

AUGUST 1902

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

SUCCESS

VOLUME V

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1902

NUMBER 99



FIFTY YEARS AFTER ROBERT MACKAY

I.

O days of youth, of love and truth, of
labor in the mine,

O vanished days in Time's dim haze,—O days of Forty-nine!

How feeling burns as memory turns to those dear scenes of old,

When, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold!

II.

From the solemn, snow-crowned Rockies, from
the hills of Sante Fé,

From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-
bordered way,

To the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay Saint
Francis blessed,

Every hill and dale bears witness of the men who
"went out West."

III.

O'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert toiled these
stalwart men and true,

Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling down-
ward from the blue,

Westward, westward, ever westward, till each hill
side and ravine

Opened to them as the heavens opened to the
Florentine.

IV.

Long years have fled; those days are dead; but
still their wealth is ours:

The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards
and the bowers,

The lowing herds, the bright-plumed birds, the
homes of peaceful rest

That crown the soil won by the toil of those who
"went out West."

The Story of My Boyhood Days

LYMAN J. GAGE

[President of the United States Trust Company]

[This is the first of a series of articles in relation to the boyhood of prominent Americans, written by themselves, exclusively for SUCCESS.—THE EDITOR]



"The village postmaster was removed from office, and, of course, my dismissal followed."

IN my own career, I have learned that varied experience in early youth is often of great value in after life. My schooldays ended when I was fourteen years old, and I began work as a mail agent on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad. I do not mean to say that, when I stopped school, my education ceased, for it was after 1850 that my character received its greatest development. I was but poorly satisfied with my work as mail agent, although it taught me much that I did not know before, and I kept my eyes open for something better. In a short time, the death of the president of the United States resulted in the loss of my first position. The village postmaster was removed from office, and, of course, my dismissal followed. This was discouraging, but I re-entered the village academy to pursue, for a time, my studies. There was in our town a small bank, and this institution had always possessed a fascination for my youthful mind. I used to watch the merchants going in with bags of gold and bundles of greenbacks, and coming out again with only account books in

their hands. I knew that the bank had some connection with the government, and, being greatly impressed with its dignified appearance and the actions of its officers, I was seized with a desire to work within its walls. When I applied for a position, I learned that there was no likelihood of a vacancy occurring in the near future; so, when I was offered a place in a local stationery shop at a salary of a hundred dollars a year, I accepted with alacrity. The wages were small, indeed, but in this shop I was privileged to become acquainted with general literature, and spent many hours with the great authors. So the months with the stationer were not without profit.

After a time there was a rival bank established in the town, and I was offered the position of "messenger and general assistant," at the same old salary of a hundred dollars a year. I did not hesitate, but left the store to enter the bank, and so began my career in the financial world. My duties as "general assistant" were many and varied. I was janitor, first of all, and attended to the heating of the building. I made many trips every day to the cellar for coal, and I used to think the officials most extravagant when they insisted on a fire when the days were comparatively warm. I was obliged to keep the front sidewalk clear of dirt in the summer and of snow in the winter, and had to sweep the floor of the banking room daily, and dust the desks and furniture frequently.

When You Start in Life in a Strange City, Do not Expect "Soft Snaps"

As the "messenger" of the bank, I was sent around town with notices of notes which had fallen due, and with drafts which had been sent to the bank for collection from other cities. All these duties kept me fairly busy, but I still had time to learn something of banking as a business, and of the transactions which took place behind the counters. As the business of the bank increased, the teller and the bookkeeper welcomed my assistance in their departments; and, when summer came, and there were no fires to make and no snow to shovel, I had opportunity to learn most of the details of the business. After a while I was intrusted with the work of the teller or of the bookkeeper when either was kept at home by illness, and at the end of my first year I felt that I was indeed "cut out for a banker."

I had so good an opinion of my accomplishments that I demanded of my employers an increase of salary for my second year. They replied that I was receiving all they could afford to pay, and I immediately resigned. At this time, nearly every boy in Central New York had the "Western Fever," and, after I left the bank, I developed a very bad case. I determined to start for Chicago to make my fortune, and arrived there one day in 1855, with few dollars and no friends. I had my mind made up to be a banker, and supposed that it would be easier to find an opening in the western city than it had been in my native village. But when I made the rounds, I found that no embryo banker was needed. I could not afford to be idle, so I determined to accept the first position which should offer, whether or not it was to my liking. It does not pay for a young man starting in life in a strange city to be too particular

about what he does for a living. I soon found a place as bookkeeper for a lumber company. The panic of 1857 affected even bookkeepers, however; and, when the firm found it necessary to reduce expenses, I gladly accepted appointment as night watchman.

I had been in Chicago three years before good fortune seemed to come my way. I had visited every banking house several times in search of a position, for I was convinced that banking ought to be my career, and I was a familiar applicant to all the officials. On the third of August, 1858, a date I shall always remember, I was summoned to the office of the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company, where my name was on file as a candidate for any position, however humble. "Can you keep a set of books?" asked Mr. Holt, the cashier. "I can try," was my answer. "That is not what we want," said Mr. Holt; "can you do it?" "I can, if it can be done in twenty-three hours out of twenty-four," I replied, and I was thereupon engaged at an annual salary of five hundred dollars. After working

for so long at uncongenial employment with low wages, this opening made me very happy. I felt that my future was assured, for I had obtained, at length, the long-desired standing-room in a Chicago bank.

The Public Would rather Invest its Money in Men than in Fine Buildings

The story of my further progress can be of little interest to those who are beginning life in the financial world. My early preparation in the New York village was most useful, and, since I had also benefited from my experience with the world, my position was secure. If a young man has some preparation for his work, if he secures a proper opening, and if he behaves himself, there can be no question of his future. In two years after I entered the service of the Merchant's Loan and Trust Company, I was given the position of cashier, at an annual salary of two thousand dollars, and naturally I was encouraged to find that my efforts were appreciated. I enjoyed my work, and was more convinced than ever before that banking was the career for which I was best fitted by nature.

Every successful man started in a different way from that adopted by any other, and there is no rule which can be laid down as certain to win in the end. Some have received the benefit of a college training, and others have been self-educated. Some began life in other business and drifted into banking, and some were employed in financial houses from the very beginning. It often happens that those who make the most earnest efforts to succeed accomplish less than others who have had less preparation for the work. The prizes of life do not always come to the most deserving. Many things must cooperate to bring great results. Innate ability, which schools cannot furnish, must find conjunction with conditions, circumstances, and opportunities which lie outside of individual control. If you find a man great, distinguished, a business Saul among his brethren, do not worship him overmuch. Perhaps among the humble and unrecognized are a score or a hundred as worthy as he, to whom circumstances were unfavorable or opportunity did not come.

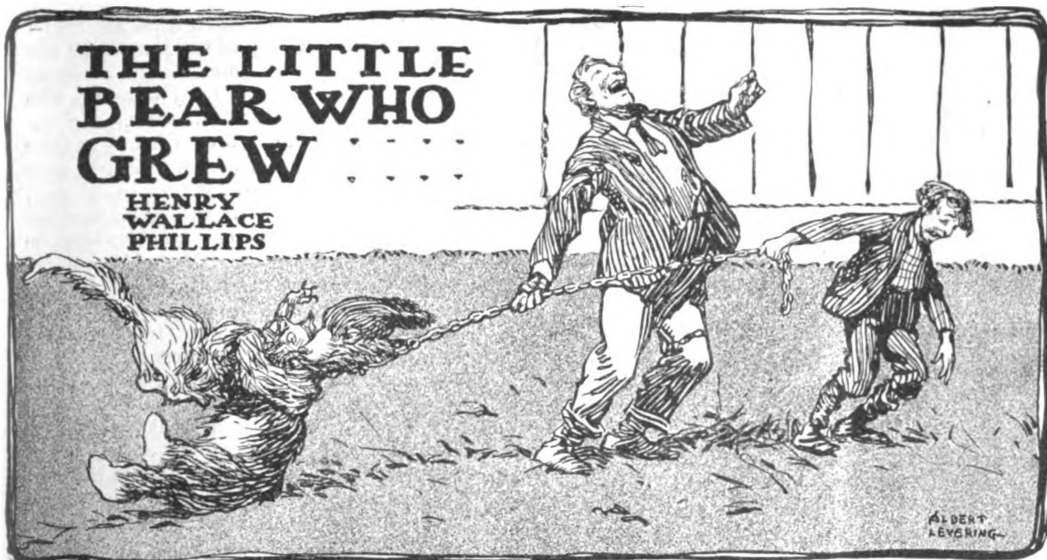
The public appreciates more and more the importance of investing money in men, not in buildings. When I hear of large gifts to erect magnificent halls at our colleges, I think what greater good would be accomplished if that money were used to help a number of deserving young men and women through their college courses. When these young people have finished their work in the world, they may each and all be able to erect fifty-thousand-dollar buildings for their *alma maters*. A certain generous-minded man once said to me, "I have given money quite freely to help the distressed, to soften the bitterness of helplessness, and to alleviate the condition of the unfortunate; but there was little or no inspiration in it. When, on the other hand, I have helped a bright boy to secure for himself a good education, my imagination has become affected. I have seen my dollars—won by hard application, in sordid ways,—transmuted into intellectual agencies powerful to affect the thoughts and feelings of generations which will live when I am dead." This sentiment is becoming prevalent among the thoughtful men of America.



"I was janitor, first of all. I made many trips every day to the cellar for coal."



Lyman J. Gage



We laid hold of the chain, and dragged the warriors off to the pump



It was hot. I mean, hot. Down that long thin street, the shadows of false-fronted stores lay like blue slag on molten iron. Nothing moved: this particular metropolis-to-be of the Northwest was given over to heat and silence. Yet it wasn't a muggy, sea-coast hot-wave that turns bone and muscle into jelly,—it was a thrilling passion of sun-power, light and heat together. Just to be out in it on a horse over the prairie swells was to taste the flavor of adventure. But no such thing was possible for me. I had to take care of the office. A thermometer inside that office marked one hundred and fourteen degrees. Had it been inside of me it would have marked three hundred and fourteen degrees.

I shall not tell you of the series of injustices that obliged me to stay in that hencoop of an office, while the rest of the force went gleefully up the line to attend a ball game. I did n't count for much, while the decision in regard to who was to stay rested in the hands of Fate. It was the manager's own pack of cards I cut. To this minute I can recall the look of sophisticated astonishment those rascals wore at my persistent bad luck. I found out afterwards that every mother's son of them had his ticket bought. They had faith in that pack of cards. Most of the town had gone with them, and this accounted for the deserted village effect. Several days before this, I had read H. Rider Haggard's "She,"—I sat up all night to do it,—and the desire to figure in remarkable events had not yet worn off, but a more unlikely place than that Main Street as a theater of adventure could not be conceived, as I looked up and down the length of it. But hark! What sound is that? 'Tis the rattle of wheels, and the "plunkety-plunk" of a farm-horse's trot. Now, around the corner comes an ancient Studebaker wagon drawn by an old horse, and in it two small boys are seated on a bushel basket. This, as a break in the monotony, was a disappointment. I fell to envying the small boys, for all that. They could go and come as they pleased; they were their own masters, free to do as they liked in the world.

As if to show that this was, indeed, the fact, in the broadest meaning of words, the two urchins suddenly leaped high in the air, uttering shrieks; then they landed on the ground and scuttled across the park as fast as their twinkling bare legs could carry them. There was absolutely no reason for this performance visible to the eye. The horse stopped short and turned his mild gaze after them, then swung his head around an arc until he saw me, at whom he gazed with that expression of complete bewilderment always so comical in an equine face. "Account for that, if you can," he said, as plainly as the printed words could do it. Finding no

solution in me, he shook his head and blew his nose. He was a kind old horse, always willing to oblige, but to plan an independent campaign was beyond him, so he stood just where he was, probably saying, "Great is Allah!" to himself in the Houyhnhnm tongue, waiting for what was going to happen to get about it. The plot increased in thickness, for the bushel basket began a mysterious journey toward the back of the wagon, impelled by an unseen power. It was a curious thing to see in broad daylight. I felt quite a prickle down my spine as I watched it. Arriving at the end, over it went, disclosing the secret. From out of that basket came a small bear. I swallowed an ejaculation of surprise and looked at him. He, entirely unabashed, returned my gaze,—as funny a little ruffian as I ever saw. On the end of his spinal column he teetered, all four feet in the air, the cock of his head irresistibly suggesting the tilt of a gamin's cap. His tongue hung waggishly out of his mouth, and a sort of loose, dissipated, tough, cynical humor pervaded his person, from the twinkling of his little eyes to the absurd pose of his hind legs. There was less of the immature bear about him than of the miniature bear. I suppose a young wild animal is like a street Arab, in that he receives his worldly knowledge at an early age.

He had on a collar and chain, whereby I recognized that he was someone's property. To clear this earlier part of his history, the two small boys had been hired to take him to Mr. D—'s menagerie, when, after a struggle, he had been ensconced beneath the bushel basket. They were not the happy youths I had taken them for, these boys,—how often we envy the lot of others unwisely!—for they were obliged to sit on the basket in order to retain their captive, dreading all the time what a moment's carelessness brought to pass, an attack from beneath. When one incautious foot ventured too near the basket, Mr. Bear promptly clawed and chewed it; hence the shrieks, and the flight.

Well, not wishing this piece of live stock to escape, I walked toward him, affecting the unconcern necessary in approaching an animal. He did not retreat; he swayed on his spine and regarded me jeeringly. I grabbed the chain and pulled. Instantly, he nailed me by the leg. He had nothing but milk teeth, or I should have been much the worse for the encounter. As it was, he pinched like a vise with his strong little jaws, and I had all I wanted to do to pry him loose. I tried to hold him at arm's length, but he turned inside of his baggy overcoat and bit and clawed until I



The bear was unaware of the close proximity of the cat

gave that up. I then whirled him at the end of the chain. He flew through the air with spread legs until the chain snapped, when he landed many yards away. He was up and off as soon as he stopped rolling, and I after him. The boy who was running the clothing store several vacant lots from the office came to his door at that moment, and, feeling that a bear hunt was more to his taste than twiddling his thumbs in an empty store, he came along, too, and the flour office and the clothing store were left in the hands of Providence,—fortunately there were no thieves in old-time Dakota.

In front was young Mr. Bear, boring a hole in the wind, and behind him two boys, coming strong, but not in his class for speed. Our quarry gained one block in three. We just rounded a barn in time to see him jump into a wood shed behind a real estate office.

I knew there was a cat with kittens in that wood shed, and I strained myself to reach there before the fun was over. However, there was ample time. The code of the animal duel is as formal and long-winded as anything the mind of man has devised. Probably everyone has seen two young cockerels, standing with their bills together, apparently lost in a Buddhistic reverie, suddenly broken by violence. They are only an illustration. All animals have their ceremonial of battle, when it is the fun of fighting, pure and simple, the dinner question eliminated.

The weird war song of Mrs. Cat, peeling out from the cracks of the wood shed, assured us we would be repaid for our trouble, but the tone indicated that the fell moment had not yet arrived. We peered in through a chink. The cat was in a corner, her family around her. Her eyes roamed all over the wood shed, merely taking the bear in *en passant*. She seemed unconscious of the awful noise with which she ripped the air.

The bear, for his part, was unaware of the proximity of a yowling cat. He never so much as glanced in her direction, having found a very diverting chunk of coal, which he batted about the floor. A singular thing was that, when the coal moved, it always moved nearer to the cat.

The cat prepared for trouble, after the manner of her kind, and the bear prepared to cause it, after the manner of his kind. Occasionally, when a blood-curdling screech from his antagonist rang upon his eardrums, the cub would stop a moment and gaze pensively through and beyond the end of the wood shed, as if, indeed, from far off, a certain sound, made filmy and infinitesimal by distance, had reached him. Then he would smile deprecatingly to himself, as if to say, "How easily I am deceived!"

Excellent as was the feigned indifference of Mr. Bear, it must be borne in mind that he was opposed to an animal of parts. Our friend, the cat, was not a whit taken in by the comedy. When the time came for her to leap, she was ready, to the last hair of her chimney-cleaner tail. She had been making most elaborate preparations all the while, stretching and retracting her claws, squirming her whalebone body flatter and flatter, her tail assuming majestic proportions, while her ears disappeared in inverse ratio.

Nearer and nearer came the chunk of coal and the slouching little bear, a touch of caution in each pretended careless action. Awful and more awful grew Grimalkin's battle plaint,—her eyes blazed demoniacally.

By some subtle assurance, we humans were made aware that, on the floor of the wood shed, an imaginary deadline had been drawn by Mrs. Cat, and, when *Ursus Minor* advanced so much as the length of a claw beyond that in his orbit, an incident would mark his career. The words, "catastrophe" and "cataclysm," by their origin, suggest the nature of it. You may believe me or not, but the little bear understood not only thus

much, but he also knew where that line was laid, and for fully a minute he tantalized us by coquetting with it. He would advance recklessly, and we would say to ourselves, "Now!" when, lo! he would turn at the fatal point, to lie on his side and amuse himself by clawing at the chunk of coal. Suddenly, he boldly stepped across. An instant of numbing silence fell. A swish! A cat on a small bear's back! The scene is impossible to put in words until a set of symbols shall be devised that are to thought what the cinematograph is to the eye. A hairy tornado rolled, twisted, flopped, yelled, screeched, roared, howled, tore, bit, scratched, clawed, and walloped all over the place. It was an epileptic nebula;

a maelstrom that revolved in every way known to man at the same instant; a prodigy of tooth and claw. If that fight were magnified a hundred times, a glimpse of it would lift the hair on one's head; as it was, myself and the clothing store boy clung weakly to the wall and wept.

It was beyond the armament of either combatant to do serious harm to the other. The cat's tough hide easily turned the bear's claws, and his teeth were too tiny to work mischief; while his thick, shaggy coat made pussy's keener weapons ineffectual. As a consequence, the storm raged for a long time with unbridled ferocity, the motion of the foemen being so lightning swift that it seemed impossible to tell who was getting the better of it. There was energy in that small action and a bitterness of sound proceeding from it that was altogether indescribable, the mews of the astounded kittens quavering shrilly and loudly through the general din and frenzy.

At length, in spite of his antagonist's agility, the bear managed to get his "hold," and puss, wrapped in his strong arms, was practically whipped; but not without protest,—she was a "last-ditch" warrior. The bear settled back as grim and stolid as General Grant might have done, while the chivalry of the wood shed applied her hind claws to his waistcoat like so many levin-bolts. However, the bear could do a little in this line himself. The effect was that each was trying to walk up the other unsuccessfully.

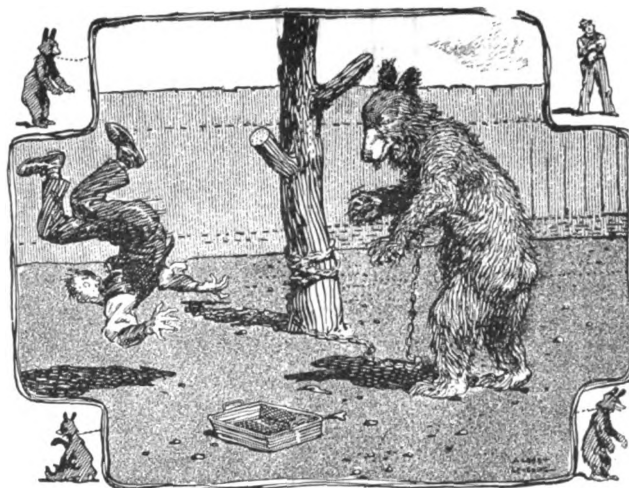
The "strangle hold" began to tell. Never shall I forget the frenzy of desperation in that cat's face as it appeared between the squeezing arms of the bear. Their attitude had such a ridiculous resemblance to the "Huguenot Lovers" that I have not since been able to look at that celebrated picture with proper gravity of countenance.

At this point, my companion and I came to the rescue. Finding all attempts at separating them by hand resulted in the usual wages of the peace-maker, that of being bitten and scratched by both parties, we laid hold of the chain and hauled the war to the pump. The pump was only a short distance away, yet it took us several minutes to make the trip, as every time we turned and gazed at them, their rigid adherence to their relative positions, no matter what condition as a whole this mode of locomotion caused them to assume, and the leering, *bourgeois* complacency of the victorious little bear contrasting with the patrician despair of the vanquished caused such a weakness to come over us that we had to sit upon the ground for awhile.

Water is the universal solvent. About half a minute under the stream of the pump formed the solution of this problem. At the end of that time, a wet and skinny looking cat, her elegance departed, streaked back to the wood shed and her offspring, while a sober and bedraggled little bear trotted behind his captors to Mr. D—'s menagerie.

Such was my introduction to this bear, whom we called "Cat-thumper," after the Indian fashion of christening a child from some marked exploit or incident in his career. This became contracted to "Thumper," an appropriate title, for, with the fat pickings of the restaurant, his bearship grew with a rapidity that made it a puzzle how his hide contained him.

Under these genial conditions Thumper developed a better humor. It became possible for one to go in and romp with him, and in all the play he was careful not to use his strength. So exemplary was his conduct that his owner, a man who never could learn from experience, because he thought he knew everything in the first place, decided to take him for a walk on Main Street. Mr. D—'s novelties were a standing menace to the security of the town and his own person as well. The amount of vanity that that fat little man possessed would have supplied a theatrical company. One of his first acts, on entering a town, was to purchase the fiercest white hat, and the most aboriginal buckskin suit to be obtained, and then don them. Almost the next act on the part of his fellow townsmen was to hire a large and ferocious looking "cow-puncher" to recognize in Mr. D— an ancient enemy, and make a vicious attack upon him with blank cartridges and much pomp and circumstance, at which event the town laughed as a unit. Still it had no permanent effect on Mr. D—. *Badinage* could not wither him nor blank cartridges stale his infinite variety. With all his exasperating traits, he had an impassible child-like faith in his own doings and a soothing influence on all



"I will maintain that Mr. Jim made six complete revolutions"

people that made one smile when one wanted to cry.

The passage up street was made with no happening worthy of note except, of course, that other travelers gave him a wide berth, to Mr. D—'s extreme gratification, until they came to the butcher shop. Here Thumper's first move was to steal a fine tenderloin from the block, and swallow it whole.

"Ye-re!" yelled the proprietor, an ex-Indian scout, "Whatcher doin' there? Take that critter out of here!"

"I'm willing to pay for the meat," replied Mr. D—, with dignity.

"That's all right, too," retorted the proprietor, "but I promised it to Mr. Smith and it's the only one I've got. How are you going to square that? What do you mean by toting a brute like that around, anyhow?" he wound up with increasing choler.

"I cannot see but what I have a perfect right to take with me any animal or animals I choose!" said Mr. D—.

"Not into this shop, by Jingo!" said the proprietor, reaching under the counter. "Now you sneak him out of here, quick, or I'll shoot him."

"Very well," said Mr. D—, bowing, but red, "very well. Come, Thumper!"

Thumper was in no mind to move. He liked the situation well. Mr. D— pulled on the chain, and Thumper overlooked it. A small crowd gathered in front of the door and encouraged Mr. D—, by calling, "Pull hard, the man says!" "Now, altogether, yeee-hoooo!" and similar remarks. I have always felt that a bear enjoys a joke. In this case I am sure of it. Showing no bad temper, he simply refused to budge, and, by this time, when he had made up his mind, the decision was final, as far as any one man was concerned. Mr. D—'s temper went by the board; it was an embarrassing situation. "Come out of that!" he cried, with a sharp jerk at the chain.

The look of irritation vanished from the proprietor's face. "Why don't some of you fellers help the gentleman out with his bear?" he asked. Thereupon the spectators took a hand and Thumper was dragged into the street. Evidently he thought this one of the usual frolics to which we boys had accustomed him; for, once upon the sidewalk, he began to prance and gambol in the graceful fashion of his kind. It so happened that the nurse-girl of the mayor of the town, a huge Swede woman as broad as she was long, (which is almost hyperbole,) came trundling her charge up the board walk at the precise moment that Thumper bowled over a gentleman in front of him and came plainly to her view. Up went her hands and away she galloped, the perambulator before her, as it was not in the mind of the stout-hearted Vikingess to

desert her duty, no matter what the fright. Whooping at the top of her lungs, she tore up the straight walk, the carriage bouncing and rattling, and the baby crowing with delight at the rapid movement. An Indian stepped out of a store directly in front of her. Him Telka rammed with such fury that he landed on his neck in the road, with his feet in the air. But, as he regained his balance, resentment was drowned in unbounded amazement. "Wakstahoneee!" he said, "wakstahoneee!" which is the limit in the Sioux tongue for expressing emotion. Never had the Dakota warrior expected to see the day when he would be made to bite the earth by a Swede woman and a baby carriage. Around the corner for home whirled Telka, making the turn like a circus horse. Arriving at the house, she placed one fairy foot against the door with such spirit and determination that the lock-socket hit the opposite wall, then picked up carriage and baby and went up-stairs with

them three rises to a leap. At the top she burst into a wild oratory of "tanks" and "Eenyens" and "beejeerens" and "yoomps," scaring her mistress into the belief that the Sioux had attacked the town in force,—an event she had long anticipated in dread.

Thumper was led back to his pole in the park, and fastened thereto with an ox-chain, this step being taken at the request of an informal committee of citizens. "Chained bear or dead bear" was their ultimatum, for, while they enjoyed Telka's performance, they did n't propose to make it a custom to obtain their fun from frightened women. So Thumper's freedom of the city lasted but a day. To make amends for this, we boys used to go in and tussle with him oftener than before. The play was the bright spot in the life of the captive. He would begin his double shuffle of joy whenever a group of boys made their appearance. At first, this went well enough. As I have said, the bear's nature revealed its better side, under the benign influence of plenty to eat, and I cannot remember that he once took advantage of his vast and growing strength. Mr. D— encouraged the performances, as the menagerie's purpose was to attract the attention of travelers who had a half-hour's wait at the station, and thus to spread the fame of his railroad eating-house. But misfortune came, through the applause of the passengers. Several young men of the town embraced the opportunity to show off. One of these, a brawny young six-foot Irishman named Jim, used to punch old Thumper pretty roughly, when he had a large audience. Jim was neither a bad-hearted nor cruel fellow; he simply had a body too large for his disposition. In the phrase of the West, he was "staggering with strength," and in Thumper he found a chance to work off his superfluous nervous energy,—also to occupy the center of our local stage for the brief time of train-stop. If it is love that makes the world go round, certainly vanity first put it into motion. "All is vanity," said the Preacher. From the devoted astronomer's austere life-work to the twinkle of a fairy's glittering tinsel; from the glories of the first man up the battle-swept hill to the infamous assassin, all is vanity. Such a universal attribute must necessarily be good, except in abnormal growth. Jim showed his over-development of the faculty, while the abused Thumper modestly sat still and grew. And still he grew, and still he grew,—with a quiet energy that made the fact that he had passed from a large bear to a very large bear go by unnoticed.

Several times, when Jim was showing more skill than Thumper, the memory of a mauled cat came to my mind. The ursine look shot at Jim now and then recalled it. I even went to the length of remonstrating, but it was without effect. I once read seven stories of the naval battle off Santiago de Cuba, all in the same magazine, and all beginning, "It was on a beautiful Sunday morning," etc., and, at the mystic seventh, I wearied of the phrase. Nevertheless, it was on a beautiful Sunday morning that that Nemesis in person attended to Jim's case. Circumstances were propitious. An excursion train, crowded with passengers, pulled up at the station. Jim had a new suit of black broadcloth, plenty large enough for him, due to a temporary aberration of our local Solomon who ran a clothing store. Because of this victory, he was in an extraordinarily expansive mood as he swaggered down the platform.

"I guess I'll try a fall out of the bear," he announced to his companions, in a tone that informed all of his intention. Gaily he swung his

The baby crowded with delight at the rapid movement



long legs over the fence and advanced upon Thumper, who, by a strange coincidence, was poised on the end of his spine, with his feet in the air and his tongue lolling humorously out of his mouth, as when I first made his acquaintance. The bear noted his approach from the corner of his eye, stretched out his paws, examined them critically, seemed satisfied with the inspection, shook himself thoroughly, and resigned affairs to Fate.

Jim, pleasantly stimulated by the remarks of the passengers and their eager interest in his doings, marched up to Thumper, struck a picturesque sparring attitude, and shuffled around, making sundry little passes and jabs which the bear ignored.

"Punch him!" cried a voice in the crowd. Jim hit, the bear ducked, lazily, but effectually, and the crowd laughed. Jim drove right and left at his antagonist; the bear parried, ducked, and got away, until the crowd shrieked with merriment and the Irishman was furious. He only lived to punch that bear, and, at length, he succeeded in landing a stiff blow squarely on the end of old Thumper's snout. The bear sneezed, dropped his head, and stared fixedly at Jim.

"Run!" I yelled,—alack! too late. Up rose Thumper to a paralyzing height, higher still went his trusty paw, and down it came, with a swinging, sidewise blow on the Irishman's neck.

I will maintain, by oath, affirmation, or combat, that Mr. Jim made six complete revolutions, like a button on a barn door, before he struck mother earth with the dullest of thuds.

Ten to one that the town was out one Irishman would have seemed like a good business proposition, and, to clinch the assurance, the bear began to walk on Jim in a fashion to cause his friends uneasiness; yet it is not safe to predict results when the individual in question comes of Fenian parentage. While the bear kneaded Jim like a batch of dough, some of us woke up and rushed to the scene of action.

I do not remember clearly how we got Jim out of it. Some pulled at the bear's chain, and some grabbed him by whatever offered a hold. At length, James was rescued, alive and weeping, though, sad to say, three-quarters of the new suit, including the most useful portion of the nether garments, remained in Bruin's paws as the spoils of victory. The crowd on the platform was charmed. It was precisely the sort of thing it had traveled miles to see.

Poor Jim! He was a spectacle. Tears, scratches, and dust robbed his face of all humanity; the scant remnants of the Sunday suit fluttered in the breeze; his shaking knees barely supported him. We gave him a stimulant, a blanket, and some good advice. Mr. D—, for once in his life on the right side of the question, was especially forward in furnishing the last necessity. So passed Jim from the field of his glories, and, barring some scratches, bruises, and a stiff neck, (not to mention the Sunday suit, as that loss really fell upon Solomon,) he was as well as ever inside of a few days. The only lasting result of the encounter for him was that, when the small boy of the town thirsted for excitement, there would arise a cry of "Hey, Jim! bin down ter pet cher bear?" and then a scurry to safety.

When the train departed, and the crowd had disappeared, I went down and looked at Thumper. He seemed unchanged. I offered him a cracker; he stretched out the back of his paw, having learned that people shrank from the sight of his five-inch claws, in acceptance. This gobbled, he eyed me, as he leaned back against his pole, like an absurd fat man. Humor shone on the outside of him, but I fancied that, deep down in his eyes, I could see a dull red glow, Indian style. "Now," said I to myself, "from the pangs of Jim I shall extract a moral lesson. Whenever I feel like showing off at somebody's expense, let me use caution not to select for my victim a grizzly bear."

What Thumper thought no man can tell.

THE EPICS OF LIFE Clinton Dangerfield

If God denies thee power to shape fair words,
To lure swift falcon ideas to thy tongue,
Know, none the less, it is not by a song,
However sweet, the world is kept so young!

Nay! 'tis by deeds: expression of that force
Thrilling our flesh, redeemed from brother sods.
Live thou thy poem, though it be unwrit,—
I yet will hold thee comrade to the gods.

Raising Values In Fruits and Flowers



David
Fairley
St. Clair

Culture and care
made flowers
of weeds;
so may man
learn to become
perfect.
—H. Kirk White



The evolution of the chrysanthemum,—from the daisy to the garland flower, and then to the final success

IF the farmers and gardeners among the eighty million people who now inhabit this country should plant this year only seed of the quality that their great-grandfathers planted a century ago, the United States would not export grain, cotton, beef, or fruit; but, instead, there would be a famine in the land. Our broad and fertile fields, our greater knowledge of fertilizers and of the chemistry of the soil, and a century's invention in improvement of machinery for planting, cultivating, and harvesting, could not prevail against the hereditary taint of poor, faulty, half-wild seed, such as the early farmers and gardeners of the republic had to plant. George Washington was one of the best farmers of his time, but his corn, wheat, oats, onions, and potatoes could not be sold in the market to-day, in competition with the best of such products. Could one go back and dine with the father of his country, at Mount Vernon, he would see no marrowfat peas, no juicy carrots, no broad-leaved, rich lettuce, no large, sweet onions, no long, crisp celery, no large strawberries, and no long-topped asparagus. As for fruits, there would be no "Wealthy" apples, no Concord grapes, no Elberton peaches, and no Le Conte pears. Indeed, such vegetables and fruits were not grown then upon the face of the earth. Washington raised on his farm the best products known in his day, but the model farmer of 1902 would feed Washington's seed corn and wheat to the mill and the live stock, and the foremost cotton farmers of to-day would feed cows with his best seeds.

Vegetables of 1800 Would Be Rejected to-day

A century ago, most of the seeds used by American farmers were brought here from Europe, but by themselves they would not grow here with results equal to those attained in their native soil. Crossed with our indigenous plants, fruits, and grains, in the infancy of their cultivation, our apples held on to the bitterness of the wild crab, our grapes continued sour, our pears were juiceless, and our peaches retained their pungent acidity. Our native maize, being little removed from the wild state, and having no possible cross from abroad, yielded little grain and much cob, and our cotton ran to stalk and seed without a desirable staple. The wild strawberries and blackberries, whose luscious cultivated progeny now satisfies the universal palate, were then the forgotten children of fields and hedges. Many of the flowers of field and wood, whose lovely children and grandchildren thrive in the hot-houses of metropolitan florists, lifted their pale hues to the unheeding glances of the retiring red men, and sent feeble fragrance into the unconscious nostrils of the man-hunter.

Apples, grapes, Indian corn, and many cultivated fruits and vegetables were found here, either in the wild

state or grown by the red men, and we have some slight knowledge of what these wild plants were like. We know what the wild crab apple, one of the parents of many of our best apples now, was and is, the product of a tree overgrown in wood, and as much at home in the forest or hedge as in the orchard. The fruit was always small, ill-formed, bitter, and worm-eaten, but the frontiersman encouraged this wild tree to grow in his yard, and soon it began to show the result of his care. Near it stood a tree brought from Europe.

Science Has Raised Values One Hundred Per Cent.

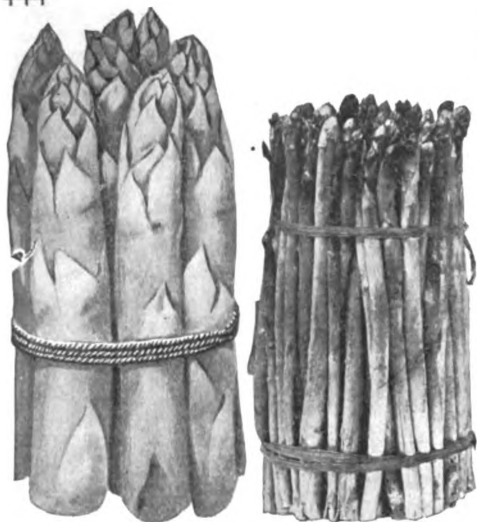
The imported tree was feeble; its fruit failed to ripen, and was faulty. It was not acclimated. It needed as much the vigor of the wild crab apple as did the latter the European form and pulp and sugar in its fruit and a riddance of its burden of wood. The native and imported fruits were crossed, and by long and tedious care in selection and in crossing with thousands of varieties, we now grow the finest apples in the world. The Rhode Island Greening, with its many modifications, has long been a favorite for its pleasant acidity and its excellent keeping qualities. For a century, too, the Baldwin and the Newtown Pippin, both chance results, have added glory to the apple crop of New England. In the flesh and blood of these magnificent fruits are doubtless the vigor, tenacity, and endurance of their ancestor, the wild crab, which graced the yards of the Pilgrim Fathers. These famous apples, no less than the men and women of this New England generation, inherited the character of the first settlers, who, in turn, acquired from the soil the toughness and tenacity of the wild crab. The Concord grape, the first of all for hardiness, endurance, and health, was the chance discovery, in 1840, of Ephraim Ball, near Concord, Massachusetts. It certainly has in it the vigor of the New England climate and the keeping quality of New England granite. Where did this grape come from? If all the hard, scrubby vines growing in New England hedges a century ago could speak, some of them would doubtless claim this marvelous offspring as a cross with some fine European grape.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that scientific efforts were made to increase the values of fruits, flowers, vegetables, cereals, and fibrous plants, in this country, but quite all the families of these plants have been improved in quality and varieties have been increased. Indeed, in some of them, the quality has been improved a hundredfold, and the variety multiplied a score of times.

There is an apple, a peach, a pear, a grape, and a melon for every soil in this country that can possibly grow them, and for many localities there are scores of fine varieties,

An orchid nurtured with the greatest care.





The picture on the left represents the tips of the modern, mammoth asparagus, the result of careful cultivation. That on the right shows stalks of 1850

but the work in most places has been accomplished after infinite pains in selection, and by crossing seed to overcome environment, and to counteract disease peculiar to each locality, and, in the meantime, to increase the quantity of yield and improve the quality.

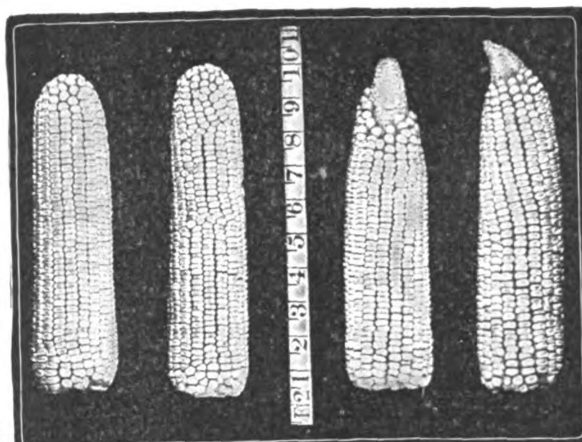
An account of how the great Northwest has been made to grow most of the winter apples for this country must not be omitted from this story on the increase in plant values. The early farmers of the vast prairies could find no apple tree hardy enough for the climate. They spent fortunes in nursery stock, and in planting trees, without success. In 1855, Gideon M. Mitchell, of Minnesota, planted thirty varieties of apple trees and a bushel of seed. In nine years he planted, all told, nine thousand trees. At the end of the tenth year he had left, after the winter's cold, only one tree, a small seedling crab. From that, however, has come the fine apple known in the market as the "Wealthy," a fruit from which the Northwest now annually reaps millions of dollars. During these nine long years of planting and failure, Mr. Mitchell's friends told him that nowhere in all that region would an apple ever grow. His success was a triumph in which he must have experienced emotions similar to those of Columbus when, in 1492, he sighted the island of Guanahani.

Plants Are more Important than Seeds in Such Work

The story of how the Agricultural Department at Washington is helping farmers of the arid plains to grow wheat has lately been well told, as also that of how the Smyrna fig has been crossed with the common varieties in California with great success. But the table tomato, as it is of universal consumption, is an example of the increase in plant values that must appeal to all. It is a vegetable still a long way from perfection, but it is one of the most distinctive illustrations on record of what culture will do with nature. Indeed, every good quality that it contains, except its color and its coolness for the stomach, has been bred into it. All its firm, well-flavored and comparatively seedless pulp is the result of sowing, selection, and cross-breeding of plants under the most favorable conditions. In 1829, an American botanist found the plant growing wild in San Domingo, brought seed to Philadelphia, and planted it in his garden, for ornament, as the red "love apple" appealed to his fancy. The fruit was very small, with a smooth, tough, thick skin, or rind, and contained only bitter water and seed. At this stage no one dreamed of eating a tomato; but, with its intensely green branches and leaves and red fruit, it became an ornament for every American garden, and in such favorable environments, nature began to breed pulp into the fruit. The palate and stomach of men were not long in becoming acquainted with the virtues of its cooling properties on a hot day, and gardeners went to work to improve it.

Livingston was the first gardener to advance the tomato from its primitive stage on the road to the superb fruit that now graces the table and delights the palates of so many millions of people. He also made the important discovery of the unity of the individual in the plant world. He says:—

"In passing over my fields of growing tomatoes, which were still of all sizes, sorts, and shapes, my attention was attracted to one having distinct characteristics and bearing heavy foliage. It was unlike any other in the field, or any that I had ever



The development and growth of corn that has been nurtured



Care and time have accomplished all this for the violet



The successful evolution of hickory nuts in size and quality

before seen. It showed itself prolific. Its fruit was uniformly smooth, but too small to be of market value. As I examined it closely, observing how nearly alike any two tomatoes were on the stalk, I wished they were larger. Meditating over its possibilities long, a new idea came to me like an inspiration. Why not select special tomato plants instead of specimen 'fruits'?"

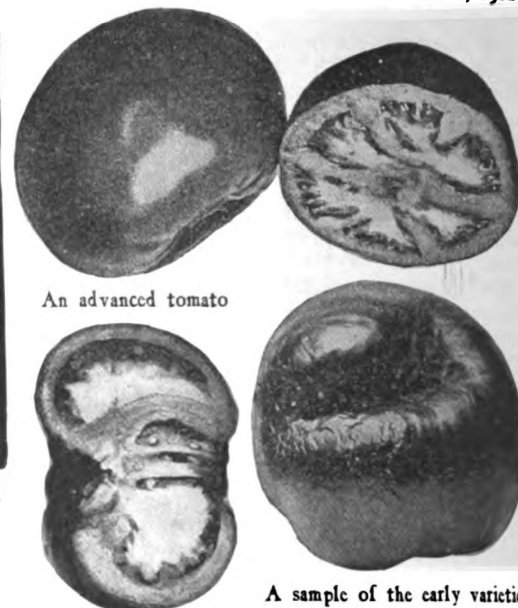
The great success of his discovery taught plant breeders that, in increasing the value of a plant, the selection of the best plant is of far more importance than the selection of the best seed.

The great sugar-beet industry of the world owes its very existence to a discovery of Vilmorin. The original sugar beet grown in France did not contain enough sugar for commerce. The amount of sugar could be easily determined in the beet, but in making the test the reproductive qualities of the plant were always destroyed. Vilmorin learned



The single azalea, an attractive flower with dainty blossoms

The double azalea, the result of grafting similar species



An advanced tomato

A sample of the early varieties

how to extract the pulp without destroying the plant, and by selection and cross-breeding he grew a plant upon which the great industry is now founded. We owe also to Vilmorin the present carrot, a vegetable which was nothing more than a thin, dry, hard, woody root, unfit for man or beast of a sheep or a cow. Year after year, he sowed in a bed and carefully examined every root. By selecting seed from only the best plants for the new sowing, he produced a carrot with more flesh and less wood. The horse-radish, the turnip, and, indeed, the potato vine, were once plants with thin, dry, woody roots, without the least suggestion that they would ever develop into food for man or beast.

The transformation of sea-island cotton from an almost barren weed to a plant whose fiber ranks as the finest and best cotton in the world is another inspiring instance of what can be done to develop plant values. Without the fine sea-island cotton in manufacture, the cotton crop of the Southern States would not bring to the planter, and more especially to the manufacturer, half the money they now realize. Here was a tropical plant brought from the Bahamas and planted upon the seacoast islands of South Carolina and Georgia, where it at first yielded no value. In fact, there were whole fields without ten per cent. of the plants bearing any matured crop, and the best of the staple, as it then grew, would now be worthless. The best seeds were gathered and slowly the cultivation of sea-island cotton attained the proportions of a small industry.

Scientific Care Has Increased the Value of Cotton

W. A. Clark, of Columbia, South Carolina, who owns an extensive plantation near Georgetown, was one of the first men to begin the scientific improvement of this cotton. What he has done and is doing is now the work of most of the successful planters. In a few words, it may be said that the farmers went over their fields, picking only the best plants, say a score of them, and the best plants are those possessing the most vigor and maturing nearest the proper season with seed nearest the normal size, and with a staple superior in length, strength, silkiness, fineness, and uniformity.

Then, out of this score of plants, or hundred, as it may be, the best individual plant is selected, and its seed planted. The seeds produce five hundred plants, and the best plant among these five hundred is selected and the seed is planted by itself. The seed of the four hundred and ninety-nine is also planted. The fourth year the seed from these latter plants will seed a five-acre patch, but this process of selection goes on and will doubtless continue. Mr. Clark has succeeded also in hybridizing the sea-island cotton with the short-stapled upland cotton, producing a cotton worth in the market some fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than the ordinary upland cotton. The fine, tawny Egyptian, and the dark brown Peruvian cottons, have also been introduced and are now being grown with some profit on the sea islands. These cottons are of great value in certain lines of manufacture, for it has been found impossible to dye cotton in these rich brown and tawny colors.

In no other sphere of cultivated plant life has increase in values been so marked as in floriculture. When a layman visits a great flower-market in a city, he is astounded at the endless varieties of roses, chrysanthemums, and carnations. He

[Concluded on page 470]

PART I.

WE are accustomed to the sight of diagrams which show in what an extraordinary measure everything has developed in the last quarter or half century: the output of coal and iron; baldness; the population of countries and towns; the wealth of individuals and communities; the range of guns and the consumption of soap; the length of railways and the salaries of tenors; the circulation of newspapers, the average length of life, and the number of divorces. There is one thing, however, on which we never obtain statistics, although it has developed to a greater extent than any other, and that is what men agree to call ambition.

It has become commonplace to say that the great impulses to all human effort are hunger and love. This statement is true only regarding a certain phase of civilization. Daily bread and woman's smile are the aims of the toil and struggle of man so long as he has not raised himself much over the level of animality.

On a higher degree of development, a third stimulus comes into play,—in many men the strongest of all,—ambition. People desire to become famous; they desire to be admired, envied, imitated. Everybody strives to rise above others, to overtake all competitors in the race of life, to reach the goal first, to win the first prize.

To weigh the moral and material value of the various forms of success, one against the other, is clearly not easy to the ordinary mind.

There exists no common measure for them. Their proportional estimation depends upon the conception of the world and life, the temperament, the coarser or finer soul-fiber of the person estimating them. It is emphatically a case for the application of the classic fable of the stork and the fox who invite each other to a meal. The fox can naturally do nothing with the long, narrow pitcher of the stork, while the latter is equally helpless with the broad, shallow dish of the fox. It all depends on whether one has a muzzle or a long bill.

It will probably be most difficult to come to an agreement regarding the value of the ideal of those for whom success takes the form of a mountain of gold, because not many people have the moral courage necessary to deal with the problem sincerely; in their hearts they probably all value wealth, but it is considered low-minded and vulgar to admit this, while it seems noble and superior to make a show of despising money.

Now, to despise money is very foolish, as it means to despise force, and force is the essence of the universe. Money in itself is nothing, and means nothing. It is a mere symbol. It is a conventional representation of the whole of civilization. It virtually includes everything that, up to this hour, man has created with his many-sided mental and bodily efforts,—what he has wrested from nature in a struggle of giants lasting thousands of years and has brought to a form suitable for human needs. Whoever boasts that he despises money is saying, in effect, that he despises the pictures of Leonardo and Velasquez, the statues of Michael Angelo, Carpeaux and Paul Dubois, the view on the north Italian lakes, the Gulf of Naples and the giants of the Alps, the singing of De Reszke and Patti, the violin-playing of Joachim and Sarasate, the writings of Herbert Spencer, the science of Lord Kelvin, and the inventions of Edison. All these one can procure with money. That money can also be expended in a vulgar fashion is not the fault of the money, but of those who spend it in such a low way.

At bottom, one cannot blame the young man who, when he starts out on the race of life, chooses as his goal the *milliards* of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller. He can think out for himself a good or a bad, a wise or a foolish, a useful or a harmful employ of them, and according to his choice will his ambition be attractive or repulsive.

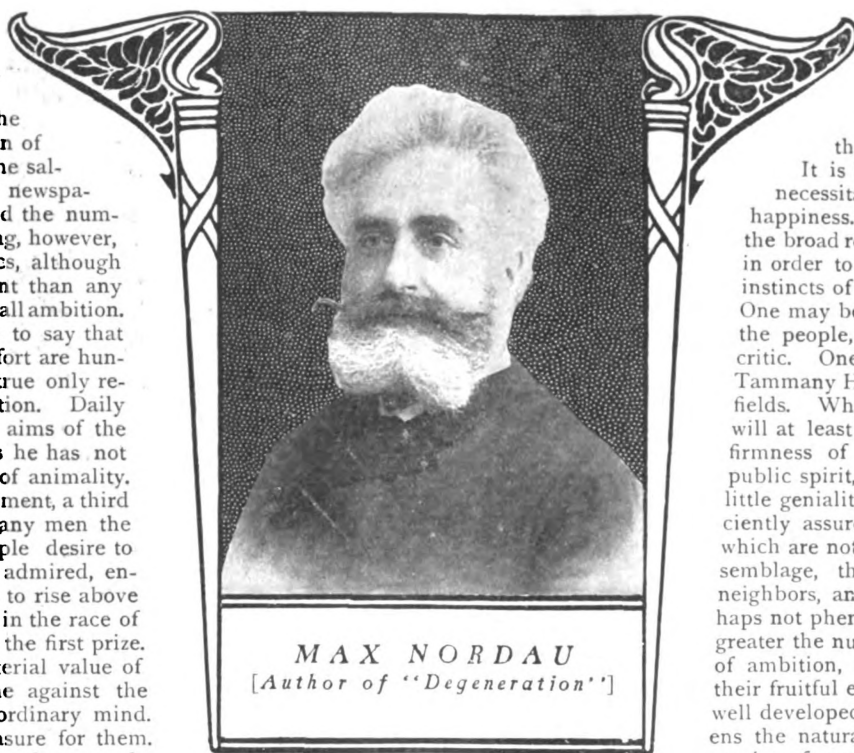
No Other Business in the World Pays so little as a Chase after Millions

It is true that a father, a tutor, or a friend of even moderate wisdom only will never advise a young man to make the conquest of *milliards* the task of his life. The prospects of passing the winning post as victor are extremely unfavorable; while the probabilities that, in the struggle for excessive wealth, he will lose his health, his peace of mind, his better self, perhaps his very life, are very great. The possession of the *milliards* may be happiness, but the earning of them is certainly a work which peremptorily excludes every idea of happiness. The road to the *milliards* leads through all the circles of Dante's "Inferno." Supposing the goal to be paradise, the traveler arrives there in a condition which leaves him but little capacity for enjoying its bliss. The millionaire who lives on a daily pint of milk of the value of six cents, and who in vain exhausts all the resources of human invention in striving to obtain a few hours of sleep, has become a common type in modern fiction, and I believe the portrait is true to life.

Providence has happily arranged vegetable growth so that trees do not reach the heavens. Great wealth can only be gained from man. It is never the prize of solitary contemplation or secluded work at a desk in a cozy study. One must go to seek it in the market place, in the midst of the crowd. One must handle, outdo, overcome, or crush innumerable people. One must be more clever, have more will power, or be more artful than other men. This presupposes qualities which are not possessed by one man in a million. The average young apprentice millionaire, when he is not a fool, soon sees that he is not cut from the material of which money kings are made. He calculates, that, on the whole, there is no other business which pays so little as a chase after a million; so he abandons

The Stimulus of Ambition

MAX NORDAU



the race in time, before he breaks down, devotes his energies to aims which are closer at hand, and reaches, not the fabulous *milliards*, but probably an honest competence.

An ambition to conquer a preëminent situation in public life can be better encouraged. It is, from its nature, more moral than that for the mere possession of money.

It is by definition social. The efforts it necessitates are compatible with health and happiness. It is true that here also we have the broad road and the narrow path. One can, in order to gain popularity, appeal to the bad instincts of the crowd as well as to the good. One may be the cad parasite and corrupter of the people, or their stern educator, warner, and critic. One can arrive at the Capitol through Tammany Hall, or by heroism on Cuban battlefields. Whoever is not an incurable pessimist will at least admit the possibility that honesty, firmness of character, sound common sense, public spirit, sympathy with one's fellow men, a little geniality, and a little gift of gab, will sufficiently assure the possessor of these qualities, which are not over rare even in their happy assemblage, the esteem and confidence of his neighbors, and gain for him a reasonable, if perhaps not phenomenal, success in public life. The greater the number of citizens who have this kind of ambition, the better for the community; for their fruitful emulation, when it is controlled by a well developed public sense of morality, strengthens the natural solidarity and recruits constantly precious forces for the work of the common weal. In the struggle for success of this order, disappointment is not probable; for, if the competitors

are many, so also are the prizes. Cæsar preferred to be the first in the village rather than the second in Rome. Now, to be first in Rome is difficult enough, but the alternative leaves Cæsar the choice of fifty thousand situations.

Thirst for fame seems to be the most ideal ambition. It is the most foolish of all. In no case is the appearance so different from the reality as in the case of celebrity. To him who does not possess it, it seems the sum total of all that is splendid. He who, according to the general opinion of his contemporaries, possesses it, sees that it contains more bitterness than satisfaction, and that it is not worth, in any true estimate of values, either a night's sleep or a day's effort.

There Are Many of Us Who Do not Know for What Some Men Are Famous

Formerly, the feudal organization of society created hard and fast limits to the cravings of every individual. The low-born, the poor man, could not hope to lift himself much above the level on which the accident of his birth had placed him. His boldest dreams never carried him beyond the extreme limits of his caste.

The democratic transformation of the peoples has changed this. The emancipation of the average individual is, in some countries, complete, and in others nearly so. Lowly birth and extraction are no longer obstacles. Energy and talent, but of course smartness and unscrupulousness, also, are keys to every door. Human forces now have full play, free from the fetters of prejudice. "*Quo non ascendam?*" cries, in Dionysian intoxication, every youngster who enters the arena of life to take up the struggle for existence.

To nothing can the "vanity of vanities" of the Preacher be so well applied as to celebrity. Dante devoted to it the Terzine:—

*Non è l'mondan rumor altro ch'un falo
Del vento oh! or vien quinci ed or vien quindi,
E cambia nome perche cambia lato.*

"World renown is nothing but a breath of wind, which blows sometimes from here, sometimes from there, and takes another name because it comes from another direction."

All that Falstaff said of honor, which replaces no lost limb and brings no dead to life, holds good of fame. What real use, what tangible advantage does it bring the celebrated man? His name is familiar to the world, but, often enough, the people who know it have no precise idea of the reason why they know it, or of the signification of the name.

Sir Richard Wallace presented the Parisians with some hundred public fountains. They are, as is meet, known as "Wallace fountains," and have rendered this name a familiar sound to people using Paris streets. A reporter once overheard the following dialogue between two Paris workmen:—

"Old Wallace is dead!"

"What old Wallace?"

"You know quite well what Wallace,—the man who made his fortune in fountains."

Fualdès is another name celebrated throughout France. It is that of a man who was cruelly murdered in the beginning of the nineteenth century. This tragic occurrence gave rise to a ballad which still lives in the mouths of the people. Let anyone ask an average Frenchman if he knows Fualdès. Out of a hundred thus asked, ninety-nine will answer: "Fualdès? Certainly! He was the famous murderer."

The visiting lady of a Sunday school asked the children: "Do you know what a poet is?" "Yes," answered a dozen voices. "Give me a name." "Shakespeare." "Very good; now do you know what Shakespeare wrote?" General silence followed,—finally broken by the reply, in a clear voice, "The Bible, mum."

[To be continued in the September SUCCESS]

Scientific Forestry

A New Industry which Promises to Employ a Large Number of Ambitious Americans

FRANK HIX FAYANT



MEASURING TREES TO BE FELLED

A NEW field of industry is opening which promises, in the near future, to enroll large numbers of industrious Americans. It is the field of scientific forestry. It is not one in which a man can get rich quickly, and, perhaps, he may never accumulate a vast fortune in it, but it is one in which he can acquire a competence and have a highly honorable and useful career. In a few years, the United States Government will have need of scientific foresters, for thousands of acres of forest land are being devastated to keep up the great demand for wood-pulp paper. Railroad companies and lumber manufacturers owning vast tracts of woodland are inquiring into the methods of scientific forestry, and some of them are employing foresters.

The farmer sows his seed in the spring-time, and in the autumn his field is ready for the harvest; but the forester, who plants the young seedlings of spruce and pine in the meadow or on a devastated "burn," must wait many years before his timber will be ready for the market. While the farmer gathers his food-crops every year, the forester's timber-crop requires nearly a century to grow. Such is the great difference between the arts of agriculture and silviculture.

From the prehistoric days when man first went into the forest to cut wood for building his home, lumbering has been practiced, but forestry is a new art. The lumberman takes his ax and saw into the virgin forest with but one purpose,—to fell all the timber that he can sell at a profit. He works as does the miner, draining nature's rich stores so long as he can do so with gain to his material fortunes. When the "pay-streak" is exhausted, the miner abandons his shaft, and seeks new ore deposits; and the lumberman, when he has denuded a forest of all its marketable timber, transfers his logging operations to another part of the woods, leaving nature to heal the wounds he has made.

But the forester, while not ignoring the demands of his own pocket-book, works for the remotest posterity. When he clears a tract of the wilderness of its century-old timber, he sows the seed for a new forest, although the new crop will not mature for another century. He seeks, even, by the scientific direction of Nature's work, to leave for posterity a better forest than he found. Surely, then, forestry is not an art to be practiced by an individual. The simple lumbering of our forefathers, making the most profit for to-day, and ignoring the morrow, is more attractive. Since the forester curtails his profits by making provision for posterity, forestry can only be practiced by the state or by great investment corporations, operating on so large a scale that the distant future must enter into the calculations of this generation.

These Barriers Will Check the Devastation of Pulp-Makers and Lumbermen

Strictly economic considerations demand that the state prevent the despoiling of our American forests by lumbermen and pulp-makers. The yearly lumber harvest in this country now amounts to more than forty billion feet. Great tracts of virgin forest land have been devastated and no provision made for the future. The increasing demand for daily newspapers, and many editions of them, is having a marked effect on forests close to the centers of densest population. A single New York newspaper consumes one hundred and forty tons of paper every day, or one hundred million pounds a year. Every day in the year thirty acres of timber must be cut to feed the presses of this single newspaper. This is an exceptionally large consumption of wood pulp,—the largest in the world,—but other newspapers approach this consumption, and the yearly cut of pulp-makers is rapidly increasing. In consequence, the available supplies of spruce are diminishing in the United States, and the pulp-makers are moving northward into the Canadian forests for their raw material.

By the creation of great forests and reservations by the national and state governments, like the three-million-acre preserve in the Adirondacks, and the proposed Appalachian preserve, the state intends to set certain barriers to stay the progress of the lumbermen and pulp-makers. But professional foresters point out that the best interests of the nation are not being conserved by the present policy of forbidding the cutting of trees on state lands. Alarmed by the denuding of American forest lands, the idea has gained ground that it is a crime to cut down a tree. "Woodman, spare that tree!" is the cry. But it is as idle to forbid the harvesting of wood crops, when they reach maturity, as it would be to forbid a farmer to reap his grain. Man must have food from the fields and wood from the forests. As well stop the mining of iron ore as set barriers against lumbermen. Timber must be had, and millions of trees must be felled every year. What is demanded is not prohibitive legislation, but scientific silviculture, so that new wood crops may be raised to provide for future demands.

Forestry Is Something More Than Felling Trees and Sending Logs to Market

A professional forester recognizes three objects to be attained by forest growth: to furnish wood supplies, to provide protection of soil and water flow, and to afford pleasure and sport. On steep, Alpine mountain slopes, where a forest cover is to be maintained to prevent erosion and the rapid surface drainage of waters, protecting forests must be grown; as, in certain sections of the Adirondacks, where the state or some individual wishes to set aside forest property as a game preserve or recreation ground, a luxury forest is maintained; but the primary object of forest growth is the pro-



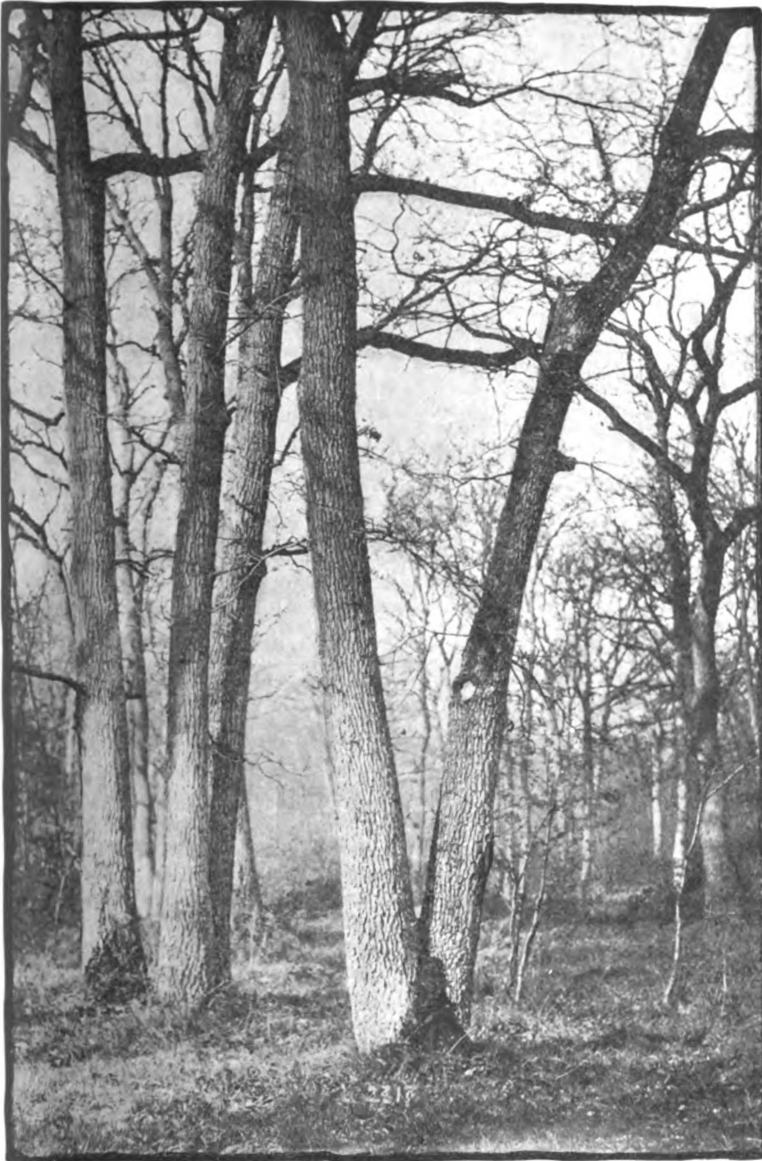
Some of the stately hardwood giants of a northern forest awaiting the advent of



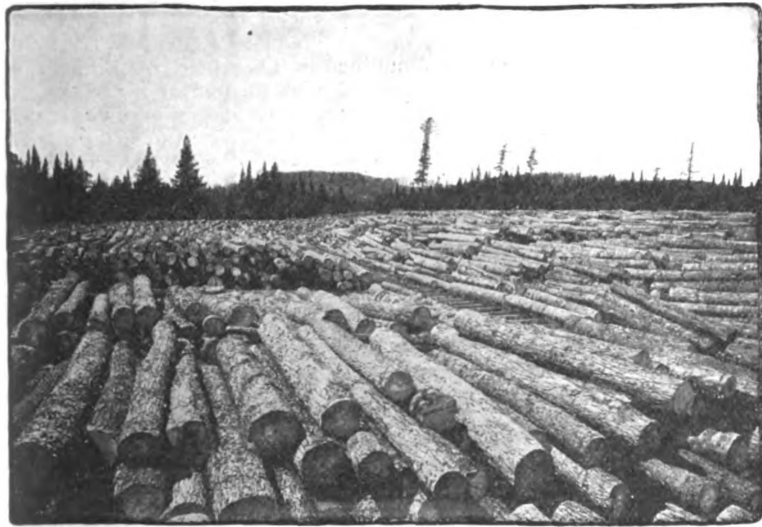
A train loaded with freshly-cut logs leaving a forest station for a wood-pulp mill



Such picturesque forests as these must be devastated to supply the



the forester. Amid such scenes a student will learn the elements of his profession



Often wide rivers are used for transshipping logs; at times the traffic becomes congested



scientific forester is expected to replace them with saplings that he has cultivated

duction of useful material—of wood crops,—in the business forest. The energies of professional foresters are mainly directed toward the scientific management of business forests.

Several colleges now provide a four-years' course in forestry, leading to the degree of "Forest Engineer." Three of the first professionally trained foresters are now employed by the Forestry Bureau of the Philippines; one by the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission; one by the United States Bureau of Forestry; four in the United States General Land Office; two by Connecticut, while two are in the employ of lumbering companies. Their salaries range from six hundred dollars to two thousand, four hundred dollars a year. In this way these colleges are doing for forestry what many institutions have done in mechanical engineering, mining engineering, railway engineering, electrical engineering, marine engineering, civil engineering, and agriculture,—sending out men equipped with a highly specialized training to manage scientifically the great industries of America.

The forest engineer, at the end of four years' rigorous study, finds that forestry is something more than felling trees and shipping the logs to market. His training, while highly technical, is as broad as that of any other university graduate. For two years he works in the company of three thousand other young men, preparing themselves for various professions. Not until his upper-class years does he take up practical work in the college forest. In his under-class years he devotes a large part of his time to the study of such basic subjects as mathematics, including analytic geometry and the calculus; pen topography and land surveying; the natural sciences, physics, chemistry, zoology, meteorology, entomology, dendrology, geographical botany, plant physiology, and geology, as well as political economy. In his upper-class years in the university, he studies law and political economy, botany, physical geography, and fish-culture and game preservation. Text-book and lecture instruction in forestry runs through the four years; but, in the spring terms of the junior and the senior year, the students all live in the woods, where their instructors put them at work applying the principles taught in the lecture rooms.

In the Woods Students Don Rough Clothes and Work with Woodchoppers

The university lectures cover biological dendrology,—the life history, laws of growth of trees, and their silvicultural requirements; silviculture,—the principles of arboriculture, application of dendrology to crop production, methods of reproduction, improvement of crops, nursery practice, and forest planting; forest protection,—methods of guarding against trespass, loss from fires, insects, diseases, and the measures to prevent erosion, washing, and deterioration of soils; timber physics and wood technology,—the technical properties of wood and its uses; exploitation,—the methods and means employed in the harvest of forest products, logging, transportation, milling, and the preparation of wood for market. The foregoing lecture courses cover forest crop production. These are followed by courses in forest economy which include forest mensuration,—methods of ascertaining the volume of felled and standing trees, of whole forest growths, timber estimation, determining the accretion of trees and stands; forest regulation,—the principles underlying the preparation of plans of management for continuous wood and revenue production; forest valuation and finance,—the principles and methods of ascertaining the money value of forest growths; forest administration,—organizing a forestry service; forest history and politics,—the historical development of the economic and technical features of modern forestry; reading German forestry literature.

Cornell's forest is in the very heart of the Adirondack lake region, one of the most beautiful spots in America. Big Tupper Lake is on the west, and Long Lake on the south, while the Saranac Lakes lie to the northeast. Mt. Seward lifts its lofty peak on the southeastern boundary of the forest. High elevations, sloping of varying aspect, valleys and river bottom lands are represented in the diversified topography. About half the property is virgin timber, the other half more or less culled of pine and spruce, with a small portion of burned-over lands, where artificial reforestation can be practiced. Centrally located at Axton, accessible by road and river, and within four miles of the steamboat landing of the Lower Saranac, is the foresters' little colony. There, in the spring, when the snow is gone, the students don rough clothes and join the woodchoppers. Their fieldwork includes the inspection of logging operations, timber estimation and measurement, surveying, locating roads, nursery work and planting, marking trees for cutting, practical work in sugar orchards, and excursions to fishing grounds and hatcheries.

In the Adirondack forest, the hardwoods—birch, maple, and beech,—predominate; while the more useful conifers—pine, spruce, and hemlock,—have been yearly growing less numerous. In the eyes of lumbermen, the white pine is the king of the woods, and, with the development of the pulp industry, spruce is next in importance. The consumption of conifers in this country is three times as great as that of hardwoods. The college reservation being conducted as a "business forest," the leading aim is to promote the growth of these conifers.

By Studying German Methods, Our Foresters Can Improve Their Work

Extensive nurseries for the raising of seedlings have been established at Axton and Wambeck. This spring, a million trees were planted by direction of the college. Five hundred thousand seedlings of pine and spruce were shipped from the Axton nurseries to the New York State Forest Commission and the Yale Forest School. The other half million seedlings were planted in the Adirondacks by the college. In addition, three hundred pounds of seed were sown in the nurseries. One and one-half million seedlings should be the result of this sowing. The trees raised include white pine, Douglas fir, Norway spruce, Scotch pine, Riga pine, European larch, red pine, Colorado white fir, and white spruce. Experiments are also being made with chestnut, chestnut oak, and hickory, from the Biltmore nurseries of the Vanderbilt estate in North Carolina; and Japanese tree seeds, of some forty species, from the forestry school at Komaba, Japan. The late spring frosts, and birds, grasshoppers, and squirrels are all enemies of the young trees. The squirrels, for instance, finding the white pine seeds more toothsome than those of the cheaper spruce, systematically dug up row after row of them, leaving the spruce beds untouched.

Most of the work of planting the seedlings has been done by French-

Canadian wood-choppers, after they have finished their winter logging operations. The men work in pairs, one digging a hole with a dibble or a grub hoe, the other setting the plant. Two men set one thousand, six hundred plants in a day. The cost of planting, including the cost of the plants, varies from five to ten dollars a thousand. The plants are placed from five to nine feet apart. Many of them, of course, die, and the "fail places" must be reset the second or the third spring after the first planting.

From Germany, where the art of forestry has been practiced for two centuries, American foresters must learn much of their profession. The Prussian state forests are nearly seven million acres in area. Two-thirds of this land is managed by clearing and artificially replanting; nearly a third is managed by the rapid-removal system. On about thirty-five thousand acres, single trees are selected here and there in the forest, leaving nature to reproduce the crop. On the cleared areas, from two thousand to four thousand seedlings per acre are planted; in twenty-five or thirty-five years, this number is reduced to about one thousand, eight hundred trees growing up like wheat in a field. In the Cornell forest, the best German practice, modified by American conditions, is followed. About one thousand acres have been cleared, and about one and one-half million young trees have been planted in the clearings. Much of the college forest has been culled by lumbermen of the merchantable pine, which is nearly extirpated, and the spruce has been considerably reduced. It is, therefore, a decrepit forest, and the aim of the foresters is to replace it by a more valuable forest. On burnt areas, now covered with aspen and brush, pine and spruce have been planted, and meadows and abandoned pastures are being reclaimed to the forest. Waste land is thus made productive.

In Germany, all portions of the forest crop, from the root to the brushwood, are immediately salable in the neighborhood, owing to the density of population, but in the Adirondack wilderness conditions are much different. To make a market for the hardwood,—much of it long past its maturity,—the college has made a contract with a cooperage company to supply it annually, for fifteen years, from ten to twenty thousand cords of retort and full wood, and two to four million feet of logs. Stave mills, wood-alcohol plants, and a railroad, accordingly, have been built in the forest to take the hardwood crop. The logging is done under the direction of the college foresters. This contract has roused much criticism among those who love the woods, but the college authorities point out that the hardwood crop must be marketed, and that this is really the simplest solution of a somewhat vexatious problem.

The ideal of a forester is a "normal forest," so constituted, organized, and regulated that every year a definite number of trees may become ripe for harvest, yielding a steady revenue from year to year. Our American timber is financially ripe at eighty years. Were the Adirondack forest conducted as an ideal forest, the seedlings planted this spring would be fine old trees, ready for harvesting, in 1982; next year's planting would furnish the crop of 1983, and so on. But in the virgin woods, which grew without regard to man's economic needs, the forester must begin by replacing the old stock, a dead capital, by a better crop, a live capital. After this has been done, he determines how much timber he can cut each year without



Starting Spruce Logs on a Journey down Stream



A Nursery where Young Saplings Are Raised

- 1.—No spruces are to be taken except dead or crippled ones.
- 2.—All young thrifty growth of birch and maple below ten-inch diameter, breast high, is to be left, unless evidently interfering with young spruce, or unless old runs and with low spreading crowns. All crippled and dead trees are to be cut.
- 3.—If any choice in the removal of different kinds becomes necessary, the advantage is to be given to the better kind, following the grades downward from pine to spruce, balsam, hemlock, birch, and maple.
- 4.—All beech that can be cut into firewood is to be taken.
- 5.—All hemlock, unless thrifty young growth from six inches down, is to be taken.
- 6.—Wherever there is any absence of young volunteer growth, leave enough older timber to avoid making larger openings than four rods square.
- 7.—Log with the utmost care for young growth, felling trees into openings and avoiding the smashing of polewood.
- 8.—In cutting roads, avoid, as much as possible, passing through young spruce.
- 9.—Prepare, split, and set up firewood on roadsides,—all cordwood to be cut fifty-two inches in length, sawn,—all crooked pieces and rough wood sawn or chopped.
- 10.—All material down to three-inch diameter is to be worked up; all fuel wood over five inches to be split; cordwood to be set up by grades; all sound material over ten inches to be cut into logs, or eight inches if sound core, to be skidded separately by sizes; all logs over fifteen inches to be kept separate. All hemlock logs are to be held out.

In felling the hardwood, interesting facts as to the ages of trees are learned. Of sixty maples on which rings were counted in the first logging operations, a diameter of twelve inches on the stump was reached by seven, whose age varied from one hundred and sixteen to one hundred and eighty-three years; ten trees reached a diameter of sixteen inches in one hundred and seventy-two to two hundred and forty years; seventeen reached a diameter of twenty inches in one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and thirty-three years.

Although some instruction in forestry is given in about forty institutions in twenty-nine different states, there are only three real forestry schools in the United States, the Yale Forestry School, New Haven, Connecticut, the New York State College of Forestry, Ithaca, New York, and the Biltmore School of Forestry, Biltmore, (near Asheville,) North Carolina. Yale offers a two years' course to graduate students. The very complete course at Ithaca has been outlined in this article. At Biltmore, a yearly course, a combination of practical and theoretical instruction, is offered. A complete list of other courses may be found on page 703 of the "Year Book" of the Department of Agriculture, for 1899. Among the principal courses are those of one year at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky; University of Southern California, Los Angeles; of four months, Agricultural College Experiment Station, Michigan; two terms, University of Minnesota College of Agriculture; twelve weeks, West Virginia University, Morgantown; and six months and field work, State Agricultural College of Vermont.



The Song of the Pine

Sharlot M. Hall

HEAR now the song of the pine,
That is sung when strong winds sweep
Hot-flung from the mighty South,
Or the North Wind bellows deep:
Hear thou the song of the pine
When the sea-wet West beats in,
Or the East from his tether breaks
With clamorous, human din.
The long boughs quiver and shake,
Uproused from their primal ease,
And bend as an organ reed
When a strong hand strikes the keys;
And a mighty hymn rolls forth
To the far hills' farthest line,—
Earth's challenge and trumpet call,—
Hear now the song of the pine:—

THE strong, gray hills are my throne,—the rock-
ribbed thews of the earth;
There have I marshaled my brethren, and laughed
at wind and sun;
I tent with the crag and the eagle, the cloud-gods
saw my birth;
I have drunk the strength of the ages,—a thousand
years as one.
I have warred with rift and crevice, with avalanche
and shale,

Grappling my barren ridge with the grip of a mail-
clad fist;
Storms roll their anger around me, torn through with
lightnings pale,
Or robe me in lonely ermine, or garb me with
shadowy mist.

The stars are my near companions;—ever to them I
lift,
And grow to their nightly splendor with soul as far
and free,
Counting the swinging seasons by the planets' veer
and drift,
Till again the fierce spring-joy wells up from the
earth to me:—

The old, fierce joy of living all primitive, undenied,
As breathed, from the Maker's lips, on clay still
warm with His touch;
When no soul skulked or whimpered, or in impotent
weakness cried,
And life was a strong man's gift to be held in an
iron clutch:—

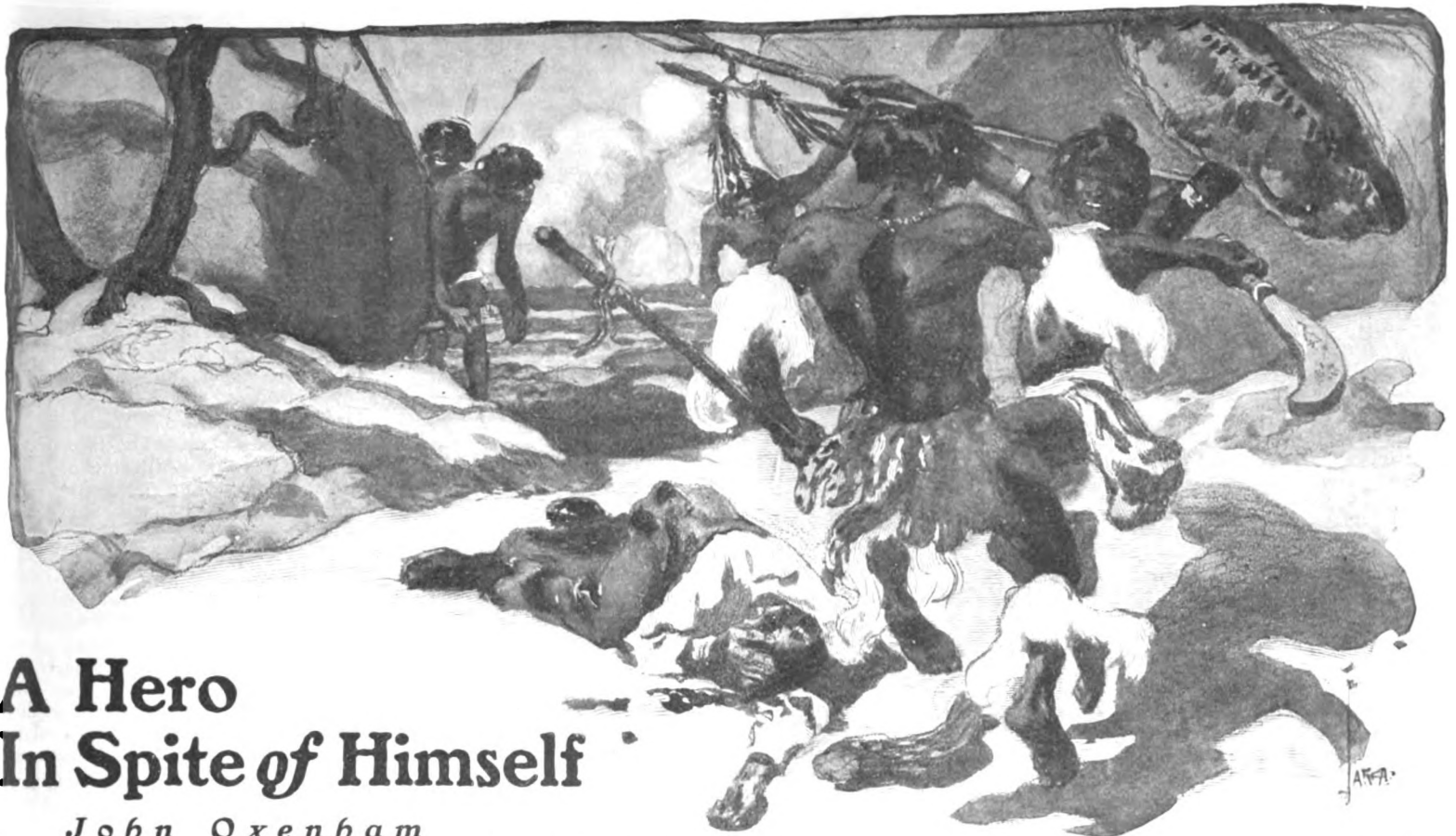
Held, or flung down as the pine-top shakes down a
ripened cone,
Then stretches green fingers skyward with larger
faith and hope;

Glad without thought or question,—undoubtedly of
earth or sun,—
From the bent blue overhead to the mold where
the dark roots grope.

But level sinketh to level, as height calls up to height;
Courage is nursed of danger; the deed, of the naked
need;
Came Ease to sit on the hearth, dear-bought with the
ancient might,
And, drunk with her smile, men slept and lapsed to
a weaker breed.

O men that dream in the lowland! O men that drowse
on the plain!
Wake you and turn to the forests, turn to the far
high hills;
Ye shall win from their unspent greatness the olden
strength again;
Ye shall hear, in that lofty silence, the battle-shout
that thrills.

Ye shall find, in those utmost reaches, a power undefiled;
Wisdom untaught of sages, and beauty and truth
divine;
Love as pure as the sunrise when the first fair morn-
ing smiled:—
Rouse ye, nor linger belittled, shamed by the wind-
swung pine.



A Hero In Spite of Himself

John Oxenham

[Author of "Our Lady of Deliverance"]

"Clubs whirled and hatchets gleamed, and the brown men rolled on the white men like a flood"

"READY?" asked the elder of the waiting men. He was tall and thin, white-haired and gray-bearded, and his eyes shone like stars. His face was bronzed from much exposure to the sun. There was a glow in it, however, which did not come from the sun, a mighty determination which was not produced by mere strength of will, a sweet white soul-fire which had made him a power throughout the Dark Islands.

"I am ready," said the younger man.

His face was brown also, but not bronzed. There was a lighter patch of tightened skin above each cheekbone. His jaw was set so grimly that it looked aggressive. His lips were tightly closed. His eyes were unnaturally wide open at the moment. He looked slightly raised,—fey, in fact, as a man looks when he and death meet face to face in a narrow way.

In front, a crowd of islanders stood waiting for them, at an angle of rock where the creek curved round into the land. They carried clubs and spears, and swung them restlessly. Behind lay the blue sea. A white boat, just pushed off from the shore, rode like a sea bird with wings outstretched for swoop or flight, and farther out was a waiting schooner, whose white sails shivered softly in a head breeze.

"Remember," said the elder man, quietly, "one sign of flinching, and it is finished. Now, let us go." He bared his white head and said, softly, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Spirit," and went up toward the dark men like the courteous Christian gentleman he was. The younger man did the same.

The natives drew back, round the rock. The white men followed. The men in the boat watched intently, and then listened and gazed at the angle of the rock. Their orders were to wait.

The two men passed out of sight,—the elder, quiet and calm, as if going for a stroll in his mission garden, the younger, strung to martyr pitch, ready to endure to the utmost. The islanders retreated, foot by foot. The white men followed steadily. Then, suddenly, clubs whirled and hatchets gleamed, and the brown men rolled on the white men like a flood.

The elder man stood and eyed them steadfastly. He had been through such experiences many times before. He spoke to them in words he thought they might understand. For a moment, the two men were like a rock in a foaming mountain stream. Brown arms, clubs, and hatchets whirled about them. But one man in ten thousand could have stood unmoved.

The white-haired man was such a one. He stood. But the younger man's face lost its look of calm self-control. The nerves had been drawn too tight. He cast one glance round and back.

In an instant the white head beside him was smitten and disappeared. With bent head inside his folded arms, the younger man dashed at the throng and sent the brown men spinning, as he had sent men of a brawnier breed on the football field. He burst through them in spite of blows and cuts. He was nearly at the corner when a well-flung club caught him deftly in the neck and caused him to fall in a heap. The brown men danced madly and let their shouts go up. They took the younger man by the heels and dragged him back to where the body of the elder lay, and flung him on top of it. Then the sailors from the boat burst on them with a yell and sent the brown men scattering.

It was days before the young missionary recovered consciousness, and weeks before he could lie in a chair on the veranda of the mission house, weak from loss of blood, and weaker still in other ways.

They tended him lovingly. Gracious women ministered to him like angels. To them he was a hero,—a saint,—a martyr almost. To himself—!

He was almost too weak to think about it yet. He was hacked to pieces and terribly bruised. When he tried to move, it seemed to him that not one sound inch of flesh was left. When he tried to think, the little blood that was in him rushed up into his head and set it humming and buzzing and dyed his face crimson under the partly bleached tan.

His mind was still in a state of confusion. His thoughts were almost as broken as was his body. He remembered facing the bristling brown men. In his mind's eye he could see their shaggy heads and twisted faces, their white teeth, their gleaming eyes, and the whirl of their brandished weapons. After that all was blurred and broke off into sudden darkness. He had a dim remembrance of intense strain and a sudden snap. He groped for the ends of the broken threads, but they were hidden in the outer void. He was still very weak.

He accepted gratefully all that was done for him, but, for the most part, lay in silence. His sufferings were great, but no word of complaint ever passed his lips. If he had permitted himself any such words, they would have expressed his regret that he still lived when his leader was dead. To all he was a monument of patient resignation.

So great was his depression, and so slow his recovery, that it was decided at length to send him home to recuperate. He acquiesced in this, as he did in everything else they suggested. He thought it unlikely that he would ever return. His heart had been in the work, but he had been tried and found wanting. The work, he said to himself, was for abler and more faithful hands.

The mission schooner carried him to the near-

est port of call, and, in due course of time, he was lying in a deck chair, carefully swathed in plaids, and the great steamer was bearing him homeward.

The story of the martyrdom and of his heroic defense of his old friend,—how they two had gone up alone to the peaceful assault of an Island of the Night,—how he had fought for his leader till he could fight no longer, and had fallen, at last, wounded almost to death, across his dead body,—had all preceded him. The very sailors were proud to have him on board. The officers made much of him in an undemonstrative way. The ladies fluttered round his chair like humming-birds and bestowed many attentions upon him.

He received it all in silence. He was still very weak. How could he reveal his sick soul to these strangers, and what good would it do if he should?

He had not yet decided what course to take when he should get home. He had thought and thought till he was sick of thinking, sick of himself, and sick of life. Ah, why had he not died with the brave old man, out there on the shore of the creek behind the rocks? Why had his nerve given way at that supreme moment? Why had this bitter cross been laid upon him? It would have been far better to have died,—far easier, at all events. But easier and better run opposite ways, as a rule, and have little in common.

Should he confess the whole matter and retire from the field and find some other way of life? Truly, he felt no call to any other work. This had been the one desire of his life. He had grown from youth to manhood in the hope of it. He believed he could still be of service, when once he should get over the effects of his present fall. Should he not rather bury the dead past with God as the only mourner, and start afresh,—to fall once more when the strain should come again?—he asked himself, with exceeding bitterness. He grieved over his lapse as another might grieve over a deliberate crime. But he postponed any final decision as to the future till he should feel stronger in mind and body.

There was a noted writer on board, a realist of realists. He sought impressions at first hand. He cultivated the sick man's acquaintance, greatly to the latter's discomfort.

"Mr. Blair," he said, sitting down by his side one day, "I should very much like to know just how you felt and what you thought of when you were fighting those brown devils. Won't you tell me?"

The sick man roused himself for a moment, and looked at him with that in his eye which the other comprehended not, and said, "I felt like the devil and I thought of the devil;" and not another word would he say. His questioner pondered much on the saying, but never knew how accurate it was.

His family met him at the landing-place,—his reverend father and his white-haired mother, proud to be known as the parents of such a son, and grateful for one more sight of him in the flesh. How could he break their hearts by telling them what a broken reed their boy had proved? Their gentle encomiums stung him like darts.

Slowly and thoughtfully he made up his mind that the past should be past. He would go out again and would take his stand in the forefront of the battle in the hope of an honorable death, for he held his life forfeit to the past.

Decision brings a certain peace of mind. He was happier than he had been since he leaped out of the white boat on to the shore of the Dark Island that morning,—so long ago that it seemed to belong to a previous life. The old people said God-speed to his purpose.

The chiefs of his party hailed his decision with enthusiasm. They had not been able to make one quarter as much of him as they had wished. He had quietly declined to be *fêted* and lionized. They considered that he carried his modesty to too great an extreme. They would have made capital out of him and kindled fresh enthusiasm for the cause by the sight and sound of him. It was with the greatest difficulty that he avoided it all.

When his decision was made known, however, they decided to drag him out of his retirement, and, by dint of persistent importunity, prevailed on him at length to appear at a great public meeting. He consented with reluctance, and only because it was represented to him as a matter of duty.

As the time drew near, he began to fear that he was to be assigned to a much more prominent part than he had expected. But he had given his word, and he would not draw back.

There were clever men at the head of the society. Thousands of interested men and women were hungering for a sight of the almost-martyr. They had seen his portrait in the illustrated papers, but they wanted to see him with their eyes and hear him with their ears. So, without going into details with him, the leaders of the society quietly arranged matters on a generous scale. There were men of imagination among them, too, and they prepared a dramatic touch for the meeting, which they thought would give it great éclat.

When the young missionary stepped upon the platform, he stopped, and for a moment looked almost as fey as he had done when he leaped out of the white boat that morning on the Dark Island. But there must be no drawing back. He had flinched once,—never again!

The chairman of the meeting was a philanthropic cabinet minister. As he welcomed the hero of the hour, the great audience rose and waved and shouted.

The young man clasped the chairman's welcoming hand as if he were a drowning man and that hand the only hope of safety. Then he sank into the chair provided for him and dropped his face into his left hand.

All this was torture to him. Why could they not have let him go out quietly to his work,—to his death? No bristling mob of savages that ever could confront him would be half so appalling to him as that great well-dressed crowd of enthusiastic men and women and children, gathered to do him honor. Honor! and he before God a dishonored man!—a man who had failed when the pinch came!

The chairman was speaking,—speaking of him and of what he had done,—what he was supposed to have done,—in flowing periods, and the audience was as still as a flower garden on a summer afternoon. In the young man's soul there was a great stillness also,—a stillness equal almost to that which had fallen on him when he came out of the shadows and lay in the veranda of the mission house. His eyes wandered unseeing over those solid banks of faces, all turned on him in eulogy of what he had not done. Those thousands of eyes seemed to pierce his soul.

One face caught his attention and held it,—the face of a girl sitting in the third row from the front. Even in his suffering he recognized it as an unusually lovely face. The smooth, white forehead, like a little slab of polished ivory; the level brows; the large, dark eyes, looking up at him with something akin to reverence,—very beautiful eyes, with lustrous points in them; the sweet oval of the lower part of the face; the firm little chin and slightly parted lips,—all combined to make a face to remember with gratitude for a mere sight of it.

What was this? The chairman had turned to him in his speech, and the flower garden in front had suddenly become a fluttering snowbank.

"I feel a peculiar honor," the chairman was saying, "in taking part, even though it be a small part, in such an appointment. The necessity for a supreme hand and head in the guidance of the mission enterprises of the Dark Islands is apparent to all. For such a position we require a man of tried courage and endurance, who can look death in the face without flinching, who holds his own life of small account, and who is ready at any moment to lay it down in the service of the cause he loves. Of such stuff martyrs are made. That the man who has given us such signal proofs of his fidelity and courage should be chosen for so onerous and so honorable a post is a matter of great satisfaction to us. Mr. Blair, as all the world knows, has proved his fitness in a time of grievous danger and perplexity,—a time which, I do not hesitate to say, would have tried the nerve of any man to the breaking point, under a strain which might have broken down any ordinary man, and small blame to him. But here"—and he laid his hand upon young Blair's shoulder,—"*we have the one man who did not break down, and it is this man whom we delight to recognize as the first bishop of the Dark Islands.*"

Oh, why could they not have left him to work out his redemption in quietness and silence? The words he had listened to pierced him like two-edged swords. Silence was no longer possible. To accept all this as if it were his rightful due would be to hang a millstone round his neck which would drag him down to perdition.

When the noble chairman had at length finished speaking, the young man got up and stood and gripped the railing of the platform.

He swayed slightly, once or twice, before he found his voice.

Then he began to speak, quietly, as one who might need all his strength before he was done, but there was a timbre in his voice, born of outdoor speaking, which carried it to the remotest corner, and a thrill in it which found its way to every heart. Of all that great assembly, the only face he saw with any distinctness was that of the girl in the third row, with its calm brow and its lustrous up-glance. He spoke to it. He watched it. If he could convince that one face of all that was in him, he felt that it would be well with him.

In his emotion he overlooked all formalities. He found his voice, at length, and said: "My friends, the words I have just been listening to have been as sword-thrusts through my heart."

The silence was intense. Every ear and every eye were upon him. He saw only the calm, sweet face of the girl in the third row.

"I have a very terrible confession to make to you. Had I known what was intended this afternoon, I should not have been here, but no slightest word of it reached me. My sole desire has been to get back to my work out yonder and to lay down my life in it. I have been told that I am a man of courage and endurance, of tried nerve, of unflinching fidelity. There was a time when I, too, believed this of myself; but between that and this there is a deep gulf, and at the bottom of that gulf lies the dead body of my dear friend and chief. His death is at my door."

An almost imperceptible movement ran through the audience, as if a cold breath shook all with a simultaneous chill. The face of the girl in the third row remained steadfastly calm. Indeed, it seemed to glow with deeper intensity.

"The whole truth of what happened on that dreadful day has never been told. I will confess that I had dared to hope that it might never need to be told,—that it might lie between myself and God,—that I might be permitted by Him to work out my redemption on the field of my failure, chastened, and perhaps strengthened, by what has passed; for, at a vital moment, when the flinching of an eyelid meant disaster, I flinched. This is what happened: as we went up toward the savages, that day, my dear old friend asked me if I was ready. I was ready. I said so. He said, 'Remember, one sign of flinching, and it is finished,' and we went up and round the corner. We were going, as I believed, to certain death, and I was ready,—at least I thought so. When the savages closed in upon us the horror of it broke upon me like a deluge. I glanced round for a way of escape. But there was no way. My dear old chief's head was crimson already with blood, and he went down among them. I burst through,—and I know no more. They tell me my body was found on top of his. It may be so. How it got there I do not know. What I do know is that, at that supreme moment, when I believed myself to be strong, I found myself weak. When I believed myself

ready for a martyr's death, I tried to escape by shameful flight. I was weighed and found wanting, and the remembrance of it has seared my heart like molten iron, night and day, since I came to myself. Whether we should have won, if I had remained firm, God only knows. But—I flinched and fled. It seems to me now that I would die a hundred such deaths as I fled from then, rather than stand here before you all and confess my default. I can accept no honors based on so terrible a misconception. All I ask, and I ask it with the deepest humility, is that I may be allowed to go out there again. My life is forfeit to the past. It shall be spent, and, if it be God's will, it shall be laid down joyfully, in the service to which I believe He called me, and from which I do not believe He has expelled me."

He sat down and covered his face with one hand. There was a momentary silence. The chairman did not quite know what to do. The face of the girl in the third row was ablaze with emotion. The dark eyes were swimming. She glanced restlessly about to see what was going to happen. She looked as if she would spring up, herself, with flaming words, but another did it. A tall, white-haired man, with a flowing white beard and a face like brown leather, stood up on the platform, and said, in a voice that went straight to all their hearts:—

"My friends, we have all heard. Some of us understand, because we have passed through the same dark valley as our young friend. Dare I, in all humility, remind you that a greater than any mortal man shrank from the supreme moment, and prayed, with agonies no human being may conceive of, that His bitter cup might pass from Him? I tell you, gentlemen," he cried, in a voice that rang like a trumpet, "that, in doing what he has done here this afternoon, our friend has proved himself a man among men. He has said that a hundred savage deaths appear to him less terrible than the confession he has just made. It is a true saying. Ask your own hearts. I could prove to you that no man can answer absolutely for himself at such a moment. But I will not even argue the point. Our friend has been through the fire. He has been through God's mill. He has been hammered on God's anvil. I tell you that he is true metal. He has proved it here and now. I hold it an honor to grasp his hand and bid him God-speed."

He stretched a sinewy leather-brown hand to Blair, and the young man gripped it with a new light in his face, and the two stood facing one another. Still holding the young man's hand, the old one turned to the front again.

"If you agree with me that this is the man we want for the work out there, rise in your seats."

His voice had rung like a bugle through the outer darknesses of the earth. His name stood but little lower than God's to tens of thousands who dwelt there, and was held in reverence wherever the English language was spoken. That great audience rose at his call as if a mine had exploded beneath it.

A week later, the young missionary went down into Surrey to spend a couple of days with the old man. They had never met until that night on the platform, the veteran having only retired from active service after the younger man left England. But the friendship between them had been born full-grown. They were friends for life and after.

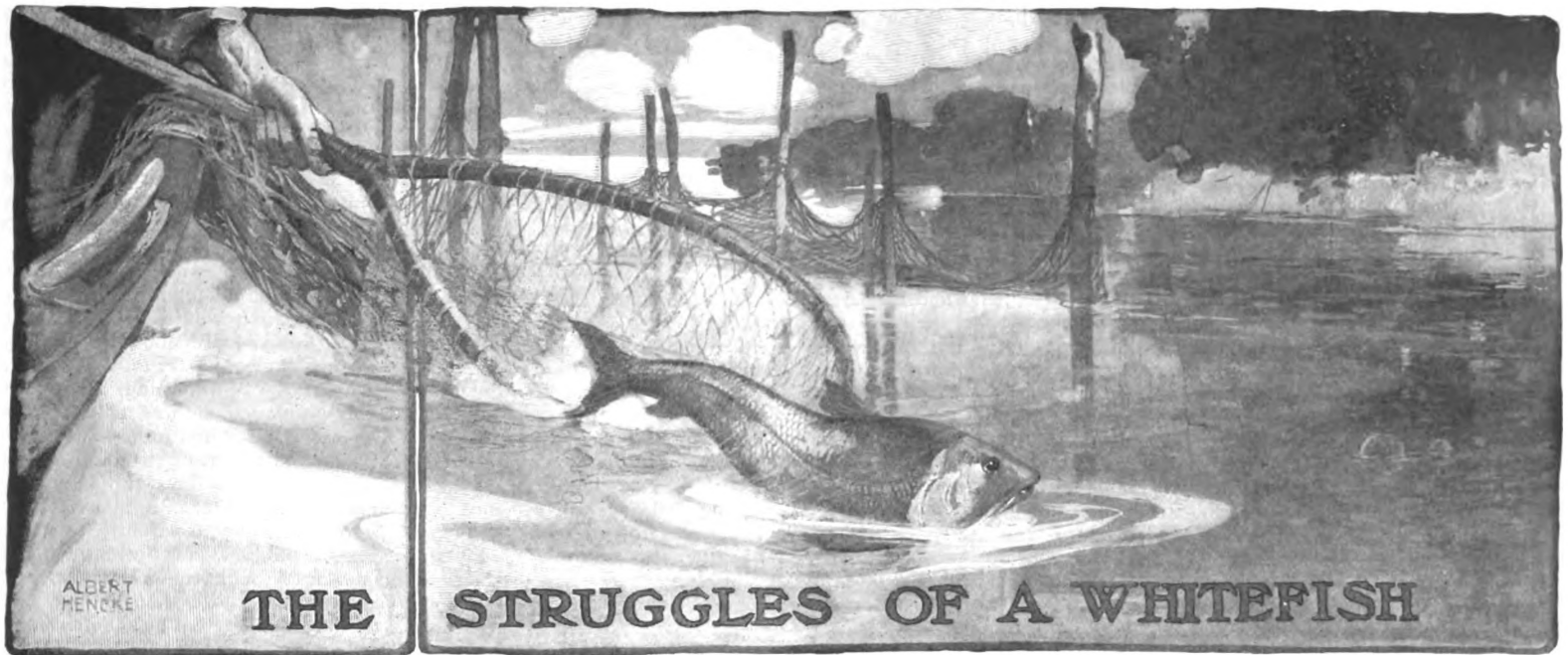
The young man went anticipating great enjoyment from this closer intimacy and the free interchange of ideas concerning their common aims. He looked upon this visit as one of the copiestones of his education as a missionary, though he had learned enough in his short career to know that a missionary's education is never completed, and that every day brings its new lessons. As in the lower walks of life he learns most who teaches others, so, preëminently, in the unfolding of these higher matters, it is the teacher who is always learning how much there is for him still to learn.

The young missionary went down into Surrey expecting much, but found even more than he expected.

The old man met him at the station, and they walked through the village to the simple cottage beyond, where he rested from his labors when the clamorous world would let him.

"It is not everyone I could invite here," he said. "We live very simply. But you, I knew, would be used to the elementary life. The one difficulty I have, when I go visiting,"—with a quiet laugh,—"*is to get things hard enough.* Many a night I have slept on the floor and then tumbled the bed in the morning to save the good

[Concluded on pages 467 and 468]



THE STRUGGLES OF A WHITEFISH

William Davenport Hulbert
[Author of "Forest Neighbors"]

HIS growth from babyhood to maturity furnished a striking example, not only of the great changes which may take place during such a period, but also of the remarkable influence which the shape and size of one's mouth may exert on the whole of his future career.

On the first day of his life,—a day in early spring, something more than half a century ago,—he might have been seen swimming in Lake Michigan, not many miles from Cross Village. The ice was hardly gone, there was scarcely a sail to be seen in all the long stretch from Chicago to Mackinac, and the vast lake lay still and bleak and lonely under a cold gray sky. One would naturally suppose that the baby whitefish was lonely, too, for of all the fifty thousand eggs which his mother—who was very large and very motherly, in a fishy kind of way,—had left on the spawning grounds the fall before, only one had hatched, and that was the one that had held our friend. She was n't to blame, however. She really could n't help it. If she had attempted to watch over those eggs and see that no harm should come to them, she would have been several thousand times worse off than the old woman who lived in a shoe; and, as to trying to keep them warm after the manner of a sitting hen, that would have been still more absurd, for the simple reason that she herself was almost as cold as a lump of ice. The eggs had to be left to themselves, and forty-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them came to grief. Doubtless the baby had many cousins of his own tender age scattered about the lake, but as yet he had n't happened to meet any of them, and, so far as he knew, he was the only fish in the world,—in fact, the only living thing of any kind. Suppose that you were the one single, solitary creature in existence, just half an inch long, only a few hours old, and so thin that you were actually transparent, and that you were set down in an open lake, with only a cloudy sky overhead, and apparently nothing but ice-water on every hand,—ice-water stretching away, away, away, forever and forever! Would n't you be lonesome yourself?

But the whitefish was n't. He did n't care whether there was anybody else in the universe or not. He was alive and well in spite of his thinness and transparency, and he wiggled his tail and swam along with his head up and his big pop-eyes staring. The baby trout might hide themselves in the gravel, if they wanted to, or huddle together in dark holes and cranies, each one trying to get under all the others. But the baby whitefish did not. He was a "hustler" from the hour he left the egg. At the same time, I do n't know that he was entitled to all the credit for this superior display of energy. Part of it was no doubt due to the small size of the food-sac which he had brought with him when he came out of the egg-shell, and which appeared as a small, round, semi-transparent globule on his breast, packed full of nutriment put up in such form that it could be automatically absorbed without any attention whatever,—a sort of "first aid to the newly-hatched." It was not only less of an incumbrance than the larger sacs possessed by the trout babies, but it would probably be used up sooner than theirs, and it therefore behooved him to get acquainted with his surroundings as soon as possible and learn how to make his own living. But all this does not alter the fact that he had an abundance of activity, and that the trout had n't.

Before the day was over he learned that he was not alone, for he met one of his cousins face to face. He did n't pay much attention to him, however, for just then he caught sight of a more interesting creature. I don't think he really cared much for the company of his own kind, anyhow,—at that time. The other creature was swimming in the water just below him, and, as he looked down upon her back, he saw an outline a little like that of an Indian club,—a broad, oval head, and a jointed body that gradually tapered back to a slender tail. The tail was divided at the end, like the posterior portion of a gentleman's dress suit, and each division bore a long graceful plume, with a shorter one close beside it. From either side of her nose an antenna, with seventeen joints in it, to say nothing of spines and hairs, trailed back around the bulge of her head to somewhere near her waist. Her color was yellowish-white, and she had only one eye, which latter fact probably accounts for the scientists' calling her a Cyclops. Underneath, if our friend could have seen them, were ten legs,—a very generous allowance for one of her size. Altogether she was a remarkable creature. But her most interesting feature, in the eyes of the whitefish, was that she was smaller than he,—just small enough to be

taken into his mouth alive and sent, head-first, down his throat. He opened his jaws very wide, wiggled his tail harder than ever before, and rushed at her enthusiastically. But she, too, could swim. Those ten legs had not been given her for nothing. She got away, and there was nothing for the whitefish to do but to go back to his original occupation of exploring the world, with his head up and his tail hanging down behind like the tails of the Bandar Log. I do n't imagine that he was greatly disappointed, for as yet his appetite was not very keen, and, besides, his teeth were not grown. He was only taking notice and getting a little training.

The night came, and the gray, chilly lake seemed lonelier than before, as the daylight passed away. I wish that I might know just what the baby whitefish thought about the darkness, but I do n't suppose I ever shall.

The next morning the clouds were gone, the sun was shining, and the west wind had roused the ripples and waves and was hurrying them over from the Wisconsin shore as fast as they could travel. Perhaps you think it never makes any difference to the fishes, down under the water, whether the wind blows or not. If you do, you're mistaken. Whenever the water begins to toss and tumble about, some of the air is certain to get mixed up with it, and that supplies more oxygen for the fishes' gills, a swifter tide of life through their whole bodies, and a touch of exhilaration, not to say intoxication. So our baby felt even livelier than before, and chased four or five Cyclops and a *Diaptomus sicilis* so fiercely that he scared them out of several weeks' growth.

The third day he actually took one of the one-eyed females between his jaws and squeezed her so affectionately that her shell cracked. A few days later he was eating ravenously. He had to. The food-sac on his breast was growing smaller, and he would soon have been hungry if he had not begun taking things through his mouth. So he picked out the smallest shellfish he could find,—including the one-eyed females and their mates, and one or two others,—and swallowed them whole; and his little alimentary system began to work.

Now and then he would take something else into his mouth and taste it, for he had a good deal of curiosity, and, if there seemed the slightest chance that a thing might be good to eat, he wanted to know all about it. Some of these morsels proved to be animals, some plants, and some merely dust-particles. He kept the best, and the rest he rejected by the simple process of closing his jaws so suddenly that the water was forced out with a rush, carrying any undesirable object with it. Though he tested everything, the shellfishes were really the most satisfactory food, and he ate more of them than of anything else. For a vegetarian diet he had the most profound contempt, and, if a few algæ did occasionally find their way into his stomach, it was very probably as much by accident as by design. His teeth alone were positive proof that he was carnivorous. They grew as his food-sac shrank,—four of them, two on each side of his lower jaw,—and, when their sharp little conical points crunched into the shell of a Cyclops, it was just as well for her to quit squirming at once. She could n't possibly get away.

By the middle of June he was three times as long as when he slipped out of the egg-shell, and his gills, gill-arches, ears, fins and tail had all developed as rapidly as could be expected. His mouth, too, had grown with his body, and he often ate *Daphnias* and other creatures much larger than the one-eyed females, though he still paid many attentions to those first loves of his. He was a living steel trap that kept setting itself over and over again, and that swallowed its victims as fast as they were caught and used them to increase its size, widen its jaws, stiffen its springs, and make its bite still more terrible.

During all this time he was never entirely free from danger. There were untold millions of pirates in Lake Michigan, and multitudes of them were bigger than he. Sometimes he saw a wall-eyed pike go by like a shadow, or a black bass, or a herring, or a yellow-barred perch, and, if he did n't tremble, it was n't because the peril was not great. But, after all, the lake is wide and our friend was small, and, somehow or other, whether by the intervention of Providence or by pure good luck, none of the big fellows ever caught him. The weeks and the months went by, and the whitefish ate and ate and ate, and increased in stature and in wisdom and good understanding.

If you had seen him a few years later, you would not have known him

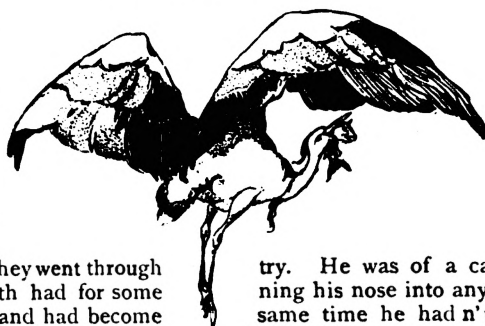
for the same fish. It was not merely that he had grown, for that, of course, was to be expected, but everything about him was altered,—his shape, his general appearance, his haunts, his habits, his temperament, his diet, the very expression of his face. It was almost all on account of his mouth.

For one thing, his baby teeth had disappeared, and no permanent ones had come to take their places; or, if there were any, they were so very minute that they hardly counted. He could no longer impale little live creatures on those cruel points and hold them there while they went through their death-wriggles. More than that, his whole mouth had for some reason ceased to grow as rapidly as the rest of his person, and had become disproportionately small. He was still carnivorous, but the shell-fish that he ate in these latter years, though actually much larger than the one-eyed females of his youth, were much smaller in comparison with his own greatly increased size. They had to be, or he never could have managed them at all. Moreover, they were creatures of different habits, and found in different parts of the lake; and this, too, was because of a change in his mouth,—a change in its shape and position as well as in its size. It no longer opened like a steel trap. If it had, or if its lower lip had been longer than the upper, like a herring's, he could still have conveniently seized objects in front of him or above him. But instead of that the upper lip was the longer, so that his mouth was directed slightly downward, and he found it much easier to pick up things beneath him. And so, instead of swimming freely about with his head up and his eyes to the front, as he had done in the days of his babyhood, he became a bottom-feeder, groping his way among the shadows and gathering his living from off the rocks, the mud, the sand, and the gravel. Thus he came to live a quieter and less eventful life than those of such freebooters as the dogfish and the lake trout and many another big-mouthed pirate. As a youngster he had been much more active and enterprising than the trout babies, but, now that both were grown, he was the one to take things easy, while they were the "hustlers." As a consequence, he grew rather stout, and his girth increased more rapidly than it probably would have done if he had been a hunter of big game. His expression, too, was altered, as well as the outlines of his figure. Whether it was merely an effect produced by the droop of his upper lip over the lower, or whether he really felt bad over the change in his circumstances, I should not like to say; but, for some reason, he usually wore a slightly mournful look.

Yet you should not suppose that all the changes were for the worse. The whitefish had many things to be thankful for. Food was very abundant, and, while he may not have had as keen a sense of taste as is possessed by the average small boy, I think he had all of the small boy's enjoyment of the sense of fullness. There were two little shell-fish in particular of which he was very fond. One was a pretty creature that bore a slight resemblance to a lobster, though it had no big, clumsy claws, and was much more slender and graceful than the ordinary lobster of commerce. It was perhaps an inch and a half long, including its antennæ, but so small around that he had no difficulty in swallowing it. The other was considerably shorter, only about half an inch in length, and had a multiplicity of legs and a back that was hunched up in the middle like a potato bug's. These two roamed the floor of the lake in countless multitudes, and one or the other could be found almost anywhere. Then there were little mollusks, and once in a while an insect larva, or some small animal. Occasionally he would swallow a little brown pebble, and, in the course of time, he came to have quite a collection of them in his stomach. I suppose they helped to grind up the shells of the crustaceæ, and perhaps took the place of teeth to a certain extent. He was very cleanly in all his personal habits, and was careful to avoid all places where the bottom was foul or the water tainted in any way. This, combined with his dainty diet, kept him in excellent health, and his flesh was remarkably firm, white, and fine-grained. He was good to look at, too, in his coat of large, evenly-formed scales, dusky olive above and creamy white underneath. He was n't as shiny as a herring, or as gay as a brook trout, but the whole effect was in good taste, and, what was perhaps more to nature's purpose, it would help greatly to conceal him from any giant trout who might take it into his head to treat our friend as the latter treated the shell-fish. If one looked at him from above, his dark back seemed to melt into the gloom of the bottom until it was almost invisible, and, from beneath, his white stomach was hardly to be told from the brightness of the upper world. Even in a side view it was much the same; for, with his back in the light and his stomach in the shadow, he appeared all of one shade, and of almost the same color as the water around him.

As the years went by, our friend came to spend most of his time in very deep water, sometimes as much as three or four hundred feet below the surface. He had acquired a taste for low temperatures, and liked to be down where it was cool and dark. Perhaps that was another reason why his flesh was so firm and hard. But in the early summer of each year, there comes a time when the whitefish gather from far and near to spend a short season in the shallower waters close to the shore. Just why they do it I don't positively know, but it may be that some particularly delicious kind of food is to be found there in the month of June; or it is possible that they like to taste the fresh oxygen that mingles with the water where the breakers dash themselves to foam on the beach, and that they choose this time to do it before the hot weather of midsummer warms the surface of the lake beyond endurance. Anyhow, they come up out of the depths for awhile, and it was during one of these summer vacations that our friend had the narrowest escape of his life.

He was swimming along at a depth of perhaps



His big wings flapped heavily and he rose in the air and flew landward, bearing a pretty, silvery creature that would never again chase the whitefish babies

thirty or forty feet. The sun was shining brightly, the water was clear, and a soft green light came down to greet his big, unwinking eyes. By that light he suddenly saw before him, stretching right across his path, a great net that reached up to the surface and down to the bottom, and away on either hand as far as he could see. The meshes were large,—so large that, if he had tried, he could easily have slipped through any of them and gone on his way. But he didn't

try. He was of a cautious disposition, and had no intention of running his nose into anything that he knew nothing at all about. At the same time he had n't quite enough caution to make him turn square about and go back the way he had come, which would have been the really wise and prudent thing to do. Turning square about was n't his habit. If he could n't go straight ahead, he would try to find a way around the obstacle. So he followed along the wall of netting, looking for its end, and, before he knew what had happened, he was inside a huge bag, and the opening by which he had entered seemed to have vanished utterly. He had found the "pot" of a pound-net, from which, when a fish has once entered it, he seldom escapes. Two days and nights he searched for the way out, but without success. Once, indeed, he passed along a narrow, tunnel-like passage into what was apparently an outer chamber, but there he lost his way, grew bewildered, and presently found himself back again in the bag. To squeeze through the meshes was no longer possible, for they were much smaller than those that he had first seen. There seemed to be nothing to do but stay there till he should starve.

He was not alone, however. Trout, pike, pickerel, suckers, lawyers, dogfish, a huge sturgeon, and an aristocratic muskellonge, were all there to bear him company, and there were more arrivals every hour. Once, as he circled around the walls of his prison, he passed through a little school of small yellow perch that seemed to be coming in through the wall. He was abreast of the entrance then, if he had only known it,—but he didn't. By and by someone else arrived,—a visitor of a very different sort.

The pot was about thirty feet square, and so deep that its bottom rested on the floor of the lake, while its edges were held two feet out of water by a group of tall, slender poles that stood around it, with their feet driven into the mud. The whitefish had not been long in the net before a heron—a "crane," the fishermen would have called him,—came and perched on the tip of one of these poles. With his eyes fixed on the water, he stood there as silent and motionless as a statue till an unwary herring came a little too near. Then there was a lightning-like dart of his long neck, and a moment later his big wings flapped heavily and he rose in the air and flew away toward the land, bearing a pretty, silvery creature that would never again chase whitefish babies or eat fresh eggs on the

spawning grounds. He was back again before long, and I should n't dare to say how many trips he made to the pot that day and the next, or how many fish he carried off.

In the afternoon of the second day there came another visitor, whose presence was even harder to endure. This was a loon, and, not being built for roosting on the end of a pole, he lit on the water inside the pot and immediately dived to see what he could find. Perhaps you can imagine what a panic ensued in the depths of that bag of netting, and how those fishes scurried about from one side to the other, trying—many of them in vain,—to keep out of his way. It was a game of pussy-wants-a-corner, with your life for the forfeit if you were not quick enough.

The loon finished his business at length, and rose to the surface, prepared to take his departure. But he didn't take it. He was a very heavy bird,—especially as he had just eaten a good square meal,—and he could only rise on the wing by taking a long, level start, rushing ahead at a tremendous rate, and gradually lifting his body out of the water. The edges of the net, as I have said, were two feet above the surface; and, to his dismay, he found that, in that confined space, he could n't possibly rise high enough to clear them. Again and again he dashed forward at the top of his speed, only to be caught by the netting and thrown back into the water, and at length he gave it up in despair and sat still to see what would happen next.

Last of all came the fishermen. The day was nearly over when the whitefish became aware of a curious throbbing in the water. It would perhaps be difficult to say whether it was a sound that he heard, or a jar that he felt. His ears were not as good as they might have been. In his early babyhood they had been on the outside of his head, but later they had sunk into it and the bone had grown over them so that, although they were still there, and probably were not entirely useless, it seems likely that an acute sense of feeling told him more about what was going on around him than his hearing did. But, anyhow, he knew that something was coming, and that it was making more commotion than the biggest sturgeon that ever swam. So he compressed the air-bladder that nature had given him for the regulation of his specific gravity, and sank to the bottom of the pot, where he and the other fishes lay very still while a little steam tug pulled up and made fast to the poles. Again the loon came plunging down into their midst, and again they scurried to get out of his way, not knowing that he was even worse frightened than they. This time he did not make any effort to swallow anyone, but merely stayed under as long as he possibly could. When his breath was gone, and he had to rise to the surface for air, a fisherman broke his neck with the stroke of an oar-blade, and that was the end of him.

In the meantime, the fishes had felt the net

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The Editor's Talk With Young Men

Other Men's Brains

IN a recent speech, Mr. Carnegie suggested the following as an appropriate epitaph for his tombstone: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him much cleverer men than himself, —Andrew Carnegie."

The great majority of men who succeed in a large way do so because of their ability to surround themselves with able and shrewd associates. Americans, especially, seem to have an instinctive genius for estimating and measuring men.

No man can be a leader of a great enterprise, can stand at the head of a great undertaking, unless he knows men, unless he knows how to measure and weigh them, to estimate their ability, and to place them to the best advantage.

A bank president, a prominent man at the head of many large enterprises, told the writer that he owed his success to his natural instinct for selecting men. He said that he had rarely made a mistake in picking out a man for a responsible position, and that, after he had placed him, he gave him to understand that his whole reputation was at stake, and that he should hold him absolutely responsible for the success or failure of the enterprise. He said that, after he had selected and placed his men, it took comparatively little oversight or ability to manage them successfully, and that the results are very satisfactory.

Not every one, however, can place men properly. Many able men have totally failed in great undertakings, not because they have not worked hard, but because they have not known men; they have not read human nature correctly. They have put men at the head of departments, or in posts of responsibility, who lacked executive ability and the qualities of leadership.

It does not follow that, because a man succeeds in doing one thing, that he can do something else successfully. Many men wrongly think that, because a man can write a book, or a good leading article, he can manage men. There is nothing in common in the requirements of the two tasks. The leader must have executive grasp; he must be an organizer; he must have systematic plans; he must work by programme, or everything will be in confusion.

Many men mistakenly think that, because they work hard and try hard, they must eventually succeed to some extent. This does not follow. Some men carry on great enterprises with little apparent effort. Their success is due to skill in selecting efficient executive heads.

Many a business man breaks down, trying to supplement the work of incompetent heads of departments, simply because he does not know how to choose the right men. A man of commanding ability does not worry himself over details. He makes out his programme, and then selects men who can carry it out to the letter. Indeed, it is a sign of weakness for the head of a concern to bother about little details. It shows that he lacks the insight, the business sagacity, the ability to select and to manage men who can do things efficiently.

Many heads of large concerns spend little time in their offices; they travel or remain at home, but the business goes on like clockwork, simply because they know how to select men who can efficiently do the work assigned to them.

It is a great art to duplicate oneself in another, and multiply oneself many times by selecting those who are vastly superior to ourselves, but who did not happen to have had our opportunity to do the thing themselves.

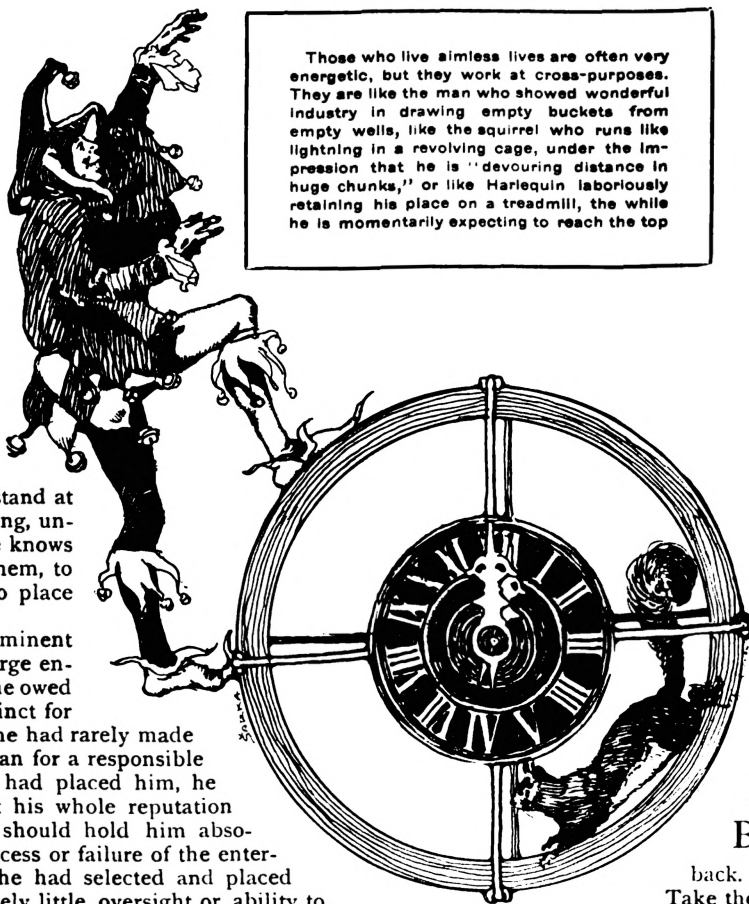
Many a proprietor of a vast establishment, many a man who is looked up to as the head of a firm and is at the front of a great enterprise, has associated with him, and under his direction, those who are far his superiors in real ability, and who, had they had his advantages, would have far outstripped him.

In fact, a great majority of men never have an opportunity to test the extent of their powers. As boys, they get jobs; and, if their advancement is steady and reasonably satisfactory, and especially if they have others depending upon them for support, they are satisfied to go on without making a supreme struggle to do the thing which their employer is doing, or something else which they may feel within them that they have the power to do.

Emergencies, the stress of great events, are what develop great possibilities.

When a great national crisis, like that of the Civil War, confronts a people, giants are born out of exigencies: a Lincoln, a Grant, a Farragut, a Sherman, or a Lee steps forth to answer the call; but, in times of peace, when there is no stress of circumstances, no great emergencies or crises, the executive giants are only poten-

Those who live aimless lives are often very energetic, but they work at cross-purposes. They are like the man who showed wonderful industry in drawing empty buckets from empty wells, like the squirrel who runs like lightning in a revolving cage, under the impression that he is "devouring distance in huge chunks," or like Harlequin laboriously retaining his place on a treadmill, the while he is momentarily expecting to reach the top



cies, and, although they exist all about us, they are seldom developed or brought into prominence.

So, in innumerable positions in this country to-day, unknown to fame, unnoticed by the crowd, there are sleeping giants, ready to spring forth, equal to any emergency which may arise; but, until the crisis comes, they will be unknown, perhaps, even to themselves.

There is nothing else which so puts a young man on his mettle as to feel that he is being tested by a giant, by a man who knows when he fills his place efficiently, and he acts accordingly.

There is nothing which will call out the reserve force of a capable man more than the consciousness that great things are expected of him by a past-master in his line, a man who knows the possibilities of the situation.

When a man is placed at the head of a department or of an institution, and the entire responsibility is thrust upon him, he feels that his reputation is at stake, and that he must prove himself equal to the estimate of the man who placed him there. Every faculty within him is summoned to the front. But if, on the other hand, he knows that he is not complete master of the situation, because his employer is constantly interfering; if he feels that the latter does not expect great things from him, but only routine drudgery, he will not call out all his reserve force, as when he knows that he is placed in a responsible position by a master and that success or failure depends upon himself.

All Work Makes Jack a Very Dull Boy

BEWARE of trying to work all the time. The very intensity of your ambition to get on may keep you back. A bow that is bent constantly loses its elasticity.

Take the best Indian bow that ever was made, string it taut, hang it up for a year, then cut the string, and you will find that the bow will remain in the same position. It has lost its throwing-power; all its spring is gone. So, the brain that is kept tense during all the waking hours soon loses its responsiveness and effective working power. It fails to fully grasp all the necessary phases of a day's work.

I have known college students who looked upon every half-hour of ball-playing or other amusement as time thrown away. I have watched these same students in after years, and have noticed that they "went to seed" very early. Although they piled fact upon fact, and added knowledge to knowledge in their student days, thinking themselves infinitely superior to their classmates who allowed the muscles of the brain to relax while they strengthened the muscles of the body by indulging in a little wholesome fun or athletic exercise, they lost ground when they left college. The brain hardened, and their ideas lost vigor and freshness, for the zest of life had fled before they commenced to live. Enthusiasm was killed in the unnatural tension and forced mental activity of their student days.

Everyone should put a layer of pleasure, of genuine recreation, into each day. No day is complete without its period of relaxation. Nothing is truer than that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,"—dull, literally. Students who are everlastingly grinding, who allow themselves no time for recreation, amusement, or social life of any kind, are very apt to become bores, because they develop but one side of their nature. We must look upon life as a whole, and prepare ourselves for its different parts. Those who cultivate the serious, studious side of themselves, to the exclusion of the social, will find themselves at a terrible disadvantage when they begin to mingle with the great world outside of their narrow school walls.

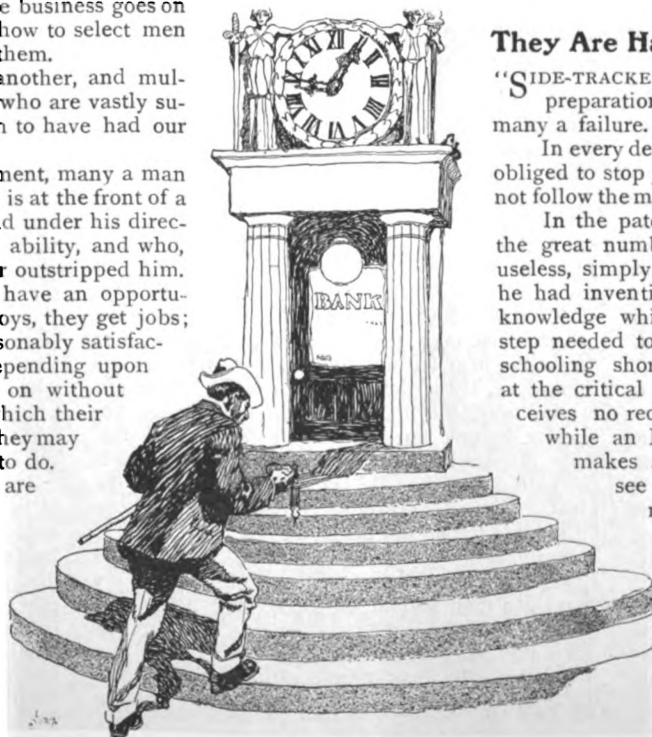
They Are Handicapped by Lack of Preparation

"SIDE-TRACKED by ignorance, for the lack of a little more preparation," would be a fitting epitaph over the grave of many a failure.

In every department of endeavor we find men switched off, obliged to stop just this side of their laurels, because they did not follow the main track of thorough preparation in their youth.

In the patent office at Washington, one is impressed by the great number of embryo inventions that are practically useless, simply because of the patentee's ignorance. While he had inventive ability, he did not possess the technical knowledge which would have enabled him to take the next step needed to make his idea successful. Had he cut his schooling short, he would not have been obliged to stop at the critical point. He laid the foundation, his work receives no recognition, because he cannot go on with it, while an Edison or a Tesla takes the next step, and makes a success and a fortune. It is a sad sight to see our employment offices thronged with young men of strong physique, robust health, and intelligent personality, hunting for work. They cannot keep a position long, because they have no reserve force to draw upon. Their foundations were weak, their preparation inadequate, and at every step they are made conscious of their shortcomings. Nobody cares to retain them in their service, because they cannot do anything well or thoroughly.

The "five-minute-late" man wonders why he can't get on





Subscription price, \$1.00 a year; 10 cents a copy

For myself, I'd work as willingly beside a laborer as with the last descendants of a patroon. It literally makes no difference to me, so long as the work is good and the man is in earnest.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

American Business Methods in Japan

BARON EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

[President, The Bankers' Association, Tokio, Japan]

(Translated for "Success")

SINCE my arrival in the United States, a number of American newspapers have paid me the high compliment of calling me the J. Pierpont Morgan of Japan. This is doing me too much honor, for, while it has been my endeavor for years to organize capital on a scale large enough to carry on great industries in Japan, yet the scope of my work is not so great as that of your eminent organizer and financier.

Even if my opportunities in Japan were as great as are Mr. Morgan's in this country, I would not presume to say that I could accomplish as much as he; but, as a matter of fact, my opportunities are not so great. We in Japan are where you were, say thirty years ago. Our era of material and commercial development is just beginning, while yours has reached the second stage. Mr. Morgan is organizing into great combinations industries and concerns which are themselves combinations, and have attained great individual strength, while I, to the best of my ability, am promoting the primary or initial industries. We Japanese feel rather proud of the progress we have made since our country was opened to the influences of western civilization and trade.

The commerce of the United States is becoming fixed and solidified. You have the big, strong units of capital. Mr. Morgan and others are merely uniting them into yet greater and stronger units, while we are just beginning to form our primary units. Many times I have heard America spoken of as "the land of opportunity," but I am sure that there will not be so many opportunities here, in the twentieth century, as there were in the nineteenth, for moneyless young men to become commanders of great capital. The reason for this lies in the increasing commercial fixity which I have already mentioned. Families will be too strongly entrenched behind their bulwarks of capital to be dislodged by the free lances of finance, except with the greatest difficulty. The ablest of the latter, as managers of industries and capital, will be able to command high salaries, but a much smaller number of them than heretofore will be masters of the commercial forces they direct.

In Japan, for many years to come, the conditions will be somewhat different, and afford numerous opportunities in the commercial field to men of brains and energy. Japan's commerce is in a transitory stage. Just now we are in a calm. From 1897 to 1899, the commercial winds were blowing hard. Many manufacturing enterprises were started, and railroading, navigation, mining and numerous other industries were developed. All the capital was invested, so that at length none was left for new enterprises. Rates of interest became very high. This is to-day the condition in Japan. It is a period of reaction; we are suffering from our commercial excesses. I am visiting the great commercial countries of the world for the purpose of inviting capital to Japan, to relieve the congestion, and of promoting harmonious and reciprocal trade relationship.

In this endeavor, the United States affords me the most promising field. Your leading business men are favorably disposed toward us, chiefly for the reasons that we are adopting American business methods and are giving you more of our im-

port trade. About half of the cotton woven on the spindles of Japan, which now number one and one half million, is imported from the United States. It was about ten years ago that we began buying American cotton. Before that time we obtained our cotton in China and India, but the American cotton was found to have a longer staple, and to be, in general, better adapted to our purposes than any other, with the result that now fifty per cent. of our importation of raw cotton is from the United States, and the quantity is increasing every year.

"We may appear great in an employment beneath our merit, but we often appear small in an employment greater than we are."

The High Dignity of Thorough Work

EDWIN MARKHAM

Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the gods' abode.

WHEN, a few years ago, the late Colonel George E. Waring took charge of the street-cleaning department of New York City, he found the street cleaners doing their work in a careless, carnal, joyless fashion. There was no mind in their muscle, no heart in their handiwork. The men were ashamed of their calling. They went at their work in sloven clothes, with slouching gait, feeling that they were the scavengers of the city, the rejected of men.

Here was labor divorced from ideality. Colonel Waring knew that some ideal light must be made to shine from even the meanest work,—that the worker must have some joy and pride in his toil or his work is a failure. Or, more tragical still, the man himself will be a failure.

What did Colonel Waring do,—this man of heart and imagination? Not all that could be done,—not all that ought to be done. But he did something. He called the street sweepers of New York before him, and, with a fine enthusiasm that was infectious, he fired their minds with a sense of their high mission to the city; he made them feel that they were verily the Knights of Cleanliness, the Custodians of the Public Safety, the Guardians of the Public Health. He especially called them to the duty of defending the little children of the metropolis from the wolves of disease.

The words of Colonel Waring stirred the hearts of the workers. For the first time they saw themselves entrusted with a great treasure; felt themselves lifted to a place of dignity and honor; knew themselves to be valued and honored by at least one man of worth and distinction.

Colonel Waring dressed his men in white uniforms, symbolic of the purity that was to be their aim in all their labors. We all know the result. With this ideal in their hearts and this man as a center of energy, the workers went out like a white army: the atmosphere clarified, the death-rate went down, New York became, perhaps, the cleanest city in the world.

These men labored at the most humble and thankless work, with some feeling of their partnership with the purifying and protecting powers of the universe. In a degree they worked as gods, not as stolid and joyless hirelings of the hour.

So all true work is more than a deep necessity laid upon life,—more than a precious discipline laid upon the soul. Necessity and discipline,—these words are too cold and too hard to express the loftier beauty in the face of Labor. It is more than these: it is a sacrament, a communion with God.

"If you would avoid uncleanness and all the sins," says Thoreau, "work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable." No work that is sincere and useful is barren of divinity. "Work is worship," was a deep saying of the old monks. "What would you wish to be doing?" someone asked a wise man, "if you knew that you were to die in the next ten minutes?" "Just what I am doing now," was the significant reply; although, at the time, the man was neither praying, nor singing hymns, but was merely feeding a horse. This philosopher knew that the path of service is the path of safety. He saw his work lit up by the ideal. Work is dull indeed unless we can see upon it some light from the skies.

Not only should all work be done in this high spirit, but it should also be done in joy. Every work of a man should be tinged with the warm color of his heart. No work is true work unless joy is builded into it.

In all worthy work there is a dignity that crowns the man, a dignity that draws the lowly human

worker into touch with the Divine Worker. In every true labor a man takes hold of a lever upon which is also pressing the hand of God. Every human work is a door through which some world-force presses into activity. Man sets his mill-wheel against the moving waters that flow out of the treasures of God. He slants his sail against the eternal winds that rush out of the chambers of the sky. He drops the grain into the furrowed field to await the rains of the sweet heavens and the smiling invitation of the sun. He sets up his tuned pillars, and the unfettered lightnings carry his words across the wireless void.

Thus man is always dealing with forces vast and mysterious,—forces great as himself. Let him think well of his lofty business on this planet. Let his soul stand erect in noble joy, though his body be bowed. This is no mean thing that he weighs with his brain, or shapes with his hand. He is molding the very stuff that God handles in the secret chambers. He plays and struggles with the very forces with which the young deities have wrestled and tried their radiant strength since Chaos was.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.—WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The Advantage of Educating Oneself

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

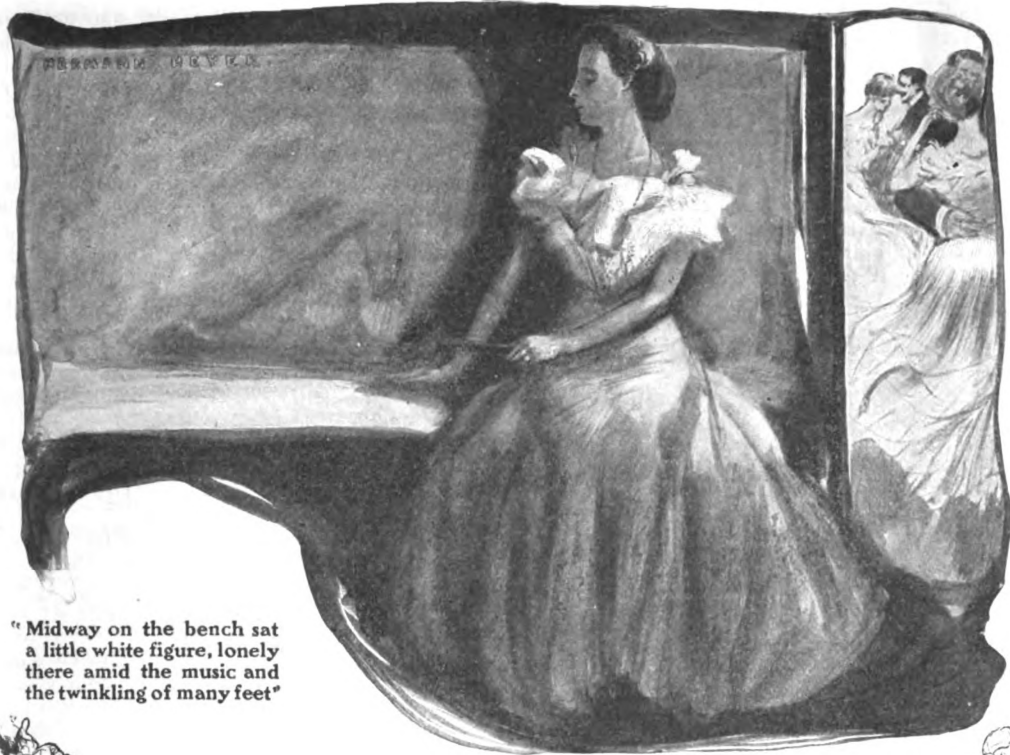
[Pastor, Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York City]

IT is unreasonable to suppose that no one but a college graduate can be educated, in the broader meaning of that much-abused word. If a young man or a young woman is wholly undecided as to his or her future work, a four years' college course may help to a decision, but if one is determined to follow a special line of work, he can make more rapid progress outside a college, sometimes, than in one. If, for example, he has chosen literature as a profession, he can study under a tutor in the subjects he desires and progress twice as fast as in college. The courses in all our universities are calculated for a mediocre student, who probably gives more time to athletics and outside matters than to study. An ambitious young person, who is anxious to do something in the world, has to drag along with the others, however willing he may be to forge ahead. With a tutor, or home study, he can push along as rapidly as he is capable of doing, with no one to hold him back. It is possible to enter almost any profession after a course of home study, without a college diploma. I have often heard lawyers assert that those members of the bar who studied in offices were invariably the most successful ones in practice. They not only have the theory of law, but also know it in operation.

Some educators once made out a list of a hundred great men who lived in England during the half-century from 1850 to 1900. They were principally men of the first genius, like Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Ruskin. They were greatly surprised when it was discovered that only twenty of the hundred had received college educations. The others were self-educated, or had studied under tutors at home. This must have been more than a coincidence, and to my mind it is a remarkable commentary on the success of the modern system of education. It means that the young man who can only study at night is under no handicap in the race for success because he is unable to spend four years in college. It is possible that he stands a better chance than the college graduate.

There are more ways than one of obtaining an education in this world, and only narrow-minded people assert that the university is the only gateway to a satisfactory life. A man can greatly improve himself by home study of the best books, and through contact with cultured people. Travel, too, is a great educator, for seeing a thing is a thousand times better than reading about it in books. I have known young men who have made the most of their opportunities for observation, who would compare most favorably with any product of our colleges. They have taken in the life they saw about them, and so are educated in the best and broadest sense.

It will always be necessary for some boys and girls to be forced to study, even in college. My object is to encourage those boys who have to begin work at sixteen or seventeen, and who feel that their future is dark because they have no degree. Degrees amount to very little. It is real information which counts, and any persevering student can obtain that in a hall bedroom, after his work for the day is done,—that is, if he has a proper person to direct his studies.



"Midway on the bench sat a little white figure, lonely there amid the music and the twinkling of many feet"

The WALLFLOWER

The Story of a Homely Girl

ZONA GALE

My friend, I have no wish to make you sad. She was wont to bring happiness to others, and, now that her own great joy has come, assuredly there should be nothing in her story to cloud your eyes or mine. Yet, in some way, the memory of the year before the coming of her joy sighs in my heart, and will not sleep, despite the soft singing of these present days.

A slim wax taper by the pier glass flickered on her face when first I saw her. Even in the taper-light, the mirror reflected features of that fatal plainness which prays for no pity and so is unforgiven. She was hopelessly ugly, and her tightly drawn hair was ugly, too. To imagine a flush on her cheek, or speech in her eyes, would be like dreaming of silver moonrise in the gray north.

The first waltz was stealing out on the air, and the other girls were crowding from the cloak-room, as I entered. It was deserted, save for the figure before the mirror. She was trying to fasten a white rose in the tight coils of her hair, and she snatched the flower guiltily away when she saw me. I did not know her, but I knew her need.

"There!" I cried, "see how these will suit you. It must always be red for you!"

I gathered, from a vase, flowers with petals like scarlet silk, and fastened them in her hair. She thanked me quietly and moved away. When she spoke or smiled she had none of the expressions that woo.

We of Leafboro, being simple folks, have simple tastes. Though we do our best to be conventional, our efforts only result in what is, in the great world, wickedly unconventional. So there is between us common ground, whereon might blossom profitable reflection for both the great world and Leafboro were we not too busy and the world too indolent. In short, my two charges fluttered down the stairway before me, and were breathlessly through the first waltz when I slipped into my seat near the bow window. The dancers, as if blown on the last breath of the music, were drifting to their seats like autumn leaves. My old heart beat to see them.

The girls of Leafboro,—how beautiful they were! There were little, plump quarto girls, bound in red and gold; little powder-puff girls; and girls like tall tapers with hair of blowing flame. Two little maids for whom the jet star in my hair flashed like a black binnacle sought me and sank beside me at the end of each number. In an instant a dark cloud was about us, requiring the next dance. The two small powder puffs beside me, after sparring as only powder puffs can, were each engaged for five dances, and the cloud of witnesses trailed away. Then strings were touched, and at once—for no one loses the first measures in Leafboro,—the polished floor was like a magic

ring in which fairies dance on a moonlit green.

I looked for her of the scarlet flowers and found her. At the side of the long hall was a bench; usually it was vacant during the dances. The chaperons were gossiping uncomfortably at either end. Midway on the bench sat a little white figure, lonely there amid the music and the twinkling of feet. Its head was crowned with scarlet flowers.

Now, I know not how it is in your world, but in Leafboro it is nearly impossible to miss having the second dance. Almost every girl has more than one invitation to each ball, and he who has invited her too late comes eagerly to claim the second number. Yet the girl with scarlet flowers was sitting through it alone.

"Who is she?" I asked of the mountain of gray silk at my left. The mountain was casting an eye of disquietude on her own luminous-haired little daughter, into whose eyes a young visiting lieutenant was at that moment looking down without discipline. In Leafboro, all such disquietude as the gray mountain manifested is real. I may be old and romantic, as many people are without being suspected, but I note disapprovingly that Leafboro lives to detect and blot out love-making. No Leafboro mother will confess to wishing her daughter well married. The gray mountain's reply was merely a parenthesis to her parental agitation.

"She's Lucinda Houghton," she said,—"*Si* Houghton's daughter, back from boarding school. They say that her dress cost forty dollars."

The mountain had spoken above the music, and she was overheard. Beyond her sat Miss Wealthy Nash,—a little crust of a woman. She leaned forward, her faded eyes dancing.

"Lucinda's so clever," she whispered to me, "that men don't ask her to go to places!"

I smiled, but my heart ached. It was like enjoying the flowers growing on the grave of someone alive,—though I daresay you will laugh at me for a silly old woman.

My friend, if you laugh, let me ask you if you ever watched a young girl sit through a dance alone? You who rise from dreams of adulation to days of their fulfillment; you who go to balls carefully chaperoned, and before whom—because of your own charm or your chaperon's delightful dinners,—men hover hoping to speak, can you conceive what it is to go to a ball, without a chaperon, as one may in Leafboro, and there sit through a dance alone? If you can remotely imagine this refinement of torture you will not laugh at the tears that filled my eyes as I watched *Si* Houghton's daughter in the second dance; for I knew every pang she was suffering.

How did I know? Ah, the years, it may be, have softened my face and silvered my hair from

its ugliness; but there have been nights when I have sat alone, even as *Si* Houghton's daughter. Those are the moments that never fade from a woman's memory and never cease to sting. Often and often I have looked at a gentlewoman in the prime of life and lace, flattered and courted and disdainful of the unnoticed, and have longed to recall to her a forgotten night in some obscure little town hall when she has sat through one dance alone! She would remember! But, if truth were told, she would feel at her heart the momentary numb sickness that never is quite healed at the memory of such a night.

Lucinda Houghton had danced the first waltz happily with the brown young giant with whom she had come. That over, the giant had seated her and sped across the room to my own vicinity and besought of one of the powder puffs the second dance. Being young, and a giant, and a bit in awe of Lucinda and of himself into the bad bargain, he felt no responsibility for Lucinda's evening. During the first intermission, he had doubtless engaged half a dozen dances for himself, guiltless of any other duty.

Meanwhile, flushed with the joy of the first dance, Lucinda sat where the giant had left her, unconsciously alert for the next pleasure that was her due. I knew how she had glanced about her, glad for a free moment before the next dance was claimed. I knew how the first little thrust had come, when her eye fell upon some girl about whom three or four men were already pressing.

"I have only two left," the girl was saying, "you may have those!"

"Only two left,"—how the words smote Lucinda! I knew her half-wish that the two in pink would not stand so near, obscuring her. I knew the eager, veiled expectancy with which she watched each hurrying black figure across the floor. I knew how her heart leaped gratefully when someone approached her, how it sank when he bent over the girl at her right, and how it fairly stopped beating when the music of the second dance began, and she was still unclaimed. I knew the thankfulness with which she found the seat at her left still occupied; and how, when she moved her lips to a smile and some slight speech, the girl at her left rose and answered over her shoulder as she was whirled away. Ah, and I knew the passionate heartsickness with which she realized that even a possible tardy partner was not then to be; that the dance was on, and she was "sitting it out," alone.

The cruelties of those five minutes,—how I knew them!

Lucinda Houghton was doing her pitiful best to look *nonchalant*. She was leaning against the wall, with an assumed criticality that wrung my heart. Two sorts of girls were gliding by her: those who looked at her as they passed, and nodded or smiled without interrupting their conversation; and those who averted their eyes when they floated by,—too considerate to bow lest they should seem to triumph. There are several kinds of consideration that are more bitter than blows. As for the men, they did not see Lucinda.

So she lived miserably through the dance. There was no disguising the situation. She was twenty; she was at one of her first balls since she came home from school; and she was left out of the second dance. No one would believe that she was tired, for it was too early. No one would think she was not dancing, for she had danced the first waltz. As for the second dance,—would it never end? Would it *never* end?

When the music stopped there was a moment of suspense for Lucinda. The men encored the dance; but the members of the orchestra laid down their instruments. So the dancers, bright-eyed and breathless, flocked to their seats, and my heart knew the relief of that other heart across the room. It knew, too, the shame-faced fashion in which *Si* Houghton's daughter was meeting the eyes of her accusers. Why, the whole room, she was telling herself, knew that she was a wallflower!

The powder puffs, looking deliciously disheveled, were simultaneously telling me different incidents of the dance. Long practice had made me able to simulate interest in conversation about bribery and corruption, or the unearned increment, but it is still difficult for me to receive anecdotes about inane youths of eighteen, and continue to look breathless. I had just lost the point and was making up for it in nods and smiles, when I caught some intelligible fragments.

"—so appropriate!" the pink powder puff was saying. "Do you think she did it on pur-

pose? They say she is awfully clever. Maybe she did n't think. But of all things,—wallflowers!"

"Well, I think that it was in frightfully bad taste," said the blue powder puff, decidedly.

"What about wallflowers?" I demanded, peremptorily.

"Is n't it too funny? Lucinda Houghton—" began the answer, but it was drowned in a flank movement of a phalanx of the suitors.

Then in the throng my eye sought Lucinda,—Lucinda with the scarlet flowers in her hair, and I saw into what my zeal for color had led me. I had crowned her with red wallflowers!

The powder puffs melted in an azure and rosy haze as I sat transfixed. But, while I looked, the young lieutenant crossed to the girl, and asked her to dance. She moved away with him, and presently she floated by me, her plain face pathetically lighted, the scarlet flowers resting on her tight little braids.

I remember once recommending a certain blue dye to the wife of Deacon Shattuck of our church. The dye was to be used to restore a table cover in the church lecture room. When, on the next Sunday morning, I looked upon the deacon's wife marching into service with light blue hands, I suppose my sensations were identical with those I knew as my eyes followed those nodding red wallflowers.

"Lucinda Houghton's set up for a symbol," whispered the little crust of a woman, who, the powder puffs said, was modern without knowing it. I was not sure what she meant, but my heart ached for Lucinda, and I was bitterly sorry to have been the cause of all the laughing comments I heard about me. Still, I abandoned my first impulse to tell her the flowers did not suit her. But I resolved to go to her when first I might, and, truth to tell, I was happy in the excuse; for, somewhere in my heart a wallflower was lying, faded but not dead. The memory of a little lodge-room in a village in another land, where, long ago, I had sat through dance after dance, alone and despised,—that was in my heart, too. I could offer her no sympathy that would not wound her, but I longed to speak with her.

When the dance was over the young lieutenant seated her not far from me, and I saw her face. It made the rest of the evening far more tragic, for I read the look that transfigures the plainest face. The red wallflower was in love with the young lieutenant, the most popular, the most sought-for man in the ballroom.

At that you may be sure my old heart grew very warm and tender, for, when the powder puffs and I had passed the library door on the way to our carriage, we had peeped in to see a certain silver head and shining face raised to smile us good night. It was Peleas, whom, at the same village ball which is still for me a heartache, I had watched and worshiped from my lonely corner until he had finally raised me to the seventh heaven by asking me to dance. Therefore, I found myself smiling at the young lieutenant as no chaperon should smile, unless to cover a smile.

Lucinda Houghton sat through the next dance alone, and through the one following. She danced only once again before midnight, and, save for two dances with the lieutenant and three with the brown giant who was her escort, she was not on the floor all the evening long. Occasionally, the blue mountain's daughter showed herself to be worthy of her mother's deepest anxiety, by simulating weariness and sitting through the dance beside Lucinda. Poor little red wallflower! That was probably the bitterest of all the bitter things

she had to bear. Besides this there was the pathos of the intermissions. There was also the pathos of Lucinda's little attempts at the chatter of the quarto and taper women; her fatal method of repulsing every man who casually addressed her, lest she should be thought appealing to him for help; and the fashion in which she always knew with whom he was—the tall young man in uniform,—who was as beautiful as she was plain. Then came the dancing again, the soft pushing of feet and throbbing of the music in the blinding light of the ball that would never end. Poor little red wallflower!

Toward the close of the evening, she slipped past our corner into the bow window, and I was

so low as that!" She pushed her hair back, and her hand brushed the faded wallflowers in her braids.

"I heard some one say that I am wearing red wallflowers," she said, wearily; "I wanted you to be sure I understood you did n't intend—that. Do n't mind what I have said, please! Why, do n't you think I know that all they out there have beauty—beauty? What is the use of living the twenty lives I am so proud of, if you are ugly in them all? The other girls are stupid; but they have the things that are real, and I have n't,—that's all! Good night,—good night, and thank you!"

"Why, Aunt Ettare!" cried one of the powder puffs behind me, "we've been looking—everywhere—"

"Mind you put on your gaiters, then," I bade them both, sharply.

All the fall and winter, when Peleas was well enough, I went with the powder puffs to the Leafboro balls; and I did not once miss seeing Lucinda Houghton. She had a pathetic little mother who was ill, and a great well father who was socially ambitious, and had educated Lucinda so that she might take her mother's rightful place in Leafboro society. So Lucinda went, dutifully, and sat through the dreary evenings, triumphed over and neglected and snubbed by her inferiors, keenly sensitive to everything, and enduring all the exquisite suffering for which she was so terribly organized.

Why was she a wallflower? Other girls were plain, but they were popular. She was not an ungraceful dancer. She was never sarcastic, or ill-tempered. I have seen her do many a little

kindness. Assuredly she did her best to make the most of her unattractive little self, and she was always timidly trying to be agreeable. All the canons for securing popularity she was conscientiously and pathetically following. Yet she was a wallflower. Why was it?

I asked the mountain of gray silk, who bridled with all the stock pride of maternity.

"Really," she said, "I often ask Babe. But, bless you, Babe does n't know. How should she? Babe's own remarkable charm is so unconscious!"

I asked the powder puffs, and they were unani-

mous. "Oh, she's queer, you know," they replied with conviction.

Then I asked the little crust of a woman; and she was vigorous but not remedial.

"The trouble is," she said, "the rest are comin' up Fools' Hill, and Lucinda's got to the top and they have n't caught up to her yet,—that's all. Poor little red wallflower!"

Meanwhile, one little seed of knowledge, let fall unaware by the gray mountain mother, took root in my doting old heart, and gave me comfort and promise. I told Peleas, because he never finds a new bud in the window-box without telling me. Together we waited and wove a little dream. Ah, the dreams of Peleas and me! No one suspects us,—but what we do and say are just their echoes!

What the gray mountain mother had said was:—"Lieutenant Strethers is coming on for the library ball. I am half tempted to keep Babe at home."

"I would," I said, sympathetically, and won an offended glare.

That was not much stuff of which to make a dream, but, if you know anything of dreams, you are aware by now that the very best dreams are compounded of no more than that.

Lucinda Houghton went to the library ball with her brother. After the dance with him she sat



"He had come straight to Lucinda. 'Please,' he said, simply, 'I am to lead, you know,—and you must help me'"

quite sure that no one but I saw. A moment later, I followed, and stood beside her, looking out on the night,—all velvet and stars and haunted silence.

"My dear," I said, "I do n't know you, but I do want to be quiet here with you for a while."

"It was good of you to come," she answered simply; "see these vines here in the dark,—they were worth coming to see, were they not? How wonderful it is,—to think of vines and petals,—alone, in the dark!"

As for me, I patted her little arm, just as stupidly as any dowager taps you with her fan; but there were tears in my eyes for all that.

We stood in the silence for a few moments, and heard the fountain dripping in the court-house yard. You may be sure my old heart was all bitterness. How they chattered out there,—chattered about the floor and the flowers, about the probable number of extras, and about how ill the trombone player looked; chattered of nothing and even chattered in puns; and there was a girl by my side, exquisitely alive and yet terribly alone!

Ah, my friend, you must forgive me. When one is old she cannot shrug so easily as when she is twenty and able to chatter. As for me, I think I was some special sort of anarchist that night, for the sake of Si Houghton's daughter! When the music of "Home, Sweet Home" stole into the alcove, I made a movement to go.

"Do n't, please," she said, "I could n't dance it. He'll find someone else."

So I stood still, her detaining hand resting on mine.

"What a baby one is all one's life!" she said, finally. "Do you know, I was actually comforting myself with the thought that I am really living twenty lives while they are living one; that I have seen things at the ball of which they do not dream; even that, at dinners, I could guide conversations of whose alphabet they are ignorant. I have sunk

alone until supper time. It had become so much a habit with the young men of Leafboro to neglect her that each one would have been a bit ashamed to ask her to dance,—just as he would not put alms into a professional beggar's hat.

After supper there was to be a cotillion. Lucinda's brother had asked one of the powder puffs to dance it with him, and Lucinda had slipped over to our end of the room to watch. She approached just as the gray mountain was saying, disappointedly:—

"Lieutenant Strethers did n't come, after all!"

Just then Lieutenant Strethers came. He had caught the last train and had arrived too late to have a partner for the cotillion. Everyone was engaged,—excepting Lucinda!

Now, I knew that Lieutenant Strethers was desperately disappointed at being just too late to engage the blue powder puff; but, there being not a moment to lose, he had come straight to Lucinda.

"Please," he said, simply, "I am to lead, you know,—and you must help me."

The next moment there was little Lucinda, the wallflower, leading the library cotillion! Her face was all alight for the sake of the moment,—pitifully alight! As for me, I was trying to turn my head so that the gray mountain could not see my tears.

* * * * *

No one doubted that the cotillion began it, since no one but I had guessed Lucinda's secret long before. In the summer, the engagement of Si Houghton's daughter to Lieutenant Strethers was announced, and they were married in the autumn.

"What could he ever see in her?" asked the gray mountain, mother of Babe.

When I kissed Lucinda, afterwards, glad as I was of her great happiness, my old heart was a well of bitterness at that last year,—the year to which, reason as she may, she can never look back without humiliation, for there is much that is greater than reason.

"She's got something rankling in her soul," I said to Peleas, "that a dozen Leafboro men could have saved her, by dancing with her once in a while."

"Do you suppose that she cares now?" asked Peleas, who, only a week before, sat up until midnight to finish a love story. As for me, I sat up that night to listen to the same story, but then I was, for once, wiser than Peleas.

"A woman cares all her life," I said; "I have lived most of mine, and I know."

■ ■

The Proper Way to Exercise

INSTEAD of wearing out their strength in contortion machines, relief-seekers should flee to the woods and the mountains, should pitch their tents in some neighboring wooded highlands and share the fun of hoeing out a trail to the next spring; should gather raspberries in the deep clefts, and climb trees in quest of squirrels' nests; should fetch their own fuel from the pine-knot bottoms, and arrange expeditions to the highest peaks of the neighborhood.

In that manner, a two-weeks' camp in Elysium will suffice to lay in a reserve store of health for several months of town life; and, besides, experience will prove that work with a practical purpose and the stimulus of visible results enables an invalid to beguile himself into an amount of exercise unattainable by the manual of the horizontal bar.

In stress of circumstances, city dwellers may try the compromise of an amateur carpenter shop, or, like Elihu Burritt, get an anvil to hammer out biliousness and blue devils.

Turner-halls, though, are encouraging signs of the times, and the healing art would enter a new era of success if the patrons of the nostrum-monger could be persuaded to try Dr. Boerhaave's plan and "counteract the disorders of the human organism mechanically, instead of chemically, by chopping down a bitterwood tree, instead of swallowing a decoction of its nauseous leaves."

The moral healing art, too, is important; it is equally important; for self-reliance has no more insidious foe than the despondency that so often follows the abuse of drugs, and yields permanently only to the magic of outdoor exercise.

Movement-cure associations are the harbingers of that reform, and the time may be near when invalids who insist on "taking something" will be advised to "take a whack at the woodpile," or a walk in the park.



"You ought to wear decent gowns,—you'd be a guy in New York"

A Boy's Fight - Rebecca Harding Davis

[SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Unscrupulous Joseph Turner and his cousin, ambitious Thomas Helstone, were the nephews of William Turner, who died a bachelor. To Joseph, he bequeathed all of his bonds and money, and to Tom's mother a farm, with the provision that, if Tom should not drink intoxicants for three years, it would be his property; otherwise, it would revert to Joseph. By eavesdropping, Joseph learned the secret, and at once planned to lead Tom astray. Meanwhile, he listened to a proposition from one Crawford to secure the property and "clean out Wall Street." Jane is Joe's sister, and Squire

Logue was the trustee under the will. Disheartened over his failure to win a scholarship at Princeton University, Tom attends a dinner, given by Crawford, and is prevented from taking an intoxicant, offered by Joe, by a summons to see Dr. Pyne, one of the examiners. The doctor encourages Tom, and tells him to give his whole strength to whatever duty lies nearest him, and he will conquer something greater than a college scholarship. Joseph Turner sees plainly that Thomas Helstone is a young man of indomitable will, and accordingly he hints that his cousin's life must be sacrificed, if no other means will secure the property.]

CHAPTER V.

MORE than two years after the contest for the scholarship, North Beach was thrown into a fever by the news that Squire Logue was going to give a clambake to which the neighborhood was to be invited. Hospitalities on this magnificent scale were unknown at the Beach, and for weeks the farmers and fishermen and their wives discussed the preparations.

The evening before the clambake, as Squire Logue was in the store, etiquette required that nothing should be said before him of the great event. As soon as he was gone, however, Fareham hurried from his desk. "I hear," he said, "that the squire has bespoken all of the chickens and sugar corn within ten miles. There's nothing mean about Logue! The infare he gave when his son Jake was married was a thing to remember your life long."

"Yes," said Hoyt, the innkeeper, nodding and slowly grinding his jaws as one who chews the cud of some past delight, "you're right. I was there. It was a great spread,—great!"

"I hear the ladies have agreed not to go empty-handed to the clambake," said Lawyer Hales. "They're going to take cake and pies and fallals. My wife's been baking for days."

"Mrs. Helstone and Jane are the squire's chief aids," said Hoyt. "It's nateral he should turn to them, havin' no women folks of his own. They're the old-fashioned kind of women, the kind it's safe to tie to, none of your swordfish females, fightin' and dashin' about perpetooally, keepin' all the pond boilin' to hev their own way."

Fareham shook his head solemnly. "I know that sort," he said; "but, as you say, Mrs. Helstone's different. And Janey's as sweet a bit of woman as I know. There's lots of hard sense in that little gal, too."

"Why, gentlemen," said Hales, suddenly, "I've just been reckoning. Next week the three years'll be up since Bill Turner's death. Mrs. Helstone's annuity and tenure of the farm will cease. She'll have to turn out."

There was a meditative pause. "You're right,

Hales," said Fareham; "I heard the will. Who gets the farm? You ought to know."

"No, I don't. I drew up the will; but the disposition of the farm was a secret between Logue and Billy."

"Tom's done well by that farm, I guess," said young Pope. "The day after he was beaten in the contest for a scholarship, I saw him grubbing in the south meadow. I had been beaten, too, you know. So I called, 'What's up, Tom?' He came up to the fence. 'Potato roots seem to be more in my line than Greek roots,' he said. 'I'm going to bone down to work and make what I can out of the farm for mother. You're going to college, anyhow; but this seems to be the only door open to me.' I was sorry for Helstone, for he had had a knockdown blow. But he was so hearty and cheerful going through his 'one door' that I knew he'd succeed."

There was a doubtful pause. "Y-e-s," said Hales, hesitatingly, "Tom's made the land pay. I don't deny it. But I don't give in to his newfangled fish games."

The other men laughed.

"Tom's a crank," said Fareham. "I always thought he was a bit mad with his experiments on crabs and sea spiders. But at last he took to feeding oysters!—Yes, sir! Regular meals!—Canals from fresh-water ponds turned in on 'em at certain times. I've tried to chaff him out of his folly. 'How's your babies?' I holler at him; or, 'Try beef tea on 'em.' I hate to see the boy wastin' his life on sich tricks. But he's as set in his ways as a mule."

The other men grunted so as to show their assent. "Tom's workin' hard for the clambake," said Hoyt. "He's a great hand at fun."

"By the way," said the young collegian, "I heard that Joe Turner was coming to the bake, with his partner, Crawford. He's coming to look after the farm, I reckon, the three years being so nearly up."

"He'll get his share in it, if it's an inch square," growled Fareham.

"You used to say that Joe had the making of a great business man," said Hoyt, slyly. "That was when he was tricking your customers."

Fareham laughed good-humoredly. "Joe was too sharp for me. Crawford said he was wasted on the Beach, and he would take him to New York to help him 'drum' for shoes. But I always guessed Crawford has some other ax to grind, and wants Joe's money to sharpen it."

"But Joe has n't got that money yet," suggested Pope.

"No, but it's worth Crawford's while to keep a hold on him till he does get it."

The men went home soon after this. Young Pope walked down the village street with Mr. Hales. On their way they met Joe Turner, who was daintily picking his way over the cobblestones. In these two years, his lean face had taken shrewder, harder meanings. A heavy mustache hid certain new and cruel lines in it; his half-shut black eyes were watchful and defiant. He greeted the two men with many bows.

"That fellow's manners are as sham as the diamonds in his shirt," said Pope, as he went on.

"Here comes Tom," said Hales, as a big figure loomed up out of the mist. "There's no sham about him." Tom was whistling; he carried a spade, and his boots were clogged with mud.

"Hello! Been with your oysters?" asked Hales. "Joe's come."

"Good!" shouted Tom, and hurried on.

"Now, why," asked Pope, "should Tom have all the ill luck, and that sneak, Turner, have all the good things in the world?"

Hales laughed. "Most men's lives are big

riddles," he said, "that don't get answered until they're dead. But, for one thing, Pope, Tom's laugh is genuine, and Joe's diamonds are paste."

* * * * *

The clambake was to be on Panther Island, a green hill rising out of the sea just in sight of the mainland. By noon, on the great day, everybody in North Beach was on the shore. Heaped hampers stood on the sand; all the catboats in the neighborhood were anchored in the surf, bedecked with flags, while from the island came



Joe stood up, the oar in his hand. He struck a fierce blow at Tom's head

whiffs of the pungent odor of steaming seaweed. The air was cold, but such rich, golden lights struck on the gray coast, and on the busy, chattering crowds, that it seemed as if even the sun knew that it was a holiday, and played his part in it.

Mr. Fareham, who had closed the store for the first time in the memory of man, was grave and anxious when he arrived.

"I could have wished, now, that the squire had had the bake on the main," he said. "It's a long pull to Panther Island in case of a storm, and with these old folks and children,—"

"What's the matter with you, man?" asked Hoyt. "There's not a cloud in the sky."

"I don't like that yaller light," grumbled Fareham. "I've seen more than one squall come up out of a yaller glare like that."

"Oh, go to work, and stop croaking." Everybody was soon at work. The older men were on the island busy with the immense layers of chicken, corn, potatoes, and clams in the "bake," while the women and young folks were loading the boats with baskets. Little Jenny was the busiest girl at the Beach. Her brother watched her critically, as she stood, flushed and eager, on the edge of the surf, directing Tom how to load his boat.

"D'y'e know, Jen, you're quite a pretty girl?" drawled Joe, twirling his mustache. "But you ought to wear decent gowns. You'd be a guy in New York."

The tears rushed to Jenny's eyes. She turned away quickly. Crawford, who was standing near, significantly surveyed Joe's costly clothes. "Why don't you dress your sister better?" he asked. "I never knew you to give her a dollar. You leave her dependent on that fellow Helstone, whom you despise."

"You know nothing about my relations with Helstone," snarled Joe.

"I know that he's an honest, strong fellow; but not your sort, nor mine. Why you brought him to New York this summer, spending your money on him at Delmonico's, passes me."

"That money'll bring interest, some day," muttered Joe.

"Or you would not have spent it, I know. What's your game, Joe? You have one."

"I have a game to play,—yes," said Joe, biting his mustache, "and the time for playing it is short, but I'll win."

"If it's to bring you any money, I hope you will win," said Crawford, gravely. "You're pretty deep in my debt, Turner. Your obligations to me will cover every dollar of your inheritance when you get it; and," he added quickly, "if you plead that you were a minor when you incurred them, it will ruin you for life."

"Do you take me for a scoundrel?" blustered Joe, loudly.

Crawford looked at him a minute deliberately, laughing. "Well, Joe, we know each other pretty thoroughly by this time," he said, and lounged away along the shore. Turner stood motionless while the busy crowd surged about him. A vacant smile was on his pale lips. These people envied his prosperity. If they only knew! Out of the gambling of those two years, he had come without a dollar. The very clothes that he wore were not paid for. Crawford would seize every penny of his legacy next week.

Joe wet his parched lips with his tongue. "The farm! that is my one chance! I could sell the miserable potato patch, if I had it, and go into Wall Street. I would be a rich man in a month."

But what chance was there? He watched Tom as he rowed a canoe back from the island. How jolly he looked! With all his jollity,—how sober and sane! He never would be tricked into drinking.

Joe had tempted him a hundred times in these two years, but Helstone knew his danger and never was off his guard.

The sea ran deep under the little boat.

"If Tom Helstone were under that black water instead of on top of it, the farm would be mine. I would be the next heir."

Joe looked about in terror. Had he spoken aloud? What horrible thing was this that he had said?

* * * * *

When Tom was going back to the island, Crawford jumped into the boat and took an oar. He liked the boy. His talk was clean and bracing as the sea air.

As they paddled leisurely out, Crawford said: "You've succeeded in your farming venture, Helstone?"

"Yes; I have had a fine bit of land, sir; there's no better in Jersey. I wish I could keep it!"

"When do you give it up?"

"Next week."

"Who takes it?"

"Nobody knows but Squire Logue, and he won't tell."

"What will you do then, Helstone?" Crawford's manner was friendly. Tom lowered his voice, confidentially.

"I reckon I'll go on with my experiments in oysters. I'm trying a new method of feeding them."

"You intend, by feeding them,—?"

"To fatten them, improve their flavor, and command a higher price for them than others will bring."

"Oho! Pretty keen work, Mr. Tom! But the feeding idea is not original with you."

"No, but my method is," said Tom, quickly.

"Good! I hear that you experiment with sea spiders, too. How can that pay you?"

"Oh, that's only my fun. They're more interesting than men and women."

Crawford laughed, and eyed Tom as they rowed, with a lazy good humor.

"I like your sort, Helstone," he said, at length.

"But you're not exactly my sort, nor are you like your cousin, Joe Turner. Mind what I say. Do n't let Joe meddle with your oysters, or with you. That's my final word."

Crawford, when they had unpacked the boat, sauntered up to the clambake, and Tom returned for the last load. He found no one on the mainland except Joe, who stood beside two or three baskets.

"Hello! Why aren't you at the island? The fun's beginning."

"I waited for you. I'll help you over with these baskets."

Joe's voice had a strange, unnatural strain in it, and Tom looked at him curiously. "What ails you, Turner? You might be your own corpse, judging by your looks. Are you ill?"

"I do n't feel very well, to-day," Joe said, hurriedly. "I'll take some whisky. You don't drink?" he asked, pausing uncertainly.

"No," Tom packed the baskets into the boat, and, looking around when he had finished, saw Joe still standing, the flask in his outstretched hand.

"Tom," he broke out, "I wish you'd drink this! It would be such an easy way for me."

"Way for you?" What do you mean? You've had too much whisky already, I judge. Put up your bottle and get into the boat."

"I'll go, if you will have it so. It's your doing." He climbed into the boat. "It's your doing," he repeated, turning his ghastly face on Tom. "Whatever comes of it, I'm not to blame. I'm pushed to the wall, I tell you. If you would drink that stuff, you would save me. But, instead, you bring me here—here!"

Tom eyed him sternly. "Drunk," he muttered, and then turned to look at the sky. "Turner," he said, sharply, "I'd rather not row you over. It's likely there'll be a squall, and I can't manage this loaded boat with you in it."

"There's more risk for you than for me," said Joe, with a shrill laugh, settling himself solidly in the stern. "I'll take these oars."

Tom, with another anxious look at the west, shoved the boat from the beach.

The sun had gone out in a white fog. There was an unnatural stillness over shore and sea. The water was a black, slow-heaving plane. The universal yellow glare had focused into one point in the west. Tom kept his eyes upon it, as he pulled with swift, eager strokes.

"We'll make it before the squall breaks," he muttered. "Pull, Turner!"

But Joe sat motionless, his small, glittering eyes fixed on the burly figure before him.

The island stood out distinct in the fierce glow. Tom could see a crowd of black figures gathered anxiously on the shore.

"They think we can't make it. Pull for your life, Joe!"

But Joe did not move. He saw and heard nothing. "If Tom were under this water, the farm would be mine," he said to himself, again and again.

Then there came through the silence a low, rasping hiss. A sudden narrow trough opened in the sea, as if cut by a plow.

"It's on us!" shouted Tom. He sprang to his feet and threw the baskets, one after another, overboard. He stood with his back to Turner, as he did this, staggering with the rocking of the boat. Joe stood up, an oar in his hand. Steadying himself, he struck a fierce blow at the boy's head. "You dog, get out of my way!" he yelled. All the long-pent fury of his life was in the cry.

The people on the island were watching the boat. They saw one of the two black figures in it disappear and sink into the water. Then the squall covered it with a seething, shrieking flood. It passed, and the little boat drifted again into plain sight upon the sea.

There was no living thing on board.

CHAPTER VI.

THE squall had passed. A red glow struck from the sunset across the dark waters which were still heaving in sullen fury from horizon to horizon. On the little island that rose out of their midst there was an ominous silence. Every man who had a boat had put out to the aid of the drowning boys. The women and the old men, who remained, gathered, without a word, around Tom's mother, who stood erect on a headland, shading her eyes, looking out to sea. Jenny once crept up and put her arms about her, but the frail little woman pushed her away.

"Why do you pity me?" she cried. "There's



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nothing wrong with me. Tom will swim in. God has him. God has him,—God,—God,—"

They saw by the motion of her lips that that was the only word she said afterwards. Jenny was very quiet.

"You think they can swim in?" she said to Fareham. "Tom can swim twice as far as that. The undertow will bring them this way, too. Tom will help Joe. You think he will swim in, don't you?" she continued, catching his arm. The child's lips were bloodless, and they quivered as she spoke. Fareham could not look at her.

"There's nobody knows the water better than Tom," he said, cheerfully. "No doubt he'll get in,—if he's nothin' but water agin him." He looked significantly at Hoyt as she turned away.

"Yes, that was a blow to kill," said the landlord, under his breath. "But nobody saw it, apparently, but you an' me, Fareham. We'd better keep quiet about it. The boys are dead and they were kin. There's no use hurtin' their women folks by tellin' of what we saw."

"You're right, there," said Fareham. But a great subject for discussion at night in the store was lost, he thought, as he went away, shaking his head gloomily.

The red flames in the sky began to fade. Gray fogs crept over the distant shore and blotted it out, and then slowly shut in the near stretch of seas from Mrs. Helstone's eyes. Black shadows, which she knew were boats, darted in and out of the mists, but there was no purpose in their movements. They ran here and there, searching for something which they could not find. Some of them turned back to the island, giving up the search.

Mrs. Helstone's lips still moved. "God has him," they said, again and again. But she, herself, scarcely understood the meaning of her words.

Jenny was below her on the beach. Some women, standing near, not seeing the child in the dark, said, "It is of no use. Even if they find Tom, it will be too late now."

The girl cried out at this, and in her agony ran into the surf stretching out her arms. "Tom! Tom!" she cried.

"Tom?" Was not Joe gone, too? Everybody—even his sister,—thought only of Tom. She choked down her sobs, with a guilty chill at her heart.

Jenny was not as guilty as she thought. Through all of the child's lonely life, she had hoped that Joe would some time turn to her and love her as other brothers did their sisters. But he had no love nor care to give to anybody but Joe Turner.

None of his old neighbors could remember then a kind, unselfish act by the boy, and hence his death brought them only the horror of the sudden loss of something familiar to their daily lives; familiar, but neither valued nor dear.

The verdict which our neighbors and acquaintances silently pronounce on us on the day of our death is almost always as just as it is inexorable.

As it grew darker, Jenny went to Mrs. Helstone again and clung to her. The other women, whispering together, gathered slowly around them. The sound came up to them, from time to time, of boats grounding on the beach, returning unsuccessful from the search. Mrs. Helstone shivered as she heard it each time, but said nothing. After a while, Mrs. Hales went to Tom's mother and put her arms around her.

"Come, Maria," she said, gently, "let us take you home, now; the boats are all in."

Mrs. Helstone stood up. "It can't be," she muttered. "God must have heard me. I'll not go—yet."

The women did not answer. Mrs. Helstone stood a long time listening, staring through the darkness out to sea. There was no sound but the sullen moan of the surf upon the shore.

At length Mrs. Hales touched her again. "Come now, dear," she said.

"Hark! What is that?" Mrs. Helstone cried. "It is another boat grounding! They are calling!"

Cries and shouts came through the darkness. The crowd below ran wildly up the beach to the boat.

"Found! Found! They have found Tom!" they shouted.

They carried Tom's body out of the boat. His mother caught it in her arms and tore open his shirt.

"It does not beat!" she gasped. "But he is not dead. Go to work. He is not dead!"

The men, as they stooped over him, glanced at each other and shook their heads. But they

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worked hard and skillfully. They had lived all their lives by the cruel sea, and knew how to deal with its victims. As they knelt over the boy, chafing him, Mr. Hales, looking up, pointed to a deep cut in the back of his head.

"Look here," he said to Crawford, "Tom could have held his own against the water. This is what has killed him."

"What did it?"

"The sharp keel of the boat must have struck him," said Hales, hesitatingly, "What else could it be?" Crawford caught at the moment a significant look that passed between Hoyt and Fareham. He stood up suddenly.

"You said Joe Turner was with him in the boat?" he said, presently.

"Yes; poor Joe! He's gone."

"There were some craft out from South Beach. We hoped that one of them had picked him up. But there's no chance now; they're all in."

Crawford walked hurriedly up the beach. He knew that Joe Turner had dealt the blow as certainly as if he had seen him do it.

"Joe was a tricky scamp, and so am I," he said, the night, the sea, and the presence of death wrenching the truth out of him. "But murder—murder—? I did not think it was in him."

Then he hurried back, and, kneeling, went to work at poor Tom with fresh zeal. He would try to save Joe from that crime.

They had kindled great fires of driftwood. The flames lighted the group of men kneeling in the sand at work over Tom, old Doctor Tanner superintending them. In despair, they had almost stopped rubbing, when Hoyt pointed to a faint flush on the wet, leaden face.

"It is only the reflection of the fire," muttered Fareham. The doctor stooped and put his ear again to the boy's breast.

He whispered a single word as he raised his head. The men fell to rubbing again in a fury of excitement.

Twenty minutes later they wrapped Tom in blankets and carried him to the fire.

"Here is your boy," they said to his mother. She sat on the sand and took his head in her arms and stroked it without saying a word.

Presently he opened his eyes. "Hello!" he said, "clambake over? What is it? Did I fall in? Have I spoiled the fun?"

"The fun?" said Hoyt. "I suppose nobody's thought of them trenches for hours! Everything's burned to a crisp!"

"Yes," said Squire Logue, "as a clambake, the day can't be called a success. But,—," he turned away with a hoarse laugh. "I thank God you saved that boy," he said to the doctor, "for Tom's like my own son."

"It was a close call, sir, a close call," said the old man, laughing, and rubbing his hands. "Get him home at once and to bed. He has a nasty wound on the head; keep him quiet until it heals."

But it was hard to keep Tom quiet, even then. His eyes were anxiously fixed on his mother's face. His words came thick and confused.

"I fell in,—I remember now," he said. "The squall struck us. Then I stood up, and—" He suddenly put his hand to the back of his head, and was silent. A clear comprehension slowly came into his eyes. "Where is Joe?" he asked at last. No one answered. He looked at his mother quickly, then at Jenny, crouching on the sand beside him.

"Oh! is it so?" he said. "Poor little Jenny!" he added, holding out his hand, "he was all you had."

"Jenny is my child," said his mother, quickly.

"And she has me, of course," said Tom. "She will have me—always."

* * * * *

It was a busy week at North Beach. Tom recovered slowly. It was not the day of trained nurses, and every woman in the village and on the farms came to watch at night, or to do something for his mother. One churned, another gave a day to the baking, while the chicken broth and wine jelly sent in would have fed a dozen strong men. Some of the more zealous matrons proposed to have a sewing bee to "fit out poor Jenny in her mourning;" but Mr. Hales shook his head.

"Go slowly, my dear," he said to his wife. "Joe's body has not been found. There are queer stories afloat. It is hinted that Turner gave Tom a blow that nearly killed him. Somebody, I don't know who, saw it from the shore."



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Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List will be sent free by return mail. If the garment which we make you should not satisfy, send it back and we will refund your money. This sale will positively end in a few weeks, so write to-day if you wish to take advantage of it. Be sure to say you wish the **Summer Catalogue and Reduced Price Samples.**

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"What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Hales. "That nice, genteel lad? What earthly motive could he have in butchering poor Tom?"

"How should I know?" asked her husband, and he hurried away. "Of course," he said to Fareham afterwards, "Tom ought to have the farm, and Joe is the next heir. Crawford acknowledges that Joe was in desperate need of money, so there is the motive. But it would never do to tell the women about it. They are always imprudent in talking."

"Always," said Fareham. "I will tell you, Hales, that I saw Joe give that blow. But do n't tell a human being, for your life."

Mrs. Hales told the story to the neighbors as a "scandalous report going about among the men, who must be forever gossiping." Before the week was over, everybody at North Beach, except Jenny, knew that Joe had tried to murder his cousin, and that Fareham and Hoyt had seen him do it.

The search for his body was still kept up. The little estuaries were dragged, and cannon were fired over them, but in vain.

There was some grumbling, too, among the young folks, about the clambake that they had lost. "We ought to have it now, to celebrate Tom's escape," they said.

"And his cousin's body not buried?" asked their elders. "For shame! Have some regard for decency."

On the eighth day, the doctor gave Tom leave to go out of doors. It was a golden October afternoon, the sun warm, the air bracing. His mother and Jenny walked anxiously on either side of him, carrying cushions and shawls to a seat in the old garden. Tom laughed. "Why, I'm strong enough to pick you both up and throw you into the sea," he said. But he humored them, and let them tuck him in and give him a footstool. Tom had not a strong intellect, perhaps. It is certain that he liked to be petted and made much of by them. He thought a good deal, too, of the little meals, which he would soon be able to eat. His mother and Jenny read him some newspaper poetry. He said that he thought it finer than Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Tom's physician came presently, and then Mr. Pope and Dr. Pyne. Dr. Pyne had been one of Tom's friends through these years, and had come to North Beach when he heard of the accident. The men were talking of an essay which Pope had written on "The Extinct Religions of the East," and he repeated bits of it to them. Seeing that Tom looked doubtful, he said:—

"You do n't agree with me, Helstone?"

"I do n't understand you, Pope. It's all Greek to me. There's much in the world that's Greek to me!"

Pope smiled pityingly, and said, presently, apart, to Dr. Pyne: "Tom's the best fellow in the world, but dull,—dull."

Tom lay back looking at the old garden that stretched before him in the full content of autumn, with its late beds of tomatoes and melons, and its borders of crimson and gold chrysanthemums flaunting in the sunshine. Beyond was the orchard where old Peter was gathering apples, and, still farther, the beach and the oyster beds.

"That's all my world," said Tom to Pope, with satisfaction in his homely face.

"It's not a big one," the student said, laughing.

"Whatever there is in it," Dr. Pyne said, quietly, "Tom knows. Boy as he is, he has worked out here the problem of feeding oysters, until his 'North Beach coves' bring the highest price in the Philadelphia market. There is a fortune in them."

"Why, Helstone, I congratulate you!" cried Pope, wringing his hand, heartily.

"That is not all. I have news for Tom. A little paper which he wrote for a scientific magazine, a year ago, on the claws of the crab, was copied in England lately, and has attracted much notice. It clears up a point hitherto doubtful."

A sudden, strange thought flashed on Tom just then, of the time when he had prayed to God to give him success in the contest. He always had believed He had not heard or answered. He had been wretchedly beaten. But had He not heard? Here was the answer.

"Forgive me, my boy; but,—I did not know you," said Pope, in a mortified tone.

Tom was not ready with words. He laughed, and quickly looked at his mother. The success did not elate him, but he was glad she had heard Dr. Pyne's words.

The old doctor, chuckling, rubbed his hands. "This will be news for the village. They always

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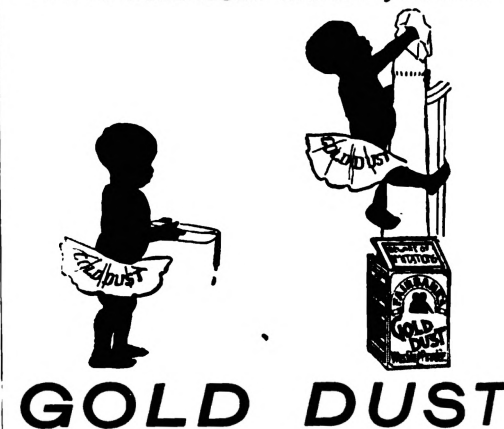
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thought you a trifle mad about crabs, Tom. Aren't you surprised, Mrs. Helstone?"

"Oh, no," said Aunt Maria, calmly; "I always knew Tom." But her cheeks were as red as a young girl's, and she rose and slipped away to tell Jenny. The professor and Pope sauntered down to the orchard, and the old doctor had the boy to himself.

"I give you up as a patient, to-day," he said. "But there's one thing I'd like to tell you, Tom. If you had been a drinking man, I could n't have pulled you through this week. The Helstones have a physical weakness—"

"I know, doctor; my mother told me, when I was a child."

The doctor eyed him keenly. "And it's been a hard struggle for you to keep from liquor?"

"Yes," said Tom, gravely; "sometimes almost harder than I could bear."

"The thirst will never leave you, perhaps. It will be like a chained beast of prey, with you all the time. But you'll win, Tom." The old man got up uneasily and walked down the garden path. When he came back he said, laughing, "This world of yours is a little one, as Pope said; but it's big enough for a hard fight, my boy. God will help you, if you do your best."

Tom looked at him a moment and nodded. He never had words at command, at such times.

Just then a crowd of men appeared, crossing the meadow. The professor and Pope joined them, and they came up, talking eagerly.

Tom stood up. "They have found Joe's body! Where is Jenny?" he cried, anxiously.

"Keep her away," said Mr. Hales, who was in advance of the others; "Joe is not dead. I just had this letter from him," he added, excitedly opening a written sheet. "It's dated, 'Baltimore, October 10.' Listen!"—

SIR:—This document will reach you on the day on which I shall come of age. I therefore call upon you, as executor of my uncle William Turner's will, to render, at once, an account of your management of the estate, and to pay over to me all stocks, bonds, and moneys to which I am entitled by said will. I desire that the settlement be prompt and final. Yours,

JOSEPH TURNER.

P. S.—No claim made by any persons alleging themselves to be creditors of mine can be received, as I was a minor when such obligations were incurred.

"What d'ye think of that precious document?" asked Hales, folding it up. "He has not a word to tell his sister how he escaped,—not a question as to whether Tom is living or dead! His only anxiety is to get hold of the money and to cheat Crawford out of the debt he owes him!"

"Briggs, from South Beach," interrupted Hoyt, "has just come up, and he says a schooner bound to Baltimore was coasting off the island at the time of the squall. No doubt the crew picked Joe up."

"Will somebody go and tell Jenny that her brother is alive?" asked Tom. "I—do n't want to talk about him to-day, to her."

The men exchanged glances. The old doctor hurried to the house. Mr. Hales cleared his throat. "I may as well tell you now, Tom," he said, "that the whole village knows of Joe's attack upon you in the boat. I judge, too, from this letter, that Joe suspects that it was seen. He will never come back to a place where he is known as a would-be murderer. Neither you nor his sister will ever be troubled with Joe Turner again."

"How will you pay over his legacy to him, Hales?" asked Fareham.

"He gives me the name of an attorney in New York who is his agent."

In a few minutes, the doctor returned with Mrs. Helstone and Jenny, the latter running to Tom, laughing, her face wet with tears.

Young Pope came forward, clearing his throat. "Now that this good news has come," he said, "I see no reason why we men of North Beach should not give a tremendous clambake in celebration of Tom's escape. I name next Wednesday as the time for it."

A general clapping of hands followed. Squire Logue alone remained grave amid the general noise and laughter. He rose, and held up his hand for attention.

"My friends and neighbors," he said, "I have something to say which is a matter of interest to you all. There can be no place or time more fitting than this to say it. You all remember William Turner's death. He left his farm and his other real estate in my charge. For three years Mrs. Helstone was to occupy it. Its disposal

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afterwards was left to my discretion. To-day the three years come to an end."

Mrs. Helstone drew up her trim figure to its full height. Her meek face was rigid.

"It was Tom's illness that made me forget that my time is up, squire," she said, hoarsely. "But we'll go in an hour,—in ten minutes! There are a great many houses that will be open to me and my children."

"Mother, mother!" said Tom.

"Bless my soul, my dear woman!" stammered the judge, "what do you think of me? Have patience. I chose this time to settle this matter, because I wish the whole community to clearly understand the reasons for my decision. I will now read the agreement between William Turner and myself."

He read it slowly and distinctly, and then, folding it up, said:—

"You all understand that I here promise to deliver to-day, to Thomas Helstone, the farm and real estate of William Turner, provided the said Helstone—that's Tom here,—shall have successfully fought out the fight against certain hereditary tendencies in himself, he not knowing the prize waiting for him. You all know, too, that he has fought and won the fight. I, therefore, now make over the property to him absolutely, and I hand over this agreement to Mr. Hales, as executor, to prove that I have fulfilled its conditions."

There was a silence of intense excitement. Every eye was fixed on Tom. He was very pale as he struggled to his feet.

"I'm sure I'm very glad it ended as it did," he said, simply. "Of course the farm is mother's, as long as she lives. It was her old home." Then he sat down quietly again.

There was no laughter or applause, but everybody stepped up and wrung Tom's hand and said a word or two in a low tone to him, and then went quietly home.

The dull but honest boy had come close to their hearts that day.

When they were all gone, he drew his mother and Jenny close to him, and they sat looking at the old house and the low sunset glow upon the quiet garden and orchard.

"I'm glad, mother," said Tom, at length, "that you're to have your old home safe for the rest of your life."

There was a strange meaning in his mother's face. "I'm glad," she said, "that I have my boy safe. It seems to me," she presently added, "as if we had begun a new life together to-day,—you and I."

"Yes," said Tom, "and Jenny?" He stood up, silent and anxious, for a moment, and then held out his hands to the girl. "And Jenny!" he said, again.

[THE END]

They Are Bribed from Success by Comfort

MANY a man has bought his comfort at the cost of the achievement of his aims. Few people are willing to be incommode, or to submit to discomforts, even for the sake of future blessings. They would succeed, if they could do so in an easy and pleasant way; but, the moment they have to sacrifice their ease or their comfort, they shrink from the effort.

It is astonishing what people will sacrifice in order to get comfort, or even temporary relief from whatever annoys or harasses them. They will let golden opportunities slip, by procrastinating, for the sake of their comfort, until the chances have gone. They do not like to get up early in the morning, because they are so comfortable in bed. They do not like to go out in a storm or in cold weather, because it is so cozy at home or in their offices,—and so they lose many a chance.

Many people can be bought by comfort, when hardly anything else will tempt them. They think so much of their ease that they cannot bear to exert themselves. Love of comfort and ease must be classed among the great success-hinderers.

People like to do pleasant, easy things. They cannot bear to take pains, or to put themselves out in any unusual way, if they can possibly avoid it.

Thousands of people are earning small salaries, to-day, because they cannot bear to exert themselves to win promotion. They prefer to remain on a low rung of life's ladder, for the sake of temporary comfort and ease, rather than to put forth the efforts that would carry them upward.

"We cannot ourselves find happiness until we have taught others the way."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

THE comparative commercial value of human life, at different ages, may be estimated by a study of the amounts awarded by juries in suits for damages. Marshall O. Leighton, of the United States Geological Survey, attempts this task in "The Life Worth?" Popular Science Monthly and finds from a study of one hundred and seventy-six cases that a man's life is estimated to be worth most to a community when he is about thirty years of age.

A WORD for chemical food preservatives is spoken of editorially by "The National Druggist," which reminds its readers that common salt is as truly a "chemical" as boric acid, its supposed harmfulness being largely the result of our familiarity with it. Even salt in large quantities is poisonous, and it is argued that other preservatives may similarly be innocuous in small doses, though injurious in bulk.

IT is estimated by E. J. McAllister, in a recent paper, that of one million incandescent electric lamps used in New York City, one tenth, or one hundred thousand lamps, are used in electric signs. This is a large number, considering that most of them are confined to one or two streets. Electric signs are apparently becoming more numerous, cheaper, and more artistic, Mr. McAllister thinks, and they have certainly almost turned night into day on the streets where they are used.

CARBONIC acid gas—or rather the liquid acid, for in its commercial form it is always liquefied,—is now used in a variety of ways. It serves as a refrigerating medium; for carbonating mineral waters; as a source for motive power where economy is not sought, as in aeronautics or submarine navigation; in tanning, and as a sterilizer, and, also, to extinguish fires. In the laboratory and in chemical technology it is of great use, as it has materially increased the range of low-temperature operations.

IT HAS been shown by actual count, by a professor at the University of Minnesota, that a two-year-old child may use in a day more than two thousand different words, repeating each of them, of course, from two or three times up to three hundred and fifty times, so that the total number spoken may reach ten thousand. The experimenter believes that a child's acquisition of words is governed partly by the law that the beneficial is generally pleasurable and partly by habit. To a child, words are the means of obtaining pleasure and avoiding pain. The number of words in a child's vocabulary seems to have been greatly underestimated by previous observers.

WHERE does the superabundant electric energy of a thunderstorm come from? In the annual report of the United States Weather Bureau, condensation is credited with a large share in its production. The Cause When small, feebly charged particles of of Lightning mist are welded together, as it were, into raindrops, since the potential increases as the square of the mass, a high tension may easily be developed. Ten drops, each charged to one thousand volts will thus produce one drop charged to one hundred thousand volts. As soon as drops begin to form at the beginning of a storm, the relatively small tension of the atmospheric charges soon becomes enormously multiplied, and disruptive lightning discharges are the result.

WHEN we need oxygen gas for the calcium light or for medical use, we must now buy it from a manufacturer, compressed into heavy iron cylinders. It is possible that in the future, we may be able to make it as we want it. M. Jaubert, a French chemist, has devised a substance that he calls "oxylith," which consists of certain of the higher oxides of the alkaline metals. When water is poured on this substance oxygen is disengaged, just as acetylene gas is produced from calcium carbide in the ordinary acetylene cycle-lamp. This property makes it possible to devise a simple generator which will produce fresh oxygen just when it is needed, and only as long as it is needed. M. Jaubert was led to his invention in the course of an attempt to make a simple renewer of air for submarine boats.

BESIDES harboring the germs of typhoid and other diseases which get into it through the medium of sewage, the oyster, we are now told, has its own particular microbe. This has just been discovered by Dr. Zardo, an Italian physician, who states that while the oyster microbe has no harmful effects on a normal person, if the gastric juice is not strong enough to kill the germs, they may cause disease of the digestive passages. Cooking an oyster, while it kills the microbe, does not affect the poisonous substance that it produces, so that even stewed or fried oysters may not be free from harm. It may be seen that the poisonous qualities of oysters in the "months without an 'r'" may possibly extend to other seasons of the year.

THIS question is now answered by many scientific men in a way that would have astonished the most advanced thinkers of a score of years ago; and yet their conclusions seem to be supported by the latest experiments. According to them, What is Electricity? electricity is purely material, and is the result of splitting the atoms of elementary substances into yet smaller units. An atomic chip, or electron, is the unit of so-called "negative electricity," and what is left of the atom is "positively charged," as we used to describe it. The so-called "cathode rays" are jets of electrons, and where these strike a solid they produce the explosive ether waves that we know as Röntgen rays. In certain atoms, as those of iron, the free electrons circle about the remainder of the atom, and this consti-



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tutes the phenomenon of magnetism. Those who hold these views assert that they have thus discovered, isolated, and even weighed, the electric substance, which may, indeed, prove to be the primordial substance—the "protyle,"—of the philosophers.

A **LIFELONG** student of solar action, Sir Norman Lockyer, the eminent English astronomer, believes that volcanic activity particularly shows itself at times of sunspot maxima and minima. Thus in the minimum of 1867, the volcanoes in Hawaii, South America, Formosa and Italy, were all active; in the maximum of 1871-2, Martinique and St. Vincent suffered; and in the next maximum, that of 1883, came the great explosion at Krakatoa, in the East Indies. In Japan, where there are the most perfect seismological observatories in the world, the largest number of recorded earthquake disturbances are near periods of sunspot maxima and minima.

RECENT speculation regarding the origin of the human race, has led to more careful study of some of the earliest known remains, including the so-called "man of spy," the Neanderthal skeleton and the creature—human or semi-human,—some of whose bones were discovered several years ago in Java. Two German anatomists, who have given much attention to the subject are confident that the first-mentioned skeletons must be ascribed to a distinct species of man, which they have named *Homo Neanderthaliensis*. The Javanese skeleton, which its discoverer calls *Pithecanthropus* (monkey-man,) is lower down in the evolutionary scale, and the direct ancestor of both, who may be regarded as the earliest man, must have lived, they think, as far back as the Pliocene period of geological time.

THE discovery of the North Pole by means of an automobile is the task that has been set for himself by Captain Bernier, a daring Canadian explorer. He proposes to go as far as he can in a ship and then make the last stages of his journey over the ice, in automobiles having rollers instead of wheels, an adaptation from a Russian invention. Stations will be established every fifty miles, and if the ice is so rough as to block his passage, the machines will be taken apart and carried by hand beyond the obstacle. Captain Bernier proposes to keep up continuous communication with civilization by wireless telegraphy, by way of Dawson City. The date of starting is not given.

WIRELESS telegraphy is dependent on a disturbance of the earth's electric state and not on the propagation of electric space-waves. So thinks Rankin Kennedy, a recent writer on the subject. He regards the earth as a sphere charged with electricity, and believes that Marconi's transmitter makes a ripple of electrostatic disturbance, which spreads out in concentric circles, always following the earth's surface. If he is right, the ripples will evidently converge to the antipodal point, where there will be a maximum effect. The "Electrical Review" points out that the antipodes of Marconi's Cornwall station is near the Auckland Islands, and that it would be easy to test Kennedy's theory by sending thither a ship equipped with the Marconi apparatus.

"DO N'T GET RICH, PAPA"

Alfred J. Waterhouse

[A man of wealth, whose children had been attended by servants, lost his fortune, and, for the first time, the little ones knew the direct care of their parents. In time, the man again became engrossed in money-getting, and it was then that one of the smallest children pleaded with him, saying: "Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."—SUCCESS, December, 1901.]

A baby in a palace
 Went pattering here and there.
 And the nurse was paid to heed her
 And to keep her in her care.
 But she was not paid,—'t were folly—
 To love the baby, too,
 So the baby in the palace
 Missed—what she hardly knew.

A baby in a cottage,
 A tiny blossom, grew.
 The warmth of mother-kisses,
 A father's love, she knew.
 The sunshine of affection
 Was o'er her in her play;
 So the baby in the cottage
 Was happy all the day.

For the baby in the cottage
 Wealth set a snare one day.
 Saying softly: "Here's a palace.
 In it you may live and play."
 But the baby missed the kisses
 And the old-time, loving way;
 So she gravely urged her father:
 "P'case don't oo get rich, I say."

Oh, babies in the palaces,
 With all, save love, to bless;
 Oh, babies in the cottages,
 Who smile to love's caress,
 I wonder, oh, I wonder,
 If you could speak to-day,
 Would you not teach us higher lore,
 And, "Don't get rich," would say?

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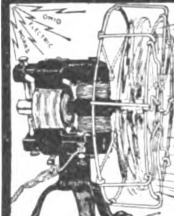
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A Hero in Spite of Himself

[Concluded from page 450]

folks's feelings. Here we are. You are very welcome. You're as welcome as the flowers in spring."

A young lady rose as they entered the sitting-room, and the blood rushed into Blair's face as he shook hands with her, for the sweet Madonna features, and the calm brow, lustrous eyes, and slightly-parted, expectant lips, had floated before him in evasive solution ever since that night of the meeting. There she was, sweet and gracious and more beautiful even than his thoughts of her, and her hand was in his.

"My granddaughter, Mr. Blair," said the old man. "Call your mother, Eileen, my child, and we will have tea. It is one of the good gifts of God, in spite of all the doctors say," he said to Blair, as the young lady left the room. "There is more comfort in a good cup of tea after a hard day's travel than in anything else known."

"It is very wonderful," said the young man, musingly, but he was not thinking of the exhilarating effects of tea after a hard day's travel. The old man smiled, for he was no stranger to the effect produced on impressionable young men by his granddaughter's beauty.

Four days later they were sitting together in the garden, he and she. His conscience had begun to prick him concerning the old folks at home, and yet he was loath to depart. The old man and the girl's mother saw how it was with him, and they had nothing against it. They loved their girl very dearly, but she had been born and bred in the mission field. It was inevitable that she should tend toward it. In a son the effect might have been the opposite. It had not been so in the case of the girl's father, indeed, but then he was one of a thousand.

"These days will remain with me as long as I live," he said. "They have been the very brightest days of my life."

"I am very glad," she said. "Is it settled what day you will sail?"

"On the first. It is less than a month now. I shall be glad to be at work again,"—but he did not look very glad,—“and I do not suppose I shall ever see England again. I feel as if I ought not to be here now.” She looked inquiringly at him. “I ought, by rights, to be lying under a cairn on the shore of one of the Dark Islands,” he said, in answer.

"If you ought to be there you probably would be," she said, with a smile. "The fact that you are not shows that you have other work to do."

"Everybody has been very good to me," he said, with a shake of the head, "but I have a reproach to wipe out which my life will hardly satisfy, whether it be long or short."

"You will go back stronger than you came," she said.

"Yes, I am very grateful. I came broken. I go back whole,—at least, partly."

"Partly?" she looked at him inquiringly again, to find out what new phase of what she called his morbid feeling this was.

"My heart is in my work," he said, boldly, "and yet I shall leave it behind me."

"Then your work will suffer."

"No, it is I that will suffer. I promise you that the work shall not."

She knew what was in him. Never a girl was born but knows it when an honest man loves her. Yet she waited,—partly because her heart was beating a royal salute, and, if she had spoken, it would have sounded in her voice; partly, perhaps, from a feminine curiosity to see how so swift a wooer would have the temerity to put his question.

But he had become silent. What right had he to ask her to leave her pleasant home to share the perils of life on the outermost fringe? He knew, indeed, that she looked forward to a missionary life, but there were lives and lives, and life out there among the Dark Islands was fraught with extremest possibilities. He had considered all this during these four days, and had been tossed to and fro, between his longing for her sweet companionship and his knowledge of the magnitude of what he required of her, till his judgment was at fault. With the words on his lips, the selfishness of his asking rose suddenly before him like a great stone wall.

Out of his silence he glanced at her face and saw faint roses there. They might be from distress. They might be—

"Why must you suffer?" she asked, quietly.

"Because my heart hungers for what my judg-

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ment tells me I have no right to ask for," he said, quickly.

"Which will you follow?"

"Will you come with me, Eileen? I have loved you from the very first moment I saw you. In all that great hall that night I saw only you. It was your face and your eyes that gave me strength to go through with it. But it is such a terrible thing to ask of you."

"Terrible," she said, smiling into his anxious eyes. "But to me, dear, it would be more terrible still to be left behind."

He kissed her, with the warmth of his heart on his lips.

"It seems impossible," he said, "as it is too good to be true. Is it real? Are we awake, or is it a dream?"

"It is real, and it is a dream come true," she said, happily. "I had read about you, and heard about you, and thought about you. When I heard you and saw you that night I said to myself, 'He is a greater man even than I thought him. I would like to have him for a friend,'—and then it seemed to me that you looked at me and spoke to me."

"All to you," he said.

"And when grandfather said he had asked you to come here, I was glad."

"And you will really go out there with me?"

"Out there,—and beyond," she said softly, and up above them a lark went caroling up, and up, as if it would carry the good news right up into heaven. Hand in hand, with their hearts beating through, they sat and watched it till they could no longer see it, but still they could hear its singing. Then they turned and looked into one another's eyes and were satisfied.

The beauty and happiness of their wedded life is known. In the Dark Islands they say that half the bishop's success is due to the charm and beauty of his wife. It was he who said it first, only he put the proportion higher. They are a picture of perfect devotion,—to their Master, their work, and to one another.

Waiting to be Aroused

MANY people never get fully awakened. Go into a large store or factory and watch the people work. Many of them look as if they were not fully masters of themselves; they are but partially aroused, mere dwarfs of the possible man or woman. They have never discovered their powers. Having found that they can get along with a moderate degree of activity, they are content to do so, using the least possible physical and mental effort.

The same thing is true with most of the other people we meet in life,—they seem to need a few sharp words from some friend to put them in full motion. They do not know their own capabilities. They have never made a tour of investigation and discovery to see what continents of power they really have, but are content to cultivate their little islands of energy here and there, just enough to provide for their daily wants. They dwell in the valleys, and never climb to the mountain-tops to take a wide view of themselves and the possibilities around them.

No youth ever amounts to much until he is thoroughly in earnest, until all his powers are brought into play, until he feels that his work counts in the grand total of human effort, and is indispensable to the highest, fullest results.

Avoid "Talking Shop"

SHALLOW minds are always "talking shop."

They are not large enough to be able to carry on conversation intelligently on subjects which would interest everybody. They must drag their listeners into their own little ruts, and hold them by the sleeve while they fill their ears with what interests only themselves and their companions in work. You never hear a really cultured, tactful man or woman "talk shop" in society, or anywhere outside of his or her office or place of business.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to other people, do not make your business or your occupation, whatever it may be, a subject of conversation with those whom it cannot possibly interest. Read, think, observe, visit picture galleries and museums, and learn to talk about things which other people will enjoy. You will be surprised to find how much more popular it will make you, and how much it will add to the joy and beauty of your life.

As there is nothing in the world great but man, there is nothing truly great in man but character.—W. M. EVARTS.



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And it's just the same with your own work. You can do twice as much if you use a Shaw-Walker Card System.

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THE SELF-HELP FRATERNITY

Herbert Hungerford

THE "Self-help Fraternity" is an apt appellation for our League of Success Clubs. It gives a better condensed description of its objects and pervading spirit than does the official name. The full significance of "self-help" will be felt by every reader of SUCCESS, for most of them are striving, in some way, to help themselves, to develop character, to secure education and culture, or to gain promotion. Perhaps many members have been too much bent on these selfish ends to realize that the Success Club is a fraternity and that it cannot be a real success without a warm, fraternal, helpful spirit pervading all its functions. True, there is no pledge of brotherhood or sisterhood, no vows to stand by fellow members through thick and thin. There is no artificial and stereotyped fraternity. Instead, there is a natural, spontaneous sort, that comes from worthy common aims, from a firm feeling that no one can be his best, or hope to reach the highest happiness, who does not help his fellow seekers after good.

One of our members, during a recent call at headquarters, told of an experience that illustrates this. Last fall, he left home to enter a school in a distant city. Not knowing any of the students, he naturally expected to have a very lonely time during the first few weeks. To his surprise and delight, almost the first person he met at the school wore a Success Club badge. Of course, this started an acquaintance, which soon developed into friendship. Later, it was found that there were six other Success Club members in the school, and these eight made the nucleus of a very enthusiastic club.

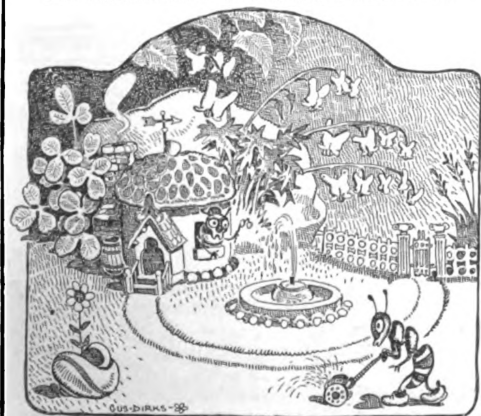
Our New Democratic Feature

One feature that will aid in making the League a real fraternity is the new, democratic method of selecting officers. The campaign is now on. About fifty candidates have been nominated, and, by September 10, the new officers will be named. The July number of "Helps" gives a list and the portraits of the candidates. Nominations were closed on July 10. Until August 10, partisans of candidates may send in arguments and inducements in favor of their election, and all will be carefully considered by the nominating committee, which is to select two sets of official candidates, to be announced in the August "Helps." All the clubs will then ballot on these two tickets. The voting will close September 10, and the result will be announced in the September "Helps."

Club Year-Book Planned

Our bureau will issue, in September, a special Year Book number of "Helps" that will be most valuable to all clubs. This will contain a history of the Success Club movement, a directory of all the clubs in the League, and its officers, with portraits, a compendium of club plans and procedure, outlines of work for the year, suggestions for social ideas, directions for conducting club libraries, and many other useful features. No greater aid to club workers has ever been offered than this will be. This number alone will be worth more than the yearly subscription price of "Helps," twenty-five cents.

FORESTALLING A GREAT CALAMITY



Mrs. Beetle.—"William, cut down those 'Dutchman's breeches' instantly, or people will think that we take in washing."

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must have been used to make the pictures. That is the only condition. The exhibits will be judged in classes such as Landscape, Portrait, Genre, Instantaneous, Hand Camera large and small, etc., and every one can have an opportunity to compete. It costs nothing to enter; and the most competent and impartial judges will make the awards. If you are buying an outfit, see that the lens and shutter are Bausch & Lomb's make.

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Send for booklet, showing photographs and describing methods of some of our most successful boy agents.

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Raising Values in Fruits and Flowers

[Concluded from page 444]

wonders how on earth so many forms and colors were produced in these flowers. Let him not forget that a flower, more than any other thing that springs from the sod, is the language of the human soul. A flower is, by nature, very ready to express itself in variety. It yields most easily to all the moods of man. Plant a rose, and the chances are nine in ten that there will spring from the plant one or more buds unlike the parent in form and color. Plant a snow-white chrysanthemum, and dream you will have a red or a variegated one in the coming flower,—and, behold, you have it!

So each of these three families of flowers is capable of endless varieties, and florists for the last twenty-five years have multiplied the varieties *ad libitum*. Within the past fifteen years, more than seventy varieties of chrysanthemums have originated in this country. The violet, too, is now grown for the multitude, whereas, thirty years ago, only the few could have it. W. H. Smith, the superintendent of the national botanical garden, at Washington, says that, in 1850, there were only eight potted palms in all this great country. In no other branch of purely ornamental art have the American people made such progress as in the cultivation of plants and flowers.

Seedsmen can produce no new specimen, for that is the province of nature, but they have learned that, by selecting the best plants that nature gives them, they can by repetition of planting not only fix the best qualities, but even improve them. If a plant has poor qualities as well as good ones,—and it often has,—it is necessary for the seedsmen to weed them out. A Virginia peach may be prolific, large, and highly flavored, but it may not ripen in time to send to market before its Delaware competitors, so the nurseryman must hurry it by crossing it with an earlier and perhaps inferior peach. In the variation he may lose some of the fine qualities the original peach possessed. Variation is an enemy of fixation, and *vice versa*, and the seedsmen is at every point confronted with the problem of how to retain the good in getting rid of the bad. But having this great riddle of nature to contend with, in improving the species of plants and creating many new varieties, nearly all the best fruits, all the most beautiful flowers, and all the most valuable vegetables and cereals are the result of the last fifty or sixty years of careful selection and cross-breeding, and the work has been done by comparatively few persons. The average farmer and gardener are satisfied to plant the seed they can get in the market, and they make no effort to improve their seeds beyond the character of the soil and cultivation they give them. But if the farmers, truckers, and nurserymen generally were to make the increase in plant values one of the branches of their vocation, and were to work as hard to grow good seed for their soil as they work to increase their output for the market, hundreds of millions would be saved in better fruit, grain, etc. Our flowers and plants, however, stand for more than our physical needs. In them, hardly less than in our houses, our books, our pictures and statuary, and our music, are represented our imagination and spiritual life as a people, and also as individuals; for the plant, as completely as the fish, the fowl, the quadruped, and man himself, represents the unity of life. The law invoked to grow a better grain of wheat, or a better grape or apple, is indeed the self-same law by which man climbs to claim his better self. Within the pulp of the wild, sour fox-grape, that hung from a vine upon a New England fence, was the germ of the Concord grape, even as in the cave-man was the ancestor of a Washington. In the ages past, each type has been developed, and the whole procession—plants, animals, and men,—must march on in accord with the law of evolution.

When we study men and what they do, we are struck with surprise at the great difference in the results they produce. The man without force, who has not drilled and trained himself to that extent that in his whole personal identity he carries the embodiment of success born of confidence and resolution, energy, and force, fails in the great task he has set about to perform, and weakens himself for the accomplishment of every succeeding duty; while his neighbor, his co-worker, by the very force within him, made strong and effective by careful, thorough training, by confidence and enthusiasm and unceasing energy, clears the obstacles before him and mounts to the high plane of successful achievement.—SANBORN.

"The mind has power to keep the body strong and healthy to renew life, and to preserve it from decay to a far greater extent than we are apt to think."

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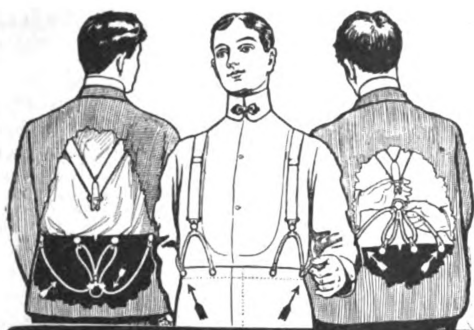
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FOR THOSE WHO WORRY

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.

'T is not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things,—
There always, always, something sings.—EMERSON.

ALL unhappiness, as all happiness, is from within. For, as St. Bernard has said, "Nothing can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain, I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault." From the kingdom of the mind issue the edicts that govern life. If a ruler of a country were to abdicate, and turn his authority over to a lawless mob, one would hardly expect to see peace and order and happiness follow. If the ruler of his mind steps down from his throne, and allows fear, anxiety, hate, envy, and other rioters to usurp his authority, what can he expect but anarchy, disorder, and unhappiness?

Not learned, but wise, he faced his lot
And laughed away its ill;
Nor life itself nor death itself
That sturdy laugh could still.
Oh! blest be he whose ringing laugh
Goes echoing along with years,
With brave delight of humble hopes
And hearty scorn of fears.

BLESSED be all the heroes and heroines who, in spite of pain, sorrow, and disaster, smile bravely and scatter sunshine as they go! These people do not cross bridges before they come to them. They revel in the glints of sunlight that fall across their path, and, when the shadows fall, the reflection of those treasured gleams still serves to keep their hearts warm and trusting, and to illuminate their faces.

"COME over on the sunny side of life. There is room there for all, and it is a matter of choice," says Barnetta Brown in "Worry and Cheer," one of her helpful little series of "Sunshine books." Everything in this riotous midsummer-glory of nature seconds this invitation. The woods, the streams, the meadows, the broad fields of rustling grain, the birds and the flowers call joyously to us to come out and rejoice with them, to be glad in the universal gladness. Even the restless city, with its huge warehouses and exchanges and money marts, has borrowed some of nature's loveliness. Parks and public gardens vie with one another in the attractiveness of their robes of green, variegated with flowers. Their cool fountains play and sing, and ever the refrain of their song is, "Come, come, come over on the sunny side of life."

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

UNTIL self passes out of sight and becomes merged in the harmony of universal life, a man's or a woman's chances of happiness are not worth considering. To think continually of how we feel, how we look, how others regard us, whether we receive our proper share of deference and attention, whether this one slighted, or that one looked down upon us, is to be too small to recognize the true grandeur of manhood or womanhood. The kingdom of the soul should be too large to harbor such petty thoughts. The ruler of that kingdom should be too sensible of the height on which he stands to feel that any power outside of himself can hurt or belittle or humiliate him.

"HAVE you noticed," said a lady to a friend, "how pretty Annie Holt has grown lately? She used to wear such a sad, woe-begone expression that it always gave me a fit of the blues to look at her. She may have had those fine dark eyes, and that sweet rosy mouth always, but, somehow, I never noticed them until recently." "Yes, I have remarked the improvement in Annie's looks," replied the other, "and I know the secret of the change." "What is it?" queried the first speaker eagerly. "Well, Annie was convinced that her life was particularly narrow and devoid of brightness, and she was growing morose and bitter about it. A friend who had tried the plan herself, persuaded her to keep a diary, and to put down faithfully each day every little pleasure that came to her, and also every opportunity that offered to brighten the day for others. In a short time, she was surprised to find how many records of this kind her diary contained. By taking note of the pleasant things, she gradually formed a habit of looking for them instead of the gloomy ones, and, well, you see the result." "Who would have thought that it would have made such a difference in her appearance!" exclaimed the other. "Now I think I understand what Emerson meant when he said,—'There is no beautifier of complexion or form or behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain.'"

ENOUGH THERE ALREADY



Tommy Chick—"Whee! can't understand why people have to take luncheon along, when they come into the country."



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4 1/4 inches wide,
5 1/4 inches high.

Price
Complete
\$9.00



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The Struggles of a Whitefish

(Concluded from page 452)

stirring, and presently it began to rise very slowly through the water, taking them all with it, whether they would or not. It was of no use to squeeze those air-bladders, or to turn their noses downward and work their fins and tails with all their might. A greater power than either specific gravity or their own muscles had them in its grip, and up they had to go. As they rose, they were crowded closer and closer together, but it was noticeable that there were not as many of them when they reached the surface as when they lay at the bottom. Most of the perch and a few of the other small fry had wriggled through the meshes and were gone. But there was no such escape for the larger ones. Their days were numbered, and in a few minutes they lay huddled together in a solid mass, half in and half out of the water, those underneath wriggling and squirming in an agony of fright, while those on top beat a frantic tattoo with their heads and tails, and sent showers of spray flying in every direction. The sound of their flapping and spitting was almost deafening. Then a steel gaff-hook reached down into the writhing mass, caught the big sturgeon under the chin, and jerked him up out of the pot. After the gaff-hook came the scoop-nets, and by ones and twos and fours and half-dozens the smaller fry were tossed into the boat, where they hammered themselves against the boards for a little while in their last crazy struggles.

As the net grew lighter it was lifted higher and stretched tighter, till it lay almost as flat as a table. There was only one fish left, and again the scoop-net was thrust out to take him in. But that one fish was jumping about harder than he had ever jumped before in all his life, and quite by chance—for he was too frenzied with fear and suffering to know what he was doing,—he was nearing the heavy rope that bound the edge of the pot. Just as the scoop touched him, with the most tremendous flop of all, he threw himself over into the water and was gone.

Our friend was never hatched to be eaten; or, if he was, his time had not come. For awhile, at least, he was still to eat others; and, with a joyful wriggle, he swam away, down, down, down, to the cool, dark depths where the little shellfish and mollusks were waiting for him to devour them.

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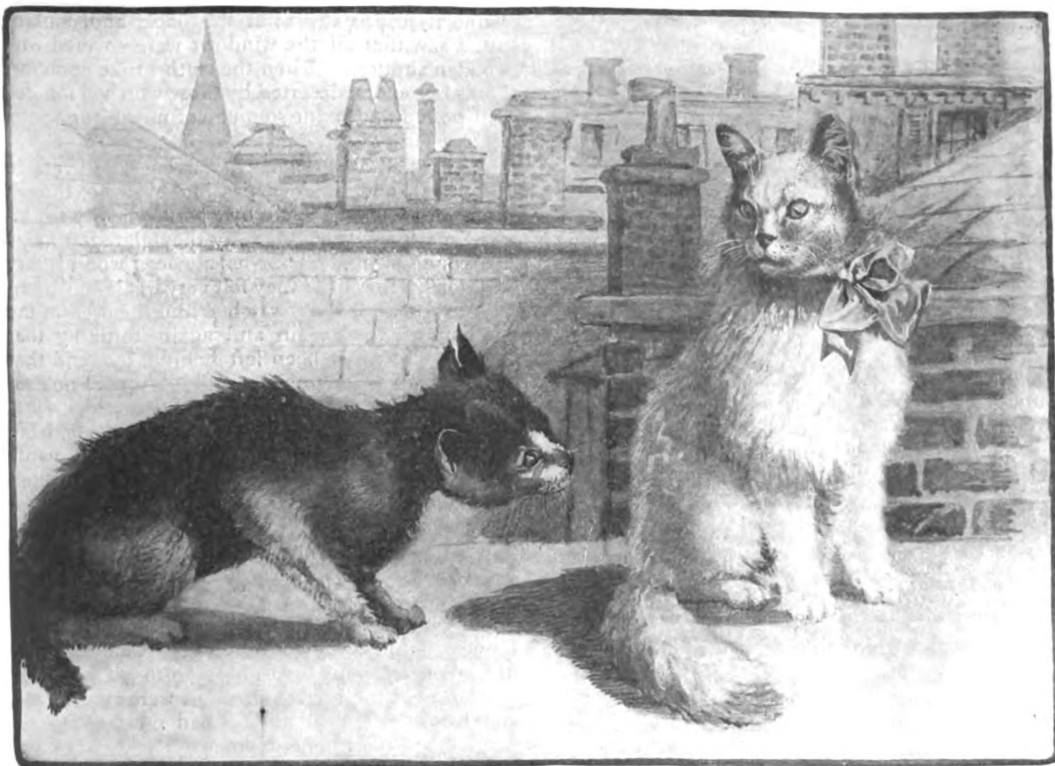
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June Subscription Prize Winners

AT the time of going to press with this issue, (June 30,) the full list of the prize winners in our June subscription prize contest has not been ascertained. It will appear in the September issue.

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"'A tramp cat,' repeated Jetsam, bitterly; 'that's just what I am, Flotsam,—a tramp cat!'"

The Experiences of Jetsam - Marguerite Brooks

"ME-OW, me-o-w, m-e-o-w!" At the first plaintive "me-ow," Flotsam, Mrs. Cramp's big handsome Angora, who had been lazily sunning herself, bent her ear, and looked inquiringly in the direction whence the sound came. But, at sight of the disreputable-looking intruder who turned pleadingly toward her, she sniffed contemptuously and held her nose very high in the air.

"Why, Flotsam, do n't you know me?" asked the newcomer, in a pained tone.

The Angora, who was proud of her pedigree, and very particular in the choice of her associates, looked disdainfully at her questioner, and replied haughtily, "No, certainly, I do n't know you. I do n't number tramps among the list of my friends and acquaintances."

"Oh, Flotsam, you surely can't have forgotten me so soon!" pleaded the unfortunate. "Do n't you remember Jetsam, who used to be your friend?"

"Why, you don't mean to say you are the Jetsam who used to live in the house across the square? There is something about you—I do n't know what it is,—that reminds me of him. But his coat was as black and smooth and shiny as my mistress's satin gown; his ears stood up nice and straight; his eyes were bright and open; his sides were well filled out, and his tail was in just as good condition as the rest of his person. Yet, now that I look at you closely, I believe you are my old friend." Flotsam, who, in spite of her airs, was an affectionate creature, was visibly affected at sight of the wreck before her.

"But oh, Jetsam," she cried, "what has happened? How came you to be in such a dreadful plight? You look worse than a 'docked' horse, with more than half of your poor tail gone, one eye closed, one ear slit through, and so ragged and thin that—forgive me, Jetsam, but you do look for all the world like a tramp cat."

"'A tramp cat,'" repeated Jetsam, bitterly; "that's just what I am, Flotsam,—a tramp cat,"—and Jetsam's one half-open eye grew moist as he spoke.

"Two weeks ago," he continued, "I had a home, as you know, and was as sleek and plump, as respectable and happy as you are. But within those two weeks,—oh, Flotsam, how can I give you any idea of what I have suffered, of the indignities that have been heaped upon me, of the hunger that has gnawed me, of the thoughtless cruelty of small boys, of—" But here the flood of bitter memories that came thronging so fast proved too much for Jetsam's exhausted strength, and he broke down with a sob.

"Poor thing!" said the kind-hearted Flotsam, wiping a corner of one eye suspiciously; "come over here in the sun and rest awhile, and then tell me as much of your story as you care to. Dearie me, dearie me!" she added, half to herself and half to Jetsam, "one never knows what is coming

in this world. I thought you had a good, kind mistress, and all you wanted to eat and drink."

"So did I, Flotsam; and, even now, in spite of all I have suffered through her thoughtlessness, I am sure she would not willingly be cruel to any living thing. To be sure, she used to wear dead birds in her bonnet, although she would call me a naughty, wicked cat if I only so much as looked at her pet canary; and, if I made a spring at one of those silly, chattering sparrows in the yard, she would scream and declare that I must be killed outright if I did n't respect the right of other animals to live as well as myself."

"Once, I remember, she prepared a lecture, to be read at her club, on 'Our Duty to Dumb Animals.' I thought it very fine when I heard her 'rehearse,' as she called it, before a friend. To listen to her, you'd think no treatment could be too kind for us. I wondered about the birds in her bonnets, but supposed they must have died naturally; for, of course, anyone who declared that cruelty to animals was even worse than cruelty to human beings—because 'it was cowardly as well as brutal, since the poor dumb things could not even answer back, let alone defend themselves,'—never would permit a bird to be killed to contribute to her personal adornment. But I am wandering away from my story."

"About six weeks ago, my mistress and the rest of the family began to talk about their plans for the summer. When they finally decided to go away for the season, I felt rather glad, because I thought a change would be nice for all of us. They said they would take Bobo, [that's mistress's horrid little poodle, you know,] and Dickie, the canary, with them. They did n't mention my name at all; but I did n't mind that, for, of course, they would never dream of leaving me behind them."

"Well, for about a week there was a great bustle and stir of preparation all over the house; the lace curtains were taken down, the chairs and tables covered with lawn, the carpets taken up, and all the ornaments and bric-a-brac put away. Then trunks were packed, and bicycles and golf sets, and everything else they would need for having a good time in the country, were brought up to the hall, and all was made ready for a start."

"I had said good-by to my friends, on the morning of the day on which we were to leave; and, after lunch, I went out in the yard and lay down in the sun for a nap."

"When I awoke, I went round to the kitchen, for I felt that it must be nearly time to start. I scratched on the door, but no one opened it. Then I jumped up on the window-sill to let Mary (our cook,) know that I was there, but the curtains were all drawn down. It seemed awfully still, and a terrible thought came into my mind,—'Can they have gone away and left me behind?'"

"I ran round to the front of the house, and

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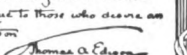
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found it just as still as at the back, and, looking up, I saw that all the windows were covered with wooden shutters. Then the truth broke upon me. I was homeless, deserted by those who had fondled and petted and made so much of me all the winter and spring!

"Terrified at the noise of carriages and vans in the street, and of dogs passing by, who, though most of them were led by chains, nearly frightened me to death by the way they glared at me, I ran round again, as fast as my legs would carry me, for by this time they felt very weak and trembly, to the yard. I scratched and meowed at the kitchen window, again and again, thinking that Mary might have been left behind, too, and that she had only gone to sleep. But it was of no use, for no one was there.

"Tired, and with an awfully lonely feeling, I lay down in the little arbor at the end of the yard, where Effie (my mistress's little girl,) had often played with me, and went to sleep.

"When I awoke, it was dark, and I felt very hungry, for I had n't had anything to eat since our early lunch.

"I started to go to the kitchen, but the memory of all that had taken place rushed upon me, and I stopped midway upon the path. What should I do? Where could I get anything to eat?

"Some of the houses near ours were also closed, and it was not until after I had crossed several yards that I found one open.

"I crept softly into the kitchen, and gave a little meow to attract the attention of a maid who sat reading near a window, thinking she might give me something to eat. But when she saw I was a stranger, she got up, crying, 'Scat, s'cat!' and threw the paper she held in her hand at me. I fled as fast as my legs would carry me back to our own yard.

"I did n't dare to peep into another house that night. I prowled about through a number of yards in search of food, but not a scrap could I get, and the morning light found me back at my own home, faint and weary, and more lonely and sad at heart than ever before."

"Poor thing! Poor Jetsam!" said Flotsam, purring sympathetically, "what did you do next?"

"I dozed awhile, then stole down to the street, hoping I might pick up some scraps of meat, or something that would satisfy the cravings of hunger; but no sooner had I touched the pavement than a big dog, who was gamboling with a little boy on the opposite side of the street, caught sight of me, and darted after me, with an approving shout from his young master.

"Terror put wings to my feet, and I flew fast and far, until my pursuer gave up the chase. I then found myself at the entrance of an alley, between two rows of backyards, and lay down close to a wall, thoroughly exhausted by my long run.

"I had lain only a short time, however, when I heard a great shouting and noise at the other end of the alley; and, looking in that direction, I saw a crowd of boys advancing. I crept closer to the wall, thinking they would pass me by, for I was unable to run any further.

"One boy was beating an old drum, another was piping on a tin whistle; a third was ringing a bell, and the crowd behind was yelling and rattling old tin pans or whatever they could pick up on the way.

"They spied me, in spite of my efforts to hide myself, and the foremost of the boys, whose face I did n't like at all, cried out, 'Oh, look at the old tom cat! Let's tie this can to his tail and have lots of fun.'

"I made an effort to escape, but they surrounded me, and proceeded to tie the can to my tail. They tried to make me run before them, but I was n't able, and then the cruel-looking boy took a clasp-knife out of his pocket, saying he would make me 'trot.' He made a hole in my ear with the knife, and, putting a string through the opening, dragged me along with the can flapping at my heels.

"I shall not attempt to tell you how I suffered, Flotsam; but, before they let me go, the cord had slit my ear as you see, and the same boy who made the hole in my ear cut off a part of my tail, to see how a 'docked cat' would look.

"Well, to make a long story short, I recovered sufficiently to be able to prowl around, and what, with catching a sparrow, now and then, and an occasional bite thrown me by children, or that which I pick up out of the garbage in the backyards, I just manage to keep a spark of life in me. But, between dogs and small boys, my days are filled with terror, and I wish,—oh, Flotsam, how I wish that I were dead!"

The Harvard Honor Men of 1902

Louis E. Swarts



R. M. GREEN



G. C. HIRST



A. C. WHITE



G. S. FORBES



A. S. PEASE



R. I. LEE

HARVARD COLLEGE recognizes eminent scholastic standing by the award of scholarships. These scholarships do not necessarily imply poverty, for, in addition to scholarships with a stipend, honorary John Harvard and Harvard College scholarships are awarded as recognition for scholarly attainments. The rich man must thus evince all the qualities of a self-made man, and his ambition to gain distinction must be as strong as the poor man's need of aid from the University and desire for distinction combined, in order to rank him as a scholarship man. The men of the highest standing are generally chosen to membership in the *Phi Beta Kappa* society, in the order of their rank.

This year, Harvard graduated fifteen honor men. Heading the list were two men, a Bostonian and a Philadelphian, who tied for first place, and the third-rank man is a New Yorker, a millionaire,—so that three of the great cities of the republic hold the place of honor.

Robert Montreville Green, of Boston, who tied George Clarkson Hirst, of Philadelphia, for first place on the "eight" of the *Phi Beta Kappa*, and therefore for the first place on the list of Harvard high-rank men, is the better known of the two men by reason of his literary work and society connections. Mr. Green was this year, editor-in-chief of the most serious of Harvard's five undergraduate publications, the "Harvard Monthly." He is one of only four commencement speakers from his class at Harvard this year, reading a paper on John Ruskin's influence upon ethics. As distinct an honor as could be conferred upon any Harvard undergraduate this year was to be chosen as delegate from his class, representing Harvard at Yale's magnificent bicentennial celebration, and Mr. Green was one of the half-dozen delegates.

It is surprising that Mr. Green has been able to do all these things, considering that his health is, at its best, precarious, that he weighs, perhaps only a little more than the average boy, and is in appearance as small and spare as an ordinary pupil in a preparatory school. But what he lacks in muscles and health, he makes up in will and brains. He is one of Harvard's prominent poets, having been elected class poet of 1902, and was selected by the Harvard authorities to write the poem of welcome to Prince Henry, for the recent reception tendered to the prince at the Harvard Union. It was a genuine surprise to his friends to hear that, like his father, he will follow in the footsteps of Oliver Wendell Holmes, pursuing his studies in the Harvard Medical School.

George Clarkson Hirst prepared for college in two years at the preparatory department of Dr. Russell Conwell's Temple College, at Philadelphia. At Harvard, Mr. Hirst has been interested in the classics, English, and philosophy, and is one of the keenest business men in college. He has paid every cent of his college expenses by writing for and supervising the advertising matter of the college magazine, and it is in this business that he intends to spend the next few years. His record has been such that, throughout his four years' course, he has held the most munificent scholarships. What these have amounted to may be surmised from the fact that, for the current year, he held a scholarship with a stipend of five

hundred and five dollars, or a clear three hundred and fifty-five dollars above the tuition fee.

Probably the richest man of the fifteen honor men, Alain Campbell White, of New York City, holds third place. He prepared for college at Blake's School, with Robert Goelet and other students of wide social connections. Mr. White devoted himself in college to mathematics and the languages, especially modern languages, taking so much interest in them that he joined the *Cercle Français* and the *Deutscher Verein*. He was manager of the French play last year, and of the German play this year.

Fourth on the list stands George Shannon Forbes, who prepared at the Roxbury Latin School. He evinced, in college, a strong liking for physics, mathematics, and German, but made a specialty of chemistry, in which he was so proficient that he was made an assistant in chemistry for two years. He also helped to teach at the Cambridge Social Union, a club run by Harvard men to give working people a chance to make up for a loss of schooling. Teaching appeals to Mr. Forbes, and he will devote himself to it.

Arthur Stanley Pease is the son of a professor, and is preparing for a professorship. His talented father was one of the most brilliant men at the Andover Seminary. Arthur Stanley prepared at the Phillips Andover Academy. Greek, Latin, and Italian charm him the most. He won Highest Second Year Honors in classics. He seems to be fired by the one ambition to carry out the work which his father, by his early death, left unfinished.

Roger Irving Lee has engaged in but few collegiate activities. He is one of the two men on the list who have completed their college course in three years. He is at present a student at the Harvard Medical School.

W. H. Claflin came from the Newton High School with a taste for historical research. He has strongly specialized in history while in college, and has not shown particular interest in any other branch of collegiate work, although appreciating the value of all athletic and outdoor exercise.

John Haynes Holmes won the gratitude of his class and college together, with a great reputation for debating, by his powerful closing rebuttal speech at this year's Harvard-Yale debate at New Haven. If at any time the issue hung in the balance, it was Holmes's great resourcefulness, keen, rapier-like wit, crafty gathering together of the neglected threads of the discussion, which decided the question in favor of Harvard. The irresistible avalanche of his logic would be of equal value in the professions of law and divinity, and it was a difficult dilemma before him what profession to choose, and he decided to prepare himself for the ministry at the Harvard divinity school.

Edmund Morris Morgan, Jr., went to Harvard from the Rayen School, of Youngstown, Ohio. He specialized in Harvard's strong department of economics. In company with most of the preceding men, he won a *detur*, which is a prize consisting of an exquisitely bound edition in crimson morocco of some suitable book selected by the dean of the college.

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I. GROSSMAN

for his small stature. He has taken most of his courses in history and economics, though he has been interested in chemistry.

The fame of no man in the class has spread farther than that of Roscoe Conkling Bruce, of Tuskegee, Alabama. He has held, for three years, a Bowditch two hundred and fifty dollar scholarship, and for two years the Wendell Phillips scholarship, which is given to "beneficiaries of special oratorical powers." As an after-dinner speaker, Mr. Bruce had no rival in the university. Someone once called him "Chauncey Depew," and the appellation has stuck to him, because he always has a good, spicy story to fit the occasion.

The next three men, A. M. Dame, G. R. Lewis, and S. D. France, have done but little outside of their regular work. Mr. Dame, especially, is quite like the proverbial Harvard "grind." He has confined himself to the classics. Mr. Lewis's specialty is economics. Mr. France was strong in the physico-mathematical department.

The last man, but not the least, is Isador Grossman, of Cleveland, Ohio, for men in the class who know about his work unite in saying that whatever he has accomplished is owing to his habit of pegging away at things. When he first came to Harvard, he was useless in debating, but he kept up with the various class teams and never once let an opportunity pass for polishing his style and acquiring forensic skill. After four years of trying, he succeeded in entering the Harvard team which debated against Princeton last spring, and it was not Mr. Grossman's work which lost the debate. His success in that branch is only an index of the rest, for he has been awarded more prizes than any other man in the class. Mr. Grossman has specialized in political science, and is an earnest advocate of universal peace. He is the only man on the list of fifteen who was not born in the United States. Hungary is his native place, and he came to this country when he was eight years old.

The *Phi Beta Kappa* society took only eight men from the class last year. This year it took out a great many more, but the first ten are again taken in the approximate order of their collegiate records. There was another tie for first place on the second list. Mr. Morgan tied Mr. Wellington.

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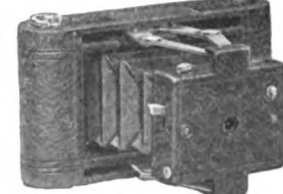
Alas, yes, the task is hard, 't is true,
But what's the use of sighing?
They're soonest with their duties through,
Who bravely keep on trying.
There's no advantage to be found
In sorrowing or shirking;
They with success are soonest crowned
Who just go right on working.

Strive patiently and with a will
That shall not be defeated;
Keep singing at your task until
You see it stand completed.
Nor let the clouds of doubt draw near,
Your sky's glad sunshine murling;
Be brave, and fill your heart with cheer,
And just go right on working.

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The standing of the United States with her neighbors, and especially with those of Europe, is illustrated by some statements made by the London "Daily Mail" Year Book for 1902. Under the head of wealth it places the United States at the head of the list of great nations, the figures of wealth being: United States about \$82,000,000,000; United Kingdom, about \$56,000,000,000; France, about \$46,000,000,000; Germany, about \$40,000,000,000; and Russia, about \$30,000,000,000.

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The 'Fifty Greatest Living Americans' Contest AWARD OF THE PRIZES

THE prize contest, announced in the May SUCCESS, for the best list of the fifty greatest living Americans, brought forth a large number of replies from all parts of the United States and Canada, and some from other parts of the world. Many of the lists were varied and interesting, but a large number could not be considered, as the contestants had written down the names of men who are not naturalized citizens. It was surprising to notice the number of contestants who thought that Miss Ellen Terry was an American actress, while several lists announced Sir Henry Irving as the "greatest American tragedian."

Nearly every list contained the names of America's richest men, so the judges concluded that our contestants counted wealth as much an attribute of greatness as charity or invention. The list which was voted the best, and worthy of the first prize,—fifty dollars,—was the one sent in by Oscar M. Mortex, a carpenter, of 2906 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Mr. Mortex selected a wide range of vocations from which to draw his names. His list, which is certainly a representative one, is as follows:—

STATESMEN.—Theodore Roosevelt, Grover Cleveland, William J. Bryan, Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller.

COMMERCE.—J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, Charles M. Schwab.

RELIGION.—Bishop John H. Vincent, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Archbishop John Ireland, Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, Francis E. Clark.

ARMY AND NAVY.—Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, Brigadier-General Leonard A. Wood, Admiral George Dewey, Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley.

EDITORS.—W. R. Hearst, Whitelaw Reid.

EDUCATORS.—Charles William Eliot, president of Harvard University; Arthur Twining Hadley, president of Yale University; Charles F. Thwing, president of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio; Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York; E. Benjamin Andrews, president of the University of Nebraska; Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, Princeton, New Jersey; Ira Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland; Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.

INVENTORS.—Thomas A. Edison, John B. Holland, inventor of the submarine boat; George Westinghouse, inventor of the air-brake.

EXPLORERS.—Robert E. Peary, Evelyn B. Baldwin.

ART.—Charles Dana Gibson, J. McNeil Whistler, Edwin A. Abbey, John LaFarge, Augustus St. Gaudens.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.—Lillian Nordica, opera singer; Joseph Jefferson, actor.

PHILANTHROPY.—Clara Barton, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, Miss Helen Miller Gould.

LITERATURE.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) William Dean Howells, Edwin Markham, James Whitcomb Riley, Edward Everett Hale.

SCIENCE.—Professor Jaques Loeb, Edward E. Barnard.

The second prize—twenty-five dollars,—was won by Mrs. G. S. Assay, 463 Colorado Avenue, Trinidad, Colorado; and the third prize—fifteen dollars,—was awarded to William J. Tilley, 511 Davis Street, Harrison, New Jersey.

A poll of the votes revealed some very interesting facts. Ninety-seven per cent. of the lists contained the name of Theodore Roosevelt, and 95 per cent. the name of William J. Bryan. Other names were voted for in the following proportion: Thomas A. Edison, 90 per cent.; Grover Cleveland, 85 per cent.; Bishop Vincent, 80 per cent.; Francis E. Clark, 80 per cent.; S. L. Clemens, 80 per cent.; Edward Everett Hale, 75 per cent.; Booker T. Washington, 70 per cent., and George B. Westinghouse, 60 per cent.

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Men give me credit for genius, but all the genius I have lies in this: When I have a subject on hand I study it profoundly. The effect I make they call the fruit of genius; it is, however, the fruit of labor and thought.—ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

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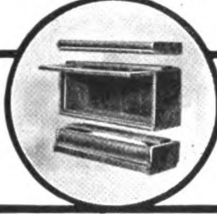
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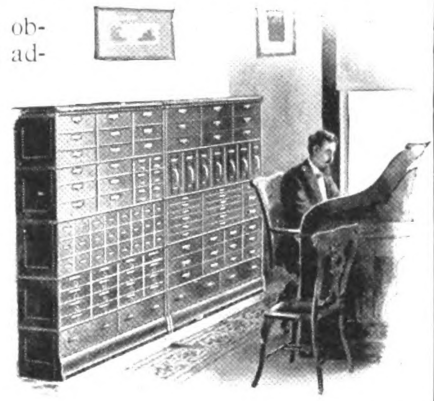
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