these vastly important duties, provided the teaching is unprejudiced. The subjects mentioned can be so taught in school that no Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or unbeliever will dislike the teaching or fear its effect on dogmas, church life, or fealty.

Moral education is one of the splendid new tasks which the twentieth century school will achieve. It will teach a most useful code of practical morality, fastening upon the child, at the very outset of his career, the principles calculated to make good men and citizens. Then shall the school, already influential morally in a most praiseworthy degree, realize its ideal as a moral and social power, working limitless and unprecedented good to the state.

Education can no longer be identified with the drilling or filling of mere intellect. It is the enlargement of all good life. There is no education in the world, deserving the name, which ignores man's æsthetic nature

It is increasingly insisted on that higher education, like ordinary education, must effect the promotion of all that is most valuable in human character. It must favor, if not indeed consist, in the cultivation of the true humanities. Education can no longer be identified with the drilling or filling of mere intellect. It is the enlargement of all good life. No education deserves the name which ignores man's æsthetic nature. As true education must cultivate the moral man, and quicken and develop the social instincts, making each solicitous for his neighbor, his country, and his kind, loving himself last, not first, it must also put us in condition to appreciate beauty, whether natural or artificial, and in some degree to reproduce beauty in connection with our persons and our surroundings.

Anomalous as it may at first seem, this ideality and ethicality of true education not only do not exclude, but actually include, the demand that the education be practical. Ideal scholarship forbids moping or mere dreaming.

The up-to-date way of imparting instruction involves three elements: 1.—Wherever and whenever possible, it teaches knowing by means of doing and seeing. 2.—So far as it uses seeing, it insists on the seeing of the things themselves instead of descriptions or even pictures of those things. 3.—Most of all, this modern method insists on training the entire personality of the person, not the mind only, but the body as well, the sensibilities, and the will.

One little child, trained in a kindergarten, becomes a missionary in its home, reforming its father, mother, brothers, and sisters, so that they grow more tidy and decent, and learn to recognize a larger, higher life

Training of this natural, practical, scientific type greatly adds to the pleasures of life. The education of the eye to apprehend shapes and colors makes the sight-world a new world. The splendor of the rainbow, the green of the grass, and the royal blue of the arching heaven above nearly all appreciate, and a very considerable amount of most people's joy in existence springs forth from their relish for the beauty in these and such things. But the universe is full of minor tints and forms equally calculated to awaken our sense of beauty with the accompanying delight, had we but the vision and the touch necessary for appreciating them. It is the teacher's business to create that vision and that touch.

This system of forming human intelligence bears precious moral fruits. Its honesty, its sincerity, its insistence on character and reality, are above all price. For instance, those acquainted with kindergarten work in rough communities well know how, in the matter of cleanliness and kindliness, one little child trained in the kindergarten becomes a missionary in its home, reforming the mother, then the sisters, then the brothers, and, lastly, the coarse, grimy, half-brute of a father, so that all grow more tidy, decent, and attentive to one another's and to neighbors' feelings.

The newer practice in education is equally helpful to thorough mentality. It trains to accuracy of observation, of thought, and of expression. It tends to impart the earnestness so necessary for all school and life work. Things are more interesting than descriptions, the concrete than the abstract. Stir the young mind with the sense of truth as embodied in nature's own forms, and, in a majority of cases, the enthusiasm will pass over from nature studies to abstract discussions, to literature and philosophy. Many a boy, to whom books and dry rules could never appeal, has been awakened from his dullness by a course of practical lessons addressed to his spontaneous interest and intelligence. Such teaching breeds seriousness in mental procedure. It opposes reality to pedantry. It interests the student in facts rather than in opinions and traditions. All our educational institutions need the help of this good influence, college and university instruction being even now too pedantic, though less so than formerly.

The will power which takes the form of steadiness in emergencies, or comes out in successful prodigious momentary exertion or strain, is a necessary and invaluable part of education, which all students should remember

Ample bodily training has place in education. Vast good to our national character must result from the enthusiasm one now sees in school, on the part of women and men alike, for gymnastic and athletic exercises and all sorts of vigorous sport. Closely related to bodily drill—in fact partly identical therewith,—is cultivation of will power, a vital and indispensable phase of education almost wholly neglected till within a few years. Schooling used to lay all the stress on mentality, on acquisitiveness, and memory, doing nothing to build up or direct motor energy, which is vastly more important. General motor ability needs to be brought out, the courage to undertake and the cunning to do all sorts of things involving energy, attention, daring, grit,—things like managing horses, rowing, swimming, repairing clocks, locks, and machines, ordinary tinkering, carpentry, cabinet work, and blacksmithing. All such activities are truly educative, in a very vital way. We demand that education produce the power to bring things to pass, and we insist on this no less, but all the more, when efficiency involves perseverance, or long-winded application of the will. The will power which takes the form of steadiness in emergencies, or comes out in successful prodigious momentary exertion or strain, is a necessary and invaluable part of education.

This practical mode of educating people will enlarge the industrial efficiency of the entire nation. It is calculated to bring out the powers of art appreciation and art creation, in which Americans are so grossly lacking. For a century we have been trying to devise legislation which might enable Americans to do manufacturing for Americans. But there is an important department in which we have as yet hardly even attempted to render our industries independent of Europe. I mean the immense field of industrial design. American-made cottons and woolens, wall-papers, calicoes, and other staple articles of our manufacture are nearly all stamped with designs which originated in foreigners' minds. We send abroad millions of dollars yearly for this service. There is among us more or less technical training in design; but, unless this is based on cultivated power of observation and fine discrimination in colors and forms, begun in youth, foreigners will continue to design for us, and make us pay them tribute. Let the American people build up, by proper education, this artistic taste and the power to create their own designs, and they will not only save the wealth now yearly shipped abroad in exchange for designs, but also advance themselves in every choice element of civilization.

The commercial demand for amply educated men and women is rapidly widening. The massing of industries which recent years have witnessed in this country is creating a new and immense market for trained minds. Such is the size of mercantile and business plants, and such the complexity of their operations, that mere native brightness working by rule of thumb no longer suffices. Ability is not enough; it must be trained ability. Nor is it head managers alone who need this; departmental chiefs require it as well. A manufactory, a banking house, an insurance company, calls for at least a certain proportion of employees who have been taught to make original computations, compile tables, apply fundamental principles, and set right the rule-of-thumb workers when they get into difficulty, as the best of them often do. One hears almost daily of some mill, railway, or other enterprise, which never did so before, advertising for fundamentally trained managers or overseers, announcing that "no others need apply."

I am not here identifying education with book and school education. There are and always will be a few naturally gifted enough to attain the highest skill needed, scholarly and theoretical, with minimum attendance at schools. Such people are educated no less truly than others. From the nature of the case, however, the great majority of those possessing the special accomplishments required in managing the vast industrial enterprises of our time will henceforth have to be provided by schools of various kinds.

Ability is not enough to grapple with modern business affairs; it must be trained ability. Nor is it head managers alone who need this; department chiefs require it as much as every other man in the commercial world

The United States is destined to attain a position in the world never before held by any other nation. It is destined to become a democracy of learned men. What a wonderful condition this prophecy means!—a nation, that will be new to the world, a nation with education in all its phases flowing through every channel of art and commerce. Can such a nation be anything else than a benefit to humanity? Can its influence spread for aught else than progress and peace? Will not every other nation be influenced by this condition? Will not the whole world be benefited by it? Will not the ultimate power of American democracy, bred by its wonderful educational institutions, become paramount in shaping the world's future? Higher education is open to every man and woman. It is fast becoming an integral factor in the life of all who have the good fortune to live on our soil. Every man and every woman knows its importance. This is exemplified by the hundreds who are struggling for education, often at the cost of health.

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Nicholas Murray Butler

A tribute of appreciation to the worth of *the* president of Columbia University

HARRY THURSTON PECK
[*Professor of Latin, Columbia University*]

"GREAT personalities make great universities." So said Nicholas Murray Butler, in the course of the clear-cut and vigorous address which he recently delivered in assuming the leadership of Columbia University, New York's greatest and most venerable seat of learning. A truer word was never uttered; and it is because of its convincing verity that the world of education is now looking for exceptional results from the presidency of Dr. Butler. There are few Americans so distinctly individual as he, and few whose personalities are so marked and so exceptional. This fact is patent, even to those who merely know the most obvious and superficial aspects of his public life. The men who assembled to witness his installation came not so much to show official courtesy as to mark by their presence a very high degree of personal friendship and esteem. The enumeration of their names alone would serve to show the versatility of President Butler's range of interests and the many-sidedness of his intellect. There was the President of the United States, an old-time friend, who, amid the activities of a remarkable career, has often sought out this young college president for his advice and counsel. It is well known that Dr. Butler was with Mr. Roosevelt all through those days at the Philadelphia Convention of 1900, when the one question which most interested the entire country was whether the governor of New York, as Mr. Roosevelt then was, would make or mar his political future by accepting a nomination for the vice presidency,—that grave of brilliant reputations. There was also the mayor of New York, Seth Low, by whose side, in the campaign of last year, Dr. Butler remained, directing all his astuteness and extensive knowledge of affairs to the achievement of victory. There were gathered nearly forty of the presidents of other colleges and universities, among whom President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale recalled the fact of his long association with Dr. Butler and his deep obligation to him in solving many difficulties of educational administration. There were the representatives of secondary and elementary instruction who knew Columbia's new president as one who has done so much to unify and elevate the whole educational system of our country. Men of letters also came to greet him as one of their own number; while trade and commerce and finance, in the persons of some of their best known leaders, showed that the new head of Columbia University is regarded by them as a practical man among men supremely practical, and by no means a mere theorist and *doctrinaire*.

There have been university presidents, such as Mark Hopkins and Daniel Coit Gilman, who were great educators; there have been other university presidents, such as Theodore Dwight Woolsey and Cornelius Conway Felton, who have been great scholars; there have been still others, of the newer type, such as Charles William Eliot and William Rainey Harper and Seth Low, who have been great administrators. Some few there have been who combined these qualities to a greater or less extent. But it is not easy to recall the name of any university president who is, like President Butler, at once an educator, scholar, administrator, and also thoroughly, in the best sense of the word, man of the world.

"Scholarship *and* Service" Is Dr. Butler's Ideal

This last is most important, especially in one who desires that the university over which he presides shall be a true exponent, on the highest plane, of a vast cosmopolitan city like New York. To make its influence permeate the whole community, Columbia University cannot rest its claims on pure scholarship alone. Its spirit must be that of a scholarship which is not isolated and cloistered, but intensely alive, adaptable, and never in the least pedantic. It must deal quite consciously and effectively with the necessities of the present no less than with the problems of the past. It must be a leavening influence, making its power felt by men of every class and type, so that all alike shall come to realize the supreme truth that the highest type of scholar—clear-sighted, accomplished, and efficient,—is the highest type of man. As Dr. Butler put it in his inaugural address, the keynote of the ideal university is struck in the two



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words, "scholarship and service." Each is incomplete without the other; while the two, united, are invincible. It is not easy to conceive of one more fitted to give concrete and definite expression to this ideal than the man who linked these words together and will always strive to keep them equally before his mind in the great career upon which he has entered.

He Takes Some Part in every Great Public Event

The promise of the future can be read most clearly by a study of the past; and, though the record which Columbia's new president has already made is known to all, it may be worth while briefly to recall it. In his college days, his student life was fully rounded out, so that, both in its serious and in its lighter phases, it was remarkably complete. The leader of his fellows in their chosen avocations, he was their leader also in study and every form of academic work. Each year he carried off the honors in the most unrelated fields of effort. At his graduation, his name stood first. He carried forward his training at Berlin and Paris, and, on his return, was soon elected to a full professorship at Columbia, and later discharged the functions of the presidency of the Teachers' College, while serving as commissioner of education for the State of New Jersey. He has likewise been president of the National Educational Association; he has visited every portion of the country, delivering addresses and meeting personally men and women who form the great army to which is assigned the task of molding the minds and establishing the ideals of the next two generations; he has edited and made successful the "Educational Review," and for a while he was also editor of "Science." With all this he has found time to edit a series of educational works of great merit, to write several books of permanent value, and still to perform the duties of his professorship in so brilliant a way that his lecture room was crowded with students from every part of the country and from other lands as well. This, after all, is but an imperfect record of his activities. No event of importance and of a public nature occurs but what he has some share in it. His friendships, as I have already noted, extend to every sphere of life, and from each friendship he carries away something valuable to assimilate and to make a part of his own intellectual equipment.

Personally, President Butler is extremely genial, he is an admirable *raconteur*, possessing a memory teeming with facts of which, at a moment's notice, he can make a brilliantly effective use. A keen mind, a flawless logic, extraordinary common sense, an impatience of what is irrelevant, and the penetrating power of going swiftly to the very heart of every subject that he touches,—all these attributes are mellowed and made trebly valuable by a sense of humor which sets things in their proper light and views them in a true perspective. I have always felt that, in devoting himself before all else to educational work, President Butler has been depriving the nation of a potential statesman who would take high rank by his creative and constructive abilities. Yet, after all, with his conception of the task which he has undertaken, and with the broad scope of present work as he himself regards it, it may be that in the end his service to the state may be quite as marked and possibly more lasting than that which he could render in any other way. For it is not legislation nor the acts of the executive which have the deepest and most enduring influence upon a nation's life; it is rather the establishment of high ideals, the elevation of the whole plane of thought, and the fostering in public and in private life of all which promote harmony and fitness and supreme distinction.

Self-Help Is Leclaire's Keynote

Rufus Rockwell Wilson

THERE is one place in the United States where a solution has seemingly been found to the labor problem. That is in Leclaire, an industrial settlement on the west side of the Mississippi River, an hour's ride from St. Louis. It is the home of men who work for wages, but under conditions very different from those to be found in other places. Leclaire's workshops are models of their kind, and planned with a view to convenience, economy of space, and thorough ventilation. No man is choked there with bad air, or compelled to tangle fingers and limbs in a complex web of pulleys, belts, and gears. The town is laid out on broad spaces of prairie, with streets that are wide and breezy, and the homes that dot sward and garden are built to be as homelike and attractive as the skill of architects and the sanitary engineers can make them. There are other places where similar conditions are to be found, in varying degree, but all are not examples of the economic idea that is represented in Leclaire, which not only represents an effort to improve the surroundings of labor, but is also part of a plan by which the entire industrial situation can be recast to the mutual betterment of capital and labor.

Leclaire's Founder Sought to Help His Employees

It does not embody the ideas of a theorist, but rather those of a broad-minded business man, who knows his followers as they are, and who, in dealing with them, does not mistake a spoon for a pair of scales. The founder of Leclaire and its directing spirit is N. O. Nelson, an unassuming man fifty-five years old, who began life as a farmer's son, was a Union soldier in the Civil War, and afterwards, for some years, was a working partner in a manufacturing house in St. Louis. Twenty-four years ago he began business on his own account, and, "with a pocket full of garters," as he expresses it, founded the N. O. Nelson Manufacturing Company. The venture prospered from the first; and, after it had been conducted a dozen years, it was found necessary to establish a branch factory. Mr. Nelson had all along taken a keen interest in the welfare of his employees; and, when the branch factory was decided upon, he resolved that it should also stand for a practical attempt to settle the so-called labor question. With this end in view he visited England, France, and Germany, to study at first hand what was being done in the way of profit-sharing and coöperation.

An Idler Is not to be Found within Its Limits

Then, in 1890, he selected a site for the industrial settlement he had in mind, and named it Leclaire, in honor of the father of profit-sharing in France. Workshops, a clubhouse, and a few dwellings were built, and then several workmen were moved to the new town. The wages paid were and are the same as those for the same class of work in other places; but, from the first, a chance to share in the profits was held out to the workmen. Every year since then, after wages, expenses and interest on capital have been paid, there has been a division of the surplus between the employer and his employees, labor, moreover, receiving a dividend double that awarded to capital. Profit-sharing, as practiced in Leclaire, is based on earnings, and is an added percentage on wages. If the dividend is two per cent., a man with a salary of one thousand dollars receives twenty dollars

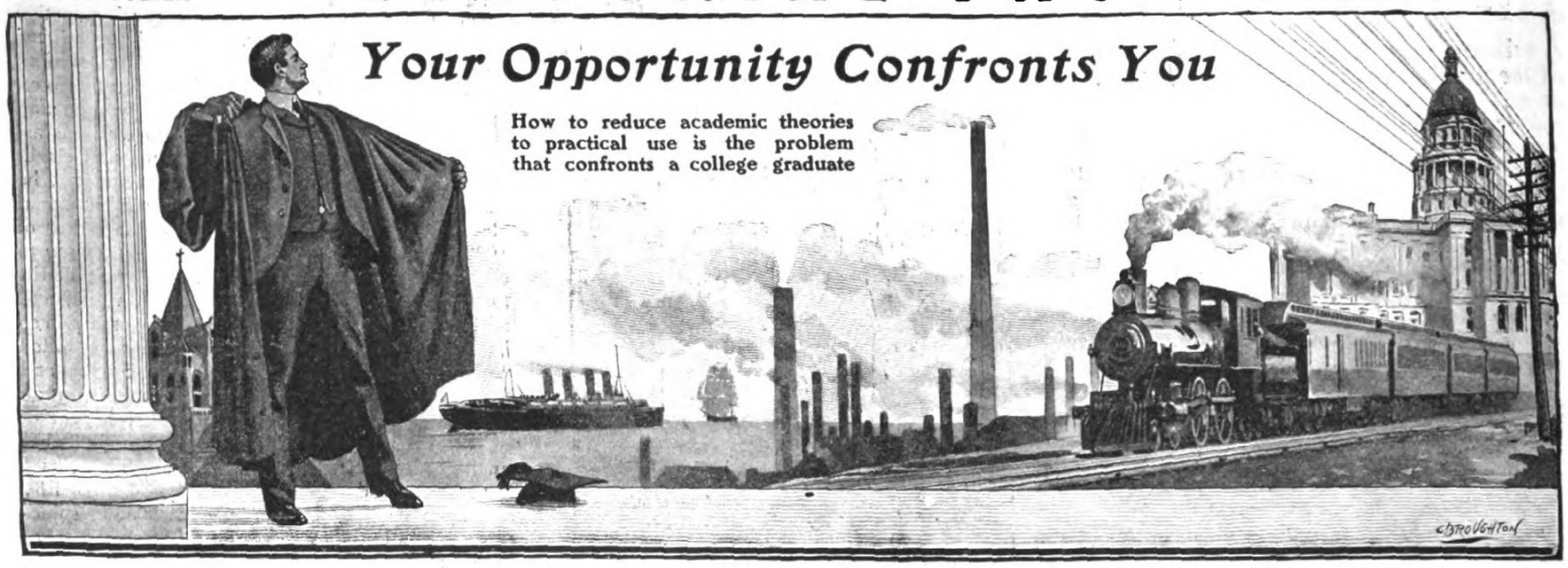
[*Concluded on pages 365-366*]

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ORISON SWETT MARDEN, Editor and Founder

EDITORIAL PAGE

THE SUCCESS COMPANY, University Building, New York



COLLEGE graduates, about this season of the year, have much the same experience as minnows from a brook would have, if suddenly dropped into the middle of Lake Michigan. Efforts they thought all-sufficient for living-getting, for securing shelter, and for meeting all the other problems of existence, are all at once rendered inadequate by a widened horizon, a bigger pool.

Perhaps the greatest handicap of a young college graduate, on entering the world of action, is his unbounded faith in the practical value of his academic education, even though seconded by no great effort on his part. After spending four years in solving theoretical problems, grappling with Greek conjugations and Latin translations, and stuffing his head with ancient and modern history, with facts concerning science, and with many other unrelated branches of knowledge, he feels himself vastly superior to the shrewd, practical man of business who has not the advantage of a college training.

Instead of turning up his sleeves and going to work at the bottom of the ladder in his chosen field,—if he has chosen one, or in taking advantage of the first opportunity that offers, if he has not,—this over-confident young man, who thinks that the world has been waiting for him to get his diploma, says to himself: "Why should I begin at the bottom of the ladder, or take any opening that presents itself, like a boy who has never seen the inside of a college? No, I shall wait for a good opportunity and a fitting salary." He feels that he is a Mahomet to whom the mountain must come; and so he flourishes his diploma, and waits.

The number of impractical college graduates of this kind is legion. We meet them everywhere: as conductors and motormen on street cars, perpetual clerks, with no chance of promotion, writers of occasional squibs for magazines and newspapers, or hangers-on in society, who have no strength to rise in the world, because they have not digested and assimilated the knowledge they have gained.

Many students, who stand high in school and college, prove but sorry bunglers when they come to earn their own living. Graduates who can conjugate Greek verbs glibly, who can write a creditable essay in several languages, who have obtained a good percentage in all their studies, often feel utterly lost when they are called upon to reduce their theories to practical terms. Scores of brilliant impracticables, who impress people as knowing a great deal, never accomplish anything, because they lack practical power, for they have not learned how to transmute their knowledge into energy.

A collection of facts, an aggregation of disjointed ideas, a mass of unassorted, unclassified knowledge, does not constitute an education. A man may be a ravenous eater, and yet not become strong. If his system does not digest and assimilate his food, and convert it into blood, bone, and sinew, he is weakened rather than strengthened by the quantity of food he consumes. So, the student who stuffs his brain with facts and theories, without any attempt to turn them to practical use, may come out of college weaker mentally than when he entered. Though he stood at the head of his class, he may not have one half the power of the slow, apparently dull youth who stood near the foot. He is aptly described by the doggerel rhyme:—

"Blockhead, book-full, ignorantly read,
With piles of learned lumber in his head."

One great object of an education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient, and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.

Much as we may deplore the suffering that it entails upon the weak, we cannot blind ourselves to the truth that, in the great throbbing world of stern facts and ruthless competition, the law of the survival of the fittest operates relentlessly. This workaday world has little use for theorists. It cares nothing about what might do, or what ought to do, or what, under certain conditions, would do, but it cares a great deal about what *will* do.

Common sense is the genius of this intensely practical century. The age of the theorist, the dreamer, the mere bookworm, is past. The hurrying world of realities, with its manifold problems waiting for solution, demands men of action, earnest workers who can transmute their knowledge into power, and who will help progress to take another step forward.

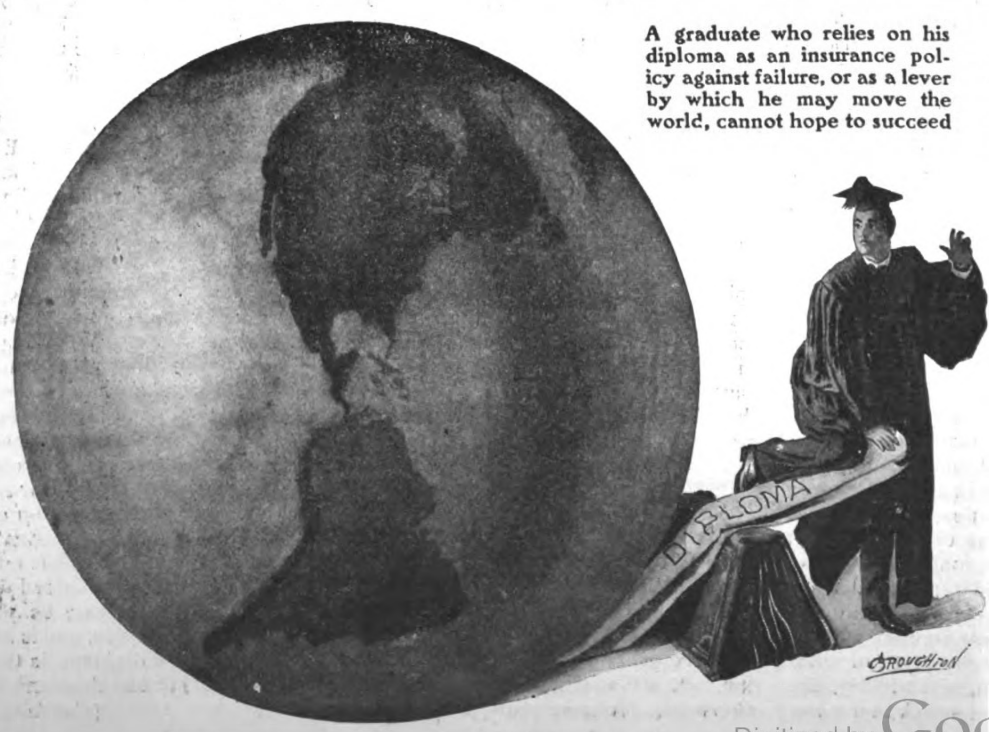
The question that confronts the college graduate of to-day is not "What have you learned?" or "How much do you know?" but "Can you use what you know to the best advantage?" "Can you convert it into power?" or "Can you apply your education to the world's betterment?"

The education that counts does not lose sight of the actualities of life. It increases practical power. It does not merely improve one faculty—like the memory, for instance,—at the expense of others. On the contrary, it develops all the faculties; it makes the whole man larger, broader, and more potent. The education that counts, the only true education, increases a man's natural abilities, stiffens his mental vertebræ, and adds greatly to his value as a world-worker, or civilization-maker.

The college graduate who has profited by his advantages will be no dilettant dreamer, who thinks that his diploma will move the world. His four years' training in a mental gymnasium will have strengthened his faculties and developed his mentality, as a course of training in a physical gymnasium strengthens and develops the muscles of an athlete. It is this sort of graduate, who has learned to get possession of all his powers, and perfect control of himself; who has the genius to push toward the goal of his ambition, with energy and decision; who looks upon his diploma, not as a lever with which to move the world, but merely as a recommendation of merit; who does not dream of doing great and unusual things, but who is willing to take off his cap and gown, and to tackle earnestly and with a will the prosaic, actual conditions that confront him. This is the sort of man who will prove his worth to the world, and will demonstrate the real value of a college education.

It is a hopeful thing that colleges themselves are helping to make this transformation easier for their graduates. Courses are becoming more practical, and are planned for trades and professions. Contact with actualities is kept up and encouraged. The student is made to feel that he will not be altogether a finished product when turned out the fourth June after he carries a freshman's cane. Fewer graduates than formerly go forth self-convinced that they alone can save the world. In spite of all this, however, the college is a little world, a narrow pool, and the great ocean of human activity will continue to shock the scholarly minnows turned loose in schools each year.

The graduate who faces the situation manfully, firmly, with common sense and judgment of relative proportions, and with becoming modesty; who has made up his mind what he wants to do, and how to do it; who drops things academic as he would doff his canvas suit after a football game, will find that he has his place, his work, his allotted portion of the world's progress. Thus his college training, though not flaunted and boasted of, will have its value, and will not be a handicap. Thus the lessons the rude world teaches will not blast his hopes, but will only show him the way to be useful; will not cast down his spirit, but inspire him with a will and a purpose that will lead to grand results.



A graduate who relies on his diploma as an insurance policy against failure, or as a lever by which he may move the world, cannot hope to succeed

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The Editor's Talk With Young Men

"You must work earnestly for your manhood as well as for your money, and take as much pains to keep it, too"

"Cultivate with assiduity that which will brighten your nature, enrich your life, and establish your character"

Character Is Never Overwhelmed

THE finest type of manhood is never overwhelmed, or entirely dismayed, no matter what comes. A man of this best type may see his property swept away from him, his hopes blasted, his ambitions thwarted, and his plans demolished, but his spirit remains undaunted; his courage, his trust, and his self-confidence, are undiminished. His success is beyond the reach of mere accident of fire, of panic, or of temporary disaster; the foundation of his success is laid upon the eternal rock of truth, of justice, of probity, of high thinking, and of square dealing, and no floods or misfortunes or commercial devastations can reach him. They do not touch the real man, for his investments are in himself.

It is only the more shallow minds, men without reserves of character, without other resources than money or property, that go down in financial failure.

The man who has learned to live in himself, and not in his property; who does not put his trust in riches, but in principle, does not lose his greatest possession when he loses his money.

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Picking the Flowers Out of an Occupation

EVERYWHERE we see youth, unwilling to pay the full price for success, trying to pick the flowers out of an occupation or a profession, but omitting all that is hard, ugly, and disagreeable.

This is as if soldiers were to go through a hostile country leaving a stronghold, here and there, unconquered, to harass them perpetually by firing on their rear and picking off their men.

The only way to insure victory is to conquer as you go. You must not leave the enemy a foothold in any part of your kingdom. Dread of drudgery must be overcome. Grasp the nettle hard, if you would rob it of its sting. You must destroy the weeds, as you go, or soon there will be no flowers; and without flowers you cannot have fruit.

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Vim Makes or Clears a Way

THERE is nothing else, to-day, besides honesty, that is in such sharp demand as vim. Every employer is looking for it, everybody believes in it, and the man who has it usually makes his mark. The world steps aside for him; he outstrips men of far greater ability, who are lacking in this essential.

Resolutions, however good, are powerless without the energy to execute them. Vim clears the track. People get out of the way for it. They will not make a passage for the man who wishes to get on, who desires to be somebody, but who is afraid to go ahead; but they believe in the man of quick, determined action, and instinctively give way to let him pass on his way.

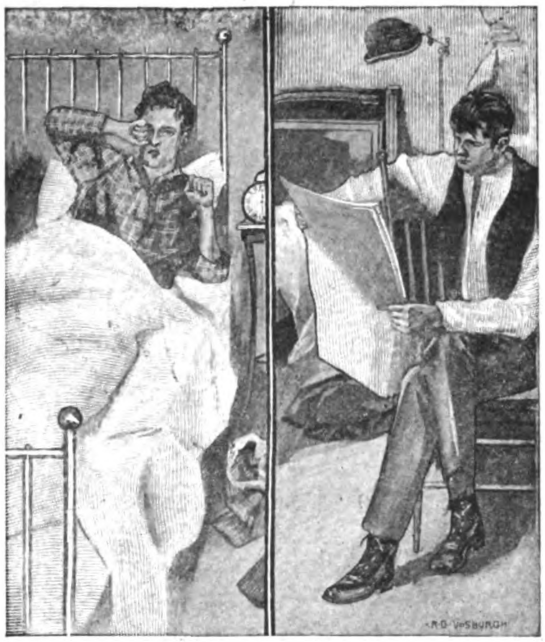
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Amassing Great Wealth Does Not Constitute Success

WE cannot too often emphasize the fact that real success does not consist in performing some extraordinary deed, in acquiring an enormous fortune, or in achieving something unusual; that it is not attained by getting one's name in the papers, and winning the transient applause of the multitude; that it is not the same thing as notoriety; but that it is growth, or normal development; that it is making the most of one's powers and opportunities; that it is the effort to do good, to make the world a little better place to live in.

"The boy who settles down to make the old folks happy, and the girl who considers that the highest honor of womanhood is to make a loving, thoughtful daughter; a sympathetic, considerate sister; a faithful, unselfish wife; a careful, common-sense mother," may be infinitely more successful than the boys and girls who leave the old farm, go through college, and enter public or commercial life, even if they make a name for themselves.

We are anxious to teach the readers of SUCCESS that neither money, reputation, nor renown constitutes success.



Golden moments slip by the man who stays late in bed

Have a place for everything and learn what comfort is



Victims of vacillation usually become confirmed pessimists

Idlers cannot block the path of the man of vim and vigor

Young people are apt to judge things by appearances, from a superficial standpoint; and, because their names are so much paraded in the press, they get the idea that politicians, great bankers, prominent merchants, and railroad men and manufacturers run the world.

It is not so. People might as well say that the prosperity of a country depends upon the business done in the cities, when the fact is that the very life of the city depends upon the farm. The condition of the crops gauges the market, trade conditions, and the business of the world.

It is not the few great deeds exploited in the newspapers that uplift the world. No, instead of that, it is the ten thousand little sacrifices in the home, the self-abnegation of the burden-bearers, the fathers and mothers who toil and economize that their children may start in life a little less heavily handicapped than they were; the unselfish devotion of the daughters who put aside their own ambitions in order to make home a little brighter for the old folks in their declining years; the fidelity of the hard-working sons who stay on the farm to help pay off the mortgage and save the old homestead.

Such deeds are seldom chronicled in the newspapers; they are too humble and seemingly insignificant to attract the attention of the great, busy world; but they raise manhood and womanhood to the pinnacle of real greatness, of true success.

The Tonic of Good Will Kills Selfishness

THE consciousness of a feeling of good will and love toward others is the most powerful and most healthy tonic in the world. It is a wonderful stimulant, for it enlarges, sustains, and ennobles life. It kills selfishness, and scatters envy and jealousy.

A habit of thinking generously and kindly of everyone has a marvelous power of transforming one's life. It harmonizes all faculties.

Nothing small or mean, stingy or despicable, can exist in a mind holding such thought. It is lifted above the petty differences which are the curse of small, narrow natures. Good will is a great panacea for selfishness; it preserves the freshness of youth, and prevents dryness and barrenness of heart.

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Don't Do It "Just for Now"

MANY young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing things "just for now." They let things drop wherever they happen to be, "just for now," thinking that they will put the book, the tool, the letter, or the article of clothing, later, where it belongs.

When these young people grow up to manhood and womanhood, they find that the habit of putting things down anywhere, "just for now," has become a tyrant that fills their lives with confusion and disorder.

It takes no more time or effort to put a thing where it belongs, in the first place, than it does later,—perhaps less; and the chances are that, if you do not do so at the proper time, you never will.

Even if it costs you a little inconvenience, at the moment, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything at the proper time, the orderly and methodical habits which you cultivate in this way will increase your power and usefulness a hundredfold, and may save you much trouble and mortification in the future.

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Victims of Vacillation

A HABIT of vacillation is most demoralizing to success and character-building. People who are forever weighing and balancing and considering, and never deciding questions until compelled to, are always weaklings. The power of decision, after awhile, becomes perfectly demoralized, and the victim loses not only the confidence in his own judgment, but even the power this gives over men and circumstances.

Undecided people who always suspend judgment, and defer giving opinions, carry a negative atmosphere in their very presence. They inspire doubt in regard to their own ability.

The decided man carries a positive atmosphere. He impresses you with his force and power to do things. His very presence carries confidence and conviction. You feel sure that a man confronts you and not a weakling. He knows what he thinks, and says it; he knows what he wants to do, and does it.

One of the most pitiable of sights is that of a man who is forever hanging in the balance, powerless to fling himself with force on either side.

The great prizes of life are lost by vacillating.

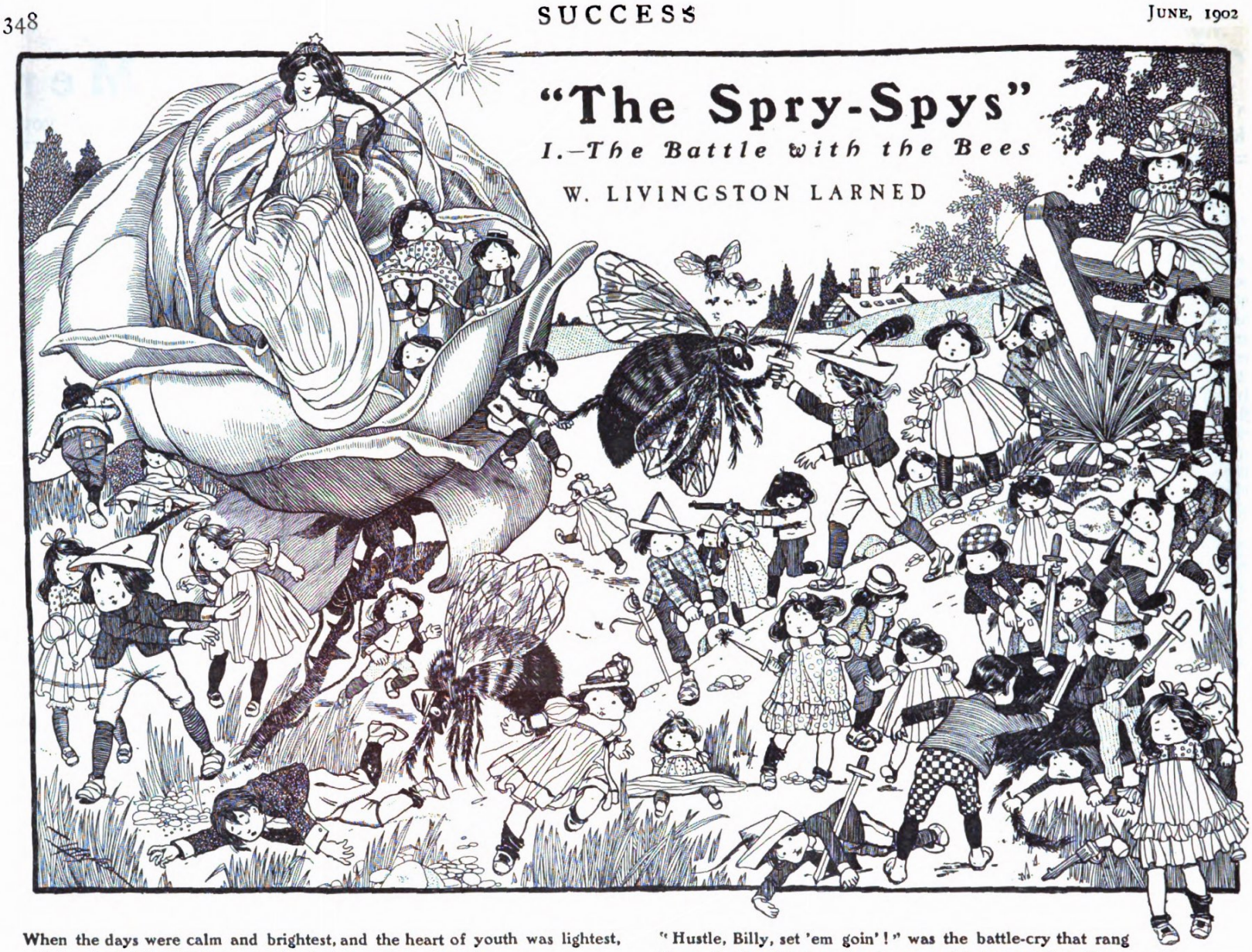
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He Failed Because He Had No Reserves

MANY a business man has come to grief because he lacked a reserve of capital, of discipline, or of knowledge of his business. In good times, when anybody could sell goods, he was all right; but, when a panic came, and his notes were refused at the bank, he went down because he had no reserve of savings or of character.

Shrewd business men are always on the watch for emergencies, financial storms, or panics; they know perfectly well that it takes a very different kind of ship-timber to wrestle with the tempests than it requires in pleasant weather, when there is no strain or stress. It is the man who prepares for an emergency, who keeps his sails trimmed, and his ship in order, that weathers the gale.

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"The Spry-Spys"

I.—The Battle with the Bees

W. LIVINGSTON LARNED

When the days were calm and brightest, and the heart of youth was lightest,
A band of jolly children wandered down a country pike,
Each with paper cap and ruffle, wooden muskets for a scuffle,
For they all were "playin' soldier," and their duty was to strike.

There were "girlies" in this army, standing bravely in the line,
With their dimpled chins uptilted, in a manner simply fine,—
There was valor, there was courage, and it's "Hep! hep! hep!"—
They could keep the rabbits running, but they could n't keep the step.

Oh, the captain was commanding, and the strictest watch demanding,
With his golden curls half tangled in the wind's ecstatic whirl;
He's a Spry-Spy chap at drilling, and his troops are always willing,
And his record in the barnyard made Aunt Sue's wig-thatching curl.
On they marched, till, in the distance, loomed the queerest sort of place,—
It was just a giant rosebud, and it had a fairy face.
"Halt!" the brave commander ordered, as he rubbed his blinking eyes,—
And everyone stood winking at the rose of wondrous size.

Sweet the air with perfume scented, and their sturdy limbs prevented
Thought of flight to find a welcome, but amazement's hold was great;
There—half buried in the luster where the drops, at morning, cluster
Bright as jewels,—smiled a vision of a fairy robed in state.
She was sleeping in the sunshine, with her golden locks unbound,
And she knew not of the Spry-Spys, who, by chance, her home had found.
"Shoulder arms!" the captain shouted, 'mid the noise of fife and drum,—
"We have sought a foe," he thundered, "and the enemy has come!"

With airy wings oncoming, with a noisy buzz and humming,
Was a host of monster bumbles, all striped yellow, black, and gray,
All in fittest mood for stinging, and the summer air was ringing
With the uproar of their war cry,—half the Spry-Spys saw dismay.
Safely nestled in the petals of the great rose, overhead,
Lay the fairy queen, a-sleeping, in her sweetly scented bed.
The Spry-Spys longed to wake her, and have her join their fray,
For a fairy's wand could frighten any bumble band away.

Fierce the conflict was, and swelling to an uproar, when the felling
Of a hapless, brawling bumble filled the atmosphere with woe;
Overhead, the bees were flinging weapons made for savage stinging,
But the Spry-Spy crowd had courage, and met, gallantly, the foe.

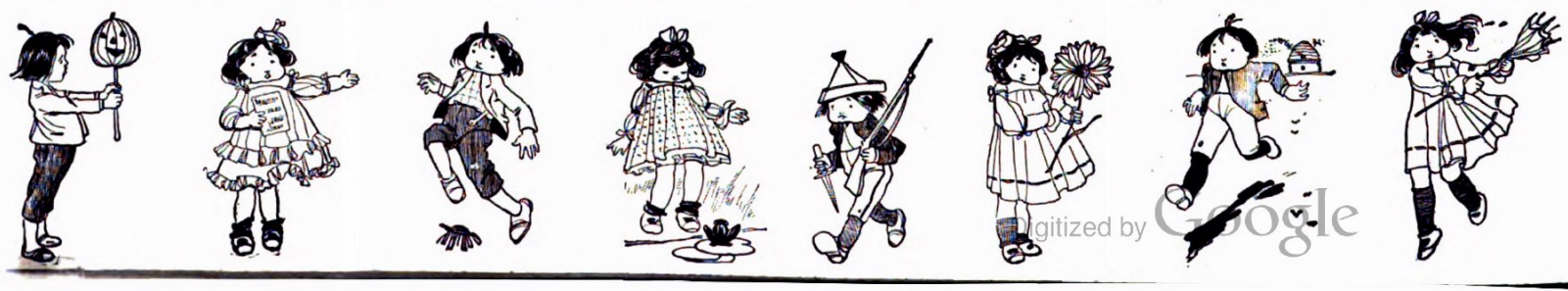
"Hustle, Billy, set 'em goin'!" was the battle-cry that rang
From the bumble-bees in chorus, rushing onward as they sang;
"See! those chaps will rob our rosebud of its richest stock in trade!
They are after all the honey, but we 'll stop their awful raid!"

Spry-Spy was a clever fellow, and he knew the foe in yellow
Was afraid to face the weapon his quick-wittedness devised:
On the ground some dry grass crackled, and a scheme he promptly tackled,
For he struck a match and lit it, while the enemy, surprised,
Caught the inky smoke in billows, sniffed and sneezed, and, in retreat,
Saw the clouds of anguish rising, that meant speediest defeat.
Soon the field was left the victors, though one poor, disheveled bee
Crouched, a captive, in the shadows, by some fairy art's decree.

Weapons then were downward leaping, at the prisoner there creeping,
With his wings strung out behind him, as he shivered in afright;
When a voice, low-tuned and mumbling with the bees' continuous bumbling,
Made the Spry-Spys gather near him, sorry for his awful plight.
"Only promise not to kill me," cried the yellow-girdled one,
"And I 'll lead you to a country heretofore explored by none;
It is far away, deep-hidden in the heart of yonder rose,
And its secrets, safely guarded, not another person knows."

All the Spry-Spys acquiescing, and their eagerness expressing,
Quickly raised the humble bumble till he stumbled to his feet:
"Lead the way!" the captain shouted, and all thought of danger scouted;—
Soon the limping bee had led them to his shadowy retreat.
From the rose a web was swinging, to the topmost petal clinging,
And it formed a perfect ladder to the realms where fairies meet.
First the bumble upward rambled, and the others wildly scrambled
As the spider-web beneath them caught its motion from the breeze;
Soon their lofty perch afforded views of streams their force had forded,
Wrapped about in gladsome sunshine that was filtered by the trees.
On and on, and ever upward, crimson petals brushed aside,
Scarlet, plush-like, bobbing petals, for each soldier bold to stride.
It was joyous! It was splendid! Cheers of childish glee arose,—
They were off to see the fairies, where the rainbow-blossom blows.

[The wonderful exploits of the "Spry-Spys" in Fairyland will be recorded in the July "Success"]



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College Athletics Upbuild Health *and* Courage - *Walter Camp*

The modern method of devoting a part of college life to sport has met with unusual approval

College men take equal interest in developing their bodies *and* their minds, *and* ample time is given for muscular exercise

CARTOONED and caricatured for years as hollow-chested consumptives, college students awoke one day to find themselves portrayed all muscle and no brain. While the transition was not, perhaps, as sudden as this would indicate, it was indeed a very rapid change, and some of those who were wont to look upon students as weaklings were among the most surprised to find that the fashion of drawing them stoop-shouldered and spectacled, burning the midnight oil, had given place to sketching them in athletic attire, with bulging biceps and calves like hams. The truth of the matter is that both sides were exaggerating what they regarded as the weakness of collegians, and their tendency to overdo whatever they took up. Students have always been fair prey for investigators, and always will be. They are herded into a bunch where statistics, such as they are, are not difficult to obtain, and investigators accept any array of figures on the principle that figures never lie.



Vigorous football is now the first of college sports



Rowing has many devotees, because of its lung-development



Walter Camp

It is interesting to discover what was, previous to the introduction of organized athletics, the most interesting occupation of the men who did not devote all their hours to study; for it will certainly be admitted, by even the most rabid opponent of college athletics to-day, that there never was and never will be a time, whether there be athletics or not, when all the men in a university will devote themselves assiduously, throughout their waking hours, to the pursuit of academic studies. It will also be admitted that at no time has it been true, and probably never will it be, that a winner of the Greek or mathematical prize will be cheered or looked upon with anything like the college honors that are bestowed upon a victorious athlete. It is not in human nature for boys from seventeen to twenty-two to become enthusiastic over dry Greek roots, binomial theorems, or logarithms. Hence, to expect that, with athletics out of the way, or very much reduced, the enthusiasm might be directed toward studies, is probably a vain hope. What the non-studious jolly-good-fellow of the olden times did was to drink pretty freely and get into rows. Moreover, even the non-dissipated were continually in town and gown disturbances, and these, alternating with gate-stealing and other pastimes by which the animal spirits were reduced, were the things which really took the place of athletics in using up the time of the men who would not, and who could not, be expected to bury themselves in books all the time.

Students Have Been Made Manly through the Stimulus of Athletic Rivalry

Adolph Holm, in his history of Greece, says that, but for Sparta, the athletic exercises of the Greeks would probably never have existed, and that Sparta appears to have given, in the Olympic Games, that impulse which did so much for Greece. He further implies that, without the Olympic Games, we never should have had Greek sculpture.

While this may be going to the extreme in loading credit upon athletics, and in seeing even more behind this than the average historian may be able to feel was justified, it is certainly true that athletics have helped very much in their contribution to beauty of form and bearing. Even those who are disposed to see but little good in the direction of actual health, brought about by athletics, are, as a rule, ready to admit that, for a time, at least, the athlete is more attractive in appearance to his average fellow beings than the non-athlete.

But there is something besides muscular development that must be taken into consideration. In college athletics, there is a very distinct danger of too much muscular development, and too little—what shall we call it?—mental, or moral. The average man calls it "nerve;" the collegian, "sand." Plenty of big, burly men can be found, and college athletic history, if one could read the real inside of it, would have many names of men who had too much muscle for the amount of nerve, and more brawn than brain, and who lost caste and position through lack of "sand." In developing men in this respect, college athletics have made a satisfactory record. Men who, in the freshman year, were known as "quitters," who, perhaps, came down from school with a reputation of being "sandless," have acquired, through the discipline of the first or second year of sports, a measure of courage and self-reliance that has grown steadily; and, before graduation, they have wiped out the disagreeable impression under which they labored at their entrance. Such men have certainly been made better through the inspiration they have drawn from college sports. It is possible that athletics make some men brutal, but they also make many men manly; and, as a rule, an athlete is clean and courageous, and has a distinctly good influence in his class and college, and in the world after he leaves college.

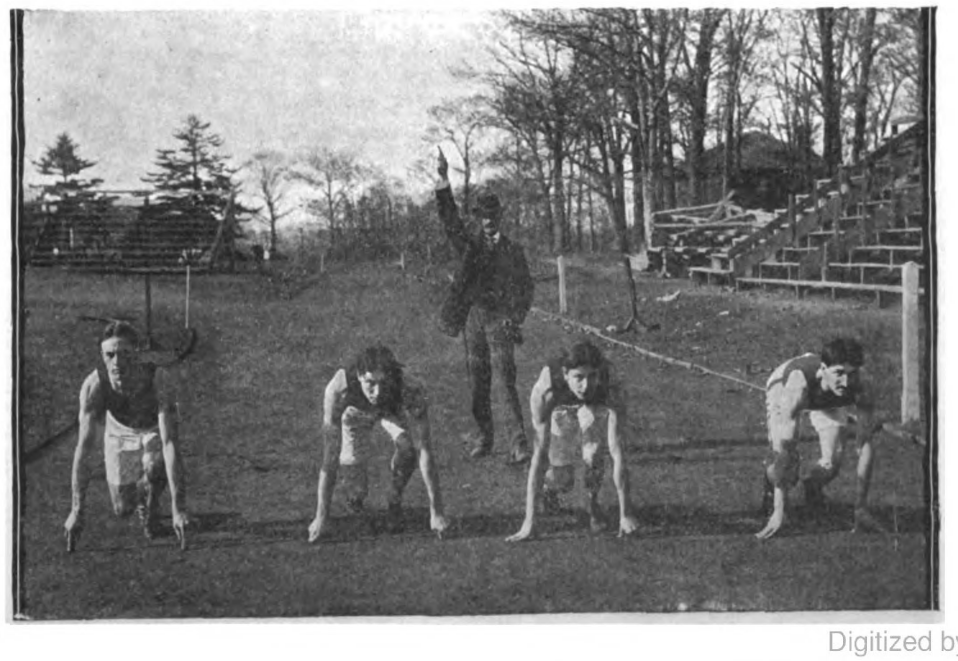
Why does the youth of the present day indulge in athletic sports? What is the good and what is the evil of the indulgence? Finally, can the good be separated from the evil, and all turned to his physical, mental, and moral advantage?

These are the questions which so seriously interest parents, teachers, and, in general, all those who have the welfare of the rising generation at heart. In the confines of such an article as this, it is impossible to take up all the arguments, *pro* and *con*. It is only possible to touch upon some of the reasons, some of the prejudices, and some of the methods. Primarily, it may be said that the question is not a new one. The youth has plenty of precedent established in the history which he reads of Greece and the Olympian Games which originated the civilized era of honest sports.

The Muscular Vigor of the Greeks Was largely Responsible for Their Power

A great many references have been made at times to the way in which the Greeks viewed athletic distinction, and much has been said and written over the revival of this in modern times; for it is not improbable, and certainly seems a fair supposition, that, in those days, there was much the same difficulty continually presenting itself as in these; namely, how to make a distinction between what was really good in the development of athleticism, and what was harmful. It is quite true that, much as the Greeks valued athletic prowess, they did not hold professional athletics in the very highest honor, and many of the writers in those days were inclined to denounce the race of athletes. One of the best authorities of Cambridge University, England, has commented upon this, and has called attention to the fact that Euripides denounces the race of athletes in strong language, and that there were other signs at that time that the danger of their excessive cultivation was being recognized. The enthusiasm of Homer and Pindar, though undoubtedly strong, he writes, had become weak in the days of Pericles. Further, it is called to mind that Plato's views carefully

Track contests, which begin in winter, are eagerly undertaken by all students



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distinguished between the gymnastic training of the professional athlete and that of the free-born citizen, and he was not without sympathizers in calling attention to the fact that the habit of body cultivated by the trained fighters in the palæstra was a sleepy kind of regimen producing a precarious state of health.

The five contests, or *pentathlon*, which were in such great favor in Greece, consisted of exercises supposed to develop all the muscles of the body. The winners in these exercises were regarded in a far higher light than any winner of our present "all-round" athletic championships. The five contests consisted of leaping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, and running and wrestling. The first three exercises were accompanied by the sound of a flute. Since victory in three was a majority, the fifth contest, wrestling, was not nearly as commonly resorted to as one might have believed. It is likely that the leaping in the *pentathlon* was what we would call the standing long jump, and was performed with dumb-bells. Discus-throwing is indulged in today, and that was undoubtedly a throw for distance, while the spear-throwing involved accuracy. *Pancratium* was the Greek boxing and wrestling combined, and unquestionably this sport was more brutal than anything we have today. The fists and arms were bound with leather, and in such a way as to make the blow unusually severe. It was by no means extraordinary for a victor to win by dislocating the limbs of an adversary, or by suffocating him by means of holds similar to what are now known in wrestling as the strangle holds, or to injure him in some way so as to make him entirely incapable of continuing the conflict. The addition of chariot races and horse races to the Olympic Games, the former at the time of the twenty-fifth Olympiad, made the affairs more spectacular, and as undoubtedly more sure of popular favor. The games lost some of their strictly athletic character by this addition. It is probable that, in the running contests, the earliest of the competitors contested in running once the length of the *stadium*, six hundred Greek feet. This would compare very closely with our present sprint races. Later, other races were added, in which the length of the course was passed over twelve, twenty, or twenty-four times, thus bringing in running similar to our long-distance running. The competitors were naked, and their bodies were anointed with oil. In the wrestling bouts, the winner was obliged to throw his opponent three times.

Thus it will be seen that these contests of the Olympiads were not so far removed from our present athletics, and that much of the same questioning arose as to their full value.

When the athletic wave was first started in our colleges, it made little headway. What they really had to sweep aside was not an undue devotion to studies, but a devotion to all sorts of disorder. Professor E. L. Richards, a Yale mathematician, some years ago plotted a curve based on the record of disorders in the college in old times, before the introduction of organized athletics, and in later days, since the sports took very prominent place in the life of a college man. The curve distinctly showed that disorders had decreased very materially, and Professor Richards ascribes this fact to the new outlet for animal spirits, as well as to the restraining influence caused by the authority of the captains over the candidates of the various teams. It is interesting to trace the history of football, from the date when it was only an excuse for a rush between freshmen and sophomores, when the challenges which passed between the two parties were couched in rather inflammatory language, down to modern times, when method has replaced madness and almost the same number of carefully trained athletes make a team as formerly filled an entire class.

It has been contended that some of the physical injuries suffered by those who, in modern times, enter into college sports, are so serious as to make it advisable to discontinue certain of these sports. This has been more strongly argued in the case of football than of any of the other sports, although, in England, there have been some bitter complaints of the Oxford-Cambridge boat races. Investigation into the future history of the men who represented teams and crews has, however, failed to show anything like the serious results predicted by the timid. The investigation made by Dr. Morgan, in England, showing that the charges were greatly overdrawn, still stands as an exhaustive research into the lives of men who represented these two great universities in their final struggles on the Thames. A similar investigation of American football carried on by a committee of gentlemen in New York, some years ago, brought out the same result.



Golf has many advantages for an athlete

There are many, however, who say that the good and the evil could be separated by having fewer contests, and by conducting the athletic games more for sport than for glory. This is an excellent theory, but in practice it does not work with the American boy or young man, who demands the spur of contest. He cares too much, perhaps, for the result; but, if there were no result in sight, he would do something else. If he could not defeat a rival on the field or on the river, he would still seek for something to beat him at, and it might be the number of bottles he could drink, (at least that was by no means unusual in the olden times,) or he might try him at cards, or he might do a dozen other things which would be really less satisfactory, in the long run, than to have him over-enthusiastic for victory in outdoor sports. To overcome such dissipations, athletics are encouraged.

The management of these athletic sports differs in various schools and universities, but the general principle of it, as established in the universities, is for the main body of students to elect a manager, subject, perhaps, to the approval of a graduate committee, and for that manager to be responsible for the financial running of the sport and general business arrangements. Very often he acts with or under a graduate treasurer. A captain, in any branch, is usually elected by the men who have fought with him, as it were; that is, by the men who have taken part in the important contests of the previous year.

There are many methods of general government of athletics, the most typical being two. The first of these is where the undergraduates are in sole control, subject only to the advice of graduates, and such authority as the powers of the university would exact in any matters, whether athletic or non-athletic. The other type is that of a committee where graduate or faculty representation places the undergraduates in the minority.

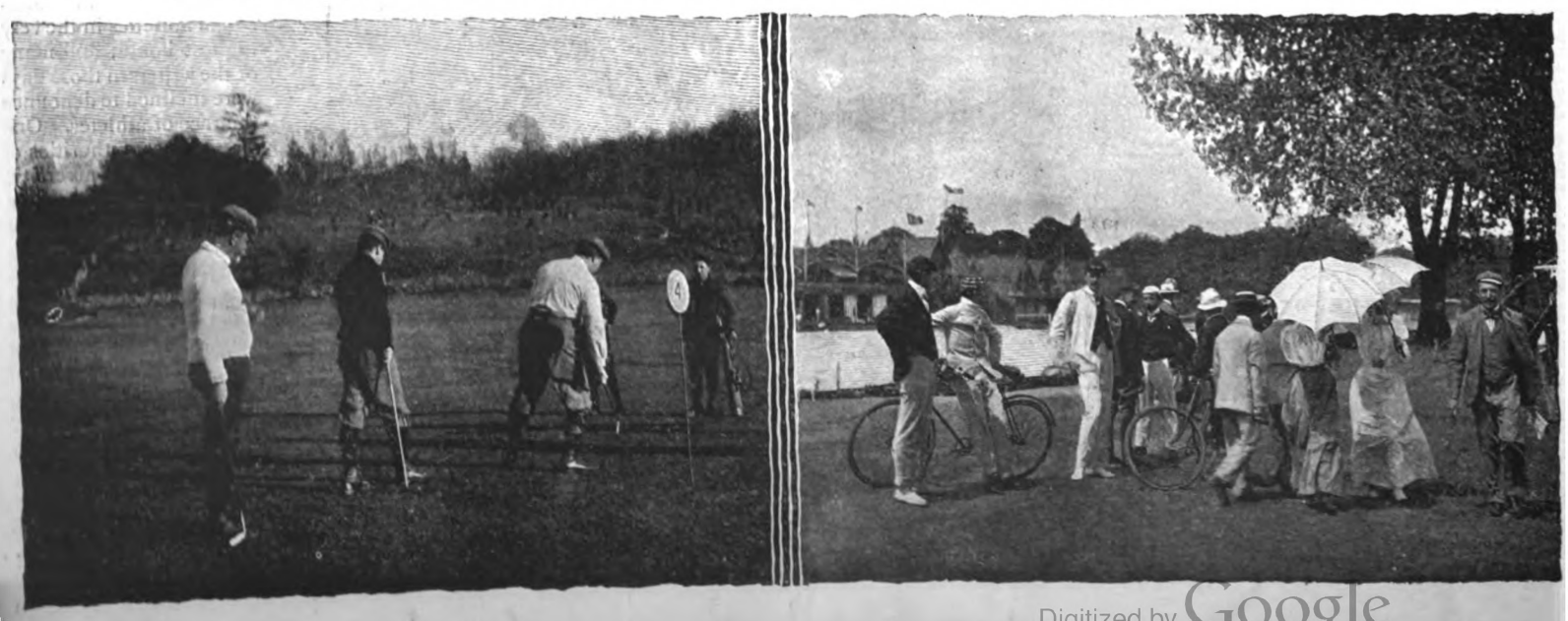
Athletics have made the college man a new figure in the world. Their main purpose is to develop muscle, but the combination of exercise and study makes men of deed and daring

It is interesting also to get some idea of how a young man in college is made into what is seen by a spectator at a football game, a boat race, a baseball match, or a track contest.

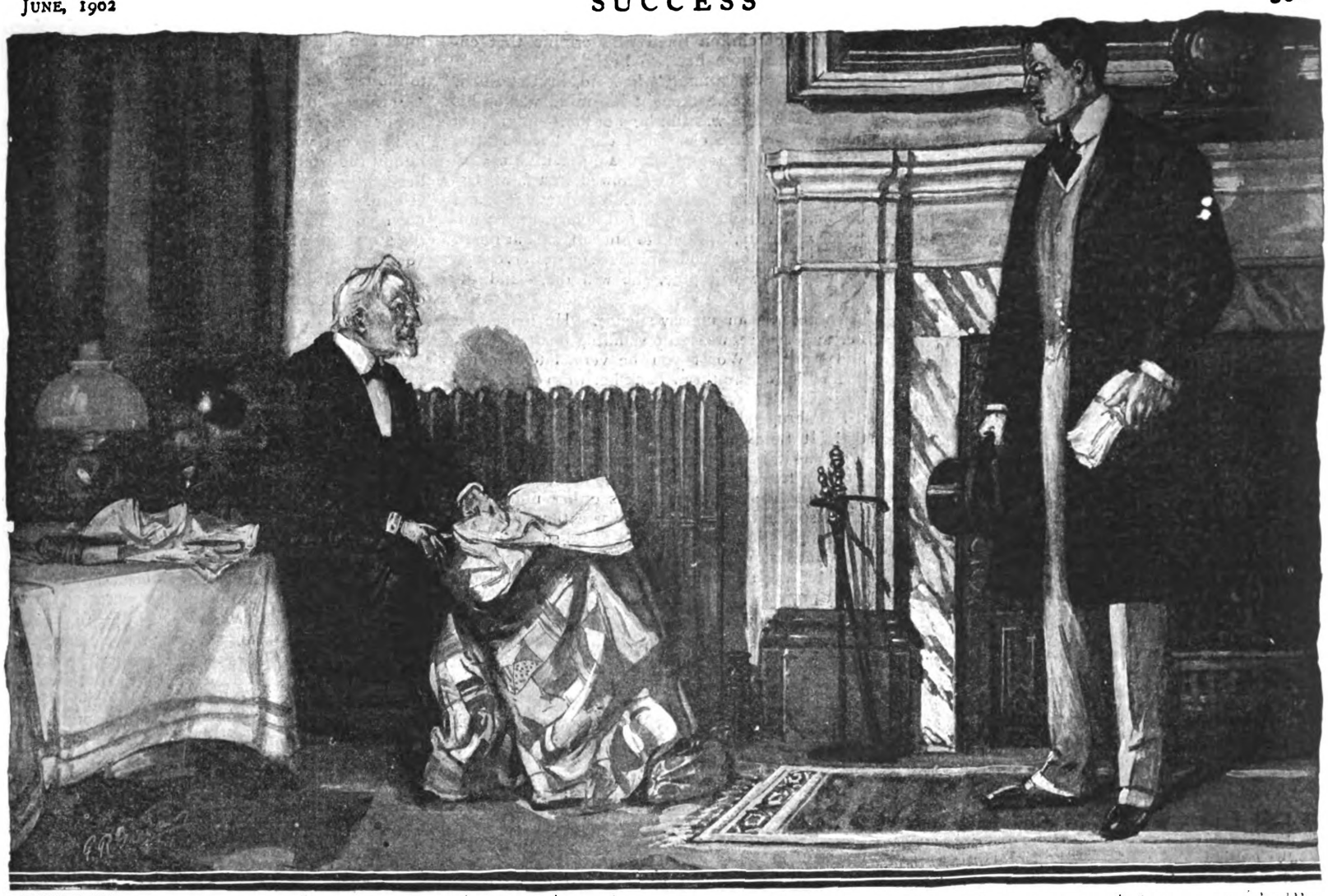
In football, the work generally begins, in the spring, with a little kicking of the ball and some general exercises by no means very severe, lasting through a few weeks, two or three hours a week, or, perhaps, an hour a day. Just before college opens in the fall, the most promising candidates are called back, and then begins the serious work of the season, which lasts only two months. During the early warm days, the men are not lined up; that is, they do not contend in a regular game, but are simply put through such general work as kicking, catching, falling on the ball, and the like. When it begins to get a little cooler, and the men are more seasoned, they line up; that is, regular contests are indulged in, at first for only five minutes, then increased to ten minutes in a few days, and, later, to fifteen minutes. Contests with outside teams begin very soon after the season opens; but here, too, the amount of time, which, in a regular game of full length, would be two thirty-five minute halves, is shortened

[*Concluded on pages 371 and 372*]

"Out in the bright, green fields, we find the fresh, new air that builds up every joy and hope, that crushes every care"



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"Securities?" he sneered, handing them back; "you may call them securities, but I call them dead cats. Not a penny! Is that all?"

Garlan and Company

A Wall Street Story

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS



David Graham Phillips

IN New York, the wine of prosperity ran in the streets, and the intoxication of audacious adventure saturated the air. Lean years and their lessons were forgotten; the talk was all of making and spending large sums of money. The market places were yielding rich spoils, which were being poured out for new and grander palaces, for pictures and statuary and tapestries, for splendid entertainments, and for equipages, gowns, and jewels. Out-of-town people stood agape before the endless panorama of prodigal luxury.

This was the hour chosen by Fate for an ironic blow at Garlan and Company. Young Garlan, the senior partner by inheritance, had foreseen the coming good times. He cast aside the maxims of prudence on which his father built up the great firm. Dragging his disheveled but exhilarated older partners with him, he ventured boldly. In his overconfidence he miscalculated, and what should have been a dazzling success proved a hopeless failure.

He was on his way up Fifth Avenue to play his last card. If he could tide over the next five days, he would win, and the stock certificates and bonds on the seat of the carriage beside him would be worth three millions, at least; if not, they would be worth several hundred thousand less than nothing at all. Surely old Masham would see the advantages of "tiding him over,"—if not as a business proposition, then, certainly, as a matter of sentiment. It seemed absurd to think of sentiment in connection with the coldest as well as richest money-lender in New York; but was not Frederick Masham Garlan his namesake? Had not his father and Masham been "Nat" and "Joe" together in the village up on the Canadian border? Had they not come to New York together and for half a century fought side by side, or back to back, as the posture of the battle made expedient?

In very cold weather Masham no longer ventured down town. So young Garlan, with his hopes—he refused to harbor doubts,—and his securities, was going to the big, bare house that looked as if it had been taken for debt, when partly furnished, and never finished. A sickening sense of doubt, of fear, came over him at the first glimpse of that cheerless hall and of the overworked, underpaid old woman who opened the door. He remembered the last time he had seen the old man,—two years before, when, after repeatedly warning Garlan that he liked neither his business methods nor his private conduct, he had gone to his office to withdraw his account. "I never expected to live to see the banking house of Nat Garlan changed into a gambling den, and changed by his son," he had said. Garlan had laughed contemptuously at the "old fogy" then; he still believed that Masham's prejudices rather than sound judgment had dictated the denunciation, but—"He must, he must let me have the money," Garlan said, setting his jaw against forebodings as he waited for the rheumatic maid to toil up the stairs with his card.

He heard old Masham's voice,—it came from above with a fateful, sepulchral echo, and said: "H'm! That young gambler!—show him up."

Garlan's hopes fluttered on the verge of flight as he ascended. At sight of the old man they fled. In rusty broadcloth, with a faded quilt wrapped about his weazened legs, he was seated before a radiator. His cracked and shriveled skin was of the color and texture of his leather chair. "And what do *you* want?" He always began an interview with that question. No one ever came to see him except to ask for something, and he wished to save loss of time in beating about the bush.

"I've brought some securities on which I wish to borrow half a million." Garlan tried to keep despair and desperation out of his voice. He extended the bundle toward Masham.

Masham looked sourly at him for several seconds before reaching out his yellow, clawlike hand. He ran his eye over the titles. "Securities?" he sneered, handing them back; "*you* may call them securities, but *I* call them dead cats. Not a penny! Is that all?"

Garlan's face was gray, his lips purple, and there were deep circles under his eyes. He stood there, young and straight, with imagination and sentiment as well as shrewdness and boldness, and sensitiveness also, in the lines of his features. So crushed was he that the insult made no impression upon him. "I must have the money, or we are ruined," he said. "You know that, in any other than the extraordinary circumstances of the moment, I could easily realize on these. You know that, within a week, they will be worth more than their face."

"Ruined, eh?" Masham's voice was hard and triumphant. For two years he had been prophesying ruin for young Garlan, and he felt and showed the pious joy of a vindicated prophet. "Ruined, eh? I thought so; and you want me to foot the bills of your little fling." His dry, crackling laugh was as sure and merciless in its reach as the knife of a skilled vivisectionist.

Garlan's athletic shoulders drooped. He was staring over the old man's head into a black abyss. He felt the ground sinking beneath his feet. He tried to wet his dry lips with his dry tongue. Then he succeeded in articulating the words that cut into the very heart of his pride,—"For my father's sake."

Masham lifted himself in his chair and began shrieking at him. "For your father's sake? You impudent young puppy! If your father were here, he'd be the first man to indorse what I'm doin'. You've sinned away yer day o' grace. An' ye don't get none o' my hard-earned money to throw after yer father's fortune an' his name,—yes, you young spendthrift, an' my name, too!"

The old man's English returned to the dialect of his youth as his temper rose. Garlan quivered, and drew himself up haughtily. "You are insulting! I have disgraced no one, sir."

"No, I don't suppose you do call it disgrace. But what is disgrace, I want to know, if bankruptcy ain't, if wastefulness ain't, if squanderin' other people's money in gamblin' an' high livin' ain't? You, with that horde of houses an' servants, an' that there wife o' your'n bein' gabbled about in the papers for parties and clothes an' diamon's! Disgrace! No, I don't suppose either one o' you calls it disgrace."

Garlan stalked from the room to escape from the insults to his wife, and heard the last sentence as he was descending. Yet, at the foot of the stairs, the horror of his situation swept over him, and he paused debating whether or not to return

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and make one last effort. "It's no use," he decided, and pride had no part in the conclusion.

He entered his carriage, and it whirled up the avenue. He always drove at a great pace, and, as his "turn-out" was perfect to the smallest details of boots and buttons, he attracted much attention. But that day the admiring or envious or curious glances from humbler vehicles and the sidewalks did not tickle his vanity. He shrank into the corner, feeling like a fraud, an adventurer. "To-morrow," he said, "I shall be found out, degraded, jeered at. How they will laugh as they remember how I drive by to-day."

The carriage drew up at the curb, and he awakened from his absorption in his imminent humiliations, business and social. A footman sprang from the box, another hurried down the steps, and the two, with serious faces, as if their work were arduous and important, assisted each the other at opening the carriage door. Garlan glanced at them, then up the steps where two more men-servants, also with serious, anxious faces, were waiting to perform the laborious and grave duties of bowing him into the house and helping him out of his wraps. Theretofore this performance and its like had pleased him,—had seemed a necessary part of the station which he thought he occupied. That day, however, he saw it from a new view-point. "Four —with the coachman, five,—great, strapping fellows," he thought, "degrading themselves and helping to debase me! I'm no better than they. How hollow it all is! I wonder what I do really count for, really amount to,—I, stripped of my pompous livery? If it were not for her,—"

He looked at the butler, who was standing with eyes respectfully downcast. "Is madam in?"

"No, sir. She went out in the victoria, half an hour ago, sir. She said she'd return at five o'clock, sir."

Garlan was relieved. He reflected a moment. Should he tell her that night? No, it would not help matters, and would prevent her from sleeping. "Please tell her," he said to the butler, "that I wish to be excused from dinner. And,—I do not wish to be disturbed, as I shall be very busy."

He locked himself in his study,—immediately behind the small reception room to the left, on the entrance floor. At eight, he had part of the dinner brought to him; at half past eight, he rang for the servant to take away the tray. Then he resumed his "work,"—toiling away at a turmoil of memories and forebodings, wandering aimlessly and drearily from might-have-beens to must-bes and back again. The burden of it all was how to tell her, how she would "take" it, and what could be done for or with her in that impossible hereafter. He had not given her or permitted her to get the slightest hint of what was coming. Poverty for himself was tragic enough. Poverty for her—or anything but luxury that would leave no fancy ungratified,—was unthinkable.

Toward nine o'clock there was a faint knock. He recognized it, but did not answer. "Usually she goes away when I pretend not to hear," he said to himself. But the knock came again,—timid, yet persistent. "Perhaps she suspects,—has heard something somewhere." He felt that it would be a relief for her to begin the talk he was dreading and postponing. He opened the door. "You?" he exclaimed, feigning surprise.

"Yes,—may I come in,—for a moment only?" asked his wife, advancing into the room.

"What can I do for you?" As he asked the question, it flashed into his mind that old Masham's way of beginning a conversation had become his own. He had not thought of this before,—and yet he used it even toward his wife.

"I don't want anything," she said, impatiently; "at least,"—with a smile,—"only a compliment. How do you like me in your present?" she inquired, turning round and round to exhibit the beautiful wrap of chiffon lined with ermine that enswathed her from neck to heels.

"It is very becoming," he said, in a strained, absent voice. She thought his mind was on his business, but he was thinking of her,—fragile, yet healthy, her skin clear and dark, her features, especially her eyes and forehead, sensitive and intelligent. The blue veins showed in a faint, fascinating tracery on her cheeks, shoulders, and bosom. "A typical product of luxury, utterly unfit for adversity," he said to himself, sick at heart. "Only a hothouse could produce or preserve such a plant. She will pine, she will die,—and die hating me."

There was an uneasy silence. He longed for her to go. He was still standing near the door, and said: "Won't you be very late for the opera?" But she threw back her wrap and seated herself.

She shrugged her shoulders. "What does it matter? It bores me to think of going, almost as much as it bores me to think of sitting at home alone. It seems to me that life is a terribly silly and tiresome farce. There is either nothing to do or something that seems worse than nothing. Everything looks so well and tastes so flat or bitter! But I suppose you don't understand or sympathize,—you have your work, your career, your great projects and triumphs."

He winced, and, on the pretext of lighting a cigarette, moved where she could not see his face.

"But,"—she threw up her arms and let them drop. If he had been watching her closely, he would have observed that her eyes were feverish and that she was under a strain. "I'm so horribly bored. I don't blame you in the least for preferring your work. No, don't interrupt me, for I know what you would say, about keeping and adding to the fortune necessary to maintain this," and she waved her hand about the handsomely furnished room, typical of the whole house. "But you can't wonder that so many women, placed as I am, rush off into,—into all sorts of things."

She paused, rose, and stretched out her arms in a queer mock appeal. "Save me, Frederick, or I perish!" she exclaimed. "Save me from my bored self!" She uttered a laugh, but there was a tremble in it and a sort of gasp—or was it a sob?—at the end.

He smiled to himself bitterly. "How she'd welcome such boredom," he thought, "if she could choose between it and the consequences of what will happen to-morrow!" To her he said: "Now you can sweep grandly and comfortably away to the opera. You've eased your mind. As if luxury and idleness were not as the breath of your nostrils to you! I wish I could go with you; but I must beg off, this evening. I'm very busy, and I must go to bed soon. I'll need my best brain to-morrow,—and need it early."

"Busy,—always busy!" she interrupted, holding out her wrap to him. "You have time for everybody except your friends,—and your wife." As he put the wrap about her shoulders and kissed her gently on the hair, she turned and looked up at him. "Won't you come?" she pleaded. "I need you this evening; and, if you will, I'll cut the supper at Mrs. Preston's and come home with you."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. The very idea of facing all those people in the opera house gave him a shock. "Go and enjoy yourself while you can."

A reckless look came into her eyes. "Good night," she said. "Don't forget,—you wouldn't come, though I begged you. Good night. I'm going where I'm welcome."

Alone again, he turned down the lights and threw himself on the divan against the folding doors that separated the study from the reception room. His brain was aching, and pain and weariness throbbed through his veins to every part of his body. He lay for an hour or more without motion, and then fell asleep. He was awakened by voices heard faintly but clearly through the thick door between him and the reception room.

"But—I,—you know how I care for you,—more than for anyone else,—so much so that I think only of you,—" It was a man's voice, Morrill's. He had been at the house a great deal of late.

"There,—there,—that will do," came the answer, in his wife's voice. "I invited you in here out of the cold through mercy, not to hear a confession. Sheep-dogs must not bite, and must be most careful how they bark; and, when they have put the sheep safely into the fold, they must trot quietly and respectably home."

Garlan smiled. "Good girl, Harriette! She can take care of herself."

"Harriette,—dear!" At these words, uttered by Morrill in a tone that certainly seemed sincere, Garlan made ready to leap up and drive him from the house; but he sank back, as his wife replied:—

"I suppose I ought to silence you or send you away. But,—I wonder,—do you really care? No, I don't want you to protest. But,—oh, I don't know what I want."

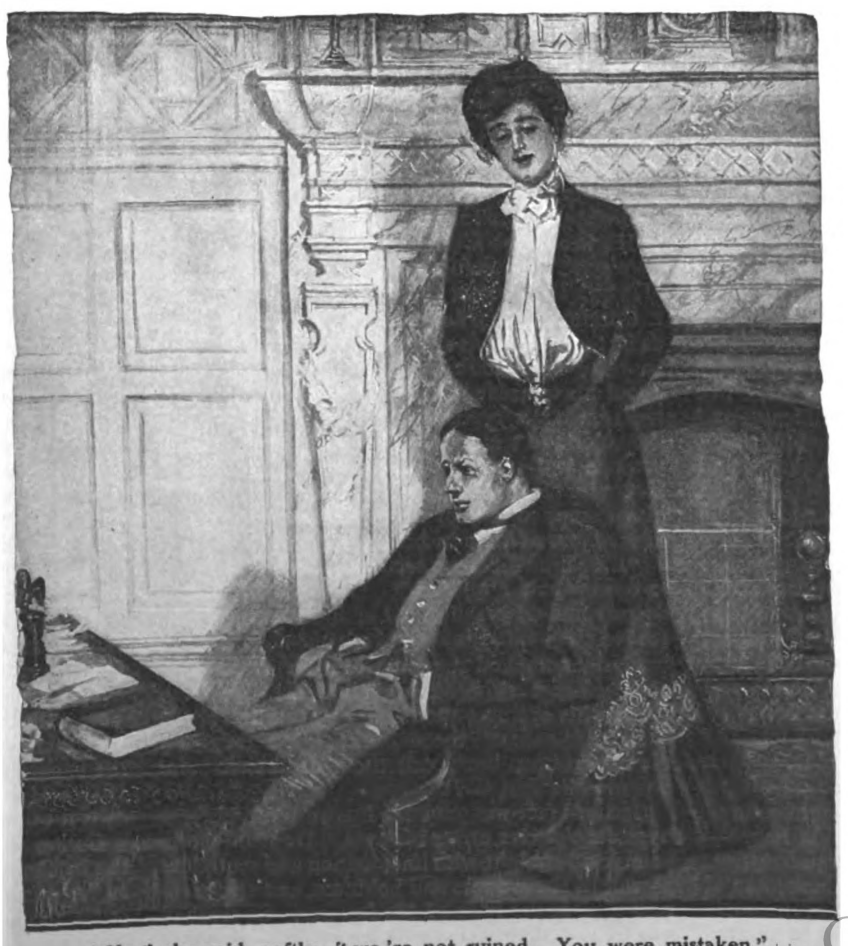
"You're everything to me. It breaks my heart to have you so lonely and sad. I know you've never felt or received real love,—the love that understands, that is always about one like air. Had you shown anyone else ["I'm 'anyone else,'" thought Garlan, in a fury at the youth and ardor and conviction in Morrill's voice.] even what you've shown me of your true self, I should never have had the chance,—for it is a chance, isn't it?"

"I,—I don't know. I think not." Harriette spoke regretfully, as if she wished she could say that she thought "yes."

"There *is* a chance," insisted Morrill. "I shall wait and hope and try to deserve you; and I shall win you! I want to make you happy,—honorably happy."

"Happy?" she interrupted, and her voice was so sad that it arrested her husband's rising anger. "If I could believe that, or half of it! I thought once before that I was to be happy, for I was promised happiness just as faithfully as you seem to be promising it now. Don't think I blame anyone, ["I'm 'anyone!'" thought Garlan.] for I don't. It must be my temperament,—or something else. All I know is that I'm so bored all the time, and miserable most of the time, that I think I must fly."

"I can and will make you happy." Morrill spoke with enthusiasm. "Free yourself, Harriette! A year,—less, even,—and you can be free; free to start life again. No matter what you decide to do afterwards, you owe it to yourself to free yourself. You cannot, you ought not, to live on in this way."



"No," she said, softly, "we're not ruined. You were mistaken."

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A train of thought, like powder on fire, flashed across Garlan's mind. "I'm ruined. She will desert me; and why not? What right have I to hold her back. It is all my fault,—all,—all!" He realized that, while he had been deceiving himself into believing he did not look to her in this crisis, he in reality had been relying upon her—her love, her sympathy,—as the last, but the strong bulwark between him and utter despair. It seemed to him that there was an explosion in his head, as if the fiery powder-train had touched the great central magazine. He gave a loud cry and became unconscious.

When he returned to his senses, he again heard voices,—his wife's and Morrill's. But the voices were near him and the room was flooded with light.

"I say, go!" his wife was commanding.

"And I say, I will not," Morrill replied. "I must bear it with you. It was my fault. Besides, why should I sneak away? I am neither ashamed nor afraid."

Garlan drew himself to a sitting position, and, with his handkerchief, wiped away the dampness of the cold water that had been put on his forehead. "You are right," he said, gently, to Morrill; "stay! There is no cause for shame or fear to anyone here,—except—me." Then he turned to his wife. "Will you leave us? Do n't think I'm reproaching you. A few weeks ago,—yes, a few days ago, I should have—have,—but no matter. Please leave me, until to-morrow, won't you?" He got upon his feet a little unsteadily.

She came near him and looked up at him anxiously, very pale and wide-eyed. "Frederick,—you do n't believe that I—I,—"

"No, dear; no." He smiled, sadly. "Indeed I do n't. I would have trusted you, I do trust you, absolutely." He lifted her right hand to his lips and led her to the door.

Morrill nerved himself for a storm; he felt that Garlan had been merely displaying unusual capacity for self-control. "What an influence she must have over him," he thought, "that he is able to restrain himself!" When she had gone, Garlan, who had been looking after her down the hall, closed the door, and, with his face still inscrutable, said: "Be seated, please. You'll find cigars and cigarettes at your elbow."

"Thanks, no," said Morrill, and he waited for the other to begin.

"I shan't detain you long," Garlan began. "I merely wish to reassure myself about you." He studied Morrill's face carefully and calmly. "I've always had a good opinion of you," he went on, "and, listening to you a few minutes ago,"—this with a trace of irony in his cold voice,—"I got a still more favorable impression, not of you, but of your sincerity. Even in my present humble state, it can hardly be expected that I should approve this—custom—of young men proposing to young women who are still hampered, let us say, by husbands. But I do n't especially blame you in the circumstances. I'm in a mood to see things clearly, or queerly, as you please. My wife encouraged you, and I drove my wife away from me. As you've seen during the last few months,—and I must say you showed it plainly in your face all along,—I've been a very poor excuse of a husband."

Morrill shifted uneasily in his chair. Had Garlan gone mad?

"I see you do n't understand," Garlan continued. "The point is that I am a ruined man. To-morrow we go into bankruptcy,—a ghastly wreck. I do not wish my wife to suffer on my account. I had the chance with her, but I threw it away. To be brief, I propose to free her."

"But she will never desert you in those circumstances!" Morrill exclaimed.

Garlan looked at him coldly. "I propose to free her," he repeated.

Morrill looked at him in a puzzled way. Suddenly he grew pale. "You do n't mean—" he said, slowly.

Garlan seemed not to have heard him. "If it should ever happen," he went on, in a monotonous voice, looking straight ahead of him, "that you should have the chance to make some woman happy, I hope, for your own sake as well as for hers, you won't forget this lesson. The time may come, the time will come, when all the material things, the things men most value and seek, will fall to pieces, when you will turn for support to the things that have seemed weak and small, the sentimental things to which, it may be, in your pride and arrogance, you have thought yourself superior. When that crisis shall come,—and it



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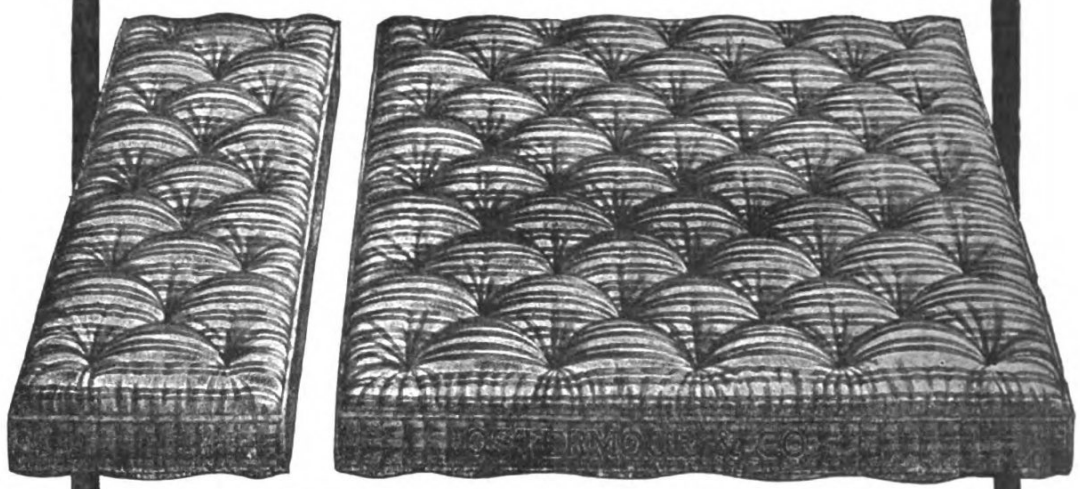
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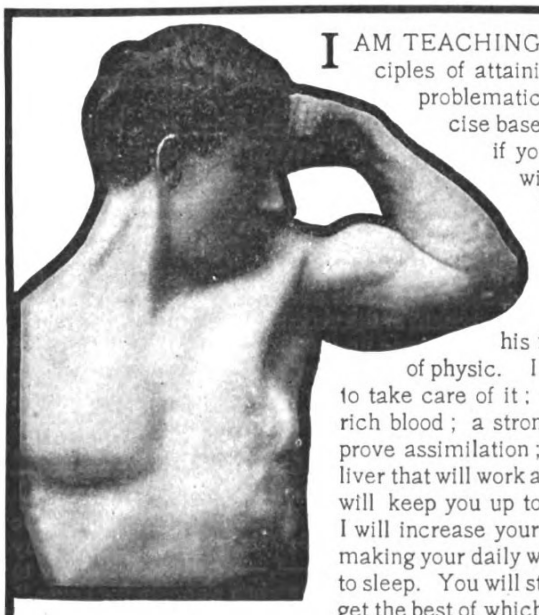
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Morrill's eyes filled with tears. "You seem much older than I, to-night," he said, "but you're not; and I can't help saying that I don't think you ought to let yourself be crushed by this one blow. Other men have failed and have recovered. You will recover and be stronger and better than ever before."

"You are very kind." Garlan's sarcasm was not concealed. "And now, I shall not detain you longer."

He accompanied Morrill to the front door. "Good night!" he said.

"One moment, please!" Morrill spoke earnestly, impulsively. "It's she; what you overheard, I'm sure. I must say it; it's only honorable that I should. I'm convinced, now, by a thousand things I didn't think important before, that she never has cared and never could care for me, but that it's you she cares for; that it's been your neglect—"

"Good night!" Garlan shut the door sharply.

When back in his study, the young man locked the door, and dropped into a chair near the fire. Hope? Recovery? With everything he and she had lived for since childhood swept away? Impossible. He had played the game and lost. He had manhood enough, surely, not to stake his wife,—his wife who was longing to be free. When she knew the truth concerning him, learned of the bankruptcy, the destruction of the great name his father had built up, the wiping out of the great fortune, and that nothing was left but a long and bitter struggle in poverty and obscurity,—

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. How well he knew it! How many times he had answered its timid insistence with an impatient, almost discourteous intimation that he did not wish to be disturbed! He turned, opened his lips to answer, sighed, and turned again to the fire. The knock came once more, and, after an interval, a third time. A long pause ensued, and then he heard a faint rustling, as of a woman moving reluctantly, and there was silence.

"Masham was right," he reflected, "except about her. It's all my fault,—vanity, folly, stupidity." He went to his desk and drew out the top drawer as far as possible. From the last compartment he took a pistol.

"Why not?" he said. "Yes,—it is the sensible way. Everyone will approve, and the whole score will be wiped out. And—I shall not have to tell her,—to see her."

At this he put the pistol back into the drawer. "It would be sheer cowardice to do it to-night," he said. "But to-morrow,—"

At nine o'clock, the next morning, he telephoned to his partners that he could not join them at the wreck until noon. It was half past ten when his wife came down, dressed for a drive, her maid following with her furs, and the butler and two footmen waiting in the hall with lap-robes and extra wraps and foot-warmers and carriage boots. Harriette always drove in a victoria, no matter how cold it might be.

"May I drive with you?" he said, coming suddenly from his study.

She was pale and worn, but at sight of him her face brightened. "Why! I inquired early this morning, and they told me you had gone."

"I did not wish you to be disturbed," he said. "You are not well,—I can see that; perhaps the drive will do you good." His manner and tone were gentle and most friendly, but she could not decide whether he was sincere or was feigning for the benefit of the servants.

They drove up the east side to Central Park and halfway back without speech beyond a few commonplaces. As they neared the Fifty-ninth Street entrance, he said to the coachman: "Home, John!" then to her, in a low voice: "I have some news, some very bad news indeed. I can spare you—or, rather, myself,—no longer."

She looked at him appealingly, but, before she could speak, he added: "It concerns myself,—my own affairs. Only I—I,—it will be a surprise to you! But I will tell you when we are in the house."

As the carriage stopped at their door, a boy with a bundle of papers went by, shouting: "Uxtree! Garlan and Company's big smash!"

She had just risen from the seat. She fell back into it. The servants, amazed, terrified by that stentorian shout, had eyes only for the boy.

"My dear,—remember!" Garlan's voice was

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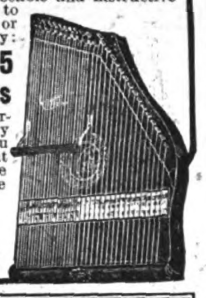
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gentle and calm. It reminded her, at once, that the world was watching. She recovered herself instantly, and smiled brightly at him. "Buy a paper, Frederick," she said. "No, let one of the servants bring it." Then she walked up the steps as unconcernedly as if the routine of her life was undisturbed.

Frederick waited at the door while the butler bought the paper. A crazy-looking man, with long, ragged whiskers, paused and shook his fist at the group,—the servants in livery surrounding the tall, distinguished young ex-millionaire. "Look at him! Look at the impudence of him!" shrieked the "crank," to the gathering crowd. "There he is,—the robber,—the trampler of the poor,—the miserable Wall Street gambler and thief! See his carriage and all these pampered menials. Bah!"—and he showed his teeth and shook his fists in fantastic fury.

The crowd laughed. "Go it, old man!" shouted one,—"soak him!" The newsboy, scenting business, redoubled his cries. "All about it! Only one cent! Here's yer ux-tree!"

Garlan entered his door and the servants closed it He was calm, but they were so unnerved that they dropped in succession his hat, coat, and gloves. He went into his study, where his wife was waiting.

"Is that the news?" she began, her tone as if the door were still open and the servants listening.

"Yes." He glanced at the huge, black headlines,—"A Two-Million-Dollar Smash!" etc., etc., then tossed the paper on the table. "The newspapers anticipated me." He threw himself into a chair. "Ruin!" he said; "it's all gone,—everything,—everything."

"All?"

"Yes,—all. If I start again, it must be from the bottom,—no, below it. There'll be several hundred thousands of debts; but, thank God, it's fixed so that no one except me will be smashed."

"You'd be sure to see to that."

He looked at her, wondering at her tranquil tone. "Of course it's only words to her," he thought. "She doesn't in the least understand, yet." Then he began to talk slowly, much as if he were explaining an intricate matter to a child. "It's not easy to tell you. You'll have to give up all—this,—except, of course, your personal effects, and your property that I had charge of. I took it out of the business as soon as I saw there was an uncertainty."

"But I thought you said everything was gone."

He flushed. "And so it is. But,—I didn't mean that I'd been speculating with your money. There isn't any dishonor,—"

"Didn't you put back my share, too?"

"How could I?" He looked away and grew red. "That's hypocrisy," he said. "I might as well make a clean breast of it. Night before last, I was down there, going over everything, and looking about for straws to clutch at. I thought of your box of securities, and I—I went into the safe, and,—well, I opened the box and took them out. But I put them back again; and,—yesterday morning I got to thinking about it. I was a little afraid to trust myself, for the temptation might have come in stronger form. So I gave the box over to old Prawley, and he'll see that it's not disturbed."

"But,—it would—" she hesitated, and seemed to be thinking deeply. Presently she went to her desk and seated herself. "You're sure you can do nothing to save us?" she said, her pen suspended over the paper.

He was staring gloomily at the floor. "Nothing; it's as I've told you. I've nothing left but the debts. The assignee's in charge by this time." He started up, trembling, impatient, looking wildly about. "But why am I here?" He could see, in imagination, the offices,—the crowd outside,—the angry creditors,—the partners, humiliated, apologetic, cursing him for deserting them. "I must go at once!" he exclaimed.

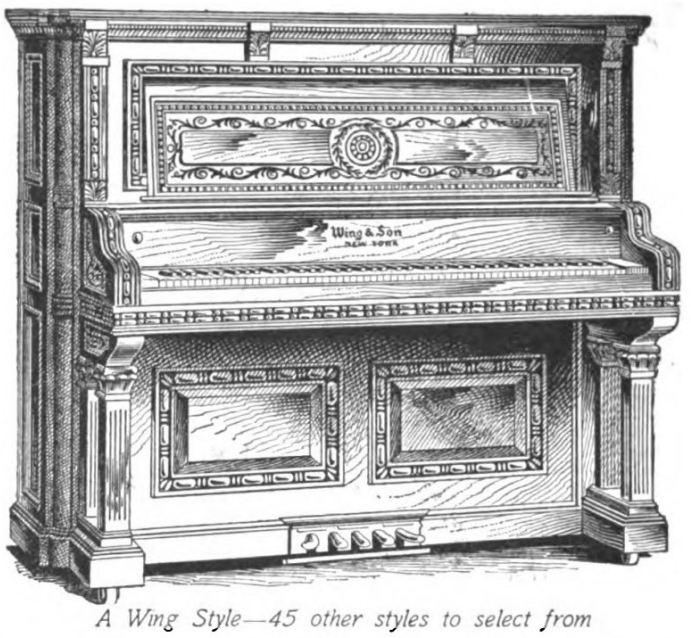
"Just a few minutes, please!" she pleaded, looking up from her writing. He sat again, and his mind wandered off in another direction. He could not understand her manner, her tone. Why did she not grasp the situation? It was unlike her to be thus slow. Why did not the reproaches, the tears, the exclamations of despair begin?

At length she finished, and rang for a servant. When he came, she said: "Take a cab—no, the elevated railroad, for it's quicker,—and deliver these notes at once, please."

The servant hurried away, and she stood at the mantel, looking down at him. He glanced at her, when he became conscious of the intent gaze, and was amazed to see that she was smiling, not in

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We will send any WING PIANO to any part of the United States on trial. We pay freight in advance and do not ask for any advance payment or deposit. If the piano is not satisfactory *after twenty days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense.* You pay us nothing unless you keep the piano. There is absolutely no risk or expense to you. Old instruments taken in exchange.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Instrumental Attachment

A special feature of the Wing Piano; it imitates perfectly the tones of the mandolin, guitar, harp, zither and banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano as though rendered by an entire orchestra. The original instrumental attachment has been patented by us, and it cannot be had in any other piano, although there are several imitations of it.

STYLE 29 is the handsomest style made in the United States. It is also the largest upright made—being our concert grand with longest strings, largest size of sound-board and most powerful action, giving the greatest volume and power of tone. It has 7⅓ octaves, with overstrung scale, copper-wound bass strings; three strings in the middle and treble registers; "built-up" wrest planks, "dove-tailed" top and bottom frame; "built up" end case construction; extra heavy metal plate; solid maple frame; Canadian spruce sound-board; noiseless pedal action; ivory and ebony keys highly polished; hammers treated by our special tone-regulating device, making them elastic and very durable; grand revolving fall-board; full duet music desk.

Case is made in Circassian walnut, figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak, and ebonized; ornamented with handsome carved mouldings and hand-carving on the music desk, trusses, pilasters, top and bottom frame.

In 34 Years 33,000 Pianos

We refer to over 33,000 satisfied purchasers in every part of the United States. WING PIANOS are guaranteed for twelve years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship, or material.

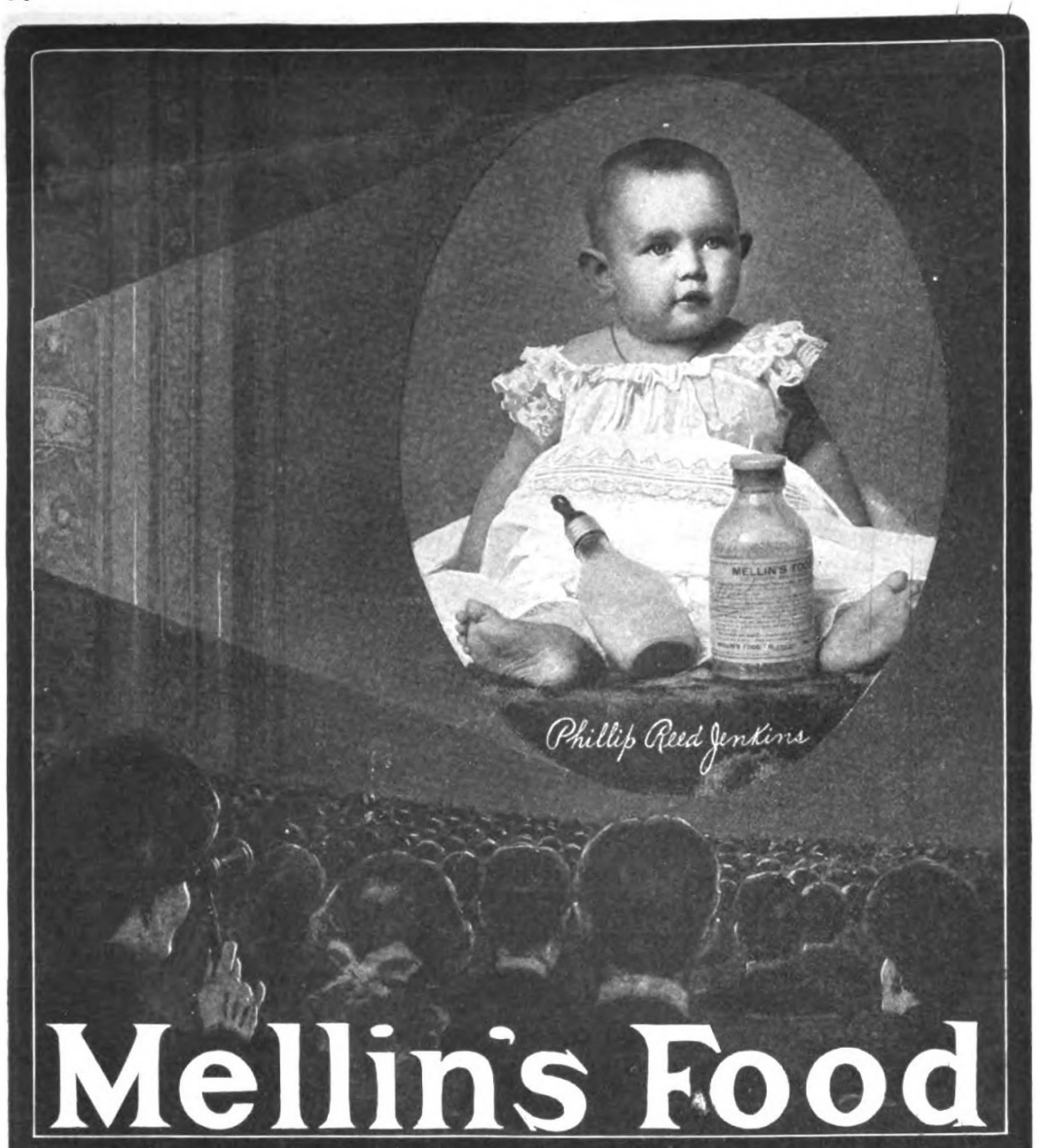
WING ORGANS

are just as carefully made as Wing Pianos. They have a sweet, powerful, lasting tone, easy action, very handsome appearance, need no tuning. Wing Organs are sold direct from the factory, sent on trial; are sold on easy monthly payments. For catalogue and prices write to

WING & SON, 312-314 East 12th St., New York.

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SULLIVAN, IND.

"Our boy, Phillip Reed Jenkins, is a Mellin's Food product, being raised entirely on the bottle. We tried several foods but could get nothing that would agree with him until we used Mellin's Food; his picture shows whether it agreed with him or not. We can heartily recommend Mellin's Food to anyone."

MELLIN'S FOOD SAMPLES FREE

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.



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With the Summer comes thoughts of the vacation, where and how to go.

Exceptional facilities are afforded by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway's excellent service for travel to the resorts on the St. Lawrence River, in the Adirondack and White Mountains, the Atlantic Coast, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Colorado, and resorts in the west and northwest. Ticket sales begin June 1st, close September 30th; good until October 31st for return.

Tickets over the Lake Shore give option of rail or steamer either way between Cleveland and Buffalo, without extra cost, except those sold locally between those cities.

BOOKS FREE ON REQUEST. A finely illustrated descriptive book about Lake Chautauqua, also book giving choice list of routes to the east, with rates from Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland.

For these books or desired information about travel over Lake Shore write to

A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

madness or in folly, but with eyes that made her seem to him almost divine.

"No," she said, softly, "we're not ruined. You were mistaken."

He started up. Those notes? What had she done? In her ignorance of business, had she made some appeal that would put him in a false light? "What do you mean?" he demanded. "What have you done?"

"Oh!—the notes," she said, following his train of thought. "No,—that is not what I mean. I haven't sent out any hysterical appeals for help. The notes were only to correct an error. I wrote Prawley to turn over, to whoever was in charge, the securities you put aside for me; and the other note was to the firm,—very formal and business-like,—giving directions to include my securities in the assets."

He looked at her, stupefied. "Are you mad?" he asked. "It is not necessary; the law does not call for any such sacrifice." Then he seated himself at the telephone. "But I can save you," he said.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Don't!" she said, gently. The look in her eyes reminded him of the first time she had said to him, "I love you,"—and how he had thought that such sincerity and constancy had never before been expressed by human voice and human features. "There is a law," she went on, in a lively tone which only accentuated the seriousness of her words; "it isn't any of those silly old rigmaroles you men put in big, yellow-backed books. It's the law we try to live by,—you and I. That law ordered me to do it, under the heaviest penalty known. Remember, *we* have failed."

"*I* have failed," he corrected, "and—"

"*We* have failed," she insisted, "and [She put her arms about his neck.] I'm glad of it!" She burst into tears, but they were not tears of sorrow.

He put her gently into a chair. "You are hysterical," he said, "and no wonder. I must not let you act on these impulses."

She dried her eyes. "Don't misunderstand, please. I am not a child. You used to say I was a remarkably intelligent woman. You used, not very long ago, to pretend to ask my advice about things. Now I'll tell you why I'm glad. Haven't I been wretched? Haven't you seen how empty my life was,—full of everything I cared nothing about, empty of all I longed for, all I dreamed of,—all we dreamed of once?"

"Yes,—yes," he said.

"Don't you understand, dear? What has this—this monster down-town been but my worst enemy? Hasn't it taken you away from me? Hasn't it made you force upon me a mode of life that revolted all my better instincts, that would have changed me finally into a cold, heartless, wretched creature, cut off from all the real joy there is in life? And I'm glad,—glad,—glad the monster is dead, is floating out of our lives like the great polluting, hideous thing that it is."

"Yes,—yes," he repeated, looking at her eagerly.

"No, we're not ruined; we're saved."

"Saved?" He put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes. The light he saw there soon began to dawn in his. "Are you sure?" he said. "Do you feel it deep down,—as deep as the place it seems to be coming from in your eyes?"

"Saved!" she repeated. "Garlan and Company, down-town, has failed. But there's a new Garlan and Company, up-town. And *I'm* the 'Company.'"

He kissed her again and again. "No," he said, "but you are the senior partner."

Josh Billings's Estimate of a Weak Man

"A WEAK MAN," says Josh Billings, "wants just about as mutch watching as a bad one, and has dun just about as mutch damage in the world.

"He iz everyboddy's friend, and tharefore he iz no one's; and what he iz agoing tew do next iz az unknown tew him as tew others.

"He hain't got enny more backbone than an angleworm haz, and wiggles in and wiggles out ov everything.

"He will talk to-day like a wize man, and to-morrow like a phool, on the same subject.

"He alwuss sez 'yes,' when he should say 'no,' and staggers thru life like a drunken man.

"Heaven save us from the weak man, whoze deseptions hav no fraud in them, and whoze friendships are the wust desighns he kan hav on us."

Desire bribes and buys up the will.

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A REASONABLE CHILD

Carolyn Wells

They say I am fretful and sulky and cross,
That I 'm snappish and petulant, too;—
That I won't play at all, unless I can be boss,
And dictate what others shall do.
But I always am pleasant and smiling and bright,
When my playmates do just as I say,
And I never incline to a quarrel or fight,
If I only can have my own way.

They say that, whenever a feast is prepared,
I clamor for more than the rest;
That I am not content if it 's equally shared,
But I must have the most and the best.
Of course, I expect them, I frankly admit,
To give me the best on the tray;
And I 'll never be surly or sulky a bit,
If I only can have my own way.

They say over trifles I worry and fret,
And at nothing I 'm often put out;
They say, if opposed, I fly into a pet,—
At the least contradiction I pout.
But truly, my temper I never will lose,
And I 'll always be merry and gay,
If I am but allowed to do just as I choose,—
If I only can have my own way.

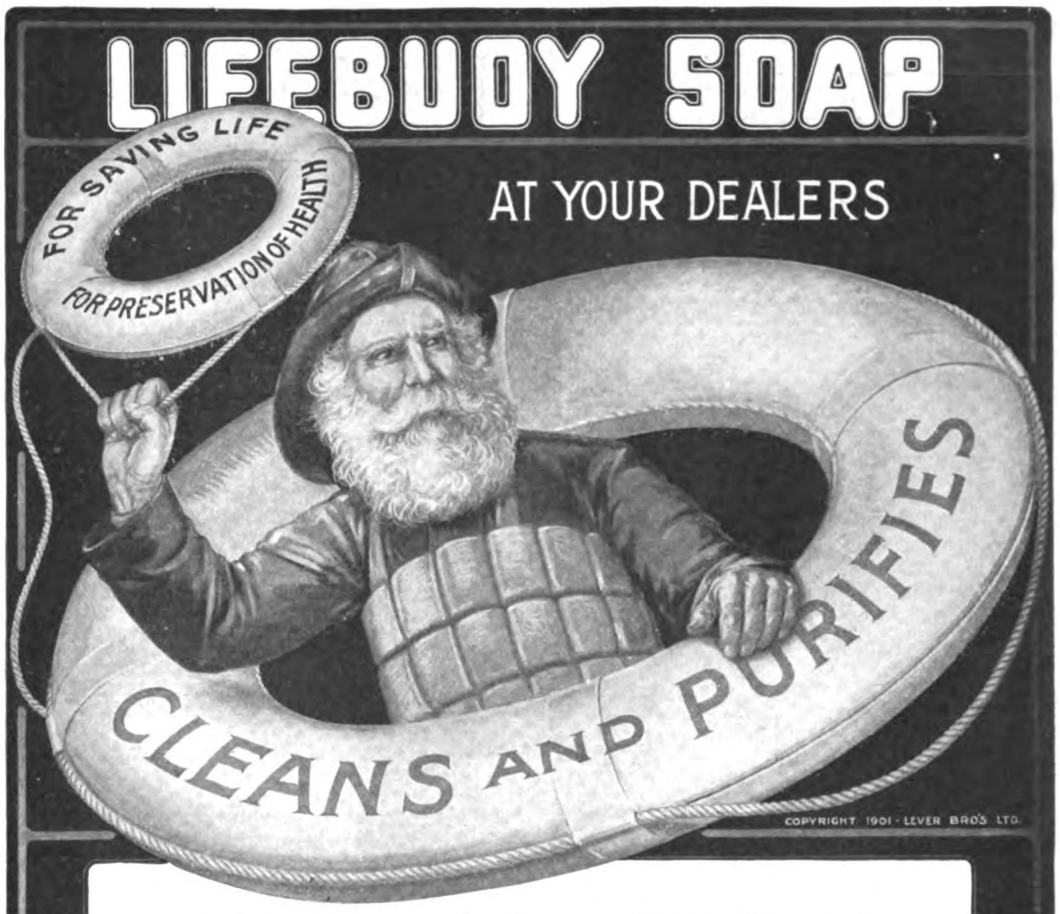
The Boy Who Deceived His Teacher

THE boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems and completed his tasks himself, led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to clip his day's work, until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher,—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the schoolroom, has grown until nobody will trust him, and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy, he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher; but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth, he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.



WHY A LIFE-SAVER?

Because of its life-preserving qualities. Hidden in this soap is a weapon, which, in the hands of the weakest woman, is powerful to destroy the unseen seeds of infection. Careful and exhaustive experiments, by some of the world's greatest scientists, have proved that Lifebuoy Soap destroys the living seeds of infection, as it is strongly impregnated with a potent disinfectant. These scientific tests have shown that Lifebuoy Soap destroys the living germs of typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, smallpox and other infectious disease germs. Therefore Lifebuoy Soap is the enemy of disease and the friend of health or life, hence a life-saver. At your dealer's, or by mail, two cakes for ten cents. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Booklet of value free if you mention this publication.

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A FEW weeks ago an importer received from abroad a large shipment of fine suitings and skirtings. They arrived too late, however, for his trade, and he offered them to us at a considerable reduction from regular prices. We purchased the choicest part of the lot, and shall make these goods into **suits and skirts, to order only, at one-third less than regular prices.** We have added to this lot many of our own fabrics. Nearly all of our styles share in this sale.

Note these reductions:

Suits, in the newest models, made of all-wool materials and lined throughout; former price $10, reduced to $6.67.

$12 Suits reduced to $8.

$15 Suits reduced to $10.

$20 Suits reduced to $13.34.

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Reduced Prices on Traveling Suits, Rainy-day Suits, Raglans, Riding Habits, etc.

We are also closing out a few Sample Suits and Skirts (which were made up for exhibition in our Salesroom) **at one-half of regular prices.**

There are no reductions on Wash Suits or Skirts, but our prices are extremely reasonable.

Shirt-Waist Suits and Wash Dresses, $3 up.

Wash Skirts, $3 up.

The Catalogue, Samples and Reduced Price List, giving interesting information about this sale, will be sent *free* at your request, but you must write quickly for the choicest goods will be sold first. Your order will be filled promptly and to your liking. If you are not perfectly satisfied with what you get from us, send back the garment and *we will refund your money.*

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HINTS FOR SELF-IMPROVEMENT

Some one has declared that the resolute casting out of a single bosom sin is equivalent to a liberal education.

▲ ▲

That a cause leads to an effect is scarcely more certain than that, so far as morals are concerned, the repetition of an effect tends to the generation of a cause.—POE.

▲ ▲

It is a beautiful arrangement, in the mental and moral economy of our nature, that that which is performed as a duty may, by frequent repetitions, become a habit, and the habit of stern virtue, so repulsive to others, may hang around one's neck like a wreath of flowers.

PAXTON HOOD.

▲ ▲

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
Aids in the ebb tide or the flow;
Each raindrop makes some floweret blow,
Each struggle lessens human woe.

MACKAY.

▲ ▲

Each reader, according to his age and peculiar tastes, will find, whether his reading be poetry, philosophy, history, or biography, new thoughts and passages which appeal especially to him. To make a practice of memorizing, in leisure moments, the most inspiring of such passages, is one of the surest means of self-improvement.

▲ ▲

Concrete examples of the virtues are more easy to follow than abstract ideas, but human attainment falls so far short of the ideal that there is always danger in selecting a model by which to limit one's progress. But one character which flowered centuries ago, in what has since been called the Holy Land, has never yet had a flaw picked in it. Imitate Christ, and you cannot go far wrong.

▲ ▲

Determination counts for more than anything else in character-building, as it does in other forms of effort. Every temptation to desist, to let things go, "to let well enough alone," unless resisted, will keep you from arriving at the goal first set. Hold to your purpose to have a perfect character, as a helmsman holds to his course along a rocky coast. There is danger in every deviation.

▲ ▲

The trees of a forest, it is said, held a parliament in which they decided not to lend the ax any wood for a handle, on pain of being cut down. The ax begged wood of all the trees, but they refused. Finally, he begged enough to make a handle to cut down the briers and shrubs which, he claimed, hindered the growth of the trees and obscured their glory. They lent him enough for that purpose and then he cut them down also.

▲ ▲

Had I two loaves," said Mohammed, "I would sell one and buy hyacinths to feed my soul." In the commonplace ambition to be successful, the fine philosophy of the Prophet of Allah is likely to be regarded as the whimsical fancy of a dreamer. "I must cultivate my intellect, for the sake of what it will yield me in marketable value," seems to be the dominant thought in our desire for education, in our choice of reading, in whatever we do to increase our knowledge or enlarge our mental field.

▲ ▲

Evil habits have been compared to a banyan tree, that sends roots downward from its branches, each of which becomes as large as the parent trunk, till, from a single fault, one has a forest of them. But, if the parent trunk is wholly good, each new trunk will be a virtue, and the result will be wholly desirable. From the branch of humility let drop a root of gentleness and one of charity. From honesty let start the shoot of truthfulness. Sturdy courage will send forth self-confidence. So the process will continue with many more branches.

▲ ▲

Let us now and then "loaf and invite our souls." When "school is done," when the day's demands on the farm have been met, when the whir of the factory's machinery has ceased, and the store and office doors are closed, instead of spending the evenings reading the newspaper because "we must keep posted," or else rushing through one of the "most successful" novels, merely to say that we have read it, why not learn to know, more intimately, the work of Browning, Tennyson, Shelley, Wordsworth, Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow, or Lowell?

▲ ▲

Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wilds usurped the scene:
And such is man,—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning light,
Weeds deadly as the aconite;
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed or floweret fair.

BOWRING.

▲ ▲

Certain habits of thought cannot be otherwise than gradually removed. So it is with certain habits of body consequent on such habits of thought, such as the habit of hurry, the habit of worry, the habit of laying undue stress on things not the most needful for the hour, the habit of trouble-borrowing and many others which permeate and influence every act of life. Their combined effect is exhaustion, and exhaustion is the real mother of most of the ills flesh is heir to. . . . Therefore, keep your mind as much as you can on the thought of strength, vigor, health, activity.—PRENTICE MULFORD.

COLLEGE COMPLEXIONS

Can be ruined by Coffee.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattsville, Md. says, "I never drank coffee up to time I went to college, and as long as you are not going to publish my name will admit that I was proud of my pink and white complexion, but for some reason I began drinking coffee at school and when vacation came I looked like a wreck. Was extremely nervous and my face hollow and sallow.

All my friends said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet Mother gave me a cup of strong, rich coffee at breakfast although formerly she had objected to the habit, but the secret came out in a few weeks when everybody began to comment on my improved looks and spirits. She said she had been steadily giving me Postum Food Coffee and I did not know it.

My color came back, much to my delight and I was fully restored to health. I will return to college without the slightest fear of losing ground for I know exactly where the trouble lies.

Mother says the first time she had Postum made no one would drink it for it was pale and watery, but the next day she did not trust to the cook but examined the directions and made it herself. She found the cook had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was tasteless, but the beverage made according to directions, by proper boiling is delicious and has a remarkable 'taste for more.' One cup is seldom enough for Father now.

I have a young lady friend who suffered several years from neuralgia and headache, obtaining only temporary relief from medicines. Her sister finally persuaded her to leave off coffee and use Postum. She is now very pronounced in her views as to coffee. Says it was the one thing responsible for her condition, for she is now well and the headaches and neuralgia are things of the past. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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How Young Men Can Train For Success

A School That Trains *by Mail* for Positions Requiring Special Knowledge

AS HAS often been pointed out in the columns of SUCCESS, opportunity never comes to him who waits on the corner and wonders why others succeed where he fails. It may be true that the world owes every man a living, but it is certain that no one can collect the debt unless he goes after it. The old saying that opportunity knocks but once at every man's door—to be grasped at once or forever lost—is disproven in the life of every great man. The young man who determines to succeed—who develops to the full every talent with which he is blessed, and persistently pushes towards the goal he has set, will daily find opportunities that lead to success.

Are you prepared for success? Have you trained for the race you propose to win? No amount of "pull," "luck," or natural ability will enable you to climb the wall that marks the line between success and failure, unless you have been in training for the responsibilities that come with advancement.

There is an institution in Scranton, Pa., which for over ten years has been training ambitious men and women for responsible and remunerative positions.

Are you one of the half million ambitious people that have grasped this opportunity to prepare for success? If not, why have you "waited on the corner" while others with no more brains or ability have been training for success and winning it?

You Can Earn While You Are Learning to Earn

The International Correspondence Schools conducts its training entirely by mail during your spare time. Some one has said: "You can invariably gauge a man's character by the use he makes of his spare time." Here is a place to invest spare time where it will produce large returns. What are you doing with yours?

You cannot plead that lack of education prevents you from accepting the opportunity this institution offers you. Its training is intended less for those who have education than for those who need it. As soon as its technical experts find out what position you want, they begin at the beginning to train you for that position. They start you at the very rudiments—the first principles—and advance you, step by step, to the field of the expert. If you can read and write English, you can be trained technically for success in your chosen profession.

Do you think you are too poor? You will remain so all your life if you do not soon learn to earn more. The Scranton school is training so many (nearly five hundred thousand) and has so perfected its system that the cost has been reduced to a figure insignificant when compared with the benefits derived. Then, too, small monthly payments are accepted from those unable to pay fully in advance.



Studying Chemistry by Mail

You Will Be Assisted In Obtaining Advancement

Inasmuch as the work of the International Correspondence Schools is to train people for better positions, it is willing to do all in its power to assist you in obtaining the advancement in your work or the new position for which you have been qualifying.

Today the greatest need of America's industrial and engineering enterprises is for young men capable of filling responsible positions. While thousands of ordinary, unskilled workers are looking for employment, fine positions cannot be filled because of the scarcity of trained brains. Progressive employers are therefore heartily in sympathy with the work of the International Correspondence Schools, and the best recommendation for employment any young man can have is a certificate of membership in "the I. C. S.," as its friends and students call it.

The man that is devoting his spare time to the acquirement of money-earning knowledge is certain to be of greater value to himself and to his employer than he that depends on practical experience alone.

The I. C. S. student seldom finds difficulty in placing himself in the position for which he has been trained. Nevertheless, as soon as he has mastered the fundamental principles of his training, his name is placed on the "eligible list" of a students' aid department. This department arranges with prominent employers, to supply them with the names of students that have been qualified for the positions they desire to have filled. It is in touch with such concerns as the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., the Schenectady Locomotive Works, Wm. Cramp & Sons' Ship and Enginebuilding Co., The General Electric Co., The Pennsylvania Railroad Co., etc., and is continually bringing together the employers of the country and technically trained I. C. S. students.

If you are looking for opportunity, here it is.

If you want to advance in your line of work, the I. C. S. can teach you in your spare time, the technical principles of that work and their application in practice.

If you are dissatisfied with your present occupation, and think your opportunity lies in some other profession, the I. C. S. can train you for a new position in your chosen profession, with a good salary, and you can keep right on with your present work until you are ready to enter upon your new occupation.



Main Building, International Correspondence Schools

If you are just starting out in life, the I. C. S. can train you for a position in the line of work in which you propose to succeed. Here you can earn your living while you learn to earn a better one.

The time to investigate this opportunity is *now*. Do not wait until tomorrow, next week, or next month. Action is the first essential to success. While you are hesitating, while you are "waiting on the corner," another young man with more decision of character will outstrip you in the race for promotion.

Take your pen and fill out the coupon below, and send it to the Schools *today*.

. . . . . .

International Correspondence Schools

Box 1172, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain how you can train me for position marked **X**

	Mechanical Engineer		Telephone Engineer		Architectural Draftsman
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	Foreman Toolmaker		Motorman		Sign Painter
	Foreman Patternmaker		Steam Engineer		Letterer
	Foreman Blacksmith		Marine Engineer		Analytical Chemist
	Foreman Molder		Civil Engineer		Sheet-Metal Draftsman
	Gas Engineer		Hydraulic Engineer		Ornamental Designer
	Refrigeration Engineer		Municipal Engineer		Navigator
	Traction Engineer		Bridge Engineer		Bookkeeper
	Electrical Engineer		Railroad Engineer		Stenographer
	Electrical Machine Designer		Surveyor		Teacher
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	Electric Lighting Supt.		Architect		To Speak German
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*Name*_____

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USE GOOD ENGLISH

WALTER WELLESLEY

WHEN nineteen years old, Dwight L. Moody hired a pew in Plymouth Church, Chicago, and undertook to fill it every Sunday. It is said that he would hail young men on the street corners, visit them at their boarding houses, or even call them out of saloons to share his pew. Either on account of the novelty of his invitations, or because his remarkable earnestness and cordiality induced them to attend, many did so, and soon he was renting four pews, which he filled every Sunday with his strangely assorted guests.

"Your faith has works enough to keep it alive ten times over," said an old deacon, after he had listened to Moody's first testimony in a Plymouth Church prayer meeting; "but, in my opinion, you would serve God best by keeping still!"

"You certainly have zeal enough, and to spare," said another, "but you should realize the limitations of your vocation and not try to speak in public. You make too many mistakes in grammar."

"I know that I make mistakes," replied young Moody, "and I err in a great many other things, but I'm doing the best I can with what I've got." Then, looking at his critic searchingly, he added, earnestly:—

"Look here, my friend; you've got grammar enough,—but what are you doing with it for the Master?"

The point was well taken, for efficiency, after all, is the crowning excellence of language. The young evangelist did not always make his verbs agree with their subjects in person and number, or take care that his pronouns should correspond accurately with the nouns for which they stood, in the manner prescribed by Lindley Murray; but he was spirit-driven with a message which struggled for utterance, and he delivered it with all the force and fire of absolute consecration,—with a soul-compelling, sympathetic earnestness which carried his rough but vigorous words home to the heart of every hearer. He tried with all his might to improve, for he felt that his work could not be done too well, and by close study and observation he was at length enabled, in a large degree, to combine the grace of good diction with the rugged strength of native eloquence. Although, even in his later years, he would sometimes, in an impassioned plea, use "done" for "did," "come" for "came," "Isrel" for "Israel," etc., his logic was so coherent, his words so simple, well chosen, and predominatingly Anglo-Saxon, and his sentences so short, clear, and epigrammatic, that neither children nor mature scholars could mistake his meaning or escape his influence. Very few who heard him in his great revival speeches thought of criticising his use of the English language.

In such men, abundant excellence in other elements of oratory goes far to compensate for grammatical errors, here and there, but only by being correct in their use of words and sentences can people of average ability hope to escape criticism.

Strange as it may seem, most of the young men and women of to-day who aspire to become influential orators or writers, even those who are graduates of high schools and colleges, find that, like Moody, they have not mastered grammar. For nearly twenty years, educators, almost without exception, have been trying, with but indifferent success, to make various sugar-coated language-lesson series do the work formerly accomplished by old-fashioned grammars in giving students an accurate working knowledge of their mother tongue. One natural consequence of these attempts is that the number is comparatively much smaller than it once was of so-called well educated young people who can tell with certainty whether or not they speak and write just what they wish to express.

Thorough drill in formal grammar should be made a prominent feature in every school whose pupils are not less than ten years old or more than twenty-five. But, inasmuch as this subject, as usually presented, is found to be very difficult and uninteresting for pupils under ten years of age, it may well be preceded by an elementary course in language lessons, which will enkindle interest and prepare the mind for the solid work in analysis and construction which should follow.

The New York "World" of Monday, February 10, 1902, says that a New Jersey board of health issued this notice:—

> All persons who have dogs or cats running at large are hereby notified that they will be killed within twenty-four hours after the date of this notice.

This blunder was made by supposedly well educated men, as were also those given below, selected

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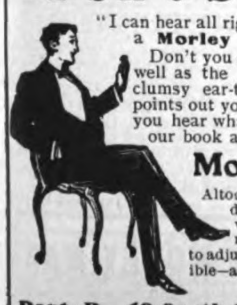
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from a popular work on "Essentials of English." Observe that their authors are not boys and girls, but a physician's wife, an alienist, a teacher, a clergyman, an editor, and reporters.

I know he will die because my husband is his physician.

It was plain that the man was demented, as he would not eat himself or allow anyone else to.

Students will not be allowed to throw stones at cows or other animals on their way to school.

I protest against this quarrel in the interests of peace.

My brethren, we will sing songs of joy ourselves this morning, because the choir is absent.

The captain was dancing with a handsome lady in full uniform.

He looked at the laborer as he shoveled the sand with a compassionate expression.

On last Wednesday evening, as Stephen Jones was driving a young mule accompanied by his father-in-law, he suddenly commenced kicking, and, the buggy being soon overturned, both were thrown heavily to the ground. He then endeavored to subdue the vicious brute, and he kicked him so severely that he was injured internally. He was at once driven home and everything possible was done to save his life, but all in vain, and he died about an hour after the accident. His loss is regretted by all. His father-in-law was not seriously hurt.

Mr. Jones grabbed his typewriter and rushed for the street almost as soon as the fire-bell began to ring.

Sensitiveness and Success

MANY people are kept back, in their efforts to get along in the world, by over-sensitiveness. We know able young men and women who are well educated and well fitted for their callings, but so extremely sensitive to criticism or suggestions that they never rise to the places to which their abilities entitle them. Their feelings are constantly being wounded by fancied slights in the office, the shop, the store, the mill, the factory, or wherever else they may happen to be. They carry about with them, most of the time, a sense of injury which not only makes them unhappy, but also to a great extent mars their efficiency.

Over-sensitive people are usually very fine-grained, highly organized, and intelligent, and, if they could overcome this weakness, would become capable, conscientious workers. This failing—for it is a failing, and a very serious one, too,—is an exaggerated form of self-consciousness, which, while entirely different from egotism or conceit, causes self to loom up in such large proportions on the mental retina as to overshadow everything else. The victim of it feels that, wherever he goes, whatever he does, he is the center of observation, and that all eyes, all thoughts are focused upon him. He imagines that people are criticising his movements and his person, and making fun at his expense; when, in reality, they are not thinking of him, and perhaps did not see him.

This supersensitiveness, so destructive to happiness and success, and, incidentally, to health,—for whatever destroys harmony destroys health,—betrays, in a sense, a lack of self-respect of which no man or woman should voluntarily be guilty. To be a complete man, one must be conscious, but not in an offensive way, of his own worth and dignity. He must feel himself superior to envious criticism or ridicule. When some one told Diogenes that he was derided, he replied: "But I am not derided." He counted only those ridiculed who feel the ridicule and are discomposed by it.

The surest way to conquer morbid sensitiveness is to mingle with people as freely as possible, and, while appraising your own ability and intelligence at least as impartially as you would those of a friend or acquaintance, to forget yourself. Unless you can become unconscious of self, you will never either appear at your best or do the best of which you are capable. It requires will power and an unbending determination to conquer this arch enemy to success, but what has been done can be done, and many who were held down by it for years have, by their own efforts, outgrown it and risen to commanding positions.

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An Americanized Russian Prince

GILBERT CRANMER

IT is a long step from the position of a blacksmith's helper in a Philadelphia shop to that of director of all the railways of Russia, but the life-story of Prince Michael Hilkoff has to do with such a step, and proves also that thorough preparation for one's work is the first essential to success. Moreover, he is one of the few men who have descended from the top to the bottom of life's ladder, and have succeeded in again reaching the top.

Prince Hilkoff, who was born sixty-five years ago, spent his youth among the brilliant surroundings of palaces and courts. He belongs to one of the proudest families of the Russian nobility, and has six centuries of recorded ancestry behind him. Thus it was that, when a youth of sixteen, he was a favorite at the court of the czar, and a privileged friend of the royal family. At this early age he held a commission in the bodyguard of the czarina, and in the Crimean War he proved himself an intrepid soldier. With such influential family associations as were his, a soldier's life held out to him a future well calculated to inflame the fancy of a stripling. But fortune was preparing a cruel surprise for him. The emancipation of the serfs of Russia, in 1861, practically ruined his father, who, while loyal to the czar, was much embittered by the condition in which he found himself. The son, however, viewed the change in a different way. Democratic in his opinions, the young prince saw, in the freeing of the serfs, an aid to the future greatness of his country, and he accepted from the czar an appointment which gave him an official part in carrying out the work of emancipation.

The father was doubly incensed at this action of his son, and, at the close of a plain talk between them, the former was asked to leave all he had to another son, Prince Michael, declaring that under no circumstances would he himself accept a rouble's value. Then, against all the protests of his family and friends, the younger Hilkoff set out for America, bringing with him his young and titled wife, who, in the years of poverty and struggle they had to face, was ever at hand with her assistance and encouragement. He had determined to hew out his own fortune in his own way. His inclination ran toward work on things practical and mechanical, and he was keenly alive to the fact that no country needed railways more than his own. How to give it railroads he would learn in the best practical school in the world, America, and, having learned, he would help his country and himself with his knowledge.

A few weeks later, a young man in Philadelphia called on John Wainwright, a railroad contractor, and asked for work. He could not tell just what he could do, but was willing to attempt anything that might be assigned to him, and so find out. Would he work for a dollar a day? He thought he could live on that, and, accordingly, was set at work learning to make bolt-heads. Meanwhile, he was plain John Magill. When asked his name, he had given it in full, but all that his employer caught of the unfamiliar sound was "Michael," which he interpreted as "Magill." "What Magill?" the employer again asked. "John," the prince answered, with a smile of amusement. John Magill he remained for the succeeding four years or more, during which time his industry and deftness with tools made him a favorite and brought him steady advancement. It is said that, during this period, his wife added to the family income by taking in washing, but this is probably one of the legends that spring up about romantic careers.

It was in the fifth year of the prince's service with Wainwright that the Philadelphian, in conjunction with others, took a contract for the construction of a railway in the Argentine Republic. When it was proposed that John Magill should be one of the force sent from the United States, his employer, learning that he had a wife, objected to including him, on the ground that it was against his good old Quaker principles to separate a married couple. The prince, however, assured him that Mrs. Magill should follow upon his becoming settled, and, when his pay had been agreed upon at two dollars a day, he wrote for his wife and children to join him in the capital of Argentina. They did so, and the prince, in his retrospect of the past and its situations, enjoys nothing more keenly than the memory that he and his family lived on two dollars a day and made both ends meet. During his South American life,

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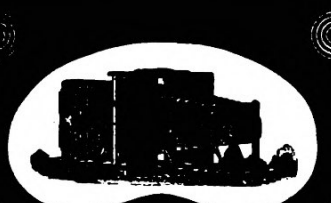
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the prince, from an ordinary hand in a blacksmith shop, advanced by degrees to be a sub-foreman, then a foreman, and finally to the supervision and direction of the locomotive roundhouse, by which time his pay had been increased to seven dollars a day. During a strike he acted as fireman on a fast train, to the general superintendent's engineering, and afterwards ran the engine himself, thus learning the practical work upon the track. Soon letters came from his father, who, despite his ancient prejudices against manual labor by one of the blood, had watched with growing admiration and respect the son's plucky fight in a foreign land. The letters insisted upon his returning home, and he went back to Russia, a trained locomotive builder and engineer. But on the way home he stopped in England and spent five months in the locomotive works of a well-known company at Birkenhead.

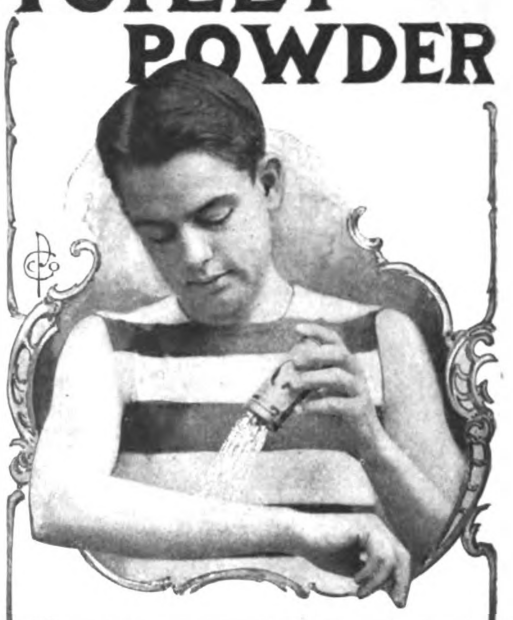
On reaching Russia, the prince at once sought employment; but, much to his chagrin, he could get nothing better than a job as engineer of a slow train. "It did not seem just the thing," said he, when speaking of the occurrence, "after all I had gone through, to learn what I knew, serving in every capacity from that of a boiler-maker, pipe-fitter, blacksmith, foreman of shop, stoker, or driver, to that of a locomotive superintendent, that I should come back to my home and be regarded as only competent to drive an engine on an accommodation train. But, as I ever make it the rule of my life to do what I have to do to the best of my ability, I accepted the offered place on the engine, ran it for three months, and then was made locomotive superintendent, and served for five years."

His next promotion made him superintendent of the traction department of the Moscow Railroad, and, in 1880, his opportunity came, when General Annenkoff, director of military transports of the Russian empire, was ordered to Central Asia to construct railroads for military purposes, which made him the most famous military railway man of his time. The general and Prince Hilkoff had been boys together; had, as comrades, served in the corps of pages of the czarina; and, although in after years their paths so widely diverged, the one rising to the highest rank in the army and the other working out a romance in real life, the two had retained respect for each other's ability. So almost the first act of Annenkoff, upon assuming command of the railway movement in Central Asia, was to have Prince Hilkoff made chief of the mechanical division of the work. The prince's knowledge of the American way of doing things, when to complete a railway is a question of months and not of years, stood him in good stead, and, through all the really brilliant feats of the mechanical campaign, his ideas generally prevailed. Moreover, when Annenkoff, through wounds received in a reconnoissance, had to leave the Transcaspian Railway, Prince Hilkoff succeeded to full charge of the work, and gave a permanent character to the construction of the primary line from Michael's Bay to Molla Kari, which had been laid in ten days. At the same time, he was active in fostering trade between Russia and Transcaspia, and in increasing navigation facilities on the Caspian Sea and the Volga River.

Bulgaria was Hilkoff's next field of activity. There he served for a year as minister of public works, and then returned to Central Asia as Annenkoff's right-hand man in the construction of the nine hundred miles of railroad which now connect the Caspian Sea with Samarcand. Five hundred miles of this line were built in a twelvemonth, and the whole of it inside of three years. Hilkoff again proved his energy and ability in the discharge of this giant's task, much of which was performed under his sole direction. When it was finished, he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and, after serving as director of several lines in European Russia, was, in 1892, made general inspector of the government railways, which carried with it a general supervision of all lines. Finally, in 1894, he was raised to the highest post in connection with the railways of the empire, becoming, as minister of ways and communication, a member of the czar's official family. During the seven years that have since elapsed, he has extended the railroad in Central Asia from Samarcand to Tashkend, and has been the directing spirit in the construction of the greatest of all railways of the Old World, the line that is to traverse Siberia, a distance of six thousand, one hundred miles, or almost a quarter of the earth's circuit.

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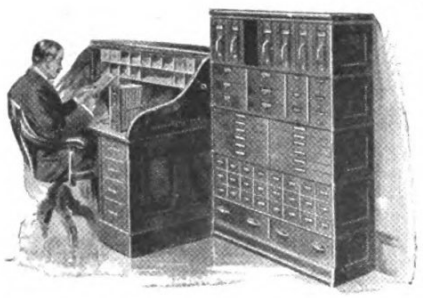
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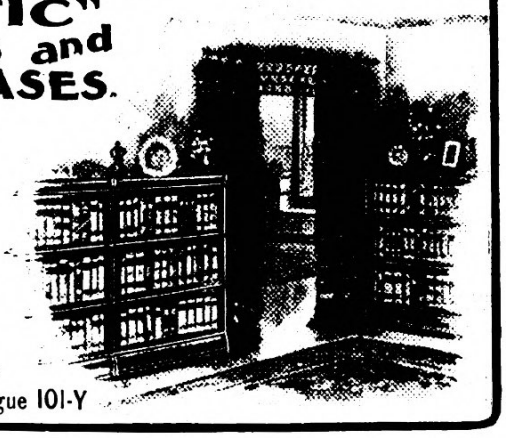


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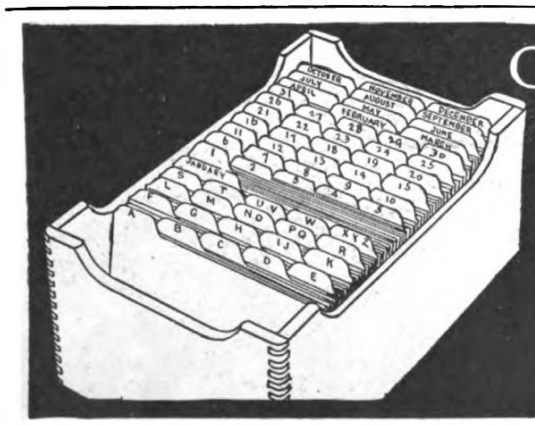


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WITH grit, enthusiasm, brains, and tact, Miss May D. Hopkins, of New York, twenty-two years old, has established one of the most prosperous educational agencies in the United States.

"When I was sixteen years old," said Miss Hopkins, in an interview, "I felt anxious to do something in the world. I became an office girl at two dollars and fifty cents a week. After filling that position one year, I saw there was no opportunity for advancement and decided to seek other employment. Some stories I had written had been accepted by the editor of the junior department of a New York daily newspaper, and this encouraged me to try to enter the newspaper field. I sought advice of a friend employed in the office of the newspaper in which my little stories had appeared, but her summing up of the outlook for young women in journalism was anything but attractive. However, I was not discouraged. I immediately sought an interview with one of the editors. I had difficulty in seeing him. He said that newspaper work is man's field and that he could not do anything for me. Not in the least awed, I went to another newspaper office and asked to see one of the editors. After an hour's delay, he consented to meet me. On learning the nature of my business, he tried in every way to discourage me. He told me I was too young, that I had no experience, and talked of the hardships of reporting. However, I asked him for a chance to work. He saw that I was in earnest, and said that the only thing he could give me was night work, to report social gatherings and attractions at the theaters. He kept saying, "You will have to go out nights," thinking to scare me thereby, but I accepted that opportunity. My acquaintances discouraged me greatly, but my ambition could not be suppressed.

"After awhile, I resigned the newspaper position to accept one in an educational agency. I was never afraid of doing more than I was paid for. I never hesitated to dust the furniture, arrange things, run errands, collect bills, and do everything possible to further my employer's interests. There was no such thing as time with me. I never refused to remain after working hours.

"I had a common school education only, and therefore had to make the most of my time outside of business hours. I studied elocution and physical culture, and also French, of which I obtained a good working knowledge in six months. I also studied typewriting and mimeographing. My elocution teacher thought I had talent, and urged me to make a specialty of that art. I appeared in one recital at Carnegie Hall, but I saw that I could not gain prestige in that line, unless I had beautiful costumes, which I could not possess, because I was self-supporting."

"From your general experience, what are the necessary requisites for young girls who wish to support themselves in a large city?" I asked.

"They should acquire a firm foundation upon which to build their structure. As regards my field, let them study French or German, possess a fair knowledge of English, and, if possible, learn stenography and typewriting. They should read the reports of the commissioner of education, and study the opportunities in this special line. Let them become familiar with the method of teaching in the territory of Alaska as well as in the states. They must be up to date on everything in the educational field. They must be determined, tactful, able, and honest in their dealings. I would advise young girls to take up library work, because there will be a great demand for that kind of service when the Carnegie libraries are completed."

The men who succeed, according to the highest meaning of that word, never knowingly allow a dollar to pass their palm that would lower their reputations or bemean them in their own eyes.

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Self-Help is Leclaire's Keynote

[*Concluded from page 355*]

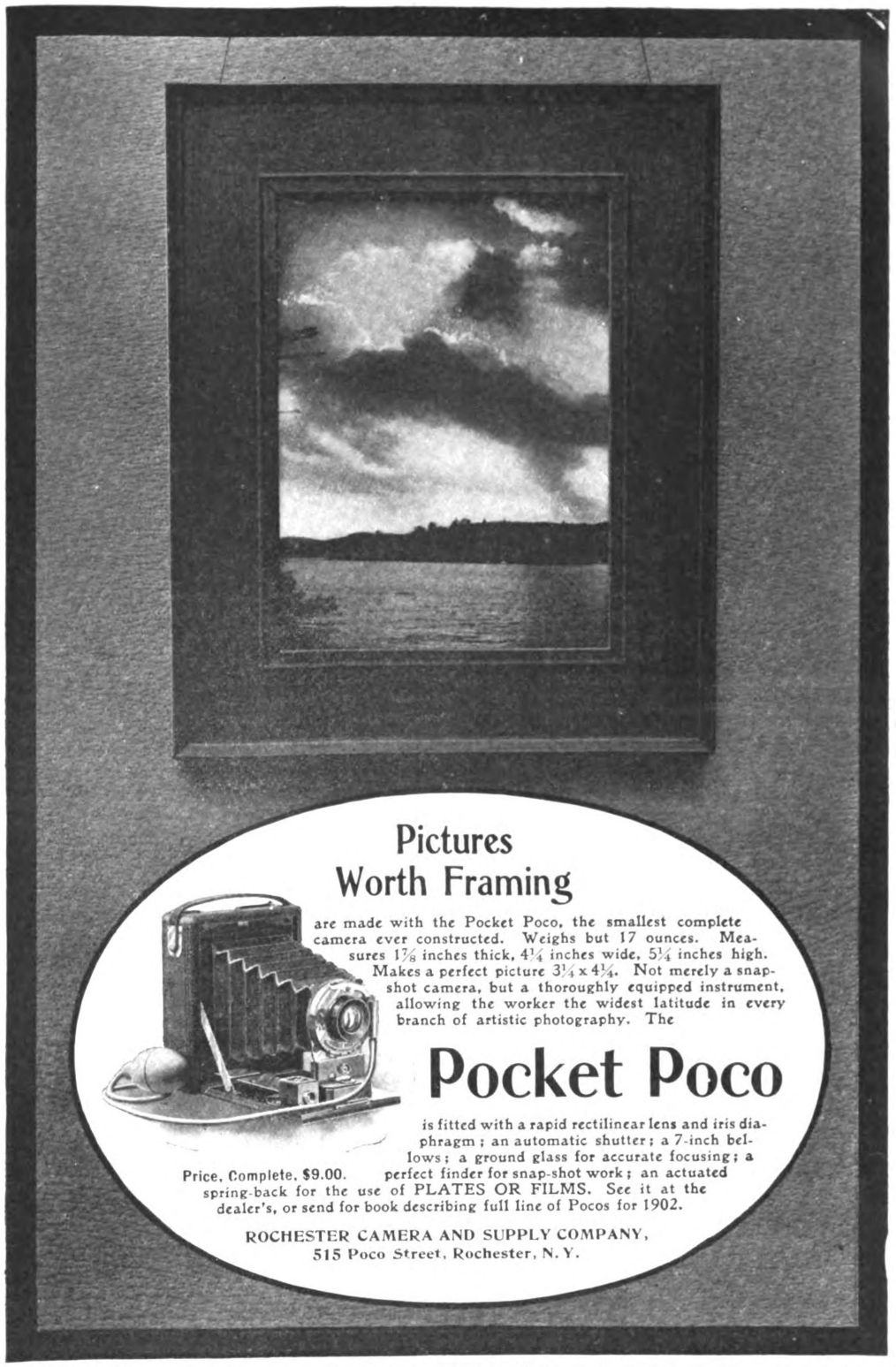
in addition, and an office boy whose wages are two hundred dollars a year gets a dividend of four dollars. The piece-worker has his share, the same as the man working for wages, and in his case the yearly sum of the earnings is the basis of percentage of extra profit.

No one is excluded from the list, and the men are also encouraged to become stockholders in the company which gives them employment. A share costs one hundred dollars, and a man can buy as much or as little as he desires, or even a fraction of a share, paying for it out of his wages. During the last ten years the workmen of Leclaire have received dividends on their wages equal to seven per cent. per annum, and those who invested a portion of their wages in stock have received in interest and dividends an average of about thirteen per cent. on their investment. Nearly all of the employees own stock in the company, although it is optional with them. The workman can buy it or not, as suits his pleasure, and, when he quits Leclaire, if he wishes to sell his stock, the company buys it for what he paid for it.

Leclaire has also its coöperative store and provident fund. Anyone who wishes can become a member of the coöperative society, and a sharer in its profits, by subscribing for one fifty-dollar share. One share, under the coöperative law of the state, is all one person may own. He can pay for it as he wishes,—fifty cents a week, or the entire amount in a single payment. The storekeeper is paid monthly wages, and all purchases are for cash. Stock is taken every quarter, and net profits are returned to the members in proportion to their purchases, with six per cent. interest on their capital. The coöperative store has been in operation eight years, and the dividends returned on purchases have never been less than ten per cent., and have sometimes been as high as twenty, while the patron of the store is always sure of an honest return for his money in weight, measure, and quality. The provident fund is an institution peculiar to Leclaire. Workmen, acting as a committee, draw what they need for the objects of the fund from the treasury of the company, as occasion arises, and the total amount is charged to expenses at the end of the year. An allowance is made in every case of sickness or death. The general rule in sickness is to allow the man five dollars per week for himself, two dollars for his wife, and one dollar for each child. If a man dies, his funeral expenses are paid, and the committee takes charge of the family to see that it is supported and the children educated. Furthermore, if a man is paying for a house and falls sick, all payments are declared off until he is well again, and meanwhile the provident committee takes care of him.

A high green hedge with a dividing driveway separates the factories of Leclaire from the residential part of the town. Every house stands free and clear in a good-sized plot, and only one family lives in a house. The head of the family rents or buys, as suits his pleasure. A tasteful six-room cottage, with all conveniences, including electric lights and running water, can be had for twelve dollars a month, and a three-room cottage for half that sum. The average workman, however, prefers to buy his house, paying for it in monthly payments, which amount to little more than rent. A typical case is that of an Italian who lives in one of the prettiest houses in Leclaire. He is a skillful cabinet-maker, and earns two dollars and fifty cents every workday in the year. He owns a share of the company's stock and one in the store. His cottage of five rooms—and the rooms are all large and well lighted,—stands on a corner lot one hundred feet square, cost one thousand, four hundred dollars, and is paid for at the rate of eighteen dollars a month. Should its owner decide, in the future, to leave Leclaire, he can keep the house or sell it. If he wishes to sell, he will receive the original purchase-price, less the amount he would have paid for rent.

The social life of Leclaire centers in the clubhouse, the largest building in the town. It is a structure two stories high with a verandah. A large, handsomely appointed room on the ground floor is used for lectures and entertainments, and also houses a well-selected library of a thousand volumes, which is free, not only to the people of Leclaire, but also to those of the neighboring towns. The basement is given over to a billiard-room and bowling alley, free to all who care to use them, and the second floor is divided into



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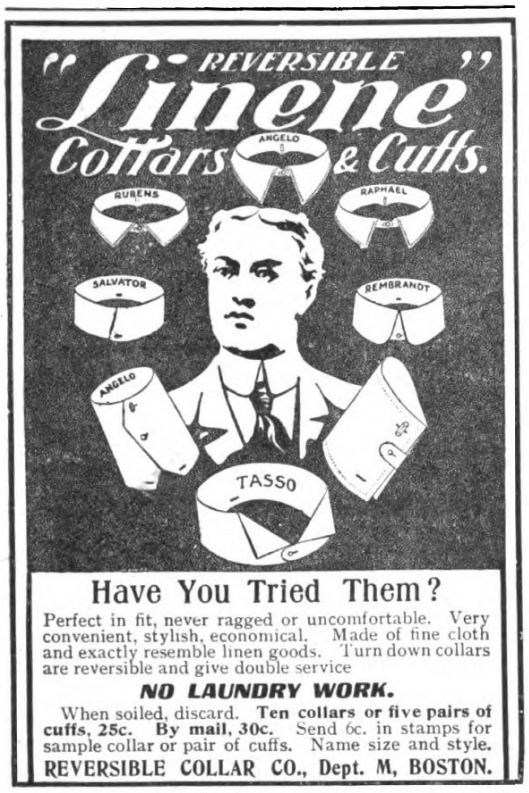
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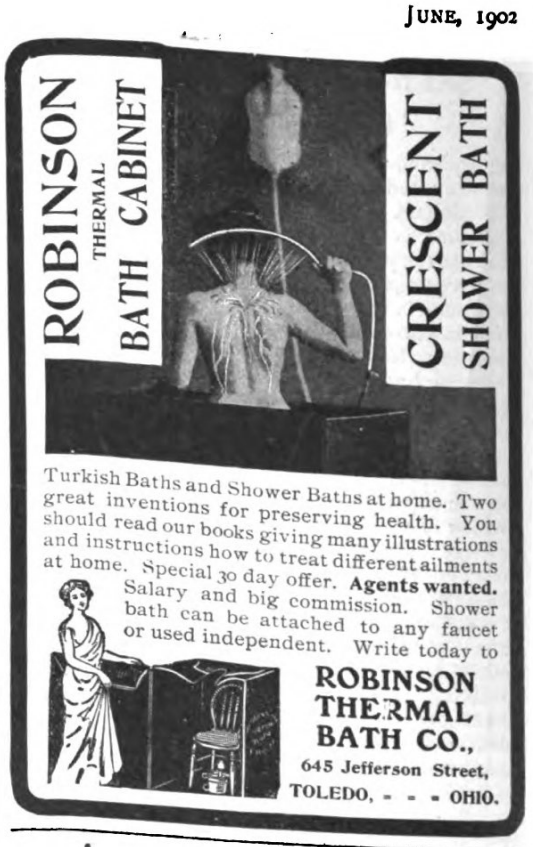
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sleeping-rooms for the unmarried workmen and the married ones whose homes are elsewhere. These men have a coöperative club, sharing expenses, and seem wholly contented with their lot.

There is a kindergarten for the small children of Leclaire, and a grammar school for older pupils. The Leclaire plan of education, worked out by Mr. Nelson, combines mental and manual training in a novel but admirably practical way. Every boy, upon reaching the age of twelve, is made to work an hour a day in one of the factories, and is paid according to his labor. When he is thirteen, he works two hours a day, and an hour is added every year until he is eighteen years old, when he will have completed his education, and, at the same time, will have mastered a trade. The same course is pursued with the girls, so that, should fathers or husbands die, they can, if need be, go out in the world and be competent to earn a living at some gainful craft. It should be added that the founder of Leclaire believes in encouraging marriage; and, when a young man takes a wife, he receives at the same time an increase in wages.

Such is Leclaire. The idler and the discontented man are not to be found within its modest limits, and strikes and lockouts have no place in its industrial history. Should not that history induce other practical men to say, "Success to Leclaire and the man who made it!" and then join in the efforts to bring labor and capital into closer touch by a commonwealth of interests?

Leclaire stands for a successful application of the theory that labor can be awakened to a greater interest in the work of its hands by giving it a portion of the profits of its toil. Rockford, Illinois, furnishes a somewhat different but equally hopeful example of an attempt to solve the labor problem. Twenty-five years ago, twenty-five men, —Swedes,—employed in a furniture factory in Rockford, having suffered several heavy reductions in wages, resolved to become their own employers. They had, or could command, in cash, nine thousand dollars, and with this a furniture factory was started, each of the twenty-five men becoming an equal shareholder in the venture. The factory was built in the plainest manner, but its owners took care to equip it with the best machinery. Their profits were very small, at first, but each year has seen them increase, until now they have twelve factories, employing eighteen hundred men, of whom nineteen out of every twenty are shareholders. Their annual profits exceed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and are regularly turned into stock, or real estate, or both. Their settlement numbers fifteen thousand, and maintains eight churches of six denominations. They are all Swedes, but all, as rapidly as possible, learn and use the English language, which is taught in their schools.

Everybody works, and everybody owns property, for each newcomer from the fatherland comes with the understanding that, by faithfulness and economy, he can become a shareholder in a factory. The sons of the workmen, when they leave school, at about sixteen years of age, are taken into the factories, which thus become practical trade schools. A boy may have his own father for a teacher. Each apprentice, in addition to the wages agreed upon, receives thirty-five dollars as a bonus, at the end of the first year of faithful service. The second year he receives fifty dollars, and for the third and last year he is paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Then, with his savings, he may become a shareholder, in due time, on an equal footing with the others. He may buy stock either in the factory where he works or in some of the other factories, for the utmost freedom of movement prevails, and it often happens that a father is employed in one factory, and his son in another, and that each owns shares in every one of the twelve factories. A moment's thought will show that this is a most fortunate policy, for it prevents the narrow jealousies that would surely arise from working and owning only in one factory. The homes and the factories are close together, but the little houses which this thrifty settlement could do no better than to begin with have given place to many other better ones, or are now occupied by newcomers whose small means are only equal to renting the cheaper houses. There is no question of hours of labor at Rockford, and there is no war with capital, for the capitalist is the laborer, and the laborer is clothed with the independence that follows industry and thrift. There is another significant fact for workingmen in the success attending this great enterprise, and that is that good work thoroughly done always commands the highest price in the best markets of the United States.

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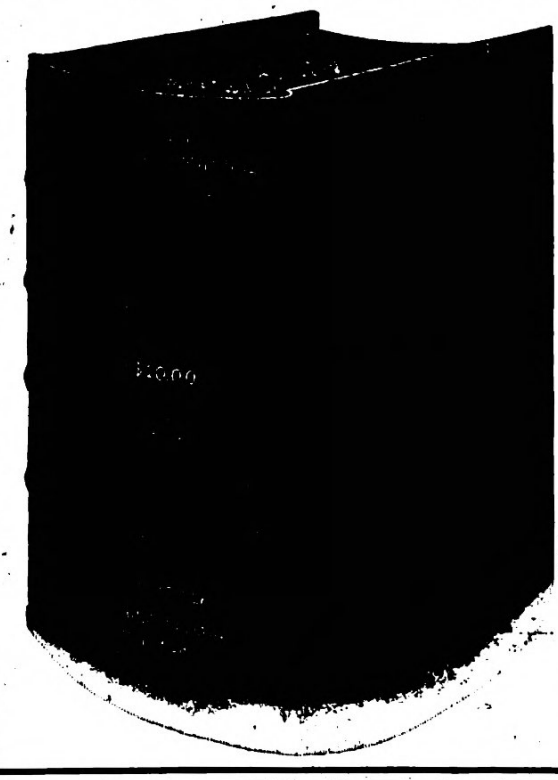
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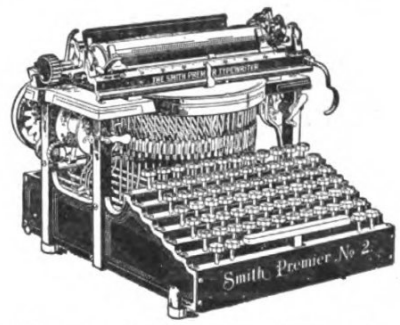
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American Success Series in Book Form.—At the end of this year, the Smith Premier Typewriter Company will publish a handsome booklet containing pictures and brief biographies of twelve successful Americans who have profited by their use of stenography or typewriting. These books will be mailed free only to persons who send us their names and addresses, with request for same.

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writes a U. S. Army officer.

The only soap that thoroughly softens the beard—is soothing and healing to the face—and makes shaving easy, safe and agreeable.

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

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THE SUCCESS ROLL OF HONOR

I sing the song of the conquered
Who fell in the battle of life.—W. W. STORY.

WHO can estimate what the world owes to those who, according to the ordinary modern standard of success, have failed? Who can compute the debt of civilization to the men and women who, in their efforts to make the world a little brighter, a little better place in which to live, have been too busy to make money?

When the genius of history unrolls the scroll of earth's benefactors, it will be found that many of those who stand highest on the list were hardly recognized during their lives. The name of many a servant will be above that of his master. Many a humble employee will be found to have been, in reality, more successful than the proprietor of the establishment in which he worked. The name of many a day-laborer, whose life was absorbed in making a modest home comfortable, and in trying to give his children a better education, a better start in life than he had, will be found written far above those of men who were lauded in print, and were looked up to as eminently successful.

It will be easy to find the story of some boy who remained on the farm and helped to pay the mortgage, stifled his ambition in order that the favorite brother might be sent to college, and thereby scored a much greater success than the one for whom the sacrifice was made.

The girl who smothered her longings for a higher education, or sacrificed the prospects of marriage and a home of her own, in order to take care of her aged parents, and was not known outside of her little coterie of friends, may have her name recorded far higher on the honor roll than that of the sister who went to college, or became a great author, musician, artist, or actress.

Not a few employers will be surprised to find the names of those who have made their wealth possible—those whose ambitions they have crushed, whose hopes they have blasted, whose opportunities they have cramped, and to whom they have never given a kind or encouraging word,—emblazoned in shining characters in that list of chosen ones where they will look in vain for their own.

Many a mill-owner will be amazed to find the names of his poor operatives, who worked in the unhealthy, gloomy mill, early and late, year in and year out, and whom he never recognized,—emaciated boys and girls, compelled by an unfortunate economic system to work when they should have been at school, bent and feeble fathers and mothers, and little children, who never knew the joys of childhood,—standing out accusingly, while his own and those of his pampered children are nowhere visible.

The arrogant millionaire will be likely to find, far above his own, the names of his coachman, housemaid, and cook,—so-called menials,—on whom, perhaps, he and his family looked as beings of an inferior world.

Many a successful merchant will look in vain for the name of an idolized and over-indulged son, but will find that of a despised office boy, an unnoticed clerk, or an overworked and underpaid stenographer.

No one will live long in the world's memory, or find a place on the honor roll, who has not done something besides selfishly grasping and holding the "almighty dollar," or working within the narrow sphere of personal interests and ambitions.

Achievement is not always success, while reputed failure often is. It is honest endeavor, persistent effort to do the best possible under any and all circumstances, daily practice of the Golden Rule, scattering little deeds of love and kindness along life's pathway, and aspiration to be of use in the world, that will win a place in the ranks of the elect.

Fame, wealth, position, worldly honors,—these have nothing to do with real success. The most successful Man that ever lived was despised of men, and so poor that He had not where to lay His head.

One of the noblest lives possible for a human being was that of an old apple-woman, whose story Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis thus briefly sums up in "The Investment of Influence:"—

> Events had appointed her to poverty, hunger, cold, and two rooms in a tenement. But there were three orphan boys sleeping in an ash-box whose lot was harder. She dedicated her heart and life to the little waifs. During two and forty years she mothered and reared some twenty orphans,—gave them home and bed and food; taught them all she knew; helped some to obtain a scant knowledge of the trades; helped others off to Canada and America. . . . Poverty disfigured the apple-woman's garret, and want made it wretched;

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nevertheless, God's most beautiful angels hovered over it. Her life was a blossom event in London's history. Social reform has felt her influence. Like a broken vase, the perfume of her being will sweeten literature and society a thousand years after we are gone.

Many a poor cripple who struggled in obscurity, doing his best to make himself useful, trying to reflect a little sunshine in the darkness, and to make the home a little brighter, but never expecting special recognition here or hereafter, will be surprised to find his name in letters of light upon history's roll of world-benefactors.

Ah, how shrunken and pitiful a thing, what a delusion, is the so-called success of self-absorbed men and women!

They who trample under foot every sentiment of human pity, love, and kindness, who brush aside opportunities to help brighten other lives as so many obstacles to the achievement of their ambition,—whatever it may be,—will cut sorry figures when their accounts are balanced. Like that private soldier into whose hands there fell, when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians, "a bag of shining leather filled with pearls," and who, according to Gibbon, the historian, "carefully preserved the bag, but threw away the contents," they will find that they have spurned true riches, real success, to grasp what is false.

In the white light of history, before the tribunal of justice, we shall not be judged for what we seem to be or to have achieved, but for what we are and by what we have tried to do.

In the judgment of this tribunal, from which there is no appeal, many failures will be approved as successes, and many successes will be adjudged failures.

In imperishable characters, there will be inscribed on the success roll of honor names unfamiliar to most of us, but whose owners nobly performed humble parts assigned to them. The unknown workers for humanity, the heroic sufferers,—some blind, some crippled or handicapped by the loss of hands or feet, or tortured by incurable disease,—who, with a fortitude equal to that of the martyrs of old, took up their burdens and bravely made the most of life,—the names of all these will occupy honored places.

This supreme court of justice is beyond the reach of influence and cannot be bribed by wealth.

The Class Orator at Harvard



ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE

ROSCOE CONKLING BRUCE, the young colored man who has been chosen orator of the Harvard class which will be graduated this month, is only twenty-three years old, and has distinguished himself often by his ability in other lines of study as well as in debate. He is the son of the late B. K. Bruce, of Mississippi, who, after his term in the senate, held the position of register of the treasury for several years. Many bank notes now in circulation bear the father's signature. Young Bruce got his name in the following way. When his father made his first appearance on the floor of the United States senate, and was called to take the oath of office, no one at once offered—as is the custom,—to escort him to the clerk's desk. Roscoe Conkling, then a senator from New York, saw Mr. Bruce standing alone and embarrassed, and, springing to his feet, offered him his arm, and, with the greatest courtesy, escorted him to the desk. When his son was born, Senator Bruce asked permission to name him for the New York senator, and the request was granted. Young Bruce has won many honors as a debater. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy, where he took several prizes. At Harvard he has taken the Pasteur and the Baron Coubertin medals, the Coolidge prize, and other honors. He was one of the three men selected to defend the college in a debate with Princeton, and, at another time, with Yale. In both these contests, Harvard was successful, largely, it was said, on account of Mr. Bruce's ability. At the close of his college course, Mr. Bruce will go as a teacher to Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Booker T. Washington's famous school for young colored men and women. His mother has been a leading teacher in that school for the past three years. Mr. Bruce is the second colored man to be chosen class orator at Harvard.



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They are not like the clothes made by so-called wholesale tailors and other manufacturers —but like the ones you expect from the best of merchant tailors—they are as good in every respect

OFTEN BETTER

They have lots of snap and style, fit perfectly, wear well and keep their shape. The most exclusive fabrics and patterns are used for them. To be had of the leading merchants in most places.

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"To the Young Man With Nothing But Brains"



DO you think you have brains? What are they worth to you? Can you get business with them? The business man wants young men and women who can get business for him. He is spending $600,000,000 a year in advertising. He wants ad-writers and managers—there are but 2,500 among a million one hundred thousand advertisers—men and women who can write business bringing ads. and who can plan sales producing campaigns.

All such work requires is a knowledge of how to get selling information, how to display it in type, how to give ideas to artists, how to systematize the work, and how to manage it. It requires no capital but brains; it requires no college education except the sort gained in the College of Hard Knocks.

The Lewis System of Personal Instruction

I teach ad-writing, designing and management by mail.

I have been doing it for 3 years, and have over 400 endorsements from students and advertisers.

The Lewis System is the most successful system because it is entirely *personal*.

The student's work is under my personal eye *all the time;* he is coached for *his* weaknesses; *his* talents are developed; *his* future is looked after.

The Lewis System does not use "form letter" criticisms—everything is specially written to fit the student.

The Lewis System limits the number of students in the class to insure *personal* attention.

This is the only course where the teacher is a recognized advertising specialist, a lecturer on business topics, and a successful *teacher*.

It is the only line of study endorsed by John Wanamaker, the greatest retail advertiser (copy of letter sent to inquiries).

It is the only course where a student must pass an entrance examination to determine his fitness to take up the study. *This test costs him nothing.*

It is the only course in the country that can show 97% of those who enter finishing the course.

It is the only course in the country that can show 98.7% of its graduates employed in advertising positions.

The Profession of the Future

Advertising offers the greatest rewards to the clever, brainy man or woman. Advertising is increasing—advertisers are bidding higher and higher for brains. Salaries range from $25 to $100 a week. John Wanamaker pays $12,000 and over a year. Can you do it? Let me test your capacity. I want none but the best—and the man in earnest. The snap hunter wants to go elsewhere.

Good Paying Positions for Students

A Scranton student has just graduated from compositor to bank advertiser. A Troy printer student has charge of the street car advertising—and "Lewis got the position for him." J. M. Jenson, Clifton, Texas, got an increase of $300 a year as a result of his studies. S. F. Daily, 917 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has just got a position as advertising manager of an Indianapolis drug house—read his article in the monthly "Experiences" (May). J. H. McNish, with D. S. MacDonald & Co., Boston, got his salary largely increased and was given charge of the advertising. Clarence F. Nichols, Brisbee, Ariz., is now one of the most successful mining advertisers in the West. Charles L. Wood, Malvern, Pa., is doing some fine work for Hire's Rootbeer, and has nearly doubled his salary in less than six months.

I CAN DO THE SAME FOR YOU

Great National Advertiser

"Your advertising course, or, the art of business getting, is a course that every young man or woman should take advantage of ere entering upon their business career."
GERHARD MENNEN, Prop. Mennen's Talcum Powder.

Great Advertising Manager

"I think your plan is the best so far seen—in fact the only plan." P. A. CONNE,
Advertising Mgr., Siegel-Cooper Co., New York.

Endorsed by

William Holmes, Jr., Business Manager, "New York Press."
L. B. Moffett, Manager Peirce School, Philadelphia.
ALL PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS.
W. P. Wilson, Director Philadelphia Commercial Museums.
314 STUDENTS OUT OF 329.
S. C. Berger, Advertising Manager Philadelphia "Ledger."
Profitable Advertising, Boston, Mass.

To Advertisers I have no graduates at present unemployed. Advertisers desiring to obtain competent assistants; and who are prepared to pay from $25 to $60 a week to commence, should give me data at once, in time for the first 1902 Class, finishing June 30.
Only those who have completed the course are recommended.

What About You Write me fully—tell me what you are doing, what you think you can do, and what you want to do. **I never answer postals.** I will send you, for a letter, a copy of my 60 pp. prospectus and a copy of "Experiences," published by Lewis Students, telling what Lewis has done for them.

Terms and Fees Fees are small; terms, cash or installments. Write me personally for details, and remember, postals are never read in my office.

E. ST. ELMO LEWIS,
518 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Established 1895.

CUT THIS OUT
I am interested in the Lewis System of Personal Instruction, and want your Special Proposition to success Readers—(June 1902)
Name .....
Address .....

VANITY IS WITHOUT VIRTUE

FELIX G. PRYME



THERE was once a baboon whose deplorable vanity
Proved him a being of hopeless inanity;
Not content with one mirror, to view his smug features,
He required just five. This ninny of creatures
Once called to a friend, and most anxiously said:
"With the glass on my tail I cannot see my head;
Oh! what shall I do?" But his friend said, with glee,
"I really don't know, for naught's in it to see."

The Art of Winning People's Confidence

THE art of gaining people's confidence quickly and retaining it is of inestimable value to a youth who would get on in the world. Very few people possess it. The majority of us throw barriers in the way of its acquirement. By having a disagreeable manner, lack of tact, or, perhaps, an unpleasant personality, we frequently antagonize or repel those whom we are anxious to please.

Many people have to work hard to overcome the prejudice created by first impressions, while others, without effort, charm everyone they meet.

Success is often due more to engaging manners and an attractive personality than to great ability.

It is not the teacher who knows most, for instance, who is successful beyond others, but it is the one who pleases and interests by means of her tact and winning ways. Neither is it always the salesman who knows his business from A to Z, but whose manners are repellent, who is most valuable to his employer, but the one who has learned the art of pleasing.

We are so constituted that we are influenced by what pleases us, even when it warps our judgment. One may feel a prejudice against a book agent, for example, who has managed to gain access to him. But, if the salesman has an agreeable personality, and succeeds in making a favorable impression, he will sell the work he is canvassing for, even though the purchaser does not want it. "I did not really want the book," the latter will be heard to say afterwards, "but the fellow was so pleasing, so polite and genial, that I really could not help doing what he wanted me to do."

While the art of winning people's favor and confidence is, in many instances, a natural gift, like most of the good things in life, it may be acquired by those who earnestly seek it.

The first step to be taken is to cultivate—if you do not already possess it,—a uniformly cheerful disposition. A bright, smiling face will do more to incline a man's heart toward you, and to gain his ear, than all the virtues in the calendar, handicapped by a gloomy visage.

Be generous with your sympathy, and try to be at least as much interested in the joys and sorrows of others as you would wish them to be in yours.

When you meet friends or acquaintances, do not "buttonhole" them and pour into their unwilling ears a history of your affairs. Listen, rather, to what they have to say, and try to enter as cordially as possible into their feelings, their hopes and fears, and plans. This does not mean, of course, that you are to be victimized by every bore who wishes to secure a listener,—it does not matter who,—but it means to give to hungry hearts that generous measure of sympathy which we all crave.

Treat men as brothers, and, though your kindness may, in some instances, be abused, your gain will far outweigh your loss, in the healthy, happy atmosphere you will create, and in the friendly sentiments you will attract to yourself.

Above all things else, be consistent and persistent in your efforts, or you will accomplish little. It will not do to be kind and cheery, to-day, and gruff and churlish, to-morrow; to take pains to please, one day, and to be wholly indifferent the next. An even disposition is indispensable to the formation of a strong, reliable character. No one will give his confidence to a man who has the reputation of being fickle or uncertain.



Learn Ad-Writing By the Powell Correspondence System

EARN FROM $100.00 to $500.00 A MONTH

What Students and Eminent Authorities Say About the Methods of America's Leading Expert.

COMPETENT Advertising Writers are wanted everywhere, and the demand far exceeds the supply. No other business offers such wonderful pecuniary inducements, and no other is so readily taught by mail.

Ten years ago Mr. Powell taught ad-writing privately, and he was the first expert to do this in a general way. To-day his correspondence system is recognized as the leading one, and although established late in 1901, yet its success has been little short of phenomenal. While the complete correspondence course requires from five to six months, yet fully one-third of Mr. Powell's students become competent to take salaried positions in less than three months.

What Students Say:

Chas. M. Warren, Geneva, N. Y., says: "The work grows more interesting with each lesson."

J. M. O'Neill, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "I find the work interesting, and am sorry I did not take up the study sooner."

H. M. Jones, Des Moines, Ia., writes: "The lessons are highly satisfactory, and I can hardly wait for the next."

John P. Delles, Rochester, N. Y., writes: March 13: "The lessons come regular and are always a pleasure—always something new." March 15: "Your course is all right, and I am gaining lots of knowledge." April 6: "No, I am not thinking of stopping, for the knowledge gained is worth everything."

Blanche M. Butler, Sandusky, O., writes: "I am very much pleased with your lesson on proof reading. That was the part that discouraged me before. I do not wish to say anything against former school, but I like your method best."

A New Jersey student, who wishes name withheld, writes April 12th (original letter on file): "Now in regard to the ——course. I have taken about the same number of lessons from them that I have from you, and although I feel they have taken an interest in all my work, yet when compared to your work *they have not got it down to the system that you have.* Speaking candidly, I like your course best, and believe I have derived more benefit from it than from theirs, but would not have you think I am speaking disparagingly of them. I know for myself that I can *learn more in one month under your tuition than under them in two*—not to flatter you in the least. I believe a student you turn out as O. K. stands a better chance of giving satisfaction all around."

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"George H. Powell is one of the very few really great men in the advertising business."—*Puck.*

"No one could give more valuable instruction than George H. Powell, because there is no other man in the United States who has had so much practical experience with successful advertising."—F. A. Partenheimer, Adertising Manager C. D. Gregg Tea and Coffee Co., St. Louis.

"He is peculiarly fitted for instructing others, I learned the first principles at his hands (ten years ago)."—G. H. E. Hawkins, Advertising Manager N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago. Spending $400,000.00 yearly for advertising.

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telling all about the Powell System, and how it fits young men and women to become successful ad-writers in the shortest possible time. A book of interest to all, including business men, and giving endorsements that have the "true ring." Address,

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College Athletics Upbuild Health and Courage

[*Concluded from page 350*]



Frequently, a student will start, alone, around the track

to ten-minute halves, and probably not until November are halves of twenty or twenty-five minutes played.

The diet of the men, while not nearly so strict as it used to be, consists of plain living and an avoidance of rich food. Smoking and drinking are tabooed, as they are in all other sports. The games of the greatest importance come at the end of November, and, by that time, the men are in such shape that they can stand the work well, and injuries in large games are rather rare. The men are also looked after through the season by a trainer, and, usually, there is one local physician or surgeon who attends to serious cases of injury.

In rowing, the work begins in midwinter, indoors, either in a tank or on rowing machines which simulate, in a way, the conditions of the boats, and give exercise to the sets of muscles that are most needed when it comes to the propulsion of the shells in the water. As soon as the ice is out of the river, the men enter the barges, which are rather broader and more stable than the shells which are used in the races, and begin outdoor work. Later they are shifted into a shell and are also given instructions in pair-oar boats, where individual instruction in rowing is more rapid than in the shell itself. A steam launch follows the crew when they row, and a coach, with a megaphone, exhorts the men upon their various faults. This continues to within a week or two of the race, when the men go to the course and do the work there. The actual time consumed in rowing, during the term, is generally two hours a day. The football work occupies the same period of time when one takes into consideration the time expended in going to and from the grounds and in detail work.

In baseball, as in rowing, the work commences in the winter, when the men exercise in a sort of cage, or long alley, where balls can be thrown, batted, pitched, picked up, and the like. As soon as the ground is in fit condition, the men take to the field, and there the principal part of the work is not in playing matches, but in practicing batting and fielding. A coach looks after the men there, as in rowing and football, and the average American boy has pretty well conceived notions of how the game of baseball ought to be played. Some of the larger nines take an Easter trip to a warmer climate, going a little way south, and playing matches during the week's vacation. Soon after their return a regular series of matches is begun, culminating in the contests with the main rivals, which are generally two,—one on each home ground,—followed by a third on neutral grounds if necessary.

In track athletics, the work also begins in winter, but it is not severe, and consists of practice in a

An early morning scene on the cinder path at Yale



The Fitzsimmons System



ROBERT FITZSIMMONS.

THE BEST AND MOST PRACTICAL METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

It insures

Health, Strength and Success

ASK the first hundred men that you meet what they desire most in the world. The answer in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred will be "Happiness," "Wealth," "Pleasure" or "Success." The rare long-headed hundredth man will say "Health," and yet this Hundredth Man, if fortunate enough to realize his ambition, will hold the master key to unlock any of the other doors.

The best equipment for the battle of life is a pair of honest, air-loving lungs, nerves that are steady and alert, well-trained muscles—all ministering to the active brain of their owner.

Good health is man's natural heritage. A good figure, an erect carriage, a springy step and an active mind are as much his by right as the power to breathe. There is no more excuse for weak lungs and a hollow chest in a man than there is for decrepitude in a lion, yet almost every man treats himself with a carelessness and indifference that he would not permit in the case of a horse.

Some men inherit a good physique; some attain it, but the vast majority reach maturity with undeveloped bodies, uncertain nerves, unreliable muscles and a tendency to dyspepsia, constipation, insomnia or nervous prostration.

To all such I can extend the assurance of speedy relief. I know whereof I speak, for I myself once possessed a narrow chest, weak lungs and flabby muscles. I resolved to make myself strong, and through experiments on my own body I learned Nature's own method of restoring health and strength. What I have done for myself and for hundreds of others I can do for you.

No matter what his calling, any man can develop his physique by the help of my system. Occupation is no bar; environment—and even force of heredity itself—yield to the man who has the determination to rise above them.

My system simply gives to men and women the health and strength that Nature intended them to have. There is no mystery about it—just common sense, backed by an accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the human body and its needs. I try to find out the exact needs of each pupil so that each special exercise can be planned to fit his individual case. In this way I can build him up gradually to a proper condition and teach him to maintain it afterwards.

The exercises are not severe—a few moments morning and night soon makes you feel the difference. Purer blood courses in your veins, you breathe more freely, eat more heartily and sleep soundly. Color heightens in the cheeks, the eye brightens, the skin is clearer, and you are filled with new power and renewed ambition.

I have seen these changes so often as a result of my systematic exercises that I know it to be no fancy picture.

If you feel the need of good health and are in earnest about it, write me fully and I will give you an outline of my course and detailed information regarding my methods and terms for instruction.

The Robert Fitzsimmons Institute of Physical Culture

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, Director and Gen. Mgr. **BENSONHURST, N. Y.**



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HOW TO BREATHE FOR HEALTH STRENGTH & ENDURANCE

THE aim of every system of physical exercise is to invigorate and rebuild the internal organism—the Lungs, Heart, Stomach, Liver, Intestines, etc. By intelligently applied

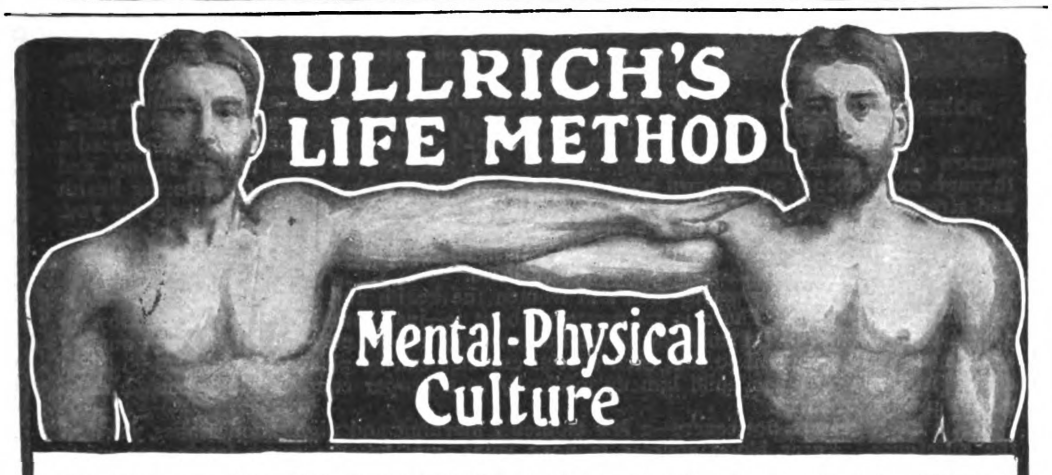
BREATHING GYMNASTICS

I accomplish this directly. My method enables the weakest woman to invigorate her internal organs as thoroughly as though she possessed the muscles and endurance of a Hercules. I *first* develop your lungs and teach you how to breathe deeply, causing an abundant supply of rich blood to flow through every vein in the body. *Then*, I develop your external body. Adopting any other method is like beginning at the end and working backwards. *I guarantee unquestionable results.* Let me send you my handsomely illustrated book, "Experience versus Experiment," descriptive of my course and methods. IT'S FREE.

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DO NOT CONFUSE MY LIFE METHOD of Mental-Physical Culture Training WITH ANY OTHER SYSTEM. It is entirely distinct. Other methods develop the muscular tissue ("beef" as athletes term it) to the exclusion of vitality, and frequently to its injury as in the case of the contortionist. My Life Method, in addition to creating a superb physique, impels the entire being through nerve and blood exercise and control, to thrill and pulsate with new and permanent life force. It is the one method that does not sacrifice the vital organs. I develop all the muscles systematically, as well as strengthen the stomach, heart, kidneys and other vital organs. My Life Method of Mental-Physical Culture Training preserves perfect health, lengthens life, making it a pleasure rather than a task. If interested write and I will be pleased to forward you a detailed outline of my method together with words of hearty endorsement from substantial business men.

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A college crew getting in trim for a race

similar cage to that used by the baseball men. As soon as the track is in condition, the men go out, and, under a coach or a trainer, are carefully worked up to a point of skill in every individual specialty, there being at the early part of the season a greater number of men, who are gradually cut down to those who show the most proficiency. The main contest is the intercollegiate, which occurs at the end of May, and the victor there has to meet and defeat the best men from all other colleges. It is a supreme test.

Those who are not interested in sports are apt to wonder what it is that leads to the great enthusiasm among the people, at the present day, for all sorts of athletic contests. One suggestion, and it seems a reasonable one, is that the ancestors of the present American boy or girl led an outdoor life, and thus laid up a sort of provision for the future that the present generation has been in danger of dissipating, and that the desire for these outdoor athletic sports comes as an indication that they are needed to rebuild once more the foundation of the life and strength of the people. Those who contend for this point instance the many cases where, in the great metropolitan centers, the leaders are not the men who were born and brought up in cities, but, almost invariably, men who came from the country and whose youth was spent away from the confinements of city life.

However this may be, there are certain reasons in the minds of various classes for the support of all kinds of athletics. The instructors in schools and colleges find that these sports furnish a measure of discipline which can be utilized, and that they certainly give the executive body a chance to inflict punishments for disorders and infractions of rules which are peculiarly effective. The parents, as a rule, while fearful of the bodily injuries which may come from the indulgence in some of the more violent sports, have learned that these injuries are not often serious, and that the bodily health is generally improved, and, finally, that a boy of to-day is not nearly so much inclined to dislike school as was a boy of thirty years ago. Without, therefore, claiming for athletics every improvement that has taken place in the manners and morals of students during the last thirty years, an advocate of sport does desire to suggest that there is a far higher standard of morality, much less drinking, a generally increased respect for authority, and cleaner and better living among students as a body.

Even a professor finds time to relax his mind



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The Adventures of Reynalda

MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

[*Concluded from page 342*]

below, and balanced herself there while she drew one full breath. The men below had spied her and shouted louder than before. Still balancing, she looked along the bluff, and saw other projections, perilously far apart, running in a sort of zigzag toward the bluff's upper end.

How she leaped from one to another, now up, now down, but always making the distance, Reynalda never knew. It was done in a flash,—so quickly that the watchers could not tell which way she had gone. Friendly trees growing at the foot of the bluff gave her the shelter of their thick, bare branches. A better help was the hunters' own thought that she had gone to earth in some fissure of the rocks. The dogs would tell them the truth. In any sort of open space Remus would follow wherever a fox could lead. Two more leaps would take her to the bluff's end,—where the rocks clothed themselves with earth and trees and became a sharp hillside. Reynalda knew that she could not run when she should be afoot in the bottom. The leaping, the tension had taken everything out of her, except courage and cunning.

A wagon crept down the road, a big farm-wagon piled mountainously with sweet-smelling hay. Joe Mace, a flat-woods farmer, was hauling home the last of three stacks bought from the chief fox-hunter. Joe himself did not hunt. He had kind eyes, and was soft and slow in speech. That of course Reynalda could not know. What she did know was that here was a chance of salvation. The wagon, lurching from side to side, passed underneath her perch. With a light, sidewise leap, she landed upon the hay, and burrowed until only her nose was in air. Even that was invisible, the hay stood up so pertly round about it. If Joe felt the jar to the load, he made no sign. Unhasting, unresting, he drove on, through the whole hunt, clustered and eager in the creek bottom. He had not time for more than a civil word, for his place lay at least ten miles off, and he was bent on getting the hay under cover before the short day should be done. Notwithstanding, in the woods, half a mile outside his own gate, he stopped his mules, right beside a promising thicket, and stirred the top of his load with a long light pole. When he saw Reynalda scuttle away, he smiled contentedly, and drove home with a pleasant glow at his heart.

The flat woods are not so sightly as the grass country, but still Reynalda stayed in them, took a mate, and made herself a den in a big hollow white oak. The mate was a decent enough fellow, gray like herself, and, when the cubs came in May, the two of them were reasonably happy. There were five of the little fellows, snub-nosed, soft, and warm, blind at first, but with fine mottled velvet coats. The mottling was not in color, for that was uniformly dark, but in the way the hairs stood,—here lying smooth, there standing up, alternating in big roundish blotches all over. They soon got their eyes open, and a little later began to toddle and stagger about the den, tumbling over their mother, even nipping her ears, if she did not notice them as soon as they cried.

It was a proud day, indeed, for Reynalda, when she led them out into the sunlight, to frisk on the dry leaves, and spat each other with playful paws. Though her mate helped loyally, the care of them made her thin and ragged; still she did not lose her high courage, nor her audacious curiosity. She sunned herself, rolled in the dust of dry, open roadways, and ran across fields, in plain view of plowmen and their dogs. Thus they came to know her and her range,—knowledge that in the end proved her undoing.

Providing for a family was hard work in the flat woods. Rabbits, quails, and such small game, are given to haunting grass and stubble, where the earth is warm and in good heart. The crawfishes which so abounded in the clayey marshes were edible, to be sure; and, in the fall, there would be great stores of grapes and persimmons, not to name white-oak acorns. But fall lay months ahead. Reynalda went everywhere, seeking what she might devour. So did her mate; there was something approaching nobility in the way he shared with her, bringing all things to the den, no matter how hungry he might be. The cubs were only sucklings, the most forward among them having just begun to nibble. In a little while Reynalda would bring in small birds and field mice alive, and teach the youngsters what to do with them. She licked them all impartially, but somehow the one that

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Men's Style No. 419 C is an extremely comfortable shoe; very popular this season. (See description below).

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was the sauciest had the warmest corner of her heart.

Trappers, pure and simple, the flat woods know not. Still, the trail of the hunt-club is over them. That is to say, the storekeeper, acting for certain gentlemen hunters living very far off, pays from one to five dollars a head for live foxes, sound and unharmed. Plowboys and milkboys know it. So it is easy to understand how, one morning, when Reynalda, hard pressed by hunger, crept into an outlying corn-crib's open door, to gnaw and eat, or, maybe, snatch a maurauding dove, the door was suddenly clapped shut, likewise the gable-window,—and, before she knew it, she was seized, tied hard and fast, huddled into a big splint basket, and hauled away to the store.

The crying of the hungry cubs drove the father away before another day. They would undoubtedly have starved, if their home had not been pretty close beside Joe Mace's new ground. By the crying, he found the little ones, weak and sorrowful. Possibly instant death would have been the truest mercy; but Joe, aside from his soft heart, had himself grown up motherless. So the cubs went home with him, snugly piled in his coat pockets, to comfort and console his terrier, Trix, who was mourning a beautiful litter, accidentally smothered. There was something infinitely pathetic in the way she seized upon and mothered the forlorn little cubs. Joe watched the mothering with great content. He had a shrewd suspicion as to who was the real mother of the waifs, but all he ever said, even to himself, was: "I wisht the old one could somehow find out that, after all, her babies did n't starve."

GERMAN THOROUGHNESS

PRINCE HENRY of Prussia's recent visit to America has again brought into prominence the qualities that are making the Germans a formidable race of people.

The quality which, more than any other, has helped to raise them to their present commanding position in the world, is their thoroughness. The Germans do not half-do things. The slipshod methods which characterize many Americans are practically unknown to the Germans, who are patient in investigation and thorough down to the smallest details.

The Teutonic mind is orderly and methodical; it makes haste slowly by doing everything completely, as well as it can be done.

This quality of doing everything to a finish is giving young Germans a great advantage over both English and American youths. Every employer is looking for thoroughness, and German employees, owing to their preëminence in this respect, the superiority of their training, and the completeness of their preparation for business, are in great demand, to-day, in England, especially in banks and large mercantile houses.

It is an exception to find an English-speaking youth who can use any language but his own, whereas the majority of young Germans can speak and write several languages. They go to France and England and serve without pay to learn them. If you are a merchant and have any transactions with French houses, you will notice that, except in rare instances, French men correspond with you in their mother tongue. This is not the case with Germans. On account of their knowledge of languages, they are able to carry on their correspondence in the vernacular of the country with which they trade. Owing to the rapid increase in foreign trade in countries like England and America, for example, this gives them a great advantage.

Unfortunately, the average American youth thinks that he can succeed with any kind of preparation. He believes that his "smartness" will take the place of broad and firm foundations; and will ultimately "win out" for him. This is a fatal mistake; for, even with the American's native adaptability to varying conditions, which is, undoubtedly, a great point in his favor, the German's thorough preparation and ability to master details gives him a great advantage at the outset of his career.

As a rule, a German who expects to engage in business takes a four years' course in some commercial school, and, after graduation, serves three years' apprenticeship, without pay, to his chosen business.

Throughness and reliability, the German's characteristics, are increasing the power of Germany throughout the civilized world.

There is no peace when one's life is revolving around itself.

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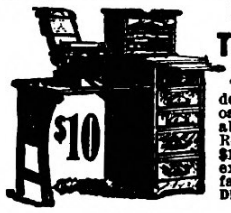
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THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

A PROCESS of severing steel plates by melting them with an electric arc was described, several years ago, in the daily press. Then it was asserted that any burglar with a slight knowledge of electricity had at his mercy all bank-vaults within reach of a municipal electric-lighting plant. Although no burglar has yet taken advantage of these new privileges, interest in the question has been renewed by the invention of a device that utilizes the electric arc for separating great masses of metal. A large boiler foundation has thus been removed from the basement of a Milwaukee building, and the process will doubtless have many industrial applications. It is by no means instantaneous, however, and any bank-vault that can resist this, or any other burglarious methods, for sixteen hours, is as safe as if it were absolutely thief-proof.

Steel-Cutting By Electricity

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IT is charged, by a writer in "American Medicine," that efforts to decrease the cost of manufacture of illuminating gas have resulted in making a dangerously poisonous product. Much modern gas consists largely of so-called water-gas, which contains thirty per cent. of carbon monoxide, a fatally poisonous substance. On the repeal, in Massachusetts, of laws limiting the proportion of monoxide in illuminating gas to ten per cent., the death-rate from gas-poisoning at once rose. In thirteen years prior to this, the total number of deaths was only eight; while, in the thirteen years following, the number was four hundred and fifty-nine. Many puzzling cases of physical decline, the writer believes, are traceable to gas-leaks in ill-ventilated houses.

The Increase of Gas-Poisoning

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IT is admitted by the "Medical Record" that an American whose ancestors have lived in this country for several generations is "inclined to be a nervous, excitable, energetic, and somewhat dyspeptic individual." Were it not for the fresh blood taken in by immigration, the standard of our population, the writer apparently thinks, would fall below that of Europe. This is by way of answer to the charges of Dr. James Cantlie, an English physician, who holds up the typical citizen of the United States as a horrible example of "a tall, gaunt, dyspeptic-visaged man, with hollow cheeks," and hopes that such "objects" will not became common in Great Britain. Between the British detractor and the American apologist, the ordinary American seems to fare poorly.

Are Americans Degenerating?

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THAT electric traction is already beginning to effect the disuse of the horse is asserted editorially by the "Electric Review." In Paris, according to a French authority, the municipal census of horses shows a falling off of nearly six thousand, or six per cent., in the past year, while in London the decrease has been ten per cent. The writer states that the decrease in New York, in twenty years, has, probably, been fully one-third, and he looks forward confidently to the time when the progress of engineering will have eliminated the horse as a beast of burden. With it, he expects, will also go stone pavements, dirt, flies and disease.

The Passing of the Horse

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IT has been pretty well decided by astronomers that there is no atmosphere on the moon, and that, consequently, there can be no rain or snow there. From recent lunar photographs taken in Cuba, however, Professor W. H. Pickering is sure that he has observed a periodic change of illumination on the glow of Plato, one of the great ring-mountains, which can be explained only on the supposition that snow falls there during the lunar night and melts there during the lunar day. Other astronomers, however, while admitting the accuracy of his observations, dispute his conclusions. E. Walter Maunder, a recent English writer on the subject, regards the proof of the entire absence of air on the moon as so overwhelmingly conclusive that the reported appearances must necessarily be due to some other cause than snow.

Is There Snow on the Moon?

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THE bill before congress, providing for the sole use of the metric system in government offices, is commented upon by scientific men from various standpoints. It is commonly referred to by its opponents as a measure to compel the use of this system throughout the country. Of course, congress has no power to regulate the common use of weights and measures directly; but, by prescribing the use of a particular system in all business transacted with the United States, it can exert a great indirect influence in this direction. The system is already a legal one, and is the chief one in use in pure science. Hence, physicists generally favor it, while engineers oppose it. At a recent meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, William Sellers, after a review of the system, declared that its introduction, as proposed, would seriously affect trade and injure the manufacturing interests of the country.

Will It Lead to the Use of the Metric System?

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THE remarkable law discovered by the eminent Russian chemist, Mendeleef, many years ago, links the chemical elements together in such a way as to indicate a relation between their properties and their atomic weights. The law indicates that hitherto undiscovered elements must exist, and enables chemists to state what the properties of these will be when they are found. In several instances, these predictions have already been verified in so striking a manner that the law of Mendeleef has been classed by some writers with the greatest of scientific generalizations, such as Newton's law of gravitation. Now comes another chemist, S. H. Harris, with additions to this law, which, he asserts, make it possible to predict new discoveries with even greater accuracy. The Russian chemist arranges the elements in corresponding lines. Mr. Harris has discovered that, in certain instances, the logarithms of the atomic weights of

The Prediction of Chemical Elements

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elements in the first line are proportional to the squares of those in the second. In other cases, they are proportional to the numbers themselves, and, in still others, to their square roots, following a certain definite arrangement, which Mr. Harris shows to exist. This is only another fact to show that numerical law governs in chemistry as surely as it does in astronomy.

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A Photographic Tailor's-Assistant

A TAILOR named Franz Dolezal has patented a device for measuring a person for a suit of clothes by photography. A coarse wire network with square meshes is photographed with the subject as a standard, and the person to be measured wears a sort of harness, intended to mark certain important points on the body. The relative positions of subject, camera, and network, are carefully adjusted, and then several photographs are taken from different points of view.

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Heredity from a New Standpoint

ACCORDING to a new theory of heredity advocated by Felix Le Daubec, the phenomena of descent are identical with those of growth. The child is an actual fragment or detached bit of its parents, and grows into their likeness as naturally as any human infant grows into a man instead of a dog or a horse. He deprecates the view of heredity that regards it as a mysterious force, and rejects Weismann's theory of germ-plasm because it "endows the reproductive elements with mysterious power and makes them essentially different from the other tissues of the body." This theory admits of the inheritance of acquired characteristics and explains the modification of heredity by education.

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Pagan Gods and Human Monstrosities

THE theory that some of the misshapen creatures that abound in pagan mythologies were suggested by human monstrosities is advanced by Professor Schatz, a German scholar. According to him, the Cyclops corresponds to a one-eyed monstrosity; the Siren is identified with one whose lower limbs are united; and the Centaur was suggested by a monstrosity having two pairs of legs. He believes that many mooted points in comparative mythology might be cleared up by additional study along this line.

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The Once-Celebrated "Signals" from Mars

PERCIVAL LOWELL, the astronomer who saw the alleged "signal" from Mars in December, 1900, tells us, in "Popular Astronomy" for April, just what he saw and how he explains it. Needless to say, he does not approve the "signal" theory. He saw what is called by astronomers a "projection,"—a bright point of light on the dark part of the planet's disk, near the boundary that separates day from night. On the moon, such "projections," which are very common, are due to the sun's rays striking some high mountain peak. It is improbable that there are any mountains on Mars, and hence the newspaper announcement of "signals" is sensational. Mr. Lowell tells us that he is very certain that the light was due to a reflection from peculiar floating clouds. His measurements indicate that this particular cloud was about thirteen and one-half miles above the planet's surface, and that it measured about two hundred by fifty miles. It drifted for a day or so, at the rate of about twenty-three miles an hour, and then disappeared,—probably by evaporation.

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The Influence of Mountains on Hailstorms

INTERESTING observations on the influence of mountains on the fall of hail have just been published by the Italian meteorological service. During seven years of investigation, there were forty-one days of hail at Rome and eighty days of hail at Monte Cavo, about three thousand, two hundred feet above that city. There were, however, one hundred and seventy-six thunderstorms at Rome, and only one hundred and twenty-nine at Monte Cavo, which indicates that the greater fall of hail at the higher altitude has nothing to do with a greater intensity of atmospheric electricity. Signor Monti, who communicates these facts, suggests that much of the hail that fell at the higher station melted on reaching the lower and warmer strata, and appeared as rain.

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Marconi and his Predecessors

AN attack, somewhat more savage than the facts would seem to warrant, has been made on Signor Marconi by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson in the London "Saturday Review." Professor Thompson asserts that Professor Oliver J. Lodge, of Liverpool, is the real inventor of wireless telegraphy, and that neither Marconi nor his German rival, Slaby, is entitled to patents on anything but the minor details of their respective systems. Lodge, says the writer, is "master of the transatlantic situation," on account of patents he now holds in the United States, although he may not be aware of the fact. American technical journals are inclined to uphold Marconi as the successful perfecter of wireless telegraphy, who, although using the work of his predecessors, has always been careful to give them credit for it.

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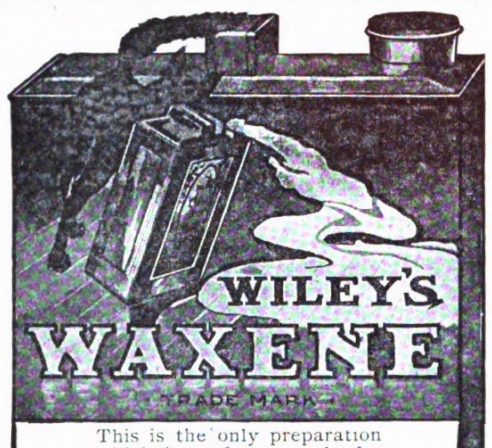
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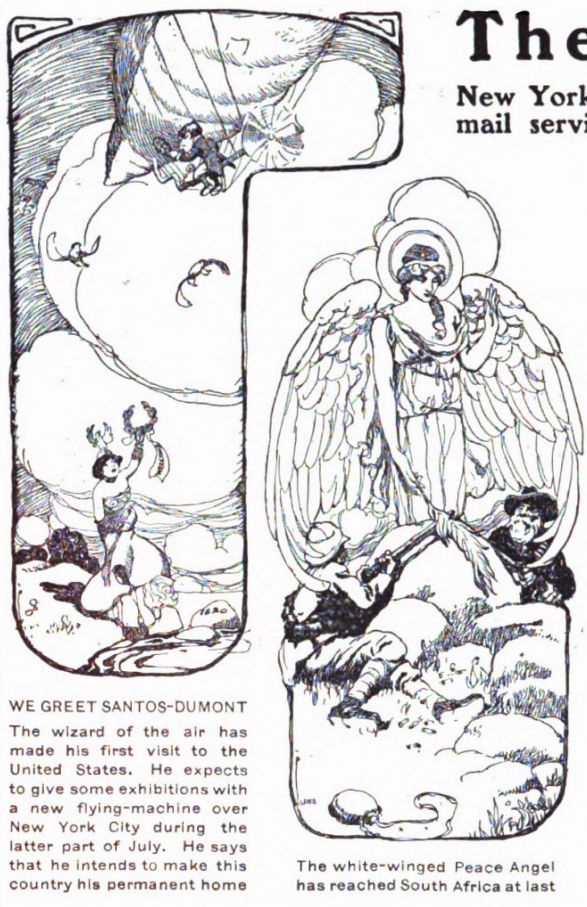
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The white-winged Peace Angel has reached South Africa at last

The Progress of

New York merchants hope to secure a daily mail service between America and Europe

THERE never was an army in the field, for any great length of time, without being charged with cruelty, and the charges have always been more or less true, for cruelty is as natural to war as cowardice and heroism are. But, with numerous charges of cruelty against the English in South Africa and the Americans in the Philippines, they are, without doubt, the two most humane of all armies, and especially is this true of the Americans. Major Littleton W. T. Waller, who was charged with murdering prisoners of war, was acquitted; but on account of General Jacob H. Smith's confession that he ordered "all under ten killed," Major Waller's case will be taken up again. The so-called "water cure"—by which natives are pumped full of water, and then made to disgorge it with the hope of making them disgorge information valuable to the American cause,—is a new sort of cruelty that congress has been investigating.

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THE late Cecil Rhodes, in his remarkable will, which gives twenty-five million dollars for the education of British, American, and German students at Oxford University, put this question into the heart of every rich man in the world: "Why can't I do it?" The great wisdom of Mr. Rhodes's gift, in connection with its wholeheartedness, ought to teach millionaires that there is a genius in giving money that must rank much higher than the genius of making it. Rhodes could make money, but no one ever suspected, until his death, that he knew how to put money to such fine use. The will provides that six German students, to be chosen by the German emperor, and one hundred American students, two from each state and territory, are to be selected for a three years' course, each with an annual allowance of one thousand, five hundred dollars, and that each of these students is to have his own choice of a college at Oxford. It has been suggested, by some of our newspapers, that English influence on so many young Americans should be avoided for the sake of patriotism, and that some of our own universities are quite as good as Oxford. Without doubt, we have as good universities as Oxford, if not better, but a powerful nation like the United States, so strong in patriotism, and forging so fast ahead of England in commerce and manufactures, need not fear English influence. The fact is that, in ten years, five Englishmen will be coming to America, to acquire knowledge, to one American who will go to England for that purpose. Within the present year, several parties of English capitalists and laboring men have come here to study methods in our shops and mills, and an Anglophile is a much less dangerous person now than an Anglophobe. Our point of view regarding England is daily changing. We are no longer, in any sense, her market, but she still desires to keep our friendship or neutrality. Yet we have many persons in this country, some of them no longer young, whom it would profit to spend some time abroad. One of the things that must be done in this century is to have the masses in the nations understand one another, and Mr. Rhodes's will will be one of the great factors in that direction.

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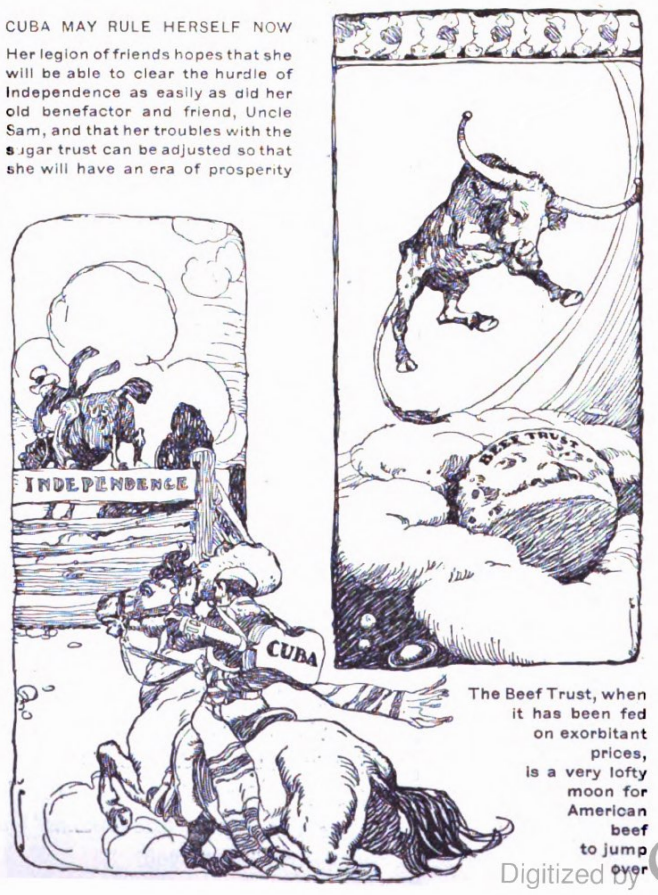
SOME weeks ago President Roosevelt very reluctantly accepted the resignation of H. Clay Evans, the excellent but much-abused commissioner of pensions, and appointed in his place Eugene P. Ware, of Kansas, a veteran of the Civil War, and, for many years, editor and poet. Mr. Evans was one of the best pension commissioners the country has ever had. He not only knew the difference between a person deserving a pension and one who makes a business of drawing a pension for himself or for another, but he had the courage to award pensions accordingly, and few men ever held a more uncomfortable place. It is to be regretted that the President accepted Mr. Evans's resignation.

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THE Beef Trust is one of those trusts that hasten the judgment day. Such corporations provoke people to circulate petitions, to gather at schoolhouses and churches and resolve, with fiery speeches, to demand their common rights. The price of meat went up all over the country. The trust authorities said that it was due to a scarcity of supply, yet the great cold-storage houses were full of meat. People cut their meat bills, and whole communities resolved to become vegetarians, in order to force prices down. The most furious thing on the earth is the American nation when it is mad. You, gentlemen, who corner meat, eggs, butter, and other commodities that go through a housewife's hands into a hungry man's stomach, have a care! You may corner all the steel, steamships, railroads, rubber, and lumber you please, but you would better keep your high prices off the things a woman purchases when she goes to market.

CUBA MAY RULE HERSELF NOW

Her legion of friends hopes that she will be able to clear the hurdle of Independence as easily as did her old benefactor and friend, Uncle Sam, and that her troubles with the sugar trust can be adjusted so that she will have an era of prosperity



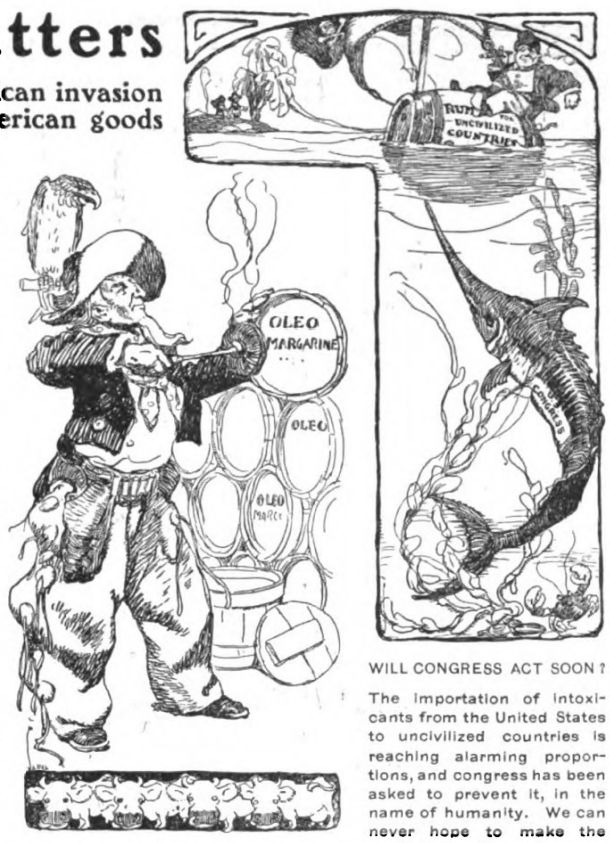
The Beef Trust, when it has been fed on exorbitant prices, is a very lofty moon for American beef to jump over

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Men and Matters

Foreign dealers claim that American invasion is due to the superiority of American goods

THE Chinese Exclusion Bill, which has been approved by the senate and is now under consideration in the house, is, in the main, the reassertion of the law on this subject, which will soon expire by limitation. Only Chinese merchants, students, and tourists of the higher classes will be permitted to enter the United States. Chinese sailors will still be permitted in the navy and in the merchant marine, but the lower classes will be excluded from the Philippines, as they are from Hawaii. There is no other country in the world to which the Chinese are so anxious to migrate as they are to the United States. In laundering, cooking, and, in fact, in railroad building, in farming, and in a number of lines of manufacturing, the Chinese, if admitted in large numbers, could easily drive the natives to the wall, just as the negroes drove the poor whites out of the cotton plantations of the South, seventy-five years ago. But the question of excluding the Chinese is one largely of expediency and might. Americans say in substance to the Chinese, "We are superior to you morally, intellectually, and socially, and we will not permit you to come into our yard, but we are going to enter yours whenever we wish." If China could say "No," and make it good, exclusion would be a far more serious matter, for she has many things we want. But it is a case where force will probably be used until it shall become unnecessary.



"I will stamp this stuff with its true name, so my people can't be fooled"

WILL CONGRESS ACT SOON?

The importation of intoxicants from the United States to uncivilized countries is reaching alarming proportions, and congress has been asked to prevent it, in the name of humanity. We can never hope to make the world better, if we allow rum to become our advance agent

▲ ▲ ▲

A GREAT American trust has crossed the Atlantic. Nearly all the steamship lines between this country and Europe have combined in a trust, with a capital of one hundred and fifty million dollars, with Americans at the head. The work was accomplished by J. Pierpont Morgan. It is the beginning of American ownership and operation of European railroads, mines, mills, and other properties. It is inevitable. But the great majority of these steamship lines, though controlled by American capital, will continue to be operated under the flags of their respective countries. The trust could not, or did not, choose to buy off the English, German, and Dutch flags, as many patriotic Americans would have preferred. In case of war, these ships would still be subject to the service of their respective nations, but the organization of the trust makes the probability of war much more remote. It is believed that one of the effects of this great trust will be to kill the Ship Subsidy Bill, which has passed the senate and is now pending in the house, for the simple reason that, if Americans can control the transatlantic shipping trade, they can afford to build and sail ships under their own flag without government bounties. Evidently, Mr. Morgan thinks so, or he would not have organized his trust until the fate of the Ship Subsidy Bill had been decided.

▲ ▲ ▲

THE Southern Educational Conference, composed of both northern and southern men, met at Athens, Georgia, recently. After a session of two days, they made it evident that the South has begun its real reconstruction, as Hamilton Wright Mabie declared before the convention. Delegates from all the Southern States, with one or two exceptions, were present; and, more than once, up-to-date oratory reached high-water mark, men like Hamilton Wright Mabie enhancing their reputation in this respect. Mr. Mabie expressed the hope that some day the northern cities would erect statues of Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, as the southern cities would erect statues of Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. All the northern visitors were happy beyond expression, and declared that they had completely lost their prejudice against the South. They carried, in their purses, a million dollars contributed by John D. Rockefeller for education in the South, and they have already begun to distribute it. They gave eight thousand dollars to public education in Guilford County, North Carolina. Like amounts have been given in Charlotte, North Carolina, Athens, Georgia, and at other places. This money is given, not as a charity, but as a stimulus to self-help among the southern people. One dollar is given from the North with the understanding that one or two will be given to be used with it in southern communities. The general plan of this conference is to inaugurate self-help movements for public education throughout the South. Word has gone forth that every white and black child, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, must be taught to read and write, and this word will, this summer, penetrate to every cabin in the mountains and to all the valleys of the southland. The South is on the eve of an intellectual renaissance to crown its great industrial renaissance.

▲ ▲ ▲

THE best republican government that France has ever had has been sustained by the recent elections to the chamber of deputies, and the republic is safe against its not very numerous, but very noisy, enemies. Waldeck-Rousseau, one of the ablest Frenchmen of this generation, is still its leader.

▲ ▲ ▲



The arid West has again appealed for its irrigation interests, but has been told to "go 'way back and sit down"

WHICH WILL GET THE ISLE?

John Bull and Uncle Sam are both trying to claim Thursday Island for a Pacific cable station. It is too bad that congress did not allow J. W. Mackay his rights. If it had, the work of laying the cable would now be in progress

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Direct from Maker to User.

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My Price, $17.50

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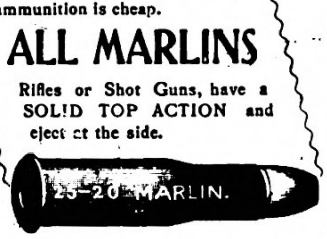
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Readers are requested to write without delay.

College Life Elevates Ideals

IF the college never did anything else but to show a youth that there is something better in life than mere money-making and the pursuit of a sordid aim,—something better than the mad rush for the almighty dollar,—it would justify its existence a thousand times over.

Many a youth has entered college whose absorbing ambition was to amass a fortune; but, as his mental horizon has broadened, and his powers have expanded, he has felt a new aspiration develop within him,—a desire to make the most of himself,—a longing to help humanity, to lift the burden from the oppressed; or else he has developed a literary taste undreamed of before and longs to add something to the treasury of the mind.

The history of the college as a turning-point in careers would, if truly written, read like a romance. Many a low, sordid aim has gradually given way to a nobler and loftier ambition, until the mere money-making pursuit, which seemed all-important at the time of entering college, is considered worthless; and, instead of money-making millionaires, many college graduates have been millionaires of character, of helpfulness, of noble deeds.

A college course, if faithfully pursued, helps a youth to realize his possibilities. It develops faculties which he never dreamed he possessed, when he entered, for the simple reason that his previous training had not called these faculties into activity.

Some of our greatest judges, brightest lawyers, best physicians, and most eminent writers started for college without the slightest idea of possessing any special ability in the lines in which they have since become famous.

Every youth owes it to his Maker, and to himself, to develop his God-given faculties to their utmost extent.

As well might a rosebud refuse to open its fragrance upon the world, on the plea that there is more to be gained by remaining undeveloped, as for a youth to refuse to cultivate his powers, to unfold his possibilities by a liberal training, simply because it would take time from a money-making career.

Development is the great law of creation. We have no right to hide our natural faculties. It is a duty written deep in our natures,—yea, inscribed on every fiber of our being,—to unfold our possibilities, our energy, our faculties to the utmost, no matter what vocation we may follow.

Does it mean nothing to a farmer to uncover the mysteries of growth, to know the magical combinations of the chemistry of the soil, to be familiar with nature's methods of developing crops? Is it worth nothing to him to be able to see the glory in the grass, and to read the handwriting of the Creator in the rocks? Is it worth nothing to him to be able, like Agassiz, to interest himself for hours with a grain of sand, because it contains the very mysteries of God himself,—to be able to read sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and God in everything? Is it worth nothing to a farmer to be able to know the composition of the rainbow, the secret of the æsthetical works of God,—to realize that the best part of the farm—the landscape,—is not contained in the title deed? Is it worth nothing to him to be able to analyze the wild flowers in his meadows, to interpret the song of the lark and the habits of the nightingale?

A liberal education, even for a farmer, often makes all the difference between the delights of Paradise and the monotony of drudgery.

If a liberal education did nothing else but to take the drudgery out of life, by helping us to see glory in toil, and only enabled us to be artists instead of artisans,—to attain superiority instead of having to be satisfied with mediocrity,—to see the uncommon in the common,—it would pay us handsomely to secure it.

There is no honest calling so humble that it may not be raised a thousandfold by unfolding one's natural faculties. For example, how much more a machinist sees in the piece of iron or steel he works upon than does a man who knows nothing of its chemistry, composition, or possibilities. His educated mind sees possibilities in the molecules of the bar; he knows of their motion, while the other man sees only a dead mass which, he thinks, would not interest anyone. The former understands the laws of force, attraction, repulsion, adhesion, and cohesion; the properties of the molecules in various metals are, to him, sources of entertainment and pleasure, while the other man understands nothing of the chemical ingredients or natural philosophy of the bar, and stares at it blankly, without interest.

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SHORTHAND AS A STUDY

An Interview with ROBERT F. ROSE,
Official shorthand reporter of the last Democratic National Convention

THERE is no subject more fascinating, as a study, than shorthand, and in no other profession is it possible to secure so quick returns; while, if the stenographer is ambitious, he will find that few callings will prove more lucrative.

The first requisite for success in this study is a good education,—not necessarily a college course, but at least a common-school education, with a fair knowledge of English. Spelling is an important factor, for, without competency in orthography, a stenographer is unable to transcribe his notes correctly, even though competent to take them.

Shorthand cannot be mastered in a month, or even in two months or six months. It is as much a profession as medicine or the law. It is true that, after a short time devoted to the study, the student may be of some value to an employer and may obtain a situation sufficiently remunerative to more than pay his living expenses. This ability to hold a situation has, however, been the cause of incompetency, and has spoiled the chances of many stenographers. In most instances there is not enough work to give the necessary practice, and the stenographer soon forgets the higher branches of shorthand. With a salary sufficient to meet his personal needs, he is content to let well enough alone, and makes no endeavor to perfect himself for more remunerative work.

A shorthand student should realize that "stick-to-it-iveness" is one of the most important essentials, not only while studying the principles, but in the matter of practice as well, after the course is completed. In his study he should be thorough, analyzing and mastering every rule. Each lesson should receive unceasing analytical study until every detail is thoroughly understood; and then, in order to make his knowledge doubly certain, more time should be devoted to the study of the lesson. Frequent reviews of all former lessons should be given, so that, when he concludes his course, he will be efficient in every principle of shorthand. Then comes the real work. Having obtained a situation, he should not lose sight of the fact that his shorthand experience has just begun. Every evening should be devoted to further perfecting himself by practice. He should take notes from dictation on various subjects, until he finds himself competent to report correctly speeches or sermons. If he desires to enter the general reporting field, the dictation should be graded accordingly. If he wishes to become a court reporter, the dictation should be from legal work. The meaning of technical legal terms should be ascertained, and, by proper study, he should acquire sufficient knowledge of the law to give him an understanding of the matter he will be called upon to report.

There is no limit to the study required to become an expert reporter. Speed in writing is but one essential. The greatest qualification is a wide range of information. No matter how many years a man devotes to shorthand, there is always a possibility of improvement.

I will give the example of a seventeen-year-old youth of my acquaintance. I had been called to a neighboring city to report an investigation into the management of a public institution, and, while there, was visited by this youth, who had, a short time before, completed his study of the principles of shorthand. He requested me to allow him to sit beside me and report what he could of the proceedings. To this I assented. He then asked how many pages of typewriting I thought the report would make, and I told him about four thousand.

"May I do the typewriting for you?" he asked.

I answered that I would willingly pay him for doing it.

"I do not desire pay," he answered. "Four thousand pages! My, but won't I be a good typewriter when I get through with that?"

That is the spirit which wins, and I was not at all surprised to find that, two years later, when but nineteen years of age, that boy attained the highest standing in the civil service examination for stenographers in that city.

Taking into consideration the amount of work now to be done, as compared with that of former years, there are fewer expert shorthand reporters than ever before. To illustrate the demand for stenographers, it is but necessary to refer to the fact that the eligible list in the office of the civil service commission of the United States is not large enough for the demand.



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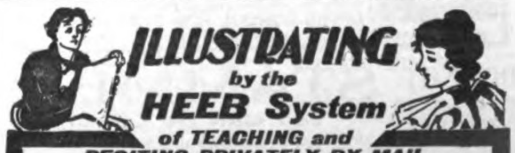
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JOHN J. FEELEY

"EVERY young man should take an active interest in public affairs, and, as opportunity may offer, should become a participant, in greater or less degree, in practical politics; but, in my opinion, any young man who devotes his entire time to politics, or who essays to enter the field as a life-work, is making a colossal mistake. Nor, in my opinion, is the congress of the United States a sphere of activity in which any young man of ambition can afford to tarry long. One or two terms in the house of representatives will prove of unmistakable benefit. Such service is an educational influence, broadening a man's views and extending his knowledge of men and events; but a young man of vim and vigor, who is seeking to carve his own way in the world, cannot afford to accept a third term. The work is not profitable, from a financial standpoint, and, in a certain sense, it is enervating."

This is the rather startling contention of John J. Feeley, who is, at the present time, the youngest man ever elected to that body. When he took his seat in congress, as the representative of the Second District of Illinois, Mr. Feeley had just passed his twenty-sixth birthday anniversary, and was fully four years younger than William Jennings Bryan when he was elected to the house of representatives, and more than a year younger than was Henry Clay when he was sworn in as a member from Kentucky.

Congressman Feeley was a country boy, and his upward fight has been as lively and ceaseless as could well be imagined. When he was about fourteen years of age, he left the Illinois farm on which his boyhood had been spent and became a meat dealer in the city of Joliet. Then he worked his way through Niagara University, and, later, through the law school of Yale University. Immediately after graduation, he opened a law office in Chicago. In 1899, after this restless young man had only been a resident of Chicago for four years, he aspired to be a congressman from his district; but, inasmuch as the constitution prescribes that a man must have attained the age of twenty-five years before he can sit in the national house of representatives, Mr. Feeley was obliged to bide his time, and meanwhile he managed the campaign of a prominent candidate and gained experience that was of great benefit to him later. Finally, when he was but a few days past twenty-five years of age, he was nominated for the coveted place, and then came his earnest fight against what seemed the overwhelming odds in favor of the "unconquerable" boss who was his rival. Shrewd politicians declared, all through the contest, that the hard-working young lawyer had no chance of success, but he managed his own campaign and set himself with a will to becoming acquainted with every voter in the district, and, when election day came, he won by more than two thousand, two hundred votes.

One of the secrets of Congressman Feeley's success is his thoroughness. His ambition is to win a name for himself in the legal profession, and his service in congress he regards simply as a preparatory course,—a stepping-stone, as it were,—and yet, for more than ten years past, from the time when, in his youthful day-dreams, he determined to some day occupy a place in the national law-making body, he has been a faithful reader of the "Congressional Record," and has followed carefully the trend of national legislation and public affairs. The result of this diligent labor was that, when the youthful congressman came to take his seat in congress, he knew more about the history of legislation and was more thoroughly conversant with the measures with which the veteran leaders of the house of representatives had been identified than were many of the new members of twice his age.

Mr. Feeley says: "To a young man who is determined to go into politics, or to one who seeks to utilize it as a means to an end in securing something better, I would unhesitatingly say, 'Study law.' The legal profession is the best,—in fact, it is almost the only channel through which a young man of moderate means can hope to win a place in national political life."

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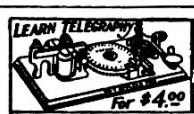
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LEWIS BUFFETT CARLL

WHEN Lewis Buffett Carll, who has been made a Fellow of Columbia University, in recognition of his work entitled "A Treatise on the Calculus of Variations," was between three and four months old, his mother became suspicious that all was not right with his eyes. She consulted one of the most eminent oculists in New York, who, after a brief examination, told her that her baby was hopelessly blind, from paralysis of the optic nerves. The doctor cautioned Mrs. Carll against allowing anyone to try experiments on the child's eyes, and, owing to her adherence to this sage advice, the beauty of Mr. Carll's eyes was preserved.

Mr. Carll, who is fifty-eight years of age, was born at Whitestone, Long Island. When ten years old, he became a pupil in the New York Institution for the Blind, where he remained until he was graduated. The high order of mentality possessed by the blind boy, and his pronounced inclination to study, induced his parents to give him a thorough classical education.

Mr. Carll's preparation for college was made at Fairchild Academy, Flushing, Long Island. In 1866, he entered Columbia College, where he met and formed a lifelong friendship with Seth Low. In 1870, these two young men were graduated, with Mr. Low first in the class, and Mr. Carll second. The course in college that Mr. Carll elected to take was in the school of arts. While he is a superior classical scholar, excellent theoretical chemist, and musician of no mean ability, it was in higher mathematics that his mind loved best to roam. Differential and integral calculus was taught in the university, in the higher classes; but Mr. Carll wanted to go beyond that; and, to accomplish this purpose, he studied, for six or seven years, everything that had been written on the subject in French and German. After all his researches had been made, he was engaged for three years in the preparation of the manuscript of his great work.

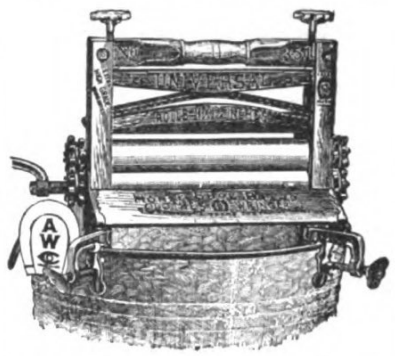
At the beginning of his investigations, Mr. Carll was forced to invent for himself a series of arbitrary signs that would correspond with those used in algebra, as the point alphabet had made no provision for extended studies in mathematics, probably for the very reason that there had been no demand for such signs,—the blind, as a rule, not being fond of mathematics. Someone always has to be a pathfinder, and now blind mathematicians can use the signs invented by Mr. Carll, and all subsequent university students possessing sight may delve into the calculus of variations with the aid of the text-books of which this blind man is the author.

During those seven years' research among European works on mathematics, Mr. Carll accumulated a large pile of raised print manuscript, all of which he carefully reviewed and classified. Every problem and demonstration was verified. Although capable of carrying a long sequence of mathematical deductions in his head, he preferred to work them out on paper. When Mr. Carll was ready to begin the actual work of compiling his treatise on the calculus of variations, his brother acted as his amanuensis; taking down, with the most scrupulous care, what the blind man read from his point print notes and his series of algebraical signs that not a soul on earth except himself could read. Before the publishers would bring out the work, Mr. Carll was obliged to call upon people likely to be in sympathy with such an undertaking, in order to secure advance subscriptions, to the number demanded by the publishers. The blind man got the number of names demanded, and fifty or more extra subscriptions, and the great work was put into the hands of the printers. Next came the proof reading,—which required three persons. One read the printers' sheets, another followed the copy prepared by Mr. Carll's brother, and the blind man followed his raised-print copy, with his "reading finger." In 1881, the book appeared, and was given the highest praise all over the world. It had consumed, in all, eleven years of the author's life; but it brought him honor that richly paid him for the time and trouble expended on it, and both he and the publishers made a little money by the publication.

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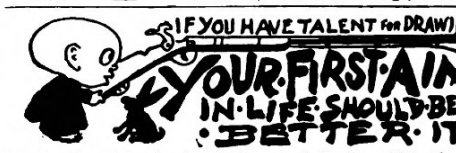
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FOR THOSE WHO WORRY

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▲ ▲

Hark! she is here,—'t is the rosy-faced June,
Striking the harp to her merriest tune.—CAPERN.

▲ ▲

Happy is he who wisely knows
To use the gifts that Heaven bestows;
Or, if it please the powers divine,
Can suffer want and not repine.—DEAN SWIFT.

▲ ▲

Charles Dickens has wisely said, "It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable, honest-hearted, duty-doing man flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how much it has touched oneself in going by." Aside from the question of the better construction of the sentence, I am sure Dickens would have given that word, "amiable," first place, for even honesty and conscientiousness in duty would lose half their virtue if accompanied by moroseness or worrying.

▲ ▲

We are mixtures of habit-pigments, and they color our lives with their own tints, which will be bright or somber, as we choose. Indulge in the narrow, foolish habit of worrying, and you darken the brightest day. Cultivate a cheerful, hopeful spirit, and gloom and pessimism will flee from your presence. Life without trials, small or great, is impossible. We must meet and conquer them, or let them conquer us; but we need not waste our strength in borrowing trouble or in going more than halfway to meet it.

▲ ▲

"Count your marcies, count your marcies, my dear," was good old Grandmother Comfort's never-failing advice when things went wrong with those around her. She was not unsympathetic or unkindly,—quite the reverse; but she was a philosopher, in her homely fashion. She knew that, if she could only get people to count their "marcies," the list would be so long that it would crowd out altogether the ill that at first sight loomed up so large. It is a simple remedy for real or fancied ills, and easily applied,—"Count your marcies."

▲ ▲

"I travel for the great house of Human Interest Brothers, and have rather a large connection in the fancy-goods way," says Charles Dickens, in one of his novels. There is more of fact than of fiction in this, for who was jollier, kindlier, or happier than this genial writer, whose interest in the human brotherhood concern was so large and genuine? Who had a more liberal stock of "fancy goods" in the line of cheerful good nature, bright smiles, sunny optimism, kind, encouraging words, and helpful deeds, than he? Indeed, he seemed to have made most of his investments in the "fancy-goods way," and, judging from the results, one must acknowledge that he could not have made any better investment.

▲ ▲

Happiness, it has been said, is a mosaic composed of very small stones. Each, taken singly, may be of little value; but, when all are grouped together, combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole,—a costly jewel. Paradise is here, or nowhere. Do not go from home to find it. If you are miserable and gloomy, go where you will, your jaundice and spleen will get there first.

"In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow."

We carry with us the beauty we visit, and the song which enchants us. "When the sun shines, it shines everywhere," was Reubens's motto. "Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like a violin."

▲ ▲

Oh, heart of mine, we should n't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we could n't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

For, we know, not every morrow,
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And, through all the coming years,
Just be glad.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

▲ ▲

That happiness is not measured by possessions, but that it is to be found only where content dwells, is well illustrated by an old French legend. "This legend," says Max O'Rell, "tells of the adventures of a king to whom his advisers promised that he would find happiness the day on which he could put on the shirt of a man who admitted that he was perfectly satisfied with his lot on earth. The king started on a long journey through all the provinces of his kingdom in search of the talisman. Every nobleman or citizen he met was asked the question, but the answer was invariably the same. All were unhappy, or, at least, disappointed in life. The king continued his journey and went through the villages. The royal pageant had attracted on the road all the inhabitants of the country. Among them the king remarked a very poorly clad laborer. He bade him come forward.

"'Well,' said he, 'are you happy? Is there anything that you have not got that you would wish to have?'

"'No, your majesty,' replied the laborer, 'I'm quite satisfied.'

"'Do you mean to tell me that you are perfectly happy?'

"'Yes, sire, perfectly happy.'

"The monarch was surprised, but the sincerity of the villager struck him, and he concluded that he had heard the truth from the lips of the humble laborer.

"'At last,' he thought, 'I'm going to be happy myself.'

"'Take off your shirt,' he said, 'and give it to me.'

"'I should be very well pleased to do so,' replied the good laborer; 'but, unfortunately, I have n't any.'"

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HOW "SELF-HELP" WAS WRITTEN



SAMUEL SMILES

His life-work long ago finished, Dr. Samuel Smiles, whose famous book, "Self-Help," has shown thousands the pathway to success, is enjoying life at his home in Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, England. On December 23, 1901, he was ninety years old. Those most coveted rewards of old age, which he has so richly merited, "honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends," are his in full measure, and he still shows the wide optimism that has pervaded his life. Dr. Smiles has a large family of children and grandchildren who are his constant companions. In 1894, he celebrated his golden wedding. Until within a year or two, he used to take a drive daily with his wife, when the weather permitted, but, because of his failing strength, he is seldom equal to that indulgence now. He has been much cheered by the many letters he has received from men and women in all parts of the world who have been aided by "Self-Help."

Of the many books he has written, "Self-Help" has attained most world-wide popularity. Like most other very successful books, it was scornfully refused by the first publisher to whom it was offered, which so discouraged the great "Apostle of Perseverance," as Dr. Smiles has been called, that for several years he allowed the manuscript to lie in his desk. In speaking of "Self-Help," he said:—

"I well remember how I came to write the book. I was living in Leeds, England. Singularly enough, I had been engaged in three professions in that town,—medicine, journalism, and, finally, as secretary of the Leeds and Thirsk Railway. Consequently, I had become pretty well known there. A number of young men requested me to make them some addresses, or, as they put it, 'talk to them a bit.' They were a group of well-deserving young fellows, anxious to make the best of themselves, and it was impossible to refuse such assistance as lay in my power. I gave them some homely talks on such subjects as thrift, courage, and industry. Those little talks are among the happiest memories of my life, though they were delivered in a dismal-looking room that had been formerly used as a cholera hospital. There was nothing in them that was particularly new; indeed, I have often said that the counsel I gave those young men was as old as the proverbs of Solomon, but I had the satisfaction of knowing that, old-fashioned as my advice may have been, it was warmly welcomed and bore good fruit. Those talks formed the basis of 'Self-Help,' though the book was not actually written until fifteen years afterwards. I had originally no intention of writing a book on that theme, but the subject grew in interest the more I studied it, and my friendship with George Stephenson had much to do with my ultimate determination to write 'Self-Help.'"

George Stephenson often lectured on the same subject, and Dr. Smiles recalled, with a laugh, that he once heard the great engineer, in the course of an address at Leeds, roar out, in his broad north country accent, "Young men, parsevere, parsevere, it's been the making of me!"

"Self-Help" was published in 1857, after the author had achieved a literary reputation by his "Life of George Stephenson." To its preparation he devoted twelve years of patient research, often traveling long distances that he might get his information at first hand from the persons of whom he wrote. Its success was immediate. More than a quarter of a million copies have been sold in the United Kingdom alone. It has been translated into seventeen languages. Nowhere was it more warmly received than in Italy. The Florence Society for the Education of the People endeavored to arouse a spirit of emulation by offering a prize for a similar work based on Italian examples. Dr. Smiles was invited to call at the Imperial Palace, where he was presented to the queen, who took a deep interest in the efforts to make the book an instrument to arouse the energies of the Italian people. Many years later, he received a pressing request to again visit Italy, the letter saying: "You have done more to make Italy than Cavour or Garibaldi. Come and see." Dr. Smiles went, and was again warmly welcomed by the queen.

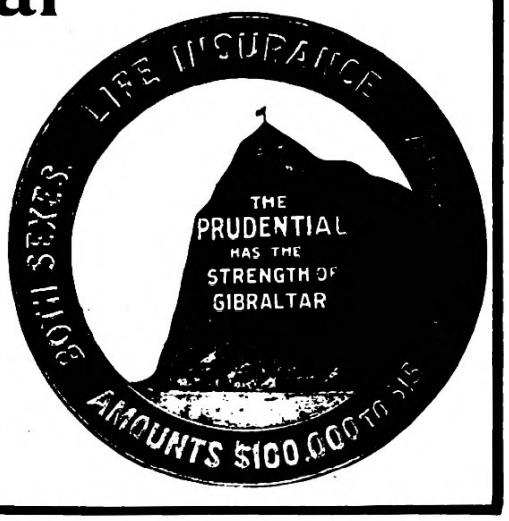
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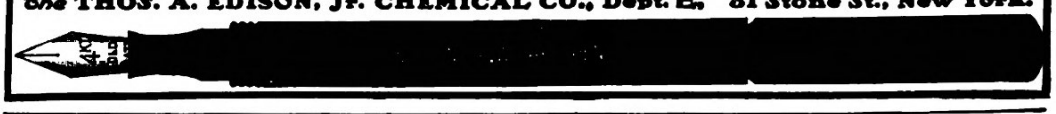
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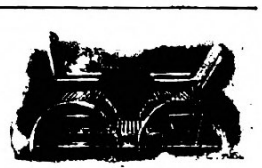


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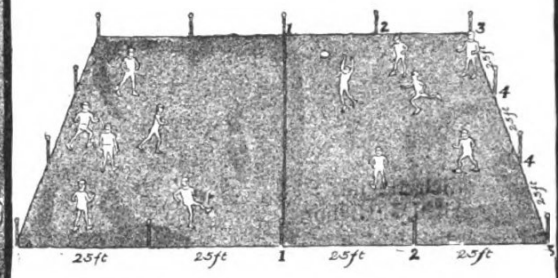
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The diagram given above shows how the field is laid out. The dimensions given, however, may be changed if desired, but the proportions should be kept the same. Across the middle of the field should be stretched a rope attached to two posts at least six feet high, so as to avoid the danger of the players' stumbling over them. Other posts of the same height are set in each corner of the field, and one every twenty-five feet on the boundary line of the field, which should be plainly designated by lime-marks or otherwise.

An equal number of players should be chosen on either side. The players from one side cannot cross the line dividing the field. If a player does this, either by accident or intention, it is counted an off-side play and gives to the opposite side one point in the score.

The game is begun, as in football, by the captains' tossing for the choice of sides. The one winning the toss may take his choice of sides or may have the ball for the first kick-off. The round association-football is best for the game, although a Rugby ball may be used. In starting the game, the captain who has the kick-off places the ball at any place he may choose on the rear boundary line of his side, and, at the sound of the umpire's whistle, he kicks toward his opponents' goal. The opposing players endeavor to keep the ball from going over their boundary line, either at the side or at the rear, by blocking it with their bodies or hands. They must not catch it and throw it. It must be batted by the hands, or kicked, always toward the opponents' territory. If any of the players catch and hold the ball, or attempt to run with it, or throw it either backward or forward, the umpire must give the ball to the opponents.

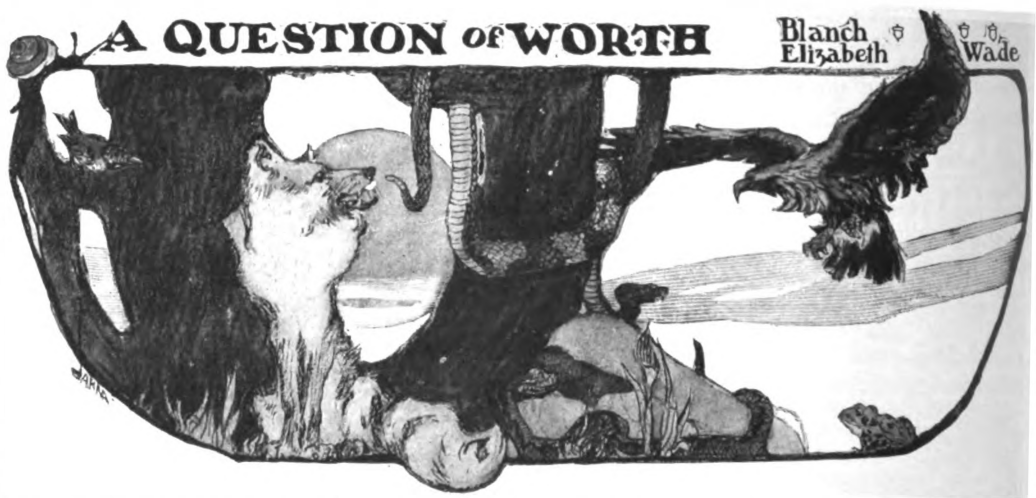
The game is played in ten, twenty, or thirty-minute halves, the winning side being that which scores the greatest number of points in a fixed time. The counts are made by the ball going outside of the boundary lines. Between posts one and two the count is one; between posts two and three the count is two; between posts three and four the count is three; and between posts four and four the count is four. If the ball is sent over the line by the impetus of either side, the opposite side gains the points.

Whenever a score is made by either side, the ball is brought back immediately by the opposing side and kicked off as in the beginning of the game.

A booklet more fully explaining the game, will be sent to anyone enclosing ten cents. Address, The Success Club Bureau, Washington Square, New York City.

A QUESTION of WORTH

Blanch Elizabeth Wade



An Earth-worm, living far beneath the surface of the ground,
Once heard a brisk discourse that made him turn his head around:
And so he crept up from his home to see what was the cause,
And, just inside his doorway, thought it might be best to pause.

A silver fox was bragging hard about his silver fur,
At which a goldfinch cried, "My feathers are far richer, sir!"
"Just see my green back!" croaked a frog, from out a marsh near by;
"And I've a bill!" a bird screamed out.—"A goose-bill!" said a fly.

A purse-crab called up from the shore, "You'd better look at me!"
And so they did, but found him just as flat as flat could be.
A fish said, "In the best fin-ancial circles do I swim;"
But, as he could not tell his worth, no one would answer him.

"Well, now, I hope you'll look at me," called out a fine sand dollar,—
"And I'm a guinea-pig!" from out the woods that pig did "holler."
A snake said, "I'm a copper-head." "Worth little!" all agreed,
And said he really was no richer than a cent-ipede.

The mill-iped said not a word,—he felt so very cheap;
'T was all that he could do to hold his head and sadly weep.
One creature, gliding to the scene, became first mad, then madder:
"You're all of no account," said he, "for here I am, an adder!"

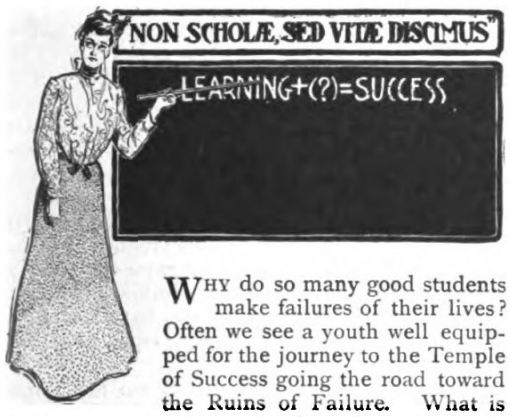
Two mighty wings flapped o'er the woods, and down a huge bird came:
"I am an eagle," loud he cried, "and far has spread my fame;
'T is right you are, both great and small, to shake in wretched fear,
For I am the king of birds,—yes, I am also sovereign here!"

Then loudly laughed the angle-worm, and cried, in reckless mirth,
"You're silly creatures! for," said he, "I simply own the earth!"

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A Teacher's Greatest Problem

HERBERT HUNGERFORD



WHY do so many good students make failures of their lives? Often we see a youth well equipped for the journey to the Temple of Success going the road toward the Ruins of Failure. What is lacking in such a youth's education? Probably everyone would agree that character is "the one thing lacking," but this answer does not solve the problem. In fact, it only brings up the real problem of the teacher—that which worries so many into nervous prostration and premature old age.

Teachers are already overworked trying to "cram" enough facts into their pupils' heads to enable them to pass the numerous examinations necessary to win their diplomas. How, then, can they find time to give training in the art of character-building? It would seem that most parents desire that their sons and daughters shall make great records in their studies, whether or not they lay the foundation for true manhood and womanhood.

Milton's definition of a complete education is "that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war." This kind of education is, without doubt, the ideal of nearly all teachers, and probably all will welcome a plan whereby their pupils' characters may be developed without detracting from the attention that must be paid to the ordinary school work.

▲ ▲

The Success Club Helps to Solve the Problem

Every teacher knows how readily young people may be organized into societies. When such bodies are directed along the lines of self-improvement, there is no question of their value as character-builders. The only difficulty is that they usually need to be directed by experienced minds, and every teacher cannot spare the time to give such direction. It is believed, however, that most teachers will be willing to take the preliminary steps of organizing a self-development society, if some one will agree to keep it moving properly.

This is just what the League of Success Clubs undertakes to do. When a club is well started, our Bureau will supply it with plans for its parliamentary guidance, and with material for progressive work. Our League is a federation of literary societies in all parts of the country, and, as our Bureau is the headquarters of this federation, it is constantly receiving ideas and suggestions, which are sent out to all branch clubs.

That the Success Club idea is attractive to students, is shown by the fact that there is enrolled in the League, already, nearly one hundred school societies, all of which are doing excellent work. Of course, some of these societies had been previously organized; and, when they joined our League, they adopted our plans in order to secure the many additional benefits, such as "Helps," a little monthly magazine which is sent free to the secretaries of all local clubs. This and other aids given by the Success Club Bureau make club work practically easy.

▲ ▲

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Students belonging to Success Clubs are not distracted from their regular duties; instead, they are given a greater incentive to study. They meet once a week in the evening, or, perhaps, after school, and take part in a regular programme, consisting of debates and discussions of topics dealing with success in life, the world's progress, biographical studies, recitations, music, essays, selected readings, and short talks. On request, we shall be glad to send full particulars about the work. Those mentioning the fact that they are teachers will be put on our waiting list, and next fall some of the new printed matter that is now being prepared will be sent to them, to remind them of what we are planning for the coming campaign. Address, THE SUCCESS CLUB BUREAU, Washington Square, New York City.

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Review of Reviews, *6 months, and*
Current Literature, *6 months, and* -
North American Review, *6 months*

$6.60 *(Regular Price)* **for** **$2.50** *(Our Price)*

NOTE The "Regular Prices" scheduled above are the prices which would have to be paid at a news stand. "Our Prices" are those at which six months' subscriptions, **for delivery** (postage paid) **at your home or summer lounging place,** will be accepted.

FORM NEIGHBORHOOD CLUBS Write to us at once for full information about forming Neighborhood Clubs to take advantage of these great offers. Liberal compensation to club raisers. We are rapidly organizing an army of local representatives. Why should not **you** be one of them.

Send all orders and remittances to

THE SUCCESS COMPANY 550 UNIVERSITY BUILDING WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

"Success" Subscription Prize Winners

AS WE go to press with this issue, "the polls are closed" for our April subscription prize contest, and with a list of prize winners of whose work we are justly proud. We believe it to be true that with no other magazine published can so large individual monthly records in subscription taking be made as with SUCCESS, and the fact that so many of our ambitious representatives are giving their entire time to this work proves that it is *profitable beyond the ordinary.*

Dr. Carl Scharf has won our March and April first prizes with 312 points to his credit in March, and 240 in April; he also won the second prize in January and February, and his combined earnings for the first four months of this year have amounted to nearly $600, a rate of earning equal to $1,800 per annum.

Rev. W. J. Shipway, winner of our first prizes in January and February, of our second prize in March and of our fourth prize in April, [During the first two weeks of April, Mr. Shipway was ill.] has also done magnificent work for us, having taken over 900 subscriptions in a single city during these four months; and his prizes and commissions together amount to nearly $700,—a rate of $2,100 per annum.

J. E. Staudacher, who has been with us now for nearly two years, was a close second to Dr. Scharf in April with 235½ points to his credit, as against 240 for Dr. Scharf.

C. H. Davidson was, in April, an excellent third to Dr. Scharf and Mr. Staudacher, with 195 points; and, as before stated, Rev. W. J. Shipway was fourth, with 160 points.

Other April prize winners, and the number of points obtained by each are as follows:—

W. L. French . . .	150	Alex. Heath	29
L. Johnson	126	S. Barrett	28
G. C. Crowley . . .	124	G. N. Baty	24
A. E. Trask	118	Fannie A. Haines .	23
C. W. Hilborn . . .	63	Wm. A. McDonald	23
W. H. Gregory . .	52	B. Miller	22
C. H. Allen	44	A. J. Hess	22
W. R. Webb	43	H. Kennedy	21
F. G. Warriner . .	37	Julius Jensen	20
R. McCall	36	Roy W. Mason . . .	18
Josephine Edmont	33	John L. Emlet . . .	18
Jos. Mireur	33		

Among the above-named prize winners are W. H. McDonald and Roy W. Mason, two young men who are winning Success Scholarships under the guidance of the Success Bureau of Education. The May list will undoubtedly show a larger number of Scholarship workers, and we confess that it is with peculiar pleasure that we award prizes to those who can use the money so well in obtaining an education.

In the interest caused by the monthly prize contests, our representatives perhaps lose sight of the Grand Prize of $1,000, which is to be divided, in June, *pro rata,* among all who have sent thirty subscriptions or more during the previous five months. This extra prize money will be a very welcome addition to the earnings of the spring contest.

On June 1st our special Summer Prize Contest will commence, and we confidently look for an army of helpers in the SUCCESS campaign from the schools and colleges of the country. There is no more pleasant or attractive work, and certainly no more valuable training in the study of human nature, than can be obtained by vacation work of this character for schoolboys and girls, and we shall be surprised, if some of our older and more experienced representatives will not have to look carefully to their laurels in prize winning, when "the boys and girls get at it."

A new branch of our work and one that is sure to be very popular is that of "premium winning." Our "Premium List No. 1." containing illustrated descriptions of many beautiful and valuable articles especially adapted for "Summer Sports and Pastimes," will be ready for distribution early in June, and will be followed, later on, by other special lists covering books and reading matter, scientific apparatus, indoor games, household conveniences, luxuries, etc. Meanwhile, until these lists are actually ready, we shall be glad to know exactly what, in all the world of manufactured things, our friends would like, and to tell them how to get it.

We have brought out a number of beautiful little booklets giving full information, with many valuable suggestions, to those who intend undertaking work for us, and these will be sent without charge to all who write us for them.

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SOME EXPERIENCES

THE following excerpts have been selected at random from the current correspondence of the SUCCESS Circulation Bureau. Of course, they represent only a few of the many of like character which are daily received. The SUCCESS Staff of Representatives is a *well-satisfied* and a rapidly growing organization.

Dr. Carl Scharf says:—

I have been doing magazine work for the past two years, but not until January 1, 1902 did I begin work on SUCCESS. It is the best one-dollar publication I have ever handled, because of the many talking points and advantages this splendid magazine possesses. I find very few homes of culture where your magazine is not already a welcome visitor, and am often told by many old subscribers that they would not be without SUCCESS for any sum. I have taken nearly one thousand subscriptions for SUCCESS since January 1,—a period of less than four months.

▲ ▲

Miss M. F. A. Thibaudeau says:—

Permit me to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of your check for ten dollars, being my share of the four-hundred-dollar prize money for March. Your liberality to your representatives is certainly most commendable. I hope to make a good report during May.

▲ ▲

Miss Inez Searle says:—

I have always been pleased with the business methods of the SUCCESS management, and believe them to be the most generous firm in the United States to their representatives.

▲ ▲

Miss Callie S. Heninger says:

That SUCCESS is the best-selling magazine offered to the reading public, there can be no doubt. I have read its every issue, and it has been such a source of inspiration and help to me that I can praise it with confidence and unbounded enthusiasm, and can usually succeed in getting a subscription when I can get a hearing. No solicitor who is willing to spend energy and time can fail to succeed with SUCCESS.

[Miss Heninger has taken more than five hundred subscriptions for SUCCESS in the past year.]

▲ ▲

T. A. Conroy says:—

I started soliciting for SUCCESS with energy, tact, and perseverance,—with plenty of the latter, for I believe these three qualities are essential to succeed. I never became discouraged when I failed to secure a subscription to SUCCESS. I always carried a copy of the magazine with me and addressed people during their office hours in a concise, businesslike way. I study the contents of each number as soon as received, and explain each article, showing the magazine, page after page. I believe SUCCESS to be the most helpful magazine published, and say so to all whom I interview.

▲ ▲

Alexander Heath says:—

As I looked over my bank account yesterday I found that, since October 1, I had increased it just one thousand dollars,—not bad for five and one-half months' of magazine-hustling. I like canvassing for SUCCESS, there is such a variety of arguments and offers to present to the customer. My method is old. The only merit in it is that you can work it every day: *See as many prospective subscribers as possible each day,*—some can be gotten the first time trying. Others need to be approached a dozen times before they will come over.

SUCCESS is an inspirational magazine,—devoted to the strenuous life,—especially valuable to young people, and those inclined to be easily discouraged. It teaches history through autobiography, and the best way to study history is by reading the lives of successful men. The price is very reasonable, and in connection with other popular magazines we have genuine bargains to offer.

I make great use of my order book and pencil and land my men very easily.

▲ ▲

Thomas Barfoot says:—

I had never before done any canvassing; but, knowing that SUCCESS is preëminently the magazine for such work, I determined to try. As I was working ten hours each day in the shop, it left me only the noon hour and evenings in which to do the work. Each day I would take a number of sample copies to the shop where I work, and display them at the noon hour, distributing a number among the men so that they might take them home and look them over in the evening, and in almost every instance I got a subscription.

For my evening's work, I would make out a list of persons upon whom I wanted to call, and, as I was about to leave each, I would ask him to refer me to some one he thought would be interested in the magazine. Then, by using his name, I would secure a hearing with the party to whom I was referred without any difficulty.

By this sort of work I secured seventy-four subscriptions in four weeks, which brought me nearly $40.00 in commission and prizes.

I am sure that working for SUCCESS is a pleasant and profitable business.

▲ ▲

C. H. Davidson says:—

In canvassing for SUCCESS, one can feel that he is selling an article that is worth the money asked, and especially so when taken in connection with a clubbing or premium offer, which cannot be said of the majority of articles sold by subscription.

(Mr. Davidson is one of SUCCESS' ablest representatives, having taken in two months' work, two hundred and seventeen subscriptions.)

▲ ▲

Henry Clark says:—

Truly, it is money easily earned. I have not had much time to canvass, my work being all done in the evening; but the results have been good, for, out of every three calls, I secured two subscriptions.

To Success Readers

OUR SUMMER PRIZE CONTEST OPENS TO-DAY

SEND at once for full information regarding the large Cash Prizes which will be awarded for all subscription work done in our Summer Contest, lasting from June 1st to September 30th, inclusive. Every diligent worker is sure of a prize. This contest is open to all members of our Success Scholarship Staff and our Permanent Staff of Representatives, and to our Premium Workers. Why not decide at once to be "one of us"?

Do You Want to

Win a Scholarship
and
Obtain an Education?

We have opened a way for you to do this without money or price. It is a way so pleasant, and so valuable to you in character-building, that you will feel the influence of it for many years to come.

Write to us at once for our new booklet

"Success Scholarships"

which contains, among other things, the best classified list ever published of the *leading*

Universities and Colleges
Schools of Science and Mechanic Arts
Business Colleges
Normal Schools
Schools of Law
Schools of Medicine
Schools of Theology
Schools of Dentistry
Schools of Agriculture
Schools of Music
Schools of Oratory
Preparatory Schools
Schools of Language
Schools of Art and Illustration
Schools of Pharmacy
Correspondence Schools

In all of which Success Scholarships may be obtained.

Write to us also for

"The Blue Book of Success"
and
"Some Experiences"

two beautiful little booklets just published containing much valuable information on "How to do it." Address

The Success Bureau of Education

Do You Want to

Earn Money
in the
Long Vacation?

We will give you the best and most profitable opportunity possible. We have work to do for *all*—work which, when faithfully and intelligently done, will serve as a stepping-stone to higher positions in the publishing business—with us or with others.

Success Propositions

We authorize our representatives to make unusually liberal and attractive offers to the public, such as, for example, the clubbing offers listed on the opposite page. SUCCESS alone is, by the universal consent of those who have tried it, "The best seller in the magazine field." One of our representatives has taken 2,000 subscriptions in a single city during the last eight months—another took 400 in a small town of 12,000. Another writes, "I secured seven subscriptions to-day in exactly twenty-nine minutes;" and still another, "I started out Saturday afternoon and obtained seven subscriptions out of ten calls; will most likely get the other three before the week is out."

Success Commissions

SUCCESS commissions for subscriptions taken are the largest paid by any high-class periodical. No distinction is made between new and renewal subscriptions. By our latest plans the business created by an active member of "The Success Permanent Staff" is regarded as *his* business, and commissions are paid to him upon renewals of this business, whether he himself gets them or not. In this way *a permanent annual income is assured.*

Success Prizes

for subscription work, provide for special recognition by us of diligent, persistent, and effective effort. We mean that everybody connected with the upbuilding of SUCCESS circulation shall *make money*—and a good deal of it—whether he or she can give a few hours only, or the entire time.

WRITE TO US
for
"The Red Book of Success"

and other valuable and interesting booklets just published, giving a variety of information about our propositions and how to handle them. Address

The Success Bureau of Circulation

Do You Want to

Play
Ping-Pong
or
Baseball
Football
Tennis
Golf
Croquet
Basket Ball

Do You Want to

Box, Fence
Fish, Skate
Shoot, Trap
Hunt, Sail
or Catch Butterflies

Do You Want

A Camera
A Hammock
A Boat
A Microscope
A Telescope
A Set of Botanist's Tools
A Geologist's Outfit
A Rifle
An Air Gun
A Brass Cannon
A Bow and Arrows

In Other Words

Do you want to have genuine, hearty fun this summer, or do you want to study nature in any one of a hundred ways? If so, send to us for our

Premium List No. 1
(Summer Sports and Pastimes)

And we will show you how you can do whatever you want *without expense for equipment.* Address

The Success Bureau of Circulation

The above announcements, propositions and suggestions are all made by

THE SUCCESS COMPANY
University Building, Washington Square, - - New York

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Some Things a Drummer Should Know

H. A. Leak

A YOUNG man may follow principles with the subject-formula, honesty, industry, economy, and some hundred other symbols for the same thing, only compounded with a different finish; he may read biographies and autobiographies of great and successful men; he may be buoyed by the glow of brilliant examples; he may be intoxicated with the vital "want-to-do;" he may have the essentials of success in his make-up, and yet not know how to apply his talent. He may be fairly bloated with good advice of an indefinite kind that has not singled out just one "what-to-do."

The clerk that is working for five dollars a week, in the little corner grocery, who makes people glad they came and glad to come back again; the bootblack who greets his patrons in a business-like manner, bringing them past other stands; the newsboy who has made friends that wait each morning until they reach his corner to patronize him; the farm-boy who shows tact in getting a market for the eggs he takes to town, and the confidence of his buyer, can make from eight hundred to eight thousand dollars annually as a drummer. The quality that makes patrons for the five-dollar-a-week clerk and the one-hundred-dollar-a-week traveling salesman is the same.

The man on the road is in business for himself, just as much as any stockholder in the firm he represents. His trade is distinctly his: his customers wait for his visit, buy on his recommendation, and mail their orders to him. If he changes houses, his patrons follow him. His salary is based on the volume of business, as is the profit of any manufacturer or merchant.

He is in business for himself without the investment of cash capital. Any young man who can sell goods can get into business for himself.

The newsboy, the clerk, or the farm-boy must not wait for some manufacturer to send for him to fill a five-thousand-dollar position. Such dilatory evidence is not a mark of salesmanship. Neither should either expect voluntary promotion, but must advance himself by a show of persistence for the place he wants.

After a few years' experience as a drug clerk, I wanted to try the road. I applied to the head of a wholesale drug house, saying that I was willing to commence at any job and work up. "Where do you want to work up to?" asked the manager.

"Well, sir, I want to go on the road."

"Then be careful where you begin to work up from, and get as near as you can to the place you want," he said. "Down stairs, we have a man that began as a boy, over thirty years ago, washing bottles. He became such an expert bottle-washer that we could not afford to advance him, because we did not know how we could replace him."

"Suppose," said I, "he had demanded a better place, on the ground of faithfulness to duty."

"But he did not, and there is where he probably failed to advance himself. He's too old,—washing bottles is all he's good for now."

The foregoing narrative is true, which may account for its variation from some of the story-book episodes.

A young man, to get on the road, must know where to draw the line in obedience, and when to quit washing bottles.

Every issue of smoke from every factory says: "We are making goods to be sold." Every boat and railroad engine says: "We are hauling goods to be sold." In every publication, thousands are calling: "We have goods to be sold." New inventions daily proclaim: "Improved goods to be sold." The masses are crying: "We want the goods that are to be sold." Then what? Why! there is always room for a medium between those who buy and those who sell. The firm, however, that employs a salesman must know that he is that medium, and he must be willing to prove that he is, by going out for a week's trial without salary, at his own expense, if necessary. There is room for men that can build, command, and hold trade.

The farm-boy who has followed the plow, and knows the strong and weak points of that implement,—the kind of a plow that will best turn earth on the hillside or the prairie, in clay lands or in marshes, should make a good plow-salesman. He could explain to the dealer the kind of plow best suited to his locality, thus pleasing his patrons, because in turn the farmer would be satisfied with his purchase.

A bootblack could take up the study of shoes, and thus acquire advantages as a shoe salesman.

The opportunities on the road are so many that, in nearly every vocation, there is room for study with a view of becoming a commercial traveler.

It is not necessary to be an orator to sell goods. The representative will win who can explain, in simple, straightforward words, the merit of his wares. The goods and not the salesman should be conspicuous. I know a traveling man who makes a grand display of words, but sells few goods. His audience seems to feel that it is he and not the goods that interests. If he made his good points in simple "A, B, C," retiring behind the line he sells, his business would increase.

The salesman should know how to shake hands, making that act the business of the moment, firmly grasping the hand, meeting the eye steadily, offering his introductory remarks briefly, and showing positiveness, a quality which should characterize both his walk and talk.

The ability to call a customer by name, at his place of business or abroad, should be cultivated. A patron feels neglected if the man he patronizes cannot "just recall" where they met; and again, he should never know his customer well enough to greet him with "Hello, Bill!" or "Hello, John!"

I once met two salesmen who "just happened" to get on the road, and did not expect to remain long. They were uncouth, both in habit and language, one of them saying: "There ain't much of a job on the road no more, nor anywhere else;" whereupon another member of our company remarked to me, "When a man 'just happens' to get on the road, the position is certainly not a difficult one to attain." To this, I will add, when a house sends out incompetents that "just happen" into their positions, there is certainly room for talent, and for those who try.

He Represents the New Education



EDMUND J. JAMES
chosen president of Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY, at Evanston, Illinois, not one of the largest of our universities, but certainly one of the best institutions of the kind in the West, has chosen, for its president, Dr. Edmund J. James, a man who has done much in education to make this country first in the world in commerce. Dr. James has been, for some years, a member of the faculty of Chicago University, but his chief work has been as director of the Wharton School of Finance and Economy, by which he has succeeded in having most of the universities and colleges of this country open courses in commerce and finance; and, as a natural result, the business world has received a class of university men that formerly went into the professions. Business, or, in other words, banking, life insurance, manufacturing, merchandising, shipping and transportation are becoming sciences and learned professions, and our great universities are sending more men into them than they do into the three learned professions of blessed memory. Dr. James is a pioneer in this new education, and to him, perhaps, more than to any other man, is due the present secularizing of education in the great seats of learning.

Discipline in Henville



MOTHER HEN—"Didn't I tell you not to play in that pan of water with those Duck children, you naughty things? Do you want to get your feet wet, and catch cold?"

SUCCESS
A Monthly Journal of Inspiration, Progress, and Self-Help
ORISON SWETT MARDEN, *Editor and Founder*
THE SUCCESS COMPANY,
University Building, New York City
Subscription, $1.00 a year *Ten cents a copy*

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Success for July, 1902
A Few Important Features

The July SUCCESS will be synonymous of summer Out-of-door life, nature study, showing the inspiration to be found in flower and field, and all that makes life worth living, will be attractively presented. Chiefly in this line will be the story of the deer from a humane standpoint by **Martha McCulloch-Williams**, the well known author of "Field-Farings," and "Next to the Ground." Mrs Williams is one of the best and most successful writers of animal stories in America.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis will furnish the second instalment of her intensely interesting story, "A BOY'S FIGHT," and **Cy Warman** will contribute a story of the discovery and settlement of Creede, Colorado, the great mining section of the West. A little dog plays an all-important part in the story, showing that even animals have a keen sense of intelligence and observation

The **Right Honorable James Bryce, M. P.**, has written specially for SUCCESS, an article of world-wide interest on the following subject: "HOW AMERICA MAY AVOID THE MISTAKES OF EUROPE"

H. Gerald Chapin, the editor of "The American Lawyer," has written an important paper entitled "THE DECLINE OF THE PRACTICING LAWYER," for the July issue, which will appeal to every one interested in the great profession of law.

William Ordway Partridge, who ranks among the first of American sculptors, will contribute an interesting and timely article on the vast possibilities existing in America for artists, and showing why it is unnecessary for American art students to seek foreign countries in order to find inspiration.

Margaret E. Sangster will furnish the second of the Home-Culture series, with the subject, "CHEERFULNESS IN THE HOME"

The interesting little "SPRY SPYS" will continue their wonderful exploits. This time, their sponsor, **J. Livingston Larned** will take them through the realms of fairy-land, where perfumes are made.

The recent educational conference at Athens, Georgia, marked one of the most essential gatherings ever held, devoted to the advancement of the Southern States. The men most interested in the great movement will describe its true purpose for this magazine exclusively.

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I can sell your real estate, or business, no matter where it is. Send description and cash price and learn how. I have, or can find, the property you want to buy. Tell me your requirements

I have fully equipped offices of my own in fourteen cities. Each branch is managed by a competent, well-paid man who is ready, at all times, to serve my clients. All branch offices are maintained *exclusively* for the *sale* of properties. All listing must be done through the home office.

All correspondence relative to listing should be addressed to me at Philadelphia. If you want to buy, you may call at, or write to the nearest branch office or to the Philadelphia office. In either case you will receive prompt, courteous, and profitable service—the kind of service that has enabled me to build up the largest real estate brokerage business in the world. ***If you want to sell or buy*** any property anywhere (for cash or on easy terms) I can serve you better than any other man. No one else has an equipment in any way similar to mine. Write to-day—this very moment—while you have the matter in mind. If you want to sell, be sure to include *price* with description.

Some Rare Bargains—Easy to Buy.

The following are **not average samples** of the properties on my list. They are samples of the best bargains in small properties which I am able to offer on the easy payment plan. I make a specialty of selling for cash. I handle properties of all kinds and every size and in every part of the United States. I have, or can quickly find, just what you want whether you desire to pay $100 or $100,000.

You can secure possession of any of the following properties by paying only 10 per cent. of the selling price in cash. You can then pay 10 per cent. every three months until the property is paid for. The first check received will hold any property. Money returned to parties who are too late. Write or wire at once.

D329. 40 acres in Calcasin, La. All tillable land. Good peach orchard. No buildings. $200. down.

D919. Residence and 3 lots in Portage, Columbia Co., Wis. House contains 10 rooms. Especially suitable for boarding or lodging house. There is also a stable and several small buildings. Lots 50 x 100 ft. each. $130. down.

A653. 160 acres in Keith Co., Neb. All suitable for cultivation. No buildings. 5 miles from railroad. $25. down.

A895. Farm of 20 acres in Cleburn Co., Ala. Good small buildings. Orchard of various fruits. Vineyard of 4 acres. 1¼ miles from railroad station. $60. down.

815. Farm of 160 acres in Scott Co., Miss. 100 acres well timbered. Small buildings. Railroad will run nearby.

815. Farm 320 acres. About 280 acres timber. Small buildings. $125. down.

327. Farm of 160 acres, Mason Co., Washington. 140 acres timber. Small buildings. 5 miles from railroad. $170. down.

A283. Farm 160 acres in Pasco Co., Fla. 154 acres suitable for cultivation. Orange grove of 500 trees. Small buildings. 2½ miles from railroad. $50. down.

948. Farm of 200 acres, Decatur Co., Ga. 160 acres, well timbered. Small buildings. Orchard of various fruit. 5 miles from railroad. $130. down.

A337. Farm of 90 acres. In Lake Co., Fla. All of the land is suitable for cultivation, except 25 acres timber. Good house and several small buildings. 4 miles from railroad. $200. down.

73. 320 acres in Perkins Co., Neb. All suitable for cultivation. Excellent pasture land. No buildings. $320. down.

A034. Farm of 80 acres in Clark Co., Mo. 60 acres suitable for cultivation. Small orchard. Small buildings. 2½ miles from railroad. $180. down.

315. 10 acres of fruit land in Nassau Co., Fla. Good two-story house and several small buildings. $180. down.

A325. Farm of 160 acres in Webster Co., Mo. 100 acres suitable for cultivation. Good orchard. Small buildings. 5 miles from railroad. $50. down.

C732. Farm of 160 acres in Pacific Co., Wash. Good small buildings. Orchard of 2 acres. 1 mile from railroad. $35. down.



C177. A Beautiful Country Home in Orange Co., N. Y. Consists of 91 acres choice land, handsome residence, large barn and other buildings. The house which is thoroughly modern in every way was built about 10 years ago at a cost of nearly $10,000. Everything is in first-class condition. Orchard of choice fruits; fine water; excellent location. To close an estate, I am able to offer this property at the wonderfully low price of $12,000—¼ cash. Write to-day for particulars

C348. Fruit farm of 161 acres in Tahama Co., Cal. Fair buildings. Suitable for all kinds of fruit, without irrigation. 2 miles from railroad. $100. down.

A011. 160 acres in Logan Co., N. D. No buildings. All level prairie land and especially suitable for stock farm. $100. down.

748. Fruit farm of 18½ acres in San Diego Co., Cal. Various kinds of fruit. Barn and several small buildings, but no house. 1½ miles from railroad. $250. down.

B072. Farm of 200 acres in Lincoln Co., Miss. 50 acres suitable for cultivation. 5-room house, 2 tenant houses, no barn. 3 good springs. 3 miles from railroad. $200. down.

A610. 35 acres in Hancock Co., Me. 20 acres suitable for cultivation. No buildings 2 miles from railroad. $100. down.

A825. Farm of 25 acres in Hillsboro Co., N. H. Fair buildings. 2½ miles from railroad. $70. down.

A559. Residence and 5 acres in Putnam Co., Fla. 8 rooms. 160 orange trees and other fruit. 1½ miles from railroad station. $400. down.

B149. Residence and lot in Minden, Montgomery Co., N. Y. 8 rooms. Fine location. 1 acre of ground. $90. down.

A482. Farm of 216 acres in Randolph Co., N. C. 150 acres timber. Good small buildings. 5 springs. Orchard of various fruit. 7 miles from railroad. $150. down.

B361. Store, stock of general merchandise and farm of 100 acres, in Dickson Co., Tenn. All of the land suitable for cultivation. Fair buildings. $250. down.

C724. 80 acres timber land in Midland Co., Mich. Excellent hard wood timber. $100. down.

D142. Residence and 4 lots in Templeton, Cal. 5 blocks from railroad station. Various kinds of fruit. $50. down.

C661. 2½ building lots in Duluth, Minn. Well located. $150. down.

D663. Lemon grove in San Diego Co., Cal. Consists of 10 acres situated within the city limits of San Diego. 6 miles from the business centre on a high location, and commanding a beautiful view. 6 acres of young lemon trees. Excellent facilities for irrigating. $200. down.

D039. Farm of 160 acres in Orange Co., Fla. All suitable for cultivation. 2 acres of oranges. No buildings. 2 miles from railroad. $50. down.

D058. Farm of 480 acres in Faulk Co., S. D. Excellent land for all kinds of grain. Suitable for a stock farm. $175. down.

D023. Farm of 160 acres in Gove Co., Kan. Orchard of various kinds of fruit. Small buildings. 3½ miles from railroad. $200. down.

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