

MASTERY.

Let not Ambition master thee,
But be Ambition's master;
Thus will Power thy servant be,
And not thy soul's disaster.
—The Criterion.

Amy's Birthday Flowers.

By ELIZABETH McCracken.

Mrs. Dale's fingers trembled, and her lips trembled, too, as she stood before her mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil. Amy had usually tied her bonnet strings and pinned her veil.

It was almost a year since she had one day folded Amy's hands and slipped into them the last flowers that they ever would hold in the world, but she had not yet grown accustomed to doing for herself all the little things those once busy hands had done for her.

During the time that was almost a year she had missed Amy with that loneliness with which a mother does miss the daughter who goes away into the great, strange silence just when she is old enough to be her mother's best friend as well as her child. Mrs. Dale missed all those things that had made up Amy's life, and perhaps most she missed the little things that Amy had done for her, and that now she did for herself.

Then, too, Amy had been her only daughter. Mrs. Dale's two sons were in college, and her husband was away from home all day. She had many interests and many duties, too, yet she was very lonely. She was much more lonely without Amy than even her husband or her sons could know.

As she stood before the mirror, tying her bonnet strings and pinning her veil, her heart was even heavier than it usually was. The next day would be Amy's birthday, and instead of preparing gifts and surprises, Mrs. Dale was about to go into the city to buy the most beautiful flowers she could find to lay on the girl's grave. Amy had loved flowers, and the next day would be her first birthday in that other world, that world in which mother's are never left lonely.

Mrs. Dale was thinking all this to herself as she went into the city on the trolley car. It was September, and it was afternoon. The car went past fields beginning to turn brown, and between lines of trees beginning to show among their green sometimes a red leaf, or a leaf of bright gold. The sun made the leaves all the brighter, and it gilded the brown fields too, and made the trees cast long shadows. Amy had always been so glad that her birthday had fallen on one of the mystic days that come just before September slips into October.

Her mother thought of that, too. She thought of so many things about which Amy had been glad. She was a little less sad and lonely as she remembered some of them. She thought and remembered all the time that she was in the trolley-car, and even after she was in the city, and walking along the crowded street to a florist's shop on one of its corners.

When she reached the florist's shop she stopped, and stood looking at the flowers in the shop windows.

"What shall I get?" she said to herself. "Roses, white roses; Amy always loved them. Or violets—it is rather early for violets, though. Or lilies—I might get lilies."

For a moment she almost forgot that she was not buying them to give into Amy's eager hands. She was not very rich and she began to consider. She compared in her mind the number of roses with the number of lilies she might get. She decided upon the roses.

"They are sweeter and simpler for a young girl like Amy," she said to herself, gently.

She turned away from the windows, and was just about to open the door of the florist's shop when she saw coming up the street towards her one of Amy's girl friends. She paused and waited. She had always been very friendly with the girls, and now she felt even a greater interest in them. She had especially liked Eleanor Greer.

The girl was coming so rapidly up the street that she would have passed the florist's shop without seeing Mrs. Dale if that lady had not spoken to her.

"My dear Eleanor, you certainly are in a hurry," she said.

Eleanor came to a sudden stop. "O Mrs. Dale, dear Mrs. Dale, I am so glad to see you!" She took Mrs. Dale's hand and held it for a moment. Eleanor had loved Amy, and she, too, had been lonely without her. She, too, remembered that the next day would have been Amy's birthday. She said not a word, but she held Mrs. Dale's hand very closely, and looked into her eyes; and Amy's mother understood the unspoken sympathy.

"How are you, my dear child?" was all that she said, for she did not yet

speaking very often of the daughter who had died.

"I am very well," Eleanor said, "and very busy. I read the history of music and teach children music—just as usual, dear Mrs. Dale." She smiled just a little wistfully. Mrs. Dale thought.

Prompted by the thought, she asked gently, "Are you happy, Eleanor dear?"

Eleanor hesitated for an instant, and then she smiled again and said, "Yes—usually I am. Just at present I am sighing for the luxuries of life."

Mrs. Dale was relieved. She knew that Eleanor was too sensible to sigh very long for anything. "What do you mean by the luxuries of life, dear?" she asked.

"Now really, Mrs. Dale!" Eleanor protested brightly; then, with more color in her face, she added, "Just now they are the eight concerts that the Beethoven Society is going to give."

Mrs. Dale smiled in sympathy. "They are certainly the greatest of luxuries to music lovers," she agreed.

"And to music teachers who must spend their money for—other things," Eleanor added, with a laugh. "Please don't think I am really unhappy because I can't afford to go, Mrs. Dale. I'm not; I'm just croaking a little. It's such a help to any one to hear good music,—especially to a music teacher,—and such a joy! But I'm not unhappy about it; I'm glad I can do other things. I don't feel a bit like croaking any more since I've seen you!"

"You dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, warmly. She knew that most of the other things that Eleanor did were done for other persons, and done willingly and bravely. "You dear child!" she repeated.

Eleanor pressed her hand closely. I must fly to my next pupil, Mrs. Dale. May I come to see you tomorrow—perhaps late in the afternoon?" she whispered.

The quick tears came into Amy's mother's eyes. "Yes, do!" she said. "Good-by, my dear!"

Eleanor sped up the street to her next pupil, and Mrs. Dale turned to enter the florist's shop and buy the white roses.

"Eleanor is a dear, good child," she thought, "so brave and unselfish! It is a pity she can't go to those concerts. They would give her such help, and such happiness, too! I wish I could give her a ticket to them. Amy would be so pleased; she loved Eleanor. If to-morrow were not Amy's birthday, and I were not going to get the flowers for her grave, I should be able to do that for Eleanor. She would let me because I am Amy's mother. I wonder—"

She stood quite still. A pleasant new possibility came into her mind. She turned away from the florist's shop. In less than an hour she was going home, past the yellowing fields and sun-lighted trees. She had no flowers with her, but the look in her eyes was less sad and less lonely for Amy.

In the last few moments of daylight she wrote a little note to Eleanor. The girl wept tears, half-happy, half-sad, as she read:

MY DEAR CHILD: To-morrow, as you know, is Amy's birthday. If Amy were here I should give her something to celebrate it. Amy is not here, but you are dear; and you are a girl like Amy, and her friend. Will you not take the gift for her, and go and listen to the glorious music that you so love and can so well make helpful to yourself and others? Come to see me soon, and believe me, Your warm friend,

AMY SPENCER DALE.

Slipped into the note Eleanor found a ticket to the Beethoven society concerts. Amy's mother had sent it very happily, but after it had gone she set alone in the gathering twilight, wishing that she had just one flower to take on the next day to Amy's grave. "Amy would have liked me to do that," she thought, "but still—on her first birthday—"

She did not finish the sentence, for just at that moment little Marjorie Williams, who lived next door, came running in.

"O Mrs. Dale," she cried, "I've been to the woods with father, and I've brought you some flowers!" She ran up to Mrs. Dale, and dropped into her arms a great mass of golden rod and blue autumn daisies. Then she kissed her and danced away home.

Mrs. Dale gathered the golden rod and daisies in her arms, and pressed her cheek softly against them. The next morning she took them and laid them on Amy's grave. Strangely her heart felt lighter than it had felt since Amy died.

She did not know why, but when Eleanor came, later in the day, and kissed her again and again, and thanked her with wet eyes for the gift, she began to know. Never after did she cover Amy's grave with costly quick-fading flowers.

Instead, at Christmas, and at Easter and on Amy's birthday, she did some lovely kindness for some other girl for Amy's sake. Sometimes it was small, sometimes it was large; but always it

was something that made the girl happier and better, and consequently more valuable to the world.—Youth's Companion.

HEALTH VALUE OF SCENTS.

Ideas of the Ancients to Which Science Is Turning Again.

Science at present shows a tendency to turn back to some of the beliefs of the ancients regarding scents centuries ago. Scents were accounted more than luxuries.

Odorous herbs, notably vervain, ward off the evil eye. The Mosaic ritual is full of hyssop, nard and frankincense. Greece set cinnamon to its elysium, and surrounded it with a scented river a hundred cubits broad, which souls swam through and thereby purged themselves of earthly grossness.

Pliny records 85 remedies derived from odorous rue, 41 whose base was mint, 32 balms from roses, 21 from lilies, bulb and bloom, and 17 medicaments strong in the virtue of violets. Thus it appears that the violet cure for cancer is among the very new things that surface science scorned because they were so very old.

Now, say various experts, one must choose and use perfumes with an eye, or rather, a nose to health. So it is worth while to set down the properties attributed to various perfumes.

Pure violet essence is said to be especially suitable to nervous people. But it must be obtained from the flowers themselves, not the chemical imitations. Chemically derived perfumes are irritant, poisonous even, to persons of especially sensitive constitutions.

True flower scents are obtained in three ways. First by spreading fresh blossoms upon glass thickly smeared with pure grease, letting them stand in the sun, and as they wilt, replacing them until the grease is as fragrant as the flowers; second, by repeatedly infusing fresh petals in oil, and, third, by infusing them in ether, which is then distilled to a dry solid.

As this solid sells for \$250 an ounce, it is easy to understand why the ether process, though far and away the best, is not commonly used. But the scented grease and the essences made by steeping it in pure spirit are never cheap. After all the scent possible has been extracted from the grease it is still fragrant enough to make the very finest perfume soap.

All the citrene scents, bergamot, neroli, orange flower water—are refreshing, and in a degree stimulating, if properly prepared. To make a lasting perfume some animal base is essential—musk, civet or ambergris.—Sun.

Britain's Meat Supply.

In London the receiving stores have storage for 1,750,000 sheep, and in the provinces there is as much again. In view of hostilities with a continental power, this large refrigerated storage room would naturally prove of great value, and I do not think I shall be guilty of any indiscretion if I say that the government is well aware of the facilities that could be afforded in this direction. From these centres nearly 20,000 sheep are on an average distributed daily. As a rule, the meat is sent out from store in a hard condition, but a proportion is now restored to the normal temperature by a "defrosting" process before being dispatched. Then, perhaps, it may be interesting to turn to the statistical position, and compare home production with colonial and foreign imports.

In 1872, with a population of 32,000,000, the consumption of meat in the United Kingdom was about 80 pounds per head of home production, and ten pounds per head imported. In 1901, with a population estimated at 40,000,000, the consumption of home produce is slightly less per head, but imported meat of all descriptions has risen to about fifty-five pounds per head. The total consumption of meat in this country is now 2,400,000 tons yearly, of which about 950,000 tons are imported in some form or other. Of these imports 23 percent come from within the empire—from New Zealand, Australia and Canada, and 77 percent from foreign countries, chiefly the United States and the Argentine Republic.—The Empire Review.

A Real Philosopher.

A Battersea workman was once possessed of a notoriously bad tempered wife, who did not scruple, when the fit seized her, to lay violent hands upon her patient spouse. One fine day he was observed by a friend, who saw him entering a crockery shop laden with an armful of cups and saucers.

"Hello, John!" he cried. "Selling up your home?"

"No," responded John, "but I really couldn't stand the expense any longer. These here ones break into little bits at once when my wife throws 'em at me, and so I'm going to change them for thicker!"—London Answers.

Tommy and His Ma.

Tommy—Ma, may I have Jimmy Briggs over to play on Saturday?
Mrs. Fogg—No, you make too much noise. You'd better go down to his house and play.—Tid-Bits.

When money is your only friend you naturally hate to part with it.



Better Country Highways.

HAVING had considerable experience in road building as Commissioner of Highways, I want to say a word on how roads can be much improved before the great tidal wave of permanent improvement reaches up, for, although it is bound to come, we need not stand back, knee deep in the mud, waiting; and what is done in the way of draining—the first of importance—and grading, and otherwise clearing up the sides, will all be so much gained toward the final finish. I will give a little experience of how I make a good earth turnpike on a level piece.

First, I provided ample drainage, then, early in the spring, before the ground was thoroughly settled, I back-furrowed to the centre, then harrowed lengthwise and rolled, which process I repeated for the third time, the last time doing a very thorough job of finishing with harrow and roller.

Now, those that never tried it will be astonished to see how high these workings will make a road, and, contrary to the "expectations of some," this road settled down hard and smooth, and made a durable turnpike, and without a single pain or backache, as caused by the old scraper method then in use. Now, the modern wheel road machine would materially assist.

My purpose in writing this is particularly to deal with another phase of road improvement, suggested by articles often published, that is, in relation to convict labor in competition with outside labor. The person that is fortunate enough to keep out of jail has no just reason to complain. In the first place the jail labor would be employed to a considerable extent, if outside, or not in jail, which, of course, would come in competition with industries in all branches, and when men have forfeited their liberty there is no good reason why they should be fed and clothed at the expense of the State, for the express purpose of giving the other part of the community markets for labor as well as produce. There is nothing fair about it. As the State is responsible for their keeping, it should be at liberty to use them to the best possible advantage, to compel them to help, at least, to earn their own living—a new experience to many, I think.

Then the effect on the convicts themselves is worth any sacrifice to outside labor, and it shows a selfish motive to even mention or bring up the question. Again, there is no person outside of jail in this country who wants a day's work who cannot get it, and at fair compensation.

As a matter of fact, many commit petty offences for the express purpose of getting into jail, in order to get their winter's board. If they were compelled to break stone, saw wood or shovel snow in a chain gang I am sure many would prefer to board themselves. As I have said, it is a weak, selfish argument to be harping about the employment of convict labor as in damaging competition with outside employment—for the tax paid to support this idle class will more than offset the difference of being employed in jail or out.

Criminals, even, have some self-respect, and I think many a young man, if loaded into a wagon and carried to some distance and put to work ditching, or on other road work, where he would not be shielded from public gaze behind the bars, would resolve "If I live to get out of this, I will work out my own road tax as long as I live."—A. B. C., in the New York Tribune.

Helping State Road Work.

The annual report of Director Dodge, of the office of Public Road Inquiries, Agricultural Department, says that representatives of the office visited nearly all the States during the year and made scientific investigations regarding local condition, road materials, etc. Several State legislatures asked for and obtained assistance in framing new road laws. Farmers' organizations, farmers' institutes, business organizations, schools, colleges, etc., petitioned for co-operation and advice, and all of them were accommodated as far as the resources of the office permitted. Never before, says the report, has there been so much interest manifested in the subject of road building, and more actual work in that line was done last year than ever before. The object-lesson methods of teaching practical road building, carried on for several years, became so valuable and were so highly appreciated that there were many calls for their extension.

To meet the constantly increasing demands for practical assistance and advice the director suggests the organization of two or three outfits of road building machinery, including rock crushers, screens, rollers, road graders, etc., to be used in illustrating actual road construction. The road materials would be cheerfully furnished by the local authorities, who would also contribute the common labor teams and

fuel. This plan would make the expense of building experimental and sample roads very easy to be borne, and would enable the Government, with a small expenditure, to accomplish much practical benefit. The director asks that the appropriation for the purpose be increased to about \$1000 for each State and Territory.

Another Good Roads Train.

In pursuance of the policy of developing territory tributary to its lines a "good roads train" of ten cars is to soon be sent out by the Southern from Washington, under charge of President W. H. Moore, of the National Good Roads Association. The train is to stop at various points in the South to build sample roads and stir up interest among the residents on the subject. All necessary road building machinery will be carried on the train and operated by a corps of road experts. It will be well remembered that the Illinois Central ran such a train over its lines a few months ago.

THE GRUMBLING MULE.

He Can Do the Most Work, But He Sets Everybody by the Ears.

"The finest draft animal in the world is the grumbling mule," said one of the drivers handling the local mule shipments to South Africa. "Silence may be golden all right, but it will not pull as many tons on a cotton float or as tall a load of sappy sugarcane. Among men some of the hardest workers have been notorious kickers, and their case appears to be something like that of the mule, who is so full of dynamite spirit that a little is always slopping over in the shape of dissatisfied growls. Still good work does not always make up for a dissatisfied demeanor, as I found out a couple of years ago near Plaquemine.

"I was working in a sugar house at the time, and the offices of the plantation were just across a passageway from a warehouse into which sugarcane was lifted in the old-fashioned way by a rope pulley and horse power. We were all used to the squeak and grind of the apparatus, but one morning, in addition to the accustomed sound, there was a series of groans and grunts which continued spasmodically throughout the day. Next morning same trouble, and by noon the entire office force began to grow nervous and cursed the mule.

"Somebody was sent out to learn the cause of the trouble, and brought back the information that the grumbling mule was the best puller on the plantation, and the only one powerful enough to stand the particular work. We concluded to make the best of it and stood the noise for a couple more days, but by that time no one was speaking terms with any one else in the office, the manager and his assistant had almost come to blows, and I was on the point of throwing up my job. The dissatisfied growl of the old mule had inoculated the entire force.

"Finally the manager gave peremptory orders to have the beast banished to a drainage pump on the back levee, and in a few hours harmony had returned to our camp. Two days later the man in charge of the drain pump came into the office and threw up his job. When asked why he replied: 'Boss, dat mule y'e done gimme am too confounded disagreeable.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An American Artist on American Art.

Mr. Frederick William MacMonnies, one of the leading sculptors of the world, born an American, has just come home to live and work in his native land. After seventeen years' residence in Paris it would be natural to suspect a man of Parisian leanings. Not so with Mr. MacMonnies. "I have come back because I am homesick," said he. One must go, in his opinion, to the height of his art or his profession, work there a long time, always studying, and "then with the training of years in the best school let the man return to his own country and apply what he has learned to its needs. The possibilities in this country for sculpture are magnificent. I can't imagine anything finer. There is a splendid, unmistakable movement in the United States toward having—all that is beautiful and true. Some of the finest things in the world's sculpture have been called forth by patriotism. There are no people in the world so patriotic as the Americans." That does not sound as if the American nation was composed of money-grabbers and stock brokers alone. When we can remind ourselves of Abbey and Sargent and MacMonnies, and know they are all Americans wherever they may be, and when every now and then one or the other speaks thus of the outlook—Mr. Abbey yesterday, Mr. MacMonnies today, Mr. Sargent or some one else tomorrow—then there is much to be said of the future of American arts. These men have sought the best place to learn, and they come home from time to time to do work in their own land. It is so to-day, and George Meredith was right when he said that soon—in twenty-five, in fifty years—the centre of creative art would be in America.—Harper's Weekly.

A woman may not marry the first man who proposes to her, but she will respect his good judgment as long as she lives.