

Age Of the Masterpiece

Records Show an Average of Fifty Years for Performance of the Masterwork.

By W. A. Newman Dorland.



THE "summum bonum" of a man's life—who shall say when or what it is in any given case? It becomes almost a work of supererogation to attempt to designate any single act or performance as the one most valuable in any man's career.

Reduced to the ultimate, it becomes, after all, only the expression of an individual opinion, save in those striking instances in which by general consent a certain achievement is recognized as the man's greatest work. No one would deny that in "Paradise Lost" Milton attained the highest expression of his mentality, that Wellington achieved his greatest fame when he won the field of Waterloo, that Bacon's "Novum Organum" is his greatest accomplishment, and that "Don Quixote" exceeded anything else that Cervantes ever did.

In other life-records one act may appear equal to another at different stages in the man's development; or to one observer the influence of one deed may far outweigh that of another, and contrariwise. This difficulty has been exceedingly hard to overcome, and without any attempt at dogmatism, but with the earnest desire to ascertain the truth as far as may be possible, has the decision been made in the disputable records.

Having been arranged in this manner, the records give an average age of fifty for the performance of the masterwork. For the workers the average age is forty-seven, and for the thinkers fifty-two. Chemists and physicists average the youngest at forty-one; dramatists and playwrights, poets and inventors, follow at forty-four; novelists give an average of forty-six; explorers and warriors, forty-seven; musical composers and actors, forty-eight; artists and divines occupy the position of equilibrium at fifty; essayists and reformers stand at fifty-one; physicians and surgeons line up with the statesmen at fifty-two; philosophers give an average of fifty-four; astronomers and mathematicians, satirists and humorists, reach fifty-six; historians, fifty-seven, and naturalists and jurists, fifty-eight. As may be noted, there is a rearrangement of the order at this time, but the thinkers, as before, and as would naturally be expected, attain their full maturity at a later period than the workers.

The corollary is evident. Provided health and optimism remain, the man of fifty can command success as readily as the man of thirty. Health plus optimism read the secret of success; the one God-given, the other inborn, also, but capable of cultivation to the point of enthusiasm.—The Century.

The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.



A man cannot serve two masters, neither can he hold down two jobs at the same time. When the firm is paying for your whole time, it is not fair to divide your attention between your regular work and a side line. Every idea which comes to you should be entertained and developed so as to benefit your present employers.

I once knew a man who attempted to carry on a small mail order business while filling a responsible position with a large corporation. He spent his evenings devising new schemes and perfecting his follow-up system. The side line required more attention, perhaps, than he had originally proposed giving to it, and at last he found himself sitting up late into the night mastering the details of his new business.

A man cannot work all the time, and it only naturally followed that his regular office duty showed the effects of his overworked brain, resulting from insufficient rest and recreation. What is more, before many weeks he found that his mail order business was encroaching on his regular office hours, and he gave much time to it that practically belonged to the company which was paying him a salary.

Aside from the idea of justice in the matter, it is unwise for the best interests of both parties concerned for an employe to try to keep two fires going at one time. Most men get pretty busy getting wood for one fire, but when they try to furnish the fuel for two fires, their energy and originality is taxed beyond the bounds of human capabilities.—New York Commercial.

Significance of Mind

By Benjamin Kidd.

IT has been my experience to be able to study animal instincts and animal intelligence, both in the lower and higher animals, in many conditions, for a period now extending over more than twenty years. Deep and lasting, on the whole, has been the impression left as to the results of animal instinct. Nevertheless, it yields place to a deeper feeling as to the character of the enormous interval which separates the highest example of animal instinct from even a simple act of intelligence. The most permanent result of my own studies in animal capacities has been a gradually increasing conviction as to the as yet unimagined significance of mind in the further evolution of the universe. But I think that a first step toward a truer appreciation of the almost inconceivable potentialities of mind in the future is a clearer perception of the difference which marks off its higher manifestations from even the most remarkable examples of animal instinct.—The Century.

The Definition Of a Railway

By George H. Post.



WELL, what is a railway? A railway, as we understand it in the states, is a railroad, which for the purpose of the issue of a lot of new securities must find a way, so we call it road. We build railways because the people who live in territory where they are not, pray for them, clamor for them, and say that the railway would be the greatest blessing that could come their way, but when the railways are built, and they have derived all the blessings that come with them, they are the worst things that ever happened.

The principal uses of the railway is to furnish office seekers with something to howl about; agitators with a topic for unlimited conversation, and everybody with something to try to beat. The motto of politicians in dealing with railways is, "Soak it to him."

GOOD-NIGHT TO DAY.

The long gray beach with its spur of rocks Sprinkled with pebbly spray, With a face upturned to greet the sky Is wooing the last of day.

And the stormy waves toss up their hands And echo their moaning cry, And scream of the kula is harshly heard As home to their nests they fly.

"Leave us not," cries the sand, the waves, the birds, "Leave us not, O Golden Day." But "Hush my children," replies the sun, "For now I must speed away."

The lonely traveller bows his head, And is bathed in the day's last light, And the sun bends down to kiss the earth, "Good-night," she murmurs, "good-night."

And her streaming locks of red and gold Tinge the sky with a glory bright, And she puts night a veil across her face, "Good-night," she says, "good-night."

And the lighthouse keeper folds his hands, "Dear God," he murmurs low, "Save thy children throughout the night Whom the waves toss to and fro."

And lo! as the earnest keeper prays, There gleams a radiant light, And God's lamp to guide his children safe Is shining through the night.

One by one the stars peep out, And the ocean reflects their light, And the sands and the sea and the birds and men Cry, "Good-night, O world, good-night."

All night long from the lighthouse tower Flashes a steady light, And God's own lamp, the moon, and stars Are watching on earth to-night.

So fear not ocean, nor birds, nor man, For God will make all things right, And with perfect trust in him and all, Murmur, "Good-night, good-night."

A UNIQUE EXPERIENCE.

Part of the Story of the Boy Who Rode on the First Train.

Mary K. Maule in St. Nicholas.

There is a boy in New York, who—but wait a minute, he isn't a boy any more, come to think of it, he is ninety-four years old, and that is hardly a boy, is it?

But he was a boy once, and a lively, healthy, hustling boy he was, too, away back in the early '30's, and he did something that no boy had ever done before, and that no boy will ever do again—for he was the first boy that rode on the first train in America.

His name was Stephen Smith Dubois, and he was just as fond of fun and excitement, and of going to places and seeing things, as boys are today. In the autumn of 1831, after the crops were harvested, and he had in his pocket the money he had earned as a farm hand, he thought he would give himself a great treat. So he put his little bundle on a stick over his shoulder, and started to walk all the way from Providence, Saratoga County, up to Albany, to visit his uncle. He was fifteen years old then, and a forty mile walk was nothing to his active young limbs.

He had been living on a farm, and the sights of Albany kept him at a fever heat of interest for a week, at which time he felt that he would have to start on his return journey. He did not in the least mind the prospect of the long walk, but when he mentioned the matter to his uncle, he was told that if he would remain a little longer his uncle would take him on the trial trip of the new railroad then being built, and which was the greatest experiment that had ever been undertaken in that part of the country.

What boy could possibly resist the opportunity to ride in a brand-new invention that was the talk of the whole country, and which, moreover, it was predicted, would run away or blow up, or go over into a ditch at the first trial!

"The name of the engine was the 'De Witt Clinton,' but somebody called it the 'Brother Jonathan,' and it was afterward known as the 'Yankee.' I suppose on account of the English engine being called the 'John Bull.'

"It was a pretty funny looking little contraption compared to what locomotives are now. It stood high and spindling, had a straight, small smokestack and the boiler was about as big as a kerosene barrel. Behind the engine there was a tender, just a sort of a platform on a truck, and on this were two barrels of water, a couple of baskets of fagots, and an armful of wood. Behind the tender were the coaches, hooked together by three links. Did you ever see an old fashioned stage coach? Well, these coaches were made just like them. Regular stage coach bodies, placed on trucks and supported by thorough braces with a "boot" at each end for baggage—and four seats inside, each holding three people, two seats in the middle, and one on each end. There were five coaches that day, and all of them were packed full when the train finally got started, so there must have been something like seventy-five people aboard.

"All the 'big bugs,' and dignitaries of the whole state were there. I reckon no boy ever rode in more distinguished company. Most of them were directors of the road, senators, governors, mayors, high-constables, editors, and all sorts of celebrities. Many of them were old men, even then, and most of them were middle-aged or over-while I was the only boy on the excursion and I was only fifteen. That's why I say that I know that I am the

only person now living that was on the Mohawk and Hudson on its first trip with passengers over the road.

"Well, as I said, we had a terrible time getting started, but at last we got off, and then it did seem to me as if we fairly flew. I had never felt anything like it. There were big white stone mile-posts all along the road, and it seemed to me that I no sooner would get through dodging one than another would come by. Oh, it was grand riding, I tell you!

"A man by the name of Jervis—John B. Jervis, I think it was—was chief engineer, John Hampson was the fireman, and John Clark, the fellow they called 'resident engineer,' acted as conductor. They didn't have a regular conductor, I remember that they filled up the boiler when we started, but at what they called the 'half-way house' we had to stop at a tank and take on water to carry us through.

"By the time we'd left the half way house she was getting right down to her work, and it did look to me as if we were going at a terrible speed—although I guess about eighteen miles an hour was the best time we made.

"I saw some of the passengers turn pale and clutch their seats like grim death when we rounded the curves; and others of them, solemn old fellows, looked at each other and shook their heads, as if they knew that going at such a rate as that was almost wicked, and that they surely were tempting fate. But I wasn't a bit scared. The faster we went the better I liked it. The engine couldn't go too fast to suit me.

"People all along the way ran out to look after the train as dumbfounded as if it had been an airship or a comet, and the horses and cows and pigs and chickens 'ook to the hills, bawling and quawling as if they thought the very devils were after them."

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Through Co-operation It Has All The Advantages of a City Institution.

The country school, with its ill paid, incompetent teacher and its few dull and uninterested pupils, is a thing of the past in Magnolia Township, Putnam County, Ill. Magnolia Township is the smallest township in Illinois, and the people who live there are not rich, but they have intelligence enough to see the wisdom of co-operation, and so, instead of a number of little schools with an incompetent teacher and no equipment, they have one big consolidated school with all the advantages of the city school, besides a course of study specially adapted to rural needs. It costs the municipality less than the old school did, but they have sense enough to see that there is no better way to spend money than on the education of their children.

As a site for this school John Swaney, a farmer in moderate circumstances, contributed, says "World's Work," twenty-six acres of well wooded ground, and accordingly the institution is now known as the John Swaney Consolidated school. The building and equipment cost \$15,000.

On the grounds is a barn for the horses that draw the children to school from a distance of three or four miles. Two wagons are used for this purpose, and though the Illinois mud in wet weather is of the best quality, they have never been known to miss a trip or to be late. Thus civilization advances in spite of mud. The cost is about nine cents a day for each child.

One of the abandoned school buildings which stands just at the edge of the twenty-six acres has been remodeled as a teachers' home, at a cost of \$500. This was done without cost of the district, three or four farmers bearing the expenses. The teachers pay them \$9 a month rent and have a housekeeper, while the domestic science teacher in the school outlines the daily menu.

Of the four teachers in the school the principal gets \$100 and the three others \$90 a month. The curriculum covers a high school as well as a common school course, and the science course includes agricultural training. Just adjoining the campus is a sub-experiment station of the Illinois College of Agriculture and the pupils of the Consolidated School have the privilege of observing the work here.

Mrs. Gladstone's Divinity.

At a reception held in a great hall in England some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were honored guests. During the evening it happened that Mr. Gladstone was in a gallery directly above the place in the parquet where Mrs. Gladstone was chatting with some ladies. In the course of their conversation a question arose which the ladies could not settle satisfactorily. Finally one said: "Well, there is One above who knows all things, and some day He will make all things plain to us." "Yes, yes," replied Mrs. Gladstone. "William will be down in a minute, and he will tell us all about it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

In 1907 the world produced 8,985,060,000 gallons of petroleum.



I'VE CAUGHT NO FISH TO-DAY.

Oh, Bobby Bear and Bubby Bear one day a-fishing went: For lines they found some bits of string—for hooks some pins they bent. They angled in the goldfish globe for nearly half a day, While Bobby Bear just waited to see what they would say.

After they'd fished a long, long time, said Bobby Bear, "I wish you'd go away, dear Bubby Bear—I fear you'll scare the fish." "Dey isn't any fish," said Bubby Bear, "for yesterday, I was afraid you'd hurt 'em, so I frowled 'em all away!"—St. Nicholas.

AMONG GIRLS.

"Does she know her to talk to?" "No, only to talk about."—Smart Set.

A MISINTERPRETATION.

The Peddler—"Peach-es!" One of the Spinsters—"Flatterer!"—Brooklyn Life.

ONE ON HUBBY.

"What is an able seaman, ma?" "A man who can stand any number of schooners."—New York Press.

AN APOLOGY REQUIRED.

"Young man, you rescued my wife from the water." "I beg pardon, sir. I thought it was your daughter."—Judge.

OBSTACLES.

"You would be a good father but for two things." "What are they?" "Your feet."—Baltimore American.

TRUE BOTH WAYS.

"The die is cast!" hissed the villain. Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on. "It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed, too."—New York Press.

IN 1910.

Elevator Man—"Fiftieth story. Far as we go!" Uncle Hiram (getting out)—"Gosh, Mandy, that conductor forgot to collect our fares. Come along, quick! We're a dime in."—Boston Transcript.

SEEKING INFORMATION.

"Whither away?" asked the campaign manager. "To join the society of psychic research," answered the candidate, "to see whether I have a ghost of a show."—Washington Star.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Mr. Scribble, how did you happen to write this wonderful work, so palpitating with human heart interest?" "Oh, my butcher was dunning me very hard for something on account, and my landlord wanted his rent."—Kansas City Journal.

THE ANXIOUS FATHER.

Emily (playing "house")—"Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessie will be our babies." Willie (after a moment, anxiously)—"Ain't it about time to whip the children?"—Tit-Bits.

THE POOR MILKMAN AGAIN.

The milkman was boiling over with indignation. "And you mean to say my milk don't look right?" he snapped. "Why, lady, this can of milk is a picture." "Ah, yes," laughed the keen housewife, "a fine water color."—Chicago News.

THE SAME THING.

"You have advocated a great many reforms." "Yes," answered the statesman. "Yet you are now silent. Are you discouraged?" "No; I'm not discouraged. But the audiences seem to be."—Washington Star.

CHANGING HIS ORDER.

"Has your order been taken?" asked one of the waiters. "Yes," said Mr. Welbroke, "fifteen minutes ago. If it isn't too late, though, I'd like to change it." "To change your order, sir?" "Yes, if you don't mind, I'll change it to an entree."—Chicago Tribune.

INVENTION.

"Now that we have an airship," said the progressive man, "what will be the next important invention?" "I don't know," answered the unenthusiastic person, "unless it is some method of enabling the man who is running the ship to know exactly what it is going to do."—Washington Star.