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BY FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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Frederic J. Haskin, Director, Washington, D. C.

The Ohio Tax League claims to have discovered that if all wealth and all credit in the state were taxed, a rate of one per cent would be sufficient for the state's needs. To the proposal to tax all wealth there should be no objection, but why should a man be called upon to pay a tax on what he owes? It is one of the iniquities of the tax law in Kansas that the maker of a real estate mortgage must pay taxes on it in the form of an increased interest charge, while at the same time he is compelled to pay a tax on the property bought with the money he borrows.

Just when everything connected with the senate investigation of campaign expenses was running smoothly, and the committee was obtaining information which was being eaten up by the public, up bobbed Dan Hanna, son of the well remembered Marcus, and denied flatly and in its entirety the testimony of one of the star witnesses. If such things continue how shall the public ever learn the truth?

The officials of the bureau of war risk insurance plans to spend $40,000 for the establishment of a roof garden on top of the big building in Washington that houses the bureau. The extent of the plans may be realized when it is stated that the garden will accommodate 15,000 persons, and will be equal in size to any roof garden in the country. Meanwhile the treasury has a floating debt of about $3,000,000,000, and the announcement is made that taxes cannot be lowered for a long time to come. Probably both parties in their national platforms will promise to stop the treasury leaks and reduce the taxes. The voters long ago learned the value of such promises.

If Hoover could command as good a vote in the electoral college as he has in the other colleges the presidency would be settled now.

It begins to look as the one of the issues of the campaign may be whether we are to continue at war with Germany. But the party that promises peace may not be able to deliver the goods.

The senate committee investigating campaign expenditures it is said bumped into an impenetrable mystery when it tried to get light on William G. McAdoo's candidacy for the Democratic nomination. It might call some of the moving picture men with satisfying results.

Attorney General Palmer has declared his opposition to the excess profits tax. So has almost everybody else except those who are collecting it from the consumers, but nobody appears to be doing anything toward a removal of the burden. Big business, which is acting as the agent of the government, in gathering the money seems well satisfied, since it is afforded an opportunity for enormously increasing its profits, without a chance of interference.

If the real facts regarding the death of Carranza be made known, probably it will be the first time that truth ever has come out of Mexico.

Seeing a possibility that the railroads, thru prospective increases in freight rates, may be able to meet their original demand for a billion dollars a year additional wages, the railway employes have raised their demands another billion. The extra billion is for back pay. The situation presents a discouraging outlook for the public which must pay the bill. If these demands be granted, the railroads will be forced to petition for double the increase in freight rates for which they now are asking. And then they would have nothing left for extensions or improvements so that their last estate would be no better than their first. The promotion of selfish interests by numerous bodies of citizens threatens to bring disaster on the business of the country.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial Day, established thru the efforts of the members of the Grand Army of the Republic following the Civil war in memory of those who gave their lives to preserve the Union, has gained a new significance with the passage of time.

Born of the strong desire of Union soldiers to express their sympathy for the loss of brothers in arms, Memorial Day has far outgrown the confines planned for it by those whose ideas gave it birth. Today it spans the years from '61 to '17; it reaches from village churchyard where peonies and syringa bloom to the wide cemetery at Arlington, sentineled by stately forest growth; from the grassy stretches of Gettysburg to the far off lily whitened graves in France where sleep our soldier dead of the Great War.

The Boys in Blue long have marched the road that leads to the quiet resting place of their comrades. They have fired the salute and listened to the muffled roll of the drum. The beginning of the end for them has come, but their work will not cease with the passing of these veterans of long ago, for Memorial Day every year adds to its numbers thousands of those who wear the asphodel and rue. Each anniversary finds another vacant chair by the fireside, a fresh mound in the burying ground. The new sepulchre may be that of the patriarch of the home—the aged grandfather whose useful life has drawn to a close. Or the small mound may hold in its embrace the tiny babe, but the other day warm and sweet within its mother's arms.

The youth on the threshold of manhood, the young girl, palpitating on the brink of womanhood—the Reaper touches them all and they are no more. The lonely daughter, the anguished mother, the childless father, all feel the solace of the hallowed day when they can voice with loving pilgrimage and glowing flowers the grief their aching throats refuse to utter.

The grassy plot that holds in its confines all mortal of their loved ones is a consecrated place of near communion. Faith bridges the space between here and the unknown and when we in our turn are gone on the journey, faith remains to soften the sorrow of those whose time is not yet come.

The marble stone or granite shaft but symbolizes names now writ on high. In the observance of these memorial rites the spiritual ear hears and the spiritual eye sees and thus the empty heart finds a solace all its own. The peace that passeth all understanding is with us and we are comforted.

Facts being brought out by the senate committee investigating campaign expenditures indicate that a large amount of good money is being wasted in an attempt to boost into the presidency a number of men who have not a chance for election.

IF THE SOURCE DRY UP.

If the decline in prices which has set in shall reach a point where a lot of persons who have been collecting enormous profits and dividing with the government shall find these profits turned into losses, it would be interesting to know where Uncle Sam will get an income sufficient to maintain the extravagant administration at Washington. Apparently no provision is being made for such a contingency, either thru seeking other sources of revenue or by curtailing expenses.

It is admitted now, even by the framers of the surtax schedules, that the heavy surtaxes on earned income have been one of the chief contributing causes to the high cost of living. What is their solution of the problem? It sounds incredible, but it is nevertheless true, that the solution they propose is an increase of the surtax rate. They sense the danger of all profits disappearing in a business depression, so they propose to tax to the limit the profits yet in sight.

Taxing incomes and excess profits was a socialistic measure that won instant favor with those who possessed neither large incomes nor were engaged in any profitable business. It was at best a fair-weather policy. "Taxing soap bubbles," remarked a veteran financier as he called the attention of a senate committee to the fact that, at the first appearance of a business depression, the source of revenue will disappear.

The excess-profits taxes have now been in effect for two years and the application of the principle has exposed its defects. Who pays the excess-profits tax? The purchaser of the article in the production of which the excess profits are accumulated. Federal taxes have as much to do as the increased cost of labor with the high prices of clothing, including footwear.

When the clothing manufacturer finds that he must pay to the government both income and excess-profits taxes he prorates the two on the cost of the goods he manufactures. The wholesaler, finding he has a similar tax to pay, adds it to the cost to him of the goods. The jobber and the retailer make similar additions until, by the time the article reaches the ultimate consumer, the federal tax has become equal to the original cost of the article.

The cost of clothing is three and one-fifth times as great this year as during the year 1913. At least one-third the increase can be traced to a succession of additions to the cost price to take care of federal taxes.

TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL Information Bureau

FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Director. Washington, D. C.

WHO WILL FILL THESE BIG JOBS?

New York, May 26.—Wanted by Big Business: Young men who are capable of earning from $15,000 to $35,000 a year.

While this announcement has not yet appeared in the classified columns of our prominent dailies, it is an idea which is advanced at every large business convention occurring here, and one that is being given wide circulation by rotary clubs. There is a demand for resourceful, enterprising men, capable of striking afield and the sky is the limit in salary.

The truth is that Big Business is in a pathetic plight. Never before has it suffered from such an acute shortage of high-priced experts. Never before has the top of the American industrial ladder been so empty of eligibles. The gap is so large, in fact, that it is even predicted that our industries will have to stop expanding unless the brains and executive ability needed to develop them are somehow produced.

In its terror of such a calamity, Big Business has recently approached the universities and offered to endow whole sections of them if they will only turn out the kind of ability that is needed. Just what this ability is has been only vaguely set down, but it is understood that various industries are collaborating in the compilation of a list of specifications for the types of men needed, and this will be distributed among educational institutions.

Likeable Men.

Heading this list, undoubtedly, will be personality. This is the principal requirement in a high-priced man, and most of the trouble lies in the fact that there is not nearly sufficient personality to go around. The man of great personal magnetism, with the ability to make others like him and to exert an influence over them is the man for whom American industry is now in the market.

"The ability to handle men," said John D. Rockefeller some years ago, "has become just as much a marketable commodity as is sugar, and I will pay higher for it than anybody else in the world." Well, John D. was a pioneer, but today finds himself surrounded by competitors, all bidding high for the same qualities.

Another urgent requirement of industry is technical skill, supplemented by creative ability. It wants technical men, with ideas; men who are capable of improving upon old methods and of developing new processes.

These are the principal needs, but several others will doubtless be submitted to the universities, which have announced themselves willing and anxious to co-operate with industry in supplying the kind of training it wants. This arrangement was discussed and agreed upon at a recent conference held in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Technology Clubs Associated, which was attended by representatives of more than a hundred corporations thruout the country and of more than three hundred educational institutions. Never have college professors and industrial magnates been so chummy. It was at this conference that Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of Drexel institute, conceived the specification idea.

Specifications Written.

"Educational waste has been going on for centuries," he declared, "because there never has been a definite statement or specification written by industry of the specific knowledge required to meet its needs. The colleges and industry have been working along different lines. It is here proposed to carry out a plan of co-operation to eliminate that waste by giving industry an opportunity to state its needs, and the colleges an opportunity to state their capacities to meet these needs."

This challenge was eagerly accepted by many of the corporation magnates present, who immediately began pouring a mournful account of their unobtainable requirements into Doctor Godfrey's sympathetic ear.

"First of all," complained the president of a great shipbuilding corporation, "the colleges do not teach a man how to sell himself. Too often they turn out sliding rules rather than human beings. Their graduates are highly trained technicians. They know their own jobs, but they don't know how to handle men.

"Not a thing is done in the colleges, for example, to teach a man whom to slap on the back, whom to take by the arm when he meets him in the corridor or walks down the street with him. I believe that this ability represents about 99 per cent of what is necessary for the success of an executive, and knowledge of detail represents the other 1 per cent.

Sell Yourself.

"It all simmers down to the ability to sell one's self to the head of the corporation to get a job, and to the men working under one, to hold it. The maintenance of proper relations with subordinates makes all the difference in the world. If one knows enough about human relationship to make men trust him and believe in him, they will work for and with him. This personal co-operation may mean a difference of ten per cent in production and this may turn losses into handsome profits. All the technical training in the world will not do it without a knowledge of men and human values."

In a word, what is needed in the colleges is a course in human relationships, or possibly, one on the etiquette of back-slapping. In addition to knowing the technique of his profession, the college graduate of the future must cultivate the art of good fellowship. In order to gain his diploma in this course, he must pass the personality test.

A brief glance at the great industrial and commercial world which centers about New York does seem to show that all of the top-notchers have well developed this essential ability to handle men. Among our personal acquaintances, for example, is a man who is holding a thirty-thousand-dollar-a-year job in a large steel plant. Before the war, he was an office executive earning three thousand a year. While holding this position, it was noticed by his colleagues that he did very little work, and they used to "rag" him concerning the ease with which he drew a "pension." One day, one young man, waxing more mirthful than usual over the situation, succeeded in arousing the office executive's wrath.

The Power of Direction.

"If you were a man of any perception whatsoever," he declared coldly, "you would realize that it requires a great deal more ability to make people work for you than to do the work yourself."

The potency of this remark was proved a short time later when American industry began its tremendous war expansion, during which the demand for trained office executives became clamorous. This man was quickly grabbed by a shipbuilding concern at a salary of $7,500 a year, and since then he has been fairly leaping up the industrial ladder.

Another case in point is the head of a large automobile corporation here, who declares that he does much less work now at fifty thousand a year than he did when he was struggling along on five thousand. And to listen to his conversation you would imagine that he earns his salary by having as good a time as possible. It gives you the impression that his chief occupation is playing golf, lunching at the Lotus club, and dining at the Plaza and Biltmore with the firm's business acquaintances. Occasionally he spends a morning hiring new employes, and the rest of the time he apparently passes in consultation with his tailor, adding to the ever-increasing grandeur of his apparel.

In fact, to a newspaper person who has to make himself agreeable to all sorts of cranks, it sounds delightfully simple—this business of filling a fifteen-thousand-dollar job—but there must be a great deal more to it than appears on the surface; otherwise, the colleges would not be so bewildered as to what it is that American industry and commerce want.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE.

THE PARK AVE. NEWS.

Exter! Young Scientists Try to Communicate with Mars! Last Satidday aftirnoon Benny Potts, Artie Alixander, Sid Hunt, Puds Simkins and Leroy Shooster tried to communicate with Mars by climbing out on Puds Simkinses roof and yelling, Hay up there, as loud as they could all togeither about 50 times, but before they had time to get a anser Puds Simkinses mother found out who was up on her roof and made them all climb down.

Spoarts. Sam Cross is trying to graduate from standing on both hands and is practicing standing on one, the cheef result so far being a loose frunt tooth.

POME BY SKINNY MARTIN

Be Jolly.
Never nock. Allways boost.
Pat your friends on the back.
Pat your good friends easy
And pat the rest a derty krack.

Sissiety. Last Wensday Miss Mary Watkins made apple sawce like she lerned in cooking skool, and she felt so down harted because none of her family wouldent eat eny that Mr. Benny Potts ate a hole sawcer full jest out of respeck, being the ony thing he would of ate it out of, the way it tasted.

Intristing Facks About Intristing Peeple. It takes Lew Davis more than a hour to take his bath every Satidday nite, more because it takes him so long to make up his mind to get in than because he spends so mutch acktual time in the wattir.

Moulton Musings

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

A Final S. O. S.

WANTED—A nice big barrel, nicely upholstered, with running water and a good fireplace. Also several commodious barrels for the members of my family and any guests I may entertain from time to time. Address Conductor of this Column.

A man was found yesterday with a two-pound box of sugar in his satchel. He explained it by saying that he had recently sold an oil well for one million dollars.

The Whole Amorous Tribe Is!

(From the Macon, Ga., News.)

Miss Emma Amorous, who is here for the Jacques-Wadley wedding, is a beautiful girl with a winning personality.

The Woman Who Loved—and Earned

A Modern Story of Home and Business

By JANE PHELPS

GERRY WINS.
CHAPTER 120.

I had been surprised at the conversation between Gardner and Robert the evening they had spent with us, but had not spoken of it. I had been surprised and pleased that Robert had spoken so frankly and been so willing to see all the advantages of my plan, and had not mentioned his fears. Then one night soon afterward Robert referred to the subject.

"Gerry, you have converted me. Really, I am won over to believe a woman can be a good wife, a good business woman, and can also make a happy home. How you do it is beyond me. I think it is a thing that most men would have to experience to believe—men who, like myself, feel that the only place for a woman is in her home, taking care of him. You look less tired, too, than you did when you first gave up and remained at home all day, and infinitely better than you did in the boarding house."

"I can explain all that," I told him, interrupting. "When we were in the boarding house I worried over you, wanting to make you happy, yet not fully realizing where the trouble lay. You see, Robert, when we talked things over, you always agreed with me that I better keep right on working, so that what Mary said about that being the cause of your unhappiness never had much effect, altho she used to insist she was right."

"I had to agree with you, Gerry. My pride wouldn't let me do anything less—then. I was earning so little, almost nothing toward the last. What could I say? I couldn't tell you to give up and go without all you had been accustomed to when you earned it yourself."

"Please let me finish, Mr. Meredith. Then after we went to housekeeping, I hadn't eonugh to keep me occupied, neither my mind nor my fingers. I was too old, too settled, to want to be out in the street simply to kill time; or to spend hours at the motion picture shows as many younger women would have done. The consequence was I was uneasy, restless, and it showed in my face.

"As I have told you, a woman can systematize her work so that it takes only a certain part of her time and thought—a very small part if she does it rightly. I believe many young women would be happier if they would do as I have done, Robert. It IS hard for a girl who has been accustomed to her own money to—perhaps not have to ask—but to feel that she should not ask, that she should go without. Especially if she feels sure, as I did, that there was some way in which both could work and be happy."

"But Gerry, not many women can make arrangements like you have done with Madame."

"Perhaps not! Yet I believe that if a woman is really capable, and tells her reason for wishing to cut her hours short, and expresses a willingness to take less pay, or to work harder to compensate her employer, there are not many but could arrange as well as I have. But if they can't, why isn't it better for a woman, a wife, to hire someone to do a great share of the housework, if she can earn enough more to make it an object financially, so that she can have something left over to give herself and family—little luxuries, perhaps, almost necessities, that now with the high cost of everything, they would have to go without were it not for her?"

"I don't know but you are right, Gerry. Yes, you ARE right in our case. You have proved it. But, Gerry, I have a bit of a confession to make. When I found you would not give up your position, and that I was to have no home of my own, however humble, I became, as you know, terribly discouraged. I not only drank more than I should, but Gerry, if Marion had not been just the wholesome good girl she was, I would have been false to you—I would have—"

"I know all about it, Robert, and I suffered agonies over it."

"You knew I was beginning to care for Marion—to want her in your place?"

"Yes, Robert. But you belonged to me, so I went to work to keep you, to make us both happy." I would not tell him Marion had said she loved him.

"Thank God you did, Gerry. But you never said anything, never let me know—you—knew." Then: "It was only the old fondness I had always felt for Marion, just as I would have felt toward a sister, but I exaggerated it in my own mind because of my unhappiness, my weakness in giving way to my disappointment. I never loved anyone but you, Gerry."

"And you never shall if I can help it!" I returned.

Our troubles were over, we understood each other and, as a consequence, were contented and happy. I have told my story, simple as it is, in the hope that it might help some one situated as Robert and I were. Because there are many young couples who love but who, for financial reasons, cannot marry. When if both remained earners, they could marry—and live happy ever after.

THE END.

Evening Story

With Jaundiced Eye.

BY LILLIAN HALL CROWLEY.

"Mary, now that you have promised to marry me, I won't be jealous any more."

"I'm so glad, Jim, 'cause it's an awful thing—being jealous. Why, I don't know what the feeling is. I just love you and trust you, and that's all there is to it."

"I know," answered Jim, shamefacedly, "but whenever I saw a fellow near you I thought he'd beat me to it and marry you before I got a chance."

"I see, dear."

"Let's be married soon, Mary. Just as soon as I get that job as foreman. Jack Costigan is going back to Boston, and I've been promised his place. I hate to see you working so hard in this old restaurant; on your feet from morning till night. We can buy a home on the instalment plan, and then you'll have lots of time for yourself. You've worked hard here, Mary."

"Yes, Jim, but a waitress has to work hard. It isn't anybody's fault. There are three meals a day, and they have to be served."

"That'll soon be over. Of course, a switchman's wages ain't much, but I'm countin' on the foreman job."

Jim Maclean and Mary Naseby had been "keeping company" for a year or so. They had been deliriously happy except for Jim's outbursts of jealousy. He was a hard-working, ambitious young fellow, and after he had fallen in love with Mary, who was quite the sweetest girl he had ever seen, he worked harder than before, so that he would have something to offer her. Now they were engaged; he was soon to become foreman of the switchyards. He would make good wages, and Mary and he would have their cosy home and their love.

Returning to his boarding house after leaving Mary at the house where she had a furnished room, he sat on the veranda in thought. It was a lovely June night, and Jim was so happy he just wanted to sit there and think of how lucky he was.

Mary was an orphan, and had come to Missouri because it was a railroad center, and she could get good wages in the railroad eating house. She had spoken of her brother, who was a conductor, and married. Being an unusually pretty girl, she did not lack for attention, but she cared for no one except Jim.

She couldn't understand his jealousy, and was always able to explain away his suspicions with the simplest statement. Jim was full of contrition, and cursed himself for a fool.

Jim's luck followed him next day, when he was made foreman. He could hardly contain himself until he could tell Mary. They would be married right away.

Mary's usual time for leaving the restaurant was 8 o'clock. Jim went to a movie to pass the time, and then went for her. He often found her eating her dinner at one of the small tables in the rear of the room.

Tonight—could he believe his eyes? She was there at the table, and looking lovingly into the face of the best-looking man he had ever been jealous of. The stranger was big and masterful looking as he leaned over the table and imprisoned one of Mary's hands in both of his.

Mary smiled at him and then wiped away a tear. Jim was raging. How could she behave like that when she had just promised to marry him! He had been so proud of his promotion, and now—well, curse every woman that was ever born, said he. He never wanted to see another as long as he lived.

He stayed until he saw the man help Mary with her coat and hat, and then he flung homeward. He was thru!

But his feet, in spite of his mind, carried him to Mary's restaurant the next night. The same big, handsome man, all devotion, was with her.

This was the night of the Switchmen's ball, and he was to have taken Mary. The grand march would happen at nine. He wouldn't go! He would go! He'd show her and her fine fellow!

He dressed himself with unusual care, as if that would help the wound in his heart.

He was there on time, and so was Mary, and so was the stranger. "Where'd he come from, I wonder?" asked Jim of himself. Jim stayed away in a corner. He could see Mary glancing around, as tho looking for some one. "Afraid I'll make a fuss," thought Jim.

Mary and the stranger were partners in the grand march. When it ended in a waltz the two danced away as easily as tho they were quite used to it, Jim swore.

In his retreat Jim could still see Mary's lovely eyes, with a trace of sadness in them, looking around questioningly.

Then—he saw Mattie Vernon, a voluptuously handsome girl who had not been careful of her reputation. He recalled Mary's remark that she had never been jealous. "I'll show her," decided Jim.

Jim smiled his most fascinating smile as he walked up to the beauty. "My dances are all taken," she said, displaying a little feeling because Jim had never before paid her any attention.

"All right," answered Jim. "I'll take some any way." He deliberately scratched out several names, putting in his own initials. The music started up. "Come," said Jim, taking her arm, "this is ours."

He deliberately led his partner to where Mary was sitting, and they danced past her many times. Jim never noticing Mary, but looking all devotion at the siren in his arms. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the stranger pull the resisting Mary to her feet and they also joined the dancers.

Then came a crash. The music stopped suddenly; women screamed. One of the chandeliers had fallen, and some one was hurt. Jim, forgetting his partner, rushed to the scene. He saw some men carrying the stranger out of the debris. Mary lay inanimate on the floor, her head in the lap of a woman friend. A doctor was hastily summoned, but before he arrived Mary had recovered. No bones were broken, but a part of the chandelier had struck her arm, which was badly bruised and swollen, and Mary had fainted from the pain.

Jim, forgetting all his former hardness of heart, lifted her in his arms and carried her to a divan. Mary looked up lovingly at him; then a look of fear came into her face.

"My brother!" she moaned.

"Your brother?" stuttered Jim.

"He was with me—quick, Jim; quick, see if he is hurt!"

Just then the stranger turned up for himself. "Mary!" he cried anxiously.

"I'm all right, Jed. Are you?"

"Sure thing!"

"Jed, this is Mr. Maclean; Mr. Maclean, my brother, Jed Naseby."

"Pleased to meet you," stammered Jim, as the men shook hands. Jim called a taxi and took Mary and her brother to their rooms.

He was around bright and early at the restaurant next morning, waiting for Mary when she came in.

"Mary, I must 'fess up," said Jim contritely. He told her the story of his mistake.

"Oh, Jim, Jim, will you ever learn?" Jed came in. Mary went toward him holding Jim's hand.

"Jed, I can't go to California with you and Helen because I'm going to marry Jim!"

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George Matthew Adams Daily Talk

BE AN INDIVIDUAL COMPOSITE.

In a sense, we are all great common divisors. In as true a way are we a part of everything that we see or experience—as is everything both individual and unique in itself.

So that if you want to experience the thrill of vibrating life, you must add a part of every man's brain to your own.

And then you must scatter the fineness of all that you have absorbed. "But first be an individual composite. In other words, be the best and wisest of all that you have seen, read, learned, felt or thought.

It is as natural for your brain to give as it is for it to take.

There is no age limit to the brain—as there is none to personality. The brain takes no more than it can use. But the more you use your brain, the more it delights to take.

The most interesting person is the one who is interested in the most.

To such a one, time does not lie as some dead thing. There must be a sort of panorama of moving events and happenings to make such a life virile and vibrant.

Ulysses, in Tennyson's beautiful poem, says that he is a part of all that he has met. And as he crept into the lengthened shadow paths of his stirring career, he felt satisfied and happy.

Only as we touch every cord on the strings of the Everything and the Everybody, do we catch the echo of the tune of Eternity!

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

UNLUCKY BILLY GREEN.

I used to think that Billy Green was luckier than me.
He hasn't any mother watchin' over him to see
If his neck an' ears are dirty, an' there's no one seems to care
If his shoes are nice an' shiny or he ever comes his hair.
He's an orphan, so they tell me, an' with all I have to do
I used to think that maybe I should like to be one, too.

He wears the same old shirt-waist an' his shoes are full of holes,
An' they're bigger than they 'should be an' they haven't any soles,
An' his underwear's not fussy, like the kind I have to wear,
He's got safety pins for buttons, an' when he goes anywhere
No one calls him in to wash him. Oh, I've often wished to be
An orphan just like Billy with no one to pester me!

But I'm glad I'm not an orphan, an' I found it out today
When Billy's leg got twisted in a game we fellows play,
An' it hurt him something awful, an' nobody came to see,
An' he didn't have a mother who would take him on her knee
An' fix him up an' kiss him. So I took him into mine
An' he said: "Oh, Bud, you're lucky! Ain't your mother just divine?"

Now I'm never goin' to whimper when my mother scrubs my neck
An' scolds me just a little cos my clothing is a wreck.
I'll do just as she tells me, an' I'll stand for being clean—
I don't want to be an orphan any more like Billy Green.
Cos altho nobody scolds him when his face is smeared with dirt,
He hasn't any mother he can go to when he's hurt.

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ON SECOND THOUGHT

BY JAY E. HOUSE.

(From Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

The revival in New York of "Pygmalion and Galatea" recalls the thrills of adolescence and prompts a suggestion. It is that a company for the presentation of a repertoire of the old favorites be at once recruited and called for rehearsals. As a tentative repertory for the week's engagement we submit the following: On Monday night, "Pygmalion and Galatea;" Tuesday night, "Ingomar the Barbarian;" Wednesday night, "Leah the Forsaken;" Thursday night, "Damon and Pythias;" Friday night, "Lucretia Borgia;" Saturday night, "The Planter's Wife." We further suggest "Hazel Kirke" as the offering for the Wednesday matinee, with "East Lynne" as the tentative choice for Saturday afternoon.

We are willing to leave the selection of the cast to the producing manager; but if Eunice Goodrich can be secured for leading roles, she would be a most happy selection. More persons have sobbed in unison with Miss Goodrich than with any other actress in the world. Malcolm Williams, if he be available, should be signed up as leading juvenile, and Corse Payton should, by all means, "do" the heavies; but that is a detail. Doubtless there are other actors equally capable, altho at the moment we do not call them to mind. The usual vaudeville turns should be given between the acts and, if one can be found, a good skirt dancer should be featured. If Cecil Spooner is at liberty, she should be signed for one of the specialties. The set of parlor furniture to the holder of the lucky number might be given away on Friday night, the bestowal of the diamond ring to be the feature of the Saturday evening performance. Attempts to dispose of the furniture and ring at one performance always resulted in some confusion and more or less dissatisfaction on the part of the audience.

While we father the idea set forth above, our interest in the matter is impersonal. Probably we should not attend the performances; we've had our thrill. But it would be distinctly worth while to disclose to the present generation of motion-picture fans a cross section of drama in which the hairy side continually is exposed.

As we have said, our interest in the matter is impersonal. Probably the old plays would not engross us now. Doubtless we should find them dull, artificial and lacking in ratiocination. It is possible they intrigue the memory for the reason that the blood always followed the knife and for the additional reason that a lady was always a lady. They had their "hussies," to be sure, but the "hussies" were branded with the insignia of their shame. One did not discover, later on, that the woman who disrobed in the presence of the audience or who entertained her gentlemen friends within the sanctity of her boudoir was a perfectly respectable member of society in good standing whose mood had been misinterpreted. But we wander from the main task. What we set out to say was that while we do not particularly lament the old plays, the heart bleeds for the old songs. We long for the old melodic sequences and the minor chords. Only the other night, lying at ease beneath our rented roof-tree, we heard a male quartet just across the street engaged in battle royal with the popular airs of the day. It wasn't a bad quartet at that. It was young and vigorous and harmonious. It boasted a mellow tenor and a basso whose voice boomed and rolled. But it retired from its attack on the seasonal airs straggling and in confusion. It was a repulse compared to which the one suffered by the Germans at Verdun was victory. We lay there gloying in the disaster which had befallen it. And yet, had it sung "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," or "In the Gloaming" our emotions would have been as wax in its hands.

Speaking as one, we are gorged to repletion upon "jazz" and unmelodic "blues." What we want to hear is "Soldier's Farewell," "Robin Adair," "Annie Laurie," "Old Folks at Home," "Juanita," "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," and "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." Just before he "went away" Evan Williams laid upon his generation and its posterity another and, perhaps, its greatest obligation to him. Somewhere in the "cannery" of one of the producing studios there is a record of his voice singing "Mollie Darling" to the accompaniment of a male chorus. And because Evan Williams bequeathed this legacy to his followers a generation saturated in "jazz" and syncopation, and nauseated by it, may have opportunity now and then to hear his silvery voice purling upon the rocks of elemental song. What of it that "Mollie Darling" and its kind are trivial and trashy? What that they are too sweetly saccharine? They glorify the holiest and most impressive of the human emotions and touch and shape the moods of those who yield only to the trivial and the commonplace.

And so we bespeak a revival of the old songs. Let's get back to the primeval in unsophistication, beginning, say, with "Sweet Belle Mahone" and "Sweet Jennie the Flower of Kildare," and touching the various epochs of popular song thru "Marguerite," "Doris," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," "Sweet Genevieve," "Nellie Was a Lady," "When the Roses Bloom Again," "Only a Pansy Blossom," "White Wings," "Kathleen Mavourneen," to "Sweet Adeline." The mood and the morality of a nation are measured in its popular songs.

Dorothy Dix Talks

BY DOROTHY DIX

World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Don't Write Discouraging Letters.—1.

During the war the families of the soldiers were constantly urged not to write them gloomy letters, for it was found that nothing so effectually and quickly took the heart out of the men, and broke down their morale as to get letters from home filled with wails, and weeps, and dismal news.

The ban on the doleful letter is one of the wartime measures that we may continue in peace with advantage. Most of us are every day at grip with life in a battle that is just as fierce as any ever fought on the bloody fields of France, and that calls on us for just as much courage, and endurance, and as high a spirit, if we are to win out, and we, too, need words of cheer to back us up, not screeds of woe to depress us, and take the last bit of fight out of us.

The writing of blue letters is a crime against our peace and happiness that is chiefly committed by those of our own households, for it is only those who love us best who feel that they have a perfect right to make us miserable.

And it is a crime to which the female sex is as prone as the sparks are to fly upwards. Heaven knows why, but generally when a woman sits down, and takes her pen in hand to indict a letter, she seems not to dip into ink but into a well of tears.

Pessimism of the deepest, darkest dye pervades her every line. Funerals, and divorces, and hideous accidents, and bankruptcies are the titbits of gossip she chronicles. She recalls the sorrows of the past. She dwells upon the harrowing state of the present, and draws a melancholy forecast of the future. The lamentations of Jeremiah have nothing in gobs of gloom over the average family letter.

A not long ago a woman who has many cares, and anxieties of her own, and who is making a heroic struggle to support herself and her two children, said to me:

"I adore my mother, but when I get a letter from her it is sometimes two or three days before I can summon up nerve enough to even open it. The very sight of her handwriting on an envelope sends my spirits down to zero, and makes me feel that some awful calamity is hanging over me.

"For mother's letters are simply sodden with misery. She begins by reminding me that she is getting old, and will be with us but a few days more. She dwells on every little pain and ache until I fancy her mortally ill, and twice have I fled to what I supposed was her death bed to find her well and chipper.

"She tells me about everybody who is sick, and has had an operation, or who has been run over by an automobile, or lost their money, or had any untoward misfortune. Then she begins on family rows, and really gets down to business. John isn't getting along well in business, and she foresees that his family will land in the poor house. John's wife has been nasty to her and I get a detailed account of the perpetual mother-in-law and daughter-in-law warfare.

"Sarah's husband stayed out until 2 a. m. playing poker, and Sarah and he are on the outs, and she only hopes for the children's sake it won't come to divorce. Tom has a cough that she fears means consumption, and there follows a long chapter about aunts and cousins who have lost their money and their cooks, or broken their legs, and who seem to have bunched every ill that flesh is heir to.

"And then mother pities me until I want to sit down and howl because I have to work for my living instead of being a millionaire, and because I am a business woman in place of being a queen, altho ordinarily I think I'm lucky in having a good job, and am merry as a cricket.

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