

By Evelyn Wood Loveloy.

DICK Garish ought to be happy, as he is down to his well-laden dinner table facing one of the bluest and sweetest little housewives that ever graced a man's home. His bachelor friend, Ernest Stratton, who sat on the right of Mrs. Garish, would gladly have surrendered all the luxury of his rich apartments for a cosy home like this one, could he have been sure of capturing a matrimonial prize such as Dick had won. For a year he had been swinging between "Til venture" and "I won't risk it," as he was entertained by one and another of his old chums, some of whom had drawn blanks that staggered him, and others, prizes that lured him, to reach his fate.

Today he was dangerously near the venture point, as he looks across the table at the pretty sister of Mrs. Garish. He is a wonderful specimen of a man, seem to have her lay her soft hand on his arm, and look up roughly into his face, as she is looking now into Dick's.

"Hang it!" is his mental ejaculation. "There ought to be a law against girls looking so free with their brother-in-law."

"Save me a dramstick, please," this charming law, Marion Hunt, was saying to Dick.

"Getting ready for another century isn't I guess you'll need to feed muscle. This turkey is cooked to death. Dolly, it is as much overdone as the last one you undertook to roast."

A shadow chased the smile from the face of Mrs. Garish, and the red blood drove her cheeks pale, but she answered cheerily.

"I'm sorry, Dick," she answered deprecatingly. "Oh, no, I guess. You'll do it better next time, perhaps. I tell you what it is, Ernest, nobody ever cooks turkey better than I do. You had expected her this Christmas, but she wrote that she couldn't get away for a day or two."

"I won't cry a mean thing about Dick," Ernest said with a smile and control. "He's a dear old boy, just such a husband as I'd like, if he weren't so much about his food. The other I marry the manly will be an orphan, won't have 'mother's cooking' forever dinned into my ears."

"Oh, how in spite of herself, 'Dolly would Ernest do?' she asked, wiping away the tears with one hand, and patting Marion's cheek with the other.

"Oh, he's an inveterate old bachelor, and old bachelors are worse than mother-in-law."

"I did not know that the kitchen door was ajar, and that Ernest in passing through the hall caught her last words. He hit his lips, and then smiled, and he was ready to start on one of the college races."

"I don't say a letter came from Mother Garish, saying she would surely spend New Year's with them, and Dick was to meet her at the station. This second letter, however, was a great flutter. She had never seen this wonderful cook, but Dolly had, and had learned to love her. Marion was determined that everything about the household-keeping should be above reproach. She had many consultations with Dolly, which ended with calling in a first-class cook to help her. The day before Dick's mother was expected. Of course, Dick must not know about it. The cook was spirited into the house early, and had gone to his business in the morning, and was not seen when he came home to his dinner at night. The strangest part of it was that Ernest, who had been and Marion were fast becoming good friends. As he did not make love to her, and did make himself useful, she accepted his courtship, and called him into service. He was invited to dinner that night, and Dick insisted on his sharing their New Year's feast also. 'For,' said he, 'I'm going to have mother give me one of her old-fashioned dinners, and as I shall eat roast turkey as is roast turkey, this last emphatically.'

Ernest smiled, and nothing would please him more, looking straight at Marion, who smiled, too, and blushed becomingly.

"I did you ever learn to make such delicious biscuits?" she asked her sister. "Wouldn't they satisfy the most picky of eaters?"

"They are fair, yes, pretty fair," he owned, "but just what until you see them. I'm going to show you how to make them. I don't count a good deal on having mother show her how to make them. Mother always had a knack of fixing up a dinner better than anybody else. I don't see how she could be improved. Ernest politely agreed.



"I LOVE YOU AS AN OLD BACHELOR LOVES BUT ONE WOMAN IN THIS WORLD"

"morrow, mother, I've brought home the plumpest turkey in the market, and you must cook it, and show Dolly how to do it. My mother looked at Dolly, as if she feared the younger wife would be hurt by Dick's words, but Dolly only smiled, and said pleasantly:

"Yes, mother, do. We are all expecting great things of you tomorrow. We will eat 'roast turkey' as is 'roast turkey' for once. Mother Garish laughed.

"Dick, I'm learning something. I never knew before that you thought my cooking so wonderful, but I'll improve you an old-fashioned dinner tomorrow, since Dolly wishes it. Dick invited Dolly to go with him to see a pretty suburban house which he had just purchased, took it on an old debt, he said. It was so far out that they did not reach home until nearly time for dinner.

When Dick came down stairs after dressing, he saw Marion holding his mother's hand in the kitchen doorway.

"I'm hungry as a bear," he cried out. "I can't stand the charm of that odor more than I can stand you."

"The bell will ring in two minutes," Marion called back. "Dolly is in the parlor, and you'll tell her to come here in a minute."

"When he entered the parlor, he found his friend already there, engaged in a low conversation with Dolly. She seemed a trifle embarrassed by his appearance, and the dimples in Dolly's cheeks were more than usual. "Marion would like to see you, Mrs. Garish," he said, in what he meant to be a very freeing manner.

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STAT RIGHT! AN KEEP GOING

By Josiah Rogers.

DO YOU wish to attain complete success? To triumph over all obstacles and limitations? It is possible for every one of us to develop, from a condition of utter weakness and helplessness, to one of relative power, wealth and influence.

The methods embodied in this article have been used and followed by more or less complexly, by all those who have risen from obscurity and become leaders in commerce or of thought; those who have been termed the advance guard of our modern civilization.

All who have thus risen have done so by the sheer force of their own ability, and will, and not by the aid of any special favor, or by the aid of any special favor, or by the aid of any special favor.

unskilled, and the market for the former is never overworked. It is the opinion of others, but certainly weigh and judge them; you can always learn from them. Study other people's methods and apply them to your own work. Apply your own original thought to every problem that comes before you. Do not waste your strength in hopes and fears and speculations, but get on with the work close to you, and do that work today, or it is lost and "tomorrow never comes."

Money is earned by giving an equivalent, so you must first have something to sell, and will have something to sell, something that people want to buy—that they must and will have if you appear to have something to sell. Apply your own original thought to every problem that comes before you. Do not waste your strength in hopes and fears and speculations, but get on with the work close to you, and do that work today, or it is lost and "tomorrow never comes."

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CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION

The principal feature in the equipment is a series of especially constructed jacks for raising the completed wall. The normal law of evolution is the law of the fittest. The man who comes to a standstill in the full height of his powers, declines to improve himself, and pays the penalty by degeneracy and decline. Thus we see that, although it is no crime to be poor, it is a crime against nature to remain poor, and if there is no real necessity for you (if you are anything like a normal individual in a physical and mental sense) to continue poor any longer than you choose, it will achieve its purpose, and your future progress will be more rapid.

We have all heard the oft-repeated motto: "Well built, well paid, well clothed." Be economical then of your forces. Imitate nature, and choose the way of least resistance. If you appear to have something to sell, apply your own original thought to every problem that comes before you. Do not waste your strength in hopes and fears and speculations, but get on with the work close to you, and do that work today, or it is lost and "tomorrow never comes."

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EACH FOR ALL

I said it in the meadow path, I say it on the mountain trail— The best things are made for all. Are those which every mortal shares. The grass is softer to my tread, The dew is sweeter to my feet; Sweeter to me the wild-rose red, Because it makes the whole world sweet.

Rich through my brother's poverty? Such wealth were hideous! I am best Only in what they share with me. In what I share with all the rest! And up the radiant peopled way, That opens into worlds unknown, I follow, for I know of no alone. "Heaven is not heaven for me alone." —Lucy Larcom.

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CHILDREN AND THE HOME

THE family man or woman will tell you with emphasis that a home is not complete if children are not running about, just as the spinster or bachelor will affirm that children, viewed in the most favorable light, are little less than a nuisance, and cost a tremendous amount of money.

Of course, it does cost a lot of money to bring up children, and your ordinary mother is a person very much restricted and tied to the house. She may not, nay, cannot, have anything like the liberty, after a family begins to appear, which she enjoyed prior to the advent of little ones. Her worries, her anxieties, and her anxieties indnumerable, what with sickness and many other trifles, keep her very much restricted and tied to the house.

It is something more than a joke to bring up a fairly large family from childhood to maturity, and the whole is very great, but one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that woman is on earth for a definite purpose, and in view of the fact that she carries troubles and anxieties connected with children are viewed by your average mother with a very tolerant eye.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt about the fact that a child or two about the home reflects a glow of cheer and keeps them purer than they would ever be were the children not there. Thus, language is moderated in its use, temper is kept in check by the thoughtful father or mother when a little one is looking on. In the principal Tanana districts, gravel, for the summer season's operations is kept in the temper in check develops into habit in due course.

STAKES FOR BOXERS

The old-time champions of the prize ring had to fight hard and undergo punishment about before they earned their money. Just over 60 years ago William Thompson of Nottingham, best known to fame in the sporting world as Bendigo, fought Ben Caunt at Newport Pagnell, Buckinghamshire, for two hours for £200 a side and the championship belt. It was for a similar purse that Tom Sayers fought his memorable fight with the Tipton Slasher 50 years ago, while Tom Spring—one of the bravest, most honest and courteous men who ever stepped into a ring—in 1824 fought Jack Langham, who ultimately died worth \$30,000, for 500 guineas a side at Chichester. Tom Spring won and he and Jack afterward became the best of friends.

John Gully, who became M. P. for Pontefract in the '40s, might have been a champion boxer, for he fought in the ring after his fight with Bob Gregson in 1808. The fight lasted for 25 rounds and Gully, neither man had strength enough to hold up his hands either to give a blow or to guard. But Gully managed to get in a little tap on Gregson's face, and he was the victor. Gully then retired to carry on his business as a publican and made a much money by successful speculation that he was able to become the owner of race horses which thrice won the derby for him.

From £200 to £500 a side seems to have been the usual stakes in the days of Tom Spring. Sayers and Bendigo it was for the larger amount that Jim Ward fought Tom Cannon, grand uncle of Mornington Cannon, the jockey, in 1825. The fight lasted for 10 rounds and at the finish of the ninth both men landed against each other, too exhausted to continue. Sayers, however, managed to pull himself together a little in the tenth round and won.

Old-time stakes were small in the old days of prizefighting, the best were large. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have lost £10,000 when Slack beat him. Broughton, in 1740, won when John Jackson—known as Gentleman Jack—beat Perkins in a fight for £10 guineas a side. In 1789 he won £20,000 for one of his backers, Bullock by name, £1,000 for himself, as well as over \$50 in gate money. Barclay, the father of scientific training and hero of the great 1,900 miles in 1,000 hours' foot race, fought in 1740, but in the case of Crabb's defeat, Crabb won after 20 minutes' fighting, ultimately became a coal merchant and publican, and died 80 years ago, at the age of 67.

ALASKA WILL BECOME IMPORTANT FACTOR IN THE COPPER MARKET

ALASKA Will Increase Until Territory Will Soon Be Paying Purchase Price in Red Metal

NEXT year Alaska will begin producing copper in earnest. In a year following the initial season, it will be an important factor in the world's copper markets. This ratio of increase will be maintained until our northern territory will soon be paying its purchase price annually in the red metal.

Fifty-one miles of railway have been completed from Cordova up the Copper river, at enormous expense. The stern-wheel steamboats have been put on the Copper river, to facilitate construction of the 190 miles of railroad that as long as the Alaska coast is open to the sea, and also to commerce shipping copper ore next season. Five miles of aerial tram have been put in operation between this mine and the permanent railroad. No more costly nor difficult piece of railway engineering has been completed in Alaska. The permanent work now under way on Copper river, millions of dollars have been spent already. It is estimated that \$11,000,000 will be put into the Copper River & Northwestern Railway. Unlike the other railways of Alaska on an all-American route, the Copper river concern expects no delay and hesitates at no impediment, because the great Guggenheim interests have as their call capital in the copper district, primarily to tap a copper district. The White Pass & Yukon railway has not done so much for permanent development of Canadian districts of the Yukon, as this new American enterprise has done for our side of the great Alaskan mineral land of Alaska.

So says Dan S. Kain, of Salem, who is now registered at the Perkins. Mr. Kain recently came out of the central Alaska district. He traversed the route of railway construction on Copper river, and has enjoyed special opportunities to observe the wonderful developing progress. Another fact giving his words emphasis is, he was one of the original owners of the Kenai in the copper mines. His experience in the copper properties was a rather melancholy one. He and his associates found what was pronounced the greatest surface copper showing anywhere in the world. The mine was a property clearly worth several million dollars. If the metal could be mined, it would be worth \$100 million. The mine was not to be mined, but was sold for a small figure, and then sold half interest, after preliminary work, for \$250,000 to the Guggenheims of the American Smelting & Refining company. The Guggenheims have as their call capital in the copper district, which offers sufficient profit, and that the Kennecott district will pay this, developing into one of the greatest copper producers of the American continent, is attested by the lavish millions now being spent to build a new road to the mine. Mr. Kain believes the people of Oregon have no conception of what Alaska will soon be doing. Its permanent development is being carried on in cooperation with the northern miners, was his theme for an animated, dispassionate, but intelligent, and very interesting talk.

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