TILL WE MEET AGAIN.

Although my feet may never walk your ways,
No other eyes will follow you so far;
No voice readier to ring your praise,
Till the swift coming of those future days
When the world knows you for the man you are.

You must go on and I must stay behind,
We may not fare together, you and I.
But, though the path to fame be steep and blind,
Walk, strong and steadfastly, before mankind,
Because my heart must follow till you die.

Steadfast and strongly, scorning mean success,
Lenient to others—to yourself severe.
If you must fail, fail not in nobleness,
God knows all other failure I could bless
That sent you back to find your welcome here.
—Scribner's.

WHEN LILLIAN LOOKED FOR WORK

By OTHO B. SENGA.

Mrs. Barnes put aside the letter she had been reading, and gazed into the fire with a troubled expression.

"What is the matter, my dear?" questioned Mr. Barnes.

"Why, this letter is from Cousin William's children—the twins, you know. It seems that when property matters were adjusted after William's death there was found to be almost nothing remaining, only an annuity for his wife; you know she has been an invalid for years. Not anything for the twins, and they are coming to Boston to look for work. I would really like, Aaron, to invite them to stay here until they secure positions."

"Suit yourself, my dear, suit yourself. Only don't discourage them in their attempts to find work; it will do them good. They can find something, even if it isn't quite to their liking. Good, strong boys—about sixteen, aren't they?—ought to find employment if they're not too proud to take what they can get, until they can find what they want. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

Mrs. Barnes had heard this too many times to enjoy its repetition, and she hastily exclaimed: "But, Aaron, one is a girl!"

"Same thing, same thing," returned Mr. Barnes, testily—he wanted to relate his early Boston experiences—"but you'd better keep the girl in the house. Don't believe in girls going out to work. What can a girl of that age do?"

"She is older than you think," said Mrs. Barnes, soothingly; "the twins are nineteen, and Lillie says she can do anything that Willie can."

Invited by Mrs. Barnes, the twins came a few days later. Mr. Barnes peered out from under his bushy eyebrows and over his gold-rimmed spectacles at the girl.

"So you can do anything your brother can, can you?" he asked, quizzically, noting her bright, alert look, and quiet dignity of manner.

"Anything except fight," she answered, proudly. "I can fight, but we've kept together in everything else. I can ride and shoot and row. I can saddle or harness a horse, and I can dress game as well as Willie can."

The old man smiled grimly at the list of Lillian's accomplishments. "Do you expect to find any of those things to do here in Boston?"

"You are laughing at me, Mr. Barnes. We are first-class stenographers and bookkeepers, and I am just as capable as Willie in every way. Our books look exactly alike; you can't tell our writing apart."

"As for that," said Mr. Barnes, "I can hardly tell you two apart. If you were dressed alike, I know I couldn't."

"Lillie is a half inch shorter than I, and weighs less, but we can 'make up' to look exactly alike," and Willie

"I withdraw my application."

stood beside his sister to show his superior height. "Mother can't tell us apart when we dress alike."

"Willie makes the better looking girl," said Lillie, laughing, "because his cheeks are always red, and I am usually pale."

Mr. Barnes looked at the handsome boy, admiringly. "So you can fight, eh, you, Willie?"

"Of course, I'm light-weight," said Willie, modestly, "but I can take pretty good care of myself in an encounter, and with a much heavier man than I, too. Father had me in training from the time I was seven. He said I'd have to fight for myself and Lillie, too. See here, Mr. Barnes—my hand doesn't look much bigger than Lil's, but you feel of it—and look here—" and he stripped his arm, showing hard, firm muscles that stood out like knotted cords.

Mr. Barnes patted his arm approvingly. "You're all right, my boy, you're all right. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

"Supper is ready, Aaron; you can tell that to the children some other time."

That evening Mr. Barnes and Willie had a long talk in the library, and

Landed on his chin.

later Lillie was called in for a "confab," as Willie called it.

The next day a tall, stylish young lady called upon several business men who had advertised for bookkeepers and stenographers. She was decidedly handsome. Behind the chiffon veil one caught bewitching glimpses of curling yellow hair, great brown eyes and pink cheeks. One man gazed rather pointedly at her face while questioning her as to her ability, and remarked in unctious tones, "I think you'll do very nicely, my dear." He was somewhat chagrined to receive the decided reply: "I withdraw the application. I do not care to take the position."

Out in the hall the bewitching vision clenched a well-gloved hand, and Willie's voice muttered: "Confound his impudence! To think of his looking at Lil like that."

The young lady rose gracefully, gripped the back of her trailing skirt in the most approved manner, and sailed serenely out.

The next call brought disaster. The advertiser scanned the young lady closely, asked a few questions, and said: "I will let you try the place. The salary is four dollars."

The young lady rose instantly. "I could not consider it. I must earn enough to support myself."

"Of course," answered the man, coolly, "and with a girl like you, if she knows her business, the matter of salaries is as easily adjusted as your veil." His tone and manner added meaning to his words, and he attempted to raise the chiffon face-covering.

Quick as thought the well-gloved hand shot out—straight lead with the left—and landed on his chin. His head was thrown violently against the sharp corner of the bookcase by which he stood, cutting an ugly gash. He threw out his hands awkwardly—the first blow was followed instantly by one from the right hand, reaching him on the side of the body about two inches above the waist. He dropped forward, falling heavily to his knees. The blows had been delivered straight from the shoulder, with the whole force of the body behind them.

"Get up," said a sharp voice behind the chiffon veil, "get up. I've given you this for my sister, who might have answered your —— ad. only to be insulted."

"I'll have you arrested for wearing women's clothes," spluttered the badly punished man.

"Do," said the other; "do, and I'll tell the whole story in court, and show 'em how I did you up." And the stylish young lady calmly adjusted her veil, gathered her skirts and vanished from his sight.

Reaching the street she examined her split gloves ruefully. "This means another pair of gloves before I make the next call."

This call was soon over. The young lady gave a specimen of her writing, a test of her ease in taking notes and speed in transcribing them, and was engaged at a moderate salary, but sufficient to enable a self-respecting woman to lead a self-respecting life.

That evening another "confab" was held in Mr. Barnes' library, and Willie gave a graphic description of "How Lillian sailed in."

"You're to go to work Monday, Lil, and you're all right there. The man is square—and white inside. To-morrow I'll start out for myself."

When alone with Mr. Barnes, he said: "You were right, Mr. Barnes; even a nice girl is liable to annoyance, and your scheme was a good one."

The old man delightfully patted him on the shoulder. "You've done well, my boy; you've done well. For yourself, you can work anywhere and at anything. Now, when I first came to Boston—"

Mrs. Barnes opened the door. "Supper is ready, Aaron; tell that to Willie some other time."

DINNERS TO BUSINESS MEN.

Heads of Departments Remembered in This Way by Employers.

Twenty years ago the president of a big company, the owner of a big business or industry, would as soon have thought of asking his subordinate heads of departments to spend the summer at his country home as of giving them a formal dinner once or twice a year. Now the formal dinner-giving practice is so common that it is almost taken for granted. The big corporations of the country give annual dinners to heads of departments which cost thousands of dollars. Even mercantile firms, small in comparison, are in the habit of meeting their chief employes around the dining board.

There are several reasons for this interesting development. In the first place, Americans are learning to enjoy the formal dinner, with its elaborate menu, its wine and its speeches. Then the capitalist has come more and more to realize how much of his success is due to his heads of departments. Oftentimes he gives them an interest in the concern or corporation, and immediately they begin to work for the concern as well as the company. Anything that will bind them closer to the employer's interests is not overlooked, and a dinner once in a while is one of these.

Taming a Terror.

Dick Deadeye was a bandit bold, a bandit fierce was he, who held up stages, trains, and things here in the west countree.

He'd lie in waiting in a place where chaparral grew thick, and when the stage came on apace would turn his little trick.

His name would cause a thrill of fear to sweep the country o'er, for rumor said he quenched his throat on naught but gurgling gore.

The many men that rumor said he'd downed in gun disputes would fill a graveyard to the brim with stiffs yet in their boots.

The cash and treasure he had got from tourists—as a loan—was heap times more than was required to ransom Ellen Stone.

"Hands up!" he yelled one day; the man who drove chewed not the rag; he knew Deadeye would give him ten percentum of the swag.

"Climb down an' git in line!" unto the passengers he yelled. They quick obeyed as tourists do when they are upward held.

From out the sage a female came. Dick Deadeye quaked with fear, as near him drew the ancient dame and seized him by the ear!

"You good-for-nothin' wretch!" she cried, "you relic of the past, I've sought you far, I've sought you near, and here you be at last!

"I'm all impatient now to hear what story you kin tell!" And then she pulled him by the ear into the chaparral!

Again the wheels began to hum, the driver scratched his head. "That mus' be Deadeye's wife, jes come 'yar from the states," he said.

Not Taking Anything.

"Have you taken anything for your trouble?" asked the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who complained of being "run down."

"Well, I haven't been taking much of anything; that is, nothing to speak of. I took a couple of bottles of Pinkham's bitters a little while back, and a bottle of Quickem's invigorator, with a couple of boxes of curem's pills, and a lot of quinine and some root bitters. I've got a porous plaster on my back, and I'm wearing an electric belt, and taking red clover four times a day, with a dose or two of salts every other day; excepting for that I'm not taking anything."

Senatorial Gourmets.

A party of tourists visited the Senate restaurant in Washington. They peered about in every corner.

"So this is the place where the senators eat their epicurean feasts, is it?" asked a lady with gray ringlets and a determined cast of countenance.

"Yes, ma'am," the guard replied.

Precisely at that moment a waiter gave an order for the two senators from Michigan, who were lunching together.

He said: "Senator Burrows wants an apple and a glass of milk and Senator Alger wants a dish of tapioca pudding."—Saturday Evening Post.

Unerring Childhood.

The child is so often right. It has not the miscellaneous knowledge of the grown-up person who reads newspapers and keeps a tame Encyclopedia Britannica in a carefully devised cage. But the childish mind has an unerring logical faculty, not in any way confused by superfluity of information.

Must Protect Forests.

The Russians are awaking to the fact that a less reckless deforesting has become absolutely imperative. Their forest resources are not only less than those of Sweden, but even less than those of Austria-Hungary and of the United States.

For the Individual

1796 ❧ 1872 ❧ 1952

DAILY SOURCES OF BETTER METHODS
THE ARCADE INDEX

WHERE OTHERS GIVE UP IS JUST WHERE WE GET OUR SECOND BREATH.

THIS ACCURACY REVIEW DEPARTMENT

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ON NEGLECTED SUBJECTS.

Carl went south and made some money, then came back to his old village home, purchased a central block of land, and this is what it was and what he did to it.

A dramatic man, by buying several houses and lots, secured the whole block for his residence. He spent a good deal of money on the place, then abandoned it. When Carl secured the property it was a wilderness of undergrowth of an unlimited variety. It had a good brick barn and greenhouse, which had been rented for a dwelling. Carl lived in that while he tore down part of the big wooden residence and improved the place.

The best part of the residence was sold and removed. With a gang of men and horses he cut down trees, dug up shrubbery and plowed the ground for grading and seeding.

At the end of a year or so he had up a modern house and was living in it. One day while passing the place with my father, I said to him that I would like to clean up some subjects the same as Carl had done to that place. Father replied that such a thing would be possible.

There are so many good stories about Carl in my memory that it is a sign of brain gain on my part to be able to stop here and use the above one for what I intended it.

As another suggestion, please let me say to you that together we might go at seme subject which is now in the dark and by union study let daylight in on it.

While I have some subjects listed it might be better for you to think a little and make the first move after this introduction.

What do you want to know which you would be willing others should know?

I am willing to live in a barn while clearing up an overgrown subject and grading for improvements.

How can we prevent errors and mistakes mutually expensive to buyer and seller, to employer and employe, to publisher and reader?

When science or commerce neglect a live subject it falls into the hands of the fakir and is perverted.

What is the subject on which you would like to see unrecorded and unclassified useful information collected and unbiased and impartial reports prepared?

The horse that can go in two-two or so enjoys life a hundred times more than the twenty minute animal. We all lose the best of life by lack of animation. One should be a quiet hustler and do the many little duties like the click of a clock.

THE SOURCES OF PLUCK.

Regarding the sources of pluck a few words are in order. It may be due to the last straw approaching and in desperation it is fought off and a new kind of pluck acquired. It may come by anger or righteous indignation. It may come by better care of the health, and a clearer view of the goal. Danger, love, hope, ambition and prayer invite pluck to come and remain. Just before great battles some of the most successful commanders in history have increased their pluck by appealing to their Creator for help and favors.

On account of a lack of a solution for a spontaneous perplexity we get excited and thus increase complications. Study ahead of necessity.

THE "OIL SLINGER" MACHINE.

More than half of my life ago the cashier of a bank tapped on the window as I was passing and motioned me in. He was a stockholder in a factory and offered me a place I had been seeking. That was Thursday afternoon and the last day of high school for me. The next morning at seven o'clock I stood by a big chuck as one of seventy workers. My clothing was not suitable for any machine and the chuck machine was the worst one on clothing. The boys smiled and predicted a change in my appearance very soon. My work was to knurl the head of the long screw which moves the jaw of a monkey wrench. In those days the chuck had to be stopped and started for each screw; as it started up the oil began to fly and the faster the chuck revolved the greater the penetrating power of the oil when it hit me. In order to do the work I had to get in the way of the oil; I did the work but traced the oil from my clothing to the chuck and the screw which came to me loaded with it. The oil was secured in the thread cutting machine where a steady stream ran on the die; some would have seen all this at first glance without thinking, but I did not; I even studied the bearings as the source of the trouble, before finding it on the screws. When I did find the place of the trouble I put a bunch of waste there and laid the screws on it before putting them in the chuck; the waste drew the oil off and the machine lost its name. The machine lost its name because I was dissatisfied with conditions, began tracing the trouble and found the remedy. When a former workman at that chuck visited the factory and asked where oil had gone to, on being told the plan he opened his eyes and said nothing. He may have been thinking about the amount of oil he had taken home on his clothing. There are both big and little opportunities in every shop and factory for better methods and originality, mutually useful to employer and employe.

The daily experiences which cost you and others time or worriment or money, jot down, one a day or one a week, and reread. Much has been wasted. Begin saving helpful ideas.

SOURCES AND ELIMINATION.

Nearly five years ago I took two earnest men of intelligence to a room in which was a blackboard, and on that blackboard we three tried to draw an outline on the sources and elimination of trouble. One of the young men copied the attempt and later lost it. He tried to reproduce it from memory, but never succeeeded. I will give it as near as I can with additions. The sources of trouble are ignorance, sickness, idleness, carelessness, dishonesty, lack of training, laziness, incompetency, intemperance, misfortune, disobeying law, morbid curiosity, gluttony and an unbridled tongue. The elimination of trouble is to come about by education, physical culture, industry, diligence, righteousness, energy-growing, skill-acquiring, keeping away from crowds, attending to your own business while helping those who are not able to return the compliment, carefulness and forethought, good shoes for your feet and healthful literature for your head.

Please send me what you think should be added to either of the above lists, and as you look back to your younger days, also give what you consider the primary sources of desirable forces? What part of your early life has proven most useful later on?

What do you know about food and digestion? What is your ideal system of diet?

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

How to wisely discriminate when requested to give is something a good many of us would like to know more about.

When to give, where to give, what to give and to what to give are puzzles.

To sign or not to sign a subscription paper, and to give or not to give when asked to, frequently come up for quick decisions.

All kinds of people come to the office and also greet us on the street, seeking different sized sums for nothing or something next to nothing, or something really worthy of our attention and encouragement.

Recently a man replied, "After you find ninety-nine in a hundred are frauds you begin to get discouraged."

Lost money and abused kindness are frequent sources of cynicism, but it is a third mistake to let them be.

Do only the work you are forced to do and you get degraded instead of promoted.

Beggars in a Combine.

The beggars of Spain have formed a combine and are going to try to keep all of the 2 centimo pieces out of circulation by holding them whenever they secure any. The object of this beggars' trust is to make people give a larger coin.

Warning.

She—The temperature is falling.

He—Oh, well, don't let that worry you. Perhaps some one will catch it.

She—If it falls far enough, all fresh, green things will catch it. You'd better look out.

Two Remarkable Families.

In Webster county, W. Va., live two remarkable families. Currence Gregory has thirteen sons, all over six feet tall and all weighing more than 200 pounds. They all vote the democratic ticket. Each boy owns a farm. Mr. Gregory is still young at 72. His wife does all the housework at 65 years. The other family is that of Benjamin Hamrick, a near neighbor of the Gregorys. He is six feet five inches tall, and has nine sons, all over six feet tall. They weigh from 155 to 226 pounds. All in his family vote the republican ticket.

Think Goats Bring Good Luck.

English medical papers are commenting on the remarkable survival of superstition at Cambridge, where a dairyman possessed of a goat is sending the animal, by request, into and around the houses of his neighbors in an area affected by the smallpox. The rustice superstition that goats bring good luck is widespread and the London Lancet quotes many instances.

"Tim" Healy's Tall Hat.

The appearance of "Tim" Healy in the house of commons wearing a new silk hat brought out the fact that for ten years since the fight on the home rule bill, when his high hat was smashed, Mr. Healy had worn a high hat sent him by the corporation of Alexandria. He prized the hat highly, and wore it to its utmost limits. Last week he was forced to buy a new tile, and the present from the corporation of Alexandria is carefully preserved on a shelf as a relic of strenuous days for home rule.

The Family Jewel.

"Mr. Br—Brown," said the young man, stammeringly, "I—I want to ask your consent to my marrying your daughter. I know it's asking a great deal; she's the pride and comfort of your heart, the jewel of the family, and—"

"Young man," interrupted the prospective father-in-law, "five nights in the week, on an average, I'm kept awake till midnight with banging on the piano, cackling, giggling, rattling of the furniture and slamming of doors. I'm gettin' darnation tired of it and anything that promises relief is welcome. Take her, my boy, and hurry up the happy day."

Preserve, by all means in your power, "a sound mind in a sound body."

Avoid politicians who have a new specific for all public ills.

Love is the lever that lifts and honor is the foundation that holds the structure of the home.

The world soon forgets a man who wins his laurels and then quits.

It doesn't cost any more to be cheerful than sad and it does a heap more good.

Prudence is merely well-trained common sense.

When some men get their freedom in this glorious land of the free they are in ex-convict class.