

Selfish Men Lose

Righteous Will Be Remembered by Things They Have Forgotten.

By President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale.

LIFE is full of things that are worth having, but which we shall never have if we devote our time to thinking about them.

Happiness is worth having, but the man who spends his days planning how to be happy defeats his own end. Public office is worth having, but the man who occupies his life scheming how to get office loses the chance of public service which makes that office honorable. Culture is worth having—almost infinitely worth having—but the man who sets out to make culture his primary object usually ends by being either a prig or a sham. Somehow or other the conscious seeking of a good thing, if kept up too long and too constantly, interferes with the chance of obtaining it.

What Christianity does is to put a man in the way of realizing the right kind of ambitions instead of the wrong kind. It warns us against seizing the shadow and letting go the substance. It gives us a scale of values which helps us against mistakes of judgment.

A man with whom ambition is the dominant motive—a man, who, in the language of the text, seeks great things for himself, is liable to three kinds of mistakes: mistakes of dishonesty, mistakes of selfishness, and mistakes of judgment. His life may be insincere. His life may be selfish.

A hundred minor acts of courtesy are unnoticed by the man who does them. If he is trying to judge his own character he thinks chiefly of the instances where he has consciously sacrificed his own interests in order to do something for others. But if the world is judging his character it will think less than he does of the \$100 which he did or did not put into the contribution box on Hospital Sunday, and more than he does of the hundred times that he left his neighbors a dollar richer because he had a habit of doing business fairly, or the hundred times that he cheated his neighbor out of a dollar by business habits which he, in his own mind, gives no harsher name than shrewdness. The better the world is the surer it is to take these last things into account.

If there is one moral lesson which the Gospel iterates and reiterates, it is the importance of these unconscious courtesies or discourtesies, these unconscious honesties or dishonesties.

In the Day of Judgment the wicked will be condemned not for the great sins which they have committed, but for the little services which they have left unrendered. The righteous will be distinguished not by the great deeds which they have remembered, but by the little deeds that they have forgotten.

The one thing that grows greater as time goes on is the heroic character which men have achieved by not seeking great things, but simply doing daily duties without knowing it until they have achieved the power to meet any emergency that might arise.

We and the Weather

By Edwin L. Sabin.

WHAT a great misfortune this is, the habit of considering the weather!—of thinking that we must consider the weather. It is largely due, is it not, to clothes? No mention is made of rain in the Garden of Eden; but we must not, therefore, contend that rain was disagreeable and omitted; we must recollect that Adam and Eve did not need to consider rain; furthermore, in blessed ignorance, they did not know that it was anything to be considered.

To mind the rain no more than the May sunshine, but to plunge into it and let the drops pelt as they will; to accept snow without a thought of discomfort, but, rather, to enjoy the thronging presence of it; to pursue one's daily stint regardless of whether the sky be dun or blue,—this is a state which we, especially of the cities, long, long have lost.

We regain it, some of us, in the wilderness camp, where we hunt, or fish, if the day be dark or if the day be bright. And where we find that the dash of the soft rain on one's face is not death, after all; that wetness and dryness are merely relative terms.

All the centuries of fusing and fuming with the weather have not affected the weather one particle; it still rains, and snows, and sleets, and blows, just as dictated by circumstances. Therefore, what's the use? Are your puny diatribes, or mine, of any greater potency than those of others gone before? Evidently not; accordingly, try the plan of being friendly with the weather—of agreeing with it instead of fighting it—and, 'pon my word, presently it will be agreeing with you.—Lippincott's.

We Burn Almost as Fast As We Build

By F. W. Fitzpatrick.

THE cost of fire and its accessories, in round numbers, is just about an even \$600,000,000 a year. It may be but a peculiar coincidence, or perhaps it is an unconscious economic adjustment, that with all our phenomenal growth and the tremendous boom and vast amount of building carried on in some years, the most active year we have ever had in building construction netted just \$615,000,000's worth of buildings and alterations during the twelve months. So that with all our vaunted activity, we produce in money value only a trifle more than what we destroy. Worse than that, in the first month of the present year our losses by fire were over \$24,000,000, and during the same time we expended but \$16,000,000 in new buildings and repairs. Our average fire loss is \$19,000,000 a month—a "normal" month. But the conflagration risk is such that we have "abnormal" months with startlingly normal regularity. In February of 1904 Baltimore raised that month's figure to \$90,000,000, and in April of 1906 San Francisco added \$359,000,000 to the "normal" month's loss. In five years' time the total has been \$1,257,716,000. No other nation on earth could stand the drain, and even we are beginning to feel it.—McClure's Magazine.

Pharaoh the Oppressor

This Is the Rameses Who Looms Over the Egypt of To-Day.

By Robert Hichens.

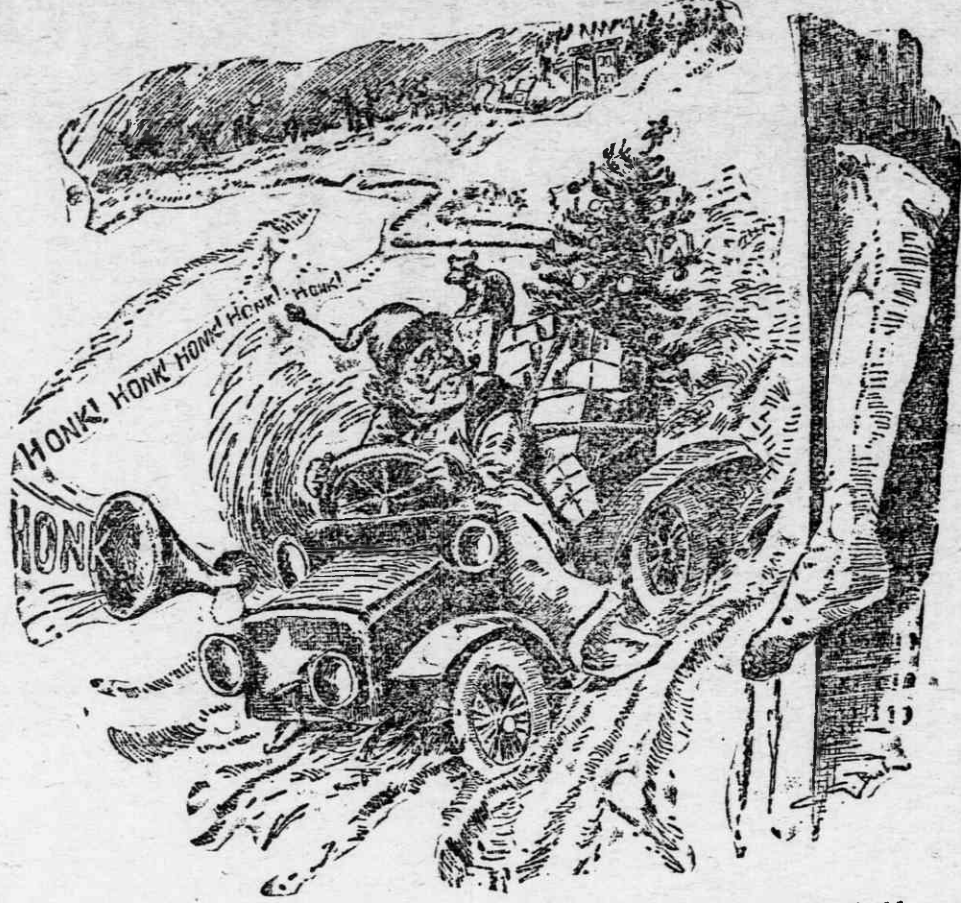
LIKE a cloud, a great golden cloud, a glory impending that will not, cannot, be dissolved into the ether, he (Rameses) loomed over the Egypt that is dead, he looms over the Egypt of today. Everywhere you meet his traces, everywhere you hear his name. You say to a tall, young Egyptian: "How big you are growing, Hassan!"

He answers: "Come back next year, my gentleman, and I shall be like Rameses the Great."

Or you ask of the boatman who rows you: "How can you pull all day against the current of the Nile?" And he smiles, and lifting his brown arm, he says to you: "Look. I am as strong as Rameses the Great."

This familiar fame comes down through some three thousand two hundred and twenty years. Carved upon limestone and granite, now it seems engraven also on every Egyptian heart that beats not only with the movement of shadow, or is not buried in the black soil fertilized by Hapi. Thus can inordinate vanity prolong the true triumph of genius, and impress its own view of itself upon the minds of millions. This Rameses is believed to be the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel.—The Century.

COMING!



—Cartoon by Bush, in the New York World.

AMERICANS INVENT WONDERFUL TOYS.

For the First Time They Outstrip Foreign Makers by Use of Electricity—Oldtimers Are Retired—Young America Wants Cars That Are Run by a Spring, But Must Have a Third Rail.

New York City.—The coming to the forefront of the electrical toys in this year's Christmas display is a signal for the foreign toymakers to watch out for American competition. Practically all the devices with motor and dynamo attachments are of domestic make.

Until very recent years nearly all the playthings sold in this country were imported from France, Germany and Austria, with a few from England, but now it looks as if America were taking up the trade in earnest, and it is a far larger industry than the casual shopper would ever dream.

Last year Germany, which leads in toy manufacturing, exported \$15,000,000 worth, while France, which ranks second, sent out \$7,500,000. Estimated on the fact that we imported and between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 toys and dolls, not counting a thirty-five per cent. duty, it is reckoned that last year's retail sales of foreign and domestic playthings came to at least \$20,000,000.

It was with the introduction of expensive iron toys that America began to supply some of its own demand, so that now, while the domestic products do not equal the imports, they make a considerable factor, and threaten more and more to drive out the foreign makers.

This is strikingly shown in the new electrical toys, which depend largely for their success on the ingenuity of the inventor—the forte of the American mechanic—rather than on the technical skill of the ordinary workman—a weak point here.

As long as iron toys were made to run by screws and mechanism, Germany was able to hold the market because of the greater technical proficiency of her factory hands. A boy from their trade schools could do the work which requires a skilled man here making it possible for the German factory to turn out cheaper and better toys.

However, some clever American mechanic hit upon the scheme of substituting electricity for mechanism, and greatly to the joy of the American boy, and at the same time greatly to the advantage of American toymakers.

Now, instead of winding up a box to keep the train of cars a-moving, they are placed on a third rail system. By making the cars very light, a battery too weak to shock the small proprietor will operate the cars successfully. Besides initiating him into the mysteries of the switch, semaphore and round house, there are electric trip-hammers, punches, dynamos, scroll saws, buzz saws and chain and bucket derricks, all new this year, to the credit of American ingenuity.

A far more skillful piece of mechanism is the German ferryboat train. The cars go around the track and on the boat, while the stopping of the train sets the ferryboat in motion, then it moves across the imaginary river, landing the cars at the station. This, however, is worked by a plain spring.

In vain the demonstrator of an airship run by an elastic band does his duty as a "barker," shouting that his

device will last a year, while the battery will wear out in a week. The boy fixes his longing instead on a tiny model of the Zeppelin airship, differently propelled, but a perfect copy in appearance.

Aside from the mass of electrical toys there are a few mechanical devices of American invention exhibited in this year's Christmas stock of toys. One is a "jack-in-the-box" top, which starts spinning in the case, then lifts the lid and hops out without stopping its motion. There is also a lazy boy's top, which winds its own string while spinning. There is a whale, which swims across a tub of water, spouting gorgeously on his journey.

"Mr. Jigger" is a many-jointed, wooden figure which jigs to any tune whistled or sung by merely rapping a board in time. The uncanny dancing mannikin draws crowds which tax the imagination of its barker, who proclaims its virtues as an infant pacifier.

"Your baby begins to cry. Place this on the sewing machine, and, holding the board with one elbow, begin to rap." The demonstrator followed his own directions, producing an unholy clatter, to which the mannikin jiggered. "The baby sees him dance. He stops crying. He begins to crawl"—and the zealous salesman pounds harder than ever.

"Not on your life," contradicts a sturdy looking matron, raising her voice above the noise. "You're a real smart young man, no doubt, but any human young one I ever see would yell murder. I've brought up six, and ought to know."

The matron pushes her way out without purchasing, and the demonstrator starts the phonograph to cover his confusion.

While every one is catering to the American boy, they don't do as much for his sister. There is just one new kind of doll, a "rolypoly," adapted from the Japanese, which turns somersaults. During the late war the Japanese merchants made them in the guise of Russian grenadiers for the little Japs to knock about, and this year the "rolypoly" has found its way to the American home.

Aside from slight variations in wardrobe, it's the same old doll, and the same old doll-house, perhaps electric lighted. Nobody makes toy washing machines or bread-mixers to teach the little girls the business methods of to-day. Nobody tries to appeal to her natural inclinations. Probably this is because nearly all dolls come from Germany, where the Emperor preaches "children, church and cooking" for the girls.

Dolls are known in this country as French, because the first jointed ones came from Paris. The thousands turned out to-day are German imitations. M. Top, president of the Toy-makers' Association, laments that now there are no longer French-made dolls to be had in France.

The success of the Teddy bear, this season brings daschhunder mastiffs, cats and even a good sized cow with a most convincing moo. The tiger roars when you pull his string, but none of these things seem to have the subtle fascination of the Teddy bear.

WHAT BECAME OF THE FROG THAT CAUSED THE RUCTION?

Couple Jump Into Well to Escape Bear Chasing Them as Their House Is Burning.

Hardy, Ark.—Mrs. Maud Pepon, wife of Henry Pepon, a farmer on Blue Clay Creek, got up one morning and proceeded to search her husband's trousers, as was her usual custom, but instead of finding the customary collection of small change she grasped a giant bullfrog.

Her wild shriek woke her husband, who leaped from his bed, intending to tell her it was all a joke, but she already had rushed out of the door and, into the adjoining woods, still screaming.

Pepon pursued her, and both might have been running yet had not

their wild flight been suddenly halted by a big black bear rushing ferociously at them from the opposite direction.

The Pepons whirled instantly and rushed for their dwelling, the bear after them and gaining. Just as they neared the clearing they noticed their house was on fire, probably due to the overturning of a kerosene lamp in their hasty exit.

To escape the bear both jumped into a well, from which, almost dead, they were rescued after neighbors shot the bear. The dwelling was burned to ashes.

35,000 KILLED IN LAST YEAR.

2,000,000 Other Workmen Injured in United States Factories

Washington, D. C.—Between 30,000 and 35,000 deaths and 2,000,000 injured is the accident record in the United States during the last year among workmen, according to a bulletin on accidents issued by the Bureau of Labor. Of those employed in factories and workshops it is ascertained that probably the most exposed class are the workers in iron and steel. Fatal accidents among electricians and electric linemen and coal miners are said to be excessive, while railway trainmen were killed in the proportion of 7.46 deaths for 1000 employees.

The bulletin says much that could be done for the protection of the workman, is neglected, though many and far-reaching improvements have been introduced in factory practice during the last decade.

Southern Agricultural Topics.

Modern Methods That Are Helpful to Farmer, Fruit Grower and Stockman.

Farm Accounts.

There is scarcely any business in which a thorough system of book-keeping is more sadly needed than in farming, and none in which it is so neglected. The merchant and the manufacturer know the value of their investments, their expenditures and returns, their net profits and what lines of their business it pays to push with most vigor. What has been said of the merchant and the manufacturing classes applies to all the great business of the country excepting the greatest of all, farming.

The average farmer, with numerous sources of income, too often does not give them sufficient thought, separately, but is concerned mainly about the total. The returns from the sale of his live stock, grain, hay, fruit, vegetables, etc., constitute his income, and is lodged in the bank and family purse as received from time to time. If after the supplies for the home and the farm are paid for and his debts are settled there is yet a balance in his favor or he is just able to meet his obligations, he is considered successful, though just why there is a surplus he cannot say. He may have lost money on his cattle and wheat, but cleared enough from the sale of his sheep, hogs and corn to cover up the losses in the first case. Had he paid rent on the farm instead of just his taxes as owner, and made reasonable charges for the labor of himself and family, and charged the farm for all plant food sold off of it, the accounts might have balanced differently. Usually a crop of grain or a drove of finished live stock is sold and money received which pays debts and buys supplies. The question, "Was it really profitable?" does not arise, but the farmer should know.

How much more intelligently the farmer could carry on his business if he ran an account with every phase of it. If he knew what is cost to produce each bushel of grain and vegetables, each ton of stover, knew what were the profits per acre from each field, and what the losses were on the poor patches, what were the profits on the beef cattle and hogs, and the losses on that unfinished raw boned steer and that short, rough, bristly hog, which cow was helping to keep the family and which cow was not paying for her keep, there would be a reorganization of his business. The most profitable would receive the greater attention, the less profitable would become secondary, and the money losses would be dropped.

Of course the objection of "Too much trouble" or "Can't be done," is offered, but neither is tenable, for some farmers are keeping close accounts in their farm operations and find the practice a pleasant diversion from their other work. In the writer's own neighborhood corn has been fed by farmers experimentally. As a result the feeders have learned that corn may be, and is, fed so as to scarcely bring any returns, and may in some cases net the farmer from seventy-five cents to \$1. Another farmer kept accounts with his corn field and wheat field and discovered that under favorable conditions he can produce corn at from thirty to forty cents per bushel, and wheat at from forty to fifty cents per bushel. In many cases farmers can tell you what are the profits of their dairy, and a smaller number know what are the profits from each cow.—Lake R. Neel, in Southern Agriculturist.

Oregon Vetch—What a Louisiana Planter Thinks of It.

I am a merchant planter and have been postmaster here for twenty-five years; have thousands of acres of land, so have no axe to grind, but write this article for the good it will do.

The boll weevil and low class labor at a high price got me to raising things at home, and experimenting with things to improve the worn out cotton farms and for something of merit for a winter pasture. For two years I have planted Oregon winter vetch, in my mind the greatest plant ever introduced here. There are about forty kinds of vetch, all imported, but easily grown in this country, as it is a winter pea and perfectly hardy anywhere; but there is one variety that excels all others, and that is the kind known as Oregon winter, but since it has become so popular, many of the firms selling the old kinds have named theirs Oregon, and I wish to tell the difference. Hairy or sand vetch and several of the old varieties are good, but the pods are short and the yield of green or dry feed is nothing like Oregon.

I planted the Oregon on land that had been in cultivation for seventy years; some of it covered with the worst kind of Bermuda sod. The vetch planted in the late summer grew fine all fall, winter and spring, and when the other feed was available in the spring, the stock were taken off the vetch and in place

time to plant the corn, cotton, or any ordinary crop. The finest and best hay ever fed was mowed, and the yield was simply immense, and enough seed popped out when the hay was curing to reseed the land, and the following fall it again germinated, and the grandest sight ever seen in this section was in April, when the vetch was several feet deep all over the land, and when cut made more hay to the acre than anything I ever saw.

Oregon winter vetch is the best of the legumes, and stores more of the free nitrogen than anything in the order of cowpeas, clovers, etc. It is very inexpensive. It makes a fine winter pasture for all kinds of stock. It will improve the soil, make winter pasture and the best known early hay, and still leave the land ready for ordinary crops, and seed popped out to come up in the fall, when nothing else will grow.—John T. Pude, DeSoto County, Louisiana, in Progressive Farmer.

Wood Ashes as a Fertilizer For Fruit Trees.

It is only right that the farmer should, when possible, utilize every waste product on the farm. There accumulates around the house during the winter season a quantity of wood ashes, which are of some fertilizing value, their principal constituent of plant food being potash.

If these ashes have not been exposed to rains (which will cause the very soluble potash to leach out) they may be used in the orchard to a good advantage. While ashes may be applied closer to the body of a tree than manures, they should not be banked too closely. One peck of strong, unleached ashes spread about a newly set tree is enough, while from one to three bushels should be used for a tree five years old and upwards. Ashes may be applied almost any time, and a good way is to carry the ashes to the orchard as they are removed from the stove.

Since potash is the valued element in wood ashes, and since it is also the one so much needed in the orchard (insuring early ripening, rich color and solid fruit) the farmer should see that it is only unleached ashes he applies. While it will be all right to use the amount made on his farm, it is not good practice to buy elsewhere. It means paying too much for the percentage of potash they contain, not to mention the expense of hauling. It is better and cheaper to supplement the home supply by using kainit or high-grade muriate of potash. When these cannot be readily obtained, a fertilizer containing two per cent. nitrogen, six per cent. phosphoric acid and eight per cent. potash may be applied. While such a mixture may be put under and around a newly set tree, it need not be put nearer than four feet of the body of a bearing tree. It should be applied to the surface and then turned under, so as to be placed down near to the feeding roots.

Coal ashes are of little value except on wet lands, and that is the kind of land on which fruit trees should never be planted.—D. I. Duncan.

Making the Flock Better.

That is what we all want to do, make our flocks better. The question is how to do it. One way is to get eggs that are from some reliable keeper of well bred stock and one's own superior hens. The time for that however, has gone by for this season. It is now too late to hatch chicks with any expectation that they will be a source of revenue next winter.

Another way is to sell off those that are not doing good work, and those that are getting so old that they may soon fail. It does not take a man or woman who keeps the eyes open long to find out which hens are not doing a profitable business. Treat nests are good, but not absolutely essential to that end. When it has been decided that a hen is running behind, that is, that she does not pay for keeping—better let her go as soon as possible.

Weeding out the hens that are getting along in years is a more difficult matter. Some of these hens are laying pretty well now. We do not know how long they will keep that up, but often we are led to say "These hens are doing well; I believe I will keep them another year." But that may be a costly year for you. It is, in fact, the best possible rule to let every hen go that has gotten to be two or three years old. This is safe, for who can say when a hen may begin to fail?

Having weeded these hens out, if you have pullets coming on, keep them to take the place of those sold; if not, perhaps you can buy some of a neighbor who has a surplus, providing his stock be good. Always work for the best thing. Be satisfied with nothing less.—E. L. Vincent.

Proverbs and Phrases.

Flee pleasures, and pleasures will follow thee.—French.

Fools must be taught by experience.—Livy.

God never sendeth mouth but He sendeth meat.—German.

There is no use in regretting the past. At the same time it may be said that sometimes it shows desirable qualities of mind and heart to do so.

Humor and Philosophy.

Never encourage scandal. It has a way of getting on without encouragement, and so you will win a reputation for reticence that will naturally cause you to be intrusted with the choicest bits.

The trouble about being good friends with a doctor is you never can tell when he is looking you over with a professional eye and appraising your pocketbook.