

Hard Work the Secret of Success

By RUSSELL SAGE,
New York Capitalist and Broker.



The greatest secret of success is HARD WORK. Successful men point out to the younger generation many roads to success, but when they do not place hard work above all else they are but starting the young man to whom they give advice on the road to failure.

There are side issues to the road to success, but THE ONE GREAT HIGHWAY IS HARD WORK.

I am 86 years old and have worked hard practically every day of my life since I was 15 years of age, when I started out to mold my own fortune as a clerk in a store at Troy.

During all the intervening years I have kept my health by working hard. I seldom take a holiday. The majority of people take too many of them; the government provide too many of them. TOO MUCH VALUABLE TIME IS SPENT IN PLAY; people take too many vacations. Two-thirds of them are unnecessary.

To the young man I would say use all your powers and all your faculties to make the most of your opportunities. That is the real object of life.

And again pay attention to your own business first, but don't neglect to keep an eye out for what the other fellows are doing in their business.

There is just as good a chance to-day for a young man to get rich as there was when I started in business for myself, 68 years ago. Hard work and close attention to business will win the battle.

The relations between Japan and the United States have for 40 years been extremely harmonious. There has been no chance to disturb the existing friendship, for the situation of the two countries precludes all possibility of serious political differences.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

BY M. ZUMOTO,
Editor of the Japan Times, Tokio.

The United States has always shown a friendly interest in Japan. In return Japan has looked to the United States for guidance, direction and civilizing influences.

United States ministers have done much to promote the good feeling. Their courteous conduct has contrasted favorably with the arrogant policy pursued by some of the foreign representatives. The large-minded fairness and unfailing courtesy of Mr. Buck, the present minister, has largely increased the confidence of the Japanese people in the United States.

In the press of this country it has been suggested that the Philippines be sold to Japan. THIS WILL NEVER BE DONE. The American people will not part with the islands; to do so would be, as they say, to "shirk their duty." China is destined to be the biggest market of the world, and the Philippines, as a stepping stone, will be extremely valuable. Even were the United States willing to sell them, I think that few intelligent Japanese would be in favor of buying them. If it were seriously proposed to give them to us we might consider it.

The United States is developing wonderfully. Its resources are practically unlimited. IT IS DESTINED TO BECOME THE GREAT COMMERCIAL NATION.

Back of state and church and school stands the home, THE FUNDAMENTAL INSTITUTION OF CIVILIZATION.

THE HOME IN THE SCHOOLS

BY WM. H. P. FAUNCE,
President Brown University, Providence, R. I.

When the home is strong and pure, all other institutions will flourish; when the home decays, all is corrupt. Yet probably all of us who have been through the public schools have heard not one word of direct instruction on the duties of parenthood or even of simple home life. The great facts of the transmission of life, the sacred mystery of the relation of parent and child—these are things which Puritan prudens have banished from the teaching in either school or home; and in the one domain where the student most needs reverent instruction from noble minds, he is left to seek it from the least reverent, if not the most degraded, of his companions.

An education which is silent here is wretchedly incomplete. Like the ostrich, it hides its head in the sand and hopes all will be well. I rejoice in an increasing literature treating of these themes; and in every true school a reverent teacher may find a way to lead from the bird's nest to the human home, and show how all creation culminates in the love which makes the fireside and the cradle.

In our secondary schools and colleges, the obligations and opportunities of home life may be clearly set forth. When they are thus seriously studied, our young people will not blunder into marriage so often as now, and the divorce courts, that have been already driven west of the Mississippi, will be driven by a rising public sentiment into the Pacific ocean. Our teachers will then think more of students than of studies, more of making men than of school programmes or apparatus.

It is a wise rule in life to first learn your own business thoroughly before you attempt to teach another his. The man who is constantly telling some one else how he should do things is seldom able to do much that is of account himself.

Our life needs religion as a balance. The attempt of a nature made to be immortal to live its whole life through in three score years and ten must be disastrous.

Religion as a Balance

By Rev. Pearse Pinch.

That which requires eternity cannot be crowded into the space between the cradle and the grave without throwing life out of balance. Men must find vent for the vast life God has put within them. If they are not finding room and range in the everlasting life, already begun, they turn back to earth to become more than beastly with it.

Leave a sane religion out and all manner of vile superstitions will take its place. Were the moral satisfaction the Christian religion brings to be left out of life, it would not be a hundred years before mothers in this land would be sacrificing their babies to some monstrous deity of their own imagining.



By Medical Advice.
Brooks came to the office the other morning with a cigar ten inches long and thick in proportion in his mouth. "For the love of heaven, old boy," said Rivers, "what are you smoking such a thing as that for?" "I'm doing it," responded Brooks, "by the advice of my doctor. He ordered me to smoke just one cigar a day, and I never disobey the doctor. I have a hundred of this size made to order and I use one every day—but it keeps me pretty busy."—Chicago Tribune.

All He Wanted to Know.
"My dear," he said, softly. "Well?" she returned with some asperity. "There is just one thing I desire to know in order to be contented with my lot." "What is it?" she asked. "Will you hold me up as a model to your first husband as you now hold your third husband up to me?"—Chicago Post.

Mysterious Mixture.
One day a gentleman entered a restaurant and ordered a plate of soup. When the waiter brought it the gentleman doubtfully looked at the soup for a moment, and then asked the waiter what it was. "It's bean soup, sir," replied the waiter. "I know it has been soup," said the gentleman, "but what is it now?"—Tit-Bits.

Simply Impossible.
Physician—Madam, your husband is suffering from overwork. Mrs. W.—And will he have to give up his place under the government? Physician—What's that? Is he a government official? Mrs. W.—Yes, sir. Physician—H'm! I'll diagnose his case again. He probably needs exercise of some kind.—N. Y. Journal.

Libel on Mae.
Clara—Oh! I'm really learning a great deal about baseball. I found out what a base hit means without asking George. Mabel—Did you, really? "Yes, the paper said McGraw hit the umpire with a bat and in the score he is credited with a base hit, so that must be the one."—Chelsea Gazette.

A Favored Exception.
The little busy bee goes forth in exultation just. He gathers sweets for all he's worth and fears no sugar tust. —Washington Star.

WORTH TAKING.



"Did you get any tips on the races this year?" "Yes, I got one from the boss this morning." "What was it?" "He said he'd fire me if he ever heard that I played them."—Chicago American.

Permanent.
This strange, eternal, cruel fact will stick where all of us are still—There's always one fly left in the room. No matter how many you kill. —Judge.

Up-to-Date.
"I declare," said the girl of doubtful years, "modern art fosters the most outrageously insulting practices." "Indeed?" "Yes, indeed! Why, when I went to the gallery the man at the camera had the effrontery to ask me if I wanted a likeness or a photograph!"—Baltimore News.

Look Out.
Young Fish—There's a hook with a nice worm on it. Old Fish—Keep away from that. Young Fish—I've stolen lots of worms off of hooks. Old Fish—Yes, but there isn't any fashion-plate reflected in the water this time. That hook belongs to a freckle-faced boy with a ragged straw hat.—N. Y. Weekly.

Meant the Same Thing.
Lawyer—And what did the husband say when you asked him about the wife's mental condition? Assistant—He said she was all right but erratic. Lawyer—Well, isn't that of weight in substantiating our insanity claim—all right but her attic?—Los Angeles Herald.

Arguing for Delay.
"Kiss the Book," said the judge, as the lady got into the witness chair. "If you don't mind, your honor, I would prefer not to kiss the Book until after the question of my age has been put to me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Slightly Perplexed.
"Lately," said the wife, "John has taken to kissing me without fail every morning before he goes to work, booh-hoo!" "What's the matter?" asked the mother; "I think he is a very considerate man." "I know," she says, still sobbing, "but I can't—booh-hoo—make up my mind whether he is kissing because he loves me more, or because he is leading a double life, and is trying to cover up his tracks, booh-hoo!"—Baltimore Herald.

No Scandal.
He kissed her. He could not withstand. The chance that offered, maybe, He was a politician and she was a voter's baby. —Washington Star.

QUESTION OF POLES.



"Look here, this house is clear out of sight of the water, and you told me before I signed the lease of this cottage that I could put a rod out of the window and catch fish in the lake." "Well, I didn't say how long your pole would have to be."—Chicago Tribune.

The Era of High Prices.
Mary had a little lamb; The waiter claimed it was just as much as they could give and live;—So Mary blamed the trust. —Puck.

Not That Kind of a Man.
"Say, ma." "What is it, my dear?" "Is pa a self-made man?" "No, darling. If anyone asks you about it you must say that your father is the architect of his own fortune." It should be explained that she had just returned from a three-week's visit in Boston.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Apology Needed.
"That," said Scribble, as he finished reading his manuscript, "is the story as far as I've got. I was thinking of winding it up with the heroine's letter accepting the hero." "Good idea!" exclaimed the critic; "that'll give you a chance to conclude the whole thing with 'please excuse bad writing.'"—Philadelphia Press.

While She Performs.
"I'm always at a disadvantage out in company," she sighed. "Why?" somebody asked with surprise. "You see, I play and sing." "I should think that would give you a distinct advantage." "No; I never get a chance to hear any of the gossip."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Forethought.
"Right here," said the surveyor, "will be a good place for your saw-mill. The county line will run directly through the middle of it." "Not much," said the pioneer. "We'll have it all on one side or the other. When a man gets sawed in two I don't want no two coroners' inquests on him."—Chicago Tribune.

What the Copper Said.
A young man by the name of St. John Cried aloud when his corns were stepped on. And the prospects were bright For a terrible fight Till a copper came up and said: "G'wan."—Buffalo Express.

WAS IN DEMAND.



Advertiser—From your reference, I see you've had four places in the last month. Applicant—Yes'm; that shows how much in demand I am.—Chicago Daily News.

Rustic Advice.
"Yes," said the summer boarder, as he corked the bottle again, "I had to have it every morning; you must have a cocktail for an eye-opener, you know." "You'd do better, young man," said the wise old farmer, "if you'd let cock-crow be your eye-opener."—Philadelphia Press.

POLO, PING-PONG AND GOLF

Timely Gossip of Three Popular Pastimes.

POLO ENTHUSIAST



Imagine a group of Americans planning to spend \$50,000 next year to win a trophy abroad! The only venture that first suggests itself on this basis is the international yacht race for the America's cup. Millionaires have expended nearly a million dollars in a season to contest for and defend that ancient looking silver trophy. But the \$50,000 is to be spent in gathering and training polo ponies to retrieve the defeats suffered by the American team in the recent contests at Hurlingham. Capt. Foxhall Keene, the distinguished polo player, Wall street operator, with his father, James R. Keene, golfer, yachtsman, club-fellow and immensely wealthy patron of sports, has forsaken automobiling as a representative sport, and will eschew golf to devote his leisure to polo. He expects to lead a team on the turf in England next season that will be successful.

Polo is a rich man's game. In vain the enthusiastic members of the country club teams may write letters to the editors of metropolitan papers, urging them to give more space to polo, and emphatically denying that the sport is so costly that it is confined to the classes, but the fact remains that polo in the west at least is interesting only the leisure folks at the country clubs. In the east, great crowds turn out to see the matches—all England would be at Hurlingham if it could be accommodated when a great contest is on—and the most widely discussed poloists to-day are George J. Gould, his sons, Jay and Kingdon, and Ben Nicoll who play as the Lake-wad team.

As in the game of golf, so in polo, the boys are in the ascendancy, and soon the veterans must give place to the proficient youngsters. The young Goulds are rapidly becoming such experts that Foxhall Keene will have to look to his plus mark handicap or he will find he is being outclassed. The Gould boys are 13 and 14 years old. It is said that their mother recently, in watching their reckless yet brilliant work on the polo field, shuddered to think of the consequences of a fall or collision, and subsequently urged the lads to eschew such rough and dangerous sport. But when Mr. Gould and his sons and Mr. Nicoll attracted a great throng at Van Cortlandt park in the match with the crack Squadron A soldier team, and won a hard fought game from the soldiers, the old American love of outdoor sports and dashing recklessness overcame her motherly instinct to shield her boys from possible dangers. She withdrew her expostulations, and the lads play the game every evening with their father, who, like that other disciple of the strenuous, President Roosevelt, loves to have a troop of the "young 'un" following after him as the ponies go dashing across the sward.

POPULARITY OF PING PONG



Few now use the gutta percha ball, and so many have the aluminum clubs that the "music of the spheres," so delightful to the old golfer, has degenerated into a "punk, dull thud" that is scarcely heard by the caddy a few feet away from the player who uses the new clubs. "These aluminum clubs began to get their vogue in the west when the young college players, who had learned to use them while in the east, brought home their bags full of golf paraphernalia," remarked an old golfer. "I was rather dubious about their use, and thought they were a 'fad' until the national championship came, when I saw so many of the players using aluminum. Alec Smith, a promising candidate for the championship (open), which he threw away last year after having Willie Anderson beaten for the premier trophy, swears by the aluminum, and showed by his score of 75 the first time he went around the Glenview golf course that he knew how to use the spoon for approaching. He was deadly with the aluminum clubs, and says that with a hard blow he can elevate a ball from a poorie enough to clear the biggest tree on his course, even if he is very close up to the tree. It looks as if the day of the polished cleft, the bright mid-iron, the pretty hand-forged mashie and the grained putter had passed and the time for aluminum had arrived."

"Joshed" by some golfers about his proficiency in ping-pong, that a friend came to his rescue. "Don't you know that great diplomatic international problems are going to be solved by ping-pong in the future?" he asked. "Bismarck and Napoleon knew nothing of ping-pong, yet they played battle door and shuttle cock with the diplomatists of the world. But the other day the sultan of Turkey was introduced to the mysteries of a 'deuce set' by a Russian statesman who is also an army officer. Perhaps when some nation clamors for the payment of a debt the 'Unspeakable Turk' will invite the representative of that country to play a set of ping-pong and if the foreigner permits the sultan to win he may get a chance to collect his bill."

Ping-pong has been taken up in the navy. One-half of the ward room of the splendid new battleship Kearsarge, that recently returned from a cruise to South America, has been given over to ping-pong tables. Ping-pong has been a "leveler" on this ship. The senior and junior officers, who used to sit at separate messes on account of the arrangement of the room, now dine together so that the ping-pong tables may have their places. Paymaster W. L. Wilson, of the ship, is the champion. He has beaten all the officers and even the surgeon and chaplains have fallen before his little racket. If the ship gets into a foreign port soon, the paymaster may send challenges to the various princes and potentates who play the game.

NOVELTIES IN GOLF CLUBS



Shades of Allan Robertson! If the veterans of "golf," as the game were played in Scotia more than half a century ago were to visit a U. S. G. A. championship tourney how they would decry the use of the variety of clubs that the brilliant young golfers are playing with. The old bulger, drivers and brassies, the ugly-looking spoons and the clumsy putters, to say nothing of the irons and the more or less indescribable club that was the progenitor of the modern mashie, used by Robertson and men of his time have given place to all sorts of "freak clubs."

This is the year for aluminum in golf. The aluminum midiron, mid-spoon, mashie, spoon, putter—in fact, all clubs but the driver, and that does not seem to enjoy much of a vogue when made of aluminum—seem to have caught the popular favor. These clubs are made in England, too, and that seems treasonable to the Scotchman, who is slow to adopt any "improvements" on the material of a half century ago, more especially if the same are the result of "Yankee ingenuity." The Scotchman rebelled against the use of the rubber filled, American patented golf ball until the adoption of the globe by the contestants in the championship at Hoylake forced them to use the ball or be out-driven and out played by weaker golfers. And now the Englishman has insisted on using aluminum where formerly the player used a hand-forged iron that showed the grain of the metal and clicked like a musical instrument when the hard gutta percha ball was struck by it.

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E. G. WESTLAKE.