

## THE SMALL BOY'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

A Genuine Composition on the Subject of "The Camera Obscura."

It is a small eight-sided building, about 25 or 30 feet high, and 15 or 18 feet broad.

In the center of the building is a large round disk, painted white, with a railing around it; a long iron pole projects from the ceiling directly over the disk.

The walls and ceiling are hung with black. When the doors are closed instantly you will see (on the disk) some view of Coney Island, the people are reduced to about twelve inches in height; as the handle is turned it shows you different views of the island.

You see the Iron Pier, the bathers bathing in the surf, the Merry-go-round, the Elephant, the Band Stand, the Tower, which is 300 feet high, and which, when in the top, you can see for 20 miles each way, the Manhattan Hotel, Elevated Road, and your mother.

You are shown in the Camera, "Around the World in 15 Minutes," which you are told is the finest thing on the Island, and asked if you ever saw it, and if you don't want to see it, as it is very instructive, and that he is sure you will be pleased, etc., etc.

It is nice to look at the picture of some crowded place, and see the men gesticulating like a deaf and dumb asylum, and to see a man walk to a machine to see how strong he was and act as if he would burst trying to knock off the ball at the top. And to see boys vainly trying from their hobby horses to stab a ring, and at persons laughing at their attempts.

By this time you have seen all of the Panorama, and are asked if you have enjoyed yourself; upon your responding in the affirmative, they are happy and allow you to depart in peace.

C. J. P.

## THE WEALTH THAT IS NOT WORTH WHILE.

John Burroughs, in the *Cosmopolitan*.

I look upon this craze for wealth that possesses nearly all classes in our time as one of the most lamentable spectacles the world has ever seen. The old prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is the only sane one. The grand mistake we make is in supposing that because a little money is a good thing, unlimited means is the sum of all good, or that our happiness will keep pace with the increase of our possessions. But such is not the case, because the number of things we can really make our own is limited. We cannot drink the ocean be we ever so thirsty. A cup of water from the spring is all we need. A friend of mine once said that if he outlived his wife he should put upon her tombstone, "Died of Things"—killed by the multitude of her possessions. The number of people who are thus killed is no doubt very great. When Thoreau found that the specimens and curiosities that had accumulated upon his mantlepiece needed dusting, he pitched them out of the window.

The massing of a great fortune is a perilous enterprise. The giving away of a great fortune is equally a perilous enterprise, not to the man who gives it—it ought to be salutary to him—but to his beneficiaries.

Very many of the great fortunes of our time have been accumulated by a process like that of turning all the streams into your private reservoir; they have caused a great many people somewhere to be short of water and have taken away the power of many busy, peaceful wheels. The ideal condition is an even distribution of wealth. When you try to give away your monstrous fortune, to open your dam, then danger begins, because you cannot return the waters to their natural channels. You must make new channels and you may do more harm than good. It never can go now where it would have gone. The wealth is in a measure redistributed, without enriching those from whom it originally came.

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## IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

All through his life a Certain Man had been told that the only way to be Happy and to achieve Success was to be there with the Goods.

Believing his parents and well-wishers, he devoted himself to a Strenuous Life. Far into the night he studied until he had mastered the intricacies of Finance. He became a linguist who could call forth order in Babel; the pages of history were to him an Open Book; from the Paleozoic age to the present time he had traced the freaks of nature; he knew that the Human Race proceeded from Monkeys. He was an Authority on Government, and his knowledge of art spelled with a big A was not to be Sneezed At. He wrote a beautiful hand, composed poetry, and took great pride in his Personal Appearance. Honesty was his strong suit. No one could point the finger of scorn at the Completed Product.

"The world is at your feet," said the Gang, as he started out to Butt into the Game.

Visions of a comfortable home, a wife, a large family, and a bank roll that would make the President of some Institution take his hat off to him, didn't seem Too High.

Alas for the fulfillment of human hopes. After ten years of faithful work the model found himself Hired as a Clerk at a small salary. When he asked for a raise he was told that the Market was overcrowded with Competent Men who would work for half what he got. His honesty and faithfulness were referred to in the highest terms, but they were no more than what was Expected.

"All right," said the Model, as he clenched his teeth. "I find that I am in the Wrong Pew. Fools have distanced me in the crowd because they have got a Boost. Others have got there by methods that I have Scorned. From now on I am a Deep-dyed Villain."

As a preliminary disguise to deceive the Public he joined a Church and took a great interest in the Sunday School.

No one was engaged in such Pious Works. The Heathens of the far east owed the formation of many Missionary Societies to his efforts. For the funds he became Treasurer. Old Women came to the Benevolent Wonder for advice as to how to leave their Property. Owing to his reputation as a Saint, smooth con men begged for his Assistance in working land and stock Deals on the Unsuspecting Public. He could procure more Insurance on a stock than any man in Town. The money flowed in a Steady Stream