

ARTICLE FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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wish we had been there, or had been great enough to want to be there.

Do you, in your little trials, despair and complain? Do you pity yourself, want to go out in the garden and eat worms, and talk theatrically of wondering why you were born, and wish you were dead? Such sentiments are as common as dust in the road, ragweeds in the cow pasture, and empty tin cans in the alley. Then you are just plain common. And you'd better begin a course of discipline.

But when all things combine to crush and humiliate you, when failure leers at you, and betrayal besmirches you, do you smile and say—"In the fell clutch of circumstance I have not winced nor cried aloud; Beneath the bludgeonings of chance My head is bloody—but unbowed."

Then cheer up, friend. You belong. You're a thoroughbred. You have a seat in the real House of Lords of this humanity.

VI. The superior person is clean: He may be dirty, but he does not like dirt. He may have to grime his hands in mine and grease his clothes at the engine, but at his first leisure he cleans up.

He loves cleanliness, of mind as of body. Dirt does not stick to him. He does not remember slanders, for they offend him. He avoids lying, deceit, profanity and obscenity, as a healthy nose avoids putridity. He cleans his mind of pettiness, pride, duplicity and cruelty, as one washes his hands after handling garbage.

His thoughts smell of sunshine. His passions are honest and unashamed. His words are wholesome. And his fellowship is as refreshing as the waters of an untroubled spring.

He is not only clean but it makes you feel clean to be with him.

VII. The real aristocrat does not like to show off. He does not want anyone to think him wiser, better or more capable than he really is.

Do you like to put your best foot forward, make a good impression, be flattered, have people hold you to be wittier and more clever than you are? You have plenty of company. That is what the multitude want who through the broad way. I don't say you are bad. Only, you're common.

The hundredth man wants no such thing. It pains him when he is over-praised. Obsequious flattery does not tickle him; it humiliates him.

He instinctively conceals his virtues, as his nudity. If he is discovered in piety, he blushes. When he is elected to high place, it sobers him. If he attains to riches, it pains him with a keen sense of responsibility. If he wins fame as an artist, a soldier, an engineer, or a writer, it is hard for him to believe if is not due largely to luck. He escapes your praise, even as your blame cannot swerve him.

VIII. The superior man is gentle: Gentleness is not the attribute of weakness but of strength. It is the baby that screams. It is conscious feebleness that threatens. It is the man with a defective vocabulary that swears. Always, everywhere, harshness, brutality, a domineering tone, abuse, violence and austerity are the mask of a certain impotency. "The half-faith lights the fagot."

All noise is waste. The silent sun is mightier than a whirlwind. The roaring looms are so feeble you can stop the shuttle with your finger; but in the basement of the factory the huge engine, that piles its arm silently as a cat, would crush you as an egg-shell were you to get in its way.

That is a pregnant and truthful story of God, the Omnipotent, wherein He is described as revealing Himself to Elijah in the mountain cave: "And, behold, a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."

The genuine lady speaks low. No gentleman blusters.

The most striking characteristic, perhaps, of the superior ones is their quiet, their poise. They have about them a sense of the stars.

IX. The superior ones are humble-minded: Much may be said in

praise of pride. I do not deny it has its uses. I say here only one thing of it: it is common. The ninety-nine all have it.

The swaggering Kaiser had it, and most potentates. The workhouse idiot has it. All the ignorant and uncouth have it. Every man when he gets drunk has it, enormously.

The less one has to be proud of, the more pride he has. We speak of pride of achievement. It is not those who actually achieve that swell with pride; it is the little soul that comes by accident into the rewards of achievement that preens and struts.

In a little graveyard at Ecclefechan is the last resting place of Thomas Carlyle, a mighty man of letters, and on the stone there is inscribed one word, "Humble." Beneath this lofty protest of humility lie the housings of one of earth's greatest souls.

Humility is teachable, and learns from every passer-by. Pride learns nothing, being estopped by its own image. Pride is a beggar at every man's door, seeking its aims of praise. Humility is royal, and walks free of fear and favor.

So if you have about you any real childlikeness of heart, you have at least some of the makings of Superiority.

X. The superior man is one with whom familiarity does not breed contempt: This is most uncommon. Count over your friends and acquaintances. What proportion of them will stand the test of intimacy? How many of them are there with whom you would want to spend thirty consecutive days on a summer vacation? With how many would you want to take a trip to Europe?

You tire of most people. As your intimacy increases, their pettiness appears. But there are a few—you may possibly count them on the fingers of one hand—of whom you think more highly the more closely you associate with them. These are the superior ones. At least they have one mark of superiority.

It is as with the works of the Masters. A Master differs from the Commons in that his work grows upon you. You can hear Beethoven's Ninth Symphony a thousand times, and the thousandth time you love it more. But you weary of "Good Morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip," when you hear it a half-dozen times. The lurid picture on a billboard—once or twice is enough to see it; while you see new beauties in Abbey's pictures on the walls of the Boston Library every day. The Parthenon or the Cologne Cathedral become more fascinating with the centuries, while the flamboyant house of Mr. Newrich on Fifth Avenue speedily degenerates into an eyesore.

The central element of superiority, either in man or the works of man, is the lasting quality.

Do you last? Do you wear?

A "TREASURE ISLAND"

In a tiny, unpretentious office in a side street of Sydney, Australia, a buff-colored, irregular-shaped piece of rock, kept the front door open. This little bit of rock held its humble position for many years, kicked here, tossed there, sometimes taken up and examined curiously, but always returned to its lowly occupation.

But one day a man who was interested in guano and knew a little about rock-phosphate, put the door-chock in his pocket, subjected it to a series of tests, and in a few days was so amazed and satisfied with the results that he hastened back to the office to trace the life history of the door-chock.

The little bit of buff-colored rock had been brought by a trader, who thought "it was a funny specimen of stone and might make marbles for little boys to play with," from Oceania Island. But the man who now so carefully, even fondly, carried the door-chock about with him—all that was left of it after the tests—knew of something that was going to startle the commercial and agricultural worlds. Off he went to Oceania Island by the very first trading schooner. In a few months he returned, traveling was very slow in those days and the Central Pacific waters were quite a new field of navigation to all but American whalers. He carried with him the key to a treasure island containing millions of tons of high-grade phosphate of lime.—Thomas J. McMahon, F. R. G. S., in September Subset.

The Graphic turns out first class job work. Come in and see us.

ACREAGE MUST BE INCREASED

The small fruit industry such as loganberries, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, etc., is revolutionizing farming in the northwest.

For years these products were a drug on the market but with the development of the fruit juice industry, dehydration of fruits and vegetables and canning, the demand for the small fruits raised in the northwest has grown to such an extent that factories cannot fill their orders due to lack of sufficient raw material.

Farmers are getting undreamed of prices and contracts for five year periods are being made with them at figures which assure unusual returns.

Norhtwest fruits have landed at last and every community should unite in an effort to increase acreage of such fruits as loganberries so that world markets can be developed and established, thus assuring absolute permanency for this industry.

Acreage and production must increase if we are to hold our own and gain full rewards of the opportunity now at hand.—Manufacturer.

SOME MELON CROP

I. T. Sparks, traveling freight and passenger agent for the Southern Pacific at El Centro, California, has compiled approximate figures on the movement of the canteloupe and watermelon crops out of the Imperial Valley this year, showing the astonishing growth of this industry.

From a little over 14,000 acres, over 118,000,000 canteloupes were obtained, or a melon for every man, woman and child in America. Two and one-half million crates were required and 7,330 cars to move the crop. The gross returns for this crop totaled approximately \$3,208,080 and the net returns to growers, \$1,710,072.

From 800 acres of watermelons, over 13,000 tons of melons were obtained, netting growers \$65,240, or \$82 an acre.

During the month of June over a thousand carloads of other products moved from the Valley with a net value to ranchers of \$1,122,060.

The total value of the watermelon and canteloupe crops, 90 per cent of which moved in June, added to the other shipments out of the Imperial Valley that month, were \$11,336,140 gross, and \$2,898,972 net.

The approximate cost to rent, cultivate land, plant and grow these products and deliver them to the consuming end, was \$8,457,168.

U. S. WAR SILK INTO PEACE FROCKS



Eighteen million yards of silk at a bargain price makes it seem probable that the fall will be a season of "rustles." This silk has been thrown on the market by the War Department—a special silk made for wrapping cartridge boxes but not now needed. Col. E. H. Garrison of the department had this trock of the silk made up for his secretary to prove its dress uses. It will likely retail at about \$2 a yard. The bids were opened at Washington July 16, after which it will be decided how the millions of yards will be marketed. So it may be expected that women should prepare for a silk year when wholesalers dictate the fashion for fall, winter and spring.

Made It Worse.
Mr. Plain—You are sure to admire him; he's a strikingly handsome man.
The girl—I'm glad he is. I simply detest homely men. (Suddenly starts and blushing.)—Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean to say that.

A Toothsome Tiling.
"I see where a poet claims to have interpreted the soul of a mushroom."
"Ah!"
"In association with a thick, juicy steak, I can understand how a mushroom might lift a bard on the wings of song."

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