

Some men are born great and some thrust themselves upon greatness.

Still, it isn't much comfort to mankind at large to learn that diamonds and automobiles are cheaper than ever.

Someone states that the President "shot a turkey and a rabbit, one of them on the wing." Can you guess which one?

In order to induce young men to enlist as soldiers Uncle Sam may have to give the army one of those nice little junkets.

The London Times is to be modernized. After this, who can doubt that even Russia may wake up and join in the march of progress?

The other day one Texas woman was twice widowed in twelve hours. If she wasn't red-headed before, she certainly had a right to be after that.

The Ohio exchange that recently spoke of an esteemed fellow-citizen meeting his death "at the hands of a horse" has succeeded in putting its foot in it.

The University of Chicago having just received another \$2,000,000 from Founder Rockefeller, should now make it a point to burn a little more midnight oil.

Jealousy, says a French physician, is a disease. If he wishes to confer a favor upon humanity let him discover some method of preventing it by vaccination or inoculation.

Now the cologne of the new gold pieces will have to stop because there is not enough room for 1908 in Roman numerals. Most of us are willing to accept them with any old date on them.

The scratch of a collar button has killed a locomotive engineer who escaped railroad dangers for twenty years. Which shows that there are countless unexpected ways of getting it in the neck.

Efforts to create a cabinet position to be called the Department of Health are not meeting with much success. Few people care to have the consumption of deviled crabs and ice cream forbidden by law.

A Chicago man who is contemplating matrimony says: "I want a woman who can cook, mend my clothes, who is of a good disposition, loving and kind, and who has a fairly good education." He must contemplate polygamy.

Lake shipping is increasing more rapidly than was dreamed possible a few years ago. There are three canals round the rapids at the foot of Lake Superior, two on the American side of the river and one on the Canadian. The larger of the American canals was supposed to be big enough to accommodate all the traffic that would ever seek to use it, but it is now crowded, and work is just beginning on a third American canal. It will cost five million dollars and take five years for its completion.

In addition to its many other interesting and curious characteristics, the Druce trial in London brought to public notice two legal words of curious meaning. One of the counsel in the case expressed the opinion that all the directors and shareholders of the company which supplied the means for the prosecution were liable to arrest and trial on the criminal charges of "champerty" and "maintenance." Champerty, in law, is a bargain with a litigant to share or bear the expense of litigation, in consideration of receiving a share of the proceeds. Maintenance is meddling in a suit by one who, having no direct concern in the outcome, nevertheless assists or sustains either party with funds. Both are rare words to American readers who are not lawyers.

All over the country and at all times the charge is made that evil conditions in politics are due to lack of interest and lack of work on the part of the better class of citizens. The charge is true, and has been so long repeated, that it is beginning to stir a little patriotic sentiment in the breasts of men who have neglected their political duties; and this, of course, is a wholesome symptom. Among those who have been touched by this tiny flame of civic virtue are some members of a political club in one of the great eastern universities. They determined to get a taste of real politics at the primaries for a recent city election. Their experience, as related to a reporter, are worth considering. One of them said, "I didn't enjoy some of the things I had to do, but they were instructive, anyway." Another said, "I didn't know just what we were there for, but I did what they told me. They sent me round the district to get out the vote. I tramped from door to door, and some of the men promised to go down and vote." The most suggestive case was that of the young man who related his experience thus: "I was handed a list of men to get after. I figured it out that the country would be safe even if they didn't vote, so I went up to a pool room and stayed there until near closing time, and then went back and made guesses as to which were Republicans and which were Democrats. I don't think I'd care for politics." No, he would not. Nor will politics "care for" him. But he and the type he represents, when they grow up, will grow about the "draft," and wonder why it is not suppressed. His companions deserve some commendation for attempting to learn and to do their political duty; but he and his kind are as much responsible for corruption and misgovernment as are the bribe-givers and bribe-takers themselves.

It was high time that some person was coming to the defense of the awkward boy. Every awkward boy, and

every man who was once an awkward boy, and every human being who can appreciate the sufferings of the awkward boy will be glad that a person as capable and sympathetic as President Hughes of De Pauw university has taken the subject in hand and done justice to it. He has divided the life of the average boy into three periods, or stages—the unconscious, the awkward, and the maturely conscious—but the second stage only is the one which has an interest for us here. With regard to this period President Hughes remarks: "Now, what the boy needs at this time is adroit sympathy. If you are at some social gathering, and you see some boy standing by the door, suffering like a modern martyr, go to him and make him forget that he has hands, feet, a collar that gorges him, clothes that are too big for him, and for just a minute let him be a human being. He may also need an appeal to his self-respect at this period. As a matter of fact, no man can think too much of himself. We do not have the one-thousandth part of the self-respect that we ought to have. And the boy at this time needs to have real tribute paid to his personality, so that he will feel that, after all, he is somebody in the world." Nothing could be truer than this. If there is a time in the life of a boy when he should have a large share of affection and respect and flattery—when he should be held up to himself as a really superior person—it is when he is passing through this awkward stage, for it is at this time that he is most sensitive, and most impressionable, and most inclined to think well of himself and of the world in general. He does not invite affection, or kindness, or even charity at this period. He is more likely to repel all of them. But if he is approached in the proper spirit, and reasoned with in the proper tone of voice, and advised by the right person, he will both become easier himself, and will gradually fall out of the way of making everybody around him miserable. He knows that he is awkward—knows it better than those who make fun of him, better than those who make fun of him—and he is resentful because of it. He would give the world if he could only be as self-contained as the milkman, or the gas man, or even his father, and if he had his choice between the diamond mines of Africa and the ability to look calm and cool when a woman smiled at him he would choose the latter. He has not the satisfaction of knowing it, and he would not believe it if told, but he will learn some day that his awkwardness and frolics and all the characteristics of the period have never yet prevented and never can prevent true merit from coming to the top, and that it is the awkward boy who usually becomes the brave and successful man and has money to lend to the man who grew up from a dandified and self-satisfied youth. He is kind to the awkward boy. He will not need your kindness very long, and there is no telling when you may need his.

NOW IT'S A SKYSCRAPER WAR.

Owners of Big New York Office Buildings in Hot Contest. "So great is the rivalry for tenants in the war between the big office buildings in the financial district that some owners have assumed the responsibility of leases of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year already made by a tenant to take him away from a rival."

This statement was made Tuesday night before the real estate class of the West Side Young Men's Christian Association by Joel S. de Selding, of De Selding Bros., agents for the forty-story Singer building. In a lecture on "Downtown Office Buildings," says the New York Herald.

As these leases are made for from ten to twelve years, the aggregate amount involved runs from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 that the owner assumes to get a tenant.

Mr. De Selding, after discussing his subject from a technical point of view, was speaking of the economic advantages that would result from co-operation in the management of office buildings. Any overture of this kind, however, made by one party or another, he said, was looked upon with suspicion by the others, and the result was the greatest competition for tenants in the financial district that New York has ever seen.

There never was so much new space as is offered for 1908. Acres and acres of floors will be ready in the spring and the aggregate for the twelve months will be a record figure. There was completed last spring, among notable structures, the West Street and United States Express Company buildings. Later came the addition to the Trinity, the new United States Realty and the Trust Company of America buildings, all twenty to twenty-four stories. Others nearing completion are the City Investing, the Hudson Terminals and the Singer. Work was recently begun on the new structure of the Lawyers' Title and Insurance Company, and there has been considerable building in the jewelry and insurance districts.

As a result, the speaker said, there was never so much competition and such active office to office canvassing for tenants. Agents have even been sent out by one company to canvass the West and South in the effort to induce business and industrial concerns to establish headquarters in New York.

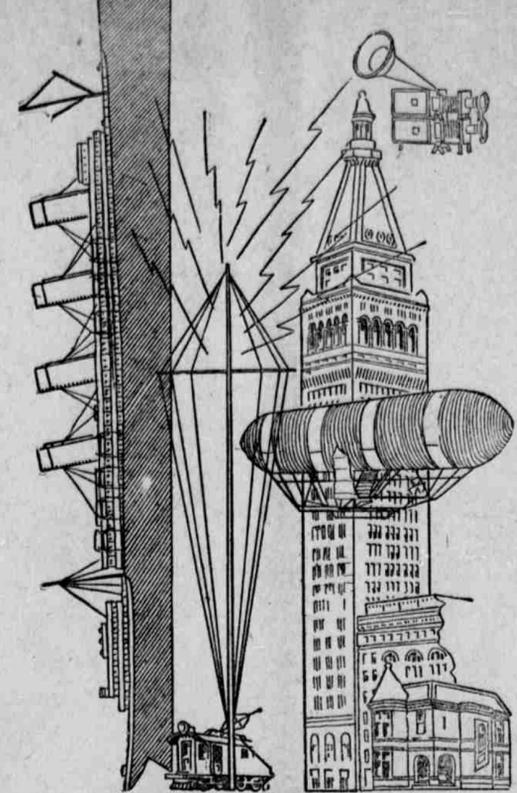
Renters are beginning to turn the tables on the agents and visit the various buildings from City Hall Park to the Battery, looking for inducements to make a change.

In discussing the subject with a reporter after the lecture Mr. de Selding said he knew of one instance where two industrial companies in the same line of business took leases for entire floors in one building, expecting to get contracts in return. One of them was disappointed, and a rival building, learning of it, assumed their lease and rented them space at a less rate.

Law suits are likely to follow, and now owners are trying to draw up a form of lease that will bind tenants more securely.

When a man makes a will he has a right to be self-willed.

"SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD" ECLIPSED.



THE SEVEN WONDERS OF TO-DAY.

Thirty thousand ton steamship, wireless telegraph, electric locomotive, dirigible, camera, phonograph, forty-eight-story building, concrete moulded house. This is a great age. Have you ever stopped to consider it? Every age has its wonders; none has been so marvelous as those of to-day. The seven wonders of the world were stupendous in the Alexandrian times. They still weigh heavily in the balance, yet they are surpassed by the accomplishments of the last few months. Present-day genius knows no confines. The dreams of the ancients are the realities of to-day. More than ever before no man knows what a day may bring forth.

Fancy, if you can, the leaders of the world's affairs of the long dead centuries dropped upon the earth to-day. What would be their impressions of our up-to-date methods of travel, communication, manufacturing, living, and, if you will, even their one-time favorite pastime, man-killing? What would they think of even the pyramids compared to the new forty-eight-story building in New York? What of the present-day wonders on every hand? It is no disparagement of the old to say that the new are more wonderful. The new wonders stand for so much more of material progress.

The new wonders of the last few months are: New York's forty-eight-story office building; the new 30,000-ton ocean greyhound Lusitania; the warships being perfected in Europe; Marconi's transatlantic wireless telegraph; the powerful electric locomotive for railways; the camera, phonograph; Edison's \$1,000 concrete houses, built in twelve hours.

These are by no means the "seven modern wonders of the world;" they are the seven wonders of to-day. They exemplify the commercial spirit of the times; are prophetic of future wonder-developments. They certainly hold down their side of the scales against the wonders of 907 B. C.

In their peculiar line later creations have not surpassed the old wonders. These were: the statue of Zeus at Olympia; the hanging gardens at Babylon; the Colossus at Rhodes; the mausoleum at Halicarnassus; the pyramids of Egypt; the walls of Babylon; the temple of Artemis at Ephesus.

Of these ancient wonders all that remain are the pyramids and the ruins of the walls of Babylon.

AS PEOPLE HANDLE PAPERS.

So They Will Act in Everything They Do, Says a Bachelor.

"I know of no surer signboard of character than the way in which a man or woman handles a newspaper," said an old bachelor. "The person who hits the newspaper with the hand in opening the pages has the emphatic or Rooseveltian nature. 'You may depend upon it that such a person will not hesitate to express an opinion, whether you like it or not, if a man handles his newspaper in this way, he will do you in a trade. If a woman does it, she will rule you if you marry her.'"

"The person who shifts and turns the pages of a newspaper repeatedly, first one way and then another, is unstable. The man will never succeed in business. The woman will be shiftless in her home."

"You have seen, if you have noticed as I have, people who never keep the pages of the paper intact. They get the pages mixed or allow a page to drop out. A man who handles his paper in this way has no system in his business. A woman who does will drag her petticoat, or wear her hose wrong side out, and if she becomes a mother her children will have dirty faces and unkempt hair."

"A man who reads one newspaper while he holds on to two or three more when he is in a room where there are others is a hog. That is a very ugly appellation. It is the plain, blunt synonym for selfishness."

"I have known some very nice and clever people to litter up a room with newspapers as fast as they read them. Such a habit indicates a type of character that begins at home disposition, coupled with a don't care disposition. As much as to say: 'I'm through with it; what's the difference?'"

"The person who looks at the advertisements first, unless in searching for a job or a servant, is practical, rather commercial, and sentimental when it suits his or her purpose."

"The man who rumples his paper and rams it into his pocket when he is leaving a street car is not only disorderly, but the act indicates that he is a sort of grabber; anything to get it and keep it."

"And a man who throws his newspaper on the floor of a car when he has finished reading it would not hesitate to spit on your rug and bump you into the street without making an apology."—New York Sun.

THE LAST WITNESS.

He Caused a Commotion in a Suit in Chancery.

It was a suit in chancery, and there was a great gathering of deceased's family, quarrelling, as relatives will, over the division of the estate. The lawyers engaged chuckled, for the suit seemed likely to be prolonged and complicated.

There were many lawyers, too, and the judge marvelled at the immensity of

the deceased man's family as lawyer after lawyer rose in rapid succession, introducing themselves with the usual formula, "And I, my lord, am for the nephews (or nieces or fifteen cousins removed, as the case may be) of the deceased." The procession seemed interminable, but at last it came to an end. Then a small voice was heard timidly saying from the back of the court, "May I be allowed to speak, my lord?" There was dead silence as his lordship adjusted his spectacles and asked father dejectedly, "Who are you?"

The answer was, to say the least, unexpected. "I am the deceased, my lord," said the modest voice from the back of the court. That ended the action.

Quite unknown to his relatives the deceased had turned up from the wilds of Rhodesia. Obviously a man of humor, he must have taken a delight in watching how "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley."—English Paper.

Slaughtered the Antlion.

"When I went west first," said a Unitarian minister, "I was in a small town called L, and in the choir of my church the village blacksmith did noble work as baritone. He had a voice that could shake mountains, and whatever it lacked in any other feature it made up in volume. He couldn't read music any more than he could English, but he learned to tune very readily. "One Sunday we were to be favored with a new anthem because it was a special occasion, and the baritone had one portion all to himself. Unfortunately he had missed many of the practices. "The anthem went along excellently until it came to a beautiful part which reads, 'And, dying, bids us all aspire.' "Here the rest of the singers stopped short in that quick, sudden way that choirs have, and in the ensuing stillness sounded the ponderous tones of the blacksmith: "And dying brides are filled with fire."—Boston Herald.

Napoleon.

There is no doubt Napoleon fell through the sheer dizziness of the height he had climbed to. "The Duc de Raguse," says the Comtesse de Bologne, "once explained to me the nature of his connection with the emperor in a phrase which is more or less applicable to the whole nation. 'When Napoleon said, "All for France," I served with enthusiasm. When he said, "France and I," I served with zeal. When he said, "I and France," I served with obedience. When he said "I without France," I felt the necessity of parting from him.'"—T. P.'s London Weekly.

Sleepy Town.

"What do you think of our town?" asked the suburbanite. "Sleepy place," replied the city man. "Why, we've got six churches!" "Yes, that's where a lot of the people sleep, I suppose!"—Yonkers Statesman.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR.



ST. VALENTINE'S STATUE OF LINCOLN IN LINCOLN PARK.



THE LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILL., LOG CABIN WHERE LINCOLN WAS BORN.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine's day! And midst old recollections That rush to my heart with an echoing joy, I remember once more the old hopes and when you were a girl, dear, and I was a boy: I sent you a rose on that February morning, And with it a passionate, rhyme-haunting And met your reproaches and well-acted scornful whelping: "Sweet, 'tis St. Valentine's day!"

And the sky was so blue, and the sunshine so yellow, And the soft southern wind blew so shrilly and sweet, And each tiny bird sang so loud to its fellow, While the snowdrops and crocuses bloomed at your feet, Small wonder our hearts broke to tremulous beating As we learned in the wonderful, old-fashioned way, What the earth and the sky and the air were repeating, In mystical cadence of Valentine's day.

And now that the crazy-sweet table and Of golden-haired children have rung in our ears, And brought us the hope of a tender hereafter, To link to the thought of those far-away years, I will deeper meaning in whimsical way; A meaning your heart will be quick to discover— By whispering: "Sweet, 'tis St. Valentine's day!" —The Housekeeper.

Lincoln's Specific Life Work.

One often thinks of his life as cut off, but no great man since Caesar has seen his life work ended as did Lincoln. Napoleon died upon a desert rock, but not until Ansterlitz and Wagram had become memories, and the dust of the empire even as all dust. Cromwell knew that England had not at heart materially altered. Washington did not know that he had created one of the great, perhaps the greatest, empires to be known to man. But Lincoln had a specific task to do—to save his country and to make it free—and on that fateful 14th of April he knew that he had accomplished both things.

There are those who would say that chance put this man where he was to do this work. That the thoughtful mind it was not chance, however, but design, and that the design of which all greatness is a part. War is indeed the crucible of the nations. It is the student of a century hence who shall properly place the Civil War in American history. But, whatever that place be, there can be no doubt of the position in it of the war President. Like William the Silent, his domination of all about him was a matter not of personal desire, but of absolute and constant growth. There are few more interesting characters in history than Lincoln. There is none who in quite the same manner fits himself so absolutely into his circumstances. It is the highest form of genius that so prodigious as to make production seem effortless, and it is perhaps the greatest of all tributes to Lincoln that what he did seems sometimes only what the average man would have done. L. his place.

Abraham Lincoln's Astuteness. A leader of the Lincoln party told a story of the astuteness of Lincoln as a lawyer. "When Lincoln was practicing law," he said, "he had a case involving a disputed will. The opposition claimed that

next three months she's wondering 'em and treats me fairly well. It once. It is a good deal better the threatening her with the family ax."

His Valentine. My Valentine! I seize my pen To write to you the yearning verse; I shall not tune my lyre again To raptures which my soul immerses; I shall not praise your sapphire eyes, Nor sing the archness of your look— Ah, no! I chant your bread and pies, My Valentine, for you can cook!

My Valentine, I love the glow— The ruby glow so softly spread Upon your tempting velvet cheek When you have been a baking bread. Your hair is golden, thick, and fine, In gleaming coil, and curl and loop, And best of all, oh, one divine, I never find it in my soup.

My Valentine! Let others write Their lyrics to your hands and brow, Your biscuits are as feathery light, Your cakes are tempting, anyhow. Let others sing your charms so sweet, With postaster's gentle art, For me, the things you make to eat Have won the highway to my heart. —What to Eat.

An Anecdote of Lincoln. At one period during the rebellion there were no less than seventy-four major generals and 276 brigadiers on the rolls, which was far more than there was any use for. President Lincoln recognized this mistake before anybody else, but he consoled himself by joking about it. It

is recalled that on one occasion, when one of these superfluous generals was captured by the enemy, with a number of men and horses, somebody undertook to console with the President on the subject, remarking that the loss of the captured general's services was a great misfortune to the government.

"Pooh!" replied Lincoln, "it's the horses I'm thinking about. I can make another brigadier general in two minutes, but horses are scarce, and cost \$200 apiece."—Kansas City Journal.

"You Might See Me Through." Abraham Lincoln during the war frequently visited the hospitals and addressed cheering words to the wounded soldiers.

On one occasion he found a young fellow whose leg had been amputated, and who was evidently sinking fast.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln.

"You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply.

The President wrote at the youth's dictation: "My dear mother, I have been shot bad, but am bearing up. I tried to do my duty. They tell me I cannot recover. God bless you and father. Kiss May and John for me."

At the end came these words as postscript: "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln."

When the boy perused the epistle and saw these added words, he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor as he asked: "Are you our President?"

"Yes," was the quiet answer; "and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?"

Feebly the lad said, "I guess you might hold my hand and see me through."—London S. S. Times.

Love Tokens of the Past. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Fair Maid of Perth," an St. Valentine's day, had his hero send the heroine a small ruby cut in the shape of a heart transfixed with a golden arrow, the gem being inclosed in a tiny purse made of links of finest steel. Around the edge of the purse was engraved:

"Love's darts Clave hearts Through mail shirts."

Surely it was a pretty enough token to win the affection of any maid. These eighteenth-century valentines were indeed labors of love, and small wonder that on that day the belles heard the fall of the knocker with eager anticipation.

GETTING BUSY.

