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GETTING RICH.

The Terrible Finger Marks of Getting Rich.

"Get money; still get money, boys; No matter by what means."
—Ben Johnson.

The Roanoke, (Va.) Times asks: Would you be rich? There is no disgrace in that. But in order to get rich some preliminaries must be entered into. It means the recasting of your life for the future—on the get rich lines.

"I shall be rich." Well and good, if you have thoughtfully concluded that it is worth striving for. Then prepare to make your sacrifices. In the first place, lay aside those high and lofty notions of morals about which you so beautifully spoke in your final address at college; or at least it will be necessary to considerably lower those standards so they will mix with the baser alloy.

Have you the poetic instinct? You must shut your eyes against the muses and be content to feed your understanding upon Franklin's practical phrases upon getting rich. In the beginning, you must be parsimonious, and spend nothing except for the actual necessities of life, and these must be curtailed. When your child asks for five cents to visit the park, or the moving picture show, it must be denied. When your wife asks for a new dress, it must be refused. She must be taught to economize along with you. The refusal of the dress may produce a contempt for your smallness, but never mind; you have set out to get rich and there must be a strict adherence to the rules for doing so.

It is necessary, too, that you stop your paper. That is five dollars saved. Besides, your family learn from the paper what is going on in the world—not your world—and it makes them dissatisfied. They read the advertisements, and that will create a desire to spend money. It is also necessary to discontinue attendance upon church. It is very unpleasant to refuse the collection basket some small contribution. Let others who have decided not to get rich, support the preacher.

"There goes the meanest man in the neighborhood," said one of your neighbors; but you must expect remarks like that as being incident to your decision to become rich. You have the consolation of knowing that you are amassing a fortune, while the other fellow who made the remark spent his last dollar to assist the poor. You have tried and have decided you cannot submit to such a life? Well and good. Then rise above it; but do not rail against your fate that you are not rich. Let the rich man drive by in his fine carriage with liveried footman. Remember the price he paid. You have retained your polish. He has lost his, and all of his wealth will not restore it. And the impression is written upon the features of each and every member of his family—the finger marks of getting rich.

A FUNERAL AMONG THE SLUMS.

The following poem recites only one of the many sad conditions in human life, when poverty and death call out formal words from strangers. Would there were more helpers and sweet singers to clear away "Poverty's harsh gloom." Many lone hearts say "Come." This poem is based on a true incident. The singer mentioned was Parepa Rosa.

In a city's cheerless garret lay the pale and wasted form Of a maid whose life was shattered, stricken in the cruel storm: And whose spirit now was seeking, seeking for that calmer shore, Guarding e'er the heav'nly haven, safe from storms forevermore.

Her poor, coffin'd form was waiting while the preacher comes to pray, In a forced and silted manner, ere they hurry it away, Comes he now, and dry and heartless, enters like a shadow there; Stands and gazes at the coffin with a dark and dismal air, While the undertaker's waiting, waiting like a bird of prey, Fierce to gather up the morsel, fly on ebon wings away.

There the mother, speechless, grieving, sits beside her cherished dead, With a few kind-hearted neighbors, sadly bending each the head. In a strained and soulless fashion, of a dim and far off land, Reads the preacher from the Bible, but they cannot understand; Then he offers to the mother who her darling bendeth o'er, A forced form of weak condolence, that he'd often used before: Now in accents cold, metallic, stumbles he thro' formal prayer, That ne'er reached the heav'nly portals—freezing in the heedless air.

Thro' the street a lady passes, known to Fame, the world around: Queen of song was she, and reigning in the realms of sweetest sound. Noting the small grove of canvas standing near the open door, Her fond heart grows with pity for this sorrow of the poor, Enters she within the doorway, filled with one vast, throbbing thought, But to make this sorrow lighter, by what means she knoweth not. Up the creaking stairs she clambers, enters that death-darkened room, Chilled by untawed frosts of Winter, grim with Poverty's harsh gloom; Listens to the preacher's reading, and the prayer, but humbly heard, With a pitying emotion through each weak and thoughtless word.

He has ceased and donned his wrappings, glad his services are o'er. While the undertaker enters like a ghoul the open door, As the man advances quickly, soon to hide the form from sight, She, with face of angel glowing with a soft and holy light, Rises, and, with one hand resting on the patient brow of Death, Lifts the other gently upward, and a moment holds her breath: Then her grand voice trembles outward! In the street they pause to hear, Marveling that such sweet echoes drift out a place so drear.

As "Just As I Am" is borne aloft upon the wings of air; And then, "O, Guardian Angels, Fair: Take, O, Take Me to Thy Care!" As her tones roll on like soothing waves far o'er the troubled sea, The people creep within the room and listen wonderingly, And the preacher, too, comes back again, the foremost of them all; Amazed as ne'er before, he stands like a shadow 'gainst the wall.

If prayers are blossoming in heaven, that singer's prayers of song, Hath twined its pillars round about, with its tendrils, close and strong, And that lone mother suffering there, was comforted that day; Nor heaven she thought so cold and dim, nor seemed so far away: Deep in her heart she bore a prayer, bent by the chastening rod, That diffused like incense till it filled the boundless realms of God.

LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours,
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change!
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true,
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth,
Love not!

Love not! Oh, warning vainly said
In present hours, as in days gone by,
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die,
Love not!

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife and Translated by Helen Roland for the Washington Herald.

Hear wisdom, my daughter, for women are as a club sandwich, full of strange surprises, but men are as the pattern of the wallpaper, which is the same from the beginning unto the end. Yea, thou wilt discover in each of them the same design and same cunning device, even as in each yard of thy parlor carpet.

Now there dwelt a youth in the north of Babylon, which is Harlem; and he had a girl!

Lo! he admonished her, saying, "I would not have thee associate with the damsel across the street, for she is frivolous. Nay, she is not fit to touch the hem of thy chiffon ruffles!"

And the maiden was astonished, but she said, "Why?"

Then the youth made answer boldly, saying, "Behold, I have kissed her many times. And if she hath allowed me to kiss her, hath she not allowed others also? And is this proper?"

"Go to!" replied the maiden. "Hast thou not also kissed me many times? And why shall I not allow others to kiss me likewise? Art thou so much better than they?"

Then the youth waxed excited, crying, "Nay, but they would not understand."

And the maiden suppressed a mad desire to say, "Ha! Ha!" For she had heard this many times before.

Yet, on the morrow, when he returned, bringing candied fruits and a new song, she said unto him, "I have considered thy words, and I will not pick up that girl across the street. For she is not only as thou sayest, but I have heard others speak concerning her."

Then the man looked interested. "Is that so?" he inquired anxiously—and again. "Do tell!" And he took his hat and his coat and he departed, going straightway across the street.

For thou canst tell a man twenty times that a woman is a paragon and he will yawn and take thy word for it; but if thou tellest him but once that she is not "all that she should be" he becometh immediately inspired to investigate for himself.

Verily, verily, a man will forgive a woman for kissing any man but himself, even for making a fool of herself over any other man; but nothing convinceth him of her indiscretion, even her bad taste, so quickly as her undue fondness for himself.

For he knoweth himself! Selah?

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

"With What Measure Ye Mete It Shall be Measured to You Again."

ADVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

About How They Should Act Toward the Old and Infirm. Especially Members of Their Own Family—Just as You Live Your Time is Coming and Whatever You Sow Now You Shall Reap Hereafter—Dear Old Grandpa and Grandma.

A writer in the Winston-Salem Union Republican contributes the which we would burn into the minds and hearts of the young were it possible to do so:

For several weeks our letters have been about old people and things of long ago, and we want to talk about old folks again this week—grandpa and grandma.

I was going up street not long ago and I saw an old lady, who seemed to be about 80, coming down on the opposite side of the street. Her form once erect, was now stooped. Her hair once as the raven's wing, was as white as the drifted snow. The step that was once quick and elastic, was slow and shuffling. She was blooming for the grave. She was standing on the very brink of the dark river we call death, ready to cross that unknown state of existence that lies beyond this vale of tears. As I stood there with my hat off, a little girl came tripping along and I said, "Can you realize that yonder old lady was once a little babe in her mother's arms and then a little girl just like you?"

She looked up at the old woman for a moment as she shuffled along a staff in her hand and a basket on her arm, and then, gazing up into my face with a bewildered expression on her face, she said, "Was I?"

Friends, children and older ones too, let me burn this one thought into your very souls. Just as sure as you live your time is coming and whatever you sow now you shall reap hereafter. You may worry, vex and annoy your grandmother, your own mother, or even your "mother-in-law" if you will, but remember it shall be measured to you again.

A young man was going to the poorhouse with an old man on his back. The young man became very tired and sat down the old man on a stone to take a rest. While resting the old man began to weep bitterly. "You may cry as much as you please," the young man said, "but to the poorhouse you shall go, I will not be bothered and burdened with you any longer." Then the old man said, "I am not weeping because you are taking me to the poorhouse, my son, but because of my cruelty to your grandfather. Thirty years ago this day I was carrying him on my back to the poorhouse and rested him on this very stone. He begged me to let him stay with me the few days he had to live, promising to rock and nurse the little ones and do anything he could. I mocked him and turned a deaf ear to his cries and tears and took him to the poorhouse. It is the thought of my poor old dear father that makes me weep. My punishment is just I must reap as I have sown. As soon as you are rested let us be going."

I realize, that, naturally, there is little congeniality between youth and extreme age especially when brought in too close or too constant contact. How we enjoy the company of grandma when she lives to herself and we visit her occasionally, but when she moves into our own home and becomes a member of our family it becomes another matter entirely. Human nature is the very same today as it was when Shakespeare wrote: "Crabbed age and youth Cannot live together."

There is not a creature in the whole animal kingdom that does not provide for its young according to the course of nature until its young is able to take care of itself, but man alone takes thought for the aged and infirm of his race, and, largely, in the proportion that we concern ourselves about the comfort and happiness of the aged and infirm in our own homes, and in the county, State and Nation, do we rise above the brute creation and crush the animal in our nature.

What if grandma is sometimes cross and petish? May be the constant grind on her nervous system years ago by the anxiety she felt for your father or mother or the hard work and unceasing toil she endured that they might remain in school, is what makes her like she is. Can't you bear with her a little while and try to comfort her and make her feel that she is a joy instead of a burden to your home? In a little while she will slip away into the shadows, and you may not think so now but there will be many a tug at your heartstrings as relentless memory tells you what you might have done and borne.

If you have any flowers for grandma let her have them now while she is living and depend on the neighbors to furnish wreaths for the casket after she is dead.

THE SAME THING.

"So he praised my singing?"
"Yes, he said it was heavenly."
"Really?"
"Well, something like that. He said it was unearthly."

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