

The Great Trio

By Elbert Hubbard

It is not the attainment of knowledge which marks the superior person—the master man; it is the possession of certain qualities.

There are three traits of character, of habits, or personal qualities, which, once attained, mean money in the bank, friends at court, honor and peace at home—power, purpose, poise.

These qualities are Industry, Concentration and Self-reliance.

The man who has these three qualities is in possession of the key that unlocks the coffers of the world and the libraries of Christendom. All doors fly open at his touch. "Oh, he's a lucky dog," they say—and he is.

And the strange part of it is, there is no mystery about the acquirement of these three things; no legerdemain; no rites nor ritual; you do not have to memorize this or that nor ride a goat; the secret of these qualities is not locked up in dead languages; no college can impart them, and the university men who fall, fall for lack of them.

On the other hand, no man succeeded beyond the average who did not possess them. And it is an indictment of our colleges and universities when we consider the fact that the men who have these qualities plus, usually acquired them at "The University of Hard Knox"—and in spite of parents, guardians, teachers and next of kins.

Let us take three great Americans and see what made them supremely great—Washington, Jefferson, Franklin.

Let a certain quality stand for each man.
WASHINGTON—SELF-RELIANCE.
JEFFERSON—CONCENTRATION.
FRANKLIN—INDUSTRY.

But each of these men had all three of these qualities, and without these qualities the world would never have heard of them, and without these three men America today would not be known as a nation.

It was only the Self-reliance of Washington at Valley Forge which saved independence from being "a lost hope." Washington was hooted and denounced for preferring starvation to defeat, but the persistence of the man never faltered. It was a losing fight for most of those long, dragging, dread nine years—a fight against great odds—poverty against wealth, farmers against trained troops, barracks against the wind-swept open. But Washington believed in his cause, and, best of all, he believed in himself. "It is only a question of which side gets discouraged first. I know we will outlast them. Give 'em! Never! This fight is mine!"

You can't whip a man who talks like that. And as time went by, George III had brains enough to sense it, Cornwallis felt it, all England began to acknowledge it, and, best of all, America knew it.

It wasn't fighting that won the independence of the Colonies. It was the generalship and the Self-reliance of George Washington. And this Self-reliance shaped his actions, and finally spread over the land. Our political blessings, as a people, came to us through the unrelenting, unrelaxing Self-reliance of Washington.—New York American.

In the In

By G.

"Young man," said my employer as we sat together on the plaza the first evening of my life in Greenfield, "are you of an mental turn of mind?"

"Why, I don't believe I am," I began in surprise. "Of course."

Dr. Leavitt shook the ashes of his pipe and broke in: "Of course you're broke in at the school."

"Which I wish now had been in, sir," I put in virtuously, but doctor smiled quizzically as he turned:

"Well, my young friend, it was because you weren't an honor that I got you here. Wilson, do know there is such a thing as being too scientific?"

I modestly replied that was an apt of the subject I had not yet seen. The old doctor did not answer right away, but a gleam of merriment shone from his eyes. We smoked a few minutes in silence.

It was that time between the dawn and the daylight when people who can afford it take their breathing spell. The doctor informed me that it was his custom to smoke a pipe just after dinner and I might beat him company.

As I sat on the porch I had my first opportunity of looking at my new surroundings, which were most attractive. A large white house with a porch faced ours across the street. As I looked a fat blonde woman of about thirty rose from her porch chair, came out through her gate and walked up and down once or twice on her side of the street. She eyed the doctor stonily, but I felt that she was trying to get a view of me without seeming to do so.

Presently she went in and Dr. Leavitt looked very communicative. "That," he said, "is Miss Margaret Scott. She hasn't spoken to me for twelve years. She just had to come out this evening to survey the land. Mr. Wilson, that woman caused the biggest split-up in the annals of Rye County. It's because of her that the Prices and the Snows aren't on bow-ties and the Lords and the Sandersons are your old-time enemies."

"I don't believe I could be accused of that, doctor," I modestly asserted. "Would you like to hear about it?" It was this way. In the fall of '96 I wanted an assistant and I sent notice to the Baltimore college, as I did in your case. They recommended a James Stillman, who had done excellent work in college, won the European fellowship, and was willing to come to this little one-horse town to make a start.

"Your research work in tuberculosis—" I interrupted.

"Had nothing to do with it," retorted Dr. Leavitt irritably. "Anyway, to make a long story short, Jim Stillman came and had the goods to show. He was quick, bright, genial, and had a medical grounding that was surprising. My wife took to him from the first and he continued to improve. The girls were all crazy over him, for you may imagine that a young college man, good looking and smart, who had lived in Paris, London and Vienna, was quite some in this town. The only thing about Jim was that he didn't care a rap about the girls. He'd refuse invitation after invitation to card parties, dinners and dances to stay home and smoke with me and talk over some of the late discoveries in the medical journals. He had some very original ideas, too. He came to live at our house, and if my wife wanted to go to some party or other he'd take her and call for her, but she used to tell me she scolded him both ways for not paying more attention to the girls. The Prices, the Kennedys, the Lords and the Snows were all on his trail, and Bessie Price was the prettiest girl in town unless it was Susan Lord. But Jim was all for business, and he and I got to be better friends every day. Even when I was called down to Boston for a few days, my wife said he sat and talked with her a while every evening after dinner and then went up to his room and studied."

When Jim had been living with me for about six months, and doing splendid work, Margaret Scott came home from school. She had always been fairly healthy and we were shocked when her mother brought her home before the end of the term. Her mother called me in and asked me what I thought was the trouble with her. I never saw a girl go off so. She was pale and languid and had lost in weight. I tried the tuberculosis test, but nothing there. I suggested every ailment in the almanac, but hers was a brand new disease. I called regularly for a month and Margaret was no better. One day at church—I always make it a point to take my assistants to church, Mr. Wilson—I saw Margaret Scott, whose mother made her go to church if she was able to walk, and the poor girl looked as if she could hardly hold her head up; bloodless, weak, shaky, and thin as a rail. I pointed her out to Stillman and he had a look at her across the aisle. Next Sunday she was ill in bed and getting paler every day.

"One evening I was discussing the case with Stillman. I remember telling him I thought the girl was fading away before our eyes. He said in his quiet way that he had a theory regarding the case and that if I would let him put it in practice he thought he could cure her. He said he had been studying the external aspect of her case for some time. So I told him to call right in, as I'd tried and failed. He asked that I would not interfere for two weeks. After that he said I might call every Monday and see how the patient was and if there was no marked progress at the end of three weeks he would turn

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Visual Size of the Moon

By E. Ray Lankester

The artist has to choose between scientific truth and "convention" when he sets out to paint the moon. A three-penny piece fixed at a distance of six feet from the eye (say at the end of a horizontal six-foot pole, the other end of which is made to press the lower edge of the eye-socket) will just cover the disk of either the sun or the moon hanging in the sky. It is an absolute fact that this is true, whether the moon (or the sun) be high in the sky or low down near the horizon. The real "visual size" of the moon's disk is no greater when it is low than when it is high. No one who reads what I have just written will believe me. Every one thinks that the "knows" that the disk of the harvest moon or of the setting sun occupies a larger space in the sky when "low" than when "high." This is due to a judgment or mental process, and is an erroneous one. The eye is not at fault, but the curiously untrustworthy mind is. What, then is the painter to do? He yields to prejudice, and often paints the low moon or low sun of a size which compared with scientific fact is ridiculously exaggerated.

Being of an easy going and kindly disposition, I treat my stenographers with the utmost courtesy and consideration, never criticism, scold or condemn, yet without exception each and every one, after a few weeks, would report at about ten minutes after nine, a few weeks later at about twenty minutes after nine and a little later at about half-past nine, and then when they lost their jobs they wondered why.

And the old crank in the next office, who comes in any time from eight to eleven, who grows, shows his teeth and swears a little, and never smiles, often has his clerks in harness before nine. They jump around like monkeys at his beck and call, ever fearful of incurring his displeasure, and they have the greatest respect for him, although hardly daring to breathe or smile in his presence.

Therefore, I have come to the firm conclusion that the average young woman employe prefers brutality to courtesy in a business sense, and that to treat her kindly is equivalent to feeding raw meat to a very young animal.

According to Professor Starr of the University of Chicago, woman remains "the eternal savage because the fundamental nature of woman is barbaric."

Savages as a rule appreciate kindness, and even the mongrel dog craves sympathy and respect, yet in two years I have been compelled to discharge seven young female stenographers. In each case, when engaged her hours were plainly stated to be from nine to five, myself seldom arriving before ten.

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Science.

By G.

I agreed and he took attention to it. Once a day, but at week he was driving twice a day. I supposed going pretty bad, failure of the case, as the one to interest me and Margaret was "I'm a little better," he said, and she congratulated me. "Oh," I replied confidently when I called never would have been sitting up at pretty dressing-

about the girls me she had been big that morning. Scott accosted me, "What, doctor, tells her to eat warts."

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"Doctor," said the poor chap, "I'm in a devil of a mess."

"I know it."

"The deuce you do. It is already spread over seven counties."

"Sit down, Jim."

"It was this way, doctor. I at- ways had since I entered college this theory that some people need a heart interest. One of my cousins was that kind and a fellow who lived in our town, never happy unless he had some girl he was taking to parties, sending candy to and who was interested in him."

"I saw Miss Scott, who, between you and me, hasn't any too much sense, moping and pining and thought I'd try my experiment on her. I felt sorry for her case and thought the cure was worth the remedy. I tried for a week being very agreeable and attentive to her and she seemed to improve. Then I took to dropping in for an afternoon chat also. And the way that girl sat up and took notice indicated that she needed the heart interest all right. Last week I got to the flower-sending stage."

"Yesterday I wanted to test her strength, I asked her to play tennis with me all morning, lunch with me at the clubhouse, and go on a tramp in the woods in the afternoon. And, by Jove! even after all that she was as fresh as a daisy! For a moment a gleam of professional pride lit up his gloomy face."

"Look here," said I, putting my hand on his shoulder and looking him square in the eye, "if you made love to that girl—"

"I suppose I was awfully nice to her," he said, after a pause. "But I never proposed. I never did do that, on my honor. Oh, it's an awful mix-up."

"Keep cool, Jim, and tell me this—aren't you in love with her?"

"No."

"But you certainly were in love with her for the moment."

"No, I never was—not for one moment."

"This astounding statement from Jim Stillman fell like a thunderbolt. And I knew he spoke the truth."

"Maybe you lost your head and proposed," I suggested inanely. "That will happen sometimes."

"Nothing like that for me," said Jim with fierce conviction.

"I don't know how it was, doctor, but I felt from her manner at luncheon that she wanted the people at the clubhouse to know I was interested. She was looking as well and healthy as possibly and I determined to let her gently down. For, to tell the truth, I was about sick of spending two hours a day on giggles and gurgles. Her little air of proprietorship made me tired, but somehow I couldn't tell her. On our walk she ran on about things and seemed to

take it so for granted that I just couldn't tell her just then, but I shut up like a clam and resolved to let it die a slow death so as not to hurt her feelings."

"That was so like Jim that I half smiled."

"Well, we got through that walk and I was just shaking hands with her in her hall when her mother appeared and Margaret excused herself to take off her hat."

"Mrs. Scott and I were alone. She made some remark about Margie and me being so suited to one another, or something like that. And the first thing I knew she was leaning on my shoulder dramatically beseeching, 'Oh, doctor, be good to my child—always, always.'"

"I don't remember what I said just then, but if I ever longed to strangle a human being, it was that purring, clinging old cat. I suppose it was brutal, but I came out and told her that I had never been in love with her daughter, was not now, and never would be."

"But your attentions," she hissed. "She never had any other gentleman show her such attentions, buggy riding and violets. Your attentions—"

"Were in the interest of science," said I cold-bloodedly. "I cured your daughter. From the sick girl she was less than a month ago she is now the picture of health. You will admit that."

"Yes," she snapped, and I never saw a human being so bottled up with rage.

"The case is dismissed, Mrs. Scott," said I shortly. "You forced me to this declaration. Good afternoon."

"Dr. Stillman," she fairly screamed at me, "you're a brute—a horrible brute. I shall ruin your reputation in Greenfield. I'll publish you as a trifler with my girl's affections and a murderer. I'll have this case taken up, Margie will die and you will be her murderer."

"Doctor, I was so furious I never thought what I said, and I retorted and left the house. This was my parting shot: 'She won't die. That's part of the theory. Pride will bolster her up.'" I left the house and came home, and after dinner every one in Greenfield knew all about it and more to. Isn't it a mess, though?"

"Romance versus science," I remarked.

"Don't joke, doctor," begged the poor chap. "This morning I made my calls and the Kennedys sent their maid down with a note from Mrs. Kennedy, saying she didn't need my services any longer. Half the people I bowed to cut me dead. The Joneses, the Wilcozes and the Lords all passed me by—no, not all of them, either, he finished. 'Miss Susan Lord came up and spoke in a very friendly way.' The poor boy said it gratefully, without one glint of humor."

Dr. Leavitt paused and puffed his pipe.

"How did it turn out?" I enquired.

"Well, Dr. Wilson, it's a queer world. Science isn't as popular as romance. Will you believe it, Stillman's practice fell off and people were cutting him on all sides. All Greenfield was lined up in one faction or another and things got so hot I advised him to leave—go somewhere else—and he did. I hated to lose him, for he was a medical genius, thoroughly scientific. I believed his story and so to this day. My wife sides with the Scotts."

"And the cure?" I asked. "Was that permanent?"

"As you see, Margaret Scott dropped for about ten days, then decided pride was the best shoulder brace, and has never been ill since. She has put on flesh steadily. Now you know the greatest event in Greenfield history. But," concluded Dr. Leavitt, "I always regretted that fellow Jim Stillman. He was, as I said, a medical genius. And now I must get to work."

About a month later Doctor Leavitt came into the dining room with a letter in his hand.

"Letter from Jim Stillman," he cried excitedly.

"Humph!" And Mrs. Leavitt stopped pouring the tea. "I hope it is something to his credit this time." The doctor scanned the close written page. "He's married."

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Leavitt with a malice of which I never thought her capable, "she's a widow with a past, with ten children for him to support."

"Listen to this!" There was triumph in the doctor's tone. "You may be interested to know that I was married last week to Miss Regina Elizabeth Quackenbush, head of the department of science at Wellesley College. Miss Quackenbush recently secured her Ph.D. for her exhaustive treatise on 'The Absorptive Spectrum of Chlorine and the Polybasic Acids of Mesitylene.' She is a thoroughly scientific woman who—"

and here followed three-quarters of a page expounding her virtues.

"Perhaps," observed Mrs. Leavitt acidly, "a real scientific woman can get along with Jim, but all the same I wish she had been a ballet dancer!" —San Francisco Argonaut.

Bluebirds Nest in Mail Box. When Customs Inspector Fred Middleton the rural mail box in front of his residence at the Cliffs, in Brandywine Hundred, he was surprised to find a bird's nest in the box and in the nest three eggs. Upon examination it was found that they were bluebird eggs, and in a short time after leaving the box a bluebird was seen to enter.

After making sure that the bird was in the box Mr. Middleton took the bird out, stroked it affectionately and returned it to the nest from which he had taken it. The bird did not appear to be frightened, but rather enjoyed the attention and contentedly remained on the eggs.—Wilmington Evening.

Humane Principles. "Why do you begrudge me the pleasure of a little sociality?" said Mrs. Corntossel. "You seem to hate to have company." "Well," answered the farmer, "you see, I'm a member of the S. P. C. A. and I hate to have the chickens killed." —Washington Star.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



A BUMBLE BIRD BALLAD.

Come, children, leave your spade and pail, Here's Bumble ready for a sail. He's learned to paddle, swim and float And makes a lovely bumble boat. So all aboard and off you go! You do not even have to row, For Bumble does it with his feet, And isn't such a sail a treat? And now we're almost at the beach— Why do you splutter, scream and screech? It is so silly and so wrong— You know that's just the Bumble song. —Frederick White, in the Dolineator.

CONUMDRUMS.

When are eyes like oil shafts? Ans.—When sunken. Why are dudes like sponges? Ans.—They are great on the swell. Why is a stick of candy like a race horse? Ans.—Because the more you lick it the faster it goes. Why does a duck come out of the water? Ans.—For sun-dry reasons. Why is a pug dog's face like an ill-fitting dress? Ans.—Because both are badly wrinkled. What animal skin did Adam wear? Ans.—A bear skin. —Washington Star.

INSECT OGRES.



THE ICHNEUMON. Sweet pleasure is my portion, No work for me or mine. My babes I give to other folk To rear as they incline. Look! See that great green worm feebly crawling up the trunk of the oak tree. There, she has lost her hold and tumbled to the ground. What a strange looking creature she is! Her back and sides seem to be covered with grains of rice, all standing on end. Each grain is really a tiny cocoon. See, some of them are empty and their little lids hang half open.

A few weeks ago this great potato worm was as healthy and fat as a green caterpillar as