TO BE SUPERIOR TO CHANCE

Man of Necessity Is Made of Right
Material When He Can Rice
Above Depression,

Some people are thrown off their belance the moment anything goed wrong with them. They do not seem to have the ability to overcome impediments and to do their work in spite of annoyance.

Anybody can work when everything goes smoothly, when there is nothing at trouble him; but a man must be made of the right kind of stuff who can rise above the things which annoy, harass and handicap the weak, and do his work in spite of them. Indeed, this is the test of greatness.

As a matter of fact, the greatest achievements in all time have been accomplished by men and women who have been handicapped, annoyed, persecuted, misunderstood, criticised. But they have been great enough to rise above all these things and to do their work in spite of them.

A tremendous power permeates the fife and solidifies character from holding perpetually the life-thought, the truth-thought, the cheerful-thought and the secret takes hold of the very fundamental principles of the universe, gets down to the verity of things, excludes all kinds of errors and lives in reality itself. A sense of security, of power, of calmness and of repose comes in the life that is conscious of being enveloped in the very center of firuth and reality which can never some to those who live on the surface of things.

Try to visualise the condition of health, happiness and plenty which you long to be yours. The actor does not think that he will sometimes become the character he impersonates, but he assumes that he is the character now; he makes himself feel that he is the character. He actually imagines that he is living the life of the sharacter.

LEFT MRS. SMITH THINKING

Boarder's Remark May, or it May Not, Have Been Meant as a Siur on Furnished Beverage.

"I have been reading a very interseting article on coffee," said Mrs. "Bmall, as Mr. Hunker passed up his seup for refilling.

"Being about a beverage, the article souldn't be dry," observed Mr. Hunker, playfully, and then added: "Three sumps of sugar, please."

Something like a frown passed over the landlady's face at her boarder's semark, but she continued:

"The article was one which deserves a large circulation, I think, for the good of the race. It was on the injurious effects of coffee drinking. The author said that we were becoming a nation of coffee topers. The perniclous effects of too much coffee drink-Ing he set forth in an excedingly strong light. Among the serious results likeby to follow be enumerated a sallow skin, shattered nerves, a weakening of the eyesight, loss of will power, and in some cases he thought consumption might be traced to the inferdinate use of the beverage. The author said that appalling statistics could be produced of the ravages of the coffee-drinking habit among the

American people."

"It was coffee he was talking about,
was it?" asked Mr. Hunker, as he rose
to go.

"It was, Mr. Hunber."

"Then I don't think we need worry."

Billiards in the Country.

Wittle Hoppe, the billiard player,
was discussing in New York the question of summer vacations.

"I like summer vacations," he said,

"in the heart of the country. The easy trouble with the heart of the country is that you can't get a good game of billiards there.

"Maybe you've beard about the two

chaps, summering at Sunapes, who complained that they couldn't tell the two white balls apart, as neither of them had a spot. But the proprietor explained to them that it would be easy, after a little practice, to distinguish the balls by their shape.

"Another chap up at Sunapee asked for a game of billiards, and when the balls were brought, gave a loud, bitfor laugh of disgust.

for laugh of disgust.

"Look here,' he said, 'it's balls I asked for—not dice.' "—New York Tribune.

Man's Narrew Escape.

Two young girls, aged respectively, inleves and twelve, entered a butcher's shop in Edinburgh, Scotland, the other day, and during the brief absence of the proprietor abstracted the sum of 34s 6d from the till. On the butcher's veturn, one of the girls gave her order. On going to the till the man disavered his loss. The girls then un-Minchingly described a man who, they "eaid, had come out of the shop as they entered it. The same evening in The police station a man was identifled by the girls. He was astounded at their story, but as so money was found on him he was liberated. The girls subsequently admitted the theft, and were put under probation for 12 months

Why He Chese It.
"Do I understand that your son togets to be a doctor?"

"What for!"

"What for?"

"He wanted to follow a profession that would furnish him with a good excuse for staying out late nights, I whink."

DICKENS' METHOD OF LABOR

Breat Nevelist Evolved Plots as He Walked, According to Testimony of Old Friend.

Marcus Stone, the veteran painter whose old-fashioned young men and maidens meeting or parting in old-fashioned gardens have for so many years delighted the British public, celebrated his 72nd birthday last week. He has been giving some of his reminiscences.

Every Christmas and every summer for 20 years Marcus Stone used to visit Charles Dickens at his various homes, especially at Gad's Hill, near Rochester.

"Dickens," says Stone, "was one of the greatest and kindest men I ever, met. He was imbued with the true Christian spirit. What particularly struck me at Gad's Hill was the atmosphere of calm and comfort one felt at once on entering the house.

"At 3 o'clock every afternoon we used to have a 20-mile walk in the country round. Dickens spoke but little while walking, and this after a time led me to discover the secret of his amazing industry. He sat only for a few hours at his desk, and I always wondered how he could be so prolific an author.

"Well, owing to his taciturnity in our country walks I began to suspect that it was then he evolved most of the plots of his novels. His brain was active all the time and the task of reproducing on paper the things he imagined and thought about became more or less a mechanical process."

NOT LIKELY TO SPOIL SCENE

Actor Willing to Guarantee He Would Make Decent Corpse as the Dead Julius Cassar.

Speculation is rife along the New York Rialto as to whether or not in William Faversham's production of "Julius Caesar" Fuller Mellish, who has been east for the part of Caesar, will actually appear in the oration scene. This is because of a quippant retort of Sir Herbert Tree, which has just found its way across the Atlan-

Tree is quite a stickler for detail, and although it is generally customary for the dead Caesar to be represented in the oration scene by a dummy, Tree, in his recent revival of the Roman drama, insisted that the actor cast for Caesar should actually appear upon the bier.

The Caesar of the play demurred, averring that he was subject to colds and that the drafts upon the stage might cause him to sneese, thus spoiling the effect of the scene, to which Tree quickly and dryly retorted, "Never mind; in that case you'd be playing 'Julius Cnaesar.'

To Mr. Faversham's solicitous inquiries Mr. Mellish has hastened to reply that he rarely sneezes, so the stage director can feel assured of a free rein.

Earning College Expenses.

Earning College Expenses.

Miss Florence McArdle, a senior at Boston university, is in charge of the girls' department of the students employment bureau. This year about one hundred women students have been supplied with work. Boston university was one of the first colleges to realize the value of an employment bureau for its students.

Miss McArdle says that one of the best ways for girls to work their way through college is to get into a family where in return for performing certain household duties they get room, board, daundry and car fares. Never before have so many girls been working their way by this method as this year, and the supply was not equal to the demand. Miss McArdle in working her way through college and in return for a specified number of hours at the bureau gets her tultion free. Before taking up this work she had tutored, done office work and many other things to support herself while getting education.

Vermonter's Failure.
"The inefficient are necessarily the disobliging," said A. Munsey, apropos of a political leader who had failed.

"A middle-aged failure got a summer job in a Vermont general store last month. A boy came in one morning and asked him for half a pound of melted maple sugar, the famous Vermont dainty, at the same time laying a pot on the counter.

"The inefficient failure, without weighing the pot first, ladled a lot of the sticky syrup into it, then, of course, when he set the pot on the scales, it went down with a bang. Finally he ladled out all he could—but, again, bang went the scales.

"Then the man returned the boy the pot and said:

"Go back home and tell your ma, sonny, we can't make a half-pound of maple sugar."

4 Off of Dance to Native Land. Americans of Danish descent have purchased a tract of 300 acres of typical and virgin Danish heather landscape in the province of Jutland and have presented it to the Danish nation as a memorial of their love and good will. The park is to be known as "the Danish-American Park," and the only provise in the deed is that on each Fourth of July the stars and stripes are to be holsted over the park and the park turned over to Americans: The late king Frederick Vift ,had signified his intention of personally accepting the park on behalf of his people, but that duty will now devolve upon some representative

ef the royal government.

WAY OF MODERN SALESMAN

Typically Up to Date Was This Boomer of a New Brand of the Cigarette.

The two of them were sitting in the dairy lunch smoking cigarettes. A young man well-dressed and of fine appearance generally, passed and spied them. He saluted and smiled, and when one of the men in the lunchroom waved back he changed his course and went into the restaurant. "How do you like it?" he asked,

pointing to the cigarette.
"Why, very well," said the man who

had waved at him. "Why?"

"Oh! Why, you're not, are you!"

exclaimed the stranger. "You're not smoking one—haven't you tried them? No? Well, I'll declare!" and so, in the best of humor, he discussed the merits of the cigarette he was advertising and selling.

His cue was the fact that the men were smoking cigarettes. When he had said his little talk, surprisingly interestingly, too, and surprising there was so much to know about how a cigarette was blended, etc., he left a

package for each man to try.

The two watched him stand for a moment in front of the lunchroom, then made a bee line for a young man who took a package of a rival brand out of his pocket as he passed. He and the young fellow went off down the street together.

"Slick as a muskrat," said the first dairy luncher.

"Yes, if he ever gets out of a jobthere's the making of a wonderful confidence man in him," said the oth-

FAILED TO CARRY OFF DOG

But Eagle Likely Would Have Conquered if Farmer Had Not Taken Part of Pet.

From Shidsuoka comes a graphic account of a bloody combat between an eagle and a dog. A few days ago, at about 8 a. m., while one Ano was engaged in farming at the foot of a hill called Awagatabe in a suburb of Shidsuoka, he saw his favorite dog scamper away in unusual excitement. The farmer, struck with curiosity, followed in the direction in which the dog ran and was amazed to see the animal jumping about and barking furiously in a thicket near the bottom of

a large pine tree.
On closer scrutiny he found the dog was waging a savage battle with a large eagle nearly five feet in height. The bird would descend upon the dog and attack it with its powerful talons, while the dog would spring away alertly, trying to bite its enemy. The exciting combat continued for some time, but at last threatened to end in

the defeat of the dog.

The farmer fetched a hatchet and rushed to the succor of his pet, raining upon the eagle repeated blows. The dog, encouraged by this help, attacked its antagonist with redoubled vigor and after a while the eagle fell to the ground quite exhausted and covered with blood. Ano took the captive home in triumph and has since been keeping it in his house.

The eagle proved to be of enormous size and is said to be attracting great curiosity among the villagers.—Japan Advertiser.

Horticulturist Honored. Harry James Veltch, on whom the king of England has just conferred the honor of knighthood, is one of the most prominent men in the world of horticulture. His pre-eminence was obtained by exploration and scientific knowledge. His family began the policy of ransacking the world, especially the equatorial world, for plants, and studied the reproduction and cross-fertilization of foliage plants. He was also a pioneer in orchid hybridization. Only recently he won one of the three great prizes of the unique show at Chelsea, where he, with other officials, received the king and queen when their majesties visited the international show. He has for many years taken an important part in the work of the Royal Horticultural Society, and is one of the sixty-three bolders of the Victoria medal in honor of horticulture, which he was award-

"View" In New York. I heard some one descanting about her view. She said one thing she'd always bated in New York was r having a view, and now she had one. She took me up to see it. "Well, where is it?" said I, looking out of the window. "Why, there and there and there!" said she. "Don't you see how I see over the roof of the next one, and down in the street to the mail box and overhead to that bit of. sky?" I said oh, yes, and how nice it was that she had it. It's really pathetic what New York can do to us. It's pathetic when somebody thinks that what she shewed me was a view. A view!-Jane Stone in New York Press.

The young man wanted an understanding before he proposed. "Can you wash dishes?" he asked.
"Oh yes," said the girl, "can you wipe 'em?"
He didn't prepose.

Serieue Subject.

"Can't you give us a few neat little spigrams on aviation?" asked the estion of the comic weekly.

"Great Scott!" protested Penwiggle,
"I am a humorist, not an epitaph

writer."

STRANGE CLAIMS IN COURT

Law Suits of Peculiar Origin That Have Been Placed on the Records by Lawyers.

The recent claim for damaged brought against a great London (England) shop by a consumptive clerk, on the ground that the insanitary state of the office had brought on his disease, drew from the judge the remark that this was the first case of the sort that had ever come before the courts.

Cases even more remarkable keep cropping up at intervals, though, fortunately, they are seldom of so grave

a nature.
Some ten years ago, for instance, a
Birmingham commercial traveler sued
a chemist for compensation for the
damages done by a special hair dye
which the chemist, its inventor, had
guaranteed would turn his customer's
hair an enduring brown.

What it really did was to turn his hair a curious bluish tinge, with patches of gray. The chemist had offered to compromise by supplying his indignant customer with any recognized make of dye he wished for the rest of his life. But an action followed, and the piebald traveler secured damages.

One of the funniest cases ever brought into a court of law was surely that which tickled all Australia toward the end of the last century. A young Sydney business woman had mixed a secret drink cure with her brother's breakfast coffee.

The brother found the effect extremely unwelcome, and when he realised who was responsible for his fading interest in strong drink, he was ungrateful enough to sue his sister for \$3,000 damages for "consequent loss of thirst." But an unsympathetic jury took the sister's side.

A case that roused great interest in medical circles, as well as a good deal of amusement, was an action brought a good many years ago by a surgeon at a London hospital against a colleague for the loss of an ear.

A diseased ear was to be amputated. The patient, struggling under chloroform, was being held down. Just then the lights went out. The patient fell off the edge of the table in his struggles and the junior surgeon leant over after him. The operator felt an ear in his hand, and thinking he might not get another opportunity, the patient being so abnormally restless made one swift, neat slash. The operation was successful, but the ear was the wrong man's.

MYSTERY IN CONTINUAL CROW

Receter's Seemingly Eternal Optimism Something That Had Got on the Nerves of Binks.

Binks stared at a dilapidated chanticleer with a greatly puzzled expres-

ticleer with a greatly puzzled expression.
"It fair beats me." he said.

"What does?" his friend asked, curiously.

"That there rooster. He's a bloomin'

mystery, blow me if 'e ain't," he intimated.

"How's that?"

"Well, the beggar's always crowing! You wouldn't think it, perhaps, but that blighter there gets up at three every morning lookin' for worms what ain't there. Then 'e crows as if he'd got a cropful. A bit later in the day the farm-girl comes out to feed 'im. along with the rest, but a whoppin'. big black game-cock drives 'im away breakfastless every time. Then, though it seems 'ard to believe, the beggar crows some more! After breakfast 'e goes off to mash some of the stuck-up hens, but then another rooster comes along and chews what's left of his moth-eaten comb, and generally makes a gory mess of 'im. Then 'e crows again."

"Well, what about it?"
"What about it? I'm hanged if I can see what the josser's got to crow about! Can you?"—London Tit-Bits.

C Forerunner of Revolution. Furious driving was one of the charges brought against the French aristocracy at the revolutpion. Said Mercer: "In Paris the people are weak, pallid, stunted, a class apart from other classes in the state. The rich and the great who possess equipages enjoy the privilege of crushing them or of mutilating them in the streets. Hundreds of victims die annually under the carriage wheels." "I saw," wrote another observer. Arthur Young, "a poor child run over and probably killed, and have myself many times been blackened with mud. If young noblemen in London were to drive their chaises in the streets as their brethren do at Paris they would speedily and justly get very well "thrashed or rolled in the kennel."

Church Bars Telephone User.

Henry Yoder, who is a member of the Mennonite religious clan here, has been requested by a committee of the sect to have the telephone removed from his home, otherwise he will be excommunicated.

excommunicated.

The church people contend a telephone is of the world and should be discarded. Yoder contends the telephone is a necessity, but will report his decision to the church committee in a few days.—Centralia correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In Customery Parlence.

"There's only one fault I have to find with that financial backer," said the sandidate in a tone of annoyance,

"What is that?"

"Re keeps referring to our party platform as a prospectus."

WORTHY OF GREAT FATHER

and the company of the property of the contract of the contrac

Miss Helen Gladstone a Leader of Her Sex, as William Ewart Was In His Day.

Miss Helen Gladstone, who is the youngest daughter of the famous statesman, has always been recognised by her friends as a decided chip of the old block. She came into the limelight recently by denouncing one of England's most cherished institutions, the basar, and her words have been quoted from one end of the country; to the other.

Miss Gladstone makes her home at Hawarden now, but until very lately she has lived at the Woman's University Settlement in Southwark and worked among the poor. She has a keen sense of humor and tells many funny stories of her experiences with the submerged tenth. Once she bought a set of teeth for a poor, toothless old. dame and presented them to her. Some time afterward she visited the old lady and asked how she was getting on with her new teeth. "Famous," was the reply, "I'm taking great care of them. When I eat I takes them out and wraps them up in cotton wool."

Once Miss Gladstone had an offer of marriage from an old man who was an inmate of a common lodging house. "I shall be only too glad to do it," he said, "provided you can satisfy me that you have sufficient means."

Another joke Miss Gladstone tells upon herself is that in the course of her visiting she was asked by a busom housewife how many children she had. Miss Gladstone replied that she was not married. "Well," was the candid reply, "it is time you were."

As a public speaker Miss Gladstone is the greatest sort of a success and frantic efforts have been made to persuade her to work for the suffrage, but so far they have been unavailing.

OWED SUCCESS TO LAZINESS

And If Truth Were Known, Many Other Patenta Have Had Much the Same Origin.

An Indianapolis lawyer who knew the late Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland, and formerly of Indianapolis, said the other day that Mr. Johnson really, owed his success to "laxiness."

"He made his money in the street car business," said this man, who, as a lawyer practicing here while Mr. Johnson was in charge of the local street car company a few years ago, knew him intimately. "His first street car connection was in Louisville, Ky. There he had the job of taking the nickels out of the cars on each trip. The cars had no conductors and the passengers were required to drop their nickels in a box. It was the boy Tom's job to take the nickels out at the end of each run.

the end of each run. "He concluded this was a good deal of trouble, so he invented a car-fare box with sliding traps in it so that the nickels could not be removed when once in and that would also register the number of fares. This made it possible to take the fares up twice a day in place of on every trip, and, more important a little later, it gave the young Johnson his start, for he patented the device and made enough money out of the patent to get a start in the street car business. He said he thought of the box because it was so much trouble to walk out into the street and empty the fare box every trip a car made, so his patent was born of 'laziness.' "-- Indianapolis Star.

Gnat's Bite Causes Loss of Log. How dangerous the bite of an ordinary gust may be under special circumstances even when the best medical assistance is at hand is shown by the case of the wife of one of the leading surgeons of Vienna. This lady was bitten on the ankle while taking tes on the terrace of her suburban villa a few days ago. Inflammation began on the next day, and despite local treatment increased so rapidly that one day later a surgical incision was made. This had to be repeated on the next day under chloroform. General blood poisoning had, however, set in, and a consultation of doctors finally decided that the only chance of saving the lady's life was to amputate the leg above the knee. The operation was performed six days after the bite, but the lady is still in considerable danger. It is supposed that the gnat must have been infected with some putrid matter.

City Vs. Country.

"I'm glad spring's coming, so I can live out in the country again," remarked a man on the car. "Now I'll get a chance to read the papers and magazines again and know what's going on in the world. I feel ashamed of myself for being as poorly informed as I am."

"But I should think you'd have less

time than ever at home," suggested the other man. "You'll have to leave home earlier to get to your office in time."

"Yes, that's just it," said the first

ene. "I'll apend more time on the ears then. That's why the people who lilve at the end of the car line are usually better informed than those who live only half-way.—New York Times.

French People Eat Herse Plesh.

Horse flesh is rapidly becoming one of the staple foods of France, according to recent estimates of its consumption. In the last decade this consumption has increased from 11,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds, while the number of cattle killed in 1910 was more than 60,000 less than in 1900.

AWAY WITH THE MULBERRY!

Sage of Emporia Savagely Asserts
that the Tree Is Not What It

Once Was.

in Emporis, and through most of the year they do the part of well behaved trees, spreading thier grateful shade and adding to the beauty of streets and parkings.

But at this season the mulberry tred

is a nuisance, says the Emporia Gassette, for its ripening fruit, no longer esteemed as food for man for the reason that it is alive with bugs, drops on the walks and lawns and draws thousands of flies to feast on the juicy: swetness. The birds enjoy the berries, too, and friends of the birds like to see them help themselves, but the fly peril is so much greater than any possible good that can come from the trees that the Gazette would like to see every mulberry tree in Emporia.

Mulberry trees bordering the sidewalks drop their fruit on to the walks and people must walk through the sticky, juicy mass—it soon becomes at mess—and the popular white shoes of women and girls are stained and soiled. The walks are discolored, too, and more than one scrubbing is required to remove the stain of crushed mulberries.

converted into stove wood.

mulberries.

Whether the bugs that now infest mulberries were in them in the early days when the berries, combined with gooseberries or other acid fruit, furnished much of the "pie timber" and: "sauce" for the old sets is not known. But if the bugs were in the berries then, think of the millions of harmless bugs those people in the early.

days must have consumed.

And the berries were eaten raw as well as cooked, so there is no consoliation in thinking that perhaps the bugs were dead before eating. Probably no one eats mulberries now, and while to cut down the trees would in some cases deprive people of shade they could soon be replaced by elms and the fly peril would be done away with so far as the mulberry is concerned.

A dozen or more years ago a campaign against the cottonwood trees, was started in Emporia, with the result that dozens of them were cut down and the town was freed of the annoyance from the flying cotton. This matter of the mulberry trees, seems even more important.

GRADING THE SINS OF MEN

Women of Paris Submit a Long List
Beginning With Egolem as the
Root of All.

A Paris newspaper, the Femina, put the following question to its women readers recently: "What do you think —classing them in order of importance—are the ten principal failings of men?"

The majority of the women said egoism was man's most besetting sin. And what is egoism? It is simple and unadulterated selfishness; and that is man's chief fault, according to the women. And then these faults comenext in the answers—infidelity, jeal-ousy, intemperance, cowardice. That is so—selfishness is the taproot of them all. They are all logically con-

Following these five leading sins, come, in the women's answers, immorality, despotism, temper, stapidity and idleness. It will be interesting to follow these answers in grading the sins, and pursuing the gradual descents from egoism to laxiness.

It will be found that they preserve a natural order. For instance, infidelity follows egoism; cowardice follows intemperance; despotism follows immorality, and idleness is just behind stupidity. The answers are interesting and just. The women know more about men's failings than men do. They know more than they let on.

Beginning of Big Industry.

e Pietermaritzburg (Natal)

The Pietermaritzburg (Natal) Con poration have just embarked on an enterprise which is being watched with interest. The enormous extent of town lands in the Zwartkop direction have been shown to be well adapted for wattle tree growing. The authorities have therefore decided to turn this land to account, for which purpose they have already placeabout 1,000 acres under cultivation, and from all accounts the young trees are doing splendidly. The wattle tree is principally grown in Natal for its bark, the tannic properties of which are very valuable. Of late years a very big industry has been created in connection with this tree, and if Pietermaritaburg experiment is a success it should result in a considerable reduction of the city rates.

Indelicate.

7 4

Washington's cosmopolitan society contains many members whose doliars came too late to supply the advantages of early education. An illustration of this occurred last winter, at a dance given by one of the capital's most opulent dowagers. The lady's debutante daughter appeared in the ball room in an ultra decollete gown.

"Isn't it rather imprudent for your daughter to wear so low a gown on so cold a night?" remarked a "catty" young matron. "She's quite delicate, isn't she?"

"Mercy, ne!" exclaimed the mother of the fair bud. "She's one of the most indelicate girls you ever saw." "Yes; I observe she's dancing the grissly bear," said the young matron with incisive awestness.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS