

A Sociological Exhibit.

By **MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.**

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If Josefa had not had the Morris nose, things might have happened. The Morris nose, understand, was more than a feature—rather a hall mark of sorts throughout Rabun county. Whoever owned it was held bound not only to follow it, but to keep it going in the social lines marked out by Great-grandfather Morris, a gentleman whose spirit it had been as long as his nose.

She was not high spirited, but instead meek and lowly in mind, as became her very moderate fortune. Her mother, a born Morris, had married badly. At least the family thought so and had never scrupled to say that poor Billy Clayton never did but one sensible thing—namely, dying before he had quite wasted his wife's dowry. She had brought him land and money—and the land remained, only a little farm, to be sure, but big enough to maintain the widow and her child.

It would take managing, of course, but the widow Clayton, she that was Anne Morris, was a born manager. That was exact truth. In proof take the fact that when Josefa was eighteen she had been fairly educated, kept always in wholesome comfort and had had all along clothes quite as good as any of her richer cousins. Moreover, the house was trim and tidy and the small farm shipshape—in much better condition than the shiftless master had left it.

What wonder then that Cousin Anne, who never whined or asked for anything—advice least of all—was well liked and wholly respected throughout the whole family connection.

What wonder also that Cousin Maria Dalton, also a born Morris, who, having no children, was a chronic loner and daughter of whatever came along, took a violent fancy to Josefa. Maria Dalton was mighty proud of the Morris blood and doted especially upon great-grandfather. She had a copy of his portrait over the mantel in her front parlor and had exalted Lemuel Morris, his eldest grandson, into giving her his commission in the Continental army. That, too, of course, was framed and hung up beside the portrait. Inevitably the next thing was to entertain her fellow daughters upon the occasion when state chapters foregather, and that meant having Cousin Anne and Josefa help in the entertaining, notwithstanding neither of them belonged to so much as one chapter. There were reasons, Mrs. Dalton was careful to explain to the visitors—Cousin Anne was the greatest home body, and Josefa, staying with her dutifully, had no need of belonging.

"Yes, Josefa is going to be my heiress. I believe so in blood," she confided to the lady president. That person pricked up her ears. Mrs. Dalton was rich, and the lady president had a son, a lawyer, just starting to practice in the county town. He needed a wife badly, especially one with expectations and family influence, and he was right on the spot, having come along with the chapter, not only by way of escort, but as speaker of the occasion. He had seized upon it as a chance to show his enthusiasm for local history. His mother, Mrs. Melvin, was inclined to regard the fact in the light of a special providence. She managed to speak with him quietly, a little apart, before he read his paper and was delighted to hear him throw into the reading solid chunks of enthusiasm for Rabun county and its glorious past.

Before the assembly broke he had met Josefa and talked with her a good half hour. Next week he called on her, and the next, and the next. Mrs. Dalton was early taken into his confidence and of course was his warm advocate. "Yes, as you say, Josefa is a Morris, out and out, all but the name, and we'll change that," she said, smiling at him. "And, remember, you are going into politics. I want you to be senator at the very least. No matter how high you go, Josefa'll do you credit. She's going to make the finest sort of woman, if she is so quiet. But don't you fool yourself thinking you can get her just for asking. That is not the way with girls of the Morris blood. Court her like a man, and don't take 'No' if she gives it to you the first time."

Jack Melvin listened, yearning to grit his teeth. He was not the least bit in love. Josefa was not pretty for all she was so fresh and wholesome, and he craved beauty above everything. Besides, there was Amelia Ware but he dared not let himself think of her. Since they could not marry he meant to marry this Josefa. It made him laugh only to think of her saying "No" to him. How could she when she knew nobody else save a few awkward country fellows?

Imagine his state of mind when Josefa did say "No" the first time, the second, the third, and each time more and more as though she meant it. After the third rejection he went to Mrs. Dalton. She laughed a laugh of indulgent pride when he had finished, but said emphatically: "I don't blame Josefa—not a bit. You've got the name of being a dreadful flirt. Whether or no you deserve it I am not saying. Other folks are saying Judge Ware's girl is crying her eyes out about you, and she isn't the only one, but that doesn't matter. I'll go over and stay all night with Cousin Anne tomorrow. You come out the next day. I think you'll find things changed a bit."

Woman disposes; man proposes; sometimes fate intervenes. Josefa stood with fate in this particular wrestle. She said "No" again and in a way that told Jack Melvin at least the game was up. But Mrs. Dalton held on stoutly to her plan. Cousin Anne had fallen in with it ardently. For all her thrift she had a whole lot of family pride. Moreover, she wanted Josefa to get the Dalton money. So she joined forces with her cousin, and between them they gave the prospective heiress small peace.

Obstinate, pure and simple—that was what allied Josefa. So said her two elders in conclave. There could not possibly be anybody in Melvin's way. Josefa had been sent to school, the strictest possible boarding school, when

she was barely thirteen. Since she came back from it none of the youngsters roundabout had done more than speak civilly to her. Not one had so much as come to the house, except Clayton Trigg, who was a faroff cousin and had come to buy yearlings and fat lambs. In virtue equally of his kinship and a sudden shower he had stayed to dinner and after it had shaken hands cordially with both the ladies of the house. All he had said to Josefa was that if she happened to be at the county fair next fall he hoped she would look at his saddle horses, Muggins and Mill Boy, as he was sure they would win the blue ribbon.

At fair time, with Josefa still odorous, Mrs. Clayton had doubts as to going, but Mrs. Dalton overruled the doubts. Thus the three went together in the Dalton barouche, and for the best part of the day Josefa was handed over to Melvin. Just how she managed it she never knew, but toward 4 o'clock she slipped away from him and hid herself in the crowd. It was a delicious sensation. All the late summer she had been telling herself she would run away if she had a chance, but how could she when she had not so much as a dollar of her own? She almost ran until she came to the farther side of the amphitheater. At the foot of the stairway she found herself stopped, her hand strongly gripped and a frank, sunburned face, with honest blue eyes, smiling down at her, but flushing in spite of its sunburn.

Mrs. Dalton was off with a knot of the daughters. Mrs. Clayton stood rapt in contemplation of prize patchwork. Each believed Josefa safe with the other; also that Melvin was a further guard. Therefore they smiled amiably when the ringmaster shouted that there was a new feature, a wedding in the exhibit of Scrobbow, Varulsh & Co., the enterprising furnishing men. A popular young couple had agreed to be married in the parlor arranged by the firm, who meant to show their appreciation by making the newly wed a present of the suit. Mrs. Dalton said to her next neighbor: "Oh, I reckon it's somebody from the back country. It must be. Only bumpkins and their sweethearts still tolerate parlor suits."

The neighbor nodded, but added: "Let's go and see. I come to fairs mostly to see that sort of people. They are sociological exhibits, you know—better worth while than anything in the ring."

"Do you think so? Then let's hurry," Mrs. Dalton agreed, but somehow in spite of hurrying their progress was slow. They came close enough at last to hear without seeing. After the benediction the crowd drew its breath, and women in it whispered: "Why, did you ever! The girl looks radiant and like the lady. And the fellow didn't kiss her, although the squire had him do it."

"Here they come!" said others, falling apart to make way. Mrs. Clayton had somehow met them—Melvin was across the way, with Amelia Ware, her eyes downcast, clinging to his arm. Between them, bright eyed, head up, walked Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Trigg. Josefa went straight to her mother, saying demurely, but with the least hard drawn breath: "We're going on a little trip, mother, but it won't be extravagant. The money for the parlor suit—we sold it before we earned it—will more than pay expenses. You stay with Aunt Rita, please, till we get back."

"And then we're going to take care of you always," Clayton Trigg interrupted. Mrs. Dalton was too stunned to speak, but Mrs. Clayton composedly: "Well, Joe, I suppose you had to follow your nose. The Morrises always did have their own way."

How to Tell Good Salt.
The good housekeeper will sniff at the flour, smell the yeast cake, growl at the butter, turn up her nose at the lard, inspect the meat with greatest care, yet all her life wonder why she often over or under salts her dishes when she knows that she salted them just right, as she always did, and as the recipes call for. The reason is simple—the seasoning value of different brands of salt varies widely. This statement is easily proved. Take five slices of ripe tomatoes. Apply equal parts of five makes of salt upon the separate slices. Eat as soon as salted. The differences in flavor, permeation, rapidity and equality of dissolution, seasoning value, are readily detected. A table salt should be fine, the crystals of equal size, quickly soluble and free from ingredients which absorb moisture from the air. Large and small crystals will not dissolve uniformly, consequently the full salting effect is not obtained until the large crystals are dissolved. The quickly soluble salt diffuses itself through the food at once and gives an equality of savor. Sticky salt is an intrusive nuisance. Failures in salting are largely due to changing from one make of salt to another. Get the best grade, grow accustomed to its use and stick to it.

The Barrier.
"Say," said Weary as he looked up from the clover in the fence corner, "how do they get it at the gold up there in Alaska?"
"By washin'," replied Weary's pard. "Count me out," said Weary.

HOME NOTES.
A sure cure for hicough, says a physician, is a pinch of snuff.
Wash over the undercurrent of a pie with the white of an egg not beaten to prevent its being soggy.
In roasting meat turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and allows the juice to escape.
Old newspapers make excellent packing paper in which to put things in the refrigerator, as printing ink is disliked by insects.
The best way to keep the juice of a pie from running out is to bind a strip of wet muslin over the edge just before putting the pie in the oven.

Why Her Hair Was Light.
"The ends of your hair are light, aren't they?" the asker. "Those little curls are a shade lighter than your hair at the roots."
"I know," said she. "I couldn't find my curls. These are my sister's."—Denver Post.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Dress For Small Girl.

The blouse of this blue and white plaid dress is mounted on a body lining, the fullness in front and back being softly adjusted at the waist line under a belt of the material. The full length sleeves terminate in deep cuffs, while those in elbow length are finished by prettily shaped turned back cuffs. The bretelles that extend out over the shoulders are stashed in pre-



A STYLISH PROCE.

vailing fashion, the opening being strapped across with narrow bands of the material. The plain straight skirt is simply finished by a deep hem. The mode will make up attractively in linen, pique, chambray, gingham, henrietta, serge and albatross. For a girl of eight years three yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Polka Dotted Nets.

However much may have been said on the subject, one cannot write of the latest Parisian fashions without frequently mentioning net frocks. A number of these are being completed for spring functions, and the polka dot effects are striking in their loveliness.

A Doucet model shows the skirt trimmed with a band of black silk sandwiched between two very wide tucks, the net being opaque. Irregular lines of this trimming appear irregular lines of silk, caught at frequent intervals with lovers' knots. The front is a one piece model, the skirt and waist being joined beneath a girle of ribbon bands and black lace applique, the applique being edged with tiny ruffles of valencienne. The yolk and sleeve ruffles are of very fine cream colored lace, and opening over the sleeves are draped effects of the net, outlined with black bands. These draperies are caught midway between shoulder and elbow with a lovers' knot, and the effect is one of the prettiest sleeve models shown this spring.

President's Wife in Russet.

Mrs. Roosevelt has yielded to the golden brown mode, and her latest evening gown is an exquisite bronze satin, which shimmers in the sunlight like the rays of the setting sun. It is embellished with heavy oriental lace, with the design outlined in golden and gemmed threads, and a most artistic touch is a cluster of autumn leaves, merely decked with jewels, which make a half chapter for the hair. Bronze slippers with a big Tuscan gold buckle are just the thing for such a toilet. Mrs. Roosevelt wore this gown at her now famous musicale, at which the Indian opera, "Pola," was produced, and she never looked more girlish and charming. Another effective costume is of black broadcloth with a cut-away coat and embroidered linen blouse. The skirt clears the ground by a good three inches and is untrimmied save by three wide bias folds. The coat is lined with cross green satin, and a hint of this color shows on the collar and cuffs.

A Simple Shirt Waist.

One of the most used patterns in every home where there are young folks is the plain shirt waist, as it may serve for cutting out almost any waist built on shirt waist lines. Here is shown a



GIMPE FOR A GIRL.

plain waist of this kind which is of latest cut and perforated for round or square neck and long or short sleeves. It may be used as a shirt waist or a gimpe and developed as simply or elaborately as desired.

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INCOME TAX ONLY

Orwell C. Riddle Tells the Tax Commission to Abolish All Other Forms of Taxation.

At the April meeting of the Tax Commission of Ohio, Orwell C. Riddle, editor of the Columbus Press-Post and a well-known newspaper man, said in part:

In discussing taxation it should always be kept in mind that the only legitimate purpose of a tax is tribute. A tax for any other purpose is extortionate or punitive and ought to be abolished. An income tax is the only tax that can be applied equitably.

Under our present system Ohio raises funds from direct levy on lands and chattels, excises, licenses, interest on deposit of state funds, all of which are wrong in principle and practice. The Nichols excise law, Willis and Cole laws and Alkin saloon tax are not paid by the persons directly assessed, but by patrons. Direct and indirect taxes on manufacturers and commercial properties become items of "cost" and are charged to the customer.

Indirect taxation imposes the entire burden of furnishing state funds upon the consumers of life's necessities, an insidious way of piling up the receipts of the treasury to be squandered in riotous expenditures and luxuries.

The proposed "single tax" would be a punitive tax that would lead to rapacious land monopoly on the principle of "survival of the fittest."

Local option in taxation is a proposition that will defeat itself by simple analysis.

An inheritance tax is a crime against the dead and the living committed by the state in the guise of law. Its true name is statutory stealing.

Taxes on mortgaged property and on the mortgages, special vehicle tax and similar imposts are double taxation. Numerous special taxes are proposed that are preposterous and lawless.

I would favor abolishing taxes on property I would favor abolishing taxes on all kinds of property, tangible and intangible, real estate, chattel, industrial and commercial, and of all persons engaged in operating these properties.

To make an income tax just and equitable it should be imposed on every person, male or female, adult or minor, who performs services for compensation in commercial and industrial pursuits, and in the case of a partnership or corporation an average market price.

The farmer could not reasonably object to a tax on the fruits of the soil if the price of the product is not inflated. In the industrial and commercial branches it is reasonable to believe that a larger sum would be obtained by a tax on the products of agriculture, industry and commerce, than is derived today from a tax on physical properties and the intricate methods of trying to reach intangible assets.

The income tax would be a specific tax, the full amount of which would be paid by the owner of the property. Instead of each individual indirectly bearing the taxes of the butcher, baker, clothier, grocer or any other institution patronized, an increasing business would give its way into the pockets of more employees, from whom the state would derive increased receipts. And this tax could not be shifted from one to another until it is finally met by non-taxpayers.

Taxes on street railway, interurban and steam railroads would be more equitable under an income tax than under the present system. Tax on franchises is advocated. Under the present system franchises should be taxed. But our "going concerns" are going in a direction for suit—we are not entirely chartered. They are going to go out of private ownership into public ownership. When popularly owned, a tax on franchise, on capital and on capitalization will fall together. If such properties were producing tribute to the public coffers under an income tax, public ownership would create no taxation perplexities. A franchise tax would be an obstacle in the way of public ownership in addition to the obstacles in the present tax system.

Give us an income tax at a horizontal rate. It is not unjust to lower the rate as the income goes up as it would be to raise the rate as the income increases. There is no justice in any graduated or sliding scale for an income tax. Why should not the man of larger opportunity pay in proportion to his opportunity? Make us all taxpayers through the medium of a direct income tax and we will all become actively concerned in the common welfare. We will all become public-spirited citizens, jealously guarding our own rights and interests and justly regarding the rights and interests of others.

AN OHIO IDEA.

It seems Ohio has had a finger in the making of the Oklahoma constitution, which has come about through the intelligent suggestion of Mr. Allen R. Foote, commissioner of the Ohio state board of commerce. The following section in the article on revenue and taxation was drawn by Mr. Foote:

"Section 30.—The legislature shall require all money collected by taxation, or by fees, fines and public charges of every kind, to be accounted for by a system of accounting that shall be uniform for each class of accounts, state and local, which shall be prescribed and audited by authority of the state."

That is an important provision. It brings into relief the public business and makes it understandable. A great deal of the corruption and reckless business in the public service results from the irregular and bunglesome way of keeping accounts. Uniformity encourages care, because mistakes are easily discovered and explanations are made unnecessary. There is a best way for accounting, and the people should have the benefit of that best way; and it is pleasant to note that Oklahoma is opening the way to get that advantage through the thoughtfulness of an Ohio man.—Editorial: Ohio State Journal, May 9, 1907.

"Our purpose is to make Ohio the Best State in the Union in which to earn a living, operate a business and own property."—Taxation Platform of Ohio State Board of Commerce.

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