

"Get Married"

By HENRY CLEWS,
Head of the Banking House of Henry Clews & Co.



THIS is about marriage.

Much of it is based upon my own experience, for the sole purpose of making my words as effective as possible.

Generally speaking, young man, if you want to be really successful in the development of your character, in the attainment of culture, in the broadening of your sympathies, in becoming a better man and therefore a happier man, MARRY.

DO IT AS SOON AS YOU CAN SUPPORT A WIFE.

Then five years later you will be thanking me and everyone else who told you to be sensible.

Here is my own case—merely to prove my interest in the subject:

I married twenty-seven years ago, so you will note that I have had experience. When I married I assuredly was not the man I am to-day. I was in Wall street fighting for a living, and I had to bear all the losses and privations incident to the beginning of a career downtown.

My wife had been accustomed to wealth and a fine establishment. Yet she did not disdain to share my comparatively poor lot. Because I had a fairly good income I was compelled to keep up a certain appearance, and no one but a man in that position can realize the shifts to which he may be reduced in order to keep his end up.

Now here is the point I want to emphasize, because the chances are it will be your experience: My wife aided me in my career to success as only a good wife can. Children came to us. I HOLD THAT A CHILD IS ALWAYS A SPUR TO A MAN. I know that the birth of each little one urged me to renewed efforts in work. That is the case with every man who is worth anything in the world. Just think about your married acquaintances and you'll realize that such is the fact.

For illustration—Mr. Horton, afterward president of the Western Union, often told me that he began married life on \$250 a year, and that it took his wife six months to save the money for their first carpet.

Now there is an example for all girls and men to follow.

It is unhappily true, I apprehend, THAT A GREAT MANY WOMEN IN THESE DAYS LOOK OUT FOR WEALTH AND DEMAND WHAT IT PRODUCES ALL THE TIME. They must have expensive dresses, they also want excessive luxuries. Such women not infrequently lack real love of home life. They simply look upon a husband as a convenience.

Please note here that I do not advise a young man just starting out in life with only moderate means to marry that kind of a woman.

Yet I do not altogether blame the woman of this kind, for she is the fault of our modern existence. Women that are good wives and mothers are naturally unselfish, and an unselfish woman is usually a good wife.

My advice to young men is to MARRY THE RIGHT WOMAN AS SOON AS YOU CAN AFFORD TO TAKE FAIRLY GOOD CARE OF HER, and only increase your expenses in living as your means from time to time admit of doing so.

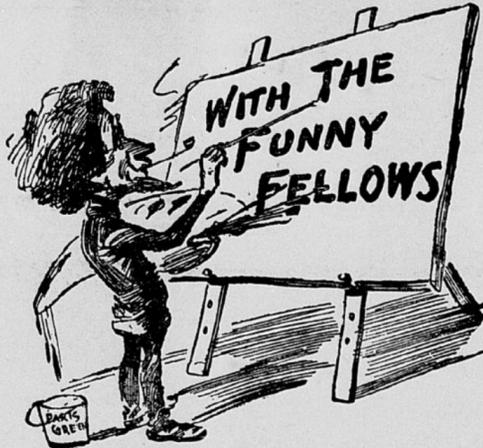
The prosperous democracy of the United States is engaged, together with Germany, Great Britain, France and Holland, in the industrial conquest of the world. The period of settlement of the newer parts of the world has been succeeded by the period of commerce, and the period of commerce is to be succeeded by the period of industrialism. The development of mines, the building of railroads, the organizing of vast agricultural conditions and forces, the formation of great steamship lines, the equipment of mills for the manufacture of iron and steel and lumber, and for the products of iron and steel and lumber, represent some of the chief forms which industrialism is to assume. This industrialism is to touch Africa, South America, Asia Minor and China. It is to touch ultimately, every part of the world, parts as remote as Thibet, Persia and Afghanistan.

To this vast, and to become yet more vast, industrial movement the university bears several relations.

First, the initiative and the progress of these movements demand (a) a trained brain, to see, to foresee, and to judge; and (b) a will strong for decision and strong also for carrying decisions into effect. The university does not primarily train the will, but the university does primarily train the mind, of which the brain is at once the expression and the agent. Therefore the university should be able to offer to those concerned in the vast undertaking a higher order of talent than can elsewhere be found.

Secondly, the university also should not only be able to furnish great administrators, it should also be able to point out the most effective methods by which these undertakings can proceed, and the most favorable conditions under which these undertakings can be made to achieve their highest purposes. A GENERALLY TRAINED INTELLIGENCE IS THE BEST METHOD AND CONDITION FOR SECURING THESE GREAT RESULTS. It is, for example, a generally trained intelligence which has worked so silently and so unconsciously as to seem to be almost the working of the time-spirit, which has proved that iron and steel can be most economically made on the southern shore of Lake Erie. It is the lack of a generally trained intelligence that has tried to make iron and steel in certain other remote parts. Wisdom touching all the conditions of great movements should represent the result of the training given to university men.

Thirdly, the university, moreover, should not neglect to point out the perils which lie in the pathways of these undertakings, both for the people and for the governments which foster these vast movements. The voice of the university, free from partisanship, free from any suspicion of taint of a narrow patriotism, seeking to learn the truth, trying to do those acts of righteousness which are based on truth, should be the most potent and persuasive voice in determining the course of the industrial conquests of the world. The only fear is that, though the voice speak, it may not be heard, or its intimations followed, or its admonitions heeded.



Not That Color.
"What do yez want of the mistress of the house?" demanded Norah, belligerently blocking the door.
"I want to get her subscription for the blue book," replied the solicitor.
"An' fwat is a bluebook?"
"It's a book containing the names of people who move in society."
"I'll take wan meself," said Norah, after a moment's reflection, "if yez'll have it bound in grane."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fits.
"But," observed the fool man who had permitted his wife to take him along on her search for a spring bonnet, "the hat doesn't seem to fit. Now, I think a woman's hat should conform to her head the same as a man's."
"Oh," tittered the merry milliner, "there are no fits connected with spring hats. They generally develop in the men when the bill comes home."—Baltimore American.

Playing with Fire.
"Do you know this is the sixteenth time you have proposed to me?"
"It may be. I haven't kept count."
"But why do you do it?"
"I think it has become a habit. But, say, do you know my heart was pretty nearly in my mouth the time before the last one?"
"Why?"
"I was afraid you meant to accept me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Corrected Himself.
"I have been interested in the woman's suffrage movement," said Miss Passay, proudly, "almost from its infancy."
"Indeed?" Miss Sharp remarked.
"Let me see. That movement was begun about 50 years ago, so that makes you—"
"How ridiculous of me! I meant to say 'almost from my infancy.'"—Tit-Bits.

So He Will.
The air is slowly warming up.
Spring poems are on tap once more.
And soon the festive messenger boy
Will begin to shut the door.
—Chicago Daily News.

DIFFERENT NOW.



She—Do you folks boast of a golf club?
He—No; we used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now.
—Detroit Free Press.

An Ode.
Hall, geddle sprig! Oh thee Isg,
Thou season full of glee!
Avant with widdler, rubber, fall,
Give geddle sprig for me!
—Puck.

A Way Out.
Tailor—See here! This bill has been standing since 1893.
Graphter—My dear sir, don't you know that anatomists say man changes entirely every seven years?
Tailor—What has that to do with it?
Graphter—Well, don't you see I'm not the same person who contracted that bill?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Agreed with the Professor.
Wearly Willie had picked up a scrap of paper and was reading from it.
"This here perffesser," he announced at last, "is all right. He says the long and involved sentences ain't no good; that the short sentences is a lot plainer an' better. Them's my sentiments exactly. I don't think there ought to be any sentences for more than 30 days."—Chicago Post.

The Pastoral Visitation.
"I hope you try to be a good little girl, Kitty."
"Yes, sir. Sometimes I think I enjoy goin' to church 'most as much as I do chocolate creams."—Chicago Tribune.

A Vile Conundrum.
Crisonbeak—Do you know why a good man is like a bad oyster?
Yeast—I'm sure I don't.
"Why, you certainly know that it is hard to keep a good man down, don't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Looking on the Bright Side.
An ex-mistress, meeting her ex-domestic, a remarkably capable woman, finding that the latter had turned washerwoman and had married the noodle of the village, said to her: "Oh, Sarah, why ever did you marry such a stupid man?"
"Well, ma'am," was the reply, "you see, there's a deal of carrying in our trade, and if I hadn't 'a' married he I should have had to keep a donkey."—Tit-Bits.

Little Charlie's Lamentation.
I'm such a boy to wear out clothes,
I skip about, and dance.
Now, if I were a little dog,
I'd not wear out my pants.
—Chicago Tribune.



AFTER MARRIAGE.
"Well, madam, you've got your wish—you've married a rich husband."
"No, dear, I've married a rich man, but a poor husband."—Ally Sloper.

Sound Logic.
The man that hath no music in his soul
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
But he who whistles coon songs all day long
Is fit for naught but death by oil that boils.
—Town Topics.

Not the Modern Kind.
"She's not what you'd call an advanced woman?"
"Oh, no."
"Has no mission in life, I suppose?"
"Oh, I believe she claims to have one, but it's nothing of any importance."
"What is it?"
"Just a mission to make some good man happy, I understand."—Chicago Post.

Too Complacent.
First Sweet Girl Graduate—Is it true, dear, that you are going to marry Mr. Heep?
Second Sweet Girl Graduate—Oh! no! dear, I could never bring myself to marry an adjective.
First Sweet Girl Graduate—An adjective?
Second Sweet Girl Graduate—Yes, dear; a thing that agrees with me in everything, you know.—Ally Sloper.

The Fish.
At breakfast it was rock cod; it was halibut at lunch;
At dinner barracuda was the name;
It was smelt or sole or something new each time it reappeared,
But the fish itself—alas!—was just the same.
—Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald.

POST OFFICE PUZZLE.



Bill—But I dunno the bloke's address!
"Arry—Can't yer write and arsk 'im for it?"—Tattler.

The Inevitable Doubt.
That arbitration is the cure
For every ill, they say.
I'd like it more if I were sure
They'd arbitrate my way.
—Washington Star.

Life's Labor.
Manhattan—How careworn old Scadrocks looks.
Broadway—Well, it is no wonder. After spending 30 years walking the slack rope of commercial success, he is now trying to climb the greased pole of social distinction.—N. Y. Sun.

Sable Island, the Graveyard of the Atlantic Ocean

A Death-Dealing Sandbar That is Dreaded and Avoided by the World's Mariners

Its Location and a Glimpse at Its Record.

SABLE ISLAND! Even the pronouncing of the name brings a shudder to the sailor man, accustomed though he is to the dangers of a life on the deep. The name of Sable island carries with it more than the customary danger. Since the earliest days of European exploration in American waters it has been more greatly feared by mariners whose journeys brought them within range of a possible encounter with its shifting sands and tangle of dangerous shoals.

Since that time, early in the sixteenth century, when the good English ship Admiral went ashore on the barren sands and its hardy pioneer passengers and fearless crew were lost, to the present day scarcely a year has passed that has not added one or more ships to the list of wrecks for which the island is accountable. So many have there been that the large map of the island in use by the English admiralty fails to provide room along the shores to note them all. Throughout the centuries that have passed since the first Europeans braved the dangers of unknown seas to reach the American continent it has stood as a menace to navigation upon which hundreds of ships, great and small, have found an untimely end. To-day the waves of the Atlantic wash the sands of the island over thousands of skeletons that represent lives lost on its shores, and bodies left to add to the story of death told by this "graveyard of the Atlantic."

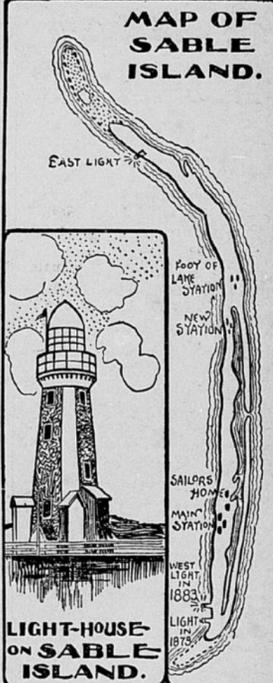
And where is this Sable island? The ordinary atlas scarcely shows it, but no mariner would ask for its location. They know it; they know its latitude and longitude to the minute and second. For the lay mind it lies south of Newfoundland, 145 miles from Halifax and 85 miles east of Cape Canso, and belongs to Nova Scotia, though to that Canadian province it has been nothing save an expense and a sorrow.

Boats traveling the northern route from either New York or Boston to Liverpool must pass within less than 100 miles of it, and 100 miles in bad weather and the treacherous waters of that part of the Atlantic can scarcely be said to be outside the danger line. It lies, also, almost in the line of passage for vessels plying between our eastern ports and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and but a little ways south of the route taken by boats plying between Europe and Quebec or Montreal.

The history of Sable island goes back to 1447, when it was discovered by Cabot. At that time it was 80 miles long by ten miles wide. But it has been gradually drifting away, and in 1802, when the first rescue station was established upon its shores, it measured but 40 miles in length. Even the wrecks with which it has seemingly attempted to fortify itself against the ravages of the Atlantic has not diminished the rate at which it is disappearing, for at the present time it is scarcely 20 miles in length by but one mile in width at its widest point. Within the short space of 25 years seven miles have been swept from its western end. Gradually it is moving eastward, but that it will ever pass beyond the edge of the shoals and plunge over the submarine bank into the deeper waters beyond seems scarcely probable. Students of the sea who have watched its shifting sands say that in time it will wear away until nothing is left but a submerged shoal that will be even more dangerous to navigation than it is in its present condition, when the sands afford a shelter for wrecked mariners if they live to reach the shores, and also as a foundation upon which to build lighthouses and rescue stations.

At the present time the shores of the long, narrow island are formed by two parallel ridges of sand. These enclose a valley of sand, and this holds a shallow, salt water lake eight miles in length. This lake shifts with the shifting sands, and at one time was considerably larger than it is to-day. Now it has but one shallow opening into the ocean, while some few years ago it was not only much larger than at the present time, but was deeper and being connected by a fair-sized channel with the Atlantic afforded a harbor for small vessels. This channel was closed during a heavy storm in 1836, and the closing imprisoned two vessels which had entered the lake for shelter. They were doomed to rot where they lay, for it was not until 1881 that even the small channel that exists to-day was opened by another storm.

Two lighthouses and four rescue stations are maintained on the island by the Canadian government, and these have rendered valuable assistance to the unfortunates cast upon its shores since they were first established. While in the earlier days some effort was made to populate the place, and make it of some commercial importance, they are made no longer. To-day there are less than 50 people living upon its sands. Of these 20 are employed by the government in keeping the lights and in the work of rescue, and the remainder represent the women and children of their families. These are the regular inhabitants, though at times the number is larger because of the presence of shipwrecked crews and passengers who must remain there either until some vessel is sighted which will take them away, or until the annual visit of the supply steamer Newfield. Many a



shipwrecked, homesick mariner has seen a steamer approach that is expected to bear them back to civilization, and then be forced to watch it bear away again until it disappears below the horizon, because, forsooth, it could not find a landing. There is but one that is possible, on the north side of the island, and that only in favorable weather, and even under the most favorable conditions a sudden squall may send it upon the dangerous shifting shoals and another be added to the long list of wrecks.

Strange legends of ghosts come to us from this place of death, and the superstitious tars are loath to remain there longer than is absolutely necessary. But their enforced stay lasts some times close upon a year. A boat will disappear and be given up for lost. The relatives and friends of its passengers and crew mourn for them as among the unfortunate victims of the sea, and then the return of the supply steamer from its next annual visit will bring those who have survived the dangers of shipwreck back to home and friends again.

Sable island takes much from the world, and all that it gives in return are a few small ponies raised on the rough sand grass, a little drove of which are each year sent to Halifax to be auctioned off to the highest bidder that the proceeds may add to the incomes of the keepers of the lights and stations.
MAX OWEN.

Substitutes for Rubber.
Substitutes for india-rubber and gutta-percha, fibrous and elastic in nature and uniform in color, are claimed to be attained by a process patented by Mark Sherwin and Hans M. Mathieson, of Cambridge, Mass. Fatty oils in the pure state or fatty oils mixed with various quantities of gums, resins, waxes, asphalt, pitch, tar or kindred substances; sulphur or sulphur chloride; coloring matter; a volatile solvent, such as naphtha, turpentine, carbon bisulphide are the ingredients used. The fatty oils are mixed with the gums reduced by the solvent; the sulphur chloride is gradually added and then the coloring agent. Sulphur chloride is then again added.

Birds Acting as Shepherds.
The yakamik or trumpeter of Venezuela, a fowl of the crane species, is a bird of extraordinary intelligence. The natives use it instead of sheep dogs for guarding and herding their flocks. It is said that however far the yakamik may wander with the flocks, it never fails to find its way home at night, driving before it all the creatures intrusted to its care.

Willing.
"You understand, if Mrs. Borem calls, I don't care to see her."
"Yes ma'am. If you'd like me to snub her, I think I can."—Puck.