

# Success by Correspondence

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There is a new element in American education which has outstripped the fondest hopes of its founders, the bravest expectations of its pioneers. The torch of learning no longer burns only in college halls for the FAVORED VOTARIES who are able to make their pilgrimages to its shrines. The thousands who must earn—whether or not they learn—have seen a great and a new light. It is the light of the same torch which has long been burning above the altars of colleges and universities, but now it no longer glimmers remote and unattainable. The miracle of the mountain going to meet Mahomet is worked before their wondering eyes.

THE TORCH OF ACADEMIC LEARNING IS BEING BORNE TO THE HUMBLEST COTTAGES, TO THE REMOTEST HAMLETS, TO THE MOST SOLITARY AND ISOLATED DWELLINGS OF THE WORLD'S BUSY WORKERS. And the winged Mercury which bears this torch of knowledge, radiant with hope and cheer, is the postage stamp of the United States mails.

Eminent educators—the greatest in this country—are agreed that the freshest, the most POWERFUL and SIGNIFICANT factor in modern education is the CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL. While this new force in the field of academic training is still in comparatively a raw and undeveloped stage and is too often cheapened by the greed and the over-reaching of the commercial spirit, its importance is so convincingly demonstrated that it cannot be denied by those who are quick to discern the signs of the times. Time and the introduction of the real educational spirit will temper and chasten this mercenary element and elevate the whole field of correspondence work to the dignity of a great educational power.

Although the first correspondence school in this country was founded only ten years ago, there are now, at a conservative estimate, fully 100,000 active students pursuing correspondence courses in the American schools of this kind.

And who are these students? BOYS who have had to quit school in their teens because they must support themselves, and perhaps contribute to the support of others; YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN who have early shouldered the responsibilities of doing their part of the world's work—and generally have had to stifle an ambition for a college education; OLDER MEN who have found their "portion of labor" in shops and factories where they have acquired manual skill, but without that technical training, that knowledge of the why of things necessary to exalt their labor into something better than perfunctory drudgery. And thousands of them are toilers at incongenial tasks from which they long to escape as the slave longs for relief from his unwilling servitude. To equip the boy and the young man to go higher in the trade at which they already work, to lift the plodder out of the rut of ungenial labor into the line of his natural bent and ambition, to give a new confidence, born of knowing the why of one's daily work, and to brighten all labor with the LIGHT OF HOPE is the mission which the correspondence school is daily accomplishing.

But one of the best purposes served by the correspondence school is that of putting its students into a position to attend a regular resident school or college. Thousands of young men have had their first taste of academic training brought to them under cover of a postage stamp; this has AROUSED A THIRST FOR A FULLER EDUCATION, has increased both the student's earning capacity and his confidence in his own powers and has broadened his outlook upon life. Filled with this new inspiration, he ventures to leave the farm, the shop, the railroad or the store and take a course in the college, the agricultural school or the technical institute.

One more influence of the correspondence school must be taken into consideration. This is the wholesome, upbuilding occupation with which it fills the leisure hours of the boys on the farm and in the country village. It is a safeguard against the temptations of idleness and is the noblest temperance society ever organized. It cultivates application and devotion to a serious and worthy purpose in life. The boy who spends his evenings in solitary study has the right kind of stuff in him and will make a better man by reason of that study.

## Why "All Star" Casts Fail

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON,

(In this article Mr. Jefferson refers to the staging of an "all star" production given under his management in 1893 at Baltimore.)



REMEMBER that during the rehearsal of the "School for Scandal" I was impressed with the idea that the performance would not go well.

It is always a difficult matter to bring a company of great artists together for a night and have them act in unison with each other; not from any ill-feeling, but from the fact that they are not accustomed to play together. In a fine, mechanical contrivance, the ease and perfection with which it works depends upon the fact that the cogwheels have their different proportions. On this occasion they were all identical in size, highly polished, and well made, but not adapted to the same machinery.

Seeing a hitch during the rehearsal in one of the important scenes, I ventured, in my official capacity, to make a suggestion to one of the old actors. He regarded me with a cold, stony gaze, as though I had been at a great distance—which I was, both in age and in experience—and he gave me to understand that there was but one way to settle the matter, and that was his way. Of course, as the company did not comprise the one regularly under my management, I felt that it would be becoming in me to yield, which I did, however, without protesting that the position I took was the proper and only one under the circumstances; and when I saw the scene fail and virtually go to pieces at night, I confess that I felt some satisfaction in the knowledge that my judgment had been correct. In fact, the whole entertainment, while it had been a financial success, was an artistic failure. People wondered how so many great actors could make a performance go off so wretchedly.

Harmony is the most important element in a work of art. In this instance each piece of mosaic was perfect in form and beautiful in color, but when fitted together they matched badly, and the effect was crude. An actor who has been for years the main attraction in his plays, and on all occasions the central and conspicuous figure of the entertainment, can scarcely be expected to adapt himself at once to being grouped with others in one picture; having so long performed the solo, it is difficult to accompany the air.

A play is like a picture; the actors are the colors, and they must blend with one another if a perfect work is to be produced. Should they fail to agree as to the value and distribution of their talents, then, though they be ever so great, they must submit their case to the care and guidance of a master hand.



**The Deacon's Climax.**  
"Yes," said Deacon Stuckup, "the works of Providence are manifold. The omnipotence of the Almighty is seen in all things, great and small, high and low. The good Lord, who made the great mountains, made the smallest insect that crawls over them; the good Lord, who made the mighty ocean, made the smallest fish that swims in it; the good Lord, who made man, the greatest of His works, made the smallest flower of the field. The good Lord, brethren, who made me, made a daisy!"—N. Y. Times.

**The Political Job.**  
The officeholders often shirk their work from day to day. They'll kick and howl at overwork. But not at overpay.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

**JUST A TRIFLE CURIOUS.**



Mr. Cock-Sparrow—Well, Pecky, my boy, did you catch the last train last night?  
Mr. Hen Peck—No—But I caught the first one this morning!—Ally Sloper.

**How He Won Her.**  
She vowed through life she'd travel alone, in sunshine and in stormy weather; A new automobile he purchased next day, Now they travel as they auto—together.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Johnny's Guess.**  
Teacher (who has had to tell Johnny nearly all his lessons)—What did I tell you a shepherd is?  
Johnny—One who tends sheep.  
Teacher—That is right. Now see if you can tell me what a coward is?  
Johnny (hopefully)—One who tends cows!—Boston Globe.

**The Only Infallible Way.**  
"George, don't forget to mail this letter. What can I do to prevent your carrying it around with you for a week or more?"  
"Mail it yourself, my dear."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**The Cost.**  
Willie—Penelope says her married life with the count is one grand, sweet song.  
Percy—Yes; but her father must think he's supporting a grand opera.  
—Judge.

**Consumed by Envy.**  
Brute—There goes a man whom I envy; and, curious as it may seem, he envies me.  
Friend—How can that be?  
Brute—We were both after the same woman—and I married her.—Tit-Bits.

**A Careful Porter.**  
Owner—See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully.  
Porter—I'll look out for it, sir. I know a man who let one fall on his toes last month, an' he ain't out of the hospital yet.—Town and Country.

**Outnumbered.**  
When a man's will is stubbornly fixed, he finds that the woman has fifty or sixty.  
—Baltimore News.

**NOT GOING.**



"No, Jimmie, I am not going to Maggie Mulligan's party! The Mulligans ain't in our set, an' I don't like Maggie, an' I've got nuthin' to wear, an' besides, I ain't been invited, anyhow!"  
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**The End of the Route.**  
A rapid youth of reckless glee Was joyful Jeremiah. He drove "red devil" for awhile, Then took the "Black Maria."  
—Washington Star.

**Over the Back Yard Fence.**  
Yes, this line fence ought to be fixed—I'll own that.  
"You mean you'll acknowledge it."  
"Well, what's the difference?"  
"A good deal. You own the meanest lot of chickens in the neighborhood, but you won't acknowledge it."  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Innocent Boy.**  
Mamma—I am surprised and grieved to learn that my little boy threw a big bottle at a neighbor's cat.  
Johnny (sobbing)—We'd been givin' the cat another name, mamma, and I was christenin' her.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**Had Time to Kill.**  
"I trust, Miss Sharpleigh," said the young Borem, as he prepared to get a move on himself after a prolonged stay, "that I haven't taken up too much of your valuable time."  
"Oh, not at all, Mr. Borem, not at all," replied the fair heroine of the sketch. "The time you have taken up has been of no value to me whatever."  
Whereupon he went forth into the midnight atmosphere and wandered slowly down the street, thinking terrific thoughts.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Genuine Sympathy.**  
Lady—You look ill.  
Shoppirl—I have been, but am better now. The doctor said it was nervous prostration, from trying so hard to smile and look pleasant when I did not feel like it.  
Lady—I can sympathize with you. I know all about it.  
Shoppirl—Have you ever worked in a shop.  
Lady—Worse. I've moved in society.—Tit-Bits.

**Not Encouraging.**  
"Do you know," remarked the pessimist, "I think I have experienced every kind of hard luck on the list except hanging?"  
"Well, you shouldn't be discouraged," rejoined the optimist. "Remember the old adage, 'While there is life there is hope.'"  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Beginning.**  
"Do you think that our boy will ever make a great financier?" asked Mrs. Cornstossel.  
"I dunno," was the answer. "If he's as industrious at gettin' money from the general public as he is at gettin' it from me, I reckon he'll be right up with the Rockefellers."  
—Washington Star.

**Comforted.**  
"Can your husband afford to play poker?"  
"I asked him that the other day," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "and he said the game owes him so much money that he can't afford not to play it. It's a great comfort to know that Charley is so businesslike."  
—Washington Star.

**Another.**  
There was a little girl And she had a little curl; Just where the maiden laid it in the bair; It hung there through the day, But I've heard her brother say That at night its place was on the dressing-table.  
—N. Y. Times.

**KNEW HER VALUE.**



"Elsa, I'm glad to hear of your engagement! I congratulate you."  
"Excuse me, dear—you should rather congratulate him!"—Simplicissimus.

**Misplaced Affection.**  
She kissed him and caressed him, But 'twas not what he desired; He only looked at her and growled: For she made the poor pug tired.  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**On the Safe Side.**  
"It seems to me," remarked the customer as she watched the man at the market trim the slice of ham she had bought, "you are wasting a good deal of that meat."  
"Not at all, madam," he said, genially; "I weighed it first."  
—Tit-Bits.

**The Acme of Realism.**  
Manager—What excuse have you for drawing your play out into nine acts?  
Author—Well, you see, the hero gets tangled up in a lawsuit in the first act.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**The Angel's Characteristic.**  
Beryl—I understand that Charlie Pnoodles told you I was an angel.  
Sibyl—Well, he did say that you were rather "fly" and always kept harping away.—Baltimore Herald.

**Business Improving.**  
Jimson—Any change for the better in your line of business?  
Bilson—Y-e-s, it's been several weeks since we've had a bill collector starve to death.—N. Y. Weekly.

**The Reason Why.**  
He—Why is it a woman will never listen to reason?  
She—Because she knows there is no truth in a man's.—Brooklyn Life.

**Pleasant Sort of Affliction.**  
"I want you to tell me plainly, doctor," said the man with the fat government position, "what is the matter with me."  
"Well, sir," answered the old doctor, leaning back in his chair and looking at his beefy, red-faced patient, "you are suffering from underwork and overpay."  
—Tit-Bits.

**In Swelldom.**  
Little Brother—Are you going to invite mamma to the party?  
Little Sister—Oh, yes, indeed! I've heard so much about her, I'm just dying to meet her.—Puck.

## WHAT GOTHAM TALKS ABOUT.

The Interesting Doings of New York Passed in Review.

Homes the Wealthy Men Build and the Troubles They Have—Strikes of the Building Trades and Industrial Figures.

New York.—A year ago Marcellus Hartley Dodge was a comparatively poor student in Columbia college. The other day he was graduated at 22 many times a millionaire, and with a single exception the greatest "catch" in the city. He is rated at from ten to 20 millions; James Henry Smith, the "silent man of Wall street," alone surpasses him in wealth among the eligible bachelors of New York. On his graduation day Mr. Dodge and his aunt jointly gave to Columbia the tidy sum of \$300,000. He was already a director of the New York Life Insurance company, serving in that capacity while still an undergraduate.

Mr. Dodge was voted at commencement the "luckiest man of his class." He is certainly one of the most modest. He is slender, almost shy, religious by nature and training, was for a time president of the college Y. M. C. A., is a fair student, not at all an athlete; just a nice, likeable boy, in short.

People who shoot things in various parts of the world are familiar with young Dodge's grandfather's name—that of Marcellus Hartley, of the old Hartley & Graham firm. He was Hartley's favorite grandson and even while obtaining his education almost grew up in the shop and works, being trained in the intricacies of the business. His mother was in only moderate circumstances, and the boy has always lived unostentatiously.

It is one of the fairy tales of wealth that in New York are always "coming true" that makes this comparatively poor boy, unheard of a year ago by the public, a greater magnate in the financial world than any of the younger Vanderbilts, save two, and that puts him in a position to demonstrate his gratitude to his alma mater by a gift so generous—and only an installment, as his comrades insist the \$300,000 is destined to be.

**The Mansion of Morgan.**  
The family of another famous Dodge—the late William E., of that name, founder of Dodge City, Kan., will soon have one less trace to leave upon the map of New York.

For years there have been upon a certain block on Madison avenue three great city houses, that of J. P. Morgan, standing upon the northeast corner of Thirty-sixth street, with that of William E. Dodge adjoining it on the north. The death of Mrs. Dodge a few weeks ago, leaving no one to occupy her old home, throws it into Mr. Morgan's hands as the natural purchaser. He has now a plot of about an acre altogether, which is a good deal of land for one man to own on Murray hill; it is believed that the houses of A. Cass Canfield and Anson Phelps Stokes on the same block will go the same way, leaving Mr. Morgan free to build a mansion rivaling those of Messrs. Carnegie and Schwab.

Jay Gould once said that he wanted his house to look just like all the rest on Fifth avenue, so that if a mob came up that way they wouldn't know which it was—a typical saying of a physically timid but mentally bold man.

Other men of wealth do not share Mr. Gould's desire for a modestly concealed home. John D. Rockefeller, the richest of them all, lives in a quiet house on a side street, which is most remarkable because in winter he has enough land behind it, and within a stone's throw of Fifth avenue, for a private skating rink. But most of the men of great wealth are doing their utmost to make New York a museum of architectural styles. Every Vanderbilt and nearly every son-in-law of a Vanderbilt has a palace. W. C. Whitney has one as big as it is brown and ugly. Mr. Carnegie's, big enough to hold 40 small cottages and surrounded by good-sized trees transplanted there bodily, is famous the world over.

**The House That Schwab Built.**  
The Clark house has been much delayed by building strikes. One millionaire who, as he phrases it, "wants to use his house before he's gray-bearded," was more fortunate because more energetic.

"Charlie," Schwab, in the intervals of running the steel trust and trying to explain why the shipbuilding trust went to smash, has been struggling with the labor problem. When the men quit work on his place because they could get no brick he asked what was the

matter, and found out. There was a "strike clause" in his contract with the builder, who consequently didn't care so very much whether school kept or not.

"Can't get any brick?" said Schwab. "Well, I'll see." And he bought a brickyard, chartered a few sloops, and in a short time had the bricks piled up where they would do the most good. Then he went to the contractor, who had another excuse.

"Can't get any men, hey?" said Schwab. "Well, I'll see about that, too." So he posted off to the offices of the unions, found out that they were not upon strike, but were hindered by the "building material" tie-up. He told the desired number to be on hand at work hour the next morning, and went back to the contractor.

"Now," said Schwab, complacently, "the brick are there and the men will be there to-morrow morning; if you aren't there too, you know the consequences."

The contractor, no longer protected by his "strike clause," did not dare refuse. How he explained his going to work to his fellow contractors, I don't know.

**The Building Trades Strikes.**  
New York has been pestered, like several other places on the map, by building trades strikes and lockouts. Ask a labor union man why there must be this constant turmoil, he will reply:

"Well, look at the wages, and then think back." We will for a moment "look at the wages," and let each reader think back for himself. In the first place, work is minutely subdivided. There are nine unions of bricklayers alone on Manhattan island—and, by the way, these men have had no strike for 20 years, but have in that time raised their wages from 35 to 70 cents an hour. In other trades wages are as indicated in the following partial table:

Painters	.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Carpenters	.....\$1.50
Stone and marble cutters	.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Marble cutters	.....\$1.00 to \$1.50
Mosaic and encaustic tile layers	.....\$1.50
Plumbers	.....\$1.00
Wood lathers	.....\$1.00
Roofers	.....\$1.00
Holding engineers	.....\$1.00

Some of the unions seem to have but a small "sphere of influence," like the Second-Hand Building Material Handlers—who get three dollars a day, by the way, for unloading old lumber. But really, in a city where so much tearing down and rebuilding is going forward, these men have plenty of work.

All these unions have the eight-hour day. But there are mitigations. The unions discourage overtime, but do not prohibit it. They merely make it pay double. There is no rule against paying more than schedule price, either. I have within the past week heard of a carpenter who was making \$60 a week in the near suburbs, and left to take a place on one of the great city buildings, where he could make \$75 by working 12 hours a day. On these giant structures time is everything. In eight months, one of the new hustling construction companies which deal direct with their laborers and have no delay with subcontractors, will put up a 20-story building and have it filled with tenants. Under such circumstances, overtime of good men is prodigally employed—unless the walking delegate objects. And one at least of the big companies—the Fuller concern, that put up the famous "Flatiron"—has always boasted that it kept on good terms with the delegates and was never bothered by strikes.

**A City of Few Landlords.**  
The wages I have quoted are for old New York only. They are less in nearby country, unless New York men are taken out, in which case they get New York pay, plus traveling expenses. In Brooklyn the pay is slightly lower.

One result of the rebuilding of Manhattan is the rapid disappearance of the small real estate owner. Eight years ago there were in Manhattan and the Bronx 27,000 owners of real estate, small and large. Nowadays, in spite of a considerable increase in the Bronx, the total for the two boroughs is only 19,000.

New York land is getting to be too much of an investment for the average man to hold by himself. In one way ownership may soon be even more widely extended. The stock of the big construction trusts is on the market. Will a man who owns a few \$100 shares in a "skyscraper" be held to have "a stake in the city," to the same extent as one who in the old days would have had who owned and lived in a little frame house? There is politics as well as finance in the query.

The case is very different in Brooklyn. There the number of real estate owners, already much greater than in old New York, is rapidly increasing. The "two-family house," in which the owner occupies the ground floor and lets the upper tenement to help pay the interest and taxes, is so common that the new tenement law designedly excepts it from its rules. The man in the two-family house is not technically a "tenement-dweller." The man who pays \$5,000 a year rent for a magnificent apartment on the avenue is one, according to the law.

OWEN LANGDON.