

**SUCCESS.**

It's doing your job the best you can  
And being just to your fellow-man;  
It's making money, but holding friends,  
And staying true to your aims and ends;  
It's figuring how and learning why,  
And looking forward and thinking high,  
And dreaming a little and doing much;  
It's keeping always in closest touch;  
With what is finest in closest need;  
It's being thorough, yet making speed;  
It's being bithely the field of chance;  
While making your work a brave romance;  
It's going onward despite defeat  
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;  
It's being clean and it's playing fair;  
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;  
It's looking up at the stars above,  
And drinking deeply of life and love;  
It's struggling on with the will to win,  
But taking loss with a careful grin;  
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,  
And making better this dear old earth;  
It's serving, striving through old strain and stress,  
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.

**AN ALTAR ON LITTLE THUNDER.**

The toy-like, narrow-gauge railroad—Blue Ride & Western by name—meanders lazily across blue-grass pasture-lands for some eighty miles, and then makes a sudden dash up Appalachia's steep to Pardeeville, after further progress is barred by a lofty, semi-circular escarpment of mountain-side.

Up this grade, late one summer afternoon, a little wood-burned locomotive with a mushroom stack dragged its train of two diminutive coaches, taking a fresh grip every few rods, as it were, like a terrier tugging at a door-mat, until at last, all hot and panting, it drew alongside the shabby station.

A solitary passenger appeared and swung himself down and out from the steps, with a quick, peculiar motion, as if the train were a tricky horse whose heels and teeth were dangerous. He lifted his light blue eyes at once to a hoary, lightning-riven pine far above, gazed fixedly for a moment, and swallowed convulsively. Then, as if remembering himself, he shot a suspicious glance about.

No one else was in sight except a lean man whose battered cap still retained a tinge of official blue, and this man nodded civilly. The young man whose heels and teeth were dangerous. He lifted his light blue eyes at once to a hoary, lightning-riven pine far above, gazed fixedly for a moment, and swallowed convulsively.

Next to seeing his wife and babe, his mind during the last days of his imprisonment had dwelt on the pleasure of dropping into Cubes Acre's smithy at the hamlet of Paint Rock and shaking hands with the "boys." Cubes's place was a social clearing-house for the men of upper Little Thunder. Nestling beneath a huge chinkapin oak, its cool, dark interior and compacted cinder floor were peculiarly inviting on a hot day. The small music possessed a timber which stirred the hardy denizens of these granite girders of the earth; and the showers of sparks, the cherry-red iron, the thud of sledge were so true, so genuine, so elemental that the smithy was even more popular than the doggerly across the road, where a barrel of whiskey was always on tap.

But the barefooted boy's unscrupulous touch had touched the quick wits of Ash, and though he still felt sure of the loyalty of the habitués of the smithy, several of whom had laid out bread and coffee for him when he was hiding from the sheriff's posse, his enthusiasm over meeting them was chilled. Again, while Nance's return to her parental home, after the deprivation of her husband, was a perfectly natural thing, the news of the somehow jarred Ash. It had obliterated by one rude stroke that picture of his home-coming which his fancy had lovingly retouched day after day; it was the first clash between dream and reality.

The root of his chagrin, doubtless, was the fact that Jethro Haws, Nance's father, was no friend of his. Jethro had opposed his marriage, had extended no helping hand in his subsequent struggle with poverty, and had stood aloof when Ash fell in the talons of the law. These facts were public knowledge, and an instinctive sense of propriety prompted Ash to rehabilitate his domestic relations before seeking readmission to the circle of his friends.

He set off at once for Haws Run, and, deciding to keep his return a secret for the present, he struck into the pathless forest which walled about the tiny clearing. Among the trunks of the mighty linden-trees, or "yellow poplars," he was as insignificant an object as an ant in a timothy meadow. Yet he laid a course as straight as a crow's flight except where he swerved to avoid the presence of man.

Just one habitation he did not avoid, and that, curiously enough, belonged to Rufus Couch, the man whose testimony had sent him to the penitentiary. Rufus's farm lay in a little clearing, pocket which fairly bulged with the fat leechings from higher ground, and was the best on Little Thunder. "Best" was applicable to most of Rufus's possessions. He was, in Little Thunder's rating, a commercial genius. He kept a store, bought hides and pelts, ground sorghum, owned a grist-mill and a saw-mill, operated charcoal-ovens, and turpentine stills. That he profited from stills of a less innocent nature was an open secret, though "moonshining" is a topic which mountain etiquette wisely interdicts.

Yet, at the age of forty, when a fair share of Appalachian men are grandfathers, Rufus was still unmarried. Once he had gone a-wooing, it is true; but when the maid was all but won a few years later his junior had dashed into the lists and borne off the fair prize. That man was Ash Whipple, and it was with a distinctly pleasing recollection of this feat that he stalked cautiously toward a point which would afford him a view of Couch's cabin.

An instant later an ejaculation fell from his lips. Instead of a cabin there was projected against his vision a two-story, weather-boarded house, with an ell in the rear and a veranda across the front, all painted a glistening white in the morning sun. It was such a house as Ash had never seen until his enforced journey to the lowlands, and its presence here in the mountain might almost have been accredited to the magic of a jinee.

He replaced his hat and slowly retreated. Once outside the inclosure, however, he all but ran in his eagerness, with his pulse pounding in his ear. But when he reached the last turn in the road which hid his cabin from view he adroitly halted, trembling, and with a sudden weakness in his legs. For the first time it occurred to him that he might not find things as he had left them—that fire or pestilence, disease or death, in their stalking and fro over the face of the earth, might have crossed his own threshold and laid their spectral hands upon his loved ones. During his two years' absence he had received no tidings from them, nor had expected any, for neither he nor Nance could write.

Fearing the worst, therefore, he did not start at the cabin's closed door, the rank weeds which hedged about the limestone doorstep, the absence of dogs and chickens. Mechanically he pulled the latch-string and entered. A smothery closeness pinched his nostrils like invisible fingers. The bed in the corner had the sunken appearance of long disuse. No firewood littered the inglenook. The basswood bin contained no meal, no bacon hung from the rafters, no remnant of food was anywhere.

Ash returned to the roadside and sat down on a stump with dazed eyes. Presently barefooted boy carrying a fish pole tramped by, whistling—a boy whom Ash had never seen.

"Bub," said he, in a husky voice, "kin you tell me where Mrs. Whipple air at?"

The boy stared as if amazed. "Why, stranger, she air gone to live with her pap, over on Haws Run, with her husband in the pen'ten'ch fer killin' Tim Wildwith. Good thing, too, pap says, and hopes he'll die thar. What mought your name be?"

"It mought be Andy Jackson, but it ain't," answered Ash, with a wan smile. "Obleged, though, bub."

When the boy had passed out of sight Ash re-entered the cabin and put on his old suit of "butternuts" and boots, and his old hat. Lifting the loose patches in the floor, he stuffed the hated clothes which he had just removed through the opening. Then he took his rifle from its pegs above the mantel, dropped a handful of cartridges into his pocket, thrust a spy-glass into another pocket, and, after scanning the road, slipped round to the rear of his cabin.

So all day long, without bite or sup, he lay in a bit of thicket, like a hare in its form, harkling for the attenuated sounds of merriment which floated up from below. Now he watched the guests playing their games, mere pawns on a chess-board they appeared, from this height; now he lay on his back with his face turned up to the fleecy cloud-drift, his mind also drifting, from present to past, from past to future, from his wild, free boyhood to his courtship and marriage, from his trailing plow through his lean acres, awaiting Nance's call to dinner, to his breaking rock within the prison stockade.

Toward sunset, when the guests began to straggle away, he moved still farther down the declivity and took up a position on the brim of a little cuplike glen from which there issued a spring that served the Hawses for both well and refrigerator. It was an idyllic spot, cool, sequestered, and dusky with leaf-filtered light. Here if anywhere Ash would find Nance alone. She had always loved the place; loved kneeling on the edge of the pool, to gaze at her reflected image, to scoop up the water in her palms and dash it upon her face, to sit and listen to the wild cascade of music from the throat of the water-thrush which every year nested in the crevice of the rocks.

For Nance was not like other mountain girls. Though full of fun and as daring as a boy, she liked to steal off with only the pines and the sighing zephyrs for company, to seech out the man of the ghostly Indian-pipe and quaint lady's-slipper. Hence it was regarded as a seven-days' wonder on the mountain when she married wild Ash Whipple.

At last, with a quickened pulse, he saw her leave the house with a bucket in one hand and a child, who could be no other than his own little Judah, marvelously grown, clinging to the other. But she had proceeded only a little way when she was overtaken by a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, heavier than the run of mountain-pipers, but brisk of foot, chesty, with no stoop, and adorned with hair and beard conspicuously black and glossy. This man was Rufus Couch.

He relieved Nance of her bucket and filled it at the spring, after which the pair seated themselves on a slab of stone scarcely forty feet from the clump of witch-hazel in which Whipple lay.

"Rufus Couch," began Couch, in a tone which made him quiet, "if ever Ash Whipple comes back lookin' like Blake Orr did, I'll nuss him to his dyin' day, wife or no wife of yours."

"I'll give you that permission, right hyer and now," he answered, quickly. "Kin a man do more? And kin you do less than promise you'll git your divorce right soon now?"

"She set for some time with her pretty square chin nestled in the palm of one brown hand, gazing at the distant, fringed sky-line of pines. "I'll git it soon," she promised.

He seized her free hand gratefully. "Kin I kiss you now, Nance—just once?"

"No," he admitted. She blinked rapidly without quite restraining her tears, and Couch, perceiving his tactless error, burrowed into his whiskers with thumb and fore-finger, and pressed them back along the sides of his jaw, outlining a chin as sharp as a fox's muzzle instead of the square one which would have matched the rest of his physique.

"Nance, if you won't name the day, won't you at least go ahead and git your divorce? All you got to do is to ask for it. Cote will hand it right out, like I would a steel trap to a customer. Got to. Law says so—and no questions asked arfter you tell 'em your husband is a feling. It would make my comin' hyer look more proper-like to neighbors. It would please your paw and your Aunt Dill and Uncle Tice, and all your relatives 'cept a few that don't count. It would please me, Nance," he added, plaintively.

"I'd like to please you, Rufus," she answered, as if touched by his tone. "You've been so good to me."

"All I want is a chanct to be still better. My new house is done and waitin' fer you, all 'cept the furniture, which I want you to have a hand in choosin'. I don't want to hurry you. I don't agree with what people lookin' down on you as a poor-spirited thing, afraid to get a divorce from a feling and a murder."

"And I don't expect you to love me at first, like you did Ash. 'Tain't in female nater, I s'pose. All I ask you to do is to let me give you a good home—the best on this hayr moutin'—and leave things so you'll always have it, whether I drop off suddint or not."

"You don't want to keep on livin' with your paw and mammy, fer six, eight, ten or twelve year yet—especially when they're so sot on your marryin' me. 'Tain't like a home of your own. Ag'in, 'twon't be so long before that little hap thar in your lap will shoot up like a willow sprout. I've often heerd you say you'd like to send him down to Sharnsburg to school, whar Chad Oaks went. You can't do it, Nance, 'thout money. Even if Ash should come back tomorow, you could not do it. 'Thar's nobody likes Ash better'n me, and it went agin my grain to testify agin him, especially as I was afereed you'd hate me fer it. But he never was a good perriver and never will be. Sooner shoot in a turkey-match than plow corn any day."

"Poverty never had no terrors fer me," spoke up the girl, quickly. "As fer as that went, we were just as happy, as if he'd been as rich as—as you!"

"Suttinly," agreed Couch at once. "Thar's wuss things 'n poverty. I was only sayin' that you can't do some things 'thout money that you kin do with it. Eddicatin' a boy is one of 'em. And eddication air a great thing these days. That little tad of a Chad Oaks air makin' more money today than his paw, and he knows that great city of Lexin'ton like you and me know our back-yards."

Nance's eyes grew luminous, perhaps with a vision of such a future for her little Judah; then the light died away. "They all leave the moutin' and their mothers when they git an eddication," said she slowly.

"Yes; but mebbe you and me'll want to leave, too, by the time Jude grows up. I could make more money below than in kin hyer, even with no eddication."

He paused, as if to let this observation soak in, and then returned to the subject from which his mind was never long absent.

"Appliy'n your own words of a minute ago, you'll feel different to'ds me arfter you've lived with me a year or so. I mean about shakin' Ash. S'fer as that goes, he's dead to you now. If he ever comes back, it'll be like a man from the grave. S'fer as that goes, I don't look fer him back. Fust place, prison's a bad place fer an outdoor man like him. Consumption gits 'em—them long-term fellers—like it did Blake Orr. And even if they let him out, 'count of his sickness, like they did Blake, he'd only be a pore, no-count, dead-alive kind of a man. He'd no't be—"

He broke off at Nance's shudder. "Rufus Couch," she exclaimed, in a tone which made him quiet, "if ever Ash Whipple comes back lookin' like Blake Orr did, I'll nuss him to his dyin' day, wife or no wife of yours."

"I'll give you that permission, right hyer and now," he answered, quickly. "Kin a man do more? And kin you do less than promise you'll git your divorce right soon now?"

"She set for some time with her pretty square chin nestled in the palm of one brown hand, gazing at the distant, fringed sky-line of pines. "I'll git it soon," she promised.

He seized her free hand gratefully. "Kin I kiss you now, Nance—just once?"

"No," not while I'm another man's wife."

She rose, Couch lifted the bucket of water, and they walked away together, little Jude chasing a monarch butterfly.

(Concluded next week.)

**A Matter of Training.**

Executive ability has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the whole subject. He said: "Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do the work for which you will get the credit, and, if there is a slip-up, having some one at whose door to lay the blame."—New York Evening Post.

—When an energetic man finds a four-leaf clover, it generally means that he will have good luck.—Jewell (Kan.) Republican.

**"GALLERY GODS" HAD POWER**

Actors Respected Those Who Sat Among the Clouds in Old Drury Lane Theater, London.

Nearly every American has at some time in his career, generally the earlier part of it, been a "gallery god." That is to say, he has seated himself high in the topmost gallery of a theater, to follow with tenderness the adventures of the heroine and hero. How he obtained his title of "gallery god" is a matter that goes back a great many years, to the old English Drury Lane theater in London.

The theater was decorated in a somewhat giddy manner, with cupids and cherubs scattered about in careless confusion. To carry on the motif of airy summer days peopled with lightsome creatures of fairy gardens, the decorators painted the ceiling a bright blue, and then placed puffy white clouds here and there to represent the sky, with the smirking faces of wee angels and fairies peering out.

The gallery was built to get money, and not to give any particular comfort to those who paid their penny or so to sit there, so that the heads of the gallery sitters were in reality among the clouds. The actors had a great respect for this gallery, nevertheless, for its displeasure was manifested by booing in no uncertain tones, and the desire for the approval of the gallery provided the phrase "gallery gods."

**PAINTED OVER COURT FINERY**

Ruse by Which Nuns Had Queen Depicted as a Member of Their Religious Order.

Through a chance discovery in the garret of a ducal palace in Madrid, a three-hundred-year-old romance of a wonderful Velasquez has been revealed. Hidden for three centuries as a picture of a nun, this portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain, the first wife of King Philip IV, has recently been restored in London.

In the disguised picture practically nothing but the face and hands of the original was left uncovered, and the secret was first guessed at owing to the paint peeling away from the nun's hood, when there was revealed the fringe of a lace collar.

Princess Isabella of Bourbon was married to Philip in 1615, and in 1624 was staying in the convent of the Descalzas, belonging to the order of the Descalzas. As a mark of the kindness she there received she presented the nuns with this Velasquez portrait of herself.

Later Isabella wished to enter the convent, but the pope would not consent. The inmates of the convent called in a painter, and secretly intrusted him to paint out the queen's court dress and the lace handkerchief in her left hand, and to present her in the complete garb of a professed nun.

**Excellence Need Fear No Rival.**

Multitudes of employees constantly live in terror of some one who, they fear, is after their place. They are suspicious of office politics, suspicious that somebody working close behind them is trying to crowd them out. What is the result? This fear and suspicion interferes with their advancement to the place above them. Instead of looking back and thinking of the men after their place they should, instead, look about to the man above them, and be prepared for an advance when there is a vacancy. Perfect yourself in your line of work and you need never have any fear of others' rivalry. There is always room at the top for the man or woman who has stamped the trademark of individuality, superiority and distinctiveness upon his or her work. Such a one need have no fear of the usurpation of his rights by others. His position is assured.—Orison Swett Marden in the New Success.

**In Algerian Bazaars.**

Cobbled streets mark the ways of the Moors in the Kasbah, the native quarter of Algeria, and once the traveler leaves the streets where street cars clang and Europeans walk, he must climb. Pepperpods and onions hang in rosaries beside bazaars. Mosques are hidden here and there in nests of houses, and cafes are open to the street with the guttural gossip of the Arab drinkers and the click of dominoes drifting outward.

Sandals of leather, laced and filled with golden threads, are made by black-eyed Arab girls with long, soft eyelashes. Some of these girls are only twelve years old, but married; and they sit on carpets, twittering through their veils at passersby, meanwhile embroidering deftly the things they have to sell for gold.—Century Magazine.

**First Girl Ever Photographed.**

While France claims to have invented photography through the genius of Daguerre, the painter, America is proud of the fact that it was one of her sons who photographed the first face.

After years of patient labor Daguerre succeeded in taking sunlight pictures of scenery on a sensitive plate.

This was in 1839, and a year later Prof. John W. Draper of New York took a photograph of his sister Dorothy, the first person to have her likeness reproduced on a prepared background with the help of the sun's rays.

It took an hour to take the photograph, and the picture may still be seen.

**LESSONS IN CITIZENSHIP.**

Democratic Party.

**DEMOCRATIC PARTY PLATFORM.**

Outline the principles of the Democratic party adopted in 1916. Answer: First of all the Democratic party re-affirmed its belief in tariff for revenue only, and to this end endorsed the Underwood tariff bill. It also endorsed the then pending shipping bill.

It commended the present administration for its legislation on behalf of the farmer. It stated that the Federal Government should put into effect the following "principles of just employment" and urge them upon the various State Legislatures:

"A living wage for all employees.  
"A working day not to exceed eight hours, with one day of rest in every seven.  
"The adoption of safety appliances and the establishment of sanitary conditions of labor.  
"Adequate compensation for industrial accidents.  
"The standards of Uniform Child Labor Law wherever minors are employed.

"Provisions of decency, comfort and health where women are employed.  
"An equitable retirement law for superannuated and disabled employees of the Civil Service."  
It also favored the speedy enactment of a Federal Child Labor Law. A law to regulate shipments of prison-made goods in interstate commerce.

"The creation of a Federal Bureau of Safety within the Department of Labor.  
"The extension of the powers and functions of the Federal Bureau of Mines.  
"The development of the means already begun under the present administration to assist laborers throughout the Union to seek and obtain employment.  
Public health work.

"The establishment by the Federal Government of sanitariums for needy tubercular patients.  
"The alteration of the Senate rules, to secure prompt transaction of business.  
Self-government for the Philippine Islands was endorsed and legislation for the development of Alaskan resources was pledged; and the granting of the United States territorial government to Alaska, Hawaii and Porto Rico was favored.  
These principles of government were urged: Training in remunerative occupations; the setting apart of the net wages of the prisoner for his dependent family or to be paid to him upon his release, the liberal extension of the principles of the Federal Parole Law and the adoption of the probation system.

Generous pensions for soldiers and their widows were recommended.  
The development of harbors and waterways was favored, and the control of the Mississippi River was stated as a National problem to be handled by the National Government.

**REPUBLICAN PARTY PLATFORM**  
Describe briefly the Republican platform adopted in 1916. Answer: The Republican party condemned the Democratic policy of granting self-government to the Philippine Islands at this time, and re-affirmed its policy of government by the United States with constantly increasing participation by the Philippine people.

It repeated its belief in a protective tariff and condemned the Underwood tariff bill. It expressed itself in favor of "rigid supervision and strict regulation of the transportation and great corporations of the country," and that "all who violate the protection of the country in regulation of business be individually punished."

It declared that the Democratic administration had not made good its claims of beneficial legislation for the farmer and pledged itself so to do. It condemned Government ownership of vessels proposed by the Democratic party, but recommended placing the entire transportation system under Federal control.

It pledged the Republican party to the faithful enforcement of all Federal laws passed for the protection of labor. Declared for vocational education. The enactment and rigid enforcement of a Federal Child Labor Law. The enactment of a generous workman's compensation law.  
An accident compensation law covering all Government employees.  
Legislation for public safety.

**PROHIBITION PARTY PLATFORM.**  
Outline the Prohibition platform adopted in 1916. Answer: As we would expect, the Prohibition platform declared first for National and State legislation to stop the liquor traffic. It endorsed suffrage for women, a world court for peace, abolition of militarism, employment of the army in peace times in reclamation work. It claimed protection for the American citizen, re-affirmed its faith in the Monroe Doctrine, recommended that the United States continue to govern the Philippines, but allow to them increasing local privileges.

It also urged reciprocal trade treaties and a tariff investigation commission. It recommended legislation for the control of the merchant marine, for the upholding of civil service regulations, it also recommended labor legislation, public grain elevators operated by the Federal Government, Federal grain inspection under a system of Civil Service, and the abolition of all institutions in which "gambling in grain" or "any other so called speculation is indulged in."

It endorsed having government warehouses for cotton, public ownership of utilities and the full development of free institutions. It also endorsed conservation of our natural resources, economy in government and the budget system; the right of the President to veto any single item in an appropriation bill. This party also put itself on record as favoring a reform greatly needed in this country, namely, the passage of uniform marriage and divorce laws. It also endorsed the initiative, referendum and recall, and declared itself in favor of a single presidential term of six years.