

London's Wage-Earners Are Essentially English

By Walter A. Wyckoff.

O an American observer there is no fact more striking than that of the essentially English character of these millions of wage-earners. And the lower he looks in the scale of work and the standard of life, the more surprising does the fact appear, until it is almost inconceivable as it stares out from among the appalling conditions of the submerged. The American is little accustomed to seeing the native-born of his own race among the ranks of wage-earners and never practically among the destitute poor. There he invariably expects foreign faces, and there he invariably meets them. I once spent eighteen months as a wage-earner in America, living on the wages of unskilled labor and working at all manner of jobs, as I journeyed slowly from Connecticut to California. In that time I was thrown with nearly every variety of foreigner, but it was a rare event when I found myself working beside another American, except as I got employment with farmers or in a gang of navvies on some Western railway or in a Rocky Mountain mining camp. Once during that time I lived for a fortnight among the unemployed of Chicago, and saw, of necessity, much of the destitution of a typical American city, but never did I see an American among the destitute poor. There are slums in more than one American city, more terrible, it strikes me, than any in London—certainly more terrible than any in the East End—but the American finds in them only foreign faces. The Englishman, on the contrary, sees his fellow-countryman, not only in every grade of labor, from the most highly skilled artisan and mechanic and operative to the unskilled navy and the idle, thriftless, anaemic "casual," but down even among such human wrecks, from the registered lodging-houses in Dorset street, as one may see basking in the sun on the benches about Christ Church in Spitalfields.—From "Among London Wage-Earners," in Scribner's.

An Unmitigated Evil?

Some of the Possibilities in America's Swelling Tide of Immigration. By Gustave Michaud.

O say that the great bulk of the American people sees in the recent phase of immigration to their country an unmitigated evil is probably not an exaggerated statement. If the reasons for such an opinion were asked, the answer would generally be that the newcomers are ignorant and shabby. For the student of man, however, these reasons have not the weight which they carry in the popular mind. When, as is the case with most of our present immigrants, ignorance has for its cause the lack, not of intelligence, but of the proper educational facilities, it is an acquired negative characteristic. As such it is not transmissible to offspring, and means absolutely nothing for the future of the race. The first Baltic people brought to Rome by the armies of Caesar were looked upon in contempt by patricians and plebeians alike. They were ignorant, rude, uncivilized. Fifteen centuries later, when the Renaissance swept over their land, the descendants of those same Baltic barbarians started a civilization which, in many respects is now the first of the world. Placed in the highly favorable American economic conditions, the next generation of our Italian immigrants will promptly show us that they lack neither intelligence nor imagination nor artistic talent. That the recent turn taken by immigration will deeply and in many ways modify our national character is certain. That it will deteriorate it is not. Some of the modifications will be for the worse, some for the better. We can measure the extent of none, and ought thereby to be prevented from making sweeping assertions. The most conspicuous physical change which will be brought about by intermarriage with the newcomers will be the least noticed by all but ethnologists. It is the change which took place in many parts of Europe after the great prehistoric Alpine invasion, and which is clearly seen in sepulchres posterior to that event. The skull will become shorter and broader. That change is taking place now, on a large scale, in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and especially Massachusetts. We leave it to Esthetes to decide whether it gives us reason to rejoice or lament.—The Century.

The Gospel of Good Nature.

Hard Work, No Worry, a Thought For the Other Fellow, and a Smiling Face the Way to Happiness.

W HAT is the use of being pessimistic? Did pessimism ever do you any good? Did it ever do your neighbor any good? What if the coal is low in the bins and the money slack in the pockets? Worrying about it will not fill either of them, but getting down to hard work this minute, keeping at work, and, above all, working the right way, will. Every minute idly spent wondering and worrying and speculating as to what is going to happen is a minute worse than wasted. Hard luck is a phantom; laziness is a fact. Don't be lazy, and you will not have hard luck. Life is a class in mathematics. Work according to the rule and stick to it, and you will solve the problem. When you are feeling glum, down in the mouth, discouraged and generally out of sorts, remember the gospel of good nature. Then put it in practice. Stop thinking about yourself and your troubles. Do something for the other fellow. The result may surprise you. You thought, possibly, that he was a bear, but, even if he is, he knows the milk of human kindness when he tastes it. A smile is contagious. Perhaps you never thought of that. You knew that fear was catching, that discontent traveled like wildfire, that sickness begot sickness. We all acknowledge these things and we all know the deadly results. Why not change the thought? Why not recognize that confidence in the future, happiness and good health are also contagious? It was a wise philosopher who said, "Thoughts are things." It was a good philosopher who declared, "As a man thinketh, so is he." "Practice makes perfect," is a saying, the truth of which is axiomatic. Sow optimism, practice good nature, and you will reap peace, joy and contentment. No one can make you unhappy, if you refuse to be unhappy. Try it and see if it does not work.

The Humility of Ability.

By Justice Ernest Hall, of the Supreme Court of New York.

H UMILITY is, to other people, one of the most charming characteristics a man can possess, but it is not one that will aid him in his battle with the world. The man of humility is seldom a leader—his very nature makes it impossible for him to take the initiative—yet the greatest men in the world's history, the most learned and those who have done most for their fellow-men were modest in demeanor, simple in habits and humble in spirit. At first glance this statement may appear paradoxical, but it is not. Students may become more and more humble as they acquire wisdom, for they become more and more alive to their own limitations, and more and more sensible to the insignificance of their knowledge as compared with the wealth of wisdom there is in the world and the versatility of other men. To be truly great, and yet be humble, requires qualities of mind which few men possess. Those who have won fame have done so because they struggled toward a definite end; and it is but natural to take pride in the achievement when the battle has been fought and the victory won. Humility is a lesson which the clergy seldom fail to impress on their congregations, and every Sunday-school scholar is familiar with the name of the most modest and humble man who ever lived. Sir Isaac Newton was so keenly alive to the insignificance of man, as compared to the marvels of the world and the wonders of the universe, that it would have been utterly impossible for him to have been other than humble. John Wesley and John Bunyan are instances of preachers who were humble, and unlike many followers of the Carpenter's Son, they never became proud of their humility. Benjamin Franklin was so lacking in pride that he walked through the streets of Philadelphia with a loaf of bread under his arm, and though he became one of the most powerful men of his day, he was never puffed up or self-conscious. Some men remain humble because they realize how very little is their own greatness, and others because they are never able to overcome the retiring nature which was theirs by birth. To be "proud as Lucifer" is a common failing—to be "meek as Moses" is a rare virtue.

THE STONE IN THE ROAD.

By JOHN EDWARD EVERETT.

Up hill with heavy load,
A farmer's wheels went round;
A stone was in the road,
At which the farmer frowned.
At once, with snap and crack,
The shaft gave way and dropped;
The wagon staggered back,
But struck the stone, and stopped.
'Tis thus through life, I wis:
The evils often bless,
And hindrance often is
A rock of sure success.
—John Edward Everett, in Ram's Horn.

THE "LONE HOUND OF SEABERRY SETTLEMENT."

By RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

"ARE you afraid, sonny?" Samuel Lawson asked his boy Lem one night when Lem was fourteen years old. "Is it true that you don't dare go into the cellar unless you have a light? There, don't feel bad. It ain't your fault your being scared. You needn't be ashamed unless you don't do the things you know you'd ought to just because you are a bit scared."

It was the first time Samuel had ever spoken to Lem about what everybody from Noblesborough to Metcalf Mountain had noted and commented on, not always behind the lad's back. Now with trembling lip and filling eyes he listened to the soft words of his father, which it seemed showed falling faith in his son.

"I don't know," the lad answered. "It just seems as if I couldn't do it, and—and it's always so."

"What would you do, sonny, if some time a bear should fight you in the woods?" the old man continued.

"I—I don't know, but—I guess I'd run," was the hesitating reply.

"I don't believe it," was the hearty and unexpected response.

One day soon after his talk with his father, Lem took a pack-basket, a blanket, some bread and a bit of pork, and while the sun shone bright at midday walked back into the woods over a plain trail, until night found him far from the nearest man, and whether he would or no, he must stay in the woods till the sun rose again.

He did not sleep much that night, and he cried at times because he was afraid; but nevertheless he went again and again, and after a few trips into the woods he learned that, after all, darkness was not so fearsome. But none of the neighbors knew what the lad was doing. They still talked about him as "skeery in the dark."

Nor did they know that Lem was schooling himself to do the things that he did not want to do, which is good for one's courage and endurance. After a year of the training Lem waited eagerly for a chance to show the stuff there was in him—and so he learned patience. For he had to wait two years. Then his opportunity came.

There were summer boarders at Frazier's; two fishermen, with their families, and the wife of a cousin of Frazier, and Florence, her twelve-year-old daughter. Florence liked to ride on the wood wagons and walk logs on the creek bank. Moreover she loved the woods, and went frequently into them. Of course she knew Lem, and he baited hooks so that she could catch fish out of the brooks.

But one day Annie Borsen told her that Lem was afraid of everything, even the dark. It was unkind of Annie, but when Florence asked Ike Frazier about it, he told her many things that Lem had feared—the dark, other boys—and worst of all, a deer fawn had followed him one evening down the road, and he "running and hollering loud" he could."

The next time Florence met Lem she did not look at him. "Fraid cats" were not to the liking of such a girl. Annie told Lem some of the things Florence said about people who were scared at nothing. But Lem had heard such things often, and merely waited for his time to come. He knew some things about his heart that others had never tried to see.

Florence went to the woods oftener than before and wandered around in them. They seemed very lovely to her, and each day she was tempted to go a little farther, till at last one day she got lost. No one in the settlement had seen her since early in the afternoon, when on that evening inquiries began to be made.

Morning found all the men folks starting out to search, and the next night found the child still missing. All that night and all the next day passed. Guns were fired, fires were built, far-herd cries uttered. With sinking hearts the men returned home on the evening of the third night, feeling that the search was quite hopeless. Sam Lawson said it "wasn't any use," and Ike Frazier was as certain.

But somehow Lem Lawson felt that here was his opportunity. He said to himself, "I'll trail her like a lone hound till I find her, dead or alive," and he went out the next morning with renewed purpose in his heart, feeling for the first time in his life that now he had something he must do.

How carefully he hunted back of the Frazier Clearing, through the briars of the Old Burning, along the top of Maple Ridge, and among the alders of Big Brook need not be told here. It was nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon when, on the edge of Black Swamp, he found a ribbon with which the girl's hair had been tied. And that was eleven miles away from Seaberry Settlement, when the girl had started.

Lem went down on his knees with a little cry of joy, and looked into the dirt for a track. His woods-trained eyes found one, and then another—they led into the swamp. It was hard trailing. In one place deer had tramped out every vestige of the trail. In another the keenest searching did not reveal a trace, and only a circle made

on his hands and knees disclosed the track again.

Night came and found Lem lying in the damp moss through which the girl's footsteps had led. Lem slept a good deal that night. He knew that he had hard work before him, and that to do it he must be careful of himself.

In the morning he awakened sore and stiff, but he kept on. He grew hungry after awhile, for he had carried only a little lunch with him on the day before, and that was now gone. Of course he had his rifle, but it seemed as if all the live creatures kept out of his sight, or he might have killed a partridge or hawk on which to make a meal. Perhaps he was so intent on the trail that he did not see the game that was in sight.

The morning passed slowly away with Lem still on the track. Most of the time he was on his hands and knees.

Sometimes it took him half an hour to decide where the next footstep had been made; again, in deep moss, he could follow the way almost at a trot. All the while it led straight away—straight away into the fearsome Adirondack forest.

It made the tears come to Lem's eyes to think of that little girl somewhere ahead of him in the wilderness, perhaps lying on the ground exhausted, or worse. But he did not try to hurry. He made sure that he was on the girl's track, and not astray, where the deer had run or a bear had walked.

Once he stopped at a wintergreen berry patch and ate a handful of the fruit, and all the time he chewed birch bark. His hunger was becoming hard to bear, and night found him on the side of a beech ridge drawing his belt tighter and tighter still, to sleep the night away. He felt his heart weaken when he thought that for all his care, he had been able to go only a few hundred yards on that day.

But in the morning he rose and went steadily on again. His head ached and he was a little sick at the stomach. "No matter," he thought. "I'm just going ahead now."

Sure enough, he was. Only a few rods along the ridge he found where Florence had pulled the leaves out from under a fallen tree, and lain down in them.

"She's cool, still," Lem said to himself. "If she was much scared, she wouldn't 'a' done that."

He found where the girl had started on again, and then made the discovery that she was eating beechnuts, which she found among the leaves. From the number of hulls, Lem judged that she must have found a large number of them. It put new courage in him, and he kept on with more hope than he had felt at the close of the previous day.

He made another discovery, too; he found that at intervals along the trail twigs had been broken off. The girl had thought to break them, and so leave a trail behind her. These were a great help.

It was with wonderment that Lem noticed the course the girl was following; it was almost due north, as if she had a compass, although Lem knew she did not have one. But the boy was feeling weak himself now, and he kept on only because of the momentum which three years of steady effort to do his utmost in all respects had given him.

He lost the track once, and during hours searched for it, creeping on his knees, already worn bare and raw by his previous efforts. He made bandages from his coat sleeves for them, and when these were worn out he tore up his coat. It was far toward night when he found a bit of cloth hanging to a snag on a fallen hemlock tree, over which the girl had crawled, evidently wearily, for she brushed off the bark and fell heavily to the ground on the other side. Lem smiled for joy at finding the track again, but he, too, could only stagger over the log.

It was all that Lem could do to carry his rifle, but he clung to it, for he knew that life might depend on his shooting something with it for her to eat. He was glad at every sign showing that she was eating nuts and bark; but with his own feelings in mind, he wondered at her endurance.

The evening of the third day found him beside a little mountain brook. Here the girl had taken a drink and then waded across; she had jumped many a one twice as wide, as Lem dimly remembered.

A partridge walked out on the branch of a spruce tree a few yards away. Lem started to raise his rifle, but he was too weak to get the sights in line, his arms trembled so. The partridge was a deep woods one, however, and not familiar with men. Lem moved round till he could rest the weapon on a stump, and then with deadly aim he shot the bird through the body.

He did not feel very hungry; nevertheless, he built a little fire and toasted the bird's legs over it.

"I'll just save the breast for her," he said to himself. He ate the legs, and with that his appetite came back with a rush; but he knew better than to overload his stomach.

For some reason the trail had seemed easier to follow on that day. The foot-

steps were more plainly marked in the dirt, but twigs were not so frequently broken. The reason Lem did not at first comprehend, but suddenly he thought, "She is weakening!" It was true. Now and then Lem found a stick from which the bark had been gnawed. He found, too, places where the girl had passed two nights.

But although she was weak, her courage was good. She kept on, and always northward. That night Lem slept beside a log in the very place where the lost child had passed a night at least four days before. But that day the girl had not gone very far—only a little over a mile, Lem thought—and she had stopped often to rest, sitting on logs and the ground.

"I've just got to hurry," Lem thought to himself. "She surely needs me, and I mustn't lose my grit now."

So instead of lying down, he kept on while the day lasted. Toward night he was in despair. The trail led along a beech ridge again—a wide, open ridge, with little underbrush, and leaves that were so thick upon the ground that they hid the trail.

Worst of all, a dismal rain came on, and dampened the ground so that to follow even a fresh track would have been difficult. For a few rods after the rain started Lem succeeded in tracing the trail through the scuffed leaves; but night came on and found him off the track entirely, and worst of all, faint-hearted as well as weak in body.

In the morning he was no better off. He ate the rest of the partridge and a squirrel that he had killed, but they did not revive his spirits. The trail was lost, and noon came with it still missing. Then the last expedient he could think of came. The trail had always led northward. Now he would go north, too, trusting to the good fortune that always favors the one who never desponds, and does all that is possible. With that thought in heart he set out by compass, and went the length of the ridge.

Long since Lem had gone out of the country he knew. He thought he was somewhere in the Moose River watershed, but he did not know. As he came down the end of the ridge he found that a wide flat instead of a swamp was there. A half mile farther he saw the gleam of a lake ahead. It was the most cheerful sight he had seen in a long while. But before he reached it he came to a road—an old log trail, over which no wagon had passed in years. Yet there was bare soil all its length. In the mud was a track—that of the girl, and she was following the road.

With a laugh that was a cry, Lem started to run along the trail, but he was too weak. In a few yards he sat down to rest. After a little he went on again.

He did not have far to go. Three hundred yards away he saw the tumbling ruins of long-deserted loggers' shanties. All was quiet there, still and damp.

Trembling, Lem hurried ahead, then stopped suddenly. A fine yearling buck deer stood broadside to him not thirty yards away.

"She'll need something to eat if she's here!" Lem thought to himself, and raised his rifle to fire. He aimed with great care and pressed the trigger.

As the report rang into the woods there was a faint cry from what had been the stables of the camp, and out of the doorway staggered a figure with a poor, wan face. It was Florence. She fell in a faint before she had gone a dozen steps.

The rest of the story is soon told. Lem's shot was a good one, and the deer fell. From some of the meat the lad quickly made broth in an old can, and with this he revived the girl's strength, which had been ebbing on the wood's diet there at the lumber camp for more days than she could tell.

"I waited here 'cause I knew somebody would certainly come here some time," she told Lem. "It was nearly thirty miles to Seaberry Settlement, but Lem and Florence traveled the distance in three days through the woods, eating the venison, with salt taken from an old barrel they found in the camp."

On the way out Lem asked her: "How was it you went straight away all the while?"

"You know you told me once that the top twig of a hemlock tree always points east, and if I went south all the while anywhere round the settlement I'd come out all right, so I did—"

"Why, Florence," said Lem, "you went north all the time!"

"But—but I turned my right hand—O Lem, I forgot!"

"It's a good plan to remember, sometimes," Lem said.

"I—I won't forget again," said Florence, "and—and, Lem, I don't b'lieve you're a 'fraid cat any more."

"I hope you won't forget again like that, Florence," said the boy, looking into the future.

This is how Lem Lawson got his name of the "Lone Hound of Seaberry Settlement."—Youth's Companion.

Origin of the Military Salute.

Of military salutes, raising the right hand to the head is generally believed to have originated from the days of the tournament, when the knights fled past the throne of the queen of beauty, and by way of compliment, raised their hands to their brows to imply that her beauty was too dazzling for unshaded eyes to gaze on. The officer's salute with the sword has a double meaning. The first position, with the hilt opposite the lips, is a repetition of the crusader's action in kissing the cross hilt of his sword in token of faith and fealty, while lowering the point afterward implies either submission or friendship, meaning in either case that it is no longer necessary to stand on guard.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Funny Side of Life.

A Rhyme of Love.
"I read you like a book," he said,
Then, with a fervid look,
"I love you!" softly answered she,
"Then swear and kiss the book."
He swore and kissed her many times,
Said she, "You're greedy—very!"
Come, sir, I think you've had enough,
For I'm no free library."
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE PEW HOLDER.
"Peculiar thing about a man's standing in his church."
"What's that?"
"It depends largely upon his sitting."
—Philadelphia Press.

SAVED THAT INFLUENZA.
"I'm so grateful to Mr. Clumple for sending me his photograph."
"Why, I thought you hated him?"
"Yes, but just think, he might have brought it."—Town and Country.

ROUGH ON THE NEIGHBOUR.



Biggs—"How did you induce the man next door to stop playing the cornet?"
Boggs—"I bought an automatic piano and kept it going day and night and he offered to quit if I would."
—New York Journal.

WHAT HAPPENED.
"She married the coachman because she wanted some one who could drive."
"Well?"
"Well, he drove her to distraction."
—Chicago Post.

ARTISTIC ACHIEVEMENT.
Pallette—"De Auher is an odd genius."
Brushy—"What's he up to now?"
Pallette—"He is painting a three hundred-dollar portrait of a thirty-year man."
—Chicago News.

FATE'S INJUSTICE.
Nocash (disconsolately)—"The are getting richer and the poor poorer."
Friend—"What's wrong now?"
Nocash—"Miss Fullpurse has refused me, and is going to marry Mr. Cocopon."
—New York Weekly.

OLD AND NEW.
"Epictetus said all philosophy lies in two words, 'restrain' and 'abstain'."
"Well, Epictetus may have it distorted out all right in his day, but in these times philosophy seems to be pretty fully expressed in the two words 'gain' and 'retain'."
—Chicago Record Herald.

A DISTINCTION.
Hostess has just been showing guests the picture gallery and the other glories of the ancient baronial halls, at the same time discoursing the family greatness.
Guest (pointing to row of busts)—"And these celebrities or just regulations?"
—Punch.

POLITE.

"I waited here 'cause I knew somebody would certainly come here some time," she told Lem.



Mother—"What did you say when grandma gave you a piece of pie?"
Willie—"I told her I hoped it was as good as it was small."
—New York Journal.

HER PHILOSOPHY.
Miss Pretty Teacher (soon to be married)—"Of course we're tired to death of teaching. I'm going to stop soon, why don't you?"
Miss Prim (who is always talking marriage, but has no offers)—"I'd like to."
Miss Pretty Teacher—"Why don't you, then? You're not consistent. Something's the matter with your philosophy. What is it, anyway?"
Miss Prim—"Kant, principally."
—New York Times.