

ORIGINALITY IS A POWER.

By Fostering This Characteristic One May Attain Great Things in Life.

There are a thousand people who will do faithfully what they are told to one who can lay out a programme or execute it; a thousand who can only follow to one who can lead. It is a rare thing to find a young man who has the power of accomplishment, the ability to put a thing through with the force of originality, says Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Whatever your work in life, do not follow others. Do not imitate. Do not do things just as everybody else has done them before, but in new, ingenious ways. Show the people in your specialty that precedents do not cut much of a figure with you, and that you will make your own programme. Resolve that, whether you accomplish much or little in the world, it shall be original—your own. Do not be afraid to assert yourself in an original way. Originality is power, life; imitation is death. Do not be afraid to let yourself out. You grow by being original, never by copying; by leading, never by following. Resolve that you will be a man of ideas, always on the lookout for improvement. Think to some purpose. There is always a place for an original man.

There is nothing else which will kill the creative faculty and paralyze growth more quickly than following precedents in everything, and doing everything in the same old way. I have known progressive young men to stop growing, become hopelessly rutty, and lose all their progressiveness by going into their fathers' stores, factories or places of business, where everything was done in the same old-fashioned way, and precedents were followed in everything. They lost all expansiveness. There was no motive for reaching out for the new and original, because their fathers would not change; and I have seen these splendid fellows, who might have become great and grand men, shrivel to pygmies in their fathers' ruts.

How many of our business houses are weighted down with machinery, old, antiquated methods, ponderous bookkeeping, and out-of-date appliances, when new devices, or new methods, with short-cut way of doing things, would enable them to economize greatly on room and get along with less help; but they cling to the old with a fatal tenacity.

This is why so many old concerns, which have been strong and powerful for generations, gradually shrink, shrivel, get into ruts, and fail, while their newer competitors, the bright young men who have gone out from these houses, do things in a new way, adopt up-to-date methods, keep up with the times, and go on to greater success.

WOMEN WASTE VITAL FORCE

Fair Sex Loses Much Nervous Energy Through Errors Which Might Easily Be Avoided.

Women (according to a lady doctor) lose much nervous force through errors which might be easily avoided.

One notable instance is seen in their manner of walking. Many women have an uneven gait, a nervous, jerky step that jars the whole body and keeps most of the muscles tense and drawn.

A good way of correcting a bad walk is to carry a waltz tune in the mind, and keep step to it as far as possible without actually dancing. After a time the walk will become regular and buoyant, and, the habit once formed, there is no occasion of continuing the device of keeping step to a tune.

Women lose much of their vitality in needless excitement and in misplaced sympathies. Their emotions are easily drawn upon, and instead of reserving their powers for important occasions, they dissipate them on the smallest provocation. The remedy here is to practice self-control. It is one of the finest of nerve tonics.

Chinese Cotton Mills.

Thirteen hours and a half constitute the working day of a Chinese mill hand in the cotton factories, night shifts working but ten hours. In spite of the long hours the pay is very small, the best workers receiving but 12 cents a day.

CIVILITIES AT THE FRONT.

On Christmas Day Japanese and Russians Agree to Suspend Fight That All May Feast.

A Japanese officer serving on the Shaho has a strange and interesting story to tell of intercourse and civilities between the two armies.

The Japanese being desirous of conveying to the Russians news of the fall of Port Arthur, volunteers were invited to carry the letters. Two non-commissioned officers and two privates undertook the task. They rode out toward the enemy's lines with the intention of delivering the letters directly into the hands of the Russians, instead of depositing them at some midway point, as had been the custom hitherto. There was, however, great danger that this new method might be fatal to the little party.

But they rode off stoutly to within a thousand meters of the enemy's outpost, waving white handkerchiefs. The Russians did not fire, and the Japanese went steadily on. When they were only about 30 or 40 yards away, a party of Russians lay down in firing positions, but still the sergeants and soldiers rode on, energetically waving their white flags. Presently the Russians motioned them to lay down their arms, thinking they had come to surrender. The Japanese, however, regardless of risk, pushed on to within hand-shaking distance. Then the Russians saw that they carried several bottles of wine and boxes of cigars. On the latter was inscribed in big letters: "Tomorrow will be your Christmas day. We shall not attack if you do not. Drink and smoke to your heart's content and have a good time."

At first the Russians did not wish to accept the presents, but when they read the hearty sentences written on the boxes in their own language, they were much overcome, and there ensued an exchange of the friendliest greetings.

Then the visitors handed in their letters and spoke of the fall of Port Arthur, the news of which was received with profound discouragement. "There is no further object in the war," said the Russian soldiers. Eager questions were asked about Gen. Stoessel, and the men were much interested to hear he shortly would be on his way home. The Japanese then presented the Russians with some pictorial post cards showing how well Russian prisoners were treated in Japan.

Finally the four men rode away in safety with the rousing cheers of the grateful enemy ringing in their ears.

THE BOOTMAKER IN CHINA

Common People Very Rarely Wear This Sort of Footwear—Customs in the North.

Boots are only worn in China by officials, servants, soldiers, sailors, and special hob-nailed boots, occasionally in wet weather, by the common people. The universal form of foot-covering is a shoe, while coolies and the poorest classes have to content themselves with straw or leather sandals, or go barefoot. Women's shoes are made at home and, except in isolated cases in Shanghai, are never exposed for sale in shops. This remark does not apply to the peculiar form of shoe worn by Manchu women, which is perched on a sort of small stilt. In the north, during the winter months, the ordinary boot or shoe is often wadded or lined with sheepskin, and of late years reproductions of Chinese boots and shoes in india rubber have been imported from the United States and Germany, and found favor with Chinese at the treaty ports.

Woman's Progress in Roumania.

The post of official shorthand writer in the Roumanian parliament has for the first time been won by a woman. It was a competitive appointment and the lady applicant beat all her male rivals. Since the new government took up the reins women have made great strides in Roumania in the matter of competing with men. A short time ago the finance minister had no fewer than 15 women employed as secretaries in the central offices. There is a great outcry against the minister's manifest partiality for women clerks in his department.

FATHER OF AMERICAN NAVY

Yet Few Ever Heard of Commodore John Barry, the Patriot—Friend of Washington.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Philadelphia, is the almost forgotten grave of Commodore John Barry, a shipmaster who, at the opening of the revolutionary war, offered his services to congress and was given the command of the Lexington, says Youth's Companion. Now an effort is being made to erect a more suitable memorial to him.

The very name of the famous old fighter was once a terror on the high seas, but now little is known of this patriot and personal friend of Washington, who proudly related to Gen. Howe's offer of \$100,000 and command of a British squadron: "The English government is not rich enough to buy me!"

Barry was not, as is sometimes stated, the first to hoist the American ensign at sea, but to him belongs the honor of hoisting the union flag with the 13 stripes in naval combat. It was when he commanded the Lexington that he bore the ensign to its first battle, which was also its first victory.

It was Barry who took Lafayette back to France, an honored and dignified trust. It was also Barry who, in his last engagement in the revolutionary war, on his way from Havana with a load of seeds for congress, was challenged by the British vessel Sybil. "Who goes there?" "United States ship Alliance and saucy Jack Barry, half-Irish and half Yankee. Who are you?" was the answer.

It was a proud day when Commodore Barry superintended the launching of the first horn of the United States navy, a frigate of 44 guns.

John Barry was a man of quick passion, but warm heart. Once during the setting of a sail, when a bungling performance caused delay, he lost his temper completely and lustily beat the boatswain about the head with his speaking trumpet. When he calmed down his repentance was great. He called the boatswain into the cabin and apologized frankly and sincerely. From that day the injured man was Barry's staunch friend and adherent.

He disliked hesitation and uncertainty of any kind. When one of his officers began a sentence with "I think," he would interrupt impatiently: "Who gave you a right to think, sir?"

One day the commodore was amused to hear himself quoted by one of the crew.

"Who gave you a right to think, sir?" said one sailor to another. "Don't you know the commodore thinks for us all?"

BEER DUELS IN GERMANY.

Only Wondering Onlooker Sees Fun in Contests Carried On in Land of Teuton.

If the Rhodes scholar who had been describing to Chicago the Oxford system of "sconces" had gone on to a German university he would have found that the man who can drink a quart of beer without taking breath is not a hero, but only an ordinary student. At the German "kneipe" or club meeting for the drinking of beer and the singing of students' songs—there is a special challenge to a Bier-Koenig (beer-kings) contest. The huge pots are filled, the duellists face each other, and at the work of command they drink. The first who can invert an empty pot and splutter "Bier-Koenig" wins. A German student will bring pot and mouth to the intimate angle, and down goes the beer without a tremor of the throat. This, of course, gives no pleasure but to the wondering onlooker; it is merely an acrobatic feat.

Quenched Enthusiasm.

"He writes very uninteresting love letters," said the sentimental girl.

"You mustn't blame him for that," answered Miss Cayenne. "He once served on the jury in a breach of promise case."—Washington Star.

Change of Punctuation.

Barber—Does this razor cut all right, sir?
Victim—Well, it cuts, all right, Done it about eight times now.—Cleveland Leader.

ODD RECORDS TO THE FORE

When One Cannot Be Famous Through Natural Sources, There Are Many Other Channels.

Those who fail to gain distinction through other means seem to seek oddity of performance, and every little while there appears a challenge from some "champion egg eater" or other freak.

The 40-quail-in-40 days performance has been outdone by a man who recently ate a whole goose each day for 30 days, the fowls weighing from six to eleven pounds. Other records in this line are 60 soft boiled eggs daily for six days, six quarts of beans in 40 minutes, smoking 50 cigars in 11 hours without once taking a drink.

A Paris couple recently waltzed without cessation for six and three-quarter hours, while an English actor danced all the way from London to Norwich.

The best club swimming record has been standing for 17 years, when 386 different combinations were shown in sixteen minutes and a quarter, 2,311 revolutions being required.

A score of 6,434 points was the result of a 24-hour endurance billiard match in Paris, the contestants covering 30 miles in walking around the table, and a violinist has played a combination of 4,800 notes in four and a quarter minutes, averaging 19 notes a second.

Reciting Dante's "Divine Comedy" from memory in 20 hours is another queer record, while others have gained fame through making 2,000 ham sandwiches in 19 hours and 40 minutes, dressing ten sheep in 33 minutes, 200 chickens in 44 minutes and killing and dry picking 103 geese in ten hours.

DURING AN OCEAN CALM.

Ship Rolls and Tosses, But Sails Cannot Get Enough Wind to Carry the Vessel.

All the afternoon the brig rolled on the long swells, which hourly grew heavier, says Century. They leaped against the horizon, swung onward beneath the keel, and swept past with the unrelenting persistence that seemed the embodiment of persistent hate. A gale can be combated, but, in the grasp of a calm, man is helpless. Every part of the vessel cried out in protest. The canvas slatted and flapped like the wings of a huge bird vainly trying to rise from the waves; every block rattled and croaked; the main boom, hauled chock aft, snatched at its sheets with a viciousness that threatened to part them at every roll and made their huge blocks crash; from the pantry below came the constant rattle of crockery; and the blue sea, dipped up through the scuppers, swashed back and forth against the main deck. By eight bells every stitch of canvas had been furled or clued up to save it, and the brig lay rolling in the dark hollows like a drunken sailor reeling home.

SLAV'S RULER A BUSY MAN

Even in Time of Peace Czar Has More to Do Than Any Other Man in the World.

There is nowadays not a great deal of gayety at the Russian court, says Century. The emperor is a very busy man; he probably has more to do, even in time of peace, than any other man in the world. Combine the responsibility of the president, the cabinet, congress, the governors of states, state legislatures, and mayors of the principal cities in this country, and you will begin to form an idea of the load on the shoulders of Nicholas II. There is no finality below him, except as he permits it; and the mass of details that actually reaches him is astonishing. If President Roosevelt had to grant permits to operate mills in Texas, erect buildings in New York, or form mining companies in California, before any such operations could be begun, even his giant energy would be taxed. Yet, incredible as it may seem, the emperor of Russia examines into myriads of similar minutiae, besides attending to the great affairs of state.

Simply Crazy.

"Happy, though married two days," was one of the many labels attached by practical jokers to the luggage of a newly married couple who left an English railway station the other day on their way to Canada.

WILL POWER AN ESSENTIAL

The Man Who Believes and Has Confidence in Himself Is He Who Succeeds.

What would you think of a young man, ambitious to become a lawyer, who should surround himself with a medical atmosphere and spend his time reading medical books? asks Orison Swett Marden, in Success. Do you think he would ever become a great lawyer by following such a course? No, he must put himself into a law atmosphere, where he can absorb it and be steeped in it until he is attuned to the legal note. He must be grafted into the legal tree so that he can feel its sap circulating through him.

How long would it take a young man to become successful who puts himself into an atmosphere of failure and remains in it until he is soaked to saturation with the idea? How long would it take a man who depreciates himself, talks of failure, walks like a failure, and dresses like a failure—who is always complaining of the insurmountable difficulties in his way, and whose every step is on the road to failure—how long would it take him to arrive at the success goal? Would anyone believe in him or expect him to win?

The majority of failures began to deteriorate by doubting or depreciating themselves, or by losing confidence in their own ability. The moment your harbor doubt and begin to lose faith in yourself, you capitulate to the enemy. Every time you acknowledge weakness, inefficiency, or lack of ability, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to undermine the very foundation of all achievement.

So long as you carry around a failure atmosphere, and radiate doubt and discouragement, you will be a failure. Turn about face, cut off all currents of failure thoughts, of discouraged thoughts. Boldly face your goal with a stout heart and a determined endeavor, and you will find that things will change for you; but you must see a new world before you can live in it. It is to what you see, to what you believe, to what you struggle incessantly to attain, that you will approximate.

FIND TREASURE OF A KING

Hoard of Gold, Ivory and Precious Stones Lies Hidden in African Soil.

Treasure hunting continues to occupy the attention of many people in various parts of the world. A hoard of buried wealth not as well known as certain others is that supposed to have been secreted by Lobengula, king of the Matabele in South Africa, before he met his death at the hands of the British. This treasure is said to consist of gold, ivory and precious stones. It was brought into the limelight of public notice not long ago by the arrest of a Dutch man named John Jacobs. He arrived at Bulawayo, told something of his plans, was put into what they call the "goal" and has since been deported.

Lobengula succeeded his father as king of the Matabele in 1870 and boldly opposed European civilization. He made Bulawayo his capital. After the discovery of gold in his territory in 1872, Portugal, the Transvaal and Great Britain strove to win the supreme control over Lobengula's kingdom. In 1888 he signed a treaty with Great Britain, admitting her suzerainty. In 1893, provoked by the insolence of the British South Africa company, he attacked the English. He was terribly beaten. His capital was taken and in his flight he himself was killed.

John Jacobs, the treasure seeker, was a school-teacher. He claims to have been private secretary to King Lobengula and that in this way he learned where the treasure was hid. The Bulawayo authorities, however, discovered that he had a bad record. Hence his deportation. Jacobs is an elderly man, bearing evidence of long exposure to wind and weather. The treasure is still to be found.

Old Age and Late Hours.

A statistician affirms that the majority of people who attain old age have kept late hours. Eight out of ten who reach the age of 80 have never gone to bed till after 12 at night.

WOULD RATHER WALK HOME

Story Told of Carpenter McGloin, an Odd Naval Character—Averse to Seasickness.

A naval officer tells the following story of Carpenter McGloin, an odd character employed in the navy, who for many years was a sort of privileged person employed in the service because of his unflagging spirits and wit.

The old Pensacola once was coming up to San Francisco from Honolulu, when she met a severe gale. McGloin, who in heavy weather usually became seasick, promptly "turned in."

Shortly after his disappearance, it was reported to the captain that something was amiss with the foretopmast. Accordingly, McGloin's services as carpenter being necessary at this juncture, he was sent for. Staggering on deck he began to make a series of excuses, which were cut short by the commanding officer, who ordered the carpenter to go aloft and ascertain what was wrong with the mast.

The proposition struck McGloin with such amazement that it took away his breath. "Up that mast," muttered he, "in such weather as this?"

"Yes, up that mast," reiterated the commanding officer, sternly, "and quickly, too!"

McGloin decided to enter a last despairing protest. "Cap'n," said he, "do you honestly mean that I'm to go up that mast in such weather? Why, this is an awful gale!"

The officer lost patience. "You are impertinent, man!" exclaimed he. "And I've allowed you too much talk already! Up that mast, now!"

"All right," mournfully wailed McGloin, as he prepared to obey the order; "but," he added, with a reproachful glance at his superior officer, "cap'n, if there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, rather than go up that mast, I'd walk home!"

TRIVIAL, BUT A TRAGEDY.

And No Sympathy Could Be Had from Confidant of Gloomy Woman.

They were all to have a Sunday night supper at a friend's house, and even the boarding mistress was invited; so the girl got an extra Sunday night and the household split up in parties for the afternoon, relates the New York Sun.

By twos and threes they arrived at the host's home until there were left only the boarding mistress and the husband of the woman who had engineered the party. There was a quarter of an hour wait, and at last the husband strolled in.

"Miss Blank says she can't come," he announced, as he sniffed the odor of the old-fashioned shortcake. "I guess she must have another of her sick headaches, for she seems to have gone to bed; just poked her head out of the doorway and said she was sorry."

Late that evening the other woman took home a generous slice of shortcake and found it absent one sitting, disconsolate in the parlor.

"I thought you were ill," she cried. "Will said you had gone to bed?"

"My dear," sobbed the boarding mistress, "all my dresses but to get ready the only person in the place was your husband. I could not very well ask him, could I?"

And the only comfort she received was: "Why not? I trained him to do it beautifully."

Timber Cutting in Australia.

An explorer in the backwoods of Australia tells how some of the timber cutters took big risks. He had given instructions to the men in the bush that on no account were they to lay aside their firearms," he says. "After having been absent for a short time I returned and found that they had slung their revolvers and carbines on a small tree and were working at about 50 yards from them. I tell you they heard of it. The natives have a playful habit of dragging their spears through tall grass with their toes and all the while looking as innocent as it is possible to look. If the natives had only thought of it they might have given the cutters a warning."