

Humorous Department.

Provided For.—Dinah was a real southern negro, says the Cleveland Plain-Dealer. She had ten children of her own, but she was just the person for other people's children. When her eldest daughter grew up, Dinah put her to work with the family she herself had served long and faithfully. In the course of time the daughter fell away from service. But the memory of her mother remained with the white family.

A few mornings ago this daughter telephoned the family. "Ma's dead," she announced simply. The mistresses of the house were grieved more than she could say. "Oh, Grace!" she sobbed, "is Dinah dead? How awful! Was it sudden? Well, just listen—if there's anything I can do, let me know."

"That's what you always say, don't you know? If your friend, the washer-woman dies, if there is anything I can do for you? But this instance Grace answered sobbingly: "No, 'n, thank you. Ah guess dey ain' nothin' you kin do. It's nice of you to offer, but ma was insured."

Taylor's Offer.—Few laymen are able to appreciate the mental strain upon the editors of periodicals involved in examination of the flood of manuscript that pours in upon them. Even though a majority of the offerings merit only a cursory inspection, all of them must be looked at lest a nugget be concealed in the mass.

It is perhaps fortunate for the peace of mind of all concerned that most manuscripts are submitted and returned by mail so that the personal equation does not enter into the matter, but while Bert Leston Taylor was editor of Judge, a lantern jawed specimen from the Jersey wilds managed to evade all the outer guards and work his way into the sanctum. Once in the presence he laid upon the desk a finger printed slip of paper on which he had written his prize joke.

It was near the close of a hard day, and "B. L. T." was approaching brain fog after wading through hand made humor in prose and verse since breakfast time. He glanced at the Bertillon exhibit and then at its alleged author. "What's the idea?" he demanded. "What'll you gimme for that?" his caller asked.

"Well, I'll be generous," Taylor returned. "I'll give you five yards' start."—"Lippincott!"

Hed No Talent.—A certain negro had been brought into an Alabama police court for the fifth time, charged with stealing chickens. The magistrate determined to appeal to the boy's father.

"See here," said his honor, "this boy of yours has been in this court so many times charged with chicken stealing that I'm tired of seeing him here."

"I don't blame you, judge," said the parent, "an' I'm tired of seein' him here as you is."

"Then why don't you teach him how to act. Show him the right way and he won't be coming here."

"I has showed him the right way," said the father, "but he jest don't seem to have no talent for learning how, judge; he always gets caught."

Proof Positive.—It was the rush hour in the cafeteria, one of those quick lunch places where you help yourself and grab a chair and use the arm of the chair as a table. A rushed feeder grabbed a slice of pie and popped a chair. Then he remembered that he needed coffee and he dashed over to the service counter. When he returned with his coffee, his chair was occupied by another hurry-up diner.

"Excuse me," said the first man, "but that is my chair."

"How do you know it is your chair?" demanded the occupant in a surly tone.

"Because I can prove it," stated the first man.

"How can you prove it?" asked the occupant.

"By the seat of your pants," was the reply. "You are sitting on my pie."

Ended Unhappily.—A group of workmen were passing the dinner hour in political argument. An interesting deadlock had been reached, when one of the men turned to a mate who had remained silent during the whole of the debate.

"Ere, Bill," he said, "you're pretty good at a argment. Wot's your opinion?"

"I ain't goin' to say," said Bill. "I thrashed the matter out afore with Bob James."

"Ah," said the other, "and what did you arrive at?"

"Well," said Bill, "Bob, he arrived at the hospital, and I arrived at the police station."

The BOY FARMER

Or a Member of the Corn Club.

By ASA PATRICK

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CHAPTER IV.

It was the 1st of April when the Powells moved back to the little farm, and there was a look of real happiness on Mrs. Powell's face when she was once more settled in that quiet nook. The farm lay back from the public road and was screened from view by a grove of trees in the pasture. The weather beaten farmhouse was also sheltered and shaded by a cluster of wide spreading oaks.

But Sam and Florence were no less pleased than their mother to be in the country again. To live in the country and to know the ways of nature is to love it always.

Before moving, however, they all had made several trips to the old home and did much work in the garden, orchard and field. The old orchard, after receiving special treatment by Sam, surprised Mrs. Powell so that she began to look on Lucan as a very remarkable boy. When they first looked at it in February it was an unromantic sight. Dead weeds and briars stood shoulder high, sprouts had grown up around the trees, and it looked as if there was but little life left in the orchard, so many were the broken and dead boughs.

"You might as well chop down the old trees," said Mrs. Powell. "They are nearly all dead anyway."

"Don't you believe it!" exclaimed Sam. "You just wait till I get through with those old trees. They look mighty shabby now, but they'll come to life if you give them a chance. I've just been reading about how to work over old orchards. Why, mother, if I were to cut them down and plant young trees it would be three or four years before we would get any fruit."

"Yes, I know that," replied his mother, "but I don't think these old trees will ever bear any more."

"Maybe not," said Sam, "but we can try them. I can plant young trees in the place of the ones that are entirely dead."

So he set to work, mowing down briars and weeds and raking them into piles and burning them. When this was done he took a saw and a pair of pruning shears and began on the trees. All the dead and broken limbs were cut away. The orchard had been neglected so long that there were many dead boughs, and it was a different looking place when Sam finished pruning. The next thing he did was to buy some chemicals and make a solution after a formula given in one of the government bulletins. With this solution and a hand sprayer he went over the orchard and sprayed each tree from top to bottom. Next he broke and harrowed the ground, and the orchard had one more chance to live and thrive, for it was well plowed, the ground in fine condition, and the spraying had killed all the insects that were on the trees.

Sam, like his mother, felt rather doubtful about the orchard, but when they moved there in April they found the old trees a mass of pink blooms.

"Look Florence!" exclaimed Mrs. Powell when she saw the trees looking so beautiful. "Sam is sure a wonder. I didn't think he could do it."

"Oh, I'm a regular Burbank," said Sam, smiling.

"Who's Burbank?" asked Florence. "Burbank," Sam replied, "is called the plant wizard. He can do anything with plants. He took the cactus and made it grow without thorns. He took two wild berries and made a large berry that is good to eat. He took the little wild daisy and originated the large Shasta daisy. He has made potatoes and tomatoes grow on one stalk, and he has grown a white blackberry. That isn't all. He has done hundreds of wonderful things with plants."

"Well, Mr. Burbank," said Florence, with a happy laugh, "that's a pretty good job on the orchard."

Soon after moving to the farm Sam had his first chance to get what he so much wanted—some registered Berkshire. A neighbor who was moving out of the county came by where he was working.

"When are you going to leave?" Sam asked.

"Well, I'm about ready now," replied the neighbor. "There's one thing I ain't arranged yet, though, and it's kinder bothering me. I've got a fine registered sow, and she's going to be longed. I'd sell her, but I can't get nothing like what she's worth, and I can't find a place to leave her."

"I'd like to get some Berkshire pigs," Sam remarked. "What do you ask for the sow?"

"Well, right this minute I'd take \$20 for her. The pigs are sure to be worth twice that much."

"That's cheap enough," said Sam, "but I haven't the money. How would it suit you to let me keep her? That little pasture down there is hog proof. The creek runs through it, and there's plenty of shade and water and no stock that would bother her."

"That's a good place. I hadn't thought of it. Maybe we can make a deal. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sam. You keep the sow and look after her, and when the pigs are old enough you ship four of them to me and you may have the sow and the rest of the pigs."

"I'll do it," said Sam, and the bargain was closed.

About a month later the old sow was going about the white faced pigs with ten pretty black and white faced pigs following. Under Sam's care they grew like weeds in wet weather. When they were old enough to wean, which was twelve weeks, as the young farmer learned from his reading, he shipped the four pigs to their owner. Of the finest, two girls and a male, to keep. The other three he advertised for sale in the county paper, and the pigs being of good stock, he had no trouble in selling them for \$10 each. One buyer, coming after they had been sold, tried to get Sam to put a price on the three he had saved. But he refused to sell. Indeed, he was so proud of his pigs that an offer of many times their worth would not have induced him to part with them. And in this he showed that he was wise.

But, proud as Sam Powell was of his thoroughbreds, there was something else to which he was giving a lot of thought and work. That something was the acre of corn that was to compete for prizes offered to the Boy's Corn club.

Miles Fagan had promised his son, Bob, that he might join the corn club and enter an acre in the contest if he would clear the land of stumps. Bob did join, but the corn was not planted this year. For after working with grubbing hoe and ax from sunup till sundown for many days, clearing the acre of the big, deep rooted stumps, Mr. Fagan told him unconcernedly that he'd just have to have that patch of ground. If Bob still wanted to plant some corn he'd have to clear another acre.

It was a cruel, mean trick to play on a boy and enough to discourage anybody, but Bob set to work on another acre. It was too late, however, to plant the corn when he had finished it, and he had to drop out of the contest for this year.

But Miles Fagan was beginning to learn that he didn't know very much about growing corn. The patch across the fence from his was teaching him something.

Sam planned his contest acre with the seed furnished by the agent about the middle of March. The rows were four feet apart and the stalks in the rows eighteen inches. He cultivated the first time when the corn was just beginning to come up by going over it with a harrow. This did not hurt the plants, except one here and there, and it killed all the little weeds and grass that were just starting. And how that corn did grow! It sprang up almost like mushrooms. It seemed to Sam that the dark green stalks that he had made so rich with manure and ashes.

The young farmer cultivated the ground level and never allowed a weed to take root on that acre. He pulled the suckers whenever they appeared and went over it once with a plow. The first time or two he plowed it tolerably deep, but as the corn grew larger and the little roots began to run out across the middles he plowed very shallow to keep from cutting the roots and injuring the corn. But there was another reason for shallow plowing. Deep plowing in summer causes the soil to lose moisture when the crop needs it most.

Sam stirred the top of the ground till there was a layer of dust to hold the moisture below. He wanted to keep all the water he could for the growing corn, and he knew that the sun can draw water up through a crust in a hurry, but can't draw it through a layer of dust—or much, as it is called. He kept the soil this way. He never plowed when it was too wet, for that makes clods. But after rains, as soon as it was dry enough, or when weeds began to appear he went over the patch with plow or harrow and stirred the surface till it was broken up and loose.

Bill Googe and Miles Fagan had been laughing at Sam. They and other boys in the neighborhood often stopped in passing and looked at the corn and wondered.

"I reckon it's jes' an accident," Bill remarked to Mr. Fagan one day, "but that boy's kinder got one on us, Miles. I told 'im before he come out here that he couldn't grow peas on that ground. But, dog my cats, if that ain't as fine corn as I ever saw. That acre patch is better than the rest, but I tell you they ain't none o' his crops to be sneezed at."

"I don't exactly understand it," Miles Fagan replied, "but jes' between you and me, Bill, I guess they are some'thin' in the government's way o' doin' things. You know that kid don't know nothin' about farmin' except what the agent's told 'im. But look at that acre of corn and then look at mine across the fence. And it ain't in the land. I know that. This land o' mine, if anything, is better than his. Of course it's bound to be in the fertilizer he's usin' and the way he's cultivatin' the ground."

The comparison suggested by Mr. Fagan was enough to make any one stop and think. Sam's corn was nearly waist high and had big stalks, while that of his neighbor in the field across the fence was no more than two feet high and the stalks were spindling.

But Fagan understood the cause of the difference in the two crops a good deal better after Mr. Burns happened along one day a little later and stopped to talk to him and Sam, who were working in their respective fields.

"Hello, Mr. Fargin!" the government agent called out as he rode up. "Is it your corn is behind Sam's here?"

Fagan grinned. "It's because he planted earlier," he said.

"How much earlier?"

"Two or three days," replied the farmer.

Mr. Burns laughed. "That won't do, Mr. Fagan," he said. "Two or three days' difference in planting would make hardly any difference in corn."

At this point Bill Googe, who had been plowing near by, came up and stood listening. Bill was working better this year under the example and influence of Sam.

"Well I don't know what else could 'a' made the difference in it your corn and his," Mr. Fagan replied. "If it wasn't this planting."

"I think I know," said Mr. Burns. "How deep did you break your land?"

"Bout four inches."

"How deep did you break yours, Sam?"

"About a foot, wasn't it Bill?" Sam asked in turn.

"Well, there you have it in a nutshell," said Mr. Burns. "You broke shallow. Mr. Fagan, didn't harrow and plowed twice. Sam broke deep, harrowed twice and plowed four times. Furthermore, you'll plow yours only once more. Sam'll plow his two or three times more. That's what makes the difference in the corn. That's why he'll gather a whole lot more to the acre than you."

"That's right, Miles," said Bill Googe. "He's tellin' it straight. It can't be no other way. I been seein' it for some time, and I'm changin' when we been layin' in crops when they warn't more'n half made. I didn't more'n scratch my head to begin with, but you bet I'm plowin' shallow and lots of it. Sam don't know it, but I been watchin' him, and I'm givin' my crops the same medicine he does."

"Yes, there's some'thin' in your way of farmin'," Fagan confessed. "I've been deep wrong, and I'll jes' own up. I've talked pretty cross to you once or twice, Mr. Burns, and I want to apologize for it. I was a numskull to act that way. Next year I'm goin' to follow your advice, and I want my boy to fine the corn club and learn as much as he can. I treated him mean this year, and I'm sorry I done it."

"That's all right, Mr. Fagan," said the agent. "I'm real glad you see things my way. For I want to help every farmer in this community. That's all I'm here for, in fact."

(To Be Continued.)

"ANOTHER MAN OF SORROWS"

Tragic Life of Francis Joseph of Austria.

Alone in the seething world stands Francis Joseph of Austria.

Four score years and more have at last broken this heart weary, soul sick old man—in verity the modern "man of sorrows" above all others. His friends gone, his family scattered, his country rocking and trembling under a cataclysm of blooming carnage, he stands assailed by the sound of screaming shells, the agonized moans of dying thousands, the wailing of mothers and wives bereft—there he stands, his head bowed, his once undomitable spirit crushed. And how that corn did grow! It sprang up almost like mushrooms. It seemed to Sam that the dark green stalks that he had made so rich with manure and ashes.

Back in the dim past as men of today reckon time, back in the earliest period of the gold excitement in California before railroads crossed out their great continent, before any one dreamed that Sumner would be fired on, Francis Joseph a light hearted, young man, full of life and vigor, was crowned, nearly sixty-seven years ago, a flight of ravens passed over Olmutz; whereupon old wives and seers shook their heads and grieved, for they knew what the birds of ill omen had meant in times past, and here was a whole flock of them.

"The house of Hapsburg is cursed!" they cried; and more than one of the accepted youth dogged by fate, surrounded on all sides by tragedy, worn by misfortune, disgraced by scandal, none of which he had knowingly brought on himself.

He had not long been emperor when one night he attended a great ball, trying to appear happy and gracious, although his heart was torn by hangings and shootings of victims of the Hungarian revolt. At a certain moment when the music was hushed, an elderly man, yet very young in lonely, unbroken and horrible grief, for they knew what the birds of ill omen had meant in times past, and here was a whole flock of them.

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Stephanie, daughter of the king of Belgium—this in 1881; but unhappiness and tragedy were his part in this relationship.

It was seven years later that Rudolph met Marie Vetsera, the beautiful young daughter of a Hungarian nobleman, and instantly they fell in love. Rudolph applied to Rome for a divorce in order that he might wed her, and the pope sent his letter to the emperor. On receiving it Francis Joseph summoned the prince. All night long they sat in conference. What the father said to his son before daylight came none will ever know, but when the east grew red with dawn Rudolph came away, his face drawn and haggard, his eyes burning as with fever. Attendants entering the room found the emperor unconscious in faint.

Two days passed and a message came from Mayeysing which plunged anew the arrow of sorrow into the father's heart. His only boy, his crown prince, had been found in a hunting lodge, his head shattered with a revolver bullet, and near him lay the body of the beautiful Hungarian girl. It has been said, from a dose of strychnine. To this day the world does not know whether Prince Rudolph was murdered, killed accidentally or committed suicide, but the world generally believes that he died by his own hand. From that day in January, 1889, the emperor and the empress as well faced the world still bravely but with torn and bleeding hearts.

Nine years later the people of Austria and Hungary were making ready for a great celebration, the golden jubilee of Francis Joseph's ascension to the throne. Fifty years had passed since the happy, laughing youth, at his mother's instance, had been crowned; fifty years of kindness to all with whom he came in contact; fifty years of striving to live rightly, to govern his people with tenderness, to show sympathy and help in every direction. And his subjects, abating their many sorrows, had determined to show their loyalty and appreciation.

At this time the empress was in Switzerland for a brief period of rest and on September 10, accompanied by a single lady in waiting, she was on her way to board a steambot which would take her from Geneva so that she might stand by her husband and gratefully receive the nation's homage. Just before the empress set foot on the steamer a man drew near; something glittered in his hand and swiftly sank into the side of the heart. An Italian anarchist had done the work only too well.

There in a hotel close by soon died the friend and comforter as well as the wife and empress. More than forty years had she and Francis Joseph been married, within a few weeks of that day back in 1854, when they first met and first confessed the love that never faltered, that but grew greater as the decades marched on.

Another tragedy was the mysterious disappearance of the Archduke John Salvator, which was never cleared up to this day. The execution of Maximilian, whose wife, Carlotta, lost her reason as a result of the shock; the death of Rudolph, the assassination of the empress, it seems, were not enough to fill the cup of grief.

Not long after the anarchist had accomplished his purpose the dead empress's most loved sister, the Duchess d'Alencon, was burned to death in a charity bazaar fire in Paris, and while this shock was still fresh the emperor's favorite niece was burned to death in the Palace of Schoenbrunn. Various members of Francis Joseph's family have added their load of tragedy; sudden death, scandals with actresses as well as with women of high station, forgery, dissipation ending in lunacy, came in unending procession.

Princess Stephanie, widow of Rudolph, married Count Lonyay, although her daughter Elizabeth fell on her knees before Francis Joseph and begged him to forbid the wedding. Elizabeth herself when married to Prince Leopold found that her husband was not what she had expected. He was not a man of high character and one night shot at a valet guarding the door of the prince's room, then bursting in fired at the actress whom she found there with her husband.

Princess Stephanie's elder sister, Louise of Coburg, carried on such intrigues with an army lieutenant that the emperor had to force her husband to defend his honor with the sword. Later the lieutenant forged Louise's name and was sent to prison for five years, while she was sent to an asylum for insanity. Now he has three stores. He is able to compete with the great chain of stores that have enormous capital and has few workers. He says if grocers are going to hold their own in the business world, they will have to change their system. Ninety per cent of them, he declares, are not making money.

That the present system of delivery is all wrong he has no doubt. How quickly customers will abandon the habit of having the grocer deliver if there is a charge for delivery, he shows by the following: He charges 10 cents for deliveries. In a year one of his stores had 24 orders to deliver—two a month. In another year it was 45—more than one a week.

It is a regrettable fact that today the people who buy and take their goods home pay a party. Mr. Haskey's estimate that 90 per cent of the retail grocers fall is not so high as that of authorities on the subject. The cost of living in America can be reduced by many hundreds of millions of dollars a year if the simple system of this Cleveland grocer is adopted by the retail trade throughout the nation—Richard Spillane, in Commerce and Finance.

to visit her in Switzerland, and finally dared to write a book detailing her moral delinquencies. More recent yet the Countess Larisch, in defiance of the emperor's urgent wishes, has completed a volume with the significant title, "My Past."

Year after year has the crushing load of scandal, disgrace, teaching, grocer heavier and heavier. And now Austria, backed by other powers, faces a world armed and determined, so it says, to overwhelm her even to extermination of political life, if that should be necessary.

Suffering, war, horror heaped on horror, stands with bowed head and bleeding heart this modern "Man of Sorrows."—New York Sun.

THE GLORY THAT WAS POLAND'S

A Great and Splendid Empire That Was Cast Into Lots.

American sympathy can be given without reserve to "partitioned" Poland. The magnificent, much-promised empire of yesterday, the keen suffering battlefield of today, whose farms and industry, villages and cities are being made war an area of people are fighting one another under three different flags; for Poland is the least concerned sacrifice in the European struggle. Polish lands comprise almost the entire eastern war theatre. This people, their chequered, turbulent history, their proud boasts and dearest hopes, and their peculiar characteristics are carefully explained to Americans in a historic geographical study made for the National Geographic Society by William Joseph Showalter. Mr. Showalter says of the brilliant middle-European kingdom of yesterday:

"In size she outranked nearly every nation on the continent. Even now Russia, one of the European powers, is larger than Poland was at her greatest. In population she stood at the forefront of Europe; only Russia and Germany today have greater populations than are to be found in lands that once were Poland; for unpartitioned Poland had an area of 282,000 square miles, and the lands that once lay within her boundaries now support a population of 50 million. Poland, as a large as the German empire, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Denmark together; and within her borders were the most densely populated lands of the world, those of France, Belgium and Holland combined."

Though 117 years have gone by since the final partition of Poland among Russia, Austria and Germany, and though the conquerors have made the most vigorous efforts to assimilate the Polish people, the Poles today, if any way changed, is more intensely national. Mr. Showalter points out, moreover, that Poland is a people of a re-established Poland than ever before.

The Poles have a fervent love for all that is Polish, and their language is better than that of Paris; that their scenery is more beautiful than that of any other country; that their language is the most melodious that falls from human lips; that there is no dance in the world to be compared with the Polish mazurka; that there are no women on the face of the earth and the bravest men who ever lived are to be found among them; that their character is cheerful, hospitable, self-pleased, and an imaginative race; and that yet, in spite of all notwithstanding, they are the most unhappy people and their most hapless nation in history."

Poland was three times partitioned. The final partition was made at the congress of Vienna in 1815, which left to Russia 200,000, Prussia 26,000 and Austria 100,000 square miles. This distribution the conquerors sought to blot out all memories of the kingdom, Poland, and Mr. Showalter enumerates the reasons for this. The Poles employed to this end, those forbidding the use of the Polish language, the use of the national dress—even at carnivals and public gatherings, the burning and the displaying of national coats-of-arms.

The Poles lost their place among the family of nations because they were the victims of an unrestrained individualism. Yet, where the Poles are will be the conquerors of the future. Individualism in the service of an idea, as in the case of the United States, is a decided gain by the host of Poles who have sought her shores, is the conclusion of the writer.

THE COST OF DELIVERY

Another Light on a Tremendous Item in American Housekeeping.

The cost of delivery is a tremendous item in American housekeeping. An A. Haskey grocer in Cleveland, Ohio, estimates it amounts to \$3,000,000 a year in the grocery trade of that city. The amount for the butcher and dry goods dealer must approximate that of the grocer, with the druggist probably ranking fourth.

Mr. Haskey formerly had one store, extended to customers and made deliveries. He succeeded, but it was very hard with the mass of orders and the mass of accounts and the delivering. He studied his affairs closely and saw a way to larger business and has few workers. He says if grocers are going to hold their own in the business world, they will have to change their system. Ninety per cent of them, he declares, are not making money.

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It is a regrettable fact that today the people who buy and take their goods home pay a party. Mr. Haskey's estimate that 90 per cent of the retail grocers fall is not so high as that of authorities on the subject. The cost of living in America can be reduced by many hundreds of millions of dollars a year if the simple system of this Cleveland grocer is adopted by the retail trade throughout the nation—Richard Spillane, in Commerce and Finance.

Poland was three times partitioned. The final partition was made at the congress of Vienna in 1815, which left to Russia 200,000, Prussia 26,000 and Austria 100,000 square miles. This distribution the conquerors sought to blot out all memories of the kingdom, Poland, and Mr. Showalter enumerates the reasons for this. The Poles employed to this end, those forbidding the use of the Polish language, the use of the national dress—even at carnivals and public gatherings, the burning and the displaying of national coats-of-arms.

The Poles lost their place among the family of nations because they were the victims of an unrestrained individualism. Yet, where the Poles are will be the conquerors of the future. Individualism in the service of an idea, as in the case of the United States, is a decided gain by the host of Poles who have sought her shores, is the conclusion of the writer.