Eugene Guard

SATURDAY.....APRIL 13

THE MONEY-MAKING FEVER.

Money making is the axis around which the world's activities revolve. This is nothing new, but probably it was never so true as it is today. On every side we see evidences that the world is in a sort of fever of acquisition. Wealth-getting has become a passion. The public press is filled with gossip about the great money-makers and their methods. Enormously rich men are held up as models. The acquisition of wealth is set before our eyes every day and every hour as an example of success. The Pierpont Morgans, the Henry C Fricks, the Schwabs, Carnegies and Hills are the modern ideals of our youth.

Science and art are becoming more and more the mere handmaidens of industrialism. Our greatest scientific men are devoting their energies, not to pure science, not to their noble profession in its abstract or elementary form, but to those applications of it which result in some new economy of the world's work and in the formation of more immense stock companies, with bonds and common and preferred shares, dividends, and all the paraphernalia of modern financial operations on a big scale.

The men who love science for science's sake are giving way to the Edisons, Teslas, Triplers, Pupins, Marconis, those wizards who by day and night seek to wrest from nature some new and commercially profitable service to mankind. The number of patents taken out at Washington steadily increases, notwithstanding the predictions made not long ago that American inventiveness had reached its high tide. This is the age of materialism and of mammon.

BEYOND REDEMPTION.

Portland Telegram, April 4.

"There's no use Judge, I'm beyond redemption. Don't send me to jail," pleaded Harry Smith, a morphine fiend, in the municipal court. The prisoner was one of the worst physical wrecks seen in the courtroom in months. His color was deathly and his figure twisted and emaciated, while the rags he wore scarcely hung upon him.

"How long have you had this habit?" asked Judge Cameron.

"Fifteen years, and there is no hope for me. I can't be cured."

"It I place you where you can't get the drug it may help you."

"It would be working a severe hardship on me, a terrible punishment. Please, Judge; allow me to leave town."

"Why, you can't make a living and this is as good a place for you as elsewhere."

"I can only live by receiving a helping hand."

"The best helping hand I can possibly extend to you," said the judge, "is to put you in jail where you will be unable to secure the dope. When you are released you will feel better; $50 and 90 days in the county jail."

ELECTRICITY AGAINST STEAM.

The trolley magnate of New York City, Albert Johnson, announces that he will build an electric railroad from New York to Philadelphia and carry passengers from city to city for fifty cents, a small part of the fare charged by railroads. There is one great recommendation for the electric line. It is as safe a carrier as can be devised. Railroad accidents very seldom happen except through the engine, the size of which has been constantly increased in order to gain power to haul heavy trains and make extraordinary speed. Where thirty to fifty-ton engines were used a few years ago eighty to one hundred-ton monsters now furnish motive power. It is this immense weight that breaks rails and bridges, and hurls trains to death and destruction.

The trolley motor weighs but a small fraction of the locomotive's weight. It gets its power through wire, or iron rail, and does not have to carry a heavy load of coal and water. Should the motor train pile up in the ditch, or break through a bridge, the passengers will not be scalded to death or burnt alive. It is a clean, safe and economical motive power.

THE MOST MODERN SHIP.

Another record has been made in the steamship building line. The White Star line steamer, Celtic, launched at Belfast, Ireland, yesterday, is six hundred and eighty feet long, has nine decks and capacity for 2859 passengers. Her gross tonnage is 20,880, ten thousand tons more than the Great Eastern.

Imagine a ship that would reach from the Odd Fellow's Temple to the First National Bank, and in its greatest beam ten feet wider than the full space of the street, sidewalks and roadway, and you have the Celtic's outline.

SATISFIED WITH LITTLE.

The Portland Telegram takes half a column of space, with several inches of headlines, to inform its readers of the benefits accruing to Portland from the sailing of the transport Kentuck from that port with supplies for Philippine army service.

As the cargo was only valued at $56,925, and the horses shipped represented $42,350 of that amount, the "money placed in circulation in Portland" through the coming of the transport will not cause the banks to enlarge the storage capacity of their vaults.

President Mitchell, of the Pennsylvania mineworker's union, carries a level head on his shoulders. The first day of April was set for the re-adjustment of the scale o wages in the mines and the managers refused to treat with the union. Mitchell did not call a strike but went to New York and finally got an audience with J Pierpont Morgan and other financiers who are back of the mineowners. He then presented the grievances of the men in an able, fearless, conservative and respectful manner and won every point. The new scale for a year was signed up and a strike involving one hundred and forty-three thousand men was averted.

The other day the Oregonian made the remarkable announcement that Carter Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago for a third successive term "against the earnest desire and efforts of the best people of Chicago." From the election returns in that same Oregonian we learned that Harrison got 156,952 votes against 128,695 for his opponent. If the latter number includes all the "best" people of Chicago there certainly is an undue proportion of the worst, or goat element, in the inland metropolis. The political editor seldom cares for facts and figures. He bends everything to suit his ideas and prejudices.

There is no election pending, hence the Oregonian is free to tell the truth about protective tariff laws:

Protective tariff, which is protected robbery, made Carnegie's immense fortune. It has made great fortunes for others, of course, but none we know of so great as this. It was robbery of consumers of the country through a tariff that excluded competition. Carnegie has retired, but the billion-dollar steel trust continues the monopoly and the laws will protect it.

We are in favor of phonetic spelling, but kindly, though firmly dissent when a Polk county correspondent in a fairly written letter gives his address as "——Pok county." The name of the distinguished ex-president should not be mutilated.

Connecticut business men have formed a company which will engage in the business of breeding black cats. They will be grown for their skins which are worth fifty cents apiece. The Yankee does not neglect the small things.

AN ARTIST'S WOE

Brushington is a Chicago artist who came back from Paris with what seemed fine prospects of fame and fortune at home. He was saturated with the spirit of art. He had already had a whiff of the incense of praise. He thought that all he had to do to establish himself with honor and profit was to set up his studio in Michigan avenue and show Chicagoans what the home bred artist can do when he gets a chance.

But he soon found that a weak picture dated "Paris, 1897," is a better bait for some "connoisseurs" than a strong home-made work, and when all his foreign products were sold at a sacrifice to help pay his rent he began to debate with his conscience whether it would be doing violence to his high ideals to use the magic name of the French capital on the canvases that he painted in his sky high quarters overlooking Lake Michigan. He decided that he would rather starve than resort to fraud, and so he continued to stigmatise his pictures with the name of his native city. Then he discovered that if he meant to be honest and survive he must paint portraits, and with a sad heart he abandoned the fields Elysian and began to paint merchant princes and kings of commerce at prices that made him feel like a guilty thing.

He called these lowering presentments of millionaires "pot boilers," but he waxed fat on the profits, and as hostages to his better self he continued to paint "serious" things which attracted neither praise nor purchasers. Brushington thought it was bad enough to have to stare at and study for hours the rich "sitters" whose patronage he disliked even while he lived upon it, but when he got orders to paint portraits of the dead, with no better guides than a photograph and lock of hair, his conscience smote him, and his heart became sick. When he accepted a "commission" to paint Millionaire Slupsky, deceased, and stood alone in his room with a solar print of the subject, a lock of gray hair and the gold spectacles of the departed great man, his degradation seemed complete.

In order to stifle his bitter thoughts he resolved to put a high price on the Slupsky portrait, and so he set to work upon it determined to learn whether money could ever be an emollient for bruised ideals. The son of his subject, who expected to pay for the portrait, used to come in every day to give the painter hints about the color of the old gentleman's skin and hair, the droop of his eyes, the shape of his ear and the expression of his face. But, work as he would, inquire as he might, no art that he could command seemed to satisfy the exactions of young Slupsky.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Slupsky was astonished at the fidelity of the portrait; but, being a good business man, he knew that by finding fault with it he might be able to get it at a reduced price when the day for payment came. Brushington never suspected the guile of his patron and worked away till it seemed as if every alteration possible had been suggested and made. Slupsky himself admitted that it was time to bring down the widow and all the surviving Slupskys to view the life size "picture of papa," but when he conducted the family into poor Brushington's studio every member was instructed to suppress admiration, and, as Slupsky put it, "take a little rap at the picture."

The artist was expecting his visitors. His smoking jacket was brushed, his Vandyke was twisted to a sharp little point, he had chalked over the spots on his shirt front and turned his cuffs. Also he wore a smile which was not heartfelt. The portrait was in a show frame on the big easel, the chairs were arranged, and the painter was wondering whether he would get a check or currency. He needed the money, and he was so tired of gazing into old Slupsky's tedious lineaments that he almost felt like reducing the price to hasten the removal of the picture.

"How do you like it?" he asked of Mrs. Slupsky and all the lesser Slupskys, when they were seated transfixed before the likeness.

"They's something the matter with it!" she said.

"What is it?" the artist asked, holding out the solar print. "Is it the pose or the complexion?"

"Oh, no! Those are all right, but there is something wrong."

"Is it the hair?"

"No!" chorused the Slupskys.

"Is it the eyes?"

"No!" said they. "Those are all right—but it isn't papa. It isn't Mr. Slupsky at all!"

The artist was in a fury. Slupsky, the son and financier of the family, thought it was a good time to say something about reducing the price.

"We don't like it very well," he said, "but if you'll make a reasonable reduction"—

That was as far as he got. Brushington leaped at the painted sire of his tempter and put his fist through the canvas, while all the Slupskys held their breaths in horror.

"I didn't like it myself," said Brushington, trying to smile, "and I can't afford to let inferior work go out at any price. Here are the spectacles and the lock of Mr. Slupsky's hair. Good day!"

When the painter had escorted all his visitors to the door and closed it on them, he heard the widow say to her son, "My gracious, Sammy, I'm afraid we'll never get another picture so like papa!"

"Wait a minute," said the son. "I'll go back and make an offer on the pieces!"

"I wouldn't take $1,000 for them," said Brushington, sticking his head out of the doorway. Then the Slupskys fled.—Chicago Record.

The Lightest Substance.

What is the lightest substance in nature? The luminiferous ether, answers Pearson's Weekly. This substance pervades the universe, and by means of its vibrations light is transmitted from place to place. Yet it must be almost absolutely without weight. The earth, the moon and the planets pass through it, but their motion is not perceptibly retarded by it. The calculations of astronomers on the motions of these bodies are based upon the supposition that they are moving through an empty space. Yet it is certain that the ether is a substance, for it is impossible that empty space should vibrate and by the different modes of its vibration should produce the colors of the solar spectrum, the green of the landscape, the blue of the sky and the varied tints of nature and art. The lightest substance that has been actually weighed is hydrogen gas. It is less than one-fourteenth of the density of the air, and hence it is the best substance for inflating balloons.

A Bear Experience.

Nearly 40 years ago I was sent into the northwest by a wealthy corporation in New York to examine mining properties in Montana and Idaho. The work necessarily took me away from ordinary lines of travel into the forests and mountains still occupied by their original denizens, the Indians and wild animals, from the terrible grizzly to the yelping coyote.

In the employ of the company were two brothers—Jim, a boy of 15, and Mike, a mature man. They were cutting wood not more than a mile distant from the camp. Jim, who had been up a brook a few rods, returned, rushing through the scrub, shouting: "A grizzly! Run, Mike, run!" and scrambled up a low tree. He had got his arms over a low branch when the grizzly caught him by the foot. In agony of fear he shouted for help. Mike saw the boy was being dragged down to certain death. Instead of saving himself by flight the brave fellow ran back and buried his ax to the helve in the bear, which, leaving his hold upon the boy, turned and crushed Mike with a single blow. The noble fellow had given his life to save his brother. Jim drew himself up to safety, for the grizzly, unlike the cinnamon and black, is unable to climb. After killing Mike the bear rolled him over as if to make sure that he was dead and without returning to the tree made off with Mike's ax still hanging from his body and, although his bloody trail was followed for a long distance, was never heard from again. Such is the grizzly.

But all this is "another story." I commenced to tell of my friend who was treed. He will be designated by his professional title. For obvious reasons I name him the doctor. I can't tell the story as it deserves, but the reader will let his imagination work upon the facts I narrate. I think he will appreciate the case unless he is in the condition of the owl who could see nothing in the blue jay story of Mark Twain. In boyhood the doctor was my inseparable companion and through his life my dearest friend. At the time I was in the northwest he was living in Portland, Or. One of the ablest and most esteemed men in the new territory, he had been a prominent member in its constitutional convention and was as much beloved for the benevolent activities of his private life as for his public services. You can form some faint notion of the impression made by the story of the peril to which such a man was exposed when "treed by a grizzly." It found its way into the papers.

The doctor was called about midnight to a case some four or five miles distant, demanding immediate attention. He promised to follow the returning messenger as speedy as possible. He found his horse "dead" lame. Another horse had been turned out upon the range half a mile away. The night was dark. The stars were obscured by drifting clouds and a chill wind soughed the pines. It was a creepy night. This physician never counted the cost when called to relieve human suffering. Undeterred, he took a bridle, blanket and surcingle and started for the horse, intending to ride on from the range without returning for a saddle and thus save time. The way led through a bit of forest with much scrub. He was aware that there were still many wild animals about, but as they rarely ventured so near the settlements he regarded danger as a remote chance. He had passed the scrub and reached the pasture when he heard a noise as of some animal following him. He stopped and turned to listen, when in the darkness of the clouded sky he dimly saw a grizzly coming through the brush. In the gloom he seemed as large as a mule.

The doctor had seen enough. He knew the bear had no respect for character or person or the cruel inconvenience to which he was subjecting a fat man. The doctor was not an athlete nor was he accustomed to violent physical exertion; but, dropping blanket and bridle, he went up a pine with a degree of speed that would have astonished the most accomplished gymnast, and he did not stop until safely astride a branch some 20 feet from the ground. He thought the bear would soon leave, but doubted if even then it would be wise to risk the danger of another meeting by descending. There was no occasion to test the case, for he heard the animal still prowling around the tree.

At one time he thought it had gone, and he began to descend, but the bear was there, and, reared against the tree, was waiting for him. The doctor scrambled back to his airy perch. After awhile he began to realize the cold of an Oregon night. He was chilled to the bone. He could hardly hold himself to the tree while trying to keep up circulation by thrashing himself with his arms. Oh, if he had that blanket he dropped. He shouted his "coo-ee" until he could hardly hear his own voice. He was so cold that he thought it would almost be pleasant to feel the hot breath of the bear, even if crunching his freezing body. Every now and then he would call with what voice he had, although he knew it was useless. It was half a mile to the nearest house, and the transmission of sound was obstructed by the forest. But the doctor was too valuable to be left to freeze or to be killed by a bear. When he failed to appear at the house to which he had been called, the messenger had been sent back to hasten his attendance. He could not be found. An alarm was given, and the neighbors, with lanterns, instituted a search. A faint "coo-ee" finally guided them to the tree in which the doctor was perched. As they approached he warned them to beware of the grizzly. The black heap on the blanket at the foot of the tree moved as the light of the lanterns was turned upon it. Up rose the doctor's St. Bernard, joyfully wagging his tail and waiting the approbation of his master, who slowly and painfully descended from the tree in which his faithful dog had guarded him for more than three and a half hours.—Exchange.

An Unlucky Animal.

Traveler—Get on, man; get on! Wake up your nag!

Driver—Shure, sor, I haven't the heart to bate him.

Traveler—What's the matter with him? Is he sick?

Driver—No, sor, he's not sick, but it's unlucky 'e is, sor, unlucky. You see, sor, every morning afore I put 'im in the car I tosses 'im whether 'e'll have a feed of oats or I'll have a dhrink of whisky, an the poor baste has lost five mornings running!—London Punch.

Synonyms.

"Why do you use the word 'hounded' in this sentence, 'The revengeful Syrian hounded him wherever he went?'"

"Because I thought it much more refined than plain 'dogged.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ROMANCE OF MAURICE COHEN.

A big, square room, with the mental atmosphere that is diffused by many books.

Maurice Cohen walked up and down his study and dictated to his secretary: "And peace and truth will work out in the end. Men and women, too, will have justice shown to them; only we must wait for these as for other things and possess our souls in patience." Mr. Cohen was writing for a Jewish paper that liked its periods well rounded. Then he stopped and looked at his secretary, and she raised her head and looked at him sympathetically, because there was at that moment the little vibration in Mr. Cohen's voice that always appealed to her. She was rather a difficile young woman. She was without much thought or sympathy for anything but modern ambitions and ideals, to which she had herself only just awakened. She played with emotion like a child, who, being hungry, doesn't wait for solid food, but eats little bits of cake and so wastes its appetite.

Maurice Cohen was not at all the Jew of the city or our imaginations. It is true, he had the broad, white hand of a Jew, with the little hollow in the palm that doesn't easily let go that which it once possesses, but his eyes had the inherited pathos of centuries of suffering, the hopeless regret perhaps for that cry, "But ye would not." For the rest of him, well, Rose Hals herself, describing him to a friend in the first days of their acquaintance, said that his head was sometimes almost beautiful, but that his "legs were put on as if they were thumbs." But that was a year ago!

"For one moment sometimes, some one or something blesses our life and the"—Then he caught her eyes and read the look in them and said, with a laugh:

"Bah! It's all nonsense, really! There are many other ways which answer the purpose just as well, but it pays to write these things."

"Don't," she said, smiling at him. "It's horrid. When you talk like that, you make things feel so 'glary,' as if you had swished on the electric light on life in general and no more pink hazes were possible. And pink hazes are much more comfortable to live in," she finished.

"To rest in," he corrected. "Money is generally not well made that is not made in a glare."

"And money," she said scornfully, "constitutes your sum of life." He looked at her for a moment; then he said:

"Isn't that rather a hackneyed taunt from a Christian Jew?" And she had the grace to look a little confused. Talking to him she always felt that there were a number of small points, hedged round by little fences, into which it was best not to intrude. And a woman is born a trespasser.

"Come into the garden," he said.

It was one of the radiant days which summer sometimes slips by mistake into the winter bundle.

"Even the cabbages are glorified," said Rose, with a gay little laugh, as they paced the narrow walk behind the privet hedge, "and I feel about 15," she added.

"And you look"—

"Hush! Even a modern woman objects to having her age discussed," she interrupted.

"Very well," he said. "But I am 42."

"So shall I be, too, some time," she consoled him. "Only when I am I shall certainly feel it to be one of the occasions on which truth is too sacred to go abroad unveiled."

"Let us talk about your books," she said. "An author is like an engaged man, quite easy to talk to. There is always the beloved object as a subject ready made."

"An author," he said sententiously, "is like a spider; he spins his web of life out of his own soul."

"Only we don't know that a spider has a soul," she observed. "Even Sir John Lubbock does not go so far as that with his bees."

"I haven't written a decent line now for a week," he said. "I couldn't because"—

"Web given out," she asked, "or soul?"

"Rose," he said gravely, "I love you, dear."

A Jew always uses the extremity of language. Then she grew grave at once.

"I love you," he said again and took her hands as she faced round.

"You are a Jew," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "but I am a man first. I believe as my fathers believed. Surely to you, too, it means something to think as your father did?"

"I don't remember my father," she said slowly. "The name doesn't mean very much to me. I always think of him as my mother's husband more than as my father."

There was a little pause as they stood in the sunlight.

"Tell it me," she whispered.

"Dear, you know it all, but there is not much to say. You are just the whole of my life. Rose! It sounds so easy to say and to hear"—

"Ah!" she said, with a little sigh of content. "Did you love the other woman, the first woman, like this?" But he did not answer. There are some men who refuse to break their old idols even at the feet of their new deity.

"But you are a Jew," she said again.

He was not at all a tragic figure as he stood there. But she did not think of that.

"My dear," he said gently and held her tightly, "think what it means. It's your life and mine."

"Yes, yes, I know," she said. "Oh, let me go! Let me go! Let me think!" And, with a little moan, she broke away from him.

Piccadilly at is brightest and its best—all the sin and sorrow of it laid aside for a little, swept into the back streets, and only the healthy, clean side of life left. A pretty woman stopped to buy a bunch of violets; a man said, "Town is getting full;" a hansom came round the corner carelessly as a woman crossed the street. There was a sudden wave in the human tide, and the hum of Piccadilly stopped. Even the click of the horses' hoofs seems suspended just for a moment, listening for the moan which would have meant hope, and that never came.

Death, the unraveler, had quietly untied the knot and smoothed out the tangled mass with his practiced fingers. And the sun streamed into the room, and the little motes danced among the books in it, while Maurice Cohen sat still and looked into the fire. A little laughter, a few tears, and then—

—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Plowman's Inheritance.

Hawthorns and laburnums were in flower when John Constable presented himself at Brookland farm and asked to see Farmer Willoughby.

"Father is down in the fields. He will not be back before 12," said beautiful Dora Willoughby, who had responded to his knock.

Constable took a seat upon a chair near the open door.

A narrow passage separated the kitchen from the cool dairy where Dora was working. From Constable's position by the kitchen door she could be seen as she flitted about; but, as if this were not enough, he arose when she began to make the butter into pats, with the pretense of examining the print.

"I am well acquainted with that pattern," he said, "but I did not know who made the butter."

"I suppose you have seen it in the dairies and markets," she went on. "There is a great demand for our butter. We could sell three times as much if we had it to sell."

He learned that she was the eldest of six children; that, on account of her mother's delicate health, most of the housekeeping duties fell to her share, and he was sure that they were all done faithfully and well, and that she was the life and soul of Brookland farm.

"We have just lost our plowman," she said at length. "Poor Joe Summers! He died last week, and father is looking for some one to take his place."

"So I heard," said Constable. "I came to see about the situation."

"You! But you don't look like a plowman," said Dora.

"Don't I?" said he. "Then what do I look like?"

"Like a gentleman," she answered.

"I am a plowman nevertheless."

"I think I hear father's footstep," she murmured, turning hastily to glance into the farmyard. "You have not had long to wait."

And thus, for two young hearts the heavens were opened, and each humble task became glorified in the light of love, for Constable and Dora had fallen simply and deeply in love with each other, and theirs was the faith that would withstand all trials and shocks.

Day by day it was strengthened by slight services and mutual help, and its growth was silent and unsuspected by the family, who would have discountenanced an attachment between their precious Dora and a common laborer.

For the Willoughbys were of a proud old yeoman race, and they counted on giving their daughter, with an ample dower, to one of the wealthy young farmers of the neighborhood.

How John Constable worked under her eyes may be imagined. Early and late, wherever a hand was required, there was he, ever ready, ever willing.

Little by little Willoughby came to depend upon him and to intrust the more important labors of the farm to his superintendence, and before Constable had been six months in his service he had resolved to retain him at any cost.

One afternoon Constable was holding a refractory cow which Dora was milking, and he noticed that the face he loved looked perplexed and troubled.

"Have you a grief you cannot share with me?" he demanded reproachfully as he bent toward her.

"Father says I must give a definite answer."

"And is it so hard to choose?" he asked, with bitterness in his voice.

"You know there is no choice for me in the case. I have asked for a month's delay, but I fear it is useless. He would never consent to our marriage."

"Perhaps he would if I were rich," he said. "I must consider what I should do. If you love me truly, meet me tonight by the old mill, and I will tell you my story."

Dora found her lover awaiting her when she stole down to the trysting place.

"You remember that first day? You thought I was angry with you when you said I looked like a gentleman. It is a bitter subject," he began tremulously. "My father is a gentleman. You know him by repute—Lord Ernscourt."

"He fell in love with my mother, a poor village girl, when he was a very young man and took her to Scotland, where they were married. Shortly after my birth he was called to his father's deathbed.

"He learned that the estates he was to inherit were heavily involved and that he would be ruined unless he married an heiress. He was a weak man. You may imagine the result.

"He explained his situation to my mother and implored her to keep their marriage a secret, to ignore it, in fact. And she, poor soul, she loved him, and she set him free by dying of a broken heart. And that is how I came to be a plowman. Directly after her death he married the heiress."

"And Lord Ernscourt has never sought you, never acknowledged you as his son, although he is childless?" questioned Dora.

"Never, although he was aware of my poor mother's death. But I have the proofs of her marriage and my own birth, and I can claim my rights."

Three weeks later a lawyer appeared at Brookland farm, and it was known that John Constable was the heir to a great property.

Lord Ernscourt upon his deathbed had repented of his conduct to his lowly wife, acknowledged his first marriage and instituted a search for his lost heir.

"I trust you will now consent to my marriage with your daughter," said Constable when the Willoughbys had assembled to congratulate him.

But he had not reckoned with the Willoughbys' pride.

"Now less than ever," said the farmer. "Dora is no match for you. You are now a great man, and you must marry a lady of rank."

"Who will disdain her plowman husband," returned Constable. "No. Dora is my first and only love, and—

"Behold, Lady Ernscourt," said he. "You must try to forgive us. We resolved that nothing should separate us, and so—we were married quietly this morning."—Exchange.

To Win Do Your Best Every Day.

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: Do your best every day, whatever you have in hand.

The principal failures in business, so far as I can judge, are a lack of definite plan, shiftlessness, trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into high position instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.—John Wanamaker in Success.