

The Spirit in Which You Work

By Orison Swett Marden.

T ought not to be necessary to ask a man if he likes his work. The pride in his face should tell that. His very buoyancy and rance in his work, the spirit of unbounded enthusiasm and rest, ought to show that. He ought to be so in love with his work that he would find his greatest delight in it; and this inward joy should light up his whole being.

America's Mountains Supreme

By Robert Dunn.

ORTH AMERICA has suffered shamefully from Alpine arrogance. Its masters have looked upon glacial Colorado, the rugged, bulging faintly above the continental plateau; upon Popocatepetl and his sister titans reaching Ishmusward; upon the snowy dead craters of the Cascades—and pitted us Americans that our lands offered mountain sport for none but women and old men.

The Greed of Woman.

By George Harvey.

HE exceptional greed of woman, painful but necessary to record, has ever seemed one of the most attractive qualities of a being so complex that only divinity itself would have had the hardihood to fetch it into existence. It corresponds in no sense to the gluttony of man in respect to food or drink or the avarice of man as to worldly goods.

What Gravitation is Doing.

By Henry Smith Williams.

HE effects of gravitation are so familiar as to demand only the briefest mention; yet most of us, perhaps, seldom stop to consider how far-reaching these effects are.

The Deeper Cause of War.

By Richard Barry.

HOSE who write history are wont to ascribe wars to the jealousy of rulers, the rivalries of States and national love of aggrandizement. They forget usually to seek the deeper cause—that primal love for combat which animates all virile nations, which makes even our supposedly peaceful America the inspired devotee of football and the prize fight.

Fanny's Ma. To-day I stood my future on its base, she got behind my Pullman and she swore. Three babies into the way she glared. Rattle my baggage if I ever saw a cracker-box to equal mother's jaw.

Even as I stood with cobwebs in my lower. A candy vision came and flagged the boat. Give feet rah-rah-rah! O joy, O joy! 'Twas Fanny like a fairy in a bower warbling, "Hi, stop the car!" With all my power.

Whoever has had the privilege of lying at full length on some mossy overhanging bank while watching a large trout in his fair perceives that a true trout has yet to be drawn of him. Even photography can give no hint of the wavy circles from the spotted dorsal fin undulating loosely athwart the broad back, of the perpetual fanning of the pectoral fins, of the capacious gills opening and closing, the half open round mouth, the luminous brown eyes, the ceaseless slow vibration of the powerful tail, nor can pen adequately describe the startling suddenness of the dart at some idle fly touching the surface, the quick return to the old position and the resumption of the poised, with head elevated at a slight angle, pectorals all tremulous and floating watery circles emanating from every slight motion of the body.

Mr. Wilson's husband was often obliged to go to New York on business, and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Wilson had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips to New York had disturbed her calm.

It is evident by an anecdote taken from the London Mirror, that there are some persons who regard discipline as an end and not as a means. Not even the seed of insubordination had a chance under the eye of Sergeant Day. "Attention!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left wheel! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the ranks."

The bought a device to mix the bread, and one to stir the cake; A fireless stove and a coffee machine And one to broil the steaks. And into her kitchen, so up-to-date, It's a pleasure, indeed, to look; But the family's boarding while she seeks A machinist who can cook.

BOULEVARD FOR CLEVELAND. Land for This Parkway is Gift of Property Owners to the City. Cleveland is about to receive the most important addition to her park system since the acquisition of Rockefeller boulevard. Embracing a tract of 125 acres in the valley of Dugway Brook, the new gift will eventually become a boulevard of exceptional beauty, two and one-half miles long, connecting Gordon Park with Forest Hill, by way of the Lake Shore boulevard.

HIMALAYAN HOSPITALITY. In spite of a poverty which limits their good intentions, the inhabitants of Central and South Central Asia display a charming hospitality. Such, at least, is the impression gained from Ellsworth Huntington's recent book, "The Pulse of Asia."

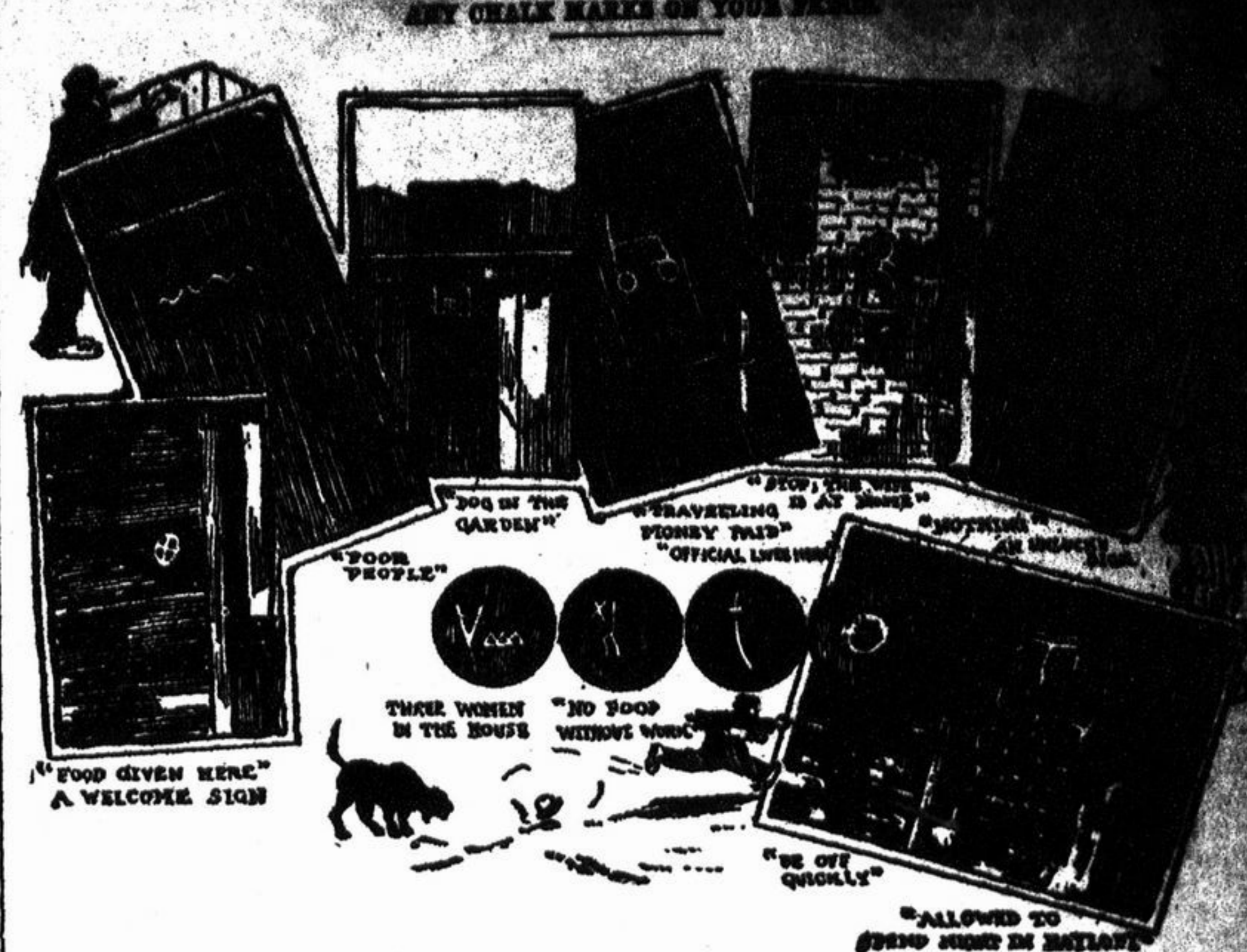
Not Gaining Any. Long division, a writer in the New York Sun declares, is the Waterloo of most of the middle-aged women who apply for city positions. One woman took some time off from work to learn how to do long division. The teacher told her a million times, more or less, that when the divisor would not go into the dividend she must put a cipher in the answer.

Help Wanted. The bought a device to mix the bread, and one to stir the cake; A fireless stove and a coffee machine And one to broil the steaks.

Business is Business. Gotrox—What are your lowest terms as a son-in-law? Count—One million. Gotrox—All right; I'll sign a check to-morrow.

Energy. Aubrey de Vere, an Irish poet and gentleman, mentions in his "Recollections" that when ten years old he had a tutor who constantly inculcated in him rectitude, purpose and energy.

Follow your inclination if you can, that's the road to ruin. When a girl says she has a man too hot for her apron strings, she means that she has him stifled for life.



Trampdom has a dialect of its own which nobody beyond the pale can understand—a spoken and written dialect which in some curious way has grown up in the kindred and has supplanted many other means of communicating ideas.

The tramp has little use for the man of the house. It is the roamer's delight to find homes in which the husband is away at business. The wife is ordinarily charitable, or, if she be disinclined, is timorous. Rather than suffer a possible intrusion, she will hasten to give the beggar a comfortable meal.

MINDING MOTHER. Boys, just listen for a moment To a word I have to say; Manhood's gates are just before you, Drawing nearer every day.

Her Sacrifice. Miss Wellington reversed the runabout and they whirled away together. "I have an engagement at the dressmaker's," she explained, "if you don't mind, I'll stop now, and then we can take a spin out to the park. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about."

That night Doris Balfour was delirious. For several days she was unable to leave her bed. She had grown very white and thin after the fever left, and her vitality seemed dwindling away.

THE POSTMAN LEFT A LETTER FOR YOU. Her dark eyes gleamed black for an instant. "There are compensations in everything," she said, "even in our most bitter disappointments."

The mysterious signs that one sometimes sees on fences in the small cities and towns may frequently be attributed to the tramp fraternity. In the big city these signs are rare, for there the lobo doesn't have the leeway that urban and rural life gives him.

Miss Wellington spoke. When she did there was a different note in her voice, and all the pretty pink had died out of her cheeks. "It was hard on you," she said, "terribly hard. But you were always a heroine, Doris; I knew that years ago. I know it now, more than ever."

For several minutes they drove in leisurely silence. At last Doris said she must be getting home, and ten minutes later Miss Wellington was telling her lady in front of her gate. "When she entered her room she hung herself down on the bed and gave up to the tears that had been hovering so close to her eyes for a long time. The encounter with the other girl, who had everything her way, was a check of all made her own heart's tragedy and miserable for the moment. Somehow she could not get her feet out of her shoes, she had cried for her, she knew that, as if