

Private Ownership of Public Officials

By HON. BIRD S. COLER,
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Hon. Bird S. Coler.

Political conditions in the United States are rapidly undergoing important changes for the better. The masses of the people are looking more and more to the men of education to lead them to a better understanding of the rights and duties of citizenship.

There has been a growing tendency among men, otherwise good citizens, to shirk public duties. They wanted to keep out of politics and public life, but in keeping out they made room in both places for men who ought to be in jail.

Time and again it has been demonstrated that really bad government is never permanently reformed by changing its politics. The government of cities in this country that has been most expensive, corrupt and debasing has been government that openly violated no statute law.

THE OLD SYSTEM OF STEALING FROM THE PUBLIC TREASURY HAS PASSED AWAY AND THE SAFER AND MORE PROFITABLE PLAN OF TRADING POLITICAL INFLUENCE FOR CASH OR STOCK IN CORPORATIONS HAS SUCCEEDED. If good citizens neglect their civic duties the politicians will take the offices and everything else that is not chained down.

But in the cities of the country there is spreading with gratifying rapidity a better understanding of public questions. The great principle of public municipal ownership of franchises and control of public utilities has been firmly established in our system of city government. We are not rushing blindly into rash experiments of buying and operating everything, from gas plants to automobiles, but the growth of intelligent citizenship has reached that stage where it will not permit the great charter rights of the people of American cities to be sold for individual gain or bartered for political power.

A line of reserves are quite as necessary in business as in a battle. Keep something up your sleeve for another move when it becomes necessary.

The independent, self-reliant, undaunted, persistent, commercial spirit of the American woman is walking abroad, and like Banquo's ghost it will not down. Born an innocent and charming innovation years ago in this country, it was first endured, then pitied, then embraced (that is quite often), until to-day in the length and breadth of the land it is found everywhere and trade and finance and industry do not seem to be any the worse for the possession of this new element.

The foreigner has gazed aghast across the ocean and thanked his lucky stars that the vasty deep rolled between his own country and the land of the new woman. But while he has been gazing and pitying the American man for his helpless condition before the resistless on-march of the female wage earner, the same ether, which Marconi is harnessing to his wireless telegraphy, has evidently waited across to other lands this female commercialism peculiar to American soil and sent a new thrill of life, with its possibilities, pulsating through the women there, and THE AFORESAID AGHAST FOREIGNER HAS SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A NEW PROBLEM.

At least such is the case in Germany, where the rapidly growing invasion of business life by German women has precipitated a vigorous protest on the part of the male wage earners of the empire. Columns of bitter complaint have been published in the Berlin newspapers, many of the locked-out sex urging the need of legislation for the suppression of the "female peril." But the women, because they are women, are not allowing the men to monopolize the discussion. They declare that women are compelled to work in Germany because the men of the nation have inherited objections to taking dowry brides. Women, they allege, will be forced to desert the households as long as the selfish matrimonial traditions of the country are recognized and practiced. And so the contest goes merrily on and the American can guess pretty nearly how it will end.

And if stolid old Germany, who is already groaning under the comfort of the American shoe, is to become infected with the spirit of the American business woman, what is to become of volatile France and jolly England and all the rest of the dry bones of Europe? All must inevitably surrender to the new order of things.

The nineteenth century has witnessed the production, on the wonderful soil of the American continent, of the business woman. She likes it and has come to stay. It now remains for Europe during the twentieth century to show what she can do towards writing woman's triumph in heaven's arch of fame. And with Europe at the feet of the fair conqueror it will be but a step for her across the Siberian steppes to the land of the rising sun and the scene of the present triumphs of their worthy predecessor, the undaunted, imperturbable dowager empress, the peer of them all.

The advance which woman has made in the last decade in this and other lands leads us to ask the question: "Is the business woman to become universal?" Uncle Sam's large family of girls is helping to answer the question with a decision and precision and swish of her natty business skirts which is ominous. Germany, as the newspapers are chronicling at the present time, is lining up her women in the counting house and mart of trade ready to answer in the affirmative, and it will not be long until the sunny daughters of Italy, the vivacious girls of France, the bright-gowned damsels of Spain, the Scotch lassies, yes, the girls from every clime, will be joining their voices in one united cry, "the business woman HAS become universal!"

Willis S. Edson

There are at least two things in life the wide-awake young man likes to do for himself. One is choose his own vocation, the other is choose his own wife.

FUNNY FOLKS

An Accommodating Judge.
A good story is told of Mr. Jelf, who has just been appointed a judge of the high court. On one occasion, when he was recorder of Shrewsbury, a prisoner, who was something of a hypocrite, tried at a quarter sessions to melt his heart with tears.
"Have you never been in prison?" asked Mr. Jelf, in soothing tones.
"Never, my lord—never," was the reply.
"Well, don't cry," the recorder replied. "That can easily be remedied. I'll send you there now."—London Globe.

How Pence Was Restored.
"Theo," and her eyes sought the last embers of the dying fire, "you are not kind as a husband should be. You never give me any jewels."
"Jewels!" and his basso voice seemed to come from his heart. "You ask for jewels? Anyone with diamond eyes, ruby lips and teeth of pearl ask for jewels? Why, the rarest jewels gold could buy would only be superfluous."
Then, for the first time for days, she kissed him.—Tit-Bits.

Division of Labor.
"He is very rich, but insufferably vulgar," she said.
"And yet you are going to marry him?" returned her dearest friend.
"Yes. You see, I've figured it out that I can look after his money and leave the vulgarity to him. He can care for it at the club, and he ought to be thankful, don't you think?"—Chicago Post.

Something in Her Favor.
Manning—What is there to be said about the girl, anyway?
Mrs. Manning—Well, there is one thing, at least. She never gave her mother a cross word.
Manning—Yes, that is something. Does she not live with her mother?
Mrs. Manning—Bless your heart, her mother died when the girl was less than a year old.—Boston Transcript.

Viewed by a Verse-maker.
There is beauty in the sunset
And in the starry night;
There is grandeur in the mountains
And in Niagara's might;
There is terror in the tempest
And in the lightning's flash;
There is mystery in everything—
And there is everything in hash.
—Chicago Daily News.

SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.



Perdita—Did you say: "This is so sudden."
Constance—I didn't have the nerve. You know how he stutters!—Brooklyn Eagle.

Essentials.
There are three things with which, if wise, A man keeps on good terms for life—His stomach and his wife.—Brooklyn Life.

Household Pence Preservative.
We are enabled, thanks to the courtesy of the publishers, to quote from Mr. Austin Borax's exhaustive work, "Domestic Peace" (now in press). The quotation is from chapter XVII, "Husband and Maid Servant."
"Never address a maid servant as you would your wife. Speak gently."—Boston Journal.

He Obeyed.
"No, suh, Mistuh Doctahman," objected the gentleman of color; "no, suh, doan' yo' go ahead en vacuumate dat ol' ooman er mine. Doan' yo' do hit. Des plunk dat ar stuff in my bofe arms, but doan' fix huh so she gwine hab er so'e arm, en cain' ten' ter de white folks' washin'; case ef yo' do, I'se 'pintedly got ter go ter wuk."—Baltimore American.

Found Out.
"Why did you ever move out to this God-forsaken place, Mrs. Bingleston?"
"It was my husband's idea, and I have a suspicion that he picked it out because there are no barber-shops here, so that gives him an excuse for not going to church on Sunday mornings."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How One Fortune Was Lost.
Old Bachelor Uncle—Well, Charlie, what do you want now?
Charlie—Oh, I want to be rich.
"Rich! Why so?"
"Because I want to be petted. Ma says you are an old fool, but must be petted, because you are rich. But it's a great secret, and I mustn't tell it!"—Tit-Bits.

Taking in the Money.
"Talking about inventions," said the business man, "I have a little machine in my place that would make me a millionaire, if I could only keep it going all the time."
"You don't say? What's that?"
"A cash register."—Philadelphia Press.

Maxims of an Old Fogey.
I have two sons. To each of them I give this message: "Be a gentleman first. After that be rich if you can."
I do not expect my guest to criticise my table. Neither shall I find fault with my host's religion.
The leaves blow from my trees across my neighbor's lawn, but he does not ask that I chop down my trees. I, too, must put up with some annoyances for the benefit of others.
When I have revenged myself upon my enemy I have freed him from the torture of fearing that I am going to do something.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Poor Boy.
There once was a lad in Crum Lynne Who wore a perpetual frown.
"It is strange," his friends laughed, "But perhaps the boy's daunted."
And no doubt they were quite right thereynne.
—Philadelphia Press.

THE LATEST ART NOTE.



Miss Cecelia Murphay is said to be extremely handy with her brush at the academy.—Harlem Life.

Common Things.
Let's not despise just common things. For here's a truth there is no dodging: The bird that soars on proudest wings Comes down to earth for board and lodging.
—Nixon Waterman, in National Magazine.

Shying Off.
She—How odd! That lecturer says blonds should marry brunettes, and vice versa. You're a decided blond, you know.
He—I suppose so. You're a blonde, too, aren't you?
She—O no! I'm a pronounced brunette.

He (in terror)—Now, Miss De Muir, you can never make me believe that your creamy complexion and golden hair are—not natural.—Chicago Tribune.

He Needed It, Anyway.
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You say she is a very indulgent mother.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Yes; she gives her children everything they want.
"I saw her giving the boy the slipper the other day; he didn't want that, did he?"
"He wanted it about as bad as he wanted anything, I reckon."—Yonkers Statesman.

Batrachian.
"You say," said the city editor, pointing out the word in the manuscript, "she sung with a 'warty' voice. What do you mean by that?"
"That ought to be plain enough for anybody," replied the sporting editor, who had been detailed, in the absence of the musical editor, to write up a concert. "She had a frog in her throat."—Chicago Tribune.

A Modern Instance.
Courtship—
Matrimony—
Courthouse—
Alimony—
—Town Topics.

NO IMPROVEMENT POSSIBLE.



Clergyman (referring sympathetically to departed breadwinner)—Well, well, let us hope he's better off where he is.
Widow—O! sir, he always used to say it was 'eaven to be with me.—Moonshine.

If She Only Would.
Fate oft scatters roses rare,
And 'twould be rather nice,
If fate in slippery seasons would
Scatter ashes on the ice.
—Chicago Daily News.

Generous.
Mr. Newlywed (solicitously)—And how do you get along with the butcher, love?
Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, splendidly. He is such a generous man, Mortimer. When I order a four-pound roast he always sends one weighing six or seven.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Going Easy.
"He is dying very calmly," observed the physician, as he felt the pulse of the sufferer.
"So like John," softly spoke the prospective widow. "He always was an easy-going man."—Baltimore American.

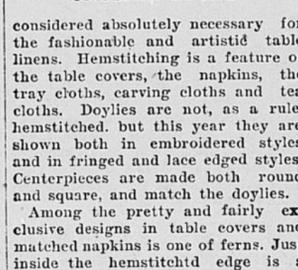
Linen Sales the Feature of the Month

January Brings With It the Usual Display So Pleasing to the Housekeeper.

JANUARY is the month of linens. Just why this is so I know not, but so it is. It has come to be an accepted fact that in every city and town where special sales are known the linens are sure to make their appearance with each recurring January, and the thrifty housewife, ever careful of the appearance of her table and bed linens, watch the papers for the announcements of these linen sales.

There are styles in linens quite as much as there are styles in gowns and coats and hats. The styles change with the changing year, and while it may not be that each housewife finds it possible to purchase new linens with each change in style, yet she is usually anxious that what she buys shall be the correct thing at the time it is bought. Such is the excuse, if any is needed, for writing of the fashions in table-linens at the present time.

For this season, as, in fact, for several seasons past, hemstitching is



SCROLL AND GRASSES.

considered absolutely necessary for the fashionable and artistic table linens. Hemstitching is a feature of the table covers, the napkins, the tray cloths, carving cloths and tea cloths. Doylies are not, as a rule, hemstitched, but this year they are shown both in embroidered styles and in fringed and lace edged styles. Centerpieces are made both round and square, and match the doilies.

Among the pretty and fairly exclusive designs in table covers and matched napkins is one of ferns. Just inside the hemstitched edge is a broad row of the ferns turning square at the corners, and inside this row is a narrower row turning round at the corners. The center of the cover is plain damask linen save a fern floral piece in the center. The napkins match in a smaller design.

A more pronounced design is in a scroll pattern mixed with grasses.



FERN.

In this both the outside and inside designs have the square corners. This is seen only in the finer qualities of damask.

Another elaborate design is called the Corinthian scroll, and is formed of intertwining leaves. The outer edge of the damask is marked by a narrow border of the leaves and inside this is the broad scroll design, the outer corners being square to match the design in the center.

Floral designs have the preference however, and many different varieties are shown. Another of these is the lilac, the general character of the design being much like the others, with the broad band at the outside and inclosing a narrower rounded one in the center.

One showing a greater amount of the figured material is in an orchid



LILAC.

design. While the design in this conforms to regular linens to some extent, yet it covers practically the whole of the cloth and shows but little of the plain material.

A thistle design is unusually beautiful. Two rows of the design borders the cloth, a wide one on the outside and a narrower one within.

Other designs that are popular are the Ruban empire, the bleeding heart, the passion flower, the field flowers, the English violets, scroll and oak leaves and renaissance scroll. All of these are new designs of this year, and all have the new round corners.



ORCHID.

Of those of other seasons that are still favorites, and of which many are being sold by the dealers in the larger cities, may be mentioned such designs as the first empire, the gothic, the morning glory, summer garlands, tulips, poppy, new carnation, chrysanthemum, glendale, fielddale, pansy and American beauty rose. In fact, some of this latter list are proving more popular than some of those of the former list.

In bed and toilet linens the order of the day is hemstitching. It is hemstitched sheets and pillow cases either of linen or cotton, and hemstitched towels in damask, huck or diaper.

But to change back again to the more familiar subject of dress let us glance at the modes the past year gave us. It is hard to realize that we had few real changes in our modes during the year, that while

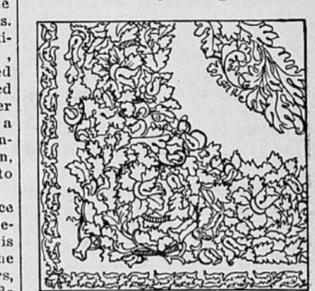


THISTLE.

1901 gave us a magnificence surpassing any previous year of the last half of the century, yet it gave us nothing that was strikingly new.

And in truth we have had nothing that was new of itself, but the combinations, the little ideas that have been worked together from various periods, have given us a new goddess of fashion, who has, in a way, reconstructed the plan and elevated the standard of dress to a point at which it means something besides a blind following of the modes. It has become instead a study of taste and individuality and some becoming expression of them both.

Woman's mission seems to have been reconstructed as well, and she finds herself playing a more and more important part in life, all of which has a direct influence on her clothes. She requires greater va-



CORINTHIAN SCROLL.

riety than ever before to be properly dressed for her variegated existence and whatever else she may accomplish in her efforts to meet the exigencies of the age, she must have chic.
ELLEN OSMOND.

Tommy Was Not Forgetting.
The perplexing positions in which spoiled children frequently place their doting parents are sometimes more annoying than humorous. A bright boy in West Philadelphia brought a smile of anguish to the face of his mother the other day when the pastor dined with the family. Master Tommy was at the table, and he behaved pretty well until the cake was brought in. Then, before the clergyman had been served, the youth suddenly lurched forward and snatched the piece he had sized up as the biggest. The hostess was dreadfully humiliated, and with a distressed look said: "Why, Tommy, you are forgetting that Dr. Dash is here." With a withering look directed toward the worthy pastor, still clinging to his dainty morsel: "Naw, I ain't forgettin' it," the boy said. "If he wasn't here I'd be gettin' two pieces."