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SPEAKING OF CHILDREN TO SWAP.

Children to swap? For instance, and for a vacation period only, one little city boy or girl for a little country boy or girl of the same age.

Or one little boy or girl American for a little boy or girl English, or French, or German.

A curious idea? Perhaps, to you, Mr. New York Father, or Mrs. New York Mother. Yet an idea which they carry out very practically in certain portions of the world. Thus:

They have a family custom in some parts of Europe—in Denmark and Switzerland more particularly—of swapping children for a while. They think in Denmark that it is not good for a child who is soon to earn its own living to live all the time at home.

The Copenhagen grocer, loth that his boy should be altogether city bred, sends him off for a season to a good farmer whom he knows and trusts, and takes the farmer's boy into his own family in his place.

The grocer's boy gets a good taste of country life, learns that potatoes do not grow on bushes nor cabbages on trees, and finds out that Copenhagen isn't the whole world, and that there are other industries besides the grocery business.

The farmer's boy has his wits sharpened by rubbing up against a town. He makes himself useful in the grocer's shop, learns to sell goods and add up accounts, and is a brighter man and a better man of business in consequence.

Also there is in the children-swapping system the learning of diverse languages.

German-speaking northern Switzerland trades with French-speaking southern Switzerland, and the sons and daughters affected come out of the exchange with two tongues at their disposal.

Mr. Edward S. Martin, from whose paper in Good Housekeeping the quoted paragraphs are taken, has many things to say about this business of child exchange.

"I wish," he writes, "we could have here in our own country somewhat more of this shuffling of the little cards in the world's great pack. If the East and the West, the North and the South, in our big country could swap children as the Danes do, it would be much to the advantage of American cohesion."

Mr. Martin dares even to hope for a day which will "see Boston parents sending their boys to great Western universities in order that they may imbibe the feelings that are to govern in this country and catch the dominant Western point of view." For "to know the West has come to be a mighty important branch of Eastern education." And "to know the South is an important branch of Northern education, and vice versa."

Then, if the intervisiting of the young is good for national cohesion, is it not also excellent for world solidarity? To quote Mr. Martin again:

During the recent visit to Paris of members of the English Parliament the question of sending French children to live for a time in England and of bringing English children to France was several times touched upon.

Something of that sort is already being done in commerce. A certain great shop in Paris has free courses in English for its clerks, and now that are the most successful in these courses are sent to London for six months and placed in some shop there.

French industrial firms often exchange young clerks with London houses in the same line of business. A number of excellent French schools give free tuition to English pupils on the sole condition that they speak English with the other pupils so many hours of the day. This system is in vogue in many English schools.

As an instance of what a bit of foreign living may do in a special way, there is pointed out the case of the late Charles Francis Adams, who learned to know English character by going to school in England. When he was Minister to England during the civil war that knowledge stood him in good stead.

It was, too, the Cecil Rhodes idea in founding American scholarships at Oxford that the students winning them should become useful to both countries.

The kind of sectionalism which would stand in the way of juvenile America's free and joyful circulation throughout the whole country passed long since away.

The kind of patriotism which looks askance at American mingling with a foreign populace is happily confined to obscure and negligible corners.

It is generally agreed that one may be a very good American and something of a cosmopolitan at the same time. He may study affairs of other peoples with the result of bringing new light to bear on the workings of things in his own land.

And it is to be remembered that in the kind of living exchange with which Mr. Martin deals the visitor from abroad must be learning over here a thing or two not without benefit to our cause and country.

To narrow again the scope of the swap or the visit, let us consider the shuffle of human cards as a curative proposition. Mr. Martin to the point again:

It is good for a child to make visits even in its own neighborhood.

The last three Bettina had a bad cold that would not break up her grown-up cousin came one day and carried her off to spend a week. She only went a mile away. She slept on with her school and all her other lessons. But she got into a new atmosphere, where the indoors air was a trifle different, where the touch of a new cook gave variety to the food, where new topics prevailed in the talk, and where there was no sister Katherine who felt qualified by three years' longer experience of life to usurp the authority of an older person and irritate her by suggestions about her conduct.

She came back cured of her cold and revived in her spirits. This is the change cure as distinguished from treatment by faith. Bettina was not exchanged, but she has cousins, aunts and parents who swap good things in common sense.

In England to-morrow, Whit Monday and the anniversary of the death of King Henry VIII. In Boston the 129th anniversary of the birth of the Rev. John Cotton.

What's the Color of Your Soul Mate?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



PAUSE, happy lovers hovering helplessly on the verge of matrimony! You, Edwina, leaning fondly into the eyes of Angelina. Their splendor does not matter whether it be black or gray or brown or blue. It is the color of her soul that counts.

For according to the latest cult introduced to New York society by Mrs. Margaret Gladstone Stewart, a great-grandniece of England's grand old man, every human soul has a distinct color of its own.

"For instance, a person in perfect health and full of hope and ambition will radiate pink."

"The maternal instinct shows itself in lavender color."

"The gray and blue radiation is more negative both as regards physical and mental qualities."

And so on through the whole psychic rainbow.

So, if your soul has a pink aura, you must be careful to select a soul mate with an aura of contrasting shade. If its tastes are quiet the pink soul will take a white or gray or café-au-lait mate; if gaudy it will yearn for a vivid green.

If inclined to French combination of color it will select a dull crimson or a startling scarlet for its better half. The only trouble about the whole scheme is that the course of instruction through which one has to pass before being able to discover the color of one's own or one's neighbor's soul is discouragingly difficult.

One must, according to the high priestess, "endeavor to improve his own mental atmosphere, to eliminate thoughts and feelings of selfishness, envy and hatred. Outward and inward calmness must be cultivated before the student can hope to discern the aura."

"Exercises in rhythmic breathing are helpful, as also are living in the open air and communion with nature."

"The aura student should be careful to avoid much meat eating and all forms of coarse food."

Let all engaged couples therefore stop billing and cooing in the absurd fashion dear to commonplace mortals. For until they have by fastidious rhythmic breathing discovered that their souls do, indeed, match they must regard these manifestations of mutual esteem as shockingly premature. Fancy what a jolt to the eternal harmonies must be given when the owner of a red soul, all ignorant of its hue, embraces the unconnected owner of a blue soul!

And what advantage to weary lawyers and judges if the plaintiff and defendant in divorce suits could be made to demonstrate the incompatibility claimed by projecting their psychic auras through the court-room and allowing judges and jury to decide hands down whether there be really occasion for discord in their domestic relations.

It would, of course, be essential to have only such judicial Daniels as are not color blind, and it would have to be demonstrated to the satisfaction of opposing lawyers and the impartial jury did not suffer from a similar defect.

Considering this and other innumerable advantages which will suggest themselves to every one had we not all better stop eating meat and learn to rhythmically find the colors of our souls?

LETTERS.

QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS.

A Farmer Problem.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Will readers kindly solve the following: A, who has 60 ducks, wishes to sell them. He gave B 20 and the remainder to C to sell for what they could. B sold his for \$1 a pair, and C his 2 for \$1. He received \$15 and C \$10, making a total of \$25. At this rate they were sold at an average of 5 ducks for \$2. There being 12 lives in 60, the 12 lots of five ducks each sold at \$2 a lot will bring \$24. Where is the missing \$1 gone?

C. A. T., Woodbridge, N. J.

Bureau of Vital Statistics.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Where can I get proof of a person's death? The person died in some New York institution.

A. N., Apply to Bureau of Vital Statistics, Fifty-fifth street and Sixth avenue.

Tuesday.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

On what day did June 11, 1867, fall? JAS. K.

Thursday.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

On what date did Sept. 23, 1886, occur? F. H. D.

McCoy Won in Second Round.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

Who won the fight between McCoy and Plank? Y. T.

Apply to Your Congressman.

To the Editor of the Evening World:

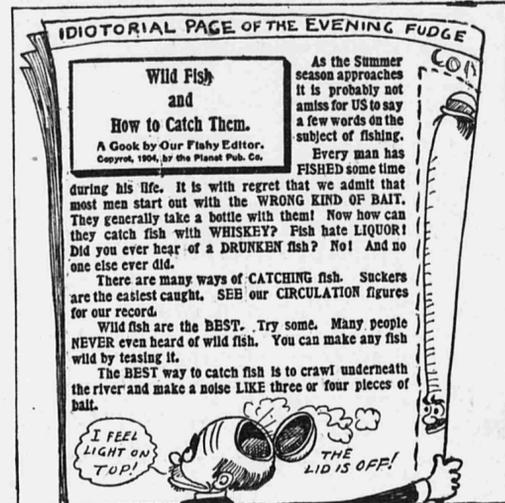
Can a private citizen procure flower seed gratis from the Agricultural Department? M. A.

FIVE KNOTS.

This illustration shows how each of the five knots named is tied.

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

Mr. Peewee Mingles for the Noice in the Ashman's Set.

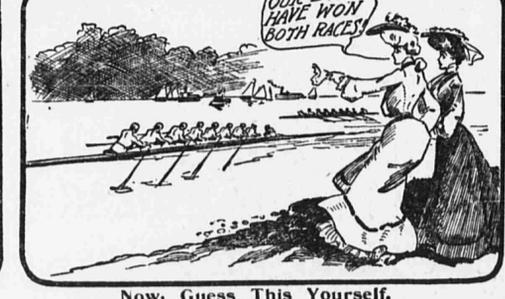


To-day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Was Written by W. Penn Smith, 326 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1—F. M. HADSELL, No. 145 High street, Brooklyn. No. 2—A. VON DER HEIDE, No. 500 Dodd street, West Hoboken, N. J. No. 3—C. H. LENNETT, No. 6 West Sterling place, Brooklyn.

To-morrow's prize "Fudge" Idiotorial Gook, "The Fudge Makes a Great Discovery."

What Is the Telephone Number?



3-8-1-John (Three Ate One John).

Now, Guess This Yourself.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. — By Roy L. McCardell.

Another Display of Temper on His Part Simply Because the Poor Woman Asked Him to Give Her a Moment's Help When She Had All the Housework to Do and No Servant to Assist! That Man Is Simply Unbearable!

"CAN I help that with a hammer? It is not Brother Willie's fault. The poor boy is doing all he can to help you by looking on while you are laying the carpet, and, of course, you are blaming him!"

"You are finding fault! You are finding fault with me! You are finding fault because I asked you to lay the carpet. I scheme and worry to save a penny here and a penny there, and when I asked you to lay the carpet you ask me if I can't hire a man?"

"Hire a man! Haven't I any money to hire a man? It wouldn't cost any more than a dollar and you would gladly give that, you say?"

"Well, why don't you gladly give me the money I haven't hired a man. You may be wasteful and extravagant, but I am not. Although I might as well be for all the thanks I get."

"Where did you get a dollar? When you paid that C. O. D. for my new hat this morning you said it was all the money you had."

"But you were deceiving me in that, as you deceive me in everything else."

"Why do you groan, Mr. Nagg? Are you not glad that I take an interest in my home and buy a new carpet? Do you object to the expense?"

"If you were more careful and tidy the other carpet would not have been destroyed."

"It wasn't your fault it was destroyed, you say?"

"It was your fault! I told you at the time. I made it plain to you for an hour that it was your fault; Brother Willie said it was your fault; mamma said it was your fault; you know it was your fault, and no one else."

"Didn't you carelessly let your paper fall on the floor when Willie dropped a lighted match on it and it blazed up and set fire to the carpet?"

"Perhaps you want to blame it on little Brother Willie, who is only a child. He is only a child. This fall will be only the second time he has voted at a Presidential election!"

"You should be ashamed of yourself to carry on the way you do because my little baby brother uses your razors."

"Of course his beard is stronger than yours, and why should he sharpen your razors for you? He is not your serf or slave."

"I know you are not listening to a word I say to you. Just because I stand by and treat your frowns with a merry face and say nothing when you scow and groan you treat me with contempt."

"Ask Willie to stand off the carpet? Willie, stand where you please! You are not to be ordered around and bullied by him!"

"Oh, Mr. Nagg, perhaps you would want little Willie to get down and scrawl himself with that heavy black carpet? You know the poor child but his little finger lifting heavy weights with it at his club."

"You do not care how he suffers! You are only thinking selfishly of yourself because, owing to your own awkwardness, you smashed your thumb with the hammer."

"Although Willie and mamma and I have told you you were laying this carpet wrong you would not listen to us."

"You did listen to us, and that's the reason the figure doesn't match, you say?"

"Do you hear that, mamma? Here I am without a girl, doing all my housework with only a woman coming in by the day, and having to send all the laundry out, and you come around when I am busy laying carpet and prevent me from hiring a man for 50 cents, and here you keep him awake by laying a carpet!"

"You did it all on purpose. You only stayed home because you wanted to pick a quarrel with me."

"There, you have smashed your other finger! Why did you do that? You know it makes me so nervous when any one hurts themselves, because I am so sensitive and kind-hearted."

"Brother Willie, stop laughing! Mr. Nagg did not hit his thumb to amuse you. He is fooling you. He doesn't care whether you ever have any fun or not, and if he thought it pleased you to hit his thumb with a hammer he would not do it."

"He would for his brother. He is always upholding his people against mine! You know you are, Mr. Nagg. It is no use to try to pick a quarrel with me now when you see I am busy watching if you get the carpet straight. Mother is wasting her time when she should be reading, watching you and giving you advice. Brother Willie, the poor boy, should be taking his slouts, and here you keep him awake by laying a carpet!"

"Don't bring it up about your people. I know what you are after. You want to fill my house with your idling relations, but I won't stand it."

"How would you like it if I did anything like that? You know mamma and Brother Willie are only visiting me, but Brother Willie is strong enough to think about looking for work, and so you stay home and insist on laying the carpet just to have an excuse to bicker and snarl!"

"How dare you throw down the hammer? How dare you tear your hair?"

"Oh, to think that I should have to bear with such a man in silence!"

"THEN HE SIDESTEPPED."

"The Japanese," said Mrs. Henbeck, "seem to be a people of very few words."

"Yes," replied her husband as he moved stealthily toward the door, "and see how they are getting on. Why don't you learn a lesson from the Japanese?" — Chicago Record-Herald.

The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

Did Those Two Games of Sunday Baseball Derange the Lid?

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that they pulled off a couple of baseball games yesterday."

"It's all off," replied the Man Higher Up. "The lid is up. In a couple of days you'll be hearing a roar that will shatter the blue empyrean into the semblance of a flannel shirt that a bull pup has been playing with. People you never heard of before will spring into public prominence with speeches, and Police Commissioner McAduoo will be run over by delegations of persons residing in the Oranges, Westchester, Connecticut and other suburban points protesting against Sunday baseball in New York."

"Nine times out of ten in this town those people make good. They do not believe in any amusements on Sunday. If they had their way the street cars would be stopped on Sunday, the parks would be closed, steamboats would not be allowed to run, and Coney Island would be so still that you could hear the moaning of the sad sea waves as far back as the creek. Of course, they can't stop everything; but when they get after the baseball players the energy of a gang of detectives with a big reward staring them in the face running down a bank robber looks like loafing in comparison."

"It is more than probable that a majority of the people in this town don't care whether baseball is played in New York on Sunday or not. There are probably 100,000 men and boys who would give their right eye to see a National or American League game on Sunday, because it is the only day they can throw toll into the discard and hike around to suit themselves. It is the only day on which these thousands have a chance to see the players who represent their town and whom they read about and admire."

"Opposed to them is a comparatively small but extremely vigorous body of good citizens who are firmly convinced that it is morally wrong to allow baseball to be played upon what is known as the Sabbath. They have the courage of their convictions, and when they go in for what they think is right you couldn't stop them with the Chinese Wall. The great apathetic body of citizens sit back, and when their privilege of seeing a ball game on Sunday is snatched away from them, simply because they won't go after it, they take the condition as it comes. About the only way the average common New Yorker can be aroused to defense is to have his right to lap up booze at any hour of the day or night on any day of the week attacked. Make his rum accessible and he is content."

"I should think," suggested the Cigar Store Man, "that the opponents of Sunday baseball would realize that it is healthy for the people to get out in the open air and holler."

"Skiddoo!" said the Man Higher Up. "Skiddoo!"

GOSPLETS in Rhyme. By the Passer-by.

The Painted Soul.

SATS Mrs. S—: A colored robe of light, Perceptive alike by day or night, Emitted by the individual soul, Declares its divinity and goal. For so an "aura" by its changeful hue Reveals to others both your friend and you.

Ah, what a traitorous verity is here, To paint our character in rays sincere! No longer now will fluent tongue prevail To add the greedy or illumine the frail. With heroes' colors, or with pigment rare Purple the lineage of the millionaire. The helmsman plain no longer need rehearse Her love-scene with a drained but dotting purse. Brave parents' ire, descend adventurous rope And, breathless, with Lottharius slope. For while ill's Lordship, kneeling, ha's and hums, Weeping lest she suspect mere hoarded sums Perchance may lend his love metallic sheen, Lo! all at once a covetous cloud of green Enshrouds his form; the hapless helmsman knows, Not for herself those seeming amorous vows. And he, raising his moistened eye to look, Describes, amazed, the glance who, he mistook For love, green like his own, and sadder yet, Where heart should beat, an emerald coronet.

And so with all. Yet, lovers, give good heed! By this the wise may kind hearts also read Should Carrie toss her head and bid you go, To such for the "aura" true be true! And if she shows a nebulous gauze of blue, The shade of constancy, why, she'll be true.

Russian Housekeeping.

An Englishwoman residing in the interior of Russia thus describes her housekeeping experiences: "As most sugar is unobtainable on the steppes, one is obliged to break up a huge two-pound or three-pound lump into pieces and crush in a pestle and mortar. I believe that churns may be procured in big towns, but they would be very expensive, and the English residents in country villages, who do not care for the smoke-flavored Cossack butter, make their own by shaking cream in a big bottle. The Cossack servants are capital laundry women, though their washing appliances are somewhat primitive; they use large, low wooden troughs to wash the clothes in and boil them in open boilers. The system of mangling is rather curious; first, they wring the things carefully around a wooden roller, like a pastry pin, then press it up and down a board scored with ricks, loosely laid on the table. Consequently, this makes a clatter, more deafening, if less irritating, than the tuneless squeak of the British mangle. Although the summers are intensely hot in Cossack land, yet the mistress of the household has less trouble to keep things and other foods sweet than in England, for every house during the rank of cottage has its lichen, which it rattles along the latter part of the winter with huge blocks of ice brought, perhaps, many miles across the frozen steppes from some distant lake or river, in the bull-cake carts."

He Robbed Himself.

A story which recalls Thomas Ingold's "Spectre of Tappington" comes from the German town of Tubingen. A certain jeweler of the town complained that the police had better do something about it. A detective was set to watch the shop and a few nights later he caught the thief, who was the jeweller himself. He was a somnambulist.