

LIFE IS WHAT



WE MAKE IT

Life is simply what we make it as we hasten heedless on To the future that awaits us just beyond the glided dawn; We can plant our path with roses, aye, or water it with tears, We can shadow it with sorrow that will stay throughout the years; We can make our neighbors happy with a laugh or with a song, We can scatter sunshine always as through life we pass along; Life is simply what we make it; let us make it bright and gay, For the bird that carols sweetly gladdens all the summer day.

Aye, life is what we make it, bright or clouded o'er with woe, As fate doth sweep the pendulum unceasing to and fro; Plant roses in your pathway, weed the thistle from your door, He in whose heart a laugh is born cannot be counted poor; So make life bright and merry, sunshine never killed a flower, And never came a smile amiss unto the weary hour; The birds doth fill with happiness the meadows where they throng, And we can set the world aglee with laughter and with song.

-T. C. HARBAUGH.

Jason's Golden Fleece.

BY WILLIAM BLOSS.
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When a man has been dissolute for long times together; when his friends shun his approach lest he be about to renew reiterated applications for "just a small loan, you know, old man"; when his clothes have descended from that sartorial half-basement called the shabby genteel to the sartorial subcellar denominated the ragged; when even his kindred shun him; when the lady who furnishes his cheap lodgings intimates that unless the unpaid rent of the last fortnight be forthcoming at once, would he be so kind as to give up his key; when the 15-cent meal restaurant man with reluctance, but firmness, advises that further line of credit will be impossible in his case until you can do a little something, sir, on this old account which has been running so long—why, then, what is a man to do?

Broadest among the paths lying before him run two. First, there is suicide. One always contemplates suicide under such conditions. Whether one is remorsefully sober or sentimentally drunken, suicide is the solace springing spontaneously to greet thought. In theory it is easy—but in practice only the desperate rush to its chill embrace. The icy waters of the lake and river do not woo as did the Paphian goddess. And among those who have made a practice of drowning it is looked upon as a disagreeable exercise. Carbolic acid and rough on rats have features most objectionable.

Besides, one has moral objections to self-destruction. The church has cried anathemas upon it. Society frowns upon it by making its attempt penal in some states. It is really not good form. And then one owes duties to others



Jason didn't have the price, who might grieve. No, it must not be thought of, it is disgraceful, determines he in such case as has been made and provided first herein.

True there is the dual path of reform and work. Along its broad and straight but steep and rocky way its twin sign-posts stand side by side, pointing with unbenumbed fingers to the temple of hope shining afar in the fields of ease. But the ascent is arduous. Nor is it so easily undertaken. If reform without work is fruitless, equally true it is that work without reform is profitless. And to achieve the one and secure the other merely by determining to do so is possible only to those souls whose fibres are spun from steel and adamant.

To the conclusions thus advanced came Jason Fenwick on the morning when he perceived with bitterness that even those poor resources he had been able to call his own had been drunk and eaten all, leaving neither crumbs nor leas behind. He had slept uneasily in a chair in an all-night saloon, fearful of ejection from its warmth, timorous of approaching the unspeakable "free lunch" which, beneath the observant eye of the bartender, held out its bawdy allurements only to those who had "the price," Jason didn't

have the price, and he knew better than to invite the door by making unjustifiable advances. It is better to be warm and hungry than cold and hungry, he argued, and it may be conceded that his love was not unkind.

When the porter and his early morning mop began the ablutions which were intended to restore the floor to decency, he seized upon Jason's chair with that contemptuous authority the black man loves to exercise upon his poor white brother, and set it upon a pool table that he might the better use the mop. Thus evicted, the young man wandered aimlessly out of the door. Remorse bit his soul and hunger gnawed his stomach. The west wind was keen, and pricked him.

"After all," he said, "I'm a hesitating fool. Let's end this comic tragedy." And he set his steps resolutely toward the Randolph street viaduct and Lake Michigan beyond. As he passed the towering cliffs of the Auditorium and the Annex, the savage wind, pent as in a funnel, assisted him with even more acridity and put an edge upon his purpose. He walked



"I have found a lady's watch," on doggedly now, determined, and the hand of Providence alone could have moved him to turn him back.

The trampled snow lay in glistening ridges upon Michigan avenue, almost deserted at that early hour, but the marks of thousands of runners showed that the sleighing had been good the day before and that the well-to-do had been out in numbers to enjoy it. He smiled bitterly as the thought flooded him. Once he, too, had driven fine horses on the boulevard. That was when he had been Mr. Fenwick, the rising young lawyer. That was when he thought he was about to marry Edith. Well, he would drive once more—to the Styx this time—and he would wed, with Death, the grim.

He had almost reached the eastern curbing of the broad highway when something shining in the snow drew down his glance. The new risen sun had thrust a dart through the crenelated wall reared as a parapet shielding the eyes of the Lake Front park from the brutal utilitarianism of the railroad in the depths below and it had found a golden target. Jason stooped and picked from the snow—a lady's gold watch, set with a wreath of diamonds.

For an instant he stood in stupor, holding the glistening jewel in his ungloved, unwashed palm. Then with a swift motion he thrust hand and watch into his pocket, clutching his prize eagerly, and looking sharply about to see if there were any to dispute his treasure trove. He who had been about to die, now would have fought fiercely to retain the means of living on. Visions of broiled steaks and their noble entourage formed halos in his brain. Not Alnaschar himself before he kicked over his basket of glassware, indulged in more day dreams than did Jason in traversing the seven city blocks from Congress to Randolph streets. He had walked northward mechanically, toward his original destination, and with an impulse, unexpressed even in his own mind, to get quickly as far away as possible from the scene of his rare fortune. No cry of "halves" could be tolerated. No vague assertion of ownership should be listened to. The prize was his. All his. Had he not found it? Columbus and the Spanish dual crown had no better claim upon the vast new world.

The wind and the arctic air had been forgotten. He felt a glow from ear to toe, and, within, his heart leaped in exultation. An angel's arm had snatched him from the grave. Well, he would prove worthy to be saved. He would rehabilitate his manhood. The path of reform and work should now be his.

Suddenly, as if his brain had encountered a live electric wire, came the shocking, sickening thought that even were this prize his very own he could not use it. Its value was extreme. How much he did not know, but his trained experience had suggested at the first rapid glance that it had cost hundreds. Nevertheless, it was dross in the hand which clutched it. Should he try to pawn it, he would be arrested. Should he try to sell to any reputable person he would be looked upon with suspicion and refused. If he took it to a "fence," some "levee" thieves' banker, he must accept the tenth value which would be offered. As these reflections crushed him, his head was bent again and once more the wind stung him like a whip.

Then a new idea came to him and Jason turned westward and hurried to the saloon across the court from the public library. He seized a morning paper and feverishly turned to the Lost and Found "ads." Ah, here it was the first thing:

LOST—While driving in Michigan boulevard, Thursday afternoon, between Jackson and Thirty-first street, lady's gold watch, set with diamond wreath. It is valued as a souvenir and \$250 will be paid for its return to 2999 Michigan ave.

An hour later a worn and tired man,

blue with cold, ill from hunger, grimed, unshaven, shivering, timidly rang the electric bell at the vestibule doorway of No. 2999. He was shivering, partly in apprehension that he would wake up and find he only dreamed. A neat maid responded to the summons. She looked him over in dubity. Such callers were not usual.

"I have found a lady's watch," he stammered, "and I see by the paper—"

But the maid cut in on his speech. She smiled graciously.

"Miss Edith will be so glad," she said. "If you will come in, sir, I will call her, if she is up."

He waited long, in a drawing room whose aromatic breath made him think of all the unforgettable past—and then there floated from behind the portiere a divine vision of loveliness arrayed in morning robe of cerulean blue and looked upon him in the dim light of the drawing room. He had risen, hat in hand, with his old courtly grace, to greet a lady.

Then, as he stared, speechless, the vision swept with a single unthoughtful to his very breast and threw both of her fair arms about his neck.

"Oh! Jason!" she cried, "Have you come at last?"

"Edith!" was all he said, but being mortal, he kissed her where she stood.

The law firm of Jennison and Fenwick has the reputation of dividing the most lucrative practice in Illinois courts, and especially is its junior member regarded by the members of the bar which his talents adorn as one of its brightest lights.

Miss Jennison's parents, you see, had only recently purchased No. 2999, and Jason didn't know it. In his case that little knowledge would have been a dangerous thing.

COUNT EGGS BY THE MILLION.
Chicago Dealers Discuss Recent Big Order from the East.

South Water street men the other day discussed the recent order of an eastern man for 2,400,000 dozen eggs to be supplied by the commission men of the west, says the Chicago Chronicle. This order runs into big figures and counted in eggs or dozens it looks large. At any rate, it means, even at the price of 10 cents per dozen, a transaction of nearly \$250,000. The eastern buyer is undoubtedly making his purchase for cold storage purposes, and will calculate to make his profit on the advance in price next winter. Commission men are recalling the transaction last season by which Cudahy of Omaha and Chicago parties collected and stored several millions of dozens of eggs which were afterward sold at the winter price and at a handsome profit. When talking about a recent offer made to the convention of Kansas and Oklahoma commission men to buy 2,400,000 dozen eggs several South Water street dealers said that such an order could be easily handled by commission firms in the ordinary business way. One was of the opinion that there are firms doing business with headquarters in Chicago that would not be stumped if called upon to furnish twice that quantity in the course of a couple of months. They would simply set to work among country and call for all that could be supplied at stated times.

He Was Correct Enough.
In a certain regiment was an expert gymnast, who taught his brother subalterns how to walk across the barrack room on their hands. While thus engaged one evening the door opened, and the colonel, a stern disciplinarian, entered the room, looking attentively at the inverted company, shook his head gravely and departed without uttering a word. Extra parade duty next morning was the least punishment expected for this breach of discipline. Some days passed, however, and no notice being taken, it was thought that an apology and explanation should be offered by the prime instigator of these unsoldierly movements. A reference being made to the evening, the colonel amazed the intending apologist by exclaiming: "Hush, my dear fellow, I would not have anybody know it for the world. The fact is, I had been dining out with an old brother officer who had served with me in India, and 'pon my life I had no idea the wine could have such effect upon me; but when I looked in to see if you were all right in your quarters I could have sworn that I saw you all upside down!"—Tid-Bits.

Mother Hints.
Mothers often complain that their babies do not appear really ill, and yet do not grow and look as healthy as they should. The difference between a healthy and an unhealthy child is very marked. A perfectly healthy baby sleeps a great deal of the time during the first few months of its life, and when it is asleep wears an expression of absolute and blissful repose. The little eyelids are completely closed, the lips very slightly parted and the breathing is rhythmic and scarcely to be heard. There is no visible movement of the nostrils in the healthy baby while sleeping. When a young baby sleeps with the eyelids incompletely closed, so that the whites of the eyes show, be sure that something is wrong. When the baby's rest is broken by pain, even colic, the eyelids will twitch, and the eyes will not completely close. But the same symptoms indicate often the appearance of a severe illness, so that the mother should always be on guard.

Iron Mining in 'York State.
Iron mining is now carried on extensively in northern New York. One shaft in Clinton has already passed through a small vein of pure ore, and five feet below has entered a 23-foot vein.

LIFE IN A GREAT CITY

PICKING OUT MONTE CRISTO

The man and the girl settled themselves in their seats just as the orchestra was playing the overture to the first act of "Monte Cristo."

"Now, what is the story of the play?" asked the girl as soon as she got her breath. "I read the first two chapters of the book once and then something happened and I forgot to read the rest."

The young man tried to look intelligent. "I read it ten years ago," he confessed, "and I'm afraid I don't know much about it. But Monte Cristo—er—I don't know what he was when he began to stir up things, but he's frightfully rich in the end and there's an island mixed in with it, and he goes to Paris and—"

"All his enemies drop dead at the sight of him," all his enemies drop dead at the sight of him of something of that sort."

"Oh, yes," said the girl, doubtfully but smilingly. Sometimes women show real heroism even if it is unnoticed.

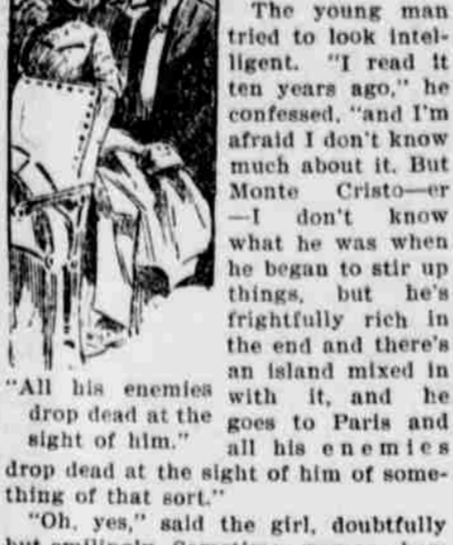
The first act was nearly through when the girl cringed the young man's arm. "Monte Cristo must be that gloomy individual who is plotting," she said triumphantly. "But I don't see what that foolish young sailor is frisking around so for. They talk so fast I can't get the thread of the story."

The young man looked worried. Just then the gendarmes sent by Villefort snatched the sailor from his wedding feast and carried him off to the prison. Everybody on the stage promptly fainted.

"Can the sailor be Edmund Dantes, afterward Monte Cristo?" asked the girl with puzzled brow. The young man shook his head restlessly. "Perhaps the next act will make things clearer," he cheered her up.

"The program says eighteen years elapse between acts 1 and 2," said the girl as the curtain rose on the gloomy prison scene. "I suppose that is why Dantes has so many white whiskers."

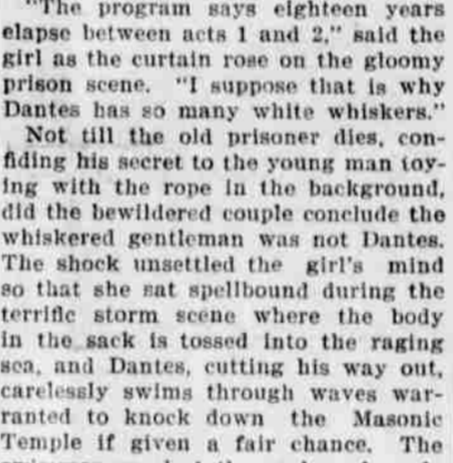
Not till the old prisoner dies, confiding his secret to the young man toying with the rope in the background, did the bewildered couple conclude the whiskered gentleman was not Dantes. The shock unsettled the girl's mind so that she sat spellbound during the terrific storm scene where the body in the sack is tossed into the raging sea, and Dantes, cutting his way out, carelessly swims through waves warranted to knock down the Masonic Temple if given a fair chance. The swimmer reached the rock and made



THE GIRL PHILOSOPHER
"Strange," said the girl philosopher to the girls in the sewing club, "how twelve hours can change one's point of view! I don't know when I've felt so saintly as I did yesterday morning. A day when I found the quotation for the day on my calendar was 'A brother is a friend given by nature' it just set me thinking how many times Bobby posted my letters and ran for special delivery 'Nearly Paralyzed the Boy.' stamps for me. A regular wave of tenderness swept over me and the result was that I nearly paralyzed the boy when I went down to breakfast by patting his shoulder and handing him the money to buy his luncheon. He does so hate to carry a lunch box since he entered high school that nothing could have pleased him more."

"He said I was a brick, and not an ice-cream cone, either, and went off whistling 'There's just one girl,' leaving me with sunshine in my heart exactly like a character in a Sunday school book. But last night Fred Bascom came to call. What an elegant-looking fellow he is, anyway! And perfectly stunning in a panne-velvet hat! Why, yes, that's what they are of course, and why men call them 'silk,' I leave it for the ridiculous creatures themselves to answer. And perhaps they could tell, too, how a man so handsome as Fred can be so bashful. It's beyond me. Well, I don't blush to own that I have been wishing he'd take me out, just because he'd make such a fine setting for my new suit, so when he began talking about the automobile show he had my full attention."

"You've read all about it, I suppose," he said. "You bet we have!" came in a loud voice from the back parlor. Fred jumped and looked at me as if he thought I were a ventriloquist, until I explained that Bob was studying there."



THAT'S MONTE CRISTO FOR SURE!
his usual speech about attaching the whole world at one full swoop. The young man brightened. "I remember that," he said eagerly. "That's Monte Cristo for sure!"

The scene in the wretched inn again plunged them in gloom. "I guess the priest is Dantes in disguise," said the young man comfortably.

The guileful priest immediately began telling young Albert about his brother, the famous Monte Cristo. "He can't be!" said the girl irritably. "Listen to that! Why don't they wear signs so one can tell? And I wish they didn't have such a rackety storm outside—it's a very bad climate, seems to me!"

The wicked Villefort sends the old woman upstairs to murder a peddler, supposedly Villefort's annoying brother in disguise. The peddler kills her instead and disappears with the glow of the limelights thrown on his righteously noble face, disguise cast off—Villefort cowers in fear.

"Why, the peddler was Monte Cristo!" said the girl in excitement. Hear him denounce Villefort!"

At that instant the priest bursts in the door and sees Villefort fall dead. "One!" counts the priest dramatically, raising his finger to heaven.

"No," said the young man in disgust, "the peddler must have been Villefort's brother—the priest is Monte Cristo—and he is checking off enemy No. 1."

The girl sat back angrily. "Anyhow," she said, "my head aches."

The young man bought her some

chocolate and changed the subject. Surreptitiously he took out a pencil and tried to make a chart of the plot on his programme edge, but gave it up. The play went on. Haughty gentlemen denounced each other, dropped dead occasionally, when there was nothing else to do, were defied and triumphed. Any one of the three or four had the real Monte Cristo air. The girl was counting on her fingers and her eyes had a vacant stare, the young man was plunged in gloom. Finally, everybody well maimed and disabled, the haughtiest of the Parisian men who had been fooling around the forest of Fontainebleau said the young doing French duel man, stunts threw down his sword, said "Me che—ld, me wife!" embraced the excited youth who wanted to fight every one and the fainting lady who was walking around in the snow in a ball gown and struck an attitude. The curtain went down.

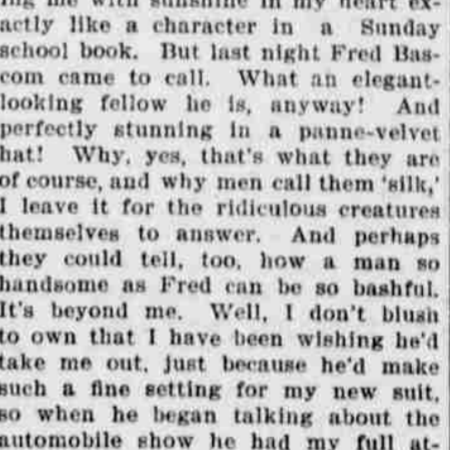
"Thank heaven," said the young man fervently, as rapture broke over his face, "for the first time this evening I am certain which was Monte Cristo! There's no mistake, because the rest are all killed off."



THE SNOB IN SOCIETY.
Ultra-Exclusiveness of Persons Who Ignore Themselves Social Leaders.
The accepted definition of a "snob," together with its attendant adjective "snobbish," is not the same in America as in England. On the other side it means social pretense of some kind, and Thackeray has shown under that head what a great variety of the species there is. But with us it does not necessarily include pretense. When we call a person a snob the idea intended to be conveyed is that he or she is ultra exclusive and wishes to associate only with persons who are considered very smart. In fact, to be "smart" a person must necessarily be somewhat snobbish, according to the American acceptance of the word, for extreme exclusiveness is even more necessary to the maintenance of a smart set in a republic than in places where the lines are defined by rank. The so-called Four Hundred is, as everyone knows, divided up into any number of sets and cliques, but nevertheless, despite assertions to the contrary, there is always one set that is fashionably paramount. That is to say, invitations from its leaders are more prized than any others, and to be admitted within its limits is a coveted honor. And here we come back to our accepted definition of the word "snob." People who make an effort to get into this society, and by so doing overlook and neglect old friends, are termed snobbish, while the members themselves, who have no desire to enlarge their small coterie or to hide their indifference to the world at large, come under the same classification. Thackeray's people, with their miserable little attempts to pass themselves off for others than they are (and we may safely assert that there are more of that ilk in England than America), we would call cats—so that the use of either term by an American does not necessarily convey the same idea as when spoken by an Englishman.—New York Tribune.

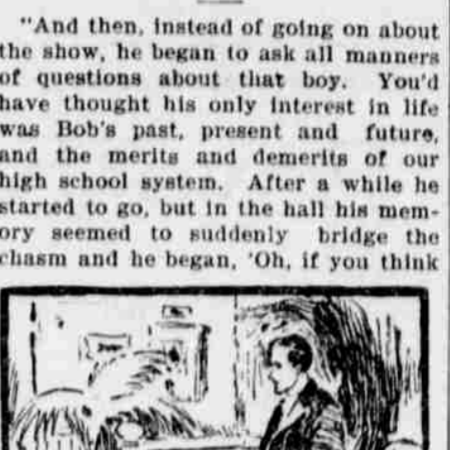
FORETELL COMING STORMS.
Telegraph Wires Are Said to Be Unfailing Weather Prophets.
According to Dr. Eydam, a German physician, there are no more reliable weather prophets than telegraph wires. This novel discovery was made by him in the following manner: As he was waiting for a train at a country station he heard a shrill sound, which was made by the wind as it passed through a net-work of nearby wires. At once the doctor remembered that he had frequently heard a similar sound either immediately before or after a storm or a heavy fall of rain or snow, and it naturally occurred to him to try and ascertain whether there was any connection between the sound and such changes in the weather. As a heavy shower of rain fell within forty-eight hours after he had heard the sound at the railroad station he concluded that there was such a connection, and he then determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. As a result he now maintains, first, that any unusual disturbance in the telegraph wires is an infallible indication of bad weather, and, second, that the nature of the changes in the atmosphere may be learned from the sound which the wind makes when passing through the wires. Thus a deep sound, he says, which is of considerable or medium strength, indicates that there will be slight showers of rain with moderate winds within from thirty to forty-eight hours, and, on the other hand, a sharp, shrill sound is the sure token of a heavy storm, which will be accompanied by much rain or snow.—Chicago Chronicle.

Colored Shirts in Black and White.
Colored shirts should open only in front, have two buttonholes, not counting those in the band and cuffs, cut either square or sharply rounded. I advise having them made to open all the way down the front. The cuffs, which should be attached, are about two and one-half inches wide. On colored shirts for ordinary wear the collar is rarely attached, but on negligence shirts used for tennis it is perhaps advisable to have it so. Vertical stripes or lines on bosoms and cuffs are still the most usual (but one need not feel, in the least degree, limited to any one design or manner of arrangement. I may say, however, that at present it looks as if black and white were to be much in vogue during the coming spring and summer. Colored shirts are more usually and, I think, more properly worn only with sack suits or sporting clothes, but the rule is not a strict one, and any afternoon at the fashionable hotels and cafes one may see smartly dressed men wearing colored shirts with frock coats and with dark morning coats. I have seen colored shirts worn with frock suits at afternoon receptions and even by the groom and ushers at weddings, but the use can scarcely be called good.—Vogue.



SO BASHFUL.
you'd enjoy going down to the automobile—but just there Bobby burst wildly into the hall, with his tousled hair hanging down over his eyes, and shouted: "You'd better jump on that quick, Florrie!"

"But I couldn't—not quick enough, anyway, to stop Fred. He simply



Reading Matter for Soldiers.
There is a great demand for reading matter among the troops stationed at distant posts in the Philippines and in Alaska. The Army and Navy League of Washington is endeavoring to meet this want as far as possible and has invited contributions of books and magazines.