



The evolution of the steamship is a gauge to the progress of the whole civilized world in this last period of tremendous material activity. The modern ship is a closely compacted municipality, with every convenience of the most progressive American city. The steward, when he is arranging his menu for the day, takes down his telephone and calls up a dozen different sections of the great supply department, for all the world like the housewife who makes use of the phone to order from the butcher, the grocer and the caterer. The passenger who does not care to dress and leave her stateroom lies comfortably in her berth and calls up the friend at the other end of the vessel for a quiet morning chat. The ship would be behind the times indeed that could not advertise "telephones in all staterooms." Another strictly novel comfort is the electric fan, which effectually banishes that stuffy sea atmosphere that formerly was so disagreeable when the water was tranquil.

The busy man who wants to work on the way over, and does not care to take his secretary with him, can have the services of an expert stenographer and the inexperienced traveler need not make out her itinerary before leaving home. All she has to do is to apply to the bureau of information for advice. Here she can obtain trustworthy statistics of distances, hotel accommodations and cost of travel and lodging; in fact, anything she wants to know, which is certainly more satisfactory than the old way of taking Tom, Dick and Harry's imperfect recollection and confused impression of things they saw and experienced several years ago. For the benefit of the same inexperienced person, the modern steamer provides another great convenience, the traveler's check. This is issued in denominations from

\$10 to \$100, in the currency of the country to be visited. The woman who knows nothing of Italian money gets a few small checks translated for her into terms of the foreign coin, and a letter of identification which will enable her to cash the checks at a certain bank, where she will receive various other courtesies, as the ward of the steamship company. Verily, travel has been made easy for the American who "simply must see Europe."

It has not only been made easy. It has been made safe! The old, disagreeable rolling is practically done away with, since the builders have taken to providing the vessels with bilge keels, attached amidships to the hull. The hull itself is a double construction with from 100 to 200 water-tight compartments, all of which can be closed instantly by the officer on the bridge, so that if one of them should spring a leak the water could not be communicated to the others. There is now no danger that the first-class, or even the steerage passenger, might be called upon to do duty at the pumps. The modern ship is practically unsinkable.

There are superbly decorated salons, libraries, music rooms and smoking apartments. The promenade deck surface is from four to ten times as extensive as it was on the old-time steamer, and one of the recently constructed vessels advertises a tennis court, so that poor old "shuffleboard" is no longer the chief amusement of the voyage. Many of the finest staterooms are furnished with brass beds, and the berths, built-in, are not the low, narrow and altogether uncomfortable affairs the older traveler remembers. In short, the Atlantic liner is a floating palace hotel with every luxury and every comfort to be had on terra firma. It is the epitome of twentieth century progress.

as she recalled sharply those early days when there had been nothing in life for either of them but each other. The picture hung before her eyes as a mirage to a man in a desert.

Mrs. Rosemere jerked her head around toward Maggie in a desperate attempt to regain her mental balance. She saw a strange lighting up of the sick woman's face as she raised her head and listened to footsteps coming up the stairs.

"It's Tom!" Maggie said joyously. She waited eagerly, happily.

For a space, a very brief space, still harassed by that mental picture at which she had been looking, Mrs. Rosemere bitterly envied her former cook.

Then as she went down the four flights to the French touring car waiting to whirl her back to bondage and the inlaid mahogany Mrs. Rosemere had one of the rare flashes of real thought that existence afforded her.

"I suppose," she said, "that nobody in the world can expect to have everything—at the same time! It's—it's kind of hard!"—Chicago Daily News.

#### MIRACLE OF SELF CONFIDENCE.

**The Doubting Waverer is Self Ordained for Failure.**

It was said that Napoleon's presence in a battle doubled the strength of his forces. Half the effectiveness of an army resides in the soldiers' faith in their leader. When the leader doubts, hesitates, wavers, the whole army is thrown into confusion; but his confidence doubles the assurance of every man under him.

The mental faculties, like soldiers, must believe in their leader—the unconquerable will. The mind of the doubter, the hesitator, the waverer, the man who is not sure of himself, who thinks he is not equal to what he has undertaken, is set toward failure, and everything works against him. There is a weakening all along the line.

In an emergency, as in danger, a man can often perform feats of great strength which he could not even approximate in cold blood. Arousing a man multiplies his power tremendously. Think of what delicate men and women, even invalids, have accomplished when dominated by some supreme occasion or a mighty passion. The imperious "must" gives added strength and unusual power to all the faculties. So a great self-faith, an unwavering self-confidence, braces up the entire man, physically, mentally, morally. It raises him to his highest power, and makes him do with ease what would be impossible without this wonderful stimulus.

An overmastering faith in oneself often enables comparatively ignorant men and women to do marvelous things—feats which sensitive, timid, doubting people, of far greater ability and much finer texture and nobler qualities shrink from attempting. I know people who have been hunting for months for a situation; but they go into an office with a confession of weakness in their very manner; they show their lack of self-confidence. Their prophecy of failure is in their faces, in their manner. They surrender before the battle begins. They are living witnesses against themselves.

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner, "Please give me a position; do not kick me out; fate is against me; I am an unlucky dog; I am disheartened; I have lost confidence in myself," he will only have contempt for you; he will say to himself you are not a man, to start with, and he will get rid of you as soon as he can.

If you expect to get a position you must go into an office with the air of a conqueror; you must fling out confidence from yourself before you can convince an employer that you are the man he is looking for. You must show by your very presence that you are a man of force, a man who can do things; with vigor, cheerfulness, and enthusiasm.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long. Everywhere employers are looking for men who can do things, who can conquer by inherent force and energy.—Orison Swett Marden in "Success Magazine."

#### Hers by Purchase.

"The woman who married that old rich fellow has simply sold her youth and loveliness."

"Well, if you could see her account at the beauty doctor's, I bet you'd find she had bought 'em."—Baltimore American.

#### Professor Wag.

Student—Something is preying on my mind.

Professor W.—It must be very hungry.—Yale Record.

A man has his clothes made to fit him; a woman makes herself fit her clothes.

In theory one man is as good as another, but in practice it is a lie.

#### SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

In Denmark girls insure against becoming old maids.

Korean bachelors wear skirts and are not promoted to trousers until they marry.

The electrical house of Siemens & Halske, in Prussia, employs more than 25,000 men.

Mail orders for merchandise are practically unknown in China and the East in general.

Plans are making for supplying Cairo, Egypt, with a modern sewerage and drainage system in the near future.

Until a few years ago Moham-medans were greatly opposed to photography, but now they have taken it up seriously, and some photographers of real merit are found among them.

A mill at Great Barrington, Mass., was shut down in a most unusual manner a few weeks ago, when water bugs, crowding into the space around the engine-stop push button, produced a short circuit and the consequent stoppage.

Consul General Robert J. Wynne, of London, reports that before a committee of the British House of Commons interesting details were given of the scheme for establishing in Ireland a new electric supply generated by peat gas, the first of the kind in Great Britain.

In Spain about the only kind of plow in use is a primitive wooden affair with one handle and a tongue. To this is hitched a pair of small oxen or of mules yoked up like oxen. The driver rests his right foot on a rear extension to keep the plow from jumping out of the ground, steadying himself by touching his left foot when he seems likely to lose his balance.

Mrs. Humphry Ward at a women's luncheon in New York said of the literary style of a popular novelist: "It is an insane style. It makes me think of the schoolgirl novelist who wrote: 'He sprang ardently forward, but a look of soft entreaty from one of Pearl's eyes and a glance of warning darted from the other in the direction of her aunt forced him regretfully back into his chair.'"

Senator La Follette says of the millionaires who complain about the harm that they and their affairs have suffered from governmental attacks: "These whiners, with only themselves to blame, remind me of a bad little boy. He ran howling to his mother. 'Oh, ma, Johnny has hurt me!' 'And how did bad Johnny hurt mother's little darling?' 'Why, I was a-goin' to punch him in the face and he ducked his head and I hit my knuckles against the wall.'"

Tampa, Fla., was the background of Golding's narrative of "The Young Marooners." It and its surroundings were a wilderness. Tampa is to-day the business metropolis of Southern Florida. Last year it made and sold 280,000,000 cigars, the largest number of clear Havanas ever made in one year in any city in the world. It has 165 cigar factories, employing 11,000 people, with a pay roll of nearly \$10,000,000 a year, and an output of \$29,000,000. The population is about 43,000.

"Servility will disappear," said Frederick Van Eeden, the Dutch poet and economist, "with the disappearance of our present unjust social system. Servility—what a despicable thing it is! A young Dutch bookkeeper lunched one day in Amsterdam with his employer, a millionaire tulip dealer. Suddenly the millionaire sniffed. 'But, my dear Hans,' he said to the bookkeeper, 'I'm afraid your egg is bad.' 'Oh, sir,' murmured the servile clerk, flushing deeply, 'really—er—some parts of it are very good, indeed.'"

In humorous defense of outspoken and frank methods Senator Tillman says: "These people who always keep calm fill me with mistrust. Those that never lose their temper I suspect. He who wears, under abuse, an angelic smile is apt to be a hypocrite. An old South Carolina deacon once said to me with a chuckle: 'Keep yo' tempah, son. Don't yo' quarrel with no angry pusson. A soft answah am allus best. Hit's commanded, an' futhermo', sonny, hit makes 'em maddahn' anything else yo' could say.'"

It may become ere long a seriously debated point whether a tax upon bachelors might not be imposed to the advantage not only of the imperial exchequer, but to the position of the ever-growing army of women in our population. Such a tax would be a revival, not a novelty. In the reign of William and Mary, when the whole population of England was less than the present population of London, an act was passed obliging all bachelors and widowers above 25 years old to pay a tax of one shilling yearly; a bachelor or widower duke, £12 10s; a marquess, £10 a year. A curious combination, this, of a tax upon single blessedness and social glory, and one which conceivably might be revived with advantage.—London Court Journal.

#### SOUND DOCTRINE.

The sign is bad when folks commence Findin' fault with Providence, And balkin' 'cause the earth don't shake At ev'ry prancin' step they take.

No man is great till he can see How less than little he would be Ef stripped to self, and stark and bare He hung his sign out everywhere.

My doctrine is to lay aside Contentions and be satisfied. Jest do your best and praise or blame That follows that, counts jest the same.

I've allus noticed great success Is mixed with trouble, more or less; And it's the man who does the best That gets more kicks than all the rest. —James Whitcomb Riley.

#### At the Extremes

Mrs. Rosemere sat surveying the little room unseeing, because it was dim and she had come in from the outside glare. She surveyed it silently, because she was stout and, being unused to climbing four flights of stairs, was out of breath.

Her old irritation at Maggie's leaving her comfortable ten years' position as cook in the Rosemore household to marry rose in full force again as she recalled the room that was almost luxurious with its running water and enameled iron bed and pretty rug which that misguided individual had abandoned when she left the Rosemore home for matrimony and a man who had enlivened her subsequent life by chronically being without work.

Maggie certainly had not improved her condition by linking fortunes with Tom Varney. She lay now, worn and ill, on the dismal little black walnut bed jammed up in the corner of the small room. The faded, soiled-looking wallpaper had once been blue and once upon a time the window panes had not been cracked.

"Where's Tom?" inquired Mrs. Rosemere, severely, her breath having been regained.

Maggie turned her face toward the wall. "Looking for work, I guess," she

said. "He—he ain't been home for three days!"

Mrs. Rosemere sniffed and choked and Maggie turned on her. "Oh," she said weakly, yet violently, "I know what you think—but it ain't so, Mrs. Rosemere! He does try! He's just unfortunate! There ain't a better man alive!"

Mrs. Rosemere surveyed her former cook helplessly, a wonder growing in her small, commonplace eyes. It was entirely beyond human comprehension why in the face of her poverty and discomfort Maggie should so valiantly cling to and defend her husband. She certainly had always displayed abundant common sense when she ruled the Rosemore kitchen and had sharply resented being imposed upon, but in the two years since her marriage she had developed queer whims. Chief among them, in Mrs. Rosemere's eyes, was her continued fondness for her husband,



"GOT IT SECOND HAND."

who certainly did not amount to much. She actually seemed in love with the man!

"I hate to see you situated like this, Maggie," her visitor burst forth, getting up and restlessly raising the shades and wandering about. "John is bringing up some things—just a few

little things that may be of use to you—most of them are cooked and ready to eat. How on earth did you find such a ridiculous dresser anyhow, Maggie?"

"Got it second hand," explained the sick woman. "It does look funny after what I had at your house—but it was cheap. It was so old the dealer was glad to get a couple of dollars for it. It's good of you, Mrs. Rosemere, to trouble to come here and bring things like you do!"

Mrs. Rosemere did not answer. She stood with both hands in their delicate gloves pressed on the edge of the dresser, leaning forward, looking at the carved grapes around the mirror. Something at the back of her head was alive with excitement, which as yet meant nothing to her comprehension.

The light struck full on one of the bulging grapes and over and over again she read the twisted initials still showing, cut into its surface, "G. and S."

Then it was as if a curtain had been jerked away from that day thirty years back when George had so daringly marred the piece of furniture with his knife, his other arm about her as they stood laughing like a pair of ill-behaved children. For it was their dresser and they could back it if they chose. Mrs. Rosemere was gazing upon the identical piece of furniture that had adorned her bedroom when she had married George Rosemere all those decades ago!

She had done her own work then and a dollar was not one solitary dollar, but one hundred cents to be spread out over a multitude of necessities. But they had been happy. A queer little warm thrill swept over her at the memory, bringing a flush to her face, making her heart thump for a moment as it had when she had climbed those frightful stairs.

The dresser had been a grand acquisition then—funny, dumpy, ugly, warped thing that it was to-day. She thought of the one which ministered to her needs at the present, a wonderful piece of mahogany with inlays and hand carvings and crystal glass—and the rest of the house matching it in costliness.

Suddenly her whole rose-burdened, hampering, rushing existence, with its many engagements, and George always hurrying, abstracted, bowed beneath the yoke of wealth and its stern demands on his time, arose and smote her