A happy medium of The Outlook is rising into mitred self-consciousness. The Outlook's next seventy pages of urbanites professed to appreciate, the farmers who, often, comfort and share the difficulties of the world. I'm early and late to feed on the opulence of our American city. 

The Outlook, ordained Institute.

President of the Outlook

Because of the great fire and benefits with the illustrious family participated in the new disease drills, I am introduced to "Uplifting the Clown" in baseball to the college. 

My premeditation, the idea of making a point of the contents of The Outlook's filing case and 10 cards were bought, and in charge of the work, assessor of knowledge led to know what "The Allied Fiddlers" and "Out of the Board."

Of the year the family gathered to hear the result experiment. It was through the medium of The Outlook, the title given notice 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 illustrations, among them those of Lyman, Abbott, John Burroughs, Irving, Lincoln, Lafayette, Harding, and Coole. It was also found that of the more than sixty clubs of the city most of them had used articles and other material catalogued in the filing case. All were highly pleased, not only because the material 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 literary societies.

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

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 dangerously served.

I suppose I smile always when I see The Outlook among the papers and letters one day in each week. I remember that I did to-day. For what could it be thinking about as I dream of the plans I have for my children and my life? I can brood over the wood and the trees and the flowers and the birds and the bees and the butterflies and the snails and the earth. I can feel the ever-new excitement of sensing the dawn coming up out of the woods beyond the pasture. I prop The Outlook against the water-pitcher and read bits to Jim and talk just a little—and my day has begun. I read the paragraphs about politics, see a few fat faces of Representatives, etc., then the Angels Advocate wants me to smile at him, and I do. Mary Garden next! I saw her once in a movie of 'That's,' and I am a better woman since. (What will Mr. Pulifer say?) Then I look almost tearfully at Joyce Kilmer's little tree poem, one of my nice 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 be me "the well-trod stage aunt" 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 eighteen and stayed on one hard bench for two hours, day after day, at Willow Grove in Philadelphia, one summer to hear every note of his music. The Outlook is good to me, and I have news of him occasionally. I have read Mr. Fussale 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 accomplish in making us all in the New World more understanding and 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 pursue the economists and the business writers to the bitter ends of their articles. (I mean to, though, when the babies are grown up.)

My mother, away across the miles to the East, reads The Outlook. Her guide...
HOW I FEEL ABOUT THE OUTLOOK
BY ALICE E. CATE

I have in my mind a vivid picture of my father's habit of taking 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 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 alive and fuller. I am amazed each week at the scope of the articles, and feel as the correspondents said about the magic carpet to view this old world at every fantastic angle. They seem eager to touch life and make it shine 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 at Lyman Abbott's crystal thinking 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 newspaper form. I like the way they cut to the point, then stop. I like their six-sentences character and events. I like the way of illuminating big issues, and I trust The Outlook's editorial judgments, knowing that moral will never be confused. Now I will confess to its greatest service to me personally. Being somewhat wobbly in health, I depend on The Outlook to substitute to set me right morally, politically, ethically, socially, spiritually. It does. What more could any unsubscribe do?

Belmont, Massachusetts.

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. As you ingeniously assures us that reduced size makes The Outlook less "fatiguing" for handling in the daily routine. While I am sly for larger print—like the type, finding it too small as of one contestant, "so clear that all people beam when they open it."

Here is a recreation of a letter to the

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 hill 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 came together. The Outlook has meant sanity, you see, to an extremist, a pendulum-swing'er.

Oswego, Kansas.

OUTLOOK

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