

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS.

A WOMAN will have several irons in the fire at once, but she gets her ironing done by the concentration of her energy into the manipulation of one iron. Edison and Marconi are men of one idea, and each is absorbed in the pursuit of it. Bell had no time for aught else than his telephone. Cecil Rhodes divorced himself from every interest save the building of an empire in South Africa. Peary is consumed with his purpose of reaching the north pole. Diaz set himself the task of transforming Mexico into a great modern nation. Jefferson, in his day, was on fire with the passion for national liberty, and preferred death to failure, and Roosevelt is as hot and fixed in his single purpose to-day of freeing government from graft and patriotism from patronage.

The principle is essential also to business success. There must be a life single to its purpose, whatever that purpose may be. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," said the old Hebrew father to his unprofitable son, and all history demonstrates that he did not utter a curse but a psychological fact. There must be a deliberate and intelligent determination of purpose, and an unwavering, immovable adherence thereto. That is the spirit, and the only spirit, in which difficult problems are solved and successful issues wrested from unwilling conditions.—Cent Per Cent.

BREVITY AND ACCURACY.

THERE are many qualities necessary to success in modern business life; but there is none of more importance to a man holding a position of responsibility than the power to make a plain, straightforward, business-like statement, either by speech or in writing. The quality of fluency is not so much what is required as the qualities of accuracy and clearness, definiteness and brevity, tact and judgment. If we are not clear and precise it is certain that those who listen to us will be no more clear, when we have finished, than we are ourselves—probably much less so. We must have no vague and misty ideas about the subject, but they must be crystallized and definite. These qualities of our thought and speech, however, cannot be left to chance. They are attained as the result of effort, of careful and independent thought on the subject for ourselves, of looking at it from many points of view, and thus satisfying ourselves and those who listen to us that we thoroughly understand what we are talking about. It clears one's own mind in thinking out a subject to talk it over with a colleague or to write out a statement of it or to dictate it to a shorthand writer. Having decided what to say, and having properly arranged it, the last point is how to say it. The first essential is to speak distinctly, then to be natural, straightforward, lucid; neither to strive after effect nor to exaggerate, but to give the impression that we are ourselves convinced of the cogency and force of our own contention.—Technics.

SLEEVE MOURNING.

IN Japan people who have suffered a bereavement not only do not put on mourning, but after the blow has fallen they make their next appearance with smiles upon their faces, as if nothing had happened. According to Lafcadio Hearn, this is not in the smallest sense an evidence of indifference. The Japanese, he declares, suffer as keenly from a bereavement as any other people. The purpose of the practice is wholly to spare the feelings of other people. To betray feelings of sorrow is to afflict those about us. The mien or garb of grief afflicts, therefore it is impossible for a courteous person to wear it. So reason the Japanese. In order that no thought of pain

shall pass from the sufferer to his neighbor, the sufferer wears the aspect of contentment, even though his heart is breaking.

Our own practice is quite the reverse. It considers the sufferer, not his friends. In order that not only may all know that he is in sorrow, but that some drop of that sorrow may pass from him to those about him, the bereaved person wears black. The direct purpose of wearing mourning is not, we may be assured, to make an ostentation of grief, as some opponents of the practice have thoughtlessly assumed. It is rather to spare the bereaved from the chance remarks of those who are ignorant of his affliction. It is worn that they may know, and avoid questions or blundering observations that may wound him. But even in this worthier end, we believe, truer view of the purpose of mourning emblems, the person whose comfort is considered is the sufferer. The many are called upon to share in his woe to some extent. The emblem is the token of their compassion, not the emblazonment of his grief.

We could not possibly get ourselves into the Japanese altruistic thought in this matter. It is idle to talk about the abolition of the practice of wearing mourning. It is probably ingrained into our nature to wear it. Yet is it not possible that the practice of wearing a mourning band upon the sleeve overdone? Is not the thought of sorrow cheapened when, for a bereavement that often is not very near or intimate, the badge is conspicuously displayed on light-colored street clothes, work clothes and the veriest negligence, and borne lightly and apparently thoughtlessly in the crowded mart?—New York Mail.

THE GREATEST HEALTH FACTOR—WORK.

CONGENIAL work with mind and hands should be encouraged in all persons, for its prophylactic as well as its curative influences. Rest will prove serviceable doubtless in numbers of cases, but its application should be restricted and carefully studied. There are many conditions where absolute rest will not only prove useless, but really harmful. To send a man from an active business life to one of complete inactivity will often prove disastrous, as much so as to proscribe all food for the obese.

The nervous will complain that they do not feel like work. If left to themselves and told to do absolutely nothing, not even to read, they are sure to dwell upon their infirmities, and grow thereby morose and hypochondriacal, thus increasing their invalidism. The desire for work should be encouraged in all conditions and in all classes. If one's interest is aroused even to a slight degree a continuance in the work will develop a desire for occupation. One will never feel like work if one has nothing to do. Work will often accomplish what medicine, however properly applied, will not for it is not alone that we must earn our bread by the sweat of the brow, but every man and woman should work for the pleasure of it, as well as for the health-giving, brain-expanding results, and the benefit of example.—Medical World.

WEARING HATS IN CHURCH.

THE question of women wearing hats in church recalls the fact that men also formerly wore theirs at worship. Pepys shows that in the seventeenth century both men and women wore their hats to worship. "To church," he writes, "and heard a simple fellow open the praise of church musique, and exclaiming against men wearing their hats on in the church." Later he notes that he saw a minister "preach with his hat off, which I never saw before." The hat was then an integral part of both male and female costume, and Pepys catches "a strange cold in my head by flinging off my hat at dinner."—New York Tribune.

KNOWS MENU FRENCH

PA JONES PROVES HIMSELF A WONDER FOR ONE DAY.

He Orders Dinner in the Seaside Hotel and Gets What He Wants Without Giving Ma Jones Cause to Faint on the Spot.

"Remember, Henry, that we are at the seashore now, and for mercy's sake, don't act like Hedge Corners!" remarked Ma Jones, as she dived into a trunk and hauled out a spider's web waist, trimmed with mist. "You are too careless in your dress and speech for anything, and I am so dreadfully afraid that you will mortify me that I don't know what to do!"

"Let not your heart be troubled, sweet one!" reassuring response of Pa. "You can always depend on your Uncle Henry! You can bet on him every time! It is ten to one that he will be dashing under the wire while you, your dear mother, and little Fido will be walking up the home stretch!"

"Indeed!" was the scornful rejoinder of Ma as she threw a wifely glare at the old man. "I presume you think we don't know how to conduct ourselves properly! I suppose you think

"That's all right, Mary! That's all right!" interposed Pa. "I know you have been reading a book of etiquette, and if the whole business of you don't make monkeys of yourself it won't be the fault of the man who wrote it! This way of putting on a shine that you can buy for 10 cents at the corner news stand doesn't tickle me a bit! I would rather be natural, even if I act like a yap!"

"Yes, I know you would, you heathen!" rejoined Ma in her sweet wifely way. "It is just like you! It is just like all the rest of the Joneses! But I want to tell you right here that if you cannot conduct yourself in a formal way I shall have my meals served in my room!"

"No, you won't, Smithy! No, you won't!" returned the brutal Pa. "You wouldn't miss an opportunity to parade that waist in the dining room, even if you had to lead me down tied to the end of a pale pink ribbon! I know you, dear one, like a preacher knows his prayers, and I'm willing to bet a hundred that no woman ever suffered from a loss of appetite at a seashore hotel unless her best gown was in the wash."

"You pretty pet! You dear old thief!" exclaimed the exasperated Ma. "You know it all! You are a wonder! But

"Forget it, Mary! Forget it!" interrupted Pa, with a self-satisfied smile. "Put the rest of it on ice and keep it! Sing it next month, or, better still, keep it until next winter, when we have nothing else to fight over! Now, then, continue your instruction! Show me how to keep step with your pride! Tell me what to do in order to act like a Smith! Tell me—"

"Well, in the first place," said Ma, with a dignified air, "I want you to put on evening dress and go down stairs looking like a gentleman instead of a Jones. Then I want to call your attention to the fact that the menu card will be printed in French, but that need not worry you. All that you have to do is to sit still, look wise, and when the waiter asks you if you will have this dish or that just nod your head and you will get by without letting others at the table know that you ever came from Hedge Corners! Moreover, don't try to dig into things like you did down at Cousin Hez's, or I shall die on the spot!"

"Don't worry, Mary! Don't worry!" responded the sanguine Pa. "I am wise to the ways of dodging French menu cards and before dinner is over you will be waving the glad flag while I slide through with bells on!"

Two hours later Ma majestically swept into the hotel dining room, decked out in hallelujah rags, and took a seat at one of the tables with all the formal agony that was ever pictured in a work of etiquette.

Pa Jones followed with the rest of the delegation, and lost no time in seizing a menu card. This he knowingly scanned for a moment, while Ma looked on with anxious eye.

"What will de gem-man have, sah?" asked the waiter as he filled Pa's water glass.

"There is nothing on this card that I care for," was the prompt reply of Pa, as he disdainfully shoved the grub list from him.

"Henry," whispered Ma, with a wild-eyed glare, "remember what I told

"Madame," said Pa, with some emotion, "will you be good enough to chew off your own corn? I am—"

"Perhaps the gem-man would like something else," suggested the darkey, putting more water in Pa's glass.

"I certainly would, monsieur," replied Pa, with a grinning glance at his little Mary. "You may bring me ros-bif, sans jus, et pomme de terre."

"Beg pardon, sah," returned the dar-

key. "But would yo' mind givin' me dat ordah again?"

"I want roast beef and potatoes," answered the bluffing Pa. "I would have given you the order in English, but after looking at the menu card I don't think you knew anything but French, unless it was Lombard street Spanish."

Pa got his order, and Ma, who thought she would have to faint, recovered in time to see all the other diners looking enviously at the old man.

"You thought you were awfully smart, didn't you, you silly simpleton!" said Ma, when they were alone. "Where did you get your French?"

"Nickel in the slot machine down on the Boardwalk, lovey-dovey!" responded Pa, with a tickled look. "By the judicious use of about 25 cents you can get the key to all the menu cards on earth."

With this Pa Jones went out on the hotel veranda, set fire to a cigar, and for one day at least he was regarded as a wonder.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

OLD NEW ENGLAND IRON MINE.

Furnace Built in 1820 Turns Out Highest Grade Metal in America.

The oldest iron mine in New England, out of which comes the highest grade of metal in America, has resumed operation after having been "modernized" at a cost of \$20,000, says the New York Herald.

It was in the early '20s that strikes of iron in the Berkshire hills were made. With a great wooden wheel to furnish power, a furnace was established at this place in 1820. John C. Coffin and Alexander Holley were the founders. Both were from Connecticut, and the latter was afterward Governor of the Nutmeg State.

Coffin's sons took up the business after he laid it down, and through the hands of many noted men, among them former Senator Barnum and Roswald B. Mason, it has passed down to the present.

R. A. Burget is now president, after having been connected with the firm two score years, and W. H. Hall is treasurer.

There is no great bustle or rush, as in some Pennsylvania places. The demand for such good iron as these hills give up is limited, and just as the iron is good, so the ore is poor.

One hundred tons a week is an average output—for only 42 per cent of the ore is metallic iron—while the lake ores average 60 to 65 per cent.

Hidden in the woods is the furnace, and one comes upon it suddenly after a journey over a road whose soil is black with charcoal dust and whose foundation is sharp with flintlike substance that is blown from the furnace while the ore is "cooking."

While only one furnace is running now, during the civil war three were running full blast.

This was before the days of steel, and the iron mostly went to South Boston, where the guns that Capt. Rodman invented were cast from it.

It was at this time that the iron works laid aside the old water wheel that had worked so faithfully and put in the present engine. The engine is old-fashioned now, but it does the work. They ran it once, not long ago, for three years and fourteen days, day and night, without stopping, and it has just started out after a new record.

The iron from Berkshire ore seems peculiarly adapted for car wheels, gun castings and other uses for which a high-grade metal is desired. The car wheels of passenger coaches to-day are usually steel-rimmed, no matter what their interior material, paper, wood or soft iron, but the freight car wheels are iron—and nearly all of them are Berkshire hills iron.

A railroad runs within a short distance of the furnace, and a branch may be run up to the very door.

This is an improvement on the old days, when the iron and the miners were there, but the railroad was not, and instead of "f. o. b. Richmond," prices had to be quoted with the contingency of a haul to the Hudson river in mud.

Retribution.

"Good gracious! These fat men will be the ruin of me!" exclaimed the automatic scales; "that last one simply put me on the bum."

"Well," replied the chewing gum machine, "now you can lie in weight for the next one."—Philadelphia Press.

A Hard One.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"Isn't a rock a large stone?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Well, does a diamond ever get big enough to be called a rock, pop?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Loudly Dressed.

Shoemaker—Do you know why that gentleman's shoes creak?

Tailor—No, why?

"Because he hasn't paid for them."

"That's no reason—if it were, his coat would creak, too."—Tales.

When a wife tells her mother her troubles it signifies nothing, but when a husband begins to tell his to his mother divorce lawyers get busy.

A DANGER AVERTED.

The Misses Malcolm were known to the little world of which Greenby was the center as "the two Malcolm girls," in spite of their gray hairs and sixty-odd years. They were also known as the best housekeepers in all the region, and any lapse from the exquisite neatness of their domain seemed to the Misses Malcolm a terrible thing.

When Cousin Palmer Malcolm, a reckless Western relative, died, the Malcolm girls started for the Missouri town on four hours' notice, although they had entertained thirty-two "Harvest Gleaners" the night before, too.

To Miss Sophronia, the elder, was allotted by mutual consent the task of putting the lower rooms in order, so far as possible, while Miss Eudora attended to their bedrooms and their simple packing.

When they were at last seated in the train, after a two-miles' jolting ride in the old coach, Miss Eudora noticed that Miss Sophronia's face wore a troubled and anxious look. As Cousin Palmer Malcolm had been a great trial to the family, Miss Eudora felt that his death could not be the cause of her sister's worry, and after a few moments of silence she decided to probe the matter. At that very moment Miss Sophronia spoke.

"Eudora," and her tone was one of distress, "I let Mrs. Goodwin go up to the spare room just before supper last night to get the measures of our quilt and bolster-spread, and the bell rung while she was measuring, and she hurried down, leaving the quilt on one of the chairs and two of the curtain shades up to the top. She told me, and I forgot it. Suppose the house caught on fire while we're gone, and the neighbors went in and saw that quilt on a chair, and all, what would they think of us?"

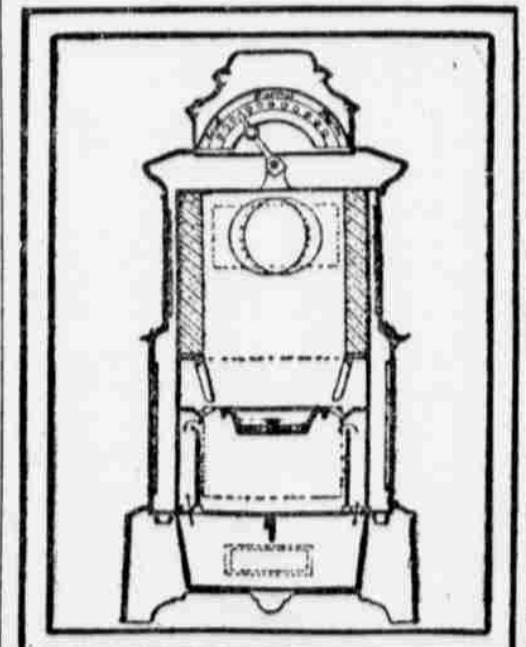
"Now, Sophronia, you ought to have trusted me, and not worried," said Miss Eudora, calmly. "Something led me to open that spare-room door the last thing, and when I saw what a fix 'twas in, and knew I hadn't another minute, I just locked the door and put the key in my pocket, for the thought of fire came to me just as it did to you."

Miss Sophronia's face cleared. "I'm so thankful," she said, simply. "I shouldn't have had one mite of pleasure or comfort in the journey or the funeral if that door had been left unlocked."—Youth's Companion.

SELF-REGULATING STOVE.

Damper Device Regulates Admission of Air to the Grate.

Among recent inventions patented is a self-regulating stove, designed by



REGULATES AUTOMATICALLY.

a resident of Freiburg, Germany. Americans are world-renowned for inventing appliances which do away with unnecessary labor, but this one eclipses anything similar to it manufactured in this country. The mechanism is sim-

ple, a metal rod, expanding or contracting, according to the degree of temperature, and actuating a damper device to regulate the admission of air to the grate. In the illustration is shown an ordinary stove having this attachment. Near the top is an opening for supply of fuel; at the bottom another opening for lighting the stove and emptying out the ashes; in the center a sifting grate, with ash pan beneath, and at the back, near the top, the opening for escape of smoke. On the front of the stove, at the top, is a dial having three divisions—cold, normal and warm. The pointer on this dial connects with the regulating rod, it being only necessary to place the pointer so that it indicates the temperature desired. The automatic regulator is a metal rod, made of aluminum, which is preferable, although other metal alloys can be used. The regulating rod extends along the back of the stove and connects by other rods with the dial at the top and the damper at the bottom. When the stove is cold the regulator barely touches the rod connecting with the damper. A fire being kindled, the regulator expands, forcing the damper rod up and releasing the damper. The more heat generated the more the expansion of the regulator and opening of the damper. Thereafter by setting the pointer on the dial the stove will automatically regulate itself.

Explaining It.

"No," said Nuritch, "I don't call that a work of art, although it was when I bought it."

"But," protested the friend who was inspecting the pictures, "if it was a work of art then, why not now?"

"The price was more than I could afford then, but it isn't now."—Philadelphia Press.

It is a wonder that some statistician has never found out how soon after a wedding the word "rights" begins to appear.