

**SUCCESS.**

Success? What is this thing success, I pray?  
 Is to stand forth in the glare of day  
 As one who wins great battles in the marts  
 Without regard to human souls and hearts  
 Is it to strive in blindness of the right  
 Toward and to achieve some goal of might  
 Wherefrom vast riches pour, huge stores  
 Of gold, into the coffers of the keen and bold?  
 Is it to win through trickery of phrase  
 And nice word polishments the Poet's And  
 bays.  
 O laurels of the Masters of Romance,  
 Not by endeavor, but by stylist's chance?  
 Is it to trample by sheer force of will  
 O'er plodders for the right, o'er halt  
 and ill  
 To snatch some high position in the  
 State.  
 To principle and honor runagate?  
 Is it to climb from lowly place to high  
 Regardless of the rungs of misery?  
 Or is it his who lives his mortal span  
 In all things striving to become a man?  
 To live as God has willed, to use his  
 brawn  
 To help another to some joyous dawn?  
 To use his strength, his valor and his  
 wit  
 So that, though riches small may come  
 of it,  
 His fellows, when his sands of life are  
 run  
 Shall say of his achievement smah,  
 "Well done!"  
 Here falls a man we never knew to  
 shrink,  
 The world is brighter for his modest  
 work."  
 Ah, give to me not that Success that  
 comes  
 Mixed in with others' tears, with sound-  
 ing drums  
 But better far the laurel that depends  
 Upon the love and honor of my friends.  
 Those bays the more securely e'er will  
 rest  
 That come from those who understand  
 us best:  
 The only ones are they that really bless  
 And form the measure of the true Suc-  
 cess!"  
 —John Kendrick Bangs in the New York  
 Sun.

**Wilhelmina's  
 "Convulsions."**

By NANCY HITT.

"You may let the young ladies come  
 right upstairs when they arrive, Bridg-  
 et." It was a little girl not more than  
 ten years old who spoke.  
 "Yes, miss," said the new girl. "Is  
 it them children as was here yesterday  
 ye do be speakin' of?"  
 Eleanor nodded, and tucking her  
 best big doll under her arm she ran  
 upstairs to the "flat."  
 Eleanor Sidney and Gertrude and  
 Loraine Ashton were bosom friends,  
 and every afternoon the three little  
 girls were together, sometimes out of  
 doors romping like tomboys, and  
 sometimes at play in their "flat."  
 They lived in the country, and one big  
 room on the top floor of the Sidney  
 house had been given to them as a  
 playroom. This they called their  
 "flat," having divided it off in their  
 minds into parlor, dining-room, bed-  
 rooms and kitchen, like a real apart-  
 ment. None of them had ever lived  
 in a flat, but Eleanor had once spent  
 the night in her aunt's little flat in  
 the city, and it seemed so cozy and  
 like a doll-house that she would al-  
 ways remember it.  
 The three little girls were married  
 sisters when they lived in the flat,  
 whose husbands were traveling on  
 business. Eleanor was Mrs. Win-  
 throp, Gertrude was Mrs. Malcolm and  
 Loraine Mrs. Williams, and there  
 were a number of little Malcolms and  
 Williamses and Winthrops, who kept  
 the young mothers quite busy. Each  
 took care of her own children and part  
 of the flat, and Mrs. Williams taught  
 school, while her sisters planned the  
 meals.  
 On this particular afternoon Lor-  
 laine and Gertrude were quite early,  
 and a splendid game of "house" was  
 soon in full swing. Mrs. Malcolm and  
 scurrying to get the beds made and  
 the rooms dusted, as they expected  
 company to lunch, while Mrs. Will-  
 iams was hard at work teaching a  
 large family of dolls the three R's,  
 Harold, Eleanor's sailor doll—excuse  
 me, I mean Mrs. Winthrop's eldest  
 son—was unusually trying, and she  
 was just wondering whether his  
 mother would be mortally offended if  
 she should make him stand on the  
 dunce stool, when a noise in the  
 corner attracted her attention. Wilhel-  
 mina Malcolm had fallen from her bench  
 and was lying stiff and rigid on the  
 floor. Wilhelmina was delicate, any-  
 how, and school was too much for her  
 nerves.  
 "Sister! Sister!" screamed Mrs.  
 Williams. "Come quick, Wilhelmina  
 has convulsions."  
 Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. Malcolm  
 were there in an instant, and there  
 was great excitement. School was  
 quickly dismissed. Wilhelmina's  
 mother immediately had hysterics,  
 Mrs. Williams had an attack of nerves  
 and Mrs. Winthrop was walking up  
 and down wildly wringing her hands  
 and mopping her eyes, when Bridget  
 opened the door.  
 "What's all the matter?" she asked,  
 seeing all the little girls so upset.  
 "Oh!" gasped Mrs. Winthrop. "Oh!  
 oh! oh! Poor Wilhelmina has convul-  
 sions! Send for the doctor quick,"  
 and she buried her face in one of the  
 children's dresses she had hurriedly

picked up instead of her handkerchief.  
 "Faith an' it's sorry I am," said  
 Bridget as she closed the door and  
 went clattering downstairs.  
 Each one of the young mothers pre-  
 scribed a different remedy to relieve  
 the sufferer, and poor Wilhelmina had  
 her best feet in an imaginary hot  
 mustard bath, her head tied up in red  
 flannel and a dose of castor oil from  
 the empty cologne bottle forced into  
 her mouth.  
 Just as the excitement was at its  
 height quick steps were heard on the  
 stairs and the door was opened  
 hurriedly.  
 "Where is she?" he asked.  
 "Mother's out, Dr. Bruce," said  
 Eleanor politely stepping forward.  
 "I'm sorry."  
 "Who has convulsions?" asked the  
 doctor, looking searchingly at each of  
 the little girls. "You are a healthy  
 looking lot."  
 "Convulsions?" repeated Eleanor.  
 "Why, we're none of us sick."  
 "Shure," interrupted Bridget. "Yez  
 said won av the little girls had 'em  
 and to send for the doctor quick."  
 The little girls exchanged glances of  
 amusement, and then they laughed,  
 and they laughed so hard that they  
 could not explain to the doctor.  
 "It's—It's Wilhelmina," gasped  
 Eleanor at last, as she pointed to  
 poor Wilhelmina still with her feet in  
 the bathtub.  
 Then the doctor understood and in-  
 stead of being cross he looked care-  
 fully at Wilhelmina, felt her pulse,  
 asking her to stick her tongue out, and  
 then said the very best thing was mol-  
 lasses candy.  
 By this time Bridget saw through  
 the joke, and she disappeared down-  
 stairs to tell the cook about her mis-  
 take in not knowing that Wilhelmina  
 was a doll's name.  
 "And if one or all of you want to  
 come over to the house to get the  
 medicine," continued the doctor. "I'm  
 quite sure Mrs. Bruce made a big sup-  
 ply last night."  
 And a small procession followed the  
 doctor home, and returned later with  
 a big saucer of Mrs. Bruce's molasses  
 candy—for the invalid.—Washington  
 Star.

**RADIO-ACTIVITY AND LIFE.**

**European Scientist Speculates on  
 Some Interesting Analogies.**

J. J. Laudin Chabot makes, in the  
 Physikalische Zeitschrift, some strik-  
 ing speculations on certain analogies  
 shown by the phenomena of radio-act-  
 ivity with ebullition on the one hand,  
 and with the decomposition as accom-  
 panying, say, the life of albumen, on  
 the other.

The atoms of radio-active substan-  
 ces are in a state of unstable equi-  
 librium. Some of them every now and  
 then pass abruptly into the next state.  
 The passage amounts to an explosion,  
 although it differs from ordinary ex-  
 plosions in not necessarily tending to  
 the simultaneous explosion of all other  
 atoms around. A somewhat similar  
 phenomenon is presented by a  
 boiling liquid.

Some striking analogies to the be-  
 havior of the emanations and the rare  
 gases such as argon and helium are  
 offered by nitrogen, which is a con-  
 stituent of nearly every explosive sub-  
 stance. Among the compounds of  
 nitrogen, cyanogen (carbon plus nitro-  
 gen) deserves special consideration  
 on account of its importance in the  
 decomposition of albumen. All the  
 nitrogenous compounds resulting from  
 the decomposition of albumen contain  
 cyanogen. This has a high internal  
 energy, and it is therefore extremely  
 unstable. Pflueger believes it to be a  
 constituent of all living matter, and  
 calls cyanic acid a "semi-living" mole-  
 cule.

The presence of oxygen compounds  
 increase the instability of the cyano-  
 gen compounds, so that, as in the case  
 of the emanations, the least impulse  
 suffices to make the living molecule  
 explode and produce helium. The  
 transformation of albumen takes place  
 according to the same mathematical  
 law as does the decay of radio-act-  
 ivity. Like the radio-active substances,  
 albumen has a limited and predeter-  
 mined life.

The phenomenon of life would thus  
 become in principle identical with  
 those of radio-activity, by an equally  
 necessary result of known causes, but  
 of a much wider scope in nature.

**The Original of "Tom Sawyer."**

Was there ever a real "Tom Saw-  
 yer"? He is so real in Mark Twain's  
 pages that every one is tempted to  
 say that there must have been a  
 "Tom Sawyer" in reality. And now  
 comes the news, from San Francisco,  
 that "Tom Sawyer, pioneer, veteran  
 volunteer fireman and vigilante, who  
 in early days was the friend of Mark  
 Twain, and is supposed to have been  
 the original of his famous character,"  
 has just died, at the age of 79.

**The Rug and the Son of Rest.**

Weary Willie—What would you do  
 if a woman showed you a rug?  
 Dusty Rhodes—Beat it.—New York  
 Sun.

The consumption of prunes in the  
 United States exceeds 100,000,000  
 pounds a year.



**Order of the Smiling Face.**  
 We've formed a new society—  
 The Order of the Smiling Face.  
 An honored member you may be,  
 For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let  
 The corners of your mouth drop down.  
 For by this method you may get  
 The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes  
 A brave and merry twinkle show,  
 For if the angry tears arise  
 They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,  
 And if it seems a long, long while,  
 Remember not to pout and glower  
 But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,  
 Make up your mind to join to-day.  
 Put on a smile—and you will be  
 An active member right away.

—Catholic Messenger.

**Manner of Leaf Fall.**

The manner in which the leaf-fall  
 proceeds in different trees is also  
 noteworthy. The ends of the branches  
 lose their leaves first in the ash, beech  
 and hornbeam, when the body of the  
 tree is still clothed with bright foliage.  
 The poplars and willows have an  
 exactly contrary habit, for when the  
 trunk is stripped of foliage, the  
 branch ends are still decorated with  
 a few lone leaves which wave like  
 ragged banners beneath the November  
 sky. It is remarkable how tenaciously  
 these leaves cling to the tossing  
 boughs. At last they also come hur-  
 ling to the frozen ground and the bare  
 trees of the forest give forth once  
 more, under the strong wind's urging,  
 that stern, sonorous music which will  
 last throughout the winter.—From  
 "Nature and Science" in Nicholas.

**A Very Useful Tree.**

The most marvelous tree in the  
 world is the Carnahuba palm, which  
 grows in Brazil.

It has recently been stated that in  
 the great meat-packing factories in  
 Chicago every portion of the pig is  
 used except the squeal. With respect  
 to the Carnahuba palm one cannot  
 even reserve the bark.

Its roots produce the same medici-  
 nal effect as sarsaparilla.

From parts of the tree wine and  
 vinegar are made.

Its fruit is used for feeding cattle.  
 Of the straw, hats, baskets, brooms  
 and mats are made. It is also used for  
 thatching houses.

The pulp has an agreeable taste, and  
 the nut, which is oleaginous and  
 emulsive, is sometimes used as a sub-  
 stitute for coffee.

Its stems afford strong, light fibres,  
 which acquire a beautiful lustre, and  
 serve also for joists, rafters and other  
 building material.

It yields also a saccharine sub-  
 stance, as well as a starch resembling  
 sago.

Of the wood of the stem musical in-  
 struments, water tubes and pumps are  
 made.

From the stem a white liquid sim-  
 ilar to the milk of the cocconut, and  
 a flour resembling maizena may be ex-  
 tracted.

Moreover, salt is extracted from the  
 tree, and likewise an alkali used in the  
 manufacture of common soap.—An-  
 swers.

**What Have I Done?**

Jack was a real good boy and a  
 prime favorite with teachers and  
 school-fellows,—such a willing, good-  
 natured fellow,—and such a lot of  
 "go" in him, never shirking his work.  
 One day he had a difficult sum to work  
 out, and was bending his mind to it,  
 when "Whack!" came the cane over  
 his back.

"Sir, sir," stammered Jock, "what's  
 that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy,"  
 said the master, with another whack,  
 and then another, while he stood smil-  
 ing at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. "Sir, it's not fair  
 not to tell me what I've done wrong,"  
 said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and  
 down came another whack with the  
 cane.

By this time the whole class were  
 on their feet, and rebellion seemed  
 ready, when the stern command came,  
 "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly  
 the boys sat down. All seemed to  
 think the teacher had gone mad. Jack  
 resumed his seat with burning face  
 and smarting shoulders. Presently  
 the teacher said pleasantly, "I saw you  
 driving your father's horse and cart  
 yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you  
 had such a wretched horse to drive!"

Jack blurted out, "Our Bob is the  
 best fellow in the place, sir."

"Ah, then he was lazy, I suppose,  
 yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His  
 shoulders were bad enough to bear,  
 but to hear Bob abused was more than  
 he would stand. "He's as splendid  
 and willing a little fellow as there is  
 in the district. He never shirks  
 work."

"So, so," said the master. "Well, I  
 saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really  
 thought your little horse was going  
 in fine style, when you stood up and

slashed him with your whip. He  
 shook his head, when slash you went  
 again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his  
 head to look at you, much as you did  
 when you asked me why I gave you  
 the cane cut; but you gave him sever-  
 al more cuts with the whip, though he  
 had a fair load and was doing his  
 level best. You own he is a willing  
 fellow, always doing his best, so I  
 thought, Jack, that you might be con-  
 tent for me to treat you, my good,  
 obedient pupil, who always tries to  
 please me, in just the same way. Fair  
 play all round, Jack, eh?"

Jock dropped his face on his hands  
 down to the desk, and he fairly shook  
 with restrained sobs—big boy as he  
 was,—then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir,  
 and I deserve it. I used the whip  
 without thinking about it, and it's  
 quite fair that I should have a taste  
 of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll  
 beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands.  
 Go on with your lesscass, boys," said  
 the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir,"  
 said Jack, with a comical rub on his  
 shoulders; "but it's fair play all  
 round."—Our Four-Footed Friends.

**How Bessie Filled a Day.**

"It will be such a long day!" sighed  
 Bessie. "It does seem as though I  
 just could not live it through!"

"Why don't you fill it up with some-  
 thing—then it won't be empty. Just  
 think of the nine hours that I am  
 gone as nine great dishes that must  
 be filled."

"What with?" asked Bessie, wonder-  
 ingly.

"Almost the nicest thing to put in  
 them is service—something useful.  
 If you could find something that would  
 make some one else happy, that would  
 fill faster than anything. It is an idle  
 hour that is empty."

"Tell me how," said Bessie, who was  
 watching her mother tie on her veil  
 and prepare for a day in the city.  
 Bessie was to stay with her Aunt  
 Helen and grandmother, but as the  
 country was a little strange to her,  
 she dreaded it very much.

"Well," said her mother, "come out  
 to the piazza, and while I am waiting  
 for the carriage to take me to the sta-  
 tion I will give you an idea of the  
 things you can put in your nine hours,  
 and they will fill up faster if you work  
 moderately—without rushing round."

"Wait till I have a pencil," said Bes-  
 sie, slipping away to her room.

When she returned her mother be-  
 gan: "First, I think it would be very  
 nice to gather Aunt Helen a large bou-  
 quet of wild flowers,—she loves them  
 so well,—and that will take you on a  
 pleasant journey down the road. When  
 you have enough you can put them  
 in that large bowl and set them in the  
 corner of the piazza. Next, I would  
 take a pile of those old picture books  
 up in your room, and paste the torn  
 leaves very carefully, and carry them  
 down to that little lame boy who lives  
 by the church, for he has nothing to  
 read and the days are very long to  
 him. After that I would sit down on  
 the piazza with Aunt Helen a while,  
 and very likely she will want you to  
 arrange all the spoils in her basket  
 and look after the stray threads, just  
 as you fix mother's sometimes."

"Then there is gingerbread," broke  
 in Bessie, eagerly.

"Oh, yes, there will be that and the  
 glass of milk. But I see the carriage  
 coming. I'll just say that Mrs. Loren's  
 baby is almost never taken out in its  
 carriage, because the mother has no  
 time; and there are the letters to  
 bring from the mail and grandma does  
 love to be read to and—good-by—there  
 are those lovely poppy-seeds and no  
 one to gather them—good-by!" and  
 the carriage turned out of the yard.

It was just nine hours before she  
 saw her mother again, but how they  
 flew, and the day was full of surprises,  
 just because she was looking for pleas-  
 ant things to put in her hour-dishes.  
 Uncle Henry said that his men in the  
 lower meadow had nothing to drink,  
 and there was lemonade made for  
 them as an extra treat, and Bessie  
 rode down in the hay-rack to carry  
 it. She had kept her list tacked to  
 the blind beside the piazza and when-  
 ever she was inclined to look at the  
 clock she ran to see what she could  
 do next.

She met her mother with a beaming  
 face. "They are just heaped!" she  
 cried. "I don't believe I could crowd  
 in one more thing in my hour-dishes."  
 "Then they must be ready for the  
 frosting," said her mother, giving her  
 a dainty and mysterious package done  
 up in white tissue. "There is just a  
 little gift for frosting, and a plum for  
 the top."

"Good! goody!" cried Bessie. "But  
 really the hour-dishes were nice, any-  
 way." And so they were, for Bessie  
 had learned the best recipe for making  
 happy days.—Youth's Companion.

**Halves.**

Prestidigitateur (during his grand  
 gold-piece act): I could take twenty-  
 dollar gold-pieces from your pocket all  
 night.

Seedy Individual: Go ahead pard;  
 I'll give ye half.—New York Weekly.

Football was a crime in England  
 during the reign of Henry VIII.

**TRIUMPH OF INTELLECT.**

I have a most intense respect—  
 I always had—for intellect.

I wonder, to a great extent,  
 At any rare accomplishment.

I envy those who scan the stars  
 And know how far it is to Mars.

Likewise the scientific stuffs  
 Who read Egyptian hieroglyphs.

And yet that's easy, I suppose,  
 To any one who really knows.

If I should try, I'll bet a dime  
 That I could do the trick in time.

But when you come to something hard  
 Just figure on a railway card—

A folder with its "lvs" and "ars"  
 And complicated section bars.

Its "z's" and "k's" and "e's" and "a's,"  
 Its shameless disregard of days.

Its columns filled with figures dense  
 Arranged without a lick of sense.

Its junction points and signal stops—  
 They make me just as mad as hops.

Yet men there are, I have no doubt,  
 Who really make the darned thing out!

And that, indeed, is where I find  
 The triumph of the human mind.  
 —Chicago News.



**Finnigan Philosophy—**Kape yer eye on  
 phwat a mon turns up 's nose at, an'  
 yez'll know what he's been r-raised on.  
 —Baltimore American.

**Lawyer—**Well, what was done in the  
 interim? Witness—I don't know, sir.  
 I didn't go into the interim. I stayed  
 in the anteroom.—Puck.

**"You say your late uncle was an ec-  
 centric old fellow. Do you think he  
 was insane?"** "I don't know—the will  
 hasn't been read yet."—Cleveland  
 Leader.

**The Bad Dancer—**One more turn  
 and I would have lost my breath en-  
 tirely. The Victim—Just one more  
 turn, please, Mr. Pronsonby.—Cleveland  
 Plain Dealer.

**"Who'd have thought we'd live to  
 see our boy in the Legislature?"** said  
 the old man. "Nobody," said the old  
 lady, "but—the Lord's will be done!"  
 —Atlanta Constitution.

**New Office Boy—**You wife wants you  
 at the phone, sir. Mr. Mormon-dub—  
 Boy, how many times must I tell you  
 to get the name and number of the  
 person who calls up?—Puck.

**"De man dat makes de mos' noise  
 in dis worl'!"** said Uncle Eben, "some-  
 times gits de credit foh what other  
 people manage to do in spite of his  
 disturbance."—Washington Star.

**"My wife was arrested yesterday."**  
 "You surprise me. What was the  
 trouble?" "She got off a trolley car the  
 right way and a policeman thought  
 she was a man in disguise."—Puck.

**He—**Tomorrow is my birthday. She  
 —I suppose you will take a day off.  
 "I shall." "And how do you think  
 I celebrate when I have a birthday?"  
 "Oh, I presume you take a year off."  
 —Life.

**"You haven't any confidence in either  
 candidate?"** "On the contrary, I  
 have confidence in both. I believe all  
 the bad things they say about each  
 other are absolutely true."—Washing-  
 ton Star.

**Fisherman (beginner)—**Don't you  
 think, Peter, I've improved a good deal  
 since I began? Peter (anxious to pay  
 a compliment)—You have, sorr. But  
 sure it was aisy for you to improve,  
 sorr!—Punch.

**"By the way, sir,"** asked the waiter,  
 "how would you like to have your  
 steak?" "Very much, indeed," re-  
 plied the mild man, who had been pa-  
 tiently waiting for twenty minutes.—  
 Philadelphia Press.

**"Your friend Bardlet left some  
 verses with me today that were quite  
 amusing,"** said the editor. "Indeed!"  
 replied Dudley; "I didn't think he  
 was a humorous poet." "Neither does  
 he."—Philadelphia Press.

**A tourist who returned this week  
 from Colorado was asked if the out-  
 ing was expensive. The tourist re-  
 plied, "I have lost everything but  
 honor, and I believe even that is  
 plugged."—Kansas City Star.**

**"I think,"** said the prison visitor, "it  
 would be helpful to you if you would  
 take some good motto and try to live  
 up to it." "Yes," said the convict.  
 "Now, I'd like to select, for instance,  
 'We are here today and gone tomor-  
 row.'"—Philadelphia Press.

**"What are college yells good for,  
 anyway?"** asked the pessimistic per-  
 son. "Oh," answered the self-made  
 cynic, "they are useful in training the  
 voice for pleading with Texas steers  
 on a Western ranch after the gradua-  
 tion act."—Chicago Daily News.

**In Russia it is unlawful to give kiss-  
 es in public. A kiss in the street is  
 penalized by a fine of \$4 and on a  
 street car by a fine of \$5. Declaration  
 of love on a postal card renders the  
 sender liable to a fine of \$2.50.**