

## THE MAN WHO WINS.

The man who wins is the man who works—  
The man who toils while the next man shirks;  
The man who stands in his deep distress  
With his head held high in the deadly press—  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who knows  
The value of pain and the worth of woes—  
Who a lesson learns from a man who fails  
And a moral finds in his mournful wails,  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

The man who wins is the man who stays  
In the unthought paths and the rocky ways,  
And, perhaps, who lingers, now and then,  
To help some failure to rise again,  
Yes, he is the man who wins.

And the man who wins is the man who hears  
The curse of the envious in his ears,  
But who goes his way with his head held high  
And passes the wrecks of the failures by—  
For he is the man who wins.

—Baltimore News.

## Wanted an Employer.

By ALICE LOUISE LEE.

There was a north-bound car temporarily disabled on Broadway, near Fourth street, and in consequence, as far south as the eye could reach, stood a row of motionless cars. Also, in consequence, along the curb was ranged a fretting, impatient, helpless crowd, among whom the most anxious was probably Edward Billings Henry.

In stature Edward Billings Henry was briefer than his name would indicate, but to a certain two-room dwelling on Jackson street he made up in importance what he lacked in height, and it was his overwhelming sense of this importance which made every thin muscle taut and strained every nerve as he stood in the forefront of the crowd, his bare feet planted on the cold asphalt, one hand gripping his remaining stock of papers, the other clutching a nickel.

"I never was in a tearing hurry in my life but what this thing happened!" exploded a man just behind the boy.

Edward Billings Henry turned and looked up. The man was jingling a lot of loose coins in his pocket. The boy glanced down at his one nickel, and said, with conviction, "You can't need to have 'em go like I do."

The big man stared down at the little man in surprise with a gruff "Huh?" but Edward Billings Henry had no time to repeat. His hope had revived. The two men who lay on their backs under the injured car began to crawl out and the boy rushed forward.

"Will it go now?" he inquired of one of the numerous conductors clustered round.

"Maybe so—in half an hour," replied the conductor, carelessly.

"Oh," cried the boy, in dismay, "I just can't wait that long!"

"Walk, then!" said the conductor, crossly.

"It's too far," replied the boy, "when you've got a stone toe."

"A what?" ejaculated the conductor, but his voice was lost in the honk! honk! of a big white touring car which pushed slowly through the crowd.

In front of the car Edward Billings Henry raced limply on his "stone toe" back to the curb and to the man jingling the coins in his pocket. "Just what time is it, please?" he asked.

The man pulled out a watch and showed it to him.

Edward Billings Henry heaved a great sigh. "Half-past ten! It'll likely be filled up before I can get there."

"What will be?"

"The place I'm after."

Skilfully he raised the limping foot, laid it across the other leg, and nursed the stone-bruised toe, his eyes on the automobile, which had halted almost in front of him.

"Hello, Julius!" a voice in the crowd sang out. "Lucky dog, you, not to have to depend on street cars!"

The driver of the car was a young man. That is, Edward Billings Henry judged him to be young by the only feature visible, a flexible wide mouth, with clean shaven lips. His eyes were behind goggles, and a cap covered his forehead and ears, meeting the tip of a high collar, which effectually concealed his chin.

But the mouth smiled as the goggles turned toward the pavement, the owner answering lightly, "Hello, yourself, Dick! Jump in and try my luck."

"Where you going?"

"Up to Congress Square."

"Well, get along, then," returned the other. "That's no good to me."

Congress Square! What luck! Exactly where Edward Billings Henry wished to go, and here was a rapid transit vehicle with room enough for ten such diminutive persons as he! Without loss of time he limped up on his aching stone toe and jogged the arm of the driver.

Julius paused and looked down. Edward Billings Henry removed a man's derby from his head and looked up out of eyes kindling with hope, as he asked eagerly:

"Do you s'pose you could get me up there inside of twenty-five minutes, mister?"

"What?" Julius stared hard through his goggles.

"To Congress Square," said Edward Billings Henry, impatiently. "It's business, and if I don't get there I'm out of a job, that's all." The boy mounted the step and clung to the seat, proffering his nickel. "I'll pay just what I'd pay on the car," he argued, "so you'd be making some money as well's giving me a lift."

The goggled eyes looked at the nickel in the dirty hand, and then

traveled up and down the small figure back of the hand. The eyes noticed that while those parts of the boy's anatomy which had been exposed all the morning to the city dirt had collected grime, the rims, as it were, of the exposed parts revealed hidden cleanliness.

"Congress Square is an awful way up," urged Edward Billings Henry, "and we mustn't waste much time, for I would like to get that job."

The small hand extended the nickel enticingly toward the glove. "You'll be earning as much as the street car by giving me a lift," the boy repeated. The driver's lips twisted a bit. "That's so," he said.

"Huh!" he chuckled, and gracefully extended his hand for the nickel. "Get in, my man, and I'll give you the lift."

Edward Billings Henry drew a deep sigh of relief, dropped the coin into the other's palm and engulfed himself in the soft front seat.

"Whom have I the honor of giving a lift?" asked Julius, formally, dropping the nickel into a pocket, where it lay alone. After it he sent curious, lingering smiles.

"Edward Billings Henry, Junior," replied the boy.

The lips beneath the goggles smiled. "And where am I lifting you to, may I also ask, Edward Billings?"

"To Mr. Florins' office, where they're going to select an office boy this morning 'tween 10 and 11."

The driver busied himself a moment with the steering-gear as the car passed the crowded mail-wagons behind the postoffice building. Then he turned and shot a curious glance at his small companion, asking abruptly:

"And you think you'll get the job, do you?"

Edward Billings Henry leaned forward as if he could push the machine into a yet faster pace. "I can try it," he replied. "Father says you never know what you can do unless you try. He's always wanting me to try."

"Yes," muttered Julius, still more interested. "Fathers seem much alike, whether they live up-town or down-town."

"Can't we go faster?" asked Edward Billings Henry, sitting on the edge of the seat.

Julius shook his head. "Too many blue-coats around. But about that job, now—you'll not be the only boy after it. There will probably be dozens older—"

"I'm eleven, if I am small," said the boy.

"And stronger—"

The boy stretched out a thin arm defiantly, and closed his fist.

"Just feel!" he cried. "I've got a good muscle, and on my legs it's better yet. Just now I've got a stone bruise on my big toe, but I tell you I can get around like lightning just the same. Bet Mr. Florins wouldn't ever be sorry he took me."

"Yes, I'm inclined to believe that myself," mused the man. "But how are you going to make him believe that in the beginning?"

The boy raised his lame foot and gently rubbed the swollen big toe.

"Well," he began, "I'm going to talk up big. Father says you have to sometimes when nobody's round to do it for you, and he says it's all right if you do afterwards just as big as you talk."

The driver wagged his head wisely. "That's sound business sense," he agreed, gravely. "You intend to deliver the same goods that you sell. Let's hear what you have to say."

"Well, if you get me there in time to say anything, I'm going to tell Mr. Florins that father went to school a lot when he was young. He went through high school and got all ready to go through college."

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Edward Billings employed his verbs as if "going through" as solely a physical exercise on the flying-wedge order, and Junius chuckled.

"Then I'll tell him that father stood almost at the head of his class in high school, and he almost took a lot of honors."

"Well," assented Junius, "that 'almost' is a step further than a heap of the rest of us got."

"Yes," exulted the boy, "I guess Mr. Florins will say so, too. Then I'll tell him that father taught a lot when he couldn't go through college."

"What next?" inquired Junius. They were approaching Twelfth street now, and the car was hardly moving in the press of vehicles.

Edward Billings curled his bare toes under, and unconsciously pushed forward with all his slender might. "Then I'll tell him that father used to read a lot, law-books and things, same as he does—"

"But see here!" interrupted Junius. "All this talk will be about your father. What are you going to say about yourself?"

A cloud overcast Edward Billings' face. He raised a pair of troubled eyes to his questioner. "Why, I never stopped to think of that," he began, slowly, all the brightness fading out of his tone. "There's nothing much to say about me. I sell papers and help father—"

"What does your father do?" asked Junius.

The boy hesitated. His face flushed, and he looked up uncertainly at the goggles. "He used to teach, I told you," was the evasive answer, "until his eyes gave out."

"And now?"

Edward Billings Henry wriggled about on the padded leather. "He's always had bad legs—the evasion continued—but his arms and back are strong, and his legs all right to stand on."

"Yes," insisted Junius, and waited.

"So he's doing something he ain't going to do if I can get this job. Then I could sell papers after and before office hours, and earn a lot of money." Edward Billings Henry talked rapidly, but the young man beside him was not to be turned from his purpose.

## THE ADMIRABLE QUALITY.

By CHARLES C. MULLIN.

AN aspiring young painter once entered the workshop of an old master and besought him to accept him as a pupil in his beloved art. "Bring me a sample of your work!" was the master's gruff reply, without looking up from his canvas. The young man drew from under his arm a treasured sketch and laid it on the master's knee. After a glance at it, the old man, with an exclamation of disgust, flung it with all his might through the open window into the street. Like a shot the young man was down two flights of stairs to the street. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned and again placed his sample before the old painter. This was repeated three times, when the old man spoke not unkindly: "Young man, this specimen is admirable, but you have perseverance. Come and see me to-morrow!"

"Then what is it he's not going to do?"

The boy hesitated again. "Father takes in washing," he finally burst out, proudly and defiantly, "and I help him, and we do it good, I tell you! No one ever complains. Father says if you can't do what you want to, you can try something else, and that was all he could do, so he tried, and found out he could wash and iron good, and a lot of it."

Julius considerably looked straight ahead of him, not wishing to add to the embarrassment of Edward Billings Henry, Junior, but he could not resist the temptation to ask, "Are you going to tell this to Mr. Florins?"

"No-sir-ee!" responded the boy, proudly. "Father ain't going to do washings—any longer if I can get the job."

The car entered Congress square, drew up in front of an imposing stone building, and stopped. The driver removed his goggles and turned a pair of pleasant gray eyes on the boy. "Well, Edward Billings, here we are—and you've got the job all right. Can you come in the morning?"

Edward Billings Henry nearly fell off the seat.

"W-hat?" he stammered.

"The job is yours," smiled the young man. "I happen to be that same Mr. Florins who, you have assured me, will never regret employing you. My office is on the second floor. I did advertise for a boy, but had totally forgotten it." He gave a short laugh; business had never oppressed Julius Florins. "Report in the morning, please, and we'll see about a suit and some shoes and that stone-bruised toe."

Out of the automobile Edward Billings Henry tumbled in a Caed condition, and stood beside his new employer, looking up speechlessly.

"I'll advance you a car fare on your salary," the young man continued. He carefully avoided the pocket where lay the nickel previously owned by his passenger, and produced the change. "And, Edward Billings, just tell your father from me that his maxims work out so well that I'm thinking of adopting them myself."—Youth's Companion.

Women as Dramatists.

I have yet to see a woman's play in which the male characters shall seem real and vital. As portrayers of a sex not their own, men have a decided advantage over women.—Max Beerbohm.

Asparagus an Old Vegetable.

One of the oldest known food plants is asparagus.

Degeneracy.

When genius begins to get rich it becomes mere talent.



For the Younger Children...



## QUACK-LACK AND KOCK-A-LOO.

(Nursery Jingles.)  
When Quack-Lack meets with Kock-a-Loo  
He talks in good Chinese:  
For "How d'ye do?"  
He says "Kaw-choo!"  
"Kack-Lack." (And if you please.)  
Then Kock-a-Loo makes answer, too,  
In correct Japanese:  
"Well," "Cock-a-doo."  
"Dell-doo?" ("Are you?")  
Such learned fowls are these.  
—Ida Cole, in the New Orleans Picayune.

## THE TRIUMPH OF DAISY.

When Daisy was fifteen, she called her father and mother into her dressing-room.

"Dear papa and mamma," she said, "it is time that we came to an understanding. Hereafter I desire to select all of my own clothes without any suggestions."

Naturally papa laughed at this. Mamma was discreetly silent.

"And," continued Daisy. "I will receive my callers alone."

"I hope," said papa, now growing sober, "that this is all, Daisy, dear. You know we have been very fond of you. Indeed, I may say that I am worn out over the struggle to keep you going."

"To had about you, papa," said Daisy. "But, no. It's not all. I must go to the matinee at least once a week. Then I shall, of course, go next term to a finishing school. I will let you know the name as soon as I decide. After this you must take me to Europe. These are the essentials. There is also a matter of my coming out, but that can be arranged later. I merely wish now to give you due notice that I must no longer be hampered."

"Suppose," said Daisy's father, "that we refuse to consider your modest request. What then?"

Daisy smiled. She was fully aware of her power.

"Then," she repeated, "I shall take pleasure in telling everybody what goes on at home every day."

Realizing that they were up against it, both parents joyfully gave in.—Harper's Weekly.

## THE FLOUNDER.

This is a short tale about a flounder, but it has a big moral. A flounder is a funny fish. He is flat, and he is brown on one side. This is how it happened: When the flounder was a little flounder he was just the same color as any other little fish, and he had one eye on each side of his nose. But he had a very lazy disposition, and instead of swimming 'round in a school like the other little fishes, he lay in bed in the mud long after breakfast time. He always lay on the same side, until by and bye the eye that was on the down side found it didn't have anything but mud to look at, and it said: "This is stupid, looking at mud. I'm not going to stay here any more. I'm going to find if I can't find something more interesting to look at than just mud."

And so it moved a little bit nearer the flounder's nose, and it moved a little bit nearer still, and then it began to see a little light. So it moved and it moved till it moved over his nose and right around on the other side of his face. And then he had two eyes on the same side. All this time the skin of the flounder's down side got paler because it was always in the dark, and the skin of the flounder's up side got browner and browner till it looked just like the mud, so that no hungry fishes noticed the little flounder and he had a chance to grow big and strong.

But because he had spent so much of his time in bed he forgot how to swim about very well, and could only just shove along the bottom of the ocean.

And the moral of this is not that if you stay in bed and are lazy your eyes will both come on the same side of your face and you'll get brown on one side and white on the other, but that if you don't do the things you can do because you don't want to, after a while when you do want to you won't be able to do them at all.—Washington Star.

## VISIT TO DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

The poor little crippled dollies are not as lucky nor as stylish as either the cats and dogs or even the birds. They have no private hospital nor boarding house, nor does any kind-hearted society prevent careless, thoughtless children from dropping and breaking the heads and limbs of the poor little dollies.

The dolls' hospital consists only of one single room. On the wooden operating table one sees a ball of elastic cord, a hammer and some tacks, a glue pot, a pair of nippers and also a pair of scissors. These seem to be the strange instruments and medicines that cure all the poor dollies' ills, administered by a practical, skillful surgeon, who must be a jack of all trades. He is able to attend to all the unfortunates brought to this home for cripples, as the dolls' hospital should be called. Some of the dollies looked as if they had just returned from the war. Others looked as though they had escaped from a burning house. It would really make you shudder, were

It not such a funny sight, to see all the bruised and broken bodies lying on the operating table, and, as the doctor laughingly said, "awaiting surgical repairs."

All the dollies looked fat and healthy, and, as their rosy cheeks indicated, they had never been sick before.

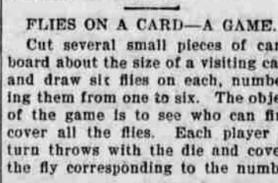
Still, how strange to see so many cripples! Some dollies were without arms or legs. Quite a few lacked an eye or even both eyes, while some seemed to have been scalped by the Indians and needed a new wig. Others looked as though their noses and ears had been bitten off in a hurry by cannibals. Many had lost their fingers and toes. Probably they had been frostbitten, or perhaps broken off playing baseball or football.

To the great sorrow of some little girls their walking and dancing dollies, as well as their talking and singing dollies, had become too weak to perform their little tricks any longer, but by the almost magical touch of this wonderful doctor a new spring revived them quickly, and again they could walk and dance, talk and sing, be gay and happy, much to the delight of their little mothers.

Many a child's heart was made glad and happy to receive her old dollie back again looking like new, or, as the doctor wrote on each box, "Dollie is now in the best of health—please handle her with care."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## FLIES ON A CARD—A GAME.

Cut several small pieces of cardboard about the size of a visiting card and draw six flies on each, numbering them from one to six. The object of the game is to see who can first cover all the flies. Each player in turn throws with the die and covers the fly corresponding to the number



thrown. He who covers or kills all the flies first wins. As a variation eighteen pieces can be used, each player throwing three times instead of once. After the first three throws the game begins to get exciting, as the exact numbers necessary to fill the card are seldom thrown.—Washington Star.

A DEER WHITE AND DEAF.

Speaking of blindness, deafness and dumbness among cats and dogs, Dr. H. D. Gill, the veterinary surgeon and horseman, told incidentally of a remarkable wild animal, a deer, that was once encountered by two friends of his who were hunting near Moosehead Lake in Maine.

Out with a guide, the hunters came to a spot from which they could see within shooting distance four deer grazing, one of the four being white, an albino. The hunters fired and shot two of the deer of natural color, the third one at the report of the guns springing away to safety, while the white deer remained stock still.

The wind was towards the hunters and they had not been heard or scented, and apparently the white deer had not heard the report of the guns. But in a moment it turned its head and then it bounded away after the other surviving deer.

It seemed clear to guide and hunters that the white deer was stone deaf.

## HE GRASPED THE IDEA.

"Tommy," said his teacher, "the words 'circumstantial evidence' occur in the lesson. Do you know what circumstantial evidence is?" Tommy replied that he did not.

"Well, I will explain it to you by an illustration. You know we have a rule against eating apples in school. Suppose some morning I should see you in your seat with a book held up in front of your face. I say nothing, but presently I go round to where you are sitting. You are busily studying your lessons, but I find that your face is smeared, while under the edge of your slate I see the core of a freshly-eaten apple.

"I should know, just as well as if I had caught you at it, that you have been eating an apple, although, of course, I did not see you do it. That is a case in which circumstantial evidence convicts you. Do you think you know what it is now?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy. "It's eating apples in school."—Youth's Companion.

The Bishop of London has promised to join a contingent of the "church army" in a midnight march through some of the worst slums of Westminster, followed by a service in the Church of St. James the Less, Pimlico.

## The College and Good Literature

By WILLIAM SEAVER WOODS, Editor of the Literary Digest.

The number of students in the various colleges in America to-day is reckoned at about 150,000, and if our colleges can turn out an army of 150,000 every four years, charged with the leaven of idealism, I think that before long there will begin to be results. Over on the other side of the water, where literature seems to be in full flower, the national wealth is in the hands of a few great families, and the young man who is born poor is pretty sure to stay poor. It is easier for such a young man to turn to the consolations of literature and accept the assurance of the philosophers that wealth is a curse and never brings happiness. So, while the magnates are winning great fortunes in the far East, he writes stories and poems about it. In America the young man of ability can take his choice. He can either go into business and wish later that he had gone into literature, and he can go into literature and wish he had gone into business. That is, if he is unsuccessful. But as for the man who really has the divine fire, I never heard of one who was sorry for it. We cannot have, and we do not want, a literature founded on the denial of opportunity, to rising young men to make their choice, but we can have a literature founded on the deliberate choice of the best minds to seek the best things; and when we have that, America is likely to have the best literature.

A Country of Patriots.

In nearly all European countries, as in England or Russia, there is a wide gulf still between the educated classes and the uneducated. It is the shameful disgrace of all our civilization. But in Georgia in the Caucasus there is no such gulf. Of course there is ignorance. Even in England some of the educated classes are not marvels of learning, and we cannot expect a much higher standing in the Caucasus. As to the Georgian peasants, there is a favorite story of a young enthusiast who for the first time attended a Social Democratic lecture given by a follower of Karl Marx, and was afterward heard praying before a sacred icon: "O Lord, make me a proletarian! Make me a proletarian soon!"

But in peasants and nobility alike I found the same quickness of intelligence, the same freedom of mind and eagerness to learn.

This alertness of mind is naturally accompanied by the passion for equality, and a peculiar readiness to shake off the droll social and political traditions that generally survive much too long. "Your name proves your noble family," said my Georgian companion to a dripping boy who had walked miles through a raging storm to pass on a borrowed book and was now drying his thin cotton clothes before our fire. "Then I must change it," answered the peasant, simply. "I refuse to be noble." He also refused to touch wine, because it pays duty to the Russian Government.—H. W. Nevinson, in Harper's.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 136 beats per minute; at five years, eighty-three beats per minute; between 10-15 years, seventy-eight beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 60.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, seventy-one beats per minute; between 30-50 years, seventy beats per minute.

In females the rate is from one to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from ten to twenty beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to a hour.

Eating raises the pulse from eight to twenty beats; without wine, 13.1 with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is ten beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises five inches the pulse increases 1.5 per minute. If the pulse be 60 while lying down it will be seventy when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

The Old Subscriber.

We sometimes wonder if newspaper men generally appreciate the old subscriber at his true value, says the Lansing (Iowa) Mirror. We mean the old stand-by who takes the home paper year after year, through evil as well as through good report, and pays his subscription regularly just the same as he would any other household debt. As a general thing the old subscriber is patient and slow to wrath. He will overlook many little slights from the editor, slights which the man who borrows his reading would not stand for a minute.

"Yellow Fever" Literature

There is a yellow fever of literature specially adapted and prepared for the spread of shameless curiosity, incorrect information and complacent idiocy among all classes of the population.—Henry van Dyke.

A Large Orchard.

The largest orchards in the world are at Werder, near Berlin. They extend without a break to about 12,000 acres. They yield about 48,000,000 pounds of apples and pears every year.

Uninjured mammoth remains are among the vast natural resources of Siberia awaiting exploitation. For commercial purpose the skeletons are more valuable than the best Italian ivory.