

WITH THE WORLD'S BEST WRITERS

ON HOW TO GET RICH.

Since some of our very rich men have taken to public discourse upon all sorts of matters their utterances have somewhat diminished their reputation for infallible wisdom. It has been discovered that a man may possess great wealth and still fail of complete mastery of the science of government or the principles of political economy. Nay, it is evident that such a man may not even prove a reliable guide to the inquirer who seeks for the road to wealth.

One of the most didactic of our vivacious millionaires has recently declared that riches are within the reach of every man who wishes to be rich. He asserts that there are but two requisites for the acquisition of wealth—moderate intelligence and unlimited industry. Given these, he declares that any man can get rich.

Which is, of course, entirely false and misleading, even though it comes from a gentleman who has piled up great wealth and is now engaged in piling up free libraries. Everyone knows that intelligence and industry are not the sole essentials to the acquisition of riches. Everyone knows of men highly intelligent and thoroughly industrious who can scarcely make a living.

It is true that intelligence and industry are qualities favorable to the attainment of wealth, but it is not true that the possession of those qualities, even in the highest degree, constitute any assurance of riches.

The money-making faculty is a thing apart from other natural endowments. An ignorant, illiterate man who possesses it will get rich, and intellectual genius without it will remain poor all his life. Like a gift for music, it can be cultivated, but it cannot be acquired.

The sayings of our loquacious millionaires, like the aphorisms in the copybooks, will not always bear analysis. In the present instance the falsity of the proposition is evident to everybody, since a vast majority of the people, though they are intelligent and hard working, never acquire so much as a modest competence, let alone wealth.—Chicago Record-Herald.

WOMEN IN GERMANY.

The movement in Germany to open the doors of the universities to women has failed in its chief purpose, but it has led to something. Girls are to be admitted to the classical schools preparatory to the university as an experiment, but there is a positive opposition on the part of the government to a classical training for women. Instead, and "to maintain the ideal position of German women in the home," the instruction of girls in the high schools is to be better adapted to domestic requirements. That is to say, the ambitious young women are to be taught the art and science of cooking and of household work generally. The minister of instruction does not seem to be impressed by the arguments in favor of erudite women, but he has a lively sense of the importance to the country of general good cooking.—Philadelphia Record.

LIMIT OF LAWYER'S DUTY.

A lawyer has no right to do anything as a lawyer which he would scorn to do as a man and a citizen. His obligation to the court and to the public is and must be paramount to his obligation to his client. Unless this is recognized the lawyers would be the most dangerous class in the community.—Indianapolis News.

WHOLESALE BANKING.

"No personal accounts, large or small, wanted here; we do business only with large corporations." This was the reply the president of one of the \$25,000,000 Wall street banks gave to an inquirer as to the minimum deposit that institution would accept. It was a notification that this was distinctly a "wholesale bank." Such an answer would not have been made five years ago. But this is a new age. The billion-dollar trust and the \$25,000,000 bank are to Wall street what wireless telegraphy is to electricity—wonders. The vast demands of modern industry, often requiring the negotiation of a loan of \$5,000,000 upon a few hours' notice, with frequent calls for stupendous accommodation from transcontinental railroads or syndicates financing foreign government bond issues, have called into being these new banks—veritable incarnations of power, holding, indeed, the safety and happiness of a people in their hands.—Saturday evening Post.

THE CZAR'S PRIVATE FORTUNE.

Many newspapers have seriously reproduced a telegram which appeared in a Paris journal announcing that the Emperor Nicholas had presented his private fortune, amounting to eighty millions sterling (\$400,000,000) to the Russian government for war purposes. It was added that this huge sum stands to the credit of the emperor in a bank of a country not friendly to Russia. Eighty millions would be a pretty sort of a sum to be held at call by any bank; but the whole story is a romance, and so are all the other tales about the emperor's dealings with his civil list. The fact is that the emperor of Russia has no civil list, and he draws at his discretion on the imperial treasury, every rouble of which is supposed to be his property and absolutely at his disposal.—London World.

CURBING TREE BUTCHERS.

It is satisfactory to note that public opinion is being aroused on the subject of the wanton destruction of shade trees by the servants of telephone, telegraph and electric light companies, who are sent out to string wires and who carry the implements with which to make short work of a tree which they deem in the way of their operations. Such outrages are usually committed when those able and willing to protect trees are away from home. Protests from women count for very little, and tears for even less. Against subsequent suits for damages the companies are well fortified. If a valuable tree is once spoiled what its owner can recover by a suit at law would not trouble any one.—Chicago Chronicle.

COST OF INSECT PESTS.

The extent of damage done by insects which prey on the agricultural interests of the United States is but little appreciated. Twelve bugs, according to reliable statistics, do an estimated damage to farm products of \$363,000,000 per annum. The chinch bug heads the list, with \$100,000,000 a year; grasshopper, \$90,000,000; Hessian fly (a reminder of the revolution, since the mercenaries hired by King George brought its eggs over in the straw for their horses), \$50,000,000; cotton worm and boll worm (cotton), \$25,000,000 apiece; cotton boll weevil, \$20,000,000; San Jose scale, grain weevil, apple worm and army worm, \$10,000,000 apiece; potato bug, \$8,000,000, and cabbage worm, \$5,000,000.—Albany, N. Y., Argus.

HOW HIGHBALL WON THE DERBY.

Glorious Race Furnished Inspiration for Poet's Song of the Strenuous Steeds.

The West against the East contending,
Has sent her champion to the fray,
On blithe High Ball our eyes are bending—
The sluggard holds the right of way.
Where's Irish Lad, the New York wonder,
Whose deeds have set the turf on fire?
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thunder—
His Titan heart will never tire!

Which horse will win the Derby laurel?
Will Woodson snatch the Croesus prize?
Will Highball conquer in the quarrel,
Or English Lad the world surprise?
Rapid Water, too, may loom as master—
Big brother to the bolsterous breeze,



"How the frenzied crowd is shouting,
As English Lad bends to the chase!"

Blithe Highball's stride seems surely
faster
Than surging foam from wind swept seas.

'Tis Derby Day, our glorious season,
When summer swoons upon the land,
To back the bangtails is no treason,
To pick the winner from the stand.
Each jockey grimly eyes his neighbor,
And trails him at his saddle belt,
And urges on the steeds that labor
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

Over fifty thousand here assemble
To see the maddening, bruising chase;
Shy, piquant maids will pout and tremble,
"Brave Highball will win the race."
Blithe Highball looms so spruce and slender,
Moharib stout may snatch the prize;
Fort Hunter looms a keen contender—
Rich laughter gleams in Beauty's eyes.

What ringing cheers salute the Master,
Blithe whirlwind of the pampered East;
Staunch Highball neighs and spurns disaster,
And looms a supple, splendid beast.
A crafty jockey guides his chances—
Fuller—impassive in his seat,
The pompous palfrey proudly prances
And caracoles with dainty feet.

Comes English Lad, the West's Defender,
The stubborn sluggard takes his ease,
Requital's son looms spruce and slender—
Big brother to the bolsterous breeze.
Old Time, they say, is fast and fleet;
Time Limp a laggard in his train!
What fierce delight when steeds are meeting
And grappling on the wind swept plain!

They're at the post—all grouped together;
They're jockeying for the friendly rail;
With hearts as buoyant as a feather,
Like chevaliers of Greclan tale.
They hearken to the bugle blowing;
Its aerial challenge through the air,
Keen silvery stanzas thinly flowing
Like haunting strains from Siren's lair.

"They're off—they're off," the railbirds
cry—
"All ranged together in a line!"
Supreme delight to see them flying
As stately squadron o'er the brine.
Each gallant thoroughbred is straining
With foam flecked mouth and tossing
crest;
And dauntless Highball's grimly gaining.

FRESH AIR THE BEST TONIC.

Physician Declares Women Need More Exercise.

"It is safe to say," declared a physician, "that one-half of the women are simply starving for fresh air, and if they would throw away their pill bottles and headache powders and exercise freely in the open air for at least two hours daily they would feel like new women at the end of a year. Nature cannot be cheated, nor can

And Woodson nobly stands the test!
How rich the sweep, how grand the measure,
That rises like grey ocean's swell,
They spurn the turf with lordly pleasure,
Exulting like clear chiming bell.
They rise and fall like billows swelling,
And surge and shoulder in the fight,
Full fifty thousand men are yelling
And cheering at the glorious sight!

How the frenzied crowd is shouting,
As English Lad bends to the chase;
Blithe lily lasses flushed and pouting
Show lustrous eyes, shy roseleaf face.
Blithe Highball gallops surely faster,
Than whimpering wind or rippling rain,
Rapid Water seems to spurn disaster,
Stout Woodson nobly stands the strain.

Far back English Lad is hiding,
The stubborn sluggard bides his time;
His jockey nurses, calmly guiding,
His hoof beats ring like silvery rhyme.
Relentless as lithe leopard leaping,
Highball comes bounding thro' the throng,
Resistless as fierce cyclone sweeping,
He glides as splendid as a song.

"Come on you hound," the tipsters yell—
"Wake up and do your song and dance!"

The railbirds with alarm are swelling—
"You brute, move up and take a chance,
But English Lad still keeps his distance,
Blithe Highball holds the right of way;
He seems to spurn the turf resistance,
And Woodson trails him in the fray.

They're in the stretch and madly straining,
The panting steeds set sail for home;
And gallant Highball's grimly gaining,
All dappled grey with flecking foam.
The jockeys nurse the steeds that labor,
And trail them at their saddle belt,
And grimly eye their strenuous neighbor
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

The pace was swift, the struggle bruising,
As they thunder down the sloping way,
With foam flecked mouth like hounds a-cursing
Staunch Highball leads the strenuous fray.
Their hoof beats drown the rumbling thunder,
Relentless as fierce Cyclops might,
There is no time to break or blunder
Since Death's in ambush for a fight.

Who won the race, who snatched the plunder?
'Twas Highball fished the Croesus prize,
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thunder.

Who won the race, who snatched the plunder?
'Twas Highball fished the Croesus prize,
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thunder.



"Vain, English Lad, your desperate straining,
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time."

The Eastern champions roused the world's surprise,
Vain, English Lad, your desperate straining—
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time
And Woodson at his heels was gaining—
Their names will live in rippling rhyme.
—James E. Kinzella,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

impaired forces be restored by swallowing medicine every time warning pain and illness overtakes the offender. A busy woman may be compelled to neglect some duty or pleasure for a time in order to obtain the outdoor exercise, but under the circumstances it will be excusable, and in the long run she will make up for it because of increased bodily vigor."

If we share the burdens of others we lighten our own.—Lord Avebury.