

FIRST DUTY

Find Means of Support Without Aid

By FRANK CRANE

"A MAN'S first duty," said an eminent English scientist, "is to find a way to support himself, thereby relieving other people of the necessity of supporting him."

That I consider a shrewd observation.

Whatever may be your nature, whether you feel yourself to be an artist, or experience within yourself the movings of poetry, it is well to learn to do something that will enable you to exist with self-respect by taking yourself off other people's backs.

The one work to take up is some kind of work the world is willing to pay for.

You may be created to do something wonderful or beautiful or wise, but primarily you are created to do something for men that will persuade them to feed and clothe you.

First earn your salt, then come on with your message.

In the olden days the Jews taught every child a trade. The youth might grow up to be a learned rabbi, but on a pinch he could mend chairs. Saint Paul was a tent maker. He discharged his debt to the race by making tents; he threw in his gospel as a boot.

It is what you do to boot that brings you glory and honor, praise and power. But don't forget your main duty, which is to earn your wage.

If you don't have to work for a living it is too bad. You may amount to something, but the chances are against you.

A few endowed gentlemen and ladies have helped the world along a little, in the course of history, but not enough to matter.

Most people look upon a condition where they would be freed from the struggle for bread and butter and house rent as a heaven devoutly to be wished.

Hence we have erected universities and scholarships and endowments so that superior folk might devote all their energies to higher things. For the most part those segregated and sheltered classes have done nothing much but maintain old ideas long after they are dead and should have been buried, or contribute to the already endless bric-a-brac of learned uselessness.

Wage labor is work. What you do after you work is play.

Your play is the best thing you do. All true art, philosophy and religion is the soul's play. There's no wage for it, and there never can be.

If you work all the time you become stupid, like the huge money getters.

If you play all the time, like the endowed folk, you become silly, probably also vicious.

If therefore you would be normal, healthy and happy, do something each day that mankind is willing to pay money for, put forth some effort reducible to the common denominator of human activity—money; do that first, then do something that cannot be paid for.

Perhaps you can do both at the same time.

Nature Favors Active and Busy Life

By Eleanor R. Larrison, Chicago

Connoisseurs say that fish living lazily in deep pools where existence is easy are poor in quality, whereas those in running water where food is hard to get and dangers are all around to be guarded against have the finest, the real exquisite flavor.

So it would seem that nature favors the strenuous life—not that purposeless, resultless buzzing about in the squirrel cage which some people call life, any more than the eternal sitting with folded hands and empty brain, but the great common lot, that of hustling for a living for self and loved ones.

Plenty of love, work and play are what are good for us—play to build us up when we are weary, work to keep us from getting into mischief, love to make work worth while.

And if we are unhappy, most likely there is something wrong with that great life trinity. The ideal lot would be congenial work—that into which one could put one's very best, loving and being loved by delightful people, and having the means of real recreation—that which verily recreates—always at hand.

But in this very practical world, which is only a training school anyhow, it would seem that it is enough for the average man if these three are present, even in imperfection.

Most of us must love very ordinary folks, for we are ourselves of the ordinary sort; most of us haven't had the time or means to develop all that may be in us, much less find the round or square holes that exactly fit our round or square shapes; most of us can't choose between golf, automobiling, tennis, horseback riding and fancy gymnastics at the athletic club, but must content ourselves with walking home from business or a game of ball with the boys in the back yard.

But only when we love heartily and work well and play whenever we get a chance will life be wholesome, human, real.

Subtle Nerves Are Hard to Control

By WILLIAM G. JOHNSON, Altoona, Pa.

In a railway or other accident a man may be scared within an inch, or even within half an inch, of his life; he may get such a fright as will all but kill him, but unless the fear leaves permanent and painful physical effects, he has no redress in a suit for damages. A decision handed down by a North Carolina court says that "mere fright is not actionable." A person must suffer both in body and in mind and be made sick in order to recover damages.

That sounds like good common sense, and it is doubtless good law, but can a general rule be applied in all cases? Suppose

two persons occupy a seat in a railway car that is wrecked, but neither is injured physically in the least. Suppose also that one of the two is hardy, robust, courageous, with a strong nervous organization, while the other is weak, timid, with shattered nerves. The shock might easily cause the nervous person to suffer both in mind and in body and be made sick, while the other escaped with no unpleasant permanent effects whatever.

Would the fright in one case be actionable, and not actionable in the other? Would the railway company be held responsible for the nervous condition of all the passengers? In that case it might be necessary to have specialist to examine passengers before they board the trains or trolley cars, in order that the company might not be liable. Such delicate and subtle things as nerves are hard to control, even by profound and well-established principles of law.

HISTORY OF PANAMA

Spaniards in 15th Century Land at Site of Canal.

Tales of Rich Gold Deposits Were Responsible for Many Adventurers Leaving Home to Seek the El Dorado in the New World.

Colon, Panama.—It was lust for gold that brought the Spaniards to America in the fifteenth century. It was the same lust that led them to make many daring trips of exploration into the interior. An expedition set out from the island of Haiti one day in the year 1513. When the vessel was well out to sea, and the wooded shores of the island had grown dim in the distance, the adventurers were amazed to hear muffled shouting from the hold and a noise of knocking. The sound was coming from one of a number of great casks, supposed to contain dried beef, and when the noisy cask was discovered and the end knocked off, a well-built young man, clad in the velvet garments gentlemen wore at that time, sprang out. Several of the adventurers recognized him as Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a young man known to many of the colonists of Haiti.

Balboa explained that he had chosen this way of coming aboard because his creditors were watching him so closely that he knew they would never have permitted him to leave the island openly, but would have caused him to be seized and cast into debtors' prison.

The destination of this party of adventure was Darien, near the site of the Panama canal. No man knew what lay across the isthmus, and indeed most Spaniards believed at that time that the West Indies were islands off the coast of Asia.

When the vessel which Balboa had boarded so unceremoniously reached the mainland of Central America members of the little Spanish colony already there refused to allow the captain of the vessel to come ashore, for he had an evil reputation. The other men, however, went ashore under the leadership of Balboa and at once began a trip of exploration. Balboa made an alliance with a powerful Indian chief who ruled that portion of the land, and married the chief's daughter. At the wedding feast the Indians brought rich gifts of slaves and gold, and were amazed to see

GOTHAM CHURCH IS RICHEST

Trinity in Manhattan, N. Y., Said to Have \$75,000,000 Invested in Property.

New York.—Interest has always been evinced in the workings of Trinity church, in Manhattan, New York; that church, whose spire marks the heart of the greatest financial district on the continent, though it no longer can show above the surrounding buildings; that church under whose eaves rest the forms of the most distinguished of statesmen and citizens of earlier days, occupying ground that is worth almost inestimable sums, yet safe from the encroachments of the business world.

One need not go to Europe to find wealthy churches, for in all the world



Wall Street, Old Trinity in Distance.

Trinity is the richest Christian church. Richer, indeed, than many of the great corporations of the land which have been stamped as predatory institutions.

Heretofore it has been said of Trinity that its invariable policy was "addition, division and silence," but since Dr. William T. Manning became the rector of the church things have changed. Dr. Manning maintains that there is a legitimate public interest in the details of the wealth and management of the institution. Otherwise we wouldn't know that Trinity's wealth amounts to \$75,000,000.

Of course this isn't all in churches, chapels and cemeteries, though probably such property would bring \$45,000,000 in open market. The church and its neighboring cemetery together with St. Paul's chapel a little distant on Nassau street are put down on the city's rolls as valued at \$20,500,000, exempt of course, from taxation.

St. Agnes cost \$1,900,000. Intercession cost \$600,000. Both of these properties, as well as many others which are unproductive because used for religious purposes, are owned by Trinity. It is upon these many plots and structures that, taking the city's own estimation of the value, the estimate of an unproductive wealth of \$45,000,000 is made.

Recently Dr. Manning had the holdings of Trinity announced in its nine chapels; and the figures revealed that the city assesses the property which is held for investment at \$15,000,000. This assessment is scarcely two-thirds of the real value of the property. In addition there is enough other productive property to bring the total of \$30,000,000.

NEWSGIRL HAS A ROMANCE

Married to Wealthy Man Who Bought a Book of Her in New York Hotel.

New York.—When Nan Corrigan, until a few days ago newsgirl at the Hotel Vanderbilt periodical stand, sold the first book to young Frank M. Bates of Attleboro, Mass., there budding the romance which culminated in their marriage at Danielson, Conn. The wooing, though of short duration, is said to have been complicated by the attentions of a wealthy Buffalo widower, who had met Miss Corrigan while she was employed last year at the Hotel Belmont.

When the news girl took up her place behind the stand at the new hotel last January the Buffalo man followed, but he soon lost prestige after the appearance of Mr. Bates. Monday evening the former newsgirl packed her trousseau and quietly slipped away from her home without telling anyone anything about it.

Frank M. Bates is widely known in New England, where he has been making free use of a large fortune left him by his father, Joseph M. Bates, a manufacturer of jewelry at Attleboro. He had been married twice before.

Burglary As a Rest Cure.

Danville, Pa.—To break into a house simply to find a good place for rest is a Danville novelty. Daniel Miller and Edward Kingston, under the influence of liquor, arrived at the former's boardinghouse, kept by George Swank, and were refused admittance.

They talked the matter over, then made their way to a house near by, the owner of which is out of town with his family, and coolly forced an entrance and went to bed.

Late at night their act was discovered and the police were notified. They found the two fast asleep, and in their possession a revolver and a bottle of whiskey.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE



YOUNG DRUMMER BOY A HERO

First Medal of Honor Awarded to Julian Scott, Fifteen Years Old, of Vermont.

The first soldier to win the coveted medal of honor was Julian Scott, a fifteen-year-old drummer boy in the Third Vermont infantry in 1862. The act which gained him the medal was performed several months before the congressional act instituting the reward was passed.

The medal of honor is the highest decoration for personal valor awarded to the soldiers and sailors of the United States. It is to Americans what the Victoria Cross is to the English or the Iron Cross to the Germans.

The act of congress ordering 2,000 of these medals to be prepared was approved by President Lincoln July 12, 1862, and the first medal was issued the following year. It was a five-pointed star of gun metal, tipped with trefoil, each point containing a victor's crown of oak and laurel.

On official occasions, says Uncle Sam's Magazine, it was worn suspended around the neck and under the center line of the chin by order of the president. A bowknot of ribbon is worn in the lapel of the coat in the absence of the medal.

In 1868 the Grand Army of the Republic organization adopted a design so similar that it was misleading and steps were taken by the Medal of Honor Legion to have a new design issued to replace the old one. Congress in 1904 adopted the new medal. It is of silver, heavily electroplated in gold.

The five-pointed star has been retained and in its center appears the head of the heroic Minerva, the highest symbol of wisdom and righteous war.

It was on the morning of April 16 that the afterward famous Vermont brigade—Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth regiments—was ordered to advance and to attack a strong fortification masked in a forest near Lee's Mills, or Burnt Chimneys, on the right bank of Warwick river. When the command reached the bank of the river under cover of the fire of a light battery four companies of the Third regiment, in one of which Julian Scott was serving as a musician, despite desperate re-



Scott Pulled Him to Shore.

sistance by the enemy, hidden among trees and a dense underbrush on the opposite side, succeeded in wading across.

The water midstream was breast high and soaked the paper cartridges carried in little leather boxes on the back. The rest of the brigade failed to come up, but the plucky advance guard drove the Confederates from their position and had pursued them some distance before they rallied. Then, unsupported and with worthless ammunition, the Vermonters fell back. As soon as the enemy realized that the retreating companies had no defence but bayonets they subjected them to a merciless fire.

The climax to the catastrophe came when the Vermont companies reached the stream they had forded an hour earlier and found it a roaring flood. While the fighting had been going on the Confederates had opened the floodgates at the mills above and had cut off their assailants. Many of the Vermonters tried to swim the stream, but were drowned. Others were shot as they hesitated on the bank.

Young Scott plunged into the water and struck out for the opposite shore. In midstream he stopped to rescue a wounded comrade who was shot through the neck while swimming beside him. Scott pulled him to shore and laid him on the bank out of danger and again returned to the stream, rescuing wounded and exhausted men until he had drawn 11 of his comrades to safety.

Even then, faint from the long struggle and suffering intensely from a bad wound in his head, he went back once more to have a twelfth man, also wounded, from being carried down with the flood. The man died as Scott laid him on the bank. It was by such service that the first medal of honor was won. Julian Scott lived not only through the war, but for many years after it, and is buried now in a Plainfield, N. J., cemetery.



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Dobkins. "You bet I do," said Snobkins. "Why, only the other day my wife bought me a box of cigars, and by George, Dobky, I could smoke 'em."—Harper's Weekly.

AN APT SCHOLAR.



Mrs. Beacon Streets—I'm glad your uncle left you some money, but please, Norah, don't call it a legacy. Say limbacy. It is very improper to say leg; always say limb! Norah—Yis, ma'am, an' shall I warrum oop that limb o' mutton for dinner, or will yez hev it cut?

GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

No Medicine So Beneficial to Brain and Nerves.

Lying awake nights makes it hard to keep awake and do things in day time. To take "tonics and stimulants" under such circumstances is like setting the house on fire to see if you can put it out.

The right kind of food promotes refreshing sleep at night and a wide awake individual during the day.

A lady changed from her old way of eating Grape-Nuts, and says:

"For about three years I had been a great sufferer from indigestion. After trying several kinds of medicine, the doctor would ask me to drop off potatoes, then meat, and so on, but in a few days that craving, gnawing feeling would start up, and I would vomit everything I ate and drank.

"When I started on Grape-Nuts, vomiting stopped, and the bloated feeling which was so distressing disappeared entirely.

"My mother was very much bothered with diarrhoea before commencing the Grape-Nuts, because her stomach was so weak she could not digest her food. Since using Grape-Nuts food she is well, and says she doesn't think she could do without it.

"It is a great brain restorer and nerve builder, for I can sleep as sound and undisturbed after a supper of Grape-Nuts as in the old days when I could not realize what they meant by a 'bad stomach.' There is no medicine so beneficial to nerves and brain as a good night's sleep, such as you can enjoy after eating Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.