Dr. Marden's Uplift Talks

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

"HADN'T TIME TO MAKE FRIENDS"

Not long ago Mr. Mellen, the former president of the New Haven railroad, and most bitterly talked about railroad man of his time, said:

"I thought if a man knew his business and worked at it hard and produced the best product he could with the materials available, that was enough. But apparently it was not."

"It is enough until a storm breaks," said the newspaper man to whom Mr. Mellen was talking.

"I thought I was strong enough to meet any storm," he answered. "What should a man do to prepare for the kind of storm that hit me?"

"He might have made more friends outside of the line of business—friends with the public."

"But I hadn't the time. I was too busy. I have had six weeks' vacation in 44 years. How could I find the time to meet your newspaper reporters and cultivate the good will of editors? I engaged a man to do that work. Well, we shall see. I may have a little more time now to make friends."

After all, what does that thing which we call success amount to if we have sacrificed our friendships, if we have sacrificed the most sacred things in life in getting it?

One of the most beautiful things that can ever be said of a human being is that he has a host of friends.

When Lincoln's friends were proposing him for the presidency he was poor and comparatively unknown and people said: "Why, Lincoln has no rich men back of him; he has no political pull, no money, not much of anything excepting a lot of friends." This is true, but what friends they were! They made his presidency possible.

Only he has friends worth while who is willing to pay the price for making and keeping them. He may not have quite as large a fortune as if he gave all of his time to business and money-making. But wouldn't you rather have more good, stanch friends who believe in you and who would stand by you in the severest adversity than have a little more money? What will enrich the life so much as hosts of good, loyal friends?

Most of us attend to everything else first, and if we have any little scraps of time left we give them to our friends, when we ought to make a business of our friendships. Are they not worth it?

The faith of friends is a perpetual stimulus. How it nerves and encourages us to do our best when we feel that scores of friends really believe in us!

It means a great deal to have enthusiastic friends always looking out for our interests, working for us all the time, saying a good word for us at every opportunity, supporting us, speaking for us in our absence when we need a friend, stopping slanders, shielding our sensitive, weak spots, killing lies which would injure us, correcting false impressions, trying to set us right, overcoming the prejudices created by some mistake or slip or a first bad impression we made, who are always doing something to give us a lift or help us along!

One reason why so many people are disappointed with what life has for them is because they have never cultivated the capacity for friendship. Friendship is no one-sided affair, but an exchange of soul qualities. There can be no friendship without reciprocity. Many people are not capable of forming great friendships, because they do not have the qualities themselves which attract noble qualities in others. If you are crammed with despicable qualities, you cannot expect any one to care for you. If you are uncharitable, intolerant, if you lack generosity, cordiality; if you are narrow and bigoted, unsympathetic, you cannot expect that generous, large-hearted, noble characters will flock around you.

THE INDIVIDUAL IN YOUR CHILD

"When I was a little girl," a friend of mine once told me, "I was always so glad when company came to the house. My mother would change so. She would be cheerful and kind to company and would stop scolding and criticizing me. Sometimes I used to wish I could just be company all the time—she would have been so kind to me always then."

How long could we hold the confidence and affection of our friends if we treated them as many of us treat our children? Most fathers and mothers do not seem to realize that the qualities which attract children to them and which secure their confidence are the same qualities which attract their friends and the good will of the people with whom they associate. A father might as well neglect and abuse a friend every little while and then expect him to respect, and love him as to pound and neglect a child and expect to gain his love, just because he belongs to him. Many parents seem to think that because their own children are dependent upon them for their food, clothing, shelter and education, that they own their respect, gratitude and love, regardless of how they are treated. The sense of relationship has nothing whatever to do with a child's feelings towards his father. It is just as impossible to compel the respect of one's child as it is to compel some other person to love us. You must earn his respect, just as you would earn the respect of a friend. It costs you something to keep the good will and friendship of your children.

The greatest hold the parent has upon the child is its companionship. How often we hear fathers and mothers say that they no longer have any control over their son; that he has passed beyond their reach, and they do not know what to do with him. Now, my parent friends, have you ever tried to make a companion of your boy; tried to make him feel that you were his best friend, by sympathizing with him in his little troubles and trials? Do you take an interest in his hopes and ambitions? Have you tried to encourage him when he was down-hearted, had made a serious mistake. Have you sympathized with him in his struggles for self-control? Any business man would be horrified at the suggestion that he was ruining his son by neglect, that his absorption in business would result in the undoing of his own son. But if you have been in the habit of driving him away from you because you did not want to be bothered every time he asked a question or came to you with his little heartaches for your sympathy and your help, you cannot expect to have much influence over him. One of the bitterest things in many a business man's life has been the discovery, after he had made his money, that he had lost his hold upon his boy, and he would give a large part of his fortune to recover his loss.

Every father should think of the child as a sacred trust, bringing into the world with him a sealed message, which he is bound to deliver like a man and a hero, and that this sealed message within him is sacred. It may not be even for the father to read; but it is each father's duty to help his boy to live up to it.

It is comparatively easy for you to gain your boy's confidence, if you begin early enough. From infancy, he should grow up to feel that no one else can take your place, that you stand in a peculiar relation to him, which no one else can fill. Every boy is going to have a confidant, some one to whom he can tell his secrets and whisper his hopes and ambitions, which he would not breathe to others, and this some one should be his father.

Are Foxes Vegetarians?

Foxes are not generally accredited with vegetarian instincts. You never see their tracks, as you see those of the rabbits, around a young oak-tree shoot which has been nibbled down to the tough stem. But Esop evidently thought otherwise when he wrote his fable of the sour grapes, and there is plenty of testimony that Esop was right. Foxes do eat wild grapes, as many observers have testified, climbing a considerable way to get them; and probably at times they eat berries and perhaps apples. I have found their tracks, at any rate, beneath apple-trees. I have also been confidently assured that they eat the persimmons in Virginia; that the "ol' houn' dawgs" know how good this fruit is, too, and if you wish to find the very best tree, take a "dawg" with you.—Walter Prichard Eaton, in Harper's Magazine.

Bank Notes of Silk.

Bank notes made of silk of a particular shade that will baffle the banknote forger are now possible. As is known, most of the expert banknote forgers use photography to obtain their best results; but a recent invention makes it possible to manufacture silk of a particular shade that cannot possibly be photographed.

Discovered by a woman, this invention is a new process of waterproofing fabrics without rubber and dyeing them in the same operation. Linen, cotton or other materials to be treated by this process are placed white into one end of the machine and brought out at the other end a few minutes later colored, waterproofed, and dry. Fabrics so produced, the inventor maintains, can be used in hundreds of trades, from aeroplane building to banknote making.

Old Maid's Opinion of Boys.

In the Woman's Home Companion, Zona Gale, writing a story of an old maid who suddenly found herself face to face with the responsibility of taking care of a small boy, presents the old maid as making the following observation:

"'Though I love the human race and admire to see it took care of, I couldn't sense my way clear to taking a boy into my house. Boys belong to the human race, to be sure, just as whirling egg beaters belong to omelets; but much as I set store by omelets, I couldn't invite a whirling egg beater into my home permanent.

"'And I don't ever rent to 'em. They ain't got enough silence to 'em."

A Long Huzzah.

The new pontiff, if in stature he matches the shortest monarch in the present world, his contemporary in Rome, has at any rate a longer name, in Italian, than any of his predecessors for many a day. It is almost unmanageably long for acclamation. "Vivi Pio Decimo," used to go off like artillery, and "Viva Pio Nono" was even a sharper shot. But "Viva Benedetto Decimoquinto" does not, it must be confessed, linger and rumble. It is longer than the shout for Leone Decimoterzo."

Solving the Problem.

For several years the newspapers have been filled with various discussions of the high cost of living, but the other day a man in this community gave the nearest solution of any I have heard. He has three cows that furnish him with butter and milk for his home, and in addition to what he is raising three calves and feeding hogs with the milk, while the cream is sold regularly and keeps the money coming in. His ditch banks are growing fruit trees that make money, instead of grass and burrs that make work. Of course, every man cannot do this, but there are a good many farms about here that are adapted to these methods.

A Permissible Pun.

"What's going on in here?" asked the reporter.

"A meeting of the board of directors," said the doorkeeper, with a yawn.

"And what are you?"

"I'm the bored."

JAPANESE CELEBRATE THE TSING TAO VICTORY

There was great rejoicing throughout Japan when the news of the fall of Tsing Tao was received. The photograph shows a lantern procession in Tokyo, and incidentally gives a good idea of the strange mixture of costumes to be seen in any Japanese city.

WAR AS A BUSINESS

Impressions of Visitor to German Great Headquarters.

Campaign Conducted With the Efficiency of a Great American Corporation—New Steel Hospital Trains Perfectly Appointed.

London.—A newspaper correspondent writing from Luxembourg says:

I have just returned from the German great headquarters in France, the visit terminating abruptly on the fourth day, when one of the kaiser's secret field police woke me up at seven o'clock in the morning and regretfully said that his instructions were to see that I 'did not oversleep' the first train out. The return journey along one of the German main lines of communication — through Eastern France, across a corner of Belgium, and through Luxembourg—was full of interest, and confirmed the impression gathered at the center of things, the great headquarters, that this twentieth century warfare is in the last analysis a gigantic business proposition which the board of directors (the great general staff) and the 36 department heads are conducting with the efficiency of a great American business corporation.

The west-bound track is a continuous procession of freight trains—fresh consignments of raw material, men and ammunition, being rushed to the firing line to be ground out into victories.

Our fast train stops at the mouth of a tunnel, then crawls ahead charily, for the French, before retreating, dynamited the tunnel. One track has been cleared, but the going is still bad. To keep it from being blocked again by falling debris, the Germans have dug clean through the top of the hill, opening up a deep well of light into the tunnel. Looking up, you see a pioneer company in once cream-colored, now dirty-colored, fatigue uniforms still digging away and terracing the sides of the big hole to prevent slides. Half an hour later we go slow again in crossing a new wooden bridge over the Meuse—only one track as yet. It took the German pioneers nearly a week to build the substitute for the old steel railway bridge, dynamited by the French, whose four spans lie buckled up in the river.

Further on a variety of interest is furnished by a squad of French prisoners being marched along the road. Then a spot of anthill-like activity where a German railway company is at work building a new branch line, hundreds of them having pickaxes and making the dirt fly. It looks like home—all except the inevitable officer (distinguished by revolver and fieldglass) shouting commands.

The intense activity of the Germans in rebuilding the torn-up railroads and pushing ahead new strategic lines is one of the most interesting features of a tour now in France. I was told that they had pushed the railroad work so far that they were able to ship men and ammunition almost up to the fortified trenches. The Germanization of the railroads here has been completed by the importation of station superintendents, station hands, track-walkers, etc., from the Fatherland.

Now we creep past a long hospital train, full this time, which has turned out on a siding to give us the right of way—perhaps thirty all-steel cars, each fitted with two tiers of berths, eight to a side, 16 to a car. Every berth is taken. One car is fitted up as an operating room, but fortunately no one is on the operating table as we crawl past. Another car is the private office of the surgeon in charge of the train. He is sitting at a big desk receiving reports from the orderlies. During the day we pass six of these splendidly-appointed new all-steel hospital trains, all full of wounded. Some of them are able to sit up in their bunks and take a mild interest in us. Once, by a queer coincidence, we simultaneously pass the wounded going one way and cheering fresh troops going the other.

MRS. WHITMAN AND DAUGHTER

This is a specially posed photograph of the wife and daughter of Gov.-elect Charles S. Whitman of New York. Mrs. Whitman was formerly Miss Olive Hitchcock. She was married to Mr. Whitman in 1908. Little Olive is their only child.

STYLE SHOW FOR RED CROSS

Mrs. Christian D. Hemmick, society woman and artist of Washington and Paris, was one of the patronesses of the style show recently held in Washington for the benefit of the Red Cross. She is here shown standing beside one of the exhibits at the show.

COOKS REAL HEROES

Many Decorated With Iron Cross by the Kaiser.

Carry Food to the Trenches While Enemy Rains Bullets on Them, but They Never Fail in Their Duties.

By HERBERT COREY.

London.—There isn't anything heroic about a cook. One simply cannot imagine a cook in a soiled apron and a mussed white cap doing a deed of valor. But the German army is full of cooks upon whose breasts dangles the iron cross. And the iron cross is conferred for one thing only—for 100 per cent courage.

"They've earned it," said the man who had seen them. "They are the bravest men in the kaiser's 4,000,000. I've seen generals salute greasy, paunchy, sour-looking army cooks."

The cook's job is to feed the men of his company. Each German company is followed or preceded by a field kitchen on wheels. Sometimes the fires are kept going while the device trundles along. The cook stands on the footboard and thumps his bread. He is always the first man up in the morning, and the last to sleep at night. He is held to the strictest accountability. The Teuton believes in plenty of food. A well-fed soldier will fight. A hungry one may not.

"When the company gets into camp at night," said the man who knows, "the cook is there before it, swearing at his fires and the second cook and turning out quantities of veal stew, which is very good to eat."

When the company goes into the trenches the cook stays behind. There is no place for a field kitchen in a four-foot trench. But those men in the trench must be fed. The Teuton insists that all soldiers must be fed—but especially the men in the trench. The others may go hungry, but these must have tight belts. Upon their staying power many depend the safety of an army.

So, as the company cannot go to the cook, the cook goes to the company. When meal hour comes he puts a yoke on his shoulders and puts a bucketful of that veal stew on either end of the yoke and goes to his men. Maybe the trench is under fire. Being a trench, it most probably is. No matter. His men are in that trench and—potztausend—they must be fed.

Sometimes the second cook gets his step right there. Sometimes the apprentice cook—the dishwasher, the grub murderer, the university graduate who has just learned what to expect when Fahrenheit is applied to spuds—is summoned from his job of rustling firewood to pick up the cook's yoke and refill the spilled buckets and tramp steadily forward to the line. Sometimes the supply of assistant cooks, even, runs short. But the men in the trenches always get their food.

"That's why so many cooks in the German army have iron crosses dangling from their breasts," said the man who knows. "No braver men ever lived. The hero of the German campaign is the cook of the field kitchen."

The man who knows really does know. He has been along the German battle line, under protection of a headquarters pass.

It is this man's belief, based on what he has heard, that the commissariat of the allies has from time to time broken down, but that of the Germans never has.

WATCH IS OF BIBLICAL AGE

Has Marked the Passing of 613,678 Hours and Is Three-Score-and-Ten.

Sheridan, Wyo.—Arnold Tschirgi, the county surveyor, has a watch that has marked the passing of 613,678 hours. It has been ticking away for 70 years and is still a good timekeeper. The watch is key-wind. It is an open-face gold case. The dial is beautifully ornamented in figured gold. The crystal is made of heavy convex glass. The watch formerly belonged to Mr. Tschirgi's father.

RICHES FOR WORKING WOMAN

Prospective Heiress Promises to "Set 'Em Up" If She Gets $1,500,000.

Savannah, Ga.—Mrs. Mary White, a repair woman employed in a dry goods store here, may be co-heir with her sister in Atlanta, Ga., to an estate said to amount to $1,500,000. This became known when the woman resigned her position in the department store where she had been earning a comfortable living for some years, to prosecute her claim.

The estate is said to have been left by Washington Ware, formerly of Athens, who died some months ago in Knoxville, Tenn. According to information which Mrs. White, who is a widow, has received, it was turned over to an administrator in the absence at the time of knowledge of any living relatives of the deceased.

Mrs. White was informed that she and her sister, who were married to brothers, are the only heirs that could be located. They are said to be nieces of the millionaire.

Mrs. White's son, Samuel White, who lives in Oklahoma, came to Savannah to assist her in establishing her claim. From here he went to Athens and retained an attorney. In a letter to his mother he says he believes that she and his aunt will soon come into possession of the estate.

"Wouldn't it be good," said Mrs. White; "I'd 'set 'em up' to all my friends."

STILL WITH THEM

By GEORGE BURROUGHS.

Henry Nobble, senior partner of the firm of Nobble & Black, brought his fist down upon the mahogany table with a crash of self-emphasis which showed plainly enough that he was not a married man.

"Black, Miss Gregory has got to go," he declaimed.

Andrew Black looked up at his partner with a melancholy smile.

"I know she has, Noble, but who's going to do the trick?" he asked.

"I tried it last Christmas, and all she got was a raise of salary," said Black. "You try."

"But I can't think of any excuse," protested Nobble. "I can't pretend that we're getting into deep water, because she knows more about the firm's finances that we do. And, anyway, after 15 years' service we couldn't fire her without a real reason."

"Then let her stay," said Black with resignation.

"But she's so abominably officious, Black," protested Nobble. "She's so strong-minded that she's got to the point where she runs the whole shop. She won't let me do anything I want to do. Of course, I admit she is a woman of sound judgment—in fact, a treasure, but—"

"But this is our business, Nobble, and not Miss Gregory's, and we want the fun of managing it ourselves," said Mr. Black. "Well, I'll tackle her again."

"Get her out," said Nobble. "I don't care how you do it. And, when she's gone, no more strong-minded women in our employment."

Miss Ada Gregory would have been surprised and distressed beyond measure could she have heard this conversation between her employers. Miss Gregory might have been strong-minded, but she was certainly pretty. She had entered the firm 15 years before, as a cash girl, with the determination to become a controlling influence in it before she reached middle age.

"Did You Ever Think of—Think of Getting—Er—Married, Miss Gregory?"

All her life was bound up with Nobble & Black. She became first stenographer, then private secretary to Nobble and Black successively, then assistant manager. From that post she was nominally promoted to business director, being really shunted into a sinecure. In vain. Miss Gregory refused to stay put, and created a new department of more importance than any other.

This was an excellent thing for the firm, but Miss Gregory acted as if she was the firm. "She won't let us have a run for our money," was the way Nobble pathetically put it.

"Mr. Black would like to see you, Miss Gregory," said the head office boy deferentially.

Miss Gregory went into Mr. Black's office and sat down before him, looking at him with a direct gaze which considerably disconcerted the junior partner.

"Ahem, Miss Gregory!" he began, playing with his ruler, "Mr. Nobble and I have been thinking about your future. We are agreed that your chances with a small firm like ours do not amount to what they ought to."

"Never mind that, Mr. Black," interposed Miss Gregory suavely. "I'm going to make this a very big firm indeed, some day. Now, I have a scheme—"

"Excuse me, Miss Gregory," Mr. Black interrupted, "but the suggestion I wanted to make is this: If you would like to take a three months' vacation on full salary and look around you—"

"Why, my dear Mr. Black, I look around me every day of my life," answered Miss Gregory. "However, I think the idea a good one. I will accept the holiday in part—that is to say, I shall come down only in the afternoons and look about for ideas in the mornings. When the time is ended no doubt I shall return to my full day's work with a number of innovations to suggest."

Mr. Black looked at Miss Gregory, and, realising his failure, groaned.

"What is the matter, Mr. Black?" inquired Miss Gregory in alarm. "You are not feeling well? Can I get you—"

"A touch of headache," said the junior partner. "That will be all, Miss Gregory, thank you."

And he nerved himself to bear the reproaches of his partner.

"Nobble," he said, when the other had ended his harangue, "there's only one thing to be done. We must get Miss Gregory married."

"Yes, I've thought of that," answered Nobble, with melancholy demeanor. "You remember Cleaves, the good-looking bookkeeper we used to have? I moved his desk up next to hers, you know. He had a taking way with women."

"He left, though," answered Black.

"Yes. Dindn't give any reasons, either. Well, Black, the only thing I can think of is for you to marry her."

"Me!" shouted Black. "Why, I'm never going to marry. You marry her, Nobble."

"I'll toss you for her," said Nobble, feebly.

"Nothing of the sort," shouted Black. "You're a crabby old bachelor, Nobble. It'll do you good to have a wife—a fine, spirited, capable, managing woman like Miss Gregory. Besides, then, she'll give up her position."

"I'll see you—" began Nobble, but, without finishing the sentence, he returned to his own desk and sat there, absorbed in thought.

It was a singular thing, but the idea of Miss Gregory as a wife appealed far more to Mr. Nobble than as business director. Mr. Nobble suspected that Miss Gregory might have quite human characteristics outside the atmosphere of office work. In brief, before a month had gone by he had approached Miss Gregory from another angle and had fallen in love with his idea.

He did not say anything to Black, and yet he began to be conscious of a new and almost unknown sentiment—jealousy—whenever he saw Miss Gregory's pretty head in close relationship to Mr. Black's iron-gray one. Mr. Black seemed to be utilizing Miss Gregory's services a good deal more than he used to do. And presently it began to dawn upon Nobble that he had a rival in Black.

If that was the case, he must establish his suit at the earliest moment possible. And he chose a day when Miss Gregory and he were to have a consultation on the half-yearly balance sheet.

"Miss Gregory," he began, when they were seated together at his desk, "let us put this matter by for a moment There is something I want to say to you. Did you ever think of—think of getting—er—married, Miss Gregory?"

Miss Gregory started and fixed her blue eyes on his. And in them there was unmistakably fear.

"Put it in a business way," continued Nobble, nerved for his plunge. "You are attractive and capable. And you know that marriage takes a woman into her proper sphere, out of the distracting details of business life."

Suddenly Miss Gregory did something that she had never been known to do in her life before—she put her handkerchief to her eyes and burst into tears.

And, as Mr. Nobble strove vainly to console her, he heard the harsh voice of Black hiss in his ears:

"You scoundrel!" hissed the junior partner. "What do you mean by making Miss Gregory cry?"

"I didn't!" exclaimed Nobble. "But suppose I did, what's that to you? Don't I pay her? Haven't I got a right to make her cry if I want to?"

"No, you haven't," answered Black, ferociously. "And I'll tell you why. Because it is my intention to ask Miss Gregory to become—"

"Miss Gregory!" exclaimed Mr. Nobble in anguish, "be frank with us. Think of your long years of connection with this firm. Let us all have a heart-to-heart talk together."

Miss Gregory raised her anguished eyes and fixed them on each partner alternately.

"O, I have done wrong, I know, concealing it," she wept. "I meant to tell you, but I couldn't muster up courage. And I have come to you both so often, prepared to offer my resignation, and I couldn't hurt your feelings by doing so. You never understood me."

"Miss Gregory!" exclaimed both partners simultaneously.

"Every time I wanted to resign you raised my salary, and how could I confess that I was a married woman and wanted to be at home, when you thought me so necessary to the firm? I married Mr. Cleaves eight months ago."

"Miss Gregory!" cried Mr. Nobble, deeply shocked.

"Miss Gregory!" wailed Mr. Black.

"But I'll stay with you," she continued. "It wouldn't be right to the firm, after all these years, to go away from you—at least, not for a year or two longer, while you are getting used to the idea. And now that Mr. Nobble has found me out, there is going to be a better understanding among us, and I shall take a more earnest share in the business."

And it was not until Miss Gregory had gone away to powder her nose that the partners realised she was still with them.

Constitutionalism in Prussia.

One hundred years ago the king of Prussia, Frederick William III, promised his subjects a representative government. Though he lived until many years later, he never redeemed his promise. When he died, in 1840, he was succeeded by his son, Frederick William IV. The latter was known as the possessor of liberal and independent views, and his first solemn declaration after coming to the throne was one containing a promise to give his people a free constitution. Great, therefore, was the surprise and chagrin when he began to govern in a manner wholly contradictory to these promises. Not until many years later, as a result of the revolutionary movement which swept over nearly the whole of Europe in 1848, were the people of Prussia enabled to secure a measure of self-government and other reforms which they had so long demanded as their right.

The Cabbala.

The Cabbalists were a sect of Jewish philosophers who exercised great influence upon the mental development of the Hebrews in the ninth to the seventeenth century. The teachings of the Cabbalists were a mingling of Talmudism and Greek philosophy, especially Neo-Platonism.

Jolting Started Clock.

Moving a clock a distance of a mile from one house to another in Waycross, Ga., caused it to resume work after it had lain idle for seven years. Jewelers had failed to start it going, but the jolting succeeded.

How to Remove Putty.

To remove old putty with little work and trouble, pass a hot soldering iron over it. This softens it and it is easily removed.