



Need.

Need means merely that one's mind is in this habitual mental mode be achieved so. In the first place, to be successful inspiration toward success. There is timid and lackadaisical seek the active energy is virile and persistent, and whose habit is to succeed, the product of the action of the soul. "I am the product of all I have done." The body but our sensorium is altered by it; "is the human life." If this proposition is true, then the unconscious mind working for success. How done?

By reading authors whose writings inspire the hope of success, by reading the lives of successful men and women, by living much with successful people. These are the first essential steps. But perhaps above all other essentials is that of cultivating the mental habit of thinking success for one's self. By day, by night, awake, asleep, let the one thought and yearning be to succeed. The unconscious mind will do the rest.

Teaching Man How to Live.

By the Editor of What to Eat.

HERE is the billionaire philanthropist who is willing to accept a crown of immortality by endowing an agency for teaching men how to live?

Free public libraries, universities, colleges, schools and hospitals are being endowed all over the country. Millionaire philanthropists are engaged in a rivalry over the endowment of learning. Each is striving to build a monument in the shape of a magnificent gift to education or art that will forever perpetuate the memory of the donor in the hearts of the people. One multi-millionaire is scattering libraries in the cities and towns of the Union, thereby enshrining his name in the grateful memories of a hundred or more communities.

But of what avail are all the well-laden shelves of the free libraries in teaching man the laws of life? Millions of volumes of literature have rolled from the presses in the last decade, and one might read every line of every page without understanding the mysteries of his own being or the laws of his own bodily nourishment and replenishment. Young men come out of the colleges and universities every year with their craniums packed with useless facts and dead languages. But who ever heard of one who had mastered the art of building his own body, scientifically and perfectly, from the materials bountifully provided by nature? Whoever heard of one graduating with the degree of doctor of dietetics or doctor of alimentation?

And yet what is of greater importance to the human being, which has in its custody and keeping the most wonderfully delicate and complicated mechanism in all creation—the human body, temple of an immortal soul—than the science which teaches how to live?

Success.

By George Horace Lorimer.

BOYS are constantly writing me for advice about how to succeed, and when I send them my receipt they say that I am dealing out commonplace generalities. Of course I am, but that's what the receipt calls for, and if a boy will take these commonplace generalities and knead them into his job, the mixture'll be cake.

Once a fellow's got the primary business virtues cemented into his character, he's safe to build on. But when a clerk crawls into the office in the morning like a sick setter pup, and leaps from the stool at night with the spring of a tiger, I'm a little afraid that if I sent him to take charge of a branch house he wouldn't always be around when customers were. He's the sort of a chap who would hold back the sun an hour every morning and have it gain two every afternoon if the Lord would give him the same discretionary powers that He gave Joshua. And I have noticed that he's the fellow who invariably takes a timekeeper as an insult. He's pretty numerous in business offices; in fact, if the glance of the human eye could affect a clockface in the same way that a man's country cousins affect their city welcome, I should have to buy a new timepiece for the office every morning.

Boys are a good deal like the pups that fellows sell on street corners—they don't always turn out as represented. You buy a likely setter pup and raise a spotted coach dog from it, and the promising son of an honest butcher is just as like as not to turn out a poet or a professor. I want to say in passing that I have no real prejudice against poets, but I believe that, if you're going to be a Milton, there's nothing like being a mute, inglorious one, as some fellow who was a little sore on the poetry business once put it. Of course, a packer who understands something about the versatility of cottonseed oil need never turn down orders for lard because the run of hogs is light, and a father who understands human nature can turn out an imitation parson from a boy whom the Lord intended to go on the Board of Trade. But on general principles it's best to give your cottonseed oil a Latin name and to market it on its merits, and to let your boy follow his bent, even if it leads him into the wheat pit.—From "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer. By permission of Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Law of Cause and Effect.

By Margaret Stowe.

OUTSIDE of my window two boys have quarrelled. One has knocked the other one down. The boy picks himself up and shouts after the retreating friend: "You wait. I'll get even with you. I'll pay you back for this!"

They are boys, apparently, of refined and educated parents, yet they evidently have not been taught, and probably have never heard of, the law of cause and effect.

One has only to read the progressive magazines and newspapers to see how education along this line is spreading, and how thousands of thinking beings are building up their lives and the characters of their children by the power of thought.

The true physician and parent of the future will not medicate the body with drugs so much as the mind with principles.

The coming mother will teach her child to assuage the fever of anger, hatred and malice with the great panacea of the world—Love.

The coming physician will teach the people to cultivate cheerfulness, good will and noble deeds for a health tonic, as well as a heart tonic; and that a merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Let us go back to the boy holding thoughts of anger, revenge and malice. If he pays the other boy back in the same coin that he received at his hands what will happen?

He will get even with him by going down to his own level, and both will suffer by it.

But if this boy had been brought up by the law of cause and effect he would show himself the larger by sending his companion love for hatred, kindness for ill-treatment, pay him back by raising him to his level.

Sentimental rubbish? Yet turn an honest and impartial judge for a moment and tell me which way of dealing with the question is the better.

Teach your children that they can never help another without by that very act helping themselves.

If the boy is ready to treat the other as he treated him, then he shows clearly that there is in him that which attracts the hatred and ill-treatment to him; he deserves what he got and should not complain.

We know that love is a positive force and stronger than hatred. The latter can always be conquered by love.

Make children understand that by meeting hatred with hatred they degrade themselves, but by meeting it with love they elevate not only themselves, but also the one who bears them hatred.

I heard a mother the other day say to her children who were nagging and teasing each other in a very rude and annoying manner: "If you children hold the discordant thoughts that are in possession of your minds at present I shall not be surprised if you are both ill sooner or later."

"You understand the law of cause and effect and so know that an angry and discordant thought has a direct effect upon your bodies."

"By former experience you know, too, the poisoning effect that discord has upon the organism; therefore I advise you each to go into your own room and clear your thoughts, as you know so well how to do, and do not let me see you again until you are quite sure that harmony is restored."

Educating a child upon such lines, you will find that these little lessons become less frequent, because harmony is developing and increasing, while discord is quickly diminishing.—New York Journal.

AN OPTIMIST.

"Aged man, pray, if you know,
Now answer me the truth!—
Which of the gifts that the gods bestow
Is the greatest gift of youth?"

"O aged man, I have far to fare
By the divers paths of earth,
Say which of the gifts that with me I bear
Is the gift of the greatest worth?"

"Is it the might of the good right arm,
Whereby I shall make my way
Where dangers threaten and evils harm
Holding them still at bay?"

The old man smiled; the listening breeze
Grew whist on the sun-lit slope;
The old man sighed: "Ah, none of these!
Youth's greatest gift is its hope."
—Florence Earle Coates, in Lippincott's.

"Is it the strength wherewith I shall climb
Where few before have trod—
To the mountain tops, the peaks sublime
That glow in the smile of the god?"

"Is it the never-failing will,
Invincible in might,
Which armed against oppression still,
Shall vanquish for the right?"

"Or is it the heart, thou aged man!—
The heart impassioned, strong—
Which shall be blest, as naught else can,
In perfect love ere long?"

THE BETTER WAY.

By Alice C. McKeever.

LOUISE!" "Yes, auntie."
"Where is Bob Hunter?"
"He has gone home."
"So early. Why did he go?"

"He had letters to write, he said."
The old woman glanced at the girl anxiously. Her eyes were dim, but she fancied that Louise looked as if she had been crying.

"My dear," she said, softly, "Bob is only a man—and you wouldn't let any sense of duty stand between you?"

The girl flushed deeply, and turned her lovely face toward her questioner.

"No, auntie, don't worry; it isn't a question of duty."

"I thought, perhaps—Bob is so close, he would object to me, and I wouldn't, not for the world, keep you apart. The poorhouse has no terrors for me—not if it makes you happy."

"You have a queer notion of what would make me happy. No, you are all I have left, and we'll bide a wee together."

And the girl pressed her soft cheek against the one so old and wrinkled.

"It's hard," murmured the old aunt. "First there was the old father and mother you nursed so long, and now there's me—and he's a likely lad as ever was. He'll be rich some day."

"Yes," said the girl, quietly. "I know it. He's made of the stuff that produces rich men. Let's forget him, for he is not of our world."

"But I hoped," persisted the old woman sadly, "that he might lift you, at least, up to his world. You work so hard, you are only a girl. Your life ought to have been so different."

"His world is not above mine," exclaimed Louise earnestly, "it is far below. I do not care to step down. Never mention this again, auntie, please."

But when the winter of snow and rain set in, and Louise had to plod back and forth a mile through the storm to the little millinery store, where she was hired at seventy-five cents a day, the old woman more than once brought up the name of her old-time lover.

"He's gone to the city," she said one day, "getting a salary that would make us rich, one year of it."

Louise, pale and weary, answered nothing, but the old woman continued plaintively.

"Now, if it hadn't been for me you'd a been living like a queen. Seems like instead of helping you, as I want to, I only take all your hopes away. Dear, dear, how long I do live!"

"Hush!" said the girl, sternly. "How unkind you are! You are all I have in the world. You are all I have ever had since—since they went away!"

"You're twenty-five," said the old woman, softly; "you're the prettiest girl for miles around. I always thought—"

"I'd marry. Well, I won't," answered Louise, brightly, "for I'm determined to be an old maid."

Bob Hunter had been in the city twenty years. He was no longer known as Bob, but as Robert Hunter, millionaire.

He had friends, such as they were, astute business financiers like himself; servants who ran at his bidding, but not one person in the whole world who loved him.

Even the little errand boys knew him for what he was, hard, cold and uncharitable. They were paid their stipulated prices, never a cent more. This world and this life was only a place to live long in, in order to grow rich and richer.

He seldom recalled his old country home; there were no ties there to hold him. Only, sometimes, there came a fleeting memory of a fair young face, the one face in the world he had truly loved.

"She was a little fool," he would mutter; "she's been a martyr long enough. I didn't propose to saddle myself with that old aunt. Well, she chose her way, I hope she's enjoyed it."

Accident brought back his old home vividly at last. There was a railroad running through that part of the country that he desired to buy.

"I'll run out there a few days," he said; "it will be prudent to do so, and I wonder how the old place looks by this time, anyway. Nobody will recognize me, I dare say."

But they did; the newspapers that heralded his name, and the old neighbors who remembered him as a boy wanted to see the great man he had become.

A number of old friends, as they were pleased to call themselves, undertook to show him around and to point out the improvements that twenty years had brought about.

There was a new court house, a new jail, and, lastly, a fine, large building, lately erected for the county poor.

Bob did not care a copper cent to be shown any of the affairs, but he had

his own reasons for being civil, hence he permitted himself to be dragged hither and thither and at last actually found himself inside the handsome new poorhouse.

"The matron will show us through," said the obsequious friend. "Who knows but you may run across some of your old acquaintances," he added, with a light laugh.

In one of the large halls they passed a woman bending over a little child, who was sobbing bitterly. The woman sat in a low armchair, and her face was hidden, but the mass of brown hair rolled in a knot at the nape of her neck was heavily streaked with gray.

"Get out of the road, Jimmy," said the matron. "You are always getting hurt." Then turning to the woman she said, "Have you finished the shirts?"

The woman raised her head and replied softly that she had. The sunlight streaming in through the window brought her head and face and slight form into bold relief.

He saw her plainly, her voice had betrayed her even before he had known or guessed her identity. Yes, it was Louise, older, frailer, helpless and a beggar, no, not exactly that, for it seemed even here she was a toiler as of old.

"My God!" he thought, "how long has she been here?"

But they hurried him on, and when once more in the open air he felt he had not reached it any too soon. He was never so near a fainting fit in his life.

"Are you ill, Mr. Hunter?" inquired more than one.

"A little," he replied. "I think I will go to my room at the hotel and rest until supper."

But no sooner did he find himself alone than he sent for one of the maids, a girl that he knew had always lived in the place.

"Mary," said he, "I want to ask you a few questions, and you're not to tell any one a thing I shall say. If I make you a present of five dollars, do you think you can hold your tongue?"

Mary tossed her head and eyed the five-dollar bill.

"I can tell the truth without being paid. As for telling anything else, no money could make me do that."

"Very well, my girl, I only want the truth. When was Louise Upton taken to—"

He did not finish, something seemed to choke back the word.

The girl's eyes opened and grew round as saucers. Ah, she remembered now hearing her granny tell that Louise Upton had once had a lover who had gone away and grown rich. Could it be this was he?

"Only a year ago," she answered softly, pitying the man she saw was really suffering. "She worked as long as she could, but it was rheumatism crippled her feet and she could not run a machine, then her hands were bad, too, and—there wasn't any one to take care of her, so she asked to be put where she is."

"How long has her aunt been dead?"

"Her aunt! Oh, I can just remember her; about fifteen years, I think. But a nicer, sweeter lady than Miss Louise couldn't be found. Lots of us cried and would have helped her, but she said no, she would go where she belonged."

"Where she belonged!" repeated the rich man in a tone of voice that made the girl's eyes sparkle.

"Here is your money; take it, and I'll not forget you, either."

"Thank you," said the maid, smiling joyously. "You are very kind."

Very kind! Did the walls take up the words and echo and re-echo them? Kind, very kind! Him; kind!

He sat for an hour with closed eyes and compressed lips; then as the shades of evening stole around, he passed out and sought once more the matron of the county infirmary.

"It is not the hour for visitors," she said crossly.

But when he explained that he must see one of the inmates privately, and tendered another five-dollar bill, he was quickly admitted.

He waited for her in a cold, damp room called the reception room, and she came at last—at last. The door opened softly, there was a thump, thump of two crutches over the floor, and Louise, wondering and surprised, stood before him.

He bowed and wheeled forward a small sofa upon which she sank, more and more surprised, for she did not recognize him.

"Louise," he said, huskily, coming out into the stronger light. "Louise, don't you know me?"

"Bob—Bob Hunter?"

"Yes," he said, taking a seat at her side. "Bob Hunter. Don't you want to shake hands?"

She half extended her hand and then drew back.

"Don't, if you don't want to."

"Oh, it isn't that—but my hand—"
He knew, when he took it almost by force; the pretty, white hand that had been now drawn and toll-marked.
He held it between both his own, his head bent over it, while a hot tear fell upon it.

Louise felt her breath coming and going at a most surprising rate, while she could not speak.

"I've thought it all over, Louise, ever since I found you here, this afternoon. I never knew what a cold-hearted villain I was before, but I know it well enough now."

Still Louise was silent.

"I loved you. I have never loved any one else, but money was my God, and—and it conquered me. But to-day, when I saw you so frail and helpless and so poor, and thought of all your life had been, and contrasted it with what it might have been, had I not been so cruel in the past, I felt that I wanted to go out and shoot myself."

"But you didn't," said Louise, smiling with something of her old brightness.

"No, because back of it all was a little hope, a faint ray indeed, but I thought, perhaps, even if you hated me, you might let me see that—that you never wanted for anything. If you don't, I won't answer for the consequences."

"Fie, Bob?"

"Of course, there's a better way—that is, if you don't hate me after all, which do you choose?"

The cold and cheerless room seemed to change to one of radiant splendor, when he bent over to hear her low reply:

"I have always tried to choose 'the better way.'—Household Companion.

Last Days of Clifford's Inn.

Clifford's Inn, London, which in the course of a few months will have gone the way of some other inns, and have been knocked down in the course of modern improvement by the hammer of the auctioneer, had retained as became an institution which is the premier of its kind, and dates from the days of Edward III. more than one quaint manner and custom. The society, for instance, was governed by a principal and rules, and the rules were just as much incarnate as was the principal—more so, indeed, some of them. Latterly, to obviate any invidious distinction, all the members were made rules. There was also a "Kentish mess" at which you might consider it rather a privilege to be asked to dine. Dinner ended, the napery of an extremely long and highly polished black mahogany table would be whisked off with a swift dexterity unexampled elsewhere. And then there would be brought to the President what looked like a hammer and was a little hard-baked loaf, and anon, send it skimming to the other end, there to be as dexterously caught in a basket, in token that the fragments that remained of the banquet were panniered for the poor.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Earth's Most Gorgeous Palace.

Seventy-four years after St. Peter's at Rome was finished, Shah Jehan was building the most magnificent palace in the East—perhaps in the world—the beautiful Palace of the Moguls at Delhi. It is made of red sandstone and white marble; some of its walls and arches are still inlaid with malachite, lapis-lazuli, bloodstone, agate, carnelian and jasper. There were once silver ceilings, silk carpets and hangings embroidered with gems; the pillars were hung with brocades; the recesses were filled with china and vases of flowers, treasures of the goldsmith's craft, also, no doubt from France and Italy—the Italy of the Renaissance and the France of Mary of Medicis. Beyond doubt there was the famous Peacock Throne—"a sort of large four-posted bed all made of gold, with two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded and set with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds, while a parrot cut out of a single emerald perched upon the tester." On the front side of the canopy was a diamond—the Koh-i-noor, now among the crown jewels of England. Tavernier, the jeweler, who was at Delhi in 1665, beheld these wonders and thought they represented, all told, "200,000,000 of livres."—Collier's.

Woman's Ready Wit.

South Wales proudly tells this story as proof of a woman's superior wit: An inland revenue officer called to inquire if a lady had a license for her dog. She politely asked him to come in and sit down while she looked for it. In a few minutes she smilingly entered the room, bearing the license. Then it appeared she had in the meantime paid a visit to the postoffice at the corner.

From Yorkshire, says the London Express, comes a story that surpasses this one from South Wales.

A balliff had to seize the furniture in a cottage. He knocked at the door. A relative of the woman who rented the house presented herself. She wore a woe-begone countenance, and whispered with her forefinger before her mouth: "Hush! She is going. Call again, if you kindly will, sir!"

The officer of the law was compassionate. He postponed his visit for a week. The relative again appeared upon the scene, and, with tears in her voice, said: "She's gone! She's gone! And she's taken all the furniture with her!"

A School For Bakers.

There is hardly a phase of modern industrial life but which can be learned at some school specially devoted to its teaching to better or equal advantage than the old-time apprenticeship system. If there was one branch that had been overlooked it was that of the baker and confectioner, but this industry is no longer so neglected, as the London National School of Bakery and Confectionery offers a course of the most advanced instruction in "his work."



A REVIVAL.

Frosted glass salad or berry dishes with metal frames are a revival from an old fashion and are quite attractive.

DAMPEN CLOTHES.

Dampen the clothes for ironing with hot water. This dampens them much more evenly than cold; also, the things will be found ready for the ironing more quickly.

ATTRACTIVE LAMPS.

Very attractive little alcohol lamps are made of silver in the form of street lamps, the bowl for the alcohol being made of colored glass and mounted on a long stem.

IMPORTED BAKING DISHES.

Recently imported baking dishes for fish or vegetables, au gratin, or baked puddings are of a deep cream porcelain, ornamented in a Greek key or vine pattern around the outside. They require no napkin around the outside nor a silver holder to make them presentable.

ARTISTIC JAPANESE JARS.

Now that the flower season is with us one turns to the Japanese store for artistic jars to hold them. Izumo with its characteristic and beautiful tones of yellow and green has several very suitable shapes, while Owari, Baku, Teto, Tosa, Ofuke, Awaji and Tokonabe furnish many others, the latter sort being particularly reasonable.

TO CLEAN A SEWING MACHINE.

Place it near the fire to get warm, that the congealed oil about it may melt, and then oil it thoroughly with paraffin. Work it quickly for a few minutes, then wipe off all the paraffin and dirt and treat it to a little more clean paraffin. Wipe it again, and after the application of a very little of the ordinary lubricating oil it will be ready for use. People often shirk the trouble of thoroughly cleaning their machines like this, but a clogged and "heavy" machine under this treatment will become like new, and its easy working will be an ample reward for any trouble incurred.

BOOT-DRIER A NECESSITY.

A boot-drier is, according to a shoe-maker, a necessity to every woman who wishes to keep her boots in fine condition, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. Upon it a wet boot or shoe is fitted, that it may dry in shape. As is now generally understood, in a multitude of boots and shoes there is economy. Certainly there should be fair-weather boots as well as fair-weather bonnets. Enveloping rubbers, rain shoes, and are rarely worn nowadays by the woman who understands the proper dressing of the feet. Instead, she chooses the storm boots that are water-proof and need no further protection. The same objection does not apply to the sandal rubber, which is often useful with light boots that must tread wet pavements.

TREATMENT OF WINDOWS.

To insure having nice-looking windows clean them on a dull day or when the sun is shining on another part of the house, otherwise they will be streaked, and no amount of rubbing will remove the streaks. Dust the window first both inside and out; for this purpose I always use a painter's brush. Next clean all inside woodwork before commencing on the panes. Then add a little ammonia to some warm water and wash the glass with it. Get the dust out of the corners with a piece of dress whalebone wrapped in a corner of a cloth. Wipe the windows dry with a cotton cloth, and then polish with old newspaper or tissue paper. If steam collects on the window rub it over with a very little paraffin after it is quite clean.—Pearson's Weekly.



Tea Cakes—Rub two level table-spoonfuls of butter into four cupfuls of sifted flour; add enough thin cream to make a dough for rolling out; then add one cupful of currants; toss on a floured board; roll half an inch thick; cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter; bake on a hot griddle or in the oven; split, butter and serve hot.

Fudge—Place in a saucepan one cup of rich, sweet milk and three table-spoonfuls of butter, and when hot pour it over one pound of wheat flour to which has been added a little salt. Mix well, roll out on a pasteboard nearly an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, turning them often to prevent burning. Serve hot with butter.

Salmon Cutlets—Mix equal parts of cold flaked salmon and hot mashed potatoes; season with salt and pepper; shape like cutlet; cover with crumbs; dip in beaten egg; then in crumbs again; put several in the frying basket and fry a good brown in smoking hot fat; drain on paper; serve on a folded napkin; garnish with parsley; serve with a rich cream sauce.

Creamed Celery—Cut celery into inch pieces until there is one pint; wash thoroughly, put into boiling water and cook until tender; melt two table-spoonfuls of butter; add two level table-spoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth; add gradually one cup of milk; stir until boiling; add salt and pepper to season and a little nutmeg. When the celery is tender add it to the sauce and serve hot.