

THE MAKING OF MEN.

Courage or lack of it,
Work, and the knack of it,
Grit or the need of it,
Haste and the speed of it,
Purpose or none of it,
Life, what is done of it,
Work, or the fun of it,
Maiketh a man.

Dress, and the care of it,
Cheer, or a share of it,
Speech, or abuse of it,
Tact, and the use of it,
Worth, and the wear of it,
Maiketh a man.

Do, nor the brag of it,
Tie with the flag of it,
Life, not the fear of it,
Taste the good cheer of it,
Time or the waste of it,
Will, try the taste of it,
Work, that is graded of it,
Maiketh a man.

In Search of Local Color.

By Hilda Richmond.

"What luck, Stoddard?" asked Guy Templeton, as his friend came into the studio with a heavy frown on his face. "Bad luck, confound it! I'd like to see the person who can suit these editors. Here's one says my style is too stilted and unnatural," and he pulled a bunch of thick letters from his pocket. "They either send a printed slip of rejection or else find fault. I'll be hanged if I know which I like the best of the two."

"I thought they had their dinners in the field," he faltered. "This is Mr. Stoddard from New York, boys," said Mr. Perkins to the hired men. "He's come out here to write stories about us, so we'll have to be pretty careful."

"I've told you times without number to try simple stories, Stoddard," said the artist. "You can see for yourself the magazines are full of such stuff. Just write a natural—"

"Confound it all!" said the guest to himself. "They'll all try to have on their best behaviour now for my benefit when I wanted to see them in their native simplicity." He watched closely, but saw nothing out of the ordinary in the way the stewed chicken, mashed potatoes and other food vanished before the hearty appetites. He was greatly disappointed not to see the men shovel down the food with knives and drink coffee out of their saucers, but concluded that they would come later when the novelty of having a city man at the table wore off.

"I'd like to help in the field," he said eagerly, when dinner was over. "I want to get right into the heart of things. Could I rake hay this afternoon?"

"The machine rakes and loads all at once," explained Mary Perkins. "I am afraid you could not do anything, since you have had no experience."

"But anybody can do farm work. I have always read that the very lowest class of laborers are employed in the country. If a dull, plodding workman can manage a machine, I can, too."

"Want a job?" said Mr. Perkins, in surprise, as the young man sought the hay field. "How would carrying water to the men suit you?"

"I'll tell you what to do, Stod. I've got an old uncle in Illinois who has lived on a farm all his life, and you could lay on local color out there with a whitewash brush if you wanted to. I can get you an invitation for as long as you want, but I suppose you'll wind up by falling in love with some of my pretty cousins if you go and forget what you started out for."

"I want a real job—something that will give me an idea of the toil farmers have to endure."

and as he went he made mental notes of things he had neglected. "I haven't penetrated the gloomy depths of the parlor yet," he mused, "and I must see the red plush furniture. I wonder if Mary has a beau—that's the right word, it seems—and where the other young folks of the family are. Guy said there are three girls and a boy, but I have never seen anyone but Mary. I must think to ask a few questions. Oh, yes, and the country church. I must go next Sunday to see what that is like."

But when his stay at the hospitable house came to an end there were many things lacking that he had intended to get. He had never seen the parlor, had not gone to church nor to the grange as he expected when the picnic was held, nor had he had time to get acquainted with the Perkins family. If an imperative telegram from his worried mother had not called him home he would have remained indefinitely, collecting information. He did feel a little compunction over the fact that he paid so little attention to his entertainers, but he reflected that they would not have been interested in his conversation anyway. "I might have told them something of the wonders of New York," he reflected, "but they would not have understood if I had."

When he reached the city he wrote a long article in usual style drawing on the note book for local names and scenes, but allowing his old ideas to crop out in the stories of country women who go insane, the barrenness of the life, the rusty parlors with their impossible furniture and all the other things with which his mind were stored from reading rather than observation. He thought he had complied with every demand and was gratified when the article was promptly accepted.

"I would like to send you one copy of this magazine, Templeton; but he might be offended at some of the things I said. I didn't use his name, of course, but still he might think it a trifle personal. This was published a month or two ago—several months in fact—and I have been debating the question ever since," said Stoddard. "What would you advise?"

"I'd advise you to look over this first," said the painter, handing him a popular magazine with most of the leaves uncut. "How does this strike you?"

"That's me," said the author, indignantly, as he took in a clever little sketch of himself struggling with the scythe. "How in creation! And here I am with the infernal bumble bees about my head! I'll sue that man as sure as the world. What do you think of this: 'A Tenderfoot in Search of Local Color'? Who wrote this stuff? There's your uncle's house, too! Mary Perkins! Well, I call that nice! Make fun of a guest like that!"

"Hold on a minute," said his friend, rolling with laughter. "You made fun of them first. Here is a letter from Cousin Mary in which she says she never would have done such a thing if you had not begun the fight. She read your article and immediately wrote this. It seems she does clever work with her pencil as well as her pen, and the whole family read current literature. Those men you met at the table were college students working during vacation and the young people of the family were away at school. Mary's engagement has just been announced to a prominent New York man, so it is quite likely you will meet her again next winter."

TWISTING A \$5 BILL IN TWO.

Milwaukee Bank Cashier Says It Cannot Be Done By The Fingers.

"The paper that is used by the government in its currency is manufactured by a secret process and has characteristics with which the average man is not familiar," said Arnold Schorer of Minneapolis. "Recently, I was in a small town and witnessed an incident that demonstrates this. A well-to-do farmer living in the vicinity came into the bank to transact some business. In the course of the conversation the cashier began twisting a \$5 bill. The farmer watched him with interest and finally asked the man back of the counter if he wasn't afraid of tearing the bill."

"Here is an easy way for you to earn money," said the cashier. "Here is a \$1,000 bill and I will give it to you if you will twist the bill in two. You are simply to twist it, and not tear it."

THE WOMAN PHYSICIAN

HER PROGRESS HAS BEEN AIDED BY DISPENSARY CLINICS.

Two English Women Were Pioneers in the Profession in 1847—Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's Share in the Work—Unselfish in Securing the Advancement of Her Younger Associates.

The word "pioneer" has been a much-used one in our American vocabulary for a hundred years, so much so that it is difficult to realize that the old meaning attached to it has largely ceased, says the New York Evening Post. It has served long to describe the person engaged in actual physical strife for the conquering of a new country. Nowadays it is more commonly used to describe the inaugurator of social changes.

In spite of the time-worn discussion of the "advanced woman," most of the pioneers who have created a new place for women in the social system are of the present generation. The recent death of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi emphasizes this fact, in a profession which of all others, in point of age and importance, has come to accept and recognize women as an honorable integral part of it. It is interesting to note, in view of the advanced position which American women occupy in the medical profession that probably the most determined and far-reaching effort to establish that place was made by two English women, Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell; the former after repeated efforts to enter several medical colleges, succeeded in being admitted at Geneva, N. Y., in 1847. Twenty years later in conjunction with her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, she established the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. The elder sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, returned to England, and in 1869 founded the London School of Medicine for Women, which was a pioneer establishment.

Dr. Jacobi was graduated in 1860 at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, but she also did her share of foreign pioneer work, since she secured the privileges of the Ecole de Medicine at Paris for women. Of the thousands of women who have graduated in medicine in the past 46 years it is curious to note that in "Who's Who" about 20 women physicians are mentioned, these almost without exception the pioneers of the profession. Women writers, artists, educators and librarians are liberally catalogued, but women doctors are disproportionately few. The practice of women physicians until the last decade was quite generally confined to treating women and children, but the admission of women into the medical department of many of the great universities of the country has brought about a great change.

The clinical work of the dispensaries of the great hospitals has helped women also toward the goal of a general practice. The clinics of the hospitals in the large cities are the objective point of all progressive practitioners, and of recent years it has been increasingly possible for women to have that opportunity in common with men. Cornell University is particularly strong in its advantage of hospital experience, for it has a number of the great New York institutions available for the use of its students. The women graduates of Cornell Medical School, however, do not equal those of many other institutions. Men have no need to fear the rivalry of women as physicians, however, for recent statistics show that there are about 1000 women students per year in medical schools, against 25,000 men. Illinois leads all the other states, as shown by these figures, with 203 women medical students, Pennsylvania second, with 176 and California third, with 80; Iowa and Missouri 53 and 54, respectively, while New York has but 36 to her credit. At the same time the number of men students in medicine in New York is second in the United States, numbering 2335, to Illinois' 2911. The comparative figures of Southern states are an index to the status of women there in the professions. Tennessee has over 2000 men in the medical schools, with 17 women; Missouri over 2000 men, against 54 women.

Women have very seldom been members of the faculties of coeducation at medical schools. Dr. Jacobi was one of the few women who occupied that position. She was untiringly unselfish also in using her great influence for the benefit of the younger generation of women physicians. Several years ago she gave an interesting instance of the versatility of women in her profession. She had been assisting in one of the clinics of a large and conservative New York hospital which had not had women assistants in that capacity. Dr. Jacobi was leaving for her vacation in the summer, and set to work to secure a substitute, and thus described her experience:

"There were two young women physicians of my acquaintance that interested me by the ability and determination they had shown. I asked one of them, an Ann Arbor, Johns Hopkins graduate, who was practicing in the city, to take my place. After a short time she was appointed interne at a city hospital. This is a very unusual occurrence; in fact, outside of the women's hospitals I do not suppose a half dozen women in the country have ever occupied such a position. It was sufficiently an innovation in New York not to be specially relished by the men physicians."

"The second substitute for my work was also practicing in New York and had interested me very much owing to her unusual career. Still in the twenties, this girl, a daughter of a Unitarian minister, had been a successful concert singer in America and in London for a number of years, but having met a young physician and becoming engaged to him, she concluded to study medicine. She graduated with high honors from the Cornell Medical School and took up active practice on the East Side of New York as her first field of labor. This sort of practice afforded a general, all-around experience with men, women, and children, which is so much sought for by the woman physician, but the financial returns were not very satisfactory to build a future upon."

"About this time there was scheduled an examination for the position of tenement house inspector under the new Tenement House Commission. Women were eligible, but it was specially desired to have some women physicians on the staff; the East Side practitioner was urged to take the examination, and about 10 days before the date set she commenced to prepare for it by studying the building laws and technical structural details. Nearly a hundred other women took the examination, most of them fresh from college and with weeks of preparation given to the requirements of the examination. This doctor, who had been highly specializing in medicine through her college course and busy with a general practice, passed near the head of the list, which was a highly creditable performance, but after having been appointed from the eligible list she could not endure the thought of sacrificing her profession, so concluded to resign. About this time she resolved to leave New York city and see if a satisfactory practice could not be secured in a smaller place. Deciding upon a suburb near New York city, where there was hardly a house two years old in a village of 2000 people, she settled down as the only doctor in the place, and the record of her success within two years should inspire other plucky women to go and do likewise."

"She has had her ideal of a general all around practice realized, for it comprises the men of the place who may be ill as well as the women and children. The real estate company developing the region employs hundreds of workmen—Italians, Poles, and other foreigners—and she is kept constantly busy caring for the men in all of their illnesses and accidents, of which there are many. She is, in fact, the modern successor to the old-fashioned country doctor of fiction, and there are many like her in all parts of the country. People outside of the great cities have time to read, and medical science, as well as every other science, has been well written of in a popular form and the general public has a much better idea of what constitutes a good physician than in times past, and in an emergency that demands an up-to-date and good doctor they are not going to be deterred by the sex question."

The late Patrick A. Collins, who was mayor of Boston, once told a committee of women about a missionary campaign that developed an amusing situation.

In this movement every participant was to contribute a dollar that she had herself earned by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came, and various and droll were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had baked doughnuts, another had secured newspaper subscriptions, and so on. The chairman turned to a handsome woman in the front row.

"Now, madam, it is your turn," he said. "How did you earn your dollar?" "I got it from my husband," she answered. "Oho!" said he. "From your husband?" There was no hard work about that.

The woman smiled faintly. "You don't know my husband," she said.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare the item, "green bluefish."

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?" "Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

UNSATISFACTORY SCEPTICISM.

A sceptic air, all rampant, now pervades the atmosphere. And shifty eyes watch every proceeding. Old-time belief is vanished, relegated to the sea. We dubitate o'er everything that's needful. The effervescent soda fount, by marble walls enclosed. Doth once more energetically fizz it; Each bubble, they assure us, is of purest air composed. But is it?

We tempt the green asparagus that hails from Oyster Bay. Gastronomically tickled by its savor. And puzzle if the sparse strewn shivers that on its bosom lay. Are merely to conceal arsenious flavor. When scarlet-berried beverage for you is duly mixed. With watchful eyes the man behind the bar mind. And as he stirs discover if their hue's by nature fixed. Or carmined.

And so throughout the country, thanks to transmutes of the hand. Exists an epidemic now of doubting. We know not what is on a true and upright manner planned. Or what with harsh contempt we should be flouting. We rampane in our converse and the fabricators curse. And write unto the journals many a letter. Yet isn't it annoying, though our health should sure be worse. We're better?



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

The lap of luxury—the kitten with cream. Do the corn's ears listen when the beans-talk. At a wedding do not say, "May the best man win."

The successful author's train of thought is a pay train. He—I asked her to tell me her age, and she said "twenty-three." She—Well—did you?—Brooklyn Life.

"Do you leave your valuables in the hotel safe when you go to a summer resort?" "Only when I leave."—Judge.

Saphedde—A penny for your thoughts, Miss Pert. Miss Pert—They are not worth it. I was merely thinking of you.—Philadelphia Record.

"I hear your boss expects to raise your salary this month." "So he says; but he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Bacon—Is a hundred pounds of ice much, William? Mr. Bacon—Well, it all depends on whether you're getting it or paying for it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Clara—That man Grace married is old enough to be her father. Myrtle—Oh, I think his age has been exaggerated; very few people live to be that old!—Puck.

Husband—What has become of those indestructible toys you got last week? Wife—They are out on the scrap heap, along with the indestructible kitchen utensils.—Life.

The New Waitress—Shall I say "Dinner is served, or Dinner is ready," ma'am? Mistress—If that cook doesn't do any better, just say "Dinner is spoiled."—Harper's Bazar.

"Dearest, with you by my side, I would willingly give up all I possess—wealth, position, parents—everything." "I know, George, but in that case what would there be left for me?"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Little 'Arry (who has had a "bad day," to driver of public coach)—Ever lose any money backin' 'orses, coachie? Driver—"Not 'alf! Lost twenty quid once—backed a pair of 'orses and a hon-nibus into a shop window in Regent street!—Punch.

"No, ma'am," said Ragson Tatters, "I ain't dirty from choice. I'm just bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soap maker once an' promised to use no under." "Well," replied Mrs. Ascum, "why not use that?" "Cause dat firm fell jaster after the civil war."—Philadelphia Press.

Lord Deddroke—There is one great trouble in your country in my opinion. Blood don't count, you know. Chicago Heiress—Now, don't you make any mistake. Why, we just use that, and horns, hoofs, bristles and—well, you can bet nothing's wasted in Poppa's business!—Punch.

He—I see Julia did not have the valedictory to deliver, as she expected. Was she much ruffled at the commencement? She—Yes, indeed. Her entire skirt was covered with the loveliest little bias tucked ruffles, all trimmed with insertion.—He (faintly)—I meant her feelings.—Baltimore American.

Magistrate—You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf. Prisoner—I am not guilty, your honor, I can prove a lullaby. Magistrate—You mean an alibi? Prisoner—Well, call it what you like, but by wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge.—Chicago Daily News.