JACK HIS WONDERFUL SHIP AND WONDERFUL CREW

By Seumas MacManus.

THERE was a king [illegible] who had three sons. Two of [illegible] were very clever fellows who [illegible] not be tricked by the world, for they were as [illegible] as the world themselves. The youngest [illegible] Jack, was a fine, simple [illegible] fellow [illegible] couldn't [illegible].

At this time [illegible] away [illegible] beautiful [illegible] king [illegible] his daughter [illegible] the gate of [illegible] castle was [illegible] river.

[illegible] if they did [illegible] know [illegible] ships.

[illegible] said he [illegible] "I suppose you'll [illegible] other king or [illegible] stay at home [illegible] and mope about and mind the [illegible]."

Ah, my poor Jack sighed and stayed at home, and at the end of seven years Jack's two elder brothers came home [illegible] in the shipbuilding trade, and it was given out that there were no such shipbuilders in the world as they.

"Well," said the father to the eldest, "do you think you can build a ship that will sail to the king's castle in the Land Beyond, 900 miles from sea, lough or river?"

"Well," said the eldest son, "if there's anyone in the world who can do it, it's me."

"On Monday morning, then," said the king, "set off to the wood and build a ship, and if you haven't it finished by Saturday night, never look me in the face again."

And to the wood he set off on Monday morning, and on his way there a little man came up to him and asked him where he was going, and what to do.

"Ah," says he, "I'm going to the wood to build a wheelbarrow."

"Then," said the wee man, "a wheelbarrow may it be again, Saturday night."

When the eldest son arrived at the wood he emptied out his kit and set to work, and a very fine ship entirely he was making and getting it up at a very fast rate all the week till Saturday, and on Saturday he was finishing it up, but the minute he drove the last nail in it, what did he see before him but a wheelbarrow instead of a ship!

He sat down on the stump of one of the trees he had cut and began to cry, and then he said he dared not go home to meet his father again, so he set off to tramp the world before him.

When the father found he did not come home on Saturday night, he knew that he had failed to build the ship. Then he called his second son and asked him if he was so perfect at his trade that he could build a ship which would sail to the king's castle in the Land Beyond, 900 miles from sea, lough or river.

And this lad said if there was a man in the world who could do that same, it was he.

"Very well, then," said the king, "take your kit and start on Monday morning for the wood, and let me see if you have such a ship built by Saturday night, and if you haven't don't dare to look me ever in the face again."

With his kit on his back, to the wood the son started on Monday morning, and as he went along a little man came up to him and asked him where he was going, and what to do.

"Oh," said he, "that way; I'm going to the wood to build a churn."

"Then," said the wee man, "a churn may it be again Saturday night."

On he went to the wood, and throwing down his kit of tools, set to work on a fine ship entirely, and very well and very fast he got along with it all the week till Friday, and on Saturday he was finishing it up, but behold, the minute he drove the last nail into it, what did he see before him but a churn, instead of a ship, and down on a log of wood he sat and began to cry right heartily.

"Oh," says he, "I need never face my father again." And when he had cried his fill he got up and started to tramp the world before him.

When he did not come back on Saturday night the father was in despair, as you may be sure, and he began rampaging up and down his castle, and saying this was a nice how-do-you-do that his two sons, whom he thought so clever and who had spent seven whole years learning shipbuilding, to say that now they could not build a bit of a ship.

In a bad fit of wrath he was entirely, when Jack comes to him and says he: "Father, what would you think if I should try to build a ship?"

"[illegible] go out of my sight, Jack," says [illegible], "before I hurt ye. Don't know ye [illegible] couldn't build a [illegible] ship. You never had much brains an' ye never will have none, and all you're good for is mooping about the house an' minding ducks. Go away with yourself out of my sight!"

Away out of his sight Jack went; but he did not let the thought of the ship out of his mind. And on Monday morning Jack took nothing in his hand but a little bit of rod with which he used to drive the ducks, and he started off to the wood himself.

Going to the wood, a Wee Man came up to Jack, and he said:

"Good morra, Jack. Where are you going and what to do?"

"Good morra to yourself, and good luck," said Jack. "I'm going to the wood to build a ship that can sail on dry land as easily as on water."

"A fine, truthful fellow, you are, Jack," says the Wee Man, "and a ship may it be again, Saturday night. One that can sail on dry land as well as on water."

Jack thanked him, and went his way to the wood, and when he came there he threw off his coat and began to break branches off the trees, and to plait them up in the shape he thought a ship ought to be.

Hundreds of people were passing through the wood, and they would stop to laugh at the crazy looking thing Jack was putting together, and would ask him what it was, and Jack would say that it was a ship that was to sail as well on land as on water. Then they would laugh heartily and go on, and say to themselves they wondered that Jack was let out without someone to mind him.

But, behold you, when Saturday night came, and Jack put the last plait in the branches, that very instant a beautiful ship stood before him, and the next minute the Little Man who had met him Monday morning came up.

"I see, Jack," says he, "that you've finished your ship, and a fine one it is. Good luck to both you and it."

"Thank you, heartily," says Jack.

"Now," says the Little Man, says he, "do you know how to manage it?"

"Well, no, I don't," says Jack.

Then the Little Man handed him a wee white rod, and says he: "All you have to do is, when you get into the ship, strike it on one side with this rod, and it will start. And when you strike it on the other side with this rod, it will stop."

"Well," says Jack, says he, "that's surely very easy managing, and I shall certainly be able to do that. I thank you very, very much," says he to the Wee Man, "an' I'll always pray for you."

The Wee Man told him he was a fine, truthful, good-hearted fellow, and he was welcome to all he could do for him, and away he went.

Jack got into his ship and struck it on one side with the rod and headed it for home, and in a very short time all in his father's castle were alarmed at seeing a ship come sailing up the road to the castle, and all came out to look. And then my brave Jack, by striking it on the other side with the rod, hauled it up in the castle yard, right before his father's door, where his father and mother, and all the gentlemen and ladies of the court were out in alarm looking at this wonderful ship with Jack sailing on it, and you may be sure it was proud was his father of Jack.

Jack remained at home over Sunday, and all the country-side came flocking to see this wonderful ship that Jack, the king's son, had built.

And early, on Monday morning, into his ship Jack gets and heads for the Land Beyond, to go to win the king's daughter there.

Jack was all alone in the ship, and he was sailing at a very speedy rate entirely away over the country and he had got far and very far away from his father's castle into a country where he saw few human beings.

But behold ye, he saw one man lying down with his ear to the ground, and Jack steered his ship by this man to find what he was doing, and when he came there he struck the ship on the other side and stopped it, and asked the man who he was and what he was doing.

Said the man, says he: "They call me Hear-well, and I'm listening to the grass growing."

"Well," says Jack, says he, "you are a wonderful fellow, entirely, and how would you like to make one of a crew for my ship?"

"—OUT OF MY SIGHT, JACK," SAYS HE, "BEFORE I HURT YE.—"

"Well," says Hear-well, "I think you are just every bit as wonderful, for I never before in all my life saw a ship sailing over dry land like this, although I've been listening to the grass growing for 300 years, and it's proud I'd be to be one of its crew," says he.

"All right," says Jack, "step into it."

And into the ship steps Hear-well, and Jack struck the ship on the right side, and off it started again.

And after they had traveled far and far, and they were crossing a great plain, that was 100 miles every way, they saw a man sweep over that plain like a puff of wind, from the east to the west, and sweep back again like a blast of wind from the west to the east, and he had one leg tied to his back, and once, when he was passing, Jack hauled up the ship and hallooed to him, and asked him what he was doing.

"They call me Speed-well," says he, "and I'm trying races against the wind. They had to tie one of my legs to my back," said he, "in order to give the wind a chance."

"Well," says Jack, "you're a very wonderful fellow, surely. How would you like to join my ship and be one of my crew?"

"I'm sure," says Speed-well, says he, "that I'd like it very well, for a ship like this that can sail over dry land the same as on water, is surely one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen, although I've been trying races with the wind now for 300 years."

And into the ship he stepped, and off they started.

They traveled far and far, and as they were crossing a hill-top, they saw a man with a bow and arrow, shooting.

Jack hauled up the ship and asked him who he was and what he was doing.

Said he: "They call me Aim-well, and I'm shooting the left eyes out of all the men who live at the other side of the world."

"Well, well," says Jack, says he, "you are surely a very wonderful man, and I should very much like to have you for one of my crew. How would you like to join my ship?"

Says Aim-well: "I'd like to join your ship, for that's the most wonderful ship that I've ever seen, though I've been shooting on this hill three hundred years."

And into the ship, with the others, off Jack starts again.

After long and long, Jack got into a great valley that was one hundred miles wide and ten hundred miles long, and a bird or a beast or a living thing in that valley they could not see. When they got up to the head of the valley, they found a man who was catching birds and beasts as fast as they flocked into the valley and making them disappear.

Jack stopped the ship and asked him who he was and what he was doing.

Said he: "They call me Eat-well, an' I eat every living thing that comes into this valley—everything that flies, floats, creeps, crawls or runs."

"Well," says Jack, "you are a very wonderful fellow, and I should like to have you in my ship. How would you like to join my crew?"

"I'm sure," says Eat-well, "I should like that very well, for a more wonderful ship than that one of yours, that can sail on the dry land as well as the water, I've never seen, though I've been eating everything that came into this valley for the last three hundred years."

And he got into the ship with Jack and the others, and off they started again.

Then, up a mountain side after some time Jack was sailing with the ship, and he thought the ship would be broken into pieces with the tremendous shower of stones that was coming tearing down on top of them. Jack did not know what this meant until he got to the top, and here he found a man smashing rocks with his hand, and the broken stones were going down the mountain side in floods.

Jack stopped the ship to enquire of him who he was and what he was doing.

"They call me Iron Hand," says he, "and I'm smashing all the mountains of this country."

"Then," says Jack, "you are a very wonderful man, and I should very much like to have you as one of my crew. How would you like to join my ship?"

"It's very well, I'd like it," says Iron-hand, "for a more wonderful ship than that of yours, that can sail up the mountainside as it can sail down a river, I've never seen, though I've been smashing these mountains with my hand for three hundred years."

And into the ship with Jack and the others, he steps, and off starts the ship again.

And when they sailed far and far, they were going up a great gulch, that was very wide and deep, and must have been the bed of one of the greatest rivers that ever was, but now there was not in it as much water as would rest on the point of a pin.

Jack wondered very much at this; but when they had sailed up the gulch to the head, there he found a tremendous bulk of water come roaring into the gulch, but there was a man with his mouth open, and a single drop of water didn't get past.

When Jack saw this, he stopped the ship, and he asked the man who he was and what he was doing.

Said the man: "They call me Drink-well, and I'm drinking all the floods that come pouring into this gulch."

"Well," said Jack, "you are a very wonderful man entirely, and I should like to have you. How would you like to join my crew?"

"I should like it very, very much," says the man, "for a more wonderful ship than that one of yours, that could sail up a dry gulch, I've never seen, though I've now been drinking this river dry for the past three hundred years."

Into the ship with Jack and the others he stepped, and off Jack started the ship, and never stopped until he hauled it up at the gate of the king's castle in the Land Beyond.

And when he had got there, he sent for the king and demanded his daughter of him.

The king came out in wonderment. He did not want his daughter to marry at all, and that was why he put this condition upon whomsoever should win her, for, of course, he believed that no one would ever sail to his castle in a ship, since it was nine hundred miles from sea, lough or river. Small wonder he was astonished then when he saw Jack and the ship and his crew, and he asked Jack for time to go in and consult with his grand adviser.

Jack and his crew sat down outside the gate.

"I wonder," says Jack, says he, to his men, "who is consulting, or what advice he is getting?"

"I'll soon tell you that," says Hear-well. "Don't speak."

They all kept silent, and Hear-well listened, and after a minute, said he:

"He's consulting an old witch, and asking her what's best to be done, and she is saying that he must now put further commissions on you that you'll never be able to carry out."

And true enough it was not long before the king came out again, and says he:

"The man who sails to this country to win my daughter, must sleep one night, with his crew on beds of harrow-pins, made as fine and sharp as needles."

And he led Jack and his crew inside the gate, and showed them seven beds on which they must sleep that night.

When the king went away, Jack felt very downhearted, and he said to his crew: "Come, let us get into the ship again and start for home."

"Not yet," said Ironhand, "till I try what I can do."

And he set to at the beds with his hand, and in seven minutes he had the seven beds as soft and as smooth as if they were made of feathers, and the seven men lay down on them and had a sound sleep that night.

Next morning when the king came out and saw the seven men rise, refreshed from their beds, he was confounded, and he asked Jack for time till he would consult with his grand advisor.

Hear-well always listened and heard what was going on and told Jack that there were other conditions being prepared for him.

After a while, the king came out and told Jack that anyone who won his daughter, must, himself and his crew, eat within 24 hours 900 head of hogs, dogs, sheep, goats and cows.

And when he went away, Jack said to his crew: "We may as well get into the ship and start for home again."

"Not yet," says Eat-well, says he, "till I try what I can do."

And when the 900 heads of hogs, sheep, goats and cows were let out, my brave Eat-well started at them, and he didn't leave a trace or track of the whole 900 head in three hours' time.

If the king was astonished before, you may be very sure he was doubly astonished now, and he asked Jack for time to consult with his grand adviser, and when he next appeared he told Jack that anyone who would win his daughter must, himself and his crew, drink a tank of water that was 90 miles long and 90 miles wide and 90 miles deep.

When Jack heard this, he said to his crew that they might as well get into the ship and start for home again.

"Not yet," says Drink-well, says he, "till I try what I can do."

And at the tank Drink-well went, and in three hours' time a midge could have crept along the bottom of the tank without wetting his ankles.

And the king, if he was astonished before, was far more astonished now, and asked for more time to consult his grand adviser. And the next thing he told Jack was that anyone who could win his daughter must first, within 24 hours, harvest in his barn 19 sackfuls of stars.

Then, says Jack, says he, to his crew: "It was as well we hadn't come here at all, and we had better get into our ship and go home as quickly as we can."

"Not yet, if you please, Jack," says Aim-well, "till I try what I can do."

So, taking his bow and arrow, he began shooting the stars, and bringing them down in a shower, like a man shaking an apple tree in October, and as fast as his crew could fill the sacks they were filling them, and in a very short time had 19 filled and stored in the barn.

And when the king saw this, it was he who was the surprised man, and h asked for more time to consult h grand adviser. And when the kin went to the witch this time, he to her that this was the last chance; a that if she could not give Jack and h crew some impossible feat this tim his daughter was lost to him.

She racked her brains to find a mo impossible thing. She had a daught who could run with the speed of witc ery, and she proposed that Jack and h crew be matched against her to s which would bring back the most quic ly from the well of the World's End bottle of water.

So the king brought out the witch daughter and told Jack that the m who would win his daughter must eith himself or one of his crew, be able outrun this girl and be back before h from the well of the World's End with bottle of water.

When Jack heard this and heard th she ran with the speed of the witcher he said to his crew: "We may as we return home again, for we were fooli to ever come here at all."

"Not yet," said Speed-well, "till I t what I can do."

He got Jack to cut the rope th bound one leg behind his back and l his two arms go free. Then he and th witch's daughter set out, but he sh ahead of the witch's daughter like blast of wind, and when he was retur ing from the well of the World's E with the bottle of water he met t witch's daughter only half way on t road to it.

She sat down, and asked Speed-well sit down beside her until they wou have a chat, and she was so very, ve beautiful, that Speed-well could not r sist, and he sat down beside her.

She used all her fascination on Spee well, and at length coaxed him to l his head in her lap, and when he d this she put a sleeping pin into h head, and Speed-well went into a soun sleep. She then took the bottle of wat and started for home as fast as sh could fly.

When Speed-well had been gone long time, Jack and his crew began wonder that he was not back, and we anxious to know if anything had ha pened to him to cause the delay.

"I'll soon tell you that," said Hea well, stretching himself and putting h ear to the ground, and when he h listened a little while, he said: "Spee well is lying by the roadside half-wa between the well of the World's En and I hear the witch's daughter com galloping back, carrying the bottle one hand, for she steps heavier wi one foot than on the other. She h put a sleeping pin into Speed-well's hea stolen the bottle of water from him, an it will not be long until she is here."

Then poor Jack got very dispirite saying that he had been so near wi ning the king's daughter, and that no he had lost the prize for which he h waited so long and worked for so har and longed for so much, through Spee well's little mistake.

"Come," says he, [illegible] his crew, "we not wait for the witch's daughter. L us board our ship and start for hom again."

"Not yet," says Aim-well, "till I s what I can do."

He took an arrow from his quiver, p it into his bow, and taking good ai shot for the spot where Speed-well w lying, halfway between the well of t World's End, and shot the sleeping out of his head. That instant Hear-w heard Speedwell awake, jump to h feet, and fly after the witch's daug ter.

The witch's daughter was coming no in sight, and would soon have reache them, but the next minute, like a bla of wind Speed-well had overtaken he thrown her down, snatched the bott of water from her, with which he ca running in.

And when he handed it to the kin the king had to confess that Jack a his crew were the finest men in t world, and he thought Jack was w worthy of his daughter.

He banished the witch and her daug ter forever.

The wedding was announced the thi day after. The king of the Land B yond sent out messages to all the kin of the world, and invited all the kin and queens, with all their great lor and ladies.

Jack and the princess were marrie There were nine hundred fiddlers, a nine hundred pipers. All Jack's wo der-crew were present and ate a drank as if they never would stop. T wedding lasted for a year and a day, a the last day was better than the firs and Jack and his wife lived happily ev after.

COURTESY--THE ART OF BEING KIND--By George L. Knapp

THERE is an organization in Sweden which might be imported to this country and especially to Portland, with great advantage to ourselves. It is a Courtesy league. Its membership ranges from king to peasant—never mind which way water would run on that grade—and its avowed object is the improvement of manners, the smoothing of social and business intercourse between man and man.

And this is a most praiseworthy object—and an important one, as well. There is but one object in all the world's endeavor—the increase in the sum of human happiness. One may seek this selfishly, that is to say, stupidly; or he may seek it broadly and intelligently; the underlying motive is the same. And the way in which men go about the common affairs of life is responsible for a vast amount of comfort or discomfort. Each bit of gentleness in meeting others may be a small thing; but multiplied by several millions, it becomes a thing of immense importance. So, too, each bit of rudeness or discourtesy may be a trifle; but repeated day after day by millions of workers, it becomes the source not only of enormous discomfort, but of serious loss of efficiency through the resulting [illegible].

"Will he call me at [illegible] crisis?" asked a young lady [illegible] science, the kind of [illegible] always spell with a capital [illegible] to marry the [illegible] making her [illegible].

"I don't know," replied her sister, a woman of [illegible] excellent table [illegible]. We [illegible] had a great [illegible] and you have to [illegible] three [illegible] per day."

Which tells the story.

The trouble is [illegible] courtesy [illegible] on a false foundation. It was [illegible] with the sword. It [illegible] made a mark of submission to a [illegible] rather than of the desire to please one's equal fellow. The very name "courtesy," that is, pertaining to a court [illegible] of masters and servitude. The forms of courtesy without exception [illegible] the effort to placate the [illegible] submission. The bow [illegible] with which we greet a friend is the [illegible] though many generations [illegible] king. "Mister" is but a [illegible] of master, and so on [illegible].

[illegible] would be well to go into [illegible] little greater length [illegible] manners—that is to say, forms of intercourse—from the [illegible] prescribed [illegible] masters to serfs is [illegible] plain that [illegible] of our greatest guides to the [illegible] of a [illegible] society [illegible] to take a table of the [illegible] various nations [illegible] the extent to which [illegible] has been under the [illegible] sacred caste. The most [illegible] invariably been [illegible]. France, for instance, has [illegible] better manners than England and France was ruled by a court and aristocracy of almost absolute power long after England was free. Spain has a greater, more formal courtesy than [illegible] courtesy that seems to [illegible] a part of the individual [illegible] longer training [illegible] than [illegible]. Lafcadio Hearn, one of the keenest of observers, remarks that to a trained sociologist the [illegible] courtesy of old Japan was a terrible and suggestive thing, for it meant a people disciplined for ages by the sharp edge of the sword, and fettered in the bonds of an unyielding ancestor worship. This softly smiling silence as of dreams betokens the Rule of the Dead." And it did. For centuries Japan was subject to a despotism more rigid and minute than anything that Europe ever dreamed of, a despotism that prescribed the size of one's house, and the style of dressing one's hair and even limited the number of paper flags that a father might give his son for a birthday present.

Where such a mastery exists the master class will exact, not merely obedience but obedience of a character that will gratify the master. They will demand of their inferiors a demeanor expressive of the difference between the two. They will mark off the noble from the underling by costume, by manner, by forms of address. They will enforce their rules with penalties whose severity will accurately measure their own strength and their subjects' weakness—the samurai of old Japan was expressly authorized to kill any [illegible] other than expected [illegible] person that is, any person who failed to observe the rules for approaching one of the noble breed. And the enslaved class will strive not only to avert these punishments by implicit obedience, but will seek to gain favor by spontaneous displays of esteem, by [illegible] that exalts the master at the expense of the subject.

Such is the origin of our forms of courtesy, and that origin is distinctly [illegible] a thousand ways [illegible] prostration noted [illegible] is an unbroken succession of [illegible] obeisance, kneeling, dropping [illegible] bowing and scraping [illegible] with the hands in some posture to express humility, a form [illegible]. "The salaam of the [illegible] is an abridged prostration," says [illegible], "a bow is a short salaam and [illegible] bow." So of titles. We [illegible] derivation of [illegible] "Sir," "sire," [illegible] were all originally [illegible] of rulers, all [illegible] the exaltation of the person [illegible] by consequence the [illegible] the person speaking. [illegible] forms of address. The servile [illegible] British conqueror as [illegible] says, "May I be your sacrifice?" [illegible] less servile people use less servile forms of address. "I throw myself at your feet" or "I kiss your hands," for instance. [illegible] matter, we do not need to go outside our daily experience for an illustration. Writing is more formal and therefore more conservative than speaking, [illegible] the language of the academy is as weak and lifeless a thing compared to the language of the street. When we sign a letter "Your most obedient servant," we are using a meaningless phrase that has come down from a time when it was full of meaning. If we cut this to "Yours truly," we are but using a shortened form of "Your true servant," which means the same thing.

Even the most grotesque of the ancient signs of submission can be paralleled in modern times. European travelers have often spoken of the [illegible] Zulu custom, which will not allow a chief to be spoken of by his proper name, but demands the use of some roundabout phrase instead. This is simply a way of marking the vast difference in degree between the subject and the king, and the amused travelers could have found the same thing in slightly different form right at home. The peasant immigrant from continental Europe, especially the peasant woman, will seldom address the visiting physician directly as "you." The indirect third person is used instead—"Will the doctor take a chair?" In our own army the private is held to the same rule and must use the third person in addressing his superior officer. "The major sees," not "You see." While these things are so it hardly becomes us to laugh at the Zulu for saying, "Let the Terrible Shaker of the Earth be gracious to his ox."

The old courtesy, then, was by no means a wholly admirable thing. It was the sign of submission demanded by powers, and accorded by weakness. That it spread through all classes of society is due partly to the imitative character of the human mind, and partly to the fact that men accustomed to exacting the most servile deference from their inferiors would not submit to careless treatment from their equals. The duel was a great aid to polite manners for many years after despotism went out of fashion.

Now, the whole tendency of modern life is away from that sort of thing. In our code, the man who exacts servility should be thrashed, and the man who accords should be kicked. We have come to despise alike the spirit that can base itself and that which finds pleasure in the abasement of others. "Servile" is one of the severest terms of reproach that we can use; and if "domineering" is not quite so objectionable, the time is approaching when it will be so. Gilbert knew what he was about when he whipped the arrogance of the British aristocracy over the shoulders of Pooh Bah:

"Now you would have said that head
Was dead,
For its owner dead was he,
Yet it stood on its neck with a smile
Well bred
And bowed three times to ME.
It was none of your impudent, off-hand
Nods,
But as humble as could be,
For it clearly knew the deference due
To a man of pedigree.
And oh, I vow that deathly bow
Was a touching sight to see!
Though trunkless, yet it couldn't forget
The deference due to ME."

Since courtesy began as a mark of servitude it is entirely natural that it should decline with the growth of freedom, and this we find to have been the case. The most exaggerated signs of submission were, of course, the first to go. The old Greek states treated with the Persian court through the satraps simply because a free Greek would not prostrate himself as the Persian court etiquette required. When Alexander the Great tried to enforce the same rule he quickly learned that it was far easier to conquer an empire of slaves than to bend the neck of a single free-born soldier. Other and less pronounced signs of submission were next discarded, such as standing with uncovered head in the presence of one's "superiors." This last was already unpopular in Shakespeare's day, as we can see from Hamlet's remark to the courtier, "Put thy bonnet to its proper use."

So far no one can object. Servility is always bad, and the tokens of servility cannot be too emphatically discouraged. The trouble is that during the period of servitude through which every civilized nation has passed the signs of servitude were substituted for the tokens of good will. When servitude disappeared, there was no code of conduct for freedom. All the forms and ceremonies had been based on naked power, all were tainted with the same servile origin, and it was wholly natural that a militant democracy should reject them all. Since gentleness was exacted from serfs it was held to be unworthy of freemen. The case of a little negro schoolboy the other day is typical. His teacher asked him to pick up the handkerchief she had dropped, a service that any lad should have been glad to perform. But the colored boy answered haughtily that the days of slavery were over, and let the handkerchief lie.

It is to combat this tendency that courtesy leagues have been established; and there is a vast need for them. No sane person wants to reintroduce the ancient tyranny out of which politeness grew. But the politeness itself was a valuable thing. Not submissiveness, but good will, is what we want to express in our conduct today. Courtesy is no longer a thing to be exacted from the weak, but a thing to be graciously accorded by the strong. Its keynote should be consideration for the rights and feelings of others, a kindly interest in all one's fellows. Once politeness consisted in pruning the emotions till they grew in strange, formal shapes, like the trees in a Japanese garden. Now it consists in an intelligent expression of simple kindness.

And in seeking expression for that kindliness the old forms of courtesy can give us much valuable help. They were based on fear, it is true, but they might in many cases have [illegible] a broader foundation. Many of [illegible] servances exacted from serfs [illegible] ply such as freemen may naturally [illegible] to each other, since they express no more than a kindly interest and a genial pleasure in the other's presence. From the time that ceremonial courtesy began there has been a sort of natural selection going on. The forms expressive of mere adulation of power are doomed—and rightly. Even such a vestige as is yet remaining of them must go. But the observances which testify in a fellow creature's welfare, which smooth over the difficulties of social intercourse, which belong to a proper consideration for other people's rights, these are needed today as much as ever. Indeed, they may be needed more, since there is so little of other social control left. The fear of superiors is past. The fear even of Mrs. Grundy is lessening. Nonconformity has become the rule in all matters of personal taste. Then all the more need that this independence of spirit be joined to a considerateness for others.

This is all that the Courtesy league is trying to accomplish. It seeks merely to insure the expression of good will where it already exists, and to cultivate it where it is tardy in springing up on its own account. When you receive a favor you ought to be grateful to the one who grants it. There is no reason why you should withhold the expression of that gratitude merely because time was when such expression would have been forced from you by savage penalties. When a stranger asks the direction of a street or a building you should be glad to give him the information he seeks. There is no reason why you should not show that you are glad. It all comes back to the old maxim, "Put yourself in his place." The masters of old exacted not only obedience from their underlings, but obedience which put on the forms of enjoyment in service as well. In our day, when service is not exacted but exchanged, we can decently do no less.

South African Hail Storm.

From the Wide World Magazine.

With the breaking of the day I went outside. The country was unrecognizable. The land and the scenery which I had known for years were entirely altered. The very hills piled high with white hailstones, were a different shape and torrents of muddy water poured down from all sides. And when the red sun rose into a clear bright sky the scene of ruin and desolation was awful to look at.

Buildings had been buried to the ground and were nothing more than hills of hailstones. A large dam I had spent two years in making had been completely swept away. In another dam, which had remained unbroken, the hailstones had accumulated and piled themselves up over 10 feet in height! There was not a sign of water in this huge dam, just a huge pile of frozen hailstones.

MRS. MULTI-MILLIONAIRESS--WHAT DOES SHE DO?--Continued From the First Page of This Section

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she has been the constant object of solicitude on the part of her parents.

For nearly a dozen years, then, the bright, athletic, pleasure-loving Mrs. Multi-Millionaire, Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, has enjoyed comparatively few of the splendors and gaieties which the imagination would picture for her. She has been, in the finest and the most exacting sense of the words, simply the mother and the wife.

Even where there is no such anxiety, where the little daughter is healthy and happy as are many among the poor, the chances are that the simple domestic pleasures will content the wife of the richest men in the world.

Mrs. Andrew Carnegie is one of those satisfied souls who do not need the excitement of "society" to fill the measure of her rounded, full existence.

Occasionally the world does hear of her in connection with a charity, as though she were timidly trying a venture in the field of philanthropy which her husband has so enormously made his own.

She undertook to match the highest donation that could be secured for the Speedwell County Homes society, when it sought to open tuberculosis camps for the children of the tenements of New York city. But that was an incident, to be numbered among the sheer mischances that befall the consistently anonymous giver.

She may suggest many of the countless private benefactions in which her husband indulges himself, and she selects beneficiaries of her own, but so far as she might be heard of as a giver of charity or as a woman given over to social pleasures, Mrs. Carnegie is a more shadowy personage than was the wife of Russell Sage before he died.

The fact is, Mrs. Carnegie remains simply the wife and mother, enjoying the luxuries her husband's vast wealth affords his companion in such pleasures and interests as appeal to her taste, her direction of the domestic menage a sufficiently large concern in her ordinary day, her attention to her daughter both her pleasure and one of her occupations.

If there is any interest that does engage her especially it is dairying. At the immense estate of Skibo, Scotland, Mrs. Carnegie makes the dairy her peculiar care, and she finds her most delightful recreation in the management of the plainest, most modest of rural avocations. True, it is a model dairy. But note the less the enormously wealthy Mrs. Andrew Carnegie is very well pleased to find herself a happy dairymaid.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller is conspicuously the type of the American wife and mother. She was a school teacher, and the man she loved was poor when they married. Jack Hometon and his wife today are as well off as John D. Rockefeller and Laura Spelman in 1866.

Millions—how many hundreds of them no one can say—are at her disposal. Yet she declared a few years ago that $100,000 would cover all she wanted or could want for her whole life. She knew herself, for she appears no more prominently in social entertainment than does her husband—and that is pretty nearly about as prominently as Mrs. Hometon appears.

Her husband, her households—for there are several of them—her children and clothes, that are presentable yet not noteworthy—these constitute her ordinary cares and interests. She does think rather well of woman suffrage—perhaps because Mr. Rockefeller has found in her a counselor and business partner in whose judgment he has trusted from the day he became engaged to her.

For herself, $100,000, but for others, millions. If she has any extravagance, it is in the giving of gifts. There, indeed, is one of the attributes of wealth which Mrs. Hometon may envy.

J. Pierpont Morgan, three years a widower after a year of married life, married Miss Frances Louisa Tracy in 1865. Occasionally, very occasionally, she may play the hostess on the grand scale. But her routine of life is not far removed from that of the anciently honorable housewife, devoted to her girlhood friends, devoted to her children, devoted to her husband—and he likes pie.

Now, when a woman has a husband who loves pie she has a husband endowed with all the domestic virtues; and all she needs is the ability to roll good dough to make even an art gallery a Paradise.

Mrs. Morgan can roll dough that melts in the mouth, but when she married she was already at the stage where she could go hire cooks. So she merely oversees those pies of Pierpont's and makes sure there is always a tray of makes sure there is always a tray equally delicious doughnuts on hand to help out in case of need.

Morgan, born to blue blood, can, perhaps, afford to sink the purple more readily than newcomers who must mind their manners day and night. Richard, Coeur de Lion, the doughty Black Prince, and other captains of the industries of earlier days, were able to preserve their dignity and their weight by grabbing a beef bone in both hands and gnawing off the proteids.

So there is something baronial in the spectacle, reported of Morgan, when he is absolutely at his ease, of the world's most famous financier and connoisseur nonchalantly grasping a wedge of huckleberry pie with one hand while he lauds the beauties of a favorite Tintoretto.

But the younger women of millions—surely they indulge the young woman's natural craving for excitement and pleasure. What of Mrs. George J. Gould, and—to take an example of swift, unlooked for riches—Mrs. Charles M. Schwab?

True, for the handsome matron who was formerly Edith Kingdon. She does enjoy herself with affairs which she organizes quite like some old-time chatelaine, amid a hospitality that is truly manorial. Her most cherished pleasure—fond echo of her acting days—has been to invite the leading players of New York to Georgian Court, that magnificent palace at Lakewood, and have them join her in the production of manuscript plays.

But Mrs. Gould is now the mother of half a dozen children, and she loves them all, and she must watch over them all, and she must keep on "raising" them all—and what woman, no matter how many millions she has to help her, can be other than just plain mother when she is watching over a brood like that? And just plain mother is what the one-time popular, admired, brilliant actress, Edith Kingdon, has been happy to become as Mrs. George J. Gould.

Mrs. Schwab? She was rosy-cheeked Rana Dinkey, daughter of a strict Presbyterian family in Braddock, Pa., when the boy, Charley Schwab, an equally strict Catholic, went to board with them. She is rosy-cheeked yet, and handsomer than she was then, and only entering middle age with the multi-millions so many other women crave. But she is simply the wife of her husband, his faithful attendant when his nerves gave way, his constant companion apart from his business activities, and far from being the queen of soci ty she may have pictured for herse in the future woven by the golde dreams of her girlhood.

Her love and her home engage h too closely to leave her anxious for su diversions. It is a great love, and happy home, with but one crumpled ro leaf to make uneasiness. So eager h she been to be one with her husban that she has longed to join his fait But faith, to the conscientious woma can come only of itself, and she fin her faith still that of her parents, a though it was she who, at an audien given by Pope Pius X asked him to pra that she might become a Catholic.

It is simply her love for her husban that actuates her—not any smalle trace of discord between the two. Th are so in sympathy that, when s asked him for $22,000 to pay off t mortgage on the First Presbyteria church at Braddock, he had alrea made plans for removing the debt hi self.

Former Senator William A. Clark Montana surprised his family and his friends by secretly marrying h protege, the beautiful Anna La Cha elle, daughter of an obscure French-C nadian, who had practiced medicine o scurely and unprofitably in the west.

Impressed by the orphan's beauty had her educated abroad and marri her there and let the world know his romance only after three years h elapsed and he was the father of a ve pretty daughter.

The new wife has a remarkable sin ing voice and an education which is t most complete that the schools France can afford. She has a residen on Fifth avenue, so gorgeous that eve New Yorkers wonder over its extrav gance. But she has, also, within th mansion, a nursery where the finest ar ists have given their skill to the depi tion of the fairy tales so dear to chil hood's mind, and she has two bab now, who are drawing down to the childish faces, with the innocent, a sorbing selfishness of babyhood, th magnificent beauty that fascinated the father at first sight of her, demandin of it the kisses and caresses of mate nity within that close and narrow ci cle of love which all mothers so we know.

So here is another girl in the bloom loveliness suddenly transported to th realms of Aladdin riches, and findin in them little beyond the normal li of every woman, save assurance again the wretchedness of want.

There is another fairy tale th bloomed amid the royal palms of Flo ida at the word of the king of th tropic lotus land, Henry M. Flagle She was Mary Lilly Kenan of Wilmin ton, N. C., well born, but poor. He ga her $1,000,000 when they married a carte blanche to play Lady Bountif in Florida.

Her enjoyment of her new life may cankered perhaps, by the thought her husband's first wife insane and d vorced, living in a mansion on Riversi drive, in New York, and even within few years of the second marriage, sho ing evidence of recovering her reas But the second Mrs. Flagler gives evidence of troubling thoughts, she e tertains splendidly during the fashio able winter seasons in Florida and d votes much of her time to charitab work.

Some tragedy, and much simple d mestic life is the story of the wives America's multi-millionaires. When is all said and done the one real go that has come with the riches has be a wife's emancipation from anxiety ov the future. And that emancipation st awaits every couple in the land of do lars—and of opportunity.