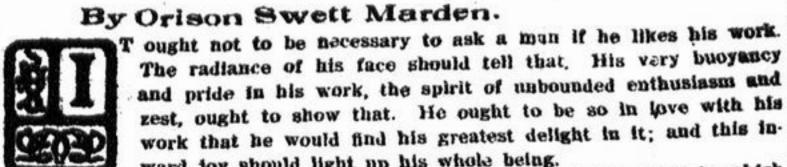
The Spirit in Which You Work



zest, 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. A test of the quality of the individual is the spirit in which

he does his work. If he goes to it grudgingly, like a slave under the lash; if of commonness and make it a delight instead of a bore, he will never make

a very great place for himself in the world. The man who does not look upon his vocation as a great unfolding, enlargthe bread-and-butter question could not have been solved by one great creative act, instead of every man's being obliged to wrench everything he gets from nature through hard work, the man who does not see a great beneficent design and a superb necessity in the principle that everyone should earn his own living-has gotten a wrong view of life, and will never get the splendid results out of his vocation which were intended for him.

The man who does not look upon his vocation as a great unfolding enlarging, cultivating, educative, elevating process—the results of which could come

in no other possible way—has made a very poor guess at life's riddle, Multitudes of people do not half respect their work. They look upon it as a disagreeable necessity for providing bread and butter, clothing and shelteras unavoidable drudgery, instead of as a great man builder, a great life university for the development of manhood and womanhood. They do not see the divinity in the spur of necessity which compels man to develop the best thing in him, to unfold his possibilities by his struggle to attain his ambition, to conquer the enemies of his prosperity and his happiness. They cannot see the curse in the unearned dollar, which takes the spur out of the motives. Work to them is sheer drudgery—an unmitigated evil. They cannot under stand why the Creator did not put bread ready-made on trees. They cannot see that the best thing in man has ever been developed by the necessity of Say, how, with such an Iceberg on the labor. They do not see the stamina, the grit, the nobility and the manhood

in being forced to conquer what they get. What a pitiable sight to see one of God's noblemen, made to hold up his head and to be a king, to be cheerful and happy, and to radiate power, going about whining and complaining of his work, apologizing for what he is doing and deploring the fact that he should have to work at all.-Success Magazine.

America's Mountains Supreme

By Robert Dunn.



DRTH AMERICA has suffered shamefully from Alpine arrogance. Its masters have looked upon glacierless Colorado, the ridges bulging faintly above the continental plateau; upon Popocatapetl and his sister titans reaching isthmusward; upon the snowy dead craters of the Cascades-and pitied us Americans that our Sang lands offered mountain sport for none but women and old men. Volcanoes? An inferior sort of mountain. The Appalachians?

Molehills. But on their continent are fields for climbing, greater in variety, wider in appeal to every sort of mountaineer, alpinist included, than on any other of the world's six areas; and among summits physically attainable, probably the hardest in the world. The Himalayas, with greater real elevation, have bases of attack discountingly high, and the accepted idea that thin air prevents climbing above 25,000 feet, bars their tiptops. If South America offers greater height and heroic weather. Alaska requires training in a sport quito newsub-Arctic alpining, for which you much persist and endure like a polar traveler, work axe and rope, cordet or pack cayuses across tundra. Its ten or more summits between 15,000 and 20,300 feet, present the greatest effective

height, the longest snow and ice slopes, in the world, All but Mts. St. Elias and Mt. McKinley, 20,300 feet, the highest on the continent, are virgin. Mt. Logan, 19,500 feet is the world's remaining alpine problem. Swiss training alone will not win it. Chimbers have avoided Alaska, oftener accepting challenges from Asia and the Andes. Alpinists must succoed in this ultimate field, or come to judgment for their condescension. Alaska lacks only that prohibitive elevation for which you may as well train in a laboratory vacuum.-From "Mountaineering in North America," in The Continue Magazine.

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. We have never known a woman who could not, for appearance sake, curb her appetite for fattening condi-

ments with comparative case; she, too, is a notable exception who fails to and floating watery circles emanating reduce mere money more closely than a man could possibly do to its proper place in relationship with other desirable possessions. Not that the woman by nature the more generous; far from it; as to small things she is stingy, but in large ways her intuition is broader, where and inductive of finer sacri-See of self than the more reflective trait of the average man.

The greed of woman generally is more inordinate than that of man, but it is never sordid, and has its root almost invariably in devotion to one more beloved by her than herself. The only hunger, speaking broadly, she feels for self is for affection, and such greed, no less than that for the best that can be had for one's own, is, we maintain, not material, but truly spiritual, and therefore worthy of God's lesser creatures. - The North American Review.

What Gravitation is Doing.

By Henry Smith Williams.



IE effects of gravitation are so familiar as to demand only the briefest mention; yet most of us, ferhaps, soldom stop to consider how far reaching these effects are.

But for gravitation the winds would not blow, the waters would not descend and the mountain tops would not crumble into vallers. Each particle of pulverized rock would remain where it was form it, and there would be no such thing as a But as matters are actually arranged gravitation is perpetually

active and every particle of matter is being eternally tugged at and urged to get nearer to the earth's centre. So no sooner does a fragment of rock at a mountain crest become loosened than gravitation burls it crashing down into the valley, shattering it into fragments, perhaps, or at the very least grinding off some portions of its surface, as well as of the surface of the rocks

By such means and with the further aid of its handmaldens, wind and water, gravitation works its unceasing purpose of leveling the surface of the In a few brief geological moments it rounds the shoulders of the haughtlest mountain; and, given time enough, it will bring every particle of rock back to the sea bed whence it originally sprang. Short of that, as a transition stage, it is forever mixing the different soil constituents on the one hand and sorting them out again on the other, -- From Appleton's Magazine.

The Deeper Cause of War.

By Richard Barry.

IOSE who write history are wont to as tibe wars to the jealousy of rulers, the rivairies 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. Of these nations none now regnant is more virile than Japan. There are authorities to show from

language and history and archaeology that the Nipponese is not a pure Mongolian race, but a composite, in which the Aryan element is strong. Neither in mind nor in body are the Japanese only Mongolian. From mere personal experience the employers of servants could tell the same. You can chastise a Chinaman to your heart's content, and he will not strike back, except with a knife in the dark; you can maul and abuse a Filipino with tongue and boot, and he will submissively kowtow; the East Indian is a frail salaamer to every chance brutal adventurer; but raise one finger against a Japanese, and, if he does not hara-kirl on the spot, you will have a fight on your hands that will last until one or the other of you is everlastingly whipped.-From The Century.

Architect and brilder of his own

designs, as well as a saver of souls and projector of charities and philanthropies, is Chaplain John D. Jones, of No. 1565 East 84th street. The chaplain is the owner of what has been called one of the best constructed concrete porches in the sity, and he, a one armed man, did every bit of the work himse't. The handsome, saire pillars are merely two old storepipes filled with broken pieces brick and rock, surmounted by two

with broken bits of rock, the whole being neatly plantered over with comcrete. The perforance foundation of the porch was made by cutting the wooden framework full of small square holes and fitting to each hole a wooden peg. When the concrete had been plastered over the entire surface the chaplain knocked the pegs out from the inner side, and the desired result was attained .--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

to 11,000,000 & year.

Panay's Ma-Me-day I piped my future ma-la-law, She got sheerd my Pullman and she

Hattle my baggage if I ever mw A cracker-box to equal mother's jaw. A hard-wood finish face all nailed and squared.

She ossified the gripman when stared-And me? Well, I was overcome with awa.

But, being Pansy's ma, 'was up to me To hand her something pit-a-pat and

What ho! for Pansy? hope she's feel-And ma responds, a trifle tart but game, "She minds her bizness-hope you feel the

I don't think mother picked me out to

To be the steady of her darling child. She thinks I am a kick-up, something

And no sweet girl should wear my college

And my soft prattle simply gets her

I don't belong, because I am not In.

Can I conduct my car to married bliss? I hoped that I could whistle Pansy back, And lo! I got a frestbite off of this!

I'd wrastle death for her, I'd fight her But stab me if I'll syrup to her ma i

E'en as I stood with cobwebs in my

O joy, O Plain Dealer. Give forty rub-rah-rahs! Twas Pansy like a fairy in a bower

Warbling, "Hi, stop the car!" With all I yanked the bell. My brain was all

My beart cut pln-wheels, stole a base "Tammany"-and knighthood was in flower.

My shoes were full of says, "How's Ma?" She answers,

"Going some." doffed my lid and ventured to repeat The breeze had put the weather on the

"It may not be so punk on Sunday next." -Wallace Irwin, in Success Magazine.

The Trout in His Lair, Whoever has had the privilege of lying at full length on some mosey overhanging bank while watching a large trout in his lair perceives that a true figure 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 flux, of the espacious gills opening and closing, the half open round mouth, the luminous brown eye, the ceaseless slow vibration of the powerful tall, 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 poise, with head elevated at a alight angle, pectorals all tremulous from every slight motion of the body. It is also worth while to watch a trout rush four feet up a perpendicular fail of water, pause, tremble violently all over, and in a moment throw himself clear of the stream and fall into the basin above at an elevation of about three feet more.-Arthur P. Silver, in Outing Magazine.

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 burgiaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trip to New York had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his return Mr. Wilson was stealing carefully up the front stnirs, as was his wont on such occasions, so that his wife would not be wakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones, "but I am going to be on the safe side and shoot, so if you are Henry you'd better get out of the

Maintaining Discipline.

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. "Tention!" he cried to his squad. "Quick march! Left whee!! Halt! Take Murphy's name for talking in the her where she got all those ciphers.

corporal, who was standing near. "Wasn't he?" roared Screeant Day.

"Then cross it out and put him in the gnard-room for deceiving me."

Help Wanted. She bought a device to mix the bread,

And one to stir the cake : fireless store and a coffee machine And one to broil the steak.

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. -Lippincott's.

Panitive Instruments. "I suppose you'll be sorry," said the groom-to-be, "when it comes time for

your big sister's wedding." "Not much!" replied her bad little brother, "that'll gimme an excuse to chuck pa's slippers away."-Philadel-

"Does you think dar's a watermelos patch in heaven?" "I sho' do! "Twouldn't be heaven sections one ("-Atlanta Constitution. Follow your inclination if non some

that's the road to rule.

BOULEVARD FOR CLEVELAND.

Lond for This Parkway in 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 bonlevard. 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. A first-class speedway, three quarters of a mile in length, the dream of Cleveland horsemen for many years, will be the most striking feature of the city's newest park.

Following closely the course of Dugway Brook, the new boulevard will have a setting unsurpassed by any of the parks in Cleveland. The topography of the country will lend itself readily to the landscape gardener.

Best of all, the necessary property, valued at about \$750,000, will cost the city nothing, having been nearly all donated by generous landholders. Every landholder has been asked to donate what is needed of his estate, and not a single refusal has been regis-

Those behind the new parkway are counting on the donation of Forest Hill to the city some day. Only then can the Dugway Brook boulevard realize Its greatest measure of asefulness as a two and a half mile link in the chain of parks extending from Edgewater Park around the city to Forest Hill. No definite word on this subject from Mr. Rockefeller has ever been received, but the men close to him believe that he will make this disposition of his magpificent estate. It would seem the natural and logical course,-Cleveland

HIMALAYAN HOSPITALITY.

i moment

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 Elisworth Huntington's recent book, "The Pulse of Asia."

At Matayan, a village in the province of Ladakh, the habitable portion of the upper Indus valley, a friendly villager invited Mr. Huntington to dive down from the crust which covered eight or ten feet of snow into a one-story house. This was at an elevation of ten thousand five hundred feet.

Although it was April 11, the snow, even on a level, was higher than the tops of the houses. Where it had been shoveled off the that roofs, it formed bigh banks, protecting them from the wind, and making them the favorite sitting room at that season, and even in winter, for the sunshine is always

warm in that dry, cloudless climate. When the little black cows had been driven and pulled out of the way. Mr Huntington descended to an almost closed shed used for the two or three hardy sheep and goats, and was ushered, stooping, into a dark stable containing a little pony, shaggy, like all the animula. Bending low once more, he climbed over a high sill, and was in the warm, close family living room,

Light and air came in through a bole in the roof a foot square, surmounted by a chimney pot a foot high, made of three stones set up to keep out the snow. A few bits of ragged cloth on the mud floor for sleeping purposes, a balfdozen metal utensils, and an iron pot full of Himalayan tea, kept warm over some embers, comprised all the visible equipment for housekeeping.

After the host had persuaded Mr Hontington to take a seat on the floor. a half-paided old woman insisted upon Mrs. Wilson's husband was often ladling out for blm a bowl of tea. n as surprisingly good in view of the fact that a poor grade of ten leaves had been steeped half an hour or more with milk, butter, sait and soda. I richer houses Mr. Huntington was often served with tea which had been improved by being churned violently hi a slender, greasy black chara, twenty Inches long by four in diameter, in or der to mix the rancid butter well into the compound before it was turned into

Not Gaining Any.

Long division, a writer in the New York Sun destures, 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 inte the dividend she must put a cipher in

One day the teacher came along and looked over her shoulder and saw four teen or fifteen ciphers in the result. while the correct answer could not have had more than three figures in it. The teacher was patient with her, and asked "Why," she said, looking slightly wor

"But he wasn't talking," protested a ried, "you told me that when the division wouldn't go to put down a cipher. and it wouldn't go all these times, and I havent got to the end yet, and don't see as I'm gaining on it a bit."

> Aubrev de Vere, an Irish poet and gentleman, mentions in his "Recoilections" that when ten years old he had

him rectitude, purpose and energy. The tutor's praise of energy was expressed by the saying: "There are three letters of more value than all the rest in the alphabet

a tutor who constantly inculcated in

-namely, N R G." Business in Business.

as a son-in-law? Count-One million, Gotrox-All right; I'll sign a check to-morrow.

your daughter? Gotrox-Oh, you won't marry her; I'm going to hold you for a rise and sell you to somebody else. - Life.

When a girl says she has a man tied to her apron strings, she means that she has him saddled for life.



Trampdom has a dialect of its own which nobody beyoud 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 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 rarities, for there the hobo doesn't have the leeway that urban and rural life gives him.

Give one tramp a dinner and you give a dozen. The grateful recipient is fairly certain, if he gets the opportunity, to make a little chalk symbol on the philanthroplat's fence, perhaps merely a rude circle, inclosing a cross thus informing every other member of his guild that the householder is ready to feed a regiment.

If the tramp on his way up the back walk has encountered a lively member of the buildog family he is decent enough, after he succeeds in escaping, to indicate in some manner on the first owner's fence or gate the presence of sharp teeth inside.

If the occupant of a house bears a strong distike for tramps and doesn't hesitate, on the slightest provocation, to hand them over to the police, perhaps taking pains to deprire them of their liberty until the officer arrives, the first tramp lucky enough to escape gives warning to his comrades by writing "23" on the vigorous citizen's gate. If only women live in the house the tramp takes the

liberty of describe their sex by the use of the letter "V," indicating the number of the ladies by the number of "V'a." Anybody good enough to give the first mendicant a few pennics usually gets recompensed by some armbol illustrative of the "easy mark." as, for instance, a hand, with a disk drawn between the fingers. And if the householder proffers sufficient money for a railroad trip to the tramp's "home," then the recipient shows his thankfulness by drawing on the giver's gate or back door a rude picture of an engine or of wheels meaning transportation. A single scrawl on the clapboards of a cottage indicates that the occupants are too poor to look out for anybody but themselves.

The tramp has little use for the man of the It is the roamers' delight to find homes in which husband is away at business. The wife is ordin charitable, or, if she be disincilned, is timorous. Rati than suffer a possible intrusion, she will basten to git the beggar a comfortable meal. Whereupon the knis of the road rewards her goodness by drawing a curious sort of weight on the nearest fence or wall, Prewhat it means, few loose-mouthed tramps can tell. It the symbol which has been adopted and passed among the craft, and it suffices to notify every fellow mein ber that the "lady of the house" is usually at home, an that the husband during mornings and afternoons in

likely to be away. The tramp's sign of bad luck is a broken circle. Where he got such an odd expression of disappointment is other unexplained feature of his system of hieroglyphic But that, too, tells every fresh subsequent bobo that cretton in the neighborhood is the better part of wall

Nothing is more distasteful to the ordinary tramp the a pleasant lecture on things religious. Of the ulti fate of mankind, including himself, he dosen't care a He isn't particularly thoughtful over the future, anyway Food and tobacco, with a few drinks for company, terest him far more than an elucidation of the life tures. So the devout householder, who believes it is her solenin duty to talk Christianity to mendicants of the highways, generally, after one or two opportunities, a wide berth. They draw a cross on her front gate, and that cross is a red signal of warning to all later con And the good man who wishes the wayfarer to join his family circle at evening prayer instead of letting a free man go his way in peace with enough pennice in his pocket to buy a nightcap, this householder, too, much suffer for his zeal by future immunity from the trains fraternity. They mar his fence by a beavy cross.

The hieroglyphics of the hobo frateruity, if they con be compiled, would puzzle an Egyptologist, But w out doubt the student of things ethnological might able to find in these symbols, which the wanderers are fond of using, some resemblance to the symbols of prin

MINDING MOTHER.

Boys, just listen for a moment To a word I have to say Manbood's gates are just before you, Drawing nearer ev'ry day. Bear in mind, while you are passing, O'er that intervening span, That the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures In this world we're living in ; Those who start with prospects fairest Oft are overcome by sin.

But I'm certain that you'll notice, If the facts you'll closely scan, That the boy who minds his mother Beldom makes a wicked man. Then be guided by her counse

In her thoughts both night and day. Don't forget that she has loved you Since the day your life began; Ah, the boy who minds his mother Seldom makes a wicked man.

Rest assured she has your welfare

It will never lead astray :

-Weekly Bouquet.

Her Sacrifice

Miss Wellington reversed the run

about 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

Doris flushed with pleasure; it was not often she enjoyed an hour's recreation since their reverses. And the prospect of a talk with Eudora Wellington was most alluring to her. After the visit to the fashionable

drove straight to Fifth avenue, headed for Central park. "Perhaps you are wondering why I took so long," Miss Wellington remarked with a musing little smile about her

modiste had been accomplished they

lips. "Shall I tell you?" Doris smiled, too, with a responsive gleam in her gentle brown eyes. "You need not say a word," she said. "I've been in love, too." When the words had left her lips a swift shadow fell over her face and the tears rushed to her eyes despite the effort she was

making toward cheerfulness. The other girl turned and looked into her face keenly. "If I could help you, I would, I would!" she said impulsive everything," she said, "even in ou ly, and her own eyes went dim.

Doris shook her head and smiled

(tritely enough) left his will to the atthen as he had chosen for him, he cared for her, she knee

should forfeit all; the girl, on the other | would never care for say hand, would lose everything if she de- but with her Image foreibly clined to accept the terms of her step- from his life, and that by her father's arrangement. But Tom de hand, it was more than probaclared from the start that he did not he would find as much contentment love her in that way—as he does—did most people have in his new relations me-and that he would go to his grave and surroundings. a bachelor if I refused him. What could I do? I offered to give him back

> "Yes, yes, I see," the other girl interrupted breathlessly.

his things and told him that I did not this condition." love him any more. I knew that then he would marry the other, and thatthat everything would be all rightand that I had done my duty-with a breaking heart. I've never heard from him or seen him from that day to this. I suppose he is already married now and that I will go out of his life as completely as though I had never inraded it." Her voice trailed to a whisper on the last words, and she stran-

gled a sob in her threat. It was some time before Miss Well ington spoke. When she did there was a different note in her voice, and all the pretty pink had died out of her

"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."

The young girl flushed warmly un-



her dark eyes gleamed black for an in stant, 'There are compensations most bitter disappointments."

For several minutes they drove

again. "No one can-now," she pur- leisurely silence. At last Doris sai Gotrox-What are your lowest terms sued absently, "you see, I gave him up she must be getting home, and myself. That makes it out of the ques- minutes later Miss Wellington was telltion for any one else to say or do say- infi her goodby in front of her gate. thing. Once we were well off and When she entered her room she shall be at Phila prosperous my father's family, you flung herself down on the bed and for a couple of day Count-And how soon shall I marry know. But he speculated and lost; gave up to the tears that had been frantic with we're as poor as Job's turkey now, I hovering so close to her eyes for a long my hotel, I sail was betrothed to the kindest, best man time. The encounter with the other A. Shall in the world. But he, too, had been girl, who had everything, her happi- As ev unfortunate. His father, who was a ness chief of all, made her own heart's very hard, peculiar old man, died and tragedy and miserable let the me

That night Doris Balfour was delirious. For several days she was unable his freedom, but he would not take to leave her bed. She had grown turn it. Finally they had some great trou- white and thin after the fever left, and ble in his family-money was involved her vitality seemed dwindling away. and could only be procured by an al- One morning her sister came into the room and sat down on the bed bestd her. "Doris," she began, "I want you to tell me the truth; you are unh "So I gave him up in a way he could are you not? It doesn't look as the not clude. I wrote and sent him back a mere physical hurt could produc

> small face and her lips trembfed, and was too weak to control her emotion at all. Then, for answer, she covers her face with her hands and sho convulsively. Letty Balfour went of They are making a plan to send p to the Adlrondacks—the doctor to think you need a change. Bu have a different theory. I beller have something that will cure you whole lot quicker. Shall I tell 3

Doris glanced up eagerly, her he

bounding with an excitement that we

more than half pain. Something

her sister's tone thrilled her stran

"Yes," she said, "tell me." reached up one trembling hand laid it in Lettyq'aj. The latter is "Ever since the day after you were taken ill," she said, "he has been ing here. They never would tell po or let you see him. The doctor any kind of excitement would be

But this morning the postman letter for you -- from Tom myself and I've held on to it minute since. Here it is." She the envelope from her box placed it in Doris' little hot he "My Darling: Something that you gave me up became own nobility and unselfishness anger and pride I let you do and in desperation engaged ma the other girl, Afterward, I what a wretchedness my life

-what an utter fallure, Bu too late then to draw out. riage preparations were aire way, the ceremony to be next month. But on Sunds she wrote to me and said! made a mistake, Tom. We be happy together. I do not money, so it is all yours in and without feeling on my you know, I have a pleaty I return your ring and feel hard toward me.