

MADGE AND THE CAMERA

By J. J. BELL
(Author of "Wes MacGregor," etc.)
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Prosperity and Posterity.
Chicago's superintendent of education tersely sums up the evil social situations of that and other large cities in the phrase, "Too much prosperity for the rich and too much poverty for the poor." He is, perhaps, correct as well as clever—an unusual combination—though it may require some thought to unravel the exact meaning of his epigram. With the burden of the rich, remarks the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, we have no concern—they will doubtless be able to bear it with fortitude—but the poor must be sustained and comforted and advised in their affliction. The whole trouble with the poor seems to be that their superabundance of posterity is too immediate. For this state of affairs the poor are themselves to blame. They are paupers in judgment as well as in material wealth. Did they manage posterity rightly, it would be a blessing rather than the reverse. As the poet says: "Sweet are the uses of posterity"—or if he did not, he should have, for it is a true thing. Posterity can be made an asset rather than a liability, by reversing the ordinary modes of procedure. High-minded men and women often spend their lives and persuade others to join them in "working for posterity." This is not as it should be. Posterity should work for us. And the poor, being a majority in society, could compel posterity to do this. They could initiate and carry out programs for free things—free books, free theaters, free food—and issue bonds to pay for them; bonds which would be saddled upon posterity. It is one of the glorious blessings of civilization that it can run its descendants in debt. We should take advantage of the privilege. Then we could afford much immediate posterity, and insure so much of it when the bonds became due that the "per capita" would be quite small. It is a beautiful system, and we are surprised that no great economist—or other great economist, may in modesty say—has never thought of it before. Naturally, it seems to be taking some undue liberties with posterity, but in the language of an eminent statesman, "What has posterity ever done for us?" And let posterity render what verdict of us it chooses. Life's statute of limitations will have released us from jeopardy.

American Men.

"Where is the typical American man found?" cries an Alabama lady, "east, north, west or south?" Where, indeed? There is no typical American man. There is the American woman, and the man is her masculine accompaniment, but not equivalent, says Collier's Weekly. The American man has certain characteristics, no doubt, that are specially his, and the type of him is supposed to inhabit most frequently the middle west, although no other region would acknowledge this, especially New England and the south. Since the United States became cosmopolitan in ingredients there has never been an agreement on what style of male formed the type, but no body has ever doubted the American woman's distinctiveness or preeminence. She has rubbed off corners since Daisy Miller died in Rome, but she has not changed anything essential. Heaven be praised for that. We have differences enough. Opinions vary on the tariff, the proper diet for babies, imperialism, railway rates, and literature; about our women no yawning chasm of opinion could possibly exist, and as to the whereabouts and make-up of her average consort, what does it matter where or what he is?

"Obvious" When Done.

The federal courts have several times invalidated Edison's patents on the ground that the improvements made by his devices were "obvious" solutions of the mechanical problems and therefore not patentable. As in many problems that require hard study, the solutions did seem obvious enough afterward. Not long ago Mr. Edison was trying to work out a new piece of mechanism. It seemed a simple enough problem when he began it, but it proved to be extremely difficult. After several days' exasperatingly futile work his attorney happened to ask him how it was coming along. "No good yet," replied Mr. Edison. "But, of course, the thing is perfectly obvious. I wish you'd bring a committee of those federal judges down here that are always saying that. If this thing is so plainly obvious, perhaps they can tell me how to make it."

Down on Long Island it is said the deer are so scarce that there are about a dozen hunters to every one of the animals that can be scoured up in the hunting season. But over in Connecticut that, owing to the protection afforded by the game laws, deer have become so numerous and so bold that they come into the fields and eat the crops and drive the owners away. An agriculturist who was chased to his home by one of the deer thinks the time has come to get a gun.

The city man's working hours are shorter than were those of his father; he is taken to and from his work with an ease no income could command 50 years ago; he lives more in the open air, rejoices in twice as much holiday, has immeasurably more suitable clothes and more wholesome and varied diet than his ancestors, and probably inhabits a far better built house; while a hundred and one appliances are at his command for getting him through his affairs without discomfort and with expedition.

On Madge's last birthday her uncle presented her with a token of his love in the shape of a very fine camera, together with all the appliances and chemicals necessary for successful amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming out of the house on the third afternoon, to find me lying on the lawn, alone and in no very good temper. "Isn't it jolly!" she repeated, gleefully. "I've got one right at last!" "Let's have a look, dear," said I, endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of myself.

"So I am. . . . Oh, I see it now! Why, it's the old churchyard we saw on Sunday afternoon. It's capital, Madge!"



"LET'S HAVE A LOOK."

which is Mr. Samson, and which is my self." She laid two dainty fingers on two ugly blurs. "There you are—both of you." "But we've no heads," I objected. "Oh, well, you might know yourself by the way you wear your watch-chain." "It's certainly a unique photograph—if somewhat vague," I observed after a moment. "I think it splendid for a beginner," she returned. "Glad you're pleased, Madge. Personally, I consider you've been wasting your time as well as your plates." "How disagreeable you are!" "It's all very well," I said, sulkily, "but this is the last of my three hard-earned holidays—I do work occasionally, you know—and I've had scarcely five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photography," she remarked. "I haven't expressed my objection to photography. But this—" I held up the offending piece of glass, language failing me. "Well? What have you to say about it?" Mr. Samson says it's quite good—much better than any first attempt he ever saw."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Samson has got to do with it," I said, with irritation. "Mr. Samson has been exceedingly kind in explaining and arranging things. I asked you to come and see the dark room he has fitted up for me, but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your dark room?" "Certainly not. He offered—which was more than you did." "I confess it never occurred to me to offer," I returned. "I came here to see you in daylight." Madge was silent. "Couldn't you have kept Samson away till to-morrow? He'll be here all the month, and I must leave in the morning—so, I'd better go to-night."

hour. But what negative was it that Samson brought you just now?" I inquired, trying to interest myself in her new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said, retaining her hold on the square of glass. "Never mind, dear. Let me see it," I returned, genially.

"It's not a good one, I'm sure," she said, giving it to me, somewhat unwillingly, I thought.

"Why, it's yours! Madge! Now, that's nice. You'll print a copy for me before I go, won't you? This must be the one of you I tried to take down by the barn yesterday—during the five minutes you were good enough to favor me with," I added, laughingly; "but I didn't think I should have managed so well."

Madge looked uncomfortable. "I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the negative you took yesterday. This is another one."

"Ah!" said I. "It fell, you know." "Indeed!" "So you see, this is another one, Hugh."

"So you have told me," I said, briefly. "I certainly was not going to help her."

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it would have been better than this one. You know, it just slipped from my fingers and broke."

There was a silence. Then Madge said: "Mr. Samson wanted to take me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indifferently, and then there was another silence. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked at last.

WHAT BOOKS TO READ

DO NOT DEPEND UPON ACCIDENT TO GET THEM.

The Luxury of a Library—Read Your Favorite Books Many Times—The Bible as a Literary Work—The Book Lover Per Se Cares Little for Bindings—If You Wish to Be Keen-Edged, Read the Newspapers—Newspapers Give Us Things to Talk About—They Make Our Boys and Girls Politically Intelligent.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
Plenty of people never buy books. They would think it extravagant to do so. They buy mowing machines and patent reapers, steam yachts and automobiles, and their wives spend money for rugs and divans and new paper and paint, for satins and laces, gloves, fans and all the pomps and vanities, but for books.

They depend on accident. School premiums, and holiday presents, have fitted out many a home library. In a country house, rich in adornment, standing in the midst of gardens and parks, I have seen a meager stock of books, all belonging to the fustian and jetam of yesterday; not to an immortal yesterday, either, but the ephemeral and the useless, to the books that ought to be sent to the rubbish-heap.

"Where do you get your reading matter?" I asked the housemistress, wondering much at the strange and miscellaneous character of the accumulations. "Oh, John buys a novel now and then on the railway, and visitors often leave books they are done with. We don't invest in them. They are heavy things if one moves, and hard to pack, and nobody ever reads a book the second time. You can't turn books into cash, as you can diamonds and horses."

There spoke the spirit of the toiler who had grown to wealth from poverty and to whom culture was unknown. You couldn't turn books into cash, and you wouldn't read them a second time. The ideal of utility did not make a library a desirable asset.

But one does read books the second time, and the third, and the fourth, if one is a book-lover. If one sets the right valuation on books, one would rather have them in the house than any other pleasuring. Mahogany tables and chairs are very well, but you can afford to have good things in your house, and fine china very dear to the housekeeper's heart, but a pine board and a bench will answer for necessities, if the family prefer literature to other luxuries.

In the simplest of homes, where the yearly income to bring up a half-dozen boys and girls fell under a thousand dollars, there was plain fare on a plain table; there were bare floors, and in summer the children ran barefooted, but there was an abundance of material to read. New books were added every quarter to the volumes already on the shelves, and those volumes included history, poetry, biography and essays; travel, too, and scientific research. From that home the sons and daughters have gone to take high places in the world; one a professor, another an editor, another a lawyer, another a surgeon. Their trend for life was given in the sweet humanities of their home, and though poor, they were gently bred.

What Books to Choose. If somebody gave me carte blanche to select his books, and he had none to begin with, I should revel in the enterprise. I take it for granted that at the basis of English culture is the English Bible. If you speak English, you know that the richest vocabulary, the finest treasury of style, and the highest system of ethics in the world are in that familiar book. No American home should be without it, and no American father and mother should venture to train children in ignorance of its profound and beautiful pages.

But what books shall you choose for daily reading outside the Bible? Do you like to read people's lives, to tread again in the footprints of others have left in the sands of time? Then read the lives of Gen. Gordon, "Chinese Gordon"; of Havelock, of Lord Lawrence, of Sydney Smith, of Mary Elizabeth, of John Knox, of Queen Elizabeth, of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Frances Willard, Edward Burne-Jones; of anybody who was heroic or sturdy or virtuous here, and who left a good example for imitation.

On your shelves have the works of George Eliot, of Robert Louis Stevenson, of Thomas Carlyle, of George Meredith, of Balzac, of Gutzkow, of Shakespeare, and of Sir Walter Scott. Put aside a little money every week and buy one book.

scrupulous in the search for news. But the news of the day interests every one, and the newspapers make us all one big family, with kindly feelings for our kith and kin. They flash a searchlight on crime; they awaken sympathy for distress; they give us things to talk about.

In choosing reading for the home, take in, as our British cousins say, as many good newspapers as you can. Our boys and girls have a first-hand privilege to be well-taught in politics. How shall they be politically intelligent, or decently patriotic, if they are forced to read borrowed newspapers, or go without that essential of mental culture?

Wear old hats and patched boots if you must, walk and save car fares, do without dessert after meals, but subscribe for good newspapers, read them thoroughly and discuss them in the family circle. So shall you lay foundation stones for wise building and future success.

CASUALTY ROLL OF PEACE. The Modern Man's Chances of Injury or Death by Accident. The ordinary citizen who works for his bread and has a family to support takes it for granted that, when his time arrives, he will die in his bed. Why not, indeed, when the accidents of existence have been reduced to a minimum by the expedients of a humane and ingenious civilization? People do not perish nowadays, or get hurt, by many of the dangers which formerly threatened the safety, and even the survival, of the individual. Each person is safeguarded by the entire community, which is organized to defend its members against harm of every imaginable kind.

Nevertheless, and in spite of this flattering view of the advantages of our modern civilization, says Pearson's Magazine, a study of the facts in the case shows that the actual state of affairs is far less satisfactory. This, to begin with, is the mechanical age, and with modern improvements have arrived hundreds of hitherto-unknown contrivances for killing and maiming. The railroads of this country alone kill 3,200 employees every year, and seriously injure 40,000 more. Machinery claims more victims annually than fell in any battle of our civil war. The civilization of which we are so proud may be in some respects humane, but it is undeniably murderous.

How surprising it seems to learn that each year one man out of every seven meets with a disabling accident! Women are not nearly so much exposed to mischances, for obvious reasons, and not more than one out of every 12 persons of the gentler sex suffers a like misfortune in a twelve-month. But it appears that, if you are an everyday citizen of voting age, you have only six chances out of seven of getting through the coming year without being disabled in one way or another. You have one chance in 2,200 of being killed during that period.

Nearly one-half of all disabling accidents happen incidentally in business occupations. Hence, it is well worth while to take this question into consideration when picking out a vocation. The safest of all employments, oddly enough, seems to be that of the commercial traveler—a fact proved by the circumstance that he is regarded by the insurance companies as the best possible risk, standing at the top of the "select" class. Indeed, from an insurance standpoint he is so far preferable to anybody else that he may be said almost to constitute a class by himself. He is twice as good a risk as a clergyman.

TEST WAS A FAILURE. An Illustrative Instance of the Folly of Indulging Morbid Curiosity. Somebody had told Mr. Finkenbinder that a tall candle, placed in the barrel of a shotgun, could be fired through a barn door as easily as if it were a bolt of steel.

Having a little leisure on his hands, he determined to put the matter to the test, relates Charles W. Taylor, in the Chicago Tribune. Procuring, with some difficulty, a tall candle—the kind your grandmother used to make—he brought down from the attic of his dwelling an old, single-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun that had descended to him from a former generation. He poured a generous charge of powder into it, added a paper wad, and carefully slipped the candle into the barrel, blunt end downward. It only remained to put a "G. D." percuSSION cap on the tube, and the old gun was ready for business.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

LEGISLATIVE CHAMBER LIKE FLORESTA'S EXHIBIT.

SENATOR MORGAN'S TALK

A Man with Happy Faculty in Denying Applications and Requests—Patron Saint of the Harassed Rural Mail Carrier.

WASHINGTON.—Congress has finally abolished the practice of having flowers presented to the members of the house and senate on the first day of the session. The senate took the initiative last year when it passed a resolution forbidding the placing of flowers in the senate chamber. Speaker Cannon took the matter into his own hands so far as the house is concerned this year and instructed the employes not to allow any floral display on the floor of the house.

The giving of flowers had been carried to a ridiculous extent. The desks of members were so piled up with floral pieces that nothing else could be seen and the crowded hall looked more like a floral exhibit than a legislative chamber. It got to be so that the friends of various statesmen attempted to outdo each other in the size and gorgeousness of the floral gifts that were sent in on the first day of the session.

It became a common practice that secretaries to members and senators would institute a regular campaign for funds from clerks in the departments who were from the district or state, and these contributions were in a small way a sort of blackmail. The poor clerks believed they could improve their standing with the senator or member by giving up from their hard-earned stipends one to five dollars for flowers. This practice became known to leaders in congress and they determined to put a stop to it, and there will be no more ostentatious display of flowers on the members' desks. The exhibit always detracted from the dignity of congress, and it was a common remark that men of the least prominence and ability usually secured the biggest bouquet.

An Old Man of Vigor. SENATOR MORGAN of Alabama is now in his twenty-ninth year of service in congress, and in the eighty-second year of his age. He comes to this congress with a vigor and determination that might characterize a man 20 years younger than he is. He has no idea of allowing four scores and two years to bar him from the most active participation in the legislation of the country. He has come prepared to debate all the important questions that will be before congress. He is giving particular attention to the railway rate question and has the independence to hold views that are contrary to those of a majority of his democratic colleagues.

Senator Morgan was always noted for his independence of action. This he demonstrated most effectively during President Cleveland's last administration, when, as one of the democratic leaders in the senate, caused a good deal of astonishment by opposing many of the administration policies. It was he who made famous the term "cuckoo statesman." One day in answering Senator Vilas of Wisconsin, who was the administration's spokesman on the floor, Senator Morgan referred to those who answered "cuckoo" every time the white house clock struck. The application was so pertinent and humorous that the senate fairly roared, especially as Mr. Morgan seldom indulged in wit or humor.

The Alabama senator proposes to have a voice in public affairs as long as his brain is able to conceive ideas and his tongue to utter them. His speeches and his statements in the public press are usually of a very illuminating character and the young men of the senate are ready to accord Mr. Morgan a hearing, although it requires a good deal of patience to sit out his speeches, which sometimes last for days.

Senator Pettus of Alabama. SENATOR PETTUS, of Alabama, a colleague of Senator Morgan, continues to be probably the most picturesque character in public life. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, and is really possessed of more physical vigor than his colleague, although he does not put so much strain upon it. Mr. Pettus is not one of those who indulge in "long talks" in the senate. He generally has some pertinent and illuminating observations to make on the principal subjects before that body, but he has no difficulty in defining his position in one-tenth the time that Mr. Morgan occupies in the same duty.

Senator Pettus is known as the "Chinese Mandarin" because of his remarkable physical appearance to the late Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang. He is a trifle over six feet in height, like the late Earl Li, and wears a mustache and imperial tassel, give him the facial expression of the Chinaman. To augment the resemblance the senator wears a pair of very large spectacles with steel bows. Senator Pettus attributes his long life and his ability to stand hard work to early rising and regularity of habits. He is up by five o'clock in the morning at all seasons of the year, breakfasts between six and seven and does his work in daylight. He is ready to retire at "early candle

light," and only on rare occasions does he put on his evening clothes and attend a dinner or other society function.

Senator Pettus is almost a connecting link between revolutionary times and the present. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was Capt. Anthony Winston, of Virginia, a revolutionary soldier of distinction. The senator's own activities extend over two-thirds of a century. He began the study of law about 66 years ago and was admitted to the bar 64 years ago and has practiced ever since except for the term he served as a lieutenant in the Mexican war and as an officer of the confederacy in the civil war, which he entered as a lieutenant colonel and came out as a brigadier general. Mr. Pettus has over three years to serve and the prospects are that at the end of the term he will be vigorous enough to seek a reelection.

The Right Man. FORTH ASSISTANT Postmaster General De Graw is proving to be the one man in 10,000 for the place. He is the buffer between congressmen and the postmaster general and the man to whom a thousand and one complaints and protests come, which he must answer in a way to placate all parties. Mr. De Graw is a great, big man, physically, with a wonderful fund of good nature and the very happy faculty of denying applications and requests in a way that gives no offense, but rather tickles the pride and humor of the congressman or postmaster.

As the official who has in charge the rural free delivery service, Mr. De Graw comes in contact with some odd people and hears some very unique experiences. He is looked on as the patron saint of the rural mail carrier, and they relate to him all their trials and tribulations. The life of the rural carrier is full of unique experiences, and all is not "beer and skittles" in their daily existence. They unfortunately make enemies on their routes, who try to interfere with their performance of duty. A carrier up in Pennsylvania wrote to Mr. De Graw the other day, detailing his recent experience as follows:

"As I was on my way from Leraysville to Rummerfield with the mail they had a lot of sticks in the roadway, and one stuck in one of my wagon wheels. I got out to remove it and found one end fast with wire and, somewhat vexed, I removed it, and began to remove the others. John Blank's wife ran from the house with a large dipper full of water and threw it on me, also the second one, and then hit me on the back with the dipper and then grabbed up a hoe which was on the yard fence, or near it, and hit me across my back three times, and the last time she hit she broke the handle. By that time I had removed all the sticks I could get loose."

Mr. De Graw could send no great comfort to this badly misused mail carrier.

Speaker Cannon Busy. SPEAKER CANNON has his hands full nowadays trying to find places for all the new members of the present house of representatives. He has been compelled to take from the democrats some 12 or 15 places, in order to accommodate the increased republican membership. In the last house there were 210 republicans and 176 democrats. With a membership of 54 per cent. the republicans enjoyed 62 per cent. of the committee appointments, numbering all told 759.

Speaker Cannon has figured out that in the present house the republicans have nearly 64 per cent. of the membership, and if they were given the same proportion of committee assignments as in the last house they would receive 72 per cent. of the committee membership. This is too much and would require too great a reduction of the democratic membership to appear absolutely fair. So the speaker has taken another basis for committee assignments. He finds that while there will be 65 new republican members to be taken care of in the coming congress there will be 15 new democratic members. There were vacated by the republicans 60 places on committees, while the democrats vacated 94. In a spirit of generosity the speaker decided to take only 15 of the places vacated by democrats and give them to republicans.

Under this plan he has been compelled to disappoint a great many republicans, and democrats are kicking because they have lost a dozen committee places. The speaker advises Mr. John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, the minority leader on the floor, to take out his pencil and do a little figuring. He says he believes that "John Sharp," as he affectionately calls his democratic friend, will find that the democrats have been most generously treated when they learn that only 12 of their places have been taken to distribute among 56 new republicans. The democrats are in a hopeless minority, but they would like to have good committee assignments, for the prestige it will give them in case political fortune should bring in democratic house.

A Regular Pioneer. Dr. Heber Jones, to whom the citizens of Memphis recently presented a purse of \$10,000 for his care of the quarantine this year, has weathered five epidemics in the city and yet it is recorded that he was "greatly embarrassed" when the leading woman who presented the check kissed him full upon the lips.

Opposed College Athletics. Dr. David Hillhouse Buell, the new president of Georgetown university, is one of the pronounced opponents of the present methods of football and says one of the greatest drawbacks a college has to combat is that "the public too often judges of the strength of a college by its strength in the line of athletics."