

JULIAN BYRD - - - - - Manager

There is nothing like being born lucky. Some months ago three men, Rathbone, Neeley and Reeves, were convicted of stealing from the Cuban postal funds and sentenced to pay heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment. There does not seem to be much doubt that the men were guilty, but President Palma felt so kindly toward the United States for fixing up a nice little government for him to preside over that he concluded to turn all prisoners loose who were citizens of the United States. This let out these men and saves them from 10 years' imprisonment each and fines that ran up to about \$50,000 each. Mr. Rathbone is now making a talk about demanding a trial to vindicate his innocence—but we hardly think he is in earnest. He may be a thief, but we don't entertain the idea for a minute that he is a — well, a blamed fool.

An aged truckman, in a city, was bent under a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at his look of utter bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and without looking right or left stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty, gloved fingers, handed it to the old man with a smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman.

The old truckman in a violent effort to express his thanks, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young, but this girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips. "God bless ye, Miss," murmured the old man, as the fair maid turned her back on the idlers and went on her way.

J. Pierpont Morgan has made within the last 12 or 15 years a couple of million dollars.

Nearly everyone says Morgan is the most successful man this or any other country has ever seen. He seems to be not only able to dictate to Wall street on this side of the water, but he is also able to make financiers, princes and potentates on the other side dance to his music. He goes abroad and the first rattle out of the box he makes the house of Rothschild look like 30 cents, and the gilded thrones of powerful potentates seem cheap and tawdry.

He seems to be able to control the output of stocks and bonds, to regulate their value and prevent the recurrence of panics; and more than that he appears to be getting a grip on the commerce of the world.

We suppose there are several thousand persons sighing because they are not built like Pierpont Morgan.

But before you sigh again, just wait a minute. J. P., at the present time is running about over Europe trying to find some relief for a disordered stomach.

His liver is out of whack and the currents of his blood are corrupted and gone awry.

What does it avail him if he can make the royal scrubs, who are holding down the thrones of Europe, tremble if he cannot hold down his own dinner?

What satisfaction is there in raving to the bankers of Thread-needle street, "thumbs up," if his own overflowing bile is turning his complexion to saffron?

Unless he can get relief soon he will make a trip to the unknown beyond. And whoever heard of a rich man getting relief there? When he falls into the hands of a lot of high-priced doctors he might as well prepare for a speedy entrance into the New Jerusalem or a more serious eternity in a warmer clime.

The fact is nature has given Pierpont a powerful physique as well as a commanding intellect. He has abused it and all his millions cannot now patch up a truce for he must surrender. If he had been a farm hand or if he had been contented to work along moderately, the chances are that he would be today one of the healthiest men in the world. He has been so busy with great schemes that he has had no time to spare for his digestion.

Nature is one creditor that can not be escaped and one that can't be satisfied with money. Nature has no more respect for Pierpont Morgan than the man who shovels on the street, and when either violate her laws she makes them pay the penalty.

The question is, does it pay a man to lay awake nights and scheme and plan to make millions if by so doing he gets cracks in his liver and his gastric juices lose their savor?

Is there any amount of money that will compensate a man for a gnawing pain in the region of his umbilicus, or the insomnia, that results from a wrecked nervous system?

Better be a plain, untutored and unwashed native of Arkansas living in a cabin, feeding on corn meal and the attenuated carcass of a razor back, with abundant health, than to be the financial arbitrator of the world with broken down nerves and an interior like the crater of an active volcano.

The following good story is told of a San Francisco millionaire who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day and solicited pecuniary aid to start him business. "Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?"

"Now and then."

"Stop it for a year and then come and see me."

The young man stopped chewing, but never went back again. When asked by his anxious acquaintances why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at: "He'd told me that now I had stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."

Some people are quietly waiting for the footwear of their relatives who have been more fortunate than themselves in laying up this world's goods. But they better get out and rustle, for these relatives may wear their shoes too long for you.

Don't believe the bad reports about your neighbor until you know they are true, and then do not talk about them any more than is necessary, which isn't much.

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