

estate, is rising into
unbittered self-conscious-
lies The Outlook's next
eventy million urbanites
before appreciate, the
on farmers who, often
discomforts and social
early and late to feed
enjoying the opulence
our American cities.
griculturalist! Exit for a
haologist, the AEsthete,
and sundry other shop-
e Outlook, ordained In-
ator!

sin.

ZE

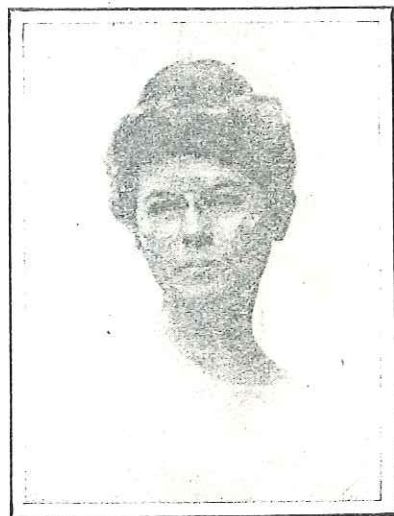
PRESIDENT OF THE OUTLOOK YER

on, would throw himself
before the grate fire and
ments with the illustra-
to family participated in
over the new disease
ditis.' James introduced
'Uplifting the Clown,'
baseball' to the college
delighted with them.
ny premeditation, the
d the idea of making a
e contents of The Out-
pensive filing case and
cards were bought, and
en charge of the work.
nservator of knowledge
led to know under what
'Allied Fiddlesticks' and
e Ouija Board.'
of the year the family
together to hear the result
Experiment.' It was
ough the medium of The

ent subjects; the titles and notices of
more than fourteen hundred and seventy-
six different books; forty-eight poems,
consisting of twelve hundred and seventy-
four lines; forty-one full-page illustra-
tions, among them those of Lyman
Abbott, John Burroughs, Lincoln, Lafay-
ette, Harding, and Coolidge. It was
also found that of the more than sixty
clubs of the city most of them had
used articles and other material cata-
logued in the filing case. All were
highly pleased, not only because the ma-
terial was so conveniently accessible,
but because it was reliable and covered
such a variety of subjects.

"The lovers of poetry were delighted
with 'Kentucky Mountain Rhymes' and
'How Long, Massa Jesus, How Long?'
and others which were read before liter-
ary societies.

"The father reported that ministers
of the city found helpful articles pertain-
ing to their work and private study.
'The Misunderstood Christ' and 'The
Two Worlds' received much attention.



MRS. EDYTHE I. DRAPER
Tied for Third Prize

history, and politics. One of the profes-
sors bore testimony to the fact that no
other publication gave him such an in-
telligent understanding of European
affairs. Everywhere in his travels did
the college president find Christian lay-

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE THE COURIER BY EDYTHE I. DRAPER

MY mind to me a kingdom is, but
I must have a courier who will
bring to me reports of the doings
and thinkings in the great empire of the
world. The Outlook is my courier, wise,
yet guileless, smiling often, presenting
the two sides or more that most things
have to them, but not leaving me in
doubt as to which side is fairly to be
judged the right side; stern rarely, but
always when truth is subtly and danger-
ously assailed.

I suppose I smile always when I see
The Outlook among the papers and let-
ters one day in each week. I remember
that I did to-day. For what could I be
thinking about as I darn Sonny's knees
or pick up all the things three children
and one man can bestrew a house withal
each hurrying morning if I could not
have a minute or two at breakfast time
to read just a little of The Outlook?
The waffles are crisp and hot. I feel the
ever-new excitement of sensing the
dawn coming up out of the woods be-
yond the pasture. I prop The Outlook
against the water-pitcher and read bits
to Jim and we talk just a little—and my
day has begun. I read the paragraphs
about politics, see a few fat faces of Rep-
resentatives, etc., then the Angels' Ad-
vocate wants me to smile at him, and I
do. Mary Garden next! I saw her once
in a movie of "Thaïs," and I am a better
woman since. (What will Mr. Pulsifer
say?) Then I look almost tearfully at
Joyce Kilmer's little tree poem, one of

"The whole family agreed that the
bound volumes of The Outlook furnished
a thesaurus of information convenient
and reliable which is indispensable to
every modern home."

Findlay College, Findlay, Ohio.

my nicest friends among poems, and I
am ready to put off my courier until the
babies are in bed and my wood fire is
ready to comfort my toes and inspire
my fancy. And don't I adore the play
reviews then! I can enjoy my black
sea of an onion patch and still hie me
"to the well-trod stage anon" and catch
a little of what a modern Jonson is
doing in his learned sock. I hope Mr.
Walter Damrosch will never see this,
but I did adore him so when I was eight-
een and stayed on one hard bench hour
after hour, day after day, at Willow
Grove in Philadelphia, one summer to
hear every note of his music. The
Outlook is good to let me have news of
him occasionally. I have read Mr. Fues-
le ever since the first time when I just
happened to read him one day. He
quarrels so deliciously.

Here in Kansas men and women of
the Old World are rare. The Outlook is
doing something which a compulsory
plan for peace can perhaps fail to ac-
complish in making us all in the New
World more understandingly kind
towards our tired but spirited friends of
the old countries.

I do not read much about sports, nor,
I am ashamed to say, do I always pur-
sue the economists and the business
writers to the bitter ends of their ar-
ticles. (I mean to, though, when the
babies are grown up.)

My mother, away across the miles to
the East, reads The Outlook. Her guide



MRS. ALICE E. CATE
Tied for Third Prize

and friend for many rich years has been Lyman Abbott, and as I go on facing life's responsibilities and trying to answer its questions I find he is more and more mine. I climbed the arid way from Calvinism to Unitarianism a good many years ago, when I was very young and very ardent, and I think Lyman Abbott's wise hand often helped me over bitterly rough places to the wider, happier plain where reason and faith shine together. The Outlook has meant sanity, you see, to an extremist, a pendulum-swinger.

Oswego, Kansas.

WHAT THE OUTLOOK MEANS TO THEM

THE character of The Outlook is described by contestants with almost endless variety. It has "the attributes of a perfect gentleman;" it is "an arsenal whence the thoughtful may draw their

TIED FOR THIRD PRIZE

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE OUTLOOK

BY ALICE E. CATE

I HAVE in my mind a vivid picture of my father about to take the first sip of his breakfast coffee. It was a ceremonial. He would put in the sugar, stir cautiously, as if fearing that its aroma might escape. Then, with his head on one side, would seem to listen, as if hearing could help his attuned sense of taste to enjoy to the utmost that first sip of the delectable.

Some such emotion possesses me when, expectant, I slip the wrapper from the current number of The Outlook. I stop, look, and listen in that first sublimated enjoyment, scanning headlines, peeping at pictures, reading a paragraph here, an editorial there, an advertisement, a joke, knowing that later I can settle down to a full and satisfying meal. Just now I am exultant over its 8 by 11 size.

As to subject-matter, I do not enjoy everything, for I am not interested in everything within the compass of any magazine, but there is such a wealth of subjects that I always find more articles that are appealing than I can possibly find time to read. I especially enjoy The Outlook's book reviews, for they are honest and not nauseatingly flattering. I like its vitality, which makes me feel as if the writers were all on tiptoe

in their eagerness for life—more life and fuller. I am amazed each week at the scope of the articles, and feel as if the correspondents sailed about on a magic carpet to view this old world at every fantastic angle. They seem eager to touch life and make it flame, to arouse sympathy with the unfortunate and make people act, yet they are never hectic nor sensational. For those who need to be soothed and calmed there is always the poet's magic touch and Lyman Abbott's crystal thinking and gentle philosophy.

As to its editorials, no matter what the topics, I know they will be treated fairly and sanely. I like their clear-cut English, and good literary form. I like the way they come to a point, then stop. I like their analysis of character and events. I like that way of illuminating big issues, and, best of all, I trust The Outlook's editorial judgments, knowing that moral issues will never be confused. Now I will confess to its greatest service to me personally. Being somewhat wobbly-minded, I depend on The Outlook to stabilize me to set me right morally, politically, ethically, socially, spiritually. What does. What more could any magazine do?

Belmont, Massachusetts.

OUTLOOK READERS IN CONSULTATION

The Outlook as a means to that end. Thus I found a friend that has been my constant companion for twenty-eight years."

A lady in Columbus, Ohio, confesses that if she were asked what had exerted the greatest influence in her life she would answer, without hesitation, "The

ance and size of The Outlook. A man can ingeniously assure us that the reduced size makes The Outlook more modicum for handling in the daily so to while some sigh for larger print, like the type, finding it, to use the words of one contestant, "so clear that all people beam when they open it." Here is commendation of a