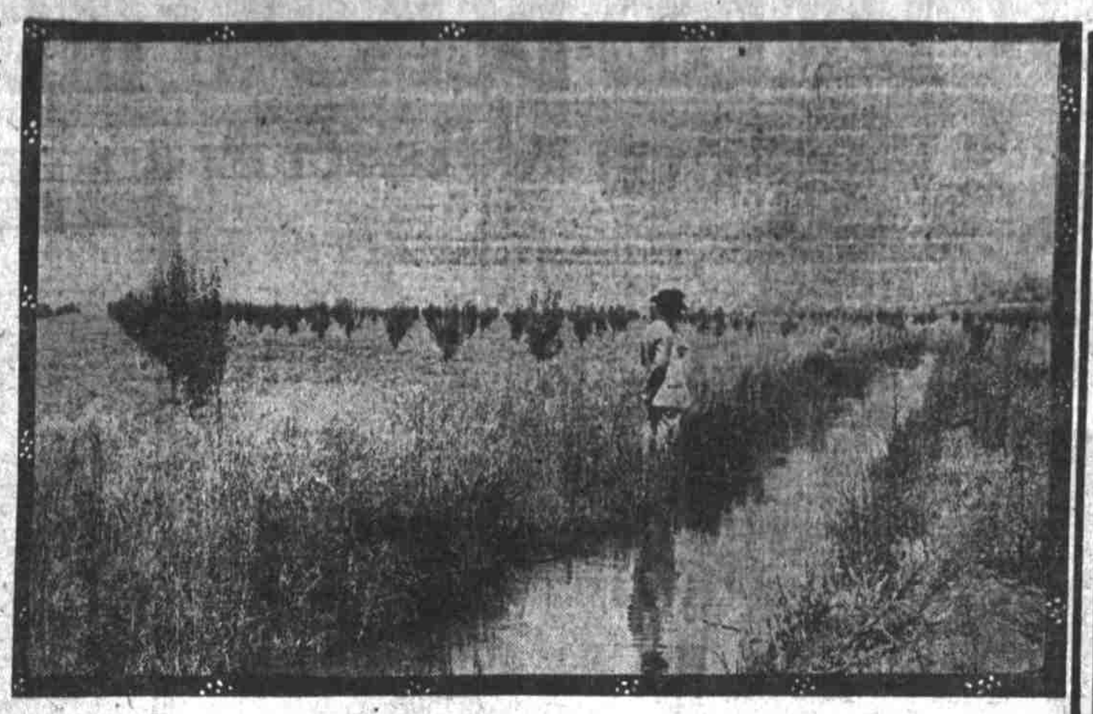
MEDFORD THRIVES BECAUSE OF ITS RICHES

MEDFORD, Or., Sept. 25.—If the Rogue River valley were new again and one were to select a practical site for a thrifty little city, you would probably not go far from where Medford is now located, and you would find that nature had done all that you could ask to make this region around Medford uncommonly attractive. The next lucky fact is that the right kind of men had begun the development of it. Begun is the right word, for as much as has been accomplished the work has hardly started. Twenty years is not a very long time in the development of a little city like Medford. Its early life began along the Indian trail and mining camp, but it has crystallized in the orchard, the vineyard, the dairy and the farm, and is now following the furrow of the plow.

The bustling, enterprising, beautiful city of Medford is not an accident. It has been created by an ambitious, energetic, liberal and progressive class of citizens. Education, intelligence and culture are plainly apparent in the many churches and splendid school system, as well as in their many fine business blocks. The city stands today a credit to its citizens and an honor to the Rogue River valley. The people are prosperous because of the rich mines near by, because of the ever richer fields, because of the lumber and fruit, because of the water power and the mills. Very nearly every form of wealth produced is near by. The Rogue River valley has taught them to take conditions as they found them and make them pay. They make money more easily than they save it. Nature's broad lines all about the Jackson county citizen makes him careless, open hearted and optimistic. Their freedom is that of plenty, their conceit grows out of their achievements.

Up to a very recent time lumbering, mining and miscellaneous farming, together with railroad transportation, developed so rapidly that the farming section could not supply the cities with food.

For 50 years the farmer has been tilling the Rogue River valley, but he is just beginning to learn how to use it, how to enrich himself from it, how to enjoy it—how really to feel the mastery over it. In the recent history of Jackson county one fact stands out vividly, the day of speculation and experiment has passed away, substantial business progress based on plans of permanency has succeeded it. New generations have come in on the stage, new enterprises are being developed, new territory is being opened through the adaptation of new farming methods to the existing condition. It is an unending procession of homeseekers and home builders, and it continues today with as regular movement as it possessed five years ago. It is one of the great factors in the development of Jackson county. This part of southern Oregon has broadened, expanded and matured within the past few years. Wider knowledge, possibilities, firmer grasp of opportunities and richer resources market than in any time in its history.



The pulse of public prosperity is the bank deposits. In all the lines of industry which together make up the great sum total of material wealth and prosperity, there are none more essential or of greater importance than the character and extent of banking institutions. Banks are the custodians of the credit of a city for commercial progress and prosperity and in general advancement no factors are of greater significance. The three banks of Medford have prospered because they are careful, prudent, wise. What they have made they have saved. The banks are strong because their owners are strong. The people are under them and back of them.

The first thing that strikes the eye of the visitor of Medford is the clean, wholesome appearance of her stores, a good criterion of what can be found on the inside. It is perhaps very apparent to the careful observer of industrial and commercial matters that the city has never forged ahead so rapidly as in the past three years, as it has doubled in that time and in every legitimate line of commerce Medford can lay just claim to having representative establishments, which are abundantly capable of holding their own in any equal field with the best mercantile houses in the Rogue river or Willamette valley.

In no particular is a city more pertinently to receive judgment from the casual visitor, or that great class of tourists who constitute so considerable a part of Oregon society today than in the character and extent of her leading hotels, indeed, city and hotel have so indissolubly linked together in the mind of the average representative of the traveling public, that the prejudice against the latter invariably implies an equal distaste for the city itself.

In her prominence Medford commands a position which essentially calls for first-class hotels of large capabilities, and able management. In this respect the city will be found fully capable of maintaining her representation equal to that of any other city of its size in the state.

Hotel Moore and Hotel Nash occupy a leading position as among the most modern and popular hotels in the state. They are centrally located, convenient to the best shopping and representative mercantile establishments of the city and in their equipments, general appointments and accommodations are to be considered eminently model hotels. They are in every respect hotels of the highest class, an ornament and desirable acquisition to the city and surrounding country.

Of late the best citizens of Medford are taking an active part in the city government, so that the city council is composed of strong men. The mayor, J. F. Reddy, is serving his second year as mayor. He is one of Medford's prominent physicians and holds a balancing hand over every branch of city affairs. He is giving the city a good government and the city is giving him a royal support. The efficient police force stands for good order 24 hours a day and seven days in the week.

The Rogue river valley around Medford is first of all a fruit section. The pear is the money maker, 150 carloads of which were shipped from this station last season. There were also 200 carloads of Newtown and Spitzenberg apples shipped last year, while the peach crop was only 50 carloads. The Rogue river valley in this vicinity has 30,000 acres of young orchard from one to six years old. One orchard contains 1,000 acres, another of 800 acres. There are 50 apple trees planted to the acre and 80 pear trees to the acre. The value of unimproved land in the fruit belt is from $100 to $200 per acre. A 45-acre apple orchard, close to Medford, recently sold for $45,000. There are 8,000 trees in this vicinity in full bearing.

The Sterling hydraulic mine west of Medford has been worked since 1852, has taken out over $5,000,000 in gold, and has 40 years work ahead.

Dairying is proving to be the friend of the farmer. It brings in money every month in the year and makes the farmer more independent than he has ever been before.

TWO ROGUE RIVER VALLEY ORCHARD SCENES. THREE-YEAR-OLD PEAR TREE.

No Hard Times in That Delightful Oregon Section

The Determining Teeth.

From the Bohemian.

Teacher—Johnny, can you inform the class as to how the age of a chicken is determined?

Johnny—Yes'm. By the teeth.

Teacher—Why, Johnny, chickens have no teeth.

Johnny—No'm. But we have.

HOUSE of BLAZER

By William W. Cook.

THE mountain did not come to Mahomet, and neither did love come to Winkleby. Therefore, Winkleby approached the object of his desire, just as the prophet, no doubt, got around the difficulty. That Winkleby bothered himself about the matter at all was due solely to the influence of his friend, the Philosopher Blazer.

Strange as it may appear, Christopher Blazer was a philosopher simply for the money there was in it. At first sight, this seems well nigh as hopeless as being a poet for the same purpose. "Poets are born, not paid," Mr. Blazer was wont to remark, and he had the Latin for it, too, if any one doubted the fact. But philosophers! Well, that was a bean of another number. There are philosophers and philosophers and, of course, Blazer was one of the elect. He toiled not, and neither did he spin, yet the way he managtd to coin philosopher into dollars would have given the government mints a spasmodic chill. That his philosophy was dark for everybody but Blazer was ultimately discovered by Winkleby. This is why the jails of half a dozen states are now yawning for Blazer. It is also perhaps the reason they are destined to yawn in vain.

Winkleby was 50, homely and confiding. Anatomically speaking, he had a head as soft as his heart, and these were the instruments upon which the Philosopher Blazer was prone to play.

"Winkleby," remarked the insidious Blazer, one momentous afternoon, "you are a man of high ideals and of few ideas."

"Do you think so?" returned Winkleby, vibrating between the honeyed phrase and its less palatable compliment.

"Exactly," affirmed the philosopher, "and it pains me to feel that you are not a homo—a complete, physical and intellectual homo."

"I'm sorry," sighed Winkleby, "but what's a homo?"

"Mens sana in corpore sano; a man, Winkleby."

"Have I been laboring under a delusion for the last 40 years?" queried Winkleby, nervously.

"You have, for you never have been in love. Do you recall the saying: 'A living man is the noblest work of God'?"

"Yes, I recall something like that; but love never came my way."

"You should have cut cross lots and headed it off. It is not too late yet, Winkleby."

"Yes it is. It is beyond me. I couldn't love a woman if—if I were to be hung for not doing it."

"You ought to be hung if you don't do it. I say it is not too late. Listen! Your heart can be captured in but one way—through pity. Winkleby," and tears stood in Blazer's eyes, "you are eminently susceptible of that gentle sentiment."

"I believe you, Christopher," replied Winkleby, thinking of the dimes and quarters he had dropped into the open palms of poverty. "But I should have to pity some people deep in order to love them," he added, recalling sundry faces back of the open palms.

"My dear Winkleby," went on Blazer, laying a brotherly hand on Winkleby's knee, "would not a lady who is so homely she must wear a veil all the t' e appeal to your pity?"

"She would," declared Winkleby, glancing at his own features in a neighboring mirror.

"Suppose, also, she were deprived of the power of speech. Would this not prove an irresistible demand upon your commiseration?"

"Undoubtedly," was the somewhat anxious answer, "provided she were not deaf as well as dumb. It is a difficult matter to talk fluently with the fingers."

Blazer smiled the indulgent, confident smile characteristic of the Blazeronian philosophy.

"My dear fellow, I am speaking to you of a real personage, of a lady who lives around the corner in a dwelling directly opposite your boarding place, who has watched your coming and going, and in whom your benevolent smile and manly bearing have aroused a soulful admiration. Winkleby, oh, Winkleby!"

Poor Winkleby was in a state of palpitation bordering upon collapse. By what miraculous dispensation had it come to pass that he, of all men in the world, had excited soulful admiration in a woman! The leaven was beginning to work in Winkleby's soft heart. It was only a matter of time until it went to his head.

"Christopher," faltered Winkleby, "is this—er—the lady who must wear the veil?"

"The same."

"And she can't talk?"

"Can't talk a syllable."

There followed a brief period of silence, and then Winkleby's soul grose to the emergency.

"I will call on this lady, Blazer," said he. "I will do what I can to make myself a complete homo. But who is she? What is her name?"

"She is a widow, and her name is Clarinda Todd. She resides in the brown stone front, just around the corner—you know the house. I will give you a letter of introduction, and you must call on her this evening."

This is precisely what Winkleby did. Jay street and Metternich avenue penetrated the metropolis at an acute angle. They crossed each other in the vicinity of Winkleby's boarding place, forming a pointed corner which was occupied by a drug store. Back of the drug store, facing Metternich avenue, was the brown stone front, wherein abided the luckless veiled lady. Back of the drug store, also, but facing Jay street, was the modest rubble stone front of the house of Blazer.

Winkleby's first meeting with the unfortunate Mrs. Todd was well qualified to inspire them both with pity. She were a poke bonnet, a long black cape, and was heavily veiled. This was a singular house costume, but Winkleby reflected that he might have arrived just as she was on the point of going out. Mrs. Todd received him with affable signs, motioned him to a rocking chair and then languished into a fauteuil herself. After remaining half an hour, Winkleby departed, impressed with the fact that if pity had anything to do with love he might consider his courtship as fairly under way.

Next morning Winkleby reported his progress to Blazer, received philosophical encouragement and called on Mrs. Todd again that evening. This prospered his wooing for a week and by that time pity had intensified to a degree that was almost morbid. In his desire to hasten the hour when he should become a complete homo, Winkleby said a great many indiscreet things. He realized this one evening, and after leaving the brown stone front walked several times around the three-cornered block and finally halted before the House of Blazer.

Although a light shone through the philosopher's windows, the philosopher failed to answer Winkleby's ring. Almost overcome with a foreboding of calamity and hardly realizing what he did, Winkleby tried his friend's door. Finding it unlocked, he walked into the hall, and thence into the parlor. There was no one in the room and he was about to cast himself into a chair and await the coming of Blazer when he halted in trepidation. On a divan, before him, lay a poke bonnet, a veil and a long black cape! He knew them well. They were Mrs. Clarinda Todd's! And what were they doing here? While standing there, scarcely daring to credit his senses, Winkleby heard a voice from an adjoining room. As he listened the perspiration beaded his forehead, his knees gave way beneath him and he dropped into a seat. It was his own voice repeating with merciless precision every word he had spoken during his recent interview with Mrs. Todd.

"Dear Clarinda"—Winkleby gasped at the earnestness throbbing in the very tone of his voice—"life is a desert, a dreary waste to those who struggle through it alone and lonely." (At the time Winkleby spoke those words he flattered himself that he had voiced a poetic gem, but now what a horror pierced him at the manifest assinity of that tremulous "alone and lonely." (He groaned, but the voice spared him not.) "Would thou wert my hero, I thy Leander"—Winkleby clutched the chair arms and gritted his teeth—"then I would swim a thousand hellspots to look into thy eyes, to hear thee speak!" In his imbecility he had forgotten the veil, forgotten that the lady couldn't speak if she tried. With a shout of despair he sprang up, darted forward like a whirlwind, burst open the door and found Blazer sitting before a phonograph with a trumpet attachment.

"My dear fellow!" cried Blazer, shutting off the stream of gallant speech and facing the situatnon with philosophic calmness. "Sit down. Such excitement will work you an injury."

Winkleby's horror passed rapidly to amazement, and as rapidly, once more, into a great and consuming anger. Beginning at Blazer's patent leaarers and white spats, his eye traversed the slender and philosophic form until it rested upon that form's crowning glory, the massive head, with its bald pate and hirsute skirmish line of gray.

"Sir, thundered Winkleby, "you have deceived me! In striving to make a complete home I have succeeded only in making myself a complete fool. A fool at 40, Mr. Blazer."

"Hush, my dear fellow, hush!" murmured Blazer, laying a finger on his lips and glancing apprehensively towards a closed door behind him.

"I will not hush," returned Winkleby, hotly, slightly turning and pointing through the door he had left open, towards the couch in the outer room, bonnet, that veil, that cloak? Ah-h-h."

"What does it mean, sir, that poke and Winkleby shook a gaunt forefinger under the philosopher's nose. "I am able to read the diabolical truth. Collution, sir! Collusion between you and Clarinda Todd, with me for your dupe!"

"Quiet, Winkleby! She will hear you, for she is in there." Blazer indicated the room behind him. "Listen to me, my boy. I am your friend. I am trying to save you from the consequences of a folly into which you have been unwittingly plunged."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean"—here Blazer's voice grew tragic—"that Clarinda Todd's professed admiration for you was a fiction. She is an adventuress, Winkleby. You may well shudder at the thought. She laid her snares for you. Each time you called, she caused your words to be recorded by a phonograph, so deftly hidden you could not see it. Half an hour ago she brought me the last phonographic record; and what do you think she said?"

"I can't imagine."

"There are times, Wilkleby," said Blazer, producing a handkerchief and pressing it to his eyes, "when even philosophy is powerless to soothe. This is one of the times."

After a brief but violen struggle with his emotion, Blazer conquered it, removed the handkerchief and continued:

"Winkleby, that awful woman declares that she has rented a hall in this neighborhood and is going to give an entertainment to your friends and the general public. The phonographic record of your conversations, while visiting her, is to form the basis of that entertainment."

Winkleby's breath came short and hard through his white lips. He dropped into the recesses of his chair, the room swam before his eyes, and there is no telling what would have happened to him had not Blazer forced a swallow of wine down his throat.

"Ruin, ruin!" moaned Winkleby, and then the desperate nature of his predicament caused him to grasp deliriously at a straw of hope. Dropping down at the feet of the sympathetic Blazer, he caught him by the knees and called upon him to save a friend from the consequences of a folly, a folly, indeed, which the philosopher, himself, had had no small share in assisting that friend to perpetrate.

Again the philosopher wept, but quickly dried his eyes, placed his hand on Winkleby's head and remarked:

"Perhaps, dear Winkleby, we could hire this sordid creature to forego her purpose."

"Do you think so, Blazer? If you can purchase those phonographic records—there should be half a dozen—for I have called upon her six times, you will save my life and gain my everlasting gratitude."

"It is the part of philosophy, my friend, to comfort the afflicted," returned Blazer. "I am your fidus achates, remember that. Draw a check in favor of Mrs. Clarinda Todd for $1,000 and give it to me. Then let me conduct negotiations."

Well it was, for Winkleby, that he had ample funds in bank to check against in this emergency. The check was duly written and tendered to his guide, philosopher and friend; his guide, philosopher and friend arose, gathered up the poke bonnet, the veil and the cloak, and prepared to carry them to Mrs. Todd. Before leaving the room, however, he arranged with Winkleby to follow the veiled lady when she passed through the door, and not to let her leave his sight until they had reached the brown-stone front and he had received the phonographic cylinders into his own hands. For surely, the philosopher would be successful in his negotiations. There could be no possible doubt of that. Then Blazer vanished.

In a few moments, Mrs. Todd, poke bonnet, veil and all, came out of the rear room with haughty poise and triumphant tread, and Winkleby cowered before her. She passed. He got up to follow. In an instant he saw something that steeled his nerves and quieted every quivering muscle. A fold of Mrs. Todd's long black skirt was looped into one of her shoe tops, and Winkleby caught a glimpse of a white spat.

With a loud cry, Winkleby threw himself forward, and the poke bonnet, with its attendant veil, was snatched away, revealing the bald pate and sinister countenance of that unconscionable scoundrel, Blazer! For a brief period there was consternation, inactivity, and then Blazer whirled about, lifted his trailing skirts and fled like a frightened deer—not towards the outside door, but back into the depths of his domicile, with Winkleby tight at his heels.

Through room after room they raced and finally emerged into daylight; but here, just as the philosopher was on the point of being captured, Winkleby tripped and fell down a flight of steps, bumping his head and stunning his brain. When he recovered and picked himself up, he found that Blazer was gone, and that marvel of marvels, whereas he had entered at the front door of the house of Blazer, he had made his exit at the front door of the house tenanted by the fictitious Clarinda Todd!

The revelation was overwhelming. Like the man who occupied it, the house of Blazer was double-faced. The severely plain, rubble-stone front looked out upon Jay street, while the ornate brown-stone exterior coquetted with the aristocratic demenes of Metternich avenue.

Winkleby stepped into the triangular drugstore and puchased courtplaster enough to cover his wounds; then he repaired to his boarding place, sought his room and never thought of that $1,000 check until the next morning. When it occurred to him, he hurried down town to the bank as swiftly as the streetcars could carry him, and sought the paying teller's window.

"I drew a check for $1,000 yesterday," he began.

"Cashed it about an hour ago," interrupted the paying teller blandly.

"Who presented it?" asked Winkleby.

"A veiled lady in a poke bonnet."

"Ah!"

"She had some impediment in her speech and couldn't talk."

"Did she identify herself?"

"Mr. Blazer had O. K'd her signature."

"Has Blazer anything on deposit here?"

"Five dollars. Anything wrong with the check, Mr. Winkleby?"

"Not a thing," and Winkleby faded out of the bank.

This is one reason why detectives are looking for a veiled lady in a poke bonnet who finds it impossible to utter a syllable; at the same time, these particular detectives would be glad to receive information concerning the whereabouts of a baldheaded gentleman, a weakness for philosophy and white spats.

The Gamut of Life.

Maple buds are swelling,
(Ah, the crimson stain!)
And the robin's telling
Joy songs in the rain.

Maple leaves are falling,
(Ah, the crimson stain!)
And the robin's calling
Sadly through the rain.

So the years are blended,
Happiness and pain,
Until all is ended—
Ah, that robin's strain—
Calling, calling, calling,
Falling, falling, falling,
Gladly through the rain,
Sadly through the rain!
—Clinton Scollard.

DO YOU WORK UNDER GREAT HANDICAP?

By John A. Jayne.

SAID a young man just the other day: "I could do that work well if I only had the use of my right eye, but, having lost it, I am compelled to see another and less worthy man, I think, come to my rightful promotion."

Said a young man yho is an inmate of one of the state reformatories: "If my father and mother had been different kind of people, and I had been given the proper training in the home, I would not be here today."

Said a man who is fairly well known throughout a great district: "If my mother had lived I am quite sure she would have seen to it that I was given the opportunity of receiving the education I should have had, and today, instead of dubbing around on a thousand-dollar-a-year salary, I would be making in some of the professions an income that would keep me and mine in ease and comfort."

All through life you find the complaint of the handicap.

Talk with the next 10 men you meet, in fair, frank, yet confidential conversation. It's dollars to doughnuts that eight of the 10 will complain in some way relative to their handicaps. With one it is poor health, another a shortened limb, another defective eyesight; still another tells faults of his parents or his friends to early youth not seeing his possibilities and giving him a chance. But here is a strange thing! When you come to study life and the men who have pushed the mercury of achievement in the thermometer of progress to high notches, almost invariably they have been men with some kind of handicap.

Turn to Greek history and you read of Demosthenes, the eloquent Athenian orator. We are told that he stirred the hearts of Athenians as they had never been stirred before. That with rare skill he played upon their sympathies and led them in the paths of his own choosing. Yet this man Demosthenes as every school boy knows, had the handicap of an impediment in his speech. Every boy has read of this great orator and how he overcame his handicap by speaking to the waves of the sea, as they pounded in upon the beach, the while carrying pebbles in his mouth. Handicapped, yes, but he overcame his handicap.

And here is the great orator of Boston, Phillips Brooks, a man whose oratory captured and cultivated esthetic Boston and brought the people flocking to his church as doves flock to their cotes at night. As a boy he stuttered and stammered unmercifully and was unable to overcome it. Yet he studied for the priesthood, mastered his English, Greek, Hebrew and Latin, and became a great orator. He did it in this way: He found that by memorizing the first few opening sentences of his sermon or speech and rushing at it pell mell, as a collie dog rushes at sheep, and beginning at a highly accelerated rate of speed, he could get through an oration of two hours without a stutter or a stammer. Handicapped? Yes! But he overcame his handicap.

And here is Alexander Stephens, weak in body, broken and racked all through his physical system by pain. A hunchback withal. What can he do? People looking at him in boyhood prophesied an early death; said that he was better dead than alive. But in his was the spirit of a man. Handicapped though he was, he rose superior to his handicaps. And in his last years, though he must needs be carried into the United States senate on a stretcher when he spoke the nation listened.

You have your handicaps. But with spirit of real manhood resident within you, you can make of your handicaps wings to bring you a victory. Obstacles become pedestals to the men determined to overcome them. Each obstacle to the man determined to achieve is only a new summit from which victory is viewed.

Tonight you lack education. You need not lack it. Books there are by the score along every line. In 10 years you may be a scholar if you will. What one man whose name is a household word in a city accomplished, you can do. This man knew nothing of the rules of correct speech, knew hardly how to read. But as he worked at the old forge in the blacksmith shop he had a grammar by his side, like Elihu Burritt, of the olden time. All through the day, as he had oportunity, and at night when the time was his own, he studied, and now he is known as one of the city's best read men, knowing the English language as few college graduates do, and standing at the head of his profession in life.

Tonight you lack health. You may make it yours by the obedience of the laws of life and hygiene.

Tonight, handicapped though you may be, you can, if you will, turn your handicaps into elixers to invigorate and inspire your soul and bring it to success. Think about it!

WISHBONE IN PLACE OF A BACKBONE

"HE might have been, but he isn't."

"He could have done, but he didn't."

"He ought to have stuck, but he quit."

"It was in him to win, but he blew up in the stretch."

"He had a fine chance, but he let it slip through his fingers."

"A fulfilled ambition was just in his grasp, but he fell back."

How often have you talked that way relative to some absent "Tommie, Dickie or Harry!"

And the minute you begin thinking of the men who had their chance and failed, that minute they appear to be numberless.

Get out your pencil and paper tonight! Just as far as you can, make a list of your old school chums when you were in the fifth grade. You haven't thought of them or their names for years, but memory, with just a little prodding, will bring them all back to you. "Make a list of the names!" you say. "Well, I'll do it. Let's see! There was Billy Stewart, Jim Browner, Arthur Sanks, Harry Woodhall, Monkey Simonds, Don Wheelock, Chester Bancroft."

My, my, how the old names do come back when once one tries to recall them.

Now that you have the names of your old school friends all written out, write after their names just what you know they have succeeded in accomplishing. It's remarkable how few of them have made anything out of themselves. One or two of them are dead, two or three of them are hopeless cripples. Golly Ned, how many of them are just good, old-fashioned drunks. Some of them are nobodies. Only one or two of the entire bunch that was in that old fifth grade have made anything of themselves.

Yet as you think of each and all, save the cripples, the invalids and the dead, you know that they had a splendid chance. Why, there was "Win" Thompson. He stood at the head of the class.

He had a wonderful mind. Remember how Miss Jones (you remember Miss Jones, don't you? She was that pretty teacher with the pink dress and the blue eyes) used to say that "Win" had a remarkable mind—a mind for mathematics, history, geography and rhetoric that amazed everybody. Everybody predicted great things of him. "Win" use to say that as his grandfather had gone to the legislature at 24 and his father at 23, he was going to beat them all by going at 22! Well, he didn't go to the legislature! The last you heard of "Win" he was doddering around trying to sell fake mining stock, cheap insurance and doped real estate! What a failure he has made of it!

And so you go on through the whole list and you find that out of the entire bunch the great majority, with all their opportunities have made a mighty poor fist of life.

Then you get to studying relative to it!

And when you sum the whole thing up in a nutshell you turn to your wife who is waiting for you to get through with your evening paper, and say: "Well, they were all pretty good fellows, but they just had a wishbone where their backbone ought to have been."

They dreamed dreams but they did not have the manhood stuff thoroughly developed to lead them to make of their dreams splendid realities.

They didn't have the nerve to hang on.

They saw a little cloud coming and they just thought they had better get in out of the rain.

They were afraid to push out into the strong, swiftly flowing current where they knew they would be compelled to paddle for their lives.

They saw some other men getting there, rising to the top, gaining the goals, and they just wished that they could do something big. But they just took it out in wishing. Instead of having a strong nerve, their lack of nerve made them nervous, afraid, timorous, distrustful. So they just looked on and wished and wished and wished and wished. Wishbones have their part in the economy of life, but they haven't any place in the physical, mental or moral anatomy of man. Wishbones in chickens were made to be picked by men, and a wishbone man will invariably be picked by a man who isn't wishboned.

W-i-s-h-b-o-n-e is just another way of spelling failure.

B-a-c-k-b-o-n-e is just another way of spelling success.

The man with backbone is hard to beat. The man with a wishbone is beat already.

Backbone wins, wishbone fails.

What have you, a backbone or a wishbone?

FAILURES

By Mrs. John A. Logan.

ONE hears so much about failures, one often wonders if they do not largely outnumber the successes that have brought the world to its present advanced civilization. The wheel of progress has been turning rapidly in the development of the countless resources of our country and native intelligence of the people of the American republic.

Naturally, the road to eminent achievement is lined on either side with those who have to give up the pursuit of some ideal. There are many reasons why this is inevitable. Many over-estimate their abilities; others are fickle and change their minds, relax their energies and do not continue the efforts which alone bring success. They become discouraged by obstacles that arise before them; instead of being spurred to the redoubling of their energies, they weakly surrender to difficulties that are many times magnified in the minds of non-courageous persons.

On the other hand, one often witnesses sublime courage in individuals who are seemingly fated. Everything they undertake seems to beget opposition and misfortune, and yet, by a will akin to the superhuman, they eventually triumph over every barrier and attain the acme of their ambitions.

Failures are largely the legitimate results of one's lack of judgment, energy and persistence in the acquirement of the object of their aspirations. There is nothing truer than that most people are architects of their own fortunes. They are some times unwise in the choice of vocations or professions. Again, they do not put enough indomitable determination to go to the highest possible rung in the ladder they propose to climb. No one ever attained the goal of his ambition reclining on a "flowery bed of ease"—

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves that we are underlings."
—Shakespeare.

Those who are constantly bewailing what they believe to be a fact that they were born under unlucky stars, will never rise above that fancied misfortune, but as the years multiply, they are sure to drop lower and lower in this false supposition, they allow the opportunities of life to slip by them unimproved, and when youth is passed, they have no alternative but to play an unimportant part in the affairs of men, die and be forgotten, the world being none the better for their having been born.

AMERICAN INTERESTS UNDER NEW BRITISH PATENT LAW--Formidable Measure Passed by English Government Fails to Compel Americans to Buy Factory Sites

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, Sept. 12.—There is much excitement and speculation in England over the working of the new patents act, which is generally supposed to be a formidable measure for compelling "foreigners"—principally Americans and Germans—to manufacture their inventions in England. Most English persons imagined that Americans would be among the first to rush to protect their threatened interests by immediately acquiring English factory sites and beginning to produce their patented articles. To the surprise of every one, however, the Americans do not seem the least bit flustered by the new English patents act. There is no big rush for building land, and, with the exception of one or two American firms who find the employment of British cheap labor advantageous, there is absolutely "nothing doing" in the expected building rush.

Several papers recently published the statement that $125,000,000 of "foreign" capital—a considerable portion of it being American—had already been invested here. Close inquiry by the writer among various prominent American firms elicits the fact, however, that practically none of this capital is American. It is quite true that a large sum is being spent by German manufacturers in putting up factories in various places in England, but the Americans are apparently, like Br'er Rabbit, "lying low, and sayin' nuttin'." As a matter of fact, this time the Americans have acted with an unusual degree of calm, not to say cuteness.

There is a loophole in the patents act, and the Americans are looking through this loophole, waiting to see just what is going to happen to the German firms. Americans are considered by Europeans to be a very impulsive race, and are expected to rush into things with a whoop. This time all British expectations have been disappointed. The loophole in the patents act is this: The law states that, in order for an article patented in Great Britain to be fully protected in that country, it must be manufactured there to an "adequate extent." These two little words are evidently interpreted with varying latitude, according to the individual point of view; and it is just on the nice interpretation of this phrase that the whole matter hinges. For instance, a manufacturer doing $10,000 worth of business in selling a certain patented article in the British market may consider he is manufacturing "to an adequate extent" if he opens a branch office in an obscure hamlet somewhere and employs a couple of employes to turn out a few dozen specimens of the article. Just what complies with the law in this particular remains to be seen, and hence it is that the present attitude of American firms over the new British patents act may be described as a waiting one. The Americans are watching the Germans closely. Several German firms have put up factories here and there in order to comply with the law, and doubtless there will be a number of legal "test cases" to define the meaning of "adequate manufacture." When these cases have been fought out—of course, at great expense—the Americans will reap the benefit of the decision.

In the meantime, there is not a single flurry of excitement in the American ranks. If there is any excitement at all, it is on the part of British land speculators who have invested heavily in factory sites in the hope of taking a rise out of the Yankee manufacturers who—so thought English land speculators—would have to buy factory sites at any price. The main effect so far of the British patents act is to put up the price of factory sites all over the country. In order to ascertain the opinion of American manufacturers residing in England, the writer recently interviewed some of them. The representative of one of the largest firms made the following statement on the new patents act:

"The only effect we have noticed so far is that our office has been deluged with circulars, pamphlets, maps and letters from real estate speculators, offering us land on which to manufacture our product; but, just as yet, we are not having any. So far as the patents act affects American interests in England, I can truly say I do not know of a single firm that has gone into manufacturing solely on account of the working of the act. It is true that several large American firms have opened up in England, but this is simply because they have found it advantageous to do so, owing to the inducements offered by cheap British labor. But these conditions have nothing whatever to do with the new act. The Westinghouse people and other firms have established English factories simply because it was found cheaper to manufacture their products on the spot than to bring their goods across the ocean. Several American firms already have their own factories not only in England, but in Germany, France, Russia and other European countries.

"The principal activity in the patents act line has been on the part of English real estate speculators. As a matter of fact, several of these have sent representatives to American for the express purpose of trying to sell lands in England. All American inventors and firms who have taken out English patents are being systematically circularized, and several English agents are now touring the United States, trying to sell their land. So far as I can see, there is very little business being done even in this line."

Inquiry at the American consulate in London confirmed these statements. There is a very prevalent opinion among business houses that this move is the beginning of protection in England. It is considered significant that an ostensibly "free trade" government should introduce a measure which is nothing more nor less than a distinct form of protective tariff.