THRIFT

BY

CLEMENTINA BLACK

The subject of thrift is too vast to be dealt with at large in anything less than a volume. The present article will confine itself to the consideration of thrift as it concerns the working classes. Before entering upon the question of actual money saving it will be well, perhaps, to touch on the point of early marriage, in regard to which the better-off are apt somewhat unjustly to reproach their poorer brethren. It is patent to the observation of everybody that working men marry earlier than professional or business men, and as it is also a general matter of belief and conduct in professional and business circles that early marriages are imprudent, it is taken for granted that the average workman, by marrying early, shows himself an improvident person. But the conditions are dissimilar. The market value of the average middle-class man is probably highest after forty, certainly after thirty. The market value of the average workman, on the other hand, decreases after forty, and in a vast number of cases is as high at twenty-two as it will ever be. Therefore, while the middle-class man is, in a financial sense, prudent in deferring marriage till thirty or thereabouts, the workman would be foolish, indeed, to delay the birth of his children until within ten years or so of his own decline in market value. The workman who desires, like the middle-class man, that the infancy and school time of his children shall coincide with his own period of greatest prosperity should marry—as, in fact, he does—between the ages of twenty and twenty-four. Then by the time the father begins to experience a difficulty in getting comparatively well-paid employment the elder children at least will be of an age to earn for themselves. It should be remembered, too, that work people as a class die younger than people who are better off, so that a bricklayer, married at twenty, and a barrister, married at thirty, have about even chances of seeing the manhood of their eldest sons—another reason why the former is wise to marry early if at all. Early marriages, then, whether improvident or no in the case of middle-class bridegrooms and brides, are not improvident in the cases of working people—unless, indeed, it be contended that it is improvident to marry at all—a contention fraught with rather alarming possibilities to the future of the race.

SHOULD WORKING PEOPLE SAVE?

Leaving marriage, and proceeding to consider the matter of direct money-saving, we find ourselves confronted by two questions: 1. Do working people save? 2. Is it wise for them to save?

In answer to the first question, the existence of vast numbers of insurance companies, benefit societies and clubs, large and small, solvent and insolvent, goes to show that working men and women in large numbers do save. Out of a pretty wide experience I can call to mind hardly one working-class household in which no member contributed to some form of organized thrift. The trade union, the benefit club, the "Prudential," the Foresters, the Odd Fellows, the innumerable lesser societies, with strange names and stranger banners, entirely unknown to the ordinary middle-class person, all live upon the weekly pence of the workman and workwoman. In most of them the expenses of management are proportionately higher and the return for payments less than in insurance companies demanding higher subscriptions from wealthier clients. Even so it is generally said that the larger societies could not remain solvent but for the number of members who annually lapse, leaving behind them their contributions, and ceasing to possess any claims; while the lesser societies are continually breaking up and leaving their contributors empty-handed. No—it cannot be maintained that working people do not save, though it may be sadly questioned whether their savings are, or possibly can be, large enough to make any sort of effectual provision for sickness or old age; while it is unfortunately beyond all question that they often get a poor return or none for their savings.

This being so, we are driven to consider whether it really pays the poorer working man or woman to save at all. It pays, of course, to put by a small sum weekly towards the purchase of good boots, a warm coat, or coals at the cheaper season; but, out of a wage of twenty to thirty shillings, is it wise or foolish to pay tenpence, or even sixpence, a week in an attempt to make provision for the future? It is now a good many years since an old Scotchman of great intelligence and judgment, the secretary of his trade union, a member of the municipal council, and justly respected by his fellow-townsmen of various ranks, gave me his opinion.

A FIRST-HAND OPINION.

He related to me how, as a young man, he had accompanied a benevolent gentleman to a lecture upon "Thrift," and how, as they afterward walked away, the gentleman waxed eloquent on the duty of every man to lay by. But my old friend, canny even at five-and-twenty or so, replied that he was a married man with two children, that his earnings were two pounds a week, that, if he spent less, either his children must go short of what was necessary to make them strong, healthy and well trained or he himself must go short of what was necessary to maintain his efficiency, and that, in his belief, the best form of thrift for a man in his position was to maintain the highest standard of living which his small total income would secure. In this case the plan had fully succeeded. He was, I suppose, well over sixty, as hale, active and as much interested in the progress of the world as any man of thirty, and a most valuable citizen. His children had both grown up healthy, capable and industrious; both were regularly employed, and in receipt of good wages. But supposing—and his trade was one reputed unhealthy—that the father had died, leaving a widow and young children unprovided for? We may note that his chance of doing so was lessened by his being better fed and clothed than his more sparing neighbor. Still, death is liable to sieze even the best nourished and the most fitly clothed; he might have died long before his children had completed their excellent education or become capable of self-support. Even in that case, however, would these orphans, in whom a foundation had been laid of good health and good teaching, have been really worse off than if, with a poorer endowment of personal acquiremens, they had inherited the money pittance—so sadly inadequate at best—that their father might have scraped together in his few years of life? For how miserably small is the provision that can, even with the utmost exercise of parsimony, be made out of a wage of two pounds a week! Moreover, many industrious and respectable fathers of families, even in costly London, earn no more than thirty shillings, or even twenty-five. Out of such wages they do eave; they save, indeed, in proportion, more largely than persons having thrice their income, but they do not succeed in providing for their widows and orphans, nor for old age; nor is it possible that they should do so. In their inevitably inadequate efforts to make such provision, however, they too often deny themselves the absolute essentials of healthy living.

To abstain from buying new shoes in order to make provision for possible old age and then to die of pneumonia induced by want of sound shoes is but a doubtful form of thrift, both for oneself and one's nation. The interests of the nation in particular are certainly better served by the maintenance among working-class families of the highest attainable standard of life than by the accumulation of very small individual provision for possible orphans or possible old age. Even two pounds a week, alas, will not suffice (except in remote country districts—where no man earns so much) to provide superexcellent housing, clothing and food for four people; and the working-class family does not often consist of no more than four. The present cost of thrift—as thrift is generally understood—is too heavy, and the future return too light; and the wise man is not he who saves his money, but he who spends it to the best advantage.

SPENDING A WORKMAN'S WAGES.

The practice of our Scotch exemplar answers the question. He spent his income primarily in keeping his whole family in good physical condition, and in giving to the younger members the best preparation he could for the future. He further perceived that without the organized support of his fellow-workers he was powerless to prevent his £2 a week from being reduced to something less. He, therefore, contributed to his trade union both money and time, and later in life, when, as its secretary, he was no longer bound to such rigid hours of work, gave further time and thought to the service of the great manufacturing town in which he dwelt. He would, I feel sure, have maintained that all these exercises of public spirit were not only a fulfillment of personal duty, but also a form of enlightened thrift—a part of that system of keeping up a high standard of living which he consistently practiced and occasionally preached. The man who so spends and so lives is truly thrifty, and his thrift does not merely advantage himself at the cost of his class and his country; on the contrary, every man so living makes it easier for every other man to come up to the same level. To help in preventing—by trade combination—the lowering of wages is a truer form of thrift than to pay into a savings bank, and a wisely ordered trade union is the working man's best insurance.

But, though to keep wages from falling is always advantageous to the household treasury, it by no means follows that every apparent addition to wages really adds to wealth. Many a wife and mother, by going out to work or taking work at home (with the best possible motives and the utmost self-devotion) is in fact injuring instead of promoting the prosperity of her family and her class. There are trades in which, the men's wages being low, the women have gone to work beside their husbands and the children beside their parents, with the disastrous result that the family, instead of the man, has become the industrial unit, and the work of all is given for little or no larger remuneration than was formerly received for the work of the father alone.

SENDING CHILDREN TO WORK.

A peculiarly baneful form of thrift, largely practised by industrious and careful parents, as well as by those who are neither industrious nor careful, consists in setting their children to work for wages very early in life. While still at school the boy or girl will be sent to regular work before or after school hours—and sometimes both before and after. The last year or two at school, so valuable when the period of schooling is short, are more or less wasted owing to the over-fatigued condition of the child. Moreover, these are precisely the years of early adolescence, in which any sort of strain is so especially pernicious. A boy of from ten to thirteen will earn at the outside half a crown a week—often not a shilling—at the cost of becoming a less efficient worker to the extent of five shillings a week or more, his life long. Nowhere among our short-sighted human dealings can be found a more flagrant example of that wastefulness which the French proverb stigmatizes as "eating one's wheat as grass." The really thrifty course in regard to children is, on the other hand, to keep them learning as long as possible, and to let them begin earning late, in order that they may earn largely. Much of the misery existing in Great Britain would be removed or alleviated if all parents who can possibly afford to do so would keep their children at school until they were over fourteen, and take care that their schooling was followed by one, two, or taree years of real trade training. This country is full of amateurs in every department from the House of Commons to the casual ward. In the world of industrial competition amateur work means for the individual an insecure footing, and for the nation a loss of prosperity. England's real want of foresight shows itself in the degree to which all of us, rich and poor, fail to train ourselves and our children for the business of life, and neglect that best conceivable investment of capital which increases value. The value of the workman lies in his health, his personal character, his intelligence and his knowledge of his trade. To improve or establish any of these is true thrift; to leave them poor, or to risk injury to them, is to be in the truest sense thriftless. The nation in which such thriftlessness continues to be common—as, alas, it is to-day in England—must gradually grow poorer, however large its empire, and however numerous the hoards cherished in stocking feet by its workers.

Next week:

"The Up-to-Date Jap," by Clive Holland.

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ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM.

By A. C. GARRIGUS.

All day long the wind had blown in fitful gusts, now spinning tops in the dusty road, now seizing the smoke from the wheezing engine at the water tank and trailing it like a sooty banner along the ground. Across the track, in a budding elm, a robin piped a persistent prayer for rain, and the wires hummed a fierce symphony in minor key.

As the evening came on the small clouds which had been gathering here and there in groups joined hands and circled about a giant thunder head that reared its snowy turban in the west. Behind the scenes the lightning glowed, flaring around the edges and peeping through the chinks, and the thunder pounded and grumbled at its work.

An extra freight coughed its way up the grade, dragging a long string of "empties," worming in and out of the cuts and around the curves, its tail lights winking and blinking like two red eyes, its smoke becoming a blood-stained plume in the reflected glare of the open firebox.

The air was oppressive and I pushed the sash in the station window full to the top and sat in the little alcove smoking and listening to the drowsy "blurr" of the wires and the idle chatter of the sounders. Outside in a wayside pond an orchestra of young frogs rattled their trap drums. A dog bayed in the remote south and was answered in like from the north. In the woods along the river a screech owl hooted a shivering defiance to the tremulous threatening of a whipporwill. The wind, after having blown up the tempest, sank to a whisper and stole in and out on tiptoe, bringing upon its breath the scent of fresh-plowed earth, of wild plum blossom and the odor of pine from the brushy hillsides.

There was a crunching step upon the gravel, a man walked across the creaking platform, entered the station and peered in through the window of the ticket office. It was Mr. Robert Granger.

"Come in Bob," I called as cheerily as possible. "How's the train for Louisville? An hour late. The limited is due to pass here first to-night. Why, of course, you can get a ticket. I thought the big sale was next week."

"So it is," he answered. "I'm not going to a sale. Come outside, Sam, I want to talk to you; it's too close in here."

I pinned down a pile of fluttering waybills with a paper weight, swung shut the safe door, twirled the combination and followed my companion out upon the platform. Bob took out his pipe, crumbled some tobacco into it and struck a match, holding it in the hollow of his hand while it sputtered, flickered and at last burned brightly. When he had taken a few satisfying puffs he leaned his back against a pillar and gazed over my shoulder into the darkness that seemed to stretch out its arm and clasp everything to its sable bosom.

"No, Sam, it's no horse sale this time," he said, after a long pause; "I'm going to Louisville after my wife. You know I told you the other day that I wouldn't give in, but I shall, just the same. I thought it all out last night. Sam, I used to glory in sticking to a thing to the end—the bitter end. Once, when I said I wouldn't do a thing, then I wouldn't, but I've about got around to the point where I don't think it's much to be proud of. I guess stubbornness is nothing but pig-headedness, after all, and while it's well enough to be pig-headed when you're right, I don't think a pig was ever right about anything.

"When she went away in the way she did I swore I would never speak nor write to her again, but, Sam, it doesn't pay to keep your word with the devil, and so I am going to Louisville to bring her home, and no matter what's to promise she's got to come.

"Did you ever see my wife, Sam? Yes, of course, the time we came home; but did you ever really see her? She was just the sweetest, clingingest little peach blossom of a woman that every stole the heart of a man. I met her at a dance over at the springs. She was stopping at the hotel with her mother—and, let me tell you, there were no false starts on my part that time! Why, I knew I loved her the minute I saw her—all dressed up in white, dainty and cool, with a big red rose in her hair; and I went into the race to win from the start, and win I did, though I can never tell you how.

"When we came to mamma for her consent, well, it was all off—at first. She 'wouldn't have it,' she declared. 'What! A Tracewell to marry a poor common farmer and horseman!' But the next day, when I drove her out to the place and showed her the bluegrass as far as she could see, and the old house, and the stable full of horses, she changed her tune. She quit bucking.

"'Of course, Virginia was of age and could do as she pleased,' she said, 'and would do it, in spite of her; she didn't care for her mother, anyway. Nobody did.' With that she went all off her feet and cried behind her handkerchief.

"Well, of course, I couldn't help but see what she was driving at, and so I came in with a rush and did the proper thing. My home—our home—was to be hers, too; she must be with us always, and so on. After that she came to herself beautifully, folded her hands and sighed like a dying saint and kissed me on the cheek.

"Well, Sam, I wasn't quite prepared for what followed. Why, say, we hadn't got a fair start before the old lady was right in the running with us, and there was where I found out that it was one thing to make a promise and another to keep it. We started fair enough, as I said, but it wasn't long before 'mother' acted as if she wanted to crowd me off the track. When she had to pass me she would do it with her skirts pulled aside and her head set as hard aback as if she was reined up too high.

"I didn't say anything to Virginia about it, for I had no desire to draw her into the pocket with us. But by and by I could notice her, too, looking me all over with a critical eye when she thought I wasn't watching. She was hunting for the weak spots her mother had pointed out in me. Sometimes, too, she would speak sharp and impatient to me and cry afterward, like a heart-broken child, and tell me that I was too good to her. Say, she acted just like a colt with a sharp bit in its mouth, and yet I could have handled her all right, I think, if the old lady hadn't been in the way the whole time.

"Well, I stood it all without a word until the old lady commenced to fill up the house with guests that I didn't know and didn't care to know—the kind that sit at your table and eat your food and shy at you on the street like a two-year-old at a piece of white paper. Say, don't that get a man, though?

"There was one fellow in particular that I couldn't endure. He always stuck in a 'sir' after everything he said to me, but he seemed to take a shine to Virginia from the first. I tell you, there was enough in his looks to teach me all I wanted to know about him. He was too old to have so much white in his eye. And, say, when he laughed and showed his teeth, I swear it, Sam, he laid his ears back! Now I'm not afraid of any horse, let me be on his back or behind him with a tight line, but I'd rather face a lion in his den than a bitin' horse turned loose, and that's what he was.

"I spoke to Virginia about it, and she laughed a little uneasy-like, and said that he was an old friend of the family. Then I went to her mother, told her that I had been keeping an eye on the gentleman, that I didn't fancy his actions, that he was tricky and not fit for any lady.

"I wish you could have heard the way she came back at me; it sounded like two cats fighting under the house. 'Why, he was a somebody, he was from somewhere, and akin to all the somebodies from everywhere.' But that didn't phaze me any, because I have seen some mighty bad strains in some mighty good blood in my time, and I told her so and added some more statements that I'd no business to make, for I was tired of taking her dust.

"It's true enough, Sam, that I'm not well up in education, and I may be a trifle heavy when it comes to prancing around in society, but it's my own fault. I always stuck to horses instead of books and so did my father before me. I reckon it must have run in the breed. But my mother—I never knew her, but I've heard father speak of it often enough—when it came to style and education and family—say, she would make the whole bunch of them look like two-year-olds! That's the kind of a woman my mother was.

"As for the Grangers, we were true to our idea of a gentleman, anyway. We never threw a race, lied about a man, nor flirted with a married woman. I told her all that, and I said I'd a thousand times rather be an honest, hard-working, sore-shouldered farmhorse than a vicious, broken-down old skate of a thoroughbred! I guess that must have gone pretty well home, for the old lady kind of choked up and went pale and threw up her hands, and I turned around—and there was Virginia!

"Well, the trick was done. I had said it and it was the truth, and I wouldn't take it back. * * * The next evening, when I got back from Lexington, they were gone. Virginia had left a note which said that it was for good and all; that she had been unhappy, that our marriage was a failure. Lord, how empty the house seemed without her!

"Well, Sam, it's been a month, and I'm sick of it all and I want her back, even if her mother must come along. But to think of the two together is to think of a good dinner and a dose of codliver oil afterward.

"But come what may, I'll have Virginia or no other man shall."

"Bob," said I, reaching out for his hand in the darkness, "take my advice; don't promise too much again. You've been right all along, it seems to me, and there is no occasion for your going down on your knees to anybody. Stand firm and don't lose your head, and you'll bring her down after a while. Women have a great fashion of shying at a knothole and taking a fence—when they've got to."

While we had been talking the clouds had drawn near, the air was damp and smelled of the coming rain, and an ominous hush brooded over all, as if everything might be holding its breath. Suddenly, from far down the line, there came a resounding whistle, quickly followed by two short blasts, and the limited poked her nose around the bend and bore down upon us.

"She's going to stop," I said to Bob. "Must have a through passenger on board."

The quivering headlight grew brighter and more dazzling, and the rails began to sing with the sound of approaching wheels. The track became a glistening ladder reaching on and on and up to the great and shining eye.

I arose and went into the office; Bob leaned against the window sill and waited.

With a jarring roar, the flash and blast of escaping steam, the droning of a bell, with the grinding of steel-shod wheels and the squeal of releasing brakes, the train drew up at the station and stopped with a clang. The vestibule of a Pullman was flung open, a porter descended with a stool and a woman stepped down and watched the train drop over the hill. Then she turned about, and in a blaze of light that came like a searchlight from heaven, the two figures stood out in bold relief and one flew to the other as iron filings unto a strong magnet. There was an inarticulate murmur like the cooing of two doves, then came the thunder and swallowed up every other sound and the strong arm of darkness snatched them into oblivion.

A sudden gust of wind whipped around the corner. A great crackling blue light leaped into the room, and close upon its heels an appalling burst of thunder that shook the station until its very teeth chattered. A few large drops scampered across the roof, followed by a fierce fusillade of rain that soon subsided into a steady drumming. After a time the flashes of lightning grew less frequent. The thunder passed from a roar to a grumble and then to an occasional mutter. The tattoo of the falling rain became a gentle patter and ceased.

I threw up the sash and sprang out upon the platform. The two were standing very close to each other in the doorway.

Bob came to meet me and crowded me around the corner of the bay window.

"Virginia has come back," he cried in an ecstatic whisper; "she came on the wings of the storm, but she brought peace—for she came alone. The old lady is married to the bitin' horse I told of. And, Sam, I honestly believe if I had them both here now I could say, 'God bless you, my children' and—and—God help you."

HOTEL BABY AND THE GRASS.

Many good people do many good deeds in behalf of tenement-house children in the cities, who seldom breathe fresh air or come in contact with the bare earth, but it comes as a surprise that children of well-to-do parents should ever be deprived of these two essentials to health and happiness.

"As soon as the grass begins to get green," said an old resident of this city, "my thoughts turn toward a hotel baby that I used to know. She is a grown woman now, and I often wonder where she is and whether she still loves grass as she once did. She was the child of a prominent railway man; his wife was rather delicate, also fashionable, and fond of society without household care attached to it, and they had always lived at a big hotel in another city. One spring, when the grass was just getting to its fullest and freshest beauty, these people came to Indianapolis on a little visit, bringing the baby girl with them. They arrived in the afternoon and I happened to be making a call at the home where they were entertained. We were all sitting on the piazza when their carriage stopped at the door. The little girl was lifted out and set on her feet—I remember just how she looked—a blue-eyed blonde vision in dainty white cloak and lace cap. She toddled in the gate (we had gates then), stared around her, and, with a bewildered but determined expression on her droll little features, made a quick rush for the side yard. After greetings were over among all the grown people, the mother said, 'Where's Ethel?

"Ethel, if you please, was indulging in a wild 'orgie' of ecstatic admiration—no other words can describe her state of mind—over the beautiful grass in the side yard. She was crawling and tumbling on it head over heels, regardless of her good clothes; she patted it, she kissed it, she rubbed her face in it, she kicked her little white shoes on it, she rolled over and over on it, like a happy little pig or a colt, or a cat with catnip."

"'Just do look at that baby,' I exclaimed, 'what is the matter with her?'"

"'Why,' said the stylish little mother, 'I forgot—that must be it—I don't believe she ever saw grass before.'

"That was it—the poor little hotel baby was having her first charmed experience of 'sweet fields of living green.' It almost made me weep, and so, now, whenever spring comes I wonder and wonder if that grown-up hotel baby still loves grass."

THE OLD-TIME PEDDLER WOMAN

"Many picturesque features of the old days are much missed in modern life," remarked an elderly Indianapolis woman. "For instance, nothing nowadays takes the place of Barbara, the old German peddler woman. Nearly fifty years ago Barbara and her peddler basket of notions were indispensable domestic institutions. The basket was an oblong willow basket, nearly a foot deep and fully three feet long, with square corners. Barbara was a tall, muscular German woman—a grenadier in size and almost an angel in disposition, so quiet, amiable, kind and courteous was she. In her wonderful basket was everything in the way of small notions that can be mentioned: Needles, of all kinds, including knitting, tatting and crochet needles; thread of every color, in spools and in hanks; buttons of all kinds and sizes; shoestrings, long and short; tape, darning cotton, hooks and eyes, rubber cord, beads, laces, silk ribbons, needle books, emery bags, cakes of wax and other little trinkets for the workbasket. Barbara also carried a small stock of nice handkerchiefs and napkins, a few fine towels and the latest thing in embroidered and lace collars. The old peddler woman made the rounds of the town on foot—she came to our house about once in two weeks—and when she opened her basket on our side porch all the women in the house, and sometimes half the women in the neighborhood, would flock around her to admire and to buy. We depended on Barbara's visits, and often deferred getting necessary notions down street, preferring to patronize nice old Barbara.

"But prosperity spoiled this pleasant, primitive fashion of needles and thread peddled from door to door. Good old Barbara got able to rent a stall in the market. From that she opened a little shop. The shop grew into a good-sized store—and Barbara owned, before she died, a nice brick block of houses, the outcome of her early days with the peddler basket."

The Comrades.

In solitary rooms, when dusk is falling,
I hear from fields beyond the haunted mountains,
Beyond the unimpenetrable forests—
I hear the voices of my comrades calling,
Home! home! home!

Strange ghostly voices, when the dust is falling,
Come from the ancient years; and I remember
The school boy shout, from plain and wood and river
The signal cry of scattered comrades, calling,
Home! home! home!

—William Canton.

The number of irrigating ditches and canals in operation in the United States exceeds twenty thousand, and their combined length is not less than fifty thousand miles.

THE ONLY TWO.

Yes, the Newriche's reception after the Horse Show the other night was very select. There were only two common people there.

Who were they?

Mr. and Mrs. Newriche.

SPHINX LORE

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.

[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine.]

471.—HARD TO BELIEVE.

BELLE L. BARNES.

472.—ANAGRAM.

Whene'er my lady goes to shop
At bargain counters she will stop,
And if she does not know just how
To find them, then with courtly bow
And studied grace, a gentleman
Will tell my lady where she can
Procure six yards of white pique
For less than one cost yesterday.
HARK TO 'ER, FELLOW!

AMARANTH.

473.—PSEUDONYMS.

An International Congress has lately been held at (1) Gotham, at which there were present representatives from all parts of the world. (2) The Sweet Singer of Israel, from (3) the City of David, brought before the Congress the condition of (4) the Promised Land; (5) the Peasant Bard and (6) the Wizard of the North, told of matters in (7) the Land o' Cakes, as well as (8) the Ettrick Shepherd, who had even lived much in (9) Auld Reekie itself. The report from (10) the Old Dominion was given by (11) the Sage of Monticello, (12) Old Rough and Ready, (13) Tippecanoe, and (14) the Father of the Constitution. There were (15) the Virgin Queen, (16) the Bard of Avon, (17) Old Noll, (18) the Grand Old Man, and (19) the three Lake Poets to represent (20) the Land of the Rose; while (21) the Little Corporal, (22) the Maid of Orlean, and (23) the Citizen King were there from (24) the Land of the Lilies. (25) The Swedish Nightingale and (26) the Lion of the North came together from their own land. And so they came from every quarter of the globe, from (27) the Hub, from (28) the Flowery Kingdom, from (29) the Land of Steady Habits, and so on, but when they were come together (30) Old Glory waved over them all.

DOROTHEA.

474.—TRANSPOSITION.

I.

Go forth and view the shining orbs
That gleam in Southern skies,
When day has muffled up her face
And closed her weary eyes.
Behold a hunter in his chase,
The giant of the fields;
With dazzling belt and dangling sword,
A mighty club he wields,
And holds with pride a lion's skin
As trophy of his mace;
And with his dogs still following
He roams the realms of space.

II.

Here is gymnastics for the mind,
To educating youth,
A co-efficient of increase
Exponent small of truth.
Accept no substitution,
This is most highly prized,
For it is plus arithmetic
And wisely generalized;
Pursued at length with ardor
By radical degrees,
You have a course postgraduate
In complex A B C's.

TOM A. HAWK.

475.—PROBLEMATICAL.

I call to mind a case I once knew of where a modern Zantippe outwitted her stubborn spouse. He was the keeper of the village store, and it had been one of his whims to show his importance by keeping her in ignorance of the price of everything the shop contained; so when one day in a domestic tiff he packed his grip and made himself scarce, taking his ledgers with him, he thought that she would be left with the store on her hands, not knowing the cost of a single article and helpless to conduct it. She, however, set to work, and noticing that each article was marked with letters indicating the cost of each article singly and by the dozen used this knowledge for a starter and worked it out thus: Brooms, CS each, COS per doz.; syrup pails, MPE each, PSN per doz.; garden rakes, AR each, RIO per doz.; jackknives, PA each, APS per doz.; overalls, GS each, CSNS per doz.; purses, A each, RS per doz.; alarm clocks, IG each, GPN per doz. Having discovered the key word the rest was easy, and she then found that it was by a diligent use of itself that she had accomplished the result. What was the key word?

IMA COON.

476.—CHARADE.

ONE was a sportsman bold and brave,
(Or so at least thought I)
If he caught sight of a soaring THREE
He made the "feathers fly."
One day while roaming through the wood
TWO men he did espy,
With gleaming ONE-TWO-THREE in hand
And murder in his eye;
ONE gave a yell that rent the air;
No deer ran e'er so fleet;
In breathless haste he homeward sped,
No grass grew 'neath his feet.
His bravery, courage (?), all had fled,
No more inspired his soul.
The cause? Alas! a cruel man
Grasping a murderous WHOLE.

H. E. F.

477.—DROPPED CONSONANTS.

After i**i*** a sufficient amount of bad whisky the white man from *i**i**i**, where they are known sometimes to be guilty of *i**i**i** i**i*i* liquors, undertook the *i*i*i*i** of the natives, as he called teaching them all his own bad habits. After i**i** one **i*i**i*o to drink with him he demanded i***i*i* obedience to his orders. After materially *i*i*i**i** the amount in the bottle they struck up a dance to an i***i*i** tune, or at least it seem so to them, but if the music had been judged by its i***i**i* merits it might not have stood high. The white man then fell to **i*i*i** the style of his partner's dancing, but on looking about him he discerned that while so engaged the rest of the Tagalogs had run off with all his weapons and ammunition, and so put out of his power all *i**i**i** of this unruly crowd.

DOROTHEA.

478.—DECAPITATION.

Her hair is black and lustrous,
Her eyes are deep and gray,
Her skin is pure and lily white,
Her smile is like the day.
Her laughter brings the sunlight
Where all was dark before,
Around her there are always
Of suitors half a score.

I love her for her beauty,
And all her winsome ways,
She WHOLE my heart with gladness
Through bright and cloudy days.
Yet ONE with every blessing
Must follow in a train,
And I must own when she gives me
A smile that any one can see
She gives me one, and two or three
To some competing swain.

HYPERION.

ANSWERS.

454.—Its overabundance should make the United States charitable.

455.—Jealous, zealous.

456.—Cooke, Browning, Grevy, Burns, Cole, Coke, Saxe, White, Brown, Drake, Bacon, Hogg, Hare, Lamb, Roe, Bragg, Land, Stowe, Worth, Mark.

457.—International arbitration.

458.—1. Rattlesnake. 2. Moccasin. 3. Garter snake. 4. (W)hoop snake. 5. Boa. 6. Racer. 7. Adder. 8. Copperhead.

459.—1. Freeze, frieze, frees. 2. Rows, roes, rose. 3. Leigh, lea, lee. 4. Harte, heart, hart. 5. Si, see, sea. 6. Two, to, too. 7. Right, wright, rite, write. 8. Reins, rains, reigns.

460.—1. Mutiny, tiny. 2. Mouse, use. 3. Grant, ant. 4. Hoosier, osier. 5. Musty, sty. 6. Teague, ague. 7. Opera, era. 8. Arrange, range. 9. Sparrow, arrow. 10. Betray, tray. 11. Bodice, dice. 12. Throw, row. 13. Thought, ought.

461.—Mutilate, ultimate.

462.—Pot-a-to.

AS TO LARGE FAMILIES.

More Children Desirable Only if They Are Well Trained.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal:

From one point of view President Roosevelt's demand that a model American citizen shall produce a large family should admit of broad qualification. Our country needs a thriving native population; yet it is quality that is desirable rather than quantity. Let there be more citizens, but let them be good citizens. Quantity multiplies towns and railroads, but it is that same quantity that increases the demand for penitentiaries.

Let our model citizen have a large family about him by all means, but let him also do his duty by that family. A conscientious father should proportion his family to his means of making it a contented one, and one worthy of addition to society. What right have parents to thrust an ill-cared-for existence on their offspring? Yet in these days the daughters in families of four or five children support themselves, and many an esteemed parent is glad to have them do it. Look about you and note how many hard-worked keepers of boarding houses are not widows. Where is the olden-time pride of our householders? Or is it the vanity of young women that has brought about such a state of affairs?

Without dispute a man may do no better for his country's weal than rear for it citizens of moral worth; but children who are born and grow up about as Topsy did do not make such citizens. Our direst need is for parents who have a deep sense of the responsibility intrusted to them. Their most vital business should be character building rather than euchre and poker parties. They have pliable material in their charge which is too often allowed to harden into ugly shapes. Ask the public school teacher of the aggravated cases of spoiled child with which she has to deal, and of the foolishly indulgent parents who fight the kindest efforts to correct malignant habits—for Cupid is not half so blind as the average mother. Often the teacher who would be the good Samaritan is forced to contend with bitterness from the parents and dislike from the child to accomplish the beginning of needed revolution in the pupil's habits.

It is not from these unweeded gardens that valued citizens may be reaped. The child who is never thwarted, who obtains everything he cries for, who wreaks an uncontrolled temper on all who deny his demands, is ripe for crime of some sort by the time he has reached manhood. His untrained temper often cuts short his opportunities for education, and he is hopelessly ignorant; he cannot control himself, and becomes the victim of his own passions.

Do we want large families of this quality? Instead, we want men of worth and integrity, trained to unselfish power, women of strong, decided character, who are wise enough to deny hurtful things to their children. Weakness is guilty of all wickedness.

The bonds of matrimony are far too easy of access, so that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread." No inquiry whatever is made by the commonwealth as to the fitness of the man and woman pausing on its threshhold, be they old enough to have sense, it is presumed that they have it. An office which it would seem fitting that only a clergyman of the highest character might perform may be received at the hands of an ignorant magistrate whose dealings are the scorn of the community.

Colleges are endowed for the promotion of every imaginable profession in the world save for motherhood and fatherhood, in which sphere wisdom is doubtless acquired by intuition. Naturally, parents who have ruined one family in the raising might improve on a second—but what of the lost material? Yet it is a bold spinster who intrudes her advice on the average mother. A teacher who has taught forty young children of different families for some score of years, making a total experience of nine months of the life of each of eight hundred pupils, might fairly be credited with some wisdom in regard to children and the right way to manage them for their own good. But let none such presume on her opportunity if she be a spinster.

Human parents are generally the progenitors of angels, and the little wings spread and flutter in unexpected ways, while mother is too busy and father too careless to inflict the promised punishment. So it results that every village has its quota of useless young men, fast young men, talented young men without the stamina to pursue their advantages, worthless sons of rich men, criminals who have been sheltered from the law, etc. This store of youths is complemented, by a less number, perhaps, of weak and frivolous young women—for if is Thomas Jefferson rather than Tersy Ann who goes to waste. What a combination for a future generation!

This is the reason the wily politician never has to seek for his tools; they are awaiting him, ready-made. It is the honest man of firm convictions who is rare. The country needs many men who can vote, but none whose votes or influence may be purchased.

To one who thinks far enough along this line a terrible proportion of the evil of our country is directly traceable to the over-indulgent mother and to the heedless father, also. Rather guard a child from vice than from death. Parents who rear neglected families do the country an injury as limitless as the ripples circling about the pebble cast into a lake. Let the desire, then, be not for larger families, but for better ones; not for votes, but for intelligent votes.

X.

A WEEKLY PROBLEM.

Mrs. Askit—What is this Chinese problem I read about so often in the paper?

Mr. Askit—Whether or not you'll get your laundry at the end of the week.

One Thing Wagner Forget.

Atlanta Constitution.

Prof. Adolph Wagner, of Berlin University, says the United States has done nothing for the civilization of the world. It has made many a German quit wearing wooden shoes.