

Commercial Opportunities Abroad. More suggestions to American manufacturers and dealers that if they will get busy there is a chance to extend their trade abroad.

Divorce Statistics. The census office is busy gathering divorce statistics, and when they are compiled and tabulated, and printed, some very interesting conclusions can be figured out from them.

An appeal is being made in England for funds to undertake the great task of excavating the ruins of Memphis, the work to be done under the auspices of the British school of archaeology.

Speaking about the navy Jack tar's uniform, the New York Sun says: "Jack cannot wear his pancake cap when he is squinting through the telescope sight of a six-inch rapid-fire gun."

A Pennsylvania woman declares that during a recent trance she had a glimpse of heaven, if so she is the only Pennsylvanian on record as having enjoyed such a privilege.

The works of the late Augustus St. Gaudens have increased in value since his death. We've noticed that it is harder to get hold of one of his most famous designs—the \$20 gold piece.

Refugees, consisting in this case of people who sit in parks and on the verandas at summer resorts and observe other people's children, are making war on go-carts, declaring that they are "hateful" and injurious to the babies that occupy them.

No wonder titled Englishmen come over to this country looking for wives. They are afraid of the highly developed girls at home.

A WAY OF WISDOM

BY ADDIE DUNHAM HUXFORD

"So Dave Albrook has come back again from Colorado as poor as he went—dead broke, I hear. Well, I didn't think he'd make his fortune there, any more than he did in Australia; he isn't the kind that ever gets to the top of the heap."

Farmer Bowden's tone betrays rather more of satisfaction with his own perspicacity than of pity for the "poor devil" of whom he speaks. It is the way of the world, we all know, to "kick a man when he's down."

"He's been unfortunate, 'tis true," Widow Durrell's voice is a shade more compassionate, though she has a profound respect for the opinion of her neighbor and gossip, Farmer Bowden.

While this her friends and neighbors gossip kindly about her, Genie Moray goes her way, serenely, fancy-free and independent, being a law unto herself. An only child, the broad lands and fine blooded stock comprising the prosperous dairy farm of which she is the wise and happy mistress, came to her from a careful father.

Nobody knows what bright, kindly memories of the old days when she went to school with blue-eyed Dave, rise up in Genie Moray's heart and move her to give him this good situation on her farm, second in authority only to herself; but she lives on simply in the old ways, neither seeking nor avoiding him, but seeing a good deal of him, naturally, and being unavoidably much in his company, as she makes one of the family now.

Her frequent jaunts about the farm are mostly with him, as a matter of course, but there is a general stare on the first Sunday when he accompanies her and her mother to church, sitting with them in the family pew. But it is done so quietly and simply there is no room for comment, and as for Dave himself, his conduct is simply irreproachable; the more Miss Genie gets to know him, so much the more she likes and trusts him and approves of his present course.

"Till one day when he has been six months in her employ; in fact, she has just paid him his second quarter's salary, and he stands before her twisting the bills nervously together manifestly ill at ease, whereas light-hearted Dave's natural manner is debonair and well poised, without one trace of awkwardness. At last:

"I don't want to take this money, Miss Genie; it isn't quite fair, for I think perhaps—I shall be leaving—you—soon."

"Oh, Dave!" Miss Genie's tone is one of surprised remonstrance, with a slight shade of reproach. "You've only been here one-half year, and you are doing so well; are you dissatisfied in any way, or have you something better in view?"

"Neither, but," another embarrassed pause, then he bursts forth in a breathless sort of way: "Miss Genie, are you going to marry Mr. Roberts? Tell me truly, please!"

"Why, Dave!" Miss Genie's face flushes a little, and there is a fine reproach in her voice. "It is not like you to ask such a very singular question."

"I beg your pardon, but still, are you? I must know, because, if you are—"

It is less than nothing between us two. "To tell you the truth, Dave, I don't want to say 'no' to you, for I do like you very much indeed; his eyes begin to kindle and his face to glow with pleasure, but with an effort she keeps down a rebellious blush or so, and goes on calmly: "Nor am I quite prepared to say 'yes' to your suit. In fact, you must wait, must give me time. I have known but little of you of late years. The case stands thus: My affections are disengaged, quite so. If, in the course of a year or two, I find that I can love you, and feel assured that your love for me is true and lasting, well, I think I could then be happier with you, perhaps, than living my life alone as I have done. Meanwhile, let everything be as if we had never spoken together of this today. Matters are very well just as they have been. We are not unhappily situated, either of us. I don't want to hear a word on this subject if you accept my terms. Are you willing?"

She holds out a gracious hand to him. He takes it in both his and stands a moment choking down a most miserable feeling of despair that clutches at his throat. Poor Dave! he

is not used to women; he does not see that his cause is indeed already won. So six months more pass, and again it is summer. Miss Genie walks alone over her thriving home fields, musing as she goes on the events of the past year, and how well her handsomeness is behaving. Surely he is doing all a man can do to prove the sincerity of his devotion. And yet—

is she willing to reward him now? No matter, there is plenty of time; she need not decide yet, she is happy as she is. Has she not lover, brother and friend in one?

She climbs the stile into the "far pasture" and goes absent toward the river. A moment or two and a fearful snort and bellowing roar strike terror to her very heart. She faces round and stands still, to see the huge form of the dreaded "yellow bull" bearing swiftly down upon her, his wicked head lowered, and his curly red-gold locks waving in the wind.

Then she loses her head and starts to run in the wrong direction. That moment some one's strong arm clasps her, she is guided to the nearest fence and thrown bodily over it, just in time to save her from the furious charge of the angry bull makes.

Dave Albrook springs over after her as quickly as may be, but not unhurt. He staggers to her and stoops to lift her up, but his strength fails he sinks down beside her the blood pouring from a gaping wound in his side.

"I've always been willing to die for you Miss Genie darling," she hears him murmur. "I've often wished I could, of late. Don't cry, dear," as she, kneeling beside him, rains bitter tears on the death-white face she lifts to her bosom. "I'd truly rather have it so—like this—than live on as we were. I love—you so," and laying his lips against her tear-wet face, he faints dead away.

Then follow long, sad days when Miss Genie, with awakened heart, fears she must lose him just when life seems sweetest, but health and happiness prevail in his favor, he "heals him of his grievous wound," and in early autumn there is a quiet wedding that brings joy to two loving hearts that care not what "Mrs. Grundy" may say, and afterwards everything goes on just as before—it is Miss Genie's way and time only proves its wisdom.

PASTOR PAINTS; WOMEN SING. Head of Struggling Flock in Bay State Dons Overalls.

Malden, Mass.—Rev. John Newberry, pastor of Pentecostal church, the other morning began painting the exterior of the church building, aided by several members of the congregation.

The church is a struggling one and a few days ago the pastor said he would do the painting if some one would provide the paint, which the citizens did, and the Rev. Mr. Newberry went bravely to work clad in overalls and a jumper donated by a clothing firm.

Before starting in the pastor held a short service on the sidewalk, praying and reading from the scriptures. His wife served lemonade at intervals to her husband and his helpers, while women of the congregation encouraged the workers by singing hymns inside the church, one of the number playing the organ.

Perhaps in time the Koreans will feel as grateful to Japan as the Cubans and the Filipinos do to the United States.

JUST A GENTLE HINT.

One Remedy Appearances Indicates Nobleman Had Never Tried.

The earl of Surrey, afterward eleventh duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker and a leading member of the Beef-steak club, was so far from cleanly in his person that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse and performed the needful ablutions.

He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism and tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied: "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

BRUTALITY OF MEDICAL ETHICS. A Great Surgeon Barred from Membership in Medical Association.

(From the National Druggist for June, 1907.)

Dr. Augustus Charles Bernays, who died a few days ago in St. Louis, was, probably, the foremost surgeon in the United States. His fame was co-extensive with the civilized world. He was not only an operator of the highest order, but a tireless and exhaustive worker in the field of original surgery. He performed the first successful Caesarian section in 1889 in St. Louis, and also the first successful colostomy for gunshot wound of the abdomen and the first gallstone operation in Missouri. A record held by Dr. Bernays has never been equaled: Out of eighty-one successive cases of appendicitis which necessitated operations, seventy-one in succession were with perfectly satisfactory results, the seventy-second patient falling in recovery, but the subsequent nine cases were successfully treated.

And yet, with such a record, matchless as was his skill, varied and tentative as was his learning, wonderful as were his accomplishments, he was not considered, by the American Medical Association, as worthy of membership in that organization.

No charges were ever brought against him which, in the remotest degree, reflected on his qualifications as a surgeon; his moral character was never the subject of attack; he was never accused of having done anything unbecoming a man or a gentleman. "The head and front of his offending had this extent—no more!" He dared to think! He refused to mold his opinions and to govern his actions by the arbitrary rules which those whom he knew to be his inferiors had set up for his guidance! In other words, he could not regard the Code of Ethics of the American Medical Association as being inspired, or having any binding authority on him where his judgment told him it was wrong. And so, twenty years ago or more, on account of some trivial fraction of this sacred "Code," a movement was started to expel him from the local association, which was only defeated by his hastily sending in his resignation. As membership in the A. M. A. is dependent upon membership in the local and State societies, his name was dropped by the national organization.

And so, though he had saved thousands of lives; though other physicians had profited by his art; this brilliant surgeon; this great and able man, has, during all these years, been an outcast—a medical "scab," not recognized as "ethical" or worthy of fellowship by that body of physicians banded together in the American Medical Association!

And this is the association which, under pretense of working for the public good, is, in reality, only seeking to control Congress and the State Legislatures in the interest of their own selfish schemes; which is trying to create a Cabinet position and to place one of its members in that position; which is endeavoring by law to exclude from the use of the mails, all manufacturers of medicines who do not comply with the absurd requirements that they choose to set up; which, in short, is trying to put upon the statute books of State and nation laws that will, in effect, establish a kind of medical priesthood, to which only their own members will be eligible with power and control over the health and lives of the people!

God help the druggists, the drug manufacturers, physicians not members of their guild, and the people generally, if this association ever succeeds in its undertaking. If it does, it will, after the fashion of the labor unions, dictate a "closed shop," and say to doctors who prefer to be independent, "You must join our union or, failing to do so, compel them to get out of the business. It will say what medicines shall be taken, and how they shall be made. It will hedge the people about with a lot of petty regulations under pretense of protecting the public health. In fine, a medical bureaucracy will be established to tyrannize over the people.

Let no man call this a false alarm. If there are those who are inclined to do so, let them read the journal of the A. M. A. Let them scan the proceedings of the association, held always behind closed doors, and carefully edited, as they are, before they are published in its official organ. If they will do this they will see that we are not trying to create a bugaboo to frighten their timid souls.

A Hopeless Case. "Yes," said the business man, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Blkins. You see, he is a big, muscular fellow, and he used to throw my collectors out."

"Then why didn't you employ a woman collector?" inquired a writer in Spare Moments. "He couldn't do that to a woman."

"That's what I thought, so I got one and sent her round, but she never came back."

"Why not?" "He married her."

Sends Emigrants to Canada. The Salvation Army in England is sending emigrants to Canada in batches of 600 monthly.



MISS JULIA LATHROP.

Women's Work in Public Charities

By Julia C. Lathrop

Potency of the Intelligent Sympathy of Refined Women in Dealing with Problems of the Poor—Lady Bountiful Out-Dated—Juvenile Courts Established Through Women's Intervention—College Courses Stimulate Interest in Charitable Work—The Service of Wisest and Best Needed in Prisons and Asylums—These Now Afford Slipshod Means of Livelihood for Untrained Persons.

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(Miss Julia C. Lathrop, long associated with the work of Hull House in Chicago and with larger activities elsewhere, has had an important part in building up many worthy institutions in Illinois. During her terms of service on the Illinois state board of public charities, of which she is now a member, she has actively labored to improve conditions in the great hospitals and asylums of the state. The Cook county institutions at Duquoin also owe much to her public-spirited work. Much of the credit for establishing the juvenile court in Chicago and broadening its influence for good is due to her. In ameliorating the condition of child workers and in other ways she has shown her devotion to the helpless classes of the population.)

One of the significant signs of the times is the growth of a sense of responsibility among women as to matters of public hygiene, the protection of children, the care of dependents and delinquents—in short, that rather indefinite and constantly enlarging field which may be called public charities. This sense of responsibility is the natural development of those individual charitable ministrations which have always been assigned to women as their legitimate province. The comfortable, if not comforting, charity of a Lady Bountiful is out-dated. A woman cannot make the most innocent visit to a family in distress without finding herself beset by the whole army of problems of causation. Willy-nilly she is dragged into public efforts for laws and institutions, in each case the inevitable result of simple activities which apparently would lead her no farther than a neighbor's hearth.

For example, in the last few years, to take Illinois as a fair type, a large amount of legislation has been secured of a philanthropic sort—the parental school law, the juvenile court law, the improvement in the compulsory education law, the law as to factory inspection and the labor of children, the establishment of the asylum for chronic insane, the state training school for girls, the new St. Charles school for boys. These measures and others have been initiated and urged in large degree by women, and are a logical evidence of the desire to find constructive remedies of general application which follows the simple beginnings involved in being a neighbor in the direct fashion of the parable. The time has passed, we take it, for questioning the usefulness or propriety of such larger activities on the part of women. Further, as we discover that few conditions are local or spasmodic, that cause baffles us and prevention alone shows itself as an adequate end, the effort to make common provision for specially helpless persons or classes of persons, in the interest of society as well as of these classes is certain to increase.

As an illustration of this tendency to increase the scope of charitable effort consider the growth of public

DOG ANSWERED AN "AD." Remarkable Coincidence in Case of Lost Animal.

Here is the latest dog story. It is the story of a lost dog which answered in person an advertisement about himself before he had been published. It was vouchered for by J. Parsons, proprietor of a staid English provincial paper, the Hastings and St. Leonards Observer.

One day an advertisement containing a description of a lost dog and offering a reward of five shillings (\$1.25) for its recovery was handed into the office of the newspaper. It was set up in type, with hundreds of others, and in due course passed into the hands of the "make-up" for classification. While he was perusing it a strange dog made its appearance in the composing room. To get there it had made its way up five flights of stairs.

The coincidence, of course, impressed the "make-up" as something decidedly out of common. But his astonishment was vastly greater on discovering that the animal bore a striking resemblance to the description given of the lost dog in the advertisement which he held in his hand. He kept the dog in the composing room until the paper had gone to press, and an hour or two later, accompanied by it, presented himself at the address given. It was the dog that had been lost, sure enough, and the man was given the five shillings reward. Now the question has arisen whether the long arm of coincidence can be stretched far enough to account for the dog's behavior, or whether it was led to anticipate the appearance of the advertisement by some spook.

Last of Famous London Tavern. The end of June saw the end of the famous Albion Tavern in London England. As a city restaurant the Albion has been in existence more than a century. It has always enjoyed a great reputation for its turtle soup, immense quantities of which have been consumed at the innumerable banquets taking place within its walls. In the old days the sheriff's inaugu-

worst type of tenement, which is practically identical in Chicago and Paris, New York and London. If George Herbert was right, as to the value of sweeping a room, then to keep sweet the food vessels of institutions would be a service worthy of canonization, and to so keep house for the 350,000 wrecked and miserable beings who are sheltered in our public institutions would add incalculably to the cheer of that scattered nation within a nation which, with the solidarity of misery, they perform comradely.

On the other hand, here is a great penitentiary system which lingers on, headed and manned by persons who are placed in charge not because they have offered to the state the service of trained ability and ardent love of their ill-fated fellow men, but because they have stood some esoteric test of merit known only in the circles of a dominant political party. By what logic do we justify the universal waste and failure of the public prison and the ignoring of such interest and ability to deal with the prisoner as persons like Mrs. Booth have shown? Why should the public purse, the public conscience, divorce itself from the effort to give a man his chance in the world again? So long as the prison exists why do we not call to its service the fittest persons who can be found, whether they be men or women? To undertake seriously the study of pathological conditions of social life in these great institutions, is it not as reasonable and vital as inviting as to study diseased tissue in the laboratory? Is it not time to remove this heavy and exacting task from the list of unskilled occupations and lift it into a dignified profession?

The colleges and universities have added schools of economics and sociology, all unknown a quarter of a century ago, and through them the young persons they educate certainly gain a new view of the dignity and interest of masses of people. At Massas 25 years ago there was no history in the course, much less any hint of the study of men in their social and industrial relations. Now such studies are conspicuous. No young woman who is liberally educated can escape contact with that modern interest which at worst expresses itself in "slumming," whose best has not arrived, but whose progress is marked by such attempts as those to better and equalize primary instruction, to improve housing and living conditions in crowded town quarters, to protect children, whether at work or neglected and mischievous; to cope adequately with diseases of poverty, like typhoid and tuberculosis; to create an agreeable and refined social life in the cosmopolitan loneliness of a typical tenement locality, to give to the immigrant and his older neighbor a civic conscience.

It is not too much to hope that from all the rich output of cultivated minds, trained in the modern fashion of interest in human life and its homely struggles, we may gain as a mere by-product, if you please, enough interest in public charities to create a new vocation for women. Further, we may believe that as the states must sustain the institutions they will in time connect them with the universities and will provide training for the highly specialized service of carrying them on.

It has been closely imitated, or is being urged in various cities, notably Milwaukee, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Denver. And everywhere groups of women will be found who are urging the matter, as in St. Louis, or who have succeeded as the New Century club has done in Philadelphia.

Consider the huddled misery of a county poorhouse, its control let annually to the lowest bidder, its location set apart and its daily life unknown and unconsidered by prosperous people. Yet it is a place where intelligence would "pay" in the most commonplace sense of the word. Why does its superintendency not invite as a career?

Now and again some incidents give a suggestion of what may occur in the opening of a vocation for educated women. The head of the New York reformatory for women and the whole staff of that institution were selected by competitive examination designed to discover special aptitude and cultivation. The head is a college graduate and is said to be particularly successful. In connection with the effort to reach a scientific basis for the food of 22,000 insane wards of New York, educated women were placed in charge of the food department of various of the asylums.

It is hard to realize how difficult a task is the proper feeding of an institution. Grant that good supplies are purchased, the preparation is a great problem; how to combine the regular and economy necessary in a great institution with the varying needs of a community, some citizens of which work in the fields, others in the home or laundry—some are consumed by the fire of acute mania, others are inert and demented. The temptation to a monotonous routine is almost irresistible, and foodstuffs of good quality become hateful from the thoughtless preparation and serving. No one who has been obliged to know them can forget the great tins in which institution food is all but universally served, with their acid odor of all grease as characteristic as that smell of the

ration dinners were always held there, as also the farewell dinners given by the East India company court of directors to their departing governors.

Among the traditions of the tavern William Gurns, the well-known gourmet of his time, once banqueted his friends there at a cost of nearly £40 a head.

Countless Editions. The man in the moon was smiling in the same old way. "Dores" whispered the tall youth in the duck trousers, "that kiss I just gave you reminded me of a picture."

"Gracious, George!" responded the blushing girl. "What kind of a picture?" "Why a print."

"A funny, George!" "Why, yes, dear?" "Could you supply a reprint?" "No, after that the prints and reprints can't be had so many editions of the moon man stopped smiling and fanned his broadest.