

Why Some Americans Persist in Living Abroad

By Elliot Gregory.

WHAT charm, one asks one's self in wonder, makes people remain for long years wandering fireless from Cairo to Corahill? It cannot be the climate, for our own is quite as good. Historical associations, we are assured, compensate many of those people for the absence of kith and kin. Experience, however, has taught me that the majority of them are as splendidly indifferent to history—and art, too, for the matter of that, unless as it is applied to the decoration of the human form—as they are to the Bosetta Stone.

The families that one finds residing in Italy, for instance, long since abandoned such foolishness as sight-seeing. That unless fatigue is left to the newcomers; the habitues I have met no more dream of visiting the Vatican galleries or of reading in the library of Lorenzo the Magnificent than they do of settling down seriously to study Italian.

One hears, especially in the less expensive little cities, some twaddle about culture; but you may take my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the real attraction of the place lies in the fact that a Victoria can be had for \$30 a month and a good cook for one-tenth that sum.—The Century.

Ambition in the United States

By Max Nordau.

AMBITION is nowhere else so general and so boundless as in America. This is natural, for in no other country is individualism so highly differentiated as in America, or man so full of inherent energy, so rich in initiative, resource, optimism and self-confidence; so little tethered by pedantry, so willing to recognize the value of a brilliant personality, however this may find expression.

To this it must be added that in America the instances in which men have risen from the most humble beginnings to the most fabulous destinies are more numerous and striking than anywhere else. A Lincoln who develops from a woodcutter into a President; a Schwab who, at twenty years, earned a dollar a day, and, at thirty-five, has a salary of a quarter of a million; a Carnegie who, as a youth, did not know where to find a shilling to buy primers, and, as a man in mature life, does not know how to get rid reasonably and usefully of his three hundred million dollars, must suggest to every woodcutter, every "button," every factory apprentice with the scantiest elementary schooling, the idea that it depends wholly on himself whether or not he shall tread in the footsteps of a Lincoln, a Schwab, or a Carnegie, and reach the goal that these celebrities have attained.

The Horatian "Aurea mediocritas" has nowhere else so few partisans as in America. "Everybody ahead" is the National motto. I suppose, intuitively, the second half of the smart sentence. The universal ideal of the American people seems to be success. The dream of success feeds the fancy of the child, hypnotizes the youth, gives the man temerity, tenacity, and perseverance, and only begins to become a matter of indifference under the sobering influence of advanced age.

"Success," however, is but one of those vague words which mean nothing definite, but which, like "freedom," or "progress," are mere recipients filled by everybody with contents distinctively his own.—Success.

A Collegiate Education Essential to Success

By Chauncey M. Depew.

IT has been my fortune, as business associate in many enterprises, to become intimately acquainted with hundreds of men, who, without any equipment whatever of education, have accumulated millions of dollars. I never met with one of them whose regret was not profound and deep and poignant that he had not an education.

I never met one of them who did not feel in the presence of cultured people a certain sense of mortification which no money paid for. I never met one of them who was not prepared to sacrifice his whole fortune that his boy should never feel the same mortification.

Our language comes, in part, from the Latin and Greek. Our literature is in itself a sort of Latin and Greek. The man or the woman who knows Latin and Greek takes up the paper and reads the editorial or the magazine and scans the page, or the book of poetry or prose and looks at the illustrations, and there is a meaning in the word with the Greek or Latin derivation which comes to him unconsciously; there is a suggestion of a classic flavor in the illustrations which gives them a delight; so that you find university people readers to the day of their death, and business people readers until they go into business.

In the older countries of the world the higher education had always been a privilege. In these United States of America a liberal education is a duty.

There the institutions of government rest upon thrones, rest upon castles, rest upon caste. There the higher education endangers the caste and undermines the throne. Here liberty rests upon the intelligence of the people, and it is pure or it is base according to the character of that intelligence.

Every college is an insurance company against anarchy and socialism. Every fully equipped and thoroughly educated boy and girl is a missionary for the right in the State, in society, in religion and in morals.

No More "Asleep at the Switch"

By George H. Daniels.

"ASLEEP" at the switch could not have been written if the great railroad systems of the past had been what they are now. If the author of these thrilling verses had not taken time by the forelock, amateur recitationists of to-day would have to depend entirely on "Woodman, Spare That Tree," or "Ourself Shall Not Ring To-night." For the melodramatic situation used to such advantage—the switchman snoring at his post, the train coming round the night and saved in the very nick of time by a maiden with her hair standing on end—would not be true to life in these days. Like the times, railroads have changed—for the better—and the fate of a trainload of passengers is no longer left to a single man who may or may not struggle up to his switch and take a nap.

With the "block" system now in operation on the main lines, a man "asleep at the switch" would practically stop the running of trains for miles back. The sleeper, in other words, would virtually tie up the operation of the road until some one woke him up. For the object of the block system is to block trains, to keep them a certain distance apart. A block is the distance between towers—the distance varying all the way from less than 1000 feet to over three miles. Only one train is allowed in a block at a time.

The system is so simple that it can be described in a few words. The signals at each tower are controlled by the man in the tower ahead. That is, no towerman can give the signal "All clear" until that signal is unlocked by his co-laborer in the next tower. Thus, a train leaving Grand Central Station is controlled as follows: On approaching tower one the towerman asks tower two for an unlock by ringing three bells. If block is clear between tower one and two, towerman at tower two unlocks tower one by pushing a plunger in a cabinet. Tower one then clears signals, and after the train has passed he announces the train approaching tower two by ringing four bells. And this method is carried out all the way to the end of the line.

Still, the block system does not alter the old rule for trainmen. When a train stops at an unusual place, the trainman, as in former days, must hurry back over the track for at least three-quarters of a mile, and place a lamp on the track. Then he must continue further back one mile and place two lamps. If his train pulls away before another train comes along, he picks up the torpedoes nearest the train, leaving the others on the track.

Torpedoes are called audible signals. When the engineer strikes the first torpedoes he slows up, and if he does not strike a third he knows that the track has been cleared and again goes ahead full speed. If he strikes one torpedoes, however, he slows up and proceeds with extreme caution, knowing there is danger within one mile ahead. At night, in addition to the torpedoes, the trainman must light a fuse, a red light, which burns exactly ten minutes. An engineer coming upon one of these fuses knows that a train is ahead within ten minutes, and does not proceed until the fuse has burned out.

BILL ARP.

In a recent letter I took the part of the bad boys and said they must not be given up. That letter has provoked a most intelligent comment from a western school teacher, who has been teaching boys for twenty years. He says that his so-called bad boys all most invariably turned out to be his best boys, best scholars, and best men, and he never punished one with the rod. His illustrations are very apt, entertaining and instructive, for he is an ordinary teacher but is a highly cultured gentleman and writes a beautiful letter. His letter contained several pages and was so eagerly perused, he says I am a believer in the rod, but it has been my lot to have to use it mostly, but lightly, on mamma's pets—the good boys who never did anything wrong. He does not believe in moral turpitude or total depravity, but that all natural instincts are good, and that evil is only an abuse or misuse of the good, and he has never seen a human being who would not, at times perform some kind of office for another, never expecting a reward. Once upon a time, the story goes, a little girl was watching a sculptor as he put the finishing touches upon an angel that he had chiseled from a block of marble, and she exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful angel you have made!" "No," said the sculptor, "the angel was already in the marble. I have only chipped away the rough stone that hid it."

So it is with every man—there is an angel there, though too often hidden by the stony covering. The skillful sculptor could find it.

This reminds me of an incident that happened many years ago in Rome while I lived there. It was on Sunday while a great freshet was inundating a portion of the town. A poor boy, the son of a widow, had rowed his little boat out in an eddy to catch some wood that was floating down. By some mischance his boat was caught by the current and he was carried rapidly down the stream. His mother had seen it all and ran down the bank screaming for help. Many people ran along with her, but could do nothing. It was near a quarter of a mile to the junction where scores of men and boys were watching the surging waters. As the little boat neared the bridge pillar it capsized and the boy disappeared with the boat. In an instant it came to the surface again and the boy was seen clinging to the chain at its end. "Save that boy, somebody," said one. "I'll give \$5 to save that boy." Said another, "I'll give \$10." "I'll give \$20," said another, but nobody dared to venture. The mother cried in agony, "Won't somebody save my boy?" Just then a young man was seen rushing wildly down, throwing off his coat and shoes as he came and passing the crowd, he ran down into the water and struck out boldly for the boy. He got him, and clasping one arm around his waist swam with the other and laid him at his mother's feet. He was limp and speechless, but alive. Putting on his shoes and coat the young man walked quickly away. But he was known to most of those present. He was a barkeeper and his moral standing was not good, for he was profane in speech and his associates were the sports and drinking clubs of the town. He was under the ban, but there was an angel in him somewhere. He knew the poor widow and he knew the boy—and he scorned to accept any reward. I have often ruminated over that heroic deed and wondered.

My school teacher friend says that the difference between a bad boy and a good one is that the stone is harder to chip from the former, but gives a finer and more durable polish when the rough outside is chiseled away, but the good boy's angel is found in chalk, and soon crumbles or decays.

He tells of Bob, the worst boy ever taught. It was far out in western Texas, and when the school was made up it was predicted that Bob and the teacher would have a fight in less than a week. He was fully apprised that Bob was wicked and cursed like a sailor and would fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself. Bob's father was dead and his mother an invalid and very poor, but Bob loved her and was kind and good to her and cooked the breakfast before he went to school, which was two miles away. He always hurried home after school to chop the wood and bring water and help her with the supper. The teacher's punishment of his pupils, when it had to be given, was keeping them after school and requiring them to get their lessons. Bob very respectfully asked to be allowed to go home to wait upon his mother. He behaved very well for a week, but his bad day came and he did not study at all. He seemed to be ready for a row. The teacher told him mildly but firmly that he must stay in until he got his lesson. He gave a look of defiance and shut up his book. My friend says: "It was one of the trials of my life, but I was only thinking in half an hour Bob opened his book, but I saw tears in his eyes. After a while he said, 'I can't study now. Please, sir, let me go home. It's so dark and mother will be so scared. She's all alone and sick. Please, sir, I will get this lesson tomorrow, and I won't be bad any more.' Well, I was just overcome, and I took him in my arms and we wept together. Never did Bob give me any more trouble and all the neighbors wondered. I verily believe that if I had whipped him he would have been ruined by it. After his mother's death he enlisted in the army and won his stripes, and he writes me occasionally, and always thanks me for the kindness I showed him at school."

I believe that the use of the rod in our public schools has been generally abandoned. The punishment of refractory pupils is now just what it is in our colleges. Expulsion, suspension, monthly reports of conduct and progress. Patrons seem satisfied with this and the general verdict is that Solomon was joking. My friend Fort was an expert in whipping children as is Dr. Goldsberry of Atlanta, and when I visited Solomon, who said, "He that smote the rod, smote his son," he said, "Well, Solomon was mad when

he wrote that. With all of those whips he must have had three or four hundred children, and the little rascals were always tagging after him and begging for candy, or a knife or a dog, or something, and they climbed up his legs and felt in his pockets and pulled his hair, and it was pappy this and daddy that, until he got desperate and wrote that verse. I don't take everything for granted that Solomon says now. A man who was as big a fool about women as he was, needn't tell me about whipping children. He didn't know how to raise Rehoboth; who succeeded him, for he said to the children of Israel, "My father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." That's the kind of a boy he raised with his rod."

But after all and before all it is the home influence that moulds the child, for that is constant and enduring. The angel that was within Bob was uncovered by his mother's love. Some mothers send their little children to school at a nursery to get them out of the way or because they cannot manage them at home. While others put up for them a nice lunch and kiss them a sweet goodbye and fondly watch for their return. Our children had to go more than a mile to school when we lived on the farm. They had to cross the creek on a foot log and then through a field up a long hill, and then down the hill until out of sight. It was my daily pleasure to watch them go and come, and feel that they were safe.

And now our eldest daughter is going to leave us—going to Winnsboro, Carolina, to live, where her husband has found profitable employment. They have five children, some of whom were our daily visitors and made us happy when they came. What shall we do now? We thought that this exodus of our children was over. My wife and I are growing old and it grieves us to lose our children and grandchildren. But this is the common lot. There is nothing true but heaven.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

President Roosevelt is forty-four years old.

King Edward has been godfather to seventy-five persons.

Premier Balfour is not only a fine musician, but also a golfer and an automobilist.

For a country seat, Robert T. Lincoln, of Chicago, has bought 2500 acres of land at Manchester, Vt.

The Crown Prince of Germany is a clever automobilist and understands how to repair all accidents to the machine.

The Shah of Persia owns the largest diamond in the world, while the Sultan of Turkey is the possessor of the largest ruby.

The German Emperor has taken up a new hobby. He is very much fascinated just now with the collecting of book plates.

The Hon. Maude Poncefote, daughter of the late British Ambassador, is compiling her father's papers for publication in memoir form.

Nothing could prove more clearly the complete restoration of King Edward to health and strength than his victory in the Newmarket races.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, declares the secret of longevity to be: Work. He says those who get rich and retire early from business are apt to die.

Lord Kitchener, when asked recently for his autograph, refused, saying: "Young man, make your own autograph worth something. Mine's worth nothing."

John Morley has presented the library of the late Lord Acton, which was given him by Andrew Carnegie, to Cambridge University. There are 70,000 volumes.

Hedin Sven, the Asiatic explorer, has been ennobled by Sweden, despite the protests of many friends that he might better have received a money compensation for his discoveries to atone for the fortune he has spent on explorations.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Lord Derby, the trotter, has won upward of \$30,000 this season to date.

Harvard beat Princeton for intercollegiate golf championship by 14 holes to 9.

A woman's gymnasium, to cost \$31,000, will be built at the University of Chicago.

Horse racing in California the coming winter will be on a higher plane than ever before.

During the Harlem meeting, at Chicago, \$187,777 was distributed in stakes and purses.

The Western Jockey Club has refused to grant a trainer's license to Steve H. Hommedieu.

Dan Patchen failed to beat the pacing record (1:59 2/5) at Memphis, Tenn., making the mile in 2:01.

The athletic council of Cornell University has voted to send a crew to compete in the Henley regatta next year.

Prince Albert won a match race from Sir Albert S. at Memphis, Tenn., and lowered the pacing record for a half mile to 57 1/2 seconds.

Sidney Burns, one of the American turfmen expelled from France, returned to Paris, was rearrested and escorted to the frontier.

Edith W., driven by Frank G. Jones, won a free-for-all race at Memphis, Tenn., pacing each heat in 2:05 1/2, a record for two heats for mares.

O'Connor, the jockey, has been engaged by Baron de Rothschild to ride in France for the next three years at a salary of \$15,000 per annum.

Yachtmen are greatly pleased that C. Oliver Iselin has consented to take charge of the new boat to be built for the defense of the America's Cup.

There is a good deal of discussion among the golfers in London about the rubber-cored ball. The best players say the lively ball puts the inferior players in the class with them, and they are opposed to it.

The Irish American lunch counter has invaded Cairo, Egypt, and made a great conquest. The land of the Pharaohs has always been noted for the number of its mendicants and "bums."

GOOD ROADS.

Interesting Information.

The following interesting information is taken from the recent article entitled "Road Building with Convict Labor in the Southern States," by Professor J. A. Holmes, and will be of interest to those interested in the good roads movement.

Portable prisons on wheels are novelties which are now in use in several localities. These movable jails appear to solve the problem of preventing the escape of convicts employed at great distances from their prison proper. In exterior appearance they are freight car bodies provided with barred windows and mounted upon wagon trucks. As the road improvement progresses they are drawn forward by horses and collected in some convenient grove or open field, selected as the temporary prison camp. Morning and evening the convicts are marched along the road from and to their quarters. To facilitate their being safely guarded during the night without too great risk and expense, each prisoner, when he goes to bed, has either one foot or one hand manacled loosely to a chain or rod from which he can be easily released the following morning.

Tiers of bunks inside comprise the sleeping quarters. These are easily and cheaply made comfortable. Ample ventilation is afforded in summer and during the cold months there is a stove in each car.

One of these portable prisons, which can be disjoined and transported in sections, is in use on the public roads of North Carolina. One of these movable jails can be lengthened to accommodate fifty convicts. Its sides and ends are of boards bolted together in sections. The roof, of corrugated iron, is also in sections. Large tents are used in States.

Women prisoners do the cooking and washing of some migratory camps. This work is usually done, however, by trusty male convicts, and in some cases it is performed by hired labor. The younger prisoners are usually assigned to such tasks as the carrying of water or the running of errands.

A ball and chain are attached to convicts who show a desire to escape. While these encumbrances make it impossible for a prisoner to run rapidly, they do not seriously hamper his movements during the regular road work.

Critics of the convict system of road building say that it offers too many opportunities for the escape of prisoners; as a matter of fact, however, the annual escapes amount to less than two men out of each hundred. Almost 800 counties, representing ten States, employ convict labor upon their roads. This furnishes an army of 4377 road builders, each of whom costs his State thirty-three and one-half cents a day. Were he left in the county jail he would cost one and one-half cents more a day. Hence he is a cheaper article toiling upon the roads than languishing in a cell or jail yard. All told, the cost of convict labor in these States ranges from one-third to one-half that of hired labor employed in the same work.

The Southern States employing convict road builders are Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia. In the two Carolinas and Georgia such a perfection of systems is reached that large camps are operated at cost of only twenty to thirty cents per convict per day. Provisions are purchased for the prison camps at wholesale at competitive rates; the convicts do their own cooking and washing. Owing to the usually good sanitation of the camps and the benefits of exercise to the prisoners, the cost of medical attention is almost nothing.

Another virtue of the system is that the prisoners, after injuring their communities by the commission of their crimes, and after adding to its financial burdens by incurring expense for their capture, conviction and punishment, are put in a position to benefit that community. Having served an apprenticeship in the handling of road building machinery the convict leaves prison with a training which enables him to earn a better living than he probably made before.

Only prisoners convicted of misdemeanors can be assigned to work on the public roads of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Florida and Georgia. The terms of such convicts do not usually exceed one year. In Alabama all able bodied male prisoners whose terms do not exceed two years, may be sent to the roads. In South Carolina the limit is five years and in North Carolina ten.

An experiment is now being made in some Southern counties in the employment on the roads of captured, but unconvicted prisoners, unable to give bail. If the prisoner be acquitted at his trial he is paid for his services. If convicted, his period of labor on the roads is deducted from his term.

Many convicts in the Southern States are employed on farms, in factories or in mines, being worked under the lease or contract system, or in some cases under State control.

California convicts quarry and crush stone for use in permanent road building. The cost is half what it would be with hired labor. Strong stockades surround these quarries, also the convict quarters. The percentage of escapes is no larger than that experienced in jails proper.

There are over 22,000 prisoners in confinement within this country. Seventy-six thousand of these are men, 18,000 white. There are 72,000 inmates of

aims houses, 41,000 of whom are men. With such a force every county in every State might develop its highways to the highest degree of perfection.

The article above referred to on "Road Building with Convict Labor in the Southern States" can be secured free of cost by application to Professor J. A. Holmes, Chapel Hill, N. C., who is the Special Agent of the Southern Division of the office of Road Inquiries of the United States Department of Agriculture.

An Imagination Magazine.

If we could have good roads it would add more to the value of farm property than all other public improvements put together ever have. It would reduce the cost of getting our crops to market more than one-half, and in saving of feed that is now fed to idle horses, it would amount to a sum that staggers the imagination.

A Practical Result.

Every day that a team remains idle it is something for which no return will ever be received. If we had good roads the teams could be used on the farm when the ground was in condition and the crops could be hauled to market at such times as farm work could not be prosecuted.

A Remarkable Statement.

It has been computed that the average cost of getting crops from the farm to the railway station is greater than putting it from the railroad station to the seaboard.

A Farmer's Opinion.

"If it were a question of farm wagons with narrow tires furnished free of expense, or such wide tire wagons as I am using at my own cost, I should continue to use the latter."—A Farmer.

Have Wide Tires.

The very best way to make and keep good roads is to have wide tired wagons.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement.—Goldsmith.

If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—Poor Richard.

Polliteness induces morality. Serenity of manner requires serenity of mind.—Julia Ward Howe.

After so many have coldly repeated that vice leads to misery, is there no generous man who will proclaim aloud that misery leads to vice?—Landor.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—O. W. Holmes.

Taken in its widest sense, culture means preparation for complete living. Acquisition of fitness for carrying on the business of life is primarily a duty to self, and secondarily, a duty to others.—Herbert Spencer.

The aim for which we give our best strength is everything, the visible success is nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity at the highest, when visible success is at the least.—John Hamilton Thom.

Men, though never so thickly clad in dignities, sit not inaccessible to the influence of their time; especially men whose life is business; who at all turns, were it even from behind judgment seats, have come in contact with the actual workings of the world.—Carlyle.

'Tis certain that the one thing we wish to know is, where power is to be bought. But we want a finer kind than that of commerce, and every reasonable man would give any price of house and land and future provision for condensation, concentration and the recalling at will of high mental energy. Our money is only a second best. We would jump to buy power with it, that is, intellectual perception moving the will. That is first best. But we don't know where the shop is.—Emerson.

Bridal Superstitions.

Many and curious are the customs regarding brides. In Switzerland the bride on her wedding day will permit no one, not even her parents, to kiss her upon the lips. In parts of rural England the cook pours hot water over the threshold after the bridal couple go, in order to keep it warm for another bride. The pretty custom of throwing the alpper originated in France. An old woman seeing the carriage of her young king—Louis XIII.—passing on the way from church, where he had just been married, took off her shoe, and, flinging it his coach, cried out, "Tis all I have, Your Majesty, but may the blessing of God go with it." There is an old superstition in Germany against marriages in May. A favorite wedding day in Scotland is December 31, so that the young people can leave their old life with the old year and begin their married life with the new one. The Italians permit no wedding gifts that are sharp pointed, connected with which practice is our superstition that the gift of a knife severs friendship. One beautiful marriage custom is that of the bride, immediately after the ceremony, flinging her bouquet among her maiden friends. She who catches it is destined to be the next bride.—London Globe.

Parcel Carrying.

For many years the endless-belt method of carrying merchandise from place to place in large buildings has been in use and the system has worked well. Its place, however, is being rapidly taken by the telephage system, in which, on an overhead wire, merchandise may be carried suspended, with electricity as the motive power. One of the uses of telephage, which appeals to everybody, is in railway stations for carrying baggage.—Baltimore Sun.