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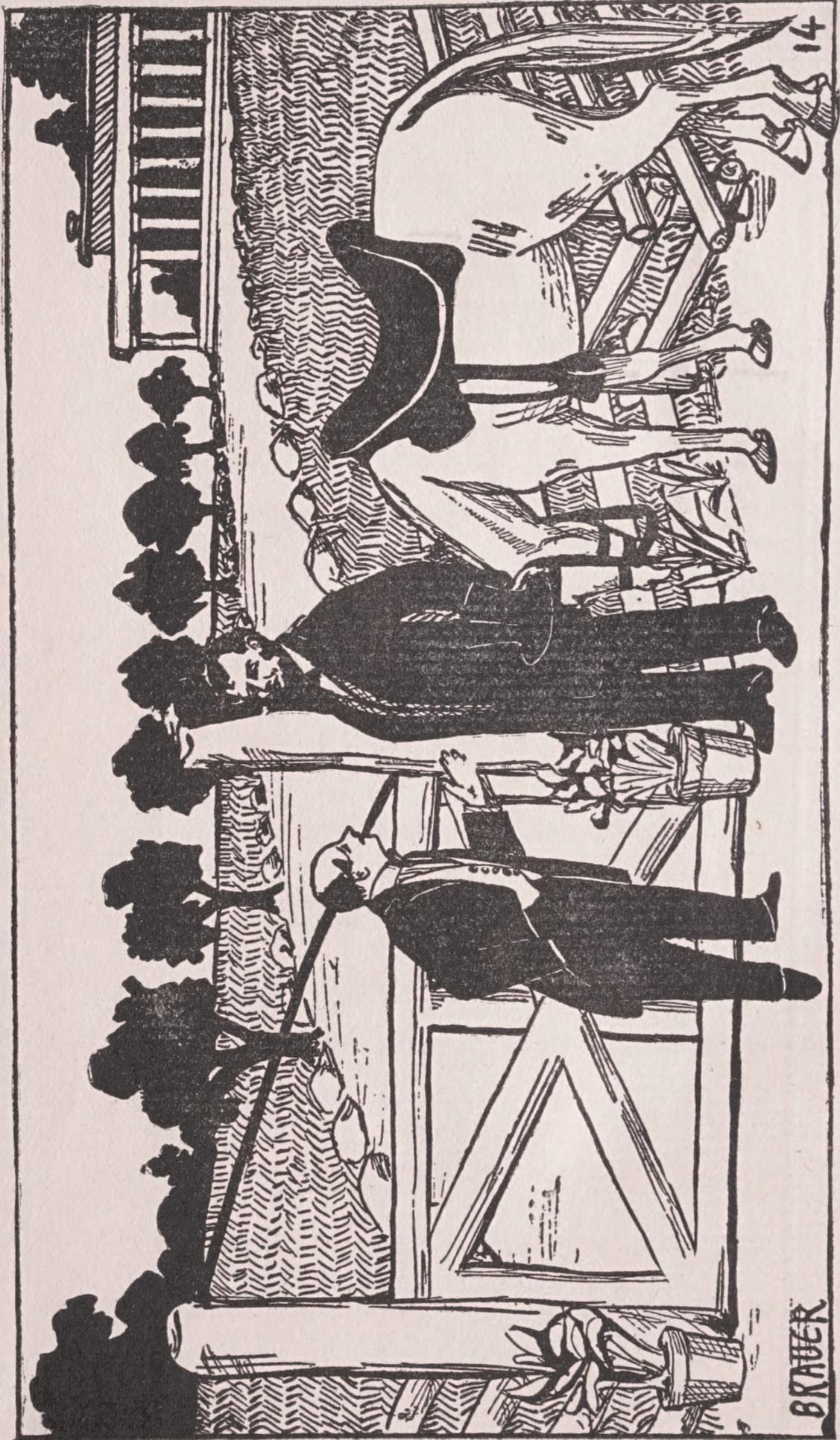


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BRUER



Short Stories

for Young Folks,

and for their Parents, Teachers,
Friends, and Clergymen.

Followed by

The Greek Pilgrim's Progress, by Kebes;
and, The Choice of Hercules, by Prodicus.

Gathered, translated and arranged by

Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

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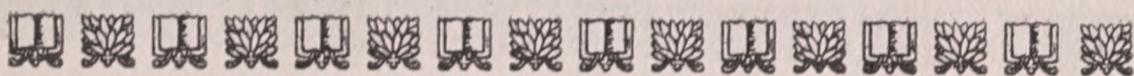
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A Story Course in School Ethics

For Five Months, or Twenty Weeks, of Four Days Each

I. SOCIAL SERVICE.	II. PRINCIPLES.	III. FAULTS.	IV. MISCHIEF.	V. VIRTUES.
1. Respect for Parents.	17. Bird in Hand.	33. Washing Dally.	49. Bluffing.	65. Self-control.
2. Solidarity.	18. Care of School Books.	34. Nail biting.	50. Boasting and Modesty.	66. Self-reliance.
3. Social Service.	19. Duty.	35. Obscenity.	51. Flattery.	67. Power of Habit.
4. Cooperation, Mutual Protection.	20. Going Straight Home.	36. Caricaturing.	52. Envyng Teacher.	68. Punctuality.
5. Division of Labor.	21. Compassion.	37. Borrowing.	53. Contentiousness.	69. Faithfulness to Charge.
6. Humane Society.	22. Consideration for Others.	38. Appropriating.	54. Faultfinding, Fussiness.	70. Slow, Thorough.
7. Self-sacrifice.	23. Minding Your Business.	39. Dishonesty.	55. Making Claims.	71. Perseverance.
8. Resignation to Inevitable.	24. Arbor Day.	40. Cruelty to Animals.	56. Never Satisfied.	72. Hardest First.
9. Power of Union.	25. Posture, Cheerfulness.	41. Idleness.	57. Throwing.	73. Ingeniousness.
10. Equality.	26. Value of Exercise.	42. Illogicalness.	58. Intruding.	74. Luring Better than Fighting.
11. Giving of Equivalent.	27. Coolness.	43. Agreeing Thoughtlessly.	59. Practical Jokes, Calling Out the Fire Department.	75. Overlooking Minor Faults.
12. Honesty.	28. Industry.	44. Absent-minded.	60. Horseplay.	76. Music's Attraction.
13. Honest Confession.	29. Kindness.	45. Rash Promises.	61. Mimicry.	77. Nobility of Conduct.
14. Obedience.	30. Gratitude.	46. Whims.	62. Humming in Class.	78. Honor.
15. Order.	31. Learning, not hoarding books.	47. Shamming Sick.	63. Noisiness.	79. Monitors.
16. Politeness.	32. Divine Guidance.	48. Meanness.	64. Being too Literal.	80. Doing Your Best.



Robbing his own House



THE REV. OLIVER DYER tells of a drunken carpenter in Lockport named A, who was noted for his shiftlessness and dishonesty. His wife was an industrious Christian woman who did a good deal of work for the family of a man named M, representative in Congress. The M's took a deep interest in Mrs. A and resolved to give her a permanent home. For that purpose Mr. M arranged to have a small house built on a lot which he owned in a part of the village known as Pioneer Hill. Hoping to encourage A, he gave him the job of building the house without letting him know for what purpose he was having it erected. While M was absent at Washington A went on with the work, spinning it out through the fall, winter and spring, and cheating his employer, both as to the lumber and work he put into the house in every way that he could. When M returned in the middle of summer A told him that it was all finished in the best style, adding, "There is not a better built house on Pioneer Hill than that house of yours." "Very well," said M, "then you go home and tell Mrs. A to move into it right away.



And here is the deed for the property. So you see you will have a nice house as long as you live.”

A took the deed and walked away like one in a dream. He was dazed at the discovery that, instead of having cheated M, he had persistently and elaborately engaged for nearly a year in the work of cheating himself.

“Oh, if I’d only known it was my own house that I was building!” he muttered over and over again. He never got over the chagrin occasioned by the discovery of his folly, but felt its sting grow constantly sharper as the defects of the house became more and more apparent with the lapse of time.



Kindness of Lincoln



HERE are so many incidents of kindness in Lincoln's life that it is impossible to do more than mention them. Once, when he was all dressed up, he saw a little girl sobbing, because the express wagon had failed to come and get her trunk to take it to the train on which she was to get off on a visit. Lincoln shouldered the trunk and kissed her good-bye on the train. Once he left his fellow-lawyers to rescue a pig that was drowning in the mire; and, on another occasion, to find the nest from which a little bird had fallen. Likewise, he left his friends to save a drunkard who had fallen on the snow, and was sure to die of cold. Lincoln carried him a considerable distance to an abandoned hut, made a fire, and nursed him till the morning, when the man was able to care for himself. Even after he was president, Lincoln stopped his business to restore a little bird to its nest. He pardoned many soldiers condemned to death; and his last official act was a pardon.



Better than their own Self-Valuation



UMANLY speaking, Lincoln would probably never have become President of the United States had he not, in 1843, won the nomination for Congress, at Springfield, from E. D. Baker. Baker was the choice of the Whig party leaders; but Lincoln's popularity with the people, to whom he had endeared himself by his wit, his honesty, his logic, and his unpretentious familiarity, had secured a majority of the delegates to the convention. So the "bosses" tried to "convince" delegates, under instructions to vote for Lincoln, to violate them by voting for Baker; and apparently they succeeded. When Lincoln heard of this he wrote to Martin Morris of Petersburg a letter which the latter circulated among the delegates. It had its effect with the traitors, for it expressed Lincoln's incredulity that they could be guilty of such an enormity, reminding them of their own standing as honest men among the honest voters, and expressing Lincoln's unwillingness to save himself by questioning the delegation from Sangamon County, where the majority were friendly to him, but had not come to the polls. The delegates were really better men than their own valuation of themselves.



The Honest Criminal's Pardon



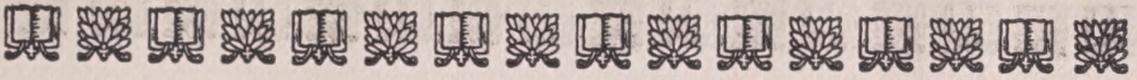
CERTAIN State Governor visited the State penitentiary to examine requests for pardon. One by one the convicts appeared before him and declared they were innocent men, sent to jail because the police did not like him, because his relatives desired his property, because he was too popular, etc. The last prisoner was not at all prepossessing; his eyes were shifty, and he neither looked nor acted as an honest man. "Well," asked the Governor, impatiently, "I suppose you're innocent like the rest of the fellows?" "No, Governor," was the unexpected answer, "I was guilty of the crime they charged against me, and I got just what I deserved." When the Governor had recovered from his astonishment, he said, "I'll have to pardon you, because you might ruin all the other convicts, such innocent sufferers as they are! You might corrupt them, and teach them wicked tricks. As soon as I get back to the capital I'll have the papers made out."



Fooling the People



INCOLN strongly believed in the virtue of dealing honestly with the people. "If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow-citizens," said he to a caller at the White House, "you can never regain their esteem or even respect. It is true that you may fool all of the people some of the time; or even some of the people all of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."



Self-Sacrifice the Key to Victory



HE two great battles in the war of Swiss independence from Austria were those of Morgarten and Sempach. It was in these that fought Arnold von Winkelried, who thereby achieved immortal fame. When

the Swiss Mountaineers attacked the Austrian squadron they found themselves powerless. Though active, and skilled with the long-bow and the sword, they could not even make an impression on the Austrian line, three deep, of men heavily armored, presenting their fourteen-foot long lances. Suddenly Arnold von Winkelried saw a method of creating an opening. He went right up to the lances, gathered as many as he could in his arms, and rushed upon them so as to drive them all home into his own breast, trusting that the weight of his fall would carry them down with him. This created a breach, into which rushed the Swiss patriots over the quivering corpse of Arnold. They gained a victory that insured the independence of their country; which will ever keep alive the memory of Arnold von Winkelried.

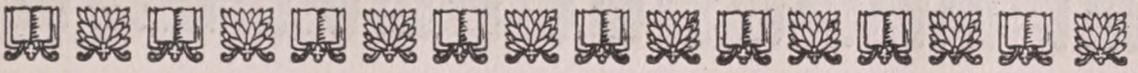


Disputes more Expensive than Loss



RICH man in Springfield, Ills., sued a penniless attorney for \$2.50 and asked Lincoln to prosecute the case. Lincoln urged the creditor to drop the matter; but, as he insisted, Lincoln demanded \$10, which the creditor gladly paid for immediate action. In about an hour Lincoln returned with a grin on his face. The only way he had seen to satisfy both his client and the debtor was to give the debtor half of the \$10 to pay the debt and costs. The relentless creditor was out \$7.50, in addition to the debt.

Two Greek fishermen once quarreled over an oyster they had both discovered. So they took it to an arbitrator, who opened the oyster, gave each one of the shells, but himself ate the toothsome bivalve.



Gruesome Fate of the Sleepy Soldiers



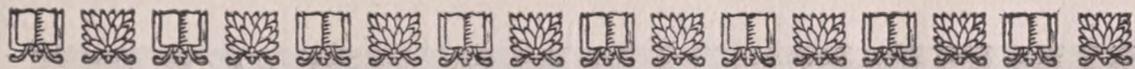
IN the Black Hawk war there was a squad of outposts that were thought to be in danger. So, during the night, Lincoln marched soldiers down into the Rock River bottom to their aid, reaching their tent just about sunrise. As the reinforcing party came up the slope on which the camp had been made, Lincoln saw them all lying with their heads toward the rising sun, and the round red spot that marked where they had been scalped, gleamed yet more redly in the ruddy light of the sun. This scene, years afterward, he recalled with a shudder, realizing the genuine criminality of the men's lying down to rest, when some one should have been watching for the tricky Indians. After they had once laid down to rest, there was nothing else left for them but to fall asleep; some one of them should have kept stirring, in soldierly bearing, and they would all have been saved.



Pardon and its Price



AT Chain Bridge, William Scott, a Vermont private, after thirty-six hours of marching and doing sentry-duty, offered to stand guard in place of a sick comrade who had been drawn for the duty. But his weariness was too great, and he was found sleeping on his beat. He was apprehended, tried by court martial, and sentenced to be shot—for the place was exposed to the enemy, and discipline must be maintained. He took his sentence in good part, for he knew the rules of war, yet did not feel guilty, knowing he had done his best to keep awake. Of course, he should not have volunteered for an impossible task, but it had been for a sick comrade. His limbs refused to support him, and the moment he was recumbent he was off asleep. The enemy might have passed by unnoticed, and slaughtered the whole command. Lincoln, however, on being told of the case, immediately visited the youth, and asked the youth to promise to do his duty fully, as reward for pardoning him. The promise was carried out to the end, which occurred in one of those awful battles in the Peninsula. Scott, dying, asked that message to be taken to Lincoln.



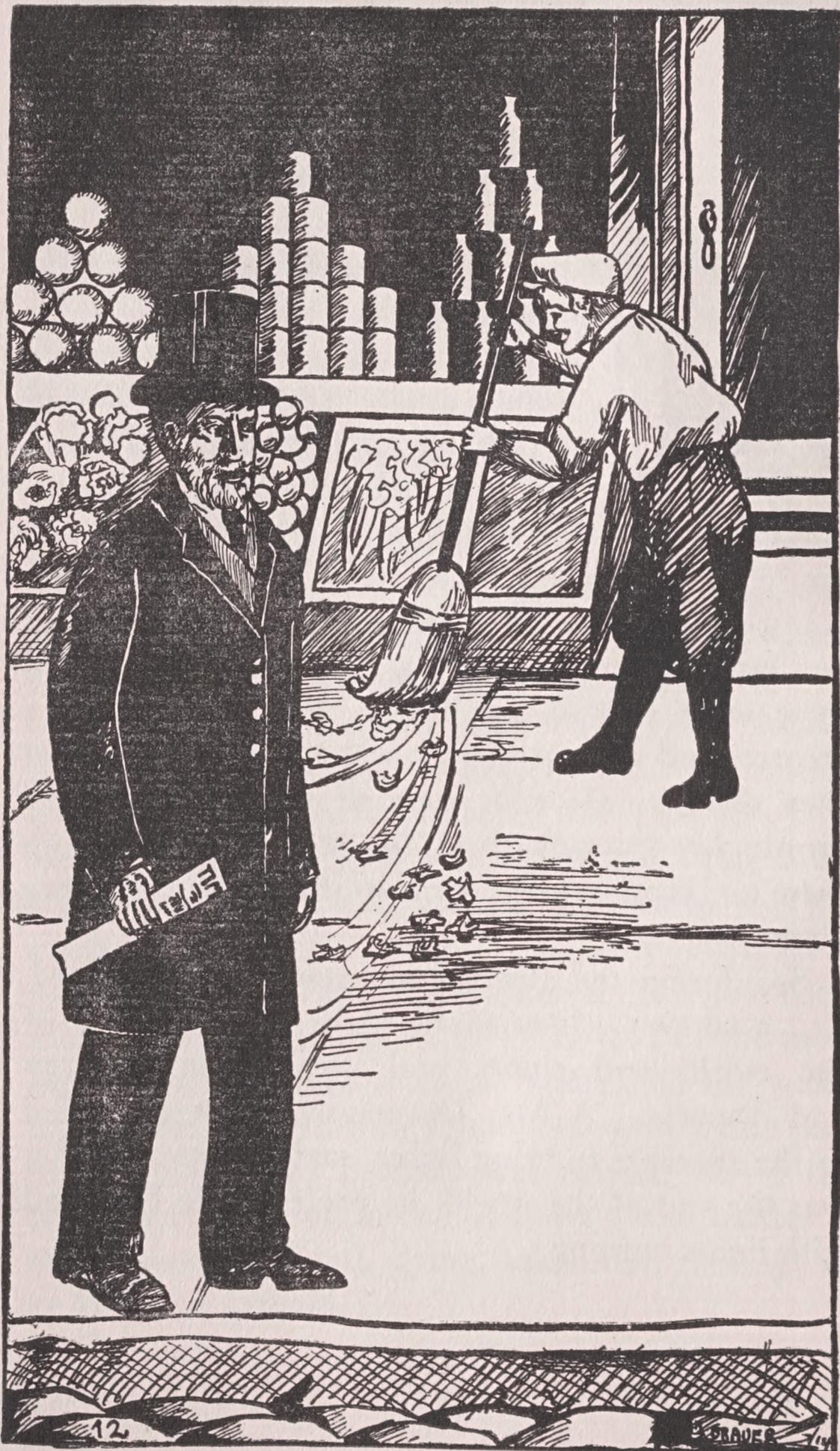
Bravery in Extremities

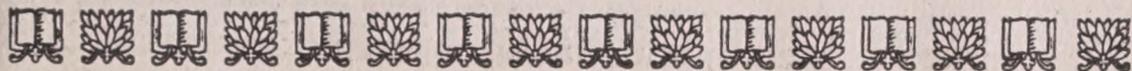


WHEN the last defenses of Rome were carried by the Gauls, it came to be a question of what attitude the Roman senate should take. Should it disband, and the members seek safety in hiding? As flight was im-

possible, should the members at least try to escape the resentment of the invaders by appearing in their private capacity? The Roman senators, instead, put on their most imposing garments, distributed their seats around the Forum, took each man his sceptre, and sat so still that when the Gauls arrived they were awed; and some of the barbarians so thoroughly mistook them for statues as to go up them and stroke their beards to make sure they were alive.

So, during the Revolutionary war, at Hartford, Ct., a sudden eclipse made many think the end of the world had come; and men began to pray and disperse. A Mr. Davenport, however, called to the servants to bring lights, saying that even if it was the end of the world, he preferred to be found with lights burning.





Regardlessness Never Safe



It is never wise to be impolite to a stranger, for you do not know who he is, or what he may be worth. For instance, in March, 1913, a grocer's boy, in Brooklyn, was, against the city ordinance, sweeping the sidewalk without any regard to passers-by. It happened that Mayor Gaynor was thus covered with dust; and he called on a nearby policeman to arrest the boy. When he found out who the stranger was, the boy collapsed, and considered himself lucky to get off with a light fine. On the contrary, many persons have, years afterwards, received legacies from grateful old people, or strangers, for some little deed of courtesy or kindness about which the doer had entirely forgotten.



Politeness Pays



ONE of the model schools of America was ultimately due to a minor deed of kindness or courtesy. The principal, a man of talent and originality, at the time lacked recognition and influence, and was beginning his work in an old, condemned building. He was one day called out of his office to meet a gentleman who wished his rather delicate daughter to receive certain privileges in the matter of her course of study, which a number of other principals had peremptorily and discourteously refused. Seeing the genuineness of the reason for this request, this principal graciously acceded to it. Thereupon the gentleman revealed himself as one of the most influential men in the municipal administration, and offered any assistance that might be required. From this incident sprung a life-long friendship, which resulted later in the most expensive and handsome school-building and best facilities of the kind perhaps in the world.



Value of Order



WHILE still a young man, Lincoln was promoting his candidacy for the Illinois Legislature by "swinging around the circle," and took dinner with a farmer in Sangamon County. Years later, during the war, a soldier visited the White House, whom Lincoln recognized as his former host. "I recollect that we stood talking out at the barnyard gate while I sharpened my jack-knife." "Yes," drawled the soldier, "you did. But do tell me, where did you put that whetstone? I looked for it a dozen times, but I never could find it after the day you used it. We supposed that perhaps you took it along with you." "No," said Lincoln, "I put it on top of that gatepost, that high one." "Well," exclaimed the visitor, "may be you did. No one else could have put it there, and none of us ever thought of looking there for it." On returning home the soldier found the whetstone just where Lincoln had laid it fifteen years before. He then wrote to Lincoln, telling him he had found it, and would never lose it again. Disorder had made the whetstone useless for many years; as useless as the letters of the alphabet, when disordered: BFQARXLO.



Ridiculousness of Hear-say Knowledge



Two representatives in Congress were having an altercation which had progressed to the point of personalities. One accused the other of ignorance and irreligion, and offered to bet he did not know even the Lord's prayer. With indignation the bet was taken up, and the money passed to a stakeholder. Then the second congressman began, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The first one stopped him, saying, "That's enough! The money is yours; but I really did not think you knew it." Evidently neither knew it.

Similarly, an express company delivered a statue of the Venus de Medici to an American consignee. The latter was much incensed to find one arm missing, and claimed damages for breakage. These the express company paid, in ignorance of the fact that the original lacks that arm, which was no doubt broken off while the statue was being dug up from the ruins where it was found.



Worthlessness of Passes



ANY pupils want to be promoted without remembering what promotion represents—namely, mastery of the subject; so that promotion does not as a gift depend on the teacher, but as earned ability, depends on the pupil himself. It is not otherwise in any other department of life. A check is worthless without an account in the bank. Once a man called upon the President, soliciting a pass for Richmond. “Well,” said the President, “I would be very happy to oblige, if my passes were respected; but the fact is, sir, I have, within the past two years, given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet.” The applicant quietly and respectfully withdrew on his tip-toes.



The Biter Bit



IN a French village a baker Dupont used to buy his butter from his neighbor, a farmer called Rigot. One day he noticed that he was not getting full weight, and on meeting Rigot, accused him of dishonesty.

Indignantly the farmer denied the accusation, and Dupont pressed home the accusation before a judge. The latter demanded that Rigot produce his scales and weights. "Here is my scale," answered Rigot; "but as to weights, I do not possess any." "How then do you weigh your butter?" thundered the judge. "Easily enough," retorted the farmer. "I buy from Dupont four one pound loaves, and this bread serves as weight for the butter I send him on Saturdays. I place it on one of the ends of the scale, and place the butter on the other." "Well," smiled the judge, "you have no case, Dupont!"



Handsome Is as Handsome Does



Two ladies from Tennessee repeatedly appeared before President Lincoln asking for the release of their husbands, who were held as prisoners of war at Johnson's Island. At each interview one of the ladies urged on the President that her husband was a religious man. On signing his release the President said, "You say your husband is a religious man; tell him, when you meet him, that I say that I am not much of a judge of religion; but that in my opinion the religion that sets men to rebel and fight against their government, because, in their opinion this their government does not sufficiently help *some* men to eat their bread in the sweat of *other* men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."



DRAPER 74



Trifles, and the Difference they Make



AFTER Caesar had forced the chiefs of the Gauls to recognize his superiority, they decided to present him with a gift to express their regard for him, the gift being a cask of native wine. Accordingly, it was

brought into the Celtic camp, so as to be ready on the following morning. But during the night a tired-out Gallic chief had the bright idea that nobody would be the wiser if he drew a cup of wine, replacing it with a cup of water; for so small a weakening of the generous liquor would be imperceptible. Unfortunately, the same bright idea successively imposed itself on all of the numerous Gallic chiefs and leaders; and they all succeeded in carrying it out unknown to each other, in the dead of night. However, in the morning, when the formal presentation of the wine cask to Caesar was made, what was their consternation at the discovery that the whole cask of wine itself, had, during the night, thus changed to insipid water. Besides, imagine the feelings of Caesar, whom they had wished to conciliate!



Against the Government



AT was an immigrant; and arriving in New York on election day, was anxious to vote early, late and often. So, on landing at Castle Garden, he hastened to the nearest voting place, and started to vote.

“For whom do you want to vote? On which side are you?” asked the clerk. For once Pat was embarrassed; he did not know even the names of the parties. So he stopped; but it was not long before he showed his natural wit by saying, “Anyhow, I am against the government. If your Honor will tell me which side is that of rebellion, I’ll tell you for which side I want to vote. In old Ireland I was always on the side of rebellion, and, by Saint Patrick, I’ll do that same in America.”



Senselessness of Quarrels



INCOLN used to tell of a vicious bull who used to charge on any one who crossed the pasture. One day a neighbor of the owner attempted to do so. He was speedy, and got to a friendly tree ahead of the bull,

but not in time to climb the tree. So he led the enraged animal a merry race around the tree, finally succeeding in seizing the bull by the tail. Not being able either to catch the man or release his tail, the bull was at a disadvantage, and angry enough to eat nails, so, with his feet, he dug the earth and scattered gravel all around, bellowing till he could be heard for two miles or more. At length he broke into a dead run, the man, all the time, hanging on to his tail. While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail, was shouting, "Darn you, who commenced this fuss, anyway?" This is a good picture of most quarrels.



Knowing Too Much



URING Jackson's administration there was a post-office clerk named G. who had been appointed because he was the son of a widowed neighbor of the President's, in Tennessee. Consequently the President helped him out of the many difficulties he got into for knowing, not too little, but too much. For instance, in a letter he was transcribing for a high official, he deliberately changed the word "proximity" and made it read "nearness to," on the grounds that he did not think it would be understood by the aged applicant for a Virginia country post-office. Major H. insisted on restoring that word, with the result that he received an indignant response to the effect that his father had fought for liberty in the second war for independence, and that he should like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought against him the charge of proximity, or any other crime. "Did I not say so?" retorted G. But Mr. Berry, the Postmaster-General, discharged him for knowing too much.



Then the President got him another place, in the Pension Office, and here his ideas underwent a change. One day he was very busy writing, when a stranger called in and asked him where the Patent Office was. "I do not know," said G. "Can you tell me where is the Treasury Department?" said the stranger. "No." "Nor the President's house?" "No." Finally the stranger asked him if he knew where was the Capitol. "No," replied G. "Do you live in Washington, sir?" "Yes, sir," said G. "Good Lord! and don't you know where the Patent Office, Treasury, President's house and Capitol are?" "Stranger," said G, "I was turned out of the Post-Office for knowing too much. I do not mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I know that much; but if you find me knowing any more, you may take my head." "Good morning," said the stranger.



Self-Control More Important than Conquest of Others.



OTH Alexander and Napoleon are examples of men who, after having conquered all of the world, failed because they had neglected the preliminary precaution of getting under control their own selves.

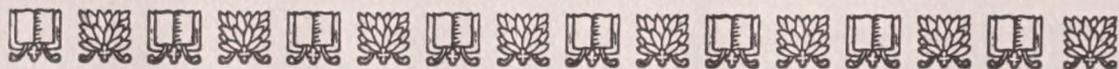
Alexander conquered Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Media, Bactria, and India; but he died, without a child to take his place, from the effects of a drunken orgy. Napoleon, the leader of the defensive republican forces, proclaimed himself emperor as soon as his reputation among the armies warranted. He conquered Germany, and parcelled it out to his generals, so that he had nothing more to fear from it; he could, from that time on, have turned to the establishment of the dearest wish of his heart, his own dynasty. But needless, insane ambition drove him to the impossible task of invading Russia, which started the causes that eventuated in Waterloo.



If it Gives you any Satisfaction!



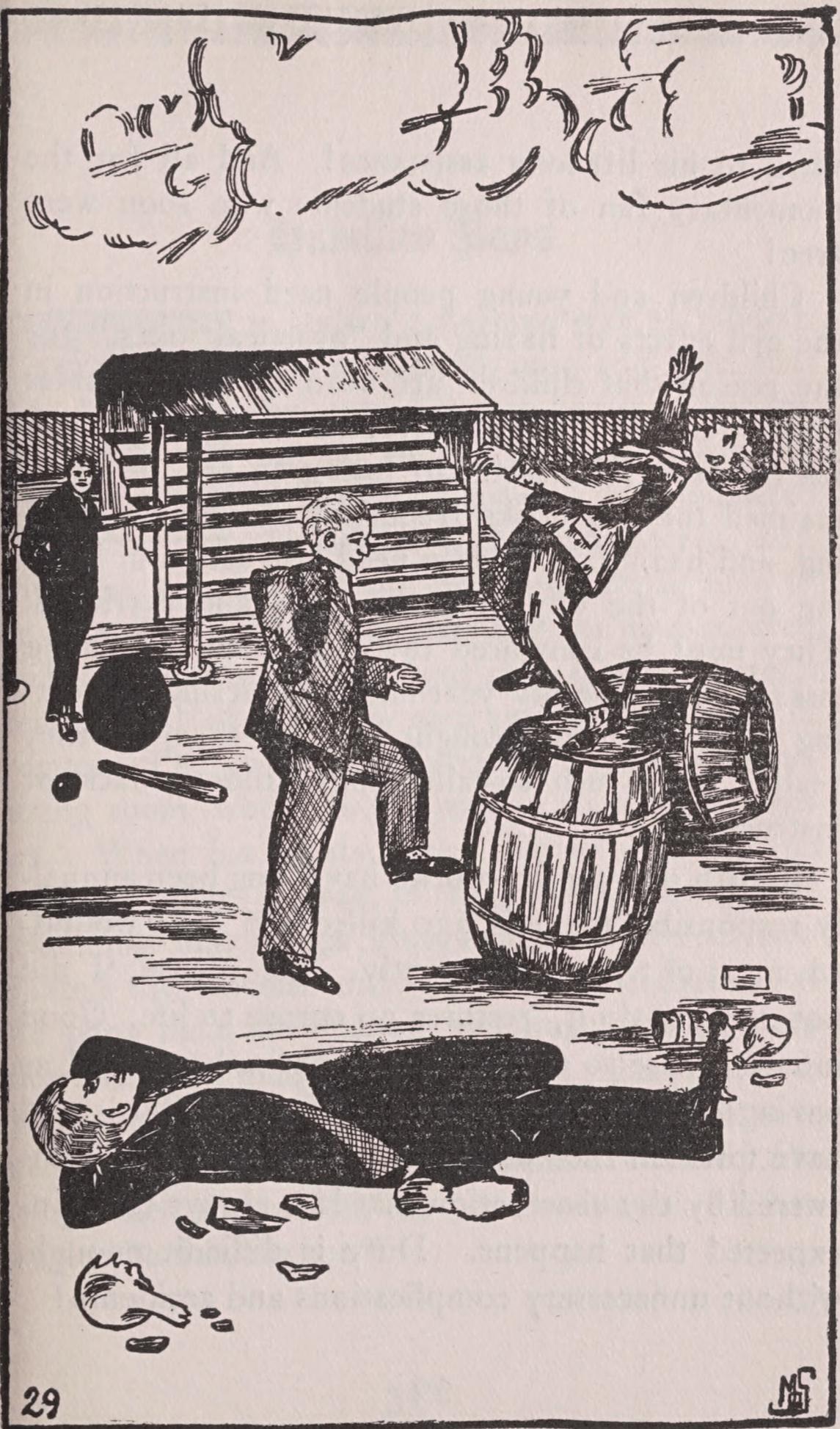
INCOLN, when taken to task for ignoring General Phelps' proclamation of the liberty of the Southern slaves, at the time he had taken Ship Island, near New Orleans, told the following story: Jones was one of those meek men, who had the reputation of being badly henpecked. At last, one day, he was publicly seen in the act of being switched out of the house by his wife. A few days later he was met in the street by a friend, who said, "Jones, I have always, as you know, stood up for you; but I am not going to do it any longer. Any man who will stand quietly and take a switching from his wife deserves to be horse-whipped." Jones looked up with a wink, patting his friend on the back. "Now don't," said he; "why, it didn't hurt me any; and you've no idea what a 'power' of good it did Sarah Ann!"

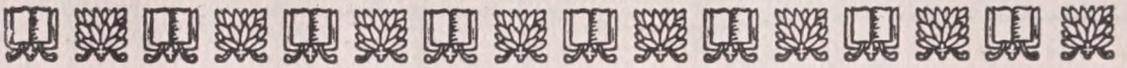


Dangers of Sky-larking



ON Sept. 13, 1912, at the University of North Carolina, Charlotte, N. C., William Isaac Rand of Smithfield, N. C., and his roommate, named Wellons, were awakened at 1.30 A. M. and forced to accompany four sophomores to the athletic field. Then their tormentors forced them to sing, dance and do stunts. They were forced to mount barrels and do some vaudeville stunts. Some of their tormentors grew tired of these, and kicked the barrel from under Wellons. Falling, Wellons cut himself on some broken glass, and Rand on a large broken pitcher. Rand's throat was cut, and the hazers fled. When physicians arrived Rand had expired. President Venable was forced to make the facts public; and three of the sophomores, Ralph Oldham, Will Merriman and Aubrey Ratch were convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to four months in jail. But who will console the father and mother, who had spent so much time and money on their son, and who looked for-





ward to his life-long assistance! And all for the momentary fun of those students who soon went free!

Children and young people need instruction in the evil effects of hazing and "practical jokes," for the reason that children are born ignorant. Babies must be taught that fire burns. Youths do not realize the financial disaster of losing an eye, or being maimed for life—risks frequently incurred in playing, and hazing. Children need instruction in keeping out of the way of automobiles and carriages. They must be convinced there is no fun in taking risks. Their parents' year-long self-sacrifice in rearing them should be brought home to them till they realize it. Much so-called ingratitude is lack of instruction.

Fourth of July fire-works have long been annually responsible for over 350 killed and 5000 wounded, most of them permanently. The excuse, 'I did not mean to do it,' restores no corpse to life. Good intentions are so cheap that they have been used as paving-stones for hell. The excuse, 'Who could have foreseen such accidental circumstances?' is answered by the observation that it is always the Unexpected that happens. Duty is difficult enough, without unnecessary complications and accidents!

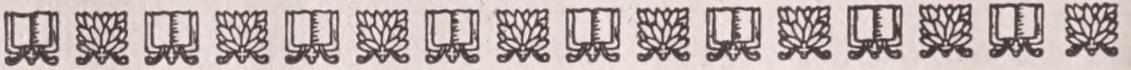


Humility Days



N Italian fisherman was so modest, self-controlled, wise and able, that he was invited to become a deacon in the church. He soon became, priest; then bishop. He conducted himself so well in his diocese, that,

with the approval of all, the pope chose him to be a cardinal. However, one envious man sneered at his rapid rise in life, and said that St. Peter's net, instead of his keys and sword, had come in vogue. The cardinal immediately put up in his dining room, where he entertained visitors, a rough net. When his guests asked him its meaning, he answered that it was to keep him humble, by reminding him of his lowly origin. This so conciliated the envious and vain cardinals, that when the pope died, they chose him pope, feeling sure they could continue to feel superior. But what was their amazement, after the new pope's enthronement, to see that the net had been removed. On being asked the reason, the pope answered, "It has caught the fish, my son!"



Appreciating Modern Facilities



PUPILS of modern schools would be more grateful for their books and supplies if they remembered what difficulties in such things great men had to encounter in past ages. Lincoln, for instance, had to walk nine miles daily to and from school, such as it was. He had to write on the puncheon floor, the fence-rails, and the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit of charcoal. From Gentryville he got some wrapping-paper, his ink he made out of blackberry root and copperas. He had to learn to make good pens out of turkey buzzard quills. He so marked up the house that his father interfered; and he began practicing writing on the trees; later, in the sand at the deer-lick. He had to read by the unsteady light of the log-fire, lying on the floor in front of it. Most of his studying was done after working hard all day. Having accidentally ruined a book he had borrowed, he worked three days in the fields to pay up for it. To borrow the books with which to study law he had to ride more than twenty miles, and carry them back all the way.



Undesirable Citizens



HERE are some human beings who are as undesirable citizens as certain undesirable animals. There is the skunk, who, when pursued, discourages pursuit by squirting all around a sickening, noisome stench.

There is the hyena, who laughs and grins while engaged in his favorite occupation of disinterring the bones of dead people and animals. There is the cuckoo, who never builds a nest of her own, but who lays her eggs in other birds' nests, and relies on them to hatch them. The burrows of the sociable, ingenious and harmless prairie dogs are invaded by the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake, who feed on the young of their hosts; where once they enter, they never leave till they have at leisure destroyed the whole prairie dog family. Beetles and flies, lice and vermin feed on offal. Even birds know enough to keep their own nests clean; only the most degraded kinds foul their own nests.



Biting one's Nails



HEWING one's nails is a reminder of babyhood, and must sooner or later be discontinued; the sooner, the better. Moreover it may lead to blood poisoning. It is, besides, a disgusting trait, shared but by very few animals. Carnivorous animals will eat other animals, but live in friendship with their own kind. Still, pigs and a few others, will eat their own young. Further than that, only rats, mice and vermin will go. In Paris an old hyena accidentally broke its leg. Before the bone united, however, the hyena bit off the limb, and during the night consumed it, bone and all. The green locust will eat its own legs pulled off by accident; captive eagles have plucked off the flesh off its legs. Rats, caught in a trap by a leg, will gnaw off the limb to disengage themselves. Mice, from pure vexation at captivity, have gnawed their tails. So people tear their own hair, or scar their bodies with flints from anger. Caterpillars will devour their cast-off shells.



Hypocrites among Animals



OWEVER honest or religious animals may sometimes be, there are also hypocrites among them. In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame in order to avoid going to military exercise.

A chimpanzee who had to be fed on cake when ill, after his recovery often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. It is well known that opossums, not to speak of foxes, will feign death to escape the final indignities of an enemy; indeed, from this came the vulgar locution to "play possum." Animals are conscious of their deceit, for they try to act secretly and noiselessly. Shepherd dogs who have taken to sheep-killing can hardly be discovered except in the act. Bees which steal often hesitate before and after their exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed a theft. While he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation, and stopped every time his master made a movement.



Cash Only



SICILIAN country priest who was going to visit Rome was asked by some of his friends to make purchases for them; and they all gave him memorandums of what they wished; but only one gave him the money to pay for what he wanted. The latter's errands he did carefully, but never again thought of the former's requests. On his return all these persons came to visit him, to inquire about their purchases. "Gentlemen," announced he to them, "when I embarked in the ship, I spread out all your requests on the deck, so as to put them in order; but suddenly a gust of wind carried them all off into the ocean; and I was thus unable to carry out your wishes." "Still," objected one of his friends, "you did make a purchase for Mr. So-and-So!" "Oh yes," responded the priest, "but luckily he had wrapped inside of his memorandum the cash needed to pay for it, and its weight kept the wind from blowing it away."





Learning versus Supplies



PEASANT visited a city, carefully observing all the strange sights. He noticed that many persons were reading newspapers, and that almost all of them wore spectacles of some sort. So the peasant entered into an optician's store and asked for spectacles to read by. Several pairs were tried on, while the peasant stares at a book; but, after each trial, he answers, "No, I can't read yet." Tired of trying on glasses, the optician finally, in despair, exclaims, "I do not believe you know how to read!" "Of course not!" explained the peasant in an injured tone; "if I knew how to read I should not have asked you for spectacles to read by! Do you suppose I am blind?"



The Professional Borrower



FARMER had the habit of borrowing provisions from his neighbors, instead of purchasing them for himself. He would ask for a little piece of bacon, which he was to return whenever he should kill one of his pigs; but this he never did, so that he continued borrowing, until nobody would advance any more bacon to him. Finally he was forced to rely upon himself, and to decide to have one of his pigs killed. So he called for a butcher, and said to him, "If it became known I was having a pig killed, I would have none left for myself, as I owe far more than the pig would amount to. So I want you, after slaughtering the pig, to leave it hanging outside; then during the night I will come and get it, and in the morning, when you come again, I will claim it was stolen, and thus be excused from returning the bacon I borrowed." The butcher agreed, but secretly returning, himself stole the carcass. In the morning, when the owner met him with a long face, announcing that the porker had really been stolen, the butcher answered, "Splendid, keep it up that way. If you do, everybody will really believe you when you tell them the porker was stolen!"



All Service Ranks the Same



IN Zürich, some centuries ago, lived a poor man who was weak in his mind. In the asylum it was decided he was harmless, and discharged; and a kindly person suggested he be allowed to ring the bells of the parish church. This gave the simple-hearted man great joy, to feel he was serving the town, calling to church men, women and children. This went on for years till there arose a dispute, and he was discharged. Feeling he was of no further use to the world the bell-ringer did not wish to live any longer; so he went to the public executioner, asking as a favor, to be put out of the way; he knelt down, and closed his eyes, to have his head chopped off. Instead of doing so, the executioner took the sorrow-stricken man gently to the magistrates, who listened to his story. They felt the good man had been treated harshly, and they effected his reinstatement. The poor fellow was again made happy, and till his dying day he fulfilled his duty, feeling he was serving the people, even in so humble a capacity. Respect is due not only to the genius's achievements, but also to the efforts of the humble; both serve the state.



Knowing what you Want



HINDU, who felt lonely, went to his deity to ask for a companion; and his prayers were answered by the gift of a wife. After some time he returned to the same deity, asking him to take back his wife, on the plea that he could no longer live with her; he had nothing to himself, he had no leisure, and no privacy. The deity accommodated him, and took back the wife. After another period, the Hindu returned to the deity, begging him to restore to himself his former wife, on the plea that he could not live without her, remembering as he did all the little kindly offices she used to perform for him. Once more the deity accommodated him, and returned the wife to him. After a third period, the Hindu once more returned to the deity, begging him to take his wife back again, because he once more felt he could not live with her. This time, however, the deity refused, answering, "As you cannot live with her, and cannot live without her, the wisest thing is to stay as you happen to be at the present moment, and make the best of it."



Absent-Mindedness Costly



ARDINAL DUBOIS, minister of Louis IX, was a very absent-minded man. His supper consisted of a chicken, which he always ate all by himself. One evening, his servants forgot all about the chicken. So, when about to retire, the Cardinal rang for an attendant, and claimed his supper, demanding the reason why he was being served so late. The servant, ashamed to own his fault, and knowing his master's weakness, coolly objected that the Cardinal had eaten his chicken an hour ago. "What!" said he, "do you mean to say that I have already eaten my supper?" "Why, certainly!" was the reply, in an injured tone. "Of course, of course! You may retire!" hastily answered the Cardinal, ashamed of being caught in another slip of his memory; and without further thought himself retired for the night.



How to get the Truth



A FONTAINE, the writer of so many charming fables, used to eat a baked apple every evening. One day, just as he was about to eat it, he was called away; so he put it aside on the chimney and went out.

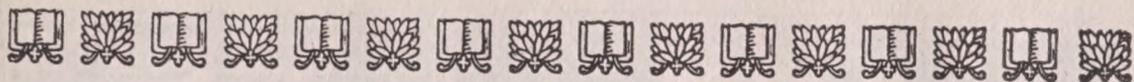
During his absence one of his friends entered the room; and on seeing the baked apple, not being able to resist the tempting morsel, he ate it. On returning, La Fontaine guessed what had occurred; and, pretending great alarm, cried, "What became of the baked apple I left on the chimney?" "I do not know anything about it!" answered his friend, with assumed innocence. "So much the better," returned La Fontaine, as if greatly relieved; "for I had put in it arsenic to kill the rats!" "Heavens! I am poisoned," shouted the visitor, growing pale. "Quick, send for a doctor, and save me!" "My dear fellow," returned La Fontaine, "do not get so excited; now that I think of it, I remember I had forgotten to put it in!"



Flattery or Criticism?



NE morning Louis XIV said to the Marshal de Grammont, "Just look at this little song, and see if you ever saw more wretched doggerel. Merely because I have the reputation of liking verses, every Tom, Dick and Harry allows himself to send me his lucubrations!" On reading the song, the marshal replied, "Your majesty's judgment is admirable, in all subjects. I never read a more stupid and ridiculous production." The king burst out laughing, and said to him, "Would you not call the writer a fool?" "Sire, it is the only word that fits him." "Well," said the king, "I am very glad you have spoken to me so frankly, for it is I myself who have written it!" "What treachery, Sire! Please let me look at it again! I did not read it carefully!" "No indeed, my dear field marshal," responded the king; "one's first judgment is always the most reliable!"



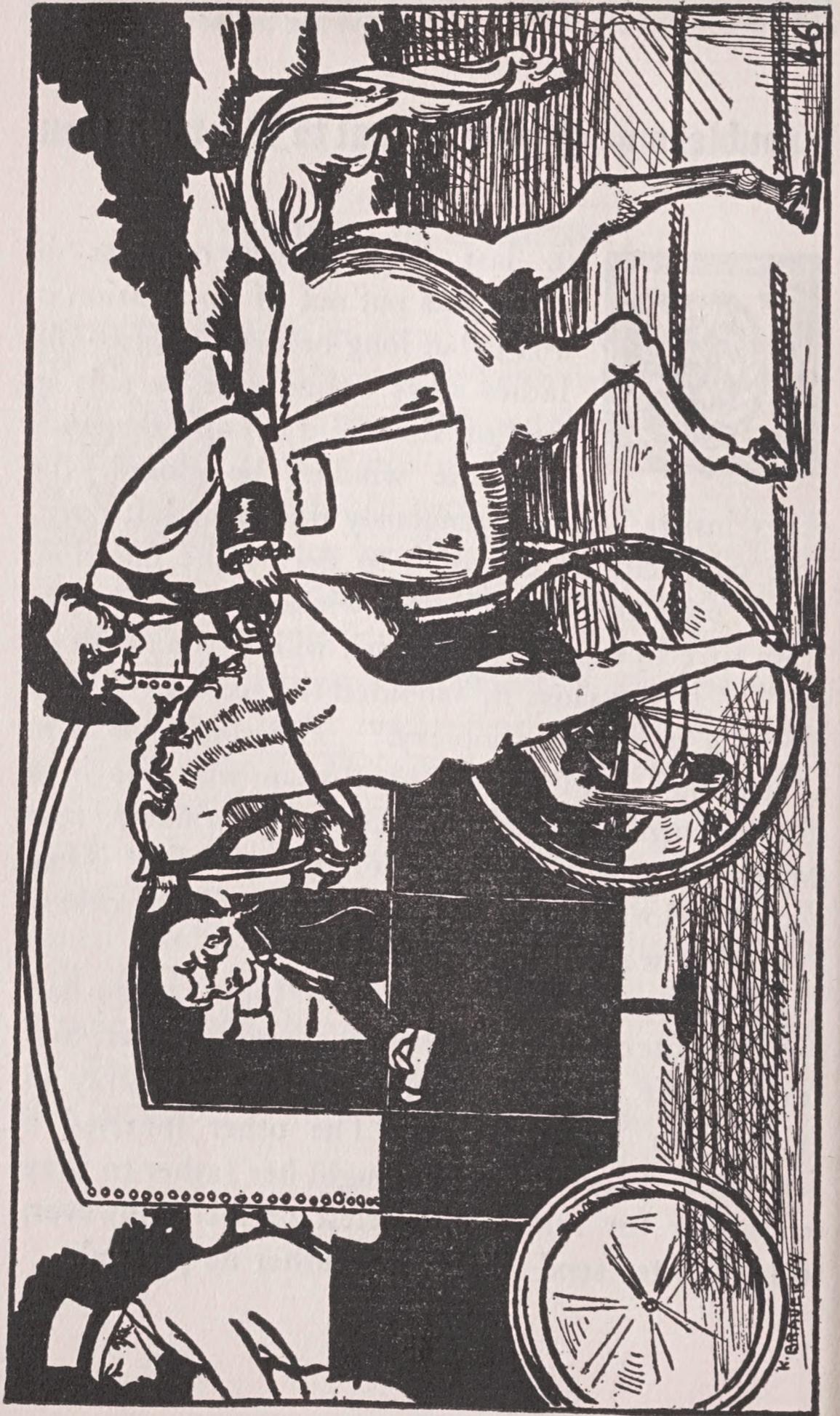
Troublesome People, What to Do with them



THE last horse-drawn omnibus in Paris was put out of commission in 1913; but long before that, two old ladies were sitting side by side in one of them. The one demands that the window be closed, the

other insists just as strenuously that it be left open. The conductor is called in to decide the question. "Sir," cries the first, "if this window remains open I am sure to catch a cold which will be the death of me." "If you close it," shouted the second, "I shall die of a stroke of apoplexy." The conductor is in a quandary until an old gentleman who sits in a distant corner speaks up, "Open the window, conductor; that will cause one of them to die. Then you will close it, and that will rid us of the other; after that we will have peace!"

Likewise, there was a priest of Jupiter, who had two daughters. One of them married a potter, and for his sake always besought her father to pray to Jupiter for fair weather. The other married a farmer, and for his sake besought her father to pray to Jupiter for rain. The priest decided, however, to let Jupiter send whatever weather he pleased.



K. GRAVETT



Your Value Depends on your Habits



HORSES are probably as easily educated into habits as any animal. The horse of the delivery-wagon on a regular route is known to stop at the right houses of himself. Fire-horses are educated to come

from the stall to the engine at the clang of the fire-bell; they differ as much as school-boys in the speed of learning this. Some learn in a single lesson, some need a month. Billinghamurst tells an amusing tale of a gentleman who, to make a journey, bought a fine-looking animal offered to him almost for the taking. All went well on the frequented roads; but on Finchley Common the horse sidled up to a lonely carriage of a clergyman in so professional a manner, that a pistol was thrust in the face of the innocent rider. Once a gentleman produced his purse, unasked; several times he was threatened with swords, and assailed with curses. Then the peace officers wanted to arrest him as a highway-man; and it finally seemed wise to dispose of him for a trifle and to pay a higher price for a poorer horse of better moral habits.



Confidants should be Well Chosen



HE emperor Joseph II loved simplicity, and was never happier than when driving around the country unattended and simply dressed. One afternoon when he was out driving, it began to rain, and he noticed a sergeant whose uniform was in danger of becoming spoiled; so he stopped, and invited him into the carriage. The sergeant began to brag about the relish of the lunch he had just partaken of at the house of a gamekeeper, a friend of his. "Guess what I had!" challenged he. "Well," responded the emperor, "how could I guess? Some beer-soup, perhaps?" "Better than that!" was the jubilant response. "Sauerkraut?" "Better still!" "A loin of veal?" "Still better!" "Well, I give it up!" answered the emperor. "A pheasant, my good fellow! A pheasant, shot on the preserves of the emperor!" chortled the sergeant, familiarly tapping the

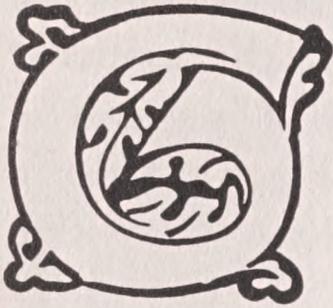


emperor on the knee. "If from the emperor's preserves," remarked the emperor, "it could only have been more delicious!" "Yes, indeed," responded the glad sergeant.

On arriving in town, the emperor insisted on driving home the sergeant, who wished to know the identity of his friend in need. But the emperor answered, "You made me guess, now it is you who must do so." "Well, you are a military man, are you not?" "Certainly," was the response. "Lieutenant, perhaps?" "Better than that." "Captain?" "Still better." "Not a colonel?" "I tell you, better than that!" Backing away into his corner, the distraught sergeant whispered, "Might you be a field-marshal?" "Still better," responded the emperor evenly. "Heavens, it's the emperor!" "Yes indeed," said Joseph II, unbuttoning his coat to show his decorations. The sergeant, lacking room to get down on his knees, begs the emperor to stop the carriage, so as to get out of it. "By no means," slyly smiled the emperor; after having eaten my pheasant, you would be only too glad to get rid of me so soon; but I will not set you down till we reach your door." And only there did he set him down.



Results above Methods



GENERAL GRANT had many enemies at the North; nor had President Lincoln ever met him personally. The reason of his advancement was solely that he could win battles. Not only powerful and influential politicians, but also temperance advocates insisted time after time that Grant was a drunkard, that he was not himself half the time, that he could not be relied on, that it was a disgrace to have such a man in command of an army. "Well," returned Lincoln, with the faintest suspicion of a twinkle in his eye, "you needn't waste your time getting proof; to oblige me, do you just find out what brand of whiskey Grant drinks, because I want to send a barrel of it to each one of my generals."



Never Satisfied



LITTLE CHILD was seated by the roadside, weeping bitterly. "What are you crying about?" asked a charitable passer-by. "My mother gave me two cents, and I have lost them!" was the heart-broken reply.

"Cheer up," answered the gentleman. "I will replace your loss; here are two more cents!" The child eagerly took them, and clutched them in his hand.

But as soon as the gentleman had started away, the child began crying harder than ever. So he returned, and somewhat impatiently asked, "What are you crying about now?"

"Oh," sobbed the child, "if I had not lost my own two cents, I now would have four."



Misunderstanding hides Virtues



ENVENUTO CELLINI, the famous Florentine artist, had a dog, who was roused in the middle of the night by a thief who was trying to break open the artist's caskets, to loot his jewelry. The dog attacked the thief, who defended himself with a sword. The faithful creature ran to the room of the journeymen workers, to rouse them; but as they would not wake, he drew off their bed-clothes, and pulled them by the arms. Then he barked loud, and showed the way to the thief, going on before; but the men failed to understand him, and locked their door. Finding he must rely on himself, the dog undertook the task alone; but the thief had fled. The dog followed him, found him, tore off his cloak, and would have treated him as he deserved but for the interference of some tailors in the neighborhood, to whom the thief cried for assistance against the seemingly mad dog. So the dog was forced to retire, and only later were his heroic efforts understood and rewarded.



Care in Bargains



It is well to be careful in making a bargain. An old miser's wife was sick; so he sent for a physician. The latter, knowing the miser's reputation, insisted on arranging terms of compensation beforehand.

"Very well," agreed the miser, "you shall have forty dollars, whether you kill or cure my wife." The physician accepted the terms, and did his best; but in spite of this, the woman died. A little later, the physician came to collect his bill, but the miser turned on him with an injured tone. "What are you talking about?" asked he. "Did you cure my wife?" "No, I failed in that," responded the doctor sorrowfully. "Then you killed her, did you?" sneered the miser. "Killed her? you know better than that!" shouted the indignant doctor. "Well, if you neither cured nor killed her," asked the miser, "why have you come to claim any money?"



Quibbling



OLTAIRE tells of Zadig's surprise at seeing his wife Azora returning home very indignant. "You would be as indignant as I," responded she, "had you seen what I have! I went to console the widow Cosrou, who has just erected a monument to her husband by the side of the rivulet in the meadow. In her grief, she vowed to the divinities to remain near that tomb as long as the stream flowed by it." "Well," said Zadig, "there is nothing wrong in that! She is an estimable woman who really loved her husband." "That is right enough," answered Azora, "but imagine what she was doing when I visited her? She was having some laborers change the course of the rivulet, making a new bed for it, away from the tomb."



Suiting the Bait to the Fish



PIG and a dog who were passengers on the same ship, were in the habit of eating their food from the same plate; and there would have been no trouble, but that there was but one kennel, and that for the dog.

Of course the pig was just as anxious as the dog for its protection, and every day, in the evening, there was a race for it; for if the dog got in first, the pig had to lie on the softest plank; while if the pig got in first, the dog had to stand the cold wind and the spray. One rainy afternoon the pig found the dog inside; so he moved the dinner plate in sight of the dog, and began rattling it, and munching as if he was devouring a feast. The pig kept on, grunting with delight, till the dog had come around nosing at the plate; and before the dog knew whether or not there was any dinner on the plate, the pig was safe in the kennel, snug and warm for a night-long slumber.

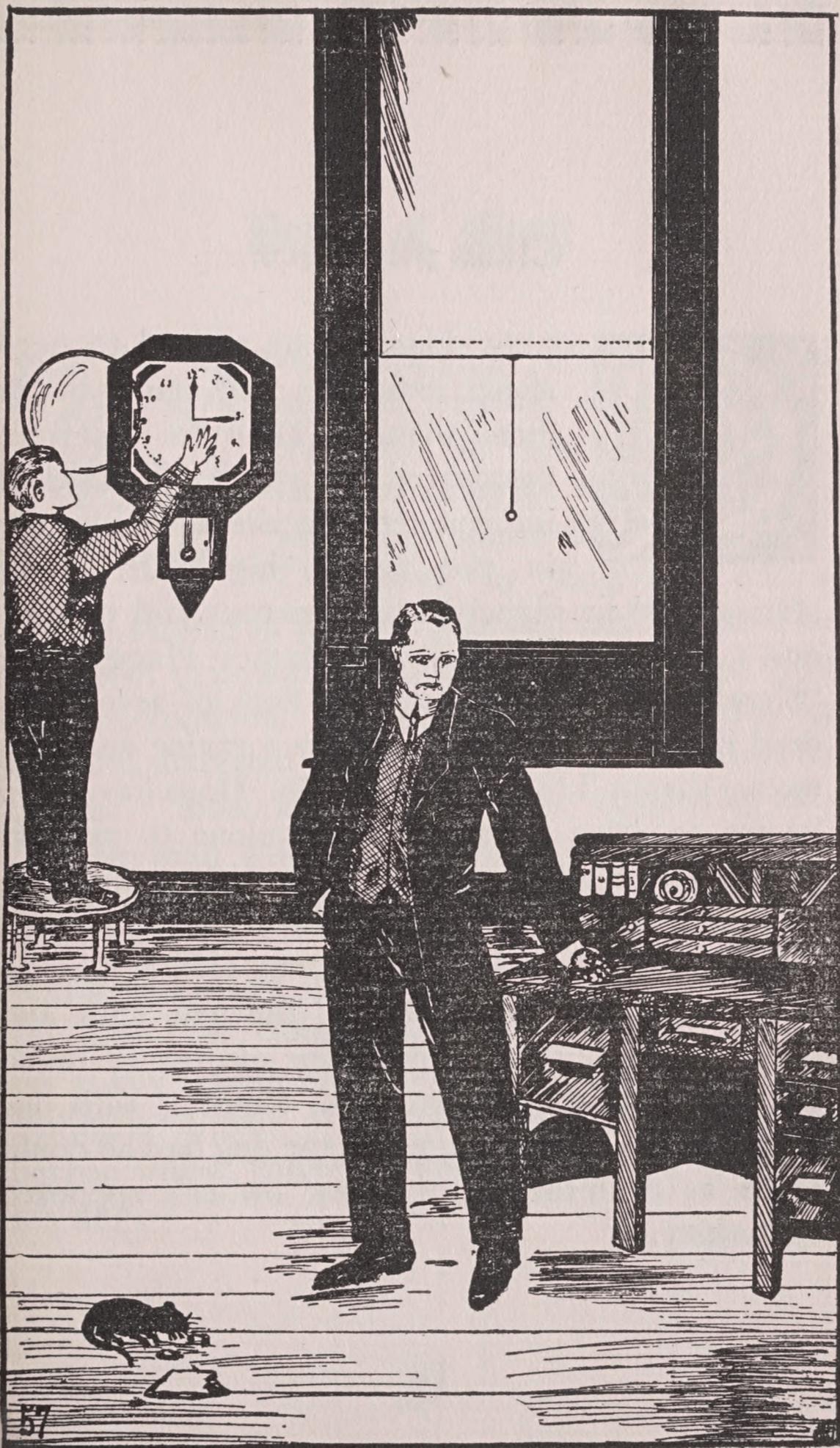


Even Animals Punctual



MR. OHREN was a clerk in the room of the First Deputy Commissioner in the great Pension Building at Washington. At two o'clock the public is excluded, and a great calm falls on its interior, and Mr.

Ohren one afternoon noticed a mouse nibbling at the crumbs that had fallen from his lunch. This was repeated several times, until he noticed the mouse always appeared at his desk exactly at three o'clock. One afternoon, however, that hour passed, and the mouse was conspicuous by its absence; and only at six minutes past three, when Mr. Ohren had given it up for lost, did it boldly run forward, sleek and fat as it was, for its afternoon repast. Mr. Ohren was somewhat disappointed at this unpunctuality of the mouse, when the official clock superintendent entered and set the clock back six minutes, which it had gained because of some disorder in the electrical connections with the Naval Observatory. So it was the clock, not the mouse, that had gone wrong.





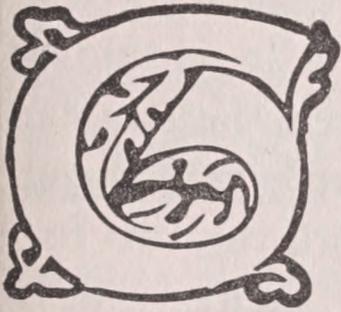
Class Monitors



OLLIE dogs can be trained to herd sheep, almost as well, if not better than can men. Their art is so well-recognized that regular sheep-herding competitions are held annually in the Scotch highlands. The stories of their sagacity are numerous and marvelous. For instance, the poet James Hogg's dog "Sirrah" once saved a scattered flock of seven hundred lambs by herding them into a ravine and protecting them till the arrival of help. Dogs have been known to drive sheep and oxen alone to market, even through other grazing flocks, delivering them to the consignee, by barking at his door, and then returning home. A shepherd once sold a flock to a neighbor, who came, fetched the new flock and took it home. Next morning the old owner found his flock back in his own yard, together with one or two of the neighbor's, which the dog had no doubt taken as payment for the new owner's supposed dishonesty.



Power of Music



GREEK mythology told of Arion, a musician, riding on a dolphin, charming the fishes of the sea. Orpheus charmed the wild beasts, and even the stones and rocks. Choir-boys in England, on a

ramble, singing an anthem, once charmed a hare. The stories of prisoners who by whistling charmed mice are very common. An American gentleman, playing the flute, attracted a mouse, whose actions showed its delight! Slow and solemn music affected it differently than quick and lively tunes; it would disappear immediately on its ceasing, returning when it began again. The effect music has on dogs is well-known: they will hug the piano and howl away for dear life. Spiders are known to have crawled on a boy's arm while he was playing the violin. Billinghurst tells of a gentleman sailing to Spitzbergen whose violin-music attracted seals to follow his ship.



None too Lowly to Help



THE same story, practically, is told of the Scotch hero, Bruce, the Arabian Mohammed, and the Tartar Jhenghis Khan, though with the two former their place of shelter was a cave, while the latter hid under a bush. When the pursuing enemy approached, they were moved to leave by the animal who constituted itself the hero's sentry, deeming it impossible that a man could be there without having disturbed the animal. So Bruce was saved by a spider, balancing himself at the centre of his hastily spun web; Mohammed was saved by a dove's nest; and Jhenghis Khan by a white owl. The Mogul and Kalmuc Tartars still, on that account, pay to the latter almost divine honors.



Merit above Advantages



OME of the greatest men in the world have been ugly, like Lincoln; while many of the greatest rascals have been enabled to promote their malice because of their attractiveness, like Aaron Burr, or Jean Jacques Rousseau. The Emperor Charlemagne once visited his tutor Alcuin's school, and examined the pupils. He found that most of the noble ones were deficient in studies, while the poorer ones did well. So he divided them into two groups, one on his right hand, and one on his left, threatening to degrade the shiftless nobles, and to promote the industrious poor. Again, in 1615, a young German nobleman asked a neighboring noble for the hand of his daughter. The latter refused the request on the ground that the youth could not support the girl by the labor of his own hands. The youth asked for a year, in which he learned the basket-makers' trade; and as reward, he received his bride. Later in life, war really drove him into exile, and he was very fortunate to be able to keep his wife from need.



Perseverance



VEN animals are capable of perseverance; and in this some of them give us men noble lessons. It is well known that coral islands are the results of the life-efforts of innumerable almost invisible insects.

Ants build cities sometimes taller than men, in Africa. Bees build hives of remarkable regularity. The beaver cuts his trees with no saw other than his teeth, builds his dams, and outer and inner dwellings. Elephants are most faithful laborers. Of old, they were, in India, employed in the launching of ships. It is related of one that, he was directed to push a very large ship into the water. However the task proved too great for the elephant; he could not move it. With a sarcastic tone, the master ordered the keeper to take away the lazy beast, and bring another one. Instantly the poor animal repeated his efforts, to the point that he fractured his skull, and died on the spot.



Appreciating your Parents



RARELY do children properly value their parents until too late, when they have died. An example in point is Dr. Samuel Johnson, who wrote the first English dictionary. His father kept a little book-store in Litchfield, and had a little stall in the local market at Uttoxeter. One day, he was sick, and asked Samuel to tend the stall for him; but Samuel curtly refused. So the father went; but in the rain he took cold, and died of it. Then, of course, Samuel was repentant; but it was too late. Still, he said to himself, that he would make what little reparation he could by going to the market annually on the anniversary of that circumstance, and standing there bareheaded one hour, rain or shine. As years grew on, and he became famous, this his habit attracted more and more attention, which must have been unpleasant to him; but he continued his expiation, inconsolable as he was at the death of his father, due to his disrespect. Later, even pictures of this habitual action of his were made.



Fair Dealing Instinctive



VEN animals have a sense of fair-dealing, and of giving an equivalent. There is, in Nebraska, a queer little animal known as the "neotoma cinerea," or more popularly, as the "mountain" or "trade

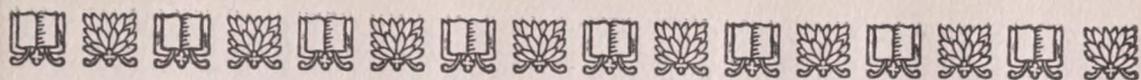
rat." It is smaller than the usual Norway rat, has a short tail, a white belly, and large, mild rabbit-like eyes. He dwells in hollow trees, making forays on the farmers' grain and vegetables. But he is strictly honest, and never takes anything without giving something in return, so he is known as the "trade rat." A Mr. T. S. Allison saw an ear of corn which had lost one quarter of its grains, while near-by was a neat little heap of fresh-cut willow-twigs, and a few pine cones. Next morning more grains were gone, but some pebbles had been added. The rat who traded corn-grains for pine cones sat contentedly on a log watching him with his great, lustrous eyes, as if asking, "How many cones or pebbles for an ear of corn?" He was not afraid of men, because he was earning his living, the best he could.



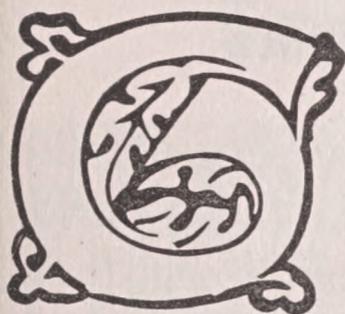
Tit for Tat



ONCE the fox invited to dinner the stork, who accepted the courtesy. On arriving, however, the stork found that the dinner was served in flat dishes so that he was unable to do more than taste the soup, because of his long beak. The stork was too well trained to show his disappointment, and contented himself with extending a return invitation. When Reynard arrived, expecting to enjoy a feast, he found the soup served in two long-necked jars, in which the stork could dip his long beak, but the fox, in spite of his skill, could not penetrate. So he left, in confusion, with his handsome bush-tail between his legs.



Gratitude Instinctive



RATITUDE is so strong a characteristic in the dog that an ungrateful dog would be called a wolf. Cats are grateful not very much further than it actually pays. That is the reason why gratitude is all the more surprising in that fiercer member of the cat family, the lion; and especially so in the lioness, because of her exceptional ferocity and more cat-like behavior. The lion of Andronicus followed him like a dog, for having had a splinter removed from his paw. Likewise, in the Crusades, Geoffrey de la Tour freed one from a serpent, and was followed by him till he sailed away, the lion drowning himself in trying to follow. Lionesses also are grateful. An Indian woman, named Maldonata, near Buenos Ayres, was fed and protected from other savage beasts by one, when by the authorities she was bound to a tree and exposed to them. In India a sailor who landed was by a lioness solicited to help recover her two cubs from a baboon who had carried them up into a tree. When he cut it down for her, she fawned on him before carrying them away to safety.



Difficulties are only Spurs



ANY famous artists earned the opportunity to begin their world-renowned careers by doing their very best with the unsatisfactory materials they could alone command. Giotto was a goatherd, and was discovered drawing a kid on a smooth rock. Claude Lorrain was a failure at everything, till engaged as helper to grind an artist's colors. By himself, at nights, he made a sketch which earned him an education. Antonio Canova, who died in 1822 began his career by carving a lion out of the butter given him as only present he could afford for the birthday party of a boyfriend of his, called Joseph. Thorwaldsen (1770-1844), the Danish Sculptor of the famous Swiss lion at Lucerne, got the prize at a modeling school competition merely because the teacher practically forced him to complete the work he had given up in despair.



Importance of Daily Duties



OLTAIRE employed a valet who was honest and faithful, but not over industrious. One day Voltaire asked for his shoes; and, noticing that they were still covered with mud, he cried, "How dare you

bring them to me in that condition?" "Why, sir," replied the lazy valet, "that is of no great importance to-day, as the streets are muddy; in two hours the best-cleaned shoes would be as muddy again as these still are!" Voltaire, like a wise man, said nothing, put them on, and went out. But Joseph, the valet, ran after him, shouting, "Sir, the key! Do not forget the key!" "What key?" "Why, the key of the pantry for lunch!" "My dear Joseph," retorted Voltaire, "what is the use? Two hours later you would again be as hungry as you are now!" From that day on, Joseph never forgot to shine Voltaire's shoes daily.



Refusing Privileges



DURING a long march in an arid country, on his way to India, Alexander's army suffered extremely from thirst. Some soldiers, sent out to scour the country, found a little water in the hollow of a rock, and brought it to their general in a helmet. Alexander showed this water to his soldiers, to encourage them to support their thirst with patience, as indicative of the proximity of a spring. Then, instead of drinking it, he poured it out on the ground, before the eyes of the whole army, unwilling to profit by what others could not share.



Going Straight Back Home



HE almost miraculous sagacity displayed by some animals in finding their way home might well be an example to some human vagrants, and vagabonds. The homing instinct of pigeons is well-known, and has often been taken advantage of by armies in beleaguered cities. Cats are very home-loving, and have been known to find their way home hundreds of miles, though taken away in closed baskets. Dogs have even traversed continents in search of their masters. Still more interesting is Billingham's Ass of Gibraltar. He was being shipped to Malta to join his owner there. The frigate, however, was wrecked on the Point de Gat; and in a sea that ran so high as to wreck a boat that put off, the ass, named Valiant, started out to swim. Without guide, compass or traveling map, he found his way home over more than two hundred miles, through a strange, mountainous, intricate country, intersected by streams, in a time so short that he could not have made one single false turn.

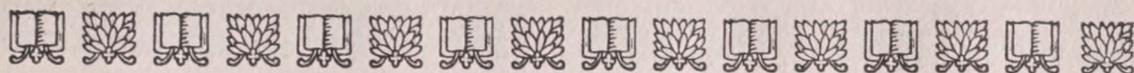


Cooperation Helps Both



GENTLEMAN residing near Stirling, in Scotland, was fond of hunting, and kept two dogs; a pointer, to start the game, and a greyhound to run it down. When the season was over, it was discovered that they would go out by themselves, to hunt on their own account. To prevent this, he fastened an iron ring to the leather collar of the pointer, to prevent him from jumping and running. But even so the depredations continued; so the owner watched carefully. Finally he discovered that, as soon as they thought themselves unobserved, the greyhound picked up in his mouth the iron ring, and carrying it, the precious pair set off to the hills, where they hunted as usual. Whenever the pointer scented the hare, the greyhound dropped the ring and dashed after the retreating hare, and caught him, bringing him back to the pointer for mutual consumption. Then he would pick up again the iron ring, and both dogs would, next morning, seem the most innocent creatures in the world.

Similar is the old fable of the two Oriental beggars, the one blind, the other paralytic. Although they were both helpless, yet they managed easily together, when the paralytic climbed on the shoulders of the blind man, seeing for him, who walked for both.



Envyng the Teacher



GREEK "tyrant," or King, of Syracuse, in Sicily, was being visited by a friend of his, who did not hesitate to express his envy of all the pomp and splendor of the royal court. He exclaimed, "I wish I could be in the King's place for just a single day; how happy should I not feel!" The King immediately granted his wish. Damocles was invested with crown and sceptre, he was seated on the throne; kneeling attendants brought him food, the banqueters cheered and toasted him. Perfect satisfaction overwhelmed Damocles until he chanced to look upwards. Over his head hung a sharp sword, suspended by no more than a horse-hair, that might snap at any moment. Damocles grew pale, and jumped from the throne. "You see," said the tyrant, "what kind of a life I lead. Trouble may arise, my wealth may disappear, my life may be destroyed at any moment. It is I who should envy your secure obscurity."



Flattery has its Price



CROW was perched on a tree, holding in his beak a piece of cheese he had just stolen. A fox passed by; and being hungry, bethought him of an expedient to secure it. He greeted the crow very courteously, and expressed his delight at seeing him, adding that if his voice was as beautiful as his shiny black feathers, he must certainly be the marvel of the forest. The crow, who had all his life been harshly criticized for both his color and croaking, felt pleased at finding some appreciation; for, of course, to crows, black color and croaking are far preferable to other colors or the nightingale's song. So he started to show off his croak, in which act, however, he had to open his mouth, dropping the cheese, which the fox snapped up and gulped down. "Every flatterer lives at the expense of his dupe," cried the fox in trotting away. "This lesson is surely worth a piece of cheese!"

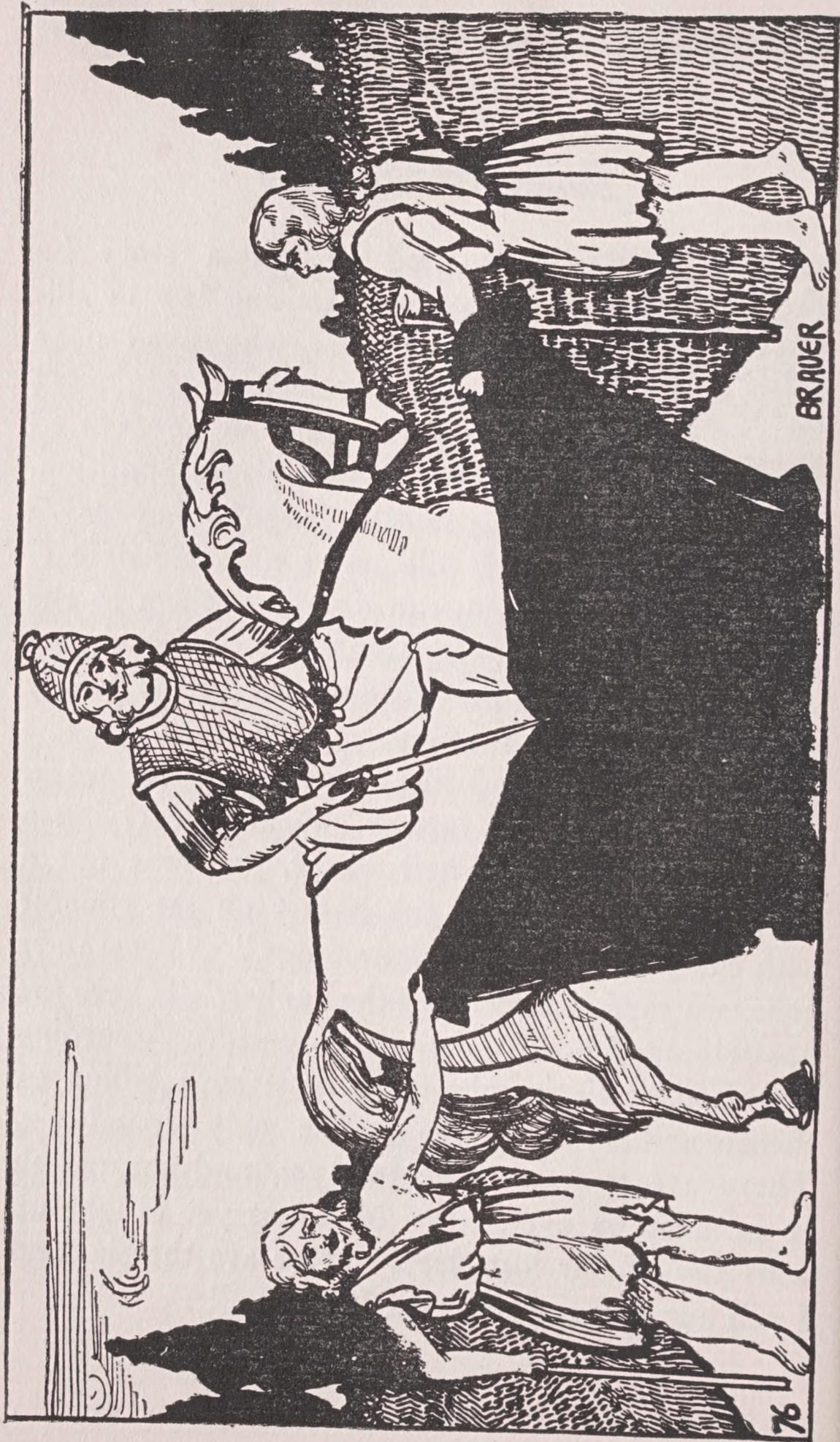


Noisy, though Few



INCOLN used to tell a story he heard while practising law in Illinois. A farmer who lived near a marsh conceived a big idea in higher finance. So he went to a banker with his proposition.

“There are at least ten million frogs in that marsh near my house; and I will arrest a couple of car-loads of them, and you can distribute them to the city restaurants that pay high prices for frogs’ legs. So I will stop the noise that keeps my family from sleeping, and make some money.” The banker assented, and the farmer set to work. After two weeks the farmer appeared, carrying a small basket. He looked weary, and was not a bit talkative; he threw the basket on the counter with the words, “there’s your frogs.” “Where are your two car-loads?” asked the banker. “There are not two car-loads in the whole world. According to the noise, I thought there must be a billion of them; and in two weeks I’ve only found six. There are two or three left yet, and the marsh is as noisy as ever. We have not yet caught up with any of our lost sleep. Here are the six, and I will not charge you a cent for them.”



BRÄUER



Practical Sympathy



SAINT MARTIN may, in his day, have been a wonder-working healer; but the picturesque circumstance which has preserved his memory to the present day was his charity to the poor. He was an officer in a Roman legion, and was very compassionate to all the needy. One day, after he had given away all the money he had with him, he was met by two beggars who were shivering in the cold. To alleviate their suffering, he took from his shoulders his military cloak, and as it was too strong to tear, he bade the beggars hold it in front of him; then he drew his sword, and cut it in two, leaving the pieces in their hands.



Arbor Day



SINCE NICHOLAS of Montenegro once found that his country did not possess enough olive trees and vines. So he assembled his soldiers, and said to them, "You are heroes, all of you, but you will not work.

Our country would be as rich as it is glorious if you would give as much attention to the works of peace as you do to the labors of war. I waited for you to recognize for yourselves that men must work, but I have waited long in vain. I now direct that every Montenegrin soldier who lives where vines can be grown shall this year plant 200 vines. Commanders of brigades shall plant twenty, commanders of battalions ten, officers of lower rank five, and non-commissioned officers one olive tree apiece. Also, whoever shall, of his own free will, plant 2,000 vines this year shall be free of taxes for ten years."

In the United States we have enlisted the school children for this great work; but even if the above story should be questioned, some day it will be made true, and all armies, clubs and societies plant vines instead of shedding blood, and plant the olive tree of peace.



Exercise Worth Paying For



TRAVELLING incognito in Italy, the emperor Joseph II had to stop in a village to have the iron rims of his carriage-wheels repaired. "You will have to wait," said the blacksmith; "to-day is a holiday, and everybody is at church. I have nobody to blow the bellows." "If that is all, go ahead," said the emperor, "I will work them for you myself." In half an hour the carriage was ready. "How much is it?" asked the emperor. "Six cents," was the answer. The emperor gave him six dollars. The blacksmith was surprised, and wanted to return the money. "You have made a mistake, sir; you have given me six gold pieces; and besides, I have no change." "Keep everything, my good fellow," said Joseph, smiling; "the excess is for the pleasure and benefit of the exercise I had in blowing the bellows, it has kept me warm."

So great is this health value of work that many persons who suddenly lose their occupation frequently die soon after. It is our duties that keep us alive and sane.



The Substance and the Shadow



DOG had unexpectedly found a good piece of meat, and was going home, carrying it in his mouth. On his way, he had to cross a bridge, made of a single plank. As he happened to glance into the stream he noticed the reflection of the meat he was carrying, but he did not know it was only a reflection. Thinking it another piece of meat, he tried to catch it, in addition to the piece he was carrying. But in order to grasp it, he had to open his mouth; and, in doing so, the piece of real meat he was carrying dropped into the river; and with it, of course, disappeared also the reflection. So now he had lost both, and trotted home a wiser, if sadder, dog. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."



Diplomacy Necessary



MICHAEL ANGELO was commissioned by the municipal authorities of Florence to erect on a public square a statue of David. He worked long and earnestly at the statue, and finally the wooden sheltering enclosure was removed, and the statue unveiled. It was generally admired, but some noblemen wanted to air their expertness in art by finding fault with the shape of David's nose. Understanding the reason underlying this criticism, he pretended to be very grateful for its illumination. He reerected the wooden shelter and was heard hammering and filing for several weeks. Finally he again took down the shelter, and invited the critics, who this time expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied with the change. Then Michael Angelo informed them that he had not made any change whatever on the nose, having merely added some ornament on the pedestal. There was no further criticism of his work.



Not Wise to be too Grasping



CELEBRATED doctor had cared for a little child during a dangerous disease. On his recovery, the grateful mother visited him, and said, "Doctor, there are services for which money is no equivalent.

Not knowing how to recompense you, I embroidered this purse which I beg you to accept." "Madam," returned the doctor indignantly, "I have to pay rent just like anybody else, and the grocer and baker demand cash. Little presents may preserve friendship, but they do not pay bills." "Well, doctor," replied the distressed lady, "speak; name the amount of your charge!" "Five hundred dollars!" retorted the physician. The lady quietly opened the purse, drew out twenty hundred dollar bills, peeled off five of them, gave them to the physician, restored the remainder to the purse, put it in her pocket, bowed ceremoniously, and departed.



Even Animals Practise Self-Control



MASTIFF, who was indebted to the bounty of a neighbor rather than to that of his master, was accidentally for a whole day locked in the neighbor's pantry, which was well stocked with milk, butter, bread and meat. When the maid opened the door, and saw the dog rush out, she trembled at the probable devastation. But everything was intact; and how much this meant was realized when the dog was seen to be so hungry as to throw himself on a poor bone. A poodle was in the habit of fetching his master's dinner in a basket, and the food always remained intact. One day, however, he was, on the road, attacked by two other dogs. He defended himself and his charge bravely, till a third dog joined the aggressors, and the battle went against him. Only when he saw the dinner disappearing in the mouths of the others he turned around and himself swallowed as much of it as possible and as rapidly as he could, so that, at least, it should not all be lost to the family.



Miracles of Cooperation



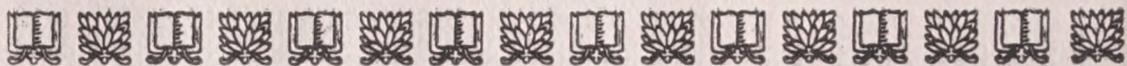
IN the Western United States it used to be common for all the neighbors to gather, so as to help build a house, all in one or two days. This was called a "house raising." Not very unlike was the "husking bee," when many neighbors would, with fun and pleasantries, make short work of a tedious operation. Still another form of American cooperation was the "spelling bee," which was as amusing, as it was instructive. The country in which social cooperation is perhaps the most advanced, is Switzerland. The neighbors would engage a single shepherd for the village. The cheese products would also be manufactured by a single farmer, who would distribute the proceeds equitably. The famous Swiss watches are assembled in one single place, from parts made by various farmers during the long idle months of winter. Some families, for generations, never make anything but a certain wheel or spring, and thus become experts in its manufacture. The universal postal system, however, is the most advanced form.



Riskiness of Lies



LARS and thieves must have good memories, to avoid detection; and ultimately, none but an honest man who speaks the truth, can endure. A peasant went to a market to replace a horse that had been stolen from him, and recognized his own among those that were for sale. He claimed it, as having been stolen from him three days before. "Impossible," said the horse-dealer, "for I have had him three years." "Well," said the farmer, with his hands hiding the horse's eyes, "we will make a test. In which eye is he blind?" "In the left eye," answered the dealer. The farmer removed his hand, and the left eye was perfect. "Oh yes, I made a mistake," cried the panic-stricken dealer, "I mean, the right eye." The farmer removed his other hand, and all persons present saw that the horse's sight was perfect. "Evidently you are the thief," shouted the farmer, haling the dealer before the judge, who gave the farmer the horse.

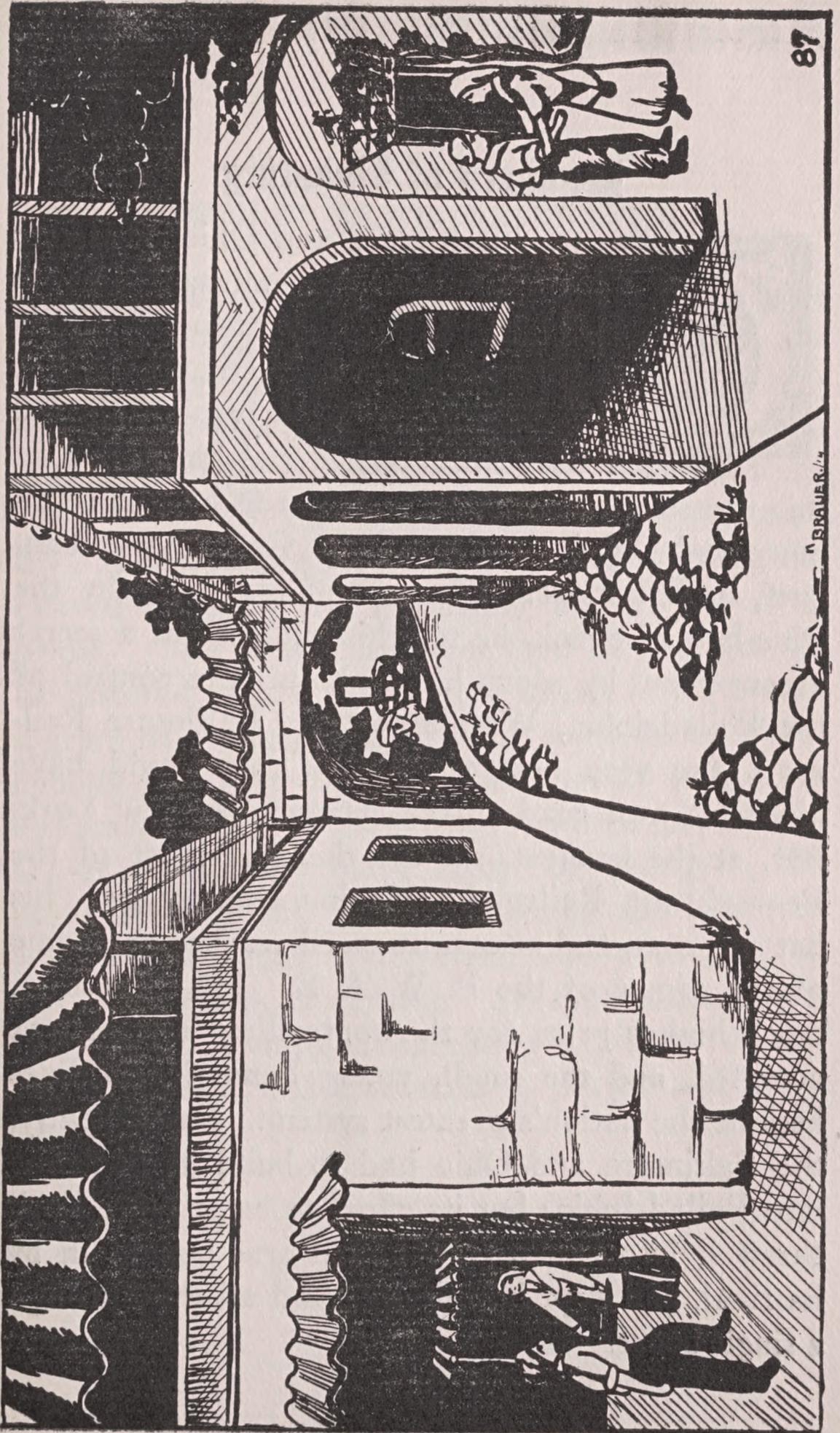


Consolation in the Power of Influence



ROBERT BROWNING wrote a dramatic story of a poor Italian silk weaver girl, who however was so cheerful that she used to sing to herself as she went to work, and returned home. Her song was: "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world!" One evening, however, she was tired and discouraged and felt that her life was in vain; and she falls asleep comforted only by the thought that no doubt religious confidence in God's ways must be right. So she sings, while falling asleep, "All service ranks the same with God; whose puppets we are; there is no last or first."

The dramatist, however, has taken his audience into three houses by which the poor weaver had passed, and in each of which her cheerful song had done much good. In the first, she keeps a man from committing a great sin with the woman whose husband she has murdered. In the second it keeps a bridegroom, who had been deceived in his bride, from abandoning her. In the third it encourages a youth to set out immediately, not knowing that watching police have instructions to arrest him if he stays.



"BRAUER."



Dangers of Boasting



HE "Baltimore and Ohio" was one of the earliest railroads in the United States; yet to-day, it is practically no more than a freight road for the Pennsylvania Railroad system. What was the cause of this disaster? A single boast, made by the Baltimore and Ohio's president, Mr. Garret, at a banquet, in Baltimore. Thrown off his guard by the wine he had drunk, he told his audience of a secret arrangement by which he was to acquire control of the Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore Railroad, the very next morning. This would have given his own road a free entrance to New York. But, at the banquet, sat the then president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He immediately got his hat and coat, and at utmost speed reached the home of the owner of the P. W. & B. His offer of a much higher price for the controlling interest was accepted, and the small, young Pennsylvania lines became the nation's greatest system. Subsequently, the Baltimore and Ohio had to build its own line into Philadelphia; but its effort to enter New York threw it into bankruptcy, and it was bought in by its rival, and kept harmless. And all this through a single boast.



How to Learn Resignation



HINDOO woman was in great grief at the death of her child. She went to a temple to pray that he might come back to life; and as no answer was vouchsafed she visited the temples of all the other divinities. Finally she came to that of Buddha, and offered her prayers, requesting aid of the chief priest. The latter told her that her son would be restored to life if she were to put in his mouth a grain of mustard coming from some house where nobody had ever died. So the woman started on her search. But in that country, where new houses are rarely if ever built, except by strangers, she could not find any such. Gradually she began to realize that death is universal, and that grief at loss of relatives is general. So she resigned herself to the inevitable, but she entered the service of the temple, and continued in prayer and good works.





Compassion in the Power of the Poorest



THE Buddhist religion, one of the most numerous in the world, was founded by a prince, called Gautama. At his birth it had been foretold he would, through compassion, forsake his royal career.

His parents, who counted on him to perpetuate their dynasty, therefore educated him in a palace from which were rigidly excluded all persons that could excite feelings of that description. After he had been married to a charming princess Yasodhara, it was considered safe for him to be taken to visit the capital; but all unfortunate people were carefully excluded from the route of his procession. By some inadvertence, however, a sick beggar, an old woman, and a funeral crossed his path; and he eagerly inquired into their nature and meaning. That same night, while lying by the side of his beautiful wife he determined to leave all his wealth, position, wife and baby to go out into the wilderness to discover some remedy for these three evils. After many years of meditation, as he sat under a "bo" tree, he was enlightened, and he spent the rest of his life teaching that revelation to the people of his country, making his wife and son his first converts.



Your Habits are your Destiny



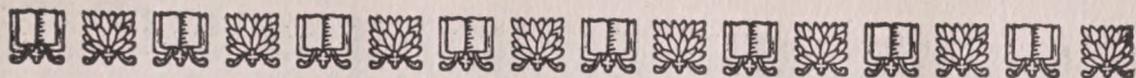
ON November 15, 1913, the "World" published this:

It is hard to break old habits and hard to forget old friendships. If you don't believe it here is the proof:

Way back in 1870 Big Ed Rice and Little Horace Hoven formed a friendship and a partnership. The friendship was born of sentiment; the partnership was formed for the purpose of separating banks from their money without due process of law. In the course of the partnership both were arrested many times. After a quarter century the friendship was broken.

Yesterday there was received at Police Headquarters a letter from the chief of police of Munich, Bavaria, in which it was narrated that two men who had given their names as James Harrison Morton and Horace Bell had tried to rob a Munich bank of 40,000 marks. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty looked at the photographs inclosed and said: "They've grown older, but they're the same old pair."

Then he said James Harrison Morton was Big Ed Rice and Horace Bell was Little Horace Hoven. The former is now seventy-two years old, the latter sixty-five.



Heroism at Home



IN Marseilles raged the plague, in 1720. The doctors met and decided that they would better understand how to treat the plague if the corpse of a victim should be dissected; but such a dissection meant inevitable, and immediate death. It was not even sure that such costly information would lead to effective remedies; but one of them, Henri Guyon immediately volunteered. He made his will, devising all his possessions to charitable institutions. As last food he took the "viaticum," the eucharist. Then he took paper, pencil and drawing instruments, and his surgical instruments. After several hours of dissecting he wrote down what he discovered, and soaked his notes in vinegar, the then most used disinfectant. Then he lay down, for already he felt ill. In twelve hours, he was dead. He is little known, nowadays; but no martyr ever was more heroic.



Care for Parents



VEN animals know enough to care for their aged parents and relatives; how much more should not human beings feel that sacred obligation! Such stories are numerous; only a few can here be mentioned.

Ants are so kind to each other that when an ant has lost its feelers by age or accident, companions will gently lead them around to feed, or bring them food. Rats are not pleasant creatures; but one rat has been known gently to lead, by the ear, a large blind rat, to a place where they could easily bring it from the remoter parts of the floor, food which it nibbled quietly. A cavalry captain in a French regiment mentions that a horse belonging to his company became incapable to eat his hay or grind his oats, from age. For two months he was fed by two horses, on his right and his left, who drew the hay out of their racks, chewed it, and then put it before the old horse. They did the same with the oats, which he was then able to assimilate.



Obedience the Law of Life



HE chick that will not obey the mother-hen's call is killed by the eagle. Wm. J. Long puts it as follows: "The summer wilderness is just one vast school-house of many rooms, in which a multitude of wise, patient mothers are teaching their little ones, and of which our kindergartens are crude and second-rate imitations. Here are practical schools, technical schools. Obedience is life; that is the first great lesson. Life itself is the issue at stake in this forest education; therefore is the discipline stern as death. One who watches long over any of the wood-folk broods must catch his breath at times at the savage earnestness underlying even the simplest lesson. Few wild mothers will tolerate any trifling or wilfulness in their little schools; and the more intelligent, like the crows and wolves, mercilessly kill their weak and wayward pupils. Pity we men have not learned this 'primary' lesson better!"



The First Money Lincoln Earned



SOON after beginning to practice law in Springfield, Lincoln took hold of a criminal case where there was thought to be little chance of success. However, by concentrating his powers he accomplished his purpose, and for his services promptly received five hundred dollars. Next morning he was visited by a legal friend who found him sitting before a table, counting over and over the money spread in front of him. Happy like a child, he shouted, "I never had so much money in my life before, all put together!" Sobering down, he said, "I have just received five hundred dollars; if it had only amounted to seven hundred and fifty I would go over and acquire a quarter section of land, and settle it upon my old step-mother." "If that is all that you lack," said the visitor, "I will advance you the amount on a note!" Lincoln gratefully accepted, and thus provided for the declining days of his step-mother.

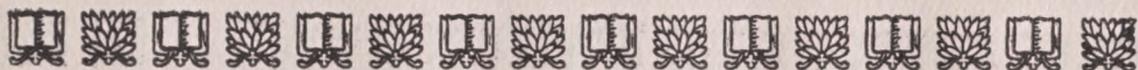


'Hamlet' with Hamlet Left Out



HEN Louis XIV used to go hunting, the supply train would carry forty bottles of wine, so that the king would have plenty. Of course the servants were to have some also; indeed they were paid extra to distribute it properly. One day, the king, while out hunting, grew thirsty, and asked for a glass of wine. "Sire," was the response, "there is none left." "What, were not the usual forty bottles taken along?" demanded the king indignantly. "Certainly, sire," was the apologetic response; "but the followers had to be provided for." "Well, in the future," ordered the king, "you will always take along forty-one bottles, so that at least there will be a single one for me."





The Class Mirrors the Teacher



PRIEST once brought up an ourang-outang, who became so fond of him that it was desirous of accompanying him everywhere. Therefore he had to shut it up in his room whenever he was to perform service in church. One day, however, the animal escaped, followed the priest to the church, silently mounted the pulpit's sounding-board, and lay still until the beginning of the sermon. Creeping to the edge, and seeing the priest, he imitated the priest's every gesture so grotesquely, that the large congregation was forced to laugh. The priest rebuked the congregation, in vain; the more excited he became, the louder he vociferated and the funnier grew the monkey's action, until the congregation burst out into a loud laughter. When a friend showed the outraged priest the cause, even the latter could hardly restrain himself, while the church servants were removing the affectionate monkey.



Personality more Important than Position



INCOLN, at one time, was employed as a clerk in the store of a Mr. Kirkpatrick; but the latter was so overbearing that finally Lincoln left him. During the time of his clerkship, however, Lincoln had been so kindly and courteous to the customers that he had won their good will. That was the time when it was found that a war with Black Hawk could not be avoided, and Governor Reynold of Illinois issued a call for volunteers. Being out of employment, Lincoln naturally enlisted. As soon as the company was full, the men held a meeting at Richland, for the election of officers. Urged by his companions, Lincoln consented to become a candidate for captain. The prevailing mode of election was very simple: the candidates were placed apart, and the men went and stood with him whom they chose. When the word was given, at least three out of every four went over to Lincoln, leaving his opponent, his former employer, Mr. Kirkpatrick, in so bad a minority that even his small group deserted him, and finally he himself had to go over to Lincoln's side to make it unanimous.



Bad Promises Best Broken



ON arriving before Tyana, the Roman emperor Aurelian found that its inhabitants had closed its gates before him. In his anger at this opposition he swore he would not leave even a single dog alive

therein, and started siege operations. The soldiers were delighted, anticipating a great booty. On taking the town, Aurelian who, in the meanwhile, had grown cool, said to his troops, who pleaded with him to keep his word, "you may, if you please, kill all the dogs, but harm none of the inhabitants."



Dangers of Throwing



THROWING is a trait peculiarly characteristic of the monkey, and while usually not fatal, is productive of many serious accidents to those who are trying to escape, of much ill feeling, of resentment and retaliation, and primarily, of lack of self-control. An instance in point is an occurrence at Bindrabund, in India, where monkeys are, by the fakirs, so revered as descendants of the semi-divinity Hanuman, that they practically rule the town, ranging around in troops, and relentlessly pelting any person who may have offended any single ape, with bamboo, dirt or stones. Two young Bengal cavalry officers were attacked by a troupe of apes, at one of whom one of the officers unwisely fired. Immediately the whole body of apes, and the Hindu fakirs, furiously assailed them with missiles of all descriptions, so that they were forced to flee for their lives; and in endeavoring to pass the Jumna, both were drowned. In ancient times people were executed by being stoned.



Even Animals Despise a Shirk



GENTLEMAN had trained two dogs to act as turn-spits in his kitchen, alternately running a wheel. One of them, not liking his employment, hid himself on the day when it was his turn to work. His com-

panion, therefore, was forced to mount in his wheel, in his stead. After the work was over, the dog, by crying and wagging his tail, made to the persons present a sign to follow him. Immediately he conducted them to a garret, where he dislodged the idle dog, and killed him immediately.

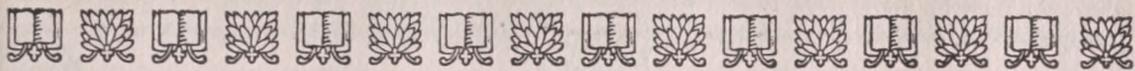
Even animals scorn a person who shirks his share of work. No work does itself, and whoever leaves any necessary work undone, is simply burdening somebody else with it, who will have to do it probably at an unexpected, and therefore most inconvenient time. For every smiling shirk there is some unjustly distressed person. A shirk is really mean and cowardly.



How to Choose one's Burdens



THE famous Greek fable-writer was a slave. Once when his owner was taking a journey his fellow-slaves were bidden each take part of the baggage. Aesop immediately chose the heaviest bundle, that of the provision of bread, and was roundly ridiculed by his apparently more fortunate fellow-slaves. But every day his bundle grew a little lighter; and finally, when there was none left, he walked along almost as comfortably as his master himself. The laugh was now on the other side.



Dangers of Rough Play



LARGE colony of rooks had, for many years, resided in a grove by the side of a river. One evening the idle rascals were raising a ruction chasing each other, when the sharp beak of one of them broke the wing of his neighbor, who fell into the stream. There ensued a general cry of distress from the whole group that hovered over their fellow with every expression of anxiety. Animated by their sympathy, and perhaps by the language of counsel known to themselves, he sprang into the air, and by one strong effort reached the point of a rock that projected into the river. The joy became loud and universal; but, alas! it was soon changed into notes of lamentation, for the poor wounded bird, in attempting to fly towards his nest dropped again into the river and was drowned, amidst the moans of his whole fraternity.





Ridicule Never Safe



LEPHANTS are exceedingly intelligent, although their eyes seems so small, and their forms so awkward. They are kindly and faithful; and being considerate will avoid stepping on children. They will not even revenge themselves by crushing human beings who annoy them in small ways. One of their favorite methods of moderate revenge is to fill their trumps with water, and squirt it at the offender. At least two such stories are told. One occurred in India. On the way to their watering place, the elephants passed by native bazaars, where they were often offered dainties or fruits, so that they were in the habit of poking their trumps into the various shops. A tailor, as a joke, pricked the trump with a needle; and the offended elephant, on his way back, repaid him with a copious squirt of dirty water. In the Paris Zoological Garden the same thing occurred to a painter who was reproducing him in the ridiculous attitude of the lifted trump, which was produced by an attendant pretending to throw apples into his mouth.



Sanctity of Home



VEN birds have a sense of property rights to the fruits of their labor. A sparrow had, in early spring, taken possession of an old swallow's nest, and had therein laid some eggs, when the original builder and owner of the castle made her appearance, and claimed possession. The sparrow held her ground, however, even against swallow reinforcements. There was held a council of war, as result of which, with still greater reinforcements, the swallows all at once brought building materials of sticks and clay, and walled the sparrow in, so that she perished in the stronghold she had so bravely defended.

The cuckoo is the only bird that does not build any nest, but dispossesses weaker birds. His name is a term of reproach among birds and human beings.



Even Animals Faithful



It is their fidelity that endears dogs to men, and for which owners ungrudgingly pay license fees for them. Stories of canine fidelity are very common. Two must suffice. A chimney-sweep told his dog to guard a soot-bag, which he had carelessly thrown on a narrow street. The dog would not budge, even for a cart-driver, who brutally drove right over him, crushing him to death. Not less well-known is the English bloodhound of a French nobleman who was murdered by highway men at Montargis. He led a friend of his master to the spot, and whined till, on digging, his master's body was found. Later, meeting the murderer, he sprang at his throat, and carried on so long till the matter reached the King's ear. The King appointed a battle between the man and the dog. The latter succeeded in throwing down the man, who confessed the murder. He was then convicted and beheaded.

So numerous are the cases in which dogs have saved human lives at the risk of their own, that we can mention only those who saved men from snow on Mt. St. Bernard, the military field nurse-dogs, and those who save from drowning and burning.



Even Animals Cooperate



THE stories of cooperation among animals, to effect results which would be utterly impossible for any single one of them, are so plentiful, common, and interesting that the chief wonder is that human beings have not better taken to heart that moral lesson. We are so familiar with the marvels of cooperation among coral insects, bees, ants, beavers, and birds, that they have lost much of their motive power and influence. Marmots, in the Alps, line their habitations with hay. Some cut the grass, others collect it in heaps; one or two act as wagons by lying on their backs, and having the hay loaded between their legs; last, some others draw them by the tails to their dens, where the living wagons spring up and shake themselves. Acting as wagons being the least desirable part of the work, this office is taken by each in turn.



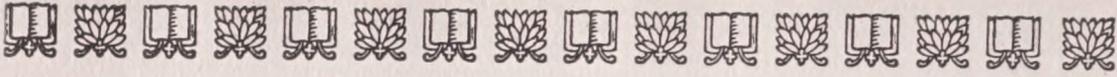
How Brave You Can Become



AT the time of the Revolution, in 1793, the royalists, driven to despair, decided to invite the English to occupy the port of Toulon, on the Mediterranean Sea, rather than to yield it to the Republicans.

The Republic's first business, therefore, was to drive out the English; and among the officers of artillery was Napoleon Bonaparte. Needing a secretary, he asked for the detail of some sergeant or corporal. On presenting himself, the latter was directed to sit on the ground while writing. Hardly was the letter finished, but a gun-shot covered the letter with earth. "Good!" exclaimed the literary subaltern, "I shall not need any sand,"—which in those days was universally employed in the place of blotting-paper. Bonaparte was delighted with his coolness; and later made him field-marshal, for the then subaltern was none other than the famous Junot.

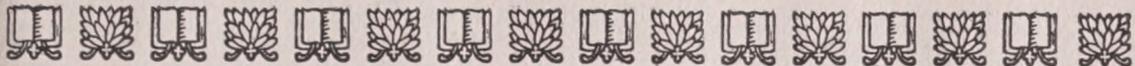
So also Lincoln used to tell of a Union soldier who was in the act of drinking from a tin cup, when a confederate shot destroyed the handle, without injuring either the soldier's fingers, or the cup itself, which fell to the ground, spilling the contents. The Union soldier merely turned towards the enemy, bowed, and cried, "Not even if you tried could you do that again, Johnny Rebel!"



Learning Cures Cruelty to Animals



J. GOULD relates the story of a Spanish learned reformer who by the reactionary authorities was thrown into prison. His jailors were brutal peasant soldiers who whiled away their leisure watching the death-agonies of ants and spiders, on which they had thrown boiling water. The prisoner sent word to the governor he would like to deliver a lecture on ants and spiders; and as a novelty, the prisoner was given permission. Curiosity and being bored drew him a large audience which included his keepers. Without a word of criticism of their behavior, he effected his purpose by enlisting their interest in the marvels of their activities. He portrayed the ants' way of breathing, their breeding, their mutual enslavement, their assistance of the crippled. Then he pictured the spider's weaving, the circular trap-door of their tunnels, their love of music; and how one had crawled onto the arm of a boy playing the violin, and had been killed by some cruel person. The soldiers felt sorry for it, and no more tormented animals. Unfortunately the prisoner died in his cell.



In Union there is Strength



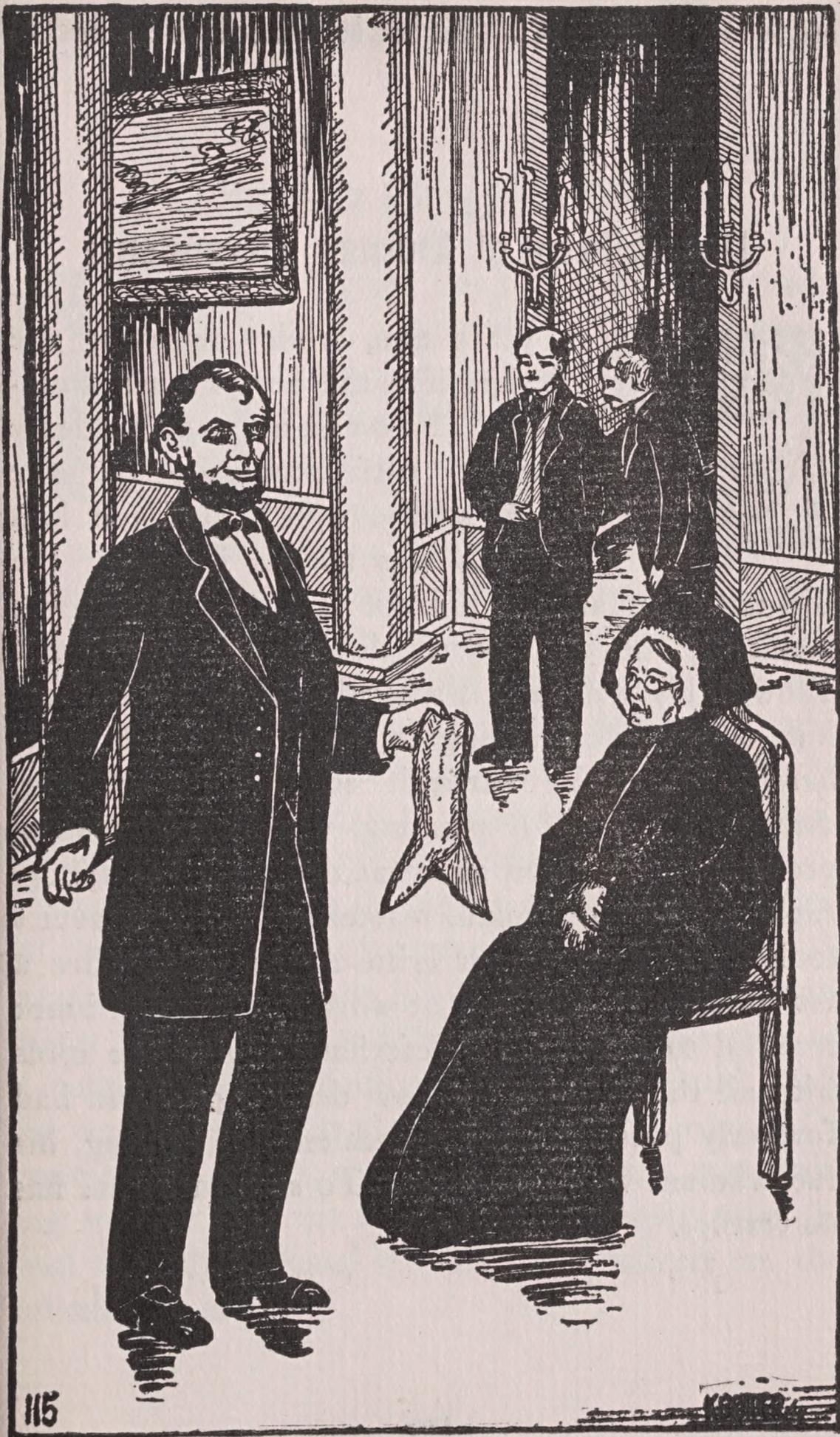
AN old fable has it that a dying farmer, whose chief grief was the disharmony among his sons, assembled them around his death-bed. He asked for a bundle of fagots from the fire-place, and begged each of his sons to try and break it in two, which, of course, was impossible. He then had the bundle untied, when each stick was easily breakable. The most striking examples of the power of union are Germany and Italy. When the Pope won his victory over the German emperor, in the middle ages, Germany split into independent states. The result was Germany's insignificance for four centuries, and Napoleon easily overran the whole of central Europe. But when Bismark succeeded in uniting those states, Germany took Paris, in 1871. So with Italy. The papal claims to certain provinces as Papal States kept Italy separated; and from 800 A. D. to 1871 A. D., a full thousand years, Italy was the plaything alternately of France and Austria. When Garibaldi and Cavour united Italy, it became a world-power, and took Tripoli as a colony in 1912.



Deference to the Aged



NE day, not long before he started for Washington to assume the Presidency, Lincoln was visited by an old woman called "Aunt Sally." Though he was conversing with two men of national renown, he left them. Rushing to meet her, he seated her in the seat of honor; then he introduced his distinguished guests, and put her at ease by telling what good times he used to have at her house on "Sangamon bottom." "Gentlemen," said he, "this is a good old friend of mine. She can bake the best flapjacks you ever tasted, and many a time has she baked them for me!" "Aunt Sally" then pulled out a huge pair of coarse yarn socks and handed them to Mr. Lincoln. He took the stockings by the toes, holding one in each hand beside his great feet, as he exclaimed, "She got my latitude and longitude about right, didn't she, gentlemen?" Then he took both the good woman's hands in his, told her how pleased he was with her remembrance, promised to take the stockings to Washington, wear them in the White House, and think of her when he did so.





Possibilities of Human Persistence



IX years ago, while engraving the designs for the new French bank-notes, Florian was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and the hand whose skill had made him famous was useless forever. He did not complain; he did not resign himself to the inevitable, he did not sit down in despair. He allowed his wife and young daughters to support him only while learning to engrave with his left hand. Gradually through scrawling, sketching, drawing, water-color painting, with ever-increasing precision, he arrived again at designing for typographers, and to absolute mastery over the graver's tools. The famous art critic Arsène Alexandre a few weeks ago saw him at work, his wooden block screwed to a table, his left hand plying the tools with all the deftness his now dead right hand had formerly possessed, his speechless lips smiling, his face radiant with happiness. To such men fate has no terrors.



Inhuman Bargains Void



IN Venice lived a money-lender who had, since many years, borne a grudge against a liberal merchant, because he sometimes loaned money without interest. This merchant, being approached for a loan by a friend who wished to get married, found himself unable to do so at that moment, all his ships then being on the sea. So he went to the rich money-lender who seemed glad to give him the money, without interest; exacting, for form's sake only, said he, a pound of the merchant's flesh nearest the heart. When the day of payment came, the merchant's galleys had not yet arrived, and the money-lender in open court demanded the literal fulfilment of the bond, which, of course, meant the merchant's death. All seemed in his favor till a woman barrister noticed the bond did not contain mention of a single drop of blood; which, if he should shed, he would be guilty of conspiracy to murder. Of course, the usurer was caught and was now willing to take back his money, but the court ruled he had already refused it, and was entirely at the merchant's mercy.



Results of Playing with Alarm Signals



HERE was, once upon a time, a group of shepherds who helped each other in any emergency that arose, so that all lived in security and prosperity. So ready were they to protect each other from wolves and other dangers, that a young shepherd thought it would be amusing to see them come together; so he shouted out, "The wolves are upon us!" When the shepherds assembled, he laughed at them, and told them it was only a "practical joke." One night, however, the wolves really came. Then he ran around asking for help; but very naturally no one stirred, being afraid of being made sport of again. So he fought off the wolves as best he could alone, but lost most of his sheep.



The Animals that Hum



HE only monkey who can sing is a small gibbon, called a wow-wow. He can run through all the semi-tones of the octave, and in such a manner that it is hard to tell which of the group is doing it. It is reported that there are some wow-wow monkeys at school in countries other than Eastern Asia.



Wealth Lies in Industry



N industrious peasant had a large family, chiefly of sons, who relying on his labor, had become somewhat lazy. Feeling the approach of death, he was anxious about their future; so he called them all around him. As a parting secret he told them that he had hidden in his field a treasure, which was to belong to whoever found it. After his death, the sons dug the field over and over, but found nothing. Finally, in despair, they planted a crop. In autumn, they harvested an exceptional amount, due to the thorough ploughing. Then they realized that their father's hidden treasure was industry.



Unkindness Punishes Yourself



HE Dukes of Croy became German sovereign princes in 1801. When the present Duke was a minor, his guardian, at his request, instituted proceedings to debar from princely rank the offspring of his cousin Prince Philip, as punishment for his having married an English woman not of the nobility. But in 1913 that same Prince of Croy fell in love with Miss Nancy Leishman, daughter of the American Ambassador, who of course did not belong to the nobility. Now, of course, because of the precedent which he himself had set, and which he had persuaded the German courts to recognize, his wife will not be recognized as duchess, nor her children be able to succeed the Prince on his throne.



Do your Duty, and Trust in God



N Italian impresario arranged a concert for M m e. Malibran, promising her a hundred dollars. The attendance was slim, and the impresario stood to gain nothing, if not lose money. As he was poor, and his family were in need, this was to him a great misfortune. "Can you take less?" he anxiously asked the singer who was being congratulated, explaining his unfortunate situation. "Not a cent less," responded she; and he paid her the full amount. Then the lady handed back to him the gold he had given her, saying, "I insisted on having my full payment so that I might have the pleasure of giving you the whole;" and she left the room with tears in her eyes.



Self-Control and Hospitality



IN the Arabian desert the need of hospitality is so great, that it has grown into a sacred duty; and after an Arabian has offered a wayfarer a little salt and bread, he feels it his duty to protect his guest's life while staying with him. On an occasion an Arabian host discovered from his guest's conversation that the latter was the man who, years ago, had murdered the father of the former, and whom, for years, he had sought in vain. His first impulse was to wreak his revenge upon his guest; but his self-respect asserted itself. So he said nothing until the morning; but when the guest was about to leave, he told the guest to hasten away; for, said he, "As soon as you are out of sight, you have ceased being my guest. Then I shall mount my fleetest steed standing here, and I shall pursue you, and kill you in vengeance if I succeed in catching up with you. But you have not succeeded in making me forget the sacredness of the duties of hospitality."



Distinction has its Price



FIELD-MARSHALL Lefèvre invited an old comrade to visit him in his palace at Paris, and they both inspected his establishment, his carriages, his liveried attendants, and his garments;—which in every way befitted a high dignitary of Napoleon's empire. "Well," said the visitor, at last, "I must say that you are one of the luckiest men in the world." "Would you like to own all that?" inquired the marshal, quizzically. "Why certainly!" exclaimed the enthusiastic and envious comrade. "Very well, it's quite easy," responded the dignitary. "You go into the Courtyard, and I will place two soldiers at each window opening on it. They will shoot at you; and if you escape, I will make you a present of all for which you envy me. That is the way I earned it."



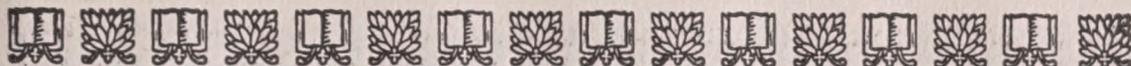


Natural Arguments Not always Sound



ARGUING on false foundations is likely to result in very surprising results. Lincoln had great doubts as to his right to emancipate the slaves under the war power. In discussing the question, he used to liken the case to that of the boy who, when asked how many legs his calf would have, if he called its tail its leg, replied, "Five." To this was made the prompt response, that calling the tail a leg, would not make it one. This kind of a logical fallacy is called that of an "undistributed middle," in which a word is used in a double sense. This also is the basis of most jokes and conundrums.

A certain man, told of by Prof. James of Harvard, would never eat potato soup. When asked the reason, he answered that his mother had just eaten it before she fell down a flight of stairs, and died. Likewise, there was a very credulous man who sneered at vaccination as valueless. Asked why he thought so, he said, "I used to know a lovely child who was compelled to submit to vaccination, yet he died two days later." "Tell us how!" was the rejoinder. "Oh, he fell down from a tree he had climbed. After that, just go and have your children vaccinated!"

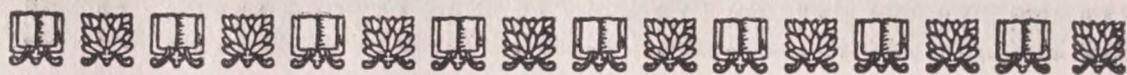


Danger of Bad Posture



HE battle of Arcola had lasted three days, and Napoleon's army was exhausted. Nevertheless it was necessary to appoint sentries to guard the sleeping soldiers. That was the very night that Bonaparte chose

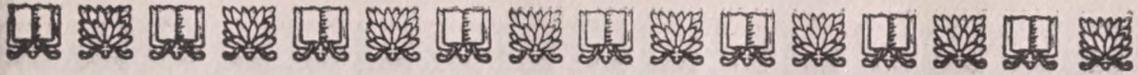
to wander around his camp incognito, to observe how much discipline and alertness his army possessed under these trying circumstances; for under usual ones alertness would have been no more than common duty. One sentinel, overcome by fatigue, began by resting a little in unsoldierly posture, and in a moment he was asleep. Bonaparte finds him, takes his gun, and mounts guard in his place. The soldier wakes, and recognizing him, cries, "I am ruined." "Cheer up," returned Bonaparte gently, "after such fatigue it is not unnatural even for a man as brave as you to fall asleep; but the next time, choose your time better!"



God Helps Those who Help Themselves



ALPHONSO V, King of Aragon, was out hunting, when, on finding himself alone, he met a peasant who was in great distress because his ass, loaded with flour, had sunk into the mire. Alphonso immediately dismounted, and after considerable efforts managed to disengage the faithful beast. Hardly had they succeeded in this, than they were joined by the king's escort who, on seeing him covered with mud, made a great ado, procured him new clothing, and unconsciously revealed his identity. The peasant, amazed at finding that his willing helper was the King, began to make his excuses, and beg his pardon. But the King reassured him, insisting that men were made for mutual service. Similar stories are told about the twin deities Castor and Pollux, and about Hercules.



Bluffing Easily Called



YOUNG man, desiring to bathe in a stream, took off his clothes, and, to insure their safety, put upon them a card on which he had written, "Do not touch these clothes; I have just had the scarlet

fever." So he dipped into the water, his mind perfectly at rest about the clothes. On concluding his bath, he was struck dumb with anxiety at not finding them where he had left them. However, he found his card, and on it the following addition to what he himself had written: "I have just had scarlet fever, so I do not fear it; thank you for the clothes."



Ingenuity Triumphs over Difficulties



STARLING was thirsty, and wanted to drink in a narrow, high pitcher. But his beak was too short. So he tried to break it, by striking it; but the glass is too hard. He tries to upset the pitcher, but it is too heavy. Then he brings little stones and drops them within, to make the level of the water rise. So he continues until he can drink at ease.



Principles, Not Personalities



CLERGYMAN ventured to say, in Lincoln's presence, during the war, that he *hoped* "the Lord was on their side." "I am not at all concerned about that," replied Mr. Lincoln, "for I know that the Lord

is *always* on the side of the *right*. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that *I* and *this nation* should be on the *Lord's side*."



Ability Conquered by Persistence



HARE and a tortoise were holding a conversation, each extolling his own abilities. The tortoise finally offered to race the hare, who consented out of fun, so much did he despise the tortoise; for each tortoise. Finally he went to sleep; but when he was so proud of his own chief ability that he did not appreciate the good points of the other. So they started; but the tortoise was so slow, that the hare sat down on the way to insult the slowness of the awakened he saw that the tortoise had reached the goal before him.



Quick Thinking Necessary



VERY well-known close-fisted English financier was traveling in England in a stage-coach of the olden days. On a moor, however, the stage-coach was held up by highwaymen, who stood the passengers up in a row so as better to plunder them. Just as his turn was about to come, he begged the robber to wait a moment. Taking out a ten pound note, he handed it to his yet unplundered companion, with the words, "John, here is the money I borrowed from you yesterday!"

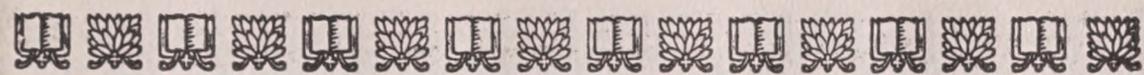


Charity of Self-Help



N Eastern prince had an only and beloved Son, who was to inherit his estates at his death. But the Son grew weary of waiting, and in the middle of the night fled with whatever wealth he could lay his hands on. In the far country, he spent all his money in riotous living. Then he sought aid from those who had enjoyed his feasts, but they drove him off. Although starving, he did not return home, because of his theft of the money, and because he had grown so brutalized he had lost his love for his Father. So he took up the existence of a vagabond, scorned by all.

The Father, in the meanwhile, became King of a great country. However, he never ceased to long for his prodigal Son, and looked down over the fields every evening, ever hoping to discover his returning. Indeed, one evening he did see him, and immediately sent out soldiers to bring the outcast into the palace, by force, if necessary. The Son, first, pled for liberty; but he was overpowered, and brought into the presence of the King, whom he did not recognize. The Son continued his struggles to



be released, fighting desperately; so the King bade him be released, and he fled precipitately.

The King then went apart and put off his royal robes, donning the garb of a vagabond similar to his Son's. He then caught up with him during the night, and slept near him. In the morning he offered his Son employment on the King's farm at the very meanest work. The Son first refused, but allowed himself to be persuaded, and both worked side by side until the Son gained the first satisfaction at earning his living honestly. Then the King caused better employment to be offered to the Son, still continuing to work by his side. When the Son had succeeded in learning the new lesson, the King caused yet better employment to be offered him, still working by his side as a fellow-workman, encouraging and instructing him, fitting him for better work. Finally the Son was appointed manager of all the King's estates. When he approved himself in this position by wisdom and firmness, the King put on his royal robes, sat on his throne, called his courtiers, and summoned his new manager. The King then recognized him publicly as his long-lost Son, and handed over to him the Kingdom.



Power and Wisdom Both Needed



FATHER had three sons, and promised his kingdom to the one who first brought a certain treasure from a distant land. In the harbor lay three steamships, the one with coal, but no compass; the second with a compass, but without coal, and the third had neither. The first two sons started out immediately; the third labored hard for a year to earn money sufficient to buy sufficient coal and a compass. Then he started out, accomplished the task in a week, and received the kingdom.

What had become of the other two ships? The one with coal but no compass had gone fast, at first, but had landed on a rock, and was shipwrecked. The one with a compass, but without coal, remained safe, but got nowhere, drifting about the tides still near the home port. Only he who had both coal and compass succeeded, with safety. A year's preparation was a small price to pay for the kingdom.



How to Persuade



HE cold North Wind and the warm South Wind were quarreling as to which of them was the mightiest. They decided to settle it by a trial as to which of them could quickest make a man lose his coat. The

North Wind caught him unexpectedly, and at first almost tore off his coat; but the man then wrapped it tighter than ever so that the North Wind had to give it up. The South Wind, on the contrary, brought up so much heat that in sheer self-defense the man pulled off his coat in a hurry. Where the roughness of the terrible North Wind had failed, the gentle persuasion of the South Wind succeeded.

If you want to persuade a man to do something, discover his desires, needs, and ideals; then, as on an organ, pull out the right stops, and the music will peal forth. The secret lies in making a man want it, for his own advantage. The more a thing is for his own advantage, the less you must press him, or he will think that you have an "axe to grind," some interest to subserve. You will have to suit the bait to the fish. One thing is certain; you cannot catch flies with vinegar; one catches them by paper dipped in molasses.

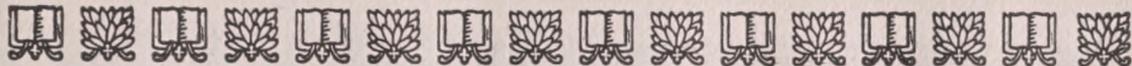


Divine Guidance



FRANCE'S purest glory is Joan of Arc, a simple country girl, who was spinning flax when she heard unseen Voices urging her to save France from the horrors of the Hundred Years' War by driving out the English. The then King of France was so discouraged that he spent his time carousing in a sheltered castle. As there seemed no other person willing to save the fatherland, Joan finally obeyed the Voices, went to the King and besought him to entrust to her an army. The King, at first, incredulous, finally did so. The soldiers, believing she had been sent by heaven, obeyed her; and by unflinching bravery, she relieved the siege of Orleans, and took the King Charles VII to Rheims, where he was formally crowned in the Cathedral, in 1429.

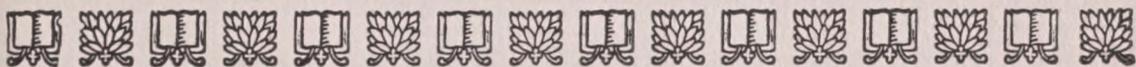
Having accomplished her mission, Joan of Arc wanted to return home; but the selfish King would not let her go. Then one of the jealous nobles who envied her position of influence sold her treacherously to the English, who, at Rouen, burned her at the stake. So gentle was she, that they realized they had committed a crime. Soon they were entirely driven out from France, for ever.



The Greek
Pilgrim's Progress

Being a Translation of
the 'Picture,' by Kebes,
a disciple of Sokrates, and friend of Plato

Englished and illustrated by
Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



Introduction

The author of *The Picture* was probably the Kebes who was a disciple of Sokrates, and one of the few witnesses of the latter's last words and moments, and who wrote three dialogues, of which the present one is the sole survivor, the *Phrynichos* and the *Hebdome* being lost. This our *Picture* seems genuine enough, the spirit being Sokratic, and the diction Boeotian. But even the casual reader will notice that the last discussion, on Good and Evil, is unnecessary, different, and probably Stoical. The use of the term *Scientific Recognition* may suggest another interpolation. Other similar conclusions may be reached by students who get the text from B. G. Teubner in Leipzig, or who study the German translation in Langenscheidt's *Bibliothek*.

But we are here interested only in the moral value of the work as we find it—the *Pilgrim's Progress of Humanity*, ignoring all limitations of sect, creed, age and race. Hence it is for all time that it will teach that neither sense-gratification, nor wealth, power, or honor can yield true contentment or happiness, which can come only from *True Culture*—not necessarily valuable scientific training, but rather *Virtue and Righteousness*—but if possible, all.





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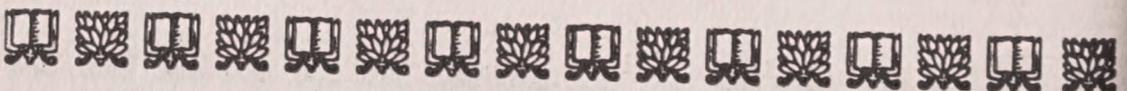
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The Road Upwards to Happiness.

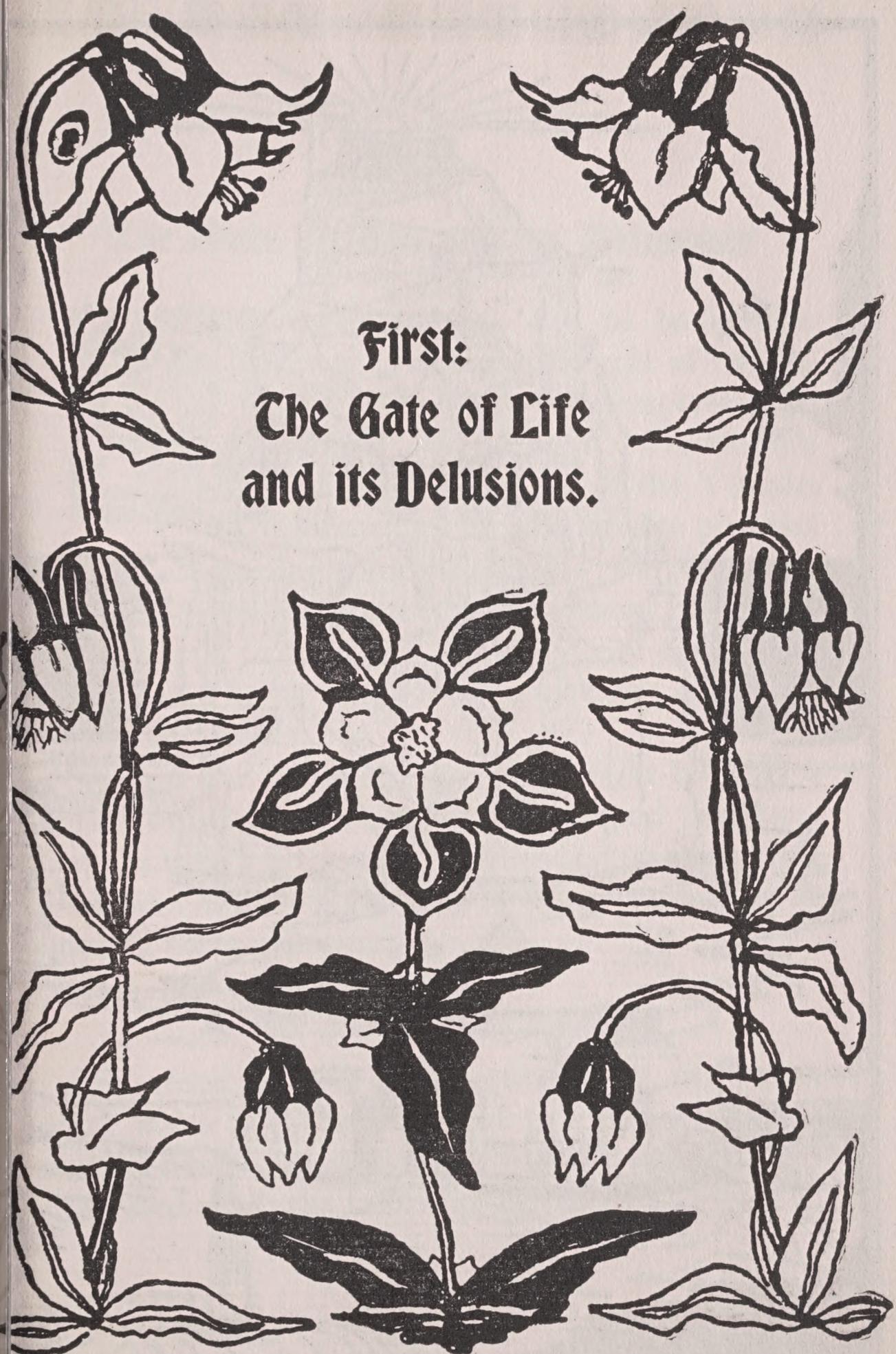
Those Who Fail, and Why.

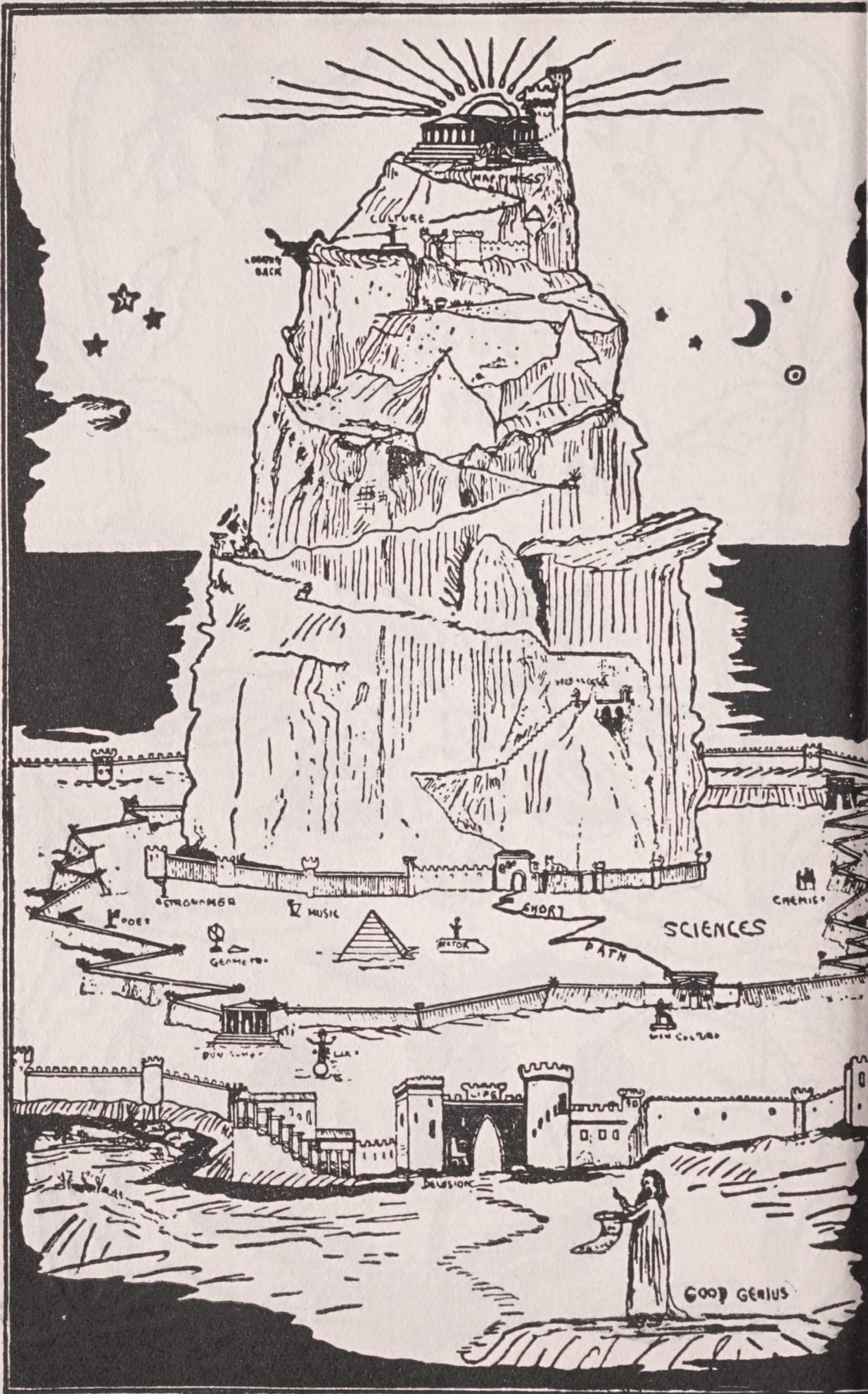
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First:
The Gate of Life
and its Delusions.







The Gate of Life and its Delusions



APPENING one day to be meditatively visiting a Temple of Saturn, we reverently contemplated its votive inscriptions. Prominently affixed to the front of the Temple, loomed up large a strange pictorial Tablet, containing certain peculiar words, whose significance we were not able to fathom.

It seemed to represent, not some city or military camp, but a triple ring, formed by three concentric walled enclosures.

Within the outer circular wall might be seen a crowd of women; while outside, around the outer Gate, surged a large mob, to whose entering streams a certain old man seemed, by his gestures, to be uttering some command.

The Maker of the Tablet

We stood a long while, questioning with each other about the symbology of the Picture. Then an Old Man who chanced to pass by stopped, and addressed us, in the following words:



'O Strangers! Not exceptional is this your experience of uncertainty about this Picture: for it is a puzzle even to many of the local inhabitants. This votive symbol does not originate from this locality. A Stranger, full of understanding, and impressive with wisdom, arrived here long since, following with zeal the rule of life of Pythagoras or Parmenides in word and deed. It was he who dedicated to Saturn both Temple and Picture.'

'So you yourself saw and knew this Man, did you?' asked I.

'Yes, indeed! And what is more, I admired him for a long time during my youth.'

'It was his way to indulge in many serious conversations. Many is the time that I have heard him expound this symbolic Picture!'

The Riddle of the Sphinx

'By Jupiter!' cried I, 'unless you happen to have a most pressing engagement elsewhere, do please explain the Picture to us also! I assure you that we are most anxious to understand the meaning of this symbol!'

'With pleasure, Strangers!' said he. 'But first you must hear that such an explanation is not without its very real dangers.'



‘How so?’ cried we all.

‘Should you,’ said he, ‘understand and assimilate what I should say, you shall become wise and happy; but if not, you will live badly, having become foolish, unfortunate, bitter, and ignorant.’

‘For the explanation is not unlike the Sphinx’s Riddle, that he propounded to all men. Whoever solved it was saved; but destruction by the Sphinx overtook those who could not. And this was the Sphinx’s question: Within our life, What is good? What is an evil? What is neither?’

‘If anyone does not solve this, the Sphinx destroys him; not all at once, as in ancient times, but gradually, in his whole life, he perishes away, just like victims tortured to death.’

‘But if he understands, he is saved, and attains felicity.’

‘Attention, therefore! and make sure you understand!’

The Gate of Life, the Good Genius, and the Way

‘Now, by Hercules! What fires hast thou lit in us, if what thou saidst is true!’

‘Why, surely!’ said he.

‘Start in to explain immediately, then! For we shall attend to some purpose, especially in view of the nature of the retribution.’



‘Well,’ said the Old Man, pointing with a wand, ‘do you see that outer circular wall?’

‘Yes, indeed!’

‘First, you must know that the name of this whole place is the Life.

This innumerable multitude surging in front of the Gate, are they who are about to enter into Life.

‘The Old Man who holds in one hand a scroll, and with the other is pointing out something is the Good Genius.

‘To those who are entering is he setting forth what they should do when they shall have entered; and he is pointing out to them which Way they shall have to walk in if they propose to be saved in the Life.’

Lady Delusion, and her two Cups

‘Which way does he command them to go? And why?’ said I.

‘You see,’ said he, ‘by the side of the Gate by which the Multitude are to enter, a throne, on which is seated a Woman dressed stylishly—indeed, overdressed, who holds in her hands as it were some sort of cups—do you see that?’

‘Indeed I do,’ responded I; ‘but who is she?’

‘Delusion is her name,’ answered he, ‘for the reason that she deludes and misleads every human being.’



‘But what is her office?’

‘She quenches the thirst of every soul that proceeds into Life, by making it drink of her very own essence.’

‘And what might her drink be, I wonder?’

‘Error and Ignorance’ said he.

‘Why so?’

‘Because they would not enter into the Life, unless they were under that influence.’

‘I wonder whether this Delusion is drunk by all, or only by some?’

‘All drink,’ said he; ‘although there are degrees, some drinking more, others less.’

The Courtesans who Trade on the Fateful Drink

Then, do you not see within the Gate a crowd of Women wearing the motley garb of Courtesans?’

‘Indeed do I see them!’

‘Well, their names are False Opinion, Desires, and Pleasures. Upon the entering souls fall these, each of them embracing and leading away a soul.’

‘And whither? would I like to know!’

‘Some to be saved, indeed; but others, alas! to be destroyed by Delusion.’

‘O Good Genius of ours, how fateful is that Drink!’



'Surely, for each of those Courtesans promises to the soul that she has embraced that she will lead it to the best things and to a life happy and profitable; and she succeeds for because of that Drink the souls themselves are not able to discover which is the veritable road in the Life but wander around as you see—for these who have already entered are cruising around, as if by chance.

The Goddess of Luck on her Rolling Stone

'I see them indeed,' said I.

'But tell me, who can be that Woman, who seems to be both wild and blind, standing on a globular-shaped stone?'

'Her name,' answered he, 'is Luck. Not only blind and wild is she, but deaf.'

'And what might her business be?'

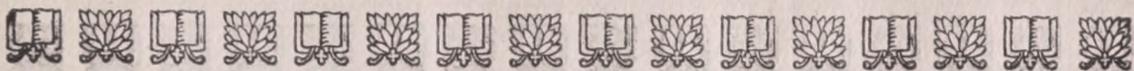
'She circulates everywhere,' said he. From some she takes their substance, and freely gives it away to others. Then, again, she suddenly withdraws what she has given, and gives it to others without any plan or steadfastness. So you see that her symbol fits her perfectly.'

'Which symbol,' asked I.

'Why, the Globular Stone on which she stands.'

'And what does that betoken, I wonder?'

'That Globular Stone signifies that no gift of hers



is safe or lasting; for whosoever reposes any confidence in her, is sure to suffer great and right grievous misfortune.'

The Unreflecting, Who Rejoice or Grieve at Luck

But what is the wish and the name of that great Multitude standing around her?'

'Oh! They are known as the Unreflecting: they who desire whatever Luck might throw them.'

'But then, how is it that they do not behave in the same manner? For some seem to rejoice, while others are agonizing, with hands outstretched?'

'Well, those who seem to rejoice and laugh are they who have received somewhat from her—and you may be sure that they call her Fortune! On the contrary, those who seem to weep and stretch out their hands are they from whom she has taken back what she had given—they call her Misfortune!'

'And what sort of things does she deal in, that they who receive them laugh, while they who lose them, weep?'

'Why, what to the great Multitudes seems Good—of course Wealth; then Glory, Good Birth, Children, Power, Palaces, and the like.'

'But such things, are they not really good?'

'That question, let us postpone!'

'Willingly,' said I.



The Four Courtesans, Who Turn into Dragons

'Now, as you enter within the Gate, do you see the second circular enclosure, and without it, certain Women clad like courtesans?'

'Clearly!'

'Well, their names are Incontinence, Indulgence, Insatiableness, and Flattery.'

'And why do they stand there?'

'They are watching for those who may have received anything from the Luck-Goddess.'

'And then, what happens?'

'The Courtesans spring on those souls, embrace them, flatter them, and coax them not to go away, but to stay for a life of comfort, without effort or misadventure. Should, however, any soul be by them persuaded to enter into Enjoyment, this seems a pleasant pastime until he is satiated, but no longer. For whenever he sobers up, he notices that he has not eaten, but that he has, by her, been devoured, and maltreated. Wherefore, when he has consumed all the goods he received from Fortune, he is forced to slave to those Women, to suffer all things, to be dishonored, and on their account to do many pitiable deeds—such as to steal, to profane Temples, to perjure himself, to betray, to plunder.

However, whenever he has degraded himself to the point of utter destitution, then is he handed over to Punishment.



Punishment, and her Ghastly Crew

‘But who is she?’

‘Do you not see behind them,’ said he, ‘something that looks like a small door, and a narrow, dank place?’

‘Yes, indeed!’

‘And you notice therein Women—shameful, be-draggled, and ragged?’

‘Why yes!’

‘Well, among them, the one who holds the whip is called Punishment; while the one who holds her head bent over to her knees is Sorrow; and the one who is pulling her own hair, is Grief.’

‘But what about that Thing standing by them,—so repulsive, thin, and naked; and near to it that other similarly shameful female,—who is she?’

‘Ah,’ said he, ‘that is Lamentation, and his sister is Despair. To these therefore is the soul handed over, and is punished by association with them. Hence, however, he is cast into another dwelling, into Unhappiness, where he ekes out his existence in every misery unless, indeed, to him unexpectedly, Repentance, having planned it, should meet him.

Repentance, and her Right Opinion

‘Well, what happens, should Repentance chance to meet him?’

‘She releases him from his evils, and associates



with him another Opinion-and-Desire, who will lead him to genuine Culture—though indeed he might just as well be misled even then to Sham-Culture.’

‘Well, what happens then?’

‘In the case,’ said he, ‘that he is taken in charge by this Right-Opinion who will lead him to genuine Culture, he is, on being purified, by Her saved, so that his life grows blissful and happy;—otherwise, again he wanders, to be deceived by Sham-Culture.’

Sham-Culture

‘By Herkules! what other great danger is here! Pray speak to me more definitely of Sham-Culture.’

‘Well, do you see standing by the Gate of the inner enclosure a Woman seeming neat and well-groomed? Well, she is, by the unreflecting Majority called Culture,—but that is an error, for she is no more than a Sham. Nevertheless, those who are being saved must, in order to reach genuine Culture, first pass here.’

‘So there is no other way?’

‘No, there is not.’

The Scientists who Profess Sham-Culture

‘And can you tell me who are those men, perambulating within the second enclosure?’



‘Those,’ said he, ‘are the deluded Votaries of Sham-Culture—honestly, they labor under the impression that they are, right now, associating with genuine Culture!’

‘And what might they be called?’

‘Some,’ answered he, ‘are Poets; some, so-called Orators. Some are Reasoners; others are Musicians, Mathematicians, Geometricians, Astronomers, Critics, Aristippian Pleasure seekers, or Aristotelian Peripatetic scientists!’

Alere Science does Not Save

‘But those Women who seem to circulate among them—indeed, they resemble the first, among whom was Pleasure, and her companions—who are they?’

‘They are the very same,’ said he.

‘But how did they get in?’

‘By altering their looks; for here they are needy-looking, and not as before.’

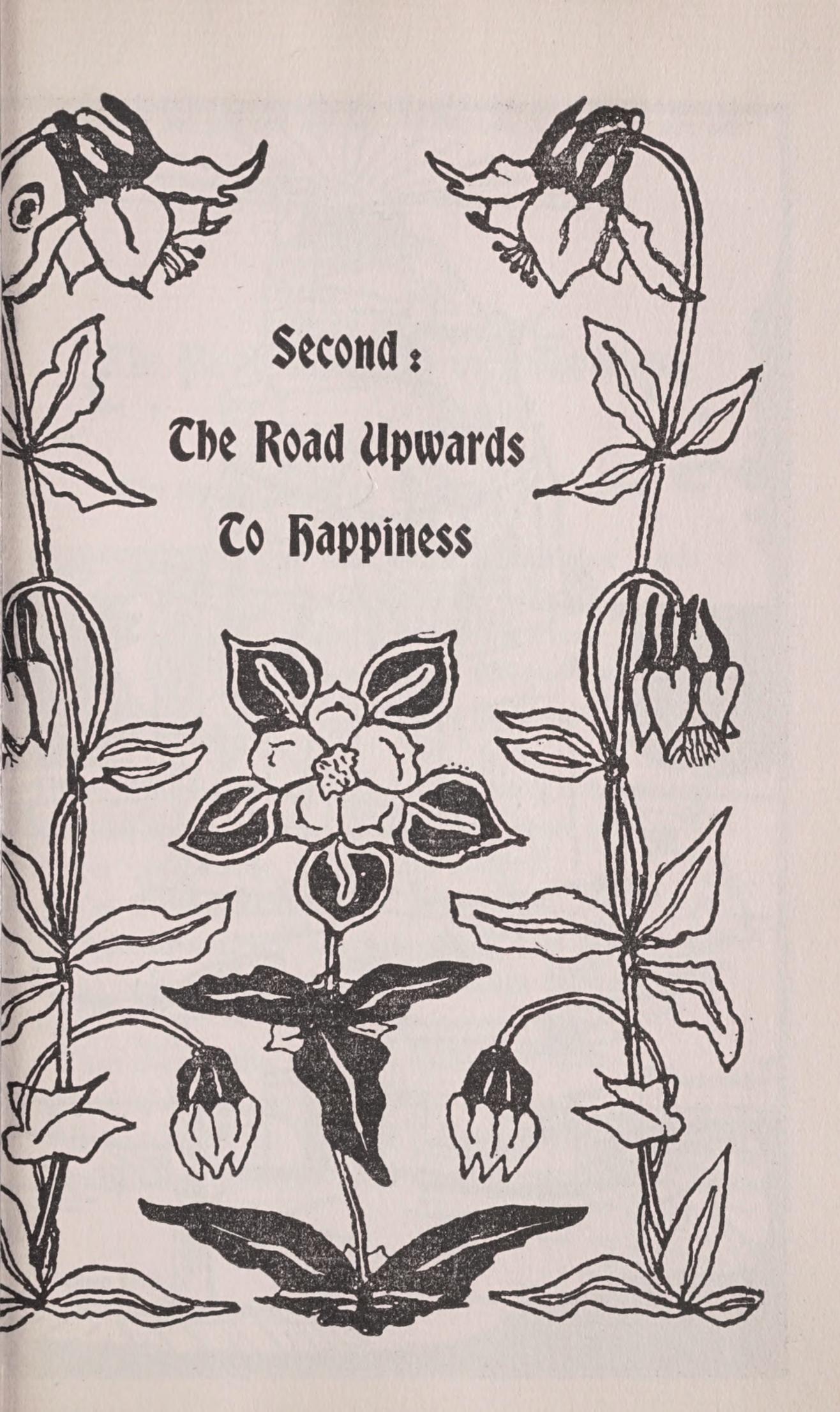
‘And have those False-Opinions remained unchanged?’ asked I.

‘That potion which they received from Delusion remains active in them; so also Ignorance, Senselessness, Prejudice and other Badness. None of this fades out from them till they leave Sham-Culture, enter on the right road, and drink the purifying medicaments. Through this purification having

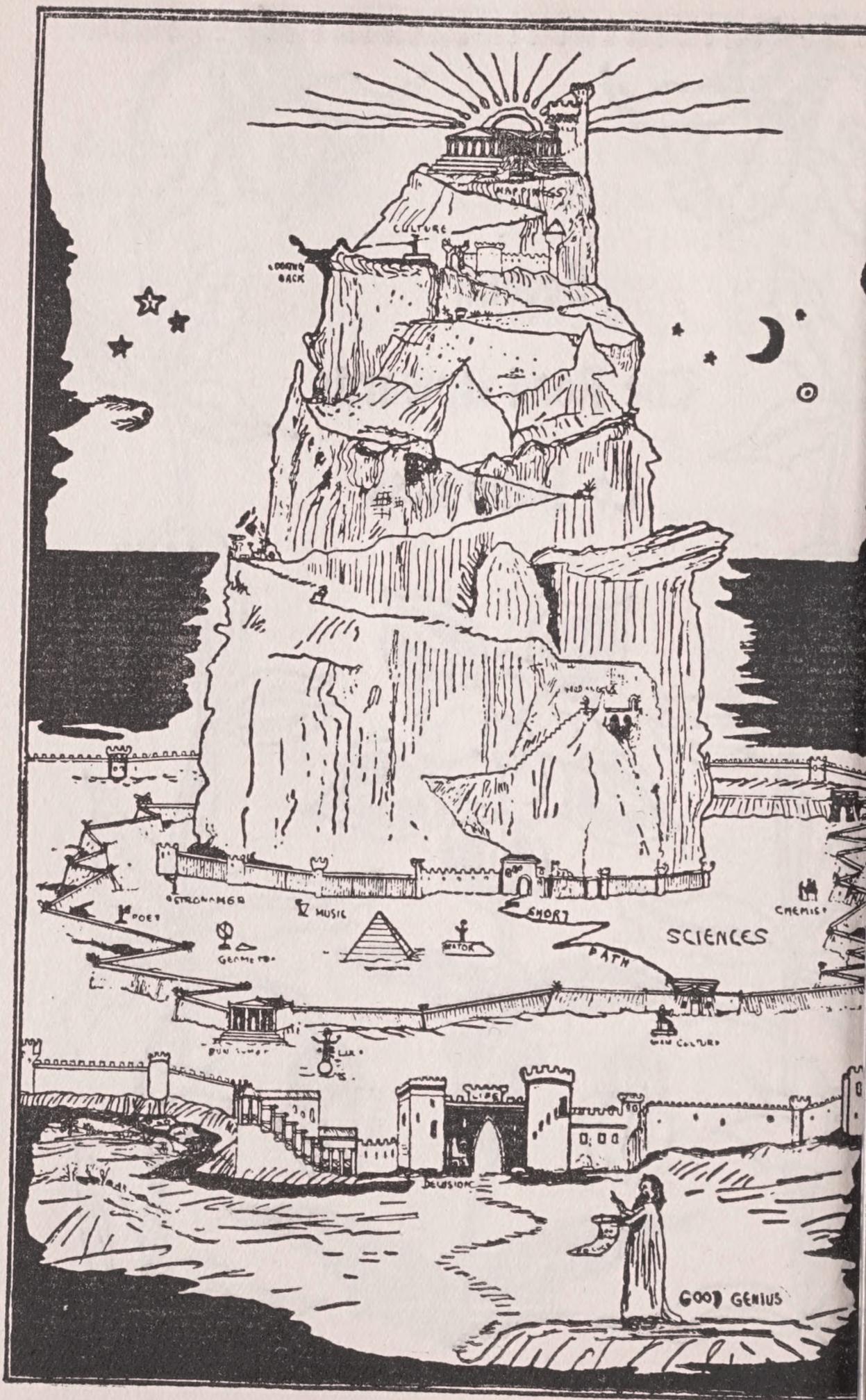


sloughed off all their evils such as Prejudice and Ignorance, then, and not before, shall they be saved.

‘Should they, however, elect to remain with Sham-Culture, they shall never be released; nor shall they be released from a single evil merely because of any Science.’



Second :
The Road Upwards
To Happiness





The Road Upwards to Happiness

The Steep Road up the Rock of Culture



WHAT then is the Road that leads to genuine Culture' asked I.

"Do you see up there,' said he, a place where no one dwells, and which seems to be desert?"

'I do.'

'Do you not see a small door, a path not much frequented,—only a few are ascending on it, for it is almost impassable, rough and rocky?"

'Yes indeed,' said I.

'And do you not see something like a steep hill, whose only access is a narrow ascent between precipices?"

That then is the Road to Culture.'

'And difficult enough it seems!"

'But it leads up Culture's Rock, which is large, high, and inaccessible.



The Two Good Angels who Assist Pilgrims Upwards

'Now do you not further see, standing on the Rock, two healthy and well-formed Women who stretch out their hands invitingly?'

'Yes; but who are they?'

'Self-Control and Endurance—two sisters.'

'But why are they extending their arms so invitingly?'

'They are exhorting the Pilgrims who reach that place not to despair, but to be of good courage, inasmuch as they will reach a fair road if only they will be brave for but a little while longer.'

'Encouragement is good; but what is the use of it? as I see, way up on the Road, a gap, where there is no road.'

'Those Women will themselves descend from the Cliff, draw the Pilgrims up to their present position. Then only will the Women bid the Pilgrims rest; and after a little while will give them Strength and Courage, and promise to introduce them into the presence of genuine Culture.'

'Then the Women point out to the refreshed Pilgrims the further road which, there, is fair, level, passable, and free from all evils, as you see.' 'Clearly, by Jupiter!' 'Do you not behold, in front of that grove, a place which seems to be fair, grassy, and illuminated by a white light?'

'Yes, indeed!'



Culture, and her two Daughters

‘Now do you perceive in the midst of the meadow another Enclosure, with its gate?’

‘It is so,—but what is the name of that place?’

‘It is the Dwelling of the Blessed,’ said he. ‘Here abide all the Virtues, and Happiness.’

‘Is it possible? How beautiful must that Place be!’

‘Now, do you see by the Gate, a Woman, fair and composed, of middle, or rather of advanced age, clad in a simple, unadorned robe? She stands, not on a globe, but on a solidly founded cube. With her are standing two other but younger Women who seem to be her daughters.’

‘So it looks.’

‘Well, the Woman who is standing in the centre is Culture; the others are Truth and Conviction.’

‘But why does Culture stand on a Cube?’

‘As a sign that, for approaching Pilgrims, the Road to her is certain and safe—as, indeed, is also the case with her Gifts.’

‘And what might these her gifts be?’

‘Courage and Fearlessness!’

‘But what do they consist of?’ asked I.

‘Courage and Fearlessness consist in the realization that *naught that ever could happen to us could prove to be a misfortune.*’



Purification

‘By Herkules!’ said I, ‘what fine gifts! But why does she thus stand outside of the Circle?’

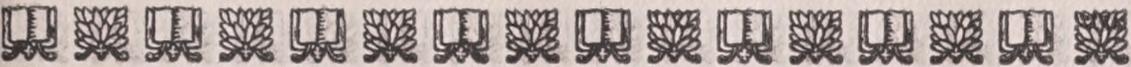
‘In order to heal the new arrivals,’ said he. ‘She furnishes them the cleansing medicament; and whenever they have been purified, she introduces them unto the Virtues.’

‘But how does this happen? I do not understand that.’

‘But you will,’ said he. ‘It is as if an ambitious man should, on becoming sick, go to a physician, who first removes the cause of the sickness, thereby paving the way through convalescence to health. Should the sick man, however, not carry out the prescription, it is no more than fair that he should be abandoned to the ravages of the disease.’

‘Oh, I understand that,’ said I.

‘Just so acts Culture,’ resumed our Guide. ‘Whenever any Pilgrim reaches her, she heals him and doses him with her own power, so as first to purify him from all the evils which lodged in him—Ignorance and Error, with which Delusion had infected the Pilgrim; Arrogance, Lust, Intemperance, Anger, Love-of-Money, and all the rest of those Evils with which the Pilgrim was affected in the first Enclosure.’



The Choir of Virtues

'Now when the Pilgrim is cleansed, whither does she send him?'

'In there unto Scientific-Recognition, and unto the other Virtues.'

'And which are these?'

Said he: 'Do you not see within the Gate a choir of Women, who seem to be attractive, neat, with simple, unadorned robes; see how sweet they look in their simple garb, and not overdressed as the others were?'

'I see,' said I. 'But what are their names?'

'The first is Scientific-Recognition; the others are sisters of hers; Fortitude, Righteousness, Fairness, Wisdom, Poise, Freedom, Temperance, and Gentleness.'

'O you kindly Guide of ours, what great things may we hope for!'

'Surely! But only on condition that you understand what you see, and take good heed to that which you have heard of me.'

'But we most surely do!' cried we all as if with one voice.

'Then shall you also be saved!' cried he.

'Now, when they have received the Pilgrim, whither do they lead him?'

'To their mother Happiness, said he.



‘But who and where is she?’

‘Following the Road up yon Mountain which forms the heart of the Enclosures, you come to the Temple-porch by which sits on a high throne a glorious Woman, decked nobly, but artlessly, and crowned with a splendid wreath of flowers. Well, she is Happiness.’

Crowning of the Victor over the bestial Vices

‘Now, whenever any one reaches hither, what does she do?’

‘Happiness, with all the other Virtues, crown him as Victor in the greatest struggles,—namely, against the most terrible Beasts, who before, enslaved, tormented, and devoured him. All these now has he overcome and repelled for himself, holding himself well in hand, so that they, to whom he formerly slaved, now must serve him.’

‘I am anxious to know the identity of the wild Beasts you mentioned!’

‘Ignorance,’ said he, ‘and Error. Or don’t you consider them wild beasts?’

‘And pretty savage, too!’ agreed I.

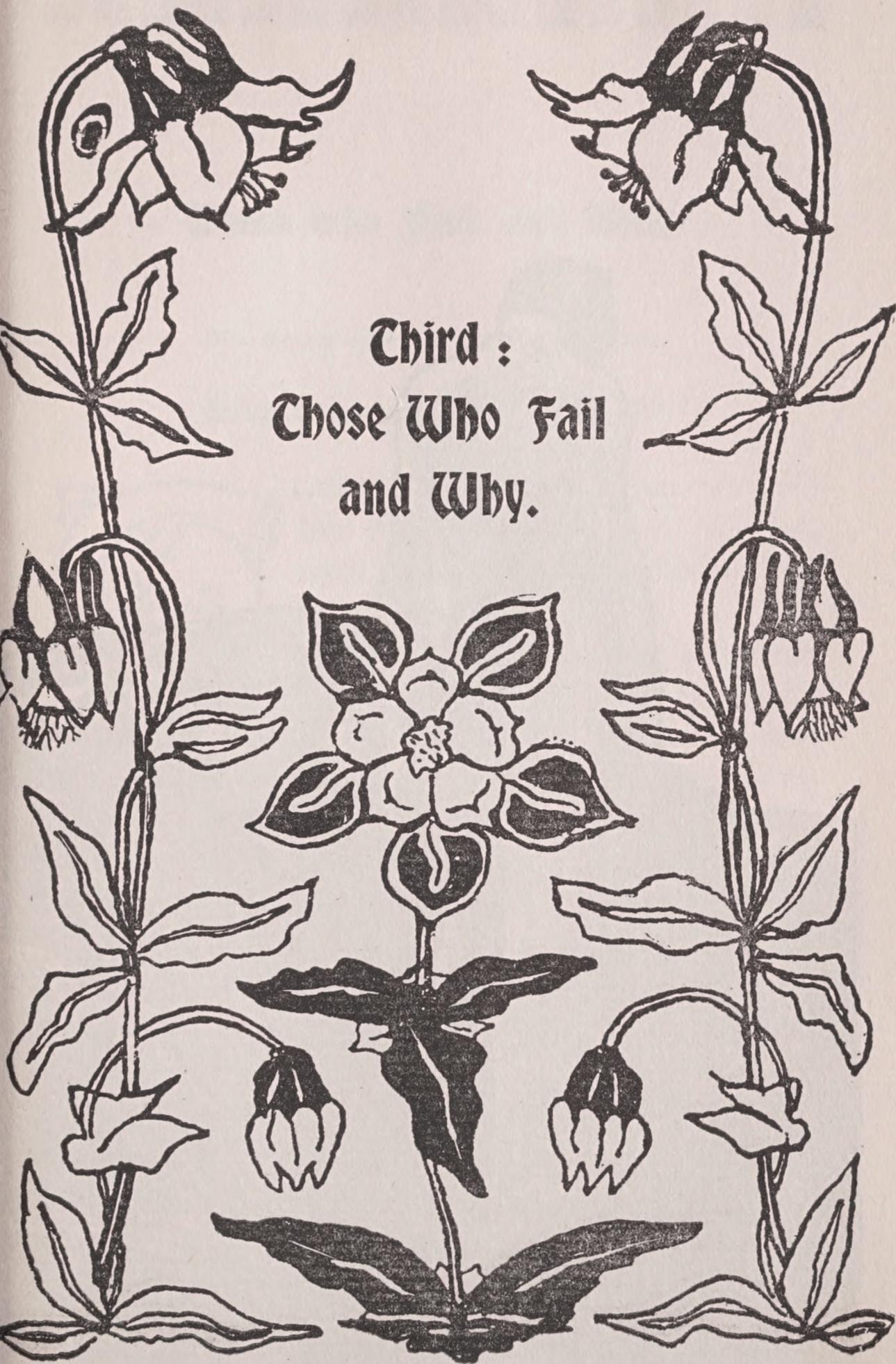
‘Then Sorrow, Despair, Love-of-Money, Intemperance and all other Badness. All these he now rules, instead of, as before, being ruled by them.’

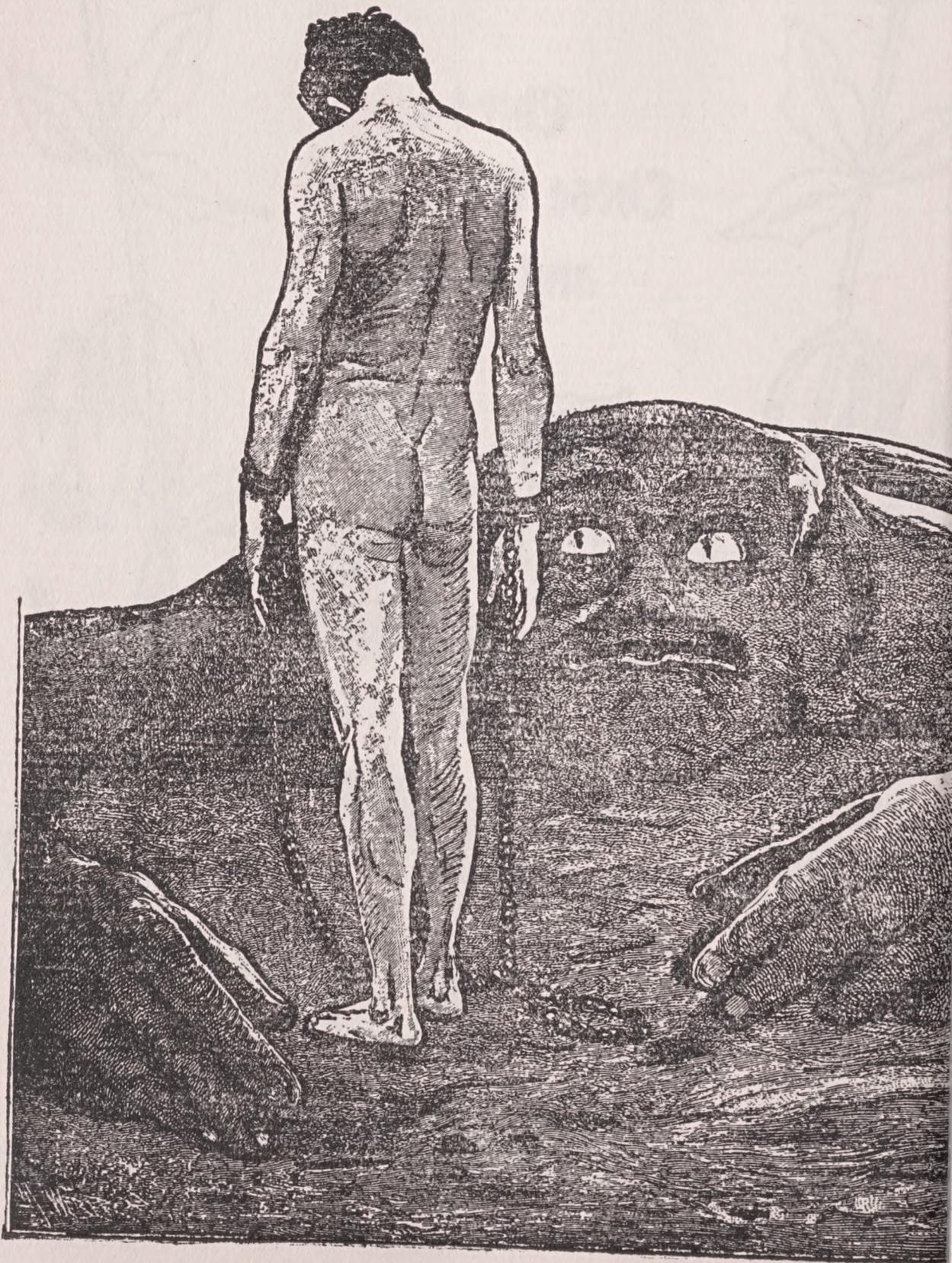


'O glorious deeds,' cried I, 'and splendid victory!
But what is the virtue of the Victor's crown?'

'It beatifies with Felicity unspeakable. He who
with this Virtue is crowned, becomes very happy
reposing his hopes of getting Happiness and of re-
taining it not on others, but on himself.'

Third :
Those Who Fail
and Why.



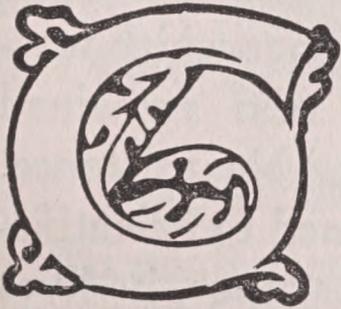




Those who Fail, and Why

The Picture opposite is by Sascha Schneider

Heaven Consists in Saving Hell



GLORIOUS the Victory you wot of!
But after the Pilgrim is crowned,
what does he do, and whither does
he proceed?’

‘The Virtues who had welcomed him lead him to that place whence he came out, and point out to him how badly fare they who there exist so wretchedly, as it were, enduring ship-wreck of their lives, erring and wandering, as if dragged around by Enemies such as Incontinence, Arrogance, Love-of-Money, Fancies, and other such Evils.

‘By these Misfortunes they are unable to rescue themselves from this perpetual tossing by reaching the Mountain of Security.

‘This they suffer only because they are not able to discover the road hither—for they have forgotten the Instructions they received from the Good Genius.’



Only Those who are in Heaven Can Recognize Hell

‘Then,’ said I: ‘You seem to speak rightly. But I am not yet quite clear on this point: namely, Why to the Pilgrim the Virtues point out that Place from which he came originally.’

Said our Guide: ‘None of these things could the Pilgrim accurately understand or realize, himself being in doubt because of the Ignorance and Error which he had imbibed, so that he considered Good That-which-was-not-Good, and Evil That-which-was-not-Evil. Wherefore, like those who remained there, the Pilgrim eked out a miserable existence.

‘Now, however, since he has attained to Scientific-Recognition of what really is advantageous, he lives pleasantly, realizing how badly off those others are.’

The Victor Flourishes among Passions

‘Well, now that he contemplates all these things, what will he do, and whither will he wend his way?’

‘Withersoever he may fancy; for now he is as safe anywhere as if in a Korykian Cave; fairly and safely will he dwell, whithersoever he may arrive. For just as the sick welcome the physician, so will all receive him with pleasure and gratitude.’

‘And he fears no more that he shall suffer something from those Women, who, you say, are really wild Beasts?’



'No indeed! No more can he be troubled by Grief or Sorrow, by Incontinence or Love-of-Money, by Need or any other evil—for now he lords it over all those by whom he formerly was grieved.

'Just like a serpent-charmer, whose snakes, though they do to death all others but him, yet him they do not injure, because of an antidote against them which he possesses;—just like this immune snake-charmer, is the crowned Pilgrim no more grieved by any of them, being immune because of the antidote which he possesses.'

Few are Chosen, Since Many are Rejected

'To me it seems that you have spoken well. But tell me further this: Who are they who seem to be descending from the Mountain? For while some of them are crowned and are making gestures of joy, others are uncrowned, grieved and distressed; they seem to be so weary in head and limb as to be in real need of that their support by certain Women!'

'The crowned are those who were saved by Culture, and they are rejoicing at having reached her. The uncrowned, however, are those who were by Culture rejected, and are returning to an existence miserable and wretched; or are such as, while ascending to Endurance, became timorous, and



turned back, wandering around without a path.'

'And who are the Women supporting them?'

'Griefs, Sorrows, Faint-heartedness, Obscure-Contempt, and Ignorances.'

The Dog Returns to his Vomit

'Why I thought you said that all the Evils accompanied them?'

'And they all do, by Jupiter! For whenever they return into the first Enclosure unto Sensuality and Incontinence, they do not accuse themselves—far from it! Straightway they speak ill of Culture, and of those who go to her; saying that they are wretched, miserable, and unhappy; and that on leaving their accustomed manner of life they live badly, enjoying no good thing—that is, no thing that is accounted good among themselves.'

'And what goods may they be referring to?'

'Why, to Debauchery and Incontinence,' to speak plainly, 'for their highest ideal is to feed like cattle.'

Opinion and Knowledge

'And what about those other Women who descend thence cheerful in mien, and all wreathed in smiles?'

'They are Opinions; and whenever they have successfully conducted any Pilgrim to Culture, and introduced him to the Virtues, they return to lead



up others, to whom they announce the beatification of those they had led up before.'

'But why do not they themselves enter in among the Virtues, and stay?'

'Because it is not fitting for mere Opinions to enter in unto Scientific Recognition; their utmost capacity is to introduce a Pilgrim unto Culture. All that they then can do is to return and bring up others,—just as ships, when unloaded, return to be loaded again.'

Courage !

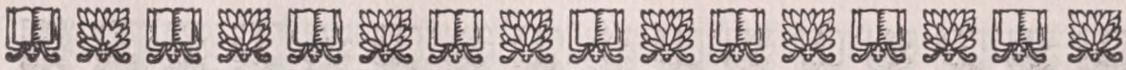
'To me it seems that you have interpreted these things very well; but there is one thing which you have not yet made plain to us—namely, What the Good Genius teaches those who are entering into Life.'

'To take heart, and be courageous,' says he. 'Wherefore, do ye also take heart, for I shall interpret all things, and omit nothing.'

'Well spoken!' cried I.

Then the Old Man, again stretching forth his hand, said: 'Look at that Woman who seems to be blind, standing on a stone globe, whose name, as I told you before, is Luck.'

'Well, we see.'

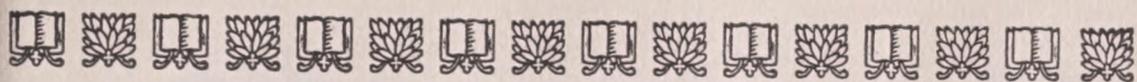


Distrust Luck!

'The Genius warns souls not to trust Her; nothing received from her should be considered reliable or safe: nor consider them his own, inasmuch as nothing hinders her from taking them back, and again giving them away to somebody else—why, that is a common occurrence. Wherefore, he admonishes, no man should let himself be moved by her gifts—neither to joy on receiving them, nor to sorrow on losing them; neither to praise, nor to blame them. For nothing done by her proceeds from Reflexion; only by chance, and just as things come, as I told you before.

'Wherefore the Good Genius admonishes men to take no notice of anything she does, and not to become like wicked bankers, who rejoice whenever they receive money from some man, and consider it their own; but, as soon as they receive notice of withdrawal, they become offended, and consider themselves grievously wronged, not remembering that they received the deposits on this very condition, that the depositor may withdraw it without difficulty.

'The Good Genius advises a similar attitude towards the gifts of the Goddess of Luck; and to remember that it is no more than her nature to take back what she gave, and again soon to give



manifold other gifts, then again to withdraw not only this that she gave, but also whatever a man may have possessed before. Wherefore, he admonishes, accept whatever she may give; and as soon as you have possession of it, with it immediately depart to the blessings reliable and enduring.'

The Best Gift is Good Judgment

'But what may these be?' asked I.

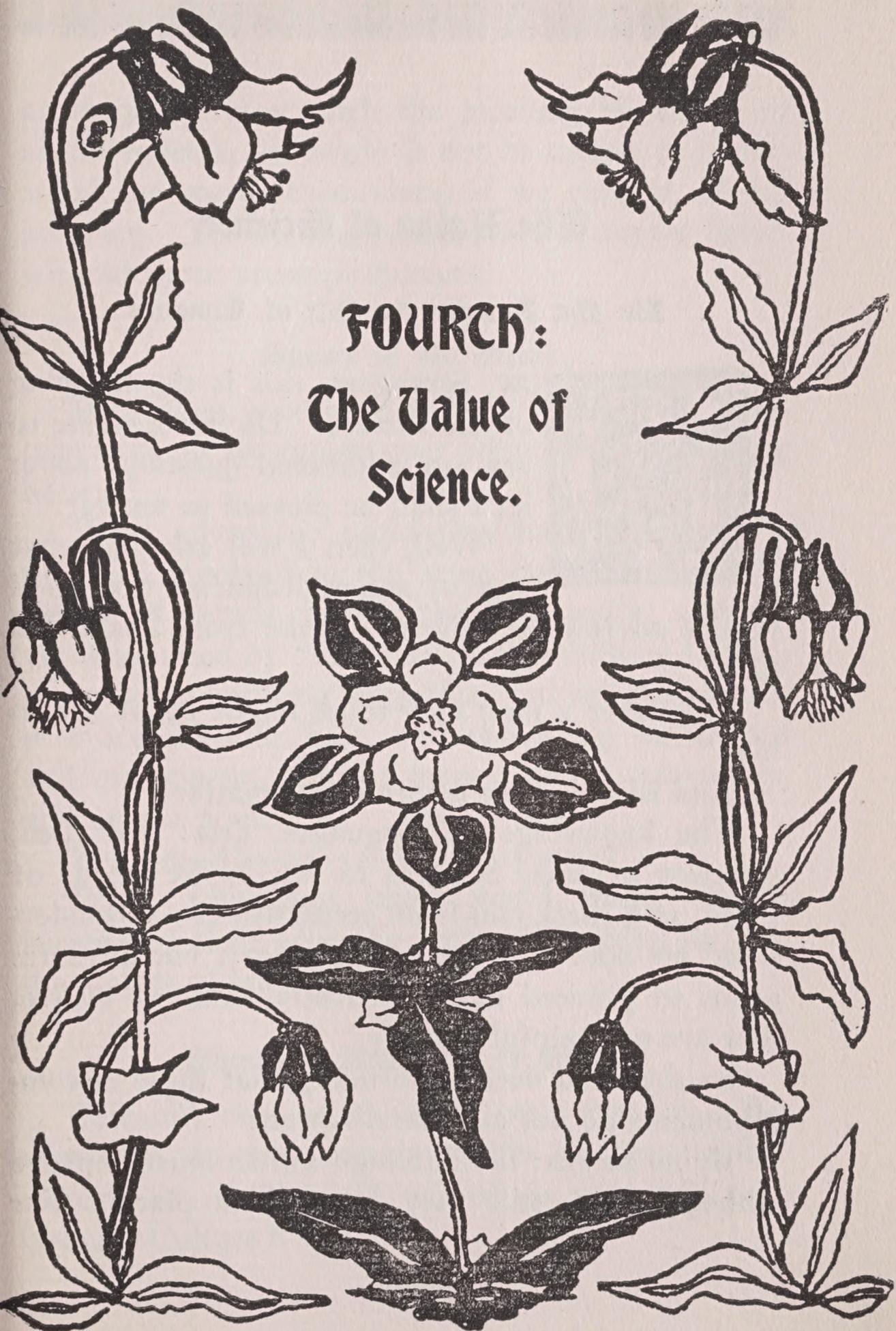
'That which is received from Culture.'

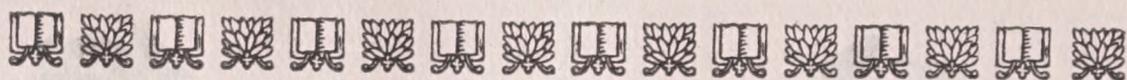
'And what may it be?'

'The veritable Scientific Recognition of what is advantageous and is a safe, reliable, enduring gift,' said he. 'To flee to her incontinently is his monition; and whenever the Pilgrim arrives to those Women who, as I said before, are called Incontinence and Sensuality, he is not to trust them but to depart from them, and proceed to Sham-Culture. Here he should remain some little time, collecting from her Sham-Accomplishments whatever may be suitable for a traveling-ration to support him until he reach Genuine Culture.'

'Whosoever disobeys this monition, or even only misunderstands it, perishes away miserably.'

FOURTH:
The Value of
Science.





The Value of Science

Do Not Despise the Gift of Tongues



OW, Strangers, this is the meaning of the Picture. Do not hesitate to ask any additional questions about it; I shall be pleased to answer.'

'Well, then I will ask you what sort of accomplishments the Good Genius advises the Pilgrim to take from Sham-Culture?'

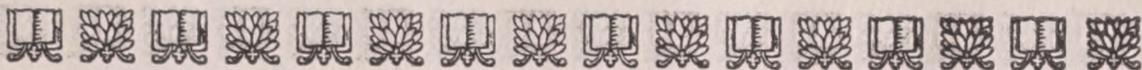
'Whatever a man may think might be of use to him.'

'And what is your advice in the matter?'

'The knowledge of languages, first; and then, sufficient of other Sciences to act, in the words of Plato, as a check-rein from eccentricities—misunderstand me not: they are not necessary, but advantageous to proceed more efficiently—but, of course, they are not helpful morally.'

'So then you declare formally that these Accomplishments do not aid moralization?'

'By no means; for although a man must improve without them, still they have their place. For



although we may catch the meaning by means of an interpreter, yet might it not be useless to understand the words themselves, if we care at all for accuracy. Yet nothing hinders our becoming better without those accomplishments.

Science is No Virtue

‘Well, then, according to what you say, the scientists have no advantage over other men in becoming holier?’

‘What advantage could they have, inasmuch as they are involved in the same delusion about the nature of Goods, just as the Unscientific, and are yet dominated by their vices? For nothing hinders a man from knowing languages, and being an expert in every scientific field, and still being intoxicated and incontinent, fond of money, unjust, traitorous, and even a fool.’

‘Yes indeed!—one can see many such!’

‘What advantage, then, could these, merely because of their scientific accomplishments, have in the matter of moralization?’

Unrealized Knowledge is Sterile

‘Certainly not, according to what you say. But why then do they remain within the Second Enclosure, as if they still wished to approach unto Genuine-Culture?’

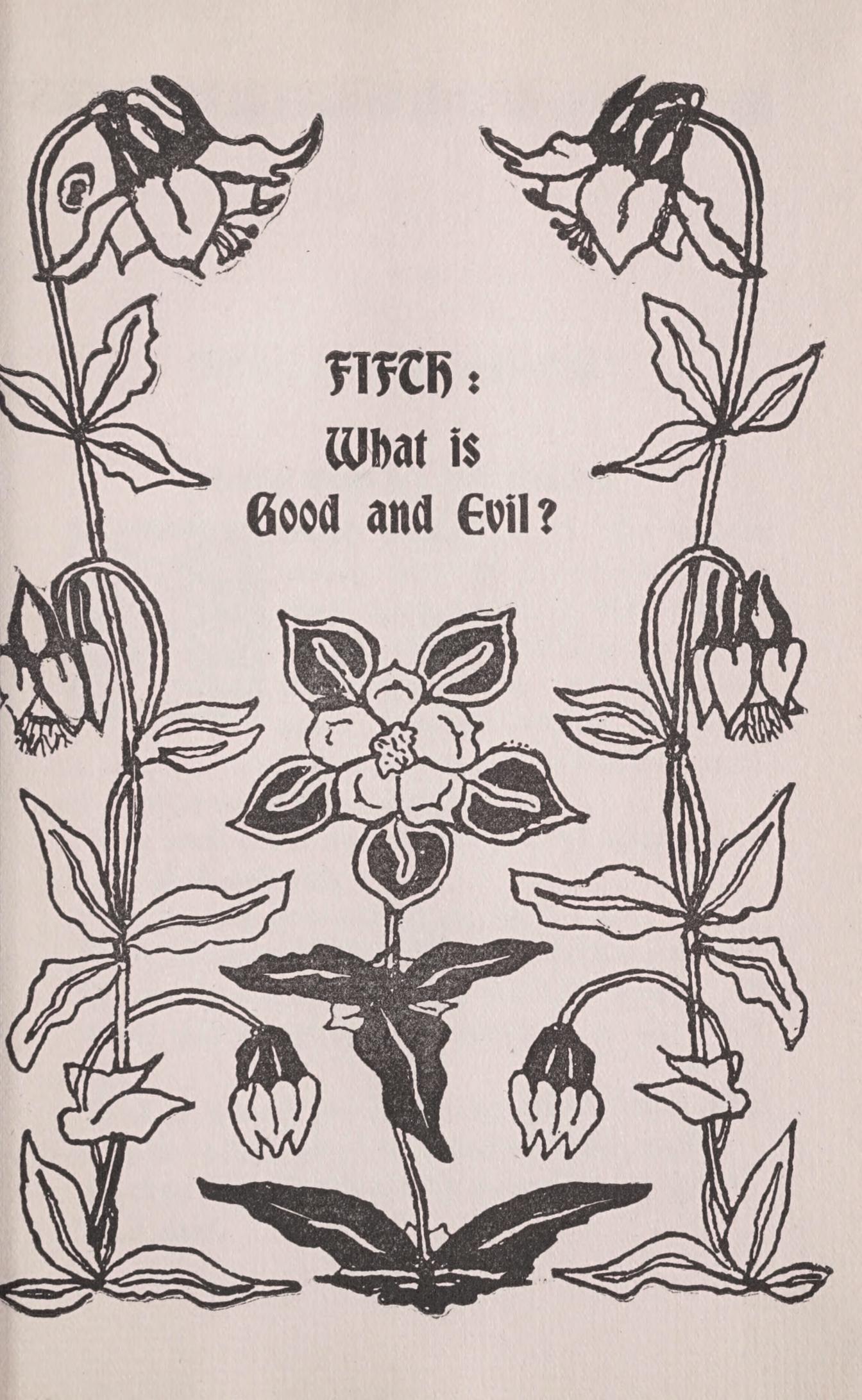


‘And of what use to them is that proximity? For how often do you see later Pilgrims arriving from the First Enclosure with its Incontinence and other evils, and before them entering in unto Genuine-Culture in the Third Enclosure, leaving those Scientists behind! Hence, what advantages have they? Are they not rather at the disadvantage of being less impressionable, and more incorrigible?’

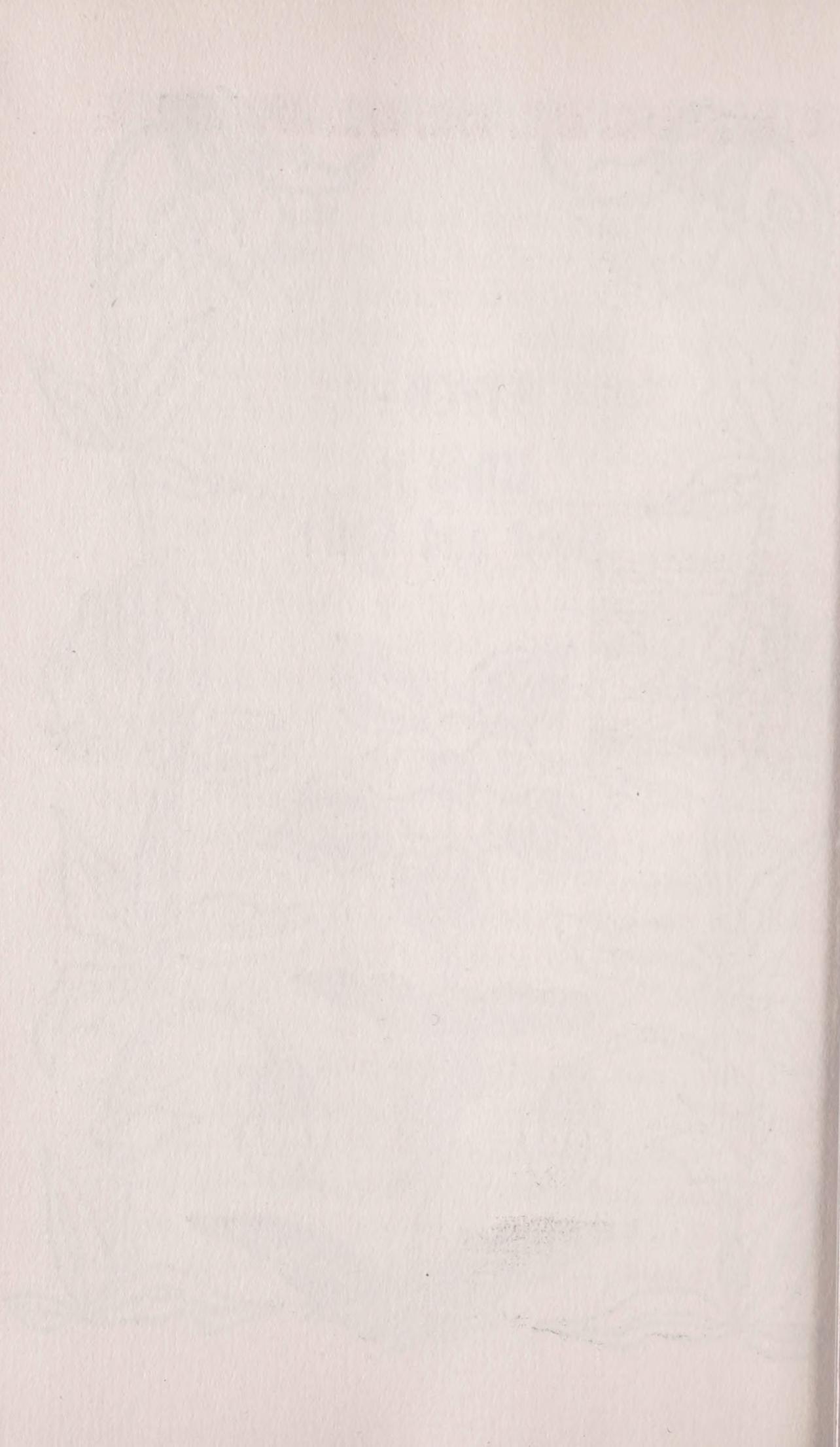
‘How so?’ asked I.

‘Why, because what is known by those who are in the Second Enclosure is never realized. As long as they hold to the speculative side of Opinion, they cannot possibly take any practical steps towards Genuine-Culture. Do you not see that, just as much as the more practical Pilgrim, they have the opportunity of making use of the Opinions who lead out from the First Enclosure. But are not Opinions useless without a meeting with Repentance, and without the resulting conviction that the Culture which they do possess is a sham, and a trap? Being satisfied with their abode, they never progress to Salvation.

‘And you also, O Strangers, you must practice what I said until you have attained unto its significance. Often, indeed, will you have to study afresh my instructions, nor relinquish the sacred Quest, relegating all other matters to secondary rank. If not, all you hear will remain useless.’



FITCH :
What is
Good and Evil?





What is Good and Evil ?

Neither Good nor Evil Absolute



INDEED we shall do so. But explain us this: how that which men receive from Luck—namely life, health, wealth, honor, children, victory, and more such, are not goods; and again, how the absence thereof is

not an evil? For what you have said seems to us to lack common-sense and reliability.'

'Very well, come on! Give me your views about what I shall ask you.'

'I shall most certainly do so,' said I.

'Well, if a man lives badly, is life to him a good?'

'It would seem not,' said I. 'Rather, an evil.'

'How then could life be a good, if, to him, it is an evil?'

'Well, I should say it was an evil to those who live badly, and a good to those who live well.'

'So then life might be both an evil and a good?'

'So I said.'



Real Evil is the Evil Life

‘Come, do not express opinions so unlikely, for how could aught be at the same time good and evil? Did you ever hear of anything simultaneously useful and harmful, desired and scorned?’

‘That, really, is unlikely; but if living badly is an evil for the living man, why, for such a man is not life itself not an evil?’

‘Yes; but life and living badly are not identical;—or do you think so?’

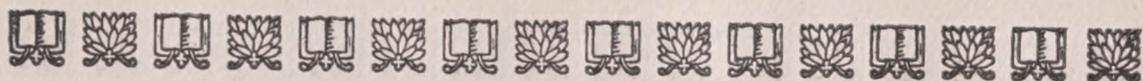
Our Guide answered, ‘Neither do I. The evil lies in living badly, not in life itself. For were it an evil it would be evil even to such as live righteously, in the degree that they are alive, if this was an absolute evil.’

‘I agree with you.’

Things more Important than Life

‘As, therefore, life belongs to both those who live badly, and to those who live rightly, might it not then be possible that life is neither a Good nor an Evil; just as cutting and burning in themselves are neither harmful nor sanitary for the sick—it all depends on the time and manner the patient is cut or burned. Is it not thus also with life?’

‘Yes, indeed, so it is.’



‘Now consider the matter thus: What would you prefer, to live shamefully, or to die honorably, like a man?’

‘I had rather die honorably.’

‘So then even dying can be no evil, as it is often more desirable than living?’

‘So it is.’

‘Should we not also think likewise of health and sickness? For there are circumstances when health is unbearable.’

‘You speak the truth,’ said I.

Wealth is not Always a Good

‘Good! Let us consider wealth, in the same manner. Apparently, as is often seen, there are persons who possess wealth who live badly and shamefully.’

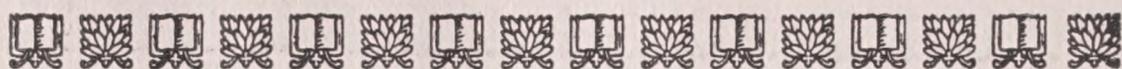
‘By Jupiter, there are many such! So then wealth does not help them to a righteous life?’

‘Evidently not, for they themselves are evil. *Culture, not wealth, gives virtue.*’

‘Very probably so—at least, according to your argument,’ grudgingly assented I.

‘Surely!’ asseverated he. ‘How could Wealth be an absolute good since it does not always make for the improvement of its possessors?’

‘Clearly not.’



‘Acknowledge then that Wealth is not at all advisable for such as do not know how to use it!’

‘I must say I think so!’

‘How then should that whose possession is often unbearable be considered an absolute good?’

‘By no means!’

‘Will not then a man live well as far as he knows how to employ wealth well and understandingly—and if not badly?’

‘What you say seems to be entirely true.’

In itself, No earthly Object is Good or Bad

‘Well, it seems to me that this is the cause of the restlessness and of the harm of men: they err in honoring Things as goods, or scorning Things as evils; to lay values on Things, and to suppose that through Things one can improve, or for the sake of Things commit any, even godless actions. This however is the result of ignorance of what is the real Good, they ignore that no real goods result from evil means. Hence many are those who have amassed Wealth through evil and shameful deeds—such as treason, robbery, murder, eavesdropping, theft, and other crimes.’

‘So it is.’



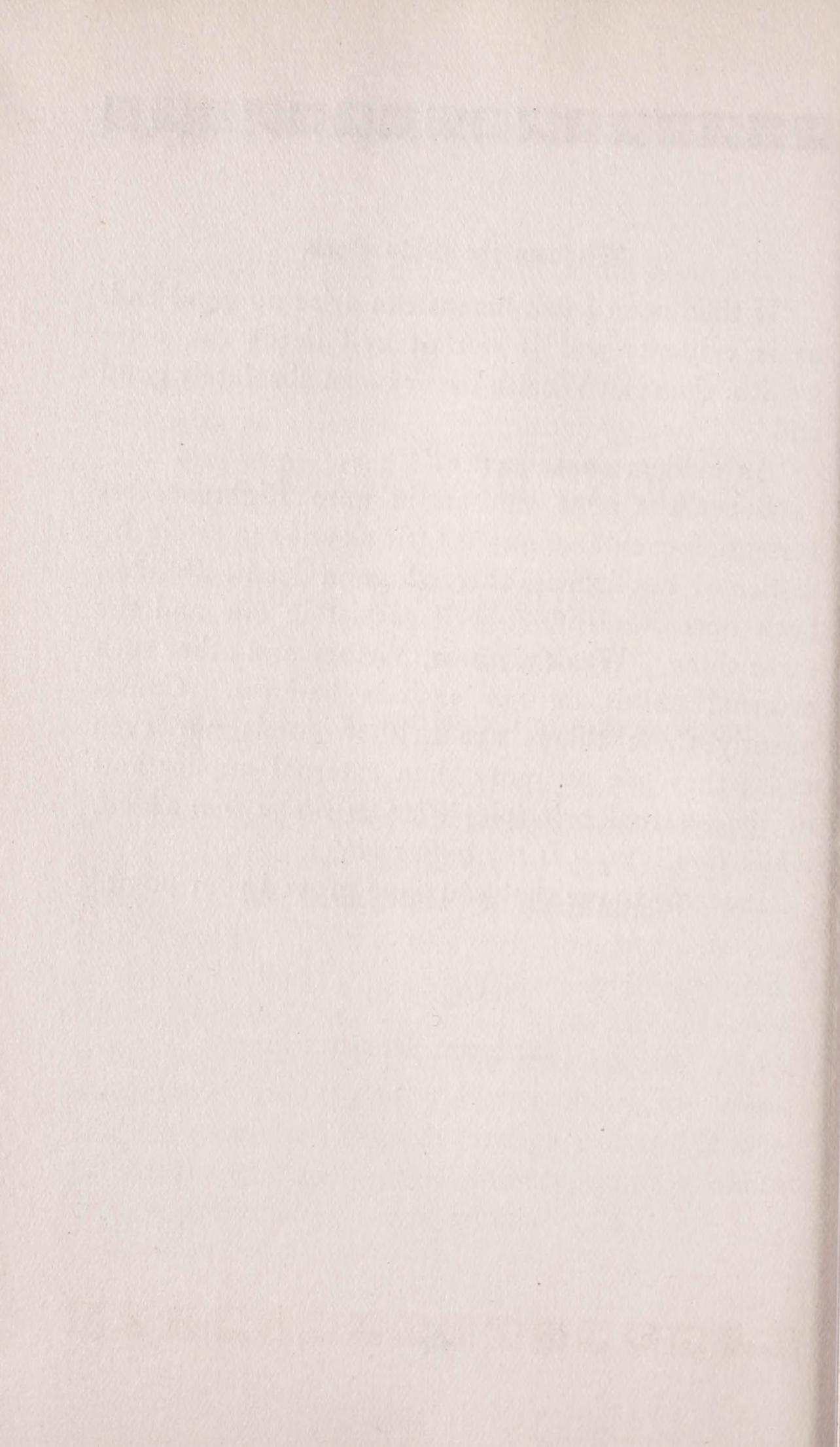
Wisdom the Only Good.

‘If then out of evil means can arise no good end, as is evident; and if out of evil deeds can arise wealth, then can Wealth never be an absolutely good end.’

‘An evident consequence!’

‘But then, none can attain unto Righteousness through any evil action; as little as one can attain Injustice or Foolishness through good deeds. Besides, both opposites cannot well coexist in one and the same thing. Wealth, Fame, Victory and other such external goods do not exclude badness. Consequently these things are neither goods nor even evils; they are no more than external applications of the internal principle *Wisdom alone is a Good, while Foolishness is the only Evil.*’

‘It seems to me that you have proved your point.’





The
Choice of Hercules

by Prodicus of Ceos,

the Teacher of Socrates

as preserved in the Memoirs of Xenophon

Followed by an Account of the Life of Hercules, by

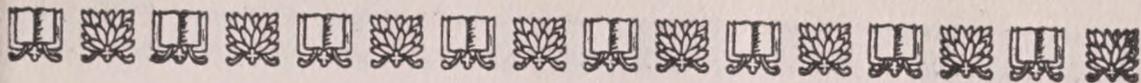
Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

Illustrated by

Katherine Brauer







The Choice of Hercules



WHEN Hercules was advancing from boyhood to manhood, a period during which the young, becoming their own masters, begin to give an intimation whether they will enter on life by the path of Virtue or of

Vice, he went forth into a solitary place, and sat down, perplexed as to which of these two paths he should pursue. Two female figures, of lofty stature, seemed to advance toward him.

The one was of an engaging and graceful mien, gifted by nature with elegance of form, modesty of look, and sobriety of demeanor, clad in a white robe.

The other was stout and flabby; but she had so artistically improved her complexion as to seem fairer and rosier than she really was. Her gestures were such as to make her seem taller than her natural height. She knew how to employ her eyes in affected glances. Her robe was such as to reveal, rather than to hide her beauty; and when she thought no one else was observing her, she would frequently look at her own figure, glancing back at her own shadow.



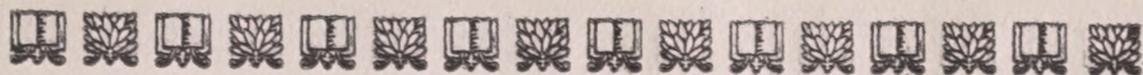
As these two approached nearer to Hercules, the first continued her gracefully even gait. The latter, however, was so eager to anticipate the former, that she actually ran up to Hercules, and said,

“Hercules, I see that you are hesitating by what path you shall enter into life. If you will make a friend of me, I will conduct you by the most delightful and easy road, and you shall taste every species of pleasure, leading a life free from every sort of trouble.

“You will not have to take thought for any war or affair of state; you will be able to spend your time in the consideration of whatever food or delicacy may best gratify your taste; of music and art, of perfume and softness; of association with objects of affection, of pleasant sleep, and of how to secure all these enjoyments with the least expenditure of effort.

“Do not hesitate because of an apprehension of a want of means to secure such delights. You shall never be urged to toil or suffering, physical or mental, to encompass them. What others have to labor to acquire, you will feel free to get easily, nor will you have to abstain from anything desirable, for my followers are allowed to help themselves to anything they want from any source whatever.”

On hearing this address, Hercules inquired after the woman's name. “Happiness is what I am called by my friends; but my enemies, to disparage me, call me Vice.”



In the meanwhile, the other woman had arrived, and said, "Hercules, I also have come to address you, because I know your parents, and have observed your disposition as it revealed itself during the training of your childhood; both of which have raised hopes for you within my mind. If now you will direct your steps along the path that leads to my dwelling up yonder, we will both be benefited: you will become an expert performer of what is honorable and noble, while I will gain greater fame through your illustrious deeds.

"However, I will not deceive you with any promises of pleasure; I will set before you things as they really are, and as they have been appointed by the gods: they grant to mankind nothing that is worth while or preeminent without corresponding care and labor.

"For example, you will have to worship the gods, if you wish them to be propitious to you. If you desire the love of friends, you will have to pay for it by service. You will have to promote the interest of any city whose honors you seek. If you desire your merit to be admired by all of Greece, you will have to earn that admiration by furthering the advantage of Greece. If you want the earth to supply you liberally with fruit, you will have to cultivate it. If you wish to derive profit from herds of cattle, you will have to tend them properly. If



you are eager to make your fortune, to insure your friends from enslavement, and to subdue your enemies, you will have to learn the art of war from experts, and practice it successfully. If you desire bodily health and vigor, you will have to train your body to respond to your mind by the discipline of exertion and toil. In other words, you will have to pay for whatever you get."

Interrupting her, Vice urged, "Hercules, notice how difficult and tedious is the road by which that woman would lead you to enjoyment. Compare it with the ease and shortness of my path to perfect happiness!"

"Abandoned creature that you are!" rejoined Virtue, "You know that you do not possess any real good. Unwilling as you are to do anything for the attainment of your desires, the pleasures to which you have access are not real. Not even waiting for the natural appetites of the body, you gorge yourself with dainties before you are able to digest them. You eat before you are hungry, you drink before you are thirsty. The only artists you seek are cooks; the only treasures you hoard are fancy wines. Your only effort is to get things out of season.

"Not even sleep, such as is natural, satisfies you. You expend your ingenuity in devising soft mattresses, and in putting rockers to your couches. You



seek all this because the sleep you indulge in is not the result of labor, but the pastime of idleness, sleeping away the most useful part of the day.

“Though you are one of the immortals, the gods have cast you out from their society. Even the good among mankind despise you. You have never heard the sweetest of all possible sounds, namely, praise of yourself. You have been deprived of the sweetest of all sights, for you have never beheld a single meritorious action by your own hand. Who would believe any promise of yours? Who would assist you, were you in want of anything?

“What decent person would join your band of revellers? These revellers become impotent in body, while young; and when old, they become impotent in mind. Their youth is spent so idly that they become stout; their old age, when indeed they should achieve repose, is harassed by need and expedients. Of what they have done they are ashamed; by what they have to do they are disgraced. Having run through all pleasures possible to them in youth, nothing remains for them in age but afflictions.

“As to me, I am the companion of divinities. I am the associate of virtuous men. No honorable deed, divine or human, is ever done without me. Most of all by the deities am I honored. It is the best men of all classes by whom I am welcomed; to



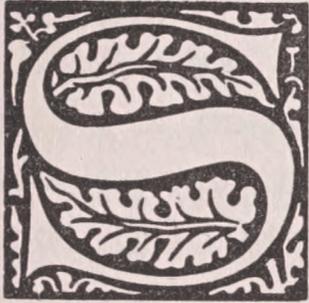
artisans, I am a cherished helper; to householders, I am a faithful guardian of their interests. To servants, I am a friendly comrade. A benign promoter of the labors of peace, a virile auxiliary in the stress of war, I am to all a faithful friend.

“To my friends especially am I gracious. As they refrain from food till drawn by genuine appetite, they enjoy it to the full. Far sweeter than the sleep of the idle is theirs; neither do they grieve if they are deprived of some portion of it, nor do they neglect any duty for its sake. The young are pleased with the praises of the old, while the old treasure the honors of the young. Their former actions they remember with pleasure, their present activities are crowned with success. Through my influence they are dear to the divinity, beloved by their friends, honored by their country. At the destined end of their life, they do not lie in oblivion and dishonor, but flourish forever in the memory of mankind by being celebrated in songs of praise.

“It is by such a course of conduct, O well-born Hercules, that you may secure the most exalted happiness!”



The Resulting Life of Hercules



So Hercules chose Virtue, and through all the difficulties of his career, though often temporarily losing hold of his Guide, nevertheless always found her again. He achieved Twelve great Labors, which have been handed down to us to excite our admiration:

He killed the Nemean lion, strangling him with his own hands. The Lernean hydra had nine heads, but Hercules cut them all off, and he poisoned his arrows in its bile. The Arcadian stag had golden antlers and brazen feet. He pursued it for a whole year, and finally carried it home on his shoulders.

Mount Erymanthus was infested with a boar. Hercules waited till the winter deprived it of food, stalked it over the snow, and drove it into a net. The stables of King Augeas held three thousand oxen, and had not been cleaned for thirty years. Hercules cleansed them in a single day, by leading the rivers Alpheus and Peneus to flow through them. Mars, the god of war had had brought up, in the



Stymphalian swamp, vultures with brazen claws, wings and beaks, who used their feathers as arrows, and ate human flesh. He frightened them away by a brazen rattle, and killed them with his poisoned arrows.

The island of Crete was infested with a wild bull. Hercules cornered it, and carried it off on his shoulders. King Diomedes fed his mares with human flesh. Hercules caught them, fed their master to them, after which they became perfectly tame. Then he overcame Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, or women-soldiers, and carried off her girdle.

Next he was forced by Eurystheus to fetch the oxen of Geryon, a monster with three bodies, and guarded by a two-headed dog. In the course of finding these he came to the Strait of Gibraltar, on each side of which he erected a pillar so that that Strait became known as the "Pillars of Hercules." Next he was sent to fetch the Apples of the Hesperides. Only a certain giant named Atlas could get them, so Hercules offered to take his place at holding on his back the vault of heaven, which the giant Atlas (the Atlas Mountains) supported. When Atlas was freed, he fetched the apples, but refused to undertake that terrible load



again; but by a stratagem Hercules released himself. Cerberus was the three-headed dog who guarded the fabulous regions of Tartarus, the Greek hell. Hercules brought him up to King Eurystheus, and took him back. He could not have done this without the active assistance of two divinities, Ares and Athene.

In spite of his strength, Hercules was unfortunate in love, and he died by the treachery of a woman he loved. After death he was taken up to heaven, and thus after having been a hero, he became a demi-god, and finally one of the immortals.

It will be seen that most of the Labors of Hercules consisted in what is represented in modern times by house-work and the getting of provisions. It takes a great deal of virtue sometimes to do these simple homely duties well and cheerfully.

Plotinos, his Life, Times and Philosophy

By *Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie, A.M., Harvard, Ph.D., Tulane.*

This is a lucid, scholarly systematization of the views of Plotinos, giving translation of important and useful passages. It is preceded by a careful indication and exposition of his formative influences, and a full biography dealing with his supposed obligations to Christianity. Accurate references are given for every statement and quotation. The exposition of, and references on Hermetic philosophy are by themselves worth the price of the book.

Dr *Harris*, U.S. Commissioner of Education has written about it in the highest terms. Dr. *Paul Carus*, Editor of the *Open Court*, devoted half a page of the July 1897 issue to an appreciative and commendatory Review of it. Among the many other strong commendations of the work are the following:

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Translated by
Kenneth Sylvan Guthrie

A.M., Harvard; Ph.D., Tulane; M.D., Medico-Chirurgical, Phila.
M.A., G.D., Professor in Extension, University of the South, Sewanee

This is one of the great scriptures of the world, but has until this present translation been practically inaccessible. There is a translation by an Englishman, but it is not only more puzzling than the original, but it makes Zoroaster speak like an Anglican theologian, instead of the pre-historic bard who was conducting a crusade against nomadicism, and for a cow-herding civilization. Besides, the acknowledged authorities on the subject do not hesitate to acknowledge openly that it is to their financial interest to keep the text from the public. Anyone who desires to question this easily understood translation can purchase the author's larger book which contains the full transliterated text, dictionary, grammar, criticism, outlines, and tables of all available kindred information.

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