GENIUS WHO LIVES IN A TENT

Charles McEvoy, Who Is Looked Upon as Next in Line for Bernard Shaw's Crown, Finds Inspiration in the Most Primitive Form of the Simple Life--Nothing Could Induce Him to Live in a House *and* He Abandoned the Caravan, in Which He Roamed the Country as a Gypsy, Because He Found It Too Confining

By Hayden Church.
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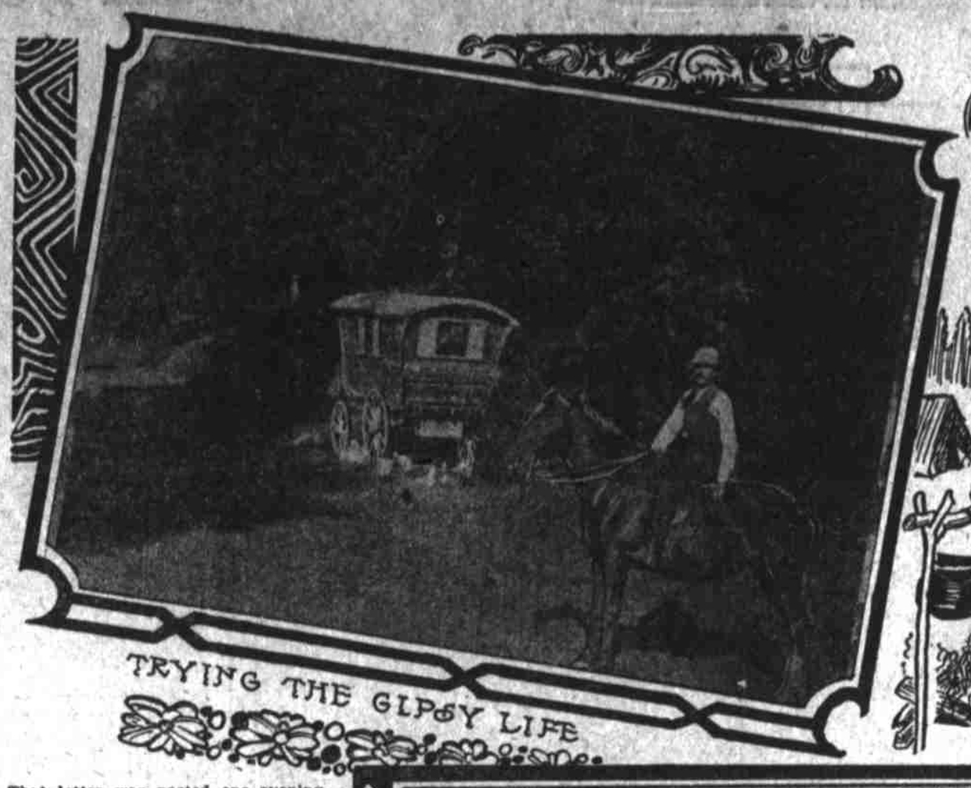
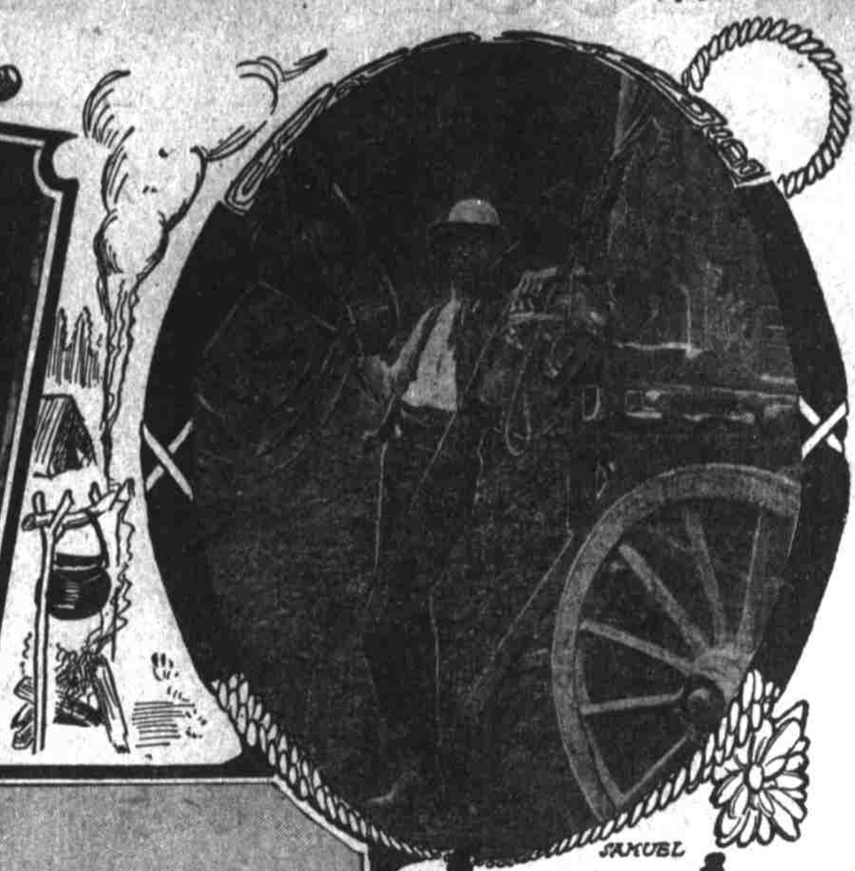
LONDON, April 10.—Charles McEvoy, who is looked on by the George Bernard Shaw disciples as likely to be the coming prophet of the "new drama," proves to be about the most original and unconventional young man this country has produced recently. Moreover, he turns out to be a son of Ambrose McEvoy, once of Virginia, who invented the submarine mine, and manufactured many of the explosives that were used by the confederate army.

It is probable that McEvoy is the only dramatist in the world whose home is a tent. Shortly after he left London, some five years ago, and moved out into Hertfordshire, he tried living in a caravan, such as gypsies use, but even this proved too "confining" for him and so he went "back to the land" in good earnest. It may be added that McEvoy dresses with a view to comfort only, and that since he went to live in the country he has subsisted entirely by writing pseudonymous serial thrillers, or "bloods" as he calls them, for publication in boys' papers—his plays not being the kind of thing from which he expects to make much money at present. When he makes money enough out of his plays no doubt he will stop writing "bloods."

It is doubtful, however, if he would consent to live in a house if he were as rich as Rockefeller, and improbable likewise, that he would be in the least willing to dress up to his position. The accompanying photographs give a good idea of his accustomed garb (it is only slightly more conventional when he visits London), and this is quite in keeping with his theory, as expressed to me, that "just as a tent is preferable to a house, a muffler is preferable to a collar, and a suit that you can lie on the ground in to one in which you can't."



TRYING THE GIPSY LIFE



ANOTHER VIEW OF McEVOY AS A GIPSY

Article on Collars.

Oddly enough, these original views of McEvoy's on sartorial matters were the means of his first getting into print and eventually launching him on a literary career. For an article on "Collars," which the young dramatist wrote some five years ago, while nominally learning to be an electrician, and which he sent to the London Echo, was duly published, and followed by other articles on "Boots," "Hats" and the like, after which McEvoy was given the editorship of one of the less important departments of the paper.

McEvoy confessed that previous to the production of his own maiden effort he had visited the theatre less than 20 times, and added that most of those visits were made while acting as "sub" for the regular dramatic critic of the London Echo. It was while working on that paper, too, that he discovered that there was a market for "bloods" and a bare living to be made out of writing them if you happen to have the knack. For something like five years McEvoy has earned his bread by this means, and isn't ashamed to confess it, because the same thing was done for an even more extended period by Robert Louis Stevenson.

To write plays had been McEvoy's ambition from his earliest days, and his reason for electing to produce "bloods" as his means of livelihood meanwhile proves to have been characteristic. He had found that he could make a bare living by writing boys' "serials" at a beggarly rate "per thou," and he believed this to be the only kind of writing that he could do just to earn money and preserve the "naturalness" of his style.

"You see, I can do them without any effort, except that of the wrist," he said earnestly, "and that would not be the case if I had to be 'literary' and clever. I am sure that to be brilliant one has to do tricks, and that in my case artificiality would result. When I read over my 'bloods,' however, I can see that whatever else they may be, they at all events are written simply and naturally."

Shaw Helped Him.

McEvoy declares frankly that the play which has "made" him never would have been written had it not been for Bernard Shaw, and it is like as not that the younger man never would have done as he did, and sought the acquaintance of the elder, had he not suddenly discovered that they were near neighbors. This discovery was made by McEvoy shortly after he had escaped from London and gone to live at his father's cottage in Hertfordshire. Shaw, who makes a point of spending as much time in the country as possible, was living at Harmer Green, close by, and McEvoy saw and recognized him at the railway station which both used for their infrequent trips to town.

To the boy who was writing plays in fields and on hillsides Shaw represented the "master" and the temptation to try to know him was too strong to be resisted, so after much hesitation McEvoy wrote him a letter, which, he says, he would have given much to have back as soon as it had dropped into the box, and asked Shaw's permission to come to see him.

That letter was posted one evening, and the next morning its author unexpectedly found himself face to face with Shaw at the railroad station.

"I suppose," said McEvoy, "that I must have looked so exceedingly guilty that he knew in a minute who I was; anyhow, he came up at once and asked if it was I who had written to him. By this time I had become aghast at my own presumption, so I said so and asked him to consider the letter as unwritten, and tried to get away, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"'My dear fellow,' he said, 'I was glad to get your letter,' and, said McEvoy, "to cut a long story short, he asked me to dinner that night, and we soon got to be very good friends."

Neighbors Again.

Meanwhile both Shaw and McEvoy had moved away from Hertfordshire, the scene of their first meeting, and were neighbors again in the famous "White Horse Vale" of Berkshire, which no one who has read "Tom Brown's School Days" will need to have recalled to him. Here it is, not far from the famous "Blowing Stones" and in the center of one of the most glorious stretches of country in England, that McEvoy's famous tent stands, and that the young dramatist lives his Thoreau-like existence—"except for my horse," as he says, "of which Thoreau never would have approved."

Wantage, the first home in England of Richard Croker, is the town nearest to McEvoy's camp, and here his mother lives in an old mill that was also the young playwright's home just before he took to the simple life altogether. McEvoy discovered this picturesque old place soon after his father's death, in 1905, and went to live there forthwith, and when Bernard Shaw, in his turn, decided to leave Hatfield, he came to Wantage, at McEvoy's suggestion, and took up his abode at a vicarage close by.

"It was while Shaw was at Wantage," said McEvoy, "that I sent him my first play and asked if he would read it. It was a farce comedy to say that in it the hero broke his neck. Well, a day or two afterward I got a card from Shaw asking me to come and see him, and when I got there he received me with scorn.

A Pointed Question.

"My good man," he said, "what do you mean by wasting my time in making me read such rubbish as that play of yours? What on earth do you suppose people care whether a man like that breaks his neck? Such people ought to break their necks."

"But," said McEvoy, "all the time I saw a twinkle in his eye, so I was not wholly surprised when he said, 'But what I really sent for you for was to say that this play, wretched as it is, tells me that you have power in you, so now go and write a play about people in their homes!'"

So McEvoy wrote "David Ballard." He started it in his room in the mill, but soon afterward the "call of the wild" got too strong for him and it was then that he set out gipsying. For months on end a "caravan" on Dartmoor was his home, and the real "Romany" folk of the road were his companions. Of course he could not succeed in passing himself off as one of them; he is too fair, but he told them that he was "minding" the van for a "gent" and they took him at his own valuation, and let him share their life and help them with their shows.

CHARLES McEVOY WRITING A PLAY.

Thus McEvoy spent practically the entire summer of 1906, and in this way he also gathered the material for his new play, "Gentlemen of the Road," of which you are likely to be hearing soon. When Shaw had read "David Ballard" he said, "This must be acted," and he promised to bring the piece to the notice of the stage society at once. When produced the play attracted so much attention as a grim, powerful study of real life that the author has had no difficulty in finding production for most of what he has since written. His latest four-act drama is an unconventional study—a contrast between the call of the blood and the power of conventionality—with convention victorious, for, of course, McEvoy would do the unexpected thing. It is to be produced presently at the Manchester repertory theatre, which is making a specialty of McEvoy plays.

Life Not a Pose.

Charles McEvoy seems rather afraid that his queer manner of life may be thought a pose, for it was all I could do to get him to talk about it, and an even harder job to get his consent to the publication of the accompanying photographs, taken by a friend of his. One of them has been referred to already as showing McEvoy in typical garb, and save that a linen collar temporarily replaced the neck-cloth shown in the picture it was thus that the young playwright was arrayed when finally I ran him to earth in London the other day, and submitted him to a bombardment of unwelcome questions. His hat, which it would take an authority on the humors of garb, like its wearer, to describe adequately, really looks more like a pancake, indented and provided with a rim than anything else, and its owner twiddled it thoughtfully between his hands as he talked.

McEvoy declares that he doesn't "deliberately seek discomfort," and remarked that if he finds a well-cooked meal on his mother's table when he visits her cottage—which is once or twice a week—he does not disdain it; but for the rest his existence is a truly Spartan one. The tent he occupies is not even an "A" one, but just framework with covering enough to shield its occupant from the elements, yet the young dramatist occupies it from one week's end to another and without regard to the state of the weather.

His diet hardly deserves to be called that. It begins with morning coffee, which he makes after he has risen and started a fire, and thereafter embraces bread, cold meat, onions and beer. This is his "menu," that is, if McEvoy remembers to eat, which he quite often doesn't. He says he always has an ambition to do a lot, but quite often spends his day on horseback instead, or in feasting his eyes on the panorama of the "downs," and doesn't get a stroke done. On the other hand when a creative fit is on him he will work feverishly from dawn till dusk, forgetting he has a stomach, and at the end find himself, as he expressed it "quite faint and weak."

A fixed belief that "real people" are not often encountered by the playwright or novelist who lives what McEvoy scornfully describes as "the literary life" was one of the motives which the dramatist has in choosing his unorthodox existence. "How much of real life does the author see who spends his days in rooms and his evenings in literary clubs surrounded by his own kind?" he demanded. "These tramps these gypsies of mine are real people and so were those I met when I worked in my father's shop and used to go on board of ships and into foundry yards. These are the sort of people I am trying to put on the stage."

In "David Ballard."

In "David Ballard" there was comparatively little of what is commonly called "action," the dramatist getting his effects mainly from what he himself terms "the clashing of real characters." "You see, that is my conception of a good play," he said, "and what I believe in large measure, the play of the future will be. It will be a life-like study of a group of personalities, all thinking their own thoughts, and both amusing and tragic in the way they react on one another."

"Do you mean that a plot isn't essential?"

"Of course a plot is essential, but not the impossible kind of plot, with impossible situations that dramatists heretofore have provided. There must be a sequence of events, so long as they are likely events; though not likely in the sense of being inevitable. Don't forget that the stage is the stage from which we always expect excitement, stimulation, interest. Every play must have a story which is carried forward act by act, and it all must be finally settled when the people go home.

"The theatre is a matter of supply and demand, and it always has reflected the intellectual progress of the people. I am glad to say that we have a mass of people now who want thoughtful plays, and managers are one by one trying to get them. But it is futile trying to force the progress. Possibly it is my Irish temperament which makes me dislike to see anything forced upon any one. I don't like to see imprisonment forced on a poor, unfortunate man; I dislike to see children forced to church, and it is as bad to see an 'entertainment' that they don't enjoy forced on people. I should dislike immensely to think that the poor folk who live in slums could see nothing but 'David Ballard,' they get infinitely more good from the plays that are provided for them.

Need Not Be Dull.

"It is folly, too, to talk of educating them," he went on. "They are being educated by what happens in their lives. You can educate a man to this extent, however, that you can convince him that a play that deals with real life and real people need not necessarily be dull."

The story of his father's career as related to me by Charles McEvoy proves so dramatic that I wish it could be given here in full. It has a pathetic ending, however, and this drew forth a rather striking commentary from the young author of "David Ballard."

"It would be a tragical thing," he said, "if America knew how her old veterans are living and dying all over Europe. Your country people seem to think a good deal; I wonder if they ever think of that?"

The meaning of those words is that Ambrose McEvoy, the greatest, perhaps, of the inventive geniuses who ranged themselves on the side of the southern states, who was the friend of Lee and Stonewall Jackson, and the author of a score of scientific discoveries whose fame is world-wide, ended his days in comparative poverty three thousand miles from the land he adopted as a boy. Apart from its last chapter, however, Ambrose McEvoy's life-story is as romantic as a novel. It seems that the inventor of the submarine mine came to Baltimore, Maryland, with his parents from County Wexford, Ireland, as a child in 1828. When he was only sixteen he ran away from home and embarked for Cuba, but was wrecked on the coast of Virginia, near Cape Henry. He made his way to Norfolk and eventually was adopted by a wealthy family there. Later on he joined the militia, and was one of the force who captured John Brown. He was, as he told his son, one of the few who were permitted to visit the abolitionist in his cell, and talked with him there on such varied topics as religion and the stage. Then came the outbreak of the war, when McEvoy was one of the first to throw in his lot with the south, and eventually he reached the rank of captain and numbered Lee, Jackson and Moseby among his intimate friends. Another of his acquaintances, by the way, was a physician named Whistler, who also served with the Confederate army and this friendship led to a later one between Ambrose McEvoy and the physician's famous brother, James McNeil Whistler, which lasted for over forty years.

McEvoy's first invention was a fuse to be used in shells, and was shown by the young soldier to Lee. "Go and see Brock," was the general's terse comment, the reference being to Colonel Brock, who now is head of the Virginia Military Institute, and who then was in charge of the ordnance department of the Confederacy. Brock instantly saw the merit of McEvoy's idea, adopted it forthwith, and shells of the type suggested thereafter were turned out in millions at the Richmond arsenal. It was many months later that McEvoy turned his attention to the problem of submarine mines, which he solved so brilliantly.

Another Invention.

Ambrose McEvoy came to England at the end of the war, married and settled down. As the only man who knew anything about submarine mines, he did not lack for attention from the British admiralty, and England is defended today by his mercurial circuit closer. Another of McEvoy's later inventions was the "Spar" torpedo which remained in general use until the advent of the "Whitehead," and the famous "Elswick sights" were also devised by him.

It seems unlikely that the full story of the British admiralty's dealings with Ambrose McEvoy would make pleasant reading. He told his family of devices refused by "My Lords" and finally adopted after the patents on them had run out, and of similar breaches of faith. Apparently the results were disastrous for the inventor. Orders came to him from other countries, it is true, but it was intermittently, and by the time Charles McEvoy was twelve, the wolf had looked in more than once at his father's door. And as a consequence, the young author of "David Ballard," who had hoped to go to Cambridge, was compelled to relinquish that dream and go into his father's business as soon as he left school.

Ambrose McEvoy is the original of Anthony Undershaft in George Bernard Shaw's play, "Major Barbara." Mr. McEvoy died in 1905, but some time before then his younger son had met and made a fast friend of the author of "Man and superhuman." As a consequence the playwright and the inventor of the submarine met once or twice and it was these meetings, and the occasional references made by Charles McEvoy to his father's career which led Shaw to take Ambrose McEvoy for his model when drawing the "maker of explosives" as a foil to his Salvation Army lassie, Major Barbara.

Incidentally there is good and sufficient reason for believing that if the young author of "David Ballard" had not decided to invent riots for plays instead of inventing engines of war, he might himself have achieved results in the latter direction which even his sire would not have disdained. For Valparaiso harbor at this moment is defended by a submarine mine which practically owes its construction to Charles McEvoy. The unfinished plans for it were his father's legacy to the young man. The result was a conglomeration of apparatus, complete but for the essential thing—the circuit which Ambrose McEvoy had not worked out. To his son then, whose early apprenticeship in his father's shops now stood him in good stead, fell the task of breathing the breath of life in Ambrose McEvoy's unfinished schemes, and without the secret this at first looked impossible. After weeks of work, however he discovered a solution which practically made the whole invention his own, and so the Chilean government got its apparatus complete.

STRAY TOPICS FROM NEW YORK

NEW YORK, April 10.—An old woman over 80 years of age, who had lived the life of a hermit for 20 years within only a half hour's ride of Broadway, died last week leaving an estate worth $2,000,000. When her husband died 20 years ago he made her promise that she would not sell their little farm in the Bronx, and she kept her word. But with the rapid growth of New York the farm was eagerly sought by real estate dealers, all of them who were refused, although their offers were very high. However, the little frail woman, who generally wore an old fashioned sunbonnet and shabby clothes, stood her ground, and became in reality land poor, for she had difficulty in getting sufficient money to pay her taxes. The old farm, with its little white house, however, remained intact, in spite of the fact that tall city buildings were erected near it. After 20 years of fighting off persistent purchasers, which involved several lawsuits, the eccentric old lady died without any near relatives to whom she could leave her little farm valued at $2,000,000.

A new wrinkle was sprung on one of the clerks in the marriage license bureau the other day, when in payment for a license the applicants handed out 100 pennies of the mintage of 1908. The clerk was about to resent having so much "chicken feed" showered upon him, when the young lady broke in and told him not to be angry, because they would buy them back. The prospective husband then proceeded to buy them back, and said that he intended to have the coins which he paid for the license made into a belt for his bride.

"Did he use a brick?" is the question that some of the officials high up in the board of education have been trying to answer with regard to the inspector of masonry, upon whose shoulders for some unknown reason devolved the task of selecting pianos for the public schools. Just now the mason qualified as a "musical expert" has not been explained, but the fact remained that second hand pianos of the "tin pan" variety were ordered for the schools at prices usually paid for new instruments. The mason-musician was suspended for a period of 40 days without pay, but the school world is still speculating as to whether he used a brick or trowel in testing some of the instruments that crept into the schools under his supervision.

The small boys of Gotham have devised a new poker game that is so popular that it bids fair to supercede the old spring game of marbles. They gamble on automobiles. A crowd of youngsters gather on the fashionable Riverside drive, where there is much autoing, and as soon as a machine is sighted the betting starts. As the machine passes you will hear various exclamations such as "I win," or "Stung, not even a pair." "Give me the coin," shouts another; "I've got a full house, nines over seven." In short, they play poker on the numbers on the back of the autos, and the element of chance, together with the novelty, makes it a most exciting game.

Although he has been a "cop" 50 years, Policeman James Farley refuses to retire or take a snap inside job. Although Farley, in his half century of service has had many opportunities to "graft" he is a poor man, and gives that as an excuse for not giving up his job now. His work at present, however, is not strenuous for he patrols one of the small parks, where his chief work consists of breaking up games of marbles and catching stray boys who refuse to go to school.

For years Farley was in Central park where he saved many children from drowning in the big lake, but he is proudest of the fact that he once shook hands with Lincoln. In his long term of service the veteran "cop" had but one black mark against him, and that was for being five minutes late during the blizzard of 1888.

In spite of the fact that opera follows upon opera and play upon play, there is no amusement that attracts old and young alike so much as the circus. For the past two weeks Barnum & Bailey's circus has been holding forth in the Madison Square Garden, and in spite of the fact that there are nearly a quarter of a million unemployed in New York, the big house has been filled at every performance. The excitement runs as high in Gotham over the circus, as it does in a small town where it is the only attraction of the year. One of the curious facts about the circus this year is that they were not allowed to exhibit their "freaks" as in other years, owing to the protests of certain societies.

A bootblack who is believed to have held the world's record for broken bones and time spent in the hospital, died recently after having fallen in a cellar way and broken both legs. The bootblack had his stand in Brooklyn and was considered one of the characters of the neighborhood. Whatever was the matter with his bones, they were as brittle as glass. He would be feeling fine and a patron would be on the stand whose shoes he wished to make particularly glossy, when suddenly one of his arms would fall dangling at his side. "There goes an arm," he would say calmly, "that's what comes of trying to give you a good shine." He would hurry them off to the hospital where he would lay up for two or three months. In 20 years the bootblack has been in the hospital 46 times, and on an average has spent three months each year nursing a fractured bone.

A prominent visitor in Wall street the other day was struck by the number of people in the financial district who seemed to have nothing to do. It was his first visit to Gotham and he had always been under the impression that every one was on the jump from morning till night in the famous street where millions change hands every day. "No matter how busy the times may be," he said, "no matter the hour of the day, every faker who is crying his wares in the street is surrounded by a crowd of listeners who seem to have nothing in the world to do. Also do you know that New York is the only city in the country that permits these fakers to monopolize the sidewalks? It always reminds me of circus day in the country."

In a suit for divorce brought by a young woman of 24 against her 72-year-old husband, a mouth organ and the good old tune of "Home, Sweet Home" figured as the chief causes for complaint. The aged husband, when he asked the young girl to marry him, had told alluring stories of immense wealth but a few days of married life disclosed the fact that his only possession was an old mouth organ. "Night after night," the plaintiff said, "he would lie in bed and play "Home, Sweet Home" and never was a song more outraged. I couldn't stand it any longer." The divorce was granted and the old man was sent to an asylum.

A GOOD HABIT--By John Anderson Jayne

ONE of the best habits that a young man can form is that of saving a certain part of his earnings regularly. From the very first, when he has made arrangements with father and mother in the home, or with his landlady, as to what he shall pay into the house for his keep, he should make it the rule of his life to put something, be it ever so little, away from his weekly or monthly wages. It's a fine thing to be able to wear a necktie that is artistic in its coloring, a vest that is beautiful in its construction, or a suit that's nobby and a hat that is up to date. But better than all these is the consciencesness of a bank account, however small it may be, and the feeling of satisfaction that comes from the knowledge that if he is taken ill he will not altogether be dependent upon his fraternal society, his family, his friends or the cold charity of the world.

It is a certain and sure fact that not every one in this world can be rich. Neither does every one want to be rich. But every man can, if he will, form such a habit of thrift that when trouble overtakes him, as it must overtake all, he will be able to ward off much of its unpleasantness. It is a truth that goes without disputation, many of the bitter things that come to us along with our troubles are caused by the knowledge of the truth that had it not been for extravagances in the past the trouble of today would have been of less moment and more easy to bear.

It's a good thing for a man to have friends upon whom he can depend in moments of adversity. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," is true. But the best friend that a young man can have when the storms strike his life is a bank account that has grown from small to larger amounts, saved from his salary by the habit of thrift that he has formed.

Money saving is reflex in its influence. It not alone gives a man courage in time of trouble, but it also weaves into his character habits of thoughtfulness, forehandedness, strength and stability, without which no man can go through life successfully.

Doubtless it is a good thing, or rather a pleasant thing, for a young man to be able to dress in the way that a cultivated taste may demand. But there is a better thing than that, to be able to know that when hard times come he can still continue to dress neatly and tastefully without feeling any loss of confidence that comes through unkemptness in dress and consciousness of the fact that he is not keeping up to his former standards.

No man ever regrets having formed the habit of saving, though many regret that they never did form the habit. "If I only had" is the sad wail that is heard from many lips, while the words "I am glad that I did" are rarely heard in this day of extravagance, outside show and exaltation of the things that are the fashion for the hour and soon pass away.

It's going to take a strong character to form the habit of saving money from a small income, yet it can be done. There are so many allurements and attractions for a young man nowadays that it will take all of his strength of purpose to live to the motto, "I am going to save now, so that in the years to come I shall have something to show for my industry."

And men can save money on a small salary if they will. It is admitted, of course, that there are times when a man with family, children and sickness, must go in debt, must for the time live beyond his means. But the fact that he has formed the habit of thrift will tide him over many a hard place, and give others confidence in his ability to get out of debt if once he has been compelled to go into it. Among the many good things that may be said of a young man there is none better than to say of him: "He is a man of sobriety, industry and thrift." These things make more readily for success than one may imagine.

That one can save even on small salaries is proven in these facts. Cornelius Vanderbilt, out of very small earnings, saved until he had $3,000 in ready cash. John Wanamaker had for his first pay but $1.20 per week. John D. Rockefeller still has the little bank book that represented his first savings. James A. Garfield, on $12 a month and food, saved enough money to carry him through college. You may say the conditions have changed since then. That is true. But the elemental principles at work in men's lives have not changed. What young men do in the way of youthful extravagance they rarely overcome in their maturing years. The converse is true also as regards that great word thrift.

But greater than the money that a young man can save is the character that he is establishing. Miserliness, stinginess, greed, are to be abhorred, but prudence and carefulness in expenditure are graces, which cultivated, make of a man a power in the community and give to him a character that commends itself to all well-disposed and level-headed men.

SUCCESSFUL LITTLE FOLK--By John Anderson Jayne

HAVE you ever considered stature as a factor in the great life game of success?

Sometimes you think that unless a man has been given a great big body he cannot make a success in life.

The facts in the case do not justify the conclusion.

Big people are apt to be slow and sluggish in the movements, as well as slow-moving mentally.

Rarely have men possessed of a powerful physique made tremendous impressions upon the world.

Think of the people of your acquaintance who have "done things."

Rarely have they been the tall six-footers, the 200-pound-and-over men. As a rule, they are only ordinary in stature. Averaging about five feet, eight inches in height, and weighing perhaps about 150 pounds. Even smaller men than that make great success.

Alexander, the great, was a small and insignificant appearing man. So also was Napoleon.

The great philosopher of ancient Alexandria, a man whose logic and philosophy commands attention among students, was only one foot, five inches tall. Augustus Caesar gave to the people of his day a rare treat in the person of Lucius, a great tenor singer, who could sing like a nightingale, and was only 23 inches tall.

Pope, the greatest writer of English that the English people have ever produced, was small, and deformed at that. It was he who gave to our literature the sterling truth:

"Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all honor lies."

Or listen again to Isaac Watts, one of the smallest men physically among the English poets:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean in my span,
I must be measured by my soul.
The mind's the standard of the man."

The fact of the matter is, it isn't the size of a man's physique that gives to him power and ability. It's the inherent, solid quality of genuine manhood developed in the school of life.

Abraham Lincoln was a tremendously tall man, but his greatest general (Grant), was of ordinary stature.

Byron, whose poetry will abide forever, was a man of very small stature, and possessed in addition a clubfoot that made him exceedingly sensitive.

Keats and Shelley, together with Burns and Shakespeare, were not above the average in height, but how they towered above their fellows in mentality all the world knows.

You think of Julius Caesar, and you think of an imposing man with great head, massive brow and all the rest that makes the ideal physical man, yet the facts are that he was mean and insignificant in appearance.

Of the Apostle Paul, the greatest evangelistic traveler that the centuries have known, it is said he was "small in stature, with a voice of a weakling."

Stature may attract attention for the time being, but mind holds it and sways the thought afterward.

Mind is the greatest thing there is in the world. When Julius Caesar was a boy he was captured by pirates and thrown in chains. The second day after his captivity the sailors listened delightfully to his marvelous tales. Then they ordered his chains stricken from him. Then placed him in command of the galley, and so as captain he, who had been the prisoner, came to port.

It requires mind to accumulate great wealth and distribute it wisely, not physique.

It requires mind to write such poetry, history, music and tragedy, that it shall live in the hearts of men. Mere physical bulk in the presence of mind dwindles to insignificance.

Character is not of the body, but of the mind and heart. Great men physically ofttimes have great passions that prevent them from rising to their fullest estate. Small men controlling their own habits come to the mastery of men by whose side they are but pigmies.

Let no one be discouraged then, because of the smallness of his stature. No man should be discouraged because of anything save the littleness of his mind, and that can be overcome through persistent study and heroic effort.

He who lives well, gives to his brother a square deal, defends the right and refuses to be debased by the wrong, lives a kingly life and shall receive kingly honors. You can bank on that.

Even in Those Days.

When Columbus arrived he heard a great chatter
High up in the tropical trees.
"Great Isabella! Pray, what is the matter—
What curious sounds are these?
Such unusual greetings are hard to describe."
And Columbus called out his guards:
But he soon found out it was a wild monkey tribe
Selling souvenir postal cards.
—From the Chicago News.

OBJECTS TO CORSETS.

Amalia of Portugal Attributes Her Fine Figure to Outdoor Exercise.

From Tit-Bits.

Queen Amalia has the most wonderful taste in dress, and Paris costumers are never tired of sounding her praises. At the same time her majesty believes it quite an easy matter for a woman to have a perfect-fitting gown without the aid of corsets.

When the Roentgen rays were discovered she had a tight-laced lady photographed in order to demonstrate scientifically to the ladies of her court the evils of the practice.

Her majesty has very practical ideas on the advancement of her sex and considers that nursing is one of the best professions for women. She herself is famed throughout Portugal as a nurse, and is well known in the hospitals of Lisbon.

Above all Queen Amalia is never tired of preaching the value of outdoor and athletic exercises for women. She is a magnificent swimmer, a wonderful rider, an untiring cyclist and a good shot. And to such pursuits she attributes the beautiful figure which she possesses.