

SUCCESS AFTER FAILURE

Phineas T. Barnum

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

Nobody ever knew how many times Phineas T. Barnum failed. For many years he was about his only capital. He got used to failing that at last it did not trouble him any more than a fly buzzing about his nose.

He failed as a grocery clerk, failed as a lottery agent, failed as a book agent, failed as a merchant, failed as an auctioneer, failed as a boarding-house keeper, failed as a newspaper proprietor, failed in everything he undertook, and he undertook about every business known to man.

Finally he woke up to the realization of the part that he was best fitted to play in the great game and took up the show business, but even then failure still dogged his steps and fretted him at every step that he took.

Above all the business in the world he showed business demands money, and money was the one thing that Barnum at that time was short on. He knew how to do things, his genius was unquestioned, his ideas were endless, and his executive ability was equal to Caesar's or Napoleon's, but the lack of funds swamped him in every effort.

And when, at last, he had conquered the cardinal difficulty and procured the means of war, the very elements seemed to conspire against him. Wind and flood, and fire, and drought, combined to defeat his plans and dash his hopes.

He would get his business to the point where all the world was waiting to deride—and waiting to get into the "Greatest Show on Earth"—when up it would all go in smoke! Two or three times did the remorseless flames lick up his fortune.

But the glory of the man lay in the fact that though often "downed," he would not stay down. Like a true "crusher of earth," he would always "rise again," as courageous and hopeful as though nothing had happened.

Finally the heroic grit of the man prevailed, and he succeeded in establishing upon a firm foundation the business which today is one of the most conspicuous features of our twentieth century civilization.

The circus, the great national and international institution, embodying within itself all the wonders of zoology, magic and acrobatics, a sort of all-round university of the winsome and the marvellous, is purely the product of P. T. Barnum's brain and energy.

All things considered, Barnum's triumph is entitled to rank well up with the greatest achievements of the children of men. The circumstances under which he fought, the times he was defeated and rose up from the dust, all being taken into the account, we are forced to look upon the man as having been one of the truly great of his time.

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One thing is certain—in "wading to his throne" the great showman did not do so through "laughter." He contributed to the happiness, not to the misery of mankind. He created amusement and joy, not tears and groans.

His supremacy meant supreme gladness for millions of men, women and children. His coming meant sunshine and mirth, not gloom and terror, and if every one to whom he gave a glad hour had contributed an inch-square of marble for his tomb, there would have been room, even on some wide western prairie, for the mighty mausoleum the offerings would have made.

Barnum's is more than a fugitive fame. His name is going to live, and "eat, all being taken into the account, we are forced to look upon the man as having been one of the truly great of his time."

For reasons quite apart from that of the "Greatest Show on Earth," the world is more and more coming to see that amusement has a great value; that among the true assets of civilization, not the least is gladness of heart, and that the forces that tend to promote this gladness are to be received not only with courtesy, but with reverential gratitude.

Lord Charles Bessford, speaking at Liverpool, after receiving the honorary degree of doctor of laws, said history showed that no matter how great a nation was in power and influence, if it neglected its defenses it was certain to fail. He was afraid the health and physique of our people was degenerating. An enormous number of men whose instincts were patriotic, who wished to serve their country, found that they could not pass the medical examination.

Moreover, we had not to a great extent our old British way of looking at things, whether successful or unsuccessful, in a calm and dignified way. We had on occasions, within everyone's memory, when something that was not particularly great or dangerous had occurred, gone into a state of emotion which was almost hysteria; while in regard to questions which were really grave, such as national defense, we appeared to sleep, or to take them quite calmly. It was a serious state of things, and he put it down largely to deterioration of physique. Strong men did not get emotional. They were dignified when they were successful; when they were not they ground their teeth, but did not say much, and they put things right. (Cheers.) Great nations thought of their defenses before anything else. Whatever it was, it was a duty, or a right, or a free trade, or any of the other questions, on which there were arguments on both sides, unless their defenses were adequate, they might go to the wall at any minute.

There was, however, an excellent committee of the cabinet looking into the matter, as far as the health of the nation had been summoned before—(hear, hear)—and if they proved that things were not as they ought to be, they would then double they would—(laughter)—then there would be no necessity for panic, for party or individual recrimination—the duty would be to go back to the old-fashioned style, put the thing on the table and look at it, see where it was wrong, and then calmly and calmly make a beast of himself. (Cheers.)

Having spoken of the importance of thorough discipline, he emphasized the value of voluntary service compared with conscription. The English-speaking nations were the only nations, he said, that showed real and true patriotism, because their men volunteered to fight for their country, whereas other nations drove their young men into the service. In the naval service of the British Empire there was an old adage that one volunteer was worth six pressed men. "The time may come (he continued) when the national service ideas which are sound may be necessary for this country, but the longer we maintain the volunteer principle the better for the nation and the better for the empire." (Applause.)

In a speech at Birkenhead, Lord Charles spoke with approval of physical training, both for men and women. The question of getting men well, healthy, strong and active, was applicable to the poor as well as to the rich. When a man was well and healthy he faced the "downs" as cheerfully as the "ups" of life.

Some years ago in the House of Commons

HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and baby's health-giving friend. Baby's Own Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

body of men," says a correspondent, "who, though distinctive in their character from all others, are yet related to the people whom they serve by ties of intimate personal association which are not to be found in any other country in the world. The policeman of London is not merely guardian of the peace; he is an integral part of its social life."

In many a back street, and slum, he not merely stands for law and order; he is the true handy man of our streets, the best friend of a mass of people who have no other counselor or protector.—London Times.

CRUISING WITH CHOLERIC COOK

Raging Culinary Artist Even Threatened to Slay the Captain.

The tally of the crew must begin with Filo, the mate, a huge black creole, speaking Spanish besides his own strange vernacular; then there were two sailors, from the island of Margarita, and Antonio, cook by profession, admitting Dutch blood, but of unknown extraction and uncertain disposition. The cook on board a Venezuelan craft is always given the respectful title of Maestro, so Maestro he always was to us.

The sailors and Maestro spoke only Spanish, a very low, strong, difficult even for a Spaniard to understand. Maestro as an individual was an interesting psychological study. Although he probably never heard of such a thing as a labor union, yet he was the embodied spirit of one. He declared in terms that left no possibility of misunderstanding, that he was not a sailor, not a sailor, and that he would do nothing but cook. He would cook cheerfully over a stove that smoked like Dante's inferno, but when called upon in an emergency to help hoist a sail, he would fly into a violent torrent of raging Spanish. Later when the temper had spent itself he would often go and do what was asked of him. I have seen many high tempers, but never one to equal Maestro's. There were times when he would draw his huge cutlase or machete on the captain.

All these were false alarms, but Maestro threatened once too often, and was discharged on the spot, and left marooned in a little village with a few Indians, and no means of returning to Trinidad. But this was at the end of our voyage.

Maestro, in his patched and faded shirt, with sleeves rolled to the elbow, still more patched trousers rolled to the knee, bare as to feet, a crownless hat on one side of his head, an ancient and odorous pipe hanging from his mouth, a big machete at his side, in the capacity of cook would make the most shiftless housekeeper gasp with horror. I often wondered why he so persistently declared himself cook, not mariner. He could hardly have been a greater failure in any calling than that of chef. I have some mental pictures of Maestro which, while I live, I can never manage to forget.

A Fearful Concoction. I can shut my eyes and see him with streaming eyes stirring some fearful concoction over the little stove; or again on his knees mixing dough for the leaden dumplings to be boiled in the pig-tail which appeared at every meal. I so often wished we had brought Graham flour. White flour does show the dirt still. Another picture is Maestro washing the tablecloth. This was a piece of oilcloth, originally white, and Maestro's method of washing it was to spread it on the deck, pour water over it, dance upon it in his bare feet to the accompaniment of some weird chant, and finally hang it on the rail to dry. No doubt after this proceeding he felt most virtuously neat.

In justice, I must say that Maestro did make one or two edible dishes; yam, tania and kichukich, to perfection, and he made a very good cornmeal mush. Then after a long, happy day on the canoes we were always hungry, and honest hunger overlooks a multitude of sins. Besides, whatever was lacking in Maestro's bill of fare was compensated by the soups, cocoa, crackers and preserves from our own stores, and the fish and game of the country. So we managed one way or another to keep the wolf from the door, or perhaps more appropriately, I should say, the crocodile from the companionway.

As in two weeks the crew had consumed provisions planned to last a month, from a dugout full of Indians which passed one day the captain chased Maestro salted plentifully, and then hung up in the sun; long strips of it were suspended from the rigging, boom and over the railing, and whole entomological collections buzzed noisily about them. As long as the larder was low the captain knew no peace of mind for fear his crew would desert us and the ship.

With all their faults, there is among the Venezuelans, as among the Mexicans, a certain chivalry toward strangers; and so I never felt the least alarm at being left alone on the sloop with the crew, while the captain and his great dusky Creole mate would put my stool in a shady spot, and figuratively lay himself at my feet to serve me, and Maestro—even pugnacious Maestro—would weave wonderful baskets for me of the roots of the mangrove; baskets in nests of twelve, each fitting snugly within the other, and all gaily dyed with the Venezuelan colors, the pigments of unknown wild plants.—From an article in Recreation.

Lieut. Shackleton's explorers reported that the weather at the south pole is the coldest and stormiest in the world.

Special carriages furnished with hot water pipes and mattresses are to be provided on the Prussian railways for dogs.

CAESAR'S TIP OF \$80,000 Gave It to His Charioteer When Drunk—Intemperance of the Ancients.

Some preach against the extravagance of New York and Paris as though it were phenomenal. The fact is, these and all other modern cities are pursuing a way of extreme frugality compared to past ages. All the banquets and larks of New York in a year would not cost as much as a single feast given by Nero or Caligula. The expense of the greatest banquet New York ever gave would not pay for a tip often awarded the chef or the discoverer of a new dish in ancient times. Did not Cleopatra give a city of 25,000 inhabitants to the chef who cooked a meal that pleased Marc Antony? Even Henry VIII. presented to his own cook who prepared him a pleasing dish.

Caesar, during one of his feasts, while under the influence of wine, gave Eutybius, his charioteer, a tip amounting to \$80,000. This is the largest money tip on record. He fed his charioteer on barley mixed with wine in a golden bowl. One of his supper cost nearly half a million dollars, and his supper bill for four months amounted to \$20,000,000. An entire table setting of our present-day millionaires would scarcely amount to the value of one of the tiny and fragile murmurine wine cups of Macedonia, was a drunkard, and often staggered on leaving the banquet table. His weakness was inherited by his son Alexander, who often spent two days and nights in sleeping off one of his royal jags. He died of drink when only 32 years old.

Dionysius the Younger, tyrant of Sicily, would get drunk on a daily basis. He would last for three months at a time. He lost his eyesight from over-indulgence. Nero sat down to his table at midday and did not quit until midnight.

"Tippler" Tiberius. Tiberius, after becoming Emperor of Rome, was drunk on the day he was nicknamed him Tiberius, meaning "tippler." Once Tiberius gave Sabellus, the author, \$8,000 for writing a sketch in which he exposed the debauchery and mushroom were represented as the characters. He died from eating poisonous mushrooms.

But in modern world there could not be found a nation of such confirmed drunkards as were the Thracians, the Bactrians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Syrians, has become proverbial, and his name is yet associated with the word "drunk."

THE PARSON'S LAMB. A clergyman took occasion recently in a sermon to score "this magazine severely for its insistence upon the greater frankness of the children. He particularly deplored the attitude of the magazine in questioning the morals of the children of a parent. During the discourse, and for two Sundays thereafter, he impressed upon his congregation that "as parent, so child," and that children would invariably follow the footsteps of the parents and would act and speak what they learned at home. The following week the parson, with a lady of his congregation, was passing the footstep of the parson's house, when he discovered the greatest boy of the lot to be his own son! The "lady member" of the congregation, having the sense of humor, could not keep the story to herself, and, of course, it spread, as such things will, like fire through the church. It is never pleasant to bear testimony to any one's indiscretion; the incident is merely told here to prove to some parents that it is never wise to be too sure about our own children.—Ladies Home Journal.

GET OUT OF DOORS. Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis, he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others out doors. The latter all recovered, while the former all died.

This experiment shows that a rabbit living upon its natural food and under a natural environment, is proof against tuberculosis. There is abundant reason to believe this equally true of man.

In other words, tuberculosis is not a necessary evil of human life, but a natural consequence of erroneous habits and departure from natural conditions. Man is naturally an outdoor animal. A mole lives a healthy life in a burrow. A man must live in the fresh air and the sunshine.—Medical Record.

Boys and Girls! Tell Your Mothers About the New Nursery Rhyme Biscuits

Nothing like them in looks or taste—manufactured only by McCormicks.

Pictures are raised above the surface—not stamped into the biscuit.

Contain sufficient Arrowroot (SAME INGREDIENTS AS OUR FAMOUS ARROWROOT BISCUIT) to generate digestive juices, aid digestion and assimilation, and build up the nerves and blood-power. Make healthy, strong children, and promote growth.

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