"Get In Right on Happiness P'f'd"

By John Farson, Chicago Millionaire.

THE millionaire who is unhappy and never smiles would be just as unhappy and without smiles if he was poor. It is a matter of temperament.

Live in the open air, think kindly of humanity and make friends. The same care should be used in investing money to bring happiness as is used in investing it to bring in more money. How foolish it is to think that you can get good returns on Happiness Preferred by slinging in your coin any old way any old time. You have to watch the happiness market just as closely as you watch the market of tape and ticker. That's what brings results.

The trouble with the millionaires that are unhappy is that they are the kind of men who would be unhappy whether they had $10,000,000 or only 10 cents. Tat a certain millionaire is unhappy doesn't necessarily indicate that he is unhappy because of his wealth. Wealth doesn't sour a man; he has to be sour by nature.

The contented man is the happy man. The contented millionaire is the happy millionaire. The contented pauper is the happy pauper. The contented pauper is really happier than the sour, discontented millionaire.

But I don't mean to say that every one ought to be perfectly contented all the time. That would mean that the world would stand still. Isn't there a poet somewhere I have read that speaks of a noble discontent? Sure. There is a kind of discontent that means progress, but it is mightily different from the discontent that makes you sour, and dry, and warped, and causes you to look with suspicion on every human being you meet.

Future of the Pacific

By Chauncey Thomas.

IT is generally conceded, I believe, by the best and most far-sighted minds, that the greatest world trade of the future is to be across the Pacific. For centuries trade centered in the Mediterranean, with the result that the largest and most important cities of that time were formed on the shores of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The discovery of America, then a wilderness, centered trade later in the Atlantic, and the most important cities of the world then grew up on the shores of Western Europe and Eastern America. So the cities of the Pacific Coast of America in time will probably be in proportion to the trade across the Pacific, and the trade across an ocean, other things being equal, is in proportion to the number of people who live along its borders.

To-day the Pacific Coast of the United States has about one-twelfth as many people as live along the Atlantic seaboard; yet the shores of the Pacific are many times richer in natural resources than are those of the Atlantic. There is hardly any comparison between the sterile hills of New England and the garden valleys of Washington, Oregon and California. California alone is, broadly speaking, two-thirds the size of France, and is easily capable of supporting 20,000,000 people. France supports 40,000,000. Along the lower half of the Western sea-coast, for hundreds of miles, there is but one world harbor—San Francisco. This fact alone insures to the Golden Gate a city as large as Paris, or even larger. The growth of this city—or any of the cities of the Pacific Coast—will not be sudden, but it will be in exact proportion to the pressure of population in America, the awakening of Asia—as Japan has awakened—and the development of other Pacific shores.—Success Magazine.

Club Girls and Working Girls

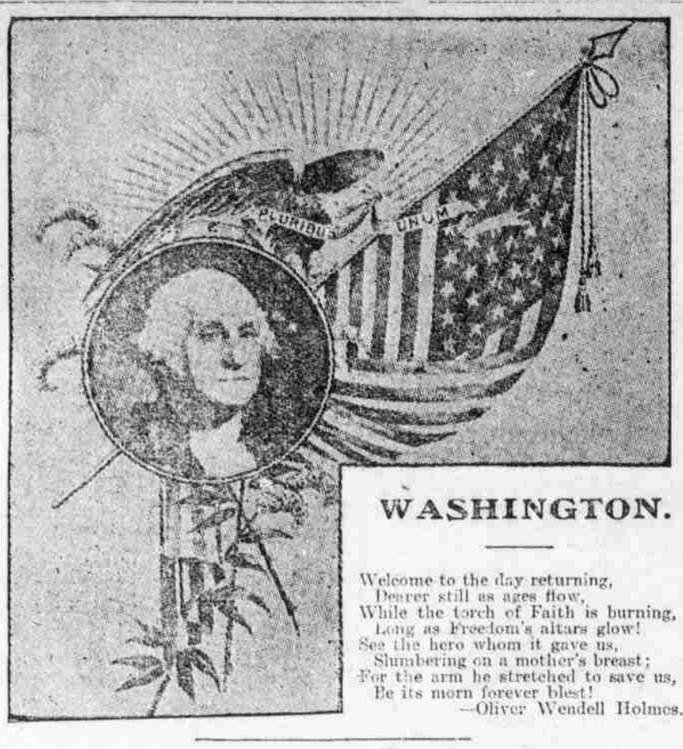
By Mrs. Sam Small, Wife of Famous Southern Evangelist.

I BELIEVE in girls working who have to do so, but others who do it merely for pastime, or for finery with which to decorate themselves, ought not to be employed. Did you ever notice how effeminate are becoming the men whose daughters and wives help support the family? Such men lose the strong, noble qualities that the care of a family produces. They become inefficient "nobodies" and effeminate. Every woman on the globe ought to be interested in the future of the working girl. They are getting no good from the average woman's club. None of these clubs is so useful as formerly. It's no longer a case of elevation, but one of entertainment. The young girl members are losing all their modesty, and that will not do, because when a man loses his sentiment for a girl he loses his respect. Man wants to hold to the poetical idea about a girl. She is getting the wrong idea when she thinks he wants her to be his comrade. Club girls and working girls bring on a condition that is deplorable. Their purpose is to get married, and many of them go out to work specially to accomplish that. But they first succeed in reducing men's wages, marry them, and consequently have less to live on than if they had kept out of the field. Clubs are on the increase, I am sorry to say. There is a club for everything now, and they could accomplish a great deal of good if they were conducted properly. A peculiar thing is that wealthy women are at the head of most clubs, just the same as they fill the presiding chairs in the Daughters of the American Revolution. I can not account for this, but right here we have the poor trying to emulate the rich, and there is no doubt the poor girls see these wealthy women do things they think are all right for them to follow. The result is that club girls are becoming degenerated and losing their womanly qualities. —From the Home Magazine.

Personal Immortality ...in the.. Light of Recent Science

By Dr. Donald Sage Mackay.

AS the deeper facts of existence are being traced in ways unknown in an earlier day, the man of science now tells us that there is no scientific proof of the impossibility of life after death. The science of today does not undertake to prove immortality, but neither does she deny it. With the newer light of recent research before her, she goes thus far at least, and says: "Scientifically, the doctrine of immortality is not an impossible delusion." Huxley, for example, in one of his later essays has this to say: "If the belief in immortality is essential to morality, physical science has nothing to say against the probability of that doctrine. It (physical science) effectually closes the mouths of those who pretend to refute immortality by objections deduced from merely physical data." This attitude of Huxley has found even more distinctive affirmation in recent years from such men of scientific attainment as Sir Oliver Lodge, John Fiske, Professors James and Munsterberg of Harvard—all of whom have written sympathetically and hopefully of immortality, not from the standpoint of the Christian believer, but from that of the unbiased scientist.—From the North American Review.



WASHINGTON.

Welcome to the day returning,
Dearer still as ages flow,
While the torch of Faith is burning,
Long as Freedom's altars glow!
See the hero whom it gave us,
Slumbering on a mother's breast;
For the arm he stretched to save us,
Be its morn forever blest!
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

An Intimate View of Martha Washington.

HERE are few more charming spots than delightful old Mount Vernon, with its silent tomb, its quaint mansion and its undulating acres on the banks of the broad Potomac. But it was not to this mansion as it now stands that George Washington brought the admirable woman whom he married. Then the mansion was but two stories in height, with four rooms on each floor. Washington, who was fond of visiting here, inherited this place from his step-brother, Lawrence Washington.

Now approaching visitors are told when they set foot within the limit of the 8000 acres which were owned by George Washington, who himself described this estate as "in a high, healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world—a river well stocked with various fish at all seasons of the year, and in the spring with shad, herring, bass, carp, sturgeon, etc., in abundance. The borders of the estate are washed by more than ten miles of tidewater; several valuable fisheries appertain to it."

When at length Washington had taken a "final, affecting and affectionate leave of his officers," other formalities being over, he prepared to settle down to delightful domesticity at Mount Vernon, he found that quietude was not for him. Seeing he had underrated his importance, he yielded to the inevitable and straightway planned to enlarge their dwelling, every line of it being approved by Mrs. Washington. There's the hall through the centre, with a splendid staircase. Opening out of it at the north are the west parlor and the music room. Beyond them is the state dining room, running the length of the north end of the house, and quite corresponding to the east room at the White House in Washington, D. C. From the south of the hall open the charming dining room (a west room) and the sitting room. Like the music room, it looks out upon the river. Beyond these, at the extreme south, is Washington's library (though some authorities say he had none and cared little for books). By a private stairway he could go up to his bed chamber above, a fine room, with two south windows and two dressing rooms. After the custom, this room was closed upon his death, and his widow removed to the attic room directly above, and from the dormer window of which she could see his tomb. And there she died.

Curved around from the mansion

MRS. LAWRENCE LEWIS (ELEANOR CUSTIS.)
From the painting by Stuart.

away from the river are graceful colonnades, paved and roofed, which connect it with the offices at the north and the great kitchen at the south. The gardener's domain and the butler's are still beyond.

Peculiarly enough, the kitchen reminds one of Lafayette. To begin at the beginning, Lafayette sent Washington a pack of French stag hounds, thinking in times of peace he would return to the pleasure of the chase. Vulcan was one of the most aggressive of these animals, and distinguished himself by seizing a tempting ham which had been done to a turn in the great fireplace, and, in spite of the attack of tongs and pokers, bearing it off to his kennel. The General and the guests thought it amusing, but Martha Washington did not feel safe in her capacity as hostess until the hounds had been disposed of, and the splendid slopes, amid which is the simple but dignified tomb of herself and our first President, were stocked with beautiful deer.

Mrs. Washington had a passion for gardening and indulged in it not only at beautiful Mount Vernon, but even at such times as she joined her husband at his summer headquarters of the army, notably at Newburgh. To this day her favorite rose, among other plants, is propagated, and visitors to this Fairfax County paradise may carry away, for a consideration, a Martha Washington rose bush.

After Washington's death Martha Washington said: "'Tis well all is now over; I have no more trials to go through." So the great law of compensation works through everything. She would have been glad enough to creep back to her White House plantation, after which the President's house was named, if she could have found John and Patsy Custis, the girl and boy she loved, waiting for her there.

To Jacky, Washington sent the letter informing his family that he had accepted the charge of the Colonial forces. He feared the effect of the news upon his wife. She, he knew, realized the task he was undertaking, but her ardent patriotism conquered her fears. "My heart is in the cause," she wrote to a friend. "George is right. He is always right." She may have been terrorized by those booming guns at Cambridge, coming as she did from fifteen years' sweet seclusion at Mount Vernon, but under the guidance of his brave spirit she learned to look all hardships in the face—even death itself grew to have no terrors for her. And so we find her in his shadow through all the war, always faithful, always loving. Organizing his households and donning linsey-woolsey for her housewifely duties, as she did to the dismay of the ladies of Morristown. She planted and trimmed chance gardens, made queue bags for her husband's young officers, and tended the sick and weary; and sometimes she could put aside her own thoughts, light the candles and dance a minuet with the best of them. Anyone who has seen a pair of her tiny brocaded slippers realizes that she could not have been human and kept them hidden!

In a certain old Virginia family, where traditions have been garnered and kept as fragrant as the rose-leaves in the bowls of eighteenth century Waterford glass that adorn the low chimney-piece in the time-toned drawing rooms, Mrs. Washington is a vital memory. It is related that friends followed her rise on the arm of Washington with rounded and expectant eyes. Would she change for them and play the great lady on her summer visits to Mount Vernon? They had known her, a simple Southern housewife in the humblest of caps—a mob, crocking her sugar-loaf, directing the making of currant jell or mulberry wine, and they eagerly awaited her coming after each step in her husband's advance toward the heights where the laurel leaves flash in the sunlight. But time made no change in her affections. She was faithful to all her early ties, and talked more to her neighbors of the affairs of her household than the affairs of the nation her husband was ruling. From the great coach, as it skirted the hill, she waved her hand to them, and when she tripped down its side steps it was to fall into their welcoming arms with tears and kisses. Washington, himself, was not expected to unbend to such a degree, and it is still whispered in Virginia that he did not even deem it correct to shake hands after he became President. A low court bow from the waist was his excellency's greatest mark of favor.

John and Patsy Custis, the little son and daughter of Martha Washington, on whom the President lavished his great love for children.

In thinking of the couple—and how few of us know them as more than shadowy names—we are apt in fancy to mold them into cold and austere beings; but they were not so. No man of the Revolution contracted firmer friendships than Washington did, and as for his Martha, her naturally warm heart was always going out to some one in secret. To that motherless young officer Alexander Hamilton she became so devoted that the Tory scribblers designated him as her "yellow tom-cat," and take, for instance, their mutual affection for the little son of Tobias Lehr. It has been frequently asserted that they had no liking for children, but old letters and papers prove that Washington either educated or adopted nine of the offspring of his kith and kin. Perhaps in his whole career there is nothing more touching than the picture drawn of him by Dumas on the evening of their visit to the town of Providence:

"We arrived there at night; the whole of the population had assembled from the suburbs; we were surrounded by a crowd of children carrying torches, reiterating the acclamations of the citizens; all were eager to approach the person of him whom they called their father, and pressed so closely around us that they hindered us from proceeding. General Washington was very much affected, stopped a few moments, and pressing my hand, said: 'We may be beaten by the English—it is the chance of war—but behold an army which they can never conquer!' "

And as for Martha Washington, she will always stand first as a wife and mother, although her name is high on the list of notable American women. Very few of her letters are extant, and very few of her speeches have been recorded. Although she followed her handsome Virginia colonel up the most difficult slopes, she sometimes rebelled at being what she called "a prisoner of state." The great joy of her declining years was her grandchildren. Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis were practically brought up by her. Perhaps she shut her eyes sometimes and pretended that they were little Patsy and Jacky. We find Washington writing to the boy as "your papa." He, too, was shutting his eyes and dreaming of a joy missed. After all the storm and stress we picture him in the home he loved best of everything in his life. Nellie Custis is playing at her harpsichord, and the piece is one he has given her, "The Way Worn Traveler." He sits on the long sofa—you can see it in the sitting room at Mount Vernon to-day—and Martha is by his side. As the fresh young voice fills the room he takes her slender white hand—a trifle wrinkled now—and kisses it. It is a springtime night like one he found when traveling the road to Williamsburg. Then the candles sputter and the vision is gone.—From the Ladies' World.

ODE TO THE 22D OF FEBRUARY.

Lives of great men oft remind us,
We may yet be shining lamps;
And, departing, leave behind us
Other heads for postage stamps.

Other bridges o'er the Harlem,
Other arches, high in air;
Other markets, down in West street,
Other statues in the square.

Other hatchets, trees and stories
Bearing morals sure to faze;
And—the pinnacle of glories—
Other legal holidays!
—J. M. Chater, in New York Truth.

Boy Who Spoke "George Washington."

Once I knew a little boy five years old who stood up before a lot of folks in a great big hall and spoke a piece. His uncle made it up for him. It was the night of Washington's birthday, so you see it had to be about George Washington.

The little boy was so small that a man had to lift him up on the stage. Then, when he stood there and saw all the folks he felt frightened, they all made such a noise clapping their hands. But just then he remembered his piece and spoke it. This was it:

Now don't begin to clap
When I begin to speak,
For I'm a little chap,
And rather lack the cheek.

I'm not as old as Washington,
When at his mother's knee
He said what he had done,
Said he'd cut the cherry tree.

Said he cut it with his hatchet,
And when his mother heard,
Guess he thought he'd catch it,
But she never said a word.

Now I will be like Georgie good,
And try not tell a lie;
Be loved by all the neighborhood,
And a great man by and by.

What Washington Might Tell.

George Washington, if he had survived, would have been a hundred and seventy-six years old this year, and might have been able to tell us which of the various portraits of him was a likeness. If he were as lacking in vanity as Cromwell, he certainly would not select the Gilbert Stuart portrait, for that is admittedly somewhat idealized.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.
—The Portrait is by Edward Savage.