

True Greatness

Really, I enjoy this story telling. I had no idea great men liked it half so well. It is a beautiful scheme, because it does not make any great difference if it should not work. I will have had the fun of trying, as the fellow says who has "loved and lost," and perhaps when it has failed entirely I can make a great reputation for myself as a philosopher by telling why it happened, and explaining that it was really not my fault. The greatest of men is he who makes "failure a stepping stone to success;" so if you write a poem, and people object because it has neither rhyme, rhythm nor reason, simply state that through the carelessness of your private secretary, who is greatly over-worked, or the stupidity of the editor, who always ought to know better, and never does, the labels to your various productions were mixed, and the poem should really have had the title "Thirsty Thoughts," and that it was not a poem at all, but a meditation. It is a great thing to be able to give to the people the credit of your own mistakes.

I wish I could paint or draw, so that I could illustrate my anecdotes, and give a few scenes in addition that would explain themselves. I am sure the stories would be much more effective, and certainly in better form. What admirable subjects the following would be. "The Jigadier Brindle Making Mud pie; aged five." "The Great Fighter Looking for Lost Articles Under the Side-walk; aged nine." "Our Hero Fighting Roosters; aged fourteen." "Jigadier Smoking in the Wood-shed with his Father; aged fifteen." But I can't draw, so I will let that part go. It costs too much to hire it done. It is hard work to be great, all by yourself. I am going to tell you another anecdote or two, after which I think I will wait a while to observe and enjoy results.

A GREAT ADMIRER OF ELOQUENCE

The Great Commander is an enthusiastic admirer of eloquence, and has been so from an early age. He was present on one occasion when a preacher noted for eloquent lungs and sublime gestures was delivering a sermon. The Jig was still quite young, being perhaps less than three years of age. Yet his mind was active, and he watched with absorbing interest the athletic gestures of the man in the pulpit. He presently slipped away from his mother, and with his eyes still toward the preacher, made his way to a point directly in front of the pulpit. Then he raised his arms, and with pains-taking precision, he imitated every gesture of the eloquent divise before him. As the

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speaker would extend one long arm heavenward, describe generous circles aloft, and then in mighty sweeps wave it across and to-and fro in front of him, finally bring the arm again to his side with a resounding slap on his thigh; and then do the same thing with the other arm, and then with both arms together,—as the speaker thus emphasized his remarks, so our little Jig stood and raised his fat arms aloft, whirled them around, then back and forth and down to his legs in exact imitation, his face being suffused meanwhile with rapture and satisfaction that was truly quite pathetic. Little did the audience which then looked upon such performances as saucy tricks of an impudent child know of the great thoughts which were taking root in the mind of this child. Little did they know that by such actions the formation of his future grand character was indicated. Little did they realize that before them stood the future Hero of a Heroic people,—Jigadier Brindle Smoke.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

No one knows the truth of this saying better than Jigadier Smoke. Again we go back to his youthful days. It was when he was but four years old, that the great strategist became involved in some misunderstanding with his mother. (The question under discussion was of small importance, and is scarcely necessary for the completion of this anecdote. Still we mention that it arose from the fact that the little fellow had tied the two pet cats together by their tails and hung them over a clothes-line.) Little Jig and his mother argued for some time, but as they were unable to arrive at any definite conclusion, his mother brought forth her final argument, that he was a

bad boy and needed a good trouncing. She became angry also, and was about to settle the whole controversy with her slipper. Instead of answering her in the same spirit, Little Jig bethought him of that advice of the Wise Man. "A soft answer turneth away wrath," and said quickly, and with most wonderful foresight, "You'll have to catch me before you can spank me," and ran playfully away. The mother's heart was touched at once, and as she knew she couldn't catch him then, she forgot her anger and forgave him, and Little Jig never again referred to the altercation.

There, I have put my scheme into execution. If it works, I am great. If it doesn't, I am just as great as ever; and it may be I am pretty well satisfied with myself anyway. The majority of people are.

R. B. MORGAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

Napoleon on Drunkenness.

Napoleon Bonaparte will appear in the March Century in a new role—that of temperance advocate. In the second installment of Dr. O'Meara's hitherto unpublished "Talks with Napoleon" at St. Helena, it is reported that, having a pain in his side, the ex-emperor asked his physician to show him where his liver was situated; and the latter, in some remarks on the causes of inflammation of that organ, mentioned intoxication as one of them. Thereupon Napoleon remarked:

"Then I ought not to have it, as I never was drunk but once in my life; and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. ... I drank three bottles of Burgundy, and was completely drunk. O, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can ever think of doing it again. Such headache, vomiting and general sickness; I was nearly dead for two days."

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