

MISCELLANY

HE HAS HIS CHOICE.

For The Public.

Who loves the company of those "well born,"
 And holds that nothing can the grossness
 leave
 Of these, the lowly, may regret his scorn;
 He'll find few "fit associates" in Heaven.
 But if he chooses elsewhere to reside,
 When Death shall summon—he may hope
 to find
 Enough of "fashion" and of "family pride,"
 And all the "elegance" he leaves behind.
 JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

AN EARLY VIEW OF LAND MONOPOLY.

An extract from William Godwin's "Political Justice," published in 1793.

The population of any country is measured by its cultivation. If, therefore, sufficient motives can be furnished to excite men to agriculture, there is no doubt that population may be carried on to any extent that the land can be made to maintain. But agriculture, when once begun, is never found to stop in its career, but from positive discouragement. It is territorial monopoly that obliges men unwillingly to see vast tracts of land lying waste, or negligently and imperfectly cultivated, while they are subject to the miseries of want. If land were perpetually open to him who was willing to cultivate it, it is not to be believed but that it would be cultivated in proportion to the wants of the community, nor by the same reason would there be any effectual check to the increase of population.

A COLORED HOME ESTABLISHED BY A COLORED WOMAN.

For The Public.

The Frances Joseph Colored Industrial Home, is one of the most useful institutions in the city of New Orleans. Frances Joseph, an estimable colored woman, in 1902 purchased an old homestead of 105 acres as a permanent location for the Home. Mrs. Joseph trains the children in cooking, sewing, laundry work, gardening, truck farming, etc. The primary branches are taught to both boys and girls, and much attention is given to teaching habits of personal cleanliness and good morals. The Home has an income of \$350 per annum from the city. One hundred and seven children have been cared for within the year. These children come from the streets, the hovels, the very gutters. A mortgage of \$2,000 rests on the Home, and could this be speedily paid, the usefulness of the institution would be largely increased and its permanence

assured. The leading newspapers of New Orleans and the Protestant Ministers' Alliance have indorsed Mrs. Joseph's urgent appeal for contributions to pay off this mortgage, to be sent to Mrs. James M. Ferguson, 852 Camp street, New Orleans, La., for whose fidelity Miss Kate M. Gordon, corresponding secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, vouches.

ELIZABETH J. HAUSER.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

President John Finley, of the College of the City of New York, estimates that the college graduate has one chance in 40 of "succeeding in life," whereas the man who hasn't been to college has only one chance in 10,000.

It is unfortunate that President Finley has not made clear what he means by the phrase "succeeding in life." Until that foundation is definitely fixed, any such figures as he presents can be nothing more than mere speculation.

Success in life is relative. To no two minds does it mean the same. To no two conditions can it be alike applicable.

The success of the farmer, for instance, who adds to his lands, rears his family in righteousness and passes his days in peace and content, far from the turmoil and triumphs of more swiftly-moving life, would not seem to the lawyer, the politician or the city merchant to be a success at all.

The crossroads storekeeper may be a success in life in his own estimation and that of his neighborhood, though his brother of the city, who thinks in chunks of millions, cannot help looking down upon him in scorn.

There can be no material standard of success, for the reason that the outlook, the aspiration and the attainment of any man are his alone. No two can occupy the same viewpoint. No two can regard success from the same mind and heart.

The school-teacher, who ever gives, may cut a sorry figure in a biographical dictionary beside the millionaire who ever gets. But in the real building up of the intellect and morality and happiness of the world it is she who is the giant and he the pigmy.

The poor underpaid preacher whose congregation is small because he preaches religion undefiled may in the common estimate be a failure. But who can foretell the harvest to come from the pregnant seed thus sown in good ground? Another generation may see a mighty church arise, that some

rich man puts a gorgeous window in and calls his monument.

Which is the more successful life—the one that builds a great window or the one that stimulates the spirit which makes a church?

Possibly nine-tenths of us have no other serious purpose in life than to get the best living we can. We are absorbed in our own little affairs—our wants and enjoyments, ailments and ease, jealousies and envies and hatreds and loves. The greater the degree to which we satisfy our wants and triumph over our enemies, the greater our success—we think.

But to gratify our wants is only to create new ones. Human longing is like a sea—the more we pour into it the more it spreads. The millionaire longs for more as eagerly as does the poor man. Content does not lie in the direction of acquisition or indulgence.

Success in life consists in fitting oneself to one's environment, and one thing more—elevating the environment.

Whether college education helps or hinders depends upon the man and the environment. Higher education would not help a digger of ditches or a mere grubber after money. But it is indispensable to men whose interests and pursuits extend beyond themselves.

If education were what it ought to be—character development—it would make every man more successful in life. But, unfortunately, it is not always that.—Editorial in Nashville (Tenn.) Daily News of March 17, 1904.

A WORD FOR "JOHN."

Many years ago, at Ballarat, I found myself amid great mounds of "tailings" in the outskirts of that golden city. "Tailings" are the worked-out refuse of the mines and abandoned as worthless, out of which, nevertheless, the thrifty and laborious Chinese, by extracting gold in most minute quantities, managed to make a not unsubstantial livelihood. Playing around a shanty close by were some six little boys and girls of various ages, clean and neatly dressed, who struck me with their rosy cheeks, jet black hair and slant eyes that gave a peculiar piquancy to their pretty, chubby countenances. Presently a portly woman, who turned out to be a daughter of Erin, came to the door. I asked her if she was the mother of those nice-looking children. She told me she was; and, when I proceeded further to praise their eyes, said: "I married a 'John,' their father is a Chinaman," volunteering, in addition, that